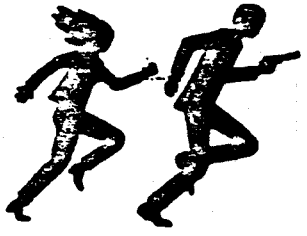
MURPHY'S LAW



MURPHY'S LAW

by

Gail Morgan Hickman

PROPERTY OF
CANNON FILMS, INC.
6464 SUNSET BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD,
CALIF. 90028
469-8124

SECOND DRAFT

2/18/85

He's a cop.

She's a thief.

They hate each other's guts.

But they have one thing in common:

They're both running for their lives.

JACK MURPHY

Homicide detective.
Tough as they come.
Getting old and doesn't like to think about it.
Used to be the hotdog of the force.
But sixteen years of being a cop burned him out.
So he started drinking.
Now when he looks in the mirror, it scares him.
A man precariously close to the edge.

ARABELLA McGEE

Thief.
Young, street-wise and bad-ass.
Mouth like a sewer.
Ran away from home at fifteen, been running ever since.
The way she sees it, life is a scam nobody wins.
Does what she has to to get over.
Angry at everything and going nowhere fast.

MURPHY'S LAW

FADE IN:

1 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 1

An empty bottle of Jack Daniels next to a telephone and a framed photograph. The photo is of a man and a woman, smiling happily, standing arm in arm in front of the Golden Gate Bridge. The glass of the picture is starred; it has been dropped.

O.s. the sound of muffled snoring.

Suddenly the telephone starts to ring loudly. The snoring stops. A hand reaches for the phone, misses, knocks over the empty bottle. It shatters on the floor.

The telephone continues to ring. The hand finally manages to find the receiver, and brings it over to --

The face of the man on the bed. Unshaven, eyes puffy and closed. Mid-forties. A face that manages to look both tough and somehow gentle at the same time. It is the man in the photograph. For the record, his name is JACK MURPHY.

MURPHY
(into phone)
Yeah.
(beat)
What time is it?
(beat)
Where?
(beat)
Okay, I'll meet you there.
Yeah, yeah, okay.

He tries to hang up. Sound of the receiver hitting the floor.

Murphy slowly rises and shuffles off toward the bathroom. He moves like a man hung over, which he is.

2 INT. BATHROOM 2

Murphy lowers his face to the sink, turns on the tap, cups his hands, splashes water into his face. Dripping, he looks at himself in the mirror. What he sees doesn't look good: the face that stares back is ravaged by hard living, pain and alcohol.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED 2

Murphy opens the bathroom cabinet, takes out a bottle of mouthwash, rinses, spits.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BEDROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER 3

A .357 Magnum revolver in a shoulder holster.

Murphy takes it down from the closet door hook, straps it on. His shirt is frayed and his tie is stained.

Murphy crosses to the bed, picks up a wrinkled sportscoat, puts it on. His eyes spot the framed photograph. He picks it up. Stares at it for a long time.

He drops the picture into a waste basket by the bed.

On his way out, he picks up a metal flask from the dresser. He takes a drink, slips the flask into his coat pocket, goes out.

Close angle on the framed photo, sticking out of the waste basket at an angle.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. NARROW ROAD - GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY 4

A black '82 Firebird pulls up to a phalanx of parked police cars. Murphy gets out, tired and grumpy.

He starts toward the ravine. He is joined by his partner, ART PENNEY, a tall, well-dressed black man in his late thirties.

PENNEY
Yo, my man. Lookin' good this mornin'. You buy that at Goodwill or you cop it off a wino on the way over?

MURPHY
Yeah, well, we can't all dress like pimps.

PENNEY
Hey, brother, this is a five hundred dollar suit.

MURPHY
Looks to me like you got overcharged about four hundred dollars.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED 4

PENNEY
This is Italian imported silk, my man. One look, the women just start comin'. I don't even have to touch 'em.

MURPHY
Sounds like fun.

There is a ravine at the edge of the road. They start down it.

5 EXT. RAVINE 5

MURPHY
Any idea who she is?

PENNEY
Yeah. Name's Terry Kaplan.

MURPHY
Terry Kaplan? Isn't she one of Tony Vincenzo's girls?

PENNEY
You got it, Whitebread.

They reach the location of the body at the bottom of the ravine. A woman's arm, a brownish streak of dried blood on it, protrudes from a bush. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER is taking a picture.

PENNEY
He worked her over real good. Broke her arms and legs before he strangled her.

Murphy moves closer to get a better look. He is genuinely touched by the horror he sees. He's been a cop for twenty years, but it still gets to him.

PENNEY
She probably wanted to walk on him.

COP (O.S.)
Hey, Sergeant!

The detectives look around at a COP standing about ten yards away, under a tree. They move toward him.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED 5

COP
Think I found something.

He points to the ground. Murphy kneels.

Half-hidden in the dry grass is a St. Christopher's medal on a gold chain. Murphy takes out a pen, snares the chain, lifts it.

MURPHY
Looks like it's inscribed...

He holds it up for a closer look.

Close on the medal: the inscription reads: "Anthony Alberto Vincenzo."

CUT TO:

6 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 6

A plush Italian restaurant in the financial district. FRANK VINCENZO is having lunch with his MOTHER. Vincenzo, who looks like a successful lawyer, is forty, well dressed, tanned and fit.

Vincenzo pauses in the middle of a forkful of veal to see Murphy and Penney standing over him.

MURPHY
Hello, Frank. How's the cocaine business?

VINCENZO
I wouldn't know.

MURPHY
(snaps his fingers)
Oh, that's right. You're not a drug dealer, you're an importer. And your brother's not a scum sucking pimp, he's a liquor wholesaler. I keep forgetting.

VINCENZO
Hey, this is my mother here. Don't talk like that in front of my mother.

Murphy hands Vincenzo the warrant. Vincenzo's expression doesn't change as he looks it over.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED 6

VINCENZO
I haven't seen him.

MURPHY
Uh huh. Well, when you do, tell him to turn himself in. This time we've got him by the balls.

Vincenzo's smile abruptly disappears.

VINCENZO
You're interrupting my lunch. Get lost.

Smiling, Murphy turns to go.

VINCENZO
Hey, Murphy. Ever hear of Murphy's Law? "If anything can possibly go wrong, it will." A lot of things could happen to a guy like you. You could get run over by a truck. The gas heater in your apartment could blow up. A wheel could fall off your car when you're going down the freeway at eighty miles an hour. You ought to remember that.

MURPHY
The only law I know is Jack Murphy's Law. It's real simple: "Don't fuck with Jack Murphy." You remember that.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. RUNWAY - S.F. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 7

A jetliner rumbles in toward the terminal, engines whining shrilly.

8 EXT. MAIN TERMINAL 8

TONY VINCENZO, wearing dark glasses and a Gucci leather jacket, gets out of a taxi, carrying a small carry-on suitcase.

9 INT. MAIN CONCOURSE 9

Tony puts his suitcase on the moving belt of the metal detector and walks through the detector "door."

On the other side, a SECURITY GUARD opens the suitcase. Inside is a typewriter. Satisfied, the guard hands the case back.

10 INT. GATE #10 10

Tony joins a short line to the check-in desk. Reaching the front, he hands over his ticket. The WOMAN CLERK gives him a boarding pass.

As Tony turns to find a seat, he sees:

Art Penney, sitting among the waiting passengers, looking right at him. Penney gets up.

Tony looks around the other way:

Jack Murphy is coming down the corridor, toward him.

Tony puts his suitcase onto the edge of the counter, opens it. Penney comes up behind him.

PENNEY
You're under arrest, Vincenzo.

Tony pops open the top of the typewriter, reaches inside. He withdraws a .45 automatic, grabs Penney, jams the gun against his head.

Immediately, the people around them back away in terror.

Murphy tugs his gun out.

TONY
Stay away from me!

MURPHY
Put it down, Tony. You're not going anywhere.

TONY
I'll blow the nigger's head off! Now back off!

He backs away, dragging Penney with him.

11 INT. CORRIDOR 11

Tony backs down the corridor with Penney in tow.

Suddenly a SECURITY GUARD appears behind Tony, down the corridor, his gun out.

GUARD
Freeze!

Startled, Tony whirls and fires. The guard is hit in the face.

Penney jerks away, makes a grab for Tony's gun. Tony smashes him across the head with the gun barrel. Penney goes down. Tony takes aim at Penney to shoot him.

Murphy fires, hitting Tony in the arm. Tony staggers backwards, fires off a shot at Murphy, runs.

Murphy takes aim again, but a terrified STEWARDESS blocks his shot. Murphy runs after Tony.

12 INT. MAIN CONCOURSE 12

Tony runs through the crowded concourse, shoving people out of the way. Murphy is not far behind, catching up. Tony runs down an escalator, pushing people aside.

13 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE 13

At the bottom of the escalator, Tony pushes an OLD WOMAN out of the way, runs down a line of cars.

Tony runs between parked cars, into a driving lane. A car nearly hits him, slams on the brakes. Wildly, Tony

fires a shot through the windshield, killing the DRIVER, who slumps onto the horn.

MURPHY
Tony!

Murphy is behind him. Tony fires. Murphy fires at the same time. The force of the impact slams Tony back into the rear end of a parked car.

Murphy walks toward Tony, covering him with his gun. He hooks his toe under Tony, flips him over. He's dead.

Murphy lowers his gun, puts it away. He looks at his hand. It's shaking.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. BUS STATION - DAY 14

A Greyhound bus pulls toward camera, wheezes to a stop. The sign above the windshield reads: "SAN FRANCISCO."

Low angle on the bus door. It opens with a pneumatic hiss. PASSENGERS' legs come down the steps, go past. The last pair are a WOMAN's. They pause at the bottom.

Camera moves up to her face: she is in her thirties, dark-haired, attractive. Her name is JOAN FREEMAN.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. BUS STATION - DAY 15

Joan exits, suitcase in hand. She reaches into her pocket, takes out a piece of paper.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY 16

Joan dials a number.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. OLD PIER - DAY 17

Near Hunter's Point. Warehouses in the b.g.

A battered old Ford drives to the end of the pier. A man gets out: CAMERON. Overweight, baggy suit, greasy hair. The kind who makes you count your fingers after you shake his hand.

CAMERON
(mid-west drawl)
Miz Miller?

A woman stands alone at the end of the pier. She turns to him. It is Joan.

CAMERON
Howdy.

She looks him over with eyes that take in everything.

JOAN
Where're the addresses?

Cameron takes an envelope out of his pocket.

CAMERON
Right here. I, uh, had a little trouble with one of 'em. Ben
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED 17

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Wilcove. Seems he retired about three years ago. Moved down the coast a ways. He wasn't easy to find.

JOAN
But you did find him.

CAMERON
Oh, yeah. Uh, but like I say, it took a bit longer than I figured. What I mean is, I'm gonna hafta charge you a little more than we originally agreed on.

Joan stiffens.

JOAN
How much more?

CAMERON
Well... with expenses and everything...say, another two grand.

Beat.

JOAN
Go to hell.

She starts past him.

CAMERON
You can go to somebody else if you want to. 'Course, uh, if these folks was to find out that you was lookin' for 'em, well now, I wonder how they'd feel about that?

Joan stops. Turns back.

JOAN
You really are a slimebag, aren't you?

CAMERON
No, ma'am. I'm just a private investigator. 'Course some folks'd say it's the same thing.

Silence. Then Joan smiles. So does Cameron.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED 17

JOAN
All right. Another two thousand.

She holds out her hand for the envelope.

CAMERON
That'll be cash on delivery.
If you don't mind.

JOAN
How about traveler's checks?

CAMERON
That'd be fine.

Joan reaches into her coat -- and withdraws a snubnose .38. She points it at Cameron's face, cocks it. His good ol' boy smile disappears.

CAMERON
Well, since you put it that way,
I reckon we can forget about the
extra expenses and all, and just
call it even.

He holds out the envelope. She takes it from him -- carefully. Cameron slowly backs away.

CAMERON
Nice doin' business with you,
ma'am.

JOAN
You move another hair, I'll
blow your red-neck head off.

Cameron freezes. Joan moves closer -- until the .38 is touching the bridge of his nose. He's starting to get scared.

CAMERON
You can have my wallet. There's
almost three hundred dollars in
it.

JOAN
I don't want your money, you
dumb cracker. All I want is for
you to say 'Ah.'

Cameron stares at her uncomprehendingly.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED 17

JOAN
You know, like in a doctor's office.

He just stares at her. She jabs him hard with the gun barrel.

JOAN
Do it.

CAMERON
(half-heartedly)
Ahhh...

JOAN
You can do better than that. Make it big. Ahhhh!

CAMERON
Ahhhh!

JOAN
Now really big.

CAMERON
AAAAHHHH!!!!

JOAN
Perfect.

She pushes the gun barrel into his open mouth and fires.

Long shot: Cameron's body is blown off the end of the pier, into the water.

Joan stands at the end of the pier for a few moments. Then she gets into Cameron's car and drives away.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. SMALL GROCERY STORE - NIGHT 18

Murphy comes out with an armload of groceries. The top of a whiskey bottle pokes out of the bag. He stops at a news rack, where a headline catches his eye: "POLICE SHOOT SUSPECT AT AIRPORT." Murphy shifts the bag, digs out a quarter, deposits it. As he starts to pull out the paper, a car alarm goes off nearby.

In the parking lot, a YOUNG WOMAN, about twenty-five, in black leather jacket and jeans, is behind the wheel of Murphy's Firebird, trying to jump the ignition. The

18 CONTINUED 18

alarm is whooping shrilly.

Murphy drops his groceries, runs toward his car.

MURPHY
Hey!

The engine roars to life just as he reaches the car and yanks open the door. The woman thief floors the accelerator. Murphy jumps onto the hood as the car roars away, laying down a track of rubber.

The Firebird speeds out of the parking lot, spraying sparks as its rear end bounces off the driveway, fishtails, and screeches down the street.

19 EXT. STREET 19

Murphy hangs on for dear life as the woman thief swerves the car from side to side, trying to throw him off. Somehow he manages to stay on.

Suddenly she slams on the brakes. The Firebird skids to an abrupt stop -- and Murphy is thrown to the ground. As he rolls over, she floors the accelerator. Murphy dives out of the way. The Firebird roars past, barely missing him.

Murphy drags out his gun, tries to get a bead -- but the Firebird is already skidding around the corner.

Across the street, a LATINO KID is just opening the door of his raised Chevy for his GIRLFRIEND. Murphy runs up, flashing his badge.

MURPHY
Police emergency!

He jumps into the idling car and roars off in pursuit. The kid yells after him in Spanish.

20 INT. CHEVY 20

Murphy speeds around the corner. A couple of blocks ahead we see the Firebird. Murphy floors it.

21 EXT. CITY STREETS - THE CHASE 21

The Firebird turns the next corner. The Chevy is catching up.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED 21

The Firebird turns another corner, and another, but the Chevy manages to keep up.

The next street is one way. The Firebird turns down it, going the wrong way. The Chevy follows.

The two cars wind in and out of the oncoming traffic, barely avoiding the other cars.

Suddenly the Firebird's way is blocked by three oncoming cars driving abreast. At the last possible moment, the Firebird swerves up onto the sidewalk.

The Chevy follows. Terrified PEDESTRIANS leap out of the way of the two cars.

At the next intersection, the Firebird turns sharply, bounces back onto the street.

Suddenly a big pickup truck pulls out of an alley.

The Firebird turns hard, goes into a skid, and smashes through the plate glass window of a dry cleaning store. The car comes to a jarring stop.

The woman thief jumps out, runs down the street.

The Chevy careens around the corner. The figure of the running woman is caught in its headlights.

The woman darts down an alley. The Chevy follows.

22 EXT. ALLEY 22

At the end of the alley is a high wooden fence. The woman thief jumps, grabs hold, scrambles to pull herself over.

The Chevy slams to a halt. Murphy jumps out, gun in hand.

MURPHY
Freeze!

He fires a shot into the air. The woman thief lets go of the fence, drops to the ground.

WOMAN THIEF
Okay, okay, you got me.

Murphy pushes her up against the fence, frisks her.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED 22

WOMAN THIEF
Enjoying yourself, pervert?

Murphy finds a switchblade in her back pocket. He pulls out a pair of handcuffs, cuffs her hands behind her back.

WOMAN THIEF
Ouch! Take it easy, willya, Dirty Harry?

MURPHY
Move!

He pushes her toward the Chevy. As they reach it, she turns to him.

WOMAN THIEF
Look, can I just ask you one question?

MURPHY
What?

WOMAN THIEF
How come all cops have two-inch peckers?

She kicks him in the crotch as hard as she can. As Murphy crumples to his knees, she rabbits down the alley. Grimacing with pain, Murphy staggers to his feet and limps after her.

But by the time he reaches the mouth of the alley, she's long gone.

MURPHY
Shit.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 23

A typical middle-class house in a typical middle-class neighborhood.

Murphy's Firebird pulls into the driveway. The front left fender is now dented in. He gets out with what is left of his groceries, goes up the front steps.

He checks the mailbox. There is only one envelope. He tears it open, slides out the letter inside.

Close on the top of the letter: "NOTICE OF FINAL DIVORCE DECREE."

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED 23

Murphy stares at it for a long time.

CUT TO:

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24

Murphy puts the groceries away. He takes out a pint bottle of Jack Daniels, unscrews the top, takes a drink.

The telephone rings. Murphy picks it up.

MURPHY
Hello?

JOAN'S VOICE
Jack Murphy?

MURPHY
Yeah.

Click. Murphy glares at the phone, hangs up. Starts to put away the rest of the groceries.

The phone rings again. Murphy stares at it, doesn't move. It continues to ring. Finally he picks it up.

MURPHY
Hello?

Silence.

MURPHY
Who is this?

Silence.

MURPHY
Why don't you stop playing games?

Laughter on the other end of the line.

JOAN'S VOICE
The game's just beginning.

Click. Murphy hangs up. He has an uneasy expression.

25 EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - A DARK CITY STREET 25

Joan hangs up, smiling.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - MORNING 26

Murphy comes down the front steps of his house. As he reaches the bottom of the steps, the scene suddenly freeze frames, accompanied by the sound of a camera shutter, as if someone has just taken a photograph. The frame is only frozen for a second, then the action continues.

Murphy unlocks the door of his Firebird. Again the scene freeze frames momentarily, and again we hear a camera shutter click.

Murphy gets into the Firebird, drives away.

27 INT. A CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET 27

Close on a camera lens as the shutter is clicked. The camera is lowered to reveal the face of Joan. She starts the engine, follows the Firebird.

CUT TO:

28 INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION OFFICE - HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY 28

The usual flurry of activity. An OLD MAN sits at the desk of a middle-aged balding DETECTIVE.

OLD MAN
...We been married thirty-seven years. Every night we go to bed for thirty-seven years, she climbs into bed, kisses me good night, rolls over, and farts.

DETECTIVE
So why'd you kill her?

OLD MAN
I couldn't stand the farts anymore.

Across the room, Murphy enters, weaves his way between the desks, crosses to a corner where a coffee pot is perched on an old table. He pours himself a cup.

Penney walks up.

PENNEY
Say hey, Mr. Cool. You look happy this mornin'.

MURPHY
Oh, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED 28

PENNEY
You know what your trouble is? You got an attitude problem. I'm tellin' you, my man, it's all a matter of attitude. You got to look at the world from a positive perspective. Smile and the world smiles with you. That's my philosophy, brother.

MURPHY
That's a crock.

PENNEY
Yeah, I know it and you know it, but the women eat it up. And talk about eatin' it up, I met this chick last night --

Just then, a couple of detectives, REINEKE and MANZAREK, come up to get some coffee.

REINEKE
Hey, Murphy, I like your tie. 'Specially the stains.

MURPHY
Looks like the sewer backed up again.

A look passes between the two men. Little love lost between them. Murphy turns away.

PENNEY
Anyway, this woman was so hot --

REINEKE
I was in The Hot Spot the other night. Saw your wife.

Murphy stiffens.

REINEKE
Nice tits.

Murphy slowly turns.

REINEKE
They taste as good as they look?

Murphy smashes his fist into Reineke's mouth. Reineke crashes to the floor. In an instant he's up and trying to jump on Murphy. Penney and Manzarek hold the two men back.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED 28

NACHMAN'S VOICE
Break it up, goddamnit!

LT. ALBERT NACHMAN suddenly appears. Head of Homicide, Nachman is red-faced, overweight, balding and fifty.

NACHMAN
What the hell's wrong with you two?

Murphy and Reineke are both silent.

NACHMAN
Murphy, my office, now!

29 INT. NACHMAN'S OFFICE 29

Nachman slams the door behind Murphy.

NACHMAN
What was that all about?

Silence.

NACHMAN
Well?

MURPHY
Nothing.

Nachman continues to glare at Murphy.

NACHMAN
I don't understand you. You used to be a good cop, and now look at you. You're a mess, you know that? You look like you just got out of the tank.

Silence.

NACHMAN
You think you're the first man whose wife left him? Half the cops in the city are divorced. It goes with the territory.

Silence.

NACHMAN
So you think maybe you can hide inside a bottle? You better get
(MORE)

29 CONTINUED 29

NACHMAN (CONT'D)
your act together, Jack. Or you're gonna lose everything you've got.

Silence.

NACHMAN
Get the hell outta here.

Murphy exits.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. NORTH BEACH - NIGHT 30

A garish neon sign depicts a naked woman with flashing red nipples.

A sleazy BARKER stands in the doorway of a topless club, haranguing passers-by.

A threadbare BUM vomits in the gutter.

31 INT. "THE HOT SPOT" TOPLESS CLUB 31

JAN, a female dancer, nude but for a spangled G-string, dances and gyrates atop a raised platform to the pulsing beat of a sexy rock tune. Enraptured male customers stare up at her in sweaty excitement.

Murphy enters, looks around. The club is dimly lit and smokey. He finds himself a table, sits, and watches:

Jan continues her performance. She's got a great body and really knows how to move it. At one point she gets down on her knees and waves her sizeable breasts in the face of a CUSTOMER in the front row. He looks like he's going to orgasm right there.

Murphy watches it all silently.

Finally the dance ends. The audience howls with animal enthusiasm. Jan steps down from the platform. The customer she was teasing comes up to her for a little talk. She smiles. Their conversation is lost in the noise of the crowd. As they talk, her gaze sweeps the room and she sees:

Murphy, sitting way at the back. Their eyes lock briefly.

Jan's look becomes icy. She turns back to the

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED 31

customer, smiles as she says something, then disappears through a back curtain.

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. "THE HOT SPOT" TOPLESS CLUB - NIGHT** 32

Jan, now dressed in a fluffy fake fur coat and a short, tight dress, exits arm-in-arm with the customer she was talking to. They flag a passing taxi, get in, drive away.

33 **INT. MURPHY'S CAR** 33

parked across the street. He follows.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT** 34

Jan and the customer, arms around each other, get out of the taxi. The cab pulls off into the night.

Jan starts up the front steps of the apartment building. In the doorway, the customer pulls her to him and kisses her. The kiss is a long one. His hands slide down her slim back and squeeze her ass.

35 **INT. MURPHY'S CAR - PARKED DOWN THE STREET** 35

Murphy sits there, watching.

36 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING** 36

The customer starts to pull up Jan's dress. She pulls back playfully, laughing. She gets out her keys and unlocks the door. They go inside.

37 **INT. MURPHY'S CAR** 37

Murphy watches, his face expressionless.

38 **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING** 38

A light comes on in an apartment on the second floor. Jan appears at the window and closes the Venetian blinds.

39 INT. MURPHY'S CAR 39

He takes out his flask, unscrews the top.

40 INT. ANOTHER CAR - FURTHER DOWN THE STREET 40

We are looking over someone's shoulder, through the windshield, at Murphy's Firebird, parked half a block ahead. The face of the stranger is in shadow, so we cannot see who it is.

A hand picks up a cigarette pack from the empty passenger seat, extracts one, puts it between the stranger's lips. A lighter is flicked on. In the flickering glare, we see the stranger's face. It is Joan.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING 41

Murphy parks his Firebird, gets out, goes inside.

42 INT. LIQUOR STORE 42

The clerk takes down a pint of Jack Daniels.

CLERK
Four eighty-five.

Murphy gives him a five dollar bill. The clerk makes change, bags the bottle.

As Murphy starts to exit, he collides with a young woman just coming in.

WOMAN
Watch it, snotrag --

Their eyes meet. It is the woman thief who stole Murphy's car! Each recognizes the other. Before Murphy can say a word, she turns and runs.

43 EXT. LIQUOR STORE 43

The woman thief runs across the street. Cars slam on their brakes. Murphy chases her down the street.

44 EXT. STREET 44

The woman thief dodges in and out of pedestrians.

45 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE 45

The woman thief runs inside.

46 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE 46

By the time Murphy gets inside, she's disappeared. His eyes search the crowd, but he doesn't see her.

He starts to move through the crowded store, eyes searching. She's got to be here somewhere...

He halts as he sees something:

Across the store, a figure that might be her darts down a corridor marked "RESTROOMS."

Murphy goes after her.

47 INT. CORRIDOR 47

It's a cul-de-sac with only two doors: "WOMEN" and "MEN." Murphy looks at both, then goes through the one marked "WOMEN."

A long moment of silence, followed by a sudden female cry, then several shouts. The door bursts open; SEVERAL WOMEN run out.

48 INT. WOMEN'S ROOM 48

Murphy has the place all to himself now. The woman thief is nowhere to be seen.

He goes to the first stall, kicks the door open. Empty. He goes to the second stall and the third. No one there either.

One stall left. He backs away, checks under the door. No legs visible. He points his gun at the door.

MURPHY
Come on out!

No answer. Murphy cocks his gun. The click is very loud in the deserted bathroom. Still no answer.

MURPHY
One...two...

WOMAN THIEF
Okay, okay, I'm coming out!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED 48

Legs appear as she steps down off of the toilet. The door opens. She walks out, glaring defiantly.

WOMAN THIEF
Go ahead, camel crotch! Shoot me!

MURPHY
Don't tempt me.

As Murphy moves toward her, she tries to kick him in the crotch again. But this time he's ready for her. He grabs her leg and yanks up. She crashes to the floor with a cry.

MURPHY
Want to try it again?

WOMAN THIEF
You snot-licking donkey fart!

MURPHY
I like you, too. Now get up.

WOMAN THIEF
I can't.

MURPHY
Why not?

WOMAN THIEF
I-I think I hurt my back...

MURPHY
Here, let me help.

He grabs her by the hair and pulls her up. She shrieks, comes up like a rocket.

MURPHY
Feeling better already?

She screams a string of astonishing epithets.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BOOKING ROOM - HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY 49

Murphy marches in, dragging the woman thief with him.

WOMAN THIEF
...You bug-sucking booger, you're gonna regret this! Barf brains! Dinosaur dork!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED 49

They reach the booking desk.

WOMAN THIEF
I want to file a complaint against this scumbag cop! Police brutality! He assaulted me for absolutely no reason! And then he tried to rape me!

The BOOKING SERGEANT is amused.

SERGEANT
Sounds like you got a real live one.

WOMAN THIEF
Suck a doorknob, you old queen!

SERGEANT
She got any I.D.?

Murphy reaches into her jeans pocket, finds a wallet.

WOMAN THIEF
Get your hands off me, faggot!

MURPHY
Check this out. Arabella McGee.

SERGEANT
Arabella? Cute.

WOMAN THIEF
Sit on it, slimeball!

Murphy signs the booking sheet.

MURPHY
Enjoy your stay...Arabella.

He walks away.

WOMAN THIEF
Eat it, toe jam! Monkey vomit!

CUT TO:

50 INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY 50

Close on Tony Vincenzo, lying in a coffin. Somber organ music plays in the b.g.

Mrs. Vincenzo, Tony's mother, stands by the coffin, crying softly.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED 50

MRS. VINCENZO
My bambino...my bambino...

Frank Vincenzo touches her on the shoulder.

VINCENZO
The car's waiting, mama.

He leads her to the door.

MRS. VINCENZO
He was a good boy. A decent boy.

51 EXT. FUNERAL HOME 51

Frank Vincenzo leads his mother to a waiting limousine.

MRS. VINCENZO
Your brother is dead. What are you going to do about it?

VINCENZO
I'll take care of it, mama.

MRS. VINCENZO
(with sudden fury)
I want that bastard cop dead! Do you hear me? I want him crucified!

CUT TO:

52 INT. BAR - NIGHT 52

Murphy sits by himself at a corner table, getting drunk. Already well on his way.

PENNEY
How you doin', cowboy?

Art Penney pulls up a chair. Murphy downs the rest of his drink.

PENNEY
You been hittin' the stuff pretty hard lately, my man.

MURPHY
So?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED 52

PENNEY
So...maybe you oughtta ease up a little.

MURPHY
What for?

PENNEY
Because you're a cop.

MURPHY
I know I'm a cop. I don't need you to tell me that.

PENNEY
Hey, I'm your partner, man. I care about you.

MURPHY
I got everything under control.

PENNEY
No, you don't, man.

MURPHY
You know what I wish? I wish everybody would just leave me alone. You...Nachman...everybody. I don't need any help. And I sure don't need any advice from you, spearchucker.

A long silence.

PENNEY
Catch you later, Whitebread.

Penney gets up and walks away.

CUT TO:

53 INT. "THE HOT SPOT" TOPLESS CLUB - NIGHT 53

Jan sits at a table, wearing only her spangled G-string, laughing with a male CUSTOMER. She looks up. Murphy is standing there. Her look turns icy.

JAN
What do you want?

MURPHY
Came by to say hello.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED 53

JAN
Goodbye.

Murphy stands there.

JAN
Why don't you just go away?

CUSTOMER
Who is this guy?

MURPHY
I'm her husband, Clyde.

JAN
Ex-husband. We're not married anymore. So leave me alone.

CUSTOMER
(standing up)
Take a hike.

MURPHY
Why don't you sit down before I kick your ass all the way to Market Street and back?

CUSTOMER
I'm a black belt, prick.

Murphy opens his coat to show his gun.

MURPHY
I'm a cop, meathead.

The customer suddenly isn't so confident. He looks at Jan, looks at Murphy. He mutters a curse and hurries away. Jan is furious. Murphy sits down.

JAN
You're pathetic, you know that? I don't want you anymore! You were a lousy husband...and a lousy lay. So get the hell out of my life!

For a moment it seems Murphy will hit her. Then he sweeps the glasses off the table with his arm. They crash to the floor. He gets up and walks out.

JAN
Bastard!

54 EXT. SIDE STREET 54

Murphy comes up a side street, away from North Beach, to his parked Firebird.

55 INT. MURPHY'S CAR 55

Murphy unlocks the door, slides in behind the steering wheel, puts the key in the ignition.

Suddenly a dark figure sits up from the back seat and hits Murphy with a brick. He slumps forward.

56 EXT. SIDE STREET 56

The passenger door opens. The intruder climbs out. We do not see the intruder's face. All we see is someone wearing dark clothes and gloves.

The intruder drags Murphy from the driver's seat to the passenger's seat. Then the intruder closes the passenger door and goes around to the driver's side.

57 INT. MURPHY'S CAR 57

The intruder gets in, reaches over, opens Murphy's coat, takes out his .357 Magnum.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. JAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 58

Jan and the customer we saw her with earlier go up the front steps, arm in arm.

As Jan starts to unlock the front door, Murphy's Firebird pulls up, honks. Jan looks around.

A hand holding a gun protrudes from the open car window and fires. Jan is hit in the chest. As she falls, the customer is shot in the stomach.

A shade in a second floor window snaps up. A MAN WITH GLASSES stares out and sees:

The license plate of the Firebird as it screeches away: 082 UIS.

The two bodies lie in the doorway. Rivulets of dark blood stream down the front steps.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 59

The Firebird parks in the driveway.

60 INT. MURPHY'S CAR 60

The intruder slides the .357 back into Murphy's shoulder holster.

61 EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE 61

The intruder gets out. Now we see who it is: Joan. She walks away.

62 INT. MURPHY'S CAR 62

Gradually Murphy comes to. He groans, clutches a hand to the back of his head.

63 EXT. MURPHY'S HOUSE 63

Murphy gets out of the car, staggers up the front steps of his house.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. JAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 64

A sheet-covered body is loaded into an ambulance. Nearby, the man with glasses talks to a COP.

MAN WITH GLASSES
It was a black Firebird. Pretty new. Maybe an '82 or an '83. The license plate number was 082 UIS.

COP
You sure about that?

MAN WITH GLASSES
I saw it real clear.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 65

Murphy asleep in his clothes. Someone starts pounding loudly on the front door. Murphy awakens.

66 INT. FRONT ROOM 66

Murphy opens the front door. Outside are Reineke and Manzarek.

MURPHY
Whatta you guys want?

The two detectives grab Murphy roughly, slam him against the wall. Reineke jams a gun into Murphy's back. Manzarek snaps handcuffs on him.

REINEKE
You're under arrest, smart guy.

CUT TO:

67 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - THE HALL OF JUSTICE - NIGHT 67

Murphy is seated at a table in a dimly lit room, being questioned by Reineke and Manzarek.

REINEKE
We got a dozen witnesses who saw you arguing with your wife in The Hot Spot. And we got a witness who saw you drive away from the scene of the shooting.

MURPHY
That's crap.

REINEKE
Y'know what I think? Your wife left you and started dancing in a topless club, showing her goodies to a bunch of horny lowlifes, and you hated it. And when you found out somebody else was getting it on with her, you killed 'em both.

MURPHY
Why don't you crawl back under your rock?

REINEKE
Let's face it. She was a slut. I mean, it wasn't the first time you found her in bed with somebody else, right?

Murphy is silent, but his reaction tells us Reineke has touched a nerve.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED 67

REINEKE
How many guys was it? Two? I'm surprised you didn't kill her right then and there.

MURPHY
Shut your mouth.

REINEKE
Unless you enjoyed it? Was that it? Did you watch her do it?

Murphy leaps at Reineke, drags him down with a yell. Manzarek tries to pull them apart. Murphy is punching Reineke for all he is worth. Finally Manzarek pulls out his gun and clubs Murphy across the back of the head. Murphy falls, stunned.

Reineke gets up, blood on his mouth. He wipes it with the back of his hand.

REINEKE
You're going to jail, Jack. And you know what happens to cops in jail. They're dead meat.

Murphy is on his hands and knees. Reineke kicks him in the ribs.

There is a knock at the door. Manzarek opens it. A DETECTIVE hands in a piece of paper. Manzarek looks at it, hands it to Reineke.

REINEKE
Waddaya know. Ballistics just matched your gun as the murder weapon.

He kicks Murphy again.

CUT TO:

68 INT. JAIL CELL - HALL OF JUSTICE - NIGHT 68

A GUARD unlocks the door. Murphy steps inside. The door shuts behind him with a resounding clang. Murphy looks around the grim cell with a growing sense of panic.

CUT TO:

69 INT. JAIL INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 69

Murphy sits with his LAWYER, a young man in a three-piece suit.

FELDMAN
Your arraignment's set for tomorrow morning, nine a.m. The D.A.'ll probably go for second degree. On the other hand, since you'd been drinking, we can make a case for diminished capacity. Say you plead guilty to manslaughter, we're talking maybe seven years. Which means you'll be out in two or three.

MURPHY
Did it ever occur to you that I might be innocent?

The lawyer looks at Murphy with genuine surprise.

LAWYER
Frankly, no.

CUT TO:

70 INT. MURPHY'S CELL - NIGHT 70

Murphy lies on the cot in his cell, staring at the ceiling.

REINEKE'S VOICE
You're going to jail, Jack. And you know what happens to cops in jail. They're dead meat.

CUT TO:

71 INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR - 1ST FLOOR - HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY 71

An elevator door opens. Murphy and a GUARD step off, handcuffed together.

72 INT. HOLDING ROOM 72

Six other PRISONERS are in the holding room, awaiting arraignment. The BAILIFF reads a magazine.

Murphy and the guard enter. The guard unlocks the cuff on his own wrist.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED 72

GUARD
Sit down.

Murphy sits. He and the prisoner next to him turn to each other. The prisoner is Arabella McGee, the thief who tried to steal his car.

ARABELLA
Well, I'll be damned. If it isn't Sergeant Dickbrain.

The guard snaps the open cuff onto Arabella's wrist.

ARABELLA
I heard they arrested a cop. What'd you do, rape a nun?

Murphy glares, says nothing. The guard unlocks the door to the corridor and leaves.

ARABELLA
(grins)
You're gonna have a great time in San Quentin. They just love cops.

Murphy ignores her and looks around at:

The bailiff across the room, near a locked door leading to the courtroom, reading his magazine.

Murphy stares at the bailiff thoughtfully, then looks at Arabella.

MURPHY
So how do you like lockup? Find yourself a girlfriend yet?

ARABELLA
Kiss a squirrel.

MURPHY
Come on, admit it. You're a dyke, right?

ARABELLA
Go jump a flagpole.

MURPHY
Look, I'm a cop. I know what goes on in women's detention. They probably held you down the first couple of times...but then you got to like it, right?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED 72

ARABELLA
Kiss my pantyhose, spermbank.

MURPHY
I bet you just love it when the girls upstairs do that for you, don't you, sweetlips?

Furious, Arabella swings at Murphy with her free hand.

ARABELLA
You son of a bitch!

She keeps swinging. Murphy puts up his hands but doesn't put up much of a struggle.

The bailiff throws down his magazine and runs over to stop the fight.

BAILIFF
Hey, you two, break it up!

As the bailiff tries to pull Arabella back, Murphy yanks the bailiff's gun out of his holster. When the bailiff tries to grab the barrel, Murphy clips him across the head. The bailiff drops.

ARABELLA
Hey! What the hell -- ?

Murphy jerks Arabella around and puts the gun to her head.

MURPHY
Just shut up and do what I tell you!

The other prisoners watch in astonishment. Murphy forces Arabella to kneel beside the unconscious bailiff.

MURPHY
Get his keys!

Arabella finds a key ring of keys attached to a chain on the bailiff's belt.

The doorway to the security corridor opens -- and a GUARD enters with a PRISONER. Murphy whirls Arabella around.

MURPHY
Make a sound and I kill her!

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED 72

The guard is too stunned to protest. Murphy waves his gun toward the waiting bench.

MURPHY
Sit down!

The guard and the prisoner sit. Murphy drags Arabella out the door, into the corridor.

MURPHY
Come through this door, I'll blow your head off!

Murphy drags the door closed. The guard jumps up, dragging his prisoner with him, runs to the courtroom door, and unlocks the door.

GUARD
(yells through door)
We got an escape!

73 INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR 73

Murphy drags Arabella toward the elevator at the opposite end of the corridor. The door is open.

ARABELLA
This is crazy! You'll get us both killed!

Murphy pushes her inside.

74 INT. ELEVATOR 74

Murphy pushes the button for the basement.

75 INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR 75

The door to the holding room bursts open, and the guard and THREE COPS rush through -- just as the elevator door slides shut.

76 INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR 76

The elevator door opens. Murphy and Arabella come out.

ARABELLA
They'll surround the building! You'll never get out of here!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED 76

MURPHY
Not by the front door.

77 INT. UNDERGROUND SHOOTING RANGE 77

The range is deserted as Murphy and Arabella enter. They hurry through it quickly.

A door opens and a TALL COP, wearing ear protectors and safety glasses, steps out and finds himself face to face with Murphy and Arabella. Murphy hits him across the skull with his gun before the tall cop can get his own weapon out.

78 INT. ANOTHER BASEMENT CORRIDOR 78

Murphy and Arabella approach another elevator door. This one has a lock panel rather than a button.

MURPHY
Find the key.

Arabella starts trying keys. The third one is the right one. The door opens. Murphy pushes her inside.

FOUR COPS appear down the corridor. But they are too late: the elevator door closes in their faces.

One cop whips out a walkie-talkie, snaps it on.

COP
They're in the south elevator.

79 INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR 79

Art Penney is just coming out of the Homicide squadroom, munching on a sandwich, when an eight-man ASSAULT TEAM with riot gear and shotguns rushes by. Penney grabs one of the men.

PENNEY
Hey, man, what's goin' on?

ASSAULT COP
That cop they arrested -- he's got a gun and a hostage.

The man runs on. Penney looks incredulous. He throws his sandwich into a trashcan and follows them.

80 INT. 6TH FLOOR CORRIDOR 80

Murphy and Arabella step out of elevator #2. Through a window we see a police helicopter sitting on its roof landing pad, a couple of MECHANICS working on it.

81 INT. PILOTS' OFFICE 81

A POLICE PILOT is leaning back in his chair, legs up on his desk, reading a copy of "HUSTLER" magazine.

Murphy and Arabella appear in the doorway. Murphy's gun is not visible.

MURPHY
Sergeant Taylor. I got a prisoner to transport to the airport.

PILOT
Nobody called me about any transport.

MURPHY
Look, I got a 10:15 plane to catch to L.A. You make me miss it, the Deputy Chief's gonna have a fit.

PILOT
I don't care if he has a hernia, I don't take anybody anywhere without authorization.

The telephone starts to ring. As the pilot reaches for it, Murphy whips his gun up.

MURPHY
I need a pilot. You're elected.

82 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 82

The pilot, Arabella and Murphy head toward the parked helicopter. Murphy's gun is hidden.

The two mechanics look up at their approach. The pilot nods.

PILOT
I'm taking her up.

The mechanics move clear. Arabella climbs into the cockpit, followed by Murphy, then the pilot.

83 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 83

Murphy's gun appears from behind Arabella's back. The pilot starts flicking switches. The helicopter engine whines to life. The giant blade starts to turn.

Suddenly the pilot makes a grab for Murphy's gun. They struggle. The gun goes off and blasts a hole in the plexiglass bubble. Murphy knocks the pilot out with the gun butt.

84 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 84

At that moment, the assault team bursts out of the building, armed to the teeth.

85 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 85

Murphy shoves the unconscious pilot out of the cockpit, grabs the joystick, and advances the throttle.

ARABELLA
Do you know how to fly?

MURPHY
No!

86 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 86

As the cops approach, the helicopter rises a few feet and starts to tip over. The assault team scatters in terror.

87 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 87

Murphy struggles with the controls.

88 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 88

Art Penney appears in the rooftop doorway and watches in astonishment as:

The helicopter swings around and almost smashes into the radio antenna tower.

89 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 89

Murphy pulls back on the joystick.

90 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 90

The helicopter tips in the other direction and just barely clears the edge of the roof.

91 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 91

Arabella is white with terror.

ARABELLA
Oh, God!!!

92 EXT. HELICOPTER 92

The helicopter swerves crazily from side to side.

93 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 93

One of the assault team members takes aim and fires.

TEAM LEADER
Hold your fire, goddammit!

94 EXT. HELICOPTER 94

But the helicopter's fuel tank has been hit. Fuel leaks out of a thumb-sized hole.

95 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 95

Murphy twists the joystick from side to side. The helicopter jerks around like a rollercoaster.

ARABELLA
I'm afraid of heights!!! You gotta take us down!!!

Hysterical, she grabs for the controls. Murphy struggles to push her away.

96 EXT. HELICOPTER 96

The helicopter twists around, dips, nearly crashes into an office building.

97 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 97

MURPHY
You're gonna kill us!

He pushes her off. She falls back against the cockpit door. It pops open -- and she falls out.

98 EXT. HELICOPTER 98

Arabella falls out the open door -- but is caught up by the handcuff that connects her to Murphy. She dangles helplessly, screaming in terror.

99 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 99

Murphy struggles against Arabella's weight which threatens to pull him out, too. The helicopter starts to spin out of control.

100 EXT. HELICOPTER 100

With her free hand, Arabella manages to grab hold of the cockpit door rim. She pulls herself up, gets her foot onto the helicopter's landing skid.

101 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 101

Arabella drags herself back inside. Murphy gets ahold of the joystick. The helicopter stops spinning.

102 EXT. HELICOPTER 102

It flies away from the downtown area, lurching from side to side.

103 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 103

ARABELLA
I think...I'm gonna be sick...

She turns to throw up out the open door and sees:

A city street three hundred feet below.

ARABELLA
On second thought, maybe not...

104 EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD 104

Penney watches the helicopter disappear into the distance. His expression is a mixture of amazement and admiration.

PENNEY
Murphy, you crazy clown...

Nearby, the assault team leader is talking to the pilot.

TEAM LEADER
Where's our other chopper?

PILOT
It's got engine trouble.

TEAM LEADER
(to one of his men)
Get ahold of the Coast Guard.
I want another chopper yesterday!

CUT TO:

105 EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 105

Flying over rugged, wooded terrain south of San Francisco. The helicopter still wobbles from side to side, but not as much now.

106 INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT 106

Murphy looks like he's almost enjoying himself. Arabella still looks scared shitless.

ARABELLA
Hey, Sky King! Will you tell me where the hell we're going?

MURPHY
I'm open to suggestions.

The helicopter lurches as the engine sputters. Murphy adjusts the throttle. The engine sputters again.

ARABELLA
What is it?

He taps the fuel gauge: empty.

MURPHY
Dammit! We're out of fuel.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED 106

ARABELLA
Whatta you mean out of fuel?
We can't be out of fuel!

The helicopter lurches sharply and starts to go down.

ARABELLA
Oh, God, we're out of fuel!

107 EXT. HELICOPTER 107

It descends quickly toward the rugged terrain below.

108 INT. HELICOPTER 108

The engine quits completely. Murphy struggles with the controls.

ARABELLA
I don't wanna die...I don't
wanna die...I don't wanna die...

109 EXT. WOODED CLEARING 109

The helicopter skids over the top of a tree, flips over, and crashes to the ground on its side.

Murphy pulls Arabella out. They drop to the ground and run. Just as they reach the trees, the helicopter explodes resoundingly. Murphy and Arabella are knocked to the ground. The twisted wreckage blazes brightly, sending a column of smoke into the air.

MURPHY
We've got to get out of here.
They'll see the smoke.

ARABELLA
I'm not going anywhere! I'm
staying right here!

MURPHY
You don't have a choice.

ARABELLA
You haven't got a gun anymore.
You can't make me.

Murphy holds up his wrist, which is cuffed to hers.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED 10

MURPHY
As long as we've got these, where I go, you go.

ARABELLA
Oh, yeah?

She swings at him. Murphy ducks, grabs her by the throat, slams her up against a tree. He squeezes until her eyes pop out.

MURPHY
Now you can make this easy or you can make it hard. Which is it gonna be?

Arabella tries to speak. Her reply is unintelligible.

MURPHY
I can't hear you.

She tries again. Still no good. Murphy lets go.

MURPHY
Now...what were you saying?

Arabella gasps for air.

ARABELLA
I said okay, you snot sucking garbage dump!

MURPHY
I'm glad you approve.

He turns away, yanking on the handcuff as he does. Arabella is jerked off her feet. She lands on her knees.

MURPHY
Better watch your step. These woods can be tricky.

She gets up, glaring vengefully. He starts walking, jerking her after him. She nearly falls again. She mutters a series of partially heard curses under her breath.

Murphy comes to an abrupt halt. She bumps into him.

ARABELLA
Hey, bozo brains, watch where you're go --

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED 109

MURPHY
Shut up!

She shuts up. He looks around, listening.

ARABELLA
What're we listening for? The sound of raccoons humping?

He yanks on the handcuffs, dragging them both down behind a tree. A chattering sound is heard. A Coast Guard helicopter roars in over the trees.

110 INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER COCKPIT 110

Through the cockpit window, we see the column of smoke from the police helicopter wreckage.

PILOT
(into microphone)
This is C794. We've spotted your chopper. It's down in a clearing about ten miles east of Half Moon Bay.

111 EXT. WOODS 111

Murphy and Arabella watch as the helicopter hovers awhile longer, then moves on. When it's clear, they stand.

MURPHY
In an hour these woods'll be filled with cops.

ARABELLA
Terrific. Why don't we just stay here and wait for them?

MURPHY
Why don't you shut up and move it?

ARABELLA
Why don't you go screw yourself?

MURPHY
Why don't you watch your mouth?

ARABELLA
Why don't you watch your asshole ...asshole!

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED 111

He gives her a push.

MURPHY
Move it...Arabella.

ARABELLA
Stick it in your ear...whiskey breath!

They move on.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. WOODS - DAY 112

Murphy and Arabella moving through the woods.

ARABELLA
My feet hurt!

MURPHY
Too bad.

Suddenly Murphy stops in his tracks. Arabella starts to say something. Murphy clamps a hand over her mouth. Somewhere nearby we hear the sound of voices.

Murphy puts a finger to his lips and starts creeping forward. Arabella makes a face, but follows silently. Murphy finally halts behind a tree.

About fifty feet ahead, through the trees, he sees a county sheriff's car parked on a dirt road. TWO DEPUTIES stand by the car, one talking on the radio.

DEPUTY #1
This is fourteen. We're at the end of Cutter Mill Road. No sign of the fugitives.

RADIO
Copy, fourteen. Drive around and check out the west side of the reservoir.

DEPUTY #1
Will do.

The two men start to get into their car.

Suddenly Arabella screams out at the top of her lungs:

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED 11

ARABELLA
HHHHEEEELLLLPPPP!!!!

Murphy tries to grab her and shut her up, but Arabella just keeps screaming.

The two deputies are out of their car in a flash.

Murphy clamps one hand around Arabella's mouth, another around her waist, and drags her in the other direction.

Deputy #1 pulls his weapon, blasts off a couple of shots.

DEPUTY #1
(to his partner)
Take the car around to the turnoff and try to cut 'em off!

Deputy #2 nods and runs back to the car. Deputy #1 keeps following.

Arabella is struggling violently as Murphy half-drags, half-carries her.

Deputy #2 gets back to his car, guns the engine, picks up the microphone.

DEPUTY #2
This is fourteen! We just spotted 'em on Cutter Mill Road!

He slams the car in reverse, backs around, and roars back down the dirt road in a cloud of dust.

Meanwhile, Murphy is still struggling with Arabella. She bites his hand. He yells in pain, lets go of her. She hauls off and hits him, and starts screaming again.

ARABELLA
HELP ME! HELP! OVER HERE!

Fifty yards away, Deputy #1 spots them and fires off another shot.

The bullet chips off of a tree trunk right next to Arabella's head.

ARABELLA
Hey, barfbag! Don't shoot at me!

Another shot spits up dirt at her feet.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED

ARABELLA
What the hell's wrong with you?

Murphy starts running, dragging her with him. Another shot spits up behind them.

ARABELLA
What are they, crazy? I haven't done anything! I'm just a hostage!

Murphy and Arabella reach the top of an incline and scramble down it. It's pretty steep and several times they nearly lose their footing.

As they reach the bottom, Deputy #1 reaches the top and fires another round.

Murphy and Arabella continue running, zigzagging through the narrowly spaced trees. Just as they come around a tree, the sheriff's car skids into view ahead, at a turn in the road. Deputy #2 jumps, pulls his piece, and starts firing.

Murphy and Arabella now start running in another direction.

ARABELLA
Don't shoot, dummy! You got an innocent hostage here!

Her answer is a volley of bullets.

Murphy and Arabella round another tree -- and run smack into a chain link fence.

MURPHY
Climb!

They do. The two deputies have them in view again when they reach the top. More shots. One ricochets off the fence inches from Murphy.

Murphy jumps, dragging Arabella with him. They crash into the underbrush. Murphy is on his feet in an instant, running, pulling her along.

The deputies reach the other side of the fence just their quarry disappears into the trees ahead.

DEPUTY #2
There they are!

He starts to climb the fence. Deputy #1 grabs onto the back of his pants and drags him down.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED 111

DEPUTY #1
Where the hell you goin'? That's Kelly property! You climb that fence, you're gonna get your butt shot off!

DEPUTY #2
Well, what're we gonna do?

DEPUTY #1
Call it in, say they got away.

He starts back. His partner looks at the fence in frustration, then follows.

113 EXT. WOODS - ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE 113

Murphy and Arabella are hiding in a thick clump of bushes. She struggles, but he holds her tightly, listening for the sound of pursuing footsteps.

They wait for quite awhile, but hear nothing. Finally he lets her go.

ARABELLA
You almost strangled me, you maniac!

Murphy doesn't hear her.

MURPHY
They stopped following us.

He listens for awhile longer, then stands up. No sign of their pursuers.

ARABELLA
Maybe they got tired and gave up.

MURPHY
(he's not convinced)
Yeah, maybe...

They start walking.

114 EXT. OPEN AREA 114

After twenty or thirty yards, the trees thin out. Murphy and Arabella come into an open area of brownish green bushes that grow head-high.

Arabella starts scratching her arm.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED 114

ARABELLA
With my luck, we probably crawled through some poison oak. I'm the allergic type, y'know.

Murphy is staring at the bushes with a funny look on his face.

ARABELLA
(sniffs)
Hey...what's that smell?

MURPHY
Cannabis.

ARABELLA
Canna-what?

MURPHY
Marijuana. This is somebody's dope farm.

As Arabella reacts in surprise, the ground suddenly gives way beneath their feet. They disappear from view with a cry.

115 EXT. PIT 115

Murphy and Arabella have fallen into a pit about ten feet deep.

ARABELLA
(getting up)
What happened?

MURPHY
It's a trap. For uninvited guests.

THREE MEN appear at the rim of the pit above. They have beards and matted hair. They wear cartridge belts over vests with motorcycle gang emblems. Two of the men carry shotguns, the other has an M-16. They look mean and dangerous.

LEADER
Well, lookee what we got here.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. FARM - DAY 116

The three men push Murphy and Arabella toward a weather-beaten farmhouse and a rundown barn. An old pickup truck is parked at the side of the farmhouse and three customized Harley-Davidsons are in front.

117 INT. BARN 117

Murphy and Arabella are shoved inside. The door is pulled shut. The leader, KELLY, jabs his shotgun at them.

KELLY
Okay, now, who are you?

ARABELLA
Hey, jock itch, you better let us go right now, 'cause we got cops right behind us.

KELLY
Hear that, boys? We're in trouble.

The three men laugh.

ARABELLA
What's so funny, boogerlips?

KELLY
Don't nobody come around here 'less we ask 'em to. Not cops, not nobody.

MURPHY
Look, guys, uh, we're sorry about the intrusion. Since you don't want us, we'll get out of your way.

HOG, the man on Kelly's left, with tattoos all over his arms and chest, jabs Murphy in the chest with his M-16.

HOG
You ain't goin' nowhere.

He smashes the barrel across Murphy's face. Murphy goes down.

ARABELLA
You bastard! What'd you do that for?

117 CONTINUED 11

HOG
'Cause I felt like it, bitch. You want me to do it to you?

CUT TO:

118 INT. BARN - MINUTES LATER 118

An axe head swings down -- and splits the handcuff chain, which is laid out on the floor.

Freed, Arabella gets up. Murphy is still out cold. Kelly tosses the axe aside, grins at Arabella.

KELLY
C'mere, sugarlips.

ARABELLA
Suck a telephone pole.

KELLY
You got a real mouth on you, don'tcha, baby? I'm gonna hafta fill it with somethin'.

Arabella backs away, but is grabbed by SONNY, the third man. Arabella starts struggling and swearing.

KELLY
Hold her down.

He starts to unzip his pants. Sonny forces Arabella onto her knees, holding the shotgun to her head.

Hog is standing over Murphy, but he's watching the action, grinning.

On the floor, Murphy's eyes open. He sees that Hog isn't watching. He looks around at:

A pitchfork sticking out of a bale of marijuana.

Murphy judges the distance. Hog is still watching the scene across the barn.

HOG
Oh, yeah, do it.

Murphy makes his move. He jumps for the pitchfork, grabs it. Hog spins to fire -- but Murphy is quicker and rams the pitchfork into Hog's shoulder. Hog screams and fires a burst. It explodes through the barn wall. Murphy kicks Hog in the crotch, grabs the

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED 11

M-16, smashes the butt across Hog's head.

Murphy whirls, fires a burst. The bullets shoot above the heads of Kelly and Sonny.

MURPHY
Get away from her!

Kelly and Sonny let go of Arabella.

MURPHY
On your knees.

The men do as ordered.

KELLY
Don't kill us, man.

Murphy walks right up to Kelly and pushes the barrel of the M-16 into his face.

KELLY
Please, man, don't kill me...

Murphy smashes the barrel across Kelly's face, knocking him down. He whirls to Sonny, who is equally terrified.

MURPHY
You ain't having such a good time now, are you, badass?

He hits Sonny in the face.

MURPHY
(to Arabella)
Get the shotguns.

She picks them up.

MURPHY
Any of you stick your heads out of this barn, I'll cut you apart.

119 EXT. FARM 119

Murphy and Arabella back out of the barn. Murphy shoves the door closed. They cross to the truck at the side of the farmhouse.

MURPHY
Can you hotwire a truck?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED 119

ARABELLA
Hell, I'm a car thief.

She climbs into the cab and goes to work. Murphy studies the three Harley's, then points the M-16 at them and fires. He blasts them to pieces. The Harleys' gas tanks rupture and explode.

120 INT. BARN 120

Kelly, the side of his face bruised and bloody, cold hatred in his eyes, pulls up the leg of his pants and tugs out a .38 snub-nose.

121 EXT. FARM 121

The engine of the pickup truck roars to life. Murphy watches the bikes burn a few more seconds, then hurries around to the passenger side.

Suddenly Kelly appears in the barn door and fires twice.

One bullet punches a hole in the windshield. Murphy whirls, opens fire with the M-16.

Kelly dives back inside the barn. The barn door is chewed to pieces.

Murphy jumps into the truck.

MURPHY
Hit it!

The truck roars away. Kelly runs out of the barn, firing, followed by Sonny and Hog.

122 INT. PICKUP TRUCK 122

Arabella grins triumphantly.

ARABELLA
We really got those jerkoffs, didn't we?

Murphy's left shoulder is covered with blood.

ARABELLA
Jesus, you've been shot!

CUT TO:

123 EXT. GROVE OF TREES - DAY 12

The truck is hidden from the road, under a grove of trees. Murphy sits against a tree trunk, while Arabella wraps the wound with strips of his torn-up shirt.

ARABELLA
You need a doctor.

MURPHY
Forget it.

ARABELLA
If we don't get you some help, crud face, you're gonna bleed to death.

She finishes. With great difficulty, he pushes himself to his feet. He staggers toward the truck.

ARABELLA
What're you doing?

MURPHY
I'll go by myself.

ARABELLA
Go where?

MURPHY
A friend's.

ARABELLA
You can't drive!

MURPHY
Watch me.

He tries to open the driver's door and nearly falls down. Arabella rushes over to catch him.

CUT TO:

124 INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING - DAY 124

Arabella driving, Murphy propped up in the passenger seat. They are driving through a wooded area.

MURPHY
Take the next left.

125 EXT. ROAD 125

A narrow two-lane road in the hills above Half Moon Bay. The truck turns onto a dirt road.

126 EXT. HOUSE 12

A rustic one-story redwood-shingle house at the end of the dirt road. A station wagon parked at the side.

The pickup truck comes up the road, stops. Arabella helps Murphy out. He nearly collapses.

She helps him up to the house. The door is unlocked.

127 INT. FRONT ROOM 12

Nobody in sight.

ARABELLA
God, you're bleeding like a stuck pig.

Arabella half-carries Murphy into:

128 INT. BEDROOM 12

Murphy collapses on the bed.

ARABELLA
Jesus, look at you. Murphy? Hey, Murphy?

He's out like a light.

ARABELLA
Oh, man. What am I doing here?

Silence.

ARABELLA
I'm calling the cops.

129 INT. FRONT ROOM 129

Arabella picks up the telephone, dials zero.

ARABELLA
Operator? What's the number for --

O.s. the sound of a gun being cocked. She slowly puts the phone down.

Behind her, holding a shotgun, is a big bull of a man, in his fifties, with crutches and leg braces.

BIG MAN
Who're you?

129 CONTINUED 12

ARABELLA
There's a friend of yours in the bedroom, bleeding to death.

CUT TO:

130 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 13

The big man looks down at Murphy.

BIG MAN
Medical kit's in the kitchen, under the sink.

Arabella goes for it while the big man inspects Murphy's wound.

131 INT. KITCHEN 13

Arabella finds the medical kit under the sink. As she pulls it out, she sees the back door standing open.

BIG MAN (O.S.)
If you're going, do it.

She turns. The big man is in the doorway. He takes the medical kit from her, goes back to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

132 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 132

Arabella watches as the big man finishes bandaging Murphy's wounds.

ARABELLA
Where'd you learn to do stitches like that?

BIG MAN
Korea. Medical Corps.

He rises, pulling himself up with his crutches.

ARABELLA
He gonna be okay?

BIG MAN
Probably.
(then)
My name's Ben Wilcove. What's yours?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED 1

ARABELLA
(hesitates)
McGee. Arabella McGee.

She waits for the laugh.

WILCOVE
You hungry, McGee?

ARABELLA
(non-committal)
A little.

CUT TO:

133 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING 13

Arabella sits at the kitchen table, wolfing down a bowl of stew as if she hasn't eaten in weeks. Wilcove sits across the table, lighting a pipe.

WILCOVE
More?

ARABELLA
Maybe just a little.

WILCOVE
Help yourself.

She refills her bowl from a pot on the stove.

Near the stove she sees: a photograph of Wilcove and Murphy, both younger, in police uniforms.

ARABELLA
You a cop?

WILCOVE
Used to be.

He sees her eyeing his crutches.

WILCOVE
Sixteen-year-old kid shot me in the back with a .22.

She sits back down, starts eating again.

WILCOVE
You don't like cops much?

ARABELLA
Not much.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED 133

WILCOVE
Me either.

She looks surprised. He puffs on his pipe.

WILCOVE
You like ice cream, McGee?

ARABELLA
Sure.

WILCOVE
I mean real ice cream. Home-made ice cream. Not that store-bought crap.

ARABELLA
Sure.

WILCOVE
It's in the fridge.

He gets up, walks out. She watches him with a puzzled expression. Doesn't quite know what to make of him.

CUT TO:

134 INT. DARK APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT 134

A scrapbook. The photographs on the page showing are all of Murphy. One is of him leaving his house. Another is of him getting into his Firebird. Another is of him in his Firebird, driving. These are the photographs we saw Joan take earlier.

A hand turns the page. On the next page are several photographs of a distinguished-looking SILVER-HAIRED MAN. As with the photos of Murphy, these appear to have been taken surreptitiously with a telephoto lens.

Another page is turned. The photos on this page are of a BALDING MAN WITH GLASSES.

Another page. These photos are of Ben Wilcove.

Close on the face of Joan, smiling.

CUT TO:

135 INT. BEDROOM - WILCOVE'S HOUSE - MORNING 135

Murphy suddenly sits up in bed with a cry, eyes wide with fear. He looks around wildly, his breath coming in rapid gasps. He's just awakened from a nightmare

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED 135

and he doesn't know where he is.

He stares out the open window. The scene is serene: sun splashed trees and chirping birds.

The memory of what happened comes back to him. He touches the bandage on his shoulder, reacts.

136 INT. KITCHEN - WILCOVE'S HOUSE 136

Murphy comes into the kitchen -- to find Arabella, wearing a plaid shirt and rolled-up jeans, cooking with a frying pan. Seeing him, she smiles.

ARABELLA
Morning.

MURPHY
Morning.

ARABELLA
How you feeling?

MURPHY
I've been better. Where's Ben?

ARABELLA
Outside somewhere.

Murphy goes to a cupboard, takes out a bottle of Jack Daniels. Takes a drink. Arabella watches silently.

ARABELLA
Listen. About yesterday --

MURPHY
Don't apologize.

ARABELLA
Apologize for what?

MURPHY
You practically get us killed with that helicopter stunt. And then yelling for the cops --

ARABELLA
You're the one nearly got us killed! First with your crazy escape. Then with a helicopter you can't even fly. And then with a bunch of doped-out bikers who tried to rape me!

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED 136

MURPHY
If you hadn't yelled your head off, we wouldn't've had to climb that fence in the first place!

ARABELLA
And if you hadn't forced me to go along, I wouldn't've yelled!

Silence. Murphy looks at the frying pan.

MURPHY
What the hell is that anyway?

ARABELLA
It's an omelette, pubic hair. I thought maybe you'd like something for breakfast besides a bottle of Jack Daniels.

MURPHY
Well, if I did, I sure wouldn't eat that garbage.

ARABELLA
Fine, dog snot! Don't eat it. Wear it!

She picks up the omelette, smears it all over Murphy's shirt, walks out.

Murphy wipes off the mess and throws it in the garbage can. He looks around to see Wilcove standing in the open back door.

WILCOVE
Y'know, Murphy, you've always been a stupid jerk. But sometimes you're a particularly stupid jerk.

He goes out again.

MURPHY
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

CUT TO:

137 INT. KITCHEN - WILCOVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 137

Murphy, Arabella and Wilcove sit at the kitchen table, eating in silence. Nobody is talking to anybody.

CUT TO:

138 INT. FRONT ROOM - WILCOVE'S HOUSE - DAY 138

A scrawled note on a piece of paper stuck to the wall. Wilcove pulls it down.

WILCOVE
Looks like she took off.

He hands the note to Murphy to read. Murphy looks it over.

MURPHY
Fine by me.

CUT TO:

139 INT. FRONT ROOM - WILCOVE'S HOUSE - DAY 139

Wilcove takes a .38 snub-nosed revolver out of a desk drawer and hands it to Murphy.

WILCOVE
It's not your three-fifty-seven, but it'll hit what you shoot at.

MURPHY
Thanks.

WILCOVE
And take it easy. Those stitches I put in are nothing fancy. They could tear loose real easy.

MURPHY
I'll be careful.

WILCOVE
Bull.

MURPHY
What're you, my mother?

WILCOVE
You never had a mother. Just find the clown who framed you. And don't get your butt shot off.

MURPHY
I'll keep it in mind.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. WILCOVE'S HOUSE - DAY 140

Murphy sits behind the wheel of the pickup truck,

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED 14

revving the engine. He looks at Wilcove, standing on the porch of the house. Wilcove watches as Murphy drives away.

A POV shot of Wilcove from the woods. Someone is watching.

Wilcove turns to go inside, pauses at the door, sensing something. He looks around, sees nothing, goes inside.

141 INT. KITCHEN - WILCOVE'S HOUSE - DAY 141

Wilcove starts washing dishes. O.s. we hear the sound of the front door opening and closing. Wilcove turns off the water, listens.

WILCOVE
Murphy?

No answer.

WILCOVE
McGee?

No answer. He dries his hands, goes into:

142 INT. FRONT ROOM 142

Wilcove enters. The front room is empty. He frowns, looks around, puzzled. Then he sees:

The gun rack on the wall. His shotgun is missing.

Behind him there is the sound of a hammer being cocked. Wilcove turns.

Joan stands in the bedroom doorway, holding the shotgun, smiling.

143 EXT. HOUSE 143

The sound of a shotgun being fired. Startled birds scatter out of a nearby tree.

144 INT. FRONT ROOM 144

Joan places the shotgun back in the wall rack. She is wearing gloves.

She picks up the telephone, dials.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED 144

JOAN
Yes. I live on Star Hill Road. And I think someone may have been hurt at my neighbor's house. Well, I heard a lot of shouting and what sounded like a gunshot. His name's Ben Wilcove. My name? Actually, I'd rather not get involved.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. HALF MOON BAY - DAY 145

The pickup truck turns onto the main street, drives through. Half Moon Bay: a small California coastal town starting to grow.

146 INT. PICKUP TRUCK 146

Something catches Murphy's eye: a sign that says "LIQUOR STORE."

CUT TO:

147 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY 147

Murphy comes out with a bagged bottle. He takes a drink, goes back to the truck. He is about to get in when he sees:

Across the street, through the window of a diner, Arabella is eating a sandwich.

CUT TO:

148 INT. DINER - DAY 148

Arabella takes a bite.

MURPHY
Hi there.

She looks up. Sees Murphy. He sits. Silence.

MURPHY
How's it going?

ARABELLA
Look, Murphy. Why don't you just go away? You're a jinx. Every time you show up in my life, things
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED 14

ARABELLA (CONT'D)
go wrong. First I get arrested. Then I get railroaded into a jailbreak. Go away before an airplane falls on me or something.

Silence. Murphy rises.

ARABELLA
Hey, I'm sorry. I mean, you're not a bad guy...for a cop. It's just that I don't want to get involved in your problems. I've got enough of my own. Okay?

MURPHY
Sure.

Murphy turns to go.

ARABELLA
And don't worry. When I turn myself in, I won't tell the cops where you are.

MURPHY
Thanks.

He walks away. Arabella watches him, picks up her sandwich again. She looks at it with distaste, throws it down. Through the window she watches Murphy cross the street to the pickup truck.

149 EXT. PICKUP TRUCK 149

As Murphy opens the truck door:

VOICE
Hello, asshole.

Murphy turns -- to find Kelly and Sonny behind him. Kelly has stiches in his cheek; Sonny has a black eye.

Kelly hits Murphy in the stomach with a crowbar. Sonny smashes the handle of a baseball bat across Murphy's skull.

150 INT. DINER 150

Arabella sees what is happening. The two men drag Murphy into the pickup truck.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED 15

ARABELLA
Oh, shit.

The truck pulls away. Arabella jumps up, runs out.

151 EXT. STREET 15

Arabella watches the pickup truck drive out of town. She runs to the nearest parked car. The door is locked. She goes to the next car. Locked, too.

The third, a station wagon, is open. She gets in, leans under the dash. Fiddles with the wires. The engine roars to life. She drives away.

152 INT. PICKUP TRUCK 15

Sonny driving; Murphy between Sonny and Kelly. Kelly shakes Murphy.

KELLY
Okay, hero, where's your girlfriend?

He hits Murphy in the kidney with the crowbar.

KELLY
Where is she?

MURPHY
(semi-conscious)
Go...to...hell...

Kelly hits him with the crowbar again.

153 EXT. ROAD 153

The station wagon catches up to the pickup truck, pulls into the oncoming lane to pass, swerves and smashes into the truck.

154 INT. PICKUP TRUCK 154

SONNY
What the hell --

The truck is hit again. Murphy drives his elbow into Kelly's ribs and makes a grab for the crowbar. The crowbar smashes the passenger window.

155 EXT. ROAD 15

The station wagon hits the truck again. Sonny loses control. The truck swerves through a fence into a pumpkin field, hits a ditch, rolls onto its roof.

Murphy crawls out of the shattered windshield. Kelly grabs his legs. Murphy kicks Kelly in the face.

The station wagon is stopped on the road a hundred feet ahead. Murphy starts running. Kelly pulls a .45 automatic out from inside his shirt, starts shooting. Murphy reaches the station wagon, jumps in. The station wagon roars away. Kelly keeps firing.

156 INT. STATION WAGON 15

MURPHY
Thanks.

ARABELLA
I must have boogers for brains! What am I doing here?

CUT TO:

157 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 15

Establishing.

158 EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET 15

The station wagon turns down a street in an industrial area.

159 INT. STATION WAGON 15

Murphy looks around.

MURPHY
Where the hell are you going?

ARABELLA
We need a place to hang out for a few hours, right? Anything you see, you forget when you walk out. Okay?

160 EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET 160

The station wagon pulls up to a warehouse with

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED 161

boarded-up windows. Arabella gets out, walks up to a sliding delivery door. She knocks three times, then twice, then four times. Waits.

VOICE
Who is it?

ARABELLA
McGee. Lemme in.

She gets back into the station wagon. The door rolls open. The station wagon drives in. The door closes.

161 INT. WAREHOUSE 161

Arabella and Murphy get out of the station wagon. The warehouse is filled with expensive cars: Mercedes, Jaguars, Porsches, even a couple of Rolls Royces. WORKERS in coveralls are hard at work. Some of the cars are being repainted, others are being disassembled.

MURPHY
A chop shop.

ARABELLA
Hey, I'm a car thief, right?

A good-looking Latino, JULIO, walks up.

JULIO
McGee! - How do you doin', momma?

ARABELLA
Hey, Julio. Que pasa!

JULIO
Ah, you know how it is. The economy's tight, nobody wants to buy a good stolen car. On top of that, word's out that the cops're lookin' for us. We're tryin' to get these babies outta here by the weekend and close down for awhile. How 'bout yourself?

ARABELLA
Scratchin' around. You know.

JULIO
You lookin' for a job?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED 161

ARABELLA
Actually I'm looking for a place to lay low for a few hours.

JULIO
(looks at Murphy)
Who's your friend?

VOICE
I'll tell you who he is.

A big guy with long hair and a beard walks up, carrying a tire iron. He looks like a muscle builder. His name is FREAK.

FREAK
He's a pig, that's who he is.

JULIO
A cop?

FREAK
This is the sucker that nailed me for Grand Auto. Cost me two years.

JULIO
(to Arabella)
What're you doin'? Settin' us up?

ARABELLA
He's on the run, too, Julio. He's wanted for murder. Don't you read the papers?

JULIO
I don't care if he's wanted by the KGB! He's still a cop! What're you, nuts? The cops're bustin' ass tryin' to find us! And you lead 'em right to us!

ARABELLA
He's not working with the cops, dodo dong!

JULIO
How the hell do I know that? This whole thing could be a setup!

MURPHY
Let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED 161

FREAK
You ain't goin' anywhere!

He shifts the tire iron to his left hand and takes a switchblade out of his pocket with his right. The blade flicks out.

FREAK
You 'n' me got a score to settle, pigmeat.

Freak advances on Murphy. Murphy backs away. Freak makes a swipe with the knife. As Murphy jumps back, someone trips him. Murphy goes down. Freak lunges. Murphy rolls out of the way. The other workers have surrounded them now. Someone pushes Murphy at Freak. Freak slashes again. Murphy is barely able to jump back.

Arabella watches helplessly from the side.

ARABELLA
Stop them, dammit!

JULIO
(enjoying it)
No way!

Freak is backing Murphy around the closed circle, swinging the tire iron, slashing the knife. Murphy suddenly hits one of the men in the circle, drags him into the circle, and jumps through the gap. Freak goes after him.

Freak backs Murphy up to a Jaguar. He swings the tire iron. Murphy dodges. The tire iron takes out the windshield. He swings again. Murphy ducks the other way. The tire iron takes out a side window. Murphy

kicks Freak in the balls. It has absolutely no effect whatsoever.

Freak tries to jam the knife into Murphy's face. Murphy grabs the arm, tries to push it away. But Freak is incredibly strong. He forces Murphy back across the Jaguar. The crowd is cheering now. The blade is inches from Murphy's face --

Suddenly a police car explodes through the garage door. COPS start spilling into the place. A SERGEANT with a bullhorn announces:

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED 161

SERGEANT
This is the police! You're all under arrest!

The car thieves scatter in a dozen directions.

Freak's attention is momentarily diverted by the scene around him. Murphy uses that moment to smash his fist into Freak's face. It doesn't faze him. He tries to ram the knife into his face again.

A two-by-four crashes across Freak's skull. He pitches forward, out cold. Behind him stands Arabella.

The cops are rounding up the thieves as they scatter.

Murphy and Arabella duck behind a Rolls Royce, unseen in the confusion. Julio goes by, a gun in his hand. Murphy grabs him, smashes him head-first into the side of the Rolls. Julio is out for the count. Murphy picks up Julio's gun, grabs Arabella's arm, stands up.

MURPHY
Just keep your mouth shut.

He pushes her toward the smashed entrance, covering her with Julio's gun. No one tries to stop them.

162 EXT. WAREHOUSE 162

Murphy marches Arabella toward a waiting paddy wagon. A ROOKIE is waiting to herd the prisoners inside.

MURPHY
I got the ring leader here.

The rookie pushes Arabella into the back. Murphy then walks around to the driver's side of the paddy wagon. An OLDER COP is behind the wheel, lighting a cigarette.

MURPHY
Got a cigarette?

The older cop looks up. Recognition in his eyes.

OLDER COP
Murphy!

Murphy hits him with his gun, pushes him aside. He gets behind the wheel, guns the engine, drives away.

The rookie starts yelling. But nobody notices in the noise and confusion from the warehouse.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY 163

Close on a newspaper headline: MAD COP KILLS AGAIN! Under it, a photograph of Ben Wilcove with the caption: EX-PARTNER FOUND MURDERED IN HALF MOON BAY.

Arabella sits on a park bench, reading the story. Murphy is beside her, wearing a grim expression.

The newspaper: Next to a photo of Murphy is one of Arabella, with the caption: MURDER ACCOMPLICE SOUGHT.

ARABELLA
Terrific. Now I'm your accomplice.

But Murphy isn't listening. He's thinking about his friend.

ARABELLA
He was a nice old guy. Who coulda killed him?

MURPHY
The same guy who framed me in the first place. Frank Vincenzo.

ARABELLA
The drug dealer? Jesus. You mean he's the dude who's after you? Don't you ever make any friends?

Murphy ignores her, gets up, starts walking away.

ARABELLA
Hey!

She runs after him.

ARABELLA
Where do you think you're going?

MURPHY
I got some things to do.

ARABELLA
Such as?

Murphy stops.

MURPHY
Look. I think it's time we split up.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED 163

ARABELLA
Forget it, dog droppings. The cops are looking for me for murder. The only way I get off the hook is if you get off the hook. So from now on, where you go, I go.

MURPHY
Wait just a minute --

ARABELLA
No, you wait a minute. Now you can make this easy or you can make it hard. Which is it gonna be?

Murphy just stares at her for a long moment. He shakes his head, continues walking. Arabella follows.

CUT TO:

164 INT. DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT 164

Hands reach into a cardboard box and take out a red wig.

Joan slips the wig on, adjusts it, and admires herself in the mirror. She looks like a totally different person.

CUT TO:

165 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT 165

A tall, SILVER-HAIRED MAN, impeccably dressed, enters one of San Francisco's finest restaurants. His is one of the faces in Joan's scrapbook. Seeing him, the MAITRE D' flashes a warm smile.

MAITRE D'
Judge Kellerman. How are you this evening?

KELLERMAN
Fine thanks.

The maitre d' ushers the judge to his table. As Kellerman sits, his eyes fix on a very attractive redhead a few tables away, watching him. It is Joan. Kellerman smiles at her. She smiles back.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED 165

MAITRE D'
The chef recommends the breast of quail stuffed with fresh dates, covered with raspberry vinegar sauce and sprinkled with roasted hazelnuts.

KELLERMAN
That sounds fine. And a bottle of Corton-Charlemagne.

MAITRE D'
Certainly.

The maitre d' hurries away. Kellerman looks at Joan again. She's still smiling.

CUT TO:

166 INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT 166

A BUSBOY clears Joan's table while a WAITER pours a cup of coffee.

When they are gone, Joan stirs her coffee and looks over at Kellerman, who is watching her intently. Finally he gets up and comes over.

KELLERMAN
Excuse me. I know this is going to sound very corny. But...have we met?

JOAN
I don't know. Have we?

KELLERMAN
It's just that somehow you seem very familiar.

JOAN
It's possible. I was just about to have dessert. Would you like to join me?

Kellerman smiles.

KELLERMAN
I'd like that very much.

CUT TO:

167 INT. BEDROOM - JUDGE KELLERMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 167

A bottle of wine in an ice bucket and two partially filled glasses sit on a bed table.

Kellerman and Joan lie naked in bed, having made love. Kellerman is asleep. Joan's eyes open. She reaches over to her purse.

Sensing her movement, Kellerman rolls over and opens his eyes, smiling. Joan turns back -- with a gun in her hand.

CUT TO:

168 INT. BATHROOM - JUDGE KELLERMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 168

Close on Kellerman's face, eyes wide with fear, a balled up sock stuffed into his mouth. O.s. the sound of running water.

Kellerman, naked, is seated in the bathtub, his wrists and ankles bound together. The faucet is on; the tub is half-full.

169 INT. BEDROOM 169

Joan, dressed now, minus the red wig, rips the electric cord out of the back of a bed lamp.

CUT TO:

170 INT. BATHROOM - JUDGE KELLERMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 170

Joan wraps the two stripped ends of the electric cord around Kellerman's thumbs. Kellerman tries to speak, but can't because of the sock.

JOAN
You still don't remember me, do you?

She rises, humming "Auld Lang Syne" to herself, picks up the end of the long electric cord, and crosses to an electric socket by the sink. Kellerman's yell of terror is muffled by his gag.

JOAN
It's showtime.

She plugs the cord in. There is a sizzling sound and a muffled scream o.s.

CUT TO:

171 EXT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT 171

Murphy sits on the steps of a condemned building. A Jaguar sedan pulls up in front. Murphy raises an eyebrow.

The passenger window rolls down. Arabella sticks her head out.

ARABELLA
Hey, hotstuff. Wanna ride?

Murphy walks down to the Jaguar. Arabella gets out, grinning.

MURPHY
When I said borrow some wheels, I figured you'd get something a little less obvious.

ARABELLA
I like to travel in style. Besides, any twat who parks a car like this in a public garage deserves to have it stolen.

MURPHY
Take it back.

ARABELLA
Why?

MURPHY
We drive around in this, we'll get nailed in five minutes.

Arabella glares.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. CONDEMNED BUILDING - NIGHT 172

Murphy sits on the steps of the same building. The sound of an approaching engine: it coughs and sputters. Murphy looks up, reacts with incredulity.

Something rounds the corner: a twenty-year-old Oldsmobile, with dents on every possible area of its surface, and fenders that are three different colors. It sputters up to the curb. Arabella gets out.

ARABELLA
Satisfied?

MURPHY
Terrific.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. HIGH-RISE SECURITY BUILDING - NIGHT 17

The Oldsmobile sputters up in front and lurches to a stop. One of its tires is flat.

Arabella gets out, looks at the tire, goes to the main entrance and knocks. There are TWO ARMED SECURITY GUARDS on duty inside. She gives them her most inviting smile. The guards come to the door.

ARABELLA
Hi, guys. Listen, I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if you could help me fix a flat tire? I'm freezing out here.

One of the guards, MAX, smiles.

MAX
Sure. Come on inside. Jack, fix the lady's tire.

JACK gives his partner a sour look. Arabella holds out her keys.

ARABELLA
The spare's in the trunk.

Jack takes the keys. Arabella goes inside.

174 INT. LOBBY 174

Arabella looks around, impressed.

ARABELLA
This is nice. I bet a lot of important people live here.

MAX
A few.

ARABELLA
Betcha none of 'em are as good looking as you are.

Max grins. Arabella smiles.

175 EXT. BUILDING 175

Jack unlocks the trunk. A hand reaches out, grabs him. Murphy, hidden in the trunk, smashes Jack's head into the fender several times.

176 INT. LOBBY 17

Max and Arabella are flirting with each other.

ARABELLA
You've got nice eyes, you know that? I really go for guys with blue eyes.

MAX
Oh, yeah?

ARABELLA
Oh, yeah.

He grins, looks up and sees:

A figure in uniform kneeling by the car, jacking it up.

Max's attention quickly returns to Arabella as she starts to rub his thigh.

ARABELLA
Are any of these apartments empty?

MAX
A couple.

ARABELLA
Have they got beds?

MAX
Could be.

ARABELLA
Why don't we go up and take a look? I bet the view's fantastic.

She starts to play with his shirt buttons. Max grins. He goes to the door, calls out.

MAX
Hey, Jack, I'm taking a break. Be back in about twenty minutes.

The man at the car waves. Max and Arabella get into the elevator.

177 EXT. BUILDING 177

The man at the car stands. It is Murphy, wearing Jack's uniform coat.

178 INT. LOBBY 178

Murphy goes to the elevator. The light indicator shows the 4th floor.

179 INT. APARTMENT 179

The door opens. Arabella and Max enter.

ARABELLA
This is cozy.

He turns on the lights, closes the door.

ARABELLA
Let's leave 'em off. It's more romantic.

He turns off the lights. She unbuttons her blouse, throws it aside, takes off her bra. Max's eyes are fixed on her breasts. She moves up to him, caresses his chest, then slides her hand down to his crotch. She unzips his pants.

ARABELLA
(softly)
You know what?

MAX
What?

ARABELLA
I've never felt anything so small.

She grabs a handful and squeezes. Max groans and his eyes start to pop out. Arabella swings a roundhouse punch, decking him.

180 INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY 180

Murphy steps off the elevator. Arabella waves to him from an open apartment door.

181 INT. APARTMENT 181

Arabella has put her bra back on and is buttoning up her blouse. Murphy kneels by Max and detaches a ring of keys from his belt.

CUT TO:

182 INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY 182

Arabella steps into a waiting elevator. She presses a button. The door starts to close. She stops it.

ARABELLA
Hey, Murphy.

MURPHY
Yeah?

Beat.

ARABELLA
Don't get hurt. Okay?

An uncomfortable silence. The moment is broken by the elevator door closing. Murphy gets into a second elevator.

183 INT. ELEVATOR 183

Murphy examines the control panel. There are buttons for every floor -- except the penthouse, which has a lock. Murphy goes through Max's keys until he finds the right one.

CUT TO:

184 INT. HALLWAY - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 184

Two hoods, REESE and SANTANA, are on guard, watching a movie on a miniature TV.

REESE
Watch this, this is great. I love it when Charles Bronson kicks butt.

A bell sounds as the elevator door opens. It is empty. The two men look at each other. Santana pulls his gun, walks down the hall to the elevator, enters.

185 INT. ELEVATOR 185

Santana looks around. It's empty, all right. He looks back at Reese, shrugs.

186 INT. HALLWAY 186

Reese turns back to his TV.

187 INT. ELEVATOR 187

Santana puts his gun away, starts to step out. Hands reach down from above and grab him around the neck. He is silently lifted up through the emergency escape hatch by Murphy.

188 INT. HALLWAY 188

Reese is enthralled with what he's watching.

REESE
All right! Hey, check this out --

He looks up. The elevator door is still open -- but Santana is not to be seen.

Puzzled, Reese flicks off his TV, pulls his gun, and goes to investigate.

189 INT. ELEVATOR 189

As Reese steps into the elevator, a hand reaches down from above and jams Santana's gun to his head.

MURPHY'S VOICE
Drop it.

Reese drops the gun. Murphy drops down from the escape hatch, spins Reese around, jams the gun into his face.

MURPHY
Where's Vincenzo?

CUT TO:

190 INT. PROJECTION ROOM - PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT 190

A Shirley Temple movie is being shown on a big-screen TV. Frank Vincenzo and a BLONDE in a see-through negligee are lying on a waterbed, watching.

VINCENZO
God, she's beautiful. She's so beautiful.

On screen, Shirley starts to sing "On the Good Ship Lollipop."

VINCENZO
Do it now!

The blonde opens his robe, kisses her way down to his groin.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED 191

VINCENZO
Oh, yeah, do it, baby...oh yeah! She's so beautiful!...

Just as he starts to get excited, a gun barrel noses into the back of his head.

MURPHY
Hello, hotpants.

Vincenzo freezes.

CUT TO:

191 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 191

Murphy's hand presses a button. A whine of power.

A construction elevator starts to move up the side of a partially-completed high-rise apartment building. In the elevator are Murphy, Arabella and Vincenzo, looking pretty silly in his flimsy robe and more than a little scared.

192 EXT. TOP FLOOR 192

The elevator grinds to a halt. Murphy shoves Vincenzo off of the elevator.

VINCENZO
If you know what's good for you, you'll let me go right now.

Murphy grabs Vincenzo's robe, drags him to the edge of the building. It's ten stories down.

MURPHY
I want a name.

VINCENZO
I don't know what you're talking about!

MURPHY
Who killed Ben Wilcove?

VINCENZO
What're you, crazy? How should I know?

Murphy pushes Vincenzo backwards until his feet are right on the edge.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED 192

MURPHY
A friend of mine is dead. I want the name of the animal you paid to do it.

VINCENZO
I don't have a name, goddammit! I didn't kill him!

Murphy points his gun at Vincenzo's face, cocks it. He lowers the barrel and fires a shot into the floor, inches from Vincenzo's naked feet. Vincenzo flinches, nearly loses his footing.

MURPHY
Here's the way it's gonna go down. You're gonna tell me who did it. And then you're gonna make a call to the District Attorney and tell him. Otherwise, tomorrow morning they're going to scrape a sorry-looking pile of shit off of the pavement down there.

VINCENZO
Go ahead, smart ass. Kill me. Go on. You're dead anyway. I didn't frame you. I don't want you in prison. I want you buried. So go ahead. Do it. Because one way or another, you're history. Even if you kill me, my people'll finish the job.

Murphy looks at him uncertainly, not sure what to believe now.

ARABELLA
I hate to say this, but I think he's telling the truth.

Murphy thinks it over. Then:

MURPHY
Take off the robe.

Vincenzo doesn't move. Murphy raises the gun, points it at Vincenzo's face again, cocks it.

MURPHY
Do it.

Vincenzo takes it off. Underneath, he's stark naked. Murphy takes the robe, tosses it over the edge.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED 19

MURPHY
You got a long, cold walk home.

Murphy backs away. He and Arabella get back into the elevator.

VINCENZO
You're dead, Murphy. You hear me?

The elevator starts down.

VINCENZO
You're fucking dead!

Vincenzo is left alone on the roof, naked and cold and alone.

CUT TO:

193 INT. OLDSMOBILE - MOVING - NIGHT 193

Murphy drives.

ARABELLA
So much for your big play. Now what?

MURPHY
I don't know yet.

ARABELLA
Great! We're both wanted for murder, we've got a mafia psycho wants to bury us, and you're out of ideas. Thanks a lot, douchebag.

Murphy slams on the brakes.

MURPHY
Nobody told you to hang around in the first place. You want out, take a walk.

ARABELLA
The hell I will! You ain't squat, Murphy...but right now, you're all I've got.

MURPHY
Then shut up and let me think!

He grinds the car into gear and drives on.

CUT TO:

194 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 194

A Mazda RX7 pulls down the entrance ramp and into a parking stall. Art Penney gets out, singing softly to himself:

PENNEY
When I get that feelin',
I need sexual healin'!
Sexual healin', baby,
It's good for me!

He closes the door and turns, startled to find Murphy and Arabella behind him.

PENNEY
Damn, Murphy, almost gimme a heart attack!

CUT TO:

195 INT. PENNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 195

Penney pops a can of beer.

PENNEY
You sure don't ask much, do you, Murphy? The department finds out I'm helping you, I could lose my badge, my career, my pension, everything.

MURPHY
Hey, man, my life is on the line here. Somebody's trying to frame me with two murders. And if I don't find out who it is, they're gonna lock me up and throw away the key.

Penney thinks it over.

PENNEY
My momma always said I didn't have enough brains to tell champagne from Shinola. Whatta you want?

MURPHY
A list of homicide cases that Ben Wilcove and I worked on. Somebody we put away who did a long stretch and got out recently. Say, in the last few months.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED 195

PENNEY
To do that, I'd have to use the computer.

MURPHY
Right.

PENNEY
Uh huh. And where'm I supposed to get the authorization?

MURPHY
You'll think of a way.

PENNEY
Oh, yeah, right. I appreciate your confidence.

MURPHY
You know what your trouble is? You got an attitude problem. You gotta look at the world from a positive perspective, my man.

PENNEY
I can't stand it when white folks talk like brothers.

CUT TO:

196 INT. VINCENZO'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT 196

A glass of bourbon smashes against a wall, leaving a yellow stain.

Frank Vincenzo is the man who has just thrown the glass. Reese, Santana, and the two guards, Max and Jack, are spread around the room, watching nervously.

VINCENZO
How much money do I pay you clowns to protect me? And what happens? Some cop waltzes in here and you don't do a damn thing about it.

His hand sweeps across the top of bookcase. The decorations on display are sent flying, shattering on the floor.

VINCENZO
Put the word out on the street. Ten thousand dollars to anybody who knows where Murphy is.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED 196

He glares at the four men.

VINCENZO
I want him! You hear me? You better find him -- or there's gonna be four corpses floating in the goddamn bay!

CUT TO:

197 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - MORNING 197

Establishing.

198 INT. BATHROOM - PENNEY'S APARTMENT 198

Murphy is wrapping a new bandage around his wound. He's not doing very well.

ARABELLA
Need some help?

She's watching from the doorway.

MURPHY
Nope.

She watches him struggle with the bandage roll. He drops it. She picks it up.

ARABELLA
It's supposed to be sterile, numb nuts.

She starts to wrap the wound.

MURPHY
I can do it --

ARABELLA
Yeah. So I see.

Silence.

ARABELLA
You're bleeding again.

MURPHY
I'll survive.

ARABELLA
You tore some stitches.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED 198

MURPHY
Yeah, yeah.

ARABELLA
Hey, if you don't care, I don't care.

MURPHY
Fine.

ARABELLA
Okay, penis envy, do it yourself.

She hands him the bandage roll, walks out.

CUT TO:

199 **INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DAY** 199

Joan opens her apartment door. Outside is a black woman in a business suit. Her name is DR. LOVELL.

DR. LOVELL
Hello, Joan.

JOAN
Dr. Lovell...what're you doing here?

DR. LOVELL
Can I come in?

JOAN
Uh, sure.

Joan lets her in.

JOAN
Can I get you something? Tea, milk, coffee, soda pop?

DR. LOVELL
I'd love a cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

200 **INT. KITCHEN - PENNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY** 200

Murphy finds Arabella fixing herself a sandwich. She ignores him.

MURPHY
Guess I've got a big mouth.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED 20

ARABELLA
No comment.

MURPHY
It's part of my charm.

ARABELLA
What charm?

MURPHY
You're no Sunday picnic either, y'know.

ARABELLA
Oh, yeah?

MURPHY
Yeah.

ARABELLA
Yeah, well. Maybe.

Silence.

ARABELLA
You want a sandwich?

MURPHY
Sure.

She gets some more bread.

MURPHY
No mayonnaise.

ARABELLA
How can you eat a sandwich without mayonnaise?

MURPHY
I don't like mayonnaise.

ARABELLA
(getting angry)
Everybody likes mayonnaise.

MURPHY
I don't!

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED 20

ARABELLA
(calmly)
Okay. No mayonnaise.

She makes the sandwich. He gets a beer from the refrigerator, pops it. Watches.

MURPHY
How old're you?

ARABELLA
Why?

MURPHY
Just wondering.

ARABELLA
As in, how long've I been copping cars? Look. You want my life story? Okay. I'll give it to you.
(beat)
I grew up in L.A. My dad split when I was ten, which was fine, because he used to beat my mom to a pulp every Friday night. And when he wasn't hitting on her, he'd have a go at me. My mom wasn't real thrilled having a kid and no old man, so she sent me to live with my aunt in Fresno. We didn't exactly get along. I ran away when I was fifteen. Ended up in San Francisco. No money, no job. I tried turning tricks for awhile. Got tired of getting beat up by the customers and the pimps. One day I met Julio and he showed me how to steal cars.

She stops, waiting for Murphy to say something. He doesn't.

ARABELLA
I know to you I'm just a lowlife. But the way I see it, being a thief's better than being a whore.

She hands him his sandwich. Silence.

MURPHY
I never said you were a lowlife.

It's an awkward moment.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED 20

ARABELLA
Eat your sandwich.

They eat in silence.

ARABELLA
How old're you?

MURPHY
Too old.

ARABELLA
For what?

Murphy gives her a look. There's a twinkle in her eye.

ARABELLA
You're not so bad. Bags under the eyes. Bit of a gut. Hair's a little thin in back. Stop the boozing, you'd look a lot better.

MURPHY
Thanks.

ARABELLA
I'm serious.
(shrugs)
Besides, personally, I like 'em older.

MURPHY
Is that so?

ARABELLA
Mmm hmm.

Again there's the twinkle. They continue eating.

ARABELLA
Is it true what they say about cops?

MURPHY
What?

ARABELLA
Their guns are substitutes for their wangs.

Murphy stops mid-bite.

MURPHY
I wouldn't count on it.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED 200

ARABELLA
Prove it.

Arabella has a smile now. Murphy puts his sandwich down. The telephone in the front room starts ringing. A long look. Murphy gets up to answer it. Arabella disgustedly mutters an oath to herself.

201 INT. FRONT ROOM 201

Murphy picks up the phone.

MURPHY
Yeah.

202 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - HALL OF JUSTICE 202

PENNEY
Yo, Whitebread. I got three names for you.

MURPHY'S VOICE
Shoot.

Penney consults a piece of paper.

PENNEY
You remember a guy named Red LaSalle?

203 INT. FRONT ROOM - PENNEY'S APARTMENT 203

MURPHY
Yeah. Drug dealer. Killed his girlfriend.

PENNEY'S VOICE
Right. Well, he got outta "Q" about six weeks ago. He's livin' in Berkeley.

MURPHY
Nah. This isn't his style. LaSalle isn't smart enough to think up a frame like this.

PENNEY'S VOICE
Okay. Number two is Jerry Myers. You and Wilcove tagged him for takin' out a union leader. He swore he'd nail your fine white butt.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED 20

MURPHY
I remember.

Murphy's attention is caught by a newspaper on the table. Headline: JUDGE ACCIDENTALLY ELECTROCUTED IN BATHTUB.

PENNEY'S VOICE
He was paroled last month. Lives with his wife in Sacramento.

MURPHY
Could be. He's a real bad mother.

Murphy picks up the paper, sees the photograph of Judge Kellerman. Frowns.

MURPHY
Who's number three?

PENNEY'S VOICE
Real long shot. You remember a chick named Joan Freeman?

Murphy stiffens.

MURPHY
I thought she was in Agnew.

PENNEY'S VOICE
Not any more. She was released a couple weeks ago.

MURPHY
Where is she now?

PENNEY'S VOICE
Down in the Mission. Six-thirteen Valencia.

Murphy scans the newspaper again.

MURPHY
Hey, Art. Who was the judge at her trial?

204 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH 204

PENNEY
(looks at the paper again)
Uh...Kellerman, I think. Hey, you hear what happened? He fried himself. Hey, Murphy. You still there?

205 INT. FRONT ROOM - PENNEY'S APARTMENT 205

Murphy is already gone.

CUT TO:

206 **INT. JOAN'S KITCHEN - DAY** 206

Joan pours coffee at the kitchen table.

DR. LOVELL
So how've you been doing?

JOAN
Pretty well.

DR. LOVELL
Any trouble adjusting to the outside world?

JOAN
(thinks a moment)
No...I don't think so. I feel pretty good about myself.

DR. LOVELL
Good. How's the job working out?

JOAN
Um...actually I decided not to take it.

DR. LOVELL
(surprised)
Why?

JOAN
Because I've got another job. A better job.

DR. LOVELL
Terrific. Doing what?

JOAN
In a way, you see, I owe it all to you. Because you taught me I could do anything I wanted. All I had to do was put my mind to it. You showed me how to believe in myself.

DR. LOVELL
Wonderful. So what's the job?

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED 206

JOAN
I'll show you.

Joan gets up, goes out of the room. Dr. Lovell takes another sip of coffee.

Joan comes back with her scrapbook. She puts it down in front of Dr. Lovell.

DR. LOVELL
What's this?

JOAN
(proudly)
My job.

Dr. Lovell opens the scrapbook. Seeing the photographs, she frowns.

DR. LOVELL
I don't understand. Who are these people?

JOAN
The ones who sent me away.

Dr. Lovell looks up. Her puzzled expression turns to alarm.

JOAN
You should've never let me out, you know? I'm really crazy.

Dr. Lovell tries to jump up. Joan whips a piece of wire around her neck, yanks it tight. Dr. Lovell tries to scream. Her voice is cut off. Joan pulls the wire tighter and tighter. Dr. Lovell's face turns red, then blue. Joan twists the wire still tighter, smiling all the while.

CUT TO:

207 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - THE MISSION DISTRICT - DAY 207

Murphy and Arabella get out of the Oldsmobile, go up the steps of an older building. Murphy rubs his shoulder. It's hurting him.

208 INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY 208

Murphy and Arabella stop in front of an apartment. Murphy takes out his gun, knocks on the door. No answer. He backs up, preparing to kick it in.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED 20

ARABELLA
What're you doing?

MURPHY
I'm gonna kick it in.

ARABELLA
Why don't we do it the easy way?

She takes a nail file out of her pocket, inserts it in the door lock, jiggles it expertly. The door clicks open. She smiles at Murphy. He gives her a look.

209 INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT 20

Murphy comes in, gun ready. Nobody in sight.

ARABELLA
Mind telling me what we're doing here?

MURPHY
Looking around.

ARABELLA
Sounds like fun.

210 INT. KITCHEN 21

Murphy enters, looks around. Everything seems very normal. Murphy rubs his shoulder again. Puts his hand inside his jacket, touches his shirt. There's blood on his fingers. He goes to the sink, washes them off.

He turns, sees the scrapbook on the kitchen table. Opens it.

Inside: the photographs of him.

Murphy reacts. Turns the page.

Second page: photos of Judge Kellerman. Third page: the balding man with glasses. Fourth page: Ben Wilcove.

Murphy's expression becomes grim. He flips back to:

The photos of the balding man with glasses.

Murphy then sees a note pad and pencil on the table. He picks up the pad, holds it at an angle, squints at it. He picks up the pencil and brushes the edge of the

210 CONTINUED 21

lead across the paper in a scribbling motion.

The impression of what was written on the previous page becomes visible: "A. SKINNER, 6051 GLENARMS DR., SAN RAFAEL."

ARABELLA'S VOICE
Hey, Murphy! C'mere a minute.

211 INT. BEDROOM 21

Murphy enters to find Arabella standing in front of an open closet door. On the floor of the closet is Dr. Lovell, very dead.

CUT TO:

212 INT. OLDSMOBILE - MOVING - DAY 21

Arabella driving, Murphy beside her. He looks uncomfortable.

MURPHY
1974, it was all over the news. She was a tour guide up at Coit Tower. One day she flipped out, grabbed a security guard's gun, and started blowing people away. By the time we got there, she'd killed six tourists. She grabbed a hostage, took him up to the top, and was gonna push him off. I shot her in the stomach.
(beat)
She was in the hospital for two months, almost died. When she got out, they put her in Agnew. She started writing me these really crazy letters, about how someday she was gonna get me. After a couple years, the letters stopped.

ARABELLA
Sounds like a real fruitcake.
(then)
So who's this guy in San Rafael?

MURPHY
Albert Skinner. He was the hostage.

Murphy puts his hand to his shoulder. He's hurting

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED 21

again. He reaches inside his jacket, touches the wound. Looks at his fingers. More blood.

ARABELLA
You okay?

Murphy hides his hand.

MURPHY
Yeah. Pull over at the next corner.

ARABELLA
What for?

MURPHY
I need to get something.

ARABELLA
A bottle?

MURPHY
If I need a babysitter, I'll hire one. Just pull over.

213 EXT. CORNER LIQUOR STORE 21

The Oldsmobile stops. Murphy opens the door. Arabella sees he's having difficulty.

ARABELLA
You okay?

MURPHY
Yeah, yeah.

Murphy gets out of the car, takes a few steps, stops. He continues on, nearly collides with a pedestrian. He makes it to the door of the liquor store, stops, leans on the door frame. He looks as if he's about to pass out.

He heads back to the car. He reaches for the door. His knees buckle. He falls on his face. Arabella jumps out to help. She sees the blood.

MURPHY
Just get me in the car...

She helps him up as PASSERS-BY watch curiously.

CUT TO:

214 INT. OLDSMOBILE - MOVING - DAY 21

ARABELLA
You need a doctor before you bleed to death.

MURPHY
We gotta get...to San Rafael...

ARABELLA
You're gonna kill yourself, bullet brain.

MURPHY
I'll be okay...Just keep driving...

She shakes her head, drives in silence.

MURPHY
Know something?...

ARABELLA
What?

MURPHY
You'd make a pretty good cop...

It's meant to be a compliment.

ARABELLA
Thanks.

Silence.

ARABELLA
You're not such a bad guy either. I mean, you can be a real douche bag at times. But...you're okay.

She looks over at him. His eyes are closed.

ARABELLA
Murphy? Hey, Murphy?

She hits the brakes.

215 EXT. LOMBARD STREET 215

The Oldsmobile screeches to a halt in the middle of traffic. Cars start honking.

216 INT. OLDSMOBILE 216

Arabella checks Murphy's wound. His shirt is shoulder

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED 21

is soaked with blood.

ARABELLA
Oh, Jesus...

She looks around in panic.

217 EXT. LOMBARD STREET 21

Arabella cuts across traffic into the parking lot of a motel.

CUT TO:

218 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY 21

Arabella enters. An overweight CLERK appears.

ARABELLA
I want a room.

CLERK
Single?

ARABELLA
My husband's asleep in the car.

CUT TO:

219 EXT. MOTEL - DAY 219

Arabella parks the Oldsmobile in front of their room. She lifts Murphy, who is vaguely conscious, out of the car, and helps him into the room.

The clerk is watching from the office door.

220 INT. MOTEL OFFICE 220

The clerk picks up a newspaper that features photographs of Murphy and Arabella. He goes to his desk, digs out a scrap of paper. He picks up the telephone, dials a number.

CLERK
You still offering that reward?

221 INT. MOTEL ROOM 221

Arabella has Murphy's shirt open to look at the wound.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED 221

ARABELLA
Looks like you tore some more stitches.

MURPHY
I'll be okay...just gimme a few minutes...

ARABELLA
Face it, sperm count, you're out on your feet.

MURPHY
We gotta get to Skinner...before she does...

He pushes her off, tries to get up. Falls back on the bed, out cold.

ARABELLA
Terrific.

She sees the piece of paper in his fist. Looks at it. It's Albert Skinner's address.

CUT TO:

222 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 222

A sign says: "SAN RAFAEL." The Oldsmobile takes the turnoff.

CUT TO:

223 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SAN RAFAEL - DAY 223

Arabella gets out of the Oldsmobile. Looks at the scrap of paper in her hand. Looks up at a house.

She goes up to the front door, rings the bell. Waits.

The door opens. A woman stands in the shadowy doorway.

WOMAN
Yes?

ARABELLA
Excuse me. I'm looking for Albert Skinner.

WOMAN
He's in the basement.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED 223

ARABELLA
I gotta talk to him. It's very important.

WOMAN
Come on in.

The woman pushes the screen door open. It is Joan.

CUT TO:

224 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 224

Murphy gradually comes around. His shirt is off; Arabella has made some new makeshift bandages from a torn-up pillow case.

Murphy slowly gets up, steadies himself. He goes into the bathroom. Through the doorway, we see him turn on the faucet, splash water into his face.

He comes back to the bedroom. There is a note beside the telephone:

"GONE TO SEE SKINNER. SEE YA LATER, SLIMEBALL."

MURPHY
Damn.

He finds his blood-stained shirt, tugs it on, buttons it up. He slips on his jacket and opens the door.

225 EXT. MOTEL ROOM 225

Murphy is halfway out the door when he sees:

The clerk, standing beside a BMW, talking to Reese and Santana.

CLERK
The woman went out 'bout an hour ago. She took the car.

REESE
What about him?

CLERK
He's still in the room. Number fifteen.

REESE
Key.

(CONTINUED)

225 CONTINUED 22

The clerk hands it over. Reese and Santana start toward the room.

CLERK
What about my money?

They keep walking.

Reese unlocks the door. It won't open; something blocking it. Both men pull their guns. Reese backs up, kicks the door. Kicks again.

226 INT. MOTEL ROOM 226

The door bursts open. Nobody there. The bathroom door is shut. Reese tries the knob. Locked. Another kick. It opens.

The bathroom is empty, too. Window open. Reese climbs onto the toilet, looks out.

227 EXT. MOTEL 227

The clerk waits and watches. A gun barrel jabs into his back.

MURPHY
Where's your car?

CUT TO:

228 EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER 228

Murphy starts the engine of the clerk's old Ford.

Reese and Santana run out of the motel room.

Murphy backs up fast, stops, fires three shots into the BMW. The gas tank explodes. Murphy roars away as the motel courtyard fills with blazing debris. Reese, Santana and the clerk hit the ground.

The Ford speeds away down Lombard Street. Reese runs out to the sidwalk, tries to get a bead. But the Ford is too far away.

CLERK
Hey! What about my money?

REESE
What money?

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED 228

Reese and Santana start to walk away.

CLERK
I know where he's going.

They stop.

CLERK
Money first.

He holds out his hand. Reese grabs him, slams him up against the wall, jams the gun into his face.

CLERK
The woman asked me for a map of San Rafael. I saw the address. 6051 Glenarms Drive.

CUT TO:

229 EXT. SKINNER'S HOUSE - SAN RAFAEL - DAY 229

Murphy looks at the Oldsmobile, looks up at the house. Rubs his shoulder.

230 INT. HOUSE 230

The front door is unlocked. Murphy pushes it open.

MURPHY
Hello? Anybody here?

Silence. He comes in. The house is eerily quiet.

231 INT. HALLWAY 231

Murphy walks cautiously, gun out.

232 INT. BEDROOM 232

Empty.

233 INT. KITCHEN 233

Murphy walks in, looks around. Nobody there. He starts to exit, then sees the basement door. He opens it. The basement is dark. He flicks the light switch.

234 INT. BASEMENT 234

ALBERT SKINNER is hanging from a ceiling light fixture. His face is purple, his swollen tongue protrudes from his mouth.

Murphy comes down the stairs.

A note is pinned to Skinner's shirt: "WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU, MURPHY. WHERE IT ALL STARTED. SHE DIES AT MIDNIGHT."

Close on Murphy, staring at the words:

"WHERE IT ALL STARTED."

MURPHY
Coit Tower...

235 INT. FRONT ROOM 235

Murphy comes out of the kitchen. Reese steps out from behind a door, hits him across the back of the head with his gun.

DISSOLVE TO:

236 EXT. WAREHOUSE - WATERFRONT AREA - NIGHT 236

A mercedes pulls up to a side entrance. Frank Vincenzo and his TWO BODYGUARDS get out. Vincenzo unlocks the warehouse door.

237 INT. WAREHOUSE 237

A MAN in coveralls pries open a wooden crate with a crowbar. Inside are cardboard boxes. He takes one out, opens it. It contains a metal reading lamp. With a screwdriver, he unscrews the lamp housing. Stuffed inside is a clear plastic package of white powder.

Vincenzo and his bodyguards pass SIX MEN at a workbench, unpacking the latest shipment of smuggled narcotics.

Vincenzo goes down some steps into a dimly lit room below. The two bodyguards stay upstairs.

238 INT. BASEMENT ROOM 238

Murphy is seated in a chair, being guarded by Reese and Santana. Vincenzo and the bodyguards come down the steps.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED 23

VINCENZO
Things have a way of coming around, don't they, Murphy?

MURPHY
I knew I smelled something.

VINCENZO
Remember what I told you about Murphy's Law? You shoulda listened to me.

He takes off his coat, goes to a locker, carefully puts it on a hanger.

VINCENZO
This is the room where I take care of people who mess with me.

He rolls up his shirtsleeves, reaches into the locker, and takes out a small chainsaw, about two feet long.

VINCENZO
I'm gonna take you apart a piece at a time. First a hand. Then a foot. Then an arm. Then a leg. I'm gonna cut you up into so many pieces you'll look like dog meat.

He nods to Reese and Santana. They grab Murphy, each holding an arm. Vincenzo revs up the chainsaw. Its whine is a nightmare.

Vincenzo moves toward Murphy. Reese grips Murphy's left forearm and forces his hand out. Vincenzo moves to cut it off. Murphy tries to pull away, but Reese has him in a vice grip. The blade comes whizzing down --

Suddenly Murphy kicks Vincenzo in the balls. At the same moment, Murphy twists his body and jerks Reese around. The chainsaw swings wildly -- and Reese's dismembered arm flops to the floor. Reese screams horribly, clutching his spurting stump. Left arm freed, Murphy hits Santana, smashing him into the wall.

The chainsaw drops to the floor. Murphy scoops it up, grabs Vincenzo, and holds the chainsaw up to his face. Reese is on the floor screaming and writhing, but Santana already has his gun out.

MURPHY
Drop it or I'll slice his face off.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED 23

Santana hesitates.

VINCENZO
Do it, goddammit!

Santana throws the gun down.

The two bodyguards appear on the steps. Murphy whirls Vincenzo around, threatening him with the chainsaw.

MURPHY
Put 'em down and back off!

They do as ordered. Murphy follows them up.

239 INT. WAREHOUSE 23

The men in coveralls are circled around them, with guns.

MURPHY
Tell 'em.

VINCENZO
Put down the guns.

The guns are dropped. Holding Vincenzo tightly, Murphy backs toward an exit.

As he passes a high stack of crates, a man hiddecn behind the crates throws a crowbar. It hits Murphy in

the back. He stumbles, drops the chainsaw. Vincenzo pulls away.

The other hoods grab their guns, open fire. Murphy dives behind the nearest stack of crates. Bullets chew the crates to pieces.

When the shooting has subsided, Vincenzo and his hoods look behind the crates. Murphy is gone.

VINCENZO
Find him!

The men scatter and start to search the warehouse.

As one hood moves silently along a row of crates, Murphy pops out of a crate, hits him with a metal table lamp, and grabs his gun.

Two other hoods appear and start shooting. Murphy

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED 23

ducks, returns fire, hits one, runs.

Murphy runs through the warehouse, darting from row to row, as gunfire erupts around him. They're closing in on him.

Murphy is finally pinned in a corner, behind some crates, surrounded. He checks his clip: only four rounds left.

Across the warehouse he sees a dozen metal drums marked "FLAMMABLE."

One man rushes Murphy. Murphy shoots him down. Only three rounds left now. He waits for the right moment, bobs up, and fires twice at the drums.

WA-BOOOOOOMMMM!!! A tremendous explosion rocks the warehouse. In seconds, fire fills one whole end.

Murphy is forgotten as the men run for cover.

Another explosion, as more drums explode. The fire is really blazing now.

Murphy heads for the nearest exit.

Suddenly a forklift truck smashes through a stack of crates, Vincenzo at the controls, headed right for Murphy. Murphy fires his last round, misses. The forklift is going to skewer him. Murphy dives out of the way at the last moment. The forklift speeds past.

Vincenzo turns the machine, heads back for him. But Murphy is gone --

Murphy dives from atop a stack of crates, knocking Vincenzo out of the forklift. The two land on the floor, struggling.

The forklift continues to drive in a wide arc.

Vincenzo smashes Murphy's head on the floor. Again. Murphy is dazed. Vincenzo pulls a gun out of his belt, aims at Murphy's head --

A noise behind him. He whirls. The forklift is heading at him. Murphy rolls out of the way --

The forklift spears Vincenzo against the wall.

Murphy staggers to his feet, picks up Vincenzo's gun, stumbles out a nearby door.

240 EXT. WAREHOUSE 24

Murphy runs from the warehouse. The fire is out of control. More explosions rip through the walls, lighting up the night sky. The building is an inferno.

Murphy stops beside another warehouse. A WATCHMAN runs up.

WATCHMAN
Jesus...what happened?...

Murphy isn't listening. He's looking past the watchman at:

Coit Tower, above them on Telegraph Hill, brightly lit.

MURPHY
What time is it?

The watchman is mesmerized by the fire. Murphy grabs him, shakes him.

MURPHY
What time is it???

WATCHMAN
(looks at watch)
Eleven-fifty.

Murphy starts running. In the distance, the sound of sirens.

CUT TO:

241 EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT 241

Murphy running for all he's worth, jacket now stained with blood, at the point of exhaustion. But somehow he keeps on running.

A car approaches. He tries to flag it down. It keeps moving, nearly runs him over.

He runs on. His legs are lead, he can't breathe. But he keeps running.

Another car coming. It's a taxi. Murphy waves it to a stop.

DRIVER
Man, what happened to you?

MURPHY
I gotta get to Coit Tower.

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED 24

DRIVER
You got any money?

Murphy whips up his gun.

MURPHY
I got this.

DRIVER
That'll do.

Murphy climbs in. The taxi speeds off.

CUT TO:

242 EXT. COIT TOWER - NIGHT 24

The taxi pulls into the deserted parking lot. Murphy gets out. The taxi screeches away, leaving a track of rubber.

The stone tower looms above him.

JOAN (O.S.)
Murphy!

Murphy looks up. The dark figure of a woman can be seen at the top.

JOAN
We're waiting for you!

Murphy heads up the steps.

The entrance is dark. Murphy tries the door. Unlocked. He goes in.

243 INT. LOBBY AREA 243

The lobby is in shadows. Murphy moves through it slowly, eyes searching the darkness. His foot touches something. He stops, kneels.

It's the body of a SECURITY GUARD. His throat cut.

JOAN (O.S.)
Where is she, Murphy?

The insane sing-song voice echoes out of the darkness. Murphy looks around, but sees nothing.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED 243

JOAN (O.S.)
It's almost midnight. You better find her before it's too late!

Murphy moves to the stairwell.

244 INT. STAIRWELL 244

The stairs spiral above him endlessly. She's up there somewhere, waiting for him. He starts up.

JOAN (O.S.)
She's going to die, Murphy...unless you find her in time!

Murphy's gasping for air now, going slower and slower. He stops to catch his breath.

JOAN (O.S.)
You better hurry!

He goes on, around and around, up and up. He finally reaches the door at the top, throws it open, and bursts out into:

245 INT. TOWER TOP 245

Deserted. Nobody there.

Somewhere, a church bell starts to ring: midnight.

JOAN (O.S.)
Too late, Murphy!

Murphy whirls. Joan is in the elevator. He moves toward her. The door shuts. He pounds on the door. He looks up at:

The floor indicator above the door. The elevator is on its way down.

Something clicks in Murphy's brain. He runs for the stairs.

246 INT. STAIRWELL 246

Murphy charges down them, three steps at a time.

247 INT. TOWER TOP 247

Close on the elevator floor indicator. There are four lights: first floor, second floor, third floor and top floor. The elevator reaches the third floor.

248 INT. STAIRWELL 248

Murphy stumbles, nearly falls, but keeps running.

249 INT. LOBBY 249

Murphy bursts out of the stairwell and runs to the elevator door. He pounds on the elevator door. From inside we hear a muffled moan.

250 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 250

Arabella lies at the bottom of the elevator shaft, tied and gagged, watching in horror as the elevator moves down toward her.

251 INT. LOBBY 251

Murphy tries to pry the elevator doors apart with his bare hands, but can't.

The light indicator shows that the elevator has reached the second floor.

Murphy looks around wildly. Sees a fire axe on the wall. Grabs it. Rams it between the sliding doors, forcing them open.

There is Arabella. The elevator is going to crush her. She's spread-eagled, her hands and feet tied to the elevator runners. There's no way he can get her out in time --

Murphy jams the axe into the elevator runners. It screeches to a halt with a grinding of metal.

Arabella breathes a sigh through her gag. It was pretty close.

Suddenly the elevator jerks down -- but then halts again, with only a few inches to spare.

Murphy crawls under the elevator, unties her, pulls her out.

Arabella tugs off the gag.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED 251

ARABELLA
What took you so long, Kotex lips?

Murphy grins. Arabella grins back.

A gunshot. Arabella's grin turns to a look of surprise. She pitches forward. Murphy catches her in his arms. She's been shot.

Murphy lowers her to the floor. She tries to speak, but can't.

Murphy looks up. Joan stands twenty feet away, silhouetted against a window.

JOAN
You lose.

Murphy pulls out his gun, fires. Joan is blown backwards, through a plate glass window.

Murphy looks back at Arabella. Her eyes are closed.

He rises, walks toward the broken window. Looks through it.

Joan is gone.

252 EXT. COIT TOWER 252

Murphy steps through the shattered window. There is a puddle of blood on the ground. Near it, a .357 Magnum. Beyond that, a trail of blood leading into the trees and the darkness beyond. Murphy follows it.

The trail leads through the dark trees to a path sloping down Telegraph Hill. All the fury and hatred hits him at once. With an agonized cry, Murphy runs after her.

253 EXT. BOTTOM OF PATH 253

Joan bursts out of the trees and falls with a hideous groan. She staggers to her feet. Her side is soaked with blood.

Filbert Street, lined with two- and three-story houses, slopes steeply away from her. Clutching her side, Joan runs on.

254 EXT. COIT TOWER PATH 254

Murphy charges down it like some mad animal.

255 EXT. BOTTOM OF PATH 255

Murphy sees Joan, a block away, down Filbert Street.

256 EXT. INTERSECTION - FILBERT AND STOCKTON 256

As Joan runs through the intersection on Filbert, she is caught in the glare of headlights. The car stands on its brakes, swerves, smashes into a parked car. Joan runs on.

Murphy runs through the intersection, catching up.

257 EXT. ST. PETER AND PAUL'S CHURCH 257

Joan staggers up the steps of the church, pushes inside.

Murphy is not far behind. He throws open the church doors --

258 INT. CHURCH 258

A high, vaulted ceiling dimly seen above. Stained glass windows on either side. Votive candles burning at the sides and rear.

Murphy walks down the center aisle, between the pews, toward the altar. The church appears deserted.

A door to his left is flung open. Murphy whirls, ready to shoot. It is an old PRIEST.

PRIEST
How dare you bring a gun into a church!

MURPHY
Police officer. A woman ran in here a few seconds ago. Did you see her?

PRIEST
No.

A squeaking sound. Murphy spins. Nothing there. Except the confessionals. Murphy moves toward them.

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED 25

Murphy goes to the first booth, throws open the door. Empty. Goes to the second. Empty. Goes to the third. The door explodes open -- Joan bursts out -- Murphy goes down. By the time Murphy is on his feet, Joan has disappeared through a nearby door. Murphy follows.

259 INT. STAIRWELL - BELL TOWER 25

Murphy finds himself in a stairwell leading up to the bell tower. The sound of footsteps above.

260 EXT. CHURCH 260

Three police cars converge on the church. Penney and Nachman get out of one, Reineke and Manzarek out of another.

261 INT. TOP OF BELL TOWER 261

Murphy reaches the top. O.s. the sound of weeping.

Joan is huddled in the corner, crying like a child. She senses Murphy's presence. Seeing him, she stops. She starts to laugh. It is a laugh of pure madness. She rises slowly.

JOAN
You know what's going to happen, don't you? They'll say I'm crazy and put me back in Agnew. And in another ten years I'll be out again. And I'll come back. And do it again.

She laughs, silhouetted against the window. Murphy raises his gun, cocks it. Joan's laughter stops.

PENNEY (O.S.)
Don't do it, Whitebread.

Art Penney comes up the stairs. Murphy hesitates, lowers the gun.

Joan laughs again, triumphantly. Murphy suddenly snaps up the gun and fires. Joan is blown backwards, out of the bell tower --

262 EXT. CHURCH 26

Joan's body drops through the air, end over end.

Below, the cops scatter. Her body smashes into a parked squad car with a resounding crash, crushing in the roof.

263 INT. BELL TOWER 26

Murphy looks at Penney. He's just committed murder. A long silence. Murphy hands him the gun.

Nachman bursts up the stairs, followed by Reineke and Manzarek.

NACHMAN
What happened?

Penney looks at Murphy.

PENNEY
I had to shoot her.

Nachman raises an eyebrow.

CUT TO:

264 EXT. COIT TOWER - NIGHT 264

A cluster of police cars jam the parking lot. An ambulance at the bottom of the steps.

A police car pulls up. Murphy and Penney get out. A stretcher is being carried down the steps by TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS. As the stretcher comes closer, we see Arabella on it.

Murphy watches silently as the stretcher is carried to the waiting ambulance.

ARABELLA
Will you dinosaur dorks move it... before I bleed to death?

Murphy is stunned. Then he smiles. She glares up at him.

ARABELLA
What're you grinning at, snotrag?

The stretcher is put into the ambulance.

Murphy reaches into his pocket, takes out a bottle, opens it for a drink. He stops. Looks at the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED 26

Drops it into a nearby trashcan.

Murphy climbs into the ambulance. The doors close. The ambulance pulls away, siren wailing.

Aerial shot: the ambulance drives down the winding road of Telegraph Hill. Camera pulls up, tracking it until it is only a speck in the glittering lights of the city.

FADE OUT.

THE END