

"RED HEAT"

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&
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Much has been left in the world that
has to be destroyed by fire and iron.

Lenin

PRODUCER: GORDON CARROLL
DIRECTOR: WALTER HILL

FIRST DRAFT SHOOTING SCRIPT

-ORCHID PAGES 9/8/87

NOTE: All dialogue to be spoken in Russian with
accompanying voice-over translations will be
underlined.

8/17/87

FADE IN:

*

JANUARY

*

1

INT. GYMNASIUM - SWIMMING POOL - MOSCOW - WINTER - DAY

1

Clouds of steam.

TITLES BEGIN

SHAPES can be seen through the haze, slowly moving between the barbells and antique weight machines. BIG MEN loiter about -- mostly WEIGHTLIFTERS, WRESTLERS, SHOT PUTTERS. It's a home for heavyweights.

The HISS of the valves, the RATTLE of water as it pulses along rusty pipes. JARRING iron as the barbells fall into their well-worn grooves. The RUMBLE of an old wood-fired boiler...A world of fire and iron.

Through the mist, a GIANT OLYMPIAN FIGURE straightens with a half a ton of iron above his chest, only to let it CRASH with a great YELL. The entire place SHIVERS. Nearby, a GROUP OF THREE WOMEN, not one weighing under two hundred pounds, work out on a primitive pec machine. Farther along, a WOMAN, naked and muscular, descends the worn wooden steps of an ancient riveted tub to join ANOTHER NAKED WOMAN standing up to her chest in the warm oily water. Beyond, in the steaming waters of the pool, SEVERAL MORE ATTRACTIVE ATHLETIC WOMEN swim in the nude.

JUSSO (OGARKOV) stands by the entrance. He is wearing a pair of American jeans and is naked from the waist up, a well-scrubbed institutional towel hanging around his neck. About 40, he is tough, with a typical Muscovite nonchalance...His eyes scan the area searching for his friend and partner, IVAN DANKO.

Above Jusso's head droplets of water fall from an icicle onto a steaming dial beside his neck -- the rhythmic SIZZLE of the water -- an indication of the subzero temperature outside the gymnasium.

By the ancient boiler, a MASSIVE STOKER funnels another log into the furnace and then regards Jusso. His face shows that the stranger is not welcome.

Jusso ignores him, his eyes taking in the outline of a small STEAM ROOM beyond the boiler house. A SHADOWY FIGURE moves through the vapor and enters...

The Stoker SLAMS the door of the furnace shut and turns to give Jusso his undivided attention.

TITLES COMPLETE

2 INT. STEAM ROOM

2

A ladle of water is splashed on the white hot pebbles which explodes into vapor...

As it clears, IVAN DANKO walks through the door and faces ANOTHER MAN. One knows at once that this is a confrontation. Danko is in his mid-30s -- chiseled features covered with sweat, his bare body lithe and muscular. He hasn't shaved in several days...

FOUR MORE MEN are slowly revealed through the steam -- sitting on the room's two benches. All are naked.

Nearest to the stove is NIKOLAI, the man who ladled the water onto the stones. Next to him and facing Danko is the leader of the group -- a giant with the build of a wrestler and face of a MONGOLIAN HIPPY. Rolls of flesh coil around his neck in which lie buried half-hidden silver chains.

Next to him a skinnier HAIRY GANGSTER with a permanent scar on his face.

Danko is now standing eyeball to eyeball with the giant Mongol, both faces bathed in sweat. Beside Danko is ANOTHER TARTAR, in the unmistakable posture of a guard or jailer -- Danko's jailer...Smiling on the benches beyond, interested spectators -- SEVERAL NAKED WOMEN, all with blonde Slavic looks.

MONGOL

You say you come from Kirov?

Danko nods.

MONGOL (cont'd)

And you work at the Foundry...

The Mongol Hippy leans forward and takes Danko's hand. He examines the palm, then turns the hand over and looks at the nails.

MONGOL HIPPY

This is not the hand of a Foundry worker.

Danko leaves his hand where it is, making no attempt to withdraw it.

DANKO

You're full of shit.

The voice is level, his demeanor cool.

MONGOL HIPPY

Nikolai.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Nikolai exchanges his ladle for a pair of wooden tongs -- He picks up one of the glimmering pebbles and carefully swings it over until it hovers just above Danko's outstretched hand...

Danko doesn't take his eyes off the Mongol Hippy who, with a sadist's precision, squares off the palm, tugging the fingers straight...

MONGOL HIPPY

If you work at the Foundry you will be used to the heat.

He looks up at Danko's face...SNAPS his fingers -- Nikolai drops the stone into Danko's hand.

A STRANGE SILENCE overtakes the room as Danko struggles with the pain.

Slowly he draws up his fist -- now curled tightly around the stone until it trembles parallel with his chin. As Danko's knuckles grow white it appears to the group's astonished eyes that he is trying to crush the heat with the pressure of his hand.

At this moment of concentrated pain, Danko STRIKES -- his fist blisters across the Mongol Hippy's bearded chin -- BLASTING him through the wall -- EXPLODING him out into a DAZZLING WHITE LIGHT.

3 EXT. BALCONY - GYMNASIUM BUILDING - DEEP SNOW - DAY

3

The giant Mongol, suddenly exposed to subzero temperatures, lets out a great CRY OF RAGE as he falls uncontrollably downwards -- landing on his back, twenty feet below.

Danko dives after him.

Nikolai and the Hairy Gangster launch themselves after both, regardless of the cold.

4 COURTYARD - GYMNASIUM BUILDING

4

Another 40 feet below, MEN in fur hats and leather jackets spring from their Police Cars -- guns in hand.

5 BALCONY

5

Danko reaches the Mongol Hippy, launches himself upon him and is immediately tossed over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

But he grasps at the Mongol's hair as he flies by, pulling it and its owner with him as he slides by -- They turn on one another, exchange blows. Danko knocks him over the balcony railing down to the courtyard, where he lands in a snow bank -- again Danko immediately leaps after him.

6 INT. GYMNASIUM

6

TWO POLICEMEN in fur hats leap on the Stoker who has Jusso by the throat, BANGING his head against an iron post...As they handcuff the Stoker, Jusso staggers free, coughs, wretches -- turns toward the steam hut...

His towel still in his hand...Jusso tears open the door, suddenly confronted by the TARTAR, crouching stark naked with a hunting knife in one hand.

Behind him, the skin of the steam shed ripped open, the Naked Women cowering...

The Tartar feints, then lunges...

Jusso, using the towel, flips it in his face, snapping it hard, catching his nose. As the Tartar's hand goes to his face, Jusso steps forward and KICKS him in his balls.

7 EXT. DEEP SNOW - COURTYARD - DAY

7

Danko has the Mongol Hippy in a leg-lock, sitting astride his bucking chest, compressing it, both hands tight on the Hippy's long hair. Danko SMASHES his right fist down through the Mongol's matted beard, CRACKING his jaw.

He rises from the now unconscious beast, breathing hard...turns to see Jusso scrambling towards him.

JUSSO

Is it Viktor?

He throws him the towel.

DANKO

No, goddamn it.

Danko wraps the towel around his waist and Jusso bends down to handcuff the great heap of Mongol.

Danko scoops up a piece of snow to cool the pain in the palm of his right hand.

Not far away, the Men in the fur hats have apprehended the other two Gangsters and stand awaiting Danko's orders.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

When he reaches the person who is guarding Nikolai, Danko commandeers his fur cap, puts it on his head --Then he turns to look at Nikolai, grabs him by the ears and pulls him close.

DANKO

I want Rosta. Viktor Rosta.

NIKOLAI

(scared)
He left! Over a hour ago! With his brother!

DANKO

Where?

Nikolai hesitates, but the incongruous setting, the cold and Danko's demonical manner undermine his resolve.

NIKOLAI

I will tell you! I promise! I promise! Viktor and his brother are meeting tonight!

8 EXT. ZIS - MOVING SHOT - INNER CITY - MOSCOW - NIGHT

8

A snowstorm is BEATING DOWN -- the car's front, rear and side windows encrusted with sleet. The laboring wipers barely manage to clear a slit of visibility through the deluge of wind-whipped snow...Three more identical AUTOMOBILES follow closely behind.

9 INT. ZIS - DANKO - BEHIND WHEEL

9

* He is now dressed in full Militia uniform -- the top of his fur hat is almost flattened against the ceiling of the Sedan. Jusso is in the front seat next to him. Steering with one hand, Danko leans over the wheel, wiping the inside of the fogged windshield repeatedly with his mittened fist. *

JUSSO

This wind from the West is a mixed blessing, Ivan. Economic freedom sounds wonderful, but what it really means for us is American gangsterism Soviet style.

DANKO

You don't think we can handle it?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JUSSO

It's all going to get harder. Twenty years ago -- no drugs. Now we have a problem. Another twenty years, maybe we are Harlem.

DANKO

It won't happen.

JUSSO

You might be wrong. Most policemen aren't as ruthless as you are -- myself included -- Do you know your new nickname at headquarters?

(laughs)

They used to call you Iron Jaw, but after today they've changed it to Roundhead -- of course, I'm circumcised myself...

Jusso blows his nose with a big linen handkerchief.

10 INT. ZIS - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD - INNER CITY - NIGHT

10

Turning into a narrow street where a large RED BLINKING NEON SIGN reading "KOMOSOL" is visible through the storm, Danko brings the car to a stop as Jusso again blows his nose.

DANKO

How's the cold?

JUSSO

Horrible. Getting worse. Did your mother teach you a home remedy?

DANKO

Try holding a hot rock in your hand 'til your partner shows up.

Danko half-smiles as both move out of the car, with Ogarkov taking a final hard wipe of his nose.

11 EXT. KOMOSOL - STREET AND SIDEWALK - NIGHT

11

Danko and Jusso walks toward the entrance.

OVERCOATED MEN jump out of the other cars and begin to deploy themselves near the Cafe-Bar.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JUSSO

I know. Same routine. You go in the front, I'll wait out back. I will also make sure our troops are properly positioned. Right?

DANKO

Right.

12 INT. KOMOSOL - CAFE BAR - INNER CITY - MOSCOW - NIGHT

12

The Komosol is packed with TOUGH TRADE at numerous tables in the large cavernous smoke-filled room. Through the loud HUB-BUB of raucous conviviality, a ROCK GROUP BLASTS OUT some Slavic heavy-metal. Danko and Jusso enter, glance around...

13 AT BAR - GROUP SHOT

13

A lone HEFTY BARTENDER is moving down the length of the bar, vodka bottle in hand, filling and refilling the extended empty glasses. The smile on his face disappears as he spots:

14 DANKO - IN DOORWAY - BARTENDER'S POV

14

Surveying the smoke-hazy room...

15 AT BAR

15

Danko walks over to the Bartender.

DANKO

(showing I.D.)

Danko. City Militia.

An instant HUSH falls over the entire bar. All conversation and music CEASE. The peoples' fear of the police is manifest.

DANKO

I'm looking for Viktor Rosta.

Pause.

DANKO

It will go better for you if you cooperate, Comrade.

BARTENDER

Against the back wall -- under the window.

16 WITH DANKO - MOVING SHOT

16

Making his way past the crowded tables where SILENCE has replaced the vodka-boozing and happy CHATTER...

17 TABLE UNDER WINDOW - REAR WALL

17

The brothers, VIKTOR and FYODOR ROSTA sit flanked by TWO RUSSIAN WHORES and two Smooth-looking Hooligans who go by the names of YEGOR and SACHA. Both brothers are all smiles and confidence. Viktor is huge, physical, dangerous; Fyodor in his late 30's, gives the impression of a tough Sybarite: his suit is fashion-cut, a ruby ring on his little finger...

Viktor is refilling all three empty glasses from a bottle of vodka as Danko reaches the table.

He looks up. Danko has his I.D. card open in his left hand.

DANKO

Viktor Rosta.

Viktor peers at Danko's I.D.

VIKTOR

Moscow Militia, Captain Danko...

DANKO

I've been looking for you.

VIKTOR

Obviously I'm not hard to find.

DANKO

I just followed the corpses and the cocaine.

Viktor looks around the silent AUDIENCE, smiling.

VIKTOR

So I am responsible for the decadence of today's teenager.

DANKO

No. But you profit from it. Come on, let's go. All of you.

Viktor gets to his feet. He moves towards the coatrack which is situated just beside him. Still playing to his audience...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

VIKTOR

(not taking himself too
seriously)

Why is it that you always pick on us
Georgians? After all, we're only
country folk who don't know the ways
of the Big City. Perhaps that is why
we are such an easy target.

Viktor's demeanor suddenly changes.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

Now, Yegor!

One of the Smooth Hooligans suddenly rises, his right hand darting out with a 7.62mm automatic hidden in the wide sleeve. Danko's hand instantly whips out of his pocket -- his 9mm BLAZING away. TWO SHOTS catch Yegor in the chest. He crashes backward -- dead. As the Whores leap up, the table goes over BREAKING all the glasses and bottles...

The shots set off a panic scattering the patrons. Danko is momentarily prevented from getting to Viktor or Fyodor Rosta...When he manages to break through, a full bottle of vodka comes flying from an unseen source behind him -- CRASHES on the wall next to his head.

17 CONTINUED: 17

In the pandemonium and general confusion, he can see both Rostas and Sacha go through the rear door.

Reaching the door, he yanks it open and rushes into:

18 INT. REAR HALLWAY 18

Danko trades SHOTS with Fyodor, Viktor and Sacha, now shadowy figures at the end of the corridor -- then the three figures separate. Sacha heading further to the rear, Fyodor (or is it Viktor?) going up the old spiral staircase.

19 BOTTOM OF STAIRWELL 19

Danko starts up, taking the stairs two at a time...ducks a bullet from above, FIRES TWO of his own.

20 INT. LANDING - SECOND FLOOR 20

He finds two intersecting hallways, both dimly lit.

21 WITH DANKO - DOWN HALLWAY 21

Moving stealthily, he is midway down the corridor when Danko's quarry suddenly appears at the end -- The shadowy figure FIRES...The bullet narrowly misses Danko's head, CHEWING INTO the plaster nearby. Crouching, on the run, greatcoat billowing behind him, Danko takes off after his opponent, now gone from sight.

Police WHISTLES, SHOUTS from the Komosol below.

Danko reaches the end of the hallway. Cautiously he moves around the corner...

22 EXT. COURTYARD - AT REAR OF KOMOSOL - NIGHT 22

Viktor Rosta appears -- comes out the back door of the Komosol -- a big Russian automatic pistol in his hand. He starts off at a trot...Jusso steps out of the shadows --

JUSSO

Stop! Hold it! You are under arrest!

His pistol leveled straight at Viktor -- who immediately freezes.

JUSSO (cont'd)

Drop the pistol! Now!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

LT. ROVOSHENKO (cont'd)
...in American money -- accountable --
to cover all eventualities -- If for
some reason it proves to be
insufficient, or you have difficulty in
any manner with your assignment, you
are to contact the Embassy in
Washington immediately and await their
instruction. Your contact there is
Gregor Moussorsky, aide to Dimitri
Stepanovich. Here is your money. Here
is your airline ticket...

Danko pushes the small vodka glass in front of her.

DANKO
Anything else?

Rovoshenko drains her vodka, puts another ticket on the table.

LT. ROVOSHENKO
Viktor Rosta's ticket. One way.

Pause.

LT. ROVOSHENKO (cont'd)
 Chikago. Gangsters.

*

Smiles.

41 BEDROOM - LATER

41

Danko crosses to the closet, takes his pistol and holster off the hook. He CHECKS the action, PULLS the clip, makes sure it's fully loaded -- then crosses back to the bed. it's fully loaded -- then crosses back to the bed.

42 SUITCASE - INSERT

42

Danko pulls up the false bottom in the old battered leather valise and slips the pistol and holster inside. He places the false bottom back into place, then drops in his spare shirt and sundries. SNAPS the suitcase closed --

43 OMIT

OMIT 43

44 EXT. CHICAGO - A VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE - DAY

44

The occasional lonely sound of a SHIP'S SIREN...

45 EXT. CITY STREET - NEAR EL - DAY

45

A very hot Midwestern afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

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11-17.

45 CONTINUED:

45

A late-model Sedan pulls up to a tenement front -- an old peeling Victorian -- very rundown, with an exterior stairwell off to one side of the building.

46 INT. SEDAN

46

DETECTIVE SERGEANTS ART RIDZIK and TOM GALLAGHER and LIEUTENANT CHARLES STOBBS. Stobbs is the senior officer, a young hot shot, but clearly in charge. Gallagher is driving. Ridzik rides shotgun. All eye the tenement...

After a beat:

STOBBS

(to Gallagher)

Your snitch worth a shit?

GALLAGHER

Personally? Fuck no. He informs on his friends. He's scum. That's his job.

STOBBS

I just don't believe the kind of volume he's talkin'. Been a real buyer's market last sixty days.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK

(bored)

Hey, there's a newsflash.

Stobbs gives Ridzik a look in the rearview. Annoyed.

STOBBS

Street grams are thirty-five bucks.
O-Z's are runnin'...

RIDZIK

(interrupting)

We got the new price sheet, Stobbs.

STOBBS

(ignores)

Local market's glutted. Why would
they want to bring in more?

Something catches Ridzik's attention and interest.

RIDZIK

Whoa. Attention, funbag patrol.
Double bogies at two o'clock.

He can see a YOUNG WOMAN, possibly a hooker, on the sidewalk
along the opposite side of the street. She barely wears a
halter top.

Stobbs and Gallagher look over. Briefly.

STOBBS

Alright. Let's hit it before we lose
Ridzik.

RIDZIK

You think she bought those? I don't
think so. I think she grew them at
home. Strictly an opinion.

Stobbs, Gallagher and then Ridzik exit the car. Stobbs
leads across the street. Gallagher hangs back with Ridzik
-- gives him a look.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

I'm a man. I have needs.

They head into the building.

As they move up the stairwell --

(CONTINUED)

STOBBS

What'd you squeeze him with?

GALLAGHER

Caught him packin' on parole. Gave him a choice -- Whisper in my ear or I turn him in to Miss Joliet Prison for the next three-to-five.

STOBBS

And he tipped you to a big Cleanhead deal.

RIDZIK

Oh, man. Tell me we're not popping Cleanheads here. I hate the Cleanheads.

Gallagher takes Ridzik's arm, holds him for a moment, looks over at Stobbs.

GALLAGHER

Give us a second, will you, Charlie?

STOBBS

Right.

Stobbs moves away.

GALLAGHER

You're not helpin' yourself here, Art. This is a good tip. I got it straight from my guy Streak.

RIDZIK

Okay, okay. You see me leaving?

GALLAGHER

He let you come in on this and you already got Stobbs pissed off at you.

(lower)

For chrissakes, this is the man who's writing your fitness report. I thought you were tryin' to make it back. I thought you wanted it.

RIDZIK

I am. I do. Look at me. I'm pumped up. I got the edge. I'm drowning in adrenalin.

(CONTINUED)

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19A.

47 CONTINUED:

47

GALLAGHER
Hey, Art. I need all the help I can
get. We got a tough job and nobody
loves us -- right?

*

Small smile from Ridzik.

RIDZIK

Check.

Gallagher gives him a slap on the back and they start down
the corridor -- rejoining Stobbs.

They reach apartment 305. Check their pistols. Flank the
door. Stobbs BANGS on it...

Then KICKS it open.

48 INT. TENEMENT ROOM

48

TWO BLACK MEN with shaven heads (SALIM and JAMAL) rise
from a kitchen table... Three bags of CRACK are evident. The
room becomes a blur of activity as the three Detectives

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

enter and shake down the suspects.

VOICES

HEY, MAN! WHAT THE FUCK! YOU GOT A
WARRANT! WHAT IS THIS BULLSHIT!

MORE VOICES

FREEZE! HANDS UP! OVER AGAINST THE
WALL! DON'T TRY ANYTHING SMART,
FUCKHEAD!

As Salim and Jamal are quickly cuffed to an overhead pipe...

STOBBS

(reads from the Miranda card)

You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can be used against
you in court. You have the right to
talk to a lawyer for advice before we
ask you any questions and to have him
with you during questioning. If you
cannot afford a lawyer, one will be
appointed for you before questioning
if you wish. If you decide to answer
questions now without a lawyer
present, you will still have the
right to stop questioning at any time
until you talk to a lawyer. Having
these rights in mind do you wish to
talk to me now?

*

*

As this is going on, Ridzik checks the perimeter -- goes to
a nearby closed door...starts through and then pulls back as
a SHOTGUN BLAST TEARS the wood into splinters...

Shocked disbelief by the three Detectives.

A long moment, then Ridzik swings back into the room, sees a
BIG BLACK MAN with a shaved head (ALI) carrying a shotgun
exiting the side door leading out into the corridor.

Ridzik storms out the front as Ali BLASTS again at Stobbs
and Gallagher as they begin to follow Ali out the back.

49 CORRIDOR - 4TH FLOOR STAIRWELL

49

Ali heads upward -- Stobbs and Gallagher follow -- pistols
in hand.

Ali FIRES down at them -- As Stobbs and Gallagher duck back
a nearby firehose box EXPLODES...

49A RIDZIK

49A

Ridzik barrels for the main stairwell -- heads down it on the run.

50 OMIT

OMIT 50

50A EXT. OUTSIDE STAIRWELL - DAY

50A

Ali appears and starts heading down -- SHOTS from above -- He turns, FIRES, blows out a huge chunk of wood above him -- Stobbs and Gallagher again duck back...

51 SECOND STAIRWELL

51

Ridzik roaring down -- hits the lobby at full tilt and goes through a door leading to the outside stairwell -- just as Ali comes into view, BLASTING another charge above.

As he starts to turn...

Ridzik, from out of nowhere, sticks his pistol in Ali's face...

RIDZIK
FREEZE, motherfucker!

A moment as Ali decides...

SOUNDS of Stobbs and Gallagher descending the stairs.

RIDZIK
Don't get nervous. I do this for a living.

52 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - NIGHT

52

A huge Jumbo Jet touches down.

53 INSERT - CALL BOARD

53

Indicating flight numbers, origins, destinations, arrivals.

54 INT. O'HARE - OUTSIDE CUSTOMS - NIGHT

54

Ridzik, munching on caramel corn and checks out passing STEWARDESSES. He catches the eye of an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE STEW coming his way, pushing her suitcase on one of those stewardess contraptions.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK
(to Stewardess)
Hi there. How ya doin', honey?

STEW
(not breaking stride)
Blow yourself.

RIDZIK
Thank you. Thank you very much.
Good thinkin'.

Gallagher appears in frame -- Ridzik regards the Stew's ass as she rapidly moves away.

GALLAGHER
(regarding Customs)
Should be out any second.

*He
Customs now
right*

*Hey! you're there
and
1158-710-612
J...*

RIDZIK
(shrugs, still looking after the Stew)
What the shit. I'm oh-for-three.

(beat)
You see Stobbs' report on the Cleanhead action?

GALLAGHER
Yeah -- He said your performance was 'adequate.'

RIDZIK
Jesus Christ. Adequate?

GALLAGHER
It's a personality thing, Art. Stobbs doesn't like yours -- Hey, I know you don't like him, but cool it -- he's the guy fillin' out your fitness report, remember?

*
*
*
*

RIDZIK
Alright, alright, big deal... ~~how the hell did we get stuck picking up this Commie bastard?~~

GALLAGHER

The Commie bastard this Commie bastard's taking home was a division collar. One of the wonderful things that happened when you were on suspension.

RIDZIK

Sorry I missed it. I'm sure it was a high point in the history of the Cold War.. Commies are devious, man. They want to take over the world.

GALLAGHER

Do me a favor, Art. Watch your mouth on this one. You could start World War III.

(scanning faces)

How the hell are we supposed to recognize this guy?

RIDZIK

(staring U.S.)

I don't think that's gonna be a problem, Tom.

Gallagher turns to find Ivan Danko, moving through the CROWD, standing out in his full uniform and thick-soled shoes -- carrying the battered suitcase.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Ten to one he don't speak English.

Gallagher approaches Danko as Ridzik hangs back eating his caramel corn.

GALLAGHER

Captain Danko?

DANKO

Yes?

GALLAGHER

I'm Detective Sergeant Gallagher, Chicago Police Department. Glad to meet you -- welcome to Chicago.

DANKO

Thank you.

Danko gives him a wary look.

GALLAGHER

My partner, Detective Sergeant Ridzik.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Ridzik acknowledges the Russian with a wave of his popcorn bag.

GALLAGHER (cont'd)
First time in Chicago?

DANKO
Yes.

GALLAGHER
This is it for the luggage?

DANKO
Yes.

GALLAGHER
No problems with Customs?

DANKO
Diplomatic immunity.

GALLAGHER
Nice flight?

DANKO
Yes. Fine.

Awkward pause.

GALLAGHER
Hungry?

DANKO
No.

GALLAGHER
Thirsty?

DANKO
No.

RIDZIK
(approaching)
Can we move it along here? I'm
parked in a red zone.
(to Danko)
No offense.

They head for the exit.

55 EXT. CHICAGO - SKYLINE - NIGHT

55

The City sparkles like a jewel box.

(CONTINUED)

56 INT. RIDZIK'S SEDAN - NIGHT

56

As Ridzik motors through the streets in his littered car. Watches Danko suspiciously in the rearview. Gallagher continues to play "Welcome Wagon" to Danko -- in the back seat.

Nice night. GALLAGHER

Yes. DANKO

It's been real hot lately. Nothin' hotter than Chicago in August.

(beat)
It's the humidity that gets to you.

No response.

Humidity. You know -- moisture in the air. RIDZIK

Danko ignores him.

How's it been in Moscow? GALLAGHER

Hot. (at Ridzik)
No moisture. DANKO

That's good. Sounds nice. GALLAGHER

Awkward pause.

If you were staying longer, Captain, we could show you around. Chicago's got some great spots. GALLAGHER (cont'd)

Yes. Very unfortunate. DANKO

He could give a shit.

Say, Captain, where'd you learn English so good? RIDZIK

In Army. Compulsory training. Language school in Kiev. DANKO

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56
*

RIDZIK
Oh, yeah, Chicken Kiev.

Another pause.

RIDZIK (cont'd)
This Viktor Rosta musta really pissed
off a few Commissars for them to send
someone all this way here to babysit
him home. What'd he do?

DANKO
Crimes against State.

RIDZIK
Sounds like he took a leak on the
Kremlin wall.

Gallagher shoots Ridzik a nervous look.

GALLAGHER
I gotta apologize for my partner,
Captain. He's naturally suspicious
of...

DANKO
(cutting in - hard)
Did you arrest Viktor?

GALLAGHER
Naw. It was a couple of our
patrolmen. It was kind of an...

DANKO
(again interrupting)
Where?

GALLAGHER
Right near his hotel, actually. The
Garvin.

RIDZIK
Breeding ground of pushers, pimps and
prosties -- Boy, the Garvin --

DANKO
(another interruption)
Take me there.

Ridzik and Gallagher trade looks.

GALLAGHER
We gotcha booked at the Executive
House.

DANKO
Please. The Garvin.

9/8/87

27.

57 EXT. GARVIN HOTEL - NEAR THE EL - NIGHT

57

Ridzik's Sedan pulls in outside the Hotel, a building that's long past its glory years.

Danko gets out and looks up at the facade. It is the pits. He reaches back into the rear seat, pulls out his suitcase.

RIDZIK

It's not too late to change your mind. I'm tellin' you, this is a real pit.

Danko turns. Just looks at them.

GALLAGHER

Listen, if you're on a budget I can try to get the department to --

DANKO

I will be fine. Thank you.

GALLAGHER

Okay, you're the boss. I'll pick you up at nine tomorrow. By midday

Danko moves towards the entrance.

RIDZIK

Nice talkin' to you, Captain.

Gallagher gets back inside.

GALLAGHER

What do you think, Art?

RIDZIK

I think he's a jerk.

Ridzik's car takes off.

58 INT. SMALL LOBBY - GARVIN HOTEL - WITH DANKO - NIGHT

58

The NIGHT CLERK, a young man with a sallow face, is reading. A baseball bat is lying next to the tattered sign-in ledger. A hand-printed sign over the key bin announces:

PAY IN ADVANCE - SINGLE ROOM A NIGHT
DOUBLE BED DOUBLE MONEY

DANKO

Danko.

NIGHT CLERK

You're welcome.

A weird laugh from the Night Clerk. Danko doesn't get it.

(CONTINUED)

NIGHT CLERK (cont'd)
You want a room?

DANKO
Yes.

NIGHT CLERK
(as if to a child)
Just fill out the card here.

Danko pulls out a card, looks at it. A cockroach appears on the counter -- suddenly SMASHED AT by the Clerk's bat. He misses and the cockroach scurries away.

NIGHT CLERK (cont'd)
(nervous smile)
Don't worry. The rooms here are pretty clean.

DANKO
You had a man here called Rosta?
Viktor Rosta?

NIGHT CLERK
A Russian?

DANKO
I want same room.

NIGHT CLERK
You a Russian, too?

The look on Danko's face indicates he doesn't like to be questioned.

DANKO
I am Russian.

He hands back the completed form. The Night Clerk scans it.

Another cockroach appears. Danko SMASHES it with his fist before the Night Clerk can swing the bat.

NIGHT CLERK
Nice goin'. Room 302.

Danko takes the key, turns, and starts up the stairs.

59 INT. HOTEL ROOM 302 - SOON AFTER

59

The door of a dark room opens, revealing Danko in the spill of light from the corridor. He turns on the light, closes the door, pockets the key.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

Putting his suitcase down, he moves about, getting acquainted with the way things work in second-rate U.S. hotels. He moves to the TV set. Flips the switch. A PORN MOVIE pops on...He walks to the one window covered with Venetian blinds. Through the partially-open slats he can see:

60 EXT. A HUGE LINGERIE-CLAD FEMALE - DANKO'S POV

60

On the brick wall of a distant Porno Store -- Enormous breasts...The view is suddenly cut off by an Elevated Train ROARING by, RATTLING the window.

61 DANKO

61

The reflected light from the windows of the train play on his face, strobelike...After the train passes, Danko turns away, picks up the suitcase, tosses it on the bed. He notices a coin slot on the bed, puzzled he drops another quarter -- the bed immediately begins to mechanically BUCK and SHAKE...a booster rocket for intercourse or masturbation.

He turns back to the TV -- hard to believe what is now happening on the small screen...

DANKO

Kapitalism.

61A INT. BATHROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT

61A

Illuminated by one naked bulb, Danko (now wearing a T-shirt) examines the inside of the bathroom cabinet and runs his fingers along the top. He checks the inside of the W.C. tank while the neon lights of the street FLASH ON AND OFF.

Coming back into the bedroom --

61B INT. BEDROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - NIGHT

61B

He tosses the mattress off the bed, looks underneath, kneels, pushes the bed aside...sees nothing but lint and an old mousetrap.

He gets to his feet -- The bedroom is now a complete mess. The chests are open, the pillows are ripped open, the mattress is still off the bed. The drawers of the bureau have all been taken out and up-ended. The pictures have been taken off the wall, the carpet taken up. And he has found nothing...

62-66 OMIT

OMIT 62-66

9/1/87

30.

67 INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

67

Jammed with DRUNKS, JUNKIES, protesting HOOKERS herded for booking and a wide assortment of ETHNICS on minor infractions trying to make themselves understood by SHOUTING at the arresting OFFICERS in Spanish, Chinese, Polish, or whatever.

68 INT. WATCH COMMANDER'S OUTER OFFICE - WITH DANKO AND GALLAGHER 68

As they appear through the entrance, Gallagher makes a little small talk as Danko looks around -- He stifles his disapproval of the apparent chaos.

GALLAGHER

...and this is our booking area.
Looks like a major crime wave just hit, right? I remember the first time I came in here, when I was assigned to this District. I thought all hell had broke loose. Nope. It was just a typical Monday morning.

Here the frenetic activity bears some semblance of order. Moving down the aisle bisecting an array of BOOKING DESKS on which phones are RINGING incessantly and being answered by OFFICERS who are simultaneously being bombarded by seated COMPLAINANTS at each desk.

GALLAGHER (cont'd)

I see our old pal Art is hard at it.

69 ART RIDZIK - AT LAST DESK - DANKO'S POV

69

Sitting with his back to the rest of the room, his head propped up on his elbows: Ridzik's desk is littered with a vast jumble of paperwork.

70 INSERT - SMALL COMPUTER CHESS SET

70

Ridzik has set it up within the mountain of paper...

71 AT THE DESK

71

DETECTIVE BOB NELLIGAN, 35, neat, white on the frail side, stops tentatively in front of Ridzik --

NELLIGAN

Welcome back, Art. Listen, I just want you to know there was nothing personal on my part in what I did. I had to make a report. I made it. No hard feelings?

(CONTINUED)

9/1/87

30A.

71 CONTINUED:

71

Sticks out his hand. Ridzik looks up.

*

RIDZIK

Did you say something, Nelligan.

*

Nelligan moves off.

*

As Ridzik is reaching for the White King:

DANKO

Not the King.

RIDZIK

(looks up)
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

9/28/87

31.

/1 CONTINUED:

71

DANKO

Checkmate in two moves.

RIDZIK

(doesn't believe him)

Really.

DANKO

Use Bishop to Queen four.

RIDZIK

I don't think so. I'm working on my own plan of attack.

(in dismissal)

Thanks for all your help, Comrade, but I got it covered.

Gallagher and Danko move on. Ridzik continues by moving the White King...after a couple of moves; the game BEEPS LOUDLY, signaling checkmate.

RIDZIK

(to himself)

Aw shit. Do you fuckin' believe it?

72 INT. COMMANDER'S INNER OFFICE

72

COMMANDER LOU DONNELLY, seated behind a desk, heavily involved in rosters. Donnelly's office is overrun with plants and aquariums. The door to the adjacent Watch Commander's Office opens and a SECRETARY (AUDREY) appears.

AUDREY

If I ever catch you talking to these ferns, I quit.

DONNELLY

Don't give me any shit, Audrey...That must be him with Gallagher.

Glancing in the direction of the glass partition separating the two offices, Donnelly sees Gallagher and Danko.

AUDREY

I guess...Is that a Russian cop uniform? It looks like something out of World War II.

*
*
*

She stands aside for Danko and Gallagher to pass.

GALLAGHER

Captain Danko, Moscow [REDACTED] Militia, this is Commander Donnelly, Chief of this District...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

Their looks hold. Each cop taking the full measure of the other...

Wills picks up a document.

WILLS

This is the extradition order. All it requires is your signature.

Hands it to Danko who reads it.

DANKO

He hasn't asked for political asylum?

WILLS

No. I think he's resigned to going home. But you'll have to ask him. He doesn't talk much to us.

Danko continues reading.

WILLS (cont'd)

I heard you spent the night at the Garvin.

Danko nods.

DANKO

Did you search Viktor soon after arrest?

WILLS

Yeah. We shook him down. Searched him, his car, his hotel room -- He ran a red light, didn't have a valid driver's license. Minor stuff, but then he refused to speak English -- he does speak English, doesn't he?

Danko says nothing.

WILLS (cont'd)

Arresting officers found a handgun in the glove box, brought him in. From the Cyrillic writing tattooed on his shoulder, we figured out he was one of yours. Contacted your embassy in D.C. And here you are...

Wills takes an envelope from a desk drawer. Makes no move to give it to Danko. Stares at him pointedly..

WILLS (cont'd)

What do you guys want him for,

(CONTINUED)

DANKO

Crimes against the State.

WILLS

That's not very specific.

DANKO

A black marketeer.

WILLS

Neither is that.

Wills hands the envelope from the desk to Danko.

WILLS (cont'd)

A Quitclaim. This states that we surrendered his personal effects to you, namely fifty-six dollars in cash, a key and a bag of M & M's. That's candy.

He gets to his feet and moves around his desk to the door.

WILLS (cont'd)

(yelling)

Ridziki!

Turns and looks back at Danko.

WILLS (cont'd)

You can pick it all up at the city jail along with your prisoner.

He notices Danko looking at the plants and fish tanks.

WILLS (cont'd)

Stress management. Watch the fish, water the plants, relax to pleasant sounds...

He touches a tape deck -- HARP MUSIC begins.

WILLS (cont'd)

Personally I think it's all a pile of shit, but when you're headed for a bypass, you stop asking questions.

Walks back toward Danko.

WILLS (cont'd)

Out of curiosity, Captain, since I figure cops are cops the world over -- how do you Soviets deal with the tension and stress?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

DANKO

Vodka.

Ridzik pushes into the room.

RIDZIK

Yo, sir, what d'ya need?

WILLS

Ride with the Captain here to the city jail. See that he signs this form, then bring the top copy back here.

Wills turns to Danko, sticks out his hand.

WILLS (cont'd)

So long, Captain. Nice doing business with you.

73 INT. CITY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY

73

Lined with cells. All occupied by PETTY CROOKS, DRUNKS, BUMS. A WARDER leads Danko, Ridzik and Gallagher to the end cage -- opens the door.

74 INT. CELL

74

Viktor Rosta is looking out as the heavy metal door swings open.

DANKO

Stand up.

Viktor gets to his feet, stares at him -- The two of them stand eyeball to eyeball, blind rage in both their hearts.

75 CLOSE SHOT - VIKTOR'S HAND

75

A handcuff is snapped around the wrist.

76 CELL

76

Danko slips the remaining cuff around his own left wrist, SNAPS it shut.

DANKO

I'm taking you home to die, Viktor.

VIKTOR

Eat shit, Vanya.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

In one abrupt movement, Danko JERKS Viktor and SLAMS him against the cell wall.

DANKO
Or would you rather die here? To me
it makes no difference...

RIDZIK
 (to Gallagher)
 Look. You can tell they're old
 friends. Body language is a
 beautiful thing.

As Viktor pulls himself erect, Danko turns to Ridzik and Gallagher.

DANKO
 We are ready.

77 INT. OFFICE - CITY JAIL - DAY

77

CLOSE UP - A manila envelope being opened wide over an old desk. Out of it falls fifty-six dollars, a bag of M & M's and a key on a well-used cord.

DANKO
 This was all he was carrying?

CLERK
 Yes, sir.

Danko counts the money, signs the Quitclaim and hands it over to Ridzik, who takes the carbon, gives it to the Clerk and keeps the top copy for himself...Danko picks up the key, looks at it, stares at Viktor.

DANKO
What does this open?

VIKTOR
Kiss my ass.

Danko looks at the Clerk.

DANKO
 Anyone know what this opens?

Ridzik stares at him.

RIDZIK
 Looks like a key to some kind of
 locker. Why don't you ask your bud?

He nods at Viktor.

(CONTINUED)

DANKO

You try.

Ridzik looks at him, shrugs, moves over to Viktor.

RIDZIK

(emphasizing every word)
Where - is - the - locker - that -
this - key - opens?

Viktor looks at him and says nothing.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Listen you pile of Soviet shit, I
just asked you a question.

Viktor stares at him and then eventually speaks.

VIKTOR

(in Russian)
Blah, blah blah.

Ridzik looks at Danko.

RIDZIK

What'd he say?

DANKO

He said why don't you go fuck your
mother's ass.

Ridzik looks at Viktor calmly and then suddenly flies at
Viktor -- and it takes Gallagher and the Clerk to pull him
off the two Russians -- Danko getting as much as Viktor,
whom he finds himself protecting...

GALLAGHER

Okay. That's enough, for chrissakes.
(to Danko)

If you want to make this plane we
oughta get outta here and head for
O'Hare.

Danko shoves the key into his pocket.

DANKO

We go.

He shoves Viktor toward the door.

77A INT. CORRIDOR

77A

Danko and Viktor walk down the corridor, followed by Gallagher and Ridzik.

RIDZIK

He shouldn't have said that about my mother.

GALLAGHER

You gotta find a middle ground, Art.

78 INT. CITY JAIL - COURTHOUSE - DAY

78

A Federal-style building with long rows of marble steps leading to the lobby. Danko, Viktor, Ridzik and Gallagher appear -- start heading down -- Viktor still tightly cuffed to Danko.

Ridzik accompanies Danko, Viktor and Gallagher down the steps.

RIDZIK

Okay. This is it. I say goodbye here. Have a great flight, Captain.
(he turns to Viktor)
If you get a chance to flush this giant turd down the toilet, do it over the Pole.

79 EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - DAY

79

An Armored Truck pulls up -- FOUR MALE UNIFORMED GUARDS get out, move to the back -- gather money sacks from back and head up the steps. Three of the Uniformed Guards are Salim, Ali and Jamal -- their shaven heads under their caps -- the other Guard is white with sharp Slavic features, SERGO TATOMOVICH.

80 OMIT

80

80A INT. LOBBY

80A

As Ridzik pulls away from the group, then looks back...

RIDZIK

You were right about the chess game.
I was dead in two moves.

DANKO

It was obvious.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK

Not to me. Guess I've got a lot to learn. I'm gonna go study the chess column. Write if you need work, Comrade. Later, Tom.

He heads for the nearby Newsstand. Danko and Gallagher continue with Viktor down the steps.

GALLAGHER

Don't mind Ridzik, Captain. He's been having a kind of tough time lately. He put himself in a vise and --

The Uniformed Guards are now getting close.

DANKO

(cutting Gallagher off)
I try to forget Ridzik.

81 NEWSSTAND - IN LOBBY

81

Ridzik hands the NEWSIE a five.

RIDZIK

Sun Times and the Racing Action tip sheet.

NEWSIE

You gotta winner?

RIDZIK

They been beatin' my ass off lately. I feel like the Cubs.

82 INT. LOBBY

82

As the Guards pass by Danko, Viktor and Gallagher -- they split, two on Danko's side, two on Gallagher's.

As they pass Danko -- suddenly Ali jostles into him while Jamal pulls out a sawed-off ballbat and hits Danko in the back of the head. All of it happens so fast that it barely seems real to Gallagher -- who goes for his gun.

Too late -- Tatomovich's gun is already out -- He BLASTS Gallagher twice in the middle.

Ali moves quickly -- carrying a pair of wire cutters. Salim, Jamal and Tatomovich keep guard.

(CONTINUED)

81A CONTINUED:

81A

RIDZIK

They been beatin' my ass off lately.
I feel like the Cubs.

82 INT. LOBBY - NEAR STREET EXIT

82*

As the Guards pass by Danko, Viktor and Gallagher -- they split, two on Danko's side, two on Gallagher's.

As they pass Danko -- suddenly Ali jostles into him while Jamal pulls out a sawed-off ballbat and hits Danko in the back of the head. All of it happens so fast that it barely seems real to Gallagher -- who goes for the gun.

Too late -- Tantomovich's gun is already out -- He BLASTS Gallagher twice in the middle.

Ali moves quickly -- carrying a pair of wire cutters. Salim, Jamal and Tatomovich keep guard.

Viktor rolls the semi-conscious Danko over and holds out their co-joined wrists as Ali SNAPS the chain between the two bracelets with the wire cutter...Immediately Viktor straightens and SMASHES a brutal blow down on Danko's mouth. Then he straddles the body, searching the pockets of Danko's jacket for the key.

Meanwhile, Jamal is anxious for them to go.

JAMAL

Come on man, haul ass! Go! Go!

As Viktor straightens up with the key -- Tatomovich is suddenly doubled-over, SHOT in the chest -- As Viktor pulls back, the key goes flying...

83 RIDZIK - ACROSS THE LOBBY - NEAR BACK OF STAIRWELL

83*

Holding his .44 in a double-fisted stance...He sees Viktor and the three Guards start running for the Armored Truck -- Salim FIRES his shotgun back at Ridzik, covering the exit.

SEVERAL BYSTANDERS SCREAM and run for cover -- preventing Ridzik from getting another clear shot.

As Salim exits -- Ridzik runs for Gallagher and Danko.

84 EXT. STREET

84

Viktor and the Guards pile into a Station Wagon that suddenly comes SCREAMING to a stop -- hatch open -- JOSIP

(CONTINUED)

9/1/87

39A.

84 CONTINUED:

84

BARODA driving -- another Russian, this one with soft, blonde features. As soon as they're inside, it BARRELS OFF, SCREAMS for the nearest corner and makes a hard right.

85 RIDZIK - NOW ON STREET OUTSIDE THE COURT HOUSE

85*

He PUMPS FOUR BULLETS into the Station Wagon as it fishtails away, LAYING RUBBER all over the pavement. The slugs have no effect other than CHEWING UP the hatchback -- After a moment the Station Wagon is gone.

85A INT. LOBBY

85A

Danko, semi-conscious, raises his head.

Rolling onto his front...He can just make out -- across the blood-smearred floor -- the locker key. *

(CONTINUED)

85A CONTINUED:

85A

Danko begins to edge his way toward it...

With SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, Danko GRASPS the key, clutching it tightly with his hands...

85B-85C OMIT

OMIT 85B-85C

85D INT. COOK COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - CLOSE UP - NIGHT

85D*

Danko's hand clutching the key.

85E INT. DANKO'S ROOM - WIDER SHOT - NIGHT

85E

Danko lies on a bed, his face bruised -- his lip scabed over. A YOUNG BLACK FEMALE INTERN is examining his head, some X-ray pictures in her right hand -- held up to the light.

Y.B.F. INTERN

How are you feeling?

Danko stares at her.

Putting down the X-ray, she moves to take Danko's pulse.

Y.B.F. INTERN (cont'd)

That good, huh? The blow's left you with a slight concussion. To be on the safe side, we'll keep you here a couple of days -- I'll let the police talk to you this evening.

*

86 OMIT

OMIT 86*

87 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

87

To his left, at the end of the long corridor, is a light FLASHING RED over a door marked: SURGERY. Next to it, a clock showing the time: 2:17PM. Detective Stobbs is following a gurney coming fresh from surgery -- Tatomovich. He stops as the gurney is wheeled into I.C.U. -- looks over at Ridzik standing nearby.

*

*

*

*

RIDZIK

So far they disappeared into thin air -- the car, the Commie, entire ambush team...

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

STOBBS
Except this one.

He indicates Tatomovich through the window being cared for by
the Medical Team. *

RIDZIK
How is the shithead? *

STOBBS
Good as you get with a hole in your
chest...When you gonna grace us with
one of your colorful reports on this
thing, Art?

RIDZIK
(controlled)
Soon as I get to a typewriter,
Lieutenant.

STOBBS
How about giving me a preview? *

RIDZIK
The whole thing went ballistic --
Can't swear to it -- but I think the
ones that got away are the Cleanheads
we busted day before yesterday --

STOBBS
(interrupting)
They all walked yesterday morning.
Illegal warrant. *

RIDZIK
Even the one with the shotgun?

STOBBS
Right out the door with a big
handshake from the judge --

Stobbs turns back to the window. *

88 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - THEIR POV

88*

Tatomovich -- A COUPLE OF INTERNS AND NURSES are with him. *

RIDZIK
Looks like I hit this jagoff dead
center. *

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

STOBBS

Accordin' to his I.D., he's another fuckin' Russian. Can you believe that? We must be gettin' a whole city full of 'em.

88A-92 OMIT

OMIT 88A-92*

93 INT. DANKO'S ROOM

93

VICE CONSUL GREGOR MOUSSORSKY and CONSULATE DIMITRI STEPANOVICH *
stare down at Danko -- their heads seem huge, luminous,
threatening orbs hanging over him. Gregor is slim, imperious *
-- Stepanovich is stocky, Slavic features -- a dour Soviet *
bureaucrat.

GREGOR

Comrade Captain Ivan Danko -- this is
Comrade Consul Dimitri Stepanovich. I
am Gregor Moussorsky, your control
officer. We have just arrived from
Washington.

STEPANOVICH

We took the first flight when the
news came in.

Danko looks at both -- his resentment of authority is evident.

GREGOR

We need to know what happened. The
Comrade Consul must make a full
report to send to Moscow.

DANKO

There's nothing to report.

GREGOR

Your attitude is disappointing.

DANKO

He got away. You can get details
from the Americans.

GREGOR

The Americans are already asking too
many questions. There is no reason
for us to do our dirty laundry in
public.

Danko says nothing. Gregor and Stepanovich trade looks.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

STEPANOVICH

(taking over; cold)

Viktor Rosta escaped because of your stupidity. He is free to complete his deal and send the American poison home through the Georgian network --

(condescending)

You have failed completely.

*
*
*
*

DANKO

Report it however you want.

STEPANOVICH

I already have. To Militia Headquarters. Their instructions are when you are discharged from this hospital, you will be escorted to the first available plane. You are to report to your superiors on arrival.

Danko looks at them. Deliberate, cold:

DANKO

Tell them in Moscow that I'm staying until Viktor Rosta is captured.

*

The two Men look at him in anger.

93A INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

93A*

Ridzik and Stobbs waiting outside of Danko's room as Gregor and Stepanovich emerge.

STOBBS

How is he?

GREGOR

(looking very serious)

He is very grateful for medical attention and very anxious to return to Soviet Union.

They move away -- Stobbs follows them down the corridor.

*

STOBBS

My name is Stobbs. Lieutenant Stobbs, C.P.D. I'm the field officer in charge of this investigation. Can I have a word with you?

Ridzik watches them walk down the corridor, sees their reluctance to talk with Stobbs --

(CONTINUED)

93A CONTINUED:

93A

STOBBS (cont'd)

I was hoping you could tell us what Viktor Rosta was doing here in Chicago. Your Captain Danko was kind of tightlipped on the subject...

*

STEPANOVICH

We will cooperate in any way we can, Sergeant.

STOBBS

Great. So what's the connection between the Cleanheads and Rosta?

GREGOR

It's very mysterious. We have no information on the subject.

(after a beat)

Possibly they are friends?

Stobbs is getting the red runaround. Ridzik shakes his head, then looks at Danko's room. Heads for it.

*

94-94A OMIT

OMIT 94-94A*

95 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - DAY

95*

Danko is finishing getting dressed in a strange green suit that is his idea of civilian clothes. Quickly pulls his tie knot into place, then crosses the room, opens his suitcase laying across the bed, beside his carefully folded uniform...

96 SUITCASE - INSERT

96

Danko's hands flip the snaps open -- He empties the contents, shirts and sundries -- then pulls open the false bottom, revealing the pistol and holster.

97 OMIT

OMIT 97*

97A INT. DANKO'S ROOM

97A

Danko putting the gun in the holster as Ridzik enters.

RIDZIK

Guess who's back, Comrade.

He stares at Danko's pistol.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK
How'd you get that piece through
customs?

DANKO
In suitcase.

RIDZIK
Guess that's an added advantage to
diplomatic immunity... Why'd you
retire the uniform?

DANKO
I now work undercover.

RIDZIK
Sure, you're gonna fit right in
wearin' that. Detective Ivan Gumby.
Get serious. *

Danko snaps his suitcase closed. Stares at Ridzik. Impatient. *

RIDZIK (cont'd)
Okay -- I want you to tell me what
Viktor is up to.
(coaxing)
Drug deal? Right? You tell me, I let
you keep your gun. *

DANKO
(a challenge)
Take it.

RIDZIK
Aw, come on, give it a rest -- maybe
that kind of Soviet bully-shit works
on the chessboard, but I've seen your
moves on the street, bubba.
Pathetic.

DANKO
You help?

RIDZIK
Yeah. As a matter of fact, I did.
While you were pickin' concrete out
of your teeth, I bagged one of them.
He's in I.C.U. right now. By the
way, he's Russian. Maybe you should
talk to him when he comes around.

Danko stares at Ridzik momentarily, then picks up his old
suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

97A CONTINUED:

97A

DANKO
Right now I find Viktor.

He exits from the room.

97B INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

97B

Ridzik catching up with Danko in the corridor -- the Uniformed Cops that have been guarding Danko's door all jump to their feet and follow, not sure what to do -- Ridzik sort of waving them off --

97C ESCALATOR

97C

Stobbs coming up as Danko approaches, surprised to see him.

STOBBS
What the hell you doin' out of bed?

RIDZIK
He's going to find Viktor.

STOBBS
We already got over five hundred men lookin' for his ass.

DANKO
Maybe I help.

STOBBS
Bullshit. The last time we cooperated with you, one of our guys got blown away.

DANKO
I did not anticipate American criminals would assist Viktor.

STOBBS
(stung)
Viktor isn't your prisoner anymore. He killed a cop. When we arrest him, it won't be to send his ass back to Moscow. *

Danko says nothing. Just moves past Stobbs, to the escalator. As Ridzik goes after Danko --

STOBBS
Keep an eye on this guy. He's a material witness now. I gotta talk to Donnelly -- maybe he can figure out what to do with him...

97D ESCALATOR

97D

Danko looks up at Ridzik.

DANKO
He blames me for Sergeant Gallagher's
death.

RIDZIK
He's right.

DANKO
In Moscow we do not pass the book.

RIDZIK
The buck.

DANKO
What is buck?

Pause.

DANKO (cont'd)
The Negro men that helped Viktor --

RIDZIK
-- Cleanheads. Probably Elijah
Brothers -- a jail house gang. You
got prison gangs in Russia? *

DANKO
Yes. But they stay in prison. *

RIDZIK
Yeah, well, here they move right back
onto the streets. These guys are
real big in the drug business. *

DANKO
Viktor, too.

Ridzik looks at him.

RIDZIK
Now we're getting somewhere.

8/24/87

51.

97E EXT. GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

97E

Ridzik's Sedan makes a U-turn in the street. He double parks outside the Hotel.

97F INT. RIDZIK'S SEDAN

97F

Ridzik looks up at the Hotel, then at Danko.

DANKO

Wait two minutes, then we go find Viktor.

Danko gets out with his battered suitcase...

RIDZIK

(calling after him)
Oh sure. We'll just knock on the door and see if he's home.

Ridzik sighs, watches him walk across the sidewalk to the Hotel door.

98-121 OMIT (TO BE REWRITTEN/RE-INSERTED LATER IN SCRIPT)

98-121

122 INT. LATE-MODEL MERCURY - JOSIP BARODA - CLOSE SHOT

122

His face momentarily visible through the tinted glass as he leans down and turns the ignition key...watching as Danko enters the Hotel.

BARODA

Shit.

It is obvious that Danko is the last person he expected to see.

123 INT. GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

123

Danko crosses to the desk.

DANKO

I'm back. I want same room.

The Night Clerk who is also the Day Clerk, shakes his head --

NIGHT CLERK

Can't do it. There's a lady checked in for the evening. She wouldn't take any other room in the place.

A moment as Danko reacts.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

DANKO

Give me room next door.

The Night Clerk gives him the key to Room 303.

NIGHT CLERK

You got it.

123A INT. CORRIDOR - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

123A

Danko comes down the hall toward the door to his room, 303. He slows at door 302. Listening. Footsteps within, crossing --

123B INT. ROOM 302 - BATHROOM - DAY

123B

Extremely tight on a Woman's hands as they turn on a shower. Water BLASTS from the corroded nozzle.

123C INT. ROOM 303 - BATHROOM - DAY

123C

The windows are open and the STREET NOISES are intrusive. Danko, already inside, hefts his bag onto the bed, crosses to the windows and shuts them. He stands in the darkness, listening to the shower in Room 302, looking down at the street below.

123D EXT. STREET FRONTING GARVIN HOTEL - DANKO'S POV - DAY

123D

Ridzik is standing outside his double-parked car, leaning against a fender. A car behind HONKS at him -- he gives them the finger.

123E INT. ROOM 303 - DAY

123E

Danko looks over at the wall separating him from Room 302. Very aware of the shower, running steadily.

123F INT. BATHROOM - ROOM 302 - DAY

123F

A ratchet screwdriver is being used to take the last of four tiny screws from a loose floorboard in the corner.

We pull back to see the lips of a WOMAN (CAT JACKSON) as she puts this final screw between her lips, with the three others. We do not see her face.

Her hands pull up the floorboard and quickly remove a plastic packet hidden in the floor. The packet contains a PASSPORT and ONE HALF of a torn ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

123G INT. CORRIDOR - THIRD FLOOR

123G

Danko has moved out of the room and is now listening at the bathroom door to the sound of the shower. He gently tries the door. Locked. He takes his gun out from under his coat, walks toward the door to Room 302.

123H INT. ROOM 302 - MAXI-CLOSEUPS - CAT

123H

Hands, lips, back of head -- Cat is replacing the floorboard as quickly as she can. Taking the screws from her mouth, positioning them, ratcheting them into the wood.

123J INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE 302

123J

Danko stands for a moment, listening. Then puts his hand on the doorknob, slowly twists it. Inside, the ratchet mechanism shears as the lock crumbles --

123K INT. ROOM 302 - CAT'S POV

123K

She hears something, looks at the door. Sees the doorknob turning, breaking. She has one more screw to replace --

123L INT. ROOM 302

123L

Danko enters the room and is confronted by the sight of Cat starting to pull a tight T-shirt off over her head.

She wears no bra...her head being totally immersed in the tight folds of the cotton.

Hearing the door open, she stands frozen. Then slowly she pulls off the T-shirt and turns to face Danko. Sees the gun in his hand. She covers herself with the T-shirt as they stare at each other for several seconds recovering their poise.

In the b.g., the SOUND OF THE SHOWER.

Danko's eyes flick around the room. It is as bare as the one he had just left. Her baggage, a gym bag, on the bed -- even more minimal than his own.

CAT

(dead-calm)

I was just gonna take a shower. You wanna join me, it'll cost you fifty bucks. Also, I don't like guys that point guns at me, if you don't mind.

(CONTINUED)

123L CONTINUED:

123L

Her voice is low, well-modulated... Danko, self-conscious, lowers the gun in his hand to his side.

DANKO

I want to talk to you.

She turns away toward her bag -- in to which she drops the T-shirt.

CAT

The price is the same if we talk or take a shower.

Her back still turned, she starts for the bathroom -- calls out over her shoulder...

CAT (cont'd)

This is your last chance.

DANKO

I will wait.

Cat enters the bathroom, shuts the door and locks it. Danko hears the HOOT OF A CAR HORN, crosses to the window and looks out.

123M EXT. THE STREET BELOW - DANKO'S POV

123M

Ridzik stands by his Sedan, looking up, impatient.

123N INT. CORRIDOR

123N

Cat, her T-shirt back on but still no shoes, slips out of the bathroom and runs silently down the corridor towards the elevator. She's got the plastic package she came to retrieve.

123P INT. ROOM 302 - THE STREET BELOW - DANKO'S POV

123P

Danko looks across the street, again notices the Mercury parked the wrong way. He now sees Baroda's shadowy image in the front seat.

123Q INT. ROOM 302

123Q

Danko turns, looks at the bed. On the far side of it -- the side he could not see from the door -- he sees that the floorboards have been taken up, and then replaced. One screw lies loose on the floor beside its hole.

(CONTINUED)

123Q CONTINUED:

123Q

He crosses, bends, finds a plastic bag in which there are a number of screwdrivers, torque wrenches, etc.

He turns again, looks at the bathroom door. The shower is still running...

123R INT. BATHROOM

123R

With a CRASH, Danko enters the bathroom, SPLINTERING the door. The shower is RUNNING HARD and hot but the stall is empty. The door to the corridor is open. Cat is gone.

123S-135 OMIT

OMIT 123S-135

135A INT. OUTER OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

135A

Danko stands at Ridzik's desk, looks at the chess pieces, makes THREE MOVES (both black and white), and then FLICKS OVER Ridzik's King with his finger.

135B INT. DONNELLY'S OFFICE

135B

As Donnelly is staring out the bullpen window at Danko. Ridzik is standing in front of Donnelly's desk. Donnelly walks away from the window and crosses to Ridzik.

RIDZIK

All I did was take him to the hotel. He checked back in. Came out and told me about some broad takin' a shower. I didn't know what the hell else to do, so I brought him here.

*
*
*
*

DONNELLY

Okay. Good. Look, about your involvement -- You know the standard procedure. If you are a witness to a murder, you do not actively participate in the ensuing investigation.

*
*

(anticipates reaction, cuts it off)

I know, I know. I'm not taking you off the case. I'll fit you in somewhere. Send in Danko.

He watches Ridzik walk out to join Danko. Stobbs comes into the room.

(CONTINUED)

135B CONTINUED:

135B

STOBBS

The two Russian suits that showed up out at the hospital want Danko in a big way. I said we'd let them know if he showed.

*
*

Donnelly nods.

DONNELLY

Okay. I'll end up dealing with them. What about the armored car?

STOBBS

Stolen out of a warehouse an hour before they pulled their caper. Plates were switched, they came off a Merc boosted two days ago on the South Side.

135C INT. OUTER OFFICE

135C

Danko is sitting at Ridzik's table examining chess set pieces as Ridzik steps out of Donnelly's office.

RIDZIK

He wants you.

DANKO

Viktor's escape was worked out ahead of time. Someone visit him in jail...they make plans...

Danko stands and walks into Donnelly's office. Ridzik thinks for a moment, then picks up the phone and produces, in a cellophane package, the screwdriver used by Cat in Room 302...

RIDZIK

(into phone)

Hey, Gloria. Ridzik. I want a rundown on everyone who visited Viktor Rosta while he was in jail.

135D INT. DONNELLY'S OFFICE

135D

Danko enters.

DONNELLY

Sit down, Captain. Have you met Stobbs? Stobbs is point man on this investigation.

STOBBS

We've met.

*

Danko doesn't sit. Stobbs nods at Danko, coldly.

STOBBS

Can I run this by you, Captain?

(CONTINUED)

135D CONTINUED:

135D

He begins to read from his notes.

STOBBS (cont'd)
Viktor Rosta, born September 4th,
1949, Georgia, Russia. His father
had the distinction of being tried by
the Germans and hanged by the
Russians for the crime of
'brigandage.'

He glances over at Danko.

STOBBS (cont'd)
Brigandage?

DANKO
Burning villages, raping women.

STOBBS
That sort of stuff goes on in Russia?

DANKO
In past.

STOBBS
Viktor spent three years in the Army
and six on a forced labor camp for
drug offenses...is currently wanted
in the Soviet Union on charges of
murder, kidnaping, rape, extortion,
currency speculation and drug
dealing.

Wills looks at Danko.

WILLS
This is not a nice man.

DANKO
(to Stobbs)
How did you get this?

STOBBS
Oh, your guys in Washington have been
incredibly cooperative since Viktor
split. Probably send over some
caviar later.

Danko considers this. Looks from Stobbs to Wills. Decides.

DANKO
Viktor is shipping cocaine from
America into Soviet Union. Bigger
shipment every time. He has
accomplices. Two Soviets. Georgians.

(CONTINUED)

9/1/87

54F.

135D CONTINUED:

135D

WILLS

In Russia, this was your case?

DANKO

To hunt Viktor and break his organization.

WILLS

Why didn't you tell us this before?

DANKO

I had no authorization.

STOBBS

Bullshit.

DANKO

My government does not like to do laundry in public.

WILLS

Is there anything else we should know?

DANKO

Viktor was almost closing deal when arrested -- much money involved.

(a beat)

I will not leave country without Viktor. I need your cooperation.

Wills and Stobbs trade looks. Wills takes in Danko for a beat.

WILLS

You want to stick around and look for Viktor, Captain, it's fine by me.

DANKO

I need one man. Show me around city.

WILLS

You can have Ridzik.

(off Danko's reaction)

Is that a problem?

Danko says nothing. Nods slightly, heads for the door. Stobbs taking all this in with skepticism.

WILLS (cont'd)

Low profile, Captain Danko -- I don't want the press to get near you. I also don't want you rolling through town like the Red Army. We're gonna find Rosta and we're gonna nail his ass to the wall. Take my word for it.

(CONTINUED)

9/5/87

54G.

135D CONTINUED:

135D

DANKO

Your courts let criminals go if they say they are sorry.

WILLS

Yeah, sometimes that happens. Doesn't mean we like it.

DANKO

I don't want this for Viktor.

WILLS

We'll see what we can do. Up to now seems like we're the guys who've been catching him and you're the guys who've been losing him. Am I right?

Danko goes out, closes the door. In the b.g., we see him striding out and Ridzik hanging up his phone, chasing after him as --

STOBBS

(watching them)

Have you wiggled out?

Wills turns on the HARP MUSIC and sits behind his desk. Calm.

WILLS

Danko's the perfect weapon, Charlie. A loose cannon. If he helps us get Viktor Rosta -- great. And if he breaks rules, fucks up along the way -- he's a Russian. Not our problem.

Wills starts to go through some paperwork.

STOBBS

(after a moment)

What about Ridzik?

WILLS

Ridzik is a great cop. And a total expert at fucking up.

(looks up)

I got no downside here.

*

10/19/87

54H.

135E-135F OMIT (NOW FOLLOWS 135H)

OMIT 135E-135F

135G INT. CORRIDOR - RIDZIK AND DANKO

135G

Moving briskly toward an interrogation room.

RIDZIK

I had 'em bring in Gallagher's snitch
-- guy who gave us a bust we made a
couple of days ago of some of your
'Negroes without hair.'

*
*

They squeeze past a LARGE WOMAN carrying an armload of files.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

He's a sleazy shit, but if we
can get him to talk, I got a feeling
he knows who's brokering the
Cleanhead deal.

DANKO

This man visits Viktor in jail?

RIDZIK

No. Only two folks had that honor --
skirt named Cat Manzetti and that
Russian I shot. Girl teaches dance
for the city in Wicker Park -- self
help bullshit -- we'll try to catch
up to her there tonight.

*
*

Ridzik stops in front of a closed door. Through the safety-glass window we can see STREAK -- a big, disgusting part-time pimp in a tight Italian pinstriped suit and salmon-colored shirt -- buttoned up, no tie.

RIDZIK

Now look -- in this country we protect
the rights of the individual -- even
part-time pimp piles of shit like
this. It's a law called Miranda. It
says you can't touch his ass.

DANKO

I don't want touch his ass. I
want make him talk.

RIDZIK

I'm gonna handle this, okay?

9/1/87

541.

B136 INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/TOPLESS MASSAGE - DAY

B136

As Ridzik and Danko enter. It's a huge pornographic bookstore, with a massage parlor and individual film-viewing booths in back. Signs point the way. Neon lights FLICKER brightly overhead.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CARLA)

Hey shoppers. Take a look-see in our marital aids display case, you'll find our assorted Medusa cordless vibrating love tools are priced for your pleasure -- any item only nineteen ninety-nine, plus tax...

C136 NEAR THE FRONT OF THE STORE

C136

Is the cash register up on a platform, behind a glass case filled with sexual appliances and marital aids. Working the register is the Woman who runs the place -- CARLA -- a hard-looking barracuda, smoking brown Sherman cigarettes. She's got a microphone to the P.A. system, uses it to stimulate sales.

The place is busy, a MOTLEY ASSORTMENT OF MEN mill around, checking out the magazines and books, getting up their nerve to go back in.

Danko is a little stunned by what he sees.

RIDZIK

Wait'll you see the librarians.

He walks off toward Carla.

CARLA

(into the mike)

These are 100% Brazilian jungle rubber -- hand crafted in America by Americans -- for Americans --

RIDZIK

(to Carla)

I hear they developed the technology in the Space Program.

CARLA

(into the mike, ignoring him)

The Medusa line is completely state-of-the-art, using microchip technology developed in our Space Program to give you lifelike stimulation in a seemingly endless variety of applications.

(CONTINUED)

C136 CONTINUED:

C136

Ridzik takes out his badge case and FLIPS IT HARD on the glass counter. Carla looks at it. Then at Ridzik. Then at Danko who comes up behind. Stranger in a strange land.

RIDZIK

You got a bouncer works here, named Streak --

CARLA

You got a warrant?

RIDZIK

No. Give Streak a coffee break, we just want to talk to him.

Danko is browsing among the magazines -- frowning at the covers. Ridzik stares at Carla.

CARLA

(covers the mike, to Ridzik)
I don't know anyone named Streak.
(into the mike)
For a small cover charge, you can watch as limber professional models explore the depths of their desires with these useful tools.

RIDZIK

(to Danko)
I don't know about you, but I believe her.

(at Carla)

She looks like a nice, honest person to me. I gotta believe her. Thanks for your time, ma'am.

(to Danko)

Watch the back hallway --

CARLA

(into the mike)
You'll learn the teeter-totter, the whirlybird, the bionic man, the Pinocchio, the three-way switch --

RIDZIK

(to Carla)
Excuse me.

Ridzik grabs the mike. Shoves Carla back into her stool.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

(into mike)
Hi there. I'm Art Ridzik with the Chicago Police Department.

9/1/87

54K.

D136 THE CUSTOMERS

D136

Their heads SNAP to attention.

RIDZIK

(displays his badge)

I want you to know, I don't personally believe you people are doing anything wrong here, so if you're in the saddle back there, there's no need for premature ejaculation.

E136 THE ROOM

E136

Customers are beginning to flee, particularly from the back room...pulling clothes on in a hurry, carrying shoes, knocking over displays in their rush to get out --

Danko is shoving his way over toward the entrance to the corridor that leads to the massage rooms in back.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

No court proceedings will result from today's police action. And no one's name will be made public. We guarantee complete confidentiality.

F136 NEAR THE BACK - DANKO

F136

Some of the GIRLS are starting to get out now, too. Among them, Danko sees Carla's TWO HUGE BOUNCERS finally make an appearance, looking for Ridzik --one of them is STREAK, a big man with a biker look -- He hangs back while the other Bouncer beelines for Ridzik.

RIDZIK (V.O.)

Unfortunately, I can't speak for the members of the press who may be covering this operation, and may be right outside.

He's only halfway there when Danko intercepts him and THROWS him into the glass marital aids display case.

RIDZIK (V.O.) (cont'd)

But I think your wives and families will understand. Raise your hand if your wife knows where you are this afternoon.

G136 IN THE BOOTH - RIDZIK

G136

Sees Streak, drops the mike --

(CONTINUED)

10/16/87

54L-540.

135K INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

135K*

A Black & White goes by as Danko and Ridzik head for an unmarked car.

DANKO
Who is Abdul Elijah? *

RIDZIK
Big time crook. Heads one of the biggest criminal organizations goin'.

DANKO
Where does he live? *

RIDZIK
In jail, where else? We occasionally make an arrest over here, you know... *

DANKO
I am very glad to hear it. I have been taught that your country was totally lawless and run by gangsters. Tell me about Miranda. *

RIDZIK
See, in principle it's a good law, Miranda. It's supposed to protect the innocent. But basically it gives scumbags the right to keep their mouths shut until some scumbag lawyer shows up to tell the first scumbag what to say.

DANKO
In the Soviet Union, after two days they can talk to a lawyer.

RIDZIK
You're shitting me.

DANKO
I am not shitting on you. *

RIDZIK
You Russian cops have it wired. We've gotta uphold the law, but that doesn't mean the law's on our side. Know what I mean?

DANKO
No.

They arrive at the car. *

(CONTINUED)

10/16/87

54P.

135K CONTINUED:

135K

RIDZIK
You're better off.
(looks at him)
-- That suit's not gonna explode
anything, is it?

*

DANKO
I think you are safe.

RIDZIK
Just checkin'.

They get in, drive off.

*

A136-L136 OMIT

OMIT A136-L136

136A OMIT

OMIT 136A*

136B INT. CORRIDOR - JOLIET PRISON - DAY

136B

Danko and Ridzik walk along, led by TWO GUARDS - One of them is very fat.

DANKO

How can a man sell drugs from prison?

RIDZIK

Lemme explain the American prison system. Once we lock these guys up, the gangs take over. Aryan Brotherhood, Mexican Mafia, Cleanheads, Muslims -- they run the jail population same way most governments run the world. By terror. And since most convicts are repeaters, the gang-leader's got a lot of connections to the outside.

137-141 OMIT

OMIT 137-141

142 INT. JOLIET PRISON GYM - DAY

142

A BIG BALD BLACK WEIGHTLIFTER is hefting a huge barbell up to his chest -- then with a huge effort, up over his head.

BALD BLACK WEIGHTLIFTER

Hah!!

There are SOUNDS of approval and support from VARIOUS BROTHERS around the weightlifting ring set on a concrete stage. Beyond a group of THREE YOUNG BLACKS, their heads shaven -- stand as bodyguards around a small, wiry man (ABDUL ELIJAH) who is sitting quietly by himself -- Unlike his disciples, he has hair, and a small beard with mirrored sunglasses. He has the posture and attitude of a very hip jazz musician. Around the gym, PRISONERS are gathered in groups, tossing footballs or softballs. The atmosphere is relatively relaxed.

143 INT. JOLIET PRISON - ENTRANCE TO GYM - DAY

143

Danko stares around him -- Ridzik behind him with the Fat Guard Guard...They all begin to make their way across the gym to the Weightlifters' Stage.

RIDZIK

This isn't like Siberia. We don't starve them to death. We feed 'em good, let 'em work out, lift weights.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

RIDZIK (cont'd)
 When they come here, they're bad
 motherfuckers. When they get out
 they're big, strong, healthy, bad
 motherfuckers.

144 PLATFORM

144

Danko and Ridzik climb the stage to find themselves
 confronted by ONE OF THE YOUNGER CLEANHEADS.

RIDZIK (cont'd)
 Hi kids. This is Captain Danko.
 He's come all the way from Russia to
 talk to your Scoutmaster.

CLEANHEAD #1
 How about you? You got a name?

RIDZIK
 I'm the Tooth Fairy, asshole -- go
 tell Abdul we're here.

CLEANHEAD #1
 Brother Abdul Elijah got no interest
 in talkin' to you.

The Cleanhead crosses over to the weightlifting apparatus
 where Abdul Elijah sits meditating. The Cleanhead makes no
 attempt to address Abdul Elijah but continues his
 conversation with TWO OTHER ELIJAH BROTHERS. None of them
 look in Ridzik's direction, least of all Brother Abdul
 Elijah.

RIDZIK
 I think we just struck out here,
 Captain. These guys don't want to
 give us the time of day.

DANKO
 Make them.

RIDZIK
 Can't.

DANKO
 (frustrated)
 Miranda?

RIDZIK
 Something like it.

(CONTINUED)

Danko has moved to examine the equipment -- particularly the bar which had been abandoned by the Bald Black Weightlifter. It still has the same weights attached to its ends.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

They got nothin' to do except sit on their ass and lift weights. Look at these shitheads, all of 'em are muscle-bound.

Danko takes off his coat, then leans down, grasps the bar and tests the weights.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Don't get crazy. That thing must weigh three hundred pounds...

DANKO

Three hundred fifty.

At which point Danko HEFTS the weight to his chest -- the eyes of the Elijah Brothers swivel towards him...

RIDZIK

What the shit? You tryin' to get a hernia?

Danko hefts the bar above his shoulders, straightens his back and completes a perfect military press.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Are you fucking kidding me?

Danko stands TRIUMPHANT, the weight high and firm above his out-stretched arms. He begins to turn a full 360 degree circle, finishes his triumphant turn and faces Brother Abdul Elijah...Then HURLS the bar down at the Brother's feet.

His Disciples spring back, but Brother Abdul Elijah doesn't turn a hair.

DANKO

Danko, People's Militia, Moscow Division.

ABDUL

Talk to my secretary. Maybe I can squeeze you in.

Abdul walks away. Makes a vague gesture to two of the Cleanheads. Danko frowns, looks at Ridzik, who shrugs, turns to the Cleanhead who's glowering at him --

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

RIDZIK

He's got a secretary?

The Cleanhead just stares at Ridzik. Starts SNAPPING his finger. A "rap" rhythm. Four beats.

CLEANHEAD

Listen up, asshole --

A metallic CLANKING sound causes Ridzik to look away --

144A ACROSS THE ROOM - TWO CLEANHEADS - RIDZIK'S POV

144A

Pulling a massive iron grate off what appears to be a sub-floor prison cell, then lifting out an ENORMOUS MAN in filthy prison blues and shackled hands and bare feet -- Abdul's SECRETARY (Marlon).

CLEANHEAD (V.O.)

(with rap rhythm)

'Round about the Fourth of July/Two dickheads looking for trouble came by/they were sniffing for dope/that the brothers had sold/to a Russian Dealer for a bundle of gold/but they got nowhere in their navigation/ 'cause the brothers were wise to their investigation...

The huge Man strains against his shackles. Prisoners around and above are getting into it, BANGING things, CLAPPING in rhythm to the rap -- Abdul tosses one of the Cleanheads a key and they start to unlock the big Guy's restraints. Meanwhile --

144B DANKO

144B

Walks back to Ridzik, unbuttoning his shirt cuffs. The rapping Cleanhead is right up in Ridzik's face, but just SNAPPING his fingers now. Circling them. Ridzik ignores this.

DANKO

This is new shirt. Hold it for me.

RIDZIK

You're gonna fight him?

DANKO

It is childish. But they insist. I will win.

(CONTINUED)

144B CONTINUED:

144B

RIDZIK

Bullshit. This guy is huge. Suppose
you don't?

DANKO

Have guards shoot him.

Danko strips the shirt off, hands it carefully to Ridzik.
Then turns to face --

144C THE PRISON FLOOR - ABDUL'S SECRETARY

144C

Who gets even bigger with the chains off. A real killer.
The prisoners are eating this up, still CLAPPING. The Big
Guy starts moving toward Danko, loose Prisoners making a
circle around them. The big Guy goes through a series of
quasi-karate motions, limbering up, showing his power.

Danko takes a position in the middle of the floor, hands up,
reminiscent of a Jim Corbett stance. He's had formal boxing
training but looks a little stiff and outclassed here.

144D RIDZIK

144D

Watches uncomfortably. The rapping Cleanhead close by.
SNAPPING.

144E THE FIGHT

144E

Abdul's big Secretary moves in on Danko -- swings his huge
arms through the air, still warming up. Danko suddenly
lowers both. Fists to his side -- then holds his palms up
to signify a time out.

DANKO

Before we start I must know rules.

SECRETARY

There ain't no rules.

DANKO

Good.

He suddenly KICKS the unsuspecting Secretary right in the
balls. The big Guy instantly FOLDS to his knees SCREAMING
in extreme pain. Danko next throws a short, economical
PUNCH to his face and the Secretary is laid out flat.

Sudden silence.

Danko comes back to get his shirt from Ridzik.

(CONTINUED)

144E CONTINUED:

144E

DANKO

I talk with Abdul now.

RIDZIK

Glad I could help.

Ridzik watches as Danko walks over to meet with Abdul. THREE CLEANHEADS are hauling the Secretary away, to put him back in his floorhold. The Rapper suddenly comes back in Ridzik's face --

CLEANHEAD

Abdul Elijah knows the righteous
truth/Dickhead whitey don't have the
first fuckin' clue/white world's old,
black world's new/Society gonna crash
on top of you.

RIDZIK

I can't wait.

CLEANHEAD

Flood white Russia with snow white
crack/next year take 'em down with
Mexican smack/Marx and Lenin, supply
and demand/Abdul Elijah's got the
master plan.

RIDZIK

Great. You should put it to music.

CLEANHEAD

Our bodies in jail, our minds run
free/Twenty year sentence don't
aggravate me/watch the man rot on the
color TV/By Brother Abdul's side,
that's the place to be.

The Cleanhead winds down with a couple of FINGER POPS.
Then:

RIDZIK

Take it to Star Search, jizzball.

144F ACROSS THE GYM

144F

Abdul and Danko have left the concrete stage and are walking toward the wall. Far out of anyone's earshot.

DANKO

Why do you keep that man on floor?

(CONTINUED)

144F CONTINUED:

144F

ABDUL

My secretary? He had impure thoughts. I'm teachin' him self control.

DANKO

Soviet schools teach history of American Negro and struggles for liberation.

Abdul stares at Danko a beat. Allows himself a grin.

ABDUL

That's it. Revolutionary political leaders like myself get incarcerated to shut us up. Makes oppression easier for the man. Whitey knows if he ever releases all the Brothers behind bars, he's in deep shit.

DANKO

What was your political crime?

ABDUL

I was the brains behind a bank robbery.

(beat)

But my real crime was being born... Okay, now what do you want, Mr. Moscow? Get to it.

DANKO

I have Viktor's key.

ABDUL

If that's true, means you have Viktor's money. Now all you need's half a hundred dollar bill and you and me, we're in business.

DANKO

I give you key. You give me Viktor.

He holds it up in front of Abdul, who thinks for a beat. Shakes his head.

ABDUL

That ain't ethical.

DANKO

You keep cocaine.

(CONTINUED)

ABDUL

Oh, man -- you're asking me to
compromise my principles --

Danko looks at Abdul Elijah with steel in his eyes.

DANKO

We are not American Police. You ship
drugs to my country, one day you wake
up and find your testicles floating
in glass of water by bed.

ABDUL

I'm a holy man. Got no need for
testicles.

DANKO

Then we settle for your eyes.

Abdul smiles.

ABDUL

You can't threaten me, white boy.

He lifts his glasses, we see his eyes -- he's BLIND. He drops
his glasses back on his nose, and his smile fades.

ABDUL (cont'd)

I'm thirty eight years old, I been
behind bars twenty six of 'em. I
educated myself in here. I come to
understand that this country was
built on exploiting the black man.

(a beat)

But I don't hear of no brothers in
your country, white boy. And your
country exploits its own people just
the same. So I guess that makes me
the only Marxist around here,
'Comrade,' and you, you just another
lackey for the man.

(smiles again)

See, this ain't a drug deal. This is
politics. This is spiritual. I'd
like to sell drugs to every white man
in the world. And his sister.

Danko stares at him for a long moment.

DANKO

I still want Viktor Rosta.

ABDUL

Yeah. Real bad, I can tell.

(CONTINUED)

144F CONTINUED:

144F

DANKO

Where do I find him?

ABDUL

Tell you what, Cap'n. I'm gonna put you two white boys together, see if we can work this out. 'Cause I need Viktor. And Viktor, he need the key. And you, you just one more motherfucker we gotta deal with.

He starts away from Danko.

ABDUL

Be cool.

145 INT. RIDZIK'S SEDAN - OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY

145

Ridzik and Danko are driving back from Joliet.

RIDZIK

Well, you gonna tell me how it went?

He is still nettled by the one-on-one conversation between Abdul Elijah and Danko.

DANKO

Fine.

RIDZIK

Come on, cut the shit. You were with that jazzbo so long I thought about getting my head shaved.

DANKO

Could be a good idea.

The BEEPER on Danko's watch goes off.

RIDZIK

What's that?

DANKO

My watch. I leave it on Moscow time.

He snaps it off.

RIDZIK

Time to get out of bed?

DANKO

Time to feed my parakeet.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

RIDZIK

Oh.

(beat)

Is that Russian for jerkin' off?

Stern look from Danko.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Guess not.

DANKO

What is wrong with parakeet?

RIDZIK

Nothing...Hey, I got nothing at all
against parakeets. My kid sister
used to have one. You want a
parakeet, it's okay with me.

DANKO

You think parakeet is feminine?

RIDZIK

What do I know? I guess it's okay.

DANKO

Thank you.

RIDZIK

You're welcome.

146 OMIT

OMIT 146

147 INT. RIDZIK'S SEDAN - WICKER PARK - NIGHT

147*

Danko is looking warily up at the windows glowing above them.

RIDZIK

From now on, I run the cross-
examinations, okay? That way we
avoid these private non-Ridzik
conversations between you and the
suspects. Dig?

*
*
*
*
*

Danko just looks at him.

*

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Dig. They didn't teach you that word
in Kiev?

*

He chuckles and gets out. Danko follows.

*

148-148A OMIT

OMIT 148-148A

149 THROUGH WINDOW - DANCE CLASS - DANKO'S POV

149

A battered tape recorder in the middle of a scuffed-up hardwood floor provides music for a class of FIFTEEN YEAR OLDS -- mostly street-tough GIRLS in leotards -- dancing under the watchful eye of Cat Jackson, the woman from the Garvin hotel.

150 INT. DANCE STUDIO - CAT

150

She's got a few more clothes on here --leotards, legwarmers -- and she runs the class with a bored competence, smoking a cigarette.

CAT

That's good. Keep going --

(gestures)

Don't slink, Deenecia -- this isn't a strip bar -- bolt your butt down -- that's better.

She's dancing in front of them, then notices the distraction of a couple of dancers and turns to see what they're looking at: Ridzik and Danko.

She recognizes Danko. Conceals nervousness under indifference --

CAT (cont'd)

(to the class)

Okay, start the tape over, and go through the whole thing again --

She turns, crosses to Ridzik and Danko. The MUSIC, and then the dancing, starts up again, under:

CAT (cont'd)

You gonna arrest me?

RIDZIK

(to Danko)

It's your suit.

(to Cat)

It's his suit, right? It's like a neon sign blinking, 'POLICE', 'POLICE', 'POLICE.'

CAT

It's not the suit. I made you for cops today at the hotel --

DANKO

(to Cat)

Where is Viktor?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

CAT
Why don't you go take a shower?

Ridzik looks at Danko -- puzzled.

DANKO
(insistent)
No jokes. Where is Viktor?

Cat hesitates. Looks at her class. Makes a decision. Turns, walks into her office, which is adjacent to the studio.

151 INT. TINY OFFICE - DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

151

Cat takes a drag on her cigarette, inhales deeply. Composed, calculating.

RIDZIK
You a dancer?

CAT
It's just a job. Pay's for shit. Why don't you show me some I.D. -- I like to know who I'm talkin' to.

RIDZIK
(shows his badge)
Ridzik, Arthur, Detective Sergeant. This is Captain Danko. He's from Moscow.

CAT
What a surprise.

DANKO
Where is Viktor?

CAT
I don't know.
(to Ridzik)
Is that all he can say?

RIDZIK
You went to see Viktor Rosta in jail.

CAT
(exhales smoke)
Yeah. He asked me to.

RIDZIK
What'd you talk about?

(CONTINUED)

CAT

The weather. Taxes. Inflation.

RIDZIK

You meet him hanging around hotel bars, Cat? Or do you work the lobbies?

CAT

Fuck you.

RIDZIK

You're welcome.

CAT

You got something to arrest me for, do it, but I don't have to listen to this shit --

She starts to leave. Danko grabs her arm -- she tries to shake herself loose, but his grip is strong -- he's not hurting her, he's just holding on. There's something in his look that tells her he's not going to hurt her. Makes her stop struggling.

DANKO

What did you bring Viktor from hotel? Is very important. Many people could be hurt.

Danko lets go of her. Ridzik is blown away by Danko's new approach. Cat thinks. The dancing continues in the b.g., MUSIC faintly audible.

CAT

Oh...shit. Look, I don't want any trouble. It's no big deal. He told me to go to the Garvin, get his old room. He told me right where to look. It was just a passport and a...well, this hundred dollar bill -- torn in half.

RIDZIK

Fake passport?

DANKO

Real passport, fake name.

CAT

I didn't look. Probably. I don't know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAT (cont'd)

(to Danko)

Then you came in with that monster gun, and I got scared and split. I gave the stuff to Viktor's friend, I don't even know his name, he dropped me off after he lost you guys. I took a cab home.

DANKO

Where is Viktor now?

CAT

I told you. I don't know.

RIDZIK

Got a phone number?

She gets tough again.

CAT

I lost it.

RIDZIK

Viktor's a very bad guy.

CAT

I can handle it.

RIDZIK

A cop died yesterday because of Viktor.

CAT

I don't know anything about it.

RIDZIK

(getting mad)

Look, when Viktor goes down, you're gonna go down with him.

CAT

Oooo...You trying to scare me into helping you?

RIDZIK

No, I'm trying to figure out what the fucking connection is. You and Viktor. Why'd you want to help him?

Cat stubs out her cigarette.

CAT

He's my husband.

(CONTINUED)

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70.

151 CONTINUED:

151

She walks back into the dance studio. Ridzik starts to follow.

RIDZIK

I'm gonna bust this bitch so hard she bounces --

DANKO

(stops him)

No. She leads us to Viktor.

152 EXT. GHETTO DANCE STUDIO BUILDING - NIGHT

152

Danko and Ridzik are crossing the street, heading back up to their car.

RIDZIK

(still hot)

Why would Viktor want to marry a ballbuster like that? Son-of-a-bitch's gotta be crazy.

DANKO

Viktor uses fake name, marries American to get travel Visa to United States.

RIDZIK

It wasn't love?

DANKO

With Viktor, always business.

RIDZIK

Always? Even with you? I got the feeling there's something personal there --

DANKO

I shot his brother six months ago in Moscow.

RIDZIK

Shot him dead?

DANKO

Yes.

Ridzik has new-found respect for Danko.

RIDZIK

Way to go.

(CONTINUED)

DANKO

Thank you.
(a long beat)
He killed my partner.

Ridzik stops short. They're in front of a greasy-looking counter Cafe.

RIDZIK

Killed your partner? Jesus. This is starting to unravel like fucking Tolstoy or something.

Thinks about it.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

I'm sorry about your partner.

Danko looks back at the Studio. Ridzik peers through the window of the Cafe.

DANKO (cont'd)

This girl will call Viktor.

RIDZIK

You hungry? I haven't eaten since a hospital corndog last night. As long as we're gonna be sitting here, we might as well score some cop food...a good cop is never wet, and never hungry...

Danko's watching the Studio. The teenage dancers are starting to leave, through the front entrance.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

...We got four major food groups. Hamburger, fries, coffee and doughnuts. Meet you in the car --

He starts in the door of the Cafe.

DANKO

Wait.

RIDZIK

(turns)
Don't tell me -- extra mayo, no onions --

DANKO

Give me key.

(CONTINUED)

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72.

152 CONTINUED:

152

RIDZIK

I didn't lock it.

DANKO

In case she leave.

RIDZIK

You can't drive that car.
Regulations. Something happens --
you crack up -- I'll be doing the
paperwork 'til I retire. Forget it.

DANKO

If she takes cab, I don't think I can
run fast enough to follow her.

Ridzik stares at him.

RIDZIK

You'd try, too, wouldn't you?

Ridzik sighs, tosses him the keys. Danko heads across the
street. Ridzik goes into the Cafe.

152A INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

152A

Empty now. Cat at the window, looking out --

152B EXT. THE STREET - FROM ABOVE - CAT'S POV - NIGHT

152B

Danko reaches the car, opens the door, gets in.

152C INT. DANCE STUDIO

152C

Cat suddenly turns away from the window and walks across the
floor into her office. We see her pick up the receiver of
her telephone, start to dial a number...

152D INT. SEDAN - DANKO - NIGHT

152D

He takes Viktor's key out of his pocket. Then finds an
abandoned fast-food napkin i the car, takes a pen from his
pocket and caerfully cpies down the manufacturer and serial
number from the key. Glancing up at Cat's Studio --

153 EXT. GHETTO STREET - DANKO'S POV - NIGHT

153

The glow of the windows of the Dance Studio. The empty
street. Ridzik's still in the Cafe, using a pay phone while he
waits for their food.

VOICE

Hey. Hey!

154 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

154

Danko turns -- sees the mashed-looking, ruddy-flushed face of a burly piece of WHITE TRASH leering in at him from the passenger-side window. He's got a bottle of beer in one hand, a baseball bat in the other. He wears a T-shirt that says: SAVE THE WHALES - HARPOON A FAT CHICK.

TRASH

Hey, asshole. You can't park here.

DANKO

Why?

TRASH

This is my parking space. I live right up there, this is my damn parking space. So move your piece of shit car the hell out of it, now...or give me fifty bucks.

DANKO

I don't understand.

TRASH

Look. Lemme make it real simple, moron. You move your ass. Or you pay me fifty. Or I take my Wade Boggs here and fucking mutilate your car.

DANKO

Go away.

TRASH

You come into my neighborhood and tell me to get lost? I live here! This is my fucking parking place!. Now it's seventy-five bucks, take a hike or I trash the car and I fuck up your face for free.

Pause.

DANKO

Do you know Miranda?

TRASH

Never heard of the bitch.

Danko PUNCHES him in the face -- jamming his ass backwards out of the passenger-side window, out of sight. Cold-cocked with one punch. Not even a groan comes back.

Danko puts away his pen and the napking with the serial nuber...and looks up at the Studio again.

(CONTINUED)

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74.

154 CONTINUED:

154

Khuligany. DANKO
(Hooligan)

155 EXT. SEDAN - THROUGH WINDOW

155

Danko's eyes take in:

156 EXT. DINER WINDOW - LONG SHOT - HIS POV

156

Ridzik is seen being handed two bags of takeout. He heads for the exit.

157 EXT. SEDAN - THROUGH WINDOW

157

Danko's eyes go back to the Dance Studio. No change. He now sees:

158 EXT. STREET - RIDZIK - DANKO'S POV

158

Carrying the two bags and rounding the Sedan...

159 EXT. GHETTO STREET - BY SEDAN - NIGHT

159

Ridzik steps over the still-life of White Trash. The guy's making little NOISES OF PAIN and holding his face to let us know he's still alive.

160 INT. SEDAN

160

Danko leans over and opens the passenger door. Ridzik slips inside, balancing the bags containing the goodies...he opens the bags, starts taking out the food.

RIDZIK
Everything okay?

DANKO
Yes. Fine. No problems.

Ridzik brings out a container of hot coffee, passes it over.

RIDZIK
What about the guy layin' out there
like a sack of shit?

DANKO
Little misunderstanding.

(CONTINUED)

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75.

160 CONTINUED:

160

RIDZIK

Christ, you're a real beaut. Do me
a favor -- don't run over him when we
take off.

Danko looks at the container.

DANKO

Coffee?

RIDZIK

Yeah, watch out -- it's blazin' hot.
I don't know how you guys do it --
but we don't throw out the container
lids -- we put 'em on the dash here --
just in case we gotta move out fast.

(organizing things)

I called the Squadroom. Guess what?
Tatomivich is coming out of his coma.
Maybe we should bag this, go to the
hospital and --

DANKO

(cuts him off)

There she is.

160A EXT. STREET - DANKO'S POV

160A

Cat appears, coming out from the Dance Studio entrance -- a
Yellow Cab pulls up...

160B EXT. STREET - CAT

160B

She looks into the Cab's front seat -- Salim is driving.

SALIM

Get in. I'm who you're lookin' for.

CAT

Did Viktor send you?

SALIM

That's the man we're gonna see.

161 EXT. BUILDING - GHETTO STREET - DANKO & RIDZIK'S POV - NIGHT 161

Cat looks around nervously, then gets into the Yellow Cab.
As it accelerates away --

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75A.

162 INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

162

Now we go? DANKO

He turns the key in the ignition and the car RIPS FORWARD.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

RIDZIK

Jesus Christ!

The sudden acceleration SPILLS a good portion of the coffee on his privates. Ridzik SCREAMS out in pain.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Shit! I just burnt my dick off!

163 EXT. STREET - SEDAN - NIGHT

163

Unheeding, Danko powers through a U-turn and into the traffic. They can see the Yellow Cab moving in front of them. Danko keeps pace a short distance back.

*

*

164 INT. YELLOW CAB - NIGHT

164

Salim behind the wheel...Cat looking quite anxious.

CAT

They're following us.

SALIM

That's the general idea.

CAT

You're not gonna lose them?

Cat looks through the rear window.

CAT

Christ. They're right behind us.

SALIM

You just keep your mouth shut.

165 INT. SEDAN

165

Danko following -- Ridzik trying to clean up mess in the passenger seat.

RIDZIK

Goddamn! Would you look at this mess! I'm gonna have to get the fucking car washed! Plus I wrecked a suit and hardboiled my nuts!!

The Cab ahead makes a sharp right -- Danko follows.

*

(CONTINUED)

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77-78.

166-174A OMIT

166-174 OMIT*

175A EXT. LOOP AREA - NIGHT

i75A

The Sedan is under the E1, still following the Yellow Cab which suddenly makes a hard left into an underground garage.

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79.

176A INT. SEDAN

176A

As Danko enters the Garage, they are confronted by dozens of cars all parked in neat lines.

177A INT. LOWER LEVEL RAMP - UNDERGROUND GARAGE

177A

The Yellow Cab appears, turns right...no cars parked on this level -- empty, haunting, scary.

178A EXT. SEDAN - ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD - NOW ON LOWER LEVEL

178A

Danko and Ridzik as they search -- reflections from the overhead lights strobe rhythmically on the glassy surface.

179A INT. RIDZIK'S SEDAN - NIGHT

179A

But as they close on the taxi, Danko flicks his eyes to the rearview, sees:

180A TWO HEADLIGHTS BEHIND THEM -- A VAN

180A

DANKO

We are followed.

Ridzik turns, reacts, then he looks to the front, sees the Cab slowing.

RIDZIK

They're making a goddamn sandwich out of us. Shit. She set us up --

181A INT. CAB

181A

Salim turns to Cat.

SALIM

You gonna do what I tell you.
Exactly what I tell you. That way
you keep from gettin' your neck
broke, right, baby?

Cat nods -- scared.

182A INT. RIDZIK'S SEDAN

182A

Danko and Ridzik pull their guns.

DANKO

Maybe we should abandon car.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK

This is Chicago. A cop does not
abandon his car, no matter what.
Especially after already trashing one
this morning.

Then, in their side mirrors, they see Ali and a FEW OTHER
CLEANHEADS emerging from the Van, automatics at the ready.

And they watch Cat climb out of the Cab, walk toward them.
Danko surreptitiously extracts VIKTOR'S KEY, slides it
across to Ridzik.

DANKO

Hold this.
(off Ridzik's look)
We play chess now.

Ridzik jams the key into his pocket -- follows Danko's lead
as he gets out of the car. The gunmen from the Van behind
remain ready -- but make no move to shoot. Cat is now
approaching.

RIDZIK

Whatever she's sellin', don't buy.

As she arrives...

CAT

I'm supposed to tell you that this is
a truce arranged by somebody named
Abdul. You leave your guns with that
guy over there.

Salim is standing across the way.

RIDZIK

Cops don't give up their guns.

The Cleanheads SNICK their weapons.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Unless there's a really good reason.

Salim walks over to Danko.

SALIM

You got the key?

DANKO

I left it at home.

(CONTINUED)

182A CONTINUED:

182A

SALIM

That's too bad, man. Really a shame...But maybe we better search you, just in case.

RIDZIK

What happens if you find it?

SALIM

(shrugs)

Real bad news.

RIDZIK

(to Danko)

Jesus, am I glad you hid that key in a safe place -- a long way from here. Good thing we don't have it with us. I mean, it could of been real ugly.

He doesn't look very happy -- as a matter of fact he's sweating bullets. Danko breaks the tension and hands Salim his pistol.

DANKO

You are wasting time. Where is Viktor?

SALIM

He's over there.

He nods in the direction of several huge columns across the way -- illuminated by pools of light from above.

RIDZIK

(starts to move)

Great. I'll be the translator.

SALIM

(stops him)

You already got a job. You're the hostage.

He takes Ridzik's pistol from his hand, slips the hammer back and holds the barrel to Ridzik's forehead. Cat, watching this, looks unnerved.

CAT

I'm gone.

RIDZIK

Thanks a lot. You've been a great help.

(CONTINUED)

182A CONTINUED:

182A

CAT
Hey, I'm sorry. But this whole
thing's way past me...

She starts walking out.

SALIM
(to Danko)
Go see Viktor. You get out of hand,
your friend here is gonna be gone.

Cat turns back.

CAT
Viktor's here?

SALIM
You just keep motorin' on out of
here, honey.

She gives a long look, then turns and goes.

SALIM
(back to Danko)
Go see your man.

183A INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- IN CAR SECTION "B"

183A

Danko's FOOTSTEPS -- the only sounds -- as he strides toward
a shadowy figure near one of the pools of light --

-- IT'S VIKTOR. The two men stare at each other.

Anticipation, uncertainty, apprehension, the possibility of
revenge -- all hang in the air.

VIKTOR
My countryman, we meet in strange
places.

Jamal steps out of the shadows nearby -- levels his pistol.

JAMAL
Speak English. No Russian bullshit.
I got to report all of this.

184A EXT. CITY STREET - CAT - NIGHT

184A

As she emerges from the parking lot. She runs across the
street -- whereupon suddenly a black Sedan pulls around the
corner and stops short beside her. The passenger-side door
is swung open for her by the Driver -- Josip Baroda.

185A INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

185A

Viktor takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, puts one in his mouth. Danko watches him, cautious.

VIKTOR

If they had allowed me to have my gun, you would already be dead...cigarette?

He extends the pack of Marlboros to Danko.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

I smoke them I think more for what they represent than the actual taste.

Danko does not respond, so Viktor withdraws the pack, lights up.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

You think of me as some kind of lowlife, don't you? An outcast from society. I see myself as an agent for the people. Just like you.

DANKO

I don't sell drugs.

VIKTOR

The people have many needs. One is law and order...another is entertainment.
(taking a drag)

We both have our code -- yours, the one of the State -- mine, the one of thieves. We both live in isolation from normal society, yet we both have obligations to it. We both respect courage. We both hold our own lives in contempt.

DANKO

You have contempt for all life.

VIKTOR

You don't?

DANKO

You killed my friend.

VIKTOR

You killed my brother.

DANKO

Your brother was a criminal.

(CONTINUED)

VIKTOR

(shrugs)

A dead man is a dead man.

Viktor stares at him for a moment.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

After seventy years, the doors begin to open in Moscow. The first taste of freedom will be cut with cocaine.

(smiles)

Freedom is a high. You have to learn how to handle it.

Inhales again.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

Any country that can survive Stalin can handle a little dope. I think you should come off your high horse, Captain, and talk business.

DANKO

You make big words for your crimes.

VIKTOR

(shrugs)

I am Russian.

Viktor stubs out his cigarette.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

You have my key. I need it quite badly. I will pay for it. Generously. More than you will make in ten years.

DANKO

Kiss my ass.

Icy stares, then --

VIKTOR

Foolish. You are so foolish. I thought you might be more reasonable. Money has a way of doing that to a man, but...

Viktor contemplates Danko coolly, a couple of beats. Then walks away.

DANKO

What about the girl?

(CONTINUED)

185A CONTINUED:

185A

Viktor turns back. Smiles.

VIKTOR

Sometimes where money fails a woman
can succeed...?

He studies Danko. His smile fades.

VIKTOR (cont'd)

No, I don't think so. Not with you.
You are the kind of Russian who looks
forward only to death. I know your
kind well, Ivan.

(then)

She was useful. She made some of my
time in this city enjoyable. Other
than that, she is nothing. Take her
if you like. As a gift.

Viktor abruptly turns again and moves off, disappearing into
the shadows.

186A INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - RIDZIK'S SEDAN - NIGHT

186A

Ridzik's still sweating bullets, Salim holding the gun at
his temple. Danko and Jamal approach.

The Van pulls up closer. Ali at the wheel.

RIDZIK

Where you been, bubba? I felt a
little lonely here.

Salim looks to Jamal --

SALIM

They work it out?

Jamal shakes his head --

SALIM (cont'd)

(to Danko)

Brother Abdul's gonna be real
unhappy.

Danko is just staring at Salim.

SALIM (cont'd)

You're not givin' us much of a choice,
man. Instead of just doin' a deal
with Viktor, now we gotta be on his
side --

(CONTINUED)

186A CONTINUED:

186A

DANKO
Your choice.

SALIM
Shit.

Disgusted, he heads for the Van.

DANKO
I want my gun back.

RIDZIK
Yeah. So do I --

Salim turns, with his automatic halfway up -- for an instant it looks like he might fire -- Ridzik thinks so --

RIDZIK (cont'd)
-- but later is fine. You could mail it to me...

A moment. Salim stares at Danko. Then smiles.

SALIM
No sweat. You kept your word. So do we. Abdul is a man of honor.

He empties their pistols, dropping the shells on the floor. Then he throws the guns out CLATTERING across the concrete.

Salim hops in the Van. *

The Van ROARS away from the car, BLASTS up the ramp. It ROARS away, BLASTS up the ramp.

RIDZIK
Ya know, I oughta kick your ass. *

DANKO
Try. *

He moves off to retrieve his pistol. *

187A EXT. CITY STREET/INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

187A

As it comes out of the parking structure, Ridzik at the wheel. He's boiling mad. Danko is calmly checking his gun. *

RIDZIK
Ya know, those were the same guys that killed Gallagher! What is it with you?! -- You give me a fucking
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

187A CONTINUED:

187A

RIDZIK (cont'd)
key, you don't tell me what it's for,
turns out everybody's ready to kill
for it -- I don't even know how you
can call yourself a fucking cop -- in
this country we fucking trust our
fucking partners -- we don't lie to
'em, we don't hold stuff back and we
don't leave our partner holding his
dick while some hairless fuck shoves
a gun up his ear --

During which Ridzik slaps the key back in Danko's hand...

DANKO
I thought you could handle it.

RIDZIK
Is that supposed to be a compliment?

DANKO
Yes.

RIDZIK
Thank you.

DANKO
You're welcome.

RIDZIK
(after a beat)
So what did Viktor and you talk
about?

Danko looks at Ridzik blankly. Ridzik glances at him. A
beat. Danko turns and looks out the window.

DANKO
Now we go to hospital. Question
Tatomovich.

RIDZIK
You're a total shitheel, you know
that?

188A OMIT

OMIT 188A

189A INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. - NIGHT

189A*

Danko and Ridzik enter the room quietly -- They have two
cops -- a UNIFORMED GUARD and Detective Nelligan, Ridzik's
favorite tattle-tale -- with them. Through the glass
partition on the far side of the room, they can see a small
ward. Inside, a very good-looking blonde NURSE bends over a
PATIENT -- Tatomovich. *

190A INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NEAR NURSE'S STATION

190A

NELLIGAN

Hey, Ridzy.

RIDZIK

You really draw the choice assignments, Bob. I thought for sure after you turned me in, they'd make you head of Homicide.

NELLIGAN

I do what I'm told to do, Ridzy. And I keep the rules. That's what they're for, right? Come on. No hard feelins'. Okay?

*
*
*

Ridzik just shoots him a dark look, then turns to the Uniform --

UNIFORMED COP

He started coming around about an hour or so ago. Mumbling in Russian -- He's got a nurse in there with him right now.

*

RIDZIK

Any visitors from downtown?

COP

Not so far.

NELLIGAN

You better wait for Stobbs and Donnelly.
(walking away)
Anybody want some coffee?

The I.C.U. door opens and a loaded medicine cart appears, followed by the tall stunning Nurse.

*

Danko is caught standing in her way.

DANKO

Pardon me.

He steps aside. She flashes him a warm smile: perfect teeth, model mouth and arching eyebrows all combine to justify Danko's apparent fascination.

She bends over the handles and starts pushing the medicine cart past him. Ridzik and Danko both now have an unobstructed view of her provocative rear.

RIDZIK

Are you kiddin' me? Check that out. I knew I shoulda been a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

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190A CONTINUED:

190A

Danko starts toward the door -- Ridzik follows, with a last lingering look at the blonde Nurse, now halfway down the corridor.

191A INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

191A

Tatomovich is lying under the sheets, on his right side. His face is turned away...

RIDZIK

Hey, buddy... Hey, shithead.

(looks at Danko)

You talk to him you speak the language.

*

DANKO

Tatomovich. We want to talk to you.

*

Ridzik pokes him.

*

RIDZIK

Come on, scumbag. Don't play dead.

CAMERA ZOOMS in on Tatomovich's head, the eyeballs are ROLLING BACK under the open eyelids.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

The son-of-a-bitch is dead.

He looks up at Danko.

DANKO

The nurse --

Danko heads for the door.

Ridzik lets go of Tatomovich and follows Danko out of the room, past an unreacting Nelligan.

192A INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

192A

They emerge, spot:

193A BLONDE NURSE PUSHING MEDICINE CART -- AT FAR END OF CORRIDOR 193A

Maintaining her steady pace, unaware of:

194A DANKO AND RIDZIK

194A

Start running after her, side-by-side.

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195A THE BLONDE NURSE -- THEIR POV

195A

She is turning into an intersecting corridor.

196A RIDZIK

196A

Takes after her, gaining fast.

RIDZIK

Stop! Stop, goddamn it! Police!

The Nurse ignores him.

A PATIENT on a gurney is wheeled out of a ward directly in Danko's path by an ORDERLY -- Danko, CRASHES over it -- falling * hard to the floor. He jumps up -- now well behind Ridzik -- * Ridzik, still running, pulls out his gun...

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Goddamn it, lady -- stop or I shoot!

197A THE BLONDE NURSE

197A

WHIRLS, a Smith Wesson in both hands.

198A RIDZIK

198A

It looks certain he's bought the farm... Suddenly there is a FLASH OF GUNFIRE from behind and over his shoulder.

199A BLONDE NURSE

199A

Staggeres back, the gun still in her hand. Blood SPLOTCHING her left shoulder.

200A DANKO

200A

FIRES again. This time hitting the blonde Nurse in the right shoulder.

201A BLONDE NURSE

201A

Now blood is staining her chest, but the shots are not fatal. Though losing strength, she manages to raise the Smith Wesson again and aim it at Danko -- Another DEAFENING BLAST and the blonde Nurse is hit in the middle of the chest. The IMPACT FLIPS her back against the nearby wall. For a moment the body remains upright, then sags down...

(CONTINUED)

WH
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201A CONTINUED:

201A

The wall is composed of rough plaster: the blonde Nurse's pinned white cap is scraped off the top of her coif. Just as the torso PLUNKS DOWN down on the floor and the body is held in a half-upright position --

The pins in her ash-blonde hair come loose. Off comes the high-styled wig, revealing:

202A A MAN

202A

His eyes staring lifelessly...

RIDZIK

What the shit! It's a guy!

Danko looks at Ridzik.

DANKO

Josip Baroda. Viktor's man.

(pause)

Check the street.

RIDZIK

Right. He's gonna have help.

Ridzik nods, turns and runs down the corridor -- dives through the Exit doors. Danko runs down the opposite corridor looking for the stairs.

203A INT. FIRE STAIRS #1 - COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

203A

Ridzik CLATTERS down the stairs towards the first floor.

204A INT. FIRE STAIRS #2 - COOK COUNTY GENERAL - NIGHT

204A

Danko chases down the stairs, reaches the main lobby.

205A EXT. SERVICE ROAD - COOK COUNTY GENERAL - NIGHT

205A

A black car with the engine running.

206A INT. THE CAR - NIGHT

206A

Through the windshield, Ridzik is seen coming out of the doors, gun in both hands spinning to face the car -- the driver POWERS the big car forward.

207A EXT. SERVICE ROAD - COOK COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

207A

Ridzik GOES FLYING OVER the hood and the roof -- Ridzik staggers to his feet, sees the car accelerating towards the end of the service road.

208A DANKO

208A

Appears suddenly from around the corner of the building -- moves into the path of the oncoming car, automatic aimed right at it. The driver suddenly SLAMS on the brakes, the car SKIDS to a stop inches from Danko.

(CONTINUED)

WH
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92A.

208A CONTINUED:

208A

The driver is Cat Manzetti.

*

Danko moves around to:

209A EXT. THE SIDE OF THE CAR

209A

Danko reaches in, grabs Cat's face, twists it around viciously and presses the barrel of his automatic right between her eyes.

CAT

Do it! Go ahead! Pull the trigger!

*

DANKO

You are stupid.

CAT

I just wanted to help him -- He said he needs me --

*

DANKO

Viktor has ten women like you at home. All dead or in jail.

*

*

Danko sees Ridzik getting to his feet down the street, and start to hobble toward them. Danko pulls his gun back.

DANKO

Go.

*

Cat stares at him a moment, in disbelief. Ridzik is closer --

DANKO (cont'd)

Go!

*

Cat puts the car in gear and accelerates away, as --

RIDZIK

Hey! Hey! What the hell are you doing --?!

Danko holsters his gun.

*

DANKO

Soviet methods.

RIDZIK

Make some goddamn sense! Who the hell was driving?

DANKO

Viktor's girl.

(CONTINUED)

209A CONTINUED:

209A

RIDZIK
I shoulda known...

He walks away from Danko, hobbles back toward the entrance to the hospital. *

RIDZIK
What a ripe fucking time for you to get a hard-on for that bitch.

210A INT. PRIVATE ROOM - COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

210A*

A large section of Ridzik's buttock is exposed to view. A NURSE dabs a piece of cotton wool on the target, then PLUNGES in a horse-sized needle --

RIDZIK
Jesus -- what's in that -- cement?

Danko looks on in silence as Donnelly and Stobbs enter -- Ridzik now pulling up his trousers. *

DONNELLY
What's the score, Sergeant? *

RIDZIK
Oh, we had a helluva night, sir. The Cleanheads stuck a gun in my ear -- Tatomovich is history, Danko shot a drag queen, I was run over by the getaway car, and just got a tetanus shot in my rosy red ass. *

DONNELLY
I've always enjoyed your reports, Ridzik. *

Stobbs comes into the room.

STOBBS
El transvesto killed Tatomovich by shooting an air bubble into a vein. Obviously didn't want us to question him --

DANKO
Viktor did not want me to question him.

DONNELLY
The drag queen belongs to Viktor??

(CONTINUED)

DANKO

Yes. He kills own man. He knew I
would get answer from Tatomovich...
He thinks better to kill him.

DONNELLY

Makes sense. What a guy...

*

STOBBS

You get to his wife, this Jackson
woman? We've been trying to track
her down all night. Janitor where
she works said a couple cops came by
and talked to her.

RIDZIK

(a look at Danko)

We don't have shit.

Donnelly studies Danko.

DONNELLY

Tell me, Captain -- where did you get
the gun you used?

*

*

DANKO

Registered in my name -- Moscow
Militia Headquarters.

*

*

Donnelly shoots a look at Ridzik --

DONNELLY

Ridzik?

*

DANKO

He did not know I had it.

Donnelly has no choice but to believe this. He extends his
hand.

DONNELLY

Under the circumstances I've got to
ask for your weapon.

*

DANKO

I say no.

DONNELLY

Ridzik's teaching you a sense of
humor.

(hard)

Your gun, Captain. Now. Don't fuck
with me.

(CONTINUED)

210A CONTINUED:

210A

After a long moment, Danko hands Donnelly his pistol. Walks out. Ridzik starts after him, but --

DONNELLY

Sergeant, I need to see paperwork on this whole incident by ten o'clock this morning. Every move you and Danko have made.

*

Ridzik is about to say something. Looks from Donnelly to Stobbs, back to Donnelly.

RIDZIK

No problem. I'll get right on it. Sir.

He walks out. Donnelly looks at Stobbs.

DONNELLY

Where did you put the Russians?

STOBBS

Just down the hall.

DONNELLY

(heading out)

Danko better strap on a parachute. I bet these clowns are gonna try to shoot him down.

211A INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DOWN THE HALL

211A

Gregor gets to his feet as Donnelly and Stobbs enter. Stepanovich is already standing, grim, impatient.

DONNELLY

Gentlemen.

GREGOR

We cannot locate Soviet citizen Captain Danko. We have been advised he is working with one of your officers.

STEPANOVICH

He has no authority to conduct an investigation. He was ordered to return to Moscow on this morning's flight.

(CONTINUED)

211A CONTINUED:

211A

DONNELLY

Well, I hate to piss on your parade, guys, but Captain Danko is a material witness in the murder of a Chicago police officer. He can't leave until we say so.

Stepanovich leans over the examination table.

STEPANOVICH

By order of the Soviet Embassy, he is to board the connecting flight to Moscow at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Failure to do this will result in serious disciplinary charges against him. Thank you, Commander. *

He and Gregor leave the room, brushing curtly past Stobbs in the doorway.

STOBBS

You want me to get hold of the State Department?

DONNELLY

And get two more assholes involved? Forget it. They're just as bad.

212A EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

212A

As Ridzik and Danko get into the car.

DANKO

I want another gun.

RIDZIK

Get away from me.

213A INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

213A

Ridzik settles behind the wheel, looks over to Danko, who hasn't given up on it yet.

RIDZIK

Hey. Give up, Danko. We're outta leads, pal. The deal's going down tonight, and we're batting fucking zero. Thanks to you and your fucking Russian methods... *

Danko just stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

213A CONTINUED:

213A

DANKO

Why do you lie to Donnelly for me?

RIDZIK

You saved my life back there with the Nurse. But you were a real shithead later.

*
*
*

DANKO

I accept your thanks. Now I need pistol.

*

RIDZIK

Look, if I give you a gun, my ass is grass. Stobbs is lookin' to write my execution orders, and Donnelly thinks I'm dogmeat.

DANKO

I handle Commander Donnelly.

RIDZIK

Oh yeah? He's a fucking lawn mower. Don't flatter yourself. He's a tough, smart cop. And a real prick.

*

He starts the car.

DANKO

We have many men like him in Soviet Union. I understand him. He is like K.G.B.

*

A pause. Ridzik sighs, reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a Smith & Wesson .44 wheel gun and some shells. Gives them to Danko.

*

RIDZIK

Congratulations. You now have the most powerful handgun in the world.

*

Danko holds up the .44, feels its weight.

DANKO

No. Soviet Podbyrin 9.2 millimeter is world's most powerful handgun.

*

RIDZIK

Come on. You can't be serious. Everybody knows the Magnum .44 is the big boy on the block.

*

Danko SNAPS the cylinder closed.

(CONTINUED)

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92G-92H.

213A CONTINUED:

213A

DANKO

Next you will tell me America
invented telephone.

A long pause.

RIDZIK

Hard to believe.

Ridzik puts the car into gear. BURNS RUBBER as he smokes
off...

214-227 OMIT

OMIT 214-227

228 INT. F.D.R. CAFE - NIGHT

228*

Ridzik and Danko in a corner booth. Worn out. Danko's
working on a cheeseburger in front of him. Ridzik's got a
cup of coffee. Ridzik is working on a stack of official
looking forms.

RIDZIK

(to himself)

You got your site report, you got
your preliminary report, you got your
accident report, got a questionnaire
from the coroner. Not to mention the
fucking case report, which's gotta be
typed, in triplicate --

The WAITRESS comes by with a coffeepot. Super-cheerful.
Good-looking. Mid-twenties. Tight denim skirt. Great ass.

WAITRESS

And how are you two fellas doing this
morning?

RIDZIK

Great. I just got run over by a
large American car.

The Waitress moves to top off Ridzik's coffee. Ridzik grabs
her hand to stop her. The Waitress is taken aback.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

(off the coffee, explaining)

Lady. I just got this coffee the
perfect color. It's the only thing I
got goin' for me.

WAITRESS

I believe you.

And she walks away. Ridzik goes back to his paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

DANKO

I think you are upset -- you did not
look at her ass.

Ridzik looks up from his papers. Upset.

DANKO

(making a point)
You look at transvestite's ass.

RIDZIK

Fuck you.

DANKO

Is that compliment?

Ridzik takes a gulp of coffee and ignores Danko, goes back
to his paperwork.

DANKO

(leaning forward, low)
We get Viktor, Ridzik.

RIDZIK

(writing)
Right. I'm just getting to that part
-- the Soviet Methods part -- where
the girl comes back to run Viktor
over.

DANKO

And the key.

RIDZIK

(off his pages)
Oh yeah, that's in here, too. We got
the fucker cornered.

(looks up)
My dossier wasn't lookin' too healthy
when we met, Captain. I'm gonna get
busted down to crossing guard for
this shit.

(thinks about it)
Maybe Gallagher was right. Maybe I
don't want to get back.

DANKO

Get back from where?

RIDZIK

Ah, fuck it.

DANKO

I know -- not my business.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK

What the shit -- Everyone else in the world knows. I was six weeks into a shitty burglary surveillance. Guy was movin' big screen TV's out of a liquor warehouse on the South Side.

(Danko looks blank)

Got television in Russia?

DANKO

Two channels.

RIDZIK

I'm all alone in a parked car for six weeks. Nothin' happens. The jizz-head we think is dealin' the sets is just dealin' liquor. I get a little lonely on the afternoon of the 44th day.

(shrugs)

Girlfriend comes to visit. I'm lyin' on the back seat teachin' her to love the beast when the deal finally goes down. I'm supposed to be guarding the back of the warehouse. Uniforms bust in the front, jizz-head rabbits out the back. Right past me. Nelligan -- nerd back at the hospital? He reports me for dereliction. Thirty day suspension without pay, three month probation...Christ.

DANKO

They catch jizz-head?

RIDZIK

Uh-huh. Two jizz-heads.

(picks up coffee, nothing in it)

I'm out of fuel.

The Waitress is standing at her station a few feet away, reading a supermarket rag.

RIDZIK

Yo! Sweetcheeks!

The Waitress looks up. Grabs her coffee. Heads for the table.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

RIDZIK

(to Danko)

Little slow on the refill action.
(at the papers)

I'm never gonna get these done
without some help. On top of
everything I can't fucking type.

The Waitress is there. Fills Ridzik's coffee. Leaves.

DANKO

(to Waitress)

Some tea, please.

RIDZIK

In a glass, right? With lemon?

Danko nods. The Waitress takes note.

RIDZIK

I saw Dr. Zhivago.

229-230 OMIT

OMIT 229-230

231 EXT. THE GARVIN HOTEL - DAWN

231*

A heavy summer rain is falling. Ridzik's sedan cuts out of
the traffic, stops outside the hotel. Danko opens the door,
as --

RIDZIK

Might as well get a shower and try to
catch a couple of z's, Captain.
We'll get back on it in a couple of
hours.

232 INT. LOBBY - GARVIN HOTEL

232

Danko and Ridzik entering --

RIDZIK

...I'm gonna use the phone in here,
see if I can rustle up a cheap typist
for these reports --

The Night Clerk appears to be asleep. Then Ridzik sees Cat
sitting on the ratty sofa waiting for them. Ridzik glances
at Danko --

RIDZIK

I don't fucking believe it.

DANKO

Soviet Methods.

(CONTINUED)

Cat stands up.

CAT
I know I'm in big trouble. *

DANKO
Where is Viktor?

CAT
I can't be in the middle on this -- if
Viktor finds out -- you've gotta
promise me --

RIDZIK
(in her face)
We aren't promising you jack shit --

DANKO
Let her talk.

Danko pushes Ridzik away. A look between them.

DANKO (cont'd)
Let her talk.

CAT
I can give you Viktor --

RIDZIK
You can also make us dead! I'm not
a big fan of yours, lady -- you lie,
you run us around town, you turn out
to be the wheels in a murder, and
you're fuckin' married to the guy you
say you're gonna give up! Nice
fuckin' credentials --

CAT
Hey -- city pays me five eight-four
an hour to teach kids they hope won't
turn into junkies how to dance.
Viktor paid me ten grand just to
marry him. Cash. You figure it out.
(at Danko)
You shocked?

RIDZIK
I'm bored.

CAT

Look, maybe I am stupid. It took me a long time to realize Viktor's not my ticket out. Hey, maybe I was dumb to come here --

DANKO

What do you want?

CAT

I just want a chance to make something right.

(beat)

Cops have been looking for me. At my apartment. At work. You gotta promise me a free walk when this is over.

RIDZIK

No way.

DANKO

(to Ridzik)

Viktor killed Gallagher.

RIDZIK

I can't make that kind of promise -- it's not legal -- if we do nail Viktor his lawyer can use it against us in court -- no fuckin' way --

CAT

Viktor's gonna contact me. I can find out when and where his big drug deal's going down. I can call you with it.

(thin smile)

He trusts me. I'm his wife.

Danko looks at Ridzik. Ridzik stares at the girl.

RIDZIK

I didn't see you here this morning. I don't remember who ran me over last night.

He takes a card out of his wallet, writes a number on the back.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK (cont'd)

There's an answer machine on this number. If I don't hear from you real soon I'm gonna take some memory pills.

Cat puts the card in her pocket, glances at Danko, then walks out.

Danko looks at Ridzik.

RIDZIK

Good cop, bad cop. You're pickin' this game up real quick, Captain.

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233 EXT. STREET - FRONTING GARVIN HOTEL - VIKTOR'S POV - DAY 233

As seen through the rain from the 4th floor window opposite the Garvin Hotel. Cat emerges and disappears under the E1...After a moment, Ridzik appears, gets into his double-parked car -- then the Sedan accelerates away.

234 INT. HOTEL ROOM - OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 234

Viktor stares down at the wet street. Beside him is Ali, an automatic rifle in his hand. Viktor raises a pair of binoculars...

235 EXT. STREET - FRONTING GARVIN HOTEL - VIKTOR'S POV 235

The CAMERA MOVES UP to the third floor.

After a period, Danko appears at the window -- which he opens.

236 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 236

NOISE and rain RUSH IN from the street. And above all this is the SPORADIC THUNDER of the E1.

Danko takes off his jacket, pulls off his shirt -- drops his loose change, his watch and the key on the bedside table. Danko then looks at the key, picks it up and puts it in one of his shoes as he shakes them both off.

236A VIKTOR 236A

Watching intently through the binoculars. He lowers the high-powered glasses, looks across to Ali...Ali SNICKS the action on the rifle.

237 EXT. STREET - FRONTING GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 237

Viktor crosses under the E1 with Jamal and TWO OTHER CLEANHEADS.

A train RATTLES by.

238 INT. ROOM OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 238

Ali looks down, automatic rifle in his hand -- sees...

239 EXT. STREET FRONTING GARVIN HOTEL - ALI'S POV - DAY 239

Viktor and the Henchmen enter the hotel.

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- 240 INT. LOBBY - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 240
The Night Clerk is still asleep. Viktor leans over, RIPS out the telephone cables.
- 241 INT. DANKO'S BATHROOM - GARVIN HOTEL 241
Danko's in the shower, the bathroom is located next to the bedroom with two doors, one leading to the bedroom, the other to the hall.
- 242 INT. STAIRS - GARVIN HOTEL 242
Viktor and his Henchmen climb up the CREAKY, carpet-worn stairs.
- 243 INT. HOTEL ROOM OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 243
Ali stands by the window. He COCKS the rifle, switches it to semi-automatic, SNAPS OFF the safety.
- 244 INT. THIRD FLOOR LOBBY - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 244
Viktor and his Henchmen exit the stairwell, find themselves next to the elevator shaft. The elevator is standing, door open. A series of FADED SIGNS indicate directions to various rooms.

Instinctively the Cleanheads move along the passage of the rooms which face the street.

Before following them, Viktor looks out the rear window.
- 245 EXT. REAR OF GARVIN HOTEL - VIKTOR'S POV - DAY 245
A steep drop down the grimy Chicago River three stories below.
- 246 INT. DANKO'S BATHROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 246
Danko steps out of the shower, picks up a towel.

A cockroach is climbing the wall. He takes the towel, FLICKS it at it. The roach falls.
- 247 INT. DANKO'S BEDROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 247
Danko enters, toweling himself briefly. He slips on his watch. He begins to slip into a shirt and briefs.

The El train begins to THUNDER by.

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248 INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

248

The door BURSTS open to reveal Jamal with gun.

A couple in bed across the way -- She is a TOUGH YOUNG HOOKER, he is an UNSHAVEN 250 POUND TEAMSTER.

For one moment, the two figures freeze as they stare at Jamal -- his shotgun is at his side...out of sight.

JAMAL

Sorry, man. I got the wrong number.

He turns away -- but the Teamster is steamed.

TEAMSTER

You get your kicks this way?

A train is going by...

JAMAL

You just cool it, okay?

TEAMSTER

Fuck you, buddy.

He starts forward. The train NOISE VERY LOUD as Viktor, appearing from behind, SHOOTS the Teamster right through the head.

249 INT. CORRIDOR

249

Jamal shrugs and smiles at Viktor as he closes the door.

JAMAL

Wrong room.

250 INT. HOTEL ROOM OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

250

Ali moves closer to the open window but stays within the shadow cast by the sash.

Across the street, he can make out Danko pulling up his trousers. He waits for the NOISE of the oncoming train to reach its peak then he SQUEEZES the trigger.

251 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

251

The BURST of rifle fire RIPS through the room dwarfing the SOUND of the EI.

Danko dives for cover -- ends up lying tight by the side of the bed in dead ground -- blind to the Gunman (Ali) across

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

the street -- and to anyone who might come through the hallway door. Ridzik's automatic in his hand. Above him, a COCKROACH scampers up the wall. A second BURST of rifle fire RIDDLES the plaster a foot above his head. It SPLATTERS the roach...

The moment the GUNFIRE STOPS, Danko raises his arm and head above the bed and FIRES once.

252 INT. ROOM OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

252

Ali is PUNCHED back onto the bed by the force of Danko's bullet. He lets out a STIFLED CRY -- the rifle falling from his hand. Ali has been SHOT straight through the chest.

253 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

253

The door of the room BLASTS open and Jamal BARGES in. He FIRES TWICE at the bed as Danko ducks down behind it.

254 INT. BATHROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

254

The Second Cleanhead BLASTS open the bathroom door -- makes for the bedroom.

255 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

255

As Jamal comes through the door, Danko FIRES from his position on the floor -- DRILLING him through the heart.

255A CORRIDOR - AT BATHROOM DOOR

255A

As Cleanhead #1 sees his friend fall, he levels down on Danko...

255B CLEANHEAD #1 - DANKO'S POV

255B

Simultaneously, a BULLET spins him round and a SECOND BULLET floors him -- fired from down the corridor...

256 INT. CORRIDOR - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

256

Half-way down the corridor leading to the rear of the hotel, the Hooker, now in messed up lingerie -- toting a small purse gun. She gets off a THIRD ROUND.

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257 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 257

Danko dives over the bed and reaches the door jamb. He looks out cautiously.

258 INT. CORRIDOR - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 258

HOOKER
(yelling)
Careful, to your left!!!

Danko WHEELS out of his room, pivoting left.

Cleanhead #2 SPEEDING down the corridor, has reached the elevator. He dives in, closes the door, presses the button.

Danko runs down the corridor to the elevator -- He arrives at the elevator door, SMASHES out the small window...can now see the cable mechanism.

He FIRES, SEVERING the elevator cable.

259 INT. LOBBY - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 259

The elevator can be HEARD DESCENDING like a falling plane. It DESTRUCTS on impact -- SHATTERING the door and waking the Night Clerk.

He peers through the fog of dust at the wreckage and reaches for the phone -- and pulls a nickel-plated .45 from out of an old cigar box under the desk counter.

260 INT. CORRIDOR - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY 260

Danko stands motionless, facing the elevator shaft.

DANKO
The world's most powerful handgun.

Behind him and to his right down the passageway to the rear -- the Hooker stands still, her gun held high.

DANKO
How many did you count?

HOOKER
Four.

DANKO
We got three.

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

260

HOOKER

Right.

Danko's eyes swivel back towards his room -- the door of which had been SMASHED in by Cleanhead #2.

261 INT. DANKO'S BATHROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

261

Viktor stands at the door to Danko's bedroom, motionless -- his gun held ready.

262 INT. CORRIDOR - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

262

Danko creeps towards the door to the bathroom.

263 INT. DANKO'S ROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

263

Viktor enters from the bathroom, stepping over the body of Cleanhead #2 and moving backwards -- always facing the bathroom entrance.

Taking his eye off the bathroom door for one second, he grabs Danko's shoe, tips it up and POKETS THE KEY.

264 INT. DANKO'S BATHROOM - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

264

Danko has now reached the edge of the door to the bedroom. He can see Viktor through the shaving mirror. He is at the doorway to the hall.

He gets ready to fling himself into the bedroom -- raising his gun-hand high -- when the BEEPER ALARM on his watch goes off.

Viktor wheels, hearing the BEEPER, and BLASTS off THREE SHOTS at the image of Danko in the shaving mirror...

Danko draws back under the ferocity of the barrage. The shaving cabinet SPLINTERS into pieces.

265 INT. CORRIDOR - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

265

Viktor steps out into the hall, now FIRING at --

266 THE SILHOUETTED FIGURE --

266

Of the Hooker, who ducks back into her own bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

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266 CONTINUED:

266

HOOKER

Shit!

Viktor CHARGES past her running for the rear window, his voice raised in a great bull ROAR.

267 DANKO

267

Appears at the door to his bedroom raises his gun -- FIRES.

268 VIKTOR

268

Dives through the window.

269 EXT. REAR OF GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

269

Viktor TUMBLES through the air in a giant curve, tucking his legs up into a fetal position, slowly FALLING down and down through the rain....

A GIANT SPLASH as he cannonballs into the Chicago River -- sinks beneath the surface.

270 INT. CORRIDOR - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

270

Danko runs towards the window, passing the Hooker who now is quickly getting dressed. He reaches the rear window, levels his pistol...

270A EXT. RIVER - DANKO'S POV

270A

Viktor hasn't surfaced, the oily water still ripples...

270B DANKO

270B

The big pistol still ready, all he has to do is wait -- suddenly the plaster EXPLODES next to his head from a GUNSHOT.

Danko whirls -- sees:

270C THE NIGHT CLERK

270C

Holding an old .45 in front of him with two hands...

(CONTINUED)

270C CONTINUED:

270C

NIGHT CLERK

You just damn well hold it right there, Mister Russian! What the hell do you think this is? This is fuckin' property!! And you're in big fuckin' trouble.

Danko starts walking toward the Night Clerk, his pistol at his side.

NIGHT CLERK (cont'd)

You just stay back there and drop the gun. You keep comin' I'm gonna have to take care of you real good.

Danko keeps walking.

NIGHT CLERK (cont'd)

You think I'm kiddin'? I'll blow your head off just sure as shit.

DANKO

Don't make me kill you.

NIGHT CLERK

Kill me? Bullshit. Four years in the Army, I know how to use this.

The Hooker, in the corridor, behind the Night Clerk, SCREAMS...

HOOKER

No, don't do it!

The Night Clerk turns his head at the sound of her voice -- turns back to Danko -- too late as he snatches the .45 out of the Night Clerk's hand.

Danko immediately runs for the stairwell -- disappears down the steps.

The Night Clerk and the Hooker look at one another as she pulls on her coat and grabs her purse.

NIGHT CLERK

You wanna tell me what the hell's goin' on around here with all this Russian bullshit!?

HOOKER

I don't know nothin' about any Russians.

She heads for the stairwell.

(CONTINUED)

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270C CONTINUED:

270C

The Night Clerk stands there alone in the hallway.

NIGHT CLERK
Son-of-a-bitch.

271-273 OMIT

OMIT 271-273

274 EXT. RIVER AREA - REAR OF GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

274

The rain continues unabated.

Danko runs out next to the river, but by now there is no trace of Viktor -- He runs back inside the Hotel.

275 EXT. CITY STREET - FRONT OF GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

275

Danko comes running out of the lobby, trots out into the street. Still no sign of Viktor, but he sees the Hooker running toward the El Station across the way.

He runs after her through the rain.

275A NEAR THE EL STAIRWAY

275A*

Danko catches up with her.

DANKO
Wait. Excuse me...

She turns...

DANKO
Why do you help?

HOOKER
They came into my room and blew my trick away. He'd already given me fifty bucks, guess I owed him something.

DANKO
Where did you get gun?

HOOKER
You a foreigner? -- You sound like it.

DANKO
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

HOOKER

Mister, in this country, everybody's got a gun.

The sound of POLICE SIRENS as they approach the Hotel...

HOOKER (cont'd)

Anyway, I'm out of here before the cops come. You didn't see me, okay? Nice meetin' you.

She starts up the stairwell.

DANKO

Wait!

She turns, startled.

DANKO (cont'd)

You saved my life.

HOOKER

(suspicious)
Yeah?

DANKO

I want to thank you.

And he lifts her, hugs her and kisses her. It is a moment of pure exultation. For the first time since Yuri's death, he feels glad to be alive.

The Hooker is caught up by his infectious mood and she responds with a great peal of laughter. They have both come through a life and death situation. They have both made it.

276 OMIT

OMIT 276

277 INT. WILLS' POLICE CAR - INTERSECTION - BY THE GARVIN HOTEL 277

Wills is driving. Stobbs is in the passenger seat, Ridzik in the rear -- Wipers working, BEATING against the downpour.

They watch, stunned as the car sweeps by Danko and the Hooker, deep in laughter, as he holds her up over his head.

WILLS

Ridzik, what is Danko doing?

RIDZIK

Soviet methods, sir.

(CONTINUED)

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277 CONTINUED:

277

His head swivels round to catch a glimpse of the couple, but they have disappeared into the mist.

278 INT./EXT. ROOM OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

278

Danko opens the door --

Sees the sprawling figure of [Ali] on the bed, the shells on the floor, the abandoned automatic rifle and the open window.

He crosses to the window and looks down.

279 EXT. STREET FRONTING GARVIN HOTEL - DANKO'S POV - DAY

279

Through the rain, Ridzik and Wills are emerging from the Hotel.

280 INT. ROOM OPPOSITE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

280

Danko closes the window, shutting out the rain, the NOISE of the E1, as well as the presence of the two Chicago policemen.

He turns back to Ali.

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS in the corridor outside the door. They sound urgent.

The door opens to reveal Ridzik and Wills. Wills says nothing. Just takes it all grimly in.

Danko kneels down and pulls out Ali's blood-stained wallet from inside his jacket pocket, opens it.

Ridzik goes to the window, sees right into Danko's room, understands what's happened. He turns.

RIDZIK

You took him out from over there --
all the way across the street?

Danko nods.

Danko takes out a piece of paper from Ali's wallet. It is a ticket to tonight's game at Comiskey Park.

Wills takes the ticket from Danko's hand, then crosses to the window and stares out.

WILLS

If they had you in their sight from
here...

(CONTINUED)

280 CONTINUED:

280

He looks at Danko, exasperated.

WILLS (cont'd)
...why the hell did they send four
more men to your room?

DANKO
They wanted the key.

A look of confusion on Wills' face.

RIDZIK
It's a long story.

WILLS
I got all afternoon.

281 INT. LOBBY - GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

281

The Teamster's body is being stretchered down the stairs by
the PARAMEDICS.

Wills and Stobbs standing by -- not looking overly pleased
with the way things are going.

WILLS
How many more upstairs?

STOBBS
Three. They all got White Sox
tickets on 'em. *

He holds up another ticket for Wills. *

WILLS
Great. I can see the scoreboard at
Comiskey now -- "Welcome Cleanheads."
(starts away)
We're gonna go back and shake Ridzik
and the Russian and see what falls
out. *

They walk out, past the Night Clerk who continues RANTING to
a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE.

NIGHT CLERK
(in the b.g.)
-- Who the hell is gonna explain this
to my boss, huh? Third floor looks
like Beirut. Elevator's completely
wasted. My boss's gonna shit bricks
when he sees this -- and who's gonna
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

281 CONTINUED:

281

NIGHT CLERK (cont'd)
 back me up when I say it wasn't my
 fault? City of Chicago? The police?
 Somebody's gonna have to pay for all
 this -- and I know it sure as hell
 ain't gonna be that fuckin' bastard
 Commie Russian -- Lemme tell you
 another thing -- the son-of-a-bitch
 stole my gun.

*

282 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE GARVIN HOTEL - DAY

282

Danko and Ridzik seated in a Sedan -- they watch as the
 Teamster's body is carried past and loaded into an
 ambulance. It's stopped raining.

283 INT. SEDAN

283*

Stobbs' vehicle. Ridzik in the passenger seat, Danko in the
 back seat. Ridzik looks back at Danko.

RIDZIK

You okay?

DANKO

Viktor has key. Now we must find
 what key opens. Or find Viktor.

Ridzik considers this.

RIDZIK

Any chance we've spooked him enough
 he'll just grab the money and run?

DANKO

No. He will make deal, then go.

RIDZIK

Back to Russia?

DANKO

Yes. With drugs. Viktor is loyal to
 family. And Viktor. And nothing
 else.

RIDZIK

Sounds like the Mafia. I thought
 only us pathetic capitalists have to
 deal with that kind of shit.

(CONTINUED)

283 CONTINUED:

283

DANKO

We have many problems. Crime families. Drugs. Black market. Corruption.

RIDZIK

You Soviets are almost starting to sound like regular guys.

DANKO

Viktor is not typical.

Ridzik is still thinking about something. Weighing his options.

283A EXT. THE STREET - THEIR POV - FRONT OF THE HOTEL

283A*

Wills and Stobbs emerge, confer with a COUPLE OF UNIFORM COPS.

DANKO

You will tell Commander about key?

283B INT. SEDAN

283B*

Ridzik slides behind the wheel, starts the car, glances at Danko in the rearview mirror.

RIDZIK

When my ass learns how to chew gum. Think you can give an accurate description of that key?

DANKO

Yes.

RIDZIK

Good. You're gonna do all the talking, 'cause my sister's ex-husband hates my guts.

He puts the car in gear, starts to make a U-turn.

283C EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF HOTEL

283C*

Wills notices the car leaving.

WILLS

Isn't that your car?

(CONTINUED)

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104B.

283C CONTINUED:

283C*

Stobbs looks --

STOBBS

Fuckin' Ridzik -- Hey! --

He starts to run after the car, but Ridzik gives them a wave, ACCELERATES away, and Stobbs realizes it's futile. Wills turns, starts to walk toward a patrol car for a ride back to the station --

WILLS

I don't want Ridzik to be a cop any more.

283D EXT. URBAN WALK-UP - DAY

283D*

Ridzik and Danko on the front porch. Below them, to one side, is a ground floor shop -- sign over the doors says "S KEYS. LOCKSMITH. SECURITY." The front door on the porch opens to reveal AARON NUNN, a well-built, blue collar face man about thirty years old.

NUNN

Tell your greedy little sister to stop calling me.

RIDZIK

I'll give you a friendly tip -- pay your fuckin' child support. I'm here on police business --

NUNN

(at Danko)

Who's Mr. Greenjeans?

RIDZIK

My partner. We need to --

NUNN

(interrupting)

I sent her a check last week, she calls yesterday and threatens to take me to court --

RIDZIK

Police business, Aaron. We need to trace a key.

283E INT. AARON 'S KEY SHOP - DAY

283E*

Fluorescent lights FLICKER on to reveal a small room. The walls are covered with thousands of keys on pegs. There's a

(CONTINUED)

283E CONTINUED:

283E*

workbench with various locksmith equipment, and a bookshelf lined with lock manufacturer manuals. A very orderly place.

NUNN

Handbooks are over there. They're alphabetical. Don't mess them up.

Danko walks to the bookshelf. Scans the volumes. From his pocket he takes the napkin on which he copied the key serial number and manufacturer (YALE). Ridzik doesn't notice; he's busy with his ex-brother-in-law.

NUNN

What'd you do, Art? Lock another girlfriend in your patrol car? I can't sleep at night thinking you're still a cop.

RIDZIK

I hear you've recently been inducted into the asshole Hall of Fame. Congratulations.

Danko takes out the Yale Locks handbook, opens on the workbench to the index, looks up G-Series of serial numbers --

283F INSERT - LINE OF THE INDEX

283F*

It reads: "G-Series, number 1050 to 4590, see PAY LOCKS."

283G RIDZIK AND NUNN

283G*

Still arguing in the doorway, paying no attention to Danko.

NUNN

She said taking me back to court was your idea.

RIDZIK

I'm a cop. I figure court's gotta be good for something.

NUNN

Well she can take me to court. I don't have any more money. We both agreed on the payments, why can't she live with them?

(CONTINUED)

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104D.

283G CONTINUED:

283G*

RIDZIK

Your May check came July 9 and bounced like a superball.

NUNN

Maybe I'm doing too much free work for the police department.

283H DANKO

283H*

Scanning the PAY LOCKS section. There's a bunch of line drawings of key types. Danko finds his serial number under a notation: SEE SUPPLEMENTARY HANDBOOK B.

Danko looks at the bookshelf, pulls out another, slimmer volume.

NUNN

Come on. Talk to her, Art. She listens to you.

RIDZIK

I don't know. I told her you were a weasel from the getgo.

In the second volume, Danko finds his serial number --

283J INSERT - TIGHT SHOT OF THE PAGE

283J*

We see the NUMBER on the napkin, the identical LISTING on the page, and the boldface notation: "AMERICAN LIBERTY LINE BUS TERMINAL PAY LOCKERS. Nationwide."

RIDZIK (V.O.)

I even offered to pay her to not marry you.

NUNN (V.O.)

I don't need to listen to this. Let me know when you leave.

283K RIDZIK

283K*

Is crossing to Danko. Aaron is gone. Looks over his shoulder. At the line drawing of the Bus Station locker key. Danko has already pocketed the napkin again.

RIDZIK

Find something?

(CONTINUED)

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104E.

283K CONTINUED:

283K*

No. DANKO

RIDZIK
That one looks close, though.

He reaches for a handbook...

RIDZIK (cont'd)
Be nice if we at least knew the
manufacturer...

Danko takes one more look at the page in front of him, then
closes the volume, and we go --

THE DEAFENING ROAR OF ROTOR BLADES IN FLIGHT

284 EXT. AIR RESCUE HELICOPTER - DAY 284

Hovering over Lake Michigan. On the distant shore the skyline of Chicago...

The Chopper suddenly executes a sharp turn and SWOOPS DOWN.

285 EXT. LAKE - WITH CHOPPER 285

Lower and lower down toward the surface. The configuration of the gentle waves takes shape -- something BOBBING on the water's surface -- lower still -- The rotors misting the water, kicking up the spray -- Then passing over the "something" low enough to see:

286 CAT JACKSON 286

Floating face up -- she's never looked more beautiful, but she's very dead.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Harbor Patrol -- Harbor Patrol --
This is C.P.D. air surveil five-dash-
eleven -- We have a Code One Double-
Niner off Dock 10 -- Come back,
please.

287 OMIT OMIT 287*

287A INT. MORGUE - LATE AFTERNOON 287A*

Wills and Stobbs stand over the nude Cat Jackson lying in a drawer -- encased in a body bag. Danko, Ridzik and SEVERAL MORGUE ATTENDANTS nearby...

WILLS

I want an autopsy right away.

DANKO

Viktor did this.

Wills looks up at him. Sharply. Then turns his back on Danko and Ridzik, as if to block them out of his mind -- To Stobbs:

WILLS (cont'd)

If I talk to them I'll get a heart attack.

(off Stobbs' look)
I mean it. Shut 'em down, bring 'em in. The end.

(walking off)
I was very wrong about the downside.

(CONTINUED)

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106.

287A CONTINUED:

287A

He passes Ridzik and Danko -- Ridzik starts to say something, Wills holds up his hands to stop him -- walks off.

STOBBS

My keys.

Ridzik gives him the keys to the Sedan. Danko studies Cat's face. Troubled. Ridzik stares at the body.

STOBBS

She's the wife.

RIDZIK

Yeah. The wife that was helping us.

STOBBS

Worked out real good all around. You guys are in deep shit.

The Morgue Attendants shut Cat up in the drawer.

DANKO

She had no choices.

STOBBS

(to Ridzik)
Wills says you're riding a desk, starting now.

(to Danko)
You. We're sending you back behind the curtain. Where you belong.

He walks off.

288 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

288*

Ridzik and Danko entering a crowded corridor. Intercepted by Wills' secretary, Audrey --

RIDZIK

How is he?

SECRETARY

I'd wear a helmet.

They enter the squad room. Across the room --

9/3/87

107.

289 WILLS OFFICE - THEIR POV

289*

Wills is in heated discussion with the two solemn-faced Russians, Gregor and Stepanovich.

RIDZIK (V.O.)

Think they're talkin' about us?

290 INT. WILLS OFFICE

290*

Gregor turns, looks across the squad room at Danko. Watches as Danko and Ridzik go to Ridzik's desk, sit down.

GREGOR

When can we take him?

WILLS

When I'm through with him.

STEPANOVICH

Moscow is anxious that Captain Danko return with a full report.

WILLS

I'll bet. When's his flight?

STEPANOVICH

Tonight at twenty-two hundred hours.

WILLS

Give me a real time.

GREGOR

Ten o'clock.

WILLS

You can have him and an escort to the airport at nine.

290A INT. SQUAD ROOM - RIDZIK'S DESK - DANKO

290A*

Stares at his countrymen coldly. No emotion. Watching as Wills escorts them out of his office. Neither Russian diplomat looks back at Danko. Ridzik is typing, slowly, on an ancient machine. Wills' Secretary comes over --

SECRETARY

You're up.

They both start to get up. Audrey stops Ridzik.

SECRETARY

No. Just him.

(CONTINUED)

9/3/87

108.

290A CONTINUED:

290A*

Ridzik watches as Danko crosses the room, goes into Wills' office. Through the glass he can see Danko salute.

SECRETARY

I could type that for you in half an hour on my computer.

RIDZIK

And I'd be history in half an hour. I'm kind of looking to draw this out.

SECRETARY

Yeah, and the Cubs are looking to win the Series. Check your messages, Art.

She walks off. Ridzik looks at his phone machine, the light is beeping. He flips on the message check, resumes typing --

MALE VOICE

Hey Ridzik, this is Sully at Cicero. We're still waitin' for your paperwork on the 560 last week in --

Ridzik fast-forwards --

NUNN'S VOICE

Art? This is Aaron. I forgot to tell you that I think you suck --

290B INT. WILLS OFFICE

290B*

Danko is still standing. Wills gets up, to be at eye-level with him, as --

WILLS

Here's what we're gonna do, Captain. We're gonna make you feel comfortable. We're gonna relax...you know -- Russian style.

He moves to a small refrigerator, opens it, pulls out a bottle of Vodka. Puts it down hard on the desk. A statement. Takes out two shot glasses from his desk drawer, puts them next to the bottle. Pours two shots. Stobbs comes in, says nothing.

WILLS

Now. Pretend you're in Moscow. I'm your superior. Give me your full report.

Danko picks up one shot glass, drains it.

(CONTINUED)

9/3/87

109.

290B CONTINUED:

290B*

I failed. DANKO

Silence. Wills stares at him.

That's it? WILLS

Yes. DANKO

A beat. Then Wills suddenly grabs the neck of the vodka bottle, HURLS it into the non-glass wall of his office -- the bottle EXPLODES --

290C SQUADROOM - RIDZIK

290C*

Still poking at his typewriter.

WILLS' VOICE
(from the closed office)
RIDZIK!!

He looks up when hears Wills' explosion.

RIDZIK
What the shit --

FEMALE VOICE
(on the phone)
Hello. Detective Ridzik. Your
laundry's ready.

CLICK

Ridzik is on his feet -- and has started across the room, when he hears the next message:

CAT'S VOICE
Gotta make this fast. Viktor's deal
is going down at nine tonight...

Ridzik stops dead. Comes back --

CAT'S VOICE (cont'd)
...Comiskey Park. During the game.
Groundskeeper's locker room. Just
one guy and Viktor -- can't talk,
it's real tight --

WILLS
(out of his office)
RIDZIK! NOW!

Ridzik RIPS the tape out of the machine, hurries across the room to --

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110.

290D INT. WILLS OFFICE

290D*

Ridzik entering to receive the full brunt of Wills' rage --

WILLS

Let's take a body count, Ridzik -- there's Gallagher, two Russians, regular and cross-dressing, four bald black guys, a naked Teamster, girl in the water who turns out to be Viktor's wife -- not to mention all the damage to police and private property. You've been busy boys. I asked the Captain here about it all and he basically told me to go fuck myself with an ugly stick.

Wills takes a breath. Icy calm, now.

WILLS

Well, I don't think I'm going to do that, Ridzik. I think I'm gonna fuck you. I'm gonna say you did it all without authorization, I'm gonna make you personally liable for any law suits or civil action, I'm gonna see to it they freeze your fucking pension and benefits, and I'm gonna bring criminal charges against you for supplying a firearm to a foreign agent.

(a beat)

How's that sound?

RIDZIK

Sounds like Stobbs' idea. I don't believe you'd do that, sir.

WILLS

Why the fuck not, Ridzik?

Ridzik tosses him the message tape.

RIDZIK

I know where the deal's going down tonight.

290E INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

290E*

Wills and Stobbs, moving. Wills is pulling on a flak jacket. Stobbs is already wearing his.

STOBBS

We'll put some of the TAC squad in maintenance uniforms, on Level B.

(CONTINUED)

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111.

290E CONTINUED:

290E*

WILLS

What about coverage?

STOBBS

By eight forty-five we'll be on every entrance to the locker area, plus we'll put back-up at the gates and in the parking lot on the off chance they make a run -- but I really don't see any way they'll get off B-level, sir --

WILLS

We rode a winner, Stobbs. We're sitting on a major international bust, here. I hope you mention Ridzik's help in your probation report.

STOBBS

You gonna let Ridzik and Danko come to the party?

WILLS

You haven't learned anything.

290F INT. SQUADROOM

290F*

Ridzik waiting for Wills and Stobbs when they enter --

RIDZIK

Sir, maybe it's an oversight, but I'm not on the assignment sheet for this --

WILLS

No oversight, Art. I need you to stay here and finish your reports. I promised the Commissioner full paper first thing tomorrow morning.

Wills looks at Danko, who sits at Ridzik's desk, toying absently with the electronic chess game. In the b.g., Stobbs goes over and talks to Wills Secretary.

WILLS (cont'd)

Cheer up, Captain. You're going home. You helped us nail Viktor. They'll probably give you a medal.

DANKO

Viktor is not amateur. He will see you.

(CONTINUED)

WILLS

Oh. Right. And blow away my entire TAC squad, or something? Well I suppose you want to come along and make sure we get it right?

DANKO

No.

Ridzik reacts. Looks at Danko curiously. Danko makes a chess move. Looks up at Wills.

DANKO (cont'd)

Good luck.

Wills walks away. Audrey has crossed from her desk. She stops at Danko --

SECRETARY

Captain Danko --

He looks up at her.

SECRETARY (cont'd)

-- robbery division was wondering if you could help them out -- they've got a shopkeeper down the hall who speaks very little English -- he's Russian -- and they thought maybe you could talk to him...ask him some questions...?

DANKO

Where is he?

SECRETARY

Detective Nelligan will show you the way.

She motions to the corridor doorway where Nelligan waits. Danko nods, dutifully gets up and crosses to Nelligan.

Ridzik senses this is some kind of ruse. Sees Stobbs still lingering at Audrey's desk. Sees Wills watching from inside his office.

Danko vanishes down the corridor with Nelligan. Audrey sighs, starts back toward her desk --

SECRETARY

(under her breath)
Sometimes I hate this job.

Ridzik gets up and heads after Danko.

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113.

291 INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

291

Danko is led down the corridor to an interview room by Nelligan. He opens a mottled glass-topped door and ushers in Danko.

292 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE HEADQUARTERS

292

Danko looks around. There are two chairs, a desk with a telephone and an overhead light. Apart from some instructions in the event of fire, the walls are bare.

An exterior window faces out on an inward vault. Like the glass on the door, it is opaque and covered with wire netting.

The lock on the door turns behind him. Danko spins around incredulously. Through the glass, he can see the shape of Nelligan relaxing against the wall outside -- as if he were going to be there all evening.

Danko moves to the door, tries the handle. The door is locked fast.

The phone suddenly RINGS and Danko returns to the table, picks it up. Ridzik is at the other end...now visible in the opposite room.

RIDZIK

So much for the concept of fair play.
You were right about Donnelly -- he
is the K.G.B.

Danko stares at him.

DANKO

I must get out.

*

RIDZIK

Things don't look real good about
that -- until your people take you to
the airport --

*

DANKO

(interrupts)

I must get out to get Viktor.

*

RIDZIK

The Heavy Weapons squad will pick him
up at the Stadium -- don't worry,
they're good boys -- real pros.

*

DANKO

Viktor will not be there.

*

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

RIDZIK
What about the tape?

*

DANKO
Lie.

*

RIDZIK
Lie?

*

DANKO
Yes, lie.

RIDZIK
She died for a lie.

*

DANKO
Yes.

*

RIDZIK
How do you know?

*

DANKO
Get me out.

*

RIDZIK
You always wanna hold out on me,
don't ya, Danko? This time you're
wrong. Everything points to
ballpark.

*

Ridzik hesitates...

RIDZIK (cont'd)
Hey, don't feel bad -- they shut me
out, too.

*

DANKO
This is not right.

RIDZIK
I know.

(thinks)
Don't get any crazy ideas, now. Guy
at the door is a crackerjack cop --
remember Nelligan? Guy who ratted on
me? Don't mess with him...

(then)
See you.

Ridzik puts the phone down.

(CONTINUED)

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114.

292 CONTINUED:

292

Danko puts his interview phone down -- stares for a moment at Ridzik as he leaves. *

292A A BLACK & WHITE TV

292A*

A report coming over from a ROVING REPORTER standing in front of a Federal-style building...He is giving a police report account of Cat Jackson's death. A PHOTO of Cat Jackson FLASHES on the tube...

292B INT. RUNDOWN HOTEL ROOM - TIGHT ON HALF-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL LOCKER KEY ON TOP OF IT - NIGHT 292B*

PAN across the tabletop to Viktor's hand picking up his Baretta -- He checks the clip -- sees that it is fully-loaded -- slips it into the pocket of the overcoat hanging on the back of the chair. The TV continues running in the b.g.

292C VIKTOR'S SLEEVE GUN

292C*

As the silencer is screwed into the barrel by Viktor's hands -- the gun is next placed into the spring mechanism and is pulled into the readyposition. Viktor's sleeve now covers the contraption.

PAN up to Viktor's face as he pockets the key and holds the torn hundred dollar bill up to his mouth, KISSES it and smiles.

He's ready.
Walks out.
TV continues.

293-295 OMIT

OMIT 293-295

295A INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

295A

All quiet -- Nobody around save a FEW STRAGGLERS. Ridzik at his desk. Types a couple of letters. Stops. Thinking. Audrey walks up.

AUDREY
What's buggin' you?

RIDZIK
What do you think?

AUDREY
Gotta be in on the kill, huh?

(CONTINUED)

295A CONTINUED:

295A

RIDZIK

Give me a break, will ya?

AUDREY

--
Aw come on, Art. Lighten up. You gotta get out of Donnelly's dog house. Just go with the flow.

She walks off -- leaving Ridzik sitting there, thinking.

296 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

296

Danko looks at his watch, then at the shape of the Policeman outside...

He gets up, walks across to the glass door and taps on the pane.

297 INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE HEADQUARTERS

297

Nelligan comes closer to the glass.

DANKO

Open the door. It is important.

*

NELLIGAN

Cool your jets, Boris. I got my orders.

DANKO

I don't understand.

*

Nelligan leans closer.

NELLIGAN

I said, I got my orders. You're on ice until --

Danko's fist comes THROUGH THE GLASS, traveling at fifty miles-per-hour -- it SPLINTERS the glass into tiny fragments -- CONNECTS with Nelligan, sending him sprawling against the other wall, where he lapses into unconsciousness.

9/3/87

115.

298 INT. AMERICAN LIBERTY BUS STATION - CHICAGO - NIGHT 298*

Nearly deserted. TWO UNIFORMED COPS standing in front of a bank of lockers across the way. Viktor appears, glances up at the wall clock. Eight fifty-five.

299 MAIN CONCOURSE 299

Four Buses on the dock. Another pulling in.

A FEW PASSENGERS near the gates.

Viktor walks over to the sandwich bar. Finds a vacant seat. Orders a coffee.

300 VIKTOR 300

Waiting at the counter. Coffee untouched.

His eyes stop on Salim standing at the far side of the counter.

He stares back. Walks slowly towards Viktor.

301 SALIM 301

Confident, careful. He takes a seat beside Viktor.

302 VIKTOR 302

Sips his coffee. Eyes the Man beside him. He takes a key from his pocket. Places it between them. Covers it with his hand.

303 SALIM 303

Puts a dollar bill on the counter. Calls over to the WAITRESS.

SALIM

Give me some coffee, baby. Be right back.

He picks up Viktor's key. Walks away from the counter. Stops at a row of lockers.

304 VIKTOR 304*

Takes the half a hundred dollar bill out of his pocket, looks at it blankly, then puts it away again. Pays for his coffee. Looks over at --

9/5/87

115A.

305 BANK OF LOCKERS

305

The Uniformed Cops paying no attention as Salim scans the numbers, finds the one he's looking for -- inserts the key. Opens the locker. Takes out a very large black suitcase, and goes into the Men's Room.

306 VIKTOR

306*

Gets up. Walks towards the Men's Room.

307 INT. MEN'S ROOM - BUS STATION - NIGHT

307*

Salim sets down the suitcase. Checks inside and sees the money. Turns to face Viktor.

VIKTOR

Everything is okay, yes?

SALIM

Sure. Crack's come in on the nine-thirty from El Paso. Check it out.

VIKTOR

I trust you.

SALIM

(big smile)
Spread it all over Siberia, right, man?

VIKTOR

Goodbye.

Viktor's spring-gun appears suddenly in his hand -- only one detail has been added: a SILENCER has been screwed onto the barrel of the pistol -- He SHOTS Salim twice through the head -- his body SLAMS BACK into a toilet stall...

Viktor walks over to Salim's body -- pulls the stall door closed -- picks up the suitcase -- heads for the exit.

9/5/87

116.

308 EXT. COMISKEY PARK - NIGHT

308

The White Sox are losing. The Batter swings at a fast ball and fouls it off into a sparse, beery CROWD.

309 IN THE STANDS - WILLS AND STOBBS

309

A FEW PEOPLE around them. Wills stares grimly down at the field. Stobbs has a walkie-talkie.

STOBBS

Nine-oh-two, sir.

WILLS

I'm wearing a fucking watch. Thank you very much.

309A TUNNEL ENTRANCE - THEIR POV

309A

No activity. The infield dragging machine is parked by the entrance. A "GROUNDS CREW ONLY" sign is over the tunnel.

STOBBS (V.O.)

We've still got nothing. Nobody in or out. No sign of Viktor.

309B STOBBS AND WILLS

309B

Wills is still expressionless -- Stobbs listens to a report on his earphones. Turns to Wills...

STOBBS

Nothing in the room except lockers. Nothing in the lockers except old baseballs and empty beer cans.

Stobbs stares at Wills. Wills watches the game. Stobbs finally raises his walkie-talkie to use it.

STOBBS (cont'd)

Hold your positions.

309C HOME PLATE - THEIR POV

309C

The White Sox Batter is completely fooled by a change-up. Strikes out.

WILLS

What the hell is there about this goddamn city that nobody can play baseball?

9/5/87

117.

310 INT. BUS STATION - HIGH SHOT - NIGHT

310

A Bus marked "CANADA" BARRELS up to a bay and begins to reverse back into it.

Beside it, there is another bus -- marked "EL PASO" -- that is already being unloaded. In the narrow passage between the El Paso line and the next bay, TWO SILVER TRUNKS have been singled out by a PORTER and are being loaded onto a trolley.

Viktor watches this for a moment, then moves on.

311 OMIT

OMIT 311

312 LOADING BAYS - THE CANADA BUS - NIGHT

312

Its hatches have been opened and waiting luggage is just about to be loaded under supervision by the DRIVER. Beyond him, a FEW PASSENGERS appear near the gate waiting for the signal to board.

313 VIKTOR

313

Comes around just as another SILVER TRUNK is being loaded into the empty luggage compartment -- and the trolley carrying the other two trunks comes into view from the other side of the El Paso bus.

A tall HISPANIC MAN in an off-white suit watches the procedure. Viktor comes up behind him, momentarily puts down his heavy suitcase.

VIKTOR

Excuse me.

(the man turns)

Do you have change for a hundred dollar bill?

Viktor holds up the torn half of the one hundred dollar bill.

WHITE SUIT

I have nothing smaller than this.

He pulls another torn hundred dollar bill from out of his wallet. Matches his half to Viktor's. Smiles. He gives Viktor a bus ticket with baggage claim tickets stapled to the front.

WHITE SUIT (cont'd)

Your merchandise is in the silver luggage trunks.

(studies Viktor)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

313 CONTINUED:

313

WHITE SUIT (cont'd)
I have a village down in Durango. In
the mountains. It's a nice place to
visit. You know what I mean, man?
Maybe next time we don't need the
Americans in the middle?

VIKTOR
It's possible.

The White Suit Man nods, puts both halves of the torn
hundred dollar bill into his suit pocket, and walks away.

313A EXT. COMISKEY PARK SCOREBOARD - NIGHT 313A

Final score, 5-2. A "Drive Carefully" FLASHES to the fans.

313B EXT. BALLPARK - LONG ANGLE 313B

The FANS are filtering out. Stadium almost empty.

313C THE BLEACHERS - DONNELLY AND STOBBS 313C

Are standing. Bleachers are vacant behind them. Donnelly is
grim, silent. Stobbs looks at him, then --

DONNELLY
(even)
I hate losing.

STOBBS
(into walkie-talkie)
Bring it in. We've been fucked.
We're going home.

Stobbs lowers the radio. Donnelly says nothing. He shoves
past Stobbs up the Bleacher steps. Stobbs follows.

313CA EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT 313CA*

Neon shining amidst the downtown grit.

313CB EXT. BUS STATION - FRONT - THROUGH GLASS DOORS - NIGHT 313CB*

Danko arrives in a Cab -- quickly pays the DRIVER and enters.

313CC INT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT 313CC*

Danko looks around, then moves toward the rear of the station.

WHI

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118A.

313D EXT. REAR OF BUS STATION - A BLACK LUGGAGE TRUNK

313D*

The last of three, it's shoved into the luggage compartment of the Montreal bus. Viktor watches coolly. The baggage handlers disappear around the back of the bus. Viktor turns, and discovers --

314 DANKO

314

Hidden from view from the Bus Driver and waiting Passengers -- his arm outstretched -- his pistol aimed at Viktor.

(CONTINUED)

314 CONTINUED:

314

DANKO

You did not make it.

Viktor gives Danko a long look. Then smiles. He's up to the game.

VIKTOR

You're crazy. This is America. You are not the law.

DANKO

Come with me. Or I kill you here and now.

Suddenly:

RIDZIK'S VOICE

Back off, Captain.

315 RIDZIK

315

Stands at the front of the Canadian Bus, just behind Viktor's right shoulder, his gun leveled at Viktor.

RIDZIK

Surprised?

Viktor chances a look at Ridzik who now steps out from the shadows...The three Men now stand in a triangle.

DANKO

You followed me.

RIDZIK

You lied about the key. We're even.

DANKO

I will take him back.

RIDZIK

He killed a Chicago police officer. Chicago gets him first.

Danko's pistol goes from Viktor to Ridzik.

DANKO

I have orders.

RIDZIK

To shoot me? Get real, Danko. We're doing good here -- we're taking him in --

(CONTINUED)

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120.

315 CONTINUED:

315

Unbeknownst to either of them, an OLD LADY wheeling her bags on a travel trolley rolls into the middle of them --

She looks up, sees the guns and SCREAMS.

OLD LADY

Aaaahhhh!

As Danko and Ridzik react, Viktor dives into the bus...

316 RIDZIK

316

For one moment, he stands, glancing from one end of the bus to the other, hoping to spot Viktor.

317 DANKO

317

Runs to the front, trying to get a clear shot at Viktor -- now in the driver's seat -- He YELLS and FLINGS himself to one side as:

Suddenly Viktor's Bus passes him, CLIPPING two inches off the forecourt gate post. It also DEMOLISHES the front of a parked Sedan beyond it. Then it WHEELS into the street and plows a sweeping right against the traffic before regaining its own side of the road, THUNDERING west.

318 RIDZIK

318

Runs to the Sedan, which has been TOTALED by the impact, a SECOND BUS SQUEALS to a halt behind him. He looks up and around to see its doors open, and --

319 DANKO

319

At the wheel.

DANKO

Get in.

320 INT. DANKO'S BUS

320

As Ridzik dives in -- the doors begin to close behind him -- He pulls himself to his feet...

DANKO

He has cocaine and money.

Ridzik looks back at the disappearing wreck of his Sedan.

(CONTINUED)

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121.

320 CONTINUED:

320

RIDZIK

Fuck that! That's the third car of mine he's totaled.

321 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

321

Viktor's Bus plows across the intersection -- on the red.

A passing car BRAKES, SKIDS and CONCERTINAS into the side of it, but the Bus does not stop. Viktor accelerates across the intersection without a pause.

322 DANKO

322

Approaching the accident, wheels around the scattered ONLOOKERS who are converging on the SMASHED CAR, and continues across the intersection in pursuit of Viktor.

323 EXT. RAILWAY CROSSING - NIGHT

323

Viktor's Bus SMASHES through the gates of the crossing.

Seconds after Viktor's exit, a DOUBLE-HEADED DIESEL ENGINE with a load of freight cars trundles across the crossing.

Danko brakes just in time and steers his Bus left down a street running parallel with the tracks.

324 VIKTOR'S BUS

324

Bowls along a street which runs almost parallel with the railroad track, but on the other side of the freight train.

325 DANKO'S BUS

325

Whips along the street on his side of the freight train. He is rapidly overtaking the diesel locomotives at its front end. Ridzik has his gun out, is looking for an open shot.

DANKO

Good shooting.

RIDZIK

Hey -- hold it steady. I'm trying to shoot here.

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122.

326 INT. VIKTOR'S BUS

326

A car speeding in the opposite direction sounds its HORN in protest at the way Viktor is hogging the crown of the road.

He looks out of the window.

The road is slowly diverging from the railroad but on the far side, he can just make out -- between the freight cars -- Danko's Bus traveling at speed.

327 DANKO'S BUS

327

Hurtles along, and as the street swings left, he leaves it -- TEARS THROUGH a rusted gate -- TRUNDLES across an abandoned truck park -- and SMASHES through wooden double doors into a huge warehouse...

328 INT. WAREHOUSE #1

328

Danko noses full speed for the opposite end of the building. The back doors of the warehouse loom open...

Danko hurtles the Bus through and into the next warehouse.

329 EXT. BETWEEN WAREHOUSE #1 AND #2

329

To one side -- for a moment -- he spots the train still running parallel with him.

330 INT. WAREHOUSE #2 - NIGHT

330

Danko BLAZES down the aisles...No doors at the end, only a brick wall -- a sliding 180 and he goes through the wall -- rear end first. The brick wall EXPLODES as:

331 EXT. FREIGHT YARD

331

Another 180 by Danko -- crates FLYING, pallet loads COLLAPSING -- and Danko is back on course.

332 INT. DANKO'S BUS

332

Ridzik sitting like a seasick passenger, opens his eyes -- and cheers up.

Danko is not only running parallel with the diesel locomotives but is now beginning to outstrip them.

He looks across trying to see whether he can spot Viktor.

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123.

333 VIKTOR

333

Is in fact -- TEARING TOWARDS HIM, lofting up over a bridge which spans both the railroad and the rubble track.

To Ridzik's chagrin Viktor sails over his head at the same moment as --

334 DANKO'S BUS

334

ZOOMS under the bridge.

335 EXT. INTERSECTION/CROSSING - FREIGHT YARD

335

Danko's Bus skids to a halt at the intersection and slides to face Westward up the blacktop.

In the distance we can hear the HOOT of the freight train. Behind Danko's Bus, the automatic gates begin to close.

336 VIKTOR

336

SLAMS on his brakes as his street deadends...A Train passes by in front of him as he looks out across a huge year -- He SLAMS it into reverse.

337 DANKO

337

Screws his eyes and looks through the windshield. Behind the oncoming headlights, he can just make out the outline of Viktor's Bus now TRAVELING TOWARDS HIM.

Danko turns to Ridzik.

Get out. DANKO

Get real. RIDZIK

Danko shoves the gear into low.

This is personal. DANKO

What about Gallagher? RIDZIK

This is for him, too. DANKO

You can't do it for him -- you're a fucking Russian -- let's go -- RIDZIK

9/5/87

124.

338 EXT. DANKO'S BUS

338

The wheels SPIN at the back of Danko's Bus and it surges forward.

339 INT. VIKTOR'S BUS

339

Viktor looks ahead. The road runs straight before him -- Danko's bus coming LIKE A METEOR towards him...

Viktor FLOORS the gas pedal and GUNS the Bus forward -- RPM's to the max.

340 AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROAD

340

Danko's Bus HURTLES towards Viktor's vehicle...

341 DANKO

341

Leaning forward, urging his Bus onwards...

342 RIDZIK

342

Looking with growing concern...SHOUTS at Danko.

RIDZIK

At this speed we ain't gonna be able to read him his rights!

DANKO

Viktor has no rights.

343 VIKTOR'S BUS

343

Hunched over the wheel, Viktor flattens his foot to the pedal and begins to SHOUT in Russian.

VIKTOR

Now we will see what he is made of!

As the Buses close a GREAT CRY WELLS from his lips.

VIKTOR

Aaahhh!

9/5/87

125.

344 INT. DANKO'S BUS

344

RIDZIK

You know what we call this?! We call this 'Chicken'!!! But I don't think you're supposed to play it with buses.

DANKO

This is not a game!

RIDZIK

No shit!

DANKO

Aaahhh!

345 INT. VIKTOR'S BUS

345

VIKTOR

Aaahhh!

346 EXT. DANKO'S BUS

346

On course for collision. Two Samurais going balls to the wall.

347 VIKTOR'S BUS

347

At wheel level -- BLISTERING forward.

348 DANKO'S BUS

348

Like a BULLET going for the impact.

349 INT. DANKO'S BUS

349

Danko is totally wrapped up in the confrontation -- He has forgotten Ridzik.

RIDZIK

(behind him)

Okay...get ready to swerve...

350 RIDZIK

350

Disbelief as he realizes he has become part of a Russian fantasy...Danko is prepared to die this way --

(CONTINUED)

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350 CONTINUED:

350

RIDZIK
CRAZY FUCKERS!

The life force SURGES within him and he CLAWS at the steering wheel with both hands.

RIDZIK (cont'd)
GODDAMN IT! NO!

351 EXT. ROAD

351

As Danko's Bus veers right, it misses the oncoming Viktor by centimeters.

Viktor and Danko pass each other still yelling and screaming.

352 DANKO'S BUS

352

Leaps off the road into a composite of dirt and gravel. It PLOWS a great furrow into brush and wild grass as it ROLLS OVER AND OVER AND OVER with --

353 DANKO AND RIDZIK

353

Trapped inside like rats in a drum.

354 VIKTOR

354

Laughing, yelling, exultant in his triumph -- He jerks his bus around into a slide crossing the tracks...

355 EXT. FREIGHT YARD - NIGHT

355

Danko drags Ridzik out of an escape hatch in the roof of the bus which is lying on its side. His flesh is raw -- He is white with anger -- He yells at the hapless Ridzik in Russian.

DANKO
Durak! (Idiot) Durak! Durak!

RIDZIK
You would have killed us, you stupid motherfucker!!

DANKO
And Viktor! Durak!!

(CONTINUED)

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127.

355 CONTINUED:

355

The profanity of the two men is overlaid by the CRACKLE OF FIRE as the gas tanks begin to burn.

356 VIKTOR

356

WHAM!

The DOUBLE-DIESEL ENGINE enters from his right side. It RAMS the Bus amidship, then remorselessly carries it along the railroad track.

Despite all of the YELLING and SCREAMING OF BRAKES the momentum of the half-mile long train only perceptibly slowing after several seconds.

357 EXT. THE FREIGHT TRAIN - NIGHT - AS SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS 357

It lets go of Viktor's Bus as if from its jaws -- and the Bus tumbles away into the wild brush and rusting sidings of the yard.

358 DANKO AND RIDZIK

358

Struggle through the tall grass towards the still rolling train.

They reach it only to find the still slowing railcars a barrier between them and the wreckage of Viktor's Bus on the far side of the tracks.

359 AT THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN

359

The DRIVER peers out from his cab and looks back at the smashed vehicle. Suddenly the great wheels of the diesel LOCK under the pressure of the brakes -- and the train slows to a walking pace.

360 DANKO AND RIDZIK

360

Leap on to a moving car and cross its flat top to the other side. There they allow themselves to be carried up towards the wreckage of the Bus which looks like a decapitated grasshopper in the tall grass.

As the slowing railcars reach the Bus, Danko and Ridzik jump off.

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED:

360

RIDZIK
Yeah.

DANKO
I go alone...

RIDZIK
How do you figure you rate higher for
this job than me?

Pause.

RIDZIK (cont'd)
I give up. This whole thing is very
Russian.

Danko starts forward.

A long, slow, gunfighter's walk.

361 VIKTOR

361

Hobbling down the track -- badly ripped up from the wreck --
A big heavy Russian PISTOL in his hand...

Sees Danko coming forward.

VIKTOR
You want me to surrender. Yes?

Danko keeps walking.

VIKTOR (cont'd)
You think you get the whole family --
Yes?

Danko keeps walking.

VIKTOR (cont'd)
I say FUCK YOU!

Swings his big pistol up -- He FIRES:

362 DANKO

362

His .44 ROARS six times. Bullets RIPPING into Viktor -- he
does a death dance and is SLAMMED BACK into the Bus behind by *
the huge slugs. Viktor's shot going harmlessly into the air. *

Ridzik approaches.

(CONTINUED)

362 CONTINUED:

362

RIDZIK
Did you get him? -- Nice. Good
grouping of your shots.

*

DANKO
Thank you.

RIDZIK
You're welcome.

Danko hands Ridzik his .44.

DANKO
I still like Soviet model better.
Walks toward the Bus.

RIDZIK
You got a real attitude problem,
Danko.

*

363 VIKTOR

363

Barely alive -- he look up as Danko approaches.

*

364 IN THE BACKGROUND

364

Ridzik moves close.

Danko leans forward over Viktor.

VIKTOR
I'm finished.

He smiles, blood seeps from his mouth.

VIKTOR (cont'd)
But so are you.

He holds out his hand and his SPRING-GUN snaps out from his sleeve.

A long moment as Danko stares at the gun -- then looks deep into Viktor's eyes.

*

*

DANKO
A dead man in a dead man.

*

Another long moment.
Then Viktor smiles and dies.

*

*

365 INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

365*

Danko sits on a table, staring at the ceiling as an INTERN sews *
up a large cut on his forehead. Gregor and Stepanovich are also *
close by -- talking animatedly to Danko who seemingly pays no
attention.

366 OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR - WATCHING THROUGH THE GLASS

366

Donnelly, Stobbs and Ridzik.

DONNELLY

Where's Viktor's body?

RIDZIK

I dragged it across the County Line.
Let the Cicero cops find him. Saves
us a week of paperwork.

He looks at Donnelly.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

You hung me out to dry with Danko,
didn't you? Thought I'd fuck up. *

DONNELLY

You're a good cop. I gave you a
tough assignment I thought any good
cop could handle.

RIDZIK

Bullshit.

(at Stobbs)

All this Viktor stuff should look
real good on my probation report
though, huh Stobbs?

STOBBS

(subdued)

Yeah. Real good.

Ridzik has already let it drop. Staring back in at Danko.

(CONTINUED)

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132.

371E CONTINUED:

371E

Yet more staring at the ballgame.

DANKO

I do not understand this game.

RIDZIK

Baseball? You're not supposed to. It's totally American. You guys better stick with knee dancin' and trainin' bears for the circus.

*

DANKO

They play baseball now in Soviet Union.

RIDZIK

(annoyed)

Aw, give it up. You guys don't have a shot. This's our national pastime.

They watch the game.

*

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Jesus. It'd be one helluva World Series though, wouldn't it?

DANKO

(very small smile)

We will win.

Ridzik watches as Danko slips off his watch -- notices that it is -- a steel East German wind-up, circa 1967.

*

*

DANKO (cont'd)

It is a custom in Soviet Union to exchange some small article as a souvenir of our association, so I have decided to give you this.

*

Ridzik is wearing a thousand dollar steel Rolex, which he got discount from a cousin. He unclips the watch and takes it off.

*

*

RIDZIK

This is a thousand dollar marvel of Western technology. It does everything but wipe your behind.

*

They exchange the watches -- then shake hands.

*

(CONTINUED)

WH

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131.

371B INT. TERMINAL - CALLBOARD - INSERT - DAY

371B*

Flight numbers, arrivals, departures.

371C AIRPORT CORRIDOR

371C*

PASSENGERS, STEWS, a SAILOR heads into the nearby bar -- Danko and Ridzik visible at the rail -- they are staring upward at --

371D TV - AIRPORT BAR

371D*

The White Sox playing the Tigers.

371E BAR - DANKO AND RIDZIK

371E*

Ridzik has a beer -- Danko downs a shot of vodka -- pours another from a half-empty bottle.

RIDZIK

This is Baines. Helluva hitter.
Hey, Danko -- Think I could cut it as
a plainclothes dick in Russia?

*

*

Danko thinks for a beat.

DANKO

No.

Ridzik realizes Danko's kidding.

RIDZIK

That's nice. That's real nice. I'm
gonna miss you too.

*

Another beat. They both stare at the television baseball game.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Hey, listen -- something I gotta ask
you. You remember back at the bus
station, when we both had Viktor and
you turned your gun on me? You
weren't really gonna shoot me, were
you?

Danko just looks at Ridzik.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

Yeah. That's what I figured. Just
checking.

(CONTINUED)

371E CONTINUED

371E

DANKO

Goodluck. Oodachee cheebia.

Ridzik looks at his gift.

RIDZIK

A twenty dollar East German watch. I
can't believe it.

Danko slips on his new watch.

RIDZIK (cont'd)

What the hell. I love you, too.

Danko checks his new watch, drinks up -- stands and grabs his
suitcase.

DANKO

Dasvedanja.

RIDZIK

What's that mean? My Russian's a
little rusty.

DANKO

Farewell.

He puts his arm on Ridzik's shoulder -- then turns and walks
away toward the boarding area.

RIDZIK

(watching him go)

Yeah. Nice knowin' you...

Turns back to the ballgame.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the TV until it FILLS THE SCREEN...and the
Announcer's PLAY-BY-PLAY is all we hear as the END CREDITS
BEGIN TO ROLL...

THE END

FADE OUT