

48 HOURS

by

LARRY GROSS

&

WALTER HILL

REVISED DRAFT

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JACK CATES

Been a cop since his 21st  
birthday.  
On the Force for fifteen years  
Never made it past Detective  
Never very popular with the  
rest of the heat.  
One more thing...  
Some say he's got a reputation  
to live up to...  
Some say he's got a reputation  
to live down.

REGGIE HAMMOND

Ghetto black.  
Been a professional criminal  
since he was fifteen.  
Loves to con.  
Loves to smile.  
Doesn't like being crossed.  
Doesn't like being jobbed.  
Figures on doing something  
about it when it happens...  
It's happening right now.

ELAINE MARSHALL

Hung up between academia and  
street smart.  
A 27 year old bartender with an M.A.  
Defies male authority but likes men.  
Equally comfortable with barflies  
and intellectuals.  
One more thing...  
The last thing she was ready for  
was a love affair with a cop.

48 HOURS

FADE IN:

1 OPEN COUNTRY - DAY 1

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

2 THREE GUARDS 2

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

3 HIGHWAY 3

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

4 ROADSIDE 4

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

BRADY

Wonder what reservation they  
let him off of...

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

GANZ

Yeah, there goes the neighborhood.

Brady laughs as Billy Bear closes in on him.

BILLY

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

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

GANZ

Maybe you shoulda stole a better  
truck, Tonto.

Cont.

4 CONTINUED:

4

BILLY  
You got a real big mouth, convict.

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

BILLY  
How about the water...

GANZ  
Firewater, Tonto? Is that what you...

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

BRADY  
Hey! Jesus Christ!

5 THE OTHER GUARDS

5

Seeing the commotion, they run toward it.

5 GANZ AND BILLY

6

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

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

7 ROADSIDE

7

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

8 THIRD GUARD

8

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

9 GANZ

9

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

10 THE OTHER PRISONERS

10

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

11 GANZ 11

Hefts his weapon...

GANZ

Come on...

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

12 INT. BUS 12

The Third Guard making a call on the police radio...

13 FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY 13

Several miles from the escape...

A big semi parked by the side of the road; back doors to the closed trailer open.

G.T.O. parked across the road.

The pickup appears, approaches the semi, slows down and drives up the ramp into the van.

Ganz and Billy jump out, shove the ramp up inside the truck and close the big doors.

14 G.T.O. 14

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

15 BILLY BEAR 15

Takes off his hat, puts on a baseball cap and sunglasses...

BILLY

Get ready to duck.

Ganz dives for the floor.

Three police cars go by, sirens blaring, lights flashing.

They pass the road gang.

Ganz reappears, smiles...

GANZ

You know something? You need a haircut.

16 HIGHWAY 16

The G.T.O. blasts down the pavement...

Becomes a small dot on the landscape.

TRANSITION.

16A A DOORWAY - NIGHT

16A

\*

The portal slams open revealing a man holding a huge pistol.  
 JACK CATES, S.F.P.D., a large and powerful man...  
 He stealthily moves up a stairwell.

16B CORRIDOR

16B

\*

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

16C BATHROOM

16C

\*

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

CATES

Lieutenant Cates, Homicide...  
 you're wanted.

The woman stares at him as Cates turns off the water.

ELAINE

What the hell am I wanted for...

CATES

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

A moment as she continues to stare at his pistol.

ELAINE

I don't think your gun is loaded.

CATES

This is a .44 Magnum, the most  
 powerful handgun in the world. Are  
 you tellin' me it's not loaded?

ELAINE

Yeah.

Elaine shakes her head and smiles, folds her arms over her  
 breasts, shivers a little...  
 Cates looks at the cylinder, spins it...

CATES

Hey, you're right.

ELAINE

You're hopeless.

Cont.

16C

CONTINUED:

16C

CATES

That's the way I see it, too.

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

ELAINE

I'm all wet.

CATES

What's wrong with that?

TRANSITION.

16D

BEDROOM

16D

\*

Cates in bed with Elaine. She wears his shirt.  
TITLES BEGIN.

ELAINE

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

CATES

What'd you do?

ELAINE

Irrigated his face with the shot of J and B I'd just poured him.

CATES

Great.

ELAINE

Then I tried to deck the sucker.

CATES

I guess he got the message.

ELAINE

Then I sit back and I think, I mean, who's to say I'm not a dumb cunt. I tend bar, right? Which is what a lot of dumb cunts do. You are what you do so they say...so how am I gonna prove I'm not...

CATES

Positive self-image problem all over again...

ELAINE

No shit.

Cont.

CATES

You are who you decide you are unless you're the type that lets assholes decide for you.

ELAINE

I called the University and spoke to my old advisor. I guess I need some reassurance.

CATES

The old "father-substitute-figure" problem all over again...

ELAINE

Hey, you've been the one mainly benefitting from my neuroses lately so don't knock them.

CATES

Keep goin'. Hell, I'm riveted.

ELAINE

So my prof says "jazz up the thesis a little, turn it into a book..."

CATES

"The family structure as a causal element in criminal aggressive behavior"... Could be a big best-seller.

ELAINE

You remembered that title?

CATES

You still think I can't read.

ELAINE

I thought you thought all psychotherapy was bullshit.

CATES

I do think all psychotherapy is bullshit. But just because I think it's bullshit doesn't mean I don't stay up on it.

ELAINE

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

Cont.

CATES

Hey, you know what I really think?

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

Yeah? You think it's a good idea?

CATES

I don't know. Maybe it's a good idea. I do know you shouldn't just sit around and think about all the things you might wanna do.

She smiles at him after this. It looks like they'll kiss--their faces are close--then she lightly moves back.

ELAINE

You oversimplify every...

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

CATES

Some things are simple, right?

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

ELAINE

Right...

TRANSITION.

17 SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN 17

Titles continue. \*  
 Tugs churning across the bay...  
 Quiet city streets.  
 Parked cars covered with early morning dew...  
 A newspaper truck slowly grinds by, drops a bundle and moves on.

17A EMBARCADERO - DAWN 17A

\*  
 The G.T.O. pulls up to a young punk, HENRY WONG, on a motorcycle. Billy Bear smiles and leans out the driver's side window--his hair is now noticeably shorter.

BILLY  
 You got somethin' for us, Henry?

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

GANZ  
 How hot are they?

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

Ganz snorts derisively, but money still changes hands.

GANZ  
 How ya doin'?

HENRY  
 Can't complain.

GANZ  
 We got a lot to talk about.

HENRY  
 Yeah, old times.

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

HENRY  
 Sure, right.

Ganz pockets the credit cards as Henry wheels away.

17B INT. G.T.O. 17B

GANZ  
 I want to drive awhile.

BILLY  
 I ain't tired yet.

Cont.

17B

CONTINUED:

17B

GANZ

I don't care if you're tired or not.

Billy gives him a look, then smiles...

BILLY

Hey, whatever...

The two men switch positions...Ganz now behind the wheel.  
He kicks the engine over.  
Drives off.

TRANSITION.

18

NORTH BEACH - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAWN

18

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

19

APARTMENT BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

19

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

He buttons his shirt and goes into the bathroom.

20

BATHROOM

20

Cates begins brushing his teeth; Elaine moves up behind him.

ELAINE

That's my toothbrush.

He keeps brushing.

Cont.

20

CONTINUED:

20

CATES

Maybe you ought to buy me one.

ELAINE

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

He stops brushing, turns and looks at her.

CATES

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

\*

She moves away.

21

KITCHEN

21

A cup of coffee as some whiskey is poured into it from a flask. Cates tastes his concoction as Elaine stands in the doorway behind him, leans against it.

ELAINE

That's a fairly crummy way to start a morning.

\*

CATES

Maybe I got a fairly crummy day ahead.

ELAINE

Maybe that makes a nice excuse.

CATES

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

Cates picks a .44 pistol in a holster off a chair back and begins strapping it on.

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

Cont.

CONTINUED:

ELAINE

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

He turns away.

CATES

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

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

CATES

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

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

ELAINE

You're hopeless.

CATES

That's the way I see it, too.

ELAINE

Call me later.

CATES

You sure you want me to?

ELAINE

For some reason, yeah, I'm sure...

He moves closer, kisses her.

CATES

Thanks for the coffee.

ELAINE

I think you forgot this.

Hands him his wallet and badge...

CATES

Guess people ought to know who I am...

He turns to go...

ELAINE

Jack, wait. Here...

Cont.

21 CONTINUED: 21

She trots to the closet. She comes up to him and puts a red scarf around his neck.

ELAINE  
It's cold as hell out these mornings, and you know what the man said.

CATES  
What?

ELAINE  
The coldest winter I ever spent was the summer I spent in San Francisco...

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

22 STREET - NORTH BEACH - MORNING 22

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

CATES  
Son of a bitch.

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

23 CITY STREET 23

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

TITLES END.

TRANSITION.

24 GOLDEN GATE PARK - MORNING 24

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

25 GANZ 25

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

He studies a Polaroid coming into focus; his camera is resting on top of the phone box...

Cont.

25

CONTINUED:

25

GANZ

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

26

BILLY BEAR

26

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

Billy walks over to Ganz.

BILLY

Hey, what about me?

GANZ

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

Billy smiles, takes the Polaroid...

27

POLAROID

27

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

28

GANZ

28

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

GANZ

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

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

GANZ

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

Hangs up.

The two men head for a green Plymouth...

TRANSITION.

29 WALDEN HOTEL - DAY 29

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

30 GREEN PLYMOUTH 30

Pulls into the parking lot on the opposite corner.  
Ganz removes a suitcase from the trunk then walks with  
Billy toward the building.

31 LOBBY 31

A FRIZZY YOUNG BLONDE sits behind the desk in a mirrored  
entrance hall. She reads a lurid paperback...

Morning traffic streams by outside as Ganz and Billy enter  
and approach the desk.

GANZ

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

She smiles at Ganz.

FRIZZY

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

Passes a form across.

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

FRIZZY

Number twenty-seven, Mr. Polson.

GANZ

Put him next door, okay.

She gives him a slightly knowing look.

FRIZZY

Sure, guys. You got the  
whole floor to yourself...

Ganz sends her back a sharp look.

GANZ

Keep your filthy ideas to  
yourself, lady.

Ganz picks up his suitcase, walks over to the nearest  
stairwell. Billy follows...

TRANSITION.

STREET

32

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

33 THE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE 33

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

CATES

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

ALGREN

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

Algren nods over to the parking lot opposite.

ALGREN

One of Polson's cards rented  
 that green coupe.

VANZANT

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

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

CATES

Suspect packed or is this a laugher?

ALGREN

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

CATES

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

VANZANT

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

Vanzant's turn to smile.

CATES

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

Cont.

VANZANT

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

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

ALGREN

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

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

CATES

Fine, it's your show...

The three men move toward the Walden.

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

FRIZZY

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

VANZANT

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

FRIZZY

Not unless you got a warrant.

CATES

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

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

FRIZZY

Aw, come on, what the shit is this? \*

ALGREN

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

Frizzy sits back down in defeat.

Cont.

34

CONTINUED:

34

FRIZZY

Okay, big deal. Get it over with.

Cates finds the name.

CATES

Mr. Polson, room 27...

ALGREN

Is he alone?

FRIZZY

Naw, his sister went up an hour ago.

Vanzant turns to Cates.

VANZANT

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

CATES

Sure. Great. Whatever.

VANZANT

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

Cates watches the two Detectives head for the elevator. \*

35

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

35

Vanzant and Algren move down the hallway.  
Stop at the far end.  
Both Detectives draw their pistols and approach a door.

36

ROOM

36

Summer dress and undergarments scattered on the floor.  
LISA, lies naked under the covers.  
She matches Ganz's earlier requirements.  
Smoking a cigarette, staring at the ceiling.  
Ganz remains on top of the blanket.  
Still in his shirt and pants watching TV.

Three sharp knocks at the door.  
Ganz reacts as if he's received an electric shock.  
His hand goes under the pillow...  
Comes up with an automatic.  
Shoves it hard into Lisa's stomach.

LISA

Hey...

GANZ

Shut up.

Cont.

36

CONTINUED:

36

Another knock.  
 Ganz makes her move to the door.  
 She grabs her dress and tries to pull it on.

GANZ

Ask who it is.

Shoves harder with the pistol.

GANZ

Ask.

She calls out.

LISA

What do you want?

37

CORRIDOR

37

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

ALGREN

Police...open up.

38

ROOM

38

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

GANZ

Stall.

Smile on his face.  
 Almost as if he's enjoying the moment.  
 Lisa turns back to the door.

LISA

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

39

CORRIDOR

39

Vanzant and Al ren waiting.  
 Sounds of movement from within the room.

40

LOBBY

40

Cates moves toward the foot of the stairwell.  
 Looks across at mirror on the wall opposite.  
 The entire lobby covered from this spot.  
 Every angle, including Frizzy.

- 41 ROOM 41  
 Ganz gestures to Lisa.
- LISA  
 Just a second.
- Ganz goes through the connecting door.  
 Slips into the adjacent room.  
 Billy near his door, gun in hand, ready...Another HOOKER  
 cowers in the corner, sobbing. She's a Mexican girl in  
 a ridiculous "Indian" outfit.
- 42 CORRIDOR 42  
 Vanzant reaches down, tries the knob.  
 Locked.  
 Algren moves back, preparing to kick the door down.
- 43 ADJACENT ROOM 43  
 Ganz opens the door behind the two cops.  
 Raises his pistol and fires.  
 Billy's shots follow immediately.  
 Hit Vanzant. \*
- Algren rolls just as Ganz fires again.  
 Wounded, he gets off three shots, then moves inside Ganz' room.  
 Ganz and Billy run for the elevator...  
 Exchange two more shots with Algren.
- 44 LOBBY 44  
 Cates draws his .44  
 Races up the stairs three at a time.  
 Frizzy starts to frantically call the police.
- 45 CORRIDOR 45  
 \*
- Cates stops at the landing.  
 Vanzant's body sprawled across the hallway.  
 Algren back in the corridor, still losing blood...  
 Leans against the wall for support.  
 Lisa comes out of the room and screams.  
 Algren points the gun toward the elevator.  
 Indicating where Ganz and Billy have just fled.  
 Cates starts back down toward the lobby.
- 46 ELEVATOR 46  
 \*
- Ganz and Billy, guns ready as the carriage jolts downward.
- 47 CATES 47  
 Arrives at the halfway turn of the second staircase.  
 He takes the next flight in two jumps.

47A LOBBY

47A

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

\*

47B GANZ

47B

Slides across the floor.  
Fury boils in his eyes...

\*

47C CATES

47C

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

\*

48 LOBBY

48

Frizzy has been standing beside her desk, screaming...  
Cates' move and the accompanying bullets panic her.  
She dashes for safety...Ganz, recovering, grabs her and his  
gun in one move.  
Cates gets to his feet behind cover.  
Sees Ganz standing behind Frizzy.  
Billy covering the perimeter with his pistol...  
Ganz snaps off a shot at Cates.  
The slug rips the plaster two feet away.  
Frizzy begins to scream.

\*

GANZ

I'll blow her goddamn head off.

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

FRIZZY

No. No.

Cates' shot narrowly misses Frizzy.  
The bullet smashes into a mirror above Ganz's head.  
Ganz tugs Frizzy backwards.  
Cates keeps moving closer, gun pointed straight ahead.  
Ganz pushes the pistol against Frizzy's temple.  
For the first time, Cates hesitates.  
They face each other across the length of the lobby.

\*

8

19 ALGREN 49

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

50 BILLY BEAR 50

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

51 GANZ 51

His eyes catch Algren's...

GANZ

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

Algren tosses his gun to the floor.

GANZ

Now, tell him to drop his Goddamn  
piece.

ALGREN

Do it, Cates.

No response.

ALGREN

Do it, Cates. Goddamn it, do it.

Cates lowers his gun.  
Finally lets it drop to the floor as Ganz looks over  
at Billy.

GANZ

Get the car.

Then back to Cates as Billy runs out the entrance.

GANZ

Kick it over here. All the way  
over.

Cates takes a long look at his .44.  
Then kicks it across.  
Ganz picks it up, looks at it...wipes his mouth where Cates  
belted him.  
He's going to kill Cates.  
But first he glances at Algren.  
Then, almost casually, shoots him twice with Cates' .44.  
Algren staggers back.  
Dead before he hits the floor.  
Cates twists sideways just as Ganz fires.

Cont.

51

CONTINUED:

51

The bullet misses.  
 Again Frizzy starts screaming and struggling.  
 Ganz swipes the woman across the head with the gun.  
 Her body slumps to the floor.  
 Police sirens can be heard in the distance.  
 Cates makes an attempt for Algren's gun.  
 A bullet splatters against the floor only inches from  
 his outstretched fingers.  
 The gun skitters out of reach.

CATES

You lying son of a bitch...

GANZ

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

Ganz smiles.

GANZ

With your own gun, cop...

Cates leaps into a wooden phone booth.  
 Ganz leisurely blasts away at the booth with both his and  
 Cates' gun.  
 Bullets crash into the booth everywhere a body could fit.  
 Finally, Ganz runs out of ammo.  
 He moves to check inside the booth but sirens are  
 ominously near.  
 Ganz finally retreats out the entrance.

52

STREET

52

Ganz weaves his way through the crowded intersection.  
 Jumps into the Plymouth which quickly melts into the  
 neon and traffic as the police cars and vans begin to arrive. \*

53

PHONE BOOTH

53

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

54

LOBBY

54

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

TRANSITION.

55 SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

55 \*

Cates walks in.  
Several Detectives gather around him.

FAT COP  
What happened?

CATES  
Read the report.

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

CATES  
No shit.

FAT COP  
They were good cops.

CATES  
They were good cops who fucked up  
and got careless.

A snotty YOUNG COP paces.

YOUNG COP  
That's what you say, Cates...

CATES  
Yeah?

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

CATES  
The truth hurts, doesn't it, buddy?

Cates looks at the Old Cop.

OLD COP  
It don't figure.

CATES  
I need to borrow a piece.

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

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

Cont.

CATES

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

YOUNG COP

I guess when two cops die on account of your fuck up you want to keep it as quiet as possible...

Cates loses it for a second, lands on him with both hands, pushes him against a wall...

CATES

If you're saying I'm a liar, come on out and call me a liar.

Quiet.

CATES

Otherwise, shut the fuck up.

The other cops don't intervene. They just watch. Cates cools down, straightens up.

HADEN walks by, or, rather, speeds by.

HADEN

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

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

OLD COP

Best I can do.

HADEN

D'you read me, Cates...hey, an' stop acting like you're on this case...

Haden continues moving away.

CATES

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

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

RUTH

They're still wet.

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

Cont.

RUTH

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

Cates starts pinning the blow-ups onto a large bulletin board on the wall.

Nearby, at the same time (within Cates' line of sight, within earshot), Lisa, the Hooker, is being interrogated by a POLICEWOMAN who pulls the statement off the typewriter.

POLICEWOMAN

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

LISA

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

Cates has gotten interested in the last part of this...drifts toward her...

A DETECTIVE comes through, begins distributing I.B.M. printouts to Cates, the other nearby officers.

DETECTIVE

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

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

CATES

Did he give you a return match?

LISA

He wasn't interested.

Cont.

CATES

Maybe he didn't like your performance.

LISA

Fuck you.

CATES

I'll take a raincheck...

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

RUTH

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

CATES

I don't get it.

RUTH

Here.

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

RUTH

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

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

RUTH

There are some very bad people out there in the world.

CATES

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

Lisa continues with the Policewoman.

LISA

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

Cont.

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

POLICEWOMAN

What makes you think so?

LISA

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

Cates watches Kehoe unpack the box.

CATES

Is that what this guy Ganz had in the hotel?

KEHOE

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

CATES

I'll help you out.

Cates and Kehoe start going through the suitcase; Kehoe hands Cates a Polaroid photograph. It's the one we saw earlier of dead Henry Wong on the park bench.

KEHOE

Some souvenir, huh? Who do you think he is?

CATES

Shit.

He turns.

CATES

Hey, Ruth...

Ruth is halfway out the door. She turns as Cates approaches her, hands her the photograph.

CATES

Suspect's belongings. Same guy from the forensics shot.

RUTH

Ganz shot him and took his picture?

CATES

Yeah. Nice guy.

Cont.

Ruth begins examining the ballistic photo with a magnifying glass. An Attendant comes through, hands Kehoe a file. He opens it, shows the file to Cates who reads the name under the mug shot.

CATES

Billy Bear...

KEHOE

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

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

CATES

Who are all these?

KEHOE

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

CATES

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

KEHOE

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

Cates spins the file around so that both Ruth and Kehoe can see it. Then he throws the Polaroid and the forensics shots down beside it.

CATES

Tell me that's not the same guy.

KEHOE

Hey...Dick Tracy.

RUTH

Did Ganz have a grudge against his  
old friends?

Haden comes out of his office.

HADEN

Get in here, Cates.

Cates ignores him.

Cont.

55 CONTINUED:

55

CATES

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

KEHOE

One of 'em.

CATES

A name.

Kehoe reads the name in the file. The letters are printed with an address.

KEHOE

Reggie Hammond. He's in the slam...

HADEN

Damn you, Cates...Get in here.

Cates takes the file from Kehoe, walks into Haden's cubicle.

HADEN

That was some fire fight you were in. You better take the weekend off.

CATES

C'mon, don't give me that shit. I want on this one. Algren was killed with my gun.

HADEN

I read the report.

CATES

I want the bastard that did it. Albert Ganz.

HADEN

Funnily enough, the A-team thought they could get along without you on this one... Dammit, we all want this bastard...how is it you go around thinking all the time the best way is you alone.

CATES

In case you hadn't noticed, it's worked pretty well for me so far.

Cont.

HADEN

Don't give me any smart mouth, or I'll put you on your back with one shot... Look, this is no revenge job. Police Department policy on cop killers is as follows: "Top priority to any man who is crazy enough to shoot an armed policeman because such a man would pose an extra threat to unarmed civilians." That's it. End of story.

CATES

I want the bastard who took my gun. I've got a lead.

HADEN

I've been on this job watching you hot dog it around for a long time... you been one stiff pain in my ass... so here's what...you got a lead, I don't want to know what it is...you don't have to tell me a thing...I'm happy that way... 'cause if you make a mistake on this one..a cop killing... I'm gonna have an easy time putting you down...you or any of your leads fuck up in the slightest and I'll spread your ass all over the street... so you go out there and solve the crime all by your lonesome...and while you're doin' it, you just think about all the shit I'm gonna come at you with if you make a mistake...

CATES

You really know how to send a guy out on the street with a great attitude.

HADEN

Thank you. And fuck you.

Haden starts rearranging his desk.

HADEN

Now, get outta my office. I've some serious business to attend to.

Cates gives him a look then leaves.

TRANSITION.

56

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

56

Elaine puts a sandwich in front of Jack who is eyeing the Ganz file...a small fuzzy photograph shows Ganz in the company of a young black man...that man is REGGIE HAMMOND.

ELAINE

You made the front page.

CATES

Slow news day. First thing in the morning, I'm gonna go up and see what this kid knows...

He points to the picture.

ELAINE

I thought you might stay here and recuperate. I don't have to go to work until the day after tomorrow.

CATES

I don't need time to recuperate, I got nothing to recuperate from. This bastard's out there with my gun, and I want it back.

ELAINE

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

CATES

Bullshit? I'll tell you about bullshit. This isn't some psychological theory we're talking about, we're talking about a police revolver that can kill six people in six seconds, then the son of a bitch can reload and do it again. My gun isn't some symbol of my manhood or my dick... It's a real weapon in the hands of a real maniac who knows how to use it and loves to... It isn't my macho bullshit that's killing cops, my gun is...

ELAINE

How many times do you have to put your hand in the fire before you realize it's gonna burn? If you make everything your personal responsibility, you'll turn into a bad cop. It's not a practical way to function. Even I know that...

Pause.

Cont.

CATES

I didn't get burned, two cops did... Listen, I'll tell you about personal responsibility. When I was a rookie, I had a partner...it was fifteen years ago...We worked a neighborhood where there was a ton of junk and we knocked in a lotta doors, made a lotta great busts...I always went in first... and I loved it...I loved the action...I was high on it...Only one day, I go through the door first with my gun out, my partner in back of me...only this time the junkies are behind us, not in front... So my partner gets it in the back. The bastards jumped in a car which they drove through a light and totalled about a minute later, so I didn't even get a chance to put 'em down. When I was sitting next to my partner's wife at the department funeral service, I promised myself something...from then on when I took a chance, I was gonna score the praise and the blame...my fault or my win...I can't go up to a guy like my boss Haden and say please let me follow orders and be one of the boys. I can't work that way and get the job done right. And if I don't get my job done right... I'm for shit.

ELAINE

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

CATES

That's right. I'm not like you. I'm not gonna sit on my ass for days on end wondering what's right and what's wrong. There's a psycho out there killing people with my gun and I'm gonna nail him. Because it's my job and there isn't anybody I've ever met that's better at it...if you don't get it...

ELAINE

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

CATES

No one asked you to like it. But that is the way things are.

TRANSITION.

57

PRISON CELL BLOCK - DAY

57

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

GUARD

Open Nine.

With a huge metal clatter, the door to the cell block opens.

58

CELL BLOCK - NEAR ENTRANCE

58

Cates and the Guard go through the door.

GUARD

Close Nine.

They move forward together.

GUARD

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

CATES

No, no thanks.

The Guard shrugs, stays by the door.

59

CATES

59

He walks down the cell block.  
Inmates stare at him from inside the stark cells.  
They don't know who he is, but they can smell a cop.  
Cates stops at Twenty-two, looks inside...a bit startled.  
Obviously, Reggie Hammond has connections and taste.  
The paint is fresh; there's framed prints on the wall instead of pin-ups, and the overall feeling is that of a graduate school dorm rather than a prison.  
Cates turns, nods to the Guard at the end of the cell block.  
He throws a switch and the door opens.

60

HAMMOND'S CELL

60

Cates steps inside.  
Hammond is at a table wearing a Sony Walkman and writing in some detailed ledgers with a fountain pen.  
He's boogeying in his seat to the music.  
Sprawled on a bunk nearby is LEROY, another black inmate close to Hammond's age.  
Leroy is leafing through a copy of a skin magazine.  
He doesn't even look at Cates.

CATES

Hammond.

Cont.

60

CONTINUED:

60

Cates steps inside the cell.

CATES

Hammond.

No answer.

Cates leans over, hits the override button on the Sony.

CATES

Hammond!

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

HAMMOND

I think you're startin' off on the wrong foot.

CATES

So are you.

Hammond gives him a long look.

HAMMOND

Okay, Jack. You want something from me?

CATES

My name's Cates. And who says I want something from you?

HAMMOND

A white face is like an open book...

Cates eyes Leroy.

CATES

Can we talk in private?

HAMMOND

Sure.

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

CATES

Look, convict, I know all about you. One previous conviction, carrying a firearm. Unemployed. Single. No fixed address. No known relatives. Armed robbery... six months to go on a three-year sentence.

Cont.

CONTINUED:

HAMMOND

You here to write my life story?

CATES

Not likely, asshole.

Cates gives him a long look.

CATES

You ever kill anybody, Reggie?

Hammond smiles.

CATES

That was a question.

Goes on smiling.

CATES

I'm used to getting an answer when I ask a question.

HAMMOND

Any time I smile, that's an answer. Now, what can I do for you?

CATES

A little memory act.

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

HAMMOND

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

He passes the photo back.

HAMMOND

You've been around so you'll appreciate what I'm gonna say. I got just six months between me and the wide open spaces. Six months between me and freedom after three years behind these friendly walls... And I'm not gonna pee in the prison yard, knock up the Warden's daughter or rat on my old partners...and I'm sure as hell not gonna kiss your ass.

CATES

You're real smart for a jungle bunny.

\*

Cont.

60

CONTINUED:

60

HAMMOND

Thank you. And adios, whitey.

Cates shouts out at the cell block.

CATES

Open twenty-two.

The cell door opens.

Hammond begins writing again.

CATES

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

He smiles, decides to play his card.

CATES

I guess I made a mistake. I can see...

Hammond looks at him.

CATES

...a second-rater like you.

HAMMOND

I'm not a second-rater.

CATES

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

Hammond jerks his head around.

HAMMOND

Ganz?

Pause.

HAMMOND

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

Cates smiles.

CATES

Yeah, I noticed...

HAMMOND

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

Cont.

CATES

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

He turns, goes out.

The door clangs behind him.

Hammond jumps up and bangs on the bars, shouts at Cates' back...

HAMMOND

Cates! Come back here!

Cates turns, saunters back, leans against the door.

CATES

Yeah?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Bullshit.

HAMMOND

You heard me. Get me a furlough...  
a pass. There's ways...sick mother,  
national emergency...

CATES

You're crazy.

HAMMOND

It's the only way I'm gonna help.  
Get me out.

CATES

What's so important about you  
gettin' out?

HAMMOND

Who said it was important?

Cates smiles.

Reaches through the bars and pats Hammond's cheek.

CATES

A black face is like an open book.

Cont.

60

CONTINUED:

60

HAMMOND

Get me out. I want some fresh air  
for a weekend...and I'll get you  
Ganz.

CATES

Nah. I wouldn't want you to  
screw up your last six months.  
Adios, watermelon.

Cates turns, walks away.  
Hammond shouts after him.

HAMMOND

You need me, Cates! Cates! You  
hear me? Cates! Ganz'll be  
gone in two days unless you get  
me out of here! You want that?

CATES

I'll think about it.

And he's gone.

HAMMOND

You son of a bitch.

TRANSITION.

61

SMALL OFFICE - PRISON

61  
\*

Cates typing several official-looking documents while seated  
across from a rather dour-looking bureaucrat named BOB.  
Cates hangs up, finishes typing...

CATES

Let me borrow your pen.

Handed over by Bob.

BOB

You going to use your own name?

CATES

Shit, no.

He begins signing the documents.

BOB

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

Cont.

51 CONTINUED:

61

CATES  
Right. Hey, no sweat.

He keeps signing.

TRANSITION.

62-  
62A

62-  
62A  
\*

62B ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - PRISON

62B

Cates approaches a window, smiles at a SECRETARY...

CATES  
Hi. Jack Cates, S.F.P.D.

He flashes the shield.

CATES  
I'm here to pick up a prisoner  
on temporary leave.

He hands over the papers:  
Smiles.

CATES  
48 hours.

The woman studies the sheet.

SECRETARY  
I'll ring security.

TRANSITION.

63 PRISON

63

Hammond sits on his cot wearing a beautifully tailored and  
stylish suit.  
A GUARD stops by his cell, calls out.

GUARD  
Let it go.

Hammond steps out.  
The Guard snaps on a pair of handcuffs.  
Then calls back to the Second Guard.

GUARD  
Rack them up.

Cont.

63

CONTINUED:

63

The steel grills slam shut in unison.  
Hammond looks back at Leroy.

HAMMOND

Take care of yourself, Leroy.

LEROY

Right. Hey, lay a few skirts  
down for me, you hear.

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

I'll do my best.

Hammond is led away.

64

OMIT

64

65

PROCESS ROOM

65

The Guard leads Hammond to a steel cage.  
Shouts to ANOTHER GUARD on the far side.

GUARD

Prisoner 21355...Hammond.

SECOND GUARD

Okay. Send him through.

The gate slides open.  
The First Guard gestures for Hammond to enter.  
Hammond walks to the far side of the pen.  
The first gate closes, the second one opens.  
Hammond turns and walks over to Cates.

66

SIDE GATE

66

The two men step into a service area outside the prison.  
Storage sheds and loading bays nearby.  
Hammond stops and looks around.  
Savors the air on the outside...  
The Guard comes up to Cates, double checks his orders then  
unlocks Hammond's cuffs.

GUARD

Gotta sign for him.

CATES

Sure thing...

He looks over at Hammond who smiles at him.

Cont.

HAMMOND

Guess you needed me a little more than you let on, huh, Jack?

CATES

I'd watch that mouth before I put my boot in it.

Looks at Hammond's clothes...

CATES

This prison gives out \$400 suits?

HAMMOND

Shit, no, they don't. It's mine. It's a \$900 Armani, and I wore it in.

He dusts off a sleeve.

HAMMOND

It may be a little out of date. I got a reputation for looking sharp with the ladies...Maybe we can hit some stores in town.

CATES

Don't count on it, Reggie...you're booked real solid for the whole forty-eight hours.

Cates hands some papers to the Guard.

GUARD

He's all yours.

The Guard walks away as Hammond feels Cates' lapel.

HAMMOND

We could change this for something good...Get you lookin' sharp for some barroom action and meetin' pussy.

Cates gives him a look.

CATES

I already got a girl...

HAMMOND

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

Cont.

66

CONTINUED:

66

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

Cates yanks on the cuffs, heads for a waiting Paddy Wagon.

67

PADDY WAGON

67

Dotted with Prisoners on the daily run back to the city. The Guard outside closes the door. Cates raps on the back wall of the cab and the wagon starts up. Cates takes out his handcuff keys.

CATES

You don't look real comfortable...

Hammond smiles as Cates unlocks his own wrist.

HAMMOND

Yes, well, we get nervous in the back of the bus.

Cates doesn't open the other cuff, instead he throws the chain over the upper bar of the van, then cuffs Hammond's other wrist.

HAMMOND

What do you think you're doing?

CATES

A 900 dollar suit ought to be on a hanger.

Hammond is now dangling by both wrists. Cates sits down, lights a cigarette.

HAMMOND

Is this what we're travellin' around the city in? I know cops are dumb, but even you can see this isn't what we need.

CATES

I'm just takin' you into the city in the same taxi that brought you here.

Cont.

HAMMOND

No way to start a partnership.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Shit. I'm already sorry.

They stare at each other and not in a very friendly way.

TRANSITION.

68-76 OMIT

68-76

77 CITY STREET - DAY

77 \*

Outside the precinct.  
The Paddy Wagon pulls up. Cates leads Hammond out.  
They head for Cates' battered Cadillac.

HAMMOND

This your car?

CATES

You got it, convict.

HAMMOND

You buy it off one of the brothers?

CATES

Yeah. Ever since I was a kid I wanted to grow up to be a black pimp. This was about the best I could do.

Cates takes the cuff off his own hand, reattaches it to Hammond.  
As they approach the car.

CATES

Okay, where to?

HAMMOND

First, we oughta pull police records on Ganz, his buddy the Indian, anyone else we think of. Grease a couple of reliables, see what they know. Maybe there's some witnesses that saw Ganz cap my old pal Henry Wong...

Cont.

CONTINUED:

77

Cates pushes Hammond's shoulder and jams his face against the top of the front door window.

CATES

You dumb fuck, you think you can stay outside for three seconds without telling me some things I need to know?

Hammond is clearly furious but chooses to be evasive.

HAMMOND

What's your question, Jack.

CATES

You actually think you got a chance to go over the hill on me, dónchá? You think you're that good...

HAMMOND

It's just that cell was so confining... you know?

Cates pushes him into the front seat of the car, puts his gun against his face.

CATES

I'm about a minute away from ventilating that suit of yours with you in it. Then I'll take what's left and kick its ass back to jail. You get my drift, partner?

Hammond hangs in there.

HAMMOND

Without me, you'll never catch Ganz. You need me.

Cates still holding the gun to the rigid Hammond's face.

CATES

Pathetic.

He lowers the gun. He stares ruefully straight ahead, hands on the wheel.

CATES

I'll nail Ganz with your help or without. I need you like I need a second asshole. If you want to speed up the process, fine...otherwise, it's a quick U-turn back to prison with my shoes polishing your ass.

Cont.

CONTINUED:

He turns and gives Hammond a thin, rather scary smile...

CATES

You get the picture, Reggie?

Hammond looks down, senses that Cates has won this round, realizes it's time to concede a point or so. His demeanor changes to cooler, more factual, more straight ahead...

HAMMOND

Okay, got a move for ya. A big move.

Cates smile broadens.

CATES

I'm awful pleased to hear it.

Hammond stares out the window. Two attractive girls on the other side of the street pass by. Hammond gives them a yell.

HAMMOND

Hey, you ladies...you don't know how much I'd rather be walking with you than sitting here with this boring guy...

The two girls vaguely hear the call and smile at each other...

CATES

Come on, Reggie, you're getting off the point.

HAMMOND

A guy. Named Luther. Ganz'll be paying him a visit.

CATES

Luther was part of the gang?

HAMMOND

What gang you talkin' about, Jack?

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Just an expression black folks use.

Cates gets behind the wheel and kicks the engine over.

Cont.

CONTINUED:

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Then what're you complainin' about? At least nobody's calling you shit-head, shithead...

CATES

I may call you worse than that.

Smiles.

CATES

You know what's black, five hundred feet long and has assholes at both ends?

Hammond gives him a look.

HAMMOND

No.

CATES

An unemployment line.

Smiles.

HAMMOND

Say, you know what's white and ten inches long?

CATES

No.

HAMMOND

Nothin'.

Smiles.

Cates looks at him.  
Then drives off.

77A STREET

77A

\*

As they pass the girls, Hammond leans out...

HAMMOND

Ladies, every word I spoke to you was a hundred percent true...I been gone three years and I'd be real pleased to make your acquaintance.

Cates keeps driving.

TRANSITION.

78 INT. LUTHER'S VICTORIAN APARTMENT - MISSION DISTRICT - DAY 78

A nervous-looking fellow named LUTHER...  
The barrel of Cates' .44 is pressed against his forehead.  
The hammer is cocked.  
Luther cowers against the side of the bed, closes his eyes,  
whimpers.

78A GANZ 78A

Ganz is holding the gun.  
Nearby, Billy Bear holds a struggling Young Woman.  
Her name is ROSALIE.  
When she's not scared to death, she's probably pretty.

ROSALIE

Don't! Please...

LUTHER

Don't shoot! Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
don't shoot...

GANZ

Sure. All you got to do is keep  
our appointment Monday.

LUTHER

I swear to God, I will. I'll have  
the briefcase; I'll be there on  
time...everything...

GANZ

That's good. Because your girl  
wouldn't look very nice with a few  
extra holes.

Ganz starts to holster his gun...then reacts to the sound of an  
approaching car.  
Ganz nods to Billy who throws the girl on the bed, goes to the  
window.

78B STREET 78B

Cates' Caddy has just parked across the street.  
Cates gets out, goes around to help Hammond out.

78C LUTHER'S APARTMENT 78C

Billy drops the curtain.  
Turns, alarmed.

BILLY

The cop from the hotel!

Ganz grins excitedly.

Cont.

78C

CONTINUED:

78C

\*

GANZ

I'm gonna blow his face off.

He pushes toward the window...Billy pulls on him.

BILLY

Not this time.

GANZ

What the fuck are you...

BILLY

He's probably backed up with twenty more cops this time.

GANZ

I don't give a shit...

BILLY

We're gettin' out. In one piece, that's what you said.

He grabs Ganz and shakes him; the marbles rearrange themselves in his head.

GANZ

In one piece...yeah...okay.

He pats Billy on the face...turns.

GANZ

See ya soon, Luther...

79

STREET

79

Hammond gets out of the car.  
Gestures to a Victorian across the way.

HAMMOND

Over there...232...

CATES

What are the chances he's packed?

HAMMOND

Been awhile since we worked together. But I'd say the chances are about 100%.

Cates double-checks his .38.

HAMMOND

You better let me borrow one of those.

Cont.

79

CONTINUED:

79

Cates smiles.

CATES

Sure thing, asshole.

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

CATES

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

Opens the car door.

80

LUTHER'S VICTORIAN

80

Cates knocks at the door.  
Nothing.

Knocks again...no response.

From inside, he hears a faint noise but no response to the knock.  
Holding the .38 in one hand, Cates tries the knob with the other.  
The door opens.

Cautiously, Cates steps inside.

80A

INT. LUTHER'S VICTORIAN

80A

It's a mess, broken lamps and turned-over chairs.

Signs of a struggle.

Cates walks through to the kitchen.

Sees the back door is wide open.

He walks into the dining room.

Notes the drawn curtains.

81

CATES

81

Looks up the stairs but cannot see beyond the landing above.  
He silently starts to move up the stairs.

82

LUTHER

82 \*

Luther slips into the hallway from one of the linen closets  
and heads toward the door.

Cates turns just as he gets to the landing.

Luther holds a gun.

Cates drops to a crouch and aims the .38.

Luther whirls and fires rapidly at Cates with a Colt Detective  
Special.

As wood and plaster fly out all round him, Cates makes  
a running dive for the floor.

Luther runs out before Cates has regained his feet.

83 STREET

83

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

84 HAMMOND

84

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

CATES' VOICE

Don't try it or you're dead.

Hammond looks up.

85 CATES

85

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

HAMMOND

Quit playin' cop and undo this  
cuff, Jack. The man needs to  
talk to me.

CATES

Sure. After you throw me the  
pistol.

HAMMOND

Have a little feeling for your  
fellow man. I got a whole  
thing from childhood about people  
pointin' guns at me.

CATES

Just throw me the Goddamn gun.

Long moment.  
Then Hammond tosses him Luther's pistol.  
Cates starts to unlock the cuffs.  
Luther groans.  
He pulls himself into a sitting position.  
A group of people have gathered around to watch.

HAMMOND

Folks, you can step right up if  
you want. This is a clear in-  
stance of some of the good guys  
dealin' with the bad guys...LADIES  
FIRST...ladies, all the toughness  
Cont.

HAMMOND

(Cont.)

you see displayed here in the street, you'll see me match with tenderness behind the bedroom door. Both a fact and a promise, and, for that matter, an offer...

CATES

Talk to him.

Hammond turns to smile at Luther.

HAMMOND

What's happening, Luther?

LUTHER

I thought you were inside...

HAMMOND

Meet my travel agent.

Luther leans forward, looks straight at Cates.

LUTHER

You a cop?

CATES

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

LUTHER

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

CATES

Who am I supposed to think did the job on your apartment...you hang around punks like Ganz and Reggie so long you think everybody's stupid or something?

LUTHER

Who gives a fuck what you think? Maybe I got a weird interior decorator.

Cates grabs the still open Cadillac door, slams it into Luther. He falls backwards. Cates looks at Hammond.

CATES

Hey, this works pretty good.

HAMMOND

Thank you.

Cont.

CATES

Want to try it again?

Luther sits up again, glares at Cates.

LUTHER

Ganz and Billy came around, they took Rosalie.

CATES

Who's Rosalie?

LUTHER

My girl.

HAMMOND

Where'd he stash her?

LUTHER

I don't know.

Cates slams the car door against him again.

HAMMOND

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

Luther hesitates...flashes a look at Hammond.  
Who sends him a silent fleeting reply.  
Maybe Cates sees this.  
Maybe not.

LUTHER

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

CATES

When? How?

LUTHER

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

Another look at Hammond.

LUTHER

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

Something's wrong with all this.  
Cates isn't sure just what.  
Not yet.  
He looks at Hammond.

Cont.

85

CONTINUED:

85

CATES

What do you think?

HAMMOND

We'd better put him on ice.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

If he ain't locked up till Tuesday,  
he's gonna run right to Ganz and  
warn him. Aren't you, motherfucker?Luther makes a play toward Hammond, who laughs, doesn't even  
flinch.

HAMMOND

Luther, I thought you was my  
buddy.

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

CATES

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

86

HAMMOND

86

Just stares at Cates, keeps smiling...

TRANSITION.

87

BOOKING - POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

87 \*

Two Uniforms lead a sullen Luther away from the DUTY SERGEANT...  
Cates returns Luther's hand-cuffed middle-finger gesture with  
one of his own, picks up a phone, dials...  
Hammond waits on a bench nearby.  
He looks longingly at TWO HOOKERS who are hustled past him by  
Arresting Officers, then follows the Policemen and the Hookers  
as if he were in a procession with them.

HAMMOND

Ladies, I believe you're in need  
of assistance...

HOOKER ONE

No shit, Sherlock...

Cont.

CONTINUED:

HOOKER TWO

You got any bread?

HAMMOND

You know us lawyer types, we live strictly off credit cards...but I'm very interested in your situation...

The Duty Sergeant is trying to talk to Cates.

DUTY SERGEANT

Assault on a police officer with a deadly weapon. Carrying an unregistered firearm.

The Sergeant types out an arrest form.

CATES

Yeah, I'll think up a few more and file the report tomorrow.

Hammond is at the other end of the room with the girls.

HAMMOND

I need phone numbers, names. Give me something to write with, please.

This last is addressed to a Policewoman at a desk.

HAMMOND

...I am, after all, an officer of the court...

Cates is back on the phone...

CATES

This is Jack Cates. Any messages?

8

## ELAINE'S APARTMENT

88

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

Gotta ask for a raincheck. I've been askin' for a lot of those lately...

Her face falls. Making the offer was hard enough.

ELAINE

Come on, Jack...you're making me work too Goddamn hard at this...This is not the way people who care about each other are supposed to behave.

Cates says nothing. She hangs up angrily.

89

## BOOKING

89

Hammond is working on the girls as Cates walks over. \*

HAMMOND

Ladies, one hour with me...well, I don't like to brag, but...you'd be paying me, I swear it. I will work on the bail if we can make a credit arrangement for your professional services.

HOOKER ONE

You need both of us, Mr. Lawyer?

HOOKER TWO

I've heard of shit before, but this is really something.

Hammond suddenly unbuttons his shirt, takes the Second Hooker's hand and puts it on his chest.

HAMMOND

Feel that heartbeat...that is a call... that is a cry of longing that was sounded in the first primitive hour when man met woman for the very first time, under the most primitive of circumstances...

Cont.

CONTINUED:

\*

Cates pulls him by the shoulder.

CATES

We're outta here...

HAMMOND

Would you please not interrupt me when I am in discussion with a client.

CATES

Let's go...

As they walk:

HAMMOND

How did I ever end up with a lame tight-assed white boy with the mind of a nun? You're like a nightmare.

CATES

Quit whining. You're supposed to be a dangerous criminal. You think they piss and moan and whine all the time?

HAMMOND

Speakin' of moans, my stomach's startin' to growl. I didn't come on this joyride to starve. That was not part of the deal, so let's eat something.

CATES

We eat when I say we eat.

HAMMOND

Bullshit.

Cates stares at him angrily. Hammond gets a petulant look on his face.

HAMMOND

I'm on strike. Take me back. I won't take another step unless I get fed...I want some decent food in a decent place with a lotta people so I won't have to be so concerned with your ugly face... and if I gotta be handcuffed during it, you might as well forget the whole thing...

Cont.

89

CONTINUED:

89

CATES

Bitch, bitch, bitch. You're worse than a woman.

HAMMOND

I demand to be fed.

TRANSITION.

90

COMMISSARY

90

A large hall with a self-serve counter on each side. In the middle, rows of tables are squeezed together. One hundred uniformed cops rush through their meals.

91

CATES AND HAMMOND

91

Come through the swinging doors into the brightly lit chamber. Hammond stops abruptly. Looks around with a disdainful expression. Cops everywhere. He's engulfed by them

CATES

Still feel like running?

HAMMOND

Real funny.

CATES

How could you do better? Nice place, good food, great company... Come on.

They walk over to a counter and join the line. Moving slowly toward the cashier, they pile their trays with wrapped food. Captain Haden steps over from a nearby table. \*

HADEN

Cates, what are you up to?

CATES

Nothin', just a quiet night in the city.

Haden stares at Hammond...tries to place him.

HADEN

These days not everybody's real polite. And this asshole's never even gotten close. I'm Haden...

Extends his hand.

Hammond slowly reaches out and shakes it.

Cont.

HADEN

I know you, don't I? You work out of the Potrero Division...

HAMMOND

I can see where Jack gets his keen detective skills. Reggie Hammond.

Haden stares down at Hammond's tray.

HADEN

Should have come tomorrow. We get prime rib on Thursdays.

Looks back at Cates.

HADEN

How about those hot leads of yours? \*

CATES

Workin' on 'em.

HADEN

Then why aren't you out there?

CATES

Aw, you know me, never could pass up a free meal.

HADEN

Think you're gonna catch Ganz in here, turkey?

Looks at Hammond.

HADEN

These white boys are real smart, you know what I mean?

Hammond is ever the respectful colleague.

HAMMOND

Do I ever.

Haden moves away. Cates and Hammond continue through the line.

HAMMOND

He's your boss?

CATES

Yeah, really loves my ass, doesn't he?

Cont.

91

CONTINUED:

91

HAMMOND

Figures. Even when they give a black cat a good job, they make him work with assholes like you...But I notice there's no callin' me nigger with him around.

Hammond gives Cates one of his best smiles.

CATES

He's a son of a bitch, but he's a cop. You're a convict. That makes you a nigger.

They move down the line.

92

TABLE

92

Cates leads Hammond to the vacant end of one table, they put their things down and begin to eat.

Cates digs into the food with gusto.

Hammond scowls.

HAMMOND

Prison food was better than this crap. No wonder you guys are always in such a shitty mood.

CATES

Say the word and you can be back for breakfast.

HAMMOND

Pass the fuckin' salt, please.

Kehoe is carrying his own tray of food when he notices Cates. He scowls, goes to Cates' table, sits down across from him.

KEHOE

How ya doin', Cates?

CATES

You stop by to ruin my appetite, Kehoe?

KEHOE

You got a lot of nerve showin' your face around here...

CATES

We were in the neighborhood.

Cont.

92 CONTINUED:

92

KEHOE

I hear Haden's lookin' to run your ass into the ground first chance you give him.

Kehoe smiles, not upset at the prospect.

CATES

That's the kind of smart talk that passes for police work around here.

Hammond leans forward, speaks in a very "white" voice.

HAMMOND

I guess Haden's a very strict boss on you men.

Both Kehoe and Cates give him a strange look.

KEHOE

Who the hell are you?

HAMMOND

My name is Reggie Hammond. I'm a professional criminal. Your friend and associate Jack Cates is so deeply afraid of me that he refuses to let me eat unless I'm surrounded by a hundred uniformed policemen.

Kehoe just looks at him.

KEHOE

Aw, bullshit. I know...you're the new guy workin' undercover out of vice.

HAMMOND

That's right. Need some phone numbers? We busted some real lookers a couple of hours back.

Kehoe rises.

KEHOE

I'm married, pal. Anybody want any milk?

Moves away.

Cates looks at Hammond.

Cont.

CATES

I thought you were a bank robber  
not a con man.

HAMMOND

You're not a bad liar yourself.

Smiles.

HAMMOND

Looks to me like they don't know I'm  
a con. And I've got a feelin' you  
don't want 'em to know. Like you  
might be goin' against procedure...  
seems to me, you just might be way  
out on a limb.

CATES

So what? Either way you turn and  
run...

Smiles back.

CATES

...you're dead.

HAMMOND

At least there's some con in you,  
Jack. Nice to know we got somethin'  
in common.

Cates and Hammond go back to their food.

TRANSITION.

Cates and Hammond cross the lot toward the Caddy.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Mind your own business.

HAMMOND

Your bookie?

CATES

Just get in the car and keep your  
mouth shut.

Cont.

3 CONTINUED:

93

\*

Hammond gets in the car as Cates pulls Elaine's scarf off the mirror and begins putting it on.

HAMMOND

Hey, you bought me that great dinner dinner and I'm just tryin' to be sociable, whitey.

Cates continues wrapping the scarf around his neck and buttoning his coat.

HAMMOND

Was it your girl?

Cates frowns at him.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Who says she has a problem?

HAMMOND

Saw you when you came out of the phone booth. A white face is like an open book.

CATES

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

Cates climbs in behind the wheel of the Cadillac.

HAMMOND

As usual, Jack, you don't get it. The fact that you got a girl is the only interestin' thing you got goin' in your life far as I'm concerned.

CATES

You can chalk it up to the generosity of women.

HAMMOND

Tell me about it. They got me surrounded by guys wearin' grey suits twenty-four hours a day. And I ain't built for that.

Cont.

CATES

Really? Wearin' that suit, you look like you'd love it.

HAMMOND

No way. I wear these threads to hunt pussy. Now, tell me, Jack, when were you with her last?

Cates smiles at him, almost cruelly...

CATES

I don't give out the details, Reggie.

HAMMOND

Last night, two nights ago, three?

Cates keeps smiling.

CATES

Last night.

HAMMOND

You have a good time?

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

CATES

Aw, we had a fight.

HAMMOND

Before bed or after?

CATES

After.

HAMMOND

At least you took care of business and got the important part in before she came down on you...Tell me a little about it, Jack? She got great tits?

Cates gives him a hard look.

CATES

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

Opens a small bottle.

Pops two bennies.

Offers them to Hammond...declined.

Cont.

93

CONTINUED:

93

HAMMOND

I don't have a prescription.

Cates next takes a belt from his flask.

CATES

Really? In that case, they're  
against the law... Where we goin',  
convict.

HAMMOND

Mission District. Gonna find us  
an Indian.

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

TRANSITION.

94

MISSION DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT

94

The Cadillac drives slowly past a bar called Torchie's.  
Stops at the end of the block.  
Cates and Hammond step out, glance along the end of the  
darkened street.

CATES

Well?

HAMMOND

It's a long shot, but...Billy  
used to tend bar here a few  
years back.

CATES

This pal of yours is going to make  
the reservation system look good.

HAMMOND

This used to be a pretty rough place,  
so maybe you better be ready...

CATES

Look, I know my job, asshole.  
In this part of town, they'll  
make us for the heat as soon as  
we walk in. Just back me up  
like you've got a piece...

They start toward Torchie's.

Cont.

HAMMOND

And you're going to do all the work...

CATES

That's right. I'll give you a demonstration.

HAMMOND

Real amazing how far a gun and a badge can carry some cats...

CATES

Bullshit. Attitude and experience are what get you through. You need five years on the job to handle a bar like this the right way...

HAMMOND

Want a bet? Or aren't you a gamblin' man?

Cates stops.

CATES

I wouldn't mind, but I got two problems. Number one, I'm not playing games. Number two, you got nothing to bet with.

HAMMOND

That's how you figure it?

CATES

Yeah, that's how I figure it.

HAMMOND

How about this? If we come out of there with Ganz' phone number, a dead Indian, or anything else that's useful, then you turn the other way for half an hour while I get laid...

CATES

Okay, Hammond. It's a bet. But I'll tell you what's at stake. If I win, you're gonna tell me the truth.

HAMMOND

The truth? About what?

Cont.

CATES

About what Ganz is really after.  
About why you were in such a  
hurry to get out of jail.

HAMMOND

I don't know what you mean, Jack.

Smiles.

CATES

I'm gonna enjoy seeing you fall on  
your ass.

Reaches into his pocket.

CATES

I'll even loan you a badge.

HAMMOND

Bullshit and experience are all  
it takes.

He takes the badge anyway.

They step inside.

Hammond reacts to...

Redneck city.

Longhorns mounted over the bar, Rebel Flags, Lone Star Beer,  
armadillo posters.

Even the Waitresses wear Stetsons.

Rockabilly pounding from the jukebox.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

My kind of place.

HAMMOND

This used to be a disco...

CATES

Disco's dead...and so are you.

Cates smiles, finds a table in the corner.

A Cowgirl comes over to take his order.

8

95A

HAMMOND

95A

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

BARTENDER

Yeah.

HAMMOND

Vodka.

BARTENDER

How 'bout a Black Russian?

HAMMOND

Vodka. Any kind.

Hammond looks around the room.  
THE BARTENDER places a glass in front of him, picks up the  
dollar as Hammond flashes Cates' shield...

HAMMOND

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

The Bartender shakes his head, gives him a scowl.  
Hammond lifts the shot glass and throws it through the mirror  
behind the bar.  
Sudden silence throughout the room.

HAMMOND

Now do you know?

BARTENDER

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

HAMMOND

Maybe I should ask around...

BARTENDER

I don't give a shit who you ask.

The Bartender walks down toward Cates.

96

HAMMOND

96

Moves away from the bar.  
He stops at a booth occupied by FOUR COWBOY PUNKS, one a very  
big man. Hammond grabs him by the arm and pulls him up.

HAMMOND

Up against the wall, asshole.

Cont.

96

CONTINUED:

96

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

HAMMOND

Get over there by that wall.

Looks at the others.

HAMMOND

Move it...on your feet.

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

HAMMOND

Over there...move your ass.

97

CATES

97

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

98

A WEASEL PUNK

98

When Hammond isn't looking, he dashes toward the exit.  
Cates puts out a leg.  
Sends the Punk crashing into a crowded table.  
He falls under it, unconscious.

99

HAMMOND

99

Turns around at the noise.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

The three remaining Punks are now spread-eagled against the wall.  
Hammond searches the first.  
He drops a wallet on the floor and moves to the second.  
A switchblade, some credit cards and another wallet fall to the  
floor.  
The last Punk has only a roll of bills.  
Hammond holds the money up to his face.

HAMMOND

Where did you make this score?

The Punk smiles.

Cont.

PUNK

It's mine.

HAMMOND

Must have rolled someone.

PUNK

No, I didn't. Honest. Listen,  
what kind of cop are you, anyway?

HAMMOND

Police Corruption Committee.  
Now, face the Goddamn wall.

Hammond scoops the possessions from the floor as the other  
Customers start filing out.  
The Bartender goes over to him.

HAMMOND

One of them is under-age. Another  
attacked a police officer.

He looks up at the Bartender.

HAMMOND

The tall one had a weapon...  
You own this place?

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

HAMMOND

Looks like you're out of business.

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

BARTENDER

The Indian hangs out with a  
girl down the block. She lives  
on top of the hardware store.

Hammond turns, grins at Cates.  
Cates nods, slips out the door.

HAMMOND

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

BARTENDER

Look, give me a break, you're going  
to have to settle for her place.  
I'm giving you all I know.

Cont.

99

CONTINUED:

99

A tone of desperation in his voice.  
Hammond picks up the credit cards and knife, pockets them.

HAMMOND

You run a clean bar and you  
won't have to worry about me  
hassling you. Got it, cowboy?

Turns and goes.

100

STREET

100

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

CATES

I think you got something for me.

Pause.

CATES

The gun you took off that redneck  
in there.

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

You made that move, huh?

CATES

He likes target .22's. While  
you're at it, give me the switch-  
blade, too.

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

CATES

Credit cards?

Hammond hands them over with the knife.

HAMMOND

You already got a gun and you owe  
me a piece of ass. I'll settle  
for the gun you just took.

A long moment.

Then Cates slowly lifts the .22 automatic.

Cont.

100 CONTINUED:

100

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

Motherfucker.

He throws the gun away.

CATES

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

They walk up the block.

TRANSITION.

101 HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

101

Window display of tools.  
Next to the shop, another door leads above.

101A CATES AND HAMMOND

101A

Stop in front of the second door.  
Look up at the darkened apartment windows.  
They walk to the end of the block.  
Turn into an empty parking lot.  
Scale a brick wall at the far side.

102 ALLEY

102

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

103 STAIRWELL

103

The metal steps extend onto a platform by the back door.  
Cates leans out over the railings to look through the  
adjacent window.  
Between the drawn curtains, a flickering glimmer from a TV set.  
Two indistinct forms stretched on the bed.

104

HAMMOND

104

Directs Cates' look toward the TV.  
Propped up against it is a long, dark object.

HAMMOND

Shotgun.

CATES

No, pump gun's longer.

HAMMOND

Sawed-off.

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

105

APARTMENT

105

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

CATES

Police! Nobody move!

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

WOMAN

Stay where you are!

The light goes on.  
Cates' gun points at a YOUNG WOMAN (SALLY) in a dressing gown  
crouched on the bed.  
Saturday Night Special held between her palms, police style...  
A SECOND WOMAN (CASEY) stands beside Hammond at the light switch.  
Larger and slightly older than the first, she wears a man's  
shirt and nothing else.  
Holds a baseball bat in her right hand.

SALLY

Drop it.

CATES

Police.

CASEY

Don't give me that shit. Drop it.

Cont.

105

CONTINUED:

105

Cates takes out his badge.  
Throws it to the Woman on the bed.

SALLY

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates takes two steps toward her...

CATES

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

He takes two more steps toward her.

CATES

Shooting a cop puts you away for  
a long time.

5  
Holds out his hand.

SALLY

You assholes better be real.

She hands Cates the gun.

CATES

We're looking for Billy Bear.

Casey prods Hammond with the baseball bat.

CASEY

Let's see your badge...

He snatches the bat out of her hands.

HAMMOND

Don't have one.

SALLY

I knew it. Call the cops.

8  
Casey walks over to the phone.

Cont.

CATES

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

After a moment, Casey puts down the phone.

CATES

Which one of you sees Billy Bear?

SALLY

The son of a bitch isn't here,  
and he isn't coming back.

CATES

You can do better than that.

SALLY

I don't know where the hell he is.  
I haven't seen him for two weeks.  
And I don't think I will. He owes  
me money...he's a Goddamn lowlife.

CATES

Sounds like a real stormy romance.

Hammond walks out of the room.  
Kicks open the doors to the other rooms.  
He quickly searches the apartment.  
A moment later, he reappears.  
Starts for the door with Cates.

CASEY

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

Cates pauses in the doorway; a distinct deja vu expression  
on his face.

The two men walk toward the Cadillac.  
Neither of them very happy.

CATES

Sawed-off shotgun...you know,  
you're full of crap.

Cont.

106 CONTINUED:

106

HAMMOND

I'm impressed with you, Jack.  
You do a real good job of busting  
up women and red neck gun hustlers.

CATES

What you got out of Luther didn't  
add up to half a sack of shit.  
What you got out of that bar didn't  
add up to a sack of shit. And you  
think I didn't catch that number  
between you and Luther? He knew  
more than he told me and so do you...  
Now you better tell me what the fuck  
this is all about.

A long look at Hammond.

HAMMOND

Maybe I don't like the way you ask.

CATES

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

Pause.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

I was in a bar once. Got in an  
argument with an off-duty cop. He  
made a mistake. Gave his gun to  
the bartender and came outside  
with me... He was about your size,  
about your age...

They stop by the car.

Cont.

## CATES

You're real good at telling stories; you ought to write a book...I say hoods like you are chicken shit. If you don't have a gun in front of you, you're nothing. You think you can tell that bullshit story and get away with it because I'm serious about Ganz and I won't take the badge off...

## HAMMOND

Prove I'm wrong.

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

## CATES

You're Goddamn right I will... You made a big mistake, Reggie Hammond. First, let me tell you something...I fight dirty...

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

## HAMMOND

So do I.

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

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

## CATES

I got six inches more reach, Hammond.

## HAMMOND

You got thirty more pounds, too.

Hammond dances in and out... Cates' breathing becomes more labored. His windmill attack penetrates Cates' defense. Cates lowers his head, charges, bull-like...His rush and greater bulk send both of them crashing into some trash cans and a brick wall.

Cont.

CONTINUED:

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

CATES

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

Puffing away.

CATES

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

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

FIRST COP

All right, you two. Don't move.

CATES

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

SECOND COP

Yeah, sure. Get your hands  
 above your head.

He keeps his gun trained on Cates and Hammond.

CATES

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

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

FIRST COP

What the hell's going on here?

Cont.

106

CONTINUED:

106

Cates walks over, pockets his gun.

SECOND COP

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

CATES

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

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

FIRST COP

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

CATES

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

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

FIRST COP

I gotta file a report tonight, asshole...

CATES

Goes with the territory.

FIRST COP

So does this.

He hands Cates a ticket, indicates the car.

FIRST COP

You're parked in a red zone.

The two Cops leave.

CATES

Son of a bitch.

TRANSITION.

107

ALL-NIGHT GAS STATION

107

Cadillac parked behind the service area.

108 RESTROOM

108

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates straightens up from the wash basin.

CATES

Yeah, right. You want to try again?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

They saved your ass, convict.

HAMMOND

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

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

CATES

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

The door closes behind Cates.

Hammond leans back toward the mirror, nudges a tooth with his finger.

HAMMOND

Motherfucker.

109 GAS STATION PARKING LOT

109

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

CATES

Wait a minute.

Hammond stops.

CATES

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

Pause.

Cont.

CATES

I think you're a lowlife crook like all the rest, but I don't think you're stupid. So what's the play you're making?

HAMMOND

That fist of yours is pretty good for loosenin' up teeth.

CATES

You stood up to it pretty good.

HAMMOND

I'm trying to figure if we got any other moves.

CATES

You die slow.

A long moment; Hammond decides he has no choice...

HAMMOND

I been waiting a long time for some money.

CATES

How much?

HAMMOND

Half a million.

CATES

Jesus.

Hammond smiles his meanest smile.

HAMMOND

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

Cates is unmoved.

CATES

Just tell me about it.

HAMMOND

Me and my bunch hit a dealer in the middle of a sale, the kind of money nobody ever reports stolen.

Cont.

CATES

What happened?

HAMMOND

Somebody fingered me for another job.  
...Some psycho who's out there  
capping people with some cop's gun.

CATES

Ganz. You owe him.

HAMMOND

You're real fast... While he's out  
there loose, my ass and money are in  
serious jeopardy. Now, I gotta know...  
how much are you in for?

CATES

I want Ganz and my gun back. That's all.

HAMMOND

You tryin' to tell me you aren't hot  
for a taste of a half million in cash?  
You gotta be kiddin' me, Jack...

CATES

It's your money, why should I give a  
shit?

Hammond's entire sense of things has been challenged.

HAMMOND

Wait a second, are you human? You  
doin' this gig because the badge  
and gun help you get girls or  
somethin'?

CATES

I'll tell you what I do, I protect  
people.

HAMMOND

You are crazy, Jack. You think  
people love you and respect you for  
protecting 'em? You're out here  
gettin' your ass shot up when you  
oughta be lookin' for a piece for  
yourself because those people you  
protect are all figuring out some  
way to pick their neighbor's pocket  
and yours if they can. The only  
thing people ask when they look at  
Cont.

HAMMOND

(Cont.)

you is how much you can get away with...That's why I'm proud to be a thief 'cause that is what just about everybody would really like to be.

CATES

You finished...

HAMMOND

You find out about my money and you don't want to lean on me for a piece... I'm insulted...yeah, I'm finished.

CATES

I don't give a damn whether people understand me or like me or respect me or any of the rest of that shit... all I want is to do my damn job and respect myself. And I'll tell you somethin', big mouth, I do it real well. Now I want my gun back and I want Ganz put down or dead...end of story.

HAMMOND

You'll have self-respect and I'll have a half-million in cash. I don't believe this.

CATES

I didn't bust you out of jail to listen to some lecture.

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

No, you were breakin' the law to protect all those nice citizens from law breakers.

CATES

Yeah. Something like that...

Hammond keeps smiling.

HAMMOND

You musta been a criminal somewhere in another life, you got the double-talk in you. The weirdest part is you pull all this shit for the fun of it and no money. That is the weirdest fucking thing I've ever heard of.

Cont.

109 CONTINUED:

109

\*

CATES

Enjoy it.

HAMMOND

If I was to run, it'd be your ass...

Cates smiles back.

CATES

Yours. I'd put a bullet in your back and swear we'd never met. Bustin' you out could put me in trouble, but it makes you expendable. I don't give a damn if you trust me about the money, but I know you better worry about me trusting you on our 48 hour deal. Now where's the money at?

Hammond, perplexed, amazed at this weird individual.

HAMMOND

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

TRANSITION.

110 CADILLAC - NIGHT

110

Moving through the city.  
Clock on the dashboard showing 4 a.m.  
Cates at the wheel.

CATES

Where's the Goddamn car?

HAMMOND

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

Smiles.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

You just drove by it.

- 111 STREET 111  
 The Cadillac makes a screeching U-turn, swings into the curb.  
 Cates leans out, looks at...
- 112 PARKING BUILDING 112  
 Narrow, multi-storied, with a garage-like opening and signs  
 proclaiming "Weekly-Monthly-Long Term."
- 113 CADILLAC 113

CATES

Okay, now what?

Hammond gets out of the car.  
 Stands on the sidewalk.  
 Stretches.  
 Then gets into the back seat.

HAMMOND

Since you're wired on bennies,  
 you get to stay up and stare at  
 the building. I'm tired, so I'm  
 going to sleep. Place opens at  
 seven, wake me up at a quarter till...

Cates stares at the place.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Shit.

- 114 THE CITY 114  
 Beyond the skyline, grey streaks of dawn etch the sky.

TRANSITION.

115 OPEN AIR PARKING LOT - MORNING.

115

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

116 CADILLAC

116

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

CATES

I don't want you sleeping on the job.

Hammond yawns, eases himself into a sitting position.

HAMMOND

The place opens in five minutes.  
Ganz ought to be here soon...

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Not really. I never told Luther  
what was in the car...I just told  
him to store it. Poor Henry knew  
just enough about it to get himself  
killed.

CATES

Guess what? Luther just got in line.

Hammond sits up.

HAMMOND

What?

CATES

Musta got some primo bondsman.

HAMMOND

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

117

INT. PARKING LOT BUILDING

117

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

ATTENDANT

Yeah?

LUTHER

I want to pick up my car.

He passes across a faded form.

ATTENDANT

Name?

LUTHER

Hammond.

The Attendant examines the form, surprised.

ATTENDANT

This is three years old.

LUTHER

Yeah, I've been busy.

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

ATTENDANT

We don't wash 'em, ya know.

LUTHER

How about chargin' the battery?

ATTENDANT

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

LUTHER

Great, just great.

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

118

STREET

118

Luther drives down the exit ramp in a dated Porsche convertible. The car is covered with a uniform coat of dust, except for the windshield which has been wiped hastily clean. Luther waits for a break in the flow of traffic, drives out.

119 ANOTHER STREET 119

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

119A CADILLAC 119A

Cates follows Luther through several turns.  
The Porsche jerks whenever it speeds up or slows down.

HAMMOND

I'll kill that Luther. Can't drive for shit. He's stripping my gears.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Yeah, some white asshole took the last piece of shit Cadillac that was up for sale.

119B ANOTHER STREET 119B

Luther suddenly swings over several lanes of traffic, parks.

119C CADILLAC 119C

They pull over too, steal a space from a station wagon filled with a hassled mom and endless kids. She gives Cates the finger.

119D LUTHER - CATES & HAMMOND'S P.O.V. 119D

He locks up the car, goes to the trunk. Rummages there... moves a blanket, a flaming red three piece suit.

119E INT. CADILLAC 119E

CATES

That Goddamn suit is yours?

Hammond winces.

HAMMOND

Hey, they were in a couple years back.

CATES

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

120 LUTHER 120

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

121 CADILLAC 121

HAMMOND  
That's the money, Jack.

They jump out of the car, follow on foot.

122 STREET 122

Luther hurries along the sidewalk.  
He reaches the corner, turns quickly...

123 CATES AND HAMMOND 123

Following a little way behind.  
They pause at the corner, watching the pedestrian traffic move by.  
Then turn down the cross street after Luther.  
Follow him down a stairwell.

124 SUBWAY STATION - LOBBY 124

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

Luther moves further into the station.  
Cates and Hammond enter.  
They keep Luther fixed between them, 50 feet ahead.  
Luther seems to be wandering.  
He walks through the shop area and back toward the escalator.  
Hammond remains near the arcade while Cates blends in with the commuters.  
Luther puts the briefcase down at his feet and leans against a counter.  
Next to him, a loud troop of Boy Scouts marches by.  
A crowd of people from the train area below flows through the lobby obscuring Luther from Hammond and Cates for a moment.  
Cates steps out to get a better view and suddenly spots Ganz moving through the crowd toward Luther.  
He looks over at Hammond across the station and motions.  
Then they both start moving in on Ganz, trying to intercept him before he gets deeper into the crowd.  
Ganz moves cautiously through the station.  
A crumpled newspaper held absently in his hand.  
He scans the faces of the commuters and spots Luther.  
Fails to notice Cates and Hammond closing in on him from two directions.

Cont.

124. CONTINUED:

124

A PATROLMAN comes up.  
 Starts chatting amiably with a Boy Scout next to Luther.  
 Ganz hesitates in his approach.  
 He motions Luther to move away.  
 But Luther starts to panic when he sees Cates and Hammond closing in...  
 Ganz reacts to Luther, turns and spots the two men.  
 He makes an immediate break for open ground.  
 The Patrolman sees Ganz start to run.  
 The newspaper is thrown to the floor...  
 Ganz swings Cates' .44 toward Hammond.

PATROLMAN

Hey--you!

Ganz whirls, his feet slipping on the marble floor.  
 His shot at Hammond goes plowing into the ceiling.  
 The crowd starts to panic and run in all directions.  
 The Patrolman has already brought his own gun out.  
 Levels it at Ganz.

PATROLMAN

Put it down.

Billy Bear's .44 blasts the Patrolman onto his back.  
 Ganz comes up and scrambles through the screaming patrons.  
 He and Billy head toward the escalator.  
 Cates has already brought out his .38...  
 Can't get a clean shot through the chaos.  
 Hammond pushes his way through the crowd to Cates.

HAMMOND

Shoot the sons of bitches.

Cates can't risk it...

HAMMOND

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

A moment.

HAMMOND

Bullshit, then I'm staying  
 with the money!

CATES

You stay with me...

HAMMOND

No way...

Hammond starts after Luther.  
 Cates turns, starts to aim at Hammond.  
 Hesitates...  
 Then turns and heads after Ganz and Billy Bear.

125 PASSENGER WALKWAY 125

Panic has overtaken everyone as they try to escape the madman with the gun.  
 Ganz and Billy elbow and kick their way through the crowd.  
 Cates, gun in hand, creates further panic as he moves after Ganz.  
 Ganz grabs a man beside him.  
 Shoves him hard into the passengers in back.  
 The man knocks over several more people creating a roadblock.  
 Ganz vaults over the railing and starts for the trains.  
 Cates loses a few more precious seconds grappling through the terrorized passengers...

126 TRAIN AREA 126

The usually jammed area looks like an empty stockyard.  
 The patrons huddle in fear against any available wall.  
 Cates bursts out of the stairwell...

127 TUNNEL 127

Red and green signal lights.  
 The light goes red, a train roars up and the doors hiss open.  
 Billy and Ganz fight through the passengers getting off the train, jump on board...

128 CATES 128

Running for the doors...  
 Suddenly, a SECURITY OFFICER appears, riot gun in hand.

SECURITY OFFICER

FREEZE!

CATES

No! No! There they are!

SECURITY OFFICER

Just put it down real slow.

The train doors close.

CATES

I'm a policeman, you asshole!

SECURITY OFFICER

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

He means it, points the riot gun even closer...  
 The train in front of him moves away.  
 Cates carefully places the .38 on the pavement.  
 Then raises his hands in the air.

CATES

Shit.

TRANSITION.

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

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

HADEN

Cates.

Haden silhouetted against the light from the street.

HADEN

What the hell happened?

CATES

I lost them, that's what happened.

HADEN

How did they get away?

CATES

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

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

HADEN

Which one pulled the trigger?

CATES

The Indian. I was about 30  
yards away.

HADEN

You couldn't get to him?

Cates shrugs.

HADEN

What a screw-up.

CATES

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

Haden starts toward the street.  
Looks back at Cates.

Cont.

129 CONTINUED:

129

HADEN

Hotshot's fallen on his ass at last.

CATES

Look, Haden, I got close. How's  
the A-team doin'?

HADEN

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

CATES

Simple. I didn't have the time.

HADEN

Too bad, it would've covered your  
ass. Now you're in the shit.  
Start thinkin' about writin'  
tickets off a three-wheeler.  
You're all done wearin' civilian  
clothes.Cates looks at him for a moment...  
Turns and walks away.

TRANSITION.

130 PREDMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

130

Hammond across the street from Predmore.  
Standing in a phone booth talking into the receiver...  
He turns and looks again at the hotel...  
Hangs up.  
Walks into a nearby bar.

TRANSITION.

131 VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

131

Crowded.  
Punk Dancers all over the floor.  
A rock group BLASTING away...

132 HAMMOND

132

At a back booth...  
A MAN (SOSNA) approaches carrying a small suitcase.

HAMMOND

How you doing, Sosna?

SOSNA

Not bad, not bad.

Cont.

132

CONTINUED:

132

Puts the suitcase down on the table.

SOSNA

You want to go outside?

HAMMOND

Naw, right here's okay.

Dancers sliding and jerking in front of them.

SOSNA

You sure?

HAMMOND

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

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

SOSNA

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

Suitcase arranged like a salesman's display case.  
Tightly spaced rows of handguns mounted in their holsters.  
Sosna is the Avon Lady of gun powder.

HAMMOND

I like this one...

Pockets a revolver with a deft move.

HAMMOND

How about some ammo?

SOSNA

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

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

HAMMOND

How much?

SOSNA

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

HAMMOND

Don't mess with me. How much?

SOSNA

Five bills.

Cont.

HAMMOND

Five. On credit.

SOSNA

This ain't a credit business.  
You know that.

HAMMOND

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

SOSNA

Give it back.

HAMMOND

Try and take it.

A long moment.

SOSNA

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

He stands.

HAMMOND

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

Sosna walks off.

Hammond heads for the bar.

Stands next to a good-looking TEEN-AGE GIRL.

Nods to the barkeep.

HAMMOND

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

Served up.

He knocks half of it back, turns to the girl.

HAMMOND

My name's Reggie Hammond.

Big personality smile.

GIRL

So what.

She turns away as he takes a drink.

TRANSITION.

133

## SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

133

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

KEHOE

You look awful.

CATES

So do you...been a long day.

KEHOE

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

CATES

Aw, bullshit, you heard wrong.

KEHOE

Doesn't look like it.

CATES

Nothing came in for me yet? No calls?

KEHOE

Nothing.

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

KEHOE

Kehoe... Okay, hang on.

Offers the phone to Cates.

KEHOE

It's for you... Ordinance.

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

CATES

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

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

Cont.

133

CONTINUED:

133

CATES  
Bullshit red tape.

KEHOE  
I'm heading out. How about you?

Cates shakes his head.

CATES  
I got to wait for a call.

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

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

PLAINCLOTHESMAN  
Yeah, he's here.

Cates stiffens.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN  
Cates... line twelve.

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

CATES  
You motherfucker, where are you?

134

ELAINE

134

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

ELAINE  
I'm at work, asshole. Where else?

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

ELAINE  
No wonder you're so popular.

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

Cont.

ELAINE

So am I.

ELAINE

Jack, this afternoon...

CATES

Hey, look, when...

ELAINE

You first.

CATES

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

Behind Cates, Kehoe steps back into the room.

KEHOE

Hey, Cates...

Cates swings around.

KEHOE

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

CATES

What?

ELAINE

Jack, are you still there?

KEHOE

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

CATES

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

KEHOE

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

Cates interrupts.

CATES

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

ELAINE

Jack? What was that?

KEHOE

Find it yourself. It's on my desk.

Cates speaks back into the receiver.

Cont.

134 CONTINUED:

134

CATES

Elaine, I gotta put you on hold...

ELAINE

Jack, wait...

CATES

Just a second, that's all!

He hits the hold button, starts rummaging through the desk. Paperwork scatters in all directions. Kehoe watches him in silence for awhile then leaves. Cates begins to dial.

CATES

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

Listens for a moment.

CATES

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

Slams down the phone.  
Starts toward the door.  
Remembers...  
He dashes back to the phone, hits the other line.  
Hears only a buzz.

CATES

Oh, shit.

TRANSITION.

135 VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

135  
\*

Band still BLASTING away.  
Hammond in the middle of the floor dancing his ass off with a girl named CANDY.  
Hammond yells over the music...

HAMMOND

My name's Reggie Hammond.

Tries his big personality smile.  
This time he gets one back.

CANDY

I'm Candy...and you look like you got a sweet tooth.

Frowns when she doesn't get the usual chuckle.

Cont.

HAMMOND

Excuse me, Candy, but are you selling?

CANDY

Hey, you got a lot of nerve...

HAMMOND

Don't mean to be rude...but I'm sort of in a hurry.

It takes a bar of music for her pride to heal.  
She leans closer.

CANDY

A hundred bucks.

HAMMOND

A hundred bucks...?

She notices his expression.

CANDY

How long has it been since you got laid, anyway?

HAMMOND

I've spent the last three years cooped up with a bunch of men.

CANDY

Gee, you a priest or somethin'?

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

CATES

Where's Luther?

HAMMOND

Be polilte. Say hello. This is Candy.

CATES

I'll bet... Hello. And goodbye.

She looks at Hammond.  
He nods.

CANDY

I'll see you later.

Cont.

135 CONTINUED:

135

HAMMOND

Here's hoping, baby...

Candy leaves and melts into the crowd on the dance floor.  
Takes no partner in particular.

CATES

What about Luther?

HAMMOND

What about Ganz?

Cates shrugs.

CATES

We missed.

Pause.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Maybe we should pay Luther a visit.

HAMMOND

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

They move to the bar.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

We don't have too many cheer-  
leaders in prison.

Cates orders two drinks.

Cont.

135 CONTINUED:

135

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Forget it. I want Ganz, and I  
got some other news for you...

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

CATES

Let me have it.

HAMMOND

There's an expression I keep  
hearing lately. I'll tell you  
how it goes... "Kiss my ass."

For a moment, they stare at each other.

HAMMOND

You've had two chances at Ganz.  
Now, it's my turn.

CATES

How'd you get it?

HAMMOND

I've got a real great credit rating.

Pause.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

You sure that's the reason?

Pause.

CATES

Thanks for callin' in... and I guess  
maybe... Look, I'm sorry I called  
you a nigger.

HAMMOND

Wasn't the first time it ever  
happened, whitey.

Cont.

135 CONTINUED:

135

CATES

Yeah. Guess not.

HAMMOND

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

He nods at Candy across the way.

CATES

Yeah, I see her.

HAMMOND

She wants a hundred. I can just take her right across the street to Luther's hotel.

Big smile.

CATES

I hate tellin' you this, but I only got about twenty bucks on me.

HAMMOND

Shit. Might of known.

A Young Woman walks over to one side of the bar and starts dancing by herself to the music.

Her partner, A PICKPOCKET, has positioned himself at the bar next to THE MARK, a small man wearing a cheap business suit.

136 CATES

136

Looking across at the set-up with a cop's experienced eye.

137 THE WOMAN

137

Moves in on The Mark turning her back, swinging her ass. The Mark takes in the view.

The Pickpocket stands, brushes by The Mark and goes into the men's room.

On the brush, the Pickpocket collects a wallet.

The record ends and the woman sits down to finish her drink.

138 CATES AND HAMMOND

138

Cates downs his drink...

CATES

Maybe I can do something for you...

Cont.

138 CONTINUED:

138

He walks over to The Mark, gives him a big grin.

CATES

Your wallet just walked into  
the john.

The Mark reaches for his back pocket.

CATES

You got hit while that girl  
over there was shaking her ass.

THE MARK

Son of a bitch.

The Woman heads for the door.

THE MARK

Hey, Goddamn it.

She clears the exit.

Cates still smiling...

The Mark doesn't see any humor in the situation.

CATES

The one you want went in there.

THE MARK

Yeah, I guess so.

He looks nervously toward the men's room but doesn't make  
a move.

CATES

How much you got in the wallet?

THE MARK

Couple of hundred.

CATES

You want me to get it?

Pause.

CATES

I'll take half.

THE MARK

Okay with me.

Another record goes on the jukebox.  
Cates and The Mark move through the tightly-packed crowd  
toward the back of the bar.

139 MEN'S ROOM

139

Several patrons are using the facility.  
The Pickpocket is before the mirror combing his hair.  
Seeing Cates and The Mark approach, he turns to face them.

THE MARK

I think you got my wallet,  
buddy.

PICKPOCKET

I think maybe you got it all  
wrong, buddy.

Cates knocks the top off the waste receptacle, pulls out the  
billfold.

PICKPOCKET

What's all this to you?

CATES

Just a little business...

The Pickpocket can see the number is blown and snaps out a  
switchblade.  
The other patrons turn to watch.

CATES

I don't think you're that good.

PICKPOCKET

Come on over and see.

Cates starts forward, wallet still in his hand.

THE MARK

Wait a minute, wait a minute.  
Maybe we better forget the whole  
thing...

CATES

You don't want your money?

THE MARK

I don't want this kind of  
trouble... The cops might show  
up. It's only a couple of  
hundred bucks.

CATES

You forgot something. Half of  
it's mine.

Cates continues forward.  
He flips the wallet at the Pickpocket.  
Parries a knife thrust.

Cont.

139 CONTINUED:

139

Cates grabs the Pickpocket's wrist with his other hand then turns him outward.  
He squeezes very hard, simultaneously twisting his arm.  
The knife falls.

PICKPOCKET

Don't break it. Don't break it.  
Please don't break it. Jesus...

Cates looks at The Mark, smiles...

CATES

Now, why don't you come on over  
here and get our money?

140 VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB - BAR

140

Cates slides into the seat next to Hammond, holds up the money.  
Hammond smiles, takes it.  
The Mark walks past them on the way to the door.

THE MARK

Thanks, pal.

CATES

Don't mention it.

Hammond counts it eagerly.

Looks around.

Candy suddenly appears like a trout seeing a lure.  
She grabs the money.

CANDY

Hello, again.

HAMMOND

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

Hammond smiles, leads her out of the bar.

CATES

Hurry back.

Cates watches them go, downs his drink.  
He fishes in his pocket for a coin, moves to a wall phone.  
Dials, eyes never leaving the Predmore Hotel.  
A phone begins to ring.

141 CHRONICLE RESTAURANT & BAR - NIGHT

141

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

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

It's for you.

Hands her the receiver.

ELAINE

Hello.

CATES

Hi, it's me...

ELAINE

Fuck you.

She slams down the receiver.

TRANSITION.

142 INT. PREDMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

142

Hammond and Candy are waiting for the elevator.  
They're in a tight clinch, a little giggly.

CANDY

So... what did you have in mind?

Suddenly, Hammond sees Luther's reflection in a mirror.

HAMMOND

Oh no, not now!

Luther's headed for the street with the briefcase.  
He runs for the door.  
Hammond runs back, starts to snatch the money from her bra,  
reconsiders...

HAMMOND

Keep the money, I'll be back.

He kisses her. Runs off.  
She stares at him in disbelief.

143 VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB - BAR

143

Rock group still BLASTING away...  
Hammond runs inside, knocking aside a waitress about to refill  
Cates' drink.

CATES

That was quick.

Cont.

143 CONTINUED:

143

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Why?

HAMMOND

Luther's on the move...

Cates jumps up.  
Grabs the money still in Hammond's hand.  
Throws some on the table.  
They run out.

144 STREET - NIGHT

144

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

145 A BUS STOP

145

Luther waits, impatient.  
Checks his watch.  
Looks up and down the street.  
He double-checks the bus stop sign over his head.  
Just as a bus pulls to a stop, air brakes hissing...

146 LUTHER

146

Gets in.  
Sees that the driver is Billy Bear...  
BART hat and all.

147 BUS

147

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

GANZ

Open your coat. Both sides.

Luther complies, shows he's not packed.

LUTHER

Let her go.

GANZ

First, the money.

Cont.

147 CONTINUED: 147

Luther takes a step.

GANZ  
Just show me.

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

148 ANOTHER BUS STOP 148

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

149 BUS 149

Ganz is satisfied.  
Luther closes the case.

LUTHER  
Rosalie, you okay?

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

And then he shoots Luther.  
Right between the buttons.

GANZ  
I never break my word.

Laughs as Rosalie begins to scream.

150 OMIT 150

151 CATES' CADDY 151

Barreling down the street, ignoring red lights.  
Hammond shouts over the wind.

HAMMOND  
Notice something funny about that bus?

CATES  
Yeah. It missed the last four stops.

Cates pours on the gas.

152 BILLY BEAR 152

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

BILLY  
Ganz!

- 153 THE CADDY 153  
Swerves into cross traffic, makes a big press forward.  
Comes abreast of the driver's side of the bus.
- 154 GANZ 154  
Smashes a side window with the two handguns.  
Blasts away.  
Cates driving with one hand as he draws his gun.
- 155 CATES 155  
Looks up as glass shards sparkle down.  
He speeds up...he is neck and neck with the bus. \*  
Hammond has a clear shot of Billy Bear who gives a side  
glance at him...  
Hammond doesn't shoot...  
Cates slows down and fires...  
Billy is hit in the shoulder.  
Ganz runs up and fires again...  
Hammond is hit in the arm.  
Cates grabs Hammond by the shirt.  
Yanks him close.  
Throws the wheel over...
- 156 CADDY 156  
Swerves as bullets pepper the passenger side.  
Stuffing files out of Hammond's still warm seat.  
The right hand windows explode.  
Then the Caddy spins out.
- 157 THE BUS 157  
Roars away...
- 158 THE CADDY 158  
Skids into a traffic sign, demolishing some newspaper machines.  
Cates curses, tries to start the car.  
The engine won't turn over.  
He looks at the distant bus.

CATES

Goddamn! Goddamn! Goddamn!

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

TRANSITION.

158A EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

158A

A YOUNG INTERN in his twenties is bandaging Hammond.

INTERN

Now we can see about admitting  
you properly...

HAMMOND

Fuck that.

INTERN

Who's paying for this?

Cates steps close, flashes his badge...

CATES

This man is an employee of the  
police department...put it on  
our account...you know what I  
mean?

Hammond gets off the table he's been sitting on, tries the arm.

CATES

You ready to go?

HAMMOND

You kiddin'? I'm ready to go to a  
party...

CATES

First I gotta go take some shit from  
my boss.

They walk out together and more together than they've ever been.

TRANSITION.

159 SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

159

Cates at his desk.  
Hammond seated nearby.  
Haden in front of Cates, furious.

HADEN

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

Cates says nothing...

Cont.

159 CONTINUED:

159

HADEN

That's right, I called him a nigger. You bet I did...I saw the report on that little piece of shit. If he spent one legal day in his whole life, it'd be a record...This is it for you...suspension, review board... you've had it. When it gets 'round you protected a con rather than nail a cop killer...

Cates stands up.

CATES

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

HADEN

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

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

HADEN

Where the Christ do you think you're going?

CATES

I'm taking my prisoner back to jail.

Hammond looks at Haden.

Cont.

8

159 CONTINUED:

159

HAMMOND

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

HADEN

Go fuck yourself, convict.

HAMMOND

I can see where Cates gets his  
attitude about us brothers.

Cates and Hammond walk out.

160 SIDEWALK - NIGHT

160

Station looming behind Cates and Hammond.  
They walk stoically toward the parking lot.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Let's make it a couple.

They arrive at the Caddy.

TRANSITION.

161 CHRONICLE RESTAURANT AND BAR - NIGHT

161

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

You'll see, it's okay.

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

ELAINE

I don't believe it.

CATES

Hiya, kid.

Cont.

161 CONTINUED:

161

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

Hammond looks at her.  
He nudges Cates.

HAMMOND

This isn't her?

CATES

Yup.

HAMMOND

You said she was a shrink.

CATES

Shrink major. Not a shrink.

ELAINE

He told you that?

HAMMOND

Bullshit, right?

ELAINE

No, it's true, but usually he  
doesn't mention it. Usually, he  
doesn't even mention me.

She pours three glasses of cognac.

ELAINE

I have a feeling you're not  
celebrating.

A STRAGGLER at the end of the bar pipes up. \*

STRAGGLER

Hey, lady, a drink here.

ELAINE

We're closed.

STRAGGLER

Hey, what the hell?

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

ELAINE

Drink your drink, pay up and get out.

Cont.

161 CONTINUED:

161  
\*

STRAGGLER

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

ELAINE

Hey, just fuck off. My friends  
have guns.

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

ELAINE

You real down?

CATES

I've been better.

ELAINE

They'll nail that bastard Ganz.

CATES

It oughta be me that does it.

He finishes his drink, puts down the glass.

CATES

I gotta call the station.

Looks back at Hammond...

CATES

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

Moves away.

HAMMOND

Hard man to live with.

ELAINE

How would you know?

HAMMOND

Hey, two days with him is enough.

She looks at him carefully.

HAMMOND

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

Cont.

161 CONTINUED:

161  
\*

ELAINE

I'm not so sure I can say the same thing.

They both grin.

HAMMOND

I gotta say this right off...if you weren't his and if I wasn't so hurt and tired, I'd be absolutely dying to fuck someone as good-lookin' as you right this second...But if you weren't his and I wasn't so tired, I might be too shy to come out and tell you... Why is it always easiest to say stuff to the people you know you can't have?.

ELAINE

It probably goes back to childhood.

He smiles.

HAMMOND

Right. You pour the best cognac of any shrink I ever saw...

162- OMIT  
163

162-  
163

164 CATES

\*  
164

In the phone booth.

CATES

Is there any report...no...just tell me...Nothing...yeah, I figured. A-team still isn't cuttin' it, huh?

\*

Cates waits, listening...

165 ELAINE AND HAMMOND

165

Looking at Cates.

HAMMOND

You know, I think he likes you.

ELAINE

Right. He's only his obnoxious self with the people he likes.

Elaine smiles.

Cont.

165 CONTINUED:

165

ELAINE

The real mystery is how could I  
let myself fall for this guy?

Cates returns...

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Fuckin' Ganz.

ELAINE

Just a pure schizo...wires all  
crossed...totally without any  
pattern..kill anybody...Billy...  
himself...anybody...

CATES

How do you know?

ELAINE

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

Hammond cuts in.

HAMMOND

I'll tell you about him. He was  
the only one of my bunch that  
was my friend. He was loyal to  
me through a lotta tough times.  
And all that poor son of a bitch  
wanted was some guy to be boss so  
he could play follow the leader...  
Once he starts to listen to you, he'd  
go to hell and back. Loyalty, it's  
the rarest thing on the whole earth.

ELAINE

Classic type. He finds one guy to  
trust. He defines everybody else  
as the enemy...the devil...got a  
right to defend himself and his kin,  
his leader against everybody...It's  
like you stake out one piece of ground,  
the Indians used to...call it sacred...  
every place else is corrupt.

Cont.

CATES

One place is home.

ELAINE

That's right.

HAMMOND

He always used to talk about that happy hunting ground shit, like it really meant something.

CATES

Ganders.

ELAINE

What?

CATES

The reservation. The one safe place.

HAMMOND

Upstate, near the border, right?

CATE

Everybody in trouble wants to come home.

Cates looks at Elaine.

CATES

Think he'd go there?

ELAINE

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

CATES

Right.

He kisses her. Looks at Hammond.

CATES

Let's go.

HAMMOND

Do I get to kiss her too?

CATES

When we get back. If she's right. And if you don't screw up.

They move out of the bar.

TRANSITION.

166 GANDERS RESERVATION - MORNING

166

A former hotel, now a communal manufacturing concern; Ganders is a ramshackle two-story construction nestled along a small beach with a nearby fishing pier.

167 A LATE MODEL CAR

167

Pulls to a stop.

HAMMOND

This is it?

CATES

Yeah. Just back me up, whatever play I make...

HAMMOND

Let's do it. But one thing. If we run into Billy first, let me try to talk him in. I don't want to kill him.

CATES

Okay, but Ganz is mine.

They start out of the car.

CATES

Look, these guys are probably still pissed off that somebody shot all their buffalo a hundred years ago. I don't know how my white face is going to go over in there...let alone yours.

HAMMOND

Hey, not to worry, I can deal with people of all races.

CATES

I hadn't noticed.

HAMMOND

That's cause I handle whitey so good.

CATES

Yeah, right.

They move toward the building.

168 INT. - MACHINE SHOP

168

Huge windows looking out at the beach and breakers.  
 Dust floats in sunbeam shafts of light.  
 The place probably smells like it looks.  
 Several Indians and their women.  
 Most of them working drill presses, lathes, rebuilding  
 engines.  
 The noise level drops for a second as the two newcomers enter.

Cates and Hammond walk over to the nearest man.  
 The floorboards creak under their feet.  
 Cates shows two photographs to a LONGHAIRED INDIAN.

LONGHAIR

You lookin' for something?

CATES

Yeah. We're looking for these  
 two guys. Old friends of ours.

The Indian doesn't move, blink, react.

HAMMOND

Hey, you hear the man?

LONGHAIR

You say something?

HAMMOND

Yeah, I said, do you hear the man?

LONGHAIR

All I heard was a white son-  
 of-a-bitch that's trespassing  
 on Indian land.

Wham!

Hammond's 45 leaves his pocket before the last syllable...  
 Hammond swipes Longhair's forehead twice--once to remove the  
 hat, once to remove some skin.

HAMMOND

Watch your mouth.

Other Indians leap to their feet. Cates whirls, covers them.  
 A long moment.  
 Hammond and Cates whisper to one another.

CATES

I didn't know you cared...

Cont.

168 CONTINUED:

168

HAMMOND

I gotta look out for my  
friends...But if you don't  
get our asses out of here  
in one piece, I'm gonna help  
these boys burn you at the  
stake.

Cates grabs the Longhair by his shirt and pulls him to his feet.

CATES

Now, let's try it again.

There's a crash and a burst of light fills a corner of the room.  
Someone has made a run for the back door.

169 BACK OF BUILDING

169

Their quarry is a whipcord-lean scarred Indian.  
He runs up a rickety outdoor staircase as Cates and Hammond  
appear below.  
Cates looks up, sees the man almost at the top.

CATES

FREEZE!

The man turns...  
Looks at Cates' and Hammond' guns.

HAMMOND

Where you goin', chief?

CATES

Let's find out.

They go up the stairs.

170 UPPER DECK

170

The rooms opening on the deck are holdovers to the hotel days.  
Cates hits Scar in the head, shoves him off the rail.

171 CORRIDOR - UPPER LEVEL

171

Cates and Hammond enter.  
Open two doors to the side...  
Nothing...  
Each room reveals a battered interior, walls and roofs showing  
sky.  
The third room is better.  
Inside is...

172 BILLY BEAR

172

In bed with Rosalie.  
 He tosses aside the sheets as the door opens...  
 Looks up at the sound of a .38 hammer and a .45 slide.

173 DOORWAY

173

Hammond at the open door...behind him Cates is still in the  
 corridor, primed, weapon cocked...  
 Billy rises, pulls on his pants, stands silhouetted against  
 the window.

BILLY

Hey, Reggie. How are ya? That was  
 a sight, seein' you teamed up with  
 a white cop.

HAMMOND

Makes a whole lot more sense than you  
 siding with that fruitcake Ganz. Helping  
 him cap all your old friends. How ya  
 doing, Rosalie? You miss Luther much?

ROSALIE

Shut up.

HAMMOND

Billy, you know I was never one to lie  
 to you. You been on the wrong track  
 since you been with Ganz. You can get  
 outta this alive...

BILLY

You mean I can join up with the white  
 cops, too? What an honor...

HAMMOND

Where is he? Where's Ganz?

Cates tenses, he knows the move will come soon.  
 Billy makes a casual gesture over his shoulder.

BILLY

Dunno. Left him down by the...

That's all he says.

His innocent gesture flows into another move as he sweeps a  
 pump gun up from under the far side of the bed.  
 He's cocking it when a fusillade of shots from Hammond and  
 Cates knocks him backwards into the huge window.  
 Rosalie screams, rolls off the bed...

174 BILLY 174

Crashes through the plate glass window which is crudely taped and repaired.

HAMMOND

That big Indian never was very smart. \*

They move to the window, look out.

175 BEACH - THEIR POV 175

Billy lays naked and dead on the sand.  
Several Indians who have been working outside run over, look at him.  
They're barechested in the sun, but one is overdressed with mirrored glasses, buckskin pants...  
This one looks down, up, runs...  
As he does, he grabs a familiar briefcase from under a dropcloth.

176 ROOM 176

CATES

That's him.

177 BEACH NEAR GANDERS RESERVATION 177

Ganz running along the sand, huge breakers pounding nearby...  
He turns, looks around desperately.  
Sees...

178 PIER 178

Two Sportfishermen are loading a motorboat with gear...

179 GANZ 179

Runs toward the pier and the boat.

GANZ

Hey! Hey, you! You hear me,  
you fuckers?! Wait, wait...  
Goddamnit, wait!

Maybe their outboard drowns out his voice; maybe they don't have time for apparent lunatics.  
They pull away as he runs down the pier.  
Ganz's shoulders sag.  
He stares out to sea.  
Then, he straightens.  
Senses something.  
He turns, coolly, almost proudly.  
Sees...

Cates and Hammond are at the beach end...  
 All three men stand quietly for a moment.  
 Cates and Hammond with their guns extended.  
 Ganz holding only the briefcase.

HAMMOND

Jack...

CATES

Yeah, I know you want him.

HAMMOND

Naw, he's all yours.

CATES

Yeah?

HAMMOND

'Bout time somebody gave you something. Besides, I think I'm done with killin' for awhile. It ain't very pretty.

Hammond holsters his gun.  
 They slowly walk toward Ganz...

GANZ

Hello, Cates.

CATES

Hello, Ganz.

GANZ

Hammond, you're with him?

HAMMOND

Beats bein' with you.

CATES

Glad I found you before you left town, Ganz. I want my gun back.

Ganz looks puzzled for a moment, then smiles.  
 It's so sincere a smile, it's chilling.

GANZ

Yeah, you've worked real hard for that. Hey, look, I'm a nice guy. I'm gonna give it back to you.

Moving slowly, Ganz opens his jacket, revealing Cates' gun in a shoulder holster.  
 Being careful to avoid the gun, Ganz releases the holster strap from the other side.

Cont.

180 CONTINUED: 180

The holster slips toward the ground.  
Ganz adjusts his hold on the strap, gently tosses it toward Cates.

GANZ  
You earned it...

181 CATES 181

Surprised, he carefully picks it up...  
Checks the cylinder.  
It's loaded.  
He's now holding his .38 and his .44...

HAMMOND  
You still feeling generous?

Ganz laughs, raises the briefcase.

GANZ  
Why not?

He suddenly throws the briefcase toward the two men.

182 GANZ 182

The briefcase spirals toward Cates and Hammond momentarily obscuring Ganz...  
When he's clear again, a gun has materialized in his hand.

183 THE PIER 183

Ganz and Cates fire simultaneously.

184 BRIEFCASE 184

Bullets from two directions puncture it.  
Shredded money flutters in the air.

185 CATES 185

Bullets blast off a piling near him.  
Woodchips rake his head.  
Unmoving, he empties both guns.

186 GANZ 186

A dozen jacketed slugs dance him backwards off the end of the pier.  
He's firing into the air as he goes over.

187 CATES AND HAMMOND 187

Hammond's gun is halfway out of its holster, unneeded.  
They walk forward.

188 GANZ 188

Floating in the shallow water.  
Breakers roll over the body.

189 CATES AND HAMMOND 189

Look at each other.

HAMMOND

Real nice of him to give you  
your gun back.

CATES

Real nice of you to give him to me.

HAMMOND

Had to... Everybody knows convicts  
don't carry guns.

He hands Cates his .45.  
Cates sweeps up the briefcase.  
Hammond look at it...

HAMMOND

But as long as we're all bein'  
nice...

Hammond looks significantly at the battered briefcase.

HAMMOND

Dirty money. Nobody even knows  
it exists. Come on, Jack, what  
do you say?

Cates smiles.

HAMMOND

That's not an answer.

CATES

Anytime I smile, it's an answer.

Cates hands the briefcase to Hammond.

190 ELAINE'S BEDROOM - DAY 190

On the chair, the gun and the cuffs...draped over the chair,  
the scarf.  
Cates and Elaine are very close in bed.

Cont.

190 CONTINUED:

190

\*

ELAINE

How'd they take it back at head-  
quarters?

CATES

Usual bullshit. You make one smart  
move and everybody wants to be your  
friend.

ELAINE

I'm glad you cleaned it up. Now you  
can stay put right here for a few days.

CATES

Gotta bring Reggie back in...he's got  
six months minus 48 hours to serve.

He stares at the digital clock next to her bed.

CATES

Three more hours...

ELAINE

Where is he?

CATES

Promised I'd turn my back while  
he...ah, never mind...

ELAINE

Tell me.

CATES

He's takin' care of the same  
business I'm taking care of...

Elaine smiles at this...

ELAINE

You're impossible...

CATES

That's what I always say.

TRANSITION.

191 CANDY'S ROOM - DAY

191

\*

Minimal crummy hotel room accommodations...  
Hammond is kissing her at the door, finishing buttoning all  
his buttons.  
He reaches from a wallet, gives her a bill.

Cont.

191 CONTINUED:

191  
\*

HAMMOND

Here.

CANDY

Hey, you paid already, remember?  
You don't have to pay twice.

HAMMOND

Call it a tip. Buy something  
pretty.

CANDY

This is a hundred bucks, man...You  
are the weirdest. One day you  
can't pay, the next...

HAMMOND

My rich uncle died... You earned it...

CANDY

That's no bull...

HAMMOND

Hey, lady, you don't have to beef up  
my ego.

They kiss...it's pretty romantic...she bends back and he follows  
her like Gable...

She opens the door for him, stands at the top of the stairs; as  
he walks down, he calls back over his shoulder...

HAMMOND

I'll be back in six months...  
Maybe I'll make an honest woman  
of you.

He gives her a big smile.

CANDY

That's con bullshit talkin'...

HAMMOND

True. But I'll buy ya the best  
seafood dinner in San Francisco...  
how's that?

CANDY

Now you're talkin'. See ya...

He moves off, still smiling.

192 STREET

192

Cates at the wheel of his Caddy.  
He gets in.  
The scarf is back over the front window mirror.

CATES

Okay, start bustin' my chops...  
Tell me how great you were and  
all that spade jive...

HAMMOND

Hey, real men don't go in for  
that macho shit, Jack...

They drive off.

193 JAIL CORRIDOR - DAY

193

Cates and Hammond approach the cell.

CATES

Listen. If I ever hear you  
pulling any of this illegal shit  
again, even a speeding ticket...

HAMMOND

Spare me, Jack. I'm into legit  
investments from here on in.

CATES

Glad to hear it.

Hammond walks into his cell.  
They shake hands.  
The doors shut.  
Hammond smiles out at Cates.

HAMMOND

But where'd you get the idea  
you're good enough to catch me?

Cates smiles back.  
Walks away.

END.