

RUNNING SCARED

by

Jimmy Huston

REVISED SECOND DRAFT

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A seedy, rundown tenement area in the midst of a colorful neighborhood. Kids yell in Spanish. Ethnic music blares from ghetto blasters. Churches are Catholic. Signs are in Spanish first, English second. It has the exotic look of another country, but it's actually the Windy City.

On a schoolyard lot, there is a furious half-court basketball game underway, with three badass TEENAGERS on each team.

Nearby, two spectators don't quite fit in with the DERELICTS and STREET PEOPLE that look on. DANNY COSTANZO, a thirty-four-year-old free spirit, taps his feet to the rhythm of the music. Wearing jeans, jogging shoes, and a sweatshirt, he can't take his eyes off the game.

DANNY

He's gotta take the outside shot.
They're shuttin' him down inside.

His companion, RAY HUGHES fancies himself the strong, silent member of the two -- slow to anger, slow to cool. Wherever Danny's blustering leads them, Ray backs him up. He is about the same age, black, and sports an earring in addition to his old jacket, jeans, and running shoes. He sips from a bottle in a brown paper bag, ignoring the basketball game to watch a squalid tenement across the street.

RAY

It's a stupid game, throwing a ball
through a hoop. They should be
playing baseball. That's an art form.

The basketball gets knocked out of bounds, toward Danny. He takes a couple of easy steps to catch it, but before throwing it back, he dribbles it a couple of times. An ominous silence falls over the teenagers as they size him up. An easy smile spreads across Danny's face. Too easy. Ray knows that smile.

RAY

(hopefully)

Give 'em the ball, Danny.

Danny looks at Ray. He knows better, but can't help himself. Dreading whatever is about to happen, Ray reinforces himself with another swig from his bottle. Danny dribbles toward the group, imagining a reenactment of the gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

Their honor challenged, the teenagers automatically fall into a formidable defense, one player directing the others. Amid taunts and insults, Danny circles the group, seeking an opening. Faking left, then moving right, he gets past two, but is quickly triple-teamed and cut off.

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1 CONTINUED:

2.

1

RAY
(still coaxing)
Just give 'em the ball.

Danny pivots, but there is no shot. The teenagers close in with a brutal series of elbows. Danny pivots again and deftly passes the ball out of the crowd. Right to Ray.

RAY
Aw, shit...

But he has the ball now, and there is only one honorable way out. Through the hoop. He sets the bottle down and two winos begin to fight over it. Ray dribbles forward, still trying to keep an eye on the building across the street. The teenagers adjust their defense. Six on two.

Ray shies away from the kids, moving to the left. Danny makes a move toward the basket, flanked by two defenders. Ray jumps up as if to shoot, but dumps off a pass to Danny who dribbles once, goes up for a shot and banks it off the backboard. He misses.

RAY
(disgusted)
You made it sound so easy.

But Danny gets his own rebound, making an outlet pass to a still reluctant Ray.

RAY
I don't want the damn ball.

Ray passes it straight back, with lightning speed. Danny catches it and pivots rapidly toward the basket. Right into the swinging fist of a defender. Danny goes down hard. Ray is furious.

RAY
Hey! You belted him, shithead.

Amid raucous laughter, one kid grabs the ball and they pass it around until the tallest player dunks it viciously. The "crowd" roars.

Danny sits on the ground, checking the blood dripping from his nose. He spots an immaculate silver Mercedes gliding to a stop in front of the building Ray has been watching.

DANNY
It's all right. Let it go.

But now Ray is mad, advancing on the teenagers, glaring angrily at Danny. It's all his fault.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

RAY

Let it go? That could've been me
they clobbered. It's a bad
precedent.

The teenagers have fallen into line, openly daring the two
men to start something.

DANNY

Forget it. No autopsy, no foul.

The teenagers jeer Danny, who is on his feet and moving
toward the Mercedes. Ray angrily follows, catching Danny as
they pass the winos, who are spitting out mouthfuls of
liquid from Ray's paper bag. In disgust, one wino pulls out
a Pepsi and heaves it as far as he can.

RAY

(mad at Danny)

You knew damn well they were
shutting down the inside! You
should have taken the outside shot!

DANNY

Sorry. I got carried away.
(indicating the car)
Check out the Mercedes.

2 ANGLE ON MERCEDES

2

The dark, tinted windows of the Mercedes hide its occupants
until a sleazy hustler called SNAKE gets out, wearing filthy
jeans and a bright yellow sweatshirt.

3 ANGLE ON RAY AND DANNY

3

They run toward the Mercedes.

RAY

That's Snake, but who's driving?

DANNY

I dunno, but let's bust 'em.

RAY

For what?

DANNY

In this neighborhood, a Mercedes is
probable cause.

4 ANGLE ON MERCEDES

4

The tinted window slides down and the driver hands Snake a
handsome leather briefcase. He is JULIO GONZALES, about

(CONTINUED)

twenty-eight, good looking, and dangerous. Although driving a top of the line Mercedes, he'll never look right in it. Despite fiery ambition, he'll always be a street punk.

RAY (V.O.)
It's Julio Gonzales!

DANNY (V.O.)
Didn't we just put him away?

Gonzales looks up and recognizes the approaching cops.

GONZALES
(to Snake)
Quick! Give it back!

But Snake recognizes Danny and Ray, and runs with the briefcase. Gonzales speeds away as Snake flees toward the decaying building. Ray and Danny chase him, but their minds are on the disappearing Mercedes.

RAY
It's been three years. He could be out on parole.

DANNY
In a Mercedes...?

Snake runs into the building. They charge after him.

Hot on Snake's heels, Danny flies up a flight of stairs, two at a time. Ray is winded and falls behind. At the top of the stairs, Danny finds Snake unlocking a door. Just before he reaches him, Snake steps inside the flophouse room, slamming the door behind him. On Danny's foot.

DANNY
(in pain)
Hey, Snake... my foot.

SNAKE (O.S.)
What do you want, man?

DANNY
My fuckin' foot, Snake.

Ray grudgingly reaches the top of the stairs.

RAY
Why don't these losers ever live on the ground floor?

He sees Danny's situation and laughs.

DANNY

I got this gun here, Snake. I'm going to take it out and shoot a lot of holes in this door. If you're leaning against it... a lot of those holes are going to be in you...

Finally the door opens.

6 INT. SNAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

6

Ray steps into this sleazy dump, enjoying Snake's indignation.

SNAKE

You got nothin' on me.

Danny limps angrily into the room.

DANNY

Assaulting a police officer's foot.

They nose around.

RAY

We heard you were back in business. We're here to renew your pusher's license.

SNAKE

Me? I'm clean as a baby's ass. I been born again.

DANNY

What's in the briefcase?

SNAKE

Just stuff. Personal shit.

DANNY

Like your memoirs? Your S.A.T. scores? What? You won't mind if we look inside?

SNAKE

You got a search warrant?

RAY

We can get one. You wanna wait in some real uncomfortable position all that time?

Snake doesn't have a chance. He opens the briefcase. It is full of loose cash, mostly small bills.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
(impressed)

Holy shit.

SNAKE
There's no law against having money.

RAY
Level with us, Snake. Is it
possible you're dealin' again?
(pause)

Nah.

DANNY
We gotta take this place apart.

SNAKE
Go ahead. See if I care.

Danny slides the drawers out of a cabinet, dumping the contents onto the floor.

7 INT. SNAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

7

Later. The place has been torn apart. Danny is enthusiastically overturning the last few items in thorough, if reckless fashion. Snake sits on a stool, openly hostile. At the kitchen table, Ray counts Snake's money.

RAY
There's fifty thousand dollars here.

DANNY
I can't stand it. Do you know what
I could do with fifty grand?

Danny angrily turns over more of Snake's belongings.

SNAKE
I told you I was clean. You wouldn't
be persecutin' me if I was wearin'
silk suits and livin' on the Gold
Coast. This is racial harassment.

Ray lunges at Snake and slams him against the wall.

RAY
What?

SNAKE
(shaken)
I respectfully withdraw the accusation.

Ray releases Snake as if nothing has happened. Snake is getting nervous about all this.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

You're busted.

SNAKE

You got no reason to bust me!

RAY

We've got fifty thousand reasons...

SNAKE

But you got no crime.

Danny crosses to the window and leans out, looking at the crowd of derelicts at the basketball game across the street.

DANNY

(yelling)

Your attention please!

That bothers Snake somehow.

SNAKE

(to Ray)

What's he doing?

RAY

Rich people make him crazy...

Puzzled, Snake crosses to the window and looks out.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY

8

On the street, hardened faces turn up toward the window.

DANNY

(still yelling)

This block has just been designated a "Neighborhood Watch" area. There's a guy up here named Snake, wearing a yellow sweatshirt and jeans. He's got fifty thousand dollars in a briefcase...

There is muffled confusion. The basketball game is abandoned as players and spectators amble, then jog, then run toward the tenement.

DANNY (Cont'd)

As his neighbors, it is your responsibility to make sure there are no suspicious characters hanging around that might threaten his well-being. That's fifty thousand in small bills. Thank you for your cooperation.

9 INT. SNAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

9

Snake is fuming. Bad as he is, he is outnumbered down below.

SNAKE
(to Danny)

You can't do that!

RAY
Yes he can. What he can't do, is
undo that. Good luck, Snake...
We've gotta be going.

SNAKE
You're not gonna leave me here now!

RAY
Sorry, Snake, but you're clean.

SNAKE
(threatening Ray)
You've gotta arrest my ass.

DANNY
(with an exaggerated shrug)
For what?

Snake swings at Danny, misses, and punches Ray in the mouth. Instantly, Ray spins Snake around, slams him against a wall, and locks him in handcuffs.

RAY
(to Danny)
Thanks a lot.

10 EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

10

A crowd of desperate characters are around the stoop. Ray, sporting a freshly split lip, and Danny, with his still-bloody nose, exit the tenement. They now wear police badges and Snake is safely between them, in handcuffs. The crowd eyes the briefcase carried by Ray.

Ray and Danny are strutting their stuff, clearly in charge. The crowd grudgingly parts to let them pass. Snake holds up the handcuffs for all to see.

SNAKE
Comin' through. Police business.
Comin' through.

Danny pulls a SILVER CIGAR CASE from his pocket. It is designed for only two cigars; a pair of silver cylinders joined at the hip. He and Ray each light a cigar.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Puffing arrogantly, they make their way through the crowd. It moves ominously along with them until they reach their beatup old sedan. Snake gladly climbs in the back, locking the door behind him.

11 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

11

Danny drives. Ray turns to Snake.

RAY

We spotted Gonzales in the Mercedes.
Who's he working for?

SNAKE

Julio don't work for nobody. His
"boss" had an accident... Fell on
a knife four times.

DANNY

Cut the bullshit. This is front
money for one of his drug deals.
We want Gonzales.

SNAKE

I got the right to remain silent.
Listen to this...

Snake sits back silently...

DANNY

I hate seeing Gonzales in a Mercedes
when we're stuck in this heap.

RAY

It does lack a certain... style.

Danny gets that look in his eye. Snake doesn't like it.

DANNY

Let's drop by Gonzales' place and find
out where he shops. If he can
afford a Mercedes, maybe we can, too.

RAY

Where are we ever gonna get fifty
thousand dollars?

Danny turns to Ray, who turns to Snake, who watches his
briefcase in a most protective manner.

12 EXT. ANOTHER HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

12

This neighborhood has the same mix of ethnic stores and
squalid apartments. Ray and Danny's sedan makes its way
through a street jammed with ambulances, firetrucks, and

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12 CONTINUED:

12

police cars. An emergency has been turned into an impromptu carnival with STREET VENDORS, BREAK DANCERS, HUSTLERS, and lots of eager SPECTATORS, struggling to get a better view.

RAY (V.O.)

If I were Gonzales, this is not where I'd park my Mercedes.

Their sedan stops beside several grumbling FIREMEN who are rolling up hoses and packing to leave. Ray questions one.

RAY

Where's the fire?

FIREMAN

(not amused)

There is no damn fire. Somebody found a jumper in the alley. They hate cops, so they call us. Why can't they call Pizza Man or Chicken Delight?

13 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

13

Danny cuffs Snake to a steel bar in the back of the car. Ray grabs the briefcase.

RAY

I'll take this, so you don't make any bad investments while we're gone.

SNAKE

(yelling)

Hey! Be careful with that...

Leaving Snake behind, the cops get out of the car and walk toward the apartment building that's the center of attention.

14 EXT. HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

14

Ray and Danny push through the crowd to where a bloody sheet covers a lump that used to be a person. A uniformed policeman, OFFICER JORGE GARCIA, recognizes them.

GARCIA

Hi, guys.

RAY

Hiya, Garcia.

DANNY

Gruesome stuff. Any ID?

(CONTINUED)

GARCIA

Nothin'. Not even a face. John Doe meets Las Palmas Street. Splat.

RAY

Nice. Anybody see anything?

GARCIA

Not around here. Maybe somebody in Canada or England with a telescope. A Russian spy satellite maybe. But nobody here saw nothin'.

DANNY

(cheerfully)

No cheerleaders chanting for him to jump? No Eyewitness News cameras or People Magazine? You mean he jumped anonymously?

Garcia notices the blood on the cops' faces. He looks at the lump under the sheet, then glances up at the rooftop. He squints conspiratorially, almost whispering.

GARCIA

You two weren't... "questioning a suspect"... on the roof or anything?

DANNY

Cute.

Ray looks down at the bare feet sticking out from the sheet.

RAY

He jumped barefoot?

GARCIA

The locals musta stole his shoes before we got here.

RAY

His clothes are wet. You figure they bathed him, too?

GARCIA

The guy copped out. It's no big deal...
(making the sign of the cross)
... unless he's Catholic. What're you guys trying to do? Drum up business?

DANNY

We're here to roust Julio Gonzales. If that's him, it'll save us a lot of grief.

(CONTINUED)

GARCIA

I wish. I hate that slimy greaser.

Danny and Ray raise their eyebrows in mock disdain.

GARCIA

It's okay for me to call him that. Turds like him make it hard for the rest of us. Of all the street orphans in Colombia, the missionaries bring him here. He pays them back by smuggling dope.

DANNY

(indicating all the madness)
With this circus going on, there's not much chance of surprising him now.

GARCIA

You won't find him here anyway. When he got out of Joliet, he suddenly had a lot of money and moved downtown. It's part of his new image. He wants to be the next Al Capone.

RAY

(to Danny)

Then we'd better find him fast.

DANNY

(suddenly remembering)
What time is it?

GARCIA

Ten till four.

DANNY

Damn, I'm late. I gotta say good-bye to Aunt Rose.

He hurries back to their car. Ray follows.

15 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

15

Stretching forward from the back seat, Snake has reached the microphone for the police radio and is speaking into it.

SNAKE

Calling all cars! Calling all cars!
We got UFO's landin' on Michigan Avenue... Over.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Who is that? Identify yourself.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

A fist comes through the window, connecting violently with Snake's chin. He sprawls back into the rear seat as Danny and Ray get in the car. Ray replaces the microphone without comment. Danny starts the engine and the car peels off.

16 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

16

The beatup old sedan arrives outside a middle class cemetery. It sticks out in contrast to the limousines and brightly polished cars of the funeral procession.

17 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

17

Danny drives past the entrance.

DANNY

We should park somewhere less conspicuous.

Snake takes a look at the funeral and objects.

SNAKE

What is this? Don't pull no more psycho cop shit.

DANNY

It's my Aunt Rose's funeral. One wisecrack gets you your own casket.

RAY

(indicating Snake)

What do we do with the scumbag?

SNAKE

(derisively)

Scumbag!

The cops exchange looks, then nod in agreement.

18 EXT. CEMETERY SIDE STREET - DAY

18

Ray and Danny pull Snake out of the car. Ray handcuffs Snake's right hand to his left, pulling their sleeves over the cuffs. He carries the briefcase between them.

DANNY

Just shut up and look sad.

But Snake has his standards...

SNAKE

I can't go to no funeral dressed like this.

18 CONTINUED:

RAY
I'll find you a shovel. You'll fit
right in.

They usher Snake toward the funeral.

19 EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY

The trio approaches the graveside discreetly. The service concludes just as they slip into the rear of the crowd. The mourners turn to leave, and several acknowledge Danny with a disapproving scowl. Others make a point of ignoring him.

The PRIEST guides a portly little old Italian lady past them. Danny's AUNT SOPHIE stops to scold him.

AUNT SOPHIE
Look at you. You didn't even bother
to wear a tie, much less a suit.

DANNY
I had to work. Aunt Rose'd understand.

AUNT SOPHIE
(exasperated)
God only knows why she was so fond
of you.

DANNY
Can I help it? I'm her favorite
nephew.

AUNT SOPHIE
Her only nephew.
(unable to suppress a smile)
Mine, too, but I expect you to be on
time for my funeral.

DANNY
I'll be the first in line.

Aunt Sophie looks at Snake and Ray, shaking her head.

RAY
(sheepishly)
Hi, Aunt Sophie.

AUNT SOPHIE
I'm not your aunt.
(to Snake)
Or yours either...

Reluctantly, she introduces them to the priest.

(CONTINUED)

AUNT SOPHIE (Cont'd)
 Father, you know Danny. This is
 detective Hughes and...

The priest shakes with Ray, then extends his hand to Snake.
 Instinctively, Snake reaches out to shake, pulling Ray's
 left hand along and exposing the handcuffs. Everyone stares
 at them, absolutely horrified.

DANNY
 (improvising)
 This is Snake. We sort of work
 together.

Danny and Ray push Snake away from the crowd, as he
 belatedly stretches his sleeve over the handcuffs.

20 EXT. CEMETERY SIDE STREET - DAY

20

Ray and Danny drag Snake toward their car.

DANNY
 (to Ray)
 Are they looking?
 (to Snake)
 As soon as we get out of sight I'm
 gonna beat the shit outta you.

Walking along the sidewalk, a surly PUNK passes them. He
 spins around, brandishing a small pistol that peeks out from
 under the jacket he carries.

PUNK
 Gimme your money.

Ray and Danny turn toward him, but remain nonplussed. Snake
 isn't quite as calm.

DANNY
 What?

PUNK
 (louder)
 You heard me. Gimme your fucking
 money!

SNAKE
 Don't shoot, man...

RAY
 (amazed)
You're mugging us?

DANNY
 Nah. I don't believe it.

(CONTINUED)

A SECOND PUNK appears from behind them. He joins his partner, also sporting a pistol, hidden under a folded newspaper.

SECOND PUNK

You better believe it or you're dead. Give us your money!

The three "victims" raise their hands. Ray holds up the briefcase, using it to hide the handcuffs.

RAY

Here. Take this. It's full of money.

SNAKE

No! That's mine!

FIRST PUNK

Don't fuck with me, man. We want your cash, not your luggage.

Sheepishly, Danny takes his wallet out of his pocket. Ray reluctantly does the same, offering a wad of bills.

RAY

Here. Take the cash. We'll keep the wallets.

FIRST PUNK

We want it all. Hurry!

RAY

Aw c'mon. Let us keep our driver's license and our snapshots...

DANNY

... and our badges.

He flips his wallet open, displaying his badge. Ray follows suit.

FIRST PUNK

Shit. Cops.

DANNY

Whataya expect? You want us to wear uniforms or something? Drive around in cars with "Police" painted on them?

SNAKE

(to the punks)

Hey, man... I'm on your side.

The gleam in the cops' eyes says they're enjoying this. Danny lapses into his best command voice...

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

You're under arrest.

Both Punks look at him as if he were certifiably crazy. So does Snake.

FIRST PUNK

Sheeeeit.

DANNY

(with authority)

You have the right to remain silent...(continuing as needed)

The First Punk takes a half-step toward the two cops.

FIRST PUNK

(desperately)

Gimme your guns, man.

Both cops give off an invincible air of cockiness and control. Danny continues to recite the Miranda rights as Ray firmly holds up his hand to block the Punk. Power is shifting.

RAY

Take the money. But we can't let you have the guns.

SECOND PUNK

Sheeeeit.

The Punk is amazed. Snake is petrified. Resolutely fearless, the cops are assuming verbal command.

RAY

I won't be responsible for guns falling into the hands of trash like you.

SNAKE

They've already got guns.

Danny steps boldly forward and the Punks take an uneasy step back, losing the momentum.

DANNY

Well, I'd sure as shit rather get shot with one of those piss-ant twenty-twos than a police special thirty-eight.

Danny pulls his coat back from over his shoulder holster, revealing an impressive Smith and Wesson handgun. Ray diplomatically threatens the punks.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You're already under arrest. Don't make it any worse than it is.

SECOND PUNK

You move again and I'll shoot your ass.

DANNY

(becoming indignant)

They pulled a gun on police officers. We can waste 'em for that. What's two more suspects killed resisting arrest?

The Second Punk panics and turns to run. The First Punk quickly follows. Instantly, Danny is sprinting down the street after them. Ray drags Snake along behind them. The Punks easily outdistance the cops and turn into an alley.

Ray and Snake catch up with Danny, just as they hear an engine roaring to life. They see a rolling junk heap screeching toward them. Both cops stand their ground in the path of the car, firing repeatedly at it. Snake clings desperately to a nearby wall.

Twelve shots later, the car is a shattered mess, scraping along the walls of the alley until it crashes into a fire hydrant. The cops grin like kids as the water shoots up into the air, raining down on them in a steady spray.

DANNY

Pretty good shootin'.

RAY

Not really. I was aiming for their faces.

SNAKE

You fuckers are sick.

One door of the junk heap opens and the raised hands of the First Punk cautiously emerge. The Second Punk pushes his way up through the shattered windshield, also surrendering.

21 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SQUADROOM - DAY

21

Ray and Danny are soaking wet as a UNIFORMED OFFICER leads the two punks out of the squad room. They push an equally damp Snake toward their desks as CAPTAIN LOGAN walks up. Now a fiftyish bureaucrat, he is an ex-street cop who still misses the action.

CAPT. LOGAN

I hear you two watched 'em mop up the pancake today.

(CONTINUED)

The captain inspects Ray's split lip and the blood under Danny's nose.

CAPT. LOGAN (Cont'd)

You weren't "interrogating" anybody up on that roof?

RAY

We've got an alibi. Tell him where we were, Snake. Or we'll kill you, too.

The captain isn't amused. A smooth-talking LAWYER in a three piece suit enters, announcing to the entire squadroom.

LAWYER

Officer Ray Hughes?

CAPT. LOGAN

Who wants to know?

The lawyer takes a folded paper from his coat pocket and tries to hand it to the captain.

LAWYER

The days of brute law enforcement are over. Welcome to the 1980's.

Captain Logan walks off shaking his head. The lawyer presents the paper to Danny, who also declines to accept.

DANNY

A subpoena? Not me, pal.

Ray quickly sits in the "prisoner's" chair beside his desk. He is handcuffed to Snake, who is left standing as if he is the arresting officer. The lawyer shoves the subpoena at Snake.

LAWYER

(to Snake)

Officer Hughes, you're being sued for abusing the legal rights of one Hector Wallace.

Snake shakes his head and points to Ray, sitting innocently.

SNAKE

You a lawyer, man? Lemme have your card.

Flustered, the lawyer grabs the subpoena back and hands it to Ray. He then leaves without answering Snake.

RAY

How about the rights of the lady he killed?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
 (yelling after him)
 You get mugged, don't come cryin' to us.

Ray scans the subpoena with disdain.

RAY
 (sarcastically)
 Another satisfied customer. Our grateful public can't thank us enough.

A neighborhood Italian joint, with lots of dark wood, constant Sinatra music, and a clientele of regulars. Danny and Ray are drinking at the bar, splitting the attention of the only eligible young lady present, MARYANN. She is extremely attractive, and an able match for both of them.

MARYANN
 Weren't you scared?

DANNY
 Nah. I used to get scared, but then I realized I was bulletproof.

RAY
 I'm not bulletproof.

The bartender, VINNIE, brings another round of drinks. A veteran of many such discussion, he explains for Maryann.

VINNIE
 Ray's always the one that gets shot.

MARYANN
 That's awful.

RAY
 (mock fearlessness)
 It's just bullets.

DANNY
 (shrugging it off)
 Little ones mostly. I'm more cautious, myself.

RAY
 Cautious, my ass. You've got a better partner.

MARYANN
 (vamping)
 Some women like a man with scars.

DANNY

You want scars? I got scars. Deep emotional scars.

RAY

Watch out for him. He's looking for his next ex-wife.

DANNY

(to Maryann)

Why not? You want to get married for a few years? No strings attached.

MARYANN

Suddenly I don't think you're my type.

But that's good news for Ray.

RAY

What's your name?

MARYANN

Maryann.

RAY

Maryann what?

MARYANN

Just Maryann.

RAY

No last name? You're married.

(backing away)

Sorry, I don't do domestic squabbles.

MARYANN

Not married. Not at the moment. You're not here looking for a wife, are you?

RAY

I already had one.

MARYANN

I've already been one.

RAY

We have a lot in common.

They share a smile.

23 INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

23

A dimly lit, one room flat, illuminated only by a few rays of morning sunlight. It holds a jumbled conglomeration of

(CONTINUED)

clutter, predominantly memorabilia from an illustrious career with the Chicago police force.

A motorcycle helmet joins various police hats adorning the walls. There are assorted handguns, rifles, and shotguns displayed in locked cabinets. On the walls, framed newspaper clippings shout of heroic exploits. Photographs of uniformed officers from days past are mixed with more recent snapshots of Ray and Danny together. Some photos include members of their families.

A key turns in the door and Danny enters. He wears a Chicago Cubs baseball cap and carries a bag of doughnuts. He takes a seat astride a fully police-equipped Harley Davidson motorcycle parked by the bed, and flicks a switch on the handlebars. Immediately the red lights begin to flash and a siren emits a short blast.

Two figures stir from under the covers in the nearby bed. Maryann sits bolt upright, startled rudely from a deep sleep. Ray isn't the least bit surprised by Danny's presence. But Maryann sure as hell is...

MARYANN

(sharply)

What's he doing here?

DANNY

I brought doughnuts.

RAY

(matter-of-factly)

He brought the doughnuts.

Seeing Danny's cap, Ray puts on his Chicago White Sox cap.

DANNY

I was going to bring some of those French things, but I hate to say that word.

MARYANN

Croissants?

DANNY

You say it wrong, you sound stupid, so I got doughnuts.

He holds the bag out, offering Maryann her choice. She's not pleased. Danny winks at her and turns to Ray.

DANNY

So how was she?

Maryann contains herself, turning to Ray.

(CONTINUED)

MARYANN

Well...?

RAY

She's friendly. I like her.

MARYANN

(to Danny)

I understand why you have an ex-wife.

DANNY

(proudly)

The important thing is, no ex-partners.

She wraps the sheet around her body in a provocative manner.

MARYANN

(to Ray)

I think your partner's jealous.

RAY

Of you or me?

Trailing the sheet, she goes into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

DANNY

Someday we've both gotta find women at the same time.

Both men grin and go for the doughnuts.

24 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 24

Danny and Ray enter the building.

25 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS LOBBY - DAY 25

The two cops see ANNA, a striking young woman about twenty-five, waiting for an elevator. Ray sees her first, and gallantly sweeps her into his arms.

RAY

Anna! How's my number one fox?

They hug enthusiastically, until Danny can't stand it any longer.

DANNY

Hello, Anna.

She and Ray separate. Anna looks at Danny with fondness.

ANNA

Hi, partner.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Danny and Anna embrace, but not quite as lasciviously.

DANNY

I sent your check.

ANNA

I'm not here about alimony.

DANNY

(feigning relief)

How are you then? You look great.

ANNA

So do you.

From across the lobby an OFFICER yells at Danny.

OFFICER

Hey, Costanzo. You got a visitor.

Danny spots a man who looks like another LAWYER, removing an envelope from his coat pocket. He and Ray exchange looks.

DANNY

Give me a little time, okay?

Ray nods magnanimously and smoothly walks away in an intentionally suspicious manner. Danny awaits the lawyer.

2ND LAWYER

(to Danny)

Officer Costanzo?

Danny points at Ray, who is turning the corner into another corridor.

DANNY

That's him. But he never laid a hand on him.

2ND LAWYER

On who?

DANNY

Whoever.

The lawyer looks at Danny strangely, but goes after Ray.

26 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

26

The lawyer follows Ray around the corner and reaches a dead end in the empty corridor, finding only doors to the stairwell and the public rest rooms. He checks the stairwell, finds it empty, then enters the men's room.

27 INT. LOBBY - DAY

27

Danny and Anna converse, unconcerned with Ray's fate.

DANNY

You miss me right? You're ready to come crawling back?

ANNA

I like you too much to let that happen.

The lawyer returns, uncertainly.

2ND LAWYER

He's gone. He's not on the stairs or in the men's room.

DANNY

Try the ladies' room.

The lawyer retreats, shaking his head.

28 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LADIES' ROOM - DAY

28

The door opens hesitantly and the lawyer peeks in. Sure enough, Ray is sitting on the sink, feeling silly. The lawyer seems perplexed.

2ND LAWYER

You're Costanzo?

RAY

Come in here and you're under arrest for public indecency.

2ND LAWYER

What about you?

RAY

I'm on a stakeout.

2ND LAWYER

You don't look like a Costanzo.

Ray lapses into a thick Italian accent, waving his hands.

RAY

Hey, I'm a paisan. Whataya expect? You want me to cook up a pot of ragu? You want me to sweat garlic for you? Sing an opera? Lose a war? Read my lips...

He makes a very Italian gesture of contempt.

RAY (Cont'd)

Va fare in culo!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

The lawyer is both confused and annoyed. He waves the letter.

2ND LAWYER

I'm not going to hang around all day
just to give you this.

When he turns to leave, Ray's curiosity kicks in.

RAY

Who is it this time?

2ND LAWYER

(still dubious)

Your Aunt Rose.

Ray grabs the lawyer by the collar, shoves him against the wall, then crosses himself awkwardly.

RAY

Aunt Rose? Don't make jokes about
Aunt Rose.

2ND LAWYER

(starting to believe)

She always said you were the family...

RAY

(testily)

Blacksheep?

2ND LAWYER

Fruitcake.

RAY

That's my Aunt Rose.

2ND LAWYER

My condolences. Her entire estate
hasn't been computed, but our guess
is, you'll receive about forty
thousand after taxes.

Astonished, Ray releases the lawyer, who becomes businesslike.

RAY

Dollars?

2ND LAWYER

This visit was a courtesy. If you
want details, come by my office.

The lawyer tosses a business card onto the floor and exits.
Ray picks up the card.

29 INT. LOBBY - DAY

29

Danny stands silently, just looking at Anna. Ray turns the corner and lets out a roaring yell.

RAY (O.S.)

Yeeeeeeeeaaaaaahoooooooo!!!

Danny turns his head toward Ray without the slightest curiosity about the yell.

RAY

You're rich!

DANNY

(matter of factly)

Anna's going to have a baby.

Ray notes Danny's somber mood, then turns his excitement to Anna's news. He gives her a jubilant hug.

RAY

Congratulations! Who's the lucky guy?

DANNY

That's not funny!

RAY

I'm really happy for you, assuming you're happy for yourself. You getting married?

Anna shakes her head. Danny is sulking.

DANNY

She wants me to be the father.

RAY

Am I missing something?

DANNY

No. I am.

(to Anna)

I don't need my ex-wife and a proxy making a parent out of me.

ANNA

But will you do it? Be my baby's father?

DANNY

I told you, I'm not father material. Fathers are taller than me, with deep voices that scare the hell out of kids. I'm only thirty-three years old.

(CONTINUED)

RAY/ANNA
(in unison)

Thirty-five!

Danny can't completely hide a grin.

DANNY
I'll think about it. Okay?

Anna gives him a big hug. Danny turns to Ray with a delayed double-take.

DANNY
Did you say "rich"?

30 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

30

Danny and Ray are drinking coffee, sitting with their feet on their desks. Danny is elated about his wealth.

DANNY
Dinners at the Ambassador... A new stereo... with big speakers... Season tickets to the Cubs games... Champagne whenever I want it... I may even pay some bills...

RAY
I know you. You'll blow it on forty thousand lottery tickets.

They are laughing when Captain Logan enters. He's not laughing.

CAPT. LOGAN
Remember the jumper yesterday? We just got a flash from the coroner on the cause of death.

Danny isn't ready for anything serious.

DANNY
Lemme guess. Cement poisoning?

CAPT. LOGAN
(not amused)
He drowned.

Neither cop can keep a straight face.

DANNY
Poor guy. Couldn't swim or fly.

RAY
You don't want a cop, Captain. You want a lifeguard.

(CONTINUED)

CAPT. LOGAN

(somberly)

The victim's Alan Jackson. A cop
from the South Side.

Ray and Danny are startled. Suddenly the case is more serious.

DANNY

Sorry, Captain. We'll get on it.

RAY

Why was a cop from the South Side in
that neighborhood?

CAPT. LOGAN

We don't know. You're the
detectives. Go detect.

The captain leaves. Danny turns serious.

DANNY

Gonzales is back, he's in action, and
suddenly there's a drowned cop
thrown off his apartment building.

Ray nods.

RAY

Let's talk to Snake.

31 INT. POLICE LINEUP ROOM - DAY

31

The seating area is dark, but the lineup stage is brightly lit. The door opens and a uniformed PATROLMAN walks in, followed by a second, third, and fourth PATROLMAN, all struggling to keep a straight face. The fifth man to enter is Snake, justifiably suspicious. All five "suspects" stand on the appointed spots. Ray's voice booms out of the darkness, sounding unusually officious.

RAY (O.S.)

Number five. Step forward, please.

Snake steps forward uneasily.

DANNY (O.S.)

(yelling wildly)

That's him, officer! That's the one.

Snake knows those voices too well. He doesn't like this.

RAY (O.S.)

You must be absolutely positive,
sir. Number five, turn to the right.

(CONTINUED)

SNAKE

Hey, what the hell is this?

RAY (O.S.)

Number five! Do as you're told.

Snake faces right. Danny shrieks in the darkness.

DANNY (O.S.)

I know that's him, officer. I'd know him anywhere.

RAY (O.S.)

All right. Numbers one through four, you can leave.

All four uniformed patrolmen file out, grinning broadly. The lights come up, revealing Danny and Ray, sitting alone.

SNAKE

I don't have to take this crap.

RAY

You shouldn't have to, but actually you do.

DANNY

We're making you an offer, Snake. You're working for Gonzales and we'd rather have him than you. Nothing personal...

RAY

We're going to let you out to make your buy. Then we follow you to Gonzales and bust him. We'll be heroes and you go free.

SNAKE

Drop dead.

DANNY

Then you'll be wanting to hear your other option?

RAY

We nail Gonzales without you and arraign you together. Then we drop the charges on you, and he thinks you rolled over on him. You drop dead.

SNAKE

You've got nothin' on me, and less on him. Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

DANNY
(to Ray)

I told you it wouldn't work.

RAY

It's just as well. I wouldn't have felt right about it anyway.

DANNY

You're free to go, Snake. Sorry to bother you.

Somehow, Snake isn't comfortable with this sudden change of heart. He walks out as if he might get shot in the back.

32 INT. DISCHARGE DESK - DAY

32

Snake is being released from custody. His personal effects are being returned to him by a bored DESK OFFICER.

DESK OFFICER

One keyring, four keys. One comb, plastic. One pack chewing gum, Juicy Fruit, four pieces. One pack condoms, lubricated, unused. And one briefcase...

Snake eagerly grabs the briefcase, turning it away from the prying eyes of the desk officer. He opens it and panics.

SNAKE

My money! Where's my goddamn money?

DESK OFFICER

Relax, buster. It's all here.

The desk officer hands Snake a thick manila envelope. He grabs it greedily.

DESK OFFICER

You'll have to sign for that. Right here. Five thousand dollars.

SNAKE

(horrified)

Five? What'a'ya mean five? There's fifty...

He rips open the envelope and counts out five thousand dollars. And a Chicago Tribune.

DESK OFFICER

(pointing at the booking form)
Says five thousand dollars here.
That's your signature, right?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SNAKE

Yeah, but...

Propitiously, Ray and Danny step up beside Snake, an insidious grin on their faces.

RAY

What seems to be the problem, officer?

Suddenly Snake realizes he's been had.

33 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

33

Danny and Ray are showing Snake a small radio microphone.

DANNY

If you have a problem, just say the word, "ecclesiastical" and we'll bust in.

SNAKE

Say what?

RAY

We'll make it real simple. Say, "snakebite."

SNAKE

Julio'll kill me for wearin' a wire.

DANNY

Yeah, but he'll torture you to get the money back.

RAY

(feigning indifference)

You don't have to go for it. You could file charges with the department. Everybody else is. If you win, you get your money back and we go to jail.

DANNY

Of course that'll take months and you'll still have to explain it to Gonzales...

Admitting defeat, Snake unbuttons his shirt.

RAY

Not the shirt. Your pants.

Snake grudgingly drops his pants. Ray shakes his head and gives the transmitter to Danny. He can't do it either.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Snake grabs the radio device from Danny and begins to strap it to his upper thigh.

DANNY

When do you make the buy?

SNAKE

Tonight, so I'm gonna need to pick up my van. The dude's all the way over in South Chicago.

DANNY

That's where Jackson was from.

Ray and Danny exchange glances.

34 EXT. SOUTH CHICAGO ALLEY - NIGHT

34

A beatup van backs up to the loading dock behind a small appliance store. The driver, Snake, is met by a SALESMAN who takes the briefcase and checks the contents.

SNAKE

It's all there. Fifty thousand bucks.

SALESMAN

I'll count it. You load the van.

35 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

35

The unmarked police car is parked up the alley. While Ray watches the transaction through binoculars, Danny adjusts a radio receiver connected to a tape recorder. Both are talking. Neither listens to the other.

RAY

I can take a lot of abuse, but crooks suing me, a cop, for doing my job...

DANNY

I may take some time off and go to Italy. Aunt Rose always bragged so much about Rome...

RAY

Next thing you know, we'll need malpractice insurance...

DANNY

Or maybe a new TransAm. Hell, I can afford a Corvette. Whatever I want...

(pausing)

How much dope can you buy for fifty thousand bucks?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

That gets Ray's attention.

RAY
I thought she only left you forty.

DANNY
(pointing at Snake)
He's got a helluva big box there.

RAY
Wait a damn minute...

36 ANGLE THROUGH BINOCULARS 36

The box Snake carries is marked, "SONY COLOR TELEVISION". He carefully places it in the van and returns for another one.

37 BACK TO RAY AND DANNY 37

Ray can't believe it.

RAY
Tell me the asshole isn't buying color TV's.

DANNY
You can't put fifty grand worth of hot TV's in that van.

They watch as Snake brings out more boxes.

38 EXT. CALUMET HARBOR WATERFRONT - NIGHT 38

Snake's van drives along a deserted area of docks, with only a few freighters moored alongside large warehouses. The unmarked police car follows discreetly.

The van pulls up in front of a freighter, parking beside Julio Gonzales' silver Mercedes. A THUG guarding the gangway recognizes Snake.

39 INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT 39

Ray watches through binoculars. Danny still wears headphones, monitoring the transmissions from Snake's mike.

SNAKE (V.O.)
Gimme a hand. I gotta take one of these to Julio.

40 ANGLE THROUGH BINOCULARS 40

The sentry helps Snake carry one of the boxes up the gangplank and they disappear into the ship.

41 ANGLE ON RAY AND DANNY

41

Ray drops his binoculars and turns up the volume on the tape recorder.

SNAKE (V.O.)

I'm sorry I'm late, Julio...

GONZALES (V.O.)

(angrily)

Why'd you come here? I heard those dogass cops busted you.

Both cops recognize the voice.

DANNY

Gonzales!

RAY

He remembers us, too.

SNAKE (V.O.)

They made a dumb mistake. It blew over easy, so I went and got the stuff. Don't you want it?

GONZALES (V.O.)

They could have tailed you.

SNAKE (V.O.)

I was careful, Julio. Real careful.

The tape recorder's tiny speaker distorts with the violent sound of a fist hitting flesh. Danny winces.

DANNY

Time to go to work.

They leave the car. The tape recorder continues to run.

42 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

42

Ray and Danny advance toward the freighter. As they pass the van, Ray pauses to open one of the boxes. He whistles.

RAY

Look at this!

The box is filled with machine guns and ammunition.

DANNY

Uzis. Damn.

RAY

(disgusted)

Thanks to us, everybody in there will have one.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Ray reaches into the van and shifts it into neutral. Danny helps him push it off the end of the dock and into the water. They turn back toward the ship. Danny draws his service revolver.

DANNY

(feigning caution)

They've got at least a dozen machine guns in there.

RAY

You're right. We'd better both go.

Ray draws his weapon, too. They move up the gangway.

43 INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

43

The sentry who helped Snake carry the crate is returning to his post when he runs into the cops. Danny slugs him, and Ray catches him before he can fall to the floor. Ray slaps his handcuffs on the punk's wrist.

RAY

Where'd you take the guns?

The punk points down the corridor. They shove him into a narrow locker on the bulkhead, closing it securely. Ray whispers through the vent.

RAY

One sound and we cuff you to the anchor instead.

They reach the indicated door, each pausing to check that the other is ready. It is tense as both cops nod.

Taking a deep breath, Danny raises his leg in preparation to kick the door in. When he flexes his knee, the seam in the crotch of his pants tears. Both cops start snickering. They cover their mouths and move away from the door, trying to stifle themselves. Just a glance at each other and they are snorting again, out of control. Then, from behind the door, they hear Snake scream.

SNAKE (O.S.)

Snakebite!

Both cops finally charge the door, kicking it open.

44 INT. SHIP'S CABIN - NIGHT

44

They burst through the door. Danny is low, Ray above, swinging their guns from side to side, ready for war.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Police officers! Nobody move!

What they see is Snake, standing with the once-hidden microphone in his hand, yelling "snakebite" into it. Beside him is Julio Gonzales, the proud new owner of an Uzi machine gun.

Gonzales is the street version of a cutthroat junior executive, climbing to the top over the bodies of anyone in the way. Especially cops.

Danny and Ray train their revolvers on Gonzales and Snake, but from behind them, other HENCHMEN close in, aiming guns at their heads. Ray and Danny are quickly disarmed, prisoners in a trap. Snake swaggers fearlessly over to them and uses Danny's handcuffs to lock them together.

SNAKE

So what am I, stupid? You thought you scared me? You can do anything, and guys like me have to take it...

But in this room, Snake is not the boss. Not even close.

GONZALES

Enough.

Gonzales addresses his prisoners.

GONZALES

You make it too easy. I remember you as being smarter.

DANNY

We've been hearing big things about you, Gonzales. Nothing good.

RAY

You're giving dope dealers a bad name.

Gonzales brandishes his new Uzi.

GONZALES

This is just the beginning. You're looking at the first Godfather of Chicago.

DANNY

What about the competition?

GONZALES

That's what the Uzis are for. I almost wish you'd live to see it.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Even you are too smart to kill cops.

GONZALES

Lucky for me, accidents happen.

Two young henchmen step up. CARLOS is a dangerous, well-oiled young thug of about twenty-one. TONY looks even younger, an angry punk with pierced ears and blue-tinged hair in a new wave cut.

TONY

Let me'n Carlos take 'em for a midnight swim.

CARLOS

No, we'll take 'em fishing. Cops make good bait.

Snake wants in on the action, too.

SNAKE

I did Jackson for you, Julio. Let me have 'em.

GONZALES

Shut up!

DANNY

(to Gonzales)

So you had Jackson killed. That leaves us no choice. You're under arrest.

GONZALES

(to the cops)

You know what a Colombian necktie is?

They don't answer. Snake steps over to them, pulling a wicked-looking knife. He acts out the action he describes.

SNAKE

That's where I cut your throat from ear to ear, then pull your tongue out through the slit and leave it dangling while we watch you squirm.

Gonzales' Uzi moves over toward Snake.

GONZALES

You should be squirming, too. You brought 'em here.

Snake suddenly sees the danger. He becomes defensive, approaching Gonzales with outstretched hands.

(CONTINUED)

SNAKE

But Julio, I gave them to you...
gift-wrapped...

It happens fast. A burst of machine gun fire, rips into Snake. The noise is deafening as Danny and Ray watch Snake crumple and fall.

Gonzales ejects the empty magazine from the Uzi, reaching for a full one. Suddenly Tony and Carlos each pick up an Uzi, aiming at Gonzales.

TONY

Freeze, Julio!

CARLOS

Police officers! You're under arrest.

Gonzales freezes for the appropriate instant. Even Danny and Ray are surprised. In the back of the room, several men go for their guns. Tony and Carlos spin and fire at them and bedlam erupts. Gonzales jams the fresh magazine into his Uzi and rakes the room with gunfire.

Danny and Ray hit the deck. Above their heads a violent gunbattle takes place. Carlos and Tony take cover, firing fearlessly at Gonzales and his bunch. There is nothing Ray and Danny can do, but cringe and hope for the best.

When his Uzi is empty, Gonzales discards it and picks up two more. Firing with one in each hand, he sprays the room and backs through a door.

When the shooting stops, several henchmen are dead or wounded. Tony and Carlos emerge from their cover, weapons ready. Ray sits up, staring at these miracle cops. Danny makes sure no one is looking, then makes the sign of the cross.

RAY

(to Carlos and Tony)

Thanks.

But they give Ray and Danny looks of sheer contempt.

TONY

Six months of shitwork, blown in
two minutes...

CARLOS

... to save two screwups.

Danny and Ray scramble to their feet, hampered by their handcuffs.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

RAY

(blustering)

Hey! We didn't ask for you to butt
in. We already made the arrest.

DANNY

(following suit)

You let the bastard get away!

Tony and Carlos head after Gonzales without looking back.

CARLOS

Just stay the hell out of our way!

Ray and Danny feel totally humiliated. Danny unlocks the
handcuffs while Ray retrieves their guns.

DANNY

(quietly)

I thought we were the good guys.

RAY

(equally chagrined)

If they come back, let's kill 'em.
Nobody ever has to know about this.

They grab their weapons and run to the sound of gunfire.

45 EXT. FREIGHTER DECK - NIGHT

45

Gonzales emerges onto the deck, still brandishing two Uzis.
Several SAILORS and thugs are also fleeing in the confusion.
Gonzales grabs a passing thug and gives him an Uzi,
directing him to a spot behind several huge metal drums.

GONZALES

Shoot anyone who comes through that
hatch.

The henchman takes his position, and Gonzales runs to the
other side of the ship. Immediately, Tony and Carlos come
through the hatch, where they are greeted by a burst from
the punk's Uzi. They return the fire. In the darkness and
confusion, they think they have Gonzales pinned down.

TONY

Give it up, Julio. We've got you!

46 ANGLE ON GONZALES

46

On the other side of the ship, he heads for the gangway,
just as Danny and Ray step out onto the deck. To avoid
them, he lifts the canvas cover of a lifeboat and climbs
inside, drawing the tarp over the boat.

47 ANGLE ON RAY AND DANNY

They see the muzzle flashes of Carlos and Tony's gunfight. Comparing their handguns to the automatic weapons on the other side, they aren't quite so cocky now.

DANNY
Is this what I really want to do
when I grow up?

RAY
What else is there?

48 ANGLE ON TONY AND CARLOS

48

They answer a prolonged belch from the Uzi with a series of shots. When the henchman runs out of ammunition, he panics and leaps overboard.

CARLOS
(mistakenly)
Let's get him!

Both Tony and Carlos follow, jumping into the dark water.

49 ANGLE ON DANNY AND RAY

49

Moving more cautiously than usual, the two cops cross to the rail. They look over the side, where they see a great deal of thrashing around in the water.

DANNY
Totally unprofessional.

RAY
Rank amateurs. They could have
gotten us killed in there.

The lifeboat rocks slightly. Ray, motioning silently to Danny, carefully approaches one end. Danny takes the other, and in one coordinated movement, they tip the lifeboat on its side, dumping Gonzales onto the deck.

RAY
Up against the wall.

DANNY
(correcting him)
It's a bulkhead.

Danny pulls Gonzales to his feet, forcing him up against the bulkhead. Ray frisks him.

GONZALES
You'll die for this!

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You're under arrest. You know the routine.

Gonzales is silent, glaring dangerously at them.

DANNY

That's correct. You have the right to remain silent. What else?

Gonzales just looks at them. They get impatient.

RAY

(yelling)

What else?

He refuses to respond. Ray hits him in the stomach.

GONZALES

(grudgingly)

Anything I say may be held against me in a court of law.

DANNY

Okay, now the rest.

GONZALES

(seething with anger)

I have the right to an attorney. If I cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed by the court.

RAY

Do you understand each of these rights you have explained to us?

Gonzales nods. He clearly hates this indignity.

DANNY

Very good. It's always a pleasure dealing with professionals.

Ray snaps the handcuffs around Gonzales' wrists.

Carlos and Tony swim up to the dock, with one bedraggled thug in tow. All three are covered with oily slime from the filthy water. Danny and Ray offer them a hand, but the two young cops prefer to crawl out on their own.

CARLOS

Gonzales got away, thanks to you two.

Danny and Ray exchange a knowing smile, feeling charitable.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Look, maybe we didn't express ourselves properly earlier...

But right now, benevolence is wasted on Tony and Carlos.

TONY

We saved your ass. Don't make a big deal out of it.

CARLOS

If we had it to do over... who knows?

Danny pulls out the silver cigar case. He and Ray each light up a cigar, studying the angry young cops and their prisoner.

RAY

You can throw that one back in. He's not big enough to keep.

Carlos and Tony are dumbfounded to see Gonzales handcuffed in the beatup police sedan. Danny and Ray get in, puff on their cigars, and drive off. Tony and Carlos do a slow burn.

51 INT. CAPTAIN LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

51

The next morning. Danny and Ray are standing in front of Captain Logan, feeling pretty good.

CAPT. LOGAN

Quite a bust.

They smile.

CAPT. LOGAN

Commendation time. Maybe even a promotion, right?

DANNY

Just doing our job.

CAPT. LOGAN

You busted Gonzales before the DEA could move in.

Danny and Ray sense something wrong here.

RAY

The DEA?

CAPT. LOGAN

They've been tracking his shipment all the way from the jungles of Colombia. But that shouldn't concern you.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

There'll be other shipments...

CAPT. LOGAN

Right. Forget the months spent getting undercover men inside.

DANNY

We nailed Gonzales. He's the guy who had Jackson killed.

CAPT. LOGAN

(bearing down)

You needlessly jeopardized your own lives and those of other officers.

RAY

Those two hotshots got jumpy is all.

Captain Logan presses a button on a tape recorder and it replays the previous evening's shootout. It sounds frantic.

TONY (V.O.)

Freeze, Julio!

CARLOS (V.O.)

Police officers! You're under arrest.

The tape replays a barrage of GUNSHOTS until Logan turns it off in disgust.

DANNY/RAY

(in unison)

We got Gonzales!

CAPT. LOGAN

You had to be rescued like a couple of rookies!

They stare at one another angrily.

CAPT. LOGAN

(calmer)

Maybe you need a rest.

RAY

We don't need a rest.

CAPT. LOGAN

Then I need a rest from you. I'm approving your "request" for vacation.

DANNY

No way. We've got too much going on.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

CAPT. LOGAN

It's a bad sign when a cop thinks
Chicago will fall apart without him.
You're on vacation, effective now.

RAY

We're not going.

CAPT. LOGAN

If I find you in the city, I'll
have you arrested. If you come in
to the station, I'll have you shot.

They look at each other, defeated and disgusted.

52 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS LOBBY - DAY

52

Danny and Ray are in a somber mood as they walk past a series of display cases hanging on the wall. Four of the five panels contain approximately a hundred police badges each. A UNIFORMED OFFICER is closing the fifth case, which is only partially filled. He leaves and Danny studies the display as if he's never noticed it before.

DANNY

They've already got Jackson's badge up.

Ray keeps walking.

RAY

Why not? He doesn't need it.

Danny gestures at the last panel.

DANNY

This one's still got lots of room.

Ray stops, somewhat annoyed.

RAY

It won't happen to us. We're too
smart. Face it, we're very good
cops.

DANNY

But we're not perfect.

RAY

You need a drink.

DANNY

No. I need a lot of drinks.

53 INT. THE SAILFISH BAR - DAY

53

Not Ricco's Bar, their regular hangout. This is a dive, dark and dingy, suffering from a poor attempt at a fisherman's motif. Ray and Danny are both getting blitzed, but can't drink enough to forget.

RAY

(quietly)

I thought about gettin' killed a million times, but I never believed it. Not until Gonzales...

He stops. It's hard to talk about this, even to each other.

DANNY

(equally morose)

If there's anything worse than dying young, it's dying young with money in the bank.

RAY

I don't mind being killed, under certain circumstances. But not like that. Being humiliated...

DANNY

Dead couldn't be any worse than being rescued by those... kids.

They agree on that by knocking back their drinks.

RAY

This place is depressing me.

They toss a few bills on the bar and head for the door. When they open it, bright tropical sunlight floods in. Danny reacts with shock.

DANNY

Uhhhhggggghhhh...

54 EXT. MAIN STREET - KEY WEST, FLORIDA - DAY

54

The two cops seem displaced in the tropical resort of Key West. Palm trees, ocean, and sailboats. Ray shields his eyes from the brightness. Danny steps out into the street, and throws up a hand as if he were still in Chicago.

DANNY

Taxi...

The squeal of brakes is heard as a "Conch Train" screeches to a stop inches away from him. This is a local tram servicing the tourist trade. The "train" is pulled by a jeep disguised as a locomotive. On board, a collection of TOURISTS in bright, colorful shirts and shorts stare at the

(CONTINUED)

two cops, who look completely out of place with their city clothes, day-old beards, and hangovers.

DANNY

Are we lost?

RAY

Nah, this is Key West. Remember?
It's as far south as we could get
without having to speak Spanish.

Danny barely remembers. They dismiss the tram and cross the street to the Key West pier. BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, BEACH BUMS, TOURISTS, and FISHERMEN join a JUGGLER, a STREET DANCER, and MUSICIANS playing guitars. Everyone is contentedly looking out to sea.

DANNY

What happened? What's going on?

RAY

Maybe a ship sank.

DANNY

Or "Jaws" struck.

JULIE, a tanned beauty in a marginal bikini, overhears them with amusement.

JULIE

We're watching the sunset.

RAY

(drily)

Yeah. Right.

DANNY

C'mon. What's really happening?

JULIE

The sun is setting. Can't you see it?

RAY

Don't give us that. The sun sets
every night.

JULIE

And we come out to watch it every
night. Look at it. It's beautiful.

Danny appraises Julie more eagerly than the sunset.

DANNY

Maybe we should check this out.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

RAY

(still skeptical)

Yeah, well... It better be good.

Sure enough, the sun sets, the musicians play, and the dancers dance. Even the two cops are grudgingly impressed. Julie draws Danny into the dancing.

55 INT. SLOPPY JOE'S BAR - NIGHT

55

Despite their rumpled city clothes, the cops have a ball. Danny and Julie dance, while Ray sits at the bar with a voluptuous LADY. The cobwebs disappear from their heads. Bad memories fade. The dangers of Chicago are far away.

56 EXT. KEY WEST BEACH - NIGHT

56

A campfire roars on the beach. There is more dancing, in the moonlight. Though still fully dressed in their city togs, the cops lead the dancing out into the surf. Danny and Julie. Ray and his lady. A tactful FADE OUT.

57 EXT. CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DAY

57

A bright sunny day. Ray is belted into one of the two fighting chairs in the open cockpit. His pole is bent nearly double by the efforts of an enormous sailfish. He is soaked with sweat and sun tan oil, laughing and fighting the fish. Danny is right beside him, alternately pouring beer into Ray's mouth and onto his head to keep him refreshed.

DANNY

Come on! He's winning!

RAY

Never! I'll die in this chair first!

DANNY

He's gonna jerk you outta the boat!
Come ooon, fish!

RAY

I got him figured now. He jumps,
then swims... jumps and swims...
jumps... swims...

Julie and a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN step out of the cabin. They have perfect figures, slick and tan, and carry trays laden with fruit, sandwiches, cold beer and margaritas. The cargo is arranged in such a way as to make it appear that the four luscious breasts are also on the bill of fare.

TWO GIRLS
(in unison)Lunch!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Danny glances at the two ladies and their offerings, then shouts in Ray's ear.

DANNY

Lunch!

Ray, still battling the huge fish, takes in the sight at the cabin door. He picks up a knife with one hand.

RAY

(yelling at the fish)

Lunch!

He cuts the line and lets the fish go free. Danny punches the stereo cassette player and suddenly it's party time. The MUSIC continues over a progressively happier MONTAGE:

- 58 a.) Danny and Julie ride a Moped, zipping around the island. 58
Ray and his girl are chasing them on a second bike, laughing wildly.
- 59 b.) Danny and Julie are snorkeling in the clear water, 59
diving for giant conch shells. Ray and a new BEAUTY surface, gasping for breath, waving a huge Florida lobster.
- 60 c.) In the middle of "town", Danny and Ray are getting 60
sidewalk roller skating lessons from Julie and another new LADY. Ray falls, dragging his teacher down, too.
- 61 d.) Ray and Danny stand beside their mopeds, arguing with 61
a local MOTORCYCLE COP. They get a ticket anyway. The girls love it, especially when they tear it up.
- 62 e.) Danny, Ray, and their dates hijack the "Conch Train" 62
and a load of tourists. Ray drives the "locomotive". Danny takes over the loudspeaker. The "ENGINEER" chases them on foot.
- 63 f.) Two huge sailfish are being weighed at the dock. Danny 63
and Ray each stand beside their own catch. Both fish look about the same weight. Danny reads the scales, announcing himself the winner. Ray pays him a twenty dollar bill.

Then a can of beer falls from the mouth of the inverted fish, followed by another and then another. Danny looks sheepishly at the three beers on the scale, then pays Ray.

64 EXT. KEY WEST PIER - DAY

64

It is sunset again. Ray and Danny are now veteran islanders. Along with Julie, they lead the nightly singing and dancing atop the seawall, totally in tune with the island, the sea, and the sunset.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
(expansively)
Look at that sunset!

DANNY
Incredible! Just incredible!

RAY
I don't ever want to leave.

DANNY
We could come back.

RAY
We will. Next year's vacation.

DANNY
I mean for good. We could move down here.

The thought seems to sober Ray.

RAY
Being a cop down here wouldn't be the same.

DANNY
I don't mean be a cop. I mean resign. Quit. Retire. Be a person.

RAY
Nah. Regular people suck.

DANNY
Maybe. But they hardly ever get shot at.

Ray's grimace shows he doesn't want to be reminded.

65 EXT. BEACH - DAY

65

Ray and Danny are sipping beer in the comfort of hammocks. Julie and another BEAUTY are playing frisbee nearby.

DANNY
We've been cops for sixteen years. That's enough for anybody.

RAY
Maybe I'm not ready to quit.

DANNY
And maybe I am.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

We're still four years away from our pensions.

DANNY

So what? I don't want to spend another four years getting shot at.

RAY

You gonna live on Aunt Rose's money?

DANNY

Maybe I'll invest in a business down here and enjoy myself.

Ray turns completely around, watching the pair of beauties toss the frisbee. Maybe it's not such a bad idea...

RAY

There's nothing to do down here, except drink and fish. You don't know anything about fishing...

Danny smiles, holds up his beer, and toasts Ray.

66 EXT. THE SAILFISH BAR - DAY

66

Danny and Ray stand outside the dumpy bar they were in earlier. There is a "FOR SALE" sign on it.

DANNY

I could have a band every weekend. And a big sign sayin', "Every night is ladies' night."

RAY

It's a fixer-upper at best.

DANNY

So I'll get a better price.

RAY

Runnin' a bar isn't all that easy.

DANNY

Neither is being a cop. Runnin' a bar has more room for error, but I'm still gonna need my partner.

RAY

I can tell. But I don't have forty thousand dollars burning a hole in my pocket.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

You've been paying into the pension fund for sixteen years. When you quit, they give you the money back. Come on. Let's take a crack at the good life while we can still enjoy it. We're bustin' our asses in Chicago and nobody cares.

RAY

I still like being a cop.

DANNY

This is the same thing. We break up fights, argue with drunks, roust hookers, and if we're lucky, we'll get robbed occasionally.

Ray laughs.

67 INT. THE SAILFISH BAR - DAY

67

Danny and Ray sit at the bar, studying the place.

RAY

It just seems awfully sudden to be quitting. It might look like we got... scared.

DANNY

We're not scared -- we're smart. And we're not quitting, we're changing professions. We'll be entrepreneurs. Hell, we drink enough to make ourselves rich.

RAY

I don't know, Danny. What's the rush?

DANNY

I see those two kids, that's us ten years ago. I see us ten years from now, we're gonna be just like the captain.

That really makes Ray think about it.

RAY

I need a drink.

DANNY

Everybody needs a drink. We're gonna be rich.

Ray finally nods.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

RAY

Promise me we'll get robbed. A lot!

They have a deal.

68 EXT. KEY WEST BANK - DAY

68

A small tropical-looking building, surrounded by palm trees and sand. It hardly resembles a bank.

69 INT. BANK - DAY

69

Smiling broadly, Danny and Ray are seated across the desk from a VICE PRESIDENT. They are dressed in shorts and outrageous tropical shirts. The typically conservative banker hands them a contract. They sign it with delight, shake hands and leave. The vice president watches in disbelief as they roller skate out of the bank.

70 EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO -- DAY

70

Back in the Windy City, a TEENAGER zips along on roller skates, darting from a crowded city sidewalk out across the street. A taxi screeches to a halt, almost hitting him. Another cab almost crashes into it.

71 INT. TAXI - DAY

71

The cab lurches through traffic, the horn blaring, the CABBIE swearing. Ray and Danny still wear their tropical garb and seem extremely laid back.

RAY

(to cabbie)

Take it easy, pal. We got time.

DANNY

(laughing)

Look at those people. What's their hurry?

RAY

They've got to learn to stop and smell the roses.

They exchange a look, sharing a sense of purpose.

72 INT. CAPTAIN LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

72

Danny is wearing a Miami Dolphins cap. Ray wears one from the Tampa Bay Buccaneers.

CAPT. LOGAN

(disbelief)

You're gonna what?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Quit. Leave. Depart. Vamoose.

RAY

(apologetically)

Retire. This is our official thirty day notice.

Captain Logan starts to laugh. Hard.

CAPT. LOGAN

When you've been cops this long,
you're not fit for anything else.
What are you gonna do, open a bar?

Both men react defensively, copping a plea.

RAY

(weakly)

We need a new career challenge...

DANNY

... Something with a future.

CAPT. LOGAN

Show me another career where they'll
let you shoot people.

RAY

We're tired of all that. What good
has it done?

DANNY

Ever since we've been on the force,
crime has gotten worse. Maybe we're
the problem.

Logan dislikes their smugness.

CAPT. LOGAN

You damn sure aren't the solution!
(tersely)
Your pal Gonzales is back on the
street.

DANNY/RAY

(in unison)

What?

CAPT. LOGAN

Two smartass cops failed to
Mirandize him properly. Now he's a
private citizen again. Like you two
want to be.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

They let him go? He killed Snake in front of four police officers.

CAPT. LOGAN

He should get a medal.

DANNY

He was about to kill us.

CAPT. LOGAN

Then we would've had a case.

DANNY

He had Jackson killed, too.

Captain Logan feigns indifference, knowing it bugs them.

CAPT. LOGAN

So another bad guy walks. So what? He runs a little dope. Buys a few machine guns. Kills a cop... That's not your concern anymore.

RAY

We'll nail him by tonight.

But Danny has become more conservative.

DANNY

For what? They've dropped all the charges.

CAPT. LOGAN

Who's fault is that?

That gets to Ray.

RAY

Wherever he is, he's doing something dirty. Don't worry. When we find Gonzales, we'll find a crime.

Ray stalks out of the room. Danny follows unhappily, while Captain Logan grins to himself.

73 INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

73

Ray is at his locker, changing from his tropical clothing to his plainclothes attire. His locker contains several pictures of Anna, including their wedding photo.

RAY

(fired up)

Here we come, Gonzales, ready or not.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Danny is less enthusiastic. He opens his locker and hefts his service revolver.

DANNY

This is heavier than I remember.

RAY

Gonzales has an Uzi.

That isn't what Danny wants to hear.

DANNY

(hopefully)

Just thirty days and we're outa here.

RAY

We go out heroes!

Danny shudders, closes his locker, and walks out of the room.

74 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PROPERTY WINDOW - DAY

74

Danny is waiting impatiently at the property window. Finally a UNIFORMED OFFICER appears and hands him a "flak vest."

OFFICER

These aren't very effective if you get shot in the face.

Danny rolls his eyes and takes the vest.

DANNY

I just want it for lower back support.

He walks away, trying to conceal it from several passing cops.

75 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

75

Ray, feeling superior, watches Danny put on the flak vest.

RAY

You wear that all day, your chest is gonna smell like your feet.

Danny is a little embarrassed by his precaution.

DANNY

I stay alive thirty days, I'm gonna smell like Jamaican Rum and Coppertone.

Garcia and several other cops enter, noticing the flak vest.

GARCIA

Hey, Costanzo. You get transferred to Beirut?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

In his rush to get into the flak vest, Danny tips his holster and the gun drops to the floor, discharging a single shot. The lone slug zings around the room and cops dive for cover.

Ricocheting wildly, the bullet finally lodges in the wall, inches from Ray's head. He looks at Danny, then leaves.

76 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PROPERTY WINDOW - DAY

76

Ray is being issued a flak vest.

OFFICER

Lemme guess. You got a bad back.

Ray sulks away.

77 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

77

Ray and Danny are at the door of a RESIDENT MANAGER, an elderly PUERTO RICAN LADY who clearly is afraid to cooperate. A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY stands just behind her. Feeling a sense of impunity, he continuously holds the 'finger' out at them. He maintains a bored expression and occasionally alters the position of his hand, giving them the 'finger' sideways, upside down, bouncing, pointing, a regular recital.

RAY

Senora, we're police officers. We understand Julio Gonzales used to live here. Do you have his forwarding address?

OLD LADY

(obviously frightened)

I no know Julio Gonzales. Go away.

Danny tries to ignore the kid holding out the 'finger', but the kid waves it around so that it can't be ignored.

RAY

We know he lived here. If we don't get any cooperation, you're gonna have trouble with every inspector in Chicago. We'll fix it so the city delivers garbage instead of picking it up.

OLD LADY

Go away, pronto. I know nothing.

Just beyond Ray's vision, Danny and the kid are locked into each other. The kid makes the 'finger' an airplane and flies it in dips and loops, then points it at Danny who now has no idea at all what is going on between Ray and the woman.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You want us to go door-to-door
checking green cards?

OLD LADY

I tell you, go away. No questions!

The kid is now holding out dual 'fingers' at Danny. Swooping, diving, matching, dancing, taunting fingers. Soundlessly, Danny jerks his head, challenging the kid to come outside. To enhance the cop's frustration, the kid shuts his eyes, and with both hands held high, wig-wags 'the bone'. Danny is burning.

RAY

The owner of this slum wouldn't like
all his tenants being deported.

OLD LADY

(defiantly)

The owner is Julio Gonzales.

RAY

We start by deporting you!

Defeated, she looks around carefully and crosses herself.

OLD LADY

(whispering)

He has a senorita at the Camino Real
Apartments. Maybe he's there, I
don't know.

She starts to close the door, but Danny leans past her, directly into the kid's face and shrieks like a maniac. When the kid's eyes open, Danny flips him a pair. His dignity assuaged, Danny steps back and she slams the door in his face.

RAY

You handled that very professionally.

DANNY

That's what we're trained for. When
fired upon, return the fire.

78 EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

78

The cops exit the building and spot several Hispanic KIDS clustered around their car, spray-painting it with graffiti.

RAY

Hey! Get away from that car!

He and Danny run toward the kids, who scatter in all directions, throwing down aerosol cans as they flee.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
(yelling)
That's a police car.

RAY
I think they know that.

Their sedan has been decorated like a subway car or tenement wall. Big free-form letters read, "POLICE", "PIGS", "UNMARKED POLICE CAR", and less complimentary things.

By the time the cops reach their car, the kids are gone.

RAY
That car never fooled anybody.
What's the difference?

Ray picks up one of the aerosol paint cans and throws it at the vehicle. It flies through an open window, bouncing into the back seat.

79 EXT. HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

79

The graffiti-covered police car drives through another Hispanic area. Neighborhood KIDS interrupt their game of street soccer to jeer at it.

80 INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

80

Ray and Danny slow in front of the Camino Real Apartments. They pass lots of typically dirty, banged up cars, but one shiny silver Mercedes stands out.

RAY
Bingo!

81 EXT. HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

81

Ray gets out, bitterly comparing the pristine Mercedes to the graffiti-covered police car.

RAY
How come the bad guys get the good cars?

Danny gets out, with considerably less enthusiasm.

DANNY
I've been thinkin'. Maybe we oughta be a little more responsible in our approach to criminal matters.

Ray isn't listening. He reaches into the police car, retrieves the aerosol paint can, and starts for the Mercedes.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

DANNY

You're not gonna...

RAY

Nah. I've got too much respect for private property.

He begins to spray the curb alongside the Mercedes, painting it yellow. Danny can't help but smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 LATER. The curb is yellow now and there is a parking ticket 82 on the Mercedes. Danny and Ray are standing nearby, watching as a city tow truck backs up to it.

RAY

Now let's see who catches hell.

Down the street a KID breaks away from the soccer game and sprints for the Camino Real Apartments.

RAY

Yep. He's gonna lead us right to Gonzales.

Ray starts to follow the kid, but Danny isn't quite so eager.

DANNY

We don't have to go bustin' in like wild men.

RAY

What's that supposed to mean? C'mon.

DANNY

I'm not crazy about machine guns. I'm gonna call for some backup.

Ray gives him a look of pained disbelief.

DANNY

(self-consciously)

Everybody else does.

Undeterred, he reaches into the car for the radio.

83 INT. CAMINO REAL APARTMENTS - DAY

83

Ray and Danny enter the building and hit the stairs, following the sound of the street kid's footsteps. Taking two steps at a time, Ray urges Danny to climb faster.

RAY

Are you sick or something?

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

(embarrassed by his caution)
I just don't want this to get out of hand. We have an obligation to those Key West ladies, with those long legs, those flat bellies, those tight buns, and those tan tits...

Ray is one flight of stairs ahead of Danny, urging him on.

RAY

(growing testy)
You've done a million things crazier than this, and I always backed you up.

DANNY

(reluctant)
Yeah, but I never got us killed. Not once! We oughta at least stay alive till we close escrow on the bar. There might be papers to sign.

Danny finally catches him at the top of the stairs. Ray draws his gun and opens the door to the hall.

84 INT. CAMINO REAL APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - DAY

84

The cops emerge into the corridor where the kid is banging on a door, shouting in Spanish. As the door opens, Ray yanks the kid out of the way and bursts into the apartment, yelling.

RAY

Police! Freeze!

Danny has no choice but to follow.

85 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

85

Ray aims his gun across the room, fanning it between two armed PUNKS sitting at opposite ends of a tattered couch. One is sifting through a stack of glassine packages of cocaine. The other is counting money. Lots of money.

Standing just behind the door is a THIRD PUNK, who instantly places a hefty Magnum directly against Ray's cheek.

RAY

(quietly)

Shit...

Danny freezes behind him, with his gun covering this third gunman. The two others aim their weapons at Ray. Everybody has a gun on somebody who in turn has a gun on somebody else.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

... Maybe sometimes we are a little too enthusiastic.

From the next room, behind a closed door, scuffling sounds are heard. Along with a shout.

GONZALES (O.S.)

Shoot the bastards!

But it's a standoff. Two cops against three bad hombres. There is no way out but full speed ahead. Danny yells.

DANNY

Drop the guns! You're under arrest!

Nobody moves. Five men sweating bullets, gauging strangers, testing badness. The thug covering Ray sneers.

THUG

No hablo Ingles.

The other two hombres chortle dangerously. Danny is furious.

DANNY

Then "hablo" Smith and Wesson!

He moves his gun closer, taking dead aim at the face of the thug covering Ray. Understandably uneasy, Ray splits his attention between the other two punks, while trying to ignore the gun in his face. Danny tests the language barrier.

DANNY

You have the right to remain dead. Anything you do will be used against you...

Nothing. He continues, even more menacing.

DANNY

You have the right to a coroner. If you cannot afford one, a medical examiner will be appointed for you.

Finally one thug lowers his weapon. The others follow suit. By now, a thoroughly chastened Ray has seen the light. Suddenly this victory isn't worth the sweat. He barks at Danny as they handcuff the men to a steam radiator.

RAY

You call that careful?

DANNY

You want me to be more careful? What's this, the new Ray Hughes? I've always been careful.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

RAY

Terrific. We're partners all these years, and behind my back you're being careful.

Danny points at the cocaine and money on the table.

DANNY

Looks like we've got something on ol' Gonzales after all.

Guns ready, they move toward the bedroom door. The kid sees them ready to barge in and screams, startling the hell out of both cops. He runs past them into the bedroom.

86 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

86

An attractive Latin WOMAN is huddled nude behind a flimsy double bed. The kid runs into her arms. The cops enter, but find no one else in the room.

RAY

(to Danny)

You got any Tums?

Danny crosses to an open window. He sticks his head out, and then starts to laugh as he climbs onto the fire escape.

87 EXT. CAMINO REAL APARTMENTS - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

87

Danny can see Julio Gonzales several fire escapes below, clambering over one railing to another. He is dressed only in brightly colored bikini underwear and one black sock. He carries a bundle of his clothes in one hand. Ray steps out onto the fire escape as Danny pursues Gonzales.

RAY

Shoot him and let's go home.

Danny chases Gonzales down the fire escape, enjoying this. Ray is less amused, but he follows.

DANNY

Hey, Gonzales! Nice legs.

In his hurry, Gonzales drops the clothes, revealing an Uzi machine gun. His clothes fall to the street below.

GONZALES

(wildly angry)

You're dead men! You hear me?

Dead!

Gonzales is beside an apartment window where he sees a startled FAT LADY staring back out at him, cradling a BABY

(CONTINUED)

in her arms. He uses the butt of the Uzi to break the window and grabs the child from the woman. Screaming hysterically, the Fat Lady climbs out onto the fire escape after her child. Gonzales holds the baby high, using the Fat Lady to shield himself from the cops.

GONZALES

(yelling to the cops)

Stay where you are, or I splatter them both.

Gonzales fires a burst from the Uzi and the bullets rake the bricks near the cops.

GONZALES

You make me look bad to my people.
You'll die for that.

DANNY

Calm down.

GONZALES

Throw me your pants!

Ray and Danny confer quietly. They don't like this at all.

DANNY

We can't do that.

RAY

We don't have any choice.

DANNY

Maybe we can get him with a lucky shot.

Ray makes a futile attempt to aim, then lowers his gun.

RAY

I can't even see him behind her.

DANNY

It's worth a try though. Right? I
wanna keep my pants.

Gonzales grabs the baby and dangles it over the balcony, head first. The infant screams. So does the Fat Lady.

GONZALES

Now! Or I drop the kid.

RAY

You know he'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Then let him kill us instead.
That's what he really wants.
There's a certain dignity in that...
as long as we keep our pants on.

Ray steps out of his trousers and throws them at Gonzales, who misses them. They tumble to the street below.

GONZALES

Stop screwing around. Give me your
goddamn pants!

RAY

I did! It's not my fault you can't
catch!

Gonzales fires an angry burst at the cops. The baby wails. The Fat Lady prays in Spanish. Danny looks down at Ray's pants, on the sidewalk below.

DANNY

(to Ray)

You did that on purpose.

Grudgingly Danny steps out of his trousers. There are now three armed men without pants. Danny tosses his jeans to Gonzales, and this time he catches them.

DANNY

(to Ray)

See? That wasn't so hard.

Safely behind the Fat Lady, Gonzales quickly puts on the trousers. Feeling more macho, he fires a burst at the cops, then makes a break down the fire escape. He still carries the baby, making it impossible for the cops to shoot back.

In shirts, jackets, and underwear, Danny and Ray take off after Gonzales, though forced to hold back by the threat of the Uzi. As they pass the Fat Lady, she curses them in Spanish.

88 EXT. STREET - DAY

88

Gonzales reaches the sidewalk and runs. The crowd that has gathered parts respectfully to let him pass.

When the cops reach the sidewalk, desperately chasing Gonzales, they are met with catcalls, jeers, and whistles. They run down the sidewalk and turn a corner just in time to see their car roar to life. It peels off, with Gonzales at the wheel. Both cops get off several shots, shooting up their car, but Gonzales gets away. The baby has been left crying on the curb. Ray awkwardly picks up the child, then hands it to Danny.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Here. You're the designated father around here.

DANNY

(angrily)

Brilliant... We lost the suspect, our pants, our keys, and our car.

RAY

(equally upset)

We didn't get shot, did we? It could be worse.

From several blocks away, they hear the sound of approaching police sirens.

DANNY

Damn!

It is a long, humiliating walk back. Two somber faces, trying to look dignified in the midst of antagonistic hilarity all around. Two cops in their underwear, carrying a screaming baby, as police cars begin to arrive.

DANNY

There's never a cop around when you need one.

RAY

(very upset)

I never needed one before!

A series of police cars screech to a halt alongside Danny and Ray. When the cops get out, armed to the teeth, they aren't greeted too cheerfully.

DANNY

I called for one backup. One measly unit. Not the whole damn precinct.

GARCIA

You never called for a backup before. We figured there was a riot.

Disgusted, Danny hands him the screaming baby and slides into the back of the squad car. Ray slips in from the other side.

89 INT. CAPT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

89

Ray and Danny are wearing hastily borrowed trousers. Danny's are far too loose, obviously from a fat officer. Ray's are far too short. Captain Logan scowls.

(CONTINUED)

CAPT. LOGAN

You two may be quitting too late instead of too early. I've seen it before. Short timer's disease. You're already looking ahead to the good times. You're getting careful aren't you?

DANNY

(indignant)

We are not!

RAY

Besides, what's wrong with careful?

CAPT. LOGAN

Careful gets you killed in this business. When you worry about gettin' shot, you get shot.

RAY

We didn't get shot.

CAPT. LOGAN

But you did get scared out of your pants.

DANNY

(defensively)

There was a baby...

RAY

We did what we had to do.

The captain doesn't want to hear it. He gets up to leave.

CAPT. LOGAN

You two have always been the wild men around here, but now it's time to pass the torch. I'm gonna bring in some replacements for you to train. Give 'em a crash course on your turf. Go out with some class.

Captain Logan leaves the office. Danny and Ray sit there in shock, looking at one another.

90 EXT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

90

Still feeling glum, Ray and Danny watch as their unmarked police car is unhooked from a police towtruck. In addition to the graffiti markings and the bullet holes, it now boasts several crumpled fenders. Ray snaps at ACE, a grease-covered mechanic who prefers cars to people.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Hey, Ace! How long will it take to get this thing back on the road?

ACE

You want a miracle, right? A little Bondo, some paint, a few love taps with a ball peen hammer, and she'll be good as ever. Right?

RAY

Hell no. The damn thing stuck out like a sore thumb. We might as well have been in a blue-and-white.

DANNY

(studying the tortured car)
As long as you're gonna be repainting it, let's make a few improvements.

ACE

(sarcastically)
Whataya want? A sunroof?
Turbocharger? Laser weapons?

Danny puts his arm around the mechanic's greasy shoulder.

DANNY

We want invisibility, invincibility, and invulnerability.

91 EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE - EVENING

91

Evening rush hour. A municipal bus eases through traffic along scenic Lake Michigan. The shore is lined with fancy hotels, prosperous apartment buildings, and office towers.

The bus stops and Danny and Ray get off. Ray checks the street number on an elegant brownstone.

RAY

This is it.

DANNY

(sarcastically)
You want some backup?

RAY

Nah. I can handle this.

Danny watches as Ray rings the doorbell. ADAM ROBERTSON answers, wearing a suit and loosened necktie. He looks like an advertising executive who's been interrupted from his evening highball.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTSON

May I help you?

RAY

(referring to his papers)
I'm looking for M.J. Thomas. Is that you?

ROBERTSON

M.J. Thomas is a Ms., not a mister.
What do you want, pal?

RAY

(showing his badge)
If that's the way it's gonna be, fine. I'm Officer Hughes and I have a warrant for her arrest.

ROBERTSON

(disbelief)

What?

RAY

Unpaid parking tickets. Lots of them.

ROBERTSON

I told her a million times...

He is disgusted, but not just with the policeman.

ROBERTSON

(yelling inside)

It's for you...

(then back to Ray)

She'll be here in a minute.

He goes back inside, and seconds later the door reopens. Maryann steps out.

MARYANN

(a shocked whisper)

You? How did you find me?

RAY

I'm a detective. I find people all the time. You know, your boyfriend's a real turkey.

Maryann likes this attention, this dangerous little game.

MARYANN

(pointedly)

Yeah, I seem to attract 'em... Are you trying to ruin my relationship?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

You don't need me for that.

MARYANN

Well, what do we do now?

RAY

I got a friend on the desk who guarantees you can't be bailed out until morning.

She thinks it over.

92 INT. RICCO'S BAR - NIGHT

92

Danny is showing snapshots of the bar in Key West to Maryann and Vinnie. Ray is behind the bar mixing a few drinks.

DANNY

Key West is great. We finally found a job where we have to drink on duty. We bought our own bar.

RAY

(to Vinnie)

You gotta come be our bartender.

VINNIE

I dunno. When people my age retire to Florida, they die.

MARYANN

How about me? Am I invited?

RAY

It's out of my jurisdiction, but I could have you extradicted.

VINNIE

(to Danny)

What's with you? Couldn't you find a girl to arrest?

There is SINGING from the kitchen. Danny's ex-wife Anna emerges, carrying a birthday cake loaded with flaming candles.

ANNA

Happy birthday to you...
Happy birthday to you...
Happy birthday, dear Danneeeey...

DANNY

Dammit, why did you do this?

Anna places the cake on the bar and puts her arm around Danny.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Birthdays mean more to me lately.

RAY

Anna, this is Maryann...

He raises his wrist. It is handcuffed to Maryann.

RAY (Cont'd)

... My prisoner.

Anna isn't the least bit surprised. She greets Maryann warmly.

ANNA

Take my advice. Love him and leave him. You'll do both of you a favor.

RAY

She's jealous. She thinks Danny left her for me.

ANNA

(to Danny)

Have you thought about my proposition?

Danny pats Anna's belly, explaining for Maryann.

DANNY

She wants me to be an accessory after the fact.

ANNA

Now that you're older and more responsible.

MARYANN

(laughing)

How many candles are there?

DANNY

Thirty-four.

RAY & ANNA
(in unison)

Thirty-six.

DANNY

Thirty-four!

MARYANN

Make a wish.

RAY

Yeah, it's time to shoot out the candles.

(CONTINUED)

VINNIE

What? Wait a minute!

Danny draws his service revolver, stepping back several paces from the bar. Ray laughs, pulling Maryann out of the way. Vinnie panics as Anna puts her hands over her ears.

ANNA

It's sort of a tradition.

VINNIE

You can't shoot in here...

Customers scatter from around the cake. Danny takes aim at the candles, but his hand is unsteady. He lowers the gun and some people breath easier. Then he executes a mock "fast draw" and FIRES at the cake.

Maybe he hits a candle, but he certainly hits the cake and the liquor bottles behind it. Some customers take cover. Others cheer. He fires again. This time the cake splatters. Ray begins to lead the singing again.

RAY

Happy birthday to you...

Another SHOT and a candle sputters. Some customers join in.

RAY/CUSTOMERS

Happy birthday to you...

Another SHOT. A few candles fall. Finally everyone joins in.

RAY/CUSTOMERS

Happy birthday, dear Dannneeeeeee...

Haaaaappy birthday to yooooooooou.

Cheers all around. Hugs all around. Danny RAPID-FIRES the rest of his load, splattering the cake all over the place. Satisfied, he turns to the crowd, announcing...

DANNY

Thirty-four!

Nobody argues.

93 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

93

Captain Logan leads Ray and Danny along a corridor.

CAPT. LOGAN

I had two guys transferred from the South Side. Give it to 'em hard and fast. From what I hear, they're a lot like you two...

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

He looks back at the two cops.

CAPT. LOGAN (Cont'd)

Well, they're like you used to be.
Don't discourage 'em. Let 'em burn
out naturally.

They reach the squad room. Ray and Danny's jaws drop.

94 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

94

Sitting with their feet up on Danny and Ray's desks are Carlos and Tony, the two young undercover cops from the freighter. Sipping coffee and munching on pastries, they present two condescending know-it-all grins. Tony offers a white box.

TONY

Croissants?

Ray and Danny follow Logan to their desks, incensed.

DANNY

What is this? A cruelty joke?

RAY

We aren't working with these jerkoffs.

The two young cops have the attitude of hotshots looking for a fight. Carlos is a true child of the streets, arrogant and aggressive, always challenging. He was more convincing as a thug than a policeman.

CARLOS

We're not too crazy about slowing
down ourselves...

Tony is quieter, smoother, and equally ready for action. His "new wave" look is designed to intimidate friend or foe alike.

TONY

... working with a handicap.

Danny and Ray are just as ready to fight.

RAY

You'll have all you can handle.

DANNY

More than you can handle.

Logan interrupts before the mood escalates.

(CONTINUED)

CAPT. LOGAN

(to Danny and Ray)

Teach 'em what you know. When you're through, I want 'em to be the best of the worst.

(turning to Tony and Carlos)

Just don't ever let me catch you doin' any of the things they teach you.

DANNY

How are we supposed to teach these clowns what we know, when we don't even know what all we know...?

RAY

Even if we did, we wouldn't waste it on them.

CAPT. LOGAN

Cut the sweet-talk. Gonzales is about to bring in a shipment and I want him nailed.

(to Ray and Danny)

You know the turf better than anyone.

(pointing to Carlos and Tony)

They know Gonzales. They've got a tip on where to find some of his cowboys, so stop bitching and go get the bastard.

Logan leaves the room. The two teams eye one another.

95 INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

95

Ace, the mechanic, greets Ray and Danny, proudly gesturing to what was once their unmarked police car. It is now a freshly painted Yellow Cab, complete with a roof mounted "TAXI" sign.

ACE

Am I the Michaelangelo of the motor pool, or what?

DANNY

It's perfect, Ace.

ACE

You got your siren, your flashing lights, your police radio and your fare meter.

Ray studies the car with some uncertainty.

RAY

I dunno. Something's not quite right...

(CONTINUED)

ACE

Mostly it's your old car, with a few modifications. I even covered the windows with bulletproof plexiglass. You can't roll 'em down, but you can't get shot through 'em either.

RAY

(to Danny)

Did you ask for that?

DANNY

(shrugging)

It couldn't hurt.

Ray circles the car, studying it from every angle.

RAY

I feel like James Bond. Any machine guns or ejection seats?

ACE

(eagerly)

Sure, if you wanna leave it a few more days.

Danny slips happily into the back seat, posing as a passenger.

DANNY

No, it's perfect.

ACE

Just take care of it this time. It's a masterpiece.

Ray is still not sure.

RAY

There's something missing...

Tony and Carlos drive up in their regulation unmarked police car. It is washed, waxed, and sharp. They scowl at the taxi.

CARLOS

Gettin' ready for your new career?

DANNY

Eat your heart out. This is the latest thing in police surveillance. Total harmony with the environment.

CARLOS

It looks good on you. Especially the color.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

TONY

Whataya call it? The chickenmobile?

Ray grimaces, then slides into the driver's seat and races the engine. With tires spinning, the "police-taxi" does a reverse doughnut, ramming Carlos and Tony's car with a resounding CRUNCH. Ace drops his head in defeat.

RAY

Now it looks like a taxi.

96 EXT. HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

96

Tony and Carlos arrive in their car, complete with a prominent new dent. The police-taxi follows. This is the worst section of a squalid neighborhood. DERELICTS and DRUNKS drift in and out of the shadows as the cops get out.

CARLOS

Some of Gonzales' bunch have been crashing here.

DANNY

Should we call for a backup?

CARLOS

What do you want, an air strike?

Danny gives him such a look. They enter a sleazy flophouse.

97 INT. FLOPHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

97

Tony and Carlos lead the way through the squalor to a door. Ray and Danny follow, their heads swiveling.

CARLOS

(to Tony)

Got your search warrant?

Wearing broad grins, Tony and Carlos whip out enormous .44 Magnum handguns with eight-inch barrels. The weapons bring the identical reaction from Danny and Ray: "Holy shit!"

RAY

Who do you guys think you are, Roy Rogers?

TONY

Who's Roy Rogers?

CARLOS

(uncertain)

He's an old cowboy...

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
 (too confident)
 He's an astronaut.

RAY
 Never mind.

Tony and Carlos are about to kick in the door when Danny lifts a hand to discourage them.

DANNY
 We can knock. Knocking works.

He reaches past them and raps on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Quien esta?

DANNY
 Policia. Open up, por favor.

Ray winces. The two young cops are amused.

TONY/CARLOS
 (in unison)
 Por favor?

Shots rip through the door. Danny jumps back sheepishly. Tony and Carlos laugh, and that makes Ray angry. He gives the door a forceful kick.

Unfortunately, his foot goes right through the thin panel. When he tries to withdraw it, he can't and it stays hung in the door, about waist high. Bullets are still coming from inside and Ray is forced to fall back onto the floor to keep from getting shot. The two younger cops return the fire blindly through the door.

Danny kicks the door open, which drags Ray into the room on his back. There is a hail of gunfire from within and Ray desperately returns the fire from the floor. The other three cops shoot over him, turning the place into a war zone as they rush into the room. Ray is left behind to work his foot free.

98 INT. FLOPHOUSE ROOM - DAY

98

Inside, the room is divided by blankets hung from ropes anchored to the walls. Various STREET PEOPLE live in different cubicles, forming a virtual maze.

Gunmen scramble in all directions. Danny, Tony, and Carlos split up, chasing different hoodlums through the maze amid lots of shooting and yelling. Bullets from unseen assailants tear through the blankets on all sides.

99 ANGLE ON RAY

99

After managing to free himself from the door, he enters the fray, yelling into the confusion.

RAY

Danny? Where the hell are you?

Immediately the blankets around him are perforated with a series of gunshots.

100 ANGLE ON DANNY

100

Bullets hit all around him while he wrestles with one thug.

DANNY

Over here! I got one!

But the fist of a thug hits him from behind. He loses his grip and the punk gets away.

101 INT. FLOPHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

101

Carlos chases several of the punks down the hall.

102 INT. FLOPHOUSE ROOM - DAY

102

Danny chases a thug through a narrow corridor of blankets. Bullets zip past but because of the gunsmoke and blankets, he can't see to return the fire safely. The tension is high.

DANNY

Where are you, Ray? Talk to me!

He turns a corner and startles Tony, coming from the other direction. Tony instinctively SHOTS and Danny falls to the floor. Tony pursues one of the thugs rather than administer first aid.

DANNY

(angry)

I'm hit!

103 ANGLE ON RAY

103

Ray is fighting with one of the thugs, but is distracted by Danny's cry. A blindside roundhouse knocks him down and his assailant escapes. Ray crawls over to where Danny is leaning against a wall, hyperventilating, a look of absolute terror on his face.

RAY

Hurts, doesn't it?

DANNY

Just my luck. After sixteen good years, I finally get it from another cop.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
(shocked)

Which one?

DANNY

Tony, I think.

RAY
(reloading his gun)

Don't worry. I'll get him for you.

DANNY
(coughing)

If it's bad, you go on to Florida
without me.

RAY
You're gonna be okay. Where'd he
get you?

Danny motions vaguely toward his chest.

DANNY
You'll go on without me, right?

Ray takes out a handkerchief, looking for the wound.

RAY
Yeah, sure. I'll go.

DANNY
(sitting up instantly)
You'd go without me? Without me?

RAY
(defensively)
You just told me to.

DANNY
You two-faced sonofabitch, you're
not goin' anywhere without me. I'll
shoot you first!

Simultaneously they realize that Danny seems to be okay.

RAY
Feeling better?

DANNY
(sheepishly)
Must be the vest.

Ray helps Danny up. They lean against one another, limping
out of the room through the gunsmoke.

Carlos and Tony are proudly returning with two prisoners as Ray and Danny hobble out of the building. The exchange is terse.

TONY

We got ours. Where are yours?

Ray limps furiously at Tony, dragging Danny along.

RAY

You shot my partner!

Carlos steps in to intervene.

CARLOS

He looks okay to me.

DANNY

No thanks to you two!

TONY

(to Danny)

If you weren't so damn slow, you'd have shot me first.

Danny threatens Carlos with his fist.

DANNY

You call that shooting? Point blank range and I'm still here.

Carlos sidesteps him, using his prisoner as a shield.

TONY

Let's not make a big deal out of this, okay? You're upsetting the prisoners.

RAY

Why should they be upset? You didn't shoot them.

Danny notices the prisoner, JUAN, a loser covered with macho tattoos.

DANNY

Juan? Juan Martinez?

CARLOS

You know him?

RAY

We used to bust his father a lot.

DANNY

How is ol' Paco?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN

He's retired. Doin' twenty down in Joliet.

RAY

He was a great informer. Couldn't stand pain.

Neither can Juan, judging from his soaring anxiety level.

TONY

That's touching. A second generation stoolie.

Danny reaches around Juan and grabs Tony by the collar, ready to clobber him. Ray and Carlos have to separate them. Juan is terrified.

JUAN

Don't hit me! I'll talk!

DANNY

(to Carlos and Tony)

That, my friends, is textbook police procedure.

They guide Juan into the back seat of the police-taxi, away from the younger cops.

105 INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

105

Danny and Ray face Juan.

JUAN

I can't do no hard time. You lemme go, I'll give you some big news on Gonzales.

DANNY

I guess in honor of ol' Paco, we could give you a little amnesty.

Juan covers his head with his arms, to ward off blows.

DANNY

Not amnesia. Amnesty! It's like going to confession. You tell us something good enough and we forgive you for being a loser.

JUAN

Today's the day he gets his shipment. Delta Airlines at four o'clock.

Instantly Ray and Danny are all business. They look out at Carlos and Tony.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

RAY

Do we tell those Bozos?

DANNY

If we do, we'll be lucky to stay
alive long enough to get killed.

(to Juan)

Okay, beat it.

Juan gets out and runs.

106 EXT. STREET - DAY

106

The police-taxi drives away, leaving Carlos and Tony looking
on curiously. They immediately start chasing Juan.

107 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

107

The police-taxi roars up to the curb in the "Arrivals" lane.
Several TRAVELERS rush over, hoping to hire the cab. Danny
and Ray jump out.

DANNY

We go in quietly. Strictly low
profile.

RAY

Right. We find the stuff, tail it
to Gonzales, and go out heroes.

They run into the terminal.

108 INT. DELTA AIRLINES GATE - DAY

108

Danny and Ray run to the gate and pull up in shock. The
area is swarmed by POLICEMEN, a SWAT TEAM, AGENTS of the DEA
and FBI. Even TELEVISION CREWS. Arriving PASSENGERS are
being herded into a roped-off area. It is a madhouse.

DANNY

I don't believe it.

RAY

We've been robbed.

They look out the window.

109 EXT. DELTA AIRLINES GATE - DAY

109

The aircraft is surrounded by police vehicles. LUGGAGE
HANDLERS are unloading the cargo bay as a team of POLICE
DOGS sniff at all the suitcases. More POLICE OFFICERS
patrol the area around the plane.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

A police car, blue lights flashing, screeches to a halt beside the airliner. Captain Logan jumps out.

DANNY (O.S.)

That sonofabitch...

RAY (O.S.)

No. Those sons-of-bitches...

Behind the captain, Tony and Carlos arrive in their patrol car.

110 EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

110

From a remote point far above the gate, Julio Gonzales stands alone, wearing mirrored sunglasses and a three piece suit. He puts a quarter into a pay telescope and swivels it away from the runway, down to the Delta gate.

111 ANGLE THROUGH TELESCOPE

111

Various narcotics agents and policemen run to the rear of the airplane, where one of the police dogs is working. A set of matching luggage is opened and the linings are ripped out, revealing plastic bags of white powder.

112 BACK TO GONZALES

112

He smiles.

113 ANGLE THROUGH TELESCOPE

113

The view changes as the telescope PANS across the terminal to an Eastern airliner arriving at another gate.

114 EXT. DELTA GATE - DAY

114

Captain Logan is getting a report from a LAB TECHNICIAN as Danny and Ray walk up, mad as hell.

LAB TECHNICIAN

If it's pure, the street value is roughly three million dollars.

CAPT. LOGAN

That's good. That's great! That's fantastic!

The technician leaves. Danny and Ray berate the captain.

DANNY

That's bullshit! We could have tracked this all the way to Gonzales.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

CAPT. LOGAN

But if you'd lost this shipment, we'd have blown a great media opportunity.

RAY

We wouldn't lose it.

CAPT. LOGAN

There's other ways to get to Gonzales. When he loses this much stuff, he's in deep shit.

RAY

Screw Gonzales. It's a shitty thing to do to us.

CAPT. LOGAN

You're quitting. What do you care?

The captain goes inside, leaving the two cops to fume.

115 INT. DELTA AIRLINES GATE - DAY

115

A sad-looking Colombian YOUTH is separated from the other passengers by Carlos and Tony. He is handcuffed and escorted to where his luggage has been impounded.

116 INT. EASTERN AIRLINES GATE - DAY

116

At the other end of the terminal, Julio Gonzales watches passengers deplane and walk toward customs. He removes his sunglasses to catch the eye of a priest, FATHER GIBSON, and a nun, SISTER REBECCA. Devout missionaries to the people of Colombia, they wave at Gonzales and follow the line into customs.

117 INT. BAGGAGE AREA - DAY

117

Danny and Ray walk through the baggage handling area where various cops are finishing their work. At a makeshift table the lab technician has set up a temporary lab where he tests the contraband cocaine.

LAB TECHNICIAN

This is real shit.

DANNY

What do you mean?

LAB TECHNICIAN

This coke is pure shit.

DANNY

(uncertain)

You mean good shit?

(CONTINUED)

LAB TECHNICIAN

I mean bad shit.

DANNY

(still confused)

Bad shit or baaaad shit?

LAB TECHNICIAN

It's shit shit. This shit isn't worth shit.

RAY

Are you shittin' us?

LAB TECHNICIAN

There's barely enough coke in this to attract the dogs. Anybody selling this on the street would get killed.

118 INT. DELTA AIRLINES GATE - DAY

118

Danny and Ray enter the terminal, where hordes of newsmen surround Captain Logan in an impromptu news briefing.

CAPT. LOGAN

(extraordinarily officious)

We won't know until we get the lab reports, but we believe that we have seized cocaine with a street value of approximately six million dollars.

The captain notices Danny and Ray.

CAPT. LOGAN (Cont'd)

I'd like to introduce the two key officers in this arrest.

The two cops feign unhappiness at going before the newsmen.

DANNY

(fixing his hair)

That sonofabitch is gonna drag us into his dog and pony show.

RAY

(straightening his collar)

I hate talking to newsmen.

But, Carlos and Tony step up beside Captain Logan, and the cameras begin to CLICK and WHIR. Danny and Ray walk away angrily.

RAY

I don't care what the captain says, those hotdogs are not at all like us.

119 INT. CUSTOMS - DAY

119

A CUSTOMS OFFICER makes a cursory search of the suitcases of Father Gibson and Sister Rebecca. Their bags are filled with straw hats, native pottery, and handmade dolls.

FATHER GIBSON

We carry Bibles to the Indians, and return with crafts for our supporters.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You have to pay duty on these.

They nod and he routinely motions them along.

120 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

120

Danny and Ray exit the airport and walk toward the police-taxi. Their mood is not good.

RAY

Why is Gonzales smuggling bad shit through customs? Something's wrong.

There is a parking ticket on their windshield. Danny reaches for it, wads it up, and throws it as far as he can. In the process, he spots something nearby...

DANNY

Look...!

121 ANGLE ON LIMOUSINE

121

Julio Gonzales steps out of a chauffeur driven limousine, waving at Father Gibson and Sister Rebecca as they exit the terminal. They walk toward him, enacting a friendly reunion while a SKYCAP loads their luggage into the trunk.

122 ANGLE ON RAY AND DANNY

122

They look at one another, finally understanding.

DANNY

That stuff was a decoy.

RAY

And the "hotdogs" fell for it.

Danny starts running for Gonzales. Ray jumps in the police-taxi and drives toward him.

123 ANGLE ON GONZALES

123

The priest and nun hug Gonzales like a long lost son, until he sees the two cops bearing down on him. He shoves the priest away and dives into the back seat of the limousine.

(CONTINUED)

GONZALES

(to the chauffeur)

Hit it! Pronto!

The limousine speeds away, leaving the priest yelling after it.

FATHER GIBSON

Wait! Julio! Our luggage! You
have our bags...

While Danny runs through the crowd of passengers, Ray forces his way through traffic in the police-taxi. He stops at the curb beside Father Gibson and Sister Rebecca, just as Danny arrives to open the back door of the cab.

DANNY

Taxi, folks?

The priest and nun can't believe their good luck.

FATHER GIBSON

Yes. We must catch that limousine.

RAY

We'll do our best.

Danny helps the sister into the back and then pushes the priest in on top of her. He slams the door, jumps into the front, and lowers the flag on the fare meter.

DANNY

Follow that car!

Ray guns the engine and the police-taxi roars off in pursuit.

124 INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

124

Father Gibson and Sister Rebecca are a little surprised by the enthusiasm of their cabbies.

FATHER GIBSON

We're not in that big a hurry...

125 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

125

The limousine barrels down an entrance ramp onto Interstate 90, headed toward downtown. The highway is a busy eight lanes wide, with a center island containing two sets of electrified tracks for the "El" train.

126 INT. POLICE/TAXI - DAY

126

Father Gibson shows some concern.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

FATHER GIBSON

I really must ask you to slow down
or I'll be forced to report you...

Danny turns around with contempt. Before the priest and nun
can react, they find themselves in handcuffs.

DANNY

You're under arrest, scumbag.

Father Gibson and Sister Rebecca are shocked into silence.
Ray speaks into the police radio.

RAY

Forty-seven sixty-three in pursuit
of a black Cadillac limo headed
south on I90 from O'Hare.

127 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

127

The police-taxi follows the limo's path down the entrance
ramp, forcing its way into the flow of traffic.

128 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

128

The two cars weave through traffic at high speed. The chase
is unsettling to the passengers of the police-taxi. Danny
notices they are praying.

DANNY

If you want to confess, talk to me,
not "Him".

129 EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

129

The center lane of the expressway is marked by a series of
warning cones and blocked at intervals by trucks and crews
of WORKERS. Traffic is backed up in the remaining lanes and
there is no quick outlet.

Upon reaching the clogged lanes of traffic, the limo blasts
through the warning cones, the restraining barrier, and the
astonished workers, onto the rail tracks.

130 INT. POLICE/TAXI - DAY

130

Danny can't believe where the limousine has gone.

DANNY

Is he crazy?

RAY

Maybe he knows a shortcut.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

He swerves to follow and his passengers gasp. Including Danny.

RADIO (V.O.)

Forty-seven sixty-three, be advised that a roadblock has been set up at the next exit. Approach with caution.

DANNY

(into radio)

Forty-seven sixty-three. Pursuit has left the interstate. Now we're on the "El".

RADIO (V.O.)

On which train?

131 EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

131

The police/taxi follows the limousine through the barrier, onto the tracks. The wheels are forced along the rails, guiding the car down the tracks. Sparks fly from underneath as the vehicle bounces along.

132 INT. POLICE/TAXI - DAY

132

Danny tries to remain calm, but it isn't easy.

DANNY

Try not to scrape the third rail. Six hundred volts, you know...

RAY

It's not the voltage that gets you. It's the amps.

NUN

(tentatively)

How many amps are there?

DANNY

Enough to push a train.

The priest and nun are totally bewildered.

133 EXT. "EL" RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

133

As the limousine bounces along in one direction, an ONCOMING TRAIN blitzes past in the other.

134 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

134

Seconds later, the same train passes the police-taxi.

DANNY

I hate this.

(CONTINUED)

- 134 CONTINUED: 134
- Ray notes the traffic bottled up on the expressway alongside.
- RAY
- We're making good time.
- 135 EXT. COMMUTER STATION - DAY 135
- The limo races toward a station where the track is blocked by a stopped commuter train.
- The two sets of tracks are normally separated by a barrier that houses the electrified third rail. However, at the entrance to the station there is a crossover section, allowing trains to change from one set of tracks to the other. The limo swerves through this crossover, onto the tracks used by trains coming in the opposite direction.
- 136 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI 136
- The police-taxi follows the limo onto the opposite set of tracks. As it passes through the station, the stopped train begins to move, paralleling the cops.
- 137 EXT. TRACKS - DAY 137
- Just past the station, another crossover allows the limo to move back to the original set of tracks.
- 138 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY 138
- The police-taxi approaches the same crossover, but it becomes apparent that the train will arrive at the same time.
- The two cops glance at one another without speaking. Ray accelerates, but by the time they reach the crossover, the train is there, too. The cops are forced to stay on the wrong set of tracks.
- 139 EXT. TRACKS - DAY 139
- The police-taxi is moving faster now, passing the train and pulling alongside the limousine on the adjacent track.
- 140 ANGLE ON LIMOUSINE 140
- From the luxury of his back seat, Gonzales lowers his window. He raises an Uzi machine gun into view and blasts away at the police-taxi.
- 141 ANGLE ON POLICE-TAXI 141
- Danny, Ray, the priest, and the nun all duck instinctively, but the bullets bounce harmlessly off the plexiglass windows.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

DANNY

It works! It's really bulletproof!

SISTER REBECCA

Thank you, Lord...

RAY

Thank you, Ace!

Despite their jeopardy, both cops grin crazily at Gonzales.

142 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

142

Gonzales can't believe the bullets didn't do any damage.

GONZALES

(to chauffeur)

Step on it! Faster!

He ejects one magazine and inserts a full one.

143 INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

143

The cops keep up with the limo as Gonzales fires at them. Danny draws his gun. He can see Julio, but...

DANNY

The damn windows won't roll down!

RAY

That goddamn Ace...

144 EXT. TUNNEL - DAY

144

The tracks descend underground into a long subway tunnel. Side by side, both cars disappear into the darkness, with the train following just behind the limo.

145 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

145

It is dark. The only lights are from the train and the limo... Until, in the distance, a new light enters the subway.

DANNY

Is that what I think it is?

Ray nods. An oncoming train is moving directly toward them.

DANNY

This might be a good time to decide how bad we want Gonzales.

But the train is getting closer and closer, fast. Ray flips a switch on the dash.

146 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 146

The taxi is speeding headlong toward the train, with two blue lights flashing behind the grill. The SIREN starts howling.

147 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY 147

The train's headlight approaches faster, getting brighter. The siren isn't helping.

DANNY
(nervously)
You're scaring our passengers.

Ray floors the accelerator, which seems like the wrong thing to do, speeding toward a collision.

RAY
He's bluffing...

Although hampered by the handcuffs, the priest and nun both cross themselves. So does Danny.

At the last conceivable instant there is a crossover junction and Ray swerves the police-taxi back onto the original track, behind the limo. The oncoming train whizzes past. Ray turns off the siren.

DANNY
(weakly)
I feel like the Coyote in a Roadrunner cartoon.

148 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 148

The police-taxi is now sandwiched between the limo and the train following it. The train's headlight looms large in the rear window. The priest and nun look back anxiously.

149 EXT. DOWNTOWN - THE LOOP - DAY 149

When the police-taxi exits the dark tunnel, the cops find themselves suddenly in downtown Chicago's famous "Loop". Here the railroad is elevated above the streets. Skyscrapers line the route on each side as the police-taxi bounces along the elevated tracks, closing fast on the limo.

150 EXT. COMMUTER STATION - DAY 150

Once again the limo approaches a commuter station that is blocked by a stopped train. Once again the limo takes advantage of a crossover intersection and moves left, onto the oncoming tracks.

The police-taxi follows and the two cars speed through the station. There is an oncoming train dead ahead of the limo.

151 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - DAY

151

The same train is also dead ahead of the cops.

SISTER REBECCA
(yelling)

Holy...

She trails off, but Danny completes the thought.

DANNY

...shiiiiiiit!!!

152 EXT. COMMUTER STATION - DAY

152

There is nowhere to turn. The limo jerks to a stop. Gonzales and the chauffeur leap out and climb onto the passenger platform. They push their way through the crowd and run for the steps that descend to the street.

Ray jams the police-taxi into reverse, just as the train smashes into the limousine. High-voltage sparks fly as the train pushes the limo at the cops, crushing it into a jagged metal ball.

The police-taxi backs up as fast as possible to get out of the way. Finally the train and wreckage grind to a stop, just before hitting the police-taxi. The two cops jump out, but Gonzales is long gone.

In frustration, Danny hits the fare meter. The fare is twenty dollars and sixty cents.

153 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

153

Still in handcuffs, Father Gibson and Sister Rebecca are sitting with the Colombian youth who was arrested on the Delta airplane. Their luggage is stacked nearby.

Danny and Ray enter sheepishly, accompanied by an unhappy Captain Logan and several dour PRIESTS. Ray removes the handcuffs from the priest and nun.

RAY

We've made a terrible mistake.

FATHER GIBSON

We know.

DANNY

(stilted)

My partner and I acted inexcusably, treating you rudely and jeopardizing your lives. We mistook you for smugglers posing as clergy.

He pauses. Apologies don't come easy.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

(pointing at the Colombian)
This mule was a decoy, carrying worthless dope. It was all a staged diversion, while pure cocaine was being smuggled in on another flight.

DANNY

When we saw you with Julio Gonzales, we assumed...

FATHER GIBSON

(interrupting)

Julio Gonzales is a fine young man! He supports our orphanage and sponsors our trips to Colombia.

DANNY

(getting angry)

Sure! He's packing your souvenirs with cocaine...

The captain pointedly clears his throat.

DANNY

(backing off)

... Not that it excuses our behavior.

Danny opens one of the priest's suitcases. Discarding the pottery and straw hats, he takes a stuffed doll and rips its head off. Inside is a plastic bag of white powder.

DANNY

This is what we were after!

The priests are shocked. Danny tears the bag open and the powder pours out onto the desk. Ray touches it skeptically.

RAY

(surprised)

This is sand!

He and Danny exchange looks of disaster. Captain Logan's glare concurs. They've really blown it.

FATHER GIBSON

In my calling, forgiveness can become an occupational hazard.
Please don't let it happen again.

The priest shakes hands with Ray. Likewise, Danny extends his hand to the nun. She takes it with one hand, and with a nearby ruler, gives him a good hard WHACK on the knuckles. She walks out without a word.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

CAPT. LOGAN
 (to Ray and Danny)
 I'll deal with you later.

The captain leads the priests out. Danny picks up one of the thick ceramic bowls to place it in the suitcase. It crumbles into powdery debris. The crockery is made of pressed cocaine, covered with a thin coating of glaze. The two cops celebrate a rare moment of vindication.

DANNY/RAY
 (yelling)
 Captain...!

154 OMITTED 154

155 OMITTED 155

156 EXT. JUAN'S TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT 156

The mangled police-taxi drives up to a small streetfront tattoo shop. Danny and Ray get out and approach the shop.

157 INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT 157

This is a dingy dump, cluttered with sample drawings of tattoos. Juan is applying a tattoo to the arm of a CUSTOMER.

CUSTOMER
 Man, she said she was at her sister's...

JUAN
 You believe that?

CUSTOMER
 I got to. I stab her again and she's gonna leave me. Adios.

Juan's laugh fades as he sees Ray and Danny step through the door. Ray flashes his badge and gestures for the customer to leave. He does. Juan is nervous.

JUAN
 What's the matter? The tip was good, right?

Danny and Ray shake their heads.

DANNY
 The tip was garbage. A decoy. You set us up.

RAY
 But now we've got about a dozen warrants on Gonzales. Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

JUAN

Aw, c'mon. That's not fair. Slash my throat.

Danny takes a tattoo needle and holds it up to Juan's face.

DANNY

We're going to give you another chance. Where's Gonzales?

JUAN

No way, Jose. That's suicide.

Danny turns on the electric tattoo needle. It makes an ominous whine.

RAY

Juan, you gotta cooperate. We want Gonzales and we want him baaaad.

Juan empties his pockets of various pills and powders.

JUAN

Here. Take me in. I'll do the time. I got some coke, skag, and PCP. It'll be a good bust for you.

Ray turns the mirror away from Juan. Danny takes the tattoo needle and moves it slowly toward Juan's face.

JUAN

Hey! You can't do that!

DANNY

Give us Gonzales.

JUAN

(feigning bravado)
I can't. You know that!

Ray holds Juan steady while Danny doodles on his face. Juan can feel the sting of the needle, and begins to panic.

JUAN

This is police brutality...

DANNY

No, just harassment. If it doesn't work, then we'll get brutal.

RAY

Gonzales is a marked man. You protect him, you're going to be marked, too.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

Juan feels the needle, but he can only imagine the results.

JUAN

All right! Stop! Stop! Alto!

Danny turns off the needle. Juan almost collapses.

JUAN

He's got a place on the North Side.
The Martindale. He's gone condo.

Juan turns the mirror back to examine his face. It is unmarked. Danny winks and reveals a dry needle instead of the one containing ink.

158 EXT. CONDOMINIUM GARAGE - NIGHT

158

The police-taxi is parked behind a posh condominium complex.

159 INT. POLICE-TAXI - NIGHT

159

Ray and Danny are slumped inside, watching the garage entrance.

RAY

You really think we're doing the
right thing...?

DANNY

Waiting for Gonzales?

RAY

Quitting. We're not turning
chickenshit, are we?

DANNY

Hell no. We're giving our best years
to this damn city, but nobody cares.
We leave or stay, it doesn't matter.
We get killed, it doesn't matter.

RAY

I gotta believe we made a difference.
Every stiff we locked up is someone
out of circulation. We musta
prevented millions of crimes. We're
like that garbage truck. ..

160 ANGLE ON GARBAGE TRUCK

160

A garbage truck enters the alley, stopping at a collection point. Two giant prongs extend out from the front of the truck. They are skillfully guided into slots in a dumpster garbage container. The motor strains as the arms angle upwards, lifting the dumpster over the cab, and inverting it to empty the contents into the back of the truck.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

RAY (V.O.)

He empties those cans every night
and there's always more trash the
next day. But, if he doesn't empty
them... the city fills up with filth.

The dumpster is lowered to the ground. A hydraulic press
compacts the trash inside the truck while it drives over to
the police-taxi, stopping only inches away.

161 OMITTED

161

162 OMITTED

162

163 EXT./INT. POLICE-TAXI - NIGHT

163

The headlights shine right in the cops' eyes.

DANNY

Must think he caught somebody humping.

RAY

This'll back him off.

He reaches for a switch on the dashboard.

164 EXT. CONDOMINIUM GARAGE - NIGHT

164

Blue lights flash from behind the taxi's grill. But instead
of backing off, the truck extends its lifting prongs
forward, along the sides of the taxi. They squeeze toward
the center, and metal crunches as they capture the taxi in
their grip. Suddenly it is being lifted upwards.

165 INT. POLICE-TAXI - NIGHT

165

There is confusion inside the cab.

DANNY

Hey! What the hell's he doing?

RAY

Time to bail out.

But the doors are pinned by the two prongs that are lifting
the car. They open only slightly.

DANNY

The doors are blocked!

RAY

Push harder!

DANNY

Look!

166 ANGLE ON ALLEY

166

Gonzales steps cautiously out of the darkness. He motions to Juan at the truck's controls, who stops the machinery.

167 ANGLE ON POLICE-TAXI

167

Gonzales approaches the dangling car, confident the cops can't get at him. He is very condescending.

GONZALES

I hear you're retiring to Florida.
That's smart. Chicago's not so safe.

DANNY

It will be before we leave. We've finally got you where we want you.

GONZALES

Let's be professional here and not get personal. To show how glad I'll be to see you go...

(taking a paper from his pocket)
...here's a wire addressed to your Key West bank, for a hundred forty-two thousand dollars, the exact amount of the mortgage on your bar.

He holds the paper up to the window for the cops to read in the glare of the truck's headlights.

GONZALES (Cont'd)

Get me my dope back and all your troubles are behind you. You get the bar, free and clear. You coast for a few weeks, then go sit in the sun.

DANNY

Take your wire and stick it.

RAY

(to Danny)

Sure. You've got all that money from Aunt Rose.

Gonzales signals Juan. Suddenly the police-taxi lurches even higher. The angle becomes progressively more severe, as it arcs over the garbage truck. The cops get angrier.

DANNY

That sonofabitch! I refuse to go out in the garbage.

RAY

Then you should have taken the money.

They pound on the windows.

- 100.
- 168 EXT. CONDOMINIUM GARAGE - NIGHT 168
- The taxi is already at a forty-five degree angle and is still going higher. As it arcs over the truck, it shifts, slipping slightly. It is headed for the mouth of the trash compartment and the hydraulic compacter.
- 169 INT. POLICE-TAXI - NIGHT 169
- Both cops are beating on the windows, trying to break out.
- DANNY
Stupid bulletproof glass... I'm gonna kill that damn Ace.
- RAY
We could have taken the bribe and then busted him.
- 170 INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - NIGHT 170
- Gonzales gets in the truck and pulls a lever, speeding up the machinery.
- 171 EXT. CONDOMINIUM GARAGE - NIGHT 171
- The cops scramble into the back seat, but the taxi shifts again, the front pointing almost straight down. It falls several feet off the prongs and into the trash compartment of the truck, hitting with a clunk.
- 172 INT. POLICE-TAXI - NIGHT 172
- Ray and Danny are thrown forward by the impact, jammed onto the dashboard.
- DANNY
We're off the forks. Try your door.
- Ray manages to open the door a few inches, but now it is blocked by the walls of the garbage container. Worse yet, the hydraulic compacter starts up.
- 173 EXT. CONDOMINIUM GARAGE - NIGHT 173
- The mechanism begins to compress the front end of the police-taxi. Ray and Danny climb into the back seats as the car slips further into the trash compartment.
- 174 INT. POLICE-TAXI - NIGHT 174
- Both men strain against the windows at the rear/top of the sedan while the front/lower portion of the passenger compartment is crushed beneath them. Finally, the body of the car warps, deforming the rear window frame. The glass suddenly pops out.

175 EXT. CONDOMINIUM GARAGE - NIGHT

175

Ray and Danny scramble out, just ahead of the jaws of the compacter. As their car is mashed by the machine, they both draw their guns. Danny takes the right side, Ray the left, and they climb down, firing repeatedly into the truck's cab.

Ray covers Danny as he swings the driver's door open. The engine is still running, but no one is inside. Their heads swivel, searching the darkness for Gonzales, their guns flitting about eagerly.

Ray climbs up into the garbage truck and takes the wheel, grinding the gears.

RAY

He's starting to get on my nerves.

DANNY

It's time we start getting on his.

Danny climbs in the other side. They drive off with the tail end of the yellow police-taxi sticking out the top of the garbage compartment.

176 EXT. MUNICIPAL AUTO IMPOUND AREA - DAY

176

Morning at a huge parking lot underneath a highway overpass. Hundreds of cars wait under a thick accumulation of dust.

The garbage truck is parked near the gate, with the rear end of the crumpled police-taxi sticking out the top. Nearby, Ray is listening to a UNIFORMED OFFICER's protest.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

I can't give it to you unless you have the paperwork to go with it. I need an official release...

Suddenly, there is an unusually loud squeal of tires. Ray steps back out of the way, just in time to avoid being hit by Gonzales' silver Mercedes as it screeches to a stop. Danny sticks his hand out and slaps the side of the car.

DANNY

I'll take it.

The car peels off. Ray shrugs at the officer.

RAY

It's gone now. You have something you want me to sign or not?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Yeah, yeah.

He scurries to find the forms.

177 INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

177

Ace is hovering over the Mercedes. It has a customized look now. Oversized black tires. Blue lights behind the grill. Riot gun beside the dash. Police radio and aerial. The result is a unique police car, sure to attract attention.

ACE

You're in business. A fully equipped luxury police car. With a sunroof.

RAY

But no bulletproof glass.

ACE

(defensively)

It was a good idea.

The two cops climb in. Danny finds a cassette and inserts it into the tape deck. Spanish music blares from the speakers. Both cops wince. Ray tosses the cassette out the window.

178 EXT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

178

Tony and Carlos are walking to their car when the Mercedes drives out. They recognize Gonzales' car and draw their guns. Ray and Danny roll down the tinted windows, beaming.

TONY

(disgusted)

Julio's not going to like that.

RAY

What's he gonna do? Sue us?

CARLOS

It could get ugly.

DANNY

We're gonna bust him in style.

They drive off.

179 EXT. HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

179

Cruising through the Hispanic area, the Mercedes stands out. Curious heads turn as it moves along the street. No one can see the two cops through the tinted glass.

180 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

180

Danny and Ray enjoy the ride.

DANNY

This is great.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

RAY

In this, we could drive to Florida
in style.

They stop at a red light. A carload of beautiful HISPANIC
GIRLS pulls up beside them, flashing big smiles.

DANNY

With these wheels, maybe you can
score without having to arrest the
ladies first.

Danny lowers the tinted window to flirt, but the girls are
disappointed when it isn't Julio Gonzales at the wheel.

GIRL

That's Julio's car! Who are you?

Disgusted, he raises the window and floors the accelerator.

181 EXT. RUSH STREET - DAY

181

The Mercedes is parked along the edge of Chicago's posh Gold
Coast, on a street lined with chic clubs and restaurants.
The sidewalks are filled with BUSINESSMEN and LADIES, and
all are conscious of the Mercedes.

182 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

182

Danny scrutinizes the ladies, while Ray watches passing cars.

DANNY

I could get used to this. Is it too
late for a life of crime?

RAY

(spotting a Cadillac)

That's him.

Danny starts the engine and pulls the Mercedes out into
traffic, tailing a black Cadillac. Ray speaks into the radio.

RAY

Okay, Garcia. He's moving down Rush
Street in a black Caddy Seville.
We'll back you up.

183 EXT. RUSH STREET - DAY

183

A police patrol car pulls in behind the Cadillac, flashing
its lights. Both cars pull over to the curb. Officer
Garcia gets out and cautiously approaches the Seville.

184 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

184

Danny stops about half a block away. Ray gets out and goes back to the scene of the arrest.

185 EXT. RUSH STREET - DAY

185

Ray watches as Officer Garcia frisks a distraught Adam Robertson against the side of the Cadillac. In the front seat, Maryann is grinning.

186 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

186

Moments later, Ray and Maryann return to the Mercedes and get in. Danny is curious.

DANNY
You arrest her again?

RAY
Nah, that would have been too obvious.

MARYANN
This time he arrested my boyfriend.

RAY
(proudly)
Drunk and disorderly.

DANNY
Was he?

RAY
(grinning)
He was damn sure disorderly.

They all laugh.

187 EXT. DANNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

187

The Mercedes stops in front of Danny's apartment building. Danny gets out and goes inside. Ray and Maryann drive on.

188 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

188

Danny reaches his apartment and finds Anna waiting in the hall.

DANNY
Hi, good looking. What's up?

ANNA
I want to talk.

DANNY
Sure. Come on in.

Danny unlocks the door.

Anna follows him inside. She is amused by the typical bachelor-like disorder in the apartment, but turns serious.

ANNA

Have you thought about the baby?

DANNY

I'm honored, I suppose, but it's hard to get excited about retroactive fatherhood.

ANNA

I could use your help, even if it's part-time.

Danny takes off his shoulder holster. He looks at the weapon, hesitates, then turns away.

DANNY

I don't know anything about kids.

ANNA

We can learn together. Separately of course.

He turns resolutely to face Anna...

DANNY

I'm going to be partying in Key West. It's a long way off.

ANNA

(still trying)

Florida sounds like a great place to raise a kid. Fishing, swimming... There's nothing keeping me here.

Danny picks up a photograph of himself, Ray, and Anna.

DANNY

This isn't a reconciliation, is it?

ANNA

We tried that already, and it didn't work.

DANNY

How about "godfather" instead of "father"?

ANNA

It's not the same.

DANNY

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

This may sound corny, but if it's a boy, I want to name him Danny.

DANNY

(smiling)

That's okay.

ANNA

Danny junior.

Danny smiles, genuinely surprised and pleased.

DANNY

Can we raise him Italian?

ANNA

Will you be the papa?

DANNY

I'd be thrilled.

They share a warm embrace.

190 INT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

190

Ray and Maryann approach his apartment. Ray freezes, pushing her behind him as he draws his gun.

MARYANN

What is it?

Quietly, Ray shows her that his door is ajar.

MARYANN

Are you serious with that gun?

Motioning her to stand back, he steps carefully inside.

191 INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

191

Ray makes a quick, but thorough search to see if there are intruders. Satisfied the apartment is empty, he calls out.

RAY

Okay, you can come in.

Maryann enters as Ray moves a few items back into their proper places.

MARYANN

That was a joke, right? To give you a chance to straighten up?

He shows her the splintered edge of the door.

(CONTINUED)

MARYANN

They come in your apartment? What if you'd been here?

RAY

That's what he was hoping for.

Ray is disturbed, but nothing is actually missing or damaged. Until... among all the photographs on his wall, he notices a single empty frame.

MARYANN

What is it?

RAY

There's a picture missing. A picture of Anna.

That bothers him a lot. Quickly, he dials the telephone. An answering machine responds.

ANNA (V.O.)

Hello, this is Anna. Sorry I'm not in right now. Please leave a message and I'll return your call.

RAY

Hi, doll. It's Ray. When you get in, I want you to lock your door. Don't open it for anyone until we get there!

Ray hangs up the phone and leads Maryann toward the door.

192 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

192

Danny escorts Anna out of his apartment. She gives him a friendly kiss on the cheek. He likes it.

DANNY

You're sure you don't want to get married again?

ANNA

Are you kidding? And give up my alimony?

They separate. Anna walks toward the elevator. Danny goes back inside his apartment. Both wear private smiles.

193 ANGLE ON STAIRWELL

193

From the stairway door, Julio Gonzales watches as Anna waits for the elevator. When it arrives, he and one of his thugs step out. They follow her inside and the doors slide shut.

194 EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

194

Ray flags a taxi for Maryann, then climbs in the Mercedes and races off.

195 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

195

Danny is eating a TV dinner when there is a pounding at his door. He opens it, and Ray storms in, distraught.

RAY

Somebody broke into my place.
Probably Gonzales. Anybody been
here?

DANNY

No. Anything missing?

RAY

A picture of Anna. I called, but
she's not home.

DANNY

Relax. She was just here. She's
probably home by now.

Danny picks up the phone and dials. Again the answering machine responds, but this message is different.

ANNA (V.O.)

(distressed)

Hello... I'm not... here right now...

Her voice trails off, and is replaced by a menacing voice...

GONZALES (V.O.)

... She's with me. You want her. I
want my shipment. Tonight! This is
non-negotiable. Get the stuff, then
leave a number where we can talk.

There is a BEEP, then Danny speaks into the phone. His voice quavers. He is shaken.

DANNY

I'll get the stuff. Call me at
Ricco's Bar at eight. You so much
as touch that lady, and you'll
never be dead enough...

He hangs up, turning to Ray.

DANNY

The bastard has her. Says he'll
trade her for his dope.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

He knows we'll come after him.

DANNY

He's right.

RAY

The two of us, the SWAT team, the FBI, the DEA...

DANNY

No! No police!

RAY

I'm with you, partner. We've been running scared long enough.

DANNY

That's not us. You are what you are.

RAY

Let's kick some ass.

They walk out of the apartment.

196 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

196

The Mercedes is parked in front of the police station. A METER MAID places a parking ticket on the windshield.

197 POLICE EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

197

A police CLERK stands behind a wire cage that protects dozens of shelves and file cabinets of police evidence. Ray passes a sheaf of papers through the window.

CLERK

What the hell is this?

RAY

I dunno. Taking a load of coke to the chemist.

CLERK

All of it? Ten kilos of coke? That's a little unusual.

RAY

The damn lawyer is screaming his client was set up. You know the scam.

CLERK

I'd better check on this.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

Ray wants to avoid that.

RAY

It's all in order. Everything's there in black and white.

CLERK

In this job you gotta cover your ass.

He picks up the phone and dials. Ray turns on the charm.

RAY

That's the point. You could possibly get my ass in trouble here...

The clerk doesn't mind that at all. He grins.

CLERK

(into the phone)

Captain Logan? I got Hughes here, with a request to check out all ten kilos of coke from the missionary bust.

198 INT. CAPTAIN LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

198

Danny is on the phone. Impersonating Captain Logan, he bellows.

DANNY

One guy? You can't hand twenty million dollars worth of evidence to one guy. Where's his asshole partner?

199 INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

199

The clerk listens on the telephone.

CLERK

Yes sir... No way... Right sir.

He hangs up with a flourish and gloats at Ray.

CLERK

He says not to give you anything. Not until your partner shows.

Ray sits down, seeming upset.

200 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

200

Danny runs down the stairs.

201 INT. POLICE EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

201

Danny bursts through the door, out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

DANNY

Hey, I just got my ass chewed by
Logan. What gives?

The clerk is satisfied that he has demonstrated his power.

CLERK

Now you can check out the evidence.
Sign these papers.

He goes back to the shelves. Danny and Ray share a grim smile.

202 INT. RICCO'S BAR - NIGHT

202

The place is only half full. Ray and Danny sit at the far
end of the bar, slowly nursing their drinks, watching the
phone booth, and reflecting.

RAY

(quietly)

I hate mosquitos.

Danny gives Ray an inquiring look.

RAY (Cont'd)

Mosquitos. Florida's full of
goddamn mosquitos.

DANNY

(nodding)

It's the humidity I hate.

RAY

You know the only baseball in
Florida is spring training.

DANNY

They've got no jazz clubs either. No
Polish hot dogs. Or Chicago pizza.

RAY

Remember all the old people down
there? You move to Florida, you get
old, then you die.

Ray's attention is drawn to the front door.

RAY

Aw... shit.

Danny turns to see Carlos and Tony strutting toward them
just as the telephone rings.

CARLOS

Hey look. It's our gurus.

(CONTINUED)

Danny jumps up and answers the phone, pulling the booth door shut. Ray offers a small lie, hoping Carlos and Tony will leave them alone.

RAY

We're meeting our dates. Do you mind?

The young cops sit down anyway. Tony squints at their empty glasses and waves to Vinnie.

TONY

Another round here, and two Scotches for us.

Vinnie waves acknowledgement. Tony and Carlos watch both of them curiously. Ray is staring at Danny, who is speaking angrily into the phone. Suddenly, Danny stops in mid-conversation. Slamming down the phone, he returns angrily to the bar.

DANNY

(to Ray)

Let's go.

He and Ray head for the door. Carlos can't leave it alone.

CARLOS

Your girls get a better offer?

Danny and Ray turn as one, wheeling around. Each lands a solid punch to the jaw of one of the young cops. Carlos and Tony go down in identical heaps. Shaking the sting out of their fists, Danny and Ray walk out without looking back. Vinnie returns with the drinks.

VINNIE

(nonplussed)

Two Scotches, a Perrier, and a Virgin Mary.

Carlos and Tony struggle to their feet, astounded.

CARLOS

Perrier? Virgin Mary?

TONY

That's all they were drinking?

VINNIE

That's it. That'll be seven fifty.

TONY

They're holding out on us.

They throw Vinnie two five dollar bills and head for the door.

203 EXT. RICCO'S BAR - NIGHT

203

Tony and Carlos exit the bar just in time to see the Mercedes disappear around the corner. They run for their car.

204 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

204

Danny drives. Ray listens.

DANNY

I said the swap had to be in a public place. I insisted on it.

RAY

What did he say?

DANNY

(uneasy)

He agreed. He was ready for that. I don't like it.

RAY

Where?

DANNY

The State Building.

They exchange looks. Neither likes the choice.

205 EXT. STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

205

Danny and Ray are across the street observing the State of Illinois Building. It is a square glass building on three sides, but rounded in front, creating a shape reminiscent of more traditional capitol domes.

DANNY

Why here? A government building?
It's crawling with armed security.

RAY

They know we won't start anything in there. We show a gun, and we'll be fighting a dozen ho rent-a-cops.

DANNY

I'll take the bag in, but they'll be watching all the doors for you.

RAY

I'll be there.

Ray opens an attache case that contains two automatic pistols and an abundance of loaded magazines.

RAY

Just in case of trouble...

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

Danny nods. Both cops take the automatics, in addition to their revolvers.

DANNY

We treat it like any other bust.
Right?

RAY

Except...

They both know the exception. A brief silence.

DANNY

Just don't be careful.

RAY

Yeah. You, neither.

206 EXT. STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

206

Ray walks along the rear alley, checking to make sure he is unobserved. Suddenly he smashes a ground floor office window. When the glass stops falling, he climbs in.

207 INT. STATE BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

207

The office door opens and Ray steps cautiously out into the corridor. At the far end of the hall, a uniformed SECURITY GUARD stands watch over the rear entrance to the building.

Ray approaches him quietly from the rear and jabs his gun into the guard's back.

RAY

Freeze!

The guard complies, without turning around. Ray guides him into a nearby storeroom.

208 INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

208

Ray and the guard enter a janitorial supply room. To Ray's surprise, he finds EIGHT MEN inside. All of them are tied up and gagged, stripped to their underwear.

For the first time, Ray looks at the face of the guard he has captured. It is Juan, the informer. Ray is surprised.

RAY

How many? How many guard uniforms?

209 EXT. STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

209

Danny approaches the front entrance, carrying a suitcase.

210 INT. STATE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

210

Ray creeps to the edge of the lobby and scans the interior. Constructed of glass and steel, a giant atrium curves eighteen stories high. The spacious effect is that of a huge greenhouse, more like an ultra-modern hotel lobby than a government office building.

On each of the eighteen floors, a circular perimeter of offices open onto the lobby, separated only by a waist high balcony. A few late workers can still be seen at their desks on various floors.

At street level there are several cafes and shops where people congregate. At one end of the lobby, banks of glass-enclosed elevators rise and descend on exposed steel cables.

Ray spots several "security guards" strategically stationed. All are armed members of Gonzales' group.

On the top floor, he notices one elevator that is stationary. Anna is inside.

211 ANGLE ON BUILDING ENTRANCE

211

Danny enters the building. Ray is unable to warn him without exposing himself to Gonzales' men. He retreats.

212 INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

212

Ray flashes his badge as he loosens a guard's gag.

RAY

How can I get to the top floor
without being seen?

GUARD

You can't.

RAY

Is there a freight elevator? A fire
escape? Anything?

The guard motions at an accumulation of buckets, brushes,
and ropes.

GUARD

Nothing but the window washer's rig.

RAY

Damn.

He replaces the guard's gag.

116.
213 INT. STATE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 213
Danny stands in the center of the lobby. Far above him, Julio Gonzales points to the elevator stopped on the top floor. Through the glass walls, Danny can see Anna, standing motionless, looking down at him.

214 ANGLE ON DANNY 214
He manages to stay calm and in control.
DANNY
Just hang on, Anna...
He slowly crosses the lobby, moving to the elevators.

215 EXT. STATE BUILDING DOME - NIGHT 215
Standing on a narrow ledge, Ray wears a window washer's harness, dangling from two ropes in a bosun's chair sling. Like an urban mountain climber, he half-walks, half-climbs up the steep slope of the dome.

216 INT. STATE BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 216
At the elevators, one of Gonzales' thugs steps up to Danny and frisks him thoroughly. He finds only an empty holster. The punk reaches for the suitcase, but Danny pulls it away.
DANNY
You don't get it 'til Anna walks.
He gets in an elevator without further interference.

217 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 217
Danny presses the button for the top floor. As the glass-enclosed elevator climbs, he can see the entire lobby. Stepping back slightly, he opens the suitcase, and discreetly withdraws his two guns. One goes into his holster. The other stays in his hand.

218 ANGLE ON ELEVATORS 218
Danny's elevator rises toward the top floor as Anna's descends. When they pass, Anna and Danny look at each other helplessly through their glass bubbles. Then she is gone.

219 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 219
When Danny's elevator reaches the top floor, his attention is drawn to a balcony opposite him.

220 INT. BALCONY - NIGHT 220
Gonzales stands there smirking. He motions for Danny to open the suitcase.

- 221 ANGLE ON DANNY 221
- He displays the coke to Gonzales. To his dismay, the elevator next to him ascends back into view. Anna is still inside.
- 222 ANGLE ON GONZALES 222
- Gonzales signals a nearby cohort who aims an Uzi at Danny.
- 223 ANGLE ON THE TWO ELEVATORS 223
- Simultaneously, Danny FIRES his weapon and shouts at Anna.
- DANNY
- Anna! Get down!
- Both of them hit the floor of their respective cars, as a fusillade of bullets smash through the glass walls of the elevators. Danny returns the fire through the window. Huge chunks of glass from both elevators fall to the floor far below, shattering on impact. Now the elevator cars are nothing but exposed platforms and a metal door.
- 224 ANGLE ON BALCONY 224
- The gunman is hit. He falls and Gonzales takes his place, firing at Danny.
- 225 ANGLE ON LOBBY 225
- Carlos and Tony come running through the front doors. They have their weapons out, ready for action.
- 226 EXT. STATE BUILDING - NIGHT 226
- Ray has almost reached the top of the building when he hears the gunshots. He looks down through the window.
- 227 RAY'S POV 227
- Standing on the glass panel, he looks down between his feet at Tony and Carlos running across the lobby. On the balconies high above them, several of the "security guards" begin to shoot at the young cops.
- 228 ANGLE ON RAY 228
- In a reflex movement, Ray aims his gun through the glass and fires, blasting holes in the window panels beneath him.
- 229 INT. STATE BUILDING DOME - NIGHT 229
- The glass explodes into shards and Ray crashes through the window, into the dome. He falls several stories before managing to stop himself by braking on the ropes of his harness. He dangles in his window washer's harness, beside the glass facade, still fifteen stories above the floor.

118.

230 ANGLE ON BALCONY 230

Several "guards" are shooting at Carlos and Tony.

231 ANGLE ON FLOOR 231

There is pandemonium as the various occupants of the building scurry for cover. Tony and Carlos are reluctant to shoot back at the "security guards" and take cover behind a bannister, displaying their badges in vain.

CARLOS
(yelling)
Police officers! Don't shoot!

The "guards" keep shooting.

232 ANGLE ON RAY 232

He doesn't hesitate to fire at the fake guards.

RAY
(yelling at Carlos and Tony)
Shoot 'em! They're with Gonzales!

233 ANGLE ON GUARDS 233

They begin firing at Ray.

234 ANGLE ON RAY 234

He hangs in the harness as bullets zip past, shattering the glass behind him. He returns the fire, but he is dangerously exposed. He struggles to lower himself on the ropes.

235 ANGLE ON BALCONIES 235

The "guards" return the cops' fire from around the lobby. After each shot is fired, glass BREAKS somewhere in the building.

236 ANGLE ON ELEVATORS 236

With the glass walls eliminated, both Danny and Anna are on open platforms, separated only by air. Danny's elevator door is open. Under heavy fire, he ducks into the corridor.

237 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 237

The elevator call button for Anna's elevator can only be operated by key, but Danny strains to open the doors.

DANNY
Anna?

ANNA (O.S.)
It won't open.

238 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

238

Danny fires a few more shots, then steps back into the elevator stopped beside Anna.

DANNY

You're going to have to jump over here.

ANNA

No way! You jump!

DANNY

(still firing)

Your door is locked. You have to jump.

Danny opens the suitcase and takes out the BAGS OF COCAINE, throwing them as far as he possibly can, one after the other. They arc briefly toward Gonzales, but fall short.

239 ANGLE ON GONZALES

239

He watches his fortune fall to the lobby far below. Some break open when they hit. Others simply bounce or roll. The cocaine diverts Gonzales' attention.

GONZALES

(yelling at his men)

The coke! Get my coke!

Gonzales and his men run for the elevators and stairways that ring the lobby. They descend as quickly as possible, shooting recklessly at Ray, Danny, Carlos, Tony, and Anna.

240 ANGLE ON ELEVATORS

240

Without the glass walls, the open space is scary. The bullets don't help Anna's confidence.

DANNY

Don't look down. Just jump. I'll catch you.

ANNA

You'd better.

DANNY

I'm going to fire six times. Then you jump. Ready?

She nods. He fires and Anna makes her best leap. Danny grabs her and pulls her into his elevator car as bullets hit all around them. They immediately step into the corridor.

241 ANGLE ON RAY

241

His descending maneuver stalls when his harness reaches the end of the rope, suspended ten floors up. Helpless amidst a raging gunbattle, he shoots while swinging desperately.

His widening arc carries him to a narrow catwalk along the glass wall. Bullets perforate the windows as he sheds the harness and runs along the catwalk to safety.

242 ANGLE ON CARLOS AND TONY

242

The shootout continues, with Tony and Carlos in the midst of scattered cocaine debris. Hopelessly pinned down, they are being overwhelmed by Gonzales' thugs.

243 ANGLE ON GUNMEN

243

The circle is tightening around the two young cops and the litter of cocaine.

244 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

244

While the shootout continues, Danny embraces Anna, then leads her into a nearby office.

DANNY

Stay in here and you'll be safe.

He hands her one of his weapons.

DANNY

Remember how to use this?

ANNA

Am I a cop's wife, or not? You be careful...

DANNY

(smiling)

Not a chance.

(gently patting her stomach)

Take care of our kid...

He turns back to rejoin the fight.

245 ANGLE ON TONY AND CARLOS

245

They have been forced to retreat, backed up against the wall. Finally, their revolvers click on empty cylinders. They are reduced to yelling.

TONY

You wanna fight?

CARLOS

We'll take you! Come on!

246 ANGLE ON GONZALES

246

On a mid-level balcony, he appears, aiming his Uzi at Carlos and Tony. Then TWO SHOTS ring out. Gonzales is hit and staggers backward, his Uzi firing harmlessly into the air. He falls to the floor.

247 ANGLE ON DANNY

247

Descending in a shattered elevator, Danny yells out.

DANNY (V.O.)

I got him! I got him!

248 ANGLE ON RAY

248

Running down a mirrored staircase, Ray shouts back.

RAY (V.O.)

Bullshit. I got him!

249 ANGLE ON GUNMEN

249

The remaining hoodlums surrender. The gunmen are quickly handcuffed by Carlos and Tony. Suddenly it's all over.

The young cops grin sheepishly as Ray and Danny walk magnanimously toward them.

TONY

You guys are a tough act to follow.

CARLOS

Not that we can't do it.

Danny gives Ray a look. He understands.

DANNY

Maybe he's right. They are the guys to follow in our footsteps...

RAY

It's possible. I wouldn't want to put Chicago in their hands, but...

DANNY

You two wanna buy a bar?

RAY

It's south of here. Broads, beer, and beaches. You could work on your tans.

A familiar voice interrupts from above the two kids.

GONZALES

Freeze, suckers!

(CONTINUED)

All four cops freeze. Gonzales is directly above Carlos and Tony, aiming his Uzi at them. He is bloody, but unbowed.

RAY
(to Danny)
I thought you shot him.

DANNY
I thought you got him.

GONZALES
(yelling)
Drop your guns or these two are dead.

Ray and Danny move as one. Both cops fire at Gonzales. He pivots his Uzi away from the kids, shooting at Danny and Ray. Both cops charge at him, blasting away with blazing handguns. Bullets from Gonzales' Uzi ricochet all around them, but they keep coming.

Danny takes a slug in the shoulder, spinning as he is knocked off his feet. He rolls several times and comes up firing. Ray takes a slug in his leg, crumpling to the floor. Somehow he manages to lunge forward, still advancing.

They keep firing until no one is shooting back at them. Gonzales is dead, hanging over the railing.

DANNY
(to Ray)
Are you okay?

RAY
(nodding)
Just okay. Not great. You?

DANNY
(proudly)
I got shot.

RAY
It's about time.

Meanwhile, Carlos and Tony are upset.

CARLOS
Hey! You could have gotten us killed.

TONY
You guys are crazy!

Ray and Danny remember an earlier rescue.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

(smiling)

We saved your ass. Don't make a big deal out of it.

RAY

If we had it to do over... who knows?

The four men close in on one another. Ray is the first to smile. Then Danny. Finally Tony and Carlos join in.

Ray pulls the SILVER CIGAR CASE out of his pocket, removes the two cigars, and breaks them in half. Danny begins to light each man's cigar.

Anna gets off an elevator. She runs up and hugs Danny first, then the others in turn. She looks at the incredible devastation throughout the building.

ANNA

Let's get out of here before somebody calls a cop.

The four cops puff the cigars, then limp off, arm in arm with Anna.

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS

THE END