

"48 HRS."

by

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FADE IN:

OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

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.

THREE GUARDS

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

HIGHWAY

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...

ROADSIDE

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

BRADY

Wonder what reservation they let  
him off of...

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

GANZ

Yeah, there goes the neighborhood.

Brady laughs as Billy Bear closes in on him.

BILLY

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

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

GANZ

Maybe you shoulda stole a better  
truck, Tonto.

BILLY

You got a real big mouth, convict.

BRADY

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

BILLY

How about the water...

GANZ

Firewater, Tonto? Is that what  
you...

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

BRADY

Hey! Jesus Christ!

THE OTHER GUARDS

Seeing the commotion, they run toward it.

GANZ AND BILLY

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

BRADY

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

ROADSIDE

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

THIRD GUARD

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.

GANZ

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

THE OTHER PRISONERS

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

GANZ

Hefts his weapon...

GANZ

Come on...

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

INT. BUS

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

OFFICER

APO 657, Unit 25 to APO 478t APO

657t Unit 25 to APO 478.

RADIO RESPONSE

Go ahead, Unit 25.

OFFICER

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

FURTHER DOWN THE HIGHWAY

Several miles from the escape... A big semi parked by the  
side of the road; back doors to the closed trailer open. A  
station wagon 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.

STATION WAGON

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

BILLY BEAR

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  
reappear, smiles...

GANZ

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

HIGHWAY

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

TRANSITION.

A DOORWAY - NIGHT

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.

CORRIDOR

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.

BATHROOM

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

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

Elaine stares at him as Cates turns off the water.

ELAINE

What am I wanted for?

CATES

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

A moment as she continues to stare at his pistol.

ELAINE

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

CATES

This is a .44 Magnum, the most  
powerful handgun in the world. You

gotta ask yourself just one  
question. Are you feelin' lucky?

ELAINE

I still don't think it's loaded.

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

CATES

Hey, you're right.

ELAINE

You're hopeless.

CATES

That's the way I see it, too.

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

ELAINE

I'm all wet.

CATES

What's wrong with that?

They both smile.

TRANSITION.

BEDROOM

Cates in bed with Elaine. She wears his shirt.

ELAINE

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

CATES

What'd you do?

ELAINE

Irrigated his face with the shot

of J and B I'd just poured him.  
Then I tried to deck the sucker.

CATES

I guess he got the message...

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

Hey, you know what I really think?

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

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

ELAINE

You oversimplify every...

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

CATES

Some things are simple, right?

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

ELAINE

Right...

TRANSITION.

SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

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.

EMBARCADERO - DAWN

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

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

BILLY

You got somethin' for us, Henry?

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.

GANZ

How ya doin'?

HENRY

Can't complain.

GANZ

We got a lot to talk about.

HENRY

Yeah, old times.

GANZ

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

HENRY

Sure, right.

Ganz pockets the credit cards as Henry wheels away.

INT. STATION WAGON

GANZ

I want to drive awhile.

BILLY

I ain't tired yet.

INT. STATION WAGON

GANZ

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

BILLY

Whaddya mean, buy?

GANZ

Pros.

Ganz stares at Billy.

BILLY

Pay money?

GANZ

Yeah, dummy. Money.

BILLY

I never paid for it in my life.

GANZ

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

BILLY

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

GANZ

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

Billy smiles.

BILLY

Sure, I trust ya.

They drive off.

NORTH BEACH - RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAWN

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

APARTMENT BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

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, still wearing Cates' blue shirt... Cates picks up a robe as Elaine gets out of bed on the opposite side, 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 heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

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

ELAINE

You know, that's my toothbrush, Jack.

He keeps brushing.

CATES

Maybe you ought to buy me one.

ELAINE

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

He stops brushing, turns and looks at her.

CATES

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

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

Maybe I got a fairly crummy day ahead.

ELAINE

Maybe that makes a nice excuse.

CATES

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

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

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

CATES

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

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

CATES

(continuing)

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

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

ELAINE

You know something, Jack, you  
really are hopeless.

CATES

That's the way I see it, too.

ELAINE

Call me later.

CATES

You sure you want me to?

ELAINE

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

He moves closer, kisses her..

CATES

Thanks for the coffee.

ELAINE

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

CATES

Guess people ought to know who I am...

He turns to go down the stairwell...

ELAINE

Jack, wait. Here...

She puts a scarf around his neck.

ELAINE

(continuing)

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

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

STREET - NORTH BEACH - MORNING

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...

CITY STREET

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

TRANSITION.

GOLDEN GATE PARK - MORNING

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 race form.

GANZ

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

STREET - BROADWAY DISTRICT - DAY

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

ROSALIE

I liked that carpet we saw.

LUTHER

We can't afford it.

ROSALIE

Don't remind me.

LUTHER

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

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

INT. STATION WAGON

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

GANZ

Surprise, Luther.

LUTHER

Whaddya want? I thought you were  
locked up-

GANZ

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

LUTHER

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

GANZ

You want that Indian to snap her  
neck?

He mimes the gesture... snap...

GANZ

(continuing)

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

LUTHER

Don't give me this, we were  
partners.

GANZ

Billy, go ahead, break it...

LUTHER

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

GANZ

When?

LUTHER

I can't get it until Monday.  
Honest.

GANZ

You chickenshit punk...

LUTHER

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

Ganz finally takes the gun from the neck.

GANZ

I always liked you, Luther. You were always a lotta fun to hang out with...

Rosalie is rubbing her neck now that she's been released...  
Ganz gestures to Billy.

GANZ

(continuing)

We're gonna keep her.

Luther desperately doesn't like this.

LUTHER

Come on, you can trust me. Please.

GANZ

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

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

LUTHER

Stands shivering as it powers away.

WALDEN HOTEL - DAY

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

A GREEN COUGAR

Pulls up across the street.

INT. CAR

The car arrives in front of the hotel.

GANZ

Nice place, huh?

Rosalie is very nervous.

ROSALIE

What are you gonna do to me in there?

Ganz gives her a casual smile.

GANZ

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

BILLY

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

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

LOBBY

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

GANZ

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

She smiles at Ganz.

FRIZZY

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

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

GANZ

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

BILLY BEAR

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...

POLAROID

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

GANZ

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

(continuing)

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

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

TRANSITION.

FRIZZY

Number twenty-seven, Mr. Polson.

GANZ

Put them next door, okay.

She gives him a slightly knowing look.

FRIZZY

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

Ganz sends her back a sharp look.

GANZ

Keep your filthy ideas to  
yourself, lady.

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

TRANSITION.

STREET

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...

THE CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE

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

(continuing)

One of Polson's cards rented that  
green coupe.

VANZANT

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

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

CATES

Suspect packed or is this a  
laugher?

ALGREN

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

VANZANT

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

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

ALGREN

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

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

CATES

Fine, it's your show...

The three men move toward the Walden.

WALDEN HOTEL LOBBY

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

FRIZZY

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

VANZANT

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

FRIZZY

Not unless you got a warrant.

CATES

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

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

FRIZZY

Aw, come on, what the shit is this?

ALGREN

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

Frizzy sits back down in defeat.

FRIZZY

Okay, big deal. Get it over with.

Cates finds the name.

CATES

Mr. Polson, room 27...

ALGREN

Is he alone?

FRIZZY

Naw, his sister went up an hour  
ago.

Vanzant turns to Cates.

VANZANT

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

CATES

Sure. Great. Whatever.

VANZANT

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

Cates watches the two Detectives head for the elevator.

SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

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

ROOM

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.

LISA

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

Another knock. Ganz makes her move to the door.

LISA  
(continuing)  
What do you want? What's goin' on?

GANZ  
Shut up.

She grabs her dress and tries to pull it on.

GANZ  
(continuing)  
Now ask who it is.

Shoves harder with the pistol.

GANZ  
(continuing)  
Come on, ask.

She calls out.

LISA  
Who is it?

CORRIDOR

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

ALGREN  
Police... open up.

ROOM

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

GANZ  
Stall.

LISA  
What do you want?

VANZANT

Police business. Come on, open up.

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

GANZ

Keep stallin'.

LISA

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

I'll just be a minute.

CORRIDOR

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

LOBBY

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

ROOM

Ganz gestures to Lisa.

LISA

Just a second.

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

BILLY'S ROOM

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

MEXICAN GIRL

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

BILLY

Shut up.

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

BILLY

(continuing)

When I say jump, girl, you better jump.

BILLY

(continuing)

CORRIDOR

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

ADJACENT ROOM

Ganz opens the door behind the two cops. Raises his pistol and fires. Billy's shots follow immediately. Hits 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. The Mexican Girl begins screaming in Spanish...

LOBBY

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

CORRIDOR

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 staggers out of the room, screams. Algren points the gun toward the elevator. Indicating where Ganz and Billy have just fled. Cates starts back down toward the lobby.

ELEVATOR

Ganz and Billy, guns ready as the carriage jolts downward.

Rosalie is terrified, sobbing...

CATES

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

ELEVATOR

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

LOBBY

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

GANZ

Slides across the floor.

CATES 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.

LOBBY

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

GANZ

He'll blow her goddamn head off.

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

ROSALIE

No. No.

Cates' shot narrowly misses Rosalie. The bullet smashes into

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

ALGREN

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

BILLY BEAR

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

GANZ

His eyes catch Algren's...

GANZ

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

Algren tosses his gun to the floor.

GANZ

(continuing)

Now, tell him to drop his Goddamn piece.

ALGREN

Do it, Cates.

No response.

ALGREN

(continuing)

Do it, Cates. Goddamn it, do it.

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

GANZ

Kick it over here.

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

GANZ

(continuing)

Get the car.

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

GANZ

(continuing)

Your gun's just like mine.

He's going to kill Cates. But first he glances at Algren. Then, almost casually, shoots him twice with Cates' .44. Algren staggers back. Dead before he hits the floor. Cates twists sideways just as Ganz fires. The bullet misses. Again Frizzy starts screaming and struggling. Ganz swipes the 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? We didn't kill her ...

Ganz smiles.

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

STREET

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

then the police cars and vans begin to arrive.

PHONE BOOTH

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.

LOBBY

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.

SQUAD ROOM DAY

Cates walks in. Several Detectives gather around him.

FAT COP

What happened?

CATES

Read the report.

OLD COP

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

CATES

No shit.

FAT COP

They were good cops.

CATES

They were good cops who fucked up and got careless.

A snotty YOUNG COP paces.

YOUNG COP

That's what you say, Cates...

CATES

Yeah.

YOUNG COP

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

CATES

The truth hurts, doesn't it, buddy?

Cates looks at the Old Cop.

OLD COP

It don't figure.

CATES

I need to borrow a piece.

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

YOUNG COP

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

CATES

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

YOUNG COP

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

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

CATES

Just 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...

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.

RUTH

(continuing)

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

Cates starts pinning the blow-ups onto a large bulletin board on the wall. Nearby, at the same time (within Cates' line of sight, within earshot), Lisa, the Hooker, is being interrogated by a POLICE-WOMAN who pulls the statement off

the typewriter. Nearby, the Indian Hooker is being interrogated in Spanish.

POLICEWOMAN

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

LISA

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

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

DETECTIVE

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

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.

CATES

Maybe he didn't like your

performance.

LISA

Fuck you.

CATES

I'll take a raincheck...

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

RUTH

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

CATES

I don't get it.

RUTH

Here.

CATES

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. Found him on a park bench...

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

RUTH

(continuing)

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

CATES

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

Lisa continues with the Policewoman.

LISA

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

CATES

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

POLICEWOMAN

What makes you think so?

LISA

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

Cates watches Kehoe unpack the box.

CATES

Is that what this guy Ganz had in the hotel?

KEHOE

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

CATES

I'll help you out.

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

KEHOE

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

CATES

Shit.

Kehoe next produces several boxes of shells.

KEHOE

This cat was real serious about his artillery.

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

CATES

Billy Bear...

KEHOE

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

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

CATES

Who are all these?

KEHOE

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

CATES

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

KEHOE

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

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

CATES

Tell me that's not the same guy.

KEHOE

Hey ... Dick Tracy.

RUTH

Did Ganz have a grudge against his old friends?

Haden comes out of his office.

HADEN

Get in here, Cates.

Cates ignores him.

CATES

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

KEHOE

Here's the file. Cates checks the file.

CATES

One of em's in the slam.

HADEN

Damn you, Cates ... Get in here.

Cates walks into Haden's cubicle.

CATES

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

HADEN

Yeah, I read the report...

Haden shuffles some papers, seems to ignore Cates.

CATES

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

HADEN

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

Cates almost smiles at Haden.

CATES

Yeah...

HADEN

Anything botherin' you besides losin' your gun?

CATES

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

HADEN

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

CATES

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

HADEN

Okay. You're not a team player. You gotta do things your own way. Fine. Nail this guy and make us

all look good. But you better watch your ass. If you screw up, I can promise you, you're goin' down.

CATES

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

HADEN

Jack?

CATES

Yeah?

HADEN

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

CATES

I'll keep it in mind.

Leaves.

TRANSITION.

CITY STREET

Heavy vehicle and pedestrian traffic. Cates stands near a hot dog stand. Elaine joins him. Cates is eating a hot dog and studying a police file.

ELAINE

Great place for lunch.

CATES

Yeah, one of my favorites.

ELAINE

You made the front page.

He hands her a dog.

CATES

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

ELAINE

Jack, are you okay?

CATES

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

He points to the file.

ELAINE

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

They begin to stroll down the street.

CATES

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

She's not happy with this attitude.

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

Pause.

CATES

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

TRANSITION.

PRISON CELL BLOCK - DAY

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

GUARD

Open Nine.

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

CELL BLOCK - NEAR ENTRANCE

Cates and the Guard go through the door.

GUARD

Close Nine.

They move forward together.

GUARD

(continuing)

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

CATES

No, no thanks.

The Guard shrugs, stays by the door.

CATES

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

HAMMOND'S CELL

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

Cates steps inside the cell.

CATES

(continuing)

Hammond!

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

CATES

(continuing)

Hammond!

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

HAMMOND

You got a name, cop?

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Sure, anything you want.

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

CATES

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

One previous conviction. Armed robbery... six months to go on a three-year sentence.

HAMMOND

You here to write my life story?

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

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

He passes the photo back.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

Cates swings the cell door back open.

CATES

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

He smiles, decides to play his card.

CATES

(continuing)

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

Hammond jerks his head around.

HAMMOND

Ganz?

Pause.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

Cates smiles.

CATES

Yeah, I noticed...

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

Cates, Come back here.

Cates turns, saunters back, leans against the door.

CATES

Yeah?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

You're crazy.

HAMMOND

I can help you, man, but you gotta get me out. I got to be on the street. Get me outta here.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

I got a lot to protect.

CATES

Bullshit.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

I'll think about it.

TRANSITION.

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

CATES

Let me borrow your pen, Bob.

Handed over by Bob.

BOB

You going to use your own name?

CATES

Shit, no.

CANDY

He begins signing the documents.

BOB

Jack, just remember one thing. If

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

CATES

Right. Hey, no sweat.

He hands over the papers. Smiles.

BOB

BOB You got him for 48 hours.

Bob studies the sheet.

BOB

(continuing)

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

TRANSITION.

PROCESS ROOM - PRISON - DAY

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

The Guard shouts to ANOTHER GUARD on the far side.

GUARD

Prisoner G21355 ... Hammond.

SECOND GUARD

Okay. Send him through.

The gate slides open. The 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. 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. Then looks at Hammond's clothes...

CATES

(continuing)

This prison gives out \$400 suits?

HAMMOND

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

Hammond dusts off a sleeve.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates hands some papers to the Guard.

GUARD

He's all yours.

The Guard walks away as Hammond feels Cates' lapel.

HAMMOND

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

Cates gives him a look.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

No way to start a partnership.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Shit. I'm already sorry.

Cates yanks on the cuffs. They move away.

?

TRANSITION.

OUTSIDE THE JAIL - DAY

CATES LEADS HAMMOND OUT. THEY HEAD FOR CATES' BATTERED

CADILLAC.

HAMMOND

This your car, man?

CATES

Yeah.

HAMMOND

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

As they approach the car...

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Luther was part of the gang?

HAMMOND

What gang you talkin' about, Jack?

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates gets behind the wheel and kicks the engine over.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

I may call you worse than that.

Cates drives off.

EXT. STREET - MISSION DISTRICT - DAY

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

INT. CADDY

Hammond seated next to Cates.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Your pal nuts enough to take a  
shot at me?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

I'm helpin' you, huh?

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

Yeah. Didn't you know that?

STREET

The Caddy pulls to a stop.

HAMMOND

Over there...232...

Cates double-checks his .38.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

You better let me borrow one of those.

Cates smiles.

CATES

Sure thing, asshole.

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

CATES

(continuing)

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

CATES

(continuing)

LUTHER'S VICTORIAN

Cates knocks at the door. Nothing. Knocks again ... no response.. From inside, he hears a faint noise but no response to the knock. Holding the .38 in one hand, Cates tries the knob with the other. The door opens. Cautiously, Cates steps inside.

INT. LUTHER'S VICTORIAN

Long corridor ahead. No sign of Luther.

CATES

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

LUTHER LUTHER

slips into the hallway behind Cates... Cates turns just as he gets to the kitchen. Luther holds a gun. Cates drops to a crouch and aims the .38. Luther whirls and fires at Cates. As wood and plaster fly out all round him, Cates makes a running dive for the floor. Luther runs out before Cates has regainehis feet.

STREET

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

HAMMOND

Watches as Luther heads down the sidewaltoward 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

Hammond, Drop the Goddamn gun.

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Just throw me the Goddamn gun.

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates now has Luther ready to be questioned.

CATES

Come on, talk to him.

Hammond turns to smile at Luther.

HAMMOND

What's happening, Luther?

LUTHER

I thought you were inside...

HAMMOND

Meet my travel Agent.

Luther leans forward, looks straight at Cates.

LUTHER

A cop...

CATES

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

LUTHER

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

CATES

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

LUTHER

Who gives a fuck what you think?

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

CATES

Hey, this works pretty good.

HAMMOND

Thank you.

CATES

Want to try it again?

Luther sits up again, glares at Cates.

LUTHER

Ganz and Billy got my girl,  
Rosalie.

CATES

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

LUTHER

I don't know.

Cates slams the car door 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 dunno ... he's gonna call me...

Another look at Hammond.

LUTHER

(continuing)

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

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

CATES

What do you think?

HAMMOND

I think you better put him on ice,  
man.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Luther, are you angry with me?

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND Just stares at Cates, keeps smiling...

TRANSITION.

BOOKING - POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

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

CATES

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

The Sergeant begins typing out an arrest form.

CATES

(continuing)

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

Cates looks back at Hammond as Luther is hauled away.

CATES

(continuing)

Come on, I gotta make a phone call.

As they move through the honeycomb of office partitions.

CATES

(continuing)

You stay with me.

Cates picks up the phone on the other side of the booking

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

CATES

(continuing)

This is Jack Cates. Any messages?

ELAINE'S APARTMENT

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

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

Her face falls. Making the offer was hard enough.

ELAINE

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

Jack is very irritated by this turn of events.

CATES

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

ELAINE

This is not the way people who

care for each other are supposed to behave.

Cates says nothing. She hangs up angrily.

BOOKING

Hammond is working on the girls.

HAMMOND

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

HOOKER TWO

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

HAMMOND

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

HOOKER ONE

So what are you trying to say, fella?

HAMMOND

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

HOOKER TWO

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

counter?

HAMMOND

No, we can go to the back room.

Cates walks over and pulls him by the shoulder.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

We eat when I say we eat.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

TRANSITION.

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

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

CATES

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

They move toward a row of parked cars.

AT THE CADDY

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Just get in the car and keep your  
mouth shut.

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

HAMMOND

Must of been your lady friend...

Cates frowns at him.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

CATES

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

Cates climbs in behind the wheel of the Cadillac.

HAMMOND

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

Cates takes a belt from his flask.

CATES

Now, where we goin', convict?

HAMMOND

Mission District. Gonna find us an Indian.

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

TRANSITION.

EXT. CITY STREET NIGHT

Cates and Hammon booming along in the Caddy.

HAMMOND

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

Smiles. Cates smiles back at him, almost cruelly

CATES

I don't give out the details.

HAMMOND

Last night, two nights ago, three?

Cates keeps smiling.

CATES

Last night.

HAMMOND

You have a good time?

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

CATES

Sure. Then we had a fight this morning.

HAMMOND

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

Cates gives him a hard look.

CATES

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

They keep driving.

TRANSITION.

MISSION DISTRICT - STREET - NIGHT

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

CATES

Well?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Bullshit. Attitude and experience get you through...

Cates and Hammond step out, glance toward the bar.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

Hammond's had enough of this debate.

HAMMOND

Hey, you wanna bet?

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

That's never been one of my problems.

Now, stop stallin', man, or else admit all this professional stuff you're talkin' about is a crock of shit.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

What are you talkin' about?

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

The bet's off.

Hammond thinks it over..

HAMMOND

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

Cates reaches into his pocket.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

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

TORCHIE'S WESTERN BAR

They step inside. Hammond reacts to...

REDNECK CITY

Longhorns mounted over the bar, Rebel Flags, Lone Star Beer, armadillo posters. Even the waitresses wear Stetsons. Rockabilly pounding from the jukebox. A Cowgirl Stripper is doing the grind on a small podium.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

My kind of place. I always liked country boys.

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

HAMMOND

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

Maybe you better have a Black Russian.

HAMMOND

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

Hammond looks around the room.

THE BARTENDER

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

HAMMOND

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

The Bartender shakes his head, gives him a scowl.

BARTENDER

Never heard of him.

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

HAMMOND

Now how's your memory doin'?

BARTENDER

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

HAMMOND

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

BARTENDER

I don't give a shit who you ask.

The Bartender walks down toward Cates.

HAMMOND

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

FOUR COWBOY PUNKS,

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

HAMMOND

Up against the wall, cowboy.

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

Looks at the others.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Move it, rednecks. On your feet...

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Over there...move your ass. Some

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

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

A BIG COWBOY

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

HAMMOND

Turns around at the noise.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

CATES

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

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

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

PUNK

It's mine, what the hell...

HAMMOND

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

PUNK

What kind of cop are you, anyway?

HAMMOND

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

Hammond turns to the Bartender...

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

Walks back to the Bartender.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Looks like you're on your way to bein' outta business, redneck...

Now, let's see what can we fuck  
with next?

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

BARTENDER

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

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

HAMMOND

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

BARTENDER

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

He looks desperate.

BARTENDER

(continuing)

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

HAMMOND

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

Turns to go, then turns back.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

Smiles, turns and goes.

TRANSITION.

STREET - ACROSS FROM TORCHIE'S - NIGHT

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

CATES

I think you got something for me.

Pause.

CATES

(continuing)

The gun you took off that redneck  
in there.

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

You made that move, huh?

CATES

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

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

CATES

(continuing)

Credit cards?

Hammond hands them over with the knife.

HAMMOND

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

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

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

Motherfucker.

He throws the gun away.

CATES

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

They walk up the block.

TRANSITION.

STREET - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Neon signs with Sino lettering.

CATES AND HAMMOND

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

ALLEY

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

STAIRWELL

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

HAMMOND

What the shit is that?

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

CATES

There.

HAMMOND

Must be Billy's girl.

CATES

Come on.

DOORWAY

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

APARTMENT

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

CATES

Police! Nobody move!

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

CATES

(continuing)

Stay where you are!

The light goes on. Cates' gun points at a YOUNG WOMAN (CASEY) in a flimsy dressing gown. Saturday Night Special held between her palms, police style... A SECOND WOMAN (SALLY) stands beside Hammond at the light switch. Larger and slightly older than the first, she wears a man's shirt. Holds a baseball bat in her right hand.

SALLY

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

I said police. Now drop the goddamn gun.

CASEY

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

Pause.

CATES

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

Cates takes out his badge—Shows it to Casey.

CASEY

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates takes two steps toward Casey...

CATES

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

He takes two more steps toward her.

CATES

(continuing)

Shooting a cop puts you away for a long time.

Holds out his hand.

CASEY

You assholes better be real.

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

SALLY

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

He snatches the bat out of her hands.

HAMMOND

Don't have one.

SALLY

I knew it. Call the cops.

Casey walks over to the phone.

CATES

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

After a moment, Casey puts down the phone.

CATES

(continuing)

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

SALLY

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

CATES

You can do better than that.

Turns to Casey.

CATES

(continuing)

How about it?

CASEY

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

SALLY

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

CATES

Sounds like a real stormy romance.

CASEY

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

Cates looks over at Hammond.

CATES

Let's go.

HAMMOND

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

SALLY

Fuck off.

CATES

Come on...

Hannond starts for the door with Cates.

CASEY

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

TRANSITION.

STREET CHINATOWN - NIGHT

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

You? Don't make me laugh. You  
can't take care of shit. You've  
been dicking me around since we  
started on this turd-hunt. All  
you're good for is games... So  
far, what I got outta you is  
nothin'...

HAMMOND

I'm impressed with you too, Jack  
you did a real good job of busting

up a couple of dykes bedded down  
for the night.

CATES

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

A long look at Hammond.

HAMMOND

Maybe I don't like the way you ask.

CATES

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

They walk past.

TRANSITION.

STREET ACROSS FROM TORCHIE'S - NIGHT

They two men walk toward the Cadillac.

CATES

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

Hammond goes into a street rap.

HAMMOND

You beat the shit out of me?

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

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

CATES

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

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

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

Hammond is faster...

Cates is much stronger; 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

(continuing)

... 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?

Cates walks over, pockets his gun.

SECOND COP

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

CATES

I was following a lead. We 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.

He grabs Hammond and they head for the Cadillac.

TRANSITION.

ALL-NIGHT GAS STATION

Cadillac parked behind the service area.

RESTROOM

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates straightens up from the wash basin.

CATES

Yeah, right. You want to try again?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

They saved your ass, convict.

HAMMOND

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

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

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

Motherfucker.

GAS STATION PARKING LOT

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

CATES

Wait a minute.

Hammond stops.

CATES

(continuing)

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

Pause.

A long moment; Hammond decides he has no choice.

HAMMOND

I been waiting a long time for some money.

CATES

How much?

HAMMOND

Half a million.

CATES

Jesus.

Hammond smiles his meanest smile.

HAMMOND

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

Cates is unmoved.

CATES

Just tell me about the money.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

He's after your money.

HAMMOND

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

Cates just looks at him.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

We split 50-50?

CATES

Not likely, convict.

HAMMOND

You gonna let me keep any of it?

CATES

Depends on how things work out. I believe in the merit system. So far you haven't built up any points.

He smiles.

HAMMOND

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

Cates smiles back.

CATES

Where's the money?

HAMMOND

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

Cates smiles.

CATES

Right, partner.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Yeah. Right.

They get into the Caddy. Boom away.

TRANSITION.

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

CATES

(continuing)

Where's the goddamn car?

HAMMOND

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

Smiles.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

You just drove by it.

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

Cates leans out, looks at...

PARKING BUILDING

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

CADILLAC

CATES

Okay, now what?

Hammond gets out of the car.

Stands on the sidewalk.

Stretches.

Then gets into the back seats.

HAMMOND

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

Cates stares at the place.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Shit.

THE CITY

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

TRANSITION.

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

CADILLAC

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

CATES

I don't want you sleeping on the job.

Hammond yawns, eases himself into a sitting position.

HAMMOND

The place opens in five minutes. 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 figured Ganz was put down for a long time. And I knew Luther would never job me on his own. He's too chickenshit.

CATES

Guess what? Luther just got in line.

Hammond sits up.

HAMMOND

What?

CATES

Musta got some primo bondsman.

HAMMOND

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

INT. PARKING LOT BUILDING

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.

STREET

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.

Another street

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

CADILLAC

Cates follows Luther through several turns.

The Porsche jerks whenever it speeds up or slows down.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

I'm tellin' you the man's in love... he wants to be a hero for his girl.

CATES

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

As they follow Luther.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

If they don't tell me what I need to know...

HAMMOND

Doesn't it get... Tiring?

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

HAMMOND

A long time agb Luther must of got the shit beat out of him so bad it just rattled his brain ... that would account for him making so many wrong moves in a row...

CATES

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther,

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

No class...

CATES

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

ANOTHER STREET

The Caddy follows the Porsche.

INT. CADDY

As they follow Luther.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

ANOTHER STREET

Luther pulls over to curb and parks.

CADILLAC

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

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

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

INT. CADILLAC

CATES

That Goddamn suit is yours?

Hammond winces.

HAMMOND

That was in style a couple years  
back, man.

CATES

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

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

CADILLAC

HAMMOND

That's the money, Jack.

They jump out of the car, follow on foot.

STREET

Luther hurries along the sidewalk.

He reaches the corner, turns quickly...

CATES AND HAMMOND

Following a little way behind.

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

SUBWAY STATION - LOBBY

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.

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

(continuing)

Put it down.

BILLY BEAR

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

Ganz comes up and scrambles through the screaming patrons. He, Billy and Rosalie 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

(continuing)

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

A moment.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Bullshit. Then i'm staying with  
the money.

CATES

You stay with me...

HAMMOND

No way...

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

PASSENGER WALKWAY

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,  
tugging Rosalie along...

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...

TRAIN AREA

The usually jammed area looks like an empty stockyard. The  
patrons huddle in fear against any available wall.

Cates bursts out of the stairwell...

TUNNEL

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; Billy pulls Rosalie behind him.

CATES

Running for the doors...

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

SECURITY OFFICER

Freeze!

CATES

No! No! There they are!

SECURITY OFFICER

Just put it down real slow.

The train doors close.

CATES

I'm a policeman, you asshole!

SECURITY OFFICER

Don't even try... now drop it

or - you're all done.

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.

TRAIN STATION - LOBBY

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

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

HADEN

Cates.

Haden, silhouetted against the light from the street.

HADEN

(continuing)

What the hell happened?

CATES

I lost them, that's what happened.

HADEN

How did they get away?

CATES

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

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

HADEN

Which one pulled the trigger?

CATES

The Indian. I was about 30 yards away.

HADEN

You couldn't get to him?

Cates shrugs.

HADEN

(continuing)

What a screw-up.

CATES

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

Haden starts toward the street. Looks back at Cates.

HADEN

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

CATES

I didn't have the time.

HADEN

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

Cates looks at Haden for a moment...

Turns and walks away.

TRANSITION.

PREDMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

Hammond across the street from Predmore.

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

He turns and looks again at the hotel...

Hangs up.

Walks into a nearby bar.

TRANSITION.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

HAMMOND

Punk Dancers all over the floor.

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

HAMMOND

At a back booth...

A MAN (SOSNA) approaches carrying a small suitcase.

HAMMOND

How you doing, man?

SOSNA

Not bad, not bad.

Puts the suitcase down on the table.

SOSNA

(continuing)

You want to go outside?

HAMMOND

Naw, right here's okay.

Dancers sliding and jerking in front of them.

SOSNA

You sure?

HAMMOND

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

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

SOSNA

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

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

HAMMOND

I like this one...

Pockets a revolver with a deft move.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

How about some ammo?

SOSNA

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

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

HAMMOND

How much?

SOSNA

This is clean shit. No serial

numbers and never been used...

HAMMOND

Don't mess with me. How much?

SOSNA

Five bills.

HAMMOND

Five. On credit.

SOSNA

This ain't a credit business.

You know that.

HAMMOND

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

SOSNA

Give it back.

HAMMOND

Try and take it.

A long moment.

SOSNA

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

HAMMOND

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

Hammonds heads for the bar.

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

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

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

My name's Reggie Hammond.

Big personality smile.

RITA

So what?

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

HAMMOND

Hi there. I'm Reggie Hammond.

ANGELA

I'm with somebody.

She turns away.

HAMMOND

This ain't my night.

He drinks up.

TRANSITION.

SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

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

KEHOE

You look awful.

CATES

So do you...been a long day.

KEHOE

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

CATES

Aw, bullshit, you heard wrong.

KEHOE

Doesn't look like it.

CATES

Nothing came in for me yet? No  
calls?

KEHOE

Nothing.

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

KEHOE

(continuing)

Kehoe... Okay, hang on.

Offers the phone to Cates.

KEHOE

(continuing)

It's for you... Ordinance.

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

CATES

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

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

CATES

(continuing)

Bullshit red tape.

KEHOE

I'm heading out. How about you?

Cates shakes his head.

CATES

I got to wait for a call.

KEHOE

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

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

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Yeah, he's here.

Cates stiffens.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(continuing)

Cates... line twelve.

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

CATES

You motherfucker, where are you?

ELAINE

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

ELAINE

I'm at work, asshole. Where else?

CATES

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

ELAINE

No wonder you're so popular.

CATES

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

ELAINE

So am I.

ELAINE

Jack, this afternoon...

CATES

Hey, look, when...

ELAINE

You first.

CATES

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

Behind Cates, Kehoe steps back into the room.

KEHOE

Hey, Cates...

Cates swings around.

KEHOE

(continuing)

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

CATES

What?

ELAINE

Jack, are you still there?

KEHOE

Yeah. He said he 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.

CATES

Elaine, I gotta put you on hold...

ELAINE

Jack, wait...

CATES

Just a second, that's all!

He hits the bold button, starts rummaging through the desk. Paperwork scatters in all directions.

Kehoe watches him in silence for awhile then leaves. Cates begins to dial.

CATES

(continuing)

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

Listens for a moment.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

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

HAMMOND

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

SQUAD ROOM

CATES

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

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

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

CATES

(continuing)

Oh, shit.

TRANSITION.

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB

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

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

HAMMOND

My name's Reggie Hammond.

Tries his big personality smile.

This time gets one back.

CANDY

I'm candy...

HAMMOND

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

CANDY

Hey, what kind of talk is that?

HAMMOND

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

CANDY

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

HAMMOND

(humorously)

Goodbye.

She stops him.

CANDY

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

HAMMOND

Here you go sweetheart, throw it my way.

He gives her a kiss.

CANDY

You're in a hurry.

HAMMOND

Yeah, i been waiting three years.

CANDY

You just quit bein' a priest or  
somethin'?

HAMMOND

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

CANDY

What's the matter with my place?

HAMMOND

No, it's gotta be here and now.  
Believe me. Only I don't have the  
damn money for a room...

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

CANDY

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

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

CATES

Where's luther?

HAMMOND

Be polite. Say hello. This is  
Candy.

CATES

Hello. And goodbye.

She looks at Hammond. He nods.

CANDY

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

HAMMOND

Here's hoping, baby...

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

CATES

What about Luther?

HAMMOND

What about Ganz?

Cates shrugs.

CATES

We missed.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Maybe we should pay Luther a  
visit.

HAMMOND

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

They move to the bar.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

They must have set up a meeting  
for the morning; Luther left an 8  
am wake-up and put up the "Don't

Disturb" sign. He's trading his girl for the money. All we have to do to grab Ganz is not go blind.

CATES

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

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

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

Cates orders two drinks.

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

You sure that's the reason?

Pause.

CATES

Thanks for callin' in... and I

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Yeah. Guess not.

Hammond gives him a big smile.

HAMMOND

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

He nods at Candy across the way.

CATES

Yeah, I see her.

HAMMOND

I can just take her right across the street to Luther's hotel. All I need is some money for the room.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

Big smile as Cates produces some cash. Hammond counts it eagerly. Looks around. Candy suddenly appears like a trout seeing a lure. She grabs the money.

CANDY

Hello, again.

HAMMOND

I just struck it rich... I think

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

Hammond smiles, leads her out of the bar.

CATES

Hurry back.

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

CHRONICLE RESTAURANT BAR - NIGHT

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

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

It's for you.

Hands her the receiver.

ELAINE

Hello.

CATES

Hi, it's me...

ELAINE

Fuck you.

She slams down the receiver.

SIDEWALK - FRONT OF VROMAN'S - NIGHT

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

CANDY

So... what did you have in mind?

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

HAMMOND

Oh no, not now!

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

VROMAN'S ROCK CLUB - BAR

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

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

CATES

That was quick.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Why?

HAMMOND

Luther's on the move...

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

HAMMOND

(continuing)

I'll be back. Trust me.

He kisses her.

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

STREET LIGHT

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

A BUS STOP

Luther waits, impatient.

Checks his watch.

Looks up and down the street.

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

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

LUTHER

Gets in.

Sees that the driver is Billy Bear...

BUS

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

GANZ

Open your coat. Both sides.

He shows he's not packed.

LUTHER

Let her go.

GANZ

First, the money.

Luther takes a step.

GANZ

(continuing)

Just show me.

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

ANOTHER BUS STOP

Commuters look up expectantly. One of two drift toward the

curb. Jump back in alarm as the bus roars by.

BUS

Ganz is satisfied. Luther closes the case.

LUTHER

Rosalie, you okay?

GANZ

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

And then he shoots Luther. Right between the buttons.

GANZ

(continuing)

I never break my word.

Laughs as Rosalie begins to scream.

CATES' CADDY

Barreling down the street, ignoring red lights.

Hammond shouts over the wind.

HAMMOND

Notice something funny about that  
bus?

CATES

Yeah. It missed the last four  
stops.

Cates pours on the gas.

BILLY BEAR

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

BILLY

Ganz!

THE CADDY

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

GANZ

Smashes a side window with the two handguns.

Blasts away.

Cates driving with one hand as he draws his gun.

CATES

Looks up as glass shards sparkle down.

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

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

Hammond doesn't shoot...

Cates slows down and fires...

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

CADDY

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

THE BUS

Roars away...

THE CADDY

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.

SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

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

HADEN

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

Cates says nothing...

HADEN

(continuing)

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

Cates stands up.

CATES

He's got more brains and more guts in one corner of his asshole than

any cop I've worked with.

HADEN

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

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

HADEN

(continuing)

Where the Christ do you think you're going?

CATES

I'm taking my prisoner back to jail.

Hammond looks at Haden.

HAMMOND

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

HADEN

Go fuck yourself convict.

HAMMOND

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

Cates and Hammond walk out.

UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

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

HAMMOND

Hey, how'd my car get here?

CATES

I had it impounded. Come on,

we'll use it for haulin' you back  
to the slam.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

Yeah, but we didn't get 'em.

They get in and drive off.

TRANSITION.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

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

TRANSITION.

CHRONICLE RESTAURANT AND BAR - NIGHT

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Don't worry about it.

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

ELAINE

Hey, I don't believe it.

CATES

Hiya, kid.

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

We and my pal here have been taking it on the chin for the last few hours...

Hammond looks at her. He nudges Cates.

ELAINE

Who the hell are you?

HAMMOND

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

Gives her a big smile.

ELAINE

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

HAMMOND

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

ELAINE

Shrink major, not a shrink.

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

STRAGGLER

Hey, lady, a drink here.

ELAINE

We're closed.

STRAGGLER

Hey, what the hell?

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

ELAINE

Drink your drink, pay up and get out.

STRAGGLER

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

ELAINE

Hey, just fuck off. My friends have guns.

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

(continuing)

You real down?

CATES

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

He finishes his drink, puts down the glass.

CATES

(continuing)

I gotta call the station.

Looks back at Hammond...

CATES

(continuing)

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

Moves away.

HAMMOND

Hard man to live with.

ELAINE

How would you know?

HAMMOND

Hey, two days with him is enough.

ELAINE

That's no bull.

She looks at him carefully. They both grin.

CATES

In the phone booth.

CATES

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

Hangs up.

ELAINE AND HAMMOND

Cates returns...

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

How do you know?

ELAINE

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

Hammond cuts in.

HAMMOND

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

ELAINE

In all due respect, he sounds kind of pathetic to me. The kind of guy that runs home to his momma or some girlfriend. Have you two ace detectives checked that out?

CATES

Yeah, well the only woman of the

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

HAMMOND

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

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

ELAINE

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

CATES

So what?

ELAINE

When a guy hurts you, then comes back bleeding on his hands and knees, who knows, he might just be irresistible.

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND  
She's got a point there, Jack.

Smiles. Cates reflects for a moment.

CATES  
It's the only thing we got.

He looks at Elaine.

CATES  
(continuing)  
Whaddya think?

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

CATES  
Let's go, Reggie.

He kisses Elaine.

HAMMOND  
Do I get to kiss her too?

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

They exit the bar.

TRANSITION.

EXT. STREET - CHINATOVIN - NIGHT

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

Hey, there she is...

CATES

Whatever play I make just back me up.

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

HAMMOND

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

CATES

Partnership?

HAMMOND

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

Cates gives him a smile.

CATES

Let's just do it.

APARTMENT STAIRWELL

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

CATES

I hear you've got visitors.

CASEY

Would you guys...

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

He means it...

She looks at Cates, knows Hammond's correct.

CASEY

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

A long moment.

CATES

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

CASEY

Yeah. Sure, i'm crazy in love

with him, who wouldn't be...

CATES

You're gonna help us take him.

CASEY

No chance.

CATES

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

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

HAMMOND

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

CASEY

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

CATES

Where's ganz?

CASEY

In the back. Down the other  
corridor.

Cates looks at Reggie.

CATES

Looks like you're gonna get your  
chance.

They move upward...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cates is stealthily going to the end of the second corridor of the kitchen and living room area. That corridor turns at a sharp angle and goes to the back. Hammond is at the very front of that first corridor..at a door ... he shoves it back.

INT. FIRST BEDROOM

There is a bed and Rosalie, undressed, is in it... Billy is seated on the edge of it... pants on, shirt off, pulling on his boots. Suddenly, Hammond is pointing a gun at him...

HAMMOND

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

Billy stands.

ROSALIE

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

BILLY

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

HAMMOND

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

BILLY

I never was much for bein' rehabilitated.

Billy looks at Hammond. With lightning sudden quickness, he reaches and produces a huge Bowie knife from behind his back. Billy smiles, laughs...then with a sudden, awful roar, he leaps at Hammond who unflinchingly fires his pistol. The big slugs stop Billy cold and throw him back against the bed as Rosalie shrieks.

INT. BACK BEDROOM

Ganz, half-dressed, asleep, gun in hand, throws himself off

the bed, pushes Sally out of the way ... opens the door and starts firing furiously down the corridor... He grabs the briefcase and runs to the window.

INT. CORRIDOR/DOOWAY TO BACK BEDROOM

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

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

INT. BACK BEDROOM

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

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

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

INT. FIRST BEDROOM

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

CATES

Dives down the fire escape.

BATHROOM

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

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET

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

ALLEY

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

EXT. STREET

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

EXT. FRONT OF CASEY'S BUILDING

Hammond runs out, turns down the adjoining street.

CATES

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

PARALLEL STREET

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

MAIN STREET

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

HAMMOND

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

EXT. DOORWAY AT END OF ALLEY

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

CATES

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

GANZ

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

Hammond drops his gun.

GANZ

(continuing)

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

EXT. MAIN STREET

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

GANZ

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

CATES

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

GANZ

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

HAMMOND

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

Cates still walking...

GANZ

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

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

GANZ

(continuing)

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

Cates keeps the same methodical pace...

CATES

Sure...

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

HAMMOND

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

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

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

GANZ

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

CATES

You're done. End of story.

GANZ

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

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

HAMMOND

Yours?

Cates raises the pistol.

CATES

Mine...

Pause.

CATES

(continuing)

You okay?

HAMMOND

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

CATES

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

Hammond smiles.

HAMMOND

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

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

TRANSITION.

ELAINE'S BATHROOM

Cates in the tub, steam rushing from the water.

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

ELAINE

How'd they take it back at headquarters?

CATES

Usual bullshit. You make one smart move and everybody wants to

be your friend... You know  
somethin', shootin' guys sucks.  
Especially compared to this.

ELAINE

I've been waiting a long time to  
hear you say that.

CATES

Yeah, bein' a hard-ass all the  
time is a real drag, but it works.

He reaches out, lifts his watch from his pile of clothes on  
the floor.

CATES

(continuing)

Three more hours...

ELAINE

Where is he?

CATES

Promised I'd turn my back while  
he... ah, never mind...

ELAINE

Tell me.

CATES

He's takin' care of the same  
business I'll be takin' care of -  
soon as I dry off.

Elaine smiles, leans close.

ELAINE

You're impossible...

CATES

That's what I always say.

TRANSITION.

CANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Minimal crummy hotel room accommodations... Hammond is kissing her at the door, finishing buttoning all his buttons.

He reaches for a wallet, gives her several bills.

HAMMOND

Here you go, baby.

CANDY

Hey, don't do that. I said I wasn't a pro, remember?

HAMMOND

Hey, no, I'm tryin' to be nice.  
Buy yourself something pretty.  
I'd do it, but I got to go. I got  
this cop waitin' for me...

They kiss... it's pretty romantic... She opens the door for him.

CORRIDOR

She stands at the top of the stairs; as Hammond walks down, he calls back to her over his shoulder ...

HAMMOND

I'll be back in six months...  
Maybe I'll make an honest woman of  
you.

He gives her a big sniile.

HAMMOND

(continuing)

I'll buy ya the best dinner in San  
Francisco...how'd that be? Then  
we'll go dancin', okay?

CANDY

Now you're talkin'. See ya...

He moves off, still smiling, holding the black briefcase...

STREET - NIGHT

on a picturesque hill above the Haight. Cates standing near the wheel of Hammond's Porsche. Hammond comes down the porch steps from the hotel.

CATES

Okay, reggie, start bustin' my chops... Tell me how great you were with that chick.

HAMMOND

Hey, Jack, real men don't have to go in for that macho bullshit ... but I was fantastic.

As a riatter of fact, I was so good, I may have my cock done in bronze.

Cates holds up the black briefcase.

CATES

I guess this is what you want to talk about...All the pretty money that's inside here.

Cates takes the case to the trunk, opens it, deposits the case, locks the trunk.

HAMMOND

Wait a minute, Cates. I've been waitin' three years for that. I don't think it's fair, man. What about the merit system.? You were gonna give me a few thousand.

CATES

There's nothin' to talk about.

Another long exchange of looks. Then he hands Hammond the keys to the trunk.

CATES

(continuing)

It's your money. It'll be here in six months when you get out.

HAMMOND

And you're tellin' me you don't want any of this cash?

CATES

That's right. Not my style, Reggie..

HAMMOND

You are an awesomely weird cop. Sure wish there were more like you runnin' around out here.

CATES

No, you don't. If I ever get word of you steppin' over the line again, I'm gonna ventilate that suit of yours.

HAMMOND

Spare met Jack. I'm into legit investments from here on in.

Cates gives him a very skeptical look, as they head for the car.

Hammond gets in behind the wheel, Cates on the passenger side.

Cates takes out a cigarette, starts to light it.

Hammond takes the match does it for him.

CATES

Thanks.

HAMMOND

No trouble, Jack. But, listen, suppose I stay a crook? Where'd

you get the idea that you could  
catch me?

They both smile. Hammond socks it into gear and they drive  
off into the far distance...

END.