

RED, WHITE, BLACK, and BLUE

souls:
from
that

"These are the times that try men's
The summer soldier and the sunshine
patriot will, in this crisis, shrink
the service of his country; but he
stands it NOW, deserves the love and
thanks of man and woman."

-Thomas Paine
"The Crisis"
Dec. 23, 1776

SOUNDTRACK BEGINS: all 70's-style WHAMMY-BAR GUITAR,
HIGH-HAT PERCUSSION and HORN SECTION, vibro-groovey...

INT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

6:00am on an ALARM CLOCK. It BUZZES.

CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS...

In bed, under a black-light poster of Zodiac signs portrayed
as sexual positions, KITTLE opens his eyes. He's dashing
handsome, with a bushy moustache and big mutton chops.

In the MIRROR ON THE CEILING: Kittle admires himself, then
gets up, leaving behind a naked, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

KITTLE
You should hit the bricks.

The woman is starting to regret last night.

IN THE KITCHEN, Kittle opens the fridge, puts a
shrink-wrapped steak on the counter, A carton of eggs.

He lights a burner under a skillet.

IN THE BEDROOM, the woman sits up, wraps herself in a sheet.
She notices a PICTURE hung crooked on the wall:

A PHOTO OF KITTLE in dress blues, fresh from the police
academy; a Kittle once clean-cut, crew-cut and untainted.
A Kittle long dead.

IN THE KITCHEN, Kittle dumps the steak in the skillet. He
cracks eggs as the woman comes to pose in the doorway.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Don't I even get breakfast?

Kittle looks at her, smiles.

KITTLE

No.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

6:00am. An ALARM CLOCK RINGS. BILLY-BOY's already up, an outsized, scruffy-faced bruiser with mutton chops rivaling Kittle's. He's lifting weights, naked, covered in sweat, smoking a cigarette.

His gun and badge wait in a holster on a chair.

Billy-Boy drops the barbells, executing kung-fu moves, poorly. He chops at imaginary foes as he exits. A moment later, he crosses back with a six-pack of beer...

IN THE BATHROOM, Billy-Boy gets in the shower, guzzling a beer. He tosses the empty, turns on the water...

Blasted by the cold spray, Billy-Boy throws back his head and lets out a long, loud WAR HOOT.

CUT TO:

INT. NENA'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

ALARM CLOCK. 6:00am again, as the ALARM BUZZES...

In the satin-sheeted bed, a Siamese cat leaps up and rubs against NENA. Nena rolls over, black and beautiful, straightens her power Afro. She pets the cat, pushes away her pillow and picks up her GUN there.

IN THE KITCHEN, Nena puts the gun down and fills a coffee pot at the sink. The cat circles her ankles, purring.

Nena opens a can of tuna, dumps it on a plate and puts it on the floor. The cat eats.

Nena opens the refrigerator where a photo of Bruce Lee is taped to the door. She takes out a coffee jar, revealing a GUN hidden behind it on the shelf.

In a cabinet, she pushes aside another GUN to get a mug.

Nena sits at a table to wait for water to boil. She picks thru a box of electronic bits and pieces, tinkering with a MICRO-TRANSMITTER, using a jeweler's eyepiece. CAMERA MOVES down... REVEALS a HOLSTER screwed to the underside of table:

another GUN within reach.

IN THE BEDROOM, Nena enters with coffee. She kneels cross-legged in a bean-bag chair, lights incense, then shuts her eyes and begins her morning meditation with a low hum.

CUT TO:

INT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

At a mirror, Kittle ties his wide tie, combs his moustache. His suit is of the finest, loudest plaid. He straightens the "Whip Inflation Now" BUTTON on his wide lapel.

EXT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Kittle strides toward garages behind his building, pointing a remote. One GARAGE DOOR OPENS slowly.

We CANNOT SEE INTO the DARK GARAGE as Kittle disappears inside. We HEAR a CAR DOOR. An ENGINE ROARS, RUMBLES, idling... a throaty GURGLE... till Kittle pulls out in his Ford Gran Torino GT...

A small American flag on the antenna flaps in the breeze.

The Torino swings onto the street, peeling out...
ZOOM IN: as the Torino races away. FREEZE FRAME.

...CREDIT SEQUENCE ENDS.

EXT. H'WOOD STREETS -- MORNING -- AERIAL SHOT (ROOFTOPS)

Kittle's Torino cruises down Vine past Capital Records. Traffic's light this early...

WHIP PAN/ZOOM IN: on the "HOLLYWOOD" sign, distant.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- MORNING

Kids toss firecrackers in the gutter and watch them pop. Red, white and blue decorations are everywhere.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD:

July 4th, 1976

Nena walks down the sidewalk in a leather overcoat, sunglasses and ultra-flair bell-bottoms. Shop-keepers raising storefront gates greet her. Men crane their necks to watch her pass, wide-eyed and whistling.

In the street, the Torino rounds a corner. It pulls to the curb to meet Nena. An elderly DRUNKARD's leering at Nena as she climbs in the car.

DRUNKARD

Right on, Brown Sugar! How 'bout taking me with you?

NENA

Where I'm going today, Old Man, you do not want to go.

As Kittle pulls away, u-turning...

CUT TO:

EXT. HAMBURGER STAND -- MORNING

Alfresco greasy-spoon. Under one R,W+B umbrella, Billy-Boy, in baggy suit and lollipop-orange aviator sunglasses, consumes a burger and looks lovey-eyed at his SCHOOL-MARM girlfriend, who reads a "MATH" text, innocent and petit.

Across the street, Kittle's car pulls up, HONKING. Billy-Boy motions he'll be along in a minute.

IN THE TORINO

Nena's reading "Fear of Flying." Kittle watches Billy-Boy.

KITTLE

Look at her and him together. King Kong and Fay Wray.

Nena glances up, returns to reading.

NENA

Whatever.

Billy-Boy gives his girl an apple, kisses her. Kittle lays on the horn. Billy-Boy runs over with a cup of take-out coffee, carrying a newspaper under his arm.

BILLY-BOY

Why do I always have to sit in back?

NENA

It's just the way things are, kiddo.

BILLY-BOY

Well, I would like to sit in front today.

NENA

It's not gonna happen.

KITTLE

Fer cryin' out loud, Billy-Boy, just get in the car. You're way too big a target to be sitting up here.

Billy-Boy gets in, disgruntled, handing the coffee to Nena who passes it to Kittle as the car sets in motion. Billy-Boy turns to look out the back, waving goodbye. Kittle watches thru the rearview mirror.

KITTLE

How's your precious little school-marm today?

BILLY-BOY

She's fine, as if you cared.

KITTLE

Tell me something... what's a school teacher doing having you meet for breakfast in one of the filthiest parts of downtown skank-ville? I mean, this is not the place for fine dining, unless looking at prostitutes stimulates your appetite.

BILLY-BOY

Filthy kids go to kindergarten too. What are you saying, anyhow?

KITTLE

Nothing, I guess. Just an observation. She's really something special. You're a lucky fella.

BILLY-BOY

Lay off once, would you?

KITTLE

What'd I say?

BILLY-BOY

It's the way you say it, like there's something more too it.

NENA

You been wearing rubbers, Billy-Boy?

BILLY-BOY

Wha... ?

NENA

Birth control's important.

BILLY-BOY

(blushing, astonished)

What... what kinda thing is that to say?

KITTLE

She's right. If you two are doing

the horizontal polka, the last thing
you want is a thirty-five pound
bundle-of-joy stumbling around,
knocking over furniture and calling
you "daddy."

BILLY-BOY

(beleaguered)

Jeez... it's too early in the morning
for this. Leave off.

(hands up newspaper)

Here's your paper.

KITTLE

What, am I supposed to read it while
I drive? Keep a grip on it, alright?

NENA

(turns to Billy-Boy)

You know, the more weight back there,
the faster the car goes.

BILLY-BOY

Bullshit.

NENA

You never heard of physics, Einstein?
The laws of physics. The more
ballast we keep closer to the rear
tires...

BILLY-BOY

I'm back here, aren't I? So, you
don't have to make up a buncha lies
to make me feel good about it.

NENA

Oh... okay.

Nena faces front.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORN SHOP/PEEP SHOW -- MORNING

The Torino comes to halt at a seedy "ADULT BOOK SHOP."
"Live Nude Girls." Our heroes pile out of the car.
Billy-Boy and Nena head in, but Kittle stops, incensed by a
GEORGE WASHINGTON MANNEQUIN with an inflatable SEX-DOLL in
its arms. A sign above reads "Porn on the Fourth of July!"

Kittle shoves the mannequin to the ground, then follows...

INT. PORN SHOP, ENTRANCE -- MORNING

Billy-Boy, Nena and Kittle move briskly thru. The PORN

DEALER at the counter leaps to his feet, fearful.

PORN DEALER

Hey, hey, hey, Kittle... I don't need
no fucking hassle here!

KITTLE

(pointing, furious)
Then, sit your fat, sweaty ass back
down in that chair!

Porn Dealer obeys.

INT. PORN SHOP, PEEP SHOW BOOTHS -- MORNING

Billy-Boy, Nena and Kittle push through beaded curtains into
a dank hall. They split up, opening doors, searching...

KITTLE

(in thru a door)
Pardon me... my mistake. Taking your
thoughts in hand, huh... ?

NENA

(into a booth)
Whoops... don't mind me. Go ahead
and finish up.

INT. PORN SHOP, PEEP BOOTH -- MORNING

A greasy, bespectacled pervert, BENNY, sits in a tiny booth,
sweating in front of a window looking in on a top-less
STRIPPER who gyrates without enthusiasm.

A KNOCK, and Kittle sticks his head in.

KITTLE

Sir, the management would like to
offer a complimentary wet-nap...

Benny turns, mortified.

KITTLE

Hey, Benny! How's it hanging?
Well... you know, don't answer that.

Kittle WHISTLES down the hall, then enters, friendly.

BENNY

Kittle...

KITTLE

Where you been hiding, grease-fist?
We've been looking for you.

Nena and Billy-B cram in, shut the door. Very tight fit.

KITTLE

You remember Nena and Billy-Boy.
(BANGS on window)
Take a break, sweetheart.

The stripper goes to sit in a chair.

BENNY

What do you want? I'm clean. I been
clean a long time.

KITTLE

Really? Is that a fact... ?

Kittle puts his gun to Benny's forehead, searches Benny's
pockets, finding a bag of powder, which he hands over his
shoulder to Nena. Nena sticks in her pinkie, tastes it.

NENA

Pure horse.

KITTLE

(reholsters gun)
You are such a disappointment, Benny.

Nena sprinkles the powder to the floor

BENNY

Oh, you fuckers! You fucking
fuckers! What? What do you want?

KITTLE

Word is, while the vice cops on the
East Coast were standing around
playing pocket pool, 300 kilos of
heroin got smuggled into New York
City. And, right now it's making a
cross-country journey to Hollywood,
U.S.A.

NENA

Arriving tonight

KITTLE

Going into Zimmermann's pipeline.

BENNY

Look, I know how you guys operate,
but I got a witness...
(points to glass)
I got a witness, so you can't squeeze
me.

The bored stripper smokes a cigarette, and just then a METAL
DOOR SLIDES CLOSED over the window. Peep show's over.

KITTLE

(grins)
Looks like your dime ran out.

Kittle motions to Billy-Boy. Billy-Boy squeezes past, lifts Benny by the lapels and shakes him violently.

BENNY
Hey now... what the fuck... ?

KITTLE
Again.

Billy-Boy shakes Benny harder, really rattling him.

KITTLE
Know what he's doing, Benny? He's trying to jog your memory.

BENNY
I don't know what you're talking about, man. Even if I did, I'm not so crazy I'm gonna cross Zimmermann.

KITTLE
This scag is enough to keep every junkie from here to the Mexican border high as a kite for the next two years. You think we're gonna let Zimmermann haul it onto our streets on the Fourth-of-fucking-July!?

NENA
You must not think we take our responsibilities very seriously.

Billy-Boy shakes Benny, and shakes him and shakes him...

KITTLE
Last time Billy-Boy did this, the guy's neck broke...
(SNAPS fingers)
... just like that. Sad in a way. Why is it we don't truly appreciate our arms and legs till we've lost the use of them?

BENNY
Alright! Alright... put me down...

Billy-Boy looks to Kittle, Kittle nods. Billy-Boy puts Benny down. Nena cozies up, starts combing Benny's hair over his bald spot, which is creeping him out.

BENNY
It's bone dry out there. Everybody's hurting. The stuff floating around's been cut so many times it's like

powdered sugar, but Zimmermann's gonna fix it.

KITTLE

I need the "when" and the "where."

BENNY

I don't know, okay? All I know is Butch Cassidy's back in town.

NENA

That's not what we heard.

BENNY

He's back, swear to friggin' God. I seen him at the needle farm saying how he's Zimmermann's number one candy-man again. If anyone knows anything, he does.

KITTLE

Airight... we'll take that. But, start spreading the news...

(pokes Benny's chest)

Zimmermann goes down tonight.

Nena and Billy-Boy exit. Benny's relieved. Kittle stops and tosses a handful of coins on the floor...

KITTLE

Knock yourself out.

Kittle throws in a handkerchief, slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORN SHOP -- MORNING

Billy-Boy, Nena and Kittle get in the Torino. They drive...

INSIDE THE TORINO

Kittle Sorts thru 8-track tapes on the dash. He puts one into the player and twists volume.

ON THE STREET

Springsteen's "BORN TO RUN" (or some similar 70's anthem to cause all our hearts to skip a beat with cheap, easy, sentimental reminiscence) is HEARD KICKING IN...
CAMERA FOLLOWS the Torino.

TRACKING SHOT: of the stars on the dirty sidewalks of Hollywood Boulevard whizzing by.

TRACKING SHOT: past a STREET VENDOR with a cart of flags,

election buttons and dozens of R,W+B inflatable animals.

WHIP PAN: to follow the Torino as it races past, then
ZOOM IN: on the neon lettering of the "FROLIC ROOM" bar.

TRACKING SHOT: past an x-rated theater double-billing "Alice
in Wonderland" and "Behind the Green Door."

TRACKING SHOT: past a shop window of televisions all showing
Prez Ford speechifying.

The Torino turns, cutting across a trash strewn lot.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the Torino as it comes out to the street, but
the MUSIC spiriting us thru this montage abruptly goes
GARBLED and SLOWS to an EXTENDED GROAN...

INSIDE THE TORINO

Kittle looks down, pissed.

KITTLE

What the fuck... ?

He yanks the 8-track cassette. The player spits ragged
tape. It's screwed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL/SUBURBAN STREETS -- MORNING

Torino's parked. Nena looks through binoculars...

NENA

Come on, Butch... show your pretty
face...

NENA'S P.O.V. -- THROUGH BINOCULARS

Scanning curtained windows of a shit-hole MOTEL in bleak
suburbs. Various freaks and prostitutes hang out.

NENA (o.s.)

Man-oh-man, this place is one hell of
a skeeze-pad.

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

Just breathing the air in there'll
give you the clap.

Kittle's still yanking tape from the cassette player,
tossing it out. Billy-Boy's smoking in back.

BILLY-BOY

You shouldn't litter.

KITTLE

Thank you, concerned citizen.

BILLY-BOY

Give a Hoot. Don't Pollute.

KITTLE

I'll give you a fucking hoot if you don't shut up back there.

Kittle turns on the RADIO: "Afternoon Delight" by Starlight Vocal Band. He pushes another button: "Saturday Night" by the Bay City Rollers.

Billy-Boy takes a swig from his pocket flask, snuffs his cigarette in an overflowing ashtray.

Kittle tries other stations, frustration growing as the choices worsen: "Disco Duck" by Rick Dees. "Popcorn." "Seasons in the Sun" by Terry Jacks. Glen Campbell's "Rhinstone Cowboy." "Don't Give Up On Us" by David Soul,

NENA

Don't torture yourself...

She turns the RADIO OFF, hands binoculars to Kittle and opens the newspaper. Headline: ISRAELI COMMANDOS FREE HOSTAGES. She pulls out a section, tossing it to Billy...

The funny pages. Billy-Boy starts reading them.

Nena folds the paper over to the "HOROSCOPE."

KITTLE

Why do you bother with that mumbo-jumbo crap? Some fruitcake's writing it between bong hits, making it up as he goes, and you're actually taking the time to read it.

NENA

Yeah, non-believer? Here's yours...
(reading)
"Scorpio, October 24 to November 22:
Jupiter is in conflict with Saturn,
so proceed with caution..."

KITTLE

Look out! Jupiter and Saturn'll get you every fucking time.

NENA

"Today you have a rare opportunity to make a big difference in your chosen field. By your able leadership and

with great conviction and strength of character, you will come up a winner."

KITTLE

Let me see that...

(reads, impressed)

Not bad.

Kittle's pleased, looking back thru the binoculars.

BILLY-BOY

What's mine say?

NENA

(reading, to Billy)

"Leo. The stages of the moon are in alignment, so now is a perfect time for a vigorous regimen of self improvement. Wash yourself more carefully each morning, stop using pies and cakes as your primary source of nourishment, and quit tucking your shirttails inside your underwear."

BILLY-BOY

It doesn't say that.

NENA

No, but it should.

Kittle lowers the binoculars, searching his pockets.

KITTLE

Hey, before I forget...

He hands over two small boxes, wearing his sincerity on his sleeve. Billy-Boy and Nena open the boxes, finding bright R,W+B "Spirit of '76" SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS.

KITTLE

(pridefully modest)

Just a little, you know...
Bicentennial memento. Nothing special.

BILLY-BOY

Whoa, thanks, man. These are cool. They'll be collector's items.

NENA

(unenthused)

Yeah... great.

KITTLE

You know... you could say thank you.

NENA

You're the one with the star-spangled
hard-on, not me.

KITTLE

What are you, communist? At least
numb-nuts here has the courtesy to
pretend he likes them.

Kittle looks back through binoculars.

BILLY-BOY

Hey...

NENA

Forgive me for not oeing cartwheels
over commemorative salt and pepper
shakers

KITTLE

I just think you should show some
respect. I mean, call me old
fashioned, but 200 years ago when Ben
Franklin and those guys signed the
Constitution and Declaration of
Independence, they did that so we
could all share in the freedom...

NENA

First of all, the Constitution wasn't
writtem till 1787...

KITTLE

You know what I mean.

NENA

Second of all, the Declaration of
Independence was all for liberty and
equality, but it didn't do anything
about slavery, did it?

KITTLE

(stymied)

Yeah, well... nobody's perfect. They
couldn't go doing everything at once.

NENA

All I'm saying is, your little
Bicentennial mementos would be more
accurate if there were no holes in
the pepper shaker so the pepper
couldn't get out.

KITTIE

Let's drop it, alright?

NENA

Sure.

KITTLE

Alright?

NENA

Absolutely.

Kittle looks back through binoculars.

AT THE SEEDY MOTEL

A hairy nan in only shorts gets a paper from a coin box. On a balcony, a door opens... someone's coming out...

ZOOM IN: on BUTCH CASSIDY, a sorry-looking transvestite hustler in blonde wig, smeared lipstick and cowboy hat.

KITTLE (o.s.)

Butch Cassidy rides again.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle lowers binoculars. Billy-Boy sits forward.

BILLY-BOY

That's him alright.

NENA

It's go time, Billy-B.

Billy-Boy climbs out, brings a GOLF CLUB as a weapon.

KITTLE

Escort everyone's favorite She-Male over here nice and peaceful-like. Let's not have another incident like at the laundromat. I'll never forget the look on that poor woman's face.

BILLY-BOY

That wasn't my fault.

KITTLE

Save it. Just go.

ON THE STREET

Billy-Boy treks toward the motel.

Up the block, Butch Cassidy greets other hookers in front of the motel, slaps "five."

Billy-Boy crosses the street, hides the club behind him. Ahead, a CUSTOMIZED VAN with a Spiderman mural painted on the side pulls up, stops across the street from the motel.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle frowns.

ON THE STREET

Billy-Boy picks up the pace. Ahead, Butch Cassidy seems to notice him, tries to act casual, heading to the street.

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE
(under his breath)
Don't let him get to the van.

ON THE STREET

Butch is going towards the van. Billy-Boy starts run-walking, far from inconspicuous.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle grips the steering wheel.

KITTLE
Don't let him get to the van.

ON THE STREET

Butch Cassidy looks to Billy-Boy, runs. Billy-Boy sprints.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle leans out, shouting.

KITTLE
Don't let him get to the fucking van!

ON THE STREET

Butch Cassidy jumps in the van as it does a screaming u-turn. Billy-Boy throws his golf club in frustration.

Kittle starts the Torino and peels out just as the van rages past in the other direction.

Billy-Boy runs back. The Torino heads towards him, spins... Nena throws open the door...

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy scrambles in back.

NENA
Smooth move, hot-shot.

BILLY-BOY

What was I supposed to do?

KITTLE

Lose some weight.

ON THE STREET

The Torino roars forward. The van's got a good lead.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle hits the SIREN. Nena mounts the spinning DOME LIGHT. In back, Billy-Boy grips half his seatbelt.

BILLY-BOY

I... I can't find my seatbelt.

KITTLE

What do you want me to do about it?

ON THE STREET

The van zooms through an intersection, dipping hard. A few beats later, the Torino follows, bouncing...

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy's head SLAMS roof. He yelps, gripping his skull.

ON THE STREET

FOLLOW the high speed pursuit...

Jerking corners.

The van burns a 4-way stop. A VW Bug starts to cross...

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy's looking down as he fastens his seatbelt. Nena points at the VW...

NENA

Look out!

Kittle hits brakes...

ON THE STREET

The Torino stops, inches from the Bug.

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy lurches, hitting his face on the seat in front of him and rebounding. He clutches his forehead.

BILLY-BOY

Stop that!

Kittle pounds the horn. Nena's yelling. The Bug moves.

NENA

Go, go, go!

Kittle zooms around.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, FURTHER ON -- CHASE CONTINUES

The van takes a corner, careening off a parked car...

The van races on. However, ahead...

A car backs out of a driveway, blocking the street.

The van brakes hard, throwing smoke, HORN BLARING.

Behind, the Torino rounds the corner...

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

We got him.

NENA

Slow down.

KITTLE

"Go, go, go!" "Slow down." Make up
your mind.

NENA

Don't crowd him.

ON THE STREET

The Torino closes in. The van's rear doors open...

ZOOM IN: a tie-dyed HIPPIE in the van leveling a SHOTGUN...

In the Torino, Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy see him...

KITTLE

Down!

Kittle, Mama and Billy-Boy duck as the Torino brakes.

The hippy BLASTS...

A hole EXPLODES in the Torino's windshield.

The Torino stops. Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy sit up.

NENA

Hate to say I told you so.

The van's reverse lights come on, tires spinning...

Kittle reacts, puts the Torino in reverse...

The van picks up speed, doors jerking closed, chasing the Torino backwards down the block...

Nena kicks hard -- jettisons the ruined windshield.

INSIDE THE VAN

The VAN DRIVER uses the side rearview to see. Butch Cassidy, in the passenger seat, looks to the back where the Hippy's kneeled on a WATERBED and reloading.

BUTCH CASSIDY

What the fuck you doin'? They're pigs! You can't kill no cops!

HIPPY

Watch me.

ON THE STREET

Kittle's going full speed reverse. Nena FIRES her gun into the back of the van.

Other cars brake as the Torino rockets backwards thru an intersection. The van arrives similarly, sliding...

The van burns rubber, chooses another street, forward.

IN THE TORINO

Nena reloads with a speed loader. Kittle shifts gear, blasting onwards to follow.

KITTLE

Sons of bitches!

BILLY-BOY

We catch 'em, I wanna be first to hurt 'em. Promise me I get to go first.

KITTLE

We'll share.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON ROADWAY -- CHASE CONTINTES

The van hits the road's crest, airborne...

Lands hard, heading downhill, south into a canyon.

The Torino follows, flying... bottoming out.

The road twists radically. Kittle brings the Torino close... nudges the van's rear.

The van SCRAPES guardrail, throws sparks, straightens.

IN THE TORINO

Wind whips thru the car. Nena gets onto the hood, halfway out, biting her lip and aiming two guns,

KITTLE

Hold your horses, sweetpea. We need Butch Cassidy alive, remember?

NENA

Shit. You're right.

Nena considers, disappointed.

KITTLE

If they crash, maybe he'll run. You can shoot him in the leg or something.

NENA

Let's hope.

ON CANYON ROAD

The van and Torino barrel downhill, barely controlled. Opposing traffic zips past.

Kittle rams from behind again. The van's doors open...

The Hippy tries to aim, shifting to and fro. The Torino backs off.

INSIDE THE VAN

Butch Cassidy gets out of his seat, moves back...

BUTCH CASSIDY

You crazy fucking junkie!

Butch KICKS the Hippy from behind...

ON CANYON ROAD

The Hippy hits the street, rolls... Screaming as...

The Torino's grillwork rushes to meet him.

INSIDE THE TORINO

The car BOUNCES -- BUMPITY-THUD -- as the Hippy is crushed.

Billy-Boy looks back as the body disappears around a bend,

BILLY-BOY

Ouch.

Billy-Boy unhooks the POLICE RADIO microphone beside him.

BILLY-BOY

(into mic)

Central, car 1-5-5 requests an
ambulance

(looks back)

Uh... ambulance emergency at Canyon
Boulevard and...

He tries to spot a cross street.

BILLY-BOY

(into mic, at a loss)

Um... we're on Canyon where it's
really... twisty, turny.

ON CANYON ROAD

FOLLOW the van and Torino. The road's curves are extreme.
It's all the Torino can do to stay close.

Taking a turn wide, the van DECIMATES mailboxes.

The Torino follows through fluttering letters.

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

That's a federal offense right there;
tampering with the U.S. mail!

Kittle girds his loins, eyeing the opposite lane.

KITTLE

I'm gonna get beside him.

NENA

(worried)

No you're not.

BILLY-BOY

(equally fearful)

That's a bad plan.

Kittle loosens his tie.

KITTLE

I'm gonna get beside. Nena, you're gonna shoot out his tires.

NENA

No, we are not going to do that.

Kittle accelerates. ENGINE ROARS...

ON CANYON ROAD

The Torino inches into the opposite lane, is forced to retreat because of oncoming traffic.

The Torino tries again, but a pick-up truck's coming...

Misses by inches, side mirror SMASHED! Kittle recoils.

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

(determined)

I can work this.

BILLY-BOY

No you can't.

KITTLE

Get ready.

NENA

I hate you.

ON CANYON ROAD

Brief straightaway. Kittle speeds up...

The Torino comes along the van's left side...

Nena puts her guns out, aiming for tire...

AHEAD: a motorcycle speeding straight at the Torino!

IN THE TORINO

Kittle's eyes widen.

Nena sees the cycle.

Kittle jerks the wheel left.

Nena pulls her arms in just as...

ON CANYON ROAD

The motorcycle somehow fits between the van and Torino.

The Torino returns to its proper lane behind the van.

IN THE TORINO

Nena looks at Kittle, seething. Kittle won't look at her.

NENA

You... SUCK! You almost got us all killed!

KITTLE

You think this is so easy?

NENA

Can't be worse than you.

KITTLE

Oh yeah?

NENA

That's right, white bread. Give it up. Right now.

KITTLE

Okay, okay... hold on. Don't go getting your panties in a knot...

Kittle peers forward, THRU WINDSHIELD: pretty straight road.

KITTLE

Make a hole, Billy-Boy.

BILLY-BOY

I'd rather you guys didn't do this again.

KITTLE

Move it!

Billy-Boy reluctantly slides behind Nena as she reaches to hold the wheel...

KITTLE

Go!

Simultaneously: Kittle scrambles over the front seat to the back and Nena hops into the driver's seat.

NENA

Now we're taking a ride.

She shifts, ENGINE GROWLING.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET -- CHASE CONTINUES

Store fronts and businesses. The van takes a corner, dodges other cars...

The Torino pursues, Nena at the wheel.

The van faces a mini-traffic jam. Nowhere to go, except...

Up on the sidewalk, CLOBBERING a parking meter.

Nena follows without hesitation, jumps the curb.

On the sidewalk, PEDESTRIANS scatter, screaming.

The van BLASTS through the obligatory NEWSSTAND...

Up ahead: FRUIT STAND... DESTROYED...

The van hits the cross street... BOUNCES over a median strip, burning rubber. The Torino's behind, HORN BLOWING...

Civilian vehicles panic skid, CRASHING parked cars,

The upcoming intersection shows a red light. Too bad. The van SLAMS a crossing car, exploding onward.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle climbs up to the front passenger seat.

KITTLE

Get closer! Don't lose him!

NENA

I kinda already figured that, but keep those helpful hints coming.

ON A CROSS STREET

The van takes a sharp turn, tooling up a HIGHWAY ON-RAMP...

EXT. ELEVATED HIGHWAY -- CHASE CONTINUES

... onto the freeway. Relatively clear sailing ahead.

IN THE VAN

Butch Cassidy looks in his rearview.

THROUGH MIRROR: the Torino rises on the horizon.

ON THE HIGHWAY

It's all R.P.M.'s here. 80mph... 85mph and climbing. The Torino's closing the gap.

IN THE VAN

Butch Cassidy climbs across the waterbed, opening a utility box by the wheel-well... finds the van's JACK.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The Torino zig-zags past other cars.

IN THE TORINO

The world outside's a blur.

KITTLE

(motions with hands)

You put your bumper just behind his left tire and then accelerate... make him spin out...

NENA

Is there nothing in this world you enjoy more than the sound of your own voice?

In back, Billy-Boy's looking out, sweaty scared.

BILLY-BOY

(to himself)

This is too fast.

(to Kittle and Nena)

This is way too fast!

KITTLE

Relax.

BILLY-BOY

(grips Kittle's shoulder)

We should slow down.

KITTLE

Hands off the suit, monkey-boy.

Close your eyes if you're scared.

Billy-Boy sits back, digs up his "Pittsburgh Steelers" football helmet and straps it on.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The van and Torino blast past.

IN THE VAN

Butch Cassidy's at the head of the waterbed with the jack rigged under the frame, pumping the handle...

The frame lifts in front; angled so the waterbed's sliding and sloshing... bunching up at the rear doors.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The Torino increases velocity.

IN THE VAN

Butch Cassidy locks the jack, climbs over the frame and slides down, stomping on the blob-like waterbed.

He grips a strap on the ceiling and kicks at the rear door handle, but misses. Kicks again.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The Torino's directly behind. The van's doors open...

IN THE TORINO

Nena, Kittle and Billy-Boy see what's about to happen.

KITTLE

Oh shit!

ON THE HIGHWAY

The waterbed flops out on the road...

The Torino COLLIDES in an EXPLOSION OF WATER...
Spins out of control...

Skids backwards on the shoulder, scraping the guardwall till it finally comes to a halt.

IN THE TORINO

Dazed pause. Nena, Kittle and Billy-Boy are drenched.

KITTLE

Alright... you had your chance,
sister. Make room for Kittle...

Nena climbs in back. Kittle takes the wheel.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The Torino spits shoulder gravel, u-turning... causing other cars to make drastic moves to avoid.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle accelerates, shifting gear, focused.

KITTLE

The time has come...
(shifts gear)
... for asses to be kicked.

He shifts again. ENGINE DEAFENING...

SPEEDOMETER: 65mph... 70mph... 75mph...

ON THE HIGHWAY

FAR AHEAD: the van. Butch Cassidy sticks his head out the window, holds his hat, looking back.

BUTCH CASSIDY

Fuck me...

Indeed. The Torino's far back, but coming on strong.

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

Firepower, Billy-Boy

Billy-Boy swigs from his flask. He opens a trap door in the seat beside him, reaching back in the trunk to produce a sawed-off shotgun, which he hands up to Nena.

SPEEDOMETER: vibrating at 99mph... 105mph...

ON THE HIGHWAY

The Torino's getting close to the van, looks like it's gonna pass on the right. The van moves to block...

Kittle twists the wheel...
Coming around the van's left side...

Nena points the shotgun...

The Torino overtakes the van...

Nena fires -- BOOM -- the van's back tire is OBLITERATED!

The van fishtails, out of control...

The van crosses six lanes left, then crosses right back, straight at the concrete GUARDWALL...

CRASHES into the guardwall -- the van driver flies through the windshield like a human cannonball, thrown off the elevated highway...

ON A SURFACE STREET BELOW

A TRUCK DRIVER sits in traffic, whistles a tune.
PULL BACK to REVEAL: he's in a GLASS TRUCK loaded down with great, big, perfect sheets of glass, just as...

The van driver soars from above -- SHATTERING EVERYTHING!

UP ON THE HIGHWAY

The Torino skids to halt on the shoulder.

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy run back to look down to where people gather around the glass accident.

BILLY-BOY

Jiminy Christmas.

KITTLE

I can not even begin to imagine how much that must have hurt.

At the van, a door opens and Butch Cassidy stumbles out, wig askew, bleeding. He runs across the highway...

NENA

(sees Butch)

You got to be kidding.

Nena whips out a gun, FIRES a warning shot.

NENA

Halt, jackass!

Butch keeps going. Nema takes quick aim, SHOTS...

Butch's leg is knocked out from under him. He hits the median, moaning. Cars rush past.

KITTLE

(to Nena)

Told you you'd get to shoot him.

(heads to car,

to Billy-Boy)

Think you can pick him up without all the bells and whistles this time, Big-Boy? Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- MORNING

The wounded Torino rides up at the precinct house.

At the underground garage, JOE MECHANIC, in greasy overalls, jaws with cops. He spots the Torino coming.

JOE MECHANIC

Ah, Jeez, here we go again...

KITTLE

Sorry, Joe. These things happen.

Kittle gets out. Nena and Billy-Boy drag out the battered

Butch Cassidy in a gag and handcuffs.

KITTLE

(tosses keys)

Pop in a windshield and bang out the dents. I need it quick.

JOE MECHANIC

(gets in Torino)

This car loves you, Kittle. Why do you treat it so bad?

KITTLE

Fear of commitment.

Joe drives the Torino into the underground garage.

Billy-Boy and Nena bring Butch Cassidy up the precinct house stairs. Kittle follows, Cops come and go. FRIEND COP comes out, a young, fresh-faced model citizen in uniform.

FRIEND COP

Kittle!?

Kittle's elated to see Friend Cop, bear-hugging him.

KITTLE

Hey, squirt! Goddamn, it's good to see you. How you been?

FRIEND COP

Can't complain, but I will if you give me half a chance.

KITTLE

You met my partners... ?

(to Nena and Billy-B)

This here's Harry McDoogle's kid. Fresh out of the academy. Top of the class and best scores on the pistol range to boot.

Billy-Boy and Nena greet him and shake hands. Meanwhile...

DOWN THE BLOCK

A CADILLAC Eldorado rounds the corner. TWO VILLAINS in front. ONE VILLAIN in back. All in suits and ski-masks.

ON THE PRECINCT STAIRS

KITTLE

(positively beaming)

Your pop must be proud of you. Look at ya, ya short-shaver...

Kittle takes off Friend Cop's hat, ruffles his crew-cut.

KITTLE
Finally got a haircut. Hell, you
look almost respectable.

FRIEND COP
(laughing)
Almost, right?
(of Butch Cassidy)
Looks like you got your hands full.

KITTLE
Buckaroo's going downstairs for a
little "chit-chat." Gonna tell us
all about Zimmermann's big score...
(removes Butch's gag)
Aren't you, Butch-Butch?

BUTCH CASSIDY
Suck my dick.

KITTLE
(stuffs gag back)
He's disgruntled right now, but he'll
come around.

ON THE STREET

The Cadillac speeds up...

SPLIT-SCREEN:

ON THE STAIRS (SLO-MO):
Nena sees danger, shouts
a warning...

Friend Cop spots the
Cadillac and starts to
draw his gun...

BLASTING

Billy-Boy dives forward...
stop...

Butch Cassidy's hit...
blood exploding from his
body and splattering...

Billy-Boy tackles Kittle...
Nena hits the dirt.

Friend Cop's gun is only
halfway up when bullets
slap him in the chest and
BLOOD spurts! (Straight-

ON THE STREET (SLO-MO):
MACHINE GUNS point from
the windows of the Cadillac.

The Ski-masked VILLAINS
open fire -- flame erupting
from their weapons, rapid
fire: BLASTING and

and BLASTING and BLASTING
and BLASTING, non-

VILLAINS keep FIRING, teeth
bared through their masks...

Machine guns retorting...
spent shells flying...
gun barrels spitting death.

BLASTING...
BLASTING...
BLASTING...
BLASTING...

from-the-bucket red paint BLASTING...
blood, like all 70's blood.)

Billy-Boy lands on the BLASTING ceaselessly...
ground with Kittle in
his arms. The Cadillac accelerates,
GUNS still FIRING...

Butch Cassidy does a dance
of death as glass doors Machine guns are withdrawn,
behind him SHATTER. smoke wafting.

SPLIT-SCREEN ENDS as...

Butch Cassidy goes flying thru the precinct doors.

Friend Cops falls, coughing blood.

Billy-Boy leaps to his feet, enraged...

Nena rises to follow...

Billy-Boy and Nena draw weapons as they bound down the
stairs, chasing the Cadillac, SHOOTING.

On the stairs, Kittle sees Friend Cop down. Horror.

Billy-Boy and Nena keep running and FIRING, but...
The Cadillac escapes round a corner.

Kittle comes to Friend Cop's body, cradles him.

KITTLE
No... come on, kid. Come on...
(feels for pulse)
No...

Friend Cop's dead. Kittle squeezes him, eyes filling with
tears, anguished fury building...

KITTLE
(to the heavens)
Nooooooooooooo...!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY -- MORNING

FOLLOW the Cadillac's escape. Villains remove ski-masks...

INSIDE THE CADILLAC

In front, there's MICKEY, evil, with spiked blonde hair and
wrap-around sunglasses, and BALLS, eviller, a lip-less
dullard in a fez hat and turtle-neck sweater. In back,
there's POE, vilest, one dangerous-looking bastard; a

circus freak giant in a pink polyester three-piece suit.

POE

Nice job, boys. Iced a bonus cop in
the bargain.

He dips his gold-plated pinkie-nail in a vial, snorts coke.

POE

Groovey.

He grins, has a bunch of teeth missing in front.

CUT TO:

INT. POSH CLUB, RESTAURANT -- MORNING

Windowless, wood-paneled walls showcase fine oil paintings.
QUIET MUSIC PLAYS. It's a staid club, isolated from the
outside world. Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy push thru the
front doors, blowing by the MAITRE D'.

MAITRE D'

Excuse me, sir.

KITTLE

You're excused.

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy stop, scanning the restaurant.
The maitre d' catches up, blocking, calmly superior.

MAITRE D'

Sirs and madam... I assure you you're
not welcome here, This is a very
exclusive, private club.

KITTLE

So is this...

Kittle shows his badge, moving on...
Snobby, upper-crusty PATRONS look up with disapproval from
their R,W+B centerpieced tables as our heroes stride to...

The table in the rear corner, where ZIMMERMANN is flanked by
TWO BIMBOS, Mickey, Balls, Poe and other THUGS.

ZIMMERMANN

Well, well... if it isn't the Justice
League of America.

Zimmermann is a jewelry-adorned, Truman Capote-ish
drug-czar, sinister and calm. Balls stands, looking tough.

Billy-Boy picks up speed, SHOVES Balls with both hands...

Sends Balls stumbling violently backwards, CRASHING into and

FLIPPING over another table, to the dismay of patrons.

KITTLE

(to Balls)

Don't get up on our account.

(to Zimmermann)

Mind if we join you, Zimmermann?

Kittle sits. Thugs are edgy.

ZIMMERMANN

Be my guest.

(to bimbos)

Ladies... go powder your beaks.

The Bimbos go as Nena and Billy-Boy sit. Balls rises, wiping scrambled eggs off his suit, furious. Zimmermann waves him off, and Balls acquiesces, skulking away.

NENA

How you been, Poe?

POE

Better than ever, chickie.

NENA

Still haven't fixed those front choppers, huh? Guess you're digging that hillbilly look.

KITTLE

We probably should give 'em back... but Billy-Boy seems to think they're some kinda good luck charm.

Billy-Boy holds up a tiny jar with teeth inside, rattles them at Poe. Poe remains impassive.

ZIMMERMANN

(still eating)

What can we do for you, officers? What new, mindless harassments have you planned this morning?

KITTLE

Just wanted to make you aware... before today's over, we'll be standing on top of your mountain of horse and pissing down on you.

ZIMMERMANN

Thank you for sharing that charming image.

NENA

Laugh it up. You'll cry later.

BILLY-BOY

You'll cry like a great big,
blubbering baby.

Zimmermann laughs, dabs his mouth with his napkin.

ZIMMERMANN

You three...

(shakes head, amazed,
addresses the table)

Narcotics have been around since
before 4000 B.C. Marijuana was a
major crop in colonial North America.
Wars have been waged over opium, and
still... in spite of it...

(motions to trio)

... into that timeline of thousands
of years come three vice cops
determined to change the course of
human history.

Thugs laugh derisively. Kittle struggles to mask anger.

KITTLE

Couldn't have said it better myself.

ZIMMERMANN

You bust some small-time pimps,
whores and dime-bag junkies, like the
world's a better place because you're
in it. And for what, Kittle... two
hundred and fifty dollars a week?
Tell me, how does anyone get so
self-righteous when they can barely
afford to pay their rent?

KITTLE

Just 'cause you belong to some
fancy-pants club, doesn't make you
any less a murderer.

ZIMMERMANN

Murderer? Really?

NENA

You're stealing people's lives,
pusher-man.
You might be killin' them so slow
they think they're being saved, but
down that road, they're just as dead.

ZIMMERMANN

Live under whichever delusion you
choose, you'll never touch me.
You're not smart enough.

BILLY-BOY

Shove it up your ass.

ZIMMERMANN

And always with the witty rejoinder.
Touche'!

(picks up menu)

Let me treat you to brunch. You'll
need your strength.

KITTLE

Thanks, but we don't recognize
"brunch" as an actual meal.

ZIMMERMANN

(looking at menu)

I insist. What will it be? Boston
Tea Party Clam Chowder, or maybe the
Chicken Red, White and Cordon Bleu?
No...

(tosses menu)

There's a special on the menu, today
only...

(pointedly, to Kittle)

... roasted pig.

Kittle does a slow boil...

FLASHBACK -- PRECINCT HOUSE STAIRS -- TWO SCENES AGO

Friend Cop's gun is only halfway up when bullets slap him in
the chest and BLOOD spurts... !

BACK TO SCENE IN POSE CLUB

All at once, IN SLOW MOTION:

Kittle stands, enraged, pulling his gun...

Poe pulls his gun...

Nena shoves her hands in her overcoat pockets...

Billy-Boy reaches both hands cross-armed into his jacket...

Kittle levels his gun at Zimmermann.

Poe puts his gun to Kittle's temple.

Billy-Boy points two guns at Mickey just as Mickey raises
his gun and puts it in Billy-Boy's face.

Nena brings her hands thru pocket holes, shrugging her coat,
pointing two sawed-off shotguns on shoulder straps.

Several thugs freeze, eye-to-eye with Nena's shotguns.

END SLO-MO. Stalemate. Waiters and patrons freak, clearing
out, screaming. The eye of the storm:

KITTLE

I could end a whole lotta suffering
right now.

POE

And your friends' lives.

Zimmermann calmly stares down Kittle's gun, brings a forkful
of meat to his mouth and chews. Kittle wants to pull the
trigger so badly, shaking, sweat dripping down his face.

But, Kittle reins his anger in... backs off.

KITTLE

Your poison's not gonna make it into
the veins of any kids this time.

ZIMMERMANN

Wave that flag, hero. Keep dreaming
those dreams.

Kittle leads Nena and Billy-Boy out, past frightened
employees. Thugs return to their seats.

SLOW ZOOM IN: as Zimmermann allows an edge of anger.

ZIMMERMANN

Something needs to be done about
them, once and for all.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, MAIN LOBBY -- MORNING

The precinct's busy with cops and jabbering weirdoes in
custody. Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy move thru the
boarded-over front doors, crossing...

All around, other cops are giving dirty looks to our trio.

Near the duty desk, OFFICER STEVE, a square-jawed uniform
cop, nudges his intense, crew-cut partner, OFFICER JIM.
These are blue-blooded, boots-polished, buttons-shined cops.

Officer Steve points out Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy.

OFFICER JIM

(with disdain)

Whoop-de-do, there they go. Strutting
in like they're better than us.

OFFICER STEVE

They're a disgrace.

OFFICER JIM

It's their kind of... of...
overzealous antics that give cops a
bad name.

Officer Steve nods in full agreement.

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy near double doors. A
grumpy-looking plain-clothes HOMICIDE COP is heading the
opposite direction, chomping on a peanut-butter and jelly
sandwich. His eyes light up when he spots Billy-Boy.

HOMICIDE COP
(mouth full, to Billy)
Hey, big man... how's the last of the
red hot lovers?

Billy-Boy's confused. Homicide Cop's jolly, like they're in
on a private joke. Problem is, Billy-Boy's not in on it.

HOMICIDE COP
(off Billy-B's confusion)
That girlie of yours... she's
one-in-a-million, I'll tell you. How
you lucked into that, I'll never
know. You must be one gifted
cocksman.

BILLY-BOY
I don't... what... !??

But, Homicide Cop's beading on, winking and clicking his
tongue in lascivious appreciation. Billy-Boy hasn't a clue,
moving to keep up with Nena and Kittle.

INT. PRECINCT, VICE BULLPEN -- MORNING

A stereotypically busy room of overburdened bulletin boards
and file cabinets. As Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy enter, we
WHIP PAN: to middle-aged CAPT. ALBERT, who points angrily.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
My office! Now!

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Captain Albert slams the door, circles Kittle, Nena and
Billy-B as they sit. The graying DISTRICT ATTORNEY RAVICH
stands with arms crossed, looking out the window.

D.A. RAVICH
I turned on my t.v., and I expected
to see Los Angeles brimming with
jubilation. I expected children with
painted faces. Men and women in
Bicentennial garb. Multi-ethnic
marching bands. Pie eating contests.
All good things American. I turned on

my t.v., and what did I see instead?
(turns to cops)

A corpse was scraped off Canyon Road after Lord knows how many cars ran over the carcass. And in a related story, a high speed chase ended when the suspect was thrown from the highway to his death.

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy exchange looks, a bit sheepish.

D.A. RAVICH

And, what... what am I forgetting? Oh, yes... the transvestite junkie whose bullet riddled body came blasting through the front doors of the precinct house!

KITTLE

Well, sir...

D.A. RAVICH

No. Don't open your mouth! You honestly think you can explain this to my satisfaction?

KITTLE

I... I think I can... clarify...

D.A. RAVICH

Don't bother. This behavior's gone on too long. You're suspended.

KITTLE

What?

CAPTAIN ALBERT

You heard the man...

Captain Albert points at a CLOCK. 12 noon.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

It's noon straight up. Effective immediately, you three work desk jobs till midnight.

NENA

You can't be serious.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

Can't I?

NENA

We've been chasing this deal six months, and now you're gonna chuck it out the window?

SLOW ZOOM IN: on Kittle as he stands up.

KITTLE

Hey now, look! Let's all get on the same page here. This shipment is do or die for Zimmermann's syndicate; all or nothing. If we stop the drugs, we don't even have to catch him red-handed. He's ruined cause his pushers go broke with nothing to sell. On the other hand, if we fuck this up, it means more zombies crawling the gutters than ever and a morgue that doesn't have a single empty drawer. More old ladies getting mugged and molested by junk-hungry needle-freaks, and all the while Zimmermann's sitting back and laughing his head off.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

There'll be other chances.

KITTLE

Not like this. Are you even listening?

D.A. RAVICH

I will not allow your obsession to turn a day of pride and celebration into a day of wholesale slaughter.

BILLY-BOY

(rising)

May I say something... ?

CAPTAIN ALBERT

No!

Billy-Boy sits back down. Kittle's fed up.

KITTLE

Don't you condescend to tell me how or why to honor Independence Day, and don't tell me I'm overreacting when I'm trying to bust the guy responsible for half the filthy junk coming into this city!

D.A. RAVICH

You're about an inch away from insubordination!

KITTLE

Well... seeing how you just suspended me, what's to stop me from calling you a crazy bastard, you old fart?

D.A. RAVICH

(bottled fury)

Till the last firework fizzles out tonight, detective, you sit a desk. And, after that, I'll decide if you keep your shield.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, MEN'S BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy storm in. Cops at sinks and urinals look up. Kittle motions them out.

Nena goes to sit on the window ledge, worried, while Billy-Boy checks stalls. The other cops exit, irritated,

KITTLE

I say, fuck 'em. Let's go.

BILLY-BOY

Well... we shouldn't rush into this, right? Let's talk about it.

KITTLE

What are you, Henry friggin' Kissinger all the sudden?

BILLY-BOY

I'm just saying...

KITTLE

You're just saying nothing! Tonight is the night.

BILLY-BOY

Yeah, but if we don't sit, they'll take our badges.

KITTLE

What of it? Haven't we waited forever... ?

(turns to Nena)

Haven't we, honey? Haven't we waited long enough to get this scumbag?

Nena looks down. She's having doubts.

KITTLE

What... ? Not you too?

NENA

He's right. We hit the bricks, we walk back triple-fucked.

KITTLE

I can't believe I'm hearing this,

NENA

I worked my ass off for my badge,
Kittle, It's the only thing that
makes me different from every other
slob out there.

KITTLE

That's not true.

NENA

I know it is, even if you don't.

BILLY-BOY

All I got is being a cop. What do I
do if I'm not that?

KITTLE

You big, fat sonofabitch, if it
weren't for me, you'd still be
sitting in the file room where I
found you.

(to Nena)

And you... Nena... you've still got
needle scars from where I pulled you
out of. You of all people...

NENA

Yeah, my arms healed up real good,
and that's how I wanna keep 'em.
That's what I'm trying to tell you.

KITTLE

Guys... all we've got is each other.
Don't we know that by now?

Nena stews. Billy-Boy sweats, stares at the floor.

KITTLE

Christ...

(hurt pause)

Alright... alright, I'm taking off.
I'll expect you to catch up.

He walks. The door swings closed. Nena's miserable.

NENA

(under her breath)

Damn him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, PARKING GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

IN THE TORINO, Kittle gets in. He keys the engine, pauses, gripping the wheel, contemplating. It's something we've not seen cross Kittle's face till now: uncertainty. Worry.

Kittle faces front and shakes off doubt, cursing himself. He puts the car in gear and peels out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS -- AFTERNOON

The Torino va-rooms past...

IN THE TORINO

Kittle broods, turns the RADIO ON. "Muskrat Love" by Captain and Tennille. He changes channels, irritated: "Convoy." "The Streak." "Welcome Back" by John Sebastian.

KITTLE

(disgusted)

Come on, come on... !

"The Hustle." "Run, Joey, Run" by David Geddes. "Kung Fu Fighting." He turns the RADIO OFF, sickened.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, XXX-THEATER -- AFTERNOON

The Torino parks.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle gets a bottle of baby powder from the glove compartment. He takes a section of newspaper.

ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

Kittle walks briskly. Every flea-ridden business along the way's drumming up business by exhibiting patriotism. Kittle stops, hesitating... backtracks...

At the XXX-THEATER, he examines a poster for "DEEP ASS," which shows a half-naked, "Deep Ass" ingenue in blue eye shadow, pig-tails and moist lipstick.

FLASHBACK -- THAT MORNING -- HAMBURGER STAND

Billy-Boy Sits eating a burger, staring lovey-eyed at his SCHOOL-MARM girlfriend. The girlfriend's familiar now...

BACK TO SCENE AT XXX-THEATER

The "school-marm" is the porn star on the poster. Kittle realizes, saddened. He KICKS -- SHATTERS the window. The THEATER OWNER rushes out.

THEATER OWNER
Hey, you fucking creep.

Kittle shoves his badge in the owners face. The owner backs off. Kittle takes the "Deep Ass" poster... He folds it and pockets it as he continues.

CUT TO:

INT. DISCO CABARET -- AFTERNOON

Seedy. DISCO MUSIC THROBS. Kittle passes through the turnstile. By the erratic light of a glitter ball, three topless, body-painted women, RED GO-GO DANCER, WHITE GO-GO DANCER and BLUE GO-GO DANCER, grind to disco rhythm.

Kittle moves, wading thru drunken vermin. A few BUSINESS MEN dance woozily in the aisle.

At the bar, PINKEYE, a sizable lunatic-thug wearing a knitted macrame tie and brown corduroy leisure suit, watches Kittle cross. Pinkeye downs his scotch.

Kittle moves against one curtained wall, admiring the nearest go-go dancer. He slips behind the curtain...

INT. DISCO CABARET, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Kittle moves quickly down this hall.

INT. DISCO CABARET, STAIRWELL -- AFTERNOON

Kittle climbs a long staircase. He takes out the bottle of baby powder, sprinkles powder on the top landing.

He unfolds his newspaper and places it flat over the powder.

INT. DISCO CABARET, OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Meet POP-SWEET, black super-pimp in lime-green fuzzy jump-suit and feathered fedora.

He's on the couch, on the phone, caressing the HOOKER beside him.

POP-SWEET
(into phone)
Get this straight, you jive-ass
cocksucker. Do a number on me and
you are between a rock and a hard
place. Dig it, clown?

Pop-Sweet hangs up, grumbling as he crosses the room.

POP-SWEET
Sucker thinks he can play me for a

fool. I'm a entrepreneur.

HOOKER

You sure are, sugar.

POP-SWEET

Shut up, bitch. Don't be Ed
McMahonning me every time I open my
mouth.

Pop-Sweet sits at his desk. TWO PROSTITUTES wait there.
One buffs his nails. The other gives a backrub.

The door flies open. It's Kittle, moving forward...

POP-SWEET

Ah, shit...

Pop-Sweet reaches in a desk drawer...
Kittle comes to SLAM the drawer on Pop-Sweet's hand.

POP-SWEET

Oooooow!... alright, man, ease off...

Kittle lets Pop-Sweet's hand free, removes the drawer and
retrieves a pearl-handled gun, which he admires.

KITTLE

You always did have style.

POP-SWEET

(rubbing his wrist)
It's one of a kind.

KITTLE

So are you, Pop-Sweet. That's why...

A SCREAM of RAGE is HEARD. Kittle wheels...

The Hooker's charging, swinging a straight razor... Kittle
lifts the drawer to block, then PUNCHES...

The Hooker hits shelves of vases, which crash down on her,

POP-SWEET

Fuck, Kittle... why you got to go
doin' that?!

Pop-Sweet goes to the unconscious Hooker, rolls her away in
favor of broken pottery, which he fingers forlornly.

POP-SWEET

(of the vase)
This shit was Ming.

KITTLE

That's the problem with expensive

tastes... the more you got, the more
you got to lose.

Kittle sits. Pop-Sweet rises, studies Kittle.

POP-SWEET
Where's your pet gorilla and the
female Uncle Tom?

KITTLE
(slightly off guard)
They're... around.

POP-SWEET
Yeah? So, what do you want to ask
today that I can't answer? I'm a
busy man.

KITTLE
The way Zimmermann takes such good
care of you and this drug-peddling
"escort service" of yours, I figure
you got the scoop on the
pharmaceuticals arriving tonight.

POP-SWEET
(deep sigh, nods)
Well, let me tell you how it is...

Pop-Sweet bolts, out the door, Kittle stands, in no hurry.

INT. DISCO CABARET, STAIRWELL -- AFTERNOON

Pop-Sweet runs down the hall, heading for stairs. He hits
the newspaper and baby powder, slipping, flying...

TUMBLES painfully down the stairwell...
Hits bottom and lays there, screaming.

POP-SWEET
... son of a bitch... broke my
fucking arm...

Kittle strolls to catch up, starts downstairs.

POP-SWEET
I'm gonna cut off your flippin' head
and use it for a candy dish...

Kittle steps on Pop-sweet's cbest, leans in close.

KITTLE
Talk like that, I might forget to
call an ambulance. Now, tell me
again, how's the dope arriving?

A CREAK is HEARD behind.

KITTLE
(realizes)
Fuck...

Just as Kittle turns, he's grabbed from behind and thrown...
He hits a wall and lands in a heap, stunned.

PINKEYE
You're the one gonna be needing an
ambulance, white boy...

Pinkeye's upon Kittle, stripping him of his gun. Another
brute, LORD CAVIAR, in an open-to-the-belly silk shirt and
with jeweled rings on every finger, helps Pop-Sweet up.

Kittle tries to get up. Pinkeye PUNCHES him down.

POP-SWEET
(to Pinkeye)
Outside.

CUT TO:

INT. DISCO CABARET -- INTERCUT...

Red Go-Go Dancer shakes her bootie to the DISCO BEAT.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- INTERCUT

A metal door swings open as Kittle's thrown out into a pile
of garbage. Pinkeye, Lord Caviar and Pop-Sweet follow...

SLO-MO: Pinkeye punches Kittle again.

SLO-MO: Lord Caviar comes to pistol whip Kittle's head.

INT. DISCO CABARET -- INTERCUT

White Go-Go Dancer moves her hands across her body, sexy.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- INTERCUT

SLO-MO: Kittle's bleeding bad, tries to rise, gets KICKED.

SLO-MO: Pop-Sweet, clutching his arm, watches with glee.

INT. DISCO CABARET -- INTERCUT

Blue Go-Go Dancer's breasts sway as she dances. She smiles.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- INTERCUT

SLO-MO: Kittle's thrown, clattering thru trash cans.

SLO-MO: Lord Caviar kicks Kittle's ribs.

SLO-MO: Kittle lifts his head, bloody, looking...

DOWN THE ALLEY: Nena and Billy-Boy running this way!

For a moment, Kittle smiles crooked. He's saved.

KITTLE
(weakly)
... Nena... Billy...

Pop-Sweet looks down the same alley...
It's empty. Nena and Billy-Boy were Kittle's delusion.

POP-SWEET
Who you talkin' too, Kittle?

Pop-Sweet whacks Kittle with a backhanded SLAP.

POP-SWEET
They ain't there, turkey. You're all
by your lonesome!

AERIAL SHOT (FROM ADJACENT ROOFTOP): looking down as the
beating continues. POP-SWEET'S LAUGHTER is HEARD POORLY
DUBBED OVER and OUT OF SYNC.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, VICE BULLPEN -- AFTERNOON

Nena's miserable, wearing big headphones plugged into a
"portable" cassette recorder, pulling files, tossing them...

Into the box on Billy-Boy's lap. He smokes, staring off,
deeply depressed. Captain Albert arrives to slap his head.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
Stop day-dreaming, lard ass. Where's
Kittle?

Nena takes off her headset.

NENA
He went to pick up lunch.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
Well, shake a leg. Get these files
downstairs...
(to Nena)
And, quit listening to your fucking
voodoo music.

NENA
(sarcastic, salutes)
Yes, sir.

As the captain moves on, Nena makes her salute into the

finger. She and Billy-Boy share a long look of mutual frustration, then Billy-Boy shuffles away.

Nena puts headphones back on, ejects a tape from her recorder and replaces it with another.

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- INTERCUT...

Captain Albert sits. PHONE RINGS.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
(into phone)
Yeah, what is it?

ZIMMERMANN (v.o.)
(from phone)
Is your telephone etiquette always so sloppy?

Captain Albert tenses, goes to shut his door.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
(nervous, into phone)
Why the hell are you calling me here?

EXT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION -- ESTABLISHING -- INTERCUT

Beyond a gate topped by an ornate "Z," a pseudo-modern, stucco-nightmare palace sits in H'wood hills.

ZIMMERMANN (v.o.)
Calmly, captain. If it weren't important, I wouldn't disturb the fine work you do...

INT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, GREAT ROOM -- INTERCUT

Party preparations. Men chisel a bald eagle ice sculpture. Thugs lounge on Ethan Allen furnishings. Zimmermann stands with the phone held to his ear by his ENGLISH BUTLER.

ZIMMERMANN
(into phone)
Your children played with their guns in front of me again today. This upsets me.

CAPTAIN ALBERT (v.o.)
(from phone)
They've been suspended. Hell, the do-gooder district attorney came and did it himself. Thinks he's being a patriot.

ZIMMERMANN
Suspending those three is about as useful as giving a speeding ticket to

Evil Knieval.

CAPTAIN ALBERT (v.o.)
I'm keeping an eye on them.

ZIMMERMANN
No. I've had my fill. I want them
taken out of the game.
(waiting)
Hello?! Still on the line?

CAPTAIN ALBERT (v.o.)
Yeah... I hear...

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- INTERCUT

Captain Albert wipes his sweaty brow.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
(into phone)
What you're asking... goes against
every code of honor...

ZIMMERMANN (v.o.)
(from phone)
Isn't it a bit late to regret lost
innocence? We don't want any
indiscreet photographs ending up in
the hands of your wife, do we?

Captain Albert agonizes, reddening, trapped.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
(pause, into phone)
I can... make certain arrangements.
But, it'll cost extra.

INT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, GREAT ROOM -- INTERCUT

ZIMMERMANN
(into phone)
Name your price.

CAPTAIN ALBERT (v.o.)
(from phone)
I want those pictures. The
negatives... everything.

ZIMMERMANN
Pluck this thorn from my paw, and
you'll have them, with my gratitude.

CAPTAIN ALBERT (v.o.)
(bitterly)
Just the pictures'll be fine, you
dirty bastard.

Zimmermann exits, motioning for the butler to hang up. Behind, workmen on ladders unfurl a gigantic American flag from ceiling to floor. Breathtaking.

INT, ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, FOYER -- AFTERNOON

A meek music instructor, VINCHENZO, waits with sheet music under his arm, studying a painting. Zimmermann strides in, his mood brightening,

ZIMMERMANN

Vinchenzo... forgive me for letting business trifles distract my attention. On to more important pursuits, eh? Come, come... I have a surprise...

Zimmermann ushers the always nervous Vinchenzo forward.

CUT TO:

INT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, MUSIC ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Zimmermann's hands open a medium-sized wooden packing crate.

ZIMMERMANN

It arrived today. You won't believe it, even when you see...

They're in a room that's like a bad family-theme-restaurant version of a 18th century European music parlor. Gaudy. Big harp in a corner. Zimmermann digs thru shredded paper in the crate, removing an old violin case.

Vinchenzo is taken aback as Zimmermann opens the case, and gently takes out a beautiful VIOLIN.

ZIMMERMANN

(with reverence)

Stradivarius. Antonius Stradivarius of Cremona, post seventeen hundred. One of perhaps five hundred and forty. Absolutely priceless.

(studies it)

I was born in Newark, New Jersey, Vinchenzo, as far away from this moment as I think you could ever get. My family lived each day in poverty. I wasn't expected to make anything of myself. Failure was a given.

VINCHENZO

May I...

Zimmermann lets Vinchenzo hold the violin,

ZIMMERMANN

These hands...

(holds his hands up)

These are the hands of a grocery clerk... of a janitor, and then a numbers runner who fought and clawed and battled, by hook or by crook, to get his piece of the American dream. These hands were not destined to caress a Stradivarius, And yet...

(takes violin back)

The impossible.

Zimmermann picks up his bow off a music stand. Vincenzo takes this as his cue, moving obediently to place music on the stand in front of Zimmermann.

With a flourish, Zimmermann puts the Stradivarius under his chin, tilts his head, puts the bow to the violin strings. A pause, and then...

Zimmermann proceeds to play horribly. Screechy and uneven. He tries to follow the sheet music, but a child could do better.

Vinchenzo attempts to guide by motioning with his hands and body language, cringing a bit, trying to encourage.

Zimmermann's frustrated, but keeps playing, vomitously bad, biting his tongue in concentration.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

In his small, office bathroom, Captain Albert splashes his face with water. He stares in the mirror, pale and fearful.

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- INTERCUT

Captain Albert returns to his office from the adjoining bathroom. He goes to a cabinet. He unlocks a drawer and takes out a paper bag hidden far back.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, FILE STOREROOM -- AFTERNOON

Billy-Boy topples boxes of files. He bends to pick up the mess. Nena enters, eyeing Billy-Boy's ass. She kicks it.

BILLY-BOY

What the...?! What was that for?

NENA

(walking out)
Follow me.

BILLY-BOY
(follows, rubbing ass)
How come everyone thinks hitting me's
the best way to get my attention?

EXT. PRECINCT, UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Nena moves thru, looking around. Billy-Boy trails.

BILLY-BOY
Where we going?

NENA
We have to find Kittle.

Nena ducks behind a squad car. She gets in and yanks wires under the dash, hot wiring.

BILLY-BOY
Okay. But, what changed our mind?

NENA
(sparking wires)
Just keep an eye out till I get this
rig up and running.

Billy-Boy rises to keep watch. His eyes narrow...

BILLY-BOY
Wait a minute... he's back...

Across the garage, Kittle's Torino is moving thru.

Billy-Boy and Nena move to follow.

The Torino parks... the door opens...

Kittle gets out, beaten bloody, barely supporting himself.

NENA
Kittle... !

Kittle collapses to the ground.

Billy-Boy and Nena run to him.

INT. PRECINCT, STAIRWELL -- AFTERNOON

The stairwell door slams open and Billy-Boy charges upstairs with Kittle semi-conscious in his arms. Nena follows. ABOVE, Captain Albert comes to watch, keeping hidden till they're gone, then he starts downstairs.

INT. PRECINCT, BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Kittle's lying on the floor in Nena's lap, swollen-faced and bruised. Nena uses a needle to sew inside his mouth.

KITTLE

It's nobody's fault but mine. I got blindsided.

Billy-Boy's pacing, frustrated, sad, infuriated.

BILLY-BOY

We shoulda been there to back you up.
We shoulda!

KITTLE

Stop blaming yourself.

Nena makes a stitch. Kittle's lip is pulled by the thread.

NENA

You need a doctor.

KITTLE

Nothing's broke. Keep sewing.
(drinks from flask)
And quit pacing, you big ox. You're making me skittish.

Billy-Boy SMASHES a mirror with his fist.

BILLY-BOY

I'll kill 'em...

Looking to vent, he grips a sink, jerking it furiously, starting to pull it from the wall, water spurting...

BILLY-BOY

Let's go! Fuck everything! God damn sons of bitching mother humpers... I'm gonna rip'em all brand new assholes... !

NENA

Hey... HEY! Cool down, Jumbo!

Billy-Boy snaps out of it, looks to Nena.

NENA

We're going out. But, here's the situation, and here's how it's gonna go down...

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, EVIDENCE LOCK-UP -- AFTERNOON

A cop at the evidence cage window signs papers for the GUARD inside. The cop finishes, says goodbye. Kittle arrives.

LOCK-UP GUARD

Kittle, what the hell? You look like
shit...

Kittle points his gun at the guard.

LOCK-UP GUARD

Fuck, man... I was only kidding... !

KITTLE

Unlock the door.

LOCK-UP GUARD

I... I can't do that...

KITTLE

Now! Unless you want your head to
make a whistling sound on windy days.

The guard nods, moving back. He opens a door, Billy-Boy and Nena enter with duffel bags, guns up.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Uniformed cops pass. Captain Albert rises from behind a patrol car, sneaking...

At the Torino, he takes out the paper bag, unwraps a small, plastic-explosive CAR BOMB and hand-held DETONATOR.

UNDER THE TORINO, Captain Albert crawls to the gas tank. He attaches the car bomb with a magnetic THUNK.

He unfolds the detonator antenna, flicks a switch. A GREEN light LIGHTS UP. A GREEN light also LIGHTS UP on the bomb.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, EVIDENCE LOCK-UP -- AFTERNOON

Billy-Boy's just finishing wrapping the guard in duct tape.

BILLY-BOY

Sorry about this.

Kittle and Nena, at tall shelves full of confiscated WEAPONS, load guns and ammo into duffel bags.

NENA

Any preferences?

KITTLE

Whatever goes bang.

They keep stuffing bags. Billy-Boy arrives to help, nervous, filling a suitcase with shotguns and shells.

BILLY-BOY

I can't believe we're stealing.

NENA

We're not stealing. We're borrowing.

BILLY-BOY

No, we're stealing.

NENA

This is the police lock-up. We're police. How can we steal from ourselves?

BILLY-BOY

Then, why'd we tie him up?

KITTLE

We're stealing, okay! Quit yackin' and do it faster.

Kittle flips open a box. His eyes brighten with excitement.

KITTLE

Ay Dios mio...

It's a box of DYNAMITE. Kittle caresses it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Weapons are piled into the Torino's trunk. The trunk is slammed shut. Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy look to make sure no one's taken undue notice.

KITTLE

So far so good. We're past the point of no return.

Kittle looks for support, holds out his hand. Nena grips his hand... Billy-Boy joins in; like teammates clasping hands in a football huddle, gathering courage.

KITTLE

Let's get this thing done.

NENA

All for one...

BILLY-BOY
... and fuck 'em all.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Captain Albert stands looking out the window, nervous.

KITTLE (o.s.)
Must be your lucky day, cap'n...

The captain turns. Kittle enters with a shoebox.

KITTLE
I'm gonna put a great big,
ear-to-fucking-ear smile on your
face. How 'bout that?

CAPTAIN ALBERT
Where have you been?

KITTLE
I'm here. That's all that counts.
Watch... you'll enjoy this... it's
like magic...

Kittle puts the box on the desk, takes the lid off, takes three badges from his pocket... puts them in. Takes out his revolver, drops it in, followed by two more guns.

KITTLE
It's our gift to you. Something
you've always wanted...

Kittle puts the lid on, adorns it with a tattered gift bow.

KITTLE
Our resignations.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
You going rogue on me?

KITTLE
Maybe.

CAPTAIN ALBERT
What happened, Kittle? We used to be
friends. You used to know how the
game was played.

KITTLE
You mean taking bribes, and skimming
busts and letting hoods walk? You
mean not being able to sleep at night

after shaking down some honest Joe?

CAPTAIN ALBERT

There was a time when you did things
the right way, till you hooked up
with that fat-assed-boozehound and
the soul-sister.

Kittle just shrugs... walks. But, he stops in the doorway.

KITTLE

Oh, there's one more thing...
(walks back)
Now, where did I put that... ?
(searching pockets)
Uh... oh, here it is...

Kittle takes his fist from his pocket and holds it up,
admiring it a moment, smiling, then SUCKER PUNCHING...

The captain's knocked to the floor, nose bloodied.

KITTLE

Screw you.

INT. PRECINCT, VICE BULLPEN -- AFTERNOON

Kittle crosses to leave. Captain Albert comes to shout.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

You're washed up, Kittle! You're all
done!

Cops stare. Captain Albert tries to control his temper.

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Captain Albert closes and locks the door. He goes to the
window, takes out the detonator.

He flicks the switch. GREEN BULB on the detonator LIGHTS.

INT. PRECINCT, UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Kittle joins Nena and Billy-Boy in the Torino. Peel out...

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The Torino bursts into sunlight, hits pavement...

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Captain Albert looks to the street three stories below,
gripping the detonator, angry breath fogging the window.

THRU THE WINDOW: the Torino's moving away.

Captain Albert holds up the detonator.
His thumb caresses the button.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

Good riddance.

His thumb tenses.

THRU THE WINDOW: the Torino spins, turning...

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The Torino u-turns, coming to a halt facing the precinct.

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Captain Albert lowers the detonator, watching, curious.

THRU THE WINDOW: Nena can be seen getting out, carrying something to a phone booth close by. She dials the phone.

PHONE RINGS O.S. Captain Albert looks to the phone on his desk, He answers it, brings it to the window.

CAPTAIN ALBERT

(into phone)

What... ?

NENA (v.o.)

(from phone)

How you doing up there in your ivory tower, Captain?

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

In the phone booth, Nena waves up to the captain's window, Kittle and Billy-Boy are looking up from in the car.

NENA

(into phone)

I'm gonna let you in on a secret.
See, that wasn't my "voodoo music" I was listening to before.

Nena lifts her tape recorder, HITS PLAY.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (v.o.)

(from recorder)

... are you calling me here?

ZIMMERMANN (v.o.)

(from recorder)

Calmly Captain. If it weren't important..

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Captain Albert's face goes slack.

ZIMMERMANN'S VOICE (v.o.)

(from over phone)

... I wouldn't disturb the fine work
you do. Your children played with
their guns in front of me...

Captain Albert unscrews his mouthpiece... something falls...

Rolls on the floor, stops: a micro-transmitter.

Captain Albert trembles, holds up the detonator...

CAPTAIN ALBERT

(into phone)

Burn in hell, whore!

He pushes the button...

THRU THE WINDOW: nothing happens to the Torino. A quiet
BEEPING is HEARD 0.S.... BEEP... BEEP...

A moment of confusion for Captain Albert, then he turns...

The BEEPING comes from the SHOEBOX Kittle left on the desk.
Stark terror. Captain Albert leaps to grab the box...

He tears off the lid. The bomb is there, under guns and
badges. He grabs it, throws it...

The bomb spins, heading for the window...

A brief look of relief on Captain Albert's face...

As the bomb hits the window... but, bounces off...
Falls to the floor.

Captain Albert's expression returns to terror.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

From Nena, Kittle and Billy-Boy's vantage point: the
EXPLOSION BLOWS OUT the captain's window!

Cops look up, alarmed, shouting and pointing.
They run as shards of glass fall to the sidewalk.

Nena returns to the Torino. Kittle revs and speeds
away.

CUT

TO:

INT. DISCO CABARET -- AFTERNOON

DISCO MUSIC. Mock sex on stage. Pop-Sweet, arm in a cast,

is behind the bar with Pinkeye, counting cash.

Pop-Sweet enters cash figures in a large, bound ACCOUNTANT'S LEDGER book full of columns of handwritten numbers.

At the club entrance, Lord Caviar's playing bouncer. Kittle enters, breezing past with a shotgun. Lord Caviar does a double take, can't believe it, follows...

Behind, Billy-Boy and Nena enter, following Lord Caviar...

Lord Caviar reaches in his jacket for his gun, closing in on Kittle. Billy-Boy SWINGS a golf club -- THWACKS Lord Caviar in the back of the head.

Lord Caviar falls face first to the floor. Kittle doesn't even look back, cocks his shotgun, aims... -

In the BOOTH, the D.J. jumps for cover as buckshot SHATTERS glass and record albums. FEEDBACK SCREECHES.

Behind the bar, Pop-Sweet and Pinkeye react.

Billy-Boy and Nena head for the bar, passing Kittle as Kittle retargets his shotgun upwards and FIRES...

The disco GLITTER BALL EXPLODES!

Customers, waitresses and strippers scatter. Pop-Sweet and Pinkeye take out weapons...

Billy-Boy holds his golf club by its shaft between his teeth, leveling two handguns, and Nena's already FIRING...

Bullets hit the bar, BUSTING BOTTLES and MIRRORS. Pop-Sweet and Pinkeye are forced to duck down.

Billy-Boy and Nena keep BLASTING, still moving forward.

Kittle drops his shotgun, produces two revolvers and moves to the bar, adding to the gunfire barrage -- BLAM, BLAM, BLAM -- between Nena and Billy-Boy, who stop to reload,

Behind the bar, Pop-Sweet and Pinkeye go fetal, covered in broken glass and debris.

Kittle stops firing. Nena and Billy-Boy come to flank him, pointing reloaded weapons.

NENA

Alright, flesh-peddler, let's see empty hands!

KITTLE

Out here. On your knees.

Hands rise, then Pop-Sweet and Pinkeye show their faces.

They move from behind the bar, seething.

POP-SWEET

You can't do this to me! Who the fuck do you think you are!?

Kittle takes the driver from Billy-Boy's teeth, swings it.

KITTLE

Who am I, you say?
(hefting club,
moving forward)
I am one angry, angry man...

LORD CAVIAR (o.s.)

Freeze, piggies!

Behind, Lord Caviar points a gun, clutching his bloody head.

BILLY-BOY

I knew I shoulda used a 9-iron.

LORD CAVIAR

Lose the guns or I'll smoke you!

Our heroes drop their many weapons, raising their hands.

POP-SWEET

Looks like you got it all backasswards again, Kittle...

Pinkeye moves towards the cops. Lord Caviar edges in from the other side. No way out for our heroes.

Nena moves her fingertips along her coat sleeve seam... readies a six-pointed sherikan (Oriental throwing star).

Nena glances to Billy-Boy... Billy-Boy glances to Kittle... Kittle glances to Nena...

At the bar, Pop-Sweet lifts a broken, jagged bottle...

POP-SWEET

You thought you got hurt last time... you ain't seen nothing yet.

Pinkeye bends to retrieve a gun off the floor. Kittle spins, SMASHES his foot down on Pinkeye's hand!

Nena spins, throwing the sharp-edged star at Lord Caviar...

The throwing star SLICES Lord Caviar's face. He recoils, crying out and misfiring his gum.

Kittle kicks Pinkeye in the head, then turns...

KITTLE

Billy... !

Kittle kicks the golf club off the floor...

The golf club spins in the air...

Billy-Boy catches the club, SWINGS without missing a beat,..

Lord Caviar's recovered and aiming his gun just as Billy-Boy SWINGS the club -- KNOCKS the gun across the room.

POP-SWEET

No!!

Pop-Sweet moves forward with the bottle, but Nena steps up, poised kung-fu ready. Pop-Sweet hesitates, circling.

Across the room, Lord Caviar rushes forwards and tackles Billy-Boy, toppling tables. They battle.

Pinkeye's rising, but Kittle PUNCHES.

Pop-Sweet stabs the jagged bottle at Nena. Nena high-kicks, disarming Pop-Sweet, then spins flawlessly... KICKS Pop-Sweet's chin, sending him backwards.

Billy-Boy kicks Lord Caviar off...

Lord Caviar gets up, charges headlong at Billy-Boy. Billy-Boy raises his club, side-stepping...

BILLY-BOY

Fore!

Billy-B swings -- CLUNK -- sends Lord Caviar onward... Lord Caviar CRASHES head-first into a cigarette machine.

Pop-Sweet scrambles up, throwing a chair at Nena, which she dodges. Pop-Sweet flees...

Kittle KNEES Pinkeye's head... sees Pop-Sweet running.

NENA

Go! I'll finish this.

Kittle runs after Pop-Sweet.

EXT. DISCO CABARET, ALLEYWAY -- AFTERNOON

Pop-Sweet bursts out a side door, heading for daylight. Kittle pursues, sprinting. Billy-B follows.

INT. DISCO CABARET -- AFTERNOON

Nena watches Pinkeye and Lord Caviar get up. She preps, feet apart, doing martial arts warm-ups as they approach.

LORD CAVIAR

Are you that good, sister? Think you
can handle us both?

Lord Caviar grins, moves in. Pinkeye attacks...

Nena blocks, PUNCHES, CHOPS, SPINS and SLAPS, then finishes
with a GROIN KICK. Pinkeye hits the dirt.

Lord Caviar strikes. Nena FLIPS HIM...
BOOM -- Lord Caviar lands flat, lays there gasping.

NENA
They don't call it a black belt for
nothing.

At the bar, Nena comes to claim the money ledger, tilting it
to clear off the shattered glass it's buried under.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOLLYWOOD -- AFTERNOON

Busy sidewalks. Pop-Sweet runs, fearful. Kittle chases.
Billy-Boy brings up the rear.

Pop-Sweet PUSHES pedestrians...

POP-SWEET
Outta the way! Move!

AROUND A CORNER

Pop-Sweet arrives, full speed, looking back... SLAMS a "MAPS
TO STARS HOMES" sign and TRASH CAN, upsetting them and
knocking a map-hawking kid out of his lawn chair...

Pop-Sweet rolls in star-maps and garbage. Gets up...

Keeps running.

Kittle leaps the trash can.

A moment, then Billy-Boy arrives, leaps...
Trips over the trash can, falls hard. Scrambles up.

AHEAD, Pop-Sweet shoves an OLD WOMAN to the ground.

People gather to help the Old Woman up. She's thanking them
as Kittle comes barreling thru... knocking her down again.

AT AN INTERSECTION

Pop-Sweet runs across, catty-corner. Cars swerve and brake,
CRASHING all around, ..

Pop-Sweet gets HIT, rolls across a car's hood...

CRACKS the windshield and rolls off...

Pop-Sweet recovers, dazed, stumbling to sidewalk...

Kittle's bearing down, makes a diving tackle...

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Kittle and Pop-Sweet SMASH thru the front window.

The SHOP OWNER and a WEALTHY LADY react, terrified.

SHOP OWNER

Oh my Lord, no!!

Kittle and Pop-Sweet wrestle, punching and grappling, surrounded on all sides by antiquities and shelves loaded with precious knick-knacks.

SHOP OWNER

No, no, no! Stop this!

Pop-Sweet swings his arm cast -- KNOCKS Kittle back...

Kittle lands against shelves...

Fragile items teeter on the brink, miraculously not falling.

Pop-Sweet runs up a nearby STAIRCASE.

Kittle leaps to follow.

The shop owner goes to steady the shelves. Behind, THRU THE BROKEN WINDOW: we can see Billy-Boy rumbling this direction.

SHOP OWNER

(sigh of relief)

Thank God.

The shop owner takes a step back. Billy-Boy jumps thru the broken window...

BILLY-BOY

Make way!

BUMPS the shop owner, heading for stairs...

The shop owner's knocked forward, SLAMMING shelves. Dishes and trinkets SHATTER. Shelves COLLAPSE like dominoes.

CUT TO:

EXT H 'WOOD ROOFTOPS -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

AERIAL LONG SHOT (VIA ADJACENT ROOFTOPS): Pop-Sweet flees out a rooftop door. Kittle follows. They jump from roof to roof. Billy-Boy arrives, far behind, really dragging.

ON ROOFTOPS

Pop-Sweet leaps from a higher ledge, runs to an open door.

Above, Kittle arrives, sees Pop-Sweet go thru that door.

INT. STAIRWELL -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Pop-Sweet hurries downstairs, into a hall.

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Pop-Sweet comes through a door at the back of the theater, gasping, squinting in the dark.

The theater's pretty crowded. On the screen, Linda Blair curses and vomits im "The Exorcist." Pop-Sweet heads down the center aisle, looks back...

Kittle enters from the same door. He spots Pop-Sweet. Kittle chases. Pop-Sweet picks up the pace, yelling...

POP-SWEET

Fire! Fire!!

Pop-Sweet runs to an exit as panic begins. PEOPLE SCREAM and pour into the aisle. Kittle curses...

KITTLE

(incensed, to himself) -
Fucking first amendment violation...

Kittle's caught in the rush of patrons, like trying to swim upstream. It's useless.

EXT. THEATER, REAR -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Pop-Sweet pushes out the exit, followed by theater-goers. He runs down an alleyway.

EXT. THEATER, FRONT -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Kittle's in the mob exiting below the marquee. He pushes through, heading down the block.

Billy-Boy comes out... follows Kittle.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Pop-Sweet enters this deserted alley, exhausted. He looks around, has an idea... climbs into a TRASH DUMPSTER, closes the lid. After a moment, Kittle arrives, running past...

Billy-Boy arrives, watches Kittle disappear around the next corner. Billy-Boy follows, red faced... stops, doubled-over, breathless.

Giving up, Billy-Boy goes to sit on the ground, beside the dumpsters, takes out his cigarettes. A moment, then, mere inches above Billy-Boy's head, one dumpster lid raises and Pop-Sweet peers out.

Pop-Sweet looks around, with Billy-Boy just below his sight line, satisfied the coast is clear. Pop-Sweet throws the lid open and starts to climb out. Billy-Boy looks up... Pop-Sweet looks down -- they both cry out in surprise.

Billy-Boy jumps, grabbing, but Pop-Sweet clamors atop another dumpster, looks up...

There's a long LADDER up the side of the building. It's within reach. Pop-Sweet starts climbing.

BILLY-BOY

Kittle!

Billy-Boy awkwardly climbs the dumpster.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Kittle runs out from the alley, searching.

BILLY-BOY (o.s.)

(distant)

Kittle!

Kittle hears, backtracks, running...

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- FOOTCHASE CONTINUES

Kittle arrives, confused... looks up... Pop-Sweet's high on the ladder, hampered by his broken arm. Billy-Boy climbs after. Four stories up.

KITTLE

Ah, jeez, Billy... careful!

BILLY-BOY

I got him.

Billy-Boy grabs at Pop-Sweet's ankles. Pop-Sweet kicks.

KITTLE

Don't you let him fall! You hear me?

Billy-Boy grabs Pop-Sweet again, hanging on to his pants leg. Pop-Sweet hooks his cast around a rung, swinging with his good hand, beating on Billy.

Pop-Sweet's cast arm slips...

KITTLE

Don't drop him! We need him...

Pop-Sweet falls... screaming...

Kittle watches him drop. The SICKENING THUD is HEARD O.S.

KITTLE

... alive.

Kittle lets out a sigh, looks admonishingly up at Billy-Boy.

Billy-Boy looks down, ashamed, embarrassed, at a loss.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, REAR PORTICO -- AFTERNOON

Facing a vast view of the cityscape, Zimmermann's alone, continuing to play his Stradivarius violin. He's as awful as before, but the difference is his patience is less.

His level of frustration has brought him near tears as he tries over and over to play a section of music that just refuses to come out anything other than jarring squeaks.

Finally, Zimmermann grips the Stradivarius by the neck and SMASHES it against the porch wall, again and again, till all that's left of it are very expensive toothpicks.

Zimmermann catches his breath, in a terrible state, regretting. Expecting to feel better, he feels much worse.

BALLS (o.s.)

Excuse me... Mister Zimmermann...

Zimmermann wheels to see Balls and Poe arrive.

ZIMMERMANN

What is it?

Balls walks over, begins whispering in Zimmermann's ear. Balls finishes, steps back. Zimmermann ponders, then crosses on his way back into the mansion.

ZIMMERMANN

Kill them, Poe. Find them, and make them very dead.

Poe nods.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

D.A. Ravich studies the captain's bombed out office, grim. He turns to the doorway, addressing POLICEMEN assembled in the vice squad bullpen.

D.A. RAVICH
Arrest them. Bring them to me.
Bring them to justice!

CUT TO:

INT. "HOUSE OF PIES" RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Officer Steve pays for coffee near a pie display reading "Happy Pie-Centennial!" He WHISTLES at a passing woman in a mini-skirt. A BLAST of SIREN is HEARD. He looks.

Outside, Officer Jim's in the squad car, motioning for Officer Steve to pull out.

EXT. "HOUSE OF PIES" RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Officer Steve climbs in the car beside Officer Jim.

OFFICER JIM
A.P.B. came over the radio. They
just declared open season on the
Three Stooges.

OFFICER STEVE
(grins)
What are we waiting for?

The squad car takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. H'WOOD SIDE STREET -- AFTERNOON

Nena sits atop the Torino, reading Pop-Sweet's ledger book, waiting. Kittle and Billy-Boy are on their way from down the block, worn-out.

NENA
You get him?

KITTLE
Dead.

NENA
Chalk up another victory for
Billy-Boy's one man war on crime.

BILLY-BOY
Who said it wa's me, hub? Anyway...
he fell off a ladder. It wasn't
really my fault.

NENA

Well, I got something..
(holds open ledger)
Pop-Sweet's accounting ledger for the
Disco-Strip. All the money
transactions. Look...
(shows ledger to Kittle)
Someone's putting their initials
beside the weekly totals. Like
they're acknowledging a deposit.

KITTLE
(reading)
"A.D."

BILLY-BOY
Who's that? Zimmermann's money-man?

NENA
If it is, that's pretty high up on
the totem pole. What do you think?

KITTLE
Gimmie a minute.

Kittle leans against the Torino, brooding, hands in pockets.
He looks down, touching the folded poster, remembering...

FLASHBACK -- XXX-THEATER -- THAT AFTERNOON

The "DEEP ASS" poster featuring Billy-B's girlfriend.

BACK TO SCENE ON STREET

Kittle pushes the poster back in his pocket, troubled.

KITTLE
Alright... how about you two hit the
strip and start knocking some heads
together? Find out who "A.D." is. I
got a quick errand to run.

NENA
Sounds good.

Nena slides down off the car while Kittle gets in.

BILLY-BOY
(to Kittle)
Where you gonna be?

KITTLE
It's personal.
(starts the car)
We'll hook up at Billy-Boy's pad in
an hour. See ya then.

Kittle drives away. Billy-Boy and Nena start down the

street. FREEZE FRAME...

STILL PHOTO/SPLIT-SCREEN MONTAGE begins, accompanied by a SOULFUL THEME SONG as the SCREEN DIVIDES into FOUR SECTIONS and STILL PHOTOGRAPHS appear in each:

Kittle drives
the Torino, looks
at his watch.

Nena and Billy-Boy
flatfoot it down
Sunset Boulevard.

The parade of
the Tall Ships
in New York Harbor.

Nena and Billy-Boy
question a wild-eyed
junkie.

Prez Ford gives
a speech on the steps
of Independence Hall
in Philadelphia.

Billy-Boy asks
questions of a
glam-rock singer.

The glam-rock singer
seems to be giving
Billy-Boy an argument.

Billy-Boy slaps
the glam-rock singer
senseless.

Nena and Billy-Boy
talk to a strung-out
junkie whose entire
torso is covered in
tattoos.

Shriners in fez hats
drive miniature cars
in a Bicentennial
parade.

Nena and Billy-Boy
question hookers,
showing the ledger.

Nena and Billy-Boy
question a leather-clad,
S+M macho-man stud.

Nena holds a gas
station attendant
in a choke hold
while Billy-Boy
questions him angrily.

Old men pose
wearing Colonial
costumes.

the

A poodle wears a
R,W+B sweater and
little booties.

Torino in front of a
run-down apartment
complex.

Kittie parks

Kittle gets out of
the Torino.

Billy-Boy and Nena
continue down Sunset,
arguing.

Billy-Boy and Nena
question another
junkie who wears a
top-hat with antennas
coming out the top.

Billy-Boy throttles
the antenna-wearing
junkie.

Billy-Boy knocks
the antenna-wearing
junkie down and

On a busy highway,
a huge parade float
bust of Abe Lincoln's

kicks him
repeatedly.

head is towed by a
R,W+B pick-up truck.

Kittle stands' in front
of the apartment complex...

STILL-PHOTO/SPLIT SCREEN MONTAGE ENDS as...

This last PHOTO of Kittle ENLARGES to FULL SCREEN...

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- AFTERNOON

Kittle stands in front of the apartment complex, lets out a
resigned sigh. He goes inside.

INT. "SCHOOL MARM'S" APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

Kittle flattens the "Deep Ass" poster on a table.
Billy-Boy's "school-marm" looks on, sad. The apartment's
horrid. "Love American Style" plays on T.V.

"SCHOOL-MARM"

I... I can explain...

KITTLE

I'm looking at this poster, and I'm
thinkin', I don't remember seeing
films like this when I was in school.

"SCHOOL-MARM"

I was going to tell him.

KITTLE

What were you gonna say? Exactly how
did you think he was gonna make the
leap from dating a sweet, innocent
school teacher to an ass-fucking porn
star?

"SCHOOL-MARM"

(starting to cry)

But... I love him. I do...

Billy-B's girlfriend buries her face in her hands, weepy,
Kittle starts looking around for something.

KITTLE

All I know is, you're setting up my
pal for the world's biggest broken
heart.

Kittle finds a pad of paper.

"SCHOOL-MARM"

Let me tell him. Let him decide.

KITTLE

You're not gonna see him again.

"SCHOOL-MARM"

What... what makes you think you can order me around?!

KITTLE

Maybe I'm not making myself clear. You're probably the first girl Billy-Boy's ever fallen in love with, and I know for sure you're the first he's slept with. So, how's he gonna feel...

(holds up poster)

... when he finds out that the only first he is for you is the first guy who didn't have to pull out at the last second to get his close-up?

The "school-marm" wipes tears, miserable.

KITTLE

Hasn't he got enough problems, or didn't you notice that's not cream soda on his breath?

"SCHOOL-MARM"

... okay... you made your point.

Kittle lays the pad of paper on the table, places a ball-point pen on the pad, pulls out a chair...

KITTLE

Sit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The Torino pulls up the drive of Billy-Boy's tiny house.

DOWN THE STREET, in a parked Cadillac, Zimmermann's henchman Mickey takes notice. He lifts the microphone of a CB RADIO.

BEHIND THE HOUSE, Kittle parks.

INT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Kittle jimmy's the back door and enters. He looks around, opens a drawer... digs up a garbage bag.

IN THE BEDROOM, Kittle goes to sort thru the closet. He pulls dresses and skirts, stuffing them in the garbage bag.

He removes a bra from the back of a chair.

IN THE BATHROOM, Kittle opens the medicine cabinet, finds lipstick, make-up and tampons. Puts them in the bag.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, REAR -- AFTERNOON

Kittle comes out the back. At trash cans, he shoves the garbage bag deep, buries it.

INT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Kittle returns to place an envelope on a coffee table. VOICES are HEARD OUTSIDE... a KEY IN THE LOCK. Kittle hurries out just as Nena and Billy-Boy enter.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, REAR -- AFTERNOON

Kittle slips out the back. FOLLOW as he moves along the side of the house, keeping low, to the front.

Down the street, in the Cadillac, Mickey watches, confused.

INT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Billy-Boy goes to refill his flask near shelves which hold a PITTSBURGH STEELERS SHRINE: Super Bowl IX pennant, autographed Terry Bradshaw photo and other memorabilia. Billy-Boy crosses himself at the shrine, making sure Nena doesn't notice. Nena's looking around.

NENA

You live like a pig.

BILLY-BOY

Can't you say something nice once?

NENA

Okay. It doesn't smell as bad in here as I remember it smelling.

Kittle comes in the front door.

KITTLE

Been waiting long?

NENA

Just got here.

KITTLE

How'd we do?

NENA

A.D. is a C.P.A.

KITTLE

Come again... ?

NENA

Archibald Dobbs; Certified Public Accountant. But, that's all we got.

KITTLE

Maybe it's enough.

Kittle finds a yellow pages PHONE BOOK in a pile of magazines, goes to open it on the coffee table, paging thru.

BILLY-BOY

No offices are gonna be open today.

KITTLE

(searching phone book)

Lots of these pencil-pushers work out of their homes. It's a tax dodge.

NENA

Bad news is, word's spreading like wildfire that we don't have badges, and nobody wants to end up getting splattered like Butch Cassidy either.

BILLY-BOY

If we don't catch a break soon, we're gonna be left standing with our dicks in our hands.

NENA

Speak for yourself.

Billy-Boy notices the envelope Kittle left on the table. He picks it up, curious... unfolds the letter inside.

KITTLE

(searching yellow pages)

Bingo. Got him...

(TEARS PAGE OUT)

Let's pay Archibald a visit.

Kittle stands, then notices Billy-Boy reading the letter.

KITTLE

What do you got there, Billy?

Billy-Boy keeps reading, disbelieving, filled with sadness. He lowers the letter, staring off.

BILLY-BOY

She... she's gone...

KITILE

(takes letter, reading)

Dear Billy... been thinking about us... decided you're too good for me. I don't deserve you...

(jumps ahead)

Don't try to find me...
(to Billy-Boy)
Sorry, kid. That's a tough break.

Billy-Boy looks zombie-like, reaches to take the letter, studies it. He rips it up. Pause... then, Billy-Boy lifts the coffee table and chucks it across the room.

Kittle and Nena back off.

Billy-Boy goes berserk, wrecking the place. He flips the couch, pulls down shelves, knocks pictures off walls.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Another Cadillac arrives with Balls and THUG-ONE. Mickey gets out of his Caddie, preps a machine gun. Poe pulls up in his souped-up MUSTANG with THUG-TWO as a passenger.

INT. BILLY-BOY'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Kittle and Nena watch Billy-B destroy his television.

KITTLE
He's taking this better than I
thought he would.

Billy-Boy swats a lamp, kicks furniture, stumbles, looks around, breathing heavily. Pause... then, he sits, bursting into tears. Nena moves to comfort him.

NENA
Whoa, whoa... it's gonna be alright.

BILLY-BOY
... where... where's a jerk like me
ever gonna find another girl to love
him... huh?...

Billy-Boy sobs, truly heartbroken. Nena hugs him.

NENA
Don't talk like that. There's plenty
of women around for jerks like you.

BILLY-BOY
You're lying...

Kittle's sad, unsure. He pets Billy-Boy's shoulder.

KITTLE
You're a good guy, Billy. These
things happen...

Billy-Boy hugs Nena. She holds him, really feels for him. Kittle notices something strange... crosses...

At the window, Kittle pulls the curtain: sees Poe and four other villains heading across the lawn with lots of guns.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Poe spots Kittle at the window.

POE

Now!

Villains OPEN FIRE...

INT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Kittle turns and leaps onto Nena and Billy-Boy, bowling them over in mid-hug as the FRONT WINDOW IS BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.

DOZENS of BULLETS and SHOTGUN BLASTS pepper the walls.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Poe and the others move in, all SHOOTING...

INT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Billy-Boy crawls, wiping tears, terrified. Nena and Kittle follow. Glass, plaster and splinters of wood shower down.

Billy-Boy looks back...

Sees his STEELERS SHRINE BLASTED to PIECES

BILLY-BOY

Motherfuckers!

IN THE KITCHEN, Billy-Boy, Kittle and Nena sprawl through the doorway. BULLETS RICOCHET. Cupboards are blown open.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, REAR -- AFTERNOON

Billy-Boy, Nena and Kittle tumble out the back door. They scramble towards the Torino.

EXT. BILLY-BOY'S HOUSE, FRONT -- AFTERNOON

Villains keep up the assault. The Torino appears from around the side of the house, ZOOMING down the drive...

Villains redirect their fire. The Torino hits the street...

Heading away. Poe shouts orders as he and his fellow assassins run to their vehicles.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN STRAIGHTAWAY -- AFTERNOON

Here comes the Torino, full out....
BEHIND: two Cadillacs followed by the Mustang.

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy's loading a pump shotgun, muttering angrily...

BILLY-BOY
Destroy a man's Steelers shrine.
That's a declaration of war!

Billy-Boy turns to peer out back.

BILLY-BOY
Okay, we got... one, two... three...
(up to Kittle)
Two Caddies and Poe's Mustang.

KITTLE
Could be worse. I don't know how,
but I'm sure it could.

Nena sits backwards in her seat, on her knees, fastens her seatbelt. She leans out her window, FIRING...

ON THE STREET

Mickey shifts lanes as his windshield sprouts BULLET HOLES.

Poe's Mustang pulls ahead of the Cadillacs. Thug-Two leans out the passenger window and FIRES a MACHINE GUN...

BULLETS STRIKE the Torino's ass. REAR WINDOW SHATTERS.

IN THE TORINO

Kittle hunkers down. Nena reloads. Billy-Boy's horizontal.

NENA
(to Billy-Boy)
You plan on shooting that gun or just hugging it?

BILLY-BOY
I'm waiting till the time's right.

KITTLE
Well, sometime before we're all dead would be nice, if it's not too much fucking trouble, yellow-belly!

ON THE STREET

In the Mustang, Thug-Two withdrawals to reload.
Billy-Boy pops up in the Torino's rear window, BLASTING...
The Mustang's right HEADLIGHT FRAGMENTS.

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy PUMPS the shotgun, targeting...

BILLY-BOY
He's too far back.

Kittle looks in the rearview, hits brakes...

ON THE STREET

The Torino slows, bringing the Mustang closer...

BILLY-BOY
Thank you...

Billy-Boy FIRES...
Poe and Thug-Two duck as their HOOD is BLOWN CLEAN OFF...

IN THE TORINO

BILLY-BOY
Yoo-hoo! Flipped his lid!

ON THE STREET

The hood spins in the air... bounces off Balls' Cadillac.

IN THE MUSTANG

Poe curses, downshifting, exposed ENGINE WHINING...

ON THE STREET

The Mustang falls back. Mickey's Cadillac comes to the Torino's driver side... BASHING... SLAMMING...

Billy-Boy FIRES out the side window...

CRACKS Mickey's windshield, but Mickey keeps RAMMING.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

The chase roars past.
IN THE OPPOSITE LANE, a police squad car passes...

IN THE SQUAD CAR

Officers Steve and Jim crane their necks, looking back.

OFFICER STEVE
You see that?

OFFICER JIM
Sure as shit I did.

Officer Jim spins the wheel...

ON THE STREET

The squad car jumps the divider, u-turning.

AHEAD, DOWN THE STREET

The Torino and Mickey's Cadillac keep slamming.
They separate to get around a slow truck, then...

SLAM back together.

BEHIND: GUNFIRE from Balls' Caddie...

IN THE TORINO

Kittle flinches as a BULLET DESTROYS his REARVIEW MIRROR.

KITTLE

This is completely, Goddamn
unacceptable!

ON THE STREET

Kittle accelerates as Billy-B and Nena return fire. The
Torino moves left, cutting in front of Mickey's Cadillac...

IN THE TORINO

Kittle looks to Nena, who's reloading again.

KITTLE

Get his attention.

NENA

(raises and cocks guns)
Your wish is my command.

ON THE STREET

The Torino brakes, keeping left, which brings Mickey's
Cadillac along Nena's side as Nena OPENS FIRE...

Mickey ducks as his WINDOW IMPLODES...

Kittle jams the steering wheel right...

FORCING Mickey's Cadillac over, toward sidewalk...

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

(thru clenched teeth)
This one's for McDoogle's kid!!

ON THE STREET

Mickey's Cadillac COLLIDES with parked cars -- lifting
impossibly, airborne, spinning sideways.

CRASHING an abandoned STOREFRONT as citizens flee!

IN THE TORINO

NENA
(looking back)
Bye-bye bad guy!

ON THE STREET

Back at the storefront, Mickey's Cadillac BURSTS INTO FLAME!
Debris flies. And then, as one might expect, Mickey leaps
out from fire, BURNING FROM HEAD TO TOE, running in circles,
flapping his arms!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- CHASE CONTINUES

AT THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL, the Torino soars out, heading
downhill to mid-city streets.

The Mustang and Balls' Cadillac follow...
The squad car tails, still in the running.

IN THE TORINO

A SIREN is HEARD behind. Kittle glances back, happy...

KITTLE
Hey-Ho... ! Maybe we're not alone in
this thing after all.

NENA
(lifts sunglasses,
squints back)
Who is that... ?

ON THE STREET

In Balls' Cadillac, Thug-One SHOOTs at the squad car as it
passes. Officer Steve returns fire.

Then, the squad car overtakes Poe's Mustang. Officer Steve
SHOOTs at Poe. The Mustang swerves away.

IN THE TORINO

BILLY-BOY
Far out, man! Get those bastards!

Billy-Boy gives a thumbs-up, smiling...

IN THE SQUAD CAR

OFFICER STEVE
Fucking hot-dogging vice pricks.
Let's see how hot you are now... !

Officer Steve levels his pistol at the Torino...

IN THE TORINO

The smile is wiped off Biliy-Boy's face as Officer Steve FIRES at him repeatedly. Our heroes duck and cringe...

ON THE STREET

The Torino takes a sharp turn, gaining breathing room.

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE
What the hell's his problem?

NENA
You mean, besides the warrant out on us for blowing up our commanding officer?

Billy-Boy rise's with his "Steelers" helmet on, peers back, recognizing the officers behind...

BILLY-BOY
Remember those two uniform cops who been giving us such a hard time... ?

KITTLE
Yeah.

BILLY-BOY
The ones you got in that fist-fight with a couple a weeks ago... ?

KITTLE
Yeah.

BILLY-BOY
That's them trying to kill us.

KITTLE
Well, they sure know how to hold a grudge.

ON THE STREET

The Torino makes another shrill turn...
Past a "WRONG WAY" sign, up a "ONE WAY" street...

IN THE TORINO

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: lots of cars heading this way.

NENA
Interesting choice.

Kittle lays on the horn, steering...

ON THE ONE WAY STREET

Chaos. The Torino weaves thru traffic. HORNS BLARE.
Cars SMASH each other to avoid head-on collisions...

Behind, the patrol car slows, breaking away, choosing
another route. But, the Mustang follows the Torino...

Side-swiping other vehicles, SCRAPING past, RAGING FORWARD.

Behind, Balls' Cadillac RAMS cars aside...
Takes the path of least resistance: sidewalk...

PLOWING THRU clothing racks and tables of a "SIDEWALK SALE."

The Cadillac clips tall SCAFFOLDING on its way back to the
street. The scaffolding lets out a CREAKING GROAN...

Scaffolding falls...
In the street, drivers inspecting their crashed cars must
now to run for their lives as scaffolding CRASHES DOWN.

Above, WORKMEN hang from windowsills, screaming.

AT THE END OF THE BLOCK

The Torino hits open street, blasting forward.

Congestion ahead, so the Torino cuts across sidewalk
BOUNCING up a wide, marble staircase...

IN AN OPEN AIR PLAZA

A FOLK SINGER plays guitar and sings about "peace, love and
happiness" for an audience gathered around a fountain. Many
others are picnicking on blankets nearby.

The Torino ROARS as it reaches the top of the stairs...
Heading straight for the crowd...

Pigeons take flight. People shriek and flee. Many are
knocked into the fountain. The Torino cruises thru.

Behind, the Mustang and Cadillac follow..

ACROSS THE PLAZA

The Torino RUMBLES down another staircase.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORE DOWNTOWN STREETS -- CHASE CONTINUES

FOLLOW as the Torino arrives, spinning out, moving on...

RIPPING PAST cross streets...

Gaining some distance on the Mustang and Caddie.

Behind, the squad car turns off one cross street, fishtailing to rejoin the chase.

AHEAD

Kittle takes the Torino down a long block...

IN THE TORINO

KITTLE

(daunted)

Okay... it just got worse...

THRU WINDSHIELD: busy CONSTRUCTION SITE.

ON THE STREET

The Torino races by signs: "LANE ENDS" and "ONE LANE AHEAD."

The Torino halts at the rear of a long line of cars, ENGINE SNORTING. Up front, a yawning FLAGMAN holds a "STOP" sign.

Kittle sticks his head out, looking...

Construction vehicles and a huge mound of dirt block the right lane. Opposing traffic's coming thru on the left.

Kittle sweats. He looks back...

Here they come: Mustang... Cadillac... squad car...

IN THE TORINO

Billy-Boy aims his shotgun out back.

BILLY-BOY

Whatever we're gonna do, we should do it now.

Kittle shifts, reverse, heading backwards...

BILLY-BOY

Um... wrong way. See, the bad men are back there, and we want to go away from them!

ON THE STREET

The Torino angles, stops, then heads forward, squeaking past the long line of cars... PICKING UP SPEED...

IN THE TORINO

AHEAD: the mound of dirt...

WHIP PAN: to Nena, who realizes, looking to Kittle, who is intensely goal-focused, in a zone.

NENA

You're... you're not doing what I think you're doing... ?

KITTLE

Seatbelts fastened, please.

Billy-Boy faces front, confused...

NENA

Even if we make it.. which we won't... we don't know what's on the other side!

Billy-Boy figures it out...

BILLY-BOY

Oh, no... no, no, no!!

ENGINE'S HUMMING. Nena braces her feet on the dash, head between her knees. Billy-Boy sees this, dizzy with fear...

BILLY-BOY

(trying to be calm)

Look, Kittle... pull over and let me out. I'll be fine... okay? How 'bout that... ?

(absolutely freaking)

Oh, Lord almighty, listen to me... I don't want to die!! Lemme out of this coffin!!

KITTLE

Clench your teeth.

BILLY-BOY

Wh... what... ?!

KITTLE

Clench your teeth so when we land you don't accidentally bite off your tongue.

Billy-Boy lets out a weak whimper, sits back, gripping ceiling straps and closing his eyes.

ON THE STREET

Construction workers dive for safety.

The Torino hits the dirt mound, riding up....

Taking flight...
High above...

Lands with a WHOOMP!, throwing dust, rocketing onward...

IN THE TORINO

Kittle gives a HOOT of joy. Nena plants a kiss on him. In back, Billy-Boy half-giggles/half-cries, giddy.

ON THE STREET, BEHIND

The Mustang ZOOMS off the dirt ramp... flying...
Followed by Balls' Cadillac... skyward...

They both land upright, surviving...

BEHIND

The squad car FLIES over the dirt mound... soaring...

Something's wrong. Off balance, slowly flipping...

BOOOOOOOM! -- lands flat on its roof, pancaked!

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. RIVER BASIN -- CHASE CONTINUES

A narrow spillway. At the top, the Torino BASHES thru a chain-link gate, heading down...

Into the far-as-the-eye-can-see expanses of the concrete Los Angeles River. The Torino picks up the pace, riding the sloped wall.

LONG-SHOT AERIAL VIEW: as the Mustang and Cadillac shadow the Torino. Straightaway. SPEEDS BECOME EXCESSIVE...

IN THE TORINO

Nena cranks a handle above, opening a SUNROOF.

IN THE RIVER BASIN

Nena stands up thru the sunroof, aiming two guns back...

Behind, Poe slows, letting Balls' Cadillac take the lead. Thug-One leans out, FIRING a MACHINE GUN...

Nena shoots, DOUBLE BLASTING...

IN THE CADILLAC

Thug-One's gun empties. He leans in to reload. He doesn't notice yet: Balls is a gory, bullet-ridden mess beside him,

slumped against the steering wheel.

THUG-ONE

Bitch can't hit a thing.

Thug-One finishes loading, lets out a nervous laugh, glances at Balls' corpse... does a double-take...

Thug-One looks forward, opening his mouth to scream...

IN THE RIVER BASIN

The Cadillac EXPLODES as it SLAMS a bridge abutment dead center. Sounds like a THUNDER-CLAP. HUGE FIREBALL...

The Mustang bursts thru the flame, unrelenting...

Kittle takes the Torino down off the wall...

KNIFING thru shallow water...

Up the opposite wall...

The Mustang follows suit with Thug-Two SHOOTING...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- CHASE CONTINUES

Chain link fence borders the L.A. River. A golf cart putters past. The Torino and Mustang BUST up and out thru the fence, taking off across the golf course...

ELSEWHERE

On the tee, an elderly GENTLEMAN GOLFER, in plaid knickers and a pom-pom cap, tees off. Good hit...

He watches his ball go, squinting. Far off, down the fairway, the Torino and Mustang cross the lush, rolling hills, EXCHANGING GUNFIRE...

DOWN THE FAIRWAY

The golf ball bounces off the hood of the Torino.

UP ON THE TEE

Gentleman Golfer watches the cars pass. GUNSHOTS ECHO.

GENTLEMAN GOLFER

That's peculiar.

(long pause, to caddie)

Winter rules, I suppose.

FURTHER ON

The Torino and Mustang clash, BUMPING each other...

JOSTLING for position. Really moving...
The Torino heads downhill, swerving... BASHING the Mustang,
guiding it... towards a SAND TRAP...

Poe realizes too late, crying out...

The Mustang hits the sand trap, WHEELS WHINING, SPINNING and
THROWING SAND high in the air. Immediately immobile.

Poe pounds the wheel in frustration, going ape-shit.

The Torino continues...

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. STREET -- CHASE CONTINUES

The Torino BURSTS out from a line of thick shrubbery, onto a
semi-busy street, joins the flow of traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Big party. Loud. Party-goers move in the trippy flicker of
STROBE LIGHTS, drinking and drugging. Kittle, Nena and
Billy-Boy arrive, scanning..

In the middle of the' crowd, there's a NUDE WOMAN in only a
mink coat standing on top a piano, writhing and laughing
hysterically for no reason, non-stop; laughing and laughing
and laughing, though we can't hear her over the din.

Half the room's taken up by a makeshift indoor volleyball
court, where men and women play NAKED VOLLEYBALL. These
aren't all "beautiful people" either. There's plenty of
middle-aged men and women who should have kept clothes on.

BILLY-BOY

That's sick.

KITTLE

Welcome to Beverly Hills.
Wife-swapping Capital of the World.

Kittle leads the way. A big, NAKED BODY-BUILDER comes to
block their path. Kittle grimaces, afraid to look down.

NAKED BODY-BUILDER

'Scuse me, fella... I need to see
your invitations.

KITTLE

Or what? You gonna hit us over the

head with your penis?

Body-Builder grips Kittle. Nena and Billy-B brandish guns.

NENA

Take your baby-lotioned hands off him, Zeus. Good. Now, come here...

IN A HALLWAY

Nena leads Naked Body-Builder with her gun to his neck.

NENA

You're gonna tell us where Archie the accountant is. But first...

She takes out HANDCUFFS, snaps one cuff around a doorknob and secures it, then holds up the other cuff.

NENA

Try to guess which part of your body's going in here.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE, DISCO ROOM -- AFTERNOON

MUSIC THROBS. People dance, drenched, STROBE-LIT. Bad fashion choices. They're really shaking their bootie, banging asses together, grabbing and gyrating, oversexed. Kittle, Nena and Billy-B shove thru this jumble, moving on.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE, BACKYARD -- AFTERNOON

On the porch, surrounded by coke mirrors and bowls of R,W+B pills, three nubile YOUNG WOMEN sit in the frothing HOT TUB, drinking champagne and giggling.

Then, ARCHIE, a middle-aged, hairy-chested sleaze-ball in gold chains, pops up from under the water, laughing...

ARCHIE

Now, that's what I call diving for --

He's YANKED out of the hot tub by the chains around his neck, ending that sentence with a guttural CHOKE.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE, GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Archie's shoved into the garage, catches himself against his red Trans-Am, wet and vulnerable in his bathing suit. He turns to face Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy.

ARCHIE

This is private property. This is breaking and entering!

KITTLE

Just entering. We'll get to the

breaking in a minute.

Archie's shifty, crosses his arms to cover nipples.

ARCHIE

Whatever you fuzz are sniffing for, I don't have it. You came to the wrong place.

Kittle throws the ledger book and Archie catches it.

KITTLE

You're Zimmermann's calculator, Archie. All the blood money you had to move around to make this deal, you got to know something. Maybe they told you, maybe you overheard things you weren't supposed to hear...

ARCHIE

I'm telling you, you're barking up the wrong tree.

KITTLE

(furious)

Well, I'm running out of trees, so look me in the eye like a man and tell me you don't know! Convince me!

ARCHIE

(flinching, miserable)

I don't know. Fuck off!

NENA

(studies Archie)

You suck at lying, Archie.

KITTLE

See... now that we know you know, the hard part's done for us.

NENA

It's just a question of how long do we have to slap you silly till you spill the beans.

ARCHIE

If this deal goes smooth, I clear three hundred fifty grand. That's enough for three more houses like this. And, what are you offering me instead, other than a black eye and a fat lip?

Kittle motions. Billy-Boy steps up, puts Archie in a choke.

ARCHIE

Yeah... there, just like that...
(submits)

Okay, go ahead. But first take a good look around at how I'm living, and then think about your own shitty lives...

Kittle pushes Billy-Boy aside, GUT-PUNCHES Archie. Archie's gasping. Billy-Boy PUNCHES him, sends him sprawling.

ARCHIE
(catching breath)
I know the drill. Maybe I can't stop you from beating on me... but, I'll heal up. It doesn't change the fact that cops eat hamburgers and hot dogs while crooks eat lobster and caviar.

Kittle KICKS. Archie rolls. Kittle comes to lift Archie up by gold chains, ready to punch again...

ARCHIE
(weary, resigned)
It's not even like there's a choice to be made, so... do whatever you feel like you have to do.

Kittle's unsure. He drops Archie, frustrated, leaving.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Kittle leads the way back across the volleyball room, angry, pushing stoned guests. Billy-Boy lights up a cigarette.

NENA
We're screwed.

KITTLE
I'm well aware of that.

BILLY-BOY
What's the plan?

KITTLE
Beats me. You got a suggestion, feel free to shout it out, genius.

Kittle glances up, stops. He's focused above, loathing...

ABOVE, on a balcony overlooking the party, ADAM, a gaunt, glassy-eyed blonde junkie in head-to-toe leather, smiles down. He crooks his finger slyly; "come here."

INT. BEVERLY HILLS ESTATE, UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Our three heroes follow Adam in, wary. Dim room. Candles. Adam sinks into a couch, puts his arm around EVE, a blonde

misfit-addict also slathered in leather.

KITTLE

(disgust, anger)

Adam and Eve. Never one without the other.

Eve's fixing, shooting heroin...

ZOOM-IN CLOSE-UP: on the needle piercing Eve's arm.

Nena's riveted by this, instantly queasy, averts her eyes.

EVE

That's our names, don't wear'em out.

Eve laughs, so stoned. She puts the needle aside. Adam gropes her face and they flick tongues together.

Billy-Boy puts a hand on Nena's shoulder. Nena gives him a look to say she's okay, wiping sweat off her upper lip.

ADAM

(to Eve, lovingly)

Indivisible and inseparable.

KITTLE

Incestuous.

ADAM

Every person's got their own kinks, beef-cake.

(stands, slinks forward)

What's wrong, Kittle? You don't swing?

Adam rises to lavish attention, touching. Kittle stews.

ADAM

What Eve and I wouldn't give to meet up with you on the business end of a daisy chain.

KITTLE

(shoves Adam off)

Put up your kickstand, freak. Start talking, or we're out the door.

ADAM

A little birdie whispered in my ear today... about the needle-candy you're chasing. It's up here...

(taps his forehead)

... in the old curiosity shop.

Kittle looks questioningly to Nena and Billy-Boy, doubtful.

KITTLE

How much?

ADAM

I figure, for this information, the usual payment... times ten.

KITTLE

You think it's that good?

ADAM

I'll tell you what... I think it's all you've got.

KITTLE

(false smile)

Well... what can I do? You've created a dilemma...

(looks at watch)

And, look at the that.

Time's running out. I wonder... how can I impress upon you just exactly how frustrating this situation is for me?

Billy-Boy dutifully drops his cigarette, steps it out. He grabs Adam and throws him across the room...

Adam SMASHES a dresser and tumbles to the floor, smugness immediately replaced by shock and fear.

EVE

Bastards... !

Eve gets up, falls down, crawls to cradle Adam.

KITTLE

You get nothing and like it. And if we're not blissfully happy with what you tell us, we arrest you just for the fun of it.

ADAM

Okay, man, okay. I'm with you. I... I heard how the shit's arriving...

(leans forward, whispers)

It's coming in a Lincoln.

Kittle's waiting for more. There ain't more.

KITTLE

And... ?

ADAM

What and? That's what I got.

KITTLE

A Lincoln? What Lincoln? Lincoln

Continental? Lincoln Mark Five...
Six... ?

ADAM

Now you know what to watch for...

KITTLE

Am I supposed to take this
information and sit up in the hills
with a frickin' telescope?

NENA

This much powder you don't throw in
the trunk with a blanket over it.
It's got to be smuggled.

KITTLE

There's not even enough places to
stash it in a car.

ADAM

Have I ever steered you wrong?

KITTLE

(pissed, to Billy-Boy)
Cuff'em. Let's see what these two
love birds say once they're sitting
in separate cages.

Billy-Boy pulls Eve off Adam, handcuffs her roughly as she
kicks and protests. Adam grabs at her, scared.

ADAM

Get off her, monster! Leave her
alone... !

Billy-Boy shoves Adam. Nena restrains Adam, cuffing him.

KITTLE

(to Billy-Boy)
Take her down to the car, and for
Christ's sake be careful this time.
(to Adam)

Last suspect he took in,
butter-fingers dropped her down the
stairs. What a mess. Why is it we
don't appreciate our arms and legs
till we've lost the use of them?

ADAM

(desperation rising)
Hey, listen... I'll give you
something else, Kittle. Anything.
Remember... remember that corpse
washed up on Huntington Beach? It
was never identified...

KITTLE

Who cares?

ADAM

Alright, wait... there's a dentist in Brentwood peddling morphine...

KITTLE

(ignores, to Billy-B)

Careful she doesn't hit her head on the way.

Billy-Boy drags Eve towards the door.

ADAM

Come on, don't you screw with her, please! You... you got to want this: armored car job. CalTrust Bank. They took two million in cash...

KITTLE

Read my lips: Zimmermann or nothing.

NENA

Hold up a minute, Kittle.

Nena drops Adam, motions for Kittle to follow her. They huddle. Nena whispers.

Billy-B waits in the doorway with Eve, lights a cigarette. Kittle nods to Nena, then returns to Adam.

KITTLE

We'll take the CalTrust heist, but if it's no good, we will hunt you down, and Billy-Boy will pull out your spine and he will beat you to death with it.

ADAM

(relieved)

Fair enough.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT -- AFTERNOON

A dirty window. Kittle's face appears outside, peeking in thru grime. He ducks away. CAMERA MOVES...

REVEALS an ARMORED CAR in the middle of the vast warehouse... and, away from the truck, SIX BANK ROBBERS, unwashed, frightening tough-guys, play poker, drink and smoke... and, nearby, a SUITCASE full of cash. \$2 million.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- AFTERNOON

Empty streets like a ghost town. Late in the day. The sun's low. Kittle hurries back to the parked Torino.

INSIDE THE TORINO

KITTLE

They're there, laying low. It's Allison and Hinchberger's crew. Lunatics, every one of 'em.

Nena and Billy-Boy have duffel bags of guns on their laps, sorting and trading bullets, loading every gun. Kittle picks up his own bag, following suit.

For a while, that's the only sound, of guns checked and loaded. In back, Billy-Boy takes a deep swallow from his flask. Kittle turns his head, seeing this, faces front.

KITTLE

(to Billy-Boy)

When you planning to cut back on that?

BILLY-BOY

What?

KITTLE

The booze.

BILLY-BOY

I don't know. I could quit now if I wanted, I just don't want to.

NENA

(skeptical)

Sure you could.

Billy-Boy studies his reflection in the flask, buzzed, sad.

BILLY-BOY

I don't know what the problem is. Plenty of great men throughout history got their bravery out of a bottle

KITTLE

Name one.

BILLY-BOY

Dean Martin.

KITTLE

Entertainers don't count.

All the time, they're still occupied loading guns.

BILLY-BOY

What about Jack Daniels? Wasn't he a decorated general in the Civil War?

NENA

No.

BILLY-BOY

General Jim Beam, then.

NENA

Nope.

BILLY-BOY

Oh. Well. I think it's pretty common knowledge that in the Battle of Little Big Horn, Custer was drunk off his ass.

KITTLE

Who's been giving you history lessons? Your bartender?

BILLY-BOY

Okay, seriously. What about Napoleon, huh?

KITTLE

What about him?

BILLY-BOY

You've never heard of Napoleon brandy, Mister Smarty-Pants? How do you think it got its name?

NENA

Billy, I love you I really do... but I've got to tell you, every day, in every way, you give new meaning to the word "stupidity."

BILLY-BOY

(long pause)

What can I say to that... except, I love you too, you mean-spirited bitch.

In front, Nena allows a thin smile, still loading. Kittle turns ON the RADIO: "Beth" by Kiss.

Kittle switches: "Midnight at the Oasis," "Fly, Robin, Fly" by Silver Connection. "The Night Chicago Died." "Cats in the Cradle" by Harry Chapin. "Da Doo Ron Ron" by Shaun Cassidy. "Mr. Jaws." "Billy Don't Be a Hero." "Angie Baby." Theme from t.v.'s "Happy Days." "Nadia's Theme."

KITTLE

(to Nena, calm)
Excuse me...

Kittle moves over, angling his body and lifting his heel so he can KICK the radio -- SMASHING the radio into SILENCE.

Kittle sits back down and calmly continues loading.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT -- AFTERNOON

Big warehouse doors. The Torino CRASHES thru!

Across the warehouse, robbers leap to their weapons, running for cover behind big wooden crates and industrial drums.

The Torino skids to stop, sideways...
Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy, wearing NYLONS stretched over their heads, jump out with duffel bags, taking cover behind the car. Bullets THUNK against the Torino.

Kittle's got a BULLHORN, shouting into it.

KITTLE
(thru bullhorn)
... This is the police. We don't want trouble... just come out with your hands up...

The bank robbers peer out occasionally, FIRING sporadically.

KITTLE
(thru bullhorn)
Put down your weapons and surrender. I'm not kidding... this is your last chance. Stop trying to kill us', or we will be forced to return fire...

Robbers curse them, keeping up their uneven attack.

BEHIND THE BARRELS, Several robbers are reloading, not too quick, dropping bullets in their haste.

BEHIND THE TORINO, Kittle gives Nena and Billy-Boy a look and a shrug. He tosses the bullhorn aside...

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy open duffel bags in front of them, choosing guns, rising...

FIRING, six guns in all, one per hand...

Wooden crates splinter. Holes burst in metal drums. Several robbers are hit, bloodied.

Our heroes keep BLASTING. As soon as a gun empties, it's

thrown aside in favor of another from a duffel bag,
facilitating NON-STOP FIRING...

One robber rises up, FIRING. He's hit, falling, bloody.

Poker chips and cards are sent flying...
BULLETS are HEARD RICOCHETING everywhere, throwing sparks...

Bank robbers are overwhelmed, hardly able to get in a shot.

GUNSHOTS are DEAFENING as Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy
continue SHOOTING. Gunsmoke grows thick and empty guns pile
up at their feet.

One robber makes a run for an exit door, but he gets shot
down on the way, falling, screaming.

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy stop firing. GUNSHOTS ECHO.

KITTLE

(pause, shouting)

If anybody's still alive over
there... now would be a good time for
you to run away.

A pause. Two remaining robbers run, reaching an exit door
and escaping, not looking back.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIE'S B.H. ESTATE, BATHROOM -- AFTERNOON

Archie's house. Archie's in the shower. PHONE'S RINGING.
Archie gets a towel, answers the nearby phone.

ARCHIE

(into phone)

Yeah?

(listens, impatient)

I got nothing to say to you... huh?
How's that...

(interest piqued)

I'm listening.

CAMERA MOVES: to the ajar door. Someone's there...

IN THE ADJOINING BEDROOM

A REDHEAD, one of the hot tub bikini girls, stands
eavesdropping. She crosses...

Carefully picks up a phone, listening.

KITTLE'S VOICE (v.o.)

(from phone)

This is something you should

seriously consider. What do you say?

ARCHIE'S VOICE (v.o.)

(pause, from phone)

Meet me on Mulholland. Above Outpost Drive...

INT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION, KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Party MUSIC's still THROBBING elsewhere. The Redhead moves thru waning weirdoes, reaches a phone, dialing.

REDHEAD

(waits for answer,
whispers in phone)

Hello? Yeah... I need to talk to Mister Zimmermann.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE, LOOKOUT POINT -- AFTERNOON

Kittle opens the SUITCASE filled with \$2 million dollars.

KITTLE

It's all yours.

Archie tries not to let his excitement show, but he's awed. It's twilight. They're on the road's narrow shoulder with the city beginning to sparkle behind. Cars parked nearby.

BILLY-BOY

You could start over again with cash like that.

NENA

Go wherever you want. Live how you want.

KITTLE

No more counting the big money for someone else.

NENA

Beholden to none.

Archie's conflicted. He touches the money, hands trembling.

KITTLE

(looks at watch)

It's six o'clock. Time's running out. Decide.

ARCHIE

If I tell you, how do I know you won't just club me and take it back?

KITTLE

You don't. It's a gamble. But, not even in Vegas are you gonna get close to this kind of cash.

(emphasizing)

This is two million, Archie. It's not three houses, it's twelve. It's dreams come true.

Archie's tempted, fearful.

NENA

(whispers)

Risk it.

Archie stares at the money, trance-like. Then, quietly:

ARCHIE

It just got here. Like you said, it took about a week from New York...

Kittle, Billy-Boy and Nena share looks, can't believe.

ARCHIE

(long pause)

Three hundred kilos of White Lady hidden inside a giant bust of Abraham Lincoln. A parade float.

KITTLE

What... ?

ARCHIE

(looks to Kittle)

Abe Lincoln...

FLASHBACK -- INTERSTATE HIGHWAY -- DAYS AGO

Coming down the road, hauled by a R,W+B pick-up truck: a giant ABE LINCOLN HEAD parade float, tacky and crude.

ARCHIE'S VOICE (v.o.)

It's gonna be in the Bicentennial parade on Wilshire tonight.

The float whizzes past.

BACK TO SCENE ON MULHOLLAND

ARCHIE

You see how perfect it is? It's the fucking Trojan "horse," man. Nobody suspects a thing...

FLASHBACK -- TOWN FAIR -- A FEW DAYS AGO

In a small town square, country folk gather to look at the Lincoln float and have pictures taken with it.

ARCHIE'S VOICE (v.o.)

A gift from one city to another, but
who's gonna ask who's giving the
gift? It's a great, big,
paper-and-glue goodwill ambassador,
stopping along the way to promote
American values.

FLASHBACK -- NEW YORK CITY WAREHOUSE -- A WEEK AGO

Thugs load the lobotomized Abe float with BAGS of HEROIN.

ARCHIE'S VOICE (v.o.)

Nobody imagines what's inside. No
cops are gonna search it, cause
what's to search? It's not a car.
It's not a truck. It's Abe Lincoln.

BACK TO SCENE ON MULHOLLAND

ARCHIE

All Zimmermann has to do is sit back
at his party tonight and wait till
the parade's done. The floats go to
some warehouse afterwards, where
there's no guards cause it's all
garbage in the morning anyhow. So,
while the city sleeps, Zimmermann's
guys show up and empty it out.

(smiles)

It's that simple.

GUNFIRE O.S.! Bullets hit Archie...

Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy turn, reaching for guns...

Poe and TWO KILLERS stand on the road, FIRING...

Kittle, Nena, Billy-Boy and Archie jerk and twist like
puppets as BULLETS RIDDLE THEIR BODIES.

The suitcase is hit, flipping off the ledge...
Money dumps out into Mulholland canyon.

Kittle, Nena, Billy-Boy and Archie collapse. GUNFIRE STOPS.

Poe walks over, inspecting. Smoke wafts. Kittle, Nena,
Billy-Boy and Archie lie motionless in pools of blood.

In the canyon, cash flutters down like a blizzard.

Poe walks away, taking one killer with him up the street.

POE

(to remaining killer)

Finish it.

The remaining KILLER goes to put a gun to Billy-Boy's head, pulls back the hammer... pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty.

Killer reloads, takes his time. POE'S MUSTANG can be HEARD SCREECHING AWAY 0.S. Killer puts the gun back to Billy-Boy's head, pulls back the hammer...

With a sudden ROAR, Billy-Boy awakens, instinctively grabbing Killer's gun and yanking -- SNAPS Killer's arm.

Billy-Boy grips Killer's head, twists -- BREAKS Killer's neck. Killer's dead. Billy-Boy rises, uneasy, looks around... falls back, unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK:

Pause. A VOICE from blackness: PRESIDENT GERALD FORD.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

Two hundred years ago we, the people of the United States of America, began a great adventure which stirred the imagination and quickened the hopes of men and women throughout the world. The date was July 4, 1776; the occasion, the signing of our Declaration of Independence...

FADE IN:

MONTAGE BEGINS -- INTERCUTTING -- NIGHT

- On **WILSHIRE BOULEVARD**, the parade's readying. Floats are guided round a corner: giant BALD EAGLE, massive REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER with a musket... and, here comes the Abe Lincoln float, pulled by the R,W+B pick-up.

- Marching bands mill about, NOISY, disorganized.

- Sidewalks seethe with expectant spectators.

- Boy Scout troops are lined up by den-leader dads.

- Policemen chase a naked STREAKER. The crowd jeers.

- Baton twirling drum majorettes warm up.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

No other nation in history has ever dedicated itself more specifically nor devoted itself more completely to the proposition that all men are created equal, that they are endowed

by their Creator with such
unalienable rights of life, liberty,
and the pursuit of happiness.

- In a **HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM**, doors slam open: doctors and interns run all directions as Kittle, Nena, Billy-Boy and Archie are wheeled in on stretchers. Pandemonium.
- Kittle's bloody body is transferred to an operating table. DOCTOR'S SHOUT ORDERS. Oxygen's administered.
- Surgical scissors cut blood-soaked clothing off Billy-Boy. Same goes for Nena, nearby.
- Nena's pupils are checked with a flashlight.
- Tubes are fed down Billy-Boy's throat.
- Blood flows out bullet holes.
- Needles are inserted into veins.
- Bloody slugs are dropped in a bowl with a METALLIC PING.
- Archie's face is covered by a sheet. Dead.
- Kittle gets ELECTRIC SHOCK -- his body convulses.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

Two centuries later, as we celebrate our Bicentennial Year of Independence, the great American adventure continues. ... Colonists and immigrants brought with them cherished values and ideals in religion and in culture, in law and learning which, mixed with the native American ways, gave us our rich American heritage.

- At **ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION**, champagne corks pop! People cheer. A COSTUME PARTY'S beginning in the great room. Distinguished guests flow in. Lots of whores.

Across the room, THUGS drink at a fully stocked bar, each dressed as a REDCOAT. Poe's amongst them, dressed as BEN FRANKLIN, granny glasses and all.

- The butler greets guests in the foyer.
- Guests accept R,W+B hors d'oeuvres.
- Elsewhere, Zimmermann's entrance is met by applause. He's UNCLE SAM, adjusting his top hat and paste-on beard.
- Guests gather round a TELEVISION showing the beginnings of the parade on Wilshire.

- A STRING QUARTET plays. Nearby, Zimmermann gives Poe an appreciative slap on the back. They share a laugh.

- Guests share cocaine off coke-spoon necklaces.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

The unique American union of the known and the unknown, the tried and the untried, has been the foundation for our liberty and the secret of our great success. In this country, individuals can be the masters rather than the helpless victims of their destiny. We can make our own opportunities and make the most of them...

END MONTAGE:

INT. KITTLE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

President Ford's SPEECH CONTINUES from the TV. Kittle's in the bed, bandaged all over, unconscious.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

In the space of two centuries, we have not been able to right every wrong, to correct every injustice, to reach every worthy goal

Kittle stirs. He opens his bleary eyes.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

But for 200 years, we have tried and we will continue to strive to make the lives of individual men and women in this country and on this Earth better lives -- more hopeful and happy, more prosperous and peaceful, more fulfilling and more free.

Kittle tries to sit up, in terrible pain.

PREZ FORD (v.o.)

This is our common dedication, and it will be our common glory as we enter the third century of the American adventure.

Kittle looks to the T.V. as it switches coverage, now SHOWING COVERAGE of the BICENTENNIAL PARADE on Wilshire.

Kittle stares at this, then rises, barely, looks to a privacy curtain. He begins the slow climb out of bed.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN, Kittle looks in. Billy-Boy's out cold, stained bandages around his head, tubes up his nose. Kittle's eyes fill with tears and anger.

KITTLE
(quiet sorrow)
What'd they do to my boy?

Kittle touches Billy-Boy's face, gentle. Suddenly, Billy-Boy's awake -- gripping Kittle's throat!

KITTLE
(choked)
... Billy, no... it's... me...

Billy-Boy sees it's Kittle and releases. Kittle gasps. Billy-Boy pulls tubes out of his body, touches his head wound, looking around, dazed.

BILLY-BOY
They... they shot me.

KITTLE
They shot us all, kid.

BILLY-BOY
What day is it?

KITTLE
Same day as before. I think.

Billy-Boy gets up, in extreme pain, one leg in a knee-to-heel cast. Kittle helps him out of bed.

BILLY-BOY
Where we going?

KITTLE
We're gonna rain on Zimmermann's parade.

INT. HOSPITAL, NENA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Kittle and Billy-Boy sneak in. They're pale, wounds bleeding fresh in their bandages. Kittle goes to check a chart at the end of a bed.

KITTLE
(to bed, whispers)
Nena. Nena...

Kittle pulls the sheet, finds only PILLOWS placed to look like a body. A LIGHT FALLS ACROSS him from behind...

Kittle and Billy-Boy turn. The bathroom door's falling open, revealing Nena, arm in a sling, struggling to tighten a piece of cloth around her wounded leg.

Nena looks up, noticing them, manages a frail smile.

NENA

Well, don't just stand there... help
a lady tighten her tourniquet.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Many cop cars arriving. D.A. Ravich and the POLICE CHIEF
climb out from one. FOLLOW as they join a throng of
policemen heading to the hospital.

D.A. RAVICH

(to Police Chief)

I want men guarding their rooms. As
soon as they wake up, I want them
booked. If they die, I want their
dead bodies arrested.

BEHIND, another squad car halts. Officer Steve and Officer
Jim, in unwieldy neck braces, get out from the back.

INT. HOSPITAL, KITTLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Cops enter, Officers Steve and Jim amongst them. D.A.
Ravich and Police Chief push to front, stopping cold...
ZOOM IN: on Billy-Boy and Kittle's empty beds.

INT. HOSPITAL, NENA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

D.A. Ravich and Police Chief rush in with cops. Same story:
Nena's bed empty. There's a POUNDING HEARD and MUFFLED CRY.
Police Chief goes to open a closet...

Finds a SECURITY GUARD, bound and gagged, on the floor.

EXT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Paramedics unload an ambulance. Nurses assist, guiding the
stretcher in. Kittle, Nena and Bllly-Boy hobble past,
unnoticed in all the activity.

Kittle drops a gun, scrambles to pick it up. He, Billy-B
and Nena climb in the ambulance.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The purloined ambulance, SIREN WAILING, moves past running
policemen, past cop cars, to the street...

CUT TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE, LOOKOUT POINT -- NIGHT

Where the shooting took place is a crime scene, roped off. DETECTIVES work. The Torino's still here.

A SIREN is HEARD... GETTING CLOSER.

The ambulance arrives, snapping police tape as it hurtles forward, SKIDDING -- rearends a detective's car, sending the car forward and over the edge into the canyon...

BELOW

Policemen, collecting money from foliage, flee. The car tumbles down... rolling... BURSTING INTO FLAMES.

ABOVE

Our heroes, still in gowns, stumble out the ambulance. Billy-Boy falls and Nena helps him up while Kittle levels his gun shakily at the stupefied detectives.

KITTLE

Everybody take off your clothes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET -- NIGHT

The Torino rides again...

INSIDE THE TORINO

Our ragged heroes wear stolen, ill-fitting clothing. Nena tightens bandages. In back, Billy-Boy preps weapons from the trunk via the trap door.

KITTLE

How you doing back there?

BILLY-BOY

Feeling great.

Blood flows out his nose. He wipes it, trying to ignore.

BILLY-BOY

(coughs harshly)
Feels like there's a bullet still in my chest.

NENA

There probably is.

BILLY-BOY

(keeps working)
Bummer.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD CROSS STREET -- NIGHT

MARCHING BAND MUSIC O.S. Torino's parked, trunk open. Kittle, Billy-B (in football helmet) and Nena unload their trusty gun duffels, shotgun suitcase and box of dynamite.

They trek toward Wilshire, toward the crowd with its back to them, where the parade flows past.

CUT TO:

INT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, GREAT ROOM -- NIGHT

CLINKING a fork against a wine glass, Zimmermann calls for attention. Guests clear a space around him.

ZIMMERMANN

A moment of your time, friends! A mere moment...

(waits for quiet)

I welcome you, on this the occasion of America's 200th birthday. Times like this, I become a sentimental dolt, so I beg your indulgence.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

On the sidewalk, Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy are at the front of the crowd, watching. Kittle's looking around, above...

A T.V. CAMERA shoots the parade from atop a high platform... WHIP PAN: to another T.V. CAMERA across the street, covering the festivities from another angle.

Nena nudges Kittle and points... the Lincoln float's on its way.

A MARCHING BAND slows. The Lincoln float stops behind. The DRIVER, a broken-nosed thug, looks impatient. SPEAKERS on the float BLAST "Stars and Stripes Forever."

The pick-up's door opens and Billy-Boy pulls the driver out and throws him. Behind, Nena and Kittle toss weapons on the float, struggling to climb on.

INT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION, GREAT ROOM -- NIGHT

Zimmermann continues his address.

ZIMMERMANN

Our country has been called the land of opportunity.

And, a wiser man than I once made the observation that the older you get, the longer it takes you to get to the door when opportunity knocks.

(laughter from guests)

But, didn't Thomas Jefferson say it best when he said...

(sees something O.S.,
sudden horror and fury)

Motherfucking cocksuckers!! I'll...
I'll kill them... !

Guests are startled. Zimmermann pushes thru to the television, reddening with rage, quaking in disbelief.

ON THE TELEVISION: Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy on the Lincoln float, blood stains beginning to show thru their clothing, waving wearily to cameras. T.V. ANNOUNCERS in V.O. express confusion as the float turns off course...

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD -- NIGHT

Billy-Boy drives, accelerates, spins the wheel...
Guides the Lincoln float off the parade route and onto a side street as the panicked crowd parts like the Red Sea.

T.V. cameras turn to follow as the float lumbers away.

On the float, Nena looks to Kittle.

NENA

Think Zimmermann's watching?

KITTLE

Who the fuck knows? We'll find out soon enough.

EXT. ZIMMERMANN'S MANSION -- NIGHT

Redcoat/thugs run from the house, scrambling to black Cadillacs. Zimmermann follows, shouting...

ZIMMERMANN

Wilshire Boulevard! Wilshire
Boulevard! Kill them!!

Zimmermann gets in the passenger side of his white Cadillac. They ride. Poe follows in the super Mustang.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN STREETS -- NIGHT

FOLLOW the float. Kittle stares up at giant Lincoln.

KITTLE

It turns my stomach they're using
Honest Abe to smuggle their filth.

Nena opens the suitcase, hands a shotgun to Kittle. Kittle
limps aft, aims at the back of Abe Lincoln's head...

KITTLE
Sorry, old buddy.

BOOM! White powder leaks out from behind Abe's left ear.

NENA
You John-Wilkes-Booth-ed him.

KITTLE
(to the pick-up)
Billy! Billy!

Kittle moves to the front, shouting. In the pick-up, Billy
glances back, then watches thru the mirror.

KITTLE
Take us to the beach! Santa
Monica... ! The beach!

Billy-Boy finally nods, gives thumbs-up to show he heard.

IN THE PICK-UP

BILLY-BOY
(to himself)
The beach... the beach...

Billy-Boy's eyes flutter. He's sweaty, trying to stay
conscious. He shakes himself, forcing his eyes wide.

BILLY-BOY
(to himself)
Alright, big-fella, don't you go
passing out! You're fine and dandy.
You've had worse than this.

He forces a laugh. Blood trickles down his forehead. He
takes a pack of cigarettes off the dash.

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: yellow traffic light... turning red.

Billy-Boy goes for it...

ON THE STREET

Billy-Boy flouts the intersection, barely missing collision.

On the float, Nena starts checking over guns. Kittle kneels
behind Abe Lincoln's head, opening the box of dynamite.

NENA

Why the beach?

KITTLE

So there's nobody around to get
killed in the explosion.

Nena's confused. Kittle takes dynamite from the box and
starts shoving it into Abe's head cavity, smiles at Nena.

NENA

(matter of fact)
Oh, yeah... the explosion.

KITTLE

Know what I love about dynamite?

NENA

Do tell.

KITTLE

When you bunch it together, it's
exponentially more powerful. Two
sticks have the power of four sticks.
Four sticks have the power of
sixteen, and so on.

NENA

I don't think so.

KITTLE

Well, that's what I heard, and that's
what I choose to believe.

EXT. OTHER URBAN STREETS -- NIGHT

Zimmermann's Cadillacs are on the prowl. Poe follows.

EXT. YET ANOTHER URBAN STREET -- NIGHT

Zimmermann's' Cadillac convoy rounds another corner...
Poe's Mustang breaks formation, heading elsewhere...

ON A SIDE STREET

The Mustang cruises, a strange sight since Poe's at the
wheel still in his elaborate Ben Franklin get-up and there's
a fully uniformed Redcoat in the passenger seat.

INSIDE THE MUSTANG

The thug beside Poe, REDCOAT-ONE, keeps an eye out...
DOWN THE BLOCK: a glimpse of Abe crossing.

REDCOAT-ONE

(pointing)
There! Over there... !

KITTLE

Know what I love about dynamite?

EXT. URBAN STREET -- NIGHT

In the pick-up, Billy-Boy sees the Mustang arrive, heading this way. He BEEPS and leans out, shouting back.

BILLY-BOY

Kittle... we got company!

Kittle and Nena look.

Im the Mustang, Poe talks in his CB RADIO, closing.

Nena throws her duffel over her shoulder by a strap, starts up a ladder at the back of Lincoln's head.

Billy-Boy points a gun out his window.

Redcoat-One leans out with a machine gun...

The pick-up and Mustang TRADE GUNFIRE as they THUNDER past in opposite directions...

Nena reaches the top of Lincoln's stovepipe hat, hurting.

BEHIND, the Mustang u-turns to pursue. And, FURTHER BACK, the Cadillacs arrive, SCREEEEEECHING; one white, two black. Here they come, GUNS BLAZING.

NENA

The gang's all here!

KITTLE

Keep 'em busy.

Kittle keeps loading dynamite, hurried.
Poe's Mustang and the Cadillacs close in.

Zimmermann leans out the white Caddie, demented, his Uncle Sam beard flapping in the breeze, FIRING A MACHINE GUN...

On the float, Nena RETURNS FIRE from above.

Below, Kittle wrestles a plastic bag of heroin out of Lincoln's head, moves back, keeping low...
He chucks the heroin bag...

The bag SLAMS the windshield of one black Cadillac with a blinding POOF! Wipers come on.

INSIDE THE WHITE CADILLAC

ZIMMERMANN

That's my heroin!
(to REDCOAT-DRIVER)

Move it! Get beside the son of a
bitch! Now, now, now!

ON THE STREET

The white Cadillac gets close. Zimmermann FIRES.

ZIMMERMANN

Die, Kittle... you self-righteous
prick!

On the float, Kittle cowers. BULLETS RIP Abe's head.

INSIDE THE PICK-UP

Billy-Boy corners, hard...

ON THE STREET

Cutting the corner short, blocking the white Cadillac and
DECAPITATING a FIRE HYDRANT! Instant water fountain.

Atop Lincoln's hat, Nena hangs on tight.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN STREETS, FURTHER ON -- CHASE CONTINUES

In the middle of the street, five CHILDREN are huddled. A
flickering flame lights their faces. They have a G.I. JOE
DOLL propped up, trying to light the firecracker wedged
under its arm. The fuse sparks.

The children run, squealing with delight, turning to watch
from the safety of the sidewalk. The fuse gives off a
sizzle. The children wait... and wait. Meanwhile, "Stars
and Stripes Forever" can be HEARD distant.

ONE CHILD

(disappointment)

Dud.

GUNSHOTS are HEARD. The children look...
Here comes the Lincoln float.

It ZOOMS past, followed by the Mustang and Cadillacs...

Gunplay...
Loud patriotic music...
Giant Abe Lincoln.

The children watch, awed. It's gone. They're still staring
off in wonder as relative quiet returns.

In the street, G.I. Joe's arm gets blown off with a "pop."

FURTHER ON

FOLLOW the Lincoln float. Kittle's adding more t.n.t.

IN THE WHITE CADILLAC

Zimmermann raises his machine gun, aiming, pauses...

ZIMMERMANN'S P.O.V. -- KITTLE

ZOOM IN: on Kittle and the dynamite-filled hole.

IN THE WHITE CADILLAC

Zimmermann realizes what Kittle's doing. Dread. Zimmermann grabs the microphone of his CB.

ZIMMERMANN

(into radio)

Hold your fire! You hear... ?

IN POE'S MUSTANG

Redcoat-One's SHOOTING. From the CB:

ZIMMERMANN'S VOICE (v.o.)

(from radio, garbled)

Hold your fire, Goddamn it! You'll blow it up!

ON THE STREET

Above on the float, Nena FIRES down...
Keeping the villains' cars at bay.

Below, Kittle pulls the fuse of one stick of dynamite with his teeth, lengthening it, then searches his pockets for a lighter... remembers these aren't really his pockets.

KITTLE

Damn it!

Kittle looks to the pick-up, sees cigarette smoke.

IN WHITE CADILLAC

ZIMMERMANN

(into microphone)

Run them off the road! Shoot the driver! Just don't shoot Abraham Lincoln!

ON THE STREET

Kittle moves to the front, makes the short leap into the bed of the pick-up. Short leap, but harshly painful for a man in Kittle's condition. He continues...

IN THE PICK-UP

Kittle leans around to Billy-Boy's window.

KITTLE

Gimmie a butt.

BILLY-BOY

You don't smoke.

KITTLE

I'm not taking a cigarette break,
jackass, just give me one!

Billy-Boy takes the pack from his pocket and offers it.
Kittle slaps the pack away, takes the lit cigarette sticking
out from Billy-Boy's helmet facemask and exits.

BILLY-BOY

(indignant, to Kittle)

Rude!

ON THE STREET

Kittle's heading back, but stops, looking down...

In the pick-up, sticking out from under a blanket, there's a
cardboard BOX labeled "Caution: FLAMMABLE."
Kittle shrugs, takes the box...

He leaps back onto the float, falls, gets up, returning to
the hole behind Lincoln's ear.

Kittle opens the box, pleased to find big, rocket-like
FIREWORKS, which he quickly starts cramming in the hole.

Above, Nena's gun empties. She flattens, reloading as best
she can with only one functioning hand.

Behind, one black Cadillac comes ahead.

On board the float, Kittle finishes filling the hole and
grabs his box of dynamite, moving back, and...

SPLIT-SCREEN:

To the RIGHT...

NENA looks down from
the stovepipe hat.

cigarette.

One black Cadillac
pulls along side,
SLAMMING... moving
beside the pick-up

To the LEFT...

KITTLE holds a
dynamite fuse to
his

The fuse lights.

Kittle throws the
dynamite...

and BASHING!

dynamite

Above, Nena FIRES
down, furious...

Cadillac...

INSIDE THE BLACK
CADILLAC, bullets' RIP
thru the roof and kill
the Redcoated thugs,
swiss-cheesing them!

throws...

Above, Nena tosses
one gun, aims another,
keeps BLASTING...

rolls...

Below, the black
Cadillac swerves off...

Cadillac passes

the t.n.t...

The

bounces off the
white

EXPLODES on the
roadway behind!

Kittle lights
another stick of
t.n.t.,

The t.n.t. stick
hits the street,

The other black

over

SPLIT-SCREEN ENDS as...

The bullet-ravaged black Cadillac SMACKS a telephone pole!

With a BOOM!, the other black Cadillac is THROWN UPWARDS by
the EXPLOSION beneath, flipping and flaming!

ON THE FLOAT

KITTLE
(looking back)
God Bless America!

ON THE STREET

The white Cadillac jerks to pass the burning wreckage.
Poe's Mustang GROWLS, taking the lead...

Kittle throws another lit stick of dynamite...

The dynamite lands on the white Cadillac's windshield.
Inside, Zimmermann's eyes go wide.

Zimmermann leans out his window, struggles to reach the
stick of dynamite... it's just out of reach...

The fuse is very short, sputtering, getting shorter...

Zimmermann grunts and groans in terror, straining, can't

reach. Suddenly, he realizes...

IN THE CADILLAC

Zimmermann gets back in, reaching across the driver to turn on the windshield wipers...

WIPERS come to life, SWEEPING, tossing the dynamite away...

ON THE STREET

The DYNAMITE EXPLODES behind the white Caddie.

AHEAD

The Mustang RAMS the float from behind. Redcoat-One FIRES.

High up on the float, Nena SHOTS...

INSIDE THE MUSTANG

Windshield SHATTERS! Redcoat-One is HIT, spraying blood. Poe cringes and curses...

ON THE STREET

The Mustang slows, pulling back...

INSIDE THE MUSTANG

Poe wipes flecks of blood off his face, fury building. Redcoat-One's dead.

IN THE PICK-UP

Billy-Boy glances back, then faces forward. He yelps...

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: a car's crossing.

ON THE STREET

The pick-up SMASHES the car aside. JARRING...

Kittle's knocked off his feet, cigarette flying.

Above, Nena's knocked from the stovepipe hat... She hangs off the edge, barely.

Kittle's cigarette lands in the textured crepe-paper-surface of the float, tip glowing.

Above, Nena's in trouble. Her bag of guns slides off...

Guns clatter across the pavement below.

NENA

Kittle! A little help here... !

Kittle rises, stumbling to the ladder.

KITTLE

Hang on, honey... I'm coming...

IN THE MUSTANG

Poe speeds up, to the right of the Lincoln float...

ON THE STREET

Poe pulls close beside the float, reaching with one hand to grip the edge. He climbs out the Mustang's window, pulling himself onto the float as...

The driver-less Mustang veers...

INT. RESTAURANT -- CHASE CONTINUES

Romantic. Candles on tables. Poe's Mustang CRASHES in, plowing forward. Diners depart most hastily.

EXT. URBAN STREETS -- CHASE CONTINUES

On the float, Nena shouts a warning to Kittle, but Poe's already jumping to pull Kittle down off the ladder...

Poe and Kittle land. Poe starts PUNCHING...
Kittle's getting pounded.

BEHIND, in the white Cadillac, an overzealous thug, REDCOAT-TWO, clamors out a rear window, pulling himself up to the car's roof...

As the Cadillac gets close...
Redcoat-Two runs across the hood, leaping thru the air...
Landing on the Lincoln float.

Redcoat-Two moves past Poe and Kittle's fisty-cuffs, climbs the ladder up Lincoln's head, toward helpless Nena.

Nobody notices: the crepe-paper around Kittle's cigarette bursts into flame, fanned by rushing wind.

IN THE PICK-UP

Billy-Boy looks back...

Sees Redcoat-Two reach the top of the stovepipe hat.

Billy-Boy BASHES his elbow against his rear window, over and over, KNOCKING the window out.

ON THE STREET

On the float, the cigarette fire spreads quickly, moving

up toward the dynamite-packed hole.

Above, Redcoat-Two grins down at Nena, who tries in vain to pull herself up with one arm.

REDCOAT-TWO

Goodbye, bitch...

He grinds his foot down on her hand. She cries out.

IN THE PICK-UP

Gun in hand, Billy-B checks his rearview, BRAKES hard...

ON THE STREET

The Lincoln float LURCHES. Redcoat-Two falls forward...

Nena is thrown, tumbles across the brim of Abe's hat...

Kittle and Poe roll, still grappling...

Redcoat-Two lands with a THUD in the rear of the pick-up.

Nena miraculously lands still on board the float.

In the pick-up, Billy-Boy points his gun out the rear window and FIRES REPEATEDLY into Redcoat-Two!

Behind, the white Caddie SLAMS the rear of the float... moves along side... BASHING...

The float picks up speed, moving over to block. Poe and Kittle are still beating on each other. Poe's winning.

Kittle's wounds are really bleeding through his clothes now. He barely has the strength to punch. Poe KNOCKS him down...

Poe KICKS Kittle. Kittle's not getting up.

Poe straddles Kittle, wraps his hands around his neck, choking the life out of him. Kittle gasps, about to pass out. Poe grunts, gleeful, strangling. HONKING is HEARD.

Poe looks to the HONKING. Zimmermann leans out the white Caddie, pointing...

ZIMMERMANN

Behind you... !

Poe turns, too late, as Nena steps up and swings a shotgun -- CLUNK! -- clubbing Poe.

Poe goes flying off Kittle.

Nena comes to help Kittle up.

KITTLE

(weakly)
Thanks, doll,

Kittle tries to smile, but spots something horrible...

KITTLE

Oh, Lord...

ZOOM IN: on the overflowing t.n.t. hole. Flames climbing the back of Lincoln's head have lit the fuses on several jutting sticks of dynamite!

In the white Cadillac, Zimmermann sees the same, mortified.

ZIMMERMANN

NO!!

SLO MO: Kittle grabs the shotgun from Nena and pushes her ahead of him as he runs.

KITTLE

Go! Go... !

SLO-MO: they stumble ahead, toward the pick-up.

SLO-MO: Nena leaps into the pick-up.

SLO-MO: Kittle follows, in the air, pointing the shotgun down between the pick-up and float, BLASTING...

SLO-MO: the shotgun DESTROYS the pick-up's trailer hitch!

SLO-MO: Kittle falls into the pick-up.

SLO-MO: the Lincoln float is released, slowing...

END SLO-MO. The float rushes back at the white Cadillac with tremendous speed. Unavoidable IMPACT...

The Cadillac RECOILS, out of control...

IN THE CADILLAC

Zimmermann screams as...

ON THE STREET

The white Cadillac CRUNCHES parked cars, tipping on its side and sliding forward, METAL SHRIEKING, sparks flying.

On the float, Poe rises, holding his bleeding face. And...

The LINCOLN FLOAT EXPLODES!!

It rattles the world...
Shatters nearby windows...

The FIREBALL lights up the night.
WHITE POWDER SHOOTs skyhigh, blooming...
Howling FIREWORKS SHOOT ALL DIRECTIONS, red, white + blue!

IN THE PICK-UP

Billy-Boy watches via in his rearview.

BILLY-BOY

Holy hell.

In back, Kittle and Nena shield their eyes.

ON THE STREET

Poe's flaming body falls from the sky and lands hard.

Up the street, it's snowing heroin. The float topples, with
Lincoln's giant head blown wide open and still burning.

The pick-up stops. Our heroes climb out.

At the white Cadillac, the driver's head is thru the
windshield. Zimmermann struggles out, gored. He falls,
crawls, looks up. Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy trudge this
direction, spent, barely functioning.

ZIMMERMANN

(near tears)

You fuckers... damn you! Why?! Why
me!? Why the obsession with me?

KITTLE

It's our job.

ZIMMERMANN

You think you accomplished
something... like you're heroes?
Fuck you! This is meaningless!
You'll never win! You know, as soon
as I'm gone... someone's going to
take my place.

Kittle arrives, grips Zimmermann, pulls him to his feet...

KITTIE

We'll burn that bridge when we get to
it.

Kittle PUNCHES Zimmermann, and Kittle's so exhausted that
the momentum of his fist throws him off balance...

He hits the ground and stays there.

Billy-Boy lifts Zimmermann back up, KICKS him, then CLOBBERS
him backwards with an elbow strike...

Nena KARATE CHOPS Zimmermann on the fly...

Zimmermann falls flat, belly first.

Billy-Boy's knees give out and he falls, groggy.

Nena kneels to cuff Zimmermann's hands behind him, then backs off, falls back on her ass, exhausted, lays down...

Our heroes lie there, staring up at the sky, bleeding, too tired to speak. SIRENS can be HEARD far away.

Neighbors peer out from windows.

DOWN THE BLOCK

Squad cars arrive. Uniformed cops get out. They walk toward the burning Lincoln float, taking in the scene. They mutter disbelief.

They study Poe's burning corpse.

Officers Steve and Jim are here, looking at the flaming bags of heroin that spilled out of Abe's skull.

Officers Steve and Jim share a look of amazement.

More cops arrive.

From the other end of the street, a plain-clothes car arrives. D.A. Ravich and Police Chief get out...

Cops gather around Billy-Boy, Kittle and Nena, just gawking at them and at Zimmermann, dumbfounded. Someone whispers that it's Zimmermann.

D.A. Ravich and Police Chief push thru the cops to Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy, who make no effort to get up or move.

D.A. RAVICH

(to cops)

Don't just stand there. Arrest them.

KITTIE

The captain was dirty.

BILLY-BOY

He tried to kill us.

NENA

We've got the tape to prove it.

D.A. RAVICH

(still to cops)

Arrest them! What are you waiting for?! Do it! Someone arrest them!

Cops look at each other. Behind, AMBULANCES arrive.

D.A. RAVICH

You! You...

(points to YOUNG COP)

I'm ordering you to take them into custody this instant!

The YOUNG COP studies D.A. Ravich, takes his handcuffs off his belt, pauses, then throws the cuffs to D.A. Ravich.

YOUNG COP

Do it yourself.

Young Cop goes to help Kittle up. Other cops join in...
D.A. Ravich rants and raves, ignored.

As cops help Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy to ambulances, Kittle manages to lift his head, looking up...

Far off, FIREWORKS BURST, brightening the skyline.

Kittle stops and looks to Nena, sees her noticing them too.

KITTLE

You see that?

NENA

Yeah.

KITTLE

Good. Thought I was imagining them.

BILLY-BOY

I saw 'em too. Fireworks.

Billy-Boy's behind, grinning. He falls out of the arms of the cops supporting him. They help pick him back up. Kittle looks back to the fireworks, then to Nena and Billy.

KITTLE

Happy Independence Day.

BILLY-BOY

Yeah. Happy Fourth of July.

NENA

You too.

Nena manages a smile. Paramedics arrive to assist...

The obligatory CRANE SHOT PULLS UP AND BACK: Kittle, Nena and Billy-Boy receive much needed medical attention. Cops drag Zimmermann to a squad car. WHAMMY-BAR THEME SONG is HEARD as CREDITS ROLL...

THE END

