

**For Educational Purposes Only**

THE FUGITIVE

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTHOUSE - HOLDING TANK - DAY

CLOSE ON match flaring. A cigarette breathes to life.

SMOKER

Thanks.

In the shadows of a holding cell, a faceless SMOKER slips matches back through an opening in a steel door. The jailer moves away, clearing a sight-line on a monitor in the outside corridor. The Smoker lingers to watch a JUDGE on the screen as...

JUDGE (V.O.)

... the people of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, having already found you guilty of murder in the first degree, now turn to this court the task of determining your sentence.

INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTROOM - DAY

In the courtroom, CAMERA DRIFTS OVER the FACES that we'll meet again later: ST. CLAIR is here... ADELLE... CONRAD. Each seated separately in the crowded viewing section. Each listening keenly to...

JUDGE

After careful and studied review of all evidence presented during each phase of this proceeding, it becomes apparent that the aggravating circumstances outlined heretofore were, indeed, present the night of September 12th.

It shockwaves through the courtroom. Reporters push out rear doors. Prosecutors shake hands with a hangman's satisfaction.

JUDGE

Therefore, it is the decision of this court that you be remanded to the state penitentiary at Rockview, where you will wait execution by electrocution on a date to be set by the Attorney General of this state. May God have mercy on your soul.

GAVEL CRACKS. Spectators stand -- all but Adelle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA FINDS KIMBLE, the man whose life they just took away. He looks around with disbelieving eyes, watching it all happen to someone else, watching the cuffs bite down on another man's wrists, watching them pull some other prisoner toward the "Door of No Return".

KIMBLE

But it wasn't me. I didn't kill her.

Already stepping down, the Judge doesn't respond. The bailiff jerks Kimble to the door. He struggles.

KIMBLE

But I didn't do it!

Another bailiff appears, helping to manhandle Kimble out of the courtroom...

INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTHOUSE - HOLDING TANK - DAY

...and into this temporary cell. The steel door closes in his face.

KIMBLE

I did not kill my own wife!

It decays to silence. Then calmly...

SMOKER (O.S.)

Guess they just couldn't choke that part about the one-armed man.

Kimble turns to the faceless man in the corner.

SMOKER (O.S.)

Personally, I thought it showed real 'magination. But hey -- maybe that was the problem, huh?

INT. PHILADELPHIA JAIL - KIT ROOM - NIGHT

CREDITS BEGIN over CLOSEUPS:

A locker opening. Inside, a profusion of chrome and nickel-plating. Jailhouse jewelry.

Handcuffs dragged out. Action checked. CUFFS slapped over wrists, RACHETTING DOWN tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ankle cuffs dragged out. Pantlegs raised, canvas shoes exposed. Cuffs clamped down on ankles.

CHAINS RATTLED out. Snaked across the floor. Lopped around waists and locked to handcuffs to form belly chains.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA JAIL - SALLY PORT - NIGHT

CREDITS CONTINUE as a security door opens and the chain-gang emerges. Three blacks and Kimble. Jailers escort to a blue-and-white bus, a jail on wheels. The bus shows "U.S. MARSHALS SERVICE."

INT. MARSHALS BUS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the ignition being twisted. The old DIESEL THROTTLES up.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA JAIL - NIGHT

Main gate opens. The BUS GRINDS onto the streets.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - NIGHT

CREDITS CONTINUE. The four prisoners sit scattered, still cuffed but no longer chained together. Near the front, PRISONER #1 is scoping...

The two prison guards seated beyond the caged door. YOUNG GUARD lighting a smoke. OLD GUARD drowsing. Shotguns bouncing on their knees.

Prisoner #1 swings his eyes to...

The driver. Wearing the jacket of a U.S. marshal. Pistol on his hip.

EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - MAGIC HOUR

CREDITS END as the blue-and-white bus rumbles north, heading toward the horizon and a hint of morning.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

Prisoner #1 rises. Through caging:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRISONER #1

Hey. Pennsylvania penal regulations require a meal for transport rides of four hours or more.

Young Guard shakes his head. "Fucking jailhouse lawyers." Checks his watch.

YOUNG GUARD

Zookeeper. Feedin' time.

OLD GUARD yawns to his feet, unhooks a key-ring from his belt. Young Guard stows his shotgun in the weapons locker.

Sensing energy, Kimble wakes. Sees the cage door open, Young Guard moving back. And across the aisle...

Prisoner #2 is wagging his head between his knees. Something slides out of his hi-top afro and CLANKS to the dimpled steel floor. It's a SHANK.

Heart quickening, Kimble looks forward. Young Guard is handing a petrified sandwich to Prisoner #1. Kimble snaps a look back at Prisoner #2, who palms the shank. His eyes say "Shut the fuck up."

Old Guard watches from the open door, shotgun carelessly ready.

Young Guard reaches Kimble and extends a sandwich. Kimble doesn't respond.

YOUNG GUARD

Suit yourself.

He offers the sandwich to Prisoner #2. In the exchange, sandwich drops. Young Guard stoops for it.

Up front, Old Guard yawns again just as...

Prisoner #2 drives the shank into Young Guard's gut.

Prisoner #3 dives for Young Guard's holster. As the gun comes out, Young Guard gets a hand on it. A SHOT FIRES, opening Prisoner #2's gut and...

Jolting Old Guard. He chambers his shotgun and surges through the cage door, but...

Prisoner #1 broadsides Old Guard. SHOTGUN DISCHARGES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Opening a big Gainesburger hole in the deputy marshal. He sinks under the steering wheel. A knee hits the accelerator.

EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - MAGIC HOUR

As the bus careens off the road.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

Prisoner #2 is dead. Prisoner #3 grapples with wounded Young Guard.

Old Guard shotgun-butts Prisoner #1, flips the GUN, PUMPS ONE ROUND into the man's chest. Dead, he turns just as...

Prisoner #3 rips the HANDGUN free and starts BLASTING.

EXT. OPEN LAND - MAGIC HOUR

As the driverless bus bucks and bangs over open ground.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

Hellacious FIREFIGHT around Kimble. He slithers under seats, trying to get out of the line of fire.

A HANDGUN CLICKS dry. Frantically, Prisoner #3 pats the fallen Young Guard for loads.

Old Guard reloads first, charges down the aisle.

Nowhere else to hide, Prisoner #3 drops behind a seat. He fumbles for his loads.

Old Guard jams his shotgun under the seat. Prisoner #3 screams for mercy. Old Guard pulls the trigger as...

EXT. OPEN LAND - MAGIC HOUR

The bus angles into a gravel embankment. Roars up the slope. Begins to tip. Continues on two wheels for an unthinkable long distance, then...

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

CRASHES down on its side. ENGINE DIES. Dusty silence. We don't know up from down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On his knees, Old Guard makes his way to the driver. Finds him dead as dead gets. Now a SOUND. Old Guard whips his shotgun around at...

Kimble. Rising between seats.

Hairy moment: Old Guard might kill him just to finish the hat trick. But a GROAN turns Old Guard's head.

It's Young Guard, trying to hold his guts in.

OLD GUARD  
(to Kimble)  
You. C'mere.

He scrounges up a medical kit, shoves Kimble down on Young Guard.

OLD GUARD  
You're a doctor. Gotta do  
somethin'. Gotta patch him up.

Kimble looks at his cuffs. "In these?" Old Guard digs out his key-ring and unlocks Kimble's hands -- only his hands. Kimble opens medical kit. It's been ransacked.

KIMBLE  
Codeine's gone. And there's  
nothing here I can use to close  
a lacerated spleen. He needs --

OLD GUARD  
Just fuckin' do something!

KIMBLE  
(quick turn-around)  
I'll need something to clamp with.  
Clipboard. Anything. That visor  
over there...

Old Guard finds a clip on the sun visor. Kimble confiscates a lighter from the Young Guard's pocket, starts heating the clip, sterilizing it. And in this delicate moment...

A shiver runs through the bus. Is it just settling? Having other things to worry about, Kimble reaches down inside the man's guts.

Now a second shiver, stronger. Kimble retracts his hands to touch a metal panel -- and feel a growing vibration.

KIMBLE  
Just where the hell are we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Old Guard feels it, too. He moves forward to put his eye to an unbroken section of windshield.

OLD GUARD

Oh, shit...

Like his life depended on it, Old Guard begins beating on the exit door embedded in the ceiling.

OLD GUARD

Oh, motherfucking shit!

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - MAGIC HOUR

The bus lies across railroad tracks. A not too distant bend grows bright by the light of an approaching train.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

Kimble sees. Old Guard fights the door. Kimble lunges to his side. Minute ago adversaries, suddenly they're allies.

KIMBLE

It's locked, it's still locked!  
Where're your keys?

Panicked, Old Guard scours floor.

OLD GUARD

Right... they were right...

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - MAGIC HOUR

Down track, coming fast, a cyclops light appears.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

Kimble spots the keys. Pitches them to Old Guard. Drags Young Guard to the front for quick exit. But Old Guard fumbles the key ring, his hands shaking as much as the bus.

The train light spider-webs across cracked windows.

KIMBLE

(snatching keys)  
Which one? This? No. This one?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Old Guard gulps a nod. Kimble jams a key in the lock. Throws the doors up and out. Grabs Young Guard.

KIMBLE

Help me get him --

But Old Guard climbs right over Kimble's back...

EXT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

... and hits the ground running.

INT. MARSHALS BUS - MAGIC HOUR

Trainlight grows. A nanosecond of uncertainty: Should Kimble leave the wounded man?

INT. FREIGHT TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE - TRAIN'S POV - MAGIC HOUR

As the headlight reveals the toppled bus.

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN - MAGIC HOUR

As the WHEELS BRAKE and lock.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - MAGIC HOUR

Kimble struggles out of the bus -- pulling the Young Guard behind him. He slings the man clear.

SCREECHING death, the TRAIN SKIDS closer.

For one heartbeat, Kimble remains perched atop the bus. The train light X-rays him.

Kimble leaps. Lands. Rolls. Gains his feet. Tries to sprint away but can't: His feet are still chained. He gets off a dozen mincing steps before.

IMPACT: A hundred tons of STEEL SLAMS INTO the BUS, splitting it open.

Shrapnel rips through Kimble's shoulder. But he stays on his feet, still running feverish half-steps.

An EXPLOSION envelopes the train. Flames stream down its flanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The train burns past the wounded guard.

Kimble looks back, expecting to see the catastrophe behind him. But he gets the shock of his life -- of any man's life:

Still on its wheels, the locomotive is derailing -- and coming after him. It's the stuff of nightmares: One little man being chased by a fire-breathing locomotive.

The train burrows to a stop.

Kimble is suddenly five feet taller, standing on an upheaval of earth, staring eyeball-to-eyeball with the train that nearly devoured him. He pants. Coughs on smoke. Then he notices something in his hand.

It's the key-ring.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNRISE

Kimble appears just as the sun flares over the horizon. Ankle cuffs gone, he runs animal free.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE (PENNSYLVANIA) - DAY

Billowing smoke. TILT DOWN to reveal the derailed train. Fire engines hose down the blackened locomotive. FBI agents in blue coveralls pick through the twisted remains of the bus. State troopers restrain newspeople and spectators.

As an ambulance leaves the scene, two plain wrap G-cars fishtail to a stop. From one, three deputy marshals emerge.

BIGGS. Swaggering Midwestern carnivore. Built like a brick shithouse.

RENFRO. Latin. Bantam-rooster of a man, no more than 140 pounds fully equipped.

POOLE. Black woman who can piss standing up. Nobody minds having her around during nut-cutting' time.

Stepping from the second car is GERARD. Easter Island face. Buzz-cut hair, head flat enough to play marbles on. Short-sleeved shirt, undershirt visible. Black wing-tip shoes with a million miles on them -- but still polished. This is a cop without a single redeeming vice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

Start there. Point of impact.

Deputies head downtrack. Gerard strides for the coroner's station.

STATE TROOPER

Sorry. But if you're not F.B.I. or Conrail, you'll have to turn around right...

Gerard brushes past like the man was invisible. Reaches sheets laid out over body parts. Looks beneath several. Then stoops to retrieve something.

CLOSE ON LUMP OF METAL

in his hand. It's seared and twisted -- but still recognizable as the five-point star of a U.S. deputy marshal.

EXT. DERAILED TRAIN - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

OLD GUARD

... train was bearin' down on us, fast. Well, I don't know how -- it's still kind of hazy -- but I grabbed him and pushed him out of that bus. Coulda both been killed, I know. But hell, he's my partner. Woulda done the same for me.

The FBI SPECIAL AGENT nods, buying the story. He produces fax photos of all four prisoners.

SPECIAL AGENT

One more time. These three confirmed dead. And this one...

He switches to a photo of Kimble.

OLD GUARD

Well... everything happened so damn fast... hard to keep track...  
(bites lip,  
decides)  
Huh-uh. Don't think he made it.

Special Agent eyes the wreckage that could entomb a hundred prisoners, then files the fax photos with an assistant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT  
Could be the shortest manhunt in  
the history of the F.B.I.

GERARD (O.S.)  
I'll guarantee it.

Gerard displays his badge to the ranking trooper, a  
CAPTAIN.

GERARD  
Gerard, U.S. Marshal. Where are  
your check points?

CAPTAIN  
Nowhere, yet.

GERARD  
Let's go with a 15-mile radius.  
I want to see them on I-81,  
I-78, Route 18 east of --

SPECIAL AGENT  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Very bad  
form to come in giving orders  
on someone else's case.

GERARD  
(still to Captain)  
I'll be taking over the  
investigation.

SPECIAL AGENT  
Yeah? On what authority?

Finally acknowledging the Special Agent, Gerard pivots  
and touches eyeballs with him. We get our first taste  
of Gerard at close range.

GERARD  
On the authority of the 1979  
Fugitive Treaty and on the  
authority that some of those  
charcoal briquettes over there  
used to be a federal marshal.  
Now are you gonna let me do my  
job, or are you next on the  
used-to-be list?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT

(back-down beat)

Okay. Prisoners are all dead, anyway. You want jurisdiction over this mess, you got it.

(to assistant)

Shut it down. Wyatt Earp in wingtips is here to mop for us.

He slaps the fax photos at Gerard on his way out.

RENFRO (V.O.)

'Spector?

GERARD

(into radio)

Here.

RENFRO (V.O.)

Found a pair of leg irons. Maybe a hundred yards from the point of impact. No legs in 'em, either.

Hearing, the FBI men pile to a stop. Now Gerard takes his run at Old Guard.

GERARD

Who held keys?

OLD GUARD

Uh, me.

GERARD

Show me.

OLD GUARD

Uh...

Old Guard pats his pockets, comes up empty.

GERARD

Now tell me this. How did you exit a secured bus without your keys?

Old Guard has no answer. Gerard flips to the photo of Kimble -- the photo Old Guard hesitated over.

GERARD

Second chance. This man?

OLD GUARD

Uh, well, like I was sayin', I was just into savin' my --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

What happened to this man?

OLD GUARD

(cracking)

He mighta got out.

SPECIAL AGENT

What the fugizis? A minute ago  
you tell me he's part of the  
wreckage, now you're tellin  
him...

Gerard strikes off downtrack. State troopers follow like  
Israelites behind Moses.

GERARD

Our fugitive's been on the run  
for 90 minutes. Average foot  
speed over uneven ground --  
eight miles an hour giving us a  
radius of 12. We'll do a  
hard-target search of any  
residence, gas station,  
farmhouse, henhouse, doghouse,  
and outhouse in that area.  
Check points go up at 15 miles,  
but stay alive to reports of  
stolen vehicles or abductions...

EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - KIMBLE'S POV - SMALL COMMUNITY  
HOSPITAL - DAY

across the highway.

WIDER ANGLE

Kimble looks down at the prison numbers stenciled on his  
coveralls. He moves beneath an overpass, strips. A  
knotted sock covers his shoulder wound, but blood still  
flows.

Kimble turns the coveralls inside out, slips them back  
on. No more numbers.

EXT. BEHIND HOSPITAL - DAY

A delivery man is jabbing a call button impatiently.  
Finally a DOOR BUZZES and CLICKS, unlocking. The man  
blocks open the door and dollies inside. A beat later  
Kimble appears. He picks up a leftover box and slips  
inside the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Kimble turns on lights. Rattles locked cabinets. Springs a lock with scissors. Finds a suture set and threads the needle.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

As a Highway Patrol car parks.

INT. HOSPITAL - TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Hearing voices, Kimble cuts short his suturing. He steps to the door and cracks it open.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Yeah, an escaped killer...

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN FLOOR - KIMBLE'S POV - PATROLMAN

stands in the corridor, talking with an intern. The intern shakes his head and moves on. The PATROLMAN looks right AT US...

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN FLOOR - PATROLMAN'S POV - DAY

And sees the door closing.

BACK TO SCENE

Suspicious, the Patrolman crosses and turns the knob. The door opens unexpectedly: Kimble exits wearing a white smock.

PATROLMAN  
'Scuse me, Doc.

Kimble grabs a chart off the wall and starts away. The Patrolman continues to eye him.

PATROLMAN  
Hey.

Kimble keeps moving. Hears quick footsteps. Winces as a hand grabs his shoulder.

PATROLMAN  
Hey...  
(handing Kimble  
a pen)  
Dropped this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

Oh. Thanks.

PATROLMAN

Don't know if you heard, but we got an AWOL felon from that train wreck. Someone thought he might show up here if he was hurt.

KIMBLE

Checked E.R.?

PATROLMAN

No ones's seen him. But here, lemme run it by you...

(from notes)

Mid-thirties, 5-11, 170, dark hair. Seen anyone like that?

KIMBLE

Every time I look in the mirror. 'Scuse me.

Again Kimble tries to escape. Again the cop follows.

PATROLMAN

Well, do me a favor. My partner's comin' in with a photo. Maybe you could have a look.

KIMBLE

I have rounds right now.

PATROLMAN

Awright. Maybe I'll catch you later.

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Kimble reappears with new clothes under the smock. He starts for the main exit -- but stops, spying the Patrolman on the front desk phone. Reversing his field, Kimble pushes through the E.R. doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

E.R. personnel busy with patients. Unnoticed, Kimble crosses for the emergency exit. Just when he thinks he's home free...

DOORS CRASH OPEN in front of him. TWO PARAMEDICS wheel in a patient.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC #1

Where you want him?

KIMBLE

Uh, check with the triage nurse.  
I'm not really on duty.

PARAMEDIC #1

C'mon, man, we had to dig this  
guy out from under a fucking  
train. You might wanna take a  
quick look.

Kimble shoots a look at the gurney. It's Young Guard.  
His eyes are open -- wide open.

YOUNG GUARD

Him... it's him... it's Kim --

Kimble slaps a breathing bag over Young Guard's face.

KIMBLE

Double him up in the second  
berth. Stop down the D5W to TKO,  
give him 50 milligrams of  
empirin -- no reason to keep him  
awake. And tell them he's got a  
lacerated spleen.

PARAMEDIC #1

(impressed)

You can tell that? Just from  
lookin' at his face?

KIMBLE

Just move him out, stat.

They whisk Young Guard away. Shivering off the close  
call, Kimble pushes out the doors...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

...and spots another trooper coming at him.

Kimble dips his head and keeps moving. The trooper is  
looking down at something he carries: It's a photo of  
Kimble.

The two men pass shoulder to shoulder. The trooper  
never looks up.

INT. RURAL CITY HALL - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

GERARD

What do we know that we didn't  
know an hour ago?

Provisional headquarters: Amid stored office furniture and dusty filing cabinets, the deputy marshals answer phones, work faxes, add information to a situation board. Among them is STEVENS, a dough-faced paper pusher.

STEVENS

I've notified the media,  
distributed his photo. There'll  
be spots on local radio and  
television at least once every  
half-hour. I've checked all  
flights out of Morganville,  
checked all --

GERARD

I don't want your daily agenda,  
Stevens. If you don't have  
anything fresh, don't waste my  
time.

(calling)

Background?

He sweeps out the door...

INT. RURAL CITY HALL - HALLWAY - DAY

... and strides down the hall. Laden with files, Poole and Renfro hustle to catch up.

GERARD

Now tell me about our fugitive.

The download of information comes clear and fast:

RENFRO

Richard David Kimble. Head of  
Orthopedics at St. Oliver Medical  
Center in Stafford, Pennsylvania.  
Convicted of first-degree murder  
in connection with the death of  
his wife, Helen. Received the  
death penalty two days ago and  
remanded to Rockview State Prison.  
Throughout the trial, Kimble  
maintained his innocence,  
contending that a man missing his  
right arm killed his wife during  
a burglary attempt. There was,  
in fact, jewelry missing from the  
house, but prosecutors claimed --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

I don't need to retry the case.  
Fast forward. Priors and  
accomplices.

Gerard cuts through a door. Following blindly, Renfro and  
Poole pursue him...

INT. RURAL CITY HALL - RESTROOM - DAY

... right up to a urinal.

RENFRO

None. No previous arrests.

GERARD

Sealed juvie record.

RENFRO

Nothing. Total cherry.

GERARD

Relatives.

Poole shoehorns in, jostling the annoyed man at the next  
urinal. She slaps fax photos on the tile in front of  
Gerard.

POOLE

Paula Kimble, his sister, living  
in Los Angeles. Minimal  
contact -- they trade cards at  
Christmas. Only other living  
relatives are on his wife's side.

(new photo)

Adelle St. Clair, sister-in-law,  
resides in Philadelphia, works as  
a photo-stringer for Associated  
Press.

A FLUSHING interrupts. It's the annoyed man.

POOLE

(with attitude)

You mind?

(back to Gerard)

William St. Clair. Father-in-law,  
runs the third largest coal  
mining operation in the state,  
resides --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

No welcome home parties there.

RENFRO

(new photo)

Conrad Hamilton, orthopedic  
surgeon at St. Oliver, best man  
at Kimble's wedding, widely  
regarded as --

WHAM. BIGGS nearly takes off the door as he enters.

BIGGS

Got a fresh eyeball.

INT. RURAL CITY HALL - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Funneling back to the situation board:

BIGGS

Middleton Hospital. Guard wounded  
in the train wreck came out of  
anesthesia, swears to fuck he saw  
Kimble right there in the trauma  
room...

STEVENS

And we've got a Heathwell  
ambulance reported missing from  
the same hospital.

GERARD

Give me a time.

BIGGS

Oh-9-30. Two hours ago.

STEVENS

Check points went up at  
10-hundred.

POOLE

He's past 'em.

RENFRO

(peering at map)

Don't see what you're...

GERARD

Toll-booths.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

CAMERA RUSHES PAST idled cars and impatient motorists to REACH a toll-booth, where a NEW YORK TROOPER questions a TOLL-TAKER. Shouting over INCESSANT HONKING:

NEW YORK TROOPER

How long ago?

TOLL-TAKER

Couldn't be more'n 20 minutes. Thought it was odd -- ambulance with Pennsylvania plates.

NEW YORK TROOPER

North?

TOLL-TAKER

North and hauling' ass.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Kimble drives, carving up traffic. The BIOCUM MONITORS police chatter:

COP (V.O.)

... waiting up here at the Northgate overpass. Wondering if you have an E.T.A. on this hot-rod U.S. Marshal. What's his name. Gerard? Ger --

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(brusequely)

2-12-A, be advised that all discussion on this matter is to be conducted on a tactical frequency -- either Channel K or Z. Repeat, Channels K or Z only. Over.

COP (V.O.)

2-12-A, switching to K, out on Two.

FREQUENCY GOES DEAD. Kimble suspects the worst -- that it had to do with him. Then THROUGH the WINDSHIELD:

"NORTHGATE EXIT -- 2 MILES"

Kimble jerks the wheel...

EXT. ROADSIDE VINEYARD (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

And veers the ambulance off the highway, barreling into grapevines.

EXT. HIGHWAY (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

Blowing other traffic off the road, WHOOPING CRUISERS and G-cars stream north. Overtaking, a CHOPPER THUNDERS past.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

ROTOR BEAT. Gerard scans with binoculars. Beside him:

POLICE PILOT  
Northgate comin' up.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

Highway patrol cars clog an onramp, waiting in ambush. The CHOPPER BLASTS overhead.

BINOCULAR POV (FROM HELICOPTER)

Of the unsprung trap below.

INT. HELICOPTER

GERARD  
How far to the border?

POLICE PILOT  
20 clicks.

GERARD  
(into radio)  
Stevens? Border patrol. I want Kimble's face there in case the rest of him shows.  
(to pilot)  
He turned off.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

As the chopper pivots in the sky.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

Two G-cars pull ahead of the pack, continuing north as the CHOPPER BEATS south.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trying to follow it, the ground vehicles brake and turn around in a non-contact demolition derby.

INT. HELICOPTER - BINOCULAR POV - DAY

Of a truck stop below.

GERARD (O.S.)  
 (to pilot)  
 One more pass. Lower.

BINOCULAR POV - OAK TREE

behind the truck stop. Propblast whips branches aside -- and exposes the ambulance parked beneath.

GERARD (O.S.)  
 There.

EXT. TRUCK STOP (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

Ground vehicles converge. One trooper flags down a trailerless truck, checking the cab before allowing the driver to continue on. Cops and marshals swarm inside the truck stop -- but curiously, CAMERA FOLLOWS the TRUCK as it turns up the highway. Now we see the man tucked away in the bubble-fairing above the cab.

EXT. FRONT OF TRUCK STOP - DAY

Renfro bursts outside, looks to the HOVERING CHOPPER.

RENFRO  
 (into radio)  
 Negative, no one here eyeballed him.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

GERARD  
 (into radio)  
 Impound the ambulance, have the troopers start a foot search. We're pushing north.

POLICE PILOT  
 (tapping gauge)  
 Gas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

Keep flying.

POLICE PILOT

If we don't turn back soon, I'll  
have to set her down.

GERARD

Just do it in the right direction.

EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

On the opposite shore, a Canadian flag. PULL BACK to include Kimble, river gorge at his feet. He looks down-river and spots...

A bridge.

EXT. CUSTOMS STATION (RAINBOW BRIDGE) - DAY

Vacationers start an over-the-bridge stroll toward Canada. Kimble falls in step behind them.

VOICE (O.S.)

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where you  
goin'?

A CUSTOMS AGENT is leaning out of a guardhouse, beckoning him back with one finger. Kimble eyes the far end of the bridge. Long way. Too long.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Where you from?

KIMBLE

U.S. citizen.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Didn't ask for your citizenship.  
Asked where you're from.

Typical Kimble luck: This is the guy who makes everyone feel like a criminal.

KIMBLE

Philadelphia.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Nature of your visit to Canada?

KIMBLE

Just trying to get away for a  
while.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Behind the customs agent, a FAX MACHINE begins WHIRRING. Kimble watches, ashen, as his own face curls out.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
Your destination?

PHONE RINGS. The man reaches for it.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
Better get some I.D. out.  
(into phone)  
Station six. Yeah, I got  
something here...

He plucks the photo from the catch tray. A sink-in beat, then the man whirls to see...

Kimble. On the run, slicing through traffic.

CUSTOMS AGENT  
(into phone)  
He's here, right here. No, he  
didn't cross over. He's moving  
west, into the park.

EXT. PARKLAND (UPSTATE NEW YORK) - DAY

Running, panting, stumbling over roots, Kimble crosses parkland. Gumball lights appear through trees: They're coming. Kimble veers away and reaches...

EXT. MOUTH OF PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - DAY

An underground walkway. The tunnel beyond is long and curved and foreboding.

INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - DAY

Kimble gropes along a dank wall. Spots an opening ahead. Picks up his pace -- until he hears a strange CLATTERING OVERHEAD. "What is that sound?" And just as Kimble reaches the opening...

A horse leaps INTO VIEW. The mounted ranger sweeps a light into the tunnel to spy...

Kimble, He pivots and runs hard. But red-and-blue lights appear, slashing the walls. And when Kimble reaches the other end...

It's blocked by a squad car.

EXT. PARKLAND - DAY

The chopper sets down. Gerard ducks the blades, scans the area. Cruisers from three different agencies now jam the mouth of the tunnel. Poole and Biggs materialize. They're jacked up and ready to rock.

BIGGS

We got 'im. Rangers have the other end sealed up. We got 'im.

GERARD

Do we know he's in there?

POOLE

Positive I.D. Face to face.

Gerard unholsters a Springfield P9, Army issue.

GERARD

Then let's clear this warrant.

BIGGS

(into radio)

We're movin' in.

INT. PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - DAY

Weapons drawn, three silhouettes enter.

Kimble huddles at mid-tunnel. Hears FOOTSTEPS in one direction, CLATTERING HOOVES the other. Knows it's a squeeze play. Fights off panic -- before realizing he's standing in water. Running water.

In the lead, Gerard stops. Squints. Shines his light ahead just in time to catch a man dropping into a shooter's crouch.

BIGGS

Gun, gun, gun!

FIREFIGHT. Muzzle flashes light the walls. The shots sound like cannon fire in the tunnel.

GERARD

No, no, no, no! Hold your fire!

Now a ringing silence. Gerard sweeps his flashlight ahead to reveal...

RANGER

Jesus Christ. Thought you said we were goin' in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGGS

Well, where the hell...

Gerard spots the trickle of water. He backtracks it until he finds a loose grate in the ground. Man-sized.

INT. STORM DRAIN - FORKING CONDUIT - DAY

Kimble splashes blindly through ankle-deep sluice. He slows at forking tunnels to catch his breath and pick a direction. A DULL ROAR comes from somewhere -- from everywhere.

Somewhere behind, lights probe splash patterns on the conduit wall -- telltale signs of Kimble's passing. The lights belong to...

Gerard, Biggs, Poole. They push on, soon reaching the forking tunnels.

GERARD

Channel three. And keep talking.

They conform their radios. Splitting up, the deputies go left, Gerard right.

INT. DOWNSLOPE CONDUIT - DAY

Kimble. Bracing with all four limbs. Negotiating a mossy downslope.

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

Biggs and Poole. Sweeping their lights as they advance, looking for splash-patterns.

BIGGS

(into radio)

Nothin' yet. Movin' ahead.

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

Gerard. Probing a branch-off tunnel with his light. About to pass, he notices scrapings on the mossy walls of the branch-off tunnel. Hand marks?

GERARD

Got a possible here. Stand by.

He stows his light but hangs onto the P9. Bracing with three limbs...

INT. DOWNSLOPE CONDUIT - DAY

Gerard begins the tricky descent. Slips once. Recovers. Slips again...

And tumbles out of control. GUN and RADIO CLATTER away. Scrabbling for purchase, he finally snags...

An overhead pipe. Gerard stabilizes. Sweeps his light to locate his P9, lying down-tunnel. He eases toward it...

But another hand gets there first.

It's Kimble. Face dark and desperate and dangerous. Hand flexing on the pistol.

BIGGS (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
'Spector? You okay?

An adrenal beat. Never taking his eyes off Gerard, Kimble slings the pistol as far down-tunnel as he can. It says one thing: "I am not a killer." Suddenly Kimble is running down a connecting conduit, disappearing.

GERARD  
Stop.

Kimble doesn't. Gerard reaches down to his ankle -- and pulls a backup piece.

GERARD  
I said stop!

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

GUNSHOTS. Biggs and Poole spin to the sound.

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

MORE BULLETS sing past Kimble.

Gerard charges into the tunnel, reloading as he runs. Suddenly he crashes into...

BIGGS  
What? What happened?

Biggs and Poole hook up from a side tunnel. That leaves just one way Kimble could have gone.

GERARD  
Straight ahead!

## INT. CONDUIT - DAY

Kimble spills around a corner. Ahead lies an orb of light. Is it the way out? RUSHING SOUND GROWS louder as Kimble runs for the light. But when he finally reaches the conduit end -- Kimble reels at what he sees.

## EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

In the GREATEST PULLBACK in the history of cinema, the VIEW BULLETS AWAY FROM Kimble's face TO an EXTREME LONG SHOT that FINDS him perched on a cliffside. WATER SPILLS from this conduit and others -- merging with a waterfall called Niagara.

## INT. DRAINAGE CONDUIT - DAY

Gerard, Biggs, Poole. Turning the corner and piling to a stop, seeing...

Kimble stopped ahead. Silhouetted by the orb of light. Finally out of road.

Biggs and Poole level down. Silenced by the WATER ROAR, Gerard advances with cuffs in one hand, gun in the other. "Your choice."

Kimble glances behind him to behold...

The falls ending in a great cauldron of mists. No rocks. None visible, anyway.

Nearing, Gerard shakes his head. "You'll never make it."

Kimble hesitates -- and feels a hand clamping his wrist. His arm is twisted back in a hammerlock. And just as Gerard swings down with cuffs...

Kimble torques away. And jumps.

## EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - KIMBLE'S POV - DAY

Falling 200 feet down the edge of the falls... plunging into the mists... the mists yielding to turbulent water... desperate hands appearing IN VIEW... swimming... swimming... swimming... and not finding air.

## EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

An indelible image: Gerard staring down into the mists, empty handcuffs dangling at his side.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. NIAGARA RIVER - SUNSET

A boat dredges. Rangers in waders search the shallows, deputies beat bushes along the shore.

## EXT. DREDGE BOAT - SUNSET

Gerard stands astern, watching the dredge cage come up empty again. A SKIFF MOTORS UP to the dredge boat, CHIEF RANGER aboard.

CHIEF RANGER

Runnin' out of daylight,  
Inspector.

GERARD

Lights and generators are coming.

CHIEF RANGER

Look, I don't mean to tell you  
your job, but about two people in  
recorded history have survived  
that kinda fall. The guy's fish  
food.

GERARD

Then let's find the body.

CHIEF RANGER

Could wash up anywhere between  
here and Buffalo. I say we call  
it off.

GERARD

And I say you're not the one who  
lost him.

Shaking his head, the Ranger MOTORS AWAY. Gerard remains at his post, indefatigable, gaze sweeping the darkening waters. We're left with the feeling that Niagara will run out of water before Gerard runs out of time.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

## EXT. FREIGHTER - DAY

A thousand miles away and some months later, we find ourselves aboard a coastal freighter. As shiphands prepare for docking, one bearded shiphand loiters at the gunwale, staring out at...

A buoy. It reads "PORT OF BALTIMORE."

INT. FREIGHTER - BOILER ROOM - DAY

The bearded shiphand enters. CAMERA FOLLOWS THROUGH a maze of machinery -- pounding, leaking, rusting. Finally the shiphand turns a corner and looks up to see...

Coat, dress shirt, slacks, tie. Hanging here improbably. Keeping fresh in a geyser of steam.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER (BALTIMORE) - DAY

A sculpted green-glass building.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - LOBBY - CLOSE ON FINGER - DAY

scanning a directory. It finds a listing for "THE MYOELECTRIC INSTITITUE."

Now dressed in street clothes, a bearded Kimble moves for the elevator. He passes a security desk.

VOICE (O.S.)

Killer.

A hitch in Kimble's stride: "Can't be talking to me." But when Kimble looks back, the SECURITY GUARD is, indeed, staring right at him.

SECURITY GUARD

The tie, man. Where'd you get it?

KIMBLE

Oh. Salvation Army.

SECURITY GUARD

Killer. Just killer.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DAY

DIRECTOR

... about 40 percent of our clients are children -- largely congenital birth defects. Another 30 percent are adolescents, the rest adults. Those are tough ones. Almost always trauma victims -- car accidents, industrial accidents. When an adult loses a limb, he loses his sense of wholeness. Usually some bitterness there. Even anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A vital woman in her fifties, the DIRECTOR of the institute leads Kimble through a warren of offices and corridors, passing therapists and their patients: We see a girl fitted with a replacement leg walking the hall experimentally; a boy with a new hand doing gripping exercises.

DIRECTOR

But the kids are great. Even if they can't pronounce 'myoelectric.' Never too soon to start them out.

KIMBLE

Imagine it helps prevent scoliosis.

DIRECTOR

(impressed)

Exactly.

They reach a door. The Director slips a perforated key-card into an electronic lock. The LOCK SNICKS open.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - COSMETOLOGY - DAY

THROUGH a magnifier, Kimble and the Director examine the latex skin of a myo hand.

DIRECTOR

See the detail? The degree of skin-folding corresponds to the age of the client.

KIMBLE

All customized, then. For every patient.

DIRECTOR

(nodding)

We can airbrush veins into the skin, gloss the fingernail indentures, even add hair follicles. After we're done here, the casual observer should see no difference between a real limb and a myo limb. And the costs are coming down.

(right at Kimble)

It's criminal to fit anyone with a hook these days. Just criminal.



INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DAY

MOVING again:

KIMBLE

How often do clients come in?  
For refitting?

DIRECTOR

Children once a year. Adults  
longer if they take care of the  
limb. Haven't seen some of our  
clients in two or three years.

KIMBLE

(weighted)

Long time.

They reach the "Research and Development" door. Again  
the Director uses her perforated key-card to gain  
access. Kimble realizes it's the master key.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - R/D LAB - DAY

Limbs hang from walls and rafters, stripped down to  
their aluminum armatures: It looks like an assembly  
line for Terminators. An R/D MAN turns as...

DIRECTOR

Doug? Meet Jim Reed. He's  
going to help us get caught up  
around here.

R/D MAN

None too soon. What's your  
background, Jim?

KIMBLE

Working on my P-T certification  
in Canada, specializing in limb  
deficiency. Thought I should do  
a little interning with  
myoelectrics, and of the three  
or four firms in North America --  
they tell me this is the biggest  
if not the best.

R/D MAN

(to Director)

Really just need an engineer.

DIRECTOR

(shrugging)

So he's overqualified. We'll  
underpay him to make up for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

I do have some engineering.

R/D MAN

Where was this?

KIMBLE

Uh, up in Calgary. Just undergrad stuff, though.

The R/D Man throws a frown at the Director before looking back to Kimble.

R/D MAN

Funny. I grew up in Alberta -- and as far as I remember, there is no university in Calgary.

KIMBLE

(half-beat)

You're right, there isn't. But there is a technical college there. 'Balsmeyer.' Heard of it?

R/D MAN

No.

KIMBLE

Well, you're not alone.

DIRECTOR

Here, Jim. Try this on.

She hands Kimble a myo arm. He stares at it.

CUT TO:

MEMORY FLASH:

Of a similar arm he held months ago.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DIRECTOR

Just slip your arm inside.

Tentatively, Kimble passes his own arm through the shell of the myo arm, his hand poking out a hole in the wrist area. Now Kimble has two right hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

Demo model for non-deficient people. Now flex your forearm. Like this.

Kimble does. The aluminum hand closes down over his real hand. It's a strange, strange sight.

R/D MAN

When you flex, electrodes pick up the voltage in your muscle -- barely a thousandth of a volt. We amplify that signal to drive the motors. It's all proportional, too: How much you flex determines how hard you grip.

Kimble relaxes his forearm to open the aluminum hand, releasing his own hand.

KIMBLE

Lotta pressure.

R/D MAN

Normal man grips at 18 P.S.I., myo hand goes 23, 24, even 25. Trying to give our clients a better grip on things.

CUT TO:

MEMORY FLASH:

of bruises on a woman's neck where she was choked.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

DIRECTOR

C'mon, Jim. Let's get you set up over here...

EXT. RESCUE MISSION - NIGHT

Homeless men line up outside, waiting to register for the night. One man is dressed completely in newspaper.

INT. RESCUE MISSION - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kimble washes up at a sink. Everything is brown and stained.

CUT TO:

MEMORY FLASH:

of hands being washed in a hospital scrub room. Everything is white and sterile.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kimble looks into a murky mirror to recall...

FLASHBACK - INT. HOSPITAL SCRUB ROOM - DAY

His old face -- beard gone, hair short. Scrubbing up nearby is CONRAD, his friend and peer.

CONRAD

Heard about Peterson?

KIMBLE

What about him?

CONRAD

Taking early retirement. And guess who's already positioning himself to be the youngest Head of Department this hospital has ever seen?

KIMBLE

Someone with the initials 'Conrad Hamilton?'

CONRAD

How'd you guess?

INT. RESCUE MISSION - SLEEP ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Kimble lies on a cot. Headlights routinely sweep through a window, keeping him awake. On one sweep...

FLASHBACK - INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Mercedes parks before an exclusive home.

## INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kimble enters. Dumps keys and tosses coat. Sees a light burning at the head of the stairs.

KIMBLE

I'm back.

Nothing but a pindrop quiet. Kimble checks doors and kills lights. In the kitchen, he finds a wine cork in a corkscrew -- and a wine bottle in the recycling bin.

KIMBLE

Can't stay sober, but can recycle.

Kimble moves to the staircase, starts up. A slight TICKING sound pauses him.

TIGHT TRACKING SHOT of a small vitreous ball rolling down the stairs, set in motion by some invisible hand. It dribbles to a stop beside Kimble's shoe.

He picks it up. It's a pearl. A single white pearl.

## INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Kimble tops the stairs. More pearls dot the carpet. Just ahead lies an overturned table and crystal lamp. Kimble shakes his head and starts cleaning up.

But lifting the lamp, he notices a wet discoloration to the felt base. He touches it -- and comes up red. With sudden dread, Kimble realizes this has nothing to do with wine. He starts to rise...

But a forearm flattens him.

Going for the stairs, the attacker tries to vault him. Kimble grabs a leg and twists him down. The man kicks free and tries again for the stairs. This time Kimble catches an arm...

And rips it off the man's shoulder.

Time dilates: Kimble looks bug-eyed at the arm in his hands... to the man's unreadable face... to the empty sleeve of the man's coat... and back to the arm. It's hollow. Electrodes are visible inside.

Before Kimble can recover, the ONE-ARMED MAN snatches back his arm and wallops Kimble with it. He whirls and pounds down the stairs. We hear a DOOR BANG OPEN and FEET SPRINTING AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimble staggers up and starts to follow but...

HELEN (O.S.)  
He's here... still in the house...

INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Splayed on the floor, HELEN clutches the phone with one hand, her head with the other.

911 VOICE (V.O.)  
Did I hear you right? Your  
attacker is still in the house?  
Ma'am?

HELEN  
He's trying to kill me...

Kimble appears. Helen drops the phone.

HELEN  
Richard. He's trying to kill me...

KIMBLE  
Shh, shh, shh, be all right, babe,  
be all right...

He kneels. Sees the necklace of bruises where she was held down and choked. Touches the wound briefly -- before realizing this isn't the problem.

KIMBLE  
Just lemme see here, be all right,  
c'mon, just lemme have a look  
and...

He peels away the hand on her head - and sees raw pummeled brain staring back. And realizes that, no, she won't be all right, not ever again. CAMERA SWINGS DOWN to the dropped phone.

911 VOICE (V.O.)  
... you there? Hello? You said  
his name is Richard? Ma'am can  
you talk to me? Someone by the  
name of Richard tried to kill you?  
Ma'am, are you there? Ma'am?

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. RESCUE MISSION - SLEEP ROOM - NIGHT

As Kimble lies awake in a room of sleeping men.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (FLORIDA) - DAY

A truck door reads "Dept. of Public Works, Orlando."  
Nearby, a three-man sewer crew works at an open manhole.

Down the street, a junker car approaches.

One of the workers flashes a "slow" sign. As the car passes, the worker gets an eyeful of the female driver. We think he's looking for a date. But when he turns to FACE CAMERA, watching the car park down the street -- we know better.

RENFRO

Let's get Gerard.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET (FLORIDA) - CLOSE ON POST-OFFICE  
ART - DAY

The fugitive pictured is a Middle Eastern woman, "Hala Ajami." Her crime is Air Piracy.

GERARD

Who got the eyeball?

Gerard is joined the by "sewer crew" -- Renfro, Biggs, and NEWMAN, a scrub-faced G-5 who look like he should be polishing church candles.

RENFRO

Me. It's her, Ajami. No question.

GERARD

Then check your vests. We're clearing this warrant right now.

They cinch down second-chance vests. Gerard hefts two slide-hammers out of the truck, pitches one to Biggs.

GERARD

Key to the city. I'm rear, you and Renfro front.

NEWMAN

(sticking near truck)  
Uh, just want me to wait here.  
Inspector?

GERARD

You're with me.

Gerard pitches him the second slide-hammer and heads for the house. Biggs slaps the startled Newman on the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGGS

Try not to get dusted your first time out, Newman. I really hate fillin' out those forms.

EXT. REAR OF FLORIDA HOUSE - DAY

Weapons drawn, Gerard and Newman reach the back door. Newman screws the nipple of the slide-hammer into the dead-bolt lock.

GERARD

(into radio)

How do we look?

RENFRO (V.O.)

Backup's in.

Gerard stows the radio and nods: Throwing his body into it, Newman slams back the weight on the slide-hammer, splintering the dead-bolt right out of the door.

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - DAY

CAMERA PURSUES Gerard and Newman as they speed through the house, kicking doors, securing rooms. One door crashes open to reveal...

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

AJAMI, heading for a half-open window.

GERARD

U.S. Marshal! Next step is your last!

Ajami freezes. But her eyes stay on the window.

GERARD

Stop thinking and show me hands, hands, hands!

She obeys.

GERARD

Hook her.

Newman starts forward as Gerard unhips his radio. In that moment of transition...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Ajami lurches for the window.

Gerard FIRES ONCE.

Her chest sprays red as the window -- the WINDOW she never had a prayer at reaching -- SHATTERS. Her body crashes into the window frame and impales there, twisting to a lifeless stop.

NEWMAN

(losing it)

Oh, shit. Oh, God. Oh, shit...

We hear the FRONT DOOR IMplode. Suddenly Biggs and Renfro are crowding the room. Gerard keeps his P9 trained on Ajami.

GERARD

I said, 'Hook her.'

Hyperventilating, Newman handcuffs the body. Only now, with the arms pinned back, does Gerard check for pulse. There is none, of course: The woman's heart is somewhere outside.

BACKUP COP (V.O.)

How do we look in there? Need an ambulance? Over.

BIGGS

(into radio)

Think the coroner will do nicely, thanks.

EXT. FLORIDA HOUSE - NIGHT

Where coroners and tactical police mop up.

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Newman sits on the floor beside the toilet, heads in hands, totally wrung. A shadow falls over him.

GERARD

What is it? The fact that she was a woman? That she was unarmed? Or that she took it in the back?

NEWMAN

(meaning 'everything')

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

Point of procedure. You've drawn down on a fugitive with a violent history. You provide a chance to surrender. If the fugitive doesn't take it, the law then obliges the use of deadly force. You shoot to stop, you shoot for the center of body mass. Doesn't matter which way she was facing.

NEWMAN

I know. Just doesn't seem... right.

GERARD

You would've let her go out the window?

NEWMAN

We had the place bottled up. She wasn't going anywhere.

Gerard picks him up by the collar.

GERARD

Come.

INT. FLORIDA HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

GERARD

Touch it now?

A forensic guy nods. Gerard steps to the shattered window, reaches up behind the curtain valence -- and pulls down a short-stock shotgun. Newman gapes.

GERARD

This is what she was going for. Not the window.

(sink-in beat)

No, it isn't right. Nor is it wrong. But it is the law, and it's there to protect us. Because no matter what the TV writers say...

He lifts the badge out of Newman's pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

I haven't seen one of these stop a bullet yet. If you can't bring a fugitive in, you must bring the fugitive down. And if you can't do that, Newman, you can't be a deputy of mine.

Newman nods, thinking he understands. Gerard heads for the door.

NEWMAN

Inspector? My badge?

Gerard never looks back.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - NIGHT

Dim and quiet. On the in-flight phone:

RENFRO

... P-0679031. Yeah, 'Ajami.' You can scratch her off. In pen.

(listens)

Hold on, I'll check.

Renfro joins Gerard and Biggs, seated.

RENFRO

While we're clearing warrants here, Stevens wants to file some special form to declare Kimble dead.

GERARD

What do you think?

RENFRO

I think it'd cut the caseload and pump up the month-end productivity.

GERARD

But do you believe he's dead?

RENFRO

Yeah. I guess I do.

Gerard looks at Biggs. "Are you?"

BIGGS

I think he's fuckin' extinct.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After deliberating, Gerard takes the phone.

GERARD

Keep it open, Stevens.

(to Biggs, Renfro)

We clear the warrant when we find the body. If you guys don't get that by now, maybe you should be riding out on the bus Newman took home.

He slaps the phone back at Renfro and turns away to stare out the window. His reflection becomes...

INT. MUNICIPAL BUS - DAY

Kimble's reflection. PULL BACK TO reveal Kimble aboard a municipal bus, staring out at the streets of Baltimore. Suddenly AIR-BRAKES.

BUS DRIVER

Jesus...

Bus rocks to a stop. Confusion ahead. BUS DRIVER clambers off. Kimble exits with other riders to find...

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET - DAY

A man lying in the street.

BUS DRIVER

... didn't even touch him. He just fell down in front of me. Who saw it? You? Jesus, must be drunk or...

A SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN appears. Checking the man for injuries, she hikes up his pantlegs. Needle tracks are revealed.

BYSTANDER

He's junked up.

BUS DRIVER

I knew I never hit him. Guy just wandered off the sidewalk and took a dive...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

People begin to disperse. Kimble, too, is tempted to clear out, knowing the police might come. But something keeps him here. Finally he squats beside the man. Checks vitals -- pupils like olives, skin like plaster. Hikes the shirt and finds more needle tracks -- these laid out symmetrically.

SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN  
Don't touch him. Ambulance'll be here in a few minutes.

KIMBLE  
Few minutes he'll be in a coma.

He spots the catering truck parked opposite.

KIMBLE  
Orange juice.

SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN  
What?

KIMBLE  
Off that catering truck. That's what he was going for. You. Get it.

BYSTANDER  
What am I, a waiter? Guy needs detox, not a glass of --

KIMBLE  
What he needs is some quick sugar to pull him out of insulin shock. Now is someone going to get it or should we all just watch him die?

The BYSTANDER runs for the catering truck.

KIMBLE  
(to Short-Haired Woman)  
Help me sit him up. We have to get him to drink.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - MINUTES LATER

At the rear of an ambulance, paramedics check the DIABETIC MAN, his color coming back. The Short-Haired Woman attends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIABETIC MAN

... I don't know. Guess I must've doubled up on my injections this morning. Stupid. Anyway, thanks. I'm okay now.

SHORT-HAIRED WOMAN

Don't thank me. This is the guy who figured out it was diabetes.

DIABETIC MAN

Who?

The Short-haired Woman turns to point Kimble out -- but finds only empty sidewalk.

INT. R/D LAB - MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DAY

Working in the machine shop, Kimble uses a GRINDER to buff out an aluminum arm-shell. Done, he SHUTS OFF the GRINDER and gathers paperwork.

KIMBLE

So is there some place we keep these work orders?

R/D MAN

Just drop it on Hazeltine's desk. Everything goes into her computer sooner or later.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kimble enters the vacant office. Setting down the papers, he takes a studied look at the computer. Then he notices...

The master key-card. Sitting on the desk.

Kimble leans out of the doorway. Down the hall, the Director is preoccupied.

Moving quick, Kimble rifles office drawers. Doubles back to a makeup kit. Finds blush inside. Will it work?

CLOSE

as Kimble places the key-card over a sheet of paper, slathers the blush over the perforations, lifts the key-card away. The paper below is measled with red dots -- a perfect template of the master key-card.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - R/D LAB - DAY

CLOSE ON the paper template, now taped to sheet metal. A DRILL is turning the red dots into holes.

WIDER

to show Kimble working the drill-press.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - DAY

Briefcase in hand, the Director pulls her office door closed and leaves. In her shadow Kimble appears. He unpockets his counterfeit key-card, gives it a lucky rub, slips it into the door lock and...

Nothing happens. Kimble flips the key-card over and tries again. Now the LOCK SNICKS open.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Kimble enters. Eases the door shut. Activates the computer to scan DOS files, each an eight-letter enigma. Finds one with promise and loads it up.

KIMBLE

Wrong... wrong... wrong...

He backs up and tries more files, until...

CLIENT DEMOGRAPHIC ORGANIZER  
SEARCH BY AGE, SEX, RACE, LIMB, OR OTHER?

That's it.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

Stepping off an elevator, the Director bumps into...

SECURITY GUARD

Just comin' up to see you. Wanted to get those extra parking permits.

DIRECTOR

Damn. Keep forgetting. All right, I'll bring them back down.

She backs up onto the elevator. The Guard follows.

SECURITY GUARD

No problem -- heading up to your floor anyway.

INT. MYOELECTIRC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

As Kimble keys in these responses:

SEX: MALE  
 AGE: 35-40  
 RACE: CAUCASIAN  
 LIMB: RIGHT ARM  
 OTHER...  
     POINT OF REPLACEMENT: MID-HUMERUS  
     GRIP SPAN:

FLASHBACK INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTROOM - DAY

PROSECUTOR

And I suppose it's coincidence that the span of the choke mark on your wife's neck -- 230mm across -- is precisely the span of your own grip? Is that what you're asking us to believe, Mr. Kimble? Even when your own fingerprints were found on her neck?

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY  
 (PRESENT)

Kimble enters "225-235mm." Now a "PLEASE WAIT" message appears on the screen. We hear the COMPUTER PROCESSING, searching, narrowing. Kimble readies paper and pen.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

As the Director and Security Guard enter.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

With a change of screens, the computer surrenders its secrets. Five amber names glow at Kimble -- and to him they look like pure gold.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - CORRIDOR - DAY

The Director and the Security Guard turn a corner just as Kimble steps out of the office. Both sides stare.

KIMBLE

Just looking for you. Doug said you wanted to see me?

The Director approaches with a scowl.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR  
How'd you get in there?

KIMBLE  
I knocked. It was open.

DIRECTOR  
But I thought I...  
(shakes head)  
Just losing my mind, I guess.  
Yeah, I need to talk to you about  
your employment forms --  
something didn't go through. But  
let's do it after lunch. I'm  
trying to get out of here.

KIMBLE  
No problem.

Kimble passes the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD  
Killer tie.

Kimble vanishes. The Director enters her office...

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

... and finds the parking permits on her desk. But  
before she leaves, she finds something else.

DIRECTOR  
Now what in the...

The Security Guard enters to look: It's the counterfeit  
key-card.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Where Kimble runs and runs, slowing just enough to ditch  
his lab coat and I.D. in a dumpster.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARSHALS' BUILDING - WARRANTS BUREAU - DAY

SECRETARY  
(answering phone)  
Warrants Squad...

Carrying files, Stevens passes the SECRETARY to reach an  
unmarked door. He taps perfunctorily, then pushes through  
to enter...

INT. MARSHALS' BUILDING - GERARD'S OFFICE - ANOTHER  
ANGLE - DAY

... an office with all the charm of a nuclear test bunker. Behind a 20-year-old metal desk, Gerard scans paperwork while eating breakfast.

STEVENS

A.D.O.'s waiting downstairs.

Gerard reaches for his coat. Stevens double-takes at the breakfast. Dry Grape Nuts in a bowl.

STEVENS

You, uh, want us to start stocking milk around here, Inspector?

GERARD

Not unless you want some.

INT. MARSHALS' BUILDING - WARRANTS BUREAU - ANOTHER  
ANGLE - DAY

Exiting the office, Gerard and Stevens pass...

SECRETARY

Inspector? Detective Jackson on three.

GERARD

I don't know any Detective Jackson.

SECRETARY

Says it's regarding the Kimble case.

Overhearing, Biggs and Renfro turn. They carry their work closer as Gerard punches the SPEAKERPHONE.

GERARD

Gerard here.

JACKSON (V.O.)

(on speakerphone)

Inspector, you don't know me -- I work burglary out of District One in Baltimore. Had occasion to run through some post-office art this morning, found a witness who sparked to a face there. 'Richard David Kimble.' One of yours?

Gerard rakes a look at his deputies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

How reliable is your witness,  
Detective?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT (BALTIMORE) - DAY

JACKSON

Very reliable, Inspector...

Holding a phone is JACKSON. We recognize her instantly as the Short-haired Woman. She picks up a "Wanted Poster" of Kimble.

JACKSON

Because the witness is me.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CLOSE ON SCRAP OF PAPER

We see five names and addresses in five different cities -- Baltimore, Boston, New York, Charleston, Tampa. The Baltimore name is "Clive Driscoll."

KIMBLE (O.S.)

... looking for your brother, Clive. This is Ted Riley with the high school reunion committee. Believe it or not, 25 years is just around the corner, and Clive's on our list of lost souls. Information gave me a number, but when I tried it...

WIDER ANGLE

to reveal Kimble on a coffee shop pay phone. The scrap of paper is his list of five.

KIMBLE

Oh, no kiddin'.  
(forced laughter)  
Well, which jail is it? Maybe  
we can spring him for a night...

EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE (BALTIMORE) - DAY

Kimble stands on a sidewalk, staring at the imposing edifice across the street. After a here-we-go breath, he starts through traffic.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - LOBBY - DAY

In a cavernous lobby, Kimble waits for an elevator. It opens -- to reveal a pack of staring COPS.

ELEVATOR COP  
(catching door)  
Comin' or not?

Forcing his feet to move, Kimble boards...

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

... and pivots quickly to hide his face. Elevator rises. Floor-Indicator moves deathly slow. Kimble feels the breath of a dozen Cops on his neck. And just when his floor is about to arrive...

Overhead lights flicker, and the elevator jars to a stop between floors.

COPS (O.S.)  
Aw, shit... Not now... Anybody  
bring a deck of cards?

Abruptly they're moving again. Kimble's heart restarts with the elevator.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - VISITATION AREA

CLEARING OFFICER  
(to visitor)  
Booth three. No hands on the glass. Five minutes maximum. Be advised that under a federal court ruling, your conversation can be recorded. Next.

"Next" is Kimble. He steps to the counter.

CLEARING OFFICER  
Name of inmate?

KIMBLE  
Clive Driscoll.

CLEARING OFFICER  
Relationship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

Friend.

CLEARING OFFICER

Sign here, print your name and  
address below.

The CLEARING OFFICER spins his clipboard around.

CLEARING OFFICER

(into mike)

Two-zero-ten. Driscoll, Clive R.

(to Kimble)

But about 20 minutes. You can  
wait in the hall.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR

Kimble loiters. Courthouse Cops pass with unnerving frequency, security camera seems to study him. Looking for a better place to wait, Kimble peers through a door window and sees a vacant courtroom. He pushes open the door to find...

FLASHBACK - INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTROOM - DAY

Helen's younger sister, Adelle, on the witness stand. She's hounded by a Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR

And at what time did Richard  
Kimble appear at your apartment?

ADELLE

Maybe 10:30.

PROSECUTOR

This is on the night of the 12th?  
The same night that Helen Kimble  
was murdered, correct?

ADELLE

Yes.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - COURTROOM

Kimble alone. Seated in the gallery. Watching his own memories play out before him.

FLASHBACK - INT. PHILADELPHIA COURTROOM - DAY

PROSECUTOR

Was it unusual for you to entertain your brother-in-law so late at night?

ADELLE

I wasn't 'entertaining,' anyone. And no, it wasn't unusual for him to come by whenever he had surgery in Philadelphia. To talk.

PROSECUTOR

And what was the nature of your 'talk' that evening?

ADELLE

Helen. He was concerned about some things. Apparently there was some...

(hating this)

... excessive drinking on her part, and, uh...

PROSECUTOR

Yes?

ADELLE

And some lack of intimacy, of late. He said he couldn't talk to her about it. I mean, he had tried -- he said he did -- but he couldn't get anywhere. Richard just wanted to know if I had any idea why she'd been so upset.

PROSECUTOR

Forgive me for not understanding, Miss St. Clair, but why should he come to you to discuss such intimate matters?

ADELLE

Because she was my sister.

PROSECUTOR

But your relationship with Richard Kimble was completely platonic.

ADELLE

Completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROSECUTOR  
You weren't lovers.

ADELLE  
No.

PROSECUTOR  
Did you ever wish you were?

There's an intriguing half-beat before we hear the rescuing voice of the defense attorney -- a split-moment where Adelle's mouth opens but no words come out.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
Hypothetical, Your Honor...

JUDGE (O.S.)  
Sustained.

PROSECUTOR  
(for the jury)  
So let me see if I have this right. Richard Kimble comes to your door at 10:30 at night to talk about his marital problems -- just an hour before this mystery man with one arm supposedly kills his wife, is that correct?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (O.S.)  
Objection again, Your Honor...

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - COURTROOM - DAY

Kimble blinking out of his reverie. Checking the time. Standing to leave.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - VISITATION AREA - DAY

CLEARING OFFICER  
Your clock's running.

KIMBLE  
He's here?

CLEARING OFFICER  
Booth Seven. No hands on the glass. Be advised that under a federal court ruling, your conversation...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not waiting for him to finish, Kimble strides down the row of chairs, rounds the last partition to reach Booth Seven -- and to stare at the man who waits for him there.

ONE-ARMED INMATE

So who're you?

CUT TO:

MEMORY FLASH:

Of the face of Helen's killer.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

This man's face. It's different.

KIMBLE

Doesn't matter. I made a mistake.

ONE-ARMED INMATE

Shit, that's okay. Stick around a few minutes, talk about whatever you want. They're not exactly wired for cable downstairs, y'know?

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Kimble exits the visitor's area. Not wanting to chance the elevator again, he strikes off in search of stairs. CAMERA PICKS UP an attorney moving opposite. The attorney enters door "520"...

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - LINE-UP ROOM - DAY

... and appears here. Behind glass, a LINE-UP COP is positioning a grab-bag of inmates against a wall.

LINE-UP COP

Okay, guys -- now try to look alike.

The attorney takes a seat next to Detective Jackson. She's on the phone.

JACKSON

Yeah, fine, send him up...



INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - LIAISON OFFICE - DAY

A LIAISON OFFICER sets down his phone and scribbles out a pass.

LIAISON OFFICER

Okay, found her in Room 520.  
She's waiting for you there.

He hands the pass to Gerard.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - STAIRWELL - DAY

As Kimble descends.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Gerard waits for an elevator. Growing impatient, he finds a fire door...

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - STAIRWELL - DAY

... and starts upstairs. INTERCUT WITH:

Kimble. Descending on a collision course.

Gerard reaches a landing -- and skims shoulders with Kimble, who pivots past on his way down. Amazingly, neither man reacts. Not yet.

One flight above, Gerard's subconscious taps him on the shoulder and brings him to a dead stop. "Did I just see what I think I just saw?" He leans over the stairwell railing to spy...

Kimble spiraling downward. From his vantage, it could be any bearded man. But still...

GERARD

(a quick probe)

Kimble.

Two landings below, Kimble falters a step. "Should I look up? Does it give me away?" Never acknowledging, Kimble keeps moving.

But Gerard is pulling his P9: The hitch in Kimble's stride told him everything.

GERARD

Kimble! Next step is your last!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimble blitzes down the stairs. Gerard can't get a bead. He wheels around for a landing door -- and collides with a Baltimore cop, entering the stairwell.

GERARD

Get on the phone, call your  
commander, tell him there's a  
top-ten warrant in the building  
and I want the place sealed  
and sealed now.

He shoves the cop away and pounds downstairs.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - LOBBY - DAY

Kimble heaves open a fire door and starts across the lobby. Moving fast but not running. Hoping to cloak himself in civilians.

The exit doors loom nearer and nearer.

Suddenly a KLAXON HORN. People stop in confusion.

Automatically, the exits doors begin closing.

Kimble takes off. Weaves through human statues. Leaps and does a home-plate slide into one of the closing doors...

And jams his hard-soled shoe into the crack, bracing it open.

Other doors seal electronically.

Across the lobby, Gerard appears.

Kimble fights the heavy glass door. Its MOTOR GROWLS back, resisting him -- but slowly the crack widens. Limb by limb, Kimble begins extruding himself outside.

Gerard bulls through the crowd -- and sees.

GERARD

Down, down, everybody down!

Civilians suck the floor, clearing a line-of-fire on...

Kimble. With adrenal effort, he wrings his body through the opening...

EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

... and makes it outside. And just when we think he's clear....

The door catches his foot like a bear trap.

Harrowed, Kimble looks back over his shoulder at...

Gerard. Charging the glass doors, leveling his P9. Already in kill-range.

If Kimble could chew off his leg right now, he would.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - LOBBY - DAY

Gerard FIRES SEVEN TIMES in two seconds.

EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

Kimble goes down.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - LOBBY - DAY

SHOTS and SCREAMS ECHO around the lobby. A long beat, then Gerard rises from the shooter's stance. Through glass studded with bullet holes, he sees...

Kimble rising. Staring back. Equally astounded to be alive.

Gerard throws himself against the doors. Sees cratering in the glass -- and then sees flattened slugs all over the floor. It's bullet-proof glass.

Wearing just one shoe, Kimble runs free.

EXT. HALL OF JUSTICE - NIGHT

To ESTABLISH night.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gerard strides the corridor, face tight. Biggs, Jackson, the Clearing Officer keep pace.

CLEARING OFFICER  
... checked in under the name  
'James Wilson.'  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEARING OFFICER (CONT'D)

Claimed to be a friend of one of  
our house guests, 'live Driscoll.'  
Here's the shit on him.

He doles out booking photos and shit-sheets on Clive  
Driscoll.

CLEARING OFFICER

Guy's small-time garbage. Came  
in on a traffice warrant.

BIGGS

'A-M-P.' What's this designation?

CLEARING OFFICER

See for yourself.

They open a door.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - INTERVIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

... and bunch to a stop. Seated at a table is Clive  
Driscoll, the one-armed inmate.

BIGGS

'Amputee...'

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT (MOS)

Through one-way glass, we see Gerard and Biggs grilling  
Clive Driscoll. He's nervous, defensive, as animated  
as a one-armed man can get. Presently Gerard and Biggs  
exit the interview room and join Jackson in the fore-  
ground observation room.

JACKSON

Well, we got one lead here.

She chucks Kimble's shoe onto the table.

JACKSON

He's a '10-1/2 D.'

BIGGS

Something's hinky. Kimble takes  
a major chance to come here, asks  
for Driscoll by name -- and now  
Driscoll sits there tellin' us he  
doesn't know Kimble? Never seen  
him before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Here's something else for your Hinky File: When I first saw Kimble, he was pulling a man out of insulin shock. Total stranger.

Gerard gives her a stony look.

JACKSON

He probably saved the guy's life.

GERARD

We're aware of his medical skills, thank you.

JACKSON

Look. As a detective, it makes me wonder if something's sideways here. I mean, it's just not standard M.O. for killers to go around saving lives like Jesus on his donkey. Now I know it's not my case, but I'd be tempted to take one giant step backwards and look into the possibility that Kimble might not actually --

Gerard steps into her.

GERARD

You're right about one thing. It's not your case. And even if I had it in God's own handwriting that Richard Kimble was innocent, I'd still bring him in. Because they don't pay me to solve crimes, 'detective' -- they pay me to hunt down fugitives. There is no discretion. It is the law.

JACKSON

(beat)

Yeah, I heard you could be a real prick.

GERARD

You heard right.

She leaves shaking her head, passing a property SERGEANT carrying in boxes and bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT  
Driscoll's belongings.

He dumps everything on a table. Gerard and Biggs sort through.

BIGGS  
Maybe Kimble's tryin' to set this guy up -- thinks he can force a retrial. Or maybe he's just blown a head gasket. Believes his own story. Tell a lie enough times, sooner or later it's gonna start sounding --  
(recoiling)  
Jesus Fuckmesus...

A beat, then they reapproach the box Biggs was opening. Inside is a human hand. Gerard clears away packing. The hand is attached to a myoelectric arm.

GERARD  
Tell you what. We'll ask him why he's interested in a one-armed man as soon as we find him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY

To ESTABLISH Boston.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON the List of Five. "Clive Driscoll" is lined out. The Boston name, "Frederic Sykes," shows an address of "12233 Battery St."

Face shaved, Kimble looks up from the list. Across the street, an apartment house is boarded up and fenced in, salvage crew stripping out plumbing. The address confirms the bad news: "12233."

KIMBLE  
You know anything about the people? Ones who lived here?

Lugging a toilet bowl, a SALVAGE WORKER sees Kimble approaching the fence.

KIMBLE  
I'm looking for the guy in 18.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALVAGE WORKER

Sinks and toilets. That's all I know.

KIMBLE

Is there some kind of manager?  
Someone who'd have a forwarding --

SALVAGE WORKER

Been gone for weeks.

KIMBLE

How about a property owner? Did you ever see --

SALVAGE WORKER

Sinks and toilets, toilets and sinks. That's all I know.

INT. GYPSY CAB GARAGE - DAY

No-life workers rip masking tape off an old car with a new paint job, bumble-bee yellow. Presently the Ford pulls into the garage. Kimble rolls out.

KIMBLE

Looking for Tobias.

TOBIAS circles the car, inspecting it. He's a big ornery Slav, overworked and undershowered.

TOBIAS

This is L.T.D.

KIMBLE

I know -- just drove it 400 miles.  
You Tobias?

TOBIAS

Supposed to be Crown Victoria.  
What tips you get in this tub of shit? Kadiev! Come see this fucking tub of shit L.T.D. they send to me!

KIMBLE

Look, all I know is that a guy named Reynaldo said if I dead-headed this car from Baltimore to Boston and delivered it to this address, some guy named Tobias would pay me \$200, cash, plus gas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE (CONT'D)

Now are you Tobias or are you not Tobias?

TOBIAS

Complete tub of shit...

Fed up, Kimble gets back in the car...

EXT. GYPSY CAB GARAGE - DAY

... and backs it into the street. Tobias chases him down.

TOBIAS

Hey, hey, hey, where you go off with my car?

KIMBLE

'Less you got \$200, it's mine.

TOBIAS

Hey. For you, I got something more better.

Kimble waits.

TOBIAS

This driver, Lazlo, he goes into hospital. I give to you his route -- a gift from Tobias -- and you keep 40 percent all what you take in. Guy like you, good English, good teeth -- you make \$200 in three shifts, maybe.

KIMBLE

Yeah? And what happened to Lazlo?

TOBIAS

Little bullet in the neck. But hey, he's okay.

KIMBLE

Think I'll keep the car.

Kimble goeses the accelerator. Again Tobias chases him down.

TOBIAS

Hey, hey, hey. You just get to here, right? You need a place, right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TOBIAS (CONT'D)

So I give to you room upstairs,  
too. First week no charge -- a  
gift from Tobias -- if you take  
the route.

Kimble looks at the building above the garage. It's the  
kind of place where the rats have fleas. But it's a  
place.

INT. GYPSY TENEMENT - ROOM - NIGHT

In an airless room, Kimble beats on a stubborn window.  
It won't budge. He pounds harder and harder, the  
frustrations of the last few days surfacing. Finally...

Kimble rears back and kicks out the GLASS. Now a breeze  
wafts in.

Kimble stares out over Boston, wondering if he's even in  
the right city, the right state. He turns away with a  
troubled sigh -- but MUSIC brings him back. It's an  
ELEGANT WALTZ, barely audible OVER the CITY SOUNDS,  
incongruous in these surroundings.

KIMBLE'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

of the building next door, we see couples shuffling life-  
lessly across a dance floor. It's a lonely-hearts club.

Kimble stares, the MUSIC washing over him. Before long  
he sees...

FLASHBACK - INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Helen. Dancing to the same WALTZ. Looking fetching in  
black gown and pearls, circling the dance floor with her  
father, ST. CLAIR.

KIMBLE

Hey, hey, not so close.

He tries to cut in.

ST. CLAIR

Oh, go away. You have her all  
night long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

And you had her for 30 years.  
C'mon, I've spent so much time  
with the guys tonight that people  
are starting to talk.

ST. CLAIR

Can't have that -- man's  
reputation is his life. Well...

He gives Helen a one-sided kiss.

ST. CLAIR

We'll talk tomorrow, then. And  
congratulations again, Richard.

KIMBLE

Thanks.

St. Clair bows out. Kimble takes up the waltz. Soon he  
notices Helen's face.

KIMBLE

You okay?

HELEN

Just tired. I'd like to go home  
soon.

KIMBLE

Kinda rude. I mean, this is for  
me.

HELEN

That's all right -- Conrad said  
he'd drop me off. Where are the  
coats?

FLASHBACK - INT. RECEPTION HALL - COAT ROOM - NIGHT

HELEN

(rubbing arms)  
Cold in here...

From behind, Kimble wraps Helen in her fur. For a beat  
he just holds her. Then his playful hands begin roaming  
under her dress.

HELEN

Oh, Richard, grow up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

C'mon, let's pretend we aren't married anymore.

HELEN

It's hardly the place. Can't you wait until you get home?

KIMBLE

Well, I know that's not the place.

HELEN

Stop. Richard? Will you please...

He persists, unshouldering her straps, mouth southbound over her chest.

HELEN

(hissing)

There are people right around the corner. Richard... I said stop.

She slaps him ferociously. Kimble recoils and stares -- for a moment seeing a complete stranger.

HELEN

(quickly regretful)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to --

KIMBLE

Where the fuck did that come from?

HELEN

I know I haven't been...

(trying again)

Look, it's not you. They're my problems, and I'll deal with them. Just give me a little more time. Because things will get better, I swear they...

Her voice trails off as she sees someone behind Kimble. It's Conrad. How long has he been watching?

CONRAD

Sorry. Didn't mean to...

HELEN

That's all right.  
(to Kimble)  
I'll see you at home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She slips past to exit.

CONRAD

I'll just drop her off and, uh...

(awkward beat)

Well, to the youngest Head of Department ever. Congrats.

(then more sincere)

Look, Richard. I'm glad for you. Completely fucking depressed for me, but glad for you, okay? No bad blood here. Really.

He extends his hand. Kimble gives it a palsied shake, mind still on Helen.

INT. GYPSY TENEMENT - ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Kimble lies on the bed. When the WALTZ MUSIC ENDS, he's left staring at the stains on the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DAY

DIRECTOR

Office up ahead. We didn't touch anything once we realized we had a problem.

The Director escorts Gerard down a corridor. She glances again at the "Wanted Poster" of Kimble in her hands -- and again shakes her head.

DIRECTOR

Still can't believe it.

GERARD

How many clients does the Institute have?

DIRECTOR

Hard to say. Probably fitted over a thousand people in the last five years.

GERARD

From out of state, as well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR

All over the East. Aren't many  
myo institutes around. Why?

GERARD

We think Kimble is interested in  
some of your clients. We're  
interested in which ones.

INT. MYOELECTRIC INSTITUTE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A blacked-out room. The only light is a laser, its beam  
fanned and sweeping the room to illuminate a series of  
fingerprints dusted with fluorescing powder. The prints  
glow like fire.

FORENSIC MAN (O.S.)

... doorknob... computer keyboard  
... this pad of paper... this pen  
... the desktop where you see  
random marks... lap drawer... top  
right drawer. Phone and filing  
cabinets were never touched.

Main lights come on. Gerard, Biggs, Poole, and the  
FORENSIC MAN lower filters from their eyes. From floor  
to ceiling, the room has been dusted with red powder.

POOLE

So Kimble sits here. These random  
prints are him drumming his  
fingers. Why? He's impatient --  
he's waiting for his information.  
But what does he do when he gets  
it? No printer in this office,  
so he's got to write it down.  
Finds a pen in one of these two  
drawers. Too smart to write  
directly on the pad, so he tears  
off a sheet of paper...

She lays a sheet of paper to the right of the keyboard.

POOLE

... and sets it here.

FORENSIC MAN

Toolmarks scanned the wood surface  
for indentations. Came up with  
pure linguine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FORENSIC MAN (CONT'D)

Good news is, with handwriting samples from Kimble and the Director, I think we can pick it apart. Bad news is, it'll take time. Days.

A beat. Gerard reaches for the demonstration paper -- and moves it to the other side of the keyboard, placing it on some papers there.

GERARD

And what if he went left?

BIGGS

Why? Kimble's right-handed.

GERARD

Comes from a good whitebread family. Grew up around nice things, nice furniture. Taught by his mother never to write on a wood surface without putting something under it first. Manners.

Dubious glances around the room.

FORENSIC MAN

Well, we can give it a shot. Gimme an hour. I'll see if we can't pull something off those...

But Gerard is already checking the stack of papers. One is carbonless carbon. Gently, he peels the form open.

GERARD

Don't bother.

The others gather around to see. Inside, in Kimble's own handwriting, is the list of five.

GERARD

Manners.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

The gypsy cab parks. Kimble rolls out and moves to the construction fence, looking up at the building, his one tenuous link to Frederic Sykes. Bulldozers are poised for final demolition -- but no one attends them. Kimble scans to find...

The demo crew. Eating lunch at a taco truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimble jumps the fence.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

An eerie corpse of a building: Dangling conduit. Exposed lath-and-plaster. Graffiti-scarred walls. No electricity.

Kimble checks doors. Numerals have been removed, but one ghost-image confirms "18." Kimble swings the door open to reveal...

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT HOUSE - ROOM 18 - DAY

A room decorated by Dali: The far wall is gone, offering a view of another building. A door swings out over empty space. A staircase lies on its side, crash-landed here from a floor above.

Kimble searches, rifling drawers and cabinets, finding only trash. But among that trash is a pencil. Kimble angles it to the light.

CLOSE ON PENCIL

It's old and chewed. But beneath the teething marks, we make out an address for "ZIPPO POSTAL BOXES."

Across the room, something moves in a half-open closet.

Kimble catches it in a mirror... There's someone else here. Someone watching him.

Never turning, Kimble works his way around the room, approaching the closet from the blind side. And just as he reaches for the knob...

The door flies open. Two kids scream out of the closet, SPRAY CANS CLACKING. The graffiti taggers drop through a hole in the floor and disappear.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

As Kimble writes "FREDERIC SYKES" on an envelope.

INT. ZIPPO POSTAL BOXES - DAY

A windowless store -- packing cartons, office supplies, a wall of P.O. boxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE (O.S.)

Do me a favor?

A pissy-faced little CLERK turns to see Kimble sliding an envelope across the counter.

KIMBLE

Drop this in Mr. Sykes' box?

CLERK

'Mr. Sykes'?

KIMBLE

Frederic Sykes. He told me he had a drop-box here. Do I have the right place?

CLERK

This isn't a message center. You'll have to give it to him yourself.

KIMBLE

Well, I would, but I don't know when I'll be seeing him.

CLERK

Well, if you just turn yourself right around, you might be able to hand-deliver it.

(off Kimble's look)

He just walked out of here.

Inside Kimble's heart, a small turbo-charger kicks in. He accelerates for the door.

KIMBLE

Which way?

CLERK

Failed to notice.

KIMBLE

What was he wearing?

CLERK

A khaki raincoat.

KIMBLE

'Khaki' or 'tacky'?

CLERK

Both, actually.



EXT. ZIPPO POSTAL BOXES - DAY

Kimble explodes outside, checking cars, pogo-sticking to see over heads of pedestrians. He can't find Sykes. Braving ANGRY TRAFFIC, Kimble leaps into the center of the street to scan the entire block. And far away he spies...

A man in a khaki raincoat.

Kimble bolts for his cab.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble driving now. Carving up traffic.

KIMBLE'S POV

Catching up to the man in the raincoat. On foot, he stops at an intersection. Opens an envelope. Pulls out a check.

BACK TO SCENE

Kimble draws up to the same intersection.

KIMBLE'S POV

Nosing closer and closer to the man's profile. The man turns to trash his envelope -- and turns to FACE US.

CUT TO:

MEMORY FLASH - FACE OF HELEN'S KILLER

CUT TO:

FACE OF FREDERIC SYKES -

For a beat, the universe stops expanding. Never has Kimble forgotten this face. And never will he forgive it.

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

The One-Armed Man enters a second-rate residency hotel, disappearing inside.

Kimble parks across the street. Gets out. Pops the trunk. Removes a small black box and some duct tape. Then he removes a big skullbuster of an angle-iron.

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Behind the counter, a BLACK WOMAN with a blonde wig takes a phone message.

BLONDIE (BLACK WOMAN)  
 ... no phones in the rooms. I'll  
 take a message -- if it's short.

Kimble enters. Scans. Starts toward the counter.

BLONDIE  
 (into phone)  
 Awright. Uh-huh. No life stories,  
 now. Awright. Uh-huh.

Blondie hangs up and pigeon-holes the message, then swivels around, thinking she saw someone enter. But all she sees now is...

The registry book. Sitting out on the counter.

Not remembering leaving it there, Blondie slides the book back under the counter.

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

TELEVISION PLAYS. After dumping his coat, the One-Armed Man moves for the bathroom. A KNOCK stops him.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
 What?

ANOTHER KNOCK. The One-Armed Man LOWERS the TV.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
 Awright, it's down, it's down.

ANOTHER KNOCK brings him out of the bathroom. Perturbed, the One-Armed Man opens his door the length of a chain. Nobody. A beat, then he unchains the door, cranes his neck over the threshold...

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

... and gets nailed with a pay-back forearm. He sinks to the floor. Kimble jerks the angle-iron out of his jacketed arm and puts a knee on the One-Armed Man's chest, pinning him to the floor and bringing them face to face.

KIMBLE  
 Remember me?

Wide-eyed silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

September 12, eighteen months ago.  
Little place called Stafford. Woman  
was beaten to death with a lamp...

(indicating angle-  
iron)

... just about the same weight as  
this thing here. Well, not quite  
so heavy. But then again, her  
skull probably wasn't as thick as  
yours, either.

ONE-ARMED MAN

You threatening me?

Kimble thunks him with the angle-iron.

KIMBLE

Jogging your memory. Her name  
was Helen Kimble. Familiar?

ONE-ARMED MAN

Maybe.

KIMBLE

You can do better than that.

Another thunk.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Shit, okay, yeah. Maybe I do  
remember. It was in all the  
papers, right?

KIMBLE

You killed her, Sykes.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Now how you know that?

KIMBLE

I saw you there.

ONE-ARMED MAN

You must got good eyes, man --  
'cause I was in Florida all  
September, watching the boat  
races down in --

Thunk. This one draws blood.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

I wanna hear how it came down.  
What, you didn't think anyone was  
home? She surprise you? Huh?  
C'mon, Sykes, fill in some blanks  
for me -- just so my nightmares  
make sense.

ONE-ARMED MAN

You're doin' fine without me.

KIMBLE

Tell me.

ONE-ARMED MAN

What the fuck am I supposed to  
say? Huh?

KIMBLE

Supposed to say why. Why you had  
to beat her so hard, so much,  
why you just didn't take the  
jewelry and go, why you had to  
choke and beat her and then --

ONE-ARMED MAN

It wasn't like that.

KIMBLE

She died in my hands, Sykes. Right  
in my helpless fucking hands.

ONE-ARMED MAN

It wasn't about the jewelry, man.  
That was only --

Distraction: An elderly woman opens a door nearby.  
Switchblade quick, the One-Armed Man heaves Kimble off.  
Angle-iron goes free. They punch, kick, and roll over  
the floor, trying to get to the weapon -- as the woman  
decides to stay indoors today. Kimble claws his way to  
the angle-iron first, but in the struggle --

A CASSETTE CLATTERS to the floor.

At first the One-Armed Man doesn't understand. Then,  
inside Kimble's torn jacket, he spots a tape-recorder  
strapped down. Kimble was trying to record him.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Oh, man. You came close, Doc.  
You came real close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE  
(grabbing him)  
Let's go.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
Yeah? Where to?

KIMBLE  
Goin' for a walk. There's a police  
station two blocks over. Move.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
Okay. Sure. I don't get enough  
exercise lately. But what're you  
gonna say when we get there?

KIMBLE  
The truth.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
(laughing)  
Tried that in court, man. Look  
where it got you.

KIMBLE  
Well, now I got you. And I got  
a story about Florida. We'll  
let them check it out and see --

ONE-ARMED MAN  
What you got is a guy who'll say,  
'This nutfuck stalked me, jumped  
me, beat me with a fucking tire-  
iron -- and here's the blood to  
prove it.' Now who you think  
they're gonna believe? The  
escaped killer? Or the poor guy  
missing one arm?

KIMBLE  
They're not gonna let you off.  
Not just 'cause you're handicapped.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
Please. We prefer 'physically  
challenged.'

Whump. The angle-iron gashes the wall right beside his  
head -- but this time the One-Armed Man barely flinches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONE-ARMED MAN

Careful. You just want to scare me, not kill me. I mean, you can't really do that, can you?

A crooked grin. Despite having the weapon, Kimble feels his advantage slipping away.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Bitch of a problem you got, Doc. Can't kill me, 'cause you want me to confess. And you can't hand me over, 'cause you'll be turnin' yourself in. Bitch and a half, is what it is. But I do see a way out.

KIMBLE

Shut up and keep moving.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Such negativity. What you should do is look at the positive. You're alive. You're a free man -- in a weird kinda way. You can go anywhere, sleep with any man, woman or child you want. And hey, all this without payin' no taxes.

KIMBLE

Shut up.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Funny thing is, we're both outlaws. And it don't make no sense to be messin' with each other about things that won't change. You can't prove I did it, Doc. You just can't. And if you stick around here giving me misery, then I'll go to that station. I'll fill out a complaint. And I'll do my goddamn best to put you back in prison where they'll sit you down in a chair that plugs in.

Kimble comes to a sober stop.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Better keep movin', Doc. Better walk right outta here and hope I forget all about this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONE-ARMED MAN (CONT'D)

And maybe I will -- I got no problem with you. And you got none with me. Sure, it feels like you do. But it ain't me. It really ain't.

An enigmatic beat. The One-Armed Man dabs his bloody head.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Now I'm gonna go inside, clean up, and finish watching 'Oprah.' We clear on this now?

He moves down the hall, picks up the cassette, looks back.

ONE-ARMED MAN

You know, if you were really sharp -- you woulda had two tape-recorders.

He flips a "Do Not Disturb" sign and closes his door. Kimble stands motionless in the hall -- looking gut-shot by life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ADELLE'S APARTMENT (PHILADELPHIA) - DAY

A Bronco parks at brownstone walk-ups. Shouldering camera gear, Adelle gets out and trots up the steps to her front door -- where a UPS sticker waits. She backtracks to knock on a basement window.

ADELLE

Mrs. Mahoney? You have a package for me?

INT. ADELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

She rips open the package as she enters. Revealed is a disposable camera. No name, no explanation -- only a postmark.

ADELLE

Boston?

INT. ADELLE'S APARTMENT - DARKROOM - DAY

Under safety light, Adelle pulls a negative tray, flips it over for a look. Pictured is a mirror. On it, someone has written a soap-bar message:

'ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

It means something to Adelle. She slaps a loupe down on the photo.

MAGNIFIED VIEW of photo. The photographer has been captured in the mirror, disposable camera covering his upper face. Unrecognizable to most people. But not to her.

ADELLE

(stunned)

Richard...

Her loupe moves.

MAGNIFIED VIEW shifts to a calendar on the wall beside Kimble. One date has an "X" through it.

EXT. ADELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carrying an overnight duffel, Adelle steps outside and locks her door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Adelle St. Clair?

She turns. At the foot of the steps waits...

RENFRO

My name is Renfro. I'm with the U.S. Marshals Office here in Philadelphia.

ADELLE

(a beat)

Yes?

RENFRO

It's about Richard Kimble. We have reason to believe he's somewhere on the Eastern Seaboard.

She just stares.

RENFRO

Has he contacted you or anyone you know?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ADELLE

(barely)

Richard?

RENFRO

I'm sorry -- I know most people thought he was dead. I'm contacting people to let them know otherwise. And to inform everyone that should he communicate with you, it would be a federal crime not to report it.

He hands her his card. She inspects it front and back -- anything to avoid eye-contact right now.

RENFRO

Miss St. Clair?

ADELLE

Yes. Well, thank you for the warning.

She slips past, chucks her duffel in the Bronco, rounds for the driver's door -- and notices Renfro following, peering into the car.

ADELLE

Something else?

RENFRO

I'm heading to Stafford tomorrow, speaking with your parents, among others. They still reside on Foxtail Lane?

ADELLE

Last I checked. Is that all, deputy?

RENFRO

You're leaving?

ADELLE

Constantly -- I'm a stringer for the Associated Press. They keep me busy.

RENFRO

For how long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE

Overnight, I expect. Will you be following me? If you are, I'll be happy to just give you the address of the place in Connecticut I'm staying. We could just meet there.

RENFRO

That won't be necessary.

ADELLE

You sure?

RENFRO

Appreciate the offer, though.

She smiles and ducks into the Bronco. HOLD ON Renfro, watching her vanish into traffic.

EXT. "DOWNTOWN" MULBERRY - NIGHT

Headlights approach a Sunoco station, general store, bait-and-tackle shop. The lights resolve into a Jeep, traveling a rural road and soon passing...

"MULBERRY, CT." The sign is situated beside another, a deer-crossing sign. Both have been peppered with shotgun blasts.

INT. JEEP - ADELLE'S POV - NIGHT

Looking out the windshield, bouncing over unpaved road. Soon the headlights illuminate a wooden gate. "NO TRESPASSING."

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - GATE - NIGHT

Keeping the ENGINE RUNNING, Adelle steps out of the Jeep. Scans the dark woods around her as she moves to the gate. Sticks several keys into an old padlock before...

Hands grab her. Adelle nearly launches into orbit. But the hands belong to...

KIMBLE

I found him. Adelle, I found the One-Armed Man.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT (DRIVING)

ADELLE  
You're sure it's the same man?

KIMBLE  
Either him or someone using his  
face. Whose car is this?

ADELLE  
Romy's. She's a friend.

KIMBLE  
What'd you tell her?

ADELLE  
That I was pulling an over-nighter  
and my car was giving me trouble.

KIMBLE  
Who else knows you left?

ADELLE  
Some deputy marshal who came to  
see me today. How long have they  
known you're alive?

KIMBLE  
Couple days.

THEIR POV

as the headlights sweep the front of an old stone hunting  
cabin.

KIMBLE (O.S.)  
Park around back.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Adelle's hand lighting candles around the room.  
Each candle illuminates another family photo: We see  
St. Clair posing with shotgun and deer...

Helen and Adelle in the woods, baskets brimming with  
berries...

St. Clair's wife working in the cabin kitchen...

And Helen, Kimble, and Adelle in front of the cabin,  
arms interwoven. While Helen looks at the cameraman,  
Adelle looks up into Kimble's face adoringly --  
revealingly. Over these photos:

KIMBLE (O.S.)  
I wasn't sure you'd come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE (O.S.)

Wasn't sure myself. I must've pulled over five times, wondering what the hell I was doing. And I'm still not sure. But after thinking you were dead for so long, I think I had to come see with my own eyes...

By waxing candlelight, we see the main room of this old vacation home, musty and memento-filled. Adelle starts to light a fire Kimble stops her.

KIMBLE

No smoke.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON UNCRUMPLED ENVELOPE

It's from the Department of Disability, Pennsylvania -- and addressed to Frederic Sykes. WIDER to reveal Adelle holding a candle over the envelope.

KIMBLE

Dug it out of the trash. My guess is that he still pulls down a check every couple weeks.

ADELLE

Pennsylvania...

KIMBLE

He worked there, which means there are more records there -- which means maybe we can place him near Stafford the week of the murder.

ADELLE

You think that's enough? To convince a district attorney?

KIMBLE

It's all I have. Will you help?

Deliberating, Adelle moves to the fireplace. On the mantle is a dried garland of berries and laurel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE

Mulberries. Dad went after deer, we went after berries -- it was the only kind of hunting we could bring ourselves to do. Oh, he used to get so mad when we'd have mulberries for dinner instead of venison...

She sniffs the garland. The scent is gone.

ADELLE

I tried to put things behind me after the trial, Richard -- those accusations, and just... everything. I haven't been back to Stafford since.

KIMBLE

You're saying you don't want to get involved?

ADELLE

Don't make it sound like that.

KIMBLE

Well, what is it? You still aren't sure? After all this --

ADELLE

It's not you, Richard. I know you didn't do it. It's just that I've got my own issues -- which I'll deal with when the time comes, I suppose.

(rubbing arms)

Cold in here, isn't it?

Getting no response, she turns. Kimble stares back blinklessly.

ADELLE

What?

Something she said, the way she said it: For a moment Kimble saw a ghost.

KIMBLE

Nothing.

From behind, he wraps her in a blanket. His arms linger a beat too long, feeling a familiar warmth, savoring a familiar curve. It hurts so good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

You're a lot like her.

ADELLE

Sometimes I wonder just how much.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - GATE - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON padlock of the "No Trespassing" gate. Suddenly bolt-cutters snap the lock in half.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Sunlight wakes Kimble. He finds himself prone on the sofa, Adelle nested intimately in his limbs. She wakes as he untangles.

ADELLE

What's wrong?

KIMBLE

Didn't mean to fall asleep like that...

She reaches out to touch him, to tell him it's all right. But Kimble pulls away.

KIMBLE

Let's get moving.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - DIRT ROAD - EARLY MORNING

QUICK CLOSEUPS: TIRES STOPPING. Boots kicking open car doors. Assault RIFLES being LOADED.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Adelle locks up the cabin. INTERCUT WITH:

BOOTS CRUNCHING SOFTLY over the leaf-mold. Moving into range.

Kimble and Adelle reach the Jeep. Adelle gets in and unlocks the passenger door. Kimble reaches for the handle -- and stops, sensing energy around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the car, Adelle cocks her head. "What is it?"  
Now Kimble turns and spots...

A man with a rifle.

Kimble dives into the Jeep to cover Adelle as...

The RIFLE CHOCK-CHOCK-CHOCKS. A white-tail buck bounds  
away.

INT. JEEP - EARLY MORNING

Adelle lifts her head to see the poachers chasing after  
the buck. She BLASTS the HORN.

                          ADELLE  
Get outta here! You're  
trespassing! Get the hell out  
of here!

They fade into the woods.

                          ADELLE  
Can you believe it? Hunting with  
assault rifles. Goddamn poachers.

EXT. "DOWNTOWN" MULBERRY - DAY

The Jeep pulls behind the bait-and-tackle shop. The  
gypsy cab is here, parked OUT OF VIEW.

                          ADELLE  
So how do I contact you?

                          KIMBLE  
You don't. Give me your pager  
number. I'll check in when I  
can. But never call back on a  
private line.

                          ADELLE  
You really think would --

                          KIMBLE  
Assume they are.

She hands him a number.

                          ADELLE  
So what do you do now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

I go back to Boston and stick  
with this guy day and night --  
and see who makes the first  
mistake.

EXT. COMBAT ZONE (BOSTON) - NIGHT

The One-Armed Man leaves a triple-X theater and shadows  
his way through Boston's combat zone, an alluring blight  
of porno shops and strip joints.

Behind him, a gypsy cab pulls into traffic.

INT. GYPSY CAB - KIMBLE'S POV - NIGHT

Tracking the One-Armed Man.

EXT. COMBAT ZONE - NIGHT

As the One-Armed Man ducks into a store to buy smokes.

INT. GYPSY CAB - NIGHT

Kimble notes the time and place on his scratch pad,  
adding it to a lengthening list of times and places:  
He's been at this all day.

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - NIGHT

The One-Armed Man returns to his hotel...

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

... and swings into the phone booth. Slots a quarter.  
Dials.

INTERCUT MOS CONVERSATION WITH:

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - KIMBLE - NIGHT

parked across the street. Watching through the lobby  
windows.



## INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The One-Armed Man finishes. He exits the phone booth and starts upstairs. Kimble appears in his shadow. He leans into the booth and reaches under the phone book shelf -- where his voice-activated tape-recorder is hidden, taped upside-down. He changes out the cassette.

## INT. GYPSY CAB - NIGHT

Kimble slides back in. Feeds the cassette into his dashboard. Rewinds to find...

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

(on tape)

... di-ver-tic-u-litis. I don't know how you spell it. But it's when --

Too far. Kimble fast-forwards to lock in on...

ONE-ARMED MAN (V.O.)

(on tape)

Yeah, this is Sykes. I'm gonna need somethin' here. One of your Saturday Night Specials. Yeah, loaded. Still got the address? Okay, 15 minutes-- and don't be late this time.

A hangup. Heart accelerating, Kimble stares at the hotel -- wondering if someone else is going to die tonight.

## EXT. THIRD-FLOOR ROOFTOP - BINOCULAR POV - NIGHT

THROUGH an uncurtained window, we see the One-Armed Man, shirt off, doing pushups on the floor. It's a bizarre image.

## EXT. THIRD-FLOOR ROOFTOP

Perched on a rooftop opposite the hotel, Kimble lowers binoculars to check the time.

## BINOCULAR POV

The One-Armed Man turns to the door -- someone just knocked. Before he opens it, he drags on a shirt and questions his unseen visitor, double-checking.

KIMBLE

As Kimble focuses and refocuses.

BINOCULAR POV

Now the One-Armed Man opens the door to reveal...

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

A pizza DELIVERY GUY.

DELIVERY GUY  
Small pizza, large beer --  
'Saturday Night Special.'

EXT. ROOFTOP LOOK-OUT - BINOCULAR POV - NIGHT

As the One-Armed Man pays for his dinner and begins to eat.

KIMBLE

KIMBLE  
Aw, mother of God...

Kimble rubs his head. He's tired and cold and dejected. And now he's hungry, too.

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - SUNRISE

As the city wakes.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble lies on the front seat, legs wedged under the steering wheel, coat for a blanket. His wake-up call comes from...

TOBIAS (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
... pick up, you hear me? You hear Tobias? Hey, anybody sees this new guy we hire? He don't make no money, he don't come in at night -- most worst driver ever. Gonna give to him his fucking tub of shit LTD and then kick back his ass to whatever fucking place he comes from...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It lapses into some Slavic curse. Kimble unplugs the RADIO. Rubs blood back into his face, reaches into the back seat for a change of clothes -- and freezes, seeing...

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

A cruiser pulling up behind the cab. TWO BOSTON COPS get out.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Forgetting about clothes, Kimble looks for his keys. He can't find them.

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

One Cop tamps out a smoke. The other puts a foot on Kimble's bumper to tie his shoe. They're waiting for something.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble finds his keys in the seat-crack, jams one into the ignition just as...

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

A white van parks in front of the cab. A cargo door slides open. Gerard steps out.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Boneless, Kimble slips under the dash.

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

Looking right over the top of the cab, Gerard motions the Boston Cops to stay put. He cuts across the street and enters the hotel. One Cop moves forward to the van.

BOSTON COP #1

Gotta light?

Behind the wheel, Biggs shakes his head.

BIGGS

Sorry. Tryin' to quit.

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Gerard knocks.

ONE-ARMED MAN (O.S.)  
Yeah?

GERARD  
Frederic Sykes?

A beat. The door opens guardedly.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
Do I know you?

GERARD  
Gerard, U.S. Marshal. I'd like  
to come in.

ONE-ARMED MAN  
(a beat)  
Yeah. Sure. No problem.  
(widens door)  
Uh, just out of curiosity, how'd  
you get this address?

GERARD  
Like I said. I'm a U.S. Marshal.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble eyes his predicament: He's sandwiched between the cruiser and the van, six inches of clearance on each end. Is it enough room? When the Cops seem preoccupied...

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

Kimble begins jockeying the cab away from the curb.

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - ROOM - CLOSE ON SERIES OF PHOTOS  
- DAY

First is a Hall of Justice photo of a bearded Kimble, then computer adjustments to Kimble's standard photo, -- partial beard, no beard, blond hair, curly hair, no hair.

GERARD  
He's a fugitive from justice. We  
think he might be coming your way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONE-ARMED MAN

Yeah?

The One-Armed Man studies the photos for a synthetic beat, trying to figure out how to play it. Then...

ONE-ARMED MAN

Well, think again. I saw this guy two days ago.

GERARD

Where?

ONE-ARMED MAN

Right here. Accosted me in the hallway, ranting about some woman -- 'Hanna,' 'Helen,' something. I just figured he was some poor slob they discharged a little too early, so I didn't even bother to call --

GERARD

Did he give you reason to believe he'd be returning?

ONE-ARMED MAN

Huh-uh.

GERARD

Did he give you any reason to believe he would be staying in Boston?

ONE-ARMED MAN

Didn't have much of a chat, Inspector. He was just this crazed guy I wanted to get away from.

GERARD

Local police are downstairs now. They're prepared to give you round-the-clock protection if you request it.

The One-Armed Man coughs, covering a reflexive laugh.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Well, I appreciate the warning. Really. But I don't expect him to be showin' up here no more.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble nearly has the cab free. But on his last backup, he hears a sound that might as well be the CRACKING of his very soul:

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

One headlight of the police car is broken, cracked by Kimble's bumper.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

A blue uniform fills the window beside Kimble. A knuckle RAPS the GLASS. Kimble's foot gets itchy on the accelerator. Should he just gun it? Another Rap, more agitated. Kimble lowers the window.

BOSTON COP #1

I'm thinkin' about writing you up on a D.W.O.

KIMBLE

Uh, what's that?

BOSTON COP #1

'Driving While Oriental.' What, you couldn't get out and ask us to move?

KIMBLE

My company has insurance. I can give you a phone number.

BOSTON COP #1

Forget it. Doesn't come outta my paycheck.

The Cop's hand reaches inside the cab and depresses the cigarette lighter.

BOSTON COP #1

Just gimme a light.

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Stepping back into the hall, Gerard hands the One-Armed Man a business card.

GERARD

Philadelphia number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONE-ARMED MAN

So, uh, what'd this Kimble guy do, anyway?

GERARD

Did I mention his name?

ONE-ARMED MAN

It's on one of your photos there.

Gerard checks. So it is.

GERARD

Convicted of murdering his wife. But his defense during the trial was that the actual killer was a man missing his right arm.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Great. Like we don't have enough problems with people takin' our parking spaces, right?

Gerard turns away. The One-Armed Man smirks, writing him off as just another putz cop.

GERARD

Oh. Never been to a town called Stafford, have you?

ONE-ARMED MAN

'Stafford... Stafford...' Drawin' a blank here.

GERARD

You don't remember a specific visit? Within the last two years.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Couldn't even tell you what state it's in, Inspector.

GERARD

It's in Pennsylvania -- about ten miles east of Benton, where you were arrested for assault in August of '88.

The smirk vanishes. The One-Armed Man realizes he misjudged Gerard. Seriously so.

GERARD

Still never been there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONE-ARMED MAN

Hey, look, I been a lotta places...  
I mean, it's possible that...  
'Stafford'? Coulda been there,  
you know, at some point. Why?

Without another word, Gerard leaves. The one-armed man retreats...

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

... and closes his door. And starts to shake.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Fuck this.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

CLOSE ON the cigarette lighter. Still recessed.

Kimble stares at it, willing it to pop up. Beside him, the blue uniform shifts impatiently.

BOSTON COP #1

Sure this thing works?

Kimble's not sure. He steals a look at the hotel. How long before Gerard returns? How long can he sit here waiting for some shitty little thing to --

POP. The cop's hand reaches down to claim the glowing coil. Smoke exhales across Kimble's face.

BOSTON COP #1

Thanks.

KIMBLE

My pleasure.

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

Gerard exits the hotel -- barely noticing a cab that speeds away. He moves to the van.

GERARD

Says Kimble was here two days ago.

BIGGS

Well, we got all the other names covered. Maybe I should fly back to Philly and back up Stevens.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GERARD

You should call your wife and tell her goodbye. I want a 24-hour watch on this guy.

BIGGS

Sykes? As of when?

GERARD

As of now. He's not coming clean.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Kimble parks. Rolls out. Jumps on top of the cab to grab a fire escape that takes him to...

EXT. ROOFTOP LOOK-OUT - DAY

His look-out point. Kimble leans over the parapet just in time to catch...

Gerard ducking into the police cruiser. It pulls away. The van stays behind.

Kimble looks across the street to see...

The One-Armed Man in his hotel room, throwing things around. Is he packing?

INT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

Carrying a satchel and overcoat, the One-Armed Man reaches the lobby. He starts inside the phone booth -- but stops himself, thinking better of it.

EXT. ROOFTOP LOOK-OUT - KIMBLE'S POV - DAY

of the One-Armed Man exiting the hotel and opting for a phone booth on the corner.

INT. MARSHAL'S VAN - DAY

As Biggs CRANKS his ENGINE.

EXT. ROOFTOP LOOK-OUT - DAY

As Kimble lopes back to the fire escape.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

As the One-Armed terminates his call.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Kimble jungle-gyms down to the cab. Scrambles inside. Backs the cab up all the way to...

EXT. RESIDENCY HOTEL - DAY

The main street. The One-Armed Man is striking off down the sidewalk. The van noses into traffic, tailing him.

Kimble whips the cab around. Accelerates through the intersection to reach the phone booth. Gets out -- and retrieves a second hidden tape-recorder. This time, he did have two.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

INTERCUT -- Three-way hunt:

ONE-ARMED MAN

roves the sidewalk... tailed by Biggs in the van... tailed by Kimble in the cab.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

It can't get much hairier than this: Kimble has to drive while keeping track of the van and the One-Armed Man while rewinding the tape to find...

ONE-ARMED MAN (V.O.)

It's me. Sykes.

(a beat)

Yeah, I remember what we said.

But that was before I got a

wake-up call from the U.S.

Marshal's Service.

(goadng)

Well, they're askin' me about some

guy named Kimble. You recall

anybody by that name? Didn't

think you would. Well, here I am

just tryin' to figure out how they

happened to come see me...

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Moving opposite, a pedestrian bumps the One-Armed Man. The One-Armed Man turns to scowl -- and now notices the van curbing-crawling behind him.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

ONE-ARMED MAN (V.O.)

Yeah, I can't explain it, either. But you know, I was thinkin' that maybe if I gave this flat-top fed your name, maybe he could come squeeze your gonads for awhile...

(a beat)

Tell you what. I'm gonna pull a ghost and I need some money to do it. So let's just roll the number over -- make it twice as nice.

(a beat)

Don't bullshit me. Just get it ready. I'm on my way.

A hangup. Kimble's brain does a barrel-roll.

KIMBLE

Oh, Jesus God...

It was an extortion call. Kimble blinks at the world around him, for a moment lost. He brakes. Where's the One-Armed Man? And where's...

The white van. Pulled over up ahead. The face of the driver is reflected in the side mirror -- and he seems to be looking right back this way.

Kimble doesn't understand. Not until his rear door opens.

VOICE (O.S.)

Airport.

With slow dread, Kimble looks to his rearview mirror.

ONE-ARMED MAN

And let's make sure a white van doesn't make the trip.

INT. MARSHAL'S VAN - DAY

The gypsy cab passes the van. Biggs jots down the license number and pulls into traffic.

## INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble drives like a corpse, only his eyes moving as he checks on the One-Armed Man in his back seat -- and the Marshal's van on his ass. We were wrong: Things just got much hairier.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Okay, couple blocks up, there's this small one-way street. Want you to turn left, go the wrong way, see if we can shake this guy. Don't worry, I'll take care of you. What's your name, anyway?

A rigid silence. He looks at the photo-license on the seatback, sees the Slavic name.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Aw, shit, where they get these guys? Hey, I'm talking to...

He grabs Kimble's shoulder and draws himself closer -- and now catches the familiar profile. His eyes supernova.

ONE-ARMED MAN

You.

## EXT. ACTION SEQUENCE - DAY

in BLINDING-QUICK SHOTS:

The One-Armed Man explodes out of the cab.

Biggs spits, brakes.

Kimble knocks the cab into reverse and flattens the GAS.

Biggs recoils as the cab rushes back at him...

And trunk RAMS the van.

Kimble slams the cab back into drive.

Caught on the bumper, radiator hoses and fan belts rip free of van, disabling it.

The CAB BANGS over a sidewalk and takes off after the One-Armed Man.

## EXT. BOSTON PARK - DAY

The One-Armed Man slashes through bushes, bicycles, baby carts. The cab pursues, relandscaping the park. Seeing he can't escape on open ground...

EXT. MBTA ENTRANCE - DAY

The One-Armed Man flies down the entrance steps. A heartbeat behind, the CAB SKIDS to a stop. Kimble bails out.

INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

Commuters queue at turnstiles. Adjacent, a custodial cart passes through a gate. Suddenly the One-Armed Man appears, climbing right over the cart and its driver to clear the bottleneck. Kimble jams up behind.

At the platforms, a "Blue Line" train loads.

Kimble appears, head swiveling. He trots alongside the train, checking windows.

Behind, the One-Armed Man slips onto the car just searched.

Kimble reaches the motor car. Lights flash, doors close, train starts moving. Giving it one last look, Kimble turns back to spot...

The One-Armed Man in a window.

Kimble sprints with the train, trying to grab a handle, mooring, anything. But there's nothing. He spirals away...

And attacks an MBTA JANITOR.

KIMBLE

That train go to the airport?

MBTA JANITOR

Which airport you want? Logan?  
Beverly? Worcester?

Frustrated growl from Kimble: He doesn't know which one. He only knows that the One-Armed Man is vanishing down the tracks -- and if he gets away now, he gets away forever.

EXT. MBTA ENTRANCE - DAY

Kimble resurfaces. WHOOPING CRUISERS APPROACH. Kimble dives in the CAB, GUNS it up over the curb...

INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

... and CAREENS down the entrance stairs, HORN BLASTING the whole way.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

KIMBLE

Out of the way! Get out of the way!

INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

Commuters scatter like shrapnel as the cab bottoms out hard in the station, losing its muffler. The cab plows through the custodial gate on its way to...

The platforms.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

Kimble SKIDS around and stands on the gas.

INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

ENGINE SCREAMING, the cab flies off the platform and SLAMS DOWN onto the tracks. All four hubcaps eject.

INT. MBTA TRAIN - DAY

The One-Armed Man is on his feet, roaming anxiously. Soon something in the rear window catches his eye, and he puts his face to the glass to see.

Headlights behind the train.

INT. MBTA TUNNEL - CLOSE ON CAB'S TIRES - DAY

JACKHAMMERING over cross-ties.

INT. GYPSY CAB - DAY

With grim determination, Kimble keeps his hands on the wheel and his foot on the floor.

INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

Commuters watch, bored, as the BLUE LINE ROARS PAST. Less bored, they watch as a TAXI RUMBLES BY.

INT. MBTA TRAIN - DAY

The One-Armed Man watches the headlights draw closer...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... closer... closer -- until the face behind the windshield becomes Kimble's.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Motherfucker...

Train slows. The One-Armed Man checks a side window for...

The stations sign. "L-O-G-A-N."

The One-Armed Man muscled his way to the door.

INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

The cab shudders to a stop behind the train. Kimble kicks out, runs to the platform, starts to climb up into the station -- and gets booted in the teeth.

ONE-ARMED MAN

I told you, you crazy dipshit asshole. I told you to stay away from me. Now get outta here.

He starts to run. Kimble makes a desperation lunge -- and snags the satchel. The One-Armed Man yanks it free and boots Kimble again before disappearing up the station steps.

Slowly, painfully, Kimble makes it to his knees. Sleeves his bloody mouth. Then unballs his fist to reveal...

An old "USAir" baggage tag. He ripped it off the satchel.

EXT. MBTA ENTRANCE - DAY

Surfacing, Kimble shields his eyes against daylight. The airport lies ahead.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - USAIR TICKET COUNTER - DAY

Where the One-Armed Man finishes buying a ticket.

TICKET AGENT

All right, Mr. Turrentine, that's Gate 99A. You'll have to hurry.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTERS - DAY

Where Kimble buzzsaws through ticket lines, checking faces.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECK-POINT - DAY

Down to a fast walk, the One-Armed Man reaches a security check-point. He tosses his satchel on the X-ray conveyor and moves through the METAL DETECTOR. It WHEES at him.

SECURITY GUARD

Remove your belt, empty your pockets, try again.

Backtracking, the One-Armed Man takes a moment to scan behind him. At the end of a long concourse -- barely visible through a horde of bodies -- one man doggedly runs this way.

ONE-ARMED MAN

Cannot fucking believe it...

SECURITY GUARD

Sir? Your pockets?

Without warning, the One-Armed Man rips off his myo arm and tosses it onto the x-ray conveyor. The guards stare like stutues. The One-Armed Man ducks through the detector and reclaims his arm.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECK-POINT - DAY

Cutting to the head of the line, Kimble sidles through the metal detector on his way to...

INT. DEPARTURE ROTUNDA - DAY

The departure rotunda. Which gate? Kimble trots ahead, finding most gates closed, a few boarding. Passing a pillar, he fails to notice...

The One-Armed Man lurking on the other side. Watching Kimble pass. Eyeing his gate. Waiting for the precise moment when...

A GROUND AGENT begins to close the jetway doors.

The One-Armed Man breaks for it. Flagging his ticket, he reaches the jetway just as...

Kimble turns back. Spots the khaki raincoat slipping through the doors. Vaults chairs to get there just in time for the doors to lock in his face.

KIMBLE

Open it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GROUND AGENT  
Are you a ticket-holder, sir?

KIMBLE  
Just open it.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - JETWAY - DAY

A disturbance turns the One-Armed Man's head: Behind him, the jetway doors are SHAKING VIOLENTLY -- shaking but never opening. The One-Armed Man hurries along to board his waiting plane.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
You barely made it.

The aircraft door lowers. The last thing we see is a rattled grin on the One-Armed Man's face.

EXT. A.P. BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) - DAY

A concrete bunker in midtown. ASSOCIATED PRESS.

INT. A.P. BUILDING - MICROFILM LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE ON a microfilm projector. Text blurs past.

In a basement library, Adelle operates the projector. She stops at a newspaper article margin-dated June, 1983. Photos show injured men being gurneyed into ambulances. One of the twisted shapes is identified as "Frederic Sykes." The headline reads...

"MINE COLLAPSE INJURES 12"

A hitch in Adelle's breath: It means something to her we can't fathom. Gradually she becomes aware of a BEEPING. She pushes aside index books to uncover her PAGER.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - PHONE KIOSK

Where Kimble snatches a phone on the HALF-RING.

KIMBLE  
Adelle?

ADELLE (V.O.)  
Richard? Where are you call --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIMBLE

Just listen to me. There's a man coming into the Philadelphia Airport at 10:45, U.S. Air flight from Boston. You've got to find him and keep him in your sight. Can you do it?

INT. A.P. BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

At a pay phone:

ADELLE

(flustered)

I'm not sure. I'm at A.P. now, doing some background work on --

INTERCUTTING:

KIMBLE

Forget that -- he's coming to Philly. You gotta leave now.

ADELLE

Is it him?

KIMBLE

When you see him, he'll have a right arm -- an artificial arm.

ADELLE

Then how do I --

KIMBLE

Forty years old, khaki overcoat, brown pants, carrying a black bag.

ADELLE

Khaki covercoat, brown --

KIMBLE

I'm coming as soon as I can, but don't let him out of your sight. Now go.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - DAY

Where a Bronco parks.

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

As Adelle flies barefoot through the airport, shoes in hand.

## INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - ARRIVAL GATES - DAY

Adelle reaches the gates. Passengers are deplaning from a USAir flight, fanning out everywhere. She plunges into the human tide to find...

Khaki overcoat, brown pants, black bag. Adelle slips her pumps back on and starts to track the man. But she nearly collides with...

Khaki overcoat, brown pants, black bag. There's two of these guys.

Adelle's eyes ping-pong as they diverge. Which one is Sykes? A beat, then she removes a brooch from her sweater. Mentally flipping a coin, she starts after one of the look-alikes.

## CLOSE ON BROOCH

and the pin that juts through her fingers.

Skimming past, Adelle sticks the man's right arm. He yeowls like a scalded cat. She mumbles an apology before turning to go after the other man. The right man.

## INT. TAXI - DAY

The One-Armed Man exits the terminal, ducks into the rear of this taxi. But before he shuts the door:

ONE-ARMED MAN

(to driver)

Do me a favor. Turn around and show me your face, huh?

## EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Leaving the Philadelphia skyline behind, the airport taxi heads into the countryside. A Bronco trails.

## INT. MBTA STATION - DAY

On the platforms, police restrain commuters and reporters. MBTA WORKERS position a winch, preparing to lift the gypsy cab off the tracks.

MBTA WORKER

Helluva way to beat the fare increase...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the cab, Biggs is cleaning out property -- scratch pad, food wrappers, glove box stuff, clothes, spare shoes -- and piling everything on the hood for Gerard's inspection. The last item is the photo-license of "Nikolai Lazlo."

BIGGS

Guy musta had warrants up the ass and out his ears. Only reason I can figure for him to go bugfuck like that.

GERARD

That's not the driver.

Biggs scowls. "Whaddya mean?" Gerard points out the height-weight specifications on the photo-license.

GERARD

When's the last time you saw a guy five-three...  
(retrieves shoes)  
... wearing '10-1/2 D' shoes?

BIGGS

Ten and-a-ha... Aw, no, don't tell me this. Kimble? Why would he be driving the cab?

GERARD

We'll ask him when we see him. Get topside, start circulating photos at the airport.

Biggs vaults onto the platforms. Gerard delays just long enough to reach into the cab and retrieve something Biggs overlooked. It's an audio cassette.

INT. PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT - JETWAY - DAY

An airliner door opens, and instantly Kimble appears. Walking. Then trotting. Then running.

INT./EXT. STAFFORD PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE ON ADELLE'S PAGER - DAY

As it BEEPS, a number in the 215 area code appears on the read-out.

WIDER

as Adelle speed-dials the number. On the FIRST RING:

KIMBLE (V.O.)

I'm here.

ADELLE

I know, I saw the area code.

KIMBLE (V.O.)

Did you find him?

ADELLE

Yeah. Barely.

He waits a beat.

KIMBLE (V.O.)

Okay, so where are you now?

ADELLE

Well, I'm not sure what it means,  
but...

KIMBLE (V.O.)

Adelle? Where are you?

CAMERA CRANES UP AND OVER the phone booth to reveal a Pennsylvania town of fading charm: Tobacco murals on brick walls. Broken sidewalks shaded by elms. A coal truck making its rounds.

ADELLE

I'm in Stafford. Richard, he  
came straight here from the  
airport. He came straight back to  
Stafford.

EXT. STAFFORD INN - DAY

A white clapboard building, large and handsome.

INT. STAFFORD INN - LOBBY - DAY

Adelle paces near the front entrance, looking outside, waiting for Kimble to arrive. Suddenly hands clutch her from behind.

KIMBLE

He's inside?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE  
(hand on heart)  
Good, you keep doing that.

KIMBLE  
Where is he?

ADELLE  
Room 130. East wing. Checked in  
45 minutes ago and hasn't come  
out.

KIMBLE  
But he's alone?

ADELLE  
Came in that way, but...

KIMBLE  
Stay here.

INT. STAFFORD INN - HALLWAY - DAY

Kimble skulks down the hall. Reaches room 130. Starts to listen at the door, but...

Guests appear. Kimble averts, piddling with an ice-maker until they vanish. Now he moves back and lays an ear to the door just as...

GUNFIRE inside. For a foot-rooted beat, Kimble doesn't know whether to stay or run. And then...

The door opens. The One-Armed Man takes two absolutely normal steps into the hall -- and crashes onto his face. Dead.

Kimble hurdles him...

INT. STAFFORD INN - ROOM - DAY

... and rushes inside. Sees the window studded with bullet holes. Lunges there and spots...

A fleeing shape. Fractured glass obscures detail.

Kimble rips down a drape, wraps his hand, punches out the window. He leans outside to get a better look at...

An empty road.

INT. STAFFORD INN - HALLWAY - DAY

Kimble reappears and checks the One-Armed Man for vitals. People appear. Horror gives way to fear as they see Kimble hunched over the body: They think he's the killer. As people run off, Kimble grabs the body...

INT. STAFFORD INN - ROOM - DAY

... and drags it inside the room. Adelle materializes.

ADELLE

Oh, God, what --

KIMBLE

Lock it. Lock the door.

She does. Kimble rolls the body on its side, draining blood from the lungs. And now, with a black fire in his eyes, Kimble goes to work on the One-Armed Man.

ADELLE

Richard --

KIMBLE

Search him. Look for a phone number. Search him.

She pulls what she can off the body as Kimble pounds on the chest and breathes into the mouth.

ADELLE

Those people. They'll call the police.

KIMBLE

Not gonna let him die. Not now.

ADELLE

But... he is dead.

KIMBLE

Nah. He just thinks he is.

He works rhythmically yet maniacally, trying to save the man who murdered his wife, tug-of-warring with God for a few more minutes of life. Soon RISING SIRENS.

ADELLE

Enough. We have to go.

She moves to the window. Kimble keeps working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE

Enough, Richard! He's dead!  
Just leave him and get out of here  
bef --

The One-Armed Man blinks alive. He looks up into the face of his unlikely savior.

KIMBLE

Who is it, Sykes? Who were you  
gonna meet?

The One-Armed Man's eyes dart around the room, looking impossibly for escape.

KIMBLE

Not gettin' away, not this time.  
Your lungs are shot -- literally.  
You can't breathe on your own.  
Now I'll give you a breath -- but  
when you exhale, I want somethin'  
back. I want a name.

He reinflates the One-Armed Man's lungs. SIRENS COMING, COMING, COMING. And when the One-Armed Man finally exhales -- all we hear is air.

KIMBLE

You're fuckin' with me, Sykes.  
You're thinking I won't let you  
die. But I'm not a doctor, not  
anymore -- and even if I was, I  
still might get a kick outta  
seein' you check out twice. So  
you wanna try this again or not?

The One-Armed Man nods. Another kiss of life from Kimble. SIRENS FADE right outside: Cops are here.

KIMBLE

Okay. Last chance for a good  
room in hell. Who is it?

The mouth opens to reveal its secret -- but instead of words, blood wells out, overrunning the face and chest. The One-Armed Man makes wet sounds and dies forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Like a granite sculpture, Gerard stands utterly still, head dipped, brow ruttet in concentration.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

His ears are wired to a borrowed Walkman. PUSH IN TIGHT ON that granite face -- TIGHT enough to eavesdrop on what bleeds out the earphones:

ONE-ARMED MAN (V.O.)

... gonna pull a ghost and I need some money to do it. So let's just roll the number over -- make it twice as nice. Don't bullshit me. Just get it ready. I'm on my way...

BOSTON COP #2

Inspector Gerard?

Gerard stirs. Boston Cop #2 is leaning into the security office.

BOSTON COP #2

A Deputy Renfro for you. I can patch it through here.

(into radio)

Over to three.

He hands his radio to Gerard. CONNECTING SOUNDS. Then a distant, STATICKY VOICE:

RENFRO (V.O.)

'Spector?

GERARD

Go ahead, Renfro.

RENFRO (V.O.)

... still here in Stafford talking to some...

(breakup)

... as soon as you can.

GERARD

What do you have, Renfro?

RENFRO (V.O.)

... local cops...

(breakup)

... three slugs in his chest...

(breakup)

... missing his right arm.

GERARD

Try again. You're breaking up.

RENFRO (V.O.)

... said, I got a one-armed man here. In Stafford. A dead one.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Moving fast, Gerard strides out of the security office. He's back in the hunt.

GERARD

(into radio)

All right, Renfro, listen up good. I want it locked down. Whole town. You understand what I'm saying?

RENFRO (V.O.)

Uh, not sure how I can --

Moving opposite, Biggs appears. Gerard hooks him and spins him around.

GERARD

Next available to Philly. Have Stevens meet us with chopper and ground support. Do it.

(back to radio)

You use the state police, the National Guard, you use the National Geographic Society if you have to, but you screw a lid on that place until we get there. We're coming now. All of us.

RENFRO (V.O.)

You think it's Kimble?

GERARD

I think it's time to zero this warrant out.

EXT. STAFFORD - WATER TOWER - SUNSET

A water tower rises from low hills. Rusted seams create artificial rain, and beneath we find Kimble, washing his arms of blood.

KIMBLE

He was extorting someone. Or trying to. All I needed was name ... a number... a fucking zip code, I don't care, just something to...

Now he dunks his head to wash away the frustrations. When he comes up for air...

KIMBLE

State Disability. Did you check?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE

They wouldn't give me anything.  
It's all confidential.

KIMBLE

What about A.P.? You said you  
were there.

ADELLE

(shrugging it off)  
Just one reference. 1983.

KIMBLE

But what was it?

She doesn't answer, gaze fixed on the valley below.  
Kimble joins to see a streamer of backed-up tallights.  
It's a roadblock.

ADELLE

We can drive up this fire-break  
for another mile, mile and a half.  
Then I know this trail that leads  
back down and hooks up with the  
old highway near Miller's --

KIMBLE

I'm not leaving.

She was afraid he'd say that.

ADELLE

People saw you, Richard. They'll  
be coming for you.

KIMBLE

I'm not leaving. He came here  
for a reason.

ADELLE

Richard. Please. Let's get out  
while we can.

KIMBLE

You go. But if I run now, it  
never stops. It never ends for  
me. I'll never be closer than  
this, and I either find out, now,  
who he came to see or --

ADELLE

I just don't want anyone else to  
die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The havoc in her voice came from somewhere else -- from another scene, another movie. Kimble stares a beat before realizing.

KIMBLE

What is it? What'd you find out?

ADELLE

Christ, I didn't want to come back to this place... didn't want to open it all up...

She tries to get away. He grabs her.

KIMBLE

Adelle. What do you know?

INT. ST. CLAIR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A PHONE RINGS somewhere as CAMERA PANS wall photos, most 20 years old. Memorable are photos of St. Clair with his daughters -- perched on his shoulders, hiding behind his legs, sitting in his lap. Daddy's girls.

ST. CLAIR (O.S.)

Yes? Why, hello, Adelle. Where... What was that? 'Sykes'? No, can't say I do. Why, what's this all about? Are you in town? Well, I suppose I could -- but I've had a long day of gardening here. This isn't something we could... All right. I'll meet you there.

CAMERA REACHES St. Clair as he cradles the phone. He stares at the receiver for an impenetrable beat. His WIFE appears b.g.

WIFE

Not going out again, are you?

EXT. STAFFORD - POLICE STATION/VILLAGE GREEN - NIGHT

A CHOPPER BLATS INTO VIEW and lands on the village green. Gerard, Biggs, Poole, Stevens disgorge -- and wade into a sea of cops and reporters outside the police station.

RENFRO (V.O.)

'Spector... over here...  
'Spector...

They find Renfro. Shouting over the DIN:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGGS

Where the fuck's Lindbergh?

RENFRO

I couldn't stop it! Two wits came forward to place Kimble inside that hotel, and it was all over! We got state troopers, local P.D., auxiliary cops, Search and Rescue... They all want a shot at the hometown boy!

Gerard scowls at all the cops, all of them smelling blood, all of them vying for space on tomorrow's front page.

GERARD

(to Biggs)

All right! Sort out the elbows from the assholes -- then keep them all out of my way! Poole! Stevens! Go with him!

BIGGS

Fuckin' A through Z! Nobody bags this guy but us! Not now!

GERARD

(to Renfro)

Show me the body!

INT. STAFFORD INN - ROOM - NIGHT

A sheet is thrown back. Revealed is the lifeless face of the One-Armed Man.

GERARD

It's Sykes.

RENFRO

Hotel registry has him as Walter Turrentine.

GERARD

It's Sykes.

Gerard drops the sheet, looks around the room still being worked by forensics. Something stinks in here -- and it's not just the corpse. Gerard picks up a baggie of personal belongings as...

GERARD

Your two wits. How reliable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RENFRO

Very.

GERARD

And they saw Kimble with the murder weapon?

RENFRO

I'll double-check if you want, but ... They observed him hunched over the body within 20 seconds of gunfire, Inspector. Rings cherries for me.

GERARD

Yeah? So what's he gain by killing Sykes?

RENFRO

Tell you what, Inspector. Maybe we'll ask him when we find him, huh?

It's a prod: Renfro, too, is ready to rock.

GERARD

Double-check.

Renfor exits. Gerard steps to the window.

GERARD'S POV

Of the mob scene in front of the police station. There's enough firepower in town to change the Earth's orbit.

BACK TO SCENE

Letting the drapes fall, Gerard turns to a local DETECTIVE.

GERARD

(re: Baggie)

This came off the body?

DETECTIVE

Everything in there.

Gerard pulls out a lottery ticket.

GERARD

Year and-a-half ago...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE

What's that?

GERARD

He's carrying around a lottery ticket from 18 months ago.

DETECTIVE

Must be a winner. Shoulda cashed it in, huh?

The Detective goes back to his work. Gerard goes back to the ticket, noting the Pick Six numbers:

21-5-49-3-67-37

Mental cogs turn. Gerard moves to the hotel phone and dials the last seven digits. After RINGING...

VOICE (V.O.)

You've reached the offices of St. Clair Mining. Business hours are Monday through Saturday...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

VOICE (V.O.)

Seven AM through five PM. Colliery yard is located at 12300 Carbon Canyon Road, Stafford. For night-time emergency, dial 215-549-1360.

The ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS OFF. PULL BACK to reveal Kimble and Adelle standing only feet away, peering out a window.

THEIR POV

A Cadillac reaches the main gates of the coal yard. It pauses at a security shack, driver conversing with someone inside, before starting up the road that leads to this building.

KIMBLE

All right. You know where I'll be. If it goes wrong, just get the hell out of there. Don't push it, you understand?

ADELLE

You need a confession, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts to leave, but Kimble pulls her back and looks deep into her eyes, touching her soul.

KIMBLE

I also need you alive.

EXT. COAL YARD - COLLIERY OFFICE - NIGHT

The Cadillac parks at the colliery office, a creaky old building set on a hill. St. Clair emerges. He notes the parked Bronco -- and two lights burning in upstairs windows.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

St. Clair tops the stairs. He looks down a long corridor, where just one office light burns now. The door is marked "RECORDS."

INT. RECORDS ROOM - COLLIERY OFFICE - NIGHT

At a filing cabinet, Adelle sifts through papers. She doesn't turn when footsteps enter.

ADELLE

Security guard let me in. Actually remembered me.

ST. CLAIR

Well, you always did leave an impression -- maybe because you were always leaving. Couldn't let us know you were coming home?

ADELLE

Didn't know myself, Dad.  
(indicating cabinet)  
Funny. There's no employee file for a man named 'Sykes.' Yet when I pulled some old workman's comp files -- from June of '83 -- I found a duplicate claim with that very name on it.

St. Clair takes a slow tour of the office, side-glancing into connecting rooms. They seem empty.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ST. CLAIR

Sounds like someone made a mistake. Is that why you had me come all the way up here? To discuss clerical errors?

ADELLE

But you don't remember him.

ST. CLAIR

Can't say I do.

He passes a desk. CAMERA HOLDS ON old intercom box there.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

In an office down the hall, Kimble stands over a matching intercom, his finger on the trigger of a Dictaphone, recording the disembodied voice of...

ST. CLAIR (V.O.)

Oh, your mother made me swear to bring you back to the house. Soon as she heard you were in town, she was in the kitchen starting on a mulberry pie...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

ST. CLAIR (V.O.)

... Your favorite. Out of season, of course, but she always keeps some frozen berries around just in case --

ADELLE

But Sykes worked for this company. He worked for you. Is that right?

ST. CLAIR

He could have. I'm the biggest employer in the borough -- eight hundred men scattered over five mines. Can't be expected to remember every one of them.

ADELLE

Well, this man wasn't like every other one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE (CONT'D)

(finally turning)

He was missing his right arm.  
Lost it in a firedamp explosion  
in the Wilkesberry mine in 1983.

ST. CLAIR

(a beat)

Unfortunate -- but hardly unique.  
Coal mines are dangerous places.

ADELLE

But if a one-armed man worked for  
this company -- this family --  
don't you think it should have  
been brought out at the trial?

ST. CLAIR

Well, maybe I didn't remember at  
the time. Or maybe I just didn't  
think anybody would care about a  
coincidence like --

ADELLE

Which was it?

ST. CLAIR

(a beat)

I didn't remember. Now why don't  
we just put these things away and  
go back to the house for a little  
dessert and coff --

He touches her. She pulls away as if his hands were  
radioactive.

ADELLE

Don't. Don't ever again.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

Reaction Kimble: This is the flashpoint.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

ADELLE

(with bedrock)

I know what you did to me, Dad.  
What I'm asking now is... Did it  
happen with Helen, too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A guilty pain seeps into St. Clair's face. He turns away to hide it.

ADELLE

Tell me, Dad.

ST. CLAIR

Oh, Lord...

ADELLE

No more secrets, no more lies...

ST. CLAIR

Oh, Lord, what are you doing...

ADELLE

Was she your 'special girl' too?

ST. CLAIR

(fracturing)

I just didn't want them to know...  
If I could have figured out a way  
for me to just die -- without  
everyone finding out about... I  
would've done it. I would've.  
But I just didn't see how...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

KIMBLE

(sotto)

Say it...

INT. RECORDS ROOM - COLLIERY OFFICE - NIGHT

ST. CLAIR

Couldn't let them down... So many  
of them depend on me -- workers,  
their families, good families...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

KIMBLE

(sotto)

Just say it...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

ST. CLAIR

And your mother. What would  
happen to her if --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELLE

What happened to Richard Kimble?  
What happened to his life, Dad?

Bottoming out, St. Clair sags over the desk, head hung, hand groping for a handkerchief.

ADELLE

Or don't you even care?

ST. CLAIR

Wasn't supposed to be like that.  
It should've been an accident...  
something we'd all mourn and put  
behind us. How could I have known  
he would come back that night and  
pick up the lamp? How? I didn't  
want that. I didn't want any of  
it. But it was Helen. She was...

He stops unnaturally.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

KIMBLE

Just fucking say it...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA TILTS DOWN FROM St. Clair's face TO what he sees  
on the desktop. It's the intercom -- and a shim holding  
down the transmit button.

ADELLE

Say it, Dad. I want this to be  
over.

St. Clair puts his handkerchief away -- and pulls out a  
revolver.

ST. CLAIR

So do I.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

The intercom falls silent. Kimble stares, starting to  
fear the worst. Then...

ADELLE (V.O.)

What's that for, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ST. CLAIR (V.O.)  
 Man's reputation is his life,  
 Adelle. I've always said that.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Adelle's eyes flick to the door, gauging the distance.

ADELLE  
 Maybe, we, uh... Maybe we should  
 just call the police now. We'll  
 do it together, okay?

ST. CLAIR  
 That's what Helen wanted to do.

Gone is the weak pathetic man, replaced by something  
 different -- and the difference scares Adelle to the  
 bone. She makes a panic move for the door.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

A DULL CRACKING sound, like a spit into cotton. Kimble  
 stares at the intercom. What the hell was it? Now the  
 sound of SHUFFLING PAPERS -- followed by nothing.

Kimble inches open the office door to check the...

HALLWAY

Empty.

KIMBLE

steps back to the intercom, convinced they're still in  
 the office -- but hearing a persistent and dreadful  
 silence. Suddenly he ditches the Dictaphone...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

... Pounds down the corridor.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

... and rhinos inside. Adelle is sprawled on the floor,  
 blood flowing from one temple. Kimble reaches for her --  
 just as something BLURS down behind him. It makes a  
 DULL CRACK on his head.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Picking hair out of his gun, St. Clair exits the office and moves down the hall. He checks until he finds...

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - ROOM - NIGHT

The Dictaphone. He removes the tape.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Kimble is on all fours, struggling for consciousness. Legs appear beside him. A hand reaches down and pats his face as if patting the muzzle of a dog.

ST. CLAIR

Don't pass out yet, Richard. Not quite yet.

The legs step to the desk. A PHONE is DIALED.

ST. CLAIR

(with false urgency)

Grant. Listen carefully. You have to call the police, tell them their fugitive is here. It's Kimble. He's got Adelle and he's taking her down into the mine. I'm going after -- No, no, no, call first...

INT./EXT. SECURITY SHACK/COAL YARD - NIGHT

ST. CLAIR (V.O.)

... And tell them to hurry, please hurry. I don't know what he's going to do...

YARD GUARD

I got it, I got it.

The YARD GUARD hangs up, starts to dial an outside line -- and slows, seeing headlights approaching: It's a police cruiser, already here.

The cruiser stops. One man gets out. Gerard.

INT. COLLIERY OFFICE - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

Kimble rises unsteadily. Finds himself alone. Spots an open fire escape door and totters...

EXT. COAL YARD - COLLIERY OFFICE - NIGHT

... out onto a landing. Below, St. Clair is stuffing legs into his Cadillac.

KIMBLE

Not her... not her...

The CADILLAC SCRATCHES OFF across the coal yard.

Kimble stumbles to the first-floor landing. Ducks the railing. Hits the ground awkwardly but gets back to his feet and starts the final run.

EXT. COAL YARD - ELEVATOR DEPOT - NIGHT

The Cadillac fishtails to a stop. St. Clair pulls the unconscious Adelle out of the car and slumps her onto a cage elevator.

EXT. COAL YARD - ELEVATOR DEPOT - NIGHT

Panting like an asthmatic, Kimble reaches the Cadillac. Empty. The sound of a WINDING ENGINE brings him to the elevator depot. He looks down the massive shaft.

KIMBLE'S POV

One elevator descending, one rising. It's a counter-weight system.

Now a CAR ENGINE.

HEADLIGHTS

bounce across the yard, speeding this way.

INT. MAIN ROAD - COAL MINE - NIGHT

One-hundred feet below the surface, the descending ELEVATOR DOCKS. St. Clair rattles open the door just as...

EXT. COAL YARD - ELEVATOR DEPOT - NIGHT

Kimble rattles open the topside elevator, now docked. He fumbles with unfamiliar controls as...

The cruiser breaks hard. Gerard rolls out with P9 already drawn and spots...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimble's head sinking beneath the floorboards of the elevator depot.

INT. COAL MINE - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Seeing, Kimble dives low, expecting a hail of bullets. It never comes.

INT. MAIN ROAD - COAL MINE - NIGHT

The ELEVATOR hits BOTTOM. Kimble springs off -- and jams open the safety door, immobilizing the system.

EXT. COAL YARD - ELEVATOR DEPOT - NIGHT

Gerard fights the controls of the topside elevator. Nothing.

INT. COAL MINE - MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Groping around in auxiliary light, Kimble finds a breaker and throws every switch he can.

Lights tracer on overhead. They illuminate the long main road and...

St. Clair. Swinging aboard an electric rail car and starting down a sloped track.

Kimble goes after.

EXT. COAL YARD - ELEVATOR DEPOT - NIGHT

GERARD

(into car radio)

... On Carbon Canyon Road.  
Positive eyeball on Kimble.  
Guard here thinks it's a hostage  
situation.

RENFRO (V.O.)

Your backup's rolling. Hang  
tight, Inspector.

Gerard chucks the radio and looks back to the elevator depot. A coil of rope catches his eye.



INT. COAL MINE - MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The rail car reaches its terminus. St. Clair swings off. He yanks a respirator from an equipment locker and gulps oxygen, preparing for what comes next.

INT. COAL MINE - UNDERCUT - NIGHT

St. Clair appears. Shouldering Adelle now. Moving deeper and deeper.

INT. COAL MINE - MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Kimble makes it to the rail car. Sees two branching roads. Which way? It's hot down here, really hot, and Kimble wrings his face before spotting...

FRESH BLOOD

on the ground. Pointing the way.

INT. COAL MINE - UNDERCUT - NIGHT

Kimble negotiates the slope. How far could St. Clair carry her? Sporadic lighting, illuminating danger signs that Kimble can't bother to read. How deep can it go? And just when Kimble expects to enter the sixth circle of hell, the undercut widens to reveal...

INT. COAL MINE - CREMATORY - NIGHT

The seventh circle of hell. The walls dance red here, reflecting some Stygian inferno burning deep within a fissure that cuts this vast cavern in half. An ancient bridgework skirts the edge of the fissure. And standing at the opposite bank, distorted by curtains of heat, is St. Clair. Adelle lies bleeding on the ground.

ST. CLAIR

Been burning for nearly twenty years now, Richard. These mine fires -- no one knows how they start, no one knows how to put them out.

He pitches the Dictaphone tape into the fissure. Gone. Then the workman's comp files. Gone. Then the revolver. All gone. All cremated.

ST. CLAIR

It's a complete mystery...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kimble edges to the bridgework, a cat's cradle of old pipes and missing boards. Is this how St. Clair crossed?

KIMBLE

What about me! I know! I know the truth!

ST. CLAIR

Tell them what you want, Richard. Maybe they'll believe you this time. But don't bet on it.

He turns to pick up Adelle.

KIMBLE

What are you doing?

ST. CLAIR

Death -- it makes all men perfect. If you don't believe it, just listen to the eulogies.

KIMBLE

No! St. Clair! It doesn't solve anything!

ST. CLAIR

That's what I'm counting on.

He walks for the edge.

Making a blind run, Kimble blitzes over the bridgework. Not daring to look down. Reaching the midpoint and speeding on. Praying that momentum will carry him the rest of the way even if his feet can't. And then...

A BOARD DISINTEGRATES underfoot.

Kimble crashes waist-deep, caught in the bridgework like a pig on a spit. He looks up powerlessly to see...

St. Clair reaching the edge of the fissure -- and stepping off.

BAM, BAM, BAM!

Astonishment registers on St. Clair's shattering face: Bullets are catching him in the head and shoulders, checking his forward inertia.

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!

He totters at the edge for an impossibly long beat -- before the impacting bullets drive him back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!

Already dead, St. Clair somersaults back into darkness. Adelle falls to the ground. Untouched.

Gerard lowers his P9. He crosses the bridgework with stalwart feet and reaches down, offering his hand. To Kimble, the hand seems to stretch from heaven itself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COAL MINE - KIMBLE'S POV - ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

We're inside a rising elevator. At first, we see only rock walls. Then the topside world SPREADS INTO VIEW -- revealing a battery of guns, all aimed at our face.

EXT. COAL YARD - ELEVATOR DEPOT - NIGHT

Aboard the elevator, Gerard steps in front of Kimble, shielding him from the mob of cops.

GERARD

Put it down.

Nothing happens.

GERARD

I said, put the guns down. It's over here.

One by one, weapons fall.

Kimble helps Adelle off the elevator. She's conscious now but disoriented, a hasty dressing pressed to her head.

Grumbling uneasily, the cops form a corridor. Gerard leads the way for...

Kimble. Walking the gauntlet with Adelle under his arm. Feeling all those eyes. Resisting the old urge to run.

REACTION SHOTS

of Biggs, Renfro, Poole, Stevens. Watching their fugitive walk right by. Wondering what the hell they missed. Reaching the...

## CRUISER

Kimble eases Adelle into the backseat and gets in behind. Gerard squats at the open door. Kimble regards him with the most paradoxical of faces.

KIMBLE

Still wondering whether to say  
'thank you,' or 'fuck you.'

GERARD

I'll make it easier on you.

He cuffs Kimble to the floorboard.

GERARD

(apologizing)  
It's the law.

He closes the door. As Gerard moves to the driver's side, his deputies push closer.

BIGGS

Inspector?

GERARD

Follow us in to the hospital.  
I'll explain there. Oh, and  
Stevens?

STEVENS

Sir?

GERARD

Let's clear this warrant.

EXT. RURAL ROAD (PENNSYLVANIA) - NIGHT

HIGH and WIDE as the Cruiser winds through dark hills, the strobing lights of countless police cars following Kimble in -- for once escorting, not chasing.

FADE OUT.

THE END