

Shooting Script  
6th February 1985.

DEATH WISH III

Written by  
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FADE IN:

1. INTERIOR - GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

PAUL KERSEY, dressed down in a blue workshirt and jacket, looking at the city coming up in the distance. A white haze hangs above its tall buildings.

2. At his feet, under the seat, a duffle bag.

3. EXTERIOR - BRIDGE INTO INNER CITY - DAY

The Greyhound bus takes a long, sweeping approach over a bridge and elevated highway into the inner city.

TITLES ROLLING ...

4. EXTERIOR - 210 E. 178th STREET - DAY

A decaying section of the city. An older residential neighborhood -- with crowded sidewalks. A mix of Whites, Blacks, Older People, Puerto Ricans, Jews ...

Small store fronts and street vendors.

Here and there a burned out, gutted BUILDING can be SEEN in the distance. It's front steps torn out like aging teeth for their salvage value.

Rubble and garbage overflowing onto the sidewalks.

THREE STREET PUNKS (THE GIGGLER, ANGEL, and HERMOSA) are loitering outside the apartment building at 210 E. 178th. Broken windows on the first floor. Curtains fluttering.

The Giggler, a thin Latino wearing sneakers, starts up the front steps of the building.

Like his two friends he has MARKINGS on his face. Painted. He nods to the other two.

They head around back into the alley behind the building.

4A. INTERIOR - APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The Giggler walks past closed apartments to door 2C.

5. INTERIOR - APT. 2C - DAY

Charley, an older man, 65, hears the BANGING at his door.

WHOOPS and LAUGHTER from the hall outside.  
Charley looks both angry and frightened.

A ROCK CRASHES through his window.  
More POUNDING at the door.

CHARLEY

You sons-of-bitches...

He grabs a length of pipe and starts toward the door.  
Unlocks three locks -- tears open the door and looks out.  
No one in the hall.

Another rock CRASHES through his windows.  
He slams the door -- doesn't lock it -- and heads for  
the window.  
Looks out.

Behind him the door flies open -- the Giggler rushes in and knocks  
the length of pipe from Charley's hands .  
The window behind him flies open and the other two jump in.

THE GIGGLER

Hey, Honkey ... Give me the money.  
The money -- NOW!

He punches Charley hard.

ANGEL

(sing-song)

Collection time, Charley. Co --  
lection time.

Charley swings at them.  
They punch him.  
He goes down.  
Starts to get up again.

6. INTERIOR - GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - CITY - DAY

Kersey's bus docks at its station.

Kersey gets out -- carrying his bag.  
Looks across the terminal.  
Sees a PUBLIC TELEPHONE -- heads for it.

6 CONTINUED:

He walks past two CREEPS loitering in the station.  
They eye him.  
Kersey smiles as he walks past -- eyeing them back.

He sets his bag down.  
Dials a number off a slip of paper.  
It rings ... rings ... rings ...  
No answer.  
Kersey looks bothered.

7. EXTERIOR - BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Kersey grabs a cab.  
The DRIVER offers to put Kersey's bag in the trunk.  
Kersey keeps it with him.

8. INTERIOR - CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - 2C - DAY

The PHONE is on the floor -- torn out of its connector.  
The Giggler and Angel are having fun with Charley.  
Angel smashes a kneeling Charley.

The third punk, Hermosa, is nodding out.  
The Giggler slams him against the wall.

THE GIGGLER  
(shouting at Hermosa)  
Hey, motherfucker, stay awake.  
while we're killing this guy.

Hermosa opens his eyes -- slightly.  
The Giggler goes back to Charley.  
A barrage of blows against Charley.  
A good, solid kick to a downed old man.  
A sadistic beating.

They turn some of the furniture over. Rip the icebox out  
out from the wall.

9. INTERIOR - CAB - IN CITY STREETS - DAY

Sitting in heavy traffic.  
The cab not moving.

KERSEY  
Driver -- can we go a little faster.

10. Kersey holds up a \$20 bill in the rear view mirror.

11. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

The cab starts to move -- up on the sidewalk -- past a stalled truck.

The startled looks of pedestrians.

Ahead of the pack -- the cab goes through a light -- and zooms up the avenue.

The street signs tell us we're in the 160s.

12/14 deleted

15. INTERIOR - HALLWAY - 210 E. 178th - DAY

The unnatural silence in the hall outside 2C is broken by occasional CRASHES -- or the TINKLE of GLASS from inside the apartment.

16. INTERIOR - APARTMENT ON SAME FLOOR - DAY

A WOMAN in her early 30s -- hiding, holding her kid. Afraid to look outside in the hall to see what the noise is. Pressed against the door -- listening.

All the doors down the hall -- 2A, 2B, 2C, 2D ...are closed tight.

17. EXTERIOR - OUTSIDE 210 APARTMENT - DAY

Kersey's cab coming down the street.

The three punks scatter down the front steps of the building and run away along the crowded sidewalks.

Kersey gets out of the cab in front. He never sees the kids running away.

He looks up at the apartment -- 210 E. 178th -- and goes in.

18. INTERIOR - 210 E. 178th STREET - DAY

Kersey senses the unnatural QUIET inside the building. He goes up the flight of stairs inside.

Sees the icebox out on the hall landing.

18 CONTINUED:

The door to 2C standing open -- more debris in front.

Kersey takes out -- from its shoulder HOLSTER a COLT .38 Detective Special, snub nosed.

He steps up to the door..

19. INTERIOR - 2C - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kersey walks in --  
Looks around at the overturned furniture.  
He puts down his duffle bag.

Moves through the apartment. No sign of life.

KERSEY

... Charley?

Kersey looks into the bedroom.  
Windows open -- curtains blowing in the wind.  
Then he hears a GROAN from behind the sofa.

Kersey kneels down -- next to Charley. Still alive.  
Reacts to the shape Charley's in.

KERSEY

(softly)

What happened, Charley...

Kersey's cradling Charley's head.

CHARLEY

... Paul.

Charley presses something -- a key -- into Kersey's palm.

Kersey looks at it -- at the shambles of a room.

KERSEY (softly)

Charley, I was late.

CHARLEY

(fading)

... Take care of my things ... will  
you? ... until I get back.

Charley sags in his arms . Dead.  
Kersey is holding him...

20. Suddenly the apartment door FLIES OPEN and two beefy DETECTIVES crash into the room. SHOUTS and confusion.  
They smash Kersey against a wall -- smash him in the gut.  
His pistol is torn from its holster -- "you won't be needing this."

20. CONTINUED:

Kersey gets in a PUNCH -- knocks a guy over. Smashes another to his knees. They slam him back against the wall.

DETECTIVE  
(pressing a gun  
against his face)  
Move and you're dead, asshole!

2ND DETECTIVE  
(looks at the body;  
presses his face  
to Kersey's)  
You did it! Didn't you!

Kersey throws the detectives to the floor. Four more COPS -- uniformed -- come through the door and pile on Kersey, bringing him down.

2ND DETECTIVE  
(shouts to others)  
Take him in.

Kersey's dragged out of the apartment.  
Hit again.  
Two uniformed COPS outside, help haul him down the stairs.

21. EXTERIOR - 178 ST. - DAY

Kersey's dragged down the outside steps -- resisting.  
A DETECTIVE follows along, calmly reciting for Kersey his rights ... "... have the right to remain silent ..."  
As Kersey goes down the stairs he sees the FACE of BENNETT, an OLDER MAN, watching him from a window in the building.  
Seeing everything.

Kersey is thrown into a waiting plainclothes car -- and driven away.

22. INTERIOR - DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Three of the DETECTIVES are trying to pound a confession out of Kersey. They're pros.  
Kersey sits, handcuffed, on a wooden chair.

1ST DETECTIVE  
C'mon, Kimball. You did it. We  
know you did it. You know we know  
you did it.

Kersey looks beat up.  
Says nothing.

2ND DETECTIVE  
(walks over and hits  
him hard in the gut  
with his open palm;  
smiling)

No bruises, see?

1ST DETECTIVE  
(glares over him)  
You want a glass of water?  
(smiles)  
You can't have it. So tell us  
Mr. Kimball ...

The door to the squad room SLAMS.  
A MAN walks in. The room goes quiet.  
Kersey stares at the floor.  
The circle of men around him ... suddenly PARTS, like the  
Red Sea.  
A pair of POLISHED SHOES appears. Big, black, leather shoes.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(surprised; shaky)  
Chief ... !

The shoes don't move.  
Kersey raises his eyes ... TILT UP to see pressed, dark pants ...  
a belt ... a tan police shirt, starched, no tie, short sleeves  
revealing muscular arms ... badge pinned neatly to the pocket.  
Above that, a saturnine FACE with black brows and hair the  
color of steel.

23. Police Chief "BULL" STRYKER is mean and lean, 6'2" tall and  
tough as a keg of nails. His voice is deep and gravelly.  
A powerful figure, standing in front of Kersey, feet apart.

STRYKER  
Who's this dude?

1ST DETECTIVE  
Mr. Kimball, here, doesn't want  
to talk.

Stryker regards Kersey closely. Very closely.

Stryker sweeps the detectives in the room with a look.

STRYKER  
Leave.

The room clears out.  
Stryker and Kersey left alone.

Several beats. No one says anything.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

Kimball, is it?

(turns away; waiting)

Kersey looks uncomfortable. Starts to say something.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

(turns on him; shouting)

No! It's not 'Kimball.'

(laughs)

I know you -- KERSEY! It's Paul KERSEY!

Kersey stares at him -- astounded.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

(explains)

You see, I was with the New York P.D.  
the night they brought in a 'vigilante'  
with a bullet in his leg. I was at  
the hospital when they brought you in.  
You were out like a light. You never  
saw me. But I saw you ... ten years ...  
(nasty grin)

MR. VIGILANTE!

Kersey shows nothing.

Stryker paces. Stops, turns and looks at Kersey.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

Last damn thing I need is a vigilante.

(a look; beat)

Dude, you're in big trouble.

Kersey watches him.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

What were you doing up in that  
area -- 178th Street?

KERSEY

Visiting a friend.

STRYKER

(testing)

Maybe you did it.

(a penetrating look)

Probably not.

KERSEY

I found him that way. I'm through  
with Mr. Vigilante.

The smile on Stryker's face -- not warm to begin with --  
fades.

STRYKER

What do I do with you, dude?

KERSEY

(right back)

Maybe I want a lawyer.

STRYKER

No you don't.

A ROACH scuttles across the floor.  
Stryker sees it. An expression of distaste.  
His foot moves -- and squashes it. SPLAT.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

Roaches. I hate 'em.

Kersey looks up from the dead bug to Stryker.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll have you killed. Who's  
gonna complain?

KERSEY

(unfazed)

Do you always violate people's  
Constitutional rights?

STRYKER

This is my jail, Kersey. And I am  
the law. So that means I get to  
violate your Constitutional rights.

He steps forward -- and SMASHES Kersey across the mouth with  
a blackjack -- knocking him backwards, still in the chair.  
Stryker grabs the chair and SLAMS it, with Kersey upright.  
CRASH.

Kersey, his legs free, KICKS Stryker -- in the BALLS.

Stryker return-punches Kersey, then goes down.

He staggers up -- about to hit Kersey again, when  
DETECTIVES and COPS from the other room rush in and  
separate them.

STRYKER  
(pulling himself  
together)

Cooler.

Kersey's dragged down the hall.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
Forget bail, Kersey!

One of the cops sees blood at the corner of Stryker's mouth,  
and dabs at it with a Kleenex.

COP  
Chief, you're hurt.

STRYKER  
(knocking him back)  
Get away from me!

Kersey's taken into a room. A metal DOOR SLAMS behind him.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
(to Cop-Guard)  
Watch him. Make sure he doesn't  
get comfortable.

24. INTERIOR - JAIL AREA - NIGHT

Kersey is searched.  
He's given a plastic I.D. bracelet.  
His possessions are taken and sealed in an envelope.  
His muscular frame stuffed into a t-shirt and prison denims.

Two COPS walk him down a hall, through doors and  
throw him into a giant, CROWDED Holding Tank.

25. INTERIOR - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The creeps eyeball Kersey.  
Kersey eyeballs some of them back disdainfully, and  
ignores the others.  
Looking for a place to sit down.

Late night. Quiet. Vomit on the floor.  
A grim environment. Full of PSYCHOS, Punks, Perverts,  
Drunks, petty and major criminals.

Kersey tries to get by a crazed YOUNG BLACK.

CRAZED BLACK  
(screams at him)  
You looking for trouble.

KERSEY

No.

The crazed Black punches another GUY in the gut. He goes down.

Kersey steps over him and keeps going.

YOUNG BLACK

(explodes)

Hey -- You! Fucker!

Kersey ignores him. Keeps going. The Black stares. Kersey finds his spot. Sits down with his back against the bars where he can watch and crosses his arms.

Temporarily safe, he can look into the next tank. The cells separated by common bars.

Some of the PRISONERS are trying to sleep.

Some are not.

Two LARGE, QUEER PSYCHOS are quietly suffocating a YOUNG, WHITE MALE into submission on a thin, filthy mattress.

MUFFLED SCREAMS from the KID. No one in that cell

is going to do anything about it.

No sign of a guard coming to help.

Kersey looks away. Tries not to listen.

He checks himself. He's pretty banged up. Face and body.

He looks around his own cell. The rape still going on in the b.g.

Kersey walks toward some PIPES in the wall -- where the TOILET / SINK should be.

A six-foot-four SKINHEAD, muscular CRAZY sits next to the pipes.

KERSEY

Where's the toilet?

SKINHEAD

I tore it out.

Flexes his muscles.

The Skinhead eyes Kersey.

Kersey turns and starts away. As he does the guy starts for his back.

Kersey sidesteps him -- grabs him by his shirt -- and propels him forward -- full bore at the jail bars.

A RINNG-THUNGGG SOUND.

CLOSE SHOT - of the guy's bald head WEDGED between the bars. Stuck -- screaming -- unable to get free. Wailing.

Kersey sits back down.

Again -- a quiet look around the tank.

Kersey's EYES sweep the cell -- looking for something he's already sensed in the dark.

He sees him sitting across the tank. Watching the rape. Grinning.

Still watching -- but he knows Kersey is looking at him.

He's 24, Latino + more, with a scary intensity about him.

He turns now and STARES at Kersey.

He GESTURES at another prisoner.

Quietly, but unmistakably, he dominates the holding tank -- the surrounding prison environment.

Kersey can FEEL the influence. Large and evil.

Kersey continues watching ALEX-PEREZ.

Now ALEX-PEREZ stares back.

These two really don't like each other.

It's mutual and it's instantaneous.

Alex-Perez breaks the staring match and looks elsewhere.

So does Kersey.

But it's too late. They've seen each other.

26. INTERIOR - STRYKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stryker -- watching Kersey -- his progress in the tank -- on a TV MONITOR.

DISSOLVE TO:

27. INTERIOR - HOLDING TANK - MORNING

Kersey's trying to get a few winks of sleep.

Alex-Perez is watching Kersey from across the tank.

He gestures to one of the prisoners.

Alex-Perez turns and whispers something to another tank PRISONER. We don't hear what.

Kersey comes awake to find a guy on either side of him.

Kersey stands up to move.

One guy trips him -- and the other guy hits him from behind with a punch.

Kersey goes down. They jump on and hold him down.

Alex-Perez quickly comes across the tank.

He quickly -- VICIOUSLY -- kicks Kersey with his

BOOT as he starts to get up. Once ... twice ...

Kersey takes two shots and catches the boot on the third.

Throws Alex-Perez to the ground. Kersey's buying time. Hurting.

TWO GUARDS watch all this from outside. Do nothing.

Kersey goes down again, this time with THREE GUYS on him.  
Perez gets in another kick to the ribs.

ALEX-PEREZ

(leaning over him;  
hisses)

Hey, man ... I always win.

Kersey suddenly elbows one of the guys holding him --  
knocks him out -- shoves another guy off.  
Perez sends two more guys at him.

Alex-Perez lunges at him, rage boiling on his face --  
sending Kersey backwards with surprising strength.  
Frightening strength.

Kersey takes note of it -- and starts back toward him.

They start toward Kersey as TWO GUARDS jump in and  
stop the fight. "BREAK IT UP! ... break it up."

They haul a not-resisting-too-much Alex-Perez out of the  
cell and drag him next door to an adjoining tank.

Perez isn't through with Kersey yet.  
He keeps his eyes on him as he moves.  
The bad blood between them getting thicker.

Kersey and he separated by common bars now.  
Alex-Perez is still hot.  
He takes up a position, sitting facing Kersey.  
Perez just sits there -- seething.  
Kersey looks back at him.

A GUARD comes in through the locked area door.  
Looks around for Perez.

GUARD

(calls out)

Alex-Perez ... !?

(spotting him)

You're being released. Five minutes.

Perez nods. The Guard goes back to the door, where a LAWYER  
in a three-piece suit is waiting to secure Perez's release.

Perez grins and starts gathering himself up.

ALEX-PEREZ

(to Kersey, who's  
watching him)

See ... I got a lawyer, man.

(MORE)

ALEX-PEREZ (CONT'D)  
(leans forward,  
lowers voice)  
But I got to tell you. I would  
have killed you if they hadn't  
separated us.

He grins and watches Kersey's reaction.

ALEX-PEREZ (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Next time you won't even see me  
coming ...

The DOOR to the outside opens again.  
The Lawyer is waiting. A dapper sort.  
The guards are coming to let Perez out.

ALEX-PEREZ (CONT'D)  
(to Kersey, through  
the bars)  
Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm  
gonna kill a little old lady --  
just for you. Catch it on the  
six o'clock news.  
(nods to TV set)

Perez GRINS and starts to walk out of the cell. He  
means every word he says.

ALEX-PEREZ (CONT'D)  
(leaving; to Kersey,  
louder)  
You got some free time on your hands  
come up to 178th Street -- That's  
my turf. So long -- asshole.

Perez walks away.  
TIGHT ON Kersey's EYES as he watches him.

Perez swaggers out of the tank and through the door  
to the outside.

28. INTERIOR - INTERVIEW ROOM - OUTSIDE - DAY

Perez's Lawyer, 35, has some bad news.

LAWYER  
You're out but it's going to take  
them a couple of hours to put the  
papers through.

28. CONTINUED:

Alex-Perez's big grin -- disappears. He flares.  
About to kill the lawyer when he remembers where he is.  
He decides not to. Contains himself.

PEREZ  
(his cold smile)  
Sure, man. Whatever.

CUT TO:

29. INTERIOR - STRYKER'S OFFICE - DAY

WATCHING Perez and his Lawyer on the closed-circuit TV.

30. INTERIOR - HOLDING TANK - DAY

Kersey -- just waiting. Walking around. Feeling  
the bars.

31. INTERIOR - HALLWAY - DAY

KATHRYN DAVIS, a Public Defender, in her 30's, attractive,  
is looking for Stryker.  
She's looking through an arrest folder.

Stryker sees her coming -- and doesn't want to be found.

KATHRYN  
Stryker ... !

He stops. She catches up. Stryker looks set upon.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
I don't understand. What are you  
doing with this prisoner -- Kersey  
-- or -- Kimball?  
(reading the folder)

STRYKER  
Keeping him in jail.  
(gives her a look)

KATHRYN  
Nothing's been set here. What's  
his bail?

STRYKER  
Bail? There's no bail.

KATHRYN  
What are the charges?

STRYKER  
There are no charges.

31. CONTINUED:

She gives him a tough look.

KATHRYN  
Are you out of your mind? You're  
violating all his rights.

Stryker shrugs, unconcerned.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
What the hell do you think you're  
doing?

Stryker starts away.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
He'll sue. He's got a case.  
(meaning Kersey)

Stryker knows something she doesn't.

STRYKER  
Not bloody likely.

KATHRYN  
Who is Kersey? You're going to  
have to let him --

Stryker walks away. He looks grim.

STRYKER  
Stay out of this one, Ms. Davis.

32. INTERIOR - BRIEFING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dimly lit.

Projected on the SCREEN is a BLOW-UP of a section  
of the city. A street MAP.

There are grim expressions all around the room.  
If cops can be worried, these are.

Stryker's addressing OFFICERS, DETECTIVES, honchos in  
the Department.

STRYKER  
(reading off)  
... 3 murders ... 4 rapes ... 8  
muggings, 9 acts of random violence,  
some of the most orderly drug traffic  
in the city --  
(looks up at them)  
(MORE)

STRYKER (CONT'D)

More robbery than I care to mention, broken store front windows and fire bombings .. all in a six-square block area around 178th Street. I could qualify that as a riot. It's not a neighborhood, it's a war.

Stryker looks at one of his subordinate OFFICERS, in uniform, CAPTAIN STERNS.  
Sterns is not comfortable.  
Stryker regards him with a scowl.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

What are we doing about that, Captain sterns?

STERNS

We know it's gang related...  
(Stryker looks bored at him; rattled now)  
We've put more uniformed officers out -- we've put more cars on patrol ... We've increased our real effort 15% in the last month.

STRYKER

(ahead of him)  
... And tell us the result.

STERNS

(a beat; swallows)  
Reported crime is up 11%.

Stryker nods.  
A long look at Sterns --  
Sterns feels like he's shriveling.

CUT TO:

33. INTERIOR - HOLDING TANK - DAY

Stryker's looking in -- at Kersey.  
A plan forming behind Stryker's eyes.

STRYKER

Let's you and I have a talk.

34. INTERIOR - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Stryker dismisses his assistants with a nod.  
Stryker and Kersey, one on one.

Kersey looks exhausted.  
Stryker surveys him.

STRYKER  
How ya feeling, Kersey?

Kersey manages a thin smile.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
Smoke?

Kersey declines the offer of a cigar.

Stryker's on a slightly different tack right now. Kersey  
can sense it but he doesn't know where it's going.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
Where have you been recently,  
Kersey?

KERSEY  
In the country. Resting.

STRYKER  
(not believing it  
for a moment)  
Really? You see, Kersey, I  
admire you.  
(the smile)  
I'm a real fan.

Kersey looks at him questioningly.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
I'm serious.

Stryker walks to his desk.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
I've even kept a folder on you.

Stryker picks up a manila folder. Looks at him.  
Kersey looks slightly alarmed ... surprised.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

Truth is ... I hate creeps too.  
But I can't do much about it.  
I'm a cop.

(smiles)

But you -- you shoot them -- right?

Kersey looks at him.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

I have a theory. If I'm right  
you turned pro after L.A. -- six  
creeps shot in 36 hours, right?

(checks file clippings)

Then four gang members in Kansas  
City -- two mugger-rapists in  
Chicago ...

(reads)

'According to eyewitnesses, he  
came out of nowhere ... and then  
disappeared.' Sound familiar?  
You're into it for the sheer  
enjoyment of it -- or correctness  
of it -- I don't want to argue the  
point here. Right, so far?

Looks at Kersey. Kersey smiles.

KERSEY

Like I said. I'm all through with  
that.

STRYKER

Really? Why are you here?

KERSEY

I'm studying the architecture.  
It's a great city.

Kersey smiles his smile.

Stryker closes the file.

Sits a moment -- measuring Kersey.

STRYKER

All right, dude. You want something  
in this burg? Have it.

Kersey looks surprised.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

It's on me. You want out of here?  
-- You got it. I'll clear the  
whole areas for you. Make it easy.  
I'll minimize the vigilante stuff  
with the press -- I'll just tell  
them it's creeps killing creeps.  
Nobody cares anyway.

(smiles)

It'll be just like before, Mr.  
Vigilante, with one important  
difference -- you're gonna work  
for me.

Kersey looks more surprised.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

Do your thing -- but you report  
to me. You tell me what's going  
on. You tell me everything you're  
even thinking of doing. Let us make  
some busts. Got that? If you  
get busted, well ... we don't know  
you.

(a breath)

It's that -- or I keep you in here  
till hell freezes over.

(Stryker's smile)

Do we understand each other?

(waiting)

In or out?

Kersey nods.

Stryker's not through.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

One other thing, dude. I used to  
have a real bad temper. But I lost  
it in 1954 and never found it again.  
Cross me and I'll bury you so deep  
they'll never find the bones. I  
guarantee it.

KERSEY

You're letting me out.

STRYKER

I'm letting you out.

KERSEY

Good.

35. INTERIOR - BOOKING AREA

Kersey's personal belongings are returned. Wallet, change ... and the KEY that Charley pressed into his palm. Kersey looks at it.

Stryker is on his way through.  
Kersey sees him.  
Walks over.

KERSEY

(quietly)  
Can I have my gun?

STRYKER

(to some of the  
Detectives, and  
Kersey)  
Gun? I didn't see any report  
of a gun. Did you? If there was  
a gun I'd have to charge you with  
possessing a firearm. They're  
illegal in this city, dude.

Kersey just looks at him.  
Stryker plays it straight.

DUTY OFFICER

(to Kersey)  
Davis, the Public Defender, is  
arranging your release. It'll be  
a few minutes. You can sit over  
there and wait.

As Kersey walks away from Stryker.

STRYKER

Oh, Kersey. They're a new breed.  
(meaning the creeps  
on 178th Street)  
Watch it.

KERSEY

A new breed.

Kersey doesn't exactly know what Stryker means.

36. EXTERIOR - STREET NEAR 178th - NIGHT

Alex-Perez on the loose.

36 CONTINUED:

He jumps over a pile of rubble and barbed wire and heads up the stairs of an apartment BUILDING surrounded by rubble.

Burned out -- its front steps gone -- Perez climbs up the front stoop and goes inside.

37. INTERIOR - ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Perez moves, slowly, down a dark hallway.

He walks toward the room where his GANG is meeting. The KID standing guard in the hall -- sees him. Starts to say something but Perez waves him off. Quiet. Perez walks by -- steps over a collapsed BEAM in the doorway -- and goes into a dimly lit room where the meeting is going on.

38. INTERIOR - "PLAY ROOM" - GANG H.Q. - NIGHT

FLICKERING candles throw an eerie light. The 20 or 30 MEMBERS of this gang are listening to someone in front.

Perez stands in the dark back -- and listens.

A tall, skinny Puerto Rican, HECTOR, is running the meeting.

Pretender to the throne.

He addresses a subordinate, CHACO.

HECTOR

Let me see the night's haul, Chaco.

Chaco displays -- in front of the gang -- an assortment of DRUGS, appliances, coins.

HECTOR

(grinning; gloating)

Very good, Chaco. Very, very good.

Hector takes a bag of dope for himself. Then a second.

CHACO

(uneasy)

Are you allowed ...

Alex-Perez watches from in back.

Hector cuts Chaco off.

HECTOR

I tell you what to do -- and I tell you when to do it. Understand? When I --

(stops short)

Alex-Perez steps from the shadows into the light.  
A look of SHOCK and surprise on Hector's face as  
A RIPPLE goes through the crowd.

Perez is smiling at him.  
Hector knows that smile -- and he's frightened.

HECTOR  
(trying to be calm;  
stammers)  
We didn't think you'd be out --  
so soon. Good to see you, man.  
I was just running the --

ALEX-PEREZ  
(cuts him off)  
I see that.

HECTOR  
You said I should --

PEREZ  
Did I?  
(smiles)  
Come here, Hector.

There's an audible GASP from the super-gang.  
Hector shrinks

38. CONTINUED:

Hector takes a step -- back. Perez shows him a wicked KNIFE.

PEREZ

(enjoying this)

There's the sticker, Hector ...

(smiling)

... and the stickee. Come here!

Sevral GANG MEMBERS grab Hector. Among them, the GIGGLER, who got Charley, and one of his partners -- ANGEL.

HECTOR

No!!

PEREZ

HERE!!

Hector is dragged over. Straining to stay away from Perez and the knife.

Perez raises the knife, calmly, looks at it -- looks at the rest of the gang --

Then, in the blink of an eye, he JAMS the KNIFE in.

Hector looks at him -- bleeding -- stunned.

PEREZ

Hector -- you're bleeding.

The life draining out of him.

Hector clutches at his throat -- gags.

They let him go and he slumps to the ground -- dead.

PEREZ

(looks around;

smiling)

Any more 'stickees'?

Leers -- and grins -- and quiet.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Well, aren't you going to welcome me back?

CLAPPING, WHOOPS, HOLLERS.

Alex-Perez grins expansively.  
His eyes sweep the gang.

(Besides the GIGGLER and ANGEL we SEE their helpmate, HERMOSA -- the kid who was nodding off ... several good-looking GIRLS, a racial mix, some white SCANDINAVIAN punks, a mini-gang of tough, skinny BLACKS -- one monstrous, MUSCULAR BLACK, and other assorted types -- as needed. Perez runs this show.)

38. CONTINUED:

Perez spots Hermosa, 17, thin, wild-haired Mexican with eyes that never focus.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Hermosa, I got something for you.

Hermosa shrinks back.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

(laughs)

No, man. I'm serious. Good stuff.  
It's your juice, man.

Perez is holding up a plastic packet with drugs in it.  
White POWDER. Then a second clear baggie with PILLS.  
Perez dangles the pouches.  
Hermosa comes forward.

Perez dispenses the drugs to Hermosa. Watches as he ingests them.

A little RITUAL they go through.

Then Perez PAINTS some markings on Hermosa's face.

His eyes already starting to change.

The same sort of markings we saw on the Giggler and Angel, earlier.

Dancing and pounding on the back among the others.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Have a couple of reds, Hernandez.  
And some speed -- Now smoke this.

Hands him a cigarette soaked in angel dust.

HERNANDEZ -- under Perez's watchful eye -- swallows the pills, ingests the speed, and smokes the PCP-laden joint.

HERMOSA

Wooooooooooooo...

The super-gang starts to get up for the evening.

Perez goes to the large window -- looking over the concrete desolation that surrounds the 178th street block.

Perez looks out. Several of his lieutenants with him.

PEREZ

How's business?

THE GIGGLER

(makes a face)

We killed this old man yesterday,  
but he had no money.

38. CONTINUED:

A beat. A frown from Perez. Then LAUGHTER all around.

39. INTERIOR - JAIL - BOOKING AREA - NIGHT

Kersey is still waiting.

Kathryn Davis walks in -- looking for him.

KATHRYN

Mr. Kersey, Kathryn Davis, Public  
Defender's office -- you're being  
released now. I'm sorry it took  
so long.

Kersey nods.

KERSEY

Thanks, Miss Davis.

Kersey starts for the door.

She walks with him.

Out the door -- handing the papers to the jailer --  
and into the hall. Kersey's ready to go.

KATHRYN

... You're just going to walk away?

Kersey stops -- smiles -- nods, yes.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I don't understand. You have cause  
to press charges. Sue.

KERSEY

It's all right.

Kersey starts to walk away.

Kathryn's curious, interested.

KATHRYN

You don't want to do anything --

KERSEY

(trying to leave)

I said no, Miss Davis.

KATHRYN

I don't understand.

KERSEY

Thanks.

(MORE)

KERSEY (CONT'D)  
(firm; smiles  
his smile)

Goodbye.

Kersey walks away.

KATHRYN  
(catching up)  
Here's my number -- Is there  
someplace I can get ahold of you?  
Some address where you'll be? --  
I need something for the release  
form ...

Kersey continues on his way.  
Kathryn watches him go.

40. EXTERIOR - 178TH STREET - NIGHT

Kersey on the move.

MOVE WITH HIM:

Past debris, human and otherwise.  
Through the still busy sidewalks.  
Past JUNKIES shooting up in doorways.  
Past YOUNG MALES making liquor runs.  
Past a street PUNK doing pirouettes -- his foot swinging  
dangerously close to Kersey's face. Kersey doesn't BAT  
an eye.  
Past a CRAZED DRUG ADDICT -- running backwards -- HAIR ON FIRE --  
babbling incoherently.  
Past BURNED OUT, rusting cars at the curb.  
Kersey's LOOKING -- looking -- taking the neighborhood in.  
And the neighborhood's looking at him.

Suddenly -- flashing by Kersey from behind -- is a  
PUNK -- running -- FAST. We recognize -- the GIGGLER.  
He swoops down on an OLD WOMAN with a shopping bag  
and pocketbook.

The GIGGLER smashes her -- GRABS the bag -- as the old lady  
goes into the gutter.

The GIGGLER takes off like a shot -- running ahead of  
and around the people in the street.

Kersey sees the whole thing.  
Gives chase.

KERSEY

Hey!

A couple of people stop to help the woman.

40. CONTINUED:

Kersey takes off -- RUNNING -- after the punk.  
The Giggler -- up ahead -- MOVES with lightning speed  
in his SNEAKERS -- racing by pedestrians.  
Kersey's losing ground. The kid's very fast.  
The punk takes a sharp turn -- shoots a quick glance  
over his shoulder -- outrunning KERSEY -- and LAUGHS.  
A GIGGLE.  
He disappears down a ramp --

Kersey heads down the ramp after him.

41. INTERIOR - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Kersey comes to a stop. Parked cars and no sign of the  
punk. He's GONE.  
Kersey picks up a length of PIPE for a weapon.

42. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN, MARIA in a '75 Plymouth, stops at a light.  
The light changes -- she begins to accelerate.

Hermosa, WIRED out of his gourd, is crouching between  
parked cars. SHIRTLESS, in torn jeans, with a wild  
PAINTED face, he looks half animal-half human.

He LEAPS from between parked cars -- onto the HOOD  
and windshield of the woman's Plymouth.

43. INTERIOR - PLYMOUTH - NIGHT

The woman SEES the half human-half animal THING clambering  
across her windshield. It's LICKING the windshield, spitting  
saliva all over it -- trying to break the glass to get at her.  
She SCREAMS hysterically, steps on the ACCELERATOR -- and  
slams the door locks shut.

They careen down the city street -- the "THING" on  
the hood trying to get in -- making faces --  
crazed out of its (Hermosa's) mind.

She nearly hits an oncoming CAR -- and swerves up onto  
the curb -- and turns sharply down the ramp as somewhere  
to go.

44. INTERIOR - UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Kersey HEARS the SCREECH of TIRES and sees the car  
coming down the ramp.  
The crazed ZOMBIE on the hood trying to get at  
the woman.

45. TIGHT ON Kersey's face as he sees the car with the thing on the hood stop right in front of him.  
 The woman inside -- screaming -- smashes to a stop against a parking column.  
 Hermosa -- the zombie on the hood -- slides off.  
 It sees Kersey -- and leaps up at him.  
 Kersey swings the pipe -- catches the creep in mid-flight and tosses it against another car.  
 Stunned a moment -- Hermosa rubs his bloody face --  
 Looks again at Kersey -- and JUMPS over two cars and disappears -- in a blink. Some wraith-like apparition.

Kersey turns back to the woman in the car.  
 Goes over to the window. Raps on it -- for her to roll down the window. Trying to help.

KERSEY

Are you all right?

The woman's so petrified her mouth can't shape itself to form words.  
 She looks at Kersey wildly -- and throws the car into reverse.  
 Screeching back -- and somehow steers back up the ramp -- Disappears into the night.  
 Kersey's left alone in the garage.

46. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Strange neighborhood.  
 Kersey's up at street level again -- a little shaken himself.  
 He walks along the street -- back to the building.  
 210 E. 178th Street. Charley's building.  
 Kersey looks up at the building.  
 In the window -- A FACE. The same MAN Kersey saw the day the cops dragged him out.  
 The man's looking at Kersey --  
 He gestures for Kersey to come up.

47. INTERIOR - 1ST FLOOR LANDING - 210 E. 178TH ST. - NIGHT

BENNETT comes down. In his late 50's, tough, opinionated, vigorous, a born scrapper -- a survivor in the city.  
 He wears a white t-shirt -- and a baseball hat.  
 He walks up to Kersey and studies him.

BENNETT

Who are you?

KERSEY

I was a friend of Charley's.

BENNETT  
(looking sad)  
Me too. You must be Paul.  
(shakes hands)  
I'm Bennett. Charley talked  
about you all the time. Come up.

They go upstairs to Bennett's apartment on the 4th floor.

48. INTERIOR - 4C - BENNETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Full of old furniture and memories.  
PHOTOS here and there, framed on the wall.  
Kersey looks around. SEES a pane of window glass -- broken.

BENNETT  
(sees him looking  
at it)  
Yeah -- they broke that yesterday.  
It's the neighborhood...  
You missed the funeral. It was  
all right -- as funerals go.

Bennett finishes bolting the last of THREE DOOR LOCKS.  
Walks over to the wall photos and shows Kersey a picture.

CLOSE UP of photo showing a younger Bennett and younger  
Charley in ARMY UNIFORMS, 1940s vintage.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
(proudly)  
That's Charley and I in World We  
II. I knew Charley 40 years. He  
was the best friend I ever had.  
(looking at the  
picture)  
Charley was a career soldier. He  
was decorated five times against  
the Germans. He had a few years  
on me. He kind of took me under  
his wing. Me, I never fought for  
anything. The war ended just as  
I got there.

Bennett seems a little disappointed.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Charley said he met you in the  
Korean War ...

Kersey, looking away from the photo.

KERSEY

Yeah. I was a Conscientious Objector. Charley didn't agree with that but we got along. We were friends. I told him if he ever needed anything to just call.

Bennett nods.

BENNETT

We lived a few blocks away. When my wife died I moved in here. Believe it or not this used to be a nice neighborhood before it changed.

(a beat)

Charley was in good shape. We'd go bowling together, or walking ...

KERSEY

Charley sent me a letter. He sounded frightened.

BENNETT

(bitterly)

They didn't like Charley, the bastards, so they killed him.

KERSEY

Who didn't like Charley?

BENNETT

The creeps on the street. Charley wouldn't take their lip and he wouldn't pay them any money.

(expression changes)

Charley got mad. He was going to do something about it.

Kersey waits for Bennett to say more. Bennett won't. There's something Bennett isn't talking about.

KERSEY

Pay -- you mean protection?

BENNETT

Protection ... robbery ... theft ...  
'Your money or your life.' They  
hit up the old people in the projects.  
(goes to the window  
and looks down on  
the block)

(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

What goes on out there is a disgrace.

Bennett sits down.

Kersey's standing at the window. Looking down.

KERSEY

Do you know who got Charley?

Bennett pops to his feet. Goes to the window, next to Kersey.

BENNETT

You want to know who got Charley.  
I'll show you.

(pulls aside the  
curtains)

Him ... and him ... and him.

Bennett points out three punks on the street below.

49. KERSEY'S POINT OF VIEW

Looking down from three floors. Bright sodium vapor streetlights illuminate the blocks. Creeps, street punks ... can be SEEN in small knots ... interspersed with pedestrians ... traffic ... and garbage. Kersey picks out the three punks as Bennett points. The Giggler, Angel, and Hermosa. Set -- Set -- Set. Kersey's gaze shifts from one to the other.

50. RETURN TO SCENE

Kersey looks down on them like a hunter.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

I saw them running away from the  
building when Charley was killed.  
I didn't know why until I got here.

Kersey nods.

Bennett can't help pointing out the bright streetlights.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

You like the city's idea of 'crime  
lights'?

(jokes)

They're to help the creeps find  
their victims.

Bennett manages a sick grin at his own joke.

Kersey's still looking at the three punks.  
They all have the same painted MARKINGS on their faces.

KERSEY

They have their faces painted.

BENNETT

They belong to the same gang.

We got Hell here.

(looks at Kersey)

They tell us -- it's their 'turf.'

(uses their word)

Bennett looks around the streets again.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

See him?

Kersey looks at the figure Bennett points out.  
He stays in the shadows between two apartment buildings.  
Where he can see without easily being seen.  
Kersey stiffens. Then smiles a long smile.

It's ALEX-PEREZ he sees in the half-light.  
No question it's him.

KERSEY

What about him?

BENNETT

He runs the gang. He's the worst.  
I don't know where he's been. He  
just got back.

Kersey continues looking down at Perez.  
Thinking his own special thoughts.  
Kersey's gauging -- mentally -- the distance now  
between Perez and himself.  
Perez shifts and leans against the building in the eerily  
lit cityscape below.

BENNETT

It looks like anybody could just  
go up and smash his face -- doesn't  
it? You can't do it.

KERSEY

(interested)

What do you mean?

BENNETT

He's got guys watching him all the time. See the space around him? I saw a guy try to get him once. They chopped him to pieces before he got six feet.

Kersey makes a mental note of that.

The street is busy.

Pedestrian traffic. Street traffic. And dozens of creeps.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

(explaining)

They're all out tonight. It's the 15th of the month. That's when the welfare checks come.

Kersey continues looking down -- at the blocks and blocks of concrete, rubble, broken playgrounds.

KERSEY

(looks at Bennett)

Is it worth living here this way, Bennett? It seems so ...

(searches for words)

BENNETT

You mean move?

(laughs)

Everyone who can, has. Me, I got nowhere to go. I fix clocks and meters -- for the cab company. I've got a place down the block. It's what I do. I'm not gonna get run out of here.

Bennett's firm on that.

Kersey smiles. He likes Bennett for that.

Bennett sits down.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Charley was a great guy.

(looks at Kersey)

Are you going to go back where --

Trails off. A long moment.

KERSEY

When I got to the apartment, Charley was still alive.

BENNETT  
(emotionally)  
Did he say anything?

KERSEY  
He asked me to take care of his  
things until he could get back.

Bennett swallows, blinks.  
Kersey shows him the apartment key Charley gave him.

BENNETT  
The rent on Charley's place is  
paid until the end of the month.

51. INTERIOR - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - OUTSIDE 2C - NIGHT

Bennett walks him down to the second floor landing.  
The door to apartment 2C is locked. The debris gone.

BENNETT  
Look, they cleaned up. They dusted  
for prints and they're already  
through with their investigation.  
The cops don't care.

They stop in front of the apartment.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Well?

KERSEY  
Like you say, the rent's paid till  
the end of the month.

Kersey smiles.  
Bennett smiles.  
Kersey unlocks the door and takes the apartment.

BENNETT  
Good night. See you in the  
morning. Lock your door.

Bennett has a new neighbor.

52. INTERIOR - APARTMENT 2C - NIGHT

The lights off. Streetlight slanting in the window.  
Kersey looks around.  
Most of the furniture has been righted.

53. He finds the duffle bag he left -- it's untouched.  
Where he left it. He checks it. Everything intact.  
We don't see what's in it.

He looks at Charley's wall -- and bureau. FRAMED PICTURES  
on it. One of Kersey and Charley in uniform -- KOREAN WAR  
vintage.  
Also on the wall are framed WAR decorations. Combat RIBBONS  
and MEDALS.  
The Silver Star ... a Distinguished Service Medal ...  
Kersey looks at them a moment.

He MOVES through the darkened apartment -- to the window.  
Pulls the curtains aside -- and looks down at the  
neighborhood. The SOUNDS of Police SIRENS ... BREAKING GLASS ...  
SCREAMING ... yelling ... PEOPLE RUNNING fast ... along  
the miles of concrete blocks and alleys.

Kersey looks down at it -- studying the scene -- learning  
the new terrain.

CUT TO:

54. INTERIOR - STRYKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stryker's sitting ... smoking an expensive cigar ... and  
contemplating the wall map of the city. All the pins  
clustered around 178th Street.

The D.A. comes in. A worried-looking man. Three-piece-suit.  
Tie loosened.  
He pours himself a drink.

D.A.

Chief.

STRYKER

(nods)

To what do I owe a visit by our  
illustrious D.A.?

D.A.

How are we doing on 178th Street?

STRYKER

(puffing the cigar)

I'm looking for that situation to  
improve.

DISSOLVE TO:

55. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - 2C - EARLY MORNING

Kersey staring out the window.  
 Early morning. The light still rosy red on the street.  
 The neighborhood getting up -- the first stores open.  
 Kersey's watching the GIGGLER dash down the street.  
 He's knocked down an OLD WOMAN SHOPPER.  
 Grabbed her bag.  
 Kersey can't pursue him -- he's a block away and two stories up.  
 But he watches.  
 The Giggler scuttles away -- with blinding speed -- like a roach -- disappearing into passing traffic and concrete alleys.

Bennett's watching -- next to Kersey.

BENNETT

That's the Giggler. He laughs  
 when he runs. Nobody catches him.

KERSEY

(gauging the Giggler)  
 Yeah ... he really moves ...  
 Tell me about him.

BENNETT

He killed a girl last month. Put  
 a knife in her skull doing that.

KERSEY

Do you know it was him?

BENNETT

It was him.

Bennett finishes his coffee.

56. There's a KNOCK on Kersey's partly open DOOR.  
 A young couple -- he's 30, Latino, burly, RODRIGUEZ --  
 and his wife, MARIA, 23. Maria is the girl Kersey saved  
 in the car.

Kersey looks at them. Doesn't recognize the woman.

RODRIGUEZ

Excuse me ... ? Bennett said we  
 could come up and ask you.

(nods at Bennett;  
 back to Kersey)

Were you downstairs last night?  
 In the underground garage?

Kersey nods.

Rodriguez smiles. Shakes his hand.

RODRIGUEZ

Thank you.

KERSEY

I don't understand.

RODRIGUEZ

My wife was in the car. You helped her.

Maria comes forward -- smiles, shakes Kersey's hand.

MARIA

Thank you.

She steps back.

Kersey, puzzled as to how they knew -- looks at Bennett.

RODRIGUEZ

(explains)

I live in the building. I told Bennett what happened -- and described the man who was new in the neighborhood and who helped Maria. Bennett said it sounded like the man who moved into this apartment. I'm Rodriguez. We live downstairs.

(studies Kersey)

You were a friend of Charley's?

Kersey nods.

Rodriguez senses something good about Kersey.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You're a man who doesn't run.

(offers)

If there's anything I can do to help --

KERSEY

Do the cops do anything?

RODRIGUEZ

(laughs)

They enforce the parking laws.

56 CONTINUED:

Rodriguez manages a thin smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. INTERIOR - BENNETT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Kersey finishes a phone call -- hangs the phone up. Pleased.  
Turns to Bennett.

KERSEY

My friend Wildey's coming. He'll  
help out.

BENNETT

Who's Wildey?

KERSEY

You'll see.

Kersey heads for the door. Bennett follows him.

BENNETT

Where are you going?

KERSEY

Out.

BENNETT

Do you want me to do any --

KERSEY

Bennett -- you take it easy. This  
is my problem.

Bennett looks frustrated. Nods.

58. EXTERIOR - PRIVATE MAIL BOX RENTAL - DAY

Kersey goes in -- and rents a delivery box.  
Gives the man cash (we watch through a large glass  
storefront) -- and leaves.

59. EXTERIOR - USED CAR LOT - CITY - DAY

Kersey walks through the lot, up to a SALESMAN.  
They walk through the inventory.

59. CONTINUED:

Kersey looks at all the cars ... smiles.

KERSEY

(smiling)

Something with a sunroof.

Kersey picks out a late model, flashy car.  
With a sun roof.

SALESMAN

How would you like to pay for this?

KERSEY

Cash will be fine.

Kersey starts peeling off 100's ...

60. EXTERIOR - 178TH STREET AREA - STREET - DAY

Kersey, driving the sparkling car through the neighborhood.  
Heads turn. The punks, young Blacks, hustlers all see it.  
Dollar bills on four wheels.  
Kersey loves the attention.

He parks it at the curb -- between heaps of garbage --

Smiles at all the looks -- and goes into the building.

61. INTERIOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - 210 E. 178TH - DAY

Bennett's seen the car pull up.

BENNETT

What's that for?

KERSEY

Bait.

62. INTERIOR - BENNETT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Kersey checks the car from Bennett's window.  
Rodriguez is up with them.  
Kersey smells something good -- cooking odors in the hall.

KERSEY

Hmmmm. Something smells good.

BENNETT

(an expert)

That's coming from the Kaprovs'  
apartment on the first floor.

63. INTERIOR - HALLWAY - FIRST FLOOR - DINNER TIME

Bennett introduces Kersey to MR. AND MRS. KAPROV, 60's, he's a teacher, retired -- she cooks.

BENNETT

These are the Kaprovs, Eli and Zohra. This is Mr. Kersey. He's in 2C now. He was admiring your dinner.

MRS. KAPROV

(delighted)

Stuffed cabbage.

KERSEY

It smells wonderful.

MR. KAPROV

Would you like to join us?

KERSEY

I'd love to. Can you give me 15 minutes to change and wash up?

The Kaprovs nod that would be fine.

64. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Kersey comes in -- locks the door.

Immediately gets the duffle bag out. Gets some things out.

65. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S KITCHEN - 2C - NIGHT

Kersey ASSEMBLES -- in front of us -- a ZIP GUN SHOTGUN. A length of pipe -- 18 inches -- a SHOTGUN SHELL (one of several from his duffle bag) -- and a NAIL. Kersey slaps a wood grip on the thing -- and he has a sawed-off, zip SHOTGUN.

He sets it under the sink -- leaves it there. Changes his shirt and goes downstairs.

66. INTERIOR - KAPROVS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kersey's enjoying the cabbage with Bennett and the proud Kaprovs -- when he HEARS something coming from the side of the building. Kersey puts down his fork -- listens. What he was waiting for. They all HEAR SOUNDS -- like a CAR being BROKEN into.

66. CONTINUED:

KERSEY

Excuse me.

Kersey gets up, leaves his napkin on the table.

67. INTERIOR - KITCHEN - KERSEY'S APT. - NIGHT

Kersey's hand grabs a jacket -- and the sawed-off SHOTGUN.

68. EXTERIOR - STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Kersey's new CAR parked. Its hood up. Two young CREEPS are doing something to the engine.

Kersey approaches them -- coming down the street.  
One creep -- doesn't see Kersey -- slips behind the steering wheel -- rips the RADIO out -- and sets it on top of the car, through the SMASHED sun roof.  
The second creep's still fooling under the hood.

Kersey approaches from the rear of the car.  
Walks to the driver's window.  
Sticks his head down.

KERSEY

Having a problem?

PUNK

(in the driver's seat)

What?

Both creeps have markings on their faces. Gang members.

KERSEY

With the car.

The young creep doesn't like Kersey's tone -- or his questions.

PUNK

(jutting his face  
forward)

Get out of my fucking face.  
Who are you?

The first creep -- wiring the engine -- comes strutting up.

1ST PUNK

We're stealing the fucking car.  
What's it to you?

KERSEY

It's my car.

68. CONTINUED:

The two creeps grin.  
 They're going to ream this guy.  
 The creep behind the wheel gets out.  
 Kersey steps back -- three steps.  
 The first punk pulls a knife. Grins.  
 The second takes out a zip gun -- a pistol.

PUNK

Now you die.

Kersey lets his jacket fall open.  
 The creeps grin -- and start for him.  
 Kersey raises the sawed-off shotgun. Aims it with his other hand.  
 Fires it with the hand in his jacket pocket.  
 KA-BOOM ... BLAST.  
 The spread pattern of the shotgun blast tears into both creeps.  
 Their jaws barely have time to drop before they do.

Kersey closes the hood of the car.  
 Rolls up the broken window -- and locks the car.  
 Then walks away -- back to his building.

A few people -- a few creeps -- peeking around the corners  
 or out from buildings.

69. INTERIOR - 210 E. 178TH ST. BUILDING - NIGHT

Kersey walks by Bennett in the hall.  
 Bennett's heard the shot. So has everybody.

BENNETT

(rattled)

What did you do?

KERSEY

I sent them a message.

He turns. Unlocks his door and goes in.

70. EXTERIOR - VACANT LOT - DAY

Alex-Perez, with a few of his lieutenants, is making  
 the rounds.  
 They've got a YOUNG BLACK from a rival gang -- on  
 their turf.  
 They're interrogating him behind a pile of rubble.  
 Two SCANDINAVIAN PUNKS from Perez's gang stand guard  
 -- on top of the rubble -- holding good-sized AXES.

A COP CAR cruises round the corner -- half a block away.

71. INTERIOR - POLICE CAR - DAY

The COP riding shotgun looks down the block.  
The cops take one look -- two white punks, drunk, standing  
on top of a pile of rubble -- looking mean.

The cops look at each other. No thanks.

They turn the cop car down the street in the opposite  
direction.

72. EXTERIOR - VACANT LOT - DAY

The Black kid is on the ground. Handcuffed.  
Perez stares down at him.  
The kid is frightened.

PEREZ

You're out of your area.

PEREZ'S LIEUTENANT

This is our turf.

The kid screams and shrieks as they kick him: "Hey, who knew?"

PEREZ

Hurt this guy.

Perez's Lieutenant -- grins -- hauls off and kicks the  
kid -- a rib-breaking kick.

Perez observes the effect of the kick. Smiles.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Kill him.

His Lieutenant takes a baseball BAT from the 2ND CREEP  
and smashes in the head of the kid on the ground.

It's over in seconds.

Perez pops a few pills -- offers a few to his associates.  
They walk away.

73. INTERIOR - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Stryker -- looking disgruntled.  
His eyes sweep over the assembled OFFICERS in this Precinct.

STRYKER

(near contempt)

Gentlemen, the streets are full  
of degenerates. Arrest THEM ...

73. CONTINUED:

Stryker leaves the front of the room.  
Buzzes out -- and motions Lt. Sterns to join him  
in the hall.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
(to Sterns; just  
loud enough for  
everyone to hear)  
Your guys aren't pussy, are they,  
Sterns?

Sterns looks shaken.

LT. STERNS  
... Chief?

STRYKER  
(closer to Sterns)  
I want some arrests. Felony arrests...  
And a couple of bodies on slabs in  
the morgue. They can be your guys'  
bodies -- or some of the trash up  
there. Got that?

Sterns nods.

74. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Rodriguez and his wife are walking home from the store.

He escorts her protectively through the streets.  
She carries the packages.  
He keeps his hands free.  
They walk past two young creeps draining a pint of  
booze. They throw the bottle into the street. SMASH  
against a car.  
They pass an UGLY, spaced-out CREEP playing with his  
modified AFRO ... running a comb through it proudly.  
Rodriguez looks at him as they pass.

PUNK  
(to Rodriguez)  
What the fuck you looking at?

Rodriguez ignores the taunt.  
Keeps walking with his wife.  
The punk trails along behind him.

PUNK (CONT'D)  
(catching up)  
You got any money, man?

74 CONTINUED:

Rodriguez keeps walking.

PUNK (CONT'D)

(grabbing him)

I'm talking to you, sucker.

Rodriguez turns to face him now.

A 2ND PUNK scoots in behind Rodriguez -- kneels behind him.  
The 1ST punk pushes Rodriguez backwards over him.

Maria screams.

A cheap trick -- the first punk laughs.

75. KERSEY -- MOVES INTO FRAME -- behind the punk.  
Taps him on the shoulder.

KERSEY

Hey --

The punk turns -- takes one look at Kersey.  
Kersey throws a hard, boxer's punch -- DECKING him.  
The other creep runs down the street.  
Rodriguez gets to his feet.

A YOUNG BLACK KID, sitting on a stoop across the street,  
has watched the whole thing.

He grins -- and gives Kersey the high sign --

A raised fist held high -- "all right."

Kersey sees it and acknowledges it with a nod.

Rodriguez and Maria and Kersey continue down the sidewalk.

They pass a SHOE STORE.

Rodriguez stops -- introduces Kersey to the owner, EMIL,  
and his WIFE.

EMIL is 65, Old world, gentle, a lovely man.

He's seen the whole thing too.

RODRIGUEZ

Emil, meet Mr. Kersey, our new  
neighbor in 2C.

EMIL

Pleased to meet you. This is my  
wife, Marta.

They shake hands with Kersey.

Smiles all around -- They like the new guy.

Kersey continues on with Rodriguez and his wife.

76. EXTERIOR - AROUND THE CORNER - DAY

Perez -- striding alone -- with several of his people.  
Among them, Hermosa, the guy on the Chevy hood --  
Also the creep who ran away from the street fight with  
Kersey and Rodriguez.

PEREZ

Show me the guy.

At the corner --

They point out Kersey -- walking away.

Perez TWITCHES.

He spits -- as his face turns to a mask of cold fury.  
Then the smile.

PEREZ

He's on our turf.

(smiles)

I'll take care of him.

77. EXTERIOR - SIDEWALK - 178TH STREET - DAY

Out in front of the apartment building next to Kersey's. A cop car and an ANIMAL CONTROL WAGON are out in front. Two COPS are talking to a BLACK MAN who lives in the building.

The Black Man's holding a DOBERMAN on a leash.

Kersey looks on. A CROWD standing around.

The cops have long hair, police department moustaches, their shirts open at the neck. They look like two undergraduate philosophy majors. They want the dog.

BLACK MAN

You want to de-dog me? That's cold.

1ST COP

No dogs allowed in these buildings. Municipal Code Section 1378.

2ND COP

No dogs. No pets.

BLACK MAN

Dog -- shit. He's no pet. He keeps me alive.

1ST COP

The dog's unlicensed.

BLACK MAN

(laughs)

You're enforcing that? -- HERE?

The Doberman snarls and snaps.

1ST COP

It's you or the dog.

BLACK

Shit ... I'll say.

The cops massage their holstered pistols. Never used.

77 CONTINUED:

BLACK

Take the damn dog. Fuck you  
guys.

The dog is calmed by its owner.  
He walks it into an animal control cage.  
The crowd BOOS.

Kersey watches.

The Black Man looks distraut as the dog is put in a  
truck and driven off.

78. The two young cops head back to their beat up  
patrol car.

WHISTLES and JEERS from the sidewalk crowd...

CROWD (shouts)

Catch some rapists or burglars  
sometime... you ...#ç\*\*\*%!!.

(more jeers)

Where are you when you're needed.

The two cops laugh off the abuse and drive away.  
Kersey watches.

Turns and goes back to his building.

79. INTERIOR - 2C - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Kersey's keeping in shape with one of those portable  
Nautilus torture racks.

Working up a sweat.

As he exercises he always looks out the window.  
Down -- onto the block and neighborhood.  
His eyes squint. Taking in the comings and goings of  
the street punks. The lay of the land.  
The alleys and fences.

Covered with sweat, Kersey does a final exercise.  
Takes two QUARTERS. Flips them and catches one in  
each hand. He looks. Both heads. Good for  
hand-eye coordination.

The PHONE RINGS ...

Kersey looks at the phone -- curiously.  
Who's calling him?  
Picks it up.

KERSEY  
(into phone)  
Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello ... Is this Charley's  
friend? The man in 2C?

KERSEY  
(surprised; trying  
to place the  
voice)  
Yes.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
What are you doing in there?

Kersey finally places the voice: PEREZ.

KERSEY  
Charley asked me to watch his  
things. That's what I'm doing.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Charley don't need no help.  
He's dead like you're gonna be.  
I'm watching you.

Perez hangs up.  
Kersey puts down the phone.  
Looks around. Smiles.  
Walks into the bedroom.  
Sees on the floor -- a SNEAKER print. They've been in.  
The window closed -- but the lock broken.  
Kersey smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

80. LATER

Kersey finishes fashioning a small surprise.  
A heavy board with long, thin, sharp NAILS driven  
through it.

He sets the board, points up, against the wall -- under  
the window.

81. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Kersey walking.

Sees an unmarked car -- with Stryker in it.  
Stryker glides around a corner.  
Waits for Kersey.

Kersey gets in.

82. INTERIOR - STRYKER'S CAR - NIGHT

Stryker, checking on him, sits there -- smoking.

STRYKER

Well, dude. How do you like the  
neighborhood?

Kersey smiles a thin smile.  
Stryker waits.

KERSEY

You said I was out here on my  
own.

STRYKER

You're right. I think I said that.

Stryker waits again.  
Nothing forthcoming from Kersey.  
Stryker blows a cloud of smoke out.  
Getting more irritated by the moment.

STRYKER

Now look, dude. I'd like something  
-- for the papers. Give me a bust.  
I'll send in the tactical squad.  
They'll grab a headline.

(eyeing him)

What do you say?

82 CONTINUED:

KERSEY

I can't help you.

STRYKER

(not believing him)

Nothing happening, huh?

KERSEY

(nodding)

I don't know anything.

Stryker takes a deep, frustrated drag.

STRYKER

Now look, dude --

KERSEY

I do know one thing.

Stryker waits.

KERSEY

Perez is your chief creep. Why  
don't you bust him.

STRYKER

He's got a cleaner arrest record  
than you. Perfect citizen. When  
he does something he does it privately.

Kersey nods. Looks at Stryker -- almost mockingly.

KERSEY

Can I go now?

Stryker looks at him with disdain.

STRYKER

(snaps)

Get out of the car.

Kersey gets out.

Stryker heads downtown.

83. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Kersey comes back to his apartment.

As soon as he turns on the lights -- he knows someone's  
been there.

83A. INTERIOR - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kersey looks at the overturned BOARD -- the booby-trap under the window sill.  
There's BLOOD on the nails and board -- a bloody footprint on the floor.  
The windows ajar.  
Kersey smiles.

CUT TO:

84. INTERIOR - GANG H.Q. - NIGHT

GARCIA, a roof rat, is looking at his makeshift bandaged foot.  
He limps around -- trying it.  
Some of the other super-gang members watching.

GARCIA  
Shit, man. I'm hurt.

Alex-Perez is watching him.

PEREZ  
Son-of-a-bitch.

The Giggler and Angel don't like what's going down.

GIGGLER  
(asks Perez)  
What is this, man?

ANGEL  
We got to turn the screws on  
them motherfuckers.  
(meaning whoever  
hurt Garcia)

Perez says nothing.  
He's thinking. Weighing his options.

85. EXTERIOR - NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - DAY

A neighborhood lady, an OLD BLACK WOMAN with shopping bags, is walking along the sidewalk.

One of Perez's GANG MEMBERS -- a Black -- approaches her.

GANG MEMBER  
Give me some money, woman.

BLACK WOMAN  
What for?

GANG MEMBER  
Protection, from creeps who  
live around here.  
(chuckles)

He holds out his hand.

BLACK WOMAN  
You are the creeps.

She stares him dead in the eye -- and walks on.

85. CONTINUED:

The guy scowls and starts after her.

GANG MEMBER  
(to Old Woman)  
Hey, you!

At that moment, Kersey and Rodriguez -- and a young LATINO FRIEND of Rodriguez -- step out from an alley. The gang member takes a LOOK at them, waits a beat, and heads the other way. Rodriguez and his buddy smile. The nucleus of resistance is forming.

86. EXTERIOR - IN FRONT OF 210 E. 178TH - DAY

Kersey's coming down the steps.  
Kathryn Davis has just gotten out of a taxi.  
She's waiting for him.

Kersey sees her -- recognizes her immediately from jail.

KERSEY  
What are you doing up here?

KATHRYN  
Looking for you.

KERSEY  
(surprised)  
How did you find me?

KATHRYN  
(smiling)  
I decided that if I waited to hear from you I never would.  
(explaining)  
Stryker was no help. I read the arrest report and made a calculated guess. I was right.

KERSEY  
I told you I didn't want to pursue --

KATHRYN  
Would you like to have dinner?

Kersey looks surprised.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'm not usually this bold.  
Taking a taxi to someplace you  
think someone might not be,  
to ask them out.

(a beat; anxiously)

But, why not? How many people  
do I meet in my job who I can  
ask to dinner?

Kersey hesitates -- charmed. Smiles ... looks around.

KERSEY

You shouldn't come up here.  
It's not safe.

KATHRYN

Nonsense. I'm a city girl.  
Do me a favor and say yes, so  
I can get out of here without  
being mugged.

KERSEY

All right. When?

KATHRYN

(smiles)

Friday. My place.

(gives him an  
address card)

I live in a basement. It's  
okay. It's a nice basement.

(a beat; looking  
around)

You asked me -- let me ask you.  
What are you doing up here?

KERSEY

(slides off it)

My friend got hurt. I want  
to find out what happened.

KATHRYN

Why? You can't do anything  
about it.

KERSEY

(smiling)

I'll write a book. See you  
Friday. Your taxi meter's  
running.

86. CONTINUED:

He walks her to the taxi. Puts her in.  
It drives off.

87. INTERIOR - TAXI - DAY

Driving out of the area.  
They stop for a light.

Perez is on the corner. Leaning against a store front.  
He's been watching Kersey's building -- a block away.  
He looks into the cab.  
Directly at Kathryn.  
She has no idea who he is -- but the look is scary  
and chilling.  
The light changes -- and the cab pulls away.

88. INTERIOR - FIRST FLOOR - 210 E. 178TH - DAY

Two COPS are talking to the Kaprovs on the first floor.  
Standing in his doorway.

Kaprov is irate.

ELI

What do you mean, 'brandishing'?  
Some kids tried to come in my  
back window. I waved it at them.  
What should I have done?

YOUNG COP

The complaints were that you  
were brandishing a firearm,  
Mister.

ELI

Complaints!? Who?

2ND COP

That's not your concern, sir.  
Can we have the gun. Possession  
is a felony in the city limits.  
Surrender the weapon and we'll  
forget it happened. Otherwise  
you'll go to jail.

Eli Kaprov's wife, ERICA, is terrified.

ERICA

Eli, give him the gun.

ELI

Erica -- it's our protection.

ERICA

Eli ...

Eli gives up.

He yanks the small .22 caliber pistol from its hiding place in a drawer -- and hands it to the cop.

They unload it -- put it in their pockets.

Tip their caps -- and leave.

89. EXTERIOR - APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights burning.

Kids running down the alleys.

A few of them sneak up onto the fire escapes.

There's a CRASH of GLASS BREAKING.

90. INTERIOR - KAPROV APARTMENT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TULIO, a skinny Puerto Rican punk with two big, white front teeth -- he looks like a grinning rat -- is handing a TV out the window to a buddy.

The Kaprovs stand -- shuddering in the room. Eli is trembling with rage -- and fear.

Tulio throws a framed picture against the wall. Slaps Eli.

He watched Eli, unable to do anything.

Tulio starts climbing out of the window.

TULIO

We'll come in here anytime  
we like. Got that, Pops!?

Eli -- trembling -- nods yes.

TULIO (CONT'D)

Any--time...

Tulio flashes them his grin -- and slips out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

91. INTERIOR - KAPROVS' APARTMENT - LATER

Kersey's being shown the damage by Eli.

BENNETT

(looking on)

First floor is the worst,  
but they come in wherever they  
want from the fire escapes.  
They're roof rats.

ELI

(waving his hands)

It's 90 degrees outside and  
I've got my windows nailed  
shut. It's ridiculous. I've  
had it.

Kersey's surveying the situation.

DISSOLVE TO:

92. LATER

Kersey's rigging up a device. A TRAP.  
A big, SPRUNG BOARD -- Kersey bends the board back  
as far as it will go -- and secures it -- with a  
hair trigger.  
Eli helps him.  
The trigger is controlled by the window.

KERSEY

(explaining)

... the wedge in the window  
will release this -- and --  
bang.

He releases the board -- WHONNNGG!  
Kersey smiles.  
The Kaprovs smile.

Bennett comes in.

BENNETT

What are you doing?

KERSEY

Thinning the herd.

93. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kersey doing his exercises as he watches the movement  
down on the street.

94. INTERIOR - GANG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The GANG MEMBERS getting set for a night's work.  
 Perez -- here and there -- dispenses drugs -- like  
 a sacrament. Everyone gets wired. Tulio included.

TULIO

I'm gonna make a house call.  
 I'm a little short on cash.

He guffaws and goes back to snorting up.

95. EXTERIOR - CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

A HIGH ANGLE: Looking down at the vacant lot and  
 abandoned buildings the gang uses for its meetings.  
 We SEE dozens of gang members scuttling out across  
 the landscape. Perez's minions -- moving like roaches --  
 headed for food.

96. INTERIOR - KAPROV APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kersey's having dinner with the Kaprovs and Bennett  
 in the dining room.

Suddenly there's a KA-THUNG - TWANG! and a CRASH from  
 the back room.

Kersey gets up and leads the way back.

97. INTERIOR - BACK ROOM - KAPROVS' - NIGHT

The TRAP has sprung.  
 The spring-loaded board has swung-sprung crash, flat  
 against the open window.  
 Kersey pries it back.

There are a couple drops of blood -- and two, small  
 WHITE THINGS imbedded in the board.

Kersey looks at them.

ELI

What are those?

KERSEY

(looks up; smiles)

Incisors.

98. INTERIOR - COP CAR - NIGHT

Two OFFICERS get an A.P.B. bulletin on the radio.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (V.O.)

'... suspect is described as  
Latino, about five-six, missing  
two front teeth ... apprehend  
and detain for ... '

99. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON the Giggler.

He pops a pill -- as he looks for a new victim.  
He sees one.

A thirty-year-old WOMAN carrying a shopping bag.  
Her POCKETBAG slung over the other shoulder.

One -- two -- deep breaths and the Giggler pushes off  
on a run.

Got to a MOVING POINT OF VIEW: The Giggler closing on  
his target from behind. The Woman walks along  
unsuspecting. Pedestrians all around the Giggler fly  
by -- are slipped around -- closing on the Woman.  
Smash -- he HITS her from behind -- GRABS the bag --  
and really starts running. Surprised people's faces  
flying by. Racing for the end of the block. In full  
flight now -- and safe -- a quick look over his shoulder --  
he LAUGHS. Two GUYS chasing him.

The Giggler's SNEAKERS making their characteristic SOUND  
on the pavement -- as they near the corner.

Now we SEE Rodriguez -- CHASING the Giggler.  
Kersey two steps behind Rodriguez.

The Giggler turns the corner.  
They get to the corner. Look.  
He's disappeared -- again.  
Melted into a crowd -- traffic -- alleys.

Rodriguez is totally bushed. So's Kersey.

RODRIGUEZ

(bushed; catching  
his breath)

This Wildey friend of yours ...  
Can he catch this guy?

99. CONTINUED:

Looks at Kersey.  
Kersey nods.

RODRIGUEZ  
(still breathing  
hard)  
When's he going to get here...?

KERSEY  
Soon.

100. INTERIOR - APARTMENT BUILDING 210 E. 178TH - DAY

Kersey's back from the chase.  
Bennett's waiting.

BENNETT  
Who's Wildey?

KERSEY  
(walking away)  
You'll see.

101. EXTERIOR - CITY STREET - BY MAIL BOX RENTAL PLACE - DAY

An AIR EXPRESS TRUCK splashes through a puddle and stops at the curb in front of the Mail Box Rental place. The man gets out and carries a PACKAGE (2'x3') into the place.  
Drops it off -- comes out.  
The truck drives away.

Seconds later Kersey's car pulls up in front of the place.

CUT TO:

102. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Assembled are Bennett, Rodriguez, his buddy, Eli, and one or two OTHERS.

KERSEY  
(announces)  
Wildey's here.

They look around.  
No one else there.

102. CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

Where?

Kersey hauls a WOODEN CASE out from its packing wrapper.  
He sets the case on the table.  
Snaps it open.

KERSEY

This is Wildey.

We SEE - LOW WIDE ANGLE: a gleaming MONSTER of a GUN in the velvet case. It has a stainless steel finish, and it looks like a service .45 that grew. A semi-automatic PISTOL with a 10-inch barrel. On its side is engraved: "Wildey Firearms Co." It's amazing looking.

KERSEY (CONT'D)

(lifting it out;  
hefting it)

It fires the .45 Winchester  
Magnum. It has real stopping  
power.

BENNETT

Is that like a .44 Magnum?

KERSEY

A .45 Magnum is a pistol cartridge.  
A .45 Winchester Magnum is a rifle  
cartridge.

Kersey shows him a bullet. It looks like something you'd shoot an elephant with.

Kersey snaps - KA CHUNG - a big, fat magazine into the gun.  
It rides heavy in his hand.

103. EXTERIOR - PARKING LOT - DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

A TV surveillance CAMERA sweeps back and forth.  
Recording the few CUSTOMERS walking out to their cars.

MARIA, Rodriguez's wife, comes out of the store.  
Starts walking past cars. Headed home.  
She looks around carefully.  
No one around.

She takes three steps -- and TWO KIDS jump her.  
They slap her hard and knock her down.  
Two more figures step out of the shadows.

103. CONTINUED:

We recognize -- Perez, the Giggler and Angel.  
 Out for a night's fun.  
 They hoot and whistle at her, on the ground.  
 A PASSERBY hears something -- comes nearer.  
 The Giggler makes a threatening move in his direction.  
 The man turns and goes away.

They turn on her.

THE GIGGLER  
 (screams)  
 Who's first?

Maria screams.

The other three stand around -- sniffing junk -- having  
 a good ol' time while the first guy rapes her.

The TV CAMERA recording the whole thing.

CUT TO:

104. INTERIOR - SECURITY CONSOLE - NIGHT

No one at the desk.  
 The monitor plays on.

DISSOLVE TO:

105. EXTERIOR - PARKING LOT - LATER

All done.  
 Maria's barely conscious.  
 They've all had their fun.  
 Perez and the two kids start to walk away.

The Giggler lingers behind.

PEREZ  
 (shouts)  
 C'mon. Let's go.

THE GIGGLER  
 I'm not through. I want to do  
 something to her.

Maria can hear this. She reacts. More terror.

105. CONTINUED:

PEREZ  
(walking back)  
What? We already raped her.

THE GIGGLER  
I want to break her arm.

Perez looks at him.

PEREZ  
C'mon. Let's go.

THE GIGGLER  
(getting off on it)  
No, I want to. I want to break  
her arm.

PEREZ  
(impatient)  
Okay. Will you go ahead and  
do it so we can go.

The Giggler grins.  
Leans over her -- grabs her arm.  
And -- SNAP. She SCREAMS.  
He looks at her -- giggles -- and walks away.  
Mari's left there moaning.

106. INTERIOR - APARTMENT OF RODRIGUEZ - NIGHT

Kersey's on the phone.  
Rodriguez is crazed -- thrashing around -- sobbing.  
Kersey nods -- and hangs up the phone.

RODRIGUEZ  
Raped ... they raped her!  
Maria. I know she's hurt.  
I know she's hurt...!

Kersey grabbing a jacket for Rodriguez.

KERSEY  
They say she's all right. She  
has a broken arm -- that's all.

With Bennett's help they hustle Rodriguez down to  
a taxi.

107. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Getting into the cab.

KERSEY

(to driver)

Roosevelt Hospital, and hurry.

(to Rodriguez)

She'll be all right, Manny.

108. INTERIOR - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

They go into the waiting room.

There's a YOUNG DOCTOR there, waiting for them.

INTERN

Mr. Rodriguez ...

Kersey steers Rodriguez over to him.

He barely has a grip on himself.

KERSEY

This is Mr. Rodriguez. How  
is Mrs. Rodriguez? Can we  
see her?

INTERN)

(is uncomfortable)

Mrs. Rodriguez has expired.

TIGHT ON Kersey and Rodriguez. The shock in their faces.

KERSEY

But -- how -- they said she  
had a broken arm -- that was all.

INTERN

The arm was badly injured.  
There were broken blood vessels.  
Some clots came free and, we  
think, lodged in the heart. --  
I'm sorry.

He looks at them both.

Rodriguez goes crazy ... starts screaming.

CUT TO:

109. INT.- ROOM IN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

TIGHT ON TV MONITOR

showing a replay of the rape.

110. Kersey and Rodriguez watch -- with difficulty.  
The poor lighting and obscuring foliage make identifying the participants difficult.

Two DETECTIVES stand next to Kersey and Rodriguez.  
Watching along with them.

1ST DETECTIVE  
It's no good. The light's no  
good. No I.D. you gentlemen  
make is going to stand up in a  
court.

Kersey continues to watch.  
His eyes narrow -- and react.  
Now he can make out -- the Giggler -- as he comes  
back to break Maria's arm. And coming back to  
watch -- Perez.

Kersey says nothing.

111. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kersey's grim expression.  
He holds the WILDEY.

Take a SNORKEL CAMERA -- in SUPER-CLOSE -- and TRAVEL  
down the barrel of the GUN -- all 10 inches -- come  
out -- through the cartridge ejection CHAMBER --  
CONTINUE -- by the engraved name "Wildey" ... by the  
handle grips ... back to the hammer ... and up along  
its SIGHTS ... a real killer pistol ... gleaming ...

Kersey sets the gun down.  
Turns back to his task.  
He's measuring out GUN POWDER on a scale.  
Then transferring it to brass Winchester casings.  
.45 caliber Winchester casings. Huge.

Bennett comes in -- and watches.

BENNETT  
You're loading the shells yourself?

KERSEY

(nods; looks up  
at Bennett)

Only the best for our friends.

Kersey finishes loading the last cartridge.  
Picks up the Wildey semi-automatic -- and turns the  
gas regulator on the barrel to its maximum setting.

KERSEY (CONT'D)

The action is adjustable  
depending on the charge in  
the cartridge.

All set -- he SLAMS the auto clip in the handle.  
Loaded. Ready.

KERSEY (CONT'D)

I think I'll walk down to the  
corner and get some ice cream.  
Vanilla.

Bennett looks alarmed.

KERSEY (CONT'D)

(smiles)

This is America, isn't it?

Kersey stands up, grabs a jacket, and puts the Wildey  
in a special HOLSTER under the jacket.

Bennett watches as Kersey slings an expensive 35 mm.  
SLR CAMERA over his shoulder.

112. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Kersey on the street.  
Making himself a target.  
Headed for the corner candy-newspaper STORE.  
All of his senses heightened --  
Moving in and out of the pools of bright sodium light.  
A few brave or crazy souls still out on the street.

He reaches the corner. Goes into the store.

113. INTERIOR - NEIGHBORHOOD STORE - NIGHT

Kersey makes a purchase.  
One pint of ice cream. Vanilla.  
He goes back out.

114. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Walking back now.  
The bag of ice cream in one hand. The camera over  
his shoulder. Looks like a hick tourist.

CUT TO:

115. A TRACKING SHOT

Sneakers racing along the sidewalk. Coming fast --  
and almost SILENTLY.

CUT TO:

116. MOVING POINT OF VIEW

The GIGGLER -- closing on Kersey's back. Coming fast.  
Onto him -- striking a blow.

CUT TO:

117. KERSEY

off balance at the swiftness of the attack.

The Giggler -- knocks -- slashes -- Kersey down --  
and GRABS the ice cream bag -- in one hand -- the camera  
with the other.

He starts running -- fast.  
Kersey -- stands up.

118. THE GIGGLER

GIGGLES. Almost to the corner.

Ahead -- two small kids out too late. Coming home.  
In the Giggler's path.  
He shoves them to the sidewalk -- curb.  
They go down, crying.

Kersey, in one smooth motion, has drawn the Wildey.  
Raises it.

KERSEY

Hey!

118. CONTINUED:

The Giggler keeps going. Looks back over his shoulder.  
 SEES Kersey standing there. Laughs.  
 The last sound he'll ever make.  
 Kersey FIRES. KAA-BLAMMM.  
 A tongue of fire leaps from the Wildey.

The Giggler is sent flying -- 10 FEET IN THE AIR -- by the  
 IMPACT of the bullet. He lands in a heap.

SILENCE on the street.  
 The few people on the street -- look.  
 Some people open the apartment windows. Look.  
 Kersey's turned and started to walk away.  
 Slowly, licking his ice cream.  
 Someone CLAPS. Then another person.  
 Then more CLAPPING from the apartment windows. WHISTLES.  
 They know what just happened.  
 Word spreading ...

119. INTERIOR - GANG MEETING ROOM - DAY

Word is out.  
 The roof rat still has  
 Tulio's missing two teeth.

ANGEL  
 (in tears)  
 They killed Giggler, man!  
 They killed him!

Perez shares his grief.

PEREZ  
 They had no business doing that,  
 man. NONE!

Perez's face is a mask of fury -- and REVENGE.  
 The super-gang in front of him is waiting for orders.

120. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Stryker looks down at the Giggler's body.  
 TWO PATROLMEN by his side.

STRYKER  
 Christ, there's not much left  
 of this sucker's face, is  
 there?

120. CONTINUED:

He drops the police cover back over the body.  
A couple of DETECTIVES standing by.  
A crowd still hanging around the scene.

STRYKER (CONT'D)  
(to Patrolman)  
How are things around here?

PATROLMAN  
(honored to be  
asked by the  
Chief)  
Better. I feel more relaxed.  
It's gotten quieter around  
here. Our efforts must be  
having a positive effect on  
the community. We're getting  
fewer complaints.

Stryker knows why things have gotten better. He looks  
at the Patrolman with contempt.

STRYKER  
(snaps at him)  
I wouldn't let it go to my head,  
Patrolman Renzel.

DETECTIVE  
(to Stryker)  
It looks like a rifle bullet.  
(a beat)  
Witnesses say the shot came  
from a point at the end of the  
block.

PATROLMAN  
The guy was a good shot.

Stryker gives him a look.

STRYKER  
Yeah. Better than anyone in  
our department.

Stryker looks pointedly at the detectives around him.

121. INTERIOR - KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It really is a basement apartment.  
Kersey's looking at -- and up at -- the feet and legs  
of passing people -- out through the window.

He hands her a bottle of wine he's brought.

KERSEY

The man at the store said this  
was very good.

KATHRYN

I'll open it.  
(heads for the kitchen)  
I made chicken. I hope you like  
it. It's all I know how to cook.

KERSEY

Chicken's good.

122. INTERIOR - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Dimly lit. Two plush sofas.  
The empty bottle of wine on the glass coffee table in  
front of them.  
Kathryn's pouring some cognac from a decanter.

KATHRYN

I have one sister. She lives in  
Binghamton, New York, and I hate  
her. I love sports. Basketball  
and football on TV. I probably like --  
(finishes pouring the drinks)  
-- the violence. What do you like?

KERSEY

(lies)  
Opera.

KATHRYN

(sets down the decanter;  
can't tell if he's serious  
or not)

Opera?

KERSEY (smiles)

It's restful.

Kathryn sits opposite him.

122 CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

I don't know anything about you.

Kersey doesn't offer anything.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Married? Children?

KERSEY

(uncomfortable)

My wife died.

KATHRYN

Oh. I'm sorry --

KERSEY

It was years ago. And you?

KATHRYN

(ignores his question)

Am I right -- I'd guess that you're afraid to get close to someone again.

KERSEY

Maybe so. Do you like your work?

KATHRYN

(downing her drink)

Most of the time -- ? No. I think I'm on the wrong side -- defending creeps.

(stands; pacing, cognac augmented now)

It makes me angry -- now don't take this personally -- you're gentle, but I see a lot of gentle people get hurt.

Kersey's listening. Smiles. She rattles on, A LITTLE DRUNK.

KATHRYN (continues)

I say, damn ... people should start to kick back. Hard -- the whole thing's out of balance...

KERSEY (quickly)

SOME people would say that's an extreme position.

KATHRYN

I don't care. I'll bet you never get mad.

(MORE)

122 CONTINUED:

KATHRYN

(stops mid sentence)

I'm sorry. Why am I yelling at you?

She backs off. Smiles. Kersey plays it dead straight.

KATHRYN

Tell me -- you don't really like opera -- do you?

KERSEY (smiles)

No.

(a beat)

It's late. I should go.

KATHRYN

No. It's early. Two.

KERSEY

It's late ... and even an unemployed writer like me has to work. I should get back.

KATHRYN

(a little reluctantly)

Okay.

She walks him to the door.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'll see you again?

Kersey nods. Gives her a kiss.

123 INTERIOR - GANG MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Perez is cranking some of them up.

Especially a tall, POWERFUL BLACK GUY, called "THE CUBAN".

Perez measures out some methadrine -- and some "horse" (heroin)

He gestures for The Cuban to take the speed.

PEREZ

Go ahead. It's speed.

Next he pushes a pile of heroin at the guy.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Now have some horse.

(to Angel and  
the others)

The Cuban here's gonna be high.

THE CUBAN

No needle, man?

PEREZ

I want you to snort it, not  
shoot it, Cuba. When I want  
you flat on your ass -- I'll  
tell you. I want you crazy.

The Cuban snickers -- and SNORTS up the pile of heroin.

Next, Perez produces some PCP-laden cigarettes.  
Three fat, damp numbers.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

PCP, baby ... you'll love this  
stuff.

Already half gone, the Cuban lights up.  
A hell of a drug combination Perez has given him.  
He's starting to feel his oats already.  
As the Cuban gets higher ... and higher ... Perez shoves  
some of the speed toward Angel -- and a young sidekick.

124. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kersey's looking out his window -- intrigued.  
Perez has shown himself. Deliberately.  
Moving in and out of the pools of light and dark.  
Active on the street.

Kersey's apartment is darkened.  
He smooths a black turtleneck over his body.

Slips the Wildey into a huge leather shoulder holster,  
under a dark jacket, tailored to drape over it.

125. EXTERIOR - STREETS - NIGHT

Kersey stalking Perez.

Kersey SEES Perez -- just a sliver of him in an alley.  
It's almost as if Perez is setting him up.  
Kersey moves into the alley -- carefully.  
Wilkey drawn.  
Safety off. Set to automatic.

Kersey turns a corner -- then another.  
Up over some rubble -- down another alley.  
Kersey's being led away from 178th.  
Deeper into deserted streets.

Kersey stops.  
Knows it's a set-up.  
He starts back.  
Sees shadows at the end of the alley.  
Perez has out-circled him.

Kersey starts to cross to the other side.  
The pursuer is the pursued now.  
As Kersey crosses the open space --  
Perez pops up -- firing a fully automatic rifle (Mac 10).  
Bullets nicking the concrete around Kersey.  
Kersey runs forward -- dives -- trips over some garbage.  
Goes skittering along the scummy pavement.  
The WILDEY goes sliding from his hand ... in the dark.  
Its momentum carries it under some garbage DUMPSTERS.

PEREZ  
(screams; thinking  
he's scored a hit)  
My turf!

Perez jumps between Kersey and the dumpsters.

Kersey starts running -- for his life.  
Perez changes clips in his automatic. It seems.

Kersey runs down this alley, blocked at the far end.  
Turns sharply into a second alley.

Two punks waiting for him. Angel and his sidekick.  
Kersey faces off. Circling.

A THIRD SHAPE looms up at the end of the alley.  
The Cuban. High ... high ... HIGH.  
He watches.

125 CONTINUED:

Angel and his buddy have knives. Ripple bladed knives. Kersey is unarmed.

Angel lunges at him.  
Kersey dodges the thrust, grabs his throat with one hand and knocks him cold with a vicious punch.

His SIDEKICK has a clean shot at Kersey.  
He's in there -- and PLANTS the blade -- a sickening THUD in Kersey's side.

The kid grins.

But Kersey doesn't go down.

He grabs the kid by the throat. A GURGLE from the kid.  
He lets go of the knife.

It STICKS in Kersey's side -- and still Kersey's crushing his throat.

An expression of disbelief crosses the kid's face before he dies.

The kid goes slack. Hits the ground.

Kersey bends over -- picks him up -- and throws his body up on top of a chain link fence with BARBED WIRE on top.

The kid -- sticks up there -- with a metallic CRASH.

Kersey looks down at the knife in his side.

Pulls back his jacket to see it better.

It's imbedded there.

But Kersey's not screaming.

He yanks the knife out -- !

Pulls up the turtleneck -- and checks the DuPont KEVLAR BODY ARMOR he's wearing beneath it.

The Kevlar has a slight tear -- indentation where the knife has stuck.

On the ground -- Angel is coming to.

Kersey looks up to see the mountain of a Black guy coming toward him. A purple BANDANNA covering his head.

The Cuban's EYES are frightening to look at.

He closes on Kersey.

Kersey jabs at him with the dagger.

He laughs -- and SWATS Kersey halfway across the alley.

Incredibly powerful and that -- tenfold -- on the PCP.

The blow that tosses Kersey is against his ribs.

Protected -- by the Kevlar.

Kersey checks. He's still intact.

But he doesn't have a prayer against the Cuban.

126. EXT. BACK OF APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

He looks around for a place to run.  
He looks -- up.

A staircase -- going up the back of a ten-story apartment building.

Kersey runs up it.  
The Cuban -- bandana flying -- starts after him.

127. TOP OF THE STAIRS

The Cuban closing.  
He bumps into someone's second floor add-on back porch.  
Turns around -- crazed -- and smashes the wooden structure with his fist.

Kersey sees that -- bolts up a fire escape.  
Climbing fast.

The Cuban follows.  
In a burst of speed he almost catches Kersey's heel.  
Kersey, sweating, just avoids it.

128. TOP OF THE FIRE ESCAPE

Kersey swings over to an open FIRE DOOR.  
Goes into the apartment.

129. INTERIOR - TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kersey runs down the hall and up the last staircase.  
Footsteps behind him.  
He reaches the roof door.  
Tries it -- trapped.  
It opens.

130. EXTERIOR - ROOF - NIGHT

Kersey surveys the roof.  
No way off it.  
He looks out over the city at night. NOWHERE TO GO.  
Looks --  
He grabs an old piece of plumbing -- a lead pipe.

The Cuban bursts up onto the roof.

Kersey leaps out and smashes him -- on the head --  
He doesn't feel it. Knocks the pipe away.

130. CONTINUED:

Kersey gives ground.  
The big guy -- his tongue twirling -- eyes rolling --  
Advances.

Hits Kersey another terrible blow to the body.  
Kersey takes it against the Kevlar Body armor.  
Sliding along the rooftop.  
He feels his side. Still intact.

The Cuban advances. In a world of his own.  
Focused on Kersey --

THE CUBAN  
Death is the final trip, man --  
I'm gonna KILL you.

A sudden RUSH at Kersey for the kill.

Kersey steps aside.  
The Cuban's momentum carries him forward -- off the  
roof!  
He's out in thin air -- legs pumping.  
Nothing under him but the long dive.  
Ten stories -- down. A YELL all the way.

CUT TO:

131. EXTERIOR - GROUND LEVEL - NIGHT

As the Cuban lands.  
CRASH-THUD ... a SICKENING SOUND.  
The heap that is the Cuban -- lies still.  
Then LEAPS to its feet. The drug won't quit.  
A PCP-fueled corpse -- it staggers a step -- then another.  
Hange there -- twitching jelly -- every bone broken.  
He GROANS.  
And falls forward, CRASH, into a heap.

132. EXTERIOR - ROOF - NIGHT

Kersey -- looking down -- exhausted.  
Moves away from the edge of the building.

133. EXTERIOR - ALLEY - NIGHT

Kersey looks around. No one there.  
He retrieves the Wildey from under the dumpster.  
Intact.

134. EXTERIOR - ALLEY - MORNING

Two PATROLMEN are looking down at the broken body.  
The Cuban in a heap..

They look up -- at the roof.  
Then at each other.

135. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stryker walks in.  
Takes a chair, uninvited.

Kersey waits for him to say his say.

STRYKER  
Let's talk.

Kersey waits.  
Stryker sees a ROACH crawling up the wall.  
He reaches (just out of FRAME) and presses his THUMB hard  
against the wall. Smiles.  
Looks around for something to wipe his thumb on.  
Uses Kersey's chair.

STRYKER  
Try to take it a little easier  
for a while. The Coroner's  
shop is going out and hiring  
extra help.  
(Kersey looks at him)  
People are starting to get a line  
on you.

KERSEY  
(looking out at the  
neighborhood)  
But it isn't finished. He isn't  
finished.  
(a beat)  
It's like roaches.  
(Stryker looks at him)  
You have to get them all or there's  
no point.

136-8 Deleted

139. INTERIOR - EMIL'S APARTMENT - 4TH FLOOR - AFTERNOON

TIGHT on Perez.

He's in the apartment -- on the phone. Looking out the window  
as he speaks.

139. CONTINUED:

TIGHT ON Perez.

PEREZ  
(into phone)  
Hello ... is this Mr. Emil?

140. INTERIOR - EMIL'S SHOE STORE - DAY

Several CUSTOMERS in the store.

Emil on the phone.

EMIL  
Yes ...

141. INTERIOR - EMIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

PEREZ  
(into phone)  
Hey, man. Your wife. I think  
she needs your help. She's sick  
or something.

We're still TIGHT ON Perez.

142. INTERIOR - EMIL'S STORE - DAY

Emil becomes alarmed. The message -- and the tone.

EMIL  
Who is this? What do you  
mean?

143. INTERIOR - EMIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Perez really loving this.

PEREZ  
(mock indignation)  
Hey, man -- you be nice.  
(a beat)  
I think she needs you here,  
at home. She's asking for  
you.

EMIL'S VOICE (V.O.)

(real alarm now)

Who -- is this?

PEREZ

This is the punk you threw out  
of your store a week ago. I  
think you'd better come home.  
Your wife -- she's dying, man.

Perez hangs up. Smiles.

144. INTERIOR - EMIL'S STORE - DAY

Emil, ashen, puts down the phone.  
Brushes by customers -- dazed -- frightened --  
Runs out of the store.

145. EXTERIOR - EMIL'S SHOE STORE - DAY

Emil half-runsto his old car.  
Gets in -- and squeals -- lurches into traffic,  
almost having an accident.

146. INTERIOR - EMIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Perez watches from the window.  
He can see the old man's car coming through traffic.  
Careening, squealing through the busy traffic.  
Coming from four blocks downtown.  
Perez watches -- smiling.

147. PULL BACK from Perez (WIDEN THE SHOT) -- to REVEAL:

Emil's WIFE.  
Her hands tied to a chair next to Perez.  
Dead. STARING eyes open at the ceiling.  
Perez has already cut her throat.  
Staring at his knife -- smiling -- and watching Emil  
pull to a heart-stopping stop in front of the  
building.

Fun's over.  
Perez folds up his knife.  
Scoots out the window and down the fire escape.

148. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The PHONE RINGS.  
Kersey answers.

PEREZ'S VOICE (V.O.)  
See what you've done? You  
got me mad. Like it?

CLICK ... he hangs up.

149. INTERIOR - BENNETT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kersey's feeling the full weight of what's happened.

KERSEY  
It's me he wants.

Bennett looks steamed.

KERSEY (CONT'D)  
How is Emil doing?

Bennett's pacing.  
Angry. Good and steaming angry.

BENNETT  
It's not you. It's him.  
(meaning Perez)  
You can forget Emil. Emil's  
done. Emil's not going to be  
all right ever again.

Bennett storms to his window.  
Points to the broken pane of glass.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Last week. Twenty years and  
nobody ever did that to me.  
I say, fuck 'em. I've had it.

Kersey looks at Bennett.

BENNETT (CONT'D)  
Charley said it too. Charley  
was right. He was afraid he  
was going to use them. He  
should have used them ... So  
he gave them to me to keep.  
(MORE)

BENNETT (CONT'D)

Next time they come around I've got something for them.

KERSEY

What?

BENNETT

I'll show you --

Bennett tears open his closet -- and hauls down TWO large SHAPES -- one at a time -- each covered with oiled -- but very clean -- rags. Kersey looks.

Bennett unwraps two World War II .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUNS. A Browning -- and a German gun.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

That's a Browning .50 caliber. Charley brought 'em home from the War. They still work.

Kersey's astounded.

KERSEY

Christ, Bennett.

BENNETT

Funny thing is, one of them's registered with the Alcohol and Tobacco Bureau. I have a license for it.

(pulls something  
else out of the  
closet)

-- Check this.

Bennett yanks out hundreds of rounds of .50 caliber rounds on feed belts.

KERSEY

And they still work. The ammo's good?

BENNETT

Damn straight. They'll make nice big holes in the sons-of-bitches.

149. CONTINUED:

Bennett picks up the Browning. Clears the bolt -- KACHUNG. He slips a .50 caliber bullet -- brass -- into the gun.

BENNETT (CONT'D)

(ejects the  
cartridge;  
works perfectly)

-- They call us Old People.  
Hell, fifteen years ago we  
were running the damned world.  
Old --

(looks at Kersey)

What do you say--?

Kersey hesitates. Reluctant.

KERSEY

Bennett.

BENNETT

What's wrong?

KERSEY

A lot of people could be hurt.

Bennett listens.

KERSEY

It's me he wants. I'm on his  
turf. If I leave ... he wins.

BENNETT

You want that?

KERSEY

Maybe it's better than a lot  
of people dying.

(looks at Bennett)

Do me a favor.

BENNETT

Sure.

KERSEY

Give me one more day to get  
Perez.

BENNETT

Whatever you say. I was just  
trying to help.

Bennett starts re-wrapping the two guns.

150. EXTERIOR - STREET - NIGHT

Kersey walks up to his car.  
Looks around. Sees no one.  
Gets in and drives off.

A car follows him.

CUT TO:

151. INTERIOR - KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kersey's at the door.

KERSEY

You said it was important.

KATHRYN

Thanks for coming.

She closes the door behind him.  
Kersey waits.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I'm leaving the city.

KERSEY

What?

Kathryn laughs. A little surprised herself.

KATHRYN

A couple of weeks with my sister  
in Binghamton -- and then I'll  
do whatever I have to do not to  
be here.

Kersey listens, a little surprised.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

It's everything -- this place --  
my job, the people I deal with.

(a beat)

I just wanted to see you one  
more time.

She comes over to Kersey. Looks at him closely.

KERSEY

I didn't know you were leaving.

Still looking at him.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

152, LATER

She lies next to Kersey.

In bed -- the covers over them.

Street lights and passing cars provide the light.

Kersey's thinking.

KATHRYN

(happily)

What makes you think you don't  
want to get close to someone?

Kersey's staring at the ceiling. He wants to tell her.  
Struggles with this.

KERSEY

You see ... my wife was killed.  
They never found the people  
who did it ... and my daughter.

A beat. Kathryn starts to react.

Kersey cuts her off. He wants to finish this.

KERSEY

Something in me changed.

He looks at her. Stops. Struggling with this.  
A long beat.

KATHRYN

Does it have to be that way ...  
forever?

Kersey likes being here, next to her.  
A long thought.

KERSEY

No.

KATHRYN

Why don't you come with me?  
At least visit. You don't  
have to be here.

Kersey turns the idea over in his mind.

KERSEY

I could do that.

KATHRYN

(teasing him)

I'll bet you want to leave.  
All you need is an excuse.

KERSEY

Yes, I do.

(looks at her)

What can I do for you?

KATHRYN

How about a good restaurant?  
I'm dying of hunger.

KERSEY

You've got it.

KATHRYN

(bubbling)

I know a place. They're open  
late.

153. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Kersey pulls away from the curb. Kathryn with him.  
In high spirits.

154. INTERIOR - SECOND CAR - NIGHT

Angel and Perez. Waiting.  
Their view of Kersey's car partially blocked by  
a truck.  
They see his car move.

PEREZ

There -- he's going.

Angel sees it too. They pull out of their parking  
place and follow.

A traffic light is about to separate them.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Don't lose him.

Angel races their old Chevy through a red light.  
Keeping a block behind Kersey.

155. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S CAR - NIGHT

KATHRYN

It's on 150th Street.

Kersey nods.  
Takes a hard left.

KERSEY

I'm going to go this way.

Kersey turns off the main avenue into a quaint,  
hilly section.

He's looking ahead several blocks.  
Sees what he's looking for.  
The MAIL BOX RENTAL PLACE. Open 24 hours.

Kersey pulls to the curb.  
Late. Hardly any cars on the street.

KERSEY

Be right back -- I have to get  
my mail.

KATHRYN

I'll wait here.

Kersey sets the EMERGENCY BRAKE against the hill.  
Jumps out of the car.  
The engine running.  
The stick in neutral.

Kathryn watches him go towards the store.  
Locks her door.

156. INTERIOR - MAIL BOX RENTAL AREA - NIGHT

Kersey inserts his I.D. card. Opens the public door.  
Comes in.  
Goes to his box. Unlocks it. A package waiting.  
He tears open the wrapper. Checks it.  
He looks satisfied. It's what he's been waiting for.

157. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S CAR - KATHRYN - NIGHT

Kathryn, waiting in the car. Looking at the store front.

Looking over her shoulder we can SEE a shape approaching the car window.

Perez.

Kathryn doesn't notice.

Alex-Perez suddenly appears at her open window.  
Kathryn looks up -- startled.

PEREZ

--- Goodbye.

Perez smashes her hard -- across the head.

He reaches in -- and RELEASES the EMERGENCY BRAKE.

Kathryn's dazed in the front seat.

Perez -- smiling -- pulls his hand out of the car.

He WATCHES -- the car rolling BACKWARDS -- picking up momentum.  
Down the long, sloping hill.

Kathryn starts to wake up. Dazed -- feels herself moving.  
Gasps..... groggily reaches for the steering wheel.  
She puts one hand on it.

It LOCKS in fixed position.

157 CONTINUED:

Trying to clear her head.

She gropes around for the Emergency Brake --  
Can't find it.

Panic rising in her as she slowly comes too.

The BACKWARD roll totally DISORIENTING for anyone  
Kathryn looks at the door -- slams on it with her hand.  
Tires to unlock it -- Can't.  
Moving too fast now anyway, she thinks, to jump out.

She reaches across to the gear shift.

158. LOW ANGLE - UNDERNEATH STEERING WHEEL - NIGHT

Trying to throw the car into gear.  
It won't go -- the clutch...

159. ON FLOOR OF CAR

Pressing with one hand on the clutch PEDAL with her HAND --  
Can't reach back for the gear anyway.  
Frantic now -- tries pressing the BRAKE PEDAL with her hand.  
She's not strong enough -- stretched full out.

CUT TO:

160. KERSEY

Coming out of the store --  
Missing the car -- SEES it rolling.

KERSEY

(screams)

Kathryn --!

Kersey starts running.  
His face a mask of anguish -- he can't get there in time.

At the base of the hill -- a section of ELEVATED roadway.  
A guard rail at the sharp curving corner.

161. Kathryn gets to a sitting position -- just as the car  
hits the guard rail -- and goes through --

Falls 20 feet to the roadway below.

162. There's a crash -- the terrible SOUND of a car dropped onto a roadway. No flames. Just crushed SILENCE.

163. PEREZ

watching from the top of the hill. Pleased.  
Sees Kersey reach the broken guard rail. Stare down.

164. ANGLE ON KERSEY

staring down at the wreck.  
No movement from it.

KERSEY

(screams)

Kathryn --

Kersey dangles off the broken rail --  
He drops to the road below.  
Dashes for the smoking, steaming car.  
Hissing, fluids running from the broken radiator  
and engine.

165. Kersey tears open the door.  
She's lying across the front seat.  
Kersey looks around -- no help coming.  
The streets deserted at this time of night.  
Gets her out.  
He gently cradles Kathryn in his arms.  
There's a thin ribbon of blood coming from her mouth.  
She doesn't move.

Kersey just holds her -- a long time. Saying nothing.

166. A LONG SHOT

Just the two of them. Kersey holding his  
dead girlfriend alone on the gritty street.

A passing car stops. Then another. People coming  
toward them.

167. INTERIOR - KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Late night.  
Stryker looks at Kersey -- knowing what he's feeling.

167 CONTINUED:

Kersey looks restless -- about to go somewhere.

STRYKER (continues)  
My people are looking for you  
-- up there.  
(meaning 178th St)

Kersey looks at him.

STRYKER (continuing)  
They have a description.  
( eyes him).  
You were eating a vanilla ice cream.

Kersey says nothing.

STRYKER (continuing)  
So you're going to take it easy  
for a few days. For your own  
damn good.

KERSEY  
I have places I'm supposed to be.

STRYKER  
(nodding)  
That's why you're not going to be  
there.

He waits.  
Sees that Kersey's not buying that.

Kersey steps out of the room.

168. EXTERIOR - SIDEWALK OUTSIDE KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stryker goes up to two of the OFFICERS.

STRYKER  
When he comes out take him into  
protective custody.

Stryker gets into his Chief's car.

168A. INTERIOR - STRYKER'S CHAUFFEURED CAR - NIGHT

Stryker watches Kersey being approached by the two  
OFFICERS and taken away.

contd p 90A

169. EXTERIOR - 176th STREET - BENNETT'S STORE - DAY

A large glass store front window.

"WE FIX CLOCKS -- METERS."

The store's on fire.

The window -- blows out.

TIGHT ON Bennett's eyes -- watching.

Held back by FIREMEN.

170. INTERIOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY OUTSIDE 2C - DAY

Bennett is pounding at Kersey's door, 2C.  
No answer.  
Bennett races away.

171. INTERIOR - BENNETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bennett flies into his apartment.

As he does -- a rock flies through one of his windows.  
He HEARS CATCALLS and SCREECHES from the GANG.  
Bennett flies into a fury.  
He tears open the closet.  
Hauling out the .50 caliber German machine gun.

BENNETT

(as he works)

I'll give you something to  
screech about -- you sons-  
of-bitches.

Another rock crashes through the window.

Bennett jams the rounds into the chamber of the gun.  
Yanks the bolt back --  
Runs to the window -- looks down into the alley.

172. Sees them. MUTTERS ...  
Dashes back -- picks up the gun.  
Still, he's unhappy.

BENNETT

Goddammit, where's Kersey.  
Kersey, goddamn you -- you're  
out of position.

Bennett tears open the door -- and charges out. Livid.

173. INTERIOR - HALL BY BENNETT'S APT. (4C) - DAY

Bennett charges down the hall -- to the fire exit.

A belt of ammo trailing behind the machine gun on  
the ground.

174. EXTERIOR - BACK FIRE ESCAPE STAIRS - DAY

Bennett bursts out onto the back steps.

They're waiting for him, down the stairs.  
Their mouths drop when they see the gun.  
They start scattering.  
Bennett points it -- and squeezes the trigger.

Nothing.  
He squeezes again. It's jammed.

They smile and start coming for him.  
Bennett unleashes invectives. Spits at them.  
Turns the gun around -- and smashes the head in of  
the first punk who tries to grab him.  
A big smile on Bennett. He got one.

The gun falls off the landing and smashes on the ground.  
The remaining punks jump on Bennett and punch him.

Rodriguez comes running -- with a few people from the  
building.  
The punks see them coming, kick Bennett.  
Bennett falls 10 feet to the ground below.  
Rodriguez and the others go down to help him.

The punks down the alley by now, turn and stop.

MAIN PUNK  
(finger pointing at  
them)  
We're coming back for all of  
you.

He turns on his heel and runs.

175. INTERIOR - JAIL AREA - CELL - DAY

Kersey's being held behind bars.  
Frustrated.  
A GUARD watching him.

KERSEY

Tell Stryker I have to talk to  
him.

GUARD

He don't want to talk to you. He  
told me personally.

There's a commotion -- the door opens.  
It's Stryker with a few of his people.  
Stryker motions for Kersey to be let out.

Stryker's uncomfortable -- upset.  
He has something to tell Kersey.

STRYKER

There's a man in the hospital. He  
was beaten. He says he'll identify  
the assailants but only if he talks  
to you.

(getting the name from  
an assistant)

Bennett Cross.

Kersey looks at Stryker.

STRYKER'S ASSISTANT

... He was armed with -- a machine  
gun.

CUT TO:

176. INTERIOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Kersey wants to go in to see Bennett. Stryker with Kersey.  
Bennett's DOCTOR is there. An INTERN.

KERSEY

How is he?

INTERN

He's a tough bird. There are a  
couple of bad fractures -- but I  
think he's going to make it.

176 CONTINUED:

Kersey looks in.

KERSEY

Can I talk to him.

Bennett has casts on both legs.  
His NURSES and another INTERN are about to move him.  
Bennett sees Kersey -- and waves them away.  
Signals for Kersey to be let in.

177. Kersey's let into his room. Stryker waits outside.  
Kersey bends low over the bed, so Bennett can talk.  
Bennett smiles -- pleased to see him.

BENNETT

(softly; to Kersey)  
... I'm sorry. I screwed up.  
(winces)

KERSEY

It's all right...

They start to wheel Bennett away.  
Bennett motions for them to stop.

BENNETT

Kersey... I only lost one gun for  
you. The other's still back there.  
You know where.  
(manages a smile)  
Blow the scum away.

He taps Kersey's hand -- and they wheel him away.

Kersey looks grim.

178. INTERIOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Outside Bennett's room. Stryker waiting. A few COPS with him.  
Stryker gets tired waiting.  
Goes into Bennett's hospital room.

178A. INTERIOR - BENNETT'S ROOM - DAY

Kersey's not there.  
Stryker stands staring at the OPEN WINDOW.  
MUTTERS something.  
Wheels sharply -- and goes out of the room.

179. EXTERIOR - STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY

Kersey walking fast.

Hails a cab -- gets in.

180. EXTERIOR - PRIVATE MAIL BOX RENTAL - DAY

Kersey goes in.

The cab waiting at the curb.

He retrieves two PACKAGES -- and comes out.

Gets back into the cab.

181. EXTERIOR - 210 E. 178th STREET - DAY

Kersey gets out of the cab -- carrying the two packages and goes into the building.

182. EXTERIOR - DOWN THE STREET- DAY

One of Perez's boys -- ANGEL -- SEES Kersey going into the building with the packages.

He takes off running.

183. INTERIOR - 210 E. 178th STREET BUILDING - DAY

Kersey lets himself into Bennett's apartment. 4C.

184. INTERIOR - BENNETT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kersey moves through the apartment.

Past Bennett's photos on the wall.

Goes to the closet.

Sets down his packages.

Opens the closet.

Takes down the Browning .50 caliber MACHINE GUN.

Takes down the belts of AMMO for it.

Hauls everything out.

184A. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Rodriguez is waiting for him -- outside 2C.

SMiles seeing Kersey.

Knows this is it.

184A CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

I saw you coming into the building.

Rodriguez goes inside 2C with Kersey.

184B INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kersey sets the Machine Gun down.

And the PACKAGE.

Goes and gets the WILDEY pistol from its place.

Loads it. KA-CHUNK.

Stuffs 5 additional CLIPS in his belt as Rodriguez watches.

CUT TO:

184C INTERIOR - PEREZ'S APARTMENT - DAY

Perez and a few of the guys.

Angel comes in.

Perez looks up.

ANGEL

He's back.

Perez thinks a moment.

Picks up the telephone.

Puts through a call.

PEREZ

(into phone)

Hey, Manny ... Alex-Perez here.  
Yeah ... I may need a couple of  
extra guys. Twenty ... to put  
some heat on 178th street. Just  
for today.

(listens)

.... Thanks, Manny.

Perez hangs up.

185 INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rodriguez watching -- as Kersey opens the PACKAGE.

It contains a WICKED looking WEAPON. Compact. 2 feet long.

RODRIGUEZ

What is it?

cont p 96A

KERSEY

(as he preps it)

A NATO AR 114, Anti-tank, Anti-Personnel  
weapon. Self-propelled, armor piercing...  
(slides it's long, shiny  
round in)

The round arms 3 feet out of the  
barrel. It's not worth anything  
unless I can get them bunched.

Kersey sets the loaded weapon on the table.

Picks up the Browning.

Rodriguez helps him insert the long ammo belt in it.

Kersey clears the bolt.

Set.

Kersey loads a .38 Special.

Sticks that in his belt.

TOTAL WAR.

They're ready to go out with the machine gun.

Kersey stops -- and tosses Rodriguez a SHOTGUN.

KERSEY

(smiling)

For later.

Rodriguez smiles and takes it.

Kersey lifts the Browning.

Rodriguez follows behind, trailing along with the Ammo belts.

He's going to feed Kersey.

They exchange a look. Set.

186. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

The REENFORCEMENTS arriving.

Perez's troops -- faces painted -- mingling with other ASSORTED CREEPS -- from another gang.

Two MOTORCYCLIST CREEPS are busy REVVING their bikes up on the sidewalks and back onto the streets.

From the other GANG -- they're trying out the new turf. Looking for trouble.

Terrorizing the last few citizens they can find on the street.

Already the sidewalks are almost deserted -- the streets nearly empty -- as if MARTIAL LAW has been declared.

187. EXTERIOR - ALLEY BEHIND BUILDINGS - DAY

THREE Perez PUNKS are walking down the alley. Guns out -- looking for people. Catcalling.

TALL CREEP

Hey, you fuckers. Come out.

Kersey and Rodriguez APPEAR -- on the back stairs. 2ND floor.

The Punk starts to shout something when -- Kersey OPENS UP with the machine gun. Firing from the hip.

The tip of the Browning spewing flame and bullets. The three creeps disappear in a cloud of kicked up debris and bullets. Shredded. Scratch three creeps.

Kersey pops back inside. Rodriguez trailing along with him.

CUT TO:

188. INTERIORS - VARIOUS APARTMENTS - DAY

The HEAVY CLATTER of machine gun fire causes some of the neighbors to dive for cover.

Most of them cringe.

But not all of them.

Some of them seem to be getting up for it.

They look out the window.

189. EXTERIOR - STREETS - DAY

The firing has alerted all the creeps.

Guns out -- knives -- bats -- they start to move through the neighborhood. Offensively. Defensively.

190. EXTERIOR - ALLEY - DAY

Some creeps turn the corner.

They see Kersey and Rodriguez -- waiting there.

Aburst of machine gun fire.

The creeps turn and retreat.

Kersey and Rodriguez chase after them.

191. EXT - ANOTHER ALLEY WITH METAL FENCE - DAY

~~The creeps duck behind a METAL fence.~~

Kersey sticks his head out.

They fire.

He returns the fire with his .38 Special. No clean shot.

His rounds hit the metal bars. Ricochet.

The creeps laugh -- and send more rounds back at Kersey.

Kersey pops out from around the corner -- with the Browning. BLASTS away.

The .50 caliber bullets spray the bars and everything in between.

They go down in a cloud of paint chips and metal filings.

Kersey and Rodriguez moving now.

MOVE WITH THEM: Down the alley. Firing bursts.

192. EXTERIOR - STREET - WHERE CAR IS BLOWN UP - DAY

A CAR, full of creeps from another gang.

Part of Perez's reinforcements.

They ride through the streets -- shooting out the open windows.

Kersey comes out from the alley.

Into the street.

Opens up on the car with the .50 caliber.

The RIPPP of bullets takes out the WINDSHIELD of the car.  
Hits the gas tank.  
The car EXPLODES in the street.  
Frying the creeps.  
A cloud of dense, black SMOKE goes billowing up.  
A pall starting to hang over this part of town.

Rodriguez taps Kersey on the shoulder.  
They're out of ammunition for the Browning.  
Kersey abandons the gun.  
They go back down the alley. Rodriguez with the shotgun.  
Kersey with his handguns.

CUT TO:

193. EXTERIOR - STREET - GANG CYCLISTS CHASE PEOPLE - DAY

The two GANG CYCLISTS riding up and down the street  
and alleys.  
Chasing the last few people fleeing for safety.  
Whooping as they chase them down.  
Blackjacks flying.  
Hitting people. Smashing windows.

CUT TO:

194. EXT - ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Perez -- picking his way through the streets. Surrounded  
by gang people.  
Perez double checks his guns.  
Angry. Determined.  
Looking for Kersey.

195. INTERIOR - POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

Hovering over the city the two COP OFFICERS can see  
columns of SMOKE coming up from part of the city.

COP OBSERVER

What the hell is happening on  
178th...?

They head for it.  
RADIO TRAFFIC increasing.

196. Below -- patrol cars starting to head for that section.

197. EXTERIOR - 178th STREET AREA - DAY

Molotov cocktails -- thrown from the roofs of buildings are hitting the street -- Turning cars into smoking bonfires.

198. The creeps on the roofs -- shoot at anything that moves.

199. EXTERIOR - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Kersey has the Wildey out.  
One of Perez's punks is taking shots at Kersey.  
Kersey dodging from side to side. Closing.  
Kersey gets to the end of the alley.  
Turns the corner.  
The kid gets a good shot at him.  
HITS HIM. Dead in the chest.  
Kersey staggers-steps back behind the corner.  
Looks down. Checks the Kevlar body armor.  
There's a bullet hole in his shirt and the Kevlar's frayed -- but okay.  
Kersey smiles -- more than a little glad he's wearing it.  
Intact, he turns the corner.  
Moving at the kid.  
Who can't believe Kersey's still walking..  
Kersey drills the creep through the garbage pail he's ducking behind.  
  
Kersey keeps walking. He looks like Super Man.  
Rattled -- the creeps can't shoot straight.  
Kersey gets two more.  
Keeps going.

200. EXTERIOR - BUILDING PORCH - 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Perez is firing away at a PATROL CAR that's finally answered the alarm.  
The two COPS fire at Perez with their .38s.  
Their bullets hitting all around Perez.  
Perez -- laughing -- seems impervious. No match for Perez.  
They can't hit him. His blood lust rising.  
He hits both cops with well placed shots.  
They go down.  
Perez moves on.

201. EXT - AN APARTMENT BALCONY ON 2nd FLOOR - DAY

Perez sees one of his guys moving by the open door of an APARTMENT.  
2ND floor balcony over a court.  
A MAN and his WIFE lash out at the guy with a baseball bat.  
He goes down.  
Two more punks run by and throw a molotov cocktail into their apartment.  
WHOOOSH -- the place goes up in flames.  
The couple comes running out. Screaming.  
Perez gets a shot in at them.  
Hits the man in the leg as they run away.  
The man goes down.  
Like shooting rabbits.  
Perez moves on.  
Looking for Kersey.

202. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Kersey looking for Perez.

Sliding along some store fronts.  
Staying out of the line of fire.

ANGEL -- positioned in the alley has a clear shot at Kersey.  
Waiting -- poised -- a rifle in his hands.  
Angel sights -- ready to shoot.

203. INTERIOR - APARTMENT FACING ALLEY - WINDOW - DAY

Rodriguez -- with shotgun -- sees Angel through the window... aiming at Kersey.  
Angel's five feet away. Never sees Rodriguez.  
Rodriguez raises his shotgun.

RODRIGUEZ  
Die, you cocksucker.

KA-BLAMM -- Rodriguez fires.

204. EXTERIOR - ALLEY - OUTSIDE - DAY

The window explodes out -- and takes Angel with it.

From across the street, Kersey sees Angel on the ground.  
Kersey nods to the window -- Keeps moving.

205. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Rodriguez comes out of the building.  
Re-loaded.  
He's immediately pinned down.

205. CONTINUED:

Rodriguez hugs the ground.  
Kersey sees where the fire is coming from.  
A creep on a roof -- 6 stories up -- and a block away.  
Kersey sights the Wildey.  
The creep a small figure at this distance.  
Kersey fires -- once.  
The creep is knocked down -- topples off the building.  
Rodriguez waves to Kersey -- good shot.

CUT TO:

206. PEREZ

From 2 stories up, he spots Kersey -- coming.  
Perez motions for one of his guys to work around  
behind Kersey.  
The guy moves across two rooftops as Kersey moves  
forward.  
Perez opens up at Kersey.

207. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Kersey's wedged into a narrow space.  
A wall in front protecting him from Perez's bullets  
flying overhead.  
Kersey sticks his head up -- a barrage of shots force him down.  
No way back -- no way forward.  
Just then -- fragments of concrete start kicking up  
between Kersey's legs.  
The other kid has worked around -- 4 stories up --  
and is pumping rounds at Kersey.  
Kersey's arms and shoulders are wedged -- he can't turn  
around to fire back.  
Pinned -- all he can do is look.  
The kid takes dead aim -- ready to squeeze off a killing  
shot.  
Kersey's had it. He takes a deep breath.  
Suddenly -- a GUNSHOT.  
The rifle flies from the kids hands -- and he's blown off  
the roof.

STRYKER

(shouts across the  
alley)

I owed you that one, dude.

Kersey grins to see Stryker lowering his .357 magnum.  
Stryker sends two more rounds at Perez's position.  
Perez retreats.  
Kersey gets back to his feet.

CUT TO:

208. WIDER SHOT -

Stryker and Kersey going down the street now -- on opposite sides of the street -- in tandem -- like two old GUNSLINGERS... taking out punks all over the place.

209. Firing and reloading.

Cutting a swath down 178th Street.  
One covering the other.

210. A molotov cocktail crashes onto the sidewalk from a building on Stryker's side.

Stryker runs out and fires up.  
The kid returns the fire. -- ducks back.  
Kersey can't get a shot.  
The guy pops up and takes two more shots at Stryker.

211. Stryker runs down the sidewalk and climbs into an open, first floor window.

212. INTERIOR - APARTMENT OF BLACK FAMILY - DAY

A Black family trying to stay alive.  
Stryker's in the middle of the living room with a .357 magnum.  
A TEENAGE kid is ready to help.

TEENAGE KID

(to Stryker)

He's on the roof. Let's go get him.

STRYKER

(growls)

Hold it, Cochise.

(looks around)

Where are the stairs?

The kid points.

Stryker heads out into the hall.

213. INT. /EXT - STAIRS TO ROOF AND ROOF IN APT. BLDG - DAY

Stryker at the top of the stairs -- at the door to the roof.  
Throws the door open -- steps out.  
The punk turns and shoots.  
Stryker shoots. The punk goes down.  
The kid's bullet has left a hole in the door frame a half inch from Stryker's groin.  
He looks at the bullet hole -- shakes his head -- and goes back downstairs.

CUT TO:

214. EXTERIOR - STREET - WITH COPS FIRING - DAY

COPS are firing -- from behind patrol cars  
 at the ends of the streets.  
 TWO CREEPS suddenly appear on a balcony.  
 Start shooting at the cops.  
 The cops answer with a fusilade of bullets.  
 The two creeps go down.

215. EXTERIOR - ALLEY WITH MOTORCYCLE CREEPS - DAY

The two MOTORCYCLE CREEPS come racing up the alley.  
 Full bore --  
 Some shots being fired at them.  
 They look back -- then forward and SEE -- too late  
 the length of CHAIN someone's stretched across  
 the alley.  
 Neck level.  
 THUNK -- THUNK -- they fly off their bikes.  
 The cycles go down in a shower of metal and sparks.  
 Two NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS run out -- and grab their guns.  
 One of them is the Black kid who gave Kersey the salute  
 on the street.  
 The two teenage kids see another punk come running up  
 the alley.  
 He sees them.  
 Shoots.  
 They shoot.  
 He goes down.  
 The two kids move on.

216. INTERIOR - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

From his hospital bed, Bennett can see smoke over 178th Street  
 -- and HEAR the gunshots -- and SIRENS.  
 He pounds on the mattress, happy but frustrated.

CUT TO:

217. EXTERIOR - BACK ALLEY WITH COP CAR CHASING CREEPS - DAY

A cop car chasing a creep between apartment buildings.  
 The creep turns and fires twice at the cop car ,  
 then starts to climb into an apartment window -- waving his gun.  
 Smashes the window with his gun -- starts to climb in.  
 SURPRISE -- KA-THUMP -- a spring-loaded booby trap  
 BOARD crashes forward -- a KNIFE mounted on its end.  
 A startled expression on the punks face as he's thrown  
 backward. Mortally wounded.  
 Someone comes out -- and takes his gun.

CUT TO:

218. EXTERIOR - FRONT OF BUILDING - DAY

Two creeps start to run into a building.  
A volley of shots from the residents inside cuts them down.

219. Kersey -- on the street -- sees it. Smiles.  
The REVOLT is beginnning.

Kersey 's Wildey goes -- CLICK. Empty.

220. Perez sees it happen.  
Starts to close on Kersey -- quickly.  
Kersey moves back -- toward 210 E. 178th street.  
Heading for his apartment.

221. Perez heads for it too.  
Running across rooftops.  
Stryker sees him.  
Starts toward the building too.

222. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kersey comes in. Heads for the ammo.

223. EXTERIOR - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Perez -- gun drawn -- is sneaking down the fire escape  
outside Kersey's window.

224. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Perez slips, quietly, into the apartment.  
Kersey has his back to him.  
Loading the .38 Special.  
Easy shot for Perez.  
He raises his gun -- points it at Kersey's head.

STRYKER

Dude..!

Styker fires from the doorway.  
Hits Perez.  
Perez turns and fires at Stryker.  
Kersey whirls around -- and empties the .38 into Perez.  
The smoke clears.  
Perez is down.  
SO is Styker -- still holding his gun.  
Kersey looks at Perez -- across the room -- and goes  
to Stryker.

224. CONTINUED:

Kersey looks.  
Stryker's bleeding -- the side of his white shirt  
going red.

KERSEY

How bad is it?

STRYKER

(looks; manages a grin)

He nicked me.

KERSEY

I'll get help.

Kersey goes back to the desk.  
His back to Perez.  
Picks up the phone.  
Perez -- stands up!

Kersey doesn't see him.  
Perez levels his gun at Stryker.  
Stryker freezes.

PEREZ

Hey, Kersey!

Kersey freezes.  
Kersey's face goes grim.

Holds out the body armor -- Kevlar -- between his fingers.

PEREZ

(laughs)

Bulletproof, asshole. Just like  
you.

(Kersey doesn't move)

Stay just like that.

Perez switches his gun barrel -- pointing back and forth  
between Kersey -- and Stryker.  
Stryker ready to reach for his gun.  
Kersey -- tense -- back to Perez.

STRYKER

(a beat)

You can't have us both.

PEREZ

(cocks his gun; grins)

Bet me.

224. CONTINUED:

Perez turns -- for just a moment -- to Stryker.  
 In that moment -- Kersey -- BEGINS A TURN. Almost Slow-motion.  
 Faces Perez -- his arm coming up as he does.  
 Something in his hand... a weapon.  
 The AR 114 --

The expression on Perez seeing it.  
 Kersey PULLS the TRIGGER.  
 Perez fires --  
 The BLAST from the AR 114 knocks Kersey down.  
 KRASSSSH-BOOOOM.

225. When Kersey looks up.  
 There's no Perez.  
 There's no wall on the second floor.  
 The shell has taken the wall -- and Perez with it.  
 Out into the vacant lot next door.  
 Perez is in a hundred pieces.... and partly down the block.  
  
 Stryker's staring at the open wall -- blood splattered  
 on it.  
 There's a shoe left over.

STRYKER  
 (nasty grin)  
 You got the son-of-a bitch.

Kersey stares out the GAPING hole.

CUT TO:

226. EXTERIOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

From a HIGH ANGLE -- looking down at the second floor  
 apartment -- the wall missing.  
 Kersey and Stryker -- minatures inside.

All around the neighborhood -- the shooting STOPS.  
 Silence falls over area.

227. A helicopter circling overhead.  
 Black smoke drifting up.

228. EXTERIOR - STREET - DAY

Punks and residents -- faced off.  
 Both armed.  
 The punks are about to walk down the sidewalk -- they hesitate.  
 A wordless stare from the armed neighbors.  
 The punks turn and walk around the long way.

229. INTERIOR - KERSEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stryker's sitting up -- leaning against a wall.  
The sound of closing RESCUE vehicles and ambulances.

A moment between them.

KERSEY

They'll be here in a few minutes.

Stryker nods -- looking exhausted.  
Two spent warriors.

STRYKER

That's about the time you've got.  
(a less nasty grin)

Get out of here, dude.

(looks at the  
missing wall)

I'll buy you a few minutes.

(Kersey hesitates)

Get going. They'll be after you.

Kersey nods.

Leaves.

230. EXTERIOR - 177th STREET - DAY

Kersey leaving the area.  
Cops flooding in -- going by him.

Kersey sees the Black Kid -- and Rodriguez -- together  
at the end of the block.

They nod.

Kersey nods.

A salute of the eyes.

They go back into the neighborhood.

Kersey goes on his way.

THE END