

*Diana* *Heat* *Nate*  
*M-M* *Neil*

Towner's towtruck's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL SIDE STREET - AMBULANCE - DAY

Pulls in and parks. Everyone abandons it, leaving masks, rubber gloves, equipment, outer clothing inside. They cross to a Chevrolet Caprice. They climb in. They pull out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - WIDE - DAY

One cop has a cut forehead, tries to stand. Two more black and whites pull in - flashers going. The driver staggers out from behind the wheel and tries to shake clarity into his head. He sits on the pavement.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX PARKING LOT - WIDE BETWEEN THE CARS - DAY

Planes ROAR overhead in landings or takeoffs. Yellow vapor lamps glare. It's gaudy with lights. Neil and a man named NATE are parked next to each other facing opposite directions. Nate's 50 - an ex-prize fighter with his nose all over his face in a silver Mercedes. His big muscles have gone to flab. He wears a yellow rayon shirt. He's deeply tanned and pock-marked.

Nate functions as a middleman and fence for Neil. All calls from people who want to contact Neil come to Nate. Right now he examines the manila envelope from the armored truck. Neil's in a Lincoln Town car, gray suit, white shirt, no tie.

CLOSE: ENVELOPE

contains 80 x \$20,000 negotiable Treasury Certificates. Nate's counting.

**NATE**

A million, six at 40 cents on a dollar's 640. Here's a hundred forty thou front money. Get you the rest, 2-3 days.

WIDE - FROM THE FRONT

Nate gives a large envelope to Neil.

**NATE**

What happened out there?

NEIL

I don't want to talk about it.

NATE

(re-examining  
securities)

Wait a minute.

NEIL

What's the matter?

NATE

(laughs)

You know who these belong to?

NEIL

(takes manila  
envelope)

"Malibu Securities ...

NATE

You know John Van Zant?

NEIL

No.

NATE

Malibu Securities is a brokerage  
he controls. Planned  
bankruptcies, made out during  
the S&L's, money laundering...

Nate pulls T.C.'s.

NATE

(continuing; laughs)

You ripped off his Treasury  
Certificates.

NEIL

So what?

He's got insurance.

NATE

That's the point. On top of  
collecting his insurance, maybe  
he wants to buy back his bonds.  
From him I can get you 60 cents  
on the dollar instead of 40.  
Means an extra 320 to you.

NEIL

Try it on.

NATE

You know Cezar Kelso?

NEIL

By reputation.

NATE

He's got this score he's putting out and wants you to look at.

NEIL

What do I need look at his score for? I got my own.

NATE

He said you'll get near eight figures. Very clean.

NEIL

(beat; then:)  
9:00a.M. tomorrow.

NATE

Take it easy.

Neil starts the car. Nate pulls away in his Mercedes.

WIDE

an L1011 ROARS overhead. Neil pulls out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - WIDE ON PAVEMENT - DAY

We're looking at chalk outlines of the bodies of Guard one and Driver from the armored truck. The pavement is bloodstained. Bright lights illuminate the crime scene.

HANNA (O.S.)

Where's the ambulance?

HEINZ (O.S.)

They dumped it four blocks from here...

WIDEN TO REVEAL Hanna who we now identify as a police lieutenant of detectives. He's just arrived. The alley's been roped off with sawhorses labeled "crime area." The armored truck with the holed side is still there. One of Hanna's crew, DRUCKER, a black intelligence analyst and technician at 45, was already there. A uniformed SGT. HEINZ was there first and by procedure took command. It's his crime scene.