

PUBLIC ENEMIES

by
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SECOND DRAFT

February 6, 1985

PUBLIC ENEMIES

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - MULTIPLE SHOTS

A veritable MTV of Hollywood Vice, edited to the hot and raunchy rhythms of Bob Seeger's Hollywood Nights (or Tina Turner's Streetclaw). Tight, compressed images of FLASHING NEON in syncopated rhythm. Then a HOOKER. Then a HAREM of HOOKERS. A JOHN and then a GAGGLE of JOHNS. TOURISTS outside MANN'S CHINESE. A BIKINI-CLAD ROLLERSKATER passing out flyers. A "ROBOT" COWBOY entertains on a street corner. The circus of colorful oddities in quick montage, among which will be featured brief glances of people and places yet to be introduced in our movie -- the SIDESHOW BAR, a MIDGET and his COSTUMED DOG, FREDERICKS OF HOLLYWOOD, the WAX MUSEUM. Not unlike the Randy Newman "I Love L.A." video, our opening is an up-tempo introduction to the uniquely bent world of Hollywood. Sequence ends outside the TOUCH OF PLEASURE, a massage parlour in a dingy section of Hollywood.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP--A SPIDER TATTOO - INT. TOUCH OF PLEASURE

In the DIM LIGHT, the spider seems to move. WIDER ANGLE REVEALS the tattoo is on the back of a tired-looking MASSEUSE, wearing only panties as she massages the legs of RASHID BASHULA. Perspiration shines on his shaved head. He's powerfully built, handsome in a cruel way. Peering outside through a crack in a painted-over window, is POLLO, his sidekick. Tall, wiry, curly-haired, he sports a long scar from his forehead to his chin. As he watches, he munches on a large order of Chicken McNuggets.

BASHULA

...If I had as much money as he did,
I'da had ten times that many soldiers
guardin' me...And good guys, not dip-
shits like he had.

POLLO

I tell you what really got me, was
when he shot his sidekick in the guts.

BASHULA

(thinks)

I don't remember that.

POLLO

The kid. The young, good-looking
guy who married his sister...Shot
him in the guts. How could you
forget that?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

BASHULA

Hey, he hadda make a decision.
Okay, maybe it was wrong, but he
made a decision. If you're gonna
be number one, that's what you
gotta do. Make decisions.

HOOGER

(rubs and talks)

I'll tell you what I didn't like.
Every other word was "fuck". Fuck
this, fuck that. Fuckety-fuck,
fuck-fuck.

(both the crooks
look at her)

It wrecked the whole movie. Plus
they shouldn't have used Al Pacino.
He's too short to play Scarface...I
don't care what anyone says, my all-time
favorite movie was "Sound of Music".

EXT. TOUCH OF PLEASURE - SAME TIME

A black FIREBIRD pulls up, parks. We SEE BALLIBAN AND CATES
emerge from the car, two of the toughest cops in the history
of handcuffing. One looks like Eastwood, one looks like Bronson.
Expressionless and well-tailored, they head for the massage
parlor.

INT. TOUCH OF PLEASURE

Bashula is getting dressed; the Masseuse leaves, counting her
money. Pollo snaps open a gun case. We SEE an Uzi, a couple
clips, and a disassembled shotgun.

INT. PARLOR FOYER

A CHUBBY BLONDE, her body too big for her revealing outfit,
greets Balliban and Cates with a calculating smile.

CHUBBY BLONDE

Gentlemen...?

The cops pull out pistols, in unison. Huge pistols.

BALLIBAN

(like Eastwood)

Bashula! We want him.

CHUBBY BLONDE

I'm sorry, I don't...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CATES
 (sounds like Bronson)
 He's here, he's breakin' in one
 of the new girls...
 (cocks pistol)

Terrified, the chubby girl points down the hall. The cops look at each other, nod. They motion the Blonde down with their pistols, and she's behind the desk in a flash.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Balliban and Cates down the dimly-lit passageway. They check each door. We SEE what they see:

A JAPANESE MAN taking Polaroids of a hooker dressed in a corset and stockings, bouncing around the room on a pogo stick.

A BUSINESSMAN dressed as a French maid, complete with a frilly apron pushes a small vacuum cleaner around the room, while a HOOKER spansks him with a paddle. He blubbers happily. Balliban and Cates exchange steely glances.

INT. EMPTY ROOM

A NUDE CUTEY spinning a lasso, sits looking out the window. She hears the DOOR OPEN, but doesn't turn around.

NUDE CUTEY
 I'm ready for you, Tex...

INT. HALLWAY

Balliban and Cates nod to each other--this is it. They're interrupted by a FLUSHING SOUND, and the opening of a nearby men's room door. A PATRON, smoking a joint, wearing only cowboy boots, jockey shorts, and a cowboy hat, exits. He blinks to adjust to the change in light.

COWBOY
 Whoooo...it's darker'n a gopher's
 butt in here.

NUDE CUTEY (O/C)
 I'm ready, Tex...

COWBOY
 (happily)
 And I'm ready for you, honey...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

The Cowboy opens the wrong door, and his smile, his hat, his boots and his hard-on are blown away by a MASSIVE FUSILADE OF UZI ROUNDS AND SHOTGUN PELLETS. He BOUNCES OFF THE WALL behind him, slumping to the floor. The place is totally quiet except for the SOUND OF THE VACUUM CLEANER, THE WHACK OF A PADDLE, and THE "BOING-BOING" OF THE POGO STICK. Balliban and Cates exchange glances, nod. Balliban crouches, picks up the fallen Cowboy's hat, tosses it into the doorway--ANOTHER FUSILADE BLOWS IT BACK out into the hallway. Balliban and Cates exchange glances.

INT. ROOM

Suddenly ILLUMINATED BY THE FLASH of the Uzi, as Pollo shoots out the window. We SEE Pollo turn and pump A COUPLE BLASTS at the doorway, then follow Bashula out the window. A couple beats, then Balliban and Cates enter the room, giant pistols ready. Balliban and Cates move to the window and look out.

EXT. SIDESTREET

The desperados run towards a long white CADILLAC. Balliban and Cates open THUNDEROUS FIRE. The crooks duck and dodge as the large ROUNDS TEAR INTO THE AMERICAN DREAM. The gas tank is hit; it EXPLODES INTO FLAMES.

NEW ANGLE--BALLIBAN AND CATES

They exchange glances, nod, and share the slightest trace of a smile. These guys love their work.

NEW ANGLE--THE CROOKS

They run past the BURNING CADILLAC and into an alley. A SHORT JEWISH MAN runs out of a nearby dry-cleaners carrying a small suit in a dry-cleaning bag. It was his Cadillac. A CROWD gathers.

SHORT MAN

My God! My car! My God! My
car! My God!...

NEW ANGLE--THE WINDOW

Balliban and Cates exchange glances, jump out the window after the bad guys.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES OVER CHASE SEQUENCE

EXT. ALLEY

Under a punchy rock tune (in the style of Huey Lewis' "Heart of Rock N Roll"), Bashula and Pollo tear down an alley. They're moving fast, but they seem clumsy and frightened; they round a corner and are gone. A COUPLE BEATS and Balliban and Cates run by. They're moving just as fast as the crooks, but run with an easy, fluid stride. We're reminded of synchronized swimmers. They round the corner and are greeted with a FUSILADE OF SHOTS from the desperados. With ballet-like grace, they duck behind a Dempsey Dumpster and return a withering BLAST OF FIRE, in unison.

NEW ANGLE--THE CROOKS

PIECES OF BUILDING FLY, as the RETURN FIRE drives them from their hiding place and they stumble over each other to get out of range.

EXT. HIGH FENCE BEHIND A BUILDING

The crooks get there, panting and dishevelled--there's no way out. They're forced to climb the fence. It's a real struggle. Shirts are ripped, deodorant fails, but they make it. A COUPLE BEATS and Balliban and Cates show up. They know exactly what to do. They run straight for the fence, we think they're going to climb it, but at the last minute they leap, karate-style at the fence. The FENCE COLLAPSES and they roll gracefully to each side, come up ready, and FIRE AT the crooks, who lurk in a nearby doorway. More CHUNKS OF BUILDING TURN TO DUST and again the bad guys are forced to flee.

EXT. EL TOPAZ ENTRANCE--MOMENTS LATER

An expensive apartment building on a quiet side street. A white VAN is parked in front of the building, it's side door is opened. It's obviously in the process of being packed. Girl's stuff--dresses, sexy shoes, a guitar, sheet music, a couple of stuffed animals. CINDY BOWIE, looking grandly cheap in her short-shorts, tank top, and high heels, exits the building carrying a box. She's nineteen. She's oblivious to the world and walks in time with the music from her Walkman. She dumps the load into the van, closes the door, and is almost bowled-over by Pollo, as he and Bashula rush by.

NEW ANGLE--POLLO AND CINDY

She's surprised; he's desperate to disentangle himself.

NEW ANGLE--POLLO'S FACE--CINDY'S POV

A scar to remember.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE

He frees himself, moves to her threateningly, looks back down the street and hurries off. Cindy, Walkman still blasting, waves her fist at him.

CINDY

Hey! Watch where you're goin'!

She heads back to the apartment building, and is on the stairs when Balliban and Cates run by, graceful as gazelles. She doesn't notice them.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT--MOMENTS LATER

Bashula and Pollo, winded, hide behind a car, guns ready.

BASHULA

I think we lost 'em.

POLLO

Balliban and Cates? No way, boss. They were right behind us.

BASHULA

Yeah...Well, where are they now? Huh? If they were right behind us? Balliban and Cates...

(he spits)

We should have nailed 'em. It was a perfect set-up!

POLLO

Yeah, but Balliban and Cates...

BASHULA

I say we lost 'em...You wanna argue?

Pollo doesn't want to argue. They head for the stairs, tucking away their weapons.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT

Bashula and Pollo emerge from the stairs, look around, the coast is clear.

BASHULA

Now, remember...Just walk calm... Okay?

The crooks head for the street. Pollo tries to hide his nervousness. They both freeze when they hear the icy voice of Balliban.

BALLIBAN (V/O)
Heeeeeyyya, Bashula and Pollo...

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE

Balliban and Cates, arms folded casually, pistols in view, lean against the wall. The two crooks think about going for their guns.

BALLIBAN (CONT'd)
Feelin' lucky?

CATES
Go ahead...Make my day.

The crooks go for their weapons. In unison, the cops lift their huge pistols, in unison, two fingers squeeze the triggers, in unison, the two pistols CLICK--both empty. Butch and Sundance suddenly realize there's no water in this river.

BALLIBAN/CATES
(in unison)
Shiiii...

Grinning, Bashula and Pollo OPEN FIRE AT THE CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - AN HOUR LATER

Two vital function machines BEEP THEIR LAST BEEP, IN UNISON, THEN DISPLAY THE STRAIGHT LINE OF DEATH. MEDICAL PERSONNEL, in unison, pull the sheets over Balliban and Cates.

INT. WAITING AREA

MRS. BALLIBAN AND MRS. CATES, two women who look remarkably like Jill Ireland and Sondra Locke, sit quietly. LT. SHACKLEFORD waits for them. He's black, he's dedicated; and he's upset. A DOCTOR emerges from an operating room. Shackleford and the two women look up hopefully. The Doctor shakes his head; they didn't make it. In unison, the women start to cry.

NEW ANGLE - SHACKLEFORD

Waiting at the elevator, swearing under his breath.

SHACKLEFORD
Shit!
(beat)
Son-of-a-bitch!

The elevator arrives and CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM IN. He joins a pretty young CANDYSTRIPER, A SIKH VISITOR with a potted plant, and an AMBULATORY PATIENT and his I.V. stand. The door closes, Shackleford forgets where he is, resumes swearing.

SHACKLEFORD (CONT'd)

Shit! Son-of-a-bitch. Goddamit!

The passengers in the elevator eye him nervously. He stops swearing and they relax, but only for a moment.

SHACKLEFORD (CONT'd)

Goddam, son-of-a-bitch!...Shit!!

AMBULATORY PATIENT

(very nervous)

I must warn you...They've given me a very powerful laxative.

CUT TO

INT. SLEAZY MUD-WRESTLING BAR - LATER

A BIKINI-CLAD WELL-BUILT BLONDE yells as she flies through the air and lands face-down in mud. A scattering of MALE SCUM CHEERS as she gets up out of the mess, and moves toward the attractive BLACK AMAZON who dumped her.

INT. BASHULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

It overlooks the pit area, and we see the action through a window. Bashula sits behind his desk. The office is decorated in Bad-Vegas. Pollo enters the office, eating from a box of fried chicken, sits, props his feet on Bashula's desk, notices Bashula's glare, takes his feet off.

POLLO

(softly)

Sorry. Anything wrong?

BASHULA

Pollo...I'm worried about that girl. She saw you, she could connect us to the shooting.

POLLO

C'mon, Mr. Bashula, there's nothing to worry about, it was just a few seconds...No way in hell she'd remember me.

NEW ANGLE - POLLO'S FACE

Strange thing is, despite his scar, he actually believes he's pretty average-looking.

BASHULA

Lemme tell you somethin', Pollo,
with a face like that, Stevie
Wonder could identify you...

EXT. EL TOPAZ APARTMENT - A BIT LATER

Pollo and Bashula are talking to the HANDYMAN outside the building where Pollo nearly knocked Cindy over.

POLLO

Yeah...pretty girl, blonde,
about 20? Drives a white van?

HANDYMAN

I dunno, man...She sounds kind
of familiar, but...I'm not sure.

Bashula nods to Pollo who pulls out a roll; peels off a twenty.

HANDYMAN (CONT'd)

(looks at the bill)
Try one-fifty.

POLLO

Thanks.

HANDYMAN

No-no...I mean, try a hundred and
fifty dollars.

(BASHULA grabs his throat)
Twenty'll be fine...Really,
twenty's plenty...She's in 406,
but I...

Bashula releases him contemptuously and they head for the building.

INT. EL TOPAZ HALLWAY, OUTSIDE #406

Pollo and Bashula stand at the door, it opens a crack and we SEE a suspicious eyeball, then the door opens wide and they're gestured in by STACEY EVANS. Three years ago, he was the sixteenth most important A&R man in town, now he's looking for three things: coke, a new gig, and coke. He's happy to see the thugs. Talks very fast.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

STACEY

Oh, great...come on in. Sit,
sit. Where you been? Huh?

(almost shouts)

Where you bin!!!??...Sorry,
please...sit...

As he talks, he knocks the stuff off the top of his coffee table and pulls out his coke paraphernalia--mirror, blades, grinder, silver straw, a miniature scale. There are two pictures of Cindy on the wall, one shows her standing by her van. Bashula takes one off the wall, shows it to Pollo, who nods.

STACEY (CONT'd)

Hey, sorry, I'm just, you know...
Renaldo said it was a busy day,
and I understand, I understand...
Tell you what, let's get at it,
you guys want a little bump, that's
okay, you probably need it, been
mulin' all day, no problem, but not
too much, okay?

Bashula tears Cindy's photo out of the frame, ripping the corner.

STACEY (CONT'd)

What's wrong?
(nearly shouts again)
What's wrong?!! Sorry...heh-heh,
you need the green...absolutely,
first the green, then the scene,
I know how it is...
(reaches for the money)
Here it is...seven hundred for
you, a quarter for moi...Okay?

BASHULA

Where is she?

STACEY

What? Who? You guys bring the
stuff or what?

BASHULA

(showing the picture)
Your girlfriend, where is she?

STACEY

Cindy? I dunno where she is.
C'mon you guys, you bring it or
not?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

BASHULA

Not.

STACEY

Not? Not? I can't believe it.
I've been waiting so long and...

Bashula slugs Stacey, knocking him off the couch. Stacey gets up holding his face. He's far more concerned about coke than pain.

BASHULA

Who is she, where is she...Now!

STACEY

Cindy Bowie...She's gone! She moved out a couple of days ago!

BASHULA

Where to?

STACEY

I don't know. I came home, she was gone...I'll show you the note...

Bashula moves towards him, steps on his grinder, splintering it.

STACEY (CONT'd)

My grinder! You stepped on my grinder!

Bashula kicks him in the groin, Stacey's eyes roll up.

STACEY (CONT'd)

Oooohh...

INT. HOLLYWOOD SUB-STATION - LATER

CAMERA FOLLOWS Lt. Shackleford and CAPTAIN TEMPI down a hallway. Tempi is in his late forties, a no-nonsense guy in a sensible polyester suit. They pass through the booking area.

SHACKLEFORD

Ease up? Are you shittin' me?
Two of my best cops go down,
and you tell me...

TEMPI

(interrupts)
Hey, they were my men, too...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

They were set up! That fuckin' Bashula set 'em up!

TEMPI

(angry)

What is it with you? You got such a hard-on for Bashula, it's makin' you stupid. You know those guys should have had a back-up, but not you, you hear "Bashula" and you jump...

(softens)

Look this is no time to be hasslin' about this, why don't...?

SHACKLEFORD

(interrupts)

Why don't we just carry on? Find somebody to replace Balliban and Cates? And carry the fuck on? Who? They were the best cops I ever worked with. Who's gonna replace them??!!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SUB-STATION PARKING LOT - THE NEXT DAY

A grey RENAULT pulls carefully into the parking lot and parks neatly. OFFICER KENT PELZER emerges. He's twenty-seven, wears his sandy hair neatly trimmed, and has a pleasant face and slim build. He pulls a clear plastic uniform bag out of the car, and beautifully spit-shined shoes, and heads for the building. He's nearly run over by a metal-flake red BLAZER, BLARING HEAVY METAL MUSIC, and decorated with every four-wheel accoutrement known to the Pep Boys. Pelzer reacts, annoyed, enters the building. CAMERA STAYS WITH the Blazer as it screeches to a halt beside the neatly-parked Renault.

OFFICER CLIFF WALKER emerges. He's twenty-six, wears his longish curly black hair like a mop, needs a shave and has a hockey player's face and muscular build. He looks like shit in his limp sportscoat, rayon shirt, rumpled pants, and stained sneakers. He pulls a seabag out of the truck, stuffs his uniform into it, puts his scuffed shoes on top, and finishes it off by stuffing a sawed-off shotgun from under the seat into the bag.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pelzer watches from the corner of his eye, as Walker pulls out the shotgun, the rumpled uniform, wigs, glasses, moustaches, make-up, brass knuckles, a concussion grenade, and a small canned ham. He looks at the ham, puzzled, then shrugs as he tosses it into his locker. Walker watches him, from the corner of his eye, as Pelzer makes sure there's no dust in his locker, then places his shoes very carefully on the bottom.

WALKER

New guy, huh?

PELZER

Yessir. Kent Pelzer.

WALKER

(extends hand)

Walker. Undercover Vice.

PELZER

(shakes hand)

I'll be working with the administrative unit.

WALKER

No shit? You must have nerves of steel.

PELZER

(defensive)

Hey, I know that you street cops think I've got it soft, but what I do is pretty darn important... In fact, it was a memo that I wrote that changed the entire way the dental insurance plan works. I'm pretty proud of that.

WALKER

----- (deadpan)

You should be. Any asshole can bust a child molester or a mass murderer, but it takes a real cop to put the cuffs on Mr. Tooth Decay.

He laughs; Pelzer is steamed, but controls it.

INT. ROLL CALL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A uniformed SERGEANT stands behind the podium. He wears a black armband. On the wall behind him, photos of deceased cops, including Balliban and Cates. They have black crepe around them. The Sergeant is briefing Hollywood Vice: a few UNIFORMED COPS, but mostly undercover: a derelict WINO, a MUSCLE BUILDER in a tight tee-shirt, a BOY GEORGE LOOKALIKE, a BLAND TOURIST with a camera and shorts, a RASTAFARIAN, a BIKER, a BUSINESSMAN, a STREET PREACHER, and a SPACE RANGER, OFFICER BURLBAUGH. Walker and Pelzer sit away from the group.

SERGEANT.

Okay, lissen-up...I know we're all upset about Balliban and Cates, but we're professionals here, and I don't want you taking it out on slime that passes for humanity around here, okay? Make sure that everybody who gets fingerprinted has enough fingers to get printed. Is that clear?

(mumbled assent)

Okay...even though the shooting is being investigated by Homicide, Lt. Shackelford requests, unofficially of course, that any information you may pick up regarding Balliban and Cates should be funneled through him. Is that clear?

(mumbled assent)

Okay...And here's some official words from Captain Temp. He heard about the Beerball Challenge from Rampart Burglary, and he reminds you that Beerball is strictly against division policy: Any officer caught in this sort of behavior is liable for punishment, and/or demotion. Is that clear?

(mumbled assent)

Okay, let's hit it.

The Officers stand, Pelzer and Walker remain seated.

SERGEANT (CONT'd)

By the way, introduce yourselves to the new guys when you get a chance.

PELZER

(offers hand to BURLBAUGH)

Hi, Kent Pelzer.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

BURLBAUGH
(ignores hand)
Burlbaugh.

The cops exit, paying no attention to the two newcomers.

SERGEANT
(to PELZER and WALKER)
Report to Lt. Shackelford...take
your files...And a word to the
wise, gentleman...don't give him
any trouble. And don't worry
about the cold shoulder treatment
from the squad. It's traditional.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE LT. SHACKLEFORD'S OFFICE

Pelzer and Walker arrive as Captain Tempì exits. Pelzer smiles
winningly.

PELZER
Lt. Shackelford? How do you
do, sir? I'm Kent Pelzer and
I've been transferred in...
I'll be in the administrative
unit.

TEMPI
Swell, Shackelford's inside,
I'm Captain Tempì.

PELZER
Well, it's a pleasure to meet
you, sir. A real pleasure.

Tempì looks at him quizzically, leaves. Walker snorts, makes
a sucking sound. He can't believe what a brown-nose Pelzer is.

INT. LT. SHACKLEFORD'S OFFICE

Shackelford looks through his files as Pelzer stands in a crisp
military "at ease". Walker stands, slouched, hands in pockets.
Shackelford checks them out, leans back in his chair, puts his
hand behind his head, closes his eyes. After a beat, he sighs.
Pelzer and Walker exchange glances.

SHACKLEFORD
I lose my two best men...I ask
for tough, experienced, depend-
able replacements, and they send me...
(opens his eyes, glares)
The Executive Vice President of
the Pepsi Generation and a desk
jockey who needs a shave.

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CONTINUED

WALKER

Hey...Sir. I didn't ask for that desk. Ever since I got out of the Academy, I been tryin' to get on street duty. And besides, even behind the desk, I got my share of collars.

Shackleford studies him impassively, re-opens file, reads:

SHACKLEFORD

That's right...it says here that, only last August, you single-handedly, captured two ticket scalpers at an Englebert Humperdinck concert. Good work.

Pelzer suppresses a smile; Walker's embarrassed, angry.

WALKER

Okay, you're a Lieutenant, and I'm shit, so you can laugh, but lemme tell you somethin', Sir... I'm gonna make one hell of a street cop!!

SHACKLEFORD

At least you look like you could work the street, but your partner looks like an underwear model for Sears.

PELZER

Ah, excuse me for saying so, Sir, but I think you may be suffering a misapprehension here.

Walker never heard the word; Shackleford can't believe it.

PELZER (CONT'd)

It was my understanding that my duties here would be as part of the administrative arm and not involve actual street duty. Per se.

SHACKLEFORD

Per se? Mis-apprehension? This isn't finishing school, Pelzer, this is Hollywood Vice, and in Hollywood Vice...

(holds up his arm)

...this is the administrative arm. Per se. Capice?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD (CONT'd)

(PELZER nods)

Now...I don't need pencil-pushers, or paper-shufflers, or word-processors. I need a couple geeks who can go out on the street and... kick...some...ass! You got that?

PELZER/WALKER

Yessir.

SHACKLEFORD

Now, let me be frank. You two jack-offs are replacements for Officers Balliban and Cates, the two best cops I've ever had the privilege of working with. As far as I'm concerned, you're not fit to walk their dogs...But, department procedure...you're here for thirty days, evaluation... If, at the end of that time, you show me you've got what it takes, you're in. If not, I will personally boot your asses out the door. Am I clear? Is there any misapprehension?

PELZER/WALKER

No, sir.

SHACKLEFORD

Okay, as of this moment, you're partners. Get to know each other. Get to know the town, keep your eyes open and your mouths shut. Don't arrest anybody. If you see anything bad, call me or one of the big boys. We'll take care of it. Okay? Welcome to Hollywood Vice.

PELZER

Yessir, thank you, sir.

WALKER

That's it? That's our assignment?

(Shackleford nods)

No offense, Lieutenant, but that's bullshit...It's a waste of manpower.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

I just want you to know, sir, that I'm perfectly happy with our assignment.

SHACKLEFORD

Well, thank you Officer Pelzer, knowing I have your approval will make me sleep like a Goddam stone. Now get outta here, both of ya.

WALKER

Please, Sir...isn't there something...?

SHACKLEFORD

You want something?
(looks through papers)
I got something...Something big. Here...find here. It'll be the bust of the century.

He hands Walker a photo of Cindy. It's ripped on the corner -- it's the one from Stacey's apartment.

WALKER

What's she wanted for?

SHACKLEFORD

Nothing. It's a favor. I got a friend who has a friend who has a friend. This is his daughter. Sixteen. Runaway. She's probably sellin' a little puss. They don't want any scandal, they don't want it official, they just want her back.

WALKER

That's it?

PELZER

That's fine.

SHACKLEFORD

And when you find her, if you find her, report it to me. Nobody else. You got that?
(they nod)

CUT TO:

EXT. MANN'S CHINESE - THAT AFTERNOON

In the swirl of TOURISTS, HUCKSTERS and OUTRAGEOUS PUNKS we SEE Pelzer and Walker. Pelzer's in his preppy civvies. Walker stares at a ROLLERSKATING CUTIE in a bikini, who flashes past and hands him an advertisement, while Pelzer examines Cindy's photo.

PELZER

She's so pretty.

WALKER

Yeah.

PELZER

You'd think someone like her wouldn't have to stoop so low.

WALKER

Nothing wrong with skating around all day. Probably gets good bucks.

PELZER

What are you talking about?

WALKER

What are you talking about?

PELZER

(indicates CINDY's photo)

Her.

The Rollerskater flashes past.

WALKER

I was talkin' about her...

(reads from handbill)

"Mistress Helga's Touch of Leather. Come..." Get it?...

"Visit the dungeon...Fantasies Fetishes, and Free Snacks." I

dunno if I'd wanna eat there.

How would you know where the potato salad had been? Heh-heh.

PELZER

You have a very weird sense of humor.

WALKER

Yeah...well, lemme tell you something...When you're on the street you need a weird sense of humor... It's the only thing that'll keep you from goin' nuts.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

(annoyed)

Give me a break with your tough-guy stuff, okay? You've been on the street for about as long as I have, which is about fifteen minutes.

WALKER

Wrong! I know this town inside-out. I knew I was coming to Hollywood two years ago; it was my destiny, so I prepared. This is a tough, dirty town, Pelzer...and it's dangerous...Don't ever forget it..

As they argue, they approach a "COWBOY" in black. He's frozen in his stance, just about to draw. In front of him, an open cash box on a folded towel. People have tossed a few bills. They walk past the "Cowboy", who picks the wrong time to go in to his schtick. He unfreezes, pulls his pistol, cocks it. Walker knocks the pistol out of his hand, knees him in the nuts, forces him to the ground with his own nickle-plated, pearl-handled forty-five pressed against the hapless "Cowboy's" temple.

WALKER (CONT'd)

You're under arrest, asshole!
You have the right to remain silent...You have the right to...
What's the rest, Pelzer?

A CROWD gathers quickly, ADLIBBING, "What's happening?", etc.

PELZER

(quietly)

Let him go, Walker. He's just an actor. Kind of a robot actor.

(WALKER stares at PELZER)

...That's how he makes his living.

WALKER

(to "COWBOY")

That true? What he said? You're a robot actor?

The victim nods, groans. Walker helps him to his feet, but the "Cowboy" remains bent over.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Hey...I'm sorry, but you shouldn't be leaping out at people like that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Pelzer hands the "Cowboy" his hat.

"COWBOY"

(weakly)

Thank you.

WALKER

(noticing the crowd)

Hey, what's wrong with you people?
It's all part of the act...We do
this every day...So, how 'bout it,
folks? A little appreciation?

The Crowd relaxes, tosses some money into the cash box.
Walker beams.

INT. POLICE PISTOL RANGE - LATER

Pelzer waits behind the firing line as Walker prepares to shoot.
Pelzer holds his target, a silhouette with a pretty good group
of holes around the heart area.

PELZER

...Look, I'm as good a cop as you
are, I'm just more safety-conscious,
that's all.

RANGE OFFICER (V/O)

Shooters ready?

PELZER

Look at Balliban and Cates...If
they'd been more safety-conscious,
they'd be here today.

WALKER

Don't go bad-mouthing Balliban and
Cates...They were great cops.

PELZER

You talk like you were best friends.
You didn't even know them.

WALKER

Yeah, well, if they had known me,
we woulda been best friends...They
were my kinda cops.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

He's interrupted by the SOUND OF A BUZZER, and the SILHOUETTE TARGET MOVES TOWARDS Walker. It's attached to a wire and moves fairly quickly. Around him, other COPS are shooting at their targets. Walker turns from Pelzer and faces the target, legs spread. A couple beats...he whips out a nickle-plated forty-five, and shouts:

WALKER (CONT'd)

Tom!

(with his free hand
he pulls out another
nickle-plated .45)

Jerry!

He rapidly empties both clips, and the MAN ON THE TARGET IS NEARLY DESTROYED. Walker re-holsters his forty-fives, snaps his right arm, and a large caliber DERRINGER POPS INTO HIS HAND.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Uncle Frank!

A LOUD BLAST from the Derringer DESTROYS THE TARGET'S CROTCH, but it keeps coming. Another move of his arm SNAPS THE DERRINGER BACK INTO THE WRIST HOLSTER, PULLS UP HIS PANT LEG, we SEE a giant Australian Bush Knife in an ankle sheath.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Waltzing Matilda!

He pulls the knife, leaps over the rail, and attacks the target, SLASHING IT TO PIECES as the BUZZER SOUNDS.

RANGE OFFICER (V/O)

Cease fire.

Walker continues to slash; Pelzer watches open-mouthed.

WALKER

Cliff Walker takes no prisoners!

CUT TO:

INT. LT. SHACKLEFORD'S OFFICE

Shackleford stares balefully at Pelzer.

PELZER

...So you see, Sir, not only are Officer Walker and myself completely incompatible, but in my opinion, it's an inefficient use of my skills as an administrator.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

Didn't I say I didn't want to see you for a month?

PELZER

But, Sir, the man's a maniac!!
He calls his guns Tom and Jerry!

SHACKLEFORD

I don't care if he calls his balls Starsky and Hutch! Now, get the hell out of here!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STACEY'S APARTMENT

Cindy unlocks the door, enters, closes the door behind her.
We HEAR HER GASP.

CINDY (O/C)

Oh, my Gawd!

INT. STACEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The place is pretty torn up; Stacey is battered, but on the phone.
He barely pays attention to Cindy.

STACEY

...Listen, Renaldo...I'm not fooling here, I need to cop...A couple hours? That's what you said a couple hours ago, baby, I--
(Renaldo's hung up)

CINDY

Stacey...what happened here? What happened to you?

STACEY

Me? Nothin'. No big deal.
Listen, you wouldn't happen to have any blow on ya?

CINDY

Stacey, you know I don't...That's why I left, remember? I can't take this anymore.

STACEY

Yeah, so how come you're back...?
C'mon, one little tootski for ol' Stacey?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Sorry. I came back to drop off my key, and pick up the rest of my music...You gonna be all right? You look terrible.

STACEY

I'll be fine, fine...Just make sure those guys don't catch up with you.

CINDY

What guys?

STACEY

The two guys that were here lookin' for you...They did this to me. Think what they'd do to you. You know somethin'? You should move back in...I'd take care of you...

CINDY

You mean I'd take care of you, Stacey, turn tricks so you could put it up your nose. No way. You're a nice guy, but you're a loser.

STACEY

Hey...this is just temporary...you watch, next week...

CINDY

What did they look like? The two guys?

STACEY

What? I dunno...two guys. Baldy and Skinny. You're sure you don't have anything?

CINDY

I'll get my music.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN AVENUE - THE NEXT DAY

Pelzer and Walker approach the SIDESHOW, a single-story dump next to a small bank graced by a time and temperature indicator. Pelzer carries a batch of copies from the photo.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

I can't fuckin' believe it!
You actually went whinin' to
Shackleford? What a pussy
thing to do! We're partners,
man...and partners bag their
own shit.

PELZER

Just a minute. We've known each
other for sixteen hours...eleven
of which we've been together.
That is not, by any stretch of
the imagination, a partnership.

WALKER

Yeah, well, when you live on the
edge like we do, eleven hours can
be a lifetime.

He enters the bar, leaving Pelzer standing on the street. A
DINGY PANHANDLER approaches.

PELZER

(shouts after WALKER)

Maybe you live on the edge, but
I don't live on the edge...I
live on the Marina!!!

PANHANDLER

Hey, man, kin you spare a
dollar, for...

PELZER

(interrupts)

It's true. I have a very nice
apartment, right close to the
water.

PANHANDLER

Then, could you make it five?

PELZER

(realizes who he's talking to)

Get a job.

He heads for the bar.

INT. SIDESHOW - MOMENTS LATER

It's a dive. Pelzer and Walker are showing Cindy's picture to the BARTENDER. A couple HOOKERS in bad wigs sit at the bar. A MIDGET, DARYL, with his little dog, sits at a table, watching. The Bartender looks, shakes his head.

BARTENDER

Never seen her.

PELZER

You're sure?

BARTENDER

You kidding? Somebody that good-looking came in here, you don't think I'd remember?

He turns to the Hookers.

BARTENDER (CONT'd)

No offense, ladies.

Pelzer holds picture for the Barflies.

PELZER

Have you seen her?

HOOKERS

(without looking)

Naaah...

PELZER

You didn't even look.

HOOKERS

(they look)

Naaah...

Daryl, the Midget, approaches, looks, shakes head.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - LATER

Pelzer and Walker pass a mural on the side of a building, depicting various stars, from various eras, sitting in a movie theatre. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM.

WALKER

Can you believe this shit? We're looking for a sixteen-year-old bimbo, when we should be lookin' for whoever blasted Balliban and Cates. We're wasting time here.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

We are not wasting time, we are following orders. And, in spite of your grandiose ideas, this is a perfectly reasonable assignment for us.

They head up the stairs of a sleazy second-floor hotel, The Monroe. A few HOOKERS loiter around the stairs, a smiling JOHN exits. CAMERA FOLLOWS the boys up the stairs.

WALKER

Why do you have to be so perfectly reasonable all the time? Don't you ever want a little excitement? Huh? A little action? A little glory?

INT. HOTEL "LOBBY" - MOMENTS LATER

The rough-looking CLERK/BOUNCER checks the picture out, shrugs.

CLERK/BOUNCER

I dunno, maybe...They all look alike to me.

WALKER

Come on, gimme a name.
(another shrug)

PELZER

Look at her face. She's beautiful. Surely you'd remember her.

CLERK/BOUNCER

Sorry.

A JOHN and a HOOKER head for the desk, are warned away by a glance from the Clerk. Walker gets steamed.

WALKER

Yeah, well, I'll remember your face.

(turns to HOOKER and JOHN)
And yours! And yours, too! And everybody in this shithole! Now gimme a name!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CLERK/BOUNCER
(not very afraid)
Okay. Shirley.

WALKER
You're full of shit.
(to PELZER)
He's full of shit.

PELZER
Let's go, okay?...Thank you very
much for your cooperation.

He ushers the reluctant Walker out of the shot. CAMERA STAYS ON Clerk/Bouncer. A couple beats and Walker re-enters the scene, grabs the Clerk's shirt, yanks it, buttons fly, fabric tears.

WALKER
That's so you'll remember my
face!

Pelzer retrieves him again. They exit. A couple of beats and the Clerk reaches for the phone. He punches a number, waits another beat.

CLERK/BOUNCER
Yeah, this is Mink...Is Mr.
Bashula there?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Walker and Pelzer descend the stairs. Walker's feeling pretty good; Pelzer's steamed. CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM up the street.

PELZER
What are you trying to do?
The man wasn't a suspect. You'll
be lucky if he doesn't report you.

WALKER
No way. And besides, if he did,
maybe they'd pull us off this
Mickey-Mouse case and put us on
the Balliban and Cates thing.

PELZER
(exasperated)
Get us off? "Us" doesn't want to
get off this case. You do.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

You mean to tell me you really don't want whoever got Balliban and Cates?

PELZER

All I'm telling you is that I'm a very careful person.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM past STREET PEOPLE, TOURISTS with cameras, the WONDERBREAD TOUR BUS filled with JAPANESE, RUNAWAYS, a STREET PREACHER, SIDEWALK SALESMEN, a group of BIKERS sitting on their parked bikes, some SERVICEMEN looking for action, local ELDERLY FOLK. The color and noise of the town.

PELZER (CONT'd)

I'm a very careful person from Wakefield, Kansas. You know where that is? Of course you don't, nobody does. There's only 22,000 people there, but I want to go back. I'm gonna be Chief of Police.

WALKER

(surprised)

Yer kidding.

PELZER

No. That's why I joined LAPD. In Wakefield that's considered glamorous. Another year-and-a-half of this "glamour", I go back and marry Karen. She's the Mayor's daughter, all right? And with this experience, they'll make me Deputy Chief. A couple years of that, and I'll be made Chief. Then who knows what? Congress, maybe. So, don't give me Balliban and Cates. I'll be back with Administration in 30 days, and within 6 months there'll be a wreath around your picture.

WALKER

What the hell you talkin' about?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

I'm talking about you. You're not careful. You love the action, and that's why you're going to end up with a bullet in your butt, because you're crazy!

WALKER

Bullshit.

PELZER

Yeah? Here we are, we're at a divide in the road, and there's the sign..."Go this way to find the unarmed sixteen-year-old girl. Go that way to find the guy who's tough enough to kill the two best cops in history. And you're annoyed about going after the girl. That's as crazy as a man can get!

WALKER

Listen, if we're gonna talk, I need a beer.

PELZER

Great, so now we're gonna drink on duty.

WALKER

Hey Aunt Agnes, beer is not drinking on duty, especially undercover duty, okay? Plus, we're in Scumville, and when in Scumville...

PELZER

Do what?

WALKER

Ahh...Do as the Scumvillians do.

INT. HELGA'S TOUCH OF LEATHER - MOMENTS LATER

A HARD-LOOKING waitress in a t-shirt emblazoned with "Helga's Touch of Leather" spelled out in bull-whip lettering, approaches carrying a tray with a couple beers. She wears leather shorts, leather boots, black lipstick, black nails, a spiked dog collar, and a biker hat. She plops the beer down for Pelzer and Walker who sit at a booth.

WAITRESS
That'll be four bucks.

PELZER
Four dollars? For two beers?

WAITRESS
Four dollars each.

PELZER
Eight dollars for two beers?

WAITRESS
You wanna complain, talk to Helga.

NEW ANGLE - HELGA

She leans on the bar, a mountain of leather covered muscle.

NEW ANGLE - PELZER AND WALKER

PELZER
No, I guess eight dollars will be fine.
(she exits)
Eight dollars.

WALKER
Here's to you, Chief.
(guzzles half his beer)
You know somethin'? I bin thinkin'...
Maybe you'n me aren't as different
as you think.

PELZER
Yeah?

WALKER
Yeah. You wanna be big news in Wakefield and I wanna be big news in the cop department, so let's say you stick with me, and we make some big busts. You and me. Now you got some clippings to show the yokels back in Kansas, right? A little bit more exciting for 'em than hearing about you rearranging the dental plan, right?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Pelzer is surprised that Walker makes so much sense. He doesn't quite know how to handle it. He stands.

PELZER

Let's go

Walker finishes his beer, and they head for the door. CAMERA
FOLLOWS.

WALKER

Instead of hassling, we
should take advantage of our
differences...Between us, we
cover all the bases. Mr. Uptown
and Mr. Downtown.

PELZER

How about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

WALKER

That, too.

They exit the bar, squint in the bright light.

EXT. HELGA'S TOUCH OF LEATHER - BASHULA'S POV

Bashula, Pollo and the Clerk/Bouncer with the torn shirt sit in
a car across the street.

CLERK/BOUNCER

That's them...

NEW ANGLE

Squinting in the bright light, Pelzer and Walker don't see a
MESSENGER in a gorilla suit, riding a bicycle advertising,
"GORILLA-GRAM". He slams into Pelzer, and Pelzer goes down,
handbills flying in the wind.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

POLLO

Whaddaya think, Mr. Bashula?

BASHULA

Well, they ain't no Balliban and
Cates...but keep an eye on 'em.
They find her before we do...you
know what to do do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDESHOW BAR - SAME TIME

Cindy has parked her van outside the bar, heads for the door. She's changed to a leather mini-skirt, and she's accosted by the same Dingy Panhandler who bothered Pelzer earlier.

PANHANDLER

Hey, baby...spare a dollar?

CINDY

Sorry.

He follows her toward the door.

PANHANDLER

How 'bout some change?

CINDY

No.

He stops, calls after her.

PANHANDLER

How 'bout a hand-job?

CINDY

How 'bout a kick in the nuts?

INT. SIDESHOW BAR - MOMENTS LATER

DARYL, the midget, now sits at the bar. Cindy kisses his cheek.

CINDY

Hi, Daryl.

DARYL

How's it goin', Cindy?...Long time no see. Still with that record guy?

CINDY

Nah...got too crazy.

BARTENDER

Yeah, that's how it goes. Now what? Gonna go back to work?

CINDY

I should...I need the money, but I'm through with that, too. I'm gonna really concentrate on my singing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DARYL
Good, that's good.

CINDY
(a rueful laugh)
Yeah. And if I don't make it...
hey, I always got my back to fall
back on.

They share a bittersweet laugh.

BARTENDER
Well, you can work outta here any-
time. You were always good for
business.
(she nods, remembers)
By the way...
(hands her Pelzer's flyer)
A couple guys came in here earlier,
lookin' for you. Left this. Got a
number to call in case I saw you.

On her concerned look at the flyer, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD SUB-STATION - NEXT MORNING

A group of STRAIGHT-LOOKING BUSINESSMEN, quite drunk from an all-night party, are being booked. Down the counter, their HOOKER friends from the party are also being checked-in. Lt. Shackleford is talking to the ARRESTING OFFICERS, two guys in Delivery Man outfits. Tempy shows up, joins them.

ARRESTING OFFICER #1
Bachelor party...They were goin'
heavy all night...Only reason
they let us in was we told 'em
we had a booze delivery.

SHACKLEFORD
Yeah, good...Listen, those look
like Bashula's girls...any way
you can connect 'em?

ARRESTING OFFICER #2
It's doubtful, Lieutenant...We know
they're his girls, but, you know...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

I know, I know...How to prove it.
Well, if you find anything, lemme
know.

Tempi and Shackleford move away. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

TEMPI

Why don't you just back off?

SHACKLEFORD

Back off? Jesus, Tempi, what's
wrong with you?

TEMPI

(turns, angry)

It's Captain Tempi...Lieutenant!

(softens)

Look, a wealthy man with lots of
friends. He's filed a formal
complaint, and the people downtown
are pissed-off...So, lay off! I
don't want to lose you, too, okay?

SHACKLEFORD

You want me off this case, you're
gonna have to fire me.

Disgusted, Tempi glares at Shackleford, exits.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE

BUSINESSMAN

(to BOOKING OFFICER)

...Look, I know my rights...I
demand to talk with my attorney.

BOOKING OFFICER

No problem, we'll just check you
in first, then you can call.

BUSINESSMAN

I don't have to call him...

(indicates a sheepish

ARRESTEE behind him)

That's him.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE

Walker watches the booking procedure from behind a thick mesh
screen. He seems jealous. Pelzer, dressed a bit funkier than
the day before, arrives. He didn't shave that morning; Walker
notices, pleased.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

Let's go.

WALKER

You didn't shave.

PELZER

(embarrassed)

Yeah, well, I slept in a bit,
and...

WALKER .

Hey, no problem...looks good.

PELZER

You think so? I was going to
shave, but I figured, what the
heck, I'm undercover, for a little
while, what'll it matter?

WALKER

Right. Who cares? Who the heck
cares?

CUT TO:

INT. TATOO PARLOR HOLLYWOOD STREET - A BIT LATER

Walker and Pelzer show Cindy's picture to the artist while he
tatoos a rose onto the butt of a BIKER CHICK while her BOYFRIEND
watches. Nobody's seen her, they exit.

EXT. TATOO PARLOR

Pelzer and Walker exit.

WALKER

I been thinking about this Balli-
ban and Cates thing, and...

PELZER

(interrupts)

Will you take a break on Balliban
and Cates? That's about the
thirtieth time you brought them up
this morning.

WALKER

Just makin' conversation, that's
all.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

Look...I didn't shave this morning. No big deal. But you seem to see that as some kind of signal that somehow I'm as committed to getting a bullet in the ass as you. It doesn't mean that. All it means is I didn't shave this morning.

WALKER

Okay...We'll talk about something else. No big deal.

PELZER

Okay...Talk. It'll be really refreshing to hear something come out of your mouth that has nothing to do with police business.

WALKER

Fine. No problem.

PELZER

(after a couple beats)
Well? Let's hear it.

WALKER

(thinks a beat)
I cleaned my guns this morning.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE - POLLO'S POV

He's across the street, slumped down in his car, eating chicken. Watching.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD SHOE SHINE STAND

Walker shows the flyer to a SHOESHINE MAN. He hasn't seen her; neither has his customer, A MAN WITH A CAPE and knee-high pirate boots. They leave, CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM PAST THE PLEASURE FAIRE. If it's not nice, you can get it there. It's having a sale on Marital Aids, Adult Toys, Rubber Novelty Items. A PALE GENTLEMAN emerges carrying a bag with an inflatable woman. He exits and passes the boys.

WALKER

(indicates package)
About a week from now, I'd like to question her, huh?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

(deadpan)

No use. The new Supreme Court ruling states categorically that an inflatable woman can't testify against her owner.

WALKER

(laughing)

That's funny...You see that? You're not such a tight-ass, after all. This is good. We're gettin' to know each other. I'm tellin' you Pelz...this could work out if you gave it a chance.

PELZER

Never give up, do you?

WALKER

(stops walking; PELZER continues)

Why should I? Did Washington? Did Lincoln?

PELZER (O/C)

Did Custer?

Walker considers, shrugs, hurries after Pelzer. Nearby, Pollo sits in his car "reading" a paper. As Walker passes, he notices and moves on.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

CAMERA FOLLOWS Walker and Pelzer

WALKER

We're bein' followed...

(PELZER starts to react)

Don't look around...I'll show you in the pawn shop window.

He guides him to a nearby pawn shop; they "look" at the display.

WALKER (CONT'd)

The red car...back about a half-a-block...he's been with us all morning.

PELZER

C'mon...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Don't look back. Use the glass
as a mirror.

NEW ANGLE - THE PAWN SHOP WINDOW - PELZER'S POV

The glass reflects a distorted image of the street - can't see
a thing except some of the items for sale and a fun-house view
of the boys.

WALKER

There...you see?

PELZER

I'll tell you what I see. In
front of me there's a bunch
of accordions. Beside me
there's a bunch of paranoia.

WALKER

I'm telling you, he's down the
street. The red car.

Pelzer "casually" looks down the street.

PELZER

Okay...there's a red car.

They resume walking. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

WALKER

Right. See? I told you. It's
followin' us.

PELZER

I also saw a green car and a
blue car. They following us, too?

INT. SPEEDY STAND-UP LUNCH COUNTER

A few CUSTOMERS eat at the counter, a couple STREET KIDS play
a video machine. The THIN WOMAN who runs the joint reads a
tabloid paper. We SEE the headline: "DAN BLOCKER'S GHOST
HAUNTS MEAT MARKET". Pelzer and Walker enter; Walker risks a
quick look behind him.

WALKER

Still there...still following us.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

Relax, it's probably somebody
looking for a parking space.

They reach the counter. On the wall are several publicity
photos of would-be stars, and one of Erik Estrada. They're
signed with a message to "Mary". Pelzer shows the drawing to
the proprietress.

PELZER

Excuse me? Hi. We're looking for
this girl. I wonder if perhaps
you've seen her.

She looks, squints, then shakes her head.

WALKER

That's bullshit, lady...
(points to photos)
Check it out, partner...

One of the photos is of Cindy.

THIN LADY

Oh, yeah...her. That's Cindy
Bowie. She's not in any trouble,
is she?

WALKER

You don't tell us about her,
you're the one in trouble.

PELZER

(restrains WALKER)

There's no trouble...She's not in
trouble, and you're not in
trouble. We're just trying to
find her...Now, obviously, she
comes in here...

THIN LADY

Hasn't been in for a couple weeks...

WALKER

Whaddaya know about her?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

THIN LADY

Nothing, not really. She seems really sweet. She's a singer, she told me, likes pastrami on wheat bread. That's all I know...drives a white van.

WALKER

How come you got her picture on the wall?

THIN LADY

Hey...show business. They come in here, they eat, they ask if they can put their picture up. I let 'em. Sue me.

WALKER

And you say her name is Cindy Bowie? B-O-W-I-E?

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Pelzer is on phone; Walker is leaning against the booth, keeping a watch on the red car which lurks unobtrusively in a nearby alley.

PELZER

(into phone)

...B-O-W-I-E, that's right. We're looking for a last-known address, and what's on her sheet.

He waits, checks Walker.

WALKER

(from the corner of his mouth)

He's still out there.

PELZER

(back on the line)

What?...Yeah. One soliciting? That's it? Okay...Ravenwood Apartments, four-oh-six. Thanks.
(hangs up)

Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. STACEY'S APARTMENT

Stacey opens the door, his nose is very hungry. He's bandaged his face, but he still looks bad.

STACEY

Finally! My God, I've been dying...Come in, come in.

INT. STACEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Walker and Pelzer exchange glances as Stacey clears the coffee table again and brings out his paraphernalia. We SEE his grinder has been taped together. Pelzer spots the photo of Cindy standing next to her van, looks closely.

INSERT - C.V. PHOTO

We SEE her personalized plates "Cindy B".

STACEY

Please, sit, sit...

(almost shouts)

Sit! Heh-heh, sorry, Renaldo said you'd be here an hour ago. How is it? Good stuff? You guys tried it? Nice little kick? What's wrong???

(almost shouts)

What's wrong? Sorry, hey, everything's fine, why don't we just do a few lines and--oh, dear, I forgot...the money, the money...

(whips out his roll)

...business is business is business is business...What's wrong?

Pelzer holds out the picture of Cindy.

PELZER

We're looking for this girl. You seen her?

STACEY

(his head in his hands)

What is this?

(groans)

I'm being punished. I must have the shittiest karma in this town! In another life, I must have been Hitler or some fuckin' thing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Walker kicks his coffee table; Stacey shrieks as he sees his paraphernalia fly through the air.

WALKER

My partner asked you a question, Jack, and if I don't hear the right answer, I'm gonna moon-walk on your face!

STACEY

Please, please...she moved out Tuesday. I don't know where she is, I don't...

WALKER

Don't gimme that shit!

STACEY

I swear...I'll tell the same thing as I told the other two guys, all I know is she's gone...

As he talks, he picks up his scattered paraphernalia.

STACEY (CONT'd)

Aooo--my mirror, look at my mirror.

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Walker and Pelzer exit the building. Pelzer looks pleased, holds picture of Cindy and her van.

PELZER

Now we're getting somewhere! Lt. Shackelford is really going to be impressed.

WALKER

With what? All we got is a name, a white van, and she used to live with a coke freak. That's true for about eighty percent of Hollywood.

PELZER

(indicates photo)

We also have the license to her van.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

We haven't got shit! What about those two guys that beat him up?

PELZER

What about them? All he could tell us is one was bald and one was ugly. That covers the other twenty percent of Hollywood. I don't think they really concern us, probably she just owed them some money or something.

WALKER

Yeah, well, I don't like the idea...

PELZER

(interrupts)

Hold it...I don't want to add to your paranoia or anything, but isn't that your red car?

WALKER

Yeah. That's my red car.

PELZER

(a bit worried)

Why would anybody want to follow us?

WALKER

Let's find out.

PELZER

(more nervous)

Ah, what did you have in mind?

WALKER

Let's bust him.

PELZER

Hold it, Walker, there's not gonna be any busts, okay? You heard what Lt. Shackleford said. No arrests.

WALKER

He didn't say that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

That's exactly what he said.
We're observing, that's all.
And looking for that runaway,
that's all. That's all I'm
going to do.

INT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Walker and Pelzer walk past the alley mouth, then suddenly turn and duck in, hide behind some garbage.

PELZER

I'm telling you, Walker, I've
got a bad feeling about this.

WALKER

What could be the problem? If
he follows us in here, we nail
him, if he doesn't follow us in
here, we forget the whole thing.
Nothing can go wrong, and even
if it does, I'll cover for ya...
I'll take full responsibility,
okay?

Walker grins optimistically; Pelzer looks doubtful.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Pollo, in the red car starts to turn into the alley. He's cut off by ANOTHER CAR, similar in size and hue, coming the other way that turns into the alley...

INT. THE ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The second car moves slowly down the alley. Pelzer very nervous, steps out from behind the garbage cans, holding his pistol in quaking hands. He tries to shout, but can only muster a squeaky wheeze:

PELZER

All right, furkey, treeze!
I mean...

INT. CAR - DRIVER'S POV

We see a shaky Pelzer aiming his weapon. The DRIVER stamps on the gas, roaring toward Pelzer.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

As Pelzer moves to avoid the on-rushing car, Walker leaps onto the car from atop a stack of crates. He's got both Tom and Jerry out, but he's mis-timed his jump -- he didn't realize the car would be going so fast. He bounces off the trunk of the car, hits the alley, and comes up SHOOTING.

NEW ANGLE - THE CAR

One of the REAR TIRES IS SHOT OUT, THE TRUNK SPRINGS OPEN, THE CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL HALFWAY UP A LOADING RAMP, THEN FALLS OFF ON IT'S SIDE, WHEELS SPINNING, HORN HONKING. Walker races up the alley, past Pelzer.

WALKER

Let's go.

Pelzer confused and scared, races after him. Walker approaches the car warily.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Police, asshole! You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to...ah...Pelzer? What's the rest of it?

Pelzer arrives just as the trunk pops open, and tupperware SPILLS OUT. We SEE the driver, a SILVER-HAIRED MATRON. She clings, upside down and terrified to the wheel.

PELZER

How about...I'm very sorry...

CUT TO

INT. HOLLYWOOD SUB-STATION MEN'S ROOM - LATER

A COP dries his hands, exits. We SEE feet in two of the stalls. Shackleford barges through the door, visibly angry.

SHACKLEFORD

Walker? You in here? Pelzer?

PELZER (O/C)

Yessir...

WALKER

I can explain everything...

SHACKLEFORD

(interrupts)

Shut up! Shut...the fuck...up!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD (CONT'd)
(a couple of beats; then he
pounds on their doors)
Why!!!!?? Tell me why you did that?
Why??? Why??? Why did you arrest
Mrs. Horshauer?

WALKER
Well, Sir, she was following us.

SHACKLEFORD
She was following you? Why in
God's name would the woman just
declared the West Coast Tupper-
ware Agent of the Month be
following you two hemorrhoids?
(pounds on door again)

WALKER
Well, sir...She wasn't actually
following us...Actually, she was
just taking a short-cut to a
sales seminar, but the car she
was in closely resembled the one
that was, in fact, following us.

SHACKLEFORD
(can't believe it)
You arrested a Tupperware lady
because her car looked like...a
car?
(beat)
Jesus H. Christ! And who's idea
was it?

PELZER (O/C)
(after a beat)
It was a mutual decision, Sir.
We discussed it, and then...

SHACKLEFORD
(interrupts)
That true, Walker?

WALKER (O/C)
(immediately)
Yessir, that's exactly how it
was.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

Fine. I'll put you both down for an official reprimand. Congratulations. That's a record for the fastest reprimand ever in the history of this department...

(starts to exit; stops)

One more thing, starting Monday, you're gonna be bait for the Bun-Boy Detail. You got that?

(no answer)

You got that?

WALKER/PELZER (O/C)

Yessir.

Shackleford exits; it's silent for a few beats.

WALKER (O/C)

Hey, Pelz? Thanks.

PELZER (O/C)

I don't want to talk about it.

WALKER (O/C)

Yeah, but I just wanted you to know I appreciated it. You coulda dumped the whole thing on me, and I'da deserved it.

PELZER (O/C)

Whatteryou, deaf? I said I did not want to talk about it!

WALKER (O/C)

Hey, that's fine...if you don't wanna talk about it...fine with me, I understand.

(a couple beats)

Hey, Pelz?

PELZER (O/C)

(annoyed)

I told you I didn't--

WALKER (O/C)

That's not what I want to talk about. I'm out of toilet paper. You got any in there?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER (O/C)

Yes.

WALKER (O/C)

You wanna toss it to me?

PELZER (O/C)

(thinks about it)

No.

Another beat, and a roll sails over the top as Pelzer tosses it over, as Officer Burlbaugh enters.

BURLBAUGH

Hey?

PELZER (O/C)

Who is it?

BURLBAUGH

Burlbaugh...We just heard the news. Congratulations.

WALKER (O/C)

Fuck you.

BURLBAUGH

Hey, lighten up...It's happened to all of us. Not as bad as it happened to you...But it's happened. So, you officially broke your cherry, you are now officially part of Hollywood Vice, and we can officially invite you to the unofficial beerball game on Sunday.

He exits. After a couple of beats...

WALKER (O/C)

(excited)

Beerball! That's great! We made it, buddy! We're on the team!

PELZER (O/C)

(doubtful)

What's beerball?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HIGH-RISE BUILDING SITE - SUNDAY

A large hole surrounded by fencing. We HEAR ragged cheering, and a whistle blow.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLE - SAME TIME

A large BEARDED MAN wearing a mud-spattered referee's shirt, WALKS TO CAMERA, holding a football.

REFEREE

...twenty-three, twenty-four,
twenty-five.

He places the ball down in ankle-deep, very gooey mud, blows the whistle.

REFEREE (CONT'd)

All right, everybody...drink
beer!!

SEVERAL ANGLES - BEERBALL - ESTABLISHING

It's the HOLLYWOOD VICE 69'ers versus RAMPART BURGLARY 502's. There seems to be about a dozen players on each team, as they stand, drinking beer, covered with mud around the beer table. The excavation is roughly football-field sized and covered with mud throughout. Each end of the "field" is graced with primitive up-rights. Behind each goalpost, stands a WATER-FILLED PUMPER TRUCK, and a hose from each is stretched to their respective goallines. Each hose is manned by two briefly-clad WOMEN GOALTENDERS. While the teams drink beer, the Goaltenders spray more water on the already gooey field. On each side of the "field" sit FAMILY and FRIENDS, looking down at the action. A group of HOOKER/CHEERLEADERS, looking great in their outfits, cheer on the 69'ers. The 502's have cheerleaders of their own, but they seem more the WIFE and GIRLFRIEND TYPE. Several vehicles are present, including a good-sized R.V.

NEW ANGLE - WALKER AND PELZER

Two filthy guys in the midst of filthy co-ed teammates. Everybody seems pretty bombed. Pelzer swallows most of a beer.

PELZER

...I'm still not clear on just
when it is we hafta drink beer...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

BURLBAUGH

Very simple. We drink before all kickoffs, and at the end of each quarter...

(PELZER nods, concentrating)
...plus, after every touchdown, and any time there's a first down. Or, a field goal. Or a punt.

WALKER .

Gotcha.

BURLBAUGH

Or a fumble.

PELZER

See...that's what's got me confused. We're drinking beer but none of that stuff happened.

BURLBAUGH

It's a penalty. You gotta have a beer after every penalty.

WALKER

Just hold it...You told us Beer-ball's just like football except there's no penalties...Now you say...

BURLBAUGH

(interrupts)

There is one penalty...twenty-five yards. For barfing. MacIntire barfed, everybody saw him. It was a clear violation.

PELZER

Jeez...for a game with no rules, there's sure a lotta rules.

REFEREE (O/C)

Play ball!!!

WALKER

You gotta have rules, partner...
You got no rules, you got anarchy. You want that?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

No way.

SEVERAL ANGLES - THE GAME - THE PLAYERS - THE SPECTATORS

Anarchy rules. The 502's have the ball, the snap. The teams collide. A jumble of bodies--slipping, sliding, groping. A MALE HAND UNDER A FEMALE TEE-SHIRT, A FEMALE HAND DOWN THE FRONT OF MALE SHORTS. Lots of carnality and laughter. The 502 cheerleaders go through their paces; Walker's interested.

PELZER--Fading back to pass, slipping and falling on his ass while on-coming 502er's slither and slide toward him being blocked by 69er's. He gets up, avoids a hit. A Female Defender helps by yanking down on the On-rusher's shorts. He trips and falls forward into the goo. Gleefully, she snaps his jock, as Pelzer throws.

WALKER--headed straight for the 502 Cheerleaders; he doesn't care about the ball, it bounces off the back of his head, he doesn't care. He reaches the Cheerleaders and tackles the bunch of them. Later...

THE 502 CHEERLEADERS--cheer a play. WE SEE Walker's muddy handprints over their chests and bottoms. Later...

THE 502'S--have the ball. They nearly break a running play, but their Runner makes a sharp move to avoid a tackle, goes out of control, slides helplessly to the sideline and a collision with the 69er's beer table.

BOTH TEAMS--drinking beer by the sidelines. The Official leans back to empty a Coors, keeps on going, passes out in the mud.

A 502 RUNNER--emerges from the pack, heading for the goalline. Nothing in his way, except...

TWO FEMALE GOALTENDERS--they're not nearly so muddy as the rest of the 69er's. As the Runner approaches, they grab the large hose, one reaches for the lever on the nozzle.

GOALTENDER #1

Hey...you know the rules...Not till he reaches the twenty.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

GOALTENDER #2
Fuck'm!

She opens the valve, and the CAMERA FOLLOWS THE POWERFUL JET OF WATER till it hits the 502 Runner. The force of the water knocks him over, he loses the ball and is instantly ravaged by a pack of mud-covered maniacs.

EXT. SIDELINES--A BIT LATER

Everyone's drinking beer, unbelievable filth rules.

PELZER
(very drunk)
Why are we drinking now?

BURLBAUGH
Two-minute warning.

PELZER
Ah...right. I can't believe we've played almost the whole game, and it's still zero to nothing.

FEMALE TEAMMATE
The 502's are tough...We've never beaten 'em.

BURLBAUGH
We've never beaten anybody... Kind of a tradition.

PELZER
Yeah, well, I'm gonna start a new tradition. I, Officer Kent Pelzer, am going to score a touchdown. Totally by myself.

WALKER
Yeah? How?

PELZER
You're gonna help me.

VARIOUS SHOTS--PELZER'S TOUCHDOWN ATTEMPT

The snap, Pelzer takes the ball, runs to his left. 69er Blockers clear a path to the secondary. Pelzer heads for paydirt forbidden zone, a couple 502er's in pursuit; they're gaining. Pelzer laterals the ball to Walker, the Pursuers slip and slide as they change direction. Pelzer runs parallel to the play. When the 502er's near Walker, he flips the ball back to Pelzer. Once more the Pursuers are forced to change course. Just as he crosses the twenty, the Goaltenders hit him with the hose, but not before he flips the ball back to Walker. The powerful stream knocks Pelzer down, and some Defenders fall as the hose is re-aimed at Walker. They give up the chase as Walker is knocked down near the goalline. The force of the stream is pushing Walker backwards when Pelzer returns to help. Together, slipping and sliding, using each other's body as a barrier against the powerful stream of water, they get closer to the goalline.

The CROWD CHEERS lustily. The 69er's shout encouragement; the 502er's shout deprecating remarks.

Pelzer, using the crouching Walker as cover, makes it to the goalline, stands triumphantly and spikes the ball, just as he's bowled over by the stream of water. Walker leaps on top of him and they roll around and around in the slop. Two pigs congratulating each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOALLINE AREA--AFTER THE GAME

The teams are being washed-off by a more gentle stream from the pumper trucks. A giant shower and wet tee-shirts display. Good humor abounds. Pelzer is drunker than he's ever been. Walker's just as drunk, but he's been there before.

WALKER

Fun, huh?

PELZER

You know what? This is the most fun I've ever had, in my whole, entire life...You know, when I was administration, you know? Fizzin' the dental plan?

(WALKER nods)

We sure the heck n'v'r' did anything like this.

WALKER

Me Neeeeeither.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

But we pulled it off, di'n't
we? We gotta touchdown, hey?

WALKER

Betchur ass we did...

He pounds Pelzer a little too hard on the back, sends Pelzer sprawling into the mud. Walker tries to help him up, he's dragged down. They start laughing the uncontrollable laugh of the true pisstank. Burlbaugh approaches. Helps them up.

BURLBAUGH

Hey, let's go...It's award-time.

WALKER

Whaaaattttt???

BURLBAUGH

You guys were picked as the
most valuable players...C'mon.

Walker and Pelzer stumble after him. They head in the direction of the R.V.

BURLBAUGH (CONT'd)

This is a great moment in
history...it's the first time
two guys ever bin awarded
M.V.P.!

WALKER

That's great.

PELZER

What's he sayin'?

WALKER

He's sayin' we're the most
valuable players.

PELZER

Really? So, whadda we get?
A trophy? Or what?

They near the R.V., and notice the 69er Cheerleaders stand in the doorway, bombed and smiling.

BURLBAUGH

Something like that.

WALKER

(realizes happily)
Better than a trophy, pardner.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER
(doesn't realize)
What's better than a trophy?

BURLBAUGH
Inside, boys...If you're not
out in an hour, we'll come in
for ya with the jaws of life...
(laughs)

Walker pushes Pelzer up the stairs.

PELZER
He's got a trophy in the R.V.?
Hi, girls...
(gets it)
Oh, I...hey...gee, I dunno...

Walker pushes him into the doorway, follows, closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS--EARLY EVENING

Walker's Blazer heads for home.

INT. BLAZER--SAME TIME

Pelzer drives, Walker slumps against the door. Pelzer seems quite a bit more sober.

PELZER
Where do I turn?

WALKER
Just keep goin' down Franklin.
I'll tell you when to turn.
(takes a big pull on a beer)

PELZER
My God, how many of those are
you gonna drink?

WALKER
(thinks)
About two more.

PELZER
Two more and your bladder'll
be the size of Wisconsin.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Noooope, I'll be fine, but I gotta have two more so I kin talk. I've got some heavy shit t'tell ya.

PELZER

What kind of heavy shit?

WALKER

Can't tell ya...not till I've had two more...But I have had enuff to get into some semi-heavy shit. 'Kay?

PELZER

(smiles)

'Kay.

WALKER

'Kay...You prob'ly di'n't know this, but I usta think you were a wimp.

PELZER

I had a vague idea.

WALKER

Oh, sure, mèbbe a vague idea, but you had no real idea of the depth of wimpiness I thought you were involved with.

PELZER

(amused)

Great.

WALKER

But then you took half the blame fer my bad bust, and I seen the way your Beerball game is, and I realized yer'n okay guy in wimp's clothing--just like Clark Kent. Turn right here...In fact...

(stares intently at PELZER)

If you were just a little taller'n wore glasses 'n' had shiny blue hair...I'd be hard-pressed to tell you fuckers apart. Turn in here, tha's my house.

They pull into the driveway.

PELZER

Okay if I use your phone? I gotta call Karen.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Who's Karen?

PELZER

--I told you about her. My fiance.

WALKER

Oh, yeah, the mayor's daughter.
(checks PELZER out)
Jes' hold it...you're not
feelin' guilty or anything...
Huh?

PELZER

Well...a little...

EXT. WALKER'S HOUSE--SAME TIME

A dilapidated thirties-style duplex. The Blazer bumps into the garage door as it halts. The boys emerge. We HEAR A PARTY GOING ON NEXT DOOR. CAMERA FOLLOWS them to Walker's door.

WALKER

...Hey, give yerself a break...
You had a lot to drink, they
were great-lookin' women, and,
besides, you deserved it. You
were the co-MVP.

PELZER

That's no excuse...I'm engaged.
How would I feel if Karen fooled
around?

WALKER

You'd feel terrible, if you
found out, which's why you gotta
make sure she never finds out...

PELZER

I'm not gonna tell her...I'm
just going to, call her.

CUT TO:

INT. KANSAS LIVING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

Small-town comfortable. KAREN'S MOTHER--pretty, plump, and aging well--carries a cup of coffee to KAREN'S FATHER. He's as smug as a small-town big-shot can get as he watches John Davidson on TV. KAREN--a younger, primly-dressed version of her mother--watches with her father. The PHONE RINGS; Karen's Mother answers it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Hearing her Mother say "Kent", Karen goes to the phone and waits impatiently.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL with Walker's apartment. It is furnished in comfortable drab. The empty beer cans add a nice personal touch. We HEAR THE PARTY SOUNDS from next door.

KAREN'S MOTHER

Hello?...Why, Kent, how nice to hear from you...What? Why, yes she is...She came over for supper and we're watching a little television...I'll get her.
(covers mouthpiece)
He sounds like he's been drinking.

KAREN

(slightly alarmed; takes the phone)
Kent? Hi, honey, how are you?
(listens)
That's good...
(gestures her MOTHER away)
That's good. What? Well, I love you very much, too...Kent? Is something wrong? You sound funny. Have you been drinking?

PELZER

Me? No. Well, I did have a couple of beers, but that was hours ago. Hours and hours... I'm just a little tired, that's all.

Walker emerges from the bedroom, "adjusting" his sleeve. When he's near Pelzer, he hits his right wrist, snaps his right arm out, and "Uncle Frank" appears in his hand.

WALKER

Hello, Uncle Frank.
(to PELZER)
How 'bout that? I still got the reflexes of a cat!

PELZER

(ignoring him)
Well, ah...yes. I have been working hard. I thought I'd get administrative duty, but...

KAREN

...Undercover? In Hollywood?
Isn't that dangerous?
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

KAREN (CONT'd)

(lowers voice)

I saw a program about Hollywood the other night, and they were -- saying that it's really getting terrible there...

(beat)

You know what I mean...I mean, ah...kinky. The man was talking about how they have places where, you know, they tie you up, with leather and handcuffs, and everything, and then...

PELZER

...Well, yeah, they do...What? Yeah. I've seen them...Well, I may have gone in one, and...I have to, honey, it's my job... No, I didn't enjoy it...What's going on with you, Karen?

KAREN

(sotto, coyly)

Well, I miss you, Kent. You know I do. And it's been, you know, quite a long time since, we've seen each other.

WALKER

(loudly)

I'm goin' to the party. C'mon over when you're done.

(he exits)

PELZER

Who's that?...It's a guy named Cliff Walker...No, he's not an Indian. I guess you could call him my partner. Yeah, a cop, too, and I'm at his house.

(beat)

It's not even really a party... It's a nice old couple who live next door. Meh-heh. Listen, I gotta go now...but write, okay? You owe me a letter...

KAREN

Okay...bye, honey. I sure miss you. You know? I really, really miss you.

(she hangs up; thoughtful)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

KAREN'S MOTHER

Anything wrong?

KAREN

(lying brightly)

What could be wrong?

KAREN'S MOTHER

Well, I don't want to interfere but the airlines have cut their fares to Los Angeles.

Mother and daughter exchange looks.

EXT. WALKER'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Pelzer sits on the front porch, sipping a cup of coffee. Walker emerges from the party side, holding a couple beers, joins Pelzer on the porch. The party seems to be getting louder.

PELZER

They're getting pretty rowdy in there.

WALKER

What? Nah...It's just one of Raoul's parties. He likes to party. This is fer Cinco de Mayo.

PELZER

That's in May.

WALKER

Mmmm...Well, it's Cinco de some-thin'...

He gulps down the two beers, burps a small gentlemanly burp.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Okay...now I'm ready to talk... Let the heaviness begin.

PELZER

I really should be getting home.

WALKER

Only take a second...I'm gonna talk about bein'--you ready for this?...A towntamer. I wanna be a towntamer. Tha's my dream. You wanna be Police Chief of Dipstick Kansas, an' I wanna be a towntamer.

PELZER

(amused)

A towntamer?

WALKER

Hey, I di'n't laugh atchur shit,
don't be laughin' at mine.

PELZER

I'm not laughing. I'm just
amazed it took you forty-three
thousand beers to tell me.

WALKER

Hey, tha's th'way it is with me.
With you, iss diff'r'nt...you
jus' come right out'n told me.
I'dmire that.

PELZER

Well, I'm glad you told me.
But, I gotta go now and...

WALKER

(interrupts)

Therrr I am, ridin' into town,
one my big, grey...horse. Go
right upta the saloon, get off,
'n walk through them swingin'
doors, an' it gets real quiet.
'N ever'body in there...the
wranglers'n the geezers'n the
galoots'n the dance hall girls,
they go like this...

He drops his jaw with a look of "surprise" and "chagrin".
Pelzer holds back his laughter.

WALKER (CONT'd)

So, I head to the bar...
(stands, walks, makes spur sounds)
...That's my spurs...

PELZER

That's what I figgered.

WALKER

'N then I say, not too loud, but
m'voice really carries, I say...
"I'm lookin' for the Bartlett
Brothers."

PELZER

The Bartlett Brothers?

WALKER

Right--Jake, Billy Joe, Enos,
and...

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

WALKER (CONT'd)

(thinks)

Seth. They're sittin' at the far table. Meanest, baddest, -- bushwackin'ist, horsetheivin'ist bastards west of the Pecos. An' I say, "Whenever yer ready, boys." An' Enos, always the hothead, slaps leather! But before they clear their holsters, I whip out "Tom" and "Jerry"!!!

He pulls out his forty-fives. Pelzer tenses.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Pow! Pow! Pow-fucking-Pow!!!
And the west is forever safe from th' spectre of the Bartletts!

He holsters his guns, Pelzer exhales and Walker sits heavily. He waits a beat.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Tha's why it's so import'nt f'me t'be a cop. It's the closest I kin ever get t'bein' a towntamer. Ever, ever.

(beat)

You think I'm an asshole, don'cha?

PELZER

Tell you what I think, Walker--

WALKER

(interrupts)

It's not "Walker!" and it's not...

(beat)

... "asshole". It's "partner". In all the time we bin t'gether, y'never called me "partner". Not even one time.

Pelzer's not quite sure how to handle this. Tentatively pats Walker on the back. Walker likes it.

PELZER

Well, partner, it's time for me to...mosey. But I'll tell you something, tomorrow we'll go get the Bartletts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION - MONDAY MORNING

Pelzer and Walker head up the hallway, spot Lt. Shackleford.

PELZER

Lieutenant! Could we have a moment of your time, Sir?

Shackleford looks at him, annoyed.

SHACKLEFORD

What is it?

WALKER

Well, Sir, we thought we'd update you on that runaway.

SHACKLEFORD

You got ten seconds. Shoot.

PELZER

Here's a photograph of the suspect we obtained during our investigation. Her name is Cindie--with an "ie" not a "y"--Bowie...she's nineteen...she drives a white van. Notice the personalized plates "Cindy B"...

SHACKLEFORD

Thrilling policework.

He walks away...Pelzer follows along.

PELZER

Thank you, Sir, that's very nice, ah...but we were just wondering--did you put anyone else on this case?

SHACKLEFORD

No.

WALKER

That's kind of puzzling, Sir, 'cause when we questioned her boyfriend, he mentioned two other cops who questioned him, and roughed him up pretty bad.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

(starting to show interest)

Who? What officers?

PELZER

He wasn't able to name them, but he described one as bald...kind of a big guy...the other one was sorta thin, with a big scar across his face.

SHACKLEFORD

(hiding his intense interest)

Really...lemme see that picture.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

Walker's Blazer cruises down the street.

INT. THE BLAZER

Pelzer and Walker are back on regular duty. Walker is pleased.

WALKER

...I can't believe it. We just talked to him, and he pulled us off the Bun-Boy Detail!

PELZER

I don't know why you're surprised. I've been trying to tell you, open communication is the best way to deal with superior officers.

WALKER

Whatever...At least we don't have to hang around Santa Monica waiting for some anal commando to sneak up on us.

PELZER

Now there's a progressive thought. What's your idea of gay rights? Hang anybody who owns a hair dryer?

WALKER

What are you talkin' about? I own a hair dryer...I don't use it a lot, but I got one...Anyway, forget that bullshit, why'dyou think he put us back on the street?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

How do I know? Maybe he was impressed with our work. Maybe, underneath it all, he likes us... Why are you so suspicious of everything?

INT. BASHULA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Bashula is on the phone. Through the window of his office we SEE more mud-wrestling. Bashula writes as he talks.

BASHULA

...What is it? Cindy B? No numbers or anything, just Cindy B?...Gotcha... Thanks, your my favorite cop.
(laughs, hangs up)
Asshole...Finally, you're earnin' your money.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

The white van, Cindy B personalized plates and all, sits in the sun. The CAMERA finds an elderly office building next to the lot, MOVES UP the building.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Cindy, looking her interview best, enters the office carrying her guitar and music sheets. Three other acts wait patient. A PAIR OF IDENTICAL ORIENTAL GIRLS with matching violins, a JUGGLER practices with three small rubber balls. Beside him, a chain saw and a green bowling ball. The third act is A WELL DRESSED ELDERLY GENTLEMAN and his BULLDOG. The dog wears a white ruffled clown collar and a little red hat kept on by an elastic under his chin. Cindy, smiling nervously, approaches the BORED RECEPTIONIST.

CINDY

Good morning, I'm Cindy Bowie, I'm here to see Mr. Sheslow.

RECEPTIONIST

You'll have to wait your turn, honey...Monday is open house day. I hope you got plenty of time.

Smiling uncertainly, she moves to sit next to the Well-Dressed Man. His dog growls at her, she moves next to the violin twins.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY AT STACEY'S APARTMENT--SAME TIME

STACEY (O/C)
(behind door)

Who is it?

The peephole opens, he peers out.

NEW ANGLE--SHACKLEFORD--STACEY'S POV

He smiles reassuringly.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE

STACEY (CONT'd) (O/C)
(behind door)

Finally, you got here...
(opens door)

My man...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Shackleford into the apartment. Stacey is, as usual, hurting, and lays out his paraphernalia as he chatters. We SEE his patched grinder and his now-taped-up mirror. His silver straw is bent.

STACEY (CONT'd)
I don't know what the hell's
wrong with Renaldo. He used
to be so reliable...I know, I
know, you're just the delivery
boy--

(shouts)

--Man! Heh-heh, sorry, sit down,
please. Let's break out the
rock.

SHACKLEFORD
A couple days back you had a
little visit from...
(shows photos of POLLO and
BASHULA)
...these guys?

CONTINUED

STACEY

Aw, shit!

(shouts)

--Shit! You're not from Renaldo,
you're another fuckin' cop!
What's the matter with you guys?
Okay, so I got a little Jones,
it's not like I'm the Hillside
fucking Strangler or something...
Get outta here!

In a flash, Shackleford has him by the collar and is backing him towards the open balcony. Naturally, the coffee table is knocked over yet once more and Shackleford walks through the paraphernalia. He shoves him out onto the balcony.

SHACKLEFORD

You ever been to a ground-
breaking ceremony?

STACEY

(terrified)

Whaaat?

SHACKLEFORD

Here's how it works...you hit
the ground, your bones break--
now, let's hear about your
visitors!

CUT TO:

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE--SHORT TIME LATER

The agent, MR. SHESLOW, is ushering Cindy to the door. A second-rate in a first-rate suit.

CINDY

I don't know how to thank you,
Mr. Sheslow. I really
appreciate it...I really do.

SHESLOW

Don't worry...you just do well
Wednesday night, that's all I
want. After that...if you want
to thank me, I'm sure we can
work something out. Bye-bye.

She smiles uncertainly as he ushers her out the door. A nervous STAGE MOTHER and her CURLY-HAIRED DARLING look at him hopefully. He nods them into his office.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A grubby STREETPERSON walks slowly across the parking lot, checking everything out. He sees the white van filled with Cindy's possessions--looks good. He's not being watched. Casually, he puts his foot on the bumper to "tie his shoe", and check for a burglar alarm. None. He moves to the driver's side, pulls a long, thin tool out, pops the door open. Another look, all clear, and he's under the dash, hot-wiring the car.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE

Cindy exits the building, heads for the parking lot, ignores the come-ons of a GROUP OF GUYS hanging around the lot entrance, and heads for her van. She's surprised when it starts and backs out of the parking space.

CINDY

(shouts)

Hey! That's my van! That's...

She's stopped by a HUGE EXPLOSION. The VAN DISINTEGRATES; she's knocked flat by the explosion; DEBRIS FLIES.

NEW ANGLE - BASHULA

He sits across the street in his car. He's pissed off that he missed the girl and pounds the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD STAND PATIO - LATER

Daryl, the midget from the Showtime Bar, sits at a table with his little dog with him. He eats a hamburger that's too big for him. He's watching Walker and Pelzer. Pelzer's on a pay phone to Karen. Walker munches thoughtfully on a large falafel.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL: Karen has just come out of the shower, she's putting lotion on herself.

PELZER

...No, nothing's wrong...Karen, please, I'm keeping the place at the beach, I'll just be staying in Hollywood till the thirty days are up, and I can get my transfer--it's a long drive in from the beach...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

KAREN

You sound, so formal...you're sure nothing's wrong? You're not having second thoughts?

PELZER

Nothing is wrong...I'm not having second thoughts about our engagement...Everything is still the way it was. Now, you have the new address, be sure to write.

KAREN

You know something, Sugarbear? I've got a surprise for you...

(listens)

If I told you my surprise, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it? Bye, love you.

(hangs up, looking smug)

He hangs up, heads back to the table and sits.

PELZER

She knows.

WALKER

You told her?

PELZER

No, I didn't tell her, but she knows. I know that she knows.

WALKER

You're getting very crazy.

PELZER

It's your fault. I've been with you for a week, and look at me. I'm drinking like a fish, I'm cheating on my fiancée, and I look like some asshole terrorist.

(WALKER laughs)

And listen to me talk. Thanks to you, I can't get through a simple sentence without some kind of profanity.

WALKER

It ain't me, pard, it's the street. That's what bringing you out.

PELZER

Bullshit.

(sniffs)

What's that you're eating.

(
CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER
(opens falafel for a look)
I'm not sure...it's kind of
brown. Could be meat.

Daryl approaches them, stands by the table. They check him out.

DARYL
You guys looking for Cindy
Bowie?

On their looks, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. "BUBBLES"--A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Blazer pulls into the parking lot of a garishly-decorated
co-ed Hot Tub Emporium. Pelzer and Walker emerge. There's
quite a few cars around--it's a popular joint. CAMERA FOLLOWS
them to the door.

WALKER
I'm telling you, I don't like
it...we could be walking into
a trap.

PELZER
There's an old saying, partner:
"the paranoid is never alone."
(laughs)
Who'd want to trap us?

WALKER
I dunno, but I sure didn't
trust that little knee-sniffer.

PELZER
(can't believe it)
Let me ask you just one question,
okay? When was the last time a
midget told you a lie?

WALKER
When I was eleven. At the
circus. A midget told me he
could sneak me in when the
tattooed lady was taking a
shower. I gave him two bucks.
Total rip-off, all I saw was
two guys hosing down a kangaroo.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

Just hold it...you gave a midget
two bucks to watch the tattooed
lady take a shower? When you
-- were eleven?

WALKER

Yeah. What's wrong with that?
Didn't your parents ever take
you to the circus?

INT. DRESSING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

They're finishing getting undressed. Walker sits glumly on a
bench.

PELZER

Let's go.

WALKER

I can't go out there, I'm naked.

PELZER

So am I. So is everybody.
That's the way it is at Bubbles.
Why else did we pay seventy-five
dollars for an hour?

WALKER

I'm not talkin' naked without
clothes, I'm talkin' naked with-
out guns.

(indicates guns in locker)

I don't feel right without one
of the family.

PELZER

Okay, stay here...I'll handle
it myself.

INT. BUBBLES CORRIDOR--MOMENTS LATER

Several people of several sexes wander about in towels, or less.
Walker and Pelzer have towels around their waists. Walker
carries an extra towel, we SEE the barrel of a .45 sticking out.
Pelzer notices, indicates it to Walker, who tucks it out of sight.

INT. HOT TUB ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

The lights are dim, there's a large bed near the hot tub, mirrors on the wall. We SEE, but not clearly, a woman in the bubbling hot tub. The scene is lit by lights in the tub under the water. ROMANTIC MUSIC plays.

CLOSER ANGLE--THE WOMAN

It's not Cindy. This woman is quite a bit older and very much fatter. She leans back on the tile, eyes half-closed. She's enjoying herself. We SEE someone underneath the water.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE

Walker and Pelzer enter nervously.

PELZER

Cindy?

(there's no reaction)

Cindy? Cindy Bowie?

(still no reaction)

WALKER

(loudly)

Yo! Cindy!

The Fat Lady, realizing she's not alone, turns, angry.

FAT LADY

Whatta you want? Get out of here!

PELZER

I'm sorry, we were looking for--

A MAN pops up from under the water, interrupting Pelzer.

MAN

What's wrong, Deidre?

(notices guys)

Hey, this is a private party.

A second man, PARTIER #2, pops up from the water.

PARTIER #2

What's happening?

A third man, PARTIER #3, pops up out of the water; he's annoyed.

PARTIER #3

Are we gonna do this, or what?

INT. BUBBLES CORRIDOR--MOMENTS LATER

Disgruntled, Walker and Pelzer head back to the locker room.

WALKER

I'm tellin' you, I'm gonna
find that little bastard and
squeeze his head off, I'm...

They pass a door which opens behind them, and Cindy sticks her head out.

CINDY

Walker? Pelzer?

They freeze, turn.

WALKER/PELZER

Cindy?

CINDY

In here.

She opens the door, they move towards it.

PELZER

Daryl said you'd in in 18??

CAMERA FOLLOWS them into the room. It's similar to #18. Cindy, naked, her back to them, heads for the tub.

CINDY

I was, but it's reserved for
groups.

She walks into the tub, sits; she looks wonderful.

CINDY (CONT'd)

C'mon in, the water's fine.

Walker and Pelzer look at each other uncertainly.

PELZER

(sotto)

Go ahead.

WALKER

(sotto)

You go...I'll stay back here'n
cover the door.

PELZER

(sotto)

That's okay, I'll--

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

(interrupts, sotto)

I've got the gun, I'll guard
--the door.

CINDY

What's wrong?

WALKER/PELZER

Nothing.

They check each other out, nod, and both head for the tub, climb in, without removing their towels. We think maybe they'll take them off once they're in the water--but we're wrong. They sit, fully-towelled, uncertain and a bit embarrassed. She seems amused at their discomfort.

CINDY

Let's cut the small talk, okay?
Why you guys lookin' for me?

WALKER

(interrupts)

Just hold it...we'll ask the questions. First question: what's the deal here? How come you picked this joint to meet?

CINDY

'Cause everybody's naked here. It would be easy to spot if you guys were wired, or carried a piece. Like that bazooka you got in your towel there.

WALKER

Okay...well...

(to PELZER)

Go ahead, you ask the questions.

PELZER

Look, you're not under arrest or anything...we were asked to find you, kind of a favor to your Dad,
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER (CONT'd)

Apparently, he's missed you since you ran away, and he just wants you to come...Why are you smiling? This is very serious.

CINDY

You're gonna hafta do a lot better'n that, fellas. A lot better.

WALKER

He's tellin' you straight, honey. Now, cut the shit, or we'll take you down to the station, and they'll beat the truth out of you!

CINDY

(not a bit afraid)

Is he for real?

PELZER

I'm afraid so...Now, look, you're a beautiful girl, with a lot to live for. Your father's gone to a lot of trouble, he obviously loves you.

CINDY

My father died when I was six. And I didn't run away. I'm nineteen and I came because I'm a singer, and--

WALKER

(interrupts)

Bullshit, you're a hooker!

CINDY

And you're an asshole!

PELZER

Hold it! Can't we talk about this sensibly?

(beat)

At least as sensibly as you can talk sitting around naked in a hot tub?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Okay, lemme make it sensible. I dunno who gave you this stuff about my father, but he was pullin' your chain.

WALKER

Let's take her in.

CINDY

Look, here's the deal, you're not the only ones looking for me. There's a couple other goons who...

PELZER

(interrupts)

The two guys who roughed-up your boyfriend?

CINDY

My ex-boyfriend. Now, I don't know what they want, either, but I don't want to find out. So, you guys look after me the next couple days, and I'll turn myself in... Thursday.

PELZER

Why Thursday?

CINDY

I've got a big audition Wednesday, could be the break of my life. I can't miss it. Whatta ya say?

EXT. BUBBLES - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Pelzer and Walker emerge from Bubbles and wait for Cindy.

WALKER

I dunno...you think we're doin' the right thing?

PELZER

Hey, we may not be doing the right thing, but we're certainly not doing anything wrong.

CONTINUED

WALKER

I dunno...

PELZER

-- I can't figure you out, partner.
Two minutes ago, you liked the
plan.

WALKER

Two minutes ago I was lookin' at
a great pair of tits.

PELZER

Relax. What could go wrong?

NEW ANGLE--PELZER AND WALKER--THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

They're a BIT FUZZY, but they're soon adjusted into SHARP FOCUS.
The CROSS-HAIRS MOVE from Walker to Pelzer. Cindy exits, and
she, too, is included in the cross-hairs.

NEW ANGLE--POLLO

He's hiding behind some bushes looking down the hill at Bubbles.
He snaps a silencer onto his rifle, makes sure the clip is in
place.

NEW ANGLE--PELZER, WALKER AND CINDY

Pelzer is knocked out by Cindy's outfit; Walker's not so impressed.

WALKER

Is that the outfit you put on
to convince people you're not
a hooker?

CINDY

Is that the act you put on to
convince people you are a dork?

PELZER

Hey, c'mon--we're gonna be
spending the next couple days
together, let's--

He's interrupted by a PHTTT SOUND, and the POT FROM A LARGE
POTTED PLANT IS SHATTERED. All three are surprised, shocked.

PELZER (CONT'd)

--What the heck was that?

A COUPLE MORE ROUNDS PHHTTT BY. Walker is the first to realize they're under attack. PLASTER FLIES OFF the Bubbles facade; A ROUND GOES THROUGH A NEARBY SINGLES NEWSPAPER RACK.

CINDY

What's hap--

Walker grabs them both and pushes them behind a low retaining wall. MORE ROUNDS RICOCHET OFF THE WALL.

NEW ANGLE--WALKER, PELZER, CINDY

Terror and confusion reign as they huddle together.

PELZER

What's happening?!

WALKER

Stay down! Somebody's shooting at us!

PELZER

Fuck!

Walker looks at him strangely. Even under pressure, that's not a thing Pelzer says.

WALKER

I can't tell where it's comin' from. Wait'll I tell you, then put Cindy's purse on top of the wall.

He crawls along the base of the wall till he reaches the end. He cautiously peers out between the end of the wall and a bush.

NEW ANGLE--THE HILLSIDE--WALKER'S POV

Nothing. He does see the car that Pollo was following them with parked on the ridgeline.

NEW ANGLE--WALKER

WALKER (CONT'd)

Okay, put her purse up.

Gingerly, Pelzer puts the purse up. Almost immediately, IT'S HIT BY GUNFIRE.

NEW ANGLE--THE HILLSIDE--WALKER'S POV

We SEE the muzzle BLAST from behind a bush.

NEW ANGLE--WALKER

He whips out Tom and Jerry and STARTS TO BLAST.

NEW ANGLE--THE HILLSIDE

.45 SLUGS TEAR THROUGH THE BUSHES. Pollo ducks, retreats, heads for the car.

NEW ANGLE--WALKER AND PELZER

They're both up FIRING. The ROAR OF THE .45's DROWNS OUT THE SOUND OF PELZER'S .38. They see Pollo's car exit. Cindy is near tears.

PELZER

Good shooting!

WALKER

Whaddaya mean, good shooting?
We missed the sonofabitch!

CINDY

(the tears start)
What's happening to me? First
they blew up my van, now this.
What do they want?

WALKER/PELZER

Van?

PELZER

When did--

CINDY

(interrupts, crying)
This morning...I was coming out...
that's why I got in touch with
you guys--I'm really scared...

She gets up as she talks, moves to Pelzer, grabs him and cries on his shoulder. She's very frightened. He's at least as scared as she is, but he comforts her the best he can.

WALKER

Hey, Pelz? We're in some deep
shit here. And I think Shackelford
shoved us into it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COBRA CLUB - EVENING

A seedy all-black jazz joint on Sunset. Some TOUGH-LOOKING PLAYERS hang out front. Walker's Blazer pulls up, collects some stares.

INT. BLAZER CAB - PELZER, WALKER, CINDY

PELZER

(looks out nervously)

You sure this is the right place?

WALKER

This'll never be the right place, pard, but this is the place.

PELZER

Maybe you should wait in the truck, Cindy.

CINDY

Wrong.

They climb out, pass a MAN IN A MAROON SUIT with ermine trim.

PELZER

Good evening.

MAN IN SUIT

Kiss my ass.

The trio exchange glances, enter club. CAMERA FOLLOWS. It's dark, smoky, and crowded with an exclusively BLACK CLIENTELE. Booths, red wallpaper, candles, EXPERIMENTAL JAZZ. The white trio moves gingerly through the hostile crowd. Lots of "Excuse me's" and smiles from the trio. Lots of stares from the Customers. As they move, the CROWD GETS QUIET, THE MUSIC STOPS. All stare.

PELZER

(sotto, to WALKER)

Well, you got what you want, Towntamer...You walked into the saloon...it got quiet.

WALKER

(smiles, nervous)

We walked into the saloon...We!

The BARTENDER confronts them as their progress stalls.

BARTENDER

Whattaya want?

WALKER

We're lookin' for a guy named Shackleford.

CONTINUED

They get a stake from the bartender.

BARTENDER
I'm Shackleford.

WALKER
No, you're not.

BARTENDER
You callin' me a liar?

PELZER
(quickly)
No! Of course not. We're
just looking for a different
Shackleford, that's all,

MALE CUSTOMER
I'm Shackleford...Whaddaya
want?

The CHORUS BUILDS--everybody claims to be Shackleford, even the women. Cindy sees the people having a laugh at their expense. Her nervousness turns to anger.

CINDY
Let me tell you something,
ladies and gentlemen...this is
not fair, especially to me.
Now, maybe I could understand
your hostility to my friends
here, because, after all, they
are police officers, who from
time to time, I'll admit it,
sometimes harrass you people
without justification. But,
why me? I'm a singer. That's
all I do. Sing. Even if there's
trouble, all I could do is sing...
But not these two. They're
scared, and they're armed. Plus
they're white. Now, better than
most, you should realize that
when scared honkies with guns are
hanging around, people get hurt.
So, cut the shit and tell us
where Shackleford is!!!

Pelzer and Walker can't believe she said all that. Neither can the Clientele. They don't know how to react.

SHACKLEFORD (O/C)
Over here.

The Crowd parts, we SEE Shackleford at the bar. The BAND STARTS PLAYING, people get back to doing what they were doing.

INT. COBRA CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The four are sitting at a table. The Bartender brings a drink for Shackleford, and exits.

SHACKLEFORD

-- How'd you find me.

WALKER

Hey, we're cops...We can find anybody.

PELZER

We called Burlbaugh, he said this is where you hung out.

SHACKLEFORD

Okay, talk...you got two minutes.

We HEAR THE SOUND OF WALKER'S PISTOL BEING COCKED.

WALKER

We got as long as we want...I pull this trigger an' your balls'll be decorating the horn section.

SHACKLEFORD

Ease off, tough guy, before I tear off your head and stuff it up--

(indicates PELZER)

--his ass.

PELZER

(cocks his pistol)

We're not fooling around, Sir... You told us to find a runaway, a rich guy's daughter--and keep it totally quiet. So, we find her, only she's not a runaway or not a rich girl, and we tell you and only you, about it, and some unlucky asshole steals her van and gets blown up by a bomb intended for her.

SHACKLEFORD

Bomb?

WALKER

Bomb...

(makes an explosion sound)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

So, because you gave me her license number, you think I did it? Then why not cut the Junior G-Man shit and take me in?

WALKER

That's what I wanted, but Pelzer, the Public Defender, says, "Hey, he's a good cop, there must be an explanation."

SHACKLEFORD

(looks back and forth)

I get it...the old, good cop-bad cop. Nice. You're actually working as a team. I'm impressed.

PELZER

Cut the crap, Lieutenant.

SHACKLEFORD

You cut the crap. I'm not the only one who got the license number. I gave it to the Captain.

PELZER

(shocked)

Captain Tempi?

WALKER

Bullshit...let's take him in.

SHACKLEFORD

The day you two dip-shits transferred in, he brought her picture in. He told me to find her, quietly...I just unloaded it on you to get you outta my office. It's him you wanna talk to. It's him I wanna talk to. Real bad.

WALKER

He's lyin'...

PELZER

How do you know?

WALKER

Aw, fer Chrissake!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Hey! What about me? If he's
tillin' the truth, and you
-- take him in, what's gonna keep
the Captain from coming to
get me?

PELZER

Yeah...what about that?

WALKER

What is this, a talk show?
Let's take this guy in.

PELZER

He might be right.

WALKER

He might be wrong.

CINDY

Look, I don't know who's right.
All I know is, I'm scared. You
promised me police protection.
And if this is police protec-
tion, I'm really scared. Now,
what's gonna happen? We can't
sit here all night!

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKER'S DUPLEX--LATER

The Blazer pulls up.. Yes, there's a party next door.

WALKER (V/O)

This is the dumbest idea since
the Robert Goulet Driving
School.

CINDY (V/O)

He has a driving school?

PELZER (V/O)

We can't book him, we couldn't
stay at the club, and we can't
drive around all night. This
is the only logical place. We
gotta think about this, I
don't want to make some terrible
mistake.

INT. THE BLAZER

Shackleford in handcuffs is jammed between them. Cindy sits on Pelzer's lap.

SHACKLEFORD

Why stop now? You've already made about four hundred and thirteen of 'em.

WALKER

Shut the fuck up.

SHACKLEFORD

I'm volunteering to be a witness at your electrocution.

EXT. WALKER'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Walker is handcuffing Shackleford to the grille of the Blazer.

PELZER

You sure you don't want to reconsider this?

WALKER

Look...I'm leavin' him out here, and that's that! You said we gotta talk? Fine. Let's talk, without him interruptin' us with all this--

SHACKLEFORD

Logic?

WALKER

See?

(to SHACKLEFORD)

Shut, the fuck, up. You understand?

SHACKLEFORD

(seething)

Believe me, I'm going to kill you.

PELZER

(apologetic)

This won't take long. I promise.

Leaving the DIM LIGHT ON, Walker closes the garage door. CAMERA FOLLOWS them to Walker's front door.

CINDY

Sounds like somebody's having quite a bash.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER
(sarcastic)
It's just Raoul's Cinco de
August blow-out.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Walker unlocks the door and they enter.

PELZER
The place is a dump, Cindy, but
don't let that bother you...
You'll be perfectly safe here.
(turns light on)

Pollo leaps from behind a curtain, and loops a garrote around Pelzer's neck. Walker and Cindy are frozen with surprise. Bashula, his Uzi levelled, steps from the bedroom.

Pelzer, in desperation, flips Pollo as Bashula OPENS FIRE. The BULLETS THUD POLLO, who crumples as Walker pulls Cindy to the floor. Bashula FIRES AGAIN, HITS PELZER. He's knocked backwards, hits the wall and slides to the floor.

WALKER
Aw, shiiiiittttt!!!

Walker rolls behind the couch, whips out "Tom", FIRES FOUR RAPID SHOTS. PLASTER FLIES, and a LAMP DISINTEGRATES.

INT. WALKER'S GARAGE--SHACKLEFORD

Shackleford ducks as the ROUNDS COME THROUGH THE WALL. ONE HITS THE FENDER. He dives to the floor, tugging at the cuffs.

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX

Bashula pops up from behind an easy chair, FIRES A BURST. Cindy, hugging the floor, screams.

INT. WALKER'S NEIGHBOR'S PARTY

The party is going full-swing. A PRETTY GIRL in a party dress and a complex Third-World hairdo and a blindfold, stand surrounded by a throng of PARTYGOERS who cheer her effort to hit the ROOSTER-SHAPED PINATA with a broomstick. Pollo's BULLETS PIERCE THE WALL, SNAP THE BROOMSTICK, EXPLODE THE PINATA, AND MAKE THE TOP OF HER COMPLICATED HAIR-DO SAG. The Partygoers, unaware of the danger, CHEER AND SCRAMBLE for the treats from the pinata.

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX

Bashula struggles with a fresh clip. Walker changes position, FIRES A ROUND. IT HITS THE UZI; Bashula lets out a cry of pain and surprise.

CONTINUED:

WALKER
Gotcha, you sonofabitch!
(CINDY is sobbing)
You okay, Cindy?

CINDY
Ye-es...

WALKER
Well, just stay down...
(raises head)
...and I'll be...

Bashula silences him with A SHOT FROM A PISTOL in his shoulder holster. A VASE SHATTERS nearby and Walker leaps into the kitchen. Walker and Bashula EXCHANGE SINGLE SHOTS. We're reminded of an old Western barroom shootout. Both miss, but it's close.

INT. WALKER'S GARAGE

Walker's ROUNDS GO THROUGH THE WALL into the garage, RICOCHET AROUND, HITTING GARDEN EQUIPMENT, TOOLS, PAINT CANS, ETC. Shackelford, cursing and ducking, yanks at the grille.

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX--RAOUL'S BEDROOM

Bashula's ROUNDS PIERCE THE WALL INTO RAOUL'S ROOM. The couple are making love, NOISILY. The girl is especially noisy. We only HEAR them--all we SEE is RAOUL'S HAIRY NAKED BUTT BOUNCE INTO FRAME, THEN DOWN. Each downward thrust evokes another loud moan from his girlfriend. Raoul is the luckiest man on Earth. The ROUNDS COME THROUGH THE WALL ONLY ON HIS DOWNWARD THRUSTS, missing him by fractions, and SHATTERING THE GLASS ON A MIRROR of a nearby chest of drawers.

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX

Bashula changes position for a better shot at Walker. Cindy sees her chance...she heads for the door. Bashula grabs her at the last moment. She struggles, but it's no good, Bashula uses her as a shield and holds his pistol to her head. She's terrified.

BASHULA
Okay, cowboy! I got the lady...
either you throw your gun out,
or she's history.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Do what you gotta do.

CINDY

(can't believe it)

Whaaattt?

WALKER

But I'll tell you something,
skin-head, before she hits the
floor, your brains'll be
leaving your head!

CINDY

That's right...He'll get you!
He's crazy as they come.

Bashula backs her toward the door. Reaching it, he puts his hand behind himself, searching for the knob, finds it, opens the door. We SEE Lt. Shackleford standing there, pissed-off. He's yanked the grille free, but it's still connected to the cuffs on his wrist. Bashula doesn't see him, or the look of satisfaction on his face as he raises the grille into the air, BASHES BASHULA, who crumples to the floor.

WALKER

Thanks...Cindy? You okay?

CINDY

(dazed)

I think so...

Pelzer moans, all three turn. Walker is at his side in a flash.

WALKER

He's still alive! Call an
ambulance!

Cindy grabs the phone. Pelzer's eyes flutter open, he tries to focus, groans.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Where you hit, buddy? You
okay?

Pelzer nods weakly. Shackleford rips Pelzer's shirt open. We SEE the bullet-proof vest. We SEE a couple Uzi rounds embedded in the Teflon. Shackleford laughs.

WALKER (CONT'd)

(like a relieved parent)
You son-of-a-bitch! I just aged
ten years, you asshole! A
bullet-proof vest? You bastard!

CONTINUED:

SHACKLEFORD

(to CINDY)

You see friendship like that,
it kinda makes you wanna tear-
up, heh?

INT. WALKER'S KITCHEN - LATER

A sullen Bashula, gagged, sits on the floor, handcuffed to the pipes beneath the sink, glaring balefully at the group gathered around the table. Pelzer sits on a chair, shirt off. Cindy is wrapping his chest with a stretch bandage. It's not comfortable, but he enjoys her attention.

SHACKLEFORD

So, now what?

PELZER

So, now we think about it, very
carefully.

SHACKLEFORD

Whattaya mean, think about it?
It's gotta be Tempi. We go nail
the prick. He's the leak, he's
the key to the whole thing!

WALKER

Yeah? I'm still not sure you're
not the leak.

PELZER

If he was, why'd he cream
Bashula and save our asses?

WALKER

(sagely)

Okay, it's Tempi. He's the key
to the whole thing.

PELZER

Not necessarily. What if Tempi
told someone else? Or fifty
someone elses--it could be any
of them.

WALKER

(just as sagely)

That's true.

SHACKLEFORD

What is this? An A.C.L.U.
meeting? He's dirty and you
know it!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

Not for sure. But I think I
got a way to prove whether it's
Tempi or not. You interested?

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN TEMPI'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Several GUESTS dressed for dinner stand about, drinks in hand.
Captain Tempi laughs at a joke. MRS. TEMPI, smiling, enters
the room, speaks to him. Smiling, he excuses himself.

INT. HALLWAY

He picks up the phone.

TEMPI

This is Captain Tempi...
(listens a beat)
Who is this?...Oh, yes...
Officer Pelzer. Yes, I
remember you. Just trans-
ferred in. What is it?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WALKER'S KITCHEN

Pelzer's on the phone. Shackleford watches from the doorway.

PELZER

I'm sorry to bother you at
home, Sir, but it's about
Lt. Shackleford...I think
there might be some kind of
problem.

TEMPI

Listen, I'm about to sit down
to dinner. Couldn't it wait
till morning?

PELZER

No, sir...you see, he had us
looking for a girl? Cindy
Bowie? Well, sir, we found
her, but I think Lt. Shackle-
ford's trying to kill her.

TEMPI

That's a pretty serious charge.
Why do you think he's after her?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

We're not sure, Captain, but we think it might have something to do with the death of Balliban and Cates. We think the girl can connect Shackleford to the shooting.

TEMPI

(worried)

Christ! So who knows about this?

Cindy and Walker push past Shackleford, loaded down with shopping bags from FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD. They're having a good time. Pelzer holds his fingers to his lips, they quiet.

PELZER

Well, sir, we talked it over, my partner and me, and we're really not sure, so we decided to keep a lid on it, till we talked to you about an idea we had.

TEMPI

(relieved)

That's good...now, you say you have an idea? Uh-huh, the Sideshow? Right, over on Franklin, yeah... About 10? What? Absolutely. Back-up is imperative. Don't worry, I'll have 'em there, and Pelzer, I'm glad you kept this quiet. It could have been a real blow to the department.

PELZER

Thank you, Sir.

(hangs up, looks at Walker)

INT. WALKER'S KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bashula glowers from beneath the sink. We HEAR the party next door. Shackleford and Cindy sit at the table. Pelzer and Walker enter from the bedroom. Pelzer looks dazzling in iridescent blue spandex pants, an off-the-shoulder gold lame top, platinum wig, boots and gold evening bag. Walker is making the best of a knee-length leather skirt, slit up the side, mesh pantyhose, a full-sleeve peasant blouse, and a long black wig. The Frederick's padding has given them both curvaceous figures. Cindy can't help laughing and whistles; Shackleford shakes his head.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

If we get shot, they won't bury us like this, will they.

CINDY

I can't believe it. I may be dead in two hours, and I'm laughing.

PELZER

If you want, you can wear my bullet-proof vest.

WALKER

I'm tellin' you, this'll be a snap. If Tempa gets some guys out there covering us, like Pelzer asked him to, he's clean. If he shows by himself, he's dirty.

CINDY

Yeah, and then what?

WALKER

We get him.

CINDY

And what if he gets you first?

WALKER

How could he? Lt. Shackelford'll be covering us. Won't you, Sir? Sir?

SHACKLEFORD

First, I'll be covering the girl, then I'll be covering Pelzer, and then...I'll be covering you.

He smiles a menacing smile for Walker.

EXT. WALKER'S DUPLEX--MOMENTS LATER

The Blazer backs out of the driveway into the street and drives off. A few beats, and a TAXI drives up. Karen exits, pays the DRIVER.

INT. WALKER'S KITCHEN--SAME TIME

Bashula strains to free himself from his shackles, grunting.

KAREN (O/C)
Hello? Kent? Hello...?

INT. WALKER'S LIVING ROOM

Karen, carrying her suitcase, looks around the damaged room. She's wearing a prim skirt-and-sweater ensemble featuring a Peter Pan collar. Next door, the party continues. We HEAR Raoul making love.

KAREN
(reacts to love-making sounds)
My goodness...Kent? Are you
here? It's me, your little
honeybear. Are you surprised?

She HEARS MUMBLING from the kitchen, moves uncertainly.

INT. WALKER'S KITCHEN

She's surprised, puzzled. Bashula mumbles urgently.

KAREN
Oh...hello. I'm Karen.
Karen Hart? Kent's fiance?
You must be his roommate--
Cliff, isn't it?

Bashula nods "yes".

KAREN (CONT'd)
It's so nice to meet you...
Oh, I'm sorry...Let me take
that tape off.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

She rips the tape off, Bashula's eyes cross with pain.

BASHULA

A-a-a-HH!!!!

KAREN

Oh, my goodness....I'm sorry.
That must have been very
painful.

BASHULA

It's okay.
(she checks his handcuffs out)
Heh-heh...this is, ah...
actually, it's part of our
training. We police officers
have to, ah...practice getting
out of tough scrapes. So,
Kent and I pull these kind of
things on each other...to stay
in shape.

KAREN

You mean, Kent did this to you?

BASHULA

Yeah.

KAREN

(impressed; licks her lips)
That beast.

BASHULA

Yeah...listen, there must be
some kind of hacksaw, or some-
thing, out in the garage.

KAREN

Yes...I'll go see...My goodness.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET--NIGHT

The Blazer pulls to a stop.

PELZER (V/O)

Okay, Lieutenant...this is it.

INT. BLAZER--SAME TIME

SHACKLEFORD

Okay, gimme about fifteen minutes
to get into position, okay?

Pelzer and Walker are nervous, as is Cindy.

PELZER/WALKER/CINDY

Right...Okay...Right.

SHACKLEFORD

You gonna be okay?

PELZER/WALKER/CINDY

Sure...Fine...No problem.

SHACKLEFORD

Now, remember, stay in the light.

PELZER/WALKER/CINDY

Right...For sure...Gotcha.

SHACKLEFORD

Okay, good luck to us all.

WALKER

Right.

(he steps on the gas)

SHACKLEFORD

Walker? You're supposed to let
me off here.

WALKER

(hits brakes)

Right.

EXT. BLAZER--SAME TIME

Shackleford emerges, watches the Blazer depart. He shakes his
head.

CUT TO:

INT. WALKER'S KITCHEN--SAME TIME

Karen sees through Bashula's cuffs. She's very close. So are
the couple next door.

KAREN

My goodness...They're certainly
enthusiastic.

CONTINUED

Bashula nods "yes".

KAREN (CONT'd)

--- Mmm...It's such close quarters in here. I hope you don't mind me touching you.

BASHULA

It's fine...fine. Keep cutting.

KAREN

I can't help but notice...you are a very muscular person, aren't you?

BASHULA

What? Yeah, well, when you're a...cop, you gotta stay in shape...Anything can happen.

KAREN

Yes. Yes, it can. I think that's one of the attractive qualities in a man...the fact that he maintains his body.

It's MAGIC TIME next door. Karen reacts, but she's not embarrassed.

KAREN (CONT'd)

Goodness gracious! And I thought alley cats were noisy!

BASHULA

Right...don't stop, you're almost done.

KAREN

(looking directly at him)
You know, as I look at these handcuffs, and...well, back in Kansas, we only heard about things like this...but I understand some people actually like to make love while they're...ah, trussed-up...Do you know anything about that?

BASHULA

Ah, as a matter of fact, yes, I do.

She smiles brightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDESHOW BAR--A BIT LATER

The bank clock reads 9:15. Pelzer, Walker, and Cindy ply their trade, trying not to look too uncomfortable, as they lounge "invitingly"--under a streetlight. A couple of SAILORS saunter past, one pats Pelzer on the ass, they move on. Pelzer reacts. Cindy laughs.

PELZER

Hey!

(the SAILORS turn)

Never mind.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE--SHACKLEFORD'S POV

He's on the roof of the bar, looking down.

CUT TO:

INT. WALKER'S BEDROOM--SAME TIME

Karen has just had the time of her life. She's shackled to the bedpost, blindfolded, and smiling. Bashula sits on the edge of the bed, putting his socks on. We SEE her passionate SCRATCH MARKS on his bald head and bare back. She's still dressed in her demure outfit, now badly mussed, panties hanging on one ankle.

KAREN

That was wonderful! I never knew it could be so...well...dynamic. You're sure you can't stay?

BASHULA

(slightly breathless)

Yeah...I gotta be someplace at ten.

We SEE the bedside clock reads 9:20.

KAREN

(disappointed)

Oh, well, maybe some other time...Listen, let's keep this our little secret, all right? I'd hate for Kent to find out.

BASHULA

Don't worry, Kent'll never find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDESHOW--LATER

The bank clock shows 9:45. A carfull of YOUNG GUYS drives past, hooting, whistling, honking, making gestures, then roars away.

PELZER

Pigs.

CINDY

You'll get used to it.

A BLACK GUY exits the Sideshow and spots the girls. He likes what he sees, especially Walker. He moves in.

BLACK GUY

Hey, Momma, what's goin' on?

WALKER

(sounds like Tootsie)

Not much. I'm on a break.

BLACK GUY

Hmm-hmmm...well, how 'bout you
and I go somewhere and get
horizontal?

WALKER

I told you, I'm on a break.

BLACK GUY

Don't be foolin' with me, Momma,
tell me straight. How much I
gotta ask Mr. Ready Teller for?

PELZER

(sounds like Tootsie's sister)
Six hundred. For a quickie.

BLACK GUY

Six hundred? Get out...

WALKER

You heard her, now flash the
green, or leave the scene.

The Black Guy snorts contemptuously as he leaves, talking to himself.

BLACK GUY

And here's Reagan sayin' he's
whipped inflation...Shiiiiit.

CUT TO:

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX--SAME TIME

Karen, her hair and Peter Pan collar askew, sings while she vacuums the front room. We HEAR THE PARTY. This is a happy lady. She moves a table to get behind the couch, sees a shoe sticking out. She smiles fondly.

KAREN

Guys are so messy.

She reaches for the shoe, sees Pollo's leg attached to it, screams.

INT. NEXT DOOR--SAME TIME

Dance fever, Salsa style. At first, we HEAR KAREN'S O/C SCREAM ONLY FAINTLY. Nobody at the party does. The SCREAMS GO ON. Partygoers start to hear and react. They rush next door.

INT. WALKER'S LIVING ROOM--MOMENTS LATER

A hysterical Karen is surrounded by a group of solicitous Latinos and Latinas. She's hysterical in English; they soothe her in Spanish. Raoul is especially soothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDESHOW--LATER

The bank clock reads 10:15; Cindy is having trouble hiding her nervousness.

CINDY

Let's get outta here. I got a real creepy feeling about this whole thing. Besides, he's not even gonna show.

PELZER

I told him you didn't even start work till ten, it's only been fifteen minutes.

WALKER

You should have told him nine-thirty. I'm freezin' my buns off.

PELZER

We needed the time to make sure we were all in position, besides, those aren't your buns, they're Frederick's of Hollywood.

CONTINUED

CINDY

I'm telling you, there's something wrong. I've been on this corner often enough to know when somethin's wrong, and something is wrong.

WALKER

Please, relax, we'll be fine.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE--BASHULA'S POV

He's across the street, hiding in a darkened door. He's got his Uzi with him.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE--SHACKLEFORD'S POV

He doesn't see Bashula, checks his watch.

NEW ANGLE--PELZER, WALKER, CINDY

They tense as a car approaches, slows, we SEE a MIDDLE-AGED MAN with a clerical collar smiling at the trio. Walker makes the sign of the cross with his two index fingers, Pelzer is shocked. The padre leaves. Another car pulls out of a nearby alley, heads towards them.

INT. TEMPI'S CAR

He approaches the trio, no one else is around, taps horn.

EXT. THE SIDESHOW--SAME TIME

PELZER

(sotto)

It's him...Here we go folks.

Tempi's car pulls over, stops. Tempi rolls down the window, smiles.

TEMPI

Hi...I'm looking for a girl named Cindy.

CINDY

Yeah? Why?

Tempi gets out of his car, smiling.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

TEMPI

Well, a couple of friends of mine, guys named Pelzer and Walker, ah, recommended you.

CINDY

Okay, I'm Cindy. You must be--

TEMPI

(interrupts)

Right...Where are they?

CINDY

Who?

TEMPI

Walker and Pelzer. They said they'd be covering you.

PELZER

Don't you recognize us, Sir?

The Captain is surprised, and relieved, looks around--all clear.

TEMPI

Oh, yeah...yeah...good...Okay, let's get out of here.

WALKER

Sir?

TEMPI

Into the car.

PELZER

Did you bring the back-up?

TEMPI

C'mon, get in the car, we'll talk about it.

WALKER

You didn't bring the back-up, did you?

TEMPI

(pulls his gun)

Into the car! Now, or I'll kill you where you stand!

SHACKLEFORD (O/C)

Wrong! Drop it, Tempi.

TEMPI

(shocked, looks up)

Shackleford?

He darts toward his still-running car, Walker and Pelzer fumble for their weapons, but the hooker drag makes it tough.

WALKER

Hold it, Tempi! Hold it!

Shackleford FIRES A SHOT from the roof of the bar. It SHATTERS THE SIDE WINDOW OF TEMPI'S CAR, but Tempi keeps moving. Walker rips his puffy sleeve off, revealing "Uncle Frank". He whacks the contraption, the derringer pops out, and keeps going, bouncing off the sidewalk.

WALKER (CONT'd)

Shit!

Shackleford leaps off the roof of the bar, landing heavily. Hurting his leg, he limps toward Tempi's car, where Pelzer has leapt on Tempi. They are joined by Walker in trying to apprehend Tempi. Cindy tries to help but she hurts more than she helps.

NEW ANGLE--THE MELEE

It's tough to fight in drag, Tempi ends up holding a pistol, free of the entanglement--he has the drop on everybody. The few PEOPLE who came out of the bar to witness the happening duck back inside. Tempi aims at Cindy.

TEMPI

You first, bitch!

He's cut down by A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE from across the street. Walker and Shackleford hit the pavement. Cindy stands, panicked. Pelzer grabs her, pulling her to the ground.

NEW ANGLE--BASHULA

He comes out of the doorway, Uzi ready.

BASHULA

You're all going down! You hear me?

FIRES A BURST.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE

Walker and Pelzer finally have their weapons free and join Shackleford in RETURNING FIRE.

WALKER

Jesus! It's Bashula! How the--

He ducks as CHIPS OF PAVEMENT AND SIDEWALK FLY BY
NEW ANGLE--BASHULA

He HEARS the approach of a siren, curses, and retreats.

NEW ANGLE--THE SCENE

Pelzer lifts his head as Walker moves to Shakleford.

PELZER

Now what?

WALKER

(indicates siren)

We wait for the cavalry, then go
after Bashula...You okay Shakleford?

SHAKLEFORD

I think I busted my leg...

The "cavalry" show up. It's only an ambulance, it drives past.

PELZER

(stands, speaks quietly)

Let's go get the sonofabitch.

All are shocked.

PELZER(CONT)

Don't just stand there with your
little purse...

(speaks louder)

Let's go get the sonofabitch!

WALKER

(to Shakleford)

I'd like to help, but my partner
says we should go get the sonofabitch.

PELZER

(loudly)

Let's go!!!!

Walker and Pelzer, crouching, peer from behind Tempi's car,
then dash across the street.

WALKER

This is pretty crazy...

PELZER

Keep your head down.

A BURST OF UZI FIRE from an alley stresses the point.

EXT. THE ALLEY--SAME TIME

Bashula FIRES ANOTHER BURST, then runs through the alley, heading
for the much busier Hollywood Boulevard. As he runs, he nearly
trips over a sleeping BAG LADY, dodging, he knocks over her piled
high shopping cart, scattering her possessions, and continues to

NEW ANGLE--THE ALLEY--SAME TIME

Walker and Pelzer cautiously stick their heads around a corner, see Bashula running towards the alley entrance on Hollywood Boulevard. They exchange looks, take off after him.

NEW ANGLE--THE BAG LADY

She's putting the last of her stuff back in the shopping cart as Walker and Pelzer tear by, knocking it over again.

BAG LADY

(looking at her re-spilled stuff)
That really pisses me off.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD--SAME TIME

Bashula stands in the middle of the road, trying to stop traffic so he can cross the road. Nobody will stop for him. He looks back, SEES Pelzer and Walker heading his way. Desperate, he FIRES A BURST into the front-end of a Buick. Needless to say, traffic stops, and he crosses the road, entering an apartment building.

INT. BUICK--SAME TIME

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN turns to her shocked HUSBAND:

WIFE

I said, "why not let the man by," but, oh, no...Not my Harold...he was in a hurry to get home so he could watch a re-run of "Three's Company".

Pelzer and Walker run in front of the car.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING--MOMENTS LATER

Bashula runs up the stairs in the elderly apartment building. He pauses, looks down the stairwell. He's on the fifth floor, SEES Pelzer and Walker pounding up after him. HE FIRES A BURST.

INT. STAIRWELL--PELZER AND WALKER

The BANNISTER SPLINTERS, Pelzer hits the deck.

WALKER

You hit?

PELZER

Just tired.

CONTINUED

WALKER

Well, let's go then...He's
gettin' away!

PELZER

There's so many criminals out
there...one more won't make
any difference.

WALKER

C'mon, you don't mean that.

PELZER

(stands, breathing heavily)
What floor we on?

WALKER

Fourth...Only six more to the
top.

They head up, wearily.

INT. TOP FLOOR--SAME TIME

A WOMAN IN HER SIXTIES is shoved out of the doorway by ANOTHER
WOMAN. She wears a ratty bathrobe, her hair is mussed.

WOMAN #1 (O/C)

You get out, and you stay out,
you homewrecker!

AN ELDERLY MAN in pajama bottoms is shoved out next.

WOMAN #1 (CONT'd) (O/C)

And you, too, you toothless
two-timer!

MAN

Ah, darling, please...

WOMAN #1 (O/C)

Don't "darling" me...how long
has this been going on?

The two guilty lovers answer in unison, different answers:

MAN

/ WOMAN #2

Two weeks!.....Two months!

An outraged Woman #1 emerges, dressed in streetclothes. She
swats her Husband with a flyswatter:

WOMAN #1

Lies! Lies! It's all lies!

Bashula makes the top of the stairs, FIRES ANOTHER BURST down. The three elderly people immediately freeze, hands in the air. Bashula runs past them, climbs out the window at the end of the hallway. Woman #1 starts beating her man with the flyswatter again.

WOMAN #1 (CONT'd)
Every time I go play Bingo, you
two get together and play Bango!
Don't you?! Don't you?!

Pelzer and Walker make it to the top, Pelzer's really puffing. The trio immediately reach for the sky.

WALKER
(to TRIO)
Did you see...?
(the OLD MAN points to the window)
Thank you.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE--MOMENTS LATER

Pelzer and Walker look out: it's ten stories to the street, and Bashula is half-way down. The street is starting to jam up as cars try to pull around the smitten Buick.

We HEAR Pelzer and Walker clambering down the metal stairs, a LIGHT GOES ON in a nearby window, as a PRETTY GIRL arrives home. She's tired, tosses her purse on the couch, sits, pulls off her shoes. Nice legs. Pulls her sweater over her head. Wonderful hooters. Pelzer arrives, panting heavily, leaning on the rail.

PELZER
I'm tellin' ya, I can't do
this anymore...I gotta rest.

WALKER
(arrives)
No rest! He's gettin' away...
(notices GIRL through window)
Maybe you're right...maybe we
should rest for a second.

From below, Bashula FIRES A BURST. SPARKS FLY AS THE BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE METAL RAILING. Pelzer and Walker RETURN FIRE.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Bashula drops to the ground, looks up, FIRES ONLY A COUPLE ROUNDS--he's empty. He tosses the weapon, crosses the street, now jammed with vehicles and angry people. He crawls between cars.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - SAME TIME

Pelzer and Walker have gone as far as they can go. They're still one story up, they crawl over the railing.

WALKER

That's a long way down.

PELZER

We gotta jump.

WALKER

I can't.

PELZER

C'mon. This is no time to get safety conscious.

WALKER

My Goddam skirt's caught!

Pelzer sees it's true, tries to pull it loose, it's stuck tight, tears the skirt off, and they jump. Walker is wearing Jockey Shorts. They land, help each other up.

PELZER

I hope the Bartletts never see you like this.

Walker laughs, leaps onto the hood of a car to see where Bashula has gone. Pelzer joins him, they SEE Bashula nearly across the jam. They give chase by leaping from car to car, sometimes on roofs, sometimes on hoods. Pelzer is close behind Walker.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - SAME TIME

Bashula sees the guys leaping after him, makes a decision, throws a BUM away from the garbage can he's looking through, grabs the garbage can, and flings it through the window of a WAR SURPLUS STORE.

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM

Walker leaps from car to car. He dips when suddenly, his legs go through the top of a convertible.

WALKER

Shiiiiittt!!!

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE--SAME TIME

An overly-made-up DIVORCEE is thrown into shock, as two strange pantyhosed legs plunge into her world, and her SIX BE-RIBBONED LHASA APSOS go nuts: yapping, leaping at the intruders.

EXT. THE CONVERTIBLE--SAME TIME

Walker has no idea what's biting his legs. They're not big bites, but they're painful.

WALKER

Owww!!!

PELZER

Hang on!

He crawls over the hood, tries to extricate his partner, not enough leverage. He climbs to the top of the windshield, tries again, fails, and falls through the convertible top, into the backseat.

INT. THE CONVERTIBLE--SAME TIME

The Divorcee is screaming for help, half the Dogs move from Walker's legs to Pelzer--it's a very noisy mess.

EXT. THE WAR SURPLUS STORE--SAME TIME

Bashula emerges from the broken window. He's stolen a pump shotgun and a box of shells. He's stuffing rounds into the chamber, looking around for Pelzer and Walker.

EXT. THE CONVERTIBLE--SAME TIME

Pelzer and Walker extricate themselves from the car top. A few Lhasa Apsos lunge after them for final bites. Their costumes have been somewhat shredded by the experience. They see Bashula, and go for him.

EXT. WAX MUSEUM--A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Bashula ducks into the exterior foyer, leans around a corner, FIRES A BLAST. He runs across the foyer as Pelzer pops up from behind a car and SHOOTs. Bashula ducks--trapped. He's got no choice; he BLASTS THE DOOR OPEN and enters.

INT. WAX MUSEUM--MOMENTS LATER

In the dim light, we SEE the various stars on display--a pantheon of bad wax, deifying biggies, living and dead. Bashula crouches behind MAE WEST sitting cross-legged on a couch. He doesn't have long to wait. With GLASS SPLINTERING, Walker and Pelzer dive through the doors, roll to each side. Bashula FIRES TWICE, BLOWING THE ENTRANCE TO BITS.

Walker and Pelzer come up, Walker behind MARILYN MONROE, Pelzer behind W.C. FIELDS. Walker FIRES from between her legs; Mae West's couch takes a couple hits, and Bashula bails out. Pelzer FIRES ONCE and Mae's foot goes to wax heaven.

WALKER

You get him?

PELZER

No. I think he went into the
Star Trek display...let's...
Walker, what the hell you doin'?

Walker is peeking up Marilyn's dress.

WALKER

They're pink.

VARIOUS ANGLES--THE SHOWDOWN

The three combatants move from display to display, FIRING, missing and moving on. The celebrities take a terrible beating. JOHN TRAVOLTA, in his "Saturday Night Fever" stance, gets a SHOTGUN BLAST in the crotch. JOHN WAYNE loses his bandana, his hat, and one arm. Only one of the THREE STOOGES still stands. The heroic GENERAL PATTON is reduced to a smoldering pair of free-standing pants. The entire BRIDGE OF THE ENTERPRISE IS DECIMATED.

NEW ANGLE--PELZER AND WALKER

Crouch behind a table, re-loading.

PELZER

How you doin' on ammo? I only
got three rounds left.

WALKER

That's three better'n me,
partner. I'm empty.

They hear Bashula moving toward them.

CONTINUED

PELZER
So whattawe do? He's got us cut
off from the front.

NEW ANGLE--ROBIN HOOD DISPLAY--WALKER'S POV

One of the MERRY MEN carries a cross-bow.

WALKER
Tell you what...you draw his
fire, I'll grab Friar Tuck's
cross-bow, and get him from
behind.

PELZER
Are you kidding? That's a
stupid plan!

WALKER
Okay, it's a stupid plan...
Let's hear yours.

PELZER
I don't have one, but if I did,
it wouldn't be as stupid as
yours!

WALKER
I'll say when I'm ready, okay?

Pelzer nods. Walker crawls towards the ROBIN HOOD display.
He passes the wax head of RICHARD NIXON. The eyes stare at
Walker as he crawls past. Pelzer waits nervously behind the
table and we HEAR Bashula getting closer.

NEW ANGLE--BASHULA

He crawls through THE BEATLES circa 1968.

NEW ANGLE--WALKER

He's at the Robin Hood display, turns, signals Pelzer.

WIDE ANGLE--THE BIG CLIMAX

Pelzer sticks his head up, we SEE he's been hiding behind
THE LAST SUPPER.

PELZER
Hey, Bashula!

He's answered by a BLAST THAT REMOVES TWO DISCIPLES and several bowls. Pelzer ducks, moves down the table, pops up, FIRES, knocks RINGO off his drummer's stool. ANOTHER BLAST from Bashula SENDS MORE DISCIPLES to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WALKER

Reaches for the cross-bow, has it, pulls the strings back, kneels.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE - WALKER'S POV

Bashula PUMPS SEVERAL ROUNDS into the Last Supper, he's out of ammo. He PUMPS USELESSLY a couple times.

NEW ANGLE - WALKER

He FIRES THE CROSS-BOW.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE

The arrow hits Bashula in the ass, who lets out a huge bellow of pain, leans on JOHN for support, and John lets him down. They both collapse.

NEW ANGLE - THE LAST SUPPER

Only CHRIST remains. It's a miracle. Pelzer sticks his head up warily. Checking out the happenings, he smiles.

PELZER

Hey, partner, we did good.

NEW ANGLE - THE SCENE

Walker takes Friar Tuck's staff, plants in on Bashula's back.

WALKER

You're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent, you... What the hell's the rest of it, partner?

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKER'S DUPLEX - LATER

A group of Partygoers exit next door, waving to those left, and walk toward the street. They pass Pelzer and Walker, heading for their door. They greet Walker warmly.

PARTYGOERS

Hey, Captain, buenos dias!!!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WALKER

Buenos dias, compadres...

(to PELZER)

So, you're really gonna take
Cindy out?

PELZER

Yeah. She invited me to her
big audition, and we'll go out
after.

WALKER

Sounds good. Maybe I should
join you.

PELZER

Maybe you shouldn't.

WALKER

I get it...what about Karen?

They enter the house; CAMERA FOLLOWS.

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX - CONTINUOUS

We HEAR Raoul in the bedroom next door. The ecstasy is building.
Pelzer flops into a chair, Walker heads for the icebox and a
couple beers.

PELZER

You know what?...I've been
thinking about my plan.

(catches the beer

Walker throws at him)

It's a good plan, being Police
Chief, and it'll work, but maybe
I'm rushing it a bit...You know
what I mean?

(WALKER nods encouragingly)

I've missed out on a lot...may-
be it'd be better if I waited a
couple more years.

WALKER

(hiding his happiness)

Yeah. Might be okay.

From next door, the SOUNDS OF PASSION GROW.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PELZER

Maybe...but I'll tell you,
partner, I'm not sure how to
tell Karen.

WALKER

About the hooker?...I'm sorry,
singer?

PELZER

About everything. Karen's a
very sensitive girl. Very
vulnerable. She'll be
devastated unless I handle it
right.

INT. RAOUL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Karen is with Raoul; she's having a wonderful time.

KAREN

Ohhh, Raoul...It's soooo good...I
never knew it could be like
this!

INT. WALKER'S DUPLEX - SAME TIME

KAREN

(through wall)

Keep going...Oh, yes, yes,...
Oh Raoul.

Walker smiles to himself, Pelzer frowns, is that a familiar voice?
Naah, couldn't be, he smiles, joins Walker in "toasting" the wall
as the Magic Moment occurs loudly. FREEZE on their smiling faces
and

FADE OUT

THE END