

The news zipper in Times Square glides through the night

air: "MANHUNT UNDERWAY FOR RAINBOW RANDOLPH... SUSPECTED IN BOXER'S MURDER... SEEN OUTSIDE BUILDING SHORTLY BEFORE SHOOTING, DRENCHED IN GASOLINE AND ACTING PECULIAR..."

We CRANE DOWN FROM the zipper ONTO the sidewalk. Randolph is talking on a pay phone. We hear Angelo on the other end.

RANDOLPH

I didn't do it! I know you're still mad at me, but you gotta believe me.

(CONTINUED)

92.

CONTINUED:

ANGELO (V.O.)

The papers say you were the mastermind.

RANDOLPH

Mastermind? I can barely figure out how to unzip my pants these days. Just taking a piss is a logistical nightmare.

ANGELO (V.O.)

I believe you, Randy. But you can't come back to my place. They'll find you. You gotta go underground.

EXT. LIBERTY FLOUR AND BISCUIT FACTORY - NIGHT

We are outside the long-abandoned Liberty Biscuit and Flour factory. The Liberty sign with its Statue of Liberty logo is eroded and partially missing.

INT. LIBERTY BISCUIT AND FLOUR FACTORY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Inside the massive dormant factory, rats scurry around and pigeons occasionally fly from window sill to window sill. A makeshift living area has been set up in the middle of it all -- a chair, lamp, small table, hot plate, etc. Randolph lays on the dilapidated conveyor belt, huddled under a blanket.

Angelo enters the factory through a rusty door, carrying provisions.

ANGELO

It's heatin' up out there. Every

cop in New York is looking for you. And Tommy Cotter's boys are combin' the streets. You're gonna have to stay put for a while.

Randolph sits up on the conveyor belt, blanket draped over his shoulders. He's a physical and emotional wreck.

RANDOLPH

I was an altar boy once. Did you know that? I wanted to be a priest. Do you believe in angels, Angie?

(CONTINUED)

93.

CONTINUED:

ANGELO

Angels?

RANDOLPH

There was a little angel in pigtailed. She was the only one who cared about me. She saved my life.

Angelo hops up on the conveyor belt to console Randolph. Randolph rests his head on Angelo's shoulder.

ANGELO

You didn't want to kill yourself, Randy. You know that.

RANDOLPH

Perhaps it's time to heal. To accept the fact that Smoochy has won and gracefully march forward. True, I'm currently wanted for a murder I didn't commit. But I have faith. Faith that justice will prevail.

ANGELO

Now you're talkin', kid. This is a big step... I'm proud of you.

He strokes Randolph's head.

RANDOLPH

Did you bring lunch?

ANGELO

Yes.

RANDOLPH

Chicken and stars?

ANGELO
Just like you asked for.

RANDOLPH
Can I have some, please?

ANGELO
For a smile.

Randolph sniffs and manages a small pitiful smile.
Angelo musses his hair.

ANGELO
Atta boy.

(CONTINUED)

94.

CONTINUED:

Angelo lifts one of the grocery bags onto the conveyor belt.

ANGELO
Here, I got you some crossword puzzles and stuff to read.

Angelo hops off the conveyor belt and turns on the hot plate. He starts to open a can of soup. Randolph reaches into the bag and pulls out a copy of the New York Post. The lead article's headline reads, "WAKE FOR SPINNER." A large photograph shows mourners leaving the restaurant after the wake. Clearly visible are Sheldon and Nora. They have their arms around each other. Randolph's eyes widen. He starts to hyperventilate. Angelo looks up.

ANGELO
You okay? Randy?

Finally, Randolph expels a blood-curdling scream that ECHOES through the factory.

RANDOLPH
Motherfucker!!!!!!!

Angelo drops the soup. Birds in the factory flutter from the rafters.