"MAGNUM FORCE"

(Formerly Titled ".44 Magnum")

by

Michael Cimino

REVISED FINAL
3/5/73

4/18/73

"MAGNUM FORCE" -- REVISED FINAL

NOTE: Wherever the name Frank Imperial appears, change the name to Frank Palancio.

Whenever the name Imperial Warehouse or Imperial Products appears, change name to Palancio Warehouse or Palancio Products.

FADE IN:

1. INT. COURT CORRIDOR SAN FRANCISCO DAY

We SEE a crowded court corridor. NEWSMEN and CAMERA CREWS pack in front of the doors to the courtroom and SECURITY POLICE are having a hard time holding them back.

ANNOUNCER
(o.s.)
Today a little after three o'clock -- the Apellate Court acquitted Union Leader and alleged racketeer Carmine 'Bubby' Ricca.

The doors open - Police file out - Flashbulbs pop all over the place - REPORTERS AND PLAINCLOTHESMEN crowd in on RICCA - a big, handsome-looking man, powerfully built. He has a Mafia style appearance - as does his ATTORNEY, a slick, hard-faced shark, and his BODYGUARDS, tough Union hitters and scab busters.

Reporters, trying to push in closer, are scuffling with the Bodyguards and the Police.

ANNOUNCER
(o.s.; continuing)
Ricca, being arraigned on charges of complicity in the murder of Labor Reformer Anthony Scarza and his family was released after ten days of testimony on lack of admissable evidence - Ricca's attorney - Nat Weinstein - was seemingly not surprised very much by the decision.

The CAMERA CLOSE ON the ATTORNEY is being knocked around in the scuffling.

ATTORNEY
(SHOUTING OVER the NOISE)
I don't know why they waste the tax-payers' money! This whole thing was an arbitrary attack on a legitimate businessman...

A Press camera suddenly flies up into the air.

A REPORTER drops to the floor clutching his groin. He is MOANING with pain and being trampled underfoot in all the confusion.

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)
ANOTHER REPORTER bulls his way in alongside Ricca.

REPORTER
(as best he can)
Have you any comment, Mr. Ricca?

RICCA
What?

REPORTER
(louder)
Any comment, Mr. Ricca?

RICCA
Comment? Yeah - their minds are dead!

Ricca laughs and puts his arm around his Attorney who starts laughing.

ATTORNEY
(leaning into CAMERA)
I think what Mr. Ricca means is that he is happy with the decision!

ANNOUNCER
(o.s.)
Prosecuting Attorney James Estabrook was not very happy.

We SEE more people emerge into the glare of television lights - among them ESTABROOK, a tired-looking, conservative man. His face holds a helpless expression of frustration and despair.

ESTABROOK
(grim)
This is not the first time this has happened. It will probably happen again. I have nothing more to say at this time.

1A. EXT. COURTHOUSE AND STREET DAY

The sidewalks are lined with Police barricades and overflowing with angry "Rank and File" Union DEMONSTRATORS. As Ricca comes out, a ROAR of purest hatred surges through the crowd. Some of the demonstrators are waving picket signs with the word: "KILLER" crudely lettered on them.

ANNOUNCER
(o.s.)
There was a battle outside the courtroom between labor demonstrators

(CONTINUED)

1A (Cont.)

ANNOUNCER (Cont.)
(o.s.)
and Police... The dissidents protesting the court's decision were barely kept under control.

Ricca stands for a moment listening to the crowd. His smile never wavers. He holds up a two-fingered victory salute, in the manner of politicians, and heads for his limousine waiting at the curb, as now:

The nearest DEMONSTRATORS bolt the barricades, hammering their fists on the limousine as it pulls out.

REPORTER
(OVER the NOISE to a Demonstrator)
Sir? -- Sir? -- What do you think of the court's decision here today?

DEMONSTRATOR
(furiously)
You want to know what I think? I'll tell you what I think!
(shouting)
Fuck the courts! -- That's what I think! They already wasted too much time worrying about the rights of killers on the streets!

He begins swearing violently - the SOUND BLEEPS OUT - as OVER the Demonstrators' raging dumb-show, the CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING:

1B. INT. McCOY APARTMENT DAY

A television set against the wall of a darkened apartment. On top of the television is a framed picture of a uniformed Police Officer - a rugged, good-looking man. He is CHARLIE McCOY, although we do not know this yet. He is smiling broadly, and his uniform is decorated with commendation ribbons clear up to the shoulder.

The FRAME WIDENS TO INCLUDE trophies and framed marksmanship medals -- then a police service revolver lying on a table. It is half out of its holster next to a police motorcycle helmet gleaming in the flickering television light. Suddenly a man's hand grabs it all up. We HEAR the SOUND of a DOOR opening - momentarily it slams shut with a loud BANG.

2. EXT. HIGHWAY TO AIRPORT DAY

Following the highway alongside the airport, a black limousine bores along.

3. EXT. LIMOUSINE HIGHWAY DAY

In the car are Ricca - his Attorney and a BODYGUARD and DRIVER. They are all quiet. The Driver notices something in the rear-view mirror.

DRIVER
Cop.

Ricca and the others turn around. Sure enough - a lone motorcycle is pursuing them - it's red light flashing.

The Driver mutters in disgust.

Ricca leans forward and hits him in the back of the head with the heel of his hand.

DRIVER
(continuing)
I'm driving this thing like a baby carriage, Carmine!

4. EXT. HIGHWAY DAY

The motorcycle pulls up behind the limousine. The limousine slows and pulls onto the shoulder.

The MOTORCYCLE OFFICER gets off and walks up to the limousine with his ticket pad out, but we cannot make out his face for the glare of the sun. There are very few cars on the highway and they flash by only occasionally.

The Driver's eyes are fixed on the side view mirror, watching the Officer approach - his face is cut from view.

The Officer comes up to the Driver. The Driver stares menacingly at him for a moment. The Officer indicates with a small gesture of the fingers to roll down the window. It lowers electronically. The Driver spits outside contemptuously.

OFFICER
(ignoring this last)
May I see your driver's license, please, sir?

DRIVER
(fiercely)
Do you know who that is sitting back there?

OFFICER
I'll still have to see your driver's license, sir.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

DRIVER
I'll have to find it.

He deliberately searches through all of his pockets, knowing where it is the whole time.

OFFICER
Do you know why you're being stopped?

The Attorney leans forward in his seat.

ATTORNEY
(evenly)
Yes, we know, Officer, and you're making a big mistake.

OFFICER
You crossed over a double line back there.

ATTORNEY
Whatever you say, Officer.

It is killing him to remain cool. It is killing all of them. The Bodyguard's eyelids flicker. The Driver starts to hand over his license.

DRIVER
I just happened to find it, Officer.

The Officer takes it - goes back to his motorcycle and starts writing out the ticket. There is the usual CRACKLE of police broadcasts on his radio. He checks the license against his hot sheet.

DRIVER
(continuing)
That's right, Simple Simon - see if it's stolen!

The Officer continues writing the ticket.

RICCA
(quietly)
I want this bastard busted out of his job.

The Officer finishes the ticket, brings it back, glancing in the rear at Ricca.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.1)

OFFICER
Is this car registered to you?

DRIVER
(indicating Ricca)
To him --

OFFICER
I'll have to see the registration.

DRIVER
Gimme my license back!

The Officer moves to give it to him and his other hand comes up from his waist with a .357 Magnum. There is no hesitation - the GUN BLASTS.

The Driver's hand twitches, still holding the license, his head slumps down, blood all over the back of it.

The Men in back are all frozen for a moment; staring dumbfounded. Their faces hold shock and before they can react -

The Officer jams the gun in the window - the SHOTS are incredibly quick, FIRED doubled action, their SOUND MUFFLED in the car. The Officer calmly withdraws the gun and holsters it.

It is dead quiet save for the SOUND of the MOTORCYCLE'S ENGINE idling. The Driver's hand still daintily holds the license with a big black hole in it.

The Officer returns to his motorcycle, mounts and rides.

TITLES:

5- OMITTED.
6.

7. EXT. DINER FILLMORE DISTRICT DAY

A crowded dirty street corner - INSPECTOR HARRY CALAHAN comes out of the diner, carrying a greasy paper bag and a container of coffee. He crosses the street, heading for an unmarked Police car on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)
A BLACK DETECTIVE is sitting behind the wheel eating an apple. He is of indeterminate age - has a Genghis Khan moustache, usually over the top of a smile. All in all, he looks like a handsome, good-natured pirate. He is INSPECTOR EARLY SMITH.

Harry gets in. Early FIRES the IGNITION. They pull out into an area full of junkies, winos and rats.

Harry, eyes on the street, unwraps a hamburger and begins wolfing down ravenously, not even tasting it.

Early gives Harry a sidelong look of disapproval - grunts.

Harry stops in mid-bite, noticing.

HARRY
(irritated)
What's the matter with you?

EARLY
You eat like that all the time?

HARRY
(cold)
More often than not. Why?

EARLY
You shoot <u>good</u>! But you sure <u>eat</u> like shit!

Harry just looks at him - takes another huge bite - wads the rest of it up in the paper bag. Early watches it all out of the corners of his eyes. Harry throws the bag over the seat onto the floor in back. Early reacts, retrieving the bag and depositing it in a litter bag by him.

EARLY
(continuing; sardonic)
Is that why they call you 'Dirty Harry?'

Harry's face tightens. He is about to reply when he notices something across the street.

8. <u>OMITTED</u>.

9. EXT. STREET DAY

A young, lanky BLACK DUDE, all legs and cool, is just coming along, walking fast and holding a dozen or more shirts in front of him - pressed against his chest. Three other BLACK DUDES are with him.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

HARRY
Slow down!

EARLY
Hold it - these are brothers -
Let me handle this.

Early slows and moves out of the car, cutting through the traffic toward the curb.

The Dude, smelling Cop, quickens his pace.

Harry opens his coffee, watching Early's play from the car.

EARLY
(continuing; calm)
Police Officer - hold it.

The Dude breaks into a dead run.

EARLY
(continuing)
I said hold it, brother!

The Dude stops - disgusted.

Early comes up to him, walking fast. He flashes his wallet and badge.

The Dude's FRIENDS gather around. They are all carrying umbrellas and canes, flashing disparaging looks at Early.

EARLY
(continuing)
You have a receipt for those shirts?

Hostile LAUGHTER.

DUDE
(grins; playing to his friends)
Damn! I just threw it away! I don't keep receipts, you know. You keep your receipts?

Malicious ridicule.

9 (Cont.1)

EARLY
What do I look like to you - some kind of new man? Would you fellows be good enough to let me know where you got those shirts?

Now the young blacks draw in close.

EARLY
Look here brothers, let's be smart.

DUDE
Don't bother me, you Uncle Tom mother-fukker.

ONE OF GANG
Yeah - You black honkie!

Harry comes up behind them, walking easy.

HARRY
Hold it a second.
(to Dude)
Come here for a second, kid.
(grabs Dude by arm)

DUDE
Fuck off pig!

HARRY
Just a minute. I just want to ask you something in private.

He puts his arm around the Dude's shoulders. Escorts him into alley.

DUDE
Hey man! Get your hands off me!

10. EXT. ALLEY DAY

Harry snaps his hand out and grabs the Dude by the throat and so hard he can't scream. The Dude is gagging, crushing the shirts in his hands without realizing it, but still not letting go of them.

HARRY
Look you little punk - If I ever hear you call a police officer a 'pig' again - I'll squeeze your fucking eyes out. You understand, asshole?

10A. EXT. STREET

CUT TO Early and the three gang members. Early is trying to extract information in a courteous but firm manner. Gang member #2 and his cohorts are trying to shove past Early to see if their leader needed help.

#2 GANG MEMBER
What's that white-ass pig doin' to him?

EARLY
Nothing. Just cool it. What else were you into besides the shirts?

#1 GANG MEMBER
Told you. We didn't steal nuthin'.

EARLY
Okay, let's check the story out.

Early starts to lead them -- they resist.

#3 GANG MEMBER
We're tellin' you man, he gave 'em to us....

11. EXT. STREET DAY

Outside of alley, Early is intellectualizing the dudes. Harry comes around corner of alley with arm still around the Dude.

HARRY
Now George here tells me that the shirts come from Greenblatts Clothing around the block. Come on.

Early is definitely stunned.

EARLY
Aren't we gonna take them in?

HARRY
(to kids)
Get lost.
(to Early)
Hell no, we're on homicide.

Early is still stunned.

EARLY
What did you do to that kid anyway?

HARRY
I told him I was the president of the NAACP.

Harry throws the shirts onto the back seat of the car and takes his container of coffee from the roof. At the same time, a call CRACKLES over the radio.

VOICE
(o.s.; excited)
21 to Headquarters! 21 to Headquarters! I found a group of four DOA's up here on Freeway 280. Notify the Bureau!

HEADQUARTERS
(o.s.; cool)
Where exactly are you on 280?

VOICE
(o.s.)
Near the 6th Street on ramp. Four DOA's!

HARRY
Four! Come on - we'll pass by.

Harry walks around to the driver's side - gets in behind the wheel. Early slides in on the other side, disturbed.

EARLY
That's not for us! You know that!

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

HARRY
Look, I didn't ask for you, Smith. You don't have to stay on with me if you don't have the stomach for it.

EARLY
(trying a lighter shift of tone)
I always make it a rule to take care of my stomach! I know something about living.

HARRY
(thin edge of scorn but he is also serious)
Maybe so. But I can tell you a thing or two about dying!

12. EXT. FREEWAY DAY

The limousine of the late Mr. Ricca is already surrounded with police cars and trucks. Uniformed COPS and white-smocked LAB TECHNICIANS are all over the place. Harry's unmarked car pulls up to the security cordon and stops. A COP recognizing Harry waves them through.

COP
(calling out)
Hello, Harry. This your case?

Harry just waves. They stop a short distance from the limousine. Harry gets out followed by Early. The doors of the limousine are opened wide. A bespectaled LAB TECHNICIA is working in there around the bodies. There is still wet blood on the seats. Harry comes up from behind and pokes his head inside. Early hangs back uneasily.

HARRY
Hello, Walter.

The Lab Technician adjusts his glasses and turns around.

LAB TECHNICIAN
(surprised)
Hello, Harry. What are you doing out here?

Harry just stares over the dead men - recognizing them.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

HARRY
It couldn't have happened to a nicer bunch of people.

The Technician's eyes suddenly drop. He resumes his work.

VOICE
(o.s.)
Looks like somebody saved the taxpayers a lot of money, doesn't it?

Harry turns around. A tall man is coming up to him. He is DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT NEIL BRIGGS. He is a man perhaps a little older than Harry. A career officer. He is not at all pleased to see Harry there and when they speak, we become aware of an antagonism which seems all the stronger for its being suppressed.

BRIGGS
(continuing)
Callahan, what are you doing here? You're on loan to stake-out.

HARRY
(cool)
I had nothing hot on today and besides I was close.

BRIGGS
(outraged)
Close! Callahan, you get your lying ass in gear and get the hell back to that stake-out squad! Anything else, you call it in!

HARRY
(unmoving)
Who do you think did it, Briggs?

BRIGGS
(shouting)
Look, you're on loan to stake-out, Callahan.

Everyone turns around.

HARRY
(evenly)
You saw to that.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.1)

BRIGGS
(controlling himself)
I got nothing personal against you Callahan -- but we can't have the public crying police brutality every time you go out on the street.

HARRY
You're gonna need me on this one, Briggs. I've seen a lot of guys shot. The joker who did this job was very good.

BRIGGS
You'd sure be the one to know.

HARRY
(needling)
I just work for the city, Briggs.

BRIGGS
(furious)
So do I! Longer than you and I never had to take my gun out of its holster once! I'm proud of that!

HARRY
You're a good man, Briggs.
(parting shot)
A good man always knows his limitations.

Briggs' anger is almost perfectly suppressed. Only his eyes suggest that he has been hit, but it is enough for Harry to read him. Briggs turns around and stalks away, knocking into Early,but says nothing to him. Early breathes a sigh of relief, comes up to Harry, shaking his head.

The Lab Technician climbs out of the car. He has various pieces of evidence in plastic bags on a tray -on top of it is the driver's license.

HARRY
(continuing)
What's that, Walter?

12 (Cont.2)

LAB TECHNICIAN
A driver's license - with a bullet hole in it.

HARRY
That's what it is?

LAB TECHNICIAN
It doesn't look at all like the usual gangster crap, does it?
(confidentially)
Briggs has his nose up his ass tonight!

HARRY
(joking, but serious)
Maybe that's where he thinks his promotion is.

LAB TECHNICIAN
(laughs)
Yeah - Later, you guys.

Harry gives the limousine a last quizzical look.

EARLY
What's between you and Briggs anyway?

HARRY
Jealousy. This is the kind of job I should be on and he knows it. They all know it. It's just a question of time.

They come past a group of uniformed policemen changing money. One of them grins at Early.

COP
Hey, Early, you want to get in on this?

EARLY
(disquieted)
What the hell is that about?

HARRY
(matter-of-fact)
They're giving odds on how long you stay alive working with me.

Harry steps up to the car and gets in behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.3)

Early stands transfixed a moment, watching the money changing hands, then he pulls open his door and gets inside, his face holds shock and wonder. Harry fires the ignition.

EARLY
You're kidding?

HARRY
I'm used to it now.
(a little maliciously)
Maybe I should put a side bet down myself.

Harry starts backing out.

EARLY
(abrasive)
You have a regular quota or something?

HARRY
More or less.

As they turn - Early keeps an eye on the money changing hands. He inhales a deep breath as the car gains the highway.

12A. EXT. CAR HIGHWAY DAY

The miles of fence bordering the airport whip by now as Harry moves the car into the far left lane.

12B. INT. CAR DAY

EARLY
(abruptly)
How long did your last partner go?

HARRY
(flat)
Two weeks.

EARLY
(to no one in particular)
God damn!

(CONTINUED)

12B (Cont.)

HARRY
(grins)
He's still alive. He's a college teacher now.
(pauses)
You have another trade, Smith?

EARLY
(sharp)
No! Do you?

HARRY
(thoughtfully)
No, but Bill MacKenzie does.

EARLY
Who's Bill MacKenzie?

HARRY
A retired homicide detective. Makes the best burgers in town... Runs a snack stand at the airport. Hungry?

EARLY
(incredulous)
Hungry? How can you be hungry after seeing what you just saw?

HARRY
(innocently)
Seeing what?

12C. EXT. HIGHWAY AND AIRPORT ENTRANCE DAY

The car pulls off and heads to the airport building in the background.

12D. INT. AIRPORT AT SNACK STAND DAY

We are CLOSE on a hamburger as a hand comes IN AND LIFTS IT OUT OF FRAME as we PULL BACK to reveal Harry beginning to wolf down the hamburger as Early and BILL MacKENZIE watch.

MacKENZIE
So Ricca finally bought it. Maybe there's hope for the world yet.
(to Early)
Sure you won't have anything? The chili and garlic bread are the special today.

(CONTINUED)

12D (Cont.)

EARLY
(a little queasy)
No, no - I don't feel like a thing.

Throughout the conversation Harry has become increasingly distracted by something o.s. CUT TO P.O.V. - a large group of highly agitated executives and security guards.

MacKENZIE
(continuing to Harry)
In broad daylight and at close range, huh? Musta looked like ripe melons.

This is too much for Early. He has to turn away from the counter and the sight and smell of the food. Harry puts down his half eaten burger, wipes his mouth and starts to move off. Early begins to follow, puzzled.

MacKENZIE
(turned back doing something)
Yeah, I can remember the Floyd case, got it with an axe during the rush hour...
(noticing Harry's departure)
Hey, how about some cream pie?

12E. INT. AIRPORT AT SECURITY GATE DAY

Various airline personnel are gathered around TWO nicely dressed EXECUTIVE MEN all trying to talk at once. They are highly agitated and we catch various scraps of dialogue such as: "...There seem to be two...," "250,000 in twenties... etc., as Harry and Early approach from the b.g.

EXECUTIVE #1
(nervous, impatient)
What's taken them so long? They said they'd get here in 15 minutes... And where's the pilot?

EXECUTIVE #2
(to Security Guard)
I still don't understand, Phil. How did they get by you?

HARRY
(interrupting)
Excuse me, you having a problem here?

(CONTINUED)

12E (Cont.)

EXECUTIVE #2
(short)
I'm sorry sir, will you excuse us! Someone over at the main counter will help you.
(turning back to Phil)
What did they say?

HARRY
(displaying badge)
I'm a police officer.

EXECUTIVE #1
Thank God. We've got two hijackers aboard our Detroit flight. They want $250,000...we've got that... and an overseas pilot -- we're waiting for him and the F.B.I.

HARRY
(musing)
An overseas pilot?

12F. EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL AND LOADING AREA DAY

We open CLOSE on the cap of an OVERSEAS PILOT CAPTAIN and PULL BACK TO REVEAL Harry is wearing it and a complete pilot's uniform. He is carrying a briefcase and walking toward a jetliner in the b.g.

12G. INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL AT WINDOW DAY

Early is watching the departing Harry. He is incredulous.

12H. EXT. LOADING AREA DAY

Harry approaches the ramp leading to the jetliner and runs up it two steps at a time. At the top he pounds on the closed cabin door which opens almost immediately, admits him and snaps shut again.

12-I. INT. PLANE PASSENGER AREA DAY

As Harry steps in, he is confronted by one of the Hijackers pointing a small caliber pistol at him. The briefcase is roughly grabbed from him and opened by the Hijacker revealing it is stuffed with currency.

(CONTINUED)

12-I (Cont.)

HARRY
Shall we count it?

HIJACKER #1
(gesturing toward cockpit with gun)
You just fly this mother -- NOW!

Harry is shoved down the aisle past seated terrified passengers and a couple of frightened - but puzzled - stewardesses who react to Harry in the Captain's uniform.

12J. INT. COCKPIT AREA DAY

Harry and the Hijacker enter to be confronted by the Second Hijacker carrying a large automatic. The Co-pilot and Engineer are already in their seats. The First Hijacker immediately returns to the passenger section.

HIJACKER #2
(to Harry)
All right. Get this thing up.

Harry seats himself in the pilot's seat and immediately puts the head set on -- backwards. The Co-pilot reacts puzzled.

HARRY
(looking back)
Where to?

HIJACKER #2
(jabbing automatic into Harry's neck)
Get us up! I'll tell ya where to when we're up!

HARRY
(cheerfully, to Co-pilot)
You heard the men, put us in take-off position.

The Co-pilot looks increasingly puzzled but starts the plane to the runway position while Harry fiddles with various charts, logs, etc., all the while observing the Co-pilot's use of the throttle, flaps, brakes and other gear.

12K. EXT. RUNWAY AND PLANE DAY

The plane is maneuvering down the runway into position.

12L. INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL AT WINDOW DAY

Early is thunderstruck at seeing the plane departing.

12M. INT. PLANE PASSENGER SECTION DAY

The passengers are sitting rigid with fear as the stewardesses move down the aisle rendering what comfort and reassurance they can. The first hijacker is at the tail end of the aisle with his pistol levelled toward them.

12N. INT. CONTROL TOWER AREA DAY

All personnel are watching the departing plane as one speaks into a phone.

CONTROLLER
That's right, Captain, we were lucky enough to have one of your men here. He's on board now, an Inspector Callahan.

12-O. INT. POLICE CAR DAY

The red light and SIREN are going full blast as Briggs and the driver race toward the airport.

BRIGGS
Callahan!!! Get that maniac away from that plane!

12P. INT. COCKPIT DAY

The co-pilot and engineer continue to maneuver into take-off position. They are still puzzled by Harry's pre-flight procedures. All the while the Hijacker has his gun at Harry's head.

12Q. INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL AT WINDOW DAY

Briggs runs up and joins a stunned Early watching the plane reach its take-off position. Other police, armed with rifles and shotguns arrive, along with the airline personnel

BRIGGS
(incredulous)
What the hell is he doing?

12R. INT. COCKPIT DAY

The Co-pilot brings the plane into position for take-off and then, with the Engineer, turns to Harry questioningly:

HIJACKER #2
(jabbing Harry)
MOVE IT.

Harry looks to the co-pilot and engineer, smiles and pushes forward on the throttles as he takes the wheel.

HARRY
(smiling)
RIGHT!

12S. EXT. RUNWAY DAY

The plane begins to move foward down the runway, motors ROARING.

12T. INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL AT WINDOW DAY

Briggs is wild, Early mesmerized, the airline personnel panicky.

BRIGGS
I don't believe this.
(to airline execs.)
Stop him! Block the runway.

12U. INT. PASSENGER SECTION DAY

The passengers and stewardesses are all white-knuckling their arm-rests as the plane gains momentum. The First Hijacker is hanging on to a seat at the end of the aisle.

12V. INT. COCKPIT DAY

Harry is going through all the motions of take-off but something is not quit right. Finally the co-pilot can wait no longer and leans over to Harry YELLING above the engine roa

CO-PILOT
Excuse me, Captain. This may sound silly, but -- CAN YOU FLY???

HARRY
(cheerfully)
NO!

(CONTINUED)

12V (Cont.)
QUICK CUTS of stunned reactions of Co-pilot and Engineer and Hijacker. At that moment Harry stands on the brakes and pulls the throttles back hurling the Second Hijacker across the instrument panel. Harry pulls his .44 Magnum from his coat and clubs him senseless while spinning around to the exit to the passenger section.

12W. INT. PASSENGER SECTION DAY

The passengers and stewardesses, although pitched forward in their seats, are still held safely in place by their seat belts. The FIRST HIJACKER, however, goes flying halfway down the aisle as Harry enters. Several passengers unfasten their belts in panic and jump into the aisle blocking Harry from the Hijacker. During this diversion the Hijacker beats a retreat.

HARRY
(to passengers)
Sit down, Goddammit!

They quickly clear just as the Hijacker snaps off a wild SHO and ducks into a rest room pulling the door closed behind him. Harry blasts off two SHOTS the length of the plane int the rest room door - almost caving it in. There is a beat then the door slowly falls off its hinges, dropping a very dead Hijacker out into the aisle.

12X. EXT. PLANE AND RUNWAY DAY

Police cars, fire trucks, and other rescue equipment come SCREAMING up. Briggs, Early and others pile out. The police ring the plane, shotguns and rifles pointed toward it slowly the plane cabin door swings open revealing Harry in his Captain's uniform.

HARRY
What? No basket of fruit?

Briggs is speechless, Early stunned.

13. EXT. PARKING AREA POLICE BUILDING NIGHT

Harry, wearing a nylon windbreaker, gets out of his civilia car carrying a bag of pistol equipment. He comes past the Traffic Division's lines of motorcycles and cars all gleamin under the outdoor lights now. Suddenly, a car backs out of its parking place. Harry is directly in the way. Harry, skillfully catapults himself onto the back end of the car, holding for all its worth, barely avoiding injury.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)
Harry's face holds relief and anger.

The driver is CHARLIE McCOY, the much decorated police officer whose picture we saw on the television set just prior to Ricca's assassination.

The car comes to a stop.

McCoy lurches out of the car as now for the first time we SEE that he is wearing a motorcycle officer's gear. His boots shine in the glare of the lights. He is still a good-looking powerful man, a shade over six feet tall, but getting to be old. He charges blindly at Harry.

HARRY
Hello, Charlie.

McCoy stops abruptly. He takes out a pair of glasses - puts them on. When he sees that it is Harry, he bursts out laughing.

CHARLIE
Harry! You crazy sonofabitch!
I could have killed you!

He grabs Harry in a bear hug, slapping his arms affectionately. It is clear they are old friends. Harry lets go of the other thing for a moment.

CHARLIE
(continuing)
I haven't seen you in a coon's age!

HARRY
I've been meaning to stop by one night.

CHARLIE
I don't live with my old lady anymore, Harry.

HARRY
(surprised)
I'm sorry about that, Charlie. I've been busy, you know how it is.

CHARLIE
Yeah - this was my third time at bat, Harry.

He stands there a moment, abstracted, staring off into the lights on the towers, then he says abruptly:

13 (Cont.1)

CHARLIE
(continuing; wonderingly)
Where does the time go? I'm afraid of time. I know you ten years already! Ever since I come out here. You realize that? You don't look older to me. Do I look older to you?

Harry doesn't care to hear this kind of thing right now.

HARRY
(serious)
Maybe you shouldn't really be out on the street anymore, Charlie.

CHARLIE
(laughs)
We should have put our twenty in the Marines! These days a cop kills a hoodlum on the street -- he might just as well dump the body somewhere -- because those snot-nosed young bastards in the D.A's office will crucify him one way or another. A hood can kill a cop, but let a cop kill a hood --- Am I right?

HARRY
Why don't you take the eary retirement, Charlie?

Charlie leans in closer as if to convey something of utmost secrecy.

CHARLIE
I know you ten years -- I'll tell you something between you and me, Harry.
(fiercely)
I'll never retire! I'm going out fucking -- fucking and fighting! That's about all there is anyway, Harry.
(searchingly)
Am I right?

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.2)

He says all this last with such ferocious desperation that there is no humor whatever in it. He stares at Harry with wonder and fear. Suddenly his helmet rolls off the seat and bounces outside off the pavement.

14. INT. UNDERGROUND PISTOL RANGE NIGHT

A target silhouette of a man with a mask and a gun pops up. Three SHOTS ring out rapid fire. Three hit center shot in the head. The target snaps back down.

15. INT. CORRIDOR UNDERGROUND PISTOL RANGE NIGHT

Harry comes down the ECHOING underground corridor with his bag of pistol equipment. He is visibly disturbed. We HEAR a sudden burst of rapid-fire from the range. Harry puts his head up at the sound. It is clear that he never expected anyone to be there at this hour. It is late at night and the place is usually deserted.

16. INT. RANGE NIGHT

A vast low-ceilinged space -- the targets loom up in pools of light in the pitch black dark at the far end. Four young men turn as one at the SOUND of the door opening. All of them are wearing faded jeans, workshirts, and boots and looking every bit as though they belonged on a college campus somewhere, that is, except for the fact of their shoulder holsters. They are:

RED ASTRACHAN - tall, loose, outgoing.

JOHN GRIMES - intellectual-looking and unobtrusive.

PHIL SWEET - bespectacled, roundish face.

BOB DAVIS - tall, bespectacled, rugged, good-looking, humorous face.

Seeing Harry come in, they all smile.

Harry looks coldly at them, perhaps because of their very style or age as much as anything else.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

HARRY
You boys rookies?

Davis adjusts the wire-rimmed glasses on the bridge of his nose and approaches Harry, extending his hand. Harry ignores it.

DAVIS
(assured)
Yes, sir. Traffic. I'm Patrolman Bob Davis.
(indicating)
That's Phil Sweet, John Grimes and that's Red Astrachan over there. You're Inspector Harry Calahan -- right?

Davis offers his hand. Again, Harry ignores it.

HARRY
That's right. What are you doing here at this hour? You have regular classes for this kind of thing.

GRIMES
You shouldn't be on the street today if you can't shoot well. Killers don't make allowances.

HARRY
(surprised as hell)
Yeah, well I won't fault you there.

He shakes his head with chagrin - goes to the firing line, puts his bag on a stand and pulls out his huge .44 Magnum.

SWEET
Sir, are you shooting in the Combat Championship next week?

16 (Cont.1)

HARRY
I always do. Why?

ASTRACHAN
(grins)
You win every year!

Their humorous good-looking faces are beginning to annoy the hell out of Harry. He continues pulling gear out of his bag.

HARRY
It's sort of become an institution around here.

GRIMES
We've all heard a lot about you.

HARRY
(irritated)
I can't get this place alone any other time.

DAVIS
We'll leave if you want the range to yourself.

For a moment, Harry considers asking them to leave but instead he walks over to a button on the end of a cord and pushes it.

HARRY
I like to set up my own routine.

The targets retract -- new ones APPEAR at different places, turned at angles to make the vital areas even smaller.

The boys all watch interestedly, their shoulder holsters looking even more incongruous on them now.

Harry pops the button again.

The targets retract again.

Harry walks back to the firing line -- loads the cylinder - it locks in place with a smooth CLICK. He takes out a

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.2)

plastic cylinder filled with .44 bullets and places it on the stand.

SWEET
Sir, what kind of a load are you using?

HARRY
(fierce)
If it means anything to you, Sweet, I'm using a light .44 Special -- no recoil and with the weight of this gun, I've got more control than a .357 even with light wad cutters.

Unruffled, Sweet nods his round face matter-of-factly.

Harry puts on a pair of noise suppressing earphones as do the others now. He turns around -- reaching over and presses the starter button. Before the targets are fully up, Harry has wheeled, gun drawn -- left hand bracing -- the GUN ROARS. The noise is deafening.

A target snaps down, center shot.

Harry FIRES double action -- pulling down on the recoil and BLASTING again -- eyes wide -- the gun in front of him -- spitting flame.

Targets are flopping down all over the place.

Harry blasts two final SHOTS -- spins behind the barrier -- has plastic cylinder in left hand.

The targets are all down.

Harry glances at the boys. He hasn't made a dent in them yet and it irritates him. He jams the plastic cylinder down over the gun's cylinder -- spins new cartridges in -- presses the button again and comes out from behind the barrier on one knee BLASTING in unbelievably quick SHOTS.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.3)
All the targets snap down in rapid succession.

The boys are all nodding appreciatively. Harry gets up and puts the smoking Magnum on the stand -- removes his earphones. Sweet's bespectacled face is expressionless.

HARRY
Like to try it, Sweet?

SWEET
No sir, I don't believe I would.

HARRY
Go ahead.
(grins)
You never know what you'll like until you try it once.

He opens the cylinder and hands the huge Magnum to Sweet. Sweet takes hold of the gun. He hefts the weight of it. It is very heavy. He removes his glasses and puts on the earphones.

SWEET
(squinting)
I'm far-sighted.

Sweet loads and holsters the gun. He wipes his hands on his jeans and shakes his arms loose like an Olympic swimmer before a race.

Harry just watches.

Sweet nods to Davis. His eyes come wide open.

Davis presses the button.

Harry's last pattern of targets snaps up.

Sweet's gun whips out of the holster and BLASTS six rapid-fire SHOTS - incredibly fast, almost one long shot. He pulls the smoking gun out of recoil.

All the targets are down.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.4)
Harry is utterly amazed.

Sweet squints three or four times -- his hands moving expertly with the speed loaders.

Davis hits the button again, this time with a slight grin on his face.

Sweet's GUN ROARS drilling all the targets dead center except one.

Everyone pulls off their earphones. Sweet squints at Harry -- handing the gun back, correctly -- cylinder open.

SWEET
It's a little too heavy for me.
I missed one.

HARRY
(unbelieving)
Well, nobody's perfect, Sweet. You didn't learn to shoot like that around here!

SWEET
(puts his glasses on)
Airborne - Rangers - Special Forces.

HARRY
Yeah - well I can see how that might help some. The rest of you guys even close?

SWEET
Grimes is dog nuts - about even with me. Astrachan is a little better. Davis is a lot better.

Grimes smiles. Astrachan punches Grimes in the shoulder.

HARRY
(tone becomes lighter)
Better! You have a sense of style, Sweet. I'll give you that! Better!

Harry just can't restrain himself. He shakes his head and finally he breaks into a big happy grin.

(CONTINUED)

16. (Cont.5)

HARRY
(continuing)
When I get back on my next homicide assignment, you guys come and see me!

Harry extends his hand now and shakes each of their hands. Astrachan takes a poke at Grimes who side-steps and clips his nose, surprising the hell out of him. All of them are laughing and Harry looks easier than we've ever seen him look before, as over their laughter we:

CUT TO:

17. EXT. SUBURBAN ESTATE TIBURON DAY

From a HIGH DISTANCE we SEE, as if through a TELEPHOTO LENS, a huge Georgian mansion, tree shaded and surrounded by a high stone wall, and there is an Olympic-sized pool at one end.

The circular driveway is lined with expensive cars. It is sunny and warm -- various PEOPLE lounge around the pool. Very unassuming except for the fact that the MEN in bathing suits are all wearing street hats. The VOICES and the CLINK of ice cubes barely carry.

A burly heavy-jawed MAN sitting with his legs in the pool removes his hat to wipe sweat from his forehead. Sitting on his head is a gun. He puts the hat back on and drains the last of his drink, crunching the ice in his teeth.

Another dark-looking Italian MAN comes outside with a devastating BLONDE in a very brief bikini. The Man has about him an air of command. The Blonde is strutting around flashing an enormous diamond ring, holding her hand up in the air for everyone to see it better.

The Man greets his friends amiably -- everyone bantering wise cracks as the Blonde climbs onto the diving board. We PULL UP AND BACK REVEALING:

18. EXT. HILLSIDE DAY

A FIGURE on the hillside crouched in shadow in front of us. He is dressed in a police officer's motorcycle gear -- official save for the M16 that he carries along with a satchel charge of plastic explosives hung over his shoulder. The sun glares off his helmet as he unlimbers the satchel. The TWANG of the DIVING BOARD is heard from below.

19. EXT. POOL DAY

CLOSE IN at the pool. Everyone is whistling and hooting, beside themselves with laughter. The Blonde has come up from her dive without her top on and she is clearly enjoying all of the attention.

BLONDE
(shouting)
Come on! Let's all go naked!

MAN
(furious)
Put that goddamned top back on! Hey you guys! Don't look at her! Look at me! I'll kill the first one who looks at her again.

20. EXT. HILLSIDE DAY

OVER the distant SOUND of laughter from below, the Cop pulls a cord in the satchel -- smoke comes out.

He lobs the satchel down -- down a hundred -- two hundred feet until it splashes into the pool -- smoking.

21. EXT. POOL DAY

The Blonde whips around startled at the SPLASH. The men all scramble to their feet -- whipping the guns out from under their hats. Everyone looks up.

22. EXT. HILLSIDE DAY

The Cop levels his M16 -- BLASTING out full automatic.

23. EXT. POOL DAY

Girls SCREAM -- water is kicked up -- windows shatter -- two men crash into the pool -- hats bobbing in the churning water.

The heavy-jawed man SCREAMS and grabs for his legs as they are shot out from under him. Ice cubes fall out of his mouth. The head guy is shouting orders at everyone and trying to get the half-naked Blonde the hell out of the pool as suddenly:

The entire pool geysers up like a depth charge just went of.

The concussion of the BLAST blows out all of the windows in the house.

24. EXT. HILLSIDE DAY

The cop on the hill is knocked off balance.

A pair of eyeglasses falls -- the lenses catching the light' glare, obscuring any chance to see them clearly. They are snatched up almost before they hit the ground.

The cop struggles to regain his footing and is out of sight before the water and debris have come back down. We HEAR the SOUND of a motorcycle starting up.

25. EXT. STREET DAY

All over the neighborhood, PEOPLE are rushing out onto their well-manicured lawns to see what the hell is going on.

26. EXT. POOLSIDE LATER

A POLICE HELICOPTER drones overhead taking aerial pictures of the scene and making a lot of NOISE.

Police are everywhere. Positions of the bodies have been drawn on shattered pavement. Hats and other debris are stil floating in the pool. Ballistics men are all over the hillside.

26A. EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE DAY

Briggs comes out of the house, followed by detectives -- uniformed police and hordes of press and television reporter fighting for the best position -- and he does not slow for them, heading toward his car.

1ST REPORTER
(on the run)
Do you expect more underworld violence?

BRIGGS
I have nothing to say at this time.

2ND REPORTER
Is this a gang war, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

26A (Cont.)

BRIGGS
(hotly)
No comment!

3RD REPORTER
(scrambling;
sardonically)
Sir, there were about two hundred murders in San Francisco last year. Would you care to comment on that?

26B. INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT
TELEVISION SCREEN

Brigg's reply is seen in CLOSEUP on television. There is a sound of children playing from somewhere near.

BRIGGS (TV)
(fiercely)
There's going to be no bombs in pools. This town belongs to the people! Now that's all I have to say at this time.

PULL BACK revealing the photograph of Officer Charlie McCoy on top of the television set. The framed medals are there -- the tropies, exactly as seen before. It is the same apartment. Now two young BOYS and a little GIRL are doing a terrifying series of jumps and tumbles, shrieking at the tops of their voices. The television clicks off. Briggs dwindles to a pinpoint of light.

We see Harry sitting forward on a couch, a can of beer in his hands. He is staring at the blank screen, but his mind is somewhere else. Just then the Girl leaps onto his lap. She is all wide-eyed and perspiring furiously.

GIRL
Don't you like our dancing?

HARRY
(smiles)
It was very good.

She grins like mad at him and leaps back into the action now as their mother, CAROL, enters bringing coffee. She i in her early thirties -- attractive, but in a dry New England way. She is smiling and does not seem to mind, at least for the moment, the pandemonium. She is not on edge but she looks finely drawn. One senses that she has made an effort to appear particularly attractive today.

(CONTINUED)

26B (Cont.)

CAROL
(laughs)
You're really getting the full treatment.

HARRY
(grins)
I haven't had a real sit down dinner in a long time.

CAROL
(claps her hands)
All right, kids -- that's enough now! Say goodnight to Harry -- and off to bed.

They grumble but go. The wild younger boy gives Harry a hug, the older one a hand shake -- the girl kisses him. The younger boy runs out with the bottom of his shirt in his mouth.

CAROL
(continuing; calling)
Harry -- take that shirt out of your mouth! Sometimes they're a little too much for me. I can't afford a woman coming in anymore.

HARRY
You seem to manage very well.

CAROL
Yeah -- just laughing all day long!

She drops onto the couch next to Harry.

CAROL
(continuing)
I'm glad you called.

HARRY
Carol, have you seen Charlie lately?

Carol straightens up, stands and goes to pick up the children's things.

CAROL
Last night -- he said he wanted to see the kids.
(pause)
Later he started playing Russian Roulette with his revolver.

26B (Cont.1)

The full impact of her words hits Harry and he can only shake his head speechlessly. His gaze comes to rest on the picture of Charlie, smiling, surrounded by his trophies and medals.

HARRY
What happened?

CAROL
I called next door for help. We got him to stop. What do you tell children when they ask why their father tried to shoot himself.

HARRY
What did you tell them?

CAROL
That it was a special kind of sickness that some people have -- that there were doctors who could cure it -- as if they could.

HARRY
Carol, where is Charlie living now?

CAROL
I don't know and I don't care anymore! -- He's a sick man, Harry. He shouldn't be allowed to carry a gun anymore. He was living in North Beach -- with one of those nude dancing girls --
(laughs; a flash of hysteria)
Well, I'm over that. I have to survive.
(the hurt still shows)

HARRY
You will.

She drops back onto the couch next to Harry, perhaps a little too close now.

CAROL
Harry, if I ask you something personal, would you mind?

HARRY
I know Charlie ten years.

(CONTINUED)

26B (Cont.2)

CAROL
You're sure? Because I --

HARRY
What is it?

CAROL
How come you never made a pass at me?

There is a moment of silence - then abruptly Carol takes Harry's hand and puts it to her breast as suddenly the girl calls out from the bedroom.

GIRL
(o.s.)
Mommmmm!

We HEAR a very loud CRASH.

CAROL
My God! With those kids, do you think I'll ever get laid?

Harry begins to laugh and then both of them laugh. Just then the PHONE RINGS. Carol picks up - answers.

CAROL
(continuing; sighs)
It's for you.

HARRY
(into phone)
Calahan -- Early -- yeah, I saw it on TV. I'll be right there. I'll be coming in the back way.

CAROL
(smiling, but no bitterness)
Good night, Harry.

He gets up and heads for the door. She follows -- kisses him.

HARRY
You did me an honor, Carol. I mean it.

He exits.

27
THRU 29. OMITTED.

30. EXT. DISCOUNT STORE STAKE-OUT NIGHT
FILLMORE AREA

Harry's car noses in behind the store -- he gets out quickly and slips inside.

31. INT. STORAGE ROOM NIGHT

Harry comes through the storage area, fast, to the door which opens out on the rest of the store. Through the crack we see:

Early, wearing a stock boy's jacket, is behind the counter a short distance away from a two-way mirror. Right beside him is the STORE OWNER already nervous and beginning to perspire. He is overweight and the edges of his collar are turning up and his tie is knotted around his neck like a noose. Early's gun is on the edge of a shelf directly under the counter top. He looks around -- noticing Harry. Harry nods affirmatively and goes over to where a UNIFORMED COP wearing a bullet-proof vest, with the word POLICE across it is watching through the two-way mirror.

COP
(whispering)
Over by the magazine rack --

Through the mirror, we see a thin, mean-looking, MAN reading a magazine and looking down.

COP
(o.s.; continuing)
Owner thinks he saw him just before the last robbery.

HARRY
Yeah - he doesn't look like a paying customer.

Harry looks intently through the mirror.

The rest of the store is crowded with people shopping in the aisles and beyond that - outside, on the opposite side

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)
of the street is a car parked in a no parking zone.

HARRY
(continuing)
There's a car stopped outside -- across the street.

COP
(looking)
Jesus H. Christ! You're right.

HARRY
Get over by the door with the shotgun.

COP
(nervous)
You think it's a hit...
(laughs)
or a miss?

HARRY
(cold)
Hurry up!

The Cop scrambles for the door. Harry immediately returns his attention to the store.

32. INT. STORE NIGHT

The Thin Man walks out as THREE MEN walk in. One man, short and stocky. The other tall one carries a coat over one of his arms. Once inside, the one man positions himself at the door, the other two move swiftly. The short man goes for the cash register, the tall man with the coat over his arm is coming towards the owner and Early. He pull the coat away revealing a sawed-off automatic shotgun. The others pull guns. The color drains out of the Owner's face. Seeing the guns, a WOMAN starts SCREAMING. The short man hits her in the head with the butt of his revolver. She falls MOANING. Everyone in the store freezes where they are. Early's jaw tightens.

33. INT. STOREROOM NIGHT

Harry whispers to him through the two-way mirror.

HARRY
Easy now -- stay loose.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

COP
(loud whisper)
Christ! What are we waiting for?

His fingers twitch on the shotgun. Harry does not even look at him.

34. INT. STORE NIGHT

The short man kicks the woman for good measure. Early lets go. He grabs for his piece under the counter. The Tall Man is too fast -- he has the shotgun leveled at Earl's face.

TALL MAN
Freeze, nigger! Don't you go setting off no alarms.

Now, Early, without realizing it, is blocking the two-way mirror.

35. INT. STOREROOM NIGHT

Harry, who has had his Magnum lined at the Tall Man, lowers it now, swearing under his breath. The Cop is all at loose ends, like a runner in a mis-started sprint.

TALL MAN
(to Manager)
Get over here, you! Fast!

The Owner runs over -- is kicked against the counter.

The Short Man rifles the cash register furiously.

A KID next to the magazine stand breaks and runs for the door.

One of the Men takes two quick steps and cracks his skull. The Kid falls spastically on the floor, bleeding, crashing into a display of soap flakes.

The Owner's face is running with sweat.

TALL MAN
(continuing)
You got a safe, White Nigger?

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

OWNER
(trembling)
No --

TALL MAN
You lying sack of shit!

The Owner is praying with his eyes, his toes, his whole body is praying. The Tall Man smashes him in the face with the shotgun, dropping him. He sticks the shotgun in Early's face. The violence in Early becomes so strong his whole body twitches with hate.

TALL MAN
(continuing; snarling)
Now you, nigger -- suck it!

Early doesn't respond.

35A. INT. STOREROOM NIGHT

Harry lines the Magnum for a second time. He is all concentration, but Early's head is still blocking a clean shot at the Tall Man.

COP
(loud whisper)
Now?

Harry nods negatively - he lowers the gun.

TALL MAN
(to Early)
I'll kill you -- I said suck it!

He shoves the barrel hard into Early's face now, as the Store Owner is just pulling himself up off the floor. His face is covered with blood and broken bits of his eyeglasses. He is crying as much from fear as the pain.

TALL MAN
(continuing; threatening)
Now you go find that safe!

The Owner crawls across the floor to wherever the hell the safe is.

Early suddenly notices he is blocking the two-way mirror. The Tall Man turns back to him.

(CONTINUED)

35A (Cont.)

TALL MAN
(continuing)
Right here is where I kill me a nigger! Get on your knees!

Early does so now - revealing the mirror behind him.

The Tall man, suddenly seeing his face in the mirror, smiles.

36. INT. STOREROOM NIGHT

HARRY
Now!

He lines the big .44 Magnum with both hands -- BLASTS.

The mirror explodes. The Tall Man flies backward in a hail of glass.

37. INT. STORE NIGHT

Early pulls his head away and grabs the barrel of the shotgun as blood drenches him.

The uniformed Cop bursts out - shotgun ready.

COP
Hold it - Police -- Drop...

The Short Man at the register FIRES, dives out of sight.

The Cop is hit in the vest, -- slamming him back off his feet. The shotgun flies out of his hand.

People are SCREAMING and running every which way.

Harry is already out, crouched low, pushing people back down as he goes. He can't see the Short Man. He does catch a glimpse of the Other Man near the door who levels his gun at him as he breaks for the street. Harry FIRES.

The Man is blown through the plate glass window.

The Short Man runs down an aisle of cosmetics, ducking low.

The Cop FIRES his service revolver now -- misses.

A hole opens in a girl's stomach on a life-size tanning lotion display card.

Early is out the door but the car is already gone SQUEALING away.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)
The Short Man is FIRING wildly, spraying bullets all over the place. He breaks around a corner coming face to face with Early who BLASTS him with the dead man's shotgun.

An entire display of deodorant spray cans EXPLODES. The Short man staggers backward into the shelves.

Harry rises - FIRES.

The Short Man jerks up - BLURS RED - slamming down into the cans of deodorant, HISSING and spinning like pinwheels all over the floor.

The uniformed Cop runs up, bracing, with his two hands, staring at the dead man. He locks, frozen in position, then he FIRES twice, his gun hand falls -- he is trembling all over.

Harry races over and looks at the Cop who just stares at the dead man.

COP
(humiliated)
I never killed a man before.

HARRY
Well, you're not very good at it. You nearly got yourself and some of these people killed.

EARLY
(running up)
The one outside on the sidewalk is dead, Harry.

HARRY
(evenly)
Yeah!

SIRENS are HEARD in the distance.

38. OMITTED

39. EXT. PARKING AREA POLICE BUILDING NIGHT

The lot is crowded. It is just beginning to rain. Harry and Early are just coming in, Early behind the wheel. Momentarily, Harry says with some difficulty:

HARRY
You took that brush tonight okay.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.)
Early gives him a leery sidelong glance - slows the car, looking for an open spot.

EARLY
You work close! Christ! You work close!

Early swings the car around a corner as suddenly four men in civilian clothes walking and carrying what appears to be bowling bags are caught in the full glare of the headlights. They all turn around. It is Sweet and Davis and the other two young officers from the combat range. They separate on either side of the car as it passes slowly between them. Recognizing Harry, they all wave. Harry nods.

EARLY
(friendly)
Hey, where you off to?

DAVIS
Bowling - Eddy Street.

Early waves, the car eases into an open space.

HARRY
You know those guys?

EARLY
Yeah - they came through the Academy after me. They're like flypaper! We all figured they were queer for each other.
(laughs)

HARRY
Well, I'll tell you something. If the rest of you guys could shoot like them, I wouldn't care if the whole damned department was queer!

A uniformed COP just pulling out gives Harry a quizzical look as he goes by.

40. EXT. ENTRANCE FAIRMONT HOTEL NIGHT

There is the usual near hysteria of people jockeying and fighting for cabs.

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)
A stunning BLACK GIRL, all gleaming brass skin and unbelievable legs comes through the doors outside, every part of her lithe young body in motion. She could not look more out of place anywhere. Heads swivel all over the place.

The Girl suddenly hits the pavement running. She dashes in front of a crowd in full evening dress, but before they can react, she is already inside their cab. She palms something into the DOORMAN'S practiced hand and is gone.

The crowd stands transfixed for a moment in impotent rage -- then they all begin to swear.

The Doorman, poker-faced, WHISTLES for another cab.

41. EXT. CAB NOB HILL AREA NIGHT

Girl settles in cab, puts her feet on jump seat, then pulls wad of crumpled bills from her bra.

GIRL
1411 Sacramento.

She starts to smooth out wrinkled bills. Adds some to folded bills already in purse. Then she catches driver's eyes all over her in the rear view mirror.

GIRL
We ain't gonna get there, unless you keep your fucking eyes on the road.

DRIVER
Right on! 1411 Sacramento.

She continues to straighten out the bills, puts one wad in her panties. Catches his eyes in the rear view mirror again. She eyes him for a second, then spreads her legs apart and closes them instantly. She LAUGHS at his reaction.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.)

DRIVER
There's gold in them thar hills.

GIRL
(laughing - as she rolls up another wad)
And you'd like to do a little prospecting, eh, man?

DRIVER
Right on!

GIRL
Sounds like shit when you mothers say <u>that</u>.

DRIVER
(hopefully)
What I mean is, you're a great looking chick.

GIRL
(puts wad of bills in her bra)
Back that up, by waving a <u>lot</u> of green!

DRIVER
Money ain't everything.

GIRL
(LAUGHS)
Shee-yut!

DRIVER
You ever been poor?

GIRL
You're fucking well right! Poorer than you ever been.

DRIVER
Well you sure as shit don't look like it.
(pulls cab over to a stop)

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.1)
The girl, as she hands him a couple of bills, says ...

GIRL
Right on!

42. A TOUGH BLACK PIMP

Just as she steps out of the cab, a big black HAND pushes her full in the face shoving her back into the cab. The pimp jumps into the cab, closes the door; grabs Girl's wrist. The girl is terrified. Driver looks around fearfully.

GIRL
I was just on my way to see you, Sid.

PIMP
(ignoring her; to driver)
Drive!

DRIVER
(about to say something, but lets go of it very quickly)
Where to?

PIMP
You just keep going until I tell you to stop....

DRIVER
(only hesitates a beat)
Yes sir!

PIMP
And drop that flag.

Driver smacks flag down - turns right. There is a last minute of light then darkness as the cab plunges onto a steep downhill street.

PIMP
(to girl)
So you were on your way to see me?

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

GIRL
Yeah Sidney, honest, I .....

PIMP
Then why didn't you come to my place??...
(twists her wrist)
Don't shit me.

GIRL
I wouldn't do that .....

PIMP
I've been waiting for you for a whole week.

GIRL
I've been working the convention at the hotel.

PIMP
No telephones at the hotel?

GIRL
I been busy as hell, ya know. Look, I'll show you.

With her free hand, she digs bills from her purse.

GIRL
See Sid, here it is, all I .....

PIMP
All?
(taking the bills)
I heard you been holding out on me.

GIRL
No, I haven't, Sid, I've been straight with you. You know me.

PIMP
You're damn right I know you. Let's see how much more there is in the titty bank.

He pins the girl's arms behind her with one hand and pushes the other into her cleavage, tearing her bra and dress, exposing her breast and coming up with a wad of bills.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.1)

PIMP
Well, hello, Mister Green.
(puts the money in his pocket)
And now let's try the snatch bank.
(reaches into her panties and comes up with another wad)
And Mrs. Green. Yeah, I know you.
(puts the rest of the money in the same pocket)

GIRL
I was gonna give it all to you, Sid, but you didn't give me a chance.

PIMP
(seething with fury, backhands her)
You've had your chances, bitch. I was your last chance. Everybody else threw you out.

GIRL
I appreciate what ---

PIMP
And no cheap little cunt is gonna make an asshole out of me. Not for every mother-fucker to see. No way!

Driver is shooting nervous glances in rearview mirror, but not saying a word and he is drenched in sweat.

The Pimp pulls the Girl's head up by the hair. A wig comes away in his hand. He grabs hold of the short nappy hair underneath and jerks the Girl's head back over his knee. Her mouth opens wide, SCREAMING. The Pimp takes out a can of DRANO ---- pulls off the top with his teeth and jams it into the Girl's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.2)

Her eyes go wide - arms flailing with the searing pain. The Pimp holds her head tight, pouring in every last bit of Drano - then releases his grip. The Girl gags and thrashes all over the seat - the floor - her body wracked with violent spasms. The Driver's hands are trembling on the wheel.

PIMP
(continuing)
Stop here!

The cab lurches to a stop. The Driver sees his chance and bolts from the cab.

PIMP
(to himself)
You're lucky, Honkie!

43. EXT. CAB NIGHT

The Pimp gets out, adjusts his sealskin fedora and walks away into the night.

44. EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE DAY

Fifty thousand dollars worth of El Dorado streaks across the bridge.

The Pimp is behind the wheel resplendent in an all white mink interior.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)
The El Dorado turns off at the Stinson-Beach-Mill Valley turn-off and starts up into the hills.

The Pimp notices something in the rear view mirror.

A motorcycle is pursuing - red light flashing.

PIMP
Motherfukkkk!

The Pimp reaches down and pulls his .38 Cal. kill gun out from under the seat and puts it between his legs.

The motorcycle comes alongside.

The El Dorado pulls over. The Pimp puts his right hand over his crotch, just covering the gun -- eyes on the side view mirror watching the OFFICER approach. Only the head is CUT OFF FROM VIEW. The Pimp's fingers twitch over the gun.

OFFICER
(o.s.)
Good day, sir. Is this car registered to you?

The Pimp almost breaks out laughing.

PIMP
(white voice)
Yes - this is my car. You must be new. Do you know who I am?

OFFICER
(o.s.)
I'll still have to see your license and registration, sir. I believe you were speeding on the bridge.

The Pimp smiles - almost forgetting the gun between his legs now. He holds out his wallet - and opens it. We SEE the Ben Franklin portrait on a hundred dollar bill neatly folded into the license space.

The Officer moves as if to take it and instead calmly comes up with a long barrel .357 Magnum. Before the Pimp can react, the gun whips and BLASTS.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.1)

The Pimp gags staring unbelievingly. There is a gaping hole in his throat. He dances up and down in the seat as the Officer unloads the rest of the clip rapid FIRE at point blank range. For a moment, it is quiet except for the RUMBLING of the MOTORCYCLE, then the Officer mounts and pulls away.

45. EXT. CAR NIGHT

Harry comes through a low income area - mostly decaying mansions cut up into apartments. He pulls in into a subterranean garage. The name "CALAHAN" crudely painted on a cement wall and long since faded, illuminates then momentarily FADES to blackness again as Harry kills his lights and gets out of the car.

46. EXT. ENTRANCE BUILDING NIGHT

Harry walks up the front steps of the building.

The blinds in the window of the ground floor apartment crack open - then close.

47. INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

Inside, Harry checks his mailbox - it is empty. He unlocks the inner door and starts for the stairs. Just then the front apartment door opens.

Harry turns at the SOUND.

A JAPANESE GIRL, hair spilling all over her shoulders, is standing beside the door. She is wearing paint splattered jeans and a worn-out work shirt unbuttoned to the waist. She looks quite beautiful and she is smiling at him.

GIRL
Hi.

HARRY
Hello.

The Girl pushes hair back from her face.

GIRL
You know, I've been living here for almost six months now?

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

HARRY
I work a lot.

GIRL
I know. You're the cop who lives upstairs.

HARRY
(weary)
Yeah.

The Girl gives him a long, marvelously direct look - then quietly, but surely:

GIRL
What does a girl have to do to go to bed with you?

There is a short beat of SILENCE.

HARRY
Try knocking on the door.

The directness of the Girl's look continues.

48. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

We HEAR the SOUND of the DOOR unlock. Harry comes inside appearing in SILHOUETTE against the wall. He shakes his head. Without turning on the lights, he goes to the kitchen - opens the refrigerator. It is empty save for a few cans of beer and a couple of old hamburgers wrapped in greasy paper. Harry grabs one, a can of beer and walks into the living room. It has all the disarray of those used to living alone.

Harry sits in the dark. Gradually, as his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, his gaze comes to rest on a picture of himself and a woman. It is a candid wedding picture. Both of them are laughing, caught in the middle of cutting the first slice of a wedding cake. He stares at it for a long moment, abstracted -- then he mechanically unwraps the burger -- opens it. It has all the appeal of a dead fish.

HARRY
(sad laugh)
Goddamned thing'd probably kill you.

We HEAR a KNOCK on the door.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

Harry's head goes up at the SOUND. There is another KNOCK - more urgent than the first time. Harry takes the beer in hand and goes to the door -- opens it.

The girl (from downstairs) is standing there wearing an old raincoat and looks to have nothing else on underneath. She is barefoot and she has great legs.

GIRL
(smiles)
Hi.

HARRY
(gently this time)
Hello.

GIRL
You always live in the dark?

HARRY
Yeah - You meet a better class of people in the dark.
(grins)

Just then the PHONE RINGS. Harry goes to it, gesturing for the Girl to come in. She does and closes the door behind her - walks to the couch opposite Harry and sits down in the dark, pulling her long legs up with her.

Harry clicks on a lamp - picks up the phone - eyes on the Girl the whole time and he is smiling now and she really does have terrific legs.

HARRY
(continuing; into phone)
Yeah?

The Girl takes out a cigarette and fumbles lighting it. It becomes clear she has never done a thing like this before.

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
Harry - this is Briggs. You alone?

HARRY
(looking at Girl)
No. As a matter of fact - I'm entertaining a very attractive lady friend.

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
Well, put your pants back on, Calahan - and come down to the City Morgue as fast you can!

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.1)

HARRY
The Morgue! What the hell for? I'm not Homicide, Briggs. I'm a stake-out man, now, remember?

48A. INT. MORGUE CLOSEUP BRIGGS NIGHT

We SEE Briggs holding himself on the edge of civility.

BRIGGS
Not anymore you're not. You and your partner are back on Homicide.

49-50. OMITTED.

51. INT. MORGUE CLOSEUP HARRY NIGHT

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the room is brightly illuminated - lined with rows of gleaming refrigerator doors. Laid out on tables are four bodies covered with green plastic sheets - only the feet are visible, sticking out absurdly - an identification tag tied to the toe of each corpse. Briggs and CAPTAIN AVERY are there waiting silently under the fierce lights. Avery is a florid, tough-looking man, an old style cop who came up the hard way through the ranks.

HARRY
This is a little dramatic, isn't it, Briggs? Not your usual style at all.

BRIGGS
It's meant to be, Calahan.

AVERY
This thing might be bigger than even we think it is.

Avery just walks to the bodies and lifting up certain toe tags as he comes down the line:

AVERY
(to Harry)
Hijacking and gambling - trucking - waterfront - garbage city-wide - gambling - narcotics and prostitution - gambling and waterfront -- narcotics and gambling - trucking and narcotics - prostitution - this is the cream in the bottle, Calahan. Someone's trying to put the courts out of business.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

HARRY
So far you haven't said anything wrong.

Avery walks over to two gurneys. Avery lifts a tag on a big black foot.

AVERY
(continuing)
This one just came in an hour ago. Somebody wants it all. This guy was just a small-time pimp.
(indicating other gurney)
That's one of his girls.

HARRY
(lifts sheet)
What happened to her?

AVERY
(indicating Pimp)
Just before he was hit, he poured drain cleaner down her throat. *

HARRY
Drain cleaner? Well, that shows a certain sense of style, doesn't it? * *

BRIGGS
You're all heart, Calahan!

HARRY
(to Avery)
Is he going to be looking over my shoulder every time I turn around?

AVERY
You work <u>with</u> Briggs on this, Calahan! But if you ever <u>lean</u> out of line - so help me I'll flop you lower than <u>whaleshit</u>!

HARRY
(sardonically)
Speaking of whaleshit, Briggs, what have you come up with?

51 (Cont.1)

BRIGGS
(murderously angry)
Nobody in my department is sitting on their ass!

Avery sighs - removes a small electronic telephone answering device from the breast pocket of his jacket, a pained expression on his face.

AVERY
Calahan, you see this thing? The Chief! He calls me all the time on this one - even in the can! I haven't been out of my shoes in forty-eight hours and still we have no witnesses - not one! An officer is always right to the scene of the crime but nobody's ever seen a damned thing.

HARRY
Who reported the last hit?

AVERY
A patrolman - Sweet - wasn't it, Briggs?

Briggs nods affirmatively.

HARRY
He's a good man.
(turns to Briggs)
I'll start with all the ballistics reports first thing in the morning.

BRIGGS
(annoyed)
We ran all the slugs through ballistics. We're never going to see those guns. It was too professional. You're wasting your time.

HARRY
(for Avery's benefit)
That's all right - It takes me time, Briggs.
(grins to both of them)
A smart man knows his limitations!

52. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Harry unlocks the door and comes inside. The place is completely dark.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

Harry's face shows some disappointment - then weariness. He has had a long day. Pulling off his jacket, he heads into the bedroom. The moment he cracks the door, he senses something - snaps down gun drawn, kicking open the door all in one movement. SILENCE.

The Japanese Girl is there in bed, half under the sheets - absolutely still and unmoving. Her eyes wide open, staring at Harry intently, following him as he stands toward over the bed.

GIRL
Warm enough?

Harry grins.

GIRL
(continuing; smiles marvelously)
You're my first cop!

HARRY
(sardonic)
That makes two firsts tonight.

53. INT. BALLISTICS LAB MORNING

We SEE in CLOSEUP a microscope barrel sliding slowly INTO FRAME.

In microscope CLOSEUP: rifle marks - grooves and striations in the metal. It matches up with another bullet back to back - obviously from the same pistol.

Harry gets up from the microscope. The Lab Technician, Walter White, and Early are standing by. The room is slatted with brilliant sunshine streaming in through the blinds. Harry blinks his eyes several times, clearing his vision.

HARRY
What do all the others look like?

WALTER
The gun was 357 Magnum. The others are all too deformed to do any good - hollow points - fired point blank - you know.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

WALTER (Cont.)
We're lucky to get these two. I found them in the mink carpeting.

HARRY
They're very sharply grooved from rifling. I'd say that's a target grade barrel. Doesn't do much good but it narrows it down some.

WALTER
Yeah, like to you, or a thousand other guys who seriously target shoot every weekend - not to mention - say a couple of hundred cops or so.

EARLY
(laughs; a weak joke)
Maybe it is a cop? Maybe it's Harry! Nobody hates hoodlums as much as he does!

54. EXT. POLICE GARAGE MORNING

WE ARE MOVING TOWARD the Pimp's spectacular El Dorado. It sits in a flood of natural light -- taut wires marking the trajectories of bullets protruding out from the driver's seat giving it all the appearance of a rare animal that's been harpooned. Further away and off to one side are TECHNICIANS preparing the limousine in the same way. We HEAR and then SEE Harry, Early and Walter come INTO SCENE, walking up to the El Dorado.

WALTER
Whoever it is - he enjoys it.
(indicating wires from driver's seat)
This guy was dead with the first shot. The others were just for good measure. He unloaded a whole magazine into him. You can see -- most of the slugs were right on top of one another.

EARLY
One big mothering hole!

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

WALTER
(business-like)
The Mortician couldn't put the face back together again.

HARRY
Everybody has to pay something.

WALTER
(standing in next to the driver's window exactly where the killer was)
He had to be standing right here - this close.
(aims his hand toward the seat; his finger touches the point where all the wires connect)
Point blank range.

EARLY
Christ!

HARRY
What about that hundred dollar bill where the license was? Where was it held?

WALTER
(indicating with a pack of cigarettes)
It would have to be right about here.
(sticks it into one of the wires)

HARRY
Showing it to a traffic cop -

WALTER
Yeah, from everything we have - it figures out to be somebody impersonating a police officer - on the cars at least. It's been done before. If you don't mind my saying so, Harry - these guys were all pros!

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.1)

WALTER (Cont.)
The pimp had a .38 out on the seat between his legs. He never had a chance to use it. This close - it would have to be somebody they could never recognize - not even on a chance.

HARRY
(thoughtfully)
Or never suspect.

55. INT. PROJECTION ROOM POLICE BUILDING MORNING

Mug shots and photographs flash by on a screen. We recognize in sequence all of the men who have been so far assassinated. Each of their slides is marked with a big red X grease pencilled over the face. (BRIGGS O.S. reads their names off.)

A curl of cigar smoke twists through the projector light. We SEE Harry, he is sitting with Early and a large group of other DETECTIVES, all of them watching the screen.

AN UNMARKED SLIDE FLASHES ON: a mug shot of a short, bull-like man, balding and with coarse features and he stands stiff and arrogant.

Harry sits up staring at it intently, lets out a puff of smoke.

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
Lou Guzman - ex-meat lugger with a first grade education -- started working for the old Boss of bosses as a hitter -- He controls narcotics state-wide now...dabbles in prostitution -- he has big friends everywhere. I want Casale and Digorgio on him -- Next.

In the darkness, dimly, see CHAN, a bland, middle-aged, Chinese work horse of a detective draw an anxious breath, the more experienced and wearier-looking man sitting next to him - DIGORGIO - wears a look of pained exasperation on his face.

A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF BURLY TOUGH-LOOKING MEN, all wearing extravagantly colored short-sleeve shirts, flashes on the screen. The picture obviously taken on a golf course in some place like Miami or Palm Springs. We recognize CARMINE RICCA at the center of the group receiving a club tournament trophy.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)
All of the others are crowded around him, smiling for the camera. A white circle is drawn around the face of a man off to one side and slightly behind Ricca; towering over him.

PULL IN SLOWLY.

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
This one is for your special talents, Calahan!

In CLOSEUP, we SEE a big, devious looking, heavy-set man, well over six feet tall. He has a big grin on his face and all the warmth of a bulldozer.

BRIGGS
(o.s.; continuing)
Frank Imperial - 282 pounds - indicted for murder twenty-three times - no convictions. Complains about his health now - suffers from ulcers, migrain headaches - dangerously violent. At one time he was Ricca's principal assassin. If you mix it with him, he won't back off. He's all yours, Calahan!

HARRY
You're all heart, Briggs. But I don't think --

BRIGGS
(interrupting)
I want you on him, Calahan!

He says this last as if it were the final word on the subject.

HARRY
(pressing)
Imperial is a snake -- I'd burn him for stepping on a crack in the sidewalk if I could. But these hits are not his style -- not the cars, anyway -- too direct.

Every detective in the place starts squirming in his seat. They know what's coming - that Harry isn't going to go any easier and Briggs isn't going to back down.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.1)

BRIGGS
(shouting)
Calahan, you just keep your nose pressed against Imperial's ass until I get a warrant from the D.A.'s office to bring him in! I want the first conviction on this animal!

HARRY
(scornfully)
A conviction? For him? He just might be the next victim!

A FAST SHOT OF IMPERIAL IN CLOSEUP: SMILING MENACINGLY.

HARRY
(o.s.; continuing)
Come on, Briggs! What are you asking for?

BRIGGS
(murderously angry now)
I'm not asking you to follow him, Harry! For the last gaddamned time - I'm TELLING you! -- NEXT!

Another malevolent, smiling face flashes on screen.

56. EXT./INT. STAKE-OUT DAY

A large dingy warehouse with a sign proclaiming IMPERIAL'S IMPORTED FOODS CO. A MAN steps out of a door way looking down the street in both directions -- goes back inside. PULL BACK REVEALING: Harry and Early - on the floor in a boarded up Italian restaurant across the street. Early is watching through the cracks in the boards. Harry is sitting propped up against the wall, asleep. Nearby are several Invicta shotguns and a .308 Norma Magnum rifle with scoped sight. We HEAR a SOUND of rats scurrying under the floor boards. Harry snaps awake.

EARLY
Rats.

HARRY
I can't sleep when I hear them right under my bed. What's happening?

EARLY
Nothing. A lotta peeking and checking - checking and peeking. You know, I knew an old guy once who kept pigs under his bed.

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.)

HARRY
Pigs? The eating kind?

EARLY
(laughs)
The eating kind! Is that all you ever think about -- your stomach?
(continuing)
Well, it's easy enough to sell a pig you know -- but not so easy to know when the right time is to sell that pig. This old boy knew the pigs were big enough to make bacon when they started raising the bed on him - scratching their backs. When he couldn't sleep, he knew the pigs were done.

Suddenly there is a BLAST of NOISE. Harry and Early scramble to SEE:

The steel garage door across the street RUMBLES open. Two men emerge - look both ways. A car comes out, - a buick - followed by a Cadillac - then another Buick.

EARLY
(continuing)
Jesus!

HARRY
All right - let's go!

57. EXT. ALLEY DAY

Harry and Early run outside and leap into their car. Harry wheels down the alley around into another alley coming out onto the street just in time to catch a glimpse of the last car.

58. EXT. STREET CAR DAY

Harry goes slowly. The cars turn into a main street, Harry following.

59. EXT. FREEWAY ENTRANCE DAY

Harry follows the three cars onto the freeway entrance. Almost as soon as they are on the freeway itself - they

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)
break up - the car in front divides for the Oakland turn-off - the two behind go for the Golden Gate.

EARLY
(into radio)
506 -- 10 -- 4 -- they're splitting up. Which one, Harry?

HARRY
The two.

EARLY
Golden Gate turnoff 506? That's out of our jurisdiction.

HARRY
Yeah!

60. EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE DAY

The cars pass through the Golden Gate. Harry tails them to the Sausalito turnoff.

The Cadillac veers off at the last moment.

EARLY
Well?

HARRY
Always follow the money.

He cuts hard wheeling after the Cadillac.

61. EXT. SECONDARY ROADS DAY

We FOLLOW the Cadillac through winding roads - abruptly it stops ahead.

Harry is forced to drive on by.

HARRY
(disgusted)
He's on to us -- nothing we could do about it.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)
In the rear view mirror, we SEE the Cadillac turn around.

Harry's car whips into a driveway -- wheels back out, SQUEALING rubber straight back up to the Cadillac's tail.

EARLY
What are you trying to do, Harry? He doesn't know we're cops! -- He may panic. We don't even belong here!

HARRY
(sardonically)
Imperial! I hope he does panic -- I'll get him for twenty-three other murders -- if he doesn't, I might be right about something that's nagging me -- I hope I'm not.

EARLY
(nervous)
What? I don't want to be winning bets for anybody, Harry!

62. EXT. FREEWAY ENTRANCE DAY

Both cars are wheeling back onto the freeway at an increasing rate of speed. Suddenly, the Cadillac swings wide into the slow lane -- the driver's hand motions for them to pass.

Inside the Cadillac is FRANK IMPERIAL and FOUR HITTERS, their faces expressionless.

Harry puts his huge .44 in between his legs, starts to pull up on them now. Early readies a shotgun.

EARLY
Go a little faster! I'm on their side!

HARRY
Roll down your window.

EARLY
What! You're crazy!

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

HARRY
Do what I say. Don't worry about it. Have I ever been wrong?

EARLY
(rolling down window)
I really don't know why the hell I'm doing this!

They come up even alongside the Cadillac. Harry leans across, shouting:

HARRY
Hey! Could you help me?

DRIVER
(gruff)
What?

HARRY
I seem to be lost -- I missed the entrance to San Quentin -- Do you know where it is?

DRIVER
(snarling)
It's right back there. Can't you see too good?

HARRY
Yeah - I can see fine - I just wanted to see if you knew where San Quentin was -- You do.

Harry pulls on by. Early breathes a sigh of relief and then he almost laughs out of pure nervousness.

HARRY
(continuing; to himself)
I'm gonna get you anyway, some day, you sonofabitch!

EARLY
You always do things your own way? No wonder Briggs is always on your ass.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.1)

HARRY
You take your life in your hands when you do it someone else's way.

Harry holsters his gun.

63. INT. APARTMENT DAY

Two detectives we saw earlier, DiGorgio and Chan are on stake-out in a darkened, empty apartment - - - DiGorgio sits by the window adjusting high-power binocular mounted on a stand -- Chan is reading a newspaper. holdi it up as best he can against the light. Propped against the wall are two .308 Norma Magnum rifles with telescopic sights. DiGorgio looks for a moment at Chan reading the newspaper - - shakes his head then looks through the binoculars - then we SEE what he sees: A BODYGUARD lounging at the entrance to a luxury building across the street. OUR VIEW PANS UP TO:

A high-priced penthouse apartment atop the building. The drapes in most of the windows are closed - in one of them a mirror beyond the blinds glints now as a figure moves in front of it.

DIGORGIO
Son-of-a-bitch! Guzman hasn't gone out for almost twenty-four hours now --

64. INT. BATHROOM PENTHOUSE DAY

A spectacular bathroom - all baroque marble and gold fittings, not in the very best taste but expensive as hell. A burly man stands in a bathrobe looking at himself in the mirror -- from his mug shot, we recognize narcotic' czar LOU GUZMAN. He rubs his hand over the surviving stran of hair -- swears to himself then he splashes on some cologne.

65. EXT. STREET DAY

A police motorcyle comes by riding fast. It is Charlie McCoy - abruptly, he jams on his brakes.

A car drives directly in front of him, stopping.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

The motorcycle SCREECHES - almost flips - sliding across the street and banging into the rear of a car - jamming traffic. The driver is unmoved, absolutely terrified. Charlie's right hand is slashed, streaming blood, but he is otherwise not hurt. He gets up, flexing his knees and his elbows -- pulls his tie off and wraps it around his hand, stanching the blood. As now HORNS are screaming all over the place he waves the driver on.

66. INT. PENTHOUSE BATHROOM/BEDROOM DAY

Guzman leans to the window looking to see what all the NOISE is about -- then he goes out into an enormous bedroom with a panoramic view of the city.

On a huge fur-covered water bed is a nude couple -- the GIRL about twenty is spectacular - long legs, lithe. The BOY looks like a double for the girl right down to the long hair but without breasts. The Girl is propped against a mass of fur pillows sniffing cocaine from a gold spoon. She passes the works to the Boy -- the water bed shimmering like a bowl of jelly.

GIRL
Mmmm! That's his prime stuff.

BOY
Oh, you bitch - don't spill it!

GUZMAN
(coming in)
That stuff costs - nine hundred dollars an ounce - you better not spill it!

GIRL
Don't get so uptight.

GUZMAN
Nobody says 'don't to <u>me</u> -- understand? Nobody!

He sits down on the edge of the bed - sinks in. The Girl slithers up to him -- the Boy does likewise and offers him the cocaine.

GUZMAN
(continuing; scornfully)
Don't be silly.

66 (Cont.)
He pushes it away -- the Girl slides her arms around him and slips off his robe.

Guzman is going to fat but still heavily muscled and very strong. The boy rubs up against him.

GUZMAN
(continuing)
Go pull the drapes, there's too much light.

The Boy quickly jumps up and runs across the room for the light switch. Guzman's eyes are fixed on him as he goes -- the bed trembling.

GIRL
(cooing)
Why are you so upset lately?

GUZMAN
(ignoring this last)
I just hope he's clean.

The Boy comes back walking slowly, aware of his effect now on Guzman.

The Girl pulls Guzman backward onto the bed.

CUT TO:

67. INT. APARTMENT STAKE-OUT DAY

From a HIGH P.O.V., we SEE a police motorcycle come down the street, slowing as it approaches Guzman's building.

Inside the stake-out apartment, DiGorgio is focusing the binoculars for a closer view. The other detective, Chan, scrambles for one of the scoped rifles. DiGorgio's eyes never leave the binoculars.

We SEE THE COP turn into the apartment building's garage.

DIGORGIO
(continuing)
It's okay! -- I recognize him. One of the guys from traffic -- probably going to the head. All these guys on motorcycles have lousy kidneys.

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

CHAN
Who is it?

DIGORGIO
Charlie McCoy.

68. INT. GARAGE DAY

The motorcycle is parked a short distance from the rest-room door.

69. EXT. ROOF DAY

In the shadows of the air-conditioning machinery, a motor-cycle cop wearing black gloves takes two large sweat socks from his leather jacket - pulls them quickly over his boots. We can't see his face. He straightens up and slips over a gate to a flight of steel stairs - descend-ing quickly, noiselessly - coming to a fire door, his face still obscured in shadows. He produces a master set of keys the right key is found - inserted in the lock.

70. INT. ROOF DAY

On the other side of the fire door, a big tough-looking BODY GUARD tenses - gun drawn. He is guarding the only vulnerabl access to Guzman's apartment. He flattens against the wall as the door comes open slowly, hesitating for only a fractio of a second, startled at seeing a cop there, but the cop's gun is already out FIRING noiselessly through a silencer. Three lightning fast THUDS - the Bodyguard gasps, dropping like a sack of potatoes. The cop steps over the body into a hallway leading to another door.

71. INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM DAY

In the semi-darkness, Guzman and the others are entwined on t water bed - the Boy and the Girl GIGGLING a little.

72. INT. FIRE PASSAGE DAY

The cop comes to the door leading into the penthouse directl Again a set of keys is produced, expertly tried and fitted - finally one works - the door is held closed for a beat the pushed open.

A RED LIGHT GOES ON AND A BUZZER SOUNDS

The cop streaks through the fashionably decorated reception area into the apartment, dark save for the light coming throu the drapes. He races for the bedroom.

73. INT. BEDROOM

Guzman jerks up INTO FRAME breathing heavily.

He is covered in sweat, a look of panic on his face.

A red light is flashing next to the telephone as the buzzer continues sounding.

Guzman scrambles toward an end table but the other people and the motion of the water bed makes it difficult. The Boy and the Girl are trying to see what the hell is going on.

BOY
Oh - what's happening?

The Girl gasps.

Guzman pulls open a drawer, coming up with a Browing hi-power 9mm. He whips around just as:

The cop bursts into the room.

Guzman FIRES - misses.

The Girl SCREAMS. The Boy bolts upright - eyes wide as saucers.

The cop crouches BLASTING with the silenced revolver.

The blast caves in the Boy - rapid FIRE tears into the wate bed through Guzman - the bed sending up spurts of water - t Girl momentarily hidden by the rumbling movement of the bed lunges, stumbling toward the windows - she is hit twice and blown through the glass SCREAMING - down.

73A. EXT. ENTRANCE DAY

The Bodyguard at the entrance hears the SCREAM. He wheels inside, gun drawn, pulls two people out of the elevator and hits the Penthouse button, keeps his hand flat against it.

73B. OMITTED

73C. INT. STAKE-OUT DAY

The room is empty - the binoculars swinging crazily on its stand. The rifles are gone. We HEAR the SOUND of footsteps pounding furiously on the stairs.

74. INT. GARAGE

The rest room door BANGS open revealing another motorcycle cop, a bloody tie wrapped around his gun hand. It is Charlie McCoy.

74A. INT. BEDROOM DAY

The room is empty save for the two nude bodies tangled up on the water bed that is fast emptying - pouring out from its sides and onto the white carpeting.

74B. INT. GARAGE DAY

We HEAR someone banging down the stairs beyond the fire door at the other end of the garage.

THE FIRE DOOR OPENS.

Charlie looks.

The door springs open all the way revealing the first cop. Startled, Charlie reacts - - - the other cop BLASTS. Charlie jerks three times - the only sound the dull THUD of slugs puncturing his uniform. He hits the ground already dead - a look of utter surprise on his face.

The Cop expertly reloads with the speed loaders.

The Bodyguard bursts out of the fire door BLASTING, shattering windshields of parked cars.

The Cop wheels and FIRES unloading a full cylinder.

The Bodyguard slams back against the wall, dead right where he is.

The Cop stands for a moment gathering his breath and then he moves his helmet. It is DAVIS. His hair is matted with sweat -- absently he pulls out one of the sweat socks and mops his face with it.

A crowd builds outside and around the entrance to the garage now and there is a great clamor of VOICES growing up. Davis walks directly up to them, calmly, with something close to a smile on his face.

DAVIS
There's been a little trouble here, folks. Everybody please stay back - stay back, please. Everything is all right now.

(CONTINUED)

74B (Cont.)
The two detectives, DiGorgio and Casale, burst through the crowd.

DiGORGIO
(breathless)
What the hell is happening here?

DAVIS
They killed a cop.

75. INT. POLICE BUILDING BRIGGS' OFFICE NIGHT

Briggs is on the phone - barely glancing up now as Harry comes in, followed by Early.

BRIGGS
(into phone)
Yes sir - yes sir - no sir - we won't let anything out to the press. Yes sir.

He hangs up - looks directly at Harry for a long moment in dead silence.

BRIGGS
(fiercely)
You endangered an entire investigation today by trying to push something not to mention your own lives -- You blew the whole Imperial stake-out! Instead of keeping him under surveillance as I told you to you had to harass him. What the hell do you have to say about that? What do I tell Avery? What?

HARRY
Tell him it's not Imperial. Tell him it's a traffic cop!

There is a beat of absolute silence. Briggs and Early are both stupified.

BRIGGS
A COP! A TRAFFIC COP! Are you out of your mind? You expect me to believe a traffic cop is knocking off all the top criminals in the city? Who?

HARRY
Charlie McCoy. He's ready for the rubber gun squad. He even tried to kill himself.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

There is a moment of stunned silence. Briggs is truly startled now, as is Early. He just stares at Harry. Harry measures his reaction.

BRIGGS
Charlie McCoy! -- Harry, Guzman was hit tonight - A cop was killed - It was Charlie McCoy!

Harry's eyes widen in surprise.

HARRY
(shocked)
McCoy?

BRIGGS
Yes - McCoy --
(awkwardly)
And the only reason I don't bust you into the bag right this minute is I know the two of you were close friends.
(softer)
I was just about to call his wife -- or you can if you want to -- I know he had kids --

HARRY
Yeah, he does. Who reported it?

BRIGGS
Davis.

HARRY
(surprised)
Davis! What about the stake-out team? DiGorgio's a good man.

BRIGGS
It was an accidental coincidence. Davis just happened to be going by - happens. McCoy was already dead when he got there.

HARRY
Any witnesses?

BRIGGS
None.

HARRY
(after a pause)
I'd like to make that call now.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.1)

BRIGGS
Go ahead.

Harry turns and starts for the door. Early follows.

BRIGGS
(continuing; CALLING OUT)
Harry - if it means anything to you coming from me - I'm sorry about Charlie, but it's Imperial, believe me. I'll have a warrant in forty-eight hours. You can pick him up. He's all yours.

Harry only hesitates a beat, then EXITS.

76. OMITTED.

77. EXT. AIRPORT DAY

A forklift is raising a casket up to the cargo hold of a jet. The WHINE of the engines is very loud. PASSENGERS are in the lounge area waiting to board. Harry is there on the ground with Carol. Carol is composed, but in her eyes we read only grief. Together, they watch two men pull the coffin inside and slide it into place with the other baggage. Carol has a folded flag in her hands.

CAROL
(small voice)
Thank you for coming, Harry.

HARRY
You're sure about leaving? I have no place to go for a sitdown dinner anymore.

CAROL
(smiles weakly at him)
Oh, I never did like it out here.
(tries to laugh)
I always liked the change of seasons, I'll take him home. It's time he went home...oh, Christ!

Her eyes soften. Her control begins to go now as she buries her face in Harry's jacket. Harry quietly takes her arm helping her toward the ramp. Passengers are beginning to start toward the plane.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)
Now we see Davis there, helping Carol's children up the ramp. He has the little girl in one arm and a boy by each hand. The children wave at Carol and Harry. Carol regains her composure, holding herself under tight control.

CAROL
I'm sorry.
(pause)
It was nice of that young man to help us -- Goodbye, Harry -- We'll all miss you.

She gives him a little kiss on the cheek.

A few PEOPLE with carry-on luggage push past them.

She almost bursts into tears and hurries up the ramp, tears streaming down her face. Harry watches her go. The WHINE of the engines gets very loud. The kids wave at him from their window. He waves back, smiles, automatically scanning the area. He sniffs the air like a wolf. Dusk is just settling over the airport and the night lights are coming on.

Davis comes outside, walking down the steps toward Harry.

HARRY
(over the WHINE of engines)
Thanks. You didn't have to do this.

DAVIS
If I had come by sooner, McCoy might still be alive. He didn't deserve to get it like that. If there's anything I can do. I feel responsible in some way.

Harry gives him an unreadable look.

77A. INT. CASTLE LANES BOWLING DAY

The lanes are full, BOOMING with action, the air thick with NOISE. Harry and Davis enter, Harry obviously for the first time, and just as two young couples are leaving - a brunette

(CONTINUED)

77A (Cont.)

of seventeen, an attractive blonde of about the same age, her boyfriend - a frail good-looking black boy of perhaps nineteen, the other boy eighteen and white.

HARRY
(to Davis, sardonically)
This place smells like kids.

Davis laughs. The Blonde brushes up against him, but not noticing as she hurries outside with the others, the boy's faces especially anxious. Davis turns around clocking the blonde's figure. Harry shakes his head and moves on toward the bar.

Davis watches the Blonde's legs a moment longer, then he turns for the bar. At the same time, two men rush past him on their way out. One big and going to fat, the other small and stocky with greased hair. Both of them are wearing faded work clothes, the backs of their jackets proclaiming OLYMPIC CARPETS. The two men hit the street, running. Davis starts moving toward the bar, then he suddenly decides to step outside. Harry notices Davis exit.

77B. EXT. STREET

There are the SOUNDS of a struggle going on around a corner bordering a used car lot.

Davis starts for the corner. The white boy and the two girls come running toward him, their faces showing panic. The boy starts shouting as he comes closer to Davis.

WHITE BOY
(hysterical)
He has a heart condition! They'll kill him!

Davis breaks past them into a dead run. As he skirts the corner, Davis sees the two men beating the black boy bloody. The boy's eyes are rolling back and he is gasping for breath.

The big man wheels on Davis. Without missing stride, Davis drop kicks him full in the face. The big man reels backwards, stunned.

The small man takes off like a shot from a gun, streaking between cars. Davis hounds after him, running furiously.

The small man zig-zags back to the street - plunging into traffic. HORNS blare all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

77B (Cont.)

Davis stops dead. A cab swerves crazily in front of him.

The small man whirls around momentarily trapped between sliding cars.

Davis picks up a wire trash basket and heaves it at him.

In the air, the basket spews trash over the street.

The small man's feet suddenly skid out from under him. He shoots forward, smashing into a car parked on the other side. Before he fully scrambles to his feet, Davis is already on him, grabs his collar with both hands and bashes the small man's head into the car's window, shattering it. The small man groans - staggering to the ground on all fours. Davis bangs his head into the fender this time, denting it. Beyond them, near the corner, the big man is just pulling himself off the sidewalk, shakes his head, pulls out a lethal-looking carpet knife.

Harry rounds the corner, a bottle of beer still in his hands, as he runs. The big man rushes at Davis with the knife. Harry swings the beer bottle up, hard.

A burst of glass and suds explodes in the big man's face. He SCREAMS, pitches backwards holding his eyes.

Harry balls both fists into a club and bangs the big man in the gut. The big man doubles over, falling forward. As he meets the sidewalk he is already out. Harry snaps a pair of cuffs to one of his legs, jerks it up, locking it to a car door handle - then he whirls around to the black boy lying on the pavement. The boy's eyes are rolled all the way back now and he has stopped breathing. Harry starts pounding his chest with his fists. The boy is unmoving. Harry swears inwardly. He puts his head to the boy's chest - nothing.

At the same time, Davis is banging the small man's head into the car door, denting it. The small man drops right where he is. His head is drenched in blood. Harry comes running up just as Davis hauls the unconscious man up one more time and bangs his head into the car door again. The small man hits the ground, absolutely still. The car looks as if it had just been in an accident. The violence in Davis is so strong he is trembling all over. Harry stares down at the bloodied man.

HARRY
He was already out before you did that.

(CONTINUED)

77B (Cont.1)

DAVIS
(out of breath)
I know...we hate these bastards.

HARRY
We?

Just then we HEAR a girl SCREAM.

A crowd from the bowling alley is beginning to form around the black boy, some people with beers and drinks in hand. The black boy's friends are back now edging closer to his body. The girls are beside themselves with grief. The white boy is scared and humiliated, trembling all over. The Blonde Girl begins trembling, too, crying softly now as Harry and Davis come up to them.

HARRY
(to Girl)
Police. Is he your boyfriend?

GIRL
(weak voice)
Yes.

HARRY
He's dead.

The Girl bursts into tears now. The Boy and the other Girl crying with her. Harry takes off his jacket, kneels down beside the body and covers the dead boy's face with it.

WHITE BOY
Oh God! What can we tell his family! I should have stayed to help him! I wanted to...I wanted to help...oh God! I didn't mean to run away...I hate violence!

DAVIS
(fiercely)
How much more will it take to get you people upset enough to face violence? How long will you be indifferent?
(shouting)
How long?

Davis realizes he is shouting - comes back down very quickly Harry gives Davis a puzzled look as we

CUT TO:

78 thru 80. OMITTED.

81. OUTDOOR TARGET RANGE DAY

A target silhouette of a man with a mask and a gun pops up in a window frame. Three SHOTS ring out - two hit in a vital area, one goes high - the target drops. Another target pops up at an angle in another window - this one is a POLICEMAN. No shot is fired - CAMERA TRACKS along a wall - two more BAD GUYS pop up - a fusillade of SHOTS - two hit one man, the rest go wild. PULL BACK to reveal an elaborate outdoor range. Many policemen are present behind the firing line - some are in uniform, but most are not.

Detective DiGorgio, the man who has just finished shooting, stands up from behind a barricade, his service revolver at his side with its cylinder open.

His score is being tallied and put on a large blackboard with the entrants names and the different events: PRACTICAL POLICE COURSE - COMBAT, etc.

It is Sunday and the range has a festive mood to it. Men sit around and talk about guns and loads, drinking beer and watching the scoring with their families like spectators at any sporting event. The RANGEMASTER okays the last score then SPEAKS THROUGH A MICROPHONE.

RANGEMASTER
The next shooter is Calahan. Davis on deck.

Harry steps up to the firing line wearing his nylon windbreaker now with a shoulder holster strapped tight over it in which the large .44 Magnum is held. He stands at the line which has various barricades and walls in front of it - an old car is off to one side.

RANGEMASTER
(continuing)
Alright, you've got thirty shots permissible - targets will be scored on time as well as hits. You may pick whatever shots you prefer - it's your gunfight. Are you ready, sir?

Harry spreads his feet.

HARRY
Ready.

81 (Cont.)

RANGEMASTER
Load.

Harry pulls out a speed loader of six - puts it in the .44.

RANGEMASTER
(continuing)
Holster.

Harry holsters the gun.

RANGEMASTER
(continuing)
Ready on the left.
Ready on the right.
Ready on the firing line.

HARRY
Ready.

RANGEMASTER
Go!

Targets pop up - Harry draws - gets one off from the hip, brings the gun up to the two-handed position - goes into the standard combat position FIRING. He swings his gun past a GOOD GUY - two shots THUD into a BAD GUY as he snaps up.

Harry spins around behind a wall - ejects and loads with another speed loader - comes up running and FIRING - selecting his targets as he makes for the car. He crouches down behind car, loads again - comes up - braces against the window, FIRES through the car, using his cover wall. He is selecting his shots. The targets pop up and down - most are hit at least once in a vital area.

Harry walks off the line. People crowd around him - pat him on the shoulder - shake his hand. We HEAR the Rangemaster preparing the next set-up in the b.g. DiGorgio comes up to Harry.

DIGORGIO
You took everybody's pants down with that score, Harry -- I've never seen you smoother.
(then, awkwardly)
By the way, I've been meaning to personally tell you how sorry I am about Charlie.

HARRY
How in the hell did that kid Davis get in there before you, Tom? You were right across the street.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.1)

DIGORGIO
I don't have a goddamned idea, Harry. He came out of nowhere. We were in that garage before you could spit! -- Maybe I'm getting slow in my old age...

Before Harry can reply, Sweet comes up, smiling. Harry turns and looks at him. Sweet offers his hand. Harry takes it.

SWEET
Inspector Calahan, I'd like to be the first to congratulate you on what I think will be the winning score. You shaded me by a full seven points. The only one that has a chance in the combined -- is Davis.

Davis stands at the firing line, his eyes incredibly cold.

RANGEMASTER
Load.

Davis withdraws his pistol - loads.

In CLOSEUP we SEE Harry react.

RANGEMASTER
(continuing)
Holster.

The gun drops back into its holster.

RANGEMASTER
(continuing)
Ready on the right.
Ready on the left.
Ready on the firing line.
-- GO!

The gun whips out of its holster and BLASTS.

MONTAGE

The gun FIRING - Davis, all concentration - his hands expertly reloading with the speed loaders - Harry's eyes watching intently - all of the targets being drilled dead center

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.2)
There is an abrupt moment of silence as everyone waits for the score to be written on the blackboard. Sweet, Grimes, and Astrachan are grinning.

DIGORGIO
(to Harry; surprised)
I think that kid beat you, Harry!

HARRY
I had a bad day -- happens.

The Rangemaster writes down the official score - everyone GASPS and starts MUMBLING excitedly -- and then CHEERING for Davis who it seems has beaten Harry by four points.

Harry is unmoved. The Rangemaster and others come up along with Davis who is smiling. Harry just stares coldly at him.

RANGEMASTER
Harry -- he edged you by four points on the combat but your higher P.P.C. score evens it up for over all champion. You have your choice in the shoot-off of bulls-eye or combat.

HARRY
Combat.

The crowd BUZZES with comment - this should be some shoot.

RANGEMASTER
Three targets - six shots timed?

DAVIS
That sounds good.

HARRY
(smiles tightly)
Anyway you want it.

RANGEMASTER
Who wants to lead off?

DAVIS
I will -- before I get cold.
(grins)

Everybody steps back, leaving Davis and Harry alone at the line. A hush comes over the crowd - Davis steps directly up to the firing line, wipes his hands on his jeans - cracks his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.3)

RANGEMASTER
The clock will be activated by your voice.

A microphone is held behind Davis. Harry measures him the whole time.

RANGEMASTER
(continuing)
Are you ready, sir?

DAVIS
Ready.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.)
Load - six shots rapid fire.

Davis loads.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.; continuing)
Holster your weapon.

Davis holsters.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.; continuing)
Ready on the right.
Ready on the left.
Ready on the firing line.

DAVIS
Start!

He draws and FIRES smoothly at the first target, a BAD GUY - FIRES a second time to be sure - passes the second target, slightly obscured from the first which is a GOOD GUY and empties the remaining four into the third target a BAD GUY - pulls the gun up out of recoil.

DAVIS
(continuing)
Out!

There are CHEERS from Sweet, Grimes and Astrachan, much talking and commendation from damned near everyone else.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.)
Time -- two point four seconds - score perfect.

Harry stares at Davis who smiles.

DAVIS
Good luck, sir.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.4)
Harry nods - goes straight to the line - opens the big .44 - holds it at his side.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.)
Ready, Harry?

HARRY
(cold)
Ready.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.)
Load - six shots rapid fire.

Harry loads.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.; continuing)
Holster your weapon.

He holsters it.

CLOSE SHOT - HARRY'S EYES

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.; continuing)
Ready on the right.

CLOSE SHOT - DAVIS, all concentration on Harry.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.; continuing)
Ready on the left.

CLOSE SHOT - SWEET, GRIMES AND ASTRACHAN

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.; continuing)
Ready on the firing line.

CLOSE SHOT - HARRY

HARRY
Now!

Harry's gun whips out - three targets snap up, the .44 ROARS out rapid fire six shots - two into each target - incredibly fast - almost one long shot but on the last shot, Harry deliberately moves his hand a fraction - but enough to throw the shot way off. He pulls the smoking gun up out of recoil.

COP
(excitedly)
Good guy! The last one was a good guy.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.5)

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.)
Time - one point eight seconds - but I'm sorry, Harry - you hit a good guy.

Harry turns now as the crowd rushes forward to Davis - everyone congratulating him. Davis abruptly breaks away and walks over to Harry, offering his hand. Harry shakes it.

DAVIS
You had a bad break - I don't really deserve it.

HARRY
You won, didn't you?

DAVIS
Well, yes -- but --

HARRY
But -- nothing -- that's all that matters, doesn't it?
(indicating Davis' gun)
Can I try it?

DAVIS
Sure thing. Help yourself.

HARRY
(calling to Rangemaster)
One more - once, Chester.

82. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He has a slight grin. He loads - seeming relaxed, but underneath he is calculating something.

RANGEMASTER
(o.s.)
Ready on the firing line.

Harry steps up to the firing line - draws the gun and FIRES deliberately, sinking the bullet into the wood of the target frame. The next five SHOTS drill a nice neat group into the silhouette.

Harry walks back and hands the gun to Davis.

HARRY
I lost that first one.

DAVIS
You get used to it.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

HARRY
Yeah - I can see how you would.

83. EXT. TARGETS OUTDOOR TARGET RANGE NIGHT

Harry walks up to the targets with a flashlight, the range is deserted at this hour. Harry scans the targets - finds the one he wants. He kneels down - takes out his switch-blade stiletto, snaps it open and proceeds to carefully dig out the slug he fired into the wooden target frame.

84. INT. LAB NIGHT

MICROSCOPIC SHOT - BULLET. The bullet has the particularly deep cut rifling that only a target barrel can give.

Harry pulls away from the microscope. He is in the ballistics lab. It is late and he is alone and he is visibly disturbed now at what he has just seen. He removes the slug from the holder just as Early comes in.

EARLY
Hey, you said five minutes! I'm already waiting on you a half hour now! Don't you ever get hungry?

Harry checks his watch.

HARRY
(surprised)
Is it that long? It didn't feel that long.

EARLY
Listen, yesterday I was over to my butcher for some veal. Pops is an artist, you know. I could watch that man cut meat all day long. Why don't you come home with me tonight and have a little something to eat with us?

Harry gives Early a look.

HARRY
Thanks, but I just saw something that killed my appetite.

85. INT. HALLWAY POLICE DEPT. MORNING

Briggs is walking with Harry.

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

BRIGGS
Now, we'll grab those animals with their pants down! I was going to call you at home. We've got our search warrants and multiple charges. We're gonna make a city-wide raid tomorrow morning. Imperial is yours. Just don't take him out head first, Harry!

HARRY
I appreciate this, Briggs - but I got something I want you to see down in ballistics first.

BRIGGS
What? You got a lead? I think you'll find more leads than you can shake a stick at tomorrow.

86. INT. BALLISTICS LAB MORNING

The Lab Technician, Walter, turns around as Harry and Briggs come in. He has a bagel in his mouth, his hands busy opening a very hot container of coffee. He talks through his bagel.

WALTER
(as best he can)
Good morning, sir -- Harry --

HARRY
Walter, would you leave us alone for five minutes?

WALTER
(already leaving)
Sure.

Harry pulls out a tray marked "2 caliber .357 slug - (Carmine Ricca)".

HARRY
(surprised)
There's only two here! Where are all the others - the new ones?

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

BRIGGS
(off-handed)
Federal boys have them.

Harry is not exactly satisfied with this last, but he lets it pass for now. Briggs carries the tray over to the microscope. Harry removes one of the slugs from the tray and fikes it to the holder with another slug that he takes from his pocket.

MICROSCOPE SHOT - The slugs are moved together and turned - the rifling marks and strictions look similar - the slug is turned some more and they match up.

Harry pulls away from the microscope - perhaps as disturbed and disbelieving as he has ever been in his life.

BRIGGS
(continuing; impatient)
Well?

HARRY
Take a look.

Briggs does so - holds there a moment.

BRIGGS
Close - real close, but there's still a lot of lines that don't match up.

He looks up, his face shows wariness rather than any kind of satisfaction. It surprises Harry.

BRIGGS
(continuing)
All this proves is that these two bullets came out of barrels with a similar twist and depth of rifling.

Harry pulls his bullet out of the microscope holder.

HARRY
You think it would pass for evidence?

BRIGGS
As it is? No - but I'll have a full comparison report made. No trouble.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.1)
He reaches for the bullet. Harry flips it casually in the air - catches it and puts it back in his pocket.

HARRY
No - I guess you're right. Besides, it's not necessary yet.

BRIGGS
What do you mean 'yet'? Where did you get that slug?

HARRY
I'd rather not say just yet.

BRIGGS
Don't start playing games on this, Calahan! Whose side are you on, anyway?

HARRY
(change of tone)
Look, it's just a wild shot. I could be wrong again - maybe wronger than I was before. Just let me handle it my own way for a while. By the way, I'd like Davis and Sweet in my back-up squad tomorrow.

BRIGGS
Davis and Sweet? Those guys are just rookies for Chrissakes!

HARRY
You scare me up anybody in this department who can shoot any better and I'll use them.

BRIGGS
(exploding)
God Damn it, there isn't supposed to be any shooting!
(getting control)
Besides, they don't have the experience yet for a job like this!

HARRY
How are they going to get any experience if nobody gives them a chance first? Besides, Davis is the new pistol champion.

BRIGGS
Suppose they panic and start shooting?

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.2)

HARRY
(sardonic)
Nothing wrong with shooting - if the right people get shot.

87-90. OMITTED.

91. EXT. PARKING AREA POLICE BUILDING MORNING

UNMARKED CARS are lined up for the big city-wide raid and roundup of underworld personnel. Squads of uniformed police and plainclothesmen carrying heavy weapons are all heading for their cars, their heels making a loud rumbling SOUND on the pavement as they go. Briggs is there checking each squad before they get into their cars. Davis and Sweet are standing by. We SEE Harry come toward them with Early.

HARRY
(to Early; low)
You keep your eyes on Davis and Sweet the whole time.

EARLY
What the hell for?

HARRY
Just do it.

Before Early can reply, Briggs intercepts them.

BRIGGS
(to Harry)
All right - How you set?

HARRY
(all business)
Two cars - We drive up quick. Davis and Sweet will make the arrest with Early covering -- I'll be in the alley to catch anyone who tries to break and run -- if there's going to be any trouble that's where it'll be.

BRIGGS
We're holding the other squads back until you've made your arrest. Yours is the most important - it will be the first and we don't want any chance of them warning friends.

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

BRIGGS (Cont.)
(to Early)
I'd never walk up to a door with Harry -- too many people don't like him!

EARLY
(sardonic)
Thanks - that makes me feel a whole lot better!

Briggs leaves, nodding to Davis and Sweet. Harry steps up to their car.

HARRY
You boys ready?

DAVIS
Yes sir. Thank you for requesting us.

SWEET
We won't disappoint you.

HARRY
I'm counting on that.

All over the area there is a ROAR of ENGINES.- as cars begin moving out.

92. EXT. IMPERIAL'S WAREHOUSE MORNING

Everything is still this Sunday morning.

Inside the alley in back a Buick is parked next to an open door to the warehouse - suddenly we HEAR a PHONE RING from somewhere inside the warehouse.

93. INT. WAREHOUSE MORNING

Over the RINGING of the PHONE, we SEE IMPERIAL sitting in a torn-up overstuffed chair eating breakfast and reading the paper. He has a serving platter of a dozen eggs on his lap - a loaf of bread and cardboard container of milk on the floor by his side. He takes a long pull on the milk then grabs up a slice of bread, mopping the egg juice as he goes, seemingly paying not the slightest attention to the phone.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

Four other tough-looking MEN are sitting down at a table eating normally - shooting looks at each other. A shotgun leans against the table on which are also various pistols. What looks like a Thompson stock protrudes from a packing box along with several rifles. The PHONE keeps RINGING. Finally Imperial motions with a slice of bread. One of the men jumps up and goes quickly to the phone - picks up the receiver without saying a word, listening and wiping his mouth of food.

MAN
(after a moment)
Who the hell is this? You better tell me who this is! I'll bend your ass backwards if I ever lay my hands on you?

There is an AUDIBLE CLICK. The man stares at the phone. Everyone at the table has turned around.

IMPERIAL
(without looking up from his eggs)
What was that, Nicky?

MAN
(nervous)
Somebody just said we're gonna be hit in two minutes! They'll be dressed as cops!

Everyone stares at Imperial's hulking back.

IMPERIAL
Did it sound like anyone you know?

MAN
No - I couldn't tell, Frank.

There is a beat of silence. Imperial hauls his bulk out of the chair - faces the other men.

IMPERIAL
(snarling)
All right - get over by the windows - Nicky and Vince take the garage door.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.1)

MAN
What if they are cops? It could be a set-up?

The others are all scrambling to unlimber shotguns and the Thompson sub-machine gun.

IMPERIAL
(fiercely)
They couldn't put Ricca's face back together again! - You think we should wait and see? If they're cops, they'll have papers. You'll know if they're cops -

2ND MAN
(urgently)
A couple of cars coming down the street!

94. EXT. STREET MORNING

The first car containing Early, Sweet and Davis pulls up in front of the warehouse - it waits. The second car, Harry's car, turns into the alley a good distance from the Buick behind the warehouse.

HARRY
(into radio)
All right, we're in position 7-52 -- United 82A and B -- hold at Reeves and Clayton -- stand by --

95. INT. WAREHOUSE MORNING

Imperial is perspiring - he has a shotgun ready. His men are in position near windows and doors.

4TH MAN
(low)
The second car's stopped in the alley.

IMPERIAL
They ain't cops - cops always come in the front. They got uniforms on?

2ND MAN
Two of them - in the first car.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

IMPERIAL
Why didn't they come in squad cars if they're cops?

4TH MAN
There's a big guy getting out by the alley.

96. EXT. ALLEY MORNING

Harry slides in tight along the buildings toward the back door opposite the Buick, as now he takes out his huge .44 Magnum.

97. INT. WAREHOUSE MORNING

The Fourth Man eases his shotgun up to the window sill.

4TH MAN
(whispering)
He's got a gun out, Frank -- It ain't no cop's gun!

98. EXT. STREET MORNING

Sweet goes up to the door, cautiously - his gun holstered.

Davis is coming for the door moving along the front of the building.

Early has a shotgun at the car covering them. We can HEAR the CRACKLE of the RADIO.

Sweet knocks on the door.

IMPERIAL
(o.s.)
We ain't open - nobody's here! Come back tomorrow.

SWEET
Police officer - we'd like to ask you some questions.

IMPERIAL
(o.s.)
I'm just the watchman. There's nobody here --

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

SWEET
We're looking for a Mr. Frank Imperial -- would you open the door, sir -- we have a warrant for his arrest.

IMPERIAL
(o.s.)
Nobody's here.

SWEET
We have warrants for a search of the premises, sir.

IMPERIAL
(o.s; snarling)
Serve 'em!

A SHOTGUN BLAST blows through the door. Sweet is jerked violently - staggers, a look of horrified surprise stuck in his eyes - he is hit again from the door and window - blown backward, twirling as he is hit again and again, dead before he hits the ground. Glass SHATTERS - the car is torn up by a tremendous VOLLEY.

Early is knocked back by the concussion - scrambles - FIRING back with the shotgun - pumping as fast as he can.

Davis is flat against the wall, trapped in the cross-fire from the warehouse. He is swearing furiously.

EARLY
(SCREAMING into radio)
They got Sweet! -- They're chopping us up! Send units to help!

99. EXT. ALLEY MORNING

Harry is caught unaware. It is something he really didn't expect. Suddenly a WINDOW BREAKS behind him. Harry FIRES, twisting - a BLAST blows trash out of a row of cans all over him. His gun answers at the same time - from the hip, two SHOTS rip into the wood frame of the window. The SHOTGUN goes off again wild. Harry BLASTS again - a CRASH and CLATTER is heard inside. He rolls up close to the building. MACHINE GUN FIRE rips through the wall over him.

100. EXT. STREET MORNING

Early is returning FIRE as fast as he can pump the shotgun - then with his service pistol. SIRENS can be HEARD approaching fast.

101. EXT. ALLEY MORNING

Harry scrambles past trash cans - along the wall reloading - comes to the shattered windows - stabs a look inside.

102. INT. WAREHOUSE MORNING

Two men are BLASTING at the spot where Harry was before. One of them, the one with the Thompson, spots Harry's head at the window; he whips around as three holes come through the wood under the window sill. The man doubles over and slams backward. Harry is gone. SHOTS pinging off the wall after him.

103. EXT. STREET MORNING

Squad cars pull up on all sides - cops pour out FIRING into the front of the warehouse with shotguns and service revolvers - covering fire as men move into position. The firing ceases from the warehouse. A cop with a megaphone commands:

COP
(amplified)
Cease firing! Throw your weapons out and come out with your hands behind your heads.

104. EXT. ALLEY MORNING

Harry is crouched against the wall, his gun hand braced on the door covering the Buick.

The door opens all the way.

HARRY
Hold where you are!

The figure at the door FIRES on Harry, diving for the Buick. Harry SHOOTS him through the rear window. The Man's head bounces forward smacking into the windshield, bouncing off the padding on the dashboard.

Suddenly a rear garage door directly in front of Harry blows out - as Imperial's Cadillac bashes through, coming straight at him.

Harry levels the big .44 with both hands and BLASTS. The window starbursts where the passenger was. The Cadillac swerves at Harry - ripping chrome strips off along the wall -there is no place to go. Harry lunges onto the hood almost smashing through the windshield doing so --

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.)
The Cadillac side-swipes the Buick - slamming through endless rows of garbage cans - the NOISE is unbelievable - cans CRASHING over Harry's head, shattering parts of the windshield. Harry is being ripped and slashed by the glass.

He holds desperately onto the windshield wipes. Imperial has a manic look in his eyes, standing on the gas pedal now as:

The Cadillac tears for the open street at the far end.

Harry, as best he can, thrusts the .44 down over the engine block, pulling off SHOTS.

Imperial stares in horror.

There is a terrible grating SOUND of metal against metal. The engine block is torn off its mounts - and has dislodged the drive train. The transmission goes - the back end locks - smoke pours out with sparks and debris - the car ricochets ing off the walls. The wipers come away in Harry's hands - he slides off the hood, crashing to the ground pouring blood.

Imperial breaks out of the car, running for the street.

Harry rolls over - whips a fresh speed loader into the cylinder.

Imperial hits the street.

HARRY
Halt!

Imperial keeps going.

Harry lines and FIRES.

Imperial does a full flip as he is hit and crashes into an on-coming milk truck. The DRIVER stands on the brakes - tires SCREAMING - the truck jackknifes, spewing containers of milk, which burst as they hit the pavement. The truck careens into a parked car, stopping.

Imperial lies dead or dying in a pool of milk.

Harry collapses against the wrecked and smoking Cadillac. Early runs up - several cops coming up behind him.

(CONTINUED)

104 (Cont.1)

EARLY
(breath rasping in his lungs)
Sweet is dead!
(getting a good look at Harry)
Jesus!

105. INT. POLICE INFIRMARY DAY

Harry is sitting on the edge of a stainless steel table under a fiercely bright light. His beard is coming out now and he looks like hell now. A BLACK DOCTOR is washing a long gash on the side of Harry's forehead with an antiseptic solution. He is a good-natured man beginning to be soured by his profession.

DOCTOR
About fifteen stitches for that, Harry -- I'll give you a local.

HARRY
Forget it.

DOCTOR
Okay. It's your ass.

HARRY
Head - the cut is on my head.

DOCTOR
(shakes his head)
Why does everybody suddenly become a comedian in here?

He threads up a surgical needle and goes to work stitching up Harry's wound. Harry, grinding his teeth against the pull of the needle.

Just then Briggs comes busting in followed by Avery, harassed looking, wearing a rumpled suit, his tie already pulled open at this hour of the morning.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)
The Doctor does not even look up and keeps on stitching. Harry turns his eyes toward Briggs as best he can. Avery stares icily at him.

BRIGGS
(to Avery -- indicating Doctor)
Does he have to stay in here?

DOCTOR
(sardonic)
No! I can stop and let the man's brains run out all over your shoes.

AVERY
(cold)
Rogers, I don't need to have a doctor display that kind of attitude! A police officer is dead.

DOCTOR
(meaning it)
Sorry.

BRIGGS
(to Harry)
I got those warrants for a search of the premises! -- not for you to become judge, jury and executioner, Calahan. It was supposed to be a simple arrest!

HARRY
(without moving his head)
Arresting a killer like Imperial isn't simple.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.1)

BRIGGS
(shouting)
People are guilty until proven --
(catches himself)
I mean -- you know what the hell I mean! This city is on the edge of the worst criminal violence in its history and you have to start full-scale military operations!

HARRY
(even)
I didn't shoot anybody that wasn't trying to shoot me first.

AVERY
(furious)
Every time you pull out that gun, my paperwork backs up for three goddamned months! The Chief and I have already conferred on this matter, Calahan. A full investigation is warranted here!

He gives Harry a last look of disgust, shaking his head as he goes out the door. After Avery leaves, Briggs explodes again.

BRIGS
(bitterly)
What about a dead cop!? I warned you against taking them --

HARRY
(interrupting)
Sweet was killed with the first shot fired. It was a set-up! They knew we were coming, Briggs.

BRIGGS
How? Don't hand me that!

HARRY
After two hundred arrests, you can tell the difference!

BRIGGS
If I have my way, Calahan, you won't make another arrest as long as you live!

HARRY
Is that all?

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.2)

BRIGGS
No - that's not all! I want that slug you showed me.

HARRY
Didn't turn out to be anything. I checked it out with lab. It was a different rifling twist after all.

BRIGGS
It's still State's evidence.
(shouting)
I want it anyway!

Harry interrupts the Doctor - reaches into his watch pocket - throws a slug at Briggs. It hits him in the chest.

HARRY
Eat it!

Briggs holds himself on the edge of violence for a moment, then grabs up the slug and stalks out, slamming the door behind him.

106. EXT. PARK AREA DAY

Harry and Early are walking.

EARLY
Look, Harry - If it means anything - I think you got handed the wrong end of the stick.

HARRY
You do, eh? What did they find at Imperial's when they finally got in there?

EARLY
Nothing - Imperial was as clean as he could possibly be. They knew we were coming, Harry.

HARRY
(knowingly)
Then why'd they open up?

EARLY
They must have thought it was a set-up - like the others.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

HARRY
It was.

Early looks at Harry quizzically.

EARLY
(blurting out)
What is all this?

HARRY
(flat)
We were set-up, Early.

Early just stares at Harry, dumbfounded.

HARRY
(continuing; wearily)
What I want to talk about sounds so far-fetched, I can't believe it yet myself.

EARLY
I gave up being surprised anymore, working with you.
(grins nervously)

HARRY
Would you be surprised if I told you I thought a bunch of rookie cops were the ones knocking off everybody in town?

Early just stares at him. Harry reaches into his pocket and hands Early a slug.

HARRY
(continuing)
I gave a phony to Briggs. This one I pulled from the target range. It comes from Davis' Smith and Wesson. It matches the one we found in Charlie McCoy's head.

EARLY
(shocked)
Davis?! That's insane!

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.1)

HARRY
Davis and those other guys are responsible for these killings - that bullet proves it.

EARLY
(disbelieving)
But that's insane.

HARRY
Maybe so - but whoever it was - tipped off Imperial - either way it works out. If Imperial went or me - hopefully both.

EARLY
But Sweet died today.

HARRY
He was sacrificed - but what's more important is that if I'm right - I'll be sacrificed - and then they've got to figure I told you, which I did now - so you'd have to be sacrificed, too.
(sardonic)

Early just stares at Harry dumbfounded again.

HARRY
(continuing)
If I get sacrificed first, you take the bullet to Briggs.

EARLY
What happens if they get both of us?

HARRY
(flat)
They win.

Early's face is expressionless.

HARRY
(continuing; sorrowfully)
Maybe they're right in some ways. It's not hard to understand. It's rotten - but it's not hard to understand. I know it sounds impossible, but there may be a whole sub organization within the force -

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.2)

HARRY (Cont.)
similar to what Brazil had a few years back.

EARLY
(thoughtfully)
Wow!

HARRY
Yeah - sometimes at about two o'clock in the morning - I wonder where the hell the world went to!

Early stops in front of the entrance to his apartment building.

HARRY
I hope to see you later.

Harry's face creases with a grin. They shake hands warmly for the first time. Harry heads back towards the car.

Early watches Harry go for a moment, then he turns, heads into the lobby. We see him stop halfway and suddenly change direction as if he had forgotten something - heading for a new supermarket in one of the other buildings.

107 THRU 109. OMITTED.

110. EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING DAY

Harry drives up to his building -- pulls around back to the parking area. The long-haired girl is just roaring out in a small beat-up-looking foreign convertible, her hair whipping across her face. Seeing Harry, she brakes. She looks terrific, but Harry only half smiles back, preoccupied with other thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

GIRL
Hi! -- Jesus! What happened to you?

HARRY
Nothing -- a few stitches.

GIRL
(after a pause)
I was just going to the market -- I'll bring back some beer if you'd like -- I've got your key so I'll get your mail too.

HARRY
(against his better judgement)
I could go a few beers right now.

GIRL
(grins)
I'll be right back. Keep it warm.

She laughs and gives him a jaunty wave of the hand as she SQUEALS out. Harry, despite his mood, can't restrain himself. He laughs under his breath, shaking his head -- and pulls into the slot marked "Calahan".

He gets out and starts to exit.

VOICE
(o.s.)
Do you have any idea of how hard it is to prosecute a cop?

Harry whips around. Davis, Grimes and Astrachan are there, faces partially obscured in the shadows, sitting on their police motorcycles. Davis stares at Harry for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.1)

HARRY
You heroes killed over a dozen men this week -- what are you figuring to do next week?

DAVIS
(flat)
Kill a dozen more.

HARRY
Is that what you guys are all about -- being heroes?

ASTRACHAN
(there is no humor in his face now)
All our heroes are dead.

DAVIS
We're the first generation that knows how to fight. We're only ridding society of killers that would be caught and sentenced anyway if our courts worked properly. We began with the criminals the people know -- so they'll understand our action. It's not just a question whether to use violence or not - there's just no other way, Harry. You of all people should understand that.

All of this last strikes a deep sympathetic cord in Harry. There is a long moment of silence - all of them there measuring each other. The silence, crackling.

GRIMES
(suddenly)
You're either for us or against us!

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.2)
Harry draws himself up with a feeling that surprises him.

HARRY
(cold)
I'm afraid you misjudged me.

After a deadly silence, Davis, Astrachan and Grimes fire up their motorcycles and all pull away. Harry stands there a moment, motionless, drawing a deep breath of air. He seems exhausted now, or perhaps for some deeper reasons, completely turned in on himself.

111. INT. VESTIBULE HARRY'S BUILDING DAY

Harry comes past the mailboxes - pauses automatically to look in his box - abruptly stops - takes out a stub of a pencil and pokes it in - stops on something inside. He doesn't open it now - unlocks the inner door and goes up toward his apartment quickly, noiselessly.

112. INT. HALLWAY/APARTMENT DAY

Harry comes to his door. He is careful not to stand directly in front of it - listening carefully. He opens it - lets it swing open, standing back, gun drawn now - NOTHING. He goes inside, moving quickly through the apartment -- NOTHING --

Suddenly the light bulb in the hallway goes out. It is black outside now. Harry HEARS something - pushes up against the wall just inside the door - gun extended. We HEAR footsteps - they stop, momentarily. Harry shoots a glance into the darkened hallway - can see nothing. The FOOTSTEPS start again - coming closer - closer - slow and cautious. Finally the figure reveals itself going past the door. It is an OLD LADY pulling a shopping cart full of laundry - staring straight ahead - she doesn't even look Harry's way and never sees the big .44 Magnum pointed at her head. Harry holds the gun on her until she is gone - he doesn't trust anything now as suddenly he remembers the girl.

HARRY
Christ!

He bolts out of the door for the stairs swearing, banging into the railing.

113. INT. VESTIBULE DAY

The girl is just coming in loaded with bags of groceries and a six-pack of beer for Harry. She comes up to the mailboxes and braces the bags against the wall, one knee under them - they are heavy.

114. INT STAIRWAY DAY

Harry tears down the stairs three at a time, streaking for the mailboxes.

114A. INT. VESTIBULE GIRL DAY

The Girl is just about to insert the mailbox key under the name "Calahan" when Harry dives at her, knocking her ass over backwards, blowing groceries and beer cans all over the floor. The Girl is sprawled on the floor, dazed, the wind knocked out of her and she is unable to say anything at that very moment. Ignoring her, Harry pulls out his knife and begins unscrewing the plate covering all the mailboxes and buzzers. He works quickly but carefully - making sure he doesn't jolt anything or let something slip.

The Girl is just coming back to herself; staring intently at Harry the whole time.

A MAN comes out of the back ground floor apartment in an undershirt - looks at Harry through the glass in the door for a moment, the Girl on the floor - then he opens the door slowly. Harry glances over at him, but never taking his hands away from what he is doing.

MAN
Hey - what's going on here?

HARRY
Taking this apart - What's it look like?

MAN
You people live here, don't you?

HARRY
Yeah.

MAN
Well, what in hell are you doing to the mailbox? Did you loose your key?

(CONTINUED)

114A (Cont.)

HARRY
Why don't you mind your own business?

MAN
That's my mailbox, too - don't get smart with me, son!

Harry has all the screws out - he carefully pulls the face plate away from the wall, looking and feeling for something. He stops suddenly. The Girl still has not said a word. The three of them stand there in silent tableau for a moment. Harry, slowly, ever so slowly, eases the plate down.

MAN
(continuing; blurting out)
Tampering with the mails is a Federal offense - I'm calling the police.

A pin falls on the ground.

HARRY
(all concentration)
I am the police.

MAN
What - you the cop that lives upstairs?

HARRY
That's right.

He pulls the plate away - then a gob of plastic material wrapped in barbed wire from his box. There are batteries, also a wire leads to the keyhole.

The Girl gasps. The Man's eyes widen with fear.

MAN
(nervous)
What's that?

HARRY
Plastic explosive --

MAN
(horrified)
A bomb!

He backs up quickly against the door - opens it behind him.

(CONTINUED)

114A (Cont.1)

HARRY
If you'd bothered me a little more, we'd all be stuck to the ceiling now.

MAN
I don't want to be involved.

He slips behind the door - slams it after him, walking quickly back to his apartment. We HEAR his DOOR slam shut and LOCKS CLICK into place. Harry looks full at the Girl now. She is still on the floor staring at the gaping hole in the wall.

Her face holds fear and wonder and now she begins to tremb and shake a bit with the realization of it all. Harry extends his hands to her - helping her off the floor.

GIRL
Christ!

HARRY
Stay in your apartment, tonight. Lock the door and don't open it for anyone but me. Not anyone. You understand?

CUT TO:

114B. EXT. EARLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING DAY

Early, carrying several bags of groceries, comes out of the supermarket. He threads his way across the maze of board sidewalks, heading for the entrance to the building - pulling out a piece of celery and eating it as he goes.

115. INT. LOBBY DAY

Early comes inside, nodding to a COUPLE leaving the buildir He turns a corner, shifting the weight of the bags and pulling a set of keys from his pockets. As now directly in front of him we SEE:

A GLEAMING WALL OF BRAND NEW MAILBOXES.

Early selects the right key and inserts it into the lock.

First there is a blinding FLASH, then a tremendous EXPLOSIC Early becomes a red blur in the terrible burst of concrete, steel and glass.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)
Outside, a half-eaten stalk of celery lies undamaged in the mud. We HEAR someone SCREAM hysterically.

116. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT DAY

Harry puts the bomb on the top of the television set - picks up the phone, dials - waits and then waits some more -- still there is no answer.

Harry swears - dials another number.

HARRY
Homicide - Detective Lieutenant Briggs - Inspector Calahan.

After a moment Briggs comes on.

BRIGGS
(o.s.; surprise in voice)
Calahan? Where are you?

HARRY
Briggs, I just found a bomb in my mailbox. Get a man over to Early's right away. He's probably got one, too.

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
What?

HARRY
I've got it in my hand here - It's completely disarmed. Get a man over to Early's!

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
Right! Stay right where you are! I'll be down there myself. Don't move!

There is a sudden CLICK on the other end. Harry hangs up the receiver - moves to a drawer and takes out a switch blade stiletto, snaps it to make sure the blade is still working well and pushes this down the small of his back under his belt.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)
He checks the .44 Magnum - puts two extra speed loaders in his pockets - and sits down, waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

116A. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT

We HEAR the SOUND of a car pulling up outside -- then FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. Harry has his gun aimed at the door. There is a KNOCK.

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
Harry?

HARRY
Yes?

BRIGGS
(o.s.)
It's Briggs. Are you all right?

HARRY
Come on in. It's open.

The DOOR COMES OPEN. Briggs peers in -- he sees Harry's .44. Harry lowers it and puts it in his holster.

BRIGGS
I don't like looking down one of those.

HARRY
Did you see anybody out there?

BRIGGS
No. Where's the bomb?

HARRY
(indicating the TV set)
Right over there.

We SEE the bomb on top of the television set. Briggs goes to it and picks it up.

BRIGGS
All right, let's get out of here. Avery is waiting to see this --

Harry lets Briggs go out first.

117- OMITTED
117A.

117B. EXT. STREET DAY

Briggs and then Harry come outside toward Briggs' car, the ENGINE is still running: the RADIO CRACKLING as always. Harry scans the street.

BRIGGS
You mind driving? I'd like to take a closer look at this thing.
(hefting the bomb)

Harry nods - walks around front to the driver's seat. Briggs gets in with the bomb. Harry slides in behind the wheel - puts the car in gear and they pull out.

BRIGGS
(looking at the bomb)
This thing could be activated by your mailbox key or set off by a timer.

Further down the street, a police motorcycle emerges from the shadows of a building, following the car.

118. INT. CAR DAY

BRIGGS
Get on the Freeway.

HARRY
You got a new route to City Hall?

Briggs suddenly whips out his .45 automatic and jams it into Harry's neck.

HARRY
Your gun is out of its holster, Briggs. First time?

BRIGGS
You know you're not going to City Hall, Calahan. The only way you're going anywhere is in a rubber bag!

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)
Briggs reaches over and pulls out Harry's .44 out of its shoulder holster.

BRIGGS
Now the shells --

Harry takes out two speed loaders.

BRIGGS
(continuing)
Three -- you always carry three.

Harry takes out the third one.

BRIGGS
(continuing)
Throw them out the window.

After a beat, Harry does so.

119. EXT. ENTRANCE FREEWAY DAY

The car moves onto the on-ramp; the speed loaders bouncing on the pavement whip by the motorcycle coming on, a steady distance behind the car.

120. EXT. CAR FREEWAY DAY

The motorcycle, from Harry's P.O.V. in the rear-view mirror, is indistinguishable in the traffic behind him.

HARRY
How do you expect to cover this one, Briggs?

BRIGGS
I run the investigation. With your record, I could make anything stick.

HARRY
Why are you doing this, Briggs -- you of all people?

BRIGGS
A hundred years ago in this city, people did the same thing. History

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.)

BRIGGS (Cont.)
justified the Vigilantes. We're no different. Anyone who threatens the safety of the people will be executed. Evil for evil, Harry - retribution!

HARRY
I believe in that, Briggs - but not murder. Once police become their own executioners where does it stop? You'll be executing people for jay-walking -- traffic tickets -- then killing the next door neighbor because his dog pissed on your lawn!

BRIGGS
There isn't one man we've killed that didn't deserve what was coming to him!

HARRY
Yes, there was - one - Charlie McCoy.

BRIGGS
(cold)
What would you have done?

HARRY
I would have upheld the law.

BRIGGS
(passionately)
What the hell do you know about the law? You're a great cop, Harry, you had a chance to join our team, but you'd rather stick with the system.

HARRY
Briggs, I hate the goddamn system, but I know it doesn't include murder. Until it's changed I'll go along with it.

BRIGGS
You're about to become extinct!

120A. EXT. CAR FREEWAY DAY

Harry and Briggs driving southbound on Highway 280. The car is nearing Mariposa Exit ramp. Harry spots motorcycle in rear-view mirror.

121. EXT. CAR MARIPOSA EXIT RAMP

Harry makes a hard right turn on 18th Street, at the same time jamming the throttle to the floor and sideswiping a bus. Briggs is thrown off balance against Harry as Briggs' gun goes off blowing a hole through the roof of the car. Harry chops Briggs hard across his face and Briggs' head slams into the window on the other side of the car.

122. EXT. MOTORCYCLE MARIPOSA EXIT RAMP

Grimes sees what has happened, gives his motorcycle full throttle and makes a turn in pursuit of Harry.

123. EXT. CAR WEST BOUND 18TH STREET & CORNER OF MISSISSIPPI

Harry slams Briggs' head against the dashboard knocking him unconscious. At the same time, oncoming traffic makes Harry take a hard left turn causing an oncoming car to slide out of control. Harry takes off up the hill on Mississippi.

123A. EXT. MOTORCYCLE 18TH STREET & MISSISSIPPI

Grimes is chasing Harry west on 18th Street, makes a hard left turn and takes off up the hill in pursuit of Harry.

123B. EXT. CAR CORNER OF VERMONT & 20TH STREET

Harry's car almost gets airborne as it comes over the top of the hill. Harry is now headed towards a narrow downhill series of S's. Harry fights to keep control going downhill in S's, sideswipes a car, regains control and continues.

123C. EXT. MOTORCYCLE CORNER OF VERMONT & 20TH STREET

Grimes comes over the top of the hill to S's and goes downhill fighting control at every turn. Grimes jams on brakes to avoid hitting the car and driver Harry has sideswiped. Grimes again gives it full throttle and continues after Harry.

123D. EXT. CAR 22ND AND PENNSYLVANIA

Harry is speeding, making a hard left turn uphill dodging traffic with Grimes in pursuit.

123E. EXT. CAR BOTTOM OF HILL 18TH AND PENNSYLVANIA

Harry's car comes sailing over and down the hill. Grimes is starting to gain a bit on Harry now. At the bottom of the hill, Harry makes a hard right turn headed for the freeway entrance.

123F. EXT. CAR FREEWAY ENTRANCE HIGHWAY 280 NORTHBOUND

Harry's car is sliding and burning rubber into entrance of the freeway, cutting off cars in the process.

123G. EXT. CAR FREEWAY 280 NORTHBOUND

Harry is at high speeds passing through traffic with Grimes in pursuit.

123H. EXT. CAR MISSION STREET EXIT FROM FREEWAY LEADING TO INTERSECTION OF MISSION & DUBOCE AND UNDER FREEWAY
(NOTE: DUBOCE BECOMES DIVISION)

Coming down exit, Harry jams on brakes hard as he approache intersection, then punches the throttle all the way to the floor making a U turn under the freeway causing havoc with traffic.

123-I. EXT. MOTORCYCLE MISSION STREET EXIT FROM FREEWAY

Grimes making exit and U turn, but having trouble picking his way through traffic.

123J. EXT. CAR UNDETERMINED INTERSECTION UNDER FREEWAY DIVISION

Harry is under the freeway, pushing his car hard through traffic and approaches a red light. Harry sees Grimes in rear-view mirror and jams the throttle as he runs the red light. Harry sees a truck coming from the right causing him to make a hard left turn and then a right turn putting him in the oncoming traffic. Cars are SCREECHING and slidi all over as Harry finally makes it back into the flow of traffic.

123K. EXT CAR & MOTORCYCLE EXIT FROM UNDER FREEWAY 9TH & DIVISIO

Harry is trying to pass cars and crosses over the double li into the path of an oncoming truck. Harry broadslides a car left to avoid head-on collision and continues with Grimes following.

123L. EXT. CAR PRODUCE LOADING SHED BETWEEN DIVISION AND BRANNON STREET

Harry's car roars at ramp leading to the shed. Inside the shed, workmen are loading produce on a truck and dive for cover as Harry's car sails through the shed. Crates of produce are smashed and knocked, sailing through the air as Harry's car careens out the end of the shed.

123M. EXT. CAR EXIT OF PRODUCE SHED ON BRANNON STREET & 9TH

Harry exits the shed broadsliding into a hard left turn and then a hard right turn onto 9th Street.

123N. EXT. MOTORCYCLE PRODUCE LOADING SHED

Grimes roars through the shed and in making a hard left turn, loses control and bike goes out from under him slidin across Brannon Street. Grimes rights bike and continues chase.

123P. EXT. CAR 9TH STREET NORTH BETWEEN BRANNON & BRYANT STREET

We PICK UP Harry burning rubber around corner from Brannon onto 9th Street. Traffic is backed up. Harry cranks the wheel right, crossing the sidewalk narrowly missing pedestrians and sailing car between parked trucks then sliding across parking lot, bouncing off the side of a Volksvagen Camper, jamming the throttle down and roars to the exit making a hard right turn onto Bryant.

123Q. EXT. MOTORCYCLE

Grimes chasing Harry, picking his way through traffic, continuing chase.

123R. EXT. CAR 7TH AND BERRY FREIGHT YARD

Harry turns into freight yard narrowly missing heavy equipment forcing Harry's car up a railroad loading ramp.

123S. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE RAILROAD LOADING RAMP FREIGHT YARD

Harry is driving up railroad loading ramp with Grimes in pursuit. Harry sees exit blocked and makes a half left turn, crashing through construction area down onto 6th Street. Harry makes a hard left turn, then a right turn onto King Street with Grimes in pursuit.

123T. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE 3RD & KING STREET

Harry's car is burning rubber out of freight yard, heading for China Basin drawbridge. Grimes is starting to close the gap again.

123U. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE CHINA BASIN BRIDGE

Harry is speeding over the bridge and is forced by on-comin traffic to make a hard left turn over the center divider and onto China Basin heading east.

(This area could be used to put up signs showing Naval Yard in the area.)

123V. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE WAREHOUSE AREA

Harry's car breaks out into the warehouse area sliding and sending up clouds of dust. Harry races towards warehouse at the far end as Grimes enters through a huge door.

123W. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE WAREHOUSE AREA

Harry slides to a halt seeing no exit. Grimes is now closi in on Harry. Harry jams the throttle to the floor crashing through the side of the building.

123X. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE WAREHOUSE & HANGAR

Harry explodes out of the warehouse, makes a hard right turn into a hangar-like building with Grimes in pursuit.

123Y. INT CAR & MOTORCYCLE HANGAR

Harry's car slides into the hangar heading for far end, then careens around far end of hangar with Grimes chasing.

123Z. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE WEST SIDE OF HANGAR GOING NORTH

Grimes ROARS around side of hangar gaining on Harry. Grimes draws his gun and FIRES. The shot BLASTS through Harry's back window, EXPLODING the rear-view mirror in his face. Harry cuts a hard left turn at the corner of the hangar causing his car to go into a complete 180° turn headed back towards Grimes.

123AA. EXT. CAR & MOTORCYCLE CORNER OF HANGAR

Harry and Grimes hit the corner at the same time. Harry's car smashes into Grimes broadside as we SEE the gas tank EXPLODE into a ball of fire.

123BB. EXT. HARRY, DAVIS, ASTRACHAN CORNER OF HANGAR AND WAREHOUSE AREA

Harry slides to a stop. Looking back at Grimes and bike burning, Harry sees Davis and Astrachan enter the warehouse area. Harry slams the throttle to the floor and heads for the gate to the mothball fleet.

124. EXT. NAVAL RESERVE MOTHBALL FLEET DAY

Harry comes through a gray purgatory of obsolete warships moored in rows with aluminum bubbles over their artillery, huge shapes looming up. There is nowhere to go and he has no ammunition. Harry SCREECHES to a stop beside a wooden gangway being used by a demolition company. He lurches out of the car, tearing for the gangway, scrambling up the steep incline as best he can.

The two motorcycles burst through the demolished gate, throwing up bits of metal, ROARING toward Harry, as now we SEE it is Davis and Astrachan.

125. EXT. ATTACK CARRIER DAY

From the ground, Harry is etched sharply against the sky. He lurches out onto the awesome flight-deck of the attack carrier. Several SHOTS crack and WHINE off the steel deck, but Harry is already out of range, his breath is RASPING in his lungs and he looks half dead now. He plunges across the deck toward the Command superstructure. We HEAR and SEE:

Both motorcycles dig in ROARING up the rickety work ramps, tearing boards loose, as now they come sailing into the air over the edge of the deck, BANGING down just as Harry is seen slipping into a hatchway in the superstructure.

Astrachan skids to a stop at the near end, dismounts, unlimbering a folding stock Thompson gun, running toward another hatch closer in.

Davis speeds to the far end - brakes to a sliding stop, vaults off, whipping out his .357 Magnum. He races to the hatch, keeping flat to the wall - pumps a full cylinder inside - spitting a huge flame. The bullets PING and WHINE off the steel, then silence - Davis motions for Astrachan to go in from the other side as now he bursts in where he is FIRING - rapid, another clip.

126. INT. SUPERSTRUCTURE DAY

Harry is crouched against a bulkhead gathering his breath - bullets WHINE off the steel around him, endangering him with ricochets - the pattern imprints on the metal over his head. He rolls away from the GUNFIRE, gets to his feet, making for a stairway charging the steps three at a time.

Davis unloads a third full barrage - PINGING and CLANGING all over the place.

At the top of the stairs, Harry is tripped by the bullets WHISTLING around his legs. He hits the landing, rolling onto an overhead catwalk.

Davis snaps open the cylinder and speed loads. Harry can be seen scrambling overhead, but just barely so. Davis has to rely more on sound.

A fresh burst EXPLODES around Harry, almost getting him. He clambers onto another section of the catwalk that is in shadows.

Davis BLASTS into the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.)

In the flash we catch a fleeting glimpse of Harry scrambling in the general direction of Astrachan. Two more flashes and more bullets ricochet around Harry - we HEAR a heavy THUD like something hitting the floor, then silence - not a sound, nothing.

DAVIS
(calling out)
Red - he's coming your way!

Astrachan holds for a moment in the cataleptic stillness, waiting. We HEAR the high-pitched RING of a metal catwalk. FOOTSTEPS. Astrachan FIRES a sustained burst at the sound, the firing echoing three or four times over. It sounds like a whole damned artillery squad in there.

We SEE Harry in brilliant flashes like intermittent heat lightning running across the catwalk. On the last flash, we see his knife is out, the blade snaps open - then echoing stillness.

Astrachan whips a new clip into the Thompson gun.

DAVIS
(o.s.; calling out)
Red?

ECHOING.

ASTRACHAN
(shouting)
He's not returning fire - nothing!
He had to see the flash! I don't
think he has a gun! I think we
have him --

Suddenly Astrachan's breath holds and locks. There is an eerie CRY from his throat. He staggers forward out of the shadows holding his neck. Harry's knife is stuck in it. The cry ends in a GURGLING CHOKE and COUGH as Astrachan falls, GROANING softly, then stops.

DAVIS
Red? --

Silence.

HARRY
(o.s.; calling out)
Briggs was right, Davis. You
guys needed more experience!

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.1)

Taking out Astrachan has cost Harry a terrible effort. His wound is a mess now. He holds where he is for the moment, gathering himself, fighting to keep from breathing too loud losing, CHOKING on his own breath. He moves off.

Following the SOUND of Harry's breathing, Davis edges along the catwalk - closing. He sees Harry briefly touch the shaft of light and snaps one off with the .357 Magnum, spitting an enormous flame. It WHINES off the steel - ricocheting. He squeezes off another and snaps on an empty chamber - he throws it down in disgust.

Harry HEARS the gun clatter on the steel floor.

HARRY
(continuing)
Now what you're probably thinking, Davis, is does he have a gun or not, but it doesn't really matter to me, Davis, because I'm gonna beat you to death anyway. So what you gotta ask yourself is - are you feeling brave, punk?

Davis waits nervously.

127. EXT. FLIGHT DECK DAY

Harry bursts outside. Summoning all of his energy, he strains, scrambling for the motorcycle, just as Davis explodes out of the hatch at the far end. Harry mounts and kicks it over once - twice - three times - before it catches, roaring up in a SCREAMING wheelie - tearing out across the deck.

Davis lunges for his own motorcycle.

Harry roars toward another ship anchored nearby, peeling rubber, half flying, half skidding. He opens the throttle full wide.

Davis is kicking over his engine. It starts and he takes off in pursuit of Harry.

Harry is going flat out across the deck, not slowing down as he approaches the side of the carrier. Davis is gaining.

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.)

Harry shoots off into space from the side of the carrier and across forty feet of space separating the carrier and the next ship. He hits the deck of the adjoining ship at top speed flying across its deck and laying the motorcycle down into a skid just as he nears the far side. He comes to a stop inches away from going over and scrambles to his feet to duck out of the way as Davis, following closely behind, makes the jump, flies across the deck but doesn't stop in time to avoid crashing into Harry's motorcycle and being catapulted over the side into the bay.

Harry peers down and then walks over to Davis' white helmet close to the edge. Harry kicks it over the edge, staring after it as:

The white speck dwindles to nothingness in the roll of the water. He exits out to distant car.

128. EXT. CAR DOCKSIDE DAY

Harry approaches the car and pulls open the door. The bomb is there on the sea. Harry moves it over, hoisting himself into the seat - hurting now and stiffening up. He fires the ignition as we HEAR:

BRIGGS
(o.s.;
hoarse)
Hold it right there, Calahan!

Harry whirls around. Briggs lurches into view alongside the car. The .44 Magnum leveled at Harry. Briggs looks half dead now, his head all caked with dried blood.

BRIGGS
(continuing)
No tricks!

(CONTINUING)

128 (Cont.)

Harry's eyes never leave Briggs. At the same time we SEE his right hand grope toward the timing mechanism on the bomb.

HARRY
Your organization is all through, Briggs.

BRIGGS
I'll train more...Believe me there's a lot more where they came from. Move out of the way!

Harry does so now. Briggs moves past him, sliding into the driver's seat, slams the car door shut, the .44 Magnum leveled on Harry the whole time.

BRIGGS
Uphold the law!
(laughs)
You just killed two police officers, Harry. The only reason I'm not killing you is I'm going to prosecute you! With your own system. It's my word against yours. With your reputation, who's going to believe you? You're a killer, Harry - a maniac!
(laughs)

Briggs jams the car in gear, powers out in a wide SCREECHING turn for the road. Harry just watches it go. Momentarily, a deafening EXPLOSION rocks the car. There is a blinding FLASH of light as the car detonates into a huge fireball.

In the air, pieces of metal come down all over the place, JANGLING as they hit the ground.

HARRY
(sardonic)
A man's always got to know his limitations.

Harry stands there a moment staring at the flames, then he walks away as we PULL BACK until he is only a small moving blur among the survivors of other wars as we HEAR the SOUND of distant sirens approaching.

FADE OUT:

THE END