FADE IN:

OMITTED

EXT. VINCI COUNTRYSIDE - RENAISSANCE - DAY

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

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

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

Leonardo, che pazzo...

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

INT. ROOM OF THE GOLD MACHINE

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

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

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

Marcolino, mettiamoli il plumba.

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

(CONTINUED)
DA VINCI
Su la fiamma. Su! Su! Sole!
Basta. Chudere! Chudere!

The Master peers at the smoking yellow bar.

DA VINCI
Crystallo!

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPRENTICE #1
Maestro, (siammo pronti).
DA VINCI
Que bel lavoro.

GLIDER PILOT
Maestro, non penso sia una buona idea.

DA VINCI
Non te preoccupare. Sieta pronti?

APPRENTICE #1
Siamo pronti, maestro.

DA VINCI
Via, fatame vedere qua causa di bona!

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

A HAWK

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Like that, Skeeter? Keep it.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Answer's no, Gates.

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

No way.

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

(CONTINUED)
Hawk flings the keys in a trash can.

\begin{quote}
HAWK
Why am I getting the feeling that getting out of prison is going to be a big fucking mistake.
\end{quote}

Hawk dispenses himself a Pez piece then spits it out in agony.
Hawk strides to the Massive Sliding Concrete Door/Wall between him and freedom. As music crescendos and Hawk glows his first smile.

GUARD
On the gate!

HAWK
See you around, Michael.

GATES
Hudson Hawk, you're under arrest.
(cackles)
Just kidding. Good opening line though, huh? I've got a proposition....

HAWK
Answer's no, not even if you bathe.

The Concrete Wall/Door slams shut behind Hawk.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
HAWK
How was I supposed to know they were women?

GATES
You told them they looked like the Three Stooges!

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

Gates simmers himself with a self-control smile.

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

HAWK
Yeah. Scratchy...

GATES
Remember that shoe you lost...

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

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

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

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

GATES
This is the beauty part. It's bullshit, but I can make it stick because I'm a good guy parole officer and you're a bad guy who's about to find out that there's a thin line between ex-con and escaped con.
CONTINUED: (2)

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

GATES
What's your favorite sport, Hawk?

(CONPLETED)
Hawk

Baseball, why?

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

Hawk

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

(stopping)

Oh, have you got ten dollars on you?

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

Hawk

Help? Police?

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

Hawk

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

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

Hawk's on the ground P.O.V.

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

Tommy

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

Hawk

(getting up)

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

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

Hawk pauses to say something, then just hugs Tommy.

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

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

HAWK
Looks like you've been expanding your...

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

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

EXT. THE ROAD INTO HOBOKEN--DAY

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

HAWK
That's your definition of "Hard?"

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

HAWK
5:11.

Tommy laughs.

HAWK
What?

TOMMY
You crack me up.

HAWK
What are you laughing at. (CONTINUED)
TOMMY
You crack me up. You still do
the puzzles. Still know the
running times of songs. Let me
ask you a question, you still
think you're the greatest cat
burglar who ever lived?

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

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

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

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

Tommy pulls a styrofoam cup from a paper bag.

HAWK
The man knows, the man knows!

Hawk takes off the cap with a stimulating whiff.

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Ah, had the perfect amount of foam.
(MORE)
(CONTINUED)
HAWK (CONT'D)
(looking around)
So hey, where's the little guy?
Why didn't you bring little Eddie?

TOMMY
(gulp)
Eddie, you better prepare yourself
for some bad news...

HAWK
What?

TOMMY
Last night Little Eddie was assassinated.

HAWK
What?

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

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

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

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

EXT. OUTSIDE 5-TONE BAR--NIGHT

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

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

HAWK
He was like a son to me.

TOMMY
He was like a nephew to me.

HAWK
Just get me in the bar. It's
the one thing that will never...
INT. TOMMY'S BAR--NIGHT

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

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

HAWK
.....Change.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER
Can you read....smoker?

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

(Continued)
(Huh?)

No.

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

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER
Hey, big guy. Smoke all you want. Have mine....

HAWK
Thank you, Jesus.

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

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

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

With concern, Tommy watches Hawk walk over to them.

HAWK
Cute shot, Antony.

ANTONY
Fuck you, Eddie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cesar reveals a black canvas bag as Hawk wearily sits.

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

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

ANTONY
(defensively)
Yeah, directions even I could understand.

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

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

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

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

ANTONY
Beat it, Tommy, no dinosaurs allowed.

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

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

TOMMY
Perhaps a little too precocious.

HAWK
A wee bit.

TOMMY
Do you think we hurt their feelings?

HAWK
I certainly hope so.

(CONTINUED)
INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TOMMY
Mack the Knife.

HAWK
3:05.

TOMMY
I Only Have Eyes For You.

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

TOMMY
Xanadu.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAWK
What is this?

TOMMY
That's five seconds.

(CONTINUED)
This is not funny!

My record's eighteen.

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

Not counting your bitching and whining, six. You still think you got it, Eddie?
HAWK
Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

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

HAWK
This is no way to get rehabilitated.

(TCONTINUED)
REPLACES 15A/16.

TOMMY
Witchcraft.

HAWK
3:15.

TOMMY
Night & Day.

HAWK
Sinatra or Ella Fitzgerald?

TOMMY
Sinatra.

HAWK
4:22.

TOMMY
Hit the Road Jack.

HAWK
Tommy, where's my needle-nosed pliers?

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

HAWK
5:15.

TOMMY
I Left my Heart in San Francisco.

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

TOMMY
Eddie. Quiet. Come here. There's
a nasty little safe on the seventh floor.

       HAWK
Simpson.

       TOMMY
Yeah.

       HAWK
What's the mechanism?

       TOMMY
71.
HAWK
The last time I played the game,
Simpson only had a forty.

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

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

TOMMY
I got a plan.

HAWK
Oh, you got a plan?

TOMMY
Yeah, I got a great plan.

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

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

HAWK
What is this?

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

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

TOMMY
How many seconds what?

HAWK
On the cuffs.
TOMMY
Well, not counting your bitching and whining... I'll be nice and say eight.

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

TOMMY
You think you still got it?

HAWK
That's what I'm afraid of.

TOMMY
I left my heart in San Francisco.

HAWK
4:12.
TOMMY
I'm getting very enthusiastic here. All these years and I still get the juice.

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

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

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

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

HAWK
4:17.

TOMMY
"I only have eyes for you."

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

TOMMY
"Xanadu."

HAWK
4:19.

TOMMY

HAWK
7:12.

TOMMY
You're full of shit.

HAWK
Let me ask you something. How come we're not out getting laid.
Hawk and Tommy
"Together. No way we lose."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hawk and Tommy
Sea Monkeys.

JANITOR
Sea Monkeys?

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

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

HAWK
Want me to throw it?

TOMMY
You kidding? I got an arm like Sol Maglie.

HAWK
Who's Sol Maglie?

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

HAWK
(laughing)
Shut up...Whoa, did you say this thing only holds 900 pounds?

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY
That's cold Hawkins.

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

TOMMY
Cut that shit, you know I can't look
down. It makes my balls tingle...
18A  EXT. THE LEDGE OF RUTHERFORD'S

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

HAWK
What's the matter with you?

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

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

TOMMY
What?

HAWK
Better make the hole a little bigger.

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

Tommy pops out the hole of the glass...

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

HAWK
Auction Room's through that door.

TOMMY
We've got another stop first.

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

KLASTORIN
Wong's in the phone book.

BOTH
Helluva lot of wong numbers.

SCOTT
Count the Chins.
HAWK
Is this it?

TOMMY
Yeah.

HAWK
You got a key?

TOMMY
No.

HAWK
Just checking. Tommy.

TOMMY
What.

HAWK
Are the Mets playing tonight?

TOMMY
They're playing at Shea.

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

TOMMY
Since when are you a Mets fan?

HAWK
I've always been a Mets fan.
21. INT. THE POWER ROOM

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

TOMMY
They record everything their video surveillance takes in...

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

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

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

21. INT. SEVENTH FLOOR AUCTION AUDITORIUM--NIGHT

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

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

22. INT. GUARDS' STATION

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

DEAN (Klastorin)
Hey, Jerry, come here. Check out Big Stan...

JERRY (Scott)
Big Stan!

23. THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM

Startled by his walkie-talkie, Big Stan falls back on the little chair, crunching it to the ground.
The laughing security guards see the crunch.

INT. THE POWER ROOM

HAWK
You figure this all out by yourself?

TOMMY
Yeah.

HAWK
It's a good plan.

TOMMY
Thank you. We got about five minutes and change.

HAWK
5:32. "Swinging on a Star."

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

HAWK
Hey, Tommy.

TOMMY
What?

HAWK
Shh! Would you like to swing on a star.

TOMMY
Carry moon beams home in a jar.

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

THE GUARDS' STATION

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

SECURITY GUARDS

Hey! What the...

Security Guard One harrumphs into a standing position...

OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY - SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA

Hawk thunders through the dark hallway, rounding a corner.
Tommy speedily hooks and rehooks the backs of the V.C.R.S. They now all have their PLAY buttons lit up.

TOMMY
swing on a star, carry moonbeams...

Tommy briskly slams back up the switches.

GUARDS
God damn, Con Ed.

Hawk scrambles into the Auditorium, glancing to the clock.

HAWK
"Or would you rather be a fish?"

He follows the blueprints toward the painting on-stage.

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

BIG STAN
Very funny. Wise guys.

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

From the exact angle, the viewer sees the current state of the room with Hawk flinging off the painting of the horseback children, revealing a safe. But no Blue chair.
spits on the rubber cup of an electronic sensor, plugged into a Walkman, and affixes it to the safe above the dial.

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

TOMMY EXITS POWER ROOM
Tommy is now dashing down the hallway.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SECURITY GUARD TWO
Somebody rewired the recorders!
Hawk ditches his accessories and swings the safe door open.

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

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

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

Tommy (V.O.)
"Every day you meet quite a few."

Tommy gives Hawk a congratulatory pat.

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

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

Security Guard One
Shit, let's roll!

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWING ON A STAR

1st CHORUS
Would you like to swing on a star
Carry moon beams home in a jar
And be better off than you are
Or would you rather be a mule

1st VERSE
A mule is an animal with long funny ears
He kicks up at anything he hears
His back is brawny and his brain is weak
He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak
And by the way if you hate to go to school
You may grow up to be a mule.

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

2nd VERSE
A fish is Ann... Won't do anything but swim in a brook
He can't write his name or read a book
To fool the people is his only thought
And though he's slippery he still gets caught
But then if that sort of life is what you wish
You may grow up to be a fish
3rd CHORUS

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

3rd VERSE

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

FINAL CHORUS

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

TOMMY
Eddie, let's take it home!

BOTH
You could be swinging on a star!
25AC.

HAWY/TOMMY
You could be swinging on a star.

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

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

HAWK/TOMMY
You could be swinging on a star.

You could be swinging on a star.
Hawk's soliloquy is cut short as Security Guards One and Two crash into the auction auditorium.

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

Hawk
Safe at third!

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

Tommy
Let's go out the back way.

Big Stan suddenly comes through the back way entrance.

Hawk
Keep those ideas coming.

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

Big Stan
Get up! You're embarrassing me!

INT. HALLWAY

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

EXT. OUTSIDE LEDGE

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

Tommy
Come on, speed it!

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

(CONTINUED)
INT. HALL - NIGHT

TOMMY
What did you do with the skateboard?

INT. ANOTHER HALL

HAWK
Left?

TOMMY
No, straight.

INT. ANOTHER HALL

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

HAWK
Look who's talking.
TOMMY
Hey, I'm not as fat as that guard am I.

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

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

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

HAWK
Come on, Slim Jim.

HAWK AND TOMMY
I got a bad feeling....

HAWK
I can't even swim.

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

HAWK
Let me ask you, how do I look?

Big Stan raises his gun.

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

Closer and closer to the awning....

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

CUT TO:

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

INT. GATES APARTMENT--LATE NIGHT

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

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

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

HAWK
I'll pass.

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

CESAR
Good job, not pretty, but good.

Gates pulls out the horse and looks at it.

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

HAWK
(to Dog picture)
You certainly do.

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

ALFRED
Any minute now, dear Mr. Gates.

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

GATES
Oh, sorry Jeeves. Gates-arita?

ALFRED
I'll pass. May I?

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

    ALFRED
    Leonardo Da Vinci's last commission

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

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

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

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

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

    ALFRED'S 180 DEGREE POV
    spins before Gates and the bystanders behind him.

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

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

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

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

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

    (CONTINUED)
ANTONY
You know, I think Gates promised
Hawk a cut, too.

CESAR
(rising)
Lovely work, Alfred, taking the
Concorde back?

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

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

ALFRED
Ta ta, Hudson Hawk.

INT. TOMMY'S RESTAURANT--DAWN
Hawk bursts into the bar. Tommy sits on a stool, reading the paper.

HAWK
Yo, Stone.

TOMMY
Did I miss anything?

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Okay, you got me, Mr. PBS.

TOMMY
(holding up newspaper)
Morning edition.

HAWK
Attempted!

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

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

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

HAWK
Uh, this I don't understand...

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

(CONTINUED)
HAWK  
(hurdling the bar)  
Because I'm tired of not  
understanding things.
HAWK (CONT'D)
Cops, Mafia, and butlers forcing me
to commit a crime which now it appears
I didn't commit at all -- It's all too
fucking peculiar for me. Let me ask
you a question. How much does a new
tuxedo cost?

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

HAWK
How much does a new tuxedo cost?

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

INT. RUTHERFORD'S AUCTION HOUSE--NIGHT

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

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

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

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

THE WOMAN
...the pretentious vultures who don't
even look up from their calculators to
see what they're buying. Now that gives
me goosebumps. Auctions are disgusting.
HAWK
I couldn't agree more. Savages.

The Woman laughs at his gear switch then catches herself.

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

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

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

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

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER
Sold! To the caller from Newfoundland.

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

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

HAWK
(re: Auctioneer)
Is looking like a constipated warthog a prerequisite to getting a job in the art world?

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

(CONTINUED)
ANNA
(rising, to Hawk)
Some of us warthogs are more constipated than others.

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

ANNA
(suddenly serene)
Perfection. The Vatican extends its jealousy to the lucky bidder.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER
We'll begin the bidding at 20 million dollars. To you, sir.

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

DARWIN MAYFLOWER
100 million clams (smackers), Waldo!

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

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER
100 million dollars to Mr. Darwin Mayflower.

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

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

MINERVA
100 million and one. Waldo.

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

**DARWIN**
Outbid by my own wench, quelle bummere.

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

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

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

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

**ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER**
Go-ing!

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

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

**ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER**
Go-ing!

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

The Mayflowers zero their sights on the activity.

**ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER**
Gone!

The gavel comes down in super slow-motion.

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

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

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

Both Darwin and Minerva Mayflower suddenly DUCK DOWN.

Smile vanishing, Hawk spins toward the stage.

(CONTINUED)
The Gavel hits.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Oh.

Anna touches Hawk's lips and laughs.

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

HAWK
Because Danger, Doc, is my middle...

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

FADE IN:

INT. VAN-TYPE AMBULANCE--NIGHT

Hawk stirs into consciousness strapped on an elevated gurney.

HAWK
Am I in hell?

CESAR
Not quite, but close.

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

ANTONY
30 seconds and counting.

CESAR
If you know what we mean.

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

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE--NIGHT

The ambulance careens onto the Brooklyn Bridge.

INT. INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Antony raises up a mammoth gun.

CESAR
Pretty classy way of covering our tracks.

ANTONY
That auctioneer should be landing at LaGuardia any minute now.

CESAR
Subtlety's not one of our strong points.

HAWK
Neither's flossing.
Hawk escapes from one of his straps and launches a nearby trayful of syringes into Antony's face where they ghoulishly quiver.
CONTINUED:  

Falling Antony fires wild shot, shattering the partition.

FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE  

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

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE  

The ambulance bumper-pools off some innocent cars.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE  

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

CESAR  

Get the f... out of here!

OUTSIDE BACK OF AMBULANCE  

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

The gurney wheels hit the road, sparking.

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

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

THE GURNEY  

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

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

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

HAWK  

Life don't get much better than this.

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

(CONTINUED)
THE GURNEY FLIES OUT OF THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE, POPS UP.

THE SHEET PULLS TAUT.

SWERVING AMBULANCE DRAGS GURNEY.

PASSES TAXI.

HAWK CATCHES CIGARETTE TOSSED OUT BY FAT LADY.

HAWK PASSES GIRLS IN CONVERTIBLE.

AMBULANCE SWERVES.

CESAR AIMS, FIRES, HITS GURNEY IV BAG.

SHEET BEGINS TO TEAR.

WEAVING IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC.

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

HAWK PASSES TAXIS.

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

RIDES OUT OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE AREA.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH PLAZA

HAWK REACTS, "TOLL PLAZA!"

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

GURNEY CATCHES UP TO, PASSES AMBULANCE.
60

Slate 60, Take 1.

Ho, ho.
Has this ever happened to you?

Take 2, 3, 4.
I hate when this happens.

Slate 60A, Take 1.

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

Take 2.

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

Take 4.

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

Slate 60B

Never get a cab when you want one.
Hey girls, my name is Eddie Hawkins.
I feel like a pontiac hood ornament.
Girls, girls.
My name is Eddie Hawkins.
No, I'm not a Doctor.
No, no, I don't think that I'm going to be out here all night.

What's your name?

This is a brand new tuxedo!

Now my pants are all wet.

No, no.

Really, this is just not...

Oh, this is becoming a very special night.

Hi.

This is the third time this has happened to me today.

I know, I know, it looks pretty dangerous, but it's environmentally sound and it gets great gas mileage.

It's ok, I'm a qualified medical technician.

Do you take last requests?

Yeah, don't you hate these renta cars.

Great tits.

Uh, oh.

Girls, girls, can I ask you a question?

How do I look?

Whoa!

Nice wheels, huh?

I know, I know, it looks pretty dangerous but it's environmentally sound and it gets great gas mileage.

??

Uh oh. Oh my god

Oh my god, no

Hey, hey, can you just like... come here

Taxi!

Listen, just slow down... just slow down

Listen, Hi, How ya doing?

Hey, got change for a dollar?

Oh, no, oh no...

(hopping on and off)

(hopping on and off)
Slate 61, Take 2.
What are you laughing at?

Slate 61A, Take 1.
Oh, no.
Hey look out!
Coming through.
What the fuck are you looking at?
Hey! 1-800 Going to Die
You look like somebody I know.
Toll Plaza!
Oh, shit.

Take 2.
Oh, shit.
What the fuck are you laughing at?
You're right(?)
How'm I doing?
1-800-I'm going to die.
What?
Toll booth!

Slate 61J - Girls in convertible.

LISA
Hey, is this a fraternity thing?

Trying to get in a fraternity?
You're cute. Are you going to die?
No, but I'll try anything once.

Are you pre-med?
Too bad, I only date lawyers.
Whizzing wildly forward on the gurney, Hawk scrambles into his pocket and wiggles out some change. He frantically winnows out some pennies and then maniacally FLINGS the change from twenty feet away.

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

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

Cesar pops his head through the partition.

CESAR
Turn him into Roadkill!

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

ANTONY
Yeah, run him down!

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

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

In the foreground, Hawk's gurney coasts down

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

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

Hawk opens his mouth to speak when a malevolent, SILENT DEADPAN WRAITH eerily glides down a wire from the bridge. Both agents are dressed in outfits that seem to be a melange of fascist uniform and haute couture.
On the fingers of one Wraith hand is carved the word HATE. On the other hand is the word FROG. The Frog Hand hands a befuddled Hawk a card. It reads: MY NAME IS KIT KAT AND THIS IS NOT A DREAM.

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

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

HAWK
This is turning out to be a very bad night.

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

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

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

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

BUTTERFINGER (poking his head out)
My name's Butterfinger.

HAWK
No shit. (really)

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

KAPLAN
Don't you just hate kids...
ALMOND JOY
George, you promised. No Old CIA/New CIA jokes...

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

HAWK
Don't I know you...

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

HAWK
(sinking in)
George Kaplan...George Kaplan!

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

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

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

HAWK
To what do I owe the dishonor of a reunion?

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

KAPLAN
(conscience)
I want to make things up to you, Kid. That's why I got you this gig.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
KAPLAN (CONT'D)
And to quote the late, great Karen Carpenter, "We've only just begun."

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

KAPLAN
Hush. My employer wants a meeting.

HAWK
Employer? The president?

KAPLAN
No, somebody powerful. Good God, what's that?

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

KAPLAN
Shucks. Guess not.

ALMOND JOY
Now?

KAPLAN
Yes, now.

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

HAWK
No. Way.

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

ALFRED
Welcome to Rome, sir.

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

facing Darwin Mayflower who is blustering into the cellular.

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

**DARWIN**

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

(slamming phone)

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

**HAWK**

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

**DARWIN**

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

A FAX MACHINE comes to life as Darwin babbles.

**DARWIN**

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

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

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

A simmering Hawk tries to explode but the phone rings.

HAWK
My life is not some deal. I...

ALFRED (O.S.)
It's Boston, Mr. Mayflower.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'm going to take that as a no.

INT. MASSIVE CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY

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

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

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

Ladies and gentlemen of the board...

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

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

The board applauds as Alfred pushes Hawk inside.

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

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Guess I know who wears the penis in this family.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MINERVA
Bunny, ball-ball! Bad bunny!

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

MINERVA
Bad Bunny.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

DARWIN
Ah, the magic word...

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

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

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

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

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

Minerva leans over in front of him.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

INT. THE LIMOUSINE

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. STAIRWELL

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

INT. MAP ROOM

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

HAWK

Hey man.

GUARD

Buon giorno.

HAWK

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

VATICAN GUARD

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

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

HAWK

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

INT. ENTRANCE CASSETTE ROOM - PHONE

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

HAWK

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

The Flunkies drift into view. Hawk hangs up and seethes off.
Hawk saunters down a long resplendent hallway toward a room at the end bustling with excitement. Coming to the mouth of the room, he looks to two gold framed mirrors on either side of the opening, rubs his head, and scribbles.
Hawk takes in the majestic beauty, and practical details, of the room—windows, statues, a Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture—as he moves down one of the twin winding staircases leading to a path of people behind velvet ropes and the object of their gaze...

**THE DA VINCI CODEX**

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

**ANNA**

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

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

**ANNA**

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

**HAWK**

(vegetable)

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

She laughs, going into her public voice.

**ANNA**

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

**HAWK**

(under his breath)

That's what you theenk.

**ANNA**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LITTLE BRAT
Pokey, come back!

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

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

HAWK
Never, why do you ask?

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

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

INT. CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

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

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

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

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

INT. A LITTLE UNDERGROUND SUBWAY--DAY

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

HAWK
The Vatican IRT.

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

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

ANNA
Nice. But right out of our brochure.

(CONTINUED)
HAWK
Oh, you read that.

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

HAWK
You're somewhat of a unmysterious thang yourself.

ANNA
I don't steal stuffed elephants from little girls.
(smoothing his jacket)
My life's a little boring...

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

ANNA
I'll bring my entire repertoire...

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

HAWK
And I'll bring my entourage...

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

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

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

ANNA
Father, it's obvious. He's up to something.
Suddenly a speaker in Jesus's mouth gently crackles.

JESUS (Italian)
Report downstairs at once.

ANNA
Yes, sir.

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

CARDINAL
Did he mention the Mayflowers?

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

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

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

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

ANNA
(unconvinced)
Yeah. The big E.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Why George, you old softie...

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

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

BUTTERFINGER
Sorry, coach...

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

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

KAPLAN
Well, thank you.

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

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

Almond Joy smoothly extracts Hawk's notebook and reads...
(CONTINUED)
ALMOND JOY
Grapple, Biker's bottle, hairspray, jumper cables, Pocket Fisherman, acid, collapsible yardstick, softball, 100 stamps, and a large bottle of olive oil. Gee Stud, this is going to be some date. No Harvey's Bristol Cream?

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

HAWK
Thanks for sharing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
Hey, Mr. Hawk, I got your stamps!

Good, Yogi...

Sighing, Hawk takes the huge sheath of stamps.

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

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

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

A hand rips out of the huge package.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. VATICAN LIBRARY HALLWAY--NIGHT

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

THE CODEX ROOM

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

HAWK

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

The Burly Guard is coming down the hall.

OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. THE ROOF

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

INT. THE POPE'S BEDROOM

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

EXT. THE ROOF

Hawk harvests his grapple on the level part of the roof and slides down toward the dangling-off-the-antennae bag. The Vatican Guard pops out of the window and fires a warning shot.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

VATICAN GUARD

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

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

EXT. TOP OF A NEARBY WALL

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

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

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

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

HAWK

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

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

EXT. A BUS

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

EXT. RIGHT INTO A CAFE CHAIR--NIGHT

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

ANNA

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

HAWK

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

(CONTINUED)
103 CONTINUED:

HANK
What?

WAITER
I am the Waiter, sir.

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

HAWK
Very nice. Fettucini con Funghi
Porcini, prego.

WAITER
Bellissimo, signor.

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

ANNA
You heard him.

104 EXT. ANOTHER TABLE--NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ah to be in Pari-i and in love.

They look off to.....

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

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

Anna
Prison?

Hawk
I was the Warden?

Anna
How long were you in?

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

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

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

Waiter
Ah, anything for dessert?

Anna
(she shoots)
Yes. Something to go.  

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE--NIGHT
ANNA
Where did you get the hawk?

HAWK
Ossining, New York.

ANNA
Why do they call you Hudson Hawk?

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

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

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

ANNA
Where'd you get these?

HAWK
I had a little accident around the house.

ANNA
What happened?

HAWK
I fell on some chickens.

ANNA
Does it hurt?

HAWK
Yes, it hurts.

ANNA
Maybe I can make them better.

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

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

ANNA
I can't do this.
HAWK
What's the matter?

ANNA
It's been a long time for me.

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

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

You know, I may have forgotten how to kiss girls.
Their heads fuse for a semi-classic screen kiss until THE CRUCIFIX LIGHTS UP AND BEGINS SHOUTING IN ITALIAN.

HAWK
Catholic girls are scary...

ANNA
Somebody robbed the Vatican.

HAWK
Really.

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

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

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

HAWK
Yeah, but --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The C.I. what?
108 CONTINUED:

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

109 THE CAR OUTSIDE

The agents burst from the car, guns raised.

SNICKERS
Now.

110 ANNA'S HOUSE

Hawk sips the cappuccino. His face immediately contracts.

HAWK
This doesn't taste like cappuccino.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Snickers and Almond Joy grimace into fake smiles.

111 EXT. THE CASTLE--NIGHT

A helicopter thunders up to the awesome castle from the
opening Da Vinci sequence.
Way to go, Anna.

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

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

What about Hudson Hawk?

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

Cat got his tongue?

Actually, he never told us what it was.

Arrivederci, baby.

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

Close call, but she's our only way of keeping tabs on that damn mysterious Vatican organization.
ALMOND JOY
Do you think they have any idea
that Operation Deflower Mayflower
is as bogus as Kit Kat's tits?

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

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

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

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

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

ALFRED

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

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

MINERVA
Like a "cat", one could say.

HAWK
I can always take it back.

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

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

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

DARWIN

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

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

DARWIN

God Minerva, I was kidding.

A SHOCKED HAWK

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

THE MAYFLOWERS

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

MINERVA

Get away from there, convict!

HAWK

Just browsing.

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

DARWIN

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

HAWK

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

Hawk pulls Snickers' glasses off and stamps them.

HAWK

What about this....

Hawk kneels Butterfinger in the stomach.

HAWK

Surely this must offend.... (CONTINUED)
HAWK
O mamamia, pizzaria, things are really heating up in the Da Vinci castle tonight. May I call you Minnie? You put your left foot in...

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

HAWK
I always wanted to sing like Frankie Valle.

MINERVA
Big boys don't cry ii ee

HAWK
3:52

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

DARWIN
INT. DARK CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING

The lips of Anna come into light.

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

INT. THE CARDINAL'S SIDE OF THE CONFESSION BOOTH

The cardinal suppresses a yawn.

CARDINAL
Hit me with your best shot.

ANNA (O.S.)

CARDINAL
Anna, what are you trying to say...
ANNA
He came into a world where crime is a legitimate business tactic and a legitimate government procedure. But he knew Right and Wrong. Oh, and we kind of messed around...

THE CARDINAL
freaks and goes into some Italian gibberish before...

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

ANNA (O.S.)
A little Petting is not the issue!

CARDINAL
Sorry. Seventeen Hail Marys and five minutes outside.

INT. OUTSIDE THE CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING
The Cardinal emerges and stands by Anna's confessional curtains.

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

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

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

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

ANNA
I'm going to find out.

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

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

CARDINAL
God go with you, sister.

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

INT. ROME CONFERENCE ROOM--NEXT DAY

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
As Minerva speaks, she unconsciously molests Alfred.

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

HAWK
Alchemy.

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

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

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

HAWK
Except yours-yours. The goal of world domination.

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

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

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

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

**HAWK**
As opposed to the Louvre in Wisconsin.

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

**MINERVA**
Twelve guards will...

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

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

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

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

**HAWK**
You need an address on that last one?

Bunny barks up at Hawk in anger.

**HAWK**
Et tu, Bunny?
MINERVA
You’ve got a dilemma, tiger. I think I know what’s going to help you solve it.

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

HAWK
I’ll kill all you. Even the old lady.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DARWIN
(raising glass)
You gotta love male bonding.

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

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

**HAWK**

You fucked my freedom for a lousy job!

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

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

**HAWK**

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

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

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

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

**MINERVA**

Plan B, George.

**KAPLAN**

Plan B.

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

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

Anna looks out.

Vatican Truck pulls up.

Tommy and Hawk emerge fighting.

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

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

ANNA
Thank God, you're dead.

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

HAWK
Tommy, you fucked my freedom for a lousy job.

ANNA
Hudson, don't you understand --

TOMMY
I said I was sorry --

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

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

TOMMY

(overlapping with Anna)

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

HAWK

Oh. Well, what's this?

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

ANNA

Where did you get this?

HAWK

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

ANNA

It's from the gold machine.

HAWK

Oh.

ANNA

So they really were that close to making it work.

TOMMY

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

ANNA

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

HAWK

... and we get to go home.

TOMMY

And we get to go home.

HAWK

Stone, lemme ask you something.

TOMMY

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

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

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

TOMMY
She had silk stockings. Little Eddie was going steady!

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

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

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

TOMMY
Where to...

ANNA
I'm not...

HAWK
Five-Tone, will you stop worrying?

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

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

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

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

HAWK
Yes.

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

(CONTINUED)
HUDSON HAWK - Rev. 9/3/90

CONTINUED:

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

Tommy glares Hawk into silence.

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

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

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

HAWK
(singing under his breath)
That's not what happened.

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

HAWK
You're doing great, go ahead.

TOMMY
No, why don't you do it.

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

TOMMY
(still simmering)
My name...

(CONTINUED)
ANNA
Well, guys, on that note, it's time for bed.

HAWK
I couldn't agree more. You sleep here.

TOMMY
What? Where are you going to sleep.

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

ANNA
I'll get you some sheets.

HAWK
(to Tommy)
Yeah, let's get you some sheets.

Hawk leaps up and moves toward Anna and her bed.

HAWK
It's a very special night...

ANNA
Yes, it was...

HAWK
Is...

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

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

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

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

ANNA
This is not the time, Hudson.

HAWK
Don't call me Hudson. (looking off in exasperation)
Can't we just have a late night cappuccino?

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

HAWK
Oh yeah, I remember.

ANNA
Good night. (CONTINUED)
125 CONTINUED: (4)

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

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

TOMMY
(giggling)
It's a very special night.

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

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

126 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

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

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

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

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

TOMMY
What's...

KAPLAN
Where's Anna?

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

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

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

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

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

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

TOMMY
I'll bite your tongues out.

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

HAWK
Let me get my teeth at you!

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

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

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

HAWK
Keep laughing, Jumbo.

(CONTINUED)
BUTTERFINGER
Shit, you've made it come out my nose.

HAWK
George, this is no way to get me to do the Louvre.
KAPLAN
Hawk, the Louvre is yesterday's news, or should I say this morning's...

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

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

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

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

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

TOMMY
(still looking at the newspaper)
Damnit, Yanks lose again.

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

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

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

Kaplan flicks a switchblade and cuts into the bottom of the helicopter model, unleashing the small, intricate mirror from the opening.
Tonight, in the castle at Vinci, we make gold.

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

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

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

Rise and shine, sleepy heads.

Hi, Anna.

All right, more babes for the party.

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

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

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

**HAWK**
Why didn't you shoot?

**ANNA**
I'm sorry Hudson

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

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

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

**SNICKERS**
He didn't know?

**ALMOND JOY**
He didn't know?

**BUTTERFINGER**
Ah, Hawk likes a nun!

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

**HAWK**
Those better be tears you're crying, Tommy.

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

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

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

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

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

Kaplan tosses the empty Da Vinci model on the floor.

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

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

ANNA
Later, guys.

TOMMY
Easy for you to say.

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

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

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

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

HAWK & TOMMY
Bombs?

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

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

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

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

Snickers
Almond Joy, more paralysis!

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

Almond Joy
This is what I get for darting a nun.

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

Hawk
You can move?

Tommy
Yeah.

Hawk
Why didn't you tell me?

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

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

ALMOND JOY
I got to get a new job.
CONTINUED: (5)

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

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

HAWK
Tommy, look at Snickers.

TOMMY
Snickers is going to have a migraine.

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

HAWK
Antony Mario.

TOMMY
Antony Mario!

The time bomb goes to 0:00.

SNICKERS
Hey, maybe it's a dud.

Hawk and Tommy bound through the shutters.

126E ANNA'S TERRACE
Their bodies dive off the terrace.

126F INSIDE APARTMENT
Antony is genuinely confused, holding his gun.

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

Snickers BLOWS UP. So does the APARTMENT.

126G ANNA'S TERRACE
The WINDOWS and the shutters BLAST open.
I'm telling you it was a right.

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

What are you worried about?

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

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

I knew that.

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

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

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

MINERVA
(deadpan, toward Anna)
You don't say, George.

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

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

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

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

ANNA
(giggling)
What does the color blue taste like? Bobo knows.
(growing solemn)
I have to talk with the dolphins now.

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

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

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

WE CUT OUT OF THIS SCENE AT THIS MOMENT TO GO

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

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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

HAWK
Andiamo.

around his shoulder, Tommy follows suit.

HAWK
Count of three?

TOMMY
Why not just go in now?

130A EXT/DAY BASE CASTLE

HAWK
Oh, shit.

TOMMY
What happened?

HAWK
I got mud all over my shoes.

TOMMY
How much did they cost?

HAWK
400 bucks.

130B EXT/BASE OF TOWER

TOMMY
Where do we go from here?

HAWK
How about we climb those convenient cables they got here?

130C EXT/BASE OF CABLES

TOMMY
You ready?

HAWK
Tommy.

TOMMY
What?

HAWK
Better let me go first.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TOMMY
Will you stop worrying about me?

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

EXT. TURRET

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

HAWK ON THE LEDGE
bobs back down.

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

INT. ART TREASURES ROOM
Darwin, Minerva, and Kaplan each wave a piece of the Da Vinci crystal, trying to unhypnotize Anna.

KAPLAN
A lifetime of service has come to this...

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

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

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

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

KAPLAN
(moodily, to window)
I wouldn't be so sure. It's absurd that Snickers and Almond Joy haven't reported in yet.

MANERVA
George, don't be a bore.

AT THIS POINT, WE RETURN TO...

133-O THE TURRET - NIGHT
Hawk and Tommy pull on the satin jackets and the baseball caps.

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

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

HAWK
Looks long.

TOMMY
May I play through.

HAWK
Please do.

TOMMY
Don't mind if I do. Fore.

HAWK
Tommy!

TOMMY
What?

HAWK
Did you set the timer on that thing?

TOMMY
No.

(CONTINUED)
A133-O CONTINUED:

HAVK
From now on, would you set the...

B123-O THE BOMB - NIGHT
lands on a patch.

135 INT. ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT
Kaplan turns from the window, speaking to himself.

KAPLAN
Fore?
(to everyone)
Did anybody hear something?

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

BUTTERFINGER
I heard something!

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

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

**DARWIN**

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

**ANNA**

Kit Kat!

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

**ALFRED**

A double crossbow for a double cross!

**MINERVA**

Oh Alfie, you dry, British madman!

**DARWIN**

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

**ANNA**

Why did you do that?

**MINERVA**

Try this on, sister. Thou shalt not share.

---

**D123-O**

ANOTHER BOMB - NIGHT

slams beside a castle weather vane.

**HAWK**

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

**HAWK**

It's in the hole! The gallery is ecstatic!
He's got to be happy with that one, Tommy.

**TOMMY**

My man! Two 1/2 minutes to save Anna, three 1/2 minutes to save the world?

(CONTINUED)
E123-O CONTINUED:

HAWK
Six. Oh. Oh. "Side by Side".

TOMMY
(firing the rifle)
"Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money".

HAWK
/loading another bomb
Maybe we're ragged and funny.

HAWK & TOMMY
(Hawk fires it)
"But we'll be traveling along...

A rapid montage of bomb hitting various castle surfaces accompanies an orchestrated finish to the chorus.

HAWK & TOMMY (O.S.)
"...singing a song, Side by Side."

F123-O KAPLAN AND BUTTERFINGER

stop on a castle path. The light and sound of an explosion blasts to their right.

KAPLAN
Let's try down this way.

Maybe we better go this way.

KAPLAN
Ok, this way.

G123-O ANOTHER PART OF THE TERRACE - NIGHT

Hawk and Tommy stand before a wall. As they speak, two guards climb atop the roof.

TOMMY
We better split up. I'll take the front nine, you take the back nine, and we'll meet back at the clubhouse.

HAWK
(patting Tommy's stomach)
Hey Tommy, looking good.

An explosion sends the two guards flying off the roof. Hawk and Tommy are oblivious.

TOMMY
Thanks.

BOTH
3... 2... 2...

(CONTINUED)
Hawk and Tommy split off, still singing. Hawk goes around a corner out of the viewer's view. Tommy latches on another bomb.

**HAWK & TOMMY**
"But we'll travel the road, sharing the load..." Side by Side...

**H123-O OUTSIDE ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT**

Kaplan and Butterfinger thunder to a stop.

**KAPLAN**
Butterfinger, go in and brief the Mayflowers of the current situation.

**BUTTERFINGER**
You got it, coach.

Butterfinger dutifully scampers through a nearby door.

**TOMMY**
We had our troubles and parted, But we'll travel the road, sharing the load side by side

**ALFRED**
Side! I'll take that sir.

**140 THE ART TREASURES ROOM**

Closing the door behind him, Butterfinger sees Minerva fire arrows into his chest. Butterfinger looks from a whooping-with-glee Minerva to more arrows pounding into his body, like a little camper taking notes on a nature hike.

**J123-O OUTSIDE THE ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT**

Butterfinger still-dutifully exits the Art Treasures room and closes the door behind him.

**BUTTERFINGER**
Coach, looks bad. I think the Mayflowers must have set us up.

Butterfinger falls forward, dead. Kaplan's head and the head of a sidling-up-beside Hawk follow the body's trajectory.

**HAWK**
Butterfinger, we hardly knew ye.

With a sudden howl, Kaplan raises his arms high in the air and then spins for a savage karate belt into Hawk. A bomb can be heard going off...
Lights in the back of the limousine come on to reveal Darwin in his favorite seat, holding his silencer pistol. Alfred pushes in the slashed Tommy.

**DARWIN**

Tommy, you New-York-Italian-father-made-twenty-bucks-a-week-son-of-a-bitch, you were hired as bait and on this simple task, you betrayed me. Do you have an answer why?

**TOMMY**

I got five of them.

Tommy kicks the gun out of Darwin's hand. It bounces off the floor, knocking off his silencer. Tommy bounds next to Darwin and delivers solid punches, each one causing weird tones to emit from Darwin's head.

**TOMMY**

One. Two. Three. Four.

Darwin catches the fifth punch, and flicking ON his PAPER SHREDDER with his elbow, shoves Tommy's hand into the shredder's teeth.

**OUTSIDE SHREDDER**

BLOOD SPUTTERS out of the vent.

**INT ART TREASURES ROOM - NIGHT**

Minerva turns to Anna, in the process of reloading arrows.

**MINERVA**

Well, since you're not going to tell us what we want to know, I think it's time for you to report to the home office in Heaven, Sis. If you talk to the Big Guy, tell him he's a loser...

**ANNA**

Oh, that's it...

Anna lunges up to Minerva and pulls her forward for a savage head-butt which sends her reeling to the ground. She grabs up the Da Vinci goodies from the tray and runs off.

**EXT A GRAND ILM SHOT - NIGHT**

shows little pinpoint explosions pimpling over the castle.
With explosions providing strobe for their ballet of violence, Kaplan attempts a karate kick towards Hawk, who catches the leg and does an ankle twist.

**KAPLAN**

Does everything have to be so hard?

**HAWK**

Tell me about it.

Kaplan slaps him backward. Hawk then runs forward. They latch onto each other's throats in a brutal, kicking and grunting waltz across the turret. The viewer's viewpoint moves down to the limousine below.

**ALFRED**

Shall I cut off his head, sir?

Darwin's gun goes off. Right through Alfred's neck. He falls forward, his foot hitting the gas pedal.

Kaplan swings his arm upward breaking the deadlock. He reaches toward his jacket. Hawk grabs his hand and shakes it with a serene expression.

**HAWK**

George, it's been real.

Hawk pulls away his hand to reveal he has stabbed a curari dart into Kaplan's palm. Hawk then slaps on Kaplan's forehead a picture of Little Eddie in a graduation cap. Kaplan crumbles into himself, in a paralyzed but still standing position.

**HAWK**

Say hello to little Eddie, motherfucker.

With his index finger, Hawk pushes Kaplan over the edge.

sails atop the limousine hood onto his back with a cruching slam and squeal.
HAWK hits wall rolling.

HAWK
That didn't hurt.

Kaplan advances;

KAPLAN
Try this.

Kaplan kicks wall as Hawk rolls out of frame.

Hawk grabs up 2x4, advances toward Kaplan. Kaplan advances with flying kicks, knocking off pieces of 2x4.

HAWK
What are you going to say now, you centrally intelligent scumsickle?

Kaplan is dizzy after final kick.

HAWK
Getting old, George?

Hawk klonks Kaplan.

KAPLAN
Thank you.

Kaplan gives giant kick; Hawk's head rotates round.

Hawk delivers series of punches which miss; Kaplan delivers series which hit. The last lifts Hawk in air.

HAWK
George; stand still.

That didn't hurt.
Kaplan kicks, Hawk bends forward and back in reaction.
Kaplan retreats and Hawk continues bending.
Kaplan prepares for grand charge.
Hawk loses hat.
Kaplan charges; Hawk bends.

HAWK
My hat.

Kaplan lands out in the air.

KAPLAN
I hate you.

HAWK
Say hello to Little Eddie, motherfucker!

Guess you never fucked with anybody from Hoboken before.
INT INSIDE THE LIMO - NIGHT

Darwin jumps out of the car.

DARWIN
Alfred, I won't be needing the car anymore.

Alfred, dribbling blood, turns to Tommy with a blood gurgled voice.

ALFRED
Ta Ta.

All the doors in the backseat area lock before Tommy can reach them. Alfred barrels out the front pulls up the time bomb rifle, takes aim and shoot-suctions a bomb onto the trunk of the limo as it speeds away.

EXT TOP OF THE TURRET - NIGHT

Anna dashes up to Hawk.

ANNA
Hudson!

HAWK
Hey, what's up. We're supposed to be saving you.

ANNA
Sorry. I was bored. I saved myself.

HAWK
Well, we still got to get those crystal pieces...

ANNA
(waving them)
Got 'em right here, cowboy.

HAWK
Oh.
(sweetly mocking)
"Got 'em right here."

Hey, that sounds like Tommy.

Anna good-naturedly belts him in the shoulder. They suddenly look down in confusion and horror.

THEIR POV

shows the careening forward to the cliff limousine.

TOMMY'S VOICE
Help! Eddie!
wails from a crushed, paralyzed position on the hood.
KAPLAN
My pension!

HAWK
sees the limousine bound off the castle terrace.

HAWK
Tommy!

The limousine makes its final launch off the terrace, floating and falling with frightening beauty.

INSIDE FALLING LIMOUSINE - NIGHT
The world and his life swirling outside, Tommy quivers in fear. The PHONE RINGS. Tommy picks up.

DARWIN (VO)
Hey, Tommy...

DARWIN
Gleefully speaks into a cellular phone.

DARWIN
Buckle up, you working class son-of-a-bitch.

THE BOMB - NIGHT
on the trunk goes off.

THE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT
blows up in mid-air turning into a giant flaming snowflake.

THE TURRET - NIGHT
Hawk goes from the sight of the limousine to that of Darwin putting away his cellular phone and goes from horror to anger. Darwin looks up.

DARWIN
Friend of yours?

HAWK
Dead!

With a howl, Hawk jumps off the turret and crash lands into the smug megalomaniac. Alfred raises up the rifle butt behind him.

TOP OF THE TURRET - NIGHT
Anna sees this and shouts down.

(CONTINUED)
ANNA
Hudson, watch out!

123G BOTTOM OF THE TURRET - NIGHT
Alfred rifle-butts Hawk into unconsciousness.

124 OMITTED

124 thru thru
226 226

227 GOLD MACHINE ROOM

DARWIN
Minerva!

MINERVA
Darwin, Darling!

DARWIN
God I love happy endings.

MINERVA
Anna, Hawkmeister, you're probably wondering why you're still alive. We didn't want you to go to Hell without knowing our dream came true. But we still are having some trouble putting that damn crystal together. Alfie and I've been going at that thing all night.

Well, put it together.

HAWK
Fuck you.

Of course, Alfred does have a point.

ANNA
Don't do it Hudson.

HAWK
Hay, what did I tell you about calling me Hudson? I have no choice.

MINERVA
If you pull this off, I can't promise that I won't kill you. I mean, who are we trying to kid? But I will spare the flying nun here.

Don't ever change, Hawk.

(CONTINUED)
MINERVA
You're such a shmoe.

Go, team, go.

Why is the world so jam packed with such idiots. Every shmoe has the fantasy that the planet revolves around them. It rains, car crash stops traffic, you say, "How could this happen to me?" It's a natural inclination. But for I; this isn't a fantasy, it is reality. You are on my planet! You walk around the corner for coffee, out of my sight, you do not fucking exist! The lives of shmoes like you have meaning only in relation to the rich, to the powerful, to ME!
DARWIN
Let me tell you something, if Da Vinci was alive today. he'd be eating microwave sushi naked in the back of a Cadillac with the both of us. He's dead and we're alive. The project of his life is now the toy of mine. History, culture and tradition are not concepts, they are trophies I keep in my den as paper weights. Adam and Eve, Julius Caesar, Jesus Christ, Spiro Agnew, Sadat, Jackie Robinson, MC Hammer, Saddam Hussein, Darwin and Minerva Mayflower. We are the last names of the last sentence of the last page. The chaos we will cause the world with this machine will be our final masterpiece.

Give us your awe!

Let the legend begin.

Go team go.

Go team go.
MINERVA giddily sets the crystal in the same place as Da Vinci had it in his machine.

Using a long steel pole, Technician One adjusts a myraid of mirrors so they are in a proper angle with a series of lenses culminating on the top of the machine.

Technicians Two (black-eyed) and Three pour various chemical powders and liquids into corresponding compartments on the machine, beautifully decorated by the chemical's zodiac sign.

Darwin places a lead bar in its proper place.

Hawk glides to Anna and undoes her handcuff.

Minerva throws a lever. Steam begins to percolate from the furnace.

MINERVA
We're for real.

THE MACHINE begins to rotate, at first clunkily, then faster.

The Crystal rotates comfortably in its compartment.

The machine throws out its folding arms, each with an element. The arms click higher.

The goggled technicians stand before a time-coded video monitor, taking notes.

The chemical housings open and the chemicals begin to spill and drop through brass tubes.

ANNA
ANNA
You should be very proud of yourself.

HAWK
Let me ask you something.

ANNA
What?

HAWK
What if I didn't put that crystal together exactly right?

ANNA
What do you mean?

HAWK
Let's say, for example, I left this little mirror out. Would that be bad?

ANNA
That would be bad.

HAWK
Very bad?

ANNA
Very bad.

HAWK
Good.
The chemicals snake down their individual paths to the Lead Bar spinning its trough. There's a FLASH and a controlled but jarring explosion. Everyone doubletakes.

DARWIN recoils in fear. Minerva giddily moves forward, pulling on her goggles.

DARWIN
Minerva, maybe this wasn't such a good idea. I think we should sell the castle, re-invest.

MINVERVA
Stop being such a human being! We're mythic!

Darwin lets her go into the smoke.

Hawk goes into action.

Darwin turns to see this and raises his gun.

(CONTINUED)
Hawk takes the steel pole from Anna and fiercely javelins it into the gun-firing Darwin. The pole slams Darwin in the shoulder and impales him into a massive, spinning upward "Modern Times" style Gear. Darwin painfully spins toward the teeth of a corresponding Gear.

Hawk and Anna turn from the painful crunch.

OMITTED

THE MACHINE

triggers a fresnel lens and laserlike beams bounce around the mirrors faster and faster, circling the room.

OUTSIDE THE MACHINE

Hawk and Anna squint, blinded. Flinging off her goggles, a literally beaming, oblivious to everything around her, Minerva giggles forward.

THE MACHINE

Beams of light converge on the top mirror and bounce into the innards of the machine with a mighty roar!

MINERVA

sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish and molten. She moves closer, shouting into her head-set.

MINERVA

Eureka, motherfuckers!

HAWK

thru Mission control. Mission control thru 238
to Mayflower. Ready for bust off. 238

ALFRED

How.

ANNA

Your turn.

HAWK

My turn? I just killed Darwin.

(CONTINUED)
ALFRED
How dare you take from me the
pleasure of slaughtering my
boorish employer.
   (flick)
It's your first time, dying.
I'll try to be gentle.

ANNA
Definitely your turn.

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him
halfway. Hawk fires in some gut punches while
dodging the blade.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster, and prays
for forgiveness. She aims steadily, and fires...

HAWK
Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt
not kill!

Right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him
back with a strong punch.

ANNA
Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off Hawk's belt
buckle.

HAWK
Stop helping me!

Hawk's turning to chastise Anna, allows Alfred to kick
Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his
blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft.
Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's
throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees
a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing
jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the
hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it
fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat
which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of
the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the
wall until the point of the "V" hits it --

HAWK
Hey, Alfred, I got some bad news --

(CONTINUED)
sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish and molten. She moves closer, shouting into her head-set.

MINERVA
Eureka, motherfuckers!

The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive pace.

Hawk's voice suddenly comes on Minerva's head-set.

HAWK'S VOICE
(head-set)
Minnie, hate to interrupt your orgasm, but...

stand above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk is speaking into the head-set.

HAWK
Me, Anna, and Leonardo just wanna say you got the Midas touch baby...

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion.

The center of the machine blows. The pool of molten gold rockets at the viewer.

Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

turn to retreat, and see, standing in the mouth of the open double doors, in an open shirt, wearing Indian war paint on his face and the words RULE BRITANNIA painted on his chest, ALFRED!

ALFRED
How.

(CONTINUED)
HAWK
You're unemployed, Alfie. Boss is dead. Plan is over.

ALFRED
(strange voiced)
My plan is just beginning. I'll forgive you for denying me the pleasure of slaughtering my boorish employers, but I'm afraid the birth of the new British Empire can have no witnesses.

HAWK
Ooh-kay...

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him halfway. They trade savage punches and then lock onto each other's throats.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster and prays for forgiveness. She aims steadily and fires ... right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him back with a strong punch.

ANNA
Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off of Hawk's belt buckle.

HAWK
Stop helping me! Thou shalt not kill!

Hawk's turning to chastise Anna allows Alfred to kick Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft. Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the wall until the point of the "V" hits it --

(CONTINUED)
Hey Alfie, I got news. You won't be attending that hat convention in July. Excuse my crass American sense of humor...

Hawk savagely elbows the V. The blades slam together and POP ALFRED'S HEAD OFF, SENDING IT SCREAMING DISEMBODIED, HIGH IN THE AIR.

Hawk and Anna are seen waving up to the viewer (Alfie's head). The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive pace.

Don't touch that head! Com'on.

She turns in shock to see Hawk and Anna standing above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk whoops into a headset.

Looking good, Alfie.

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion. The center of the machine blows. The pool of molten gold rockets at the viewer. Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

The machine thunders with another explosion.

Hawk and Anna retreat into the Da Vinci workshop. They stop from a smiling pant and see BUNNY THE DOG standing before them.

(Continued)
ANNA
My turn?

HAWK
Yeah... This F... Dog...

Anna laughs and confidently moves toward the dog until Bunny leaps up and savagely clamps his teeth into her throat sending her crashing to the ground.

Bunny continues to viciously gnaw away on the convulsing Anna, blood gently starts to emerge.

It lands next to the Gadget that is connected to the Tennis Ball Machine. Hawk rushes forward, picks up the gadget, turns the dial to ten, and then smiles sweetly toward the dog.

HAWK
Oh Bunny, Ball-Ball.

Bunny stops his violent behavior and perkily looks up, blood droplets drizzling from his mouth.

Hawk slams down the gadget.

HANK
He's out the window!

(CONTINUED)
240 CONTINUED:  (2)  

A tennis ball comes rocketing out of the machine.  

Bunny leaps and catches the rocketing ball but the force of it sends him FLYING AND CRASHING out a window.  

Hawk pulls up Anna as the machine completely EXPLODES.  

A huge chunk of the roof THUDS before the workshop door.  

Hawk suddenly looks off-camera and smiles. Anna shakes her head vigorously. He pulls her out of frame.  

240A EXT. A VINCI COUNTRYSIDE TREE  

The TRAVELING MERCHANT with the unforgettably etched face, just as he did centuries earlier, dismounts his mule and wearies down to a tree stump.  

He takes off his hat and inhales the air, only this time, he coughs. He then brings his wine cask to his lips when another loud BOOM sends the wine splashing.  

241 EXT. OUTSIDE THE GRAND CASTLE - DAY  

An explosion of steam and gas blows out the windows! Debris frisbees toward the camera along with...  

Anna hanging on Hawk's waist, and Hawk, hanging from the bar on DA VINCI'S BAT-WINGED GLIDER.  

The glider gracefully swooshes down through the castle through the glorious vista.  

A242 EXT. THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE  

The glider floats to a perfect landing before the Unforgettable Merchant.  

Hawk and Anna collect themselves and look up to the smoke-billowing castle. They smile and gush in.  

(CONTINUED)
HAWK
Listen, can I ask you something? It's kind of hard for me to ask. Will you play Nintendo with me?

ANNA
That's a very personal question. I'm afraid that I'm going to have to stick with God. You're a close second, though, tough guy.

HAWK
I'll quit stealing. I'll learn how to kiss better. I just haven't kissed in ten years, that's all.

ANNA
You're the best kisser I ever kissed.

HAWK
Wait a minute. I'm the only person you've ever kissed.

ANNA
That's right.

HAWK
Let me ask you something about this God thing. Is that going to last?

ANNA
Yes.

HAWK
Because you know, I'm going to be kinda lost without you.
HAWK
... Will you play Nintendo with me?

ANNA
I can't think of anybody I'd rather play Nintendo with.

HAWK
What about your boss?

ANNA
What boss?

HAWK
You know.

ANNA
I think he'd want me to keep an eye on you.

HAWK
That's what I was thinking. Because, let's face it, since I got out of the joint, I've been pretty mixed up.
HAWK
You know, I'm going to be kinda lost without you...

HAWK
Let's face it. Since I got out of the joint, I'm pretty mixed up. I don't know whether to Lambada or Vogue. I still can't tell the difference between Diet Coke and Tab.

ANNA
It's one of life's eternal mysteries. Just be glad you have a life. Can I buy you a Cappuchino?

HAWK
Can I kiss you?

Anna shouts out toward the coffee-stained Unforgettable Etched Cafe Owner, who gives them a disgruntled look before going inside. Hawk and Anna collapse into an outside table.

ANNA
I just wish Tommy could be here.

HAWK
(looking off)
No way.

ANNA
That's not very nice.

HAWK
No way!

(CONTINUED)
TOMMY
Yes, way!!

ANNA
5-Tone! Grazie, Paison.

Hawk and Anna gasp in happiness.

TOMMY
Did I miss anything?

HAWK
Tommy, you're supposed to be crashed up at the bottom of the hill?

TOMMY
Air bags. Can you fucking believe it?

ANNA
But Tommy, you're also supposed to be blown up into fiery chunks of flesh?

TOMMY
Sprinkler system set up in the back. Can you fucking believe it?

HAWK
Not fucking really. You're also supposed to be... dead!

TOMMY
(Hey, can we drop this subject? It's depressing.) I was supposed to die so many different ways that the good Lord couldn't decide which one to pick.

HAWK
Yes, that must be it.

Hawk and Anna laugh and kiss Tommy on the forehead. Tommy crashes on a chair next to them. The Unforgettable Cafe Owner comes out with the cappuccinos.

ANNA
Sip your cappucino...

HAWK
Shouldn't we get Tommy to a hospital?

TOMMY
Eddie. Drink your coffee.
Hawk sits back and puts on a pair of sunglasses that look exactly like the ones Da Vinci wore in the opening. He laughs, speaking under his breath.

HAWK
(raising his cup)
Here's to little Eddie...

The viewer's viewpoint moves into Hawk's lips having a sip of that damn unmasculine European coffee.

FADE OUT.

THE END