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PROD. #40425
May 3, 1974 (S.R.)
May 16, 1974 (F.R.)
Rev. 5/17/74 (F.R.)
Rev. 5/20/74 (F.R.)
Rev. 5/22/74 (F.R.)
Rev. 5/23/74 (F.R.)
Rev. 5/24/74 (F.R.)

pps. 90-92
109-112

Mary Montoy

K O J A K

ANOTHER FINE MESS

Written
by
Jack Laird

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"KOJAK"

CALL SHEET

DAY/DATE Monday June 17, 1974

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

FRP PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Room 1602, 445 Park Avenue At 57th Street
(212) 421-0074

1st DAY OF SHOOTING

ANOTHER FINE MESS # 40402

SET	SC. NO.	LOCATION
EXT. GREENWICH DRUGSTORE Day for nite	186A	4/8 N Washington Square Pharmacy 86 West 3rd Street
INT. GREENWICH DRUGSTORE	187 thru 192	3-1/8 N (between Thompson&Sullivan)
INT. GREENWICH DRUGSTORE	203 thru 205	1-6/8 N
EXT. GREENWICH DRUGSTORE day for nite	202	5/8 N
EXT. NIAGRA CONVERTA BED CO.	125	7/8 D Weil Furniture 39 West 14th Street

CAST	CHARACTER	WARD.	M/U	SET CALL	REMARKS
TELLY SAVALAS	KOJAK	10am		P.U. Drake @ 9:30am	
DAN FRAZER	MC NEIL	HOLD			
KEVIN DOBSON	CROCKER	10am @ location			
GEORGE SAVALAS	STAVROS	HOLD			
ROGER ROBINSON	GIL	10am		P.U. Drake @ 9:30am	
BERT ARMUS	ARMUS	10am @ location			
PATRICK ADIARTE	LEONARD	8am		P.U. Drake @ 7:30am	
SHIRLEE KONG	NANCY	8am		P.U. Drake @ 7:30am	
ROBERT DRYDEN	MR. MAJORS	8am @ location			
JOHN HERZFELD	FIORENTINO	8am @ location			
JOHN KAI	LUM	HOLD			
MARK RUSSELL	SAPERSTEIN	10am		P.U. Drake @ 9:30am	

STAND-INS/ATMOSPHERE	PROPS/SPECIAL REQUIREMENTS
2 Hospital Attendants 3 Uniform Police 1 Detective Physican 1 Photographer 1 Forensic team Spectators 6 men 4 women Atmosphere report 8am @ location	rope, gurney, magazine, empty IV bottle gun & silencer, .38 revolver & holster, Full IV bottle, camera, flashbulbs, dust for fingerprints, white tape, bandages, physicans bag, notebook, pens, label for IV bottle, posters, <u>VEHICLES</u> Kojak's Car, ambulance, Forensic Van, 2 Blue and Whites, 2 N.D. Cars

CREW CALL 8am at 86 West 3rd Street	TRANSPORTATION
1st Asst. Dir: 8am 2nd Asst. Dir: 7:45am Script Supv: 8am D.P.: 8am Camera Oper: 8am Asst. Camera: 8am Grip: 8am Elect: 8am	Prop: 8am Sd. Mix: 8am Sd. Rec: 8am Sd. Bm: 8am Wardrobe: 8am Makeup: 8am Teamster: 8am Art. Dir: 8am
	P.U. Producer & Director @ Drake @ 7:30am P.U. T. Savalas, R. Robinson, M. Russell @ Drake at 9:30am P.U. P. Adiarde, S. Kong @ Drake @ 7:30am 1 Bus, trucks, equip. trucks, Campers reports to location at 8am at Park on Thompson Street

ADVANCE SCHEDULE
Ext/D Mott Street Sc. 45, 229, 243, 233, 234, 221 thru 241, 294, 298F thru 308 EXT/D JADE PALACE Sc. 85, 296 thru 298, 298C, 298D EXT./N JADE PALACE (DAY FOR NITE) SC. 206 thru 213 EXT./N MOTT ST. (DAY FOR NITE) SC. 131 INT/D KOJAK'S CAR (RUNNING SHOTS) SC. 245, 246, 292, 293, 295

"KOJAK"
 UNIVERSAL PICTURES
 FRP PRODUCTIONS, INC.
 445 Park Avenue
 New York, New York
 212- 421-0074

DAY/DATE: THURSDAY JUNE 20, 1974

4th SHOOTING DAY

CALL SHEET

"ANOTHER FINE MESS"

SET		SC. NO.		LOCATION
EXT. LINCOLN CENTER	D	249 thru 254	1-	63rd St. & Columbus Ave
EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY	D	259 thru 269	1-7/8	79th St. Central Park West
INT. TAXI (CHASE)	D	270, 271, 280	4/8	
EXT. STREETS (CHASE)	D	272 thru 279, 281 pt.	5/8	
EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE (CHASE)	D	281 pt. thru 290	1-1/8	
INT. GOTHAM CITY TOUR BUS (RUNNING SHOTS)	D	248, 255, 258	1-	
EXT. NORTH BOUND STREETS	D	247	1/8	
EXT. NORTH BOUND STREETS	D	256, 257	2/8	

CAST	CHARACTER	WARD.	M.U.	SET CALL	REMARKS
TELLY SAVALAS	KOJAK	7:15am		P.U.DRAKE@	7am
DAN FRAZER	MC NEIL	HOLD			
KEVIN DOBSON	CROCKER	9am at 63rd & Columbus Ave			
GEORGE SAVALAS	STAVROS	7:15am		P.U.DRAKE@	7am
ROGER ROBINSON	GIL	9am		P.U.DRAKE@	8:45am
BERT ARMUS	ARMUS	7:15am at 63rd & Columbus Ave			
TIGHE ANDREWS	PALUZZI	7:15am		P.U.DRAKE@	7am
JOHNNY KAI	LUM	7:15am at 63rd & Columbus Ave			
LEONARDO CIMINO	KABELSKY	7:15am at 63rd & Columbus Ave			
ROBERT ITO	SAMMY	9am		P.U.DRAKE@	8:45am
MARY MON TOY	MAI LING	HOLD			

STANDINS / ATMOSPHERE

1 Standin for Kojak @ 7am
 1 decoy double for Sammy @ 9am
 3 Stunt Men @ 9am
 2 Stunt drivers @ 9am
 6 Uniform Police @ 7am
 9 Female Tourists @ 7am
 6 Male Tourists @ 7am
 3 Female Orientals @ 7am
 2 Male Orientals @ 7am
 ALL REPORT TO 63rd Street and Columbus Avenue

PROPS AND SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Kojak's Car
 Gotham Bus
 2 Taxis
 Crocker's Car
 Gil's Car
 3 Blue & White
 Walkie Talkies
 2 Flight bags
 Shopping bag
 packages
 souvenirs
 wadded up tissue
 red lite for
 Kojak's car
 .45 pistol
 Kojak's gun
 guns for police
 money for bag
 handcuffs
 Police barricade

CREW CALL 7am AT 63rd Street and COLUMBUS AVENEUE

1st ASST. DIR: 7am
 2nd ASST. DIR: 7am
 SCRIPT: 6:45am
 D.P. 7am
 CAMERA OPER: 7am
 ASST. CAMERA: 7am
 GRIP: 7am
 ELECT: 7am
 2nd CAMERA CREW: 7am
 PROP: 7am
 SD. MIX: 7am
 SD. REC: 7am
 SD. BM: 7am
 WARDROBE: 7am
 MAKEUP: 7am
 TEAMSTER: 7am
 ART DIR: 7am

TRANSPORTATION

P.U. DIR. @ WYDNAHN AT 6:45am
 P.U. PROD. SCRIPT, WARDROBE @ DRAKE 6:45am
 P.U. T. SAVALAS & G. SAVALAS @ DRAKE @ 7am
 P.U. R. ROBINSON & R. ITO @ DRAKE @ 8:45am
 P.U. T. ANDREWS @ DRAKE @ 7am
 1 Gotham Bus, 1 Campus Bus All picture cars, all trucks and other equipment report to 63rd St. & Columbus Ave @ 7am
 Equipment should park on 62nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam Aves.

ADVANCE SCHEDULE

If any-to be announced

KOJAK(ANOTHER FINE MESS) CHINA TOWN MURDERSCAST

KOJAK
MC NEIL
CROCKER
GIL WEAVER
AGAJANIAN
BURT ARMUS
STAVROS
GINO PALUZZI
DET. OLIVER LUM
SAPERSTEIN
SGT. RIZZO

FRANK 'DON CHEECH' SCALESI
SAMMY LOO
CALVIN LOO
LEONARD WONG
NINO LA ROCCA
MANNY 'NO NOSE' GAGLIANO

BUDDY CROWDER
VINCE KARABIAN
RUBY KABELSKY
TERRY 'THE ENFORCER'
FITZGERALD
NATHAN DAVIDOFF
MALE NURSE
GAETANO BIONDO
BARNEY 'THE BOOK' BRAMLEY
MICHELE GIANCANA
JOSEPH CRESPI
X MAI LING 86, 205, 298A (X)
NANCY WONG
LOUIS 'FATS' GIANCANA
GERARD 'FRENCHY' DU BOIS
MR. MAJORS
ANDY FIORENTINO
DANNY BOYLE
SHEINBLUM

SETSINTERIORS:

PALERMO PIZZERIA OFFICE
TURLEY PROTECTION, INC.
BASEMENT APARTMENT
MANHATTAN SO. DET. SQUAD RM.
KOJAK'S OFFICE
MC NEIL'S OFFICE
LOCKER ROOM
SCALESI'S BEDROOM
BATHROOM
CONFERENCE ROOM
SAUSAGE-STUFFING WORKROOM
REFRIGERATED STORAGE ROOM
JADE PALACE & ORIENTAL CURIOS
PRIVATE GAMBLING ESTAB.
MASTER BEDROOM
WALDORF ASTORIA LOBBY
NIAGARA CONVERTA-BED COMPANY
GIANCANA BEDROOM
LIVING ROOM
GREENWICH VILLAGE DRUGSTORE
PHONE MONITORING LOCATION
PANEL TRUCK
GOTHAM CITY TOURS BUS
ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB

EXTERIORS:

BACK ALLEY - LITTLE ITALY
MOTT STREET - CHINATOWN
CHINATOWN ALLEYWAY
MANHATTAN SO. PRECINCT STATION
CATHOLIC CHURCH
SCALESI RESIDENCE/FRONT
SCALESI RESIDENCE/REAR & ALLEY
LA SCALA ITALIAN SAUSAGE
WORKS
RANDALL'S ISLAND
EASTSIDE MANHATTAN APT. BLDG.
& SERVICE ALLEY
NIAGARA CONVERTA-BED FACTORY
SHOWROOM.
PARK ROW
GREENWICH VILLAGE DRUGSTORE
BOWERY
VESSY STREET
WORLD TRADE CENTER (CHURCH ST.)
TRINITY PLACE
BATTERY PARK (CASTLE CLINTON
AREA)
FULTON STREET/CONST. SITE
PELL STREET
BAYARD STREET
VARIOUS MANHATTAN STREETS
WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL

*Please note name changes in
all dialogues and visual
references.

KOJAK"ANOTHER FINE MESS" CHINATOWN MURDERS

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. BACK ALLEY IN LITTLE ITALY - NIGHT 1
- 4:30 A.M. Leaving Mulberry Street, a panel truck with the legend "A & B Plumbing" painted on its sides pulls into the alley, parking alongside the rear entrance to "PALERMO PIZZERIA" which of course is shuttered at this late hour. (X)
The headlights are extinguished and three swarthy men emerge from the van: NINO LA ROCCA, MANNY "NO NOSE" GAGLIANO and BUDDY CROWDER. All are dressed in conservative black business suits and wear gloves. Crowder carries a large tool kit, Gagliano a heavy suitcase. In a matter of seconds La Rocca has picked the lock to the back door. The trio enters the darkened restaurant. Camera moves in to reveal that La Rocca, who was driving, has left the ignition key in the dashboard.
- 2 INT. COLOZZO'S PIZZERIA OFFICE - NIGHT 2
- Entering the red-carpeted, wood-paneled office at the rear of the restaurant, the burglars switch on the lights. La Rocca inserts a telegraphy-type key in the electric alarm box on the side of the large steel safe standing against the far wall. Using the code assigned to Palermo, he signals that the safe is going to be opened. All three men tense, awaiting a response. (X)
- 3 INT. TURLEY PROTECTION, INC. OFFICE - NIGHT 3
- A uniformed SECURITY OFFICER on the graveyard shift sits nodding drowsily before the enormous electronic console which links this nerve center to all its customers as well as the cruising patrols presently in the field. He snaps instantly awake as La Rocca's code signal comes in. Jotting an entry in his log book, he de-activates the audible alarm system installed at Palermo, then signals back that the message has been received. (X)
- 4 INT. PALERMO PIZZERIA OFFICE - NIGHT 4 (X)
- La Rocca, Gagliano and Crowder visibly relax, swapping grim smiles as the okay signal comes in from Turley. The three men muscle the safe around so that its back now faces them. Kneeling before the safe, Crowder opens the tool box, takes out an electric drill, plugging the cord into a nearby wall socket. From the suitcase Gagliano removes a small sledge hammer and three lengths of a sectional crowbar. The on-looking La Rocca fumbles a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Lighting up, he observes without apparent surprise the fact that his hand is trembling. He sneaks a covert glance toward a clock mounted high on the wall.

5
thru
15

MONTAGE - SERIES OF CUTS - TIME TRANSITION

5
thru
15

The method employed to open the safe is venacularly known as a "Rip Job." (N.B. Most safes are constructed of steel plates welded together as a box with reinforced concrete between the walls for weight and solidness. A hole is drilled in the upper corner of the back plate of the safe and a sectional crowbar is used to bend back the steel and peel it like a sardine can. The crowbar is in three-foot sections, inter-locking up to twelve feet for leverage. Depending on the strength of the safe, as many holes as needed are drilled. The concrete in the safe wall is broken out and the inner wall of the safe is just sledged in.) With LAP DISSOLVES and SUPERIMPOSITIONS, we should establish the passage of time through the sweeping hands of the wall clock, progressing from 4:35 to 5:01. In the course of the action, all three men manage to work up a good sweat. Finally, the ordeal is over, the arduous task accomplished.

16

THE SCENE

16

Clothes rumpled, faces flushed and glistening, Crowder, La Rocca and Gagliano, triumphantly beaming, lean forward to peer intently into the violated safe.

17

INTERIOR OF THE SAFE - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

17

Stacks and stacks of U.S. currency, all neatly packeted and bound with rubber bands.

18

SHOOTING OUT TO THEIR FACES FROM INSIDE THE SAFE

18

Tightly framed, three smiling countenances stare mesmerized at all that wealth. And then, softly from o.s.:

SAMMY'S VOICE

A truly splendid achievement...but
you can relax now, gentlemen. We'll
take it from here.

Simultaneously, three startled faces whip in the direction of the voice, three jaws incredulously sagging.

19

WHAT THEY SEE

19

Just inside the doorway stand THREE MEN, armed with silencer-equipped revolvers and wearing ski-masks, dark turtleneck sweaters, denim jeans. One of them carries a small satchel. That they have managed to enter undetected is a tribute both to their cunning stealth and the efficacy of Perpetrator Boots (sneakers). Their leader, shorter than his comrades and slighter of build, is the only one who speaks.

20 LA ROCCA, CROWDER AND GAGLIANO 20
 Crowder, more impetuously reckless than his companions, dips into his coat, going for his holstered Beretta.

21 CLOSEUP - SILENCER-EQUIPPED HANDGUN 21
 Zap!

22 CROWDER 22
 whose Beretta never clears the holster. Instantly dead, he slumps to the floor. (X)

23 LA ROCCA AND GAGLIANO 23
 staring disbelievingly at their departed co-worker.

SAMMY'S VOICE
 Next?

And they look toward him.

24 ACROSS THEM TO THE MASKED INVADERS 24
 as, with pointed emphasis, their spokesman continues:

SAMMY
 In for a penny, in for a pound.

25 OMITTED 25
 thru thru
 28 28

29 EXT. BACK ALLEY IN LITTLE ITALY -DAY 29
 Inside, the lights wink out. A beat. The back door to the pizzeria stealthily opens and the three masked bandits emerge; one carries the satchel, another the suitcase. Climbing into the A & B Plumbing panel truck, they remove their ski-masks. Revealed to us now are three youthful Chinese Americans, cleancut, intelligent-looking, all in their early 20's: SAMMY LOO, his brother CALVIN, and LEONARD WONG. Long-haired and ineffably cool, they are prototypical examples of the Oriental Mafia which has sprung up in recent years in New York's Chinatown. Sammy, who occupies the driver's seat, turns the ignition key and fires up the engine. He shoots a quizzical glance at his brother, observing the fact that Calvin appears to be fretfully brooding about something.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

SAMMY

Calvin? You all right, kid?

CALVIN

(shrugs, grimacing)

I never saw anyone die before...

LEONARD

(grins, indicating
the suitcase)

You never saw this much money before. Believe me, it'll buy a lot of forgetfulness!

Calvin, forcing a smile, nods agreement. Switching on the headlights, Sammy drives off.

30 INT. PALERMO PIZZERIA OFFICE - NIGHT

30
(X)

Although the lights are off, a sufficiency of exterior illumination filters in through the windows for us to make out vaguely in the semi-darkness, the room's three occupants. There is, of course, the sprawled and unmoving corpse of Buddy Crowder. And then, helplessly immobilized, seated uncomfortably on the floor, the bound and gagged figures of La Rocca and Gagliano. There is the large safe, its back gaping, its interior plundered. Finally, there is the electric alarm box. Having panned slowly over the scene, camera now moves in close on the alarm box, holds there.

31 OMITTED

31

32 EXT. BACK ALLEY IN LITTLE ITALY - DAY

32

Palermo Pizzeria is ablaze with light, its back alley (X) jammed with a bumper-to-bumper congestion of parked vehicles: a NYPD blue-and-white, two N/D sedans, a morgue van, a Turley Protection patrol car (so identified by the decal logo on its side) and a late model Cadillac Eldorado. O.s. keen of approaching siren. Kojak's car streaks into shot, skidding to a stop. Half-consumed cruller in one hand, coffee carton in the other, LT. THEO KOJAK is out of the car before the siren's fully wound down. GIL WEAVER pokes his face curiously out the back door, registers his commander.

GIL

Hey, loo, what's with the siren?

KOJAK

(grouchily)

If I can get up at the crack of dawn,
so can the rest of Manhattan!

Shouldering past Gil, he enters the restaurant.

33

INT. PALERMO PIZZERIA OFFICE - NIGHT

33

The office is packed. Behind the desk, VINCE KARABIAN, a beefy, florid-faced man with thinning hair and a fat cigar, stands peering fretfully over his BOOKKEEPER's shoulder. The latter is seated before an adding machine, methodically computing the extent of the haul from several piles of receipts and register tapes. That Karabian has dressed hurriedly is attested to by the fact that he wears patent leather bedroom slippers, and his monogrammed silk pajama top is visible beneath his fur trimmed overcoat. Over by the door, DANNY BOYLE, watch commander for Turley Protection, stands chatting with TWO UNIFORMED PATROLMEN. Close by the M.E., AGAJANIAN, kneels beside the corpse, a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snapping pictures. In one corner of the crowded office SAPERSTEIN questions Gagliano, while in the opposite corner CROCKER interviews La Rocca. Hovering impatiently on the sidelines are TWO UNIFORMED MORGUE ATTENDANTS. Kojak enters accompanied by Gil. On spying Boyle, Kojak reacts with grinning recognition. Boyle, too, breaks into a smile. (X)

GIL

Lieutenant, this is Captain Boyle, Turley Protection. He was First-On-The-Scene.

Handing the remnants of the cruller to Gil, Kojak seizes Boyle's hand, warmly pumping it.

KOJAK

As if I wouldn't know! Before he put in his papers, Danny and me used to work Safe and Loft out of the old Two-Nine. How's it going, Irish?

BOYLE

Can't complain, Theo.
(then, glancing ruefully at the corpse)
Well, a little maybe...otherwise you wouldn't be here.

KOJAK

Yeah. Tell me about it.

BOYLE

I'm pulling a midnight, right? Along about 4:30 the office gets a signal from the Palermo that they're going to uncork the jug. It's the proper code, so we switch off the audible alarm hookup and signal the okay. An hour later the red light's still burning. That's a little flaky, even for the Palermo, so just to be on the safe side, I bucket on over here. (X)

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

BOYLE (cont'd)
What you see is what I found.
Those two...
(indicates La Rocca,
then Gagliano)
...their yaps taped, trussed up
with clothesline...
(thumbs corpse)
...and the stiff there.
(gaze shifts to safe)
And, oh, yeah...an empty keister.
(then, to Kojak)
I contacted your squad first, then
I notified our client.

Kojak turns, peering thoughtfully toward Colozzo.

34 KARABIAN - FROM KOJAK'S POINT OF VIEW

34

He's wholly engrossed in the adding machine's tabulations. (X)

KOJAK'S VOICE
Vince Karabian...he's mobbed up with
Sanantonio's organization? (X)

35 BACK TO SCENE

35

Boyle, uncomfortable, responds with forced jocularly:

BOYLE
Hey, Theo, c'mon...he's a customer
of mine. To me, he's just another
successful restaurateur.

KOJAK
Sure, and Albert Anastasià was a
successful mortician!

Kojak steps to the safe, Boyle and Gil accompanying him.

KOJAK
Who says neatness counts...?

BOYLE
(scornfully)
A rip job! That's not art, it's
metal shop!

KOJAK
Yeah, well, whatever it is, they
got what they came for.
(turns to Gil)

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

35

KOJAK (cont'd)

Take Captain Boyle's statement. He throws any five dollar words at you, just remind him it took me a year to learn him how to spell perpetrator.

36

FAVORING AGAJANIAN

36

Closing his bag, the Armenian Ichabod Crane is just climbing to his feet as Kojak enters shot.

AGAJANIAN

Unofficially, I'm prepared to say that to all intents and purposes he appears to be dead. Probable cause: bullet wound. Anterior entry, posterior exit, horizontal trajectory...right through the old ticker.

KOJAK

(peering into
corpse's face)

Well, fancy that!

AGAJANIAN

Friend of yours?

KOJAK

Aren't they all? Buddy Crowder, all-purpose button man, and a far piece from his home turf...

(glances toward
Gagliano)

Manny 'No Nose' Gagliano -- another model citizen!

(gaze shifts to
Vito La Rocca)

That one, though...now that's a fresh face.

Crocker, who has entered shot during the preceding speech, volunteers an identification:

CROCKER

Nino La Rocca, a pilgrim from the midwest. Works for a sausage factory. Want to talk to him?

KOJAK

In a minute. He'll keep.

And he moves off in the direction of Karabian.

x

37

KARABIAN AND BOOKKEEPER

37 x

as Kojak joins them in shot. He sets his coffee carton on the desk, smiling affably. In b.g. of shot Agajanian exits, cheerfully tipping his hat to Crocker as he goes.

KOJAK

Well, Vincente, looks like you've suffered some business reverses. What's the damage, champ?

Karabian turns to the Bookkeeper, snaps his fingers. The Bookkeeper tears off the adding machine ribbon, hands it to his employer. Karabian shows it to Kojak.

KARABIAN

\$4,801.73.

KOJAK

(highly amused)
Care to try that again?

KARABIAN

(gestures to desk)
There's the receipts, the register tapes -- you add 'em up!

KOJAK

I'm not talking about how many pepperoni pizzas you sold last night -- that's pocket money. Whoever cracked that box made off with your policy bank -- crank that up on your adding machine, why don't you?

KARABIAN

(injured innocence)
What policy bank? I don't know from policy, Lieutenant...I'm in the restaurant business.

KOJAK

You are now.

Turning on his heel, Kojak exits shot, Karabian glaring after him. Then, glancing down, Karabian reacts to something.

38

WHAT HE SEES

38

Kojak's soggy coffee carton, the dregs seeping slowly through the seams and puddling on the desk.

39 FAVORING ARMUS AND GAGLIANO

39

For what is probably the tenth time, an elaborately bored Manny 'No Nose' Gagliano is re-telling his story to an equally bored Det. Saperstein. We receive, and with good reason, the distinct impression that the recitation has been carefully rehearsed and memorized by rote. Kojak enters shot, stands listening.

GAGLIANO

We were strolling by, Nino, Buddy and myself, taking a shortcut through the alley, when we spotted a light in the office, observing the fact that the rear door was unlocked. Being public spirited citizens and firm believers in law and order, my friends and I determined to investigate...

Saperstein shoots Kojak a "What're you going to do?" look. Shrugging helplessly, Kojak drifts out of shot.

40 FAVORING CROCKER AND LA ROCCA

40

and the same performance. Kojak enters shot during:

LA ROCCA

...determined to investigate. With great caution we entered the premises, hoping to surprise and overwhelm the burglars. To our regret, the reverse occurred...

(an anguished look
toward the corpse)

Poor Buddy. A heart like a lion...
and now it beats no more.

KOJAK

I don't suppose you can describe your assailants?

LA ROCCA

It happened so fast, officer...
There were three of them, big men
...masked, and with handguns...

His voice trailing off, he shrugs apologetically, as if to say that's all he has. Kojak looks at Crocker, sighs.

KOJAK

Get it in writing...then run our public spirited citizens through R and I. If nobody claims them, cut 'em loose.

41
and
42

OMITTED

41
and
42

43

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING SHOT

43

Kojak heads for the door. Gil falls into step beside him.

GIL

Well? What do you think?

KOJAK

What do I think? I think our three
kewpie dolls were doing a little
moonlighting...and some pranksters
came waltzing in and relieved them
of the proceeds.

GIL

(nods agreement)

Yeah, that's what I think.

KOJAK

(sourly)

Terrific. Go prove it.

And he exits.

44

OMITTED

44

45

EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

45

establishing shot.

46

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

46

A smartly and expensively appointed crash pad, esthetically
comingling priceless Chinese artifacts with some truly splendid
specimens of Art Deco. On the walls, along with some oriental
scrolls and tapestries, we glimpse posters of such proven
favorites as Chairman Mao, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland (as Fu
Manchu), Bruce Lee and...W.C. Fields. Sammy Loo and Leonard
Wong, both in shirt sleeves, are seated at a Lazy-Susan table,
chopsticks flying as they devour heaping bowls of pork and
noodles, Szechuan-style. Sammy wears a shoulder holster from
which a .38 butt protrudes. Calvin is seated on a massive
throw pillow tuning an electric guitar. There is a knock at
the door. A nod from Sammy, and Calvin rises, padding across ^x
the room. The other two go right on eating. Opening the door,

CONTINUED

Calvin admits La Rocca who goes directly to the table, laying the newspaper in front of Sammy. Calvin, closing the door, returns to the pillow, resumes tuning the guitar. They're not exactly ignoring Nino, but neither are they according him a hero's welcome.

LA ROCCA

Did you have to blow him away?

SAMMY

You were there. What do you think?

(gestures)

Want some noodles?

Shaking his head, Nino flops into an unoccupied chair.

LA ROCCA

The joint was wall-to-wall fuzz!
A knockover's one thing, but a
homicide -- that can stir up a lot
of heat.

CALVIN

(taps newspaper)

Page five, a couple of paragraphs...
call that heat?

LA ROCCA

That's not the point...

SAMMY

(between bites)

What is the point, Nino? Crowder
was such a close friend of yours?

LA ROCCA

(squirming)

He got me into the Organization.

SAMMY

(nods)

And you repaid that magnanimous
gesture by selling him out.

(tossing an envelope
to Nino)

Here. It'll ease your Christian
conscience, buy him some lilies.

Smiling with greedy anticipation, Nino opens the envelope, hurriedly counting the sheaf of currency it contains, the others going on with their meal. Slowly, Nini's smile e-

47

CONTINUED

47

porates, replaced by a look of stunned disbelief which segues rapidly into seething outrage. Plink, plink goes the guitar.

LA ROCCA

What's this supposed to be...??

SAMMY

Why, your cut, of course.

LA ROCCA

My cut's fifty percent...there was
at least eighty gee's in that box!

LEONARD

\$98,643, to be exact.

LA ROCCA

(brandishes envelope)

And there's ten here! Ten!! I
brought the job to you. I put my
bones on the line. Don Cheech ever
finds out I crossed him, he'll
plant me in the Pine Barrens!
Think I'd risk that for a lousy
ten grand?

SAMMY

Come on, Nino, you betrayed your
paisan -- why should you expect
better at our hands?

Nino, white-faced and trembling, turns to Leonard, and in a
tremulous voice he demands:

LA ROCCA

Does your sister know...about the
royal hosing you're giving me?

LEONARD

Ask her, why don't you?

A flicker of pain, and then, gathering himself for one final
try, Nino turns to Sammy, whining plaintively:

LA ROCCA

You couldn't make it fifteen? I'm
on the arm to a shy for eight...

(breaks off, blurting
resentfully)

It's not like you were pinched for
bread! You got a piece of Chinatown!

It is Calvin, his lip curling derisively, who responds:

CALVIN

A piece of Chinatown! Did you hear that, group? Hell, I'll give you my piece...and throw in a set of dishes!

SAMMY

(scornfully)

Only a scavenger preys upon his own. Fifty years ago your people realized the folly of such counter-productive chauvinism. They sensibly enlarged their territorial horizons to embrace the Afros, the Hispanics, the Anglos and the Jews. As a result of this enlightened policy they are today a multi-billion dollar conglomerate.

LA ROCCA

You've got no beef. We left you alone, didn't we?

LEONARD

Sure. Because you believed us unworthy of exploitation.

A measured smile, a mild shrug, a gesture toward his two associates, and a tone of supercilious condescension;

SAMMY

The natives are restless, Nino... an inevitable by-product of ethnic claustrophobia. The Mulberry Street fat cats have had things all their way for long enough. It's our turn now. Call it a territorial imperative.

LA ROCCA

(his mouth gaping)

You're crazy! All of you! Take on the Combine?! You're out of your loving trees!

CALVIN

We're so crazy, goombah...how is it you're walking out of here with only ten thousand dollars??

49 FAVORING LA ROCCA

49

on his feet now, clutching the envelope. He is vanquished, helpless to avenge his humiliation, but before quitting the field he is determined to fire one last salvo.

LA ROCCA

Okay, you outfoxed me, and there's nothing I can do about it....but maybe you outfoxed yourselves too. If you'd dealt me an honest hand, I could've put you into situations that'd make the pizzeria rip-off look like a dime store smash-and-grab! Kick yourself, Sammy -- you had a good thing going and you blew it, baby!

Turning, he starts toward the door. Midway, his steps falter and he breaks stride, his face changing color.

50 WHAT HE SEES

50

With lightning swiftness, Calvin, laying aside his guitar, has risen from the pillow and moved with cat-like nimbleness to the door, grimly blocking Nino's path.

51 LA ROCCA

51

and the terrible realization that he's said too much. He whirls toward the table, panic gathering in his eyes.

52 PAST LA ROCCA TO THE TABLE

52

where Sammy sits now with gun in hand, its barrel trained on La Rocca. Softly, but with ominous menace:

SAMMY

No, Nino...you just blew it.

53 EXT. MANHATTAN SOUTH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - DAY

53

Establishing shot: a Patrolman muster.

54 INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - DAY

54

Open close on SGT. GINO PALUZZI. Short, squat, built like a fire plug, he looks to be the foreman of a gangland goon squad. His dress enhances this impression: black mohair suit, white-on-white cambric shirt, white silk tie with pearl stick-pin, diamond pinky ring, cat's eye cufflinks and genuine

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED

54

Havana panatella. If he'd shaved five minutes ago, he'd still need a shave - a fact no amount of talcum can camouflage. His carefully tonsured head is more Brilliantine than hair. His voice is authentic Red Hook, and he speaks with a rapid-fire staccato delivery reminiscent of vintage Cagney. He stands before a blackboard upon which he has diagrammed the organizational structure of two Mafia families: Frank 'Don Cheech' Scalesi's and Angelo Sanantonio's. During ensuing dialogue exchange angle widens to reveal Kojak and CAPT. FRANK McNEIL. Gil Weaver lolls in a chair in b.g. of shot, taking everything in. (N.B.: The word "MAFIA" will not appear on the chart.) x

KOJAK

Captain, meet Sgt. Gino Paluzzi --
Intelligence Section, Organized
Crime Bureau. Gino...Captain McNeil.

McNEIL

(as they shake hands)
Is this in connection with the
Crowder killing?

KOJAK

(nods grimly)
And maybe a damn sight more. But
I'll let the Sergeant put you into
the picture. He talks funny, Frank,
so pay attention.

55

OMITTED

55

56

FAVORING BLACKBOARD

56

as Paluzzi steps to it. We are close enough now to study the detailed schematics of the two tables of organization. Pinned alongside the name of "Boss" Angelo Sanantonio is his photographic likeness. Immediately beneath, two names, two photos: Nathan Davidoff - Consigliere; Joseph Mussachio - Underboss. Then, next in the chain of command, the caporegime, twelve of them. Of the lot, only Vince Karabian is identified by an accompanying picture. Beneath the Capos, their various Lieutenants, and below them the Soldati, the Workers, the Commission Agents. This last group is represented not by names but simply by numerical strength. Listed also, under two separate headings, are the Rackets Sanantonio controls and the ostensibly Legitimate Business Enterprises. Under Rackets: Gambling, Westside, 101st Street to Battery Park; Narcotics, Westside, 86th Street to Battery Park; Hijacking, Citywide; Vending Machines, Westside; Protection, Garment District; Loansharking, Westside, Columbus Circle to Houston Street. Under Legitimate Business Enterprises: Pizza Parlors (8); Nightclubs & Taverns (14); Meat Packing (2); Motor Inns (9); Shoe Company (1); Savings & Loan (6); Auto Insurance (1); Mail Order House (1); Employment Agency (3). Total estimated

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

strength of Sanantonio's 'family': 275. Then, across the blackboard, we have Boss Frank 'Don Cheech' Scalesi and his photograph. Beneath him, three names and photos: Ruby Kabelsky - Consigliere; Gaetano Biondo - Underboss; Terry 'The Enforcer' Fitzgerald - Bodyguard. Next, the Caporegime, twenty-one in number. Then the Lieutenants, the Enforcers, the Executioners, the Soldati, Workers and Commission Agents. Three of the Soldati are represented by their photographs: Nino La Rocca, Buddy Crowder and Manny 'No Nose' Gagliano. Under Rackets: Gambling, Eastside, 118th Street to Delancey; Narcotics, Eastside, 96th Street to Battery Park; Labor Racketeering, Citywide; Brooklyn Waterfront; Garbage Carting, 79th Street to 14th Street; Fencing, Citywide; Loansharking, Eastside, 126th Street to Union Square. Under Legitimate Business Enterprises: Realty Company (3); Record Outlets (18); Hotel & Restaurant Supply (1); Frozen Foods (1); Discount Stores (6); Bakery (1); Van & Storage (4); Fuel Oil (1); Catering (2); Car Rental (4); Paving & Construction (1); Plumbing & Heating (5); Travel Agency (3); Beauty Salon (12); Furniture Mfg. (1); Sausage Factory (1); Wine & Cheese (2); Home Loan & Mortgage (6); Auto Finance (1); Linen Service (1); Modeling School (1); Ad Agency (1); Distillery (1). Total estimated strength of Scalesi's 'family': 700. During ensuing dialogue passages camera will ease in closer, selecting and individually emphasizing the various specifics Paluzzi makes passing reference to. He commences by pointing to the photograph of Vince Karabian.

x

PALUZZI

For openers, let's take our old friend Vince Karabian, crown prince of the Westside Regime...an ex-nightclub bouncer with smarts enough to marry the boss' daughter...

x

57 EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

57

Karabian, dressed in his Sabbath finery, stands waiting on the front steps following Mass, nodding pleasantly to other parishioners as they flow past him toward the street. MRS. KARABIAN, five by five and hairy as a sheepdog, emerges from the church, joining her husband. Arm-in-arm, they stroll into camera during:

x

PALUZZI'S VOICE

A real comer, this jellybean. Keep your eye on him. Today pizzas, tomorrow the world!

58 INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - DAY

58

Camera is close on Paluzzi's hand as, index finger pointing, it moves upward to the photo of Angelo Sanantonio.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

PALUZZI'S VOICE

'Course there's one small item standing in the way of Colozzo's ambition: his father-in-law -- Big Angie, last of the Moustache Petes...

59 INT. ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

59

ANGELO SANANTONIO, 265 pounds, late 60's, face carved from Sicilian limestone, sits in a back booth waging an unequal struggle with a jigsaw puzzle. Outspread before him on the table is a partially reconstructed reproduction of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." Among other absentia, missing is the subject's face. During ensuing speech, Consigliere NATE DAVIDOFF, 5'6", Columbia Law School's answer to Harlan Ellison, enters frame. Sans deliberation, he selects a piece of the puzzle, providing the Blue Boy with a face. Reacting, Sanantonio looks up, beaming approval.

PALUZZI'S VOICE

Leave Sanantonio alone in a room for a coupla weeks, chances are he'd figure out how to break an egg... but I wouldn't trust him to fry it. The brains is his Consigliere, Nathan Davidoff.

60 INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - DAY

60

Trailing his finger across the blackboard, Paluzzi points now to Frank Scalesi's photograph.

PALUZZI

Across town, Frank Scalesi, affectionately known as Don Cheech. What Genoa is to salami, Scalesi is to organized crime. Statesman, politician, field marshal...a space-age Garibaldi.

61 INT. SCALESI'S BEDROOM - DAY

61

We open on FRANK "DON CHEECH" SCALESI, ancient, withered, cadaverous, his craggy face deeply seamed with lines of debilatory suffering. Though frail beyond measure, his eyes burn fiercely, mirroring a shrewd intelligence, as he clings to life with a tenacity one would view as miraculous in a man half his age. During ensuing speech, camera pulls slowly back to reveal that he lies beneath the coverlets of an old-fashioned four-poster, the upper portion of his desicated body encased in a clear plastic oxygen tent. Seated bedside, note-

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

61

pad and Mark Cross ballpoint at the ready, is his Consigliere, RUBY KABELSKY, tall, lean and lanky, and with the scholarly look of a Pitkin Avenue rabbi. He leans closer, only the plastic sheet separating his ear from Don Cheech's mouth, listening intently to his master's words. Standing immediately behind Kabelsky is TERRY "THE ENFORCER" FITZGERALD, a stocky Irishman, lantern-jawed, broken-nosed, his red hair flecked with grey. A man who never smiles, Fitzgerald's intimidating mien would unsettle Attila. On the other side of the bed stands GAETANO BIONDO. In b.g. we observe a white-uniformed MALE NURSE and FIVE MEN wearing business suits, posed respectfully with their hats in their hands. One of these men is LOUIS "FATS" GIANCANA. The bedroom, though spacious, is sparsely furnished and in the Mediterranean manner. There is a crucifix mounted on the wall above the bed.

PALUZZI'S VOICE

That old barracuda does more business from a brass four-poster than a houseful of hookers. His Consigliere Ruby Kabelsky does the talking but it's Cheech's mouth you're listening to.

x

62

INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE

62

Moving to the bottom of Scalesi's table of organization, Paluzzi's finger indicates the photos of Nino La Rocca, Manny 'No Nose' Gagliano and Buddy Crowder.

PALUZZI

Finally, our foot soldiers: three hungry little goofballs trying to make their mark in life. Security they got...the Mob looks out for its own. A coupla bills a week, with an extra cee-note thrown in now and then for busting some heads -- but it's table scraps. They see the Capos strutting around in their five hundred dollar mohairs with their Miami suntans and it lights a very short fuse. So what do they do? They moonlight. They case themselves an outside job and then they take it to their tenente. If he approves, it's bucked up the ladder till it reaches Don Cheech. It looks okay to him, he gives the office. One phone call, and without otherwise lifting a finger he's in for sixty percent of the take.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

McNEIL

You're saying Scalesi knew about the pizzeria score -- that he actually authorized it?!

KOJAK

He had to, Frank. Those yo-yo's tried something like that on their own, he'd have their heads on the half-shell!

McNEIL

But to approve a hit on one of Sanantonio's spots...that's an open invitation to a gang war!

KOJAK

It is now, but it wasn't going in. The goniffs had the alarm key, the code signal...what could go wrong? Unless they autographed the job, how's Karabian going to know who took him off? Damn right Don Cheech okayed it -- because that's exactly how it would have gone down if those three freelancers hadn't turned up and wrecked the scenario!

(X)

McNEIL

(a thought occurs)

But if you can figure that much out -- so can Santantonio.

KOJAK

(nodding dourly)

That's why we're so twitchy, Frank ...we're sitting on a bomb.

PALUZZI

See, it's Angie's move now, and he knows his son-in-law is watching. He may not be eager to call up the troops -- after all, Scalesi's army outnumbered his three to one -- but he's gotta do something, otherwise he's a lame duck.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED - 2

62

McNEIL

And Don Cheech? What's his move?

63 EXT. SCALESI RESIDENCE - DAY

63

A black Continental pulls up to the curb in front of a red brick townhouse. Nathan Davidoff and TWO BODYGUARDS get out. The Consigliere carries a briefcase. The three men mount the front steps, Davidoff punching the doorbell.

PALUZZI'S VOICE

A guess? He'll beat Sanantonio to the punch by requesting a sitdown. They'll parley, the two Consiglieres, over espresso and focaccia. If it goes well, we can all take the day off. If it doesn't...!

64 CLOSE ON UPSTAIRS WINDOW

64

The curtains are drawn aside, Kabelsky peering downward through the window pane at the newly arrived visitors below.

PALUZZI'S VOICE

These are proud men, true to their Sicilian heritage. Angie may be the injured party, but unless he allows Don Cheech some way of saving face you can kiss d'etente goodbye!

(X)

65 CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR

65

as it is opened by Terry 'The Enforcer' Fitzgerald. His face inscrutable, he stands to one side, indicating that Davidoff may enter. No sooner has he done so, however, than Fitzgerald closes the door in the Bodyguards' faces.

66 INT. SCALESI'S BEDROOM - DAY

66

The Male Nurse is administering a hypodermic injection to his patient. The oxygen tent is not presently in use. Nearby, on a table, sure enough there's an espresso-maker, two diminutive demi-tasse cups and saucers, cream, sugar, lemon peel, and a platter of fresh-baked focaccia. Ruby Kabelsky stands waiting, hands joined behind his back. The door opens and Fitzgerald ushers Davidoff into the bedroom. Having completed the IV, the Nurse retreats. Stepping to the bed, Davidoff takes Scalesi's emaciated right hand in his, bends down and kisses it.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

DAVIDOFF

From Don Sanantonio, felicitations.
He wishes you a long life.

SCALESI

(his voice a rasping
whisper, guttural)

A long life I got already, Con-
sigliere. He should wish me first
prize in a dancing contest!

His laughter is dry as pumice, degenerating almost instantly
into a convulsive spasm of throttled choking which wracks his
entire body. Alarmed, the Nurse hastens forward, but Scalesi,
regaining control, feebly waves him back.

SCALESI

Ringraziare, Joey, grazie, grazie.
(to Davidoff)

He don't hear me. He's a deaf-mute.
But I figure if somebody's keeping
you alive, it don't hurt to thank
him for it. So what if he can't
hear? Maybe God's listening.

67 ANOTHER ANGLE

67

At the coffee table Kabelsky is pouring two cups of espresso.
He glances questioningly toward Davidoff.

KABELSKY

As I recall, you take lemon peel.

DAVIDOFF

(turns, nodding)
And two sugars, please.

SCALESI

Try the focaccia. It's from our
own bakery.

Kabelsky slides a cup and saucer toward Davidoff, a slice of
cake. The two rival Consiglieres settle into chairs, facing
each other warily across the table. Davidoff puts his brief-
case on the floor. His gaze flicking from one man to the
other, Scalesi breaks the silence:

SCALESI

So, you bring me a grievance,
Nathan Davidoff...

DAVIDOFF

With all due respect, Don Scalesi,
it was you who initiated this --

CONTINUED

67

CONTINUED

67

SCALESI

(overrides impatiently)
It don't matter who initiated,
you're here!

(then, subsiding)

I let you two Kissingers work it
out, okay? Too much talking tires
me.

(with emphasis)

Too much listening tires me even
more.

Lying back, he waits for them to commence. Kabelsky takes
the reins.

KABELSKY

I can see no necessity for lengthy
discussion. The issue is simple.
We are met because of the regrettable
occurrence of last night...a most
deplorable incident which was only
an hour ago brought to Mr. Scalesi's
attention. He is of course highly
desirous of averting the possibility
of blood being imprudently spilled
as the result of a flagrant treaty
violation by troops under his
command...a violation which he per-
sonally neither authorized nor con-
dones.

DAVIDOFF

(turns to Scalesi)

Don Sanantonio will be most grati-
fied to hear this.

SCALESI

You tell Angelo...you tell him for
me, kid: the perpetrators will be
punished. My oath on that!

KABELSKY

Although he admits to no responsi-
bility, as a matter of family honor
Don Scalesi insists on making full
restitution for the money taken
from the Palermo Pizzeria.

(X)

SCALESI

It was a Thursday...I figure Vince
was holding maybe eighty, ninety
grand in policy action, right?

Davidoff has picked up his briefcase. Opening it, he produces
a typewritten sheet of paper from which he reads:

CONTINUED

67

CONTINUED - 2

67

DAVIDOFF

\$184,000. And change.

68

REVERSE ANGLE

68

Reacting, Scalesi and his Consigliere swap pointed looks. If he's aware of the subtle shift in the mood of his auditors, Davidoff gives no outward sign.

SCALESI

And change. You sure you didn't leave nothing out?

DAVIDOFF

(referring to paper)

Well, there was the damage to the safe, of course...and the carpet --

SCALESI

(cuts him off with a gesture; to Kabelsky)

Pay him.

Rising, Kabelsky moves wordlessly to the desk. He unlocks a drawer, takes from it a metal cash box and opens it. Removing a stack of currency, he begins counting off the specified amount. Lying unopened on Don Cheech's bedstand is a five-pound box of imported marzipan. Scalesi gestures.

SCALESI

This, too, Consigliere -- take it ...as a gift from me to Don Sanantonio. It arrived only this morning from Monte Reggio, a present from a distant cousin. She doesn't know I'm not allowed. But my good friend Angelo, molto robusto! A constitution like a mule!

(a beat)

May he enjoy the marzipan in continued good health.

His eyes, as he says this, hold Davidoff's. The inference is not lost on the Consigliere. Picking up the marzipan, he takes Scalesi's right hand, bends down, kissing it.

DAVIDOFF

Many thanks, Don Scalesi.

(X)

As he straightens, Kabelsky joins them, handing Davidoff a sheaf of currency. Pocketing it, Davidoff moves to the door, Kabelsky accompanying him. We have the distinct impression that Davidoff knows that they know he's pulled a fast one, and that he also knows that they know that he knows.

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

DAVIDOFF

I can find my way out, thanks.

KABELSKY

Always a pleasure, Nate. Ciao.

69

FAVORING SCALES

69

as the door closes behind Davidoff. Scalesi's face curdles and he fairly spits the words out:

SCALESI

You ready for that mascalzone?!
He knows we can't prove different,
so he jacks the price up!

Seizing a signal-buzzer which dangles handily at the end of an electrical cord, he presses it. There is a second door connecting to an adjoining room. It opens now, a burly TORPEDO ushering Manny 'No Nose' Gagliano into Don Cheech's presence. Gagliano's face is bruised and swollen, one eye completely closed; obviously he's been subjected to a brutal beating. The stench of fear fills the bedroom. Gagliano expects neither mercy nor clemency, convinced that he's already a dead man. Nevertheless, he cringes under Scalesi's virulent castigation. (N.B.: Gagliano will not appear shocking to the audience.) (X)

SCALESI

Stupido! You any idea what your bungling cost me? How long you think I gotta wait for a fantoccio like you to pay it back? I got grandchildren wouldn't live to see the day! Wanna know howcome you ain't being measured for a cement overcoat? 'Cause I was dumb enough to give you the okay! But in New York, sciocco, you're finito. I'm sending you down to the minors.

(to Kabelsky)

Give him his bus ticket.

Kabelsky produces a bus ticket, hands it to Gagliano. Unable to believe his good fortune, Gagliano's eyes fill with tears. Then he glances at the ticket and his face falls.

GAGLIANO

Denver...?

SCALESI

You're lucky it ain't Anchorage!

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

Realizing this is no time to quibble, Gagliano falls to his knees. Seizing Scalesi's hand, he smothers it with kisses.

GAGLIANO

Grazie, maestro, milione-grazie!

SCALESI

(to the Torpedo)

Get him outa here before I change my mind and drop a building on him!

Moving forward, the Torpedo hauls Gagliano to his feet and leads him weeping from the room. As the door closes behind them, Scalesi glances questioningly at Kabelsky.

SCALESI

What about the other termite?

KABELSKY

La Rocca? Still no word. He didn't turn up for work today.

Camera moves in, holding Scalesi in extreme closeup.

SCALESI

Then I guess we know who belched. Order up a contract. Find that sciacallo and make a crowd of him!

70 EXT. LA SCALA ITALIAN SAUSAGE WORKS - DAY

70

Two blue-and-whites are drawn up outside, along with a morgue wagon, mobile Forensic van and the M.E.'s car. Kojak's car speeds into scene. He, Paluzzi, and Gil pile out, hurrying into the factory.

71 INT. REFRIGERATED STORAGE ROOM - DAY

71

In the shadows, hanging from a meat hook amongst the mortadella, pepperoni, salami and spicy sausages, is the barefoot mutilated corpse of Nino La Rocca. Death must have come as a welcome blessing, for his body bears unmistakable souvenirs of a sadistically extensive torturing - a fact briefly illumined for us by the o.s. glare of a photographer's flash bulb. (N.B.: This will be staged so as not to give offense to the audience.) (X)

SHEINBLUM'S VOICE

Whoever did it, you've got to give them high marks for thoroughness. You don't get results like this from kitchen matches. Whatever, he was a long time dying...

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

As he's speaking, camera has panned off the body to reveal Kojak, Paluzzi, a FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER with camera, and SHEINBLUM grimly contemplating the grisly remains. In the chilled atmosphere of the storage room their breath is an ectoplasmic vapor. His preliminary examination completed, the M.E. closes his bag, shivering against the cold.

KOJAK

(to Gil)

Seen enough?

GIL

Are you kidding? I'll be drinking my meals for a month!

Turning, they move toward the door, camera tracking them.

KOJAK

What've you got on La Rocca?

PALUZZI

Grapeshot mostly. Broke in with Big Ed Dvorachek in Chicago's tenderloin. Pulled a deuce at Joliet for extortion and headed east. Hit town four months ago. Buddy Crowder got him into the Scalesi organization. They put him on as a sausage-stuffer.

(X)

72 INT. SAUSAGE-STUFFING WORKROOM - DAY

72

Slumped in a chair in one corner of the long room, his head in his hands, is a BUTCHER, recognizable as such by his apron. Crocker stands talking to him. Present also on the scene, methodically going about their expert business, are SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE FORENSIC TEAM. TWO UNIFORM PATROLMEN stand stolidly onlooking. In b.g. of shot TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS, body bag at the ready, patiently await their turn. Kojak, Gil and Paluzzi emerge from the refrigerated storage room, continuing their conversation:

KOJAK

Don Cheech owns this place?

PALUZZI

The business license reads Emilio Conforti, but the principal shareholder is Fort Hamilton Savings and Loan. Frank Scalesi is Fort Hamilton Savings and Loan.

CONTINUED

72

CONTINUED

72

Crocker, his interrogation of the Butcher finished, comes over, joining them. He indicates the shaken Butcher.

CROCKER

Butcher found the body when he opened up this morning. Name's Biaggio.

KOJAK

He looks like he just lost his breakfast.

CROCKER

(nods)

For the third time. Swears up and down the body wasn't there when he locked up last night. You want to talk to him?

(X)

KOJAK

Later maybe.

(turns to Paluzzi)

You got an address on our DOA?

Paluzzi produces a notebook, leafing through its pages.

PALUZZI

Rents a coldwater walkup coupla blocks from here...Thompson Street, 102. Fourth floor.

KOJAK

(to Crocker)

Get some men over there and give the place a toss.

73

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

As Crocker exits through one door, Kojak turns to Paluzzi.

KOJAK

Well, nobody can accuse Sanantonio of dragging his feet!
(and then)

CONTINUED

KOJAK (cont'd)

You're the expert, Paluzzi. Light my fire. Is it still push for shove -- or did somebody just declare World War Three?

PALUZZI

I wish I knew, Lieutenant. There's nothing on the streets.

KOJAK

Maybe we need more eyes. Think you could con the OCB into springing for full-time surveillance on Don Cheech, Sanantonio and their councils...?

PALUZZI

(wincing)

You know what that'll cost?! We're into next year's budget as it is.

KOJAK

(his arm around
Paluzzi now)

C'mon, Gino...sixteen years on the force, you must have a rabbi squirreled away...somebody with some grease Downtown...

PALUZZI

(grudgingly)

Well, yeah -- but I've been saving him for a rainy day...

KOJAK

(holds out hand,
palm upturned)

What's this -- the morning dew?

(digs out a dime,
gives to Paluzzi)

Here. I'll pay for the call myself.

Knowing he's been suckered, Paluzzi disengages himself and heads for the door. Kojak, grinning, calls after him:

KOJAK

And Sergeant...tell him it couldn't hurt to throw in a standby chopper.

Hurling Kojak a withering look, Paluzzi exits. Gil stands shaking his head with marveling admiration.

KOJAK

I know. Sometimes I hate myself.

74 EXT. SCALESИ RESIDENCE - DAY

74

A gleaming new Mercedes-Benz 600 is parked in front. Camera pans up to hold the upstairs bedroom window.

75 INT. SCALESИ'S BEDROOM - DAY

75

Don Cheech is propped up in bed, napkin tucked under his chin, the Male Nurse hovering attentively over him. It's feeding time. There's a bed tray across his lap, upon it a bowl of chicken broth and a glass of warm milk. During the ensuing scene Scalesi will crumble soda crackers into the broth, one after the other, until finally he has created a soggy mess which is more crackers than broth. This unappetizing concoction he spoons into his toothless mouth with the deliberately measured cadence of a sluggish metronome. Standing solemn-faced at the foot of the bed are Ruby Kabelsky and Gaetano Biondo, Underboss to Scalesi. He is, for a change of pace, handsome, suave, stylishly groomed and attired, a man of culture if not of breeding and refinement. Terry 'The Enforcer' Fitzgerald is at the window, staring outward at Manhattan's fog-shrouded skyline.

SCALESИ

I send to him a box of marzipan --
(to Kabelsky)

The message was clear? There could
be no misunderstanding?

KABELSKY

It was clear.

(X)

SCALESИ

So. He sends to me a stiff. In my
own place of business, hanging with
the salciccia, a stiff!

BIONDO

We don't know, Frank. We don't know
it was Sanantonio. Not for an
absolute fact.

SCALESИ

Who, then? Answer me that. The
carabinieri?

(slams fist down)

Am I to suffer this assault upon my
honor and do nothing?!

He is shaking with an uncontrollable rage, soupy cracker
dribbling down his chin. Concerned for his welfare, Biondo
and Kabelsky swap uneasy glances, then:

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

75

BIONDO

Name it, Frank. You want satisfaction, we'll get you satisfaction. You want a body count, pick a number.

There is a long pause. Scalesi's thoughts turn inward.

SCALESI

Thirty years ago I wouldn't think twice. We got the men, we got the muscle...we could go through the Westside like a reaper through a wheat field. But is that looking after business?...The whole country's in a recession, and our profits are up twenty percent over last season. It don't make sense...

(a pensive pause)

I can't walk across the room without leaning on somebody's arm, but the blood, the blood of my fathers still runs hot...

(another pause)

Does General Motors' blood run hot?

(sighs wearily, his decision made)

Contact Don Sanantonio...tell him it is of urgent necessity that we should have a head-to-head.

Visible relief is evident in the faces of Kabelsky and Biondo. Turning, Kabelsky moves to the phone.

76

CLOSEUP - FITZGERALD

76

as he turns from the window, staring toward Scalesi. Do we detect disappointment in his expression? O.s. sound of the phone being dialed.

77

INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - DAY

77

We begin tight on the photo of Fitzgerald, pinned to the diagrammed schematic of Scalesi's organization on the blackboard. A dart whistles into shot, impaling Fitzgerald's nose. Camera pulls back slowly to reveal Kojak, Gil and Sgt. Paluzzi. The last-named is our dart-thrower. Kojak, jacket removed, shirt collar unbuttoned, tie askew, lies upon the couch, shuffling desultorily through a sheaf of reports. Gil straddles Kojak's chair, arms resting on its back, chin leaning upon his arms. In another chair Paluzzi sits tipped at a perilous angle, ankles crossed, his feet upon the desk which is littered with the remnants of a delicatessen lunch. Taking careful aim with his last dart, he impales Don

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED

77

Cheech. Gil nods approvingly. O.s. chatter of busy typewriters and typical squad room walla. Crocker enters, a report in his hand. Taking in the scene, he announces, perfectly straight-faced:

CROCKER

We tossed La Rocca's pad. Zilch.

PALUZZI

(indicates wastebasket)

In the round file, under "Z"...if there's any room left.

CROCKER

(undaunted, to Kojak)

Except for one thing, maybe...

(as Kojak looks up)

our pilgrim had a ladyfriend.

78

CLOSEUP - KOJAK

78

who takes the report from Crocker, scans it, reacts, sitting up bemusedly.

KOJAK

In Chinatown...?!

79

EXT. RANDALL'S ISLAND - DAY

79 -

Two armorplated Cadillac limousines sit waiting. In the first are FOUR HEAVILY ARMED TORPEDOES. In the second, Angelo Sanantonio, Nathan Davidoff and the two Bodyguards established earlier in the visit to Scalesi's residence. A newspaper blows through scene, whipped along by a vagrant gust of breeze. O.s. sound of approaching automobiles. A black armorplated Lincoln Continental comes gliding into view, trailed closely by an ambulance. From the Connie, Terry 'The Enforcer' Fitzgerald and THREE HEAVILY ARMED TORPEDOES emerge. The doors of the first Cadillac limo open, their opposite number spilling forth. Consigliere Ruby Kabelsky steps down from the ambulance, crossing the intervening expanse of "no man's land" to the first Caddie where he surrenders himself into the custody of the waiting Torpedoes as a hostage guaranteeing the safety of their Boss. Only then does Sanantonio forsake the bulletproof security of his car. Climbing out, he walks erectly toward the ambulance. Overhead, faintly at first, but growing louder, o.s. sound of a circling helicopter.

80

GROUND TO AIR - THE HELICOPTER

80

high in the heavens, lazily circling above the scene below.

81

AIR TO AIR - THE HELICOPTER

81

clearly identified as being the property of the NYPD. Inside the cockpit, seated next to the PILOT, a PHOTOGRAPHER focusses a Nikon with a long-range telescopic lens.

82

AIR TO GROUND - THROUGH TELESCOPIC LENS

82

observing, with closeup fidelity, Sanantonio as he climbs into the back of the ambulance. Click goes the shutter!

83

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - DAY

83

Here, in this pre-arranged "neutral zone", the two Bosses rendezvous, their only witness Scalesi's deaf-mute Male Nurse. Don Cheech lies strapped on a fold-down gurney, Sanantonio, seated on a folding camp chair, at his side. Though a man of fierce pride and surging passions, Sanantonio is sensible enough to recognize that he is in the presence of his superior. Naturally ruddy, his complexion is even more choleric than usual, and he perspires profusely, mopping his neck and brow from time to time with an already sodden handkerchief. Eventually, he declares:

SANANTONIO

I swear by all that's sacred, I had
nothing to do with the death of Nino

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

SANANTONIO (Cont'd)
La Rocca, may I kiss the croceficcio!
This you must believe, Franco.

His eyes fixed steadily on the squirming Sanantonio, his voice as cold as the Siberian wastes, Scalesi demands:

SCALESI
Must...? Why must I believe...?

Sanantonio, experiencing the Kafka-esque nightmare of a man charged with a crime he did not commit but unable to produce tangible proof of his innocence, simulates a grotesque parody of a beguiling smile. Intended to lay to rest all suspicion, it of course produces quite the opposite effect.

SANANTONIO
Why would I do such a thing? For what reason? Territory? I am already content. Do I defy the Commission? I have problems enough. From Seventy-Sixth Street north my runners must now pay protection to the Puerto Ricans. I have lost three narcotics deliveries in the last month alone. The Grand Jury has subpoenaed the books on Great Northern Produce. And only this morning Doctor Grossman tells me I must have a hernia operation... Franco, with such troubles what do I need with a war??

(X)

SCALESI
The order would not have to come from you...there are men in the ranks...spoilors, impatient for power. Your son-in-law, for one.

SANANTONIO
(his face darkening)
Vincente? If I believed that, my daughter, blessed though she is to me, would be a widow. It is true, I feel his eyes upon my back...but he is not so reckless as to burn the castle down in order to capture it.

A pause. Seeing that Don Cheech is wavering but not yet entirely convinced, Sanantonio leans closer, selling hard:

SANANTONIO
Franco...there is a spettro between us...I will not have it so. Let me

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED - 2

83

SANANTONIO (cont'd)
make you a proposition, eh? In a
hat I will put the names of my most
trusted tenentes. Draw three names,
any three, and if they're dearer to
me than my own children, still will
I order their executions!

Persuaded now by Sanantonio's obvious sincerity, by the tears
welling in his eyes, Scalesi holds out his arms.

SCALESI
Angelo, Angelo, fedele camerata...
come to my arms.

Blubbering, Sanantonio embraces Don Cheech, crushing him in
his arms, wetly kissing the old man's withered cheeks.

SANANTONIO
Compare, compare mio, grazie...!

84 EXTREME CLOSEUP - SCALESI

84

He is not relieved. To the contrary, his perturbation in-
creases. In a voice haunted by some nameless spectre:

SCALESI
But, if not you, then who?...Who??

85 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

85

Kojak's N/D car squeezes into a parking slot. Emerging from
the sedan, Kojak ambles purposefully toward one of the colorful
shops: "JADE PALACE & ORIENTAL CURIOS."

86 INT. JADE PALACE & ORIENTAL CURIOS - DAY

86

Tinkling wind-chimes, the fragrant aroma of sandalwood and
ginger, an array of glass-enclosed display cases filled with
exotic treasure from the Far East. Behind the counter, NANCY
WONG, delicate, fragile, petite - looking for all the world
like an exquisite Chinese porcelain figurine magically come
to life. Her maternal grandmother, MAI LING, a white-haired,
wizened octogenarian, sits sucking on a pipe at the cash
register. Like the man who wears both belt and suspenders,
it is significant that she also keeps an abacus handy. A
QUARTET OF TOURISTS, instantly identifiable as such by their
out-of-state wearing apparel and the camera equipment dangling
from their necks, browse lazily among the fascinating curios
and objets d'art seeking souvenir bargains to commemorate
their visit. Entering, Kojak pauses, his gaze sweeping the
scene. Spotting Nancy, he crosses to her, flashing his shield.

CONTINUED

KOJAK

Nancy Wong? I'm Lt. Kojak,
Manhattan South Detective Squad.

Reacting to the tin, Mai Ling's hand creeps furtively toward a signal-buzzer located beneath the cash register. Observing the action out of the corner of his eye, Kojak glances in her direction, grinning reassuringly.

KOJAK

You don't have to trip the alarm,
grandmother. This isn't a gambling raid
...I'm here on a homicide.

Mai Ling suspends. Frowning, Nancy inquires puzzledly:

NANCY

Gambling, Lieutenant? I'm afraid I
don't understand...

Amused, but content to go along with the game, Kojak nods toward a curtained-off door at the rear of the shop.

KOJAK

Sure, I know...they're baking fortune
cookies in your back room.

Giggling, Nancy turns toward her grandmother, repeating in Chinese the words of Kojak. Mai Ling nods, permitting herself a fleeting smile, and seemingly relaxes, puffing venerably on her pipe. Nancy returns her attention to Kojak, again frowning.

NANCY

You said a homicide investigation?
What has this to do with me?

KOJAK

(gravely; this part
is never much fun)
I believe you know a Nino La Rocca.

NANCY

Yes. Yes, I know Nino...
(then, grasping it)
Oh. I see. He's dead, then.

It is a statement, not a question, ventured with a calm, matter-of-fact acceptance of Nino's passing. Registering her unruffled reaction, Kojak remarks:

KOJAK

You don't seem too surprised.

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED - 2

86

NANCY

(as if examining
her thoughts)

I suppose I'm not, really. Some
men are marked for violence. Nino
was one...anyone could see it.

(pause, then)

Do you know who killed him?

KOJAK

I was hoping you could tell me.

NANCY

(shakes head)

Actually, I didn't see that much of
him, Lieutenant. A half-dozen times
at the most...

87

CLOSEUP - MAI-LING

87

puffing inscrutably on her pipe. Although unable to under-
stand the conversation, we sense that she is nevertheless
profoundly disturbed by Kojak's inquiry.

KOJAK'S VOICE

When was the last time?

NANCY'S VOICE

Sunday. We went to the Radio City
Music Hall. Afterwards, Nino took
me to Gallagher's for a steak.

88

FAVORING KOJAK AND NANCY

88

KOJAK

Did you notice anything unusual?
I mean, did he seem to be upset,
preoccupied...?

NANCY

No. But I think I know what you're
looking for. Nino was a gambler,
Lieutenant...a horseplayer. It was
like a fever in him. He never said
so, but I could tell he was fight-
ing a heavy losing streak. That
night at Gallagher's I ordered a

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

NANCY (cont'd)

Delmonico, he had a salad. He said he wasn't hungry, but I knew better. Coming home on the subway, I chided him. We should've gone to someplace less expensive, I told him, where we both could've eaten steak. "Dont' sweat it, kid," he answered, "Barney's eating mine."

KOJAK

Barney...?

NANCY

The man he placed his bets with -- Barney the Book. I don't know his last name.

KOJAK

It's Bramley. You did good, Nancy.
(pats her cheek)
If anything else should occur to you, we're in the book.

And he exits.

89 ON THE CURTAINED DOORWAY

89

as the curtains part and Leonard Wong steps forth. Camera pulls back as he moves forward to join his sister. Slipping an arm around her waist, he peers after Kojak,

LEONARD

Thanks, sis. Like the man said, you did good.

NANCY

I didn't tell him too much?

LEONARD

Nothing he wouldn't've managed to learn elsewhere.

(glances at watch)

Hey, I've got to split. Time to go to work.

Brushing her cheek with a kiss, he starts to move off. She catches his hand, checking him, concern in her face.

NANCY

Be careful, huh...?

LEONARD

(gently reassuring)

Hey...I'm the seventh son of a seventh son, remember?

CONTINUED

89

CONTINUED

89

And he's gone. Camera holds Nancy's fretful countenance, then pans off to bring Mai Ling into view. She, too, stares after her departed grandson with troubled eyes.

90

EXT. EASTSIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

90

A small moving van comes driving along, turns into a service alley which runs alongside of the apartment building.

91

FAVORING APARTMENT BUILDING DELIVERY ENTRANCE

91

The delivery van pulls to a stop. Sammy Loo, his brother Calvin and Leonard Wong emerge from the vehicle, all three attired in coveralls. Lifting down an ornately carved Chinese chest from the back of the van, they strap it on a furniture dolly and enter the building.

92

INT. PRIVATE GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT - DAY

92

A large, handsomely appointed living room converted into a mini-casino. There is a roulette wheel, a dice layout and three felt-topped poker tables. TWO ATTRACTIVE HOSTESSES circulate among the customers with snacks and liquid refreshments. Genially overseeing everything is the casino's operator and sub-lessee of the suite, GERARD "FRENCHY DU BOIS. His patrons, all familiar regulars and notorious high-rollers, include LOUIS "FATS" GIANCANA, well-known shylock and nephew of Don Cheech. Suddenly, the door bursts open and three coveralled gunmen wearing ski-masks invade the room. The action instantly suspends, everyone freezing in place. The TWO HOUSE BOUNCERS look to their boss for instructions. Frenchy shakes his head, addressing the gunmen:

FRENCHY

I'm protected.

SAMMY

Not from us.

(to the bouncers)

Grab a piece of wall and hold on.

The two Bouncers raise their arms, placing the palms of their hands against the wall and leaning forward as Calvin quickly frisks them, relieving both of their holstered revolvers and their saps. Meanwhile, Sammy has directed his attention to the casino's customers, curtly commanding:

SAMMY

Billfolds on the crap table...
everybody move!

With varying degrees of alacrity or reluctance, the patrons comply, Leonard closely monitoring their action.

93 FAVORING FRENCHY DU BOIS 93

watching helplessly, his eyes murderously smoldering.

94 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SCENE 94

Finished with the Bouncers, Calvin strides to a door which connects with an adjoining room, opens it.

95 INT. APARTMENT MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 95

Entering, Calvin crosses swiftly to a princess telephone on the commode beside the king-sized bed, rips the cord from the wall. Turning, he re-traces his steps.

96 INT. GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT - DAY 96

Emerging from the bedroom, Calvin nods to his brother. By now the patrons have all divested themselves of their billfolds. Waving his gun, Sammy indicates the bedroom.

SAMMY

In there.

Unprotestingly, customers, pit bosses, hostesses and Frenchy himself are herded together by the three gunmen and ushered into the bedroom. As Louis 'Fats' Giancana starts to fall in with the others, Sammy places a hand on his arm.

SAMMY

Not you. You stay with us.

The last straggler has now disappeared into the bedroom, Calvin closing and locking the door behind him. Stepping into the corridor, Leonard re-enters a moment later, wheeling the Chinese chest into the suite on the furniture dolly. Moving from table to table, Calvin begins gathering up the piles of cash which lie scattered about the room. The chest is opened and the billfolds and loose currency dumped into it.

97 LOUIS FATS 97

watching uneasily. He has no idea as to why he, of all those present, was singled out - and it disturbs him. He opens his mouth as if to voice the gnawing question and then, thinking better of it, closes it again.

98 BACK TO SCENE 98

Emptying the Bouncers' revolvers of their cartridges, Sammy pitches the handguns into the Chinese chest. Then, turning to Louis 'Fats', he gestures:

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

98

SAMMY

You, too.

Louis looks at the chest, looks at Sammy, looks at the chest again and shakes his head, adamantly balking.

LOUIS FATS

Not on your life!

Whap! Calvin's gun butt creases Louis' skull. Into the chest goes the unconscious Giancana. Closing the lid, the three orientals proceed now to pile furniture in front of the bedroom door: sofa, chairs, roulette table, dice layout. A tin of flammable cleaning solvent is produced (taken earlier by Leonard from within the Chinese chest), its contents emptied on the stacked-up furniture.

99 INSERT - KITCHEN MATCH

99

ignited by Sammy's thumbnail.

100 STACKED-UP FURNITURE

100

as the match is tossed into shot from behind camera, the solvent-drenched furniture instantly catching fire.

101 THE PERPETRATORS

101

Illumined garishly by the dancing flames, they hurriedly wheel the Chinese chest out of the apartment.

101A EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING DELIVERY ENTRANCE - DAY

101A

Having loaded the Chinese chest into the back of the moving van, our three daring renegades close and secure the tail gate, stowing the dolly away. Their masks removed now, they contemplate one another. Suddenly, like a mischievous school boy who has just pulled off some audaciously fantastic Halloween prank, Calvin begins to giggle. The mood is contagious. Leonard breaks up. Then Sammy. With a gleeful whoop, Calvin feints his brother with a sham Kung Fu maneuver. Sammy retorts in kind, instantly whirling to meet Leonard's flanking assault. It is a moment of jubilant abandon: children at their games. And then, because discretion commands it, they pile into the van, their uproarious laughter reverberating in the service alleyway.

102 EXT. EASTSIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 102

The small moving van, its radio loudly blaring acid rock, emerges from the service alley. As it drives away we hear, in the distance, the imperative wail of a rapidly approaching fire siren. Already, a crowd of curious spectators has begun to gather in front of the apartment building, necks craning as they peer upward toward a tenth floor window from which a cloud of black smoke billows forth.

103 EXT. WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY 103

Kojak's N/D car drives up, parks. He and Crocker get out and enter the Hotel, waving a greeting to the DOORMAN. In the distance, screaming fire sirens.

104 INT. WALDORF-ASTORIA LOBBY - DAY 104

Kojak and Crocker check the lobby, then head purposefully toward an alcove which contains a row of telephone booths.

105 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY 105

BARNEY "THE BOOK" BRAMLEY is ensconced in a booth, speaking into the phone. That he has been/or intends to be here for some time is attested to by the twin stacks of dimes and a pile of betting slips on the shelf in front of him. A dapper little man with the well-turned-out look of a prospering Broadway theatrical agent, Barney is in his mid-40's, a bundle of hyper-active nervous energy. He wears a hounds-tooth Rex Harrison chapeau, a pair of wire-rimmed Ben Franklins straddling his hawkish beak. Suddenly, the door to the booth slams open and Kojak looms ogre-ishly over him, Crocker at his elbow. Reaching in, Kojak takes the phone receiver from Barney's hand, cradling it.

KOJAK

The trouble with phone booths,
Barney, is they don't have a back
door.

BARNEY

(teeth gritted in pain)
You're standing on my foot, Kojak.

KOJAK

(glances down;
mock surprise)
Is that your foot? Well, well. I
would've sworn it was an alligator.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

105

BARNEY

(a nervous titter)

Imitation. Alligators is an endangered species.

KOJAK

(pleasantly)

Not half as endangered as you are, you ever call me Kojak again. I'm a Lieutenant, cockroach. I can't get over it. Everytime I hear it, shivers run up my spine. Say it for me, Barney.

(clamps Barney's jaw between thumb and forefinger, enunciates)

Lieu-ten-ant.

BARNEY

(Kojak working his jaw, enunciates)

Lieu-ten-ant.

Releasing Barney, Kojak turns to Crocker, beams approval.

KOJAK

By George, I think he's got it!

CROCKER

I'm going to phone in. Maybe they've turned up something on Gagliano.

106 REVERSE ANGLE

106

Crocker moves off, slipping into one of the other booths. Barney continues to study Kojak apprehensively, his eyes darting fretfully from Kojak to the pile of betting slips and back again. Observing his discomfort, Kojak inquires:

KOJAK

Did I catch you at an awkward time, Barney? Would you rather I come back anon?

And then, before Barney can reply, Kojak, as if just noticing them for the first time, reacts elaborately to the betting slips. Reaching in, he helps himself to a fistful. Involuntarily, Barney makes a reflexive move to stop him. Kojak slaps his hand away, examining the slips close up.

KOJAK

Land sakes, what's this? Betting slips? Tsk, tsk. What're people going to think, Barney? Caught with your work -- that's really tacky.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

106

BARNEY

(sulkily)

I thought you were working Homicide.

KOJAK

(leafing through
the slips)

I'm a man for all seasons. Some of
this, some of that -- it whiles
away the hours.

(looks up)

I see you're getting a lot of play
on Turkish Delight in the sixth at
Aqueduct. How much of it did you
manage to lay off?

BARNEY

(bitterly resentful)

None of it...yet. That was the
phone call you interrupted.

Kojak, still clutching the betting slips, has popped a Sherman
between his lips. As he lights it, performing his renowned
one-handed match trick, he casually remarks:

KOJAK

Tell me about Nino La Rocca.

BARNEY

(too quickly)

Never heard of him.

An eyebrow skeptically arching, Kojak, his cigarette lit,
continues to hold the burning match, its flame perilously
close to the handful of betting slips. Barney stares mes-
merized, his throat suddenly gone dry.

BARNEY

What...what're you doing...?

KOJAK

(almost dreamily)

Know what happens if I touch a match
to this? Every customer you got is
going to claim a win today. How
much are we talking about, Barney?
A midtown bookie like you, what's
the average day's handle?

107 FAVORING BARNEY

107

with the burning match in f.g. He is visibly sweating now,
eyes riveted on the flickering flame. As it draws ever nearer
the betting slips, he suddenly blurts:

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

BARNEY

Oh, that Nino La Rocca!

108 TWO SHOT - THE SCENE

108

Kojak blows out the match, continuing to hold the matchbook at-the-ready, as the words come tumbling out:

BARNEY

Sure, sure, now I remember. A chalk-bettor. Ran up eight yards on me before I found out he was no pay. What could I do? I sold his paper to a shylock -- had to discount fifty cents on the dollar, but it was better'n nothing.

KOJAK

This loanshark got a name?

BARNEY

(grudgingly)
Louis 'Fats'.

KOJAK

(reacting)
Giancana? You're a sweetheart, Barney. Why didn't you just push La Rocca in front of the Bronx Express?

Crocker rejoins them, an air of excitement in his manner.

CROCKER

Can you stand a coincidence?

KOJAK

(warily)
Maybe once a year.

CROCKER

If you liked Karabian's Pizzeria,
you're going to love this one...!

x

109 OMITTED

109

110 INT. PRIVATE GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT -DAY

110

A scene of charred and smoking havoc and noisy pandemonium. The living room area has been virtually gutted by fire, but the bedroom, fortunately for its helplessly imprisoned occupants, has emerged relatively unscathed. While no one was seriously injured, Frenchy du Bois, his two Hostesses, his two Bouncers, his Pit Bosses and his bedraggled Patrons are all suffering,

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

in varying degrees, from smoke inhalation and shock. The devastated premises are jam-packed with a milling congestion of fire victims, FIRE FIGHTERS, UNIFORMED POLICE and PLAIN-CLOTHES OFFICERS. Not unexpectedly, the "victims" are all anxious to leave, but, having been found in an illegal gambling establishment, they are restrained from doing so. In b.g. Gil stands talking to a FIRE MARSHAL. Closer by, Stavros jots some entries in his case book. Kojak and Crocker enter from the hallway, taking in the scene. Crocker trailing him, Kojak moves to Stavros who, wholly engrossed, continues to scribble data in his casebook. Peering over his shoulder, Kojak genially inquires:

KOJAK

How're we doing, Baldy?

Glancing up with a start, Stavros closes the notepad, grimacing disgustedly as he pockets it.

STAVROS

Barbecued zilch! Nobody, but no-
body is talking. Ask a question,
any question, you get one answer:
"I want to see my lawyer."

111 TRACKING SHOT

111

Crocker and Stavros at his side, Kojak prowls the scene, his narrowed gaze ever-probing, missing nothing.

KOJAK

Any fatalities? Anybody hurt?

Stavros shakes his head. As they move on, Gil joins them.

GIL

Fire Marshal says there's no
question but what it's arson.

KOJAK

(of the "victims")

And they hung around to watch it?

GIL

They didn't have much choice, loo
...they were all locked in the bed-
room. Engine company hadda crash
the door.

STAVROS

(as Kojak reacts)

Oh, that's not the half of it...it
gets even better. A gambling casino,

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

STAVROS (cont'd)
but no cash laying around. Over
twenty people present, and not one
of 'em can produce an ID. Howcome?
There's not a wallet in the crowd.
So what's it all add up to...?

KOJAK
...Another knockover!
(then)
In whose name is this place listed?

GIL
(grinning)
This you're gonna like: Gerard du
Bois.

Reacting, Kojak halts, his gaze searching the room.

112 WHAT HE SEES - PANNING SHOT

112

moving over the faces of those present until finally it holds
on Frenchy who stands conversing animatedly with one of his
obviously distraught patrons.

113 KOJAK

113

and his smile of pleasurable anticipation. He moves off.

114 TWO SHOT - DU BOIS AND HIS COMPANION

114

Frenchy, wincing, turns unhappily toward camera as:

KOJAK'S VOICE
Still going to the same tailor! I
warned you about that no-talent...
He designs his patterns with a
cookie-cutter!

Kojak enters frame from behind camera, du Bois, detaching him-
self from his companion, greeting him with a singular lack of
enthusiasm:

FRENCHY
Hello, Lieutenant...

Kojak slips an arm around du Bois, hugging him to him.

KOJAK
Hello indeed! So tell me, Frenchy
...off the record...who's your
banker this week?

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

FRENCHY

Banker...?

KOJAK

C'mon, this is El Greco -- you can level with me. Who set you up, mon cher? Who's backing the action?

FRENCHY

Action? What're you talking about?

KOJAK

(expansive gesture)

I'm talking about this: Vegas East!

FRENCHY

Hey, Theo, you got the wrong slant here. I'm out of gambling. Whoever torched the joint must've flaked me. I just had a few people over for drinks, some laughs...

KOJAK

Sure, and you were all playing Show and Tell in the bedroom when the fire broke out.

FRENCHY

The very words from my mouth...

KOJAK

Frenchy, I love you. Twenty years I've been ringing your chimes, and you're still playing it like a virgin!

Sighing, Kojak turns, beckons to his o.s. troops.

115 ANOTHER ANGLE

115

as Kojak is joined now by Crocker, Gil and Stavros. Although patently within earshot of du Bois, Kojak makes no attempt to lower his voice as he issues the following instructions, addressing himself first to Gil:

KOJAK

There's a couple of paddy wagons parked out front. Send 'em away.

(indicates assemblage)

I want these jokers schlepped downtown one-to-a-car. Set up a shuttle system if you have to.

Nodding, Gil hurries out of shot. Stavros is puzzled.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

STAVROS

What've you got in mind, skipper?

KOJAK

I'd like to keep them segregated from each other so they can't all rehearse the same story. I've only spotted two known gamblers, the rest seem to be straights, with wives or bosses they're accountable to. Right now they're afraid to talk for fear of scandal. Okay, let's milk that fact.

CROCKER

Milk it?..How?

KOJAK

They're unable to provide proof of identity? That means, until we learn otherwise, they're just a bunch of John Does.

(to Stavros)

Tell 'em that. Tell 'em that before they can be arraigned you're going to have to put 'em in a line-up...that for each we'll need at least three people to identify them.

(eyes twinkling)

Tell them -- then stand back and watch how fast they cave!

Stavros grins, relishing Kojak's fiendish stratagem.

STAVROS

Lieutenant, you're so beautiful sometimes I could almost cry!

115A INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

115A

Louis 'Fats' Giancana, blindfolded, lies supine upon a bed, helplessly spread-eagled, his wrists lashed to the headboard, ankles to the baseboard. Calvin sits listening to a stereo set, the apartment booming with heavy rock. Nearby, Leonard rolls a cigarette. Sammy, who is on the phone, cups a hand over the mouthpiece, shouting to his brother:

SAMMY

Could you dial that down? I can't even hear myself!

Picking up a pillow, Leonard playfully hurls it at Calvin who, ducking to one side, obediently tunes down the volume. Removing his hand from the mouthpiece, Sammy resumes into the phone:

CONTINUED

115A CONTINUED

115A

SAMMY

I said, we have your husband, Mrs. Giancana. We are asking \$250,000 for his safe return...

116 INT. NIAGARA CONVERTA-BED COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

116

Niagara Converta-Bed is a legitimate business operated by Louis 'Fats' and his wife as a front for his loansharking activities and various other extra-legal enterprises. In the privacy of the executive office, MICHELE GIANCANA has just accepted a phone call. In her late 30's, she is an attractive, full-bosomed woman fairly radiating animalistic sensuality. She is rather heavily made up, a cosmetic camouflage which unhappily fails to entirely conceal a discolored bruise on her cheek. The dark glasses are more successful, hiding from view her blackened eye.

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

You have six hours in which to raise the money. You will be contacted again this evening with instructions regarding its delivery.

Click! Sammy has hung up. We hear the filtered dial tone. Slowly, her expression unreadable, Michele cradles the phone. Her gaze shifts, staring toward a point o.s.

117 WHAT SHE SEES

117

Mounted on the wall is an array of black-and-white and full color illustrated sales layouts extolling the superior virtues of Niagara Converta-Bed's various up-to-the-moment models. Conspicuous among these is a framed photograph. It is upon this that our camera focusses: a group shot, casually posed, apparently taken at some social club. Four of the faces are instantly recognizable to us - Don Cheech (before his incapacitation), Ruby Kabelsky, Gaetano Biondo, and Louis 'Fats' Giancana. Camera moves slowly in on the last-named, until his smugly beaming countenance fills the screen.

118 CLOSEUP - MICHELE

118

her intensely burning gaze filled with loathing, with pitiless hatred. O.s. rap at the office door. Michele glances up. Sound of door opening. Her pulse quickens, revulsion magically replaced by rapturous love.

119 PAST MICHELE TO THE DOOR

119

which frames on the threshold handsome young JOHNNY BISHOP, hot-shot sales manager of Niagara Converta-Bed, Inc. Before Michele can say anything, Bishop's eyes have pantomimed a warning signal. The reason becomes immediately apparent as Kojak and Crocker shoulder their way past Bishop and enter the office. Kojak introduces himself.

KOJAK

Lieutenant Kojak, Mrs. Giancana,
Manhattan South.

(indicates Crocker)

Detective Crocker. We'd like to
talk to your husband.

Consistent with her appearance, Michele's voice is sultry, but her speech is mannered, as though she'd learned English from a computer programmed by an anglophile.

MICHELE

I'm afraid he isn't here just now,
Lieutenant -- but then I'm sure our
Mr. Bishop has already informed you
of that fact.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SCENE

120

Crocker is intrigued by the lady, and unable to disguise his fascination. Kojak, veteran that he is, is more blase.

KOJAK

He has...but I figured you'd be
able to tell us where we could find
Louis.

MICHELE

I've really no idea. If you'd tell
me what it's in regard to, perhaps
I can be of help.

KOJAK

It's in regard to a certain Nino
La Rocca, recently deceased.

MICHELE

(tilts her head,
pondering the name)
La Rocca...no, the name's unfamiliar
to me.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

120

KOJAK

Oh? That's odd -- considering his untimely passing left your husband holding the bag for eight grand.

MICHELE

(as if not certain
she's heard right)

His death did what, Lieutenant...?

She has helped herself to a cigarette from an enameled box on the desk. Leaning forward, Kojak takes it from between her lips, reverses it, explaining:

KOJAK

You've got the wrong end.
(then, as he lights
it for her)

Eight, comma, oh-oh-oh. Assuming a break on the vigorish because Nino's mobbed up, that's still over a grand a week in interest alone. On La Rocca's take-home, he couldn't even make a dent in that.

MICHELE

(exhaling a streamer
of smoke)

Excuse me, Lieutenant -- I hope I'm mistaken: you're surely not suggesting my husband is a...usurer?

KOJAK

(with mock horror)

Me? Suggest a thing like that?
I'd rather take up basket-weaving!

121 MICHELE

121

A properly outraged spouse, fiercely protective of her absent husband, selecting each word with infinite care:

MICHELE

Louis Giancana is a respected and respectable furniture manufacturer...a fund-raiser for a dozen charities...a devout church-goer and devoted father. He is also a veteran of the Korean War -- with a Good Conduct medal and a ten percent disability pension. And you would malign a man like that with your shabby innuendo?!

122 THE SCENE

122

Kojak, deadpan, solemnly shakes his head.

KOJAK

Not me, no, ma'm.

(looks at Crocker)

How about you?

Crocker, dumbstruck, shakes his head. Kojak turns to Mrs. Giancana, striking like a cobra:

KOJAK

But I'll tell you what I will do,
lady: if I haven't heard from your
husband by seven o'clock tonight,
I'll issue a warrant for his arrest!

(dons his hat)

It's been a pleasure.

And he exits, Crocker following him out. Camera continues to hold the scene. With the police gone Michele, given a moment of utter privacy, is herself again. She sorts carefully through her tangled thoughts, looking for land mines or booby traps. And then, irresistably drawn, her gaze wanders to the photograph.

123 INSERT - PHOTO

123

Don Cheech, Kabelsky, Biondo and the others, and, of course, most pertinently, the beaming Louis 'Fats'. O.s. sound of the office door opening.

124 BACK TO SCENE

124

as Johnny Bishop enters. He opens his mouth to voice a question. It is never given utterance. Rising from behind the desk, Michele flies into his arms. Laughing uncontrollably she gasps:

MICHELE

Darling, darling...we got lucky!

125 EXT. NIAGARA CONVERTA-BED SHOWROOM - DAY

125

Emerging, Kojak and Crocker head for their car. Through the showroom window we glimpse various models of attractively displayed Converta-Beds. Kojak looks at Crocker.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

125

KOJAK

Behind those shades she's wearing a mouse the size of Shea Stadium -- but does Detective Crocker see it? He's too busy humming 'Tristan and Isolde.' Well, I'll clue you into something, young Lochinvar: her majesty didn't win that trophy in a Pillsbury bakeoff!

CROCKER'S VOICE

Louis 'Fats'...??

KOJAK

(nodding)

He of the short temper and the quick hands. Fearless Fats...he'll deck your grandmother faster'n you can say "Knit one, purl two."

(pause; a sidelong glance at Crocker)

And I'll tell you something else, Sergeant Friday...

CROCKER

(already in his shell)

Yeah...?

KOJAK

That superfly sales manager, Pretty Boy Bishop?...Before he ushered us into the lady's presence, he paused to straighten his tie. Suggest anything to you?

CROCKER

(nodding gloomily)

I should've listened to my Dad and gone into aluminum siding.

And they get into the car and drive away.

126
thru
130

OMITTED

126
thru
130

131

EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - NIGHT

x

131

Establishing shot.

132

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

132

Sammy Loo, on the telephone, is just concluding an entirely unsatisfactory conversation with Michele Giancana:

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

132

SAMMY

Perhaps we have a bad connection.
Would you mind repeating that?

133 INT. GIANCANA BEDROOM - NIGHT

133

Attired in a sexy negligee, Michele Giancana lies in bed conversing on a violet princess phone. The sheets and pillow slips are violet satin, the spread is mink. The room's only illumination comes from the bed lamp on the commode. Michele is wearing her dark glasses.

MICHELE

I'm telling you I haven't been able to raise the money! A quarter-of-a-million dollars -- did you imagine I could simply borrow that from the household account?

CONTINUED

-133 CONTINUED

133

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Mrs. Giancana, I don't care where
you get it, just get it!

Click! A Mona Lisa smile playing with her lips, Michele cradles the phone. She turns, glancing o.s. Adjust angle to include Johnny Bishop. Clad in custom-made silk pajamas, he stands pouring two glasses of Moet from a magnum chilled in a sterling silver ice bucket. Switching off the bed lamp, Michele removes her glasses, placing them on the commode. Extending her arms invitingly, she murmurs:

MICHELE

Hey...don't be a stranger, huh?

134 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

134

In another bed, in the heart of Manhattan's Chinatown, lies Michele's helplessly immobilized husband, Louis 'Fats.' In b.g. of shot Leonard Wong is engaged at a small cook stove, stir-frying something in a wok. Sammy and Calvin Loo stand off to one side, urgently whispering:

CALVIN

It's going sour, Sammy, I can feel
it. Turn him loose. We made out
all right on the gambling raid.

SAMMY

Call that making out? Calvin, we're
shooting for the moon. You want to
settle for a trip to Disneyland?

CALVIN

But if she can't get the money up --

LEONARD

(pitching in)

There are plenty more where he came
from. If we set him free, there
won't be...

Turning, Sammy moves to the bed. Leaning down, he rips the
adhesive strip from Giancana's mouth, announcing:

SAMMY

The lady of the house is playing
games with us. Now why would she
do a thing like that...?

Giancana's gross features redden apoplectically; a vein above
his temple pulses furiously, like a snake gripped by St. Vitus.
Driven by a cuckold's rage and an ever-mounting awareness of
his own mortality, he screams hysterically:

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

134

LOUIS FATS

That tramp! That stinking tramp,
she wants me dead! That lousy
strega is trying to job me!

(X)

SAMMY

For your sake, let us all hope that
you're mistaken.

The import is not lost to Louis. He threshes about on the
bed, sweat streaming down his cheeks in rivulets, as he begs,
wheedles, cajoles and whimperingly entreats:

LOUIS FATS

Hey, c'mon, what kinda talk is that?
So Michele knocks the legs off my
chair -- she ain't the only bank in
town. Lemme call my uncle, huh?
One call, what could it hurt?
(then, stridently)
Gimme a chance, will ya?! Don
Cheech'll get the ransom up!

SAMMY

(shakes head)
I'm sorry...it's not part of our
scenario.
(to Calvin)
Better tape his mouth again.

As he says this, Sammy takes from his pocket a switch-blade
knife, flicking it open.

135 OMITTED

135

136 INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

136

We open close on a blowup of an aerial reconnaissance photo
taken from the police helicopter of the meeting between the
two mob leaders at Randall's Island. We see
the ambulance, the armorplated Continental, the two armor-
plated Cadillacs, the two groups of Torpedoes. Ruby Kabelsky,
a hostage for their boss' safety, stands with the Sanantonio
faction, watching as Sanantonio himself steps down from the
rear of the ambulance, a smile of obvious relief on his face.
Over scene, we hear:

KOJAK'S VOICE

Monday, 3:45 P.M. A summit meeting
on neutral turf between Scalesi and
Sanantonio. Sergeant, you're our
resident bird-watcher...what's your
instant analysis?

CONTINUED

136

CONTINUED

136

As Kojak's speaking, camera has pulled back to reveal the scene. Present with Kojak in the office are Paluzzi, McNeil and Gil Weaver. Kojak holds the photo in his hand, passing it now to Paluzzi who studies it, musing aloud:

PALUZZI

Angie's smiling -- with relief, by the looks of it. Either he's just put one over on Scalesi or whatever they eyeballed about, Angie's off the hook.

MCNEIL

If he's been given a clean bill of health, what're we left with??

KOJAK

Factor "X". Something outside the Combine. A wildcat operation.

GIL

Against the Wise Guys?! They'd have to be fresh out of marbles!

KOJAK

I'm not talking about a full-scale military offensive, I'm talking about guerrilla warfare: hit and run, fire and fall back...

MCNEIL

But what could they hope to gain?

KOJAK

What? Let me show you something...

137

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BLACKBOARD

137

Added to the chalk-diagrammed schematics, in their relatively appropriate positions in the Scalesi Family table of organization, are mug shots of Gerard 'Frenchy' du Bois, Louis 'Fats' Giancana and Barney 'The Book' Bramley. Tacked alongside Frenchy's picture is a photograph of his gambling establishment after the fire had gutted it. Kojak points to it, continuing his Chalk Talk:

KOJAK

Tuesday, 2:00 P.M., three masked gunmen rip off Frenchy du Bois' goulash joint. Descriptions obtained from four of the victims square with the boosters who took Karabian's Pizzeria. What does this tell us? Let's go with a hunch...

x

138

PAST KOJAK TO THE OTHERS

138

as Kojak points now to the photo of Nino La Rocca.

KOJAK

Nino La Rocca. On the arm to Louis Fats and the bread is down. Partners in a knockover with Gagliano and Crowder. Say there's a hundred big ones in the box. Sixty goes to the Old Man. After the split, La Rocca's hardly got walkaround money, let alone a little something for the ponies. So what's our nebbish do?

GIL

(grinning)

He makes some new partners...outsiders. Renegades.

KOJAK

Right! Except now it's Nino who commands the lion's share.

McNEIL

Go on. I find this fascinating.

KOJAK

What happened next we can only guess...but they've left us some pretty broad hints. The condition of La Rocca's body. Say his playmates are thrilled with the way the pizzeria job came off and they're itching to do an encore. Maybe Nino's not too crazy about the idea, maybe he doesn't like the terms... whatever, he turns them down.

McNEIL

(nodding)

And that's when they gave him the butane hotfoot....

139

REVERSE ANGLE - TO INCLUDE STAVROS AND RIZZO

139

as he enters from the squad room with a glassine-enclosed fedora. They stand waiting in b.g. for Kojak to conclude.

(X)

(X)

PALUZZI

Makes sense. Somebody had to give 'em Frenchy's address. It's for damn sure they didn't find it in the Yellow Pages.

CONTINUED

139

CONTINUED

139

KOJAK

What I'm wondering is what else
Nino gave them before he paddled
across the River Styx...!

(sees Stavros)

Yeah? What is it, Skinny?

STAVROS

(moving forward)

Lieutenant, I dunno if this means
anything....

KOJAK

Well, if you don't, how'm I
supposed to know?

RIZZO

On account of you're a Lieutenant,
Lieutenant. See, nobody claimed it.

(X)

KOJAK

I'm all choked up.

STAVROS

(perservering)

Those johns we pulled in...you know,
from Frenchy's? After we'd sorted
out their identities and returned
their property to them, this was
left over....

He hands the glassine-enclosed fedora to Kojak.

140

INSERT - FEDORA

140

as Kojak turns it over in his hands, revealing, stamped in
gold leaf on the sweatband: "L. GIANCANA."

STAVROS' VOICE

There's a name on the sweatband:
L. Giancana.

141

BACK TO SCENE

141

Kojak and Paluzzi look at each other, reacting.

PALUZZI

L. Giancana. Louis Fats!

KOJAK

(nodding grimly)

And why was his fedora there and
not his obese self...?

CONTINUED

141

CONTINUED

141

Crocker has appeared in the doorway, announcing:

CROCKER

I think I can answer that for you,
loo...if you'd care to take a walk.

142

EXT. NYC SIDE STREET - NIGHT (BACK LOT/DAY FOR NIGHT)

142

The area has been roped off with signs posted indicating this to be a "CRIME SCENE SEARCH AREA - KEEP OUT." A number of vehicles are in evidence: several blue-and-whites, a mobile Forensic unit, a morgue wagon, some N/D cars. Present are Kojak, Crocker, Gil, Agajanian, two Morgue Attendants, a Forensic crew, some uniformed Patrolmen. The focus of attention is a late model Maverick. It has been completely stripped and, its wheels removed, rests upon its axles. The trunk is open, the M.E. giving a preliminary examination to the corpse of Louis 'Fats' Giancana which lies stuffed into its interior. Camera opens shot close on the body, pulling slowly back during the ensuing speech to hold the entire scene:

AGAJANIAN

Cause of death: strangulation.
Looks to be a string from a musical instrument, maybe a guitar. Oh, and something else that may be of interest to you: the index finger of his left hand has been surgically amputated...sometime within the past twenty-four hours.

As, reacting, Kojak digests this startling information, Crocker comes striding up, announcing:

CROCKER

I checked out the registered owner.
He reported the car stolen as of ten o'clock this morning. Baxter street, off Columbus Park.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED

142

KOJAK

(turns to Gil)

Want to take a ride?

GIL

Where to?

KOJAK

We're going trick-or-treating.

143 INT. GIANCANA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSEUP - MICHELE

143

clad in a sexy black lace peignoir, heavily made up, wearing her dark glasses. Visibly shocked, she echoes:

MICHELE

...dead?? How?...When??

144 THE SCENE

144

The living room is expensively and luxuriously furnished with eclectically collected antiques, velvet drapes and original paintings and objets d'art. Kojak and Gil stand facing the mistress of the house, neither of them particularly taken in by her performance. Drily, Kojak drawls:

KOJAK

C'mon, Michele -- what's it matter?
Do you really care? He's dead.
It's what you wanted, isn't it?

MICHELE

What I wanted...!

KOJAK

Yesterday afternoon three yo-yo's
put the snatch on Louis at your
brother's casino. How do I know
this? He left his hat behind.
Louis Fats without his grey fedora
is like George Burns without a cigar.

MICHELE

Lieutenant, if I had the slightest
notion as to what you're talking
about...

CONTINUED

144

CONTINUED

144

KOJAK

What I'm talking about, Mrs. Giancana, is that unfortunately for the abductors they'd made a lousy choice. What they didn't know was that Fats' wife wouldn't give yesterday's garbage for his safe return. Not understanding this fact, they mailed you a finger, hoping to shock you into action. It didn't...and suddenly Louis was a worthless liability to them.

(beat)

You asked me how he died? It wasn't fun.

A long pause. And then, coolly, perfectly composed:

MICHELE

Is that all? Are you quite finished? The entire story is too absurd to even warrant comment. I see no --

His head cocked as if intently listening, Kojak holds a finger to his lips, commanding Michele's silence. Then, in an elaborate stage whisper, he inquires:

KOJAK

Didn't you hear that?
(to Gil)

I've reason to believe there's a burglar in the house. I suggest you search the premises, Detective Weaver...beginning with the master bedroom.

He nods to Gil who exits into the entry hall, starting up the staircase to the second floor.

MICHELE

(eyes widening in sudden alarm)

No...! Wait!

KOJAK

But Mrs. Giancana...you're all alone now. Surely you'd wish us to protect you?

Agitated, Michele starts after him, but Kojak restrains her, counseling:

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED - 2

144

KOJAK

There could be shooting.
(as she writhes
in his grasp)
Unh-uh...mustn't bite!

145 OMITTED

145

146 REVERSE ANGLE

146

Descending the staircase, Gil ushers a pajama-clad and sheepishly squirming Johnny Bishop into the room. Kojak, an eyebrow arching, looks from Bishop to the smoldering widow, clucking his tongue.

KOJAK

You gave yourself away, chickie...
(gestures)

The hair, the sexy outfit -- oh,
and that wild perfume! It's cer-
tainly not for your hubby, and if
there was just yourself you'd be
nothing but chinstraps, curlers
and coldcream. So...do I get some
straight answers?

MICHELE

(hissing venomously)
I'll tell you what you get -- !

KOJAK

(holds up finger)
Unh-uh. Naughty, naughty.
(then)
I'd think it over if I were you...
because if I don't get some answers,
I am going to place a call to Don

CONTINUED

146

CONTINUED

146

KOJAK (cont'd)

Cheech. A highly moral man, Frank Scalesi, in his own peculiar way. If he thought for a moment that his nephew's wife was fooling around, and that while she was fooling around, her husband was being brutally murdered...

(pauses, glancing from Michele to Bishop)

...well, it's a safe conjecture that he wouldn't send the pair of you a basket of fruit.

The color has drained from Michele's face. Kojak has her bagged and trussed, and she damn well knows it. Her eyes flash, darting about the room, coming finally to rest on Bishop who stands where Gil has planted him.

MICHELE

Can't he sit down? He looks ridiculous standing there!

KOJAK

Sure he can.

(turns to Bishop)

Sit. Smoke if you've got 'em.

147

FAVORING MICHELE

147

as Bishop wordlessly takes a seat in one of the chairs. He is obviously scared shitless, a fact which does not escape Michele. Contemptuously ignoring him, she addresses Kojak:

MICHELE

All right. Yes, my husband was kidnapped. I was informed of this just before your arrival at the showroom yesterday. They wanted \$250,000. I was given six hours to raise the money. When they phoned back last night I told them I hadn't been able to get it up. This morning I received a special delivery...

(pauses, shuddering)

...It contained a finger.

KOJAK

What did you do with it?

MICHELE

I threw it in the incinerator.

(then)

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED

147

MICHELE (cont'd)

An hour later I had another phone call. At that point I informed them that I had no intention of honoring their demands, and that how they chose to deal with --
 (merest hesitation)
 with Louis was of no concern to me.
 (pause)
 I received no further communication.

148 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SCENE

148

There is a long pause. Kojak contemplates the two of them.

KOJAK

Well, you can't arrest a woman for refusing to ransom her husband. I could book you for failing to report a crime, but it'd only be a nuisance charge -- any good lawyer could get it tossed out of court.

(beat; to Bishop)

I'll tell you this, though: if I were you, lover, I'd be halfway to Little America by now. I've given my word and I'll keep it -- Don Cheech won't hear it from me. But when we catch the perpetrators, and we will catch them, the truth's bound to come out.

(beat; to Michele)

For you, of course, the solution's obvious: enter a convent.

(raises his hand)

Pax vobiscum.

He nods to Gil, and the two of them drift from the room. Camera continues to hold the two remaining occupants. Separate but equal, they sit bleakly viewing the future. O.s. sound of front door opening, closing.

149 OMITTED

149

149A INT. DETECTIVES' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

149A

Kojak stands shaving. Gil is changing into a fresh outfit.

GIL

What I don't get is, when he saw his missus wasn't going to come through, why didn't Fats tell the kidnapers to hit Don Cheech up for the ransom?

CONTINUED

149A CONTINUED

149A

KOJAK

He probably did -- but they were too clever to take him up on it.

(as Gil frowns)

Look, Gil, they got a good thing going, why advertise the fact? Just because it failed to pay off this time, that doesn't mean their thinking isn't basically sound.

(a shrug)

So the next Capo they put the snatch on, they'll make sure first that somebody wants him back.

GIL

But won't it get around...put the wise guys on their guard?

CONTINUED

149A CONTINUED

149A

KOJAK

(shakes head)

That's the pristine beauty of it: nobody's going to say anything, not even to each other. It's not just us or the IRS keeps them dog-eyed -- there's not a man among them isn't skimming something off the top before he reports his profits to Scalesi. They've all got secret bank accounts stashed away. Our kidnapppers obviously know this... and they know that's where the ransom's got to come from. Until we bag them, they're in clover...

GIL

(after a pause)

How many members did Paluzzi say there are in Scalesi's family?

KOJAK

At least seven-hundred that we're aware of.

(looks at Gil)

Yeah, I know what you're thinking: who gets grabbed next...and how the hell do we find out when it happens??!

150 EXT. REAR OF SCALESI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

150

There is a carefully tended garden out back, with wrought iron lawn furniture, a fish pond and fountain, a small atrium and a greenhouse/potting shed. The entire area is formidably surrounded by a high brick wall, the rim of which is encrusted with jagged shards of broken glass and barbed wire. As we watch a Doberman comes bounding out of the darkness, streaking to a halt directly in front of camera. Teeth bared, hackles rising, the dog stares upward, a guttural growl rumbling in its throat. From above frame, a juicy piece of raw meat falls into shot, dropping at the Doberman's feet. The dog sniffs the meat suspiciously and then, apparently satisfied, wolfs it down. It takes one or two slightly staggering steps, then, with a whimper, its knees buckle and it collapses to the ground in an unconscious heap. Camera pans upward to reveal, perched atop a telephone pole where he has just finished snipping the wires that connect to the house, Leonard Wong. He wears a ski mask, black turtleneck sweater and jeans, gloves, a napsack slung over one shoulder. His chore complete, he begins shimmying down the pole.

- 151 EXT. ALLEY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WALL - NIGHT 151
- An ambulance, its headlights extinguished, is drawn up outside the massive iron gate. Standing alongside it are Sammy and Calvin Loo, attired in much the same manner as Leonard. Shimming downward into shot, Leonard leaves the telephone pole and joins them. From the front seat of the ambulance a quilted comforter is produced. Leonard climbs atop Calvin's shoulders. The comforter is handed up to him. He places it, folded, upon the barbed wire and jagged glass. Then, securing a grip, he hauls himself upward over the top of the wall and drops from view on the other side.
- 152 EXT. REAR OF SCALESI RESIDENCE - NIGHT 152
- Moving in a crouched position, Leonard crosses to the gate. Producing a skeleton key, he unlocks it, easing it open. Revealed now are the waiting Loo Brothers. Calvin gets behind the wheel of the ambulance, sits waiting there until he's needed. Sammy and Leonard hurry together in the direction of the house.
- 153 and 154 OMITTED 153 and 154
- 155 INT. SCALESI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 155
- Don Cheech lies propped up in bed. Seated on one side of him is Terry 'The Enforcer' Fitzgerald, on the other, the Male Nurse. The three of them are watching television: W.C. Fields in "The Bank Dick." Nobody cracks a smile.
- 156 EXT. REAR OF SCALESI RESIDENCE - NIGHT 156
- With Sammy watching, Leonard takes from his pocket a pencil flashlight and a sheet of paper.

- 157 INSERT - FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS 157
The flashlight's beam focusses on an "X" which indicates the exact location of the main fuse box.
- 158 BACK TO SCENE - FAVORING FUSE BOX 158
as Leonard steps to it, opens it.
- 159 INT. SCALESI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 159
The lights go off, the television image shrinking to a tiny dot, then winking out. Without a word, Fitzgerald rises to his feet, hastening to investigate.
- 160 EXT. REAR OF SCALESI RESIDENCE - NIGHT 160
The entire house has been plunged into darkness. The back door opens, framing Fitzgerald on the threshold, a .45 in his hand. He glances warily about. About to step forward, he reacts sharply to something he sees o.s.
- 161 THE DOBERMAN - FITZGERALD'S POINT OF VIEW 161
lying crumpled on the ground.
- 162 FITZGERALD 162
steps hastily back, starting to slam the door.
- 163 CLOSEUP - SILENCER-EQUIPPED HANDGUN 163
Zap!
- 164 FITZGERALD 164
crumples, sprawling lifelessly, his body half inside the house, half outside.
- 165 THE SCENE 165
Sammy steps to Fitzgerald, leans down and retrieves the .45, stuffing it into his belt. Leonard, meanwhile, turns and waves to the ambulance. Calvin starts up the motor and drives forward, headlights still extinguished. Sammy and Leonard step over Fitzgerald's body and enter the house.

166 INT. SCALESI BEDROOM - NIGHT

166

Invading the master bedroom, Sammy and Leonard quickly overpower the Male Nurse. Don Cheech, too weak to resist, watches helplessly as Leonard binds the Nurse's hands behind his back with insulated electrical wire taken from the napsack. He is about to tape his mouth as well when Sammy speaks up:

SAMMY

No use taping his mouth...he's a deaf-mute.

(then, to Scalesi)

What about you, old man -- are you going to give us any trouble?

(as Scalesi shakes his head; scornfully)

No, I didn't think you would.

Calvin enters the bedroom, joining them. He brings with him a lightweight collapsible gurney and a laundry bag. Sammy takes the laundry bag, exits into the bathroom.

167 INT. SCALESI BATHROOM - NIGHT

167

In the darkness, Sammy opens the medicine chest, begins gathering up the collection of medicine bottles it contains and putting them into the laundry bag.

168 INT. SCALESI BEDROOM - NIGHT

168

Calvin, having taped Scalesi's mouth, is setting up the gurney. - Leonard has collected the paraphernalia comprising the oxygen tent device. He glances questioningly at the Male Nurse.

LEONARD

This is everything we need?

Unable to read Leonard's lips because of the ski-mask, the deaf-mute shakes his head helplessly. Leonard shrugs, turns away. Re-entering from the bathroom, Sammy spies a small refrigerator in the corner. He crosses to it, swings the door open. Inside, along with some Italian delicatessen, are more bottles of medicine, plus some disposable hypodermic syringes. He adds these to the contents of the laundry bag. At a gesture from Calvin, Leonard steps to the bed and together they lift the frail and unresisting Scalesi onto the gurney.

CONTINUED

168 CONTINUED

168

Calvin wheels the gurney out the door. Picking up the oxygen equipment, Leonard follows after him. Sammy closes the refrigerator, rises to his feet. Taking one last look around, he slings the laundry bag over his shoulder. With a wag of his silencer-equipped handgun, he indicates that the Male Nurse should precede him from the room. The Nurse does as instructed, Sammy trailing him into the hallway. Camera continues to hold the empty room. A beat, then slowly we pan, moving in on a tapestried screen. Behind it, unnoticed until now, is a Kidney Dialysis Machine!

169 EXT. REAR OF SCALESI RESIDENCE - NIGHT

169

In the rear of the ambulance, Scalesi, his Male Nurse, Sammy and Leonard are all stored aboard, along with the laundry bag and the oxygen equipment. Closing and securing the rear door, Calvin moves to the front of the ambulance. From the front seat he takes a white ambulance tunic, donning it over his turtleneck sweater. Removing the ski-mask, he climbs behind the wheel and, starting up the engine, switches on the headlights and drives off into the night.

170 FITZGERALD

170

lying sprawled where we saw him last. As we watch, he slowly begins to stir, a groan escaping him. His eyelids flutter open, his pain-glazed orbs focussing with difficulty. Gritting his teeth, he heaves himself to his feet and, one hand clutching his wound in an attempt to stay the flow of blood, he plunges into the house.

171
thru
174

OMITTED

-
171
thru
174

175 EXT. SCALES RESIDENCE - DAY

175

Parked bumper-to-bumper in front of Don Cheech's stately townhouse is a row of expensive chauffeur-driven limousines - Cadillacs, Imperials, Continentals, two Mercedes and a Rolls. Kojak's N/D car comes driving along, noses into an empty parking slot on the opposite side of the street. Getting out of the Buick, Kojak and Sgt. Paluzzi jaywalk through the early morning traffic flow, making their way to Don Cheech's front door. Kojak rings the bell.

176 CLOSER SHOT - FAVORING FRONT DOOR

176

as it opens, revealing Fitzgerald. He is pale, drawn, his left arm in a sling. Without a flicker of emotion, he takes in Kojak and Paluzzi. Kojak, dauntless, is in fine fettle.

KOJAK

Smile, Terry, it's your Avon Lady.
(then, of the sling)

Hey, what happened, old-timer? Don Cheech wing you with a bedpan?

FITZGERALD

What was it you wanted, Lieutenant?

KOJAK

Ten minutes with The Man. You can tell him it's important.

FITZGERALD

Wait here.

And he closes the door in their faces. Kojak looks at Paluzzi, shrugs, then turns, staring thoughtfully toward the row of expensive limos drawn up in front.

KOJAK

What d'you think?

177 POINT OF VIEW - THE LIMOUSINES

177

with their waiting drivers, some in chauffeur's livery, others in soft clothes.

PALUZZI'S VOICE

Wouldn't hurt to jot down the license tags and run them through MVD.

178 BACK TO SCENE

178

as, taking out a note pad and ballpoint, Paluzzi starts down

CONTINUED

the front steps, moving leisurely toward the parked limos. No sooner has he exited shot than the front door opens once again, this time framing Ruby Kabelsky on the threshold. His manner is polite, cordial, but crisply businesslike.

KABELSKY

I'm Reuben Kabelsky, Lieutenant, counselor to Mr. Scalesi. I'm told you wish to see my client. Regarding what, may I ask?

KOJAK

We're going to do this whole number on the doorstep, right? You're not going to invite me in.

KABELSKY

Without knowing the precise reason for this visit?

(shakes head)

Unless, of course, you've a warrant?

KOJAK

Nope. No warrant.

(then, shrugging)

Okay, I'll bottom-line it for you, consigliere: we've reason to believe there may be a wholesale kidnapping plot directed against prominent members of Don Cheech's organization.

KABELSKY

(without blinking)

Organization? What organization would that be, Lieutenant? If you're referring to my client's various business interests, I should tell you that he is no longer actively involved, having retired under his doctor's orders nearly five years ago.

KOJAK

Sure. Now tell me the one about Goldilocks and the Three Little Pigs.

KABELSKY

(a thin smile)

In any event, it would be impossible for me to grant you an audience with Mr. Scalesi just now...he's out of town, you see.

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED - 2

178

KOJAK

(frowns suspiciously)

Out of town? Where out of town?

KABELSKY

My client did not elect to provide me with his travel itinerary.

(beat)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do. When I hear from Mr. Scalesi, I'll be sure to tell him you expressed concern for his welfare.

KOJAK

What concern? I couldn't care if he sneezed and his head fell apart. I'm just trying to get some of this violence off the streets and back into the home where it belongs.

(touches hat brim)

Ciao, baby.

179 REVERSE ANGLE

179

Kabelsky closes the door and Kojak turns, descending the front steps to the sidewalk. Having copied down all the license plate numbers, Paluzzi closes and pockets his notepad, rejoining Kojak. Deep in thought, Kojak demands:

KOJAK

How long's Terry The Enforcer been Don Cheech's personal bodyguard?

PALUZZI

Must be twenty years, easy. Why?

KOJAK

In all that time, have you known Scalesi to go anywhere without him?

(beat)

Know what I think, Gino? Those cockamamie free-lancers have put the snatch on Don Cheech!

180 INT. SCALESI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

180

Standing at the head of a long conference table, consigliere Ruby Kabelsky presides over a council meeting of Don Cheech's administrative board. Seated on his right is underboss Gaetano Biondo. There are five others, all substantial-looking men in their late 40's or early 50's. The room is oak-paneled, masculine in decor, with heavy drapery. There is an ash tray

CONTINUED

180 CONTINUED

180

on the table before each man, and a box of cigars accessible to all. A side bar is stocked with liquor, ice and mix.

KABELSKY

We are in receipt of their ransom demands. The kidnappers are asking two-million dollars for Don Scalesi's safe return.

(beat for their reactions, then)

We have forty-eight hours in which to comply with their instructions.

BIONDO

That means we gotta get the money up among ourselves...what we're talking here, it's not to leave this room, capish?

Everybody nods. There is a briefcase lying in front of Kabelsky on the table. Opening it, he takes out some papers, distributing them to the others during:

KABELSKY

To expedite matters, I've drafted a plan for collecting the necessary funds. Each of you will be expected to meet his assigned quota...

181 INT. McNEIL'S OFFICE - DAY

181

An informal meeting is in progress. Present are McNeil, Kojak, Paluzzi and Gil. The remnants of a delicatessen delivery are outspread on McNeil's desk: cole slaw, potato salad, sandwiches, pickles, soda pop. Everybody is eating, apparently famished. Reminded of something, Kojak directs himself to McNeil, speaking through a mouthful of sandwich:

KOJAK

Oh, and see if you can finesse me a court order authorizing taps on Don Cheech's phone and the six others on that list.

As he's speaking, he's taken a folded sheet of paper from his pocket, handing it to McNeil. Unfolding it, McNeil scans the names, looks up, obviously impressed.

McNEIL

How'd you come up with these names?

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

181

PALUZZI

(grinning)

Patience, perseverance and pluck.

KOJAK

(drily)

And a little writer's cramp. They're the registered owners of the cars we found parked in front of Scalesi's pad this morning.

MCNEIL

You realize that any evidence acquired as a result of these wire taps will be inadmissible in court.

KOJAK

Captain, I'm already sitting on three homicides, an arson, grand theft auto, armed robbery, breaking and entering, and a pair of kidnappings...I'm not looking to bust up The Mob -- I just want to collar those three kamikazes before they empty the streets!

(then)

Are you going to eat that pickle?

McNeil shakes his head and Kojak helps himself. As he munches, the phone rings. McNeil scoops it up.

MCNEIL

Captain McNeil...Yes, just a moment.

(to Kojak)

For you. A Dr. Lombardi.

Kojak, instantly alert, takes the phone, speaking into it:

KOJAK

Doctor, I'm given to understand the D.A.'s office engaged you to examine Franco Scalesi last summer when his own physician had certified him as being too ill to appear before the Grand Jury...Yes, that's what I'm interested in: the exact nature of his afflictions -- what prescriptions he might require, special medical equipment...Would you? I'd appreciate it...Yes, as soon as possible. Thank you, Doctor, goodbye.

MCNEIL

(as Kojak hangs up)

What's that all about?

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED - 2

181

KOJAK

Since Scalesi's the goose who's going to lay all those lovely golden eggs for them, I'm assuming they want to keep him alive. He dies, it's bad for business. So maybe they snatched him in such a hurry there wasn't time to collect his medicine chest. Or maybe it just didn't occur to them. Whichever, they've got to replace the stuff or the old buzzard fades away.

x

GIL

(chiming in)

Doc Lombardi gives us a list of what they'll need, we alert the hospitals, medical supply houses, druggists...maybe we get lucky. Hell, they got to slip up sometime, don't they?

KOJAK

(to Paluzzi)

You want the rest of your potato salad?

182 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

182

We begin close on a Kidney Dialysis Machine, currently in operation, widening angle to reveal the deaf-mute Male Nurse administering to Don Cheech. The patient, bound and blind-folded, lies upon a cot. The oxygen tent has been set up, and on the table beside him is a collection of medicine bottles. Sammy Loo stands over Scalesi, holding a microphone which is plugged into a small tape recorder. Watching in the b.g. are Calvin and Leonard Wong. Scalesi speaks haltingly, his voice a hoarse and tremulous whisper:

SCALESI

Everybody should know I'm okay... It's not the Fountainbleau, but I'm being looked after...I guess you know, when they grabbed me they left the Dialysis Machine behind...Without that I'm a disconnected number ...But they went and dug me up one somewheres and we're still in business...Joey's with me and they got him running it -- so I suppose if the chow don't kill me I can tough it out...Only don't nobody drag your feet, huh?...Just do like they say and let's get it over with.

(pause; then)

That what you wanted?

CONTINUED

182 CONTINUED

182

Sammy brakes the recorder, switching it to re-wind.

SAMMY

There'll be a second helping of
rice pudding with your dinner.

183 INT. MANHATTAN SOUTH DETECTIVES SQUAD ROOM - DAY

183

The usual maelstrom of activity. Kojak enters from the hallway wearing hat and topcoat. Gil comes hurrying forward to greet him, impatient to divulge some breathtaking news.

GIL

Where you been, Lieutenant? I been
phoning everywhere for you.

KOJAK

(deadpan)
I was getting a haircut.

GIL

(on a take)
Haircut?

KOJAK

(a shrug)
All right, a wax job...what do you
want from my life?

Gil at his side, he begins moving across the squad room in the direction of his office, camera tracking with them. Taking out a note pad, Gil flips it open, announcing:

GIL

Dig this. Four o'clock this morn-
ing, somebody breaks into a ware-
house, Olmstead Medical and Surgical
Supply. And what do they swing with?

KOJAK

(matter-of-factly)
A Kidney Dialysis Machine.

Gil's jaw drops in stunned disbelief, and he demands:

GIL

How could you know? How could you
possibly know??

KOJAK

I can read upside down.

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED

183

Kojak exits into his office. Gil looks at the note pad in his hand, peers after the departed Kojak, then closes the note pad, pockets it, following Kojak into the office.

184 INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - DAY

184

Paluzzi sits waiting. Set up on the desk is a tape recorder/playback. Entering, Kojak shrugs out of his topcoat, hanging it on the tree.

PALUZZI

You get it?

For a reply, Kojak reaches into his topcoat pocket, digs out a tape reel, tossing it to Paluzzi who proceeds to put it on the machine. Gil, having entered, registers curiosity.

GIL

What's that?

KOJAK

Our first dividend...courtesy of the wire tap we put on Scalesi's phone.

The reel loaded, Paluzzi starts the playback. The following telephone conversation is an extremely guarded one, every word carefully selected by both the participants:

KABELSKY'S VOICE

Hello?

SAMMY'S VOICE

I am calling in reference to our conversation of this morning. Are your people interested in redeeming the merchandise -- and at the stipulated price?

KABELSKY'S VOICE

They are...provided we receive viable proof that the merchandise is undamaged and in perfect working order.

SAMMY'S VOICE

Such proof is on the way to you. You may expect it within the hour. Assuming it meets with your satisfaction, how soon would you be prepared to render payment?

KABELSKY'S VOICE

Hopefully, before the day is out.

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED

184

SAMMY'S VOICE

Very well...I'll call back later.

Click: the phone has been hung up. Grimacing disgustedly, Kojak leans over and switches off the tape.

KOJAK

At least we know they've got him...
and that they're dealing.

185 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

185

Don Cheech is turning blue. They've got him in the oxygen tent, and the Dialysis apparatus is still pumping away, but the beneficial aspects of their desperate ministrations are virtually negligible, his pulse growing weaker by the minute. The atmosphere is one of alarmed agitation.

LEONARD

He's turning blue...!

SAMMY

(snarling savagely)
You think I'm color-blind?! I can
see he's turning blue!

CALVIN

(bewildered, almost
in tears)
We lose him...you know what happens
if he signs off? Do you??

SAMMY

He's not going to sign off!!!

Rounding on the Male Nurse, Sammy grabs him by the front of his tunic.

x

CONTINUED

185

CONTINUED

185

SAMMY

If he dies, you die! You understand me? If...he...dies...you...die!

The discombobulated Nurse, eyes bulging with mortal terror, gesticulates frantically, his mouth opening and closing like a fish gasping for oxygen.

LEONARD

He's trying to tell us something. Give him a pencil -- maybe he can write.

A pencil is produced, the back of an envelope serving as a writing sheet. Sammy peers impatiently over the Nurse's shoulder as he writes, reading each word aloud as soon as it is scribbled down:

SAMMY

"Blood...circulating...through...
shunt...may...be...clotting -- "
(grabs Nurse, spins
him around)
Shunt? What's a shunt??

For a reply, the Nurse indicates the arteriovenous shunt implanted in the patient's leg and connects to the Dialysis.

CALVIN

There must be something we can do...?!

The Nurse crosses to the refrigerator, takes out a rubber-sealed IV bottle, gives it to Sammy who reads the label:

SAMMY

"Heparin. Anti-coagulant. As prescribed..."

LEONARD

The bottle's empty!

186

INT. SCALESI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

186

Consigliere Ruby Kabelsky sits at the head of the long conference table. Piled before him on its polished rosewood surface is two-million dollars in U.S. currency. Beside the bank-notes is a telephone. Kabelsky plays absently with his Phi Beta Kappa key as in b.g. a brooding Terry 'The Enforcer' - Fitzgerald savagely paces the floor, glancing fretfully toward the clock, then at the phone.

FITZGERALD

What's keeping them? The money's ready -- why don't they call...?!

186A EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

186A

Leonard Wong and his sister Nancy approach camera, halting in f.g. of shot, only a step away from the drugstore's entrance. Taking Nancy's hands in his, Leonard looks her intently in the eye, demanding:

LEONARD

You know what to do, now?

(as she nods)

Hey, your hands are like ice...

NANCY

(pulling her hands

away; fretful)

Leonard -- what if I botch it?

A beat. Leonard contemplates his sister, assessing the anxious concern so vividly written in her face. Then, with a careless shrug and a gambler's insouciant grin:

LEONARD

Easy come, easy go.

This does it. Relaxing, Nancy grins back and, squaring her shoulders, enters the drugstore.

187

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

187

Nancy comes up to the Druggist, MR. MAJORS, In b.g. Leonard loiters beside the magazine rack, leafing through a copy of Sports Illustrated. It is late, nearly closing time, and they are the only customers in the place. From her purse, Nancy takes the empty IV bottle, handing it to the Druggist.

NANCY

I'd like to have this refilled.

MAJORS

Of course. Might I see the prescription, Miss?

NANCY

(merest hesitation)

I don't have one. There wasn't time. Couldn't you just --

MAJORS

(overlapping)

It's the law, Miss. I'm afraid that without a --

NANCY

(overlaps, eyes filling with tears)

Please? My grandmother's very ill. She could be dying. Couldn't you just this once make an exception?

MAJORS

(softens, kindly)

Look, tell you what I can do... What's the doctor's name...?

(looks at label)

Sellers. Suppose I phone him. If he gives me the authorization --

His voice trails off as Leonard Wong, having ambled over during the preceding exchange, Sports Illustrated in his hand, produces a gun, leveling it across the counter at the druggist, the weapon shielded from the view of passers-by by the magazine.

LEONARD

I'm giving you the authorization.

(motions toward the back section)

Shall we step into the back?

Picking up the bottle, Leonard herds the ashen Majors into the partitioned-off pharmacy section at the rear of the drugstore, leaving Nancy to maintain a lookout. Alone in the front section now, Nancy is manifestly anxious and uptight. Through the front window she spots someone approaching. Quickly, she steps behind the counter.

188

ANOTHER ANGLE

188

Rookie Patrolman ANDY FIORENTINO enters the drugstore. He browses about with seeming aimlessness for a moment, Nancy apprehensively watching him, and then, shrugging helplessly, he calls to her:

FIORENTINO

Miss? Maybe you can help me. I'd like to buy some perfume. Not too expensive, but, you know, nice...

Nancy emerges tentatively from behind the counter, her eyes darting this way and that, looking for the perfume section.

NANCY

Yes, well...

Watching her, Fiorentino is mildly puzzled. There is an island of glass showcases in the center aisle, displaying jewelry, watches, cigarette lighters, comb-and-brush sets, electric shavers, cosmetics, etc. Fiorentino indicates one of the cases, its back to us.

FIORENTINO

It's over here.

Flashing him a tight smile, Nancy steps to the case which features perfumes, colognes and bath oils. Cursorily scanning them, she points to one of the bottles.

NANCY

The Countess Nadia is a lovely scent.

She attempts to open the case but it refuses to budge, a fact which clearly bewilders her. Observing this, Fiorentino, his puzzlement growing, drily ventures:

FIORENTINO

I believe it's locked, Miss.

As indeed it is. Nancy looks up, again smiling tightly.

NANCY

Yes. I'll have to get the key, won't I...?

CONTINUED

Returning to the counter, she goes behind it, begins rummaging through several drawers, looking for the key. Fiorentino follows her over, a subtle change in his manner, his awareness of everything acutely heightened. Without comment, he notes Nancy's purse lying on the counter. His gaze suspiciously pans the drugstore: something smells wrong. Ultra-casually he inquires:

FIorentINO

Where's Mr. Majors?

NANCY

(looks up; blankly)

...Mr. Majors?

FIorentINO

Your boss. The man who owns this drugstore.

NANCY

He, uh, stepped out for a moment...

Her eyes, as she says this, flick uneasily toward the back section. Almost simultaneously, we hear an o.s. noise from the pharmaceutical area. As Nancy starts to say something, Fiorentino, on the alert now, holds up a cautioning finger, murmuring sotto voce:

FIorentINO

Just keep quiet, lady, and maybe nobody'll get hurt.

Slipping his .38 from its holster, he eases stealthily in the direction of the back section. Watching horrified, Nancy cries out:

NANCY

Leonard!

189
thru
192

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

189
thru
192

Everything happens very rapidly, almost swifter than the eye can follow. Leonard steps into view, gun in hand. Shots are traded. The Patrolman slumps to the floor. Leonard snatches up the medicine. When Majors tries to thwart him, he is clubbed unconscious. Nancy, meanwhile, a strained and somewhat bewildered expression on her face, has collected her purse. As Leonard joins her, hustling her toward the door, her knees suddenly buckle and she sags into his arms. The reason becomes apparent to Leonard as he sees the spreading crimson stain on the front of her coat: in the exchange of gunfire, one of his bullets has wounded Nancy. Leonard goes wild with grief, clutching her fiercely to him. Nancy, struggling to remain conscious, is the voice of the reason:

CONTINUED

189
thru
192

CONTINUED

NANCY

Come...come...got to get out of here..

189
thru
192

With Leonard supporting her, she reels unsteadily toward the door. Camera holds the unmoving body of Fiorentino.

193
and
194

OMITTED

193
and
194

195

INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

195

Kojak is seated at his desk, studying some reports. Gil looms suddenly in the doorway, announcing:

GIL

Lieutenant? Crocker caught a squeal in the West Village: Patrolman gunned down in a drugstore stickup. He just phoned in from the crime scene,

CONTINUED

195 CONTINUED 195

GIL (cont'd)
says we better get over there...by
the looks of things, the shooting's
linked to the Scalesi snatch!

196 and 197 OMITTED 196 and 197

198 INT. SCALESI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 198

Consigliere Ruby Kabelsky is slumped over the conference table, fitfully dozing. Fitzgerald, wide awake, sits glaring fixedly into space. The only sound in the room is the ticking of the antique grandfather clock on the fireplace mantle. Suddenly, the phone rings. Kabelsky jerks upright in his captain's chair, knuckling the sleep from his eyes. He fumbles the shrilling instrument from its cradle.

KABELSKY

Yes?

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

For reasons I shall not go into, there will be no action tonight. At 9:30 tomorrow morning, however, you are to bring the money in an Atlantic Airlines flight bag to 87 Mott Street where you will take up a position outside a public telephone booth you will find located there.

x

199 INT. PHONE TAP MONITORING LOCATION - NIGHT 199

(N.B: this can be a casual re-dress of the "extra office" in our Squad Room standing set.) SGT. RIZZO, wearing a set of ear-phones, sits monitoring the ongoing call, a tape recorder lazily spinning in front of him.

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

A sign posted in the booth will indicate that it is out of service, but such will not be the case. You may expect a call -- at precisely what time, you will have no way of knowing in advance.

200 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT 200

In f.g. of shot the Male Nurse stands administering a hypo-

CONTINUED

200 CONTINUED

200

dermic injection to the comatose Don Cheech, the freshly acquired bottle of Heparin standing on the table at his side. Nearby, Sammy sits talking on the phone, Calvin, intently listening, standing over him. And in b.g. Nancy lies moaning and writhing on the couch, a worried Leonard solicitously forcing some whiskey down her.

SAMMY

To insure that there will be no mixup, we have worked out a signal: the phone will ring twice, then stop. When it rings again, you are to answer it. Is everything clearly understood?

201 INT. SCALESI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

201

Kabelsky on the phone in f.g. of shot, Fitzgerald standing listening in on an extension phone in b.g.

KABELSKY

It is...except for one thing: where in heaven's name am I going to lay my hands on an Atlantic Airlines flight bag at this ungodly hour?!

x

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

That, too, has been arranged. If you will send someone to Penn Station, he will find taped under the first wash basin as you enter the men's room a locker key. Inside the appropriately numbered rental locker is an Atlantic Airlines flight bag.

x

Click! Sammy has hung up. Slowly, Kabelsky cradles the phone. Fitzgerald, having hung up too, is already on his way out the door. Camera moves in, focussing on all that lovely money piled on the conference table.

202 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

202

The area has been roped off, UNIFORMED CROWD CONTROL keeping the inevitable gathering of rubber-necking sensation-seekers at their distance. An ambulance is backed up to the drugstore's entrance. Parked close by are a handful of blue-and-whites, a mobile Forensic van, several N/D vehicles. Kojak's car comes screaming up, Kojak and Gil Weaver scrambling out. Making their way through the crowd, they duck under the ropes. TWO WHITE JACKETED HOSPITAL ATTENDANTS are loading the wounded

CONTINUED

202 CONTINUED

202

Patrolman Andy Fiorentino, unconscious now, into the ambulance. A grim-faced Det. Burt Armus stands anxiously watching. This is a damn serious business. The fun and games and flippant wisecracks are put aside now - one of New York's Finest has been shot! Kojak comes up to Armus, pausing to nod toward the ambulance.

KOJAK

How bad is it?

ARMUS

(shrugs bleakly)

Can't say. He bought it in the lower abdomen...could've ripped out half his plumbing. They won't know till he's been X-rayed.

(then, bitterly)

Just six weeks out of the Academy. Hell, he hasn't even broken in his shoes yet!

203 INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

203

Kojak and Gil enter. The Forensic team is at work - taking photographs, gathering blood samples from the darkening stains on the floor, dusting here and there for prints, in general checking out the entire scene. In b.g. of shot a badly shaken Mr. Majors is receiving emergency first-aid from a neighborhood PHYSICIAN. His head bandaged, the druggist has a rapidly swelling lump at the base of his skull. Crocker, who has been interviewing Majors, comes hurrying forward, notebook in hand, to join Kojak and Gil.

CROCKER

Two orientals, man and a woman, in their twenties...wanted a prescription refilled. Mr. Majors -- that's the owner -- said it was impossible without a doctor's okay. Out comes a cannon and into the back room goes the druggist to make up the prescription. The girl stays in front as a lookout. Next thing Majors knows, she's yelling her head off...then the lead starts flying. Majors tries to get into the act and buys some hardware for his trouble. That's all she wrote.

KOJAK

(nods toward Majors)

He able to provide a description of the perpetrators?

CONTINUED

203 CONTINUED

203

CROCKER

Nothing I'd want to go into court with. Claims they all look alike to him. I'm getting him together with one of our sketch artists. It's worth a shot.

KOJAK

(who has frowned disapprovingly to "they all look alike")

What made you so sure this relates to the Scalesi grab?

x

CROCKER

This...!

Reaching into his pocket, he produces a glassine-enclosed IV bottle, handing it to Kojak.

204 INSERT - GLASSINE-ENCLOSED IV BOTTLE

204

On the label, a printed logo: "DENHAM'S DRUGS, 247 SOUTH BROADWAY, NYC - PH. 247-6328." And then, typewritten: "PRESCRIPTION NO. 0462993 - HEPARIN - ANTI-COAGULANT - AS PRESCRIBED - W.R. SELLERS, M.D." Over scene, we hear:

CROCKER'S VOICE

Heparin! It was on the list of Don Cheech's required medical supplies.

205 BACK TO SCENE

205

with Kojak, very much engrossed now, studying the label.

KOJAK

W.R. Sellers, M.D. Yep, that's Scalesi's personal sawbones...

(looks up)

Howcome they left this behind?

CROCKER

(a shrug)

They had the refill. Who saves empties?

KOJAK

(a look at Gil)

You said they had to slip up sometime...

(then, handing bottle back to Crocker)

There's a Chinese Second-Grader

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

KOJAK (cont'd)
working Robbery out of the One-
Seven...Lum. Oliver Lum. Get a
hold of him...

206 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - NIGHT

206

It's late. The shops are shuttered, and only a handful of
sparsely scattered bars and restaurants remain open. Kojak's
N/D car is parked at the curb, Gil and Kojak waiting in the
front seat. Kojak's speech continues over cut:

KOJAK'S VOICE

...Tell him I'd appreciate it if
he'd meet me at the Jade Palace,
289 Mott Street in twenty minutes.

With a feebly asthmatic chug-chug/whff-whff, a dilapidated '67
Chevie pulls in behind Kojak's car, groaning to a resentful
conclusion. A beat, the headlights winking off, and Det.
OLIVER LUM clambers forth, long-haired, 40-ish, Fu Manchu in
hippy raiment. Ambling forward, he leans into Kojak's car,
amiably introducing himself:

LUM

Lt. Kojak? I'm Ollie Lum.

207 INT. JADE PALACE & ORIENTAL CURIOS - NIGHT

207

The shop is in darkness. Sound of insisntly ringing night
bell. The lights go on. Mai Ling comes padding into view
from the back room, puffing on a cheroot. Crossing to the
front door, she peers out and, having registered her three
nocturnal visitors, unlocks and opens it, standing aside as
Kojak, Gil and Lum enter. It is apparent to us that the old
woman is uneasy, apprehensive, perhaps even frightened. As
she closes the door, turning to them, Kojak instructs Lum:

KOJAK

Tell her we want to talk to her
granddaughter Nancy.

LUM

(to Mai Ling, in
Chinese)

We wish to see Nancy.

MAI LING

(in Chinese)

She's not here now.

ngoda sheng jioh gin Nancy.
(We want to see Nancy)

Koyee gah, m'hai Nee Dorr

CUE = NANCY

As the scene continues, Gil will detach himself from his companions, drifting about the shop with seeming aimlessness.

LUM

(in Chinese)

When do you expect her back?

come back when
Koi gah shee fan la?
(She when come back?)
 Cue: LA-Y AH

MAI LING

(in Chinese)

I couldn't say. She is visiting friends.

ngor in jee doh. Koi ching tom/pong yan.

LUM

(turns to Kojak)

The girl's away...visiting some friends. She has no idea when to expect her back.

KOJAK

Ask her for the names of these friends.

Through the shop window we observe, in pantomime, the remainder of the scene inside. Lum puts Kojak's question to Mai Ling. She responds with a shrug, obviously unable to supply an answer. Kojak says something to Lum who repeats the question to the ancient one. Again she shrugs helplessly. Kojak, a portrait of frustration, touches the brim of his hat, heading for the door. Gil rejoins him and, together, the three men emerge into the street. Behind them, Mai Ling switches off the lights, exiting into the back room. Camera moves in, angle tightening on the detectives. Kojak looks at Lum. The oriental grimaces, shakes his head.

LUM

Nothing but bone and gristle. She's lying...but she'd give up tobacco before she'd change her story. You want my opinion, I think she's scared. Gee-fah, fan-tan, mah jongg, these are things she understands... but what the kids are into, that's a whole other ball game to the old lady.

KOJAK

(turns to Gil)

Let's plant on the shop.

CONTINUED

209 CONTINUED

209

LUM

How??

(as Kojak looks at him)
I'm not trying to tell you your business, Lieutenant, but do you have any oriental officers in your command? Other than myself and a couple others, do you know any precinct that does?

(gestures)

You post surveillance using plain-clothes occidentals, I don't care how low their profile, in five minutes it'll be all over Chinatown.

(extends hand)

Sorry I couldn't be of more help...

KOJAK

(shaking hands)

Thanks anyway. I may call on you again if things start to heat up.

LUM

Do that. 'Night.

With a wave to Gil, Lum turns and saunters to his battered heap, getting behind the wheel and driving off. Slowly, Kojak and Gil return to their own car, climb in.

210 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - NIGHT

210

Kojak reaches for the ignition key. Dipping into his side coat pocket, Gil produces a small, exquisitely framed photograph, handing it to Kojak with the deadpan explanation:

GIL

I was browsing around inside and this fell into my pocket...

211 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

211

Nancy and her brother Leonard, posed smiling, their arms affectionately around one another's waist.

KOJAK'S VOICE

That's the girl, all right. And what'll you bet that's the guy?

212 BACK TO SCENE

212

as Kojak returns the photo to Gil, grimly instructing:

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED 212

KOJAK

Nice going. Let's show this photo to the druggist. Maybe we can save the sketch artist some work...

213 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - NIGHT 213

Kojak fires up the engine, switches on the headlamps, and they roar off into the night. Panning with the car, camera picks up the steps leading down to the basement apartment, dollies slowly in.

214 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT 214

Don Cheech, responding to the medication, is on the upswing, his condition apparently stabilized. He is off the Dialysis, but the oxygen tent remains in use. Nancy Wong, on the other hand, is a different matter. The wound itself is not of a critical nature, but she has lost a lot of blood, and the pain is excruciating. With Leonard anxiously onlooking, the Male Nurse is just finishing bandaging the wound. Calvin lies sacked out on some throw pillows. Sammy sits at a table rolling a cigarette. Leonard hurls him an agonized look.

LEONARD

Can't you see she needs a doctor?!

SAMMY

Why? The wound's been cleansed... the bleeding's stopped.

LEONARD

But the bullet's still in there! She could develop peritonitis... blood poisoning could set in...! What if it were your brother instead of my sister? What then??

SAMMY

My answer would be no different.

215 FAVORING NANCY 215

Partially anesthetized by whiskey and barbiturates, her eyes are unfocussed, her speech slurred. Reaching out, she takes Leonard's hand in hers, counseling:

NANCY

It'll all be over in a few hours... why risk blowing everything now? I can hang in there...a few hours...

CONTINUED

215 CONTINUED

215

LEONARD

(face working, bitterly
berating himself)

It was my gun...my bullet...it was
I who shot you!!

NANCY

(squeezing his hand)

Hey, don't blame yourself...I
should've ducked.

216 EXT. MANHATTAN SOUTH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

216

Along comes the Sanitation Department, loudly rattling the
trash cans with sadistic glee.

217 INT. KOJAK'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

217

Kojak, who hasn't had a wink of sleep in the past forty-eight
hours, sits drinking scalding black coffee, fighting to stay
awake. Present also is a haggard, unshaven Capt. McNeil, and
on his right, a similarly haggard and unshaven Sgt. Paluzzi.
The three of them are listening, for the fifth time, to the
taped recording of Sammy's telephoned instructions to con-
sigliere Kabelsky:

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

...the phone will ring twice, then
stop. When it rings again, you are
to answer it. Is everything clearly
understood?

Leaning forward, Kojak switches the playback off, squinting
at McNeil.

KOJAK

You sure they installed a tap on
that phone booth?

McNEIL

Two hours ago. Theo, relax.

KOJAK

Relax? How do you relax in the
middle of a mine field?!

Crocker appears in the door, sleepy-eyed like the others.

CROCKER

Had to haul the druggist out of bed,
but he's made a positive ID: the
couple in the photograph is the

CONTINUED

217 CONTINUED

217

CROCKER (cont'd)
same pair who held him up. Do we
get a search warrant and raid the
Jade Palace?

KOJAK
(stifling a yawn)
What for? That's the last place
they'd hole up.
(then)
Any bulletins on that Patrolman?

CROCKER
Still on the critical list. They're
giving him massive transfusions of
whole blood...can't go in for the
bullet till he's stabilized.

Crocker withdraws. Kojak takes out a box of Shermans, opens
it: it's empty. Scowling, he hurls it into the wastebasket.
Paluzzi, coming to the rescue, tosses him a cigar. Kojak
contemplates it suspiciously, sniffs it, grimaces.

PALUZZI
Live dangerously.

Kojak grunts, proceeding to light up during:

KOJAK
At 9:30 this morning consigliere
Ruby Kabelsky, carrying an American
Airlines flight bag containing
two-million balloons, will station
himself near an allegedly out-of-
order phone booth on Mott Street,
there to await further instructions.
Well, he won't be alone. By the
time he turns up, I intend to have
Chinatown already flooded with
officers.

McNEIL
Without attracting attention? How?

KOJAK
As tourists. Who notices tourists?
They're such an everyday commonplace
in Chinatown they're practically
invisible!

218
thru OMITTED
220

-
218
thru
220

221
thru
226

EXT. MOTT STREET - NYC CHINATOWN - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

221
thru
226

In a series of fragmented cuts, we establish the "casual" infiltration of Kojak's undercover troops as they arrive and mingle with the ambulatory hordes of bona fide tourists. Dressed in provincial attire, accompanied for the most part by distaff officers, likewise outfitted, they amble aimlessly about, browsing through the shops, pausing for tea and cakes, gawking spellbound at the sights, taking snapshots, just like the legitimate greenhorns, but their ever-roving eyes miss nothing. Each, as we discover, carries a reproduction of the photograph of Nancy and Leonard Wong taken from the Jade Palace, and one or another will occasionally sneak a peak at it, comparing its likenesses to a passing oriental, male or female. Among those roaming the streets of Chinatown are Stavros, Armus, Crocker and SAPERSTEIN. Each is equipped with a concealed walkie-talkie.

PALUZZI'S VOICE

It could work. Deck 'em out like
hayseeds, hang a camera around
their necks...sure, why not?

MCNEIL'S VOICE

(chiming in)

We'll steal some plainclotheswomen
from Downtown, pair them off with
our troops...Theo, I think you've
got something.

KOJAK'S VOICE

God help us if I haven't!

- 227 ANGLE TO MERCEDES-BENZ 600 LIMOUSINE 227
- as it pulls up and Kabelsky steps forth, carrying the bulging Atlantic Airlines flight bag. He moves to a public telephone booth in front of 87 Mott Street, stationing himself there. There is a cardboard sign scotch-taped to the booth: "TEMPORARILY OUT OF ORDER." The limo, a chauffeur behind the wheel drives off. x
- 228 CROCKER 228
- Dressed in a flowered shirt and ice cream suit, he stands across the street. Observing the arrival of Kabelsky, he averts his face, speaking sotto voce into his walkie-talkie.
- CROCKER
Kabelsky just checked in.
- 229 EXT. CHINATOWN ALLEY - DAY 229
- A late model Dodge panel truck is parked in the alley, "ST. JAMES POULTRY CO." lettered on its sides. Kojak's N/D car, empty now, is parked immediately behind it. Inside the truck are Kojak, Gil, Lum, Paluzzi and Sgt. Rizzo. The last-named, wearing earphones, is monitoring the tap on the phone booth. Kojak, walkie-talkie in hand, looks at his watch.
- 230 INSERT - KOJAK'S WRISTWATCH 230
- 9:30.
- KOJAK'S VOICE
On the schnozz.
- 231 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY 231
- A sight-seeing bus, identified by an emblazoned insignia as "GOTHAM CITY TOURS", pulls into a loading zone, discharging a horde of chattering tourists.
- 232 STAVROS 232
- Coatless, wearing a gaudy Hawaiian shirt, baggy linen slacks and open-toed sandals, a Leica slung around his neck, he is accompanied by a middle-aged POLICEWOMAN in a straw beach hat and full-length mumu clutching an outsized carpetbag. His gaze briefly scans the faces of the debarking bus passengers, then dismisses them from mind.
- 233 BINOCULAR SHOT - KABELSKY 233
- as though angling down from a considerable height, holding on the consigliere standing by the phone booth.

234 CLOSEUP - CALVIN 234

peering through a pair of high-powered binoculars. Camera pulls slowly back, revealing that he lies belly-down upon a rooftop of one of Chinatown's buildings, from which he commands an unobstructed view of Mott street.

235 KABELSKY - AT STREET LEVEL 235

The consigliere reacts with a start as the phone in the "Out of Service" booth rings - once...

236 INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY 236

Rizzo, seated at the monitoring equipment in the back of the truck, has suddenly stiffened, instantly switching on the recording device. Gesturing for everyone's attention, he dials up the audible. We hear the phone's second ring, than a click followed by the buzz of a dead line. All eyes focus on the monitor, tensely waiting.

237 INT. "OUT OF SERVICE" PHONE BOOTH - DAY 237

A beat, and then the phone commences to ring again. Kabelsky hastens forward, shouldering into the booth and closing the door. He plucks the receiver from its hook. Without salutation or preamble, we hear:

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

I must advise you that you are the object of close surveillance. Any unscheduled action on your part and the transaction will be instantly scratched...with unfortunate consequences to your employer.

(beat, then)

Now, if you'll glance across the street, you will observe parked there a Gotham City Tours sight-seeing bus. When it is ready to depart, you will append your presence to the end of the passenger line.

238 INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY 238

Open close on the monitoring device, pulling back to hold the five men intently bunched around it, grimly listening.

CONTINUED

238 CONTINUED

238

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

On no account are you to occupy any other position. Moreover, if any other newcomer joins the passenger ranks, the negotiations are scrubbed.

(pause, then)

Assuming this does not occur, you will purchase a ticket from the driver for the remainder of the tour. Once aboard the bus, you are to deposit the flight bag beneath your seat...preferably a seat chosen toward the rear.

239 INT. "OUT OF SERVICE" PHONE BOOTH - DAY

239

As Kabelsky stands absorbing his instructions, Det. Armus, dressed in candy-striped seersucker suit, strolls through b.g. of shot, a BLONDE POLICE LADY clinging to his arm.

SAMMY'S VOICE

(filtered)

Mission accomplished, you will then disembark at the tour's next stop, swiftly absenting yourself from the scene. Have you any questions?

KABELSKY

No. No questions.

Click! Sammy has hung up. Slowly, Kabelsky follows suit.

240 INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY

240

Rizzo switches off the monitor, the recording device. Kojak has turned to Gil, already swiftly barking instructions:

KOJAK

Get on the horn to Gotham City Tours ...I want to know their exact itinerary, every scheduled stop. As soon as you've got the information, call it in to me!

Nodding, Gil piles out of the truck and hurries off. Kojak's walkie-talkie crackles and we hear Crocker's voice:

CROCKER'S VOICE

Lieutenant? The subject is just boarding a sight-seeing bus...

241 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN -DAY

241

Crocker stands in an alcove entryway to a silk shop, speaking quietly into his walkie-talkie. Saperstein loiters close by, covering the action, eyes on the bus.

CROCKER

What do we do now? Pull up stakes?

KOJAK'S VOICE

No! Until directed otherwise, you're to continue operations, keeping on the lookout for Nancy Wong or her brother Leonard.

242 INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY

242

Switching off the walkie-talkie, Kojak nods to Paluzzi, already exiting the truck.

KOJAK

C'mon! We're going to hang a tail on that bus!

243 EXT. CHINATOWN ALLEYWAY - DAY

243

Leaving Rizzo to the panel truck, Kojak, Lum and Paluzzi get into the N/D car. Switching on the engine, Kojak backs up a few yards, then swings around the truck and speeds off.

244 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

244

Nancy's condition has worsened. She is feverish, teetering back and forth between lucidity and delirium. Leonard applies a cold compress to her forehead, his anxiety increasing by leaps and bounds. The Male Nurse sits in a chair, his wrists bound behind his back. Scalesi, still blind-folded, is conscious now, the oxygen tent at last removed. The front door opens and Calvin enters from the street, the binoculars slung around his neck, announcing jubilantly:

CALVIN

Well, we're off and running.

LEONARD

(whirling on him)

Are we? Are we really?

(indicates Nancy)

Look at her! You think she'll live to celebrate our triumph?

From Scalesi, a mirthless cackle. All eyes turn to him.

CONTINUED

244 CONTINUED

244

SCALESI

Ain't none of you gonna live to celebrate it -- don't you know that yet? You been dead for two days now ...they just ain't gotten around to shoveling the dirt in your face.

CALVIN

(snarling)

You, too, old man! You can be dead sooner than you think. If my brother's not back here by 11:30 with the ransom money, my orders are to pull the plug on you...!

There is the merest flicker of fear in the old man's face, but he quickly recovers, banishing it from view.

SCALESI

He'll be here...and with the loot. And then Joey gets it, right?

(a pause; Calvin is silent)

Sure, you gotta take him off..it's business. He can't hear, he can't talk, but he's got eyes...he can identify you.

(another pause)

Too bad. Good help's hard to come by these days...

245 EXT. THE BOWERY - DAY

245

Kojak's N/D car loosely tails the Gotham City Tours sight-seeing bus through traffic as it moves downtown.

246 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY

246

Kojak is driving, one hand gripping the walkie-talkie. Lum is in the back. Paluzzi sits beside Kojak, copying down the information transmitted by Gil via the walkie-talkie:

GIL'S VOICE

Next stop, the World Trade Center ...then Battery Park...then uptown on the East Side to the U.N. Building...Times Square...Rockefeller Center...Grand Army Plaza... Columbus Circle...Lincoln Center... through the Park and on to the barn. You get all that?

Kojak glances questioningly at Paluzzi, who nods. Pressing the transmission button, Kojak delivers his instructions:

CONTINUED

246 CONTINUED

246

KOJAK

Okay, tell you what we'll do. Round up Stavros and Armus, tell them to grab an N/D car and get on over to the Trade Center...you and Crocker proceed directly to Battery Park. We'll leap-frog the rest of the way.

247 EXT. VESSEY STREET - DAY

247

Coming off Park Row, the bus proceeds westward on Vessey, passing St. Peter's Church, Kojak's N/D car trailing.

248 INT. GOTHAM CITY TOURS SIGHT-SEEING BUS - DAY

248

As instructed, consigliere Kabelsky has succeeded in finding a place near the rear of the bus, slipping the flight bag under the seat. He glances around, studying the faces of his fellow passengers, wondering to himself if one of them is the pickup man. Without attaching any meaningful significance to it, he observes the fact that many of them clutch bags or packages containing souvenirs purchased during their stop in Chinatown.

249 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER, CHURCH STREET SIDE - DAY

249

Drawn up on the opposite side of the street, commanding a view of the entire scene, is an N/D car in which Stavros and Armus are seated. The sight-seeing bus lumbers into shot, pulling to a stop in front of the awe-inspiring Trade Center with its twin towers reaching 110 stories into the Manhattan sky. Kojak's N/D car parks further up the block.

250 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY

250

Keeping the motor idling, Kojak, Lum and Paluzzi intently observe the sight-seeing bus, their alert gazes missing nothing.

251 WHAT THEY SEE - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD TO BUS

251

The passengers have disembarked, gathering around the DRIVER as, with pantomimic gesturing, he describes some fascinating lore concerning the magnificent Trade Center. As we watch, Kabelsky separates himself from the group, strolls along the sidewalk for perhaps twenty feet or so and, flagging down a cruising taxi, is driven off. He is, of course, no longer carrying the flight bag.

252 KOJAK

252

Picking up the walkie-talkie, he punches the transmission:

CONTINUED

252 CONTINUED 252

KOJAK

Stavros? Do you read me?

STAVROS' VOICE

Yo, skipper!

KOJAK

Nothing happening here. Kabelsky's out of the picture now - proceed to the U.N.

253 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER, CHURCH STREET SIDE - DAY 253

Armus starts the car up, and he and Stavros swing out from the curb, moving uptown. Simultaneously, across the street, the passengers begin filing back into the bus.

254 INT. GOTHAM CITY TOURS SIGHT-SEEING BUS - DAY 254

First to re-board the bus is an elderly, white-haired oriental gentleman wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, Panama hat, an ill-fitting black mohair suit and a scraggly moustache and goatee. He picks his way stoop-shouldered to the rear, sliding into the seat only just vacated by Kabelsky.

255 CLOSE ON ELDERLY ORIENTAL GENTLEMAN 255

When the bus is under way again, the other passengers wholly engrossed in the passing scenery, the venerable oriental produces from under his vest (which, for telling effect, sports an elk's tooth depending from a gold watch chain!) a neatly folded shopping bag. Unfolding it, he reaches under the seat and, having first assured himself that no one is watching him, pulls forth the Atlantic Airlines flight bag, depositing x it in the shopping bag.

256 EXT. TRINITY PLACE - DAY 256

The bus, Kojak's N/D car following, passes Trinity Church, the Chase Manhattan Bank building looming in b.g.

257 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR -DAY 257

Driving through the financial district, passing the New York Stock Exchange.

258 INT. GOTHAM CITY TOURS SIGHT-SEEING BUS - DAY 258

The ancient Chinese gentleman, hugging the shopping bag to

CONTINUED

258 CONTINUED 258

his bosom, stares serenely out the window, observing the U.S. Customs House as the bus rounds a corner onto State Street, approaching Battery Park.

259 EXT. BATTERY PARK, CASTLE CLINTON AREA - DAY 259

An N/D car sits parked in f.g. of shot, Crocker at the wheel, Gil seated beside him. The sight-seeing bus pulls into scene, wheezing to a stop in b.g. Behind it, with perhaps a dozen yards separating them, Kojak's N/D car pulls up.

260 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE BUS 260

Once again, the passengers disembark. As we watch, a MIDDLE-AGED ORIENTAL wearing sports coat and slacks slips from the group of tourists and begins walking briskly away. In his hand he carries an Atlantic Airlines flight bag!

x

261 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY 261

Kojak, his gaze following the oriental with the flight bag, is on the walkie-talkie, contacting his second team:

KOJAK

Gil? Are you with me?

GIL'S VOICE

Yeah, we got him.

KOJAK

Good. Leave your vehicle and proceed on foot, keeping the subject under close surveillance.

Switching off, Kojak, Lum and Paluzzi pile out of the car.

262 EXT. BATTERY PARK, CASTLE CLINTON AREA - DAY 262

As, camera trucking with them, they trail after their suspect, something begins to vaguely trouble Kojak. The more he frets, the less vague become his gathering fears. Suddenly, to Paluzzi's obvious amazement, he breaks into a run, swiftly overtaking the oriental and, grabbing him by the shoulder, spinning him around.

263 DIFFERENT ANGLE - THE SCENE 263

As, from the opposite direction, Gil and Crocker come hurrying bewilderedly into shot, Kojak confiscates the flight bag from the unresisting oriental and unzippers it.

264 INSERT - INTERIOR OF FLIGHT BAG 264
containing wadded-up tissue paper!

265 BACK TO SCENE 265
and Kojak's baleful glare as he lifts his eyes to Crocker,
Lum, Gil and Paluzzi, his fury directed inward.

KOJAK
We've been snookered! This man's
a decoy! I could tell by the way
he carried the bag it wasn't heavy
enough to contain two-million bucks!

Wheeling, Kojak pans his searching gaze over their immediate
surroundings, fixing finally on a point o.s.

266 WHAT HE SEES 266
In the distance the aged oriental in the black mohair suit is
climbing into a taxi, in his hand a shopping bag.

267 BACK TO SCENE 267
Kojak thrusts the middle-aged oriental "decoy" into the arms
of Crocker, commanding:

KOJAK
Hang onto this for me!

Camera swinging with him, Kojak races back to his car, Lum
and Paluzzi right behind him. They're pointed westward,
while the taxi, nearly a block away, is headed east.

268 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY 268
Kojak, Lum and Paluzzi pile into the car. Clapping the
magnetized red light on the roof, Kojak hits the siren.

269 EXT. BATTERY PARK, CASTLE CLINTON AREA - DAY 269
Wrenching on the wheel, Kojak performs a heart-stopping U-turn
in the face of the oncoming traffic flow. Brakes squeal, horns
blast, as he maneuvers the careening vehicle up over the curb,
onto the sidewalk and around the corner in hot pursuit of
the departing taxi.

270 INT. TAXI CAB - DAY 270

The TAXI DRIVER, hearing behind him a wailing police siren, starts to slow, edging over toward the side of the street. The muzzle of a .45 is pressed against the nape of his neck by the aged oriental passenger who commands:

SAMMY

Don't slow...hit the gas!

271 POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH TAXI WINDSHIELD 271

An intersection is swiftly upcoming, the signal light just changing to red. The passenger snarls:

SAMMY'S VOICE

To hell with it! Go!

272 EXT. VARIOUS MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY - SERIES OF CUTS 272
thru thru
279 279

A harrowing chase now ensues, both pursuers and pursued narrowly averting collision upon collision as they recklessly zig-zag through the mid-morning traffic at speeds sometimes exceeding 60 mph. Finally, rounding a corner onto Fulton Street, the cab driver sees too late the dump truck that is just backing into a fence-surrounded construction site.

280 INSERT - TAXI'S BRAKE PEDAL 280

as, desperately, the driver floors the brake pedal.

281 EXT. FULTON STREET CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 281

The taxi fishtails and, out of control, slams broadside into the dump truck. Grabbing the shopping bag, the aged oriental leaps with astonishing agility from the ruins of the taxi. Now Kojak's car comes screaming into scene, several blue-and-whites simultaneously arriving from two divergent directions. The oriental takes off, fleeing across the construction site. Kojak, Lum and Paluzzi leap from their sedan, giving chase. UNIFORMED PATROLMEN, guns drawn, bring up the rear.

282 EXTREME HIGH ANGLE - THE SCENE 282

The oriental picks his way through the rubble of the construction site, the police officers in pursuit.

283 SERIES OF CUTS - THE SHOOT-OUT 283
thru thru
287 287

Shots are traded. Bullets whine and ricochet. Finally,

CONTINUED

283 CONTINUED 283
 thru thru
 287

hit, the oriental staggers, collapses in a heap. The officers warily converge on him. Kicking the .45 from the suspect's hand, Kojak hauls him to his feet. Paluzzi, meanwhile, retrieves the shopping bag. Dipping into it, he produces the Atlantic Airlines flight bag, unzips it.

288 INSERT - ATLANTIC AIRLINES FLIGHT BAG 288

which contains a whole lot of money!

289 BACK TO SCENE 289

As Paluzzi, satisfied, zips up the bag, Kojak removes the prisoner's spectacles, peels off the phoney white moustache, goatee and wig. Revealed now is the sullenly glowering countenance of Sammy Loo! Somewhere closeby church bells chime the eleventh hour. Sammy smiles, struck by a compensating thought.

SAMMY

You've got me. All right, so be it.
 And you've got the money, too. But
 there's one thing you haven't got:
 Scalesi. And in exactly one-half
 hour, he'll be dead. Five minutes
 later you'll be up to your eyebrows
 in a shooting war!

x

Whereupon, having said all he intends to say on the subject, Sammy closes his mouth. Kojak nods to Paluzzi.

KOJAK

Cuff him, and let's get out of here!

290 EXTREME HIGH ANGLE - THE SCENE 290

Cuffing the prisoner, Kojak, Lum and Paluzzi hustle him back to their car. Bundling Sammy inside, they take off in the direction of Chinatown, siren screaming, red light flashing. The uniformed Patrolmen return to the scene of the accident.

291 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY 291

A digital clock informs us that the time is now 11:20. Nancy lies unconscious now, her skin clammy, her breathing shallow. Leonard can endure it no longer. Springing to his feet, he starts toward the door, announcing:

CONTINUED

291 CONTINUED

291

LEONARD

I don't care what Sammy said, I'm going for a doctor! Even now, it may be too late...!

Calvin, reacting, forcibly restrains Leonard, arguing:

CALVIN

Another ten minutes! Just give it another ten minutes! If Sammy's not back by then, we'll get rid of these two...

(indicates Scalesi
and the Male Nurse)

...and fetch a doctor for Nancy.

But Leonard, fearful for his sister's life, is not to be reasoned with. Wrenching free of Calvin's grasp, he again heads for the door. A violent struggle now ensues.

292 EXT. PELL STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

292

Kojak's car slowly cruises the street, his eyes, like the eyes of Lum and Paluzzi, alert for anything suspicious.

293 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY

293

Kojak is on the walkie-talkie, curtly issuing instructions. Paluzzi sits beside him. Lum is in the back with the handcuffed Sammy.

KOJAK

...That's right, a full-scale canvass -- every shop, every market, every tea house, every private residence...Tell the men to be polite, courteous, respectful of civil rights -- just get the job done!

294 EXT. BAYARD STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

294

A group of detectives, plainclothesmen and uniformed patrolmen, perhaps twenty in number, stand clustered around Saperstein who stands speaking into a walkie-talkie. Among those present are Stavros, Armus, Gil and Crocker.

SAPERSTEIN

What about the movie houses?

295 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY

295

Still clutching the walkie-talkie, Kojak barks:

KOJAK

Them, too! Everything! The way those cookies operate, they could have Don Cheech stashed in a barrel of ginseng!

296 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

296

Kojak's N/D car rounds the corner off of Pell Street onto Mott. As it nears the Jade Palace it begins to slow.

297 INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY

297

Braking to a stop, Kojak sits staring thoughtfully toward the Jade Palace & Oriental Curios directly across the street. Abruptly, a decision reached, he opens the door and climbs out, calling over his shoulder to Lum:

KOJAK

C'mon! Let's go.
(to Paluzzi)
You stick with Laughing Boy.

298 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

298

Lum scrambles from the car, inquiring:

LUM

What've you got in mind?

KOJAK

She's a tough old lichee nut, but there's got to be some way to crack that shell...!

298A INT. JADE PALACE & ORIENTAL CURIOS - DAY

298A

Looking up from behind the cash register, Mai Ling stiffens, instantly on-guard as Kojak and Lum enter, crossing to her. Though acutely conscious of the time factor, Kojak plays the scene extremely low-key: patient, dignified, soft-spoken. If it's an artful con, you'd never suspect it. His eyes not once straying from Mai Ling's weathered countenance, Kojak respectfully removes his hat, solemnly asiding to Lum:

Koj sheung koi sei. (He's begging you.)
KOJAK
Tell her I come as a supplicant, my heart saddened by the wall that

He's very disappointed because we all languages are different you you in tong.
CONTINUED

298A CONTINUED

298A

But don't see not only does
more far, jin yu, fun lay ngo day, separate us
 KOJAK (cont'd)
 stands between us. Tell her I realize it's more than language, more than culture which separates us...it's ignorance, and for this I am guilty and ashamed.

LUM
 (repeats to Mai Ling in Chinese Kojak's approximate text)

CUE: MING BARK

MAI LING
 (to Lum, in Chinese)
 I am also guilty. Fear has made me so...fear, which is the first-born of ignorance.

NGOR YICK DEAT HO GIANG NGOR YICK
DOM M MING BARK
CHUSAI NGOR MUT
DOM M MING BARK, DIA
EH DING HAI

KOJAK
 (to Lum)
 What'd she say?

LUM
 That she is guilty, too...that fear has made her so, and fear is the first-born of ignorance.

KOJAK
 Tell her that I, too, am afraid... deeply afraid. Ask her if she can remember the Tong Wars of Doyers Street when Chinatown's gutters ran red with blood.

Koy with koy ho pah.
Nai ming gay duck Tong dow
hai doy yat gai. Tong yat
(at the time)
Tong yat gai, lan moon
hoi gick.
CUE: "HURT"

LUM
 (repeats to Mai Ling in Chinese Kojak's approximate text)

A shadow crosses Mai Ling's face, and she nods slowly, as if re-experiencing some ancient pain. Then, in Chinese:

MAI LING
 I remember. I lost my father, three uncles and a brother...how could I not remember?

NGOR GAY DECK, NGOR GOR FU
CHUN, SON GOR SOOK, YAT GOR
SAY LOW, DOO SAY TO LA NGOR
DEEM NUNG GOW, NGOR GAY DECK
NEY?

LUM
 (to Kojak)
 She remembers well. She lost her father, three uncles and a brother.

KOJAK
 (gravely)
 Tell her that to prevent another

*in order to prevent
Wang's work, Bei min*

ling gong yet tong bay kat, ngoi yin joi yiu laan

(now)

KOJAK (cont'd)

such calamity, I must claim two more of her: her grandchildren. Tell her there is a man, a powerful warlord, savage and ruthless, undeserving of her mercy...and yet, unless I save this man, death will overrun our city like the plague.

*leung gong sai laung
nei de shern.*

Cue = Dai wor

LUM

(repeats to Mai Ling in Chinese Kojak's approximate text)

Although it's apparent from her reaction that Mai Ling understands the implications of Kojak's request, she is silent, her eyes boring into Kojak. He presses now, following up:

KOJAK

Tell her that silence will not protect them...it can only condemn them. Our margin is a matter of minutes now.

LUM

(repeats to Mai Ling in Chinese Kojak's approximate message)

*Koi wah nei m'gan chu lai, m'hoi
(perfect) (Chinese)
bow fu koi da... fan yee, hai)
koi day. mo gay dor sic ho. (do harm)
nei fai den gam le.*

MAI LING

(beat; in Chinese)

If I do not answer...he will find them anyway?

Cue = How

*Ngou yiu G...
koi yick woi wan doh koi day.*

LUM

(to Kojak)

She says, if she didn't tell you, sooner or later you'd find them, anyway?

Disdaining the services of his interpreter, Kojak stares Mai Ling straight in the eye, responding grimly:

KOJAK

Yes, Grandmother...but by then it'll be too late.

Either Mai Ling intuitis his meaning, or she reads the message in his face. Whichever, she makes her decision. Before divulging the information, however, she turns to Lum, informing him in Chinese:

298B CONTINUED

298B

MAI LING
I am with much pain. *ngo ho tong fu.*

She comes out from behind the counter, padding toward the door. Moving after her, Lum explains to Kojak:

LUM

She said --

KOJAK

I know. Me, too.

298C EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY EXTREME HIGH ANGLE

298C

From our bird's-eye view, camera holds the entire street below. As we watch, Kojak, Lum and Mai Ling emerge from the shop. Pointing down the block in the direction of the basement apartment, the old lady says something to Lum who immediately translates the information for Kojak's benefit. Kojak barks some instructions to Lum who turns and sprints across the street to Kojak's N/D car where he picks up the walkie-talkie and commences speaking rapidly into it. Mai Ling, as if unwilling to watch, goes back into her shop. Kojak starts along the sidewalk toward the basement apartment, glancing at his wristwatch as he moves.

298D INSERT - WRISTWATCH

298D

The time is 11:28.

298E INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE ON CALVIN

298E

who sits staring at his watch. His hair is in disarray, his face bruised and swollen, his shirt torn, all souvenirs of his scrap with Leonard. In his right hand he clutches a .45. He seems spaced-out, off on some other worldly trip. His unfocussed gaze seeks out an o.s. object. Camera shifts, bringing into view the bed-ridden Don Cheech, his Male Nurse bound to a chair closeby. Calvin rises, starting toward the bed. As he moves, he almost trips over something lying at his feet. Camera pulls slowly back to hold the entire scene. Sprawled on the floor is the lifeless body of Leonard Wong. In b.g. on the couch lies the equally lifeless body of his sister Nancy. Bedside now, Calvin stands staring down at Scalesi, gun in hand. Again he looks at his watch.

298F EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY - THE SCENE

298F

An eerie hush has fallen over the street. Working swiftly and efficiently, Kojak's men have quietly cordoned off the area

CONTINUED

- 298F CONTINUED 298F
- surrounding the basement apartment, keeping the curious spectators well out of the line of fire. Guns are out and held in readiness. The atmosphere is one of grim tautness. In evidence among the front line troops are Crocker, Stavros, Armus, Gil, Saperstein and Lum. Paluzzi has remained in the N/D auto with Sammy and the loot. Everyone is at great pains to remain outside the sightlines of the basement apartment lest their presence be detected from inside. Now Kojak, satisfied that every man's in position, ready for a charging assault, flattens his back against the building and begins sidling cautiously toward the basement apartment. Clambering over the balustrade, he lowers himself into the well. A riot gun is handed down to him.
- 298G INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY - FAVORING SAMMY 298G
- peering intently out, straining to see what's going on.
- 298H WHAT HE SEES 298H
- A phalanx of armed detectives and uniformed Patrolmen, plus a scattering of citizens, all concentrated on one common point of interest.
- 298J KOJAK 298J
- hunkered down in the depths of the well, surrounded by trash cans, riot gun cradled in his arms, peering in through the small barred window.
- 298K INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY - KOJAK'S POINT OF VIEW 298K
- shooting through the barred window pane. The entire scene is revealed as previously described, camera featuring Calvin who stands over Don Cheech, .45 in hand. Again Calvin checks his watch. x
- 298L INSERT - WRISTWATCH 298L
- 11:29. As we watch, the second hand sweeps to 11:30.
- 298M INT. KOJAK'S N/D CAR - DAY - FEATURING SAMMY 298M
- as he screams:

SAMMY

Kill him, Calvin! Kill him!!

298N INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

298N

Startled and distracted by Sammy's o.s. voice, Calvin spins toward camera. His eyes widen.

298P WHAT HE SEES - ZOOM SHOT

298P

to Kojak's face peering in the window.

KOJAK

Freeze!

298Q CALVIN

298Q

frantically pumping his .45.

298R KOJAK

298R

firing the riot gun.

298S CALVIN

298S

tumbling backward, slumping to the floor.

299
and
300

OMITTED

299
and
300

300A EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY

300A

It is later. The area surrounding the basement apartment has been roped off, uniformed CROWD CONTROL OFFICERS holding the curious at bay. Two Morgue vehicles are present on the scene, along with a mobile Forensic van and some blue-and-whites. As we watch, two MORGUE ATTENDANTS emerge from the apartment carrying a body which they proceed to load into one of the wagons. Kojak enters scene, carrying the flight bag.

301 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

301

Two other MORGUE ATTENDANTS are placing the corpse of Nancy Wong in a body bag. During the ensuing scene they will carry her out the door. Taped outlines indicate the previous resting places of Leonard and Calvin. Members of the Forensic team are hard at work. Don Cheech, the restraints and blindfold now removed, lies silently watching the activity, the Male Nurse hovering attentively at his bedside. Also present now are consigliere Kabelsky and Harry 'The Enforcer' Fitzgerald. The latter stands talking into the telephone in b.g. of shot. Hanging up, he comes to Scalesi and announces:

CONTINUED

FITZGERALD

The ambulance is on the way.

Scalesi nods, saying nothing, his veiled gaze watching the approach of Kojak who has just entered from the street, the American Airlines flight bag in his hand. He stands to one side, allowing room for the Morgue Attendants to pass with Nancy's body. Staring after them, Kojak's face clouds. Then, turning, he steps to the bed. Unzipping the bag, Kojak displays its contents for all to see. Staring challengingly into Scalesi's eyes, he ventures:

CONTINUED

301 CONTINUED - 2 301

KOJAK

I believe this belongs to you?

302 CLOSEUP - SCALESI 302

There is a long, long pause. Finally, and with ill-concealed regret, the old man shakes his head.

SCALESI

No...not mine, Lieutenant.

303 PAST SCALESI TO KOJAK 303

With grim satisfaction, Kojak zips the bag closed.

KOJAK

See you around, briciola.

And, turning, he strides toward the door.

304 SCALESI 304

Staring after Kojak, his face shrivels with rage and pulsing frustration.

305 EXT. MOTT STREET, NYC CHINATOWN - DAY 305

Emerging from the basement apartment, Kojak is met by Crocker and Lum. Together, camera trucking with them, they begin walking toward Kojak's car, parked further along the block.

CROCKER

He's off the critical list.

(to Kojak's blank
reaction)

That patrolman...Fiorentino...he's
going to be okay.

Kojak grunts, nodding, obviously pleased by the news. They have reached the N/D car now, camera halting with them. Another N/D car comes screeching up and Gil scrambles out.

KOJAK

You get it?

Nodding, Gil brings forth from his pocket the framed picture he had earlier lifted from the Jade Palace. Taking it, Kojak turns, staring o.s.