

This script is for
educational purposes only

The Fugitive

FADE IN: EXT. CHICAGO - AERIAL - NIGHT

CREDITS BEGIN OVER: Snow swirls around the tall buildings of downtown Chicago.

EXT. CHICAGO HOTEL - NIGHT

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

INT. CHICAGO HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

THROUGH arriving guests we PICK UP the Man climbing stairs to the ballroom.
ANGLE - COAT CHECK

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

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

A banner over the rostrum says: CHILDREN'S RESEARCH AND AID FOUNDATION. Kimble is handed a glass of champagne, which he promptly sets on another waiter's passing tray.

ROBERTS (V.O.): Richard...

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

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

A hospital equipment rep, NAT, is buying drinks.

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

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

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

Everyone agrees.

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

His tone silences the group. Kimble takes his drink.

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

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

CUT TO: KIMBLE moving through the crowd.

CUT TO: KIMBLE nearly gets hit in the follow-through of an imaginary golf swing.

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

He keeps moving.

GOLFING MAN: Thanks, Richard...

CUT TO: ANGLE - TOUGH-LOOKING LAB RAT

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

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

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

She smiles. He moves on.

ANGLE - PARTY

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

KIMBLE: Hey, Jim.

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

NICHOLS: Richard, I just saw someone who wanted to meet you...
Just then Kimble spots an attractive WOMAN, late thirties, wearing a drop-dead, simple black gown. She's surrounded by a group of men hanging on her every word. She and Kimble catch a look and hold it.

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

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

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

KIMBLE: (suddenly attentive) Yeah... Three. Livers appeared hepatetic to me.

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

KIMBLE: Sure.

LENTZ: (holds Kimble's look, then to Nichols) See you, Jim.

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

NICHOLS: (digs in his pocket) Before I forget, I went by the garage this afternoon and picked up the Ferrari. Thanks for the loaner again.

He hands Kimble a valet ticket.

KIMBLE: They fix it this time?

NICHOLS: We'll see.

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

NICHOLS: You look fabulous, Helen.

He kisses Helen.

HELEN (WOMAN): Hello, Jim.

NICHOLS: (to Kimble) We've got a court tomorrow at three.

Nichols leaves. Kimble looks at his wife.

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

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

CUT TO: ANGLE - KIMBLE'S TABLE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

As we MOVE AROUND the table we hear:

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

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

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

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

HELEN: (to her dinner partners) I'm sorry, I have to get my husband home.

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

INT. KIMBLE'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

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

HELEN: You looked handsome tonight...

KIMBLE: Thank you...

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

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

KIMBLE: But me?

HELEN: You looked more like... a band director.

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

HELEN: Are we home yet?...

CUT TO: EXT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE: (to phone) Dr. Kimble (suddenly attentive) When? Okay, tell them I'll be there in ten minutes.

He hangs up.

KIMBLE: Tim's got a problem.

Helen kisses him again, opens the door.

HELEN: Call me on your way home.

CREDITS END as we - CUT TO: INT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT

Kimble, wearing scrubs but without head gear, moves down stairs to the OR hall. He sticks his head into the operating room.

KIMBLE: Cavalry's here.

Two harried surgeons look up, glad to see him.

SCRUB ROOM

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

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

KIMBLE: What's his pro time?

RESIDENT: (concerned) He's at 36 seconds. We got a major bleeder in here.

KIMBLE: You talk to the family?

RESIDENT: None. He's off the street.

CUT TO: INT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE: (to Anesthesiologist) Okay... I'm clamping. Can he tolerate it?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST: He's a very sick guy.

KIMBLE: Do we have a choice?

ANESTHESIOLOGIST: Go for it.

KIMBLE: Marie, give me a clamp...

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

KIMBLE: (never looking up) Your husband know you're here tonight, Marie?... What about this liver?

RESIDENT: History's sketchy. Could be an alcoholic.

KIMBLE: Who referred him?

RESIDENT: He's on a drug protocol. RDU90.

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

KIMBLE: The wave of the future... Marie, you told Frank yet? Frank is so jealous of this late night thing we've got going here... This should hold him. Bleeding's stopped. Let's get a biopsy... (to circulating nurse) Send it downstairs and make sure you get Kath her slice.

SURGEON: You staying for the closing, Rich?

Kimble moves away and sheds his gloves and gown.

KIMBLE: No. I got a date.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT

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

SURGEON: Hey, Richard...

Kimble turns.

SURGEON: Thanks.

CUT TO: INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE: Hi. I'm five minutes away...

INTERCUT WITH: INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

CUT TO: EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

Kimble driving.

INT. KIMBLE-S TOWNHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen moves down the hall toward the dressing room/closet. Opens the door to large closet dressing room and turns on the light. Nothing. She starts to leave and decides to close one of the interior closet doors. She starts to slide the door closed when -- wham! A hand reaches out and clutches her by the neck. Helen claws and scratches to get free and in her struggle her string of pearls bursts... and a single pearl bounces out of the bedroom... rolls across the landing to the stairs, stopping three steps from the top.

CUT TO: EXT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

No answer. He steps into the: KITCHEN

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

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

lies on the floor, beside Helen's legs and the receiver of phone, off the

hook. A man's rubber-gloved hand picks up the gun.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. DOWNSTAIRS - STAIRS - NIGHT
Kimble starts up the stairs to the bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Helen's hand reaches out presses the cradle down, dials 911.

ON KIMBLE climbing the stairs... suddenly stops.

A small white ball on the stairs. He bends down and picks it up... a pearl.

KIMBLE: Helen?

Silence. He can see directly into the bedroom. It's quiet. Too quiet. He notices a lampshade on the floor.

UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Kimble moves slowly to the opened doorway. And just before he enters he sees a large form in the crack behind the door. Adrenal surge.

Kimble slams the door back on the figure knocking the gun free. Before Kimble can move to it a forearm flattens him. The attacker immediately goes for the gun. Kimble grabs a leg and twists him down, the man's fingers hit the gun, sending it skittering across the hardwood floor of the landing and over the edge -- three flights to the entry hall below.

SIRENS can be heard. Distant but APPROACHING. The man kicks free and tries to flee. This time Kimble catches an arm and twists it at an unnatural angle. To his shock, the limb detaches between the shoulder and elbow.

Kimble looks at the arm in his hands -- it's hollow. Electrodes are visible inside -- then to the man's unreadable face...

The SIRENS are LOUDER... Before Kimble can recover, the One-Armed Man knocks Kimble down and grabs back his arm. He runs down the stairs.

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

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

911 (V.O.): Did I hear you right? Your attacker is still in the house?

Ma'am?

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

Kimble appears. Helen drops the phone when she sees him.

911 (V.O.): Will you repeat that please -- ?

HELEN: (to Kimble) Richard... He's trying to kill me... my head.

EXT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

HELEN: My head. Richard my hold me.

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

CAMERA SWINGS DOWN TO the dropped phone.

911 (V.O.): ... Hello. You said his name is Richard? Ma'am, can you talk to me? Ma'am?

CUT TO: INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

ANGLE Third floor. The First Cop, gun drawn, turns the corner of Kimble's bedroom and finds: Kimble holding his dead wife. Blood on his hands.

COP #1: Move away from her.

CUT TO: INT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

EXT. KIMBLE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

DETECTIVE KELLY (V.O.): Can you give us a little more to go on besides the fact that he had an artificial arm? What kind of gun was it, Doc?

INT. 11TH STREET DISTRICT HOUSE - NIGHT

CAMERA FINDS Kimble in an interview room. He is in "why"-shock. "Why her." "Why me?" Says nothing. Two Detectives: KELLY and ROSETTI. Kelly, the questioner, is overweight, aggressive. He shifts his gun on his hip so he can sit down.

KIMBLE: It was .38... I think. I only saw it for a second. I knocked it out of his hand.

As Kimble is questioned we INTERCUT WITH flashes of the murder scene being processed:

FLASH - INT. KIMBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Forensics technicians photograph the .38 at the base of the stairs.

DETECTIVE ROSETTI (V.O.): Do you own a gun, Dr. Kimble?

KIMBLE: Yes.

DETECTIVE ROSETTI (V.O.): What kind of gun?

KIMBLE: A .38 Smith.

FLASH - FORENSICS TECHNICIAN DUSTS CRYSTAL LAMP

DETECTIVE KELLY: Did you have your key with you tonight, Dr. Kimble?

FLASH - COPS CHECKING DOORS OF HOUSE FOR SIGNS OF FORCIBLE ENTRY

BACK TO SCENE

PHONE RINGS. Rosetti answers it. Kimble watches him write something down, he slides it to Kelly.

FLASH - MEASURE "NECKLACE" OF BRUISES ON HELEN'S NECK

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

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

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

The two cops stare at Kimble.

KIMBLE: You guys have got to be out of your minds. I didn't kill my wife! He gets up to go. A cop blocks his path. He turns and looks at Kelly.

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

CUT TO: INT. 11TH ST. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Kimble in his tuxedo shirt and black tie holds a booking number plate in

front of him as a mug shot is taken... front, then side.

MAN (V.O.): We're all adults here so I'll lay it out...

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

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

MAN (V.O.): ... If you two come up with a deal, I'll listen, but let me make one thing perfectly clear.

INT. ELECTRONICS SUPERSTORE - DAY

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

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.): Police are revealing no details in the case against Chicago surgeon...

INT. KIMBLE'S CELL - DAY

Kimble lays on his bunk. Thinking...

MAN (V.O.): ... It's an election year...

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

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

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

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY

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

GUTHERIE (V.O.): We've had private investigators interview over a hundred amputees, Richard...

INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

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

GUTHERIE: ... We can't find this guy.

KIMBLE: I know what I saw, Walter.

GUTHERIE: I put you up on the stand to say what you saw without anything that remotely smells like proof and the State's attorney is going to take this one-armed man story and run it up our ass. (he holds Kimble's look) Look, Richard, you're paying us a lot of money to defend you... A plea to second degree -

KIMBLE: I didn't kill my wife.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - DAY

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

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

INT. COOK COUNTY LOCKUP/CHANGE ROOM - DAY

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

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

INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY

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

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

HARD CUT TO: PHOTOGRAPH OF HELEN KIMBLE'S BODY

A crime scene photograph.

DETECTIVE KELLY On the stand.

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

FORENSICS TECHNICIAN On the stand.

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

FACES OF THE JURY impassive. Attentive. His "peers." They listen to the recording of the 911 tape.

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

HELEN (V.O.): He's trying to kill me...

911 (V.O.): Will you repeat that please? -

HELEN (V.O.): Richard... He's trying to kill me...

KIMBLE'S POV - THE JURY A few members lean over to make notes. It's powerful taken out of context.

NICHOLS ON THE STAND

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

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

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

NICHOLS: We were talking about -

PROSECUTOR: Yes or no?

Nichols' look tells us everything... Yes.

CORONER On the stand.

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

A woman in the jury reacts. Kimble notices.

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

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

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

PROSECUTOR: How tall was this man, Dr. Kimble?

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

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

KIMBLE: No. As I explained -

PROSECUTOR: And how did this man enter your house?

KIMBLE: I don't know -

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

KIMBLE: She didn't -

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

KIMBLE: Look...

PROSECUTOR: Weren't they?

CUT TO: INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Richard Kimble sits behind the desk, but already he's a shadow of the man we

knew before, stares ahead passively as Judge Bennett delivers the sentencing to hushed courtroom.

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

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

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

JUDGE BENNETT (V.O.): Therefore, it is the decision of this court... Looks over his shoulder to the emptying courtroom. Faces stare back.

INT. KIT ROOM - DAY

Judge Bennett's V.O. CONTINUES over:

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

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

CLOSE ON CUFFS slapped down over wrists, ratcheting down tight. Ankle cuffs dragged out. Pant legs raised, canvas shoes exposed. Cuffs clamped down on ankles.

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

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

EXT. SALLY PORT (COOK COUNTY JAIL) - NIGHT

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

BLUE BULLET-NOSE BUS

An Illinois Department of Corrections guard moves alongside, checking the undercarriage with a pole-mounted mirror.

The GAVEL CRACKS as we -

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - CLOSE ON KEY - DAY

locking wire mesh cage inside bus.

An old DIESEL COUGHS to life.

EXT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Main gates open. The BUS GRINDS onto the streets.

INT. BUS - DAY

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

The two prison guards seated beyond the caged door. YOUNG GUARD lighting a smoke. OLD GUARD drowsing. Shotguns bouncing on their knees. Prisoner #1 shifts his gaze to... The driver. Pistol on his hip.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The BUS RUMBLES north, heading towards the horizon.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Prisoner #1 rises. Through caging:

PRISONER #1: Hey. Illinois penal regulations require a meal for transport rides of four hours or more.

Young Guard shakes his head. "Fucking jailhouse lawyers." Checks his watch: 4:00.

YOUNG GUARD: Jack! Feedin' time.

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

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

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

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

COPELAND: Breathe, and you're first.

Old Guard watches from the open cage door, shotgun carelessly ready. Young Guard reaches Kimble and extends a sandwich. Kimble doesn't respond.

YOUNG GUARD: Suit yourself.

He offers the sandwich to Copeland. In the exchange, sandwich drops.

Copeland leans down for it.

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

KIMBLE: Look out!

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

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

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

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

The CAGE DOOR SLAMS locked behind the Old Guard.

EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As the bus careens off the road, accelerating.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Young Guard wrestles gun from Prisoner #2 and FIRES, killing prisoner #2. Copeland grapples with wounded Young Guard. Old Guard shotgun-butts Prisoner #1, flips the gun, PUMPS ONE ROUND into the mants chest. Dead. He turns just as...

EXT. OPEN LAND - NIGHT

As the driverless BUS BUCKS ant BANGS over open ground.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Old Guard reloads. Copeland drops down behind a seat. Old Guard jams his SHOTGUN under the seat. But just as the Old Guard pulls the trigger the bus jerks. The SHOT goes off target as

EXT. OPEN LAND - NIGHT

The BUS ROARS into a gravel embankment. ROARS up the slope and CRASHES down on its side -- sliding to a stop at the bottom of a small ravine.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

ENGINE DIES. Dusty silence. We don't know up from down.

On his knees, Old Guard makes his way to the driver. Finds him dead. Now a

SOUND. Old Guard whips his shotgun around at... Kimble. Rising between the seats. A hairy beat. Old Guard might kill him just to finish things off. But a GROAN turns Old Guard's head. Young Guard, trying to hold his guts in. Old Guard turns to find Kimble.

OLD GUARD: (to Kimble) You. You're a doctor. C'mere.

He slides to the Young Guard as the Old Guard scrounges up a medical kit, shoves Kimble down on Young Guard.

OLD GUARD: Do something

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

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

OLD GUARD: In this delicate moment

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

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

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

KIMBLE: Just where the hell are we?

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

OLD GUARD: Oh, shit...

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

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

INT. BUS - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE: It's locked. Where're your keys?

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

Downtrack, one Cyclops light appears.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

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

The train light spider-webs across cracked windows. Kimble snatches the keys away from the Guard's trembling hands.

KIMBLE: Which one? This? This one?!

Old Guard gulps a nod. Kimble jams a key in the lock. Throws the door open. Grabs Young Guard.

KIMBLE: Help me get him -

But Old Guard climbs right over Kimble's back and climbs out the shattered windshield.

ANGLE ON REAR OF BUS

Copeland escapes through the hole in the back...

EXT. BUS - NIGHT

... and hits the ground running the other way. The locomotive's headlight reveals the toppled bus.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Train light grows. A nanosecond of uncertainty: Should Kimble leave the wounded man? Kimble and the Young Guard hold a look.

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT
As the WHEELS BRAKE and LOCR.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT
Kimble struggles out of the bus -- pulling the Young Guard behind him. He slings the man clear.
SCREECHING death, the TRAIN SKIDS closer.
For one heartbeat, Kimble remains perched atop the bus.
The train light X-rays him.
Kimble leaps. Lands. Rolls. Gains his feet. Tries to sprint away but can't: His feet are still chained. He gets off a dozen mincing steps before
IMPACT: A hundred tons of STEEL SLAMS into the bus, splitting it open. Shrapnel rips through Kimble's thigh, but he stays on his feet, still running feverish half-steps.
An EXPLOSION envelops the train. Flames stream down its flanks. The train burns past the wounded Guard.
Kimble looks back, expecting to see the catastrophe behind him. But he gets the shock of his life -- of any man's life:
Still on its wheels, the locomotive is derailing -- and coming after him. It's the stuff of nightmares: One little man being chased by a fire-breathing locomotive.
The train burrows to a stop.
Kimble is suddenly five feet taller, standing on an upheaval of earth, staring eyeball-to-eyeball with the train that nearly devoured him. He pants. Coughs on smoke. Then notices something in his hand. It's the key-ring.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT
Kimble sits and searches the key-ring for manacle key. Suddenly a hand reaches down and snatches the key-ring away.
COPELAND (O.S.): Give me that.
Kimble watches as Copeland quickly unlocks both sets of his own chains.
COPELAND: You listen to me. I don't give a damn which way you go, just don't follow me.
Kimble takes the key as Copeland wraps his chains around his arm and runs. Kimble unlocks his leg irons and runs in the other direction -- crossing a hilltop in the moonlight.

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. CRASH SITE (SOUTHERN ILLINOIS) - NIGHT
News and sheriff's department choppers circle billowing smoke. TILT DOWN to reveal the derailed train. Fire engines hose down the blackened locomotive. Rescue workers work feverishly with jaws-of-life to get into the mangled wreckage. Illuminated by spotlights, transportation investigators in blue coveralls pick through the twisted remains of the bus. State troopers restrain spectators.
Two American-made rental cars pull up. Four deputy U.S. marshals emerge: BIGGS. Swaggering Midwestern carnivore. Built like a brick shithouse.
RENFRO. Bantam-rooster of a man, no more than 140 pounds fully-equipped.
POOLE. Black woman. Nobody minds having her around during nut-cuttin' time.
NEWMAN, a scrub-faced G-5.
From the second car steps GERARD. He takes in the media spectacle.
GERARD: Good lord...
REFRO: What is this... a circus?
As a group they begin moving along the service road above the crash site. Derailed train cars are accortianed below them. They take in the elements of the crash and as they walk each begins to reveal their U.S. Marshal's

credentials.

Biggs spots something...

BIGGS: Point of impact.... and branches off.

GERARD: Biggs, your turn to babysit Newman.

BIGGS: Shit (to Newman) Come on.

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

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

GERARD: How ya doing? Who's in charge?

TROOPER: Sheriff Rollins. Just follow the lights -

Gerard follows his point to where TV lights illuminate the scene. He shakes his head -- it doesn't please him. Renfro and Poole share a look, they seem to know what's about to happen.

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

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

SHERIFF: You coulda both been killed.

OLD GUARD: I know, but hell, he's my partner. Woulda done the same for me. The young Sheriff in charge nods, buying the story. Gerard eases forward, displays his badge, interrupts.

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

SHERIFF: (annoyed) I'll be with you in a minute.

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

SHERIFF: (to Old Guard) For the record. These three dead. And this one... He switches to a photo of Kimble.

OLD GUARD: Well, everything happened so fast. (BITES LIP, DECIDES) Huh-uh. Don't think he made it.

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

SHERIFF: You get some rest.

He pats the Guard on the shoulder and approaches Gerard.

SHERIFF: Looks like you came a long way for nothing. My mentve already done a thorough search from point of impact and found nothing.

INTERCUT WITH: ANGLE - CULVERT

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

GERARD aware of media, proceeds patiently with the young Sheriff.

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

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

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

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

SHERIFF: On whose authority?

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

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

SHERIFF: (back-down beat) Okay. You want jurisdiction over this mess, you got it. (to assistants) Shut it down. Wyatt Earp is here to mop up for us.

He slaps the file of fax-photos at Gerard on his way out. Just as Biggs, spotless, eases into the group with Kimble's manacles. Behind Biggs we see Newman, covered in mud. Seeing the leg irons, the Sheriff and his deputies pile to a stop. Now Gerard takes his run at Old Guard.

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

Like an obedient dog the press backs off, they sense a change of story and command. Gerard kneels down with Poole and Renfro in front of the Old Guard. The Sheriff hovers near.

GERARD: (friendly, to Old Guard) Always an interesting thing when we find leg irons and no legs in them. Who held the keys, sir?

OLD GUARD: Uh, me.

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

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

GERARD: Second chance.

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

OLD GUARD: (cracking) He mighta got out.

GERARD: Thank you.

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

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

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

GERARD: Ladies and gentlemen... our fugitive's been on the run for ninety minutes. Average foot speed over uneven ground - barring injury is approximately four miles an hour, giving us a radius of six miles. I want a hard-target search of any residence, gas station, farmhouse, henhouse, doghouse and outhouse in that area. Check-points go up at 15 miles. (to media) You got that? Good. Now, turn those damn things off and get out of our way.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

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

EXT. RURAL ROADS - NIGHT

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

EXT. TRACKS - NIGHT

Kimble moves down train tracks. His jumpsuit is wet with blood from the gash. He pauses and checks the wound. He's going to need stitches. Far down the tracks he sees glow of town lights. He keeps moving.

EXT. TRESTLE - DAWN

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

EXT. JEW K YARD - DAWN

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

ANGLE - TRACKS AND STREAM

Kimble runs from a streak up to the railroad tracks. As he nears the junk yard and road he sees the hospital sign. He's close but he can't go into the

hospital in his prison jumpsuit. He leans against a wrecked car and catches his breath. Just then a tow truck pulling a car on its hook, turns off the road and parks next to the tracks. Kimble ducks for cover behind the wrecked car.

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

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

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

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAWN

A crude headquarters is set up beneath a tent, near the crash site. Maps are laid out on tables. Power and phone lines are pulled down from the lines running along the tracks. Renfro supervises the electronics. Poole handles phones, takes a report from the field and relays it to Gerard.

POOLE: Blood trail found. Two miles southwest.

GERARD: (to Biggs) Type it and match it against all four prisoners. (to Renfro) Renfro, get an I.D. fax on Kimble to every local hospital. (to Newman) Newman...

Newman appears.

NEWMAN: Yes, sir...

GERARD: I need some coffee.

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

ANGLE - TRAIN CRASH

A RESCUE WORKER shouts up to others.

WORKER: Hey, one's alive!

RURAL HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - MORNING

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

INT. RURAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

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

KIMBLE'S POV - MINOR PROCEDURES ROOM

CUT TO: INT. RURAL HOSPITAL - MINOR PROCEDURES ROOM - MORNING

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

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

An Illinois State Trooper's car pulls up outside.

CUT TO: CLOTH-COVERED INSTRUMENT TRAY

On it we see: A packaged sterilized bandage, an opened antiseptic wash, an opened topical anesthetic, and an empty syringe. We PULL BACK to find: KIMBLE his wound bathed in orange antiseptic wash, three stitches already in. With pair of forceps he picks up the needle as he sutures himself.

CUT TO: INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LONG SHOT (MOS) - MORNING

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

CUT TO: INT. PROCEDURE'S ROOM - MORNING

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

CUT TO: INT. HOSPITAL - MAN'S ROOM - DAY

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

KIMBLE: Can you hear me, sir?

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

CUT TO: INT. RURAL HOSPITAL - NURSES' DUTY STATION - DAY

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

NURSE: There's your fax...

CUT TO: INT. PATIENT'S BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

CUT TO: INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY

A fax photograph of Richard Kimble slowly comes off the duty station FAX MACHINE. Next to the machine the patient's call light comes on. The Duty Nurse, standing with the Highway Trooper, sees the patient's light come on and starts down the hall toward the patient's room.

CUT TO: INT. PATIENT'S BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

ANGLE - MAN'S EATEN BREAKFAST

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

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

She takes his empty plastic pitcher and... pushes open the bathroom door -- no sign of Kimble -- and refills the pitcher from the sink.

DUTY NURSE: (over her shoulder, to patient) ... It does get dry in here, doesn't it?

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

CUT TO: INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

TROOPER: 'Scuse me, Doc?...

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

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

KIMBLE: What's he look like?

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

TROOPER: (from fax sheet) Approximately six one, 180 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes and beard.

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

TROOPER: ... Seen anyone that fits that description?

KIMBLE: Every time I look in the mirror ... but without the beard.
They laugh.

KIMBLE: Excuse me...

TROOPER: Sure.

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

EXT. RURAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM RAMP - DAY

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

KIMBLE: Here...

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

PARAMEDIC #2: Thanks, Doc, we had to dig him out from under a train.

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

YOUNG GUARD: It's him... It's -

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

KIMBLE: How is he?

The Paramedics move him toward the ramp.

PARAMEDIC #1: He's pretty bad off. Broken leg, ribs. Concussion.

As Kimble moves away...

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

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

PARAMEDIC #2: (impressed) Jesus, how could he tell that from looking at his face?

ANGLE - AMBULANCE Kimble climbs behind the wheel.

EXT. TRAIN CRASH SITE/OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A full communications link is in place.

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

POOLE: Background just came in from Chicago.

GERARD: Hit me.

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

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

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

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

RENFRO: None. No previous arrests.

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

GERARD: Sealed juvie record?

Poole calls out from behind tree.

POOLE: Nothing. Total cherry.

GERARD: Relatives? Children?

RENFRO: No relatives

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

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

POOLE: Lot of friends. Doctors. Hospital staff.

Gerard zips up.

GERARD: Start there. Authorize taps. Cover his lawyer first.

RENFRO: Never get it.
GERARD: Bet me.
Renfro won't take it.
GERARD: Have Stevens go to Judge Rubin, he'll sign 'em.
... Biggs charges up the hillside.
BIGGS: DeLange Hospital. Wounded guard swears to High Holy he saw Kimble right there in the hallway. Ambulance, missing too.
ANGLE - SITUATION TENT Gerard moves quickly to the map.
GERARD: Give me a time.
BIGGS: O-nine-thirty. Twenty minutes ago.
Gerard redraws the circle of units. No longer are we covering a fifty-mile radius. The circle is redrawn, tightened, with the hospital as its center. The triangulation is set.

CUT TO: EXT. RURAL RAILROAD CROSSING - DAY

The ambulance follows three cars toward a rural railroad crossing.
COP (V.O.): ... We're waiting up here in Canton. Wondering if you heard anything on this Kimble chase --

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Kimble behind the wheel as he approaches the railroad crossing. The biocom monitors police chatter:
DISPATCHER (V.O.): Two-twelve-A, be advised that all discussion on this matter is to be conducted on a tactical frequency -- either Channel K or Z. Over.
Frequency goes dead. Kimble looks THROUGH the windshield:
ROAD SIGN An arrow points toward Canton, two miles.
The cars in front slow as the railroad crossing signal suddenly activates and the bars begin to drop. Kimble pops the SIREN and hurriedly snakes through the crossing and heads in the opposite direction... but his maneuver gets attention.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

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

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Poole hangs up phone.
POOLE: Ambulance just spotted two miles west of Doverville. Heading north on State road 53.
Renfro turns to the map and marks it. The circle is much smaller.
RENFRO: Running outta map, Sam.
The crash site and hospital are already marked. Gerard is ready to move.
GERARD: Just the way we want it. Okay, people, let's button up.
They move off to waiting State Trooper cars and helicopter.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

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

EXT. SECONDARY ROAD (KENTUCKY) - DAY

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

EXT. HIGHWAY (KENTUCKY) - DAY

Blowing other traffic off the road, WHOOPING CRUISERS and G-cars stream

south through the rugged rural terrain of Southern Illinois. Overtaking them all, a CHOPPER THUNDERS overhead.

INT. HELICOPTER

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

PILOT: (into radio) We've got a visual...

PILOT (CONT'D): (to Gerard) He's heading toward the viaduct.

GERARD: Seal it up.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF GROSVNER VIADUCT - DAY

The two-lane road disappears into long tunnel. Three hundred feet below the road tumbles the Tennessee River.

The Barkley Dam rises ahead. Kimble's AMBULANCE ROARS into the tunnel to ON KIMBLE suddenly sees the helicopter setting down ahead of him at the mouth of the tunnel. Kimble slams on brakes and turns to retreat.

ANGLE - FAR END OF TUNNEL (BEHIND HIM)

Illinois Highway Patrol cars pull to a stop at the far entrance. Light flares. Set out road blocks.

ANGLE HELICOPTER - Gerard steps out followed by Renfro and Poole.

KIMBLE'S AMBULANCE comes to a stop, blocking traffic in both directions. Immediately HORNS begin BLARING.

EXT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Trooper pulls up. Biggs and Newman behind Kimble blocking the other end. Troopers with guns drawn block the exits. The P.A. from a State patrol car blares:

P.A. (V.O.): Please remain in your vehicles and lock your doors. Repeat, please remain in -

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

RENFRO: Got him.

Gerard unholsters a 40 caliber, Glock model 22.

GERARD: Okay, ladies and gentlemen, hard part's over.

He starts into the tunnel.

RENFRO: (to radio) We're movin' in.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Weapons drawn, but held discreetly at their sides, three silhouettes enter. Drivers who hadn't heeded the Troopers' P.A. warnings take one look at Gerard and quickly climb back inside and lock their doors. Biggs, Renfro and Poole fan out to the sides and give the middle to Gerard. The tunnel is quickly quiet. Kimble huddles at mid-tunnel. He's trapped. Drops to the ground beneath the truck. His heart pounding, brain clicking, fighting panic. Suddenly he realizes he's in water. Running water.

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

POOLE: Where'd he go?

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

GERARD: Biggs, Renfro with me.

INT. STORM DRAIN - FORKING CONDUIT - DAY

Kimble splashes blindly through ankle-deep sluice. He slows at forking tunnels to catch his breath and pick a direction. A DULL ROAR comes from somewhere -- from everywhere. He whips off his jacket and slings it down a tunnel, then continues straight ahead.

Somewhere behind, lights probe splash-patterns on the conduit wall -- telltale signs of Kimble's passing. The lights belong to... Gerard, Biggs and Renfro. They push on, soon reaching the forking tunnels. Renfro finds the jacket and splash signs.

GERARD: Channel Three.

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

INT. DOWNSLOPE CONDUIT - DAY

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

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

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

BIGGS: (into shoulder-mike) Nothing yet.

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

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

GERARD: (into radio) Got a possible here. Stand by.

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

INT. DOWNSLOPE CONDUIT - DAY

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

And tumbles out of control. GUN and RADIO CLATTER AWAY.

Scrabbling for purchase, he finally snags an overhead pipe. Gerard stabilizes. Sweeps his light to locate his Glock, lying down-tunnel. He eases toward it.

But another hand gets there first. It's Kimble. Face dark and desperate. Dangerous. Hand

flexing on the pistol. They lock eyes for a beat.

KIMBLE: I didn't kill my wife.

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

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

BIGGS (V.O.): Gerard? You there?

Gerard looks for his radio, then back at Kimble -- he's gone. Instantly Gerard reaches for his ankle -- and pulls a back-up piece.

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

As Renfro hears FOOTSTEPS POUNDING his way.

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

GERARD: Straight ahead!

INT. CONDUIT - DAY

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

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

He hears the MARSHALS behind him -- COMING CLOSER.

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

GERARD: Turn around, hands over your head. And get down on the ground. For a

moment Kimble eyes Gerard.

GERARD: Your choice, Kimble...

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

GERARD: Get down on your knees.

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

EXT. BARKLEY DAM - DAY

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

INT. DRAINAGE CONDUIT - DAY

Renfro lowers his gun.

RENFRO: (amazed) Sonofabitch...

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

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

EXT. TOP OF DAM - DAY

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

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

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

EXT. BARKLEY DAM - LOWER RESERVOIR - SUNSET

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

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

HEAD TROOPER: Running out of daylight, Inspector.

GERARD: Lights and generators are coming, Captain.

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

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

GERARD: Then find me the fish that ate him.

He turns and heads to a waiting helicopter.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. BEACH - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO: EXT. POOL - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO: INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

HELEN: Good-bye. I love you.

Again... Then again... then:

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Kimble comes out of his sleep with a start. Shivering. He remembers where he is. His breathing returns to normal.

EXT. TRESTLE - TUNNEL - MORNING

Kimble moves across a river trestle and disappears into tunnel.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Kimble on pay phone in the rear of the store waits for party to answer. An old lady and her mother shop.

Across the store a pharmacist watches Kimble.

ANGLE - PHONE

Kimble watches the boys as he waits for answer. We hear RINGING, then a receptionist answers:

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.): The law offices of Guthrie, Morgan and Wainwright.

KIMBLE: Walter Guthrie please.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.): I'm sorry, Mr. Guthrie has left for the day, would you like his voice mail?

Kimble hangs up and moves down an aisle, stopping in front of the hair color. He takes a box of black hair dye off the shelf and looks at the instructions. When he looks up he sees the pharmacist looking at him.

EXT. SONNY'S DINER - NIGHT

A roadside diner. Kimble, his hair now black, and wearing a new pair of Wranglers, hooded sweatshirt and a duffle coat, moves down the road to the diner.

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

OLDER WAITRESS: Need to look at the menu?

KIMBLE: Some soup, please.

OLDER WAITRESS: Good choice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He fights the paranoia.

A NEWS REPORT on the TELEVISION gets his attention.

ANGLE - TV

A report on the escape. A television reporter describes the chase for

Kimble; his jump at the dam and his presumed death from the fall.
Kimble decides it's time to leave. He drops some money on the counter and exits.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

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

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

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

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

OLDER WAITRESS

Need a ride?

Kimble stares at her.

KIMBLE: Which way are you going?

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

RENFRO (V.O.): We feel confident about the I.D.

CUT TO: EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

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

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

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

GERARD: I bet they were. (to radio) Where's the woman?

INTERCUT WITH: Biggs in the plumbing truck. He triggers his mike.

RENFRO: (into radio) Same room.

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

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

NEWMAN: Uh, just want me to wait here, sir?

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

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAWN

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

GERARD: U.S. Marshals. Down! Down!

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

Textbook perfect, Gerard and Newman rush into front room.

THEIR POV Down the hall a man's figure streaks across a doorway OUT OF VIEW. A woman in the rear of the house BEGINS SCREAMING.

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

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM/NEWMAN

Clearly unnerved by the screaming woman, Newman opens door off the living room. The door opens into a smaller bedroom. He steps into - SMALLER BEDROOM. It's empty. Gerard appears at the other (hallway) door to the bedroom.

HALLWAY

Gerard motions Newman on to the door to the bathroom and continues down the hall into the back bedroom where the woman continues SCREAMING. He ignores her. His feet move silently, heel-to-toe. He checks the bathroom as Newman opens his connecting door -- empty -- then moves on toward the doorway to the kitchen. Gerard moves to the kitchen doorway. Running out of house. He braces himself swings into the kitchen -- it too is empty. Suddenly Gerard gets the bad feeling he's passed his prey.

CUT TO: SMALLER BEDROOM

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

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

We INTERCUT WITH: GERARD He hears Copeland moving somewhere in the front of the house.

COPELAND (O.S.): I got your man! Now I want outta here!

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

ON COPELAND AND NEWMAN

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

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

COPELAND: (TO GERARD) You hear me? I said, I want out or I'll cut your man's throat!

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

LIVING ROOM

Copeland positions himself between the bedroom door and the hallway opening. He's troubled he can't hear Gerard. Suddenly he hears a NOISE behind him at the bedroom door. He whips Newman around and we see: A shoe hits the floor. Copeland realizes his mistake too late. He turns back to the hallway and there is Gerard. He never blinks. FIRES once killing Copeland instantly. The knife falls to the floor. Newman clutches his head, stunned but unhurt.

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

GERARD: Shut up.

She does. Immediately.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

They hold a look.

GERARD: How bad's your ear?

NEWMAN: Terrible. I probably have permanent hearing damage.

GERARD: Let me see it.

Newman leans toward him. Gerard speaks into his ear.

GERARD: I don't bargain.

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

EXT. CHICAGO PAY PHONE - MORNING

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

KIMBLE: Walter. It's Richard.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. LAW OFFICES OF GUTHERIE, MORGAN AND WAINWRIGHT - DAY

Walter Guthrie answers phone from his office overlooking Lake Michigan.

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

KIMBLE: I wasn't worrying about appearances, Walter.

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

KIMBLE: I'm not turning myself in. I need money. Guthrie is silent. When he speaks again his speech takes on the lawyerly tone of a man who's covering his own bases.

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

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

KIMBLE: (beat) St. Louis.

GUTHERIE: Give me an address. I'll be -

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

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

INT. NORTH BANK TENNIS CLUB - DAY

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

DESK ATTENDANT: See you tomorrow, Dr. Nichols?

NICHOLS: Creature of habit, Sharon.

EXT. NORTH BANK CLUB - DAY

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

INT./EXT. NICHOLS'S CAR - DAY

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

NICHOLS: Not today, please

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

NICHOLS: No. Not -

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

NICHOLS: (stunned) Oh, my God... Richard...

Nichols rolls down the passenger window.

KIMBLE: How're you doing, Charlie?

NICHOLS: You're alive...

KIMBLE: Yeah. And I need your help.

NICHOLS: Anything.

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

NICHOLS: Of course.

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

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

KIMBLE: I'll call you.

Kimble glances around, the area is still clear. He looks back into the car and doesn't see the police car turn the corner and come up the street behind them. Nichols finds his wallet and hands all the cash he's got to Kimble, who quickly pockets it.

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

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

KIMBLE: Thanks, Charlie...

NICHOLS: Here, Richard, take my coat...

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

COP: (to Nichols) Hey, buddy -- green light. Let's go.

Nichols looks back at Kimble. He's gone.

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

The media room -- just what it sounds like -banks of audio/video equipment and a sound board. Renfro rewinds the tape. Gerard, Biggs, Poole and Newman.

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

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

POOLE: What?

GERARD: (to Renfro) Stop it there.

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

GERARD: Drop the voices.

Renfro removes the two voices. What comes up are the BACKGROUND SOUNDS.

EXTERIOR NOISES (BELLS RINGING, TRAFFIC, MECHANICAL... TRAINS). Everyone becomes focused to the sounds now.

GERARD: (he's heard something) Listen.

BIGGS: Trains? Traffic

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

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

RENFRO: That's an E1 announcement.

GERARD: And there's no E1 in St. Louis. Ladies and gentlemen, Richard Kimble is in Chicago. Poole, get his artwork out to local police and have C.P.D. check the shelters... Biggs, bring in the detectives that handled his case. Instantly the room is in movement.

STEVENS: I'll prepare the press release.

GERARD: No.

Stevens stops.

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

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

RENFRO: (for the group) Perfectly.

Gerard reflects on a moment of personal satisfaction.

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

CUT TO: INT. 11TH STREET STATION - DAY

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

KELLY (V.O.): As of this morning Chicago P.D. was alerted to the reappearance of Richard Kimble.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

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

EXT. FRONT OF COOK COW TY HOSPITAL - DAY

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

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

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

INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

EXT. LOOP EL STATION - DAY

Police patrol the platform looking for Kimble.

INT. FRONT OF COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

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

CUT TO: INT. UPSCALE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

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

PATIENT: Good morning.

KIMBLE: Good morning.

As he turns to leave we hear:

ROBERTS (V.O.): Don't underestimate this guy...

CUT TO: INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - SURGEONS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

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

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

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - DAY

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

INT. KIMBLE'S OLD HOUSE - DAY

Gerard walks through Kimble's house. The art and most of the furniture is gone. Books are in boxes and shopping bags around the room. Plastic covers the remaining pieces of furniture. Gerard stares at the empty walls. Shadows on the walls show where the art once hung. Gerard pauses, tries to absorb the place. He takes a book from one of the bags and looks at it.

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

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

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

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

INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Gerard looks at the two detectives.

GERARD: Gentlemen, I appreciate the cooperation of the Chicago police...
He moves toward them.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

A SALESMAN stands on ladder looking through pants sizes.

SALESMAN: Did you say, 38/34?

KIMBLE: No. 34/34.

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

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

Photographed.

ANGLE - SIDE OF THE BOOTH - Kimble takes the finished photos from the delivery tray.

CUT TO: INT. U.S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

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

ROSSETTI: The man definitely has friends here.

GERARD: What about lady friends?

KELLY: Not that we found.

CUT TO: INT. SALVATION ARMY STORE - CLOSE ON APARTMENT NOTICE - DAY

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

BIGGS (V.O.): What about the man he claimed attacked his wife?

Kimble pulls the notice from the board as we -

CUT TO: INT. U.S. MARSHALS' OFFICE - DAY

Kelly and Rossetti share a look, a smile.

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

CUT TO: EXT. POLISH LADY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. POLISH WOMAN'S BASEMENT - DAY

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

ROSETTI (V.O.): We found nothing.

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

INT. POLICE WOMAN'S BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Kimble also at work at the bedside table. He carefully cuts out his do-it-yourself photograph and places it over the existing photograph on the hospital I.D. The name on the I.D. says: Desmond Jose Ruiz. Then he places a thin piece of lamination plastic and trims the edges. Kimble defaces the plastic to give it rough look, then examines the finished product not bad.

INT. MARSHALS' OFFICE - DAY

KELLY (O.S.): If this guy existed believe me someone would've found him.
ON GERARD He raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO: INT. DR. NICHOLS' OFFICE - CLOSE ON FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH - DAY

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

NICHOLS (O.S.): Richard Kimble... I saw him two days ago.

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

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

GERARD: Where was this?

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

Gerard moves around Nichols' office taking in the details.

GERARD: Did he ask you for help?

NICHOLS: I volunteered. He wouldn't accept it.

GERARD: Why do you think he came back to Chicago?

NICHOLS: He didn't tell me.

GERARD: I didn't ask you that, sir. I'm sure he was trying to protect you from having to lie for him. Gerard continues to move around the room, study prints, books, drawings, awards and photos.

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

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

Gerard finds a photo of Nichols and a gleaming Ferrari.

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

EXT. NICHOLS' OFFICE - DAY

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

GERARD: Stay on him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kimble mopping the trauma room hallway. The hallway elbows around a corner and Kimble stands less than ten feet from a door that is marked: PROSTHETIC CLINIC. He watches a technician leave the clinic and mops closer to the doorway, and fails to see an attractive WOMAN DOCTOR with white coat and stethoscope draped around her neck turn the corner behind him and step on the freshly mopped section. Head down, she is completely absorbed in a file and doesn't see the wet floor until she slips slightly, looks up but keeps walking.

WOMAN DOCTOR: Where's Rudy?

KIMBLE: They said he's sick.

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

KIMBLE: Uhhh. No they didn't.

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

She keeps going.

KIMBLE: (mumbles) Asshole.

She looks back at Kimble.

WOMAN DOCTOR: What did you say?

KIMBLE: Nothing.

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

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - NIGHT

Kimble enters the dimly lit prosthetics lab.

He moves silently among the casts and prosthetics of arms, hands, legs hanging from the ceiling. Cables and electronic equipment are on the counters. He leaves the lab and moves into the office section of the Prosthetic Clinic. He passes a computer room and finally reaches the office. He is about to enter when a woman's voice stops him.

WOMAN (O.S.): Hey, Ricky... Weren't you just in here?

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

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

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

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC (BACK TO PRESENT)

TECHNICIAN: Sorry, I thought you were Ricky.

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

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

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

CUT TO: INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC OFFICE - LATER

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

CUT TO: CLOSE ON FILE DRAWER - Opened.

BACK TO SCENE - Kimble looks over his shoulder. The Technician doesn't see him.

A Prosthetic Clinic Operations Manual is removed from shelf. Photographs of prosthetic arms. Kimble shifts the materials into his clothes, closes his coat and suddenly he stops.

CUT TO: INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Kimble waits for the elevator. The folders in his uniform shift and he tries to rearrange them. When he turns back we see Anne Eastman beside him. Her

I.D. says: ANNE EASTMAN. She sees him doing the rearranging.

The elevator arrives. They step into: INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

ANNE (WOMAN DOCTOR): Hey, how're you doing?

KIMBLE: Fine.

ANNE: You find that sign?

KIMBLE: Yes, I did.

ANNE: You called me an asshole.

KIMBLE: Excuse me. I was having a bad shift.

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

ANNE: You worked at other hospitals?

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

ANNE: I bet it hasn't. See you.

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

INT. EL TRAIN - NIGHT

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

INT. KIMBLE'S BASEMENT ROOM - DAY

Afternoon light comes in Kimble's basement windows. Sheets of Prosthetic Clinic patient material are spread over Kimble's bed, floor. Kimble searches through the documents, making notes. He studies photos of attachments. Cable attachments. Joints. Electronics. Pins. straps... looking for a key to the identity of the onearmed man. Finally he stops. He finds the flyer in his pocket, puts it on the bedside table and moves to sink. He wets a towel and covers his face. Draws a cool damp breath. Lays back on bed amid the Prosthetic Clinic material.

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

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

FLASHBACK - ONE-ARMED MAN - escaping the bedroom. We hear his FOOTSTEPS DOWN the STAIRS... a DOOR SLAM. FOOTSTEPS again.

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

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

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

HARD CUT TO: EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

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

KIMBLE'S POV - Unmarked police cars in front of the house, looking, moving his way.

BACK TO SCENE

Kimble moves instinctively to the back door. He starts to open it but through the dirty window, he sees the back courtyard covered by more cops. Kimble moves back toward the front. Unsure of his next move, he's sweating, preparing for the worst. He watches the TAC team charge the house but

instead of charging through the basement door they move up the front steps and into the house overhead. Overhead he hears the SCREAMING from the arresting cops.

KIMBLE'S POV - BACK STEPS

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

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

POLICE RADIOS call the other cops to stand down.

Kimble moves slowly to his front door. Looks out.

KIMBLE'S POV - Cops put the young man into an unmarked police car. His grandmother, the Polish woman, follows them, crying.

BACK TO SCENE - Kimble leans against the wall, exhausted.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRAUMA HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE'S POV - Two cops talk outside the Prosthetic Clinic.

BACK TO SCENE - Kimble backs to a safe place in the trauma hallway to wait for them to leave.

CUT TO: INT. 11TH STREET POLICE DISTRICT HOUSE - DETECTIVES ROOM - NIGHT

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

KID'S POV - A wanted poster of Kimble over the cop's head.

BACK TO SCENE

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

PUNK KID (to cop)

Hey. Hey! I know that guy!

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

CUT TO: INT. TRAUMA HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

The P.A. CALLS for doctors. STAT.

ANGLE ON FAR END OF TRAUMA HALLWAY

Elevator doors open as orderlies bring in new patients. Some walk, some are helped by family and police. Nurses direct traffic. Orders fly. Medicines are called. Family members yell for doctors. Ask for the injured. Anne picks up the pace with an ORDERLY wheeling a gurney carrying a young patient, a BOY.

ANNE: What happened?

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

ANNE: What about this one here?

ORDERLY: Fractured sternum. X-ray's coming up.

Anne checks the boy's chart.

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

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

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

Kimble nods. Anne moves to another patient. Kimble grabs the kid's gurney and begins wheeling it up the hall. As he pushes he looks at the kid's X-rays. Anne looks up, barks another order, then suddenly sees Kimble pushing the gurney and looking at the film.

ANNE tries to negotiate through the incoming patients to get a better look, but Kimble is gone. She goes back to work.
ON KIMBLE - He wheels the Boy's gurney into an elevator. The doors close.

INT. HOSPITAL - O.R. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE: Hey. Hey!

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

KIMBLE: They just sent this one up.

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

SURGEON: Bob! Get this one into room four, stat.

He looks up, Kimble is gone.

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO: INT. CRITICAL CARE UNIT - NIGHT

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

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

GLADYS: What boy?

ANNE: The one with the fractured sternum.

GLADYS: He never came in here.

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

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

KIMBLE: Wrong...

He backs up and tries another file.

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

Kimble knows he's got it.

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

Kimble keys in these responses: SEX: MALE, AGE: 35-50, RACE: CAUCASIAN, LIMB: RIGHT ARM, OTHER: POINT OF REPLACEMENT: MID HUMERUS

INT. OPERATING ROOM WING - NIGHT

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

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

SURGEON: Yeah, he brought a kid up. (handing her the chart) Anne, did you write the orders? I couldn't make out the signature...

ANNE: I saw -

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

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

CUT TO: INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - COMPUTER ROOM - CLOSE ON SCREEN - NIGHT

A "PLEASE WAIT" message appears on the screen. We hear the COMPUTER PROCESSING, searching, narrowing. The screen flashes: NUMBER OF POSSIBLE CANDIDATES: 75. DO YOU WISH TO SUBDIVIDE?

KIMBLE: Seventy-five. Hell, yes.

Kimble types in another defining characteristic... Residence: Illinois. Again he waits. Rattles the blinds to make it seem like he's cleaning. The list shortens.

NUMBER OF POSSIBLE CANDIDATES: 21.

KIMBLE: What else?

MEMORY HIT - INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY

Prosecutor stands before the jury.

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

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

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

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

MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - The fight with the One-Armed Man.

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - BACK TO SCENE

ON Kimble. Something has clicked in his memory.

CUT TO: INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - PROSTHETIC STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

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

MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

MEMORY HIT - INT. KIMBLE'S BEDROOM - TIGHTER ON ONE-ARMED MAN'S ARM -NIGHT
Kimble wrenches the arm...

INT. PROSTHETIC STORAGE ROOM - CLOSE ON ARM

The joint strains.

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

Kimble wrenches it and it BREAKS.

CUT TO: INT. PROSTHETIC OFFICE - CLOSE ON PROSTHETIC MANUAL - NIGHT

-- a detailed diagram of arm construction.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Kimble makes notes.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

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

CUT TO: INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC/TRAUMA HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kimble leaves Prosthetic Clinic and starts down the hall for the exit when a

voice stops him.

ANNE (O.S.): Do you have a particular interest in our patients' x-rays?

Kimble turns to see Anne coming toward him.

KIMBLE: What do you mean?

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

She moves in on him. He eyes the exit.

KIMBLE: It's a hobby of mine -

ANNE: What other hobbies do you have? Brain surgery?

KIMBLE: What do you want?

She reaches him.

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

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

ANNE: Bullshit. Who changed those orders?

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

ANNE: You stand right here. I'm calling security.

Kimble runs. Anne turns to call security but doesn't.

She stares after Kimble.

CUT TO: INT. POLISH WOMAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

CUT TO: INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - CLOSE ON KIMBLE'S I.D. - DAY

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

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

ANNE: (firmly) A little boy's alive today because he did something.

Gerard watches her eyes carefully.

GERARD: So, you weren't aware that when he escaped he was being transported to Menard State

Prison to begin a term of life imprisonment.

ANNE: For what?

GERARD: For murdering his wife.

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

GERARD: Thank you for your help, Doctor.

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

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

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

RENFRO: The place would be crawling with cops.

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

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

MAN: Can I help you find something?

GERARD: Thank you, sir, I think you already have.

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

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MORNING

Restaurant deserted at this hour. Kimble makes calls.

KIMBLE: Yes... This is Dr. Elway at Cook County. I'm doing follow-up work for the Prosthetic Clinic on Matthew Zelick... (beat) He did... I'm terribly sorry. No, I'll correct our files. Thank you. He scratches through another name. Three left. He dials another number.

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - MORNING

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

GERARD: The onearmed man. Missing the right or left hand?

POOLE: Right.

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

POOLE: ... age 35-45...

INTERCUT WITH: INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

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

INT. PROSTHETIC CLINIC - DAY

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

GERARD: Location of the attachment.

POOLE: (from the report) Mid-humerus.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE ON KIMBLE'S LIST - DAY: The next name is "Clive Driscoll." Kimble on phone, waits for answer.

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

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

KIMBLE: No kidding?... Armed robbery. (forced laughter) He's where?

CUT TO: INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

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

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

Gerard picks up phone and dials a number.

GERARD (into phone): Stevens... I've got a list of names I want searched for criminal history.

CUT TO: EXT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - DAY

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

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - LOBBY - DAY

Kimble waits for an elevator. It opens to reveal a pack of staring COPS.

ELEVATOR COP (catching door): Comin' or not?

Forcing his feet to move, Kimble boards...

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - ELEVATOR - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - VISITATION AREA - DAY

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

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

CLEARING OFFICER: Name of inmate?

KIMBLE: Clive Driscoll.

The Clearing Officer spins his clipboard around.

CLEARING OFFICER: Sign here, print your name, address, and relationship to inmate below. (into mike) Two-zero-ten. Driscoll, Clive R. (to Kimble) Be about five minutes. You can wait in the hall.

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

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

GERARD: (to clerk) We need to see a prisoner.

DESK CLERK: Fifth floor.

Gerard and Biggs head for the bank of elevators.

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

Gerard looks at Biggs as they reach the elevators.

GERARD: I hate that word.

He hits the up button.

CUT TO: INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - VISITATION AREA - DAY

Clearing Officer looks down the hall.

CLEARING OFFICER: Visitor for Driscoll...?

Kimble is on his feet.

CLEARING OFFICER: Booth seven. No hands on the glass. Be advised...

The Clearing Officer, head down, drones on -- doesn't notice Kimble is already gone. Kimble strides down the row of chairs, rounds the last partition to reach booth seven -- and to stare at the one-armed man, DRISCOLL, who waits there.

DRISCOLL: So whot're you?

CUT TO: MEMORY HIT - FACE OF HELEN'S KILLER

CUT TO: BACK TO SCENE

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

KIMBLE: Sorry. I made a mistake.

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

But Kimble is gone. Driscoll calls after him.

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

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - CORRIDOR - DAY

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

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - LOBBY - DAY

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

GERARD: Where're the damn stairs?

BIGGS: It's five flights!

GERARD: Then you wait.

He finds the door and starts up.

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - STAIRWELL - DAY

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

INTERCUT WITH... GERARD - Climbing the stairs. He reaches a landing -- and

skims shoulders with Kimble, who pivots past on his way down. Amazingly, neither man reacts. Not yet. One flight above, Gerard's subconscious taps him on the shoulder and brings him to a dead stop. He leans over the stairwell railing to spy... Kimble spiraling downward. From this vantage, it could be any dark-haired man. But still...

GERARD: (a quick probe) Kimble.

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

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

GERARD: Kimble!

Kimble blitzes down the stairs. Gerard moves after him.

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - LOBBY - DAY

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

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

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

ANGLE ON ELEVATORS

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

The revolving exit doors loom nearer and nearer.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

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

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

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

INT. LOBBY - DAY

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

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

GERARD bursts out the stairwell door after Kimble.

GERARD: Kimble. Stop!

But there's only one way of stopping Kimble.

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

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

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

GERARD: Down. down. everybody down!

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

EXT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - DAY

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

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

GERARD: Kimble. Stop!

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

INT. FEDERAL LOCKUP - DAY

Gerard FIRES seven times in two seconds.

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

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

GERARD: Open the doors!

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

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

CUT TO: EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

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

INT. BAR - MORNING

Kimble uses a pay phone and stares through the window.

KIMBLE'S POV - APARTMENT HOUSE across the street.

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING

Inside the apartment the PHONE RINGS. No one is home.

INT. BAR - MORNING

The PHONE RINGS nine, ten times. As Kimble waits he looks down at his list of five. The only name remaining is Fredrick Sykes.

He looks down the street -- it seems clear -- then his focus shifts to a man carrying two coffees. He approaches a car parked along the curb. The passenger -- a woman -- leans across the seat and opens the door for him. He hands her a cup of coffee and as he starts to climb in, he shifts something on his hip -- we see the butt of a handgun.

Kimble hangs up and leaves through the back door.

EXT. REAR OF SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING

Kimble moves across the roof and drops to fire escape behind Sykes' apartment. He looks in the window, steps back to see if anyone is looking, then pulls his fist back into his sleeve and with one swift pop, BREAKS the GLASS.

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

No sound. Slowly he moves into... HALLWAY

Moving first toward the living room. The apartment is modest. He stops by a photograph of a teenage girl. Another is a boy in football uniform. The next one is a man in a police uniform. Kimble freezes.

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

Kimble struggles with the one-armed man.

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING (PRESENT)

Kimble struggles to recall the man's face. It could be him.

CUT TO: INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

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

CUT TO: ANGLE - DESK

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

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS

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

MEMORY HIT - INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT OF MURDER

Nichols introduces Kimble to Lentz.

NICHOLS: Richard... Alex Lentz.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS - MORNING (PRESENT)

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

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

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

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS (PRESENT)

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

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

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

CLOSE ON PAYCHECK STUBS

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

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

PHONE RINGS. SECRETARY answers it.

SECRETARY: U.S. Marshal's office...

Her expression changes to shock.

CUT TO: INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE HALLWAY - MORNING

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

SECRETARY: It's Kimble on line three.

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

GERARD: Renfro, Biggs...

They follow him into...

INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

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

GERARD: This is Gerard.

KIMBLE (V.O.): (beat) Do you remember what I told you in the tunnel?

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

INTERCUT WITH: INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - CLOSE ON KIMBLE - MORNING

KIMBLE: Remember what you said to me?

INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

Gerard is calm.

GERARD: I remember you were pointing my gun at me.

KIMBLE (V.O.): You said, 'I don't care.'

ON TRACING EQUIPMENT

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

TECHNICIAN: (a whisper) He's on the southside.

ON GERARD

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

The room is filling up with deputies. Poole, Biggs, Stevens, Newman. Gerard watches the numbers as the second digit locks in.

RENFRO: (low) He's in Pullman area... Fifteen seconds for location.

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - CLOSE ON KIMBLE - MORNING

KIMBLE: Well, I am trying to solve the puzzle, Gerard and I just found a piece.

Kimble takes the phone and bangs it down onto a table and we realize he is in Sykes' kitchen.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

The sound startles Gerard.

TECHNICIAN: Three seconds

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - MORNING

GERARD (V.O.): Kimble?

Kimble leaves the phone on the table and walks out.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - MORNING

GERARD (into phone): You can't control this thing, Kimble... Kimble?

He thinks he hears FOOTSTEPS over the phone, realizes Kimble has not hung up. What's Kimble doing?

GERARD (to Renfro): Where is he?

Renfro looks up from the address to Gerard, stunned.

RENFRO: (incredulous) Holy shit. We've got a car there right now.

He picks up a phone.

EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT - ANGLE - POLICE CAR - MORNING

The two cops receive a radio report about Kimble and quickly exit their car. They rush toward Sykes' building.

ANGLE - BACK ALLEY

While they move into the apartment, we see Kimble, fully aware of them, slip away down the alley.

INT. EL TRAIN - MORNING

CLOSE ON LIST: Sykes. Lentz. Devlin-Maegregor.- RDU90. Lines draw connections.

MEMORY HIT - INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT OF MURDER

Kimble and Chief Resident work feverishly to save patient.

KIMBLE: This an R.D.U.90 patient?

Kimble looks up at the Resident as we...

CUT TO: INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON TELEPHONE RECEIVER. It BUZZES off the hook.

POOLE (V.O.): Name is Fredrick Sykes. 45. Ex cop.

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

approaches Gerard.

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

The Forensic Tech sits at desk.

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

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

INSERT - PHOTOS

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

FORENSIC TECH: He flips through the pack but paused here.

He hands the Lentz/Sykes photo.

GERARD: Let me see the negatives.

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

GERARD: One's missing.

Gerard stares at the photo as his RADIO SQUAWKS.

BIGGS (V.O.): (on radio) Here he comes...

CUT TO: EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT - SIDEWALK - DAY:

Fredrick Sykes, the one-armed man, comes down the sidewalk. He passes a car and hears the door open behind him. Biggs climbs out of the car and falls into step behind him. Sykes hears the footsteps but moves on up the stoop and starts to enter his apartment, notices the front door already open. Cops and Marshals in his house. Processing a crime scene.

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

He steps INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

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

GERARD: You had a break-in, Mr. Sykes.

SYKES: You a cop?

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

Sykes is caught off guard.

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

Sykes is dumbfounded.

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

Poole produces a photo of Kimble.

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

GERARD: Would he have a reason to?

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

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

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

Gerard continues moving around the apartment.

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

SYKES: Security.

GERARD: Independent?

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

Gerard holds up one of the fishing photographs with Lentz.

GERARD: Any idea why Kimble would be interested in these?

SYKES: No. Just some doctors on a company junket.

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

SYKES: (annoyed) Look, you mind if I talk to the cops to see if anything's missing?

GERARD: By all means.

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

CUT TO: EXT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - DAY

Gerard crosses the street with Renfro and Biggs.

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

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

Gerard stops and looks back at Sykes' apartment.

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

CUT TO: INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY - DAY

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

CUT TO: CLOSE ON PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL

Pages turn as we get CLOSER on headings: DRUGS PENDING FDA APPROVAL...

Experimental and commercial names MOVE PAST us... and at the end of the list we find: PROVASIC (RDU90) Developed by Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceuticals.

SECOND PERIODICAL - BUSINESS PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL

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

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

CUT TO: INT. DOCTOR'S PHONE SERVICE - DAY

An OPERATOR answers a call.

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

INTERCUT WITH: INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL LIBRARY - PAY PHONE - DAY

KIMBLE: It's very important I reach him.

INT. HILTON HOTEL HOSPITALITY SUITE - DAY

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

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

Nichols excuses himself from the table.

EXT. MEDICAL LIBRARY PAY PHONE - DAY

Kimble answers a pay PHONE when it RINGS.

KIMBLE: (urgent) Can you talk?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. HILTON HOTEL HOSPITALITY SUITE - DAY

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

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

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

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

NICHOLS: (shocked) What?

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

NICHOLS: Who?

KIMBLE: Devlin-MacGregor and Lentz. Lentz was supervising the R.D.U.90

protocol. He knew I'd found out the drug had problems. It's Lentz.
NICHOLS: Richard Lentz is dead. He died in an auto accident last summer.
Kimble is stunned.
NICHOLS: Can you prove this about the drug?
KIMBLE: I need your help. Call Mr. Roosevelt and tell him I'm coming in.

CUT TO: INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

POOLE: To throw us off his trail.

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

BIGGS: I'd hire a pro. Sight unseen.

POOLE: Set it up to look like a robbery gone bad.

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

RENFRO: Through a connection.

POOLE: Maybe through a company you did some business with.

BIGGS: Like a pharmaceutical company. Someone in security

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

Gerard places a Devlin-Macgregor card onto his board.

BIGGS: But Sykes claims he was out of town.

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

RENFRO: That's an easy fix. So let's say he was in town. Did the job.

Everything goes as planned with one problem.

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

BIGGS: tried, convicted, ...

POOLE: -- and the hit man gets away clean.

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

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

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

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

BIGGS: So what does Kimble do next?

RENFRO: Get help.

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

GERARD: Stevens, check phone records for Sykes and Kimble.

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

GERARD: Find out who this guy is.

He leaves. Biggs hands the photo to Newman.

NEWMAN: (deadpan) Why do I get all the great jobs?

EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Kimble enters the hospital through the loading dock.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL - MORGUE - DAY

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

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

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

Roosevelt closes the door behind them.

INT. TISSUE STORAGE - DAY

Roosevelt brings Kimble a file marked: RDU90.

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

KIMBLE: Thanks, Roosevelt.

CUT TO: INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

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

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

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

EMERGENCY OPERATOR (V.O.): Emergency operator.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

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

EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

The cop stares at Sykes' window when suddenly we hear FIRE SIRENS, and a pair of fire trucks turn onto the street and pull up across the street from the unmarked car -blocking the view of Sykes' house. Firemen climb down and move to a nearby building. The street begins to fill up with people. The cop stares at the commotion directly behind him. He becomes so engrossed in the action like everyone else that he fails to see Sykes, using the distraction, exit his apartment and walk calmly away from the scene.

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

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

INSERT - CLOSE ON PHOTO OF LENTZ

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

EXT. EL STATION - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

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

INT. HILTON HOTEL - DAY

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

NICHOLS: Mr. Gerard.

GERARD: Doctor. Could I have a minute?

He opens the door to an empty meeting room.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

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

RENFRO: He's a security specialist at Devlin-Macgregor Pharmaceuticals.

Kimble broke into his apartment.

NICHOLS: I don't know him. You're getting pretty desperate aren't you, Mr.

Gerard. I told you, you wouldn't find Richard.

GERARD: (beat) Dr. Kimble hasn't come back to you for help, has he?

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

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

GERARD: Dr. Nichols. Do you know the other man in the photograph? Nichols stops, looks at Lentz and lies.

NICHOLS: I never saw him before.

He leaves. Gerard watches him. Renfro looks down and sees flyer which says Nichols is

slated to talk that evening in the grand ballroom.

RENFRO: (reads) "'Advances in Nuclear Tissue and Pathology Research," by Dr. Charles Nichols.' (to Gerard) I bet they line up to hear that one.

CUT TO: EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON 289M

Newman and Biggs enter the hospital.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DR. WAHLUND'S LAB - AFTERNOON

MICROSCOPIC POV: Cell structure.

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

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

WAHLUND: The one on the right is one of the samples you sent me. It shows a lot of

perrportal inflammation loaded with eosinophils. When you see that with the accumulation of bile it's a classic for -

KIMBLE: -- drug induced hepatitis.

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

She positions a second slide.

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

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

KIMBLE: Cold normal.

WAHLUND: Clearly not from the same tissue.

In fact. She yields the microscope to Kimble.

WAHLUND: See this small area of bile duct proliferation? Von Meyenberg's Complex. Occurs in only 2% of the population. But it's in every one of your five samples.

Kimble looks up.

KIMBLE: That's statistically impossible.

WAHLUND: That's because they're all from the same liver.

She smiles at Kimble.

CUT TO: INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE

Newman shows the photo to a 40s clerk, BETTY. She looks at the photo.

BETTY: His name's Lentz. A pathologist. I only remember him because he died last summer.

Biggs and Newman exchange a look.

NEWMAN: Anybody down in pathology who might know something about the guy?

Betty looks at the clock, it's after 6 p.m. Dicey.

BETTY: It's kinda late to catch anyone, but you might go by the morgue.

There's an old guy down there who's been around forever.

CUT TO: INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Sykes steps off an elevator at Chicago Memorial Hospital. And starts down a

hall.

CUT TO: INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL MORGUE HALLWAY - DAY

Newman and Biggs move down the empty hallway... this long shot has never felt longer. They find the morgue.

BIGGS: Just what I want to do before dinner.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL MORGUE - DAY

Roosevelt working near the autopsy tables when the two marshals enter.

NEWMAN: Are you Mr. Roosevelt?

ROOSEVELT: Yes.

BIGGS: We're United States Marshals. We're trying to find out some information about a pathologist, named Lentz. He used to be on staff here.

Roosevelt suddenly goes on the defensive.

ROOSEVELT: He's dead.

NEWMAN: Yeah, we heard. We wanted to know if he knew or had any contact with a Dr. Richard Kimble?

On the mention of Kimble, Roosevelt becomes visibly nervous.

ROOSEVELT: I... I haven't seen Dr. Kimble.

Biggs and Newman exchange a look.

NEWMAN: (a probe) That's not what I asked, sir. I just wanted to know if Dr. Kimble and Dr. Lentz knew each other?

ROOSEVELT: I... I don't know. Excuse me, I got to go.

He moves away from the autopsy table. Biggs stops him.

BIGGS: I think you're lying to us.

Roosevelt looks from one marshal to the other as we:

CUT TO: INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL - DR. WAHLUND'S LAB - AFTERNOON

As Kathy packs up evidence, Kimble looks through the reports.

KIMBLE: They'd be home free if I hadn't been leaning on them to account for the livers I was seeing. And I wouldn't have seen the livers if I hadn't told the guys on my service to call me when they had cases that were bleeding excessively in surgery.

WAHLUND: Big bucks. One schmuck standing in the way. Easy, get rid of him and his wife. But why Lentz?

KIMBLE: Why not? He's one of the original patent holders. Toss the samples I sent, replace them with healthy samples, issue the path report on the healthy stuff piece of cake.

Kimble notices something in the report.

KIMBLE: Kath When did Lentz die?

WAHLUND: Oh, last summer sometime. August... Why?

Kimble looks up from the protocol report.

KIMBLE: Because a good third of the samples Lentz approved were signed after he died.

Kathy comes to look at the report. Lentz's signature is on reports dated October, November, December.

KIMBLE: Someone else used Lentz's name.

WAHLUND: A pathologist at Devlin-Macgregor?

KIMBLE: They wouldn't have had the access. They would have needed someone at the hospital.

Kimble opens the Devlin-Macgregor prospectus he took from the medical library and opens it to the beginning. A photo gets his attention.

He takes the bag and starts for the door.

WAHLUND: Where are you going?

KIMBLE: To see an old friend.

CUT TO: INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gerard at his board. The cards form a triangle: Sykes Devlin-Macgregor -- Lentz with Kimble at the apex. He stares at the board. Poole comes to the door.

POOLE: It's Newman. Line two.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kimble slips down corridor. We see someone following him. It is Sykes.

INT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Newman on portable phone. Behind him Biggs questions Mr. Roosevelt.

NEWMAN: The old guy didn't know where he was going. But he picked up some tissue samples.

GERARD: Tissue samples?

Gerard goes to his board. Renfro listens on the speakerphone.

NEWMAN: ... From a drug study. And signed for by Dr. Charles Nichols.

Renfro and Gerard exchange a look.

NEWMAN: Nichols also knew Lentz. He was a pathologist.

RENFRO: He was covering for Kimble.

GERARD: (to Renfro) Get CPD to bring in Sykes.

Gerard stares at the board.

CUT TO: INT. HOSPITAL TUNNEL - NIGHT

Kimble moves through steam tunnel beneath the hospital. It is lined with old furniture and supplies. A few moments later we see Sykes following.

CUT TO: INT. HILTON HOTEL GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

A cordial HOST steps up to the microphone. The room is filled with doctors seated at tables around the room. It is the end of a dinner symposium.

HOST: Tonight to close our conference, we're honored to hear a report from one of the most respected men in his field...

CUT TO: EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kimble exits the hospital and moves toward Hospital El Station.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

As the Host continues his introduction of the keynote speaker we PAN the DAIS of distinguished medical men and women...

HOST: ... He is the A. Jude Robinson Fellow and Administrative Chief of Pathology at Chicago Memorial Hospital...

HOST (CONT'D): ... and just recently has been appointed member of the board of directors for Devlin Macgregor Pharmaceuticals. Please welcome...

... and STOP ON Charles Nichols.

HOST: ... Dr. Charles Nichols.

Nichols rises to applause and moves to the podium.

EXT. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL EL STATION - NIGHT

Kimble starts up the stairs to the station just as a train is coming in.

Kimble moves down the platform and boards the downtown train. Just before the doors close Sykes steps onto the last car. The train moves out.

CUT TO: INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gerard stares at his board. Stevens comes to the door.

STEVENS: I checked Sykes' calls for the last two years against Kimble's like you asked and found nothing.

GERARD: All right. It was a thought.

He goes back to the board but Stevens isn't finished.

STEVENS: But when I cross-checked Kimble's phone records... one came up.

Gerard looks up.

GERARD: Kimble called Sykes. (calling) Renfro! Get C.P.D. to bring in Sykes!

STEVENS: Night of his wife's murder - seven-thirty in the evening from his car.

Gerard stares at the deputy, thinking -- something doesn't click. Stevens sees the empty stare, then Gerard looks back at his board.

STEVENS: I have the phone record right here.

GERARD: (calling) Poole! Bring me Kimble's arrest report, now. (to Stevens) No, Stevens... I believe you.

Poole enters with Kimble's arrest transcript. Gerard takes the transcript as Renfro appears at the door.

POOLE: Sam, C.P.D. just checked Sykes' apartment. He's not there.

As Gerard looks up, we -

CUT TO: INT. DOWNTOWN EL TRAIN - ON KIMBLE - NIGHT

Sits in the front car. There are very few other riders. A man with newspaper sits across the car reading. The headlines facing Kimble say: KIMBLE IN CHICAGO. Kimble's booking photo stares back at him. Kimble reacts to the headline, looks away as the man turns the pages. The man looks over the newspaper at Kimble, then goes back to reading. A moment later he folds the paper back to the front page.

The man looks up from the paper and looks at Kimble again, then down. Coolly the man folds the paper, tucks it under his arm, stands, looks through the car, then moves into one of the rear cars.

Kimble looks out the window -- hoping desperately for his car to reach the station. He keeps his head turned until the man is gone.

ANGLE - THROUGH CENTER OF TRAIN - NIGHT

FROM the center of Kimble's car we see the man with the newspaper move up to a TRANSIT COP. They begin talking. Kimble stands, coming INTO the SHOT. We see him watching the discussion. Suddenly a man, sitting in the rear of the car, stands and blocks Kimble's view of the Cop. It's Sykes. His gun is drawn.

SYKES: Back up. Move to the door, Doc.

CUT TO: INT. TRAIN - TRANSIT COP'S CAR - NIGHT

Transit Cop moves past the man with the newspaper toward Kimble's car.

TRANSIT COP: (to radio) This is transit unit, 23. I have a possible sighting of Richard Kimble. Northbound coming into the Balbo station. Request immediate back-up at the station. He moves toward the connecting door to Kimble's car.

CUT TO: INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

The train is not yet to the station. He has no escape. Sykes moves toward him.

SYKES: This is my stop, Doc.

Kimble stares hard at Sykes. He steps toward the side exit.

KIMBLE: Good, it's my stop, too.

Suddenly the door behind Sykes opens and the Transit Cop enters.

TRANSIT COP: Kimble. (to Sykes) Sir, move away from him.

Sykes -- the gun tucked next to his side -- turns. The Cop sees Sykes' gun, reacts... But Sykes FIRES first, shoots the cop FOUR TIMES. As the Cop falls, Sykes turns quickly to finish Kimble. But Kimble pulls the emergency brake over the door.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The brakes lock. The TRAIN SCREECHES.

INT. REAR CARS - NIGHT

Passengers are thrown off their feet. Bags and briefcases go flying.

INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sykes is thrown forward toward Kimble who holds onto a bar for balance.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The train stops just short of the station. Only the first two windows of the front car are over the platform.

INT. KIMBLE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sykes is thrown to the floor -- the gun slips from his grasp. Kimble moves for the gun as Sykes comes up, catches Kimble in the stomach, knocks him back. The fight carries on throughout the car.

Kimble reaches the gun first, lifts it in his left hand and aims at Sykes. Sykes sees the gun in Kimble's hand and almost smiles.

SYKES: Go ahead. You don't have it in you .

For a moment Kimble almost fires, but instead he takes the gun in his right hand and whips it across Sykes' face. Then hits Sykes again and again with the butt of the gun, driving him down the length of the car, knocking him almost unconscious.

Kimble tucks the gun in his belt and moves to the Transit Cop. He checks for a pulse -- there is none. The Cop is dead. Kimble takes the handcuffs and keys from the case on the Cop's belt. He reaches for Sykes' wrist, drags him to the Cop and cuffs Sykes to the dead Cop.

He pockets the keys and grabs Sykes' hair, pulls his face off the floor.

KIMBLE: Not as easy as Helen, was it?

(slams Sykes' head down, leaves) You missed your stop.

He moves to the front of the car with Sykes' and the Transit Cop's guns out. People back out of his way. He moves to where the first two windows extend over the platform, kicks out the front window and...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

... drops to the station platform. Kimble lowers his head and moves down the uncrowded platform to the station.

INT. GERARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The report comes off the scanner.

DISPATCHER (V.O.): ... units in the vicinity of Balbo Street station. Be alert to possible sighting of Richard Kimble...

Gerard, Renfro and Poole trade looks. Gerard moves toward the door.

RENFRO: Balbo station. That's -

GERARD: (cutting him off) Poole, get Biggs and Newman. They're gone as we -

CUT TO: EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Police cruisers pull outside the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

As transit police move up the escalator to the platform, Kimble moves unnoticed through the underground mall beneath the hotel. Deposits the guns into a mail box and keeps moving.

INT. GERARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Renfro driving, Gerard and Pool in car. Report comes over the radio.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.): ... all units in vicinity of Balbo El. Officer down. Repeat, officer down. Man leaving scene with two guns matches description of Richard Kimble...

Gerard looks out the window, he knows what this means.
GERARD: (quietly to himself) Damn...

INT. HOTEL - MALL LEVEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Kimble moves up escalators from the underground station into the Hilton.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Disheveled and driven, he moves from the escalators to the lobby -- checks the list of hospitality suites and sees board which indicates Nichols speech in the rooftop ballroom. He moves on to the main elevators.

CUT TO: INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Nichols speaking. As he talks we MOVE TO... ANGLE ON TABLE OF MEN Listening -- the same men we saw in the hospitality suite when Nichols talked to Kimble. As we MOVE TIGHTER ON one of the men, we notice his name tag says: Board of Directors... Devlin-MacGregor Pharmaceuticals.

INT. HILTON ROOFTOP ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Kimble rides alone to the rooftop ballroom.

CUT TO: EXT. HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Gerard's car pulls up in front of the hotel. Police are controlling pedestrians. Newman and Biggs, already decked out in Kevlar, meet him.

NEWMAN: C.P.D. just reported -

GERARD: I heard. Was it Kimble?

BIGGS: Conflicting reports, but the cops are considering him a shooter.

Heavily-armed CPD units pull up. Gerard stares at the police presence. He starts toward the hotel where Kelly is conferring with Kevlar-decked police captain.

POLICE CAPTAIN: Witnesses say he entered hotel from the subway.

KELLY: Okay. I want it locked down. Start on the lower levels.

The captain moves off. Gerard intercepts the cop.

GERARD: That's my man in there, Kelly.

KELLY: Not since he took down one of ours, Gerard. This is a police matter, now. Stay, the hell, out of it.

Kelly moves off. Gerard watches him a moment then he looks up to the roof. Newman hands Gerard his belt with his backup piece.

GERARD: C'mon, I know where he's going. He moves into the hotel with his deputies.

INTERCUT WITH: LOCKDOWN MONTAGE - EXT./INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A) C.P.D. cruisers arriving. Cops deploying to points of entry. Security guards keying shut parking garage and blocking stairwells.

B) Helicopter with police sharpshooters takes off from Meigs Field downtown and heads for the hotel.

INT. ROOFTOP ELEVATORS/PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kimble exits the elevators and moves down the corridor to the ballroom. A man tries to stop him at the doors, Kimble simply moves him out of the way and opens the doors to:

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Nichols moves to the last of his speech as Kimble enters at the rear

NICHOLS: ... And I especially would like to thank my researchers who helped me...

Nichols stops his speech -- stunned to see Kimble.

NICHOLS: Richard...

KIMBLE: What's wrong, Charlie? Surprised?

Kimble begins moving down the aisle past the tables of doctors toward the podium. We see the faces of Kimble's colleagues and friends from the ballroom sequence earlier. At first no one notices Kimble but as he makes his way toward the dais, the applause fades and then room quiets. Whispers of:

CROWD: It's Richard. It's Kimble.

Stunned expressions.

Kimble continues to the front, talking to Nichols as if the room were empty.

KIMBLE: After Lentz died, you were the only one that had access to the pathology reports.

Nichols remains calm.

NICHOLS: Reports? Whattre you -- ?

KIMBLE: You switched the samples and falsified the reports so R.D.U.90 could get approval.

NICHOLS: Richard, I don't know what you're talking about?...

KIMBLE: I have a set of the original samples.

Nichols stares at Kimble and for the first time we see a flicker of concern.

KIMBLE: You almost pulled it off, Charlie. But I know all about it now, and I can prove it.

Nichols and Kimble hold a look. Nichols turns to the audience.

KIMBLE: Ladies and gentlemen. My friend, as you can see, is obviously not well. Richard, if you want to talk -

KIMBLE: I didn't come here to talk.

Nichols leaves the dais and heads toward the exit. Kimble tracks along with him -- moving through the tables -- passing the table with the Devlin-MacGregor board of directors. They are disturbed by this situation.

ON NICHOLS - Moves through a door and exits into

HALLWAY

Kimble follows moving through the tables and people to reach the door. As soon as he's gone there are calls for "security." Doctors move for the exits.

CUT TO: INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Gerard, Renfro, Newman, Biggs and Poole move into the lobby. Police move to cover the lower floors.

BIGGS: C.P.D. has the perimeter, hotel security has the parking structure.

GERARD: Let them keep busy down below. Newman, get with security. See if you can locate Kimble from the monitors. Keep in radio contact. Newman branches off to Hotel Security. The rest follow Gerard to the rooftop elevators.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

ROARING over Chicago skyline. The bright red sign of the Hilton Hotel looms ahead.

INT. HALLWAY/HOSPITALITY SUITE - NIGHT

Nichols moves down hallway and turns into a hospitality suite. A moment later Kimble follows and enters the... HOSPITALITY SUITE... and is immediately smashed with a chair by Nichols. Kimble goes flying, stunned. Nichols locks the door.

NICHOLS: Your best quality, Richard, is that you don't give up - Nichols pulls Kimble to his feet.

NICHOLS: ... even when it's clearly in your best interest to...

He hits him again, drives him back into the library. Kimble tries to recover as Nichols relentlessly stays on him. He pulls him up, slams him against the fire escape doors

NICHOLS: I always knew that I'd have to kill you.

He drives a blow into Kimble's stomach.

NICHOLS: Now, I must thank you for giving me 200 witnesses tonight who will support me... when I tell them it was self-defense...

He shoves Kimble through the door out into...

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE BALCONY - NIGHT

... and almost over the railing. Kimble grabs the rail to keep from dropping to the street. Nichols closes on him, but Kimble rolls away at the last minute and knocks Nichols back against the other side of fire escape.

KIMBLE: You missed your chance, Charlie...

Nichols charges Kimble, but Kimble drives him back with two crushing blows that send Nichols down the stairs. Kimble moves down the stairs after him -- passing under a security camera.

CUT TO: INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A room lined with security monitors. Two security personnel sit in front of their console. Newman stands behind them.

On screen: We see Kimble moving down the stairs toward Nichols, who pulls himself to his feet. Newman stands in front of the screen, talks to his radio.

NEWMAN: (to radio) I've got Kimble on the roof with Nichols. Southeast exit.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Gerard and deputies Poole, Biggs, and Renfro around him.

BIGGS: (to radio) Keep an eye on him.

Biggs has roof plans.

BIGGS: There are four exits to the roof.

GERARD: I want them covered.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Nichols rises to his feet, swings, but Kimble blocks the blow and lands another that sends Nichols down another set of stairs to the roof.

KIMBLE: You took everything away from me... for money.

INT. BALLROOM ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Gerard and the marshals reach the ballroom floor. The elevator doors open to a flood of confused and disoriented doctors trying to escape. The marshals wade through, meet up with two hotel security guards.

GERARD: This way.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kimble pulls Nichols to his feet. They are silhouetted by the lights of the city skyline.

KIMBLE: I want to know, Charlie... was it worth it...?

NICHOLS: This thing is bigger than even you think, Richard. You can't stop it.

He hits Nichols again with tremendous force, knocking him against the parapet. Nichols stares over the edge -- the street appears far below.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Gerard and his deputies work their way into the ballroom. The deputies move to separate areas. Several doctors point them in the direction Kimble and Nichols fled.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. HOTEL SECURITY - NIGHT

Newman stands in front the security monitors and watches Kimble and Nichols on the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kimble reaches Nichols and draws to hit him again as the HELICOPTER suddenly ROARS over the rooftop. Its beam hits the two men and a VOICE booms from the helicopter:

VOICE FROM HELICOPTER (V.O.): Chicago police. Freeze.
In the instant of shock, Nichols knees Kimble and bolts.

INTERCUT: INT. HALLWAY/HOSPITALITY SUITE - NIGHT

Gerard moves down connecting hallway where a couple of concerned doctors are trying to open the door to the hospitality suite.

GERARD: (to doctors) Clear the hallway. (to security) Get that door open.
The door opens and Gerard moves quickly through the hospitality suite for the rooftop.

GERARD: (to security) Stay at this door.
He moves through the door to the roof alone.

INT. HOTEL SECURITY - NIGHT

Newman watching the security monitors sees Kimble and Nichols. On another monitor we see Gerard exit the suite.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Nichols runs.

Kimble recovers, sees Gerard moving down the fire escape toward him, and Nichols escaping. He goes after Nichols.

The helicopter circles back over the roof, illuminating the rooftop in its million-candle-power beam.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.): I've got a visual on Kimble. He's running.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kelly listens on his radio.

KELLY: Bring him down.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kimble chases Nichols down the roof as BULLETS from the helicopter rip into the air conditioning duct next to Kimble.

The helicopter swings out to keep Kimble in sight.

ON GERARD - Gerard hits the bottom of the fire escape and follows.

GERARD: (to radio) This is a United States Marshal. Get that helicopter out of here!

ANGLE - NICHOLS - He moves away among the duct work. Kimble follows. Gerard continues after Kimble. The helicopter circles and follows from above.

INT. PENTHOUSE/DOOR TO ROOF - NIGHT

Renfro triggers his radio.

RENFRO: There is a U.S. Marshal out there. Hold your fire!

HELICOPTER'S POV - FOLLOWING Kimble. Its beam tracking Kimble across the rooftop. He moves through the blowers and duct work. Kimble is gaining ground on Nichols.

ON SHARPSHOOTER - He is about to fire when he hears through his radio.

RADIO (V.O.): Hold your fire.

The shooter pulls back.

INTERCUT WITH: EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gerard rushes across the roof toward Kimble.

ANGLE - NICHOLS - He is almost to the end of the roof when Kimble tackles him. The two men crash against sloped glass roof of an elevator housing.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Inside the shaft -- an elevator moves toward the roof. It stops on the floor ten feet below the roof. THROUGH the glass roof we see the doors open.

CUT TO: EXT. ROOFTOP

GERARD - NIGHT - charges toward - KIMBLE who slams Nichols hard against the glass. The WIRED GLASS CRACKS and bellies with the form of their bodies. Nichols' head rocks from the impact. The GLASS GROANS. The wire stresses. The caulking begins to drop. Nichols struggles but Kimble has him in control. Slams

him down hard again.

HELICOPTER circles, illuminates the struggle in its spotlight and Gerard closing.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

The elevator doors close and the car beneath the skylight begins to descend.

GERARD pulls up.

GERARD: Kimble!

Kimble slams Nichols one more time against the glass and the wire holding the glass gives way, sending Kimble and Nichols into...

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Kimble and Nichols, locked together, fall down the shaft and crash onto the roof of the descending elevator car. Nichols crashes through the ceiling into the car. Kimble hits and slides across the roof to the edge, stopping himself, just before he falls into the shaft. An elevator car rushes toward him out of the blackness.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gerard reaches the elevator housing, looks down into the shaft.

GERARD'S POV - Kimble's car disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO: INT. ELEVATOR CAR - NIGHT

Nichols pulls himself to his feet. Hits the emergency stop and the doors open. He disappears into

INT. HILTON LAUNDRY - NIGHT...

a huge industrial laundry room. Steam rises from the giant machines.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR/LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Kimble drops from the ceiling into the car and moves carefully into the laundry.

... like an industrial jungle. Dimly lit, filled with DEAFENING MACHINERY.

Five hundred pound bags of laundry move from a network of ceiling tracks to a pair of heavyduty conveyor belts and two thirty-foot long washers.

... At the other end of the washers, hydraulic presses stamp out three-foot diameter "cakes" which are moved by conveyor and dollies to automated dryers. The NOISE is DEAFENING.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gerard comes down back stairwell. Followed by Renfro.

GERARD: (to radio) Where did the elevator stop?

INTERCUT WITH NEWMAN IN SECURITY

Newman checks the computer board for the elevator position.

NEWMAN: (to radio) Level five.

INT. LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Nichols pushes through the hanging laundry bags toward an exit, tries the door. It is secured with a collapsible grating with a padlock. He looks up, keeps moving.

KIMBLE notices the swinging bags, follows Nichols' trail. He stops to get his bearings, sees shadow at the far end of the room between the two washers. Kimble closes in, moving between the large conveyors.

ANGLE - SORTING ROOM

Gerard enters sorting room with Renfro. He sees two sorters standing by a small conveyor as he enters.

GERARD: Get out of here.

He and Renfro move around the corner where a laundry worker is hooking a 500 lb bag of lines onto the overhead rail. A hydraulic lift, operated by a hanging on/off-switch raises the bag on a yellow steel I-beam. The worker takes one look at Gerard and abandons his station.

Gerard, Biggs and Renfro move to the closed doors of the main room.

GERARD: (to Renfro) We're going in. Give me five minutes. Keep C.P.D. out. He draws his Glock, opens the door and enters the main room.

INT. LAUNDRY - ON KIMBLE - NIGHT

He moves to end of washers, using the machines as cover. He sees the shadow again takes a pole leaning against the dryer as a weapon, turns the corner and is about to belt him when he realizes it's not Nichols, but a laundry worker. Kimble moves away from the terrified man, when he hears a voice from the other end of the laundry.

GERARD (V.O.): (above the din) Kimble!...

Kimble reacts to Gerard's voice, moves away.

ON NICHOLS - moving behind machinery, sees light at far end of the room where Gerard enters.

ON GERARD - The door closes automatically behind Gerard and Renfro. They enter the noisy main room and separate. Renfro moves up the far side of the room, Gerard up the center. Both move slowly through the maze of bags, carts, automated equipment.

GERARD: ... There is no way out of here. The building is locked down.

CUT TO: KIMBLE moves instinctively back into the machinery and carts near the conveyor belts.

GERARD (O.S.): Kimble... I know about Nichols. I know about Sykes. Kimble stops.

ON GERARD: GERARD

... Nichols borrowed your car the night of the murder and called Sykes from it.

RENFRO separated from Gerard. He hears a NOISE behind him -- a bag comes down the track at break-neck speed, Renfro spins, dodges it, gets his bearings and continues. KIMBLE

listening. He watches the movement of bags as he did with Nichols. GERARD moving through the forest of massive bags.

GERARD: ... That's why there was no forced entry at your house. He'd used your keys.

KIMBLE realizing what Gerard knows. Considering his next move.

NICHOLS also listening. He realizes Gerard now knows he's the killer. He moves behind the water softener tanks and chemicals -- and spots Renfro -- and something else -the hanging control for the I-beam. GERARD moves carefully. Another bag comes down the track. He dodges it and steps into an open track. From here he can see straight back toward the washers.

GERARD: Kimble... Come meet me out here. ON RENFRO

He steps out and then back as a bag shoots by. He ducks under the bag -- into the next track and suddenly hears a WHIRRING sound behind him. Renfro

turns as an I-beam comes rushing down the open track and knocks him to the floor, opening a gash across the side of his head. He lays still. NICHOLS steps out of the shadows, turns him over exposing his empty shoulder harness and takes the gun from Renfro's hand. Nichols moves toward Gerard with the gun. GERARD oblivious to this action, moves on, passes the conveyor belts. He makes one last appeal.

GERARD: It's time to quit running. . . if you don't, you know I'll stop you. He listens, there is no answer.

KIMBLE starts to move out to meet Gerard, sees Renfro down. His shoulder harness is empty. He knows Nichols is armed. GERARD moves into the alley between the two giant washers. He pauses, looks back, then continues, when he turns his back on us... NICHOLS

steps INTO FRAME behind him and slowly takes aim. Just before he fires however he hears...

KIMBLE (O.S.): Hey, Chuckles...

Nichols turns toward the voice as Kimble swings the stick and clocks him -- sending the gun skittering on the floor behind Gerard.

GERARD turns on the sound and finds his gun trained on Kimble with Nichols at his feet, unconscious. He realizes instantly that Kimble saved his life and lowers his gun. Kimble, exhausted, leans against the washer. They hold a look as deputies and police flood into the room surrounding Kimble and handcuffing him.

INT./EXT. HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

Chicago Police hold back crowds of onlookers on Michigan Avenue. Police cars and vans, television news trucks vie for space in front of the Hilton Towers. Dr. Charles Nichols, on a stretcher, loaded into an ambulance. The doors close. REPORTERS and television cameramen line the sidewalk giving reports and interviewing doctors from the ballroom. We PICK UP pieces of their reports as we MOVE PAST them TOWARD the entrance.

T.V. NEWS REPORTER: ... As we reported a few minutes ago, the saga of once-prominent Chicago surgeon, Dr. Richard Kimble, who escaped from an Illinois Corrections bus, took a strange twist this evening when Dr. Kimble was captured at the Chicago Hilton...

ANOTHER REPORTER continues:

ANOTHER REPORTER: ... there are unconfirmed reports from police of new evidence which may exonerate Kimble while implicating some of the biggest names in medicine...

The doors to the police van close amid a flurry of photographs. A third reporter interviews a STUNNED DOCTOR from the ballroom:

STUNNED DOCTOR: He just walked in... We didn't know what he was going to do. My wife was very frightened... The next thing I knew cops were charging in and...

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Kimble, in handcuffs, is escorted by Biggs, Newman, Poole and Gerard, out of the hotel into the waiting chaos. Renfro, his head bandaged, is helped by paramedics.

EXT. HOTEL/INT. CAR - NIGHT

As soon as the group exits the hotel. Television lights flood the scene. Kimble lowers his head. Reporters crowd forward, yelling questions.

REPORTER: Dr. Kimble, is it true you can prove your innocence!

Gerard wants the crowd controlled.

GERARD: (to police) Get them back.

The marshals and cops clear a line for Kimble to get into a waiting car away from the media. Biggs opens the back door and helps Kimble inside.

BIGGS: Watch your head, Dr. Kimble.

Newman climbs in behind the wheel. Gerard in the back next to Kimble. He leans out the window and motions to Poole.

GERARD: (to Poole) Poole, you got that thing? (to Kimble) Give me your hands.

Kimble pauses, then holds up his wrists and Gerard unlocks Kimble's handcuffs. Poole hands an ice-pack over the seat. Gerard places the pack on Kimble's bruised and battered hands.

GERARD: Take care of those hands, Doc, you're going to need them again soon.

KIMBLE: I thought you told me 'you didn't care.'

GERARD: Yeah, well, don't spread it around.

They share a look of mutual respect as the car pulls away.

HELICOPTER POV

The car carrying Kimble pulls onto Michigan Avenue heading back downtown. As we PULL BACK we see Kimble's car -- at first alone on the great avenue -- then gradually joined by other cars until finally becoming integrated in the traffic, movement and lights of the city.

FADE OUT.