



Scripts.com

# Hudson Hawk

By Steven E. de Souza

**FADE IN:**

1 OMITTED 1

1A EXT. VINCI COUNTRYSIDE -RENAISSANCE -DAY 1A

A TRAVELING MERCHANT WITH AN UNFORGETTABLY ETCHED FACE rambles past a timelessly beautiful Italian countryside on a trusty mule.

A jaw-droppingly storybook castle looms before him. The merchant dismounts and pulls forth a cask of wine. Settling down upon a tree stump, he removes his hat and inhales the fresh air with a life-loving sigh.

The merchant brings the cask to his lips when suddenly a LOUD EXPLOSION is heard causing the merchant to douse himself with a blast of vino.

UNFORGETTABLE MERCHANT

Leonardo, che pazzo...

The merchant shakes his fist up to a swish pan that swings up toward a smoking window of the awesome castle.

2 OMITTED 2

3 INT. ROOM OF THE GOLD MACHINE 3

The charismatic LEONARDO DA VINCI, with his trademark beard, drifts through the smoke of a mammoth room. A flash of light causes him to put on a pair of very early, very cool sunglasses. Something extraordinary reflects off them.

Da Vinci moves to the Something, a gloriously incredible machine. The opening CREDITS REVEAL its dazzling idiosyncrasies. TWO COUGHING APPRENTICES haplessly try to disperse smoke from the still billowing, mysteriously spectacular Machine. Mirrors attached to parts of it reflect beams of light which cut through the smoke like a Renaissance laser show.

**DA VINCI :**

Marcolino, mettiamoli il plumba.

The apprentice throws a lever. A shunt near the furnace turns. Steam escapes upwards.

(CONTINUED)

2.

**3 CONTINUED:**

**DA VINCI :**

Su la fiamma. Su! Su! Sole!

Basta. Chudere! Chudere!

The Master peers at the smoking yellow bar.

Crystallo!

**DA VINCI :**

Da Vinci's pride goes dead as the implications hit.

The apprentices scurry out. Mind reeling, Da Vinci turns his back to the viewer, before a wall of frescoes.

Spinning back around, using the edge of his cloak, Da Vinci pulls out the large gleaming crystal with a pop.

4 OMITTED 4

A5 INT. DA VINCI'S WORKSHOP A5

With an accompanying blast of smoke, Da Vinci bursts through some double doors into his workshop, sadly reflecting upon the crystal in one hand and the tonged bar in the other.

His workshop is a spendiferously enigmatic blend of laboratory and studio; On a table in the foreground is a fresh clay equestrian statue; a large VOLUME of sketches, the inkwell nearby; a MODEL of what looks like a HELICOPTER; Da Vinci flings the tonged bar on the table among these goodies.

Pocketing the crystal, Da Vinci meanders through his workshop casually tinkering with various experiments. Leonardo stops at an easel displaying a finished-exceptfor-the-mouth portrait of Mona Lisa, who happens to be seated in a stool before the easel. She broadly smiles, revealing the worst dental work of her epoch. Da Vinci shakes his head and moves out onto a

APPRENTICE #1

Maestro, (siammo pronti).

5 OMITTED 5

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 11/29/90 3.

5A EXT. CASTLE TERRACE 5A

**DA VINCI :**

Que bel lavoro.

**GLIDER PILOT :**

Maestro, non penso sia una buona idea.

**DA VINCI :**

Non te preoccupare. Sieta pronti?

APPRENTICE #1

Siamo pronti, maestro.

**DA VINCI :**

Via, fatame vedere qua causa di bona!

Glider goes. Leonardo muses. The bat winged glider

**DISSOLVES into:**

5B AHAWK 5B

who is revealed to be flying over Sing Sing prison. At the sight of the prison, the music on the soundtrack abruptly changes from Renaissance Orchestral to Jimi Hendrix's "Stone Free."

6 INT. A SING SING CELL BLOCK 6

**SKEETER :**

O.K., one coat, one hat. Some personal items. There's your wallet. I think you'll find everything in there.

A black hat is dropped onto the counter. A black coat is then dropped beside it.

**SKEETER :**

Haven't seen one of these in a long time.

**HAWK :**

Like that, Skeeter? Keep it.

**SKEETER :**

Hey, you got to sign for this!  
Don't you want the receipt?

**GATES :**

I got him, Charlie. So the Hudson Hawk is finally getting out. Remember all the reporters that were here when you came in?... "World's greatest cat burglar." Now, who gives a fuck?  
(turning serious)

I've got a proposition.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 11/29/90 3A.

**6 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Answer's no, Gates.

**GATES :**

As your parole officer, I've found you a job.

**HAWK :**

No way.

**GATES :**

It's a terrific job. An auction house. One night's work and you're free. No checking in with a shrink, no community service...

**HAWK :**

I want to do community service. I want to teach the handicapped how to yodel. I ain't stealing no more, Gates.

**GATES :**

Ten years later, you're still impressed with yourself. Same old coat, same old hat. You're extinct, Hawk, out of style.

**HAWK:**

(to trenchcoat)

Coming from you that's a powerful statement. Look, aren't you supposed to stop me from committing crimes. You know, Book-em-Dano, Give-a-Hoot-Don't-Pollute.

Hawk and Gates come to a final checkpoint. Gates jiggles in and out of his pocket, a set of keys.

**GATES :**

You ain't out yet, wise guy. I can set you up and send you back any time I want. It's a very fine

line between ex-con and escaped con.

**HAWK :**

Gates, Gates, Gates. Go fuck yourself.

**GATES :**

This hard-on's got my keys.

Seymour! Be seeing you, Hawk.

Gates moves to the bars and reaches in his pocket. It is empty.

(CONTINUED)

HUSDON HAWK -Rev. 11/29/90 4.

**6 CONTINUED:**

Hawk flings the keys in a trash can.

**HAWK :**

Why am I getting the feeling that getting out of prison is going to be a big fucking mistake.

Hawk dispenses himself a Pez piece then spits it out in agony.

6B

thru

7

6B

thru

7

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 5.

8 EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON--DAY 8

Hawk strides to the Massive Sliding Concrete Door/Wall between him and freedom. As music crescendos and Hawk glows his first smile.

**GUARD :**

On the gate!

**HAWK :**

See you around, Michael.

**GATES :**

Hudson Hawk, you're under arrest.

(cackles)

Just kidding. Good opening line  
though, huh? I've got a  
proposition....

**HAWK :**

Answer's no, not even if you  
bathe.

The Concrete Wall/Door slams shut behind Hawk.

**GATES :**

Why do you treat your parole officer  
with such disrespect? I've found  
you a job. An auction house. One  
night's work then you're free like  
no ex-con's ever been. No checking  
in with a shrink, no community  
service teaching retards how to  
play air hockey. It's a great deal,  
I can't lie.

**HAWK :**

The only thing you can't do is get  
sex for free. I know I was in  
prison for basically the 80's,  
but, call me batty, aren't you  
supposed to stop me from committing  
crimes. You know, Book-em-Dano,  
Call-for-back-up, Give-a-HootDon't-  
Pollute.

Hawk begins to strut off. Gates and the car keep up.

**GATES :**

You wouldn't be out if it wasn't  
for me! I did the dog and pony  
for you! You think the parole  
board would have let you out after  
what you did to them?

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 6.

**8 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

How was I supposed to know they

were women?

**GATES :**

You told them they looked like the  
Three Stooges!

**HAWK :**

One of them was bald and kept  
saying "Sointinly."  
Gates simmers himself with a self-control smile.

**GATES :**

Remember that guy in the cell next  
to you who hung himself?

**HAWK :**

Yeah. Scratchy...

**GATES :**

Remember that shoe you lost...

**HAWK :**

Uh, yeah. Now that we've  
established my photographic  
memory...  
Gates pulls on a glove and is handed a shoe from a STONEFACED  
DRIVER.

**GATES :**

One phone call and your shoe will  
become a piece of evidence "found  
in Scratchy's cell" and his  
suicide'll become a murder.

**HAWK :**

Gates, I don't want you to take  
this the wrong way, but this is  
the fucking stupidest thing I ever  
heard in my life.

**GATES :**

This is the beauty part. It's  
bullshit, but I can make it stick  
because I'm a good guy parole



officer and you're a bad guy who's about to find out that there's a thin line between ex-con and escaped con.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 6A.

**8 CONTINUED:**

A PRISON GUARD from above loudly click-loads his rifle. Gates gives the shoe to Stoneface and the car roars off. An identical police car, lights flashing and no siren, zooms up in its place.

**GATES :**

What's your favorite sport, Hawk?

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 7.

**8 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Baseball, why?

Gates opens the back door of the police car and says "Baseball." He is handed a baseball bat. Hawk backs up as Gates moves threateningly toward him.

**HAWK:**

I meant, ping pong. Listen, I'd rather go back in than whore for you....

(stopping)

Oh, have you got ten dollars on you?

A PRISON GUARD from above turns as not to be a witness. Hawk feebly calls up to him.

**HAWK :**

Help? Police?

Gates swings at Hawk, who pretends not to notice until the last second. Hawk ducks and slam-kicks his calf. Gates crumples, using the bat as a crutch. Hawk boots up the bat for a two-handed catch. Gates cowers in fear of becoming a home run. Hawk lowers the bat and gives him a get-the-fuck-outta-heah kick into the back seat of the car. Gates seethes the door shut. The car squeals away.

**HAWK:**

I don't believe this. I've been out forty seconds...

A BACKFIRE rings out. Hawk hits the ground, thinking it is a gunshot.

9 HAWK'S ON THE GROUND P.O.V. 9

A gasping 1960 Caddy comes to a stop and a pair of a toofancy-to-be-tasteful shoes comes out. Hawk looks up to see TOMMY 5-TONE MESSINA, his older, maybe-maybe-not-wiser best friend.

**TOMMY:**

That's the first thing I did. Smooch the ground and taste the freedom. Sorry I was late, Eddie. Miss anything?

**HAWK:**

(getting up)  
As always, your timing, as your shoes, is impeccable... Don't tell me those things are in style now. Good to see you, Tommy 5-Tone, been having a lousy day.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 8.

**9 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY :**

The man's getting out of prison and he's having a lousy day. What, you missing out on the Cell Block Water Ballet pageant? Believe me, it's overrated. Hawk pauses to say something, then just hugs Tommy.

**TOMMY :**

Where's the kiss? No tongue this time, I promise. A laughing Hawk gives Tommy's stomach a slap before getting in the car....

**HAWK :**

Looks like you've been expanding  
your...

**TOMMY :**

Don't say it, Hawkins. I'm incredibly  
sensitive about my fucking figure.

**HAWK :**

My next word was gonna be  
"consciousness." Swear to God...  
tubbo.

10 EXT. THE ROAD INTO HOBOKEN--DAY 10

The Caddy thunders past a sweet Manhattan view. "Come  
Fly With Me" is playing on the radio. Hawk casually completes  
an intimidating hand puzzle.

**HAWK :**

That's your definition of "Hard?"

**TOMMY :**

Show off. Hey, boss tune. "Let's  
Get Away From It All."

**HAWK:**

**5:**

Tommy laughs.

**HAWK :**

What?

**TOMMY :**

You crack me up.

**HAWK :**

What are you laughing at.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 9.

**10 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY :**

You crack me up. You still do

the puzzles. Still know the running times of songs. Let me ask you a question, you still think you're the greatest cat burglar who ever lived?

**HANK :**

Nope. Now I'm the laziest damn cat burglar that ever lived. I'm giving it up. No more stealing.

**TOMMY :**

Now that you're born again, what do you wanna do? Statue of Liberty? Entertain some ladies? Broadway tix? Seduce some women? Play Nintendo? Bone some chicks?

**HAWK :**

What's Nintendo? Just get me to the 5-Tone. If I don't get a cappuchino soon, I'm going to strangle someone.

**TOMMY :**

You still got a thing for those unmasculine European coffees?... Who's your buddy?  
Tommy pulls a styrofoam cup from a paper bag.

**HAWK :**

The man knows, the man knows!  
Hawk takes off the cap with a stimulating whiff.

**TOMMY :**

So tell me, Mr. Coffee, what went down outside the prison?

**HAWK :**

Oh, not too much. Gates tried to blackmail me into doing a job. Tommy brakes and cappuccino flies. Hawk half-heartedly tries to lick up with his fingers.

**TOMMY :**

That doughnut hole eating son-of-a...  
take it in the ear for a beer, rat bastard.

**HAWK :**

Ah, had the perfect amount of foam.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 10.

**10 CONTINUED:**

HAWK (CONT'D)

(looking around)

So hey, where's the little guy?

Why didn't you bring little Eddie?

**TOMMY:**

(gulping)

Eddie, you better prepare yourself  
for some bad news...

**HAWK :**

What?

**TOMMY :**

Last night Little Eddie was  
assassinated.

**HAWK :**

What?

**TOMMY :**

He was rubbed out. Two shots to  
the back of the coconut.

Tommy quivers a folded tabloid over to Hawk, who  
anxiously unfolds it.

The tabloid headline glares MONKEY SLAIN IN GANGLAND HIT,  
above a chilling photo of a monkey-sized chalk outline on  
a dark street (an archive picture of a healthy, happy  
monkey is in the inset).

Hawk loses all control with a helpless howl. The  
viewer's viewpoint stops to let the car wail away in  
painful privacy.

11 EXT. OUTSIDE 5-TONE BAR--NIGHT 11

The Guys move sadly toward the personably Jersey face

of the 5-tone bar. The Empire State Building beams in the background.

**TOMMY :**

He was more than a monkey, he was a true friend...

**HAWK :**

He was like a son to me.

**TOMMY :**

He was like a nephew to me.

**HAWK :**

Just get me in the bar. It's the one thing that will never...

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 11.

12 INT. TOMMY'S BAR--NIGHT 12

**HAWK :**

At least I know it's the one thing that will never...

It's changed. Hawk and Tommy enter into what has become the ultimate pseudo-art deco-fern littered-nightmare, packed with noisy, INSUFFERABLY SELF-ABSORBED YUPS. A violently erotic and pretentious video plays upon elevated T.V. sets set up all around the place.

**HAWK :**

.....Change.

Hawk's mouth gapes as he drifts by a sickening COUPLE toasting wine coolers, and two very YOUNG BROKERS highfiving each other after missing a dartboard.

**TOMMY :**

I didn't know how to tell you. A couple brokers stopped in for Stoley Spritzers one night. Next thing I know Fast Track Digest votes us "Watering Hole of the Month." Now, I'm shopping for Aqua Salmon wallpaper.

**HAWK :**

I read about these people in Newsweek.

Where's all the regulars, Crazy Jeff  
Cava, the Todd sisters, Indian Joe?  
Where's Ed Kranepool's autograph? You  
took down Captain Bob's steering wheel?

**TOMMY :**

All gone. But look on the bright  
side, half the joint is yours.  
Blackjack, get my irritable partner  
a cappuccino. I gotta go be a boss.  
Tommy lifts a piece of the bar and moves behind it.  
Snatching up a menu, Hawk calls out...

**HAWK :**

Reindeer Goat cheese pizza? I  
admit, I've been known to go wild  
and order a Canadian Bacon in my  
time, but.. reindeer goat cheese?  
Hawk lights up a cigarette. A TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER  
immediately turns to him wearing a "Yes, I mind if you  
smoke" button.  
TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER  
Can you read....smoker?

**HAWK :**

Can you take a rainbow and sprinkle  
it with dew, waxhead?  
(CONTINUED)  
12.

**12 CONTINUED:**

No.  
(Huh?)  
TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

**HAWK :**

The Candy Man can, Felix. You  
know, I thought this was a country  
where you could do any stupid  
thing you wanted; drive to work  
naked, spank a chiropractor, make  
love to a V.C.R. Maybe that's why  
I became a random collector of  
kneecaps.

Hey, big guy.

Have mine....

TORTOISE SHELL NON-SMOKER

Smoke all you want.

**HAWK :**

Thank you, Jesus.

The Non-smoker fumbles out a pack of cigarettes and flees. Tommy slides a cappuccino in cup and saucer down the bar saloon-style. A smiling Hawk picks it up, turns away from the bar and closes his eyes, bringing the cup to his lips until it EXPLODES re-splattering coffee over Hawk's war-torn blazer. Nobody notices.

All Hawk sees is the usual sea of oblivious and loud self-obsession until he scans to a far corner table of Mafia types where a cocky thug ANTONY MARIO, smiling directly at Hawk, thrusts a silencer-gun back down his pants.

The threatening, hair-slicked-back leader, CESAR MARIO, gives Hawk a come-hither finger wiggle.

13 BACK OF THE BAR 13

With concern, Tommy watches Hawk walk over to them.

**HAWK :**

Cute shot, Antony.

**ANTONY :**

Fuck you, Eddie.

With sudden ferocious anger, Hawk cracks Antony across the jaw into a chair. A SCARFACED BODYGUARD, pulling a knife, is kept in check by the cool Cesar.

**HAWK :**

Cesar Mario, Antony Mario, when did the circus get in? Who killed my monkey?

(CONTINUED)

13.

**13 CONTINUED:**

**CESAR :**

Hawk, my hand to God, didn't whack little Eddie...I never had anything



against that kooky chimp. I actually found him, "endearing."

**HAWK :**

Yeah. Face down. Two endearing shots to the back of his endearing head. That's your trademark, Cesar. What did Little Eddie ever do to...

**ANTONY :**

So some little banana eater got iced, what's the big... Hawk is ready for another thwack, but Cesar defuses him.

**CESAR :**

Shut up. Why won't you do the auction house?

**HAWK :**

Auction houses are very popular this season. Call me superstitious, but I don't like to commit a crime less than 24 hours after getting out of the joint. Cesar reveals a black canvas bag as Hawk wearily sits.

**CESAR :**

It's very simple. There's a safe on the seventh floor. You take their From the safe you take out a thingie and put it in this thingie...

**HAWK :**

Or you cut off my thingie. Directions even your brother would understand.

**ANTONY:**

(defensively)  
Yeah, directions even I could understand.

**CESAR :**

Silence. Hawk, you're the best.  
No one but you can do it. So don't  
give me a line of bullshit about  
how you really want to go straight,  
open a hardware store and sell  
spatulas...

(CONTINUED)

14.

**13 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

You know what, Cesar, if the Mario  
brothers weren't Jersey's third  
largest family, I'd say kiss my ass.  
But considering your status, I'll  
say slurp my butt.

Antony angrily pulls out his silencer-gun. Tommy merrily  
comes forward with a bottle of wine.

**TOMMY :**

Have you lovely folks tried our  
house wine. I think you'll  
enjoy...

**ANTONY :**

Beat it, Tommy, no dinosaurs  
allowed.

Tommy equally merrily smashes the bottle over Antony's  
head.

**CESAR :**

Enough! I'm going to tell you  
something. Forget Gates, forget  
your little shoe. You don't do  
the job and I'm going to put you  
on trial, and I promise you, there  
won't be a bailiff.

**TOMMY :**

Perhaps a little too precocious.

**HAWK :**

A wee bit.

**TOMMY :**

Do you think we hurt their feelings?

**HAWK :**

I certainly hope so.

(CONTINUED)

15A/16.

15 INT. BACK ROOM -NIGHT 15

**TOMMY :**

Mack the Knife.

**HAWK:**

**3:**

**TOMMY :**

I Only Have Eyes For You.

**HAWK :**

Why Tommy, I didn't know you cared.

3 minutes, 39 seconds.

**TOMMY :**

Xanadu.

**HAWK:**

**3:**

Don't you remember the night Captain

Bob came in, out of his mind...

Nobody could figure out where he

got this thing.

**TOMMY :**

Nasty little safe on the 7th floor.

Simpson 71.

**HAWK :**

Last time I played a game, Simpson

only made a forty.

**TOMMY :**

Just means it'll take you an extra  
31 seconds to seduce.

**HAWK :**

I'm not worried about the safe. You  
got three guards on each foot. What  
am I doing? I should be going out,  
buying the New York Post, going  
through the want ads and looking for  
a job selling spatulas.

**TOMMY :**

Hey, I'm sorry man, I'm putting out  
a fire with kerosene.

**HAWK :**

What is this?

**TOMMY :**

That's five seconds.

(CONTINUED)

16A.

**15 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

This is not funny!

**TOMMY :**

My record's eighteen.

**HAWK :**

You're not listening to me! Fuck  
Gates. Fuck the Mario Brothers.  
I'm sorry. Can't we just go out  
an' get some rice pudding and  
cappuchino? By the way, how many  
seconds?

**TOMMY:**

Not counting your bitching and  
whining, six. You still think  
you got it, Eddie?

(CONTINUED)

17.

**15 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

**TOMMY :**

That's good news. Because I got a plan. A great plan and you won't have to hail Cesar or Gates.

**HAWK :**

This is no way to get rehabilitated.

(CONTINUED)

REPLACES 15A/16.

Witchcraft.

**TOMMY :**

**3:**

**HAWK :**

Night & Day.

**TOMMY :**

**HAWK:**

Sinatra or Ella Fitzgerald?

**TOMMY :**

Sinatra.

**HAWK:**

**4:**

**TOMMY :**

Hit the Road Jack.

**HAWK :**

Tommy, where's my needle-nosed pliers?

**TOMMY :**

Check the top of the bar. Hit the  
Road Jack.

**HAWK:**

**5:**

**TOMMY :**

I Left my Heart in San Francisco.

**HAWK :**

How could you take this down? Captain  
Bob's steering wheel. Remember the  
night that Captain Bob came in with  
this steering wheel. Nobody could  
figure out where he got it from.

**TOMMY :**

Eddie. Quiet. Come here. There's  
a nasty little safe on the seventh  
floor.

**HAWK :**

Simpson.

**TOMMY :**

Yeah.

**HAWK :**

What's the mechanism?

**TOMMY:**

71.

REPLACES 15A/16.

**HAWK :**

The last time I played the game,  
Simpson only had a forty.

**TOMMY :**

Just means it'll take you an extra  
thirty-one seconds to seduce.

**HAWK :**

I'm not worried about the safe.  
What about the three guards? Do  
you know any of them? What about  
the electronic video surveillance?

**TOMMY :**

I got a plan.

**HAWK :**

Oh, you got a plan?

**TOMMY :**

Yeah, I got a great plan.

**HAWK :**

What the fuck am I doing? I just  
got out of jail and I'm robbing  
some auction house, stealing some  
vercachte horse with you. I should  
be out right now buying a New York  
Post, looking at the want ads and  
getting a job selling spatulas.

**EDDIE :**

Eddie, Eddie, I'm moving too fast.  
I'm putting out a fire with kerosene.

**HAWK :**

What is this?

**TOMMY :**

That's five seconds. My record's  
eighteen.

**HAWK :**

You think this is funny. This is  
your idea of a joke! Can't we  
just not do it? How many seconds?

**TOMMY :**

How many seconds what?

**HAWK :**

On the cuffs.  
REPLACES 15A/16.

**TOMMY:**

Well, not counting your bitching  
and whining... I'll be nice and  
say eight.

**HAWK :**

I ain't never going to get  
rehabilitated this way, Tommy.

**TOMMY :**

You think you still got it?

**HAWK :**

That's what I'm afraid of.

**TOMMY :**

I left my heart in San Francisco.

**HAWK:**

**4:**

INSERT SHEET FOR PAGE 18.

**TOMMY:**

I'm getting very enthusiastic here.  
All these years and I still get  
the juice.

**HAWK :**

Let me ask you something. Whatever  
happened to sex? Men and women.  
Me and women.

**TOMMY :**

I'm not worried about the pool  
break-in. It's the guards.

**HAWK :**

A couple of drinks, some burning  
candles, "My, that's a lovely  
gown you're wearing," "Your eyes



are like Arizona", or, "Give me  
a blow job."

**TOMMY :**

Eddie, you're bumming my high.  
We'll hit some clubs on the way  
back, OK? Com'on, it's showtime.  
"Mack the Knife."

**HAWK:**

**4:**

**TOMMY :**

"I only have eyes for you."

**HAWK :**

Why Tommy, I didn't know you cared.

**3:**

**TOMMY :**

"Xanadu."

**HAWK:**

**4:**

**TOMMY :**

Star Spangled Banner. Whitney  
Houston. Super Bowl 17.

**HAWK :**

**7:**

**TOMMY:**

You're full of shit.

**HAWK :**

Let me ask you something. How come  
we're not out getting laid.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/18/90 18.

**15A CONTINUED:**

**HAWK AND TOMMY :**

"Together. No way we lose."

**HAWK :**

Yeah, except when I got put away  
for eleven years... I'm never going  
to get rehabilitated this way.

Hawk picks up another bar remnant. Beneath it is  
black cat burglar outfit.

15B OMITTED 15B

thru thru

15D 15D

16 EXT. 57TH STREET--NIGHT 16

Hawk and Tommy look up to the pool room. The viewer  
follows...

17 INT. A POOL AREA--NIGHT 17

Hawk and Tommy crash through the door into the pool room  
and its wobbly reflections of light. An ANCIENT JANITOR  
drops his mop in shock.

**JANITOR :**

Hey, what are you guys doing here?

I thought you came on Thursdays.

**TOMMY :**

Emergency situation, pool's infested,  
with...

Hawk and Tommy glance to each other then back to the  
Janitor.

**HAWK TOMMY :**

Sea Monkeys. Sea Monkeys.

**JANITOR :**

Sea Monkeys?

**TOMMY :**

Yeah, kids order them from the  
back of comic books.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 19.

17 CONTINUED:

**HAWK :**

Moms flush 'em down the toilet.

**TOMMY :**

You got a gas mask?

**JANITOR :**

No, why?

**HAWK :**

You may want to get out of here. We're going to be spraying some toxic...

**TOMMY :**

Stuff.

**JANITOR :**

I'm leaving anyway. It's the end of my shift.

**TOMMY :**

Sex monkeys?

A18 EXT. OUTDOOR SUNDECK--NIGHT A18

Hawk and Tommy emerge on the roof and quickly clip two of the ropes together while tying a lifesaver at each end.

**HAWK :**

Want me to throw it?

**TOMMY :**

You kidding? I got an arm like Sol Maglie.

**HAWK :**

Who's Sol Maglie?

**TOMMY :**

The barber. Hey Hawk, look down. Look down, buddy. Come on, your shoe's untied.

**HAWK:**

(laughing)

Shut up...Whoa, did you say this  
thing only holds 900 pounds?

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 19A.

**A18 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY :**

That's cold Hawkins.

**HAWK :**

Somebody's stealing your Caddy  
down there, look...

**TOMMY :**

Cut that shit, you know I can't look  
down. It makes my balls tingle...

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 20.

18A EXT. THE LEDGE OF RUTHERFORD'S 18A

Hawk and Tommy climb up onto the building. Tommy  
quickly undoes the lifesaver and throws it back to the  
other building's deck.

**HAWK :**

What's the matter with you?

**TOMMY :**

Covers our tracks. We'll leave  
through the basement.

**HAWK :**

Now we have no choice, do we, Mr.  
Sal Maglie.

**TOMMY :**

What?

**HAWK :**

Better make the hole a little  
bigger.

**TOMMY :**

Don't worry, you fuck, I'm wearing

my girdle...

Tommy pops out the hole of the glass...

Hawk and Tommy emerge through a men's room door into a hallway. Directly below a swerving camera.

**HAWK :**

Auction Room's through that door.

**TOMMY :**

We've got another stop first.

As the camera swerves one way, they bolt off another.

Hawk and Tommy slide across the wall to a closed room marked POWER.

**KLASTORIN :**

Wong's in the phone book.

**BOTH :**

Helluva lot of wong numbers.

**SCOTT :**

Count the Chins.

INSERT 20A.

**HAWK :**

Is this it?

**TOMMY :**

Yeah.

**HAWK :**

You got a key?

**TOMMY :**

No.

**HAWK :**

Just checking. Tommy.

**TOMMY :**

What.

**HAWK :**

Are the Mets playing tonight?

**TOMMY :**

They're playing at Shea.

**HAWK :**

Figures. I got to be robbing an auction house.

**TOMMY :**

Since when are you a Mets fan?

**HAWK :**

I've always been a Mets fan.

21.

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. THE POWER ROOM 20

The wires go up to a row of seven humming, RECORD button flashing V.C.R.s. Hawk and Tommy stand before them, sharing a cig.

**TOMMY:**

They record everything their video surveillance takes in...

**HAWK:**

I can see that, master-thief. You said something about a plan... Tommy presses the REWIND buttons on the V.C.R.'s.

**TOMMY:**

Am I boring you, smartass? Watch. A little rewind and re-play action and the Guards are going to be watching a rerun and they're going to miss out on tonight's exciting episode.

21 INT. SEVENTH FLOOR AUCTION AUDITORIUM--NIGHT 21

Moving beneath a video camera and a dazzling set of Hanging Horse Mobiles, a Heavysset guard, BIG STAN, moseys through the dimly lit main auction house auditorium. The auditorium chairs are strewn out in the middle beside a turbo Floor Washer.

Next to a painting of Happy Children Riding Horses at the back of the auditorium stage, Big Stan hefts himself upon

a comparatively TINY BLUE CHAIR and begins to tip back and snooze.

22 INT. GUARDS' STATION 22

The Security Guards look to the seventh floor screen to see an unfolding shot of Big Stan mid-snooze.

DEAN (Klastorin)

Hey, Jerry, come here. Check out Big Stan...

JERRY (Scott)

Big Stan!

23 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 23

Startled by his walkie-talkie, Big Stan falls back on the little chair, crunching it to the ground.

22.

24 THE FIRST FLOOR 24

The laughing security guards see the crunch.

25 INT. THE POWER ROOM

**HAWK :**

You figure this all out by yourself?

25

**TOMMY :**

Yeah.

**HAWK :**

It's a good plan.

**TOMMY :**

Thank you. We got about five minutes and change.

5:

**HAWK :**

"Swinging on a Star."

**TOMMY :**

You know they invented something while you were inside. Called a watch.

Hey, Tommy.

**HAWK :**

What?

**TOMMY :**

Shh!

**HAWK :**

Would you like to swing on a star.

**TOMMY :**

Carry moon beams home in a jar.

Tommy goes up to a circuit box and pulls down two large switches. Strenuously upbeat Ray Conniffesque singers continue to sing the song, orchestrally accompanied, when Tommy and Hawk are not.

26 OMITTED 26

26A THE GUARDS' STATION 26A

The lights of the floor wobble and die. The console screens blink off. The Security Guards stop laughing.

Hey!

SECURITY GUARDS

What the...

Security Guard One harrumphs into a standing position...

26B OMITTED 26B

27 INT. HALLWAY -SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA 27

Hawk thunders through the dark hallway, rounding a corner.  
23.

27

&

28

OMITTED 27

&

28

29 POWER ROOM -SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA 29

Tommy speedily hooks and rehooks the backs of the V.C.R.S.  
They now all have their PLAY buttons lit up.

**TOMMY :**

swing on a star, carry moonbeams...

30 OMITTED 30

31 INSIDE THE POWER ROOM -SEE INSERT PAGE 25AA 31

Tommy briskly slams back up the switches.

32 GUARD ROOM 32

**GUARDS :**

God damn, Con Ed.



33 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 33

Hawk scrambles into the Auditorium, glancing to the clock.

**HAWK :**

"Or would you rather be a fish?"

He follows the blueprints toward the painting on-stage.

34 THE GUARDS' STATION 34

Big Stan comes up from behind his fellow guards, dumping the remains of the chair on the floor.

Very funny.

**BIG STAN :**

Wise guys.

The Seventh Floor Screen shows a peaceful auction auditorium. And the Blue Chair.

35 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM--CAMERA P.O.V. 35

From the exact angle, the viewer sees the current state of the room with Hawk flinging off the painting of the horseback children, revealing a safe. But no Blue chair.  
24.

36 HAWK 36

spits on the rubber cup of an electronic sensor, plugged into a Walkman, and affixes it to the safe above the dial.

**HAWK:**

(lyric trouble)

"A fish is annuh nan na nan na  
brook."

37 TOMMY EXITS POWER ROOM 37

Tommy is now dashing down the hallway.

**TOMMY:**

"He can't write his name or read  
a book. To fool people is his  
only thought."

38 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 38

**HAWK:**

(remembering)

"And though he's slippery, he  
still gets caught." (But if that  
sort of life is what you wish.

You may grow up to be a fish.)

Wearing headphones, Hawk cranks up the Walkman and spins the dial. The CLICKS from the dial are so loud he winces and turns down the volume. Then there's a CLUNK.

39 THE GUARDS' STATION 39

With the soundtrack singers taking over, Guard Two sips a cup of coffee. He doesn't swallow.

His sights zero in on the Blue Chair on the seventh screen. He looks to the chair remains, then back again.

SECURITY GUARD (Scott)

Uh, Dean. I don't get it. I'm looking at the auction room and I see the little Blue Chair.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

What the... You think that's weird, check out screen two.....

Screen Two shows THE TWO SECURITY GUARDS THEMSELVES hatching open some on-duty beers, going down a hall. Guard Two looks to the empties atop the console....

SECURITY GUARD TWO

Somebody rewired the recorders!

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 25.

40 AUCTION AUDITORIUM 40

Hawk ditches his accessories and swings the safe door open.

Inside the safe, along with the "holy" Da Vinci music cue, is the clay equestrian model from Leonardo's worktable.

Hawk belts out as he puts it in the black canvas bag.

**HAWK :**

"And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo."

TOMMY (V.O.)

"Every day you meet quite a few."

Tommy gives Hawk a congratulatory pat.

**HAWK AND TOMMY :**

"So you see it's all up to you.

You can be better than you are.

You could be swinging on a star."

41 OMITTED 41

42 THE GUARDS' STATION 42

Suddenly, on the seventh screen, the image and voices

of Hawk and Tommy in-process comes on.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Shit, let's roll!

43 THE AUCTION AUDITORIUM 43

Hawk puts the painting back up, but stops to stare at the playful children.

**TOMMY :**

The song's over! Come on!

"You could be swinging on a star."

**HAWK :**

What am I doing here? I never wanted to do this. I wanted to play it straight.

**TOMMY :**

(more frantically)

"You could be swinging on a star."

(CONTINUED)

25AA.

**INSTRUMENTAL:**

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWING ON A STAR

1st CHORUS

Would you like to swing on a star

Carry moon beams home in a jar

And be better off than you are

Or would you rather be a mule

1st VERSE

A mule is an animal with long funny ears

He kicks up at anything he hears

His back is brawny and his brain is weak

He's just plain stupid with a stubborn streak

And by the way if you hate to go to school

You may grow up to be a mule.

**CHOIR :**

Would you like to swing on a star

Carry moon beams home in a jar

And be better off than you are

Or would you rather be a fish

2nd VERSE

A fish is Ann... Won't do anything but swim in a brook

He can't write his name or read a book  
To fool the people is his only thought  
And though he's slippery he still gets caught  
But then if that sort of life is what you wish  
You may grow up to be a fish

25AB.

3rd CHORUS

Would you like to swing on a star  
Carry moon beams home in a jar  
And be better off than you are  
Or would you rather be a pig

3rd VERSE

A pig is an animal with dirt on his face  
His shoes are a terrible disgrace  
He's got no manners when he eats his food  
He's fat and lazy and extremely rude  
But if you don't care a feather or a pig  
You may grow up to be a pig

**FINAL CHORUS :**

And all the monkeys in the zoo  
Every day you meet quite a few  
So you see it's all up to you  
You can be better than you are  
You could be swinging on a star  
You could be swinging on a star  
You could be swinging on a star  
You could be swinging on a star  
You could be swinging on a star  
You could be swinging on a star  
You could be swinging on a star

**TOMMY :**

Eddie, let's take it home!

**BOTH :**

You could be swinging on a star!  
25AC.

HAWY/TOMMY

You could be swinging on a star.

**HAWK TOMMY :**

I just got out of jail yesterday You got the horse, right?  
and I'm robbing an auction house. You could be swinging on  
a star.

I didn't want to do it. Let's go.  
All I wanted was a cappuchino. You could be swinging on a  
star.  
I wouldn't even tape a Mets game  
What are you waiting for?  
without the written consent of major  
league baseball. This is all your You could be swinging on a  
star.  
fault Tommy. I'm never going to  
Eddie? Eddie?  
forgive you.  
You could be swinging on a  
star.  
Snap out of it!  
You could be swinging on a  
star.  
Eddie, let's take it home!  
HAWK/TOMMY  
You could be swinging on a star.  
You could be swinging on a star.  
HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 26.

**43 CONTINUED:**

Hawk's soliloquy is cut short as Security Guards One and  
Two crash into the auction auditorium.  
Tommy whips his chair at the floor washer, tipping it  
forward and causing its electrical cord to pull up and  
trip the Guards into a bellyflop.

**HAWK :**

Safe at third!  
Hawk bolts right at the bustling up guards and locks them  
into Tommy's thumbcuffs. He then limbos under their  
connected arms and springs over the outstretched washer  
cord. The Security Guards clumsily turn and re-trip  
themselves.

**TOMMY :**

Let's go out the back way.  
Big Stan suddenly comes through the back way entrance.

**HAWK :**

Keep those ideas coming.  
Hawk and Tommy run toward the auditorium door. They both

do a Gene-Kellyesque-chair-tip-over before simultaneously  
bashing through the

**BIG STAN :**

Get up! You're embarrassing me!

44 INT. HALLWAY 44

With self-conscious Hope/Crosby "We're in trouble now"  
howls, Hawk and Tommy barrel down the hallway toward the  
men's room. Big Stan gives chase.

44A EXT. OUTSIDE LEDGE 44A

Hawk rolls out of the hole in the glass to join Tommy.  
They scurry off and look to the floated divider rope on  
the other roof.

**TOMMY :**

Come on, speed it!

**HAWK :**

I can not tell you how happy I am  
that we covered our tracks.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT 26A.

INT. HALL -NIGHT

**TOMMY :**

What did you do with the skateboard?

INT. ANOTHER HALL

**HAWK :**

Left?

**TOMMY :**

No, straight.

INT. ANOTHER HALL

**TOMMY :**

What are we running for? See how  
fat that guard is?

**HAWK :**

Look who's talking.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/6/90 27.

**44A CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY:**

Hey, I'm not as fat as that guard  
am I.

**HAWK:**

Oh, no, man, you're a reed compared  
to that guard.

--Big Stan is revealed to be stuck in the glass hole.  
However, he is able to raise his GUN and FIRE. Hawk  
and Tommy yelp and scramble to the ledge.  
They look down to the huge auction house awning and trade  
gulps.

**HAWK :**

Come on, Slim Jim.

**HAWK AND TOMMY :**

I got a bad feeling....

**HAWK :**

I can't even swim.

**TOMMY :**

Hell, the fall'll probably kill ya...

**HAWK :**

Let me ask you, how do I look?

Big Stan raises his gun.

Hawk and Tommy jump and AAAGH down the face of the  
building.....

Closer and closer to the awning....

The viewer focuses upon Hawk as he free-falls.....

**CUT TO:**

45 RIGHT INTO A LAZ-Y-BOY CHAIR 45

Hawk continues his "fall" into a ridiculously huge  
reclining chair. The foot stand swooshes out with a  
thump. A HAND pulls away the canvas bag with a cackle.

46 INT. GATES APARTMENT--LATE NIGHT 46

Hawk's weirdly reclining viewpoint makes Gates and his  
pad more grotesque than they are (No small feat.)

A sub-Radio Shack stereo coughs next to a scary punch  
bowl of red, margarita-like substance, beneath the

instantly recognizable framed picture of Those Dogs  
Playing Poker, all atop a Jungle Shag.

(CONTINUED)

28.

**46 CONTINUED:**

Gates, in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt-over-a-KEEP ON  
TRUCKIN'-T-shirt, raises a loud tumbler with one hand,  
the black canvas bag in the other.

**GATES :**

Hudson Hawkins gets the chair of  
honor. How about a Gates-arita?

(toward bowl)

I used real hot dogs.

**HAWK :**

I'll pass.

Suddenly a light is turned on in the corner, revealing a  
seated Cesar and Antony Mario, the latter taking a painful  
Gatesarita sip.

**CESAR :**

Good job, not pretty, but good.

Gates pulls out the horse and looks at it.

**GATES :**

All this trouble for a horsey.

I may not know art, but I know  
what I like.

**HAWK :**

(to Dog picture)

You certainly do.

**GATES :**

So when's that Sebastian-CabotBuckingham-  
Palace-looking-

Butlerhead getting here?

**ALFRED :**

Any minute now, dear Mr. Gates.

A malevolently snobbish British Butler, ALFRED, enters in  
distaste. He makes a stressful glance to three VANITY



FAIRS on a coffeetable that has a photo of a MAGNETIC HUSBAND-WIFE-DOG COMBO with the caption: MAYFLOWER POWER. Hawk notices this.

**GATES :**

Oh, sorry Jeeves. Gates-arita?

**ALFRED :**

I'll pass. May I?

(CONTINUED)

29.

**46 CONTINUED:**

Alfred takes the equestrian model and with a jeweler's loupe, studies it carefully.

**ALFRED:**

Leonardo Da Vinci's last commission for the Duke of Milan. Irreplaceable.

**GATES:**

Hey, Mr. French, I'm delirious for you. Now where's my cut? With dignity, Alfred SMASHES the ancient horse over Gates's head. Alfred rummages through the debris REVEALING a perversely labyrinthine CRYSTAL PIECE. (recognizable from Da Vinci's workshop).

**GATES:**

You son-of-a.....I don't believe this! You cheerio your way into my house! And... Alfred pockets the goodies, but not before Hawk can give them a confused peruse. A blade slides down Alfred's arm. Half-yawning, he... 47 ALFRED'S 180 DEGREE POV 47 spins before Gates and the bystanders behind him. The room's only sound is the stereo's inappropriate music. Gates shrugs but his voice is off.

**GATES :**

Like I said. Where's my cu-u-... Suddenly a line across Gates's neck turns red and blood begins to gush like a tourist attraction. Gates crashes

down upon the table holding the punch bowl and the stereo, sending it to the ground, cutting off the music. The Dog Poker picture falls atop the carnage like a lid. Blown away, Hawk tries to wiggle his way out of the recliner. Alfred wipes off his blade with a handkerchief.

**ALFRED :**

So much for his "cut."

(post-chortle)

Excuse my dry British humor.

(CONTINUED)

30.

**47 CONTINUED:**

**ANTONY :**

You know, I think Gates promised

Hawk a cut, too.

**CESAR:**

(rising)

Lovely work, Alfred, taking the

Concorde back?

**ALFRED :**

Indeed I am, Mr. Mario. I'm really racking up those frequent flyer points...

The Mario brothers cackle out. Hawk tries to flail out of his chair. Alfred turns to him and flicks up his arm. Hawk sees his life pass before his eyes until he realizes Alfred is retracting his blade up into his arm and pulling him up off the chair.

**ALFRED :**

Ta ta, Hudson Hawk.

48 INT. TOMMY'S RESTAURANT--DAWN 48

Hawk bursts into the bar. Tommy sits on a stool, reading the paper.

**HAWK :**

Yo, Stone.

**TOMMY :**

Did I miss anything?

**HAWK :**

Gates blackmails me, you drive up,  
'did I miss anything?' Gates gets  
killed, 'Did I miss anything?'  
You probably went to Mrs. Lincoln  
at Ford's Theatre and asked 'How  
was the show? Did I miss anything?  
You want to get this thing looked  
at.'

**TOMMY :**

Geez, Gates was killed. Who do we  
send the thank you note to?  
Hawk does a combat jump over the bar and begins to fiddle  
with the cappuccino machine.

(CONTINUED)

31.

**48 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

The Butler did it. Guy was a cross  
between Alistair Cook and a Cuisinart.  
Took Mr. Ed humptied dumptied it over  
Gates's head. And gets this, he said  
the horsie was made by, get this,  
Leonardo..

**TOMMY:**

(professorial)

Ah yes, a rare Renaissance piece.  
Da Vinci's "Sforza," an equestrian  
model of a never executed statue.  
I consider it to be the prize of  
tonight's auction of objets  
d'equestrian. Horse things.  
The cappuccino machine sparks. A perplexed Hawk takes  
a couple extra seconds to back off.

**HAWK :**

Okay, you got me, Mr. PBS.

**TOMMY :**

(holding up newspaper)  
Morning edition.

**HAWK :**

Attempted!

**TOMMY :**

Seems two thieves "attempted" to steal it last night, but thanks to three "courageous" guards, it will be ready for tonight.

**HAWK :**

"Attempted." At-tempt-ted! I didn't want to steal the thing in the first place, but I do have my pride. Face it, when it comes to burglary, and sex, I....

Hawk takes the newspaper. There is a picture of the Three Security Guards in a cheery pose behind the "Sforza." Hawk squints to see that Security Guards One and Two are still wearing the thumbcuffs.

**HAWK :**

Uh, this I don't understand...

**TOMMY :**

Forget about it, I mean, why try? Eddie, you know the game, what are you knocking yourself out for?

(CONTINUED)

31A.

**48 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK:**

(hurdling the bar)  
Because I'm tired of not understanding things.

32.

**48 CONTINUED:**

HAWK (CONT'D)

Cops, Mafia, and butlers forcing me to commit a crime which now it appears I didn't commit at all --It's all too fucking peculiar for me. Let me ask you a question. How much does a new tuxedo cost?

**TOMMY :**

You're not thinking of actually going to this... Leave it alone. We got a saloon to run. Together. I'll put back up Captain Bob's steering wheel...

**HAWK :**

How much does a new tuxedo cost?

**TOMMY :**

Okay, you go if you want to go to the auction. But I'll be a son of a bitch if I'm paying for a (buying you a) new tuxedo.

49 INT. RUTHERFORD'S AUCTION HOUSE--NIGHT 49

Dressed in his not-quite-fitting but suave blazer, Hawk enters the now well-lit auction house auditorium (chairs all set out). Bored WORKMEN in coveralls lug equestrian items on to a podium from the familiar freight elevator.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

... fan-taas-tic example of Florentine bronze... Who will start at 140,000? 40,000... 160,000... 180,000... 240,000.

Someone raises their paddle as Hawk passes beneath the hanging horses and finds an aisle seat near the stage.

AN ENCHANTINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN suddenly takes the aisle seat next to him. Hawk inhales some smitten steam as she concentrates on the stage.

**HAWK :**

All these years (of attending auctions) (coming to these auctions), I still get goosebumps. The paintings, the sculptures.... the things that aren't really paintings or sculptures...

**THE WOMAN :**

....the pretentious vultures who don't even look up from their calculators to see what they're buying. Now that gives me goosebumps. Auctions are disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

33.

**49 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

I couldn't agree more. Savages.

The Woman laughs at his gear switch then catches herself.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Lot Fifteen, an equestrian piece attributed to the Cellini school..

Who will start at 250,000...?

50 AUCTION ENTRANCE 50

Big Stan, the hefty guard from the heist, enters the area wearing a blue ribbon.

51 AUCTION AREA 51

Big Stan is walking in back of the seated bidders: An oblivious Hawk in the foreground starts to scan VARIED BIDDER-TYPES, raising their paddles to babble out dollar figures; a GAUDY ROCK STAR and his GLOOMY-CHIC ENTOURAGE, A KING FAROUK-TYPE with a BORED TEENAGE AMERICAN HOOKER, and a scary NORDIC PRINCESS in a monocle and a tiara. THREE STANDING ASSISTANTS frantically man a table of phones set up down before the stage. One raises his arm.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Sold! To the caller from Newfoundland.

A STYLISH FEMALE ASSISTANT takes out an impressive replica of the "Sforza" from the safe behind the podium and brings it to the Auctioneer. The crowd a-a-hs...Hawk laughs and shakes his head.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

And finally, Lot number 17, thought to be lost in the war, and again last night, the Da Vinci "Sforza," the jewel of the sale. Fan-taas-tic...

**HAWK:**

**(re:**

Is looking like a constipated warthog a prerequisite to getting a job in the art world?

**ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER**

There have naturally been questions of its authenticity, so to verify we have Doctor Anna Baragli of the Vatican. Doc?

(CONTINUED)

34.

**51 CONTINUED:**

**ANNA:**

(rising, to Hawk)

Some of us warthogs are more constipated than others.

Hawk uneasily laughs as Anna makes her way up the stage and pulls out a large magnifying glass. A look of distress passes over her face. Hawk closes his eyes in anticipation.

**ANNA:**

(suddenly serene)

Perfection. The Vatican extends its jealousy to the lucky bidder.

**ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER**

We'll begin the bidding at 20 million dollars. To you, sir. 20 point 5. Twenty-one. Your bid madame --twenty-one point 5. Twenty-two. Twenty-two point 5.

Hawk opens his eyes in confusion. He scans Anna coming off the stage, gliding toward the phone table. Hawk floats into the aisle, curling toward her as she picks up a phone and murmurs into it.

**DARWIN MAYFLOWER**

100 million clams (smackers), Waldo!

The crowd orgasms as Vanity Fair cover boy, DARWIN MAYFLOWER works the aisle, playfully mussing up the appreciative, tiaraed Princess's hair, giddily highfiving

the Rock Star, and smooching the Hooker.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

100 million dollars to Mr. Darwin  
Mayflower.

Hawk turns to gaze at the enigmatically familiar figure.

Anna looks up from the phone to do the same. She  
swerves her attention to the back-turned Hawk.

Darwin moves to one of two reserved empty seats as his  
wife, Minerva, makes her entrance par excellahnce. She is  
outrageously dressed with a mammoth Tiffany watch that  
extends from her wrist down to, acting as a leash,  
her obnoxious little dog, BUNNY.

**MINERVA :**

100 million and one. Waldo.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 8/8/90 35.

**51 CONTINUED:**

Darwin, to the crowd's delight, holds his struck heart.

**DARWIN :**

Outbid by my own wench, quelle  
bummere.

**MINERVA :**

Don't hate me, baby... Bunny.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Fan-taas-tic, the bid is at 100  
million and one dollars. Any more bids?

Commencing a slow motion sequence, Big Stan comes out  
of a nearby door, zipping up his fly. He immediately  
scopes Hawk in the space before the stage.

The Mayflowers lower themselves into their seats with  
devoured canary smiles.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Go-ing!

Big Stan pulls out his gun, untheatrically, as not to  
cause a scene. Anna sees this and follows Big Stan's  
eyeline to Hawk.

Hawk turns to re-pursue but stops dead at the sight of  
the gloating Big Stan.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Go-ing!



Big Stan launches a gallop toward Hawk, who spins and veers back round up the aisle.

The Mayflowers zero their sights on the activity.

ECCENTRIC BALD AUCTIONEER

Gone!

The gavel comes down in super slow-motion.

Anna's leg pokes out of the aisle, tripping the guard.

Hawk brakes at the end of the Mayflower's row and smiles in relief, casually turning to Darwin and Minerva.

The gavel continues to come down in super slow-motion.

Both Darwin and Minerva Mayflower suddenly DUCK DOWN.

Smile vanishing, Hawk spins toward the stage.

(CONTINUED)

36.

**51 CONTINUED:**

The Gavel hits.

Breaking out of slow-motion into wide-angle, the entire podium explodes sending debris, equestrian pieces, and eccentric bald pieces searing into the screaming, battered crowd.

Knocked off his feet, Hawk gropes into a standing position. He sees the Mayflowers make a smooth exit. He starts to give chase until he sees a battered Anna rising from the ground.

A hanging unicorn cracks from the damaged ceiling and swooshes down towards Anna.

Hawk bolts upon some auction chairs and makes a flying leap. He slams Anna out of the unicorn's pulverizing path. They weary up off the ground and move down the aisle, calm in a storm of panicked art patrons.

**ANNA:**

My God, that was bold of you,  
you didn't have to do that...

**HAWK:**

It was nothing--anybody would  
have done the same thing-  
It's an impulse...

**ANNA:**

No, I meant you didn't have to  
tackle me and rip my dress.

**HAWK :**

Oh.

Anna touches Hawk's lips and laughs.

**ANNA:**

I was just kidding. Thanks for saving my life, tough guy. Why was that guard chasing you?

**HAWK :**

Because Danger, Doc, is my middle...

(CONTINUED)

37.

**51 CONTINUED:**

Before Hawk can finish, a hanging white tri-star Pegasus out of nowhere hammers him into the ground and the viewer into darkness.

52

&

53

OMITTED 52

&

53

**FADE IN:**

54 INT. VAN-TYPE AMBULANCE--NIGHT 54

Hawk stirs into consciousness strapped on an elevated gurney.

Am I in hell?

**HAWK :**

**CESAR :**

Not quite, but close.

Hawk's eyes focus. The Mario Brothers hover over him.

**ANTONY :**

30 seconds and counting.

**CESAR :**

If you know what we mean.

**ANTONY :**

Couldn't just play along, could you, Eddie.

55 EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE--NIGHT 55

The ambulance careens onto the Brooklyn Bridge.

56 INT. INSIDE THE AMBULANCE 56

Antony raises up a mammoth gun.

**CESAR :**

Pretty classy way of covering our tracks.

**ANTONY :**

That auctioneer should be landing at LaGuardia any minute now.

**CESAR :**

Subtlety's not one of our strong points.

**HAWK :**

Neither's flossing.

(CONTINUED)

37A.

**56 CONTINUED:**

**ANTONY :**

What?

Hawk escapes from one of his straps and launches a nearby trayful of syringes into Antony's face where they ghoulishly quiver.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 8/8/90 38.

**56 CONTINUED:**

Falling Antony fires wild shot, shattering the partition.

57 FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE 57

The Scarfaced Bodyguard/Driver, now in paramedic white, freaks at the starred windshield.

58 THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE 58

The ambulance bumper-pools off some innocent cars.

59 INSIDE THE AMBULANCE 59

Hawk frantically tries to undo his other strap but a

howling Cesar, side-stepping his vibrating-on-the-floor brother, latches onto the back of the gurney and wrenches it backward.

**CESAR :**

Get the f... out of here!

60 OUTSIDE BACK OF AMBULANCE 60

The elevated gurney blasts out the back with a now unstrapped but terrified Hawk whoa-a-ing atop it.

The gurney wheels hit the road, sparking.

A sheet from the gurney, caught on the door, yanks TAUGHT --Hawk is "water skiing" on his stomach atop the elevated gurney!

Screeching cars are weirded out by the new vehicle on the road.

61 THE GURNEY 61

Battered by wind and fear, Hawk clutches to the gurney and the sheet with a grit teeth stoneface.

The sheet is torn from the gurney sending it rocketing off to the side on its own crazed volition.

Hawk skis toward a TOLL BOOTH WITH A LARGE GATE-ARM.

**HAWK :**

Life don't get much better than this.

He then sees he's heading toward an EXACT CHANGE lane.

(CONTINUED)

38A.

60 OUTSIDE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE 60

THE GURNEY FLIES OUT OF THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE, POPS UP.

THE SHEET PULLS TAUT.

SWERVING AMBULANCE DRAGS GURNEY.

PASSES TAXI.

HAWK CATCHES CIGARETTE TOSSED OUT BY FAT LADY.

HAWK PASSES GIRLS IN CONVERTIBLE.

AMBULANCE SWERVES.

CESAR AIMS, FIRES, HITS GURNEY IV BAG.

SHEET BEGINS TO TEAR.

WEAVING IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC.

SHEET RIPS. GURNEY ROLLS FREE. AMBULANCE GETS WAY AHEAD.

HAWK PASSES TAXIS.

HAWK STEERS THROUGH TRAFFIC, PASSES UNDERNEATH "TOLL

PLAZA AHEAD SIGN".  
RIDES OUT OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE AREA.  
EXT. TOLL BOOTH PLAZA  
HAWK REACTS, "TOLL PLAZA!"

**HAWK :**

Toll Plaza!  
Exact change!  
Fuck you, Cesar!  
You know, life doesn't get much  
better than this.  
GURNEY CATCHES UP TO, PASSES AMBULANCE.  
Insert page 1 for Sc.  
Slate 60, Take 1.  
Ho, ho.  
Has this ever happened to  
you?  
Take 2, 3, 4.  
I hate when this happens.  
Slate 60A, Take 1.  
Hey, how fast are we going?  
There's no place like home.  
There's no place like home.  
There's no place like jail.  
Hey, is this the way to JFK?  
Hey, the front right tire is  
a little low.  
Has this ever happened to  
you?  
If this...  
Jail starts to look really  
good.  
Take 2.  
Ooh, menthol.  
This is bad...This  
Girls, hey! Hey, yo!  
How fast are we going?  
It's ok, I'm in pre-med.  
who--oo!  
Slow down, whoa!  
Wonder how my hairs looks?  
Little breezy out here.  
Whoa.  
Hey, how do you make a left

turn signal?  
Oooh, menthol.  
Take 4.  
Just let me get at you Cesar.  
Oooh.  
Taxi! Taxi!  
Oh, that was  
Just let me get my hands on  
you Cesar.  
Taxi!  
You dago wop...I can say  
this, my ancestors were  
Italian.  
Slate 60B  
Never get a cab when you  
want one.  
Hey girls, my name is Eddie  
Hawkins.  
I feel like a pontiac hood  
ornament.  
Girls, girls.  
My name is Eddie Hawkins.  
No, I'm not a Doctor.  
Insert page 2 for Scene 60  
Slate 60C  
No, no, I don't think that  
I'm going to be out here  
all night.  
What's your name?  
This is a brand new tuxedo!  
Now my pants are all wet.  
No, no.  
Really, this is just not...  
Slate 60D  
Oh, this is becoming a very  
special night.  
Slate 60E  
Hi.  
This is the third time this  
has happened to me today.  
I know, I know, it looks  
pretty dangerous, but it's  
environmentally sound and  
it gets great gas mileage.

It's ok, I'm a qualified  
medical technician.

Do you take last requests?

Yeah, don't you hate these  
renta cars.

Great tits.

Slate 60E, Take 3.

Uh, oh.

Hi.

Girls, girls, can I ask you  
a question?

How do I look?

Whoa!

Nice wheels, huh?

I know, I know, it looks  
pretty dangerous but it's  
environmentally sound and  
it gets great gas mileage.

??

Slate 60F

Uh oh. Oh my god

Oh my god, no

Slate 60H, Take 1.

Hey, hey, can you just like  
...come here

Taxi!

Listen, just slow down...

just slow down

Listen, Hi, How ya doing?

Hey, got change for a dollar?

Oh, no, oh no...

Take 2

(hopping on and off)

Take 3

(hopping on and off)

Insert page 1 for Scene 61

Slate 61, Take 2.

What are you laughing at?

Slate 61A, Take 1.

Oh, no.

Hey look out!

Coming through.

What the fuck are you  
looking at?

Hey! 1-800 Going to Die  
You look like somebody I  
know.  
Toll Plaza!  
Oh, shit.  
Take 2.  
Oh, shit.  
What the fuck are you  
laughing at?  
You're right(?)  
How'm I doing?  
1-800-I'm going to die.  
What?  
Toll booth!  
Slate 61J -Girls in convertible.

**LISA :**

Hey, is this a fraternity thing?  
Trying to get in a fraternity?  
You're cute. Are you going to die?  
No, but I'll try anything once.  
Are you pre-med?  
Too bad, I only date lawyers.  
HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/23/90 39.

**61 CONTINUED:**

Whizzing wildly forward on the gurney, Hawk scrambles  
into his pocket and wiggles out some change. He frantically  
winnows out some pennies and then maniacally  
FLINGS the change from twenty feet away.

62 TOLL BOOTH 62

The change ker-chunks into the basket and Hawk and the  
gurney JUST BARELY streak underneath the rising Gate-arm.

63 EXT. THE AMBULANCE 63

CRASHES through a gate-arm of another lane. Hawk and the  
still-wildly whooshing gurney cut it off.

64 FRONT SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE 64

Cesar pops his head through the partition.

**CESAR :**

Turn him into Roadkill!

Antony, seemingly oblivious to the syringes porcupined in  
his skull, pokes his head next to Cesar's.



**ANTONY :**

Yeah, run him down!

Cesar and the Bodyguard/Driver turn to Antony and scream, then all three look out the windshield and scream.

65 THE AMBULANCE 65

jackknives over a stopped car and somersaults into a fiery ball.

In the foreground, Hawk's gurney coasts down

66 A PEACEFUL OFF-ROAD 66

Hawk, with an unchanged expression of pure white knuckle fear, comes to a tranquil gurney-wheels-gently-squeaking stop, beneath an underpass bridge.

Lit by the flames of the ambulance crash, a sneering young man in wire rim glasses emerges from the darkness, carrying a steel suitcase. He kneels before Hawk and opens the suitcase revealing a complex computer apparatus. He begins mumbling into a cellular phone.

Hawk opens his mouth to speak when a malevolent, SILENT DEADPAN WRAITH eerily glides down a wire from the bridge. Both agents are dressed in outfits that seem to be a melange of fascist uniform and haute couture.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/23/90 40.

**66 CONTINUED:**

On the fingers of one Wraith hand is carved the word HATE. On the other hand is the word FROG. The Frog Hand hands a befuddled Hawk a card. It reads: MY NAME IS KIT KAT AND THIS IS NOT A DREAM.

Hawk looks up with a "huh" expression as Kit Kat chops his neck, knocking him off the gurney.

The sneering computer guy hangs up his phone and pulls forward a small designer cattle prod from his apparatus.

**HAWK:**

This is turning out to be a very bad night.

**SNICKERS:**

When it rains, it pours. Name's Snickers. The plane leaves in 40.

Snickers zaps Hawk in the leg with his strange-noised device. Hawk a-a-ghs into a fetal position. Snickers returns to his suitcase and is passed by a PLEASANT YOUNG

BLACK WOMAN in the "outfit."

**ALMOND JOY:**

Almond Joy. I know, it's silly. But it's better than when we first started out, our code names were Diseases. Do you know what it's like being called Clymidia for a year.

(walking)

Whoops, forgot....

She deftly kicks the rising up Hawk across the face, flip-flopping him onto his back. A nearby portable potty booth slams open, revealing the biggest member of the group. He fe-fi-fo-fums out and slams the door. The back of his coat catches in the slammed door. He obliviously moves forward, dragging the potty forward. He stops with a confused expression, then continues moving forward with the lavatory.

He then quickly turns, tipping the big potty onto himself.

The other agents shake their heads.

BUTTERFINGER (poking his head out)

My name's Butterfinger.

**HAWK :**

No shit. (really)

Rumbling up, Butterfinger effortlessly picks up and props up Hawk on the gurney. The mysterious group parts to reveal a much more mature and cynically subdued man dressed in big lapels and a hat.

**KAPLAN :**

Don't you just hate kids...

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/23/90 41.

**66 CONTINUED:**

**ALMOND JOY :**

George, you promised. No Old CIA/  
New CIA jokes...

**KAPLAN :**

I call them the MTV.I.A. Punks  
They think Bay of Pigs is an herbal  
tea. And that the Cold War involves

penguins and...

**HAWK :**

Don't I know you...

**KAPLAN :**

You just might. The last time you saw me, I was bald, had a beard, no moustache, and I had a different nose, so if you don't recognize me, I won't be offended. I'm the guy who tricked you into robbing the government installation and had you sent to prison for it.

**HAWK :**

(sinking in)

George Kaplan...George Kaplan!

Hawk explodes upward. Everyone but cool Kaplan draws a gun.

**HAWK :**

But I'm not the type of guy to hold a grudge.

**KAPLAN :**

I used you as a diversion. While you were getting captured upstairs, I was shredding documents in the basement. Deep down, I guess I was just jealous. You were one incredible thief...

**HAWK :**

To what do I owe the dishonor of a reunion?

As Kaplan lobs an arm around Hawk and converses, Snickers and Butterfinger bring out a mammoth empty suitcase and open it behind Hawk.

**KAPLAN:**

(conscience)

I want to make things up to you, Kid. That's why I got you this gig.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 7/23/90 42.

**66 CONTINUED:**

KAPLAN (CONT'D)

And to quote the late, great Karen Carpenter, "We've only just begun."

**HAWK :**

Three minutes, four seconds. You know, Georgie, maybe nobody told you, I quit stealing.

Hush.

**KAPLAN :**

My employer wants a meeting.  
Employer?

**HAWK :**

The president?

**KAPLAN :**

No, somebody powerful.  
What's that?  
Good God,

**HAWK :**

George, you don't expect me to fall for that gag?  
Shucks.

**KAPLAN :**

Guess not.  
Now?

**ALMOND JOY :**

Yes, now.

**KAPLAN :**

67 INT. MYSTERIOUS BARE ROOM 67

Hawk slowly hatches out of the suitcase on an exotic couch. He has been put in an aggressively fashionable Italian outfit. He eyes and touches his new duds with

complete bafflement. He then stumbles into a standing position to, mouth gaping, take in a wondrous 360 degree view of Rome, Italy as "O Solo Mio" blares on the soundtrack.

No. Way.

**HAWK :**

Hawk's spinning view and the music on the soundtrack slam to a halt as he zeroes in on the sight of Scary Butler Alfred elegantly reaching the top of the staircase.

**ALFRED :**

Welcome to Rome, sir.

Yes way.

**HAWK:**

43.

68 EXT. OUTSIDE INTERESTING BUILDING--DAY 68

Alfred opens the back door of an omnipotent, Mayflowerlogoed LIMOUSINE. The car moves off as Hawk slides in...

69 INT. THE BACK SEAT OF THE MAX-TECH LIMOUSINE 69

facing Darwin Mayflower who is blustering into the cellular.

While he talks, Darwin shakes Hawk's bewildered hand, then holding up one finger in a "be with you in a sec" facial move.

**DARWIN:**

Listen, for those kind of wages, I could have built the factory in America! They're Vietnamese, but don't they know they're Vietnamese, I mean, can't we just give them more Bart Simpson shirts? I hear depressing news like this and I want to commit genocide!

(slamming phone)

Alfred, hold my calls. So, Hawk! The Hawkster! What do you think of the vehicle?

**HAWK:**

You could host American Bandstand

in here. Why did you duck at the auction, asshole?

**DARWIN:**

Because I didn't want to get hurt, taterhead.

A FAX MACHINE comes to life as Darwin babbles.

**DARWIN:**

What can I tell you, I'm the villain. Initially it was a priority to keep a lot of buffers between you and me, but since most of them are dead now, I thought what the heck. Hawk, you come highly recommended. I would have done some things differently at the auction house, but hey, I want to be in business with you.

Darwin scans the Fax message with annoyance, and then shoves it into a violent paper shredder.

70 OUTSIDE THE LIMO SHREDDER 70

Shredded paper litters out of a vent on the outside door.  
44.

71 INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE 71

A simmering Hawk tries to explode but the phone rings.

**HAWK :**

My life is not some deal. I...

ALFRED (O.S.)

It's Boston, Mr. Mayflower.

**DARWIN:**

I'm sorry, I have to take this.

Those are valid points though...

Darwin picks up the phone and goes Mr. Hyde, while giving Hawk "Can you believe this guy"-type gestures.

**DARWIN:**

You better have a good excuse...

You better have a better excuse!

You are so weak! I'm only grateful your ancestors didn't settle America or I'd have to

change my name to Running Brave  
or Vomiting Antelope...Really.  
Well, listen close, Daddio...  
Darwin holds the phone over a 50 cent piece-size siren in  
his armrest. Darwin presses a button and a PIERCING  
NOISE fills the car as it comes to a stop.  
Darwin bolts out. Hawk hangs back, waiting for Rod  
Serling to explain things, then bolts out too.  
72 EXT. E.U.R. DISTRICT BUILDING--DAY 72  
Hawk and Darwin head up the steps of an Overpowering  
fascistly marble superstructure. Alfred brings up the  
rear.

**DARWIN:**

Come along. So Hawkie, I won't  
mince words...

**HAWK:**

Whatever. You own Boardwalk, you  
own Park Place, you own the four  
railroads. You think you're God.  
For all I know, you're probably  
right. All I wanted was to have a  
damn cappuccino, maybe play some  
Nintendo as soon as I find out what  
it is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45.

**72 CONTINUED:**

HAWK (CONT'D)

Man, why didn't you just buy the  
horse? What am I saying, you  
did buy it...

**DARWIN:**

Oh....Let me see. There are  
organizations that think we wanted  
the "Sforza" for reasons other  
than putting it in the Da Vinci  
museum we're building in Vinci.  
Hopefully, these organizations  
think our plan has been ruined

with the explosion of our replica.  
If I seem vague, grand. We want a  
low profile on this, that's why I  
got Kaplan and the Candy bars  
involved. I helped George help  
the Mario Brothers and Gates help  
get you out....

**HAWK:**

Wait a minute! You got me in jail?  
You want to tell me what the crystal  
piece inside the pony means?

**DARWIN:**

Way to go, Alfie! How many people  
did you break that thing in front  
of. Good help's hard to find.

**HAWK :**

I'm going to take that as a no.  
73 INT. MASSIVE CONFERENCE ROOM--DAY 73  
A mind-blowingly pretentious painting of Darwin, Minerva,  
and Bunny hangs above a mammoth M-shaped conference table.  
Lying atop the table in heels, shades, and a heart-  
stopping dark outfit is Minerva. NASTY Metal riffs semi-  
audibly spew from a headset she wears.  
Surrounding the table is a VARIED GROUP OF OLD MONEY AND  
NEW MONEY BOARD MEMBERS ranging from a nine year old  
INDIAN PRINCE to a SWEET ELDERLY AMERICAN WOMAN. They  
converse to the person at their side in businesslike  
tones, oblivious to Minerva.

**DARWIN :**

Ladies and gentlemen of the board...  
(CONTINUED)  
46.

**73 CONTINUED:**

The board members go into tableau silence. Minerva continues  
a brief sing-a-long before Darwin scolds...

**DARWIN:**

Let's give it up for Hudson Hawk.  
Minerva!



The board applauds as Alfred pushes Hawk inside.

**MINERVA :**

Hello.....Bunny, Ball-Ball!

Minerva lobs a ball in the air. Bunny, the annoying dog, scurries beside Hawk to catch it.

Moving down toward the other end of the table, Hawk takes in the surreal surroundings with battle fatigue. He sees ONE BOARD MEMBER take a luxurious sip of cappuccino.

Minerva paces up upon the table.

**DARWIN:**

Hawkasaurus we got you clothes, great hotel, and a 250,000 lira per diem.

**MINERVA:**

That's two hundred dollars a day?

So he can get a hooker and some tequila. Veto, Darwin.

**HAWK:**

Guess I know who wears the penis in this family.

**MINERVA:**

(jumping off table)

For God's sake, chain this convict.

With a yawn, Alfred pulls out a pair of state-of-the-art handcuffs.

Hawk kicks out at Alfred, who nimbly moves slightly and gives a pummel to Hawk's body somersaulting him over the edge of the table, into an empty seat.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK HUDSON -Rev. 8/8/90 47.

**73 CONTINUED:**

The Board Members politely applaud. Alfred pulls Hawk's hands around his back and latches some state-of-the-art handcuffs. Bunny intensely sniffs his crotch.

**MINERVA :**

We want Da Vinci's sketchbook,

what do they call it, the Codex.

**DARWIN :**

Listen Hawk, this might be difficult to believe, but I'm a regular joe who wants to be happy. Happiness comes from the achieving of goals and when you make your first billion by the age of 19, it's hard to keep coming up with new ones. But now finally I got myself a new goal. World domination and with your help we can... Bunny... quit that!

**MINERVA :**

Bunny, ball-ball! Bad bunny!

**HAWK :**

Think he's already got today's ball-balls.

**MINERVA :**

Bad Bunny.

**HAWK :**

You weren't that bad, Bunny. But seriously, do me a favor and Concorde me back to prison. I don't care anymore.

**MINERVA :**

You go back, you won't be alone. You'll have a guinea barkeep cellmate. You're still young enough to have fun shanking child molesters for a pack of smokes, but "Tommy 5-Tone" will go in knowing that the next time he gets out it'll be to attend his own funeral. Depressing.

**HAWK :**

You wouldn't risk the dime to call

the police. You have no proof.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK HUDSON -Rev. 8/8/90 48.

**73 CONTINUED:**

**DARWIN :**

Ah, the magic word...

Alfred plants a slide machine on the table and Darwin starts clicking gorgeous images of Hawk and Tommy robbing the auction house, on a bare wall.

The Board members gush. The Elderly Woman gives a thumbs-up.

**DARWIN:**

It's veja du, Hawkhead. Something you wish never did happen. We shot the entire operation with hidden cameras behind the hidden cameras.

Hired the guy who did the last Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issue.

Excellent work....whoops, damn Fotomat assholes...

A slide hits the wall of himself in painfully tight, nippleless bra and panties, with Minerva in malevolently macho black leather and with Alfred stoically grappling a mammoth spiked paddle.

Hawk looks away and sees that the Board members have an annual Report-type booklet in front of them that reads-THE DA VINCI/ALCHEMY PROJECT.

Minerva leans over in front of him.

**MINERVA:**

My man, you're going to hit a church.

**CUT TO:**

74 EXT. A MASSIVE WIDE SHOT OF ST. PETER'S--DAY 74

The Vatican stands in its glory, mobbed by HUNDREDS OF LOCALS AND SIGHTSEERS. The viewer's viewpoint zeroes in on the Mayflower limousine circling around it.

75 INT. THE LIMOUSINE 75

Hawk looks out from the back seat of the limousine in stylish Italian sunglasses.

**HAWK:**

The Vatican. I can't believe I'm robbing the Vatican. The nuns at St. Agnes predicted that I'd end up doing this...

(CONTINUED)

49.

**75 CONTINUED:**

Two identical Twin Flunkies sit across from him, grinning stupidly. Hawk pushes up his sunglasses with his middle finger.

76 INT. STAIRWELL 76

Mentally casing the joint, Hawk gets some distance between him and the flunkies as he enters into a room that has a glorious, ancient Map of the World Mural.

77 INT. MAP ROOM 77

Hawk makes a scribble in a notepad before coming to a Vatican guard, standing before a painting of a Pope performing a Coronation.

**HAWK :**

Hey man.

**GUARD :**

Buon giorno.

**HAWK:**

Yeah, boun giorno, I'm being blackmailed into robbing the Vatican by a psychotic American corporation and the CIA...

**VATICAN GUARD:**

"You're being"....uh, I don't, uh...

A jaded Hawk laughs and pats the cop on the back.

**HAWK:**

You don't speak English? You know, you have very beautiful eyes for a man.

78 INT. ENTRANCE CASSETTE ROOM -PHONE 78

Hawk comes out onto a circular open-air hallway. He scans up to some rooftops and makes a note...until he sees a line of International Phone Boothettes. Checking for Flunkies, he rips one up.

**HAWK :**

Operator, yes, I'm having a wonderful buon giorno. I want to make a collect call to Tommy 5-Tone Messina, that's right, in New York. Stock broker.

The Flunkies drift into view. Hawk hangs up and seethes off.

49A.

79 INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO CODEX ROOM 79

Hawk saunters down a long resplendent hallway toward a room at the end bustling with excitement. Coming to the mouth of the room, he looks to two gold framed mirrors on either side of the opening, rubs his head, and scribbles.  
50.

80 INSIDE THE CODEX ROOM 80

Hawk takes in the majestic beauty, and practical details, of the room--windows, statues, a Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture--as he moves down one of the twin winding staircases leading to a path of people behind velvet ropes and the object of their gaze...

81 THE DA VINCI CODEX 81

--an old book enclosed in a glass case, propped open to the familiar BEAUTIFUL DRAWING of a MAN inside a CIRCLE.

**ANNA :**

Here we enter the Da Vinci room.

Are we all following? Leonardo is best known to us as a painter. But it is his gift as an inventor who drew together science and art that is most incredible.

Hawk brightens to the return of Anna, carrying a portfolio bag, striding down the stairs with a group of INVESTORS AND FAMILIES. She brightens back, giving him a quick verbal breath and a hand squeeze.

**ANNA :**

Tough guy. What are you--(How's your head.) What are you doing here?

**HAWK:**

(vegetable)

Yes, and my giraffe loves it,  
too... (I heard it was a great place  
to pick up girls.)  
She laughs, going into her public voice.

**ANNA :**

As you know, the Da Vinci Codex,  
has lived in the Vatican for  
centuries and will continue to  
live here for centuries more.

**HAWK :**

(under his breath)

That's what you theenk.

**ANNA :**

Question, sir?....His untiring pen  
predicted the airplane, the  
submarine, the bicycle, the  
helicopter, and even the tank.

A LITTLE BRAT trailing the group, moves next to Hawk,  
bitching away to her STUFFED ELEPHANT, POKEY.

(CONTINUED)

51.

**81 CONTINUED:**

**LITTLE BRAT:**

This is so bor-ing! Do you hate  
Italy as much as I do, Pokey?  
(bad ventriloquism)  
Si, senor! Italy sucks the big  
one! Why can't we go to the Epcot  
Center!

The Little Brat stops and lets Pokey the elephant dangle  
from her side. Hawk eyes the elephant strangely.

**ANNA:**

These more dangerous designs  
inspired him to develop a secret  
code that uh...

The stuffed elephant suddenly goes flying over Anna's head.

The ALARM goes off. The Massive Ornate Lighting Fixture swoops down from the ceiling, inverting in air, and slams down over the Codex, transformed into a makeshift cage. Strange green gas comes billowing out of the vents. Needless to say, everyone goes crazy.

Coughing gas, Hawk peeks to see that a line of light sensor alarms imbedded in the tablets are what set the alarm off.

Two GAS MASKS drop airlinesquely from the mouth of the entranceway and TWO RACING-IN GUARDS wrangle them on. The Little Brat sees that Pokey the stuffed elephant has been beheaded by the cage/lamp. She is pulled away and spanked.

**LITTLE BRAT :**

Pokey, come back!

Anna yanks a notetaking Hawk away as the gas blusters in around him. The Two Flunkies, eyes on Hawk, are haplessly making their way up the opposite staircase.

**ANNA:**

Come on, this stuff will knock you out. Have you ever had the feeling you were being followed, Mr. Bond.

**HAWK :**

Never, why do you ask?

Reaching the top of the stairs, just outside the door, Anna briskly pulls Hawk into a PIECE OF WALL THAT IS REALLY A DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

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**81 CONTINUED:**

The wall closes as the Flunkies come flying out, baffled.

82 INT. CIRCULAR STAIRCASE 82

Hawk, mucho impressed, and Anna move down a tight, dark circular staircase.

**ANNA:**

Are you going to tell me why you did that back there or are you

going to blame it on Dumbo?

**HAWK:**

Oh, you mean Pokey, could you believe that crazy elephant?

Anna shakes her head as she opens a door into...

83 INT. A LITTLE UNDERGROUND SUBWAY--DAY 83

A four foot high mail train rumbles down the track of a mini-underground station. Workers latch onto mail bags. Hawk and Anna emerge from a small door.

**HAWK :**

The Vatican IRT.

**ANNA:**

The Pope takes his mail very seriously. Christmas cards, Easter seals, delivers up to ten at night. It's actually not such an unusual set-up. The secret passageway on the other hand... Are you going to tell me why you did that, or are you going to blame it on Dumbo?

**HAWK:**

Oh, you mean Pokey. Could you believe that crazy elephant? The Vatican is made of constant mysteries meant to be enjoyed, not explained.

**ANNA:**

Nice. But right out of our brochure.

(CONTINUED)

53.

**83 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Oh, you read that.

**ANNA :**

Actually I wrote it. It's a good



sentence. It can apply to people.

**HAWK :**

You're somewhat of a unmysterious  
thang yourself.

**ANNA :**

I don't steal stuffed elephants  
from little girls.

(smoothing his  
jacket)

My life's a little boring...

**HAWK :**

Yeah, mine too. Want to have some  
dinner with me tonight? A nice  
dull boring dinner. Scrabble,  
Knock-knock jokes, anecdotes about  
famous dead Italians....

**ANNA :**

I'll bring my entire repertoire...

The Two Flunkies stumble into the station, looking around.  
Anna and Hawk crouch down.

**HAWK :**

And I'll bring my entourage...

**ANNA :**

Secret passageways don't mean as  
much as they used to. There's  
a place two blocks east of here.

**Enzo's. Say 10:**

**HAWK:**

**10:**

out of there.

Hawk and Anna peck each other with a smile. He crawls  
out an exit door. As he leaves, Anna's smile disappears.  
She pulls out a rosary and gives herself a self-scolding  
bang on the head. She then darts to a large crucifix  
and looks up.

**ANNA :**

Father, it's obvious. He's up to something.

(CONTINUED)

54.

**83 CONTINUED:**

Suddenly a speaker in Jesus's mouth gently crackles.

JESUS (Italian)

Report downstairs at once.

**ANNA :**

Yes, sir.

A84 INT. CATACOMBLIKE AREA A84

A CARDINAL paces in an enigmatic Vatican area. Anna clacks up to him.

**CARDINAL :**

Did he mention the Mayflowers?

**ANNA :**

No, your Eminence. He's definitely going to steal the Codex. I can feel it, I'm not sure when...

**CARDINAL :**

Attempt, to steal you mean. The vanity of this man, Hudson Hawk. The Vatican has foiled the advances of Pirates and Terrorists. We will not lie down for some schmuck from New Jersey. Must you flirt with him so effectively?

**ANNA :**

That's the only way. A wise woman once said "Polite conversation is rarely either."

**CARDINAL:**

(chuckling)

Let me be the one to quote Scripture. ...As an agent of

our organization, you are put in awkward situations. Just remember, Hudson Hawk is an evil, evil man.

**ANNA :**

(unconvinced)

Yeah. The big E.

84 EXT. NAVONA PIAZZA--DAY 84

The evil Hawk clumsily strides around a fountain, looking off in all directions, soft-shoes past some sedate painters and swings into...

55.

85 INT. A BIG QUIRKY PHONE BOOTH 85

Hawk grabs up the phone and dials....

**HAWK:**

Yes, hello, operator. I'd like to make a long distance collect call to New York number... 212 555-1898.

The Mayflower limousine creeps to the edge of the piazza, behind an oblivious Hawk.

**HAWK:**

What? Yeah, it's Italy, honey. I can barely hear you too. You sound like you're under a volcano. What? Yes. Thank you. Buon Giorno to you.

Hawk turns, putting a finger in his ear. Seeing the limo, he FREAKS and balls himself into a corner.

**HAWK:**

Come on, Tommy, pick up, you Reindeer goat cheese-eating motherfucker.

86 INT. TOMMY'S RESTAURANT--NIGHT 86

It is late night in New York. A phone rings atop the bar of Tommy's restaurant with no one in sight.

87 INT. PIAZZA--DAY 87

Hawk pokes his head to see a Darwin and Minerva (holding Bunny) emerge from the limousine. As he turns his concentration back to the phone, TOMMY HIMSELF flows out from a building to cheerfully speak with Darwin and Minerva and get licked by Bunny, before they all pile into the limo.

**HAWK :**

Tom-my, Tom-my, come on Tommy.

Hawk slams down the phone and turns to see the limousine pull off.

Hawk angrily bursts from the door and is painfully CLOTHESLINED by agent Butterfinger, who is dressed as a mailman.

Crumpled on the ground, Hawk kicks out with his foot, into Butterfinger's stomach, doubling him. Hawk then grabs him by the head and rams into the glass of the booth.

Hawk rotates off for an escape...but the rest of the CIA crew cuts him off holding barely concealed guns; Snickers dressed as a maitre 'd, Almond Joy as a Bermuda-short tourist, and Kaplan in his usual emsemble.

(CONTINUED)

56.

**87 CONTINUED:**

Kit Kat is dressed exactly like Hawk, right down to a bloody lip. Hawk gives him a double take.

**KAPLAN :**

Hawk, Hawk, Hawk. Enjoying Italy?

I always had a soft spot for Rome.

Did my first barehanded strangulation here. Communist politician.

**HAWK :**

Why George, you old softie...

**KAPLAN :**

God, I miss communism. The Red Threat. People were scared, the Agency had respect, and I got laid every night.

A humiliated Butterfinger comes waddling out, holding the phone. Kaplan rolls his eyes.

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Sorry, coach...

**KAPLAN:**

(shaking his head)

If his father wasn't the head of

... Shit, I hate this, the government's got me farmed out, working for the Mayflower corporation now, money beats politics. War isn't Hell anymore, it's Dull. Don't slaughter their men and pillage their women, just steal their microchips.

**HAWK :**

You know George, if you weren't the slimiest pinata of shit that ever lived, I'd feel sorry for you.

**KAPLAN :**

Well, thank you.

**SNICKERS :**

Good news, bud, the Mayflowers have moved up the time-table. You're hitting the Vatican to-night.

**HAWK :**

Tonight? You're whacked. The timing's off, I'm underequipped  
.....Damnit, I have a date!  
Almond Joy smoothly extracts Hawk's notebook and reads...

(CONTINUED)

57.

**87 CONTINUED:**

**ALMOND JOY :**

Grapple, Biker's bottle, hairspray, jumper cables, Pocket Fisherman, acid, collapsible yardstick, softball, 100 stamps, and a large bottle of olive oil. Gee Stud, this is going to be some date. No Harvey's Bristol Cream?

**KAPLAN :**

Snickers, make the list happen. Oh and it's one thing to play hide and seek with the Mayflower's pathetic

staff, but we're sore losers. I've put jumper cables on the nipples of children and not always in the line of duty.

**HAWK :**

Thanks for sharing.

**KAPLAN :**

We blow up space shuttles for breakfast. You and your friend Tommy would be a late afternoon Triscuit.

**HAWK :**

Look jerkoff, you fuck with my friend, I'll kick all your asses.

**KAPLAN :**

Yeah, right. By the way, as long as I'm getting things off my chest, I'm the one who killed your little monkey. Made it look like a Mafia hit. Sorry. Ciao. I did it just for fun.

Kaplan and the crew quickly disperse in different directions as Hawk howls in frustration. Kit Kat moves behind Hawk and perfectly mimics him.

**HAWK :**

What did you have against Little Eddie, motherfucker? He was just a monkey who liked to laugh.

Come back without your yuppie army. I'll triscuit you, you space shuttle eating...Shit.!

Without looking, Hawk elbows the mimic Kit Kat in the face. Kit Kat gives Hawk a strange smile and hands him a card that reads: BEWARE THE BLUE WIRE.

Hawk looks up from the card. Kit Kat is gone, but Butterfinger scampers in his place.

(CONTINUED)

58.

**87 CONTINUED:**

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Hey, Mr. Hawk, I got your stamps!

Good, Yogi...

**HAWK :**

Sighing, Hawk takes the huge sheath of stamps.

88

&

89

OMITTED 88

&

89

90 EXT. INDOOR TRAIN TRACK 90

One of the small Vatican mail trains bullets across an indoor track. The viewer's viewpoint whooshes to catch up, focusing on a very large package, addressed to the Pope, that has Hawk's sheath of stamps slapped onto it. The train zips into a tunnel.

91 INT. THE VATICAN UNDERGROUND SUBWAY 91

The train rumbles into the Vatican mini-station. TWO HARRIED WORKERS heave up the strange cargo onto a sorting table.

A bell rings as a clock hits 10. The workers do a sigh of relief. Shucking off their uniforms, they head out. A hand rips out of the huge package.

92 INT. OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM--NIGHT 92

Hawk pops out of the secret passageway door and moves to the mouth of the doorless Codex room. He pauses to hand-comb his hair in the two large, framed mirrors at the sides.

93 THE CODEX ROOM 93

Carrying the now frameless mirrors in each hand, Hawk hustles to the top of the steps and suddenly stops.

(CONTINUED)

59.

**93 CONTINUED:**

Hawk bounds down every other one of the steps down to where the Codex is bathed in a holy light.

He hefts up the two now frameless mirrors and puts them each in a groove of a collapsible yardstick running across the top. The parallel mirrors now face out from each other. Hawk sprays a blast of Clairol to reveal the light sensor beams, and then with a deep breath, he

thrusts the mirrors into the beams.

The light bounces harmlessly off the mirrors and Hawk exhales. He balances the connected mirrors then crawls through his tent-like passageway.

Hawk squirts acid from a biker's bottle on the cracks of the rectangular glass case that holds the Codex. The acid sizzles.

94 INT. VATICAN LIBRARY HALLWAY--NIGHT 94

A BURLY GUARD thoughtfully stares at a painting, fingers propping his chin like a critic then continues ambling on.

95 THE CODEX ROOM 95

Rubbing his head, Hawk gives an excited smile as the glass cracks of the rectangular case loosen. Hawk pulls out a pocket fisherman....

**HAWK:**

Kit Kat, how did you know about that blue wire?

The Burly Guard is coming down the hall.

96 OUTSIDE THE CODEX ROOM 96

Burly Guard approaches the outskirts of the Codex room. He combs his hair into the piece of wall in the now empty mirror frame then REALIZES.

Muttering Italian into his walkie-talkie, Burly Guard rushes into the room and looks down to the sensor deflecting mirrors.

Burly Guard approaches the Codex and sees the dripping acid. He also notices a fishing hook attached to the binding of the Codex. The fishing wire leads out of the glass case. The Guard reaches to touch it when suddenly the wire is pulled tightly upward by a moving-out-from-behind-the-statue Hawk.

(CONTINUED)

60.

**96 CONTINUED:**

The Codex FLIES off its perch, setting off the ALARM and sending the bizarre cage/lamp CRASHING DOWN and AROUND the hapless Burly Guard. The green gas commences its noxious billowing as the Codex swooshes into Hawk's hands. He then hurls a softball, smashing a window on the other side of the room.

The familiar Vatican Guard and a Guard Three barrel down into the mouth of the codex room. Only One



Gas Mask drops from the doorway. The Vatican Guard pulls it on and gives a "That's Life" shrug of shoulders to the fainting Guard three.

Hawk puts on the missing gas mask and launches a grapple around the ceiling cord of the dropped Ornate Lighting Fixture. Hawk then Tarzans from one staircase to another. He then ungrapples and heads toward the shattered window.

97 EXT. THE ROOF 97

Hawk flings off his gas mask and begins a classical skipping-across-the-rooftop jaunt. Suddenly a brick on the slightly slanted roof gives way and Hawk FALLS. His canvas bag goes skipping down across the roof, landing against the antennae.

98 INT. THE POPE'S BEDROOM 98

A T.V. showing Mr. Ed. speaking to Wilbur in Italian goes Fuzzy. THE POPE, wearing his famous hat and a Notre Dame bathrobe angrily bangs on it.

99 EXT. THE ROOF 99

Hawk harvests his grapple on the level part of the roof and slides down toward the dangling-off-the-antennae bag. The Vatican Guard pops out of the window and fires a warning shot.

Hawk stretches to the bag. His fingers touch as the Guard continues to bound forward.

**HAWK:**

Maybe I'll be lucky and he'll shoot me.

Hawk pulls up the bag and turns himself to see Vatican Guard hovering over him on the roof.

(CONTINUED)

61.

**99 CONTINUED:**

**VATICAN GUARD:**

The worm's on the other foot, yankee noodle candy.

Hawk sees the Vatican Guard's foot move toward the grapple. Hawk ferociously tugs, ripping the Guard off-balance and knocking down a side of the roof.

100 EXT. TOP OF A NEARBY WALL 100

Hawk dashes atop a nearby wall and hurls his grapple

across a road around a tree branch. Hawk ties the end of grapple line, tosses on a friction belt, takes a breath and JUMPS OFF THE WALL.

Rising up, over the roof, the Vatican Guard aims a gun at Hawk's sliding away back.

Suddenly, Tommy, in black-cat burglar gear, backhands the guard across the face, sending him back down the roof.

The gun, bouncing down the front of the roof, goes off...

101 HAWK 101

is almost to the other side when the gun's bullet hits the friction belt. Hawk drops with a wild scream...

and lands with a painful straddle atop a street lamppost.

His eyes bug out with the thought of a life without children. He slowly spins off the lamppost and sails down upon...

102 EXT. A BUS 102

and the comfortable luggage housed on top of it. Hawk tries to maintain his balance upon the wobbling baggage, but the bus makes a quick turn and Hawk goes flying off...

103 EXT. RIGHT INTO A CAFE CHAIR--NIGHT 103

Panting and discombobulated, Hawk looks across the table to the female hands holding open a menu. The menu comes down. It is Anna. Hawk unpretzels and laps his canvas bag.

**ANNA:**

Oh I was worried you weren't going to drop by....

**HAWK:**

Am I late? You look really nice.

Did I say really nice?...

(CONTINUED)

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**103 CONTINUED:**

What?

**HANK :**

**WAITER :**

I am the Waiter, sir.

Hawk does the honor sign with his black gloved hand then quickly rips it off as a WAITER comes to the table.

**HAWK :**

Very nice. Fettucini con Funghi  
Porcini, prego.

**WAITER :**

Bellissimo, signor.

**HAWK :**

Oh, and bring me a bottle of  
ketchup with that too, will you?

**ANNA :**

You heard him.

104 EXT. ANOTHER TABLE--NIGHT 104

At a comfortable distance curled behind a heat lamp,  
Snickers, Almond Joy, and a hapless Butterfinger are  
being Uglier Americans to an UNCOMPREHENDING WAITER.

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Come on, Pierre, Steak-bur-ger,  
Fren-n-ch Fries. This is France,  
you gotta have French.....

**ALMOND JOY :**

Actually we're in Italy, Butterfinger,  
she said as if it made a difference.  
The Waiter sneaks off.  
an entire baguette.  
Butterfinger spreads butter over

**SNICKERS :**

Italy, France, Moscow. They all  
just wanna be Nebraska. Old Man  
Kaplan thinks since Communism is  
dead, we got nothing to do. Man,  
Democracy is not just free  
elections. We gotta show the  
world that Democracy is Big Tits,  
College Football on Saturday  
afternoons, Eddie Murphy saying  
the word "Fuck" and Kids shoving  
their hands down garbage disposals  
on "America's Funniest Home Videos."

(CONTINUED)

63.

**104 CONTINUED:**

**ALMOND JOY :**

Damn baby, when's the last time  
you had a vacation...Jesus, I  
gotta get out of this job. If  
my Mom knew her daughter  
assassinated the leader of the  
anti-Apartheid movement....

**SNICKERS :**

Quit bitching, you got the employee  
of the month plaque for that shit...

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Ah to be in Pari-i and in love.  
They look off to.....

105 HAWK AND ANNA'S TABLE 105

Physically sarcastic, the Waiter brings a tall wine  
basket with a bottle of ketchup in it. Hawk nabs it.

**HAWK :**

Grazie. Multo bene. This is  
bueno. They had the worst  
ketchup in prison.....uh.  
Prison?

**ANNA :**

**HAWK :**

I was the Warden?

**ANNA :**

How long were you in?

**HAWK :**

Let's just say, I never saw E.T.

**ANNA :**

Wow, you were "in the joint."  
"Doing hard time." It's funny,

but that excites me. I seem to  
have a thing for sinners.

**HAWK :**

I seem to have a thing for sinning.  
Check please.....

**WAITER :**

Ah, anything for dessert?  
Yes.

**ANNA :**

(she shoots)  
Something to go.  
(CONTINUED)  
64.

**105 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

(she scores)  
I'll bring the ketchup.  
106 INT. ANNA'S HOUSE--NIGHT 106  
64A.

**ANNA :**

Where did you get the hawk?

**HAWK :**

Ossining, New York.

**ANNA :**

Why do they call you Hudson Hawk?

**HAWK :**

The hawk is a slang word for the  
wind that blows in the winter time.  
I grew up in a town called Hoboken  
in New Jersey. Well, Hoboken is  
on the Hudson River. So, Hudson  
River.

**ANNA :**

Hudson Hawk. So, why did they call

you Hawk?

**HAWK :**

Anytime anybody needed something stolen  
--needed a favor from me, they'd come to  
me and I'd perform that favor like a  
hawk. You know, like the wind.

**ANNA :**

Where'd you get these?

**HAWK :**

I had a little accident around  
the house.

**ANNA :**

What happened?

**HAWK :**

I fell on some chickens.

**ANNA :**

Does it hurt?

**HAWK :**

Yes, it hurts.

**ANNA :**

Maybe I can make them better.

**HAWK :**

See what you can do. Don't tickle.  
Don't tickle...  
Come here, I want to tell you  
something. I got to whisper it.

**ANNA :**

I can't do this.  
64B.

**HAWK :**

What's the matter?

**ANNA :**

It's been a long time for me.

**HAWK :**

Well, it's been a really long time for me. Outside of a friendly dog sniffing my genitals yesterday, it's been a slow decade.

I don't make love every ten years, I get a little crankly.

You know, I may have forgotten how to kiss girls.

65.

**106 CONTINUED:**

Their heads fuse for a semi-classic screen kiss until THE CRUCIFIX LIGHTS UP AND BEGINS SHOUTING IN ITALIAN.

**HAWK :**

Catholic girls are scary...

**ANNA :**

Somebody robbed the Vatican. Really.

**HAWK :**

Anna slides on her shoes and makes a hasty retreat. She bumps into the canvas bag. The Codex slides out. They both catch it in mid-air. Anna's eyes pop. She wrenches the Codex away and kicks. Hawk pulls her into a compassionate back-against-his-stomach hug. The Codex falls to the floor unharmed.

**HAWK :**

It's not what you think.  
maybe it is....  
Okay,

**ANNA :**

You went and did it! You really did it! In one day, less than a day, of planning, you did it. You started the week stealing the Sforza and you ended it swiping the Codex.

Yeah, but -HAWK

**ANNA :**

What are your plans for the weekend? Hoisting away the Colosseum? Hawk, but I... Tell me, did the devil make you do it or did Darwin and Minerva Mayflower?

107 EXT. A CAR OUTSIDE OF ANNA'S PLACE--NIGHT 107  
Crammed together in the front seat, Snickers, Almond Joy, and Butterfinger are watching the shadows of Hawk and Anna up in the window. Snickers snaps a cartridge into a gun while Butterfinger attacks a goo-ey pastry, then discards it.

(CONTINUED)

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**107 CONTINUED:**

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Dunkin does it better.

**ALMOND JOY :**

What's going on in there?

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Do you want me to rape them?

**SNICKERS :**

Just go read, Butterfinger.

Butterfinger pulls up the book on Da Vinci that Anna wrote and starts reading like a schoolboy.

**BUTTERFINGER :**

"Da Vinci had fears about his more dangerous designs, so he created a shorthand code in reverse script..."

**ALMOND JOY :**

To yourself!.....What are they doing?

**SNICKERS :**



All right, enough of this:  
twenty seconds, we go in.

In

108 INT. ANNA'S PLACE 108

Foam shoots out over the coffee. Hawk smiles down at it as Anna works a cappuccino machine.

**ANNA :**

For two years, I've been tracking the Mayflowers' peculiar interest in three Da Vinci pieces. Their Sforza replica was as fake as the "gas leak" that supposedly destroyed it.

**HAWK :**

Does everyone in the world know more than I do? Jesus, I'm just some guy who happens to be good at swiping stuff....."Hey Dad, what time it is?" Oh, I don't know, son, let me check my watch. What, somebody stole my watch. Ho, Ho, you got me again son." Who knew it would lead... They even got the CIA involved...

**ANNA :**

The C.I. what?

(CONTINUED)

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**108 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK:**

(raising his cup)

Ooh, I guess I do know something nobody else knows. ...Here's looking at you, kid...

109 THE CAR OUTSIDE 109

The agents burst from the car, guns raised.

**SNICKERS :**

Now.

110 ANNA'S HOUSE 110

Hawk sips the cappuccino. His face immediately contracts.

**HAWK :**

This doesn't taste like cappuccino.

**ANNA :**

Oh, I must have put too much ethyl-chloride in it.

Anna throws a pillow on the ground and holds out her hand. Hawk collapses. His coffee cup lands perfectly in Anna's outstretched hand and his head lands perfectly on the pillow.

Butterfinger crashes the door and himself down onto the ground. Snickers and Almond Joy race in, guns raised.

**ANNA :**

Why didn't you tell me at the restaurant that he had hit the Vatican tonight. My people will not be happy. I want to see Kaplan.

**ALMOND JOY :**

That's not overly possible. He...

**SNICKERS :**

For security reasons, Mr. Kaplan's coordinates are being kept secret even from us....

**BUTTERFINGER :**

But guys, he's in the castle at Vinci....

Snickers and Almond Joy grimace into fake smiles.

111 EXT. THE CASTLE--NIGHT 111

A helicopter thunders up to the awesome castle from the opening Da Vinci sequence.

68.

111A OMITTED 111A

112 INT. MYSTERIOUS DARK ROOM 112

**KAPLAN :**

Way to go, Anna.

**ANNA :**

Hudson Hawk had some interesting things to say about Darwin, Minerva and you. Basically, that you're part of the same car pool.

**KAPLAN :**

Anna, Anna, Anna. If this was true, Almond Joy would have handed you your heart right after you handed me the codex. Now the trick is this. As soon as the Mayflowers find out that we have the codex, they'll want to make a deal, those greedy pigs. So, we'll deal. They buy. We bust. Operation Deflower Mayflower.

**ANNA :**

What about Hudson Hawk?

**KAPLAN :**

I wouldn't worry about him. He's going to be very well taken care of. Now you look tired. Maybe you should go back to Rome and get some sleep.  
Kit Kat.

**ANNA :**

Cat got his tongue?

**KAPLAN :**

Actually, he never told us what it was.  
Arrividerci, baby.

**ALMOND JOY :**

With all due respect to that great dress, how come you didn't let me cut out her heart?

**KAPLAN :**

Close call, but she's our only way

of keeping tabs on that damn  
mysterious Vatican organization.  
68A.

**ALMOND JOY :**

Do you think they have any idea  
that Operation Deflower Mayflower  
is as bogus as Kit Kat's tits?

**KAPLAN :**

No, but bringing her to the Mayflower  
castle may have given her a big  
juicy hint.

Hawk, Hawk, it's time to go to the  
principal's office.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 10/31/90 69.

113 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE--NIGHT 113

Moving into the chopper, Anna glimpses Bunny, the  
obnoxious dog, in a Mayflower logo dog tag, taking a leak  
on some bushes. She fakes a yawn to the like dressed Kit  
Kat, who fakes one back.

114 INT. THE GOLD MACHINE ROOM--NIGHT 114

Kaplan, Hawk, and the other agents march into the mammoth  
room of the opening scene. In the place of where one  
remembers the gold machine are undulating sheets, beneath  
which are unassembled parts of the machine.

Inside, a ball goes whizzing out of a tennis ball  
machine. In tennis gear and goggles, Darwin Mayflower  
thwacks it against the wall of (now faded) frescos.  
Also in tennis threads, Minerva is laying on a chaise  
lounge, pressing a gadget that causes another ball to  
shoot out. Darwin batters it. The ball ricochets  
into the forehead of an "amused" Alfred, retrieving  
balls in sweat pants.

**ALFRED :**

Jolly. Good. Shot. Sir.

**MINERVA:**

Ooh, it's Hudson Hawk, you cease to amaze  
me, convict. You are a terrible cat burglar!

**DARWIN:**

Haven't you ever seen, like David Niven?

You know tiptoe in, tiptoe out.

**MINERVA :**

Like a "cat", one could say.

**HAWK :**

I can always take it back.

Hawk reaches for the Codex. Kaplan pulls it over to Darwin, who slits the binding and tugs out another geometrically perverted orystal.

**HAWK:**

Another piece of the puzzle for the Da Vinci Alchemy project.

Kaplan, Darwin, and Minerva look up to Hawk, then to each other, all start to speak, then all stop. This quandary is deferred by the entrance of the twin Flunkies.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 10/31/90 70.

**114 CONTINUED:**

**DARWIN :**

Oh, you. There's nothing more I hate than failure. All you had to do was follow the Hawk, it's not like I said "Teach our nation's children how to read." I suppose we're just going to have to kill 'em...

Shockingly swift, Minerva pulls a small gun from beneath her tennis dress and blasts a burning hole between each set of Flunky eyes, splattering them to the ground.

**DARWIN :**

God Minerva, I was kidding.

115 A SHOCKED HAWK 115

backs from the blithe carnage into a forklift which is carrying a sheeted load of materials. The familiar Gold Machine Demonhead drops out from the sheets into Hawk's outstretched, curious hand.

116 THE MAYFLOWERS 116

reverberate off each other with laughter. Bloodstained, Kaplan and Almond Joy exchange an eye bulge. Minerva's

smile disappears as she sees Hawk by the forklift.

**MINERVA :**

Get away from there, convict!

**HAWK :**

Just browsing.

Snickers touches him. Hawk smashes him in the jaw.

Snickers rears back to reciprocate.....

**DARWIN :**

Don't hurt him! We need him for  
the final job!

**HAWK :**

Oh weeeeelly, don't hurt me? Even  
if I do this....

Hawk pulls Snickers' glasses off and stamps them.

**HAWK :**

What about this....

Hawk knees Butterfinger in the stomach.

**HAWK :**

Surely this must offend....

(CONTINUED)

71-73.

**116 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

O mamamia, pizzeria, things are  
really heating up in the Da Vinci  
castle tonight. May I call you  
Minnie? You put your left foot  
in...

**DARWIN:**

Come to think of it, there is a part  
of your body that you don't need for  
your next job.

**HAWK :**

I always wanted to sing like

Frankie Valle.

**MINERVA :**

Big boys don't cry ii ee

**HAWK:**

**3:**

Look you Eddie Munster looking...  
Somebody better start telling me  
what's going on or I ain't doing  
another thing, and I wouldn't mind  
getting paid either. I want to be  
treated as an adult.

**DARWIN :**

That's fair. Tomorrow. Back in  
Rome. Now go to your room.  
73A.

117 INT. DARK CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING 117  
The lips of Anna come into light.

**ANNA :**

Forgive me Father for I have  
sinned. It's been 1200 hours  
since my last confession.

118 INT. THE CARDINAL'S SIDE OF THE CONFESSION BOOTH 118  
The cardinal suppresses a yawn.

**CARDINAL :**

Hit me with your best shot.

ANNA (O.S.)

I betrayed a man. A good man.  
innocent man. A thief.

An

**CARDINAL :**

Anna, what are you trying to say...

HAWK HUDSON -Rev. 8/8/90 74.

119 ANNA'S DARKENED LIPS 119

**ANNA:**

He came into a world where crime  
is a legitimate business tactic

and a legitimate government procedure. But he knew Right and Wrong. Oh, and we kind of messed around...

120 THE CARDINAL 120

freaks and goes into some Italian gibberish before...

**CARDINAL:**

Santo Dio! Que disgracia!... "Messed around" messed around? I knew--I don't want to know. First base? Second Base? Stop me when I'm getting warm...

ANNA (O.S.)

A little Petting is not the issue!

**CARDINAL:**

Sorry. Seventeen Hail Marys and five minutes outside.

121 INT. OUTSIDE THE CONFESSION BOOTH--MORNING 121

The Cardinal emerges and stands by Anna's confessional curtains.

**CARDINAL:**

So, sister, what you are saying is that Hudson Hawk is not willingly working for the Mayflowers but Kaplan and the Candy Bars are?

Anna moves out of the confessional curtains, wearing a FULL NUN HABIT for she is a Nun. The gaspingly beautiful church unfolds as they walk.

**ANNA:**

You got it. Operation Deflower Mayflower is a joke and I'm the punchline. I thought we were using the CIA to get Mayflower, but really the CIA is using me to keep us away from Mayflower.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK HUDSON -Rev. 8/8/90 75.

**121 CONTINUED:**



**CARDINAL :**

Oh, why couldn't I be the Cardinal in charge of catering....If the Mayflowers get the three sections of Da Vinci's crystal and his instructions for the gold machine-Aie-yi--Do we got anything? What of Tommy 5-Tone, Hawk's friend, where is his loyalty?

**ANNA :**

I'm going to find out.

**CARDINAL :**

I'm sorry for losing it back there, but you must remember, sister, you have vows to God as well as a mission to the world.

**ANNA :**

Yes, your Eminence, just say 'God go with me.'

**CARDINAL :**

God go with you, sister.

Anna puts on the coolest pair of sunglasses, deliciously contrasting with her habit. She moves off....

122 INT. ROME CONFERENCE ROOM--NEXT DAY 122

Beneath the wacky portrait, Darwin circles the board-member filled conference table as Minerva smooches Bunny. Everyone watches Alfred place a bar of Gold and of Lead in the hands of a blindfolded Hawk at the middle of the M.

**DARWIN :**

So, Captain Hawk, in one of your paws you got a gold bar worth about 8 thou. In the autre, you got lead that won't get you gelato.

**MINERVA :**

Surely a master-thief like you can tell the difference.

**HAWK:**

("What's my Line")

That's one down to Kitty

Carlisle...

Hawk "weighs" the two bars in his hands--digs with his fingernails. He rips off the blindfold in subdued frustration.

(CONTINUED)

76.

**122 CONTINUED:**

As Minerva speaks, she unconsciously molests Alfred.

**MINERVA :**

Cool, isn't it? Weight, feel, malleability, they're all but identical.

On the periodic chart of elements, they're but one proton apart. Great minds worked for centuries to turn worthless into priceless.

**HAWK :**

Alchemy.

**DARWIN:**

(casually goosing Alfred)

Alchemy! Is the business term of the 90's, my man! Minerva read about it in an airline magazine about four years ago. I dumped some lira into research...Shazam, we come across a diary by one of Da Vinci's apprentices detailing La Machine de Oro, the gold machine for those at home, and the rest is about to become history. Money isn't everything, gold is. Fuck T-bills! (Fuck blue chip stocks!) Fuck Junk Bonds! I got the real deal! Money will always be paper but gold will always be gold!

**MINERVA :**

A couple of years of steady

production and we'll flood the market with so much gold that gold itself, the foundation of all finance, will lose its meaning. Brokers, economists, and fellow entrepreneurs will drown in the saliva of their own nervous breakdowns.

**HAWK :**

Sounds like a party. Markets will crash-crash. Financial empires will crumble-crumble.

**HAWK :**

Except yours-yours. The goal of world domination.

**MINERVA :**

In 1992, Europe is coming together to become one business superpower. It's one party we're going to love to poop.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK Rev. 9/3/90 77.

**122 CONTINUED:**

Darwin clicks on the slide machine revealing a drawing of the helicopter model from the opening scene. He and Minerva rapid-fire out instructions to a dazed and nauseous Hawk.

**DARWIN :**

Well, that said, the last ingredient in the recipe is a model of a helicopter...

**MINERVA :**

... which is on display, for three days only, at a retrospective at the Louvre in Paris.

**HAWK :**

As opposed to the Louvre in Wisconsin.

**DARWIN :**

Just shut up! You're gonna make me lose my place... the security will be overwhelming.

**MINERVA :**

Twelve guards will...

**HAWK :**

Time-out! Who gives a shit? I choose not to accept this assignment! This is all too Indiana Jones and the Lost City of King Tut for me, man. Throw me in jail and go ahead, just try and throw Alex...

**MINERVA :**

Jail, you asshole! Our foot soldiers will blow your brains out! Bunny, Ball-Ball! Minerva angrily throws the dog off her lap and whips a tennis ball into its mouth.

**DARWIN :**

I'll torture you so slowly you'll think it's a career! I'll kill your family, your friends, and the bitch you took to the Prom!

**HAWK :**

You need an address on that last one? Bunny barks up at Hawk in anger.

**HAWK :**

Et tu, Bunny?

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK Rev. 9/3/90 77A.

**122 CONTINUED:**

**MINERVA :**

You've got a dilemma, tiger. I think I know what's going to help you solve it.

Alfred quickly slaps on the state-of-the-art handcuffs and the blindfold. The viewer's viewpoint stays on a writhing Hawk.

**HAWK:**

I'll kill all you. Even the old lady.

Hawk kicks back on the table, "jump ropes" the cuffs, then picks the lock with his teeth. Hawk rips off the blindfold to see that the entire room is empty except for Tommy, standing at the other end, in an incongruous Italian leather coat.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK Rev. 8/8/90 78.

**122 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY:**

I hated cigarettes until I saw my first No Smoking sign. Keep off the Grass? Let's play Soccer. Only law I cared about was friendship. Broke that one too, didn't I? This Gates-Mario Brothers-CIA-Mayflower-Da Vinci thing seemed like a sweet deal. Visit foreign lands, take their treasures. I don't know, I thought you'd get into it. It's better than playing darts with M.B.A.'s at the bar. I didn't know it was going to be like this. Them using me to use you. I'm sorry, there's only one way out of this and it's gonna hurt me more than it's gonna hurt you.

Tommy pulls out a gun from his jacket and clicks it in.

123 EXT. FAMILIAR PIAZZA--DAY 123

The piazza from the fascist E.U.R. building are bustling with office workers laughing, smoking, and hustling. Darwin, Minerva and Kaplan are a solid troika in the center of the steps. The other agents stroll in the periphery.

**KAPLAN:**

I just don't think it was a smoking hot idea to leave them up there alone.

**MINERVA:**

Relax George, that's why we put the the old pasta slurping guinea on the payroll to begin with. To keep Hawk in line. They'll talk about "being buddies" and "chugging brewskis."

**DARWIN :**

(raising glass)

You gotta love male bonding.

As Darwin slaps Kaplan on the back, behind them, Hawk and Tommy come crashing out of the window slamming upon a large M on the stairs.

**KAPLAN :**

As you were saying...

(CONTINUED)

79.

**123 CONTINUED:**

Flying off the M, moving to the edge of the stairs, Hawk and Tommy, latter holding his gun, sprout up from their own debris and continue savagely brawling. The wiggling out passersby give them space.

**HAWK:**

You fucked my freedom for a lousy job!

Hawk roars forward like a bull and helmets Tommy. They roll together down the massive staircase past Darwin, Minerva, and the CIA who react with "This can't be happening" catatonia.

Two SHOTS go off as Hawk and Tommy crash to the bottom of the staircase. Hawk rises up in a daze to see Tommy on the ground with two bloody bullet holes.

**HAWK:**

Tommy! Tommy. No, not like this!

Tommy! Ecco! Tommy! Tommy, don't

go out like this! No! No! Ecco!

Stone!

Hawk falls to his knees as Snickers hustles toward him.

Suddenly, sirens are heard as a police van pulls up.

Snickers stops.

Four policemen blast from the back of the van. One holds

back the crowd. One strenuously pulls Hawk into the van.

The other two drag in Tommy.

The villains look to each other for non-existent guidance as the van pulls away.

**MINERVA :**

Plan B, George.

**KAPLAN :**

Plan B.

Using initiative, Snickers snaps his fingers at Butterfinger. They both hop on Vespas and roar off after them.

The van can be seen swerving off.....

123A AROUND A CORNER 123A

where it bolts up into a much larger truck marked VATICAN SOUVENIRS. TWO SEEMINGLY-INNOCENT-BYSTANDER PRIESTS break demeanor to flop up the wheel ramps, slam close the back of the truck, lock it shut, and continue on their solemn way.

80.

124 EXT. ROME OVERLOOK 124

Anna looks out.

Vatican Truck pulls up.

Tommy and Hawk emerge fighting.

**HAWK :**

No sweat, Tommy, you only made the biggest mistake of my life. How come you took a job with the Mayflowers? How much was your per-diem?

**TOMMY:**

(overlapping)

Hey, don't act like you never committed a crime before, Eddie.

I know, I made a bad call. Anna tracked me down...

**ANNA :**

Thank God, you're dead.

**TOMMY :**

It was so beautiful! When the blanks went off, everybody freaked. You can't beat Heinz 57.

**HAWK :**

Tommy, you fucked my freedom for a lousy job.

**ANNA :**

Hudson, don't you understand -

**TOMMY :**

I said I was sorry -

**HAWK :**

And you, Dr. Cappuchino, you ought to glad I don't hit women, assuming you are a woman, because from now on, I ain't assuming nothing.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 8/24/90 81.

**124 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY ANNA:**

(overlapping Hudson, I'm sorry. I with Anna) work for a covert Eddie, I'm sorry. I Vatican humanitarian honestly thought we could organization. The make this job work for us. C.I.A. made a fool of Anna made me realize what me. What's more, I a stupid pawn I was. Hey, really care for you -I love you, man.

**HAWK:**

Oh. Well, what's this?

Hawk pulls the Demon Head that was in the Mayflower Museum from out of his pocket. Anna turns white.



**ANNA :**

Where did you get this?

**HAWK :**

The Mayflower Museum... you know,  
the place where you gave the bad  
guys the Codex....

**ANNA :**

It's from the gold machine.

**HAWK :**

Oh.

**ANNA :**

So they really were that close to  
making it work.

**TOMMY :**

But now that they've lost the  
services of a certain cat burglar  
and his "dead" partner...

**ANNA :**

... They can't get the third piece  
of the crystal.

**HAWK TOMMY :**

... and we get to go And we get to go home.  
home.

**HAWK :**

Stone, lemme ask you something.

**TOMMY :**

Go.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 8/24/90 81A.

**124 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK:**

Why do they leave all those rocks  
and shit lying around the yard?

**TOMMY :**

(shrugging)

(Maybe they're not finished yet.)

They're called ruins, Eddie.

**HAWK :**

Ruins, huh.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 82.

125 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT -NIGHT 125

**HAWK :**

And so when we go up to this hotel room,  
we open the door and see little Eddie  
in bed with this little monkey hooker.

**TOMMY :**

She had silk stockings. Little Eddie  
was going steady!

**HAWK :**

That monkey had a look on his face when  
he got caught that I've never seen on  
any human being.

**TOMMY :**

You know, speaking of being caught, isn't  
the C.I.A. going to think to check out  
this place?

**ANNA :**

They bought the fake death and they  
think Hawk's been arrested. Kaplan  
and the Candy Bars were seen by my  
sources boarding a plane out of Rome...

**TOMMY :**

Where to...

**ANNA :**

I'm not...

**HAWK :**

Five-Tone, will you stop worrying?

**TOMMY :**

I'm not worried. I'm just cautious.

**ANNA :**

Okay, okay, you have to tell me,  
why is he called Tommy Five-Tone?

**HAWK :**

There was this guy lived in our  
neighborhood named Victor Pinzolo...

**TOMMY :**

Excuse me. Excuse me. Am I  
excused? Is it my name?

**HAWK :**

Yes.

**TOMMY :**

Then it's my name. I'll tell it.  
You see, there was this guy, Victor  
Pinzolo...

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 83.

**125 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

But everyone called him the Pin  
Head. Because he was this big,  
loud-mouth arrogant dude who was  
always bossing...

Tommy glares Hawk into silence.

**TOMMY :**

Hey, if you don't mind, Victor made  
the mistake of hitting me up for  
some bullshit protection money.

**HAWK :**

It wasn't about that. It was about  
Donna the boffer.

**TOMMY :**

It wasn't about a broad or a boffer.  
It was about the money. So this  
guy holds out his hand for the dough-  
Re-Mi and I was still young enough  
to be stupid, so I...

**HAWK :**

(singing under his  
breath)  
That's not what happened.

**TOMMY :**

Eddie, this is my name, my story.  
So let me tell it.

**HAWK :**

You're doing great, go ahead.

**TOMMY :**

No, why don't you do it.

**HAWK :**

So Victor is bugged because Tommy  
is hitting on his girl. So Victor  
comes into the bar. Tommy and him  
are having words, and next thing I  
know, Tommy hits him --bam, bam,  
bam, bam, bam --five shots, and  
for every punch, a tone comes out  
of his mouth heretofore unheard of  
by modern man. Sounds like this...  
Tommy Five-Tone. ( I gave him the  
name).

**TOMMY :**

(still simmering)

My name...

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 83A.

**125 CONTINUED:**

**ANNA :**

Well, guys, on that note, it's  
time for bed.

**HAWK :**

I couldn't agree more. You sleep  
here.

**TOMMY :**

What? Where are you going to  
sleep.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 84.

**125 CONTINUED:**

Ignoring the entendre, Anna rises up, closes the  
shutters, and turns OFF the MUSIC.

**ANNA :**

I'll get you some sheets.

**HAWK :**

(to Tommy)

Yeah, let's get you some sheets.

Hawk leaps up and moves toward Anna and her bed.

**HAWK :**

It's a very special night...

**ANNA :**

Yes, it was...

**HAWK :**

Is...

Hawk moves in for a tender kiss. Anna pecks him.

**ANNA :**

Was. There's things you don't  
know about me.

**HAWK :**

There's things I do know about you.

And about me. And about that bed.

Anna warmly laughs, dumping two pillows and two sets of  
sheets into his outstretched-for-a-hug arms. Tommy is

poking his head over the couch in the background, holding in his laughter.

**ANNA :**

This is not the time, Hudson.

**HAWK :**

Don't call me Hudson.

(looking off in exasperation)

Can't we just have a late night cappuccino?

**ANNA :**

I'm sorry, the machine's still set up for poisonous foam.

**HAWK :**

Oh yeah, I remember.

**ANNA :**

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 85.

**125 CONTINUED:**

Hawk shuffles back toward the rumbling-with-suppressedlaughter Tommy.

**HAWK :**

Not a word, Tommy, not a word...

**TOMMY :**

(giggling)

It's a very special night.

**HAWK:**

(smiling)

That's it. Hit the floor. If I'm getting no cappuccino and I ain't getting no trim, I'm at least taking the couch.

Hawk flops on the couch and puts his head on a pillow.

126 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT -NEXT DAY 126

Sunlight through the shutters hits Hawk's now-smiling face as it rests, unmoved, on the pillow. Into this happy image comes Snickers' electric cattle prod. It zaps Hawk awake.

With a howl, he spins up on the couch to see behind him Kaplan and the rest of the Candy Bars, except for Kit Kat. All are laughing in amusingly casual clothing -T-shirts, tank tops, turned-the-other-way baseball caps. They have an eerie fraternity on spring break ambience. Butterfinger even has a cooler of brewskis.

**KAPLAN:**

The license plate on the police van had a Vatican prefix, I'm losing respect for you guys. You were that close, buddy, to getting away with this crap.

Tommy's snoring from the floor becomes apparent. Hawk kicks him. He whinnies in irritation, then finally awakens to take in the situation.

**TOMMY :**

What's...

**KAPLAN :**

Where's Anna?

**HAWK:**

George, it's great of you folks to drop by, but next time, you should really call ahead...

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 86.

**126 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY :**

Why don't you stop back in a half-hour, we'll grab a shower, pick up some croissants and shit...

**KAPLAN :**

You know, I really wish I could come up with glib repartee the way

you guys can, but I can't, so I'll just paralyze you. A.J.?

**ALMOND JOY :**

Curari darts. When it comes to instantaneous loss of all physical control below your neck, I can't recommend them more highly.

As she speaks, Almond Joy saunters forth, putting a small, classy blow gun in her mouth like a cigarette. She flicks open a cigarette case, revealing blow darts. She blows one into Hawk's neck. He splays into a jellified sitting position. Tommy leaps up only to get one in the chest. He crumples next to Hawk on the couch. Snickers joins Almond Joy to maneuver their paralyzed bodies into identical one-arm-over-the-couch-legscrossed-effeminately position. The vivid heads of Hawk and Tommy amusingly bark out in helplessness.

**TOMMY :**

I'll bite your tongues out.

HAWK/TOMMY

We're going to kill you! We're going to rip your lungs out!

**HAWK :**

Let me get my teeth at you!

**TOMMY :**

Come on, you chicken shit sons and daughters of bitches, my head against your heads. Fair fight -

**HAWK :**

This is how I go out! Like a hunk of fucking Play-Doh! Like some Gumby in a store...

The Candy Bars laugh even more. Rambunctiously, Butterfinger dribbles his beer.

**HAWK :**

Keep laughing, Jumbo.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 86A.



**126 CONTINUED:**

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Shit, you've made it come out my nose.

**HAWK :**

George, this is no way to get me to do the Louvre.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 87.

**126 CONTINUED:**

**KAPLAN :**

Hawk, the Louvre is yesterday's news, or should I say this morning's...

Kit Kat suddenly emerges from the chimney in a Santa outfit, holding a bag of goodies. He flips out a newspaper.

"LOUVRE ATTACKED --Billions in Artwork Destroyed, Guards Slaughtered, Da Vinci Model Missing." The Candy Bars cheer and hoot.

**SNICKERS :**

I admit we displayed a lack of nuance, didn't wear black, didn't sing 'Swinging On a Star.' It hurts me to think that if we showed Butterfinger which way to point a bazooka, the Mona Lisa might still have a head.

Guilty chuckles. Almond Joy playfully musses up a sheepishly-smiling Butterfinger's hair.

**KAPLAN :**

But we weren't being graded for neatness, only results.

To the sound of the holy DA VINCI THEME, Kaplan pulls out the Da Vinci helicopter model from Kit Kat's bag of goodies.

**TOMMY :**

(still looking at

the newspaper)  
Damn it, Yanks lose again.

**HAWK :**

How'd the Mets do? Could you  
turn to Section D?  
Butterfinger tips the couch forward, sending our smart-  
ass heroes to thud on their backs on the floor. Kaplan  
menacingly hovers over them.

**KAPLAN :**

You guys still might be the  
fairest cat burglars of them all.  
Maybe if you weren't such snobs,  
some innocent guards would still  
be alive. It's irrelevant now.  
You're irrelevant now.  
Kaplan flicks a switchblade and cuts into the bottom of  
the helicopter model, unleashing the small, intricate  
mirror from the opening.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 88.

126A

thru

126C

OMITTED 126A

thru

126C

126D 126D

**KAPLAN :**

Tonight, in the castle at Vinci,  
we make gold.

**SNICKERS :**

Next month, in Tokyo, London,  
Paris, and Moscow, we make  
financial chaos. This is no joke.

**KAPLAN :**

But this is --'Mrs Hawkins, can  
Eddie come out and play baseball?'  
'But don't you kids know Eddie is  
paralyzed from the neck down?' 'Yeah,  
we want him to be third base.'

Suddenly, Anna la-de-dahs into the apartment, hefting up two big grocery bags.

**ANNA :**

Rise and shine, sleepy heads.

Hi, Anna.

HANK & TOMMY

**KAPLAN :**

All right, more babes for the party.

HAWK & TOMMY

(deadpan catatonic)

Hi, Anna.

**ANNA :**

(panicked, backing up)

Anna suddenly pulls a gun and some handcuffs from a drawer; her voice turning hard and collected. She points the gun directly at George. His face drops.

**ANNA :**

... don't be foolish, Mr. Kaplan, this Bud's for you, why don't you give me that crystal?

Anna Baralgi!

**HAWK :**

Came to play!

**TOMMY :**

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 89.

**126D CONTINUED:**

Anna flings the cuffs at Kaplan's feet. He smiles. The other Candy Bars smile. Almond Joy calmly felines forward, maneuvering out her blow gun and blow darts. Anna swerves the gun toward her.

**ALMOND JOY :**

Anna-Bannana-Fo-Fanna, you're not going to shoot little old me, you're not oging to shoot little

old anybody, I read your dossier,  
sister.

Almond Joy blows a dart into Anna's throat. She convulses  
forward, pirouetting to the ground right next to Hawk.

**HAWK :**

Why didn't you shoot?

**ANNA :**

I'm sorry Hudson

**HAWK :**

Don't call me Hudson. I told you  
only the nuns call me --why did  
she call you sister?

**ANNA :**

I'm sorry, Hudson, I really meant  
to tell you...

The Candy Bars raucously laugh. Kit Kat holds up a card  
that says RAUCOUS LAUGHTER.

**SNICKERS :**

He didn't know?

**ALMOND JOY :**

He didn't know?

**BUTTERFINGER :**

Ah, Hawk likes a nun!

Snickers and Butterfinger pull out habits from a nearby  
drawer dancing with them. Biting his lip off, Tommy  
painfully whimpers, trying to hold in his own laughter.

**HAWK :**

Those better be tears you're  
crying, Tommy.

**ANNA :**

It doesn't mean I don't love you.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 90.

**126D CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Oh no, I'm sure you love me, you're a nun. It's your job to love me. You probably love Butterfingers.

**ANNA :**

Uh, well, yeah, in a weird Catholic way I do, but you... you. They try to stretch their heads forward for a kiss. Their lips almost touch, until Butterfinger pulls Anna up and flops her over his shoulder.

**KAPLAN :**

Miss Baralgi's Da Vinci expertise allows her to go to the next course. As for you... a souvenir. Kaplan tosses the empty Da Vinci model on the floor.

**KAPLAN :**

You know, Hawk, I'd like to think in a way, we did this job together. In another life, we could have been friends. But I fear not in this one. You're about to find out. Ciao. Kaplan turns to depart with Kit Kat and the Anna-toting Butterfinger. Anna's upside-down head speaks.

**ANNA :**

Later, guys.

**TOMMY :**

Easy for you to say. Snickers takes the bag of goodies from an exiting Kit Kat and moves forward along with Almond Joy.

**SNICKERS :**

Boys, we got some good news and some bad news.

**ALMOND JOY :**

The good news is that you'll be completely unparalyzed in two minutes.

**SNICKERS :**

The bad news is that that gives you only five seconds to defuse the bombs.

HAWK & TOMMY

Bombs?

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 91.

**126D CONTINUED:**

Snickers and Almond Joy snicker and pull out rifles that have time bombs attached to them. Almond Joy fires hers upward. The bomb launches from the rifle and suctions atop the ceiling. It reads 2:05...2:04.

Hawk and Tommy moan and "oh-oh-oh" up at the bomb. Hawk manages to move one of his legs feebly upward. manages to move one of his arms feebly upward. and Almond Joy are totally entertained.

Tommy

Snickers

**SNICKERS :**

I'm glad it has to be like this.

I'll shoot mine in the kitchen.

Snickers hefts up his rifle and turns toward the kitchen when suddenly, with his alive leg, Hawk boots Snickers in the genitals. His rifle falls into Tommy's alive hand. He shoots the bomb into Snickers' head. Wearily unparalyzing, Tommy then tips over, grabs Anna handcuffs and attaches Snickers' leg to the couch.

**SNICKERS :**

Almond Joy, more paralysis!

Almond Joy fumbles with her blow gun and her curari blow darts. She gets one in the gun when Hawk stiffly roars up from the dead, grabs her by the shoulders, and wraps his lips around the other end of the blow gun. He shotguns the dart into her mouth. She crumples onto the couch, dead from the neck down.

**ALMOND JOY :**

This is what I get for darting a nun.

Like the living dead, Hawk and Tommy start to shuffle away. Snickers tries to pull off the bomb as it, and its brother on the ceiling, go: 00:59...00:58...

**HAWK :**

You can move?

**TOMMY :**

Yeah.

**HAWK :**

Why didn't you tell me?

**TOMMY :**

I didn't know until a couple of seconds ago.

**HAWK :**

Hey, Tommy, look at Snickers.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 91A.

**126D CONTINUED:**

**SNICKERS :**

Hawk! Tommy! I'm a good guy, goddamnit! I'm a winner! An American male winner. College tits on Saturday! Eddie Murphy saying the word 'garbage disposal.'

**ALMOND JOY :**

I got to get a new job.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/3/90 92.

**126D CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

(old Jewish man or

Walter Brennan)

Feet, don't fail me now...

**SNICKERS :**

Oh God, I always wanted to know  
how to play the harp. There was  
just never enough time... Rosebud!

**HAWK :**

Tommy, look at Snickers.

**TOMMY :**

Snickers is going to have a  
migraine.

**ANTONY :**

Buon giorno! Nobody fucks with  
the Mario Brothers and lives!  
And -Yeah, you didn't think I  
would find you? And who the fuck  
are you?  
Antony Mario.

**HAWK :**

Antony Mario!

**TOMMY :**

The time bomb goes to 0:00.

**SNICKERS :**

Hey, maybe it's a dud.  
Hawk and Tommy bound through the shutters.  
126E ANNA'S TERRACE 126E  
Their bodies dive off the terrace.  
126F INSIDE APARTMENT 126F  
Antony is genuinely confused, holding his gun.

**ANTONY :**

Hey, where's everybody going?  
just got here.

**I :**

Snickers BLOWS UP. So does the APARTMENT.  
126G ANNA'S TERRACE 126G  
The WINDOWS and the shutters BLAST open.  
)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 93.  
126H BELOW MAYFLOWER CASTLE -DUSK 126H



**TOMMY :**

I'm telling you it was a right.

**HAWK :**

All right, all right. That's not what I'm worried about.

**TOMMY :**

What are you worried about?

**HAWK :**

I'm worried about you. You sure you're up for this climb?

**TOMMY :**

Climb? Are you kidding? We're fifteen minutes from the castle gate. We can drive there. I knew that.

**HAWK :**

Hawk and Tommy turn back around and head into the car. As the car rumbles off, the viewer's viewpoint goes back up toward the castle, to the window of...

126-I INT. THE ART TREASURES ROOM 126-I

Darwin and Minerva, Alfred, Kaplan, and Butterfinger in chic military gear, and Kit Kat pace before Anna, who is elegantly strapped to a designer chair. They are surrounded by an awesome collection of Mayflower treasures --outlandish antique furniture, gold statues, and Faberge eggs.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 94.

**126-I CONTINUED:**

**KAPLAN :**

Well, I don't know. This curari we've been using, it sometimes has side effects...

**MINERVA :**

(deadpan, toward

Anna)

You don't say, George.

Anna speaks out in a not unhappy, zoned-out languorous tone.

**ANNA :**

I feel like a dolphin who's never tasted melted snow...

**DARWIN :**

Listen Anna, the apprentice diary contains a code that explains how the three pieces of the crystal fit together. If you would do us the honor of deciphering the code.

Alfred wheels out a cart that has an ancient diary, the crystal pieces, and the intricate mirror upon it.

**ANNA:**

(giggling)

What does the color blue taste like? Bobo knows.

(growing solemn)

I have to talk with the dolphins now.

Anna starts to screech like a dolphin. Minerva hopefully raises her hand in a "Gets my vote" manner.

**MINERVA :**

Just shoot her? Anybody?...

Darwin, this is supposed to be torture, not therapy.

**DARWIN :**

Torture? Can't you see what kind of pain I'm in.

WE CUT OUT OF THIS SCENE AT THIS MOMENT TO GO

130 EXT. BENEATH A CASTLE TURRET -DUSK

Hawk and Tommy rumble around a castle turret. They stop next to a drainpipe to pant. Tommy is carrying the golf bag of Snickers that Hawk used as a crutch to stagger out of the apartment. Hawk sees this and does a double-take.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 94A.

130 CONTINUED:

**TOMMY :**

We walk from here.

**HAWK :**

Who are you, Bob Hope for Texaco?  
Why are you lugging Snickers'  
golf bag around, you double-bogeyhead  
mother-

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 95.

130 CONTINUED:

**TOMMY :**

Does that mean that you're not  
going to help me carry it up to  
the castle.  
Andiamo.

**HAWK :**

around his shoulder, Tommy follows suit.

**HAWK :**

Count of three?

**TOMMY :**

Why not just go in now?  
130A EXT/DAY BASE CASTLE 130A  
Oh, shit.

**HAWK :**

**TOMMY :**

What happened?

**HAWK :**

I got mud all over my shoes

**TOMMY :**

How much did they cost?  
400 bucks.

**HAWK :**

130B EXT/BASE OF TOWER 130B

**TOMMY :**

Where do we go from here?

**HAWK :**

How about we climb those convenient  
cables they got here?

130C EXT/BASE OF CABLES 130C

You ready?

**TOMMY :**

Tommy.

**HAWK :**

What?

**TOMMY :**

**HAWK :**

Better let me go first.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 95A.

**130C CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY :**

Will you stop worrying about me?

**HAWK :**

Who's worrying about you? I don't  
want you to fall on me with that  
bag.

131 EXT. TURRET 131

at the top of the turret are casually, stylishly dressed  
in satin MAYFLOWER WORLD TOUR jackets, with M logo-ed  
baseball caps, and cool firearms; like roadies from hell.

131B HAWK ON THE LEDGE 131B

bobs back down.

131C THE TOP OF THE TURRET 131C

Hawk and Tommy thunder over the ledge. The guards wield  
around only to get slammed unconscious by our two heroes.

132 INT. ART TREASURES ROOM 132

Darwin, Minerva, and Kaplan each wave a piece of the Da Vinci crystal, trying to unhypnotize Anna.

**KAPLAN :**

A lifetime of service has come to this...

**MINERVA :**

The dolphin is dead. The dolphin is --come on, you bitch.

**ANNA :**

I'm not a very good damsel in distress, am I? 'I can't pay the rent.' 'You must pay the rent.' Anna goes into more dolphin noises. his fingers.

Darwin angrily snaps

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 96.

**132 CONTINUED:**

**DARWIN :**

Yo, Flipper, a damsel in distress implies that there is some well-hung Dudley Doo-right galloping up to save you. It ain't gonna happen. Hudson Hawk go boom-boom. He dead.

**KAPLAN:**

(moodily, to window)

I wouldn't be so sure. It's absurd that Snickers and Almond Joy haven't reported in yet.

**MANERVA :**

George, don't be a bore.

AT THIS POINT, WE RETURN TO...

133-0 THE TURRET -NIGHT 133-0

Hawk and Tommy pull on the satin jackets and the baseball caps.

**HAWK :**

Hey Tommy, shouldn't we have taken those guys guns?

**TOMMY :**

No thanks, I've been thinking of using a 7 iron.

**HAWK :**

Looks long.

**TOMMY :**

May I play through.

**HAWK :**

Please do.

**TOMMY :**

Don't mind if I do. Fore.

**HAWK :**

Tommy!

**TOMMY :**

What?

**HAWK :**

Did you set the timer on that thing?

**TOMMY :**

No.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 96A.

A133-O CONTINUED: A133-O

**HAWK :**

From now on, would you set the...

B123-O THE BOMB -NIGHT B123-O

lands on a patch.

135 INT. ART TREASURES ROOM -NIGHT 135

Kaplan turns from the window, speaking to himself.

**KAPLAN :**

Fore?

(to everyone)

Did anybody hear something?

Suddenly, the light and deafening sound of the explosion outside rocks the room. Butterfinger enthusiastically raises his hand.

**BUTTERFINGER :**

I heard something!

**KAPLAN :**

Come on, Butterfinger. Kit Kat, you guard the Mayflowers with your life.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 97.

**135 CONTINUED:**

Kaplan and Butterfinger thunder out of the room. Kit Kat turns to face Anna. Behind him, Alfred hands Minerva a wildly modulated double crossbow rifle and Darwin places a Robin Hood hat atop her.

**DARWIN :**

Plan C. Plan C, Alfred. (louder)

Oh Kit Kat, are you really going to guard us with your life?

Kit Kat!

**ANNA :**

Anna narrows her eyes into reality. As she shouts her warning to Kit Kat, he holds up a card reading I KNOW. Minerva fires the crossbow riffel. Kit Kat painfully takes arrows into both sides of his costume. He holds up a card reading OUCH then stumbles and falls forward right into Anna's lap. He surreptitiously unties Anna.

**ALFRED :**

A double crossbow for a double cross!

**MINERVA :**

Oh Alfie, you dry, British madman!

**DARWIN :**

Is there any mammal we can't screw?

Alfred, the shortcut. Catch you on  
the flipside, baby.

**ANNA :**

Why did you do that?

**MINERVA :**

Try this on, sister. Thou shalt  
not share.

D1230

ANOTHER BOMB -NIGHT D123-0

slams beside a castle weather vane.

137 HAWK 137

hands back Tommy the time bomb rifle.

a bomb from the golf bag.

Tommy latches on

**HAWK :**

It's in the hole! The gallery is ecstatic!

He's got to be happy with that one, Tommy.

**TOMMY :**

My man! Two 1/2 minutes to save  
Anna, three 1/2 minutes to save  
the world?

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 98.

E123-0 CONTINUED: E123-0

**HAWK :**

Six. Oh. Oh. "Side by Side".

**TOMMY :**

(firing the rifle)

"Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money".

**HAWK :**

(loading another bomb)

Maybe we're ragged and funny.

HAWK & TOMMY

(Hawk fires it)

"But we'll be traveling along...

A rapid montage of bomb hitting various castle surfaces  
accompanies an orchestrated finish to the chorus.



HAWK & TOMMY (O.S.)

"...singing a song, Side by Side."

F123-O KAPLAN AND BUTTERFINGER F123-O

stop on a castle path. The light and sound of an explosion blasts to their right.

**KAPLAN :**

Let's try down this way.

Maybe we better go this way.

**KAPLAN :**

Ok, this way.

G123-O ANOTHER PART OF THE TERRACE -NIGHT G123-O

Hawk and Tommy stand before a wall. As they speak, two guards climb atop the roof.

**TOMMY :**

We better split up. I'll take the front nine, you take the back nine, and we'll meet back at the clubhouse.

**HAWK :**

(patting Tommy's stomach)

Hey Tommy, looking good.

An explosion sends the two guards flying off the roof.

Hawk and Tommy are oblivious.

**TOMMY :**

Thanks.

**BOTH :**

3... 2... 2...

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 99.

G123-O CONTINUED: G123-O

Hawk and Tommy split off, still singing. Hawk goes around a corner out of the viewer's view. Tommy latches on another bomb.

HAWK & TOMMY

"But we'll travel the road, sharing the load..." Side by Side...

H123-O OUTSIDE ART TREASURES ROOM -NIGHT H123-O

Kaplan and Butterfinger thunder to a stop.

**KAPLAN:**

Butterfinger, go in and brief the  
Mayflowers of the current situation.

**BUTTERFINGER :**

You got it, coach.

Butterfinger dutifully scampers through a nearby door.

**TOMMY:**

We had our troubles and parted,  
But we'll travel the road, sharing  
the load side by

**ALFRED :**

Side! I'll take that sir.

140 THE ART TREASURES ROOM 140

Closing the door behind him, Butterfinger sees Minerva  
fire arrows into his chest. Butterfinger looks from a  
whooping-with-glee Minerva to more arrows pounding into  
his body, like a little camper taking notes on a nature  
hike.

J123-O OUTSIDE THE ART TREASURES ROOM -NIGHT J123-O

Butterfinger still-dutifully exits the Art Treasures room  
and closes the door behind him.

**BUTTERFINGER:**

Coach, looks bad. I think the  
Mayflowers must have set us up.

Butterfinger falls forward, dead. Kaplan's head and the  
head of a sidling-up-beside Hawk follow the body's  
trajectory.

**HAWK :**

Butterfinger, we hardly knew ye.

With a sudden howl, Kaplan raises his arms high in the air  
and then spins for a savage karate belt into Hawk. A bomb  
can be heard going off..

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 100.

123P BACK SEAT OF LIMOUSINE -NIGHT 123P

Lights in the back of the limousine come on to reveal  
Darwin in his favorite seat, holding his silencer pistol.  
Alfred pushes in the slashed Tommy.

**DARWIN :**

Tommy, you New-York-Italianfather-made-twenty-bucks-a-weekson-of-a-bitch, you were hired as bait and on this simple task, you betrayed me. Do you have an answer why?

**TOMMY :**

I got five of them.

Tommy kicks the gun out of Darwin's hand. It bounces off the floor, knocking off his silencer. Tommy bounds next to Darwin and delivers solid punches, each one causing weird tones to emit from Darwin's head.

One. Two.

**TOMMY :**

Three. Four.

Darwin catches the fifth punch, and flicking ON his PAPER SHREDDER with his elbow, shoves Tommy's hand into the shredder's teeth.

123Q OUTSIDE SHREDDER 123Q

BLOOD SPUTTERS out of the vent.

123R INT ART TREASURES ROOM -NIGHT 123R

Minerva turns to Anna, in the process of reloading arrows.

**MINERVA :**

Well, since you're not going to tell us what we want to know, I think it's time for you to report to the home office in Heaven, Sis. If you talk to the Big Guy, tell him he's a loser...

**ANNA :**

Oh, that's it...

Anna lunges up to Minerva and pulls her forward for a savage head-butt which sends her reeling to the ground. She grabs up the Da Vinci goodies from the tray and runs off.

123S EXT A GRAND ILM SHOT -NIGHT 123S

shows little pinpoint explosions pimpling over the castle.

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 101.

123T EXT TOP OF A TURRET -NIGHT 123T

With explosions providing strobe for their ballet of violence, Kaplan attempts a karate kick towards Hawk, who catches the leg and does an ankle twist.

**KAPLAN :**

Does everything have to be so hard?

**HAWK :**

Tell me about it.

Kaplan slaps him backward. Hawk then runs forward. They latch onto each other's throats in a brutal, kicking and grunting waltz across the turret. The viewer's viewpoint moves down to the limousine below.

123U INT LIMOUSINE -NIGHT 123U

Tommy accidentally knocks ON the SIREN. He yanks his hand away from the shredder and slams Darwin's head over the piercing noise. Darwin's convulsing, screaming body picks up the gun.

Alfred cheerfully looks into the rear-view mirror.

**ALFRED :**

Shall I cut off his head, sir?

Darwin's GUN GOES OFF. Right through Alfred's neck. He falls forward, his foot hitting the gas pedal.

123V EXT TOP OF THE TURRET -NIGHT 123V

Kaplan swings his arm upward breaking the deadlock. reaches toward his jacket. Hawk grabs his hand and shakes it with a serene expression.

He

**HAWK :**

George, it's been real.

Hawk pulls away his hand to reveal he has stabbed a curari dart into Kaplan's palm. Hawk then slaps on Kaplan's forehead a picture of Little Eddie in a graduation cap. Kaplan crumbles into himself, in a paralyzed but still standing position.

**HAWK :**

Say hello to little Eddie, motherfucker.

With his index finger, Hawk pushes Kaplan over the edge.

123W KAPLAN 123W

sails atop the limousine hood onto his back with a  
cruching slam and squeal.

101A.

147 EXT/NIGHT/MAIN PARAPET AREA 147

(for 123T, 123V)

HAWK hits wall rolling.

**HAWK :**

That didn't hurt.

Kaplan advances;

**KAPLAN:**

Try this.

Kaplan kicks wall as Hawk rolls out of frame.

Hawk grabs up2x4, advances toward Kaplan. Kaplan

advances with flying kicks, knocking off pieces of2x4.

**HAWK :**

What are you going to say now,

you centrally intelligent

scumsickle?

Kaplan is dizzy after final kick.

**HAWK :**

Getting old, George?

Hawk klonks Kaplan.

**KAPLAN :**

Thank you.

Kaplan gives giant kick; Hawk's head rotates round.

(process)

Hawk delivers series of punches which miss; Kaplan

delivers series which hit. The last lifts Hawk in air.

**HAWK :**

George; stand still.

That didn't hurt.

101B.

147 CON'T 147

Kaplan kicks, Hawk bends forward and back in reaction.

Kaplan retreats and Hawk continues bending.

Kaplan prepares for grand charge.

Hawk loses hat.

Kaplan charges; Hawk bends.

**HAWK :**

My hat.

Kaplan lands out in the air.

**KAPLAN :**

I hate you.

**HAWK:**

Say hello to Little Eddie,  
motherfucker!

Guess you never fucked with anybody  
from Hoboken before.

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 102.

123X INT INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE -NIGHT 123X

Darwin jumps out of the car.

**DARWIN :**

Alfred, I won't be needing the  
car anymore.

Alfred, dribbling blood, turns to Tommy with a blood  
gurgled voice.

**ALFRED :**

Ta Ta.

All the doors in the backseat area lock before Tommy  
can reach them. Alfred barrels out the front pulls up  
the time bomb rifle, takes aim and shoot-suctions a bomb  
onto the trunk of the limo as it speeds away.

123Y EXT TOP OF THE TURRET -NIGHT 123Y

Anna dashes up to Hawk.

**ANNA :**

Hudson!

**HAWK :**

Hey, what's up. We're supposed  
to be saving you.

**ANNA :**

Sorry. I was bored. I saved  
myself.

**HAWK :**

Well, we still got to get those  
crystal pieces...

**ANNA :**

(waving them)

Got 'em right here, cowboy.

**HAWK :**

Oh.

(sweetly mocking)

"Got 'em right here."

Hey, that sounds like Tommy.

Anna good-naturedly belts him in the shoulder. They  
suddenly look down in confusion and horror.

A123Y THEIR POV A123Y

shows the careening forward to the cliff limousine.

TOMMY'S VOICE

Help! Eddie!

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 102A.

B123Y KAPLAN B123Y

wails from a crushed, paralyzed position on the hood.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 103.

**B123Y CONTINUED:**

My pension!

**KAPLAN :**

B123Y

123Z HAWK 123Z

sees the limousine bound off the castle terrace.

Tommy!

**HAWK :**

The limousine makes its final launch off the terrace,  
floating and falling with frightening beauty.

123AA INSIDE FALLING LIMOUSINE -NIGHT 123AA

The world and his life swirling outside, Tommy quivers  
in fear. The PHONE RINGS. Tommy picks up.

Hey, Tommy...

DARWIN (VO)

123BB DARWIN 123BB

Gleefully speaks into a cellular phone.

**DARWIN :**

Buckle up, you working class son-of-a-bitch.

123CC THE BOMB -NIGHT 123CC

on the trunk goes off.

123DD THE LIMOUSINE -NIGHT 123DD

blows up in mid-air turning into a giant flaming snowflake.

123F THE TURRET -NIGHT 123F

Hawk goes from the sight of the limousine to that of Darwin putting away his cellular phone and goes from horror to anger. Darwin looks up.

**DARWIN :**

Friend of yours?

Dead!

**HAWK :**

With a howl, Hawk jumps off the turret and crash lands into the smug megalomaniac. Alfred raises up the rifle butt behind him.

123FF TOP OF THE TURRET -NIGHT 123FF

Anna sees this and shouts down.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 103A.

**ANNA :**

Hudson, watch out!

123G BOTTOM OF THE TURRET -NIGHT 123G

Alfred rifle-butts Hawk into unconsciousness.

124 OMITTED 124

thru thru

226 226

227 GOLD MACHINE ROOM 227

**DARWIN :**

Minerva!

**MINERVA :**

Darwin, Darling!

**DARWIN :**

God I love happy endings.

**MINERVA :**



Anna, Hawkmeister, you're probably wondering why you're still alive. We didn't want you to go to Hell without knowing our dream came true. But we still are having some trouble putting that damn crystal together. Alfie and I've been going at that thing all night. Well, put it together.

**HAWK :**

Fuck you.  
Of course, Alfred does have a point.

**ANNA :**

Don't do it Hudson.

**HAWK :**

Hay, what did I tell you about calling me Hudson? I have no choice.

**MINERVA :**

If you pull this off, I can't promise that I won't kill you. I mean, who are we trying to kid? But I will spare the flying nun here.

Don't ever change, Hawk.

(CONTINUED)

104.

**227 CONTINUED:**

**MINERVA :**

You're such a shmoe.

Go, team, go.

Why is the world so jam packed with such idiots. Every shmoe has the fantasy that the planet revolves around them. It rains, car crash stops traffic, you say, "How could this happen to me?" It's a natural inclination. But for I; this isn't a fantasy, it is reality. You are on my planet! You walk around the

corner for coffee, out of my sight,  
you do not fucking exist! The lives  
of shmoes like you have meaning only  
in relation to the rich, to the  
powerful, to ME!

INSERT FOR 105.

**DARWIN :**

Let me tell you something, if Da  
Vinci was alive today. he'd be eating  
microwave sushi naked in the back of  
a Cadillac with the both of us. He's  
dead and we're alive. The project  
of his life is now the toy of mine.  
History, culture and tradition are  
not concepts, they are trophies I  
keep in my den as paper weights.  
Adam and Eve, Julius Caesar, Jesus  
Christ, Spiro Agnew, Sadat, Jackie  
Robinson, MC Hammer, Saddam Hussein,  
Darwin and Minerva Mayflower. We  
are the last names of the last  
sentence of the last page. The chaos  
we will cause the world with this  
machine will be our final masterpiece.  
Give us your awe!  
Let the legend begin.

Go team go.

Go team go.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 11/5/90 105.

227 MINERVA giddily sets the crystal in the same place as  
Da Vinci had it in his machine.

227

Using a long steel pole, Technician One adjusts a  
myraid of mirrors so they are in a proper angle with  
a series of lenses culminating on the top of the  
machine.

Technicians Two (black-eyed) and Three pour various  
chemical powders and liquids into corresponding  
compartments on the machine, beautifully decorated  
by the chemical's zodiac sign.

Darwin places a lead bar in its proper place.

Hawk glides to Anna and undoes her handcuff.

Minerva throws a lever.

the furnace.  
Steam begins to percolate from

**MINERVA :**

We're for real.

228 THE MACHINE 228

begins to rotate, at first clunkily, then faster.  
The Crystal rotates comfortably in its compartment.  
The machine throws out its folding arms, each with an  
element. The arms click higher.

The goggled technicians stand before a time-coded  
video monitor, taking notes.

The chemical housings open and the chemicals begin  
to spill and drop through brass tubes.

228A ANNA 228A

105A.

**ANNA :**

You should be very proud of  
yourself.

**HAWK :**

Let me ask you something.

**ANNA :**

What?

**HAWK :**

What if I didn't put that crystal  
together exactly right?

**ANNA :**

What do you mean?

**HAWK :**

Let's say, for example, I left this  
little mirror out. Would that be  
bad?

**ANNA :**

That would be bad.

**HAWK :**

Very bad?

**ANNA :**

Very bad.

**HAWK :**

Good.

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 11/5/90

106.

229 OMITTED 229

230 IN THE MACHINE 230

The chemicals snake down their individual paths to the Lead Bar spinning its trough. There's a FLASH and a controlled but jarring explosion. Everyone doubletakes.

230A DARWIN 230A

recoils in fear. Minerva giddily moves forward, pulling on her goggles.

**DARWIN :**

Minerva, maybe this wasn't such a good idea. I think we should sell the castle, re-invest.

**MINVERVA :**

Stop being such a human being!

We're mythic!

Darwin lets her go into the smoke.

230B

ANNA 230A

Hawk goes into action.

Darwin turns to see this and raises his gun.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 11/5/90

107.

230B

**CONTINUED:**

Hawk takes the steel pole from Anna and fiercely javelins it into the gun-firing Darwin. The pole slams Darwin in the shoulder and impales him into a massive, spinning upward "Modern Times" style Gear. Darwin painfully spins toward the teeth of a corresponding Gear.

Hawk and Anna turn from the painful crunch.

231

OMITTED 231

232

THE MACHINE 232

triggers a fresnel lens and laserlike beams bounce around the mirrors faster and faster, circling the room.

233

OUTSIDE THE MACHINE 233

Hawk and Anna squint, blinded. Flinging off her goggles, a literally beaming, oblivious to everything around her, Minerva giggles forward.

234

THE MACHINE 234

Beams of light converge on the top mirror and bounce into the innards of the machine with a mighty roar!

235

MINERVA 235

sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish and molten. She moves closer, shouting into her head-set.

**MINERVA :**

Eureka, motherfuckers!

236 HAWK 236

thru Mission control. Mission control thru 238 to Mayflower. Ready for bust off. 238

**ALFRED :**

How.

**ANNA :**

Your turn.

**HAWK :**

My turn? I just killed Darwin.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 11/5/90 108.

236-238 CONTINUED 236-238

**ALFRED :**

How dare you take from me the pleasure of slaughtering my

boorish employer.

(flick)

It's your first time, dying.

I'll try to be gentle.

**ANNA :**

Definitely your turn.

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him halfway. Hawk fires in some gut punches while dodging the blade.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster, and prays for forgiveness. She aims steadily, and fires...

**HAWK :**

Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt not kill!

Right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him back with a strong punch.

**ANNA:**

Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off Hawk's belt buckle.

**HAWK:**

Stop helping me!

Hawk's turning to chastise Anna, allows Alfred to kick Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft. Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the wall until the point of the "V" hits it -

**HAWK :**

Hey, Alfred, I got some bad news -

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 ALT. DIALOGUE 108.

235 MINERVA 235

sees that the center of the machine gleams yellowish and molten. She moves closer, shouting into her head-set.

**MINERVA:**

Eureka, motherfuckers!

The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive pace. Hawk's voice suddenly comes on Minerva's head-set.

HAWK'S VOICE

(head-set)

Minnie, hate to interrupt your orgasm, but...

236 HAWK AND ANNA 236

stand above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk is speaking into the head-set.

**HAWK :**

Me, Anna, and Leonardo just wanna say you got the Midas touch baby...

237

MACHINE 237

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion. The center of the machine blows. The pool of molten gold rockets at the viewer.

Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

238 HAWK AND ANNA 238

turn to retreat, and see, standing in the mouth of the open double doors, in an open shirt, wearing Indian war paint on his face and the words RULE BRITANNIA painted on his chest, ALFRED!

**ALFRED :**

How.

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 109.

**238 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

You're unemployed, Alfie. Boss is dead. Plan is over.

**ALFRED:**

(strange voiced)

My plan is just beginning. I'll forgive you for denying me the pleasure of slaughtering my boorish employers, but I'm afraid the birth of the new British Empire can have no witnesses.

**HAWK :**

Ooh-kay...

Alfred rushes forward with a howl. Hawk meets him halfway. They trade savage punches and then lock onto each other's throats.

Anna pulls a gun from a technician's holster and prays for forgiveness. She aims steadily and fires ... right into Hawk's arm. This allows Alfred to knock him back with a strong punch.

**ANNA :**

Sorry!

She fires again. The bullet pings off of Hawk's belt buckle.

**HAWK :**

Stop helping me! Thou shalt not kill!

Hawk's turning to chastise Anna allows Alfred to kick Hawk back against a wall. Alfred lunges out with his blade, hitting the wall off-angle. Hawk yanks the shaft. Alfred goes with the flow and presses the shaft on Hawk's throat.

Gasping, Hawk looks to a rip in Alfred's shirt and sees a hinge and lever on the shaft. With an all or nothing jerk, Hawk flicks the lever. The shaft clicks on the hinge.

Alfred's greater strength and narrower grip makes it fold away from Hawk and suddenly it is Alfred's throat which is caught in the V-shaped trap! The momentum of the sudden change makes Alfred stumble towards the wall until the point of the "V" hits it -



(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK Rev. 11/5/90 109.

**238 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Hey Alfie, I got news. You won't be attending that hat convention in July. Excuse my crass American sense of humor...

Hawk savagely elbows the V. The blades slam together and POP ALFRED'S HEAD OFF, SENDING IT SCREAMING DISEMBODIED, HIGH IN THE AIR.

239 ALFRED'S SCREAMING HEAD P.O.V. 239

Hawk and Anna are seen waving up to the viewer (Alfie's head).

The machine thunders and spins at a more aggressive pace. 239A Alfred's head rolls to Minerva's feet. 239A

**HAWK :**

Don't touch that head! Com'on.

She turns in shock to see Hawk and Anna standing above the unconscious Technicians. Hawk whoops into a headset.

**ANNA :**

Looking good, Alfie.

239B MACHINE 239B

Minerva turns toward the machine in anger and confusion. The center of the machine blows. rockets at the viewer.

The pool of molten gold

Mirrors explode and the lasers slash at the walls.

Minerva tumbles from the machine, screaming, that is to say, trying to scream, because molten gold covers her face. It bubbles and cascades, turning her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti.

The machine thunders with another explosion.

240 THE DA VINCI WORKSHOP 240

Hawk and Anna retreat into the Da Vinci workshop. They stop from a smiling pant and see BUNNY THE DOG standing before them.

(CONTINUED)

HUDSON HAWK Rev. 11/5/90 110.

**240 CONTINUED:**

**ANNA :**

My turn?

**HAWK :**

Yeah... This F... Dog...

Anna laughs and confidently moves toward the dog until Bunny leaps up and savagely clamps his teeth into her throat sending her crashing to the ground.

Bunny continues to viciously gnaw away on the convulsing Anna, blood gently starts to emerge.

It lands next to the Gadget that is connected to the Tennis Ball Machine. Hawk rushes forward, picks up the gadget, turns the dial to ten, and then smiles sweetly toward the dog.

**HAWK :**

Oh Bunny, Ball-Ball.

Bunny stops his violent behavior and perkily looks up, blood droplets drizzling from his mouth.

Hawk slams down the gadget.

**HANK :**

He's out the window!

(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 111.

**240 CONTINUED:**

A tennis ball comes rocketing out of the machine.

Bunny leaps and catches the rocketing ball but the force of it sends him FLYING AND CRASHING out a window.

Hawk pulls up Anna as the machine completely EXPLODES.

A huge chunk of the roof THUDS before the workshop door.

Hawk suddenly looks off-camera and smiles. Anna shakes her head vigorously. He pulls her out of frame.

240A EXT. A VINCI COUNTRYSIDE TREE 240A

The TRAVELING MERCHANT with the unforgettably etched face, just as he did centuries earlier, dismounts his mule and wearies down to a tree stump.

He takes off his hat and inhales the air, only this time, he coughs. He then brings his wine cask to his lips when another loud BOOM sends the wine splashing.

241 EXT. OUTSIDE THE GRAND CASTLE -DAY 241

An explosion of steam and gas blows out the windows!  
Debris frisbees toward the camera along with...  
Anna hanging on Hawk's waist, and Hawk, hanging from the  
bar on DA VINCI'S BAT-WINGED GLIDER.

The glider gracefully swooshes down through the castle  
through the glorious vista.

A242 EXT. THE ROAD TO THE CASTLE A242

The glider floats to a perfect landing before the Unforgettable  
Merchant.

Hawk and Anna collect themselves and look up to the smoke-  
billowing castle. They smile and gush in.

(CONTINUED)

111A.

**A242 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

Listen, can I ask you something?  
It's kind of hard for me to ask.  
Will you play Nintendo with me?

**ANNA :**

That's a very personal question.  
I'm afraid that I'm going to have  
to stick with God. You're a close  
second, though, tough guy.

**HAWK :**

I'll quit stealing. I'll learn how  
to kiss better. I just haven't  
kissed in ten years, that's all.

**ANNA :**

You're the best kisser I ever kissed.

**HAWK :**

Wait a minute. I'm the only person  
you've ever kissed.

**ANNA :**

That's right.

**HAWK :**

Let me ask you something about this

God thing. Is that going to last?  
Yes.

**ANNA :**

**HAWK:**

Because you know, I'm going to be  
kinda lost without you.  
ALTERNATE 111B.

**A242 CONTINUED:**

**HAWK :**

... Will you play Nintendo with me?

**ANNA :**

I can't think of anybody I'd rather  
play Nintendo with.

**HAWK :**

What about your boss?

**ANNA :**

What boss?

**HAWK :**

You know.

**ANNA :**

I think he'd want me to keep an  
eye on you.

**HAWK :**

That's what I was thinking. Because,  
let's face it, since I got out of  
the joint, I've been pretty mixed  
up.

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 112.

242 HAWK 242

You know, I'm going to be kinda  
lost without you...

**HAWK :**

Let's face it. Since I got out of

the joint, I'm pretty mixed up.  
I don't know whether to Lambada or  
Vogue. I still can't tell the  
difference between Diet Coke and  
Tab.

**ANNA :**

It's one of life's eternal  
mysteries. Just be glad you have  
a life. Can I buy you a Cappuchino?

**HAWK :**

Can I kiss you?  
Anna shouts out toward the coffee-stained Unforgettably  
Etched Cafe Owner, who gives them a disgruntled look  
before going inside. Hawk and Anna collapse into an  
outside table.

**ANNA:**

I just wish Tommy could be here.

**HAWK :**

(looking off)  
No way.

**ANNA :**

That's not very nice.

**HAWK :**

No way!  
(CONTINUED)  
)J( HUDSON HAWK -9/7/90 113.

**242 CONTINUED:**

**TOMMY :**

Yes, way!!

**ANNA :**

5-Tone! Grazie, Paison.  
Hawk and Anna gasp in happiness.

**TOMMY :**

Did I miss anything?

**HAWK :**

Tommy, you're supposed to be crashed  
up at the bottom of the hill?

**TOMMY:**

Air bags. Can you fucking believe  
it?

**ANNA:**

But Tommy, you're also supposed to  
be blown up into fiery chunks of  
flesh?

**TOMMY :**

Sprinkler system set up in the back.  
Can you fucking believe it?

**HAWK :**

Not fucking really. You're also  
supposed to be... dead!

**TOMMY :**

(Hey, can we drop this subject?  
It's depressing.) I was supposed  
to die so many different ways that  
the good Lord couldn't decide which  
one to pick.

**HAWK :**

Yes, that must be it.  
Hawk and Anna laugh and kiss Tommy on the forehead.  
Tommy crashes on a chair next to them. The Unforgettable  
Cafe Owner comes out with the cappuccinos.

**ANNA :**

Sip your cappucino...

**HAWK :**

Shouldn't we get Tommy to a hospital?

**TOMMY :**

Eddie. Drink your coffee.  
(CONTINUED)

)J( HUDSON HAWK -Rev. 9/7/90 114.

**242 CONTINUED:**

Hawk sits back and puts on a pair of sunglasses that look exactly like the ones Da Vinci wore in the opening. He laughs, speaking under his breath.

**HAWK :**

(raising his cup)

Here's to little Eddie...

The viewer's viewpoint moves into Hawk's lips having a sip of that damn unmasculine European coffee.

FADE OUT.

**THE END:**