

FADE IN:

road
five
afternoon

OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

Endless green hills bisected by a ribbon of highway. A gang clearing brush by the side of the road... Twenty-five men in prison fatigues sweating through their mid-labor.

THREE GUARDS

Flank the working prisoners... Mountie hats, shotguns, sidearms, sunglasses; they look like they mean it.

coughs,
BEAR
he

HIGHWAY

A battered pickup appears...approaches. Suddenly, it shudders, stalls. A big Blackfoot Indian named BILLY gets out and starts cursing and kicking the vehicle. Then begins walking toward the road gang...

ROADSIDE

BRADY is the Guard near the center of the work gang; he smiles at the oncoming man, pokes a prisoner beside him.

BRADY

Wonder what reservation they let him off of...

The prisoner is GANZ who looks up, grins at Brady...

GANZ

Yeah, there goes the neighborhood.

Brady laughs as Billy Bear closes in on him.

BILLY

Say, buddy, my engine's overheating and I got 30 miles before the next station... Could I get some water out of your cooler?

Ganz leans on his hoe, speaks as Billy passes...

GANZ

Maybe you shoulda stole a better truck, Tonto.

BILLY

You got a real big mouth, convict.

BRADY

It's okay, chief. He's just joking...

BILLY

How about the water...

GANZ

Firewater, Tonto? Is that what you...

Billy whirls, swings at Ganz. Both men roll to the ground.

BRADY

Hey! Jesus Christ!

THE OTHER GUARDS

Seeing the commotion, they run toward it.

GANZ AND BILLY

As they struggle, Billy slips a pistol into Ganz' hand.

BRADY

That's a state prisoner, asshole...! Back off...

ROADSIDE

Brady pulls Billy away from Ganz just 'as one of the other officers arrives... Ganz suddenly whips out a pistol, shoots Brady at point-blank range. Before the other Guards can even react, Billy comes out with his own pistol, caps the Second Guard.

THIRD GUARD

bullet
Still forty yards away... In mid-draw, he howls as a
from Ganz breaks the nearby ground. He fires, then turns
and
runs for the prison bus.

GANZ

pistol
Smiling, fires twice. but the range is too great for
work...

THE OTHER PRISONERS

Watching....Then they all scatter in different
directions...

GANZ

Hefts his weapon...

GANZ

Come on...

roar
He and the big Indian run to the pickup, climb in and
away.

INT. BUS

The THIRD GUARD making a call on the police radio...

OFFICER

APO 657, Unit 25 to APO 478t APO
657t Unit 25 to APO 478.

RADIO RESPONSE

Go ahead, Unit 25.

OFFICER

Escape in progress. Two officers
shot off rail crossing 31.
Prisoners escaping. Two men, one
six-four, 200 pounds, dark, an
Indian, the other, Albert Ganz,

five-ten...

FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY

the
open. A
appears,
into
inside

Several miles from the escape... A big semi parked by side of the road; back doors to the closed trailer station wagon parked across the road. The pickup approaches the semi, slows down and drives up the ramp the van. Ganz and Billy jump out, shove the ramp up the truck and close the big doors.

STATION WAGON

Ganz and Billy climb inside and roar off, back in the direction of the road gang.

BILLY BEAR

sunglasses...

Takes off his hat, puts on a baseball cap and

BILLY

Get ready to duck.

sirens

Ganz dives for the floor. Three police cars go by, blaring, lights flashing. They pass the road gang. Ganz reappear, smiles...

GANZ

You know something? I'm having a real good time.

HIGHWAY

small

The station wagon blasts down the pavement... Becomes a dot on the landscape.

TRANSITION.

A DOORWAY - NIGHT

He

the portal slams open revealing a man holding a huge pistol, jack cates, S.F.P.D., a large and powerful man... stealthily moves up a stairwell.

CORRIDOR

ready.
He stops at the top of the stairs... Listens gun still
toward the
A continuous sound of running water... Cates moves
bathroom. Rips the door open.

BATHROOM

held
The shape behind the shower curtain freezes. Cates, gun
level, moves forward... Rips the shower curtain open.
Revealing a young and very beautiful woman, ELAINE
MARSHALL.

CATES

Inspector Jack Cates, S.F.P.D....
And you're wanted.

Elaine stares at him as Cates turns off the water.

ELAINE

What am I wanted for?

CATES

I don't answer questions, I ask
'em...

A moment as she continues to stare at his pistol.

ELAINE

I don't think your gun's loaded...

CATES

This is a .44 Magnum, the most
powerful handgun in the world. You
gotta ask yourself just one
question. Are you feelin' lucky?

ELAINE

I still don't think it's loaded.

Elaine shakes her head and smiles, folds her arms over
her

breasts, shivers a little... Cates looks at the cylinder, spins it...

CATES

Hey, you're right.

ELAINE

You're hopeless.

CATES

That's the way I see it, too.

Be puts the gun down on the edge of the sink, embraces her.

ELAINE

I'm all wet.

CATES

What's wrong with that?

They both smile.

TRANSITION.

BEDROOM

Cates in bed with Elaine. She wears his shirt.

ELAINE

A guy in the bar called me a dumb bitch today.

CATES

What'd you do?

ELAINE

Irrigated his face with the shot of J and B I'd just poured him. Then I tried to deck the sucker.

CATES

I guess he got the message...

ELAINE

Then I sit back and I think, I

mean, who's to say I'm not a dumb bitch. I work in a bar, right? I can't read a list of my academic credentials to every booze-hound that comes in the place... You are what you do...

CATES

Positive self-image problem all over again ... You are who you decide you are unless you're the type that lets assholes decide for you.

ELAINE

Aren't you the one that thinks all psychotherapy is bullshit?

CATES

I do think all psychotherapy is bullshit. But just because I think it's bullshit doesn't mean I don't know something about it.

ELAINE

If this is your idea of sympathetic interest in my problems, I'll take brutal indifference.

CATES

Hey, you know what I really think?

ELAINE

Tell me--I'm dyin' to hear it.

CATES

I think you're ashamed to tend bar which is sad because you look great in that outfit they make you wear... You pull down four bills a week which is damn good, and you mix the best Pina Coladas I've ever had... I think that if you need bigger and better things ... then go for em.

She smiles at him after this. It looks like they'll kiss.

Their faces are close. Then she lightly moves back.

ELAINE

You oversimplify every...

He stops her in the middle of the sentence by kissing her, then pulls back...

CATES

Some things are simple, right?

Their faces are very close ... but they don't touch for another second.

ELAINE

Right...

TRANSITION.

SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

Tugs churning across the bay... Quiet city streets.

Parked

cars covered with early morning dew... A newspaper truck slowly grinds by, drops a bundle and moves on.

EMBARCADERO - DAWN

The station wagon pulls up to a young punk, HENRY WONG, on a motorcycle.

Billy Bear smiles and leans out the driver's side window.

BILLY

You got somethin' for us, Henry?

Ganz
Henry produces some credit cards. Billy passes them to for inspection.

GANZ

How hot are they?

HENRY

Hot? Hey, they're not even room temperature.

Ganz snorts derisively.

GANZ

How ya doin'?

HENRY

Can't complain.

GANZ

We got a lot to talk about.

HENRY

Yeah, old times.

GANZ

We'll follow you. Take it slow, okay?

HENRY

Sure, right.

Ganz pockets the credit cards as Henry wheels away.

INT. STATION WAGON

GANZ

I want to drive awhile.

BILLY

I ain't tired yet.

INT. STATION WAGON

GANZ

Maybe after we get done with him I'm gonna buy us some girls.

BILLY

Whaddya mean, buy?

GANZ

Pros.

Ganz stares at Billy.

BILLY

Pay money?

GANZ

Yeah, dummy. Money.

BILLY

I never paid for it in my life.

GANZ

It's better when you pay... they let you do anything.

BILLY

They always let me do anything. I don't want to pay for it. I never paid for it in my life.

GANZ

Just do what I say, okay? We'll pay for the girls and have a good time... Don't you trust me?

Billy smiles.

BILLY

Sure, I trust ya.

They drive off.

NORTH BEACH - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAWN

First light breaks over Telegraph Hill. A quiet row of Victorian townhouses now converted into apartments.

APARTMENT BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

the
Cates is sprawled across the double bed; Elaine is on
verge of falling off the edge. Cates' eyes snap open. A
second later, his wrist watch alarm goes off. He turns
it
off, gets out of bed and begins pulling on his pants.
Elaine
sits up in bed, still wearing Cates' blue shirt... Cates
opposite
picks up a robe as Elaine gets out of bed on the
shirt,
side, throws the robe to Elaine... She takes off the

swaps it for the robe and throws the shirt to Jack.

ELAINE

You know, if you let me come over to your place once in a while, you could put on a clean shirt in the morning.

CATES

What makes you think I have any clean shirts at my place?

He buttons his shirt and heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Cates brushing his teeth at the sink, Elaine making coffee.

ELAINE

You know, that's my toothbrush, Jack.

He keeps brushing.

CATES

Maybe you ought to buy me one.

ELAINE

Maybe I would if I knew when you were coming back.

He stops brushing, turns and looks at her.

CATES

I'm here. And I've been coming back for quite awhile... Let's not hassle, okay? And can I have a cup of coffee? Please.

Cates
She pours some coffee, hands him a cup and saucer...
pours some whiskey into it from a flask.

ELAINE

That's a fairly crummy way to

start a morning.

CATES

Maybe I got a fairly crummy day ahead.

ELAINE

Maybe that makes a nice excuse.

CATES

Maybe you don't know what the hell you're talking about.

Cates picks his holstered .44 off a chair back and begins strapping it on.

ELAINE

When you start with that attitude... it's like I don't know who you are.

CATES

What do you want to know? What difference does it make? I'm the guy in your bed the last three months. I make you feel good. You make me feel good. What the hell else do you want from a guy?

ELAINE

I wish you'd stop trying to make me mad so I won't care for you... I wish you'd give me a little more of a chance.

He turns away, moves into the corridor near the stairwell.

CATES

I don't have time for this. I gotta go to work.

She stands frozen... He turns back and looks at her; it's

hard to apologize.

CATES

(continuing)

Look, I'm glad I'm in your life...
and hell, with an ass like yours,
I figure anything might be
possible.

She is warmed up by the first part, amused by the
second; she
approaches...

ELAINE

You know something, Jack, you
really are hopeless.

CATES

That's the way I see it, too.

ELAINE

Call me later.

CATES

You sure you want me to?

ELAINE

Yeah, for some reason, I'm sure...

He moves closer, kisses her..

CATES

Thanks for the coffee.

ELAINE

I think you forgot this. Hands him
his wallet and badge...

CATES

Guess people ought to know who I
am...

He turns to go down the stairwell...

ELAINE

Jack, wait. Here...

She puts a scarf around his neck.

ELAINE

(continuing)

It's cold as hell out these mornings, and you know what the man said, the coldest winter I ever spent was the summer I spent in San Francisco...

hand as
They don't kiss. He nods appreciately, the scarf in
he turns and goes.

STREET - NORTH BEACH - MORNING

to
notices a
Cates comes out of Elaine's apartment building, crosses
his whipped and battered 64 Cadillac convertible,
parking ticket stuck under the windshield wiper...

CATES

Son of a bitch.

Caddie
engine
Shoves the ticket in his coat pocket, gets into the
puts the scarf around the rear view mirror, starts the
and guns away...

CITY STREET

turns
Cates driving the convertible; he comes down a hill and
toward the East Bay...

TRANSITION.

GOLDEN GATE PARK - MORNING

bullet
next
Henry Wong, seated on a park bench. Now very dead, a
hole in the middle of his forehead. Billy Bear is seated
to him on the bench reading the race form.

GANZ

beyond the
Using the telephone at an outdoor booth a few feet

bench.

STREET - BROADWAY DISTRICT - DAY

LUTHER and ROSALIE, a young couple, turn a corner. A
dark
parody of all-American young marrieds. They are
bickering as
usual.

ROSALIE

I liked that carpet we saw.

LUTHER

We can't afford it.

ROSALIE

Don't remind me.

LUTHER

Whaddya want me to do, go out and
steal for the money? I hated the
color anyway; the color sucked...

Suddenly, Billy and Ganz descend on Luther and Rosalie
and
pull them into their station wagon..

INT. STATION WAGON

Billy has Rosalie by the mouth, gagging her with his big
paw... Ganz has his gun at Luther's neck.

GANZ

Surprise, Luther.

LUTHER

Whaddya want? I thought you were
locked up-

GANZ

I want the money, asshole, what do
you think? The money that Reggie
hid...

LUTHER

I don't know what you're talkin'
about.

GANZ

You want that Indian to snap her
neck?

He mimes the gesture... snap...

GANZ

(continuing)

Instead of worryin' about Reggie,
you better worry about me...

LUTHER

Don't give me this, we were
partners.

GANZ

Billy, go ahead, break it...

LUTHER

No! Don't kill her. I can get you
the money.

GANZ

When?

LUTHER

I can't get it until Monday.
Honest.

GANZ

You chickenshit punk...

LUTHER

Honest. The place we stashed it
opens Monday morning. I can't get
it till then. Monday morning,
that's when it opens. After that,
I'll get the money to you right
away...

Ganz finally takes the gun from the neck.

GANZ

I always liked you, Luther. You

were always a lotta fun to hang
out with...

Rosalie is rubbing her neck now that she's been
released...

Ganz gestures to Billy.

GANZ
(continuing)
We're gonna keep her.

Luther desperately doesn't like this.

LUTHER
Come on, you can trust me. Please.

GANZ
You try to mess with us or go to
the cops, I promise you, I'll put
holes in her you wouldn't believe.

He smiles at Luther, pinches him on the cheek, shoves
him out
of the car.

LUTHER

Stands shivering as it powers away.

WALDEN HOTEL - DAY

A small hotel on one of the quiet streets behind Union
Square.

A GREEN COUGAR

Pulls up across the street.

INT. CAR

The car arrives in front of the hotel.

GANZ
Nice place, huh?

Rosalie is very nervous.

ROSALIE

What are you gonna do to me in
there?

Ganz gives her a casual smile.

GANZ

Maybe that's where I'm gonna cut
your throat.

BILLY

He's just kiddin', you just keep
doin' what I tell ya, you'll be
okay.

They move out of the car, head for the hotel.

LOBBY

A FRIZZY YOUNG BLONDE sits behind the desk in a mirrored entrance hall. She reads a lurid paperback. Morning traffic streams by outside as Ganz, Billy and Rosalie enter and approach the desk.

GANZ

We need some rooms for a couple of
nights...Okay?

She smiles at Ganz.

FRIZZY

Sure. We don't get many real
customers, ya know? Most people
only stay an hour or two...

Passes a form across. Ganz signs it, Frizzy glances at
his signature then takes a key from the rack behind.

GANZ

I want her young. And tall. Nice
legs. Legs are important. Then,
real thin. Yeah. NO jeans-A
dress? a nice summer dress. You
know I want her fresh... I'll tell
you why, because I been hoein'
weeds and makin' license plates
for a couple of years... Yeah, I
know you don't get it...

BILLY BEAR

on the
Sees a couple approaching, he shoves the dead man down
now
bench and spreads the newspaper over his head. The body
looking like a typical park bum who has spent the night.
Billy walks over to Ganz.

BILLY

Hey, what about me?

GANZ

And I need one more for my pal.
Yeah. Make her an Indian. No, not
a turban, you know, a squaw.

Billy smiles, takes the Polaroid...

POLAROID

A close shot of the dead man with the bullet hole in his
forehead.

GANZ

his
Takes the photograph back from Billy and slips it into
jacket pocket...

GANZ

Walden Hotel. Third near Broadway.
Tell them to ask for ... uh...

name
He takes the hot credit cards out of his pocket, the
embossed on the plastic..

GANZ

(continuing)

G.P. Polson...P.O.L.S.O.N....Just
be a couple of hours.

Hangs up. The two men head for a green Plymouth...

TRANSITION.

FRIZZY

Number twenty-seven, Mr. Polson.

GANZ

Put them next door, okay.

She gives him a slightly knowing look.

FRIZZY

Sure, hey, you got the whole floor
to yourself...

Ganz sends her back a sharp look.

GANZ

Keep your filthy ideas to
yourself, lady.

Ganz picks up his suitcase, walks over to the nearest
stairwell. Billy and Rosalie follow...

TRANSITION.

STREET

black Bars starting to fill up with mid-day customers... A
Chevy cruises past and stops further up the block. Two
Plainclothesmen, VANZANT and ALGREN, get out of the car.
As they start toward the Walden...

THE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE

and Pulls up near the two men. Cates climbs out of his car
walks over to them.

CATES

Hey, fellas, what's happening?
Radio said you guys had something
on...

ALGREN

Not much, Jack ... Salesman named
Polson had his credit cards
lifted...

Algren nods over to the parking lot opposite.

ALGREN

(continuing)

One of Polson's cards rented that green coupe.

VANZANT

Not too much for a big rough tough gunfighter like you to do on this one...

Cates smiles at the verbal positioning he's used to with his colleagues.

CATES

Suspect packed or is this a laugher?

ALGREN

Five and dime stuff. Polson said a kid with a switchblade mugged him and drove off on a motorcycle.

CATES

Yeah, well, I guess you two are experts at taking boy scout knives away from teenagers...

VANZANT

Yeah, we are, that means you can stay outta this one. We don't have any big need for the artillery

Vanzant's turn to smile.

CATES

Hey, I'm just offering to help out... I like to watch real pros work.

VANZANT

Help, huh? Sometimes your kind of help tends to leave the suspect in bad shape.

Algren...mediator... soothes the competitive situation.

ALGREN

Hey, relax ... Jack, you wanna come inside, fine... You can stake out the lobby...

Cates, a bit disgusted at the politics of this moment, nods...

CATES

Fine, it's your show...

The three men move toward the Walden.

WALDEN HOTEL LOBBY

Frizzy Blonde still behind the desk. Still reading the lurid paperback. Unaware as Vanzant and Algren approach... She looks up as they flash their badges.

FRIZZY

Aw, you guys were in last week. You better ask around. I'm not supposed to be hassled... I got friends.

VANZANT

Hey, park the tongue for a second, sweetpants, we just want to search a room.

FRIZZY

Not unless you got a warrant.

CATES

Maybe you should of been a lawyer instead of a dumb skirt workin' behind a register.

Frizzy turns to find Cates standing beside her. He nudges her aside. Starts going throught the register book.

FRIZZY

Aw, come on, what the shit is this?

ALGREN

We're looking for a guy going
under the name Polson...

Frizzy sits back down in defeat.

FRIZZY

Okay, big deal. Get it over with.

Cates finds the name.

CATES

Mr. Polson, room 27...

ALGREN

Is he alone?

FRIZZY

Naw, his sister went up an hour
ago.

Vanzant turns to Cates.

VANZANT

Okay, like we said, you stake out
the lobby.

CATES

Sure. Great. Whatever.

VANZANT

You're not missing out on
Dillinger. This punk just stole
some credit cards.

Cates watches the two Detectives head for the elevator.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Vanzant and Algren move down the hallwayStop at the far
end.

Both Detectives draw their pistols and approach a door.

ROOM

LISA,
Summer dress and undergarments scattered on the floor.
lies naked under the covers.

cigarette,
She matches Ganz's earlier requirements. Smoking a
blanket.
staring at the ceiling. Ganz remains on top of the
knocks
Still in his shirt and pants watching TV. Three sharp
at the door. Ganz reacts as if he's received an electric
shock. His hand goes under the pillow... Comes up with
an
automatic. Shoves it hard into Lisa's stomach.

LISA

Hey...

GANZ

Shut up.

LISA

What the hell's wrong? I didn't
do anything.

Another knock. Ganz makes her move to the door.

LISA

(continuing)

What do you want? What's goin' on?

GANZ

Shut up.

She grabs her dress and tries to pull it on.

GANZ

(continuing)

Now ask who it is.

Shoves harder with the pistol.

GANZ

(continuing)

Come on, ask.

She calls out.

LISA

Who is it?

CORRIDOR

Vanzant and Algren stand back from the door. Guns held ready.

ALGREN

Police... open up.

ROOM

Lisa looks from the door back to Ganz. Then at the gun held against her. She's petrified.

GANZ

Stall.

LISA

What do you want?

VANZANT

Police business. Come on, open up.

A smile on Ganz' face. Almost as if he's enjoying the moment.

GANZ

Keep stallin'.

LISA

Alright, I'm coming...hold on.

I'll just be a minute.

CORRIDOR

Vanzant and Algren waiting. Sounds of movement from within the room.

LOBBY

Cates moves toward the foot of the stairwell. Looks across at

mirror on the wall opposite. The entire lobby covered
from this spot. Every angle, including Frizzy.

ROOM

Ganz gestures to Lisa.

LISA

Just a second.

through the Ganz belts her with his gun; she falls..Ganz goes connecting door. Slips into the adjacent room.

BILLY'S ROOM

Another Hooker cowers in the corner, pulling on her clothes. She's a Mexican girl in a ridiculous 'Indian' outfit.

MEXICAN GIRL

Que paso? Que esta pasando? No entiendo...

BILLY

Shut up.

with Billy goes to where Rosalie is awkwardlytied to a chair an electric dord. He pulls her to her feet as Ganz moves by.

BILLY

(continuing)

When I say jump, girl, you better jump.

BILLY

(continuing)

CORRIDOR

moves
Vanzant reaches down, tries the knob. Locked. Algren back, preparing to kick the door down.

ADJACENT ROOM

pistol
Vanzant.
off
Billy run
The
Mexican Girl begins screaming in Spanish...

Ganz opens the door behind the two cops. Raises his and fires. Billy's shots follow immediately. Hits Algren rolls just as Ganz fires again. Wounded, he gets three shots, then moves inside Ganz' room. Ganz and for the elevator... Exchange two more shots with Algren.

LOBBY

time.
Cates draws his .44. Races up the stairs three at a Frizzy starts to frantically call the police.

CORRIDOR

across
staggered
the
fled.
Cates stops at the landing. Vanzant's body sprawled the hallway. Algren back in the corridor, still losing blood... Leans against the wall for support... Lisa out of the room, screams. Algren points the gun toward elevator. Indicating where Ganz and Billy have just Cates starts back down toward the lobby.

ELEVATOR

downward.
Ganz and Billy, guns ready as the carriage jolts Rosalie is terrified, sobbing...

CATES

takes
Arrives at the halfway turn of the second staircase. He the next flight in two jumps.

ELEVATOR

As the doors open, Ganz gestures for Billy and Rosalie
to
wait as he heads for the lobby.

LOBBY

appears. He
with
Cates
Cates literally flies into the lobby just as Ganz
slams Ganz against a column, belts him across the neck
his pistol. Ganz screams with pain, drops his gun...
again slams him with his pistol, felling him...

GANZ

Slides across the floor.

behind
dives
CATES Senses something ... moves just as Billy appears
and fires at him. The bullet takes out a window. Cates
over the desk. Another bullet chews up the wood.

LOBBY

Cates'
for
Billy
Frizzy has been standing beside her desk, screaming...
move and the accompanying bulletspanic her. She dashes
safety... Cates gets to his feet behind cover. Sees
holding Rosalie by the throat. Frizzy begins to scream.

GANZ

He'll blow her goddamn head off.

Takes
Cates doesn't miss a beat. He slowly levels his .44.
careful aim and starts to fire at Billy.

ROSALIE

No. No.

into
a mirror above Billy's head. Cates keeps moving closer,
gun
pointed straight ahead. Billy pushes the pistol against
Rosalie's temple. For the first time, Cates hesitates.
They
face each other across the length of the lobby.

ALGREN

still
Struggles down the remaining steps into the lobby. He
holds his revolver. Dares not raise it towards Billy and
Rosalie.

BILLY BEAR

doesn't
Covers Algren from near the entrance. He's confused,
know what to do... He keeps hold of Rosalie.

GANZ

His eyes catch Algren's...

GANZ

You. Drop it and we won't kill
her.

Algren tosses his gun to the floor.

GANZ

(continuing)

Now, tell him to drop his Goddamn
piece.

ALGREN

Do it, Cates.

No response.

ALGREN

(continuing)

Do it, Cates. Goddamn it, do it.

Cates lowers his gun. Finally lets it drop to the floor.

GANZ

Kick it over here.

Cates does; Ganz picks it up, smiles, looks at Billy.

GANZ

(continuing)

Get the car.

Then back to Cates as Billy runs out the entrance with Rosalie.

GANZ

(continuing)

Your gun's just like mine.

He's going to kill Cates. But first he glances at Algren.

Then, almost casually, shoots him twice with Cates' .44. Algren staggers back. Dead before he hits the floor.

Cates

twists sideways just as Ganz fires. The bullet misses.

Again

Frizzy starts screaming and struggling. Ganz swipes the across the head with the gun. Her body slumps to the

floor.

Police sirens can be heard in the distance. Cates makes

an

attempt for Algren's gun. A bullet splatters against the floor only inches from his outstretched fingers. The gun skitters out of reach.

CATES

You lying son of a bitch...

GANZ

What are you talking about? We didn't kill her ...

Ganz smiles.

With your own gun, cop. How does it feel? Cates leaps into a wooden phone booth. Ganz leisurely blasts away at the with both his and Cates' gun. Two bullets crash into the booth. Ganz moves to check inside the booth but sirens are ominously near. Ganz finally retreats out the entrance.

STREET

Billy and Rosalie weave their way across street to the Cougar. They make a U-turn. Ganz runs out. Car pulls out, then the police cars and vans begin to arrive.

PHONE BOOTH

dozen
Cates,
to

Chunks of wood on the floor. Shafts of light through a bullet holes. Shattered receiver dangling from a cord. wedged tight into the very top of the cubicle. He drops to the floor.

LOBBY

Cates as
is
arriving

The police arrive. Swarm into the hotel. All eyes on he rushes to Algren. Too late... Cates realizes Algren dead. He cradles Algren's head as he stares at the TAC Squad and Patrolmen.

TRANSITION.

SQUAD ROOM DAY

Cates walks in. Several Detectives gather around him.

FAT COP

What happened?

CATES

Read the report.

OLD COP

Two cops blown away by a credit card booster... that don't figure.

CATES

No shit.

FAT COP

They were good cops.

CATES

They were good cops who fucked up
and got careless.

A snotty YOUNG COP paces.

YOUNG COP

That's what you say, Cates...

CATES

Yeah.

YOUNG COP

But that's what you say about all
of us all the time ... we're
always the ones fucking up when
you tell it...

CATES

The truth hurts, doesn't it, buddy?

Cates looks at the Old Cop.

OLD COP

It don't figure.

CATES

I need to borrow a piece.

The OLD COP shrugs... looks in his desk...

YOUNG COP

Somebody steals your gun, you're
supposed to file a report.

CATES

Are you gonna tell me about police
procedure? Do me a favor, don't
give me a bunch of crap.

YOUNG COP

I guess when two cops die on

account of your fuck up you want
to keep it as quiet as possible...

hands,
Cates loses it for a second, lands on him with both
cools
pushes him against a wall... The room goes quiet. Cates
down.

CATES

Just shut the fuck up.

cools
The other cops don't intervene. They just watch. Cates
down, straightens up. HADEN walks by, or, rather, speeds
by.

HADEN

Cates, I'll need to see you in
five minutes, exactly five.

The Old Cop hands Cates a gun, a traditional Army .45...

OLD COP

Best I can do.

HADEN

D'you read me, Cates...

Haden continues moving away.

CATES

Five minutes. I heard you, your
voice carries...

enters
As Cates is examining the gun, RUTH, a lab technician,
and drops three 8 x 10's on the desk near Cates.

RUTH

They're still wet.

aspect
Cates lifts the blow-ups, each one showing a different
of a spent bullet.

RUTH

(continuing)

Lots of people getting shot with .44's lately ... Last year, it was Saturday Night Specials..now it's heavy stuff. People must be getting madder about something.

Cates starts pinning the blow-ups onto a large bulletin board
line of
off

on the wall. Nearby, at the same time (within Cates'
sight, within earshot), Lisa, the Hooker, is being interrogated by a POLICE-WOMAN who pulls the statement
the typewriter. Nearby, the Indian Hooker is being interrogated in Spanish.

POLICEWOMAN

You're an accessory to Murder One, so you're going to have to do a whole lot better than what we got down here, honey...

LISA

Gimme a break, huh? ... Look, I got there. He was a trick just like any other for all I knew. That's all there is. He didn't feel like sitting and talking. He was in a big hurry to get laid. I was with him about an hour...

Cates has gotten interested in the last part of this ... drifts toward her... A DETECTIVE comes through, begins distributing I.B.M. printouts to Cates, the other nearby officers..

DETECTIVE

We got a print from the hotel room. Guy's real name is Ganz, Albert Ganz. A hitter from back East but he worked out here a few years back. Armed robbery. Broke out of prison two days ago and capped two of the guards. A real animal. Wait'll you see this...

takes
Cates reads the printout, then smoothly, imperiously, he
over the questioning of Lisa.

CATES

Did he give you a return match?

LISA

He wasn't interested.

CATES

Maybe he didn't like your
performance.

LISA

Fuck you.

CATES

I'll take a raincheck...

From the side, Ruth is pointing at the photos...

RUTH

This'll interest you, Jack...we've
got something here from your
gun... and these are from the
first weapon Ganz used...

CATES

I don't get it.

RUTH

Here.

CATES

one
She turns, produces the third photo. Pins it beside the
from the Walden Hotel.

RUTH

A perfect match for the markings
from the first gun he used... but
not from the Walden Hotel... fired
at least six hours earlier...at
point blank range... right between
the eyes. Found him on a park
bench...

of
She shows him two more pictures. Police forensics shots
Henry Wong ... very dead on the park bench...

RUTH

(continuing)

Ya know, there are some very bad
people out there in the world.

CATES

Look at it this way, Ruth. If
there weren't, what would there be
for us to do?

Lisa continues with the Policewoman.

LISA

Anyway... so I got there and took
him down. He started watching
television and then you
sensational people started banging
on the door... that's all...
except ... he's gonna give you
guys a hard time.

CATES

Cates looks up as he hears that remark. Notices KEHOE,
another Detective, entering with a long suitcase.

POLICEWOMAN

What makes you think so?

LISA

I think he liked shooting cops a
lot more than getting laid.

Cates watches Kehoe unpack the box.

CATES

Is that what this guy Ganz had in
the hotel?

KEHOE

Every last bit of it. The big
guy's room was empty.

CATES

I'll help you out.

Cates and Kehoe start going through the suitcase. Kehoe produces a speed loader for a .44...

KEHOE

This guy must have had a .44 like yours, Jack. Now he's got yours.

CATES

Shit.

Kehoe next produces several boxes of shells.

KEHOE

This cat was real serious about his artillery.

An Attendant comes through, hands Kehoe a file. He opens it, shows the file to Cates who reads the name under the mug shot.

CATES

Billy Bear...

KEHOE

Backup man from the East Bay. Worked with Ganz a few years ago and sprung him from the road gang.

Kehoe opens the second file. Four mug shots are inside.

CATES

Who are all these?

KEHOE

They all pulled a bunch of jobs with Ganz about four years ago.

CATES

Wait a minute, wait a minute... who's this?

KEHOE

Uhh ... Wong, Henry Wong. He was
in on the same job.

Cates spins the file around so that both Ruth an Kehoe
can see it, throws the forensic shots down beside it.

CATES

Tell me that's not the same guy.

KEHOE

Hey ... Dick Tracy.

RUTH

Did Ganz have a grudge against his
old friends?

Haden comes out of his office.

HADEN

Get in here, Cates.

Cates ignores him.

CATES

I think I wanna have a discussion
about it with any of the ones
still walking. Can we find them?

KEHOE

Here's the file. Cates checks the
file.

CATES

One of em's in the slam.

HADEN

Damn you, Cates ... Get in here.

Cates walks into Haden's cubicle.

CATES

I want to be left alone on this
one. Algren was killed with my gun.

HADEN

Yeah, I read the report...

Haden shuffles some papers, seems to ignore Cates.

CATES

Hey, the bastard's got my gun. I want it back.

HADEN

Jack, come on, there is an official department policy about cop killings. Cop killers represent a special priority because any man crazy enough to kill a cop is a greater threat to an unarmed civilian... In other words, we can't seem like we're in the revenge business... I know, we all know the truth's a little different.

Cates almost smiles at Haden.

CATES

Yeah...

HADEN

Anthing botherin' you besides losin' your gun?

CATES

Yeah. It bothers me when cops get hurt while I'm makin' a play. I don't like it.

HADEN

You might be more of a team player and a little less of a hot dog on this one, Jack.

CATES

Being a hot dog's worked pretty well for me so far... Besides, I got a lead...

HADEN

Okay. You're not a team player. You gotta do things your own way. Fine. Nail this guy and make us all look good. But you better watch your ass. If you screw up, I can promise you, you're goin' down.

CATES

You really know how to send a guy out with a great attitude. He starts to go.

HADEN

Jack?

CATES

Yeah?

HADEN

Try not to get your ass shot to pieces. We got enough dead cops on this one.

CATES

I'll keep it in mind.

Leaves.

TRANSITION.

CITY STREET

a hot
dog stand. Elaine joins him. Cates is eating a hot dog
and
studying a police file.

ELAINE

Great place for lunch.

CATES

Yeah, one of my favorites.

ELAINE

You made the front page.

He hands her a dog.

CATES

Yeah, Guess it must have been a slow news day...

ELAINE

Jack, are you okay?

CATES

Sure, okay, fine, no problem...
See, there's this kid in jail ...
First thing I got to do is go up
and see what he knows ...

He points to the file.

ELAINE

I thought you might come over to my place to recuperate. I don't have to go to work until the day after tomorrow.

They begin to stroll down the street.

CATES

I got nothing to recuperate from.
There's a guy out there with my gun, and I want it back.

She's not happy with this attitude.

ELAINE

Look, spare me the macho bullshit about your gun...

CATES

Bullshit? I'll tell you about bullshit. My gun's a real weapon in the hands of a real maniac who knows how to use it. It isn't my macho bullshit that's killing people, my gun is ...

ELAINE

Look, Jack, if you make everything

your personal responsibility,
you'll turn into a bad cop. It's
not a practical way to function...

CATES

I didn't get burned, two cops did.
Listen, I'll tell you about
personnel responsibility. I like
to get the job done right. And if
I don't get my job done right...
I'm for shit.

ELAINE

Here it comes again ... the sacred
job...

CATES

That's right. I'm not like you.
I'm not gonna sit on my ass
wondering what's right and what's
wrong... There's a psycho out
there killing people with my gun
and I'm gonna get him. Because
it's my job. And if you don't get
that...

ELAINE

I get that. The job first.
Everything else, especially me,
second. I get it. I don't like it.

Pause.

CATES

No one asked you to like it... But
that's the way it is.

TRANSITION.

PRISON CELL BLOCK - DAY

Cates and a GUARD on the upper deck approaching the door
to
the cell block... The Guard shouts upward.

GUARD

Open Nine.

With a huge metal clatters the door to the cell block opens.

CELL BLOCK - NEAR ENTRANCE

Cates and the Guard go through the door.

GUARD

Close Nine.

They move forward together.

GUARD

(continuing)

It's Number Twenty-two... You want company?

CATES

No, no thanks.

The Guard shrugs, stays by the door.

CATES

He walks down the cell block. Inmates stare at him from inside the stark cells. They don't know who he is, but they

can smell a cop. Cates stops at Twenty-two, looks inside...

a bit startled. Obviously, Reggie Hammond has connections and

taste. The paint is fresh; there's framed prints on the wall

instead of pin-ups, and the overall feeling is that of a graduate school dorm rather than a prison. Cates turns,

nods to the Guard at the end of the cell block. He throws a switch

and the door opens.

HAMMOND'S CELL

Cates steps inside. Hammond is at a table wearing a Sony Walkman and writing in some detailed ledgers with a fountain

on a
Hammond's
He

pen. He's boogeying in his seat to the music. Sprawled bunk nearby is LEROY, another black inmate close to age. Leroy is leafing through a copy of a skin magazine. He doesn't even look at Cates.

CATES

Hammond.

Cates steps inside the cell.

CATES

(continuing)

Hammond!

No answer. Cates leans over, hits the override button on the Sony.

CATES

(continuing)

Hammond!

Hammond jumps, grabs his ears in pain ... He pulls the headset off and glares at Cates.

HAMMOND

You got a name, cop?

CATES

Try Cates. And let's talk in private, okay?

HAMMOND

Sure, anything you want.

He tosses the Walkman to Leroy who dutifully puts it on.

CATES

Look, convict, I know all about you. Single. No fixed address. No known relatives.

One previous conviction. Armed

robbery... six months to go on a three-year sentence.

HAMMOND

You here to write my life story?

CATES

Not likely, Reggie. Maybe I just need some help.

Cates takes the forensic photo out of his pocket, passes it across the table to Hammond. He looks at it, hardly reacts.

HAMMOND

Henry Wong... My old pal. He's looked better...

He passes the photo back.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Look, I got just six months before gettin' out of here. Six months between me and freedom after bein' here three years... And I'm not gonna do anything to screw it up, includin' pee in the prison yard, knock up the Warden's daughter or rat on my old partners...

Cates swings the cell door back open.

CATES

Too bad, Reggie. I thought maybe you were a smart boy. But I guess if you were real smart you wouldn't be a convict.

He smiles, decides to play his card.

CATES

(continuing)

I can see a second-rater like you wouldn't be any help at all goin' up against a real hard case like Ganz.

Hammond jerks his head around.

HAMMOND

Ganz?

Pause.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Ganz the one who shot Henry?
Cates, I asked you a question...

Cates smiles.

CATES

Yeah, I noticed...

HAMMOND

Ganz is in jail. He's gonna be
there two years after I'm on the
street.

CATES

Didn't work out that way. He
busted out with a big Indian.
They capped two guards on a road
gang. Nice meeting you Reggie.

He turns, goes out. The door clangs behind him. Hammond
jumps up and bangs on the bars, shouts at Cates' back...

HAMMOND

Cates, Come back here.

Cates turns, saunters back, leans against the door.

CATES

Yeah?

HAMMOND

I can deliver Ganz. But you gotta
get me outta here first.

CATES

You're crazy.

HAMMOND

I can help you, man, but you gotta

get me out. I got to be on the street. Get me outta here.

CATES

What's the big deal about you bein' on the street?

HAMMOND

I got a lot to protect.

CATES

Bullshit.

HAMMOND

It's the only way you're gonna get Ganz.

CATES

I'll think about it.

TRANSITION.

Cates typing several of official looking documents while seated across from a rather dour-looking bureaucrat named BOB.

CATES

Let me borrow your pen, Bob.

Handed over by Bob.

BOB

You going to use your own name?

CATES

Shit, no.

CANDY

He begins signing the documents.

BOB

Jack, just remember one thing. If all this comes down, you don't know me. I'm not gonna burn for you. And I'll tell you something else. If it all comes down, your ass is new-mown grass.

CATES

Right. Hey, no sweat.

He hands over the papers. Smiles.

BOB

BOB You got him for 48 hours.

Bob studies the sheet.

BOB

(continuing)

You got a big career as a forger
if you decide to go that way,
Jack... I'll ring security.

TRANSITION.

PROCESS ROOM - PRISON - DAY

The GUARD leads Hammond to a steel cage. Harmmond's now wearing a beautifully tailored plaid suit.

The Guard shouts to ANOTHER GUARD on the far side.

GUARD

Prisoner G21355 ... Hammond.

SECOND GUARD

Okay. Send him through.

first

The gate slides open. The Guard geztures for Hairmond to enter. Hammond walks to the far side of the pen. The gate closes, the second one opens.

up to

cuffs.

Hammond turns and walks over to Cates. The Guard comes up to Cates, double checks his orders then unlocks Hammond's

GUARD

Gotta sign for him.

CATES

Sure thing...

He looks over at Hammond who smiles at him. Then looks
at
Hammond's clothes...

CATES

(continuing)

This prison gives out \$400 suits?

HAMMOND

What are you talkin' about? This
suit's mine. It cost \$900.

Hammond dusts off a sleeve.

CATES

We're supposed to be after a
killer, not a string of hookers...

HAMMOND

Listen, it may be a little out of
date. You know, I got a reputation
for looking real sharp with the
ladies...

Cates hands some papers to the Guard.

GUARD

He's all yours.

The Guard walks away as Hammond feels Cates' lapel.

HAMMOND

We could change this for something
good...Get you lookin' sharp for
pussy.

Cates gives him a look.

CATES

I don't need to hear your jive. I
already got that department taken
care of...

HAMMOND

You got a girl... shit... the generosity of women never ceases to amaze me.

Cates slaps a cuff on Hammond's outstretched hand, then puts the other on his own wrist.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Hey, no way. Take off the bracelets or no deal.

CATES

You just don't get it, do your Reggie? There isn't any deal. I own your ass.

HAMMOND

No way to start a partnership.

CATES

Get this. We ain't partners. We ain't brothers. We ain't friends. I'm puttin' you down and keepin' you down until Ganz is locked up or dead. And if Ganz gets away, you're gonna be sorry we ever met.

HAMMOND

Shit. I'm already sorry.

Cates yanks on the cuffs. They move away.

?

TRANSITION.

OUTSIDE THE JAIL - DAY

CATES LEADS HAMMOND OUT. THEY HEAD FOR CATES' BATTERED CADILLAC.

HAMMOND

This your car, man?

CATES

Yeah.

HAMMOND

It looks like you bought it off
one of the brothers.

As they approach the car...

CATES

Okay, let's get down to it. I did
my part and got you out. So now
you tell me where we're goin'?

HAMMOND

Don't worry, I got a move for ya.
An awesome move. A guy named
Luther. Ganz'll be paying him a
visit. We go to him right away.

CATES

Luther was part of the gang?

HAMMOND

What gang you talkin' about, Jack?

CATES

I can read a police file,
shithead, and quit calling me Jack.

HAMMOND

Just an expression man, don't mean
nothin'.

Cates gets behind the wheel and kicks the engine over.

CATES

I don't give a damn. It happens
to be my name.

HAMMOND

Then what're you complainin'
about? At least nobody's calling
you shithead....

CATES

I may call you worse than that.

Cates drives off.

EXT. STREET - MISSION DISTRICT - DAY

street
Cates' Cadillac purrs into view, entering a deserted
within a rundown neighborhood.

INT. CADDY

Hammond seated next to Cates.

HAMMOND

Just up the street, the other
side, over there ... Now, don't
bother knockin' on the door.
Luther ain't the kind of guy that
looks for company.

CATES

Your pal nuts enough to take a
shot at me?

HAMMOND

Luther ain't the reliable type. I
don't want you shot yet, Cates ...
not before you been a help to me.

CATES

I'm helpin' you, huh?

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

Yeah. Didn't you know that?

STREET

The Caddy pulls to a stop.

HAMMOND

Over there...232...

Cates double-checks his .38.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

You better let me borrow one of

those.

Cates smiles.

CATES

Sure thing, asshole.

Handcuffs Hammond to the door handle. Grabs the car keys.

CATES

(continuing)

You just hang on. And hope this big move of yours turns out to be something. Opens the car door.

CATES

(continuing)

LUTHER'S VICTORIAN

Cates knocks at the door. Nothing. Knocks again ... no response.. From inside, he hears a faint noise but no response to the knock. Holding the .38 in one hand,

Cates

tries the knob with the other. The door opens.

Cautiously,

Cates steps inside.

INT. LUTHER'S VICTORIAN

Long corridor ahead. No sign of Luther.

CATES

Moves down the corriaor, checks the rooms off to one sides.

LUTHER LUTHER

as he slips into the hallway behind Cates... Cates turns just gets to the kitchen. Luther holds a gun. Cates drops to a

Cates. As
running
crouch and aims the .38. Luther whirls and fires at
wood and plaster fly out all round him, Cates makes a
dive for the floor. Luther runs out before Cates has
regained his feet.

STREET

Luther rushes out the front door and heads toward the Cadillac.

HAMMOND

he
Flattens
still
and
Watches as Luther heads down the sidewalk toward him. As
starts to pass by... Hammond steps out suddenly...
him with the car door. Luther drops, stunned. Hammond,
restricted by being cuffed to the door handle, reaches
grabs his pistol.

CATES

Hammond, Drop the Goddamn gun.

his
Hammond looks up. He sprints across the pavement. Aims
gun at Hammond.

HAMMOND

Quit playin' cop and undo this
cuff, Jack, I need to talk to this
man.

CATES

I'm tellin' you to drop the Goddam
gun.

HAMMOND

I got a whole thing about people
pointin' guns at me.

CATES

Just throw me the Goddamn gun.

Long moment. Then Hammond smiles and tosses him Luther's pistol. Luther groans. Cates puts his foot on Luther's belly and pulls himself into a standing position, cuffs him.

HAMMOND

Luther, I always told you the physical side of life wasn't your gig. Look at you, all messed up... Course you never were much in the snappy dresser department, were you?

Cates now has Luther ready to be questioned.

CATES

Come on, talk to him.

Hammond turns to smile at Luther.

HAMMOND

What's happening, Luther?

LUTHER

I thought you were inside...

HAMMOND

Meet my travel Agent.

Luther leans forward, looks straight at Cates.

LUTHER

A cop...

CATES

I sure ain't his fairy godmother... now I'm looking for Ganz...where is he?

LUTHER

Haven't seen him for years. That's the truth.

CATES

You just took a shot at me, asshole. I think you do know where he is.

LUTHER

Who gives a fuck what you think?

Cates grabs the still open Cadillac door, slams it into

Luther. He falls backwards. Cates looks at Hammond.

CATES

Hey, this works pretty good.

HAMMOND

Thank you.

CATES

Want to try it again?

Luther sits up again, glares at Cates.

LUTHER

Ganz and Billy got my girl,
Rosalie.

CATES

I think I met her. Now tell us
something we don't know, like
where they stashed her.

LUTHER

I don't know.

Cates slams the car door agains him again.

HAMMOND

I gotta tell you he's having a
ball with this car door, Luther...
You'd better think of somethin' to
tell him.

Luther besitates...flashes a look at Hammond, who sends
him
a silent fleeting reply. Maybe Cates sees this. Maybe
not.

LUTHER

He ... he wants me to help him
skip town.

CATES

When? How?

LUTHER

I dunno ... he's gonna call me...

Another look at Hammond.

LUTHER

(continuing)

He's gonna call me on...Tuesday.

Something's wrong with all this. Cates isn't sure just what.

Not yet. He looks at Hammond.

CATES

What do you think?

HAMMOND

I think you better put him on ice, man.

CATES

He's gotta take that call ... if there is one.

HAMMOND

If you let him run around till Tuesday, he's gonna run right to Ganz and warn him. Ain't you, motherfucker?

Luther makes a play toward Hammond, who laughs, doesn't even flinch.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Luther, are you angry with me?

Cates wrestles Luther into the back seat, turns to Hammond.

CATES

I don't know what the hell you're smiling about, watermelon. Your big move turned out to be shit.

HAMMOND Just stares at Cates, keeps smiling...

TRANSITION.

BOOKING - POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Two Uniforms follow a sullen Luther, Cates and Hammond
to the
DUTY SERGEANT... Cates speaks to him through the small
window.

CATES

Assault on a police officer with
a deadly weapon. Carrying a
concealed weapon. Resisting
arrest, Disturbing the peace.
Public nuisance...

The Sergeant begins typing out an arrest form.

CATES

(continuing)
I'll think up a few more and file
the report tomorrow.

Cates looks back at Hammond as Luther is hauled away.

CATES

(continuing)
Come on, I gotta make a phone call.

As they move through the honeycomb of office partitions.

CATES

(continuing)
You stay with me.

booking
led
past by an Arresting Officer. Hammond gives them the
desk. Dials ... waits for a response as TWO HOOKERS are
eye.

CATES

(continuing)
This is Jack Cates. Any messages?

ELAINE'S APARTMENT

her
the
Elaine is on the kitchen phone, speaking white putting coat on over her uniform for the evening. One look at way it is cut and you know why she hates her job.

ELAINE

Just one. Some lady called. Said she's a little hot-headed sometimes... But she still wants her occasional roommate. She'd like to talk it over after she gets off work tonight... if it's humanly possible....

CATES

Elaine, look, I'm in the middle of some stuff right now... I'm not gonna have time to come by. I don't know when I can get there.

Her face falls. Making the offer was hard enough.

ELAINE

Come on, Jack ... you're making me work too Goddamn hard at this...

Jack is very irritated by this turn of events.

CATES

Listen, Goddamn it if you think I'm happy about it, you're nuts. I just gotta take care of a few things, okay?

ELAINE

This is not the way people who care for each other are supposed to behave.

Cates says nothing. She hangs up angrily.

BOOKING

Hammond is working on the girls.

HAMMOND

Excuse me, ladies, you seem to be in need of assistance.

HOOKER TWO

Look, we got enough problems, we don't need no tight-ass court-appointed lawyer trying to bullshit us!

HAMMOND

Sweetheart, I'm not trying to bullshit you. I don't know whether or not you ladies heard but the city is coming down real hard on people practicing unlawful carnal knowledge.

HOOKER ONE

So what are you trying to say, fellas?

HAMMOND

I'm trying to say that you're not just walk in that courtroom and get gonna slapped with a \$50 fine and be back on the street turning tricks tonight. You both are going to do some time. About 30 days each... Unless, of course, we talk real business.

HOOKER TWO

So where do you want to do it, honey? You wanna hop up on the counter?

HAMMOND

No, we can go to the back room.

Cates walks over and pulls him by the shoulder.

CATES

We're on the move. Let's go. As they walk toward a corridor.

HAMMOND

Do you know how close I was to getting some trim. And you fucked' it up.

CATES

Yeah, well, my ass bleeds for you.
And I didn't get you out so you
could go on a Goddamn "trim"
hunt... stop moaning.

HAMMOND

Speakin' of moans my Stomach is
startin' to growl.

CATES

We eat when I say we eat.

HAMMOND

Bullshit ... I ain't moving till
I get something to eat. You've
been treating me like shit ever
since I came out here. If you
don't like it, you can take me
back to the penitentiary and kiss
my hungry black ass good-bye. And
I want some food some place nice..
Some good people, nice music...

CATES

Yeah, I'm hungry too. I know of a
place. Let's go eat.

HAMMOND

Yeah, I want mandolins, flowers...
They move off down the corridor.

TRANSITION.

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Cates and Hammond at a candy machine. Cates drops in a quarter, throws Hammond a candy bar...

CATES

There's your God-damn dinner. Now,
let's go.

They move toward a row of parked cars.

AT THE CADDY

HAMMOND

Who'd you call on the phone back
at the booking station?

CATES

Just get in the car and keep your
mouth shut.

Hammond gets in the car as Cates readjusts Elaine's
scarf on
the mirror.

HAMMOND

Must of been your lady friend...

Cates frowns at him.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

You really do have onoe, huh,
Jack... what's her problem besides
you?

CATES

She's got the same complaint as
half the Goddamn population. She
can't get the job she's trained
for and it pisses her off...
Anyway, what the fuck do you care?

Cates climbs in behind the wheel of the Cadillac.

HAMMOND

No, man, tell me about her. In
jail they got me surrounded by
guys wearin' blue suits twenty-
four hours a day. And I ain't
built for that. Really? With the
clothes you got on you look like
you'd love it.

Cates takes a belt from his flask.

CATES

Now, where we goin', convict?

HAMMOND

Mission District. Gonna find us
an Indian.

Cates starts the motor, slams it into gear. Accelerates
out
to the street.

TRANSITION.

EXT. CITY STREET NIGHT

Cates and Hammon boozing along in the Caddy.

HAMMOND

Come on, Jack. I want to hear
about your girl. When were you
with her last ... You get what I
mean?

Smiles. Cates smiles back at him, almost cruelly

CATES

I don't give out the details.

HAMMOND

Last night, two nights ago, three?

Cates keeps smiling.

CATES

Last night.

HAMMOND

You have a good time?

Pained expression on Cates' face as he comes back to
reality.

CATES

Sure. Then we had a fight this
morning.

HAMMOND

At least you took care of business

and got the important part in
before she came down on you...Tell
me a little about her. She got
great tits?

Cates gives him a hard look.

CATES

I get the feeling it's going to be
real long night.

They keep driving.

TRANSITION.

MISSION DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT

The Cadillac drives slowly past a bar called Torchie's.
Stops at the end of the block.

CATES

Well?

HAMMOND

It's a long shot, but...Billy used
to tend bar here a few years back.
I heard him talk about it.

CATES

This part of town, they'll make us
for heat the second we walk in.
Just back me up like you've got a
piece...

HAMMOND

Back you up? Now why would I
wanna do that?

CATES

If they kick my ass, they'll sure
as hell carve yours up...

HAMMOND

But you can handle it all right,
huh? Real amazin' how far a gun
and a badge can carry some cats...

CATES

Bullshit. Attitude and experience
get you through...

Cates and Hammond step out, glance toward the bar.

HAMMOND

I been in a lot of bars where a
white cop rousted me and some of
the brothers. All those clowns
ever had going for 'em was a gun
and a badge...

CATES

You need five years training to
handle a joint like...

Hammond's had enough of this debate.

HAMMOND

Hey, you wanna bet?

CATES

I got two problems. Number one,
I'm not playin' games. Number
two, you got nothin' to bet with.

HAMMOND

If we come outta this joint with
Ganz' phone number, or a dead
Indian, or anything else useful,
then you could turn the other way
for half an hour while I get
laid...

CATES

Why? Anybody that talks about
women as much as you do probably
can't get it up anyway.

HAMMOND

That's never been one of my
problems.

Now, stop stallin', man, or else

admit all this professional stuff
you're talkin' about is a crock of
shit.

CATES

I'll tell you what happens if you
lose... you tell the truth for
once.

HAMMOND

What are you talkin' about?

CATES

You tell me what Ganz busted out
for, he's after a lot more than
just gettin' out of jail. And
whatever it is, you're part of it.

HAMMOND

I don't know what you're talking
about. I just wanna see Ganz
nailed.

CATES

The bet's off.

Hammond thinks it over..

HAMMOND

Okay, if I lose, I'll tell you
anything you want to know...

Cates reaches into his pocket.

CATES

I'm gonna enjoy this ... here,
I'll even loan you my badge.

HAMMOND

I thought you said bullshit and
experience are all it takes.

He takes the badge anyway as they head for the entrance.

TORCHIE'S WESTERN BAR

They step inside. Hammond reacts to...

REDNECK CITY

Longhorns mounted over the bar, Rebel Flags, Lone Star
Beer,

is

armadillo posters. Even the waitresses wear Stetsons.
Rockabilly pounding from the jukebox. A Cowgirl Stripper
doing the grind on a small podium.

HAMMOND

This place don't seem real popular
with the brothers.

CATES

My kind of place. I always liked
country boys.

comes

Cates smiles, finds a table in the corner. A Cowgirl
over to take his order.

HAMMOND

good
bar.

Takes a deep breath, moves toward the bar. Smiles at the
ol' boys. They don't smile back. He sits down at the

BARTENDER

Yeah.

HAMMOND

Vodka.

BARTENDER

Maybe you better have a Black
Russian.

HAMMOND

No, man, I think I'll have a vodka.

Hammond looks around the room.

THE BARTENDER

places a glass in front of him, picks up the dollar as
Hammond flashes Cates' shield.

HAMMOND

You know a big Indian named Billy
Bear? He used to work here.

The Bartender shakes his head, gives him a scowl.

BARTENDER

Never heard of him.

Hammond lifts the shot glass and throws it through the
mirror behind the bar. Sudden silence throughout the room.

HAMMOND

Now how's your memory doin'?

BARTENDER

Fuck off. I don't know what the hell you're talkin' about.

HAMMOND

Maybe I better ask around, see what your pals think.

BARTENDER

I don't give a shit who you ask.

The Bartender walks down toward Cates.

HAMMOND

Moves away from the bar. He stops at a booth occupied by

FOUR COWBOY PUNKS,

one a very big man. Hammond grabs him by the arm and
pulls him up.

HAMMOND

Up against the wall, cowboy.

The Punk breaks free, aims a massive haymaker at
Hammond. Gets a right to the stomach for his trouble.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Now, I said get over there by that wall ... You hear me, motherfucker...

Looks at the others.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Move it, rednecks. On your feet...

He grabs the next by the arm, yanks him up.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Over there...move your ass. Some of you rednecks seem a little hard of hearing, so I'll repeat it for everybody... I need word on the whereabouts of an Indian that goes by the name of Billy Bear. It's a police matter and you all look like you'd just love to cooperate...

CATES Quietly sips his beer. The other occupants of the bar
watch Hammond herd the four Punks to the end wall.

A BIG COWBOY

Cates
when Hammond isn't looking, he dashes toward the exit,
puts out a leg. Sends the Cowboy crashing into a crowdedtable.

HAMMOND

Turns around at the noise.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

That wasn't necessary, buddy. I got this under control.

CATES

Some of us citizens are with you all the way, Officer.

wall.
floor
cards and
a
roll of bills. Hammond holds the money up to his face.

The Redneck Punks are now spread-eagled against the wall. Hammond searches the first. He drops a wallet on the floor and moves to the second. A switchblade, some credit another wallet fall to the floor. The last Punk has only a

HAMMOND

You're in trouble, big trouble, so you better start talking. Where'd a boy like you make a score like this?

PUNK

It's mine, what the hell...

HAMMOND

You must a rolled somebody. They don't let punks like you take jobs that pay this much ... you sure you don't know a dangerous Indian, because unless you start talkin' I may just have to start looking down your pants with a flashlight...

PUNK

What kind of cop are you, anyway?

HAMMOND

I am your most terrible nightmare ... a bad nigger with a badge that entitles him to kick your ass...

Hammond turns to the Bartender...

HAMMOND

(continuing)

One of them is under-age. Another attacked a police officer. And you know I ain't found what I came lookin' here for yet...

Walks back to the Bartender.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

The tall one had a weapon ... you
want me to keep on makin' a list,
or you got the picture yet?

He reaches for a towel under a pyramid of bar glasses.
Jerks
the towel, the pyramid capsizes onto the floor. Huge
crash as
the glasses break into a million fragments.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Looks like you're on your way to
bein' outta business, redneck...
Now, let's see what can we fuck
with next?

The Bartender doesn't have the look of a happy man.

BARTENDER

Okay, okay. The Indian hangs out
with a girl down the block. Right
where Chinatown starts. She lives
on top of the hardware store.

Hammond turns, grins at Cates. As far as he's concerned,
he's
won the bet. Cates nods, slips out the door.

HAMMOND

I don't give a damn about his
girl...

BARTENDER

Look, give me a break, you're
going to have to settle for her
place. It's the only thing I know.

He looks desperate.

BARTENDER

(continuing)

I'm tellin' ya, I'm giving you all
I know.

HAMMOND

Try obeyin' the law once in
awhile, and I won't have to hassle
you...

Turns to go, then turns back.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

But remember this, cowboy, there's
a new sheriff in town.

Smiles, turns and goes.

TRANSITION.

STREET - ACROSS FROM TORCHIE'S - NIGHT

Hammond steps out of the bar. He crosses to Cates by
the car.

CATES

I think you got something for me.

Pause.

CATES

(continuing)

The gun you took off that redneck
in there.

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

You made that move, huh?

CATES

While you're at it, You can give
me the switchblade, too.

Hammond reluctantly takes out a .22 automatic, slams it
down
on the hood of the car.

CATES

(continuing)

Credit cards?

Hammond hands them over with the knife.

HAMMOND

You already got a gun and you owe

me a piece of ass. I'll settle
for the gun you just took.

A long moment. Then Cates slowly lifts the .22
automatic.

CATES

You did a real good job... Guess
you deserve a reward.

Removes the clip. Throws it across the street. Hands
Hammond
the automatic.

HAMMOND

Motherfucker.

He throws the gun away.

CATES

I sure am. Now let's go get us an
Indian.

They walk up the block.

TRANSITION.

STREET - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Neon signs with Sino lettering.

CATES AND HAMMOND

of
walk
Walk down the street, spot a shop with a window display
tools. Look up at the darkened apartment windows. They
to the end of the block.

ALLEY

and
of the
Stairwells lead to each apartment above the shops. Cates
move along the buildings... Arrive at the back
hardware store. Quietly, they start to ascend the
stairs.

STAIRWELL

The metal steps extend onto a platform by the back door. Cates leans over the railings to look through the adjacent from window. Between the drawn curtains, a flickering glimmer a TV set. On the tube, various poses from stridently exercising women.

HAMMOND

What the shit is that?

Looks again. A female form passes by, goes out of the room.

CATES

There.

HAMMOND

Must be billy's girl.

CATES

Come on.

DOORWAY

Cates gestures to the door lock. Hammond fiddles with it for several moments. The door swings open. They step into a darkened room.

APARTMENT

Cates takes the .38 from his pocket. He stops near the open bedroom doorway. He looks at Hammond and then both men step quickly into the room.

CATES

Police! Nobody move!

Hammond reaches for the light switch. Takes a heavy blow. Slumps against the door. A Woman's voice screams out.

CATES

(continuing)

Stay where you are!

The light goes on. Cates' gun points at a YOUNG WOMAN
(CASEY)

in a flimsy dressing gown. Saturday Night Special held
between her palms, police style... A SECOND WOMAN

(SALLY)
stands beside Hammond at the light switch. Larger and
slightly older than the first, she wears a man's shirt.
Holds
a baseball bat in her right hand.

SALLY

You better drop it or he's gonna
get another one.

HAMMOND

Hey, talk to here jack. I don't
feel like gettin' number two along
side of the head.

CATES

I said police. Now drop the
goddamn gun.

CASEY

Don't give me that police shit.
You drop it.

Pause.

CATES

Okay, look, don't shoot. I'm just
reachin' for my badge.

Cates takes out his badge-Shows it to Casey.

CASEY

I don't like this bullshit. I've
seen fake badges before.

HAMMOND

I'll tell you something lady, this
guy is a real nervous cop - He's
just liable to pull the trigger.

Cates takes two steps toward Casey...

CATES

Naw, I'm the calm type. I know you don't want me to shoot you, and I know that you don't want to shoot me.

He takes two more steps toward her.

CATES

(continuing)

Shooting a cop puts you away for a long time.

Holds out his hand.

CASEY

You assholes better be real.

She hands Cates the gun. Sally prods Hammond with the baseball bat.

SALLY

Just wait a Goddamn second here, let's see your badge...

He snatches the bat out of her hands.

HAMMOND

Don't have one.

SALLY

I knew it. Call the cops.

Casey walks over to the phone.

CATES

Tell them it's Cates, Detective 31st District. Then put your clothes on. If you don't answer some questions I'm taking both your asses in.

After a moment, Casey puts down the phone.

CATES

(continuing)

Now, let's cut out the crap, which one of you sees Billy Bear?

SALLY

None of your business, cop. The son of a bitch isn't here, and he isn't coming back.

CATES

You can do better than that.

Turns to Casey.

CATES

(continuing)

How about it?

CASEY

I used to go with him...I don't know where the hell he is. I haven't seen him for two weeks. And I don't think I will. He owes me money...

SALLY

He's a Goddamn lowlife, the way he treated her.

CATES

Sounds like a real stormy romance.

CASEY

I don't much care what it sounds like to you, Cop. All I know is that I went a few laps around the track with him and I ended up with nothin' but the short end of the stick.

Cates looks over at Hammond.

CATES

Let's go.

HAMMOND

Wait a minute. Maybe these ladies would like to go a few laps with us. How about it? I been nearly

three years in prison and...

SALLY

Fuck off.

CATES

Come on...

Hannond starts for the door with Cates.

CASEY

If you find that bastard, Billy,
tell him to stay out of my life.
I don't need any more of his macho
bullshit.

TRANSITION.

STREET CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The two men walk among the bright neon lights. Neither
of them very happy.

CATES

This sucks. A maniac gets hold of
my gun and goes all over the
streets killing people with it.
So, instead of me being where I
oughta be, which is in bed giving
my girl the high, hard one, I'm
out here doing this shit, roaming
around with some overdressed,
charcoal-colored loser like you.

HAMMOND

You wanna leave, man? Let me take
care of Ganz all by myself.

CATES

You? Don't make me laugh. You
can't take care of shit. You've
been dicking me around since we
started on this turd-hunt. All

you're good for is games... So far, what I got outta you is nothin'...

HAMMOND

I'm impressed with you too, Jack you did a real good job of busting up a couple of dykes bedded down for the night.

CATES

Luther knew more than he told me and so do you...Now you better tell we what the fuck this is all about. I gave you 48 hours to come up with something and the clock's runnin' ...

A long look at Hammond.

HAMMOND

Maybe I don't like the way you ask.

CATES

Who gives a Goddamn what you think? You're just a crook that's got a weekendpass ... You're not even a name anymore. Just a spear-chucker with a Goddamn number stenciled on the back of his prison fatigues...

They walk past.

TRANSITION.

STREET ACROSS FROM TORCHIE'S - NIGHT

They two men walk toward the Cadillac.

CATES

Okay, Reggie, I'm done playing around. I want to know what's going on and I'm going to beat the living shit out of you until you tell me.

Hammond goes into a street rap.

HAMMOND

You beat the shit out of me?
Don't make me laugh, sucker. You
don't know how I'd dance on your
face? I'll hit you so hard, so
many times, you'll wish you'd
never been hatched. I'll turn
your face into cottage cheese.
I'll make your girl think you been
takin' ugly pills. She won't even
know who you are, sucker.

They stop by the car. Cates takes the gun out, lays it
on the hood. Hammond stares at him. Cates next takes out his
wallet, shows Hammond his badge, then lays the badge on
the car fender... Smiles.

CATES

I guess the first thing I ought,
to explain to you, nigger, is I
fight dirty.

Hits Hammond a tremendous right hand full in the face.
Hammond sags, grabs onto the car fender for support.
Cates hesitates ... and Hammond kicks out, sending the
open car door slamming into Cates. Cates sprawls.

HAMMOND

So do I.

Hammond aims a kick at Cates' head. Cates blocks it
with crossed forearms, grabs, twists. Hammond tumbles, rolls
away from Cates. Both men struggle to their feet, circle
each other.

Hammond moves in only to receive two quick blows from
Cates, a bit sooner than he expected. Cates smiles.

Hammond dances in and out... Cates' breathing becomes
more

Cates
greater
a

labored. His windmill attack penetrates Cates' defense. clears his head, charges, bull-like ... His rush and bulk send both of them crashing into some trash cans and a brick wall.

Hammond is faster...

look at
Hammond's
weary...
at
put

Cates is much stronger; Both men on their knees. They one another. Silently, they move to their feet.
back is to a wall... Cates keeps him there, negates the lighter man's agility. They slug away, each now arms Exchange a dozen blows. Finally, Cates steps back, arms his side... Breath coming like a bellows...
Hammond has to hold on to the wall; one more punch would him out.

CATES

Now, you bastard, you going to tell me what's going on...

Puffing away.

CATES

(continuing)

... Do I have to kick the shit out of you some more.

and-
lights
out,

They stand facing one another. Hammond smiles. A black-white comes roaring up the street. Sirens howling, red flashing, it slides to a stop. TWO UNIFORMED COPS jump guns drawn.

FIRST COP

All right, you two. Don't move.

CATES

NO, no...it's okay...I'm police.

SECOND COP

Yeah, sure. Get your hands above
your head.

He keeps his gun trained on Cates, and Hammond.

CATES

My gun and badge are over there.
And I'm too fucking tired to raise
my hands...

Hammond rubs the side of his face. Cates falls back
against
the patrol car. Still fighting for breath. The First Cop
lifts Cates' wallet off the Cadillac and looks at his
badge,
shows it to the other cop.

FIRST COP

What the hell's going on here?

Cates walks over, pockets his gun.

SECOND COP

I've got a burglary call. Two
women say a couple of hoods broke
into their place posing as cops.

CATES

I was following a lead. We
rousted them... Go up and sweet
talk 'em. You can straighten it
out.

The First Cop checks out Cates' badge and I.D.

FIRST COP

Why don't you do it? We got
better things to do than
straighten out your messes.

CATES

So do I. I'll file a report tomorrow.

The First Cop takes out his book, starts writing. He's pissed.

FIRST COP

I gotta file a..Report tonight
asshole...

CATES

Goes with the territory.

He grabs Hammond and they head for the Cadillac.

TRANSITION.

ALL-NIGHT GAS STATION

Cadillac parked behind the service area.

RESTROOM

Hammond looks' up at his bruised face in the mirror,
then
washes up. Cates is one step ahead of him. He rolls up
a
piece of the wet towel and inserts it over his bleeding
gum.

HAMMOND

Too bad we got interrupted when we
did. I was getting ready to
finish you off.

Cates straightens up from the wash basin.

CATES

Yeah, right. You want to try
again?

HAMMOND

Naw, you'd just call your pals
back to bail you out one more time.

CATES

They saved your ass, convict.

HAMMOND

One thing's for sure, Jack.
That's how you'll tell the story.

Cates dries off his face, starts out of the washroom.

CATES

I'll even put it in my report that way.

The door closes behind Cates. Hammond leans back toward
the mirror, nudges a tooth with his finger.

HAMMOND

Motherfucker.

GAS STATION PARKING LOT

Cates leans on the Cadillac as Hammond emerges. Hammond starts for the passenger side.

CATES

Wait a minute.

Hammond stops.

CATES

(continuing)

You come clean or we're going to go again. Right here, right now.

Pause.

A long moment; Hammond decides he has no choice.

HAMMOND

I been waiting a long time for some money.

CATES

How much?

HAMMOND

Half a million.

CATES

Jesus.

Hammond smiles his meanest smile.

HAMMOND

How's that for a number to give you heart failure? Guess you might start to get the picture after all. Mlaybe you're on the wrong side of the old law and order business..

Cates is unmoved.

CATES

Just tell me about the money.

HAMMOND

Me and my bunch hit a dealer in the middle of a sale. It's the kind of money nobody ever reports stolen. I was sittin' pretty, livin' in the high cotton, then somebody fingered me for another job. ... Some psycho who's out there capping people with some cop's gun.

CATES

He's after your money.

HAMMOND

You catch on real fast...Okay, Jack, let's talk deal. How much of my money you gonna let me keep?

Cates just looks at him.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

We split 50-50?

CATES

Not likely, convict.

HAMMOND

You gonna let me keep any of it?

CATES

Depends on how things work out. I believe in the merit system. So

far you haven't built up any points.

He smiles.

HAMMOND

Okay, from now on, I'm gonna be real good, Jack.

Cates smiles back.

CATES

Where's the money?

HAMMOND

In the trunk of a car. A lot better than under a mattress, right?

Cates smiles.

CATES

Right, partner.

HAMMOND

Get this. We ain't partners. We ain't brothers. We ain't friends. If Ganz gets away with my money, you're gonna be sorry we ever met.

CATES

Yeah. Right.

They get into the Caddy. Boom away.

TRANSITION.

The Cadillac moving through the city... Clock on the dashboard showing 4 a.m. Cates at the wheel.

CATES

(continuing)

Where's the goddamn car?

HAMMOND

You're a real case, you know that, Jack?

Smiles.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

This'll show you how smart I am.
I got it parked.

CATES

...For three years? Let's hope it
wasn't a tow-away zone.

HAMMOND

You just drove by it.

The Cadillac makes a screeching U-turn, i swings into the curb.

Cates leans out, looks at...

PARKING BUILDING

Narrow, multi-storied, with a garage-like opening and signals... proclaiming 'Weekly-Monthly-Long Term.'

CADILLAC

CATES

Okay, now what?

Hammond gets out of the car.

Stands on the sidewalk.

Stretches.

Then gets into the back seats.

HAMMOND

Since you're wired on benniest you
get to stay up and stare at the
building. I'm tired, so I'm going
to sleep. They take Sunday off.
Place opens at seven o'clock
Monday morning. Wake me up at a
quarter till...

Cates stares at the place.

CATES

You son of a bitch. You knew where the money was all along and all we had to do was come here and wait. I almost got my ass blown off twice tonight for nothing.

HAMMOND

I wasn't sure the money was still there until we saw Luther. You almost got your ass shot off for nothing once, not twice, Jack.

CATES

Shit.

THE CITY

Beyond the skyline, grey streaks of dawn etch the sky.

TRANSITION.

The Cadillac is pulled up facing the streets down the block from the parking sections Cates walks in through the lot entrance. Threads his way between the lines of parked vehicles Tired and haggard, he carries a paper bag filled with quick-order food.

CADILLAC

Hammond stretches on the back seat. Cates slams the door shut.

CATES

I don't want you sleeping on the job.

Hammond yawns, eases himself into a sitting position.

HAMMOND

The place opens in five minutes.

and
from

Ganz ought to be here soon...

Cates tears the paper bag open. Passes a cup of coffee
donut back. He sips his own coffee, adds some whiskey
his flask... pops another bennie.

CATES

You took a big chance, leaving
this here all this time.

HAMMOND

Not really. I figured Ganz was
put down for a long time. And I
knew Luther would never job me on
his own. He's too chickenshit.

CATES

Guess what? Luther just got in
line.

Hammond sits up.

HAMMOND

What?

CATES

Musta got some primo bondsman.

HAMMOND

Jesus Christ. That's a disgrace
The guy pulls a gun on a cop and
he's out in 24 hours. I tell you
some of the courts these days are
just a fucking revolving door.

INT. PARKING LOT BUILDING

reads

Luther walks up to the window where a bored ATTENDANT
a comic book.

ATTENDANT

Yeah?

LUTHER

I want to pick up my car.

He passes across a faded form.

ATTENDANT

Name?

LUTHER

Hammond.

The Attendant examines the form, surprised.

ATTENDANT

This is three years old.

LUTHER

Yeah, I've been busy.

The Attendant opens a key file, begins rummaging in it.

ATTENDANT

We don't wash 'em, ya know.

LUTHER

How about chargin' the battery?

ATTENDANT

That we do. And we put air in the tires. I'll even sell you some gas if you need it.

LUTHER

Great, just great.

follows
switch,
The Attendant finds the key, exits the booth. Luther
to an elevated stack of cars. The Attendant throws a
the stack of cars begins to move.

STREET

Luther drives down the exit ramp in a dated Porsche convertible.

for
The car is covered with a uniform coat of dust, except
the windshield which has been wiped hastily clean.

out.
Luther waits for a break in the flow of traffic, drives

Another street

Luther turns onto a side street and then suddenly Cate's Cadillac appears ... starts to tail the Porsche.

CADILLAC

Cates follows Luther through several turns.

The Porsche jerks whenever it speeds up or slows down.

HAMMOND

Jesus Christ, look at all the dust
on my car...why in the hell don't
he take it to a car wash?

CATES

Didn't know you darker people went
in for foreign jobs.

HAMMOND

I had no choice. Some white
asshole bought the last piece of
shit skyblue Cadillac.

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

CATES

You'd think the guy'd be smart
enough to know he was being tailed.

HAMMOND

Tryin' to save his girl, man. He's
in another world.

CATES

If I was his size and had Ganz on
my ass, I'd just leave town.

HAMMOND

I'm tellin' you the man's in

love... he wants to be a hero for his girl.

CATES

Oh, yeah, does bein' in love make you stupid?

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

As they follow Luther.

CATES

I suppose you'd never be like Luther and let a woman get to you...

HAMMOND

I let women get to me. The quest for pussy is the meaning of life ... I got my own personal philosophy about 'em. Keep women separate from guns, money and business ... women are for spending money. They got nothing to do with helping you make it.

CATES

That ain't philosophy. That's common sense.

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

HAMMOND

Say, do you always work people over like you did Luther?

CATES

If they don't tell me what I need

to know...

HAMMOND

Doesn't it get... Tiring?

CATES

I'm not in this 'cause it's fun.
I'm not into hitting guys 'cause
it makes me feel good either... I
do it 'cause it works...

HAMMOND

You got a very depressing view of
life, man... you gotta smile once
in awhile...

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

CATES

Maybe Luther hopes Ganz'll give
him a piece of your money...

HAMMOND

If he's hoping that then he's
dumber than I think he is, which
would be amazin', cause I already
think he's real dumb.

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

HAMMOND

A long time agb Luther must of got
the shit beat out of him so bad it
just rattled his brain ... that

would account for him making so many wrong moves in a row...

CATES

Yeah, it doesn't look like he's gonna make it as a dangerous tough guy...

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther,

HAMMOND

You know, I'd be embarrassed if I let my wheels go the way you've done with this job.

CATES

What you don't understand is, I don't give a damn about how this thing looks.

HAMMOND

No class...

CATES

Class isn't somethin' you buy, punk. Look at you, five hundred dollar suit and you're still a lowlife.

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

HAMMOND

We're getting too close ... Cates, what's the matter, you been takin' dumb pills?

CATES

Yeah, most cops are pretty dumb...
But since you're the one that
landed in jail what's that make
you?

ANOTHER STREET

Luther pulls over to curb and parks.

CADILLAC

suddenly swings over several lanes of traffic and parks
in driveway of parking lot.

LUTHER - CATES & HAMMOND'S P.O.V.

flaming He goes to the trunk. Rummages there ... picks up a
red suit.

INT. CADILLAC

CATES

That Goddamn suit is yours?

Hammond winces.

HAMMOND

That was in style a couple years
back, man.

CATES

Right. if you ever switch from
armed robbery to pimping, then
you're all set.

takes Under the suit is a nondescript attache case. Luther
it, closes the trunk. Beads down the sidewalk.

CADILLAC

HAMMOND

That's the money, Jack.

They jump out of the car, follow on foot.

STREET

Luther hurries along the sidewalk.

He reaches the corner, turns quickly...

CATES AND HAMMOND

Following a little way behind.

traffic
Follow
by
near
plastic
Hammond
ahead.
area
puts
counter.
crowd
lobby
Cates
moving
Hammond

They pause at the corner, watching the pedestrian move by. Then turn down the cross street after Luther. him down a stairwell.

SUBWAY STATION - LOBBY

Escalators and open stairwells. Luther enters and pauses by the doorway. Commuters crowd the counters and congregate in the stairwells. More people are seated along hard plastic seats. But no Ganz. And no Billy.

Luther moves further into the station. Cates and Hammond enter. They keep Luther fixed between them, 50 feet apart. Luther seems to be wandering. He walks through the shop and back toward the escalator. Hammond remains near the arcade while Cates blends in with the commuters. Luther puts the briefcase down at his feet and leans against a wall. Next to him, a loud troop of Boy Scouts marches by. A crowd of people from the train area below flows through the lobby obscuring Luther from Hammond and Cates for a moment. Cates steps out to get a better view and suddenly spots Ganz moving through the crowd toward Luther. He looks over at Hammond

moving
deeper
into the crowd.

Ganz moves cautiously through the station. A crumpled newspaper held absently in his hand. He scans the faces of the commuters and spots Luther. Fails to notice Cates and Hammond closing in on him from two directions.

A PATROLMAN comes up. Starts chatting amiably with a Boy Scout next to Luther. Ganz hesitates in his approach. He motions Luther to move away, but Luther starts to panic when he sees Cates and Hammond closing in...

makes
Ganz
Ganz
Ganz
starts to

Ganz reacts to Luther, turns and spots the two men. He makes an immediate break for open ground. The Patrolman sees Ganz start to run. The newspaper is thrown to the floor... Ganz swings Cates' .44 toward Hammond.

PATROLMAN

Hey--you!

shot
starts to

Ganz whirls, his feet slipping on the marble floor. His shot at Hammond goes plowing into the ceiling. The crowd starts to panic and run in all directions.

Levels it
at Ganz.

The Patrolman has al ready brought his own gun out.

PATROLMAN
(continuing)
Put it down.

BILLY BEAR

Suddenly appears, Rosalie at his side. Billy Bear's .44 blasts the Patrolman onto his back.

patrons.
has
through

Ganz comes up and scrambles through the screaming
He, Billy and Rosalie head toward the escalator. Cates
already brought out his .38... Can't get a clean shot
the chaos.

Hammond pushes his way through the crowd to Cates.

HAMMOND

Shoot the sons of bitches.

Cates can't risk it...

HAMMOND

(continuing)

You don't want to chance it, then
give me the gun...

A moment.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Bullshit. Then i'm staying with
the money.

CATES

You stay with me...

HAMMOND

No way...

at

Hammond starts after Luther. Cates turns, starts to aim
Hammond. Hesitates...

PASSENGER WALKWAY

madman

Panic has overtaken everyone as they try to escape the
with the gun.

crowd,

Ganz and Billy elbow and kick their way through the
tugging Rosalie along...

after

Cates, gun in hand, creates further-panic as he moves
Ganz.

Ganz grabs a man beside him.

Shoves him hard into the passengers in back.

The man knocks over several more people creating a roadblock.

through the

Ganz vaults over the railing and starts for the trains. Cates loses a few more precious seconds grappling terrorized passengers...

TRAIN AREA

The

The usually jammed area looks like an empty stockyard.

patrons huddle in fear against any available wall.

Cates bursts out of the stairwell...

TUNNEL

the

Red and green signal lights. The light goes red, a train roars up and the doors hiss open.

Billy and Ganz fight through the passengers getting off train, jump on board; Billy pulls Rosalie behind him.

CATES

Running for the doors...

Suddenly, a SECURITY OFFICER appears, riot gun in hand.

SECURITY OFFICER

Freeze!

CATES

No! No! There they are!

SECURITY OFFICER

Just put it down real slow.

The train doors close.

CATES

I'm a policeman, you asshole!

SECURITY OFFICER

Don't even try... now drop it
or - you're all done.

train in
He means it, points the riot gun even closer... The
front of him moves away.

raises
Cates carefully places the .38 on the pavement. Then
his hands in the air.

CATES

Shit.

TRAIN STATION - LOBBY

Witnesses stand in nervous little knots. Give versions
of
what happened to notepad-toting patrolmen. Hospital
Attendants minister to various and sundry complaints.

Cates sits on a passenger bench, obviously dejected. A
voice comes echoing from behind.

HADEN

Cates.

Haden, silhouetted against the light from the street.

HADEN

(continuing)
What the hell happened?

CATES

I lost them, that's what happened.

HADEN

How did they get away?

CATES

They ran. As fast as they could.
Caught a train.

Haden watches the Morgue Personnel wheel out the body of
the
Patrolman.

HADEN

Which one pulled the trigger?

CATES

The Indian. I was about 30 yards
away.

HADEN

You couldn't get to him?

Cates shrugs.

HADEN

(continuing)

What a screw-up.

CATES

Right. I screwed up. I fucked
up. I messed up. Anybody could
have done better, especially you.
I bet you're real good at hitting
targets through crowds.

Haden starts toward the street. Looks back at Cates.

HADEN

Don't duck the bullet Cates. Why
didn't you call in for backup
instead of makin' a grandstand
play?

CATES

I didn't have the time.

HADEN

Too bad, it would've covered your
ass. Now you're in the shit and
so's the department. In case you
haven't noticed, this wasn't our
finest hour... I told you everyone
was watchin' on this one. Maybe
you better start thinkin' about

writin' tickets off a three wheel
bike.

Cates looks at Haden for a moment...

Turns and walks away.

TRANSITION.

PREDMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Hammond across the street from Predmore.

Standing in a phone booth talking into the receiver...

He turns and looks again at the hotel...

Hangs up.

Walks into a nearby bar.

TRANSITION.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

HAMMOND

Punk Dancers all over the floor.

A rock group blasting away... ("NEW SHOES" - Vocal)

HAMMOND

At a back booth...

A MAN (SOSNA) approaches carrying a small suitcase.

HAMMOND

How you doing, man?

SOSNA

Not bad, not bad.

Puts the suitcase down on the table.

SOSNA

(continuing)

You want to go outside?

HAMMOND

Naw, right here's okay.

Dancers sliding and jerking in front of them.

SOSNA

You sure?

HAMMOND

I'm sure. Everybody here's
looking at everybody else's ass.

Sosna pops open the suitcase. Lid shielding the contents
from
the patrons...

SOSNA

I got some real nice merchandise.
All of it's clean.

Tightly
Suitcase arranged like a salesman's display case.
spaced rows of handguns mounted in their holsters.

HAMMOND

I like this one...

Pockets a revolver with a deft move.

HAMMOND

(continuing)
How about some ammo?

SOSNA

It's loaded... I got some shells
in here.

Opens another compartment. Hammond helps himself to two
boxes...

HAMMOND

How much?

SOSNA

This is clean shit. No serial
numbers and never been used...

HAMMOND

Don't mess with me. How much?

SOSNA

Five bills.

HAMMOND

Five. On credit.

SOSNA

This ain't a credit business.

You know that.

HAMMOND

Yeah, I know that, but this is me and we're old friends. I haven't got the money so what are you gonna do about it?

SOSNA

Give it back.

HAMMOND

Try and take it.

A long moment.

SOSNA

Fuck you. You got no right for this kind of play.

HAMMOND

I'll got your money to you. No sweat.

Hammonds heads for the bar.

Stands next to a good-looking woman (RITA). Nods to the barkeep.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Vodka. With a twist. And I want to run a tab.

Served up. He knocks half of it back, turns to the woman.

HAMMOND

(continuing)
My name's Reggie Hammond.

Big personality smile.

RITA

So what?

She turns away as he takes a drink. He looks at another pretty girl (ANGELA).

HAMMOND

Hi there. I'm Reggie Hammond.

ANGELA

I'm with somebody.

She turns away.

HAMMOND

This ain't my night.

He drinks up.

TRANSITION.

SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Several Detectives are working at desks. Kehoe walks into the office. He moves slowly to Cates' desk and slumps down in a nearby chair.

KEHOE

You look awful.

CATES

So do you...been a long day.

KEHOE

Long night, too, from what I heard
... Word's going around that in
addition to losing Ganz for the
second time, and in addition to
Haden busting you back to
Patrolman, some jig beat the crap

out of you.

CATES

Aw, bullshit, you heard wrong.

KEHOE

Doesn't look like it.

CATES

Nothing came in for me yet? No calls?

KEHOE

Nothing.

Kehoe's phone begins to ring. Cates watches hopefully.

KEHOE

(continuing)

Kehoe... Okay, hang on.

Offers the phone to Cates.

KEHOE

(continuing)

It's for you... Ordinance.

Cates' excitement vanishes. He takes the receiver. Kehoe begins to clean off his desk.

CATES

Hello... Yeah, okay. I'll be in tomorrow. That's right, you can depend on it. Okay?

He slams down the receiver, leans back in the chair.

CATES

(continuing)

Bullshit red tape.

KEHOE

I'm heading out. How about you?

Cates shakes his head.

CATES

I got to wait for a call.

KEHOE

Okay. See you in the morning...
you know, you ought to get some
rest...

He walks out the door. Cates stares fixedly at the phone
on
the desk. Hoping Hammond will call... Across the room
another
phone starts to ring. Cates stares at the
PLAINCLOTHESMAN who
answers.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Yeah, he's here.

Cates stiffens.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(continuing)

Cates... line twelve.

Cates snatches up the phone, shouts into it...

CATES

You motherfucker, where are you?

ELAINE

In the Chronicle Restaurant and Bar, a well appointed
establishment off Montgomery Street.

ELAINE

I'm at work, asshole. Where else?

CATES

Elaine! I... I'm sorry... I was
expecting somebody else... police
business.

ELAINE

No wonder you're so popular.

CATES

No, it's I'm just surprised you
called.

ELAINE

So am I.

ELAINE

Jack, this afternoon...

CATES

Hey, look, when...

ELAINE

You first.

CATES

Look, I'm sorry about ... the way things have been lately. I know I haven't been acting real great...

Behind Cates, Kehoe steps back into the room.

KEHOE

Hey, Cates...

Cates swings around.

KEHOE

(continuing)

I almost forgot. That pal of yours from the Vice Squad wants you to call him.

CATES

What?

ELAINE

Jack, are you still there?

KEHOE

Yeah. He said he rousted a bar with you last night.

CATES

Jesus Christ. Why the hell didn't you tell me before?

KEHOE

I'm not paid to take your personal calls. He was in some bar. .. off duty.

Cates interrupts.

CATES

The number ... what's the Goddamn
number?

ELAINE

Jack? What was that?

KEHOE

Find it yourself. It's on my desk.

Cates speaks back into the receiver.

CATES

Elaine, I gotta put you on hold...

ELAINE

Jack, wait...

CATES

Just a second, that's all!

He hits the bold button, starts rummaging through the
desk.

Paperwork scatters in all directions.

Kehoe watches him in silence for awhile then leaves.

Cates
begins to dial.

CATES

(continuing)

Hammond... you son of a bitch,
where are you?

Listens for a moment.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

Hammond on the phone as the band rocks away. (MONKEY
MASH - Track only)

HAMMOND

Hey, Jack, how ya doin'? What took
you so long to call, man? I been
waitin' ... I'm at Vroman's up in
the Fillmore. Yeah, Vroman's...
'Course you don't hang out here;
it's for the brothers.

SQUAD ROOM

CATES

I'll be there in a minute. You
don't move your ass, right?

Slams down the phone. Starts toward the door.
Remembers...

only
He dashes back to the phone, hits the other line. Hears
a buzz.

CATES

(continuing)

Oh, shit.

TRANSITION.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

IN
Band blasting away on another number (THE BOYS ARE BACK
TOWN - VOCAL)

off
Hammond now in the middle of the floor dancing his ass
with a girl named CANDY. As the song ends...

HAMMOND

My name's Reggie Hammond.

Tries his big personality smile.

This time gets one back.

CANDY

I'm candy...

HAMMOND

Excuse me, baby, but if i don't
get some action tonight, I'm gonna
bust. You interested?

CANDY

Hey, what kind of talk is that?

HAMMOND

Oh ... You're a schoolteacher...

CANDY

No, I go to a school to learn how to do hair. It's a government program. But really I want to be a model - and I am definitely not sellin'.

HAMMOND

(humorously)

Goodbye.

She stops him.

CANDY

Hey, don't you think a hair stylists got any interest in gettin' it on?

HAMMOND

Here you go sweetheart, throw it my way.

He gives her a kiss.

CANDY

You're in a hurry.

HAMMOND

Yeah, i been waiting three years.

CANDY

You just quit bein' a priest or somethin'?

HAMMOND

No, baby, nothin' like that. Look, there's a place across the street. We can go right over there...

CANDY

What's the matter with my place?

HAMMOND

No, it's gotta be here and now.

Believe me. Only I don't have the
damn money for a room...

The band starts up again. ("LOVE SONGS ARE FOR CRAZIES"
-

VOCAL)

CANDY

Yeah, well, even us non-pros
expect the guy to pay for the
room...

above the
Cates suddenly appears... steps between them. Yells
band's noise.

CATES

Where's luther?

HAMMOND

Be polite. Say hello. This is
Candy.

CATES

Hello. And goodbye.

She looks at Hammond. He nods.

CANDY

Well, maybe I'll see you later ...

HAMMOND

Here's hoping, baby...

Candy leaves and melts into the crowd on the dance
floor.

CATES

What about Luther?

HAMMOND

What about Ganz?

Cates shrugs.

CATES

We missed.

HAMMOND

You missed ... Luther took a taxi
to the hotel across the street.
Made a phone call.

CATES

Maybe we should pay Luther a
visit.

HAMMOND

Let him get some sleep. He's
going to need it.

They move to the bar.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

They must have set up a meeting
for the morning; Luther left an 8
am wake-up and put up the "Don't
Disturb" sign. He's trading his
girl for the money. All we have
to do to grab Ganz is not go blind.

CATES

So you took the rest of the night
off...

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

We don't have too many
cheerleaders in prison. I thought
I might indulge myself in a little
trim.

Cates orders two drinks.

CATES

Tell me something. Why didn't you
just take the money off Luther and
split?

HAMMOND

Forget it. I want Ganz as bad as you do and I got some other news for you...

He opens his jacket slightly. Reveals a shoulder holster
and accompanying .45. A long moment.

CATES

I don't know why, but I'm going to let you keep it. Maybe because you told me you had it, or maybe just because I'm too tired to argue...

HAMMOND

You sure that's the reason?

Pause.

CATES

Thanks for callin' in... and I guess Maybe... Look, I'm sorry I called you Watermellon nigger... those kinds of things. I was just leanin' on ya, doin' my job.

HAMMOND

Bein' good at your job don't explain everything, Jack ...

CATES

Yeah. Guess not.

Hammond gives him a big smile.

HAMMOND

As long as you're feeling like Abe Lincoln, how about payin' me on our bet? We got time and all this pussy around here's drivin' me crazy. See that one over there, the one I was with...

He nods at Candy across the way.

CATES

Yeah, I see her.

HAMMOND

I can just take her right across

the street to Luther's hotel. All I need is some money for the room.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Big smile as Cates produces some cash. Hammond counts it eagerly. Looks around. Candy suddenly appears like a trout

seeing a lure. She grabs the money.

CANDY

Hello, again.

HAMMOND

I just struck it rich... I think we can do a little business. As a matter of fact, I think we can have a party.

Hammond smiles, leads her out of the bar.

CATES

Hurry back.

Cates watches them go, downs his drink. He fishes in his pocket for a coin, moves to a wall phone. Dials...

CHRONICLE RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS answers the phone as Elaine pours a drink.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

It's for you.

Hands her the receiver.

ELAINE

Hello.

CATES

Hi, it's me...

ELAINE

Fuck you.

Punkers
tight

She slams down the receiver.

SIDEWALK - FRONT OF VROMAN'S - NIGHT

Hammond and Candy exit the rock club. A line of young
waiting to get inside... Hammond and Candy are in a
clinch, a little giggly.

CANDY

So... what did you have in mind?

across
Suddenly, Hammond sees Luther emerge from the Predmore
the street.

HAMMOND

Oh no, not now!

Hammond
Luther moves down the street with the briefcase.
pulls Candy back inside Vroman's.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB - BAR

Rock group still blasting away... (LOVE SONGS ARE FOR
CRAZIES - Vocal continues)

about
Hammond and Candy reappear, knocking aside a waitress
to refill Cates' drink.

CATES

That was quick.

HAMMOND

When you been in prison three
years, it don't take long. Let's
go.

CATES

Why?

HAMMOND

Luther's on the move...

Cates jumps up, runs out. Hammond looks at Candy.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

I'll be back. Trust me.

He kisses her.

Runs off after Cates. She stares at him in disbelief.

STREET LIGHT

Luther checking over his shoulder for shadows, walks
down the block. Turns into a narrow street.

A BUS STOP

Luther waits, impatient.

Checks his watch.

Looks up and down the street.

He double-checks the bus stop sign over his head.

Just as a bus pulls to a stop, air brakes hissing ...

LUTHER

Gets in.

Sees that the driver is Billy Bear...

BUS

The bus starts up. Luther hesitates in the front. On the
wide rear seat is Ganz. Rosalie beside him.

GANZ

Open your coat. Both sides.

He shows he's not packed.

LUTHER

Let her go.

GANZ

First, the money.

Luther takes a step.

GANZ

(continuing)

Just show me.

Luther puts the case on a side seat, opens it for display.

ANOTHER BUS STOP

Commuters look up expectantly. One of two drift toward the curb. Jump back in alarm as the bus roars by.

BUS

Ganz is satisfied. Luther closes the case.

LUTHER

Rosalie, you okay?

GANZ

What are you talkin' about? I said I wouldn't hurt her.

And then he shoots Luther. Right between the buttons.

GANZ

(continuing)

I never break my word.

Laughs as Rosalie begins to scream.

CATES' CADDY

Barreling down the street, ignoring red lights.

Hammond shouts over the wind.

HAMMOND

Notice something funny about that

bus?

CATES

Yeah. It missed the last four stops.

Cates pours on the gas.

BILLY BEAR

His eyes fall on the rear view mirror. A white Caddy dances in the vibrating glass. Billy looks over his shoulder at Ganz.

BILLY

Ganz!

THE CADDY

Swerves into cross traffic, makes a big press forward. Comes abreast of the driver's side of the bus.

GANZ

Smashes a side window with the two handguns.

Blasts away.

Cates driving with one hand as he draws his gun.

CATES

Looks up as glass shards sparkle down.

He speeds up ... he is neck and neck with the bus.

Hammond has a clear shot of Billy Bear who gives a side glance at him;

Hammond doesn't shoot...

Cates slows down and fires...

Billy is hit in the shoulder. Ganz runs up and fires again... Hammond is hit in the arm. Cates grabs Hammond by the shirt. Yanks him close. Throws the wheel over ...

CADDY

flies
Swerves as bullets pepper the passenger side. Stuffing
out of Hammondis still warm seat. The right hand windows
explode. Then the Caddy spins out.

THE BUS

Roars away...

THE CADDY

engine
Skids into a traffic sign, demolishing some newspaper
machines. Cates curses, tries to start the car. The

won't turn over. He looks at the distant bus.

CATES

Goddamn! Goddamn! Goddamn!

in at
Pounds on the dash. What's left of the windshield falls
the impact.

TRANSITION.

SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

bandaged
Cates at his desk. Hammond seated nearby, now with a
arm. Haden in front of Cates, furious.

HADEN

A bus, you goddamn whiskey mick
cop, you lost a stolen bus... We
got five deaths related to Ganz,
all of 'em law enforcement
related, and you blow it for a
lousy nigger convict...

Cates says nothing...

HADEN

(continuing)

That's rights I called him a
nigger. You bet I did ... I saw

the report on that little piece of shit. If he spent one legal day in his whole life, it'd be a record...This is it for you... suspension, review board... you've had it. When it gets 'round you protect a con rather than nail a cop killer...

Cates stands up.

CATES

He's got more brains and more guts in one corner of his asshole than any cop I've worked with.

HADEN

Just cause you say it with conviction don't mean shit to me... How you gonna take to a pink slip, huh?.

Cates stands. Moves to Hammond. Handcuffs himself to him.

HADEN

(continuing)

Where the Christ do you think you're going?

CATES

I'm taking my prisoner back to jail.

Hammond looks at Haden.

HAMMOND

Goin' a little hard on him, aren't you?

HADEN

Go fuck yourself convict.

HAMMOND

You know for a man, you have very
pretty brown eyes.

Cates and Hammond walk out.

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Cates and Hammond walk stoically along a row of cars,
arrive
at Hammond's Porsche.

HAMMOND

Hey, how'd my car get here?

CATES

I had it impounded. Come on,
we'll use it for haulin' you back
to the slam.

HAMMOND

Back to jail in my own car. Ganz
got away. Got all my money. It
just don't seem right.

CATES

I don't know about you, but I
could use a drink... I'll buy you
one. It'll be my good-bye present.

Takes off Hammond's cuffs. Looks at them.. Throws them
away.

HAMMOND

Sorry we didn't do better, Jack.
I feel like I let you down.

CATES

Naw, you didn't let me down. It
was a long shot all the way. We
gave 'em a good run at it.

HAMMOND

Yeah, but we didn't get 'em.

They get in and drive off.

TRANSITION.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Porsche blasts by ... These men want a drink.

TRANSITION.

CHRONICLE RESTAURANT AND BAR - NIGHT

Cates and Hammond walk in. It's late, the place is almost empty. The Bartender is a woman with her back to them conferring with a waitress about something.

HAMMOND

It's late, they're closing...

CATES

Don't worry about it.

The barmaid turns around to take their order. It's Elaine.

ELAINE

Hey, I don't believe it.

CATES

Hiya, kid.

ELAINE

I ought to have you and your friend thrown out...

CATES

Don't. We've had a hard night.

ELAINE

I can see that. Pardon me for saying so, but you look like shit. What happened?

CATES

We and my pal here have been

taking it on the chin for the last few hours...

Hammond looks at her. He nudges Cates.

ELAINE

Who the hell are you?

HAMMOND

Name's Hammond, Reggie Hammond. I heard a lot about you. And any friend of Jack's is a friend of mine.

Gives her a big smile.

ELAINE

I'm not so sure I can say the same thing...You don't look like a cop.

HAMMOND

Well, I been workin' the other side of the street for the last few years. And you don't exactly look like a shrink, wearin' that dress...

ELAINE

Shrink major, not a shrink.

She pours three glasses of cognac. A STRAGGLER at the
end of the bar pipes up.

STRAGGLER

Hey, lady, a drink here.

ELAINE

We're closed.

STRAGGLER

Hey, what the hell?

Elaine turns to him; it's short and sweet.

ELAINE

Drink your drink, pay up and get out.

STRAGGLER

You can't do this. It's against...

ELAINE

Hey, just fuck off. My friends
have guns.

turns
Cates holds up his pistol. The man's eyes widen and he
his angry move toward her into a skedaddle out of the
bar.

Elaine finishes drying a glass and approaches.

ELAINE

(continuing)
You real down?

CATES

I've been better...Dead end. No
Ganz, no Indian.

He finishes his drink, puts down the glass.

CATES

(continuing)
I gotta call the station.

Looks back at Hammond...

CATES

(continuing)
Don't run off anywhere, okay?
I've already got enough to worry
about.

Moves away.

HAMMOND

Hard man to live with.

ELAINE

How would you know?

HAMMOND

Hey, two days with him is enough.

ELAINE

That's no bull.

She looks at him carefully. They both grin.

CATES

In the phone booth.

CATES

Is there any report ... No ...
Just tell me... nothing..Yeah I
figured... Okay, sure.

Hangs up.

ELAINE AND HAMMOND

Cates returns...

CATES

Nothing. No sign of Ganz. No
sign of the Indian. Airport's
clean. Train station. Bus
station. Docks... Shit...

ELAINE

Ganz is going to be hard to track.
Just a pure schizo ... wires all
crossed... totally without any
pattern... kill anybody... The
Indian... himself... anybody...

CATES

How do you know?

ELAINE

Jack, it's all over the papers.
He's an obvious type. But this
Indian...

Hammond cuts in.

HAMMOND

He was the only one of my bunch
that was my friend... He was
loyal, went all the way for you...

ELAINE

In all due respect, he sounds kind
of pathetic to me. The kind of

guy that runs home to his momma or some girlfriend. Have you two ace detectives checked that out?

CATES

Yeah, well the only woman of the Indian's we ran into was shacked up with her dyke girlfriend. I guess she went with him before she came outta the Closet ... They both looked mad enough to kill him...

HAMMOND

Yeah, too bad. They were real nice lookin' too...In bed together, hardly any clothes one watching TV...

ELAINE

What makes you think they were lesbians, or as you so quaintly put it, dykes?

CATES

Come on, they were a little old for a slumber party.

ELAINE

It might pay to reexamine a few of your more primitive notions. I was in bed with a girlfriend watching TV last week, Jack, and one thing we know about me is I happen not to be a lesbian ... Now, if this Indian's girlfriend got upset when you came looking for him, it could just be she's still vulnerable to him.

CATES

So what?

ELAINE

When a guy hurts you, then comes

back bleeding on his hands and knees, who knows, he might just be irresistible.

CATES

Hey, Come on, shrink time's over.
They wouldn't go see some old girlfriend.

ELAINE

Oh, yeah, well look where you came when you were down and out.

HAMMOND

She's got a point there, Jack.

Smiles. Cates reflects for a moment.

CATES

It's the only thing we got.

He looks at Elaine.

CATES

(continuing)

Whaddya think?

ELAINE

What do I know? I'm just a bartender.

CATES

Let's go, Reggie.

He kisses Elaine.

HAMMOND

Do I get to kiss her too?

CATES

If she's right, and if you don't screw up.

They exit the bar.

TRANSITION.

EXT. STREET - CHINATOVIN - NIGHT

Cates and Hammond hidden in a doorway which affords them
a good view of the alley leading to Casey and Sally's
apartment.

HAMMOND

What if your girl's theory turns
out to be bullshit? I mean, they
could be in Rio de Janeiro.

CATES

I've got to play it rough with
them. If they know anything, I'm
gonna know it.

A woman appears, turning out to be Casey carrying a
shopping bag.

HAMMOND

Hey, there she is...

CATES

Whatever play I make just back me
up.

HAMMOND

If we run into Billy first, let me
try and talk him in.

CATES

Sure, I'll give you a shot at it,
but Ganz is mine. You know, that
big Indian plays it for keeps...

HAMMOND

Yeah, and I know Ganz sure ain't
no sweetheart... I wouldn't like
it if this partnership ended
before it gets started.

CATES

Partnership?

HAMMOND

Well, you got to admit we come a
long way.

Cates gives him a smile.

CATES

Let's just do it.

APARTMENT STAIRWELL

Cates
now
As Casey opens the door and starts toward the stairs,
and Hammond come through the door and grab her. They are
on the ground floor stairwell.

CATES

I hear you've got visitors.

CASEY

Would you guys...

CATES

No time for any of that crap any
more, lady... I'll rip your lungs
out if you don't answer fast.

Cates has her by the shoulder and arm; he twists her
like a
vise...

HAMMOND

He means it...

She looks at Cates, knows Hammond's correct.

CASEY

Don't kill him. Please, just
don't kill him.

A long moment.

CATES

You and the other one, you're
still Billy's girls. You always
were his girls...

CASEY

Yeah. Sure, i'm crazy in love
with him, who wouldn't be...

CATES

You're gonna help us take him.

CASEY

No chance.

CATES

He can live or die ... You let us in and he's got a chance to make it. Otherwise, he gets ventilated.

Casey's face is seared with pain at the thought of Billy dying.

HAMMOND

If you help use he's got a chance, lady.

CASEY

Billy's in the first room off the hall ... With rosalie ... He's makin' her happy tonight. You don't understand about the way it is with him, do ya?

CATES

Where's ganz?

CASEY

In the back. Down the other corridor.

Cates looks at Reggie.

CATES

Looks like you're gonna get your chance.

They move upward...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

corridor
at
very

Cates is stealthily going to the end of the second of the kitchen and living room area. That corridor turns a sharp angle and goes to the back. Hammond is at the

front of that first corridor..at a door ... he shoves it back.

INT. FIRST BEDROOM

Billy is
seated on the edge of it... pants on, shirt off, pulling
on
his boots. Suddenly, Hammond is pointing a gun at him...

HAMMOND

Give it up, Billy. You got no
shot at it.

Billy stands.

ROSALIE

Don't let him hurt met Billy.
You're not gonna let 'em hurt me,
are ya?

BILLY

He won't hurt you. He ain't gonna
do nothin' to you, he's just after
me.

HAMMOND

I'm tellin' ya, Billy, give it up.

BILLY

I never was much for bein'
rehabilitated.

quickness, he
reaches and produces a huge Bowie knife from behind his
back.

he
leaps at Hamnond who unflinchingly fires his pistol.

The big
slugs stop Billy cold and throw him back against the bed
as
Rosalie shrieks.

INT. BACK BEDROOM

off
and
the
Ganz, half-dressed, asleep, gun in hand, throws himself
the bed, pushes Sally out of the way ... opens the door
starts firing furiously down the corridor... He grabs
briefcase and runs to the window.

INT. CORRIDOR/DOOWAY TO BACK BEDROOM

the
Cates has ducked the bullets ... he is inching toward
door...

shot
He pulls it open...Ganz from the window fires another
which almost gets him then vanishes down the fire
escape...

INT. BACK BEDROOM

appears
the
Sally gets to her feet yelling, runs at Cates as he
and futilely tries to hit him....He throws her down on
bed as if she were a doll ... He goes to the window...

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

stops
then
Ganz peels down the fire escapes hits the ground. He
for a second... Then Cates appears, Ganz fires a shot
starts to run. Cates keeps coming...

INT. FIRST BEDROOM

Hammond hears the gunfire, runs out of the room...

CATES

Dives down the fire escape.

BATHROOM

Sally
Hammond enters to find it empty of Ganz and Cates, only
crying hysterically ... He runs out.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET

Ganz runs out the back alley ...Cates pursues...

ALLEY

Hammond runs down the stairs toward the front of the building.

EXT. STREET

Ganz runs, turns out of an alley onto a street baked with neon light. Cates pursues.

EXT. FRONT OF CASEY'S BUILDING

Hammond runs out, turns down the adjoining street.

CATES

Following Ganz, holding him in sight, but unable to get a shot off...

PARALLEL STREET

Hammond running down a street near the one where Ganz is being chased...

MAIN STREET

Cates fires at Ganz ... Ganz ducks in a doorway...

HAMMOND

a on his street hears the shot... he runs toward it, down narrow alley between two buildings....

EXT. DOORWAY AT END OF ALLEY

direction of Ganz hears footsteps approach from the opposite it is Cates. They move very close to where he is crouched... garbage Hammond coming toward him... Ganz suddenly rolls a can in his path, dropping him like a stone.

CATES

comes toward where he expects to find Ganz... Ganz has his arm around Hammond's throat and his gun to his ear...

GANZ

Drop it... you come up against me,
you're gonna lose...

Hammond drops his gun.

GANZ

(continuing)

Hey, cop, come on... I got
something for ya... come on...

EXT. MAIN STREET

Cates comes out of the doorway from which he's fired... and it hand comes into the middle of the street, gun up ... he puts down when he sees Ganz with Hammond in jeopardy. The that's around Hammond's throat also holds the black bag. Cates walks forward, his gun down at his side...

GANZ

After I get outta this, cop... I'm gonna live forever...

CATES

I don't think you're gonna make it.

GANZ

Whaddya mean... I got your gun ...
I got his money... I got
everything...

HAMMOND

Give up. He's crazy. He'll kill us both.

Cates still walking...

GANZ

He won't try it. He's a fucking chickenshit cop. They're all fucking wimps, right, Cates?

They are now closer to each other. Ganz holding Hammond and the money...

GANZ

(continuing)

Okay, cop ... give me your gun and I'll let him live. Come on, Cates, you're real good at giving up your gun.

Cates keeps the same methodical pace...

CATES

Sure...

Ganz feet the suddenly, he crouches and fires twice. Hammond twists as also fires. Ganz is hit in the collarbone and driven ten backward. His grip on Hammond drops, Hammond dives to ground, looks at Cates.

HAMMOND

Jesus Christ, I didn't think you'd really do it. You are crazy.

Ganz' gun still in his hand, but his arm useless at his side. Cates is frozen in the crouch, ready to fire again.

look Ganz is in enormous pain holding his bleeding chest... A of childish disbelief passes over his face.

GANZ

I got hit. I can't believe it. I got shot.

CATES

You're done. End of story.

GANZ

I ain't gonna beg for my life. It ain't cool.

He runs at Cates full-speed, screaming, roaring, then is stopped by two more bullets that tear fist-sized holes in his chest. Cates rises from his crouch. Takes his gun out of Ganz' now lifeless hand. Then goes over to Hammond...

HAMMOND

Yours?

Cates raises the pistol.

CATES

Mine...

Pause.

CATES

(continuing)

You okay?

HAMMOND

Yeah. But I wasn't there for a second.

CATES

You did pick a real strange time to go and be brave all on your own...

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

Just tryin' to get the money, Jack. Just tryin' to build up a few points on that merit system.

Cates smiles back, picks up the black bag as they move off.

TRANSITION.

ELAINE'S BATHROOM

Cates in the tub, steam rushing from the water.

Elaine sits on the porcelain edge as he splashes and soaps...

ELAINE

How'd they take it back at headquarters?

CATES

Usual bullshit. You make one smart move and everybody wants to be your friend... You know somethin', shootin' guys sucks. Especially compared to this.

ELAINE

I've been waiting a long time to hear you say that.

CATES

Yeah, bein' a hard-ass all the time is a real drag, but it works.

He reaches out, lifts his watch from his pile of clothes on the floor.

CATES

(continuing)

Three more hours...

ELAINE

Where is he?

CATES

Promised I'd turn my back while he... ah, never mind...

ELAINE

Tell me.

CATES

He's takin' care of the same business I'll be takin' care of - soon as I dry off.

Elaine smiles, leans close.

ELAINE

You're impossible...

CATES

That's what I always say.

TRANSITION.

CANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Minimal crummy hotel room accommodations... Hammond is kissing her at the door, finishing buttoning all his buttons.

He reaches for a wallet, gives her several bills.

HAMMOND

Here you go, baby.

CANDY

Hey, don't do that. I said I wasn't a pro, remember?

HAMMOND

Hey, no, I'm tryin' to be nice.
Buy yourself something pretty.
I'd do it, but I got to go. I got
this cop waitin' for me...

They kiss... it's pretty romantic... She opens the door for him.

CORRIDOR

She stands at the top of the stairs; as Hammond walks down, he calls back to her over his shoulder ...

HAMMOND

I'll be back in six months...
Maybe I'll make an honest woman of you.

He gives her a big smile.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

I'll buy ya the best dinner in San Francisco...how'd that be? Then we'll go dancin', okay?

CANDY

Now you're talkin'. See ya...

He moves off, still smiling, holding the black
briefcase...

STREET - NIGHT

near
porch
on a picturesque hill above the Haight. Cates standing
the wheel of Hammond's Porsche. Hammond comes down the
steps from the hotel.

CATES

Okay, reggie, start bustin' my
chops... Tell me how great you
were with that chick.

HAMMOND

Hey, Jack, real men don't have to
go in for that macho bullshit ...
but I was fantastic.

As a riatter of fact, I was so
good, I may have my cock done in
bronze.

Cates holds up the black briefcase.

CATES

I guess this is what you want to
talk about...All the pretty money
that's inside here.

the
Cates takes the case to the trunk, opens it, deposits
case, locks the trunk.

HAMMOND

Wait a minute, Cates. I've been
waitin' three years for that. I
don't think it's fair, man. What
about the merit system.? You were
gonnna give me a few thousand.

CATES

There's nothin' to talk about.

the
Another long exchange of looks. Then he hands Hammond
keys to the trunk.

CATES

(continuing)

It's your money. It'll be here in
six months when you get out.

HAMMOND

And you're tellin' me you don't
want any of this cash?

CATES

That's right. Not my style,
Reggie..

HAMMOND

You are an awesomely weird cop.
Sure wish there were more like you
runnin' around out here.

CATES

No, you don't. If I ever get word
of you steppin' over the line
again, I'm gonna ventilate that
suit of yours.

HAMMOND

Spare met Jack. I'm into legit
investments from here on in.

the
Cates gives him a very skeptical look, as they head for
car.

Hammond gets in behind the wheel, Cates on the passenger
side.

Cates takes out a cigarette, starts to light it.

Hammond takes the match does it for him.

CATES

Thanks.

HAMMOND

No trouble, Jack. But, listen,
suppose I stay a crook? Where'd
you get the idea that you could
catch me?

They both smile. Hammond socks it into gear and they
drive
off into the far distance...

END.