

~~AA~~

- Rev. 02/02/93 (Pink)
- Rev. 02/06/92 (Blue)
- Rev. 02/13/93 (Yellow)
- Rev. 02/15/93 (Green)
- Rev. 02/22/93 (Goldenrod)
- Rev. 03/08/93 (Buff)
- Rev. 03/16/93 (Salmon)
- Rev. 03/23/93 (Cherry)
- Rev. 03/24/93 (Tan)
- Rev. 04/13/93 (White)
- Rev. 04/17/93 (Pink)
- Rev. 04/20/93 (Blue)
- Rev. 04/23/93 (Yellow)
- Rev. 04/28/93 (Green)
- Rev. 05/02/93 (Goldenrod)
- Rev. 05/10/93 (Buff)

THE FUGITIVE

screenplay by

Jeb Stuart

Ren
ORIGINAL

TO: All Concerned
FROM: Peter Macgregor-Scott
DATE: 24 March 1993
RE: 3rd Act

This is the first pass on the third act and should be used as a guide for scheduling and production requirements only.

THE FUGITIVE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CHICAGO - AERIAL - NIGHT 1

CREDITS BEGIN OVER:

Snow swirls around the tall buildings of downtown Chicago.

2 EXT. CHICAGO HOTEL - NIGHT 2

Cars, taxis, limos line the street. A cab pulls up and MAN in tuxedo moves into:

3 INT. CHICAGO HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT 3

THROUGH arriving guests we PICK UP the Man climbing stairs to the ballroom.

ANGLE - COAT CHECK

The Man hands his coat to coat check woman and thanks her. When he turns we get our first view of DR. RICHARD KIMBLE, a tall, athletic man, with a trim beard.

He moves from the outer lobby into a fabulously decorated ballroom where a fashion show is taking place as a medical fundraiser. Doctors and their spouses, hospital brass and sponsors mingle. Women sit near the runway watching the models. Men talk by the bar. The room is packed.

A banner over the rostrum says: CHILDREN'S RESEARCH AND AID FOUNDATION.

Kimble is handed a glass of champagne, which he promptly sets on another waiter's passing tray.

ROBERTS (V.O.)

Richard...

DR. ROBERTS, a large surgeon, pulls Kimble over to a group of surgeons gathered around a bar. Smoking cigars.

ROBERTS

... Cancun. Nat just talked everybody into it...

A hospital equipment rep, NAT, is buying drinks.

KIMBLE

So, what's the deal? If the hospital buys ten new --

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

NAT

No, no, no... no strings attached,
Dr. Kimble. Industrial Hospital
Supply has no ulterior motives.

KIMBLE

On the house, huh?
(to bartender)
Tonic water with lime.

Everyone agrees.

KIMBLE

Never get me to sell my soul for
one of those trips...

His tone silences the group. Kimble takes his drink.

KIMBLE

(to Nat)
... But if you get any more Bulls
tickets, Nat, give me a call.

The group laughs, Kimble extracts himself and CREDITS
CONTINUE OVER --

CUT TO:

KIMBLE

moving through the crowd.

CUT TO:

KIMBLE

nearly gets hit in the follow-through of an imaginary
golf swing.

KIMBLE

You're slicing, Dave. Don't turn
your hip.

He keeps moving.

GOLFING MAN

Thanks, Richard...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

ANGLE - TOUGH-LOOKING LAB RAT

KATHY WAHLUND, totally out of her element amid the formal elegance around her. She wears a leather jacket over T-shirt and stares at the action on the fashion runway.

DR. WAHLUND
(dripping sarcasm)
I'm so glad you talked me into coming, Richard... I can pick my cruise wardrobe.

RICHARD
It's for a good cause, Kath... Besides you need to get out of the lab more. Your electron microscope is starting to give you a tan.

She smiles. He moves on.

ANGLE - PARTY

Kimble continues down the bar when he spots a friend...

KIMBLE
Hey, Jim.

DR. JAMES NICHOLS turns, smiles. Mid-40s, head of the University Hospital. He is a fit contemporary.

NICHOLS
Richard, I just saw someone who wanted to meet you...

Just then Kimble spots an attractive WOMAN, late thirties, wearing a drop-dead, simple black gown. She's surrounded by a group of men hanging on her every word. She and Kimble catch a look and hold it.

NICHOLS (V.O.)
Richard Kimble... Alex Lentz. Alex is working on the RDU90 trials for Devlin-Macgregor.

Kimble turns to meet DR. ALEXANDER LENTZ, late 30s, tan, smiling. Lentz extends his hand...

LENTZ
Dr. Kimble... Sorry, we've been trading phone calls last few days ... something about a biopsy report I returned to you?

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

KIMBLE

(suddenly attentive)

Yeah... Three. Livers appeared
hepatetic to me.

LENTZ

I'll be in my office in the
morning and I'll pull up the
samples. Is that a good time for
you?

KIMBLE

Sure.

LENTZ

(holds Kimble's look,
then to Nichols)

See you, Jim.

Lentz moves on. Kimble looks after him a beat, then
focuses on relocating the Woman he just saw. She's gone.
He and Nichols move together through the party.

NICHOLS

(digs in his pocket)

Before I forget, I went by the
garage this afternoon and picked
up the Ferrari. Thanks for the
loaner again.

He hands Kimble a valet ticket.

KIMBLE

They fix it this time?

NICHOLS

We'll see.

They reach the Woman Kimble saw, his wife, HELEN KIMBLE.
Kimble kisses her.

NICHOLS

You look fabulous, Helen.

He kisses Helen.

HELEN (WOMAN)

Hello, Jim.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (4)

3

NICHOLS

(to Kimble)

We've got a court tomorrow at
three.

Nichols leaves. Kimble looks at his wife.

KIMBLE

Well, I've seen everyone, can we
leave?

HELEN

That would be a little abrupt,
don't you think?

CUT TO:

ANGLE - KIMBLE'S TABLE - NIGHT

A table for ten. Kimble and Helen introduce themselves
to others at table and sit across from each other.

Kimble sits between two doctors' wives. One, NOUVEAU
WIFE, mid-thirties, bedecked in jewels and loud dress,
the other OLDER WIFE.

Helen sits between their husbands who are trying to
impress her with the details of their boring studies as
CREDITS CONTINUE...

INTERCUTTING WITH the fashion, catches of dialog and
course changes, Kimble and Helen demonstrate an oft-used
exchange of glances: Kimble, while gracious to his
dinner partners, catches Helen's eye and makes smiling,
subtle movements to his watch or a look to the door to
indicate he's clearly ready to leave. On the receiving
end, Helen, the gatekeeper of their social propriety,
indicates with equal subtlety: "not yet."

As we MOVE AROUND the table we hear:

"Where's your husband on staff?" "My husband's an
orthoped at Northwestern." "I'm working on a new tech-
nique..." "That's fascinating..." "That's quite a
marvelous dress you're wearing." "Do you like it? My
husband says it's a 'four-fracture number.'" "Honey."
(A look from her husband.)

Kimble shares a look with Helen. He subtly motions to
his watch: time go to, and mouths the word: "now." She
shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (5)

3

NOUVEAU WIFE

(to table)

I told my husband that he was going to kill us if he didn't stop operating. What with this AIDS thing, he's putting us all at risk.

Helen and Kimble absorb this comment without reaction, share a look. Helen mouths the word: "Now."

HELEN

(to her dinner partners)

I'm sorry, I have to get my husband home.

They say their goodbyes and pass Nichols' table. Nichols shakes his friend's hand in passing. From across the room we see Lentz watching.

4

INT. KIMBLE'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

4

Kimble and Helen driving home. She runs her fingers through his hair as he drives.

HELEN

You looked handsome tonight...

KIMBLE

Thank you...

He smiles to himself, seems to enjoy the compliment too much for Helen. Her smile becomes playful, mischievous.

HELEN

Uh, huh... most men in a tuxedo look like waiters...

KIMBLE

But me?

HELEN

You looked more like... a band director.

He stops at red light, leans over and kisses her. Light changes and neither notice. Slowly their kiss breaks.

HELEN

Are we home yet?...

CUT TO:

4A

EXT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

4A

Kimble pulls up in front of his house. Suddenly both his PAGER and CAR PHONE RING at the same time.

KIMBLE

(to phone)

Dr. Kimble...

(suddenly attentive)

When? Okay, tell them I'll be there in ten minutes.

He hangs up.

KIMBLE

Tim's got a problem.

Helen kisses him again, opens the door.

HELEN

Call me on your way home.

CREDITS END as we --

CUT TO:

5

INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT 5

Kimble, wearing scrubs but without head gear, moves down stairs to the OR hall.

He sticks his head into the operating room.

KIMBLE

Cavalry's here.

Two harried surgeons look up, glad to see him.

SCRUB ROOM

Kimble begins scrubbing as the RESIDENT comes out to bring him up to speed.

RESIDENT

Patient is a male, forty-three.
We pulled his gall bladder and the
bleeding started.

KIMBLE

What's his pro time?

RESIDENT

(concerned)

He's at 36 seconds... We got a
major bleeder in here.

KIMBLE

You talk to the family?

RESIDENT

None. He's off the street.

CUT TO:

6

INT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 6

Operation in progress. Top medical facility filled with trained professionals and state of the art equipment. Kimble is assisted across the table by the chief Resident. Both working so intently they never look at each other as they talk...

KIMBLE

(to Anesthesiologist)

Okay... I'm clamping. Can he
tolerate it?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

He's a very sick guy.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

KIMBLE

Do we have a choice?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Go for it.

KIMBLE

Marie, give me a clamp...

MARIE, the scrub nurse, passes him the instrument and Kimble and the other SURGEON continue to work with the Resident assisting.

KIMBLE

(never looking up)

Your husband know you're here tonight, Marie?... What about this liver?

RESIDENT

History's sketchy. Could be an alcoholic.

KIMBLE

Who referred him?

RESIDENT

He's on a drug protocol. RDU90.

Kimble looks up and shares a look with the chief Resident over their masks, then back to work.

KIMBLE

The wave of the future... Marie, you told Frank yet? Frank is so jealous of this late night thing we've got going here... This should hold him. Bleeding's stopped. Let's get a biopsy...

(to circulating nurse)

Send it downstairs and make sure you get Kath her slice.

SURGEON

You staying for the closing, Rich?

Kimble moves away and sheds his gloves and gown.

KIMBLE

No. I got a date.

6A INT. SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT

6A

Kimble throws away his hat and mask. The door opens behind him; it is the other Surgeon.

SURGEON

Hey, Richard...

Kimble turns.

SURGEON

Thanks.

CUT TO:

7 INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

7

Kimble driving through empty Chicago streets toward home. He is on phone, waits for answer.

KIMBLE

Hi. I'm five minutes away...

INTERCUT WITH:

8 INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

8

Helen on the phone, downstairs. She is still in her gown with an afghan around her shoulders. She's been reading.

HELEN

I'm glad it went well. I'll see you in a minute.

Helen hangs up phone, turns out the light and starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

8A EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

8A

Kimble driving.

9 OMITTED

9

10 INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 10

Helen moves down the hall toward the dressing room/closet. Opens the door to large closet dressing room and turns on the light. Nothing. She starts to leave and decides to close one of the interior closet doors.

She starts to slide the door closed when -- wham!

A hand reaches out and clutches her by the neck. Helen claws and scratches to get free and in her struggle her string of pearls bursts...

... and a single pearl bounces out of the bedroom... rolls across the landing to the stairs, stopping three steps from the top.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 11

Snow swirls around the street as Kimble's car pulls into the driveway. On the third floor, we see a bedroom light still on.

12 INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 12

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK TICKS softly. Kimble tosses his keys on the entry table, picks up a stack of mail on the table and calls up the stairs.

KIMBLE

I'm home. Did you hear who won
the Bulls game?

No answer. He steps into the:

13 KITCHEN 13

The wall phone shows a line in use. Kimble notices it. The WASHER BUZZES, he switches the clothes from washer to dryer, and STARTS the MACHINE. Takes a bottle of wine and two glasses and leaves the kitchen.

14 INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON .38 SMITH AND WESSON - NIGHT 14

lies on the floor, beside Helen's legs and the receiver of phone, off the hook. A man's rubber-gloved hand picks up the gun.

INTERCUT WITH:

- 15 INT. DOWNSTAIRS - STAIRS - NIGHT 15
Kimble starts up the stairs to the bedroom...
- 16 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 16
Helen's hand reaches out presses the cradle down, dials 9-1-1.
- 17 ON KIMBLE 17
climbing the stairs... suddenly stops.
A small white ball on the stairs. He bends down and picks it up... a pearl.
- KIMBLE
- Helen?
- Silence. He can see directly into the bedroom. It's quiet. Too quiet. He notices a lampshade on the floor.
- 18 UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT 18
Kimble moves slowly to the opened doorway. And just before he enters he sees a large form in the crack behind the door. Adrenal surge.
Kimble slams the door back on the figure knocking the gun free. Before Kimble can move to it a forearm flattens him. The attacker immediately goes for the gun. Kimble grabs a leg and twists him down, the man's fingers hit the gun, sending it skittering across the hardwood floor of the landing and over the edge -- three flights to the entry hall below.
SIRENS can be heard. Distant but APPROACHING.
The man kicks free and tries to flee. This time Kimble catches an arm and twists it at an unnatural angle. To his shock, the limb detaches between the shoulder and elbow.
Kimble looks at the arm in his hands -- it's hollow. Electrodes are visible inside -- then to the man's unreadable face...
The SIRENS are LOUDER...
Before Kimble can recover, the One-Armed Man knocks Kimble down and grabs back his arm. He runs down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Kimble pulls himself up and starts to follow but is stopped by a VOICE behind him in the bedroom...

HELEN (O.S.)

He's here... still in the house...

19 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 19

Lying by the bed, Helen Kimble, clutches the phone with one hand, her head with the other.

9-1-1 (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 when she sees him.

9-1-1 (V.O.)

Will you repeat that please -- ?

HELEN

(to Kimble)

Richard... He's trying to kill
me... my head.

20 EXT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT 20

Two Chicago police cars wheel to the curb, COPS move quickly to the house.

21 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

Kimble moves to her. Sees the necklace of bruises where she was held down and choked. And then a bullet wound in her leg. She's already going into shock. Her speech turns thick.

KIMBLE

Hang on, babe... going to be all
right.

Her fingernails dig into Kimble's arm, trying to hold on.

HELEN

My head. Richard... my... hold...
me.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Her eyes slip away from his. He peels away the hand on her head -- and sees raw pummeled brain staring back and realizes she won't be all right.

CAMERA SWINGS DOWN TO the dropped phone.

911 (V.O.)

... Hello. You said his name is Richard? Ma'am, can you talk to me? Ma'am?

CUT TO:

22

INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

22

The Cops enter the house. See the .38 lying on the floor. Covering each other, they move quickly up the stairs -- guns drawn.

ANGLE

Third floor. The First Cop, gun drawn, turns the corner of Kimble's bedroom and finds:

Kimble holding his dead wife. Blood on his hands.

COP #1

Move away from her.

CUT TO:

22A

INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

22A *

Kimble, numbed by the event, washes the blood off his hands in the kitchen sink. A cop takes his blood-stained tux jacket, and another hands him a parka.

*
*
*

23

EXT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

23

The street is filled with Chicago police cars, curious neighbors, television news vans, etc.

Kimble is helped into a police car as the coroner's van arrives. He pauses a moment to watch as we hear.

DETECTIVE KELLY (V.O.)

Can you give us a little more to go on besides the fact that he had an artificial arm? What kind of gun was it, Doc?

- 24 INT. 11TH STREET DISTRICT HOUSE - NIGHT 24
- CAMERA FINDS Kimble in an interview room. He is in "why" shock. "Why her." "Why me?" Says nothing. Two Detectives: KELLY and ROSETTI. Kelly, the questioner, is overweight, aggressive. He shifts his gun on his hip so he can sit down.
- KIMBLE
It was .38... I think. I only saw it for a second. I knocked it out of his hand.
- As Kimble is questioned we INTERCUT WITH flashes of the murder scene being processed:
- 25 FLASH - INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 25
- Forensics technicians photograph the .38 at the base of the stairs.
- DETECTIVE ROSETTI (V.O.)
Do you own a gun, Dr. Kimble?
- KIMBLE
Yes.
- DETECTIVE ROSETTI (V.O.)
What kind of gun?
- KIMBLE
A .38 Smith.
- 26 FLASH - FORENSICS TECHNICIAN DUSTS CRYSTAL LAMP 26
- DETECTIVE KELLY
Did you have your key with you tonight, Dr. Kimble?
- 27 FLASH - COPS CHECKING DOORS OF HOUSE FOR SIGNS OF FORCIBLE ENTRY 27
- 27A BACK TO SCENE 27A
- PHONE RINGS. Rosetti answers it. Kimble watches him write something down, he slides it to Kelly.
- 28 FLASH - MEASURE "NECKLACE" OF BRUISES ON HELEN'S NECK 28

DETECTIVE KELLY (V.O.)
Your wife was loaded wasn't she?
I mean, she was worth quite a bit of money...

29

BACK TO SCENE

29

Kimble looks up at the two cops. For the first time he seems to sense something aggressive in their questioning. They no longer seem on the same team.

KIMBLE

What's going on here? This guy was trying to rob us.

The two cops stare at Kimble.

KIMBLE

You guys have got to be out of your minds. I didn't kill my wife!

He gets up to go. A cop blocks his path. He turns and looks at Kelly.

DETECTIVE KELLY

Let's start over, Dr. Kimble. What'd you have for breakfast?

CUT TO:

30

INT. 11TH ST. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

30

Kimble in his tuxedo shirt and black tie holds a booking number plate in front of him as a mug shot is taken... front, then side.

MAN (V.O.)

We're all adults here so I'll lay it out...

31

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

31

Chicago Sun-Times has a photograph of Kimble spread across the front page.

MAN (V.O.)

... If you two come up with a deal, I'll listen, but let me make one thing perfectly clear.

32

INT. ELECTRONICS SUPERSTORE - DAY

32

Salesmen continue to hawk sets. Kimble's photograph comes up on a hundred TV monitors across the store.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Police are revealing no details in the case against Chicago surgeon...

32A INT. KIMBLE'S CELL - DAY 32A

Kimble lays on his bunk. Thinking...

MAN (V.O.)

... It's an election year...

33 FLASH - INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY 33

CAMERA MOVES THROUGH smoke-filled room to find tough FEMALE PROSECUTOR, a man in in late forties, WALTER GUTHERIE, and STOPS ON the source of the voice we've been hearing and the cigar: JUDGE BENNETT, late fifties. Fair but, no nonsense, political survivor.

JUDGE BENNETT

... and this case is a heater. It will not end up a bench trial...

34 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY 34

Richard Kimble in County lockup fatigues and a navy watch cap moves down long corridor, escorted by GUARD.

GUTHERIE (V.O.)

We've had private investigators interview over a hundred amputees, Richard...

35 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 35

Walter Gutherie, his attorney, stands by a window looking out at the yard. Another attorney, RANDOLPH, watches Gutherie.

GUTHERIE

... We can't find this guy.

KIMBLE

I know what I saw, Walter.

GUTHERIE

I put you up on the stand to say what you saw without anything that remotely smells like proof and the State's attorney is going to take this one-armed man story and run it up our ass.

(he holds Kimble's look)

Look, Richard, you're paying us a lot of money to defend you... A plea to second degree --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

KIMBLE
I didn't kill my wife.

36 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - DAY 36

Kimble being escorted back to the courtroom. A guard carries his suit in a bag. He is taunted by other prisoners.

GUTHERIE (V.O.)
You're a successful upper middle
class white man charged in a
violent crime...

36A INT. COOK COUNTY LOCKUP/CHANGE ROOM - DAY 36A

On the other side of the door is the courtroom. A sheriff's deputy hands Kimble (now wearing his suit), a small plastic bag. In it we see his wedding band.

GUTHERIE (V.O.)
It's a circumstantial case, but
it's also a jury trial. We play
'em, they play 'em...

37 INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY 37

Richard Kimble sits at defense table... watches prosecutors chat with Helen's relatives. Media anchors glare at him.

GUTHERIE (V.O.)
... But if we lose, we lose big.
Just remember, they're lined up a
block long to have your hide.

HARD CUT TO:

38 PHOTOGRAPH OF HELEN KIMBLE'S BODY 38

A crime scene photograph.

39 DETECTIVE KELLY 39

On the stand.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

DETECTIVE KELLY

No forcible entry was found. From the beginning of the investigation, it did not appear to be a break-in. Nothing was missing.

40

FORENSICS TECHNICIAN

40

On the stand.

FORENSICS TECHNICIAN

The defendant's prints were found on the neck, gun, bullets, and lamp... no other sets were found other than the deceased.

FACES OF THE JURY

impassive. Attentive. His "peers." They listen to the recording of the 911 tape.

911 (V.O.)

Did I hear you right? Your attacker is still in the house? Ma'am?

HELEN (V.O.)

He's trying to kill me...

911 (V.O.)

Will you repeat that please? --

HELEN (V.O.)

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

KIBLE'S POV - THE JURY

*

A few members lean over to make notes. It's powerful taken out of context.

41

NICHOLS ON THE STAND

41

PROSECUTOR

Dr. Nichols. You are aware that Richard Kimble was the only beneficiary of Helen Kimble's estate. 12 million dollars roughly.

NICHOLS

I was aware of that. The money meant nothing to him.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

PROSECUTOR

Yet in your presence, Richard Kimble once said that 'if he had Helen's money he could find plenty of uses.' Did he not?

NICHOLS

We were talking about --

PROSECUTOR

Yes or no?

Nichols' look tells us everything... Yes.

CUT TO:

42

OMITTED

42

43

CORONER

43

On the stand.

CORONER

The wound to the head caused a massive hemorrhage to the brain. It took from five to seven minutes for her to die...

A woman in the jury reacts. Kimble notices.

*

43A

OMITTED

43A

*

43B

KIMBLE

43B

on the stand. He finishes his moving description of the events. We see some of the jury has been moved.

KIMBLE

... And I was holding her when the officers came in.

Gutherie returns to his seat. The Prosecutor moves to the jury. He begins slowly but his questions pick up strength.

PROSECUTOR

How tall was this man, Dr. Kimble?

(CONTINUED)

43B

CONTINUED:

43B

KIMBLE

I can't be sure. We were, mostly on the floor, fighting... I couldn't --

PROSECUTOR

Did that fight cause the scratches on your face and arms?

KIMBLE

No. As I explained --

PROSECUTOR

And how did this man enter your house?

KIMBLE

I don't know --

PROSECUTOR

And you probably don't know why your wife told the emergency operator you were her attacker?

KIMBLE

She didn't --

PROSECUTOR

Your name is Richard, isn't it? Your gun is a .38, isn't it? Your prints were on the gun, the bullets, the lamp, her neck, weren't they?

KIMBLE

Look...

PROSECUTOR

Weren't they?

CUT TO:

44

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

44

Richard Kimble sits behind the desk, but already he's a shadow of the man we knew before, stares ahead passively as Judge Bennett delivers the sentencing to hushed courtroom.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

JUDGE BENNETT

After careful and studied review of all evidence presented during each phase of this proceeding, and because aggravated circumstances, detailed at length, were present the night of January 20th...

*
*

Kimble is silent, stunned, but all around him the sentence shockwaves through the courtroom. Reporters push out rear doors. Prosecutors share a look -- with a hangman's satisfaction. Nichols, watching behind Kimble's table, lowers his head. Disbelief.

ANGLE ON RICHARD KIMBLE

He remains silent. Kimble is pulled gently to his feet by bailiff. Gutherie whispers an "I'm sorry." Kimble doesn't hear it.

JUDGE BENNETT (V.O.)

Therefore, it is the decision of this court...

Looks over his shoulder to the emptying courtroom. Faces stare back.

CUT TO:

45

INT. KIT ROOM - DAY

45

Judge Bennett's V.O. CONTINUES over:

A locker opening. Inside, a profusion of chrome and nickel plating. Jailhouse jewelry. Handcuffs dragged out. Action checked.

JUDGE BENNETT (V.O.)
... that you be remanded to Menard
State penitentiary...

CLOSE ON CUFFS

slapped down over wrists, ratcheting down tight.

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

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

JUDGE BENNETT (V.O.)
... where you will serve a
sentence of life imprisonment
without possibility of parole...

*

46

EXT. SALLY PORT (COOK COUNTY JAIL) - NIGHT

46

The chain gang exits through the sally port. Kimble and three other prisoners. Jailers escort them to...

- 47 BLUE BULLET-NOSE BUS 47
- An Illinois Department of Corrections guard moves alongside, checking the undercarriage with a pole-mounted mirror.
- The GAVEL CRACKS as we --
- CUT TO:
- 48 INT. BUS - CLOSE ON KEY - DAY 48
- locking wire mesh cage inside bus.
- An old DIESEL COUGHS to life.
- 49 EXT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT 49
- Main gates open. The BUS GRINDS onto the streets.
- 50 INT. BUS - DAY 50
- The four prisoners sit scattered, still cuffed but no longer chained together. Near the front, PRISONER #1 is eyeing...
- The two prison guards seated beyond the caged door. YOUNG GUARD lighting a smoke. OLD GUARD drowsing. Shotguns bouncing on their knees. Prisoner #1 shifts his gaze to...
- The driver. Pistol on his hip.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 51 EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 51
- The BUS RUMBLES north, heading towards the horizon.
- 52 INT. BUS - NIGHT 52
- Prisoner #1 rises. Through caging:
- PRISONER #1
Hey. Illinois penal regulations
require a meal for transport
rides of four hours or more.
- Young Guard shakes his head. "Fucking jailhouse lawyers." Checks his watch: 4:00.
- YOUNG GUARD
Jack! Feedin' time.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

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

Prisoner #2 looks at Kimble. Kimble stirs awake... watches the cage door open, Young Guard moving back. And across the aisle...

Prisoner #3, a big man named COPELAND, wags his head between his knees. Something slides out of his shirt and CLANKS to the dimpled steel floor. It's a razor sharp plastic shank.

Heart quickening, Kimble looks forward. Young Guard is handing a petrified sandwich to Prisoner #1. Kimble snaps a look back to Copeland, who palms the shank.

COPELAND

Breathe, and you're first.

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

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

YOUNG GUARD

Suit yourself.

52A

He offers the sandwich to Copeland. In the exchange, sandwich drops. Copeland leans down for it.

52A

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

KIMBLE

Look out!

Too late... Jackknifing up, Copeland drives the shank into Young Guard's gut.

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

Jolting Old Guard. He chambers his shotgun. Kimble hits the floor. The Old Guard jams a key into the cage door and surges inside, but...

Prisoner #1 broadsides Old Guard. SHOTGUN DISCHARGES... opening a big Gainsburger hole in the driver. He sinks under the steering wheel. A knee hits the accelerator.

The CAGE DOOR SLAMS locked behind the Old Guard.

58

CONTINUED:

58

OLD GUARD

Do somethin'.

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 -- just Band-Aids now. Kimble looks into the wound.

KIMBLE

He isn't going to make it unless he gets to a hospital. Fast.

*
*

OLD GUARD

Try.

In this delicate moment...

A SHIVER runs through the bus. Is it just settling? With other things to worry about, Kimble tries to stop Young Guard's bleeding.

ANGLE UNDER SEAT

We see Copeland, alive. The crash has ripped the bars from a back window and shattered the glass. He works to get out the opening.

BACK TO KIMBLE

A second SHIVER ripples through the bus, stronger. Kimble retracts his hands to touch a metal panel -- and feels a growing vibration.

KIMBLE

Just where the hell are we?

The Old Guard feels it too. He gets down on his knees and looks out one of the shattered, barred windows.

OLD GUARD

Oh, shit...

59

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

59

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

60

INT. BUS - NIGHT

60

Kimble sees: Old Guard fights the cage door. Kimble lunges to his side.

KIMBLE

It's locked. Where're your keys?

- 61 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT 61
Downtrack, one cyclops light appears.
- 62 INT. BUS - NIGHT 62
Kimble spots keys. Pitches them to Old Guard. Drags Young Guard to the front for a 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 snatches the keys away from the Guard's trembling hands.
- KIMBLE
Which one? This? This one?!
- Old Guard gulps a nod. Kimble jams a key in the lock. Throws the door open. Grabs Young Guard.
- KIMBLE
Help me get him --
- But Old Guard climbs right over Kimble's back and climbs out the shattered windshield.
- ANGLE ON REAR OF BUS
Copeland escapes through the hole in the back...
- 63 EXT. BUS - NIGHT 63
.. and hits the ground running the other way. The locomotive's headlight reveals the toppled bus.
- 64 INT. BUS - NIGHT 64
Train light grows. A nanosecond of uncertainty: Should Kimble leave the wounded man? Kimble and the Young Guard hold a look.
- 65 EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT 65
As the WHEELS BRAKE and LOCK.
- 66 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT 66
Kimble struggles out of the bus -- pulling the Young Guard behind him. He slings the man clear.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

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 thigh, but he stays on his feet, still running feverish half-steps.

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

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 notices something in his hand.

It's the key-ring.

67

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

67

Kimble sits and searches the key-ring for manacle key. Suddenly a hand reaches down and snatches the key-ring away.

COPELAND (O.S.)

Give me that.

Kimble watches as Copeland quickly unlocks both sets of his own chains.

COPELAND

You listen to me. I don't give a damn which way you go, just don't follow me.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

Kimble takes the key as Copeland wraps his chains around his arm and runs. Kimble unlocks his leg irons and runs in the other direction -- crossing a hilltop in the moonlight.

67

DISSOLVE TO:

68

EXT. CRASH SITE (SOUTHERN ILLINOIS) - NIGHT

68

News and sheriff's department choppers circle billowing smoke. TILT DOWN to reveal the derailed train. Fire engines hose down the blackened locomotive. Rescue workers work feverishly with jaws-of-life to get into the mangled wreckage. Illuminated by spotlights, transportation investigators in blue coveralls pick through the twisted remains of the bus. State troopers restrain spectators.

Two American-made rental cars pull up. Four deputy U.S. marshals emerge:

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

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

POOLE. Black woman. Nobody minds having her around during nut-cuttin' time.

NEWMAN, a scrub-faced G-5.

From the second car steps GERARD. He takes in the media spectacle.

GERARD

Good lord...

REFRO

What is this... a circus?

As a group they begin moving along the service road above the crash site. Derailed train cars are accordianed below them. They take in the elements of the crash and as they walk each begins to reveal their U.S. Marshal's credentials.

Biggs spots something...

BIGGS

Point of impact.

... and branches off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERARD

Biggs, your turn to babysit
Newman.

BIGGS

Shit...
(to Newman)
Come on.

They drop down to the crash site. Poole and Renfro
remain with Gerard.

A state TROOPER steps into their path, but falls away
when he sees Gerard's marshall star.

GERARD

How ya doing? Who's in charge?

TROOPER

Sheriff Rollins. Just follow the
lights --

Gerard follows his point to where TV lights illuminate
the scene. He shakes his head -- it doesn't please him.

Renfro and Poole share a look, they seem to know what's
about to happen.

ANGLE - OLD GUARD

Seated near a tree. A space blanket draped over his
shoulders. He is surrounded by EMT personnel, and a
YOUNG SHERIFF, clearly basking in the event. Television
remote news crews are kept only slight back. Gerard
appears in the b.g., listening.

OLD GUARD

... train was bearin' down on us,
fast. I don't know how -- it's
still kind of hazy -- but I
grabbed him and pushed him out of
the bus.

SHERIFF

You coulda both been killed.

OLD GUARD

I know, but hell, he's my
partner. Woulda done the same
for me.

The young Sheriff in charge nods, buying the story.
Gerard eases forward, displays his badge, interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (2)

68

GERARD

Excuse me, Sheriff Rollins?
Deputy U.S. Marshal Samuel
Gerard.

SHERIFF

(annoyed)

I'll be with you in a minute.

The television lights widen to illuminate Gerard. He shields his eyes. The Sheriff opens a file and produces fax-photos of all four prisoners.

SHERIFF

(to Old Guard)

For the record. These three dead.
And this one...

He switches to a photo of Kimble.

OLD GUARD

Well, everything happened so
fast...

(bites lip, decides)

Huh-uh. Don't think he made it.

Sheriff eyes the wreckage that could entomb a hundred prisoners, then files Kimble's fax-photo with the others.

SHERIFF

You get some rest.

He pats the Guard on the shoulder and approaches Gerard.

SHERIFF

Looks like you came a long way
for nothing. My men've already
done a thorough search from point
of impact and found nothing.

INTERCUT WITH:

68A ANGLE - CULVERT

68A

Biggs and Newman stop by the muddy culvert. Biggs sees something. He orders Newman into the muck after it.

68B GERARD

68B

aware of media, proceeds patiently with the young Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

68B

CONTINUED:

68B

GERARD

With all due respect, may I suggest check-points starting at a 15-mile radius on I-57, I-24, Route 13 east of --

SHERIFF

Whoa, whoa, whoa... For what? Prisoners are all dead. The only thing check-points will do is get a lot of good people out here frantic and flood my office with calls.

Gerard finally touches eyeballs with the young Sheriff and we get our first taste of Gerard at close range.

GERARD

(beat)

Well, shit, Sheriff, I'd hate for that to happen... So, I'll be taking over the investigation.

SHERIFF

On whose authority?

GERARD

By authority of the Governor of the State of Illinois and the office of the United States Marshal, 5th District Northern Illinois...

Poole produces State and Federal authorization documents from one of her pockets and hands it to the young Sheriff.

SHERIFF

(back-down beat)

Okay. You want jurisdiction over this mess, you got it.

(to assistants)

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

He slaps the file of fax-photos at Gerard on his way out. Just as Biggs, spotless, eases into the group with Kimble's manacles. Behind Biggs we see Newman, covered in mud.

Seeing the leg irons, the Sheriff and his deputies pile to a stop. Now Gerard takes his run at Old Guard.

(CONTINUED)

68B

CONTINUED: (2)

68B

GERARD

Please, ladies and gentlemen,
step back and give this poor man
some room.

Like an obedient dog the press backs off, they sense a
change of story and command.

Gerard kneels down with Poole and Renfro in front of
the Old Guard. The Sheriff hovers near.

GERARD

(friendly, to Old
Guard)

Always an interesting thing when
we find leg irons and no legs in
them... Who held the keys, sir?

OLD GUARD

Uh, me.

GERARD

Would you be so kind as to show
them to me, sir?

Gerard's large hand extends palm up at the Old Guard.
The Old Guard pats his pockets, comes up empty. He
eyes the press hovering just out of earshot.

GERARD

Second chance.

Poole reopens the file of photos in front of the man.
The Old Guard can't take it -- points to Kimble's photo.

OLD GUARD

(cracking)

He mighta got out.

GERARD

Thank you.

SHERIFF

What the hell is this? A minute
ago you tell me he's part of the
wreckage, now you're --

GERARD

Renfro -- Take that bus apart. I
want an accurate body count.
Poole -- Set up operations right
here.

(CONTINUED)

68B

CONTINUED: (3)

68B

He stops and looks into the TV lights and starts moving downtrack. The media and State Police move with him like Israelites behind Moses.

GERARD

Ladies and gentlemen... our fugitive's been on the run for ninety minutes. Average foot speed over uneven ground -- barring injury is approximately four miles an hour, giving us a radius of six miles. I want a hard-target search of any residence, gas station, farmhouse, henhouse, doghouse and outhouse in that area. Check-points go up at 15 miles.

(to media)

You got that? Good. Now, turn those damn things off and get out of our way.

69

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

69

ROARS... just above the treetops. Helicopter speeds up a dark river. Its tracking beam illuminates the river bank.

70

EXT. RURAL ROADS - NIGHT

70

Flashing lights. Two highway patrol cars set up road-blocks. The SQUAWK of police RADIOS breaks the rural quiet. A moment later a HELICOPTER ROARS overhead.

70A

EXT. TRACKS - NIGHT

70A

Kimble moves down train tracks. His jumpsuit is wet with blood from the gash. He pauses and checks the wound. He's going to need stitches.

Far down the tracks he sees glow of town lights. He keeps moving.

71

EXT. TRESTLE - DAWN

71

Kimble crosses a tressel, keeps running toward the direction of the lights.

72
&
73

OMITTED

72
&
73

73A EXT. JUNK YARD - DAWN

73A

A junk yard by railroad tracks and a road. Signs along the road show we're on the edge of town. One says: Hospital--1/2 mile.

73B ANGLE - TRACKS AND STREAM

73B

Kimble runs from a streak up to the railroad tracks. As he nears the junk yard and road he sees the hospital sign. He's close but he can't go into the hospital in his prison jumpsuit. He leans against a wrecked car and catches his breath.

Just then a tow truck pulling a car on its hook, turns off the road and parks next to the tracks. Kimble ducks for cover behind the wrecked car.

The driver climbs out, dumps his coveralls in the front seat and closes the door.

He moves toward a house across the tracks, then forgets something and returns to the cab. He throws open the door and grabs lunch box off the seat -- and we notice the coveralls missing from the seat.

As the driver returns to the house we MOVE TO the opposite side of the car to find Kimble, ducked beneath the window, clutching the coveralls.

74 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAWN

74

A crude headquarters is set up beneath a tent, near the crash site. Maps are laid out on tables. Power and phone lines are pulled down from the lines running along the tracks. Renfro supervises the electronics.

Poole handles phones, takes a report from the field and relays it to Gerard.

POOLE

Blood trail found. Two miles southwest.

GERARD

(to Biggs)

Type it and match it against all four prisoners.

(to Renfro)

Renfro, get an I.D. fax on Kimble to every local hospital.

(to Newman)

Newman...

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

Newman appears.

NEWMAN

Yes, sir...

GERARD

I need some coffee.

As Newman steps off, everyone turns at sound of SHOUTING from the train crash.

74A

ANGLE - TRAIN CRASH

74A

A RESCUE WORKER shouts up to others.

WORKER

Hey, one's alive!

75

EXT. RURAL HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - MORNING

75

Loading dock outside the E.R. A worker stacks boxes of food outside kitchen entrance. Kimble, in the tow truck operator's coveralls, picks up a box and carries it inside. Once inside he branches off down a hallway.

75A

INT. RURAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

75A

A door opens on a long hallway. A doctor, child with a bandaged hand, and a mother leave a room and walk TOWARD us. Behind them, Kimble moves down the hall and stops in front of the doorway.

KIMBLE'S POV - MINOR PROCEDURES ROOM

CUT TO:

76

INT. RURAL HOSPITAL - MINOR PROCEDURES ROOM - MORNING

76

Kimble closes the door and locks it. Hanging on the back of the door we see a doctor's white coat.

CUT TO:

76A
&
76B

OMITTED

76A
&
76B

77 EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING 77

An Illinois State Trooper's car pulls up outside.

CUT TO:

78 CLOTH-COVERED INSTRUMENT TRAY 78

On it we see: A packaged sterilized bandage, an opened antiseptic wash, an opened topical anesthetic, and an empty syringe. We PULL BACK to find:

KIMBLE

his wound bathed in orange antiseptic wash, three stitches already in. With pair of forceps he picks up the needle as he sutures himself.

CUT TO:

79 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LONG SHOT (MOS) - MORNING 79

At far end of the hall we see a STATE TROPER chatting with a DUTY NURSE at a nurses' station.

CUT TO:

80 INT. PROCEDURE'S ROOM - MORNING 80

Kimble, his bandage already in place, gives himself a shot of antibiotics.

CUT TO:

81 INT. HOSPITAL - MAN'S ROOM - DAY 81

A man, tube in nose, on two I.V.s, lays in bed with eyes closed. Kimble comes INTO FRAME near his face.

KIMBLE

Can you hear me, sir?

No response. The man is out of it. Kimble backtracks to the patient's closet and opens it. Hanging inside we see his clothes. He removes them and notices the man's untouched breakfast tray.

CUT TO:

82 INT. RURAL HOSPITAL - NURSES' DUTY STATION - DAY 82

The Duty Nurse and State Trooper chat when a fax begins coming through on DESK FAX.

NURSE
There's your fax...

CUT TO:

83 INT. PATIENT'S BATHROOM - DAY 83

Kimble dressing in the man's clothes. He eats a piece of toast -- part of the man's breakfast -- as he buttons up his shirt.

ANGLE - PATIENT

His arm slowly reaches out and presses his nurses call button.

CUT TO:

84 INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY 84

A fax photograph of Richard Kimble slowly comes off the duty station FAX MACHINE. Next to the machine the patient's call light comes on.

The Duty Nurse, standing with the Highway Trooper, sees the patient's light come on and starts down the hall toward the patient's room.

CUT TO:

85 INT. PATIENT'S BATHROOM - DAY 85

Kimble shaving when we hear the DUTY NURSE ENTER the patient's room. He moves OUT OF FRAME.

DUTY NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Patterson, do you need some more water?...

ANGLE - MAN'S EATEN BREAKFAST

The Duty Nurse looks from the tray to the man, impressed.

DUTY NURSE
... Oh, you did a good job on this.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

She takes his empty plastic pitcher and...

... pushes open the bathroom door -- no sign of Kimble
-- and refills the pitcher from the sink.

DUTY NURSE

(over her shoulder,
to patient)

... It does get dry in here,
doesn't it?

She doesn't expect an answer, turns OFF the WATER, and goes into the main room. As the door closes we see Kimble behind it.

CUT TO:

85A

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

85A

Kimble, clean-shaven, and wearing the patient's glasses and a doctor's white coat, moves down the hall to the emergency room exit. Suddenly the State Trooper steps back from the E.R. admissions desk with his newly-received fax, and starts down the corridor toward Kimble.

The Trooper looks up as the two men pass...

TROOPER

'Scuse me, Doc?...

Kimble turns but continues slowly backing toward the E.R. doors behind him.

TROOPER

... Don't know if you heard or not but we're looking for an escaped prisoner from that bus train wreck 'couple hours ago. Thought he might show up here if he was hurt.

KIMBLE

What's he look like?

The Trooper looks down at his fact sheet as we see a slow trickle of blood from a shaving nick begin winding down Kimble's cheek.

TROOPER

(from fax sheet)

Approximately six one, 180 pounds,
brown hair, brown eyes and beard.

(CONTINUED)

85A

CONTINUED:

85A

At the last second Kimble feels the drop of blood and wipes it clean as the Trooper looks up.

TROOPER

... Seen anyone that fits that description?

KIMBLE

Every time I look in the mirror ... but without the beard.

They laugh.

KIMBLE

Excuse me...

TROOPER

Sure.

Kimble moves through the E.R. doors as an ambulance parks outside...

86

EXT. RURAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM RAMP - DAY

86

Two PARAMEDICS try to take out a patient on a gurney. The lead wheels are stuck.

KIMBLE

Here...

Kimble helps clear the wheels so the collapsible gurney comes free.

PARAMEDIC #2

Thanks, Doc, we had to dig him out from under a train.

As the gurney comes out, Kimble looks right into the face of the Young Guard. The Guard's eyes suddenly open wide.

YOUNG GUARD

It's him... It's --

Kimble claps the portable oxygen mask back over the Young Guard's mouth and keeps his hand there.

KIMBLE

How is he?

The Paramedics move him toward the ramp.

PARAMEDIC #1

He's pretty bad off. Broken leg, ribs. Concussion.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

As Kimble moves away...

KIMBLE

Tell the E.R. doctor he's also
got a perforated spleen.

He's gone... The two Paramedics share a look as they
whisk the Young Guard inside.

PARAMEDIC #2

(impressed)

Jesus, how could he tell that
from looking at his face?

ANGLE - AMBULANCE

Kimble climbs behind the wheel.

87

OMITTED

87

88

EXT. TRAIN CRASH SITE/OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

88

A full communications link is in place.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

Deputy marshals answer phones, work faxes, add information to a situation board. Troopers bring in information. Poole calls Gerard.

POOLE

Background just came in from Chicago.

GERARD

Hit me.

Renfro and Poole lay out the details. The download of information comes clear and fast.

RENFRO

Richard David Kimble. Vascular Surgeon. Convicted of first-degree murder in the killing of his wife. Pleaded innocent. Claimed a one-armed --

GERARD

Let's not retry the case. Priors and accomplices?

Gerard steps up the hillside out of sight of the investigation to take a leak. Followed by Renfro and Poole.

RENFRO

None. No previous arrests.

Poole takes up a position discreetly behind tree as Gerard unzips his fly and relieves himself.

GERARD

Sealed juvie record?

Poole calls out from behind tree.

POOLE

Nothing. Total cherry.

GERARD

Relatives? Children?

RENFRO

No relatives...

POOLE

One child. A son. Died in drowning accident three years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GERARD

Girl friends? Ex-wives? Friends?
Combinations of the above?

POOLE

Lot of friends. Doctors.
Hospital staff.

Gerard zips up.

GERARD

Start there. Authorize taps.
Cover his lawyer first.

RENFRO

Never get it.

GERARD

Bet me.

Renfro won't take it.

GERARD

Have Stevens go to Judge Rubin,
he'll sign 'em.

... Biggs charges up the hillside.

BIGGS

DeLange Hospital. Wounded guard
swears to High Holy he saw Kimble
right there in the hallway.
Ambulance, missing too.

ANGLE - SITUATION TENT

Gerard moves quickly to the map.

GERARD

Give me a time.

BIGGS

0-nine-thirty. Twenty minutes
ago.

Gerard redraws the circle of units. No longer are we
covering a fifty-mile radius. The circle is redrawn,
tightened, with the hospital as its center. The tri-
angulation is set.

CUT TO:

89

EXT. RURAL RAILROAD CROSSING - DAY

89

The ambulance follows three cars toward a rural railroad crossing.

COP (V.O.)

... We're waiting up here in Canton.
Wondering if you heard anything
on this Kimble chase --

90

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

90

Kimble behind the wheel as he approaches the railroad crossing. The biocom monitors police chatter:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Two-twelve-A, be advised that all
discussion on this matter is to
be conducted on a tactical
frequency -- either Channel K or
Z. Over.

Frequency goes dead. Kimble looks THROUGH the
windshield:

91

ROAD SIGN

91

An arrow points toward Canton, two miles.

The cars in front slow as the railroad crossing signal suddenly activates and the bars begin to drop. Kimble pops the SIREN and hurriedly snakes through the crossing and heads in the opposite direction... but his maneuver gets attention.

92

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

92

Truck driver watches Kimble cut through the crossing and reaches for his C.B. radio.

93

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

93

Poole hangs up phone.

POOLE

Ambulance just spotted two miles
west of Doverville. Heading north
on State road 53.

Renfro turns to the map and marks it. The circle is much
smaller.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

RENFRO

Running outta map, Sam. *

The crash site and hospital are already marked. Gerard is ready to move.

GERARD

Just the way we want it. Okay,
people, let's button up. *

They move off to waiting State Trooper cars and helicopter. *

94

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

94

Kimble driving down a rural road. He flips down visor and eyeballs folded roadmap...

95

EXT. SECONDARY ROAD (KENTUCKY) - DAY

95

... The ambulance crests a hill. In the distance we see the Grosvner Viaduct and the Barkley Dam.

96

EXT. HIGHWAY (KENTUCKY) - DAY

96

Blowing other traffic off the road, WHOOPING CRUISERS and G-cars stream south through the rugged rural terrain of Southern Illinois. Overtaking them all, a CHOPPER THUNDERS overhead. *

97

INT. HELICOPTER

97

Heading into hilly terrain. Down below we see the ambulance. Inside the helicopter Gerard eyes the terrain.

PILOT

(into radio)

We've got a visual...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

- 97 CONTINUED: 97
- PILOT (CONT'D)
(to Gerard)
He's heading toward the viaduct. *
- GERARD
Seal it up.
- 98 OMITTED 98 *
- 99 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF GROSVNER VIADUCT - DAY 99
- The two-lane road disappears into long tunnel. Three hundred feet below the road tumbles the Tennessee River. The Barkley Dam rises ahead. Kimble's AMBULANCE ROARS into the tunnel...
- 100 ON KIMBLE 100
- suddenly sees the helicopter setting down ahead of him at the mouth of the tunnel.
- Kimble slams on brakes and turns to retreat.
- ANGLE - FAR END OF TUNNEL (BEHIND HIM)
- Illinois Highway Patrol cars pull to a stop at the far entrance. Light flares. Set out road blocks. *
- 100A ANGLE HELICOPTER 100A *
- Gerard steps out followed by Renfro and Poole. *
- 100B KIMBLE'S AMBULANCE 100B *
- comes to a stop, blocking traffic in both directions. Immediately HORNS begin BLARING.
- 101 EXT. TUNNEL - NIGHT 101
- Trooper pulls up. Biggs and Newman behind Kimble blocking the other end. *
- Troopers with guns drawn block the exits. The P.A. from a State patrol car blares: *
- P.A. (V.O.)
Please remain in your vehicles
and lock your doors. Repeat,
please remain in --

101A ANGLE ON HELICOPTER

101A

Poole and Renfro materialize already decked out in Kevlar. They're jacked up and ready to rock. Renfro hands Gerard a vest. *

RENFRO

Got him.

Gerard unholsters a 40 caliber, Glock model 22. *

GERARD

Okay, ladies and gentlemen...
hard part's over. *

He starts into the tunnel. *

RENFRO

(to radio)

We're movin' in.

102 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

102

Weapons drawn, but held discreetly at their sides, three silhouettes enter. Drivers who hadn't heeded the Troopers' P.A. warnings take one look at Gerard and quickly climb back inside and lock their doors. *

Biggs, Renfro and Poole fan out to the sides and give the middle to Gerard. The tunnel is quickly quiet.

Kimble huddles at mid-tunnel. He's trapped. Drops to the ground beneath the truck. His heart pounding, brain clicking, fighting panic. Suddenly he realizes he's in water.

Running water...

ON MARSHALS

They reach the mid-tunnel area. No Kimble. Biggs looks around, beneath vehicles. Gerard listens. Poole looks confused.

POOLE

Where'd he go?

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

GERARD

Biggs, Renfro with me.

103

INT. STORM DRAIN - FORKING CONDUIT - DAY

103

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. He whips off his jacket and slings it down a tunnel, then continues straight ahead.

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

Gerard, Biggs and Renfro. They push on, soon reaching the forking tunnels. Renfro finds the jacket and splash signs.

GERARD

Channel Three.

They conform their radios. Splitting up, Biggs and Renfro go left. Gerard -- straight ahead.

104

INT. DOWNSLOPE CONDUIT - DAY

104

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

105

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

105

Biggs and Renfro. Sweeping his light as he advances. Searching for splash-patterns.

BIGGS

(into shoulder-mike)

Nothing yet.

106

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

106

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

(into radio)

Got a possible here. Stand by.

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

*

107

INT. DOWNSLOPE CONDUIT - DAY

107

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

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED:

107

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 Glock, lying down-tunnel. He eases toward it...

*

But another hand gets there first.

It's Kimble. Face dark and desperate. Dangerous. Hand flexing on the pistol. They lock eyes for a beat.

KIMBLE

I didn't kill my wife.

GERARD

So, you didn't kill your wife.
Not my problem.

An adrenal beat. For a moment they hold a look. Then the silence is broken by Gerard's radio.

BIGGS (V.O.)

'Gerard? You there?

Gerard looks for his radio, then back at Kimble -- he's gone.

Instantly Gerard reaches for his ankle -- and pulls a back-up piece.

108

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

108

As Renfro hears FOOTSTEPS POUNDING his way.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Gerard charges down the tunnel. From a side tunnel, Renfro appears, almost colliding. Biggs follows...

GERARD

Straight ahead!

109

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

109

Kimble sticks Gerard's gun into his waist band to balance in the tunnel. He spills around a corner and stops. Ahead lies an orb of light. The tunnel ends. The NOISE is incredible. Kimble moves to the end of the tunnel and stops.

109A KIMBLE'S POV

109A

Water pours from the tunnel into the spillway of Barkley dam disappearing into a veil of mist below -- a great cauldron of mists. No rocks. None visible at least.

He hears the MARSHALS behind him -- COMING CLOSER.

110 ANGLE - MARSHALS

110

Gerard and Renfro turn the corner. Renfro drops into a shooting stance.

GERARD

Turn around, hands over your head.
And get down on the ground.

For a moment Kimble eyes Gerard.

GERARD

Your choice, Kimble...

Kimble turns his back on the Marshals, stares again at the water. Slowly he puts his hands over his head. Gerard puts up his gun and pulls his handcuffs. He moves through the water toward Kimble.

GERARD

Get down on your knees.

Kimble bends slowly, stares down into the falls, hears the footsteps get closer, then does the unthinkable. He jumps.

111 EXT. BARKLEY DAM - DAY

111

Biggs moving to the top of the massive dam sees Kimble leap into the sheet of water spilling over dam and disappear into the mists below. He can't believe his eyes.

*

112 INT. DRAINAGE CONDUIT - DAY

112

Renfro lowers his gun.

RENFRO

(amazed)
Sonofabitch...

It's the most amazing thing he's ever seen...

(CONTINUED)

112

CONTINUED:

112

ON GERARD

He stands at the mouth of the tunnel staring down. He stares down into the mists. Impressed. It has told him something invaluable about this fugitive.

113

EXT. TOP OF DAM - DAY

113

Gerard scrambles out of the tunnels to the top of the dam near Biggs, just as squad cars, troopers and the search helicopter converge on the site.

114

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

114

Far downriver a figure fights through a snag in the bend. The snag -- a tree branch -- breaks away and heads downstream. Hanging onto the branch we see Kimble.

115

EXT. BARKLEY DAM - LOWER RESERVOIR - SUNSET

115

Below the dam and spillway. Troopers in waders search the shallows, deputies beat bushes along the shore. Farther out we see a dredge boat slowly working the waters.

FROM SHORE

Gerard watches the dredge cage come up again. As if with the next pass it will prove him the victor. The HEAD Illinois TROOPER CAPTAIN approaches.

HEAD TROOPER

Running out of daylight, Inspector.

GERARD

Lights and generators are coming, Captain.

HEAD TROOPER

Look, I don't mean to tell you your job, but maybe one person in a million could've survived that fall. The guy's fish food...

*

Gerard turns and brings his look to bear on the Captain.

GERARD

Then find me the fish that ate him.

*

*

He turns and heads to a waiting helicopter.

116 OMITTED 116

117 EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON 117

Kimble runs through the woods. He staggers, his arm hooks a sapling which spins him to the ground. He lays motionless, exhausted.

118 KIMBLE'S DREAM - INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - DAY 118

ANGLE - Helen in bed. Kimble's hand comes INTO FRAME and touches her shoulder. She turns toward Kimble as he moves INTO FRAME and kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - Helen tosses her head back. She wears white silk pajamas and smiles down AT us. A hand reaches up and unbuttons the top two buttons of her top. Then Kimble moves up INTO FRAME as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

118A EXT. BEACH - DAY 118A

Helen running down beach TOWARD us. Embraces Kimble as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

118B EXT. POOL - DAY 118B

Helen's head comes up out of a pool. Hair tossed back, she smiles as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

118C INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT 118C

Helen exiting Kimble's car the night of the murder. She looks back at Kimble, framed by the door frame, and smiles.

HELEN

Good-bye. I love you.

Again...

Then again... then:

HARD CUT TO:

- 119 EXT. FOREST - MORNING 119
- Kimble comes out of his sleep with a start. Shivering. He remembers where he is. His breathing returns to normal.
- 119A EXT. TRESTLE - TUNNEL - MORNING 119A
- Kimble moves across a river trestle and disappears into tunnel.
- 120 INT. DRUG STORE - DAY 120
- Kimble on pay phone in the rear of the store waits for party to answer. An old lady and her mother shop.
- Across the store a pharmacist watches Kimble.
- ANGLE - PHONE
- Kimble watches the boys as he waits for answer. We hear RINGING, then a receptionist answers:
- RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
The law offices of Guthrie, Morgan
and Wainwright.
- KIMBLE
Walter Guthrie please.
- RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
I'm sorry, Mr. Guthrie has left
for the day, would you like his
voice mail?
- Kimble hangs up and moves down an aisle, stopping in front of the hair color. He takes a box of black hair dye off the shelf and looks at the instructions. When he looks up he sees the pharmacist looking at him.
- 121 OMITTED 121
thru thru
123 123
- 124 EXT. SONNY'S DINER - NIGHT 124
- A roadside diner. Kimble, his hair now black, and wearing a new pair of Wranglers, hooded sweatshirt and a duffle coat, moves down the road to the diner.
- 124A OMITTED 124A

125 INT. SONNY'S DINER - NIGHT

125

Kimble enters. He sits at the counter and a sparky OLDER WAITRESS, late, mid-forties, with strong good looks and tough smile fills his coffee cup before he even asks.

OLDER WAITRESS

Need to look at the menu?

KIMBLE

Some soup, please.

OLDER WAITRESS

Good choice.

She marks her pad and leaves. Sights and sounds around Kimble begins to occupy his attention:

A dishwasher buses a tub of dishes back to the kitchen. He stares at him.

A farmer sitting at a table stares at Kimble, Kimble looks away. A man at the pay phone seems to be staring at him. Is he calling the police? Everyone seems to be looking at him.

Someone stops in front of him. A young waitress serves him his soup. Where's the first waitress?

Takes a few sips of soup. Out of the corner of his eye he sees:

The Older Waitress putting on her coat to leave. Is she going to report him? He fights the paranoia.

A NEWS REPORT on the TELEVISION gets his attention.

ANGLE - TV

A report on the escape. A television reporter describes the chase for Kimble; his jump at the dam and his presumed death from the fall.

Kimble decides it's time to leave. He drops some money on the counter and exits.

126
thru
127

OMITTED

126
thru
127

128 EXT. DINER - NIGHT

128

Kimble moves across the parking lot trying not to run until he's out of sight of the diner. Once free of the lights of the diner he starts running and disappears into the night.

128A EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

128A

Kimble running down the road. Fields stretch out on both sides of the highway. Open land. From behind him we suddenly hear the sound of POLICE SIRENS. For a moment Kimble moves faster, then as the SIRENS COME CLOSER, his sprint drops to a jog... to a walk, until finally he stops and waits for the inevitable... But the flashing lights suddenly rip past him chasing a speeder. They weren't after him after all. Kimble looks at himself. He's shaking.

A moment later he is lit by headlights. A car pulls up next to him, passenger window rolls down...

(CONTINUED)

128A CONTINUED:

128A

OLDER WAITRESS

Need a ride?

Kimble stares at her.

KIMBLE

Which way are you going?

She smiles and points in the direction her car is traveling. They hold a look as we hear:

RENFRO (V.O.)

We feel confident about the I.D.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

129

A quiet house on a quiet street out from town. A homeless woman picks through garbage. A garbage truck moves slowly down the street. A plumbing truck parked along a curb. Just early morning traffic.

We see Renfro and Newman watch the house from across the street, behind a deserted house. Gerard joins them. We see that Biggs is in the plumbing truck. Poole is the homeless woman picking through the garbage. Newman hands Gerard a radio.

RENFRO

Local officials were about to wet their pants to move in.

GERARD

I bet they were.

(to radio)

Where's the woman?

INTERCUT WITH:

Biggs in the plumbing truck. He triggers his mike.

RENFRO

(into radio)

Same room.

GERARD

(into radio)

Okay... I'll take front. Biggs and Renfro, rear. Poole, handle support. I don't want anyone hurt. Stay outside unless called. Radios on three.

(CONTINUED)

129

CONTINUED:

129

The deputies prepare their weapons. Newman checks his service issue .38, stares at Gerard's Glock.

NEWMAN

Uh, just want me to wait here, sir?

GERARD

Hell, no. You're with me, Newman. Let's go.

130

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAWN

130

DOOR CRASHES open, splintering the deadbolt right out of the door.

GERARD

U.S. Marshals. Down! Down!

131

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

131

Textbook perfect, Gerard and Newman rush into front room.

THEIR POV

Down the hall a man's figure streaks across a doorway OUT OF VIEW.

A woman in the rear of the house BEGINS SCREAMING.

GERARD

motions Newman to the left to check the door off the living room while he moves down the main hall into the back bedroom.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM/NEWMAN

Clearly unnerved by the screaming woman, Newman opens door off the living room. The door opens into a smaller bedroom. He steps into --

SMALLER BEDROOM

it's empty. Gerard appears at the other (hallway) door to the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

131

CONTINUED:

131

HALLWAY

Gerard motions Newman on to the door to the bathroom and continues down the hall into the back bedroom where the woman continues SCREAMING. He ignores her. His feet move silently, heel-to-toe. He checks the bathroom as Newman opens his connecting door -- empty -- then moves on toward the doorway to the kitchen.

Gerard moves to the kitchen doorway. Running out of house. He braces himself swings into the kitchen -- it too is empty. Suddenly Gerard gets the bad feeling he's passed his prey.

CUT TO:

SMALLER BEDROOM

Newman looks around, suddenly scared. The only place he didn't search was behind the bedroom door. He turns just as:

COPELAND

surges out, knocks Newman's gun from his hand. In a flash, Copeland yanks Newman's arm behind his back and presses a knife against the deputy's neck and moves him out of the room.

We INTERCUT WITH:

GERARD

He hears Copeland moving somewhere in the front of the house.

COPELAND (O.S.)

I got your man! Now I want outta here!

Gerard moves back through the bedroom past the SCREAMING woman. He locks in on the voice and sound of the moving fugitive.

ON COPELAND AND NEWMAN

Copeland listens but gets no response from Gerard. He backs through the second bedroom door, pulling Newman into the --

(CONTINUED)

131

CONTINUED: (2)

131

LIVING ROOM

Newman's eyes are pure terror -- the blade pressed against his throat.

COPELAND

(to Gerard)

You hear me? I said, I want out
or I'll cut your man's throat!

GERARD

keeps moving down the hallway, through first bedroom, pauses at door to the second bedroom and chooses his course.

LIVING ROOM

Copeland positions himself between the bedroom door and the hallway opening. He's troubled he can't hear Gerard.

Suddenly he hears a NOISE behind him at the bedroom door. He whips Newman around and we see:

A shoe hits the floor. Copeland realizes his mistake too late. He turns back to the hallway and there is Gerard.

He never blinks. FIRES once killing Copeland instantly. The knife falls to the floor. Newman clutches his head, stunned but unhurt.

Gerard now turns to the screaming woman behind him in the bedroom doorway.

GERARD

Shut up.

She does. Immediately.

132

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

132

As coroners and tactical police mop up. Gerard moves across the yard, sips coffee from Styrofoam cup. He stops at a sheriff's car, Newman sits on back seat, shaken, nearly hysterical, clutching his ear.

NEWMAN

My ear... I can't hear a thing out
of it. I can't believe you did
that!

(CONTINUED)

132

CONTINUED:

132

GERARD

You think I should have bargained with him, don't you?...

NEWMAN

Yes. You could've missed! You could've killed me!

GERARD

Yeah, you're absolutely right. I could've.

They hold a look.

GERARD

How bad's your ear?

NEWMAN

Terrible. I probably have permanent hearing damage.

GERARD

Let me see it.

Newman leans toward him. Gerard speaks into his ear.

GERARD

I don't bargain.

Gerard leaves. Newman watches him -- realizing what a truly unsettling man Gerard is.

133
thru
142

OMITTED

133 *
thru *
142

143

EXT. CHICAGO PAY PHONE - MORNING

143 *

Kimble makes call. While he waits for phone to be answered TRAINS COME and GO in the b.g. An EL CROSSES OVERHEAD. The BELLS of Chicago River DRAWBRIDGE. Then...

KIMBLE

Walter. It's Richard.

INTERCUT WITH:

144

INT. LAW OFFICES OF GUTHERIE, MORGAN AND WAINWRIGHT - 144
DAY

Walter Gutherie answers phone from his office overlooking Lake Michigan.

GUTHERIE

Richard... Jesus, why did you run? Running only makes you look guilty.

KIMBLE

I wasn't worrying about appearances, Walter.

GUTHERIE

Tell me where you are. I'll come meet you so you can turn yourself in.

KIMBLE

I'm not turning myself in. I need money.

Gutherie is silent. When he speaks again his speech takes on the lawyerly tone of a man who's covering his own bases.

GUTHERIE

Richard. You're asking me to harbor and aid a convicted felon... I can't help you that way. My advice -- both as a friend and as your legal counsel -- is for you to give yourself up. Now tell me... where are you?

Kimble picks up the change in his attorney's tone.

KIMBLE

(beat)

St. Louis.

GUTHERIE

Give me an address. I'll be --

CLICK. Gutherie hears the LINE GO DEAD. Kimble's gone.

144A EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

144A *

Kimble stands in the doorway with cup of coffee. He considers his next move. Then seeing bank clock flash the time: 9:30 -- he knows what that move is...

*
*
*

144B INT. NORTH BANK TENNIS CLUB - DAY

144B

An upscale mid-town tennis club. Behind glass windows of the entryway we see tennis courts. From the courts comes Dr. Charles Nichols still dressed in his warmups, carrying his tennis bag. A friendly DESK ATTENDANT (Sharon) smiles as he goes by.

DESK ATTENDANT

See you tomorrow, Dr. Nichols?

NICHOLS

Creature of habit, Sharon.

144C EXT. NORTH BANK CLUB - DAY (Formerly Sc. 144A)

144C

Dr. Nichols leaves the club. He tosses his gym bag into the back of his car and drives off.

144D INT./EXT. NICHOLS'S CAR - DAY (Formerly Sc. 144B)

144D

As he pulls up to the first stoplight, a homeless man moves toward the driver's side and begins washing his windshield. Nichols waves the man off.

NICHOLS

Not today, please...

The man shuffles off. Just then a second man appears at his passenger window. He leans down to wave him away...

NICHOLS

No. Not --

... then stops -- the face at his passenger window is Richard Kimble's.

NICHOLS

(stunned)

Oh, my God... Richard...

Nichols rolls down the passenger window.

KIMBLE

How're you doing, Charlie?

NICHOLS

You're alive...

KIMBLE

Yeah. And I need your help.

NICHOLS

Anything.

(CONTINUED)

144D CONTINUED:

144D

KIMBLE

I need some money. Whatever
you've got on you.

NICHOLS

Of course.

Nichols reaches into his gym bag in the backseat and
digs for his wallet...

NICHOLS

Tell me where you're staying.
I'll get you more money. Some
clothes. Just give me an
address...

KIMBLE

I'll call you.

Kimble glances around, the area is still clear. He looks
back into the car and doesn't see the police car turn the
corner and come up the street behind them.

Nichols finds his wallet and hands all the cash he's got
to Kimble, who quickly pockets it.

NICHOLS

I know why you came back -- to
find him. If I can help, call
me... Call me.

They hold a look. The stoplight changes to green but
they don't see it.

KIMBLE

Thanks, Charlie...

NICHOLS

Here, Richard, take my coat...

He reaches into the back for his coat, suddenly police
car behind him POPS its SIREN. Nichols looks into his
rearview mirror. Sees a COP lean out his window.

COP

(to Nichols)

Hey, buddy -- green light. Let's
go.

Nichols looks back at Kimble. He's gone.

145

INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICES (CHICAGO) - CLOSE ON AUDIO TAPE - DAY 145

REWINDING. The media room -- just what it sounds like -- banks of audio/video equipment and a sound board.

Renfro rewinds the tape. Gerard, Biggs, Poole and Newman.

POOLE

We've alerted St. Louis P.D...

GERARD

Call them back. Tell them you've made a mistake.

POOLE

What?

GERARD

(to Renfro)

Stop it there.

Renfro hits play. Kimble's VOICE is heard again:

GERARD

Drop the voices.

Renfro removes the two voices. What comes up are the BACKGROUND SOUNDS. EXTERIOR NOISES (BELLS RINGING, TRAFFIC, MECHANICAL... TRAINS). Everyone becomes focused to the sounds now.

GERARD

(he's heard something)

Listen.

(CONTINUED)

BIGGS

Trains? Traffic...

GERARD

More... there's a voice in the background.

At first the sound is unrecognizable. A BELL. GRINDING MECHANICAL. Then a P.A. VOICE on the tape: "Next stop Merchandise Mart."

RENFRO

That's an El announcement.

GERARD

And there's no El in St. Louis. Ladies and gentlemen, Richard Kimble is in Chicago. Poole, get his artwork out to local police and have C.P.D. check the shelters... Biggs, bring in the detectives that handled his case.

Instantly the room is in movement.

STEVENS

I'll prepare the press release.

GERARD

No.

Stevens stops.

GERARD

They don't know he's alive and as far as Kimble knows we don't either. I want to keep it that way as long as we can. Are we clear?

The whole group sense Gerard's intensity in regard to Kimble.

RENFRO

(for the group)

Perfectly.

Gerard reflects on a moment of personal satisfaction.

GERARD

Noah... go to my office and let's officially take Dr. Kimble out of purgatory.

CUT TO:

145A INT. 11TH STREET STATION - DAY

145A

Morning roll call. Kimble's photo distributed to cops by Detectives Kelly and Rosetti.

KELLY (V.O.)

As of this morning Chicago P.D. was alerted to the reappearance of Richard Kimble.

145B INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

145B

Newman and Poole check train station. Looking for Kimble. They show his photo to homeless people. No help.

146 OMITTED

146

&
147&
147

147A EXT. FRONT OF COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

147A

Holding a handkerchief to his face, Kimble moves through arriving patients and enters Cook County Hospital.

147B INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

147B

Renfro and Biggs check shelters for Kimble. They show his I.D. to administrator. Look around.

147C INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

147C

The place is humming now. Detectives Kelly and Rosetti sit in front of Gerard. Gerard studies Kimble's file. Renfro sits in.

KELLY

Police units have also increased patrols around homeless shelters and mass transit stations in the city.

147D EXT. LOOP EL STATION - DAY

147D

Police patrol the platform looking for Kimble.

148 INT. FRONT OF COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

148

Kimble moves past security, then pockets the handkerchief and turns up a hallway, blending in with the indigents and poor.

CUT TO:

148A OMITTED 148A

149 INT. UPSCALE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 149

NURSE FLYNN, a woman about 45, attractive, smart, loyal. Poole and Gerard talk to her in an examination room.

FLYNN

I ran his office for twelve years.
Yes, we were very close. But he
wouldn't come to me for help.

149A INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 149A

Busy with doctors, orderlies and street people. Kimble moves down hallway and enters...

149B INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY 149B

He moves into the room and takes a new patient form, looks around. SEE BACK INTO the office area of the clinic. It could be any hospital clinic from this view. But as Kimble turns to leave we see a PATIENT waiting to be called. On his lap we see a prosthetic arm. Kimble looks up from the arm to the man.

PATIENT

Good morning.

KIMBLE

Good morning.

As he turns to leave we hear:

ROBERTS (V.O.)

Don't underestimate this guy...

CUT TO:

149C INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - SURGEONS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY (Formerly Sc. 155) 149C

Dr. Roberts from the party, talks to Biggs and Gerard as he takes off scrubs to get into shower.

ROBERTS

R.K.'s one smart, cold
sonofabitch... He did her, no
question.

CUT TO:

149D INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - DAY (Formerly 149C
Sc. 149C)

Kimble moves down the hallway containing the janitor's locker room. Janitors move in and out the door.

150 INT. KIMBLE'S OLD HOUSE - DAY (Formerly Sc. 166B) 150

Gerard walks through Kimble's house. The art and most of the furniture is gone. Books are in boxes and shopping bags around the room. Plastic covers the remaining pieces of furniture.

Gerard stares at the empty walls. Shadows on the walls show where the art once hung. Gerard pauses, tries to absorb the place. He takes a book from one of the bags and looks at it.

151 OMITTED 151

151A INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY 151A

Kimble moves past the lockers, racks and boxes of cleaning supplies, stops at a board listing work schedules, vacation leaves, locker numbers... Behind him a LOCKER SLAMS. As a janitor moves off to the showers we see his locker did not close but remains slightly ajar from the impact.

151B INT. JANITOR'S LOCKER ROOM - CLOSE ON LOCKER - DAY 151B

Door opens revealing the janitor's clip on I.D. hanging from a green shirt. Kimble steals it.

151C INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY 151C

Gerard looks at the two detectives.

GERARD

Gentlemen, I appreciate the cooperation of the Chicago police...

He moves toward them.

CUT TO:

152
thru
161

OMITTED

152
thru
161

162 INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY 162

A SALESMAN stands on ladder looking through pants sizes.

SALESMAN

Did you say, 38/34?

KIMBLE

No. 34/34.

ANGLE ON SALES COUNTER

WHAP. A folded pair of green janitor's pants drops onto the counter in front of Kimble. He already has the green shirt to the uniform.

162A OMITTED 162A
thru thru
165 165

166 INT. SELF-SERVE PHOTO BOOTH - CLOSE ON RICHARD 166
KIMBLE - DAY

Photographed.

ANGLE - SIDE OF THE BOOTH

Kimble takes the finished photos from the delivery tray.

CUT TO:

166A INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY 166A

RENFRO

Was there anything in your initial investigation that would make you think Kimble would come back to Chicago.

ROSSETTI

The man definitely has friends here.

GERARD

What about lady friends?

KELLY

Not that we found.

CUT TO:

166B INT. SALVATION ARMY STORE - CLOSE ON APARTMENT NOTICE - 166B
DAY (Formerly Sc. 166C)

A card on a community bulletin board advertises a basement apartment for rent.

BIGGS (V.O.)

What about the man he claimed
attacked his wife?...

Kimble pulls the notice from the board as we --

CUT TO:

166C INT. U.S. MARSHALS' OFFICE - DAY 166C

Kelly and Rossetti share a look, a smile.

KELLY

Right... You ever been downwind
of a stockyard when the breeze
is blowing? That's where we
were sitting when Richard Kimble
told that one...

CUT TO:

166D EXT. POLISH LADY'S APARTMENT - DAY 166D

Kimble knocks at door. It is opened to reveal a PUNK
KID, 18-20. He calls to someone O.S.

CUT TO:

166E OMITTED 166E
& &
167 167

168 INT. POLISH WOMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY 168

A light comes on and an OLD POLISH WOMAN, her stockings
rolled down her shins, leads the way down the basement
stairs. The Punk Kid stands at the top of the stairs,
watches Kimble.

ROSETTI (V.O.)

We found nothing.

The Polish woman shows him a spare but sufficient bed and
nightstand set up. She points to door leading up to the
street.

CUT TO:

169 OMITTED 169

170 INT. POLICE WOMAN'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON 170

Kimble also at work at the bedside table. He carefully cuts out his do-it-yourself photograph and places it over the existing photograph on the hospital I.D. The name on the I.D. says: Desmond Jose Ruiz.

Then he places a thin piece of lamination plastic and trims the edges.

Kimble defaces the plastic to give it rough look, then examines the finished product... not bad.

171 INT. MARSHALS' OFFICE - DAY 171

KELLY (O.S.)

If this guy existed believe me someone would've found him.

ON GERARD

He raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO:

172 INT. DR. NICHOLS' OFFICE - CLOSE ON FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH - DAY 172

of medical residents. Two photographs next to each other. A young Richard Kimble and Charles Nichols.

NICHOLS (O.S.)

Richard Kimble... I saw him two days ago.

We PULL BACK to see: Gerard studying the photos. Renfro looks up like someone's bitten him. He, Biggs and Gerard are in Nichols' administrative office. Gleaming. Filled with awards and photos of Nichols and influential people. Nichols hangs up his lab coat and slips back into his suitcoat. He shows no sign of nervousness.

NICHOLS

He stopped me in my car. I gave him some money.

GERARD

Where was this?

(CONTINUED)

172

CONTINUED:

172

NICHOLS

Outside our tennis --
(correcting himself)
-- my tennis club.

Gerard moves around Nichols' office taking in the details.

GERARD

Did he ask you for help?

NICHOLS

I volunteered. He wouldn't accept it.

GERARD

Why do you think he came back to Chicago?

GERARD

He didn't tell me.

GERARD

I didn't ask you that, sir. I'm sure he was trying to protect you from having to lie for him.

Gerard continues to move around the room, study prints, books, drawings, awards and photos.

GERARD

If you're really his friend, you'll help us bring him in unharmed.

NICHOLS

Why, so he can go back to prison? If you want help, gentlemen, you've come to the wrong man.

Gerard finds a photo of Nichols and a gleaming Ferrari.

GERARD

Dr. Nichols, last year the U.S. Marshals' office closed out 11,003 warrants... 10,975 of those were captured. The twenty-eight others thought they were smarter than us... Now they're dead.
(re: the photo)
Nice car.

Gerard puts the photo down.

172A EXT. NICHOLS' OFFICE - DAY

172A

Gerard and his deputies leave Nichols' outer office. Gerard clearly feels he's come to the right man.

GERARD

Stay on him.

173 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

173

Kimble mopping the trauma room hallway. The hallway elbows around a corner and Kimble stands less than ten feet from a door that is marked: PROSTHETIC CLINIC.

He watches a technician leave the clinic and mops closer to the doorway, and fails to see an attractive WOMAN DOCTOR with white coat and stethoscope draped around her neck turn the corner behind him and step on the freshly-mopped section.

Head down, she is completely absorbed in a file and doesn't see the wet floor until she slips slightly, looks up but keeps walking.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Where's Rudy?

KIMBLE

They said he's sick.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Didn't they tell you to put up the sign?

KIMBLE

Uhhh. No they didn't.

WOMAN DOCTOR

Put up the 'wet floor' sign before someone gets hurt.

She keeps going.

KIMBLE

(mumbles)

Asshole.

She looks back at Kimble.

WOMAN DOCTOR

What did you say?

KIMBLE

Nothing.

Anne keeps moving off toward trauma hall. He watches her turn the corner to the trauma hallway.

173A OMITTED

173A

174 INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - NIGHT

174

Kimble enters the dimly lit prosthetics lab.

(CONTINUED)

174

CONTINUED:

174

He moves silently among the casts and prosthetics of arms, hands, legs hanging from the ceiling. Cables and electronic equipment are on the counters.

He leaves the lab and moves into the office section of the Prosthetic Clinic. He passes a computer room and finally reaches the office. He is about to enter when a woman's voice stops him.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hey, Ricky... Weren't you just in here?

Kimble turns to see a PROSTHETIC TECHNICIAN. A large woman with glasses. She stands with a partially finished prosthetic arm.

174A MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

174A

The one-armed man's arm coming off in the fight.

174B INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC (BACK TO PRESENT)

174B

TECHNICIAN

Sorry, I thought you were Ricky.

KIMBLE

(stumbling)

No... I've got to clean the blinds in the office. Want me to wait till you're finished?

TECHNICIAN

Naw... I'm going to be here all night. You won't bother me.

She slips on a pair of headphones and goes back to work.

CUT TO:

175 INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC OFFICE - LATER

175

Kimble cleaning the blinds, keeps an eye on the Technician who is listening to music on her Walkman. She is carefully painting a section of the arm. Not watching Kimble.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

175

CONTINUED:

175

CLOSE ON FILE DRAWER

Opened.

BACK TO SCENE

Kimble looks over his shoulder. The Technician doesn't see him.

A Prosthetic Clinic Operations Manual is removed from shelf.

Photographs of prosthetic arms. Kimble shifts the materials into his clothes, closes his coat and suddenly he stops.

CUT TO:

175A

INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR - NIGHT

175A

Kimble waits for the elevator. The folders in his uniform shift and he tries to rearrange them. When he turns back we see Anne Eastman beside him. Her I.D. says: ANNE EASTMAN. She sees him doing the rearranging. The elevator arrives. They step into:

176

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

176

Anne moves to the back. Kimble on the other side.

ANNE (WOMAN DOCTOR)

Hey, how're you doing?

KIMBLE

Fine.

ANNE

You find that sign?

KIMBLE

Yes, I did.

ANNE

You called me an asshole.

KIMBLE

Excuse me. I was having a bad shift.

They laugh. They reach ground level and step out together.

(CONTINUED)

176

CONTINUED:

176

ANNE

You worked at other hospitals?

KIMBLE

Lots of them over the years.
Here, long ago. Hasn't changed
much.

ANNE

I bet it hasn't. See you.

They part ways. Kimble continues out the door. Anne stops and watches him leave.

176A INT. EL TRAIN - NIGHT

176A

Kimble sits on the night train going home. He begins looking at his information.

177 INT. KIMBLE'S BASEMENT ROOM - DAY

177

Afternoon light comes in Kimble's basement windows. Sheets of Prosthetic Clinic patient material are spread over Kimble's bed, floor. Kimble searches through the documents, making notes. He studies photos of attachments. Cable attachments. Joints. Electronics. Pins. straps... looking for a key to the identity of the one-armed man.

Finally he stops. He finds the flyer in his pocket, puts it on the bedside table and moves to sink. He wets a towel and covers his face.

Draws a cool damp breath. Lays back on bed amid the Prosthetic Clinic material.

177A FLASHBACK - FIGHT

177A

Kimble pulls the arm. It separates in the one-armed man's sleeve. Wrenches. Dis-articulates.

177B FLASHBACK - ONE-ARMED MAN

177B

reacts in pain. Again. (NOTE: We sense Kimble's mind returning to something. Getting closer to the key...)

177C FLASHBACK - ONE-ARMED MAN

177C

escaping the bedroom. We hear his FOOTSTEPS DOWN the STAIRS... a DOOR SLAM. FOOTSTEPS again.

Another DOOR SLAMS, but this time the sound is distinctly different... a CAR DOOR.

177D INT. KIMBLE'S BASEMENT ROOM (BACK TO PRESENT) 177D

Kimble yanks the wet rag from his face, his senses alert. Listening, he hears: FOOTSTEPS are real, just outside and MOVING TOWARD him.

HARD CUT TO:

177E EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY 177E

A car door slams. We see unmarked police cars pulling up in front of the apartment. Cops are moving toward the house.

177F INT. BASEMENT - DAY 177F

Kimble turns off his light, moves from the bed to the window. Carefully looks out:

178 KIMBLE'S POV 178

Unmarked police cars in front of the house, looking, moving his way.

179 BACK TO SCENE 179

Kimble moves instinctively to the back door.

He starts to open it but through the dirty window, he sees the back courtyard covered by more cops.

Kimble moves back toward the front. Unsure of his next move, he's sweating, preparing for the worst.

He watches the TAC team charge the house but instead of charging through the basement door they move up the front steps and into the house overhead.

Overhead he hears the SCREAMING from the arresting cops.

KIMBLE'S POV - BACK STEPS

Kimble SEES the Punk Kid try to escape out the back. He runs, sees cops and runs toward Kimble's basement door, actually reaching it before he is caught by the cops and pulled away.

KIMBLE

moves toward the front window and watches cops lead the Punk Kid out to the car.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 179

POLICE RADIOS call the other cops to stand down.
Kimble moves slowly to his front door. Looks out.

179A KIMBLE'S POV 179A

Cops put the young man into an unmarked police car. His grandmother, the Polish woman, follows them, crying.

BACK TO SCENE

Kimble leans against the wall, exhausted.

179B INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRAUMA HALLWAY - NIGHT 179B

Kimble carries his cleaning tray down busy hallway just outside of the Prosthetic Clinic and stops.

KIMBLE'S POV

Two cops talk outside the Prosthetic Clinic.

BACK TO SCENE

Kimble backs to a safe place in the trauma hallway to wait for them to leave.

CUT TO:

179C INT. 11TH STREET POLICE DISTRICT HOUSE - DETECTIVES ROOM - NIGHT 179C

The Punk Kid is handcuffed to a bench as a cop works on a report. Suddenly the Kid notices something that gets his attention.

KID'S POV

A wanted poster of Kimble over the cop's head.

BACK TO SCENE

The Kid sees -- Wanted for Murder -- realizes who it is.

(CONTINUED)

179C CONTINUED:

179C

PUNK KID

(to cop)

Hey. Hey! I know that guy!

The cop looks up, sees Kimble's poster and then back at the Kid.

CUT TO:

180 OMITTED

180

181 INT. TRAUMA HALLWAY - NIGHT

181

Kimble moves toward prosthetic clinic. In passing through the trauma hallway he becomes aware of a crisis developing. A major accident has happened, victims are being brought in.

The P.A. CALLS for doctors. STAT.

ANGLE ON FAR END OF TRAUMA HALLWAY

Elevator doors open as orderlies bring in new patients. Some walk, some are helped by family and police. Nurses direct traffic.

Orders fly. Medicines are called. Family members yell for doctors. Ask for the injured. Anne picks up the pace with an ORDERLY wheeling a gurney carrying a young patient, a BOY.

ANNE

What happened?

ORDERLY

A bus flipped off the overpass. Got at least twenty more coming in.

ANNE

What about this one here?

ORDERLY

Fractured sternum. X-ray's coming up.

Anne checks the boy's chart.

ANNE

Okay, we've got to get some room in this hallway, people.

(CONTINUED)

181

CONTINUED:

181

Orderlies quickly move the non-life-threatening patients out of the hall. Still more help is needed. Anne spots Kimble.

ANNE

Hey, take this one up the hall to Critical Care.

Kimble nods. Anne moves to another patient.

Kimble grabs the kid's gurney and begins wheeling it up the hall. As he pushes he looks at the kid's X-rays.

Anne looks up, barks another order, then suddenly sees Kimble pushing the gurney and looking at the film.

ANNE

tries to negotiate through the incoming patients to get a better look, but Kimble is gone. She goes back to work.

ON KIMBLE

He wheels the Boy's gurney into an elevator. The doors close.

182
&
183

OMITTED

182
&
183

184

INT. HOSPITAL - O.R. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

184

Kimble wheels the gurney down the hall and stops the Boy on the scrub threshold to the O.R. and stops a SURGEON.

KIMBLE

Hey. Hey!

A Surgeon pauses and eyes Kimble's janitor suit and the gurney.

KIMBLE

They just sent this one up.

He takes a look at the Boy's chart and grabs the X-rays and yells to O.R. nurse.

SURGEON

Bob! Get this one into room four, stat.

He looks up, Kimble is gone.

185

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

185

Kimble enters the Prosthetic Clinic computer room. The Technician from the day before is listening to her Walkman, sees Kimble and waves. Kimble waves back and turns into the glass-walled computer room and closes the door.

He closes the blinds and turns on the computer.

CUT TO:

185A

INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - NIGHT

185A

The crisis has wound down. Anne moves into the room and begins checking patients. She stops a unit nurse, GLADYS.

ANNE

Gladys, where's the boy I sent down with the janitor?

GLADYS

What boy?

ANNE

The one with the fractured sternum.

GLADYS

He never came in here.

185B

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

185B

Kimble scans DOS files, each an eight-letter enigma. Finds one with promise and loads it up.

KIMBLE

Wrong...

He backs up and tries another file.

CLIENT DEMOGRAPHIC ORGANIZER SEARCH BY:

AGE, SEX, RACE, LIMB, OR OTHER?

Kimble knows he's got it.

186

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - CLOSE ON SCREEN - NIGHT

186

Kimble keys in these responses:

(CONTINUED)

186

CONTINUED:

186

SEX: MALE

AGE: 35-50

RACE: CAUCASIAN

LIMB: RIGHT ARM

OTHER: POINT OF REPLACEMENT: MID-
HUMERUS

187

INT. OPERATING ROOM WING - NIGHT

187

Anne comes out of the stairwell and stops the Surgeon we saw with Kimble.

ANNE

Dave, did you see a janitor come up here earlier?

SURGEON

Yeah, he brought a kid up.
(handing her
the chart)

Anne, did you write the orders?
I couldn't make out the
signature...

ANNE

No, I saw --

SURGEON

(in a hurry now)
Whoever did knew what the hell
he was doing. Kid's a hair away
from a ruptured aorta.

He heads to the operating room, leaving her stunned. She stares at the scrawled orders.

CUT TO:

188

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - CLOSE ON
SCREEN - NIGHT

188

A "PLEASE WAIT" message appears on the screen. We hear the COMPUTER PROCESSING, searching, narrowing.

The screen flashes: NUMBER OF POSSIBLE CANDIDATES: 75.
DO YOU WISH TO SUBDIVIDE?

(CONTINUED)

188

CONTINUED:

188

KIMBLE

Seventy-five... Hell, yes.

Kimble types in another defining characteristic...
Residence: Illinois.

Again he waits. Rattles the blinds to make it seem like
he's cleaning. The list shortens.

NUMBER OF POSSIBLE CANDIDATES: 21.

KIMBLE

What else?

189

OMITTED

189 *

190

MEMORY HIT - INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY

190

Prosecutor stands before the jury.

PROSECUTOR

... murdering Helen Wills Kimble
the night of January 20...

191

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - CLOSE ON
SCREEN - NIGHT

191

Kimble types in: "Candidates having adjustment
appointments between January 21, and February 1, 1993."

Kimble waits. Sixty-five names come up. Again too many.
Kimble's reached a dead end.

Kimble thinks.

191A

MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

191A

The fight with the One-Armed Man.

191B

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - BACK TO SCENE

191B

ON Kimble. Something has clicked in his memory.

CUT TO:

191C

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - PROSTHETIC STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 191C

Kimble stands beneath the hanging artificial limbs. He
takes down an arm, works the joint.

191D MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

191D

Kimble fights the One-Armed Man. He wrenches the man's prosthetic arm.

191E INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - PROSTHETIC STORAGE ROOM - CLOSER ON ARM 191E

He moves it again. Harder, at an awkward angle.

191F MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - TIGHTER ON ONE-ARMED MAN'S ARM - NIGHT 191F

Kimble wrenches the arm...

191G INT. PROSTHETIC STORAGE ROOM - CLOSE ON ARM 191G

The joint strains.

191H MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ONE-ARMED MAN'S ARM 191H

Kimble wrenches it and it BREAKS.

CUT TO:

191I INT. PROSTHETIC OFFICE - CLOSE ON PROSTHETIC MANUAL - NIGHT 191I

-- a detailed diagram of arm construction.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kimble makes notes.

CUT TO:

192 OMITTED 192
& 193 193

194 INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT 194

Anne rides the elevator back to trauma. She's thinking.

CUT TO:

195 INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT 195

Joint repair list between January 21--April 21... Five names come up with Greater Chicago addresses.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195

Kimble hits print. The MACHINE begins PRINTING. Kimble looks up at the Prosthetic Clinic Technician -- she is listening to her headphones, can't hear the printer. He continues to shake the blinds.

196 OMITTED 196
thru thru
199 199

200 EXT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC/TRAUMA HALLWAY - NIGHT 200

Kimble leaves Prosthetic Clinic and starts down the hall for the exit when a voice stops him.

ANNE (O.S.)

Do you have a particular interest
in our patients' x-rays?

Kimble turns to see Anne coming toward him.

KIMBLE

What do you mean?

ANNE

I saw you looking at that boy's
chest film.

She moves in on him. He eyes the exit.

KIMBLE

It's a hobby of mine --

ANNE

What other hobbies do you have?
Brain surgery?

KIMBLE

What do you want?

She reaches him.

ANNE

I want to know how that kid
ended up in surgery.

KIMBLE

I'm a janitor. I did what I was
told.

ANNE

Bullshit. Who changed those
orders?

(CONTINUED)

200

CONTINUED:

200

They hold a look. She knows. He takes a step back and she pulls his I.D. *

ANNE

You stand right here. I'm calling security. *

Kimble runs. Anne turns to call security but doesn't. She stares after Kimble. *

CUT TO:

200A INT. POLISH WOMAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

200A

Kimble's room being searched by the marshals. Gerard finds the flyer Kimble was handed on his way out the door. On it we see: COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL.

CUT TO:

200B INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - CLOSE ON KIMBLE'S I.D. - DAY 200B

Anne and Gerard stand in the hallway. Gerard studies the I.D.

GERARD

A man posing as a janitor orders an emergency operation and all you do is pull his I.D.?

ANNE

(firmly)

A little boy's alive today because he did something.

Gerard watches her eyes carefully.

GERARD

So, you weren't aware that when he escaped he was being transported to Menard State Prison to begin a term of life imprisonment.

ANNE

For what?

GERARD

For murdering his wife.

Clearly this is news to Anne. Gerard almost smiles at her surprise.

GERARD

Thank you for your help, Doctor.

He moves to the position Anne saw Kimble with the kid's gurney. Trying to imagine what Kimble was doing at that place. Renfro and the other deputies converge.

RENFRO

What I can't figure is, if you were Kimble, why'd you take a major league chance of hanging around a trauma ward?

(CONTINUED)

200B CONTINUED:

200B

Gerard considers this as a Man passes him. Gerard notices something.

RENFRO

The place would be crawling with cops.

Slowly Gerard separates from the group of deputies and follows the Man down the hall.

The Man Gerard is following turns the corner to the Prosthetic hallway and realizing Gerard is following him, holds the hallway door open for Gerard.

MAN

Can I help you find something?

GERARD

Thank you, sir, I think you already have.

We see the Man has a prosthetic arm and that they are outside the door marked: PROSTHETIC CLINIC.

201
thru
203

OMITTED

201
thru
203

204 INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

204

Restaurant deserted at this hour. Kimble makes calls.

KIMBLE

Yes... This is Dr. Elway at Cook County. I'm doing follow-up work for the Prosthetic Clinic on Matthew Zelick...

(beat)

He did... I'm terribly sorry. No, I'll correct our files. Thank you.

He scratches through another name. Three left. He dials another number.

204A INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - MORNING (Formerly Sc. 207)

204A

Gerard and his deputies inside the Prosthetic Clinic. Artificial limbs are being tested, fitted. A technician fits a demonstration model on Biggs while Gerard and Poole work with the director of the institute and a data operator at the computer.

(CONTINUED)

204A CONTINUED:

204A

GERARD

The one-armed man. Missing the
right or left hand?

POOLE

Right.

The operator enters that information. Dropping the
number to 250... as Poole continues.

POOLE

... age 35-45...

INTERCUT WITH:

204B INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

204B

Kimble on phone. He hangs up and scratches through
another name. Two left. He dials another number.

204C INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - DAY

204C

Poole looks up from her file to the computer screen.
The number drops to 117...

GERARD

Location of the attachment.

POOLE

(from the report)

Mid-humerus.

205 OMITTED

205

206 INT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE ON KIMBLE'S LIST - DAY

206

The next name is "Clive Driscoll." Kimble on phone,
waits for answer.

KIMBLE (O.S.)

Hello... 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 to reveal Kimble on the pay phone. The scrap of
paper is his list-of-five.

(CONTINUED)

206

CONTINUED:

206

KIMBLE

No kiddin'?... Armed robbery.
(forced laughter)
He's where?

CUT TO:

207

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

207

Gerard looks at the screen. The number drops to 20.

RENFRO

It could take us a week to track
down every one of those names.

Gerard picks up phone and dials a number.

GERARD

(into phone)

Stevens... I've got a list of
names I want searched for criminal
history.

CUT TO:

208

EXT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - DAY

208

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

209

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - LOBBY - DAY

209

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...

210

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - ELEVATOR - DAY

210

... and pivots quickly. Elevator rises. Floor-indicator
moves deathly slow.

Kimble feels the breath of a dozen COPS on his neck. And
just when his floor is mercifully about to arrive...

(CONTINUED)

210

CONTINUED:

210

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

COPS

Aw, shit... Not now... Anybody
bring a deck of cards?

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

211

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - VISITATION AREA - DAY

211

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.

The Clearing Officer spins his clipboard around.

CLEARING OFFICER

Sign here, print your name,
address, and relationship to
inmate below.

(into mike)

Two-zero-ten. Driscoll, Clive R.

(to Kimble)

Be about five minutes. You can
wait in the hall.

212

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

212

Gerard and Biggs cross the lobby and stop in front of the
desk; flash their U.S. Marshal's ID.

GERARD

(to clerk)

We need to see a prisoner.

DESK CLERK

Fifth floor.

(CONTINUED)

212

CONTINUED:

212

Gerard and Biggs head for the bank of elevators.

BIGGS

It's hinky. Man risks everything
to find a man his own
investigators say doesn't exist.
Something's really hinky about
this thing.

*
*

Gerard looks at Biggs as they reach the elevators.

GERARD

I hate that word.

He hits the up button.

CUT TO:

213

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - VISITATION AREA - DAY

213

Clearing Officer looks down the hall.

CLEARING OFFICER

Visitor for Driscoll...?

Kimble is on his feet.

CLEARING OFFICER

Booth seven. No hands on the
glass. Be advised...

The Clearing Officer, head down, drones on -- doesn't
notice Kimble is already gone.

*
*

Kimble strides down the row of chairs, rounds the last
partition to reach booth seven -- and to stare at the
one-armed man, DRISCOLL, who waits there.

DRISCOLL

So who're you?

CUT TO:

214

MEMORY HIT - FACE OF HELEN'S KILLER

214

CUT TO:

215

BACK TO SCENE

215

Driscoll's face is different. Driscoll is a black man.

*

(CONTINUED)

215

CONTINUED:

215

KIMBLE

Sorry. I made a mistake.

DRISCOLL

Shit, that's okay. Stick around a few minutes, talk about whatever you want...

But Kimble is gone. Driscoll calls after him.

DRISCOLL

... They're not exactly wired for cable downstairs, y'know?

216

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - CORRIDOR - DAY

216

Kimble exits the visitor's area. He sees another crowd of cops around the elevator again, opts for the door marked: STAIRS.

217

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - LOBBY - DAY

217

Biggs and Gerard wait for the elevator. Finally Gerard's had enough.

GERARD

Where're the damn stairs?

BIGGS

It's five flights!

GERARD

Then you wait.

He finds the door and starts up.

218

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - STAIRWELL - DAY

218

Kimble descending. Doors open and close throughout the stairwell but the traffic is light...

INTERCUT WITH...

GERARD

Climbing the stairs. He reaches a landing -- and skims shoulders with Kimble, who pivots past on his way down.

Amazingly, neither man reacts. Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

One flight above, Gerard's subconscious taps him on the shoulder and brings him to a dead stop. He leans over the stairwell railing to spy...

Kimble spiraling downward. From this vantage, it could be any dark-haired man. But still...

GERARD

(a quick probe)

Kimble.

Others look up out of curiosity... but not Kimble. Two landings below, he falters a step, then tries to regain his step, keeps moving.

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

GERARD

Kimble!

Kimble blitzes down the stairs. Gerard moves after him.

219 INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - LOBBY - DAY

219

Kimble throws open a fire door and starts across the lobby. Sees two cops, quickly approaches.

KIMBLE

Officers -- there's a man in the stairwell waving a gun and screaming.

The two cops rush to stairs and Kimble immediately moves toward the doors, fast but not running. Hoping to cloak himself in civilians.

ANGLE ON ELEVATORS

Biggs' elevator has finally arrived and emptied. He lets a woman on in front of him, oblivious to...

Kimble moving...

The revolving exit doors loom nearer and nearer.

219A INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (Formerly Sc. 218)

219A

The two cops see Gerard. Gerard holds up his badge.

(CONTINUED)

219A CONTINUED:

219A

GERARD

U.S. Marshal! Get on the phone,
call your commander, tell him
there's a top-fifteen warrant in
the building. Go.

He shoves the cops out of the way and pounds downstairs.

219B INT. LOBBY - DAY

219B

Kimble closing in on the door when suddenly a KLAXON
HORN sounds.

People stop in confusion. Automatically, the exit doors
begin closing. Biggs pushes his way off the elevator.
Kimble breaks into a sprint for the door.

GERARD

bursts out the stairwell door after Kimble.

GERARD

Kimble. Stop!

But there's only one way of stopping Kimble.

KIMBLE

enters the revolving doors as a big man enters from the
outside. The big man sizes up the situation, realizes
Kimble is fleeing and just before Kimble exits -- yanks
on the door -- trapping him partially inside the revolv-
ing door.

Other doors seal electronically. Biggs charges back,
sees Gerard.

Kimble fights the heavy glass door. The big man resists
-- but slowly the crack widens. Gerard bulls through the
crowd, shoves a man out of his line of fire.

GERARD

Down, down, everybody down!

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

220 EXT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - DAY

220

... and makes it outside -- except for his foot -- caught
like in a bear trap, as the door locks down. Harrowed,
Kimble looks back over his shoulder at...

(CONTINUED)

220

CONTINUED:

220

Gerard. Charging the glass doors. Civilians suck marble and clear out of Gerard's line of fire on Kimble. Gerard takes aim.

GERARD

Kimble. Stop!

It's Kimble's nightmare coming true. If he could chew off his leg right now, he would. He pulls at his foot just as --

221

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - DAY

221

Gerard FIRES seven times in two seconds.

Kimble goes down. SHOTS and SCREAMS ECHO around the lobby. A long beat, then Gerard rises. THROUGH GLASS studded with bullet holes, he sees...

Kimble rising... staring back. Equally astounded that he's alive. He runs free.

GERARD

Open the doors!

Gerard pounds against the doors. Sees cratering in the glass -- and then sees flattened slugs all over the floor. It's bullet-proof glass. THROUGH the glass he sees Kimble rush across the street and disappear into the parade.

Doors open and Gerard and his men follow.

But Kimble has disappeared into the parade celebrations outside. Blending in with the marchers.

CUT TO:

221A

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

221A *

Kimble leaves a cheap hotel early the next morning. He wears a new set of clothes -- jeans, sport coat and tie -- than the day before, and the black hair coloring has been rinsed from his hair. He moves down the street.

*
*
*

222

INT. BAR - MORNING

222

Kimble uses a pay phone and stares through the window.

*

222A

KIMBLE'S POV - APARTMENT HOUSE

222A

across the street.

- 222AA INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING 222AA*
 Inside the apartment the PHONE RINGS. No one is home. *
- 222B INT. BAR - MORNING 222B *
 The PHONE RINGS nine, ten times. As Kimble waits he looks down at his list of five. The only name remaining is Fredrick Sykes. *
 He looks down the street -- it seems clear -- then his focus shifts to a man carrying two coffees. He approaches a car parked along the curb. The passenger -- a woman -- leans across the seat and opens the door for him.
 He hands her a cup of coffee and as he starts to climb in, he shifts something on his hip -- we see the butt of a handgun.
 Kimble hangs up and leaves through the back door.
- 223 EXT. REAR OF SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING 223 *
 Kimble moves across the roof and drops to fire escape behind Sykes' apartment. He looks in the window, steps back to see if anyone is looking, then pulls his fist back into his sleeve and with one swift pop, BREAKS the GLASS. *
- 224 INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING 224 *
 No sound. Slowly he moves into...
 HALLWAY
 Moving first toward the living room. The apartment is modest.
 He stops by a photograph of a teenage girl. Another is a boy in football uniform. The next one is a man in a police uniform. Kimble freezes.
- 225 MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT OF MURDER 225
 Kimble struggles with the one-armed man.
- 226 INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING (PRESENT) 226
 Kimble struggles to recall the man's face. It could be him.

CUT TO:

226A INT. APARTMENT - MORNING 226A *

Kimble searching for clues to Sykes' identity. He opens closets, wardrobe, bureau... reopens a drawer. There, in the bottom he finds an old prosthetic arm.

CUT TO: *

ANGLE - DESK

Kimble looking through Sykes' desk drawers finds a package of photographs. He opens them and quickly flips through.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS

A group of men on a business/vacation junket stand around a large sportfish hung from the dock. Kimble keeps flipping through, suddenly stops and backs up and we see what stopped him: The smiling face of Dr. Alexander Lentz.

227 MEMORY HIT - INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT OF MURDER 227

Nichols introduces Kimble to Lentz.

NICHOLS
Richard... Alex Lentz.

227A CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS - MORNING (PRESENT) 227A *

There are three photos of Lentz. Kimble slowly pulls one out of the pack. As he slides it out we see a fish and on the other side we see... Sykes, wearing a prosthetic arm. *

227B MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT OF MURDER 227B

Kimble struggles with intruder. This time we see his face clearly. It is Sykes.

228 OMITTED 228

229 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS (PRESENT) 229

Kimble flips back to the earlier group photos and we see a Devlin-Macgregor banner over the group shot.

KIMBLE

looks up. He's found the man he's looking for but also a new possibility -- that the murder wasn't just a random act of violence.

(CONTINUED)

229

CONTINUED:

229

Kimble digs through Sykes' top desk drawer. His mind reeling... He stops:

CLOSE ON PAYCHECK STUBS

The Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceutical logo in the top right corner. Payroll level four: Security.

CUT TO:

230

OMITTED

230

230A

INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

230A

PHONE RINGS. SECRETARY answers it.

SECRETARY

U.S. Marshal's office...

Her expression changes to shock.

CUT TO:

230B

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE HALLWAY - MORNING

230B

Gerard is moving down the hall with a cup of coffee when the Secretary appears at a door.

SECRETARY

It's Kimble on line three.

Gerard moves quickly down the hall, mobilizing his troops as he runs...

GERARD

Renfro, Biggs...

They follow him into...

231

INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

231

Gerard moves to phone as TECHNICIAN gives him nod he's ready. Gerard answers the phone and the trace begins. Renfro supervises.

GERARD

This is Gerard.

(CONTINUED)

231

CONTINUED:

231

KIMBLE (V.O.)

(beat)

Do you remember what I told you in the tunnel?

GERARD

You told me, you didn't kill your wife...

INTERCUT WITH:

231A

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - CLOSE ON KIMBLE - MORNING

231A

KIMBLE

Remember what you said to me?

232

OMITTED

232

233

INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

233

Gerard is calm.

GERARD

I remember you were pointing my gun at me.

KIMBLE (V.O.)

You said, 'I don't care.'

ON TRACING EQUIPMENT

The numbers rush down. Technician reads the first set to Renfro.

TECHNICIAN

(a whisper)

He's on the southside.

ON GERARD

GERARD

That's right, Kimble... I'm not trying to solve a puzzle here. I'm just the poor working man that's paid to hunt you down.

The room is filling up with deputies. Poole, Biggs, Stevens, Newman.

Gerard watches the numbers as the second digit locks in.

(CONTINUED)

- 233 CONTINUED: 233
- RENFRO
(low)
He's in Pullman area... Fifteen
seconds for location.
- 234 OMITTED 234
&
235 235
- 235A INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - CLOSE ON KIMBLE - MORNING 235A
- KIMBLE
Well, I am trying to solve the
puzzle, Gerard... and I just found
a piece.
- Kimble takes the phone and bangs it down onto a table and
we realize he is in Sykes' kitchen.
- 236 OMITTED 236
- 237 INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING 237
- The sound startles Gerard.
- TECHNICIAN
Three seconds...
- 237A INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING 237A
- GERARD (V.O.)
Kimble?
- Kimble leaves the phone on the table and walks out.
- 237B INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING 237B
- GERARD
(into phone)
You can't control this thing,
Kimble... Kimble?
- He thinks he hears FOOTSTEPS over the phone, realizes
Kimble has not hung up. What's Kimble doing?
- GERARD
(to Renfro)
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

- 237B CONTINUED: 237B
Renfro looks up from the address to Gerard, stunned.
- RENFRO
(incredulous)
Holy shit. We've got a car there
right now.
- He picks up a phone.
- 238 OMITTED 238
- 238A EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT - ANGLE - POLICE CAR - MORNING 238A
The two cops receive a radio report about Kimble and quickly exit their car. They rush toward Sykes' building.
- 238B ANGLE - BACK ALLEY 238B
While they move into the apartment, we see Kimble, fully aware of them, slip away down the alley.
- 239 OMITTED 239
& &
240 240
- 241 INT. EL TRAIN - MORNING 241
CLOSE ON LIST: Sykes. Lentz. Devlin-Macgregor. RDU90.
Lines draw connections.
- 241A MEMORY HIT - INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT OF MURDER 241A
Kimble and Chief Resident work feverishly to save patient.
- KIMBLE
This an R.D.U.90 patient?
- Kimble looks up at the Resident as we...
- CUT TO:
- 242 OMITTED 242

243

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

243

CLOSE ON TELEPHONE RECEIVER. It BUZZES off the hook.

POOLE (V.O.)

Name is Fredrick Sykes. 45. Ex-cop.

A hand comes INTO FRAME and replaces the receiver on the cradle. We WIDEN to find: Gerard. We see technicians dusting room for prints. A FORENSIC TECH approaches Gerard.

FORENSIC TECH

Inspector, we're ready for you to look at this.

The Forensic Tech sits at desk.

FORENSIC TECH

Kimble's prints are all over the apartment, but the concentration is here.

The Tech takes out the check stubs, some papers, the pack of photos.

INSERT - PHOTOS

The Tech flips through the pack, stops on the Lentz/Sykes photos.

FORENSIC TECH

He flips through the pack but paused here...

He hands the Lentz/Sykes photo.

GERARD

Let me see the negatives.

The Tech hands him the strip of negative film. Gerard holds it up to the light.

GERARD

One's missing.

Gerard stares at the photo as his RADIO SQUAWKS.

BIGGS (V.O.)

(on radio)
Here he comes...

CUT TO:

244

EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - DAY

244

Fredrick Sykes, the one-armed man, comes down the sidewalk. He passes a car and hears the door open behind him. Biggs climbs out of the car and falls into step behind him.

Sykes hears the footsteps but moves on up the stoop and starts to enter his apartment, notices the front door already open.

Cops and Marshals in his house. Processing a crime scene.

SYKES

What the hell's going on here?
Who are you people?

He steps...

245

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

245

... sees Gerard in the kitchen. Gerard stares at Sykes.

GERARD

You had a break-in, Mr. Sykes.

SYKES

You a cop?

GERARD

My name is Gerard. U.S. Marshal's
Office.

Sykes is caught off guard.

GERARD

This morning a fugitive named
Richard Kimble made a call from
your apartment.

Sykes is dumbfounded.

SYKES

Richard Kimble... I don't know a
Richard Kim --

Poole produces a photo of Kimble.

SYKES

Wait a minute... This is the
doctor who killed his wife... He
claimed the killer had a
prosthetic limb. You telling me
he's coming after me?

(CONTINUED)

245

CONTINUED:

245

GERARD

Would he have a reason to?

SYKES

What the hell's that supposed to mean? Because I have this?

He lifts his prosthetic arm and stares at Gerard. Gerard holds his look.

SYKES

Look, a year ago some people came to see me. They asked me questions about the night of the murder and I'll tell you the same thing I told them. I wasn't even in town then. I was on a business trip.

Gerard continues moving around the apartment.

GERARD

What kind of business are you in, Mr. Sykes?

SYKES

Security.

GERARD

Independent?

SYKES

No, I work for a pharmaceutical company. I handle security for its top executives.

Gerard holds up one of the fishing photographs with Lentz.

GERARD

Any idea why Kimble would be interested in these?

SYKES

No. Just some doctors on a company junket.

Gerard puts the photos down with the one of Lentz on top. Sykes eyes it.

SYKES

(annoyed)

Look, you mind if I talk to the cops to see if anything's missing?

(CONTINUED)

245

CONTINUED: (2)

245

GERARD

By all means.

Sykes moves off and Gerard pockets the Lentz/Sykes photo.

CUT TO:

246

EXT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - DAY

246

Gerard crosses the street with Renfro and Biggs.

RENFRO

He's pulling our chain, Sam. If
this was the guy Kimble was
looking for, why call us?

GERARD

Kimble said he's putting together
a puzzle. We don't need to put it
together too, we just need to be
there when he gets to the next
piece.

Gerard stops and looks back at Sykes' apartment.

GERARD

Keep somebody on him. If he moves
I want to know.

CUT TO:

246A

INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY - DAY

246A

Kimble moves through large medical library and turns into
area marked: PHARMACOLOGY.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL

Pages turn as we get CLOSER on headings: DRUGS PENDING
FDA APPROVAL... Experimental and commercial names MOVE
PAST us... and at the end of the list we find: PROVASIC
(RDU90) Developed by Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceuticals.

SECOND PERIODICAL - BUSINESS PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL

Kimble opens to article entitled: "DEVLIN-MACGREGOR
EXPECTS PAYDIRT WITH PROVASIC." "Pharmaceutical company
plans to go public on introduction of new drug, Provasic
(RDU90)."

Kimble looks up. Now he knows why someone tried to kill
him. He gathers more Devlin-Macgregor information
including a prospectus, and leaves.

CUT TO:

246B OMITTED 246B
 246C INT. DOCTOR'S PHONE SERVICE - DAY 246C

An OPERATOR answers a call.

OPERATOR
 (into phone)
 I'm sorry sir, Dr. Nichols is at
 a medical conference at the Hilton.

INTERCUT WITH:

246D INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL LIBRARY - PAY PHONE - DAY 246D

KIMBLE
 It's very important I reach him.

247 INT. HILTON HOTEL HOSPITALITY SUITE - DAY 247

A meeting is underway around a board room table. An ASSISTANT moves around the table and gives Nichols a message with a number and URGENT written on it.

ASSISTANT
 I'm sorry, sir, they said it was
 an emergency.

Nichols excuses himself from the table.

248 EXT. MEDICAL LIBRARY PAY PHONE - DAY 248

Kimble answers a pay PHONE when it RINGS.

KIMBLE
 (urgent)
 Can you talk?

INTERCUT WITH:

249 INT. HILTON HOTEL HOSPITALITY SUITE - DAY 249

Nichols on phone at the other end of the suite. The meeting continues behind him. As soon as he hears Kimble's voice, Nichols reacts.

NICHOLS
 (low)
 Richard. Yes... I'm on a hotel
 phone. What's going on?

He eyes the group in the other room, moves around the corner for more privacy. As he does we notice several of the men watching. They exchange glances.

(CONTINUED)

249

CONTINUED:

249

KIMBLE

I found him, Charlie. I found the
guy that killed Helen.

NICHOLS

(shocked)

What?

KIMBLE

It's all about a drug, Charlie.
They tried to kill me because of
a drug.

NICHOLS

Who?

KIMBLE

Devlin-MacGregor and Lentz. Lentz
was supervising the R.D.U.90
protocol. He knew I'd found out the
drug had problems. It's Lentz.

NICHOLS

Richard... Lentz is dead. He died
in an auto accident last summer.

Kimble is stunned.

NICHOLS

Can you prove this about the drug?

KIMBLE

I need your help. Call Mr. Roosevelt
and tell him I'm coming in.

CUT TO:

249A OMITTED
thru
249C

249A
thru
249C

249D INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

249D

The group of deputies and Gerard assemble around Gerard's
information board. They've come armed with facts and
theories. Gerard orchestrates the information.

RENFRO

If you were Richard Kimble... Why
would you hunt for a one-armed man
you think killed your wife; find
him, then leave him and call us?

(CONTINUED)

249D CONTINUED:

249D

POOLE

To throw us off his trail.

RENFRO

Unless... What if you were a well-respected surgeon and wanted to kill your wife? How would you do it?

BIGGS

I'd hire a pro. Sight unseen.

POOLE

Set it up to look like a robbery gone bad.

RENFRO

How would you find him? Look in the phone book?

RENFRO

Through a connection.

POOLE

Maybe through a company you did some business with.

BIGGS

Like a pharmaceutical company. Someone in security...

NEWMAN

On the night of his wife's murder, Kimble attended a hospital benefit sponsored by Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceutical -- Sykes' company.

Gerard places a Devlin-Macgregor card onto his board.

BIGGS

But Sykes claims he was out of town.

POOLE

And company records support that he was on a business trip.

RENFRO

That's an easy fix. So let's say he was in town. Did the job. Everything goes as planned with one problem.

(CONTINUED)

249D CONTINUED: (2)

249D

NEWMAN

Instead of looking like a robbery gone bad, Kimble ends up being the one accused --

BIGGS

-- tried, convicted --

POOLE

-- and the hit man gets away clean.

RENFRO

So Kimble returns to hunt for and find the hit man.

NEWMAN

Why? To share the blame? He'd still go to prison.

Gerard moves to the board. He takes down a card.

RENFRO

You're underestimating the power of the good doctor. It would be his word against... Sykes'. Who would you believe?

BIGGS

So what does Kimble do next?

RENFRO

Get help.

Gerard pins the card to the board and looks at Renfro. It says: NICHOLS.

GERARD

Stevens, check phone records for Sykes and Kimble.

Gerard moves to the door and Renfro follows. As he's leaving he hands the photo of Lentz and Sykes to Biggs.

GERARD

Find out who this guy is.

He leaves. Biggs hands the photo to Newman.

NEWMAN

(deadpan)

Why do I get all the great jobs?

249DA EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - DAY

249DA

Kimble enters the hospital through the loading dock.

249E
thru
249H

OMITTED

249E
thru
249H

249J INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL - MORGUE - DAY

249J

OL' MR. ROOSEVELT, an ancient research assistant, opens the door to Kimble.

ROOSEVELT

It sure is good to see you again,
Dr. Kimble.

KIMBLE

You too, Roosevelt... Been a long
time.

Roosevelt closes the door behind them.

249JA INT. TISSUE STORAGE - DAY

249JA

Roosevelt brings Kimble a file marked: RDU90.

ROOSEVELT

This is the R.D.U.90 file and
samples Dr. Nichols said you needed.

KIMBLE

Thanks, Roosevelt.

CUT TO:

249K INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

249K

A cop stares up at Sykes' house from across the street.

249L INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

249L

Sykes watches the cops in the car outside. He moves to the phone and dials number.

911 EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.)

Emergency operator.

SYKES

I want to report a fire... No,
it's not my place, it's a couple
doors down.

CUT TO:

250 OMITTED 250
thru thru
288 288

289 INT. CMH HALLWAY/DR. WAHLUND'S LAB - DAY 289

Kimble moves down hall and quietly enters a small research lab in the university. Dr. Wahlund sits behind her microscope and doesn't see him until he touches her on the shoulder.

WAHLUND
(startled)
Oh, my God... Richard.

KIMBLE
I loaned you something once, Kath,
and I need them back.

CUT TO:

289A OMITTED 289A
thru thru
289-I 289-I

289AA INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY 289AA

Sykes, dressed in coat and tie, prepares to leave apartment. Somewhere in the distance we hear: FIRE ENGINE SIRENS.

289J EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY 289J

The cop stares at Sykes' window when suddenly we hear FIRE SIRENS, and a pair of fire trucks turn onto the street and pull up across the street from the unmarked car -- blocking the view of Sykes' house. Firemen climb down and move to a nearby building. The street begins to fill up with people.

The cop stares at the commotion directly behind him. He becomes so engrossed in the action like everyone else that he fails to see Sykes, using the distraction, exit his apartment and walk calmly away from the scene.

289JA INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY 289JA

Newman studies the photograph of Lentz and Sykes under a magnifying glass.

(CONTINUED)

289JA CONTINUED:

289JA

INSERT - CLOSE ON PHOTO OF LENTZ

We see the logo on Lentz' shirt says: C M H.

289JB EXT. EL STATION - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

289JB

Sykes stands at a phone booth, finishes a call, then moves up the stairs to board an el train.

289K INT. HILTON HOTEL - DAY

289K

A conference breaks up and Nichols moves down hallway. He slows when he sees Gerard and Renfro waiting for him.

NICHOLS

Mr. Gerard.

GERARD

Doctor. Could I have a minute?

He opens the door to an empty meeting room.

289L INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

289L

Gerard, Nichols and Renfro. Nichols stares at a photocopy of the Sykes and Lentz fishing photo.

RENFRO

He's a security specialist at Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceuticals. Kimble broke into his apartment.

NICHOLS

I don't know him. You're getting pretty desperate aren't you, Mr. Gerard. I told you, you wouldn't find Richard.

GERARD

(beat)

Dr. Kimble hasn't come back to you for help, has he?

NICHOLS

No. And it seems like we've been over this ground before. Now if you'll excuse me...

Nichols moves to the door. Gerard looks again at the photo, then stops him.

(CONTINUED)

289L CONTINUED:

289L

GERARD

Dr. Nichols... Do you know the other man in the photograph?

Nichols stops, looks at Lentz and lies.

NICHOLS

I never saw him before.

He leaves. Gerard watches him.

Renfro looks down and sees flyer which says Nichols is slated to talk that evening in the grand ballroom.

RENFRO

(reads)

"Advances in Nuclear Tissue and Pathology Research," by Dr. Charles Nichols.'

(to Gerard)

I bet they line up to hear that one.

CUT TO:

289M EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

289M

Newman and Biggs enter the hospital.

289N INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DR. WAHLUND'S LAB - AFTERNOON (Formerly Sc. 289C)

289N

MICROSCOPIC POV: Cell structure.

ON Wahlund: She works the fluorescent stains. Makes notes. Kimble helps load the next sample.

KIMBLE

Half the people in the study were indigents. No follow-up, no baseline on them. Who could say they didn't come into the study with bad livers?

WAHLUND

The one on the right is one of the samples you sent me. It shows a lot of perriportal inflammation loaded with eosinophils. When you see that with the accumulation of bile it's a classic for --

(CONTINUED)

289N CONTINUED:

289N

KIMBLE

-- drug induced hepatitis.

WAHLUND

I'm impressed. Now look at this...

She positions a second slide.

WAHLUND

According to the study, this is a slice from the same liver.

Kimble studies the slide. The tissue difference is markedly different, clearer.

KIMBLE

Cold normal.

WAHLUND

Clearly not from the same tissue. In fact.

She yields the microscope to Kimble.

WAHLUND

See this small area of bile duct proliferation? Von Meyenberg's Complex. Occurs in only 2% of the population. But it's in every one of your five samples.

Kimble looks up.

KIMBLE

That's statistically impossible.

WAHLUND

That's because they're all from the same liver.

She smiles at Kimble.

CUT TO:

289P INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE 289P

Newman shows the photo to a 40s clerk, BETTY. She looks at the photo.

(CONTINUED)

289P CONTINUED:

289P

BETTY

His name's Lentz. A pathologist.
I only remember him because he
died last summer.

Biggs and Newman exchange a look.

NEWMAN

Anybody down in pathology who
might know something about the
guy?

Betty looks at the clock, it's after 6 p.m. Dickey.

BETTY

It's kinda late to catch anyone,
but you might go by the morgue.
There's an old guy down there
who's been around forever.

CUT TO:

289Q INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

289Q

Sykes steps off an elevator at Chicago Memorial Hospital.
And starts down a hall.

CUT TO:

289R INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL MORGUE HALLWAY - DAY

289R

Newman and Biggs move down the empty hallway... this long
shot has never felt longer. They find the morgue.

BIGGS

Just what I want to do before
dinner.

289S INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL MORGUE - DAY

289S

Roosevelt working near the autopsy tables when the two
marshals enter.

NEWMAN

Are you Mr. Roosevelt?

ROOSEVELT

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

289S CONTINUED:

289S

BIGGS

We're United States Marshals.
We're trying to find out some
information about a pathologist,
named Lentz. He used to be on
staff here.

Roosevelt suddenly goes on the defensive.

ROOSEVELT

He's dead.

NEWMAN

Yeah, we heard. We wanted to know
if he knew or had any contact with
a Dr. Richard Kimble?

On the mention of Kimble, Roosevelt becomes visibly
nervous.

ROOSEVELT

I... I haven't seen Dr. Kimble.

Biggs and Newman exchange a look.

NEWMAN

(a probe)

That's not what I asked, sir. I
just wanted to know if Dr. Kimble
and Dr. Lentz knew each other?

ROOSEVELT

I... I don't know. Excuse me, I
got to go.

He moves away from the autopsy table. Biggs stops him.

BIGGS

I think you're lying to us.

Roosevelt looks from one marshal to the other as we:

CUT TO:

289T INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL - DR. WAHLUND'S LAB - AFTERNOON

289T

As Kathy packs up evidence, Kimble looks through the
reports.

(CONTINUED)

289T CONTINUED:

289T

KIMBLE

They'd be home free if I hadn't been leaning on them to account for the livers I was seeing. And I wouldn't have seen the livers if I hadn't told the guys on my service to call me when they had cases that were bleeding excessively in surgery.

WAHLUND

Big bucks. One schmuck standing in the way. Easy, get rid of him and his wife. But why Lentz?

KIMBLE

Why not? He's one of the original patent holders. Toss the samples I sent, replace them with healthy samples, issue the path report on the healthy stuff... piece of cake.

Kimble notices something in the report.

KIMBLE

Kath... When did Lentz die?

WAHLUND

Oh, last summer sometime. August... Why?

Kimble looks up from the protocol report.

KIMBLE

Because a good third of the samples Lentz approved were signed after he died.

Kathy comes to look at the report. Lentz's signature is on reports dated October, November, December.

KIMBLE

Someone else used Lentz's name.

WAHLUND

A pathologist at Devlin-Macgregor?

KIMBLE

They wouldn't have had the access. They would have needed someone at the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

289T CONTINUED:

289T

Kimble opens the Devlin-Macgregor prospectus he took from the medical library and opens it to the beginning. A photo gets his attention.

He takes the bag and starts for the door.

WAHLUND

Where are you going?

KIMBLE

To see an old friend.

CUT TO:

289U INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

289U

Gerard at his board. The cards form a triangle: Sykes -- Devlin-Macgregor -- Lentz with Kimble at the apex. He stares at the board. Poole comes to the door.

POOLE

It's Newman. Line two.

289V INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

289V

Kimble slips down corridor. We see someone following him. It is Sykes.

289W INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

289W

Newman on portable phone. Behind him Biggs questions Mr. Roosevelt.

NEWMAN

The old guy didn't know where he was going. But he picked up some tissue samples.

GERARD

Tissue samples?

Gerard goes to his board. Renfro listens on the speakerphone.

NEWMAN

... From a drug study. And signed for by Dr. Charles Nichols.

Renfro and Gerard exchange a look.

(CONTINUED)

289W CONTINUED:

289W

NEWMAN

Nichols also knew Lentz. He was
a pathologist.

RENFRO

He was covering for Kimble.

GERARD

(to Renfro)

Get CPD to bring in Sykes.

Gerard stares at the board.

CUT TO:

289X INT. HOSPITAL TUNNEL - NIGHT

289X

Kimble moves through steam tunnel beneath the hospital.
It is lined with old furniture and supplies. A few
moments later we see Sykes following.

CUT TO:

289Y INT. HILTON HOTEL GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

289Y

A cordial HOST steps up to the microphone. The room is
filled with doctors seated at tables around the room. It
is the end of a dinner symposium.

HOST

Tonight to close our conference,
we're honored to hear a report
from one of the most respected men
in his field...

CUT TO:

289Z EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

289Z

Kimble exits the hospital and moves toward Hospital El
Station.

289ZA INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

289ZA

As the Host continues his introduction of the keynote
speaker we PAN the DAIS of distinguished medical men and
women...

HOST

... He is the A. Jude Robinson
Fellow and Administrative Chief of
Pathology at Chicago Memorial
Hospital...

(CONTINUED)

289ZA CONTINUED:

289ZA

HOST (CONT'D)

... and just recently has been appointed member of the board of directors for Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceuticals. Please welcome...

... and STOP ON Charles Nichols.

HOST

... Dr. Charles Nichols.

Nichols rises to applause and moves to the podium.

290
thru
298

OMITTED

290
thru
298

299 EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL EL STATION - NIGHT

299

Kimble starts up the stairs to the station just as a train is coming in. Kimble moves down the platform and boards the downtown train. Just before the doors close Sykes steps onto the last car. The train moves out.

CUT TO:

299A INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

299A

Gerard stares at his board. Stevens comes to the door.

STEVENS

I checked Sykes' calls for the last two years against Kimble's like you asked and found nothing.

GERARD

All right. It was a thought.

He goes back to the board but Stevens isn't finished.

STEVENS

But when I cross-checked Kimble's phone records... one came up.

Gerard looks up.

GERARD

Kimble called Sykes.
(calling)
Renfro! Get C.P.D. to bring in Sykes!

(CONTINUED)

299A CONTINUED:

299A

STEVENS

Night of his wife's murder --
seven-thirty in the evening...
from his car.

Gerard stares at the deputy, thinking -- something
doesn't click. Stevens sees the empty stare, then
Gerard looks back at his board.

STEVENS

I have the phone record right
here.

GERARD

(calling)

Poole! Bring me Kimble's arrest
report, now.

(to Stevens)

No, Stevens... I believe you.

Poole enters with Kimble's arrest transcript. Gerard
takes the transcript as Renfro appears at the door.

POOLE

Sam, C.P.D. just checked Sykes'
apartment. He's not there.

As Gerard looks up, we --

CUT TO:

300 OMITTED
thru
315

300
thru
315

315A INT. DOWNTOWN EL TRAIN - ON KIMBLE - NIGHT

315A

Sits in the front car. There are very few other riders.

A man with newspaper sits across the car reading. The
headlines facing Kimble say: KIMBLE IN CHICAGO.
Kimble's booking photo stares back at him.

Kimble reacts to the headline, looks away as the man
turns the pages.

The man looks over the newspaper at Kimble, then goes
back to reading. A moment later he folds the paper back
to the front page.

(CONTINUED)

315A CONTINUED:

315A

The man looks up from the paper and looks at Kimble again, then down.

Coolly the man folds the paper, tucks it under his arm, stands, looks through the car, then moves into one of the rear cars.

Kimble looks out the window -- hoping desperately for his car to reach the station. He keeps his head turned until the man is gone.

315B ANGLE - THROUGH CENTER OF TRAIN - NIGHT

315B

FROM the center of Kimble's car we see the man with the newspaper move up to a TRANSIT COP. They begin talking. Kimble stands, coming INTO the SHOT. We see him watching the discussion.

Suddenly a man, sitting in the rear of the car, stands and blocks Kimble's view of the Cop. It's Sykes. His gun is drawn.

SYKES

Back up. Move to the door, Doc.

CUT TO:

315C INT. TRAIN - TRANSIT COP'S CAR - NIGHT

315C

Transit Cop moves past the man with the newspaper toward Kimble's car.

TRANSIT COP

(to radio)

This is transit unit, 23. I have
a possible sighting of Richard
Kimble. Northbound el coming
into the Balbo station. Request
immediate back-up at the station.

*

*

He moves toward the connecting door to Kimble's car.

CUT TO:

*

315D INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

315D

The train is not yet to the station. He has no escape. Sykes moves toward him.

SYKES

This is my stop, Doc.

(CONTINUED)

315D CONTINUED:

315D

Kimble stares hard at Sykes. He steps toward the side exit.

KIMBLE

Good, it's my stop, too.

Suddenly the door behind Sykes opens and the Transit Cop enters.

TRANSIT COP

Kimble.

(to Sykes)

Sir, move away from him.

Sykes -- the gun tucked next to his side -- turns.

The Cop sees Sykes' gun, reacts...

But Sykes FIRES first, shoots the cop FOUR TIMES.

As the Cop falls, Sykes turns quickly to finish Kimble.

But Kimble pulls the emergency brake over the door.

315E EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

315E

The brakes lock. The TRAIN SCREECHES.

315F INT. REAR CARS - NIGHT

315F

Passengers are thrown off their feet. Bags and briefcases go flying.

315G INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

315G

Sykes is thrown forward toward Kimble who holds onto a bar for balance.

315H EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

315H

The train stops just short of the station. Only the first two windows of the front car are over the platform. *

315J INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

315J

Sykes is thrown to the floor -- the gun slips from his grasp. Kimble moves for the gun as Sykes comes up, catches Kimble in the stomach, knocks him back. The fight carries on throughout the car.

(CONTINUED)

315J CONTINUED:

315J

Kimble reaches the gun first, lifts it in his left hand and aims at Sykes. Sykes sees the gun in Kimble's hand and almost smiles.

SYKES

Go ahead. You don't have it in you.

For a moment Kimble almost fires, but instead he takes the gun in his right hand and whips it across Sykes' face. Then hits Sykes again and again with the butt of the gun, driving him down the length of the car, knocking him almost unconscious.

Kimble tucks the gun in his belt and moves to the Transit Cop. He checks for a pulse -- there is none. The Cop is dead.

Kimble takes the handcuffs and keys from the case on the Cop's belt. He reaches for Sykes' wrist, drags him to the Cop and cuffs Sykes to the dead Cop.

He pockets the keys and grabs Sykes' hair, pulls his face off the floor.

KIMBLE

Not as easy as Helen, was it?
(slams Sykes' head
down, leaves)
You missed your stop.

He moves to the front of the car with Sykes' and the Transit Cop's guns out. People back out of his way. He moves to where the first two windows extend over the platform, kicks out the front window and...

315K EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

315K

... drops to the station platform. Kimble lowers his head and moves down the uncrowded platform to the station.

*

315KA OMITTED

315KA*

315KB INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

315B *

The report comes off the scanner.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

... units in the vicinity of Balbo Street station. Be alert to possible sighting of Richard Kimble...

(CONTINUED)

315KB CONTINUED:

315KB

Gerard, Renfro and Poole trade looks. Gerard moves toward the door.

RENFRO

Balbo station. That's --

GERARD

(cutting him off)

Poole, get Biggs and Newman.

They're gone as we --

CUT TO:

315KC EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

315KC

Police cruisers pull outside the station.

315KD INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT (Formerly Sc. 315KA)

315KD

As transit police move up the escalator to the platform, Kimble moves unnoticed through the underground mall beneath the hotel. Deposits the guns into a mail box and keeps moving.

315KE INT. GERARD'S CAR - NIGHT

315KE

Renfro driving, Gerard and Pool in car. Report comes over the radio.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

... all units in vicinity of Balbo
El. Officer down. Repeat, officer
down. Man leaving scene with two
guns matches description of Richard
Kimble...

Gerard looks out the window, he knows what this means.

GERARD

(quietly to himself)

Damn...

315KF INT. HOTEL - MALL LEVEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

315KF

Kimble moves up escalators from the underground station into the Hilton.

315L OMITTED

315L

&

&

315M

315M

316 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 316

Disheveled and driven, he moves from the escalators to the lobby -- checks the list of hospitality suites and sees board which indicates Nichols speech in the rooftop ballroom. He moves on to the main elevators.

CUT TO:

316A INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 316A

Nichols speaking. As he talks we MOVE TO...

ANGLE ON TABLE OF MEN

Listening -- the same men we saw in the hospitality suite when Nichols talked to Kimble. As we MOVE TIGHTER ON one of the men, we notice his name tag says: Board of Directors... Devlin-MacGregor Pharmaceuticals.

316B INT. HILTON ROOFTOP ELEVATORS - NIGHT 316B

Kimble rides alone to the rooftop ballroom.

CUT TO:

317 EXT. HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT 317

Gerard's car pulls up in front of the hotel. Police are controlling pedestrians. Newman and Biggs, already decked out in Kevlar, meet him.

NEWMAN

C.P.D. just reported --

GERARD

I heard. Was it Kimble?

BIGGS

Conflicting reports, but the cops are considering him a shooter.

Heavily-armed CPD units pull up. Gerard stares at the police presence. He starts toward the hotel where Kelly is conferring with Kevlar-decked police captain.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Witnesses say he entered hotel from the subway.

(CONTINUED)

317 CONTINUED:

317

KELLY

Okay. I want it locked down.
Start on the lower levels.

The captain moves off. Gerard intercepts the cop.

GERARD

That's my man in there, Kelly.

KELLY

Not since he took down one of ours,
Gerard. This is a police matter,
now. Stay, the hell, out of it.

Kelly moves off. Gerard watches him a moment then he
looks up to the roof. Newman hands Gerard his belt with
his backup piece.

GERARD

C'mon, I know where he's going.

He moves into the hotel with his deputies.

CUT TO:

317A OMITTED
&
318

317A
&
318

INTERCUT WITH:

319 LOCKDOWN MONTAGE - EXT./INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

319

- A) C.P.D. cruisers arriving. Cops deploying to points
of entry. Security guards keying shut parking garage
and blocking stairwells.
- B) Helicopter with police sharpshooters takes off from
Meigs Field downtown and heads for the hotel.

CUT TO:

319A OMITTED
thru
319C

319A
thru
319C

319D INT. ROOFTOP ELEVATORS/PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

319D

Kimble exits the elevators and moves down the corridor
to the ballroom. A man tries to stop him at the doors,
Kimble simply moves him out of the way and opens the
doors to:

CUT TO:

320 OMITTED 320

321 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 321

Nichols moves to the last of his speech as Kimble enters at the rear...

NICHOLS

... And I especially would like to thank my researchers who helped me...

Nichols stops his speech -- stunned to see Kimble.

NICHOLS

Richard...

KIMBLE

What's wrong, Charlie?
Surprised?

Kimble begins moving down the aisle past the tables of doctors toward the podium.

We see the faces of Kimble's colleagues and friends from the ballroom sequence earlier. At first no one notices Kimble but as he makes his way toward the dais, the applause fades and then room quiets. Whispers of:

CROWD

It's Richard. It's Kimble.

Stunned expressions.

Kimble continues to the front, talking to Nichols as if the room were empty.

KIMBLE

After Lentz died, you were the only one that had access to the pathology reports.

Nichols remains calm.

NICHOLS

Reports? What're you -- ?

KIMBLE

You switched the samples and falsified the reports so R.D.U.90 could get approval.

NICHOLS

Richard, I don't know what you're talking about?...

(CONTINUED)

321

CONTINUED:

321

KIMBLE

I have a set of the original samples.

*
*
*

Nichols stares at Kimble and for the first time we see a flicker of concern.

KIMBLE

You almost pulled it off, Charlie. But I know all about it now, and I can prove it.

Nichols and Kimble hold a look. Nichols turns to the audience.

KIMBLE

Ladies and gentlemen. My friend, as you can see, is obviously not well. Richard, if you want to talk --

KIMBLE

I didn't come here to talk...

Nichols leaves the dais and heads toward the exit. Kimble tracks along with him -- moving through the tables -- passing the table with the Devlin-MacGregor board of directors. They are disturbed by this situation.

ON NICHOLS

Moves through a door and exits into...

321A OMITTED

321A

321B HALLWAY

321B

Kimble follows moving through the tables and people to reach the door.

As soon as he's gone there are calls for "security." Doctors move for the exits.

CUT TO:

321C INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

321C

Gerard, Renfro, Newman, Biggs and Poole move into the lobby. Police move to cover the lower floors.

(CONTINUED)

321C CONTINUED:

321C

BIGGS

C.P.D. has the perimeter, hotel security has the parking structure.

GERARD

Let them keep busy down below. Newman, get with security. See if you can locate Kimble from the monitors. Keep in radio contact.

Newman branches off to Hotel Security. The rest follow Gerard to the rooftop elevators.

322 OMITTED
thru
324

322
thru
324

325 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

325

ROARING over Chicago skyline. The bright red sign of the Hilton Hotel looms ahead.

CUT TO:

325A OMITTED
thru
325AB

325A
thru
325AB

325AC INT. HALLWAY/HOSPITALITY SUITE - NIGHT

325AC

Nichols moves down hallway and turns into a hospitality suite. A moment later Kimble follow and enters the...

325AD HOSPITALITY SUITE (Formerly 325AA)

325AD

... and is immediately smashed with a chair by Nichols. Kimble goes flying, stunned. Nichols locks the door.

NICHOLS

Your best quality, Richard, is that you don't give up --

Nichols pulls Kimble to his feet.

NICHOLS

... even when it's clearly in your best interest to...

(CONTINUED)

325AD CONTINUED:

325AD

He hits him again, drives him back into the library. Kimble tries to recover as Nichols relentlessly stays on him. He pulls him up, slams him against the fire escape doors...

NICHOLS

I always knew that I'd have to kill you...

He drives a blow into Kimble's stomach.

NICHOLS

Now, I must thank you for giving me 200 witnesses tonight who will support me... when I tell them it was self-defense...

He shoves Kimble through the door out into...

325AE EXT. FIRE ESCAPE BALCONY - NIGHT (Formerly 325AB)

325AE

... and almost over the railing. Kimble grabs the rail to keep from dropping to the street. Nichols closes on him, but Kimble rolls away at the last minute and knocks Nichols back against the other side of fire escape.

KIMBLE

You missed your chance, Charlie...

Nichols charges Kimble, but Kimble drives him back with two crushing blows that send Nichols down the stairs.

Kimble moves down the stairs after him -- passing under a security camera.

CUT TO:

325B INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

325B

A room lined with security monitors. Two security personnel sit in front of their console. Newman stands behind them.

On screen: We see Kimble moving down the stairs toward Nichols, who pulls himself to his feet.

Newman stands in front of the screen, talks to his radio.

NEWMAN

(to radio)

I've got Kimble on the roof with Nichols. Southeast exit.

INTERCUT WITH:

326 INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT 326

Gerard and deputies Poole, Biggs, and Renfro around him.

BIGGS

(to radio)

Keep and eye on him.

Biggs has roof plans.

BIGGS

There are four exits to the roof.

GERARD

I want them covered.

326A EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 326A

Nichols rises to his feet, swings, but Kimble blocks the blow and lands another that sends Nichols down another set of stairs to the roof.

KIMBLE

You took everything away from me... for money.

326B INT. BALLROOM ELEVATORS - NIGHT 326B

Gerard and the marshals reach the ballroom floor. The elevator doors open to a flood of confused and dis-oriented doctors trying to escape. The marshals wade through, meet up with two hotel security guards.

GERARD

This way.

327 OMITTED 327

328 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 328

Kimble pulls Nichols to his feet. They are silhouetted by the lights of the city skyline.

KIMBLE

I want to know, Charlie... was it worth it...?

NICHOLS

This thing is bigger than even you think, Richard... You can't stop it.

(CONTINUED)

328 CONTINUED: 328

He hits Nichols again with tremendous force, knocking him against the parapet. Nichols stares over the edge -- the street appears far below.

329 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 329

Gerard and his deputies work their way into the ballroom. The deputies move to separate areas. Several doctors point them in the direction Kimble and Nichols fled.

INTERCUT WITH:

329A INT. HOTEL SECURITY - NIGHT 329A

Newman stands in front the security monitors and watches Kimble and Nichols on the roof.

329B OMITTED 329B

329C EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 329C

Kimble reaches Nichols and draws to hit him again as the HELICOPTER suddenly ROARS over the rooftop. Its beam hits the two men and a VOICE booms from the helicopter:

VOICE FROM HELICOPTER (V.O.)
Chicago police. Freeze.

In the instant of shock, Nichols knees Kimble and bolts.

INTERCUT:

329D INT. HALLWAY/HOSPITALITY SUITE - NIGHT 329D

Gerard moves down connecting hallway where a couple of concerned doctors are trying to open the door to the hospitality suite.

GERARD
(to doctors)
Clear the hallway.
(to security)
Get that door open.

The door opens and Gerard moves quickly through the hospitality suite for the rooftop.

(CONTINUED)

329D CONTINUED: 329D

GERARD
(to security)
Stay at this door.

He moves through the door to the roof alone.

329E INT. HOTEL SECURITY - NIGHT 329E

Newman watching the security monitors sees Kimble and Nichols. On another monitor we see Gerard exit the suite.

330 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 330

Nichols runs.

Kimble recovers, sees Gerard moving down the fire escape toward him, and Nichols escaping. He goes after Nichols.

The helicopter circles back over the roof, illuminating the rooftop in its million-candle-power beam.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)
I've got a visual on Kimble. He's running.

INTERCUT WITH:

330A OMITTED 330A
thru thru
330D 330D

330E EXT. STREET - NIGHT 330E

Kelly listens on his radio.

KELLY
Bring him down.

330F EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 330F

Kimble chases Nichols down the roof as BULLETS from the helicopter rip into the air conditioning duct next to Kimble.

The helicopter swings out to keep Kimble in sight.

330G ON GERARD 330G

Gerard hits the bottom of the fire escape and follows.

GERARD

(to radio)

This is a United States Marshal.
Get that helicopter out of here!

330H ANGLE - NICHOLS 330H

He moves away among the duct work.

Kimble follows.

Gerard continues after Kimble.

The helicopter circles and follows from above.

330J INT. PENTHOUSE/DOOR TO ROOF - NIGHT 330J

Renfro triggers his radio.

RENFRO

There is a U.S. Marshal out there.
Hold your fire!

331 HELICOPTER'S POV 331

FOLLOWING Kimble. Its beam tracking Kimble across the rooftop. He moves through the blowers and duct work. Kimble is gaining ground on Nichols.

331A OMITTED 331A

331AA ON SHARPSHOOTER 331AA

He is about to fire when he hears through his radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

Hold your fire.

The shooter pulls back.

INTERCUT WITH

331B EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 331B

Gerard rushes across the roof toward Kimble.

(CONTINUED)

331B CONTINUED: 331B

ANGLE - NICHOLS

He is almost to the end of the roof when Kimble tackles him. The two men crash against sloped glass roof of an elevator housing.

331C INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT 331C

Inside the shaft -- an elevator moves toward the roof. It stops on the floor ten feet below the roof. THROUGH the glass roof we see the doors open.

CUT TO:

331D EXT. ROOFTOP - GERARD - NIGHT 331D

charges toward --

KIMBLE

who slams Nichols hard against the glass. The WIRED GLASS CRACKS and bellies with the form of their bodies.

Nichols' head rocks from the impact.

The GLASS GROANS. The wire stresses. The caulking begins to drop.

Nichols struggles but Kimble has him in control. Slams him down hard again.

HELICOPTER

circles, illuminates the struggle in its spotlight and Gerard closing.

331E INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT 331E

The elevator doors close and the car beneath the skylight begins to descend.

331F GERARD 331F

pulls up.

GERARD

Kimble!

(CONTINUED)

- 331F CONTINUED: 331F
 Kimble slams Nichols one more time against the glass and the wire holding the glass gives way, sending Kimble and Nichols into...
- 332 OMITTED 332
 thru thru
 332B 332B
- 332C INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT 332C
 Kimble and Nichols, locked together, fall down the shaft and crash onto the roof of the descending elevator car. Nichols crashes through the ceiling into the car. Kimble hits and slides across the roof to the edge, stopping himself, just before he falls into the shaft. An elevator car rushes toward him out of the blackness.
- 332D EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT 332D
 Gerard reaches the elevator housing, looks down into the shaft.
- 332E OMITTED 332E
 thru thru
 332I 332I
- 333 GERARD'S POV 333
 Kimble's car disappears into the darkness.
- CUT TO:
- 334 INT. ELEVATOR CAR - NIGHT 334
 Nichols pulls himself to his feet. Hits the emergency stop and the doors open. He disappears into... *
- 334A INT. HILTON LAUNDRY - NIGHT 334A
 ... a huge industrial laundry room. Steam rises from the giant machines.
- 334B INT. ELEVATOR CAR/LAUNDRY - NIGHT 334B *
 Kimble drops from the ceiling into the car and moves carefully into the laundry. *

335 ... like an industrial jungle. Dimly lit, filled with DEAFENING MACHINERY. Five hundred pound bags of laundry move from a network of ceiling tracks to a pair of heavyduty conveyor belts and two thirty-foot long washers. 335 *

... At the other end of the washers, hydraulic presses stamp out three-foot diameter "cakes" which are moved by conveyor and dollies to automated dryers.

The NOISE is DEAFENING.

336 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 336

Gerard comes down back stairwell. Followed by Renfro.

GERARD

(to radio)

Where did the elevator stop? *

337 INTERCUT WITH NEWMAN IN SECURITY 337

Newman checks the computer board for the elevator position. *

NEWMAN

(to radio)

Level five.

338 INT. LAUNDRY - NIGHT 338

Nichols pushes through the hanging laundry bags toward an exit, tries the door. It is secured with a collapsible grating with a padlock. He looks up, keeps moving.

KIMBLE

notices the swinging bags, follows Nichols' trail. He stops to get his bearings, sees shadow at the far end of the room between the two washers. Kimble closes in, moving between the large conveyors. *

338A ANGLE - SORTING ROOM 338A

Gerard enters sorting room with Renfro. He sees two sorters standing by a small conveyor as he enters.

GERARD

Get out of here. *

He and Renfro move around the corner where a laundry worker is hooking a 500 lb bag of lines onto the overhead rail. A hydraulic lift, operated by a hanging on/off switch raises the bag on a yellow steel I-beam. The worker takes one look at Gerard and abandons his station. *

(CONTINUED)

338A CONTINUED:

338A

Gerard, Biggs and Renfro move to the closed doors of the main room.

GERARD

(to Renfro)

We're going in. Give me five minutes. Keep C.P.D. out.

He draws his Glock, opens the door and enters the main room.

338B INT. LAUNDRY - ON KIMBLE - NIGHT (Includes former Scs. 338B 338D & 338F)

He moves to end of washers, using the machines as cover. He sees the shadow again takes a pole leaning against the dryer as a weapon, turns the corner and is about to belt him when he realizes it's not Nichols, but a laundry worker.

Kimble moves away from the terrified man, when he hears a voice from the other end of the laundry.

GERARD (V.O.)

(above the din)

Kimble!...

Kimble reacts to Gerard's voice, moves away.

ON NICHOLS

moving behind machinery, sees light at far end of the room where Gerard enters.

ON GERARD

The door closes automatically behind Gerard and Renfro. They enter the noisy main room and separate. Renfro moves up the far side of the room, Gerard up the center. Both move slowly through the maze of bags, carts, automated equipment.

GERARD

... There is no way out of here.
The building is locked down.

CUT TO:

KIMBLE

moves instinctively back into the machinery and carts near the conveyor belts.

(CONTINUED)

338B CONTINUED:

338B

GERARD (O.S.)

Kimble... I know about Nichols. I know about Sykes.

Kimble stops.

ON GERARD

GERARD

... Nichols borrowed your car the night of the murder and called Sykes from it.

RENFRO

separated from Gerard. He hears a NOISE behind him -- a bag comes down the track at break-neck speed, Renfro spins, dodges it, gets his bearings and continues.

KIMBLE

listening. He watches the movement of bags as he did with Nichols.

GERARD

moving through the forest of massive bags.

GERARD

... That's why there was no forced entry at your house. He'd used your keys.

KIMBLE

realizing what Gerard knows. Considering his next move.

NICHOLS

also listening. He realizes Gerard now knows he's the killer. He moves behind the water softener tanks and chemicals -- and spots Renfro -- and something else -- the hanging control for the I-beam.

GERARD

moves carefully. Another bag comes down the track. He dodges it and steps into an open track. From here he can see straight back toward the washers.

(CONTINUED)

338B CONTINUED: (2)

338B

GERARD

Kimble... Come meet me out here.

ON RENFRO

He steps out and then back as a bag shoots by. He ducks under the bag -- into the next track and suddenly hears a WHIRRING sound behind him. Renfro turns as an I-beam comes rushing down the open track and knocks him to the floor, opening a gash across the side of his head. He lays still.

NICHOLS

steps out of the shadows, turns him over exposing his empty shoulder harness and takes the gun from Renfro's hand. Nichols moves toward Gerard with the gun.

GERARD

oblivious to this action, moves on, passes the conveyor belts. He makes one last appeal.

GERARD

It's time to quit running... if
you don't, you know I'll stop you.

He listens, there is no answer.

KIMBLE

starts to move out to meet Gerard, sees Renfro down. His shoulder harness is empty. He knows Nichols is armed.

GERARD

moves into the alley between the two giant washers. He pauses, looks back, then continues, when he turns his back on us...

NICHOLS

steps INTO FRAME behind him and slowly takes aim. Just before he fires however he hears...

KIMBLE (O.S.)

Hey, Chuckles...

Nichols turns toward the voice as Kimble swings the stick and clocks him -- sending the gun skittering on the floor behind Gerard.

(CONTINUED)

338B CONTINUED: (3)

338B

GERARD

turns on the sound and finds his gun trained on Kimble with Nichols at his feet, unconscious. He realizes instantly that Kimble saved his life and lowers his gun. Kimble, exhausted, leans against the washer.

They hold a look as deputies and police flood into the room surrounding Kimble and handcuffing him.

338C
thru
338F

OMITTED

338C
thru
338F

339 INT./EXT. HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

339

Chicago Police hold back crowds of onlookers on Michigan Avenue. Police cars and vans, television news trucks vie for space in front of the Hilton Towers.

Dr. Charles Nichols, on a stretcher, loaded into an ambulance. The doors close.

REPORTERS and television cameramen line the sidewalk giving reports and interviewing doctors from the ballroom. We PICK UP pieces of their reports as we MOVE PAST them TOWARD the entrance.

T.V. NEWS REPORTER

... As we reported a few minutes ago, the saga of once-prominent Chicago surgeon, Dr. Richard Kimble, who escaped from an Illinois Corrections bus, took a strange twist this evening when Dr. Kimble was captured at the Chicago Hilton...

ANOTHER REPORTER continues:

ANOTHER REPORTER

... there are unconfirmed reports from police of new evidence which may exonerate Kimble while implicating some of the biggest names in medicine...

The doors to the police van close amid a flurry of photographs.

A third reporter interviews a STUNNED DOCTOR from the ballroom:

(CONTINUED)

339

CONTINUED:

339

STUNNED DOCTOR

He just walked in... We didn't know what he was going to do. My wife was very frightened... The next thing I knew cops were charging in and...

CUT TO:

340

OMITTED

340

340A

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

340A

Kimble, in handcuffs, is escorted by Biggs, Newman, Poole and Gerard, out of the hotel into the waiting chaos. Renfro, his head bandaged, is helped by paramedics.

341

EXT. HOTEL/INT. CAR - NIGHT

341

As soon as the group exits the hotel. Television lights flood the scene. Kimble lowers his head. Reporters crowd forward, yelling questions.

REPORTER

Dr. Kimble, is it true you can prove your innocence!

Gerard wants the crowd controlled.

GERARD

(to police)

Get them back.

The marshals and cops clear a line for Kimble to get into a waiting car away from the media. Biggs opens the back door and helps Kimble inside.

BIGGS

Watch your head, Dr. Kimble.

Newman climbs in behind the wheel. Gerard in the back next to Kimble. He leans out the window and motions to Poole.

GERARD

(to Poole)

Poole, you got that thing?

(to Kimble)

Give me your hands.

(CONTINUED)

341

CONTINUED:

341

Kimble pauses, then holds up his wrists and Gerard unlocks Kimble's handcuffs.

Poole hands an ice-pack over the seat. Gerard places the pack on Kimble's bruised and battered hands.

GERARD

Take care of those hands, Doc,
you're going to need them again
soon.

KIMBLE

I thought you told me 'you
didn't care.'

GERARD

Yeah, well, don't spread it around.

They share a look of mutual respect as the car pulls away.

342

HELICOPTER POV

342

The car carrying Kimble pulls onto Michigan Avenue -- heading back downtown. As we PULL BACK we see Kimble's car -- at first alone on the great avenue -- then gradually joined by other cars until finally becoming integrated in the traffic, movement and lights of the city.

FADE OUT.

THE END