

Cool Gray Dawn

Season Two, Episode #8: "The Seventh Circle"

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tony garcia
1629 South Mole Street
Philadelphia, PA 19145
215-908-9152
tonyg030652@gmail.com

Cool Gray Dawn
"The Seventh Circle"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Stock footage of the midtown Manhattan skyline, featuring the Empire State building.

65 WEST 54TH STREET - THE WARWICK HOTEL

Stock footage of this art-deco masterpiece and its address, #65. PAUL "BAZZO" BARRY exits the hotel and walks to Fifth Avenue, turns south and enters the 53rd Street subway station.

BAZZO

Gets off the subway at the 42nd Street station and transfers to the #7 subway to Times Square. There, he switches to the RR train downtown and gets off at the Canal Street stop.

He weaves his way through the crisscrossing subway lines until he arrives at the uptown #6 local platform. He stands against the wall, eyeing everyone on the platform. The ROAR of a subway train grows louder as it enters the station. Bazzo gets on and later exits the subway at "42nd Street/Grand Central."

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

The zodiac ceiling features 12 constellations painted in gold leaf. The famed Opal Clock above the Information Booth reads 11:35. Bazzo passes it on his way out the terminal.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL - TAXI STAND - NIGHT

Bazzo gets into a Checker Cab; it pulls away.

CENTRAL PARK WEST AND WEST 65TH STREET

The Checker Cab pulls to the curb alongside Central Park, opposite one of many grand residences. Bazzo alights and heads into the park. He walks north along the westside path and sees no one. Concerned, he backtracks to the 65th Street transverse road, connecting the West Side of the park to the East Side.

BAZZO

Walks along the transverse road, looking around. Again, he sees no one. He checks his watch; he's frustrated and concerned.

The ROAR of a westbound vehicle grabs his attention. Behind Bazzo another vehicle RUMBLES toward the East Side.

He turns around and sees the eastbound car approaching - it's a CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE. He turns back and sees the westbound car, a RAMBLER SEDAN, start to weave.

The Sedan veers into the oncoming lane. Tires SCREECH behind Bazzo as the eastbound Convertible skids onto the curb to avoid the sedan. Bazzo turns around and sees the Convertible come directly at him. He DIVES onto the grass behind a tree.

The Sedan CLIPS the Convertible, causing the Cadillac to SMASH into the same tree. The Sedan SPINS around, goes over the curb and bounces off another tree. The engine in the Sedan stalls. Its driver restarts the car and takes off.

Two cars SCREECH to a stop just short of the accident: a CHECKER CAB with a FEMALE PASSENGER and a Rambler driven by a WOMAN whose HUSBAND clutches the passenger-side door.

INT. WARWICK HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ambient light shines through the window. Bazzo lies asleep in bed. The phone RINGS; Bazzo wakes up, groggy. He answers it.

BAZZO

Yeah...

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE - DAY

The STATION #3, BOB MCCRORY, 35, is on the phone.

MCCRORY

So, you are there.

CROSSCUT BAZZO WITH MCCRORY

BAZZO

Huh? Who is this?

MCCRORY

McCrory, station #3. We were expecting to see you this morning.

Bazzo's watch is on the nightstand. He picks it up, squints and checks the time: 12:05.

BAZZO

Damnit, my watch must have stopped.

MCCRORY

Yeah? What time do you have?

BAZZO

12:05.

MCCRORY

What are you talking about? It is
five past noon. What did you do,
tie one on last night?

BAZZO

No, I... Forget it. I'll be right
there.

He hangs up and starts to get out of bed. He quickly grabs
the headboard - he's dizzy. Bazzo puts his hand to his head
and WINCES. Slowly, he stands.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY

Stock footage of this landmark edifice.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bazzo steps out the elevator. He approaches office door #1208.
Above the number is a sign, "TREADWAY ENTERPRISES." Bazzo
waits. Nothing happens. He looks up. Annoyed, he KNOCKS on the
door. CLICK. Bazzo pulls the door open and enters...

NEW YORK CIA STATION - RECEPTION DESK

Utilitarian. At the desk sits taciturn MS. PETERS. The only
thing on the wall is a 24-hour clock that reads 12:05. Bazzo
looks around curiously.

BAZZO

Why aren't you monitoring the door?
And what is this - you remodeling?

PETERS

May I help you, sir?

BAZZO

Can you get Bruce Wilson for me?

PETERS

And your name?

BAZZO

(annoyed)
You have it on file.

Ms. Peters waits for a reply. Frustrated, Bazzo takes a
business card from his wallet - "Treadway Enterprises, Paul
Barry" - and hands it to her. She opens the bottom desk drawer
and takes out a thick black folder. She thumbs through the
tabs, stops at "Treadway Enterprises" and flips open the file.

Each page is a headshot followed by a real name and working
names. She sees Bazzo's photo, followed by "Paul Barry," "Tom
Sterling" and "Tony Bain." She picks up the phone and dials.

PETERS

I have a Tony Bain here...

BAZZO

Paul Barry.

PETERS

Yes, I'll send him right in.

(hangs up)

Through the back door, turn right,
second door on the left.

She hands back the business card to Bazzo. He's annoyed.

BAZZO

What's your name?

PETERS

Peters.

BAZZO

First thing you learn at The Farm,
Peters, is to pay attention.

PETERS

Words everyone should live by.

Bazzo is taken aback. He puts the card in his pocket and goes to the back door. CLICK. Bazzo pulls open the door.

OFFICE

Bazzo enters. Getting up from his desk is McCrory. He shakes Bazzo's hand. Bazzo appears unfamiliar with him as they sit.

MCCRORY

Hi, you must be Tony Bain.

BAZZO

Paul Barry. Geezus, what is it with you people? You've got my photo on file. How the hell could you mix up my real name with one of my working names?

MCCRORY

What can I say? She's new.

BAZZO

So what if she is? Check the book!

McCrory holds his hands before him defensively.

MCCRORY

I'll have this cleared up by close of play today. You have my word.

(MORE)

MCCRORY (CONT'D)
(studies Bazzo)
You feeling okay?

BAZZO
No, I'm pissed at the way you're
running things here.

MCCRORY
I understand that, but you looked a
little peaked when you came in. I
can make an appointment for you
with our doctor at Mount Sinai.

BAZZO
I'm fine.

MCCRORY
Okay, I was just concerned is all.

BAZZO
Where's the station #1?

MCCRORY
Who?

BAZZO
Wilson! Bruce Wilson!

MCCRORY
Okay, okay. I just wasn't sure for a
minute who you meant. He's out with
stomach flu, he and the station #2.
That new Mexican restaurant on the
corner... Probably getting revenge
for The Alamo.

BAZZO
Mexico won that battle.

MCCRORY
Really. Hm, learn something new
every day. You sure you're okay?

BAZZO
I said I'm fine. Why do you keep
asking me that?

MCCRORY
No reason. Um, when we couldn't get
you this morning, we followed
protocol and ran a wrong number
commo on your contact, Mr. Pensit.
Turns out he was fine, too. He had
to work late; that's why he didn't
show. He said he'll see you tonight,
same time, same place.

BAZZO

Fine.

MCCRORY

Then I'll tell Emerald City you'll
be filing your SITREP tomorrow. Oh,
the Executive Assistant to the
Director is coming here.

A SCREECH of tires on asphalt followed by a BANG of metal
comes from outside.

MCCRORY (CONT'D)

I wonder if that's him?

As McCrory gets up and goes to the window...

BAZZO

That's it for me.

He gets up and leaves.

RECEPTION DESK

Bazzo enters. Ms. Peters is bent over, rummaging through the
bottom desk drawer. She stops and looks up. When she does,
Bazzo sees McCrory's face instead of hers, giving him a start.

PETERS

Something wrong?

Bazzo blinks hard and now sees Ms. Peters' face. He starts to
speak but thinks better of it and leaves.

CORRIDOR

Bazzo shuts the door to the Reception Desk. As he heads to the
elevators, WE SEE on the door the number 1208, but now there
is no business name above it.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - DAY

Shafts of light stream through the station's huge windows.
Bazzo and others emerge from a stairwell where a sign reads
"Subway." As he walks across the concourse...

JULES (O.S.)

Tony... Tony Bain!

Bazzo keeps walking. JULES, mid-40s, runs up to him.

JULES (CONT'D)

What are you - sleepwalking again?

Bazzo is wary; he doesn't recognize him.

JULES (CONT'D)

It's Jules. Rise and shine, Tony.
Come on, I'll buy you a beer.

BAZZO

You've mistaken me for someone else.

JULES

Tony...

Jules grabs Bazzo's shoulder the way old friends do. Bazzo firmly peels Jules' hand away.

BAZZO

You've made a mistake.

Bazzo walks away. He passes by the Opal Clock - it's 12:05.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room light is on. Above the dresser is a mirror that reflects most of the room. Bazzo leaves the bathroom in his underwear, towel-drying his hair, and starts to get dressed. He pulls on a pair of chinos; his MIRROR IMAGE does the same - but something is off. Bazzo's Mirror Image is a beat behind him. It's as though his Mirror Image were mimicking him.

Bazzo pulls on his polo shirt and slips on his loafers. Again, his Mirror Image lags a beat behind.

BAZZO

Walks up to the mirror and brushes his hair. He stops and gazes at his Mirror Image. Something is wrong but he isn't sure what. He continues grooming. Meanwhile, the slight lapse between his actions and those of his Mirror Image continue.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST AND 65TH STREET - NIGHT

Bazzo alights from a Checker Cab, wearing a trench coat.

CENTRAL PARK - 65TH STREET TRANSVERSE ROAD

Bazzo walks along the south side of the road. No cars pass, nor does anyone walk by. There's no sign of any accident. He checks his watch - the luminous dial reads 12:05.

Bazzo walks back toward the Pedestrian Path that runs north-south. He hesitates before crossing the 65th Street transverse road. Though there is no traffic, he's anxious. Finally, Bazzo sprints across the road and walks north on the...

PEDESTRIAN PATH

The park is dimly lit. Bazzo sees a WINO sprawled on a park bench, snoring.

A streetlamp illuminates the Wino's face - he looks just like Jules. Bazzo continues walking.

The night sky has a heavy cloud cover that is brightly lit; it's as though the clouds were illuminated from within. Bazzo eyes them curiously then turns around and looks up. The buildings south of Central Park are silhouetted against a dark sky - no moon or stars are visible. Atop the NEWSWEEK Building the time reads 12:05; the temperature, 50 degrees.

BAZZO

Is perplexed. He turns back - the clouds are still brightly lit. Up ahead is a MAN IN A SUIT. As the Man passes beneath a streetlamp, Bazzo can see that he carries a folded newspaper.

Further in the distance two figures approach - a man and a woman? Bazzo turns around - the Man In A Suit is gone. Bazzo faces forward - the two figures have disappeared.

Unnerved, Bazzo looks around. He sees a path leading up to Central Park West and 69th Street and runs up that path.

CENTRAL PARK WEST AND WEST 69TH STREET

Bazzo hails a Checker Cab heading south and gets in.

I/E. CHECKER CAB

BAZZO

You know a bar open late?

CABBIE #1 looks in the rearview mirror.

CABBIE #1

The Hourglass.

BAZZO

Take me there.

Cabbie #1 drives away.

EXT. THE HOURGLASS TAVERN - NIGHT

Set on the ground floor of a four-story walk-up.

INT. THE HOURGLASS TAVERN

A noisy, post-theater crowd is having dinner and drinks. Some middle-aged boozers are at the bar. Bazzo sits at a table for two. He kneads his forehead and WINCES. A WAITRESS approaches as Bazzo looks down, rubbing his eyes.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

BAZZO
Ballantine on draft.

WAITRESS
Right. Is that where it hurts?

Bewildered, Bazzo looks up at the Waitress. She looks just like Ms. Peters.

BAZZO
What?

WAITRESS
Your head. Want an aspirin?

BAZZO
No, I'm... I'm fine.

The Waitress leaves.

BAZZO

Watches her go to the bar. The Man In A Suit is there, sipping a beer; his folded newspaper is on the bar. Another man enters, call him BLANCHARD. He has a SHOCK OF WHITE HAIR.

AT THE BAR

Blanchard stands alongside the Man In A Suit. The BARTENDER pours Blanchard a draft beer. Blanchard takes a sip and lays fifty cents on the bar. He nonchalantly picks up the newspaper belonging to the Man In A Suit and leaves.

AT BAZZO'S TABLE

The Waitress returns with a beer. Bazzo lays fifty cents on the table and gets up.

BAZZO
Thanks.

He hurries out. The Waitress shrugs and drinks Bazzo's beer.

EXT. NINTH AVENUE AND WEST 46TH STREET - NIGHT

Several Cabs head downtown. Blanchard hails the First Cab and gets in while Bazzo hails the second one, a Checker Cab.

I/E. CHECKER CAB

Bazzo gets in. CABBIE #2 looks just like Cabbie #1. Bazzo hands him \$10 and points to the First Cab. The Checker Cab follows it to 55th Street near Fifth Avenue where both Cabs pull to the curb.

BAZZO

Watches Blanchard alight and enter #65, a nondescript, five-story building. Bazzo alights and walks up to building #65. A small sign on the wall reads "Worldview Society." Standing beside it is a uniformed DOORMAN.

DOORMAN

Are you coming in, sir?

BAZZO

I'm not a member.

DOORMAN

(chuckles)

Well, if you're not, Mr. Bain, no one in there is.

BAZZO

So, you know me?

DOORMAN

You haven't been making the rounds again, have you?

BAZZO

Enough to go down this rabbit hole.

The Doorman holds open the door for Bazzo, who enters.

INT. THE WORLDVIEW SOCIETY - FOYER

Bazzo takes off his trench coat and hands it to the COAT-CHECK GIRL. She raises an admonishing eyebrow.

COAT-CHECK GIRL

Did you forget, sir?

BAZZO

Forget what?

COAT-CHECK GIRL

Your tie. That's okay; I have one here that suits you perfectly.

She grabs a textured skinny necktie, slips it under Bazzo's collar and ties it into a perfect Windsor Knot.

COAT-CHECK GIRL (CONT'D)

There. Now you look the part.

BAZZO

And what part is that?

The Coat-Check Girl smiles slyly.

THE LOUNGE

Under diffused lighting, well-heeled WORLDVIEW SOCIETY MEMBERS sit on tufted leather sofas and chairs, or stand on an Oriental rug atop hardwood flooring, munching on 'pate de foie gras' and sipping Sauvignon Blanc. Some congregate at a mahogany bar and sip liqueurs.

On one side an open door reveals an empty DINING ROOM where two long tables each have place settings for 20 people. On the opposite side, another open door reveals a GALLERY of abstract art. A group there listens to an aficionado lecture on "Convergence," a titled drip painting by Jackson Pollack.

From the foyer Bazzo enters. He now wears a muted color, single-breasted two-button suit with vest, white dress shirt with French cuffs and cufflinks, a white pocket square neatly folded in his breast pocket, highly polished black Oxford shoes and, of course, his textured necktie.

At the far end a door opens. MISS POMEROY enters wearing Coco Chanel's "Little Black Dress." Smiling, she walks up to Bazzo.

POMEROY

Mr. Bain... Nice to see you again.

BAZZO

Again? How's that possible when I've never been here before?

POMEROY

Oh, I see; we're playing that game now. Okay, how would I know you if you've never been here before?

BAZZO

You tell me.

POMEROY

Perhaps I'm clairvoyant.

BAZZO

Well, Claire, what is it you want?

POMEROY

Please, it's Miss Pomeroy. I'm the concierge here, remember?

BAZZO

No, and I'm still waiting for an answer. What is it you want?

POMEROY

Mr. Lenox is waiting for you.

BAZZO

And who is this Mr. Lenox?

POMEROY

And I always thought the eyes were the first to go... Mr. Lenox is president of the Worldview Society. He'd like your opinion on a new brandy he just bought.

BAZZO

I wouldn't know one brandy from another.

POMEROY

Neither would he. Come on...

She hooks Bazzo's arm and escorts him out the far-end door.

HALLWAY - PRIVATE ELEVATOR

The door opens; Miss Pomeroy and Bazzo step out. As they walk toward a door at the far end, "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" sung by Etta James comes from the other side of that door.

POMEROY

You didn't show up last weekend.

BAZZO

Must have slipped my mind.

POMEROY

You missed the Saturday dance.

BAZZO

Heard they crowded the floor.

POMEROY

I couldn't bear it without you.

BAZZO

Well, I don't get around much anymore.

They reach the door and end their spoken version of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." Miss Pomeroy KNOCKS on the door.

LENOX (O.S.)

Come in.

She opens the door and turns to Bazzo.

POMEROY

After you.

BAZZO

'Walk into my parlor,' said the spider to the fly.

PARSON'S OFFICE

They enter a suite as richly appointed as The Lounge, and with a well-stocked library. "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" plays on the tape recorder. LENOX sits in a wing chair, head swaying to the music. He's portly in his burgundy smoking jacket and Van Dyke. On the coffee table are a bottle of brandy and two snifters, one of which already has a little brandy.

POMEROY

Tony Bain is here, Mr. Lenox.

LENOX

Thank you, Miss Pomeroy.

Miss Pomeroy hangs around, eyeing Bazzo lasciviously. Lenox looks at her.

LENOX (CONT'D)

You can leave now, Miss Pomeroy.

Wounded, Miss Pomeroy frowns and leaves.

LENOX (CONT'D)

What do you think of my library?

BAZZO

You get all of these from the Book-Of-The-Month club?

LENOX

One or two. Are you an avid reader?

BAZZO

I never miss an issue of TV Guide.

LENOX

I didn't know you were so glib, Mr. Bain.

BAZZO

It's a gift. Now, why did you want to see me?

LENOX

Wow, you do get right to the point.

BAZZO

I usually do when a request comes from someone I've never met.

Lenox arches an eyebrow in disbelief. He gets up and goes to his desk.

LENOX

Never? You were supposed to address the Society on the subject of nuclear brinkmanship yesterday, but you never showed.

BAZZO

I'd say it slipped my mind, if I'd actually agreed to such a thing.

Lenox flips through a Rolodex, stops at a card and reads it.

LENOX

Tony Bain, 8 West Ninth Street.
Manhattan, of course.

BAZZO

Of course. But I don't live there.

LENOX

You don't?

BAZZO

No. You've made a mistake - something you probably do quite often.

LENOX

Oh, my... But you are Tony Bain - everyone here recognizes you.

BAZZO

Then everyone here has made the same mistake you have.

LENOX

Must be mass hallucination. Or is it because you're no longer incognito?

This strikes a nerve in Bazzo. "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" ends; it's followed by Chubby Checker's "Limbo Rock."

BAZZO

Look, you've mistaken me for someone else. Let's just leave it at that.

He turns to leave.

LENOX

What a pity, especially since you both have such impeccable taste in clothes.

Bazzo stops and primps before a full-length mirror.

LENOX (CONT'D)
Would you like to become a member?

BAZZO
That depends.

LENOX
On?

BAZZO
On what it is you do here.

LENOX
Let's have a drink.

Lenox sits at the coffee table, as does Bazzo. He pours some brandy into a snifter and hands it to Bazzo, who takes a sip.

LENOX (CONT'D)
What do you think?

BAZZO
It's an Hors d'Age Armagnac. A little too fruity for me.

LENOX
That's excellent, Mr. Bain. It's been aged eleven years.

Bazzo smoothes his necktie, showing a bit of conceit. Lenox sips brandy from the other snifter.

LENOX (CONT'D)
Our world is at the mercy of fools and morons, truculent types who'd welcome a nuclear holocaust. There's no surviving this toxic legacy, and that's where we come in - the Worldview Society. We offer a sane alternative to this rush to Armageddon: peaceful coexistence.

BAZZO
You know, Khrushchev used that same line to describe his foreign policy.

LENOX
He got it from us.

BAZZO
That's odd, considering it had its origins in Marxist-Leninist dogma.

LENOX
Oh, my... You are a learned man.

BAZZO

Your Society could use a few - but not me.

He puts down his snifter on the coffee table and gets up.

LENOX

That's too bad. But I want you to feel free to enjoy our establishment anytime you like. Tell you what - I'll make you an honorary member.

BAZZO

Won't that confuse your bookkeeper - two Tony Bains?

LENOX

I'll make sure yours carries the notation 'the other Tony Bain.'

BAZZO

Yeah, well, thanks for the drink.

As he crosses to the door...

LENOX

Press 'One' in the elevator; it'll take you to the Lounge. Don't press 'L' or you'll be in Limbo.

BAZZO

What - you mean like the music?

LENOX

No, no. Limbo is the first of Dante's Nine Circles of Hell.

Shaken, Bazzo leaves. Lenox goes to the desk and takes out a fingerprint kit. He puts on latex gloves, goes to the coffee table and dusts Bazzo's snifter. He gently blows away excess powder then lifts the glass to the light. Three of Bazzo's fingerprints can easily be seen. Lenox grins, self-satisfied.

THE LOUNGE

The far-end door opens; Bazzo enters. Chubby Checker's "Limbo Rock" wafts about the room while Members of the Society chat. Carrying a folded newspaper, Miss Pomeroy walks up to Bazzo.

POMEROY

How was the brandy?

BAZZO

It had a better finish than your Mr. Lenox.

POMEROY

Ooh, sounds dirty the way you say
it. I like it.

BAZZO

He'd also mistaken me for another
Tony Bain.

POMEROY

Really... That's too bad. So I
guess we won't see you around much
anymore.

BAZZO

We're done with that song.

POMEROY

Sorry, I forgot.

BAZZO

Anyway, he offered to make me an
honorary member. So, who knows?

POMEROY

(suddenly distracted)
Well, until next time then.

Bazzo follows her eyes to Blanchard. He carries a folded
newspaper into the Gallery.

BAZZO

Friend of yours, the one with the
newspaper?

POMEROY

Mr. Blanchard? I wish. He's old-
money, like the Vanderbilts. And a
key advisor to our president.

BAZZO

Your Mr. Lenox has rich friends.

POMEROY

When I said president, I meant
Kennedy. Excuse me.

Miss Pomeroy follows Blanchard into the Gallery. Bazzo crosses
to it's open door and watches the Two from there.

Blanchard walks behind the crowd. Miss Pomeroy approaches him.
They exchange newspapers then Blanchard turns to leave.

Bazzo moves away from the door. He watches Blanchard exit the
Gallery and leave the building. Miss Pomeroy reenters The
Lounge and disappears through the far-end door.

ACT TWO

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - DAY

More stock footage of this landmark.

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - OFFICE

The 24-hour wall clock reads 12:05. McCrory sits at his desk crowded with Manhattan White Pages telephone directories of the past five years. McCrory is exasperated. Bazzo gazes out the window.

MCCRORY

There's no Tony Bain anywhere on West Ninth Street in any of our telephone directories.

BAZZO

Probably has an unlisted and unpublished number.

MCCRORY

I'm sorry, mandarin One, but what difference does it make? You were supposed to meet your contact, Mr. Pensit. Instead, you're off gallivanting about the city, boozing it up at some private club.

BAZZO

The Worldview Society. And I wasn't boozing it up. I only had a taste of Armagnac while I was there.

MCCRORY

Armagnac? What's that?

BAZZO

It's a brandy.

MCCRORY

Oh, a brandy - excuse me.

The intercom BUZZES; McCrory answers it.

MCCRORY (CONT'D)

Yes?

PETERS (O.S.)

Mr. Kraft, Executive Assistant to the Director, is here.

MCCRORY

I'm with mandarin One right now.

PETERS (O.S.)

You want me to tell him to wait?

BAZZO

(sotto voce to McCrory)

Not unless you plan on cleaning
toilets the rest of your career.

MCCRORY

No, no, send him in.

He quickly hands the telephone directories to Bazzo.

MCCRORY (CONT'D)

Put them on the shelf, please.

BAZZO

You get brownie points for neatness?

Bazzo stacks them on a shelf in the corner. The office door opens; KRAFT enters, looking like the Man In A Suit in Central Park but with eyeglasses. McCrory stands and shakes his hand.

MCCRORY

How are you, Mr. Kraft?

KRAFT

Good. KGB keeping you fellows busy?

MCCRORY

Yes, sir. This is mandarin One from
Emerald City.

KRAFT

Yes, we've met. But you weren't
mandarin One then.

BAZZO

No, I was using my real name.

KRAFT

What's in a name? That which we call
a rose by any other name would smell
as sweet.

BAZZO

So I hear.

Kraft sits, as do McCrory and Bazzo. Kraft admires McCrory's desk.

KRAFT

Ah, that's what I like - a clean
desk. Sign of a man on the move!
Not bucking for my job, are you,
McCrory?

He laughs uproariously. McCrory obsequiously follows suit.

KRAFT (CONT'D)
Well, you know why I'm here. So get
me the file.

MCCRORY
Yes, sir.

He jumps up and goes to the file cabinet. He grabs a file and
a bottle of rye.

MCCRORY (CONT'D)
Would you like some, sir?

KRAFT
A little early, don't you think?

MCCRORY
(embarrassed)
Oh... I just thought-

KRAFT
(interrupts)
Aw, what the hell! Why not? How
about you, mandarin One?

BAZZO
No, thanks.

KRAFT
Oh, a teetotaler.

MCCRORY
What, him?

He pours a shot for Kraft and himself.

KRAFT
Maybe that's why you look so ragged.

BAZZO
I was up late.

MCCRORY
I'll say.

KRAFT
How long have you been in New York?

MCCRORY
(before Bazzo can answer)
Forever.

KRAFT
Staying at one of the safehouses?

MCCRORY
He's at the Warwick Hotel.

KRAFT
Really... Living high on the hog at
the Company's expense?

Bazzo hesitates before saying anything. He looks at McCrory.

BAZZO
You're not going to answer for me?

MCCRORY
You're on your own on this one.

BAZZO
It's a modest luxury considering
the hard life we lead.

KRAFT
Hard life, indeed. I can see that
just by looking at you. McCrory...

MCCRORY
Sir?

KRAFT
Call Mount Sinai. Tell them you're
sending someone over for a medical.

MCCRORY
Right.

BAZZO
There's no need for that. I'm fine.

KRAFT
You don't look fine. Go on, I'll
tell your people I sent you over
there.

BAZZO
(emphatically)
But there's nothing wrong with me.

McCrory picks up the Gray phone. Kraft stares at Bazzo.

KRAFT
Well? Get going, man!

Exasperated, Bazzo HUFFS, gets up and leaves.

OUTSIDE MCCRORY'S OFFICE DOOR

Bazzo shuts the door and stops, his hand still on the
doorknob. He's peeved. Defiantly, he reopens the door.

Bazzo now sees Ms. Peters alone in McCrory's office, sitting at the desk. An open White Pages telephone directory sits on the desk, along with the file McCrory pulled.

Ms. Peters takes a photo of Blanchard from the file and lays it on one page of the telephone directory. On the other page she slides her finger down, searching...

PETERS

Bain... Bain... Tony Bain.

She suddenly stops and looks up at Bazzo.

PETERS (CONT'D)

Did you want something?

Startled and bewildered, Bazzo shuts the door and leaves.

INT. CIA DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Bazzo sits on a treatment table; his shirt is off. Behind him the wall clock reads 12:05. The DOCTOR uses an otoscope to look into Bazzo's right ear.

BAZZO

See anything?

DOCTOR

Just the wall on the other side of the room.

Bazzo rolls his eyes. The Doctor trades his otoscope for an ophthalmoscope. He checks Bazzo's eyes then leans back against the desk. The Doctor looks just like Blanchard.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Any headaches or dizziness?

BAZZO

Yes, but they went away.

The Doctor grabs a stethoscope and puts the bell to Bazzo's chest.

DOCTOR

Just breathe normally.

He listens for a moment then goes to his desk where he writes notes in Bazzo's chart. On the wall beside him is an autographed photo of the actor Montgomery Clift.

BAZZO

Everyone keeps saying how peaked or ragged I look.

DOCTOR
Really. People say I look like
Montgomery Clift.

Bazzo looks at the photo then at the Doctor - no resemblance.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's why I won't get behind the
wheel of a car anymore.

BAZZO
Wait - you won't drive because you
think you'll get into a car
accident, like he did?

DOCTOR
Uh huh.

BAZZO
And that's 'cause you believe you
look like him, Montgomery Clift.

DOCTOR
Sí señor.

BAZZO
(chuckles sardonically)
And I'm the one being examined...

DOCTOR
You can put your shirt back on.
Except for some fatigue, you seem
fine to me.

Bazzo hops off the treatment table and tucks in his shirt.

BAZZO
Good. I wish you'd tell that to
everyone back at the Center.

DOCTOR
I will. However, I strongly suggest
you get some sleep.

BAZZO
Right. Oh, you can stop worrying
and start driving again.

The Doctor stops writing and looks earnestly at Bazzo.

DOCTOR
You sure?

BAZZO
Absolutely. You don't look like
Montgomery Clift.

Bazzo leaves. The Doctor looks at handsome Montgomery Clift's photo on the wall, then frowns.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bazzo wakes up and gets out of bed. He goes into the...

BATHROOM

A mirror is on the wall. A rotary-blade electric shaver - a Norelco - lies on the sink.

BAZZO

Plugs the shaver into an electrical outlet by the mirror. He presses the shaver's power switch DOWN a stop. It does not buzz; instead, there's a slight WHIRRING sound. He holds the shaver to his mouth and speaks into it.

BAZZO

I saw Miss Pomeroy, a concierge at The Worldview Society, exchange newspapers with a man she calls Mr. Blanchard, purportedly wealthy and well-connected, and an advisor to the president. He did the same thing with a man at the Hourglass Tavern. I don't know what's being passed but I intend to find out.

He pushes the switch UP one stop. The WHIRRING ceases. He flips up the circular shaver heads to reveal the two reels of a miniature tape recorder. Both the feeder and take-up reels still have acetate recording tape wound on them.

Bazzo SNAPS the shaver heads back into place. He pushes the shaver's power button UP another stop; this time the shaver BUZZES. Bazzo looks in the mirror and begins shaving. As before, Bazzo's Mirror Image lags a beat behind him.

MID-SHOW BREAK

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PEDESTRIAN PATH - NIGHT

Bazzo walks north through the dimly lit park. His trench coat is open; he's casually dressed. No one else is in the park. The cloud cover up ahead is again brightly lit.

Bazzo looks back - the sky is dark, no moon, no stars. The time on the Newsweek Building reads 12:05; the temperature, 50 degrees. Bazzo faces forward.

Up ahead, someone approaches Bazzo - it's the Doctor, still wearing his lab coat. A stethoscope dangles from his neck.

DOCTOR

Don't go up there. You won't make
it back.

Bazzo turns around and watches the Doctor turn off the path
and disappear into the park's dark environs.

BAZZO

Is worried. He looks west and runs along the path leading to
Central Park West at 69th Street. On Central Park West he
hails a Checker Cab heading south and gets in.

EXT. THE HOURGLASS TAVERN - NIGHT

Bazzo watches from inside the Checker Cab across the street.
Blanchard leaves the tavern and hails a Cab. As Blanchard's
Cab pulls away, Bazzo's Checker Cab follows it.

55TH STREET

Blanchard's Cab pulls to the curb. Blanchard alights and walks
to #65, the Worldview Society, where the Doorman lets him in.
Bazzo alights from his Checker Cab and approaches #65.

THE WORLDVIEW SOCIETY - FRONT DOOR

The Doorman nods to Bazzo.

DOORMAN

Good evening, sir. Good to see you
again.

BAZZO

You mean me or the other Mr. Bain?

DOORMAN

It's good to see both of you.

BAZZO

Mr. Lenox said he'd make me an
honorary member.

DOORMAN

And he did.

He opens the door. Bazzo starts to go inside.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

No more headaches or dizziness?

Bazzo pauses; he's unnerved by the question and grows testy.

BAZZO

Why are you asking me that?

DOORMAN

Just curious about your health, sir.

BAZZO

Look, there's nothing wrong with me. Is that clear?

DOORMAN

As you say, sir. Enjoy your time at the Worldview Society.

Bazzo enters the building.

INT. THE LOUNGE

Abuzz with the usual well-heeled crowd. They sip champagne and munch hors d'oeuvres. A catering staff flits about.

Bazzo enters. He wears a single-breasted, ivory dinner jacket; white dress shirt with black pearl buttons; French cuffs and black pearl cufflinks; a black bow tie and tuxedo pants.

Miss Pomeroy enters, looking chic in her evening gown. She walks up to Bazzo.

POMEROY

Well, Mr. Sunshine is back.

BAZZO

Not running errands for Mr. Lenox?

POMEROY

That was mean. And I was looking forward to seeing you tonight.

BAZZO

How could you even know I was going to be here?

POMEROY

I told you, I'm clairvoyant. After Mr. Lenox made you an honorary member, we both sort of anticipated seeing you tonight.

A caterer comes by with some champagne. Bazzo waves her off. Miss Pomeroy politely shakes her head no.

POMEROY (CONT'D)

Not drinking tonight?

BAZZO

Maybe later.

POMEROY

When you get to know me better?

BAZZO

I'll probably need a gallon by then.

POMEROY

(studies Bazzo)

You don't have a steady woman of your own.

BAZZO

More clairvoyance?

POMEROY

No, it shows.

Bazzo is suddenly, inexplicably sad and feeling vulnerable.

BAZZO

I'd like to. I miss having someone in my life that I could confide in.

POMEROY

But you won't allow that to happen. Or is it that some one or some thing won't allow it?

Bazzo is taken aback by her perceptiveness. Suddenly, something captures Miss Pomeroy's attention.

POMEROY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Bazzo watches her walk to the Coat-Check Girl, get a folded newspaper, and enter the Gallery.

BAZZO

Walks to the Gallery door. Someone inside gives a lecture to the gathering. Blanchard stands behind them, holding a folded newspaper. Miss Pomeroy walks up to him. Again, they exchange newspapers.

OUTSIDE THE GALLERY DOOR

Bazzo backs away and blends in with the crowd. He watches Miss Pomeroy leave the Gallery, reenter the Lounge and disappear through the far-end door. Blanchard leaves the Gallery and exits the building.

BAZZO

Hurries toward the front door.

EXT. WORLDVIEW SOCIETY - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The Doorman is outside, having a smoke. Bazzo quickly comes out the door. The Doorman is embarrassed.

DOORMAN

Oops! You caught me.

He throws the butt to the ground and stamps it out while Bazzo looks up and down the street, in vain.

BAZZO

That white-haired guy who just left, Blanchard... You see where he went?

DOORMAN

No, sorry.

BAZZO

But he just left here.

The Doorman shrugs. Bazzo HUFFS. The Doorman opens the door for Bazzo.

BAZZO (CONT'D)

Jumping the gun a bit, aren't you?

DOORMAN

Sorry?

BAZZO

How do you know I'm going back inside? I could be going home.

DOORMAN

But you're not ready to leave yet.

BAZZO

Really. Are you clairvoyant, too?

DOORMAN

No, sir, I can't see into the future. If I could, I'd change it. Wouldn't you?

Bazzo mulls this over as he heads back inside.

INT. THE WORLDVIEW SOCIETY - FOYER

The Coat-Check Girl approaches Bazzo.

COAT-CHECK GIRL

Message for you, Mr. Bain.

She hands him an envelope and leaves. Bazzo opens it and pulls out a note that reads: "Share another glass of brandy? L."

LENOX'S OFFICE

The lights have been DIMMED. Lenox sits on the couch. "Improvise em Bossa Nova" by Baden Powell plays on the tape recorder. A bottle of brandy and two snifters sit on the coffee table, as does a slide projector. A projection screen is set up on the wall. There's a KNOCK on the door.

LENOX

Come in.

Bazzo enters and shuts the door. He looks about.

BAZZO

Forget to pay your electric bill?

He walks by the library where a mantel clock reads 12:05.

LENOX

Dimming the lights adds to the mood of the music. You like Baden Powell?

BAZZO

Yes. A friend of mine introduced me to his music.

LENOX

He's remarkable... Brandy?

BAZZO

Yes. So, what did my namesake fail to do for you this time?

Lenox pours some brandy into a snifter and hands it to Bazzo who sits in the wing chair.

LENOX

This isn't about him.

Bazzo takes a sip and feigns disinterest.

LENOX (CONT'D)

You know, I've always had a keen interest in intelligent civil servants - or should I say, civil servants in Intelligence.

BAZZO

Need a diversion from the humdrum of your daily routine?

LENOX

You could say that. People in your profession are so interesting.

BAZZO

My profession? You should see
someone about your fantasies.

LENOX

(laughs heartily)
Fantasies?! You should talk!

"Chega de Saudade" by João Gilberto follows on the tape recorder. Lenox picks up the remote control to the slide projector from the coffee table. CLICK. The first slide appears on the screen.

LENOX (CONT'D)

Here you are on the beach in Havana
in your La Guarda military fatigues.
You were going to kill Che Guevara,
but the Cubans had other plans.

Bazzo stares transfixed at the slide. CLICK.

LENOX (CONT'D)

Here you're in Guatemala where you
killed a fellow mandarin. Hmm, for
someone who abhors violence, you're
awfully handy with a gun.

CLICK.

LENOX (CONT'D)

In Sofia, Bulgaria. You let a fellow
mandarin die in an apartment there.
Death truly becomes you, Mr. Barry.

CLICK.

LENOX (CONT'D)

And here you're with a French
journalist. Actually, he's one of
you - a spook, I believe you call
yourselves. He was lucky; you let
him live... I have more.

Bazzo does his best to hide his shock.

BAZZO

I can't imagine why you went through
the trouble of having these made.

LENOX

It's you who's constantly in and
out of trouble.

BAZZO

Yeah, alright. I don't have time for
your little parlor games, Lenox.

He sets his snifter on the coffee table, stands and walks toward the door.

LENOX

(determinedly)

Make time. I got your fingerprints off the glass you used when you were here last. I had them checked against these...

He brandishes an FBI fingerprint card filled with prints.

LENOX (CONT'D)

They belong to a Paul Barry of Marshall Heights, Washington, D.C., and the CIA... You.

BAZZO

You're certifiable.

Lenox sets the fingerprint card on the coffee table.

LENOX

So many operations, so many personae... If you were a pilot, the government would have grounded you on the basis of having a severe personality disorder. As a spy though, you can be grounded by having your cover blown. What a boon that would be to your growing list of enemies.

BAZZO

Your list just grew by one.

LENOX

While we're on the subject, let's not forget your colleagues. Not just the ones you supervise in your Special Section, but all those people you know working behind the Iron Curtain in cover organizations. How much longer would they stay alive if they were compromised?

BAZZO

(sighs resignedly)

What do you want?

LENOX

\$10,000 now, and another \$10,000 each year for the next five years - or copies of all this go to every Eastern-bloc intelligence service.

BAZZO

Aren't you overestimating my value to the Agency?

LENOX

Their best field operative? No, I don't think so.

BAZZO

Then what about your own nuisance value?

LENOX

You know, if this were a dream, the improbable would happen right now. For instance, you'd wish me dead.

BAZZO

Or I'd wake up - same thing.

LENOX

Yes... But in the real world we need like-minded people to get certain things done. If you kill me, my confederates will make good on everything I've said.

BAZZO

Maybe, but I think you're bluffing.

LENOX

Call it, then. Go on. Let's see how many more deaths you can add to your ledger. Personally, I doubt your conscience can stand any more.

This strikes a nerve; Bazzo is suddenly overwrought.

BAZZO

I'll need some time.

LENOX

Of course. But I'll expect to hear from you by tomorrow night.

Bazzo gets up and heads to the door.

LENOX (CONT'D)

Be careful when you take the elevator down, Mr. Barry.

BAZZO

I know - Limbo.

LENOX

No, no, you're way past that. In fact, you've blown past the next five levels. You're at Dante's Seventh Circle of Hell...

Anxious and curious, Bazzo pauses at the door and looks back.

LENOX (CONT'D)

Violence, Mr. Barry. Violence.

ACT THREE

INT. NEW YORK CIA STATION - DAY

The 24-hour wall clock reads 12:05. Kraft and McCrory are both upset with Bazzo who paces, equally upset and frustrated.

MCCRORY

You had no business being at this Worldview Society in the first place. You were supposed to meet Pensit in the park.

BAZZO

He didn't show! And if I hadn't seen that brush pass at the bar, I never would have gone there.

MCCRORY

You broke protocol.

BAZZO

Hey! Back off, little man. I don't have to justify my actions to you.

KRAFT

That's true, mandarin One. But you will have to answer for them at some point.

MCCRORY

He probably stepped on someone's Op. And now he's covering up with this off-the-wall nonsense.

KRAFT

That's enough, McCrory.

McCrory pouts like a child. Kraft turns to Bazzo.

KRAFT (CONT'D)

I don't care why you went there. The point is the Agency is not in the business of paying blackmail.

BAZZO

I see. We give millions to these potentates to oppose the Soviets, and turn a blind eye when they abuse their own people. Yet we can't spare a dime for one of our own.

KRAFT

But you're not the head of a country sitting on billions of barrels of oil - now, are you?

BAZZO

No, I'm just one of those people you hand your dirty little jobs to.

KRAFT

Look, no one disputes the added value your talents bring to the Agency. But from what you've told us, this Lenox likely has people on the inside. So what good would it do to pay him off?

MCCRORY

God knows who he'd go after next.

BAZZO

So, you're not going to do anything?

Kraft and McCrory look at each other.

MCCRORY

No one's saying that.

BAZZO

Then what are you saying?

MCCRORY

If Lenox isn't bluffing, we at least put the Agency on notice. His people would be reluctant to move knowing they could be identified.

BAZZO

And if he is just bluffing?

KRAFT

What do you want me to say? You've been very good at your job - but you are, nonetheless, only one person.

BAZZO

(finally realizes...)
You're going to kill me, aren't you?

KRAFT

It does eliminate the problem.

BAZZO

You bastards...

MCCRORY

Now, that's not nice.

Kraft and McCrory laugh heartily. Bewildered, Bazzo leaves.

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY

Stock footage of this aging grande dame. A Checker Cab pulls to the curb at the hotel. Bazzo alights. CABBIE #3, who looks like Cabbies #1 and #2, gets out and takes Bazzo's suitcase from the trunk. He gets back into his Cab and sits a moment to record his fare.

BAZZO

Looks around. Up ahead, he sees a NANNY with a shoulder bag push a stroller towards him. She looks just like Ms. Peters and the Waitress. She stops and reaches into her shoulder bag. Bazzo panics. He grabs his suitcase and ducks behind the Checker Cab.

THE NANNY

Takes a BABY BOTTLE from her shoulder bag, leans under the stroller's canopy and gives it to the BABY. She then crosses to the other side of the street.

AT THE CHECKER CAB

Cabbie #3 leans out the driver-side window and looks back.

CABBIE #3

Don't loiter behind the cab, Mack.

Bazzo stands up. He grabs his suitcase and steps onto the curb. Cabbie #3 rolls his eyes then drives away.

FRONT OF THE ROOSEVELT HOTEL

The HOTEL DOORMAN, who looks just like Blanchard and the Doctor, approaches Bazzo and reaches for his suitcase. Bazzo grabs the Hotel Doorman's wrist.

BAZZO

Don't I know you?

HOTEL DOORMAN

Ever been to Budapest?

BAZZO

Yes.

HOTEL DOORMAN

Well, next time you go, take me.
I've never been there.

Bazzo is discombobulated by this illogic. He lets go of the Hotel Doorman's arm.

BAZZO

Freakin' nutcase...

The Hotel Doorman grabs the suitcase; Bazzo follows him into the hotel.

INT. LOBBY - FRONT DESK

Small and outdated. On the wall behind the desk are a mirror and cubbyholes for the room keys. The DESK CLERK looks like Jules and the Central Park Wino. He hands the registration card to Bazzo, who signs and returns it. As the Desk Clerk turns to get a room key, Bazzo sees reflected in the mirror a Colt M1911 pistol underneath the desk.

The Desk Clerk hands the room key to Bazzo who grabs his luggage and heads toward the elevators, looking out of the corner of his eye at the Desk Clerk.

HOTEL ROOM

Bazzo enters; he eyes the peeling wallpaper, worn carpet and dirty windows. A large mirror sits atop the dresser. As Bazzo sets his luggage on the suitcase stand, his Mirror Image lags a beat behind him.

BAZZO

Doffs his trench coat, tossing it onto the bed. On the nightstand a clock radio reads 12:05. He opens his suitcase - on top is a tuxedo. He lifts it, revealing his shaver and a Beretta 70 pistol with silencer. He grabs the shaver; a sense of hopelessness fills his face. He starts to undress.

BATHROOM - LATER

Bazzo steps from the shower and wraps a towel around his waist. He goes to the sink; the shaver sits on a ledge there, plugged into a wall socket. Bazzo pushes the power button UP a stop and looks in the mirror above the sink.

Bazzo's Mirror Image is dressed in the tuxedo. Bazzo is taken aback. He shuts his eyes, shakes his head and looks in the mirror again. Now his Mirror Image wears only a towel and holds the shaver.

Disoriented and nauseous, Bazzo lowers his head into the sink. He takes a couple of deep breaths then looks in the mirror again - it's still him in a towel with the shaver. He begins shaving; his Mirror Image still lags a beat behind.

HOTEL ROOM

Bazzo's suitcase is open; he has changed into his tuxedo. He looks in the mirror above the dresser to adjust his bow tie but something is wrong - his Mirror Image is out of focus.

Bazzo goes into the bathroom and returns with a towel. As he wipes the mirror he is shocked to see that he is wiping away his own Mirror Image. Everything else in the room is clearly reflected in the mirror - except Bazzo.

BAZZO

Closes his eyes momentarily and kneads his forehead. He grabs his overcoat and walks past the open suitcase - WE SEE the shaver but not the Beretta 70. He opens the door and leaves.

I/E. CHECKER CAB - NIGHT

Bazzo sits in the back, watching the night crawlers. CABBIE #4 looks just like the three previous Cabbies. The Cab stops at a red traffic light. People crossing the street in front of the Cab glare at Bazzo as though he were a pantomime villain.

EXT. 55TH STREET - NIGHT

The Checker Cab pulls to the curb. A tow truck passes pulling the MANGLED Cadillac Convertible from Central Park. Bazzo alights from the Cab, watching the Cadillac as it passes.

WORLDVIEW SOCIETY BUILDING - FRONT DOOR

Bazzo walks up to the Doorman.

DOORMAN

Good evening, sir. Nice to see you again.

(opens the door)

Hope you're in good spirits tonight.

Bazzo pauses; he's very annoyed.

BAZZO

Why shouldn't I be?

DOORMAN

(devil-may-care attitude)

No reason.

BAZZO

I'm fine. You understand that?

DOORMAN

Yes, sir. Glad to hear it.

Bazzo enters building #65.

INT. THE LOUNGE

The usual well-heeled crowd mingles, eats and chats. A small group chats outside the Gallery. In the group is Ms. Peters from the New York CIA station. Bazzo is shocked and eyes her warily.

POMEROY (O.S.)

Interested in her?

Bazzo turns around - it's Miss Pomeroy in an evening gown with matching clutch.

BAZZO

Jealous?

POMEROY

Not really. I know I'm the only woman in your life.

BAZZO

Love at first sight, was it?

POMEROY

All things reveal themselves so long as you have the courage not to deny in the darkness what you have seen in the light.

Bazzo is mesmerized by her words as she heads to the Gallery.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Tony!

Bazzo looks across the room. There, amongst another group entering the dining room, is Jules from Grand Central Station.

JULES

Let's have a drink later.

BAZZO

Does not respond and heads for the far-end door. Looking back at the group outside the Gallery, he sees Miss Pomeroy chatting with Ms. Peters. Near them Blanchard chats with Kraft and McCrory. Bazzo is stunned.

OUTSIDE THE GALLERY

Blanchard, Kraft and McCrory pause to look at Bazzo. Blanchard then motions for the Three to enter the Gallery.

BAZZO

Is perplexed. Finally, he refocuses on the far-end door, opens it and enters the...

FIRST-FLOOR HALLWAY

Before him is the Private Elevator. Above its door are indicator lights for the floors: V-L-1-2-3-4-5. '1' is illuminated. Bazzo presses the call button - the elevator door slides open.

PRIVATE ELEVATOR

Bazzo steps inside. The sides and back are mirrored. Bazzo presses the floor button marked '5.'

FIFTH-FLOOR HALLWAY

The Private Elevator door opens; Bazzo steps out. As he walks to the end of the hallway, Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Corcovado," sung by João Gilberto, comes from Lenox's office.

BAZZO

Stops at Lenox's office door. The music ends. He is about to knock on the door when...

LENOX (O.S.)
Come in, Mr. Barry.

LENOX'S OFFICE

Bazzo enters. Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Chega de Saudade," sung in Portuguese by João Gilberto begins playing on the tape recorder. Lenox lies on the couch, looking like a beached whale in his blue-gray suit. He sits up.

LENOX (CONT'D)
A brandy, Mr. Barry?

He reaches for the brandy decanter on the coffee table.

BAZZO
No, not this time.

Lenox shrugs and pours himself a glass while Bazzo looks over Lenox's vast array of books.

BAZZO (CONT'D)
They won't pay.

LENOX
(stupefied)
But you're one of their best people!

BAZZO

(despondently)

I thought so. But the way the firm
sees it, you demanded a king's
ransom for a peasant.

Lenox finishes his brandy. He pours himself another one and
gulps it down. Bazzo pulls a hardcover book from a shelf,
"Casino Royale" by Ian Fleming, and flips through it's pages.

LENOX

It's a shame. No one values the
working man anymore.

BAZZO

Ain't it the truth.

LENOX

Ever consider unionizing? I hear
the Teamsters have good benefits.

BAZZO

I doubt I'll live long enough to
see that happen.

LENOX

Don't tell me your own people are
planning to eliminate you.

BAZZO

As we speak.

LENOX

Those conniving bastards!

He looks around to see if anyone is listening, even though
only the two of them are in the room. He leans toward Bazzo.

LENOX (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

You think they'd go for it if I
lowered my asking price?

BAZZO

That's a slippery slope, Lenox. You
start undercutting yourself and
you'll be lucky to get carfare home
out of them.

LENOX

Hmm, good point.

Bazzo holds up the novel for Lenox to see.

BAZZO

You play poker?

LENOX

No, I'm not very good at bluffing.

BAZZO

Really...

Bazzo puts the book back on the shelf while Lenox mulls something over and stands.

LENOX

Maybe they'd take me more seriously next time if I killed you now. A gesture of good faith, so to speak.

He pulls a .38 Smith & Wesson Special from his waistband.

BAZZO

The way your mind can just turn on a dime, Lenox... Amazing.

Lenox smiles proudly - but then the gun FIRES, accidentally. The bullet misses Bazzo and SHATTERS the full-length mirror.

LENOX

No, that doesn't count; my finger slipped.

Bazzo dives behind the desk.

BAZZO

(muttering)

Idiot.

Lenox FIRES again and misses, the bullet striking "Casino Royale."

Drawing his Beretta 70 from his shoulder holster, Bazzo rises to his knees and FIRES once, hitting Lenox squarely in the forehead between the eyes. Lenox falls back onto the floor, eyes wide open - dead. Bazzo stands and hovers over him.

The office door SWINGS open. Miss Pomeroy bursts in. Bazzo spins around. She stares in shock at Lenox's lifeless body then glares at Bazzo.

POMEROY

You bastard! You've ruined everything!

She reaches into her clutch.

BAZZO

Don't!

Miss Pomeroy pulls out a tiny Astra Vest Pocket Model 202 pistol in chrome finish and aims it at Bazzo.

He FIRES, hitting her in the forehead between the eyes. She, too, falls on her back, dead.

BAZZO

Holsters his Beretta 70 and scurries out the office. He runs the seemingly interminable length of the Hallway until he reaches the Private Elevator. Above the elevator door the indicator light for floor #1 is illuminated. He presses the call button.

BAZZO
(anxiously)
Come on, come on...

The floor indicators slowly FLASH until #5 is lit. The Private Elevator door opens. Bazzo is shocked to see Blanchard there, holding a Beretta 950 pocket pistol in his right hand.

Bazzo grabs Blanchard's right arm. Blanchard gets off a round that misses Bazzo and strikes Lenox's office door. Blanchard grabs Bazzo by the throat and pulls him into the...

PRIVATE ELEVATOR

Its door closes. Bazzo GASPS as he repeatedly SLAMS Blanchard's right hand against the elevator's floor buttons. The panel floor lights mark the elevator's descent.

FOURTH FLOOR

Bazzo shoves the heel of his right palm into the bridge of Blanchard's nose. Blanchard releases his grip on Bazzo's throat and FIRES his pistol reflexively. The bullet strikes the back wall near Bazzo's head, shattering the glass.

THIRD FLOOR

Bazzo SHOVES Blanchard's right hand into the shattered glass. Blanchard SCREAMS and drops his pistol.

SECOND FLOOR

Blanchard grabs Bazzo by the face with his left hand and shoves him against the side wall. The glass cracks; its shards cut Bazzo on the cheek and forehead.

FIRST FLOOR

Bazzo KICKS Blanchard on his left knee then SLAMS him against the opposite wall, cracking the last pane of glass.

LIMBO

Blanchard HEAD-BUTTS Bazzo, opening a gash over Bazzo's left eye. Bazzo KNEES him in the groin.

Blanchard doubles over; he falls back against the elevator door.

VIOLENCE

The elevator door opens. A BLINDING RED LIGHT fills the elevator as Blanchard falls out. Bazzo sees a dark, HULKING SHAPE - a man? - RUN toward the Private Elevator. Something long and narrow is in his hand.

Blanchard gets to his knees. He looks up to see the Hulking Shape standing over him, arms raised above his head. In his hands is a SABRE. He SWINGS the blade. Blanchard SCREAMS - just as the elevator door closes.

All is silent. Bazzo presses the button for floor #1. His face is cut and bruised. Blood runs from the gash on his forehead onto his tuxedo shirt and jacket.

THE LOUNGE

The far-end door opens; Bazzo staggers in. The Members GASP and MUTTER. Kraft and McCrory quickly emerge from the Gallery and approach Bazzo. Kraft is livid.

KRAFT

Do you realize what you've done?

He unbuttons his tuxedo jacket, revealing the hand-grip of a Colt M1911 pistol. As Kraft reaches for it, Bazzo grabs his hand before he can unholster the pistol.

BAZZO

Go join your friend, you bastard.

With his free hand, Bazzo pulls out Kraft's Colt M1911 and FIRES one shot into Kraft's forehead, between the eyes.

McCrory reaches inside his tuxedo jacket and fumbles for his Colt M1911. Bazzo FIRES another shot into McCrory's forehead - between the eyes, of course.

In the CHAOS that follows, some Worldview Society Members duck behind the furniture; others run to the Foyer.

Bazzo also walks toward the Foyer, passing the open door to the Dining Room. Both of its tables are filled with Members gorging on coq au vin, all seemingly oblivious to the ruckus in the Lounge - save for Jules. He gets up from a table and rushes to the door.

JULES

Tony! Tony Bain!

Bazzo looks over. Jules pulls a .38 Smith & Wesson Special from his waistband and FIRES at Bazzo.

He misses and instead fells the poor Coat-Check Girl. Bazzo returns FIRE with Kraft's M1911 and, again, hits his target - Jules - in the forehead between the eyes. He tosses the pistol to the floor and enters the...

FOYER

Worldview Society Members step on and over the Coat-Check Girl as they rush outside. Bazzo grabs his overcoat.

EXT. WORLDVIEW SOCIETY BUILDING - NIGHT

Members scurry out, past the besieged Doorman. When Bazzo exits, the Doorman confronts him.

DOORMAN

It didn't have to end this way.

BAZZO

Didn't it?

The Doorman reaches into his coat pocket, Bazzo draws his Beretta 70 and shoots him in the same manner as the others he killed. Members run SCREAMING into the street, forcing a Checker Cab to SCREECH to a stop. Bazzo jumps in the Cab.

I/E. CHECKER CAB

BAZZO

Central Park West and 65th Street.

CABBIE #5

You got it. Just do me a favor and keep it in your pants, okay?

BAZZO

What?

CABBIE #5

The gun.

Bazzo looks in the rearview mirror. CABBIE #5 looks just like Cabbies #1, #2, #3, and #4. Bazzo then realizes he still holds his Beretta 70; he holsters it and the Checker Cab pulls away.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST AND WEST 65TH STREET - NIGHT

The Checker Cab pulls to the curb. Bazzo alights and runs into Central Park.

THE PATH

Bazzo walks north. This time the night sky up ahead is dark - no moon, no stars. He glances at the sky behind him; more of the same.

The time on the Newsweek Building is 12:05; the temperature, 50 degrees. Bazzo continues walking north. It's quiet, just the TAP of his footsteps.

BAZZO

Sees a woman pushing a stroller toward him - it's the Nanny. She stops and takes a baby bottle from her shoulder bag. She leans under the stroller's canopy, leaves the baby bottle in the stroller and continues toward Bazzo.

When the Nanny is next to Bazzo she stops. She smiles and gestures for him to come look in the stroller. Bazzo is reluctant; he doesn't move.

The Nanny beckons him again. Unable to resist, Bazzo walks to the stroller and leans under its canopy. Instead of a baby, he sees sticks of dynamite wired to a timer.

BAZZO

No!

There is a blinding FLASH and a deafening EXPLOSION.

SIMON (O.S.)

Geezus!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 65TH STREET TRANSVERSE ROAD - NIGHT

The BLINDING WHITE LIGHT recedes to what is now a penlight held by a man in hospital scrubs with a name tag, SIMON, M.D. (the Doorman), a hospital intern with the ambulance. Bazzo SCREAMS. He is being restrained on the ground by an ambulance attendant whose name tag reads T. MOORE (McCrary).

SIMON

What the hell was that?

MOORE

Backfire from that other ambulance.
This guy's in and out of
consciousness, huh?

SIMON

Not anymore. Careful. Sometimes
they vomit when they come to.

Moore leans back. Dr. Simon swings the penlight from Bazzo's left eye to his right eye and back again. Bazzo stops screaming and breathes heavily.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to Bazzo)

Easy now, buddy. You're gonna be
alright.

MOORE

Want me to get the gurney?

SIMON

Yeah.

Moore hurries off.

INSERT THE ACCIDENT SCENE: Two police cars, two ambulances, two fire engines, a Checker Cab, a Rambler sedan, and a Cadillac wrapped around a tree. The fire engines illuminate the scene with their headlights while their red emergency lights WHIRL.

Bazzo lays on the ground next to the tree; he's bruised and bleeding. Dr. Simon kneels beside him.

Firefighters pull the lifeless body of the DRIVER from the Cadillac convertible.

Moore opens the back door of an ambulance emblazoned with "Lenox Hill Hospital/#65" on all its doors. He reaches inside, pulls out a gurney and wheels it over to Bazzo.

Meanwhile, POLICEMAN #1 (Blanchard, Doctor, Roosevelt Hotel Doorman) interviews the CAB DRIVER (CABBIES #1, #2, #3, #4 and #5) and his passenger, a well-dressed, bejeweled, middle-aged, SNOBBISH WOMAN (Miss Pomeroy). They stand a few feet behind Dr. Simon, in full view of Bazzo.

CAB DRIVER

(points to the tree)

I saw him dive to the ground against that tree. Then the Caddy rammed into it and knocked him backwards.

SNOBBISH WOMAN

I don't know why you couldn't just drive on after you told your dispatcher what happened.

CAB DRIVER

He asked me to stay 'till the cops got here. You heard him.

SNOBBISH WOMAN

Yes, and now look at this mess; the road's blocked. How am I supposed to get home?

POLICEMAN #1

And where's that, ma'am?

SNOBBISH WOMAN

For the third time, young man, it's Mrs. Pomeroy.

(MORE)

SNOBBIISH WOMAN (CONT'D)

And I already told you where I
live, Central Park West and 69th
Street.

POLICEMAN #2 (Central Park Man In A Suit, Kraft) interviews
the two witnesses who were in the Rambler - the FEMALE DRIVER
(Ms. Peters, Waitress) and HER HUSBAND (Jules, Central Park
Wino, Roosevelt Hotel Desk Clerk). They stand a few feet from
the Snobbish Woman and the Cabbie, in full view of Bazzo.

FEMALE DRIVER

No, the other car just took off.
Whoosh!

HER HUSBAND

Zoomed right outta there.

FEMALE DRIVER

I just told him that.

HER HUSBAND

Sorry.

By the tree where Bazzo lies, a WINO (Mr. Lenox) wanders by.
He leans over Moore's back.

MOORE

Whoa! You back here again? Man,
will you get outta here with that
breath!

Policeman #2 looks over at Moore and Dr. Simon who lift Bazzo
onto the gurney.

POLIXEMAN #2

(to the Female Driver and
Her Husband)

Excuse me.

He hurries over to Moore and Dr. Simon and grabs the Wino.

POLIXEMAN #2 (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna tell you again. Get
the hell outta here!

He shoves the Wino aside. The Wino mutters something
unintelligible as he staggers away.

Dr. Simon and Moore load Bazzo into the ambulance. On Bazzo's
wrist, the crystal of his Bulova watch is cracked. The time is
frozen at 12:05.

Dr. Simon and Moore get into the front seat of the ambulance,
start the engine and HONK the horn.

The fire engines back away to make room. Ambulance #65 drives past them, heading east onto the 65TH Street Transverse Road, siren BLARING.

END