

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

Loaded Weapon

rewrite
by

Gene Quintano

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FADE IN:

EXT. MINI-MALL - NIGHT

Half a dozen seedy stores: Dry cleaners, adult book store, Winchells, 7 -11. Cheap, unattractive Christmas decorations in the shop windows.

A battered, big-finned, 57 Caddy with bullet holes in the windshield, pulls into the lot leaking radiator fluid. REMINGTON COLT drives. A burned-out case: Long hair, cigarette dangling from lower lip, green fatigue jacket, Levis, boots and the weight of the world on his shoulders. And the eyes: Flint hard and a touch of madness.

He parks the car. Turns it off. The engine keeps bucking and chugging as Colt gets out.

INT. 7 - 11 - NIGHT

The car ENGINE COUGHS O.S. as Colt enters the store. Typical mini-mart -- glass cases full of soda and beer and unnatural colored cheeses, shelves of Twinkies, beef jerky at the cash register and TWO JABBERING HINDUS behind the counter. A MAN stands between them wearing a TRANSLATOR button.

The Hindus jabber. Colt looks to the Translator.

TRANSLATOR

Hello. Hello. How are you?
Happy Holidays.

COLT

Happy Holidays? You're wishing me
Happy Holidays? I guess you
didn't lose the only one who meant
anything in your life. I guess
you don't feel burned out by the
anguish, the human misery and
despair perpetrated by the
criminal vermin that infests every
pore of this decaying city forcing
you to guzzle cheap wine and
cheaper whisky to dull the pain
that shatters your heart and tears
at your soul.

(beat)

What flavor Slurpies you got
today?

HINDU #1

Kiwi Cherry.

COLT

Uckkkk!

Colt takes a bacon burger out of a cooler and pops it into a microwave oven. Punches a couple of buttons, saunters over to the magazine rack. Thumbs through a magazine. Advertising cards slide out. He turns the magazine sideways to open out the centerfold. It cascades to the floor. A ridiculous number of those pain in the butt cards float out.

COLT

(contented)

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

ANOTHER ANGLE

It's a centerfold of a massive new assault rifle. The heading reads: GUN OF THE MONTH.

TWO PUNKS enter. Trouble. They cross to the counter.

PUNK #1

Excuse me, where would I find the Huggies disposable diapers?

HINDU #1

No Huggies... no Huggies. Beef Jerky.

PUNK #1

No Huggies! You call this a convenience store? Open the cash register or I splatter your brains.

He produces a sawed-off shotgun from under his coat. Punk #2 does the same. Hindus and Translator start YAMMERING.

ON COLT

Puts back the magazine. As he moves towards the counter we see he is knee deep in magazine advertising cards.

COLT

Excuse me...

And now everyone looks at Colt. He smiles.

COLT

You scuzzballs mind if I join in?

Colt produces his own gun. The Two Punks jump behind one row of food and Colt behind another.

And what happens next happens very quickly and with a cacophony of gunfire and shattering glass and splintering wood.

COLT

jumps out from behind the row, GUN BLAZING. Jumps back.

LEGG'S PANTY HOSE DISPLAY

Punk #2 leaps out. Pumps his shotgun. BLAM! BLAM! Leaps back.

CASES OF COKE

Colt spins through FRAME like a pirouetting ballerina firing a submachine gun.

TWINKIE DISPLAY

Punk #2 springs out and lets BLAST a grenade launcher.

PET FOOD AISLE

Colt jumps out with two German W.W. II, "Potato Masher" hand grenades. Flings them. Jumps back.

THE COUNTER

The Hindus pop up with a FLAME THROWER. One wears the tank, the other manipulates the nozzle. A tongue of flame shoots out. They drop back behind the counter.

COLT AND PUNK #2

leap into FRAME from opposite directions. Side-by-side they FIRE. Notice they're next to each other. Leap away from each other and out of FRAME.

POTATO CHIP DISPLAY

Colt jumps out with a bag of chips in hand. Munches a few. Jumps back behind the display.

CANNED SOUP DISPLAY

Punk #1 bounds out with a sling-shot. Lets loose a stone. O.S. "AHHHH" and GOLIATH, complete with breast plate and helmet, drops through FRAME. Punk #1 bounds back behind the row.

WIDE

so we can SEE the Punks and Colt leaping out, firing and jumping back. But they're nowhere near each other. In fact, they have their backs to each other. They're BLASTING away at shelves of food. The store is in shambles.

COMIC BOOK RACK

Colt rolls out from behind the rack, dives behind bags of dry dog food stacked sand bag like. He leaps up, a "Rambo rifle" in each hand, belts of finger-sized bullets crisscrossing his chest. BLASTING away.

The Punks tumble through FRAME in a SLOW MOTION choreographed, Greg Lougainis flight. They fly through the plate glass window. An excess amount of glass rains down -- like it was being dumped out of a truck.

Punk #1 tries to crawl away. Colt stands over him. Takes dead aim.

COLT

I know what you're thinking, punk.
You're thinking, "Did he fire 173
times or a 174?" Well, do you
feel lucky, punk?

The Punk collapses. Glass is still falling. The 7 - 11 has been obliterated. Nothing's left in one piece except the microwave. Colt crosses to it.

The Hindus leap up, jabbering away, pointing frantically at the charred remains of their store. Colt holds up a silencing hand.

COLT

I know. I know. You don't have
to thank me. Hey, I'm just a cop
doing his job.

The microwave timer bell goes off. Colt pops open the door. The burger is burned to a crisp.

COLT

Guys, you gotta get this thing
fixed.

Colt saunters out. Hindus screeching at him.

EXT. MINI- MALL

SOUNDS of SIRENS in the distance. Colt crosses to his Caddy. The ENGINE is still running on.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Colt drives off. And we're into titles now as the CAMERA SWEEPS over...

LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

It lies beneath us, iridescent and inviting. We know it's Los Angeles because we SUPER: LOS ANGELES.

And now the CAMERA SOARS, DIPS, spiraling slowly DOWN... over the city.

SUPER: TUESDAY, DEC. 19

MUSIC now. "Jingle Bell Rock," or some other commercial neo-rock and roll Christmas tune.

SUPER: 9:53

The three rolls out of FRAME and CLICK... it's 9:54.

Now the CAMERA floats, almost languidly, toward a high-rise, high-price, apartment complex. Close enough to read "NO LOITERING" stenciled on the building, fifteen stories above the street.

SUPER: CLEAR AND 67 DEGREES

MOVING in on a tenth floor apartment window, through billowing curtains into the apartment.

SUPER: AN APARTMENT

There on the bed, in a tangle of silk sheets, wearing a gossamer nightgown, lies an incredibly BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

SUPER: INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

She stirs, stretches seductively, looks directly into CAMERA... and SCREAMS. She grabs things off her nightstand and hurls them at the CAMERA.

A glass... SUPER: A GLASS.

A lamp... SUPER: A LAMP.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(to CAMERA)

Out! Get out of here! You have some nerve!

The CAMERA retreats out the window and resumes its DESCENT... SWOOPING DOWN on a window washer's rig and TWO STARTLED WINDOW WASHERS. The CAMERA knocks them off the rig. Keeps on going. Descending on a...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

L.A. Bungalow community. The sailing CAMERA knocks a plastic Santa and Reindeer off a roof, jars loose a few bricks from the neighboring house's chimney, then drifts towards the only undecorated home on the block.

The CAMERA heads straight for the front door. BAM! Hits it. The door doesn't budge. The CAMERA staggers back a few feet and turns for a window.

A closed window.

GLASS SHATTERS as the CAMERA heads into...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The CAMERA drifts past the T.V. set and WAYNE NEWTON'S CHRISTMAS FROM THE MALL special. Wayne sings while the ROCKETTES kick and dance their way into a Tom Mc Ann's Shoe Store.

INT. BEDROOM

Now the CAMERA floats over to the bed and a rumpled pile of sheets. From this pile emerges BILL YORK. Early fifties. Complexion like overboiled rice. Muscle tone of a clam.

He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs. Checks his wristwatch. Jiggles it. Holds it to his ear. It's not working. Checks the time on his nightstand clock. It's stopped too.

YORK

Damn!

He tosses it aside in disgust.

SUPER: 9:57

York glances in the direction of the SUPERED time. Jumps up.

YORK

(alarmed)

Nine-fifty-seven!

Frantically, he punches out a phone number. It RINGS. York taps his foot nervously.

MAN'S VOICE

(answering phone)

You've reached the desk of
Sergeant Wes Luger. Please leave
a message after the beep.

YORK

Wes, it's Bill again. I think...

MAN'S VOICE

(irritated)

I said after the beep.

YORK

Yeah, right. Sorry.

(he HEARS a BEEP)

I think it's too dangerous to wait here. I'm getting out. Meet me at the Squealer's Hotel downtown. I've got a contact there.

York SLAMS the receiver back in the cradle.

EXT. YORK'S HOUSE

A VAN pulls up in front of the house -- "WILDERNESS GIRLS OF America" painted on the side. Headlights blink out.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM

An open suitcase plops down on the bed. York frantically tosses things into it: shirts, socks, a pistol, brass knuckles, a bear trap, a set of false teeth, a pizza, a glass of water, a puppy.

EXT. YORK HOUSE

The rear doors of the van SLAM shut. A large cardboard box is placed on a dolly.

Little girl feet appear wearing little girl shoes. They hop and skip merrily up the walkway pushing the dolly.

The feet stop. A Camel cigarette hits the ground and the feet grind it out, then continue their hop and skip up the walkway.

INT. YORK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

York enters carrying the suitcase. The DOOR BELL RINGS. York freezes. Looks around. Crosses to a wall of photos and takes one down. It's a picture of York and a man we'll meet later -- WES LUGER.

The DOOR BELL RINGS again. York gropes under the coffee table for something. He's got it. A piece of chewing gum. York sticks the gum on the back of the photo. And now that damn DOORBELL RINGS incessantly. Luger takes a film canister out of his pocket. Produces a strip of microfilm. Sticks the microfilm onto the gum. Hangs the picture back on the wall.

York crosses to the door and peers through the peephole.

WHAT HE SEES: Distorted, fish-eye view of a WILDERNESS GIRL: A Schwarzenegger body squeezed into an ill fitting uniform dress. Scar across cheek. Five day stubble on the chin. Head shaped like an acorn squash. One ugly Wilderness Girl.

YORK

Who is it?

WILDERNESS GIRL

(Schwarzenegger
accent)

Wilderness Girls.

York unlocks several locks and opens the door opens to reveal another lock laden door. He opens the second door to reveal a vault door. He enters the combination, spins the huge metal wheel, swings it open to reveal hanging beads. He parts the hanging beads and peers down at the Wilderness Girl.

That fish-eye distortion -- well, it wasn't any distortion -- that's her head.

WILDERNESS GIRL

(sing-songy)

"We've baked these cookies just for
you with love and much sincerity.
Won't you buy a box today and help
our push for charity?"

YORK

Little late to be selling cookies.

WILDERNESS GIRL

Troop leader says we're not
meeting our quota.

York sighs. Leads her into the house.

YORK

(digging for his
wallet)

Give me a couple of boxes.

He turns around to face the barrel of a .44 magnum.

YORK

Make that a case.

WILDERNESS GIRL

That won't be necessary, Mr. York.

The Wilderness Girl pulls off her wig, revealing a short brown hair. York immediately pulls off his hair revealing he's bald. York smiles. Wilderness girl pulls off brown hair revealing a blond crew-cut. Meet MR. JIGSAW, midget merc and all-around hostile bad guy. York's beaten.

YORK

I gotta be honest, you look a lot better with the wig on.

Jigsaw stands on his tiptoes to press the gun against York's nose.

JIGSAW

My hairstyle is the least of your concerns.

YORK

Wilderness Girls. So that's how the drugs are being shipped.

JIGSAW

Brilliant, Mr. York. Now, if you please, the microfilm?

YORK

I don't know what you're talking about.

JIGSAW

You insult my intelligence. Now, give it to me.

YORK

I... I haven't got it.

JIGSAW

Who does?

York doesn't answer. Jigsaw screws a silencer onto the barrel of his gun.

JIGSAW

In a little while you will beg to tell me, Mr. York. So, why not save yourself unnecessary pain and tell me now?

York's nervous. Bites his lower lip. Jigsaw sticks the gun under his chin.

YORK

McCracken.

Jigsaw smiles.

JIGSAW
Thank you, Mr. York.

And PIFF... PIFF... he fires at York. York drops out of FRAME.
THUD. Jigsaw turns to go. Thinks of something. Goes to York's side.

JIGSAW
Is that Dan McCracken or Phil McCracken?

YORK
(gasping)
P... Phil.

Jigsaw nods gets up. PIFFF... shoots York again. Takes a few steps. Turns back.

YORK
Is he on Alpine or Oak?

YORK
(barely holding on)
Al... Alpine.

Jigsaw nods. Shoots him again. Almost makes the door when...

YORK(O.S.)
You... you better park on Third
... You'll never find a spot on
Alpine.

JIGSAW
Thank you, you've been most cooperative.

YORK
Don't mention it.

Jigsaw fires again. There's a THUD and a CRASH then silence.
Jigsaw exits.

EXT. WES LUGER'S HOUSE - MORNING

A pleasant two story house on a palm tree lined street. Heavy on the Christmas decorations. A CONSTRUCTION CREW works on the neighbor's home adding an addition.

Over shot we HEAR a KNOCK on a DOOR and...

LUGER(V.O.)
Debbie, honey, time to get up.
Rise and shine.

Immediately, a rope ladder flies out a second story window and a MAN IN LAKER UNIFORM climbs down. In fact it is a LAKER. A SECOND LAKER follows close behind.

INT. HALLWAY

WES LUGER comes down the hallway adjusting his tie. Knocks on a bedroom door. He's edging past fifty and maybe fighting it a little, but hey -- he's got this great family so how bad can things be?

LUGER

Debbie, up and at 'em.

Luger opens the door.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM

DEBBIE, Luger's knockout teenage daughter, is in bed with the blanket up to her chin. Beside her, SOMEONE has a blanket over their head. A pair of bare legs wearing sweat socks and hi-top sneakers poke out from under the blanket. Luger peeks into the room.

DEBBIE

"I'll be right there, Daddy.

LUGER

Okay, sugar.

Luger closes the door. The THIRD LAKER throws off the blanket and bolts for the window.

INT. HALLWAY

Whistling happily to himself, Luger moves on to another door. KNOCKS.

LUGER

Ben? You up son?

BEN is Luger's nine year old son. Luger opens the door.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

Ben is in bed with the blanket up to his chin. A pair of long legs in sweat socks and sneakers stick out from under the covers of his bed too.

LUGER

Rise and shine.

BEN

Be right down, Dad.

Luger closes the door.

INT. LUGER'S DEN - MORNING

Lots of photos on the wall. Luger with fellow officers. Luger on his BOAT. Luger standing proudly beside a large marlin.

He removes one of a dozen fishing rods from a wall rack. Whips it back and forth, relishing it's action. He talks to it as if it were a woman.

LUGER

A few more days and it's just you,
me and our worms dangling in the
water. I love the way you tease
me and fight me and toy with me...
is it a bite or just a nibble? I
love holding you in my hands and
feeling every tremble and quiver
pulsating along your willowy body.

(beat)

I'd better check my messages.

There's an answering machine on his desk. He checks it.

YORK

(on machine)

Wes? Bill York. Long time, I
know. But I gotta see you. I'm
onto something that could blow the
lid off this city.

CRASH! Distracted by the message, Luger casts a lure through the den window.

YORK

(continuing)

Cocaine's being pipelined into the
country through L.A.. I need your
help, Wes. I think they're onto
me. Call as soon as you get this
message.

The message BEEPS to an end. During this Luger has been trying to reel in the line. He's playing it like he's battling a fish. BEEP a second message.

YORK

Wes, it's Bill again. It's too
dangerous to wait here. I'm
getting out. Meet me at the
Squealers' Hotel downtown. I've
got a contact there.

Grappling with the fishing rod, Luger reaches to rewind the message.

YORK

Wait, I'm not done.

LUGER

Sorry.

YORK

Remember, Wes, you owe me.

LUGER

Is that it?

YORK

Yeah.

The fishing rod suddenly bucks violently in Luger's hand. Outside, a WOMAN SCREAMS. Luger jerks on the rod. The fishing line snaps back into the room, a large bra dangling from the lure. He examines it.

LUGER

(to self)

Yup, that's a keeper.

He tosses it in a desk drawer with a lot of other ladies underwear.

INT. KITCHEN

Luger enters. His wife, DORIS, is pouring orange juice for a MAN in his early thirties. Doris is late forties and fighting it. They both wear fashionable arobics tights.

LUGER

Morning, honey.

DORIS

Oh, Wes, this is Ken Luckman. He's an astrophysicist with a doctorate in fluids. We met jogging this...

LUGER

Hi, Ken. Hon, you'll never guess who called me.

A pause while Luger waits for a response. Silence.

LUGER

Bill York! My old partner. How about that?

He opens the refrigerator door peers in.

LUGER

Anything to eat? I'm famished.

(as he looks for food
he muses)

Two more days and it's over. Boy
those twenty years went fast.

As Luger drones on his wife is hand feeding Ken pieces of toast, a grape maybe a strip of bacon. They nuzzle. Caress. It gets pretty heavy.

LUGER

First, pounding the beat, then
riding a desk, finally making
detective -- earning the gold
badge. And all the time you know
what kept me going? Can you
guess? That's right, Honey Buns,
my family. There by my side.
That's why retirement's going to
be so great. More time for us to
share.

(beat)

Well, I'll get something on the
way. See you tonight, Hon.

He pulls his head from inside the refrigerator. It's covered with frost. An icicle dangles from his nose. Luger looks around. His wife and Ken have disappeared.

EXT. LUGER HOUSE

Luger crosses to his car. As he drives away, the Construction Workers drop their tools, hotfoot it over to his house and start up the rope ladder to his daughter's room.

EXT. STREET - LUGER'S CAR

Stopping for a light. A Jag convertible pulls up beside him. The DRIVER answers his car phone. The Driver HONKS and motions for Luger's attention.

JAG DRIVER

You Sergeant Luger?

LUGER

Yeah.

JAG DRIVER

It's for you.

The Jag Driver leans across the seat stretching the phone cord. Hands Luger the phone.

LUGER
 (into phone)
 This is Sergeant Luger.
 (a beat; Luger reacts
 to some bad news)
 You sure?! I was on my way
 downtown to meet him. Damn! I'll
 be right there.

Luger tosses the phone into his backseat. Flips on his SIREN and takes off. TWO LIMOS block him as the passenger in one limo passes a jar of mustard to the passenger in the second limo.

Luger guns the car onto the sidewalk and around the limos. The car phone line stretches out behind him until Luger tows the Jag through FRAME.

EXT. YORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Pretty crowded out front: Couple of Police cars, an ambulance, a fire truck, an ice cream truck, a lunch wagon truck, a push-cart hot dog stand, a trailer truck hauling a stack of six cars, a cement truck and a wild west stagecoach.

Luger arrives. Parks. Leads us past all of this. Yellow streamers cordon off the walkway. A POLICE LAB CREW takes plaster casts under the windows. Luger approaches a LAB MAN.

LUGER
 Any footprints?

LAB MAN
 We're just pulling out the first
 casting.

He indicates Three Lab Men hoisting a plaster cast out of the ground. It's a perfect reproduction of the "Venus Di Milo".

LUGER
 Well let me know if you find any
 footprints.

Lab Man nods. Luger heads for the house as a second cast is pulled out -- Michelangelo's "David."

INT. YORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Luger surveys the living room. Shambles. Half a dozen COPS mill about. Luger takes a deep breath: This is going to be tough for him. He approaches IRV, a Plains Clothes Officer who's scratching his head and checking a note pad.

LUGER

What have you got, Irv?

Irv looks up. Still scratching. In the b.g., COPS are going through York's tape collection, taking what they want.

IRV

Beats me, Sarge. Dandruff, seborrhea or maybe just dry, itchy, scalp.

LUGER

Have you tried this, Irv?
(producing a bottle
of "Head and
Shoulders")
It's what I use.

IRV

(taking shampoo)
Head and Shoulders? But you don't
have dandruff.

In the b.g., a fight between Two Cops has broken out over a tape.

LUGER

(smugly)
I know.

Luger moves on. Squats down beside a pale man in a black suit. This is DOC, the coroner. He's examining York's body. We can't see York's face.

As Luger and Doc talk, TWO COPS cordon off the area with yellow tape.

LUGER

What are you looking at, Doc?

DOC

The worst dressed stiff I've ever
seen.

During the conversation, COPS dance the limbo under the yellow streamer. They cheer each other on as the streamer is lowered.

LUGER

That stiff and I pounded a beat
together, so show a little
respect.

DOC

I thought he was a private dick.

LUGER

No, he was just a little irascible at times. York left the force five years ago. But he'd been one hell of a cop.

DOC

Sorry, Wes. I see so much of this senseless mayhem I sometimes get a little insensitive.

(pats Luger on the back)

Anyway, this loser took the chicken shit way out and punched his own ticket. .44 slug to the forehead. Gun in the stiff's hand. Still smoking.

LUGER

Cigarettes will kill you.

DOC

No, the gun was still smoking.

LUGER

"Suicide, huh? Must have caught himself by surprise.

And now we see York's face. It is frozen in a wide-eyed, open-mouthed look of surprise.

Doc hands Luger a box of cookies.

DOC

Found these on the floor beside him.

LUGER

Wilderness Girl cookies.

Luger notices a piece of cardboard projecting from York's clenched fist. Tries to pull it out. Can't -- York's hand is clenched in a vise grip.

LUGER

Give me a little help here, Doc.

Doc tries prying the fist open. Luger grimaces at the CRACKING of BONES. Stands. We PLAY this on him reacting to CRACKS... SNAPS and O.S. GRUNTS from Doc. Doc stands and though we can't see it, his body movement and the SOUND effects tell us he's stomping down on York's hand: SOUNDS like he's CRACKING WALNUTS under foot. Luger grimaces.

Doc bends down, comes up with a book of matches. Hands them to Luger.

DOC
Should have asked. Could have
used my lighter.

Luger studies the match book: SQUEALER'S HOTEL -- ASK ABOUT OUR DISCOUNT RATE FOR FEDERAL STOOLIES. Luger turns it over: LEARN TO DRAW AT HOME in bold letters above a crude police composite of some serial killer.

Luger pockets the matches. Takes a step and is stuck like a fly in a web of yellow streamers. He hacks his way through. Crosses to the wall of photographs. Takes down one of him and York: The two of them as younger men at the Police Academy. Luger's head has been pasted on the body of a much younger man -- a much younger black man.

IRV(O.S.)
You knew him, Sarge?

LUGER
I knew him.
(turning to Irv)
He was my partner.

Irv, still fully clothed, is shampooing his hair. His head is a mass of suds.

IRV
(vigorously messaging
scalp)
Sorry, Sarge.

Luger pats Irv's shoulder: He appreciates the sentiment. He heads for the door.

IRV
(calling out)
Hey, I can feel it tingling.

Luger, from the door... Giving Irv a thumbs up.

LUGER
Good, that means it's working.

Luger exits.

EXT. BEACH -SUNSET

A red orb of sun slips into the ocean. Colt steps into FRAME. Watches the sunset. Placid. He's knee-deep in the water -- pant legs rolled up. A TRUCK RUMBLES O.S.. Colt turns to the SOUND.

A garbage truck with ACME MEDICAL WASTE stenciled on its side, backs down the beach to the water's edge. It begins dumping its load into the surf: bottles, old casts, syringes, body bags and objects we'd prefer not to identify.

Colt turns and walks out of the water. He is wearing his socks and shoes. The water has left an oil slick on his legs. A couple of hypodermic needles, a plastic six pack ring, and a styrofoam fast-food container cling to this oil.

Colt heads towards a small battered trailer home squatting on the beach.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Colt enters. It's palatial. And massive. Marble floor. Arched ceilings. Sweeping staircase. Chandeliers. Overstuffed designer furniture.

Colt takes a crumpled cigarette from a crumpled pack. Sticks it in his mouth. Pushes a button and a well-stocked bar glides out of the wall.

He mixes a drink. He pours a bottle of Myers 151 Rum into a huge glass followed by a bottle of Jack Daniels, followed by a bottle of Stolichnaya and topped off with a bottle of Guinness Stout. Colt sips this concoction gingerly. Hm... something's missing. He adds a drop of Creme De Menthe. Sips again. Ah! That's it. He gulps the whole drink down. Picks up a framed photo. Drops onto the sofa. Gazes numbly at the photo.

COLT

Claire... Claire... oh, God... I miss you...

He sobs. Brings the picture to his face and smothers it with kisses.

COLT

I'm trying, Claire... God knows I am... but it's too hard without you.

He chokes back tears. Breathes deeply, fighting the torment: It's a losing battle. He lifts a pistol to his head. Holds it in front of his face. Trembles. The intensity in his eyes chilling as he pulls back the hammer.

Squeezes the trigger.
Slowly.

All sound...

All movement but the slow squeezing of that trigger...
Suspended.

CLICK. A flame pops out of the nose of the gun. Colt lights his cigarette. Looks down at...

THE PICTURE

A Rottweiller.

COLT(O.S.)
I'll find them, Claire. I'll find
the bastards that got you.

A tear PLOPS onto the photo... followed by cigarette ashes.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

Vulgar excess of Christmas decorations. Rap version of "Here Comes Santa Claus" echoes from inside the house.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Three teddy-clad BIMBOS drape themselves around a sleazy man in a sleazy smoking jacket sitting at a white baby grand piano. This is PHIL MCCRACKEN.

Behind them, on a big screen T.V., a RAP SINGER dressed as Santa performs his rendition of "Here Comes Santa." Attractive young SANTA'S HELPERS hang all over him.

The Rap Singer is drowned out as Phil plays piano and he and his Bimbos sing...

THE FOUR OF THEM
Silent Night, Holy Night...
All is calm, All is bright...

CRAAAAACK... the front door is smashed open. Jigsaw stands in the door frame. Revos. Little Armani suit. Big attitude.

Phil jumps up. Bimbos cower.

PHIL
What the hell...

The appearance of a second man in the doorway stops him cold. GENERAL CURTS MORTARS. Tall. Lean. Hard. Retired Army. He exudes covert missions.

PHIL
(humbled)
General.

MORTARS
Phil. Ladies.

Mortars calmly surveys the room. Crosses to a large aquarium.
Taps on the glass.

MORTARS

Scallops?

PHIL

(uneasy)

No. Piranha.

Mortars smiles.

MORTARS

Their lives exude a beautiful
simplicity. Savage. Ruthless.
Existing only to devour and
destroy. To taste blood. To rend
flesh. Sort of like me, right,
Phil?

Phil is too busy going pale to respond. Mortars smiles at Phil
then, in case we still had any doubts about him being a psycho,
Mortars suddenly thrusts his head into the tank.

The tank explodes in a cloud of gravel and churning water.
Mortars removes his head. Unscathed. In his mouth a piranha.
Flapping helplessly. He spits it out.

MORTARS

In it's own environment the
piranha is a ferocious killer. In
mine, just a helpless little fish.
There's a lesson to be learned
from that, don't you think?

Phil has that Linda Blair about to puke green crap, look.
Mortars plugs in a hair dryer -- blow dries his hair as he
speaks.

MORTARS

Phil, I have a concern that's
inhibiting my Yuletide spirit. It
seems certain information was
shared with an individual who
might have jeopardized our cookie
operation. While we've eliminated
this individual, we have yet to
recover a very important item.

PHIL

(panicked)

General, I didn't know York was an
ex-cop, I swear...

MORTARS

Where's the microfilm, Phil?

PHIL

I don't know. When I gave it to him I thought he was one of your men.

MORTARS

Act in haste repent in leisure.

PHIL

But.. but... he who hesitates is lost.

MORTARS

Never judge a book by it's cover.

PHIL

(quickly)

What you see is what you get.

A beat. Mortars is irked. Then he smiles... he's got one.

MORTARS

Loose lips sink ships.

Phil panics.

PHIL

Ah... life is very short and there's no time for fussing and fighting, my friend.

Mortars looks to Jigsaw who pulls out a copy of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations". Checks it. Looks up. Shakes his head -
- "No." Mortars smiles. It's chilling. Phil starts weeping.

MORTARS

Sorry, Phil. No good. You've been careless. Sloppy. We just can't have that. Now, where's the microfilm?

PHIL

(on his knees,
sobbing)

I don't know. I swear.

A Bimbo hands Phil a tissue. Mortars turns to Jigsaw.

MORTARS

Mr. Jigsaw.

Jigsaw produces a massive weapon.

MORTARS

Good-bye, Phil. Sorry I can't stay. Other parties, other obligations. You know how it is this time of year.

Mortars turns and exits. Jigsaw screws the silencer onto the barrel of his pistol.

Phil, up to his waist in spent tissue, tries to back away. Stumbles. The Bimbos scatter. Screaming.

ON JIGSAW

He fires. PIFF... PIFF.

ON T.V.

The Rap Singer rides his sleigh. His Helpers pull it. Over this we hear GUNSHOTS, SHATTERING GLASS, AN INCOMING MISSILE, BARNYARD NOISES.

Then, silence.

Then, MACHINE GUN FIRE.

Silence.

CHAINSAW.

Silence.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Through the clearing smoke we see the room is totally destroyed. The Rap Singer is draped over his sleigh. Dead. But Phil and his Bimbos stand in the middle of the room, untouched.

PHIL

Man, you are really a bad shot.

JIGSAW

shoves an old fashioned pirate ship cannon into FRAME. Lights the fuse. BIG EXPLOSION followed by a series of THUDS.

JIGSAW

Practise makes perfect.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

It looks more like an ad agency than a Police Department: Immaculate and Hi-tech.

AT THE BOOKING DESK

A sign: "Express Lane: Ten Misdemeanors or Less." And beneath the sign, a line of YUPPIE OFFENDERS. Cellular phones. Sunglasses. Beepers.

Luger saunters by on the way to...

THE SQUADROOM

He passes a COUPLE talking with a POLICE ARTIST.

HUSBAND

No, he had fuller lips.

The Artist makes the changes. And now we see he is working with a Mr. Potato Head. He substitutes wide red lips for narrow pink lips.

HUSBAND

Perfect.

ANOTHER PART OF THE SQUADROOM

Luger joins a group of ARMANIED OFFICERS who watch a cop named DOOLEY struggling to free himself from a straight jacket. Dooley is beet red and sweating profusely. Some of the cops watching are being fitted by TAILORS...

TAILOR

We make it very tight to show off manhood. Do you dress to the right or to the left?

ARMANIED COP #1

Give it up, Dooley.

Dooley shakes his head -- never.

LUGER

What's going on?

ARMANIED COP #2

Dooley here bet us he'd escape in fifteen minutes.

LUGER

How long's it been?

ARMANIED COP #1

Hour and a half.

LUGER

Better step on it, Dooley.

MAN(O.S.)
(bellowing)
What the hell is this some kind of goddam
country club you think we're running her
e? I'll have all your asses pounding a bea
t before you can kiss my ass!

If this is more loud than intelligible that's fine because this
is CAPTAIN MURPHY. He's the Department's resident SCREAMER.
He makes the Detroit Captain in "Beverly Hills Cop" seem 'luded
out.

MURPHY
You think crime is taking a
holiday? Think again.

The Officers scatter for their desks. Even Dooley. Luger
falls in beside Murphy.

MURPHY
What the hell do you want, Luger?

LUGER
I want the York case.

MURPHY
There is no York case. It was a
suicide.

They stop by a coffee machine.

MURPHY
(he yells even this)
Coffee?

LUGER
No thanks.

Murphy takes another step to his right, revealing a restaurant
size cappucino/expreso machine.

MURPHY
Cappucino? Expreso?

Luger shakes his head, no.

MURPHY
Well, what the hell do you want?
You think we're running a goddamn
restaurant here, well think again!

Murphy takes a couple of more steps revealing a buffet table
laid out with everything from croissants to sushi. He starts
loading a plate.

LUGER

I don't believe it was a suicide.
York was on to something.

MURPHY

On something is more like it.
Those Wilderness Girl cookies were
laced with cocaine.

LUGER

That figures. York left me a
message. He'd uncovered a drug
running operation. I think that's
what got him killed.

They enter Murphy's office.

INT. MURPHY'S OFFICE

Country pine trendy. A picture of Dan Quayle hangs on the
wall. A FAX spews out wanted photos that look like actors'
head shots.

MURPHY

You're days from retirement. Let
it go.

LUGER

(yelling)

Let it go?! Bill York was a
partner. A friend. I owe it to
him. I owe it to every cop who
ever walked a beat, who ever made
a bust, who ever put his life on
the line.

(pounds desk)

MURPHY

(interrupts; shouts)

Wait a minute! I'm the Captain.
I do all the yelling! But if it
means that much to you, take the
damn case.

LUGER

Thanks, Chief.

MURPHY

(heated)

Don't be so fast to thank me, Luger, because you're going to be naked on this one. It's all on the line for you. People are going to be watching. Blow it and you're going down. Screw up and you'll be hung out to dry. Drop the ball and you'll be left twisting in the wind. Fuck up and you can kiss your pension good-bye. Embarrass the department and your pants will be dancing with figs. Is that clear?

LUGER

Everything but the pants, fig thing. How much time have I got?

Hard stare from Murphy, then...

MURPHY

That's up to you.

A "Price is Right," type GAME SHOW HOSTESS appears from O.S. pushing a game show wheel. Instead of numbers it has times -- hours, minutes, blink of an eye.

Luger swallows hard. The smiling HOSTESS leads Luger to the wheel. He gives it a spin. WHIRRR....

ON LUGER

nervously watching the spinning wheel.

ON MURPHY

intent. Sweat pouring into his eyes.

THE WHEEL

Numbers WHIRRING PAST: six hours, nine hours, three hours.

THE HOSTESS

sweat pouring into her eyes, streaking her mascara.

IN DOORWAY

Cops squeezed together -- Dooley still in the straight jacket. Watching. Sweat pouring into their eyes.

PHOTO OF DAN QUAYLE

watching the wheel, sweat pouring into his eyes.

ON LUGER

eyes closed. On his eyelids are drawn two crude eyes.

THE WHEEL

slowing... slowing. Past "Nine and a Half Weeks". Past "High Noon". Past "3:10 to Yuma". Closing in on... YES! Forty-eight hours.

The Cops go wild. CHEER. Luger lets out a big sigh of relief. The Hostess hugs him. Murphy shakes his hand. The Cops disperse

MURPHY

Nice spin.

LUGER

Thanks, chief.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

A racecourse like TOTE BOARD posts odds on various police activity. LUGER - YORK CASE - 3-1 flashes on the board.

PAN DOWN from the board to Murphy and Luger exiting Murphy's office.

MURPHY

One other thing. Narco's sending over one of their burnt out psychos to look into those Wilderness Girl cookies. I'm teaming him with you.

LUGER

Captain, you know I work alone.

MURPHY

You get the case you get Remington Colt.

AT THE BOOKING DESK

ZSA ZSA GABOR, being booked by a COP, goes berserk. She grabs the Cop's gun. Dooley hops by still struggling to get out of the straight jacket. She grabs him. Puts the gun to his head.

ZSA ZSA

Everybody freeze. I mean it, dahlings, I'll use this.

Everybody freezes. Except Colt who has just wandered into the squad room, cigarette dangling from his mouth. Now, the Cops are outraged.

COPS

(in unison; to Colt)
Put that thing out! Can't you read? No smoking. That's a disgusting habit!

Colt shrugs. Walks past Zsa Zsa and Dooley. Then spins around quickly and coldcocks Zsa Zsa. She hits the floor. Her blond wig goes flying.

Officers rush forward. Grab Colt. Pull the cigarette from his mouth.

MURPHY

Back off.
(beat)
That's Luger's new partner.

Silence. Then all the Officers race to a bank of pari-mutual betting windows.

THE TOTE BOARD

where the odds on Luger quickly change from 3-1 to 100-1.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

VALETS drive up Patrol Cars for waiting Officers. Luger and Colt exit the building. On the way out they pass a SUSPECT escorted by TWO OFFICERS. The Suspect is a living "Mr. Potato Head", complete with plastic features. An exact match for the police rendering we saw earlier. Luger hands a parking stub to a VALET.

As they wait...

LUGER

You guys at Narco may run a pretty loose ship but you're with the Beverly Hills Police department, now. We have our a code of conduct you may not be familiar with: It's called Law and Order.

COLT

I've got a code too. It's called nail the bad guys before they nail you.

LUGER

Let's get one thing straight.
I've got 48 hours...

A PASSING VALET interrupts...

PASSING VALET

Forty-seven hours, thirty-nine minutes, Sarge.

LUGER

(shouts to Valet)

Like I don't have enough pressure.

(to Colt)

I'm out to find my ex-partner's killer. The only leads I have are a matchbook from the Squealer's Hotel and a box of bad cookies. So, I don't need some hotshot cowboy from Narco getting in my way.

Luger's struck a nerve.

COLT

-You're not the only one who's lost a partner.

(off Luger's reaction)

Claire and I rode together for seven years..

The Valet arrives with Luger's car. Luger tips him. As they get in the car...

LUGER

Bill York and I started at the Academy together. Partnered for five years. Before that we served in 'Nam together. Before that we played High School Football together. Before that we were in grade school together. Before that we brest fed together.

INT. LUGER'S CAR

Colt reacts, then tosses the dry cleaning on the passenger seat out of the car.

LUGER

What happened to your partner?

COLT

The hell of it is, I don't know.
I came home one night and she was gone.

LUGER

She was living with you?

COLT

(nods)

Hell, she used to sleep at my feet
and lick my toes.

LUGER

I guess some people are into that
kind of stuff. Me, I think it's a
mistake -- getting involved with a
partner like that.

Luger starts driving.

COLT

Hey, you try not getting involved
with a partner who saves your life
one minute and nuzzles your crotch
the next.

Luger reacts. Clears his throat.

LUGER

Well, Bill and I didn't have that
kind of relationship. Though we
did hold hands at the movies once.

Now Colt reacts.

LUGER

After he quit the force we didn't
get together that much. Though
when we did, Bill was always
excited to see me.

COLT

When Claire was excited to see me
she'd pee on my shoes.

LUGER

(trying not to sound
shocked)

Sounds stress related.

(beat)

What do you think happened to her?

COLT

Maybe she just took off. I hadn't been paying enough attention to her. I realized how neglected she felt the night she shit in my shoes.

Luger shoots Colt a quick look.

LUGER

Guess I'm lucky. My wife just throws things.

COLT

But my gut tells me we were getting too close to someone.

(Colt goes ominous)

And whoever it was -- they're going to pay.

Colt has fished a crumpled cigarette out of his crumpled pack.

COLT

Mind if I smoke?

LUGER

Yes.

Guess Colt doesn't care. He lights the cigarette with the car lighter. Shakes the lighter as if he were putting out a match and tosses it into the back seat.

EXT. LUGER'S CAR - MOVING

The back seat bursts into flames.

EXT. SQUEALERS' HOTEL - DAY

What a dump! On a street of dumps. Bars. Flophouses. Something's going on. Four COP CARS are angled to the curb. A SWAT TEAM crouches down behind the cars, armed to the teeth.

Luger's car SQUEALS to a stop. Luger and Colt bound out of the car. Race to the front line. An OFFICER falls in beside him.

LUGER

This anything to do with the Bill York killing?

OFFICER

Nah. Domestic squabble. Six men, one woman. All heavily armed. Full swat team in place and ready to go in.

Luger nods. Turns around surveys the expectant, tense SWAT TEAM, black grease paint under their eyes. Except for a BLACK OFFICER -- he has white grease paint under his eyes.

LUGER

Alright, I'm going to try and talk them out. I want everyone to hold their fire until I give the order.

Luger takes a megaphone from the Officer. Faces the hotel.

LUGER

This is Sergeant Luger, L.A.P.D.. I'm ordering you men to throw down your hands and come out with your weapons up.

A BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE is the response. One of the COPS fires back. Luger spins around. Furious.

LUGER

Who did that? Who fired that shot?

No one answers. Firing continues from hotel.

LUGER

Come on. Be a man. Own up.

Cops look at each other like guilty school kids. Hang their heads.

LUGER

Do I have to punish everyone because of one bad apple?

A YOUNG OFFICER raises his hand.

YOUNG OFFICER

It... it was me Sergeant.

LUGER

Give me your gun...

YOUNG OFFICER

But Sarge...

LUGER

Give it to me. When you learn to obey orders you can have it back.

The Young Officer hands it over. There's an O.S. SNICKER. Luger turns. Hones in on a SMILING COP.

LUGER

Oh, so we think this is funny do we, Officer?

SMILING COP

No, Sergeant Luger.

LUGER

Maybe you'd like to tell the rest of us what's so funny. Maybe we'd all like to laugh.

Luger gestures to the rest of the Police who are now cowering behind their cars under the hail of bullets.

SMILING COP

It was nothing, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir.

Luger turns away. Mutters to the Officer beside him.

LUGER

When this is over make sure that man doesn't get any donuts.

Luger storms towards the hotel. Colt shakes his head and follows.

INT. SQUEALER'S HOTEL - DAY

Dark. Dank. A couple of chairs spilling their stuffing. Colt and Luger pass the Men engaged in the gunfight.

COLT

You could have lightened up on those guys a little bit out there.

Luger stops in his tracks.

LUGER

I do things one way and that's by the book. You don't like it get off the bus.

Luger turns on his heels. Heads for the front desk.

COLT

(muttered)

Tight ass.

Luger spins around.

LUGER

Did you say something?

Colt shakes his head, "No." Luger turns around. Colt mutters...

COLT
Pencil neck.

Luger spins around. Glares. Colt shrugs. Luger turns around.

COLT
(muttered)
Butt head.

Luger spins around again. Wags a warning finger at Colt, turns and heads for the registration desk.

A FAT MAN in a dirty T - shirt stands behind the desk. As soon as he sees Luger and Colt...

FAT MAN
What is it with you guys? I run a respectable place. What are you rousting me for? I got friends downtown. I don't know what you're talking about.

LUGER
We haven't said anything yet.

FAT MAN
What's the beef? Why hassle me? You cops are all alike. Can't give an ex-con a break. Always busting our chops. I don't have to tell you a thing.

COLT
Park the tongue, fat stuff. I'm Sergeant Colt, this is Sergeant Luger.

The Fat Man appraises Colt: Doesn't think much of what he sees. Turns to Luger.

FAT MAN
You look like a sensible, sensitive, hardworking guy. It must be difficult coping with this burned out, reckless husk of a man, constantly having to engage in frivolous word play and witty banter.

COLT
If lard ass here isn't hiding something, I'll suck a pig's butt.

FAT MAN

Oh, that's not so bad.

Colt and Luger react.

LUGER

Do you know a man named Bill York?

Luger searches for something in an inside jacket pocket: he removes three or four video tapes, a couple of reels of 35mm film, a couple of large oil paintings and finally a half dozen framed 8 x 10 photos. He selects an 8x10. Lays it on the counter. It's another phoney looking pasted on head, airbrush job of him and York in uniform.

The Fat Man points to York in the photo.

FAT MAN

That him?

LUGER

No. That's his picture.

FAT MAN

Never seen him before.

COLT

(to Luger)

We're not getting anywhere like this. Let me accidentally beat the crap out of him.

GUNSHOTS from upstairs. Colt and Luger exchange concerned looks. Head for the stairs.

ON THE STAIRS

Colt and Luger start up. A THUG races down the stairs, fires a few shots over his shoulder at a pursuing COP.

As the Cop runs past...

LUGER

He know anything about the Bill York murder?

COP

(shouts back)

Nah. Try the second floor.

As they continue up more COPS and THUGS run past exchanging gun fire.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Two UNIFORMED COPS, pistols out, are pressed against the wall. TWO PLAIN CLOTHES COPS, badges dangling from their jacket pockets, move cautiously towards a door.

As Luger and Colt approach, all hell breaks loose. TWO SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN race out of a room screaming. TWO PUNKS leap from another room and open fire on the Cops. Chaos.

Colt and Luger approach a Uniformed Cop.

LUGER

Excuse me, is this the Bill York informant shoot out?

COP

(still shooting)

I just got here. Wait a sec.

(shouts to another cop)

Larry! Hey Larry!

LARRY can't hear him over the GUNFIRE. The Cop fires a shot at Larry that whistles past his ear. He spins around.

COP

Larry, is this the Bill York informant shoot out?

LARRY

Nah, check three.

Luger and Colt nod their thanks.

INT. THIRD FLOOR

As Luger and Colt arrive they are greeted by an FBI agent in a dark suit. Gun in hand.

FBI AGENT

Beat it. This is an FBI case.
(into walkie talkie)

Bring them on out.

A door opens and TWO FBI AGENTS lead out THREE INFORMANTS. The Informants' faces are concealed by those little video squares used to conceal identities on T.V. news shows.

COLT

They the Bill York informants?

FBI
(contemptuous)
Get your act together. That's
room 403. Some Bozo named Becker.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR

Dimly lit. Luger and Colt pass a Cop kicking in a door. A MAN ducks out of a doorway and races down the hall.

LUGER
Hey, you! Not so fast!

The Man slows to a walk.

LUGER
That's better.

They reach 403. Colt draws his gun. POUNDS on door.

COLT
Open up Becker! Police!

Becker answers with a hail of gunfire. Light streams through the bullet holes arranged in the shape of F.U..

LUGER
(to Colt)
We tried it your way, now we'll
try it mine.

Luger knocks gently on the door.

LUGER
Room service.

A beat.

BECKER(O.S.)
Just a second.

Locks are unlocked. The door inches open a crack. Colt puts his shoulder to it, propelling Becker back into the room.

INT. BECKER'S ROOM

Small. Green walls. Unmade bed. Bare lightbulb dangling from ceiling. Becker is a dead ringer for BOZO THE CLOWN.

He cowers by the window clutching a seltzer bottle.

BECKER
I don't know nothin'. I didn't
see nothin'. I ain't saying
nothin'.

LUGER

The word is nothing. Not nothin'.
There's an "ing" on the end.
Nothing.

BECKER

(trying)
Nothiiiing.

LUGER

That's better. Now, that's not
what you told Bill York.

Fear flickers in Becker's eyes.

BECKER

I don't know no Bill York.

Luger sighs.

LUGER

Please, not a double negative.

BECKER

Sorry, I don't know any Bill York.

LUGER

(flashes the
matchbook)

These matches say you're lying.

Becker takes the book of matches. Opens it. "You're lying" is
written inside the cover. Becker shifts uncomfortably.

BECKER

All right, so maybe I knew the
guy.

COLT

The night he died he was going to
meet you here. Why?

BECKER

It's where I live.

COLT

Yeah, but why you?

BECKER

The other guy couldn't come up
with his security deposit.

COLT
(frustrated; hot)
Why you and York?

BECKER
Who ever really knows the why of
these things? Two lonely people.
A smoke filled bar. We saw each
other...

LUGER
(hard)
What did you know about the case
he was working on?

BECKER
Case? What case?

Colt suddenly flips over Becker's bed revealing boxes of
Wilderness Girl's cookies and stacks of "Playboy Magazines."

COLT
Got a sweet tooth, Becker?

Becker squirms. Sweats. Gulps. Hyperventilates.

BECKER
You guys don't understand. It's
big. Real big. Bigger than the
Teapot Dome Scandal. Bigger than
the Dreyfus Affair. There's
nothing you can do about it.
They're too powerful. Too strong.
Too je ne sais quoi!

LUGER
We can protect you.

The instant Luger utters those words, gunfire SHATTERS the
window.

BECKER
(strangled)
La commedia e fini!

Becker topples over. Dead.

COLT
Guess that's the last time he'll
trust a cop.

And now Luger and Colt are on the move. All the glass has been
shot out of the window but Luger struggles to open it anyway.
They hop onto the fire escape. GUNFIRE drives them up the
stairs.

A TWA passenger plane hovers like a helicopter. A STEWARDESS strapped in at the open passenger door fires at them with an automatic weapon. PASSENGERS are knocking out the porthole windows with gun butts to join in the gunfight.

EXT. THE ROOF

Colt and Luger tumble onto the roof. Bullets chew up the ground around them.

Colt takes the "arm extended, one eye closed, I've been trained to shoot crap out of the sky" stance. Blasts off a few rounds. Bullets DING the plane's tail.

ON COLT

Intense. Totally focused. FIRING.

A BIRD drops at his feet. A hang glider crashes to the neighboring roof. Then...

COLT

Oh, oh.

The helicopter sweeps from FRAME, revealing a piper cub, rear end smoking, spiraling to earth.

LUGER

Nice shooting, deadeye.

(hot)

You're gun happy, Colt. You're going to get somebody killed.

COLT

Only the bad guys, partner.

LUGER

Answering violence with violence never solved anything.

Luger turns. Storms away. Colt calls after him...

COLT

Bull! Don't you watch "Hunter"?

EXT. STREET - LUGER'S CAR

Luger drives. He does not look happy.

INT. LUGER'S CAR - MOVING

Colt has his feet up on the dash.

LUGER
Feet off the dash, Colt. You'll
leave prints.

Colt puts his feet down revealing photos of the soles of his
feet.

LUGER
And don't scuff the floor mats.

COLT
You should worry about covering
your partner as much as you do
this damn car. In case you didn't
notice, we were being shot at.
You're supposed to back me up.

Luger smolders. Colt's hit a nerve. He gestures to Luger's
empty shoulder holster.

COLT
Where's your piece?

LUGER
She's home.

COLT
Not that one.

Luger shots him a concerned glance.

LUGER
If you mean "Tina the Talking
Mime," its been over for months.

COLT
You still got me wrong.

LUGER
(agitated; HONKS
horn)
What's the hold up here?

COLT
I mean your standard six incher.
You one of those cops who keeps it
holstered around his ankle?

LUGER
No, but sometimes I hold it at
night when I feel lonely.

Colt gives Luger a sideways glance.

COLT
I'm talking about your gun.

LUGER
I don't believe in them. What's
with this traffic?

It's at a bumper to bumper, HORN HONKING standstill.

COLT
Well, when you decide you want to
be a real cop...

And Colt lifts up both pants legs revealing a veritable arsenal
taped to his ankles and calves -- some still with the price
tags on. Luger just shakes his head. The RADIO SQUAWKS.

DISPATCHER(V.O.)
One Adam 12, One Adam 12, we have
a code 11, corner of 10th and 9th.
Do you copy?

Luger turns to a copy machine occupying the back seat. Runs a
copy. Removes a piece of paper with the Dispatcher's dialogue
on it.

LUGER
(on radio mike)
One Adam 12. We copy.
(to Colt)
Let's go.

Colt puts the dome light on the roof. Luger turns on the
SIREN. He swerves up on the sidewalk to maneuver around
traffic.

They swing around the corner passing the source of the traffic
jam: A PIPER CUB is nose down in the middle of the inter-
section. The PILOT is arguing with a COP, gesturing to the
heavens. The Cop ignores him as he writes up a ticket.

EXT. PHIL MCCrackEN'S HOUSE - DAY

A Police Barricade restrains GAWKERS. VENDERS work the crowd,
selling beer, popcorn and programs. VALETS park the police
cars. Luger and Colt drive up. Turn the car over to a Valet.

LUGER
(shouts to Valet)
Don't bury me. I'm only going to
be a few minutes.

INT. HOUSE

Lots of activity. COPS milling about. Luger and Colt enter. Police Photographers snap pictures.

COLT

Looks like those two tried to make a getaway.

Two of the bodies lie on the floor covered by sheets. Two others are also covered by sheets but they're upright, posed statue-like in running positions.

Dooley, still in the straight jacket, hops over to them.

DOOLEY

(indicating Colt)
New partner?

LUGER

No thanks. Already have one.

DOOLEY

Me too.

Dooley whistles. A huge SLOBBERING DOG spraying snot all over Los Angeles, bounds up to Dooley.

DOOLEY

This is Sport.

Sport leaps up on Colt. Front paws on his shoulders. Slobbering face nose to nose with Colt.

DOOLEY

She likes you.

COLT

I've done worse.

ON LUGER AND DOOLEY

LUGER

What are we looking at here?

DOOLEY

A mixed breed. Rotwieller and Chihuahua. I guess they used some kind of lubricant.

LUGER

I mean the case.

DOOLEY

Oh. Male Caucasian, 32, 33.
Bullet to the forehead. Three
females, 36, 24, 36.

LUGER

(taking notes)
And their ages?

COLT(O.S.)

(and it catches in
his throat)

Sport reminds me of a girl I once
knew.

ANGLE - COLT

He's been slimed: Covered head to toe in dripping dog slobber.

DOOLEY

A real dog, huh.

COLT

(wistful)
I loved that bitch.

DOOLEY

Don't go getting misty. Sport's
very sensitive.

(tugs on collar)

Down Sport.

(Sport doesn't budge)

Sit Sport.

(no deal)

Heel Sport.

On "Heel," Sport spins away from Colt, clamps his jaws around
the heel of Dooley's right foot and drags him out of FRAME.

Colt crosses to the white baby grand piano and Luger crosses to
Irv, the Plains Clothes Cop who sits on the arm of a sofa
checking his note book.

LUGER

What have you got, Irv?

IRV

Not sure, Sarge.

Irv slips off a shoe. His right foot bursts into flame.

IRV

It's a nagging, itching, burning
sensation.

A beat.

LUGER

What the hell do you expect?!
Your foot's on fire.

Luger moves on.

ANGLE - COLT

at the piano. He taps a few keys. Sits. Now Colt really gets into his piano playing. He looks down at the

KEY BOARD

and a pair of hands playing. We've probably suspected that when actors sit down to play the piano, they're not really playing. This confirms those suspicions because these are definitely not Colt's hands -- these are the hands of a BLACK PIANIST.

ON COLT

Body swaying. Eyes closed. Pounding out an overbearing, over arranged, Phil Spector type intro.

ON BLACK HANDS

dancing along the keyboard in a direction that has nothing to do with Colt's body movement.

COLT

sings. A gut-wrenching, teen tragedy type SONG that is sure to include lyrics something like...

COLT

Oh, Claire can you see me...
Oh, Claire can you hear me...
Are you somewhere up above...
And am I still your one true love?

Everyone has crowded around the piano providing an "Ooooh waaa" background chorus.

LUGER

I hate these cornball songs, don't
you?

He turns to a UNIFORMED OFFICER beside him. The guy's crying like a baby. Luger shakes his head. Irv pulls him aside.

IRV

You'd better take a look at this,
Sarge.

Irv steers Luger to the wide screen T.V.. A chalk outline of the Rap Singer sprawled across his sleigh has been drawn over the screen.

IRV
J.J. El Coolly.

LUGER'
"Christmas On Crack Street." A
season favorite.
(notices something on
floor)
Well, looks like someone dropped a
letter.

Luger picks it up: A big scarlet letter "A".

IRV
Might have been Hester Prynne.

Luger hands Irv the scarlet A.

LUGER
Check it out. What else have we
got?

IRV
Nothing solid. Found a half key
of coke. Looks like they were
having a little party.

In the b.g., Officers carry out a rack of Wilderness Girl
Uniforms. Luger and Irv cross to a wall of paintings: Monets,
Manets, Cezannes, Cougarts.

LUGER
Any prints?

IRV
No. Those are originals.

LUGER
Not much to go on.

An Officer passes in front of them carrying a bloodied chain
saw.

AT THE PIANO

Colt finishes playing. Nods to a YOUNG COUPLE. The MAN
stuffs a couple of bucks into a tip filled glass on the piano.
The Couple wanders off. Colt empties the glass of tips into a
pocket. Looks around. Frowns. Something has caught his
attention.

Colt crosses to the fish tank. Bends down. Picks up a half eaten box of Wilderness Girl cookies. Slips it under his jacket. Now, Colt spots something in the tank. A ring. Half buried in the sand. Insignia of a face.

Colt finds a fish net. Dips it into the tank. The piranha converge. Water churns. Colt pulls out the net: It's been devoured down to half a stem.

Colt thinks for a beat. Spots a YOUNG OFFICER. Motions him over.

COLT

Could you give me a hand?

The Young Officer eagerly crosses to Colt.

ON LUGER AND IRV

walking across the room together -- past Colt and the Eager Young Officer. In the b.g. we see the Officer tentatively put his hand into the tank. He is suddenly jerked forward, slamming into the top of the tank.

IRV

Gun was found in the stiff's hand.
Also found a suicide note.

Another OFFICER passes, carrying a bomb made up of sticks of dynamite wired to a large alarm clock. Luger stops him.

LUGER

Hold it!

He takes the bomb. Studies it for a second. Checks his wristwatch. Adjusts the clock. Hands it back to the nervous officer.

LUGER

It was slow.

(moving on; to Irv)

So you've found nothing to make
you suspect foul play?

IRV

Pretty much ruled it out. Looks
like another suicide.

The BOMB EXPLODES O.S.. Debris sprinkles down. They reach the bodies. Stop walking.

LUGER

I don't know. Sure, it looks like
a suicide but my gut tells me
there's something else going on.

During this, a puzzled Irv has been counting the O.S. bodies.
Mouthing, one, two, three...

IRV

Weren't there four stiff?
(off Luger's nod)
Damn! McCracken's missing!

Irv takes off, shouting to the room in general...

IRV

Hey! Hey! Anyone see McCracken's
body?

Colt approaches Luger.

COLT

I've got something to show you,
Partner. Puts a whole new light
on this case.

LUGER

What?

COLT

Not here.

As they start for the door they pass the Eager Young Officer.
The tattered right sleeve of his uniform is soaking wet and
stuck into the waist of his pants suggesting his right arm is
missing.

COLT

(in passing)
Thanks for the help, Lefty.

The Young Officer gives Colt the thumbs up.

EXT. HOUSE

Luger and Colt descend the stairs. On the front lawn, SPORT
frantically digs a huge hole. McCracken's body sprawls beside
the hole. Sport starts to bury it.

LUGER

So what's the big news?

Colt produces the box of Wilderness Girl Cookies.

COLT

Want to bet these aren't your
standard variety of Wilderness
Girl Cookies?

LUGER

Meaning?

A Valet races up and takes Luger's parking ticket. Runs off
for the car. We'll track him in the b.g..

COLT

Meaning, I'm willing to bet
they're cocaine laced too.

LUGER

Where'd you get them?

COLT

Inside.

LUGER

You took evidence from the scene
of a criminal investigation?

COLT

Look, you want to crack this case
or not?

LUGER

Not by making up the rules as I
go.

COLT

Sometimes, pal, those are the only
rules that work.

The Valet starts Luger's car and... KABOOOOM! It explodes.

A beat.

COLT

Good thing we used Valet parking.

There's a line of TAXIS across the street. Drivers lean
against them. Talk. Colt WHISTLES for a Driver's attention.
The Driver of the first cab hops into his taxi. Starts it
and... KABOOOOM! It explodes.

COLT

Guess we're making somebody
nervous. Well, it'll take more
than a couple of car bombs to get
us off this case.

LUGER

Not a hell of a lot more.

Colt and Luger start walking. In the b.g., Cops chase Sport who's zigzagging across the lawn dragging McCracken by the leg.

INT. BATHROOM - BEVERLY HILLS PRECINCT

Empty. Colt enters. Looks around. Peeks under the stalls to make sure no one is there. At the last stall a head drops into view upside down. Peeks back. Beat. A POLICE DOG'S HEAD joins the first head.

COLT

Oh, sorry.

Colt crosses to the sinks. Takes a box from a pocket. Places it beside the sink. The label reads; "ASSURE: HOME PURITY TEST." He opens the box and removes a couple of test tubes. He HEARS something. Freezes. A POLICE DOG pads in. Past the row of urinals. At the end of the row is a fire hydrant.

ON COLT

Surreptitiously placing the box of Wilderness Girl Cookies on the sink.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

Luger enters. Watches Colt for a beat.

LUGER

What do you think you're doing?

WIDE

to include Colt. The bathroom now looks like Dr. Frankenstein's lab: test tubes, Bunsen burners, bubbling vats, flasks of colored liquids, and tubes running all over the place. A couple of white coated LAB ASSISTANTS toy with tubing and gauges.

COLT

Running a little test.

LUGER

Give me those cookies, Colt.
They're evidence.

Colt crumbles cookies into a test tube of clear liquid.

COLT

I give you these cookies and
they'll wind up in some property
room never to be seen again.

LUGER

You're playing out some personal vendetta here, Colt and saying to hell with the rules. Well it's no good. If everybody did that this country would be in anarchy.

COLT

Beats bureaucratic fossilization.

LUGER

Are you challenging the tenets of a pluralistic society based on the precepts of democratic principles?

In the b.g. the Police Dog goes to the sink and starts washing his paws.

COLT

No, I'm saying that due process and self determination have been sacrificed on the altar of a bureaucratic monolith arrested in a state of total systemic lassitude.

LUGER

(truly pissed)
Take that back, Colt!

COLT

Over my dead body, Ace!

Luger leaps on Colt and the two of them CRASH through the bathroom door.

INT. SQUADROOM

Major fight ensues. Cops gather around. Bets are placed. Money exchanged. There is a distinct breakdown of the crowd: Neat, By the Book Cops cheering Luger on and Play By His Own Rules Cops in faded jeans and baseball jackets, smoking cigarettes and egging on Colt.

Luger slugs Colt. Colt rolls over the top of a desk. Then he's up, tumbling over another desk. Then another. In fact, he tumbles over a row of ten desks before smashing into the wall.

By the Book Cops cheer. Rebel Cops grimace. Hand over money.

Colt rips the breast pocket off Luger's jacket. A COMMUNAL GASP from the By the Book Cops. Cheers from the Rebels. A BELL RINGS. Colt and Luger drop into chairs at opposite sides of the room. They are immediately surrounded by Cops shouting advice. SLOBBERING DOGS BARK advice at Colt too.

The BELL RINGS and DON KING in referee stripes, motions the fighters to the center of the office. Crowd cheers as the two combatants charge each other. Colt drives Luger across the room towards... that's right... the WINDOW.

CRASH, they fly through the window in a hail of glass. The Cops race for the stairs.

EXT. POLICE STATION - A POOL

COPS eat lunch and sun themselves around the pool. Some Cops, wearing bathing suits and shoulder holsters, take target practice. Captain Murphy looks up from a buffet table to see two flailing bodies dropping in slow motion towards the pool.

MURPHY

Damn!

LUGER AND COLT

slugging each other as they drop, wrapped in the window curtain.

INT. STAIRWELL

The entire Squadroom races down the stairs.

EXT. THE POOL

Now everyone is looking up. Shocked.

LUGER AND COLT

falling. Fighting. The pool a puddle of water below them.

THE POOL

the Cops race out of the building. Surround Murphy who's ready to explode. Look up. Colt and Luger continue their slow motion flight... turning, twisting.

IRV

(winded; to Murphy)

Good thing they're falling in slow motion or we'd have never made it.

Murphy glares at him.

LUGER AND COLT

and they're not in slow motion now as they hurtle towards the pool and... hit the diving board. They BOUNCE back up.

THE COPS

heads tilt up. Tilt down. Tilt up again as they follow the bouncing bodies and then they're hit by a wave of water as Colt and Luger finally SPLASH into the pool.

LUGER AND COLT

go under entrapped in the window curtains. Colt pops up. He's got a tight grip on Luger who has the window curtain wrapped around his head. Colt pounds on him. Luger stops resisting. Colt unwraps the curtain and discovers an elderly man in a wet suit: He's been beating the crap out of JACQUES COUSTEAU.

COUSTEAU

Mon Dieux!

COLT

Damn!

Colt turns to see Luger climbing out of the pool. He heads for him, dropping Cousteau who sinks like a rock.

Murphy goes into an incomprehensible tirade as the Cops file back into the building.

INT. LUGER'S OFFICE

Colt and Luger enter, dripping wet. Cross to the FAX. Luger removes his shirt as he talks.

LUGER

I'm requesting a new partner, Colt. Frankly, I'd rather drink out of Hussein's toilet than work with you.

COLT

Your Hussein hangup doesn't surprise me.

The Fax spits out a freshly laundered and pressed shirt. Luger slips it on.

COLT

What about that buddy bonding fight we just had? Didn't it mean anything to you?

LUGER

Colt, I'm no rookie. I've had twelve of them and now I'm too old for that shit.

Colt is at the lab table.

COLT

Then maybe this will mean something.

He holds up the test tube into which he crumbled the cookies. The liquid has turned blue.

LUGER

(startled)

You're pregnant!

COLT

No. It's another batch of cocaine laced cookies.

A tie comes through the FAX machine. Luger puts it on.

LUGER

What are you saying? There's a connection to York's murder?

COLT

Give the man a cigar.

A HAND juts into FRAME with a cigar. Gives it to Luger.

LUGER

You're grasping at straws. What possible connection could there be between Bill York and a sleeze like McCracken?

COLT

Same M.O.. Same calibre weapon. Same brand of cookies. You tell me?

LUGER

You're not playing with a full deck. That's what I'm telling you.

Luger feeds a twenty into the FAX.

COLT

Meaning... ?

LUGER

The cheese slid off your pizza.

COLT

Suggesting... ?

LUGER

You're a couple of bricks shy of a full load.

The FAX spits out Luger's change. He collects it.

COLT

Implying... ?

LUGER

A few tiles slid off your roof.

COLT

Insinuating... ?

LUGER

(points to his head)
Elvis has left the building.

COLT

Indicating... ?

LUGER

(searching)
Your... your cart's before your horse.

COLT

How the hell am I supposed to understand you when you mix metaphors like that?!

An OFFICER enters.

OFFICER

Excuse me, but we may have a witness to the York suicide. A Mrs. Brown called. Said her kid saw the whole thing. His name's Oscar.

During this Luger puts the cigar in his mouth and pats down his pockets looking for a match.

COLT

You know anything about this Mrs. Brown?

OFFICER

She's got a lovely daughter.
Girls as sharp as her are
something rare. But it's
strange...

(starts sobbing)

...she doesn't love me now. She's
made it clear enough it ain't no
use to pine.

The Officer's bawling. Colt hands him a cookie and shoves him
out the door.

COLT

Here. Have a cookie and try and
get a grip on yourself.

(to Luger)

Let's go.

As they start out the ARM juts into FRAME again and lights
Luger's cigar. He takes one puff and it explodes.

COLT(O.S.)

I can't believe you fell for that
old gag.

EXT. BROWN HOUSE - DAY

Nice, quiet suburban "Leave it to Beaver," type neighborhood.
Colt and Luger swing open the gate on the white picket fence.
Head for the front door. In the b.g., ED MACMAHON exits a
"PUBLISHERS CLEARINGHOUSE" truck. Strolls up neighbor's
walkway carrying a bag with a big dollar sign on it.

LUGER

Let me do the talking, Colt.

COLT

You're the boss.

As they approach the front door they hear...

WOMAN'S VOICE(O.S.)

Out, out damned spot!

The front door opens and a little spotted mongrel DOG slinks
out. A middle aged woman in an apron "Shooos" it away. This
is MRS. BROWN.

LUGER

Mrs. Brown?

MRS. BROWN

That's right.

Luger and Colt hold up their wallets.

LUGER

Sergeant Luger. Beverly Hills Police Department. This is Sergeant Colt. These are our wallets. We'd like to speak with Oscar.

MRS. BROWN

Oh, dear. Did he burn down the school cafeteria again?

COLT

I don't know. But we're here to talk to him about a possible homicide.

MRS. BROWN

Oh, no. Our lawyer told Oscar not to worry, Mrs. Cooper would recover. Sure, one leg would be a few inches shorter than the other and she'd have to learn to write left handed but let's be honest, at eighty-three how much writing is she going to be doing?

LUGER

It's not about Mrs. Cooper. Oscar may have witnessed a murder. We'd like to ask him a few questions.

MRS. BROWN

(relieved)

Oh that. Please come in.

INT. BROWN HOME - HALLWAY

Mrs. Brown calls upstairs from the entrance hall.

MRS. BROWN

Oscar.

No response.

MRS. BROWN

(louder)

Oscar!

(to Colt and Luger)

He's upstairs working with his Junior Chemistry set.

An EXPLOSION from upstairs rocks the house. Smoke rolls down the stairs.

Colt and Luger start up the stairs but have to leap out of the way as some CRAZED MAN barrels toward them. He's wearing a singed postal workers uniform, his hair is smoldering and burned ropes dangle from his wrists and ankles. He bolts out the front door. Keeps on running.

MRS. BROWN

Why that's our mailman Mr. Crosby.
Gosh, he's been missing for weeks.

Colt and Luger exchange a glance. Start back up the stairs.

LUGER

I've got kids, so let me handle Oscar.

AT A BEDROOM DOOR

Smoke seeps out from under the door. Luger knocks.

LUGER

(in his best talking
to a child voice)

"Oscar, it's Sergeants Luger and
Colt. We want to ask you a few
questions.

The door swings open abruptly. And there stands OSCAR. A soot covered version of the kid on a corn flakes box.

OSCAR

I didn't mean to light Becky
Bartfarmer's hair on fire.
Honest. But she was bugging me.
You know. Like girls do.

Colt and Luger enter...

INT. OSCAR'S ROOM

A disaster area.

Luger's playing the "good natured, take it all in stride, aren't kids a hoot," adult. He tousles Oscar's hair. It's so full of grease that his hand gets stuck.

LUGER

Ha, ha, ha. Don't worry, we're
not here about Becky Bartfarmer.
I have a daughter of my own. I
know what girls can be like. Ha,
ha, ha.

Luger jerks his hand out of Oscar's hair.

OSCAR

Oooooow!!!

LUGER

Sorry, son. Say, how old are you Oscar?

OSCAR

Eleven.

(then quick)

I didn't mean to shoot out Gordo Peterson's eye. He told me his Dad's gun wasn't loaded.

LUGER

Eleven. Wow. Bet you saw Dick Tracy, didn't you?

OSCAR

Yeah... It was visually interesting but I thought the story was weak and that Beatty was miscast.

LUGER

But the Kid was great. Remember how he helped him solve the crime? Sort of a junior detective. Would you like to be a junior detective and help us?

Oscar turns to Colt.

OSCAR

Has this guy got a point?

COLT

What we want to know is...

Luger cuts him off.

LUGER

Would you like some ice cream, Oscar?

Luger produces a double dip ice cream cone.

OSCAR

Pass. Guess you're really sweating it, huh, Luger?

Luger slips the cone into a pocket.

LUGER
What do you mean?

With a smirk, Oscar uses a remote control to snap on a big screen T.V.. BRYANT GUMBLE and DEBORAH NORVILLE appear on screen with an "Election Night" type backdrop.

GUMBLE
NBC's early projection clearly shows Sergeant Wes Luger losing ground in the "Bill York Murder Case."

NORVILLE
That's right, Bryant. Luger seems headed for a career disgracing defeat.

Colt grabs the remote and turns the volume down. JANE PAULEY has appeared in the b.g. and is sneaking up on Norville with a knife in her hand.

COLT
The night Bill York died, did you see anyone at his house?

OSCAR
(sly)
Maybe. Maybe I saw a man.

LUGER
Would you like your very own junior detective badge?

Luger produces a plastic badge stamped with "Junior Detective." Oscar rolls his eyes. In the b.g., on the T.V. Pauley and Norville are rolling around in a fight to the death. They'll continue like that during the rest of the scene.

COLT
Can you describe him?

OSCAR
Maybe. Maybe he was short and creepy lookin'. Maybe he had a scar across his face and was wearing a dress.

COLT
So, we're talking about a cross dressing midget here?

OSCAR
Midget. Dwarf. Whichever the ones are with the big head.

LUGER

How about a puppy dog? Every boy
loves a dog.

Luger lifts a cocker spaniel pup from out of FRAME. There's a red bow around its neck. Oscar ignores him. Luger tosses the dog over his shoulder. O.S. HOWL. Luger exits FRAME.

OSCAR

And maybe he was wearing this real
ugly ring.

Colt perks up.

COLT

Can you describe it?

Luger returns with a pony wearing a rhinestone studded saddle.

LUGER

Hey, Oscar, how about your very
own pony with your very own Roy
Roger's saddle?

OSCAR

Maybe I don't have to describe it.
Maybe he dropped it.

Colt's trying to remain cool.

COLT

Can we see it?

OSCAR

Got a warrant?

COLT

No.

OSCAR

Got three hundred bucks?

COLT

No. But I got a gun, kid. And
just maybe it'll accidentally shoot
off one of your nuts.

OSCAR

Yeah, and maybe the tape I'm
making of this conversation will
accidentally end up on the D.A.'s
desk.

Luger steers Colt towards the door.

LUGER
We'll be back, Oscar. Hold onto
that ring.

As they exit, Pauley and Norville CRASH through the T.V.
screen. Roll around on the floor.

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE

Luger hustles Colt out the front door.

LUGER
That's an all time low, Colt.
Threatening a child like that.

COLT
I once threatened an 84 year old
nun confined to a wheel-chair. I
consider that my all time low.

LUGER
That's disgusting.

COLT
Hey, the broad confessed.
(beat)
What is it with you, Luger?
You're more hung up on going by
the book than solving the case.

Luger grimaces. Silence, then we're into...

FLASHBACK MODE

A SCHOOL CROSSING

A YOUNG LUGER -- his name tag reads "WES LUGER AT 12 YEARS OLD"
-- stands in the middle of a crosswalk. He wears an arm band
and banner across his chest that proclaim -- "SAFETY GUARD".
He holds a small "Stop/Go" sign. His book bag is at his feet.

Official. Decisive. Young Luger motions some school children
through the crosswalk. Now the coast seems clear. Young Luger
reaches into his book bag. Plucks out a bag of Fritos.
Doesn't notice the ELDERLY WOMAN using her walker to make it
through the crosswalk. Munches away. The woman passes Young
Luger. He glances at her. Bends to see what else is in his
bag. Freezes as the sound of -- well, it SOUNDS like a TRAIN.
WHISTLE. WARNING HORN. Young Luger's eyes go wide. The earth
rumbles. Light flashes by. Big WIND. SCREECHING OF BRAKES.
O.S. CRASH. A SCREAM. A beat, then the walker falls at Young
Luger's feet.

He drops to the ground. Pounds his head on the roadway.

YOUNG LUGER

Oh, no! By failing to follow the
Safety Guard's Manual, look what
I've done!

(pounds head)

I'm to blame. I didn't go by the
rules.

(pounds head)

It's my fault. I violated page 3,
section E., paragraph 9.

A sudden calm. A new found determination.

YOUNG LUGER

From this day forward I will
always go by the book.

OUT OF FLASHBACK

Old Luger has the same determined look on his face. There's
also a name tag on his jacket that reads: WES LUGER IN THE
PRESENT.

A beat.

COLT

You were a crossing guard? You
guys were all nerds.

In the b.g. a MAN IN BLACK wearing a ski mask, slinks to the
side of the Brown's home. Begins to attach something ominous
looking to the building.

LUGER

And what's your problem? You got
some kind of death wish?

Colt's jaw tightens. He looks grim.

COLT

It's hard for a guy like you to
understand. You've got a family.
Me, I only had Claire.

A FLASHBACK

Memories in muted color:

- On the beach... Colt holds out a stick. Throws it. Looks
down at Claire with smiling anticipation. Claire sleeps.
- Smiling, Colt holds out a dog biscuit.

COLT
Come on, Claire. Jump, girl.
Jump!

Claire sleeps.

- Colt is bound and gagged as Burglars ransack his trailer.
Claire sleeps.

- Colt sleeps as his trailer burns. Claire wakes up,
immediately goes to her doggie door and escapes.

END FLASHBACK

Colt frowns.

COLT
Of course there's a lot to be said
for goldfish.

Colt starts walking towards the car. In b.g. the Man in Black
races away from the house.

COLT
Something like that happens and
suddenly your world's turned
upside down. You live only for
the job. To inflict pain on the
greasy-haired streptococcus...

KABOOOOOM! The Brown's house BLOWS UP behind them. Colt and
Luger hit the ground. Debris rains down on them. A RHINESTONE
SADDLE drops in front of them.

COLT
(continues unfazed)
...who poison this city, all in an
effort to quell the feverish
demons that tear at your soul.

A Special Forces ring like the one Colt found in McCracken's
fish tank drops beside him. Colt picks it up.

COLT
Now things are starting to make
sense.

LUGER
Maybe to you.

COLT

(shows Luger ring)
This ring was given out to a CIA front in 'Nam run by a General Mortars. When the VC tried financing the war with cocaine they went in and burned it. After the war, some guys went into the drug business for themselves. I always suspected Mortars was behind it but couldn't prove it.

LUGER

What's this got to do with Wilderness Girl cookies, Bill York, Phil McCracken, the designated hitter rule or the merits of astroturf?

Colt produces the other ring.

COLT

I found this at McCracken's.

LUGER

"You withheld evidence in a homicide investigation?"

COLT

Oh, excuse me, Mr. Perfect!
Aren't we forgetting something?

Colt reaches out of FRAME and lifts up the mangled walker.
Luger grimaces.

COLT

Maybe people in glass house shouldn't shower in the nude.

(beat)

Time to pay the Wilderness Girls a little visit.

They get in their car. Start it. KABOOOM! It blows up. A very singed Colt and Luger stumble out of the car. They see two bikes leaning against the fence. Hop on them, pedal a few feet and... KABOOM! The two bikes blow up. Colt and Luger go flying.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Century City. Glass and steel. Big Cookie sign announces, "Wilderness Girls of America". Colt and Luger enter the building.

INT. BUILDING - ELEVATOR BANK

A half dozen elevators. Colt and Luger wait.

LUGER

There's something else going on here isn't there, Colt? Something between you and this Mortars.

COLT

I was investigating a drug operation. Cocaine sold on the streets disguised as pastries: Danish, bear claws, strudel. All laced with coke. Users turning up stoned and fat. Mortars was behind it.

During this a JANITOR mops the lobby floor. Since he's wearing a dark suit and tie, dark glasses and a radio mike wire in his ear we suspect Janitor is not his full time occupation.

LUGER

How do you know?

COLT

He was my C.O. in 'Nam. C.I.A. said he was M.I.A. but the V.A. I.D.'d his M.O. and we put out an APB.

LUGER

Oh, I see.

The Man in Black who blew up the Brown's house arrives. He still wears his ski mask. Waits with Luger and Colt for the elevator.

The elevator arrives. Colt, Luger try to get on but the doors start to close instantly. Luger thrusts his right arm between the closing doors to force them open. No dice. They shut on his arm. Luger is slowly lifted off the ground. Everyone looks up.

COLT

We'll wait for the next one.

INT. ELEVATOR

Luger's right jacket and shirt sleeve are missing. Colt and the Man in Black flank him. The Janitor is beside Colt. Still mopping. Still listening.

LUGER
So what happened?

COLT
(bitter)
Busted the operation in three days
but couldn't nail Mortars.
(a beat)
Next day, Claire disappeared.
Coincidence? Maybe. Or maybe
Mortars's revenge. It won't be
over between us until I nail the
bastard.

MAN IN BLACK
Jeeze, lighten up, man. You carry
around all that anger, all that
repressed hostility, and it'll eat
you up inside. You have to just
let it go.

LUGER
He's right. Listen to him.

INT. TENTH FLOOR - RECEPTION AREA

Elevator doors open. Luger, Colt, Man in Black and the Janitor get out. The Janitor is trying to hold a glass to Colt's head as if it were a hotel room wall. Luger and Colt's pants are soaked up to the knees from his mopping. He trails behind them as they cross to the RECEPTIONIST still mopping. Suddenly, Colt turns on the guy. Grabs him by the front of the jacket and slams him into the wall.

COLT
Think I didn't notice you
scuzzball?

Colt flips the Janitor.

COLT
Think I don't know who sent you to
spy on us.

Colt picks him up and hurls him across the office. The Janitor's wallet goes flying out. Luger picks it up. Examens the contents. Colt's demolition of the Janitor is played out in the b.g. or OUT OF FRAME.

COLT(O.S.)
Think I don't know Mortars sent
you?

The Janitor goes tumbling through FRAME. Luger slides some cards out of the wallet. O.S. CRASHES. SCREAM. GLASS SHATTERS.

Colt saunters over to Luger.

COLT
Took care of that slime bucket.

LUGER
(flashing the I.D's)
Looks like he wasn't with Mortars.
He's with Internal Affairs.

Colt looks nervously over his shoulder. The Reception area's window overlooking the city has been shattered in the form of a human body.

Colt looks away. As they walk...

LUGER
Internal Affairs after you?

COLT
Ah, some crap about excessive force.

AT THE RECEPTIONIST DESK

We're seeing the receptionist from a low angle and from behind. She's all woman. Great legs. Great body. Luger and Colt arrive.

RECEPTIONIST
(a voice to melt ice caps)
May I help you?

Colt's eye widen.

COLT
It can't be! Not Mary O'Brien, that freckled faced, buck toothed, pigtailed little girl I knew in fifth grade?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Yes, she is. Or at least she's got an ocean of freckles, Bugs Bunny buck teeth and pony tails.

RECEPTIONIST
No, I'm not. May I help you?

LUGER
L.A.P.D.. We'd like to speak to
whomever's in charge.

Luger flips open his wallet. His badge flies away like a Ninja star. There's an O.S. SCREAM followed by a THUD.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

The Receptionist ushers Colt and Luger into a spacious office. It has a rustic cabin via Ralph Lauren look. Bowls of cookies everywhere. Four other doors open into the room.

RECEPTIONIST
Miss Demeanor will be right with
you, gentlemen. Help yourselves
to some cookies.

She exits.

LUGER
Let me do the talking. I've eaten
these cookies.

COLT
You're the boss.

A side door opens. DESTINY DEMEANOR makes her entrance. Attractive? Maybe. Drop dead gorgeous? No. A tad plump. Pleasant face made a little severe by the glasses and tightly pulled back hair. But we sense a smouldering sexiness as she crosses the room to greet Colt and Luger.

DESTINY
Detectives Colt and Loogie.

LUGER
Luger.

DESTINY
Oh, sorry. Loogie.

Luger bites his tongue. They shake hands. She shakes with Colt. Their eyes lock. Linger. Chemistry.

DESTINY
(distracted; to
Luger)
Have a seat, Detective.

LUGER
Yes, but we're not here to discuss
that.

DESTINY
I mean take a chair.

LUGER
Thanks, but I have plenty at home.

DESTINY
Why don't you sit down and tell me
what you want?

During this Colt opens one of the doors. TWO JEHOVAHS
WITNESSES stand their with pamphlets in hand.

JEHOVAHS WITNESS
Hi! We're Seventh Day Adven...

Colt SLAMS the door shut.

Luger sinks into a chair. Knees nearly above his head. Colt
wanders around in the b.g. opening more doors.

LUGER
We're investigating a felony, Miss
Demeanor.

DESTINY
A felony misdemeanor?

LUGER
No. Just a felony, Miss Demeanor.

DESTINY
Ah...

Colt opens another door -- a "Leave it to Beaver" type family
sits watching television on an old black and white set. He
shrugs. Shuts it.

LUGER
In the course of investigating two
homicides, we found boxes of
Wilderness Girl cookies. The
cookies were laced with cocaine.

DESTINY
Oh, my... that's... that's
horrible. But surely you can't
suspect the Wilderness Girls of
somehow being responsible.

LUGER
Oh yes I can.

DESTINY

Do you think someone's out to give
the Wilderness Girls a bad name?

Colt has opened a third door. A WOMAN showers. Screams. He
SLAMS the door shut. Destiny turns to Colt.

DESTINY

Excuse me, do you have any lines
or do you just open doors?

Colt sneers. Destiny shivers. Nostrils flair. Colt opens a
fourth door.

COLT

(revolted)

Uuuuuchk!

Luger and Destiny join him at the door. Grimace. Colt and
Luger exchange a glance.

COLT

(to Destiny)

Mind if we take care of this?

DESTINY

Please do.

They step into the room and when they do they are stepping into
the middle of a DOCKERS COMMERCIAL. A room full of GUYS talk
their inane pseudo-natural, homicide justifying, talk. The
CAMERA moves as if in the commercial: from guys' butts, to
faces, to objects, to faces, to butts. Annoying CUTS in
diffused light.

Random dialogue...

GUYS IN COMMERCIAL

I think like my father but I look
like my mother. Does anyone have
something to eat. I feel sorry
for your mother. I'm forty, I'm
allowed to be fat.

Now the CAMERA's on Luger and Colt's back pockets. Colt takes
out a Louisville slugger, Luger a tire iron.

ON THE GUYS

noticing Luger and Colt.

GUYS

Hey, you two are just wearing
pants.

They snicker. Luger and Colt move forward.

ON DESTINY

O.S. shouts. CRASHING GLASS. SPLINTERING FURNITURE. A PAIR OF PANTS go flying past. WALLS CRUMBLE. SOUNDS of a MAJOR EARTHQUAKE. Silence.

Luger and Colt rejoin Destiny. In the b.g., holes in the wall and shattered windows where the Guys were shown the exit.

LUGER

Well, today I can hold my head up
and say I served the public.

Colt opens the last door: Floor to ceiling boxes of Wilderness Girl cookies. He turns back to Luger and Destiny.

COLT

Bingo!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESTINY'S OFFICE - LATER

It's been turned into a lab. Colt crumbles a cookie into one of a series of test tubes. The liquid in the test tubes remains clear. Colt is obviously frustrated. He looks up to check the time -- a VCR timer blinks 12:00. He looks at his wristwatch -- it blinks 12:00.

BEHIND COLT

The floor is strewn with open boxes of cookies. Frankenstein's MONSTER is strapped down on a table. A MAD SCIENTIST TYPE fusses with him. A HUNCHBACK carries a large glass vat towards the table; it contains a brain. Frustrated with the test results, Colt spins out of his chair. Bangs into Hunchback, dislodging his hump and causing him to drop the brain.

COLT

Sorry.

He repositions the Hunchback's hump. Destiny approaches Colt.

DESTINY

Will you be finished soon,
Officer?

LUGER

He's finished now, Ma'am. We apologize for taking up so much of your time.

(hands Destiny a card)

If you see or hear anything unusual, give us a call.

She takes the card. Locks in on Colt.

DESTINY

I will.

Colt swallows hard. Destiny extends her hand. Colt takes it.

DESTINY

Sorry I couldn't give you more... assistance.

Colt starts to sweat. Looks at her chest. It heaves, nipples pressing against the fabric of her blouse. Colt trembles. Nickle size sweat beads on his upper lip. Destiny's eyes gaze passionately. Her glasses smog up. Lips part seductively. Spinach between the teeth. Toothpick pries it out. Colt hyperventilates. Pants. Destiny's nostrils flare.

CLOSE on Colt's eyes, then Destiny's.

CLOSE on Destiny's lips. They quiver, part slightly so we're CLOSE on her teeth, then past her teeth into her mouth, towards the back of her throat, down the esophagus... we're on some horrible "Fantastic Voyage" or mouthwash commercial, trip. Then..

LUGER(O.S.)

Colt!

And we're back in the room as Colt snaps out of it. Struggles to regain his composure. Destiny's doubled over, coughing as though the camera was lodged in her throat.

COLT

(indicating boxes of cookies)

Sorry about messing up all your bosoms.

(beat)

Boxes.

DESTINY

(through coughs)

My pleasure.

Colt nods. Exits with Luger. The moment they're gone Jigsaw and Mortars enter from behind the door where the Woman showers. They're both dressed in suits and plastic shower caps and soaking wet.

MORTARS

Well done, my dear. An exemplary performance. I believe we may have stumbled on the whereabouts of the microfilm.

Mortar's smiles. Destiny looks troubled.

MORTARS

Mr. Jigsaw perhaps you and some associates might converse with our two police friends. Use your powers of persuasion to see if Bill York left them a memento.

Jigsaw smiles.

INT. WILDERNESS GIRL BUILDING - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Luger and Colt wait.

LUGER

Wilderness Girls of America peddling cocaine laced cookies. Beautiful. For a minute there, Colt, you actually had me believing it.

COLT

Something's missing. A piece we're just not seeing.

LUGER

It's a dead end. Let it go.

COLT

I'm not built that way.

A MAINTAINENCE MAN places a sign in front of the elevator. It reads: OUT OF ORDER, YOU TWO BETTER TAKE THE STAIRS.

LUGER

We better take the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE

And what a set of stairs! Massive. Marble. Empty. Still. Reminiscent of "The Untouchables" via "Battleship Potemkin". Luger and Colt start down the stairs. Below them, a WOMAN maneuvers a baby carriage up the stairs. It's slow, arduous going.

LUGER

I don't have time for any more of
your wild goose chases.

Luger notices the Woman's plight. Goes to help her.

LUGER

Let me give you a hand with that.

WOMAN

That's very sweet of you.

Luger pushes the carriage. Strains. Heavy kid. Turns to a SOUND behind him. More carriages. A parade of them.

COLT

stands in the middle of the staircase. Shakes his head. NOISE behind him. Turns. Coming down the stairs now, men and woman pushing shopping carts, two medics pushing hospital gurneys, patients strapped in and a GOLFER pulling his clubs.

LUGER

puts his shoulder into the baby carriage.

VOICE(O.S.)

Far enough, Sgt. Luger.

Jigsaw pops up from inside the baby carriage, wearing a baby's bonnet and pointing a Luger at Luger.

LUGER

(to mother)

I don't want to be Mr. Buttinsky
but children this young shouldn't
play with guns.

The Mother pulls out a gun.

LUGER

(trying to cover)

That's not saying you're a bad
mother...

And suddenly Colt is on Luger, shoving him away. The momentum carries Luger over the stair railing. Everyone on the staircase freezes... tilting their heads to listen for the landing.

LUGER

(fading away)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

It sounds as if Luger's dropping into the Grand Canyon. Then... SPLASH!!! A beat and everyone is back to business. The MOTHERS grab Uzis from inside the carriages. Colt is in motion, spinning, kicking, slashing. He does one Karate kick, right leg extended, left tucked in, and flies through the air. He doesn't come down. Colt's like Mary Martin in "Peter Pan," sailing from one bad guy to another, hanging, turning, arms open like he's about to break into a musical reprise.

Finally, he drops to the steps and comes face to face with a WOMAN'S breasts. And freezes. Starts to sweat. Trembles, fixated on the breasts. The nose of a gun presses against his temple.

JIGSAW

"What's the matter, Mr. Colt?
Never seen breasts before? How
surprising, a brave man like you
crumbling at the sight of mere
mammaries.

CLICK, Jigsaw cocks the gun.

JIGSAW

Up, Mr. Colt. We have much to
discuss.

Colt stands unsteadily, then suddenly spins the woman into Jigsaw and leaps over the marble railing.

COLT(O.S.)

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

It fades away as he drops into the stairwell abyss. Everyone on the stairs tilts their head to listen.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Colt is on the other side of the railing, tucked into a niche in the marble. Hands cupped around his mouth he's producing the...

COLT

(fading out)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

JIGSAW(O.S.)
 How amusing, Mr. Colt. Do you
 know any other tricks?

Jigsaw leans over the railing, gun pointed at Colt. Keeping his delicate balance, Colt pulls a bouquet of flowers from his sleeve. Tosses them over the railing. He pulls out a streamer of scarfs, a baton of fire, a pair of doves.

APPLAUSE from a crowd that has gathered at the railing: parents with children hoisted up on their shoulder; young kids holding balloons and cotton candy. Jigsaw turns to look at the crowd and when he turns back, Colt is gone.

INT. STAIRWELL - BASEMENT

An obvious DUMMY dressed like Colt drops through FRAME, slams into the floor. Colt pops up, unscathed. Looks around. There's a figure etched in the marble floor where Luger landed but no Luger. Colt heads for a set of doors that lead to...

INT. HALLWAY - SERVICE ELEVATORS

Colt, weapon out, moves cautiously into the hallway.

COLT
 Luger? Luger where are you?

The elevator doors open and Jigsaw leaps out. Colt spins around and looks down the barrel of his massive weapon.

JIGSAW
 Drop your gun, Mr. Colt.

Colt's weapon rattles to the floor.

COLT
 Who the hell are you?

JIGSAW
 I'm your worst nightmare.

Colt digests this for a beat. We DISSOLVE into his THOUGHTS.

IN A BEDROOM

Colt sleeps. Shafts of moonlight illuminate room. There's a sound. Colt looks up. Someone's there. Moving in the shadows. Colt sits up. Eyes go wide... There, dressed in flimsy negligee and crawling across the bed towards him is...
 ROSANNE BARR.

Colt SCREAMS.

ON JIGSAW

In the hallway. He SCREAMS.

COLT

breathes deeply, trying to compose himself.

JIGSAW

Okay, alright, so I'm not your worst nightmare but I'm right up there. Where is the microfilm?

COLT

What microfilm?

JIGSAW

You insult me.

COLT

Nah, that's no insult. You're a slimy, half-pint bucket of worthless oozing monkey puss with a kisser that'd scare starving dogs off a meat truck -- that's an insult.

(beat)

Hope I'm not turning you on.

Luger bursts through the doors.

LUGER

What's going on here?

COLT

Meet Bill York's killer, Coach.

Luger looks at Jigsaw.

LUGER

York was killed by a hideous three year old named Coach?

JIGSAW

Drop your gun, Luger.

LUGER

I'm not carrying one.

JIGSAW

You're not carrying a weapon?

LUGER

I don't believe in them.

Jigsaw kicks Colt's gun over to Luger.

JIGSAW
Pick up the gun.

Luger picks up the gun.

JIGSAW
Drop the gun, Luger.

COLT
Don't listen to him.

JIGSAW
Drop it or I shoot your partner.

COLT
He's gonna shoot me anyway. If
you drop it we'll both be dead.

Luger, shaking, tries to steady the gun. Levels it at Jigsaw.

FLASHBACK:

A YOUNGER LUGER wearing a bad hairpiece, faces a CRAZED MIME, who holds an invisible gun to Bill York's head in an identical stand-off situation. York's wearing an equally bad hairpiece.

YORK
Shoot him, Wes! Shoot him!
SHOOT HIM!

Luger panics. Closes his eyes, turns his head and fires. An AGONIZED SCREAM reverberates in the blackness.

OUT OF FLASHBACK

Colt and Jigsaw look at each other then spin back to Luger.

COLT & JIGSAW
(in unison)
DROP THE GUN!!!

Luger blinks the sweat out of his eyes. Drops the gun. It DISCHARGES. The ricocheting bullet knocks the gun out of Jigsaw's hand. Jigsaw shoves Colt into Luger and races away.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS BUILDING - STREET

Jigsaw cuts across a four lane street. Colt and Luger race out the building's service entrance.

COLT
Stop!

Jigsaw spins around. Fires at them. Colt draws his weapon, drops to the ground and starts rolling. Shoots as he rolls. And rolls. And rolls. Out into the middle of the street. BLASTING away. Blowing out car tires. Drivers hit brakes. HONK. Swerve out of the way. Lots of O.S. CRASHES and SHATTERING GLASS.

Colt rolls to a stop on the other side of the street. Hops up. Sees the Jigsaw on the opposite side.

COLT

Damn!

Quickly, he shoves a fresh clip into his gun, drops to the ground and rolls and shoots his way back across the street. He looks up to see Luger pursuing Jigsaw.

AN ALLEY

Jigsaw enters the alley. Luger follows. Jigsaw throws garbage cans in Luger's path to slow him. Two, three, four garbage cans.

ON LUGER

trying to avoid a now endless barrage of garbage cans. Fifteen, twenty, fifty -- they just keep coming. Now a huge green dumpster rolls toward him. Luger presses against the building as it rumbles past.

WIDE

as Jigsaw ducks into a door. Luger races to the door. Locked. O.S. CAR HORN.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY

Colt in the car. HONKING. Luger races up and hops in as Jigsaw drives out of a garage. Colt and Luger follow. In b.g. there's a massive traffic jam caused by a dumpster and fifty or sixty garbage cans clogging the middle of the street.

COLT AND LUGER'S CAR - MOVING

Weaving in and out of traffic. Keeping Jigsaw in sight.

JIGSAW'S CAR

Jigsaw drives sitting on phone books. Pulls onto the...

FREEWAY

Jigsaw sees Colt and Luger gaining. Curses. Draws his gun. FIRES. Blows out the window of a passing station wagon. WOMAN driving the station wagon is enraged. Produces her own gun. FIRES. Shatters the window of some YUPPIE'S BMW. Yuppie grabs a .357 Magnum. Starts unloading. Weapons appear in every car. Major commuter gunfight.

COLT'S CAR

stuck behind cars at a six lane TOLL BOOTH. Only it's not a Toll Booth. The ATTENDANTS are trading in weapons and selling ammunition to the Commuters. Colt HONKS the HORN.

COLT

(agitated; to the
driver in front)

Come on! This is a small handgun
lane.

LUGER

(pointing)

There!

He indicates Jigsaw moving onto the emergency shoulder and pulling away, Colt does the only logical thing; he gets out of the car and pursues on foot. Runs over trunks and roofs and hoods. Past the Toll booth congestion. Races beside a MOTORCYCLE RIDER. Keeps up with him. Gestures for a cigarette, Gets one. Nods thanks and accelerates away.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Jigsaw's car speeding along the highway.

Colt running in the middle of the street. He wears a MARATHON RACER'S TAG and number.

Jigsaw's car racing across the desert.

Colt takes water from someone in the CROWD that now lines the sidewalks. Drinks. Sprays some over his head. Crowd cheers him on.

Jigsaw's car driving on some snowy, winding mountain road. The Alps come to mind.

Colt stops in a 7 - 11 for a pack of cigarettes. The pack he gets is already crumpled and contains only three equally crumpled cigarettes. Sticks one in his mouth and resumes running.

Jigsaw's car pulling into a gas station. They attendants act like it's a pit stop at Daytona. Tires are pulled off, tank filled, etc..

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Colt's on an overpass. Glances down. Sees Jigsaw's car. Leaps. Lands on the roof. Peeks into Jigsaw's window. Smiles.

Jigsaw does a series of maneuvers trying to dislodge Colt, or rather the DUMMY in matching wardrobe passing for Colt. It bounces around on the roof.

EXT. A DEMOLITION DERBY

Jigsaw pulls onto the outdoor field. Joins the competition. Bangs heads with cars. Plows into walls. Does a roll, all in an effort to dislodge Colt/Dummy. No dice.

EXT. STREET

Jigsaw swings his car onto a crowded avenue. There, looming up ahead, a sign announcing "APPLE STAND." He nails the stand. Apples fly everywhere. Merchant yells. Colt hangs on. A second later -- a "BANANA STAND." Jigsaw hits it. Merchant yells. Colt hangs on. In rapid succession Jigsaw plows into a pineapple stand, an iceberg lettuce stand, a parsley stand and a canned fruit stand. The last sends Colt tumbling on a display. Jigsaw speeds away.

As Colt extricates himself from the mess, Luger drives up.

LUGER

Let him get away, huh?

Colt glares at him.

COLT

At least we know who and what we're up against.

LUGER

Yeah. So it's time to go our separate ways before you get us killed. But to show there's no hard feelings, come home with me for a good home cooked meal.

INT. LUGER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Colt sits at the kitchen table. Luger's daughter, Debbie and son, Ben, sit opposite him with their Golden Retriever between them drooling all over the table. Luger sits to his right serving pizza from Dominos Pizza. Some home cooked meal.

LUGER

I can't imagine where Doris is.

Ben and Debbie look at each other. Snicker.

DEBBIE

Guess you forgot, Daddy, this is Mom's "Bowling with the Teamsters" night.

LUGER

Oh. Yeah.

Colt makes small talk. The Retriever has drooled a puddle halfway across the table.

COLT

So, Debbie, how do you like school?

UNDER THE TABLE

Debbie starts playing footsie with Colt.

DEBBIE(O.S.)

How do you think I like it? It sucks.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Colt reacts.

COLT

So, Ben, any hobbies?

BEN

You mean, do I fish like my dweeb Dad?

Ben indicates a poster size picture on a wall: Luger standing proudly beside a huge Marlin.

UNDER THE TABLE

COLT(O.S.)

I didn't know your father was such a sportsman.

Debbie is still playing footsie with Colt and now Ben joins in.

BEN(O.S.)

Dad's the one in the cap.

The Retriever's paw starts rubbing against Colt's leg.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Colt jumps up.

COLT
I should be going.

LUGER
No. Stay. Here's Doris now.

Doris enters on the arm of a 18 year old in a Vons uniform and apron. Luger stands.

LUGER
Hon, I want you to meet Remington Colt. We've been working together today.

DORIS
Charmed, I'm sure.
(indicating teen)
This is Ted Polanski. Ted's a Produce Manager...

TED
Assistant Produce Manager. Mr Brubaker's the Manager.

DORIS
Ted was very helpful with some of my produce selections and I thought I should extend him a special courtesy.

She squeezes his arm. Pinches his butt. Luger's oblivious, preparing coffee at the sideboard.

LUGER
Coffee, Ted?

DORIS
Ted comes from a dysfunctional family.

LUGER
So no coffee.

DORIS
I thought it might be nice if he spent some time with us. I was even thinking of taking him to Mother's for the weekend.

LUGER

Hon, I know you're just trying to blot the memory out but... well, your Mother's been dead for six months.

Stunned silence. Something dawns on Luger.

LUGER

(softly -- oh, oh)
Didn't I give you that message?

A beat. Doris SCREAMS. Colt jumps up.

COLT

I'll pass on coffee.

Colt bolts for the door.

EXT. COLT'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Colt trudges across the sand to his trailer. Hesitates when he sees the open door. Draws his pistol. Eases into the trailer.

INT. COLT'S TRAILER

Colt is a silhouette at the door. Only candles illuminate the room.

DESTINY

Don't shoot cowboy. It's only me.
(as Colt moves from doorway)
I love candlelight, don't you?

COLT

Only on birthday cakes. You should be more careful, I might have blasted off your eyeshadow.

Destiny shudders at the thought. She's wearing a revealing strapless red dress.

DESTINY

Interesting place. Much bigger than it looks from the outside.

COLT

I chose light colors to make it look bigger. What are you doing here?

DESTINY

I wasn't totally honest with you and Detective Loogie.

COLT
No one ever is.

DESTINY
But I can't live with it anymore.
I know who's responsible for those
cookies.

(off Colt's reaction)
It's the man I fell in love with.
A man who betrayed me. A man you
were involved with.

Colt cocks his head in a puzzled, let me think about this, sort
of way.

A FLASHBACK

A beautiful stretch of sun drenched beach. Pounding turquoise
surf. Frolicking Beach goers. And at the surf line, running
along holding hands, comes Colt and A MAN who looks like he's
served some hard time.

DESTINY(V.O.)
No. No. Not him.

Colt snaps out of his FLASHBACK.

DESTINY
It was in Vietnam.

A FLASHBACK

A beautiful stretch of sun drenched beach. Pounding surf.
Bombs bursting in air. Running at water's edge is Colt,
holding hands with a VIETNAMESE MAN. They frolic out of FRAME.

DESTINY(V.O.)
No. No. It was Mortars. Gen.
Mortars.

Again, Colt snaps out of the FLASHBACK

COLT
M... Mortars?

A FLASHBACK

The same beautiful beach we saw a moment ago. And here comes
Colt running hand and hand through the surf with Mortars.

COLT(V.O.)
Wait a minute! I never...

OUT OF FLASHBACK

DESTINY

I didn't mean that kind of involvement.

COLT

Oh.)

DESTINY

I thought you were under his command. That you worked together.

Colt nods. Jaw tight.

COLT

Yeah, we served together. You've got strange taste in men.

DESTINY

There's no accounting for taste when love is involved. Love isn't some math equation with an easy answer. No, it's something wild. Delirious. Intoxicating...

She looks at Colt. Places a cigarette in her mouth. Lights it and sucks it down to a long ash with one inhale. She exhales through her nose -- a cloud of cigarette smoke envelopes her.

DESTINY

(from inside the cloud)

Something hot.

COLT

Why are you telling me this?

DESTINY

Because I'm ashamed. Because Mortars is psychotic.

COLT

You can't arrest a man for his religious beliefs.

DESTINY

(gathering courage)

You don't understand, he's using the Wilderness Girls of America to... to sell cocaine.

(overcome with
relief)
Oh, my! I... I feel as though an
incredible weight has been lifted
off my chest.

She moves to Colt. Draws him down on the sofa. Places his
hand on her chest.

DESTINY
Can you feel it?

COLT
(sweating profusely)
Yes. Yes, I can.

DESTINY
Isn't it wonderful?

COLT
Yes.

DESTINY
And there's more.

COLT
(falsetto)
There is?

DESTINY
Yes.

Steam rises from Colt's body.

DESTINY
Tomorrow at midnight. A big drug
deal at the Wilderness Girls
Cookie Factory. You and Luger
must stop it.

COLT
Yeah. Okay.

DESTINY
But not until after...

COLT
After what?

Destiny removes her glasses. Tosses them aside. Bends her
head. Lets down her hair. Shakes it so it cascades over her
face.

ON COLT

reacting.

WIDE

Destiny shakes her head. Her hair swings away revealing... a DIFFERENT WOMAN (and obviously a different actress) -- a knockout. She's wearing the same red dress, sits in the same spot so we know it's Destiny but what a change.

COLT

You should always wear your hair down.

As she wraps her arms around him...

DESTINY

For you, I always will. Come.

She draws Colt to her on the sofa. He's very tense.

DESTINY

Relax, Colt. Squeeze me. Squeeze me like I was a Smith & Wesson 347 double action Magnum with an extended chrome 8 inch barrel that was just begging for a few squirts of gun oil...

Colt squeezes her.

DESTINY

Now blow in my ear like you were blowing away the metallic blue discharge wafting from your barrel after you've spent your full load.

Colt blows in her right ear. The candle directly beside her left ear goes out. Colt reacts. Destiny stands. Draws Colt up.

They fall onto Colt's bed. The bed collapses. They don't seem to notice.

PAN discreetly to a clock. 12:10.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME CLOCK

12:11.

PAN back to the bed. They are leaning back against the pillows smoking cigarettes, sheet covering their chests.

DESTINY
That was magic, Colt.

Then, softly, gently, she begins to cry. She rests her head against his chest.

COLT
I guess you're crying because you know it's wrong to get mixed up with a guy like me. A guy who lives on the edge and plays by his own rules. A guy who can only spell heartache and loneliness for a woman like you.

DESTINY
(through the tears)
No. I'm crying because now that we've had these moments together I know I'm going to die.

COLT
Somethings are worth dying for.

EXT. THE BEACH

Still. Moon on the sea. And then...

HELICOPTERS. Bells. Fierce and moving fast. Three of them coming in low, shattering the silence with TURBO-THROB. Lights sweep the beach.

INT. COLT'S TRAILER

Destiny reacts to the HELICOPTERS.

DESTINY
Do you hear something?

COLT
(shouts above TURBOS)
Nah!

EXT. TRAILER

Welcome to hell. GUNFIRE ERUPTS from the helicopters, lacerating the trailer's metal sides. The BARRAGE collapses the roof. The trailer trembles.

IN A HELICOPTER

Jigsaw. Smiling.

EXT. TRAILER

A final BARRAGE of GUNFIRE, the trailer shudders and collapses. The gunfire stops. A white flag waved at the end of a broom handle appears from a pile of rubble.

JIGSAW
(on megaphone)
Hold your fire.

Now a MAN appears. Hair and clothes singed and smoking. We may not be able to discern his features but this much is sure - he is definitely not Colt.

JIGSAW
Excuse me but is this 1014 Pacific Coast Highway?

The Man shakes his head. Points up the beach.

MAN
This is 914. 1014 is a half a mile up the beach.

JIGSAW
Oh. My mistake.

The Helicopters bank south.

INT. COLT'S TRAILER

Destiny appears at the window. Searches the sky. Spots something in the distance.

DESTINY
Colt! Look!

Colt joins her at the window. Sees them too. TANKS bouncing along the sand.

DESTINY
It's Mortars. I know it.

COLT
Damn!

They dash from the window. We HEAR them THUMPING around in the dark. HEAR a few OOW and OUCHES.

EXT. COLT'S TRAILER

Destiny and Colt race out. Destiny's wearing Colt's boxer shorts and T-shirt. Colt's wearing Destiny's shoes, garter belt, stockings, panties and bra. They stop short. Look at each other. Run back into the trailer.

EXT. COLT'S CAR

Colt and Destiny hop in. Look nervously back over their shoulders. The Tanks lumber towards them.

COLT

Hang on!

Colt guns the car onto PCH.

INT. COLT'S CAR - MOVING

FRANTIC CHASE MUSIC as Colt and Destiny look to their left. A TRAIN races alongside them -- an obvious old time process shot. The train is a series of flatbeds piled with sandbags. Soldiers out of "Gunga Din" man machine guns -- BLAST away.

Colt guns the car. Train veers away. Colt breathes a sigh of relief. Then an arrow flies into the car barely misses Destiny and inbeds itself in the steering wheel. They look right to see a black and white process shot of INDIANS racing alongside the car. Lots of WAR CRIES. Again Colt guns the Caddy and the Indians drop back.

A joint SIGH of relief then... HELICOPTER coming up on the left. Sweeping towards them. MACHINE GUN FIRE riddles the road. Dings the side of the car. Chopper sweeps over them. Drops down beside them. Pilot grinning. Man In Black taking aim. Destiny SCREAMING. Colt searching in the trash on his seat. Finds a half eaten Quarter Pounder. Hurls it at the Chopper.

The burger splatters against the Chopper's wind screen. Pilot's hands go up in panic. He SCREAMS. Chopper spins out of control. Disappears over a hill. Explodes. The Caddy speeds down PCH.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Caddy SQUEALS to a stop in front of an apartment building. Colt and Destiny hustle out. Stop at the front door.

COLT

Take care, babe.

DESTINY

Colt, next time instead of just smoking cigarettes in bed could we actually make love?

COLT

Maybe.

Destiny grabs Colt passionately as he turns to leave.

DESTINY

Please, Colt. I want you. I'm
burning for you. I'm on fire...

COLT

I'm late.

DESTINY

It will only take a minute.

COLT

(defensively)
Who told you that?

Destiny pulls him close. Plants a wet one on him.

ANGLE - THEIR LEGS

In unison, Colt and Destiny bend one leg up off the ground.
Colt's still wearing her pumps. A beat and they both lift the
second leg up so they're suspended in mid-air.

ANGLE DESTINY AND COLT

Colt pulls away.

DESTINY

Colt, please. Don't you find me
desirable?

COLT

Sure. But I've got a partner to
warn.

Colt exits FRAME. Linger on Destiny. Fighting tears. Colt
steps back into FRAME. Bends down. Stands back up with
Destiny's pumps in hand. Hands them to her and leaves.

EXT. LUGER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Colt parks in front of the house. Crosses to the front door.
It's open. Colt doesn't like the looks of this. He draws his
pistol. Presses close to the door. Eases it open some more.

INT. LUGER'S HOUSE

CLOSE on Colt. Head peeking around the door. Early morning
sun squeezing through the blinds is the only light.

Still peeking around door in C.U., Colt creeps forward.
Creeping... creeping... always peeking around the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The front door is off its hinges. Colt stands in the middle of the living room holding it upright.

COLT
Luger?! Luger!!!

No response. Colt tosses the door aside. MEEEEEOOOOW! He's startled a CAT and the Cat's startled him. Colt swings around as the Cat scurries out the door.

Colt takes a deep breath. Relaxes a little. Presses forward carefully. Stumbles over a DOG sleeping by the sofa. Both of them are scared. Dog scurries away.

Colt lets out a sigh of relief. Eases around the sofa and steps into the middle of a FLOCK OF CHICKENS. The startled birds flutter up in his face.

Colt backs away and almost falls over a PIG that lumbers its way towards the front door. Colt puts his hand over his heart. Tries to regain his composure.

COLT
(shouting)
Luger! Luger, where are you?

LUGER(O.S.)
Here! I'm up here!

And there's an urgency in his voice.

COLT
Where?

LUGER
Upstairs!

Colt leans against the wall separating living room from stairs. Takes a deep breath. Readies the pistol. Swings around the wall to the foot of the stairs and is almost trampled by a HERD OF CATTLE. He presses against the wall as they rush past.

INT. HALLWAY

Colt appears at the head of the stairs.

COLT
Luger. Where are you?

LUGER(O.S.)
Bathroom at the end of the hallway.

Colt heads down the hallway. Tight grip on the pistol.
Reaches the bathroom door.

COLT
Luger... ?

LUGER(O.S.)
Yeah... I'm in here.

Colt steps back. Kicks the door open. Leaps into the
bathroom, pistol poised to blow off someone's head.

Luger sits on the toilet, magazine in his lap.

COLT
What's wrong?

LUGER
Nothing. I'm taking a shit.

Colt clears his throat. Backs out of the room.

INT. COLT'S CAR - DAY- MOVING

LUGER
A bust at a cookie factory. I
don't know about this. Can you
trust this woman?

COLT
Yes.

LUGER
How do you know? Did you kiss
her?

COLT
No.

LUGER
Give her a hickey?

Colt shakes his head, "No."

LUGER
Handle her hooters?

No again.

LUGER
Slide her the salami?

Head shake -- no.

LUGER

Then what can you possibly know about her?

COLT

I know we wear the same size pumps.

LUGER

Are you one of those macho guys who just hates woman, Colt?

COLT

If I tell you something do you swear it'll just stay between us?

LUGER

Your secret's safe with me, Colt. Whatever you tell me doesn't leave this car. You have my word on that.

COLT

My... my mother didn't breast-feed me.

INT. PATROL CAR

Parked outside a "Winchell's Donuts." Colt's voice is heard over the main frequency. TWO COPS spit their coffee on the dash. Listen.

COLT

(over radio)

She'd tease me with it, then give me the bottle. Went on for years.

INT. FIRE STATION

FIREMAN gather around the PA and listen, oblivious to the fact that the station is on fire.

COLT

(over PA)

By the time I hit thirteen I'd developed this love/hate thing with breasts and a distrust of woman. I just don't understand them.

INT. COLT'S CAR

Stopped now. HORN HONKING going on. Colt HONKS too.

LUGER

I breast-fed until I was sixteen
and I sure don't understand woman.

INT. IGLOO

An ESKIMO FAMILY wearing fur parkas huddle around a T.V.. On the T.V. is a video picture of Luger and Colt in the car. Caption reads CNN.

LUGER

It's not unusual to be afraid of
intimacy. But sooner or later you
have to trust in your feelings.

A harpoon SHATTERS the T.V..

INT. A 747

The PILOTS listen over their headphones, so absorbed they're oblivious to the fact they're buzzing buildings, sweeping under a suspension bridge.

IN THE CABIN

Passengers listen over their headphones, oblivious to the STEWARDESSES being tossed around like rag dolls.

LUGER

(over headphones)

There's an old Chinese proverb:
"Trust love and it will slaughter
many Huns". I have no idea what
it means but I feel more secure
just knowing it.

INT. COLT'S CAR

HORN HONKING more insistent. Colt HONKS. Makes a hurry up gesture.

LUGER

And while we're sharing so openly,
I want you to know that I
appreciate what you did. Saving
my life like that. Not many
people I know would have done
that.

COLT

That's the advantage of working
with strangers.

New York City quality HORN HONKING. Colt turns around in his seat and yells.

COLT

How about a little patience!

And now we see the traffic jam. Worst in history. Goes on for ever. Colt turns back. A TEEN finishes washing the Caddy's windshield. The car squats in the middle of the street, the cause of this massive backup.

INT. CAPT. MURPHY'S OFFICE

Colt and Luger stand in front of an inflamed Murphy. He's shouting...

MURPHY

You're telling me a midget with a scar and a German accent...

COLT

Austrian, Captain.

Murphy's eyes churn.

MURPHY

... an Austrian accent and dressed like a Wilderness Girl, kills York then jumps out of a baby carriage wearing a pink bonnet and tries to kill you two! Do I have it straight?!

LUGER

I know it sounds crazy but...

MURPHY

Sounds crazy. No. It is crazy. Consider this investigation closed.

LUGER

What about the drug deal at the Wilderness Girl...

MURPHY

Oh yeah, drug deals at a cookie factory. Sorry, I've got one to take care of at Toys R Us.

LUGER

But Captain...

MURPHY

Stop it there Luger. You're putting a pension on the line. Now, get the hell out of my office.

Colt and Luger back out of the office.

INT. SQUADROOM

Luger and Colt head for the exit.

LUGER

Well, it was almost nice working with you.

Colt stops in his tracks.

COLT

We can't quit now, we've come too far. Gotten too close. Invested too much time. Burned too many bridges. Climbed too many mountains. Followed too many...

LUGER

(interrupting)

You heard the Captain, we're off the case.

OFFICER(O.S.)

I heard him.

ANOTHER OFFICER

Me too.

Colt looks around. Everyone is nodding in agreement, almost hostile... "Yeah, we heard him... We all heard him" Colt turns to Luger.

COLT

I thought maybe I was getting through to you -- sometimes you can't play by the rules. Well, I'm going after them alone and by myself.

Luger grimaces. Colt spins on his heels. Heads for the door. He passes Dooley who sits with his back to us, tied in the straight jacket. Colt slaps Dooley on the back as he passes.

COLT

Hope you get out of that thing.

As Colt goes out the door, Dooley crumbles to the floor -- a skeleton with a hunk of hair.

INT. COLT'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Only we don't know that at first because we are tight on a pistol and it is being jammed into a shoulder holster. Then IN QUICK CUTS: A knife is slid into an ankle holster; a belt of pickle sized bullets is thrown over a shoulder; grenades are clipped onto a belt; a blow gun is velcroed onto an ankle; a slave bracelet is clipped onto a woman's ankle; a bazooka is slid down a pant leg; bow and arrows are slung across a back; a boy Scout knife is slid into a pocket, then...

WIDE

to discover Colt armed to the teeth and ready for battle. He takes a step, totters, then collapses under the weight of his weaponry.

EXT. WILDERNES GIRLS' COOKIE FACTORY - NIGHT

Not an inviting place. Sprawling waterfront factory. Chimneys spewing smoke. Boat HORNS HONKING in the distance. Barbed wire fence.

Colt darts across the street. Presses against the fence. Cuts an opening with wire clippers. While he's doing this, ELDERLY WOMEN coming off their shift, walk through the open door twenty yards away. Colt's oblivious. He squeezes through the opening, darts across the yard to...

MASSIVE DOORS

Industrial strength. Colt slips out a lock picking kit -- very sophisticated stuff. Quickly scans the array of tools, chooses a credit card. As he's about to use it an ELDERLY WOMAN walks past the crouching Colt and opens the door. Holds it for him.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Coming in, dear?

COLT

(a bit confused)

Ah... yeah. Thanks.

She suddenly stops him.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Just a moment.

Colt freezes. She takes a tissue from her coat pocket and begins wiping away the grease paint from under his eyes.

ELDERLY WOMEN

We can't have you going around
like that, can we?

COLT

Guess not. Thanks.

She smiles. Nods. Enters the building.

INT. WILDERNESS GIRLS FACTORY - LOBBY

A vestibule where employees check in. The Elderly Women punches a time clock. Exits through a set of swinging doors. Colt follows.

INT. MANUFACTURING ROOM

Row upon row of conveyer belts carrying Wilderness Girl cookies. An army of grandmotherly types sit along the belts packaging the cookies. Colt starts up a set of metal stairs leading to a catwalk that spreads out like a spiderweb above the massive factory floor.

ON THE CATWALK

Colt heads toward a storage area. Stops. Listens. The Elderly Women are SINGING and WHISTLING...

ELDERLY WOMEN

Whistle while we work... We,
whistle while we work.

Colt sort of forgets where he is. Gets caught up in the music. Starts WHISTLING. Skips happily down the catwalk. Slows as he reaches a storage area. Case upon case of boxes of cookies. Below him, in a open area, Mortars sits at a table. He is flanked by a couple of thugs and Destiny. Colt crouches down to take a closer look. A gun barrel is pressed against Colt's head. Jigsaw.

JIGSAW

I've been waiting for this moment,
Mr. Colt.

A beat. Then Colt is in motion, spinning around and knocking the pistol away. Jigsaw dives on Colt, knife in hand. Colt blocks the blow. Knocks the knife away. Jigsaw pulls a sword from out of FRAME. Colt knocks it away. Jigsaw produces a meat cleaver. Colt knocks it away. Jigsaw pulls out an electric carving knife. It WHINES. Blades slicing.

ON MORTARS

He looks up at the WHIRRING SOUND. Smiles.

MORTARS

That's the end of Mr. Colt.

Destiny grimaces.

ON THE CATWALK

The WHIRRING knife blade closes in on Colt's throat. Colt reaches out of FRAME. Yanks on something. The knife blade stops. Jigsaw frowns. Colt dangles the cord and plug.

COLT

(taunting)

Ha, ha, di, ha, ha!!

Jigsaw goes for Colt's throat. Colt grabs a fire extinguisher from OUT OF FRAME and sprays Jigsaw in the eyes. Jigsaw SCREAMS, hands to face. Colt flips Jigsaw off his chest, then over the railing. Jigsaw's SCREAM ends with a sickening THUD.

ON MORTARS

He looks up again.

MORTARS

That definitely is the end of Colt.

Destiny shudders. Pulls a gun out of her purse.

DESTINY

This has gone far enough.

MORTARS

My darling, what in the world are you doing?

DESTINY

First you use me to sell drugs through the Wilderness Girls, then you make me wear that leather demi-cup, underwire bra with the matching panties and garter belt, then...

MORTARS

The bra with the little metal studs?

DESTINY

That's the red one. I'm talking about the black set with the gold thread piping.

MORTARS

Oh. I always liked that one.

DESTINY

Well, I hate it. But most of all I hate it that you made me lure Colt here. The man I've come to love. And you promised not to kill him. Promised he would be spared.

MORTARS

Don't be foolish. You're letting morality cloud your judgement. Now, put down that gun before you hurt someone.

COLT(O.S.)

Playtime's over, General.

Everyone turns to look at Colt as he walks out of the shadows, Uzi trained on Mortars.

DESTINY

Colt!

COLT

Destiny. I want you to know I was moved by what you said.

DESTINY

I meant it. I do love you.

COLT

Not that. The stuff about that black leather outfit. I'd like to check it out. Try it on, maybe. Now, General, tell your goons to drop their guns.

MORTARS

Maybe you should take a look at this first.

Mortars nods to a Goon who flicks on a wall switch. It illuminates a spot on the wall where a dog is chained like a prisoner in the dungeon. There's a low budget metal electrode hat on the dog's head. This is Claire.

COLT

CLLLLLAAAAAIIIRRRRRREEEE!!!!

Mortars gloats.

COLT
Let her go.

MORTARS
Why should I?

COLT
Because you want this.

He holds up a small strip of microfilm.

MORTARS
I underestimated you, son.

COLT
You always were a poor judge of character.

JIGSAW(O.S.)
I'll take that.

Colt freezes. Gun against his spine. A battered Jigsaw takes the microfilm.

JIGSAW
Who's the poor judge of character, now, Mr. Colt.

Mortars draws his weapon.

MORTARS
The game's up, Mr. Colt. Put down your gun.

DESTINY
Put down yours, General.

MORTARS
You won't shoot me, angle buns.
You don't have the guts.

BAM! Destiny shoots him.

MORTARS
Then again, I could be wrong.

Mortars hits the floor. Jigsaw is distracted. Colt turns on him. Spins him away. Jigsaw raises his pistol. Colt blows him away with the Uzi. He flies through a pane of glass that is suddenly there just to provide a visual.

DESTINY(O.S.)
Colt, look out!

He spins and is confronted with a line up of THUGS. Colt goes through a series of Bruce Lee maneuvers to take these guys out. All of them fly through panes of glass that are hurriedly carried into place by TWO OTHER THUGS.

PAN the line of Thugs. They are waiting their turn to get a shot at Colt. Some read newspapers, some catch a few winks, some do loosening up exercises. They are taking numbers from a dispenser like you'd find in a bakery or deli.

COLT

Is doing back-flips, flying leaps, using hi-bar, parallel bars and pommel horse to finish off his adversaries. It's obviously a STUNT-MAN wearing a hairpiece doing all this. Colt takes out the last man, does a flip off the hi-bar and makes a perfect landing. Takes an Olympic style bow. Crosses to Claire. Loosens her bindings.

MORTARS

crawls to Jigsaw's prostrate body. Tries prying the microfilm out of his clenched fist. No go. Mortars slaps Jigsaw. Nothing. Punches him in the solar-plexus. Still can't unclench the fist. Tickles him under the right arm pit. That does it. Mortars grabs the microfilm then turns his gun on Colt.

Destiny sees this. Dives at Colt and Claire, knocking them out of the line of fire. She takes Mortars's bullet. Drops. Mortars makes his escape.

Colt goes to Destiny. Cradles her head.

DESTINY

Colt... I'm so sorry. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?

COLT

Hush. Be quiet. Lie still. Don't move. Take it easy. Get some rest. Drink plenty of liquids.

DESTINY

Colt, I'm cold. I'm so cold.

Colt reaches over and removes several bags of party ice off her legs.

DESTINY

Thanks. Colt?

COLT

Now what?

She coughs. Blood foams at the corner of her mouth.

DESTINY

Kiss me.

She coughs again. More blood foaming. Heavy. Colt doesn't look too sure about this. He looks at her heaving chest. Tenses. Pulls out a handkerchief and dabs the corners of her mouth. A beat. He kisses her. Destiny clutches hold of him.

DESTINY

Get Mortars for me, Colt. Get him
for both of us.

Colt gives her another kiss. Then takes off.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FACTORY

This section ROARS with activity, as huge vats churn cookie dough. Colt enters, sees a trail of red drops on the floor. Follows them. Turns a corner. An empty ketchup bottle lies on the ground.

Colt looks around. A bullet RICOCHETS off a vat near Colt. He dives for cover. Bullets eat up the ground around him. One of them hits a tank labeled "Gasoline". Gas seeps from the bullet hole.

COLT

You can't win this Mortars. Give
it up. It's over. This place
will be crawling with police in a
minute. Make it easy on yourself.
You're only making things worse.
Quit while you're...

A gun barrel presses against Colt's head.

MORTARS

Getting sloppy, son.

COLT

Well, it was still sound advice.

Colt stands.

MORTARS

Not so fast.

Mortars reaches into Colt's jacket and removes a gun. CLANG it hits the floor. He finds another. CLANG. CLANG. CLANG.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mortars shoves Colt forward. They have to step over a three foot high pile of weapons.

COLT

How could you have sunk so low?

MORTARS

Look around you, Colt. A billion dollars worth of pure, uncut cocaine. And the microfilm you provided me is the key. On it is a recipe delineating the exact measurements for mixing cookie batter with cocaine. Sold on the international market at 150% of their value. Allow me to show you.

Mortars moves to a little movie screen and tiny projector. Threads up the microfilm. Flicks off the lights. Room is in total BLACKNESS.

MORTARS

▶ This particular print is in mono and colorized but you'll get the idea. ◀

ON THE SCREEN

"Cinema Medellin Presente -- El Recipe De Los Coca Cookies". JULIA CHILD appears on screen. She's stirring a large bowl of dough.

JULIA

The French of course, prepared this pastry with much less...

Blank leader, then... "Rocky and Bullwinkle". They start covorting on the screen.

MORTARS

What the hell is this?

Lights come up. Colt and Mortars are sitting in the last of four rows of regular theater seats that have somehow appeared. A MOVIE USHER is sweeping up candy and popcorn boxes.

COLT

I believe that was the episode where Rocky accuses Bullwinkle of...

MORTARS
(enraged)
Where's my microfilm, Colt?

LUGER(O.S.)
I believe this is it.

Everyone turns there's Luger. Holding a gun. Behind him the gasoline inches towards a FURNACE marked FIRE.

COLT
You showed up.

LUGER
Couldn't let my partner face this alone.

MORTARS
So you had the microfilm all along.

LUGER
Not exactly. But obviously you didn't. I knew I didn't. Colt didn't. So the only place it could still be was York's. Took some digging, but I found it.

MORTARS
And now you'll give it to me.

LUGER
I don't think so. Drop the gun, General.

MORTARS
(smug; laughing)
Or what, Sergeant? You'll shoot me?

Luger takes aim. Hand trembles.

THE GASOLINE

inches closer to the furnace.

COLT
Shoot him partner.

Luger shivers. He looks at Colt. Mortars. Colt. Mortars.

MORTARS

(sneers)

You can't shoot me, Sergeant.
You're a cop. You have to play it
by the book.

Suddenly, Luger becomes completely composed. He looks at
Mortars. Hard. Smiles.

LUGER

Sometimes, General, you have to
make the rules up as you go.

Mortars's sneer vanishes. Luger fires. Colt screams. Covers
his face in anguish. Luger's jaw drops. Colt laughs.

COLT

Hey, just kidding.

Mortars drops dead.

JIGSAW(O.S.)

But I'm not.

They spin around to see Jigsaw on the catwalk. Jigsaw fires.
Colt goes down. Luger fires. Jigsaw topples over the railing
into a vat of cookie dough.

Luger goes to Colt. He looks like he's checking out. He
cradles his head.

COLT

Good going, partner. You got all
the bad guys.

LUGER

Save your strength, buddy.

COLT

This is it. The big checkout.
Yet I feel... I feel strangely
restful. At peace with myself.
One with the universe. Resigned
and unafraid. Embracing death...
indeed welcoming it's...

LUGER

You're delirious.

(Luger shakes him)

Snap out of it!

(he smacks Colt)

You're not going to die on me.

(he slugs Colt)

You're going to hang in there.

(He does a knee drop
into Colt's gut)

You're going to tough it out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Someone's point of view. We don't know who at first. Luger continues to beat the crap out of Colt's now lifeless body. Colt steps into FRAME: The Ghost of Colt. He's watching Luger pound on him. He doesn't quite get it. Looks at his hands in a "Patrick Swayze -- what the hell is going on here," kind of way. Sees through them. Now he gets it. He turns and confronts "THEM". The BLACK ANGLES OF DEATH ascending from the bowels of hell -- or at least through the factory floor. Coming for him. Colt looks at them. Looks at his lifeless form. Back at them. Shakes a finger at them.

COLT

No, no. You can forget that crap,
man.

Colt races to his body and jumps back in. The BLACK ANGLES shake their heads, snap their fingers in defeat. Slouch away.

BLACK ANGELS

Damn! Rats!

ON COLT AND LUGER

Colt's eyes pop open.

LUGER

I... I thought you were done.

COLT

Flesh wound. I feel great.

(glancing over
shoulder)

Let's get out of here.

As Luger helps him up, the gasoline hits the furnace. Big EXPLOSION. Luger and Colt are propelled out of FRAME.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS FACTORY - NIGHT

Colt and Luger stumble out of the burning inferno. They look back. Cookies begin exploding into the night sky. In fact, it's raining cookies.

Lots of SIRENS now. Firemen and Policemen rush past. It's getting crowded. Murphy races up to Colt and Luger.

COLT

Looks like you missed the fireworks.

MURPHY

Wrong. Looks like I'm just in time for them.

He indicates behind them. An incredible 4th of July style firework display is going on over the building. Cops, Firemen, Reporters have all stopped to admire it.

MURPHY

So you two are a couple of Superheroes huh? Wild west vigilantes.

LUGER

We got the bad guys, Captain.

MURPHY

And you almost got yourselves killed.

(beat; a smile)

Wish I had more men like you.

He shakes their hands. Addresses Luger.

MURPHY

I'd like you to reconsider that retirement.

LUGER

Only if Colt's my partner.

MURPHY

I think that can be arranged.

Murphy pats them on the shoulder. Turns to a YOUNG OFFICER.

MURPHY

Okay, lets move this crowd of gawkers out of here.

And for the first time we reveal the crowd. Massive. Bleachers full of people. Buses arriving. Planes and helicopters landing in the background. Every roof top and window jammed with gawkers. A lot of it obvious MATTE PAINTING STUFF.

Luger's wife runs up to him.

DORIS

Wes, you were wonderful. We're all very proud of you. Even Treat.

She tugs TREAT into FRAME. He's seven.

DORIS

Treat and I share a special something. I know you'll be happy for us.

LUGER

So I guess the next time I see you, you'll be dating sperm.

Luger moves away. Colt points at something. There, coming out of the smoking inferno, Claire. And clinging to Claire's neck, Destiny. Claire drags Destiny to the fence. Colt and Luger race over.

COLT

Claire, Destiny... you're alright. You're alive.

Colt pets Claire. Moves to Destiny. Claire GROWLS. Snaps. Won't let Colt near Destiny.

DESTINY

(weakly)

We found magic in there, Colt. A love pure and unsullied.

Destiny Hugs Claire.

COLT

I hope you'll both be very happy.

Colt and Luger move away. Press through the crowd. Past the autograph seekers. A REPORTER stops them. Shoves a microphone in their faces.

REPORTER

Sergeants Luger and Colt, you two just made the biggest drug bust in the city's history, what are you going to do now.

A beat, then, in unison...

COLT & LUGER
We're going to Disneyland!

Colt and Luger, standing tall, turn and walk into the night.

FADE OUT: