

48 HRS.-NOW!

SECOND DRAFT

10-30-'89

48HRS. -NOW!

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DEATH VALLEY - DAY

Mid-day sun shimmering over a desert highway.
It leads nowhere. Seems to come from nowhere.
Through the heat we make out TWO MOTORCYCLE RIDERS.
Still too far away to distinguish their features, they approach slowly through the heat ripple.

2 EXT. DESERT CANTINA - DEATH VALLEY - DAY

Chickens move around the ancient gas pumps.
Another Biker is standing at the roadside, looking off down the highway.
CHERRY TILMAN. 30's. Dark, shoulder-length hair.
He's definitely Aryan Brotherhood. The markings are all there: Jailhouse tattoos, outlaw moustache -- his chopper parked off to one side.
Cherry watches as the two Bikers pull in off the highway.

The first is HICKOK. WILLIE HICKOK. His younger brother ED follows closely.
Both have the outlaw look, Brother Ed's mid-twenties, gaunt faced, but lacking nothing in strength. Willie is older, leaner, meaner and the leader.
The two Hickoks give Cherry a look. Smile. Slap hands.
Wordlessly all three men enter the Cantina.

3 INT. DESERT CANTINA - DAY

Dark after the bright light outside.
A BARTENDER watches the three men enter.
Hickok eyes him a moment then hunts the shadows for another figure...finds him sitting at a table.

4 MALCOLM PRICE

Cut from the same cloth as the others -- about the same age as Hickok.
Across his table lie a pair of motorcycle saddlebags.

HICKOK

(smile)

I always hate a fella that's not on time.

Price reaches for the saddle bag, throws back the cover to reveal a sea of hundred dollar bills.

PRICE

Fifty now. Fifty when you're done.

BROTHER ED

We're workin' for the Iceman. Guess we made the big league.

HICKOK

How many?

PRICE

Just one.

CHERRY

What is he...a cop?

PRICE

I was saving the best for last. He's a friend of yours.

He unfolds a photograph, creased and smudged but completely recognizable...it is the face of REGGIE HAMMOND.

CHERRY

Shit.

HICKOK

What's the story?

CHERRY

I was in Folsom with him. Almost got his ass.

HICKOK

You mean you missed.

CHERRY

Yeah. He's got all his nigger friends protectin' him.

Hickok remains fixed on the photo.

CHERRY

There's been a price on him for five years. What makes you so sure someone won't get him before he gets out?

PRICE

The price wasn't big enough -- the ten grand just made it amateur night. That's why you been called.

HICKOK

(smile)

The Iceman came to the right place, Pard.

BROTHER ED

You bring some groceries?

Price puts two duffel bags up on the table. Hickok unzips them revealing a frightening display of ordinance. Brother Ed reaches in like a kid in a candy shop -- takes out a short Steyr AUG machine gun.

Cherry removes a 2200: two Remington 1100's welded together... a sinister double-barrel. Hickok takes out a pistol-handled, semi-automatic black metal shotgun with a twelve shot drum magazine. A "Street Sweeper." He sights down the barrel. It feels good in his hands.

5 HIS POV: ACROSS THE BARREL

A California Highway Patrol vehicle pulls up outside the window...

A door opens and the FIRST OFFICER steps out.

CHERRY.

Shit, boy. Lookit this.

BROTHER ED

Get the goddamn money and guns out of sight, Malcolm.

As Price sweeps the saddlebags to the floor -- Hickok lowers his gun, slips it beneath the table...

The FIRST OFFICER opens the door to the bar. He removes his sunglasses, squints into the darkness. Looks over at the Bartender.

OFFICER

Hey Tom...

Then at the Bikers.

OFFICER

Fellas.

HICKOK

Half a grand howdy.

OFFICER

You boys got those bikes registered?

BROTHER ED

Well, hey -- ain't that the law?

OFFICER

Sure is.

BROTHER ED

Then we probably don't.

He and Cherry laugh. The Officer studies their faces.

OFFICER

Willie Hickok. Brother Ed.

BROTHER ED

That's right.

OFFICER

Cherry Tilman.

CHERRY

You called it.

The Officer takes a step forward -- his hand near his pistol.

OFFICER

Warrant out for all of you over in Mesa County. Car theft.

HICKOK

So what?

Hickok pulls up the Street Sweeper from beneath the tabletop and FIRES FOUR BLASTS into the Officer - BLOWING him out through the window.

6 EXT. DESERT CANTINA. - DAY

THE SECOND HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICER sees the action, emerges from the car with shotgun ready... He is met with a fusilade of GUN FIRE from Cherry who steps around the side of the building...The SHOTS rip through the Second Officer's chest and send him back into the car.

7 BROTHER ED

steps out the door to the Cantina and fires burst after burst into the car. Blows out all the windows -- flattens the tires.

8 INT. DESERT CANTINA - DAY

Hickok watches, checks the cylinder...two cartridges left. He can hear a DIALING SOUND.

9 BEHIND THE BAR

The Bartender is on the floor. A phone in his hands. He is trying to dial quietly. Hickok suddenly appears over him...

HICKOK

Who ya callin', Pard?

Levels the Street-Sweeper.

BARTENDER

No!!!

Hickok FIRES twice.

10 EXT. DESERT CANTINA - DAY

Hickok emerges, joins the others.

HICKOK

(to Price)

Got real Western around here, didn't it?...When's this fella due out of prison??

PRICE

Next week. He's not supposed to make it home.

Hickok hands the duffel bags to the others then gets on his bike and fires it to life. He looks at Price.

HICKOK

Tell the Buyer not to worry. Takin' care of this fella's gonna be okay by us...You got about five minutes to get to the highway before the backup arrives.

All Choppers now fired up.
They hit the road. Price watching them go.

11 EXT. FOLSOM PRISON EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Nearly half a thousand CONVICTS take their morning exercise. Weightlifting. Basketball. Jogging.

AIEEEEEEEEE!

A piercing, blood chilling SCREAM scatters the morning air. Five hundred men stop...
Look toward the grey brick building --

12 EXT. FOLSOM PRISON - MAIN BUILDING

WE ZOOM toward a barred window on the third story.
The SCREAMING continues...

13 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - FOLSOM - MORNING

BAM! Double doors fly open.
A gurney is rapidly wheeled down the corridor.
Sheets cover a SCREAMING man. Bloody in the middle.
The two ORDERLIES are talking...

ORDERLY ONE

What the hell is this?

ORDERLY TWO

Attempted rape.

ORDERLY ONE

Jesus Christ. They get the rapist?

ORDERLY TWO

This is the rapist.

14

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - FOLSOM - DAY

A huge, cavernous room. The air is alive with the high pitched HISS of Hot water running through pipes into a hundred industrial size WASHING MACHINES and the THUMPING of a hundred industrial size DRIERS. Two dozen CONVICTS are hard at work toting, loading, and unloading laundry for several thousand men...

A MAN strides across the room, two burley GUARDS at his heels. Three piece suit. Manilla file folder under his arm. The WARDEN.

The Warden approaches A CONVICT whose back is to us. The Convict folds sheets into neat bundles... The Warden moves to the man. Addresses his back --

WARDEN

I don't understand you. Every time you're about to be released you do something to screw up.

The Warden opens the file. Reads --

WARDEN

February 1983, steal 2,700 dollars from San Quentin prison accounting office --

The Convict doesn't turn around. Folds...

CONVICT

I told you about that. I didn't do it, I was set up.

WARDEN

The money was found in your cell. Your sentence was extended five years, and you were transferred here. Now, here you are in your last week with us and you mutilate another inmate. Why would you do something like that?

The Convict drops the bundle of sheets into a laundry bin. Turns to reveal he is REGGIE HAMMOND.

HAMMOND

Because he was gonna fuck me.

WARDEN

How do you know that?

Hammond starts to push the bin across the room. The Warden must follow him...

HAMMOND

Because if you're in a cell with someone and they start running towards you with their dick in one hand and a knife in the other that means they're probably gonna try to fuck you.

WARDEN

So you overpowered him and tried to cut off his penis?

HAMMOND

It was his knife. I figured I was either gonna have the penis in my hand or in my ass. And I knew that in my hand I could forget about it. Wash 'em and pretend it never happened. But -- it would be kinda hard to forget if someone put their dick in my ass --

The Warden glares at him.

HAMMOND

Oh, I'm sorry...their "penis" in my "rectum."

Pause.

HAMMOND

Look man, somebody wants me dead. He's on the outside and he's got papers on me. Ten thousand to whoever kills me.

WARDEN

Why?

Hammond begins folding a new load of sheets...

HAMMOND

Two reasons. One, I stole his money and he's still pissed off. And two, I know what he looks like.

WARDEN

Well, who is he?

HAMMOND

Everybody calls him the Iceman, that's who.

WARDEN

Oh, bullshit, Hammond -- this sounds like some damn comic book -- and the Iceman waits all this time?

HAMMOND

He hasn't waited all this time. He's been trying to take me out for the last five years. He even had me set up for that robbery back in Quentin. The longer I'm in, the better chance somebody's got to whack me.

WARDEN

This all sounds like some story to keep the state from extending your sentence one more time. Nobody from the outside could put a contract out on you without us knowing about it. We run a tight ship... I'm sorry, but because of what you just did to a fellow prisoner, I'm recommending we extend your sentence one more time.

Hammond stops folding.

HAMMOND

Bullshit! You ain't doin' it to me again! Let me tell you something Mister Warden -- Let me tell you what kind of prison you got here: I gotta guy on my cellblock with a five hundred dollar a day heroin habit who shoots up every eight hours. I've had steaks for dinner. Steaks that come right over the wall. I've had pussy - good pussy that comes right past your guards for a price. Look - I even gotta ounce of chunky black Hawaiian Cheeba right here.

Hammond pulls a glassine bag out of his coveralls.

HAMMOND

You fuck me over again, I'm goin' public. My lawyer's goin' straight to the newspapers. You get it?

The Warden closes the folder.

WARDEN

Given all the trouble you've been having, Maybe it would be best if you spent your remaining 3 days in isolation.

15 INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CELL BLOCK - FOLSOM - DAY 1

A cell door is closed with a deeply resounding CLUNK. There is a small peep slot in the door...

Hammond stands inside his cell, white linen bag in his hands. He drops the bag onto the cot. Crosses to a corner. Sits. He waits a beat and then starts to sing.

HAMMOND

(singing)

Roxanne...you don't have to put on the red
light...

- 16 EXT. BAY MEADOWS RACETRACK - DAWN 1
Five a.m. Mist rises off the dew sparkled infield.
EXERCISE BOYS walk steaming HORSES off the track after a
morning workout.
- 17 THE VIRTUALLY EMPTY GRANDSTANDS 1
HANDICAPPERS from newspapers and tip sheets watch the workout.
Stop watches click on and off. Notes are scribbled.
Times and notes which will later become odds.
One of them doesn't quite fit in.
A big blond bear of a man.
- 18 JACK CATES 1
Stares through binoculars as the horses circle, each one a
potential blown paycheck.
His glasses are focused on --
- 19 A PARTICULAR MAN (BINOCULAR MATTE) 1
Clothing identifies him as a GROOM. Leans against the rail.
Also not watching the horses. Eyes flit both ways.
Cigarette dangles from his mouth. Lets it DROP --
Cates follows it down --
- 20 AT THE GROOM'S FEET 2
A BIG PILE of cigarette butts. He's been waiting a long time.
Next to the pile: A TAN NYLON BAG. Like an overnight bag.
- 21 CATES 2
That's what he's really watching.
Any time now...
- 22 A SUSPICIOUS MAN 2
Thin, Black, thirtyish. Tired eyes. Light grey overcoat.
Briefcase. He approaches the Groom. Words exchanged.
They leave.
- 23 CATES' SEAT 2
Is now empty.
- 24 EXT. STABLE - BAY MEADOWS - DAY 2
The Groom leads the Suspicious Man through the stable doors.
A beat later Cates appears from behind a horse trailer.

Moves to the door. Looks in --

25 INT. STABLE - BAY MEADOWS - DAY

The SUSPICIOUS MAN and the GROOM move into an abandoned stall. The Groom places the bag on a tack stand. Steps back.

The Suspicious Man kneels at the bag. Unzips. It is full of money.

26 AT THE DOOR - CATES

He crouches -- Silently moves into the stable...

GROOM

Fifty thousand. The Iceman wants you to back up the Bikers.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

What happens if they miss and I don't?

GROOM

You get another fifty. The Iceman's real generous.

The Suspicious Man withdraws a bundle of bills.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Hundreds? I said twenties.

GROOM

Woul'da' taken up five times the space.

Cates moves into a stall opposite the men. Watches...

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Don't like hundreds.

The Man drops the bills into the bag and stands.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Maybe I won't take it.

27 CATES

Feels something on his neck. Looks back --

28 AN ENORMOUS THOROUGHBRED

Appears in the stall with him. Cates closes his eyes. Aw shit...

29 INT. EMPTY STALL

The Groom looks like he's gonna' crap in his pants. The Suspicious Man considers the bag...

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Job's a job.

He puts his briefcase on the stand next to the bag.
Pops it open. Begins to transfer the bills.
The Groom produces a 3x5 photograph --

GROOM

This is the guy. The balance when he's
dusted.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

I heard you --

The Suspicious man's head snaps towards Cates' stall --

SUSPICIOUS MAN

What's that?

30 INT. CATES' STALL

The horse snorts. Stomps its hooves against the ground in a
threatening manner...

CATES

(very sotto to horse)
Quiet, you big dumb bastard.

31 INT. EMPTY STALL

The Suspicious Man takes the photo from the Groom's hand.
Looks at it.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

This is who you want done? Okay. He's
history.

CATES O/S

Freeze! Police officer!

They turn --

Cates moves out of his stall, .44 Magnum drawn.
Crosses in front of the open stable door.
Stops. The rising sun is at his back...

CATES

You! Move a step apart! Slow!

The Suspicious Man grabs his briefcase. MOVES --
The Groom suddenly has a small revolver in his hand --
FIRES!

Cates DROPS to the straw covered floor as the bullet passes
through the open door just about where his head was.

The Groom lowers his sights --
The Suspicious Man BOLTS --
BOOM! B-BOOM! B-BOOM!

Cates' revolver BLASTS three times.
His first two SHOTS catch the Groom in the chest.
FLING him backwards like a rag doll.
Into an occupied stall.
The big bay thoroughbred BUCKS and REARS upward...

The third SHOT has opened a shaft of daylight through the wooden wall.

Cates scrambles to his feet.
Takes off after The Suspicious Man.

32 THE GROOM

As the very frightened horse TRAMPLES him...
He's SMASHED against a wall.
Gun FLYING out of his hand...

33 EXT. STABLE - BAY MEADOW - DAY

Cates out of breath. Covered with straw.
No sign of his man. He turns back...

34 INT. STABLE - DAY

Cates glances into the stall at the trampled groom.
He's seen worse. Checks for a neck pulse. Nada.
Crosses to --

35 THE BAG ON THE TACK STAND

Cates reaches in. Withdraws the photograph.
His eyes open wide when he sees the face -- Reggie Hammond.
He shoves it into his pocket.

36 EXT. BAY MEADOW RACE TRACK - STABLE AREA - LATER THAT MORNING

The parking lot is filled with police and emergency vehicles.

37 A DARK BLUE SEDAN

Deposits a three piece suited MAN. Big. Not too pretty.
He's a cop. BLAKE WILSON.
He moves into...

38 INT. STABLE BAY MEADOWS - DAY

FORENSICS MEN, UNIFORMS and PLAINCLOTHES crawl all over the place like ants on a pile of spilt sugar.

Cates stands in the center stall across from the dead Groom. An M.E. examines the body. Detective BEN KEHOE and a young female Detective, KATE CREAL approach Cates...

KEHOE

Christ, you really did this guy.

CATES

I just started it, Ben. Mr. Ed over there finished it.

CREAL

Jack, nothing unusual in his ID. he checks out, works here at the track, fifty bucks in his wallet, pair of glasses, some keys, car and apartment...

They turn to see Blake Wilson moving towards them.

CATES

Oh, shit.

Wilson flips out his I.D.

WILSON

Hi, you remember me, Jack -- Blake Wilson, Internal Affairs --

CATES

Yeah, I remember.

WILSON

That's right. We've met before.

Kehoe senses the animosity between the two men. Motions for Creal to get out of the line of fire.

CREAL

Uh, I'll --

WILSON

Thank you.

Wilson draws a pack of Marlboros from his coat pocket. Holds them out for Jack.

CATES

No thanks.

Wilson draws one from the pack with his mouth. Lights it. His manner is friendly enough.

WILSON

What do we got here, Jack?

CATES

I was on a stakeout. Working on the Iceman. Getting close --

WILSON

For five years you guys in Detectives have been tryin' to pin everything on this so-called Iceman.

CATES

No bullshit --

Wilson isn't having any...

WILSON

--Yeah bullshit. The Iceman. Biggest drug dealer in San Francisco, running everything from street crack to Heroin. Pretty impressive. Except we don't have prints, we don't have a description -- Christ, nobody's ever seen the guy. Invisible Drug Lords are real convenient to explain every case that a cop can't solve, aren't they? As far as I'm concerned, there is no Iceman, Jack -- now let's get back to this, this is real -- what the hell went on here?

CATES

I saw an exchange. Probable cause. Moved in. He had a piece. He shot, I shot back.

WILSON

They haven't found the bad guy's gun yet, have they?

CATES

I didn't touch anything. Gotta be in there with the horse shit.

WILSON

Sure, Jack. I believe you. But Kehoe told me they haven't found it yet.

Wilson looks back. Kehoe and his officers are prying up the drainage grate that runs the length of the floor.

39

UNDER THE GRATE

Shallow, about six inches deep, and dry. Creal flashes a brave smile at Cates, then gets down on her knees and reaches in. Pokes through the straws. Comes up with --

CREAL

(shocked)

Nothing.

Cates starts forward.

CATES

Wait a damn minute --

Wilson holds Cates back with a hand on his chest.

WILSON

Relax...

(to Creal)
No gun. What about bullets, Creal?Creal looks down at her hands. She likes Cates.
Doesn't like saying this --

CREAL

Three. Two in the body. One in the wall.
.44's... All of them look like they're
from Jack's gun.Kehoe and the other Detectives pull back to a discreet
distance.

CATES

I was in fronta the door. Bullets must
have --

WILSON

(interrupts)

You know what I think, Jack?

CATES

I got a pretty good idea.

WILSON

I think you were going along, doing your
job, and you stepped on your dick. That
sound right?

CATES

He had a piece. He shot, I --

WILSON

Yeah, I heard you before...

Wilson's tone becomes softer, almost conspiratorial.

WILSON

Look. A cop is not perfect. A cop is a
guy. A guy sometimes steps on his dick.
You think a guy sometimes steps on his
dick? Think maybe a cop can sometimes
step on his dick? You think maybe today a
cop, even a good cop, was pushing real
hard, trying to make something work, and
stepped on his dick?

Cates stares at him.

WILSON

Work with me here. We're all on the same side. Do you think you maybe stepped on your dick today, Jack?

CATES

(shakes his head)

No...

WILSON

It's possible though, that you might have?

CATES

(explodes)

Possible, sure! But it didn't go down that way!! He had a piece!!

Wilson's smile fades -- he snaps to Creal and Kehoe...

WILSON

I want the lab boys to tear this place apart. Right down to the ground. If there was a gun, I want it. A bullet. Something.

Turns back to Cates.

WILSON

And if there wasn't, I don't think the Iceman's going to save your ass.

(smile)

Right, Jack?

40 INT. COURT ROOM - CITY HALL - DAY

Cates sits at the defendant's table with LAWYER, Kehoe and Creal in the row behind him. Wilson with the spectators. BAM! JUDGE bangs gavel.

JUDGE

The Grand Jury has determined that there is sufficient evidence to hand down an indictment for manslaughter.

A shocked buzz through the courtroom. Wilson smiles broadly. The Judge bangs his gavel again...

JUDGE

Bail is set at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Kehoe leans over the rail...

KEHOE

Three fifty -- Jesus Christ, why the hell's Wilson coming down on Jack so hard?

CATES

He hates my ass, that's why. Has for years.

CREAL

Any particular reason?

CATES

Yeah. I got drunk one night and told him he was a complete chicken-shit. And that real cops don't fink on each other.

(to the lawyer)

What the hell am I supposed to do now?

The Lawyer starts shoveling papers into his briefcase.

LAWYER

Nothing.

CREAL

Jesus, Jack...Manslaughter...

CATES

What do you mean nothing?

LAWYER

I mean you got nothing. No gun. No witnesses. You weren't on an official stakeout, you didn't report in --

Wilson stops at Jack's table.

WILSON

(happy as a pig in shit)

Review Board meets in two days. See you there, Jack. And good luck.

Wilson walks away. Cates, Kehoe and the Lawyer watch him go.

LAWYER

(feels guilty)

-- And Mr. Wilson is very much trying to make an example out of you...I think I can get the judge to give you a coupla' hours to get the money together.

The Lawyer moves to the bench.

CATES

Between bail and legal fees that shyster wants me to put in escrow, I gotta come up with four hundred thousand.

CREAL

You? What about a bondsman?

CATES
Not enough collateral.

Creal looks visibly shaken.

KEHOE
Look, Jack, I don't got much in the bank
but maybe it'll help...

CATES
No thanks, Ben. I'll take care of it.

KEHOE
Where you gonna get that kind of money?

41 EXT. FOLSOM PRISON - NIGHT

James Horner supplies appropriately ominous music.

42 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - FOLSOM - NIGHT

Cates walks down a long corridor.
His steps echo "clip... clop..."

He stops in front of a desk.
Young, fresh faced GUARD on duty.

CATES
Reggie Hammond.

The Guard consults a clip board.
Then his watch.

GUARD
It's his exercise time.

43 EXT. PRISON BUILDING - FOLSOM - NIGHT

Cates exits a heavy metal door.
Starts to walk out onto the field.
As WE move up --

44 EXT. PRISON EXERCISE YARD - FOLSOM - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

We pull back to reveal there are NO INMATES on the yard.
Cates slowly walks across the empty field. Empty, save for a
small cluster of activity at the far end --

45 AT THE BASKETBALL COURT

Four Guards with pump shotguns at each corner of the court.
A lone prisoner is shooting baskets from the foul line.

CATES O/S
You must be a real dangerous convict.

Hammond turns at the sound of the voice.
Misses his shot.

HAMMOND

Look what you did, cop. You made me miss.

Hammond crosses the court until he's toe to toe with Cates.

HAMMOND

First time you dragged your ass down here
in five years. I thought you was my
friend.

CATES

I been busy.

HAMMOND

You got a haircut.

CATES

Times change.

HAMMOND

You lost weight.

CATES

I quit drinkin'. No more whisky. Just a
beer now and then.

Hammond stares at Cates. Something ain't right.

HAMMOND

What do you want? You here to tell me my
sentence is being jacked up again?

CATES

I'm taking your money, Reggie.

Hammond moves even closer.

HAMMOND

I gave you that money for safe keeping.
You said that money would be waiting for
me. You're fucking with my head, right?

CATES

No. I mean it.

Hammond's right suddenly arcs out.
SMASHES Cates in the nose.
Cates staggers back --

The Four Guards rush at Hammond. Pull him back.

Cates straightens his jacket.

CATES

Just thought I'd let you know.

He turns and walks away.

HAMMOND

Where you going? Come back! Cates!

Cates continues walking.

HAMMOND

I'm coming out day after tomorrow, Cates!
I waited five years for that fucking
money! I want my fucking money!! CATES!
CATES!!

46 EXT. HILL - SAN FRANCISCO - LONG LENS - DAY

Three Motorcycles come over the crest.
Hickok, Brother Ed and Cherry.
They make a sharp left and move down into the city below.

47 EXT. CITY STREET - THRU WINDOW - DAY

The Three Bikers roll to a stop, shut down their big hogs and enter...

48 INT. BAR - DAY

It is tricked out western style, with a pair of plastic Texas longhorns over the back mirror. The only customers are low-life types. Behind the bar is a GIRL BARTENDER washing glasses. She is wearing a Stetson, boots and vest, a plastic Colt in a holster, and very dated hot-pants. Hickok drops a dollar bill in front of the rodeo-shirted nipples she points at him across the bar...

HICKOK

Whisky.

GIRL BARTENDER

And?

HICKOK

Put it in a glass.

GIRL BARTENDER

Cute.

She pours, Hickok puts down the shot in one swallow, then takes the bottle from the Girl Bartender's hand, pours himself another, then keeping the bottle, moves off down the rail -- joining a young Black Man who's been sitting there, quietly watching. It's Burroughs.

HICKOK

You're who I'm lookin' to see?

BURROUGHS

My lucky day, huh Cowboy?

HICKOK

Half a grand howdy, Pard.

BURROUGHS

In case you're interested, you cats are hot. That little bit out in the desert got everybody jacked up.

HICKOK

So what?

BURROUGHS

So you wanna have all the heat on you, man?

HICKOK

They always been on me.

BURROUGHS

I don't get it.

HICKOK

This story don't have a happy ending. I'm 36 years old. Spent 21 behind bars. Only fuckin' thing I care about's bein' free. I ain't goin' back.

BURROUGHS

Yeah?

HICKOK

(dead calm)

Yeah. I don't like bars. I don't like cops. Guess what else I don't like?

BURROUGHS

This job's gonna make you happy.

HICKOK

Just so you don't think we're on the amateur side, we changed plates on our motor sickles. Now as to this little number...first thing we need's a Blazer. You know where we can get one?

BURROUGHS

Not my trip, man. I'm on the other end of the deal. After you cowboys fuck up.

HICKOK

I need a Blazer. Guess we're gonna have to go out and find one.

Back down the bar...Cherry and Brother Ed.

GIRL BARTENDER

What can I do you fellas?

CHERRY

Tequila shooter, honey. Make it Gold.

BROTHER ED

Rye. I'll take 'er neat.

Both served up. Cherry downs his at a gulp. Sets aside the glass, leans toward the Girl Bartender. He beckons with a finger. She hesitates, then leans forward herself, showing a lot of bosom. He puts his mouth close to her ear. He begins to whisper, something. Her face changes, loses its smile.

GIRL BARTENDER

I think you got the wrong girl.

CHERRY

Come on, I just hit town. I'm lookin' for a whore.

GIRL BARTENDER

(being smart)
Oh yeah? What's her name?

CHERRY

You'll do. How much?

GIRL BARTENDER

I'm getting sick of this, buddy.

CHERRY

Anything you think is reasonable, honey...Just a cheap fuck.

GIRL BARTENDER

Look, Mister, I'm married.

BROTHER ED

So was my mother. It never stopped her.

Cherry makes a grab.

GIRL BARTENDER

Cut it out!!

Grabs again.

GIRL BARTENDER

Hey! I said cut it out!

49

INT. HAMMOND'S CELL - FOLSOM - THE FOLLOWING DAY

4

The heavy door swings wide.
Two Guards in the juncture.

GUARD

Okay, let's go.

Hammond considers the trappings of his seven year stay: His Walkman. Pictures cut out of Penthouse. A ratty toothbrush. A paperback copy of Schlotterbeck's "Past Lives." He picks up the Walkman. Moves through the door, out into the cell block.

50

EXT. WORK AREA - FOLSOM - DAY

5

Hammond walks toward the main building, past the machine shops, truck docks, car sidings...Inmates call out to him as he passes by with the Guards.

A VOICE cuts through the others...

VOICE

Reggie!

Hammond stops.

Now total silence in the work area as he turns...He looks up to the loading dock --

Faces a BIG CONVICT. Looks like a 50 year old Mean Joe Green -
- Grisled, but still powerful. Jaw set.

His name is Robinson. Tyrone Robinson

ROBINSON

You don't forget your promise, Reggie.
Right? I just want to hear you say it...

HAMMOND

Hey, there may be a problem.

ROBINSON

What are you tryin' to tell me, Jive-ass?

HAMMOND

I'll do it. I keep my word. It just may
take me a little longer than I thought.

Robinson grabs Hammond by the shoulder and collar. Lifts him up to his own height.

ROBINSON

I don't want any bull shit. You get that
money. And you keep your word. I kept you
alive. Now you hold up your end of the
deal.

HAMMOND

Hey! That's what I said. And that's what
I'm gonna do.

51 INT. STATE PRISON CHECK OUT AREA - FOLSOM - DAY 5

A Guard leads Hammond to the wire-veined window.
A sign says: STAND ON THE LINE.
He stands at the painted white line.

GUARD ONE

What the hell was that all about back there?

HAMMOND

Just talkin' about a football bet.

A CLERK appears. Old.
Red nose a cratered lacework of booze-busted capillaries.
The Guard hands over Hammond's paperwork.

GUARD ONE

Hammond, Reggie A.

The Clerk steps away from the window. A minute passes.
Hammond looks around the room. Not much to see.

The Clerk reappears, carrying a thick manila ENVELOPE filled with Reggie's personal belongings and a PACKAGE wrapped in butcher paper.

CLERK

Hammond, Reggie A. --

He blows the thick layer of DUST off of the envelope. Opens it: Ring, wrist watch, wallet...

52 OMIT 5

The brown paper-wrapped package next appears in front of him. Hesitantly he reaches out. Grasps the paper. RIPS... Hammond lifts the contents into his view: gives it a long look, smiles...

53 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - INSIDE THE GATE - FOLSOM - DAY 5

Hammond steps into the sunlight. Now wearing his Armani suit. The suit he wore into prison years earlier. When he was a free man.

Armed Guards line the edge of the wall.
Warden waiting at the gate...hands him a white envelope.

WARDEN

You get fifty dollars and a free bus ride to San Francisco.

Hammond opens it. Inside: five ten dollar bills.

WARDEN

If you'd have let us bank the pay from your work detail, you'd be taking a lot more cash out of here --

Hammond stuffs the envelope into his jacket pocket.

WARDEN

Now listen, Hammond --

HAMMOND

Don't. Don't make the speech about me fucking up and coming right back. Don't tell me how you'll keep my cell warm, how you seen 'em come and you seen 'em go. How I should keep my nose clean and all that shit you give guys who did their time.

WARDEN

I was just going to say good luck and take care of yourself.

Hammond is unmoved.

The Warden extends his hand. Hammond looks at it. Then shakes it.

HAMMOND

I will -- 'cause nobody else is gonna.

The Warden takes a step back. SIGNALS the Tower. The Gate door UNLOCKS. Hammond steps through.

54 EXT. FOLSOM PRISON - DAY 5

Hammond looks around. He's out. Free. After many years. For a moment he doesn't know what to do. He takes a step in one direction -- Then stops, turns.

He looks across the way:

55 A BIG GREY AND BLACK STATE BUS 5

Stenciled on the side:
'California State Correctional.' Next to the bus --

56 JACK CATES 5

Leaning against his Cadillac convertible. Hammond tucks his tie into his jacket and crosses the road...

CATES

We didn't get to finish our conversation.

HAMMOND

Where's my money?

CATES

Told you day before yesterday. I had to take it.

HAMMOND

I don't believe this. I been sittin' in prison for five years waiting on a half a million dollars. MY half a million dollars, not yours, Jack. I trusted you with my money AND my Porsche because I thought you were straight -- and now you're telling me you took my money? What the fuck is going on here?

CATES

I'm in a little trouble, Reggie.

HAMMOND

Wrong. You're in a lotta trouble. I don't wanna hear any of this bullshit. You spent all my money?

CATES

Seventy five thousand --

HAMMOND

Shit. I was gonna give you more than that.

CATES

Left.

HAMMOND

LEFT?! You spent four hundred and twenty five fucking thousand dollars?!

CATES

No. Twenty five thousand.

HAMMOND

What the Hell are you talking about? I don't get your arithmetic, Cates.

CATES

If you'd shut up for five seconds, I'll tell ya...I'm after a guy. The Iceman. I think maybe the same guy who wants you dead.

Cates withdraws the 3x5 photograph from his pocket. Holds it out for Hammond to see.

CATES

No games. I got this off a guy making a payoff. Paying someone to make a hit on you. I wanna know why.

HAMMOND

Ask the guy you got it from.

CATES

He's not talking real good anymore -- Look, I need your help. I been chasing the Iceman for years. I need you to find him.

HAMMOND

Get outta here. You don't know shit. And I wouldn't help you even if you did.

CATES

You got no choice. You help me or you probably get killed. And then you don't get your money back.

HAMMOND

No way. I did that cop shit once before. You came to me and asked for my help and I almost got my ass wiped...Fuck you.

Cates stares at him for a beat.
Then slides into the Caddy's driver's seat.

CATES

Suit yourself. I don't beg. Especially convicts.

Cates' Caddy ROARS away from the curb.

HAMMOND

Yeah. Right.

Hammond watches him go, then enters the bus...

57

INT. STATE BUS - DAY

5

Hammond climbs up into the bus, stops near the driver.

HAMMOND

All right. Let's go.

DRIVER

Ten minutes.

HAMMOND

What?

DRIVER

We got a schedule. Relax, ten minutes ain't nothin' after what you just been through.

HAMMOND

This is my time, man, not the State's.

He heads for the rear.

58 EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Cates' sky blue Caddy rolls to a dusty stop at a little trailer style luncheonette. Cates climbs out and looks back down the road:

59 THE ROAD (CATES POV)

Route 170 is a thin gray ribbon squirelling along the gently rolling hillocks. One lane in each direction. The clouds are puffy balls of cotton on a pure blue sky. No sign of the bus.

He enters the diner...

60 INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Cates sits at the counter. Lays a bundle of files marked "Property San Francisco Police Department" in front of him. WAITRESS drops a napkin and a fork in front of him. Pulls her order pad from her apron.

CATES

Give me corned beef hash with three eggs, over easy, a hard roll, coffee and a side of bacon --

She starts to move away.

CATES

Not finished. And a short stack.

She looks at him.

CATES

I missed breakfast.

61 EXT. ROUTE 170 - DAY

The State bus appears over the crest of the hill.

62 INT. STATE BUS - DAY

Hammond stares out the exhaust streaked window grasslands racing by. Hammond pulls his Walkman out of his pocket. Slips the headphones over his head. Presses play. A beat. He starts to sing...

HAMMOND

(loud)
Ba-dumdum da, ba-dumdum da... Purple
haze...

The other PASSENGERS, a couple of handcuffed convicts being transferred from Folsom, ignore him.
The Driver turns a disdainful eye away from Hammond.
Glances in his side view mirror:

- 63 THE ROAD BEHIND THE BUS (MIRROR POV) 6
A FORM appears in the mirage off the asphalt road.
A lone MOTORCYCLE RIDER. Black leathers.
He disappears into a dip in the road...
- 64 A BIG, BLACK CHEVY BLAZER 6
Appears behind the cycle. Full sized. Blacked out windows.
Anodized black diamondplate bumpers.
- 65 INT. STATE BUS - DAY 6
The Driver looks at the road ahead of him.
Back to the mirror: The road is empty.
The Driver shakes his head.
- 66 EXT. ROUTE 170 - DAY - BROTHER ED, HICKOK AND CHERRY 6
Cherry on the Chopper. Hickok behind the wheel of the Blazer.
Blazer and Chopper ride abreast RIGHT BEHIND THE BUS.
- 67 INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY 6
Cates pours over the files in front of him.
Also pours way too much sugar into his coffee.
Turns on his stool so he can see the road through the front
window. Waitress drops the hash and eggs at his place.
The BUS roars by. Cates turns to his plate.
- 68 OVER CATES' SHOULDER - OUT THE WINDOW 6
The Motorcycle and Blazer, hidden in the shadow of the bus,
roar past.
With one eye on his files, Cates digs in.
- 69 EXT. ROUTE 170 - DAY 6
Cherry pulls into the oncoming traffic lane.
A CAR forces him to pull back behind the bus.
He steers to his left again -- accelerates --
Narrowly MISSES a head on collision as he whips the big street
machine in front of the bus.

70 IN THE BUS

The driver leans on the horn.

DRIVER
Freakin' lunatic.

71 THE BLAZER

Hickok accelerates. Pulls into the oncoming traffic lane. Passes the bus. Shares one lane ahead of the bus with Cherry. Slows.

The bus now must slow as well.

72 CHERRY

Motors his chopper onto the double yellow line. Slows. Rolls along the left side of the bus. LOOKS in each window.

73 IN THE BUS

The DRIVER honks the airhorn. Hickok keeps up the crawling pace.

74 CHERRY

Almost to the back of the bus -- Hasn't found what he's looking for. Accelerates. Crosses in front of the bus -- Over to the shoulder of the road. Soft dirt KICKS UP plumes of dust as the Chopper drops back along the right side of the bus. Checking each window. Almost to the back of the bus --

75 REGGIE HAMMOND

FEELS the presence of the Biker. Looks out the window:

76 CHERRY

Rides even with Hammond's window. They make eye contact. Smiles...

77 HAMMOND

Stares. Something about the big Biker's face CLICKS. Hammond's eyes open wide with recognition --

78 CHERRY

One hand on his handlebars. Reaches over his shoulder. DRAWS the sawed off shotgun from a scabbard. Levels it at Hammond's window. Fires - BOOM!!

Hammond DUCKS a millisecond before his window EXPLODES.
The Convict passengers start SCREAMING.

79

THE BUS DRIVER

FREAKS OUT at the first sound of gunfire.
Tries to steer into the oncoming traffic lane --
An oncoming pickup truck HONKS --! The bus swings back into
his own lane.

CHERRY fires again -- AGAIN!!
BOOM! BOOM!

Double ought pellets TEAR through the side of the bus!!

The Driver tries to steer around the Blazer to the right --
The Blazer steers to the right -- Blocking --
The Bus fishtails on the soft dirt shoulder.
Back onto the highway.

BOOM!! BOOM!!

Glass and pellets FLY everywhere!

The Driver accelerates --
Tries for the now empty left lane --
His eyes open wide as he sees:

80

THE BLAZER'S REAR WINDOW - BROTHER ED

The glass slides down...REVEALING THE BUSINESS END of a
Remington 2200 -- Two model 1100 automatic shotguns welded
together for a double barrelled, semi-auto, 12 gauge DEATH
MACHINE --

81

THE BUS DRIVER

THROWS himself to the left --
CUTS his wheel sharply --

B-BOOM!!!
THE BUS WINDSHIELD EXPLODES!!!

The bus SWERVES --
SWINGS sideways across both lanes --

DRIVING CARS and PICKUPS off the road --

Still swerving -- Catching --
Goes UP ON TWO WHEELS --
The right side tires EXPLODE from the weight overload --
WHOOMPH!!
Comes down on it's side --

Cherry and the Blazer ROAR OFF down the highway.

The Bus continues - SLIDING down the road on it's SIDE --
Across both lanes --

82 A TRACTOR TRAILER

Loaded with telephone poles -- it crests the hill.

83 THE TRUCK DRIVER

Sees forty feet of sideways BUS sliding right at him -- TWISTS his wheel WILDLY -- Not before his cab PLOWS into the rear end of the bus -- Sends it SPINNING like a top --!

The Truck JACKKNIFES --!

The SPINNING BUS comes around and HITS the end of the trailer -- the impact BLOWING the heavy timber through its chains -- BLASTING them across the countryside --!

84 EXT. ROUTE 170 - DAY

Cates' Caddy cruises down the highway.
He sings along with the radio:

CATES
...Mama don't let your sons grow up to be
cowboys. Let 'em be doctors or lawyers or
such --

He stops. There's something a couple of miles up the road. An accident or something...

85 EXT. ROUTE 170 - THE ACCIDENT SCENE - DAY

Emergency workers drags the battered bus off the road.
Hammond sits at the side of the road, tended by a paramedic.
A bandage on the side of his head.
He isn't surprised to look up and see:

86 CATES

Flashes his badge. Moves the Caddy through a police cordon.
Rolls to a stop in front of Hammond.

CATES
Hey, Convict. Wanna ride in a Cadillac?

Hammond wearily gets to his feet. Steps over a telephone pole.
Climbs into the passenger side.

CATES
Good thing nobody's trying to kill you.

HAMMOND
Do me a favor, Jack. Shut the fuck up.

They drive off. We hold on the accident scene...

87 BUS AND TRACTOR TRAILER (VIDEO)

8

We are seeing the accident scene exactly as we just did, Bus and Truck lying on their sides like beached whales. Blurry horizontal lines tell us that this is VIDEO TAPE. Television coverage of the accident.

The video camera pulls back to include a cute female REPORTER holding a microphone.

CUTE FEMALE REPORTER O/S

I'm out here on Route 170 where the Bay area has become the first municipality in the country to claim a bus and a tractor trailer truck as the victims of a drive-by shooting...

She continues talking as we PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

88 INT. NONDESCRIPT HOTEL ROOM - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

8

Burroughs sits on the floor at a low coffee table. In front of him: two bricks of C-4 which he is hard at work wiring together. Piled neatly next to them are three already completed bombs.

CUTE FEMALE REPORTER O/S

--The collision amazingly resulted in no fatalities, but two passengers were injured, including the bus driver who was taken to Saint Francis Hospital and is listed in Serious Condition... Phil?

A MAN'S voice takes over.

ANNOUNCER PHIL O/S

California Highway Patrol describes the assailants as members of a motorcycle gang...

Burroughs continues looking at the screen: PHIL, the male reporter stands closest to the bus. Behind him EMERGENCY WORKERS hose down the vehicle with chemical foam. Tractors DRAG the telephone poles off the road.

ANNOUNCER PHIL

The Highway Patrol expects cleanup to continue throughout the day...

Burroughs CLICKS OFF the T.V. with his REMOTE CONTROL, then goes back to wiring the bomb.

89

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

8

Cates driving. Finishing his story...

CATES

...and I been back to that barn seven times last two days looking in feed bins. On top of fuckin' light fixtures...

HAMMOND

So somebody walked with your gun -- that's a real sad story, Jack.

CATES

Impossible. Place was crawling with cops. Anyway, fifty is the retainer for the lawyer.

HAMMOND

You think I'm stupid? They got bondsmen for that shit.

CATES

Didn't have enough collateral. Police Department Credit Unions don't float loans for bail payments.

HAMMOND

Look, I need that money, Jack.

CATES

You'll get it back if I show up for my trial. All I need is the Iceman. It's simple. I find him, you get your money back. I don't find him, he kills you. Not that I give a shit...

HAMMOND

I guess I oughta be used to being fucked over. It's been going on for five years, not that you gave a shit about that either.

CATES

Hey, I didn't put you in there.

HAMMOND

You didn't do much to get me out.

CATES

I checked into it. There was a payroll robbery out at the prison. They found the money in your cell.

HAMMOND

I got set up.

CATES

Yeah, you got framed. That's what every crook says.

HAMMOND

They didn't find your bad guy's gun, did they, Jack?

CATES

That's different.

HAMMOND

How?

CATES

I'm a cop. You're a crook.

HAMMOND

That makes it okay to screw a guy, huh?

CATES

Okay. Maybe you got a point.

The Caddy heads for the Bay bridge...

89A

EXT. ACROSS BAY BRIDGE - CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK

89

The setting sun is a fat, angry ball of flame slowly lowering itself into the Pacific Ocean. The City is being transformed into a blanket of sparkling lights.

90

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The Caddy rolls down through North Beach.

HAMMOND

I thought you were gonna buy yourself a new car.

CATES

This is a new car.

HAMMOND

Looks like the same old piece of shit sky blue Cadillac you had before.

CATES

Bought the same model, year and color. Everything the same. I get attached to things.

HAMMOND

Oh yeah? Well, speaking of which: How's that lady of yours?

CATES

Elaine? She married me. Five years ago. Drove me over to City Hall for a quick ceremony. Figured to settle me down. We even bought this fuckin' house. Got it up for sale.

HAMMOND

You must look real good out there, cuttin' the grass.

CATES

Yeah. Dinner every night. Clean clothes...

HAMMOND

Sounds like where I been.

CATES

Felt like it. She left me after a year and a half. Got sick of my shit. Said I wasn't sensitive to her needs.

HAMMOND

Bitch probably had a point.

CATES

Hell with it. She was a real nice girl, but maybe I wasn't cut out for bein' hooked up on a permanent basis.

91 EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET DISTRICT - NIGHT

A simple two bedroom number with a "FOR SALE" sign out front. Little Porsche Speedster in the driveway. Cates swings the Caddy around in a big U-Turn, stops in front of the house.

HAMMOND

This is it?

CATES

This is where we lived 'til we split up and she moved up to Mill Valley. I been trying to sell it. I guess it's kinda part yours, too.

HAMMOND

How do you figure that?

CATES

Borrowed the down payment from you.

They walk across the lawn.
Hammond spots his car.

HAMMOND

God damn, look at that little car of mine. You know how much pussy I got because of that machine? I was gettin' it seven nights a week. You been leavin' that shit out in the open like this?

CATES

Hey, don't worry. I gotta alarm put in--

He presses the keyring alarm button.

Chirp-chirp --

BLOOM!

Hammond's Porsche EXPLODES.

After a long moment of disbelief...

HAMMOND

The mother-fuckers blew up my car.

CATES

And the rest of your money.

HAMMOND

What --? You left the seventy-five grand in the car?

CATES

Sorry.

Hammond looks at the burning car.

HAMMOND

Shit.

92 INT. DOWNTOWN SFPD HEADQUARTERS - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

It bustles with activity.

Kehoe runs through a mound of paperwork.

Cates BURSTS into the room. Heads straight for his desk.

KEHOE

Jack? Jack -- Jesus Christ we gotta report your house blew up --

CATES

Not my house. My car.

KEHOE

Your car?

CATES

Shit. Not my car, someone else's --

KEHOE

Christ. Fire Department's got three units out there and we've got twelve personnel either there or on the way. Creal freaked out when the report came in. She's on her way over there. Guess she likes you.

CATES

Lay off that crap. What do we have on the Route 170 bus hit this afternoon?

Cates pulls the dust cover off a battered Apple Computer on his desk. Switches it on. As it warms up, he grabs a stack of MUG BOOKS off the file cabinets behind his desk.

KEHOE

Not much yet. "Kate Cates." Sounds good.

CATES

Not today, Ben. Call over to the CHP and get everything they got on the bus job. And get the shit sheets on anything with Bikers that came in the last three -- four days.

KEHOE

Jack, Wilson's been looking for you.

CATES

Forget him.

Cates and Kehoe look up. CAPTAIN HADFN, six and a half feet of tough cop is coming across the squad room.

HADEN

Sure. Forget 'im. Just 'cause some pencil pushing IAD asshole's gonna end your career, thanks to your maverick grandstanding bullshit's no reason to pay him any mind at all.

CATES

We shouldn't have IAD assholes like Wilson. You know it as well as I do.

HADEN

This ain't 1931, Jack. You can't have cops running around without someone to make sure they're playing by the rules.

CATES

I got no problem with that -- but let the civilians do it -- not cops. Having cops police the cops isn't good for morale. Makes us eat ourselves up inside. And only a chickenshit would take a job doing it. A snitch. Like Wilson.

HADEN

The man's on your case, Jack. Deal with it. And don't kid yourself, nobody's gonna listen to your ideas about how to re-organize the department.

Kehoe starts to move.

KEHOE

Maybe I better take off. Leave you two alone.

HADEN

Stay. You'll have to do plenty of this shit when you make Captain.
(to Cates)
I'll need your gun, Jack.

Cates looks down at his feet.

HADEN

Come on, don't give me that. It's procedure. I know you got another one at home, anyway.

Cates pulls out his .44. Hands it over butt first.

CATES

You want my badge, too?

HADEN

Yeah. And your Police I.D. card.

Jack hands them over.

KEHOE

Come on, Cap. This whole thing stinks.

HADEN

(to Cates)
You coulda' tried to be a little more like Kehoe here. He's a good cop, too. And doesn't cause me a problem every two weeks.

Haden looks down at Jack's desk.
Covered with files, photos, and Mug Shot books.

HADEN

What are you messin' with?

CATES

Trying to save my ass.

A beat.

HADEN

I hope you find something. But you know the rules. This shit don't leave the building.

Haden moves off.

Cates sits at the computer. Calls up a file:

93 CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN - NIGHT

One half of the screen is a crude drawing of a man's FACE.

The other half is a list of ATTRIBUTES: Nose, eyes, etc.
A MENU LINE across the top identifies:

National Crime Information Computer
Physical Description Form

Cates pulls the keyboard in front of him.
Starts typing.

KEHOE

Don't let it get to ya, Jack.

CATES

Yeah.

KEHOE

Maybe Wilson's gettin' a lot of pressure from higher up.

CATES

That's not it. Between me and him, it's personal.

Cates inputs the variations: Narrower. Wider.
The face on the screen changes with each selection.
Starts to look like Burroughs.

94 EXT. STREET - SFPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Two COPS exit the building and head for their squad car.
We follow them as they pass --

95 CATES' CADDY CONVERTIBLE

Parked at the red curb. Reggie Hammond sits in the passenger seat, watching with smug satisfaction as a YOUNG UNIFORMED COP writes the Cadillac a ticket.

YOUNG COP

Your friend's got some balls parking illegal right in fronta' the precinct.

HAMMOND

He hates cops.

YOUNG COP

He does, huh?

HAMMOND

Yeah. Thinks they all chicken-shits who hide behind their badges. I told him not to park here. He's got this blatant disregard for the law. I'll bet the registration's expired, too.

The Cop checks the rear plate.

YOUNG COP

It is.

Hammond smiles broadly as the Cop goes to the next page for the second citation.

YOUNG COP

Your friend's not too smart. Who is he?

HAMMOND

Big dumb cop named Jack Cates.

The Young Cop stops writing.

YOUNG COP

Shit.

He tears up the tickets.

YOUNG COP

Tell that big asshole to stop parking in front of the station.

HAMMOND

Yes sir, officer sir...

Hammond smiles as the Young Cop moves off, then stops -- He sees something on the steps of the Police Station...

96

REGGIE'S POV

Two very PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN talking to each other -- both about twenty, sweet young types. Hammond sits up, stares...

HAMMOND

Oh God. Look at them...

THE YOUNG WOMEN move closer. Then stop again and continue their conversation.

97 INT. SFPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Cates is still working away at the computer.
Kehoe comes over with a sheet of paper.
Drops it on Cates' desk.

KEHOE

Three complaints involving Biker types in
the last four days. Two traffics and a D
& D.

Cates takes the paper, looks at it. Shoves it in his pocket.

KEHOE

You're welcome.

Cates uses the computer's mouse to move the cursor over to a
box marked "PRINT." He leans over to a dot Matrix printer.
Switches it ON. While the printer warms up, he looks in the
mug book.

KEHOE

Don't hold out on me, Jack. You might not
be in this shit if you'd told anybody what
you were workin' on. You need help. Let
me put some men on it.

The printer stops. Cates pulls out the finished composite.
Two copies. Looks exactly like Burroughs.

CATES

You wanna help? Okay. Run this guy
through NCIC.

KEHOE

Don't look like a Biker. Who is he?

CATES

You tell me.

KEHOE

You do have friends here, Jack.

CATES

You know I don't keep secrets. I just
want to make sure I've got something. I'm
gonna see what I can come up with on these
wheel-heads. I'll call in later.

Cates grabs an armful of files and heads for the door.

98 EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

The DREAM GIRLS are only yards away from the Caddy. One breaks
off, heads his way...
Hammond primps himself. Tucks his tie into his jacket.
Warms up his smile...

HAMMOND

Oh man, I need this. I need it...

The Girl is right up to his side of the car. Inches away --
Hammond opens his mouth to speak --

HAMMOND

Hi.

GIRL

Hi there.

HAMMOND

Excuse me, I don't want to make you
uncomfortable or be pushy or anything, but
you are a very pretty girl.

GIRL

Why thank you. That's sweet.

HAMMOND

You don't mind me saying so?

GIRL

No. I think it's nice.

Cates hops into the driver's seat.
The car TAKES OFF --

99

EXT. STREET - SAN FRANCISCO/INT. CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING

HAMMOND

What the fuck are you doing?! Did you see
that bitch? I was about to get a phone
number!

CATES

Right. She wasn't your type. Way too
sweet. Maybe you shoulda' come upstairs
and hadda' cup of coffee. Saved yourself
some aggravation.

HAMMOND

Bullshit -- I hate police stations...She
was great! You know how long it's been
since I had any?

CATES

I guess I gotta remind you this ain't a
trim hunt.

HAMMOND

Right. Like you ain't been gettin' any
since your old lady left you.

CATES

Not a lot...

HAMMOND

Bullshit. You mean to tell me you ain't been with anyone else since --?

CATES

Sure I been with a few...

HAMMOND

You ain't got anybody special?

CATES

Ahh -- Naw.

HAMMOND

Come on.

CATES

I like somebody, uh, but it's not workin' so good.

HAMMOND

Nothin' in common?

CATES

She's a cop.

HAMMOND

Are you kidding? The bitch is a cop? That's prime, Jack.

CATES

Yeah. Maybe we got too much in common.

HAMMOND

Just cause it's good don't mean it's bad.

CATES

Do me a favor, Romeo, open the glove compartment.

Hammond opens the glove box. A four inch, blue .44 Magnum drops into his hand. Cates takes it from him, checks the cylinder, then sticks it in his shoulder holster.

CATES

Thanks. In the back, there, there's a badge --

Hammond digs into the glove compartment, pulls out a shiney silver badge. It's plastic. A toy.

HAMMOND

Jack, this ain't real. It's plastic --

CATES

When you flash it, most people don't know the difference.

HAMMOND

This is kids' Cops 'n Robbers shit.

CATES

Yeah. That's right. I'm a cop, you're a robber.

Cates stuffs the badge into his breast pocket.

100

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE BAR - NIGHT

10

The Caddy rumbles to a stop.

HAMMOND

What are we doing here?

CATES

These Bikers that hit the bus. You ever see them before?

HAMMOND

All you big Rednecks look alike to me.

CATES

If you're not gonna help me, I guess I'll have to do it the old fashioned way.

HAMMOND

Great. You gonna find a stoolie or beat up some witnesses?

CATES

Waitress in here got roused by three Bikers yesterday afternoon. One of them matches the description of the guy that tried to take you out on the bus. Maybe if you could put a name on that Wheel-head for me we could cut through all the bullshit.

HAMMOND

You don't get it, do you Jack? I don't trust you. I don't trust people that fuck over their friends and steal their money.

Jack gives him a long look, then heads inside.

101

INT. WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

10

Cates and Hammond enter. The joint is now jumping. Crowded. Rock band blazing away in the corner...Cates flashes his fake

badge quickly at the Girl Bartender. Hammond moves down the bar toward the band, distancing himself from Cates and his cop methods.

CATES

You the one who called in with a complaint about some Bikers?

GIRL BARTENDER

Well, let's all faint. The cops finally responded to a call. It's only been a day and a half you know.

CATES

Sorry. A lotta problems out there in the city.

GIRL BARTENDER

I'll remember that next time I get to vote whether or not you guys get a pay raise.

CATES

You want to tell me what happened or do you want to bitch a little more?

GIRL BARTENDER

Okay. Three Motorcycle guys come in here yesterday afternoon. Ordered drinks. Then one of them whispers in my ear -- tells me he wants me to suck his cock. How's that for sexual harassment?

CATES

Pretty good. I'd say six on a ten scale. Then what happened?

102 ON HAMMOND

1

As Jack and the Girl Bartender talk, Hammond sits at the opposite end of the bar. Another Woman Bartender comes up...

HAMMOND

Vodka.

Hammond looks around into the eyes of a voluptuous beauty. She smiles and squeezes between Hammand and the next patron.

HAMMOND

Hello. Hey, nice to meet you.

BEAUTY

Hi...Buy me a drink?

HAMMOND

Sorry, baby...I'm almost broke. How about buying me one?

Click.

The smile, eyes and charm go off on Beauty like a light.
She moves on to the next mark.

BEAUTY

Fuck off.

HAMMOND

Honesty...I like that in a chick.

Reggie digs some money out of his pocket and pays for the drink.

103 JACK

10

Still questioning the Girl Bartender.

GIRL BARTENDER

So this guy with the dark hair and moustache starts getting rough, grabs my tit a couple of times. Cute, huh? Maybe that gets a seven on your scale. Hey, aren't you supposed to be writing this down?

CATES

I've got a photographic memory. What about the others?

GIRL BARTENDER

I told you, it wasn't them that was giving me the problems...You sure you're a cop?

CATES

I'm not sure of anything right now...Keep going. I want to get your story straight.

104 HAMMOND

10

Sips his drink and again catches sight of Beauty. She's found her next MARK, A MIDWESTERN BUSINESSMAN-TYPE. He's about off his barstool for her. Suddenly Hammond's eye picks up something else.

105 STRING BEAN

10

Like his name. Lean, tall and dangerous. He moves behind the man and we witness a flawlessly performed, well-choreographed pickpocket. A moment later the woman excuses herself for a "moment" to the Ladies Room and the Mark is left by himself salivating, primping in the mirror and thinking he really does look like Paul Newman.

106 HAMMOND

10

Smiles as he sips his drink. He can appreciate an artist at work. As he watches String Bean disappear into the MEN'S ROOM...

107 ON THE MARK

10

Hammond now appears at his side.

HAMMOND
How's it going?

The Mark nods self-consciously.

HAMMOND
Hey, you ever see those travelers check
ads...where the stupid tourists get set up
and somebody picks their pocket?

The Mark feels his pocket, his wallet's gone...

MARK
Shit!

HAMMOND
Relax...I can get it back...For a price.

MARK
How much?

HAMMOND
How much were you carrying?

MARK
Almost fifteen hundred -- Hold it...What
am I telling you for?...You were probably
in on it.

HAMMOND
If I was "in on it" asshole, I'd be out
spending your cash right now instead of
making a deal with you for half to get it
back.

MARK
Half! Kiss my ass, buddy!

HAMMOND
All right...it's your money...You don't
want my help, that's up to you...but every
second you fuck around means you've got
less and less a chance to get it back...

The Mark wavers. Hammond gives his closer --

HAMMOND
I bet you had a ton of credit cards,
too...Ain't it a bitch cancelling all of
them? You know, all those phone calls you
gotta make and letters you gotta write.
Take it easy, man.

He turns to leave. The Mark stops him.

MARK

Wait a minute. You got a deal.

Hammond looks back at Jack, who is still occupied with the Girl Bartender, then moves to the --

108 INT. MEN'S ROOM - WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

10

Hammond enters the room.
String Bean stands alone at the sink washing his hands.
Hammond moves to him and also begins washing up.

HAMMOND

Hey, man...I've been watching you in there
and you're good.

String Bean looks at Hammond, warily.

HAMMOND

Really good...The bitch's good too.

STRING BEAN

She's my wife.

HAMMOND

(nice)
You're lucky, man. Listen, you ripped off
my friend's wallet. Now, since I caught
you, I think you ought to give it back.

String Bean's eyes suddenly grow cold.

STRING BEAN

I don't give refunds.

The door opens and the Mark stands there. String Bean takes
this in. Together the Mark and Reggie make a formidable
problem. Hammond extends his hand.

HAMMOND

Just give it back. No hassle -- okay?

String Bean reaches behind his back, but instead of the wallet,
produces a SWITCHBLADE.

The blade SNAPS open and glints in the light.
Hammond's hands go up.

HAMMOND

Hey, let's not go too deep here, it's only
a wallet. Not even my wallet.

STRING BEAN

Get out of here.

HAMMOND

You got it. No problem.

Hammond takes a step back.

MARK

(to Hammond)

What is this? You said you could get it back!

Hammond lowers his hands.

HAMMOND

I didn't plan on a knife, asshole. You want it, you go get it.

MARK

We had a deal.

HAMMOND

A no-knife deal. Knives bother me, okay? Maybe they don't bother you, but I don't like them.

Hammond turns to String Bean.

HAMMOND

No problem, man. No problem.

(to Mark)

So, forget it then. Forget it! Let's just forget the whole thing!

(to String Bean)

Right?

As he again turns back to String Bean, this time he SUDDENLY SLAMS the stall door into his face. The stunned man staggers backward.

Before he can recover, Hammond follows with a SPIN KICK that drives him into an empty stall. He's out cold. The wallet lies on the floor at his feet.

Hammond picks up the wallet, looks at String Bean.

HAMMOND

Knives bother me, man.

109 AT THE BAR

Jack continues to talk to the Bartender.

JACK

Anybody else with them?

GIRL BARTENDER

No, it was just them. Hold it...There was a black guy...skinny...the oldest one was talkin' to this black guy.

Jack unfolds his composite of Burroughs.

JACK

Something like this?

GIRL BARTENDER

Yeah, that's him. He didn't bother me. He was okay.

CATES

Thanks.

GIRL BARTENDER

You think you got any chance of catching these guys?

CATES

They show up again, we got a chance.

GIRL BARTENDER

I'll tell you something, this guy that grabbed me is one sick dude. I run into a lot of crap-heads in here, but this one was special. That's how come I called in -- you guys oughta get this one off the streets. He's real bad news.

CATES

I get any more on him, I'll come back and see you.

110 EXT. STREET - FRONT OF WESTERN BAR - NIGHT

1

Hammond and Cates head across the street.
Cates stops at the door to the Caddy.

CATES

No fucking around anymore, Reggie. The dame inside just put the guy I saw getting the payoff on the same team with your Biker friends. Now either you come up with something I can use or we can drive around chasing motorcycles until we get lucky or they get lucky and nail you.

HAMMOND

You forget who got fucked last time.

CATES

Maybe we better go through this one more time. Even if you get your money back, it won't mean much if you're dead. And unless I get the Iceman, you don't get the money. So you lose twice on the same roll. That takes talent.

A beat...Cates' logic is remorseless.

HAMMOND

I give you something, and I take the fall again, I swear I'll kill you, mother-fucker.

CATES

Fine. Anything you say, tough guy.

They get in the car. Pull away.

111 EXT. STREET/INT. CAR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

HAMMOND

Okay. I'm giving you a name: Cherry Tilman. He's one of the Bikers. The one that tried to gun me on the bus gig. He's Aryan Brotherhood. He was in Folsom with me five years ago. When I was transferred over there he tried to put a hit on me. One of the other cons dropped a dime on him and he spent the rest of his time in solitary.

CATES

And nobody tried to hit you again until now? I don't get it. You're not that good.

HAMMOND

They tried lots of times, but I took some precautions...This Tilman was local, all he talked about was what a great piece of ass his old lady was. Used to go on and on about how she did this live sex act down at "Show and Tell." In the Tenderloin.

CATES

You were in prison with this guy five years ago and you remember where his girlfriend works?

HAMMOND

That's right. Trust me, Jack. Stories about pussy are the only thing worth remembering in prison.

111A EXT. STREET - TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT

111

Neon signs scream: XXX! ALL NUDE! ALL HARD! ALL WET! Porno book shops, Topless nightclubs and XXX movie theaters. As the blue Caddy rumbles to a stop in front of one building in particular.

112 EXT. SHOW AND TELL

11

A sexual Disneyland. Combination Peep Show palace/Live sex acts/porno theater/video rental. First floor walled with glass brick lit from within by red and pink neon.

Hammond looks up at the posters - put up over ten years earlier and never changed -- Smiling ladies with pumped up breasts. Reads the sign:

HAMMOND

"Sex, sex, sex, sex." I think I could like this place.

Cates and Hammond walk in...

113 INT. SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT

11

Crowded. Noisy. Mylar wall paper. Flashing white lights around peep show booths. Giggling and moaning coming from behind cheap plastic curtains.

CATES

What's this chick's name?

HAMMOND

Angel.

CATES

Great. I'm sure there's only one girl working here with that name.

HAMMOND

Angel Allen. Brunette.

CATES

Wonderful.

Cates and Hammond move to a glass counter displaying \$9.95 porno videos. The MAN behind the counter looks like he was poured back there.

CATES

We wanna see Angel Allen.

MAN

She don't go on again til nine o'clock. Sparky and Manuel are on now. They're a hot couple. Buy a ticket. You'll love it.

CATES

Where is she now?

Cates flashes his dime store badge.

MAN

Fuck off. My kid's got one of those.

Cates opens his coat, revealing his .44.

CATES

He got one of these?

MAN

Upstairs. Fourth floor. 4-B. Stairs at the back. To the right.

CATES

You got an elevator?

MAN

Nope. It's the only way up.

CATES

Don't phone her, okay? Unless you want a lot of trouble...We'd like to surprise her.

MAN

No problem. Never liked her much anyway.

Cates and Hammond move away from the counter. Move down a corridor light by bare, dim red bulbs. Cates pokes his head through a curtain: a girl dances in a glass booth.

CATES

I think I dated that chick.

They get to the stairwell. Look around. Start up...

CATES

All right. So far you done good, Reggie -
- This is the only way up. You wait here on the landing and I'll go up and see the lady.

HAMMOND

Wrong. I ain't gotta gun. You wait down here. I don't want those Bikers coming up behind me when all I can whip out is my dick. If she's there I'll give you a shout.

CATES

(grudgingly)

Okay. You want the badge?

HAMMOND

No thanks, Man. I don't think I'm gonna run into any little kids on the way up.

Hammond heads up the stairs. Cates leans against the wall by a window covered over with black cardboard. He peels the corner of the paper away:

114 THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDING - CATES POV THROUGH WINDOW 11

An empty alley. Garbage strewn.
Cates turns away, lights a cigarette.

115 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - NIGHT 11

Two motorcycle headlights turn into the alley.

116 HICKOK AND BROTHER ED 11

On their Harley choppers.
Roll to a stop behind the Show and Tell.
Their headlights illuminate:

117 CHERRY'S HARLEY 11

Parked beneath the fire escape.

BROTHER ED

I hope the sum-bitch is finished by now..
Could we stop an' --?

Hickok fixes his brother with a stern look.

BROTHER ED

Just asking...

Brother Ed stands on the seat of his Bike. Reaches up --
pulls down the fire escape ladder...

118 INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT 11

Hammond moves out of the stairwell. Slowly down the hallway.
Reading door numbers...
He stops in front of 4-B, KNOCKS.

HAMMOND

Angel?

A WOMAN'S VOICE answers from within.

WOMAN O/S

Who is it?

119 INT. STAIRWELL FIRST FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT 11

Cates hears a "CLUNK" out the window and peers out in time to see a pair of motorcycle boots pass by and disappear up the fire escape...

Cates pulls out his gun and races up the stairs...

120 INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT 12

Hammond stands right in front of the door.

HAMMOND

You gotta go on.

121 INT. ROOM 4-B - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 12

Angel is in bed with Cherry Tilman. His huge, tattooed chest and her huge, tattooed chest poke out of the blankets.

ANGEL

This is my break!

HAMMOND

(mumbles)

Sparky pulled a muscle...

ANGEL

I can't hear -- Shit.

(to Cherry)

I'm sorry, honey...Hold on a minute!

She climbs out of bed and pulls on a transparent house coat.

122 INT. STAIRWELL - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT 12

Cates huffs and puffs as he clumps up the stairs two at a time...

123 INT. ROOM 4-B - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT 12

Angel pulls back the bolt on the door. Opens it a crack --

ANGEL

What did you say --?

Hammond pushes into the room.

HAMMOND

I'm sorry to bother you I - Shit --

Hammond finds himself staring at a half out of bed Cherry Tilman, pulling on his pants and shirt. Hammond follows Cherry's gaze to his jacket, hanging over a nearby chair. Over it, a Colt Single Action in a belt holster. The chair is closer to Hammond...

123A INT. STAIRWELL - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT

12

Cates rounds the last corner and looks up --
Hickok is standing on the landing one flight up, open window at his back. Hickok looks to the .44 in Cates' hand.

HICKOK

Half a grand howdy.

CATES

Reach for the ceiling! Turn around! Nose to the wall.

Hickok puts his hands up -- starts to turn...
Cates watches Hickok as Cates slowly moves up the stairs.

123B INT. ROOM 4-B - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT

12

CHERRY

Hello, Reggie...

Cherry leans forward like he's headed for the gun --
Hammond BOLTS for the gun -- Gets it --
But Cherry LEAPS back over the bed and out into the hall...
Hammond heads for the door - Angel grabs him.
Tries to get the gun away from him --
Hammond BATS her out of the way and runs toward the door --

124 INT. STAIRWELL - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT

1

Cates halfway up the landing --
Hickok, nose to the wall, on the landing, open window at his side.

SUDDENLY Brother Ed leans in the window from the fire escape --
AUG barrel leading the way -- swings it towards Cates - FIRES!
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA!!

Cates ducks back behind the corner as it evaporates in a cloud of plaster dust! Hickok spins, pulls the revolver from his belt --
BOOM! BOOM!!

Cherry comes flying down the stairs, Hammond in close pursuit.

HAMMOND

Freeze, shit for brains -!

As Hammond hits the top of the stairs he sees Hickok and Brother ED on the landing. Hickok turns his revolver on Hammond - BOOM! BOOM!!
Hammond ducks into a doorway as the jamb is SPLINTERED by Hickok's slugs.
BLAM! BLAM!
Hammond returns fire without looking.

125 ON THE LANDING 1

Cherry squirts past Hickok and Ed and onto the Fire escape.
Brother Ed tugs at Hickok's vest.

BROTHER ED

Come on, Billie, let's go! Let's go!!

126 CATES 1

Swings around the corner and brings his sights up --
BLAM BLAM BLAM --!
Empties his revolver at Brother Ed.

Brother Ed SCREAMS as the .44 slugs TEAR into him --!
Stagger back -- out the window...
OFF the fire escape -- past Cherry --

ONTO the ROOF of the smaller neighboring building...

127 INT. SAND CASTLE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 1

A few ILLEGAL ALIENS are working the night shift turning out "sand" ceramic castles sold in tourist traps. The finished castles are rolled in bubble wrap and placed in large wooden crates filled with styrofoam packing "peanuts."
Many of these LARGE CRATES litter the room.

KKKKKKKKKRASSSHHHH --!

The WORKERS look up and see:

Brother Ed comes CRASHING THROUGH the skylight --
PLUMMETS 40 feet --

LANDS on a large sealed crate --
Ba-THWOOOOM!

All four sides EXPLODE VIOLENTLY upon impact of the Biker --
BLASTING shattered ceramics all over the room --

BILLIONS of styrofoam peanuts FILLING THE AIR like one of those water-filled glass balls with a Christmas scene in it.

128 INT. FOURTH FLOOR STAIRWELL - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT 11

AAAAAAAARRRRGH!!!!

HICKOK BELLOWS like a wounded water buffalo --

Empties his revolver towards Cates. BOOM BOOM!! Then scoops up Brother Ed's fallen AUG and SPRAYS the stairwell and hallway -- BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA!!

HICKOK
DIE PIG!! DIE MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Hammond and Cates have to squeeze against the walls as wood and plaster and cement fragments fill the air.

129 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - NIGHT 12

Sirens growing in the distance.
Cherry kick-starts his Harley. Screams --

CHERRY
Hickok!!!

129A INT. STAIRWELL - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT 129

Hickok's gun runs dry. He throws it down the stairs towards Cates and then JUMPS through the window --

Cates and Hammond dart out of their hiding places and run to the window. Look out --

130 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - POV - NIGHT 13

Hickok takes the stairs four at a time.

130A INT. SHOW AND TELL - STAIRWELL 130

Hammond and Cates scramble down the stairs...

131 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - NIGHT 13

Hickok kick starts his hog. Wheels around...

Cates and Hammond BURST out a fire door, RED light spilling into the alley.

Cates and Hammond fire as Cherry BLASTS past.
BLAM-BLAM-BLAM -!! BOOM! BOOM!
Cherry wheels around --

Cates and Hammond block the way to the street.

Hickok and Cherry ROAR up the alley --
It ends at a brick wall.

Hickok makes a circle in the air with his finger --
The big street machines wheel around. Accelerate --!

Head STRAIGHT FOR HAMMOND AND CATES.
Cates JUMPS to the side --
Hammond ROLLS out of the way --

Hickok and Cherry drive right between them.
 Jack FIRES at the retreating cycles.
 BLAM! BLAM!

132 HICKOK DRIVES AT 100 MILES AN HOUR 1

Back up the alley -- Cherry at his side
 THROUGH the glass brick wall --

133 INTO SHOW AND TELL'S PORNO THEATER - HICKOK 1

TEARS through the worn movie screen.
 Through the spread legs of a porno starlet.
 Cherry right behind him --
 UP the aisle --
 CRASH!
 Through the Peep Show Lobby...

Out into the street.

134 CATES AND HAMMOND 1

Standing at the fire exit. Filthy, but alive.
 Watch the startled audience through the torn screen.
 Harley motors fading into the distance.

HAMMOND

Shit.

Hammond hands Cates Cherry's gun.

HAMMOND

You want this old cowboy gun?

Cates takes it.

135 INT. FOLSOM PRISON-SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT 1

The air is alive with STEAM and the sounds of HISSING water. A
 line of CONVICTS, towels wrapped around their waists, wait
 impatiently.

A GUARD appears at the door.

GUARD

Robinson?

CONVICT

Inside.

GUARD

(shouts)
 Robinson!!

135A INT. SHOWER STALL - FOLSOM - NIGHT

13

The twenty faucet shower stall is empty save for Robinson. His thickly muscled body is covered with soap.

ROBINSON

What?!

GUARD

Telephone!

ROBINSON

Shit.

He grabs his towel from a hook on the wall and wipes off his face. As he passes the line of convicts, they give him a wide path.

ROBINSON

I ain't done.

He moves out of the shower room...

136 INT. HALLWAY GUARD STATION - FOLSOM - NIGHT

1

Robinson picks up the phone.

ROBINSON

Yeah?

137 EXT./INT. PHONE BOOTH - TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT
(INTERCUT)

1

A bullet peppered phone booth across from Show and Tell. Hammond is on the phone. Behind him we can see the street, now filled with Police cars, ambulances, paddy-wagons, crime experts, uniforms, medical attendants, plainclothes officers... Hammond tries to keep his voice down.

HAMMOND

It's me, Reggie Hammond.

ROBINSON

I hope you callin' to tell me you got it already. I got soap in my eyes. I hate when I get soap in my eyes.

HAMMOND

Sorry. I mean I didn't call you up to piss you off, man. Listen - I been checkin' into it. Like I told you before, looks like this whole thing with the money might be a little harder than I thought --

ROBINSON

We had a deal. Don't mess with me,
Reggie --

HAMMOND

I'll do it. Did I say I wouldn't do it?
Would I call you if I was gonna welsh?
That ain't my style.

ROBINSON

Remember, once you been in, you ain't a
citizen no more. You can't vote.
Nobody'll hire your ass. You're an
outcast. Nobody wants you. All that's
left of Reggie Hammond is his word...
Don't break your word, Reggie.

He hangs up.

Hammond stares at the dead phone, then hangs it up.

138 INT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT 1

A UNIFORMED OFFICER tears a sheet of paper from a noisy
printer. We follow him as he moves into...

139 INT. S.F.P.D.SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT 1

Hands it to Kehoe, who looks at the paper then lifts a radio
microphone and keys it --

KEHOE

(reading)
Hickok, Edward. AKA "Brother Ed."

140 EXT. SHOW AND TELL - TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT -
(INTERCUT) 1

Cates is with Creal, huddled around an open cruiser door.
Cates holds the radio mike. They hear the transmission from
Kehoe...

KEHOE

Known member "Aryan Brotherhood." 72
outstanding traffic violations. Two
warrants outstanding L.A. and Orange
County P.D.s. various affiliations with
Biker clubs of out L.A.

CREAL
Bikers from L.A.?

KEHOE
Yeah, L.A.P.D. faxed some stuff up a few
minutes ago. Whole lotta shit.

CATES
How about that mug shot I printed up?

Wilson enters carrying a file. Sees Kehoe on the phone --

WILSON
Anything on Cates yet?

KEHOE
(sotto)
Uh. Jack, this ain't a good time to talk.
Wilson's going apeshit --

Wilson picks up the name:

WILSON
Kehoe, is that Cates?

He starts across the squad room --

CATES
Just grab everything you've got and be out
front in fifteen minutes. Fifteen
minutes, got it?

Before Kehoe can answer, Wilson grabs the mike away.

WILSON
Listen Cates, cops on suspension don't
participate in shoot outs with -- Cates?

Dead air.

WILSON
Hello? Son of a bitch!

141 EXT. SQUAD CAR - SHOW AND TELL - NIGHT

1.

Creal hooks the mike back up.

CREAL
Wilson's gonna be pissed.

Cates ignores this.

CREAL
You had me worried when I heard the
address of that bomb.

Creal smiles at Cates. Cates smiles at Creal. They feel embarrassed. She turns as something catches her attention across the way.

CREAL

They're bringing out the one that fell off the fire escape --

Cates follows her gaze:
Brother Ed's body is wheeled past on a gurney.

CREAL

Messy.

Hammond returns from the phone booth. Interrupts.

HAMMOND

Machine guns. I'm out of it -- I thought it was some kind of hot shit just to have a .45...

Cates and Creal become more business-like.

CREAL

Looks like you were outgunned, Jack.

CATES

This wasn't a gun store job. It was selective fire.

Hammond looks Creal up and down. Likes what he sees. Cates doesn't like Hammond staring at her that way.

CATES

Was she home?

HAMMOND

Huh?

CATES

Or was it your bookie?

HAMMOND

Yeah, I'm checking on the odds of me staying alive hanging out with you.

CREAL

You say these are the same guys blasted that bus out on Route 170 this afternoon? If they're from outta town they gotta be stayin' somewhere.

HAMMOND

These guys, maybe at the zoo.

CREAL

I'll get the word out. Something might turn up...Like we really needed some out of town scum bags.

(notices Hammond)

Who's your friend?

CATES

An old pal.

HAMMOND

From in town. Reggie Hammond.

CATES

That's it, Kate. I'll file a report in the morning.

CREAL

Hold on, Jack -- you know Wilson's gonna want me to hold on to you until he gets down here.

CATES

I don't have the time.

Creal considers Cates and Hammond. A beat.

CREAL

You took off before I got here.

CATES

Thanks, I owe ya' dinner.

Cates and Hammond head for the Caddy.

The crowd of BYSTANDERS and NEWSMEN grows as Brother Ed's body is gurnied toward an ambulance...

142 EXT. CITY STREET - BROADWAY AREA - NORTH BEACH - NIGHT

1

Cates driving. Neon glitz topless joints line both sides of the street.

HAMMOND

I might go back to crime if the lady cops are all as good as that one. Have her frisk me for concealed weapons any day.

CATES

You're walkin' on the edge of a razor blade, Reggie.

HAMMOND

Oh, that's your new lady, Jack?

CATES

Just a friend.

HAMMOND

Nice ass

CATES

Thanks.

HAMMOND

I wasn't talking about your ass.

Cates turns onto a Chinatown Street.
Hammond gets an idea.

HAMMOND

Okay, Jack, you want me to trust you? You can start by dropping me off by a girl I know lives around here so I can get laid...

CATES

No chance.

HAMMOND

Come on! You gotta go back to the station and see your guy anyway. She's gotta place just up here on the right. Give me twenty minutes. No, just fifteen...

CATES

What are you going for, the land speed record?

HAMMOND

Come on, I been in jail five years. I get a hard-on when I smell a tuna fish sandwich. You want me to help you with this one, let me stop and get some pussy.

CATES

Aw, shit. Okay. But be downstairs twenty minutes after I drop you off.

HAMMOND

I'll start warming up now.

143 EXT. FILMORE STREET/CATES' CAR - NIGHT

1.

Cates watches Hammond tuck his tie into his jacket and move into the building.

CATES

I'm feelin' generous -- I'll give you a half hour -- on my way back I'm gonna stop and gas up.

Cates shakes his head and pulls away.

144

INT. FILMORE APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

1.

Hammond reaches the top floor and turns cautiously down the hall. Comes to a door and knocks. A beat later the door opens to reveal A WOMAN, a real beauty, twenties, legs up to here disappearing into a black tube skirt. She smiles sexily at Reggie.

HAMMOND

Hey, baby...

WOMAN

Reggie Hammond... Been a long time, Reggie
-- You look good...

Hammond steps past her into the room and begins taking off his jacket.

HAMMOND

Look, I'd love to spend a few minutes
talking over old times, but I'm in a hurry
-- so get your shit up on the bed.

145

THE BED

1

A large, brown leather valaise is laid on the bed and the top popped open. The woman reaches in and pulls out the first of several handguns handing them to Hammond as she talks. She's a pro alright. She knows her guns.

WOMAN

Got your favorite. A .45...

She pulls out a standard Colt Government model.

HAMMOND

Something bigger.

WOMAN

Bigger?

HAMMOND

Hey, it's the nineties. Kids out there
with assault rifles.

She pulls out another pistol. Squat. Black.

WOMAN

Glock 9mm.

He takes it. Feels its weight...

HAMMOND

What's this...some kind of toy? It's plastic.

WOMAN

You been gone too long, Reggie. I'm not fooling with you...Nineteen in the clip one in the chamber. Safety's on the trigger. Just pull it and "bang."

Hammond sights down the top of the slide. Satisfactory.

WOMAN

Lightweight. Great action. With two extra magazines, five hundred dollars...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Cash.

Hammond and the Woman turn to see a Large Man in the doorway. This is OSCAR. There is little doubt that Oscar runs the place.

HAMMOND

Oscar! How's it going?

OSCAR

Better for me than you. You got papers out on you, Reggie Hammond. You're good as dead.

HAMMOND

You know about that?

OSCAR

Whole damn town knows about it. Five grand just for delivering you.

Hammond considers this. Oscar looks like he'd turn in his own mother for Five G's.

HAMMOND

Lucky for me we go back a long time, Oscar...Some street trash out there wouldn't think twice of turning in a friend for half that kind of money...but not you.

Hammond pays the Woman for the Glock and spare clip.

HAMMOND

Yeah, street trash would pick up the phone and call the minute I walked out the door. But, of course, if the bad guys missed me then I'd have to come back and get even. I think I'd shoot the street trash right in the dick. That way he couldn't take care of his old lady any more.

He slips the Glock behind his back, pats Oscar on the shoulder and starts to leave.

HAMMOND

I'm a lucky man to have you as a friend, Oscar. Because you won't fuck me over -- will you?

Exits.

145 EXT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 1

Kehoe stands out front, manila folder tucked under his arm. He glances around nervously. Grinds out a cigarette. Cates pulls up with a screech of old brake pads.

CATES

Get in.

Kehoe opens the passenger door --

WILSON O/S

HOLD IT!

Kehoe stops, half in the car. Wilson suddenly runs out of the front door of the Precinct.

WILSON

Park that car, Cates. I wanna ask you some questions!

CATES

Sure. Yes sir.

Cates hits the gas. ROARS away from the curb. Kehoe, half in-half out, SLAMS the door...

WILSON

CATES!

146 EXT. STREET / INT. CADDY - NIGHT 1-

Cates heads up the block...

CATES

What an asshole.

KEHOE

He's pissed you took off after that show
you pulled in the Tenderloin.

CATES

What do you got for me?

Kehoe pulls the computer print of Burroughs from his pocket --

KEHOE

I ran this guy through NCIC. Couldn't get
a match.

CATES

I'm not much of an artist -- What about
the Bikers?

KEHOE

We got positive ID. on the other two
shooters --

He opens the manilla folder and hands it to Cates.
Cates takes his hands off the wheel.

CATES

Steer.

Kehoe reaches over and steers with his left hand.
Cates opens the file. Prison pictures of Hickok and Cherry.

CATES

Yeah, these are the guys.

KEHOE

Two from L.A., the others local. These
guys are cop killers, Jack. Spoke to the
P.D. down in Death Valley. A week ago
these guys took down two highway cops and
a bystander. Brake. BRAKE!

Cates applies the brake. Kehoe steers around a car that is
parallel parking.

KEHOE

Then they took their time taking off.
These guys don't give a shit.

Cates reads from the folder:

CATES

Tilman, Cherry and Hickock, Edward.
Hickok? The one I whacked...

Kehoe points to Hickok's picture.

KEHOE

Yeah. The one you capped was this one's brother.

CATES

Great.

KEHOE

You know what that means. They're gonna be coming after your ass. We got APB's out, and a couple' guys checking the flophouses. Biker hangouts...so far nothing.

CATES

These guys aren't exactly inconspicuous.

KEHOE

Give me a break, Jack, all these Bikers look alike.

Cates hands back the folder and takes the wheel.

CATES

Thanks. Shit.

The traffic ahead is clogged because of construction. Cates shifts into REVERSE. Looks over his shoulder. Starts back DOWN the street. The WRONG WAY.

KEHOE

Look, Jack, these guys are fucking psychos, if you capped one of their brothers --

CATES

Yeah?

KEHOE

Don't play super cop on me. These guys don't give a shit. They'll take down a cop over a parking ticket. I don't want you to take any chances bringing these guys in.

Traffic HONKS AND STEERS out of the way as Cates comes BLASTING down the street BACKWARDS...

CATES

What are you telling me, Ben?

KEHOE

I'm telling you that if you come up against these scumbags again, don't bother with the Miranda. Do yourself a favor -- just take 'em out.

Cates SQUEALS to a stop in front of the Precinct. Wilson is still there, hands on hips. Face red.

WILSON

That was prime, Cates. Now I can add reckless endangerment to the charges.

Kehoe gets out.

CATES

Thanks, Ben.

KEHOE

Don't forget what I said.

Kehoe steps around the fuming Wilson and hurries into the building. Wilson crosses to the Caddy -- Hands on the top of the passenger door...

WILSON

(slowly)

Now. Cates. Park the car and come upstairs. We have a lot to talk about.

CATES

I'll catch up with you tomorrow. Have a nice night.

Cates shifts into DRIVE.
Takes off...

WILSON

Goddamn it, Cates!

147 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - FILLMORE DISTRICT - NIGHT 14

Hammond on the sidewalk as Cates' Caddy rolls up -- he climbs in...

148 INT. CADDY - NIGHT 14

As Cates pulls away...

CATES

How was it?

HAMMOND

Like Christmas... Too long a wait, over too soon.

CATES

Really.

HAMMOND

Yeah, man. It was great.

CATES

She didn't happen to sell you a gun too, did she?

HAMMOND

How'd you know that? That's real good, Cates.

CATES

Someday you're gonna ask yourself if these cops are so dumb, why did I spend half my life in prison. Maybe you better hand it over.

HAMMOND

Bullshit. Don't give me this crap. Listen, I'm a free man, Jack...It's not like the last time. I can do what I want. I got people trying to kill me. I want some protection.

CATES

Okay. But just don't ever stand behind me when you have it out.

HAMMOND

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

CATES

Don't mention it.

HAMMOND

You find out anything from your police buddy?

CATES

(grudgingly)
Naw. No hard news.

HAMMOND

That figures -- you guys are really great. Look, we ain't going to find the Iceman walking around out on the street. We got to go to the source.

CATES

Where the hell's that?

HAMMOND

Where there's nobody but criminals.
Prison.

CATES

Folsom? You got to be shittin' me? It's
the middle of the goddamn night!

HAMMOND

Hey, it's my money and your job. Now, I
don't know about your job, Jack, but I
don't play games when it comes to my
money...

He holds Cates' look.

CATES

Shit...

The Caddy's brake lights come on and the big car does a gut-
wrenching 180.

Then tears off into the night.

148A INT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

14

Corrugated steel walls. No windows.
Cherry is busy reloading his shotguns.
One by one he thumbs the fat 12 gauge rounds home.

Hickok stares at the television. The crime scene shrinks into
one corner of the screen, revealing the TV News desk.

ANCHORWOMAN

...forty-six police units and T.A.C. squad
personnel answered the call and have
sealed off the adjoining streets. An
S.F.P.D. spokesman has gone on record as
saying this incident represents the worst
fire fight of the year with an S.F.P.D.
officer, in terms of amount of bullets
fired...

The warehouse door opens. Burroughs enters, drops his bomb bag
on a mutilated couch.

BURROUGHS

Hasn't been your day, fellas. You're 0
for 2.

CHERRY

Hey. Nobody told us the Pig was gonna be
there. The mother fucker whacked Hickok's
brother.

Burroughs is shocked. He didn't realize that Hickok and Brother Ed were brothers. He looks over at Hickok.

148B ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

14

The screen now bears BROTHER ED'S FACE, front and profile, from police files.

ANCHORWOMAN

One of the assailants, identified by authorities as Edward Hickok, was pronounced dead on the scene by the City Medical Examiners from wounds suffered in the exchange of gunfire with S.F.P.D. Detective Jack Cates --

Brother Ed's face is replaced by Cates.

ANCHORWOMAN

Currently on suspension pending an investigation into a recent shooting incident at Bay Meadows Race --

CRASH-BTHWOOM! Hickok puts his black gloved fist through the television picture tube.

Burroughs can only stare at the enraged Biker.

149 INT. FOLSOM PRISON - DARKENED CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

1

A door CLANGS open --
FOOTSTEPS move along corridor.
PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

GUARD

stopping in front of a cell.
Turns faces back at the Controller's desk and gives a number with his fingers. TWO - TEN.

THE DOOR OPENS

A prisoner sleeps on a ratty bunk.
The Guard steps inside and hammers the metal toilet with his nightstick.

GUARD

Up and at 'em, Robinson... You got some visitors.

Robinson wakes with kill in his eyes. We know why the guard has entered with his stick.

150 INT. VISITATION ROOM - FOLSOM - NIGHT

1.

The door opens and Robinson is led into the glass walled room by the Guard who then steps out. Robinson focuses on the other side of the glass...

ROBINSON

Shit...

HAMMOND AND CATES

Are the visitors -- Hammond picks up the phone.

ROBINSON

sits in front of the window and picks up the phone -- He eyes Cates suspiciously.
Cates checks him out in a similar manner.

ROBINSON

What the hell're you doing here?

HAMMOND

I need some information.

ROBINSON

Can't you do anything by yourself?

HAMMOND

Yeah, well I'm having a little trouble out there. Guys are trying to kill me. Aryan Brotherhood. The whole nine yards.

ROBINSON

I heard about the bus deal with the Bikers. You made the news.

He focuses on Cates.

ROBINSON

Who's the cop?

HAMMOND

He's okay. We're in this thing together.

Robinson gives him a disapproving look...

ROBINSON

So you want to know who's after your ass?

CATES

Hell, we know who they are. We want to know who hired them.

Robinson can hear Cates through the receiver.

ROBINSON
Why don't you call "Dial a Biker." Use
their handy 800 number.

Cates grabs the phone from Hammond.

CATES
(through phone)
Hey, buddy -- It wasn't my idea to come up
here. I could find them on my own if I
had the time!

ROBINSON
Yeah? Then do it.

Hammond takes the phone back from Cates...

HAMMOND
Look, Tyrone, we didn't come all the way
out here to piss you off. We came out
here for help. Either you do it and we
leave or you don't and we leave. It's as
simple as that.

Robinson searches Hammond's face.

ROBINSON
Aryans are run out of Oakland by a guy
named Price. Malcolm Price. Somebody
needed a hit, he'd be the clearing house.
For sure no one comes up to the City doin'
a number without him knowing about it.

CATES
Who put the papers out on Reggie?

ROBINSON
How the hell would I know? I'm in prison.

HAMMOND
But this guy Price would.

ROBINSON
Yeah. Damn right.

HAMMOND
Where would we find him?

ROBINSON
Oakland? All those bozos hang at the
Spider Web.

HAMMOND
Thanks, Tyrone.

ROBINSON

You ain't forgotten anything have you,
Reggie?

He and Hammond lock eyes.

HAMMOND

Are you kidding? I just gotta find this
guy whose trying to kill me or --

ROBINSON

Or what...Don't think about lying your way
out of a commitment.

HAMMOND

Lying? Me...Did I say something about
going back on my word?

Robinson's face contorts, trying to contain his anger.

HAMMOND

It's just that my money's tied up right
now...and if I can't get my money --

Robinson suddenly rears back and SMASHES his fist through the
plexiglass partition.

Like an NBA backboard it SHATTERS!!

ALARMS SOUND!!

Guards unlock the door but not before --

Robinson's hand reaches through and grabs the stunned Hammond
by the collar and pulls him eye to eye.

ROBINSON

You ain't unreachable, Reggie. Don't you
forget it.

FOUR beefy Guards pull Robinson away on one side...

Cates separates Hammond on the other.

CATES

Christ! You okay?

Hammond straightens his tie and regains his composure.

HAMMOND

Sure. I'm okay. No problem.

But he holds eye contact with Robinson until the big con is
hailed out the door...

HAMMOND

Let's get out of here.

151 INT.DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

1

HADEN working on a report.
A KNOCK on his door.

HADEN

Come on in --

Wilson enters, looking like he stepped out of an episode of L.A. Law.

WILSON

Any word from Cates?

HADEN

He's out there tryin' to clear himself.
Give the man a break.

WILSON

(smile)

Hearing's not til tomorrow morning. He's
still got a couple of hours.

Wilson has that snide look that made you punch kids like him in the nose in second grade.

HADEN

I know what he's up against.

WILSON

The wall. And spare me the roses. Cates is a lousy cop and if anybody ought to know it, it's you -- I've been trying to reach him. Kehoe let him get away. You haven't had any contact with him, have you?

HADEN

No. Son of a bitch hasn't called in. But he never did. Least not much.

WILSON

Maybe if he had, he wouldn't be in a jam now. Or maybe the problem was you didn't make calling in mandatory. Truth is, you like mavericks and maverick behavior -- don't you, Al?

Wilson examines a photograph on the wall:

PHOTOGRAPH: Haden, Cates, Kehoe at the PBA picnic.

WILSON

What's the word I'm looking for? Oh, yeah. Culpability.

HADEN

You making accusations in here, Wilson?

WILSON

No. Of course not.

He turns away from the photo as the PHONE RINGS...
Haden grabs it. Wilson remains by his desk.

HADEN

Haden.

152 INT. PRISON WAITING ROOM - FOLSOM - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 1

Cates is on a pay phone.

CATES

It's me, Cates.

Haden looks up at Wilson, he's watching.

HADEN

Oh yeah. Hang on, honey.

He covers the mouthpiece.

HADEN

(to Wilson)

It's my wife.

It takes Wilson a beat, then he gets it. Leaves.
Haden waits till the door closes.

CATES

Honey?

HADEN

Cates, where the hell are you?

CATES

Tracing a lead. Listen I need a last known address for a Malcolm Price. Biker type - member of Aryan Brotherhood. Meant to be a leader. Operates out of the East Bay, probably Oakland. Can you get Creal to trace that for me and everything else she can find on the guy? I'll call her back. Thanks.

He hangs up.

HADEN

Wait a minute, Cates...Cates...Shit.

153 EXT. FREEWAY/INT. CATES' CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

15

Returning from Folsom. The big Caddy whips through the Northern California night. The lights of the Bay Area glow on the horizon. Hammond sits sullen, quiet. Cates smoking...

CATES

You going to tell me what all that's about back there with King Kong?

HAMMOND

Ancient history.

CATES

It looked to me more like tomorrow's headline.

Hammond looks over at him.

HAMMOND

I bought five years protection off Robinson to stay alive in there. Now that I'm out I got to pay up.

CATES

All your money?

HAMMOND

Just part of it -- seventy five thousand.

Cates considers this a moment.

CATES

I'd hate to have that big son of a bitch on my ass if I couldn't pay up. I can see why you want that money back so bad. Yeah. You're in real sad shape. Even if you don't get killed, you'll probably get the shit kicked out of you.

HAMMOND

Tryin' to make me feel good, huh?

CATES

Just making a realistic assessment of the situation. That's part of my police training.

Cates tosses his cigarette and pulls off the highway.

154 EXT. SPIDER WEB BAR - NIGHT

A brick box. Painted black. Nazi-helmeted spider sits in the middle of a buzzing and blinking neon web. Cates' Cadillac rolls up among rows of custom Harleys out front.

HAMMOND

Great place, Jack. Hell's Angels
Corporate headquarters.

CATES

Just Bikers, Reggie. I can handle bikers.

155 INT. THE SPIDER WEB - NIGHT

1

Cates and Hammond enter the bar. HEAVY METAL BAND blasting
away.

The kind of place you might find a finger in your drink.

Bikers everywhere.

It smells of leather and gasoline.

Cates inhales deeply. Likes it.

A GIRL dances topless in a cage...

Hammond and Cates move to the bar.

Cates looks at his watch.

Seconds ticking away. His career.

Hammond sits next to a YOUNG GREASY BIKER.

A BARTENDER, a tattooed behemoth, moves over to Hammond and
Cates.

CATES

(to bartender)

Give me a draught.

HAMMOND

Vodka.

The Bartender stares long and hard at Hammond.

Reggie holds his look.

After a long beat, the Bartender moves off and Hammond turns
around and surveys the place.

IT is surveying him.

Hardcore bikers.

Bearded, beer-bellied men with arms as big as legs.

Tattoos everywhere.

Bartender serves up their drinks.

CATES

I'm looking for a little information.

BARTENDER

Then call 411.

CATES

(undaunted)

I'm looking for a guy that hangs here now
and then. Name's Price. Malcolm Price.

BARTENDER

Good luck.

He moves off.

HAMMOND

Smooth, Jack. You can really handle these bikers.

He fishes in his pocket for change.

CATES

I'm going to call in and see if Creal's found an address.

HAMMOND

I'm not gonna hold my breath.

He watches Cates move off to the phone then focuses on the Greasy Biker.

HAMMOND

You guys ever get hemorrhoids riding around all the time on those motorcycles?

156 ON CATES

Standing in the phone booth. The glass panels are long gone. He dials...

INTERCUT WITH:

157 INT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Creal sits at her desk. Picks up the phone.

CREAL

Jack...Where are you?

CATES

East Bay...Look, you find an address on this guy Price?

CREAL

Nothing yet...Sure you got the right name?

CATES

I'm not sure of anything, but it's all I got. Keep working on it will you, Kate...Thanks.

He hangs up. It's clear Cates has reached the end of his rope. He pauses a moment as if realizing this, then returns to the bar.

HAMMOND

Well, Jack, any luck from your cop sources?

CATES

Naw.

HAMMOND

(loud)

I don't know why I even bothered asking. You guys got all these people working, all these computers and phones and shit and we always get nothing! You guys are worthless. Totally and completely fucking worthless.

CATES

They're cross checking, goddammit! Who the hell knows whether this name you're convict-friend gave us is for real anyway!

This gets people's attention. A Big Biker listens from his table -- Hammond's decible level doesn't lessen the interest.

HAMMOND

(louder)

Just like a cop, if things don't pan out right away you try to throw it back on someone else!

CATES

Give me a break...

HAMMOND

I'm just giving you the straight shit, Jack. You just don't like hearing it.

CATES

And I'll give you the straight shit -- Shut up before I knock you on your ass...

HAMMOND

Just like a cop...Make a lot of threats. Well, I ain't scared of you, Jack.

The Big Biker stands, moves toward them.

CATES

Well, you ought to be...at the rate your mouth's going, you're whole fucking head's going to be in a cast by the time I get done.

HAMMOND

Keep talking cop! That's what you're good at! Talking!

Cates slams his glass down on the bar.

CATES
Make a move! Throw one!

Hammond stands and they face off --

BIG BIKER
You a cop?

The BAND suddenly goes QUIET...
Cates turns to see the BIG BIKER, a good head taller than him.

CATES
How about staying out of this, buddy --
it's between me and him.

BIG BIKER
I asked you a question.

Cates stops. He turns and now stands toe to toe with the Big Biker.

CATES
Yeah, I'm a cop. What the hell's it to
you?

BIG BIKER
We don't serve cops here. Off duty or on.
Ruins the atmosphere. House rules.

HAMMOND
Good rule. I'm for it.

CATES
(ignoring Hammond, to
Biker)
You make the rules?

BIG BIKER
No, I enforce them.

HAMMOND
Let me tell you something. He's not a
real cop anymore. His ass is suspended.
He can't arrest nobody. He's got no
power. Zip.

BIG BIKER
That true?

CATES
What of it?

HAMMOND

These cops are all chickenshit, man.

BIG BIKER

Your friend's right...You cops are ten feet tall with your badge on. But you take it off -- you're about 5' 3".

Cates takes out his plastic badge and slams it on the bar, followed by his .44.

CATES

Pull out your yardstick, asshole.

The Big Biker's FIRST PUNCH connects and drives Cates back a couple steps. He recovers just in time to take ANOTHER PUNCH, but the third Cates ducks and DRILLS the Big Biker with two JACKHAMMER BLOWS to the mid-section that whips the air out of him and knocks him against a woman sitting on a barstool.

The Big Biker sweeps the woman off the stool and swings it at Cates who sees it coming in time and ducks. The stool sails at Hammond's head -- who ducks -- and it crashes into the mirror behind the bar.

The Big Biker lumbers forward, Cates blocks his blow and connects again. They fight like two great beasts taking and receiving punishment. It could go either way until...

A SECOND AND THIRD BIKER put down their drinks and grab Cates. Now it gets ugly. Three against one. Hammond, who has been enjoying it all up to this moment, stops the Second Biker.

HAMMOND

Hey, man...let's keep this fair. Okay?

SECOND

Who the fuck're you, the referee?

He laughs, takes his turn slugging Cates. Suddenly a hand turns the Second Biker around -- it's Hammond, who knocks the Second Biker back onto a pinball machine which starts RINGING like crazy.

The Third Biker drops his hold on Cates and charges Hammond. Hammond delivers a wicked KICK that smashes his knee. Hobbled, the man looks up in time to get an ELBOW in his face. He's out. But this only brings ANOTHER BIKER to take his place. He grabs Hammond only to be pulled over Hammond's shoulder and THROWN into the Second.

Hammond's entry into the fight gives Cates the moment he needs to catch his second wind.

FIGHT CONTINUES UNTIL HAMMOND AND CATES FINALLY GO DOWN UNDER A SUPERIOR FORCE.

THE OTHER TWO BIKERS GO IN FOR THE KILL BUT...
The Big Biker stops them.

BIG BIKER

Okay. That's enough.

They look at him, but back off. The Big Biker towers over the fallen Cates and Hammond.

BIG BIKER

For a cop you fight good. You're both okay. I'll buy you a drink.

He reaches out a hand and pulls Hammond and Cates to their feet. Cates wipes the blood from his mouth. He looks at the Big Biker...a moment of mutual respect. Cates turns to the Bartender.

CATES

I asked you a question about Malcolm Price...

The Bartender hesitates, steals a look at the Big Biker.

BIG BIKER

Price a friend of yours?

CATES

Hell, no.

BIG BIKER

Good. That dude's a piece of trash.

CATES

Where can I find him?

BARTENDER

Hotel on the Beltway. Can't miss it. The Sunset.

CATES

Thanks.

BIG BIKER

Don't mention it, cop. I'm buyin'.

CATES

Naw. On me. For everyone.

The Bikers eagerly gather round the bar as again the BAND BEGINS TO PLAY...

The Greasy Biker pounds Hammond on the back enthusiastically.

158 EXT. OAKLAND STREET - DAWN 1

Cates' Cadillac rolls down the nearly empty Oakland street as the street lights blink OFF.

159 INT. CADILLAC - DAWN 1

Cates stops at the Red Light. Hammond looks out the window at the deserted mean streets. Clearly they've been riding in silence. Light changes to green, but Cates just sits there.

CATES

I went out there once.

Hammond turns from the window.

HAMMOND

What're you talking about, Jack?

CATES

When you were at Quentin. Before they transferred you over to Folsom. I did come out to see you.

HAMMOND

That's news to me.

CATES

Couldn't bring myself to go inside.

HAMMOND

I'm supposed to believe that?

CATES

No. But it's true. Just stood outside. Didn't know what the hell I'd say if I saw you.

Hammond studies Cates.

HAMMOND

I kept asking myself why you never showed up...

CATES

I kept getting reports about you screwing up. Getting in trouble. I was disappointed. I guess I wanted to think different.

Hammond looks back out the window.

HAMMOND

You should have had more faith in me Jack.

JACK

Yeah, maybe you're right.

HAMMOND

You gonna say you're sorry?

CATES

Naw. I'm not good at that. But I feel real bad about the whole thing. I was wrong.

HAMMOND

Okay, Jack. Let's find the Iceman.

CATES

Yeah.

He drives on.

160 EXT. OAKLAND STREET -- SHABBY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN 1

Cates and Hammond pull up in front of a rundown building. A broken sign in front proclaims: THE SUNSET HOTEL.

HAMMOND

So, let's say Price is here, how do you plan to get him to tell you who the Iceman is?

CATES

I dunno. Maybe we drop a hand grenade down his pants.

They enter:

161 INT. SUNSET HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING 1

Hammond and Cates move to the desk. It is covered with a wire screen. Behind which sits a NIGHT CLERK. His head down on the desk...

CATES

We're looking for a Malcolm Price...He registered?

No answer.

Hammond suspects something.

Reaches into the cage, moves the Man's head.

Suddenly, Blood everywhere.

Hammond and Cates pull their guns.

Cates grabs the phone. Dials 911...

CATES

Get some cops to 2211 Beltway. Sunset Hotel -- Gunshot victim.

Hammond checks the register -- it's turned toward them --
Someone's checked it before them.
Hammond reads the entry for Price's room as Cates slams down
the receiver.

HAMMOND
(to Cates)
Price is in 317.

CATES
You take the stairs.

They split off. Hammond moves up the stairs and Cates takes
the elevator.

162 INT. STAIRWELL - SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

Hammond moving up the stairs. Gun ready.
Carefully rounds each landing.

163 INT. ELEVATOR - SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

Cates riding to the third floor. Checks his .44.
Suddenly the doors open, he snaps his gun up, aims at:

164 A LADY WINO AND HER MALE FRIEND 1

She sees the gun and pulls the man to her.

CATES
Shit...

The doors close.

165 INT. MALCOLM PRICE'S ROOM - SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

The ICEMAN, wearing a raincoat and mask, removes a silencer
from his automatic pistol. Where his eyes belong are cut outs.
Beyond him we see the body of Price. A bullet in his forehead.
The Iceman steps through the doorway into a connecting room...

166 INT. LANDING THIRD FLOOR - SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

Hammond reaches the top flight and turns the corner toward the
room. 317.
He silently pushes open the door and moves into:

167 INT. MALCOLM PRICE'S ROOM -- SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

He moves through the room. Stops. Sees Price.

HAMMOND
Oh, fuck.

Suddenly through the open doorway, the Iceman appears! Gun up.
Hammond sees him with his peripheral vision and DIVES for cover
as the Iceman FIRES.

The bullet SHATTERS the mirror behind Hammond.
Hammond returns FIRE, SPLINTERING the doorframe as The Iceman darts out into the hall.

HAMMOND

Shit!

He's instantly on his feet and in pursuit...

168 INT. SUNSET HOTEL - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING 1

The Iceman bolts down the hall for the stairwell, then stops and aims for the doorway and waits for Hammond to appear.

Suddenly the

169 INT. ELEVATOR OPENS AS 1

Cates appears, FIRES at the Iceman -- who FIRES back at Cates, forcing Cates back inside the elevator. The Iceman takes off down the stairwell.
Hammond dives out of Price's room and rolls up into a firing position. But the hallway is empty. He sees Cates in the elevator.

HAMMOND

Lobby!

Cates takes the elevator and Hammond follows the Iceman.

170 INT. LOBBY - EARLY MORNING 1

Hammond reaches the lobby as the elevator opens and Cates appears.
They look around. The lobby's empty.

CATES

Basement.

Both men rush through the doors to the basement.

171 INT. BASEMENT - SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

Dark. Sinister ELECTRIC HUM...
Hammond and Cates split up and move through the furnaces, foundation pilings, trash.
Something moves between them and both men aim.
It's a cat.
Two lesser guys would have blown each other away.
Suddenly they hear the sound of a CAR ENGINE starting.
Cates moves to a broken out basement window in time to see a car driving off.

172 EXT. FRONT OF SUNSET HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 1

Hammond and Cates reach the front door, guns drawn just as about a hundred Oakland Black and Whites pull up. Lots of guns level down on them.

CATES

Shit...

COP

Hands on the wall! Feet spread!

Hammond and Cates raise their hands.

CATES

I'm a cop.

An Oakland Cop spins them around, pushes them against the wall. Another disarms them.

COP

Yeah? Let's see the badge?

Hammond and Cates share a sinking look.

173 INT. OAKLAND POLICE LOCKUP - DAY 1

Door is slammed shut and we see Cates and Hammond among the other PRISONERS in lock up. Cates looks as if he has suffered the ultimate igominy.
A DRUNK eyes them warily...

HAMMOND

I got it figured out. Iceman's on the inside. He's a cop.

CATES

No way.

HAMMOND

Then you figure it out. You told me that stable was crawlin' with cops. Guns ain't Bio-degradable. And, don't tell me this idea hasn't crossed your mind...

CATES

Maybe I didn't wanna believe it.

Pause.

CATES

Naw. I don't have any enemies that are cops.

HAMMOND

Right...you gonna tell me nobody in that stable wanted to fuck you up.

CATES

Just that prick Wilson from the IAD.
(a beat)
Shit.

HAMMOND

Okay. What about this Wilson?

CATES

Hell, yes. Nobody investigates the investigators. He checks out all the cases --

HAMMOND

That's why we haven't been able to get any information on this shit.

CATES

So why's he want to kill you?

HAMMOND

I know what he looks like. (Description based on casting)

CATES

That's Wilson. The son of a bitch. Now all we got to do is get out of here, get to the hearing and let you I.D. the fucker.

HAMMOND

Yeah...all we have to do is get out of here.

174 INT. OAKLAND POLICE STATION - DAY

1

Haden stands at the desk. He signs some papers to have Cates and Hammond released -- DESK SERGEANT sits, gloating as he watches.

Haden ignores this. Continues writing. The Desk Sergeant grins and pulls out Cates' gun and plastic badge.

DESK SERGEANT

Generally we don't let homicide suspects walk without an order from their Chief of Police...or a note from their mamma...

Haden finishes signing the reports, passes them back over the desk. He snatches Cates' plastic badge from the Sergeant. Takes the gun.

HADEN

Just shut your damn mouth and get them out here.

A barred door opens and Hammond and Cates are led out.

CATES

Thanks, Cap.

Haden nods, clearly pissed.

HAMMOND

Yeah, thanks Cap.

HADEN

(to Hammond)

You shut up. I had a good mind to keep your ass in that cell where it belongs, convict.

Haden starts out the door, followed by Hammond and Cates. The Desk Sergeant fires one last comment at Haden.

DESK SERGEANT

Come back to Oakland anytime, fellas.

One too many.

Haden stops in the doorway and faces the Sergeant. Thor on a good day, couldn't match this thunder.

HADEN

I'm going to tell you something, smart ass. I'd put this cop up next to anything this crap hill of a city wants to call a policeman. He's made more collars than you'll see in your dreams. So shut the hell up or come over here and talk to me personally. Okay?!

The Desk Sergeant goes quiet. The whole room including Cates and Hammond are stunned by this outburst.

HADEN

(to room)

What're you all looking at? Get back to work.

Everyone does as told.

Haden leaves with Hammond and Cates.

175

EXT. OAKLAND POLICE STATION - DAY

1

Hammond, Cates and Haden come down the stairs to Cates' Caddy parked on the curb.

HAMMOND

Hey, that was beautiful in there.

CATES

Yeah, Cap. I appreciate that. I really didn't know you felt that way.

HADEN

Don't flatter yourself. If I don't get your asses back to that hearing I'd probably lose my job. So get the hell back over there. You got twenty minutes.

Hammond and Cates leap into the Caddy and drive off.

HADEN

(to himself)

And good luck.

He watches the car go.

176 INT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - LARGE HEARING ROOM - DAY

The Review Board, five MEN and one WOMAN at a long desk. A chair has been set up for witness' testimony. The gallery is filled with a handful of uniformed officers. Cates' LAWYER checks HIS watch. Tries to look nonchalant. Wilson stands...

WILSON

As it is now fifteen minutes after ten, the Department asks permission to begin its presentation of the evidence against - uh, in the case against Detective Sergeant Jack Cates.

CHAIRMAN

This is not a trial. It isn't required that Detective Cates be present during the presentation of evidence. Does the counsel have an objection?

LAWYER

No, sir.

CHAIRMAN

Good. You may begin.

WILSON

The department calls Detective Kate Creal to the stand.

Creal slowly rises and heads for the chair...

177 EXT. OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE - DAY 1

The Caddy heading into San Francisco.
Cates is Driving. Reggie stares straight ahead.

The time for talk is past.

178 INT. DOWNTOWN SFPD HEADQUARTERS - HEARING ROOM - DAY 1

Wilson paces before the seated Creal.

CREAL

...fifteen officers. Five from forensics,
two Detectives aside from myself and seven
uniforms. We searched the stable for five
hours.

WILSON

How exhaustive a search?

CREAL

All the hay in the stables was removed.
Sifted. Drainage grates were removed and
searched with metal detectors.

WILSON

And Bay Meadows employees?

CREAL

They never entered the stable once our
units had arrived on the scene. The area
was completely sealed off.

WILSON

Could any Bay Meadows employees have
entered between the shooting and the
arrival of the back-up officers?

CREAL

Jack - uh, Detective Cates claims he had
the crime scene closed off until we
arrived. He said he hadn't touched
anything after determining that the
suspect was beyond his help.

WILSON

What was his attitude?

CREAL

Huh?

WILSON

How did he seem?

CREAL
He was cool. I mean, he didn't seem particularly upset.

Wilson turns to the Board.

WILSON
Not particularly upset at having taken a life?

CREAL
I didn't mean that. I meant he didn't seem traumatized.

CHAIRMAN
Editorializing is unnecessary, Mr. Wilson. This is not a trial.

WILSON
(sotto)
Right. Sorry.

179 EXT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1

The Caddy lurches to a halt.
Hammond and Cates LEAP out.
Cates tucks his shirt into his pants.
Tries to comb his hair with his fingers.

They RUN up the stairs...

180 INT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY 1

RUN down a hallway...

181 INT. DOWNTOWN S.F.P.D. HEADQUARTERS - HEARING ROOM - DAY 1

Cates and Hammond BURST in. EVERYONE turns to look at them.
THE CHAIRMAN of the Review Board pounds his gavel.

CHAIRMAN
Please. This is an official hearing. Let's have some order here...Sit down Mr. Cates.

Cates doesn't.

CATES
(to Hammond)
See him?

Hammond searches the room. Scans the faces.

The Chairman pounds the gavel louder.
Cates' Attorney puts his head into his hand.

CHAIRMAN

Mr. Cates, either sit down or you will be removed.

CATES' LAWYER

No, sir...please...I'm sure Detective Cates means no disrespect...

HAMMOND

He's not here.

Cates stares at Wilson..

CATES

Over there.

Hammond sees Wilson and Cates stare at each other. Wilson turns to the Chairman.

WILSON

What's going on?

Cates looks at Hammond.

CATES

Well? Come on, Reggie!

HAMMOND

That's not him, Jack.

CATES

What'd do you mean, it's not him!?

HAMMOND

(definitely)

I mean, that's not the guy.

CATES

Are you sure? That's gotta be the Iceman! People change...

WILSON

What is going on?

HAMMOND

You don't forget guys you robbed half a million dollars from...It ain't him.

CATES

Well, look around!

HAMMOND

Jack, he's not here.

CATES

Goddammit, he's gotta be.

WILSON

Detective Cates...Please sit down.

Cates slowly sinks into his chair next to his Lawyer.
Defeated. Crushed.

WILSON

Can we proceed now?

But one look at Cates tells us it's over already.

182

INT. DOWNTOWN SFPD HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - LATER - DAY

18

Cates walks alone down the wide corridor.
Glum. His Lawyer comes up...

LAWYER

Good news Jack. I've secured a bondsman.
At least you'll get your money back.

CATES

(hollow)

Great...

The Attorney takes the cue and leaves.
CREAL comes over.

CREAL

You got a real raw deal, Jack.

CATES

Thanks, Kate. I appreciate it.

She slips away. Cates stops at the door to the locker room.
Hammond is there, waiting...

HAMMOND

What now, Jack?

CATES

They got my badge for good. Next, they'll
go for a criminal trial and then I'm a
convict like you, Reggie.

HAMMOND

Hey, I'm sorry the dude wasn't in there.
Look, it ain't over yet. I got
connections. We're still in the ballgame.

CATES

Forget it. It's over, Reggie. I'm
screwed.

He turns into the locker room.

CATES
C'mon. I got something for you.

183 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DOWNTOWN SFPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

18

Cates moves to his personal locker...
Twists the hasp on a combination lock...It's not even secured.

CATES
(re: lock)
I forgot the combination.

HAMMOND
What is this, Jack? I don't want to watch
you clean out your locker. Let's get out
there on the street - we still got a shot
at this thing.

CATES
I got something in here I think you want
to see...

He pulls out some old dirty shirts, a shoe, then finds a paper
grocery bag. Hands it to Hammond.

HAMMOND
What's this?

CATES
Your seventy-five thou.

Hammond opens it up. It sure as shit is.

CATES
I held back on you, Reggie. I thought I
might need some more down the line with
the lawyers and all. It wasn't in your
car when it blew up.

Unceremoniously Cates begins to empty out the locker.
Hammond looks up from the bag as it hits him...

HAMMOND
You kept my money in your locker?

CATES
Yeah.

HAMMOND
A police locker? Man, it was probably
safer in my car!

CATES

Yeah, well, you're welcome. You'll be glad to know I got a bondsman so you'll be getting your four hundred thousand back in a day or so...You got no more ties to me. You're a free man, Reggie.

Hammond at first seems joyous about his good fortune, then focuses on Cates.

HAMMOND

Wait a minute, Jack...Just because I got the money -- look, I'm not giving up on this thing. We can still --

CATES

The trail's cold, Reggie...We're out of gas.

He closes the door to the locker.

184 EXT. DOWNTOWN SFPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

18

Hammond and Cates come out of the door. Cates looks to the curb. His Caddy has a PARKING TICKET.

CATES

Look at that. On top of everything else, I got a goddamn ticket. Figures. You want me to give you a lift?

He fishes out his keys. He aims the keys towards the car.
CHIRP CHIRP -- click--
BA - THWOOOOM!!
The Caddy EXPLODES.
Pedestrians scatter.

HAMMOND

Say Jack, where'd you get these alarms put in, anyway?

We hold on the burning car a moment...then Cates starts up the steps.

CATES

I better go on in and make out a report. At least it'll be the last time I have to do any goddamn paperwork.
(wistful smile)
It was a good run.

Hammond watches him go.
For someone so suddenly rich, he feels dirt poor.

185 INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT LINE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

1

All the lines are teeming with shoppers. A young, attractive GIRL, early twenties, works behind the cash register at "Ten Items or Less." Her name tag says "Amy Robinson." The next man in line moves up.

AMY ROBINSON

Paper or plastic?

The man is Reggie Hammond.

HAMMOND

Paper.

He places the paper bag on the counter.
Amy looks in --

AMY ROBINSON

What is this?

HAMMOND

Seventy five thousand dollars.

The people in line around Hammond perk up.

AMY ROBINSON

Jesus Christ...

HAMMOND

Your father wants you to have it.

Her brow knits. She looks around the store.
People are staring. She closes the bag.
Pushes it back across the counter...

AMY ROBINSON

I don't want it. If this money come from Tyrone Robinson it's got to be dirty --I don't want any stolen money.

Hammond pushes it back.

HAMMOND

Believe me,

(reads her name tag)

Amy, your father didn't do anything illegal to get this money. He earned it. He helped me out when no one else would. He kept me alive in prison for five years. Gave me a chance. Now he wants to give you a chance. The kind of chance he never had. To go to school, get a good job. He doesn't think he was much at being a father...

AMY ROBINSON

He thinks this is gonna make it all better? Giving me money is gonna make up for him not being there?

HAMMOND

No. He knows that. But it's the best he can do. Some guys don't even try.

Amy softens. She looks from the bag to Hammond.

AMY ROBINSON

Who are you?

HAMMOND

Hammond. Reggie Hammond.

Her smile fades.

AMY ROBINSON

I figured.

A WOMAN in line behind Hammond bitches --

WOMAN

There are people in line who want to check out.

Hammond looks back. He is about to say something -- Amy hangs a small "Lane Closed" sign.

AMY ROBINSON

(suddenly brusque)

Sorry, Ma'am, this lane is closed.

Amy moves Hammond to the end of the counter, where the bagging takes place.

AMY ROBINSON

You're in a lotta trouble.

HAMMOND

What do you mean?

AMY ROBINSON

Some guys were here this morning askin' about you. Said they knew you went up to see my father and figured you might be coming around.

HAMMOND

Bikers?

AMY ROBINSON

Muslims. At least they looked like Muslims. They didn't act like them.

HAMMOND

What did they say?

AMY ROBINSON

They said if you came around to let them know. Said there was money in it. Five thousand dollars. I was kinda hoping you'd show up. I mean, that was before -- you know...

She smiles at him.

HAMMOND

This five grand -- how did they say you could collect it?

AMY ROBINSON

I was supposed to call over to the Fillmore. Cultural Arts Center on Flower.

HAMMOND

Thanks. See you around, Amy.

Hammond heads for the door.

AMY ROBINSON

Hey - Reggie --

Hammond stops.

AMY ROBINSON

How is my dad?

HAMMOND

Good. Gettin' old. You could maybe go see him.

AMY ROBINSON

Maybe. Thanks.

Hammond leaves. Amy looks at the bag in her hands. For someone suddenly so rich, she feels it.

186 INT. DOWNTOWN SFPD HEADQUARTERS - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

18

Cates has been clearing out his desk. It's piled high with files, photos and evidence. One old sneaker -- once a vital clue in a case is now, without the other sneaker, just...

CATES

Useless.

KEHOE (O.S.)

Sorry, I wasn't there, Jack.

Cates looks up.
Kehoe, Creal and Haden come over.

CATES
Not much you coulda' done.

KEHOE
It's bullshit, man...

CATES
Yeah. Sorry about the car, Looks bad
right in front of the precinct.

HADEN
Wasn't your fault.

CATES
Yeah. But it's embarassing..

HADEN
If you coulda' caught the motherfucker,
it'd been worth it.

Haden slaps Cates on the back -- a little too hard -- and moves
off...Creal is crushed.

CREAL
It's my fault, Jack...I shoulda' laid a
piece in the barn for you.

Creal looks like she might cry.

CATES
Aw, you can't do that. It's over. You
gotta quit worrying about what coulda' or
shoulda... You'll probably all do better
without me around here.

CREAL
No way, Jack.

CATES
You're a real good detective. Don't let
anybody tell you otherwise.

KEHOE
We learned from the best, Jack.

Cates comes across the crumpled composite photo of Burroughs.

CATES
We never did get a line on this guy, did
we?

CREAL
Nada. Probably outta town by now.

KEHOE

Don't worry, Jack, I've got two guys still on it. If they're still around they'll turn them up.

Cates closes up his box and turns out his desk lamp.

CATES

Katie, I still owe you that dinner. I'll give you a call.

Creal and Kehoe watch Cates leave. Wilson stops him in the doorway, with that grin of his...

WILSON

All packed up?

CATES

Yep.

WILSON

Sure, you didn't forget anything?

CATES

Yeah, come to think of it, I did.

Cates puts the box down on a desk and then --
WHAM!!

Gives Wilson one of the most beautiful SHOTS on the nose you've ever seen. Wilson folds like a cheap suit.

Cates picks up his box and leaves. Haden pokes his head out of his cubicle, smiling from ear to ear--

HADEN

Gonna miss you, Jack.

187 EXT. FILLMORE DISTRICT - DAY

18

Reggie Hammond moves down the sidewalk. He's sporting a Black leather skull cap and matching jacket. He stops at a particular storefront:

Windows painted over. Faded, hand painted sign reads: "COMMUNITY CULTURAL ARTS CENTER" Type face immediately identifies when it was painted -- 1968. Hammond pushes through the door...

188 INT. CULTURAL ARTS CENTER - DAY

18

CRACK! The SNAP of ivory against ivory. The only cultural enrichment going on here is some geometry: Trying to calculate angles for a two cushion shot. This is really a smokey, neon-and-bare-bulb lit POOL HALL AND BAR.

189 TOUGH LOOKING MEN 18

In various states of dress -- from jeans and tees to Muslim black suits -- play at the room's eight tables. A half dozen more wait for a game, beer in hand.

190 TOUGH LOOKING WOMEN 19

Dance to the strains of an aging juke box. Hammond crosses to the bar.

HAMMOND

Vodka --

CRACK!

The sound of a BREAK makes him jump. A HEAVY JOWLED BARTENDER pours him a glass...

HAMMOND

Thanks, brother.

The Bartender turns away. A thin, weary eyed MUSLIM-LOOKING MAN moves onto the stool next to Hammond. Tries to strike up a conversation --

MUSLIM

Yo, man, you here to play?

HAMMOND

No. I'm looking to sell. I hear that there's good money to be had if you got some info on Reggie Hammond.

The Muslim's interest is piqued. He looks around to see if anyone else had heard -- they haven't. He leans in...

MUSLIM

What information you got?

HAMMOND

If it's worth five grand, I better only give it to the man himself.

MUSLIM

You're in luck. I can take you to 'em. Name's Hakim.

He extends his hand. They shake.

HAMMOND

I'm Teddy Lemon. Where can we talk.

HAKIM

Right here.

Hakim opens a lock blade knife - CLICK!

HAKIM

Let's have the info, Teddy.

Hammond smiles, Glock 9mm suddenly in his hand. He presses it right up against Hakim's throat.

HAMMOND

Now you give it up. Where can I find the Bikers?

The knife drops to the floor.

HAKIM

Fuck you.

Hammond takes up the slack on the trigger. The built-in safety comes off with an audible "click."

HAMMOND

Five seconds: I'll blow your head right off. One...

HAKIM

They'll kill me.

HAMMOND

They might. But I will for sure. Three...

A GUN is suddenly pressed against Hammond's temple -- A very LARGE MUSLIM is now standing behind Hammond.

HUGE MUSLIM

Mr. Reggie Hammond.

(beat)

Some friends are lookin' for you.

HAMMOND

You call them friends? Some fucking cycle trash? If you were real Muslims you wouldn't even know them.

The Huge Muslim takes Hammond's gun.

HUGE MUSLIM

You supposed to be some kind of expert?

191

EXT. SLEAZY MOTEL - MISSION DISTRICT - DUSK

19

The sky is filtering deep blue over the fading orange glow of sunset. Night overtakes day. This beautiful backdrop does NOTHING to enhance the looks of the run down Motel sitting in front of us...

192 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hickok, Cherry and Burroughs make last minute preparations. Cherry has open boxes of 12 gauge ammo laid out on the bed. He hums a country tune as he loads the various shotguns.

Burroughs has a few sticks of C-4 left. Cherry's humming disturbs his wiring.

BURROUGHS

Do you have to do that?

CHERRY

Hey, whistle while you work, man.

Hickok stares out the grimy window.

HICKOK

You don't like us, do ya' boy?

Burroughs shoves the C-4 into his kevlar bag with the rest of his pay.

BURROUGHS

I gotta stay with you until we hear from the Iceman but no man, I don't have to enjoy it.

HICKOK

It's okay you don't like us. We don't much like you, either.

BURROUGHS

I just don't get you guys. Nothin' personal. It's your style. You're so messy. Your work is messy. This whole Biker show is so...you know, ugly.

HICKOK

Let me tell you something, friend: You don't understand, we're the real thing, the only real Americans left. We believe in freedom. Making your own way. You know, what this country used to mean before there were big cities and chicken-shit lawyers and computers that got your number in 'em. We live the way people used to. The way they're supposed to. Free. No fences, just open roads. That's why everybody's scared of us. Not cause of what we do, just because they don't got the balls to do the same thing...

The phone RINGS. Hickok answers it.

HICKOK

Yeah?

(listens)
Where? Twenty minutes.

He hangs up. Looks at Cherry.

HICKOK

We got your old buddy. Gonna deliver him to us.

BURROUGHS

Okay. All right. I can dig it. We can collect the whole balance. Where's the party?

SCHLITCH-CLIK -!

Hickok RACKS the bolt on his Shotgun.

HICKOK

You ain't invited, nigger.

BOOM!!

A BLAST of double ought shot drives Burroughs back across the room.

193 INT. HUGE PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT 1

Ten stories up. The city spread out a panorama of twinkling lights. A Monte Carlo slows...Side door opens. Hakim and the Huge Muslim toss Hammond out and drive off. Hammond rolls. Gets to his feet. Shakes his head. Dusts himself off. He looks around. Two figures stand before him:

194 HICKOK AND CHERRY 19

Leather vests, no shirts -- Huge arms bare. Cherry holds his .2200. Hickok his 12 gauge Street Sweeper at his waist...

HICKOK

Well, half a grand howdy. Look what we got here...

CHERRY

Three times you got lucky, Reggie. But now you're dead. Before that happens, I think I wanna see you crawl some.

HAMMOND

Just shoot me so I don't have to keep lookin' at your ugly face.

Cherry leans his shotgun against a concrete pillar.
Draws his .45 auto pistol from his belt holster.
Tosses it to Hickok.

CHERRY

Keep a gun on him while I beat the piss
outta this little spear chucker.

Cherry moves in -- Hammond, bruised and battered, wearily
stands ready...

CHERRY

You're in for a world of shit, little man.

HAMMOND

Is that where you're from? Shit World?

Cherry attacks.
His meaty fist catches Hammond in the solar plexis.
BLASTS him back three feet, into a parked car.

Hammond bounces back with a whirling backfist to Cherry's face
- KRACK!
Cherry's nose is SPLATTERED!
BLOOD runs down his chin. He BELLOWS like an animal. HITS
Hammond TWICE more...

VOICE (O/S)

Stop the games...

The Iceman steps out of the shadows. Dark raincoat, ski mask.
Leather shoulder bag over his shoulder.

ICEMAN

I'm not paying you to play Mike Tyson with
him. Just shoot him. I'll make sure you
get it right this time.

The Iceman crosses to Cherry.

ICEMAN

Get it over. Kill him.

Cherry reaches for his shotgun --

CATES (O/S)

I don't think that's gonna happen.

All turn to the sound of his voice. Cates steps out of the
shadows. .44 revolver drawn and aimed at Cherry.

CATES

Tell your employee to move away from the
gun. You too.

Cherry raises his hands. Moves away from the gun.
The Iceman moves to his right. Cates moves over towards Hammond
Hammond gets to his feet.

HAMMOND

Jack! I thought you crapped out on me.

CATES

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

(turns to the Iceman)

Why don't you take the mask off?

The Iceman slowly pulls off his mask -- it's Kehoe! Hammond
recognizes him.

HAMMOND

That's the mother fucker I robbed --

CATES

I know. I was hoping I was wrong.

HAMMOND

Know him?

CATES

Yeah. I used to think he was a cop. Ben,
tell Wild Bill Hickok over there to lay
down his gun. Slow.

Hickok does. Kehoe looks at Hickok. Hickok lays his gun at
his feet.

HICKOK

How'd he get here?

KEHOE

He followed me, asshole.

CATES

You never ran that shit through NCIC. You
were in the stable. You picked up that
gun.

KEHOE

I needed leverage on you, Jack. You were
getting close.

HAMMOND

(to Cates and Kehoe)

Look, since you guys know each other, how
about giving me a gun and lettin' me shoot
these Biker motherfuckers over here?

Bing. Suddenly the doors to the ELEVATOR open. A MAN AND
WOMAN in a hot embrace break and step into the garage.
They see the guns --

The woman SCREAMS...

The man yanks his date back into the elevator. Doors close -- Just the diversion the Bikers need.

195 CHERRY

Bends over quickly, scoops up his gun -- BOOM! BOOM!! FIRES into a parked BMW next to Cates.

BOOM! BOOM! Cates plants two .44 slugs in Cherry's chest. The impact THROWS Cherry ten feet back - onto the hood of a station wagon. The windshield SHATTERS!

196 KEHOE

Drops to the ground. SCRAMBLES under a parked Jeep -- Draws his service revolver...

197 HICKOK

THROWS himself into a forward ROLL -- Comes up next to his shotgun. GRABS it --

BOOM! BOOM!
Cates fires towards Hickok --
Hickok rolls behind a concrete pillar.
.44 slugs kick up clouds of cement dust...

HAMMOND

Shit!

Cates crouches next to a pillar and reloads his revolver.

198 HAMMOND

Runs to Cherry's body. Pries the Remington 2200 from Cherry's hands FEELS around Cherry's belt for the spare ammo... Finds a small .380 automatic pistol --

CHERRY SITS UP!
Ugly bullet holes flowing blood down the front of his shirt. He GRABS Hammond around the neck with his dying strength. Hammond ELBOWS him in the face. SMASHES him over the head with the shotgun. Cherry falls back onto the hood.

HAMMOND

Shit.

Hammond's head SNAPS to his left --
The SOUND of a Harley being kick started.
Hickok's Cycle ROARS out from behind a Ford Astro Van.
Hammond FIRES --
VENTILATES the Van.

Hickok drives -- SCOOPS up Burroughs' bag of money and
C-4 -- Hammond glances back at Cates --

HAMMOND

Jack, I'm gonna --

CATES

Go. GO!

Hammond RUNS after the fleeing Hickok.
Cates has finished reloading. Moves forward in a low crouch.

199 IN ANOTHER PART OF THE GARAGE 1

Kehoe checks his gun's cylinder. Moves around the parked cars.
He and Cates begin to stalk each other...

200 BY THE CIRCULAR EXIT RAMP 2

Hammond looks for Hickok. Gun ready.
He walks slowly. Listening...

BROOOM!!

Hickok's chopper leaps out from between two parked cars.
Hammond has to throw himself to the side.

He FIRES in mid air --

BLAM! BLAM!

BLASTING windows out of cars a split second behind Hickok.

Hammond gets to his feet, chases --
Hickok steers his Harley DOWN the narrow exit ramp.
The peg kicks up SPARKS against the concrete wall.
Each revolution brings him closer to the street.

Hammond hits the edge of the ramp. FIRES --
Hickok disappears onto the next floor.
Hammond looks down the Ramp. Knows he can't catch him.
Looks around. Some cars, but no time to hot wire.
Makes a decision --

Hammond RUNS to the RETAINING WALL between floors.
THROWS himself over -- DROPS --
EIGHT FEET to the next level.
Lands on his feet. Hard.

201 EXT. GARAGE - ROOF - NIGHT 2

Cates comes around a car, gun up -- WHIRLS -- Face to face,
muzzle to muzzle with Kehoe. Kehoe has his .38 trained on
Cates. Cates has his .44 trained on Kehoe.

KEHOE

Put it down, Jack.

CATES

Naw. Too many guys around here with guns.

202 INT. GARAGE - NINTH FLOOR - NIGHT 2

Hammond's head SNAPS in the direction of the ramp --
A GLIMPSE of Hickok's chopper as he disappears to the next
floor. Hickok must drive down each ramp and then the length of
the floor below to get to the next ramp.

Hammond scrambles to his feet. BOLTS to the next retaining
wall. LEAPS OVER --

203 INT. GARAGE - EIGHTH FLOOR - NIGHT 2

Reggie drops eight more feet.
Lands on his feet. Looks:

204 AT THE RAMP 2

He's just ahead of Hickok...

205 HAMMOND 2

LEAPS over the next wall.

206 EXT. GARAGE ROOF - NIGHT 2

Cates and Kehoe, each holding the other at gunpoint.

CATES

Someone's not gonna make it.

KEHOE

If it's both, I save myself some money. I
got two hundred G's in this bag. The
money for offing your convict friend.

CATES

And I can have it if I let you go, right?
-- Why'd you do it, Ben?

KEHOE

We're both out there, Jack. We're
fighting a war we can't win. Nobody cares.
Most people out there want the stuff. I
just defected to the winning side.

CATES

You ever sorry?

KEHOE

No way. Not even for a minute. I made an
awful lot of money. It could have been
okay, Jack... Still can be. I can take
care of you.

CATES

Get hosed.

Kehoe gets angry. His forearm muscles tighten as he aims his pistol right between Cates' eyes.

KEHOE

Think about it. Think about your future.
You're not even a cop anymore.

CATES

Ya know Ben, you're a disgrace. Nothin' worse than a bad cop. It turns everything upside down.

Kehoe's eyes narrow as he sights down the barrel of his gun.

KEHOE

Don't get too righteous on me, Jack.

CATES

Can't help it. Matter of fact, I'm gonna arrest you, Ben... You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent...forever.

Kehoe is about to pull his trigger --

BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!!
Cates kills Kehoe.

207 INT. PARKING GARAGE - SIXTH LEVEL - NIGHT 2

Hickok roars around the last turn of the exit ramp.
STOPS. A hundred yards away:

208 HAMMOND 2

STANDS between Hickok and next exit ramp.
Stares at the Biker sitting astride the idling Harley.
The Shotgun in his hands feels very heavy.

209 THE TWO MEN 2

Stare at each other for a long moment.
Both breathing heavy. Hurt. Bleeding.
It could end here. Without violence.
Right.

HAMMOND

Come on, you big, ugly pussy.

HICKOK shoves the butt of his shotgun under his arm.

HAMMOND racks the bolt on Cherry's shotgun.

HICKOK guns his engine. ACCELERATES with a squeal of tires --
HAMMOND shoulders his gun. Aims -

Hickok's big motor eats up the yards between them.
They start SHOOTING:

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!! Clank! PE-ooooW!
Bullets ricochet off the concrete walls - pillars --

BOOM!! BOOM!!
Hammond is hit in the leg. The collarbone.
He drops to his knees.

BOOM!
Reggie's blast tears through Hickok's shoulder.
His right thigh. Nicks his left ear.

Click - click -
Hammond drops the hammer on the empty chamber.
Looks up helplessly...

210 HALFWAY THROUGH THE GARAGE - HICKOK 2

Considers Hammond. Out of ammo. He smiles.

HICKOK
Yeeee - haaaaaw!

He ACCELERATES --!

Hickok is bearing down on Hammond...
BOOM! BOOM!
Double ought pellets dance in the air around him.
Hammond reaches into his belt. Withdraws the gun he took from
Cherry. The little .380. Raises it...

Hickok is right on top of him --!

POCK-POCK-POCK-POCK-POCK-!
Hammond EMPTIES THE GUN into Hickok's cycle --
HITS the gas tank --
Hickok's Harley BURSTS INTO FLAMES!
IGNITING Burroughs' bag of C-4 --
Hickok ROARS past Hammond --

Through the retaining wall --
OUT over the Bay --
EXPLODES in a ball of flame, sheet metal and viscera.

Bits of FLAMING MONEY and LEATHER waft down into the water.

HAMMOND
Half a grand howdy, motherfucker.

He sinks back onto the ground.

211 EXT. PARKING GARAGE SIXTH LEVEL - ANGLE ON EXIT RAMP - NIGHT 2

Cates walks down the ramp. Kehoe's bag slung over his
shoulder.

212 REGGIE HAMMOND

2

Lying on the ground. Motionless.
Cates kneels next to Hammond...

HAMMOND

Is it bad?

CATES

Naw. You'll make it. Just have to take it easy for a while. You know, for a second there I thought maybe you crapped out on me.

HAMMOND

I thought about it. Bein' a hero ain't my style.

(notices)

What's in the bag, Jack?

CATES

Interest on the loan you gave me. Another two hundred grand.

Cates helps Hammond to his feet.

HAMMOND

Ow - I'm sorry you had to shoot your friend, Jack.

Cates puts Hammond's arm over his shoulder.

CATES

That's okay, Reggie. I had to save my other friend.

213 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

2

We continue UP until San Francisco is a carpet of twinkling lights laid out before us...

THE END