

FADE IN:

EXT. ONE MILE NORTH OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

Light traffic spews under the rainbow arc of the Waldo Tunnel.

An ARMORED TRUCK rumbles out of the darkness heading South.
Stenciled on the side: SECURITY-TRANSPORT.

EXT. A RED AUSTIN HEALY CONVERTIBLE (1960) - TOP DOWN

Zips out of the tunnel. PETER TUELLY, thirty, passenger, stares blankly at the San Francisco skyline and the bridge.

PETER

Jer, how about stopping halfway
across. My life is crap.

JERRY LYNCH, thirty, taps the steering wheel to the beat of a rock tune blaring from the radio.

JERRY

Peter, your life was crap.

He pulls both hands from the wheel, steers with his knees and throws his arms in the air.

JERRY

She's gone. You're single. Free.

The Healy swerves. Peter grabs the wheel.

PETER

Okay, okay, I've lost my death wish.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

The Security-Transport truck rolls across the span. The Healy closes.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK

I.D. badges identify the driver as LEVON CLAY and the sweaty, anxious armed passenger as JUAN TORRES.

JUAN

This job sucks.

He shoots a wary look over his shoulder.

LEVON

Amigo, we're making time and a half!

JUAN

Time and a half? Man, we should be making a hundred bucks an hour. And I'll tell you why.

He points to the rear of the armored truck.

JUAN

One of those things...One of those art things, in the back, is cursed.

LEVON

Amigo, no one believes in that voodoo, mumbo jumbo crap.

Juan pulls a gold crucifix from inside his uniform and squeezes it.

JUAN

You don't know, mon. You don't know nothin' 'bout -- Sheeeeet!

Juan jabs the cross at the windshield pointing it at a

A STALLED STATION WAGON - IN THE MIDDLE LANE

Levon hits the brakes. Rubber SQUEALS. He jerks the steering wheel to avoid a collision and just misses the swerving

AUSTIN HEALY

Terrified, Peter screams.

PETER

45 MILES AN HOUR! That's the speed. The law.

Jerry hits the radio button. The rock music becomes a Chopin concerto.

JERRY

Here's your speed...Peter, my friend
you've become dull, boring. You've
lost your sense of adventure.

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - MOMENTS LATER

The Healy skids to a stop.

WOMAN TOLL TAKER

Three dollars, gentlemen.

Sheepishly, Jerry turns to Peter with his hand out.

PETER

You're a great date. I wanted to stay
home. This whole night was your idea.

JERRY

I was going to cash a check at the
Par -- Bar. Don't you have three
lousy dollars?

WOMAN TOLL TAKER

Three dollars.

Peter reaches over, pulls the trunk latch and hops out of the
car. The armored truck pulls up behind the Healy. The engine
REVS. Peter waves.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK

Levon taps the accelerator. The truck inches forward. Juan stares
bug-eyed at

The license of the Austin Healy - DIABLO

Juan makes the sign of the cross.

JUAN

Madre Mia! Diablo! That's the Devil,
man. It's the curse! It's trying to
get us killed.

Levon shoots him a look, but now he isn't so sure. He eases off

the pedal and flips the bird at the Healy.

EXT. THE WALKWAY NEXT TO THE TOLL GATE

NELSON (Nels) JOHNSON, a large man in his forties, snaps several pictures of the armored truck, then speaks into a hand-held tape recorder while directly below him

Peter opens the trunk and pulls out a set of golf clubs.

NELS (OS)

This is Nels Johnson, Art Critic for the San Francisco Call Bulletin...The Flying Porpoise, an abstract work of art returned to Francisco this evening.

Levon blasts the HORN. Peter jumps. Golf balls and tees bounce across the pavement.

WOMAN TOLL TAKER

(yells to Peter)

Sir, please return to the car.

(pleads to Jerry)

Your passenger may not exit the vehicle. It's against all our rules.

JERRY

Watch him. He could be suicidal. His divorce was final this morning. But confidentially, she was a bitch.

PETER

Will you take fifty cents and a tire?
It's brand new.

TOLL TAKER

Sir, does this look like Grand Auto?

Nels descends the stairs and hands Peter three dollars.

NELS

This is a special night. Please, be my guests.

PETER

Thanks?

He tosses the golf clubs back in, slams the trunk, and leaps back into the car. Jerry grabs the money and hands it to the Toll Taker.

JERRY

I knew he had it.

The Healy speeds away. The armored truck takes its place.

DIRECTLY ACROSS THE BRIDGE - THE EAST SIDE OF THE TOLL PLAZA

In front of the Round House, a restaurant and souvenir shop, ANDREA CONVEE a statuesque blond, on five inch stiletto heels and wrapped in a full length chinchilla coat, watches as

The armored truck pulls away and two Black and White Police Cars move in on either side.

Andrea hisses slowly as she adjusts the two hundred dollar tie of FRANCIS FURAL, a neanderthal slab of meat.

ANDREA

I'm glad I got this. You look very nice in a suit.

Fural grunts, but stands obediently as Andrea adjusts his six hundred dollar jacket.

ANDREA

Francis, tell Mr. Muniz his father's statue has returned. Tell him I will meet him at the art exhibit. And watch him closely. Do you understand?

Andrea pats his shaved and dented head. A gold front tooth glistens as he snorts acknowledgement.

They turn and follow the contour of the Round House down to the east parking lot. Andrea pauses at the statue of Joseph Strauss, (designer and chief engineer of the Golden Gate Bridge) she squints at the plaque at the foot of the statue and hisses.

ANDREA

Nice bridge.

EXT. DILLION HALL - GOLDEN GATEWAY PLAZA - DUSK

Peter and Jerry dodge through an outdoor party of well dressed people. Jerry snatches two glasses of champagne from a passing waitress and hands one to Peter.

JERRY

Shall we mingle?

PETER

We're underdressed.

JERRY

There you go again. Boring, lifeless, no sense of adventure. Your next wife could be in that crowd waiting.

PETER

No more women. No more wives. No adventure. In fact, I may become a monk.

JERRY

Before you buy a rosary.

He nudges Peter and points into the group where

Andrea Convee fluffs the collar of her chinchilla coat and looks downward with disdain at

ALAN MUNIZ JR., forty, short, with a nose to rival Cyrano de Bergerac. Muniz always rubs his nose when he's nervous or excited. And now he's rubbing.

MUNIZ

You'll have your \$300,000 in three days, Andrea.

Andrea whips a swivel stick through her cocktail.

ANDREA

Do not call me Andrea, Alan.

MUNIZ

Sorry, I mean Ms. Convee...I paid him \$15,000. He's going to leave the statue over there.

Muniz gestures toward a large debris box at the side of the building.

MUNIZ

Everything's going to work out fine.
Better than some of my famous recipes.

ANDREA

But you're no longer a chef. Those days
are over.

ANDREA (CONT)

Any mistakes tonight and you won't
have to worry about this.

(she taps his nose)

Or any other appendages. And until
you've sold the statue and my money
is in my hands...

Andrea snaps her fingers. Francis Fural appears out of the crowd
and lumbers to her side.

ANDREA

Francis, I packed your Snoopy pajamas.

Fural's gold tooth gleams. Muniz glares at Fural.

ANDREA

Mr. Muniz, Mr. Fural will be your house
guest. And if Francis gives me a bad
report --

Andrea SNAPS the swivel stick half. Fural snorts. Muniz shudders.

PETER AND JERRY

JERRY

What does she see in those two?

PETER

You know what they say about big noses.

JERRY

His nose isn't that -- Yeah. Sure.

They drop off the champagne glasses and walk to the stairway at
the east end of the plaza where Peter almost collides with the

reporter, Nels Johnson.

Peter and Nels exchange a look of recognition, then Nels hurries toward Dillion Hall.

EXT. THE FRONT STAIRS OF DILLION HALL

A MAN in a tuxedo steps through the glass doors.

MAN IN A TUXEDO

Ladies and Gentlemen. Friends of the
arts. Tonight...For one night only...

EXT. HARRINGTON'S BAR AND GRILL - MINUTES LATER

Jerry prods Peter toward the door.

PETER

Not in here. Too many people from
my office come in --

Jerry sighs, whips out a Groucho Marx disguise, sets it on Peter's face and shoves him through the door.

JERRY

No one will know you.

INT. HARRINGTON'S

Above the fireplace a banner reads: PETER TUELLY - WELCOME TO THE
WONDERFUL WORLD OF SINGLES

Peter stands stunned. A GROUP OF FRIENDS jump to their feet,
raise their glasses and cry out.

GROUP IN UNISON

Surprise! Surprise!

A MAN at the piano strikes a chord. The group sings.

GROUP IN UNISON

Happy divorce to you,
Happy divorce to you. etc..

JANET KERR, a knockout in her late twenties, snaps pictures.
She's a camera nut who always wears a hat. Tonight it's a Tam
o'shanter. Her eyes flash as she and Peter make eye contact. As

the group finishes the song, Jerry elbows Peter into the crowd.

JERRY

Come on. Enjoy. I'm the designated driver. And I have a feeling this is going to be a hell of a night.

INT. GARAGE - BENEATH THE GOLDEN GATEWAY PLAZA

The Security-Transport armored truck is parked by the freight elevator.

INT. CAB OF THE ARMORED TRUCK

Juan picks at chicken sandwich. Levon downs a hamburger and checks his watch.

LEVON

Exhibit's over in two hours.

Juan twitches nervously.

LEVON

Amigo, curses and hexes are for little kids.

INT. HARRINGTON'S

Peter and his friends stand beneath the WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF SINGLES sign. Janet darts from side to side snapping pictures.

JANET

Say...sex. Safe sex.

GROUP

Safe sex.

Jerry slips Peter away and introduces him to Janet.

JERRY

Peter, this is my co-worker, Janet Kerr.

JANET

I'm the worker. No one in our office knows what the hell he does.

She takes Peter's hand and gives it a shake.

JANET

Hi. Heard a lot about you.

Peter's eyes Jerry.

PETER

He's never mentioned you.

JANET

Figures.

(points to the camera)

I'll make you a souvenir album of tonight.

Peter grins. Janet disappears into the crowd. Smitten, Peter starts to follow, but Jerry holds him back.

JERRY

What happened to your life of celibacy?

PETER

For ten months I've been -- I think that's part of my problem. Jer, she's beautiful. What a smile. I've decided not to become a monk.

JERRY

Forget it, Peter. They call Janet the Ice Woman. No one gets a date. No one. Not even me.

PETER

Beautiful and intelligent.

EXT. GOLDEN GATEWAY PLAZA - NIGHT

A few Stragglers pick from the remains of the huge party. A Cleaning Crew drops garbage bags into the large debris box.

Levon and Juan climb the steps and push open the door to Dillion Hall.

A poster taped to the door reads: "THE FLYING PORPOISE - IS THERE A CURSE?" Juan shivers.

ACROSS FROM THE PLAZA - THE PYRAMID BUILDING - NIGHT

N A LIGHTED WINDOW NEAR THE TOP

INT. HALLWAY

A BONG announces the arrival of the elevator. Andrea Convee emerges with a cigarette and walks determinedly up the corridor. Francis Fural lumbers in her wake.

At the end of the corridor, Andrea peers through a window down at The Golden Gateway Plaza.

ANDREA

Francis, wait until everyone is gone.

Fural grunts.

ANDREA

Bring the statue back to Mr. Muniz's house and wait for my call. Do you understand?

Fural snorts. Andrea snaps her fingers. Fural disappears down the corridor.

ANDREA

And when the buyer arrives, I will have the Flying Porpoise and the money.

INT. HARRINGTON'S BAR AND GRILL

At the piano, Peter and the group belt out the final verses of YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL TO ME. Peter waves to Janet as she snaps pictures. She waves back. Peter starts toward her, but is cut off by a tall, thin woman. Peter grimaces.

PETER

Hi, Mary.

MARY

Wouldn't hurt to have a little chat with Mr. Halverson.

Mary eye's dart to a BALD MAN.

MARY

He came to your party. Kiss his ass a little. Half our company's being laid off, but WE...You have a chance for a

promotion.

Peter tries to take a sip of his drink. Mary yanks it away and waggles a finger. In the B.G., Janet watches.

MARY

And that's enough alcohol.

PETER

(grabs the drink)

Mary, you're my secretary not my mother.

INT. DILLION HALL - ART EXHIBIT

Security Guards stand strategically posted around the room.

Levon and Juan watch as a group of Men crate various works of art. Mostly: MOBILES, PAINTING, AND SCULPTURES

A DOCENT scurries around the room checking off each item as it's sealed in a box.

Levon slips away from Juan.

The Packing Crew stack some of the crates in piles and hand-truck others into the freight elevator.

EXT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Levon slinks up to the door, glances from side to side, then slips inside.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Levon finds a crate with a small "x" on the bottom. He sighs peeks out the door and goes to work.

He slips a pair of elongated needle-nose pliers from inside his uniform, sticks his arm in the gap between the elevator and the wall, grabs a cable and snips it in half.

LEVON

Piece of cake.

ON THE CRATE WITH THE "x"

Does it move slightly? Harboring something living inside?

Levon peeks out the door, grabs a second cable, snips and BOOM. A

muffled EXPLOSION. A powder-blue arc of electricity flashes in the darkness between the door and the wall.

The elevator's ceiling light blinks off and on like a lighthouse.

The pliers turn molten, Levon drops them down the elevator shaft and blows on his hand.

LEVON

Shit.

The ceiling light continues to blink.

Levon pulls out a screw driver, jabs the blade into a slot by the light switch and twists.

The elevator door slams shut with a THUD.

LEVON

Trapped!

(the door flies open)

Saved!

The ceiling light blinks on and off. Levon leaps for the door. Too late. It slams with a THUD.

He falls backward over a crate, rises, braces his foot against the rear wall, rocks back and forth in time with the slamming door.

LEVON

One... Two...Three!

He dives through the opening. The door closes. Nips his ankle. He tumbles, somersaults and to his own amazement lands on his feet in front of the docent.

DOCENT

What the hell's going on?

LEVON

Something's wrong with the elevator.

The ceiling lights blink. The door THUDS shut.

DOCENT

Another high school graduate. Call

Western Elevator and tell them we
have an emergency.

Levon fights off a smile and hurries off. The docent
shouts to a group of Movers.

DOCENT

Start a chain. We'll take the rest of
crates out the front doors.

INT. HARRINGTON'S

Jerry hands Peter a small black book and points to the women in
crowd.

JERRY

Get some names and numbers. Make a date.
Circulate. Watch the master.

Jerry walks off. Peter pockets the book as Janet joins him and
nods toward Jerry.

JANET

He's sweet. But, I wish he'd stop
telling me how to live my life.

PETER

You too?

JANET

Forty hours a week. He thinks he's my
psychiatrist. Doctor Jerry Lynch
recommends that I spend a lot more
time in bed....Preferably with him.

Peter laughs. Janet snaps a picture.

JANET

Would you do me a favor?

Peter's eyes light up.

JANET

How would you like to win the dating
pool?

Peter doesn't get it.

JANET

When I started working at Breefer Shipping three months ago, Jerry started a pool. All the single males plunked down ten dollars. I hear there's over two hundred in the pot. First person to get a date with me wins the money. My desk is covered with candy, flowers, cards and offers you wouldn't believe. Peter, I won't be a prize. Someone's damn trophy.

Peter nods with sympathy.

JANET

I know you've gone through some hard times. Me too. You're not interested in dating... Neither am I. But if everyone thought we were an item. Maybe I could get on with my life and finally get some work done. Will you help?

Peter beams.

JANET

Of course, it would be platonic.

Peter hides his disappointment.

PETER

And it would drive Jerry berserk.

EXT. GOLDEN GATEWAY PLAZA - FRONT DOOR OF DILLION HALL

Levon backs out of the exhibit pulling a hand-truck loaded with three crates. The middle one has the small "x".

Levon glances at the debris box and starts down the stairs.

ON THE CRATE WITH THE SMALL "x"

Does it twitch just a bit?

Levon's load tilts out of control. He back-peddles down the stairs. He can't stop the momentum.

LEVON

No!

A tattooed arm appears out of nowhere.

TATTOOED MOVER

What the hell're you doing?

LEVON

Man inside said he wanted all this stuff loaded as fast as possible.

TATTOOED MOVER

This is a union job, Jerkoff! Who the hell appointed you --

The Man straightens the load and shoves the hand-truck into Levon's stomach. Then he grabs his own load of crates.

TATTOOED MOVER

Follow me you damn scab. Trying to take an honest man's work.

Levon takes a longing look at the debris box and follows the man out to the stairway to Front Street. The tattooed man unloads both hand-trucks against a hedge and hurries back toward the hall.

TATTOOED MOVER

Stay here and guard this crap.

Alone, Levon looks from the crates to the debris box, shakes his head and goes into double-time.

He lifts off the top box, then attacks the second crate. He takes a screw driver, inserts the blade in the lid, pops the nails, inhales and tilts the open crate toward his legs.

LEVON

Easy as --

The crate tips precariously. The top of a pale grey slab of marble appears. The crate goes over with a renting SCREECH.

The Flying Porpoise, an ill defined, abstract sculpture spills through the opening, lands with a CRUNCH on Levon's foot and rolls under the hedge. Levon stifles a scream, grabs his foot and hops around in circles.

LEVON

The damn thing is cursed!

INT. HARRINGTON'S BAR AND GRILL

Only a few people remain from the party. Peter and Jerry sit at the fireplace beneath the "Singles" banner.

PETER

Jer, I want to thank you.

JERRY

I had to do something. Living with you was getting pretty damn boring. I was --

Mr. Halverson, Peter's boss and Peter's secretary Mary interrupt.

HALVERSON

Peter, I'd like to see you in my office at ten tomorrow morning.

Mary plants a kiss on Peter's cheek and whispers in his ear.

MARY

Peter, you're getting promoted. I can feel it. And if you get promoted, I get promoted.

Mary takes Halverson's arm and ushers him out the door.

JERRY

What was that all about?

A flash goes off as Janet snaps a picture of the two men, adjusts her Tam o'shanter and hands her camera to Jerry.

JANET

Take a picture of Peter and me.

She snuggles next to Peter. Stunned, Jerry snaps a picture.

JANET

Great party, Jer. See ya in the office.
(to Peter)
Lunch tomorrow at one?

Peter nods. Jerry stares dumbfounded as Janet takes the camera and walks out the door.

JERRY

How did you get a date with Janet?

PETER

What a night. A hell of night.

EXT. HARRINGTON'S - NIGHT - FOG ROLLS IN

As Peter and Jerry exit, the armored truck with SECURITY-TRANSPORT rumbles past. A Fog Horn BLEATS.

JERRY

I've gotta pool going at the office.

How did you get a date with Janet?

Peter shrugs and hums YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL TO ME.

At the corner, Jerry J-walks against a red light. Peter stops at the curb and patiently waits for the green.

JERRY

Peter, there's no traffic. No cops.

Peter crosses with the green singing.

PETER

Can't you see? You're everything I --

They climb the steps to the Golden Gateway Plaza.

JERRY

Okay, what did you say? Janet ignored everyone. Not once --

(stares over Peter's shoulder)

What the hell is that?

Jerry hurries up the steps, rounds the hedge and kneels down. He struggles to bring out the Flying Porpoise.

JERRY

Give me a hand.

PETER

With what?

JERRY

With this rock. It'll look perfect
on the deck of my...OUR houseboat.

PETER

Jer, that looks like something.

JERRY

Yeah. A rock. Come on.

Peter gives in. They lift the Flying Porpoise to knee height and
waddle fifty yards along the causeway. Jerry gasps for air.

JERRY

Do you want to rest?

PETER

Sure, if you're tired.

They ease the statue onto a concrete bench and sit down.

PETER

This is stupid. Where are you going
to put it?

JERRY

I hate to bring this up, but your
contributions to the ol' houseboat
have been pretty minimal.

PETER

Carol took everything in the divorce.

JERRY

(pats the stone)

Landon would have loved this rock.

PETER

I'll bite. Who's Landon?

JERRY

My former houseboat mate. An attack
dog trainer. Hell of a guy. He would
have loved this rock on our deck. He
would have helped me lift it and carry
it back to the car. It's hard to find
men like that any more.

Jerry lifts his arms to the heavens.

JERRY

I miss you, Landon.

PETER

Did he die?

JERRY

Worse. He ran away with the dog's veterinarian. Poor me, lucky Linda. He was a great cook and loved to clean house. You gonna help or not?

Peter sighs. They stand, lift and grunt. Fifty yards later they set the statue on the lid of a plastic garbage can.

A beat and the can starts to fold under the weight of the statue. Both men are oblivious.

Does the Flying Porpoise move ever so slightly?

The can buckles with a POP. The statue lists dangerously three feet above the ground. Peter raises his foot.

PETER

It would be a lot easier to carry if it was in little pieces.

JERRY

Nope. I like it just the way it is.

VOICE (OS)

Hey! What's going down?

WALTON TAYLOR, a Security Guard for the Plaza, saunters out of the fog exhaling a puff of smoke. Peter and Jerry sniff the air. Peter spies the roach in Taylor's hand.

PETER

Your finger's on fire.

Taylor flicks away the butt and glances at the statue.

TAYLOR

Bought something at the exhibit?

JERRY
A door stopper.

TAYLOR
Big door.

PETER
Huge. And heavy. Very heavy.

TAYLOR
Name's Taylor. Wanna hand?

PETER
You bet.

They bend down.

PETER
One, two, three.

THE TOP OF THE CLAY STREET STAIRS - MINUTES LATER

As they set down the statue Taylor's two-way-radio BEEPS. He puts it to his ear.

TAYLOR
I copy. Area 23. Be right there.
(to Peter and Jerry)
There's some fuss at the other side of the plaza. Shouldn't take more than a minute. Probably one of the street people lookin' for supper.

PETER
We can make it from here. Thanks.

Taylor waves and hurries down the causeway.

Peter and Jerry maneuver down the stairs and place the statue on a step near the bottom.

JERRY
I'll get Diablo.

Peter waves him off and sits down next to the statue.

EXT. DILLION HALL - FRONT STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor walks down the stairs, then freezes when he hears

A huge CRASH as the debris box is flipped to the ground.

Taylor inches forward squinting through the fog at

Francis Fural, on all fours, bent over doggie style, shoveling garbage between his legs.

TAYLOR

Dude must be starving.

Fural sends an empty bottle of champagne between his legs, a missile that just misses Taylor's head.

TAYLOR

Hey! What's going on?

Fural looks up from between his legs, sneers, grabs a second bottle and purposely launches it at Taylor. Taylor ducks.

TAYLOR

What the hell are --

Fural lifts his knuckles off the ground and rises slowly. He snorts and lumbers toward Taylor.

TAYLOR

Oh, shit!

Taylor grabs the two-way-radio. Fural eyes it and stops.

TAYLOR

What are you looking for?

FURAL

My German Shepherd. You like BIG dogs?

Fural closes. Taylor yells into the radio.

TAYLOR

This is Taylor. Section 23. HELP!

FURAL

Chicken Shit! Here Fang. Here boy.

Fural kicks through the garbage and stomps off into the fog.

Taylor rips open his jacket and lights a joint.

TAYLOR

IT didn't have a neck.

EXT. CLAY STREET STEPS - GOLDEN GATEWAY PLAZA

A homeless WOMAN pushes a shopping cart up the street.

Peter drops his arm over the sculpture and studies it from several angles.

PETER

Rock, you need a name.

The homeless woman sticks out her hand.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Change, cutie pie?

Peter hands her three dollars.

PETER

This is from a guy on the Golden Gate Bridge.

(counts out three more)

These are from me and my rock.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Thanks for the Washingtons.

She hobbles up the block. With a sudden bolt of inspiration, Peter hugs the Flying Porpoise.

PETER

George. George the Rock!

A Crowd of people exit the theater next door and stroll past the steps. Peter puts his hand behind the statue like a puppeteer.

PETER

Say hi, George.

Jerry pulls up to the curb in the Healy. The top's down. He jumps out of the car, then stops two hard bodies. MARK and LES COLLIER, late teens, wearing Tank-Tops.

JERRY

Would you guys give us a hand?

Jerry points to Peter and the statue.

JERRY

My friend has a bad back.

The Colliers walk over to Peter and lift the statue.

PETER

Be gentle with George.

The Colliers exchange a shrug, then lift the statue and place it behind the front seat. It sits prominently for all to see. Peter and Jerry thank the Brothers and drive away.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Healy speeds across the span. Rock MUSIC blares. The Porpoise rocks from side to side with the beat. Checking the view? Enjoying the ride?

HOUSEBOAT SECTION OF SAUSALITO - MINUTES - LATER - NIGHT

The Healy pulls up to a ramp. Peter hops out of the car, opens the gate and starts up the ramp.

JERRY (OS)

Where are you going?

PETER

To bed. I have a meeting at ten.

JERRY

You're just gonna leave the rock?

PETER

I have a bad back, remember?

JERRY

Someone's gonna steal it.

PETER

Not without a crane.

JERRY

Landon? Where are you, Landon?

Peter sighs and returns to the Healy.

INT. OF THE HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Jerry pops a beer and hits the switch to the T.V.

JERRY

Want one?

Peter admires the Flying Porpoise on the kitchen table.

PETER

You know? This was a great idea.

TELEVISION SCREEN

A shot of Bill Clinton.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

President Clinton announced a new
health plan...

PETER

George belongs here.

JERRY

George?

PETER

The rock. I named it George.

JERRY

You named a rock?

PETER

So, what about Hercules?

JERRY

Skateboards are different.

Peter puts his arm around the statue and points to Jerry.

PETER

He's jealous, George.

JERRY

Of what?

PETER

Janet.

Jerry flips him the bird and heads out the door.

PETER

George, this has been one hell
of a night.

Peter glances at the television.

ANNOUNCER

The Gower Art Exhibit at Dillion
Hall was a huge success this
evening. The Flying Porpoise, a
sculpture by the late artist, Alan
Muniz, returned to the Bay Area
tonight. And the question on
everyone's mind is...

Peter leaves the kitchen. On the television screen a picture of
the Flying Porpoise appears.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Will the legendary curse that has
plagued the Flying Porpoise from
the moment of its creation
continue to ---

Peter reaches back into the room and hits the switch.

Does the kitchen table RATTLE slightly?

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Jerry peers out from the cocoon of gaudy
sequined bedspread. RING. He gropes. Finds the receiver.

JERRY

What?

(listens)

Seattle? I don't have an umbrella.

When? Damn.

He drops the receiver and falls out of bed.

INT. HOUSEBOAT KITCHEN - LATER

Fully dressed Jerry scribbles a note and lays it next to the statue.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT DECK - MINUTES LATER

Jerry steps onto the ramp and glances back at the Flying Porpoise in the kitchen window.

JERRY

I lied. It's a stupid rock. Stupid name.

Does the ramp buckle? Jerry trips and tumbles over the side and lands head first in the bottom of an aluminum rowboat. The tether line releases. The rowboat drifts quietly into the bay. Unconscious, Jerry moans.

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - BERKELEY HILLS - NIGHT

Francis Fural climbs the staircase, snarls and grabs the brass knocker on the door.

FURAL

Screw, Muniz.

Fural kicks the door open.

INT. OF THE MUNIZ LIVING ROOM

Framed pictures of Andrea Convee and Alan Muniz Jr. in Paris, Rome and Venice, sailing, horseback riding, on a photographic safari in Kenya are scattered about the room.

Other than the pictures of Andrea and Muniz, the living room is devoid of furniture. On the gray walls are bright, white squares where pictures used to hang. A CRUNCH.

Alan Muniz Jr. stuffs a racing form between the cushions of the sofa. Lumbering FOOT STEPS come down the hall. Muniz rubs his zucchini nose expectantly, then stares in disbelief when

Fural enters the living room empty handed.

MUNIZ

Where's my father's statue?

FURAL

It ain't there.

Muniz gulps, stands and starts down the hall toward the kitchen.
Fural follows.

FURAL

So where's the damn fish?

Muniz gives Fural a condescending look.

MUNIZ

Francis, a porpoise isn't a... skip it. Levon must have had trouble. He must have gone to plan B.

FURAL

Plan B?

MUNIZ

Do you think I'm stupid? Do you think I only had one plan? Things go wrong. You have to plan for error. Unexpected events. There were guards. Police. Levon must have gone to plan B or C or D.

FURAL

Well, Ms. Convee wants her money.

Muniz points to the phone and bluffs.

MUNIZ

Call your boss, Francis. Three-thirty in the morning. I know she'd love to hear from you.

EXT. SAUSALITO YACHT HARBOR - NIGHT

In the bay, the aluminum rowboat drifts by.

Dozens of boats bob at their moorings. From inside the hull of a

sloop comes a dull BUZZ. A light goes on in a port hole.

INT. SLOOP - GALLEY - PASSAGE WAY

LIEUTENANT RICHARD HOURIGAN, forties, sits down at the chart table, snaps on a light and glances at a small clock: 4:20 A.M. Another BUZZ. He grabs the microphone.

HOURIGAN

Yeah, Hourigan.

INTERCUT SCENE - SLOOP AND S.F. POLICE DEPARTMENT

OFFICER THOMAS JOSEPH BILLINGS, black, called T.J., holds a telephone to his ear and reads from a paper in his hand.

T.J.

Hope I didn't wake you, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

No, T.J., I was out on the deck, polishing the brass. What is it?

T.J.

Sorry, Lieutenant. I don't know much about art. But, someone's just ripped off the Flying Porpoise.

HOURIGAN

Great.

INTERCUT SCENE - NELS JOHNSON'S APARTMENT & SLOOP

The phone RINGS. A light goes on. The bedroom is cluttered with: ceramics, mobiles, paintings, etc. Nels rubs sleep from his eyes and lifts the phone.

NELS

Nels Johnson.

HOURIGAN

Nels, I have a story for you and I need your expertise. Can you be in my office in twenty minutes?

NELS

It's 4:30, Lieutenant. Is it --

HOURIGAN

Nels, someone stole your pal's statue.

INT. MUNIZ KITCHEN - THE ULTIMATE CHEF'S DREAM - NIGHT

At the cooking island, Muniz chops parsley in a frenzy.

MUNIZ

Where's my statue? Levon! You S.O.B.!

You're holding out for more money.

Andrea'll have Francis break my legs.

Ha. Legs? She'll have me killed.

I'm dead. It's over.

Muniz rubs his nose nervously and stares out the French Windows across the bay to the Golden Gate Bridge.

MUNIZ

I used to do a pretty good swan dive.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Beneath the bridge, the rowboat drifts into the Pacific. Jerry stirs. Sees his predicament, leans over the bow and hand paddles toward shore like a man possessed.

INT. LIEUTENANT HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Every nook and cranny of the room has a model ship, especially clipper ships. Nels Johnson sits opposite Hourigan at a small table.

HOURIGAN

Nels, tell me about the artist
and the curse.

Hourigan pulls out a pen and note pad, looks at his watch and writes 5:17 a.m.

NELS

Alan Muniz was a loveable genius. The Flying Porpoise was a model for a much larger piece. Alan had been commissioned by the Walker Aquarium to create a sculpture for their new wing. He chose a two thousand pound piece of marble. Regrettably, he insisted on directing

the placement of the stone in his studio.

(a beat)

Evidently, the crane operator pulled the wrong lever as the slab was being lowered through the skylight. When the dust settled, there was nothing left of the marble slab or Alan Muniz. All that remained was the model...the Flying Porpoise.

Hourigan tries to smother a laugh, and is saved as PATROL WOMAN CAROL WISELY, late twenties, bolts into the room carrying a tray waitress style. She sets it down, places a cup of tea in front of Nels and a cup of coffee in front of Hourigan. She snaps the napkins professionally.

WISELY

Officer Wisely, at your service.
The kitchen will be closing shortly,
Sir. Would you like anything else?

Hourigan sighs. Wisely comes to attention, sticks the tray under her arm, does a smart about face and marches out of the office.

WISELY

Hup, two, three, four.

HOURIGAN

Where were we?

NELS

Alan's death. Most tragic indeed.
The statue has carried a stigma
ever since. Of course there was
the fire in Chicago. And the
explosion at the museum in---

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Hourigan and Nels finish their beverages.

NELS

Mr. Muniz has one son. And frankly,
he is a pompous ass. Though I must
admit at one time he was an
extraordinary chef.

HOURIGAN

What happened?

NELS

He suffers from anosmia.

HOURIGAN

You mean amnesia?

Nels shakes his head no and points to his nose and spells

NELS

A.N.O.S.M.I.A. Anosmia. The loss of
the sense of smell.

Hourigan jots down the word in his note pad. Draws a circle with
a nose in it and makes a slash.

NELS

Alan Muniz Junior was struck by an automobile and hit his head against the pavement. One cannot be a great chef if one cannot smell.

HOURIGAN

Nels, you're the expert. Can you think of anyone who might want the Flying Porpoise?

NELS

A Muniz sculpture? Two or three hundred people come immediately to mind. Let me check my sources. If there is nothing more, I have a story to write and I want to call a friend at channel 11.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT SECTION OF SAUSALITO - DAY

A disheveled Jerry Lynch, hops out of pickup truck and into his Healy and roars toward highway 101.

INT. OF THE HOUSEBOAT - PETER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The phone RINGS. While Peter tries to fight his way from under the covers, his answering machine CLICKS on.

MARY (VO)

It's six thirty. Pick up the phone, Peter. I know you're there.

From under the covers Peter mumbles.

PETER

Go away, Mary.

MARY (VO)

Remember the early worker gets the promotion. Peter, dress special. We're a team.

PETER

You're the one your mother forgot to drown.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

Through an open door to the bathroom, Peter sings You Are So Beautiful To Me above the roar of the shower. The phone RINGS. Peter shouts

PETER

Jerry, will you pick up my phone!

The answering machine CLICKS on.

MARY (VO)

Ten o'clock and wear a tie, Peter.
Mr. Halverson respects ties.

OPEN DOOR TO JERRY'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Peter, wrapped in towel, peeks through the door. The bed is covered by a purple spread. In the middle is a 2x2 felt heart surrounded by thousands of multicolored sequins.

PETER

Jer? Where the hell are you?

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

T.J. Billings enters with several manila folders and hands them to Hourigan.

T.J.

Here's a list of the security personnel and the moving companies employees.

HOURIGAN

T.J., call for a black and white, get Evans for a back up. We're going to make a house call...And bring Carol Wisely.

T.J.

The Shark?

HOURIGAN

She's a cop, isn't she?

INT. HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN

Peter, dressed in a suit with a hideous tie, enters and grabs the note propped up against the Flying Porpoise.

INSERT: DEAR HOUSEBOAT MATE,
SORRY, EARLY MORNING CALL FROM THE OFFICE. HAVE TO
FLY TO SEATTLE. SHOULD BE BACK MID-WEEK.

J.

P.S. TAKE CARE OF GEORGE. NICE NAME. NICE ROCK.
P.P.S. SAY HI TO JANET - YOU DOG.

EXT. THE HOUSEBOAT - DOUBLE DUTCH DOOR - DECK

Peter emerges, picks up the morning paper, absently flips to the sports section, inhales and looks out on the bay. The front page of the paper is now on the back. And on that page

INSERT: A PICTURE OF THE FLYING PORPOISE

The phone RINGS. Peter walks slowly back inside and picks up the receiver.

PETER

Mary, I'm wearing a tie. My shoes
are shined. My teeth are flossed.
Now will you give it a rest. I
already have a mother.

INTERCUT - JANET KERR'S BEDROOM & HOUSE BOAT KITCHEN

Janet paces around a canopied bed covered with hats.

JANET

What a coincidence, so do I.

PETER

Janet?

Peter kisses the statue.

JANET

Was Jerry mad about our alleged date?

PETER

Pissed, would be more definitive.

Janet dons a straw hat, then discards it on the bed.

JANET

I'm not really good at this....But
I've been thinking....Would you like
to really put a burr in his jockey
shorts?

Peter's eyes go wide. Hoping beyond hope.

PETER

What'd you have in mind?

JANET

Lunch at Tadich's? One o'clock?

PETER

You've got a date.

Peter lays down the phone, does a little soft shoe and drapes his
arm around the Flying Porpoise.

PETER

George, this is going to be an
incredible day.

INT. MUNIZ HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

At a chopping board, Alan Muniz Jr expertly slices mushrooms and
scans a Racing Form. He sniffs the sauce simmering on a gas
burner, sniffs again. Nothing. Frustrated he slaps his zucchini
nose.

MUNIZ

Useless.

He squints at the racing form.

MUNIZ

Two sure winners. Levon you greedy
son-of-a-bitch. I know you're
holding out for money. When---

The phone RINGS. Muniz dives for it.

MUNIZ

Good morning.

ANDREA

Good morning, Mr. Muniz.

INTERCUT - INT. ANDREA CONVEE'S APARTMENT & MUNIZ KITCHEN

Andrea sits at a dressing table applying eye shadow.

Muniz shivers at Andrea Convee's voice and closes his eyes.

MUNIZ

Andy, it's so nice to hear your voice.

ANDREA

This is a business call, Mr Muniz.
Keep it formal. How is our statue?
We would be happy to take it off
your hands.

MUNIZ

You'll have your three hundred
thousand in two days.

ANDREA

That's what I want to hear.

Eyes wide, Muniz glances at the racing form.

MUNIZ

Andrea. Ms. Convee, now that my debt
is about to be paid. Could you? Would
your friends extend me a little more
credit?

Andrea stares at her reflection in the mirror and grins.

ANDREA

Certainly, Alan. How can we help?

MUNIZ

Can I put twenty... no make it fifty
thousand on Bon Homme in the first and
fifty thousand on Très Elegant in the
fifth at Bay Meadows today.

ANDREA

Memories of cooking school in France?

MUNIZ

Other than the times with you...those were the happiest moments in my life.

ANDREA

I'll place the bets. But, I suggest you stop living in the past, Alan. You will never be a chef again.

CLICK.

MUNIZ

When those horses win. I won't need the statue. The odds --

A THUD. In Snoopy pajamas, Francis Fural kicks open the kitchen door and points to the phone.

MUNIZ

That was Ms. Convee. I told her everything, Francis.

Fural eyes him suspiciously.

FURAL

We eating soon?

MUNIZ

Eggs Benedict.

FURAL

Good. I like mine scrambled.

MUNIZ

Get the paper, Francis.

INT. THE HALLWAY - FRONT DOOR

FURAL

Get the paper, like I'm a goddamn servant. I should --

Fural cocks an ear, then sticks his eyeball near the peep hole.

FURAL

Cops!

INT. ANDREA CONVEE'S DRESSING ROOM

Andrea applies blush and cackles.

ANDREA

Dearest Alan, the money and the are
porpoise mine. You'll enjoy prison.
Perhaps you'll get a job in the kitchen.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT

Peter sips coffee and works on the crossword puzzle.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (VO)

Thank you for the weather, Ted.

TELEVISION SCREEN

A picture of the Flying Porpoise appears.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (VO)

And now we have a special report
from the Art Critic of the San
Francisco Call Bulletin, Mister
Nelson Johnson.

Nels reads from his notes.

Peter glances up, then returns to the puzzle.

NELS

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Art World is
in turmoil this morning. At the Golden
Gateway Plaza last night a gang of
thieves, in a well executed raid,
diverted the guards and docents of the
Gower Art Exhibit and absconded
with... (NELS CONTINUES THROUGH THIS SCENE)

The Flying Porpoise reappears on the screen.

Stuck for a word, Peter gazes idly up at the television, then
bolts up-right and anguishes

PETER

Nooooo! Noooo!

Peter's head whirls from side to side as he glances from the

television to the real porpoise.

NELS

The Flying Porpoise. A statue valued
at well over two million dollars...

PETER

Two million dollars!

ON THE REAL FLYING PORPOISE - DOES IT PUFF UP PROUDLY?

NELS

...was lent for exhibit by the
Muniz estate...

Peter grabs the paper and sees the Porpoise on the front page. He
beats the paper on the table.

NELS

If you were a witness or if you
have any information --

Peter SNAPS off the television.

PETER

Witnesses! Ha, ha, witnesses! Only
that guard, and the people on the
sidewalk. The muscle men. The Healy!
We had the top down. The top was down.

Peter collapses next to the statue.

PETER

I'm a felon, George. I'm going to prison.
I'll be new meat for those
guys in the big house. The whole
thing was Jerry's idea. I wanted --

From the roof and outside the kitchen comes a series of POPS and
CRACKS. The morning paper flies from Peter's hand. He dives to
the floor. More POPS and BANGS.

PETER

The police! A S.W.A.T. Team! They're
shooting.

(bellies along the floor)
Aren't they supposed to give a
warning? Come out with your hands

up? Something?

MALE VOICE (OS)

Yo, anybody home?

Peter inches up the wall. With his right eyeball he sneaks a peek through the glass and sees

A MAN in carpenter garb wearing a Forty Niner Cap.

Peter backs against the wall, catches his breath and risks another look.

EXT. ON THE RAMP TO THE HOUSEBOAT - FRONT GATE

The carpenter points to a hammer and nails on the deck.

CARPENTER

Fixing the roof next door.
Will you give me a hand?

In a trance, Peter walks outside, opens the gate and together they pick up the carpenter's gear.

CARPENTER

Kinda clumsy of me.

PETER

Yeah, don't take up brain surgery.

MAN

Right. And thanks a lot. Hey Pal,
(points over Peter's shoulder)
your dog's getting into your breakfast.

EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW - THE FLYING PORPOISE

Peter looks from the man to the window. The man walks away. Peter tries to keep cool, he can't. Involuntarily, he skips through the double dutch doors.

INT. KITCHEN WINDOW - MINUTES LATER

With a monkey wrench, Peter nails one corner of a table cloth to the kitchen window. He stretches the second corner across the window, WHACKS in the second nail and squashes his thumb in the

process.

PETER

Damn it!

Peter shakes his thumb and drifts in and out of the tiny rays of sunlight. The kitchen has taken on the pallor of a confessional.

PETER

I'll call the police and calmly,
rationally explain the whole thing.
It was a lark. A misunderstanding.

He lifts the phone and starts to dial. He stops.

PETER

Sure, they'll have to arrest me. I'll
be in all the papers. Good-bye promotion. Promotion?
Right. I'll lose my job. A
few close friends.... Jerry!

He grabs the note.

PETER

Seattle. Janet will know where Jer
is staying. They're like family.
The family!

Peter drops the note and dives for the newspaper.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ALAN MUNIZ JR. - DAY

Muniz sits on the sofa. Hourigan sits opposite in a large chair with a note pad. Fural, at a leather writing desk, leers at Carol Wisely and watches T.J.

HOURIGAN

You look haggard, Mr. Muniz. I only
have a few more questions.

MUNIZ

Good, I was up all night.

HOURIGAN

Really? The porpoise wasn't reported
stolen until early this morning.

MUNIZ

Insomnia.

HOURIGAN

Insomnia and...What is it called?
 (he taps his nose)
 Anosmia. Interesting combination.

Muniz' mouth drops open in amazement.

HOURIGAN

I do my homework, Mr. Muniz. Was the
 statue insured?
 (off Muniz's nod)
 That's convenient.

MUNIZ

What are you insinuating?

Hourigan shrugs and stands. The phone RINGS. Fural picks it up,
 listens a beat and grunts.

FURAL

You wanna talk to Nels Johnson?

MUNIZ

(to Hourigan)
 That's the tenth call.

MUNIZ

(to Fural)
 Tell him I'm busy.
 Fural slams down the phone, then

FURAL

Busy.

HOURIGAN

Last question.
 (points to Fural)
 Does that thing have a license?

Fural snarls. T.J. opens the front door. Wisely gives the room a
 long last look.

HOURIGAN

And by the way, Mr. Muniz. You are my
 prime suspect.

MUNIZ

Search the house, Lieutenant. Tear it apart while I call my lawyer.

HOURIGAN

I don't think you're an idiot. Just a thief.... And Anosmia must be awful.

He points to a wisp of smoke drifting down the hall, then shuts the front door.

Muniz takes off for the kitchen.

MUNIZ

Francis, if anyone else calls, tell them I'm dead.

Fural gold tooth flashes as he snorts a smile.

EXT. MUNIZ HOME - SIDEWALK & CURB - MOMENTS LATER

Carol Wisely, T.J. and Hourigan stand next to a black and white patrol car. Inside the car is OFFICER EVANS.

HOURIGAN

Evans, set up a twenty-four hour tail on this clown. Get an unmarked car. But, make sure Muniz knows we're on his ass. And get a camera. I want to know where he goes and who he sees.

EVANS

Yes, sir.

HOURIGAN

T.J., it's library time. Get everything you can on Alan Muniz Jr. Financial reports, the whole package.

He hops in his car and turns to Carol Wisely.

HOURIGAN

Wisely go through the mug shots. I know the animal with the gold tooth.

WISELY

Sir, there is something wrong with that house.

HOURIGAN

What?

WISELY

I don't know. But the house is wrong.

Hourigan sighs and peels away from the curb.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN

Peter dials the phone and talks to the statue.

PETER

George, artists are reasonable people. Sensitive, eccentric, maybe, but humane and understanding. George, you're going home.

INT. MUNIZ HOME - LIVING ROOM

Fural picks up the phone on the first RING and bellows

FURAL

Muniz is dead!

He slams down the phone, grins, and dials the phone.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN

Peter recoils from the voice and the CLICK. The phone dangles on the cord.

PETER

George, what else can happen?

EXT. BALCONY ON THE PALM ROYAL APARTMENTS

Walton Taylor, the security guard from the Golden Gateway Plaza, slaps his thigh with a folded newspaper.

TAYLOR

I was stoned. I helped those honkies carry the sucker. If I go to the police.... They'll fire my ass.

Female giggles drift up from the pool area below.
Taylor looks over the railing and sees

TWO WOMEN shove a chaise lounge into the sunlight.

TAYLOR (OS)

They'll want a urine sample or a blood
test. I hate those damn needles.

One of the women sees Taylor and waves.

Taylor waves back and grabs a towel off the railing.

TAYLOR

Hell, police don't need me.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - KITCHEN

Peter loosens his tie with a trembling hand as he finishes
reading Nels Johnson's by-line in the Call Bulletin.

PETER

Reporters are just like priests.
They never reveal their sources.
George, we're going for a ride.

INT. BASEMENT GYM - DAY

It's a miniature work-out room with mats, mirrors and weights.
Les Collier, one of the hard-bodies that helped carry the statue
into the Healy, lies on a cushioned bench pumping a ten pound
weight in each hand as he watches a wrestling match on
television.

MARK (OS)

Les! Will you look at this.

Mark Collier hands his brother the paper. Les takes a look. His
mouth drops.

LES

We helped them! Our finger prints all
over it. We're going to jail.

MARK

Right, bro.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSEBOAT & RAMP - SAUSALITO

Peter struggles with a malfunctioning Safeway cart. Inside the basket, hidden in Jerry's purple sequined bedspread a large object rocks against the steel wires.

INT. PETER'S HONDA CIVIC - MOMENTS LATER

Peter flips the key. The engine ignites.

PETER

George, in thirty minutes this
will be all over.

Peter lays the Groucho Marx' disguise on the seat and stares at the bedspread.

PETER

I'm talking to a rock.

Does the bedspread move? Just to get a little bit more comfortable?

INT. DILLION HALL - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator ceiling light still blinks off and on.

A two by four holds the elevator door open: almost - a constant THUNK - keeps everyone on edge.

Lieutenant Hourigan inspects a frayed piece of elevator cable. THUNK.

DOCENT

Sabotage, Lieutenant?

HOURIGAN

That or large mice.

THUNK. Hourigan ducks under the two by four. The docent follows.

DOCENT

The door kept slamming. It was
driving us all crazy.

THUNK. Hourigan gives him a look.

HOURIGAN

Do you have the manifest list?

THUNK. The docent reaches into his pocket. THUNK. Hourigan looks over his shoulder and sees

Officer Evans step into building. THUNK.

HOURIGAN

I told you to keep a tail on Muniz.

Evans points through the window.

EXT. PATIO - DILLION HALL

Muniz walks beside the debris box. He kicks and curses his way through the garbage, then out of the corner of his eye he spots Hourigan and Evans pressed against the glass.

MUNIZ

Damn it.

INT. DILLION HALL

THUNK.

HOURIGAN

Well, what do you know.

EVANS

We've got him with his pants down.

HOURIGAN

I want him with his pecker stuck
in his zipper.

THUNK. Muniz storms into the building and gives Hourigan a cursory glance.

MUNIZ

Nice to see you're on the job.

(to the docent)

Where the hell is my statue?

The freight elevator door THUNKS closed.

INT. THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL BULLETIN - DAY

The elevator door opens. Nels emerges to accolades of his fellow workers.

WOMAN

Way to go Nels!

MAN TYPING

About time!

COPY BOY

Nelvin! T.V. star.

The Copy Boy stops Nels and nods toward Peter, in the Groucho Marx disguise, sitting at a vacant desk.

COPY BOY (OS)

Eyebrows wants to talk to you.
Says it's important.

NELS

Regarding?

The copy boy shrugs.

Nels approaches Peter and stares at the Groucho Marx disguise for a beat.

NELS

You wish to speak with me.

PETER

Is there someplace with a little
more privacy?

Nels shakes his head. Peter whispers.

PETER

It's about the Flying Porpoise.

Nels grows impatient.

NELS

Clever costume, but I am
quite busy.

He turns away. Peter grabs his sleeve.

PETER

Mr. Johnson, don't you want the
Flying Porpoise?

NELS

Who are you?

Peter looks over Nels' shoulder at an Asian Man.

PETER

Call me Chang.

Nels gives him a puzzled look.

PETER

I was adopted.

NELS

What is this all about, Mr. Chang?

PETER

Before I continue, you must swear
that everything I say will remain
confidential.

NELS

A vow of silence?

(off Peter's nod)

I believe the customary response is
hereafter, anything you say is off
the record. Does that suffice?

Peter glances furtively around the office and whispers

PETER

I have the Flying Porpoise. It's on
the front seat of my car.

NELS

YOU HAVE THE WHAT!

The office goes quiet. Nels looks around anxiously, smiles,
waves, then escorts Peter to the elevator.

EXT. CALL BULLETIN PARKING LOT - PETER'S HONDA

Peter and Nels stand at the open door. Peter points to the sequined bed spread.

NELS

Tacky.

PETER

I was desperate.

Nels looks at the Groucho Marx nose.

NELS

Obviously.

PETER

Give me a hand. George is heavy.

NELS

George?

Peter starts to unwrap the sequined blanket.

PETER

It's a long story.

NELS

Oh, I'm certain it is.

PETER

Come on, help me. Then I'll drive away
and you'll be famous.

As the Porpoise comes into view, Nels sighs, moves Peter aside and strokes the marble erotically.

PETER

Okay, I'll push from the other side.

Peter hurries around the car, opens the door, leans over and tries to shove the statue across the seat.

PETER

Are you going to help?

NELS

Help? Certainly, Mr. Chang.

Relieved, Peter, tries again. Nels sticks out his arm to stop the movement, then hops in passenger seat and closes the door.

NELS

Please get in, Mr. Chang. Please.

Peter stares in disbelief, hops in, slams the door and folds his arms across his chest.

NELS

Perhaps we should take a ride.

PETER

A ride where?

A HORN blasts as a car pulls into a stall directly in front of the Honda. A Man and Woman wave to Nels as they get out of their car and approach the Honda.

Nels covers the statue and gives Peter a gentle prod. Peter starts the car and peels out of the lot.

PETER

Okay, we'll take it to the police. But I want you to know the whole thing was an accident, a mistake.

NELS

Mr. Chang, tell me about your life.

PETER

Reporters are supposed to be like priests, you know.

NELS

The excitement, fanfare when rockets explode, memories that you'll cherish forever.

Peter gives him a wary look.

PETER

My life is normal. Day to day. Routine. Why?

NELS

Mundane? Ordinary? Lacking --

PETER

Okay, it's dull. Boring.

NELS

There. You see we suffer from a common affliction. I empathize with your plight. You are not a thief. And I believe, we have the same end in mind.

EXT. HONDA

It rounds a corner and comes to a SCREECHING halt in the middle of the block.

INT. OF THE HONDA

Peter glares at Nels.

PETER

You want me to keep it?

NELS

Only for a day.

PETER

I'm giving you the scoop of a life time. The mayor will probably give you the key to the city. You'll be on television.

NELS

Mr. Chang, I am on television. But more importantly, for the first time in my life I have a by-line on the front page.

A Muni Bus BLASTS its horn. Peter continues down the street.

NELS

The world believes that you are the mastermind behind the art theft of the decade. Every thief on the planet is envious.

Peter pulls to a stop in front a Police Station. UNIFORMED OFFICERS hurry in and out of the building. Peter and Nels watch the parade.

NELS

Please keep it for one day. Allow me a few precious hours in the limelight. Then leave the statue in an electrifying location. Let the world wonder. How had the Flying Porpoise been stolen? Why was it returned? And who was the genius responsible for both?

Peter looks at the Flying Porpoise and whispers

PETER

Jerry would flip.
(to Nels)
One day?

NELS

Twenty-four hours of daring.

Peter smiles.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hourigan and T.J., at the corner table, finger through manila folders.

HOURIGAN

Muniz is in on this. But why would he bother? He's loaded.

T.J.

Anosmia can make you crazy. My uncle has it, Lieutenant. Got it in Nam.

HOURIGAN

Wounded?

T.J.

Whacked over the head in a bar fight. Usually,
Made him weird. Odors are funny things. we take them for granted. One
thing for sure, the loss of smell

really screws up your sex life. At least it did with my Uncle.

HOURIGAN

Are you saying Muniz stole his father's statue because he can't get a hard-on?

T.J.

You know, Lieutenant.

(flicks his zipper)

Doesn't this damn thing lead us into more places than we want to go. Most of the time aren't we trying to prove something?

Hourigan nods. T.J. starts out of the room and almost bumps into Wisely, who ushers in the Collier Brothers.

WISELY

These two young men would like to speak with you, Lieutenant.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE

Peter's tie and coat are gone. He pounds away on a computer keyboard. On his desk lie brochures and guide books of famous San Francisco landmarks. Mary stomps into the room.

MARY

Why, Peter? Why did you do it?

Caught off guard, Peter begins to tell her

PETER

It was an accident. Jerry saw this --

MARY

Now you're going to blame Jerry? And look at you.

(close to tears)

You didn't wear a tie. I begged you to wear a tie.

She sobs and leaves. Peter is puzzled for a beat, then the light goes off.

PETER

The promotion! No. I missed the meeting. Damn it.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

The Collier brothers stand in front of Hourigan's desk. Wisely stands at attention to one side.

HOURIGAN

...and the statue wasn't covered with anything?

The Collier brothers shake their heads no.

HOURIGAN

Do you think you could give one of our artists a description?

They nod. Hourigan looks at Wisely.

HOURIGAN

Take these two men down to Comoski. Then get the composites to the next briefing and send a copy to Nels Johnson at the Call Bulletin.

WISELY

(salutes)

Yes, sir. I'll usher these men downstairs, then hop on my bike and peddle my --

HOURIGAN

Delegate, damn it! You're hereby assigned to the Flying Porpoise.

WISELY

Yes, sir! Gentlemen, follow me.

As the trio exit, a BEEP comes over the intercom. Hourigan picks up the phone.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - IN FRONT OF THE MUNIZ HOME

Officer Evans, with a microphone in his hand, watches as

Andrea Convee climbs the stairs.

EVANS (OS)

Muniz has company, Lieutenant. And the company is a knockout blond dressed to kill.

The door opens as she grabs the knocker.

HOURIGAN (OS)

Get a photo.

EVANS

Already got one. I'll fax it over.

INT. MUNIZ LIVING ROOM

Fural stands at the open the door. Andrea flies past taking off a full length ermine coat, and tosses it to Fural.

ANDREA

Is he in his goddamn kitchen?

Fural snorts evilly.

ANDREA

Announce me, Francis.

FURAL

THE BOSS IS HERE.

From the kitchen comes the CLATTER of falling pots and pans.

INT. PETER'S HONDA - CHINATOWN

Peter sips a coke as he stops on Grant Street and looks at the Pagoda Gate. He glances over at sequined blanket.

PETER

Why the hell was a two million dollar statue sitting underneath a hedge?

INT. MUNIZ'S LIVING ROOM

Muniz slumps in the sofa as Andrea paces angrily.

ANDREA

My associates and I have discussed your transgression, Alan. If you were suddenly to depart from this

planet, we would still be out
\$700,000. And that --

MUNIZ

Levon has the -- You mean \$300,000?
I only owe --

ANDREA

Liar's Fine.

Andrea moves closer. Fural CRACKS his knuckles. Muniz rubs his
nose and backs further into the sofa.

ANDREA

As I see it, the only way for my
colleagues and I to recover our
investment and for you to retain
the use of your appendages is for
us to retrieve the Flying Porpoise.
Don't you agree?

Fural grunts and points to Muniz's legs. Muniz cringes.

ANDREA

Francis, get Levon on the phone.
(to Muniz)
You may listen on the extension,
if you like.

Fural dials. Muniz dashes toward the kitchen. Andrea sits down at
the leather desk.

Muniz races back into the living room with the portable phone. He
watches and listens in awe as

Andrea mouths the words and Fural bellows

FURAL

Levon, do you remember our
business arrangement?

MUNIZ

They're a ventriloquist act.
(he shakes the phone)
Come on, Levon. Tell them you have
the statue. Demand more money.

LEVON

It got crowded. I did the best I could.
It's under the hedge.

FURAL

We didn't find it.

LEVON

I tried to get it to the debris
box, but --

FURAL

It wasn't there.

LEVON

I stole the damn thing. If you
couldn't find it --

A loud CLICK. Andrea dry spits toward Muniz.

ANDREA

Another damned liar.

(to Fural)

Do you remember our friend the
plumbing contractor?

Fural sneers and helps Andrea with her coat. She glares at Muniz
and hisses

ANDREA

Call the press and offer a reward.
Pretend like you care. You'll be
hearing from me.

Fural and Andrea walk to the door.

Muniz wobbles to the kitchen.

MUNIZ

Levon is telling the truth! Where
the hell is my statue?

(eyes-wide)

I'll make them an offer they can't
refuse.

EXT. COIT TOWER - DAY

Peter drives slowly past TWO WOMEN snapping pictures.

ONE WOMAN

Isn't it beautiful. It's a replica of
a fire hose nozzle.

SECOND WOMAN

It looks like a dildo.

PETER

George, someone is getting screwed.

Does the woman giggle? Or does the sound come from beneath the
sequined blanket?

INT. MUNIZ'S LIVING ROOM

Fural sits at the desk scribbling on a piece of paper. Muniz
approaches. Fural senses his presence, looks up and covers his
missive protectively. Muniz hands him a slip of paper.

MUNIZ

Francis, I want you to place this
ad for me.

Fural hides his missive with his arm.

MUNIZ

What are you writing; your
autobiography?

FURAL

Nah, I don't know nothin' about
no cars.

EXT. TOP OF LOMBARD STREET

The Honda winds its way down the "crookedest" street in the
world.

PETER (OS)

There is a snake in the grass.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan and T.J. study a picture of Andrea Convee.

T.J.
Delicious.

WISELY
(enters)
Lieutenant, I have the composites.

Hourigan hands Wisely the photo of Andrea Convee.

HOURIGAN
See what you can make of this.

WISELY
Five thousand dollars.

Hourigan and T.J. exchange a look.

WISELY
The coat cost five thousand dollars.
The animal rights people would skin
her alive.

HOURIGAN
See how she ties in with Muniz.
In fact.

Hourigan grins and picks up the phone.

EXT. PETER'S HONDA

It follows the Powell Street Cable Car down to Fisherman's Wharf,
then up Bay Street to the Golden Gate Bridge.

INTERCUT SCENE - MUNIZ'S KITCHEN & HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Muniz sits in the booth fighting a surge of panic.

MUNIZ
You've got pictures, but there hasn't
been an arrest?

HOURIGAN
Not yet.

MUNIZ
Would you be kind enough to give me

the names of the witnesses?

HOURIGAN

Why?

MUNIZ

In memory of my father, I would like to send them a reward.

HOURIGAN

The kids are orphans and I'm sure they could use the money. The name's Collier, they live here in the city.

MUNIZ

Thank you, Lieutenant. And by the way, cancel the watchdog in front of my house or you will be hearing from my attorney.

(slams down the receiver)

Damn it! Hourigan's moving too fast.

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SOUTH PARKING LOT

Peter stands next to the statue of JOSEPH STRAUSS.

PETER

This is it! It's perfect!

(looks at his watch: 3:00)

Maybe I can talk Mr. Halverson into another meeting. Three o'clock? No!

INT. JANET KERR'S OFFICE

She picks up the phone.

JANET

Breefer Shipping.

INTERCUT - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE PHONE BOOTH & JANET'S OFFICE

PETER

Janet, please. There is so much going on. I forgot.

JANET

Peter? What did you forget?

PETER

Our lunch date at Tadich's?

JANET

Did we have a lunch date? I must have forgotten too.

Peter sighs.

JANET

What sort of woman would go to Tadich's, stand there, drinking wine, while every creep in the Financial District tried to pick her up?

PETER

Janet, since last night... Can we have dinner? Choose any item from my S & M catalogue. Something painful. I deserve it. Dinner? Please?

SILENCE

PETER

I grovel at your feet. I'm a good groveler. Please?

JANET

S & M catalogue? Sounds kinky.

PETER

It is. Usually, I save it for the second date.

JANET

Don't push your luck. You already blew our first date.

PETER

Dinner? Please.

JANET

This is against my better judgement. I'll meet you in front at five fifteen. You do know where I work?

PETER

Sure, sure. I know Jerry's building.
How could I forget?

JANET

You forgot Tadich's pretty easily.

Peter grimaces.

JANET

And speaking of your houseboat mate,
Mr. Jerry Lynch....He quit work.
I'll tell you about it over dinner.

OUTER OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Carol Wisely studies the picture of Andrea Convee.

WISELY

Beautiful. Natural blond, blue eyes,
elegantly dressed and she drove up
in a B.M.W. I hate her. What's a
woman like this --

(leaps from her desk)

We're looking in the wrong place.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Wisely bolts into room.

WISELY

I've a hunch. I'm going to the Call
Bulletin.

HOURIGAN

We'll go together.

Wisely likes the idea.

INT. COLLIER BROTHER'S BASEMENT GYM

Les pumps iron. Mark's on the phone.

MARK

You know there was one thing, Mr. Muniz.

I think they had one of those
personalized plates. Something
Spanish. Diego, maybe.

(listens a beat)

I'll call Lieutenant Hourigan --

INT. MUNIZ'S KITCHEN

Muniz circles cooking island.

MUNIZ

No, I'll do that for you. And I'll
be sending you and your brother
a little check for all your help.

MARK

Hey, you don't have to --

Muniz hits the disconnect button and dials.

A muffled voice comes through the receiver.

MUNIZ

Give me the number of Gus Collan
at the Department of Motor Vehicles.

INT. CALL BULLETIN - NELS' CUBICLE

Nels types furiously on the computer keyboard. Tacked on the wall
is his first front page story. A finger appears out of nowhere
and points to the headline: THE PORPOISE MYSTERY CONTINUES.

HOURIGAN (OS)

But not for long.

NELS

Lieutenant, what brings you here?

HOURIGAN

Something to spice up your by-line.

Hourigan hands him a manila folder.

HOURIGAN

I like seeing you on the front page.
We have eye witnesses and you're
holding composite drawings.

Nels gags. Hourigan pats him on the back.

HOURIGAN

Nels, you okay? A glass of water?

NELS

No, I will be fine. Thank you for these.

(waves the manila folder)

I know how busy you are.

HOURIGAN

Aren't you going to open it?

NELS

I do not want to lose this thought.

(taps his skull)

I have to put it down right now.

You understand.

HOURIGAN

(perplexed)

Yeah, I've to get going anyway. Nels, are you in any trouble?

NELS

A lowly art critic? Lieutenant, I really must finish this thought.

Nels turns back to the computer, but out of the corner of his eye, he watches Hourigan leave.

NELS

I am an accomplice! What have I done to Mr. Chang?

INT. MUNIZ'S KITCHEN

On the table lies a piece of paper with Jerry Lynch's name and phone number. Muniz dials while he instructs Fural.

MUNIZ

You remember that thing you did with Ms. Convee?

FURAL

I never did nothin' to the boss.

MUNIZ

That's not what -- skip it. I want you to read my lips and repeat what I say. Got it?

Fural nods. Muniz hands him the phone and gets ready to mouth his speech. A beat, and Fural begins to hum.

MUNIZ

What the hell are you doing?

FURAL

Waiting for the beep.
Muniz grabs the phone and puts it to his ear.

JERRY'S VOICE

...If this an emergency you may reach me at 555-9393.

Muniz scribbles the number next to Jerry's name, pushes the disconnect button, redials and hands the phone to Fural. But this time he doesn't let go, he shares the ear piece.

INTERCUT - MUNIZ KITCHEN & JANET'S OFFICE

She lifts the phone on the first RING.

JANET

Breefer Shipping.

Muniz mouths Fural repeats with a bellow.

FURAL

Mr. Lynch.

Janet recoils from the voice. She doesn't think.

JANET

He quit.

MUNIZ

He quit?

FURAL

He quit?

MUNIZ

No, don't say that.

FURAL

No, don't say that.

JANET

Who is this?

Muniz grabs the phone and hangs up.

EXT. CALL BULLETIN PARKING LOT - DAY

Hourigan and Wisely exit the building. He helps Wisely with a load of papers. She likes the gesture. Hourigan nods back to building.

HOURIGAN

We get a break in this case and Muniz tries play good guy and Nels goes into a state of shock.

WISELY

There is something wrong with Muniz's house.

HOURIGAN

I should go sailing.

WISELY

Sounds terrific, sir.

INT. MUNIZ'S KITCHEN

Muniz takes a gulp of Cognac and clumsily stacks one bottle of spice on top of another. Sips again, fingers Jerry's phone number, then dials.

MUNIZ

Andy darling, how are you? Andrea, it is I, Alan.

SILENCE. Muniz sobers rapidly.

MUNIZ

Ms. Convee, I have wonderful news.
May I buy you dinner tonight?

INT. ANDREA'S LIVING ROOM - ULTRA MODERN - CHROME

She sits on a white chair stroking a black rat.

ANDREA
Can you afford it, Mr. Muniz?

MUNIZ
Of course. Of course.

ANDREA
Make reservations.

Muniz puts down the phone. Grins and shouts

MUNIZ
Francis, I.... Ms. Convee has a
job for you.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

A BEEP from the intercom interrupts Hourigan's inspection of Francis Fural's arrest record. He lifts up the pager.

EVANS (OS)
Lieutenant, Gold Fang is leaving the
Muniz home. Do you want me to tail
him?

HOURIGAN
Stick with Muniz. We've got an I.D.
on Gold Fang. He's a small time hood
named Fural. He's probably going for
some gorilla food.

EVANS
That's a copy, Lieutenant.

Wisely enters the office as Hourigan disconnects.

WISELY
Bingo!

Wisely places an old clipping from the Call Bulletin on Hourigan's desk and hands him a magnifying glass. The caption reads: HEART ASSOCIATION BALL A GREAT SUCCESS.

WISELY

Look closely, Lieutenant.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH

In the left corner, Muniz and Convee embrace awkwardly.

HOURIGAN (OS)

We already made that connection.

Wisely guides his hand to the right where Francis Fural glares at the crowd. Hourigan nods. Wisely sets a new photograph under the glass.

WISELY

And in this corner.

INSERT: NEW PHOTOGRAPH

Nels Johnson his arm around Muniz and Andrea.

HOURIGAN

Nels, my old friend, what have you gotten yourself into?

EXT. CORNER OF MARKET AND NEW MONTGOMERY - DUSK

Janet, dressed in a blue and white outfit and wearing a Yachtsman's cap, walks purposefully up to Peter's Honda. Peter opens the door and smiles innocently.

PETER

Hi.

JANET

Tell me why I was stood up. And if you're going to lie, make it a beaut.

PETER

Over a cocktail.

JANET

Sounds wonderful.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DUSK

SHANITA CLAY, seven, skips rope between several trailers.

Fural lumbers around a corner. Shanita loses the beat. Fural hands her a slip of paper and keeps on walking.

Shanita darts across the gravel lot and bangs on the door of trailer.

SHANITA

Daddy. Mamma.

The door flies open. Levon sweeps her into his arms.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT

Peter and Janet talk as the WAITER pours wine.

JANET

...And that's about it. Jerry said it was the opportunity of a life time. He couldn't pass it up. He's going to come in, clean out his desk and move to Seattle.

Angrily, Peter taps the table with a fork. Janet watches, waits, sips her wine, then, a bit put off.

JANET

I told you about Jerry. Now, why did you stand me up? And I would appreciate the truth.

Peter taps the fork louder.

PETER

The truth. You want the truth?
(off her nod)
Let me start with George. After Jerry and I left the party last night...

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Janet finishes her meal as Peter comes to the end of the story.

PETER

...So, I've decided to put the statue by the Golden Gate Bridge.

PETER (CONT)

It will make a great picture and no one will ever know.

Tears form in Janet's eyes. She tries to restrain herself, but finally they fall. Peter starts to panic.

PETER

Janet, I never should have told you.
It's my problem.

Janet's laughter fills the restaurant. PEOPLE turn. Peter has no idea what's going on, but gets caught up in the moment. They laugh. They try to gain control.

JANET

Peter, I think I wet my --
And you named it George?

Peter nods, laughing. The Waiter approaches and whispers.

WAITER

Is everything all right?

PETER

Everything's all wrong.

The waiter backs away. Janet sputters with laughter.

JANET

And...And you're going to leave it
on the Golden Gate Bridge.

Peter and Janet are off again. It takes several seconds to regain their composure.

JANET

And I thought Jerry was the consummate liar. Okay, I don't care what really happened. It's probably none of my business anyway. What an imagination.

Peter stares blankly. Janet's eyes go wide.

JANET

Peter? It was a lie. You made that up. You and Jerry didn't steal ---

Peter nods.

JANET

It's not a lie?

Several people turn toward their table. Janet moves closer and whispers.

JANET

Where is it?

PETER

On the front seat of my car.

JANET

That lump in the blanket? Are you out of your mind?

PETER

Probably. I shouldn't have involved you.

JANET

You're worried about me? My life has been so dull it --

PETER

That's what Nels Johnson said.

JANET

To hell with Nels Johnson. Peter, you have to get rid of the statue.

PETER

I know. Tomorrow I'm going to --

JANET

Now! Tonight! And I get to help.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Peter helps Janet with her jacket. In the background, a silver gray Mercedes pulls up to the curb.

PETER

I promised to call Nels.

JANET

Call from my place.

Peter gives her a look. She takes his arm.

JANET

I want to change. I'm glad you didn't
return the... George. I want to see
Jerry's face when he reads the
headlines.

Andrea, in a mink stole and Alan Muniz Jr. walk past the couple
and enter the restaurant.

INT. OF THE RESTAURANT

Andrea and Muniz sit down at the same table Peter and Janet have
just vacated. Andrea inhales deeply.

ANDREA

Wonderful aroma.

Muniz frowns. Andrea taunts further.

ANDREA

Sorry, Alan I forgot about your
nose. Tell me what you've found.

MUNIZ

This afternoon I got a call...

INT. RESTAURANT - FORTY MINUTES LATER

Andrea finishes her meal while Muniz toys with his food.

ANDREA

...and that's why you sent Francis
to watch Lynch's houseboat?

MUNIZ

I don't know how he did it, but some-
how Jerry Lynch managed to get hold
of my statue.

ANDREA

Wrong pronoun. Our statue.

MUNIZ

Our statue.

ANDREA

And he's quit his job?

MUNIZ

Yes. Maybe he's found a buyer.

ANDREA

That would be most unfortunate, Alan.

Did you post the reward?

(off Muniz's nod)

\$900,000 is a lot of money, Alan.

MUNIZ

You mean \$700,000. The --

ANDREA

My associates insisted on adding fifteen thousand a day. The same amount we lent you to pay Levon. After all. It was your plan.

MUNIZ

That should only bring the debt --

Andrea taps her lips with a napkin and rises.

ANDREA

Unsecured betting charge. Your horses lost.

Muniz starts to stand. Andrea shoves him back in the seat.

ANDREA

Don't bother getting up, Mr. Muniz. We shall be leaving separately.

MUNIZ

Separately? I was hoping we might drive back to my place and --

Andrea wraps the mink stole around her shoulders.

ANDREA

You won't be driving. I'm taking the Mercedes as collateral.

(holds out her hand)

The keys, Alan.

MUNIZ

Andrea, can't we --

Andrea glares. Muniz hands over the keys.

ANDREA

Thank you for a lovely evening. The dinner was marvelous, though nothing you couldn't have done a hundred percent better before you lost....

(taps her nose)

My compliments to the chef.

Muniz rubs his nose and slumps back in his chair.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Andrea gets into the Mercedes and PEELS off into the night.

Officer Evans in the unmarked car grabs the dash mike.

INT. OF HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan picks up the pager.

EVANS

Convee is taking Muniz's car.

HOURIGAN

Stay with Muniz. I'll get another tail on Convee.

EVANS

That's a copy, Lieutenant.

Hourigan's door opens. Wisely pauses in the jamb. Hourigan looks over at the clock: 10:08.

HOURIGAN

You're still here?

Wisely steps aside. Levon Clay limps into the room with a cane.

WISELY

Tell him what you told me.

LEVON

The damn thing is cursed. It broke my foot. And now they're after my daughter.

(off Hourigan's puzzlement)

I'm Levon Clay. I stole the Flying Porpoise.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT

On one wall hangs an incredible rack loaded with hats. Janet points to the kitchenette and heads for a door.

JANET

Bar's in there. Vodka tonic for me.
Make yourself at home.

PETER

I can do this alone.

JANET

And pass up the adventure of my lifetime? No thanks.

(she opens the door)

Be back in a sec.

PETER

I have to call Nels.

JANET

(teases)

Make sure he doesn't trace the call.

INTERCUT - NELS' APARTMENT & JANET'S APARTMENT

The phone RINGS. Nels rushes to answer it.

NELS

Nels Johnson.

PETER

Good evening. Mr. Johnson, I'm afraid --

NELS

Mr. Chang! Thank God you called.

PETER

What's the matter?

NELS

The police have witnesses and a composite drawing. You failed to mention an accomplice. Frankly, Mister Chang, when two gentlemen make an agreement, it behooves both parties --

PETER

Mr. Johnson, it's been fun, but it's over. I'm calling the police and turning over the --

The bedroom door flies open. Janet stands in the doorway dressed completely in black. From beneath a seaman's watch cap flows a long, blond wig. Her lips are painted red, a mole has been added to her cheek and she chomps on a large wad of gum like a gangster's moll.

PETER

Nels, I'll call you back.

Dumbfounded, Peter drops the phone and stares.

JANET

Well, whatcha think? No comment, eh?
The gentleman prefers blonds, does he?

Peter straightens his tie like a big time hood.

PETER

What'd you do with that Eytalian broad that was here earlier?

JANET

She's all tied up in the back room.
Ya want I should waste her?

PETER

Nah, let's dump the rock and take care of the dame later.

JANET

Whatever you say, boss.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - PETER'S AND JERRY'S RAMP - SAUSALITO

A YOUNG POLICE OFFICER stands beside a black B.M.W. He flashes a light through the window. It glints off Fural's bald head and gold tooth.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Roll down the window.

FURAL

Turn off that goddamn light.

The cop recoils from the voice and his hand goes to the butt of his revolver.

INT. PATROL CAR

His partner sees the reaction, slips out of the vehicle and edges along the side of the B.M.W.

Fural spies the other cop and rolls down the window.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Have you been drinking?
Breathe toward me.

Fural snarls and exhales into his face. The Young Police Officer gasps and waves Fural away. Fural starts the engine and drives off. The second cop joins his partner.

SECOND POLICE OFFICER

What the hell was that?

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

I don't know. But, I swear to God,
IT must have just eaten a skunk.

INT. NELS JOHNSON'S APARTMENT

Nels paces. The phone RINGS. Nels grabs it.

NELS

Mr. Chang, we had an --

INTERCUT TO HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

HOURIGAN

Chang?

NELS

Sorry Lieutenant, I was expecting a call concerning the Flying Porpoise.

HOURIGAN

And I just arrested the man who stole it. If you're not too busy, perhaps you'd like to talk to him.

Nels staggers.

NELS

Talk to him?

HOURIGAN

He says he'll only talk to you. Well?

NELS

Yes. Yes of course.

(lays down the phone)

They've arrested, Mister Chang.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Peter's car rolls into the almost empty parking lot and stops in front of the statue of Joseph Strauss. The engine and lights go off, but the radio stay's on - loud.

INT. HONDA

Peter and Janet scout the area.

PETER

Keep an eye out for the cops, moll.

Janet jumps from the car and sprays the lot with an imaginary machine gun.

JANET

It's all clear, boss.

PETER

Ya done good, moll. Let's ditch
the goods.

Janet climbs into the car and together they push the statue
toward the door.

ON THE BLANKET - Does it resist? Just a bit.

PETER

On the count of three.

PETER AND JANET

One, two --

Flashes of light explode. POPS, CRACKS and unintelligible shouts
fill the night. Blinded by the light, Peter bangs his head on the
ceiling.

Dim figures scurry around the car.

PETER

We're dead! Janet? Janet?

More flashes, POPS and CRACKS. Peter backs out of the car with
his hands up. He blinks and sees

EXT. TWO GREY LINE DOUBLE DECKER BUSES

A hundred Japanese tourists hurry skitter around the lot snapping
pictures of everything.

VOICE (OS)

Movie star! Movie star!

Janet sidles up to Peter and shuts the door.

JANET

Getting a little crowded, boss.

JAPANESE MAN

(to Janet)

Movie star?

Janet points to herself. TEN JAPANESE MEN nod as one.
Janet shrugs.

JANET

Why not?

She takes off the seaman's cap, fluffs up the wig and with her hand on a jauntily-tilted hip says.

JANET

Shoot, gentlemen.

A hand touches Peter's shoulder. He turns and faces TWO BUS DRIVERS. Both are apologetic.

BUS DRIVER 1

Sorry, I told them your lady friend's a movie star. Play along, will you? It'll spice up the ol' vacation.

BUS DRIVER 2

Could make a hell of a difference in our tips.

Peter tightens his fist, then eases off and smiles. Both Bus Drivers give him a thumbs up sign.

Janet poses at several locations.

JANET

Over here, with the bridge as the background.

ON A SHY ELDERLY MAN AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD

Janet edges over, eases his camera from his hands and hands it to a second man, puts the Elderly Man's arm around her waist, bends and plants a kiss on his cheek. The cameras SNAP and the group cheers.

JANET

Gotta go, fellows.

Blowing kisses, Janet gets back into the car. Peter climbs in and starts the engine. The Shy Elderly Japanese man breaks from the crowd and approaches Janet's window.

ELDERLY MAN

On behalf of us all, I wish to thank you both for a most memorable moment.

Janet's eyes fill with tears, she kisses him again, then he rejoins the group.

JANET

What a beautiful man.

Peter hands her a kleenex.

PETER

Here, blow. You were wonderful.
(drives out of the lot)
You're not such a tough moll after all.

Janet feigns a pout.

PETER

How are you feeling?

JANET

Besides a cardiac arrest and five minutes of stardom, I'm doing okay.

PETER

And we're not in handcuffs.

JANET

Or behind bars. May I make a suggestion? I think we should keep George for one more day.

PETER

I think we should stop at the nearest police station.

JANET

Peter, admit it! That was exciting.

PETER

Jail isn't. That was pretty close.
And my adrenaline supply is on empty.

JANET

So's mine. I have a better plan.

PETER

Which is?

Peter looks at Janet. She smiles coyly.

INT. OF HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

At his desk, Hourigan spreads pictures of Fural, Convee, Muniz and Levon, then wipes his eyes. Wisely bounces into the office and sees that he's exhausted.

WISELY

Nels is interviewing Levon. Can I buy you a drink, Lieutenant?

HOURIGAN

I never mix business with pleasure.

WISELY

For god's sake. This is the nineties. If T.J. or Evans offered to buy you --

HOURIGAN

Okay, okay. One drink.

WISELY

Do you really live on a boat?

INT. MUNIZ HOME - FRONT DOOR

Muniz mutters as he slams the door.

MUNIZ

Forty-eight dollars for a damn cab.
I should have --

In the living room, he glares at Fural snoring on the couch. He walks up and kicks the cushion.

MUNIZ

Why the hell aren't you at the
the houseboat?

Fural's eyes blink open. He rises.

FURAL

I've been polite. Now I'm going teach

you. You're goin' to learn --

Muniz bolts. The chase is on.

INT. JANET'S BEDROOM - DARK

From the canopied bed comes a female SIGH, then another longer, male SIGH.

EXT. YACHT HARBOR - SLOOP BOBBING IN THE BAY - NIGHT

From inside the hull comes a chorus of SIGHS.

EXT. MUNIZ HOME - NIGHT

A door SLAMS. A light goes on in a window.

FURAL (OS)

Where are you, you little cucumber
nosed son-of-a-bitch?

The light goes out. A door SLAMS. A light goes on in another window. A door SLAMS.

INT. JANET'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Peter's in the shower singing You are so Beautiful to Me.
A dark, sinister figure approaches the glass. Janet attacks, with a bar of soap and sponge. The female version of Tony Perkins in Psycho.

SHOWER - THROUGH THE GLASS - TWO FIGURES EMBRACING

JANET

Nice. Very nice.

INT. JANET'S KITCHENETTE - LATER

Peter fries eggs as Janet enters with the paper folded open.

JANET

We're off the front page.

She points to the composite drawings - neither of which look like Peter or Jerry.

They exchange puzzled looks. Then Janet points to an article.

INSERT: GUARD CONFESSES BY NELS JOHNSON

JANET

How can the guard confess when we have the statue?

PETER

I'm a jackass. They didn't lose George. Someone was stealing him.

Janet points to a second article.

INSERT: \$25,000 REWARD FOR THE FLYING PORPOISE

JANET

Twenty-five thousand dollars!
We're rich!

Peter studies the article and becomes more confused.

PETER

Cheer down. That's for the arrest and conviction of the thieves, not the return of the statue.

JANET

(gives Peter the once over)
Twenty-five thousand big ones are awfully tempting. You'd look kinda cute in gray and white stripes.

PETER

Not funny. We have the police after us, witnesses, maybe bounty hunters and the Bad Guys. We're getting rid of the statue.

JANET

Agreed. What about Nels Johnson? Newspaper reporters don't make much money. People have changed sides for a lot less than twenty-five thousand.

PETER

Good point.

JANET

I hate handcuffs. They're so confining.
 And they do nothing for a nice outfit.
 If you call Nels, I'll do the dishes.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hourigan, Wisely and MRS. CLAY watch as Shanita stares with fascination at Hourigan's collection of ships.

MRS. CLAY

Levon is a good man, Lieutenant.

Wisely spreads six mug shots on the desk and beckons Shanita to her side. Immediately she grabs Fural's photo off the desk.

SHANITA

That's him! That's the man that gave me the note.

INTERCUT SCENE - NELS JOHNSON'S APARTMENT & JANET'S

An exhausted Nels Johnson speaks on the phone.

NELS

I thought you had been arrested. I almost confessed. My career was ashes.

PETER

Nels, please.

NELS

Page six! The art story of the decade, on page six. My editor said it was old news.

PETER

People are fickle, Nels. But, when it's returned you'll be right back on page one.

NELS

Mr. Chang could we meet somewhere? There are matters we should discuss.

PETER

There is nothing to discuss.

NELS

There are new aspects to the case.

PETER

Yeah. They didn't lose the statue.
Someone was trying to steal it!

NELS

Exactly. That is why we should have
a meeting. Let me tell you what has
transpired. Then, if you are not in
full agreement, I will take the statue.

PETER

Tell me now.

NELS

It is quite involved and I must make
an appearance at the paper. Please,
Mr. Chang?

PETER

Is this a set up?

NELS

I beg your pardon?

PETER

Twenty-five thousand dollars can be
awfully tempting.

NELS

If money were important, I would
have become a teacher.

PETER

Okay, Telly's on Kearny, in one hour.

Peter hangs up the phone. Janet comes out of the kitchen.

JANET

Let's go.

PETER

Oh no you don't. You're not going.

Janet selects a beret from her hat rack. Peter sighs.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Wisely enters.

WISELY

Do you want to pick up Fural?

HOURIGAN

Seven year old children don't make the best witnesses, Carol. If Muniz and Fural have the statue, why did they threaten the girl?

Wisely looks toward the outer office, then whispers

WISELY

Keep it formal, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

What did I say?

WISELY

Carol. The ears have walls.

Hourigan fidgets with the pictures.

WISELY

That was last night, Lieutenant.
Now I have work to do.

Wisely departs. Hourigan gives her a warm look.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Janet, Peter and Nels sit at a corner table having coffee. Peter and Nels talk while Janet listens and thumbs through the morning paper.

NELS

...And yesterday afternoon, one of the cowards stopped Levon's seven-year-old daughter and handed her a note. I don't have a copy here, but if I remember correctly, it said:

Where is our statue? Nice little girl.
Shame to mess up her pretty face.

JANET

A seven year old girl?

PETER

Bastards.

NELS

Not a word I would have chosen, but
apt. I suggest we arrange a trap.

Janet rubs her hands together and gleefully

JANET

Return the Porpoise and capture the
thieves at the same time!

Peter sighs.

NELS

We have a valuable ally in Lieutenant
Hourigan. I have his word that I will
be informed immediately as matters
develop. We have the lure. As soon as
I get one name, one clue, we can --

JANET

Oh God! Look at this.

She pushes the paper between the two men.

INSERT: AN ITEM FROM THE PERSONAL PAGES

DEAR CHILDREN, YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO
HAVE. NO HARD FEELINGS. PLACE AD HERE FOR PURPOSES OF
RECONSEALATION. MAMMA.

Peter, Nels and Janet exchange glances.

NELS

It is a Godsend! I will find out who placed
that advertisement, if you find
a location for our trap. This may be
resolved more quickly than we dreamed.

INT. WALTON TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walton Taylor studies the composite drawings.

TAYLOR

Twenty-five thousand! I was stoned.
But, for twenty-five grand. And
neither one of those guys looked
anything like this.

INT. COLLIER BROTHER'S GYM

Les Collier lies on a workout table bench pressing a
one hundred pound weight.

LES

Eighty-eight, eighty nine etc...

Mark bursts through the door with the paper.

MARK

Look at this!

(hands him the paper)

We were the ones that gave the police
the descriptions and the license. I'm
calling Hourigan. Twenty-five thousand
and we've got the down on our gym.

EXT. PYRAMID BUILDING

Peter and Janet walk slowly around the base.

JANET

Pyramid and Porpoise, it almost rhymes.

PETER

Don't take up poetry. Besides, we'd
have to carry it too far and I want a
spot were we can watch the arrest.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan slams down the phone as Wisely enters with Walton
Taylor.

HOURIGAN

Damn it! The Collier brothers gave
Muniz the part of the license plate.

(notices Taylor)
Who's this, another damn witness?

Wisely nods. Taylor shuffles nervously.

HOURIGAN

Wisely put in a call to D.M.V. I want
a make on a '60 Healy with ego plate.
Delta, igloo, echo or something close
to that.

Wisely leaves. Hourigan motions Taylor to a chair.

HOURIGAN

Sit down.

EXT. AQUATIC PARK & HARBOR

Peter and Janet stroll past the fishermen on the 'J' shaped pier.

PETER

They'd be trapped out here. The only
way off would be in S.C.U.B.A. gear.

Janet points to the prison on Alcatraz Island.

JANET

I'm not suspicious, but let's
keep looking.

INT. MUNIZ HOME - FRONT WINDOW

Muniz peeks through the curtain at Evans in the unmarked patrol
car, then walks down the hall muttering

MUNIZ

Lynch still hasn't answered the phone.
The reward hasn't brought him out.
He's either greedy or he doesn't read
the paper. The paper. Of course!
He read my ad. He wants to negotiate.
(yells up the stairs)
Francis.

INT. PETER'S HONDA

Peter drives toward the Golden Gate Bridge, then turns right
toward Golden Gate Park. Janet looks over the seat to the

sequined blanket.

JANET

The bridge would have been perfect
for George.

Does the blanket move? A NOD perhaps?

PETER

Now that you're trapped on the film
of at least eighty Nikon cameras.
If the Porpoise were to suddenly
appear here someone might put two
and two together.

JANET

That's why you're the boss, boss.

Does the blanket move left to right? Indicating - no - Peter
isn't?

INT. MUNIZ'S KITCHEN

Muniz points to the street behind his house.

MUNIZ

Francis, bring your car around back.

FURAL

Use your own damn car.

MUNIZ

I...lent it to Andrea... Ms. Convee.

FURAL

What's wrong with the front door?

MUNIZ

Police are still watching the house.

FURAL

Fuzz?

Muniz nods.

EXT. PETER'S HONDA

As it exits Golden Gate Park on 19th Avenue between the two

columns, Janet screams

JANET

Peter, pull over!

Without thinking Peter follows orders. He crosses two lanes of traffic, HORNS BLARE and DRIVERS flip him off. He coasts into the parking lot of the 19th Avenue Diner. Janet hops out of the car before it completely stops.

JANET

Come on.

INT. 19TH AVENUE DINER - SECOND FLOOR

Janet ushers Peter to the corner table and points out the window to the two columns.

JANET

Perfect, don't you think?

A beat of confusion, then

PETER

We can watch the arrest from here.

JANET

With a cocktail.

PETER

Very civilized. Let's take a look.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Wisely hands Hourigan a D.M.V. print-out of

INSERT: Jerry Lynch.

WISELY

He's cute.

HOURIGAN

Phone the Sausalito Police and --

WISELY

They're setting up a stakeout.

HOURIGAN

Good work. Let's get these copied --

Wisely pulls a stack of photos from behind her back.

HOURIGAN

You're starting to grow on me.

WISELY

Good. Should I get these to the media?
My bikes double parked outside.

HOURIGAN

Not yet. Take a copy to Nels and I'll
put a call into Breefer Shipping.
Maybe Mr. Lynch --

WISELY

He quit work yesterday.

HOURIGAN

Quit work?

WISELY

He's currently on assignment in
Seattle. But, they expect him
back later this week....
This may be purely coincidental,
but when I spoke to the woman in
personnel, she said his co-worker,
(refers to her notes)
a Ms. Janet Kerr, called in sick this
morning. And the woman said Ms. Kerr
sounded ecstatic.

HOURIGAN

You think Lynch and Janet Kerr?

WISELY

There have been rumors, sir.

HOURIGAN

Carol, you're amazing.

WISELY

Wisely. And I thank you, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

Get out of here, Wisely.

WISELY

Hup two, three.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE COLUMN TO GOLDEN GATE PARK

Peter and Janet walk around the flower beds, look up at the column and nod.

PETER

Come on, my little accessory to the fact, let's give Nels a call.

INT. OF CALL BULLETIN - WITH INTERCUT SCENES

Nels sits at his cubicle, talking on the phone and gnawing on the end of a number two pencil. The call waiting light flashes.

NELS

...Nora, I have another call. I promise to see your exhibit. Bye.

(pushes the lit button)

Good afternoon, Nels Johnson.

ON A PUBLIC PHONE - AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OFFICE

Muniz and Fural watch Nels. Muniz mouths as Fural bellows

FURAL

Heard you were interested in my ad, Asshole! Leave it alone or you'll never have children.

Nels recoils from the voice and a loud CLICK. The call waiting phone flashes again. Nels hits the button.

NELS

Who is --

HOURIGAN

Nels, the twenty-five thousand reward has perked lots of interest. We've got witnesses coming out of the walls.

Nels bites off the eraser and almost gags.

HOURIGAN

Wisely is on her way down with a new drawing and a photo we got from D.M.V. See if you recognize either of the men. We may want them in tomorrow's edition. And just for the hell of it, see if any of your sources knows a Janet Kerr.

CLUNK. Nels drops the phone on his desk and sits in a trance.

HOURIGAN

Nels? Nels are you there?

Nels lifts the phone and lies

NELS

I was so excited I lost the phone. What wonderful news.

HOURIGAN

Nels, do you know Andrea Convee or Francis Fural?

NELS

I don't believe so. But I will check my files.

HOURIGAN

Do that, Nels. Do that.

EXT. PHONE BUBBLE - GOLDEN GATE PARK - JAPANESE TEA GARDEN

Peter dials. Janet waits outside.

PETER

Okay, now let's make Nels' day.

Nels stares at the call waiting, then reluctantly

NELS

Hello.

PETER

Nels, we found the perfect spot for the trap. Did you find out who placed the ad?

SILENCE

PETER

Say something, Nels.

NELS

Yes, I checked on the advertisement.
Mr. Chang.

PETER

Don't pause. What's wrong?

NELS

The police have new drawings, a
photograph and the woman you
introduced me to this morning....
Her name isn't Zelda, is it?
Could it be Janet?

PETER

What?

(whispers to Janet)

The police think you might be involved.

JANET

(grins)

Really.

Peter sighs.

NELS

Mr. Chang, put the statue anywhere
you like. I apologize for allowing
it to go this far.

PETER

I wish we could have caught those
bastards. Anyone that would want to
maim a seven year old girl is scum.

NELS

I agree. And I believe we were
getting close.

PETER

Say again?

NELS

I just received a rather ominous call telling me to cease and desist.

Though, not in those words exactly.

(a beat)

But it is time to cover our respective rear ends. And at least we will be back on page one.

PETER

You can bet on it, Nels. Get your best photographer and lots of film. I'll call you at home when the statue's in place.

Peter hangs up.

JANET

Can I wear my wig?

Peter sighs and plants a wet one.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

The radio BEEPS. Hourigan picks it up.

STOUT (OS)

Lieutenant, this is Stout at Andrea Convee's apartment building. Muniz and Gold Fang have just entered the premises.

HOURIGAN

They can't be! How the hell did Muniz and Fural get out of Berkeley? I'm on my way.

Hourigan slips on his jacket and yells to T.J.

HOURIGAN

Page Wisely at the Call Bulletin. Tell her to meet us outside. Four minutes.

INT. ANDREA CONVEE'S APARTMENT

The walls, carpet and furniture are white. Abstract art and

mobiles are everywhere. Fural fiddles with a mobile in the corner, while Muniz stands at attention and Andrea paces.

ANDREA

So now you believe that there is a connection between Nelvin Johnson and your mysterious Mr. Lynch.

MUNIZ

Lynch and Johnson are in this together. I'd bet my --

ANDREA

YOU want to make another wager?

MUNIZ

(rubs his nose)
That's not -- No. Of course not.
If my suspicions --

ANDREA

(lifts a leopard coat)
They had better be more than suspicions, Mr. Muniz.

INT. 19TH AVENUE DINER - DUSK

A good Crowd enjoys Happy Hour. Peter and Janet sip drinks and glance out the window at the right column to Golden Gate Park and the

FLYING PORPOISE - NESTLED IN A BED OF MARIGOLDS

PETER

It's time to make Nels famous.

Peter starts to leave. Janet grabs his arm with one hand, reaches in her purse and takes out a Canon camera.

JANET

Smile. Come on, smile.

Peter smiles. A SNAP and a flash. Janet turns the camera towards the statue and snaps another picture.

PETER

What's this all about?

JANET

I promised you a...

Janet takes out a black photo album. On the cover is written: THE BOSS AND THE MOLL. Peter opens the album.

Pictures of the divorce party fill the first page. After that the pages are covered with the newspaper clippings and pictures of the Flying Porpoise.

JANET

A souvenir of our exploits.

PETER

Clever, but very risky. Guard them with your life. Be right back.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONVEE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Hourigan looks at Wisely, confused.

HOURIGAN

...Nels wasn't at the Call Bulletin?

The elevator comes to a stop on the eighth floor.

INT. CORRIDOR

Hourigan speaks softly.

HOURIGAN

Remember this is a friendly visit.
But, just in case; Wisely --

WISELY

I've got Andrea.

T.J.

I've got Gold Fang.

HOURIGAN

(knocks on the door)
Okay, I've got the short guy.

SILENCE - Hourigan KNOCKS again - SILENCE. Wisely cups a hand to her ear.

WISELY

Was that a cry for help?

Hourigan and T.J. give her a look.

WISELY

Yes, it was.

She turns, spins and kicks, the door flies open. Wisely follows her assault and enters the apartment.

INT. ANDREA'S APARTMENT

WISELY

Police. We're here to help.

HOURIGAN

You can't break into a --

Wisely stares around the room.

WISELY

That's what's wrong with Muniz's house!
She points to the paintings, sculptures and mobiles.

WISELY

Don't you see? Either of you? Muniz's
house was empty!

INTERCUT SCENE - NELS APARTMENT & 19th AVENUE DINER

Nels paces as he talks into the phone.

NELS

...I know this sounds like the onset
of paranoia, but I have a sensation
that someone is following me.

PETER

More good news. Take down this number,
555-3136. After I hang up, go outside
and take a good look around. Make sure

PETER (CONT)

you're not being followed. If you see
anything the least bit suspicious,
call this number. No heroics, okay?

NELS

No heroics. That is a promise.
Mr. Chang, where is the statue?

PETER

Nels, let the trumpets blare. You
know the two columns at the south
entrance to Golden Gate Park?

NELS

Yes. Yes.

PETER

Look under the one on the right.

NELS

Brilliant! Everyone is ready. I will
be there in half an hour.

INT. CORRIDOR - ANDREA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

T.J. and Wisely listen closely.

HOURIGAN

Find a cooperative judge. Get a
warrant for Lynch's houseboat and
permission to tap the phones of:
Convee, Muniz...and Nels Johnson.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - 19th AVENUE DINER

Peter opens the door to leave, then the phone RINGS.

INTERCUT SCENE - NELS' APARTMENT & 19th AVENUE DINER

Nels lies on the floor in bad shape. He wheezes as

NELS

I opened the door and he was there.

PETER

Nels, are you okay?

NELS

He must have broken a rib and maybe
my leg. I heard a horrible snap.

PETER

Nels?

NELS

I told him where he could find the statue. I am so sorry.

PETER

Nels, it's okay.

NELS

Call the police. The man is vicious.

PETER

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

NELS

I'll survive.

PETER

Nels, take care of yourself.

NELS

Call the police. Ask for Lieutenant Hourigan. I better call an ambulance.

INT. 19TH AVENUE DINER - CORNER WINDOW - SECONDS LATER

Peter's hands fly in rage as

PETER

... and Nels asked me to call the police.

JANET

What do you want to do?

PETER

I started this to prove something to Jerry and myself. Nels pushed all the right buttons. I wanted to do one crazy, outrageous thing in my life...

When those creeps went after the little girl, I felt, I was meant to have the statue. Those bastards prey on helpless people. Find their

weaknesses and devour them...
Sounds stupid, doesn't it?

JANET

Nope.

Janet and Peter share a long glance.

PETER

I think Nels has paid his dues. He
should get the statue, not the cops,
and not the creep that beat him up.

Janet points to the exit. Peter plants a warm kiss on her lips.

ON THE FLYING PORPOISE - UNDERNEATH THE COLUMN

Does it begin to rock? YOU Bet it does!

INT. 19TH AVENUE DINNER

Peter rises.

PETER

It'll take the asshole at least
twenty minutes to get here. If --

ALL SOUND STOPS FOR A LONG SECOND - AN EERIE SILENCE
CUTS THROUGH THE DIN

Peter's eyes go wide. He grabs Janet and throws her to the floor
and dives on top of her.

JANET

Are you out of your --

A deafening ROAR splits the second of silence. The room takes off
in several directions at once.

A huge crack appears in one of the bay windows. It implodes.
Glass shards fly everywhere. Bottles fly off of the bar.

Parts of the ceiling crash to the floor. The room fills with
screams.

VOICES

Oh, my God!

It's an Earthquake!

No kidding?

The room continues to shake. The MUSIC whines to a stop.

A ceiling fan rips itself loose and crashes to the floor. The lights flicker on and off, then darkness.

From outside the broken window comes the sound of cars colliding.

FEMALE VOICE 1

David?

MALE VOICE 1

I'm right here, honey.

MALE VOICE 2

Is everyone okay?

FEMALE VOICE 2

Watch those hands, MISTER.

JANET

Just what we needed, a little excitement.

PETER

Excit -- GEORGE!

MALE VOICE 3 (OS)

I'm over here.

Peter and Janet leap to their feet and stare out the shattered window to

THE COLUMN - A FALLEN PINE TREE COVERS THE BASE

The traffic below the window looks like the aftermath of a demolition derby.

JANET

Find George, I'll get the car.

EXT. COLUMN - GOLDEN GATE PARK - FOG ROLLS IN

Peter claws his way through the branches of the pine tree.

PETER

If it's cracked, I'm dead.

Panting, Janet joins him in the boughs of the tree.

JANET

They shoot looters, don't they?

PETER

Pleasant thought.

Peter lifts a large branch. Janet lifts it higher. Peter dives into the opening. His legs kick in the air. He feels around and around, then looks over his shoulder and smiles.

PETER

George is fine.

EXT. PETER'S HONDA - IN THE FOG

Janet kicks on the ENGINE. Peter, with his buns hanging out of open passenger door, leans over the seat and attempts to cover the statue with the sequined blanket.

Out of the fog behind them comes the roar of a DIESEL engine. Peter turns and stares.

Headlights explode out of the mist.

PETER

Janet, drive! Drive!

EXT. PETER'S HONDA

It tears down Martin Luther King Drive and makes a SCREECHING right onto 19th Avenue.

The Mercedes SCREECHES right behind.

Peter tries to close the passenger door. He can't, the blanket's stuck in the door. He grabs the handle for dear life.

PETER

Make a right.

Janet weaves through the traffic. Horns BLAST. People yell. Rubber PEELS.

The Mercedes follows.

PETER

Go left...here. Don't slow down.
Don't let them read our --

JANET

One command at a time, Captain Kirk.

PETER

Get ready to make another sharp left.

JANET

There's no road!

PETER

There will be!

EXT. PETER'S HONDA

The Honda flies around a turn onto a dirt road. The rear wheels spin on the sand and gravel.

Peter's hand starts to slip off of the door.

The Mercedes closes.

PETER

Move it. Move it.

Janet shoots him a look, then GRINDS into second. The car speeds up the road.

The Mercedes spins through the turn with more difficulty.

Peter stares out the rear window.

PETER

You're doing great. Make a hard
left --

Janet yanks the wheel to the left.

PETER

NO! Not yet.

EXT. PETER'S HONDA - AIRBORNE - OVER A SMALL CLIFF

The DOOR flies out of Peter's hand and flaps in the air. The car lands with a SPLAT in a meadow next to a sprinkler. Peter closes the door and gets blasted with a jet of water.
(Peter has bitten his tongue - he sounds like Elmer Fudd)

PETER

Wogooo. My tongue is woken.

Janet GUNS the motor and twists the steering wheel trying to get out of the mud. Janet looks out her window.

JANET

In coming.

Peter glances up and sees

The Mercedes in mid-air.

PETER

Camera. Camera.

Janet tosses him her purse. Peter takes out the camera.

The Mercedes comes in for a landing ten feet to their right.

PETER AND JANET STARE AT -- MUNIZ, FURAL AND ANDREA

Fural rolls down the window and takes out a gun.

Peter SNAPS the camera.

Blinded by the flash, Fural squeezes rounds into the air.

PETER

Wogoo. Yanet!

Janet GRINDS the gears and tears down the meadow towards the Polo Grounds.

The Mercedes fights the mud, then continues the chase.

PETER

Weft. Make a weft.

The Honda flies out of a grove of trees, past a water fountain, a

concrete bathroom and onto a bridle path.

The Mercedes speeds out of the grove of trees. A THUNK as the it takes out a drinking fountain.

Inside the Honda, Peter claps his hands.

PETER

Janet, yet ready, in fifty yards
you'll see a dirt road, make a
hard yight and douse the yights.

The Honda careens around the first turn.

Janet down-shifts. The car loses speed. She feathers the brakes, spins through the second turn, stops, and turns off the headlights.

Peter leaps from the car, races around the hood and gestures for Janet to move over. She does. He spins the car around.

The Mercedes speeds past - missing the turn.

Peter hits the accelerator.

PETER

No more Mister Nice Guy.

GOLDEN GATE PARK - STOW LAKE BOAT HOUSE - DARK - LATER

One dim light shines on the score of boats and canoes chained to the dock. The Mercedes comes to a stop next to the lake. Muniz rubs his nose in the rear seat.

ANDREA

Was that Lynch?

MUNIZ

Which one?

ANDREA

For Christsake, Alan one of them was
a woman. Was the other Lynch?

MUNIZ

I'm not sure.

ANDREA

Get out of the car, Mr. Muniz.

MUNIZ

Yes! It was Lynch. I'm sure he was Lynch. Positive. He's probably heading to the houseboat. If we hurry we --

ANDREA

Get out of the car.

Terrified, Muniz opens the door and exits. He waits for the bullet in the back, but Andrea leans over and closes the door.

ANDREA

Have a pleasant trip home.

The Mercedes speeds into the fog. Muniz crumbles against the wall of the boat house.

MUNIZ

At least I'm alive. Now --

Muniz freezes as the MOTOR of a car roars louder. Headlights burst out of the fog. Muniz covers his eyes and waits for the impact, but the car SCREECHES to a halt. Muniz pulls down his hands and sees

Janet, in the open window, with the camera at the ready.

JANET

Say cheese.

MUNIZ

Cheese?

Janet snaps the picture. Muniz scampers into the bushes.

INT. PETER'S HONDA

Peter and Janet shake hands.

JANET

We've got pictures and we've still got George. What's the plan, boss?

PETER

Get the pictures developed and then
find Nels.

EXT. 24 HOUR PHOTO SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Peter and Janet exit inspecting a stack of photos.

INT. NELS JOHNSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM #303 - MORNING

Hourigan enters and stops short when he sees

Nels in a sling and a cast.

HOURIGAN

How are you feeling?

NELS

Fine, Lieutenant. How is the
investigation?

HOURIGAN

The earthquake has slowed it down a
bit, but I have a few photos I'd
like you to look at.

Hourigan takes out a dozen photos from a manila folder. Among
them are pictures of Lynch, Fural, T.J., Evans, and Michael
Jordan. Hourigan passes the pictures to Nels one at a time.

HOURIGAN

Do you know any of these men?

Nels holds the picture of Michael Jordan.

NELS

This fellow looks vaguely familiar.

HOURIGAN

Nels, you've got to get out more.

He hands Nels the picture of Lynch and then Fural.
Nels starts when he sees the picture of Francis Fural. Hourigan
sees his reaction and snatches the picture.

HOURIGAN

Do you know this man?

Nels tries to disguise his reaction by grabbing his thigh.

NELS

No, it is my leg. There is still quite a bit of pain.

HOURIGAN

Bullshit! What the hell is going on? I know that's the son-of-a-bitch that broke your leg. What are you up to?

NELS

Do you have any other photos?

Hourigan stuffs the pictures back in the envelope.

HOURIGAN

He threatened to a seven year old girl.

NELS

I'm sorry, Lieutenant.

Hourigan stomps out the door.

INT. HOURIGAN'S PATROL CAR - MOVING

HOURIGAN

How does Nels fit in to all --

The police radio BEEPS. Hourigan grabs the microphone.

EVANS (VO)

Gold Fang and Blondie are paying Muniz a visit.

HOURIGAN

Don't lose them.

EXT. COSTUME SHOP

Janet and Peter march out of the store with three packages under their arms.

INT. MUNIZ'S LIVING ROOM

Muniz sits on the couch. His eyes dart from Andrea Convee to Francis Fural.

ANDREA

One million dollars is a substantial debt, Mr. Muniz.

MUNIZ

One million? How can --

ANDREA

Gas for the car.

MUNIZ

It's my car!

ANDREA

Not anymore.

MUNIZ

Jerry Lynch has the statue. It's got to be in the houseboat.

ANDREA

If it is; we didn't find it. Last night Francis and I paid a visit to Mr. Lynch's house --

MUNIZ

Then you had to find the st --

ANDREA

Do not interrupt ME. There was a police stakeout. It appears --

MUNIZ

Then you couldn't get in. No wonder you didn't find it.

ANDREA

Oh, we got in. But --

MUNIZ

Then you --

ANDREA

If you interrupt me one more time.

She nods to Fural, who sneers and SNAPS a pencil.

ANDREA

We did not find the statue nor did we find Mr. Lynch. Now, unless you can convince Mr. Nelson Johnson to confide in you --

MUNIZ

I'll call him right now.

ANDREA

Goddamn it! Francis, hair!

Fural lifts Muniz by his scalp.

ANDREA

You will listen. You will do exactly what I tell you to do. Do you understand?

Fural grabs Muniz by the ears and pulls his head into an involuntary nod.

ANDREA

Good. We are going to pay a visit to Mr. Johnson. And you...

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

He flips on the radio.

EVANS

Lieutenant, the Mouseketeers are leaving their hole.

HOURIGAN

Stay with them.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Peter and Janet come around a corner dressed in doctor uniforms, complete with stethoscopes and name tags which read: DR. GOTTSIT - DR. STUDLY.

PETER

Shall we begin our rounds, Doctor Gottsit?

JANET

Certainly, Doctor Studly.

They walk down the hall to a bank of elevators. A METALLIC BONG fills the corridor, followed by a summons.

VOICE

Will Doctor Moran please report to surgery?

JANET

Do we know Doctor Moran?

PETER

Med. school; tall, rather eccentric.

The elevator door opens. Peter and Janet enter.

JANET

Yes, of course.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE - TREASURE ISLAND

The Mercedes speeds across the span followed closely by another car.

INT. MERCEDES

Fural at the wheel, looks into the rear-view mirror and sees the tail.

FURAL

We are being followed, Ms. Convee.

ANDREA

It must be Cosette.

(hisses at Muniz)

He is one of my associates. And he wants your testes.

Muniz grabs his groin and shuffles down in the seat.

ANDREA

Lose them, Francis.

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR DOOR

A young CANDY STRIPER waits for the door to open. When it does, Peter and Janet start to get out, but Janet has a sudden thought.

JANET

Are you busy, young lady?

CANDY STRIPER

Pardon me, doctor?

JANET

Would you get me a wheelchair
and bring it to room 303?

CANDY STRIPER

Sure, room 303.

She turns and scurries down the hall.

PETER

Good thinking, Doctor Gottsit.

JANET

Thank you, Doctor Studly.

They turn and head down the hall. The METALLIC BONG:

VOICE

Doctor Moran, please report to surgery.

PETER

Get a move on, Moran.

JANET

He was always so punctual.

They turn a corner and see a POLICE OFFICER sitting in a chair propped up against the wall.

JANET

Very dangerous.

The Police Officer looks up from his newspaper.

JANET

If the chair slips you could be
crippled for life.

The Officer sighs and brings his chair to the floor.

JANET

How is Mr. Johnson?

POLICE OFFICER

Fine.

(reads Janet's name tag)

Doctor Gottsit.

Janet reads his name tag. LOGGIA

JANET

Officer Loggia, I've always loved
the police uniform.

Loggia stands and hitches up his belt.

JANET

You fellows do a marvelous job.

Janet nods toward the door. It takes a second, but Loggia gets
the picture and holds the door open.

LOGGIA

Thank you, ma'am...er...Doctor.

JANET

A true gentleman. There are so few.

INT. NELS' ROOM

Nels lies with his eyes closed as Peter and Janet enter. They
exchange a worried glance when they see he condition. Peter
whispers.

PETER

This is a bad idea. Maybe we --

Nels opens his eyes and stares in disbelief.

NELS

Mr. Chang? And his beautiful companion.

Janet accepts the compliment, then gives Peter a strange look and
mouths, Chang? Peter shrugs and turns to Nels.

PETER

Call me Peter.

NELS

I am so glad you didn't say Charlie.

Peter and Janet exchange another worried look. Nels catches it and pleads.

NELS

Please. Don't make me watch the
the finale on television.

PETER

Nels...The two of us couldn't --

A RAP on the door interrupts. The Candy Striper enters backward pulling a wheelchair.

Nels' eyes light up.

EXT. NELS' ROOM - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Peter pushes Nels out the door and heads down the corridor. Loggia jumps to his feet. Janet intervenes waving a bed pan.

JANET

Mr. Johnson is shy. He won't give us
a specimen. So it's enema time.

Janet hurries after Peter and Nels. Loggia pauses a beat and follows.

LOGGIA

I have orders to stay with the patient.

JANET

We'll be right back.

LOGGIA

Can't do that, Doctor. I've got my
instructions.

Janet waves him to follow along.

Peter and Nels stop in front of a door marked GYNECOLOGY. Janet

and Loggia come up behind them.

PETER
Doctor Gottsit?

On cue, Janet sweeps the wheelchair from Peter's grasp and rolls Nels through the door. Loggia tries to follow, but Peter steps in his path, his back to the door.

PETER
I'm sorry, Proctologists only.

Loggia nods, then gives Peter a long, close look.

LOGGIA
Doctor, do I know you from somewhere?

PETER
Are you taking any night classes in
Brain Surgery?
(off Loggia's silent no)
Then probably not. The human brain is
my specialty.

Loggia scratches his head.

PETER
Officer, it is imperative that our
patient's safety is assured. Would
you please guard this door? I have
other matters to attend to.

LOGGIA
Of course, Doctor.

Peter backs into the GYNECOLOGY LAB.

SEVERAL PEOPLE in masks and green smocks eye Peter.

Janet pushes Nels toward a door at the far side of the room.
The door opens as an ORDERLY pushes a very PREGNANT WOMAN into
the room on a gurney. Janet pushes Nels out.

Now everyone's eyes are on Peter. He walks professionally across
the room mumbling

PETER
Hydrogen, Oxygen, Radium and

suppository.

WOMAN ON THE GURNEY

I've had one.

Peter hurries past toward the door.

PETER

I recommend another.

As the door closes.

STAFF MEMBER

What the hell was that?

EXT. GYNECOLOGY LAB CORRIDOR

Peter looks down the hall and sees

Janet wheeling Nels toward the exit.

Peter turns, when from inside the Gynecology Lab.

LOGGIA (OS)

Where are they?

Janet and Nels disappears through the exit.

Loggia flies out the door.

Peter runs into a stairwell.

LOGGIA

You there, stop!

INT. OF A STAIRWELL

Peter takes the stairs three at a time. Echoing below

LOGGIA (OS)

Stop, damn it.

Peter runs through a maze of corridors on the fourth floor,
rounds a corner, pushes open a door and bursts into a

INT. CROWDED LECTURE HALL

A small MAN in a white frock addresses the crowd.

SMALL MAN
...disorders of the human heart.

Peter crosses the floor and waves to the instructor.

PETER
Sorry I'm late.

The small Man gives him a look and continues as Peter climbs the stairs to the rear exit.

SMALL MAN
In Old English, heorte. From the
Greek, Kardia. Disorders of the
heart arise from---

Loggia charges into the room.

LOGGIA
Where is the son-of --

Loggia stares at the tiers of students. They roar with laughter.

Peter races out the door and runs down the corridor toward the emergency exit. A METALLIC BONG:

VOICE
Doctor Moran, your presence is no
longer needed in surgery.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan shouts over the intercom.

HOURIGAN
Evans, how could you lose them?

INT. OF A BLACK AND WHITE - SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE

Evans speeds along the lower deck toward Oakland.

EVANS
It was a fluke, Lieutenant. I came
out of the tunnel on Treasure
Island and they were gone.

HOURIGAN

Get back to Muniz's.

He snaps off the radio.

HOURIGAN

What the hell else could go wrong?

A BEEP from the intercom interrupts his musings.

INT. NELS' JOHNSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Alan Muniz Jr., holding a bouquet of flowers, pokes his head in the door and sees the empty bed.

MUNIZ

Oh, no!

INTERCUT SCENE - HOSPITAL ADMITTANCE DESK & HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Loggia leans against the wall with his radio in his hand.

LOGGIA

...and somehow --

HOURIGAN

Nels has his leg in a cast, two broken ribs and you let two doctors take him for a walk! I ought to put you on foot patrol in a patch of poison oak. I can't --

LOGGIA

Oh, shit!

HOURIGAN

What now?

LOGGIA

I knew that guy looked familiar. One of the doctors was the guy in the composites.

HOURIGAN

Was the woman a blond?

LOGGIA

She could have dyed her hair.

THIRD FLOOR NURSES STATION

Muniz bangs the bouquet of flowers on the counter.

MUNIZ

Nelson Johnson is not in his room.
The NURSE dodges the flying petals.

NURSE

How did you get past this desk?

MUNIZ

Why isn't Johnson in his room?

The nurse turns and lifts a microphone to her mouth.

ADMITTANCE DESK - LOGGIA TALKING ON THE PAGER

A METALLIC BONG:

NURSE'S VOICE

Would Officer Loggia report to the
third floor nurse station immediately.

LOGGIA

I'm being paged, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

Find out what that's all about, then
get your ass down here, Loggia. I
want you to look at some pictures.

Hourigan snaps off the speaker and lifts the photos of Convee,
Fural and Muniz.

HOURIGAN

Grand theft and kidnapping. Now
it's my turn.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MUNIZ'S MERCEDES BENZ

Fural speeds out of the lot.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ

Muniz grabs the door handle and rubs his nose in terror as Andrea sneers.

ANDREA

It appears that Mr. Lynch and Mr. Johnson were shrewder than we suspected. In any case, we can be certain that the Flying Porpoise is now out of our reach. Which leaves you --

Beads of sweat appear on Muniz's brow.

ANDREA

Let's take Mr. Muniz home, Francis.

INT. PETER'S HONDA - MOVING

Peter whips through the traffic. Janet leans over the front seat and stifles a laugh as she looks at

Nels dressed in a COWBOY SUIT with one arm around the sequined blanket.

NELS

I look ridiculous.

PETER

It was the only costume in your size.
(to Janet)
Show him the pictures.

She hands him the envelope. Nels lifts out the picture of

INSERT: MUNIZ AT STOW LAKE - SAYING CHEESE

NELS

I should have known.

Nels goes to the next picture.

INSERT: FURAL IN THE PARK AIMING HIS GUN

Without thinking Nels hisses.

NELS

That's the bastard.

Nels covers his mouth.

NELS

What has come over me? I have never used that word in my life.

PETER

No one broke your leg before.

Peter shifts and floors the accelerator.

PETER

Let's set the trap.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Wisely bounds through the door.

WISELY

It wasn't easy, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

WHAT WASN'T EASY?

Wisely stops in her tracks, looks around the room and starts back out the door.

WISELY

Whoops, wrong office. I was looking for Lieutenant Hourigan not Captain Ahab.

HOURIGAN

Sorry, what have you got?

Wisely smiles, then gets back to business.

WISELY

It's hard enough to find a reasonable judge, but the day after an earthquake?

(waves two documents)

Signed, sealed and delivered.

(hands over one document)

One search warrant for the houseboat of Mr. Jerry Lynch.

(hands over the second)
 And permits to tap the phones of: Alan
 Muniz Jr., Andrea Convee, Nelvin Johnson
 and as a special, added bonus,
 Jerry Lynch.

HOURIGAN

Carol --

WISELY

Let's keep this professional, sir.

Hourigan gives her a smack on the lips.

HOURIGAN

Carol, you set up the taps and
 I'll take care of the warrant.

Wisely reels from the public display of affection.

WISELY

Yes, sir.

She tries to regain her composure, half-heartedly salutes and
 departs. A BEEP, Hourigan picks up his radio.

EVANS

Sir, Moe, Curly and Chimp have just
 returned to the Muniz home.

HOURIGAN

Is there someone in a hospital gown
 and cast with them?

EVANS

No, sir.

HOURIGAN

Don't let them out of your sight.

(hits the intercom)

Wisely, how long before those
 taps are set?

WISELY (OS)

A few more minutes.

Hourigan flicks the switch and dials the phone.

HOURIGAN

Time to rattle a few cages.

INT. OF THE MUNIZ LIVING ROOM

Fural stalks around Muniz, CRACKING his knuckles.

ANDREA

Alan, have you had this home appraised recently?

MUNIZ

Andrea, we used to be --

The phone RINGS. Andrea gestures to Muniz.

MUNIZ

Hello.

HOURIGAN

Nice to catch you at home.

MUNIZ

I beg your pardon, Lieutenant?

Andrea mouths to Fural, Lieutenant?

HOURIGAN

Someone just kidnapped Nels Johnson. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

MUNIZ

No!

HOURIGAN

How about Andrea Convee?

MUNIZ

(he doesn't mean to say it aloud)
Andrea Convee?

Andrea glares at Muniz, then grabs the receiver and listens.

HOURIGAN

Ask her, Mr. Muniz. Ask her if she

knows anything about the Johnson kidnapping. Ask her if she knows anything about Levon Clay or your missing statue. I'll wait.

Andrea mouths 'Who is that?'

MUNIZ

There is no one here, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

What a pity.

MUNIZ

Pity?

HOURIGAN

I see you've lost your eyesight as well as your sense of smell....
I want you to know your police department is hard at work.
I'll be in touch Mr. Muniz.

A CLICK. Muniz puts down the phone.

ANDREA

How do the police know my name?
How do they know I am here?

FURAL

The fuzz are watching out front.

ANDREA

That wasn't Cosette following us on the bridge.
(glares at Muniz)
And you didn't want to alarm me?

Muniz rubs his nose, cringes and nods.

ANDREA

FRANCIS!

Fural moves. His GOLD TOOTH glimmers. Muniz looks for somewhere to run, but instead,

A damp spot spreads across the front of his slacks.

ANDREA

Francis, call Anthony and have someone bring another car over from the city.

ANDREA

(to Muniz)

Nothing is going to happen to you, Alan. You still have a debt to pay. Now change your slacks; you look disgusting.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Wisely enters and gives Hourigan a thumbs up.

WISELY

The taps are set.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT

Peter, Janet and Nels, in the wheelchair, hover around the phone. Peter looks to Nels and Janet. They nod. He dials.

INT. MUNIZ' HOME

Muniz comes down the stairs in a change of clothes.

Andrea looks up from the leather desk, then refers to a piece of paper.

ANDREA

When you sell me this home, you will still owe us \$500,000. That comes to exactly a quarter of a million a leg.

Fural waves to Muniz, points to his own leg, flashes his tooth and sneers.

ANDREA

Alan, you do understand that I can't return to my associates without some form of payment.

Muniz sinks into the sofa.

ANDREA

Francis, find out what's keeping
that car.

Fural reaches for the phone. It RINGS.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan and T.J. are gathered around the desk. The intercom
comes on.

WISELY (OS)
Muniz is getting a call, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN
(grabs the phone)
Put me on it.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT

Peter, Janet and Nels share the ear piece.

INT. MUNIZ'S LIVING ROOM

The phone RINGS again. Andrea nods to Fural and listens in as
Fural picks it up and bellows

FURAL
Who is it?

PETER
Put Muniz on the phone, asshole.

FURAL
What did you call me?

PETER
Listen, needle dick, put Mun-ass
on the phone.

A MONTAGE OF SHOTS

- A) INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - Wisely laughs.
- B) INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - Janet and Nels let out a
hoot.
- C) INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE - Hourigan and T.J. share a
puzzled look.

D) INT. MUNIZ'S HOUSE - Andrea motions Muniz to speak.

MUNIZ

Who is this?

PETER

You sent amateurs for your daddy's sculpture, you bush-league son-of-a-bitch. Do you want it?

MUNIZ

Of course I want it. Who are --

PETER

The price of marble has just gone up. Forty thousand and it's yours.

MUNIZ

I'll call the police.

PETER

Go ahead, I'll get off the line.

MUNIZ

No. No. Wait, I can't get forty thousand dollars --

PETER

Steal it butt breath. I'll call back.

CLICK.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT

Janet and Nels congratulate Peter.

JANET

You were. You are. Wow!

NELS

An inspiring performance.

Peter looks up at the clock: 12:15

PETER

We'll let him stew for a couple of minutes.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Wisely races in.

HOURIGAN

Who the hell was that?

WISELY

Who ever it was; sounds like he's
shaking down Mr. Alan Muniz Jr.

INT. MUNIZ HOME

Andrea paces, thinking.

ANDREA

Mr. Jerry Lynch wants to play with
the big kids.

MUNIZ

I don't have forty thousand dollars.

FURAL

He called me needle dick.

Andrea pats Fural's shaved head, then looks to Muniz.

ANDREA

When he calls back, strike a
bargain, anything. I'm going
to have Mr. Lynch for lunch.

INT. JANET'S APARTMENT - CLOCK 12:20

Janet, Nels and Peter return to their stations. Peter points to
his neck and dials.

PETER

Time for the jugular.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan and T.J. wait. The intercom goes on.

WISELY (OS)

Here we go.

INT. MUNIZ HALL WAY - LIVING ROOM

Fural sticks two pencils into the base of a styrofoam ball, then SNAPS them in two. Muniz stares at the phone on desk. Andrea stares at the portable phone. The phone RINGS and they both lift the receiver at the same moment.

INTERCUT SCENE

MUNIZ

Hello.

PETER

The ante has gone up. The new price is fifty thousand.

MUNIZ

You don't understand.

PETER

No, Mr. Muniz, you do not understand. This isn't a sale at K-MART.

MUNIZ

It will take some time.

PETER

But you don't have any time, Mr. Muniz. Last chance. Fifty thousand dollars in small bills and a hand written note from you, stating the fifty thousand is a reward from the grateful estate for the return of the Flying Porpoise.... Last chance.

CLICK.

MUNIZ

Just a mom --

Andrea Convee puts down the kitchen phone and grins evilly.

ANDREA

Lynch wants to play with professionals. Come along, Alan.

MUNIZ

We can't leave. He's going to call

back. I know he's going to call back.

ANDREA

I can hardly wait.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

HOURIGAN

Wisely, did you get a trace on that call?

WISELY

Yes, Sir. Eighteen ninety-nine Clip -- Sir that's Janet Kerr's address. She's the woman that works with Jerry Lynch.

HOURIGAN

T.J., send two cars and get another car to Muniz's.

The radio on Hourigan's desk goes beep. He grabs it.

EVANS

Gold fang is taking the car, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

Shit! Evans, stay there. Report any movement by Muniz and Convee. And tell me immediately when Fural returns.

EXT. STREET - PETER'S HONDA

Janet helps Nels into the car. Peter stuffs the wheelchair into the hatch back, gets into the car and speeds away.

A beat, then two police cars drive up to Janet's apartment.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SOUTH TOWER THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Peter and Janet stand beside a phone cubicle. As Nels

NELS

...No, no. I am quite all right, Lieutenant.

He cups the phone and turns to Peter and Janet.

NELS

He thought I was kidnapped.

Peter and Janet ARE NOT overjoyed by the revelation.

NELS

In any case, there is about to be a major break in the Flying Porpoise case.

(listens)

No, I can not go into specifics. There isn't time. Please bring some men and meet me in the parking lot at the south end of the Golden Gate Bridge.

I'll explain everything then.

Nels puts down the phone, wheels out of the cubicle, and hands Peter the phone.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan straps on a shoulder holster and mumbles to T.J.

HOURIGAN

How the hell does Nels know where the exchange is going to take place?

T.J. shrugs and starts out of the office. Hourigan starts to follow, but Wisely's voice comes over the intercom.

WISELY (OS)

Someone's calling Muniz, Sir.

HOURIGAN

Put me on.

INTERCUT SCENE

Cuts to Peter, Hourigan and Wisely - NONE OF MUNIZ.

PETER IN THE PHONE BUBBLE

PETER

Do you have a little package for me?

MUNIZ (OS)

I have the money.

PETER

Are you ready to make the exchange?

MUNIZ (OS)

I'm ready.

Peter sticks the phone against his chest and turns to Nels.

PETER

Something's wrong. He sounds too cocky.

You're sure he lives in Berkeley?

Nels nods. Peter puts the phone to his ear and hears Muniz's voice. (Now it sounds desperate.)

MUNIZ (OS)

Hello? Hello? Are you still there?

PETER

Yeah, I'm here. You have exactly one hour to meet me at the statue of Joseph Strauss at the south end of the Golden Gate Bridge.

MUNIZ (OS)

In broad daylight?

PETER

All the better to see you with.
One hour.

INT. HOURIGAN'S OFFICE

Hourigan races out the door.

Wisely intercepts him at the top of a staircase. Hourigan tries to go around her. She won't let him.

WISELY

I've put a lot of effort into this case, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

Come on.

He races down the stairs. Wisely follows, then yells

WISELY

Lieutenant, that last call --

Hourigan flies out the door.

STATUE OF JOSEPH STRAUSS - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

TWO TOURISTS snap pictures. A BOY SCOUT TROOP passes beside the Two Tourists. Peter and Janet wheel Nels up to the statue. A two by four lies across the arms of his chair. On top of that sits the Flying Porpoise wrapped in the sequined bed spread. The Tourists leave.

PETER

Ready?

Nels and Janet nod. Peter bends down, grabs the spread and whisks it off the statue. From behind him comes a horrible gasp. Peter turns.

Francis Fural has Janet in a strangle hold. Convee and Muniz stand on either side.

FURAL

One word and I'll snap her neck like a twig.

NELS

Alan, you were a great Chef.

MUNIZ

Sorry, Nels. I had no choice.

Peter stares at Convee. She sneers.

ANDREA

Amazed at our prompt response, Mr. Lynch? Cellular phones are such a convenience.

PETER

Then we're out the fifty thousand?

ANDREA

Don't insult my intelligence. I am quite certain you were planning some sort of reception on our behalf.

(turns to Fural)

Francis, give the bitch to Muniz
and get the statue.

Fural hurls Janet to an unprepared Muniz and picks up the
Porpoise. All hell breaks loose.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

A) Muniz tries to get hold of Janet. But she cocks her leg and
kicks Muniz in the shin. Muniz bends and grabs his leg. Janet
crouches and follows the kick with a left-hook to his chin. Muniz
crumbles.

B) Fural cradles the statue in his arms. Nels rolls the
wheelchair on to his foot and pounds him so hard in the stomach,
his chair rolls backward. Peter dives at Fural's legs. Fural
kicks Peter in the chest. Peter rolls gasping for air.

FURAL

Both of you. I'm going to kill
both of you.

ANDREA

Francis, don't drop the --

Janet dives at Convee.

JANET

Call me a bitch!

C) Janet punches Andrea in the mouth. Andrea drops to one knee.
Janet grabs two fists of blond hair, yanks and begins to spin.
Convee's arms flail as she attempts to regain her balance. Janet
whirls faster and faster. Andrea's legs churn as she tries to
keep pace with Janet's circular motion. At the widest arc Janet
lets go. Convee flies through the air and collides into the
statue of Joseph Strauss.

D) Fural lowers the statue to the ground.

E) Nels edges close and gives Fural a vicious rabbit chop in the
back of the neck. Fural falls face down into the gravel path,
then rises to one knee, spitting out blood and pieces of stone.
He seizes the wheel of Nels' chair, pulls him close, and cocks
his fist for the final blow.

FURAL

You piece of crap. I should have --

Alan Muniz Jr. leaps on Fural's back - he bites and claws.

FURAL

MUNIZ?

Fural pulls Muniz from his back, like a bug, lifts him into the air and tosses him head first against the Flying Porpoise. We hear the SMACK. Muniz grins stupidly. His eyes roll and close.

Fural snorts. From the rear Nels attacks and smashes his chair into the back of Fural's legs. Fural crumbles, then rises.

Peter steps in front of Fural.

PETER

Hi, needle dick.

Peter hits Fural with a right, left and then another right. Fural grins. Peter follows with two quick blows to the mid-section and a right to the jaw. Fural grins. Peter brings an upper-cut from the ground and lands it on Fural's chin. Fural grins. Pretending to lose confidence Peter, turns away, then back a WHACKS him with a wicked chop to the bridge of his nose. A long beat, then Fural falls.

Janet joins Peter.

JANET

Not too bad, boss.

She points to Convee lying limp at the foot of Joseph Strauss.

PETER

You done good, moll. But most of the credit has to go to --

Peter looks around for Nels as a CROWD gathers.

PETER

Where's Nels?

NELS (OS)

Tally-Ho!

Janet points to

Nels, thirty feet away at the top of an incline. He aims his chair down the hill, spins the wheels, and beats the side of wheelchair with his string tie, like a horse, as he careens down the hill. He leans into the wind, gathers momentum and whips the chair.

Peter and Janet stare in disbelief, then they see his target.

FURAL'S LEGS - EXPOSED

Two wheels and all two hundred and thirty pounds of Nels Johnson CRUNCH over the thigh and shin bones of both legs. Fural's screams fill the parking lot, along with the SIRENS of the arriving police cars.

PETER

Let's get out of here.

Peter and Janet slip away as

Hourigan and Wisely leap from the car and break through the crowd. Muniz groans and returns to consciousness. Hourigan lifts him by the back of his jacket.

MUNIZ

I tried to help.

(points to Convee and Fural)

They were going to kill me.

Nels rolls up. Muniz points to Nels.

MUNIZ

Ask him. Nels, didn't I help? Tell them, Nels. Tell them --

Muniz's head bobs from side to side as he sniffs the air, then buries his nose in Nels' neck. Nels tries to back away.

MUNIZ

English Leather?

Nels nods, confused. Muniz sniffs Hourigan.

MUNIZ

Do you live on a boat?

Hourigan nods. Muniz goes into a frenzy. T.J. and Evans try to usher him to a patrol car. Muniz sticks his nose into the T.J. chest.

MUNIZ

Do you have a dog? A German shepherd?
 (off his nod)
 I can smell. I will cook again.
 I am whole.

HOURIGAN

Wisely puts the cuffs on Convee.
 (points to Fural)
 And call for an ambulance.

WISELY

Lovely night for sailing, Lieutenant.

HOURIGAN

You've got a date.

Wisely leaves. Hourigan turns to Nels.

HOURIGAN

And you've got a hell of --

A Call Bulletin Press Car pulls up to the scene.

NELS

All in due time, Lieutenant.

Nels rolls away to greet the car.

INT. PETER'S HONDA

Peter and Janet watch as

Nels places the two by four across the armrests two policemen lift the statue back on the board. Nels turns to a Photographer.

NELS

Be sure to get a good shot of...
 (waves to Peter and Janet)
 George.
 (to the photographer)
 Get the Bridge in the background.

Peter starts the engine.

JANET

That was fun. What's our next caper?

Peter sighs with disbelief.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

Peter and Janet enter through the double doors. The place looks like it's been hit by a tidal wave.

JANET

Dear Lord, is this how you live?

PETER

Muniz and his pals. Let's have a drink.

He walks to the cupboard, takes out a bottle of vodka etc. Janet eyes a note on the kitchen table.

JANET

Jerry's back. He left a note.

PETER

Read it.

JANET

Dear Houseboat Mate, What have you done to my home?

Peter carries over the drinks.

PETER

Go on.

JANET

Won't believe the last couple of days. Wait 'till you hear. Where the hell is George? It was my idea to bring him here. What --

Peter and Janet exchange an angry look for a beat, CLUNK their drinks down on the table, turn to the doorway and shout together.

PETER AND JANET

Let's kill him.

They charge up the stairs.

FADE OUT:

THE END