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RED WHITE BLACK AND BLUE

by

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RED, WHITE, BLACK AND BLUE

FADE IN:

BEGIN MAIN TITLE.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NEW MEXICO - DAWN

Harsh, brutal country - Endless horizon line of sand and shrub etched against a HUGE ORANGE FIREBALL rising in the East -- From out of the sun - in the distance, hauled by a R,W+B PICK-UP TRUCK: a giant, ABRAHAM LINCOLN HEAD PARADE FLOAT - moving this way...

As the float DOPPLERS past --

EXT. GAS STATION - NEW MEXICO - DAWN

Full blast of new sun and already numbing heat - The air SHIMMERS as the R,W+B pulls up to the pumps, towing the Lincoln head in off the already scorching desert --

The station is a relic of the 20's or 30's, pumps with see through glass -- balls floating in the gas trap -- An ATTENDANT comes out of the station house - somewhat astonished at the giant visage of Lincoln now staring down at him -- As the TRUCKER gets out of the cab of the R,W+B -- WE PAN UP TO OLD ABE AND GO TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAWN

An obscured skyline as WE TRACK over the Pacific moving East into ANOTHER ORANGE FIREBALL -- A million pinpoints of light flicker below...

EXT. BRIDGE AND HIGHWAY - TERMINAL ISLAND - DAWN

Illuminated by the headlights of oncoming traffic, WE SEE the glow of the city beyond. L.A. hulks on the horizon line, grim, forbidding. The ribbon of highway glows like a deserted landing strip balanced on the water -- a line of light that comes from nowhere.

WHITE BEAMS cut through the early mist; a GREYHOUND BUS approaches along the four-lane highway straddling the massive bridge...

INT. GREYHOUND - A MAN

Seated in the rear: Let's call him - SECTION EIGHT - in reference to his brief career in the U.S. Army. Black top coat, hair to his shoulders, his moustache almost gives his hard bony face the look of a Samurai warrior...

TITLE CARD: Los Angeles - July 3, 1976

A seat beyond, a YOUNG MARINE -- one of the handful of somnolent passengers -- he yawns, shakes himself, glances blearily out the window - then catches Section Eight's eyes...

(CONTINUED)

MARINE

Gettin' off in Long Beach or L.A.?

SECTION EIGHT

You're awful goddamn nosy, aren't ya?

MARINE

Hey buddy, back the fuck off. I was just makin' a little conversation --

SECTION EIGHT

You about used up your slack, asshole --

No mistake in the tone; the gauntlet has been dropped - dicks will be measured. Section Eight stands and takes off his coat -- he's wearing a T-shirt underneath -- his arms, knotted with muscle, are covered with JAIL HOUSE TATTOOS...

The BUS DRIVER catches all this in his rear view --

BUS DRIVER

Hey! Knock it off back there --

The Marine just looks at Section Eight - boy is this guy crazy -- The Marine moves to another seat - not escaping a SULLEN GLOWER from Section Eight that freezes the soul -- After a few seconds of territorial dominance, Section Eight turns and stares out the window. Looks at the big, dirty city looming up -- THE SCREEN SPLITS VERTICALLY INTO THREE SECTIONS: THREE ALARM CLOCKS APPEAR - CLICK TO 6:00 O'CLOCK. THE FAR LEFT SECTION ENLARGES UNTIL IT FILLS THE SCREEN AND WE ARE:

INT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

6:00 A.M. on the ALARM CLOCK -- BUZZING. In bed, under a poster of Zodiac signs portrayed as sexual positions, an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN opens her eyes -- She hears the SOUND of a toilet flush.

INT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

J.D. KITTLE - 30, his dark hair is long; a bushy gunfighter moustache set off by big mutton chops... Wearing a white T-shirt and shorts, Kittle finishes brushing his teeth, then takes several vials of pills out of the medicine cabinet - swallows three small white ones and one large black spansule - then studies his face a moment in the mirror --

INT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM

In the MIRROR ON THE CEILING: The Attractive Woman admires herself; shifts her gaze to a PICTURE hanging crookedly on the wall:

A PHOTO OF KITTLE in dress blues, fresh from the police academy; a Kittle once clean-cut, short-haired...

(CONTINUED)

Kittle enters from the bathroom -- heads straight for the kitchenette -- Only a low partition separating it from the sleeping area...

KITTLE

Nice meeting you last night, but maybe you should hit the bricks.

The Attractive Woman can't quite believe what she just heard -- Kittle opens the fridge. Puts a shrink-wrapped steak on the counter. A carton of eggs.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Thanks a lot...

KITTLE

And?

He lights a burner under a skillet.

Visible behind him - the Woman sits up, wraps herself in a sheet --

Kittle next dumps the steak in the skillet -- cracks eggs as the Attractive Woman comes to pose in the doorway.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I wasn't looking for some big commitment --
I just wanted a cup of coffee, some toast,
and maybe a couple of laughs.

KITTLE

I think you picked the wrong guy.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Look, I know your work can be difficult, you guys see the worst part of what goes on out there - and you can get real burnt out --

KITTLE

(no longer cool, a huge
outburst of anger and
attitude)

Save the unappreciated, underpaid, stressed-out civil servant crap. Bein' a cop's a real good job. Real good because it's the last blood sport. Us against them. The scum against those meant to protect and serve -- We privileged few who get to take on the criminal class so people like you can sleep safe in your bed at night, or occasionally in mine as it turns out -- We, the thin blue line who get to meet the challenge of low life crooks, bad guys, perves, slime-balls, dope dealers. And guess what? In the middle of the fight, you discover something - it turns out that it's fun to throw your weight around, and get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE (cont'd)
away with it. Play God. Kick ass, take
names, intimidate and scare the shit outta
the creeps that intimidate and scare the
shit outta Joe Citizen...

Pours an orange juice.

KITTLE
You still want breakfast?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
You make me wanta puke.

KITTLE
Yeah. The truth hurts. But, the nice thing
from my point of view, is that none of it's
gonna last much longer. My value system's a
little off true North, but I know what's on
the way -- Armageddon, baby. The walls are
crumbling. It's all comin' down. Bein' a
cop, I'm just lucky enough to get a ringside
seat... Sure you don't want some orange
juice?

SCREEN GOES BLACK ON THE FAR LEFT AND RIGHT -- IN THE CENTER:

INT. LUIS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

6:00 A.M. The ALARM CLOCK RINGS.

LUIS [pronounced LOOEY] MESA - 35, East L.A. born and bred; a ten
year veteran of the L.A.P.D.; his moustache nearly rivals
Kittle's. Luis is already up -- He's lifting weights, naked,
sweaty, smoking a cigarette. Luis drops the barbells, begins
poorly executing some kung-fu moves. He chops imaginary foes as
he exits - a moment later returning with a six-pack...

IN THE BATHROOM - Luis gets in the shower, guzzling a beer. He
tosses the empty, turns on the water. Blasted by the COLD SPRAY,
Luis throws back his head and lets out a long, loud WAR HOOT...

AGAIN, THE SCREEN BLACKENS, LEAVING ONLY THE RIGHT SECTION:

INT. SHAKA'S LOFT - BEDROOM - MORNING

ALARM CLOCK. 6:00 A.M. The CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS; a D.J. VOICE:

FUNKY D
(thru speaker)
...the brothuhs 'I' - the Isley Brothers -
yeah, baby - 'fight the powers that be...'

The SONG STARTS -- The Isley Brothers, "Fight The Power."

MUSIC CONTINUES as WE SEE the nearly empty, high-ceiling room at
the top of a concrete INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

(CONTINUED)

SHAKA WATSON - late 20's; sleek, large Afro, larger attitude. She sleeps on a small military style cot, the alarm clock on the floor close by... A Siamese cat leaps up and rubs Shaka. She rolls over, straightens her Afro - pets the cat, pushes away her pillow, picks up her GUN.

KITCHEN AREA - Shaka puts the gun down and fills a coffee pot at the sink. The cat circles her ankles, purring. A can of tuna is opened, dumped on a plate and put on the floor... Shaka opens the refrigerator - a photo of BRUCE LEE taped to the door. She takes out a coffee jar, revealing a GUN hidden behind on the shelf --

IN A CABINET - Shaka pushes aside another GUN to get a mug.

A SMALL WOODEN TABLE - Shaka now sits waiting for water to boil. She picks through a box of electronic bits and pieces, tinkering with a MICRO-TRANSMITTER, using a jeweler's eyepiece. CAMERA MOVES down... REVEALS a GUN AND HOLSTER duct-taped to the underside of the table --

BACK NEAR THE COT - Shaka approaches with her coffee... TURNS OFF THE MUSIC. She kneels cross-legged on the bare floor, lights incense, shuts her eyes and begins her morning meditation with a low hum... As we PUSH CLOSE ON SHAKA:

END MAIN TITLE. BEGIN FLASHBACK.

HELMETED FIGURES - TRACKING SHOT - THRU GLASS - DAY

MEN STARE MYSTERIOUSLY OUT - THE LOOK OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS, MEDIEVAL KNIGHTS, ROCKET JOCKEYS FROM SOME FUTURISTIC SPACE OPERA --

EXT. SIDE STREET - L.A. - DAY

LUIS MESA pulls a BLACK JAGUAR up alongside a S.W.A.T. TEAM VAN jammed with PADDED-UP, HELMETED COPS --

TITLE CARD: July 4, 1975

NARCO CAPTAIN GAINS and S.W.A.T. CAPTAIN BUCHANAN cross to the Jag as the back window SLIDES DOWN -- Gains peers in, looking at J.D. KITTLE and SHAKA WATSON --

GAINS

We got three people on the floor, ten on the roof, and five ready to go in the doors - front, back and side - They'll move exactly fifteen minutes after you walk in...

He looks directly at Shaka --

GAINS

Detective Watson's sister -- First thing when we get inside; we try to make her safe.

Buchanan sticks his head close to that of Gains --

(CONTINUED)

BUCHANAN

After that, most of what's standin' up's
goin' down... You sure you people don't
want vests?

Kittle shakes his head --

KITTLE

He's gonna search our ass - I can explain
bein' packed - I can't explain the vest...

BUCHANAN

Don't let it get ugly 'til you're sure we've
gone in --

KITTLE

Check --

GAINS

(smile)

Eddie fuckin' Cash. I can hardly wait --

As Luis drives off with Kittle and Shaka --

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY BLDG. - SHOOTING GALLERY - DAY

The BLACK JAGUAR pulls up at a HUGE SIXTY YEAR OLD RELIC -- All
the WINDOWS and DOORS BOARDED UP -- A few JUNKIES stand near one
of the entrances --

INT. JAGUAR - PARKED - DAY

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF MALE HANDS - CHECKING A .45 AUTO...

LUIS (O.S.)

Shaka. Shaka. Why the hell can't you
explain to me what kinda weird-ass name you
got?

CLOSE ON FEMALE HANDS SNAPPING OUT the CLIP of another .45...

SHAKA (O.S.)

Don't gimme this shit today, Luis.

LUIS (O.S.)

No, c'mon, I mean, why not Debbie, or
Tiffany, or Whitney or something normal?

SHAKA (O.S.)

I guess you never heard of Shaka Zulu --

KITTLE (O.S.)

It's kind of a black history thing, Luis.

ANOTHER PAIR OF MALE HANDS release the cylinder on a .44 SNUB...
FLASHCUTS OF ALL THREE - as WEAPONRY IS LOADED AND CHECKED -
CONTINUE OVER:

(CONTINUED)

LUIS (O.S.)
(persistent)
You mean when you were born, your parents
sat down and named you Shaka Zulu --

SHAKA (O.S.)
My parents named me Maxine - I named myself
Shaka --

LUIS (O.S.)
What was so wrong with Maxine?

KITTLE (O.S.)
You gotta understand, Luis -- black people
get to exhibit racial pride and it's good.
White people do it, it's racist.

SNICKS of guns all around.

LUIS (O.S.)
What about us, man? My people been in L.A.
a lot longer than either one of you -- And
as far as we're concerned, you both can
leave the party and go home anytime you
want --

PAN UP TO KITTLE as he snaps the cylinder of his .44 SNUB in
place. WIDEN TO INCLUDE THE TRIO as they get out - start for the
building - Kittle, carrying an attache case, spots a bodyguard -
MINGO - at the door --

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY BLDG. - SHOOTING GALLERY - DAY

A spacious, darkened room - concrete pillars - huge filthy
windows: within a hideous, Bosch-like vision; Junkies everywhere -
an OVERPOWERING STENCH of massed humanity mixed with sweat, urine,
feces --

MUSIC: LOU REED - 'HEROIN'...

A SEA OF ZOMBIES in a drug induced stupor: lying, sitting,
standing against walls; glass pipes, syringes; cooked heroin or
cocaine -- all for sale. The undercover Threesome trails Mingo
thru the living graveyard, trying not to trip over zonked-out
bodies -- VOICES incoherently cry out at them --

VOICE #1
Where's the fuckin' radio? Gimme the
fuckin' radio!

VOICE #2
You got change, Jack?

VOICE #3
Piss in the other direction, man!

(CONTINUED)

VOICE #4

Hey, sister - come on over here - you take
care of me, honey...

As Kittle, Shaka and Luis follow Mingo toward the rear - another
Eddie Cash minion, CHAPS, approaches...

INT. FACTORY BLDG. - SHOOTING GALLERY - CORRIDOR - DAY

MINGO and CHAPS lead the Trio down the dingy hallway - moving past
soiled and broken GLASS BRICK, to a ROOM at the end --

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY - BACK ROOM

As they step inside, Chaps pulls the heavy door shut. Two more
Thugs stand by - heavy muscle - ABREGO and BILLUPS.

KITTLE'S P.O.V.

Across the way, EDDIE CASH -- about 40, TATTOOED with BIG TEAR
DROPS under one eye -- plays solitaire on an upended CRATE.
Seated next to Eddie -- RONETTA WATSON...

They all look at each other -- Finally, Eddie rises, pulls Ronetta
up by the arm --

EDDIE CASH

(to Ronetta)

Intros, baby --

Ronetta hesitates, uncomfortable; Eddie pushes her forward --

RONETTA

Hey -- okay...!

(points to each)

This is Rhonda -- and that's her boss,
Albert... Eddie Cash.

EDDIE CASH

You didn't tell me your sister was so hot --

(looks at Luis)

What about ese...?

KITTLE

He works with me --

EDDIE CASH

Sure, Albert. Everybody in Hollywood got a
spade assistant and a wetback bodyguard --
makes 'em look hip...

(in Spanish w/subtitles, to

Luis)

What goes, man? They treat you good? You
gettin' that Hollywood pussy? What's your
job, man?

(CONTINUED)

LUIS

Bodyguard for the pinche lingues. And I
drive the Jaguar...

EDDIE CASH

Maybe you come work for me - give me all
those Hollywood phone numbers --

He gestures. Luis remains on point, near the door, as Kittle and Shaka move toward Eddie, Kittle still gripping the attache case. Mingo steps in their way; attempts patting Kittle down -- Kittle shoves him away -- Eddie SNAPS his fingers. Mingo backs off, turns to Luis --

LUIS

You stay away from me, man -- no bullshit -
I'm packed and gonna stay that way --

Mingo challenged, about to move on him --

EDDIE CASH

No problem. Sit down, Albert.

Luis stands against the wall; Kittle and Shaka move forward. Shaka and Ronetta exchange kisses on the cheek as Eddie sits back down --

KITTLE

You picked a great spot.

EDDIE CASH

This is where the rubber meets the road,
baby. Lot of your customers gonna end up
here too...

KITTLE

I don't dig it, Eddie. Not real smart; this
place is gonna bring a lotta heat.

EDDIE CASH

I'm a fuckin' astronaut -- I got a force
field makes me heat proof. The Feds look
for me in fancy hotels, out by the swimmin'
pool - Palm Springs, Bel Air, Acapulco...
You dig music?

(to Shaka)

You like to dance, baby? Ever see your
sister's moves? She can dance --

(an arm around Ronetta)

Yeah, she can rock the cage --

Shaka just looks at him - flat -- Eddie shrugs...

EDDIE CASH

So, Ronetta says you got the big Hollywood
connection - dope dealer to the stars, huh,
Albert?

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

I got some friends, Eddie. They're always lookin' for good stuff. The way it's goin', every time they make a movie - you and me can be part of the budget.

EDDIE CASH

You fuckin' this girl, Albert? This sister looks like she'd be one great fuck - I always like that black skin -- you like that, Albert?

KITTLE

Quit pissin' around, Eddie --

EDDIE CASH

Maybe you should take Ronetta with ya, man - double your fun and make her a star while your at it -- you can gimme a finder's fee, right?

KITTLE

We gonna do business, or what?

Eddie pulls his arm away from Ronetta --

EDDIE CASH

Hokay - So where's the money? Let's see if you're for real --

Kittle holds up the attache case, keeps a tight grip on it.

Ronetta flashes anxious eyes at Shaka -- Eddie glances at the attache case -- a KNIFE suddenly FLICKING OPEN in his hand --

EDDIE CASH

Maybe I stick a knife in you - spend all that money in Vegas.

(yells down to Luis)

Maybe I bring you with me, man -- You wanta go to Vegas?

Kittle steps forward --

KITTLE

I haven't seen the product.

EDDIE CASH

You're smart, Albert - stay that way.
Albert-Albert-bo-balbert --

He stands, dances - crazy, dangerous...

EDDIE CASH

Banana-fanna-fo-falbert -- Fee-fi-mo-malbert -- Albert...

(CONTINUED)

As Eddie sings "The Name Game" - he resumes turning cards...

EDDIE CASH
(looks at Shaka)
Rhonda-Rhonda-bo-bonda. I bet you look
great with your clothes off -- Banana-fanna-
fo-fonda -- you got that pretty chocolate
skin just like Ronetta... You look great
with your clothes off? Huh? Fee-fi-mo-
monda -- Rhonda...

Abrego and Chaps lay out ONE-KILO PACKETS from a DUFFEL BAG.

INT. S.W.A.T. POLICE VAN - MOVING - DAY

CLOSE ON A WRISTWATCH; O.S. POLICE CALLS on the RADIO --

GAINS (O.S.)
Solano Bauer - a.k.a. Eddie Cash. Father a
Swiss/German arms dealer; mother, Spanish;
raised in Colombia - entered the U.S. in
nineteen sixty-eight on a Dominican passport
- suspected kingpin organizer and
distributor of illegal drugs.

PAN UP TO CAPTAIN GAINS: again checks his watch, lifts his gaze
to the nearing factory building, then back to a N.C.I.C. JACKET --

GAINS
He's a real beauty. Let's shove this guy
right up the F.B.I.'s ass...

BUCHANAN leans into FRAME:

BUCHANAN
We got one minute...

The VAN STOPS. Gains gets out. Buchanan and the S.W.A.T. COPS
follow -- all are PADDED UP -- Gains SEES:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY BLDG. - SHOOTING GALLERY - ROOF - DAY

S.W.A.T. TEAM in FULL GEAR, MOVING across the roof. ROPES,
GRAPPLING HOOKS --

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY - BACK ROOM

Shaka SLITS OPEN A RANDOM PACKET with her KNIFE - tastes the dope,
frowning. Kittle glances at his watch, looks at Shaka.

SHAKA
Low grade shit, maybe sixty percent.

Kittle looks hard at Eddie, the same instant, hears a hammer
CLICK. Kittle turns --

MINGO is holding a COLD BLUE .44 aimed right at Kittle's head.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE CASH

Look at it this way, Albert-Albert-bo-balbert -- I kill you - keep your money - whatcha gonna do? You Hollywood pimps got no muscle with me - But I'm a real sweet guy - I'm gonna let you walk outta here with that shit.

He approaches Kittle, takes the attaché case from him, holds out his hand for the key - Kittle gives it to him...

EDDIE CASH

You know why? 'Cause you're gonna figure out a way to sell it to some dumb-fuck movie guy - and you know what? You'll come back and do business with me again...

(at Shaka)

It's family -- ain't that right, Rhonda?
Rhonda-Rhonda-bo-bonda...

Shaka moves to Ronetta, guides her to a side exit as --

Eddie opens the attache case, looks at YELLOW PAGES stuffed inside --

EDDIE CASH

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS!!!

Mingo's distracted -- Kittle makes his move -- ripping the .44 SNUB from his rear waist -- He BLOWS Mingo away with TWO SLUGS - the bodyguard staggers back, CRASHING thru the glass of a half-open window -- Luis draws - double-taps - downs BILLUPS with the TWO BLASTS, badly wounding him.

Shaka pushes Ronetta behind an old sofa, then moves on CHAPS - puts TWO SHOTS in his chest. Chaps crumbles backward.

Kittle wheels on Eddie -- Eddie dives behind a partition --

Eddie rises FIRING an AUTOMATIC at Shaka -- she suddenly pitches left, rolls --

SHAKA

(yelling to Ronetta)

Stay down -- DOWN!

Ronetta freezes, then barely crouches down --

Kittle whirls, EXCHANGES FIRE with Eddie and Abrego who is crouched behind a DOORJAMB -- The room now enveloped in GUNSMOKE - the smell of sulphur...

SUDDEN STILLNESS - Five people with guns in a small room -- The only SOUNDS: Shaka and Kittle SPEED LOADING and Billups' CRIES OF PAIN.

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY - A WINDOW is BLOWN OUT - TWO S.W.A.T. COPS SMASHING thru - GUNFIRE - sending more SMOKE SHOOTING INTO THE ROOM, now totally obscuring everything -- A BULLHORN BLARES from outside - full distorted volume --

BULLHORN VOICE (O.S.)
THIS IS THE POLICE! YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND STEP OUT!

O.S. YELLS, SCREAMS, GROANS. Kittle jumps up, moving thru the smoke. A door thrown open somewhere in the rear of the room; Kittle turns; Abrego suddenly appears amid the swirling smoke, BLASTING -- Kittle dives out of the line of fire -- Ronetta stands, SCREAMS --

EDDIE CASH (O.S.)
Lying fuckin' BITCH!

Eddie suddenly appears - FIRING at the defenseless RONETTA -- Shaka SCREAMS - FIRES back at Eddie who disappears - she lunges for Ronetta - pulls her down to the floor, lies over her for cover -- Shaka turns, BLASTS as --

Luis FIRES from another angle -- ABREGO is decimated in a HAIL OF SLUGS from Luis and Shaka -- the S.W.A.T. COPS now CHARGING thru the window --

Kittle SEES -- A SHAFT OF LIGHT from an open door - He runs for it, Luis following --

A S.W.A.T. COP sprints to Shaka; kneels to check Ronetta --

SHAKA
Get an ambulance - NOW!

The Cop nods - heads off -- Shaka looks at her sister's open lifeless eyes -- Shaka presses her hand hard against a wound - cradles Ronetta --

SHAKA
No, baby - hang in - hang in...

INT. FACTORY BLDG. - SHOOTING GALLERY - CORRIDOR

Kittle and Luis move thru a DOOR - find themselves back in the middle of the shooting gallery --

INT. SHOOTING GALLERY - MAIN ROOM - DAY

A GROAN of fear from the DRUGGED ZOMBIES -- Fifty dopers cower on the floor, under tables -- Fifty others still milling - many trying to get out. S.W.A.T. TEAM zigzags thru them - TEAR GAS --

Kittle, crouched, .44 held ready, searching for Eddie Cash --

(CONTINUED)

BULLHORN VOICE
THIS IS THE POLICE! EVERYBODY STOP! GET
DOWN!

Half of the Zombies hear, half don't -- PANDEMONIUM. Kittle and Luis move thru the crowd, crouched, guns leveled, tense. CONTINUOUS HUMAN SCREAMS...

BUCHANAN appears at the far end of the enclosure with FIVE OTHER S.W.A.T. TEAM COPS. GAINS follows them in - full run crouch -- locked elbows, PISTOL extended...

BUCHANAN
EVERYBODY FREEZE WHERE YOU ARE!!!

KITTLE
HE'S HERE! HE'S IN HERE!

MORE TEAR GAS... Kittle moves across to another pillar -- SEES something moving fast in the rear of the room - A SHOT rings out, cracking over his head, SPLITTING PLASTER -- The ZOMBIE CROWD breaks into another wave of PANIC --

OVERHEAD -- SKYLIGHT GLASS SHOWERS DOWN -- TEN S.W.A.T COPS REPEL FROM ROPES DOWN INTO THE CAVERNOUS ROOM - BOOM! ONE IS HIT - LEFT DANGLING IN MID-AIR... BOOM! ANOTHER - PLUNGES TO THE CONCRETE... THE OTHERS CONTINUE IN A CONTROLLED DROP - LOWER THEMSELVES TO THE FLOOR -- CROUCH, FIRING --

GAINS

SEES one of the Cash Men, SCUM #1, AIMING at the descending COPS -- BOOM! Gains takes him out with one shot --

SCUM #2, near a BACK WINDOW, SPINS - BOOM! Direct hit to Gains' RIGHT KNEECAP -- Gains goes down --

LUIS - THRU THE GUN SMOKE AND TEAR GAS

SEES Gains - whirls on SCUM #2 - BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! -- SCUM #2 CATAPULTS back - CRASH! OUT THRU THE WINDOW...

Luis runs to Gains, stoops down beside him --

LUIS
Captain -- Jesus, you okay?

GAINS
Ah -- Fuck! My fucking knee!!

Luis, huddled over Gains, turns - FIRES at more THUGS as --

KITTLE

Moves - Stops - bodies blurring his sights. MORE SHOTS ring out. S.W.A.T. TEAM BLASTING some of Eddie Cash's gang across the way -- A BAG WOMAN goes down, hit in the chest...

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Kittle moving again -- The crowd still CRYING OUT, panicked. MORE SMOKE --

ON LUIS - he suddenly SEES -- Eddie's REFLECTION in a CRACKED WALL MIRROR - moving toward Kittle --

LUIS (O.S.)
KITTLE -- YOUR LEFT!

Kittle dives - Eddie Cash BLASTS with his auto - MISSES, killing TWO JUNKIES -- Eddie crouches in a dead run for the SIDE EXIT DOOR -- More SCREAMS at the SOUND OF THE SHOTS --

Kittle wheels on Eddie, taking aim - Eddie BLURRING THRU the crowd... Just as he reaches the exit - framed in BLINDING SUNLIGHT as the side door pulls open -- BOOM! Eddie Cash arches - HIT IN THE BACK, falls; lies there without movement.

CLOSE ON: KITTLE

He got the bastard...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. GREYHOUND STATION - GARAGE - DOWNTOWN L.A. - MORNING

As a GREYHOUND pulls into the terminal -- WE SEE Section Eight's bus is now PARKED amid several others. PASSENGERS wait near the OPEN WING DOORS as the Bus Driver removes LUGGAGE - stacks it.

INT. MAIN TERMINAL

Section Eight, duffel slung over his shoulder, walks thru the CROWDED terminal. As he takes in the surroundings, moves to the FRONT DOORS, passing TWO THUGS at the MAGAZINE RACK --

EXT. BUS STATION - DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - L.A. - MORNING

A BUICK pulls to the curb, stopping a few yards from the waiting Section Eight. Off a look and a wave from the MAN behind the wheel, Section Eight gets in the back seat...

INT. BUICK - CITY STREET - MORNING

The Man is NICELY; small, slightly built, in his 40's.

NICELY
How are you, friend?

A SUITCASE is resting on the back seat - Nicely digs into the pocket of his jacket, pulls out a RING OF KEYS.

INT. BUS STATION - PHONE BOOTH

THUG #2 keeps an eye out the front window, as THUG #1 speaks into the phone --

(CONTINUED)

THUG #1
Yeah - couple of minutes ago... Just got a
duffel bag - that's it... He's outside -
pickin' out toys --

INT. BUICK - SECTION EIGHT

He hands the key ring back to Nicely - opens the SNAP LOCKS at
either end of the suitcase --

CLOSE: THE OPEN SUITCASE

Arranged like a salesman's display case: tightly-spaced rows of
handguns mounted in the top, line the sides, and attached to a
pair of leaves which fold into the belly of the case.

SECTION EIGHT (O.S.)
I need two pieces --

PAN UP TO NICELY smiling proudly with uneven, tobacco- stained
teeth --

NICELY
Take your pick - this is good equipment.

Nicely reaches back and lifts a SHORT-BARRELED REVOLVER from the
suitcase...

NICELY
Nickel-plated three fifty-seven snub -- Rear
sight's been removed and she's got new
plastic grips.

He hands the .357 to Section Eight who throws open the cylinder,
inspects the barrel - SNAPS it shut again --

INT. BUS STATION - P.O.V. THRU WINDOW - THE BUICK OUTSIDE

THUG #1 (O.S.)
Yeah -- just sittin' there talkin'...

INT. BUS STATION - PHONE BOOTH - THE THUGS

Thug #1, still on the phone --

THUG #1
I tell you one thing, man, this is one mean-
lookin' motherfucker.

INT. BUICK - SECTION EIGHT

Puts back the .357 --

SECTION EIGHT
You got a forty-five auto - Army issue?

(CONTINUED)

NICELY

You're a lucky man - I got two cherries.

He raises one of the leaves of the suitcase and removes two metallic-blue ARMY .45's from their mounts -- hands the weapons to Section Eight --

CLOSE ON: THE .45 AUTOS

Section Eight's hands pull the slides and drop the magazines, checking the actions - snapping the magazines back into place.
PAN UP TO: SECTION EIGHT...

SECTION EIGHT

I need ammo. Hundred rounds each piece --

Nicely snaps the locks of the suitcase closed --

NICELY

Boss says give you anything you want.

EXT. STREET - LONG LENS - ECHO PARK - MORNING

In the distance, an ENGINE roars, rumbles, then [Telephoto Image], An ALL BLACK FORD GRAND TORINO G.T. appears over the crest of a low hill. A small AMERICAN FLAG on the antenna flaps in the breeze...

INT. TORINO - E.C.U. KITTLE

Kittle drives, now wearing a suit -- A very wide tie matches his very wide lapels...

EXT. CITY STREET - HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

KIDS toss FIRECRACKERS in the gutter - watch them POP; Shaka walks down the sidewalk in a long leather overcoat, tank-top, sunglasses, blue jeans, tennis shoes. In the B.G., SHOPKEEPERS raise STOREFRONT GRATES... The Torino rumbles up beside Shaka -- THRU THE OPEN WINDOW as she keeps walking:

KITTLE

Hey, baby - how about some action? I could use a little in-out --

SHAKA

You payin'?

KITTLE

Got a hundred bucks, burnin' a hole in my pocket.

SHAKA

Maybe we can do some business, honey.

She stops, gets in the Torino -- To the casual observer, normal Hollywood street commerce being done...

INT. TORINO - MORNING

As Kittle pulls away, U-turning -- Neither says anything for the moment, both he and Shaka looking straight ahead...

SHAKA

Before you start pullin' your pants down -
lemme tell you what's current --

This gets Kittle's attention --

SHAKA

News on the street is that while the cops back East were playing pocket pool, three hundred kilos of smack walked into the Big Apple -- right now it's makin' a cross-country trip to Hollywood, U.S.A. Somebody in L.A. guaranteed the buy... And one more item. Turf war. Unreliable ex-con sources say Ruben's holdin' pure - but he might've gotten it from somebody besides Eddie Cash -- Kwanjo and the People's Army.

KITTLE

So we better find Butch and ask him --

Kittle swerves around a truck, accelerates --

KITTLE

Good morning.

SHAKA

(cold)

Happy fourth of July weekend.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

An omelet and orange juice 'have a nice day' kind of place -- 'SHIPS' or something similar. Luis - now in jeans, t-shirt, windbreaker, aviator sunglasses - consumes a BURGER as he looks lovingly at his girlfriend, LORAINÉ -- She's a hot- looking number, dressed in a HALTER-TOP, tight TOREADOR PANTS and fuck-me PUMPS - inflated breasts and auburn hair complete the picture.

Through the window, WE SEE the Torino pull up, HONKING --

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT / INT. TORINO - MORNING

As Kittle studies Luis thru the glass - saying good-bye and kissing Loraine -- Shaka's checking over a .357; nimbly spins the chamber, tests the hammer, speed-loads bullets, snaps the cylinder shut, then free wheels it, adept. Kittle now watches her.

KITTLE

Why don't you two get a room together?

Shaka ignores --

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

Ever since your sister got killed, you been one mean bitch.

SHAKA

Any reason I should be a happy face?

KITTLE

Your sister rolled slimeball Eddie Cash - she knew what she was doin'. She took her chances - she lost. You didn't do it - it wasn't your fault. And it sure as hell wasn't Luis' fault or mine.

Kittle again lays on the HORN. Luis appears with COFFEE and NEWSPAPER --

LUIS

I wanna sit in front today.

SHAKA

It's not gonna happen.

Luis gets in the back seat, disgruntled, gives the coffee to Shaka who passes it to Kittle as the car pulls away.

EXT. CITY STREETS / INT. TORINO - MOVING SHOT - MORNING

The Torino moves into LIGHT TRAFFIC --

KITTLE

How's Loraine?

LUIS

She's fine, man.

KITTLE

She looks fine.

LUIS

Lay off once, would you?

KITTLE

What'd I say? I said she looks fine --

LUIS

Maybe it's the way you say it --
(hand the newspaper to Shaka)
Here's your paper --

KITTLE

I envy a guy that's got a porn queen girlfriend -- But what do you do for conversation?

(CONTINUED)

LUIS

Most of the time we talk about how fucked up
your head gets bein' a cop -- you wanta
guess what asshole we use as the number one
example?

INT. BAR - EAST L.A. - DAY

MUSIC. LUIS strides in, SLAMS the glass door behind him - a GOLF
CLUB now casually across his shoulder -- he pushes thru the CROWD
of DRUNKS, TOUGHS, PACHUCOS -- The patrons, mostly men, mostly
Latino, all turn at Luis' abrupt entrance.

Luis walks to the JUKEBOX, yanks the PLUG - MUSIC STOPS -- turns
back to the patrons - BADGES them: A full scale roust begins...

LUIS

(shouting: in Spanish
w/subtitles)

Hokay, border brothers, homeboys, guess
who's got a fuckin' problem?! That's right,
friends, it's you! The man is here! Now
get your fuckin' hands on your fuckin' heads
- get your ass off the bar - get it over to
the wall! Now!

The CROWD starts putting their hands on their heads - slowly
moving for the back wall --

LUIS

C'mon, move! Move!

(to one of the few WOMEN
patrons)

C'mon, corazon, move! Face the wall,
amiga --

Luis paces the lineup -- golf club still on his shoulder -- STOPS
at a young man, OBREGON --

LUIS

Obregon! What goes, man?

As he FRISKS Obregon --

LUIS

You wanta take the bus to Chino? Huh, man?
That what you want? You gonna drive a
tractor in Chino, man? You gonna be a
farmer? You like Chino, man? How many
times you been there? Three, four?

FINDS a .38 SNUB NOSE -- looks at it, then shoves the gun into his
own waistband --

LUIS

Fuck Chino - I'm gonna send your ass
straight to Atascadero --

(CONTINUED)

6/6/97 WH
CONTINUED:

21.

He PUSHES Obregon back against the wall, moves on --

INT. BAR - EAST L.A. - DOORWAY - DAY

SHAKA and KITTLE enter and cross to the BAR -- move for the BARTENDER standing at the far end --

LUIS (O.S.)
Keep your fuckin' hands up!

BACK TO LUIS: Still moving down the line -- THWACK! SLAMS the GOLF CLUB against the WALL, barely missing the head of a man, CURA - scares the shit out of everyone in the joint - CHUNKS of PLASTER SHOWER over Cura as Luis pats him down --

LUIS
(pulling several PACKETS of
DOPE)
What is this, a fucking hospital? Huh? Got
enough drugs here, we could do an operation.
(at the back of Cura's head)
You a doctor?! Huh? Hey, you gonna operate
on somebody, Doctor?!

AT THE BAR

The Bartender, RUBEN, is afraid. Kittle's playing friendly.

KITTLE
What's wrong? You don't say hello? Come
on, Ruben - Too big to talk to us now that
you're a working man?

FREEZE FRAME - RUBEN

RAP SHEET - RAPID COMPUTER PRINTOUT:

TRINI RUBEN LOPEZ DE GAZA A.K.A. RUBEN DE GAZA. BORN: QUERETARO, MEXICO, 1946. FATHER: PRISON GUARD; TOLUCA, MEX. MOTHER: TEACHER. LIVED IN MEXICO CITY 1952 - 1964. ENTERED U.S.: 1964 ON WORK PERMIT. OBTAINED PERMANENT RESIDENT STATUS VIA MARRIAGE, MAY, 1965, TO U.S. CITIZEN, CARLA DOWNY. FIRST ARREST IN U.S.: 1967 - LOS ANGELES, CA: POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE; NO CONVICTION. SUBSEQUENT ARRESTS: 1972 - POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE; SERVED 3 MONTHS OF 12 MONTH SENTENCE; RELEASED TO 3 O.P. STATUS @ RYE REHAB CLINIC. TERMS OF PAROLE THRU MARCH, 1977.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR - EAST L.A. - KITTLE - SHAKA - RUBEN - DAY

RUBEN
I don't need no hassle --

KITTLE
Who said anything about a hassle?

(CONTINUED)

Kittle leans on the rail, smiles -- On the other side of Ruben, Shaka moves close -- SLAMS him down on the BARTOP --

RUBEN
What do you want? I'm clean. I been clean
a long time.

ACROSS THE WAY - LUIS STILL AT THE WALL

He turns, SEES --

In a dark corner: TWO MEN, one BIG, one SMALL, are seated at a TABLE -- Big is staring at Luis --

LUIS
You got somethin' to say to me? You got
somethin' to say to me - huh?

Luis walks toward him --

LUIS
What's a matter shithead! You didn't
understand the drill?! Get your ass over
here! Bring your girlfriend with you --

Big doesn't move -- Luis SLAPS Big upside the head --

LUIS
Did I hurt you, man? Gee, I'm sorry - you
wanta see my friend right over here - he's a
doctor --
(points to Cura)
He can operate on you - that right, doctor?!

Luis grabs Big's arm - YANKS him up from his seat --

BACK AT THE BAR

Ruben, still not cooperating with Kittle and Shaka --

RUBEN
I told ya - I work here! Don't see nothin'!
Don't know nothin'!

KITTLE
Hey, Ruben. We tried to be nice - you won't
let us, man -- Shaka.

She flashes a SWITCHBLADE, CLICK; the six inch razor sharp, very pointed blade is held ready in front of Ruben's face --

KITTLE
Cut out one of his eyes.

SHAKA
Which one?

Ruben holds his ground decides to tough it out...

RUBEN
This is such bullshit - you fucks think you
can --

KITTLE
Left one I think.

RUBEN
NO!

KITTLE
(shrugs)
Okay -- try the right --

Shaka suddenly JABS his right eye with the knife - TWISTS her arm
hard as Ruben shrieks in pain -- She pivots, now holding the
EYEBALL impaled on her switchblade up before Kittle...

KITTLE
Nice shot --

He pulls the wet eyeball off the blade, sets it on the bar -- then
SMASHES it with his hand - the SOUND of BREAKING GLASS...

KITTLE
I had a cousin that had a glass eye --

RUBEN
You fuckers! You fucking fuckers!

Within the hollow eye - WHITE POWDER...

KITTLE
Probably about five years worth --

Shaka sticks her finger in the white powder, tastes it...

SHAKA
Great stuff - eighty pure, maybe more.

KITTLE
Where'd you get it?
(no response)
Come on, man - we know it's dry out there.
Everybody's hurting. Who!? GIVE US
SOMETHING, YOU SHITHEAD!

RUBEN
BUTCH -- BUTCH CASSIDY!

INT. K.G.R.J. RADIO STATION - DAY

FUNKY D - ON THE AIR - in front of mic and turntable - surrounded
by electronic equipment... Funky D is young, hip, street wise,
sports an Afro even bigger than Shaka's...

(CONTINUED)

FUNKY D

(into mic; rapid fire)

Rat on, rat on - ow! Good god y'all --
smoke in da pants make NO chance fo ro-
mance -- ow! -- can you now dig it -- hang
now fo Wilson Pickett on my foth a Ju-ly mar-
a-thon - ow! Yeah, baby, I am wit-choo fo
seventy-two con-sec-utive hours of audio de-
lec-ta-tion -- das right -- can you dig it?
Hah! It be a pulchritudinous moh-ning in
lotus land -- so be good, be fine, be lis-
nen to Wilson...

As the SONG BEGINS - THE TECHNICIAN signals thru the CONTROL ROOM
WINDOW for Funky D to pick up the phone. Funky D lifts the
receiver. Off the air - he speaks perfect King's English:

FUNKY D

(into phone)

Squander not a moment - for in life's
journey, each second is precious...

INT. K.G.R.J. RADIO STATION - INT. PHONE BOOTH - DOWNTOWN CITY
STREET - INTERCUT

Torino parked at the curb behind - Shaka holding the receiver.

SHAKA

Nobody wants to waste your time, soul man -
just gimme something.

FUNKY D

No sightings of your bad guy Butch -- But
his old pal Maurice got spotted along with
various other lowlifes at the Stardust Motel
-- Forty-second and Figueroa.

SHAKA

Okay - it's something --

INT. TORINO - DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Luis, leaning forward, talks to Kittle - both watch Shaka, still
on the phone --

LUIS

She looks real good today - huh, man? You
still got the hots for her?

KITTLE

She's my partner - that's it.

LUIS

Right.

INT. HOTEL WEBSTER - LOBBY - DAY

Decay. Peeling walls. Linoleum curling on the floor. A CREEPY GUY behind the register -- Section Eight enters - a heavy BROWN PAPER BAG under one arm - walks over to the desk.

SECTION EIGHT

Single room. Two nights. Maybe three.

CREEPY GUY

Ten bucks a night. I can do you a week for fifty -

Section Eight puts money on the counter. Creepy Guy pushes the register book at him -- Section Eight just looks at it for a moment, then SLAMS it shut.

CREEPY GUY

You're supposed to sign the register. It's a state law.

Creepy Guy gives him a look, then hands him a ROOM KEY. Section Eight walks toward the elevator.

CREEPY GUY

T.V.'s a dollar extra. I'll bring one up if you want --

Section Eight ignores the question. Steps into the ELEVATOR.

INT. HOTEL WEBSTER - ROOM

It's a real flea bag. Radio next to the headboard. One window, one chair, one wardrobe closet.

INT. HOTEL WEBSTER - BATHROOM - SECTION EIGHT

He goes over to the basin. Opens his paper bag. Pulls a carton of beer from it, places it in the sink. Dumps a BAG OF ICE around the cans. Leaves another six-pack on the floor.

Looks into the mirror --

SECTION EIGHT

Time for business. Right, Jack?

EXT. STARDUST MOTEL - DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The Torino's now parked. Shaka peering through a big set of BINOCULARS...

SHAKA

Come on, Butch Cassidy... I know you're in there...

SHAKA'S P.O.V. - THRU BINOCULARS

Scanning curtained windows of the MOTEL -- Even at this early hour, various FREAKS and PROSTITUTES hanging out --

KITTLE (O.S.)

Man-oh-man, this place is one hell of a
skeeze-pad.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET / INT. TORINO

Kittle still behind the wheel - listening to a TOP 40 record on
the car RADIO --

KITTLE

Just breathing the air in those rooms will
give you the clap.

Luis is smoking in back - reading the paper. Shaka shifts the
glasses as a PIMP WAGON rolls by --

LUIS

He ain't in there. And I gotta take a leak.

Shaka hands the binoculars to Kittle as Luis keeps reading the
sports page. Shaka opens the front section of the newspaper --
folds it over to the "HOROSCOPE."

KITTLE

Why do you bother with that garbage? Some
fruitcake's making it up between bong hits --

Kittle shifts the glasses to Stardust's second story level...

KITTLE

(turns the focus wheel)
You oughta save the front page --
bicentennial memento -- ya know, collector's
item.

SHAKA

Figures you'd have a star-spangled hard-on.
You are such a white man.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - KITTLE'S P.O.V.

A CUSTOMIZED VAN - a SPIDERMAN MURAL painted on the side rumbles
up and stops across from the Motel --

INT. TORINO - CLOSE ON: KITTLE

He frowns at this. SHOT WIDENS: Includes Shaka, Luis --

KITTLE

Oh boy, here it comes - yet one more time,
the black history suppository.

(CONTINUED)

SHAKA

(undaunted)

Declaration of Independence was all for
liberty and equality, didn't do a whole lot
about slavery --

LUIS

Couldn't do everything at once - they needed
to spend a lot of time plannin' how to steal
all this land from Mexico --

Kittle continues looking through the binoculars...

KITTLE'S P.O.V. - THRU BINOCULARS - STARDUST MOTEL

Amid the maze of back BALCONIES, a sliding glass door opens -
someone's coming out... ZOOM IN: BUTCH CASSIDY, a sorry-looking
transvestite hustler in a BLONDE WIG, smeared lipstick, COWBOY
HAT...

KITTLE (O.S.)

There! Butch Cassidy rides again.

FREEZE FRAME - BUTCH CASSIDY

RAP SHEET - RAPID COMPUTER PRINTOUT:

FRANK PEATSON A.K.A. FRANKY PETE A.K.A. BUTCH CASSIDY. BORN:
1950, UNKNOWN U.S. CITY. FATHER: UNKNOWN. MOTHER: DECEASED.
FIRST ARREST: 1969 - SAN FRANCISCO, CA.; POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL
SUBSTANCE; NO CONVICTION. SEVEN SUBSEQUENT ARRESTS: NO
CONVICTIONS UNTIL 1972 - POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE,
PROSTITUTION, SALE AND DISTRIBUTION OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE;
CONVICTED ON ALL COUNTS. CURRENTLY ON PAROLE - LIVING IN FT.
LAUDERDALE, FLA.

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET / INT. TORINO - THRU GLASS

SHAKA

(pointing, counting)

He's on the second floor -- one, two, three -
four, or maybe five doors east --

KITTLE

Luis - check the office, find out exactly
what room Butch's in - I don't want him
gettin' away while we're bangin' on the
wrong door - lean on the manager - see if
you can get the key --

Luis climbs out, brings the GOLF CLUB with him --

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE
(to Shaka)
Call in Spiderman's license number - see if
we get anything --

As Luis leans back in the window --

KITTLE
I'll keep my eye on Spiderman 'til you get
to the room, gimme a wave when you're set.

LUIS
Right. But first I take a leak.

ON THE STREET

Luis treks toward the motel - As he enters the office - BUTCH
EMERGES from a BACK STAIRWAY twenty yards up the block; Butch
greet's a few HOOKERS in front of the motel, slaps 'five.'

INT. TORINO

Kittle and Shaka react - Shaka's on the radio mic...

KITTLE
Shit --

BUTCH CASSIDY - KITTLE - SHAKA - P.O.V.

He's now on ground level, having come down an exterior stairway
leading to the cheap motel rooms above...

INT. STARDUST MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

As Luis enters, unconscious to the fact that Butch Cassidy is now
moving onto the street from the motel's inner court - The office
is crummy, run down - no Attendant visible...

LUIS
Hey, anybody here? I need a little help --

He moves around behind the reception desk - still no one in sight.
He opens a door leading to a room behind --

INT. STARDUST MOTEL - BACK ROOM - LUIS' P.O.V.

Another crummy, run-down room - but this one with a naked YOUNG
WOMAN - DEAD on the floor... Luis quickly checks for a pulse -
nothing - heads back outside...

ON THE STREET

Luis steps out of the office - closes the glass door behind him -
looks to the Torino, then spots Butch -- starts in his direction,
hides the golf club behind him... Luis picks up the pace - Ahead,
Butch Cassidy notices him, tries to act casual, heading off the
sidewalk - out into the street...

INT. TORINO

Kittle kicks the engine over - it RUMBLES to life...

KITTLE
(under his breath)
Don't let him get to the van...

ON THE STREET

Butch is clearly going for the van. Luis starts run-walking, now far from inconspicuous --

INT. TORINO

Kittle grips the steering wheel.

KITTLE
Don't let him get to the van...

ON THE STREET

Butch Cassidy looks to Luis, runs. Luis sprints --

INT. TORINO

Kittle leans out the window, shouting:

KITTLE
Don't let him get to the van!

ON THE STREET

Butch has too big a lead - No chance that Luis can close the ground between them - Butch Cassidy jumps in the Van as it does a SCREAMING U-TURN.

LUIS
Chingado!

Luis throws his golf club at it in frustration --

Kittle JUMPS OUT as the van rages past, going in the other direction.

INT. TORINO

Shaka grabs the POLICE RADIO microphone beside her...

SHAKA
(into mic)
Central, car one-five-five requests
emergency backup - intersection Forty-
second and Figueroa --

STREET

The Van's REAR DOORS fly open -- ZOOM IN: A tie-dyed HIPPIE in the Van levels a SHOTGUN...

INT. TORINO

KITTLE

Down!

A hole EXPLODES in the Torino's windshield as the Hippie FIRES -- Kittle, Shaka react, come up BLASTING as the Van's reverse lights come on, TIRES SMOKING...

INSIDE THE VAN

The VAN DRIVER uses the side rearview as he tears backward toward the Torino -- BUTCH CASSIDY, in the passenger seat, looks into the back where the Hippie's knelt on a WATERBED, reloading --

STREET

Luis FIRES his .357 into the back of the Van --

Other cars brake as the Van ROCKETS BACKWARDS - BURNING RUBBER --

EXT. TORINO

SHAKA RELOADS with a speed loader. KITTLE STILL BLASTING --

INTERSECTION

The Van BOUNCES over a median strip, burning more rubber. HORN BLOWING... Civilian VEHICLES panic, skid, CRASHING parked cars. The Van FISHTAILS, out of control -- crossing four lanes - straight at a concrete GUARDWALL... SMASHES into the guardwall - the Van Driver flies thru the windshield like a HUMAN CANNONBALL, thrown off the elevated street...

ON THE BOULEVARD ABOVE

Kittle, Shaka and Luis run to look down --

LUIS

Hard to imagine how much that must have hurt, man.

At the Van, a door opens and BUTCH CASSIDY stumbles out, wig askew, bleeding. He runs across the boulevard...

SHAKA

(sees Butch)

You got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

Shaka levels her pistol, FIRES a warning shot. Butch keeps going. Cars rush past as Butch dodges thru traffic -- BLAM! Suddenly flattened by a MUNI BUS - Butch now a human pancake. A moment:

LUIS

Fuck, man -- You know how much paperwork we're gonna have to do?

INT. ROADSIDE CAFE - DESERT - ARIZONA - DAY

The TRUCKER eating a cheeseburger and fries, having a cup of coffee; on his left, a COWBOY-TYPE finishes his pie and coffee, puts money on the counter, heads for the exit. As the WAITRESS clears the area next to the Trucker, TRACK WITH HER as she drops the dirty dishes in a sink -- CONTINUE TRACKING -- now VISIBLE THRU THE WINDOW in the parking lot beyond: The R,W+B pickup and THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN HEAD PARADE FLOAT...

INT. RAMSHACKLE GARAGE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The LIGHT comes ON and we FIND Section Eight and a BIKER-TYPE in a completely outfitted workshop: TALL RED TOOL CABINETS ON WHEELS, BUILT-INS, SHELVES LINED WITH PARTS. In the center of the room -- TWO MOTORCYCLES - one partially dismantled, the other cherry.

SECTION EIGHT

Jesus, man, you still haven't got that bike of yours finished?

BIKER

Labor's food for the soul, man -- it ain't about the final product.

Section Eight follows Biker's gaze to the corner, where a dark TARP cloaks another motorcycle -- Biker crosses to it -- flings the tarp back --

CHOPPER - SECTION EIGHT'S P.O.V.

A CUSTOMIZED FAT BOY WITH HAND-PAINTED GAS TANK, HIGH-POLISHED CHROME SCREAMIN' EAGLE PIPES --

BIKER

Kept her tuned and polished --

Section Eight throws his leg over the seat, settles, grips the handlebar --

SECTION EIGHT

Beauty -- I owe ya.

As the engine ROARS TO LIFE:

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY - DAY

On various slabs - the naked bodies of BUTCH CASSIDY, the VAN DRIVER and the HIPPIE -- At the nearest slab, a cluster of medical

(CONTINUED)

technicians hover as the TEENAGE GIRL'S BODY is being cut up by a COUNTY CORONER -- Luis eats a candy bar - Shaka filing her nails, Kittle watches --

The masked and gowned Coroner speaks into an OVERHEAD MICROPHONE - his remarks are being officially recorded:

CORONER

Jane Doe seven-five-five-six-Apple-Mary-four-seven -- estimate age at seventeen to twenty-three. Fundoscopic exam revealed no retinal hemorrhage or papal edema. Tympanic membranes clear - no blood or fluid levels. Laceration, four point five c.m.'s - transversely across the posterior top scalp - superficial - probable result of impact upon fall.

As he begins to incise the Teenage Girl's rib cage --

CORONER

Ecchymotic lesions, abraded dermal and subcutaneous tissue on bilateral extremities -- both upper and lower -- highest concentration about ulnar surface of right elbow.

Suddenly, the far door swings open: CAPTAIN GAINS, now walking with a stiff right leg and heavy cane, enters -- A DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY at his side -- As Gains makes eye contact...

GAINS

This is Deputy District Attorney Quinn -

The Coroner across the way pays no attention - makes a cross-lateral incision...

GAINS

That's the girl from the motel?

He moves close to the Butch Cassidy slab...

GAINS

Butch Cassidy?

KITTLE

(very official)

Suspect did not heed a warning shot - leaving us a limited command response.

GAINS

Oh, knock off the horse shit.

The Coroner continues - Now using an ELECTRIC SAW -- Kittle, Shaka and Luis exchange looks...

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
(gestures to the bodies)
You want to explain all this?

KITTLE
Explain what? Pursuing a low-life - or
trying to stop a dope deal?

QUINN
Look, we all work for somebody. My boss
turns on his T.V.; he expects to see Los
Angeles celebrating the beginning of a
holiday weekend. Instead he gets an unarmed
transvestite junkie killed by a bus after --

Kittle EXPLODES --

KITTLE
Shit rolls downhill, huh man? Another
authority figure gonna sell us out, right?
We're used to it. Nothin' new here. You
want us to lie down while you and your boss
are pissing on us - or can we take it
standing?

QUINN
You're about an inch away from open
insubordination --

Kittle redoubles his fury.

KITTLE
Let me give you insubordination -- And let
me give you a whole shitload of inner
hostility - The Au Shau Valley - Third
Division. Eighteen months in some half-ass
country while our government sold us out,
along with the hippies, the draft dodging
chicken shit college students, and movie
actresses flying in and out of Hanoi. And
that's why I'm pissed off to the point of
insubordination - and that's why I'm pissed
off at you - and I plan on being pissed off
the rest of my life when I get sold down the
fucking river --

(West Point shout)
NOW, DO YOU UNDERSTAND, SIR!?

Long silence. Finally:

QUINN
(to Gains)
Do what you want.
(re: Kittle)
This one might need a medical evaluation for
stress --

(CONTINUED)

GAINS

Standard procedure. The three of you report to the police review board - ten a.m. Monday morning --

LUIS

(Warren Oates smile)

That's excellent, sir. We look forward to presenting our case.

SHAKA

(to Coroner)

When do we get a lab report?

Off Shaka's look:

INT. TORINO - CITY STREETS - DAY

As Kittle weaves the car thru traffic -- A SONG on the radio plays quietly in the B.G.

SHAKA

First time I ever heard you talk about being over there.

LUIS

Me too, Kittle - we worked four years on this detail - you never once talk about that stuff - you're a pain in the ass, but that was a great speech, man --

KITTLE

(cuts in)

-- It was all bullshit.

A moment.

SHAKA

Okay. What was?

KITTLE

The speech. I just did it to get us out of there. It always scares college deferment types like that needle-dick Deputy D.A. --

LUIS

Hey, don't wreck it for me, man. This is the first time I liked you one hundred percent --

From the RADIO - the song ENDS - FUNKY D starts speaking -- Shaka TURNS IT UP --

FUNKY D'S VOICE

-- to the brother lookin' like your sistah - who went flat like a fool - by a big honkin' muni -- dis go to you --

(CONTINUED)

The SONG "WAR" begins -- Shaka turns the volume back down --
As Kittle pulls into the right lane --

SHAKA
Wait a minute - You were in Viet Nam.
Right?

KITTLE
I was a cook. Peeled potatoes and made
fruit salads at Division headquarters.
Never heard a shot fired --

LUIS
No shit?

KITTLE
But when I came home, some peacenik spit on
me at the airport. That I do not forget.

INT. EL REY HOTEL - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE ROOM 27

Section Eight takes out one of his autos, KNOCKS on the door with
the gun butt. No response. Knocks again. Hears an ANGRY VOICE --

VOICE (O.S.)
What the shit, who is it?

SECTION EIGHT
(bad Mexican accent)
Room service, senor.

VOICE (O.S.)
We didn't ask for no room service.

SECTION EIGHT
Is compliments of the house. I bring you
some champagne for the ladies. You know
what I mean?

The door suddenly opens.

BIKER #1
What is this load of crap?

WHAM! Section Eight puts him out, one slam across the face with
his auto...

INT. EL REY HOTEL - ROOM 27

As Section Eight enters, the Women and Biker #2 jump out of bed --
Section Eight grabs Biker #2 by the throat, sticks his .45 against
his face. The two half-dressed Women cower in the corner --

BIKER #2
Whaddaya want? This ain't right. We
weren't causin' no hassle.

(CONTINUED)

SECTION EIGHT

I wanta talk to your friend Charlotte over there --

The Women exchange an alarmed glance. Section Eight turns, looks at Charlotte --

SECTION EIGHT

Charlotte -- that's you, right?

Charlotte nods.

SECTION EIGHT

I'm lookin' for Billy Luna.

CHARLOTTE

I don't know who you're talkin' about -- How do you know my name?

SECTION EIGHT

Come on, I met you in one a Eddie's clubs -- you were a dancer there -- you and Ronetta Watson.

Section Eight locks his arm around Biker #2's neck - pulls him along, feet dragging, as he moves closer to Charlotte --

CHARLOTTE

I remember you -- you're that guy that had a fight with Lee Roy.

SECTION EIGHT

You remember what I did to Lee Roy?

Biker #2 tries to break away. Section Eight SLAPS him on the forehead --

SECTION EIGHT

Better tell me where I can find Mister Billy Luna --

Section Eight SLAPS Biker #2 again, then COCKS the pistol -- Biker #2 starts to weep. He's real scared.

BIKER #2

Why me, man? I don't know shit - she's the one, she knows! Shoot her ass!

CHARLOTTE

No! Come on - okay! He hangs out at Rock City! He's there all the time, every night...

Section Eight looks at her - decides to take her word for it. He reaches down, pulls a wallet from Biker #2's pocket - rifles thru it and takes out some I.D.

(CONTINUED)

SECTION EIGHT

Phillip Kilmer. That you... Phil?

BIKER #2

Yeah. That's me. That's right.

BAM! Section Eight KNOCKS HIM OUT with his gun butt -- one vicious swipe to the head.

SECTION EIGHT

Sorry, Phil.

Section Eight looks at Charlotte, then the other Woman --

SECTION EIGHT

What's your name?

HOOVER

Tina.

SECTION EIGHT

You're real pretty, Tina... You shouldn't hang out with these shitheels.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - L.A. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY

KITTLE, SHAKA and LUIS walk down a line of cells behind TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS - TRACKING WITH THEM WE SEE the cells packed to the hilt with PRISONER FACES staring back at them, defiant - EPITHETS thrown out as they pass --

KITTLE

You gonna behave with Eddie --

SHAKA

Sure. I love the guy.

Kittle and Luis exchange a glance.

KITTLE

What's that mean?

SHAKA

Means he killed my sister while I just watched and I don't want to talk about it.

Kittle SUDDENLY PUSHES Shaka against a VACANT CELL - SNAP! In one quick move, he's HANDCUFFED her to a BAR --

KITTLE

I understand the way you feel about Eddie --

SHAKA

Then uncuff me, goddamn it! Right now!

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

You're wiggged out - you go in there and lose it - you're gonna fuck this thing up.

SHAKA

Luis - I want you to kick his ass --

LUIS

I don't feel good about it - but he's right, babe.

He and Kittle move away and down the corridor; the puzzled Guards continue on...

CLOSE ON: SHAKA - FURIOUS...

SHAKA

Kittle! Luis! You get your ass back here, now! You hear me! This is bullshit! Fuck you, man!

PUSHING CLOSER on her as she YELLS --

INT. HOLDING CELLS - L.A. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY

The Jail Guard opens the last cell --

GUARD

Mister Cash lives here --

INT. COUNTY JAIL - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Kittle and Luis arrive, see thru the bars: A table in the rear, where EDDIE CASH is flanked by several prisoner THUGS. Now unable to walk, Eddie is seated in a stainless steel WHEELCHAIR.

FREEZE FRAME - EDDIE CASH

RAP SHEET - RAPID COMPUTER PRINTOUT:

SOLANO BAUER A.K.A. EDDIE CASH. BORN BARCELONA, 1935. FATHER: SWISS BORN, ARMS DEALER. MOTHER: NO KNOWN OCCUPATION. LIVED IN BOGOTA, COLOMBIA: 1947 - 1968. ENTERED U.S.: 1968 ON DOMINICAN PASSPORT - SUSPECTED KINGPIN ORGANIZER AND DISTRIBUTOR OF ILLEGAL DRUGS. FIRST ARREST IN U.S.: LOS ANGELES, 1970. FOUR SUBSEQUENT ARRESTS: NO CONVICTIONS UNTIL 1975 -- SUSTAINED SPINAL WOUND FROM GUNSHOT WHILE FLEEING ARREST, JULY, 1975. SUBSEQUENT CONVICTION FOR SALE AND DISTRIBUTION OF ILLEGAL DRUGS. CASE PENDING APPEAL.

BACK TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - HOLDING CELL - PRESENT TIME - DAY

LUIS

You remember us - We came to see you, Eddie - This is our anniversary - right? One year

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUIS (cont'd)
ago tomorrow, man - We really popped your
ass --

A Prisoner stands, looking tough. Luis SHOVES him with both hands
-- sends the prisoner stumbling backwards and CRASHING into
another table...

LUIS
(to Eddie Cash)
Mind if we join you, man? Figured you'd
like to see us again --
(in Spanish w/subtitles)
Hey Eddie, I got an idea. Let's me and you
go to Vegas, man. Hit the tables -- you
feel lucky, man?

The Prisoner Thugs have all risen - edgy... A Prisoner Lieutenant
hovers over Eddie's chair - he has a large SPIDER TATTOOED across
his eye and cheek.

TATTOO
You gonna hear from our lawyers about this
harassment --

KITTLE
What'sa matter? Pretty boy can't talk?

Kittle leans down - REAL CLOSE to Eddie's face...

KITTLE
Got to give you some credit - you don't ever
quit tryin' - even in the can, even in that
chair, you're still out movin' on the street
- right, Eddie? We hear you got somethin'
real big headin' our way, babe.

TATTOO
Keep waving that flag, man... You bust some
pimps, whores and dime-bag junkies -- You're
just messin' around with small time shit --

Suddenly hissing out of the man in the wheelchair:

EDDIE CASH
Where's your friend? She don't like lookin'
at me?

KITTLE
Nobody likes lookin' at you, Eddie --

EDDIE CASH
Bet she misses the sister - huh, amigo?

Luis suddenly advances on Eddie Cash - throws a forearm around his
neck --

(CONTINUED)

LUIS

You sorry-ass piece of shit -- You give the homeboys a bad name! You ain't no homeboy! You're just some piece of shit etrejano chingado!

The Guard at the door SHOUTS as Kittle restrains Luis...

GUARD

Officer!

As order is restored --

KITTLE

C'mon, Luis - You can't let this thing with Eddie Cash get personal. A guy like Eddie's lookin' for buttons to push. You can't give 'im an opening. You get mad - he wins... Right Eddie?

EDDIE CASH

(smile)

So what do you do when you get pissed off? Huh, man?

KITTLE

I only let myself blow up at authority figures and civilians, instead of scumballs that really deserve it. Like you.

EDDIE CASH

Must be great for your personal life --

KITTLE

My personal life stinks.

Now it's Kittle's turn to smile.

KITTLE

Hey, Eddie - it's not always easy bein' around me. I'm difficult. At times I'm even a self-destructive asshole...

Kittle leans closer to Eddie --

KITTLE

You think you got the only nasty personality around here? Try mine on for size -- here's an example -- You're never gonna get up out of this chair, Eddie. My bullet did you in. That's what you gotta think about the whole rest of your life.

As Kittle leads Luis back out of the cell -- SLOW ZOOM ON EDDIE CASH: The COLDEST EYES in the world...

INT. HOLDING CELLS - L.A. COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - DAY

KITTLE

I cuff our partner because she may lose it with Eddie Cash, then you call him some kind of fake Mexican, and you lose it with Eddie Cash. Nice fuckin' work.

LUIS

Back off, wonder bread. I was just testin' Eddie's reflexes --

ON Kittle and Luis moving past the line of cells; stop, SEE:

THE HANDCUFFS - ONE SIDE STILL HOOKED TO THE BAR - THE OTHER OPEN - NO SHAKA

Kittle pulls up on the cuffs -- inspects the lock --

LUIS

I smell love. Couple a drinks, pair a handcuffs.

(off Kittle's wary look)

Come on, you can tell me -- did you and our girl ever have a quiet little moment? Or is she a screamer?

Kittle starts walking away -- stops, turns back --

KITTLE

No. Not ever. Not even once.

LUIS

Right.

EXT. CITY STREET / INT. TORINO - MOVING - DAY

Kittle driving, Shaka shotgun, Luis in back. SILENCE; then --

KITTLE

I shoulda put Luis in handcuffs too -- Eddie asked about you - mentioned your sister -- Luis threw a chokehold on him.

SHAKA

Good.

KITTLE

Yeah, real professional -- And you owe me for a new pair a cuffs -- You broke the lock when you picked it --

SHAKA

You're gonna have a lotta fun tryin' to collect.

Kittle spinning through the traffic --

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE
(rapid fire)

Okay - we get a street lead which takes us to Lowlife Ruben - Lowlife Ruben has pure stuff - which takes us to Lowlife Butch - Lowlife Butch may have pure stuff, but he eats it big time - so we find out shit - we lean on Lowlife Eddie - also find out shit -- So where are we?

Shaka deadpan - Luis shrugs, looks out the window...

LUIS
Sunset and Argyle... Hey, drop me at Loraine's, man -- I'll catch you guys at the station after dinner later --

KITTLE
Sure. Fuck the case, man. Just take a little time out of our busy schedule for a quickie.

LUIS
Eat your heart out, pill head.

KITTLE
I'm sorry if I need a little help gettin' through the day. I don't have the cultural advantage of refried beans and rice.

He suddenly makes a SCREAMING U-TURN in the middle of traffic.

LUIS
Mind tellin' me where we're headed?

SHAKA
Kwanjo.

EXT. CITY STREET - PASADENA - DAY

The Torino pulls up near a turn-of-the-century VICTORIAN MANSION; the neighborhood, long abandoned by the rich has now become the headquarters of the People's Army.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - PEOPLE'S ARMY SAFE HOUSE - DAY

It's now mid-afternoon. A lone Dashiki-clad YOUNG WOMAN DANCING TO INDIGENOUS MUSIC... THRU A BAY WINDOW, the Torino appears on the street outside --

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION / INT. TORINO - DAY

Kittle, Shaka and Luis stare out at the Mansion --

LUIS
You sure 'bout this, man? We got no cause, no warrant, and no backup... Just because
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUIS (cont'd)
you didn't get to be a hero in Viet Nam
doesn't mean you gotta try bein' one usin'
my ass --

KITTLE
You wanta wait in the car?

Kittle makes a CLUCKING chicken sound --

LUIS
You think you can manipulate me by
challenging my Latino macho pride -- huh,
man?

KITTLE
Yeah.

The car doors open -- as they get out --

SHAKA
I think we lost the element of surprise.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - FRONT DOOR

A sizable Thug, VENDA, eyes the Young Dancing Woman -- A KNOCK at the door -- Venda crosses, opens the door -- Kittle, Shaka and Luis walk in, pushing past him... Another People's Army soldier, CISKEI - moves to Venda's side --

SOFA - MIDDLE OF LIVING ROOM

KWANJO -- He's on the couch and on the phone; another YOUNG DASHIKI WOMAN seated beside him. Kwanjo hangs up as he spots Kittle, Shaka and Luis moving close... Kwanjo, like his henchmen, is garbed in olive green, a military look.

As Luis BADGES Kwanjo, the DANCE MUSIC CONTINUES.

KWANJO
(to Kittle)
You got a warrant, show it. Otherwise you
have no business with the People's Army.

Shaka SLAPS Kwanjo hard on the side of the head -- Kwanjo instantly rises in a threatening manner...

KWANJO
WHERE YOU GET OFF, BITCH?! YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS SHIT!

Kittle, Luis step in front of him -- Kwanjo sits back down, regains his composure --

LUIS
What's the People's Army shit? And this
Kwanjo crap? You used to be Pop Sweet,
right? Back in the pimp days?

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

Lime green suits, big floppy hat. --

SHAKA

If this army was for the people, you
wouldn't be in business with Eddie Cash.

Kwanjo holds up a very rigid middle finger --

KWANJO

The People's Army has no racial boundary --
sister.

(to Kittle)

I assume you'll make a satisfactory
explanation of your behavior to my lawyer --

KITTLE

Lemme break the news to you. Butch Cassidy
got killed this morning --

LUIS

He sorta caught the wrong bus.

SHAKA

Which brings us up the Eddie Cash food chain
to you.

KWANJO

(smile)

I don't know any Butch Cassidy.

Shaka pulls a BLACK & WHITE POLAROID from her pocket --

SHAKA

This was pulled off a video tape - First
American Bank got boosted on March
seventeenth -- street sources say the
People's Army did the job --

KWANJO

Feds tried to make me on that - no sale.
Now you gonna try to prosecute?

KITTLE

We probably won't have to -- Eddie Cash
might take you down before we get a chance.

FREEZE FRAME - KWANJO

RAP SHEET - RAPID COMPUTER PRINTOUT:

DUPREE WALKER A.K.A. POP SWEET A.K.A. KWANJO BORN: RICHMOND, CA.,
1944. FATHER: DECEASED. MOTHER: RETIRED COUNTY CLERK. FIRST
ARREST: 1956 - HAYWARD, CA.; POSSESSION OF A FIREARM; CONVICTED AS
MINOR; SENTENCE - 1 YR. PROBATION. SUBSEQUENT ARRESTS: 1960 -
POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE; NO CONVICTION. 1965 - POSSESSION
OF ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE; SERVED 2 OF 5 YEAR SENTENCE IN SANTA RITA,

(CONTINUED)

CA. 1974 - POSSESSION OF MULTIPLE FIREARMS, ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES, PANDERING, ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A POLICE OFFICER; SENTENCED TO 40 YEARS IN SAN QUENTIN; SERVED 14 MONTHS; CONVICTION OVERTURNED UPON APPEAL CITING IMPROPER POLICE PROCEDURE.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

PRISONERS cooking, chopping vegetables, washing dishes. Apart from the hectic activity, THREE more PRISONERS wait at a long table, sweating. CRUZ, drumming his fingers, wipes his moist face with a napkin. Between the big restaurant sized ovens, dishwashers, and packed humanity, the place is an inferno...

Eddie Cash rolls in pushing the big wheels on his stainless steel chair. Tattoo and Two Thugs follow...

EDDIE CASH

My banker, stockbroker and accountant all in one room. You guys must have a lot to talk about --

The men smile nervously -- Eddie Cash crossing near Cruz...

EDDIE CASH

I keep you guys waiting... How are you, man?

CRUZ

Hokay, except the heat's killin' me. Why we gotta meet here?

EDDIE CASH

(ignores)

Good to see you, Bobby. Whaddaya hear from the wife and kids?

BOBBY SHY - big smile, toothpick...

BOBBY SHY

O.K. No complaints.

A moment --

EDDIE CASH

There's a reason I want you here. Something we got to talk about -- except you two just gotta watch and listen - you learn something maybe. You learn not to fuck around.

Eddie Cash moves lastly to greet CHARLES, clasps his hand and shakes it vigorously, smiling...

EDDIE CASH

Charles. How's my favorite? You O.K., Carlito --

CHARLES

I'm O.K., Eddie - Doin' my best for you.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE CASH

Then, why you stealing from me?

Eddie Cash keeps a tight grip on Charles' hand. Charles is suddenly confused, fearful. Tattoo steps up from behind, gets a grip on him, holds him...

EDDIE CASH

(sudden rage)

Why you stealing my money? Your fucking outfit, man - one hundred thousand dimes missing from my account. You and Mister Kwanjo think you can just move in - take over what I got -- I don't think so, Carlito.

CHARLES

I dunno... whatcha talking about...?!

A Thug steps up, brings something shiny from behind his back and hands it to Eddie Cash: a MEAT CLEAVER.

CHARLES

... Oh, Christ... no! Eddie!

Tattoo forces Charles' hand to the wood table, holds it there -- Cruz and Bobby Shy back away, terrified --

EDDIE CASH

This is the way I look at it, Carlito --
It's my father's money - It's my kids' money
- It's sacred, man -- YOU DO NOT FUCK WITH
MY MONEY!

CHARLES

Eddie...!

EDDIE CASH

You think I don't notice?! You think I
don't find out? You think I'm stupid!

CHARLES

... Please, please... I'm sorry!

EDDIE CASH

Ever since my legs don't work - you know
what makes me feel real good, man? Now I
get to do the fun shit myself if I want --
It's like I got this need to see the machine
workin', know what I mean? I coulda sent
somebody else here to visit you, Carlito,
but I woulda felt kinda empty...

Eddie Cash raises the cleaver -- Cruz and Bobby Shy avert their eyes, swallowing their sickness - looking at Eddie Cash. They can't believe it...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

...I...I'm sorry! We can give it back...!
What can I do...?! It wasn't my idea!
Please... I'm begging you... I'm begging...!

Eddie Cash SWINGS the cleaver down - CHOPS OFF CHARLES' HAND.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Against the NEON backdrop of downtown Vegas, the LINCOLN HEAD is pulled through the night TRAFFIC by the R,W+B pickup...

CLOSE - TRUCKER

As he drives, chews gum and listens to COUNTRY MUSIC on the car radio...

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

SECTION EIGHT drops in a coin - dials a number...

INT. DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - L.A.P.D. - RECEPTION - NIGHT

A SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR picks up the call, listens, then --

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

I'll transfer you --

INT. HEADQUARTERS - SHAKA'S DESK - EMPTY - PHONE RINGING

Plainclothes DETECTIVE THARP, walking by, picks up the line --

THARP

(into phone)

Yeah?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH / INT. HEADQUARTERS - INTERCUT

SECTION EIGHT

I wanta talk to a cop named Shaka Watson --

THARP

Detective Watson's not in at the moment -
can I take a message --

SECTION EIGHT

Tell the detective a friend called - it's
about her sister --

THARP

(writing it down)

Her sister?

SECTION EIGHT

Yeah -- I wanna get even for Ronetta. You
tell the lady cop Jack's gonna get even.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SECTION EIGHT (cont'd)
That's all you need... Oh yeah, something
else -- I'm supposed to kill her and her two
shithead partners. Got that?

CLICK.

INT. K.G.R.J. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

FUNKY D -- still on the air --

[As previously noted: Funky D on-air dialogue TO BE REWRITTEN]

FUNKY D
(into mic; rapid fire)
-- tell the man I needs com-estibles - das
right -- nour-ish-ment, baby -- dis is Funky
D - Funky like funky and 'D' like 'yo damn
straight' -- ow! Da big bal-headed bossman
gooin' his big 'ol eyes at me -- don't be
sayin' dem bad words Funky D -- I gone shaka-
shaka- shock yo ass -- ohp - der it go agin -
you hearin' me, my beauteous sistah? Funky
D gots a prefiguration to shaka yo soul with
da black man makin' the big green -- ow! Da
affable Al Green --

As the RECORD SPINS and the SONG begins --

CLOSE ON: AN ELECTRIC NEEDLE PIERCING SKIN - A TATTOO IN
PROGRESS...

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

WE HEAR the AL GREEN SONG faintly O.S. as -- CAMERA WIDENS TO
REVEAL the artwork -- ON a YOUNG WOMAN'S bare back -- a DRAGON,
getting COLORED in, breathes fire at an attacking, MULTI-COLORED
PYTHON -- PAN DOWN -- the woman's JEANS have been lowered several
crucial inches -- to SEE that the Python slithers from the crack
of her ass --

Standing over the Young Woman -- the tattoo artist is an OLD BIKER
in his 60's -- a crusty, long-haired, half-mad, guru - veteran of
the biker-doper wars...

OLD BIKER
You're talkin' shit - in the first place,
skag's out -- I guess you John Law boys
gonna be the last to know -- make mine
coke's what's comin' down the pike - and
right after that, speed -- Cook it up in a
lab someplace out in the desert -- don't
have to grow poppies in Turkey, Timbuktu or
Thailand --

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE -- Kittle, sitting backwards on a wooden
chair - he's at eye level with the Woman's back --

(CONTINUED)

OLD BIKER

'Course when my friends show up here -- we don't talk business - we talk tats - it's a Zen thing -- you cops never gonna dig it... The other thing that goes without sayin' is my friends trust me - 'cause I do not squeal like the pervert's sheep -- So piss on you.

THRU THE BEADED CURTAIN -- ACROSS THE ROOM -- SHAKA

TRANSISTOR RADIO in hand -- the Al Green SONG playing -- Shaka stands next to a WALL PAYPHONE -- she searches thru her FRINGED PURSE for change --

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

Luis talks to Old Biker's assistant, an Asian woman, LEE -- wearing a scant HALTER TOP and HOT PANTS - she is covered from neck to ankle in intricately detailed TATTOOS.

LUIS

What's the most expensive one you got?

He's looking at a WALL covered with SAMPLE DRAWINGS --

LEE

Anything custom, high detail, multi-colored.

The O.S. CLINK of COINS going into the nearby payphone --

ON SHAKA - AT THE WALL PHONE

She turns the transistor OFF - she's on hold --

INT. K.G.R.J. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The Al Green song still plays as Funky D picks up the phone:

FUNKY D

Wake me up; the world is passing me by.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - SHAKA / INT. K.G.R.J. - FUNKY D - INTERCUT

SHAKA

I got your message -- real cute.

FUNKY D

Yes, I thought so, thank you. I've got an earth-shattering bit of news for you, my dearest. Word is -- Eddie Cash has ordered a hit -- a million dollar payday.

SHAKA

Who's the target?

(CONTINUED)

FUNKY D

You and your partners are not meant to see tomorrow's light.

SHAKA

How'd you get this?

FUNKY D

Uh, uh -- you know better -- let's just say you are not my only fan -- I receive many calls -- I am the planet central...

SHAKA

You happen to catch the gun's name?

FUNKY D

I don't have a name, but he's meant to be hell on two wheels; unaffiliated, strictly a loner. Just out of San Quentin...

RESUME - BACK ROOM - KITTLE AND OLD BIKER

OLD BIKER

That's not to say, in pursuit of my art I haven't made a few enemies -- Every great artist has enemies, sometimes himself most of all -- but enemies along the way: Brothers of the road that fucked you over - or interlopers - people that buy in cheap - corrupt the dream - foreigners. What little shits like you and your punk-ass partners don't get is when you see people like me, you're lookin' at the secret heart of America. Out where it's flat and the wind blows free. The circle unbroken. The Wisconsin death trip... The artist is an outlaw is a killer. Even if it's just a dream.

KITTLE

Come on - don't just riddle me a riddle, huh? I don't wanta get the building inspectors down here on code violations and close your ass down -- We hear something big's goin' out on the street - any suicide runs comin' down? You'd know about it, right?

OLD BIKER

If I did, I would smile, because the great Lord Kwanjo is tryin' to tear a piece outta Eddie Cash's street operation, makin' big moves -- If we had a real country here - both Eddie Cash and that pimp'd die by the rope. But since I do not speak the name Eddie Cash in my shop -- that's all you get.

RESUME - SHAKA - AT THE WALL PHONE

She finishes dialing another number -- waits a moment:

SHAKA

(into phone)

Hey, it's Watson... Yeah, thanks -- Do me a favor, huh? Check N.C.I.C. -- I need a list of all Caucasian perps released from 'Q' in the last - I guess month; especially any perps associated with Eddie Cash -- Right...

RESUME - LUIS WITH TATTOO ASSISTANT LEE

Luis is in a crouched position, eye-level with Lee's hot pants -- he's checking out a tat on her upper right thigh --

LUIS

When'd you get this one?

LEE

Sixty-nine.

Luis looks up at her.

LUIS

Good year for the Mets.

FANTASY: INT. KITTLE'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Kittle and a Young Woman in bed - 'getting it on' missionary style -- he suddenly rolls her over on top -- we SEE her back -- OLD BIKER'S CUSTOM DRAGON VS. PYTHON TATTOO...

OLD BIKER (O.S.)

You listenin' to me -- I'm tryin' to educate you. Or maybe you're just havin' some kind of contact high dealin' with tattoo gash...

BACK TO:

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

STILL CLOSE ON THE TATTOO - KITTLE'S P.O.V.

Kittle is now standing, staring down at the bare-backed Young Woman's tattoo, he snaps from his reverie; looks at Old Biker:

KITTLE

No, I hear ya --

OLD BIKER

Interesting question: What to hate? I got drafted - fought gooks in Korea -- later I was ready to grease Ivan - then I wanted to take down the ragheads when they cut off our

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLD BIKER (cont'd)
gas. Now I finally figured out who the real
enemy is - it's the government.

Shaka walks in --

SHAKA
You done in here - we got some news.

EXT. CITY STREET - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A NEON JUNGLE - "ROCK CITY" DISCO - PORN THEATERS... SECTION
EIGHT moves down a flight of stairs into...

INT. ROCK CITY - DISCO CABARET - NIGHT

The place jumps -- CROWDED dance floor. DISCO MUSIC THROBS.
Section Eight passes thru a TURNSTILE. By the erratic light of a
GLITTER BALL, THREE nearly topless, BODY-PAINTED GO-GO DANCERS --
ONE ALL IN RED, ONE IN WHITE, THE THIRD IN BLUE -- grind on STAGE
to the rhythm of a hot SONG.

THE DISCO BAR

A BARKEEP services all manner of DRINKERS -- Section Eight muscles
thru the CROWD...

SECTION EIGHT
Gimme a beer.

The beer is served -- Section Eight fixes the Barkeep with an
unrelenting stare as he clears glasses from the bartop.

SECTION EIGHT
Billy Luna... You seen him tonight?

BARKEEP
(shrugs)
Don't know him --

Section Eight grabs him by the throat - slams his head down on the
bar... The Barkeep gasps:

BARKEEP
Over there -- Jesus Christ, man! Lemme up!

SECTION EIGHT'S P.O.V.

BILLY LUNA -- A slender, handsome man in his early 30's - narrow
mustache, sharp suit - the JOHN WATERS look -- He sees the
Barkeep's plight - and the hulking Section Eight. Luna
immediately crosses toward the rear of the club.

SECTION EIGHT tracks Luna's movement, follows him...

ACROSS THE WAY - BOUNCER #1

Very big, built like a heavyweight; he moves after Section Eight.

SECTION EIGHT

Moving swiftly toward the stage. The FEMALE DANCERS keep on grooving, directly in front of Section Eight. He passes them, slipping behind a CURTAIN. Bouncer #1 hurries in pursuit --

BACKSTAGE

The SPOTLIGHT pierces the curtain - playing over the scene, illuminating it fitfully. BOUNCER #2, guarding the REAR EXIT DOOR, tenses as Section Eight appears. Billy Luna looks back over his shoulder, spots Section Eight, then enters a door.

INT. ROCK CITY - MAIN ROOM

Bouncer #1 moves across, toward the back of the stage -- The Disco Dancers keep grinding away... Behind them - thru the curtain - the SILHOUETTES of Section Eight and the TWO BOUNCERS are visible.

BACKSTAGE - ROCK CITY

The Bouncers move in on Section Eight -- a FIST FIGHT begins. Fingers of LIGHT from the spotlight stab at them. The rhythmic DOWNBEAT of the DISCO SONG punctuates the BLOWS.

Section Eight pops Bouncer #1, diverting him, but Bouncer #2 lays his shoulder into Section Eight, PLOWS him into a BRICK WALL -- BLASTING the wind out of him.

Bouncer #2 throws one PUNCH that STOPS in Section Eight's cupped hand -- Section Eight pulls #2 into a half-nelson -- brings his knee UP as he brings #2's head DOWN. CRACK! #2's head snaps back -- Section Eight SEES #1 coming back at him...

ON STAGE

The Dancers sway back and forth - still oblivious, lost in the music --

SECTION EIGHT

Grabs the charging Bouncer #1 by the lapels and SWINGS him around - into the brick wall - WHOMP!!! The stunned man turns - WHAM! Section Eight KICKS him square in the groin -- #1's eyes roll back -- Section Eight finishes him with a blow to the temple. Catching his breath, he leaves the back of the stage -- enters the door where Billy Luna disappeared.

INT. ROCK CITY - REST ROOM

Section Eight enters -- looks around for a moment: ONE CLOSED STALL, TWO URINALS against the wall, ONE BASIN. He calmly goes to the wash basin, turns ON the tap, begins to clean the BLOOD off his face with SOAP and PAPER TOWELS.

SECTION EIGHT
You can come on out, Billy.

(CONTINUED)

The sole toilet stall opens -- Billy Luna steps out -- looking very much like what he is, a scared pimp in a cheap suit. He holds a SWITCHBLADE.

BILLY LUNA

Okay. We got a problem?

Section Eight watches him in the mirror, continues to dab at his face with the paper towel --

SECTION EIGHT

Put the knife away, Billy.

Luna casts a glance toward the door -- no sign of the Bouncers -- puts the knife away.

SECTION EIGHT

Tell me about Ronetta Watson --

Section Eight takes out a .45 -- lays it on the SOAP TRAY.

BILLY LUNA

What's to tell, man -- She was a junkie. Now she's a dead junkie. You a friend a hers?

Question ignored -- Section Eight continues to clean up in front of the mirror... Billy Luna, shit scared, by the toilet stall door --

BILLY LUNA

Ronetta brought in a lotta cash - I treat my girls good, always have. Hey, I seen you before, man -- Where...?

SECTION EIGHT

You better take your knife back out, Billy. I like giving people a chance - even a worthless piece of shit like you.

Billy SNAPS the blade out again - doesn't look real happy about it...

BILLY LUNA

Hey, what's your beef with me, huh? We're talkin' about shit that happened a long time back, man. I'm not lookin' for any trouble here.

Section Eight moves toward him -- Billy Luna STABS with the knife. brushed aside by Section Eight who immediately pulls him close in a death grip - SNAP! Breaks his neck, then shoves the very dead Billy Luna back into the toilet stall. As the stall door SLAMS SHUT INTO THE LENS --

INT. DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - L.A.P.D. - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS THRU -- enclosing the lively bullpen on three sides - GLASSED-IN OFFICES contain more activity with COPS and the like. WE PAUSE OUTSIDE an office, where inside -- Shaka and CAPTAIN GAINS are watching something on his T.V. --

CAMERA RESUMES PANNING, FINDS: another GLASSED-IN ROOM, where Kittle and Luis are talking with a SUIT --

INT. GLASS WALLED CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Kittle and Luis lean against the table on either side of the seated Coroner's Office Assistant, VICTOR -- in front of him - an open MANILA FOLDER -- LAB REPORTS...

VICTOR

That's a big assumption --

(refers to a page)

This Lisa Moore got it from what's his name?

LUIS

Butch Cassidy. We can assume anything, man - they're both dead.

KITTLE

Eddie Cash would've stepped on it five or six times before the street guys even saw it... Could be how Kwanjo plans to run Eddie dry. Take a loss now -- bigger proceeds later.

INT. GAINS' GLASS WALLED OFFICE - NIGHT

Gains and Shaka, both seated facing the T.V. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE SCREEN -- BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES BLUR AS A VIDEO TAPE REWINDS - STOPS, RESUMES PLAYING, NO SOUND - WE SEE FOUR MEN, ARMED WITH M-16'S, IN THE PROCESS OF HOLDING UP A BANK --

GAINS (O.S.)

Every one of these goddamn revolutionaries turns out to be just another two-bit criminal --

THE GUNMEN - ALL WEARING SKI-MASKS - ARE LEVELED DOWN ON PANICKED CUSTOMERS - ONE VERY LARGE GUNMAN STRIKES A SILENTLY SCREAMING WOMAN ACROSS HER FACE WITH HIS RIFLE BUTT - SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR -- ANOTHER GUNMAN STANDS ATOP A TABLE, TAUNTING CUSTOMERS - THE CAMERA FREEZES ON THE MAN LOADING MONEY INTO A BAG --

SHAKA (O.S.)

Feds studied this thing -- pretty damn sure that one's the Lord Kwanjo himself -- obviously they couldn't make a positive I.D.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Gains turns back to Shaka --

GAINS

Okay -- let me see this --

Shaka hands him a SCRAP OF PAPER --

GAINS

(looks at it)

Okay, this guy Jack wants to get even for your sister -- whatever that means. Is that before or after he kills you?

SHAKA

And if he's Eddie Cash's contract hitter -- why tell us? Doesn't make sense.

Sips from a cup of coffee --

SHAKA

Ronetta's old boyfriend was doin' time someplace -- used to work for Cash... I've got N.C.I.C. runnin' jackets on recent releases - see if any of 'em match up with a picture I saw of the guy.

Gains suddenly looks past Shaka --

GAINS

Ah, crap.

Shaka turns, following his gaze --

P.O.V. - THRU GLASS

DEPUTY D.A. QUINN moves thru the bullpen, heading straight for Gains --

INT. GLASS WALLED CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Kittle and Luis are frozen in place, LOOKING OUT AT: Gains, limping along with his cane, and Shaka -- both now walking toward them -- Quinn leading the way --

KITTLE

Ah, crap.

As Quinn enters, he waves a STACK OF PAPERS --

QUINN

You wanta guess what I'm holding here?

Gains stands back, closing the door --

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

We're on legal notice -- Lawsuits -- to be
filed on behalf of several citizens against
the Los Angeles Police Department -- this
Division is cited --

(refers to the pages)

Barnes, Luisa -- for the death of her
husband who, while being chased by --

(looks directly at Kittle)

-- you -- impaled by multiple shards of
glass from his windshield as he was ejected
from his van...

LUIS

It was ugly, man.

QUINN

Fitzgerald, Barbara -- for the death of her
son who - etcetera -

LUIS

He fired on us, man --

QUINN

(cutting him off)

Labocker, Frederick -- a private citizen.

(riffles pages)

He's going to claim shock, anxiety, trauma.

Quinn, finished, SLAPS the paperwork down onto the table -- Kittle
looks at it for a moment --

KITTLE

Nothing from the girl at the skeezer motel --

LUIS

(to Quinn)

She O.D.'d -- You gonna blame us for that?

Gains steps forward - leans over Victor, checks out the reports --

VICTOR

(looks up at Gains)

Technically she O.D.'d -- But we're betting
she shot her normal load --

KITTLE

(to Gains)

We think we got Kwanjo making a move on
Eddie's turf --

LUIS

Sellin' better stuff to screw over the
competition out on the street --

(reading)

She shot seven-oh percent horse, two-five
speed, five baby lax --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUIS (cont'd)
(to Gains)
Eddie lives in jail and shits in a belly bag
- good time for a mutiny...

Luis glances at Shaka, then back to Gains --

LUIS
We know it ain't Billy Luna - he got found
dead in a Hollywood disco tonight. Somebody
broke his neck, stuffed him in a toilet.

KITTLE
Billy Luna was on Eddie Cash's payroll.

SHAKA
More than that...

Gains looks at her.

SHAKA
He was Ronetta's pimp way back when.

The PHONE SQUAWKS --

INTERCOM VOICE
Captain -- call on line three.

GAINS
(into speaker)
I'll take it in my office --
(to the room)
Be right with you.

He walks out --

QUINN
(points to the lab report)
Maybe this girl just mixed it up herself -
you consider that?

KITTLE
Not likely -- That would mean she started
with something even purer. Maybe you better
stick with the affidavits - leave cop shit
to us.

QUINN
Look, I'm not tryin' to get into your
department - but we get tips - our sources
indicate a huge drug shipment is meant to be
on the way to Los Angeles --

KITTLE
Yeah. I think we heard about it. Thanks
for the news flash --

Everyone in the room knows what's coming - another Kittle
diatribe...

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

And by the way -- so what? This shipment is just another part of an endless chain. We find it, great - but it won't change much - couple of weeks from now, somebody else is just gonna bring in another one. As long as there's big profits and human scumballs, there's gonna be lots of dope deals goin' down.

Kittle smiles - enjoys Quinn's discomfort. Quinn clearly thinks this guy is crazy.

KITTLE

We go after the dope for one reason - so we can put guys like Eddie Cash in jail. If there wasn't any dope - he'd just find somethin' else crooked to make money on and fuck people over - 'cause he's a criminal. And that's what criminals do.

(walks close to Quinn)

Goin' after the dope's the best way we can hurt Eddie Cash and all the shit-heads just like him. 'Cause 'em a lot of pain, anxiety, and helpless rage. That's why we work so hard, Mister Quinn. To cause pain to horrible people. Especially Eddie fuckin' Cash.

Gains walks back into the room -- Kittle is suddenly silent.

GAINS

Did I miss another speech, Kittle?

(off Kittle's frown)

Our boy, Eddie Cash, getting transferred out of county - tomorrow, eight A.M.

KITTLE

Where to?

GAINS

Chino. Seems he got a little creative in the kitchen - chopped off a guy's hand. Didn't even deny doin' it -- Some poor son of a bitch might get a hell of a surprise on his dinner tray.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BLDG. - PARKING GARAGE - DAWN

Shaka angles her car into a stall -- gets out -- walks toward a FREIGHT ELEVATOR BANK...

INT. INDUSTRIAL BLDG. - 4TH FLOOR - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAWN

DING! Shaka emerges - heads down the corridor - stops at the second door -- fits her KEY in the lock --

INT. INDUSTRIAL BLDG. - SHAKA'S LOFT - DAWN

Shaka flips ON the light as she walks in -- CLICK! The nose of a .45 AUTO presses against the back of her skull. Section Eight moves INTO FRAME, behind Shaka. He kicks the door shut.

SECTION EIGHT

No moves --

Shaka lets her purse slide slowly to the floor -- holds her hands out at her side --

SECTION EIGHT

I'm supposed to kill you - Eddie Cash's payin' me a lot of money. Your partners come next.

SHAKA

Go ahead. All you gotta do is pull the trigger. If you're gonna do your job, do it - I don't feel like listening to you talk about it.

She turns - faces him - calm, deadpan.

SHAKA

Hello, Jack -- figured it was you.

Section Eight's a little thrown --

SHAKA

C'mon, man - Ronetta's dead -- She's never going to find out. You don't have to feel guilty about doin' your job --

Section Eight retreats a few feet, gun staying leveled --

SECTION EIGHT

I'm not big on guilt - I came here to tell you about Ronetta and me. Clear the books.

SHAKA

Lemme guess. When you got outta jail, you were gonna take her away from all the bullshit - make her real happy for the first time in her life.

SECTION EIGHT

You got that part right.

SHAKA

Why'd you off Billy Luna?

SECTION EIGHT

He died on principle.

(CONTINUED)

SHAKA

He died because you broke his neck.

Shaka moves off toward the kitchen - Section Eight right behind, gun leveled.

SHAKA'S KITCHEN

Shaka crosses to the table, starts to sit -- Section Eight, his gun and eye still on her, reaches under the table - feels around - RIP! produces Shaka's gun still in its holster - duct tape attached...

SHAKA

While you're at it -- check the cupboard up there -- behind the cereal --

He backs up - opens the cabinet - as Shaka opens the refrigerator --

SHAKA

Whaddaya want? Orange juice, milk or beer --

As he lifts the gun from the cupboard - turns -- SEES:

SHAKA WITH A GUN LEVELED DOWN ON HIM --

SECTION EIGHT

I'm goin' after Eddie.

SHAKA

I thought you were gonna kill me and my partners -- You gotta get your plan straight...

SECTION EIGHT

I took the job to get back in Eddie Cash's pipeline -- I don't give a damn about the money -- He used Ronetta up, threw her away a long time ago... I'm gonna make him hurt.

SHAKA

Eddie Cash is in jail surrounded by his goons. Go get him. Hope you blow each other's heads off.

SECTION EIGHT

Stop talkin' to me like I'm the bad guy - save it for Eddie. It's gonna start raining shit around here. Make sure you got an umbrella.

The cat pads in - jumps up on the counter --

SECTION EIGHT

I already fed him -- Ya know, I was never a real lucky guy. Some spade junkie turns out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SECTION EIGHT (cont'd)
to be the only babe in my life that I was
ever crazy about...

As he starts for the door -- PUSH CLOSE on Shaka's look:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - CELLBLOCK LANDING - EARLY MORNING

GUARD #1, jangling his key ring, passes iron-doored cubicles.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - EDDIE CASH'S CELL - EARLY MORNING

The electric lock CLICKS and the door swings open. EDDIE CASH rolls out onto the landing -- the Guard steps up, pushes him past other PRISONERS, still in their cells...

TITLE CARD: July 4, 1976

INT. COUNTY JAIL - STAIRWELL - EARLY MORNING

GUARD #2 escorts TATTOO, in arm and leg SHACKLES, down the stairs... They wait at the bottom, near an elevator door - it OPENS -- Eddie Cash, now also in full shackles, appears -- behind him, Guard #1 pushes his wheelchair out --

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - EARLY MORNING

An imposing structure. The entrance to its courtyard is protected by iron-grill gates --

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - COURTYARD

The GATE OPENS. A PRISON VAN enters the courtyard - backs up to a HEAVY IRON DOOR --

FOUR GUARDS come up and take positions on either side of the back door of the prison van...

INT. PRISON VAN

OUT OF BLACK - The rear doors of the van are opened by GUARD #3 - A rectangle of light appears. There are eight cage-like cells within the van. A wooden ramp SLAMS onto the tailgate.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - COURTYARD - EARLY MORNING

Eddie Cash and Tattoo, flanked by GUARDS #1 and #2, come out thru the iron door -- They are led to the prison van --

Guard #1 rolls Eddie Cash up the ramp into the van. As the ramp is removed, Eddie is locked into the cell at the right rear. Tattoo is locked into the one adjacent.

Guard #3 anchors the outer door with a thick padlock, then walks forward -- SLAPS TWICE on the side of the van --

INT. PRISON VAN - EDDIE CASH

Caged in, he HEARS the van getting started. The engine loudly clanks thru the gears as the vehicle lurches forward. Eddie eyes Tattoo thru the caging - Tattoo leans close --

TATTOO

They're still walkin' around --

EDDIE CASH

Yeah - and I'm not. Maybe Jack ain't the right man for the job. Maybe it's a big sign from the Gods -- I get no peace 'til I see it done. So I gotta be the guy to it.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - COURTYARD - DOWNTOWN - EARLY MORNING

The prison van leaves the courtyard - merging into the city...

EXT. CITY STREET - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The R,W+B pickup truck pulls the Lincoln Head parade float thru downtown traffic, past the familiar site of L.A. City Hall --

INT. HUGE WAREHOUSE - DOCKSIDE - SAN PEDRO - HIGH SHOT - DAY

Several rows of PARADE FLOATS in ordered columns...

INT. HUGE WAREHOUSE - ENTRANCE - SAN PEDRO - DAY

The R,W+B pickup appears, still towing the Lincoln Head. TRACK WITH the R,W+B as it glides past the already parked floats -- pulls to a stop in a slot next to:

ANOTHER PARADE FLOAT - WASHINGTON'S HEAD

Similar in size to the Lincoln that's been pulled cross country. As the two Presidents rest side by side, GO TO: -

INT. DIVISION H.Q. - CUBICLES - BULLPEN - DAY

Kittle works at his desk. A few feet away - Luis sits on the edge of another desk, talking with seated DETECTIVE ROMAN... Kittle glances at Luis, then across the way at:

KITTLE'S P.O.V. - THRU GLASS - COMPUTER ROOM - SHAKA - WORKING AT A COMPUTER TERMINAL

A manila file folder SLAPS down on Kittle's desk --

KITTLE - GAINS

Kittle looks up at Gains --

(CONTINUED)

GAINS

Listen, Kittle -- I couldn't say so at the morgue and I didn't get a chance to tell you later -- I really liked the way you tore that Deputy D.A. a new asshole yesterday --

Kittle's somewhat sheepish on the subject --

KITTLE

Maybe I was a little out of line --

GAINS

Bullshit. Don't apologize - I know it was rough over there - first time I ever heard you talk about it...

KITTLE

Yeah, well -- Thanks.

As Gains moves away, Kittle gets up - heads toward Shaka --

INT. DIVISION H.Q. - GLASS WALLED COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

On a table - an open FILE FOLDER -- FOUR CRIMINAL JACKETS. On top - a MUGSHOT OF SECTION EIGHT with his arrest record. CAMERA PULLS WIDE TO INCLUDE SHAKA - seated in front of a LARGE MONITOR - rapidly typing commands on the KEYBOARD.

KITTLE (O.S.)

Where'd you learn how to run this thing?

Shaka keeps staring at the screen as Kittle steps up behind --

SHAKA

It's all they had me doing my first year - 'til the big shots got quota happy... Thought maybe I could find something more than what N.C.I.C. sent me.

ON THE COMPUTER MONITOR: DATA RAPIDLY APPEARS --

ANDREW JACKSON CRUDUP A.K.A. JACK CRUDUP BORN: EL PASO, TX. 1941. FATHER: RETIRED GUN SHOP MANAGER. MOTHER: DECEASED. FIRST ARREST: 1951 - WACO, TX.; POSSESSION OF FIREARM; NO CONVICTION AS A MINOR. SUBSEQUENT ARRESTS: 1952-1957 - 14 WEAPONS RELATED CHARGES; NO CONVICTIONS. 1958 - JOINED U.S. ARMY; SERVED 7 MOS. DOMESTIC; DEEMED UNFIT; DISCHARGED ON MIL. CODE - SECTION 8. 1959 - ARMED ROBBERY; CONVICTED 8 YEARS; SERVED 3 MONTHS. 1961 - POSSESSION OF MULTIPLE FIREARMS; SUSPECTED LEADER IN BANK ROBBERY; INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE - NO CONVICTION. 1962-1973 - LOS ANGELES, CA.; MULTIPLE ARRESTS IN WEAPONS RELATED CHARGES: DISTURBING THE PEACE; FIVE MANSLAUGHTERS; REDUCTION OF SENTENCES TO PROBATIONAL STATUS THRU 1985. 1975 - LOS ANGELES, CA.; CHARGED IN 3 HOMICIDES; CONVICTION REDUCED TO VIOLATION OF PROBATION, ONE COUNT CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER; SENTENCED TO 5 YEARS IN SAN QUENTIN.

BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

Kittle now looking over Shaka's shoulder --

KITTLE
Who's the shithead?

SHAKA
Used to work for Eddie Cash. Used to be my
sister's boyfriend. Got rehired by Eddie to
kill you, me and Luis.

Shaka hits a button - O.S. CLICKING; CAMERA PANS TO A PRINTER
spitting letters back and forth across a feeding scroll --

SHAKA
Last night he paid me a visit. We talked.
Then I let him go.

KITTLE
You let him go...

SHAKA
He's gonna try to kill Eddie Cash. I let
him go.

Kittle sits on the desk, facing Shaka --

KITTLE
Listen, uh -- you know, back then - a year
ago, what happened with me and you - I just
wanted to tell you that I think you were
right in cuttin' it off -- It woulda been
too complicated.

SHAKA
Took you a year to figure that out?

KITTLE
I'm sorry we didn't keep it goin' in a way,
but you probably saved me from turnin' out
to be a disappointment --

Suddenly, GAINS YELLS FROM A ROOM BEYOND --

GAINS (O.S.)
ARE YOU HEARING THIS?!

Luis runs in, skids to a stop as he sees Kittle and Shaka --

LUIS
Eddie Cash flew -- it's on the tube --

Luis exits. As Shaka jumps up --

SHAKA
We're fine, Kittle. Okay? Stop sweatin'
this.

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

...The three witnesses reportedly gave conflicting statements, concurring only that the armored van's two passengers did indeed escape --

INT. DIVISION H.Q. - BULLPEN - OUTSIDE GAINS' OFFICE - DAY

Kittle and Shaka walk quickly toward Luis who stands looking thru the glass --

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Local authorities say the driver of the blue sedan that caused the accident also fled the scene - no leads as to his whereabouts. Any possible connection to the escaped convicts is unknown at this time...

P.O.V. - THRU GLASS - GAINS' OFFICE

The office is CROWDED with people - all watching the T.V. - mounted high in the corner - Gains glances back at Kittle, Shaka and Luis, then looks again at the T.V. -- CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE SCREEN as it flashes from the NEWSCASTER to IMAGES of the incident:

NEWSCASTER

Solano Bauer, the green card German-Swiss/Spanish drug kingpin, also known as Eddie Cash, was being transferred from Los Angeles County Jail to Chino State Prison, with his associate Julio Criqnto; both men were born in Spain, came to the United States via Colombia in nineteen sixty-eight.

-- FRONT AND SIDE PHOTOGRAPHS OF EDDIE CASH - MUG SHOTS.

NEWSCASTER

...At approximately six-fifteen this morning, the armored van was on route to Chino, traveling east on Phillips, just ten miles past the San Bernadino County line, when the blue sedan veered from the oncoming lane - hit the van head-on, causing it to overturn.

-- A STREET MAP - A BLINKING ARROW INDICATES THE VAN'S ROUTE.

-- A WHITE ARMORED VAN - OVERTURNED ON A NARROW STREET.

-- A BLUE SEDAN - ITS FRONT END CRUSHED UNDER THE VAN.

NEWSCASTER

One witness' account has it that yet a third vehicle, a station wagon, stopped at the scene -- a man from within fired several

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
rounds from what was described as a large
gun.

-- A WITNESS TALKING ANIMATEDLY - POINTING LEFT THEN RIGHT.

-- LOCAL OFFICIALS AND POLICE OFFICERS HOLDING CITIZENS AT BAY
BEHIND A CORDONED OFF AREA.

OUTSIDE GAINS' OFFICE - THRU GLASS

Luis pushes his way into Gains' office -- Kittle and Shaka stay
outside, continue watching the T.V. --

NEWSCASTER
The armored van's driver, whose name has not
been released, was killed -- Cash, who's
confined to a wheelchair, and Criento were
both reportedly wearing shackles when they
entered the station wagon, before it sped
away...

Kittle turns to Shaka --

KITTLE
Eddie cut off scumbag's hand just so he'd
get transferred right when his dope comes
in. You see the paperwork - who scumbag's
connected to?

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
An intensive sweep of the surrounding area
has, thus far, come up empty...

KITTLE
Maybe the one thing I can give you is
gettin' Eddie Cash -- this is all about him.

SHAKA
Will that do it?

KITTLE
What?

SHAKA
Get rid of all that backed up rage you carry
around?

KITTLE
I don't think so. But maybe it'll get rid
of yours.

INT. L.A.P.D. - EVIDENCE LOCK-UP - NIGHT

TALL SHELVES full of confiscated WEAPONRY -- TWO SETS OF HANDS -
one pair male, one female - reach into the cache -- grab GUNS and
AMMO, stuff them into DUFFEL BAGS.

(CONTINUED)

The HANDS continue filling the bags with dozens of guns and boxes of bullets... As a FULL bag is ZIP CLOSED and placed on the concrete floor; a LARGE SUITCASE SLAMS down next to it -- yet ANOTHER PAIR OF MALE HANDS opens the suitcase -- begins filling it with SHOTGUNS and SHELLS --

INT. PRECINCT - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

The three sets of hands load the suitcase and duffel bags into the trunk of the BLACK FORD GRAND TORINO G.T. As the trunk starts to close --

LUIS (O.S.)

Hold it...

MALE HANDS reach in - pull out ONE of several GOLF CLUBS from a tall bag - then SLAM the trunk SHUT.

Standing at the rear of the Torino: KITTLE, SHAKA and LUIS [golf club leaning on his shoulder]. The trio regard each other a silent moment...

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - PEOPLE'S ARMY SAFE HOUSE - DAWN

A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL parked in front --

ACROSS AND DOWN THE STREET -- The Torino parked at the curb.

INT. TORINO - P.O.V. THRU WINDOW / EXT. VICTORIAN - DAWN

Kittle, Shaka and Luis watch the entrance to Victorian --

The front door OPENS -- TWO YOUNG WOMEN walk out -- the large soldier, CISKEI, waves at them, then pulls the door shut --

SHAKA

And two makes five in the last hour --

KITTLE

Civilians clear. That's it. Gear up --

Luis hands a FLAK JACKET up to Shaka -- The Trio begins to pad up.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - DAWN

SEATED AT A TABLE IN A CORNER -- TWO SOLDIERS play POKER -- piles of cash amid the cards --

NEAR THE FRONT DOOR -- CISKEI, lying on a too short love seat, glances at the card players, then closes his eyes --

WHAM! The front door BURSTS OPEN -- Kittle enters - PADDED by a FLAK JACKET, shotgun in hand --

Ciskei eyes pop open - looks, can't believe it, jumps up to follow - pulls his piece and levels down...

(CONTINUED)

CISKEI

Hey! You don't come in here packed! What
is this shit!

Behind him, Luis and Shaka enter, both PADDED UP: Shaka with .45
Auto leveled down; Luis carries his golf club and shotgun.

[NOTE: Kittle, Shaka, and Luis are each loaded down with as many
handguns as can fit in their clothing -- tucked into waistbands,
pockets, holsters...]

As Kittle turns, faces Ciskei --

Luis SWINGS his golf club -- HAMMERS Ciskei in the back of the
head... Ciskei FALLS face first to the floor. Shaka bends down,
jerks Ciskei's wrists up behind his back -- takes a pair of
HANDCUFFS from her belt --

Kittle HEARS FOOTSTEPS - turns back, SEES:

THE STAIRWELL - A MAN'S LEGS DESCENDING A WINDING STAIRCASE --

Kittle walks quietly forward, shotgun leveled --

Luis moves to --

THE TABLE: THE SOLDIERS' HANDS GO UP - NO DEBATE --

THE MAN ON THE STAIRS comes into full view: KWANJO. He spots
Kittle - quickly reverses - darts back up the stairs --

Kittle takes off in pursuit -- sprinting up the staircase --

Shaka, kneeling beside the now CUFFED and still unconscious
Ciskei, pulls a KNIFE from a SHEATH on his ankle -- tosses it away
-- She moves off --

AT THE CARDTABLE -- Luis KICKS Soldier #1's chair away as he lifts
him up - shoves him back against a COLUMN - pulling his arms
around behind it - CUFFS him --

Shaka crosses to a CLOSED DOOR behind the table -- glances at Luis
as she leans against the facing wall --

Luis turns, levels down on the door, moving closer as Shaka FLINGS
it OPEN -- ANOTHER STAIRWELL -- Luis nods 'clear' -- Shaka swings
into a gun-lead stance, runs up --

Luis looks over as SOLDIER #2 BOLTS FROM THE TABLE, RUNNING --

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR

Kittle edges his way down a long EMPTY HALLWAY -- backs up to a
door - KICKS it open - shotgun-lead -- checks the room --
nothing --

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, behind him - a door FLINGS OPEN -- Kwanjo, holding a .44 MAGNUM -- Kittle SMASHES the butt of his shotgun into Kwanjo's gun hand -- the .44 DROPS --

KWANJO

No! Don't do it! Don't!

Kittle lifts a boot to Kwanjo's chest -- SHOVES him hard, back into the room --

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS

ON LUIS - FLYING THRU THE AIR - he lands - WHAM! TACKLING SOLDIER #2 -- Luis DRAGS him across the floor -- CLICK! Luis SNAPS a pair of CUFFS on Soldier #2 -- wrists anchored around the leg of a large oak armoire --

UPSTAIRS - BACK CORRIDOR - SHAKA

Moving down a SHORT HALLWAY - passes thru an INTERSECTING LONG HALLWAY -- TRACK WITH HER past open doors -- empty offices -- she edges to a CLOSED DOOR - OPENS IT --

SHAKA'S P.O.V. - A CLOSET - MOPS, BROOMS, CLEANING SUPPLIES

RESUME WITH SHAKA as she gun-leads around a corner -- down another SHORT HALLWAY -- ahead - a SINGLE CLOSED DOOR -- Shaka holds up as she HEARS MALE VOICES FROM WITHIN --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hurry, man!

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Shut the fuck up!

Shaka stares at the door a moment, then reverses her path - going back around the corner --

INT. VICTORIAN - UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR - ROOM - KITTLE

Kittle's forearm has Kwanjo PINNED against the wall --

KWANJO

Fuck! Fuck you! This is my establishment -- you can't do this -- you ain't got shit on me!

KITTLE

Eddie Cash does, though -- right? You hear how Eddie's givin' manicures lately?

KWANJO

You know nothin'!

KITTLE

I know Eddie's back on the street --

(CONTINUED)

BOOM! Shoots over Kwanjo's head - KA-CHUNK! Kittle again COCKS the shotgun --

KITTLE
Only thing I don't know is where and when
the shipment arrives --

Presses the hot barrel against Kwanjo's forehead -- Kwanjo's eyes
squeeze shut...

FLASH CUTS: INT. NEW YORK CITY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THUGS load the lobotomized ABE FLOAT with BAGS OF HEROIN.

TITLE CARD: New York - June 25, 1976

KWANJO (O.S.)
A great big paper and glue goodwill
ambassador -- Nobody imagines what's inside,
no cops are gonna search it; the Trojan
horse, man. After the show goes on, the
boys empty it out while the city sleeps.
That's how simple it is.

END FLASH CUTS.

INT. VICTORIAN - ROOM - KWANJO AND KITTLE - DAY

KWANJO
The man said, 'dedicated to the proposition
all men are created equal.'

KITTLE
Cut the shit! Gimme a place and time!

UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR - LUIS

Running up the staircase - takes the top three steps in one leap -
SEES Kwanjo's discarded gun on the floor - walks toward it --

Suddenly - at the end of the hallway - TWO ARMED MEN appear:
VENDA, the sizable lunatic-Thug; and next to him, a beefy
BODYGUARD -- BOTH FIRE at Luis -- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!!

Luis DIVES into the room on his left --

INT. SIDE ROOM - KITTLE

The barrel of his shotgun making an imprint in Kwanjo's forehead --
HEARS the nearby GUNFIRE -- Kittle grabs Kwanjo's collar - lifts
him to his feet --

KITTLE
MOVE!

SHOVES him forward toward the hallway - shotgun ramming into his
back -- Kwanjo panics --

(CONTINUED)

KWANJO
(yelling out the door)
VENDA! HOLD UP, MAN!

UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR

Luis peeks out, staying low -- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! Luis ducks back as Venda and Bodyguard resume FIRING --

Kwanjo suddenly lunges from the room opposite -- rolls, grabs up the discarded gun -- squat-runs at Venda and Bodyguard -- they hold fire --

INT. SIDE ROOM - KITTLE

Has a bead on Kwanjo's back -- then lowers the shotgun --

KITTLE
Fuck!
LUIS (O.S.)
KITTLE!

KITTLE
YEAH! DIDN'T GET ENOUGH!

LUIS (O.S.)
FUCK!

MORE GUNFIRE from the hallway -- the DOOR FRAME SPLINTERS -- Kittle jumps away --

UPSTAIRS - BACK CORRIDOR - SHAKA

Standing at the edge of the short corridor - hunched down around the corner -- HEARS O.S. GUNFIRE - it STOPS -- she calls out toward the closed door --

SHAKA
POLICE! WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!

She pushes A LARGE ROLLERED MOP BUCKET toward the door -- it HITS against it -- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!! -- GUNFIRE FROM INSIDE splinters the door to shit -- SILENCE -- the door creaks OPEN -- TWO THUGS step out --

Shaka whips around the corner -- FIRES -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

The two Thugs go down -- Shaka runs forward - gun leveled -- steps past them -- checks the room --

SHAKA'S P.O.V. - THE ROOM

A TABLE with stacks of SMALL DRUG PACKETS -- IN THE CORNER - an OPEN CLOSET FULL OF WEAPONRY AND AMMO --

UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR

Venda and Bodyguard are still guarding the hallway - no movement -- they exchange a glance - begin walking forward --

INT. UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR - ROOM - KITTLE

Pulls a .45 from his belt, sets the shotgun aside --

KITTLE

ON THREE!

INT. UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR - OPPOSITE ROOM - LUIS

Still holding his shotgun, aims at a far wall - FIRES - BOOM!

UPSTAIRS - SIDE CORRIDOR

Confused, Venda and Bodyguard jump back as the O.S. FIRING continues - BOOM! BOOM! Kittle dives out into the hallway -- combat position -- FIRES UP -- BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! - takes out both men --

Luis runs out as Kittle gets up - they race down the hall --

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - UPSTAIRS - SAFE ROOM - DAY

Kwanjo, kneeling before a huge FLOOR SAFE, makes the final rotation on the big dial - CLICK! - moves his hand to the steel handle - HEARS A SOUND - WHIRLS - .44 in hand - FIRES --

DOORWAY

Kittle jumps back into the hall -- holds an arm out to Luis --

KWANJO

Dives away from the safe, runs to a MASSIVE WOODEN DESK -- hefts it off its hind legs, tipping it to the floor -- WHAM! The floor shakes as he ducks down behind for cover -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! Kwanjo FIRES again at the open door --

DOORWAY

Kittle and Luis twist away as the doorjamb SPLINTERS -- they turn to the SOUND of someone running down another hallway -- SEE Shaka round the corner --

Kittle signals Shaka forward, to the other side of the door --

KITTLE

(yelling into the room)

KWANJO! GIVE IT UP! YOU GOT NO CHANCE!

(CONTINUED)

Luis tosses the shotgun past the open doorway to Shaka -- she leans in low, BLASTS a HOLE thru the right side of the desk, pops back out.

KWANJO (O.S.)
Okay-okay-okay!

Kwanjo SLIDES the .44 out - shows hands, rises --

The Trio enter the room -- guns leveled down on Kwanjo --

SHAKA
(to Kittle and Luis)
Got a room fulla white powder down the hall.

KITTLE
(points his gun toward the
safe)
Go ahead, man, let's see what else you got --

Kwanjo crosses, kneels down -- slowly places his hand on the safe's steel handle, CLICK -- pulls the heavy door OPEN --

Kittle, Shaka and Luis, standing behind Kwanjo, FREEZE, staring in at the safe with a look of dread...

As Kwanjo SCREAMS -- WHIP PAN TO: THE SAFE -- THE CONTENTS: CASH, DOPE, GUNS... AND A LARGE TICKING TIME BOMB...

BEEP! THE ROOM FLASHES -- NOTHING BUT WHITE!

EXT. VICTORIAN MANSION - LONG SHOT - DAY

KA-BOOOOOM! THE MANSION EXPLODES!!

FIREBALLS ENGULF THE BUILDING! ON THE BURNING WRECKAGE SENDING SMOKE AND FLAMES UPWARD -- CAMERA PUSHES IN UNTIL THE SCREEN --

FADES TO WHITE:

Pause. A VOICE from the white: PRESIDENT GERALD FORD...

PRESIDENT FORD (V.O.)
Two hundred years ago, we, the people of the United States of America, began a great adventure which stirred the imagination and quickened the hopes of men and women throughout the world. The date was July fourth, seventeen-seventy-six; the occasion, the signing of our Declaration of Independence...

The SOUND of SIRENS BLARING...

DISSOLVE IN FROM WHITE:

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY

SIRENS BLAZING, the street whipping by - Kittle strapped down, eyes rolling, dimly conscious --

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

Two other AMBULANCES already in place as Kittle's rolls in --

INT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Kittle, on a gurney, is guided in --

PRESIDENT FORD (V.O.)

No other nation in history has ever dedicated itself more specifically nor devoted itself more completely to the proposition that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with such unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Doors SLAM open: DOCTORS and INTERNS run all directions as Kittle, Shaka, Luis are wheeled thru -- all strapped to wooden brace-boards -- controlled pandemonium...

IMAGES:

KITTLE'S BODY TRANSFERRED TO AN OPERATION TABLE. DOCTORS SHOUT ORDERS. OXYGEN'S ADMINISTERED. SURGICAL SCISSORS CUT BLOOD-SOAKED CLOTHING OFF LUIS AND SHAKA WHO LIE CLOSE TOGETHER -- SHAKA'S PUPILS CHECKED WITH A FLASHLIGHT. X-RAYS STUDIED AGAINST LIGHT-BOXES. TUBES FED DOWN LUIS' THROAT. NEEDLES INSERTED INTO VEINS --

PRESIDENT FORD (V.O.)

Two centuries later, as we celebrate our Bicentennial Year of Independence, the great American adventure continues... Colonists and immigrants brought with them cherished values and ideals in religion and in culture, in law and learning which, mixed with the native American ways, gave us our rich American heritage.

INTERCUTTING - ON VIDEO SCREEN - DAY

ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, WORKERS READY FOR A PARADE...

FLOATS ARE GUIDED AROUND A CORNER: A GIANT BALD EAGLE; A MASSIVE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER WITH A MUSKET... MARCHING BANDS MILL ABOUT, NOISY, DISORGANIZED. SIDEWALKS SEETHE WITH EXPECTANT SPECTATORS. BOY SCOUT TROOPS ARE LINED UP BY DEN-LEADER DADS. POLICEMEN CHASE A NAKED STREAKER. THE CROWD JEERS. BATON TWIRLING DRUM MAJORETTES WARM UP.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT FORD (V.O.)

The unique American union of the known and the unknown, the tried and the untried, has been the foundation for our liberty and the secret of our great success. In this country, individuals can be the masters rather than the helpless victims of their destiny. We can make our own opportunities and make the most of them...

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - WEST LOS ANGELES - DAY

Vacant room - no furniture, but for a T.V., which is ON - with IMAGES OF THE PARADE.

At the window, Section Eight gazes out at the PARADE below as it comes around the corner -- A KNOCK on the door behind him. He empties the remains of a Vodka bottle, leaves it on the window sill...

DOORWAY

Section Eight pulls the door open and finds WILLARD, who clearly thinks he's got the world by the ass --

SECTION EIGHT

You got something for me?

WILLARD

What the fuck you doin' - in case you forgot - you are here to do a job of work -- So far nobody's seen any progress, man.

With one swift brutal movement, Section Eight yanks him inside, SMASHES the door closed again. Willard tries to resist, but Section Eight SLAPS him twice across the face, shakes him. Throws him back against the wall --

WILLARD

You fuckin' with the wrong guy, man. I got lots of juice.

(scared, trying to tough it out)

You get the word? Eddie's out...

SECTION EIGHT

Bullshit.

WILLARD

It's true, man! He broke - turn on the fuckin' T.V.!

FREEZE FRAME - WILLARD

RAP SHEET - RAPID COMPUTER PRINTOUT:

(CONTINUED)

WILLARD STOTTMEYER A.K.A. WILLY BOY. BORN: WAYCROSS, GA., 1950. FATHER: RETIRED ROOFER. MOTHER: RETIRED WAITRESS. FIRST ARREST: 1964 - BLACKSHEAR, GA.; BREAKING AND ENTERING; POSSESSION OF STOLEN GOODS; SUSP. SENTENCE, 2 YRS. PROBATION. SUBSEQUENT ARRESTS: 1966 - RIPLEY, CA. - AS MINOR - VEHICULAR MANSLAUGHTER W/POSSESSION OF FIREARMS & EXPLOSIVES; SERVED 8 OF 20 YR. SENTENCE, CHULA VISTA. 1974-PRESENT - LOS ANGELES, CA.; 6 PAROLE VIOLATIONS; POSSESSION OF MULTIPLE FIREARMS & EXPLOSIVES; NO CONVICTIONS.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT

Section Eight leans forward, reaches inside Willard's coat --

SECTION EIGHT

This my money?

He takes out a fat envelope -- checks the cash, then pockets it -- Willard tries to make a break for it - Section Eight trips him, then drops him with ONE PUNCH. Willard shakes his head, looks up from the floor...

SECTION EIGHT

Somebody out there's cuttin' in on my deal --
I been hearin' shit --

Counts the money.

WILLARD

Jesus, man! What the shit're you so pissed about?! You ain't makin' enough? You don't want anybody else to get any?

As Willard sits up --

SECTION EIGHT

Like you?

WILLARD

Fuck yeah, like me --

Section Eight smiles, looks friendly...

SECTION EIGHT

You're right -- I been greedy --

WILLARD

Eddie's been pickin' me for some heavy shit lately --

SECTION EIGHT

Yeah? Go on - impress me.

Off Willard's smile --

FLASH CUTS: INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - SAFE ROOM - ON A PAIR OF HANDS - DAY

Removing what is clearly a BOMB from a duffel bag - PULL BACK TO REVEAL WILLARD - seated on the floor in front of an OPEN SAFE - as he places the bomb against the safe's back wall --

WILLARD (O.S.)

Eddie's the one put the goddamn safe in there before he sold the place to Kwanjo.

END FLASH CUTS.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - HOLLYWOOD - WILLARD

WILLARD

Kwanjo changed the combination - but Eddie went to a pro. I went in to inspect the wiring - even had a city permit.

Willard smiles, looking comfortable with his new pal --

SECTION EIGHT

So, you're the great Willard, huh?

WILLARD

(laugh)

Last time I checked... You wanta see my product, man?

SECTION EIGHT

The cop's sister that Eddie clipped - you know anything about her?

WILLARD

(smile)

Ronetta? Shit, man - I was her dealer.

This is, of course, a death sentence. Section Eight PULLS AND EMPTIES BOTH .45'S into Willard.

INT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - P.O.V. OF MEN'S WARD - DAY

CAMERA PANS THE LARGE ROOM - TWENTY BEDS - TWELVE OCCUPIED -- busy NURSES - VISITORS around loved ones -- on the metal footboards, strips of masking tape identify each patient -- PAUSE on 'L. MESA' - WE SEE unconscious LUIS in bed, hooked up to intravenous tubes and other medical devices -- ACROSS THE WARD -- Kittle lies motionless, similarly impeded...

WE ARE IN THE P.O.V. OF CAPTAIN GAINS - as he looks thru the room while speaking quietly with a DOCTOR. Gains glances up at the TELEVISION as he limps, aided by his heavy cane, toward the door...

ON THE SCREEN: IMAGES OF THE PARADE STILL IN PREPARATION --

INT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

As Gains steps out -- he passes TWO UNIFORMED COPS milling near the door...

DOWN THE HALL -- MORE UNIFORMED COPS seated near an exit door and a bank of elevators.

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - NURSES' STATION - DAY

Gains now on the phone -- speaking to a superior...

GAINS

(into phone)

Nobody conscious yet - medical staff says that's the good news... The perp absorbed most of the blast - he's wallpaper -- If our three hadn't been padded up -- they'd be at the morgue - right alongside what's left of the bad guy... From what we can figure out, it must've been the O.K. Corral before the bomb went off -- I've got men posted... Just a precaution - Eddie Cash is probably on a boat halfway to Panama...

(looking past)

Ah, crap.

GAINS' P.O.V.: DEPUTY D.A. QUINN APPROACHING --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - MEN'S WARD - DAY

SOUND of a T.V. BROADCAST. Kittle - lying on his side - a fresh bandage attached to his scalp. CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIM, CLOSE: His eyes slowly open - SEES:

The BLURRY IMAGE OF the back of a SEATED WOMAN - just beyond -- A MAN, propped up in bed -- TWO YOUNG BOYS sitting adjacent, looking up at -- P.O.V. MOVES UP TO THE T.V.:

IMAGES OF THE END OF THE PARADE -- THE ABE LINCOLN HEAD ROLLS BY -- INTERCUT WITH TWO SACCHARINE LOCAL NEWSCASTERS PLAYING VERBAL PING-PONG:

MALE HOST

...And the Abraham Lincoln float... That's right, Tammy - we should mention that it was sponsored by Delarosa Donuts in Brooklyn, New York... Good for them. Second prize went to... Very good, Tam - but what does a castle have to do with America?

FEMALE HOST

Received an honorable mention... That's a mouthful, Ted. Also notable is that ol' Abe was made entirely from recycled paper... The castle made of aluminum foil -- A float with a moat...

Seated Woman turns, looks at Kittle - reaches up, grabs the WHITE HANGING CURTAIN - tugs - WIPES KITTLE'S P.O.V. --

(CONTINUED)

ON KITTLE - closing his eyes...

FADE TO BLACK:

ECU OF AN 'EXIT' SIGN -- CAMERA PULLS WIDE TO INCLUDE THE HEAVY
DOOR UNDERNEATH - OPENING --

A GIANT STUFFED TEDDY BEAR conceals the face of the MAN who
carries it -- As he steps out from the stairwell -- TRACK WITH HIM
as he walks around a corner into:

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Though we can't see his face, we recognize the bulk of Section
Eight. He approaches the idling UNIFORMED COPS -- A YOUNG UNIFORM
smiles at the teddy bear as Section Eight passes, walking into:

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR - WOMEN'S WARD - NIGHT

As in the Men's Ward: TWENTY BEDS - over half of them OCCUPIED.
Section Eight looks thru the room - ignores the looks of an
ATTENDING NURSE across the way - walks toward the BED NEAREST THE
WINDOW -- SHAKA - I.V. hooked up and still comatose.

INT. HOSPITAL - MEN'S WARD - NIGHT

Kittle, face down in bed, blanket half on the floor - I.V. tube
across his back - bare ass in his patient smock --

KITTLE

Shit.

He reaches for the safety bar - turns himself - checks for his
watch - gone. On his right wrist - a catheter feeds from a bag of
SALINE hanging from a portable hook-stand. Cursing again, he
pulls up, plants his feet on the floor -- untangles the I.V.
tubing as he looks around the ward - SEES:

LUIS - PRONE, UNCONSCIOUS -- on the table near Luis' bed -- THREE
VASES OF FLOWERS, A BOX OF CANDY and HOMEMADE CARDS - 'Dear Uncle
Luis - Get well fast' - etc....

Kittle looks at his own bedside table - picks up a PLASTIC PITCHER
- empty... He grabs onto the hook-stand, tries to pull himself
off the bed --

BIG NURSE (O.S.)

Where you going, Mister?

Kittle turns to see BIG NURSE at another patient's bed --

KITTLE

Thirsty... How long I been here?

As she walks toward him -- glances at Luis --

(CONTINUED)

BIG NURSE

About eleven hours now -- You and your friend got admitted this morning. Happy fourth of July.

KITTLE

How bad is he?

Big Nurse takes his arm - tries to maneuver him backward -- Kittle holds his ground in wobbly defiance --

BIG NURSE

Mostly a real bad concussion -- haven't heard a peep out of him yet --

Reaches past him, grabs the pitcher, walks to a nearby SINK -- Kittle, using the hook-stand for support, crosses to the front wall of BUILT-IN CUPBOARDS --

BIG NURSE

Now, why don't you be a good boy and get your behind back in bed.

KITTLE

Where's Detective Watson?

O.S. SOUND of water running -- Kittle OPENS one of the cupboard doors -- Shelves, labeled with surnames on masking tape, stacked with patients' personal effects -- OPENS another door - SEES 'J. KITTLE' --

BIG NURSE

Ladies are up on three.

She rinses the pitcher - begins to fill it --

BIG NURSE

I can bring you a little solid food if you're hungry --

Kittle reaches up - snags his clothes - letting them drop to the floor --

KITTLE

Yeah, can you get me a steak?

(looks at the pile)

And my gun.

Big Nurse looks over at him, pulls a paper cup from a wall dispenser, marches toward Kittle --

BIG NURSE

Your police friends took all those guns out of here.

She proffers the full pitcher of water and cup - Kittle takes the pitcher - gulps down half - hands it back...

(CONTINUED)

BIG NURSE

You shouldn't be moving around so much --
According to your blood workup, among your
other problems, you have a mild amphetamine
dependency. Now, get your butt back down in
that bed.

Kittle regards her a moment - she looks tougher than he feels --
he turns, still clutching the hook-stand, starts shuffling his
feet back toward the bed as Big Nurse puts his clothes back up on
the shelf...

BIG NURSE

Come ten o'clock - we're gonna open all the
curtains -- they send up the rockets and
fireworks every year from that big park
right across the way -- we got a perfect
view from here...

CLOSE ON A TELEPHONE - RINGING

INT. DIVISION H.Q. - CUBICLES - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Detective ROMAN picks up --

ROMAN

(into phone)

Roman.

INT. MEN'S WARD - KITTLE / INT. BULLPEN - ROMAN - INTERCUT

Kittle, on the phone, his head moving IN and OUT of FRAME --

KITTLE

Sammy - don't say my name -- it's Kittle.

ROMAN

Jesus Christ --

Roman glances at GAINS in his glassed-in office --

KITTLE

(cuts him off)

Any word on Cash?

ROMAN

He's evaporated. We're checking airports,
rails, docks -- Anything that moves - we're
all over it.

KITTLE

Anything funny - anybody looking for us?

ROMAN

Nothin' -- What the hell's goin' on? How're
the comrades?

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

I'm tryin' to find out --

ROMAN

Just get some rest and heal up, huh?

KITTLE

Couldn't move if I wanted to. Do me a favor -- important. Get a location on where they took the floats after the Wilshire parade today. If I'm right, the Lincoln head traces to a fake D.B.A. Delarosa Donuts - and it's got three hundred keys of smack stuffed inside.

CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL Kittle, now dressed in his own clothes, bending down to tie his shoelaces...

ROMAN

Listen, buddy -- that prick Deputy D.A. has a firecracker up his ass about you guys - says you went rogue. Captain's holdin' him and the rest a those yahoos off 'til you're better -- So, if I was you, I'd stay sleeping for a while.

KITTLE

You don't understand. It's the fourth of July. I'm an American. I gotta win.

Kittle hangs up; reaches up to his head, feels the bandages --

P.O.V. - AN OPEN CUPBOARD - THE SHELVES OF CLOTHING

A hand pulls out a U.C.L.A. BASEBALL CAP - tosses it back - reaches for another shelf - grabs a plain navy cap --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kittle, wearing the ballcap, steps out into the hall, letting the ward door close behind him - he looks left -- SEES TWO UNIFORMED COPS seated near the EXIT DOOR -- Kittle turns right, walks past TWO MORE UNIFORMED COPS, past BIG NURSE in the Nurse's Station -- continues on down the corridor...

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

FOUR ELEVATORS - two on either side a small hallway - DING! DOORS OPEN -- Kittle steps out, heads left -- Behind him -- DING! AN ELEVATOR on the opposite side OPENS -- Kittle turns, looks back - SEES:

A DARK-HAIRED ORDERLY guiding a WHEELCHAIR backwards out of the elevator --

Kittle starts moving toward them - STOPS --

(CONTINUED)

The Orderly BLURS as he angles the chair, aims it AT CAMERA; FOCUS on the wheelchair's Occupant -- an ELDERLY PATIENT...

Kittle stares a moment, then turns again, walks off...

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FOUR UNIFORMED GUARDS outside the WOMEN'S WARD -- as Kittle reaches the door --

YOUNG UNIFORM (O.S.)
Detective?

KITTLE
(cuts him off)
Come to see my partner - doc says it's okay.

Keeps moving.

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR - WOMEN'S WARD - NIGHT

Kittle steps in -- SEES TWO ATTENDING NURSES, hovering near patients on the far side of the ward -- SEVERAL BEDS shrouded by white hanging curtains -- on one, the footboard bears the label 'M. WATSON' --

Kittle crosses to it - tugs gently at the curtain, looks in, moves away -- SEES: Another ATTENDING NURSE finish with a patient; she turns to find Kittle looming in her face --

KITTLE
Shaka Watson --

Rattled, she glances at her CLIPBOARD --

ATTENDING NURSE
Maxine Watson -- the detective.

KITTLE
That's her. Where is she?

Attending Nurse looks at the bed nearest the window - EMPTY.

ATTENDING NURSE
Someone must've moved her --

Rechecks the clipboard; roams with her eyes 'til she finds --

ATTENDING NURSE
There -- M. Watson.

Kittle crosses to the bed - YANKS back the curtain to REVEAL:

AN UNCONSCIOUS GREY-HAIRED WOMAN in her 50's - attached to various apparatus; on the bed next to her - THE GIANT TEDDY BEAR...

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

AN AMBULANCE backs in, stops next to ANOTHER AMBULANCE -- back doors fly open -- CONTAINED PANDEMONIUM -- as MEDICAL PERSONNEL run in and out of the hospital - assisting in the removal and transfer of SEVERAL CAR CRASH VICTIMS...

As the last stretcher rolls into the Emergency Ward, the electronic doors slide CLOSED. CAMERA PANS TO:

A THIRD AMBULANCE - parked off to the side near a hedge. The rear door opens -- GOON #1 backs out, pulling a stretcher on which a sheet covers a lumpy mass - GOON #2 follows, holding the other end -- as the stretcher clears the door, #1 and #2 set it down, begin to unfold the rollered legs --

PULLING IN NEXT TO THE AMBULANCE - A SEDAN PARKS - GOONS #3 and #4 get out - cross quickly toward the building - take positions on either side of the emergency entrance --

From the cab of the Ambulance, the driver, GOON #5 jumps out, WALKIE-TALKIE in hand -- he runs to the back as GOON #6 appears from within, rocking a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR backwards out of the door -- #5 helps lower the chair to the ground, hands the walkie-talkie to #6, then crosses to the stretcher - where #1 pulls back the sheet REVEALING a variety of WEAPONS underneath. Goon #5 lays down on the stretcher as #1 and #2 reposition the guns around him - then pull the sheet back up and over...

Goon #6 UNLOCKS the wheels of the chair, turns it AT CAMERA -- we now see that Goon #6 is TATTOO - CAMERA PANS DOWN TO the Man in the wheelchair -- EDDIE CASH... GO TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON KITTLE'S FACE - HIS EYES BULGING --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL A HAND GRIPPING HIS THROAT!

KITTLE

(choking)

Luis! No... It's -- me --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - MEN'S WARD - NIGHT

CAMERA WIDENS TO INCLUDE LUIS - lying prone, eyes open -- Luis focuses - relaxes his grip - seeing Kittle...

LUIS

What happened, man?

KITTLE

Shaka's gone.

LUIS

Dead?

KITTLE

I can't find her.

(CONTINUED)

LUIS
Help me up, man.

As Luis tries to sit up --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

Kittle, Luis and the FOUR UNIFORMED COPS in a huddle around the YOUNG UNIFORM from upstairs --

YOUNG UNIFORM
I only saw his face for a second, ya know --
he was carryin' that teddy bear, and --

KITTLE
That's okay, you did fine. Everybody got a
clear picture of this ape?

Affirmative nods.

KITTLE
(at two of the Cops)
You two go upstairs - spread your men out
lookin' - then hit the ground floor and work
your way back up.

LUIS
Any of you guys carry surplus?

One of the Cops lifts a pantleg -- a .38 S&W in an ANKLE HOLSTER,
with a sheath of six extra slugs attached -- he reaches down,
unhooks it - hands it to Luis --

LUIS
We got one pea shooter. That's it? Nobody
else?

Negative. Luis looks at Kittle - we're fucked --

KITTLE
(to Luis re: the other two
Cops)
Take this pair with you -- check the whole
floor - but keep an eye on the ward - good
bet he's comin' here next -- I'll catch you
somewhere in the middle.

Suddenly BLOOD trickles from Luis' nose - he wipes it away --

KITTLE
You up for this, amigo?

Off Luis' nod:

CLOUDY P.O.V - A FORM MOVING TOWARD US -- CAMERA FOCUSES, PULLS
BACK -- THE FORM IS A DEAD BODY, COCOONED IN A THICK, CLEAR
PLASTIC BAG - PULL WIDE - TO REVEAL --

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT - MORGUE - COLD STORAGE - NIGHT

SECTION EIGHT, carrying the dead package - WHAM! DROPS IT ATOP A STACK OF OTHER CORPSES...

CAMERA WIDENS FURTHER TO SEE that Section Eight is building a wall of cadavers -- AROUND HIM -- Lining the walls - aluminum shelving, like bunkbeds -- MORE DEAD BODIES WRAPPED AND SEALED IN CLEAR PLASTIC -- STIFF HANDS, STARING EYES, OPEN MOUTHS... ALONG THE FLOOR - over a DOZEN GURNEYS - holding MORE DEAD BODIES...

Section Eight steps from behind the mound of bodies, looks at:

SHAKA - coming to - lying on a bare examination table - blankets serve as mattress and covers. I.V. still connected; the saline bag hanging from the portable hook-stand -- as she SEES Section Eight --

SECTION EIGHT

It's okay -- you're in the hospital - I moved you in here so Eddie Cash won't find you -- He's comin' here --

Moves close to her --

SECTION EIGHT

I know Eddie. He wants you three dead. He wants it more than anything. He cares a lot more about that than the dope and the money. He's gotta kill you - maybe pull the trigger himself...

Section Eight checks the clips of both .45 AUTOS --

SECTION EIGHT

I know it's cold -- I'm gonna get you some more blankets - anybody comes in here, all you gotta do is stay quiet.

SHAKA

Bullshit -- he killed my sister and I didn't get to do a goddamn thing about it. Gimme a gun...

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

EDDIE CASH, seated in his wheelchair, TATTOO and GOONS #1 thru #4 - all wait, against a wall, WATCHING -- Eddie Cash grabs the walkie-talkie from Tattoo --

EDDIE CASH

(into walkie-talkie)

Get it ready --

P.O.V. - NURSES' STATION - GOON #5 QUESTIONS A NURSE...

P.O.V. - THRU WINDOW - A BLUR OF WHITE - BURSTS INTO CAMERA -
CRASH! AS GLASS SHARDS FLY AT US...

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

FOUR B&W PATROL CARS - PARKED IN THE CIRCULAR DRIVE --

AT THE CAR NEAREST THE ENTRYWAY -- Kittle, his elbow wrapped in a
WHITE TOWEL, SMASHES thru the passenger window --

INT. PATROL CAR

Kittle's hand reaches in thru the broken window - opens the door,
gets in - he bends down to search the car's interior - running
hands under the dash, seats, console, floor mats...

Kittle suddenly sits up - in his hand - a small METAL BOX -- he
slides it OPEN - A KEY... Kittle takes it, turns to UNLOCK a
SHOTGUN CASE above the seat. He glances out the rear window,
SEES:

KITTLE'S P.O.V. - THRU CAR REAR WINDOW - A LIMOUSINE - PARKED IN
THE LOT BEYOND...

Kittle YANKS the SHORT BARRELED RIOT-GUN free; starts grabbing
handfuls of shells.

CLOSE ON A STENCILED SIGN - 'I.C.U.' - PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE
DOUBLE GLASS DOORS LEADING TO:

INT. P.O.V. - THRU GLASS GLASS - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

LUIS and the TWO COPS scanning the ward -- they walk AT CAMERA --
PUSH AGAINST THE GLASS DOORS, moving out into --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - SURGICAL WING - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH THEM as they walk toward the OPERATING ROOMS --
Luis turns to one of the Cops --

LUIS
Stick here - recheck these rooms - and don't
let the nurses push you around --
(to the other Cop)
Let's go...

They head back for the ward.

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Kittle enters the lobby -- the riot-gun tucked into the sleeve of
his jacket, now off, draped at his side -- UNIFORM COP #2
approaches --

UNIFORM COP #2
Checked all thru the Administration offices -
nothing so far --

(CONTINUED)

KITTLE

You see that limo drive in?

Uniform Cop #2 follows Kittle's gaze --

P.O.V. - THRU GLASS - THE LIMO

UNIFORM COP #2 (O.S.)

Saw it pull in, maybe five minutes ago --
nobody in or out.

Continue WATCHING as the LIMO DRIVER appears from the other side
of the car -- OPENS the back door -- PULLS A RAMP OUT - tipping
one end to the ground...

ON KITTLE

Looks at Uniform Cop #2 --

KITTLE

Call Division - Gains -- tell him get
everything he's got and bring it here --

As he moves off -- calls back --

KITTLE

Tell him it's Eddie fuckin' Cash --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - MEN'S WARD - NIGHT

EDDIE CASH, TATTOO and the GOON QUINTET enter - cross to the bed
marked 'J. KITTLE' -- Tattoo pushes Eddie Cash closer, then hands
him a SILENCED AUTO -- Eddie Cash aims -- TFFFT!TFFFT!TFFFT!TFFFT!
TFFFT!TFFFT! - PEPPERS the curtain with bullets!

Tattoo YANKS the curtain back -- WE SEE Kittle's bed - EMPTY.

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Luis and the Cop walking toward the ward -- Hand on the door, Luis
turns to the Cop --

LUIS

Get those nurses and any other civilians
clear from the floor --

The Cop moves off as Luis goes in --

INT. MEN'S WARD

LUIS' P.O.V. - GOON #1 - GUN HIDDEN -- still dressed in his greens
-- Luis focuses beyond -- SEES:

EDDIE CASH - ROLLING OUT IN HIS WHEELCHAIR - SMILING AT LUIS -
BEHIND HIM -- TATTOO AND THE FOUR OTHER GOONS --

(CONTINUED)

Luis instantly raises the .38 -- Goon #1 FIRES with a SILENCED .45 AUTO -- TFFFT!TFFFT! --

Luis takes A BULLET IN THE STOMACH, ONE IN THE ARM - FIRES - BOOM!BOOM! -- as he falls against the wall -- BOOM!

GOON #1 GOES DOWN --

Luis staggers, moves slowly toward Eddie Cash --

Eddie stares at the determined, badly wounded Luis...

EDDIE CASH

Sure you don't wanta go to Vegas with me,
hermanito?

Luis lifts the now seemingly very heavy .38 snub - tries to level down on Eddie --

TATTOO pulls an AUTO -- FIRES -- TFFFT!TFFFT!TFFFT!TFFFT! --

EDDIE CASH

Get me outta here --

Tattoo pushes Eddie past Luis' downed body - toward the exit --
Goon #2 moves ahead -- opens the door --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE MEN'S WARD

Eddie Cash and his Minions come out -- Tattoo pushes Eddie toward the elevators -- they SEE:

THE COP -- LEANING OUT FROM BEHIND THE NURSE'S STATION -- HE LEVELS DOWN --

GOON #3 FIRES -- TFFFT!TFFFT!TFFFT! --

AS THE COP JUMPS BACK --

TATTOO

Fuck! Go! Other way!

Tattoo quickly turns the chair around -- the Goons follow as Eddie Cash rolls in the opposite direction --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

THE STAIRWELL DOOR FLIES OPEN -- Kittle moves out from the stairwell, TRACK WITH HIM as he comes around the corner; SEES:

RECEPTION DESK - THE COP ON THE PHONE --

COP

(into phone)

OFFICER DOWN! REPEAT - OFFICER DOWN!

(CONTINUED)

Kittle runs up to him -- firm hand on his shoulder, calm --

KITTLE
Where -- talk to me --

The Uniform looks up at Kittle, then off to his right --

UNIFORM COP
There's four or five - dressed like doctors -
a guy in a wheelchair. They got autos with
silencers --

KITTLE
Where's my partner?

Kittle follows the Uniform's gaze --

INT. MEN'S WARD - KITTLE

Arrives and kneels beside Luis' body -- hand on his neck -- Luis' eyes open - he speaks brokenly to Kittle...

LUIS
C'mon, amigo, tell me the truth -- you ever
get in her pants? I know it, man. I'm
never wrong.

KITTLE
Just once.

LUIS
Yeah?

KITTLE
It was great.

LUIS
Right. Way to go, man.

He dies. A moment, then Kittle frees the riot-gun from the jacket - pulls shells from the pockets --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - SURGICAL WING

Eddie and Minions move quickly, yet try not to appear suspicious - guns are tucked away - as they pass NURSES, DOCTORS, INTERNS --
CAMERA PUSHES AHEAD, AROUND A CORNER AS --

REAR OF SURGICAL WING - LARGE SINGLE ELEVATOR - THE DOORS OPEN:

INSIDE - SECTION EIGHT and SHAKA - each holding a .45 AUTO --
Shaka looks haggard, still with I.V. and hook-stand - she leans against Section Eight --

As they step out into the corridor --

(CONTINUED)

I.C.U. COP (O.S.)

Hold it!

Section Eight stops - SEES:

THE UNIFORMED COP from the I.C.U. leveled down on him -- as the I.C.U. COP SEES SHAKA -- hesitates -- THE COP IS SUDDENLY HIT FROM SILENT GUNFIRE!

Shaka and Section Eight whirl to SEE:

EDDIE CASH AND HIS MEN - GUNS OUT - MOVING TOWARD THEM -- GOON #2 FIRES A FINAL ROUND INTO THE I.C.U. COP - TFFFT!TFFFT!

Shaka raises her gun -- FIRES -- Section Eight levels down also -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

Tattoo instantly pushes Eddie's chair into a hard right -- Goons #4 and #5 in tow --

GOONS #2 AND #3 FIRE BACK at Shaka and Section Eight as Eddie disappears -- TFFT!TFFT!TFFT!TFFT!TFFT!

GOON #2 takes THREE IN THE GROIN, LEG AND CHEST - goes down --

SECTION EIGHT DIVES IN FRONT OF SHAKA -- TAKES TWO BULLETS IN THE CHEST -- CONTINUES FIRING -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

GOON #3 gets it IN THE HEAD AND NECK --

Section Eight falls to the floor. Shaka looks past the dead Goons - Tattoo, Eddie Cash and the two remaining Goons are gone -- she then focuses on Section Eight, bends down as --

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - KITTLE - NIGHT

Running down the large hallway -- SEES:

Shaka rising from Section Eight's side -- she looks up -- LEVELS HER GUN -- immediately drops it as she SEES Kittle...

SHAKA

It's Eddie! Eddie Cash!

KITTLE

Where?!

She struggles - leads him toward:

INT. SECOND FLOOR - SCRUB ROOM

Kittle and Shaka enter the room -- both with gun-leads... Almost back-to-back as they move thru past the scrub sinks - heading towards the large DOUBLE DOORS OF:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Lung surgery meant to be in progress - instead, PANDEMONIUM as Kittle and Shaka BURST THROUGH the door -- Tattoo opposite, gun jammed against the head of a SURGICAL NURSE -- OTHER NURSES, DOCTORS, ANESTHESIOLOGIST SCREAMING!

DOCTORS, NURSES, ETC.
No! No! DON'T SHOOT!

DOCTOR
Are you all crazy?! This patient's life is at risk! Get out of here! GET OUT!

KITTLE
Where's Cash?

TATTOO
Fuck you --

As Shaka moves closer, dragging her hook-stand - Tattoo jerks his gun toward her -- MORE SCREAMS from Doctors and Nurses - BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! SHATTERING GLASS, AS TATTOO IS CUT DOWN --

Shaka pulls the I.V. from her arm - hands the squirting needle to a still-in-shock Nurse...

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Kittle and Shaka run out the front doors -- Shaka holding onto Kittle for support -- they HEAR the DISTANT SOUND OF APPROACHING SIRENS -- SEE:

THE LIMO - STILL PARKED - RAMP DOWN, READY...

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - SURGICAL WING - NIGHT

Section Eight drags himself up off the floor - moves into the rear single elevator -- THE DOORS CLOSE --

EXT. HOSPITAL - LIMO - KITTLE AND SHAKA - NIGHT

Kittle PATTING DOWN the panicked and confused LIMO DRIVER --

LIMO DRIVER
I swear, man - the guy paid my boss cash - said I should wait here for Mister Delarosa - rigged this ramp-deal myself... Never seen him before in my whole life -- that's the goddamn truth!

Kittle turns the Limo Driver back around, SEES him glance at Shaka, who is busy scanning the parking lot -- from their angle -- a perfect view of her bare ass...

KITTLE
Gimme your jacket --

(CONTINUED)

The Limo Driver complies, hands his tux jacket to Kittle. Kittle crosses to Shaka - starts to help her into it -- they both turn, look up to the SOUND OF --

KITTLE AND SHAKA'S P.O.V. - NIGHT SKY - A HELICOPTER

As it WORPLES, slowing as it nears the the hospital's roof: dangling by a cable and hook from the chopper: THE LINCOLN HEAD.

KITTLE
Limo's a decoy -- fuck!

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Section Eight opens the stairwell door - WE SEE its stenciled warning: "DO NOT ENTER - ROOF ACCESS - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" -- Section Eight enters --

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

Goon #4 has Eddie Cash slung over his shoulder. Goon #5 sets the wheelchair in place as #4 lowers Eddie down into it --

The HELICOPTER now hovers about 50 feet directly above them -- A heavily braced seat-carrier drops out and down, lowering slowly toward the outstretched hands of Goon #5 --

Suddenly - Section Eight springs out of the access door -- SEES Eddie and the Goons -- As Goon #4 turns to FIRE -- BOOM! BOOM!BOOM! Section Eight takes him down - then BOOM! puts a bullet in the temple of Goon #5.

Eddie Cash just looks at Section Eight, stunned, then smiles:

EDDIE CASH
You gotta have a lower back problem,
carryin' them fuckin' balls a yours
around...

Section Eight moves toward Eddie -- the seat-carrier now dangling between them -- Section Eight looks at Abe's head --

EDDIE CASH
Ya know, I was gonna drop this baby off at
Police Headquarters -- well, really, I was
gonna drop it ON 'em from about three
thousand feet - maybe kill a cop or two if I
got lucky -- but I tell you what, Jack --
I'll give you the whole goddamn thing, man -
set you up for life. Three hundred pounds a
pure white - courtesy of Kwanjo.

SECTION EIGHT
Only one thing I need from you, Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE CASH
Okay - okay. Fine. Got another offer for
ya --

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR - ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

The elevator doors OPEN - Kittle and the now jacketed Shaka emerge
-- beeline for the stairwell door -- HEAR O.S. GUNFIRE -
BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

INT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The Duo, moving with difficulty, head up the stairs -- SOUND of
the O.S. HELICOPTER ECHOES -- they hit the landing --

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kittle and Shaka bound out onto the roof -- SEE:

THE HELICOPTER CIRCLING DIRECTLY ABOVE -- THE LINCOLN HEAD WAGGING
- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!

SECTION EIGHT STANDS DEAD CENTER ON THE ROOF, AIMING SKYWARD,
CONTINUES FIRING AS THE HELICOPTER PULLS UP AND AWAY -- PING! A
BLADE IS HIT! CRASH! HALF THE WINDSHIELD EXPLODES --

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE CHOPPER - WE SEE THE PILOT STRUGGLING WITH
THE WOUNDED BIRD -- HE PULLS STILL HIGHER FROM THE ROOF - NOW 200
YARDS ABOVE - THE CHOPPER STARTS TO SPIN IN PLACE - THE LINCOLN
HEAD SWIRLING IN ANOTHER DIRECTION, THROWING THE BALANCE OFF --
BOOM!BOOM! THE BACK OF THE HEAD TEARS OPEN --

INT. HELICOPTER - PILOT

Struggling to maintain - speaks into his headset --

PILOT
CAN'T HOLD IT -- I'M BAILIN'...

He reaches for a LEVER in the floor panel, YANKS UP ON IT --

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

THE LINCOLN HEAD IS SUDDENLY RELEASED FROM ITS CABLE -- IT SEEMS
TO FLOAT FOR A MOMENT - THEN BEGINS TO FALL, PICKING UP SPEED -
FALLING, FALLING --

KITTLE THROWS HIS WEIGHT AGAINST SHAKA, PINNING HER TO THE DOOR
FOR PROTECTION --

WHAM! THE BACK OF LINCOLN'S HEAD SMASHES LIKE A PINATA! WHITE
POWDER FLIES INTO A CHALKY-300-KILO-CLOUD... THE FRONT OF THE
HEAD WOBLES TO A STOP - ABE'S PROFILE STILL INTACT.

KITTLE RUNS TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF - WATCHES THE STILL SPASTIC
HELICOPTER AS IT FIGHTS TO REGAIN CONTROL --

EXT. KITTLE'S P.O.V. NIGHT SKY - OVER PARK - THE HELICOPTER

O.S. SIRENS OF ARRIVING POLICE VEHICLES ARE HEARD OVER THE
WORPLE... FIREWORKS NOW EXPLODING IN THE NIGHT SKY! A HUGE WASH
OF CHANGING COLOR AND LIGHT --

SUDDENLY THE BLADES FREEZE - THE CHOPPER SPINS VIOLENTLY, CRASHES
TO THE GROUND - KA-BOOM! EXPLODES! THE FLAMES AND DEBRIS FLY UP
TO RIVAL THE FIREWORKS IN THE BACKGROUND.

SHAKA (O.S.)

Kittle!

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - KITTLE - NIGHT

He looks at Shaka, follows her gaze to SEE: TWO DEAD THUGS on the
ground -- Standing over them, SECTION EIGHT now holding his .45 to
the head of EDDIE CASH, still in his wheelchair - all are
completely blanketed in the white powder.

KITTLE

Looks like you missed your ride, Eddie.

EDDIE CASH

Get this guy off me, man. He's a criminal.

Section Eight steps away from Eddie, gun still leveled --
FIREWORKS CONTINUE...

SECTION EIGHT

That chopper was s'posed to chuck the dope,
then drop his ass on a boat, head off to
Mexico. He even offered me to go with 'em --
Can you believe that shit?

Kittle moves closer to Eddie's right side -- Shaka remains where
she is - right in front of Eddie Cash -- BAM!BAM! AS FIREWORKS
CONTINUE...

EDDIE CASH

I know what you're thinkin' - but this dope
ain't mine, man - it's Kwanjo's. I ripped
his black ass off --

KITTLE

Your word against his dead mouth.

SHAKA

(to Kittle)

We got a pretty strong case for possession --

Both look at Eddie, still covered in the white snow --

KITTLE

You don't get it, Eddie - we don't give a
damn about the dope.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE CASH

I'm an unarmed man. What're you gonna do, huh?

KITTLE

I'm gonna kill you - for Luis.

SECTION EIGHT

No way -- He killed my girl -- I'm the one takin' him down.

SHAKA

He killed my sister. He's mine.

GUNS EXTENDED - THEY NOW FORM A TRIANGLE FACING EDDIE CASH -- MORE FIREWORKS EXPLODE FROM BEHIND HIM - ARCING HIGH INTO THE DARK SKY --

EDDIE CASH

You heroes gonna give me a chance?

KITTLE

You're not worth it.

EDDIE SUDDENLY PULLS A GUN -- KITTLE, SHAKA AND SECTION EIGHT ALL FIRE -- BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! SMOKE, BLOOD AND POWDER FLY AS EDDIE CASH IS CUT UP IN A WALL OF TRIANGULATED GUNFIRE --

EDDIE CASH'S WHEELCHAIR CATAPULTS BACKWARDS FROM THE ONSLAUGHT -- ROLLS THE LENGTH OF THE ROOFTOP -- SLOWS AS IT NEARS THE SIDE -- THE WHEEL HITS A RAIN GUTTER -- THE CHAIR TIPS, TEETERS -- THEN SIMPLY FLOPS OVER ONTO ITS SIDE --

After a moment, Kittle and Shaka turn their guns on Section Eight.

SHAKA

(to Kittle)

Don't shoot! Don't shoot him!

KITTLE

You wanta give it up?

Section Eight smiles -- FIREWORKS CONTINUE lighting the sky.

SECTION EIGHT

It's been a pretty good ride, ya know? But I done enough time.

SHAKA

Just throw the gun down and walk.

Section Eight looks to Kittle --

KITTLE

Don't kill any cops on your way out, okay?

(CONTINUED)

Section Eight half-smiles at Shaka, then staggers off...

CLOSE ON THE FRONT WHEEL OF A CHROMED HARLEY -- CAMERA PANS TO FIND A HEAVY BLACK BOOT -- IT KICKS THE STARTER PEDAL -- SOUND OF THE ENGINE ROARING TO LIFE -- PULL BACK TO REVEAL SECTION EIGHT SEATED ASTRIDE THE AMERICAN IRON.

EXT. COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - CRANE SHOT - NIGHT

CAMERA STAYS ON SECTION EIGHT as he rolls forward - PULL UP AND WIDE TO INCLUDE the parking lot: DOZENS OF POLICE VEHICLES; LIGHTS FLASHING; OFFICERS on radios, walking into the hospital, etc...

As Section Eight calmly rides off, passing and weaving in and out of the busy cops -- CAMERA CONTINUES UPWARD INTO AN OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE ENTIRE PARKING LOT - ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE HOSPITAL BUILDING - UP THE OUTER WALLS as FIREWORKS CONTINUE TO LIGHT THE NIGHT SKY...

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - LINCOLN'S HEAD - KITTLE'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Several UNIFORMED COPS sweeping with large BROOMS. The front of Abe's head still lies there - the Great Emancipator's dour features seemingly now even more melancholy.

Other UNIFORMED COPS pick through unbroken BAGS of glassine wrapped white powder. PAN TO: GAINS, as he watches the police go about their work - then turns, using his heavy cane, walks toward:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - KITTLE - NIGHT

As Gains arrives:

GAINS
Three hundred kilos of white powder. Plus
Eddie fuckin' Cash is dead. Looks like a
party.

Pause.

GAINS
I know I can't feel as bad about Luis as you
do - but I feel about as bad as I ever have
on this damn job.

Pause.

GAINS
You wanta go back downstairs and see Watson?
I'll keep you company --

KITTLE
Let her sleep - I'll check her tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

GAINS

Yeah.

(shrug)

Happy fourth of July. How you doin'?

KITTLE

I'm still an asshole. I'm tired.
I think I just wanta go home.

GAINS

Ah, crap.

Gains SEES Deputy D.A. Quinn. Kittle turns, walks away from Gains, passes Quinn, heads for the edge of the roof...

Kittle stops - looks out over the city lights ringing the dark... Far off, FIREWORKS BURST, brightening the night sky.

SUPER IMAGE:

INT. K.G.R.J. RADIO STATION - D.J. BOOTH - NIGHT

Turntable spinning, record in place, needle poised...

FUNKY D (O.S.)

Here we are brothers, sisters, chillun -
fourth of July; two hundred years of bein'
the last best hope - Here's what I know -
One, we're all in this thing together --

PAN UP TO Funky D --

FUNKY D

Two, make your own way, don't be a burden;
three, try to learn to love your neighbor -
Four, take pride in things small and unique,
stand up and bless the dumb and crazy, hate
bullies, have patience and indulgence with
the people, take off your hat to nobody --
Happy Birthday U.S.A. -- Now listen to the
man...

FUNKY D'S IMAGE FADES INTO THE
FIREWORKS:

CLOSE - KITTLE - NIGHT

Looking off into the night as more and more FIREWORKS EXPLODE -
the colors reflecting softly on Kittle's face; FREEZE FRAME AS WE
HEAR RAY CHARLES SING...

FADE

END.