

THE DEVIL'S BANKER

Screenplay by

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Based on the Novel by Gary Van Haas

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INSERT: "BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS"

FADE IN:

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

A series of shipping containers stacked across from the front of a warehouse with the garage-style door open.

Policeman SERGE PORTER (late 30's) and his partner P.C. PAULA SANTOLI (29), hide belly down on top of a crate.

They peer down at TWO THUGS leaning against a stack of palettes facing away from the cop's hiding spot.

Porter moves ahead first, then Paula, getting the drop on the two men and...

Porter pulls out his pistol and jumps down from the crate yelling as he RUNS for the THUGS with his pistol out.

Paula follows as the THUGS whirl in surprise, hands shooting into the air.

They drop to the ground, hands behind their heads as Porter covers them with his weapon.

Just as they are about to cuff them...Paula smiles at Porter and takes THUG #1's hand as...

A CAR revs up and tears out of the warehouse. A MAN jumps out... The MUZZLE flash of AN UZI lights up the darkness of the WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE as a car driven by THUG #3 roars toward them.

ON PORTER: He sees the man then hears staccato GUN SHOTS - an UZI blazing away at them! He dives behind a palette...gets off a couple of rounds. Then, with a yell to Paula, as he dives behind the palettes.

Paula turns at the last second, then ARCHES HER ARMS in the air... RED BLOOD blossoms begin oozing from holes in her blouse!

PAULA

I'm HIT!

Her lips move in an anguished cry for help, as she drops to her knees, then collapses face-down in a widening pool of red.

INT. PORTER'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Porter jumps up in bed, awakening in horror from a dream, SWEATING, BREATHING erratically--

He lies back down on the bed, eyes open wide in fear, boring a hole through the ceiling. Obviously hasn't slept well in a long time.

Dressed only in boxers, a light sheen of sweat coats his body, a ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDALLION on a silver chain rises and falls on his well-muscled chest as he breathes. One of his hands strays to it, rubbing it absently.

He turns to check the red glow of the bedside clock: 4:27

OVERHEAD ANGLE: The untidy room is a mess, as low light from the city outside casts its eerie glow onto the bed in the center of the room.

Porter lies in bed, arms wide, legs extended like Christ crucified on the cross.

PORTER
To hell with it..!

With that, Porter is up from the bed.

INTER CUT:

EXT. THE VATICAN, ROME - NIGHT

Establishing shot of St. Peters Basilica.

INT. A DARK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TWO ITALIAN MEN sit in dark shadows talking (in subtitles).

MAN #1
He's disappeared.

MAN #2
What do you mean he's disappeared?
The scandal's about to break!

MAN #1
I want him stopped at all cost.
Make sure he doesn't talk. Capiche?

MAN #2
Si...

CUT TO:

INT. PORTER'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

A loft-style space. Bare concrete and ducting. A ROUND HEAVY SHADOW swings back and forth on the wall...

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

The SOUND of FISTS slapping into a HEAVY BAG. It swings BACK and FORTH from a rafter in the corner as Porter, wearing track suit bottoms, pounds it with PUNCHES AND KICKS. Sweat pours down his body.

Finally, he hugs the bag for a breath stopping its motion. He pushes it away and grabs a towel, picks his way through the messy loft toward the attached kitchenette.

Once nice furniture dots what has become the den of a wounded man-animal, replete with take out cartons and beer tins.

He passes a faux-mantle with a FRAMED PHOTO of Porter and female Officer Stanoli, standing together with huge grins. The COPPER PLACARD on the Photo frame reads: "IN LOVING MEMORY OF PAULA J. SANTOLI."

Another PHOTO next to it, is of Porter in PRIEST'S ROBES, standing in front of a church.

Porter reaches the fridge and pulls it open to reveal a barren wasteland of rotting leftovers. He tugs a half-empty fifth of VODKA from inside the door.

Moving to an easy chair, Porter shoves a copy of the Daily Mail onto the floor before dropping into the seat. Spinning the cap off the Vodka, he looks at the PHOTO of Paula again.

PORTER

Here's to you, love...

He knocks back a huge jolt of the Vodka, then grabs his running shoes from beside the chair, slips them on.

One more SHOT for good measure and he's up for the door, grabbing his top on the way.

EXT. LONDON STREET - MORNING

Early morning gray on an empty street.

SUPER: JUNE 18, 1982 - LONDON

The Sun struggles to break through the morning mist. Porter, throwing the short jabs of a boxer, jogs down the empty street with the towel around his neck.

With each jab he exhales a sharp burst of air. Sweat runs down his face and soaks his jogging suit.

Every so often he shakes his head as if to clear it - either of vodka or bad memories. The jabs become more insistent, their intent more violent.

His pace quickens--

Inhale - jab - EXHALE. Inhale - JAB - EXHALE.

Faster, faster and faster until...

He breaks into an all out SPRINT, forcing himself past the point of exhaustion. And now he's stumbling forward, pin-wheeling his arms - losing his shit until he fetches up against a CAR, head down and panting.

Holding himself upright against the curb side window, HE WRETCHES. Powerful heaves spew nothing but vodka and blood-tinged bile.

Slowly, he raises his head to see his face REFLECTED in the window glass. Hateful sadness fills his eyes.

An ANGUISHED ROAR breaks his lips and...

SMASH! The window EXPLODES as his fist blasts through the glass shattering his reflected FACE.

Finally, spent of his rage, he notices BLOOD running down his hand, dripping onto the street. Pulling the TOWEL from his neck, he wraps his hand and resumes a staggering jog off around the corner. And then we go into---

INT. GENOVISI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

FATHER DOMINIC GENOVISI (70's) putters about the small kitchen of his Parish home wearing nothing but a night shirt. The remaining wisps of his thin gray hair dance in the glimmer of sunlight from the window as he searches the cupboard for a canister of tea.

The faint hint of a long-faded Italian accent lingers on his words as he talks to himself.

FATHER GENOVISI
Now where have you gone to?

He digs deeper in his cupboard.

KNOCK KNOCK! A faint rapping from the front door.

Genovisi turns.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
What on earth?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Good heavens!
(to door)
Just a moment! Just a moment
please!

EXT. GENOVISI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Porter, with the bloodstained towel around his hand, waits at the door of the stone cottage next to a CATHOLIC CHURCH.

As he raises his hand to knock again, the door comes open to reveal Father Genovisi now in a bathrobe.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
Inspector Porter!

Genovisi checks his watch.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
What brings you here at this hour?

PORTER
Sorry to bother you so early Father
Genovisi but I needed to talk if...

Genovisi notices the towel.

FATHER GENOVISI
Oh my! You're hurt!

PORTER
(Off towel)
It's nothing. Just a nick really
but...

FATHER GENOVISI
Yes, yes, yes! Of course, come in.
Come in!

Genovisi shuffles back and tows Porter in behind him.

INTER CUT:

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE - MORNING

The gray water of the River Thames churns slowly under the looping spans of the famous bridge --

A POSTMAN whistles his way along a path near the bridge just as the sun cracks bright through the morning clouds, he stops near one of the supports, fishes a smoke from his pocket, and lights it with a deep drag.

Exhaling he notices a SHADOW dancing slowly against the wall beside him. He cocks his head at the sight just as a LARGE BIRD'S SHADOW flits to perch on the larger SHADOW. The CAW of a RAVEN brings his head around to see...

A blue-faced BODY of a bald middle-aged MAN in a blue-suit, hanging by his neck from the supports underneath the bridge.

The RAVEN, perched on the body's shoulder, stabs his beak into the corpse's EYEBALL and plucks it out. The stunned Postman's cigarette drops from his lips.

INTER CUT:

INT. GENOVISI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

At the small kitchen table, Genovisi wraps a bandage around the cut on Porter's hand.

FATHER GENOVISI

You can't keep doing this to yourself, Serge. After you left the Priesthood and became a policeman, you've become a mess.

Porter can only nod his head.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)

I know you were going to marry your partner, but she knew the risks of your profession the same as you do. It's not your fault.

PORTER

But it IS. She'd still be here if I'd have just listened to her and waited for backup!

FATHER GENOVISI

God has a plan for us all, my son.

PORTER

And what is his plan for me Padre?
To have me finish my days knowing I
led my fiance to slaughter?

FATHER GENOVISI

Even Judas had his role to play in
saving our souls.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Judas is not how I want to be
remembered.

FATHER GENOVISI

What you SHOULD remember is that
Judas was forgiven even BEFORE the
act. Because his actions were a
necessary, if unpleasant part, of
God's plan.

Genovisi finishes with the bandage.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)

Now, how's that?

Porter tests the bandage.

PORTER

You dress a good wound. Where did
you learn?

FATHER GENOVISI

Let's just say I had time as a
young priest to practice dressing
wounds in the resistance against
Mussolini's fascists in Italy.

He winks, then grows serious locking eyes with Porter.

FATHER GENOVISI

(CONT'D)

If there's one thing the war DID
teach me, it's that there are
forces, both good and bad, way
beyond our control... Do you
understand me? All we CAN control
is the strength of our faith when
challenged.

Porter nods slowly, deep in his own thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARRIMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A well-appointed office - leather and good crystal.

The nameplate on the massive desk reads: 'H.M.S. ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER DANIEL R. HARRIMAN'. HARRIMAN (50's), effete - more of a bureaucrat than cop, eyes Porter from behind the desk -- Porter scans a file, looks up.

PORTER

Italy?

HARRIMAN

Yes. We need someone to liaise with the Italians on this since The man was an Italian national.

PORTER

I thought they ruled it a suicide?

HARRIMAN

They did. Name on his passport was Roberto Calvini. Probably bogus...

PORTER

But...

HARRIMAN

Inspector Porter, may I be frank with you?

Porter acquiesces with a nod.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)

The reality is it's probably a nonstarter of a case. But quite honestly, based on everything...

Harriman pauses with feigned sensitivity.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)

Well, with everything that's happened with you of late I felt you'd be grateful for the chance to get away.

This sets Porter's teeth on edge.

PORTER

With respect Sir, I've got my own caseload and I'll be damned if I'm going to waste my time on some Italian prick when I could be here
(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)
 working to find out who put a
 bullet in my partner!

Harriman ignores the vitriol.

HARRIMAN
 Oh, I wouldn't worry about your
 cases Inspector. We can very
 easily assign them elsewhere in
 your absence if necessary.

PORTER
 Sir -

Harriman puts his hands up to stop him.

HARRIMAN
 Listen Porter, you're not scheduled
 to leave for another 3 days. Why
 don't you take some time to
 familiarize yourself with the
 file, we'll talk again later.

PORTER
 Sir, I'm not willing to take on
 this assignment.

Harriman smiles over this comment.

HARRIMAN
 I understand. Let's talk again
 before you leave.

Porter sits in stunned disbelief.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)
 Will there be anything else? No?
 Well then, good day to you.

Shaking his head, Porter gets up from his chair WITHOUT the
 file and starts for the door.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)
 Oh Inspector?

Porter stops at the door and turns back.

Harriman nods toward the FILE.
 Without a word Porter snatches the file off the chair.
 Harriman goes back to reading something on his desk.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A place with more health inspector's warnings than customers. Porter sits in a raggedy booth with a pint of beer and a dinner of Shepherd's Pie.

With the Police file spread out in front of him on the table, he sips and chews, flips through PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS showing:

--CRIME SCENE PICTURES of Roberto Calvi's body being taken down from the noose under the bridge.

--CALVI ON the MORGUE SLAB.

--A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE about Calvi being voted the new Chairman of BANCO AMBROSIANO.

--An ARTICLE about CALVI being sacked from Banco Ambrosiano with a BY-LINE by FRANCA DE LUCA.

--A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE about Banco Ambrosiano having hundreds of millions of dollars in unreported losses, again, written by FRANCA DE LUCA.

--A copy of a letter from CALVI to POPE JOHN PAUL II.

Porter pulls the letter from the file. Pushing his plate away, he reads it to himself.

PORTER

(Sotto)

... PROVOKE A CATASTROPHE OF
UNIMAGINABLE PROPORTIONS IN WHICH
THE CHURCH WILL SUFFER THE GRAVEST
DAMAGE... What the hell's that
mean?

Porter sets the letter down deep in thought. After a moment, he slams the rest of his pint, gets up from the booth, pays up and heads for the door.

EXT. GENOVISI'S STUDY - NIGHT

Bookshelves, a desk, comfortable wing back leather chairs. A Tiffany style lamp throws light over a small coffee table with the FILE spread out on it -- Porter and Genovisi sip glasses of sherry, as Genovisi still wears his Priest's collar and listens intently as Porter goes over the material.

PORTER

Banco Ambrosiano's main shareholder
was the Vatican and yet when Calvi
gets convicted for illegal money
transfers he's allowed to keep his

(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)
position as Chairman of the bank,
pending appeal. That is until he
writes THIS...

Porter hands a copy of the POPE LETTER to Genovisi and he scans the letter.

PORTER (CONT'D)
It's from Calvi to Pope John Paul
II... Two weeks later he's hanging
dead under a bridge and Banco
Ambrosiano is facing collapse.

Genovisi finishes reading.

FATHER GENOVISI
And what do you wish of me?

Porter gets up from his chair to pace around the study.

PORTER
I have no idea, Father. Suppose
I'm just looking for some possible
reason as to why the Church would
allow this man to stay in his
position when he so clearly was
involved in criminal activity.

Genovisi chuckles.

FATHER GENOVISI
My dear boy, I'm afraid you've come
to the wrong person! I am a man of
the cloth, not a Judge.

Porter nods.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
The Vatican and Holy See are more
than just a Church; It is a country
unto itself.

PORTER
I'm being posted to the case in
Italy, would you come with me?

FATHER GENOVISI
No time now... although I still
have a family house in the country.
I rarely go, but you can use it if
you wish.

He sets the letter back in the file.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
Is this really what you've come
here to talk about?

Porter lets out a sigh as he collapses back into his chair.

PORTER
I don't know. It's just they've got
me running off to Italy when I
should be here tracking down the
bastard who shot Paula.

FATHER GENOVISI
Perhaps you just said it yourself.

Porter looks at Genovisi. Genovisi pats his leg.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
GOD knows for what reason they've
got you running there. Have faith,
my son, and the reason will come.

EXT. BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE - DAY

Morning light spills across the water of the Thames.

Porter stands on the bank of the river looking up at the
spans above him. His eyes travel down one of the SUPPORTS to
where the concrete reaches the water line.

He notices THE WATER MARK IS HIGHER ON THE CONCRETE where
the tide went out.

He kneels in thought looking at the ground first and then
the supports above - measuring with his eyes; He looks at a
BOAT on the river for comparison. With a nod, he rises, takes
a shot from his whiskey flask, walks off.

INT. HARRIMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Porter sits across from Harriman's desk going over the notes
in his file, as a disinterested Harriman tries doggedly to
uncoil the kinks in his PHONE CORD.

PORTER
...Calvi was found in the morning
when the tide was out. But when I
went to the bridge the water marks
show that at high tide that support
COULD have been reached by someone
on a boat if...

HARRIMAN

Ah, ha! You're finding clues already.

Harriman finally gets the cord straight. Porter glares at him. Harriman starts as if the conversation has just begun.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)

Now Porter, when you're over there try not to ruffle feathers. Just follow the Italians' lead to wrap this thing up as fast as possible. Last thing the Home Office needs is turn this into something more than it is.

PORTER

Sir, you know I was reluctant to take this case, now I have to say I'm completely baffled... What is it exactly you want from me.

Harriman comes around his desk conspiratorially.

HARRIMAN

I'm going to level with you. The Italians are putting considerable pressure on Home Office to make this thing go away... It's getting political. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

PORTER

Honestly? No. I still have no idea what you want from all this.

HARRIMAN

Well, that's fine. Just remember, when in Rome...

Harriman looks down at Porter waiting for him.

Porter nods, reluctantly.

EXT. DA VINCI AIRPORT - DAY

The hustle and bustle of a busy international airport.

SUBTITLE: "DA VINCI AIRPORT - ROME, ITALY"

Porter steps out into the heat of the Italian summer, shouldering a duffel bag as he walks to the TAXI stand. He gets into the next available TAXI.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER exhales the last of his cigarette as he turns back to look at his fare. The smoke trails into Porter's less than-pleased face.

DRIVER

Si?

Porter pulls a translation book from his pocket, stumbles through the Italian.

PORTER

Sta-zi-on-e Di Pol-iz? Oh, fuck it.

The Driver whips back to the wheel and hits the fare. He responds into the REARVIEW MIRROR.

DRIVER

Police Headquarters, O.K...

He SLAMS the gas and the car JUMPS out into the flow of traffic to the SCREECHING OF TIRES and BLARING OF HORNS. The Driver throws TWO FINGERS out the window, flipping off the oncoming traffic as he speeds ahead.

Porter grins.

PORTER

(sotto)

I like your style, mate.

EXT. TAXI / AIRPORT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A BLACK MERCEDES weaves its way through the traffic always a few cars behind Portman's erratically speeding taxi.

INT. P-2 LODGE - CONFERENCE HALL

Rays of light filter down from a ceiling lamp onto a long, hand-carved stone table with an EYE OF HORUS in the center.

A group of 11 MEN, wearing hooded robes shadowing their faces sit, 6 to one side, 5 to the other side of the table.

Each Man has a DAGGER in front of his chair. The CHAIR to the right of a MASSIVE THRONE at the head of the table waits to be filled.

An ORNATELY-ROBED MAN shrouded in shadow waits motionless in the throne chair.

A BEAR OF A MAN with a hook nose pushes his way into the room and takes the seat to the right of the throne, carrying a FILE in his hand.

This is ARCHBISHOP PAUL MARCINKUS (59), his face flashes from his hooded-cowl as he takes his place at the table.

MARCINKUS
(to Ornatly-Robed Man)
Sorry I'm late.

In response, the Ornatly-Robed Man taps the table with the bottom of a bejeweled, cross-shaped, GOLD DAGGER.

ORNATELY-ROBED MAN
Brothers, let this meeting come to order.

He turns to Marcinkus.

ORNATELY-ROBED MAN (CONT'D)
Brother Marcinkus?

Marcinkus opens the file.

MARCINKUS
Seems the English police have taken a deeper interest in the Calvi case.

The other men at the table murmur amongst themselves. The Ornatly-Robed Man raises his hands for silence.

MARCINKUS (CONT'D)
They've sent a policeman whom we have some knowledge already.

Marcinkus looks around the table.

MARCINKUS (CONT'D)
An Inspector Serge Porter, who interrupted one of our operations earlier this year.

ORNATELY-ROBED MAN
The London warehouse seizure?

Marcinkus nods.

MARCINKUS
Things have not gone well for him since. We've arranged something to satisfy any curiosity he may have
(MORE)

MARCINKUS (CONT'D)
 here, but I'll keep a close eye
 on the situation nonetheless.

ORNATELY-ROBED MAN
 (off Marcinkus)
 I suggest we let the Good Brother
 take care of the matter quietly and
 I will assist where needed -- All
 agreed?

More murmurs as the Members pick up their DAGGERS, point to
 the Eye of Horus in the center of the table, nod solemnly.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The taxi cuts two lanes of traffic to swerve up in front of
 a very large, and by the looks of it, very old building.
 The BLACK MERCEDES continues up the street past the Taxi
 before pulling over at the corner.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

POV: CAMERA LENSE

Porter gets out of the Taxi with his bag, strides into the HQ
 building as the SOUND OF A CAMERA SHUTTER clicks and whirs.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Porter walks into the building, sees a crucifix on the wall
 and crosses himself, out of habit.

As he moves through the foyer he sees the busy to-ing and fro-
 ing, common to cop-shops the world over.

Porter approaches a counter where an OFFICER stands, head
 down, writing in a ledger. He barely looks up at Portman.

OFFICER
 (In Italian with titles)
 What is your complaint?

PORTER
 You speak English?

The Officer finally looks up.

OFFICER
 Si. Your complaint?

Porter flashes his badge.

PORTER
Detective Inspector Porter here
to see Inspector Danzi.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A cramped office with a file cabinet and old metal fan pushing the tepid air from the open window across the office to the open door on the other side.

INSPECTOR MARCO DANZI (40's), a salt and pepper fireplug with a bushy mustache and slicked-back hair, works at the desk dressed in plain clothes.

Porter sticks his head through the door.

PORTER
Inspector Danzi..?

INSPECTOR DANZI
Ah! You must be Inspector Porter!

Danzi is up from his desk with an extended hand.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)
Call me Marco.

Porter shakes it.

PORTER
Serge Porter. You can just call
me Porter.

Just then the phone on the desk rings.

INSPECTOR DANZI
Scuse'...

Porter nods. Danzi grabs the phone.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)
(Italian with Titles)
Yes? -- What? -- Now? -- I'm on my
way!

Danzi hangs up the phone as he pulls a machine pistol from behind his desk.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)
It appears you're in luck Signore
Porter! You're welcome to come
along, but we must go this instant.

PORTER
Can I leave my bag in your office?

INSPECTOR DANZI
Si.

Porter drops his bag on the chair and heads for the door.

INT. DANZI'S CAR - DAY

The high pitched wail of Danzi's SIREN as he whips the car through traffic.

INSPECTOR DANZI
You'll find that Italian police are less, how shall we say, delicate? than our English counterparts. I hope this will not be a problem for you Signore Porter.

Porter shakes his head. Danzi slams his fist on the horn as he wings through traffic.

EXT. ROMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A light turns, stopping the flow of traffic ahead of Danzi's screaming vehicle.

INT. DANZI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Without hesitation Danzi jumps the vehicle onto a curb and barrels straight toward a SIDEWALK CAFE.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Four small round TABLES dot the sidewalk, filled with espresso-sipping patrons enjoying their day -- The SOUND of Danzi's SIREN sends the tables flying as the PATRONS scramble and dive out of the way.

INT. DANZI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Danzi races as close as possible to the cafe. Porter braces his hands on the dash for impact! At the last possible second, Danzi JERKS the wheel hard back onto the street, ramping off the curb between two CARS.

EXT. ROMAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

SMASH! -- The cars PLOW into one another as they brake to avoid the screaming police vehicle.

INT. DANZI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Porter looks back at the carnage behind them.

PORTER

I'd say, less delicate is a bit of an understatement!

INSPECTOR DANZI

They say a week of driving in Italy is a lifetime elsewhere Signore.

PORTER

Mind if I ask where we're going?

INSPECTOR DANZI

A suspect I've been wanting to talk with for some time about the Calvi Case has been spotted. It may be our last chance to get him.

PORTER

Well that is good luck.

Danzi gives him a sideways grin as they blow through another streetlight, damn near causing a 4 car pile-up. Danzi kills the FLASHERS and SIRENS, coasting to a stop in front of a DEAD END ALLEY.

EXT. DANZI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As the men climb from the car, Porter watches Danzi tuck the machine pistol under his jacket.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Come!

He takes off at a run. Porter follows.

INT. RIGALO'S CAFE/BAR - FOYER - DAY

Danzi and Porter push their way into a small foyer. A steel door with a porthole style window waits in front of them with the thump of music rattling through it.

INSPECTOR DANZI
You look worried.

PORTER
I'm fine.

INSPECTOR DANZI
I hope so because this is Banda
della Magliana territory.

PORTER
Banda Magliana?

INSPECTOR DANZI
Foot soldiers for the Cammora.
They run this part of town...

PORTER
Maybe we should wait for back up?

INSPECTOR DANZI
That's why I have this...

Danzi checks his machine pistol with a grin.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)
Don't worry. We shouldn't need it
if they follow the rules.

Danzi winks.

PORTER
Rules?

INSPECTOR DANZI
Let me do the talking.

PORTER
It's your show, Marco.

Danzi pushes through the door to...

INT. RIGALO'S CAFE/BAR - CONTINUOUS

A GRADE "A" shit-hole. Half a dozen hard-looking CUSTOMERS
are drinking in the small cafe. All heads turn as Porter and
Danzi enter.

DANIELO ABRACCO, (40's), a classic waste of space wearing a
'60s pompadour hair-do, walks up to them.

DANIELO
 Ispeuttore Danzi, how nice to see
 you again...

He eyeballs Porter.

DANIELO (CONT'D)
 This must be the Englishman, huh?

Danielo leans over, spits on Porter's shiny black shoes.

PORTER
 What the fu..?

Danzi puts his hand out, quieting Porter.

INSPECTOR DANZI
 It seems your English is better
 than your manners Danielo. Now
 where's Sergio?

He turns to the rest of the room.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)
 If you tell me where he is there
 won't be any trouble.

A chorus of grumbles and 'fuck you' hand signs.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)
 (to Danielo)
 This the way you want to play it?

DANIELO
 You're on my field now. They play
 it how I say.

INSPECTOR DANZI
 I was afraid of that.
 (to Porter)
 Get ready...

PORTER
 For what?

INSPECTOR DANZI
 THIS..!

Danzi grabs Danielo by his POMPADOUR. Porter turns to see
 Danzi BASH Danielo HEAD FIRST into the steel door.

Danielo goes down like a lead balloon.

The SOUND of FEET brings Porter around just as...

OOPH!

CREW-CUT (20's), a tattoo with arms and legs, RAMS into Porter's midsection tackling him into the side of a booth.

Porter SLAMS both his FISTS together down onto Crew-Cut's back, causing him to pull back and raise up slightly.

Porter's KNEE is already in motion, connects HARD with Crew-Cut's face, smashing it into a bloody mess of broken nose and teeth. The other CUSTOMERS pause for a moment as Crew Cut goes down.

As Danzi continues to kick the ever-loving shit out of Daniello, the Customers begin to close in on Porter again.

PORTER

What do you want me to do, Danzi?!

INSPECTOR DANZI

Punch the first man that comes near you right in the face and the rest will back off.

A BRUTE (late 20's) approaches Porter with a MENACING smile.

PORTER

I already did that!

Danzi looks up from Daniello.

INSPECTOR DANZI

They don't want to play by the rules, neither should you!

Porter looks back at BRUTE with a shrug.

PORTER

Let's be having you then.

Porter waves him forward.

BRUTE CHARGES!

Porter SIDESTEPS and grabs a BOTTLE from a nearby table...

CRASH!

He shatters it over Brute's head as he ole's past Porter into a CONCRETE SUPPORT BEAM.

All hell breaks loose as the remaining three Customers charge Porter at once! Porter DROPS the FIRST CUSTOMER with a

SIDEKICK to the KNEECAP. He goes down with a SCREAM -- CRACK!

A CHAIR smashes down on Porter's BACK, knocking him to the filthy floor. He covers up as the remaining two thugs pound him with kicks to his head and back.

BANG! -- The SOUND of Danzi's MACHINE PISTOL stops everyone.

DANIELO

Abastanza!

Danzi trains the pistol on the men and helps Porter to his feet.

PORTER

Your rules are for shit, Mate.

Porter wipes a little blood from his lip.

INSPECTOR DANZI

(off Pistol)

That's why I brought this.

He PULLS DANIELO up by the hair and puts the GUN to his head.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)

I will ask once more... Where is Sergio Vaccari?

Danielo points to the stairs going up above the cafe.

Danzi nods to Porter and they climb the stairs to the upper level.

INT. CAFE UPSTAIRS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter and Danzi move their way down the DARK HALL toward a closed door at the end.

A half-naked PROSTITUTE (20's) comes out of another DOOR.

Before she can scream, Danzi puts his finger to his lips and shows her the pistol. She shuts up fast and runs down the stairs.

Danzi comes to another door, peeks in the KEYHOLE, nods to Porter.

INT. CAFE UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SERGIO VACCARI (late 30's), a turd with bad teeth and too many gold chains, smokes a cigarette in a bed next to a

BOY(16). Both appear to be naked. He rubs the Boy's chest as the Boy INJECTS HEROIN...

WHAM! -- The door flies open as Porter and Danzi kick through. Vaccari and the Boy pop up in bed, startled. The Boy tries to pull the sheet up to cover himself.

Danzi clucks.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Sergio, Don't you know it's illegal to have sex with minors? -- And the heroin...Well that's another story.

Sergio goes for the drawer next to him. Porter runs over and KICKS the drawer shut on his hand. Sergio screams in PAIN!

A GUN falls to the floor.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)

And now attempted murder of a Policeman.

Danzi clucks again, as he and Porter drag Sergio out of bed and cuff him.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - DAY

Danzi and Porter push their way into Danzi's office.

Porter dabs at a SPLIT LIP with a handkerchief.

INSPECTOR DANZI

I will let Sergio sit a few hours before I fry him.

PORTER

(chuckles)

I think you mean 'grill' Inspector.

Porter checks his watch.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Yes, of course, I meant 'grill'.

(Off Portman's BATTERED

FACE)

You've had a long day. Might I suggest you go to your hotel and have a nice meal and some rest and we will reconvene tomorrow mor...

Porter cuts him off.

PORTER

Do you think he'll talk?

INSPECTOR DANZI

Sergio is a well-placed Camorristi involved in many things, with many international connections. One doesn't get to his position with a loose tongue.

PORTER

International things? Drugs?

INSPECTOR DANZI

Most certainly drugs Signore. But also murder for hire. These are very nasty characters.

Danzi lays a couple of surveillance PHOTOS on the table of Calvi on the streets at different times talking with two different men, and another OUT-OF-FOCUS photo with him of an UNIDENTIFIED MAN, (50's), wearing a hat.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)

This one is of Michele Sindona, the other is Licio Gelli with Calvi... Sindona and Gelli were involved in the Ambrosiano scandal. But this third man we have not identified due to poor quality of the photo.

Porter picks up a magnifying glass from the desk, looks closely at the photo.

PORTER

May I have these?

INSPECTOR DANZI

Help yourself, we have copies.

Porter puts them in a manila envelope.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)

Sergio is well-connected to known criminal elements. We were tailing him on a case and observed him with Calvi before the latter left Italy.

PORTER

And you see him connected to the Calvi case?

Danzi gives a shrugging nod.

Porter grabs his bag.

PORTER (CONT'D)
I think I'll just drop this, clean
up a bit and come back for the
interrogation if you don't mind.

Danzi checks his watch again.

INSPECTOR DANZI
Your hotel is not far. Let us say
two hours?

PORTER
Two hours it is....

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHY SHOP - DAY

Porter's walking down the street, goes into the shop with the
manila envelope with photos, leaves without it.

EXT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - DAY

A TAXI pulls up in front of a hotel building with a
formerly proud facade that screams 2 star accommodations.

The BLACK MERCEDES rolls slowly past and pulls to a stop
across the street.

It waits as Porter gets out and strides into the lobby.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Shabby, without the chic.

Porter's too tired to care as he signs his name on a large
ledger in front of an ancient CLERK in a faded red vest.

The Clerk makes the creaking turn to get a key from a large
wall of hooks with keys dangling on them.

Porter looks around the lobby while he waits.

He stops when he sees FRANCA DE LUCA (early 30's), a woman
so stunning she makes portraits double-take. Franca avoids
his eyes as she makes her way from the front door through the
lobby toward the restaurant.

CLERK (O.S.)
(heavily accented)
Room 314.

He takes his key and heads for the elevator, presses the button with a last glance back toward the RESTAURANT.

Elevator arrives at 3rd floor, and he goes into his room.

As soon as the door closes, FRANCA appears from the door of the Restaurant, heads for the desk.

(Franca and Clerk speak in Italian with subtitles)

FRANCA
Scuse'... That gentleman looks familiar. Do you have his name?

The Clerk, in full leer, shakes his head at her request.

CLERK
Sorry miss, I'm not able to give out the names of our guests.

Franca leans forward, her low-cut shirt showing off her breasts to advantage.

The Clerk's EYES follow them.

FRANCA
Surely, we can work out SOMETHING.

The Clerk's eyes linger for a moment longer then snap back up to where Franca's watch his.

CLERK
I'm sorry miss. I really cannot.

Franca's hand appears on the counter with a 2000 lira note in it.

FRANCA
Not even for THIS?

The Clerk's eyes sweep the lobby for any witnesses.

Franca smiles.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
And the room number...

INT. BANCO AMBROSIANO - DAY

Porter enters in through the front doors, heads upstairs to Calvi's old office on the mezzanine.

There's a man seated at Calvi's desk, GIUSEPPE CALO, bespectacled, in his late 40s.

PORTER
Signore Calo? - May I speak
with you?

Calo looks up from under his bifocals.

CALO
Prego... Come in, take a seat.
What can I do for you?

He sits across from Calo.

PORTER
It's about Roberto Calvi...

CALO
I heard you were here. How's the
investigation going, Inspector?

PORTER
I wanted to ask you what you
believe happened to Calvi.

CALO
(smiles)
Well, I don't think I have much
to add. It was an obvious suicide.

PORTER
Not according to what we found.

CALO
And what might that be?

PORTER
His neck was broken and his shoes
had no signs of paint or rust from
the bridge girders he'd had to
climb.

Calo pushes a BUTTON under his desk.

CALO
I see... But if you know this,
why ask me?

PORTER
You have a point there, Mr. Calo,
we're obviously not getting
(MORE)

PORTER (CONT'D)
anywhere. Perhaps I should be
speaking with his assistant or
secretary...

Two intimidating SECURITY MEN in black suits and ties
arrive and stand protectively behind Calo.

CALO
That would be Graziella Carrocher
Sorry, but I can't help you
there... she cleared out after
Roberto, no longer works here.
The case is closed in Italy and
I suggest you do the same.

PORTER
Or what..?

CALO
Or things can happen... Even
to a British cop.

PORTER
Sounds like a threat.

CALO
(grins)
Call it what you will. I call
it good advice.
(to Security Men)
Please show the Inspector out.

The men start for him.

PORTER
No need, I'll find my way.

Porter gets up from his chair and leaves.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

Porter goes to a PHONE BOOTH around the corner, looks up
Graziella Carrocher's address.

EXT. GRAZIELLA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Porter pulls up in a taxi, gets out, goes into the building.

INT. GRAZIELLA'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks to her door, rings the bell. GRAZIELLA CARROCHER is a very sexy, stylish looking woman with long black hair (40s). She opens the door wearing a red Japanese silk robe--

Her TABBY CAT dashes out, jumps up on Porter and he holds her stroking the silky fur--

PORTER
I think he likes me.

GRAZIELLA
'She' likes everybody...

PORTER
Graziella Carrocher?

GRAZIELLA
Si.

As Cat jumps down, he flips out his UK POLICE BADGE.

PORTER
Inspector Serge Porter...May I talk to you for a moment? It's about your former boss.

She looks at him, suspiciously.

GRAZIELLA
Some people told me not to answer any questions. I've already told the police all I know.

PORTER
I can't imagine who. Mr. Calo, For instance?

She looks out down the hall, ushers him quickly inside, closes the door. She shows Porter to a seat, then sits across from him on the couch, looks him over with more than casual interest.

GRAZIELLA
You're quite a nice looking man.
(beat)
What is it I can do for you, Mr. Porter?

She lets her legs open slightly, revealing a quick flash of black panties. Porter notices, then looks away.

PORTER

Anything you can tell me to resolve the case.

GRAZIELLA

I can tell you many things, but I'd rather it not be about Roberto.

PORTER

Was he suicidal?

She looks at him askew.

GRAZIELLA

What do you think? Of course, not. He had all the money in the world.

PORTER

You mean Mob money. Were you having an affair with him?

She opens her robe at the top, fanning her lapels, exposing a little more breast, cooling herself from the heat.

GRAZIELLA

All I can tell you is he bought me a lot of lovely gifts, and for a Managing Director it was beyond extravagant...

She begins to reflect back, smiles, as Porter nervously gets up, walks around the room.

PORTER

I won't beat around the bush; Who do you suspect might of had reason to kill him?

Graziella rises and her robe opens, exposing her sheer black bra and panties. Porter looks away again.

GRAZIELLA

My, I hope you're not shy.

PORTER

Not at all, I just don't mix play with business.

GRAZIELLA

Doesn't seem to matter with men in my country.

She ties her robe closed.

PORTER

Who would want to kill him?

GRAZIELLA

Lots of people. He made many people nervous... Don't act stupido, you must know about his connections.

PORTER

Mafiosi?

She shrugs her shoulders, walks to the window, glances out, sees an ICE CREAM GELATA VENDOR pushing a cart by then walks back to the living room.

GRAZIELLA

I told him a long time ago to be careful, but he would not listen.

PORTER

You loved him?

GRAZIELLA

Yes, in a way... To me, he was like a child; naive, playful, and full of wonder.

PORTER

If you loved him, help me solve his murder, give me names.

She thinks about it.

GRAZIELLA

I will give you one of a man I despise beyond imagination: Archbishop Paul Marcinkus.

PORTER

What did he have to do with Banco Ambrosiano?

GRAZIELLA

Ha! You figure it out because our conversation ends here. I will not jeopardize my safety for anyone. Come, you must go now...

She shows him to the door. Porter gives her his card.

PORTER

Thank you. If you think of anything further, give me a call...

She opens the door, glances down the empty halls. Looks back and forth twice, beckons him out, whispers-

GRAZIELLA

Go now! All I can say is be very cautious who you are talking to. Go quickly!

She gives him a look, as he heads down the hall.

EXT. GRAZIELLA'S STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter goes out to his car, gets in, drives away, as the 'Gelata' ICE CREAM VENDOR, (50s) turns the corner and stops.

He writes down something on a pad then glances back up at Graziella's apartment, curtains flying in the warm afternoon breeze.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OUTPROCESSING - NIGHT

A counter with a UNIFORMED OFFICER behind it.

Inspector Danzi watches as Sergio Vaccari signs his name on a ledger and receives a bag with his personal possessions.

(dialogue is in Italian with subtitles)

VACCARI

I told you I'd be out soon, Danzi.

DANZI

Aren't you the smart one, Sergio?

Danzi walks Vaccari by the arm to an EXIT DOOR.

DANZI (CONT'D)

I'd be careful though. Trouble seems to have a way of finding you.

Vaccari clucks, mocking Danzi.

VACCARI

I'll be sure to watch myself knowing how concerned you are.

With that, he shakes off Danzi's arm and pushes his way through the door.

EXT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Vaccari makes his way down a small staircase to the street where a FIAT SEDAN pulls up for him.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OUTPROCESSING - NIGHT

Danzi watches as the shadowy figure behind the wheel of the Fiat looks toward him in the doorway.

INT. FIAT SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Vaccari plunks into the back seat and closes the door.

(dialogue in Italian with subtitles)

VACCARI

Thanks for getting me out.

A set of DARK EYES look back at him in the rear view mirror as the DRIVER responds.

DRIVER

No problem...

The car pulls away down the street.

Vaccari lays his head back on the seat closing his eyes, as the car makes a turn into an ALLEY, comes to an abrupt halt.

VACCARI

Why are we stopping?

His eyes come open to see a SILENCED PISTOL gripped by a gloved hand aimed straight at his face--

--PFFT! PFFT!

The soft cough of the pistol as Vaccari's head explodes in a red mist all over the back of the car. The Driver gets out of the car, drops the pistol in a trash bin, leaving Vaccari dead in the backseat.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A shirtless Porter splashes water on his face as he looks at his busted nose and lip from the earlier fight, while his ST. CHRISTOPHER'S MEDALLION swings on his chest -- With a shake of his head he towels off and heads out.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Porter unzips his bag on the bed setting the CALVI FILE to the side as he pulls out a fresh SHIRT. He puts the shirt on and tucks it in making sure to replace the FILE in the bag.

The phone rings.

PORTER

Yes? -- O.K., let me know the minute you can bring up the man's face on the photo, capiche'?

Hangs up. Checks his watch, grabs his key and heads out.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter makes sure the door to his room is locked then turns for the elevator at the end of the hall, but doesn't notice FRANCA peeking around the corner at the end of the hall.

As soon as he disappears inside the elevator, Franca hurries toward his room. With a look up and down the hall, she reaches for the handle.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The door to the elevator opens to reveal Porter, who begins to walk toward the front door when...

CLERK (O.S.)

Signore! Signore Porter!

Porter turns back to see the Clerk holding the phone.

CLERK (CONT'D)

A call for you.

Porter takes the phone.

PORTER

Hello?

INSPECTOR DANZI

(from phone)

Ah! Porter, glad I managed to get you before you left. Vaccari's attorney got him out.

PORTER

That fast? I thought you were going to hold him!

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the LATCH working back and forth fills the empty darkened room until... CLICK!

A CREDIT CARD pushes through near the JAM as Franca quickly darts through the open door. She shuts it behind her, eyes moving over the room.

They settle on PORTER'S BAG, where She moves for it.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Porter waits in front of the elevator, it opens for him and he steps inside.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Franca rifles through Portman's bag, finds the CALVI FILE. With a look over her shoulder she flips it open.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - ELEVATOR/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The doors to the Elevator open on Porter. He steps out on his way to his room.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The FILE lies open on the bed with PAGES spread out. Franca holds a small spy-style pocket camera, CLICKS pictures and flips the pages as fast as she can.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter steps to his door to insert his key, but it slips from his hand and hits the floor bouncing up against the door.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Franca's HEAD comes up like a shot at the SOUND. She stuffs the PAPERS back in the file as fast as she can.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter inserts his key into the lock and turns it, pushes the door open and kicks on the light to find...

His BAG on the bed.

He drops his key on the bedside table and pulls the bag toward him as...

POV: UNDER THE BED -- Franca holds her breath and watches Porter's SHOES as they turn, heels toward her. The BED sinks down just barely above her as Porter settles his weight onto the bed.

She has to cover her mouth to keep from squealing!

The SOUND of the BAG'S ZIPPER WIDENS her eyes to the WHITES.

A few seconds of unbearable SILENCE slip by until the sound of the bag being ZIPPED UP again.

Franca breathes a sigh of relief as Porter kicks his shoes off and his feet disappear up onto the bed.

Franca settles in for a wait as Porter's weight shifts above her as he arranges himself on the bed when... BAM! --

PORTER'S FACE appears upside down staring directly into Franca's startled EYES!

PORTER

Well, what have we here?

She SCREAMS!

His strong hand locks a handcuff around her wrist and JERKS her out from under the bed.

POV: REGULAR.

Franca struggles to get free, but it's no use with the cuff. Porter hauls her to her feet, admiring her beauty.

PORTER (CONT'D)

I have to say, I give this place high marks for the amenities.

Franca tries to cross her arms but the cuff prevents it.

She says nothing.

PORTER (CONT'D)

(off his bag)

Mind telling me what you were doing going through my bag?

She won't look at him. He follows her EYES with his own until she has no choice.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Or do you always hide under strange
men's beds?

FRANCA
(Italian with Titles)
I don't speak English.

PORTER
What's that? No English?

Porter turns for his shoes.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Suit yourself. I have a friend
down at the Police station who
understands Italian just fine.
Let's see what he can get from you.

FRANCA
NO, no, no! I understand! I
understand!

Porter turns back to her.

PORTER
Well then, mind telling me what
you're doing here?

FRANCA
Uncuff me first.

PORTER
Right.

FRANCA
I'm serious. Uncuff me so we can
talk like human beings.

Porter is amused at her chutzpah.

PORTER
Fair enough. But if you don't
behave I'll have to put you over my
knee.

She gives him a mocking grin. He unlocks the cuffs and throws
them on the bed.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Now, let's hear it. And it had
better be damn good.

FRANCA

My name is Franca De Luca and I'm a RAI journalist doing a story on Banco Ambrosiano, or I was, until my director told me to let it go.

PORTER

Ambrosiano?

Understanding hits him. He jerks the file out of the bag and flips to one of the ARTICLES. He sees HER NAME on the story.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Why do they want you to let it go?

FRANCA

That's what I'm trying to find out. Now, will you let me go or am I going to have to scream rape?

PORTER

You should be so lucky.

Another mocking grin. Porter looks her over again.

PORTER (CONT'D)

How about this, since you were so eager to find out what I know about Calvi, why don't we grab a drink and pick each other's brains instead.

She mulls this over.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Or I can call my friend Inspector Danzi...

FRANCA

Are you buying?

PORTER

Sure. I hope you like cheap Vodka though.

Franca shakes her head in disgust.

FRANCA

You make it hard to refuse.

PORTER

Way I see it, you don't have a choice...

Porter takes the Calvi file with him for safe-keeping.

INT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - LOBBY

The elevator opens on Porter and Franca. He heads for the restaurant, but she stops.

PORTER
(off Restaurant)
What's the problem?

FRANCA
I would rather die than drink in a
place like this.

Porter nods as is if this only makes sense.

PORTER
Of course you would. Perhaps you
have somewhere better in mind?

FRANCA
Follow me...

Franca stalks past him.

PORTER
But you're driving...

FRANCA
Of course I am.

EXT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - NIGHT

Porter and Franca emerge from the hotel, and she heads for a MASERATI QUATTROPOROTO SEDAN. Porter stops, gaping, as she unlocks the door.

Franca looks at him opening the door.

FRANCA
What's the matter?

PORTER
This is your car?

FRANCA
Yes. What of it?

PORTER
I'm going to have to insist that
you buy.

She shakes her head with a grin and gets in the car and they drive off...

EXT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An upscale neighborhood with expensive houses.

Franca pulls the Maserati up. She and Porter get out and head inside.

EXT. FRANCA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The spacious all white living room, with potted plants and many black and white PHOTOS on the walls of bare trees in winter, park benches and drab gray buildings. Porter gets up goes to the PHOTOS on the wall, while Franca goes to her bar.

FRANCA

What can I get you?

PORTER

Vodka, straight up. Bring the bottle.

(looking at photos)

You take all these?

FRANCA

It's my hobby, besides writing.

PORTER

They all seem so austere, there's no people in them. Where were you from and brought up?

The photos reveal something about Franca's own loneliness.

FRANCA

Sicily. My parents died and I was put into a convent run by nuns. Actually, it was more an orphanage.

She brings a bottle of VODKA for Porter, while she pours herself a glass of RED WINE.

PORTER

Grazie.

Porter pours a shot, chucks the first glass back.

FRANCA

So if it was ruled a suicide, why are you in Italy, Inspector?

He smirks.

PORTER

As I'm sure you saw in my file there are... extenuating circumstances.

FRANCA

Actually, I didn't have time to read it because I was interrupted.

PORTER

Shame to be interrupted in the bedroom...

Porter looks around him.

PORTER (CONT'D)

This is strictly off the record you understand.

FRANCA

I have no record to put it on remember? I've been officially put off the story.

She smiles.

PORTER

Then what were you doing in my room?

FRANCA

I asked you first.

PORTER

O.K... Let's take it from the beginning and share notes...

(pulls out his file)

I read Ambrosiano's purpose was to create a Catholic bank who's goals were to serve charitable aims.

FRANCA

Yes, and Calvi became involved in the Vatican Bank's 'Istituto per le Opere di Religione,' where they and Ambrosiano provided funding for various political parties in Italy, as well as the Somoza dictatorship in Nicaragua. There's also rumors it gave money for Lech Walesa's Solidarity Movement in Poland.

PORTER

The Pope is Polish, isn't he? Maybe
Walesa was a friend.

Porter closes his file, knowingly.

PORTER (CONT'D)

We found Calvi hung from under a
bridge, weighted down with bricks
in his pockets, yet his shoes had
no trace of the paint from the
scaffolding making it damn hard to
believe he jumped off of said
bridge.

Porter pours again, slams back his next shot back.

FRANCA

Did you find anything else on him?

PORTER

Not much. Only about fifteen
thousand in assorted currencies.

Porter slams his second shot.

PORTER (CONT'D)

So, naturally, there is SOME
question as to whether it was foul
play or not...

(opens file again)

However, it says here, while Calvi
was still alive, Guiseppe Calo
took over the bank and became
deputy chairman.

Franca takes this all in.

FRANCA

Interesting.

PORTER

Later, it was discovered that the
bank could not account for \$1.2
billion missing funds...

(beat)

Calvi fled the country under a
false passport, and we're where
we're at now with a murder...

(to Franca)

What about you? Why such a strong
interest in this?

FRANCA
Are you Catholic Signore Porter?

PORTER
I was almost a Priest once. Why?

FRANCA
Our Church is being destroyed from
the inside by corruption. And I
want to know how far up it goes.

Franca reaches for her bag, pulls out a FILE FOLDER and opens
it revealing several PHOTOGRAPHS, points to the first PHOTO
of a large man in liturgical garb getting into a BLACK TOWN
CAR in front of a CHURCH.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
This is Archbishop Paul Marcinkus.
Nicknamed "The Gorilla." He's
President of the Vatican Bank's
'Istituto per le Opere di
Religione,'.

He nods.

PORTER
I've seen some of these photos. As
a matter of fact I'm getting one
out of focus, digitally enhanced
now to see who the guy is.

FRANCA
Did you know before the Vatican
Bank that Marcinkus also worked
for the Mob in Chicago?

PORTER
No, I didn't. Nice friends for an
Archbishop!

Franca pulls out another PHOTO of MICHELE SINDONA (71) a thin
man with graying curls.

FRANCA
His close associate was Michele
"the Shark" Sindona.

PORTER
Yes, convicted last year in the
United States on 65 counts
including fraud, perjury, false
statements and skimming funds...

Franca pulls out a third PHOTO, which show Marcinkus shaking hands with LICIO GELLI, a white haired man with a cigar.

PORTER (CONT'D)
So Sindona was Marcinkus' man?

FRANCA
And also to this man, Licio Gelli. Formerly, a member of Mussolini's 'Black Shirts' during the War.

PORTER
Charming...

FRANCA
It get's even better... After the war, Gelli, it turns out, worked for U.S. and British intelligence.

Porter smirks at the jab.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
Now he's a 'financier,' and most certainly connected to The Vatican Bank through Sindona and Marcinkus.

She pulls one last PHOTO of GELLI getting into a CAR surrounded by ARMED MEN IN SUITS.

Porter goes to take another shot as he looks at the PHOTO.

The GLASS freezes half-way to his mouth...

PORTER
Jesus-H-fucking-Christ!

FRANCA
Scuse'?!

Porter holds the PHOTO in his hands, his drink forgotten on the table in front of him. He puts it down in front of her, stabs his finger down on THE SHOOTER (40's), one of the men guarding Gelli.

PORTER
Do you know who this man is?

FRANCA
One of Gelli's goons. He has too many to keep track of, although of late he has had an affinity for Comorristi.

Porter picks up the photo again, glowers at it.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

PORTER
Do you know if Gelli is involved in
heroin?

FRANCA
Gelli's involved in EVERYTHING!

She watches as tears come to Porter's eyes, touches his arm.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
Tell me what's wrong?

INTERCUT:

INT. VILLA - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A fantastic circular library with shelves lining the walls
up to a large bay window with a spectacular VIEW of a valley.

A cloud of smoke rises from above the back of a hand-tooled
leather wingback chair facing toward the window.

A SNOW-WHITE HEAD of hair bobs just above the back of the
chair. We never see the SMOKER'S face.

The SMOKER'S HAND reaches out and sets a snifter of brandy
on the small table next to the chair.

A MANSERVANT (60's), wearing a butler's uniform, pads
stiffly into the room carrying a gold-plated telephone.

(Dialogue is in Italian w/ titles)

MANSERVANT
I'm sorry to bother you Signore,
but they said it was important.

The Smoker's HAND reaches for the receiver as the Manservant
holds the phone for him.

SMOKER
(into Phone)
Si?

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Mercedes sits parked across from Franca's house.

POV: MAN BEHIND WHEEL -- He watches Porter and Franca through the windows as he talks on the phone.

(Dialogue is in Italian w/ titles)

MAN'S VOICE

She is with him now.

(beat)

Yes Sir...

(beat)

I understand. I will take care of it.

INT. VILLA - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The Manservant waits patiently by the side of the chair with the heavy phone in his hand. The Smoker, still unseen, finishes his call.

SMOKER

(into phone)

Multi Bene'...

The Smoker places the handset back on the phone. With a limpid wave of his hand, he dismisses the Manservant and picks up his brandy.

As the Manservant withdraws from the room, a PUFF of SMOKE fills the air above the chair.

INT. FRANCA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Porter sets the PHOTO on the table with a shaking hand.

FRANCA

What's so important about this man?

Porter takes a deep breath.

PORTER

Back in London my partner Paula Santoli and me were on an assignment busting a dope ring...

He squeezes his fist to stop the shaking.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Me and her were in an overwatch position, waiting for our squad to arrive, but they didn't show on time.

His voice breaks as it gets hard to continue.

FRANCA
What happened?

He takes a deep breath and...

PORTER
I went first and then Paula. Then
I saw an UZI blazing away at us.
I dove behind a palette... But she
got hit and I saw her go down!

He wipes tears from his eyes, slams down his 3rd shot.

PORTER (CONT'D)
The bastards got away in the
Shooter's car.

Franca sits silent.

FRANCA
And your partner?

PORTER
She and I were engaged to be
married.

Franca looks at him sympathetically.

FRANCA
And this man killed your fiance?

Porter casts a look about the room.

PORTER
Yes, it's him alright.

FRANCA
(sotto)
It all makes sense now...
Banco Ambrosiano, Calvi, Marcinkus
and Gelli, don't you see?

PORTER
See what? All I know is she's dead.

FRANCA
There's someone I want you to meet
after Sunday Mass tomorrow. He
knows a lot more than I do. Will
you come..?

PORTER

Why not, maybe I'll even join you
in a prayer or two.

She looks at him deeply, takes him by the hand leads him out
to her car.

INT. CHURCH IN ROME - DAY

Porter and Franca are entering the Church for Sunday Mass,
which is about to begin.

Porter crosses himself, then spots Inspector Danzi with his
family. He's with his WIFE and his two young DAUGHTERS.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Ah, Inspector Porter, how nice to
see you. This must be your lovely
wife?

They shake.

PORTER

Not quite. Franca, meet Inspector
Danzi.

FRANCA

'Piacere incontrarlo' - Pleasure
to meet you.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Nice to see you attending our Mass,
Inspector. I didn't take you for a
religious man.

Danzi turns to his wife and children.

INSPECTOR DANZI (CONT'D)

I forgot to introduce you... This
is my wife, Maria, and my daughters
Louisa and Anna.

PORTER

(jokes)

I didn't take you for a family man.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Ha! I don't know any good Italian
man who isn't.

The organ music starts to play, they move inside. Porter and
Danzi stop at the aisle to talk, while their families take
their seats.

PORTER

I wanted to say thanks for taking me under your wing... I know you probably resent me being here, but I want to remind you we're on the same team.

INSPECTOR DANZI

Resent you? Don't be foolish... Just follow my lead and perhaps we'll be able to keep trouble to a minimum.

FRANCA

What trouble is that, Inspectore?

Danzi ignores her.

INSPECTOR DANZI

We'll talk more later, Porter... Let's take our seats.

They break away and move to their pews.

EXT. MARINO MARTI'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE ROME - NIGHT

Franca and Porter pull up in her car to a house in the upscale Tor De Cenci district, covered by trees and palms.

She parks, goes up and rings the door bell.

MARINO MARTI answers wearing bifocals, in his late 60s, graybearded, rotund, in slippers, wearing a brown terry-cloth robe, with one foot nudging back a small grey, incessantly barking CHIHUAHUA, trying to escape from between his legs.

MARINO

Damn you, Pepe, get back inside, you rascal...Come inside, Franca. Good to see you.

After a few more nudges with his foot, the pesky Chihuahua gives up, follows Franca and Porter into the house.

INT. MARINO MARTI'S HOUSE, ROME - NIGHT

The living room is cluttered with furniture and antiques, with scratched up couch and easy chair.

Marino leads them to a large table near the wall where stacks of files and documents are spread everywhere with two tape recorders and a small video tape player sitting on a shelf.

The walls are covered with tacked up photos of suspected mobsters and Vatican officials, as well as flow charts apparently indicating their various associations or relationships to one another, including some Banda della Magliana members.

MARINO

Who is this with you, Franca?

FRANCA

He's a friend- Inspector Porter from the British Police, here investigating the Calvi case... Inspector meet my R.A.I. T.V. News Editor, Marino Marti.

PORTER

(sotto)

I see you've been doing your homework.

MARINO

It has become my life's work... One day we will have answers.

Marino shuffles into the kitchen, brings back three espressos, hands one to Porter and Franca.

Porter notices Marti's aged hand trembling.

MARINO (CONT'D)

Onset of Parkinson's, I have maybe a year or two...

PORTER

Sorry to hear...

Marino eyes him over, attentively.

MARINO

I think you might like this espresso blend, it's from Purgia, my home town.

PORTER

Thank you...

(turns to Franca)

So, my dear, what are we here for?

FRANCA

Well, we know Calvi's murder had to do with the Mafiosi-Vatican connection;

(MORE)

FRANCA (CONT'D)

Calvi knew too much, apparently started talking, so they had to kill him.

Porter shrugs, already suspecting this.

MARINO

So Inspector, there are certain shady figures involved that you are trying to connect, am I right?

PORTER

Like Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, Michele Sindona and Licio Gelli. What do you know about all this?

MARINO

Well, in July 1982, funds from Ambrosiano's off-shore interests were cut off, leading to the bank's collapse. Later the old bank was renamed 'Nuovo Banco Ambrosiano' and there was concern over who should take responsibility for losses from off-shore companies.

FRANCA

We heard from one our sources that The Vatican agreed to pay out a large sum to thwart government investigators, without accepting any liability.

PORTER

A quick 'hush-up, huh? I need names and addresses of all these people.

FRANCA

We heard of a secret list of very important members of the P-2 lodge that may help.

PORTER

P-2... List? What are you talking about?

MARINO

The P-2 or 'Propaganda Due' is the inner sanctum of the Cosa Nostra...

PORTER

Where is it?

MARINO

It's in their Masonic Lodge here in Rome, but we'll get to that later... Now, we know Marcinkus worked for the Mafia in Chicago before working for Pope John Paul I, and I believe it was Marcinkus who arranged the murder of John Paul I after only 33 days, to assure his friend, Pope John Paul II's Papal ascendancy.

Marino takes a sip of his espresso.

MARINO (CONT'D)

Sindona was Marcinkus' connection to the P-2, and Gelli is their Grand Master...

(beat)

Gelli's place in the Cosa Nostra is well known, and after that, The Vatican simply became a very convenient, well-protected money laundering operation for them!

PORTER

How are we supposed to get this List from inside the P-2? It must be well-protected, right?

FRANCA

We are working on that now.

PORTER

The clock's ticking, Franca. I need those names.

FRANCA

Marino, show him the plans...

Marino leads Porter to another table where more diagrams and documents were stacked. Marino puts the cup down, lifts his bifocals, picks up a vellum schematic and waves it at Porter, looking at what appears to be a blueprint of a house.

PORTER

What is it?

MARINO

My source at the Building Ministry got it for me on the sly.

(MORE)

MARINO (CONT'D)

It's the original P-2 blueprints, shows you how to get in and out, and where their offices are, aswell as where two hidden trap-wall panels were constructed...

(beat)

I am certain the list of P-2 members, including government officials is in there somewhere.

Marino and Franca are both staring at Porter, intently.

PORTER

What are you looking at me for?

He suddenly gets it.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, you have the wrong guy... How in god's name is someone supposed to get in there?

FRANCA

That's the good part. There's an air shaft on the roof...

Marino points to the spot.

FRANCA (CONT'D)

There are no guards around at night, so we can climb the roof and slip in and retrieve the documents we are looking for.

PORTER

We..? This doesn't sound as easy as you think. What about alarms?

MARINO

The blueprint shows where the electric is connected to the roof, so we will cut the power before entering, then reattach the cable when leaving. What do you think?

Marino's smiling widely, like a mischievous child. Porter looks at them like they've lost their minds.

PORTER

It's a tough climb, not to mention dangerous. The air shaft may be too narrow.

MARINO

Come now, Signore Porter...I told you this is my life's work.

The noisy Chihuahua jumps on the table, barking wildly, walking all over the documents. Marino swats it away.

PORTER

I'll think about it. Mind if I hold on to this?

MARINO

Of course. We made a copy because I knew you'd want to study it...

PORTER

You two are quite resourceful, aren't you?

Porter folds the blueprint, puts it in his pocket.

FRANCA

Well, that's what investigative reporters do, Signore Porter... Think it over carefully. If we are to bring these people to justice, this is the first step.

Porter nods, finishes his coffee.

FRANCA (CONT'D)

(to Marino)

I have to go. Can you find a taxi for the Inspector to his hotel?

MARINO

There's a taxi stand down the end of the street.

PORTER

What? Where are you going?!

Franca digs a pen and paper from her bag, scribbles an address down for Porter and hands it to him.

FRANCA

If you want to find the man who shot your friend then meet me tomorrow evening at this address.

Porter looks at her in confusion.

FRANCA (CONT'D)

Trust me!

She turns to leave as Porter calls out after her.

PORTER
Trust you? I just met you!

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

POV: MAN BEHIND THE WHEEL

The Man watches as Franca and Porter come out of Marino's house, talking. Porter nods to her and walks down the street. By the time he looks back, Franca and the Maserati are gone!

MAN'S VOICE
Merda!

He watches Porter down street, sees him flag a cab. The Man starts the Mercedes. Porter gets into the cab and they drive off. The Mercedes pulls out to follow.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Porter broods in the back of the cab as the buildings pass. As he looks out the window he sees a small CATHOLIC CHURCH with its DOORS OPEN.

PORTER
Wait! Wait! Stop! Stop here!

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

The Man in the Mercedes slows as the Taxi pulls off next to the Church and Porter gets out.

He drives past, as Porter climbs the stairs to the Church and disappears inside.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Porter walks into the church, lit all around by candles. The flickering fills the empty pews with dancing shadows. A MASSIVE CRUCIFIX hangs at the front of the Church.

He dips his fingers in the holy water next to the entrance and kneels to cross himself, walks softly and takes a seat in one of the pews near the back of the Church.

The candles behind him cast his own FLICKERING shadow onto the pews ahead as he bows his head to pray. He falls silent as his thoughts overwhelm him.

The sound of FEET come up behind Porter...

A MAN-SHAPED SHADOW grows larger on the floor as it nears where Porter prays. He sees the SHADOW of a MAN HOLDING A CROSS LOOMING OVER IN FRONT OF HIM.

He turns and...

SLASH!

The Man From the MERCEDES drives a GOLD DAGGER in the shape of a cross, inlaid with gems DOWN at PORTER!

Porter ducks to his right as the BLADE grazes his shoulder digging a shallow slice down his outer arm. Porter grabs the knife-hand, wrestling the Man to the floor, knocking the blade out of his hand.

The two men wrestle in between the pews, fighting desperately for life, punching and kicking at each other.

The Man rolls on top of Porter and Porter grabs him by the lapels. The two men are face to face-- as Porter recognizes THE SHOOTER!

PORTER

YOU..?!

The SHOOTER presses his THUMB into Porter's wound. Porter SCREAMS and briefly releases his hold on Shooter.

The Shooter is up immediately, but Porter grabs his leg and tries to rise.

PORTER (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Shooter kicks Porter in the throat and finally breaks away, running out the door. Porter gets up, choking, runs to the door, but the Shooter has disappeared.

He rushes back into the church to find the knife lying on the floor in between the pews. He picks it up, examining it. It's strange and antiquated, with LATIN WRITING on it.

Porter staggers from the Church holding the dagger in his hand.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sunshine fills the shabby room. Porter lies, passed-out, atop his covers still in his torn and bloody shirt and pants.

RING! RING!

Porter JOLTS from the bed. His hand fumbling for the phone.

RING! RING!

He knocks the cradle to the floor and has to use the cord to reel it up where he can put it to his ear. His voice sounds no more than a croak.

PORTER

Hello?

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - DAY

Danzi sips coffee behind his desk with the phone to his ear.

DANZI

Porter? The day she is wasting! Did you ever enjoy yourself in our fabulous city last night?

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Porter sits up with a wince, looks at his wrist. His watch is missing.

PORTER

Yeah, terrific, a bottle of Vodka attacked me last night... What time is it?

He checks for his St. Christopher's Medallion- still there.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - DAY

Danzi looks at his own watch.

DANZI

It is 11:20 my friend. But no rush. Our only lead was found dead early this morning.

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Porter shakes his head to clear it.

PORTER

Wait, what?

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - DAY

Danzi looks at crime scene PHOTOS of Vacarri's missing face.

DANZI

Vacarri. I am afraid to say that he is dead. So it appears that you can tell your home office the case has gone cold as far as we...

INT. PORTER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Porter shakes his head finally awake.

PORTER

What time did you say it was?

(beat)

Shit. Danzi I'll call you later!

Porter slams the phone down and hops off the bed. He makes another call.

PORTER(CONT'D)

Yes, Signore Porter... Did you get that photo corrected for me yet?

(beat)

Well, get a move on, please.

He hangs up, starts getting dressed.

EXT. BANCO AMBROSIANO - DAY

Porter's walking into the bank.

INT. BANCO AMBROSIANO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter looks up for Calo, sees he's not there then goes to a desk on the bottom level, asks a WOMAN BANK CLERK something. She points to another male Bank Clerk, RENALDO, 30s, with glasses, seated at another desk.

Porter goes to him, shows him his police id.

PORTER

Name's Inspector Porter. I'm here on official business...

Clerk motions him to take a seat.

RENALDO

How may I be of assistance?

PORTER
I'm investigating the Calvi murder
and wanted to ask a few questions.

An unenthusiastic response registers on the Clerk's face.

RENALDO
I don't believe you have authority
to ask such questions in Italy...
You'll have to leave.

PORTER
(firm)
I am working in cooperation with
the Police and Rome Magistrate's
Office. Maybe you'd rather answer
questions down at Police Centrale'?

Renaldo looks around suspiciously to see if anyone is
watching them, gets up, points to a room, leads Porter into a
conference room and closes the door.

INT. BANK AMBROSIANO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

They both take a seat at the conference table.

RENALDO
What is it you wish to know?

PORTER
I know you were working closely
with Mr. Calvi, so I wanted to know
who he was seeing. Especially those
who may have disliked him.

RENALDO
There were many who wanted him
dead, if that's what you mean.

PORTER
Any particular incidents you
remember of interest?

RENALDO
I remember it was in summer about a
year ago before all this nightmare
started... I was checking some
details in the file cabinet behind
Graziella's desk. She was Calvi's
right hand man...and more, if you
know what I mean.

PORTER
Calvi's mistress, you mean?

RENALDO
Yes, considering the lavish gifts
and jewels he gave her. Oh, yes,
everyone knew. Thought they had
everyone fooled.
(beat)
Anyway, Calvi buzzed her into his
office, for one of their tete-a-
tetes, I presume. Just before the
gorilla came storming in and...

PORTER
Archbishop Marcinkus?

RENALDO
Yes, because of his over-protection
of the Pope...Anyway, you could see
Marcinkus was furious, he pushed me
aside and stormed into Calvi's
office.

PORTER
Then what?

RENALDO
A lot of shouting and threats. I
couldn't hear clearly, but there
was some mention of U.S. Justice
Department and investigations...
Then I heard a loud crash, glass
breaking...and Marcinkus came
storming out and left.

Porter sits digesting the story, a bit taken aback what
Renaldo has told him.

RENALDO (CONT'D)
...That's all I can tell you, and I
hope for the sake of my safety, you
will not use my name.

Porter nods, deep in thought.

PORTER
Strictly confidential. Thanks for
your time.

Renaldo shows Porter out the door first, then looks around
nervously, comes out after Porter is near the exit.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

As Porter gets into a TAXI, the same black MERCEDES pulls out from across the street, three car lengths behind.

Porter catches the MERCEDES in the side view mirror.

PORTER
(to driver in Italian)
We're being followed, lose them.

He hands the TAXI DRIVER a wad of money. Driver speeds up and tries to lose them, but they're still on his tail.

He speeds up, dodging traffic in a wild, hair-raising CAR CHASE up and down alleys, until further down the street, he's caught in a traffic jam.

People are HONKING horns, cursing. Porter looks in the mirror, notices two HEAVY-SET MEN in sunglasses get out of the black MERCEDES four cars back, wearing trench coats, walking fast toward him.

Porter reaches inside his jacket for his 9MM.

The Men are walking faster, reaching their hands in their pockets-- Out come their PISTOLS!

Porter ducks out of the Taxi, as the two Men start SHOOTING at him-- BAM, BAM! Bullets fly ricocheting off cars. He feels something hit his chest, looks down sees nothing. Porter fires back then starts running through traffic, dodging bullets, jumping over cars and street-side stalls shoving PEDESTRIANS out of his way.

The Men are hellbent in hot pursuit as Porter slips into an alley where there's a PIMP slapping a HOOKER around.

The Pimp looks at Porter coming and pulls out a KNIFE.

Porter shows him his gun and the Pimp freaks, but it's too late, the Men turn into the alley and fire. A bullet hits the Pimp in the head, and he falls, dead-- while the Hooker runs down the alley screaming.

Porter turns and fires off a round, hitting one of the Men in the hand blowing off two FINGERS! But his buddy keeps coming.

As Porter runs out of the alley, an Italian TRAFFIC COP tries to stop him. An argument ensues. In the meantime, his pursuer fires wildly and hits the Traffic Cop in the thigh.

Porter returns fire and throws the Traffic Cop down, climbs on top of him, protectively.

He sees a nearby SHOP OWNER.

PORTER (CONT'D)
 (shouts)
 Call an ambulance! -- Telephono
 Polizia!

Porter stands his ground, firing at the assailant until he's out of bullets. The assailant stands up, smiles, and reloads a clip into his GUN, and keeps coming.

POLICE SIRENS scream in the distance...

The Man looks around, sees five ITALIAN COPS running towards them through the backed up traffic, with guns drawn.

The killer stops and breaks off his attack. Takes off his coat and sunglasses, tossing them into a trash bin, and casually walks away into the crowded streets.

Porter is kneeling over the injured Traffic Cop with his hand over the leg wound, trying to stop the bleeding.

Two rough looking Italian Cops reach him, push him away from the wounded man.

(Cops speak in Italian with subtitles)

ITALIAN COP #1
 Stop what you are doing!

He looks up. All five police guns are POINTED IN HIS FACE.

Then Inspector Danzi steps forward, waves his men back.

INSPECTOR DANZI
 (to Cops)
 Pistols down, I know this man.

PORTER
 Thank god you're here. Get this man to a hospital. I think it hit his femoral artery.

Inspector Danzi gives instructions to the Cops, and they carry the wounded Traffic Cop away. Porter gets to his feet, brushing himself off, as Danzi saunters over.

INSPECTOR DANZI
 Looks like you made some new friends...

PORTER
 I noticed.

Danzi lights up a cigarette.

INSPECTOR DANZI
Also looks like you should be dead.

PORTER
What..?

Danzi reaches to Porter's shirt, pulls the middle button open, finds a bullet fused to his St. Christopher's medal.

Porter looks down amazed, shakes his head.

INSPECTOR DANZI
Close call... This means you're probably getting closer to something.

PORTER
Somebody's tipping people off to my movements.

INSPECTOR DANZI
It's not safe for you here, Porter. Perhaps you would be wise to go home while you can.

PORTER
That's what the little voice in my head keeps telling me.

INSPECTOR DANZI
You're little voice may have a point... Why do you have such a hatchet to grind?

PORTER
Uh, it's 'axe' to grind, Inspector. I'm a policeman, it's my job to catch criminals.

INSPECTOR DANZI
Whatever... But we'll have to take your gun.

PORTER
The hell you say! What the hell for?

INSPECTOR DANZI
The Mayor's office says we can't have foreign nationals in cowboy shoot-outs on our streets.

Danzi extends his hand, Porter reluctantly hands him his 9MM.

PORTER
How am I supposed to protect
myself?!

INSPECTOR DANZI
That's the idea: They're telling
you it's time to leave.

Danzi walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL CASTELLONI - DAY

Porter comes out of the hotel wearing the same thing he had on the night before only with a JACKET and tie. He sees a TAXI sitting out front with the CAB DRIVER reading a paper and smoking. Porter flags the man forward, they take off.

EXT. VATICAN CITY - DAY

Porter gets out of the taxi, walks into Vatican City territory, crossing over the long WHITE LINE that leads to the entrance of its headquarters.

EXT. VATICAN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Four SWISS GUARDS are marching out front in the changing of the guard. As Porter walks into the building, he flashes his police ID and enters.

INT. VATICAN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Porter strides down a long, elaborately decorated hall, with massive paintings and sculpture on either side. He comes to a huge door and knocks. It creaks open and two elderly, brown robed MONKS greet him.

MONK #1
Si, Signore?

PORTER
I'm UK Inspector Porter looking for
Archbishop Marcinkus. I need to
speak with him.

MONK 1.
Have you an appointment?

Porter shows his police ID. The Monks look at it.

MONK #1

I am afraid that means nothing here, Inspector. The Vatican is a sovereign nation with laws only unto itself.

PORTER

Are you saying the Archbishop is unavailable?

MONK #2

Your inquiries are void of legal jurisdiction, Signore Porter.

PORTER

Perhaps I should return with the Italian police?

Monk #1 smiles at him.

MONK #1

I'm afraid even they will be of no use here. Good day.

Just as he's about to leave, ARCHBISHOP MARCINKUS, walks in wearing fine red-silk robes with red-velvet skull cap.

PORTER

Ah, just the man I was looking for...

Marcinkus pauses, looks at Porter with confusion.

PORTER (CONT'D)

I'm Inspector Porter from the British Police. It's about an associate of yours- Roberto Calvi?

Marcinkus moves into Porter, gets in his face.

MARCINKUS

You must be joking -- I don't have to answer to you. Nor do I have anything to say.

He pushes Porter back, but Porter moves in again.

PORTER

That's not what our sources say. You had some financial dealings with Calvi at Banco Ambrosiano.

Without warning, Marcinkus SLAPS Porter's face HARD! Porter's stunned, clenches his fists in rage, ready to strike, but thinks better of it, turns to leave.

PORTER (CONT'D)
That's not the last of it. We'll be talking again soon, Marcinkus.

EXT. THE VATICAN - ISTITUTO RELIGIONE' - SAME DAY

The plaque outside reads: 'Istituto per le Opere di Religione' (in English) 'Institute for Religious Works'.

INT. THE VATICAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The place is bustling with CLERGYMEN and gaping TOURISTS, plush red carpets and marble columns everywhere.

Large, oppressive gold-gilt, framed medieval religious paintings, cover the walls.

Archbishop Marcinkus comes storming down the halls and enters an office, where a group of ten CARDINALS are gathered around a darkened conference table. Small table-lamps illuminate their downcast faces.

As Marcinkus enters, he bows respectfully.

MARCINKUS
Your Reverences... Sorry I'm late.

CARDINAL #1
Paul, we thought you were a friend. What is this new problem with the British Inspector and Gelli?

MARCINKUS
No problem, Your Grace. Our man is going off shore with the accounts in question.

CARDINAL #2
Mr. Sindona is using our bank for a Gambino laundry?

MARCINKUS
There's a price for everything.

CARDINAL #3 gets to his feet, annoyed.

CARDINAL #3
Even being in bed with mafiosi?

A YOUNG BOY (15) wearing only a sheet draped over his naked body, peeks out from behind a door. Cardinal #2 smiles, waves him to go back inside.

Marcinkus catches it, smirks knowingly.

CARDINAL #1

We brought you from Chicago to
take care of our business for us.
The Pope still believes in you,
Paul -- Don't let us down.

Marcinkus nods.

CARDINAL #2

When the auditors come, we will
deny everything.

MARCINKUS

Of course, Your Eminences.

Marcinkus snarls defiantly, walks out.

INT. VATICAN OFFICES OF MARCINKUS - DAY

Marcinkus is meeting with three THUGS in his private chambers.

MARCINKUS

I want you to follow him,
find out his every move.

Marcinkus slaps down PHOTOS of Porter on the table. The Men look the photos over, nod in understanding.

The intercom buzzes, he waves them out.

MARCINKUS (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, Your Grace, I'll be right
there.

Marcinkus walks out of his office and down the hall to a large closed DOOR with two more SWISS GUARDS in uniform, standing outside at attention.

They open the door and let Marcinkus pass.

INT. POPE JOHN PAUL II'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS - DAY

Marcinkus marches in past two PRIEST SECRETARIES seated at desks, typing and shuffling paperwork.

He stops at another door with two more ITALIAN GUARDS, dressed in tailored suits and ties, with ear phones. Marcinkus nods at the Guards and enters.

The room is spacious, hung with large religious paintings in gold frames; of Christ, the Virgin Mary and other religious themes.

POPE JOHN PAUL II (70s), is aged and pale, wearing long white robes and skullcap, seated behind a huge walnut inlaid carved desk, in an elaborate gold and jewel incusted throne chair.

The Pope is not happy as he looks over some papers and parchments with a magnifying glass. He glances up and sees Marcinkus coming in, then continues looking at papers.

The Pope nods slightly, as Marcinkus drops to his knee and kisses the large ruby ring.

Pope motions him to rise, then waves him to take a seat.

Behind the Pope is a large painting of 'The Last Supper' of Christ, directly in Marcinkus' view.

POPE

Paolo, I am not hearing good things...

MARCINKUS

Don't worry, Your Grace, I'm taking care of it.

POPE

Let us hope so. What happened in Poland is to stay within these walls -- Lech is my dearest friend and we don't want any embarrassments for the Church.

MARCINKUS

No, Your Grace. It will go no further.

POPE

Then see to it, Paolo. And let's not have any more mistakes... God go with you.

Marcinkus bows and takes his leave as the Pope goes back to reading his parchments.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

With a look up and down the street, Porter climbs the steps to the doors of the apartment building. At the DOOR he sees a CALLBOX with buttons with tenants names labeled on them. He runs his finger down the list of buttons to find one that says: "DE LUCA - 2A"

He presses the button and waits. Nothing happens. He steps back and looks up to make sure he's got the right address, then back to the box... Another more insistent PRESS.

PORTER

For fuck's sake, Franca....

Just as he reaches for the button again the door BUZZES, he pushes through.

INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A short hallway with a few APARTMENT DOORS on either side. An ELEVATOR at one end of the apartment opens.

Porter steps out and begins walking his way down to the other end of the hallway where a window stands open.

2C, 2B... the APARTMENT DOORS go by. Porter gets to the door at the end corner of the hallway- finds the door, knocks and waits.

Porter KNOCKS this time more insistently, hears SHUFFLING behind the door.

He KNOCKS again and speaks into the door.

PORTER

Franca? It's me. Porter.

The door opens and he sees FRANCA standing stiffly, back from the door and naturally steps inside...

PORTER (CONT'D)

What the hell..?

CRACK!

A RIFLE BUTT hits him square in the back of the head, knocking him to the floor. Porter looks up to see MEN reaching down for him as everything swims to BLACKNESS.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

A tiled room - no windows. Steel and padded traction tables. A MASSIVE STEEL WHIRLPOOL TUB with metal HANDLES and a pulley system above it.

Porter, HANDS BOUND behind his back, hangs UPSIDE DOWN above the whirlpool wearing only his jeans.

He comes to, looks down at the ICE-AND-WATER-filled tub below him, then struggles to raise his torso up.

A LARGE THUG holds the rope that controls the pulley system. The SHOOTER sits next to a table with a CAR BATTERY AND SOME JUMPER CABLES. He notices Porter struggling.

SHOOTER

Awake at last, sleeping beauty.

Porter torques around to see him.

PORTER

You bastard! Where's Franca?!

The Shooter goes about hooking the cables to the battery.

SHOOTER

Quite a nice piece of ass, your lady... But don't worry we'll get to her soon enough.

He connects one of the cables to the steel of the whirlpool.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

In any case, I would think less about her and more about yourself for the moment, Signore Porter.

He nods at the Thug who begins to lower Porter down toward the ice water. Porter nears the tub and arches up hard to avoid the water. The Thug stops at the point just above where Porter can hold himself safely up.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)

What did she and Marti tell you?

PORTER

You better make sure you kill me.

The Shooter chuckles.

SHOOTER

Like your foolish partner?

Porter's EYES go dangerously flat. Shooter smiles at Porter's silence.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)
Let's begin the fun, shall we?

The Shooter motions to the Thug, he lowers Porter into the ice water.

POV: UNDERWATER -- Porter holds his breath and closes his eyes as he goes under the cold water, but he remains calm as a few bubbles escape his lips.

ALL OF A SUDDEN Porter jerks and flips like he's having a seizure, his ARMS strain hard against the ropes.

POV: REGULAR.

The Shooter disconnects one of the two cable CLAMPS from the battery and nods at the Thug. The Thug pulls Porter up--

He heaves and spits water.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)
You see, the ice water itself sometimes just isn't effective enough. I find the electrical current helps loosen the tongue in most cases, however.

Porter gulps air.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)
Now, is there anything that we should know, Inspector?

PORTER
Go fuck yourself!

Another nod from the Shooter as he reattaches the CABLE.

POV: UNDERWATER.

Porter splashes back into the tub jerking and flopping, every muscle TAUT. His HANDS jerk tight against the ROPES. They slip a bit over one of his hands.

The SPASMS stop and still Porter remains under the water. His face turns red as he fights not to inhale.

FINALLY!

POV: REGULAR.

Porter comes from the tub, heaving and out of breath.

SHOOTER
Speak up, can't hear you.

PORTER
I said, go... Fuck... YOURSELF!

The Shooter begins to reattach the CABLE, as a SECOND THUG comes into the room.

SHOOTER
(to Second Thug)
What is it?

SECOND THUG
Grandmaster wishes to meet with
you.

SHOOTER
(to Porter)
I'm afraid you'll have to excuse
me.

He turns to the Large Thug holding the rope then reconnects the cable to the battery.

SHOOTER (CONT'D)
Enough games. Make him talk. I'll
be back later.

The Large Thug grins at Porter as the Shooter and the Second Thug leave the room. The Thug moves closer to the tub before letting the rope slide through his meaty hands.

POV: UNDERWATER.

PORTER STRUGGLES AND STRAINS for what seems like an eternity as his face turns bright red. Every fibre in his body stretches to the breaking point - his face straining to purple.

His HANDS slip a little further in their BONDS.
BLOOD comes from his NOSE and tinges the water until...

WHOOSH!

POV: REGULAR.

The Thug hauls Porter from the water. The CLAMP undone from the side of the tub, as Porter hangs limp with a small trickle of blood coming from his nose.

LARGE THUG
Are you ready to talk?

Porter tries to speak. All he can manage is a water-filled cough.

The Thug leans in.

LARGE THUG (CONT'D)
What's that..?

Porter tries to speak again - nothing but a WHISPER.

PORTER
I...want to...

Porter loses his breath. His lips struggle to form words.

The Thug leans in further this time, puts his EAR next to Porter's lips to hear.

PORTER (CONT'D)
O.K., I... want... to...

LARGE THUG
To what..?

PORTER JERKS FORWARD AND BITES THE THUG BY THE EAR!

The Thug SCREAMS and drops the PULLEY ROPE. Porter falls into the tub still GRIPPING the EAR in his teeth, pulling the THUG in with him.

POV: UNDERWATER.

BLOOD fills the water!

Porter RIPS his arms free in the water and flips over on top of the Thug so his KNEES are on top of the larger man.

Porter gets his feet under him and kicks off the Thug's chest propelling himself out of the water.

POV: REGULAR.

As Porter bursts from the tub spilling over the side, the Thug shoots up gasping for breath, covered in blood, Porter crashes to the floor out of the Thug's reach, grabs the CLAMPS on the side of the TUB.

The THUG turns for Porter and he STABS the clamps into the Thug's EYEBALLS completing the circuit with the battery!

Porter falls back onto the floor and watches as the Thug's

HEAD shakes and smokes like a robot overheating. All of a sudden FLAMES shoot from the Thug's EYEBALLS! He sinks back into the tub of water - dead.

Porter undoes the ropes from his feet and staggers to the door.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter jams his head out the door. He hears the SOUND of men laughing to his left. His wet feet slap the concrete as he runs toward the SOUND.

Porter reaches the end of the hallway and turns the corner to see TWO GUARDS standing on either side of a doorway.

They react with SHOCK at his appearance, but Porter doesn't hesitate-- He JUMPS into the air and catches BOTH men in the FACE with a SPLIT kick, dropping them both to the floor.

He lands and looks through the small window in the door, sees FRANCA wearing nothing but thong panties and a bra. She lies hog-tied on the floor of a padded room.

He pushes inside.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - PADDED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Franca starts to scream as the door swings open, but Porter puts his hand quickly over her mouth.

PORTER
SHHH! It's me!

He kneels next to her.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

FRANCA
Yes. They just left me here like this...

PORTER
O.K., hang here a minute.

Porter disappears out the door!

FRANCA
Wha - PORTER! Get me out of here!

She struggles frantically.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
Porter..?

He enters the door again dragging one of the Guards.

PORTER
SHHHH! I'll be right back!

She goes quiet as Porter grabs the other Guard and pulls him in as well then unties Franca.

He pulls a JACKET off one of the Guards, hands it to Franca.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Take this...

She wraps herself in it, as he uses the rope to tie the Two Guards together. He finishes tying them as she presses up against the door, looking down the halls.

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Franca leads Porter out the door.

FRANCA
This way.

Her bronze legs flash as they run down the hallway around a turn to where they can see an EXIT SIGN over a door past another hallway INTERSECTION.

ALL OF A SUDDEN...

THREE MEN round the corner in front of them! -- Porter and Franca stop dead in their tracks.

MAN #1
GET THEM!

Man #1 dives for Franca as she ducks behind Porter.

Porter JACKS Man #1 with a powerful UPPER CUT then BULLS into his midsection and drives him back into the other two men. They jump to the side. Man #1 drops to the floor unconscious.

Man #2 pulls a BUTTERFLY KNIFE from his jacket and FLICKS it open. He advances on Porter with a grin.

Porter backs up and bumps into Franca cowering behind him.

PORTER
 (to Franca)
 Get back!

Just then Man #2 lunges forward with the BLADE! --

Porter turns to his side letting the Man's arm pass. Franca's too close to him! She screams as the lunge tears a gash across her HIP/ASS.

Porter traps Man #2's arm under his armpit and cracks the man TWICE hard with a PALM STRIKE under the nose. BLOOD erupts from Man #2's nose. He slides limp to the ground.

Porter backs up, shielding Franca.

PORTER (CONT'D)
 (to Franca)
 You O.K.?

FRANCA
 (off Man #3)
 PORTER..!

Man #3 goes for a MACHINE PISTOL inside his coat. Porter rushes the Man catching him in the midriff before the GUN can clear his coat.

Man #3 drops his FISTS hard onto Porter's back catching him in the kidneys. Porter grunts. He spins and SLAMS Man #3 against the wall!

Man #3 EAR SLAPS Porter with both hands. Porter drops him, staggering with RINGING ears. Man #3 reaches for the Pistol with a smile. Then all of a sudden he ARCHES back and drops to his knees. Franca stands behind him with her hands to her mouth. He topples forward, dead on the floor, with the KNIFE sticking from his back.

Porter shakes his head to clear it, grabs her hand.

PORTER
 Let's go!

They sprint for the door.

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

An abandoned mental hospital in the middle of nowhere. The WHITE VAN waits idle, backed-up next to the concrete deck of the loading dock.

Porter and Franca burst from the door.

FRANCA
That's their van!

Porter puts his hand out holding her on the dock. He creeps up and checks the Van. Empty! He tries the door. Locked!

PORTER
Give me your coat.

He pulls it off her as she tries to cover herself.

Porter wraps his fist in the coat. SMASH! He puts it through the window.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Get in!

He unlocks the door and jumps in, RIPS wires from underneath the dash and hot-wires them, the powerful engine revs up and they SCREECH away, FISH-TAILING down the road.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Porter drives the Van down a back-road, as Franca cowers under the coat.

FRANCA
Are you SURE he said Grandmaster?

PORTER
Absolutely. He came in and said "Grandmaster wishes to meet him". Mafia and Masons...That explains the dragger.

FRANCA
What dagger?

PORTER
After you left last night, I stopped to pray at Midnight Mass and the Man who shot Paula attacked me with a jeweled dagger with some kind of Latin writing on the blade.

FRANCA
No wonder you couldn't find him before if P-2 was protecting him.

PORTER

I don't understand. How come this P-2 hasn't been exposed?

FRANCA

People have tried - Marti's trying, but it's not easy. Another friend of mine was on it too, but it eventually cost him his career. The P-2 are in bed with everyone, all the way up to the top!

Realization hits her.

FRANCA (CONT'D)

Yes...that's why my Director called yesterday, trying to get me off on to another story!

Porter considers this.

PORTER

That's certainly possible.

FRANCA

I also heard on the news that Calvi's secretary, Graziella Corrocher supposedly 'jumped' from the roof of her apartment. She was another witness, don't you see?

PORTER

What..?! I just met her... She jumped just like he hung himself!

FRANCA

The only good news is before she died, she sent me some documents detailing secret bank accounts and coded transactions overseen by Calvi. If we get the list...

Understanding dawns on Porter's face.

PORTER

...We can connect the dots, match the accounts with Members of P-2 and bring down the whole FUCKING thing! I think it's time we pay P-2 a visit. What do you think?

FRANCA

First we have to get something from my apartment.

PORTER
We need somewhere safe to hide.

Porter drives for a moment in thought, steps on the gas.

PORTER (CONT'D)
I have to get to a phone...

INT. GENOVISI'S STUDY - NIGHT

Genovisi sips a sherry and reads a book in his chair.

--RING! RING!

The phone pulls his attention from the pages. He goes to answer it.

FATHER GENOVISI
Hello?

Concern paints Genovisi's face.

FATHER GENOVISI (CONT'D)
(into Phone)
No, no. It's no trouble at all.
I'll take care of everything...
(beat)
Good luck, and God bless.

Genovisi hangs up the phone. He pauses in thought for a moment and then picks it back up.

EXT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT

The alley stands empty as the Van pulls up to park underneath the Fire Escape.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Porter looks up at the fire escape.

PORTER
O.K., if you see ANYONE coming you
lay on the horn you understand?

Franca nods.

PORTER (CONT'D)
If I'm not back in 10 minutes you
get the hell out of here and call
this number.

He hands her a piece of paper. She nods again.

FRANCA
You know where it is?

PORTER
Yeah.

He turns for the door. Franca stops him with a hand on his arm.

FRANCA
Don't forget clothes!

PORTER
You sure you need them? I rather like what you're wearing.

He smiles at her. A small grin crosses her face.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Alright then....

FRANCA
Be careful, Porter.

He winks and with that he's out the door. She watches the muscles in his naked back through the windshield as he shimmy's up the fire escape.

INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The once chic pad, now a complete wreck, as Porter steps from the fire escape through the window into the living room; Furniture, clothes, personal effects, everything on the floor. Porter makes his way quickly through the room.

INT. FRANCA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom is a complete shamble; Drawers are overturned, mirrors broken. Porter ignores the chaos and goes straight for a closet door off the bathroom, opens it to find THE FURNACE.

He kneels in front of it, sees a GRATE flickering with the blue pilot lights flames, pops the GRATE open and reaches back inside around it, away from the burning gas flames--

He reaches deep, pulls out a good sized FIREPROOF-CASE, opens it and smiles.

EXT. R.A.I. T.V. NEWS BUILDING, ROME - NIGHT

Marino Marti is coming down the steps in a raincoat to an awaiting TAXI.

He gets inside, gives directions. The Taxi pulls away down the street.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

The CAB DRIVER, (30s), engages in some small talk in Italian subtitles.

CAB DRIVER

They say Juventus is going to take the pennant this year.

MARINO

I heard the competition was tough against Arsenal.

CAB DRIVER

Word on the street says the odds are in our favour.

MARINO

I don't listen to the odds or Bookies, I go on what I see.

CAB DRIVER

Just trying to give you a tip... Hey, you're Marino Marti, the investigative reporter, Si?

MARINO

Si.

Marino's aloof, busy looking at papers in his briefcase.

CAB DRIVER

You're the guy who exposes all those gangsters, huh?

Marino momentarily glances up, catches the Cab Driver's eyes in the rear view mirror.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

People appreciate your good work, but aren't you afraid of those criminals coming after you?

MARINO

Life is about standing up for
truth and taking chances, or
we have no life at all.

CAB DRIVER

Or what, we become slaves to
the rich and powerful?

MARINO

Now you have it...to corrupt
Bankers and the Political elite.

CAB DRIVER

Well, I gotta admire you, you
got balls to take on those
bastardos.

MARINO

Grazie.

CAB DRIVER

Still think Juventus is going
to take the pennant.

MARINO

Frankly, I don't think they have
a chance.

CAB DRIVER

Chance is a funny bird...
Never know what can happen.

MARINO

Such as?

Cab Driver pulls the Taxi over to the curb, turns around to
Marino, smiles.

CAB DRIVER

There can be upsets...

MARINO

What is this? Keep driving, this
is not where I get off.

CAB DRIVER

It is now!

Cab Driver points a PISTOL with SILENCER at him. Marino's
eyes go wide with SHOCK.

Cab Driver pumps one MUFFLED SHOT into Marino's chest, then another bullet to the head. Blood spatters the back window. Marino slumps, dead in the back seat.

The Cab Driver calmly gets out of the Taxi, takes off his gloves and casually walks away free down the street.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Danzi broods behind his desk staring at the phone.

RING! - He's on it immediately!

DANZI

Si..?

(beat)

Ah, PORTER! Thank God it's you!
We have been looking all over for you! The case has gone cold and your Chief, Signore Harriman called and said he wants you back in London as soon as possible...

(beat)

No, that's what he said...You can call him if you have any further questions...Alright, my friend, say goodbye before you go. Ciao.

INT. GENOVISI'S ITALIAN VILLA - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Porter sits at the kitchen table with the phone to his ear, slams the phone down, angrily.

PORTER

Case gone cold, my ass...

He thinks a moment, and picks up the phone again.

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Danzi paces the office with impatience.

DANZI

Si, Si. I understand, Porter. If I don't hear from you by 7:30 am tomorrow morning I will do as you ask. In the meantime, what do I tell Harriman?

INT. GENOVISI'S ITALIAN VILLA - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Porter grins over the phone.

PORTER

Tell Harriman I prefer to keep my plans to myself at the moment, and if he doesn't like it, he can kiss my Royal British ass!

INT. ROME POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DANZI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Danzi sits back at his desk with a shake of his head.

DANZI

Fine, if that's what you wish, I will give him the message, Porter. Just be careful, my friend.

Danzi hangs up the phone, IMMEDIATELY dials another number as he reaches for his MACHINE PISTOL.

DANZI (CONT'D)

(in Italian with Titles)

I need to know the location of the last number that called - PRONTO!

INT. GENOVISI'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The DOUBLE DOORS pull open to reveal a small workshop with a cloth-covered CAR. Porter wearing a backpack and Franca come in.

PORTER

...If Danzi doesn't hear from me by tomorrow morning, you're to deliver him a copy of the documents you have...You're to send a copy to Father Genovisi at the address I gave you as well.

FRANCA

Got it.

Porter grabs the car cover and pulls it back to reveal a forest-green Karmann Ghia hardtop.

PORTER

It's no Maserati.. but at least it's not a stolen van that everyone's looking for...

FRANCA

It certainly isn't, but it'll do.

She grins at him, as Porter begins to load some supplies into his pack.

Franca walks around the car inspecting it. The space between the car and a work table is tight. She bumps her hip, scraping it and WINCES with a sharp intake of breath.

PORTER

You alright? -- You should let me take a look at that.

FRANCA

You've seen enough for today.

PORTER

I'm an officer of the law. I'm skilled at such things, you know.

A smile plays at the corner of her lips.

FRANCA

Skilled - of course.

Porter nods seriously, grabs her hand.

PORTER

Come on then. Let's have a look.

Before she can protest he spins her around and places her HANDS on the hood of the car - the arch in her back pronounced. He leans in from behind and begins to undo her BELT. One of her hands slides tentatively down to his.

FRANCA

Porter...

He hooks a thumb in her pants.

PORTER

You're at serious risk of infection.

He tugs... Her hand goes to his, stopping him.

FRANCA

I am...

He puts his other hand on hers. She clutches his FINGERS in hers. The JEANS come down revealing her supple flesh.

Porter drops to his knees behind her, his hands sliding up the front of her thighs. She leans forward slightly as he moves his hands over her hip to the wound.

PORTER

Hmmm... I don't know. You might need some additional treatment for this.

FRANCA

What do you suggest?

PORTER

Perhaps this?

He leans forward and kisses the soft skin around the wound. Franca's head drops forward spilling her beautiful hair onto the hood of the car as a SIGH escapes her lips.

Porter pulls the jeans ALL the way down. Franca steps out of them and spreads her legs wide. Porter kisses his way back up her legs and rises behind her moving his hands up her body to wrap his fist in her hair. She arches back into him.

His other hand moves up to her breasts. He drops his mouth to her neck, searing it with kisses. All of a sudden, she SPINS into him and stares into his eyes.

They hold that way for a moment before... their lips touch. She wraps her legs around him as he picks her up. She tears his turtleneck over his head as he lays her back on the hood of the car.

Her FINGERNAILS dig into his strong back as he takes her right there on the Karmann Ghia.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Franca, slightly disheveled but glowing, watches as Porter backs the Karmann Ghia from the Garage. He stops next to her as she leans in the window.

PORTER

With any luck I'll be back in a couple of hours.

FRANCA

Be safe.

He looks into her eyes.

PORTER

I will. I promise.

He revs the engine and drops the car into gear pulling forward.

FRANCA

Wait!

Porter stops. She rushes to the window. She leans in and kisses him softly on the lips holding it longer than necessary.

FRANCA (CONT'D)

For luck.

With a wink he drives away into the night.

INTERCUT:

INT. VILLA - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The SHOOTER stands in front of the wing-back chair, as A PUFF of smoke rises into the air as the Smoker speaks.

SMOKER

Make SURE there are no mistakes
this time. Do you understand me?

The Shooter nods and exits, just as the Manservant appears.

MANSERVANT

Signore, the Archbishop is here.

SMOKER

Send him in...

The Manservant slides the Library doors open to reveal - MARCINKUS, his large frame covered in a hooded cape looks even more menacing.

Marcinkus drops the hood to reveal angry eyes over his sharply hooked nose.

MARCINKUS

What the hell is going on, Gelli?!

LICIO GELLI (62), A white-haired man with liver spots covering his face, sits unruffled in his chair, EXHALES a PUFF of smoke from a cigar.

GELLI

For a man of faith, you worry
entirely too much, Marcinkus.

MARCINKUS

Bullshit I do! These two are still running around because your idiots can't do their job! -- We took care of Calvi on the boat and expected YOU to do the same on your end.

Gelli shakes his head and exhales another puff of smoke.

GELLI

Now now, calm yourself. My men know their location and are on their way as we speak.

MARCINKUS

They had better take care of this. The Pope is breathing down my neck wondering what the fuck the scandal is about!

GELLI

Do you think he knows..?

MARCINKUS

Think he's stupid? All hell's going to come down on us if we don't clean this mess up!

Gelli stubs out his cigar, stands, and gives Marcinkus' face a patronizing PAT on the cheek.

GELLI

Stop worrying. It'll spoil your meal after the ceremony.

Gelli slides the doors to the library open.

GELLI (CONT'D)

Now come, we must go...

INT. KARMANN GHIA - NIGHT

Porter drives the Karmann Ghia through a wealthy development with stately homes set back from the road on large plots.

He sees a house lit up with several vehicles out front, wheels the car into a side street, watching the BUILDING through some trees. A ROBED GUARD stands in front of the IMPOSING DOORS to the structure, with a MACHINE GUN. A BLACK LIMOUSINE pulls up. GELLI and MARCINKUS get out. The Guard salutes them, then lets them in with a KEY.

They go inside and the Guard pulls out a cigarette.

PORTER
(to himself)
This might be easier than I
thought.

Porter digs in his BAG for something.

EXT. P-2 LODGE - NIGHT

Porter exits the car, closing the door as quietly as he can with his bag over his shoulders and an AXE HANDLE in one hand. Under cover of the trees, he moves around to the side of the Lodge building.

He peeks around the corner-- The bored GUARD takes a deep drag on his cigarette. Porter leans back up against the corner of the wall, gives a LOW WHISTLE.

The Guard hears it and begins to walk around the corner. THWACK! -- Porter cracks the man in the face with the AXE HANDLE - knocking him unconscious, drags the man into the bushes. He takes the Guard's Robe and puts it on.

Finally, he takes the man's KEY and PISTOL, unlocks the door, and slips inside the Lodge.

INT. P-2 LODGE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter walks cautiously down the long dark halls, hung with large 15th Century PAINTINGS of the Borgias and De Medicis, makes his way down the maze of halls past flowing CURTAINS covering the archways.

He can't help but grimace at endless rows of HUMAN SKULLS displayed on shelves lining the walls.

Porter hears distant CHANTING coming from up ahead. He continues toward it, finding his way to an office. Porter turns the knob and PUSHES his way into the office.

INT. P-2 LODGE - OFFICE - NIGHT

An ornate office dominated by a LARGE DESK. All sorts of MACABRE ARCANA and symbolism dot the room.

Porter moves to the wall BEHIND the desk and begins tapping with his fingers. Finally, he hears a HOLLOW SOUND next to a TAPESTRY, pulls it aside to find a small hole, puts his finger in, pulls a latch and a PANEL opens.

With a look back at the door, he goes inside.

INT. P-2 LODGE - INSIDE PANEL #1 - CONTINUOUS

Shelves line the walls of the pantry-like space; WEAPONS of all sorts, both old and new, fill up the bulk of the shelf space. Porter runs his eyes along the assortment of BLADES, PISTOLS, MACHINE GUNS and GRENADES.

He grabs a GRENADE and puts it in his pocket, as his eyes continue around the space, stopping on a DAGGER like the one with which he was attacked. He picks it up.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(in Italian w/ titles)
Hey! What are you doing in here?

Porter turns to see another ROBED MAN just like him. He shrugs and smiles, holding up his golden dagger. The ROBED MAN looks at him suspiciously.

ROBED MAN
(Italian w/ titles)
Well? Say something!

PORTER
Si. Si...

He smiles again -- The man makes a move for his gun. Porter HURLS the dagger at him!

SNICKT! -- It sticks deep into the man's chest. He falls straight back onto the floor. Porter rushes over and checks him- DEAD!

Porter makes his way to the door and eases it open.

INT. P-2 LODGE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He pokes his head out but sees no one else, moves down the hallway drawing closer to the CHANTING.

The hallway opens up on a dimly lit ANTECHAMBER.

Porter spies an elaborate CEREMONY taking place, lit by hundreds of CANDLES, where TWELVE HOODED MEN are gathered in a macabre temple setting with ancient, animal-motif ROMAN STATUES, and walls covered with Egyptian HIEROGLYPHICS.

They don't notice him as he hides behind a column. He DARTS past before anyone can see him, stops at the first doorway on the other side of the Antechamber, tries the door-- LOCKED!

PORTER
 (sotto)
 Shit!

He runs back where he came from, tiptoes past the men chanting, continues down to the first office.

INT. P-2 LODGE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Porter searches the dead man and find's A SET OF KEYS, takes them and dashes back out the door.

INT. P-2 LODGE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter works his way back to the second office door again and tries the keys - THEY WORK! - He pushes inside.

INT. P-2 LODGE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In an office similar to the first, Porter moves to a tapestry opposite the DESK, this time with a bookshelf next to it, pulls the tapestry aside and looks for the small finger hole in the wall-- NOTHING!

He taps his hands around the wall hearing the HOLLOW THUMPS, getting frantic now.

PORTER
 It's got to be here...

He searches all over for some kind of latch or indentation, begins to examine the BOOKSHELF-- Sees a SKULL with a DAGGER HILT sticking from it and his eyes light up.

He reaches for the dagger and pulls it-- CLICK! a PANEL swings open revealing a FILE CABINET. Porter pulls open the drawer and begins to search through the FILES.

PORTER (CONT'D)
 Come on, come on, come on!

FINALLY! He sees a file that says: "MEMBERI" -- He pulls it out and opens it to see a list of names, then jams the list into his bag, drops the tapestry and heads for the door.

INT. P-2 LODGE - HALLWAY/ANTECHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

This time as Porter goes to pass by, The HOODED MEN are standing over a new INITIATE, naked, lying on his back in COFFIN, a White silk cloth covering his genitals.

Porter spots GELLI and MARCINKUS dressed in white ROBES with Gelli heading the ceremony.

GELLI

We call upon your allegiance to the
Sacred Order of Propaganda Due.

(beat)

Do you so swear?

INITIATE

Si, padrone.

GELLI

By decree of death, do you swear to
uphold the secret covenant of the
brothers of this assembly?

INITIATE

Si, padrone.

Porter stands transfixed as Marcinkus speaks.

MARCINKUS

Do you so swear loyalty only unto
the Order of P-2 Masons, to take no
other man, woman, or Gods before
you?

INITIATE

Si, your Eminence.

Marcinkus lifts the Initiate's hand up, CUTS his palm with a DAGGER then Marcinkus cuts his own palm and they CLASP hands, while their BLOOD drips into a silver CHALICE held by Gelli.

Gelli takes over.

GELLI

Then so be it!

Gelli hands the Initiate a photo of the VIRGIN MARY.

GELLI (CONT'D)

By the command of the Ancient
Order, prove your allegiance now or
be forever condemned to the eternal
fire.

Marcinkus hands the Initiate a candle. The Initiate BURNS the photo of the Virgin, crumbles it in his hands, then into the silver chalice filled with blood.

GELLI (CONT'D)
Arise and be reborn...

Two of the Hooded Men help the Initiate up from the coffin, lower a WHITE SILK GOWN over his body.

The Initiate is commended by embraces and kisses on each cheek from all the Hooded Members, when--

A ROBED GUARD suddenly sticks a gun in Porter's back and shoves Porter out of the shadows into the open chamber.

Gelli and the members are stunned to see him there. As the Guard goes to push Porter again, he quickly turns and elbows the man in the head, grabs the gun away!

Porter aims the gun at the men.

PORTER
Don't anyone move, stay where you are!

The Hooded Men are caught off-guard, all but Gelli who remains cool, calm and collected.

GELLI
What a surprise -- Inspector Porter, isn't it?

PORTER
You must be psychic...

GELLI
This is a sacred council. Only the initiated are allowed to participate in this assembly.

PORTER
You're finished, Gelli. I have your list.

GELLI
List?

PORTER
You heard me. And I'm going to expose you and your friends...

GELLI
I think you will find that harder than you imagine; We are an army. And for every man that dies or is incarcerated, another is there to take his place...

PORTER

We are an army too, of good honest cops, who won't stop until every one of you is in jail behind bars.

GELLI

You fool, we own the Judges and Politicians, we own the Banks, and soon we will own all the Press... Our new man, Silvio, whom we are grooming for leadership is taking care of that now.

(beat)

Come now, Mr. Porter. A good policeman is always dependable... Predictable, you might say, to do the right thing... Give me the list and you can go free.

PORTER

Yeah, right. Go fuck yourself, Gelli. You and your mates are going down!

Marcinkus LUNGES for Porter, hitting his gun hand- BAM! Sindona spins around, hit in the shoulder, falls back on a table full of lit candles, which in turn falls onto the curtains, catching FIRE.

PORTER DECKS Marcinkus with a HARD CROSS knocking him to the ground. Four HOODED MEMBERS draw DAGGERS and charge Porter, while others rush to put out the fire.

Porter fires off four SHOTS and four men go down- Two more come at Porter. He fires and another man goes down.

He aims his gun at another man coming-- CLICK! It's empty! Porter BASHES the last MAN across the face with his gun and takes off down the hall running.

GELLI

Get him! -- HE MUST NOT LEAVE WITH THE LIST!

INT. P-2 LODGE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Porter sprints down the hallways knocking down candles as he runs, setting tapestries and curtains ALIGHT as he passes. The MEN IN ROBES, try to keep up but have trouble fighting through the FLAMES.

Smoke and flames fill the air behind Porter, who can see

the door just up ahead. He throws a look over his shoulder. His PURSUERS slow down in the flaming confusion as a WOODEN SHELF explodes in a blaze, knocking them backward, ROBES on FIRE!

Porter turns back to the door to see--

The GUARD with the CRUSHED FACE, from outside standing in the doorway with a GUN in his hand-- BANG!

The ROUND GRAZES Porter's RIGHT HIP just as he dives left down another hallway. He limps/runs down the hall, knocking candles over behind him, turns left into a...

INT. P-2 LODGE - STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small store room with office supplies and sundries stacked on the shelves.

Porter rips off his robe looking for the AIR VENT. The vent is too high up for him to reach. He pulls the LIST from his bag and stuffs it into his pocket then drops the bag on the floor, grabs a shelf and pulls it over.

SMOKE begins to fill the room as he struggles to climb with his bad hip, up to the air shaft's trap-door grate.

WHOOSH! -- The CEILING SPRINKLERS kick on in the room dousing Porter, causing him to slip, but he catches himself and works his way back to the trap-door, pulls it open and climbs inside.

INT. P-2 LODGE - AIR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Porter JERKS his hands up off the scalding heated metal of the vent as it fills with SMOKE and HOT STEAM. He pulls his turtleneck sleeves down over his hands and begins to crawl through the shaft.

Gagging from smoke and hands burning from the hot metal shaft, he keeps crawling, trying to follow the flow of air to a large fan behind a wire screen. He pushes his face to the outside vent, sucks the cool outside air. He tries to push the fan out but can't--

He's TRAPPED!

Then he remembers the St. Christopher medallion!

He digs in his shirt and uses it to unscrew the screen, pulls it loose, then crawls around the fan blades where he finds a roof-hatch. He kicks it open and...

EXT. P-2 LODGE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Climbs out onto the roof, gasping and retching for air. Still coughing, he moves around to the dark side of the building and looks over-- A few feet away from him a thick drain pipe runs down the wall.

Wincing in pain from his burned hands, Porter swings his legs over the wall and slides down the drain.

EXT. P-2 LODGE - CONTINUOUS

Porter hits the ground and limp/sprints back to the car as Men in Robes stumble from the smoking building, shouting.

INT. KARMANN GHIA - NIGHT

Porter eases the car up to the front of the Villa. The FRONT WINDOWS glow with warm light. He glances out the windshield to see the back of Franca's head through the Living room WINDOW.

He pulls the list from his pocket and looks at it for a moment deep in thought.

INT. GENOVISI'S ITALIAN VILLA - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Porter swings the door open, finds Franca sitting in the same place as when he left.

She says nothing as he comes in.

PORTER

Don't feel you have to get up on my account.

The DOOR closes behind him to reveal--

THE SHOOTER standing with a GUN in his hand!

SHOOTER

She mustn't be happy to see you.

Porter turns to see him with a shake of his head as another FIGURE comes out of the darkened bedroom.

PORTER

You gotta be joking...

DANZI (OS)

I'm afraid not.

Danzi appears holding a gun of his own.

PORTER
Oh, shit... 'Et tu' Marco?

DANZI
Si, although that's Inspector
Superintendent Danzi to you. Or at
least it will be when I finish
taking care of this.

The Shooter motions Porter to the couch with his gun.

Porter limps over and sits next to Franca.

PORTER
And to think I actually thought
you were an honest cop.

Danzi chuckles.

DANZI
I told you the case was cold but
you wouldn't let it go. Just like
with your dead partner.

Porter glares at the Shooter.

DANZI (CONT'D)
Poor fellow. And now two more are
going to have to die because you
didn't know when to quit...
(beat)
By the way, we picked up the photo
you were waiting for...

Slips it on the table for him to see. Porter Picks it up,
stunned...

The PHOTO is of Gelli standing talking with Commissioner
Harriman!

PORTER
Son-of-a-bitch!

DANZI
As you can see, I'm not the only
dirty cop. But you see, its a
question of semantics -- I'm a
survivor, which is more than I can
say for you.

Porter looks at Franca and back to Danzi.

PORTER

Since I'm going to die I want to know why.

Danzi sighs in frustration.

DANZI

You were about to open a can of worms, and the 'powers that be' couldn't allow that.

PORTER

Who? Your 'goombahs' at P-2?

DANZI

Don't play stupid, you know who; World Bankers and Governments, heads of State, Bond Speculators, stock markets all over the world. It's a game that's continued for millennia between the rich and the poor.

PORTER

Why murder Calvi then?

Danzi grins.

DANZI

He was talking and trying to make a deal, bringing heat down with the Financial Police -- and they'll dig and dig until they find the ugly truth... Plus, he was stupid, he stole from these people-- No one steals from them and lives to tell the tale...

PORTER

Nice people you work for. How did Calvi work it and how did it come apart?

DANZI

He used a complex network of overseas banks and companies to launder dirty money from drugs, prostitution, numbers rackets, all cleaned nice and neat through The Vatican.

(MORE)

DANZI (CONT'D)

Then they used the cleaned money to inflate Ambrosiano share prices and offered massive unsecured loans to right-wing regimes all over the world to halt leftists and the spread of communism.

PORTER

Not exactly your friendly Chinese laundry...How much are we talking about?

DANZI

In 1978 the Bank of Italy produced a report on Ambrosiano that showed \$1.2 billion missing, which led to today's criminal investigations... But it wasn't \$1.2 billion, Porter, it was over \$10 billion missing!

PORTER

What..?! Somebody was asleep at the wheel...

DANZI

After it began, the investigating Magistrate was killed by a 'so-called' left-wing terrorist group, working for us, of course...while the Bank of Italy official who oversaw the inspection suddenly found himself jailed on charges of financial fraud. Ha!

PORTER

In a blatant attempt to halt the inquest.

DANZI

That's right. But enough of this... We really must be wrapping things up here so if you'd be so kind as to take the List out and place it here on the coffee table.

PORTER

It's in the car.

DANZI

Inspector Porter, why would you bother to lie to me? Remember, what I said about my instincts?

PORTER

Not lying. This was just a pit-stop, I wasn't planning on being here that long so I left it in the car.

Danzi shakes his head.

DANZI

Fine, we'll play your game. Let's go...

Danzi motions with his gun. Porter and Franca stand up. The Shooter leads them out, as Danzi follows.

EXT. GENOVISI'S ITALIAN VILLA - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The group streams out onto the porch while Danzi keeps his gun on them.

Porter stands in between Franca and Danzi.

DANZI

(off Shooter to Porter)

My friend here is going to go check in the car for the list.

PORTER

(to Shooter)

Be my guest...

DANZI

And if he doesn't find it...

(off Franca)

I'm going to blow her head off.

Porter frowns, looks worried for Franca.

PORTER

I told you, it's in the car.

Danzi sighs again.

DANZI

(to Shooter)

Go check it out...

Shooter makes his way down the porch stairs.

INT. KARMANN GHIA - CONTINUOUS

POV: FROM THE CAR WINDOW.

The Shooter walks toward the car and with every few feet, he throws a look back at Porter, then stops just outside the door to the vehicle.

EXT. GENOVISI'S ITALIAN VILLA - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Shooter looks back as Danzi aims his pistol at Franca's head.

DANZI

Last chance, Signore Porter. You can save this girl. Are you sure it is in the car?

PORTER

I'm sure.

DANZI

(to Shooter)

Open it!

The Shooter reaches for the door handle.

INT. KARMANN GHIA - CONTINUOUS

The door comes open and time slows down as-- A GRENADE with missing PIN rolls out from where it was wedged between the seat and the door--

SLOW MOTION: The SPOON of the GRENADE FLIPS free and CLINKS on the floor board as the GRENADE BOUNCES ONCE and...

PORTER

(screams)

Franca...GET DOWN, NOW..!

He throws BOTH ARMS wide and dives FORWARD tackling FRANCA onto the PORCH. Danzi's FACE registers shock as he FIRES the GUN, The GRENADE bounces again and rolls down onto the floor board underneath the GAS PEDAL! -- The Shooter REACHES desperately for it, but too late-- BOOM!

The fireball lifts him off his feet blowing him back towards the PORCH as...

EXT. GENOVISI'S ITALIAN VILLA - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

REGULAR SPEED:

Danzy SCREAMS as THE SHOOTER'S BODY flies backwards into him with tremendous force, knocking him crashing through the door to the Villa.

Porter covers Franca as the fireball recedes. The car burns brilliantly as he raises his head.

PORTER
Are you alright, love?

Franca groans. He rolls her over to see - A BLOOD STAIN spreading near her shoulder.

PORTER (CONT'D)
My god, Franca, you're hurt!

Porter TEARS open Franca's shirt, looks at the wound.

FRANCA
You'll do anything to see me
naked won't you?

Porter sees a deep CHANNEL gouged from the outside of the SHOULDER but nothing several stitches won't fix.

FRANCA (CONT'D)
He just grazed me I think.

PORTER
Thank God!

DANZI (O.S.)
POR-TER...

His SEPULCHRAL VOICE brings their HEADS around to see Danzi, burned, battered and broken, teetering in the doorway--

His HAIR is gone, as is the SKIN on his arms. His NOSE is Pulp, ONE of his EYEBALLS is MISSING and his JAW hangs to one side.

DANZI (CONT'D)
POR... TER...

He tries to raise the GUN, Porter grabs a rock, hits him square in the forehead and he COLLAPSES.

Porter crawls over to see if he's dead-- Danzi grabs Porter with a DEATH GRIP, pulling his head up to say something.

It takes him a couple of tries to get the question out.

DANZI (CONT'D)
(whispered)
How... how... How did you know?

PORTER

Your name was on the List!

Danzi's remaining eye goes WIDE, his head drops back- DEAD.

INT. DANZI'S CAR - MORNING

Porter drives Danzi's car down an empty back road with Franca riding shotgun, a homemade sling around her arm.

PORTER

Once we cross into France we should be safe. Harriman's finished, but I wonder how many others are involved.

FRANCA

You're just one man... How can you expect to fight all these people?

PORTER

I can try. It won't stop here. When we get back to London, they'll start a new inquiry, focusing on all P-2 members.

FRANCA

I'm at my end with what these people put us through.

FRANCA (CONT'D)

Is Home Office and the Prime Minister going to follow it through this time? You know Harriman will fight you, deny everything.

PORTER

With all the files I'm bringing back, it's all too clear who the major players are, and Marcinkus and Gelli will go down, too.

Just then a BLACK MERCEDES pulls out from a side road, starts tailing them. Porter looks in the side mirror.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Uh oh, looks like we have company...

FRANCA

You don't suppose...

PORTER

Yes, I do. Let's give them a run for it.

HE SPEEDS UP IN A WILD CHASE that sends them careening around cliff sides with TIRES SQUEALING, ROCKS FLYING.

The MEN inside are barely visible through the black tinted windshield of the Mercedes chasing them. Porter has a fierce look of determination on his face, as the Mercedes edges closer and closer to his back bumper.

Porter's speedometer is reading 50 mph and rising. His bandaged hands are beginning to BLEED from holding the wheel so tight.

FRANCA

Slow down..! You'll kill us both!

PORTER

If we do, we're finished anyway.

Porter peers in the rear view mirror, but as he looks around again, he finds Franca pointing a small BERETTA PISTOL!

PORTER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

FRANCA

I said slow down and stop the car.

Porter looks at her with disbelief, he sees ROAD CONSTRUCTION BARRIERS ahead...

PORTER

Christ, so it was you giving our moves away to Danzi.

FRANCA

Danzi didn't know I was involved. I was brought in to make sure nothing went wrong.

PORTER

And to think I trusted you, Franca.
(smiles)

But you made one mistake...

FRANCA

And what was that?

PORTER

I'm taking you with me..!

He FLOORS the GAS!

She has a look of total FEAR on her face, as he goes careening full speed toward the barriers.

She SHOOTS him in the side, then she opens the door and rolls out onto the pavement, as the car plows ahead through the barriers!-- CRASH! --- SWOOSH!

The CAR SAILS SILENTLY OVER A STEEP CLIFF, gliding far down below into the Tiber River and hits the water with a BIG SPLASH and slowly disappears under the churning waters.

Franca gets to her feet shaken and unsteady, as the Mercedes following them SCREECHES to a halt.

TWO POLICEMEN and a MAGISTRATE in suit and tie get out, walk over to Franca on the side of the road, dusting herself off, looking over the cliff's edge at the sinking car.

MAGISTRATE

Well done, Franca. He was getting too close for comfort... Now our secret disappears in a watery grave.

FRANCA

I feel sorry in a way. Poor fool actually trusted me.

MAGISTRATE

Yes, trust is a funny thing...

Magistrate suddenly whips out his GUN, she gets a look of horror on her face.

FRANCA

No..!

He fires a SHOT straight into Franca's forehead-- BAM! She drops like a marionette who's strings have been cut.

He casually turns to the cops.

MAGISTRATE

Our work is complete, gentlemen. Let's get this mess cleaned up.

Policemen throw Franca's dead BODY over the cliff.

In a final gesture, the Magistrate crosses himself, tosses the Calvi file into the flowing river, too. They get back in their cars and take off.

CLOSE ON a PAIR OF HANDS crawling up the rocky cliff side.

Porter's scratched and bloodied face appears from jumping out of the car before it went over.

He crawls up onto the road holding his side. In pain, laying on his side with his ear to the road, he hears a vehicle coming.

He gets to his feet, waves down an oncoming FARM TRUCK.

The ELDERLY DRIVER stops, gets out, helps Porter into the cab and they drive off together.

Porter may just make it home yet!

CAMERA PULLS BACK: On the beautiful setting of the river and ANCIENT ROMAN RUINS on its banks.

CASE CONCLUSION:

[Shown Before End Credits]

INSERT:

A police raid on Licio Gelli's villa led to the discovery of a list of 962 persons composed of Italian military officers and civil servants involved in Propaganda Due (P-2).

The list also included the heads of all three Secret Intelligence services, 48 MPs, well-known industrialists, top journalists and wealthy influential people such as Italian Ex-Premiers Bettino Craxi and Giulio Andreotti.

Police also discovered a "Piano di Rinascita Democratica" ("Plan of Democratic Rebirth"), which detailed a strategy to install an authoritarian government in Italy.

Licio Gelli was nominated for a Nobel Prize in 1996.

Archbishop Paul C. Marcinkus, considered by many as the mastermind of the Vatican Bank Scandal, was never indicted under the protection of Vatican Diplomatic Immunity, and retired in Sun City, Arizona until his death of natural causes in 2006. He was 84 years old.

Despite bringing 5 men to trial, to this day, no one has been convicted or brought to justice for the murder of Roberto Calvi - AKA "The Devil's Banker".

FADE OUT: