

REVISED 1/10/90 (BUFF)

MANIAC COP -- II

Original Screenplay

By

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REVISED

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MANIAC COP--PART II

FADE IN:
UNDER OPENING CREDITS

1 EXT. LONG SHOT NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

1

ANGLE ACROSS EAST RIVER BENEATH BROOKLYN BRIDGE

PANNING to VAST AUTO GRAVEYARD for police vehicles--CAMERA DROPS DOWN and PROWLS through the twisted wreckage of police cars--crushed, shattered--deformed.

THE MAIN TITLES ROLL.

Police cars riddled with bullet holes--windshields shattered in grotesque design. And then--as TITLES END--a pair of cracked headlights flash on--blindingly--as one of the "dead cars" comes to life.

Now this GHOSTLY SHADOWED POLICE CAR begins to roll--moving silently out of the car cemetery and into the city.

2 OMITTED

3 OMITTED

4 OMITTED

5 EXT. 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

5

A blinking sign proclaims: OPEN 24 HOURS. WE NEVER CLOSE.
The corner seems deserted, no one is about.

6 INT. 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

6

A LONE CLERK on duty thumbing through a girly magazine he has taken off the shelf. He looks up as a customer enters, a gaunt looking young man in his early twenties with shoulder length hair and glazed eyes, evidently a JUNKIE. He's wearing a long, soiled raincoat. The clerk looks him over suspiciously expecting he's a shoplifter.

CLERK

What can I do for you?

The junkie turns, opening his raincoat and withdrawing a sawed off shotgun which he points directly at the clerk.

JUNKIE

Figure it out!

CLERK

I got no money. It all goes down that slot into a safe. I don't know the combination. They don't trust me either.

JUNKIE

I need money.

CLERK

Take merchandise. Anything in the store.

The junkie turns and blasts one barrel into the ceiling light fixtures. The store is plunged into semi-darkness. Only the lights from inside the refrigerator section casts an eerie BLUE LIGHT cross the aisle.

The junkie turns his shotgun back to the clerk again.

JUNKIE

That's going to be you all over the walls in a minute.

LOW ANGLE ON THE CLERK

moving toward the counter. We notice he reaches beneath the counter and presses a button--a silent alarm.

CUT TO:

7 INT. POLICE DISPATCH DESK - NIGHT

7

A UNIFORMED OFFICER broadcasting to prowling cars.

DISPATCHER

Attention cars 21 and 36. Proceed to 7-Eleven store corner of Fourteenth Street and Ninth Avenue. Possible burglary in progress.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DARKENED 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

8

The clerk still has his thumb pressed on that alarm buzzer.

JUNKIE

When does the boss come in to open the safe?

CLERK

Six--six thirty.

JUNKIE

I'll wait. But you don't have to be here. Why don't you try running for the door?

CLERK

No...I'll stay.

JUNKIE

Let's open up some Lotto tickets--see if I win anything. I feel lucky.

With shaking hands the clerk picks up a stack of Lotto tickets, begins tearing them open, scratching at the numbers, peering at them in the semi-darkness, trying to read them.

CLERK

Nothing. Nothing again.

JUNKIE

Keep going. We'll work our way through all of them.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. NORMAL POLICE CAR - NIGHT

9

moving swiftly--(This is definitely NOT the ghostlike police car from the police auto graveyard.)

9 (cont'd)

9 (cont'd) **

COP (V.O.)

This is 36, ten four on that 7-Eleven store. We'll wait for our backup to arrive before going in.

**

The TWO MEN in the patrol car are on routine duty. They get calls like this several times a night--perhaps a petty burglary is in progress, or perhaps an alarm has gone off by accident.

10 OMITTED

10 OMITTED **
CUT TO:

11 INT. 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

11

The clerk still tearing open the Lotto tickets. The junkie moving closer and closer with the barrel of the sawed off shotgun only inches away from the unfortunate clerk's head.

JUNKIE

I think you're lying to me. I think I'm a winner.

CLERK

I'm calling them like they come up. Look for yourself. Nothing. Nothing. Oh, shit, look. You won a thousand. I mean it. You won a thousand.

The junkie grabs the Lotto ticket out of the clerks hand, but before he can focus on it there's a noise behind him.

ANGLE WIDENS

to reveal just a flash of a TALL, POWERFUL SILHOUETTE in a police uniform, backlit against the illumination of the refrigerated section of the store. We see the badge, the white gloves, but we cannot determine the physical characteristics of the cop who steps out of the path of the junkie's shotgun blast. The glass of the refrigerated section shatters. A hazy mist begins to fill the store--like in an ice house.

GROUND LEVEL SHOT

as the junkie reloads and tries to run, but is struck down by the huge cop who moves like lightning.

ANGLE ON THE CLERK

CLERK

Thank God you got here.

11 (cont'd)

11 (continued)

11 (cont'd)

11 (cont'd)

ANGLE ON THE SAWED OFF SHOTGUN

Now in the policeman's hand, the ANGLE tight enough so the policeman's face and head are never visible in the FRAME. The cop turns now, pointing the shotgun back at the clerk again, just like the junkie had it pointed.

CLERK

Can you believe it? That fucker just won a thousand bucks. I mean, I guess he didn't win it, I guess I won it.

(starts to laugh)

Like they say, goodness is its own reward. Right?

REVERSE ANGLE

Over the shoulder of the huge cop who now holds the shotgun. He not only points it at the clerk but he pulls the trigger.

The clerk is blown away, the handful of lottery tickets goes fluttering in all directions, the clerk is thrown backward into a display counter of pharmaceuticals and other sundry items. There is a strange puzzled expression on his face.

The cop who came to his rescue has murdered him. The clerk slumps to the floor with a loud thud. The store continues to fill with CLOUDS OF MIST.

ANGLE ON THE JUNKIE

Still on the floor, dazed. He can't believe what he's seen. The cop has killed the night clerk without provocation. The junkie staggers to his feet. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

JUNKIE

What for--?

The huge cop does not reply. He ENTERS FRAME tossing the shotgun, now empty, into the arms of the stunned junkie. The junkie catches the gun in his trembling hands.

He turns and runs toward the exit.

12 EXT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

12

As the crazed junkie runs out still hanging onto the now empty shotgun, running virtually into the arms of the police. The first police car is already there. The TWO OFFICERS are out and their guns aimed. The junkie sees them, turns, the second police car pulls into the street directly behind him, cutting off any avenue of escape.

12 (cont'd)

12 (continued)

12 (cont'd)

12 (cont'd)

JUNKIE

(screams)

It wasn't me. It was one of you.

TWO COPS open fire and the junkie flies back through the store window. **

13 INT. 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

13

Cloaked in mist. The body of the deceased clerk lies twisted behind the counter.

The huge cop is gone, vanished as quickly as he appeared.

CAMERA DROPS down to the floor next to the body to:

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - WINNING LOTTO TICKET

Now crumbled, abandoned on the floor, spattered with blood. The policemen enter the store, their footsteps further crushing the Lotto ticket. It will never be noticed, never be cashed, just a scrap of good luck at a bad time.

CUT TO:

14 CLOSE-UP POLICE FILE

14

It is closed and stamped "INVESTIGATION CLOSED." CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal

INT. DEPUTY COMMISSIONER DOYLE'S OFFICE, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK - DAY

With DOYLE are JACK FORREST and TERESA MALLORY, both off-duty cops. At 60 years of age, Doyle is a wizened politician as well as a veteran police official. He is decorating his Christmas tree. **

DOYLE

Well, Officer Forrest and Officer Mallory, you've been cleared of any wrong doing. In fact you'll both receive commendations for your actions.

TERESA

Does that mean we're back on active duty again?

DOYLE

**

Not just yet.

JACK

What about Cordell?

14 (cont'd)

14 (continued)

14 (cont'd)

14 (cont'd)

DOYLE

The current must've swept the body out to sea. And stop calling him Cordell.

(a beat)

**

Cordell died in Sing Sing two years ago. Slashed to death in a shower room by fellow convicts.

TERESA

You didn't find a body in the river because it wasn't there. He's still alive.

DOYLE

Oh, shit. You're not going to start in with ghost stories again! I've arranged for you both to spend some time with Susan Riley. She's a police psychologist with an excellent record of helping officers readjust.

JACK

We're not crazy, commissioner.

DOYLE

Of course not. So you'll have no objection to a few sessions with Miss Riley. After all she's a cop, too.

(a beat)

You're down for three o'clock tomorrow. Be there.

CUT TO:

A15

EXT. BLIND ALLEY - NIGHT

A scream, followed by breaking glass. A FIGURE scrambles down a fire escape, drops to the roof of a parked car. **
A GUN gleams in the darkness as the figure darts toward **
CAMERA and FREEZES and backs up. He's seen something that **
makes his blood run cold. He aims his gun but is cut down **
by a bullet.

His gun goes off as he falls--face down.

CAMERA PANS, expecting to see "The Maniac Cop." Instead we see DETECTIVE LT. SEAN MCKINNEY--probably as tough a cop as Cordell ever was.

McKinney examines his handiwork as a police car pulls up **
behind him. McKinney flips his detective's badge out of **
his shirt just as two cops come out of the car. **

**

OFFICER

**

You alright, McKinney?

**

MCKINNEY

**

Never better.

A15 (cont'd)

A15 (cont'd)

A15 (cont'd)

A15 (cont'd)

SERGEANT

We were covering the front.

MCKINNEY

That's why I came around back.

SERGEANT

Too bad you had to kill him.

MCKINNEY

Yeah. So much fucking paper work.

McKinney walks off.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ROOM 234 - PSYCHIATRIC COUNSELING OFFICE, NYPD - DAY

15

McKinney entering what looks like a psychiatrists office. A young woman sits behind the desk, SUSAN RILEY. She's attractive but all business.

SUSAN

Come in, Lieutenant. Please sit down.

MCKINNEY

Hey, I haven't been to confession in 20 years. But if priests looked like you I'd go more often.

**
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SUSAN

Would you care to tell me about the shooting?

**

MCKINNEY

Look, Doctor, let's save time. I feel great about what I did. I'm only sorry I didn't shoot him a few more times. So does that make me crazy or are the lawyers and the judges crazy that put that kind of scum back out on the streets? What do you think doc?

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SUSAN

First of all, I'm not a Doctor, I'm a clinical psychologist. And I realize you're here under protest.

MCKINNEY

How long does my ass have to warm this chair to satisfy the mandatory requirement?

SUSAN

Every officer involved in a killing sees one of us for counseling. At least once.

15 (cont'd)

15 (cont'd)

MCKINNEY

In that case, my three minutes are up.
I must be cured. So thanks and goodbye.

He starts for the door.

SUSAN

Excuse me, McKinney, but did you have a partner? Sergeant Joseph Minella.

MCKINNEY

Yeah. Joe and I were a team.

SUSAN

He had an appointment with me once. Six months ago. He phoned and requested help. That's unusual isn't it, one of you asking for help?

MCKINNEY

Joe was kind of a--sensitive guy.

SUSAN

I never got to find out. He stood me up. Never showed. That was a Friday. The following night he committed suicide with his service revolver.

MCKINNEY

I found the body...Monday morning.

SUSAN

I didn't know that.

(a beat)

Someone talked Joe out of coming here. Probably told him he'd be a wimp if he admitted something was bothering him.

MCKINNEY

Like you say, you don't know a lot of things.

SUSAN

Feel like shooting me, Lieutenant?

McKinney exits.

SUSAN

Please don't slam the door.

He doesn't. He leaves the door open. Teresa and Jack enter almost immediately for their 3:00 pm appointment.

JACK

Officers Mallory and Forrest. We're early.

SUSAN

I need a cup of coffee. Come on, I'm buying.

16 INT. POLICE CAFETERIA - DAY

16

Teresa lifts her cup. Her hand trembles a bit. She notices Susan sees this.

TERESA

Are you going to find us unfit to go back on the job?

SUSAN

I hope not. How do you feel about it?

JACK

We're both as sane as you are.

SUSAN

You know very well that this Matt Cordell was murdered in Sing Sing--by fellow inmates--in a shower room, twenty seven months ago.

JACK

And we both saw him on the pier two days ago. That makes us nuts.

SUSAN

You saw a large man whose face was horribly disfigured. Did he ever say he was Cordell?

JACK

He never spoke.

SUSAN

He could've been anyone in a policeman's uniform. Probably a homicidal maniac with a grudge against the police.

JACK

If that's the official line the department wants to take--great!

TERESA

No, that's a lie.

JACK

Honey, I love you, but I don't know anything else but being a cop. I need the job. What the hell's the difference who he was?

TERESA

Because you can't kill the dead.

JACK

Doctor, don't quote her on that. Let me talk to her.

Teresa exits the cafeteria. Jack turns to Susan.

JACK

She'll come around.

SUSAN

I have to tell you--my evaluation of her has got to be negative. We can't put anyone out on the street with a gun who has emotional problems. I'm sorry.

17 OMITTED

17 **

18 EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

18 **

Jack Forrest walking alone through the night. He's cold. He zips his windbreaker up further, tucks his hands into his pockets as he climbs the stairs to the train station.

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19 INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

19

A newsstand remains open. A blind man, HARRY, is behind the counter selling the newspapers and magazines. Jack approaches.

JACK

Hello, Harry, how are you tonight?

HARRY

Oh, Officer Forrest. it's you. They tell me you got your picture in the paper. I guess congratulations are in order.

Jack looks over the stack of newspapers.

20 HIS POV - THE NEWSPAPERS

20

The evening paper does indeed have a picture of Jack. The headline reads: PATROLMAN INNOCENT. Below that: "Forrest cleared of wife's murder. Serial killer dies on pier."

21 BACK TO MED. SHOT - NEWSPAPER STAND IN TRAIN STATION

21

A train is just pulling out. The platform beyond the turnstile is empty. Nobody's around but the blind newspaper salesman and Jack.

JACK

That's a good picture so I better take a dozen.

21 (cont'd)

21 (cont'd)

HARRY

A dozen it is. How often do I get a
celebrity around here?

JACK

Keep the change.

He stuffs a five dollar bill into the hand of the blind news
agent.

JACK

Let's see if they mentioned Teresa.

He picks up the paper, opens it to the continuation of the
story on an inside page. CAMERA MOVES IN until the word
INNOCENT fills the screen.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE NEWSPAPER

Photos of a van floating in the Hudson River, the continu-
ation of the story. CAMERA LOOKING over Jack's shoulder.
Then suddenly--without warning, the newspaper seems to tear
in the center. A glint of steel rips through the paper. It
is a knife plunging into Jack's chest, slicing through the
newspaper which he holds unfolded before him.

The blind man behind the counter doesn't know what's going
on. He only hears the sound of Jack's gasp. He can't see
the huge uniformed policeman who steps INTO FRAME pulling
the knife back and plunging it again and again into Jack
Forrest--who falls back across the newspapers on the stand
writhing, struggling, the blood pouring out of him, staining
the newspapers blood red.

HARRY

Jack, what's going on? What's
happening?

The news agent reaches out.

INSERT 21 A

Harry's hand touches the back of the Maniac Cop's clenched fist.

21 CONT'D

The cop pulls his hand away in an instant but Harry has
recoiled, he has felt something strange and inhuman,
inhuman and extremely terrifying.

HARRY

Jack, Jack, talk to me!

21 (cont'd)

21 (continued)

21 (cont'd)

21 (cont'd)

CAMERA PULLS BACK from his face, ANGLE continuing to WIDEN to reveal Jack's body lying immobile, his eyes staring lifelessly into space, the sound of an express train passing through the station without stopping. CAMERA ANGLE pulling back further and further. The Maniac Cop is gone. There is no trace of him, no evidence that he was ever there. Just the corpse of the once vital, young, New York patrolman so recently cleared of any guilt. Innocent and therefore a fitting target for the Maniac Cop who only kills the innocent.

Harry keeps reaching about, feeling about Jack's body until finally touching the open wound, and he begins to SCREAM.

HARRY
(shouting)
Police! Police! Police!

CUT TO:

22 INT. THE MORGUE - DAY

22

DET. LOVEJOY waits here as a corpse is wheeled in on a cart. Lovejoy tries not to touch anything in the room, or to look at the bodies.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Hey, Lovejoy, you look sick.

LOVEJOY
I hate being around stiff. I felt like this all my life--ever since they made me kiss my grandmother.

Now Teresa is escorted in by Det. Lt. Sean McKinney.

McKINNEY
Remove the sheet.

LOVEJOY
You do it.

Lovejoy doesn't want to touch. McKinney unveils Jack's corpse. Teresa stares at it blankly.

McKINNEY
Any idea what the family will want done with the body?

TERESA
I'll call his mother in Florida.

We throw focus to a body at an adjoining autopsy table is unveiled by other detectives to reveal a NAKED REDHEAD in her twenties. We HEAR medical examiners in that case talking in the background.

22 (cont'd)

22 (continued)

22 (cont'd)

22 (cont'd)

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Strangled, like the others.

All exotic dancers or strippers. He
sure picks the pretty ones.

**
**

Lovejoy catches sight of the other bodies, nearly faints.
Focus returns to Teresa.

McKINNEY

(to Teresa)

Can you think of anybody with a motive
to kill Jack?

Teresa simply stares at McKinney as if that's the dumbest
question anyone could ever ask. Over the silence we HEAR
the other detectives discussing their case.

McKINNEY (cont'd)

You had an argument with him in the
cafeteria at headquarters. You walked
out. You were angry. Where did you go?

TERESA

Home.

McKINNEY

You didn't wait outside the building for
him? Try to make up?

TERESA

I told you, I walked home.

McKINNEY

You could easily have caught up with him
at the train station.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE AUTOPSY ROOM - AS SEEN THROUGH TWO WAY GLASS -23

Teresa is being watched secretly by Doyle. Susan Riley
is taking notes.

**
**

TERESA

I'd have no reason to kill him. I loved
him.

McKINNEY

Maybe he didn't love you. Maybe he thought
you were cracking up.

**
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**
**

What's the matter? Didn't he want to
marry you?

23 (continued)

23 (cont'd)

23 (cont'd)

With that Teresa raises her arm to strike him. She's lost control. McKinney grabs her wrist.

McKINNEY

Jesus, you're a strong girl. I can barely hold you. It would have taken a strong woman to plunge a knife that deep into Jack's chest, a very strong woman.

TERESA

This is bullshit! Why don't you ask Commissioner Doyle who killed Jack?

McKINNEY

I'm just following procedure. The prime suspects are always family, relatives and friends. Nine out of ten times that's where you find your killer. **

CLOSE-UP - DOYLE'S REACTION IN THE VIEWING ROOM. **

CAMERA PANS to Susan's face. She's noticed Doyle's frightened look **

BACK TO WIDER SHOT - AUTOPSY ROOM **

Teresa pulls away from McKinney and walks up the corridor alone. McKinney waits for a moment until Doyle, Collins and Susan enter from the viewing room. **

McKINNEY

I don't like what you're asking me to do to this Mallory girl. **

DOYLE

It's for the good of the department. We really don't consider her a suspect. It's just a way to put her on the defensive for awhile. Keep her under control. And away from reporters. **

McKINNEY

Our time would be better spent finding out who killed Jack. **

DOYLE

But you'll keep the pressure on her --that's a direct order. **

Doyle departs, leaving Susan with McKinney. Susan and McKinney walk out of the autopsy room. CAMERA TRUCKS with them in TWO SHOT as they proceed up the corridor. **

24 INT. MORGUE CORRIDOR - DAY

24

SUSAN

I don't like it either.

McKINNEY

Your report described her as mentally unsound and unfit for duty.

SUSAN

How can I really judge her. She's out there taking the heat--being a cop. I'm behind a desk--like a social worker.

McKINNEY

I don't like people that try and get inside other people's heads.

SUSAN

You made that obvious enough the other day in my office. Any reason?

McKINNEY

My wife was under a psychiatrist's care for a year. Standard problems. "Cop's wife." She couldn't get along without him. She couldn't talk to me. Only him. Now she's my ex-wife.

SUSAN

I'm sure the doctor only did what he thought was best.

McKINNEY

Sure. Shrinks cover up for shrinks. Cops cover up for cops.

SUSAN

So you think Commissioner Doyle is trying to hide something?

McKINNEY

You said it. I didn't.

(a beat)

And just to clear matters up--I talked Joe Minelli into breaking that appointment with you, and I don't feel guilty about it.

SUSAN

How could you feel guilty? You're a cop.

He walks away from her.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ELEVATED TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

25

A train racing through the station. CAMERA PANNING to the newsstand where Harry again remains sightlessly on duty selling newspapers. This time, however, it is a busy hour. We recognize Susan Riley among the others. She crosses to the newsstand, stops and looks, reacting to the scene where a man was so recently murdered. Many of the subway passengers seem to make a daily ritual of buying their papers here and they exchange salutations with Harry as they pay him for their papers.

Susan moves close to the newspaper stand.

SUSAN

I'd like to talk to you.

HARRY

Do I know you?

SUSAN

I'm with the police department.

HARRY

I talked to the cops already enough.

SUSAN

I'm not an investigator like the others.
I'm a psychologist, trying to get a
profile on this killer.

HARRY

I've got nothing to say. I'm trying to
make a living.

SUSAN

You could tell from his footsteps if he
was a large man. Perhaps he said
something.

25 (cont'd)

25 (continued)

25 (cont'd)

25 (cont'd)

HARRY

No footsteps. It's all in the police report. I just heard Jack screaming and that's all, and then the wetness, the wetness all over.

SUSAN

Did you touch him? Not the victim. The killer. Did you touch him?

HARRY

Why'd you ask me that?

SUSAN

You did, didn't you? Tell me.

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on Harry. The screeching train roars in the background as sparks and flashes of light shine intermittently over the blind man's face.

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**

HARRY

I lost my sight in combat in Sicily. A German grenade went off in my face. Killed all the others in the foxhole around me. I lay there more than a day, surrounded by these dead bodies. Buried in them. At night they froze. Them being on top of me kept me from freezing too. I never thought I'd feel anything like that again. Frozen dead flesh. Then I touched his hand. Just for a second, mind you, and I was back there again... with the dead.

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

27 EXT. QUIET STREET CORNER, THE CITY - NIGHT

27

A CITIZEN, male about thirty, is running up the street shouting. CAMERA MOVES with him.

CITIZEN

Hey, stop! Goddamn it. Don't do it!
Aw, for God's sake, you did it! Shit,
shit, shit!

CAMERA COMES TO A STOP as ANGLE WIDENS to reveal a TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS OFFICER in a brown uniform has just beginning to attach the huge hook from a city tow truck to the front of a luxury car, a Mercedes, with the intention of towing it away. The traffic officer is thick-necked and intransigent. He has towed thousands of cars away in his lifetime and nobody has ever talked him out of doing his job.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Here. This is for you.

He hands the citizen a summons, then goes back to the job of attaching that hook.

CITIZEN

Come on, can't we talk about this?
I'll move the car. I was just
coming back to move the car.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

I got here first.

CITIZEN

I'm here. I'm right here. You
can't tow me away.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

Read the back of your summons.

The traffic officer is working alone tonight and is having some trouble fitting that hook into place. The other end of the hook is attached to a heavy chain which is connected to a powerful winch in the back of the tow truck.

27 (cont'd)

27 (continued)

27 (cont'd)

27 (cont'd)

CITIZEN

Hey, you're all alone. Can't we work this out between us?

TRAFFIC OFFICER

You offering me a bribe?

CITIZEN

Not at all. But if you take my car I won't be able to get to work tomorrow. I'll lose a whole day.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

You can afford it.

CITIZEN

You enjoy this, you sonofabitch! You've got this shitty "nothing" civil service job. You'll never be anything! You'll be towing fucking cars the rest of your life.

(yells)

Careful of my fender with that. That's a new paint job. I just had the whole thing detailed, you asshole!

The traffic officer deliberately runs the chain across the fender causing a scraping sound. The citizen is getting red in the face.

CITIZEN

(yells)

You can't even do this stupid job right! I'd like to see the piece of shit you drive!

The traffic officer is oblivious to insults. But the hook slips off the axle again. The officer is damned if he's going to let this Mercedes escape the tow truck.

TRAFFIC OFFICER

You better start thinking about getting out to Brooklyn early tomorrow to reclaim this beauty. A lot of cars get stripped out in our lot, the stereo, the tires, even the engine now and then. That's why I wouldn't own a car in this town.

27 (cont'd)

27 (continued)

27 (cont'd)

27 (cont'd)

Then, just as the citizen almost gives in to his compulsion to hit the traffic officer--a shadow falls across them both.

CITIZEN

Oh, hello, officer. I wasn't going to start anything. I bet he gets cursed out all day--every day! It's part of the job. He doesn't care.

(to traffic officer)

You don't care, right?

Without warning the huge cop strikes the traffic officer across the side of the head with his billy club, sending the man flying up onto the hood of the Mercedes. Before the traffic officer can rise, the Maniac Cop is behind him, lifting the chain and the heavy hook that was meant to tow the vehicle. He raises the hook over his head and slams it down, point first, into the back of his victim who is still face down on the hood of the luxury sedan. The man is impaled on the hook as the Maniac Cop presses the lever on the rear of the tow truck that operates the winch.

The motorist looks on, frozen in horror as the winch chain lifts the body of the SCREAMING traffic officer off the hood and up in the air. The victim is now dangling from the rear of the tow truck--flailing and kicking in the air, emitting sounds, not words. Then we hear the sound of the door to the tow truck slamming shut and the engine rattling on. In an instant it is in motion, heading down the lonely street with the body hanging from the winch bar like some trophy of the hunt. It rounds a corner and is gone.

ANGLE ON THE HORRIFIED CITIZEN

Staring after the now departed tow truck. Then staring back at his Mercedes--with renewed shock. The hood is dented! Our citizen pauses only an instant before making a decision. He still holds that illegal parking citation in his sweaty hand. Now, with justifiable outrage, he tears the summons up--rips it to bits.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. PRIVATE HOUSE, BROOKLYN - DAY

28

The same citizen being dragged out into the street--tossed up against a fence and roughly handcuffed.

The arresting officers are not being gentle.

28 (cont'd)

28 (continued)

DETECTIVE
You killed him, you sonofabitch!

**

CITIZEN
OWW! Take it easy! Look--if he wanted
to tow my car--so what? You don't kill
anybody over bullshit like that.

DETECTIVE
(Slams him again)
Then who did it?

**

**

**

CITIZEN
You wouldn't believe me.

DETECTIVE
This better be good or I'm gonna kick
your ass.

**

**

CITIZEN
Alright! It was this great big cop.
Six foot three, maybe more. All
scarred up--and he never said a word.

DETECTIVE
You're right. I don't believe you.

**

**

HE WACKS THE CITIZEN AGAIN

**

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED
30 OMITTED
31 OMITTED
32 OMITTED
33 OMITTED
34 OMITTED
35 OMITTED
36 OMITTED
37 OMITTED
38 OMITTED
39 OMITTED
40 OMITTED
41 OMITTED

42 INT.

DOYLE'S OFFICE

- DAY

**

Deputy Commissioner Doyle, and Lt. McKinney are with the
uniformed chief of police, TOM O'HANLON.

**

**

MCKINNEY

**

Look at their reports. It's happening
again, chief.

O'HANLON

I've only been in this job two weeks.
Gimme a break.

MCKINNEY

**

I'm talking about the man who killed
your predecessor. A man who may try
to pull the same number on you.

O'HANLON

Then somebody else died in that truck
in the river? The wrong guy.

42 (cont'd)

42 (cont'd)

42 (cont'd)

42 (cont'd)

MCKINNEY

When this leaks out, people are not going to want to pick up the phone and dial 911. They're going to want to defend themselves. We're looking at a bloodbath here. Citizens blowing one another away like there is no law.

O'HANLON

**

Tell me the truth. Do you think it is a cop? Some officer that went off the deep end.

DOYLE

**

He doesn't fit the description of any cop I can think of. Six foot three, scars all over him.

MCKINNEY

**

Except one.

**

DOYLE

Don't say it. Don't even think it.

O'HANLON

What are you talking about?

DOYLE

Nothing! The point is we have to find this killer. It means putting on a special task force. Maybe even asking for aid from the governor.

MCKINNEY

I think I have a lead. This police woman. Teresa Mallory.

DOYLE

Mallory. Oh God--her again!

MCKINNEY

Yes, her. He killed Teresa's boy friend, and I think he's probably coming after her.

**

42 (cont'd)

42 (continued)

DOYLE

He could have killed this girl a long time ago if he wanted to. What's keeping him?

**

MCKINNEY

Maybe he enjoys making her afraid.

CUT TO:

43 CLOSE-UP - SUITCASE BEING PACKED

43

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal

INT. TERESA'S APARTMENT

She's packing all of her belongings prior to departing. Seated on the bed talking to her is Susan Riley.

**

SUSAN

I came here to tell you something, Teresa. I believe you.

TERESA

Then you'll be out of a job, too.

SUSAN

I've been asked to certify you unfit. I can't do it. I've read everything there is on Cordell and what happened to him.

TERESA

If you want further information, tune in the "Criminals at Large" Television Show tonight.

SUSAN

You wouldn't go on that show.

TERESA

Why not? They alert the public to wanted criminals. A half dozen have been caught or turned in as a direct result.

SUSAN

Who's going to believe your story? The lunatic fringe?

**
**
**

TERESA

Will you come with me?

SUSAN

I couldn't.

(a beat)

Exactly what are you going to say?

There's honking from outside. Teresa goes to the window.

TERESA

There's my cab. I'm checking into a hotel for tonight

SUSAN

You think he plans to come after you again?

Teresa grabs her suitcase, heads for the door.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I'll ride with you. I'll even pay for the cab. Come on.

The exit together.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

44

As Teresa comes out carrying her single suitcase with Susan not far behind. A taxi awaits them. It's vacant. Then running footsteps are heard and the driver rushes up.

CABBIE

Just went for a pack of cigarettes.
That your only suitcase?

She opens the back door to the cab and gets in, putting the suitcase beside her. Susan climbs in after her.

CABBIE

Okay, ladies. Where to?

Teresa looks out the back window of the cab, and then all around. She doesn't see anyone watching.

TERESA

Mayflower Hotel.

The cab pulls away from the curb. Susan and Teresa settle back.

CABBIE

When I saw you with that suitcase I said, well, here's a ride to the airport. Well you can't win 'em all.

TERESA

Pull over to the curb at the next corner.

SUSAN

I don't see anyone following.

CABBIE

Some ex-boyfriend giving you a hard time?

TERESA

Sort of.

45 ANGLE ON THE CAB

45

as it pulls over to the curb. A couple of cars pass endlessly by. Teresa doesn't seem to be suspicious of them. She finally waves the driver on.

46 WIDER SHOT - THE CAB - NIGHT

46

pulling off into moderate evening traffic. CAMERA PANS to another car following at great length behind. A dark, 1960's car with tail fins, painted black. We can barely make out the form behind the steering wheel in the front seat. The glass seems to have been tinted dark, but as the car passes we can hear a radio going inside. It isn't music, it isn't talk radio, it's police calls.

Is this an unmarked police car or are Teresa and Susan being followed by the Maniac Cop?

47 ANGLE ON TAXICAB - NIGHT

47

moving along, taking side streets.

48 INT. CAB

48

CAB

The shows are just letting out. We can beat some of the cross-town traffic this way.

TERESA

Stay on the busy streets.

48 (cont'd)

48 (cont'd)

CABBIE

What's coming off here?

Teresa reaches into her purse and takes out her badge. She leans forward and flashes it.

TERESA

Ever seen one of these?

SUSAN

(showing her badge)

Or these?

CABBIE

Plenty of them and it usually means I'm not going to get a tip.

Susan and Teresa put their badges away.

SUSAN

I'm some cop. Never arrested anybody. Never ever worn a gun. I went straight into internal affairs because of my psychology degree.

CABBIE

Oh shit no!

SUSAN

What's the matter?

CABBIE

I think one of my goddamn tires is going flat.

49 EXT. STREET, WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

49

As the cab driver pulls to a stop. CAMERA MOVES in and drops low. Indeed the left front tire is going flat, very flat. The cab driver prepares to get out of the car to check it out.

50 INT. THE CAB

50

Susan, Teresa and the cabbie.

TERESA

Driver! Stay in the car. Don't get out.

CABBIE

Are you kidding?

50 (cont'd)

50 (continued)

TERESA

Drive!

CABBIE

On my rim?

SUSAN

Take it easy, Teresa. Anybody can
get a flat.

CABBIE

Cop or no cop, I own this cab. I'm
not going to fuck it up for anybody.

51 EXT. CAB - NIGHT

51

The taxi driver jumps out of the cab. Teresa gets out of
the cab too.

**
**

SUSAN

You're making it worse than it has
to be. We're not being followed.

TERESA

Stay in the cab!

She pushes Susan back inside the taxi.

52 EXT. CAB - NIGHT

52

LOW ANGLE ON THE CAB DRIVER LEANING DOWN.
The left front tire has gone very flat. Opening his trunk,
he notices that his left rear tire is also losing air rapidly.

**
**

CABBIE

What the hell did I go over?

TERESA

You left your cab to go for cigarettes.
Somebody messed with your tires.

CABBIE

Fucking kids I'll bet!

Over the cabbie's head, Teresa suddenly spots the Maniac Cop's
car sliding around the corner in the distance. She jumps in
behind the driver's wheel, slams the door shut, and peels out.

**
**
**

52 (cont'd)

52 (cont'd)

SUSAN

Teresa! What are you doing?

TERESA

He's after us, not him!

The cab pulls away moving haphazardly. With Susan being bounced around in the back seat and the open trunk flapping up and down. **

The air is almost out of the front tire. It is running on the rim. The cab driver stands gaping after her. He can't believe it. This woman with the badge has stolen his cab. Then suddenly out of the shadows another car appears. The 1960's dark sedan driven by the Maniac Cop. A phantom car that seems to appear out of the fog. It whisks by, taking the cab driver by surprise; but not hitting him. **

CABBIE

I knew it. I never should've let cops in my cab!

53 ANGLE ON TERESA, SUSAN VISIBLE IN THE BACK

53

The rear tire is now flat. The car is running on two rims, lopsided. Sparks flying as the metal grinds over the pavement.

She's still in the warehouse district. Still no sign of life around.

54 HER POV THROUGH THE WINDOW - NIGHT

54

Evidencing of the lopsidedness and the bounce of the ride. There's nothing but warehouses and they're all closed for the night. No one to appeal to for help.

55 INT. CAB -NIGHT

55

55 (cont'd)

55 (continued)

55 (cont'd)

55 (cont'd)

**
**
**
**

**

**

TERESA'S POV IN REARVIEW MIRROR OVER THE FLAPPING TRUNK, WE SEE
the dark sedan 1960's model gaining on her, pulling up
alongside her, trying to run her off the road.

ANGLE ON TERESA

stepping on the gas.

56 EXT. TAXICAB

56

Running a red light, plunging into an intersection,
the '60's sedan flashes by in hot pursuit.

**
**
**

57 LOW ANGLE ON TERESA'S CAB (TRAVELING SHOT)

57

**
**

There's no way the cab can run like this much longer. The
dark sedan is running right behind her, forcing her onto a
sidewalk.

**
**

ANGLE ON SUSAN

Tossed off the seat and screaming for Teresa to stop!

ANGLE ON TERESA

Losing control of the vehicle in this condition. Finally it
rams into a parked car and slams to a stop.

**

58 INT. CAB

58

Teresa looking out. She slides to the far side, opens the
door and gets out of the cab. She's got the gun.

TERESA

Get out.

**

58 (cont'd)

58 (continued)

58 (cont'd)

58 (cont'd)

HER POV AS TERESA LOOKS BACK

The side door of the dark sedan is open. Whoever was inside of it isn't there any more. He's gone.

He's out there somewhere in the shadows, waiting for them both.

MED SHOT. - THE STREET

a Susan struggles out of the taxi--much worse for the ride.

TERESA

You go that way--toward the intersection--

SUSAN

Nobody's on the street.

TERESA

If you're not with me you might have a chance. Walk.

Reluctantly Susan starts to move away from Teresa.

59 TRUCKING SHOT WITH SUSAN

59

as she reaches the corner, finding herself on the top of a hill. From here she can look down several blocks to see that there's nothing ahead of her but more warehouses. It's a steep incline. Susan continues to move forward always keeping close to the cars, keeping her eyes on all the doorways. There are dozens of parked cars left there for the night. As she passes one, she doesn't realize the window is open. A huge WHITE GLOVED HAND reaches out, seizing her wrist and slapping a handcuff on it. It's over in an instant. She tries to pull away, but she is held by the chain. The car door swings open and the immense figure of the Maniac Cop rises into FRAME, blocking her. Susan opens her mouth to scream but gags. The breath is knocked out of her as he closes his arm around her, lifts her off the ground. He carries her around to the other side of the parked car. (It's not the same car in which she pursued her but rather a car which he has broken into.) A car parked close to the curb with its wheels turned in because it is on a slope heading down hill.

59 (cont'd)

59 (continued)

59 (cont'd)

59 (cont'd)

The window on the other side of the car is rolled down too.

The Maniac Cop snaps the other handcuff onto the outside door handle of the car, chaining Susan to the vehicle. Then a gunshot rings out--the Maniac Cop is hit but seems impervious to the bullet.

60 ANGLE ON TERESA

60

Running up the street TOWARD CAMERA--pausing to FIRE again and again--knowing that it will do no good. She has tried to kill this creature before.

TERESA

(shouts)

Run-- Susan--

61 ANGLE ON SUSAN

61

Firmly handcuffed to the vehicle. She can't get free.

SUSAN

I can't-- Oh my God.

WIDER SHOT

Teresa emptying her pistol into the Maniac Cop at point blank range. He lunges at her, scoops her up--tosses her through the air like a rag doll.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Propelled at great force through the plate glass window of a hardware store.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

Finally finding her voice--screaming hideously as the Maniac Cop turns back to her to finish what he began. He leans through the open window into the front seat of the car to which Susan is handcuffed.

CLOSE-UP THE STEERING WHEEL

as the gearshift is turned to "drive."

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Susan struggles to get her footing, tries to wiggle loose from the handcuff but it is on too tight. Then she realizes what the huge cop is doing. Using all his strength, he is

61 (cont'd)

61 (continued)

61 (cont'd)

61 (cont'd)

pushing the car away from the curb. The brake is off, the car is ready to roll. He forces it back a few inches so the wheels may turn away from the curb on their own.

CLOSE-UP SUSAN

She shakes her head.

SUSAN

No, don't. Don't, please.

The Maniac Cop steps aside, gives the vehicle a strong shove and it begins to roll on its own, to roll forward. Susan moving with it, having to run to keep up with it and to avoid being dragged.

TRUCKING SHOT - NIGHT

The vehicle picking up speed. Susan running beside it, chained to it. In a moment, she'll lose her footing and be dragged. She has to think fast.

ANGLE ON THE MANIAC COP

Distant and silhouetted, watching the vehicle plunge down the hill as he did before.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

running beside the car. She sees her only chance. She leaps for the window, manages to get one arm through the window and then her head. Her feet are in the air kicking wildly. The car is picking up momentum, speeding down the hill with no driver at the wheel. The ignition not on. No control.

INT. VEHICLE

Susan trying to struggle through the window her wrist still cuffed to the outside door.

WIDE SHOT

The car careening down with Susan half in the window.

62 INT. VEHICLE

62

Susan using all of her strength to pull herself through the window, flipping herself over. We hear the loud crack as her wrist snaps. She SCREAMS! She has broken her wrist but she's inside the car. Her feet struggling to find the brake pedal.

62 (cont'd)

62 (continued)

62 (cont'd)

62 (cont'd)

ANGLE ON HER FEET

Pressing down on the brake but the ignition's not on, the car is not operating. There is no way for her to stop it. She grabs the wheel with her one good arm to steer the car, which plunges onward.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

trying to steer. There's no power steering. She has only one arm. Her other arm agonizingly painful lies twisted and still cuffed, dangling limply between herself and the window through which it is chained.

HER POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

The car going up on the sidewalk, narrowly missing a lamp post, spinning out down over the curb again and out into the center of oncoming traffic. The car goes into a spin.

WIDE SHOT - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Two other cars coming from the opposite direction plow into the runaway vehicle. SLAM!

INT. CAR

Susan is thrown forward and bangs her head against the windshield. It shatters. She recoils back onto the seat in semiconsciousness.

63

INT. HARDWARE STORE - NIGHT

63

Teresa lies just inside the shattered plate glass window which she crashed through moments ago. She's cut and bleeding but still alive. She recovers enough to stumble to her feet. She looks around for some weapon for which to defend herself--

HER POV - PANNING - HARDWARE STORE

TOOLS all over the place. Even a CHAIN SAW.

ANGLE ON TERESA

Grabbing the chain saw, jerking it into operation. It's fueled and operable. The blade is spinning madly. Her eyes glazed but determined, she steps through the broken glass back onto the street.

64 HER POV - THE MANIAC COP FACING DOWNHILL

64

Looking at the wreckage at the intersection below. She rushes up behind him. (A complete switch: the heroine attacking the monster with a chain saw.)

She plows into him--trying to cut him in half--the uniform shreds but there is no blood--and he turns--seizing the spinning blade in his gloved hand--snapping the blade.

WIDER SHOT

Teresa backs off but he moves too swiftly for her. Lifting her in a bearhug. We hear her SPINE SNAP. She goes limp.

65 INT. WRECKAGE OF RUNAWAY VEHICLE

65

Susan amid shattered glass. Her eyes unable to focus. Then WHITE-GLOVED HANDS reach and seize her. She begins to scream and struggle. ANOTHER PAIR of white-gloved hands come in. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal that there are two REAL COPS who have come to her aid. Ordinary cops. And Susan is fighting them tooth and nail.

POLICEMAN

Who handcuffed you, lady? What the hell's going on?

2ND POLICEMAN

Look at this badge, the I.D. She's a cop.

POLICEMAN

Easy does it. We'll get you out of there. Radio in and get a hacksaw up here. We've got to get her out of these cuffs.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 CLOSE-UP HACKSAW

66

sawing through the chain of the handcuffs.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHISELS AND "JAWS OF LIFE" cutting Susan out of the wreckage.

CUT TO:

67 WIDER ANGLE SHOT - STRETCHER

67

As Susan is strapped into the stretcher and placed in a police emergency ambulance.

**
**

**
**
**

SUSAN

She shot him--six times. And he wouldn't die. I saw it.

ATTENDANT

You better lie still. That wrist is broken.

SUSAN

Better patch me up quick. I'm going to be on television in a few hours.

**

- Detective McKinney climbs into the ambulance.

**

McKINNEY

I was on my way to Teresa's apartment when the report came over the air.

SUSAN

You won't have to worry about her doing any more talking. She's probably going to die.

McKINNEY

(looks at Teresa's
unconscious body)

Would it matter if I said I was sorry?

SUSAN

It's all right. I started out to discredit her, too. But I saw "him," McKinney. I saw what he can do.

McKINNEY

Okay, you saw a big guy with a bullet proof vest dressed up like a cop.

SUSAN

Fuck you. I saw Matt Cordell.

CUT TO:

68 . OMITTED

69 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

69

"Criminals at Large" is on the air. "Live."

**
**

One of the guests on today's show is Deputy Commissioner Doyle. The MC is the very polished MR. LEW BRADY.

BRADY

Tonight "Criminals at Large" goes after a serial killer who has claimed the lives of beautiful young girls employed as exotic dancers and strippers in New York City. And you--the audience, may help us catch him.

**
**
**

BRADY (cont'd)

They are the victims. Tonight you'll meet detectives assigned to this case--you'll meet friends of the victims--but first here is Deputy Commissioner Edward Doyle of the NYPD. Tell us how the department is handling this case.

DOYLE

We've assembled a special task force --but in addition we've contacted and alerted the young women who seem to be the killer's prime target group.

69 (cont'd)

69 (cont'd)

69 (cont'd)

69 (cont'd) **

We see Susan Riley being brought down the aisle now by a production assistant with a clipboard and earphones. She's leading Susan to the microphone. (Susan's wrist is in a cast, of course.)

**

BRADY

Now we'll hear what one of your own lady cops--a police psychologist no less--has to say about the case. Let's listen to Officer Susan Riley.

Doyle is more than a bit surprised to see her there.

**

SUSAN

The murders of these exotic dancers is a tragic situation, but it's a matter of public record. But there's another series of killings going on in the city that's being covered up.

DOYLE

This is nonsense.

SUSAN

The so-called "Maniac Cop" did not drown in the river as reported. He's killed three times again.

BRADY

Well, say something, Mr. Deputy Commissioner!

DOYLE

The homicides of which Officer Riley is speaking were deliberately set up to imitate the earlier killings.

BRADY

So you're saying someone is dressing up and copying the MO of the original killer?

SUSAN

Then why has this been kept from the public and the press?

69 (cont'd)

69 (continued)

69 (cont'd)

69 (cont'd)

47

**

DOYLE

The killer craves publicity. When we don't give it to him, we expect him to be foolhardy--to show himself--and that's when we nail him.

(gets to his feet)

And I want to say we were very close to making an arrest until Officer Riley came on the air tonight and made these reckless statements.

CLOSE-ON SUSAN

Fighting back with the truth.

SUSAN

Commissioner, why don't you admit it's Matt Cordell who's responsible?

WIDER ANGLE - THE STUDIO

DOYLE

Cordell died in prison. Slashed to death in a shower room.

SUSAN

He was brain dead but still breathing when his body was released. He recovered and came back to revenge himself on the police department and the city officials who railroaded him into jail. Many of these people are dead already but their replacements still insist on hiding the facts!

70 OMITTED

71 OMITTED

CUT TO:

**

72 INT. TOPLESS DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

72

Only a FEW MALE PATRONS occupy tables at this early evening hour, watching some tired EXOTIC DANCERS go through their numbers.

72 (cont'd)

72 (continued)

(SALMON)
72 (cont'd)

48
(REVISED 1/2/90)
72 (cont'd)

CAMERA MOVES TO a man sitting at the bar watching the television screen and ignoring the "girlie show." His name is TURKELL. He seems mesmerized by tonight's "Criminals at Large." His eyes are glazed and very strange. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on his face. This is not the kind of face one forgets easily.

BRADY
"Criminals at Large" intends to investigate these charges in full and we'll have a further report next week.

CUT TO:

73 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

73

The talk show continues.

BRADY
In a moment we'll resume our televised **
investigation of the murder of **
those exotic dancers in midtown New York. **

73 (cont'd)

73 (cont'd)

73 (cont'd)

73 (cont'd)

The live program pauses for a commercial segment. Commissioner Doyle tears his microphone off and rushes across the studio to confront Susan.

DOYLE

You stupid little bitch! I'm going to see that you're suspended!

SUSAN

Teresa Mallory's lying in a coma at Bellevue because she knew the truth. And Cordell's going to pay you a visit, too, Mr. Commissioner. You'll see him, just like I did.

Susan walks out of the studio as Doyle glares after her. The cat is out of the bag. The taboo name of Cordell has been mentioned publicly.

CUT TO:

74 INT. THE TOPLESS BAR - NIGHT

74

The BARTENDER crosses to the television set and switches it off. CAMERA PANS to Turkell, still thinking about what he's just seen. Then he turns his attention to the stage.

EMCEE

Now we've got a newcomer. The winner of Monday night's topless contest. Put your hands together and welcome the lovely Miss Lenore.

A very young and somewhat awkward girl appears on stage in an exotic dance costume--and begins to execute a dance number. She's nervous and anything but bored as the other dancers were. She's just a kid, new in the city and trying to survive. She's pretty and well built and the sparse crowd pays more attention to her because she is "new talent." (Her real name is CHERYL and we'll be seeing her again.)

74 (cont'd)

74 (continued)

74 (cont'd)

74 (cont'd)

ANGLE ON CROWD

PANNING the FACES of the customers--coming to rest on

CLOSE-UP TURKELL

His eyes are frightening.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. BROADWAY - LATE NIGHT

75

Bright lights, blinking theater marquees. CAMERA PANNING to one of the seedier hotels on a side street off of the Great White Way.

76 INT. UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR, SEEDY HOTEL - NIGHT

76

CAMERA DOLLYING FORWARD to room 404.

77 INT. ROOM 404 - NIGHT

77

CLOSE ON THE MIRROR, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED

Stuck on the mirror are several photographs of a pretty ballerina.

We recognize "Lenore" alias Cheryl. CAMERA TILTS down to the dresser. An open copy of Variety, an entertainment trade paper. CAMERA proceeds to MOVE across the room, picking up various objects, her dancer's costume tossed over the arm of a threadbare chair. CAMERA reaching the foot of the bed upon which Cheryl lies curled up naked under a silky bathrobe--in the midst of a telephone call long distance to someone she left behind in her home town.

CHERYL

(into phone)

Sure there's good opportunities for advancement. And an employee cafeteria so I'm getting plenty to eat. I'm sharing this nice apartment with a couple of the girls in the secretarial pool. And as soon as we get our phone, I'll call you and give you the number. In the meantime, just don't worry. And give my love to dad.

She hangs up the telephone, slithers off the bed, and looks at herself in the mirror. She's got on too much makeup and she looks tired. She looks at herself and at the recent photograph of herself as an exotic dancer.

77 (cont'd)

77 (continued)

77 (cont'd)

77 (cont'd)

CHERYL

Of course, my typing is getting better, Mom.

She hears something at the door, a jiggling of the doorknob. She cross to the door, CAMERA MOVING AFTER HER.

CHERYL

Who's there?

(beat)

I know somebody's out there. Who is it?

She pauses and looks through the peephole.

HER POV THROUGH PEEPHOLE INTO CORRIDOR

She can't see anybody out there.

CLOSE-UP - CHERYL

listening at the door.

CAMERA DROPPING DOWN to the foot of the door. There's a crack beneath the door. One can see light from outside in the hallway. A SHADOW passes across the outside of the door below the viewing level of the peephole. Somebody is hiding out there.

CLOSE-UP - CHERYL'S FACE

She can almost hear him breathing.

Then suddenly someone lunges at the outside of the door. It buckles. The lock almost gives way. Cheryl backs up and screams. There's another heavy impact on the outside of the door. Cheryl dives for the bed, grabs the telephone, and dials OPERATOR.

78 INT. SEEDY HOTEL LOBBY

78

The DESK CLERK picks up the phone.

DESK CLERK

Desk.

CHERYL'S VOICE

This is 404. Someone's trying to break into my room.

78 (cont'd)

78 (continued)

DESK CLERK
That's impossible! Nobody came up.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - CHERYL

on the bed shouting into the phone.

CHERYL
I'm telling you, he's out there.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - DESK CLERK

DESK CLERK
Maybe a guest got the wrong room by mistake. He'll go away.

INT. CHERYL'S HOTEL ROOM

There's more activity at the door. Another impact. The rotted wood of the door seems ready to give way at any time.

CHERYL
Call the cops. Get help!

DESK CLERK
We don't want any trouble with the cops in this hotel.

CHERYL
Call them, or give me a line. I'll call them myself.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - DESK CLERK

DESK CLERK
Have it your way. But if I were in your line of work, the last ones I'd want to see are the cops.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - CHERYL

CHERYL
What the hell do you mean? What kind of fucking remark is that?

The desk clerk clicks off at the other end of the line.

78 (cont'd)

78 (cont'd)

ANGLE ON DESK CLERK

as he dials the police.

DESK CLERK

Hello. Precinct. This is the Queen's Arms. Got a problem. Again.

79 INT. CHERYL'S ROOM

79

She hangs up the phone. Picks up the heaviest object she can lay her hands on in the room which is an old metal lamp. She has to pull the cord out, making the room suddenly dark. She crosses to the door, waits. There's no more noise outside the door now. All is quiet. She listens. She can't hear him any more. Maybe he's gone.

CHERYL

I called the cops. They're coming.
You better get out of here.

There is no response. She backs away from the door, replacing the lamp on the dresser. She leans down to plug it in again just as someone bursts through the window behind her, coming in off the fire escape.

Glass shatters all around her and before she can move out of the way the figure of a thickly built, powerful man is on top of her, pinning her down on the well-worn carpet of the room. A man with the wild, unblinking eyes of a psychopath. It's TURKELL.

TURKELL

I've been watching you. Watching you dance.. You've been asking for it.

CHERYL

The police will be here any minute.

TURKELL

This won't take long.

CHERYL

What are you going to do?

TURKEEL

Don't you know?

CHERYL

Did you kill those other girls, those other dancers?

79 (cont'd)

79 (continued)

TURKELL

Let's just say I like to collect eight by ten glossies.

He reaches up and rips one of Cheryl's theatrical photos off the mirror. He has her pinned under him as he folds the picture and puts it into his inside jacket pocket.

TURKELL

I've got some collection. But you're the prettiest, and you dance better than the others. Good enough to be on Broadway in a show instead of up on a bar like a whore. You never know who'll walk into a place like that.

At that moment, Turkell's monologue is interrupted by the telephone ringing insistently.

CHERYL

That's them. They're down in the lobby. They're gonna come up...and catch you finally,

TURKELL

It's a slow elevator. I figure I've got a minute.

He slips his hands around her throat. She fights back, digging her nails into the back of his hand. They struggle. CAMERA DROPS LOW beside them. The door of the room is visible across their struggling bodies.

All at once there's the sound of wood smashing. The door nearly flies off its hinges and the silhouette of a giant cop is seen in the corridor, coming in, moving quite swiftly and gracefully for a man of his immense size.

It is the Maniac Cop.

ANGLE ON TURKELL

as he slides back into a corner, terrified. Pulling a knife out from under his coat.

CLOSE-UP - CHERYL

Rolling over, looking up, sighing with relief.

CHERYL

Oh, thank God.

79 (cont'd)

79 (cont'd)

And the cops huge gloved hands enter FRAME and seize her by the neck, lifting her up OUT OF FRAME as she screams like she's never screamed before.

CLOSE-UP - TURKELL

He can't believe what's happening. The cop is not going after him. He's going after the girl.

80 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

80

As TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN run upstairs, reaching the fourth floor. CAMERA DOLLYING BACK with them as they rush to 404. The desk clerk is directly behind them, out of breath.

81 INT. CHERYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

81

as the two cops rush in, guns drawn. Cheryl's body catapults into FRAME like a rag doll as she is thrown directly into the arriving policemen, knocking them down, spoiling their aim.

WIDER SHOT - THE ROOM

The Maniac Cop whirling, twirling his billy club almost casually, then catching it in the air and at the same moment twisting the club, pulling it apart to reveal the long stiletto knife that it can convert to at will.

ANGLE ON THE COPS

Struggling to their feet as a much larger Maniac Cop makes short work of them.

LOW ANGLE - CHERYL

Her neck badly bruised--but she's still alive, dazed on the floor, staring up, seeing the cops who have come to rescue her as they are murdered before her eyes.

QUICK MONTAGE - THE KILLINGS

as the Maniac Cop uses his stiletto with economy and expertise.

82 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

82

One of the cops staggers out, walks a few feet and falls on his face. The approaching desk clerk screams and runs back to the staircase in terror.

83 INT. CHERYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

83

The second cop is tossed against the dresser. The mirror shatters. For a moment we get a glimpse of the Maniac Cop's face in the distorted fragments of mirror.

The flickering lights from the marquee outside the hotel window continue to flash on and off. CAMERA DOLLYING IN to

CLOSE-UP - TURKELL

Who can't believe what's happened. This huge cop has murdered the two other cops. Now the Maniac Cop's hands reach in and pull Turkell to his feet, dragging him toward the window and the fire escape.

84 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

84

As the Maniac Cop and Turkell begin to descend.

The cop is at least a full head taller than Turkell and virtually drags him down the fire escape to the alley below.

There's the SOUND of a police siren close by.

85 INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

85

As Turkell and the Maniac Cop reach street level. The Maniac Cop lets go of Turkell and starts to walk away from him to the mouth of the alley and the street beyond. Turkell pauses only an instant and then pursues him.

TURKELL

You're letting me go. You can't be a cop.

(beat)

I know who you are. She was talking about you on TV. You made all the headlines last month!

LOW ANGLE

As the Maniac Cop turns back to look at Turkell. The alley's so dark we don't see anything but a silhouette and perhaps a flicker of light coming out of the hooded eyes of the uniformed psychopath.

Turkell moves closer now INTO FRAME, reaching out for his "psychotic brother" for both of these creatures are victims of their own compulsions. They share a common bond--the need to destroy.

85 (cont'd)

85 (continued)

85 (cont'd)

85 (cont'd)

TURKELL

Front page stuff. Me? I'm back on page five. You know what did it for you? The uniform. That was the gimmick. That got their attention.

The huge creature turns away as if to abandon Turkell, but the smaller man circles around blocking his path, speaking with desperation. It's as if he needs a friend. Someone of his own kind.

TURKELL

You don't want to be out on the streets. I got a quiet apartment. Nobody ever y ever comes down there. Real private. Come on. I want to show you my collection.

Turkell starts toward the other end of the alley now, turning back, waving to the gigantic figure in the cop uniform. The Maniac Cop has long since returned the stiletto to its place inside his billy club. He twirls the club nervously. And then, as the sirens come closer, he follows Turkell up the alley and into the shadows, CAMERA TILTS UP the fire escape.

86 OMITTED

86 **
**
**
**

87 INT. ANOTHER BACK ALLEY

87

as Turkell begins to climb a chain link fence. The Maniac Cop steps up beside the fence and using both his gloved hands rips the fence open. An act of immense, almost supernatural strength. He spreads it open for Turkell to squeeze through.

Turkell is amazed at the strength of his new buddy. He clambers through and the Maniac Cop tears an even more gaping hole for himself to follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

88 INT. CHERYL'S ROOM - NIGHT

88

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER's are snapping pictures of the officers' bodies. Cheryl is talking to our squeamish Det. Lovejoy.

CHERYL

He said he'd killed all the other girls. All dancers.

88 (cont'd)

88 (continued)

DET. LOVEJOY

We didn't figure he worked with somebody else.

CHERYL

They didn't know each other.

DET. LOVEJOY

But you said they took off together.

CHERYL

When I saw him come through the door, I was so relieved. I'd called for the police.

DET. LOVEJOY

But he got here first. You say he went after you. You know what I think?

(beat)

Maybe two serial killers crossed paths tonight. That's creepy. Gives me goose pimples.

CHERYL

How many crazies like that are running around this city?

DET. LOVEJOY

Our best estimate is around twelve to fifteen, just in New York and New Jersey alone. Maybe 350 of them running around the country. That's what the FBI computers say. And tonight two of them met up. Jesus, I wish I wasn't on the case.

CHERYL

I'm the one that ought to be worried. He knows what I look like. He could come back after me. He's even got my picture.

CUT TO:

A89 EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A89

With the outline of the city in the background.

Turkell leads the Maniac Cop across the bridge--back toward his lair--his seedy apartment. He stops to look at Cordell and admire his ugliness.

A89 (cont'd)

A89 (continued)

TURKELL

You don't talk. Maybe you can't. Was is the accident? The same accident that screwed up your face.

Cordell starts down to the river below--so dark--so deep.

TURKELL

But I can hide you--run errands for you. We need each other

Together they proceed across the ornate bridge.

CUT TO:

89 CLOSE-UP - CHERYL'S PICTURE

89

slightly torn where it was ripped away from the mirror as it is mounted on a bulletin board with a thumbtack. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal six more pictures, theatrical photographs of young women, all of them exotic dancers or small time actresses. A rogue's gallery of victims. Turkell is displaying this to his visitor in a ramshackle basement apartment--a one room apartment with a crumpled, unmade bed, and the remains of many meals stacked up in a kitchenette.

The Maniac Cop stands in the most shadowed portion of the tiny apartment seeming to inhabit all of it, to dwarf the entire place because of his immensity. He stands immobile, almost like a piece of furniture. His features are not discernible in this dim light. He simply keeps watching Turkell as some fierce animal might watch, and his very immobility is threatening.

TURKELL

These are my girls. They'll never take their clothes off in front of anybody else. They're Turkell's girls. That's me. Steve Turkell.

Turkell crosses to the sink, takes a small nearly empty bottle of whisky, pouring two drinks. He then realizes that the monster in the cop uniform has no intention of drinking. So Turkell finishes the second whiskey as well.

TURKELL

Most of the time I talk to myself. Not like some of those guys who hear voices. No. I mean I don't hear no angels or devils telling me what to do. I know what to do!

(beat)

(more)

TURKELL (cont'd)

You hate the police. So you make a fucking mockery out of them.

(he laughs)

For a while everybody was afraid to walk up to a cop in this town! Then they put out that you'd been killed. I didn't believe it, but I never expected we'd meet, that we'd be friends.

ANGLE ON THE SILHOUETTE OF THE MANIAC COP

No response, no signal of agreement, not even the sound of him breathing.

CLOSE-UP - TURKELL

TURKELL (cont'd)

All right, why should you trust me? I gotta earn that. I gotta make you respect me.

Turkell slumps down in a chair. Stares up at the cop.

TURKELL (cont'd)

Maybe you see possibilities in me, too. Can you write? Can you write down your name so I know what to call you?

LOW ANGLE ON THE SILHOUETTE OF THE MANIAC COP

as suddenly for the first time, he speaks.. Up to now we haven't known that it was possible for him to speak. But now a deep, guttural whisper is heard, almost straining to form the words. One word.

MANIAC COP

Cor-dell--

CLOSE-UP - TURKELL

A chill runs through him. The creature has spoken its name. But the sound of that voice is almost like the sound of a corpse speaking.

TURKELL

"Cordell--" Just like she said on the TV...

CUT TO:

90 TV SCREEN

90

A television newscaster is presenting a midday news roundup.

NEWSCASTER

Once again the city seems paralyzed with fear with mounting rumors that a uniformed police officer is prowling the streets by night, committing murder--striking down average citizens without provocation.

CUT TO:

91 TV INTERVIEWS

91

Average New Yorkers facing the camera.

BLACK WOMAN

I knew they were covering up when they said that "killer-cop" was dead. Covering up for their own kind. Now he's doing it again. They don't even want to catch the bastard.

CUT TO:

92

OLD WOMAN

92

I wouldn't pick up the phone and call the police for anything. They'd probably come over and kill me.

CUT TO:

93

HOMELESS PERSON

93

Cops have been killing people for years and nobody cared. Long as it was poor people they killed--or street people, who cared how many of them the cops knocked off! But now that it's a "better class of people" dying you hear about it.

CUT TO:

94

PSYCHIATRIST

94

This is not a new phenomenon. A cop in L.A. was recently arrested as a serial killer who murdered prostitutes. Cops have worked as hit men for the mob. What it takes to be a cop and what it takes to be a murderer--is very close.

CUT TO:

95

STREET TEEN-AGER

95

We don't need no cops! We got to settle stuff ourselves--with our own weapons. That's how come alot of people in this city got guns. Cause we always knew cops would let us down. I don't think it's one cop that's doing this killing. It's a bunch of cops.

CUT TO:

96

PUERTO RICAN WOMAN

96

Now I'm more afraid of these police than I am of the muggers and rapists. These police, they're crazy with power. They want to scare us with these killings. They say--look--there is less crime on the streets now! Sure. Everybody, they are afraid to go out! They see a cop--they run in the other direction. And the cops, they like it. They like it that we fear them now!

CUT TO:

97

INT. LT. MCKINNEY'S OFFICE, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

97

McKinney scanning newspaper headlines as Susan enters rather defiantly.

SUSAN

Well, Lieutenant, how did you like me on TV?

MCKINNEY

I loved you. The mayor loved you. The city council was nuts about you. Check out your reviews.

He shows her a newspaper with a headline: "MANIAC COP COVER-UP." Killer claims four more victims.

SUSAN

I guess I really started something. Maybe I'd better go home and wait for the axe to fall.

MCKINNEY

No chance. Let's just say I'm putting you in protective custody.

SUSAN

So I can't do any more guest shots?

97 (cont'd)

97 (continued)

McKINNEY

In order to keep you alive.
(a beat)

I stopped by the hospital to see
Teresa. They say she may live--but
she'll never regain the use of her
legs.

SUSAN

You think Cordell has a particular
reason to come after me again.

McKINNEY

I don't know-But if he doesn't kill you, the
commissioner might shoot you himself. The
whole city has freaked over this
Maniac Cop syndrome.
(a beat)

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There's an extra room at my house.

SUSAN

Do you think it's safe having me at
your house?

McKINNEY

I'm not about to live in fear of this
sonofabitch.

**

SUSAN

For a minute I wasn't thinking about
Cordell.

McKINNEY

(smiles)

Maybe I'm just a pushover for every
good looking cop I meet.

She laughs to herself, seems troubled by her thoughts.

McKINNEY

Some kind of private joke?

SUSAN

I don't know. It's just that this
stupid rhyme keeps running through my
head that we used to say when we were
kids in Brooklyn. A stupid nonsense
rhyme but it keeps coming back to me.
It goes: "One bright day in the middle
of the night, two dead boys got up to
fight. Back to back they faced each
(more)

SUSAN (cont'd)

other. With their knives they shot each other. A deaf policeman heard the noise, and came and killed the two dead boys."

McKINNEY

"Two Dead Boys." Sure. I kind of remember that as a kid. So what?

SUSAN

Cracking up, I guess.

~~McKinney~~ POLICE SERGEANT

You ought to know. That's your specialty. Here's a menu from the local deli. Pick out something.

SUSAN

Not hungry.

POLICE SERGEANT

The Nova Scotia is awful good at this place.

SUSAN

Okay, order me a BLT, some potato salad, side of slaw. A slice of cherry cheese cake and lots of coffee, and I'll be fine.

McKINNEY

If you feel like lying down, the sofa's not too lumpy.

McKinney crosses the squad room. Susan is left alone. There's an old leather sofa, quite cracked and in need of repair, but not uncomfortable. She settles down on it, and soon sleep overtakes her.

DISSOLVE TO:

98

INT. TURKELL DARKENED BASEMENT APARTMENT

98

Turkell and his immense "guest" sitting in the semi-darkness opposite one another in silence.

TURKELL

They did a job on you, didn't they Cordell?

(he laughs)

(more)

98 (cont'd)

98 (continued)

TURKELL (cont'd)

An honest cop. What did you expect to get out of it? You put the squeeze on important people. All of a sudden you're in the slammer not them.

Turkell kneels down, looking up, not without admiration, studying that twisted face.

TURKELL (cont'd)

What happened? Why don't you tell me what happened, Cordell? I never saw anybody cut that bad...that deep...and still breathing--

LOW ANGLE ON THE SHADOWED FIGURE OF CORDELL

Seated there in the darkness. Only a slight flash of light coming through the venetian blinds from the street that cuts across Cordell's eyes. CAMERA MOVES IN on those eyes and

DISSOLVE TO:

99 FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

99

INT. SHOWER ROOM AT SING SING PENITENTIARY

The young and powerfully built Cordell with his back to camera as he showers in the steaming room.

ANGLE WIDENS as other figures enter, other inmates, some of them naked, all of them carry jagged weapons, and they spread out, surrounding Cordell, who has not yet realized that his time has come.

(THIS IS AN ENTIRELY NEW SEQUENCE, NOT CULLED FROM MATERIAL IN THE FIRST MOTION PICTURE "MANIAC COP"--BUT BRAND NEW FOOTAGE ESPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THIS FILM.)

VARIOUS SHOTS - THE ATTACK

Shot through steam and water slightly obliterating the details as the half dozen attackers close in on the naked Cordell, stabbing and slashing.

Cordell fights back with great power, breaking one man's arm, slamming another against the tile walls of the shower, shattering another convicts jaw with a powerful blow.

But he is outnumbered and time takes its toll. Wound upon wound. And finally Cordell slides to his knees. As water and blood flows down the drain around him, the vengeful convicts complete the job. Matt Cordell is murdered before our eyes.

99 (cont'd)

99 (continued)

99 (cont'd)

99 (cont'd)

We see the faces of several of these convicts, faces we will recognize, faces we will see again.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

as the convicts withdraw leaving the crumpled body of Cordell. The water's still pouring out of the shower heads cascading over him.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 OMITTED

**

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101 SUSAN'S NIGHTMARE (DISTORTED DREAM SEQUENCE)

101

She's in that same shower room. She's dressed but her clothes are soaked from the spraying water. Cordell is there--naked--fighting off his attackers who have razors and knives. They're all naked--and she's struggling against them trying to protect Cordell. A knife falls to the floor. She grabs it and stabs an attacker. It's McKinney. She has killed McKinney. His naked body falls into her arms smearing her with his blood.

SUSAN

(sobbing)

No--I didn't kill you, McKinney--
I didn't.

Over her sobbing, we can hear a CHILD'S VOICE, very distant, chanting:

CHILD'S VOICE

"A deaf policeman heard the noise and
came and killed the two dead boys--"

102 CLOSE-UP - SUSAN

102

Sleeping on McKinney's sofa. Then she awakens.

WIDER ANGLE

McKinney is sitting there looking at her tenderly. He's holding a paper bag on his lap.

McKINNEY

Your lunch came.

SUSAN

Why didn't you wake me?

102 (cont'd)

102 (continued)

102 (con't)

McKINNEY

I liked watching you, Doc. I've never
seen you be still for a minute before.

**
**

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**

Then Det. Lovejoy enters.

**
**

DETECTIVE LOVEJOY

Hey, McKinney she's here

A102

INT. POLICE CAFETERIA

A102

Cheryl is seated drinking coffee. Bruises on throat.

DET. LOVEJOY

This young lady was attacked last evening
by the man we believe killed all those exotic
dancers in strip clubs in Manhattan, Brooklyn
and Queens.

SUSAN

How can I help?

DET. LOVEJOY

Tonight we're hitting similar clubs in
Lower Manhattan--bringing Cheryl here
along, hoping that she might be able to
identify her assailant. If he frequents
such clubs, and we think he does, he
might show up--

102 (continued)

(PINK)

(REVISED 12-11-89)

102 (cont'd)

67A

McKINNEY

We'll be going in and out of these places
in "couples"--so we need a policewoman
to make it a foursome.

SUSAN

Why me of all people? I've got no experience
out on the streets.

McKINNEY

You'll be happy to know her attacker
was rescued by a cop--who killed two
police officers in the process. A
huge disfigured cop who was expert
(more)

102 (continued)

102 (cont'd)

102 (cont'd)

McKINNEY (cont'd)

with a knife. We put out a story
that Cheryl died en route to Bellevue
just to put her attacker at ease.

Susan approaches Cheryl.

SUSAN

The cop did that to her neck? What
did his hands feel like to you?

CHERYL

Ice.

McKINNEY

Well? Want to come along?

SUSAN

Do I have a choice?

**
**

McKINNEY

No. Remember you're under my protection.

**
**

CHERYL

Some protection!

**
**

McKINNEY

He hands her a gun
Recall how to use this?

**
**

SUSAN

What's the difference?
shooting Cordell is only good for
getting his attention.

**
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**

CUT TO:

103 INT. TURKELL'S BASEMENT APT. - NIGHT

103

Turkell lying on his unkempt bed staring up at the ceiling.
He hears a noise, looks up. The huge cop is moving toward
the door, opening it, going out. Turkell runs after him.

TURKELL

Wait. Don't go leaving me! It's not
safe out there.

But the cop is gone. Turkell follows him out into the
streets, shutting the door as he goes out.

**

**

103 (cont'd)

103 (continued)

**

103 (cont'd)

103 (cont'd)

TURKELL

Going someplace I cant go?

(a beat)

Work to do, huh? But you'll come back?

The Maniac Cop starts slowly away, disappearing into the
stairway Turkell no longer follows--

**

TURKELL (cont'd)

Yeah. I got things to do, too. And
then I'll be back here waiting for you.

Turkell is alone--and restless. He feels that compulsion
coming over him. That force that sends him out into the
city to seek victims.

**

**

104 OMITTED

CUT TO:

105 MONTAGE

105

STRIP CLUBS, TOPLESS, BARS, PORNO SHOWS, SEX ARCADES, SHOTS
OF BLINKING MARQUEES, STREET HAWKERS TRYING TO LURE PASSING
CUSTOMERS OFF THE STREET.

HAWKER

No admission, no cover. Two drink
minimum. See New York's most
beautiful women--in the flesh!

106 MONTAGE - THE SEARCHERS

106

Susan and McKinney, Cheryl and Det. Lovejoy moving from club
to club--studying the faces at the bar. Faces of lonely
lost men. Faces of customers entering and leaving, more
lonely and frustrated than before. Cheryl does not
recognize her
assailant among them. So they move on to still another
club.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE - NIGHT

107

Carrying Susan, McKinney, Cheryl and Lovejoy in the
direction of another red light district in Lower Manhattan.
CAMERA FOLLOWS the passing car, watches it disappear. Then
over the quiet street we hear distant whistling. The
signature of the Maniac Cop--passing by--en route to his
destination. He knows exactly where he's going.

CUT TO:

108 INT. TABLE TOP DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

108

In this type of establishment the strippers are paid tips to dance on the customer's individual tables. They perform their act--up close.

Cheryl leads the way into the crowded club. McKinney pays the admission charge for the four of them and Susan and Lovejoy follow them to a corner table, from which they can survey the whole place. The customers here are quite vocal. They cheer the strippers on and offer further encouragement with dollar bills they tuck into the girl's garter. The lights blink in pinks and purples and the air is thick with smoke. The rock music is deafening. The exotic dancers in this club are proficient, to say the least. We FOCUS on the reactions of our investigators.

McKINNEY

Looks like hard work.

CHERYL

A girl can clear a thousand a week with tips. And that's without dating. What kind of money do you make, Lieutenant?

McKINNEY

Maybe I ought to take dancing lessons.

SUSAN

See anybody familiar?

CHERYL

A few regulars from other clubs I worked. But not him.

SUSAN

Shall we move on to the next spot?

LOVEJOY

Yeah, let's.

(he looks at the dirty
glass they served him)

You could catch something.

A STRIPPER has climbed up on an adjoining table and is putting on a "close up" show. CAMERA MOVES FORWARD to SHOOT through her gyrating legs--to reveal a new entrant to the club. It's Turkell. He's visible only for a moment. Then he's lost in the crowd at the bar.

CLOSE ON CHERYL - NO REACTION

She hasn't spotted him.

ANGLE ON CROWDED BAR

**

as Turkell struggles to get the bartender's attention to order a drink.

TURKELL

Cutty Sark on the rocks.

(shouts)

Cutty - rocks!

He looks in the mirror over the bar, in which the show is reflected. The guys around him seem mesmerized by the dancers. Turkell continues to wait for his drink to be served.

ANGLE ON SUSAN, CHERYL AND THE TWO DETECTIVES

**

McKINNEY

I'll get the check.

He waves impatiently for the waitress, who ignores him.

ANGLE ON TURKELL

**

Still waiting for his cocktail, looking the room over. Suddenly he sees something!

TURKELL'S POV - ZOOMING IN ON CHERYL

**

She's visible only for a second. She leans back and is blocked by McKinney and the others.

ANGLE ON TURKELL

**

Confused. He was sure Cheryl was in a coma or dead by now. It can't be her. He moves to his right, trying to get another look--a better look. The BARTENDER arrives at the position Turkell just vacated at the bar.

BARTENDER

Your scotch. Hey, feller--your drink!

108 (cont'd)

108 (continued)

**

108 (cont'd)

108 (cont'd)

**

Turkell isn't listening. He's pushing past other men, struggling to get another look. A few guys in the crowd don't like it and push back.

TURKELL

Get out of my way.

TURKELL'S POV

**

He's almost got another glimpse of Cheryl when the WAITRESS arrives at Cheryl's table with the check and blocks the view.

CLOSE-UP - TURKELL

**

Sweating, nervous. He's got to know. Is it her? The people around him resist being shoved.

CUSTOMER

Take it easy, buddy. We all want to see the show.

ANGLE ON CHERYL'S TABLE

**

The check has been settled. Cheryl and her three escorts rise to their feet. CAMERA MOVES in on Cheryl as SHE SEES HIM. She freezes. Susan and McKinney and Det. Lovejoy are already moving toward the exit. Cheryl stands alone.

ANGLE ON TURKELL

He sees her clearly now. No doubt about it. The bartender is reaching across the bar tugging at his sleeve.

BARTENDER

That's six dollars.

Turkell ignores him.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

Realizing Cheryl is not following. She sees Cheryl is staring wide-eyed at the men at the bar.

SUSAN

McKinney!

CAMERA WHIPS to McKinney. He immediately realizes what's coming down. But now Cheryl is halfway across the club. McKinney shouts to her.

McKINNEY

Which one? Which one?

108 (cont'd)

108 (continued)

**

108 (cont'd)

108 (cont'd)

**

ANGLE ON CHERYL

She doesn't respond. She just stares. It could be any one of the crowd at the bar.

ANGLE ON TURKELL

He realizes she's not alone. It must be the police. The bartender has him by the arm now and won't let go. Turkell is starting to panic.

WIDER SHOT

Both McKinney and Lovejoy are headed for the bar. The exotic dancer gyrates atop a tiny cocktail table a few feet away. Turkell pulls away from the bartender--lunches forward-- shoving the dancer off her perch. The girl tumbles on top of Lovejoy, who falls in McKinney's path. The closely packed crowd of men are jostled about in the confusion. A few trip and fall as Turkell virtually punches his way through the mob, climbs over the bar. The bartender tries to stop him but the panic-stricken Turkell smashes a bottle across his face.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

She sees that Turkell is headed for the fire exit on the far side of the club. She climbs up on the stage, runs through the line of exotic dancers, reaches the other end of the club before Turkell has finished scrambling over the bar. She's waiting for him.

TIGHTER SHOT - TURKELL

as he runs past Susan, sensing no threat. Her hand and wrist are in that heavy plaster cast. It serves like a club when she slams Turkell across the back of the neck. He crumbles. In a moment McKinney and Lovejoy are there handcuffing Turkell. McKinney looks at Susan with open admiration.

SUSAN

After four years on the force, my first arrest.

McKINNEY

Nicely done, "Doc." You're some cop after all.

109-116 OMITTED

CUT TO:

**

117

[illegible]

119 (cont'd)

119 (cont'd)

Turkell does not reply. He just sulks. Susan follows McKinney up the hall.

SUSAN

Want company?

McKINNEY

Don't worry, I'm going to have plenty. A whole squad. Haven't you seen enough action tonight?

SUSAN

I couldn't sleep. I think I'll go downstairs to the range and fire a few practice rounds. I've never been much good with firearms.

McKINNEY

Under the circumstances, I'd try to improve.

They both exit the detention area.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 INT. SUBTERRANEAN FIRING RANGE BELOW HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 120

It is here that police qualify with their handguns. There are always half a dozen cops hanging around trying to improve their score, firing at the paper targets at the far end of the long tunnel.

Susan enters, now dressed in a regulation police uniform. She picks up a set of headgear that muffles the sound of gunfire, placing it over her ears, she takes her place at a vacant spot of the firing range, draws her service revolver, aims, and begins firing at the target with her good hand.

ANGLE ON THE TARGET

as her bullets strike. They are poorly spaced.

WIDER SHOT

as the RANGE OFFICER joins her. (JIM DIXON)

RANGE OFFICER

I've never seen you in uniform before.

SUSAN

I wanted to see if it still fit.

120 (cont'd)

120 (continued)

RANGE OFFICER

It fits.

(looking at target)

But that's not a very neat shot pattern.

Susan reloads, fires again.

RANGE OFFICER

Straighten that elbow.

(a beat)

I guess you're better at shooting your mouth off on television. Are they gonna put you on a beat--maybe Spanish Harlem or some other nice neighborhood?

SUSAN

Maybe.

She fires another volley with unsatisfactory results

RANGE OFFICER

Keep trying, Susan. You'll get the knack of it--in a year or two.

(he points to her plaster cast)

Just tell everybody that the broken one was your good arm.

Susan exits.

CUT TO:

**

121 INT. TURKELL'S BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

121

as McKinney and a some cops enter. The place is vacant. No sign of the Maniac Cop but McKinney takes immediate cognizance of the haphazard display of 8 x 10 glossy photographs that have been tacked to the wall.

CLOSE-UP - MCKINNEY

His reaction. Pleased.

MCKINNEY

Boys, we've got ourselves a serial killer.

CUT TO:

122 INT. CELL - NIGHT

122

Turkell waiting nervously, like a trapped animal. Talking to himself, to his supernatural "friend" out there.

122 (cont'd)

122 (cont'd)

(SALMON)

79
(REVISED 1/2/90)

122 (cont'd)

122 (cont'd)

TURKELL

You won't leave me here! You're gonna
come for me! I'm waiting.

The prisoner in the next cell is awakened. He's named **BLUM**. **

BLUM

Hold it down, will you? At least **
I'll get some privacy back in the **
fucking death house. **

TURKELL

Is that where you're going? Sing Sing? **

BLUM

In the morning. Shit. I stalled the **
bastards for five years. But the **
supreme court finally fucked me. **
Cruel and unusal punishment, **
bullshit! Listening to assholes like **
you is worse! **

TURKELL

Be nice. When he comes to break me **
out, maybe I'll take you along. **

BLUM

I'll hold my breath. **

Susan enters the cell block and approaches Turkell who
stares at her through the bars.

TURKELL

Well, pretty lady. Don't you look **
great in uniform? Want me to **
autograph your cast? **

SUSAN

I still want to talk about Cordell. **
You seem to know alot about him. **

TURKELL

If you want to know about him **
just stick around here tonight. **
And you'll learn something. **

CUT TO:

(SALMON)
123 INT. SUBTERRANEAN FIRING RANGE

79 A
(REVISED 1/2/90)
123

Three cops are firing at their individual targets.

**

THEIR POV

Their targets being blown apart by barrages of bullets.

Then a long shadow falls across the targets. Someone is out there at the other end of the range.

Firing barrages--until the OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SAFETY stops them.

123 (cont'd)

123 (cont'd)

(SALMON)
123 (cont'd)

80
(REVISED 1/2/90)
123 (cont'd)

RANGE OFFICER
Hold yor fire--something's moving
out there! Who is that? Do you
want to get yourself killed?

Bang! A SHOT is fired from the target area. The range
officer is hit between the eyes.

WIDER ANGLE - BASEMENT, POLICE FIRING RANGE

as Cordell, the Maniac Cop moves up the tunnel from the
target area toward the men who have been firing. Only for
the first time, someone is returning their fire, blowing
them away with perfect accuracy.

The young officers can't believe it. This huge silhouette
armed with a police special firing back at them!

Some of the officers being to run for their lives. Still
others attempt to fire back. There's a long (exchange of
fire). Their bullets hit the Maniac Cop but don't stop him.
He keeps coming. A great monolith, very slowly, carefully,
and with deadly results.

COP'S VOICES
I hit him! I know I hit the bastard!!!

The firing range is deserted now.

**

A123 INT. FIRING RANGE STAIRCASE

A123 **

Two police officers are coming down stairs. Maniac Cop
enters going upstairs toward them. They react, but he shoots
upstairs without losing a beat.

**

**

**

124 OMITTED

**

125 OMITTED

**

126 INT. MAIN FLOOR, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

126 **

All is quiet. Business as usual. **
Detective Lovejoy is doing paper work at his desk. **
Nobody can hear what's going on down below on the sound **
proof firing range. **

126 (cont'd)

126 (cont'd)

(SALMON)
126 (cont'd)

81
(REVISED 1/2/90)
126 (cont'd)

Then Cordell appears, opening the sound proof door from the Firing Range below. No one notices him at first - then almost immediatley he opens fire on the squad room full of cops, detectives and suspects. Chaos reigns. Bodies fall in all directions! Officers try to fire back - but Cordell keeps coming. Detective Lovejoy runs for cover.

126A CRANE SHOT - Cordell crashes through one glass partition after another - decimating everyone in his path. A living juggernaut - unstoppable! He grabs some cops - picks them up - tosses them through a glass wall. Other cops and detectives flee the premises, Lovejoy included.

127 INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT
Susan and the prisoners react to the sound of shots. Only Turkell realizes what's going on.

TURKELL
(TO SUSAN)
Hey nice lady, it must be visiting hours. My friend is back.

Camera moves in tight on Susan. After what Cordell did to her before she has good reason to be afraid. And she is. The screams and gunshots are right outside now.

128 INT. - SQUAD ROOM OUTSIDE CELL BLOCK - NIGHT.
The two cops virtually die at Susan's feet. She leans over them trying to help. Then looks up as Cordell's huge shadow falls across her. Behind her Turkell is celebrating from within his cell.

TURKELL
Shit! I knew you wouldn't leave me here.

Down the cell block other prisoners are pounding on the bars, screaming: "Let me out." "How about me?" "Open the fucking cell."

Cordell pulls the ring of keys off the rack, tosses them to Turkell who unlocks his own cell, lets himself out.

TURKELL
What did you do to those cops.
Oh man, I would love to have seen it.

Now Turkell begins freeing the other prisoners.

128 (cont'd)

128 (cont'd)

(SALMON)
128 (cont'd)

82
(REVISED 1/2/90)
128 (cont'd)

TURKELL

Hey, guys, want to be liberated?
See, Blum, I told you to treat me nice.

**

VARIOUS SHOTS

Turkell unlocking the cells. The other prisoners rushing into the corridor screaming jubilantly, but they're also confused. It's a jailbreak but this strange enormously powerful figure in a cop's uniform makes them feel somehow uncomfortable and fearful. ONE PRISONER doesn't choose to come out of his cell.

TURKELL

What's with you?

PRISONER

I'm staying. I don't like him.
Not one bit.

TURKELL

Have it your way, asshole.

He locks the prisoner back in.

SUSAN

He's the smart one.

(points to Cordell)

He's going to get you all killed.

128 (cont'd)

128 (cont'd)

BLUM

They were taking my ass to Sing Sing
--to death row in a couple of hours.
What the fuck have I got to lose?

**

129 OMITTED

CUT TO:

130 EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

130

A whole army of policemen standing around ineffectively,
doing nothing. A police car pulls up and Det. Lt. McKinney
jumps out.

LOVEJOY

He blew away half a dozen men down-
stairs on the shooting range. I
don't know how many he killed
upstairs. We got out of his way.

MCKINNEY

That was a good strategy.

LOVEJOY

He's got Susan Riley as a hostage in the cell block.

**

MCKINNEY

Is she hurt? Answer me!

**

**

**

**

LOVEJOY

How should I know? Since when
are you so worried about her?

**

**

MCKINNEY

What're we doing about it?

**

**

**

LOVEJOY

We've got the tactical squad on the way, and
a couple of SWAT teams. Doyle's been notified.
He's on his way over to take charge.

**

**

**

**

MCKINNEY

"Take charge"? That's a joke.

**

**

**

LOVEJOY

You got any bright ideas?

**

**

**

MCKINNEY

If he tries to get out, don't interfere
with him...just follow him.

**

**

**

(beat)

**

He had a reason for coming here. He's
got a reason for everything he does.

**

**

CUT TO:

131 INT. CELL AREA - NIGHT

131

The bodies of two dead policemen being stripped of their uniforms by Blum and Turkell. They are both dressing up like cops. But the Maniac Cop pulls the uniform out of Blum's hands before he can put it on.

**
**
**
**
**

BLUM

**

How come not me?

**

(to Turkell)

**

y doesn't he talk? It's weird--
he's weird.

**
**

Turkell starts to remove his trousers, notices that Susan is standing there in the midst of it all, watching Turkell change into the uniform.

**
**
**

TURKELL

Hey, lady, close your eyes. You might
see something you like.

**
**

132 ANGLE ON MANIAC COP

132

**

as he moves behind the jail's administration desk, going through stacks of papers and official documents. Cordell seems to know exactly what he's looking for and he finds it. A form in triplicate. He crosses back to Turkell, handing him the document.

**
**
**
**
**

TURKELL

Hey, Blum, these are your transfer
transfer papers to Sing Sing.

**
**

BLUM

What about it? I'm not going there.

**

132 (CONT'D)

132 (CONT'D)

132 (CONT'D)

132 (CONT'D)

TURKELL

I think that's what he's got in mind.

BLUM

Those bastards will execute me.

TURKELL

He won't let that happen.

SUSAN

(to Cordell)

I understand you've been to Sing
Sing before. What's back there for
you?

TURKELL

Haven't you got it figured out yet,
lady? We're going to break the guys
in death's row out too. There must
be a dozen of them up there awaiting
their appeals. Real lovable types.
Oh, we're recruiting an army, aren't
we?

Turkell crosses to the huge figure of Cordell. Puts his
hand on Cordell's shoulder and looks into his face. It's
some kind of spiritual experience.

TURKELL

Sure! Like your thoughts are in my
head. I got you all figured out.

(to the others)

See, we're not running away, we're
getting stronger-- We got a leader.

BLACK CONVICT

I don't want to be part of this.
I'm not going inside no state
penitentiary.

The Maniac Cop's billy club spins in his hand, twirling, and
then lashes out striking the dissenting black convict across
the neck--breaking his neck with one blow. We hear the
cracking sound of bone as the unfortunate dissenter clatters
to the floor in a heap. One less recruit--but a fitting
lesson to the others that there will be no argument.

TURKELL

Do we bring her along?

**

Maniac Cop nods.

TURKELL (cont'd)

All right, honey, lead the way. If
there's any shooting, you'll know
it before we do.

The Maniac Cop moves toward the rear of headquarters.
Turkell immediately changes direction. After all Cordell is
giving the orders, and Turkell is the "No. 2 guy."

**

**

**

133 EXT. REAR OF HEADQUARTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

133

containing police vehicles, among them a police bus with
bars on the windows used to transport prisoners.

The area is encircled by cops who make no effort to do
battle. A LIMO pulls up and Deputy Commissioner Doyle gets
out.

CAPTAIN

They've got a hostage, Commissioner.

**

Doyle sees the convicts emerge from the building with Susan
as a shield

**

**

DOYLE

She puts on a uniform and immediately
gets taken hostage. Some cop.

**

**

**

134 ANGLE ON MANIAC COP IN THE PARKING LOT

134

Leading the convicts toward the police bus clearly marked
NYPD. They're heavily armed with guns they took from the
police.

**

134 (cont'd)

134 (cont'd)

134 (cont'd)

134 (cont'd)

SUSAN
(to Cordell)
Why are you really taking them back
there?

But Cordell does not respond. The other convicts drag
Susan onto the bus.

135 INT. CAB OF BUS - NIGHT

135

Turkell at the wheel. It starts to roll.

136 OMITTED

137 HIGH ANGLE - REAR OF HEADQUARTERS - DAY

137

as the bus roars out of the parking lot--guns blazing.

ANGLE ON THE COPS

as they fire back.

138 INT. CAB OF BUS

138

The windshield shatters. The Maniac Cop sits beside Turkell
who drives well. Turkell is cut by glass but not wounded.

139 EXT. BUS - NIGHT

139

Careening down the city street. CAMERA PANNING to police
cars, parked in the center of the street, blocking the bus.

The bus CRASHES into the police cars--overturning them--
plowing through--getting away.

140 ANGLE ON BURNING WRECKAGE

140

McKinney pulls cops out of the flaming overturned cop cars.

141 OMITTED

**
**
**

**

142 INT. BUS - NIGHT

142 **

As it races for freedom. Blum reaches out and caresses
Susan's hair.

**
**

BLUM

You're too good looking to be a cop.
Why don't you hike that skirt up
higher so I can see your legs better.
You heard me. All the way up.

**

There's the sound of a click.

**

THEIR POV

The Maniac Cop is looking back into the rear of the bus, and
he has his revolver pointed at Blum. There will be no
"hanky-panky."

**

ANGLE ON BLUM

**

He pulls Susan's skirt neatly into place and lets her alone.
He's got the message.

**

**

ANGLE ON SUSAN

Relieved. Somehow grateful to the deranged Cordell who has
prevented a rape. Susan slides up the aisle toward the
front of the bus looking through the metal into the cab of
the vehicle.

**

SUSAN

Why do you care what happens to me?

The Maniac Cop does not turn or respond. He gives no reply.

ANGLE ON ESCAPEES

looking out the window. The bus has driven onto the
parkway.

143 THEIR POV

143

The countryside racing by. They're outside the city limits now, heading upstate toward the state penitentiary at Ossining, New York.

CUT TO:

144 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

144

The wrecked vehicle still smouldering. The wounded being taken away. McKinney approaches Doyle.

McKINNEY

Going home, Commissioner? Let me give you a ride.

DOYLE

I have my limo.

McKINNEY

We have to talk.

DOYLE

(to his driver)

I'm going with Lt. McKinney.

145 INT. McKINNEY'S UNMARKED POLICE VEHICLE PULLING AWAY - NIGHT

145

DOYLE

You're headed in the wrong direction. That's the parkway up ahead.

McKINNEY

I think that's the route Cordell took. I think I know where he's going.

DOYLE

Then why didn't you say so?

McKINNEY

All the cops in the world can't stop Cordell. You can.

DOYLE

Stop this car. I'm getting out? That's an order.

McKinney steps on the gas. Doyle panics--puts on his seat belt.

146 EXT. THE CAR ON PARKWAY - NIGHT

146

Racing along--zigzagging through traffic--doing ninety.
McKinney puts a police blinker on the roof.

147 INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

147

MCKINNEY

One of those escapees was scheduled for
transfer to the Death House at Sing Sing.
Cordell's making the delivery. He's homesick.

**
**

DOYLE

I'm not going there.

MCKINNEY

So finally you believe in ghosts. You
ought to. You made him one!

Doyle pulls a service revolver on McKinney - Points it
at him

**
**

DOYLE

Turn the goddam car around!

**
**

McKinney keeps driving

**
**

MCKINNEY

Now that's a fucking dumb thing to do
commissioner.

**
**

DOYLE

What do you expect me to do?
Shove the gun in my own mouth and pull the trigger?

**
**

**
**

MCKINNEY

Do this! Reopen the Cordell case. Get
some judge to set aside his conviction.
Dig up his empty coffin--that's right, it's
going to be empty, and bury it again with
a police honor guard.

DOYLE

You're fucking nuts!

MCKINNEY

Cordell got too close to people at city
hall who were taking payoffs, so he was
conveniently framed, and put in a place
where his life wouldn't be worth a nickel.
You murdered him!

**

DOYLE

You're pushing me too far McKinney! Pull over!

**

147 (cont'd)

147 (cont'd)

147 (cont'd)

147 (cont'd)

Mckinney slams on the brakes knocking Doyle forward.
He quickly disarms him. Doyle is dazed but conscious.

**

**

DOYLE

Okay - So I did it. So what can I do about
it now?

**

**

MCKINNEY

You can sign a confession and name all the
others involved.

**

**

**

DOYLE

I'll be through if I do that!

**

**

**

MCKINNEY

You're through now. He'll come for you.
You'll never see retirement.
your family, too. I'll tell him to.

**

**

**

**

**

**

**

147 (cont'd)

147 (cont'd)

147 (cont'd)

147 (cont'd)

92

Then McKinney grabs the radio phone in the car.

**

McKINNEY

(into phone)

Deputy Commissioner Doyle is calling his honor the mayor. Patch me through. It's urgent. It concerns the massacre at police headquarters.

DOYLE

All right. Give me the phone.

148 OMITTED

149 OMITTED

CUT TO:

150 EXT. SIGNPOST ON PARKWAY: OSSINING, NEW YORK, STATE
PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

150

TURKELL'S VOICE

This is the last place they'd expect us to go.

CUT TO:

151 AERIAL SHOT - ~~SING SING~~ PENITENTIARY (STOCK FOOTAGE) - NIGHT

151

CUT TO:

152 EXT. MAIN GATE, SING SING PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

152

as the bus carrying the escapees and Susan pulls up. The GUARDS on duty approach the police vehicle. It is normal for such a vehicle to arrive bringing prisoners. Turkell hands down the paperwork.

TURKELL

Delivering the prisoner Blum, Joseph T.

PRISON GUARD

We weren't expecting him till morning.
Heavily under guard, huh?

152 (cont'd)

152 (continued)

TURKELL

We got a tip that his friends might
try to create a little detour for us,
so we played it safe.

PRISON GUARD

(into phone)

Open the gates--

CUT TO:

PRISON GATES - NIGHT

as they open and the police bus drives on through into a
courtyard where a second gate is opened and the bus now
parks behind the grim gray building that houses Sing Sing's
death house.

CUT TO:

154 INT. POLICE BUS - NIGHT

154

Susan kneeling on the floor. CAMERA MOVING IN TIGHT on her.

SUSAN

Welcome home, Cordell.

155 EXT. POLICE BUS - NIGHT

155

Turkell gets out, dressed as a policeman, pushing the
apparently handcuffed Blum on ahead as if he is a prisoner.
Susan and Cordell follow.

**
**
**

156 ANGLE ON GUARDS IN TOWER - NIGHT

156

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS and other SENTRIES see nothing odd
about the procession of uniformed officers and the
handcuffed prisoner that they have delivered.

157 ANGLE ON PRISON COURTYARD - NIGHT

157

as Turkell and Cordell proceed toward the cell block
door--which is already being unlocked by prison security
personnel. They pass by a PRISON TRUSTEE who is rolling a
trash cart out of the adjoining cell. CAMERA MOVES IN ON
that trustee. We recognize him as one of the men who
slashed Cordell to death in the shower room. (We've seen
him do it in the flashback.)

**
**
**
**
**
**
**

The trustee stares at the huge cop now leading the
procession and recognizes Cordell--alive again! He reacts
in panic--steps back into the shadows of an archway.

**
**
**

TRUSTEE

--Cordell--

**
**

157 (cont'd)

157 (cont'd)

157 (cont'd)

157 (cont'd)

He turns and rushes back inside the prison building as if to warn others. A man he murdered has come back from the dead.

158 OMITTED

159 EXT. GUARD TOWER (OR YARD) - NIGHT

159

The Capt. of the Guards on phone with Warden.

CAPT. OF GUARDS

Warden, Blum's just been delivered.

WARDEN'S VOICE

What do you mean? I got word from the city that he'd been broken out of jail.

CAPT. OF THE GUARDS

He just arrived under heavy escort five minutes ago.

WARDEN'S VOICE

Seal off that section of the cell block.
Put all men on alert! We're in trouble.

CUT TO:

160 INT.

DEATH ROW - NIGHT

160

Turkell trails behind the imposing figure of Matt Cordell. (We focus upon his immense back, the huge scarred hands, and mercifully avoid the facial characteristics. As usual the less we see the more shocking it is when we do see.)

as two Sing Sing guards unlock still another set of doors admitting the procession into the inner sanctum, the most closely secured section of the prison, death row itself.

Once inside, Turkell and Blum (who is not really handcuffed), attack the two guards, clubbing them into unconsciousness. Susan looks vainly around for some way to escape. There is none.

A160 INT. ADJOINING CELL BLOCK (NOT DEATH ROW) - NIGHT

A160

Prisoners are just filing back into their cells after a movie. Curfew is coming up shortly. The trustee who recognized Cordell is admitted to the cell block and he rushes up to some of his cronies. He whispers something quickly. They respond with derisive laughter and shout him away.

C159 (cont'd)

C159 (cont'd)

C159 (cont'd)

C159 (cont'd)

TRUSTEE

I'm telling you he's alive--and he's
here. Fuck you! I'm looking out
for myself.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as the Trustee returns to his cell. He
kneels, reaches under his cot. Out of the stash that's
piled there he withdraws a small bottled filled with
gasoline stolen from the motor pool. He fashions it into a
crude molotov cocktail.

161 INT. DEATH ROW - NIGHT

161

The guards have been subdued. The condemned prisoners in
their maximum community cells are raising riot wanting to be
released.

TURKELL

Okay you guys. Hang on. We'll get
you out. We're recruiting an army.
(to Cordell)
Right Cordell? What are we waiting
for?

Cordell makes no move to let the others out. Then from
outside over the prison P.A. system comes DOYLE'S VOICE.

DOYLE'S VOICE

Attention. This is Deputy
Commissioner Doyle in the prison
courtyard. I'm talking to--Matt
Cordell.

(beat)

Cordell, Judge Arthur Claypool has
ordered your trial reopened.

Cordell and the others hear Doyle's words.

TURKELL

Cordell, that you they're talking to?
What the fuck do you need a new trial
for?

SUSAN

Cordell, listen. This is what you
wanted. Listen!

162 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

162

Doyle at remote microphone. McKinney and the warden stand
beside him.

162 (cont'd)

162 (cont'd)

McKINNEY

Keep talking, Doyle. You're getting good at it.

DOYLE

In your first trial, perjury was committed. Even the presiding judge was influenced. I myself was involved. We're the guilty ones. Cordell was a good man once. A good cop!

**
**
**
**
**
**
**

163 INT. DEATH ROW CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

163

TURKELL

A good cop! Shit! Where you going? What about our plan?

**
**

Cordell moving away from the others. Moving up the corridor of death row in the direction of the cell block beyond. He hasn't let anyone out of their cells.

**
**
**

DOYLE'S VOICE

I repeat. Cordell's conviction will definitely be reversed by the state supreme court.

**
**

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Turkell runs after him.

TURKELL

You can't leave us here. Tell us what to do. We had a deal going.

**

Blum drags Susan along as he follows Turkell.

**

164 INT. NEXT CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

164

The crazed Trustee clutching his molotov cocktail waits in his open cell, listening to the amplified VOICES from the courtyard.

**
**
**

TRUSTEE

(shouts)

Y'see--it is Cordell! And if he comes for me I'm ready for the bastard. I'll kill him again!

**
**
**
**

He steps out of the cell into the corridor where prisoners are finishing a smoke. The guards alerted to trouble next door try to clamp down on security.

**
**
**

164 (cont'd)

164 (cont'd)

164 (cont'd)

164 (cont'd)

GUARD

Okay, into the cells.

**
**

VOICES

Bullshit! We got three minutes to
curfew.**
**
**

GUARD

I said inside NOW.

**
**

Many of the convicts obey. Some don't. Suddenly the huge
metal door at the end of the double tier cellblock rattles
and shakes. Then it is ripped off its hinges.

**
**
**

The Trustee freaks. He knows Cordell is coming for him. He
lights the molotov cocktail just as the Maniac Cop lurches
through the doorway, followed by Turkell.

**
**
**
**

REACTION SHOTS - OTHER CONVICTS

Some of them were also in that shower room. They too
recognize the ghost. Run.

**
**

BACK TO MANIAC COP

**

He has taken only a step into the new cell block when the
trustee tosses the molotov cocktail at his feet. It
explodes--igniting Cordell into a living torch. But it
doesn't stop him--for aflame he moves down the aisle in
pursuit of the fleeing trustee. Other prisoners try to get
out of Cordell's path. A few try to attack him with
homemade prison weapons and are picked up and tossed into
the upper tier by the flaming giant.

**
**
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**

165 OMITTED

A166 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - NIGHT

A166

**

Doyle still at the microphone.

**

DOYLE

Cordell, if you hear me--I've signed
a confession. I'm guilty.

**

McKINNEY

He heard you.

**

(takes the microphone from

**

Doyle, shuts it off)

**

Warden, I have to get inside that
cell block. Now.

**
**

WARDEN

Over the roof. Through the heating
ducts. Men have tried to escape that
way. You might get in.

A166 (cont'd)

A166 (cont'd)

A166 (cont'd)

A166 (cont'd)

MCKINNEY

Show me!

CUT TO:

166 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

166

The trustee takes refuge in the same shower room where Cordell was murdered.

**
**

Cordell tosses aside anyone in his path, convict or guard, he smashes them against the bars or the opposite wall. Cordell is still entirely aflame. In the course of this action, Cordell drops his billy club. Turkell, who is behind Cordell, scoops up the weapon. In back of Turkell, Blum still holds Susan as hostage--his only ticket out of here. Cordell rushes into the shower room in pursuit of the trustee. The sounds of the past crowd in on him again.

**
**
**
**
**
**
**
**

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE SLAYING OF CORDELL IN THIS SHOWER --EVEN AS NOW CORDELL, IN THE REINCARNATION OF THE FLAMING MANIAC COP, TAKES HIS REVENGE. His burning hands grip the trustee's throat, snapping his neck.

**
**
**
**

ANGLE ON TURKELL

**

coming up behind the burning Maniac Cop. He has unscrewed the handle of the billy club and pulled out the stiletto. He raises it--to plunge it into Cordell's back--but he's afraid to burn himself. How do you stab a burning man?

**
**
**
**

CLOSE-UP - SUSAN

**

She sees what Turkell is about to do--reacts.

**

ANGLE ON TURKELL

**

All his former adoration for Cordell has turned to hate. He's been betrayed.

**
**

TURKELL

You never cared about me! You were never my friend!

**
**

Then he thrusts--driving the stiletto deep into Cordell's burning back.

**
**

Cordell stiffens, straightens. Then the flaming creature turns to face Trukell who tries to run. Cordell reaches out with his flaming hand and seizes Turkell's wrist.

**
**
**

166 (cont'd)

166 (cont'd)

166 (cont'd)

166 (cont'd)

TIGHT SHOT - THAT WRIST

As the flames that engulf Cordell's arm spread and catch onto Turkell's hand and arm. The fire sweeps over Turkell. He incinerates. As Cordell rips his flaming uniform jacket off with the other hand to reveal burning flesh. His bare chest is aflame.

WIDER ANGEL

The Maniac Cop's still enveloped in fire--hanging onto Turkell who also catches fire and is consumed by the flames. He's no supernatural figure who can withstand fire. Turkell SCREAMS as he is cooked alive. The prisoners in their cells observe in horror.

ANGLE ON SUSAN AND BLUM

She can't look. Even Blum is horrified. She looks up.

HER POV

A panel in the ceiling slides open. Det. Lt. McKinney climbs through

ANGLE ON CORDELL AND TURKELL

Joined in a common mass of flames now. Cordell runs toward the rear wall of the shower room with supernatural force, dragging Turkell after him. The brick wall crumbles and the two figures afire crash out four stories above the prison courtyard.

167-174 OMITTED

175 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD, SING SING - NIGHT

175

Cordell clings to Turkell as the two burning figures plunge three stores downward, landing on the cement courtyard with a deadening thud. There they lie, burning to ashes as the warden and guards surround the bodies.

A175 INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A175

McKinney drops onto the upper tier. Blum spots him, shoots at him, while trying to use Susan as a shield. She knees Blum in the groin--dives for cover as McKinney blows Blum away.

McKinney jumps down to join Susan. He grabs her in his arms.

WIDER SHOT - CORRIDOR - CELL BLOCK

As the gates open and prison guards come rushing in to aid McKinney and Susan.

A175 (cont'd)

A175 (cont'd)

SUSAN
 (to McKinney)
 How'd I do, McKinney?

**
 **
 **

McKINNEY
 Not bad. I think I've got me a new
 partner.

**
 **
 **

B175 ANGLE ON EXTERIOR PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

B175 **

GUARDS sift through the charred remains and find Cordell's
 badge.

**
 **

CLOSE-UP - THAT BATTERED TWISTED BADGE.

**

DISSOLVE TO:

176-177 OMITTED

**

178 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

178

**

A funeral of a police officer is in progress with full
 honors. The mayor is in attendance as is McKinney who
 stands beside Susan, his arm around her.

**
 **
 **

A police honor guard is carrying a casket. A PRIEST
 officiates.

**
 **

PRIEST

Today the last remains of Matthew Cordell
 who died three years ago are finally put
 to rest with honors, beside his fellow
 officers. May his soul finally find
 eternal peace.

**
 **
 **
 **
 **

TIGHTER ANGLE ON THE GRAVE

**

As the coffin is lowered into it.

**

Now McKinney steps forward. He has Cordell's charred and
 twisted badge in his hand. He tosses it into the open
 grave.

**
 **
 **

179 CLOSE SHOT - LID OF COFFIN

179 **

Lying six feet deep in the grave. As the badge lands on the
 coffin and lies there.

**
 **

180 WIDER SHOT - THE GRAVESITE - DAY

180 **

The service is ended. The mourners begin to disperse--but
 McKinney remains by the grave as do Susan. McKinney speaks
 to her in barely more than a whisper.

**
 **
 **

180 (cont'd)

180 (cont'd)

180 (cont'd)

180 (cont'd)

MCKINNEY

There's a piece of Cordell in every
cop. Every time that we feel that
arresting some bastard isn't enough
--that we want to punish. Every time
we come close to squeezing that
trigger--because it'd feel so good.

**
**
**
**
**
**
**

They walk away. The gravediggers begin to shovel dirt into
the grave, burying Cordell forever.

**
**

181 INT. THE GRAVE - DAY

181

Dirt now covers the coffin lid. Only a portion of the
silver police badge is visible as far below charred fingers
reach up and pull it under.

**
**
**
**

FADE OUT.

THE END