

SHARKY'S MACHINE

Screenplay by

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From the Novel by

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SPARKEY'S MACHINE

FADE IN:

A1 EXT. GATED WALL - NIGHT

A lofty iron gate that guards the private drive to an old mansion. A small light there, mostly shrubbery and shadow -- and a face. A man stands half in darkness, a guard at the gate, small, lithe, Oriental, eyes cold as death. He scans the darkness. We register this face and move on, PANNING along that wall, leaving the light behind.

We stop, in deep shadow now. The shadow moves, quietly, up and over the wall, an intruder.

A2 EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - NIGHT

Our shadow moves toward the lighted house. We know only that it is a man. It is wary, used to the night. It avoids the busy drive, moves to the side of the house.

A3 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

as the shadowy figure reaches a window. We see inside -- it's lush, the MUSIC, the look, light catches crystal, people move about, expensive men, beautiful women -- some of them Oriental, Eurasian. Our shadow-shape turns, We follow his look.

A4 INTRUDER'S POV

A balcony.

A5 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Through the French doors is a lighted room, movement. On the balcony railing close to us now -- a gloved hand. The intruder is climbing up, over the railing. He moves toward the doors, watches. Inside we see a beautiful young WOMAN seated at a dressing table, a MAN moving behind her.

1 INT. BALCONY ROOM - NIGHT

We study the face of this young woman, an Oriental beauty, SLAKWAN. She is all the more striking because her stare is fixed, empty. She is blind. She sits at the dressing table, expertly arranging the vials and bottles there, mixing colored oils, heating the mixture, preparing a measure of cocaine.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

We see someone moving OUT OF FOCUS behind her, a Man.
In a moment he speaks.

MAN

This is already worth the price.
Just being here... watching you.

2 FULL SHOT

It is a small, but beautifully decorated room. A round bed is the central feature. The Man is moving about. His voice and his words to the blind girl belie the fact that he is actually snooping.

MAN

What is it you're doing now?

SIKWAN

It is best in silence.

3 ON MAN

He notices a handbag on an end table. He glances at the girl and then quietly unsnaps the bag, fingers through the contents.

MAN

That number I called... that man...

SIKWAN

Please.

4 FULL SHOT

She rises and moves toward the bed with the heated oil and the cocaine. She pauses near the balcony doors.

4A CLOSE ON HER HAND

Behind her, she deftly releases the lock on the balcony door.

4B FULL SHOT

SIKWAN

Your clothes.

He watches her a moment as she arranges her things beside the bed. She releases the tie at the back of her neck that holds her dress. It falls noiselessly, and she steps out of it, naked and lovely. The Man stares, appreciating. He begins to undress.

MAN

I want to call you by your real name. Is Siakwan...?

SIKWAN

Shhh. Lie here. In the center.

He places himself in the center of the round bed. She sits beside him. There is incense burning, oriental MUSIC playing very softly. The lighting is perfect. Her skin is golden, smooth. She begins to stroke his face lightly, to ease him. He reaches up to take her shoulders. She slides away.

SIKWAN

(continuing)

There must be no hurry.

She turns the round bed. It rotates on a platform, slowly -- so that now she kneels behind him, stroking his temples. We see her back.

SIKWAN

(continuing)

Close your eyes.

5 ANGLE - MAN

as he gives himself to her, to this experience. He loosens, closes his eyes.

6 FULL SHOT

on her back as she strokes him.

SIKWAN

Do not speak. Do not think.

A shadow suddenly moves across her back. There is someone else in the room, someone directly behind her.

(CONTINUED)

12 SCORE AND SIAKWAN

as he moves closer to her. We notice the slight edged accent on his words, lower class London tempered by years of roaming.

SCORE

(soothing)

It's all right. All right. You were fine.

His eyes are brutal. As he speaks, he slowly raises his pistol toward her blind face, aiming it between her eyes. She is blind. She cannot see that her life is about to end.

SCORE

(continuing)

It's all over. Relax now. It's finished. Well done, beauty.

As he pulls the trigger we immediately --

CUT TO:

13 EXT. STREETS OF ATLANTA - DAY

MUSIC now and TITLES as we find SHARKY and move with him as he walks. Thomas Sharky is in his late thirties, trim and fit, but scruffy from his beard to his boots and denims, scuffed and scruffy. His eyes are scuffed, too. He's been bruised by life and he's learned from it -- never been beaten though, never stopped for long. He moves with energy, directness. He's going someplace.

14 TITLE SEQUENCE - FOLLOWING SHARKY

as he moves through a rundown section that is just blocks away from the tall glass towers of the central city. Bold, new, flashy, these hotels and office buildings rise up, unconnected to the older city around them and the belt of green land in the distance. We ESTABLISH one particular building, a mirrored-glass office building that reflects the city.

Sharky is moving past boarded-up stores, down dirty street, passing people mostly poor, mostly black. A demented man stands on a corner shouting about Jesus. All this is b.g. to Sharky's movement -- into an alley now where he stops and checks his watch. MUSIC and TITLES END. We hear FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

15 EXT. ALLEY

He leans back against the alley wall, watching and waiting without appearing to. It's a posed comfort. The FOOTSTEPS STOP.

16 ANGLE - HIGH BALL MARY

Mary is a colorful black man, wearing an earring and very flashy, very expensive clothes. He is definitely out of place in the alley. He has stopped twenty feet from Sharky and is glancing, checking, almost sniffing the area for a possible trap.

SHARKY

At ease, Mary. I checked it.

MARY

(checking it)

You checked it. That makes me feel real easy, real easy.

17 ON SHARKY, MARY

Mary has cased the place. Satisfied, he joins Sharky. They begin their street-wise game, word-boxing.

MARY

Speak. Fast. I'm getting dirty just standing here.

SHARKY

I got the price. You got the shit?

MARY

If I don't, what am I doing in this garbage can with a low-life puncher like you? Look at you. Where did you get those clothes?

SHARKY

I rolled a white man. Come on, let's see the merchandise.

MARY

Let's see the green. No green, no sheen.

SHARKY

I'm not showing you shit unless I taste the stuff.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

MARY

Oooh, ain't she mean? Ain't she bad?

Mary brings a glassine bag from his pocket, filled with cocaine.

MARY

(continuing)

Fifteen more like this one, a generous O-Z of super snow. Cut it three for one at least. At sixty per...

SHARKY

Twenty-eight hundred and eighty. I can buy a hat like yours. C'mon, open it up.

MARY

(as he opens the bag)

You don't want my hat, puncher. It's too big for you. Way too big.

There's a smiled challenge in Mary's eyes. Sharky meets the look and smiles a bit himself. These street boxers respect each other. Mary spreads the bag and Sharky licks a finger, sticks it into his powder, then tastes it.

SHARKY

Okay, good shit.

Mary doesn't turn to look but he feels something coming and then hears a CAR ENTERING the alley. He keeps his eyes on Sharky.

MARY

What the fuck is that? What is that?

SHARKY

It's a car, Mary, a car. Somebody's takin' a shortcut. Relax.

MARY

Too fucking slow.

SHARKY

Christ. You're on a string.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
 (intense as the
 car moves)
You're not carrying, fool. I can't
 afford a toss. That fucker's
 stopping!

SHARKY
 I'll handle it.

Mary now turns, and they both face the stopped car. A man
 eases out of the driver's seat and peers into the shadows
 at them. He suddenly hits them with a side spotlight.

MARY
 What the f....

The man who is detective SMILEY, suddenly recognizes...

SMILEY
 Sharky!?

SHARKY
 You dumb...!

Mary has turned wide-eyes on Sharky. For one half second
 they stare.

MARY
 Mother fucker!

He bolts. Sharky leaps for him, but Mary twists away, pull-
 ing a small automatic from his pocket. He FIRES and races
 down the alley. Sharky jumps for cover, lands rolling,
 reaching for the pistol strapped to his calf. He pulls the
 gun, but Mary has turned the corner at the end of the alley.

SHARKY
 (to Smiley)
 Call it in, you dumb asshole!

And Sharky races after Mary.

18 ANGLE - END OF ALLEY

as Sharky reaches it, turns.

19 SHARKY'S POV

Mary, across the street, is aiming. He FIRES.

20

ON SHARKY

ducking back in as the BULLET HITS THE WALL. Then he charges out, dropping, aiming.

21

SHARKY'S POV

as Mary runs between cars, turns a corner.

22

ON SHARKY

SHARKY

Shit!

He's up and running.

23

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

as Sharky turns the corner, stops, glances about.

24

SHARKY'S POV

of Mary highballing toward a crowded main street. The traffic is booming.

SHARKY

(as he runs)

Oh, fuck.

25

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

as Mary pushes through pedestrians, dodges cars, glancing back. Sharky is gaining now.

Mary aims his gun at a driver. The car SCREECHES to a stop. Mary hurries around to the side, but the car suddenly ROARS away.

Sharky jumps onto and over a stopped car.

26

EXT. BUS - DAY

as Mary halts a slow-moving bus by beating on the front of it. He points his gun through the glass of the door. The door opens, and he lunges inside.

27

ON SHARKY

running toward the bus.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

Mary FIRES at him through the window of the bus. The bullet hits the street in front of him, but he keeps racing toward the bus.

28 EXT. BUS - DAY

We see Mary waving his gun, shouting, moving through the bus. People are panicked.

29 INT. BUS - DAY

as Sharky charges the door, holding his gun and his open wallet, showing his shield. The door opens and he falls into the bus, drops into the aisle, pointing his gun. There are screams, people hitting the floor, hiding in their seats.

30 BACK OF BUS

as Mary pushes against the side door. It won't open.

SHARKY'S VOICE

Mary!

Mary sends a wild SHOT toward the front of the bus. More screams.

MARY

I'm grabbin' some people, fucker.
I'm killin' some people if you don't
open this door and back off!

He reaches for the nearest passengers -- a teenage couple, but they scramble out over their seats into the seats behind. He can't reach them. He reaches over to a woman huddled in her seat. He can only reach her leg. He grabs her ankle and pulls. She screams, tries to hang on to her seat. He's pulling her to him across the aisle.

31 ON SHARKY

trying for a shot. He can't.

SHARKY

Let her go or you're dead! Mary!

32 ON MARY

He pulls the woman to him and suddenly stands up into the aisle with her as a shield. She is sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

MARY
Open the fucking...!

33 ON SHARKY

He dives into the aisle -- aiming.

SHARKY
Let 'er go, or I'm shootin' through
her!

34 ON MARY

His eyes go wide. He shoves his automatic against the woman's temple. She wails. He screams at Sharky.

MARY
You crazy mother...!

35 ON SHARKY

Deciding, suddenly doing it. He aims and FIRES.

36 ON MARY

His exposed right hip is blasted. He screams and empties his gun at Sharky, releasing the woman who takes one of his bullet in her hand.

37 ON SHARKY

firing steadily as BULLETS SPATTER around him.

38 ON MARY

taking hits in the chest and falling against the door.

39 ON SHARKY

standing, reaching over quickly to hit the driver's release lever.

40 EXT. BUS - DAY

The door opens and dead Mary spills out into the street.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

Sharky runs to him as two UNIFORMED COPS hurry to the bus, guns drawn.

COP

Hold it!

Sharky tosses his wallet at them as he kneels beside Mary, shouting at the cops.

SHARKY

Sharky, Central Narcotics. Get an ambulance. There's a woman hit inside.

Sharky picks up Mary's automatic as one of the Gops joins him. Sharky's coming down now, calm, weary.

COP

Who's he?

SHARKY

Junkman.

COP

Dead?

Sharky looks at Mary's body.

40A ANGLE - MARY

He's stone cold with three in the chest.

40B ON SHARKY

turning to the cop with a tired look that says "you're either new at this or an asshole."

SHARKY

Shake 'im. See if he comes around.

41 INT. CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE JASPERS' OFFICE - DAY

The CHIEF sits at his desk, relaxed, reading a paper. More papers are piled on his desk. He is middle-aged, well dressed. Sharky is slouched in a chair, frowning.

SHARKY

Where the hell did that idiot Smiley come from?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

JASPERS

(busy with the paper)

He sees two men in an alley, stops
to investigate...

SHARKY

(up on his feet now)

What's he doin' in that alley? That
was my goddamn alley! Shit.

JASPERS

Spelled your name wrong here under the
picture.

SHARKY

Every time we start moving up.

JASPERS

Up where, Sharky?

SHARKY

Somebody's tying up this town.
Somebody's pulling all the strings
together -- drugs, prostitution...
and every time we get close, everything
blows up in our face. Shit.

(pacing about)

We work our way up through the deck.
We arrest deuces, threes and fours.
We're lousy with sixes and sevens, but
this time I had a face card! Mary was
a goddamn jack! I was close!

JASPERS

I'll have it followed up.

SHARKY

Sure, followed up. You'll...

(stops a moment)

What d'you mean? I'll follow it up.

JASPERS

(shaking his head)

Sharky, you've been advertised, all
over the city, all over the planet!
You were on CBS!

SHARKY

What're you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

JASPERS

A transfer.

SHARKY

What?! Where?

JASPERS

Vice.

SHARKY

Vice?

JASPERS

New approach for you.

SHARKY

Vice?! Vice is a joke in this department. Vice is the garbage can. The crazies, the losers, the hotheads, get...

He stops, realizing what he is saying. He stares at Jaspers. Jaspers stares back, serious.

SHARKY

(continuing; quiet)

Charlie, what are you saying?

JASPERS

I'm saying... instead of a lieutenant, with your experience, your talent, what've you got? A rep, a high profile, a goddamn bulldog mentality. Chasin' the high card...

SHARKY

There is a goddamn top to this!

JASPERS

Then let homicide...

SHARKY

Three weeks ago a reporter and a hooker get blown away and homicide comes up with shit! It's all one case. It's the same case!

JASPERS

The boys in the organized crime division'll handle the...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

SHARKY

Bullshit! It'll be handled in the street. I've got eighteen months out there undercover...

JASPERS

Blown!

(holds up paper,
showing his anger
now)

All blown! Over! You never know when to quit, Sharky. You don't know how close to the edge you are! Vice is a favor!

SHARKY

A fav...

JASPERS

Yes!

(genuine)

I don't know what to do with you. I really don't. I don't want to lose you, but you push and you push and you push too damn hard!

(pause)

Report tonight to Lieutenant Friscoe. You remember Friscoe. Good man.

SHARKY

Used to be.

(pause)

You're dumping me, Charlie.

JASPERS

That's all.

They stare. Jaspers is absolutely firm. He's being the Chief -- not an old friend. Sharky breaks off the stare.

SHARKY

Yes, sir.

He leaves. Jaspers watches a moment.

42 INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - DAY

as Sharky exits Jaspers' office, looking dark. Some of the nearby cops turn around, glance at him knowingly as he moves away. Smiley is there. He approaches Sharky.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Sharky... Wait. I'm really sorry.

(pause)

What can I do?

SHARKY

(stares hard)

Have a heart attack.

He begins to move on, but Smiley steps in front of him.

SMILEY

Shark...

(pause)

I know you think I'm a fuck-up, but
sometime you'll need me, and I'll
be there.

Sharky stares, walks off.

43 INT. STAIRWELL - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Later that day. Sharky is moving down the steps slowly, grudgingly, on his way to his new post. A young uniformed POLICEMAN passes him, hurrying up the stairs.

POLICEMAN

Hi, Sharky; where you goin'?

Sharky frowns, doesn't answer, keeps moving down. A sign points him to VICE SECTION.

44 INT. VICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Sharky enters, stops, looks about. The place is dim and dirty, cluttered, neglected. It's the hellhole of the Atlanta P.D., and Sharky stands among the fallen angels: PAPA -- a mile giant of a man, overweight but strong, in his fifties. FRISCOE -- the lieutenant and leader, closer to sixty, craggy and weary. ARCH -- a well built black man, Sharky's age. He seldom speaks, seldom changes his expression, a scowl. They size up Sharky for a moment, then go back to desks, files -- except for Friscoe, who waves him over.

FRISCOE

Sharky.

SHARKY

Friscoe.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

FRISCOE

Been a while. Welcome to the
shithouse.

It is a shithouse. Sharky isn't Mr. Neat, but he can't help reacting to the dirt and the mess and the men who allow it to be, who live it.

FRISCOE

(continuing; stands)
Glad you're here, 'cause we got a
big party tonight.

PAPA

Fuckin' crusaders.

ARCH

Bullshit.

Arch slams a file drawer, puts on his jacket. Papa, too, is getting ready to leave, but pausing to speak to a uniformed cop.

FRISCOE

Arch, this is Sharky.

Sharky puts out a hand, but Arch only nods and moves away.

FRISCOE

(continuing)
And Papa.

Papa barely turns, barely nods, goes back to his conversation. Friscoe points to a desk.

FRISCOE

(continuing)
That'll be your place. You can get
it organized later.

Sharky moves to the desk, stares at it. It's stained, littered, disgusting -- his new home. He lays an arm down on that desk and sweeps it across, tumbling everything into the wastebasket or onto the floor.

The others stare. It was a hostile, challenging act, a comment. Sharky meets their stares.

FRISCOE

(continuing)
Come here, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

Sharky moves close to Friscoe. Friscoe studies Sharky a moment, goes on. The others can't hear now.

FRISCOE

(continuing)

We think you got a bad deal from the Narcs.

(pause)

That was a nice machine you had workin' there until that dimwit Smiley screwed it up. You cut off his head, he wouldn't be any dumber.

He goes on, but Sharky isn't listening.

FRISCOE

(continuing)

Down here we got mostly misdemeanors -- hookers, pandering, freak show. Once in a while we get a handle on something good, and we...

SHARKY

What the fuck are you doing down here?

They stare a moment.

FRISCOE

I got seventeen in -- three to go. I don't growl too loud.

Sharky nods toward the others.

FRISCOE

(continuing)

Arch is the best street cop in the house. He won't take shit -- that's why he's here. Papa too. He's been shot three times, and he doesn't even remember where the scars are. He'll barehand a locomotive.

(pause)

That's your new machine. All I can give you -- but they're top men.

SHARKY

(stares)

Used to be.

FRISCOE

(stares)

Go to work.

Sharky leaves, walks to Papa.

44A ANGLE - PAPA

The uniformed cop leaves as Sharky approaches.

SHARKY

What's on?

Papa gives him a hand-bill advertising a campaign rally.

PAPA

(gathering his gun,
wallet, etc.)

Political rally at the park. All
the animals'll be out.

(calling out)

Arch.

(to Sharky, as he
gets ready)

We check for known pimps, hookers,
other street-sinners. Keepin' the
city pure.

He gives Sharky a smile and a wink that could be pure put-on.
Sharky's not sure. Arch joins them.

PAPA

(continuing)

Like missionaries, right, Arch?

Sharky is looking at the hand-bill, shaking his head.

SHARKY

Exciting work.

Arch takes the hand-bill.

ARCH

You got the rank, Sarge, you want to
skip it?

Arch's eyes are cold. Papa winks again.

PAPA

That's the ticket. Get some coffee
and cheeseburgers. Stay warm.

Sharky makes a face, takes the hand-bill back and walks off.
Arch and Papa trade a look before following -- Arch frowning,
Papa smiling.

45 EXT. PARK - POLITICAL RALLY - NIGHT

A platform, podium, speaker -- DONALD HOTCHKINS, candidate
for Governor -- security force, campaign workers and several
hundred Atlanta citizens sitting, standing, listening.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

On the fringes are clumps of dissenters, some with signs -- "GAY RIGHTS," "DON'T GIVE AWAY YOUR CIVIL RIGHT," "HOTCH -- THE STORM TROOPER" -- and on the fringes of the fringe are the kids, punks, hookers and cops.

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

(over speakers)

All the garbage in this city... is
not in the trash cans...

46 ON HOTCHKINS

He's middle-aged, attractive.

HOTCHKINS

Some of the garbage in this city...
walks around on two legs!

Mostly cheers -- some boos.

47 ON CROWD

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

This is Atlanta's sanitation problem.
Yes! The police blow it... the courts
allow it... let's clean it up!

Overwhelming cheers.

48 ON GAY ACTIVISTS

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

Clean 'em up, pick 'em up, and put
'em away!

Cheers from the crowd, boos from the gays, some catcalls.

49 INT. CAR - NIGHT

The car is parked -- Papa at the wheel, Arch next to him
and Sharky in back. They are watching the group of gays.

PAPA

See 'im, leaning against the fence.
Blond. The gorgeous one.

50 THEIR POV - GAY GROUP

We see the flashy, muscular MAN they speak of.

SHARKY'S VOICE

Yeah, meaty son of a bitch.

51 INT. CAR

PAPA

He's a hooker. We want 'im. He's a mean motherfucker. Picks up guys and hurts 'em bad.

SHARKY

I can believe it.

(turns to them)-

What do we do -- roust? So... get one of your undercoverers out there. Dangle some bait. Right?

PAPA

Right. Unbutton your shirt...

Papa is fishing about in the glove compartment. He pulls out a cheap gold chain, hands it back to Sharky.

PAPA

(continuing)

... and put this on.

SHARKY

You're kidding.

PAPA

It ain't easy, Sarge, but it's the only way. Right, Arch?

Sharky looks at Arch.

ARCH

Gorgeous doesn't know you.

PAPA

And you're the prettiest one we got.

Sharky frowns -- accepts the challenge.

52 EXT. PARK - ON GAY ACTIVISTS - NIGHT

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

For every one criminal, for every one punk, for every one prostitute...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

The laws are there. They are there
on the books...

SHARKY

How much?

GORGEOUS

How much what?

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

But there is no law without
enforcement.

SHARKY

Money. Nothing good is free, right?
And nothing free is good.

GORGEOUS

(moves closer)

You're the type that likes to hear
the details.

SHARKY

(flirting now)

That's right.

GORGEOUS

How about this?

He moves very close to Sharky and puts a giant arm around
him. Sharky goes cold inside, but he plays it through,
smiles. Gorgeous seems about to kiss him.

GORGEOUS

(continuing, whispers)

You kiss my sweet fag ass, cop.

He walks away. Sharky deflates. He turns and burns a look
at the car where Papa and Arch wait.

53 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Papa is laughing so hard he is shaking the car. Even Arch
can't help squeezing out a smile.

54 EXT. PADDY WAGON - NIGHT

Arch, Papa and Sharky are loading half a dozen black and
white female prostitutes into a wagon with the help of
several uniformed cops.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

The WOMEN are bitching -- especially a certain MABEL, a white woman, who could've been a revivalist.

MABEL

Why don't you boys go do some good, honest work instead of messin' about...

WOMAN

Amen.

MABEL

I say messin' about with the lives of your sisters...?

SHARKY

Amen.

55 INT. VICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

It's chaos. Several uniformed cops are helping Friscoe, Arch, Papa and Sharky sift through the various prostitutes (black and white) and other suspects, trying to question certain ones while others are shouting, complaining. Mabel has a chorus backing her now.

MABEL

Do you want me on the corner or in the unemployment line?

CHORUS (WOMEN)

Yeah. Yeah, tell 'em.

MABEL

On the corner I cost the taxpayers nothin'!

CHORUS

Yeah!

Sharky is busy booking another girl, but he shouts back to Mabel over the din.

MABEL

I give a lot of pleasure for a little bit of coin.

CHORUS

Amen.

SHARKY

I know, Mabel.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

MABEL
Then why the persecution?

SHARKY
Prosecution.

MABEL
Why?!

SHARKY
I don't know. That's the game.
I'm new at it.

A uniformed cop walks by with a black man called PERCY. Mabel fingers this man and shouts across the crowd and confusion.

MABEL
Where's he goin'? He's goin' free,
right? The hard workin' women stay
locked up and there goes easy
Charlie all set up with the
thousand-a-night thoroughbred
ladies.

Her words get Sharky's attention. He stands to look over the crowd.

MABEL
(continuing)
Workin' in the big time now,
first class, for the big man...

Sharky shoots a look...

55A ANGLE - ARCH

who meets Sharky's eyes.

55B FULL SHOT

as Percy lunges for Mabel and gets a hand on her before he's yanked off and hustled through the crowd by the uniformed cops. Sharky goes to Mabel.

55C ANGLE - SHARKY, MABEL

She's in tears now.

(CONTINUED)

55C CONTINUED:

SHARKY

What'd you mean, Mabel?

MABEL

Nothin'!

SHARKY

What about thousand-a-night ladies.
You ever see a thousand-a-night
lady? What d'you make, Mabel?

MABEL

More'n you!

SHARKY

True.

(shouting)

Hey, where is that guy? Friscoe!
Where's the guy who went for her?

FRISCOE

Lettin' him go.

Friscoe is carrying a large envelope.

SHARKY

Wait a minute. That his stuff?

He takes the envelope.

FRISCOE

Sharky!

SHARKY

There's a notebook here.

(to Friscoe)

You hear what Mabel said?

FRISCOE

Sharky, his lawyer's down here!

SHARKY

There's names in this book.

ARCH

Got 'em.

Sharky turns to Arch.

SHARKY

What?

(CONTINUED)

55C CONTINUED: (2)

ARCH
(calmly)
I copied 'em down.

Sharky replaces the book in the envelope, hands the envelope to Friscoe, goes to Arch. The chaos continues in the room.

SHARKY
Who's the pimp?

ARCH
Percy Sinclair.

SHARKY
Mabel's talking about a class A stable.

ARCH
State of the art, grand a night.
That's the word on the street.
Here's the list.

56 INSERT - LIST

Adriana
Dominoe
Ophelia
Siakwan
Tiffany
Elspeth
Kathryn

SHARKY'S VOICE
You make anybody?

57 ANGLE - ARCH, SHARKY

ARCH
No, but check 'em out. Every name
... seven letters.

Sharky studies -- then gets an idea.

58 INSERT LIST

as Sharky pulls the phone closer to him and writes the corresponding dial number above each letter of the first name:
2 3 7 4 2 6 2.

Sharky now places a dash after the seven: 237-4262.

59 ANGLE - ARCH, SHARKY

Arch looks at the numbers, at Sharky -- then he waves Friscoe over. Friscoe joins them.

ARCH

We got phone numbers.

SHARKY

Could be that top-line stable.

Friscoe is nodding, impatient to return to the chaos.

FRISCOE

Okay. Good. So, you want to go play customer? Go get 'em.

SHARKY --

I don't want to go get 'em.

PAPA

(joining them)

What've we got here?

FRISCOE

(to hookers)

Will you shut up?

SHARKY

We don't want the girls. We want whoever's running the show.

ARCH

It's not Sinclair. Not at those prices. He's only the switchboard.

PAPA

(interested)

What would make you happy?

SHARKY

Let's get taps. Wire every one of 'em. On top of it -- way on top of it... could be the big bullet.

FRISCOE

(sighs)

For two years I been hearin' about this so-called top card. Look, let's just book these hookers, eight-six the pimp...

PAPA

(studying the list)

Now, wait a minute.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

ARCH
Could be something.

SHARKY
Lieutenant Friscoe...

Friscoe goes cold. They stare.

SHARKY
(continuing)
We'd like to officially request seven
wire taps.

Friscoe stares at Arch, at Papa, at Sharky, then sighs.

FRISCOE
Gimme the fuckin' list.

He takes it and walks away. Arch and Papa trade a look
with Sharky.

CUT TO:

60 INT. VICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

It's the next day. In the midst of the litter and filth
sits Sharky at his new desk, typing a report. Papa walks by,
stops, staring at that desk. He begins to smile. Sharky's
desk is as ugly and cluttered as it was before he so
dramatically wiped it off. He stares, grinning.

Sharky stops typing, looks at Papa, looks at his desk, looks
back at Papa and frowns -- goes back to his report.

Friscoe enters. Arch, Papa and Sharky gather at Friscoe's
cubicle.

SHARKY
We get the wires?

FRISCOE
Homicide wants to know where we
got this one: Siakwan. It's that
blind hooker that was blown away
last month.

PAPA
Jesus. Somebody better call the police.

SHARKY
What'd you tell homicide?

FRISCOE
I told 'em to eat shit. The
department allowed taps on all
but one.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

ARCH

Which one?

FRISCOE

This one. Number two.

Sharky reads from the list.

SHARKY

Dominoe? Why?

FRISCOE

It's protected. Usually means another section is on top of it.

SHARKY

(getting angry)
What section?

FRISCOE

Look, I don't know. Jesus, you got five taps. We'll start gettin' tapes tomorrow.

SHARKY

I want six taps!

They all stare at him -- the bulldog.

FRISCOE

Sharky... we can't get that one.

SHARKY

I can get that one!

ARCH

Bullshit.

PAPA

How?

SHARKY

I know a guy. A cop. Friend of mine. They got him over in the Organized Crime Section now 'cause he's a top wire man. I can borrow him on the sly -- as a favor.

ARCH

(scoffing)
As a favor.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

FRISCOE

Nobody does Vice any favors.

SHARKY

As a favor to me. He'll do whatever I say.

They stare at Sharky, then...

CUT TO:

61 INT. BASEMENT OF NOSH'S HOME - NIGHT

on NOSH, a small, thin, Jewish man of Sharky's age. He's busy repairing a child's radio -- a large Mickey Mouse type of figure.

NOSH

Piss off, Sharky.

62 FULL SHOT

Sharky is with him in the basement, restless, angry.

SHARKY

You could do it on your lunch hour.
It's a throw away.

NOSH

Stuff it.

Sharky turns Nosh toward him.

SHARKY

Goddamn it, don't you talk to me that way!

Nosh seems brittle in Sharky's hands, but the man is unafraid.

NOSH

Why not?

SHARKY

Why not?! Because you owe me, Nosh.
You owe me some big ones.

Nosh turns back to his radio.

NOSH

I owe Sears. I owe J. C. Penney.
You, I owe nothing.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

SHARKY

All the way back to goddamn eighth grade you owe me!

NOSH

For what?

SHARKY

For what?! You were Jewish!

Nosh glances at Sharky, wondering.

NOSH

I still am.

SHARKY --

Let's beat up the Jew boy. Let's get Nosh. Who the hell protected you from the cavemen?

NOSH

I could always take care of myself.

Sharky stares -- then laughs aloud. The laughter ends abruptly.

SHARKY

You're an ungrateful son of a bitch!

Nosh suddenly picks up a hammer and turns on Sharky.

NOSH

This is my house, goddamn it!

He bangs the hammer on the workbench. Sharky waves him on.

SHARKY

Come on! Come on and mess me up, you son of...

MAY'S VOICE

Hey!

Nosh's wife, MAY, opens the basement door and takes a few steps down -- a five year old in pajamas is behind her, LISA.

MAY

Will you keep it down! I'm putting Lisa to bed now.

SHARKY

Sorry, May.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

Nosh walks to the stairway.

NOSH

Come 'ere.

The girl, Lisa, comes down and kisses her dad.

NOSH

(continuing; to girl)

Say good night to what's-his-name.

LISA

G'night, Sharky.

SHARKY

Goodnight, hon. --

The girl stands there, waiting. Nosh looks at Sharky and nods toward the girl, nods harder. Sharky goes to her and tries to give a delicate hug. He gets a kiss. Lisa follows her mother upstairs.

NOSH

(back to work)

You should have one of those, Sharky.
They keep you sane.

SHARKY

Sane? Is that what you are? Is that what you call it. I think you're sleepin', Nosh. I think you're turnin' to stone. Just once, let's get through the whole deck. Let's go for the top.

(goes to him)

We used to know this town, Nosh.
It was ours. Now it's coming apart.
It's goddamn coming apart.

Nosh is busy with the radio. Sharky comes closer.

SHARKY

(continuing)

I told 'em you were the best. I promised 'em, Nosh.

NOSH

(looking at the radio)

Tough shit.

Sharky explodes and grabs Nosh by the shoulders, turns him around and sees that the man is smiling at him. He's been had, teased.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (3)

62

SHARKY

You asshole.

NOSH

What's the phone number?

SHARKY

Hebrew asshole.

They smile.

63 INT. VICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Sharky, Friscoe, Arch and Papa are listening to a tape. Nosh is one desk over, fiddling with his own tape machine.

HOOKER

(voice on tape)

Just a shirt... that's all I'm wearing. A silk shirt. My nipples are hard. I'm unbuttoning the shirt now.

CUSTOMER

(voice on tape)

What color is the shirt?

PAPA

What the hell difference...?

FRISCOE

Shhh!

HOOKER

(voice on tape)

Green. Green slik. It's all unbuttoned now. I'm spreading it open.

CUSTOMER

(voice on tape)

Would you touch yourself?

HOOKER

(voice on tape)

Of course. Where?

CUSTOMER

(voice on tape)

Your ears.

They all break up -- Sharky, Papa, Arch, Friscoe. Friscoe shuts off the tape and turns to Nosh.

FRISCOE

You got anything different?

NOSH

Listen to the guy's voice.

Nosh turns on his tape machine.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

... Just came from class. Did a little shopping.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE

I did a little shopping, too.
For you.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Oh, Don... you should have. I
deserve it. Send it right over.

MAN'S VOICE

You do deserve it.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Seriously, I asked you not to
spend all your money on me. Next
thing you know you'll be poor and
I won't be able to associate with
you.

MAN'S VOICE

(chuckling)
It's a robe. Satin.

ARCH

Boring shit.

NOSH

Listen to his voice.

MAN'S VOICE

It'll fall over your lovely...
just right. That body...

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Just two arms, two legs, two heads...

Sharky laughs.

MAN'S VOICE

God, I love that body.

FRISCOE

Who is that?

MAN'S VOICE

After the election it'll be a
different world for us.

FRISCOE

(jumps up)
Hotchkins! Goddamn Hotchkins!
Fuckin' candidate for governor.
Hotchkins!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

Nosh snaps off his machine, beaming proudly.

PAPA

What else he say?

NOSH

That's about it.

FRISCOE

Pious son of a bitch. He's got a wife and five kids and we've got him by the jewels.

ARCH

Scandal's all we got.

Sharky looks at Arch. The two of them play off each other pushing harder -- Arch in a quiet, cynical way, Sharky like a bulldog.

FRISCOE

What d'you want?

PAPA

He's right. Just another politician screwing around. They got that on television every afternoon.

(pause)

Not that I watch that stuff.

SHARKY

:(thoughtful)

Seven ladies. One gets blown away with a reporter, and homicide comes up empty. One has Hotchkins on a hook and that's the one the department wouldn't let us tap. Whoever the ace is, he's got wires into the department.

PAPA

Jesus save us all.

ARCH

Maybe it's Hotchkins.

FRISCOE

(sighs)

What d'you want now?

SHARKY

Surveillance. 'Round the clock.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

SHARKY (CONT'D)

(to Nosh)
What's her name?

NOSH

Dominoe.

FRISCOE

Do you know how many man-hours
it would take...

SHARKY

Me. Just me. Twenty-four hours.
Find me a nest.

FRISCOE-

Just you -- that's the trouble!
Who else gives a damn. We got a one
man show here, and we're supposed to
change our routines around? Follow
your tune? If I take this through
the department...

PAPA

We blow it.

FRISCOE

(surprised)
What?

ARCH

We don't want to blow it.

FRISCOE

We?

Sharky hides a smile. His machine's beginning to work.
The old motors are running.

ARCH

It's our case.

PAPA

Don't let nobody else touch it,
Friscoe. Not yet.

Friscoe burns a look at Sharky. Sharky lets the smile show
now. Friscoe shakes his head at what's happening.

FRISCOE

So who wires the place?

They all turn to Nosh.

CUT TO:

64 INT. DOMINOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nosh kneels on the bed, reaching above the headboard to plant a small button microphone in the macrame wall hanging, hiding it and its wire.

SHARKY'S VOICE

Perfect.

NOSH

Wish it was a camera.

65 FULL SHOT

as Sharky finds a bit of wire on the bed beside Nosh.

SHARKY

You dropped this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

SHARKY (CONT'D)

Jesus, don't leave 'em a billboard.
You're sloppy. You were always
sloppy.

NOSH

I'll do the work. You do the
clean-up.

Nosh gets off the bed. Sharky beats at the bedspread.

SHARKY

Take your shoes off, for Christ
sake.

NOSH

(moving across
room)

Still a goddamn patrol boy.

We STAY WITH Sharky who holds one of the bed's small throw
pillows. He strokes it absently. It's satin. He sniffs
it, replaces it.

NOSH'S VOICE

She can't be all bad.

He walks to where Nosh is hiding a mike in a large plant.

NOSH

(continuing)
She loves her plants.

66 ON SHARKY

who walks to the dressing table, looks at the oils and
lotions there, delicate glass vials, at the pictures of
dancers, a dramatic dance shot of Dominoe -- who is strik-
ing, lovely. He picks up one of the tiny bottles of
perfume. His WALKIE-TALKIE CRACKLES.

ARCH'S VOICE

(on radio)

Zebra two to Zebra one.

SHARKY

Yeah, Zebra two.

ARCH'S VOICE

(on radio)

Take a look.

67 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharky walks into the dark living room, moves to the balcony window and looks across the courtyard at the matching high-rise there.

ARCH'S VOICE

(on radio)

See me?

SHARKY

No.

ARCH'S VOICE

Good. I see you. Eight eleven.
Third one down.

68 SHARKY'S POV

MOVING DOWN one, two, three -- to stare at a dark apartment across the way. Arch comes out on that balcony.

SHARKY'S VOICE

Perfect. We're almost out of here.

69 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

as Sharky enters, tosses that pillow on the bed.

SHARKY

Are we almost out of here?

NOSH

You want it fast or you want it right?

Sharky's RADIO CRACKLES again.

PAPA'S VOICE

(on radio)

Zebra three to Zebra one.

SHARKY

Yeah, Papa.

PAPA'S VOICE

(on radio)

She's on her way up.

SHARKY

Jesus. Okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

SHARKY (CONT'D)
(to Nosh)
That's it. She's on her way.
Wrap it up.

NOSH
(hurrying)
Shit.

SHARKY
Come on, come on.

Sharky paces as Nosh tosses things into his case, drops some of them, picks them up.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Come on!

They hurry out of the room.

70 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

as they come out of Dominoe's apartment, move quickly to the elevator.

The elevator door opens. DOMINOE is there. She's about thirty. Beautiful -- but it's not an affected beauty, not a groomed and painted beauty. It's natural. She's very tall.

They pass quickly, eyes barely sweeping over each other as Dominoe heads for her door and Sharky and Nosh suddenly pretend to be fixing something in the hallway. She passes and they hurry to the elevator.

71 INT. ELEVATOR

as the door closes. Sharky closes his eyes and breathes in her scent.

72 INT. SHARKY'S "NEST" - NIGHT

The nest is the apartment across the way. It's half an hour later. The place is mostly dark and very bare -- a cot for Sharky, all the amplifiers and tape machines, camera with telephoto lens, binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

Sharky is at the amplifiers, listening first through ear-phones. Then he takes them off and turns up the volume -- we hear CRACKLING.

SHARKY

Getting nothing but goddamn static,
Nosh.

Nosh and Arch enter from the kitchen -- which is the one lighted room. Nosh listens.

NOSH

She's takin' a shower, dummy.

ARCH

(leaving)

Papa'll come by in the morning.

SHARKY

Okay, Arch.

NOSH

I wonder if she snores?

SHARKY

Are you kidding? At those prices?
This lady is made of silk.
Doesn't even touch the ground
when she walks.

NOSH

Sounds like you'll be saving up
your money.

SHARKY

To me she's just the Queen, Nosh.
Two cards away from the big one.

Nosh slaps Sharky's shoulder as a goodbye. He leaves. Sharky is alone with the SOUND of Dominoe's SHOWER. He walks to the balcony window, stands there in the dark, looking across the way. He raises the binoculars.

73 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE'S APARTMENT

We hear the SHOWER END. The binoculars MOVE TO her bedroom where we see only a ghost of her through her closed drapes. We hear her MOVING ABOUT, LEAVING THE ROOM. The binoculars SWEEP TO her living room, and we see her now, only a GLIMPSE of her with wet hair, wearing a satin robe as she comes to her balcony window... and closes her drapes.

74 ON SHARKY

slowly lowering the binoculars. He hears her in the kitchen. He ambles toward his own kitchen.

75 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

as Sharky leans at the doorway of his bare and silent kitchen, listening to Dominoe MOVING ABOUT in her kitchen, imagining her. In a sense "watching her."

76 SHARKY'S POV OF HIS KITCHEN

as we hear Dominoe RUN THE FAUCET, RINSE A CUP or glass, TURN OFF THE WATER, WALK AWAY.

77 ON SHARKY

Sharky moves to a window. From his pocket he pulls out the tiny bottle of perfume he took from Dominoe's bedroom. He studies it, sniffs it, watches her.

78 SHARKY'S POV

We see the ghostly image of her behind her bedroom drapes. She slips out of her robe and turns out the light.

79 ON SHARKY

He ambles to his cot as we hear Dominoe LIE DOWN, MOANING with fatigue. Sharky sits on his cot. She sighs and rolls over, getting comfortable in her bed.

It's very quiet now -- only her breathing. Sharky lies down on his cot, staring at the ceiling, at his thoughts. We hear only their BREATHING. She STIRS a bit in her bed. Sharky gets comfortable, closes his eyes.

In a moment, over the amplifier, we hear a SLIGHT SNORE. Sharky's eyes open. Another SLIGHT SNORE. He goes wide-eyed and sits up. Another SNORE. He frowns.

SHARKY

Roll over, will you?

She STIRS. The snoring stops. He shakes his head, closes his eyes.

80 INT. SHARKY'S "NEST" - DAY

Sharky is jarred awake by the RINGING OF A PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED:

It is very early. He fumbles for the telephone which is on the floor near his cot.

SHARKY

God... damn.
 (picks it up)
 Yeah!

It KEEPS RINGING. He is bewildered a moment. Then Dominoe answers her phone. He had heard it ringing over the amplifiers.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Jesus Christ, who is this?!

TIFFANY'S VOICE

(over phone)
 It's Tiffany.

Sharky shakes himself awake, moves to the equipment, hits the record button on the tape machine, stretches, yawns.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

What the hell time is it?

TIFFANY'S VOICE

I'm sorry, Chel. I'm a little rattled.

SHARKY

Chel?

He yawns. We hear Dominoe YAWN.

81

INT. KITCHEN

Sharky shuffles into the kitchen, starts water boiling.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

You want to come over?

TIFFANY'S VOICE

I have to sleep. But I can't.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Come over anytime. Don won't be around.

SHARKY

Don... Hotchkins. The asshole.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

TIFFANY'S VOICE

I don't know. I'm sorry, Chel.
I'm no good for it anymore.

SHARKY

Why she call you Chel?

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Hang on. And stop using so much.
That's for the customers. What
did you take?

TIFFANY'S VOICE

I want to get out. Let's get out.

Sharky is making very strong instant coffee -- still half
asleep.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Well, we never settled on the
boutique or the dancing school or
the truck farm.

TIFFANY'S VOICE

You pick.

SHARKY

The farm.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

I might get that house.

TIFFANY'S VOICE

Seriously?

DOMINOE'S VOICE

It's got a dance studio in it.
He wants to buy it for me. You
could live there, too.

TIFFANY'S VOICE

Oh, Chel... that'd be great. No
kidding. Just...

Tiffany sounds like she's drifting off.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

We could trade recipes, have
tupperware parties.

Tiffany isn't really listening.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

TIFFANY'S VOICE

Great, Chel.

Dominoe knows she's not listening.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Raise iguanas...

TIFFANY'S VOICE

Great, Chel.

Sharky laughs.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

You're asleep for God's sake.
Hang up the phone.

The PHONE CLICKS OFF.

CUT TO:

82 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - DAY

It's an hour later. Sharky sits on the floor, eating a plate of eggs, drinking coffee. Over the amplifiers we hear Dominoe also EATING. It's as if they're having breakfast together. She is HUMMING. He hums a moment with her, absently. They share the same song.

She begins to SING the words. He sings with her, sipping coffee. We hear her DROP SOMETHING that CLATTERS into her dish.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Shit!

SHARKY

Clumsy.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Goddamn it! First time I wear
the goddamn thing...

We hear her RUNNING WATER. Sharky is smiling now.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

(continuing)

Look at that! Silk! Two hundred
goddamn dollars!!

He's laughing out loud. She's pissed.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE'S VOICE
(continuing)
Goddamn egg yolk!!

He's laughing.

MUSIC COMES POUNDING IN -- up and rhythmic. It's an OVERLAP to the next scene.

83 ON SHARKY'S WINDOW

as he walks to it, slowly raising his binoculars. It's later that day. He watches.

84 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE

in her living room -- dancing to the music. Modern jazz dancing. She's obviously trained. She's very good.

85 ON SHARKY

watching, studying her.

86 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE

dancing.

87 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - NEXT DAY

but the dancing MUSIC STAYS UP and PLAYS OVER this MONTAGE SEQUENCE. Papa and Sharky are sharing a fast food lunch out of bags and plastic cups. Sharky just glances at the great pile of burgers and fries in front of Papa, then he ambles to the window.

88 SHARKY'S POV - DOMINOE - NIGHT

as the MONTAGE CONTINUES -- it's the next night. She's a wispy figure beyond the bedroom drape, walking. The binoculars SWEEP WITH her, LOSE her, PICK her UP crossing the living room, nearly naked, LOSE her again. The binoculars SWEEP TO the next apartment. An old man is dining alone.

89 ON SHARKY

He's alone in the darkness, looking through the binoculars, moving them about.

90 SHARKY'S POV OF SEVERAL APARTMENTS

peeking in on private moments, on strangers in lighted boxes. Two couples play cards, someone stares out a window, a family is lit by the ghostly light of the television set.

91 REVERSE ANGLE - SHARKY

as we see him in his own little box.

92 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - DAY

MUSIC and MONTAGE OUT. Nosh and Arch watch out the window with binoculars. Sharky looks through a camera with a telephoto lens. We hear FAINT VOICES from Dominoe's apartment.

ARCH

That's him, isn't it?

SHARKY

Why can't we hear better?

NOSH

Let 'im get in the goddamn door.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Are you crazy?!

93 SHARKY'S POV

as we see Dominoe and Hotchkins get a few steps into the living room. He stops her, embraces her. Sharky is shooting photos.

HOTCHKINS

Of course. Of course I am.

DOMINOE

You shouldn't be anywhere near this place!

ARCH'S VOICE

That's him.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE

What about the security men?

Hotchkins is intense, all over her as he speaks, kissing her, giddy.

HOTCHKINS

I bought five minutes, five minutes.
You're looking at a winner. It's
going to be a landslide. I can
feel it. I'm a winner.

He slides down to his knees, backs her to the wall, his head against her stomach.

DOMINOE

(trying for a joke)

Thank God. Then you can afford
my house. What do we pay our
governor?

HOTCHKINS

You're in that house whether I win
or not. I already bought it.

He unbuttons her slacks. She tries to stop him.

DOMINOE

Wait a minute. Wait. Are you
serious? I have to... Did you
really buy it?!

She is suddenly intense, pulling his hair to make him face her.

DOMINOE

(continuing)

I have to know -- please!

HOTCHKINS

Of course. Of course. It's your
house.

He goes right to it, sliding her slacks down over her hips, revealing her panties.

HOTCHKINS

(continuing)

Oh, these are lovely, did I buy
you these?

He is pulling her panties down. She stands against the wall. He kneels before her.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

DOMINOE

Wait. Please...

HOTCHKINS

You made me a winner. Do you know that? It's you.

His head is in her crotch.

94 ON SHARKY, NOSH, ARCH

ARCH

He's fuckin' chewin' her.

NOSH

I ask you, should that man be governor?

They are enjoying it. Sharky is not. The PHONE RINGS. The others turn, but Sharky knows.

SHARKY

Her phone.

NOSH

Christ.

95 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE, HOTCHKINS

They ignore the phone. He stands now, embracing her.

HOTCHKINS -

Now take it. Now hold it. Hold it.

DOMINOE

Don, we'll go into the bedroom. We'll...

HOTCHKINS

No. No. Now put it in.

96 ON SHARKY

watching. Arch is smiling. Nosh giggles.

97 ON DOMINOE, HOTCHKINS

He is trying to enter her. She is trapped by the clothing down around her knees.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE

Wait. No.

They fall over. We hear Nosh's LAUGHTER. Dominoe moves away from him. The PHONE is STILL RINGING.

HOTCHKINS

Did I hurt you? I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She moves away from him, picks up the phone.

DOMINOE

Yes.

MAN'S VOICE

(a cultured voice,
slightly foreign,
very cold)

Are you as stupid as he is?

DOMINOE

(upset, but
covering it)

Oh, hello.

MAN'S VOICE

I want him out of there.

DOMINOE

(still covering)

Yes, things are fine. I...

MAN'S VOICE

Now.

He HANGS UP. She goes on.

DOMINOE

Yes, I'll have to call you back,
all right? Sure. Bye.

She hangs up.

NOSH'S VOICE

Who the hell was that?

ARCH'S VOICE

That was somebody, man.

Hotchkins comes to her, all zipped up now, apologetic.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

HOTCHKINS

Are you hurt?

She doesn't look at him.

DOMINOE

No.

HOTCHKINS

We'll have time. We will. We will.

Still not looking at him.

DOMINOE

You have to go now, don't you?

HOTCHKINS

Yes. Yes I... I am going to win, you know.

DOMINOE

I know.

He kisses her and hurries out.

98 ON SHARKY, NOSH, ARCH

NOSH

I'll copy that phone call for you so you'll have the voice.

ARCH

Sounded foreign.

Sharky raises the camera again -- not shooting, just studying her.

99 SHARKY'S POV - DOMINOE

She puts her head in her hands.

100 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - ON NOSH - ANOTHER DAY

lying on the bare floor near the tape machines, making a structure out of tape cassettes. We can hear two female VOICES in b.g. on the amplifier.

NOSH

Who's that?

101 ON SHARKY

leaning back, feet up, watching with binoculars.

SHARKY

Tiffany.

102 SHARKY'S POV - DOMINOE'S APARTMENT

Dominoe and an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, same age, are standing on the balcony. They wear shorts, old, comfortable clothes.

NOSH'S VOICE

We got good stuff from the Tiffany tape. We got a congressman.

SHARKY'S VOICE

No shit.

The girls are walking back inside. Their voices grow stronger.

NOSH'S VOICE

Yeah, we got...

SHARKY'S VOICE

Wait. Shhh.

103 ON SHARKY, NOSH

listening.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

We have to.

TIFFANY'S VOICE

You know I hate to go there. The things he makes us do.

DOMINOE

Don't even think. He speaks. You obey.

SHARKY

This could be something.

He gets a jacket on.

TIFFANY'S VOICE

I wish we didn't...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE'S VOICE
Move your ass. We can't be late.

SHARKY
I'll follow 'em. This could be
it, Nosh.

104 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY

as Sharky's car shoots out of the underground parking. He pulls to the street and waits for Dominoe's car to emerge. Something else catches his eye.

105 SHARKY'S POV - TIFFANY AND DOMINOE

are walking, not driving.

106 FULL SHOT

Sharky creeps along in the car, following.

107 EXT. PARK

as Tiffany and Dominoe cut through.

108 EXT. STREET

Sharky zooms around the park, trying to keep them in sight.

109 EXT. STOREFRONT BUILDING

as Dominoe and Tiffany enter.

110 ON SHARKY

on foot now, hurrying to the entrance. He opens the door and is about to go up the steps when he hears MUSIC. He steps outside, walks to the closest storefront and peers in.

111 SHARKY'S POV

A dance class is in progress, a male teacher is shouting commands to the dancers. We see Dominoe and Tiffany join the dancers.

112 ON SHARKY

He frowns. The dancers are now dancing by the window. One of them returns Sharky's stare. She breaks step to give Sharky the finger and close the window blinds.

113 INT. GYM - NIGHT

This is a Nautilus work-out room for the tenants of the apartment building where Dominoe lives. Men's and women's showers and saunas are off this room. Only two people work out now -- an out-of-shape man in his sixties, lifting small weights, and Dominoe. She is lying on a machine, working on her legs, pressing weights as she bends and straightens. It's a sensual movement, her body rising and falling a bit as she works. She wears tights and looks extremely wonderful.

114 ANGLE - DOORWAY

as Sharky pauses there, looking in.

115 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE

116 ON SHARKY

watching, then looking up as people walk down the corridor toward him. He suddenly moves into the gym, looking casual and not looking at her. He takes his shirt off, hangs it on a machine, gets into the apparatus and begins pressing weights, working on his chest and arms. In a moment, he chances a look at her.

117 ON DOMINOE

working, glancing at Sharky.

118 ON SHARKY

caught looking. He looks away and works out faster. He chances another glance.

119 ON DOMINOE

She stops working in order to add more weight to her machine. She lies back down, prepares to start, but first looks at Sharky.

120 ON SHARKY

Caught again. He stops working. He increases the weights on his machine.

121 ON DOMINOE

working faster than before, smiling a bit now.

122 ON SHARKY

working faster too.

123 ON OLDER MAN

working faster with his small weights, huffing.

124 ON DOMINOE

glancing at Sharky as she works.

125 ON SHARKY

glancing back but then working even harder, closing his eyes at the strain. Once more. Once more.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

I think you're pushing your luck.

He suddenly opens his eyes.

126 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE

She's standing beside him.

DOMINOE

You're not supposed to be here.

127 ON SHARKY

caught off guard, out of breath.

SHARKY

I'm not?

128 FULL SHOT

DOMINOE

(kidding)

Nope. I saw you working in my hallway. You're an employee. I could turn you in.

Sharky doesn't know what to say.

SHARKY

What're you... a cop?

He holds his breath.

DOMINOE

Instant dismissal. Don't you like your job?

SHARKY

Sometimes.

(with meaning)

You like yours?

DOMINOE

Sometimes.

(pause)

I think you enjoy pushing your luck. I can always tell the type.

SHARKY

You're not turning me in?

She is leaving, calling back over her shoulder.

DOMINOE

I'm not a cop.

SHARKY

A dancer, right?

That stops her. She smiles, surprised, pleased.

SHARKY

(continuing)

I can always tell the type.

They smile. She leaves. He watches her.

129 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - NIGHT

Now it's Sharky who is carefully stacking a house of tape cassettes, but it falls. Suddenly, on the amplifier he hears Dominoe's DOOR BEING OPENED. She GASPS.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Who is it?!

Sharky jumps for the window.

MAN'S VOICE

(same voice we
heard before)

Does anyone else have a key?

DOMINOE'S VOICE

(nervous)

No, I... I didn't expect...

He CLOSES THE DOOR.

MAN'S VOICE

I love the sound of that.

He OPENS IT and CLOSES IT AGAIN.

DOMINOE'S VOICE

Victor...

SHARKY

Victor.

VICTOR'S VOICE

Do you know what I leave on the
other side of the door when I
step in here?

DOMINOE'S VOICE

I've been trying to call...

130 CLOSE ON SHARKY

during:

VICTOR'S VOICE

The past -- all of it. The
future, too. All doubts, all
questions and beliefs.

131 SHARKY'S POV

as Dominoe walks into the living room behind VICTOR D'ANTON,
an attractive, cool and composed man in his fiftes. We're
not getting a clear, crisp look at him.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE

Did you get...?

VICTOR

I got all your messages, even before you sent them.

DOMINOE

We need to talk.

VICTOR

(moving about)

I never talk about what I already know. It wastes time.

DOMINOE

He has a place for me.

VICTOR

I have a place for you.

DOMINOE

A house, Victor -- a place.

VICTOR

Does he still think you're a dancer?

DOMINOE

I am a dancer.

He motions toward the bedroom.

VICTOR

Come then, dance with me.

He puts out a hand. She doesn't take it.

VICTOR

(continuing)

I want everything tonight, everything we've ever done and everything we've never done. Come.

She doesn't take his hand. He waits. She doesn't move.

VICTOR

(continuing)

So... You've decided.

DOMINOE

(frightened; a whisper)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR

(shaking his head)

This is a place to pass through,
on your way. People like us don't
stop, Dominoe. We have too much
of the world in our eyes. We've
seen it together. We've met the
devil -- together, and we've been
to heaven. Haven't we?

DOMINOE

I am stopping.

VICTOR

I don't think you can. For him?

DOMINOE

No, for me. It's time for me.

(pause)

Say goodbye. Please.

Victor offers his hand again.

VICTOR

I'll say goodbye... but not with
words.

DOMINOE

(stares a moment)

The last time.

VICTOR

Yes.

DOMINOE

Do you mean it?

VICTOR

Do I ever say what I don't mean?

DOMINOE

(pause)

I'll make it the best.

VICTOR

Yes.

She finally takes his offered hand. He leads her toward
the bedroom. The binoculars LOSE them, PICK them UP behind
the bedroom drape. We see ghostly figures. Victor is
undressing. Dominoe is preparing things. Victor puts on
a RECORD -- the same music we heard in Siakwan's apartment
in the first scene. Dominoe undresses.

132 ON SHARKY

watching.

133 SHARKY'S POV

as Victor hands her a pill:

DOMINOE

I don't use that anymore.

VICTOR

Take it.

DOMINOE

No, Victor.

He continues to hold it toward her. She does take it, swallows it.

Through the following sequence we study the veiled figures of Dominoe and Victor through Sharky's POV. We INTERCUT our own study of Sharky, the watcher. Dominoe will annoint Victor. They will apply oils and powders to each other's organs. They will perform a dozen skills in the art of sex, in the art of both stimulating the orgasm and the delaying it, stretching out the moments of anticipation until both of them are moaning, whimpering, almost crying from the pure pleasure.

Sharky watches, and changes as he watches, from cop to voyeur, to lonely man a window away from a woman he wants, wants to touch and hold and be held by. He finally can watch no more. He moves from the window.

134 INT. SHARKY'S LIVING ROOM

He sits on his cot. He can still hear their love play. He lies down. She is WEEPING with pleasure. He reaches over, turns off the machine. He's in silence now and truly alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - NIGHT

Hours later. Sharky is pacing, jacket on, glancing across the way. He hears a SOUND on the amplifiers that stops him. Now he goes to the window. He hears the apartment DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. He bolts for his own door.

136 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

as Sharky hurries to the underground parking exit. He waits there until he hears a CAR ROARING upward. He steps out in front of it. The CAR SCREECHES and stops. Sharky steps to the side. It is a chauffeured limo. It passes him. He glances at the dark image of Victor in the back seat, then stares after the car.

137 SHARKY'S POV OF THE AUTO LICENSE PLATES

138 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - THE NEXT NIGHT

We hear SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING, the SIGHING and WHIMPERING of Dominoe, then the peaceful BREATHING. The CAMERA is PANNING the bare apartment. We FIND Sharky seated on the floor, back against the wall, staring off. He rises, goes to the machine, clicks off the lovemaking tape, hits a tape of Dominoe SINGING. He listens a moment. The PHONE RINGS. He kills the tape, picks up the phone.

SHARKY

Hi. No, she's still out. Anybody make 'Victor' from the plates?

NOSH'S VOICE

(over phone)

Registered to Far East Imports, Inc., which is owned by Alfa Properties...

SHARKY

Which is...

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

NOSH'S VOICE
(over phone)
I'm workin' on it. So far no
Victors.

Over the amplifiers we hear DOOR OPEN, CLOSE.

SHARKY
She's home. Gotta go.

He hangs up, hurries to the window.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Where've you been for Christ
sake?

139 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE'S APARTMENT

Lights go on, but she's only a ghost-like figure beyond
the thin drape.

SHARKY'S VOICE
Open the drape. Get some air.

She moves into the bedroom, turns on the lights -- still
a dim figure.

140 EXT. SHARKY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

We see the window where Sharky stands in the darkness.
We BEGIN TO PAN ACROSS the building, MOVING SLOWLY,
MOVING DOWN. The MUSIC is ominous. We PASS several
lighted apartments, people inside. We ARRIVE AT a
dark window where the blinds are drawn. We ZOOM IN TO
a space in the blinds, where the slats are held apart.
We DISCOVER binoculars there.

141 INT. DARK APARTMENT - ON BILLY SCORE - NIGHT

He is watching Dominoe's apartment. He lowers the
binoculars, takes out the wooden matchstick that held
the blinds apart. He moves to the sofa, turns on a
lamp. On the floor is a sawed-off shotgun with a
silencer blimp. On the table before him is a silenced
22 pistol, an open briefcase, a glass of water.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

He looks at the two guns, but doesn't move. Then he turns to the open briefcase. He finds a spoon and a small box of cocaine. He sniffs, replaces the paraphernalia carefully. He looks at the guns again, breathing deeply, waiting to feel that inner edge. He touches the pistol a moment. His hand jabs into his pocket and comes up with several red pills. He pops them, but one misses his mouth and falls to the floor unnoticed. He drinks the water. He waits a moment more. He feels good, very good. He stares at the guns and decides, places the pistol inside the briefcase, brings the shotgun to his lap, lays it there carefully and begins to load it.

142 EXT. DOMINOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The figure behind the drape is changing from a dress to a robe -- we catch only a glimpse.

143 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - NIGHT

watching her.

SHARKY

How about coming over for a glass of wine? I don't have any wine. How about a glass of water and some cold pizza?

144 EXT. SHARKY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

as Billy Score exits the building, carrying a coat over his arm -- under the coat is the shotgun. He crosses the courtyard and enters Dominoe's building.

145 EXT. DOMINOE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

We see the dim figure plop onto the bed with a magazine.

SHARKY'S VOICE

What're you reading? You ever read The Old Man And The Sea?

146 ON SHARKY

watching.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

SHARKY

I didn't either, but I saw the movie.

On the amplifiers we hear Dominoe's DOORBELL RING.

SHARKY

(continuing)

Who the hell is that?

147 SHARKY'S POV OF DOMINOE'S APARTMENT

as the ghostly figure leaves the bedroom, crosses the living room, heading for the door, passing OUT OF SIGHT.

148 ON SHARKY

watching. He hears her OPEN THE DOOR. Then... PHUMP! PHUMP!, and the SOUND OF A BODY CRASHING, FALLING.

He lowers the binoculars, frozen a moment -- inside he knows, he knows. He suddenly runs, snatches up his gun and rushes out the door.

149 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

as Sharky comes storming out of his building, racing into Dominoe's.

150 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

as he charges down the hall to her door. He stops, tries the door, then suddenly, kicks, kicks, kicks it in.

151 INT. DOMINOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

as he crouches, gun ready. There's no one there but the body in the entrance way. His eyes avoid it one second more. Then he looks at her and sound escapes his throat. He stands and goes to her. We FOLLOW him, see the holes in the wall, the blood -- the body. She is faceless, a desecrated human being.

152 ON SHARKY

pulling his eyes away, shaken, full of deep sorrow and loss.

153 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

as Friscoe walks to Dominoe's door. It is an hour later. He knocks. Someone looks through the peephole, lets him in.

154 INT. DOMINOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Papa has let Friscoe in. Two men study the body and the area around it -- a tall skinny DR. SIMMS, known as TWIGS and a MR. BARRETT. Friscoe reacts to the gore.

FRISCO
Jesus. Goddamn butcher shop.

TWIGS
(busy)
Hello, Friscoe.

FRISCOE
Twigs. Barrett.

He turns to the others. Papa, Arch and Nosh sit and mope about the living room. Sharky stands staring out the window.

FRISCO
(continuing)
Wait a minute. Wait a minute!
I see the M.E., I see Forensics,
I see Vice -- where the hell is
Homicide?

PAPA
(a bit sheepish)
We didn't call 'em.

FRISCOE
You didn't...?

He is dumbstruck.

PAPA
We wanna do it.

FRISCOE
Do what?!

PAPA
Handle it.

FRISCOE
Handle it?!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

FRISCOE (CONT'D)

You'll handle yourselves right off the force. The rule is homicide gets notified. Before anybody takes a breath or goes to the goddamn toilet, homicide gets notified! Arch! For Christ sake, are you in on this?

ARCH

She was ours. Somebody blew her away.

FRISCOE

You know how far over your heads you are?! Jaspers'll nail your asses to the wall! Mine too!

(he turns to the
examiners)

What about you two?!

TWIGS

(busy)

I work for the county, Friscoe. I make a preliminary report to the officer in charge. Sergeant Sharky was the ranking man on the scene. Jaspers can suck an egg. Mr. Barrett?

BARRETT

Agreed.

FRISCOE

You're all nuts. I'm calling homicide.

NOSH

They'll bury it.

PAPA

They'll lose it, Friscoe.

FRISCOE

What can we do?! You can't go after Hotchkins. All we got is a tape. He's practically governor, anyway. You got a name. Photos don't mean shit. There's no choice.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: (2)

ARCH

We got a choice.

FRISCOE

(to Sharky)

What've you been tellin' these guys?

Sharky starts slow and soft -- doesn't turn from the window.

SHARKY

Nothing. Go ahead and call. First the department'll have a big laugh -- Those jokers in Vice just lost a citizen. Then they'll take our case away. Our case. They'll make some noise, arrest a few low-lives and that'll be the end of it.

(turns to Friscoe)

Meanwhile, the son of a bitch who iced that lady -- our lady -- is out there. I want that son of a bitch and Arch wants him and Papa and Nosh too, and we can get him -- if we work alone, fast and light. We hit the street like street cops -- remember? And we don't stop. We don't stop. Ten, Jack, Queen, King, Ace. We go all the way with no stupid cops, no crooked cops, nobody to screw it up. Our case start to finish and we finish it, the joker's in Vice. You gave me this machine, now give me two more days to run it. Two days.

Friscoe stares at him -- then looks at Papa, Arch, Nosh. He shakes his head, muttering to himself.

FRISCOE

What've you go so far?

155 INT. ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT

as Twigs opens the door.

TWIGS

The killer stood approximately... here. From the angle of fire we'd say someone five-seven to five-nine. A professional -- in and out very quickly, and with a weapon like that.

156 FULL SHOT

SHARKY

Papa, you go after the gun.

BARRETT

Probably an over and under, exposed
hammer.

PAPA

(leaving)

Got it.

NOSH

He shoots her, then closes the door --
nice and quiet. We've got it on the
tape. He's cool.

FRISCOE

Same one who iced the Chinese hooker?

ARCH

(leaving)

I'm checking on it. Catch up with
you later.

SHARKY

Barrett, why don't you finish up?
Call us after the autopsy. Twigs,
come with us, all right?

FRISCOE

Where?

Sharky goes to the window again.

SHARKY

I think he was watching the apartment.
I think he saw her come in -- like I
did.

FRISCOE

There was only one empty apartment
over there.

SHARKY

But two where the people are out of
town. He's careful. He would check
it out. C'mon, Nosh.Sharky, Nosh and Twigs leave. Friscoe watches them go.
Barrett smiles as he works.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

BARRETT

How does it feel, Friscoe? Bit
like old times?

157 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

as Nosh, Sharky and Twigs approach the door.

SHARKY

(quietly)

Pop it.

Nosh goes to work and quickly pops the lock.

SHARKY

(continuing)

Back off, Twigs.

Twigs retreats, as Nosh and Sharky pull their guns, get ready
-- then rush into the apartment.

158 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

They point their guns at the empty room. Nosh sighs.

NOSH

Jesus, that scares the hell out of
me.

Nosh, Twigs, and Sharky walk about the place, searching for
signs of the killer.

NOSH

(continuing)

We strike out again?

SHARKY

You think everybody's as sloppy as
you? You've gotta look.

Nosh sees the red pill on the floor.

NOSH

Look.

Sharky points to the table, ignoring him.

SHARKY

This is recent -- this water ring.
See? And this chair's been moved.
You gotta look.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

Nosh picks up the pill.

NOSH

Look!

Twigs joins them as they study the pill.

SHARKY

Red devil?

TWIGS

Could be.

Twigs takes it and goes off searching. Sharky goes to the window, looks across the way. His stare is deep.

SHARKY

Perfect view.

TWIGS' VOICE

Oil smudge on the carpet. Might've laid the gun here.

NOSH

Any prints?

TWIGS' VOICE

Wore gloves, I'd say.

Nosh joins Sharky at the window.

NOSH

Cold and tidy son of a bitch. Two hookers in two months.

SHARKY

(staring out
the window)

She was a dancer.

TWIGS' VOICE

Bingo.

159 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

as Sharky and Nosh join Twigs there. Twigs is examining the toilet flush lever.

TWIGS

Keep this in mind.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

SHARKY
Keep what in mind?

TWIGS
Nobody likes to wear gloves when they
take a leak.

Sharky and Nosh exchange a look. MUSIC now as we begin a
MONTAGE SEQUENCE. We start very close on an object. We're in

160 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

A tweezer holds a tiny lead ball, carries it, drops it. We
look into the metal receptacle and see that there are several
bloody shotgun pellets in there.

161 CLOSE ON TWIGS

as he performs the autopsy.

162 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CLOSE ON COMPUTER KEYBOARD - NIGHT

as fingers punch in a message.

163 CLOSE ON NOSH

with printout of fingerprint ready to send through the
electronic equipment.

164 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS GUN ROOM - NIGHT

as we TRACK very close on a row of confiscated guns, shotguns
-- all of them tagged.

165 CLOSE ON PAPA

as he walks along, studying the guns. MONTAGE SEQUENCE ENDS,
but the MUSIC remains as a kind of motor, driving these
scenes of the investigation.

166 INT. LARGE PLUSH HOME - NIGHT

It's a party for Hotchkins and we see the candidate at the
long buffet table. He's the man of the hour and there is a
kind of glow about him. He is circled by smiling glad-
handlers, happy to be within the glow.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

Sharky approaches the circle. He is wearing a (sort of) jacket and tie -- both wrinkled. He waits for a chance.

SHARKY

Mr. Hotchkins.

HOTCHKINS

(very on -- very good at it)
And how are you, sir?

SHARKY

Got a question.

HOTCHKINS

Well here I am. Now's the time to put me on the spot.

Some of the others laugh. Then a woman interrupts.

WOMAN

Oh Hotch, I'd like you to meet Charlie Wiggin...

SHARKY

(lobbing the word in)
Dominoe.

WOMAN

From down in Fortson...

CHARLIE

Hey, Hotchkins...

But Hotchkins has gone stiff upon hearing Sharky's word. He still manages a smile to Charlie.

HOTCHKINS

Uh, excuse me. One second.
Uhh, Charlie.

He moves Sharky a few steps down the line at the buffet table, speaks just above a whisper.

HOTCHKINS

(continuing)
Who are you?

Sharky begins to show his badge.

SHARKY

Sergeant Sharky...

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (2)

HOTCHKINS

Put that way, for God's sake.

Hotchkins works at keeping a smile on his face for the benefit of those watching.

HOTCHKINS

(continuing)

Let's go to another room.

SHARKY

(won't budge)

This is fine.

Sharky is helping himself to food now.

HOTCHKINS

What did you say to me?

SHARKY

Dominoe.

HOTCHKINS

I don't know what that means.

SHARKY

Made you change color though.

MAN

Hotch, how's your day tomorrow? I...

HOTCHKINS

Uh, one minute.

(smiles, winks)

Excuse us one minute, Sam.

The man leaves.

HOTCHKINS

(continuing)

Sergeant, what d'you want?

SHARKY

What do you know about her?

HOTCHKINS

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

SHARKY

We've got it on tape... Don.

A pause -- as Hotchkins stares, figuring.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (3)

HOTCHKINS

How much do you want?

SHARKY

She's dead.

Hotchkins is shaken.

CHARLIE

Mr. Hotchkins, we got a lotta
people....

Hotchkins puts a hand toward Charlie, but can't speak.

HOTCHKINS

Mmmm!

SAM

(coming near)
Somethin' wrong?

HOTCHKINS

(working so hard
to cover)

No I... I gotta hear this gentleman
out. Gotta...

They leave, wondering, glancing back.

SHARKY

Somebody killed her.

HOTCHKINS

(very shaky)
Who?

SHARKY

That's my question.

Hotchkins is shaking his head, lost in thought. He comes
back into focus.

HOTCHKINS

Have you told...? Does the press
know? Who knows about this -- about
me?

SHARKY

Who killed her?

HOTCHKINS

(a fierce whisper)
Who have you told?!

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (4)

SHARKY

Who killed her?

HOTCHKINS

I don't know!

Quite a few nearby people hush and stare. Hotchkins tries to make his shaking lips smile as he walks Sharky down the table a bit.

HOTCHKINS

(continuing)

Tell me... what you want!

SHARKY

Well... see what you can do about the highway system, cut state taxes, better schools -- you fucking hypocrite, somebody blew her up!

HOTCHKINS

I can't help you!

SHARKY

Think of a way. I'll be in touch.

Sharky leaves him. The others crowd around. Hotchkins does his best to cover.

167 ANGLE - DOORWAY

Arch waits there. Sharky joins him and they walk out.

SHARKY

He didn't know.

ARCH

Fuckin' politician. They're actors, man.

SHARKY

He didn't know.

They leave.

168 INT. DISCO - NIGHT

As Papa -- out of place here -- walks among the dancers on a crowded floor, searching out someone. He finds LEO, a small, flashy middle-aged man dancing with a young attractive girl.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

Leo does a turn and finds himself staring at Papa -- who has stepped between the two and begun his own lumbering dance to the music. Leo frowns. The girl stares, wondering. Papa waves for Leo to follow him.

169 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A dead-end hallway with a large cigarette machine. Papa and Leo enter. Leo is angry. He comes in talking.

LEO

You havin' a good time, Papa? Is this all you got to do? Bother people? You could be bowling...

PAPA

(weary)

Leo...

LEO

You could be home sleeping. You think I got no rights? I got...

PAPA

Let's talk about guns.

LEO

Guns?! That's 'old! Your information is old. You must be getting fuzzy. You got dust up there. I haven't been near...

PAPA

(sighs)

Leo... Leo, I'm already running out of time and I just started. Let's not dance any more. A heavy hit just went down, maybe a contract, the name is Dominoe, top-of-the-line hooker. The weapon's a...

LEO

I told you. I'm not close to that action. Now back off, Papa. Ain't you a little past it for this kind of roust?

Papa seems to slump as he stands there. He nods, weary -- then he suddenly moves. He grips that cigarette machine and slides it away from the wall in one great push -- blocking the corridor, trapping Leo behind the machine.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

LEO'S VOICE

Hey! Jesus!

He jumps up to see Papa, then disappears.

LEO

What're you, crazy?

Papa's getting cigarettes. Leo's jumping up.

LEO

(continuing)

Papa!

His cigarettes come down.

PAPA

No matches. No goddamn matches.

He kicks the machine hard. It falls backwards, now leaning against the back wall. No Leo. Then a voice -- from the space between the machine and the floor.

LEO

You're fuckin' crazy, man.

PAPA

Leo... let's talk about shotguns.

170 INT. CAR - NIGHT

as Arch and Sharky drive along. The MUSIC is up again, moving us along. Sharky glances at his watch.

SHARKY

Clock's runnin' out.

ARCH

Here it is.

171 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

They pull over near a bar. This is a rundown area, very black. A few Blacks stand outside the bar. Sharky and Arch get out of the car, and Sharky begins to walk to the bar. Arch watches him.

ARCH

Where you going?

Sharky turns, surprised. He walks back to Arch.

172 ANGLE - SHARKY, ARCH

They stare.

ARCH

You walk in there half a minute after me. You lean on the bar and say nothing and you keep your eyes polite.

Sharky stares a moment.

SHARKY

Polite.

Arch nods.

ARCH

Act like you know your place.

There's a hint of a smile, then Arch walks away. Sharky watches him go.

173 INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's quiet, some mellow JUKE MUSIC, not crowded. The bartender, BOOTS, is a tough-looking man who wears a cap. Arch enters and the bartender recognizes him, plays it friendly but wary.

BOOTS

Hey, brother, how they hangin'?

ARCH

Hangin' full. What's happenin'?

BOOTS

Not a thing, man; it's tired.

Arch nods, then waves the man closer. He leans over the bar to speak privately.

174 ANGLE - ARCH, BOOTS

ARCH

Boots... you see that honky that just walked in?

Boots looks over.

175 ANGLE - SHARKY

at the bar.

176 ON BOOTS, ARCH

Boots nods.

ARCH

He's got a piece, a nine millimeter
with soft loads. You give the sign,
and he'll shoot your dick off. Now...
let me see some gold. Come on.

Slowly, Botts forces a smile, showing several gold teeth.
Arch smiles too. Then Arch moves down the bar to Sharky.

177 ANGLE - ARCH, SHARKY

ARCH

(quietly)
If he takes his hat off, kill 'im
and come after me.

Arch walks toward the back room. Sharky turns to Boots,
stares -- smiles a big grin.

178 ON BOOTS

wearing that frozen smile.

179 INT. BACK ROOM

as Arch walks in. There's a staircase leading to the floor
above. Arch heads for the staircase and stops. There's a
MAN on the stairs. He's coming down slowly, a big, mean
mother.

MAN

What you want?

Arch looks up.

180 ARCH'S POV

of door at top of steps.

181 ON ARCH, MAN

Arch nods toward the door. The Man shakes his head, smiling
a bit, menacing.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

MAN
That door's locked, brother.

ARCH
(quiet)
I got the key.

The big Man begins to move, but Arch is faster, shoving his knee into the Man's groin, then pushing him away. The Man crashes into some boxes as he falls. Arch freezes a moment, then he hears it, a great RACKET upstairs, someone scurrying. Arch dives for the back door.

182 EXT. BACK OF BAR

Arch comes out the back door. He hears someone scrambling down the outside staircase nearby. He moves to that stairway, waits. Just as the Man is clattering down the final steps, Arch swings around and punches him. The Man runs right into the punch and it lays him out on the steps. He's moaning. Arch sits on the steps next to him. The man's name is KITTEN.

As Kitten holds his face and moans, Arch waits.

KITTEN
Oh, you hurt me. God, I'm hurt.
I need an ambulance, man.

ARCH
(getting comfortable)
Bleed, Kitten.

KITTEN
Arch? Is that you? Call a doctor,
man. I can't see.

Arch dips into Kitten's coat, comes up with a bag of pills, holds it up.

ARCH
You see this?

KITTEN
(feigning blindness)
No, man, what is it?

ARCH
Ten years.

Kitten sits up straighter, no blind act now.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

KITTEN

Don't say that! Now, what d'you want?

Arch takes the red pill found by Nosh and holds it up.

ARCH

Don't get much call for the red devil, do you.

Kitten is brushing himself off.

KITTEN

Nahh, too expensive, too much punch...

ARCH

You'd remember a buy.

Kitten stares at him now, as he straightens his clothes.

KITTEN

Since when did you give a shit, Arch?

ARCH

You had a buy!

KITTEN

What d'you want -- a cut?

Arch stands up, pulling Kitten with him.

ARCH

I'll send you up solid and wave goodbye.

KITTEN

Okay! Last month. Early last month. Fifty pills, ten bucks a jolt.

ARCH

Who?

KITTEN

I don't...

Kitten sees something that jolts him. He covers, glancing down the alley.

KITTEN

Don't remember.

183 KITTEN'S POV

In the shadows, an ORIENTAL MAN, young and lithe, staring at him, then moving back into the shadow.

184 ON KITTEN, ARCH

ARCH
Is it worth ten years?

KITTEN
I never saw the man! He sent a runner.

Kitten is chilled by what he has seen.

ARCH
What kind of runner?

Kitten slumps.

KITTEN
Oh, man... you're putting me in deep.

Kitten puts his head in his hands.

KITTEN
(continuing)
You're killin' me, Arch.

He suddenly springs off those steps, pushing Arch back as he leaps. He hits the ground running, heads down the alley, away from what he saw there.

Arch has fallen onto the steps.

ARCH
Shit.

He springs up, and follows.

185 INT. ALLEY

as Arch runs, sees nothing ahead, stops, hears a SOUND to his left, climbs and vaults a fence.

186 ON KITTEN

trying to run silently in an alleyway between two buildings, a narrow space, trying to reach the street.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

He cries out as ahead of him a different ORIENTAL MAN steps out of the shadows. Kitten turns to run the other way and steps right into a vicious Kung Fu kick from the man he first saw. This man is so quick and deadly. He spins and kicks the still reeling Kitten who falls toward the other Chinese man. This man draws back and deals the death blow to Kitten's neck. Kitten falls like a limp puppet. The Chinese pad away silently. We hear Arch approaching.

187 ON ARCH

hurrying into that space between buildings. Stopping as he sees Kitten. He stares at the man.

188 ON KITTEN

his eyes open and surprised and dead. The MUSIC again, driving us through this night.

188A EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

We see that mysterious and elegant limousine humming along -- Victor D'Anton's limo. It stops in the street next to a parked car.

188B ANGLE - PARKED CAR

as Donald Hotchkins, stares at the limo, looks about, gets out of his car. There is a man with him, one of his aides who we glimpsed at the party, but this man stays in the car. Hotchkins walks to the limo.

188C ON LIMO

as Hotchkin's hand hits the back door, he hears the LOCK CLICK OFF. He opens the door and gets in.

188D INT. VICTOR'S LIMO - NIGHT

Hotchkins sits next to Victor, trying to control his rage. Victor is quite relaxed. They drive on.

VICTOR

That's not the look of a winner,
Donald.

(CONTINUED)

188D CONTINUED:

HOTCHKINS

I loved her.

VICTOR

You loved her art.

HOTCHKINS

And she loved me.

VICTOR

That was her art -- creating that illusion.

HOTCHKINS

You're wrong. You can be wrong!
Do you know that?! Do you think
you're God?!

VICTOR

Heaven forbid.

HOTCHKINS

I'm telling you we loved each other.
I'm telling you I'm sick of you
twisting my life around! You went
too far, Victor!

VICTOR

(quietly)

There's no such place.

HOTCHKINS

I'm telling you...!

VICTOR

Shhh. Sh. You can't tell me, Donald.
Now shh. But perhaps you can learn
from me. You draw a clear, straight
line to what you want. And you move.
You do not stop. You do not go
around anything or anyone. She
would have stopped you -- destroyed
you.

HOTCHKINS

No! She...

VICTOR

(immediately, to driver)

Stop the car.

(CONTINUED)

188D CONTINUED: (2)

The car pulls over and stops. Victor continues, quietly, but running out of patience.

VICTOR

(continuing)

I'm on my way to what I want, Donald.
I can take you with me... all the way
... or I can drop you here. Now.

Hotchkins is quiet now, near tears.

HOTCHKINS

She wouldn't have hurt me, Victor.
She...

VICTOR

(to driver)

Open his door.

Hotchkins' door CLICKS, UNLOCKING. Hotchkins looks at that door.

VICTOR

(continuing)

I have a long way to go. Are you
coming?

In a moment Hotchkins sits back, leans back into the plush seat, beaten.

VICTOR

(continuing)

Drive.

The car drives on.

CUT TO:

189 OMITTED

189

190 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

A mammoth cafeteria with a large staff setting up for the day. It's 6:30 a.m. There are almost no customers. Several TV sets are arranged for customer viewing.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

VOICE ON TV
... as the state gears up for the
gubernatorial elections. A large
turn-out is expected tomorrow...

191 ON FRISCOE

He sits at a long table in this shoddy place, sipping coffee.
He looks up and begins shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

FRISCOE

Jesus Christ...

One by one they arrive at the table. No one has slept -- Nosh, Sharky, Papa, Arch. They are dragging. Twigs also joins them.

FRISCOE

(continuing)

What a great lookin' machine. Okay, come on, who's got what? Put something on the table. Time's runnin' out, and we got our nuts in the door jamb. Papa?

PAPA

Shotgun -- twelve gauge, silenced and sawed off. Same kind of thing used by Argentine kill teams, other assassins in South America. Shown up in Africa too -- mercenaries. My contact knew a few weapons freaks who had one. Nothin' panned out.

SHARKY

Somebody's trackin' us. They took out Kitten Holmes for talking to Arch, but he wasn't shot.

ARCH

Broken like a stick -- but we learned our shooter's got a big red devil habit. The buy came down last month. Puts him in town just before the other hooker was blown away.

TWIGS

The blind woman and the reporter were shot at close range by a silenced twenty two. Guessing at the killer's height -- it's the same. No one saw him in or out. Gloves again.

FRISCOE

Fuckin' ghost.

NOSH

Ghosts don't leave prints.
(his hand up)
May I speak now?

FRISCOE

Jesus Christ, speak.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

NOSH

The bureau made his print.

They all stop, stare. Nosh beams, draws an envelope from his pocket.

NOSH

(continuing)

William Score, citizen of British Hong Kong, age -- forty-seven. Great career here.

FRISCOE

Come on, come on.

NOSH

Slave trade -- girls. They buy 'em or kidnap 'em. They break 'em down -- drugs, rape, whatever it takes, then sell 'em or rent 'em out. Even little kids, I'm talkin' about. It's a big international business.

SHARKY

Who's they?

NOSH

Him and his brother, James Score. James dropped out of sight five years ago. William has branched out, kidnapping, murder. Shown up around the world as mercenary, hired assassin.

SHARKY

We got the fucker.

ARCH

We got a name is all we got.

NOSH

And a face.

He shows the double picture to the group.

NOSH

(continuing)

Here they are. Our guy is on the left.

He points to Billy. We study James -- who is now Victor D'Anton, a much changed man. Sharky doesn't make him.

FRISCOE

He's been in town a month. Probably still here.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (3)

SHARKY

I want this lover.

FRISCOE

You've got forty more hours. Better use some of them for sleeping.

They begin to rise -- except Sharky. He's studying the picture.

PAPA

I'll call you at noon, Sharky.

SHARKY

Call me at her place.

ARCH

Whose place?

NOSH

(knowing)

Dominoe's.

The others leave. Nosh sits down beside Sharky. Sharky is preoccupied, groping.

SHARKY

I knew her, Nosh. I never even touched her, but...

(pause)

You know, we've never been anywhere, you and I.

NOSH

We've been lots of places.

SHARKY

Nowhere. Somebody like that... She could take you places.

NOSH

If you can afford the trip.

SHARKY

I don't mean that. I don't know what I mean.

He leaves. Nosh stares after him.

192 INT. DOMINOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sharky is ransacking the place, finding nothing. He stops, stares at the dressing table, at her things, photos, one of them a photo of Dominoe and Tiffany. He turns to the bed, picks up one of the silky throw pillows. He sniffs it. He carries it with him as he walks out.

193 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

as Sharky moves to the couch, sits, puts his feet up. He has MUSIC playing -- the music she danced to. He has also made himself a drink. As he lays back, closes his eyes -- the front door opens.

DOMINOE

Hellooooo.

He sees her and freezes -- mouth open. She is just unlocking and opening the door, breezing in.

DOMINOE

(continuing)

Tiff...?

She stops and gasps -- looking at the torn and bloody wall. He sits up. She turns her wide eyes on him. He is equally wide-eyed. He stands up. She takes a step back. He suddenly laughs a short mad laugh of surprise, relief, and joy.

DOMINOE

(continuing)

What the hell is going on?

He takes a step, and she's about to back out of the door.

SHARKY

Wait.

DOMINOE

(calling into
the apartment)

Tiffany?!

(to him)

Who the hell are you?

SHARKY

(still taking
it all in)

I'm just... I... I'm so glad to see you.

DOMINOE

What's happening here?!

SHARKY

(coming out of it)

Yes. Right! What the hell is... where were you? You were gone all night!

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE
I'm calling the cops.

SHARKY
I am the cops.

DOMINOE
Bullshit.

SHARKY
No bullshit. Sharky. Vice Division.
(showing his shield)
I've had you staked out for five
days. Close that.

She slowly closes the door behind her, staring at him.

DOMINOE
You sneaky son of a bitch.
(pause; she
points at wall)
What's...

SHARKY
A woman was killed here last night.
We thought it was you.

DOMINOE
(rocked by it)
Oh... God.

She is suddenly weak, almost sick. She sits on the nearest surface, the steps into the living room. Sharky brings her his drink. She takes it but doesn't drink for a while, doesn't move.

DOMINOE
(continuing)
Oh, no...

SHARKY
You said Tiffany. Is that who it
was?

She nods.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Who knew she was coming here?

Dominoe takes a gulp of the drink, very shakey.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2)

SHARKY
(continuing)
Who knew she was coming here?

DOMINOE
What?

SHARKY
(unrelenting)
Who else knew Tiffany was here?!

DOMINOE
Nobody. Unless she called...

SHARKY
She didn't.

He ambles to the doorway, thoughtful.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Same height as you, same coloring.
She opens the door. Not much
light here. Bam. Hit in the face.

Dominoe shivers.

SHARKY
(continuing)
He thinks you're dead.

DOMINOE
Who?

SHARKY
William Score. You know 'im?

She shakes her head, trembling.

SHARKY
(continuing)
You going to be sick?

She suddenly gets up, goes to the stereo, shuts off the music, stands there.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Who sent him to kill you?

DOMINOE
(barely audible)
I can't talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (3)

SHARKY

(bulldog)

Don't be stupid. Don't be stupid.
I know all about you. And Hotchkins.

She turns to him.

SHARKY

(continuing)

Every word. Everything for the last
five days. Now, who wants you dead?
Victor?

She starts to walk away. He grabs her arm hard.

SHARKY

(continuing)

Give me a last name! Victor who?

DOMINOE

Don't! I can't. I...

SHARKY

He's no customer. He's the man,
isn't he?

DOMINOE

Could you please...

(straight,
vulnerable)

Could you please leave me alone for
a while?

SHARKY

No. They're out there. Score and
the man who sent 'im. They'll
find out you're alive and they'll
come for you.

DOMINOE

What d'you care?

SHARKY

I want them. I want the whole
operation. I want to take it apart.

DOMINOE

(a bitter, empty
laugh)

You?

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (4)

He suddenly grabs her shoulders. Her drink spills on her.

DOMINOE
(continuing)
Goddamn...!

He hits the glass out of her hand. She slaps him. He pushes her hard onto a sofa.

SHARKY
What did he do, find you on the street? You were working the streets -- then what? What?!

DOMINOE
I'm a dancer.

SHARKY
You don't dance for money. You fuck for money. Does Victor pay you too or does he own you?

DOMINOE
You're so goddamn smart. You're so goddamn right!! You're so good! He owns you, too, you dumb cop asshole!

She stands and he pushes her even harder. She sprawls on the sofa, near tears.

SHARKY
What'd he do, buy you?

DOMINOE
(weakening)
He found me.

SHARKY
(not letting up,
mean)
You were lost?

DOMINOE
He helped me. He did. And he...
educated me. He knows... He knows...

SHARKY
And then set you up here.

DOMINOE
Not like that. Not like that.
Just... one man at a time. A few
important men.

193 CONTINUED: (5)

SHARKY

And Victor on the side. Does he
do that with all the girls?

DOMINOE

No.

(her own anger
mounting)

He took a special interest.

SHARKY

I watched.

DOMINOE

Then you know.

(attacking)

You think I didn't like it? You
think I don't like it with Victor?
He's an artist!

Sharky explodes. He pulls her from the sofa, grabs her
and pulls her toward the doorway, pushes her up to that
bloody wall as she screams and sobs now.

SHARKY

Here! Look! Look at this
fucking artist! Look at his work.
Look!

He lets go and she crumples to her knees.

SHARKY

(continuing)

I want his name.

DOMINOE

(in a moment)

D'Anton.

SHARKY

Victor D'Anton. Why does he want
you dead?

Her arms flop in a loose, defeated shrug.

DOMINOE

I wanted... my life back.

She is on her knees, weak now, looking away from him. He
stares at her a while.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (6)

SHARKY

Well... he made a mistake. We can get him now. We can end it.

She begins shaking her head "no" in a weary, resigned way. The PHONE RINGS. They look at each other a moment. Sharky picks it up.

194 ON SHARKY

SHARKY

Hello.

195 INT. SHARKY'S NEST - DAY

Nosh is there. The place has been disarranged. He is very rattled.

NOSH

Shark, who the hell is that with you? Who're you talking to?

We can hear Sharky's voice on the amplifier.

SHARKY'S VOICE

Nosh, it's her. Get over here. They...

NOSH

I can't. Listen. Listen! The tapes are gone.

196 INT. DOMINOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

as Sharky walks to the window, carrying the phone. He and Nosh can see each other now as they speak. Sharky is dumbfounded.

SHARKY

Somebody was there?

INTERCUT - SHARKY, NOSH

NOSH

There were tapes missing from the squad room so I came over here and they're fuckin' gone, Shark. Who are these guys?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

SHARKY

All of 'em gone?

NOSH

Except a few I was working on at home. I'm going to call May and tell her to get the kid and get out of there. I don't know, Shark. I can't reach Arch or Papa.

SHARKY

You got Victor? You got Hotchkins on tape?

NOSH

Copies, yeah. I gotta get home.

SHARKY

I'll call you there. I'll call you at your place later.

NOSH

Shark... who the hell is on our side?

SHARKY

Just go home, Nosh, and stay there. Till I call you.

197 ON SHARKY

Sharky hangs up, moving fast.

SHARKY

Get some stuff together. I'm getting you out of here. Enough for a few days. Move!

She walks toward her bedroom.

198 EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

We look at a run down, once pretty, two-story house in an overgrown yard. We hear CAR DOORS CLOSING. Sharky and Dominoe approach the house. She is carrying a small suitcase.

199 INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

Dominoe and Sharky enter and their steps are heavy in the bare, dusty room.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

He is familiar with the place. She is glancing about.

DOMINOE
Whose house is this?

SHARKY
There's a mattress in one of the
rooms upstairs. It'll do.

He's making sure shades are pulled, not paying attention
to her. She watches him.

DOMINOE
Is this your place?

SHARKY
The kitchen works.

She watches, frowning at his indifference, his refusal
to be human a moment.

DOMINOE
What good is this going to do?

SHARKY
Give me time to nail him.

DOMINOE
He runs the show. He runs
Hotchkins. He...

SHARKY
He missed you, didn't he? With
you I can nail him. There's
coffee in the kitchen.

He looks through a window a moment, softer.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Nobody knows about this place.
Nobody comes here.
(pause)
You just have to wait it out a
while.

She moves away. He's still looking out the window.

DOMINOE'S VOICE
Dark brown?

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED: (2)

SHARKY
(turns)
What?

200 ANGLE - DOMINOE

pointing with her toe at some paint cans in the corner.

DOMINOE
This place'll be a cave.

Sharky ambles over.

SHARKY
It's for the outside.

DOMINOE
Oh.
(turns to him)
White trim?

SHARKY
Maybe.

She nods, steps about, looking. He's watching her.

DOMINOE
If I were you, I'd use a bright
yellow in here.

He watches her, moving about in this place, filling this old hollow place. He catches himself, tough again.

SHARKY
I want to hear about you and D'Anton.

She turns to him, hurt, staring a moment -- then ambling to the doorway of the next room, looking in. His eyes follow her.

DOMINOE
I see a room full of books. Floor
to ceiling. Can you build things?

Sharky ambles to the largest window. There's a built-in window seat there, built long ago.

SHARKY
I built this.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

She joins him as he grabs the lid of the window bench, lowers it.

DOMINOE

That's very good.

She sits on it, looking out the window.

DOMINOE

(continuing)

Did you sit here a lot?

He stares at her. She's drawing his feelings out of him, feelings for this old place, feelings for her. He stares, then when she turns to him, he catches himself.

SHARKY

How long have you been with
D'Anton?

He has hurt her again, squashing her attempts to relax, to be human with him, to get to know. She turns back to the window.

SHARKY

(continuing)

You get some answers ready.

He walks away, leaves her looking outside, her eyes not far from crying.

201 INT. KITCHEN

as Sharky enters and starts banging things around upset, mad at himself for feeling something for her, something so strong. He finds some coffee, snatches two mismatched cups from a cupboard, blows the dust from them, searches for a spoon. He stops then, thinking about her, listening. He hears no sound from the living room. He knows he has hurt her. He slowly steps out into the room.

202 INT. LIVING ROOM

It's empty. She's gone.

203 ANGLE - SHARKY

suddenly concerned; he looks about, rushes to the front door, opens it, then turns to the staircase to the second floor. He hurries to the stairs.

204 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

as Sharky bounds up the stairs, looks in one room, stops at the next.

205 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dominoe is in this small bedroom. There's a mattress in one corner. She looks at him as he enters.

DOMINOE

Was this room yours?

He walks slowly to the closet door, opens it. On the edge of the door is an old, old carving, from the top down in small letters "TOMMY." He stares at it a moment. She watches.

SHARKY

I haven't lived here for a long time. Place came up for sale last year. I stay here once in a while. I'll fix it up someday.

DOMINOE

I grew up in a house. My name was...

SHARKY

Tell me about Victor D'Anton.

It's as if he hit her. She stares at him, her eyes filling with tears and anger.

DOMINOE

Tough go-get'em cop. Tommy Sharky, toughest kid on the block. You can't stop, can you? You're afraid to stop.

SHARKY

Tell me everything.

DOMINOE

Go to hell!

He grabs her skirt in his fists and pushes her against the wall. He can't help but feel her softness, watch her tears and anger spilling over, sense her need to be held. He slowly lets go, begins to walk away.

DOMINOE

(continuing)

You're scared, Sharky. Scared.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

He comes back to her and suddenly embraces her roughly, kisses her roughly. She answers with her own passion as if it's a fight. They plunge into it -- part need, part anger.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES takes them to the floor as he undoes her clothes and pulls them from her, pulls at his own clothes as they turn and thrash and seem to be lashing out at each other through sex. It softens only after the climax. They hold each other for a long, long moment. Now she lets her tears come freely. He holds her.

DISSOLVE TO:

206 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

One half hour later. She sits on the mattress with only her shirt on. He is dressing, passing THROUGH THE SHOT. They don't speak for a while, but when they look at each other, we can see that the contact is there.

Sharky kneels down beside a telephone that sits on the floor, dials a number.

SHARKY

Nosh, how you doing?

207 INT. NOSH'S BASEMENT - DAY

Nosh is working on the voice tapes in his shop area.

NOSH

Okay, but I'm spooked.

INTERCUTTING between Nosh and Sharky.

SHARKY

I'm at the old house. Get over here.

NOSH

I put May and the kids in the car and packed 'em off, Shark. I've got no wheels.

Sharky hears the voice TAPE in b.g.

SHARKY

What're you doing?

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

NOSH

Making copies for us. I got Victor.

SHARKY

(trades a glance
with Dominoe)

So do I. I know where he lives,
what he eats and how he thinks.
We can get the sucker.

NOSH

First get me, okay? I'm almost
done here.

SHARKY

I'm on my way.

Nosh hangs up. He stops the tape and glances at the
basement windows, listening a moment. He hears nothing,
goes back to work.

208 INT. SHARKY'S BEDROOM - DAY

as he finishes dressing.

DOMINOE

Where? On your way where?

SHARKY

Be back in an hour.

DOMINOE

And you're leaving me here?!

SHARKY

You'll be fine.

He stops in the doorway.

DOMINOE

I'm supposed to stay here alone?!

SHARKY

Keep away from the windows.

DOMINOE

What if the phone rings?!

SHARKY

It won't. See you later.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE
Goddamn go get 'em cop!!

He stops, turns.

SHARKY
You snore, you know that?

Her eyes pop. She gasps.

DOMINOE
I do not!

SHARKY
Yes you do!

They stare, and both begin slow, slight smiles.

209 INT. SHARKY'S CAR - DAY

He is driving in the central city. He stops and looks ahead.

210 SHARKY'S POINT OF VIEW

of that mirrored glass office building we established in an early shot. It has a strange presence, reflecting the city and the sky. He drives on.

211 INT. SHARKY'S CAR - DAY

He slows, turns again to stare at that building. He makes a sudden decision, a quick turn.

212 EXT. STREET - DAY

as Sharky pulls into the underground parking for that building.

213 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

as Sharky enters and stares at the buttons. Two of the floors are marked for specific businesses. FAR EAST IMPORTS. ALFA PROPERTIES. The top floor is marked, KOWLOON PALACE RESTAURANT, and that is the button he pushes.

214 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

as Sharky leaves the elevator and approaches the large doorway of the Kowloon Palace. He walks past the inquiring head waiter, looks about.

215 INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - DAY

It's a spacious place, fairly crowded. In one corner booth sits Victor D'Anton. He is seated with two attractive oriental women. At a nearby table sit several more women, asian and eurasian, including a few girls of 12 or so. At a third table are two body-guard types. Waiters hover. This quiet scene is interrupted by Sharky, who walks to Victor's table. The body guards stand up, look at D'Anton. He keeps eating. Sharky glances about, looks at D'Anton.

VICTOR
(calm, eating)
Sergeant Sharky.

He speaks in Chinese. The body guards sit down. The women at his table rise and leave to sit nearby. D'Anton remains so very cool. Sharky approaches him.

VICTOR
(continuing;
-- continuing to eat
his meal)
Please sit down.

Sharky sits, eyes the others in the room, then Victor.

SHARKY
So you're what an ace looks like.

VICTOR
(amused)
What do you see?

SHARKY
(staring)
Nothing much.

VICTOR
(shrugs)
Would you like something to eat?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

VICTOR (CONT'D)

It's Chinese food without a trace
of Western corruption. Pure.

SHARKY

I've got your ass.

VICTOR

Oh?

SHARKY

The girls, Hotchkins, the
congressman. From prostitution
all the way to murder.

VICTOR

(calm, eating)

How does it feel?

SHARKY

(elbows on the
table, leaning
close)

It feels like you're in the toilet
-- and I've got my hand on the
chain.

Upon the comment D'Anton makes a face and pushes his
food away -- lost his appetite. He stares at Sharky and
smiles.

VICTOR

Look at you. Righteous anger.
Defender of the people. Tell
me something... why are the
people on my side, Sharky? Why
do they line up with me instead
of you?

(pause)

Confusing times.

(elbows on the
table, leaning
close)

You have nothing. No tapes. No
link with Hotchkins except a dead
woman. He's as good as governor,
and you're an outcast, about to
lose that badge of yours.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You're about as bothersome to me as something stuck to the bottom of my shoe. As I see it, you have two choices. You can disappear or you can put that thick head to work for me. I could throw something your way. Perhaps even another Dominoe. Pick one. Go ahead.

Sharky looks about.

216 SHARKY'S POV

All the others are watching them. Sharky studies the women and young girls.

VICTOR'S VOICE

Of course, she won't be quite as good. Dominoe was the best.

217 ON SHARKY, D'ANTON

Victor stares at Sharky as he speaks, enjoying this, his words taunting the man, going deeper into Sharky than even Victor realizes.

VICTOR

She was twelve when I found her. Twelve. Can you imagine? I taught her... and I taught her ... until she began to teach me. She was the best... because I created her.

Sharky stares a moment, raging inside.

SHARKY

You're wrong. She's more than that. She's more than you. And she's alive.

(as he stands)

Your man made a mistake. Have you talked to Tiffany lately?

D'Anton's eyes follow him. He has the man now.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

SHARKY

(continuing; his anger)
 Dominoe's in a safe place, and I'm
 going to pull that chain on you,
 D'Anton, 'cause you've been fuckin'
 up my town. You've been walking around
 on top of people like you own the place,
 and you're even from out of state!

He walks away, all the eyes on his back. He stops at the doorway, just to turn once more to D'Anton, to raise his hand and bring it down as if pulling that chain. He walks out.

218 EXT. STREET - DAY

as Sharky's car ROARS up out of the underground parking.

219 EXT. NOSH'S HOUSE - DAY

as Sharky pulls up in front, gets out of the car, and jogs to the door.

220 INT. NOSH'S HOUSE - DAY

as Sharky enters -- very at home there.

SHARKY

Nosh. Hey!

He walks about, searching.

SHARKY

Nosh! (continuing)

He goes to the top of the basement stairs.

SHARKY

(continuing)

Nosh?

221 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

It's very dim down there. Sharky starts down the stairs, then hesitates. He pulls his gun, closes the door behind him so that most light is cut off. We hear him JUMP down the remaining stairs. He pulls a light cord while still moving so that he's not quite in the light, moving his gun around to see... Nosh. In a corner, crumpled and bloody. Sharky is frozen. He takes one step, halts. Nosh has been shotgunned -- definitely dead. Sharky takes another step then suddenly sees Billy Score's reflection in a mirror. The man is holding his silenced shotgun and smiling. It's only a glimpse, then Sharky is whirling about to fire, but he never does. From the shadows comes a moving shadow, a lithe oriental man who expertly hits, kicks, hits, kicks Sharky across the room, knocking him down and out.

222 INT. HOUSEBOAT - CLOSE ON SHARKY - NIGHT

as he regains consciousness. He is lying on the floor. That's about all he knows. Then he registers a SOUND, A CREAKING, A LAPPING OF WATER. His mind is still blurred. He begins to stir.

223 SHARKY'S POV

He's in a room that is moving slightly -- a hanging lamp that sways over a table, leaving most of the room in shadow.

224 ON SHARKY

rising onto an elbow, feeling his bruises and aches as he moves.

225 SHARKY'S POV - HIS ANKLES

bound with a leather cord. He follows that leather cord with his eyes as it trails off to his right and... ends up in the hands of an Oriental man who sits near him on the floor, mostly in shadow. We've seen this passive, deadly face before.

Now Sharky's eyes sweep around to -- the second Oriental man seated nearby, staring at him.

226 ON SHARKY

registering this. Now hearing a TAPPING at that table and turning.

227 ANGLE - SMILEY

Yes, Detective Smiley, leaning into the lamplight, tapping the table top and grinning.

SMILEY

Have a seat, Sharky.

The room explodes with sound and motion as these Oriental men, called The Chins, come for Sharky.

228 FULL SHOT

The Chins, moving catlike, unbind Sharky's ankles, keeping one end of the leather cord on his right ankle.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

They lift him and sit him down hard on the one chair at that small table. They bind his ankle to the table leg. All this is done in a rush of activity that ends suddenly -- the Chins now silent and passive again, one on each side of Sharky.

Smiley gestures toward the Chinese.

SMILEY

Beautiful, aren't they?

SHARKY

Havin' a good time, Smiley?

SMILEY

I'm doin' all right -- better than you.

SHARKY

Better than Nosh, too.

SMILEY

Goddamn Eagle Scouts. Nosh and Sharky. Dead and buried and both so young. Now, clear your throat. Take a deep breath. You got a question to answer.

Sharky stares with open hatred.

SHARKY

I want your eyes.

SMILEY

You don't get 'em. You don't get shit. You come up empty, Sharky, so what's it all worth?

SHARKY

His name is Score, isn't it?

SMILEY

What?

SHARKY

William and James Score. D'Anton's the same slime as his brother.

SMILEY

(surprised)
You still give a damn?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (2)

SMILEY (CONT'D)

You're about to disappear forever.
 Killed in the line of duty.
 Ceremony for the relatives. Front
 page story in the Register and then
 yesterday's news. And you're going
 to go out like that? Still askin'
 questions?

SHARKY

How will you go out?

SMILEY

Rich and old. Now, the question.
 Ready?

(pause)

Where's the girl?

Sharky doesn't answer. Smiley shakes his head.

SMILEY

(continuing)

You don't understand. It's all
 over. You're over. No more
 sunshine, Sharky. No more gettin'
 laid. It's closing time.

SHARKY

Then why the fuck should I tell
 you?

SMILEY

Why do you think?

The Chins move quickly. One reaches around Sharky to hold
 him. The other traps Sharky's left hand on the table top
 and suddenly drives a small dagger into the wood just be-
 side Sharky's little finger -- the knife edge rests on the
 first joint of that finger.

SMILEY

(continuing)

They're beautiful. They'll take
 your fingers one joint at a time.
 When you tell me where the girl is...

(he leans close)

They'll let you die. You understand
 now?

(pause)

Where is Dominoe?

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (3)

Sharky tightens, trembling a bit in anticipation, steeling himself.

SHARKY

Asshole.

It's done quickly -- a deft chop through gristle and bone. Sharky traps most of the scream inside him. He shakes uncontrollably -- then suddenly fights to rise. The Chinese behind him slam Sharky's head onto the table. Sharky sits with his head resting on the table. He is holding the wrist of his mutilated hand, trembling. Smiley stares a moment. Even he is sobered by the torture.

SMILEY

End it, Sharky. Now. Where is she?

Sharky tries to get his shuddering breath back. Smiley comes closer.

SMILEY

(continuing)

Just how far do you want to go?

Sharky begins to breathe and slowly sit up, still very shakey, hurting.

SMILEY

(continuing)

Where'd you take her?

Sharky raises his eyes to stare at Smiley, that crazy bulldog stare, that anger. After a long moment, Smiley nods to Chin, and the man moves fast. Sharky cries out as he's held again. The knife scrapes his first joint off the table like a piece of fish from a cutting board. Then Chin positions the blade for the second cut.

SMILEY

(continuing)

Sharky...

Sharky only stares, his whole body shuddering. Smiley nods. The blade does its work. Sharky cries out and lowers his head to the table, almost shaking out of the chair. He begins to weep.

Smiley stares at the bloody table top and is disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (4)

SMILEY
 (continuing)
 Give it a rest.

The Chins walk off, leaving the room. Smiley watches Sharky as the man continues to weep. It unnerves Smiley a bit. He comes closer to Sharky, speaking softly as he moves.

SMILEY
 (continuing)
 Don't be crazy. Sharky... don't be a fuckin' loony for once in your life. Hey... the girl... She's dead, you're dead. It doesn't matter. Let it end.

Sharky continues to weep. Smiley comes closer, lowering his voice even more.

SMILEY
 (continuing)
 They're comin' back, Sharky, and they won't stop. These guys are cold, man, dead cold. Tell me now.

Sharky mumbles through his pain and shuddering breath.

SHARKY
 ... place...

SMILEY
 (closer)
 What place?

Sharky rolls his head over on the table, still resting it there, but now looking at Smiley as he tries to speak.

SHARKY
 My... old... place.

SMILEY
 (closer)
 Where is that, Shark?

Sharky lunges, diving across the table with his good hand and pulling his own 9 mm pistol out of Smiley's waistband, SHOOTING Smiley twice in the chest, then reaching down to BLAST the leather cord where it is tied to the table leg. He's free. He upends the table as cover, searching around for the Chins now, still trembling. It's very quiet -- LAPPING OF WATER, CREAKING -- and that lamp swaying above him. He suddenly aims and SHOOTs OUT the lamp.

229 ANGLE - DOORWAY - NIGHT

It's too dark to see, but we sense Sharky moving slowly through the doorway.

230 ANGLE - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

He finds himself at the bottom of a short staircase to the deck of this boat. There is nowhere else to go but up that tight little stairway to the moonlit deck. He begins. He's moving slowly, trying to control his still shuddering breath, to forget the pain of his torn hand. He slides against the wall, inching up those steps, pistol ready. He's moving more and more into the light. He takes another step and the Chin's knife, the one used on his fingers, zips and THUNKS into the wood a half-inch from his skull. Sharky rushes up the stairs FIRING twice into the darkness above him.

231 EXT. DECK - NIGHT

as Sharky reaches the deck and spins around to see...

232 SHARKY'S POV - ONE OF THE CHINS

sending a kick too fast to dodge.

233 FULL SHOT

as Sharky goes down FIRING once. The Chin is hit but he keeps coming, springing toward Sharky like a cat. Sharky FIRES once more while the Chin is in the air.

234 CLOSE ON SHARKY

as the Chin lands on him. He cries out in pain and fear, staring into the twisted face, fierce eyes of the Chin -- then feeling the dead weight of the man. He struggles out from under, rolls the dead man off him. The Chin's eyes remain open.

Sharky looks about -- no sign, no sound -- only the CREAKING boat, acres of black water and lights of a distant shore. He's on his knees, turning to his gun now. The clip is empty. He ejects it, keeps glancing about into the darkness. He puts the gun between his knees so he can reach into his pocket with his good hand, retrieve another clip. He has it. He's working as fast as he can, but he's working one-handed and it's clumsy.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

He tries to help with his other hand and only hurts himself, increases his trembling. He hears a SOUND now -- the other Chinese, but where? He turns back to the gun, now butt-up between his legs. He's trying to get that clip in, shaking. He hears RUNNING STEPS, looks up.

235 SHARKY'S POV

as the Chin runs toward him.

236 ON SHARKY

as Sharky tries to load that clip, gets it in!

237 ON THE CHIN

springing into the air for a flying kick.

238 FULL SHOT ON SHARKY

raising the gun, but too late, the kick catches him and knocks him sprawling.

239 ON THE CHIN

as he stands, cold and controlled. He looks down.

240 CHIN'S POV - SHARKY'S GUN

on the deck, far from where Sharky fell. Then the eyes moving to see his fallen brother, the dead man still staring into the darkness.

241 ON THE CHIN

moving slowly to Sharky.

242 ON SHARKY

putting his back to the wall and sliding upward, getting to his feet, watching the Chinese coming slowly toward him.

243 FULL SHOT

The Chin moves slowly, gracefully, moving his arms into a punching position, stalking Sharky. Sharky is bloodied and battered, making a fist of his one good hand, moving along that wall, watching the hawk-eyes of the Chinese. The Chin throws a lightning punch. Sharky moves his head. The Chin shatters the boards of the wall and immediately draws back into punching stance again, his hand bloody from the blow. He's stalking Sharky again.

The Chin strikes, just grazing the dodging Sharky. Then Sharky throws that punch, the punch he's been waiting to throw, hoping to throw, dying to throw. He puts his anger into that punch, maybe he puts his whole life into that punch. He catches the Chin full in the face and the man staggers back. Sharky follows and cries out as he throws that right again, winding up even more, blasting the Chin back so that the man hits the deck railing and stops still for one instant -- long enough for one more punch from the man who has been beaten and butchered and is coming back. He hits the man, and now the Chin sags, unconscious, slipping. Sharky catches him, grabbing his shirt in a tight fist and crying out as he lifts, lifts and pushes, sending the Chin over the railing and into the water.

Sharky leans on that railing and breathes, stares. It's quiet again, just the CREAKING, the acres of black water and the lights of a distant shore.

244 INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Dominoe sits on the bare floor of the empty living room, back against the wall. Beside her is a cheap radio. She hits it, turns it, tries to clear the STATIC. It PLAYS MUSIC a moment, FADES. She is about to work on it when she hears a SOUND outside. She turns OFF THE RADIO. A CAR pulls up out front. She sits there, afraid, listening hard. There is a SOUND ON THE PORCH. She stands, holds her breath. A KEY in the door, door opened.

Sharky is there, rumpled, some blood on him, his hand bound up in a cloth. She starts toward him, shocked, and caring for him.

SHARKY

Get in the car.

He moves past her to the telephone on the floor. He kneels, picks it up and dials. She stands, staring at him, wondering and afraid.

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

SHARKY
 (continuing; to phone)
 Let me have Friscoe... now!
 (he waits)
 Friscoe. Sharky. They got Nosh.

245 CLOSE ON SHARKY

as we hear Friscoe over the phone.

FRISCOE'S VOICE
 Sharky, Jesus, where are you?

SHARKY
 They got Nosh.

FRISCOE'S VOICE
 We know! You gotta come in now.

SHARKY
 We got him, Friscoe. It's D'Anton.
 Victor D'Anton. I want three
 teams...

FRISCOE'S VOICE
 Sharky, listen, Christ, you gotta
 come in now -- and the girl, Sharky,
 bring in the girl!

Sharky is frozen a moment -- oh no. Friscoe, too.

SHARKY
 How'd you know about the girl,
 Friscoe?

FRISCOE'S VOICE
 You gotta bring her in now.

SHARKY
 Oh Jesus...

FRISCOE'S VOICE
 Where are you? Sharky? Where's
 the girl?

(pause)
 Hey! Sharky!

Sharky slams the phone down. In a moment, he sinks, sitting against the wall. She comes to him. He's staring off. She reaches down, touches him.

246 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharky lies on the mattress, shirtless. Dominoe is bandaging his hand. There are bags on the floor and recently bought items -- the bandages, tape, disinfectant. This begins a SERIES OF SCENES that flow together. As she works on his hand, he stares off, wincing. She finishes and lays the hand gently beside him. He closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

247 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sharky is asleep. He stirs, whimpers. His good hand makes a tight fist in the pillow as if he's in pain. Dominoe comes to him. He speaks, but too softly. She sits beside him. He whimpers again and raises his hurt hand, brings it down on the bed, hard.

DOMINOE

Don't!

But he does it again before she can catch the hand and hold it. Sharky is tight with pain and grief and shakey with fever.

SHARKY

Nosh.

(louder)

Nosh! I wasn't there. God-damn.

He shivers. She covers him, lies beside him to hold him until he quiets again, sleeps again. As she adjusts his covers, she hears a SOUND; could have been a creaking of the house -- or a step downstairs. She rises, frightened, listening. She hears it again, looks about. She moves silently to Sharky's clothes, picks up his gun. It's large and awkward in her hands. She steps to the doorway of the room and stands there, listening. She waits. Nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

248 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sharky lies awake, lies on his back, nude. Dominoe is using towels to bathe him. He looks into her face as she gently washes him, kneeling over him on the bed.

SHARKY

Was it a joke... about the farm?

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

DOMINOE

Farm?

SHARKY

I've thought about it.

DOMINOE

Shh. You need more rest.

SHARKY

I've thought... how clean it would be. Why is that? Workin' with your hands... in the dirt -- but it's clean.

She stops a moment, to stare at him. She kisses his forehead. Then she continues bathing him. He stops her hand, takes the towel from her and puts it to her face, her neck -- then to her bare legs beneath the shirt she wears. He tosses the towel away. They begin a slow and tender lovemaking.

DISSOLVE TO:

249 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sharky is waking, looking about. He hears the RADIO PLAYING downstairs. He sits up, feeling much better now. He slips on his pants, begins to walk out of the room -- stops. He stares at the edge of the open closet door. He sees the carving down the edge "TOMMY" and below it written down the edge now in pen "CHELSEA." He stares a moment -- then continues on.

250 INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

as Sharky walks downstairs, turns toward the living room and stops.

251 SHARKY'S POV - DOMINOE

is dancing to a SONG ON THE RADIO, slow dancing to a lyrical thing (i.e., Judy Collins "My Father"). She wears shorts, dances in bare feet, not dancing hard.

252 ON SHARKY

studying her. Loving her.

253 FULL SHOT

as she dances, turns, sees him. She stops, stares. They hold the moment awhile.

DOMINOE
Do you dance?

SHARKY
No, I... No.
(then, genuine)
Sorry.

She continues staring, some of her fear showing now.

DOMINOE
What do we do, Sharky?

He moves to a window, looks off.

SHARKY
We could leave. Together.
(this is difficult)
Stay together.

DOMINOE
Where?

SHARKY
Some place.

Now he turns to her.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Someplace you haven't been. Maybe
a farm.
(shrugs)
Maybe.

He watches her, wondering what she'll say, wondering if he's a fool, if he's gone too far, dreamed too big.

DOMINOE
Maybe... I could teach you to dance.

The SONG ENDS ON THE RADIO. They continue to stare.

254 INT. CAR - DAY

Sharky and Dominoe are in a car we haven't seen before, driving on the outskirts of the city. The RADIO IS PLAYING -- ELECTION NEWS.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICE

... a smaller than expected voter
turn out, but still close to 72%
of the electorate. The tally to
this time shows Donald Hotchkins
in a comfortable lead over incumbent
Governor Layton...

Sharky switches OFF THE RADIO. Dominoe is driving.

SHARKY

Take the next left.

He glances out the window.

255 SHARKY'S POV - THE TOWERS OF THE CENTRAL CITY

in the distance. Among them the mirrored glass building.

256 ON SHARKY

staring out the window.

257 EXT. ROAD - DAY

as they turn off the highway into a cemetery.

258 INT. CAR - DAY

DOMINOE

(worried)
They'll see us.

(pause)
Sharky.

(pause)
Please.

He only stares ahead.

259 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large funeral, police honor guard. It's just ending,
people beginning to drift away.

260 ANGLE NEAR GRAVESITE

We can pick out Nosh's wife May, moving off with her child, other family members. Friscoe is there, saying something to her, taking a few steps with her. He stops. She goes on. The crowd is drifting away. Friscoe looks about, looks back toward the grave.

261 ANGLE - GRAVESITE

Papa and Arch are the last ones there, still standing at the grave.

262 ON FRISCOE

looking at them, then looking back to the gravesite.

263 EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

as Friscoe joins Arch and Papa at Nosh's grave. He stares at them. They look at the grave stone.

PAPA

You know Nosh's name was Henry?

ARCH

No.

FRISCOE

What the hell are you waiting for? Let's get out of here.

They keep staring at the stone.

PAPA

He'll be here.

ARCH

Soon as the stake-out leaves.

FRISCOE

He won't be here.

ARCH

Call 'em off.

Friscoe frowns, then waves.

264 ANGLE - GROUNDS CREW

They were really cops, moving off now.

265 ANGLE - "VISITORS"

More cops, moving away from a nearby grave.

266 EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

FRISCOE

He's out of state by now.

267 ANGLE - ARCH

FRISCOE'S VOICE

Even Sharky wises up. It just
takes him...

He stops because Arch is staring off, watching something.

268 ON FRISCOE

turning to follow his look.

269 THEIR POV - ACROSS CEMETERY

as Sharky and Dominoe come walking toward them.

270 EXT. GRAVESITE

as Friscoe and Arch and Papa wait.

271 ON SHARKY, DOMINOE

approaching.

272 FULL SHOT - GRAVESITE

as they all gather there. Sharky looks at the grave.
Silence a while. Friscoe breaks it.

FRISCOE

I'm glad you came in, Sharky.
We'll stand with you, try and
save your badge.

He slowly raises his eyes to Friscoe.

SHARKY

I'm not coming in.

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED:

FRISCOE

You gotta. No choice.

Sharky speaks to them all, slowly, softly.

SHARKY

I found the ace. He's just a man. I know his name. I know where he is.

ARCH

(softly)

It doesn't matter, Sharky.

SHARKY

What?

He stares hard now, points at the grave.

SHARKY

(continuing)

This doesn't matter? This doesn't matter?!

(exploding now)

Then what the fuck matters! What do you give a shit about?! Arch?! Papa -- what matters?! What's left?!

They stare -- with nothing to say.

FRISCOE

Sharky... you both gotta come in.

SHARKY

(points to city)

That man is sitting up there cool and slick and comfortable, and Nosh is in the ground! He's in a goddamn box!

FRISCOE

You gotta come in!

SHARKY

You gotta take me in!

Wide open challenge. There's blood in the bulldog's eye. Friscoe stares. Dominoe watches them all, holding her breath.

FRISCOE

We have to, Sharky.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED: (2)

FRISCOE (CONT'D)

(pause)

We will.

Long moment. Whose move?

ARCH

(staring at Sharky)

Go on back, Friscoe.

FRISCOE

What?

ARCH

Go on back to the division.

FRISCOE

What're you saying?! You know
how it works! Arch... Papa, how
many years, for God's sake... You
learned; you know!

(pause)

All right, we tried. Then the
lid came down. Now leave it
alone!

PAPA

(eyes on Sharky)

Go away for awhile, Friscoe.

FRISCOE

You guys are fuckin' crazy!

Friscoe stares at each of them -- but their eyes are tight
on Sharky. Then Arch turns to Friscoe.

ARCH

And don't make any phone calls.
All right?

Friscoe stares, beaten -- and finally shamed by these men.
Somewhere in his soul he would rather stand with them.
But he turns and walks away.

What's left of the machine stands at the gravesite, and
Dominoe stands a bit apart, watching. In a moment, Papa
speaks.

PAPA

What the hell do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

272 CONTINUED: (3)

ARCH
Still have no case.

SHARKY
We'll find a way. C'mon.

He glances at Nosh's grave, then starts to walk off.

DOMINOE
You can't touch him.

Sharky stops. They stare at her.

SHARKY
Come on, let's go.

DOMINOE
(louder)
You can't even get near him!

SHARKY
We'll put it together. We'll
get at him. We'll...

DOMINOE
He's too smart.

SHARKY
(exploding)
We'll find a way!

DOMINOE
(just as loud)
I'm the way!

They stare at her. She looks at each one of them -- joining the machine.

DOMINOE
(continuing)
I'm the way.

273 INT. CAMPAIGN CENTER - NIGHT

A celebration. Donald Hotchkins is giving his victory address to his campaign workers in this large hotel meeting room. The election has just been won. Hotchkins is jubilant, his friends and family beaming around him. The loyal workers -- hats, balloons and all -- are out of their minds with joy. The press is filming.

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

HOTCHKINS

Congratulations. You have won.

Applause, cheers.

HOTCHKINS

(continuing)

You have won. Your faith has won. And I owe you -- yes I do.

274 CLOSE ON HOTCHKINS

HOTCHKINS

Every one of you -- every one who voted for me -- holds my I.O.U. my promissory note. I am accountable! I...

He stops for a moment.

275 HOTCHKINS POV INTO CROWD

There among the workers, press and fans -- is Dominoe, staring at him from far back in the crowd.

276 ON HOTCHKINS

He looks away -- recovers and goes on, now with a hidden nervousness. It couldn't have been her. It couldn't have.

HOTCHKINS

I am accountable... for good government... I am accountable for your peace of mind...

He can't keep from looking her way again -- to make sure.

277 HOTCHKINS POV OF CROWD

searching, then finding Dominoe. She has moved closer.

HOTCHKINS' VOICE

I am accountable...

278 ON HOTCHKINS

HOTCHKINS

... for the cleaning up of this city... I am...

(CONTINUED)

278 CONTINUED:

He cannot go on. He looks away from her, stares straight down at the lectern. The people around him inch closer to him, wondering.

HOTCHKINS

I... want to say to you all. I
want to say...

He looks up again -- and stares, frozen.

279 ON SHARKY, DOMINOE

standing side by side now -- very close to Hotchkins, staring at him. We WIDEN as the crowd buzzes nervously.

280 ON HOTCHKINS

as the people around him speak to him, whisper, trade looks. Hotchkins doesn't look at them. He stares at Dominoe and Sharky, holding on to the lectern for support. He cannot go on.

281 ON SHARKY, DOMINOE

and the SHOT WIDENING FURTHER to show the concern, confusion. The silence is agonizing. The press keeps filming.

282 ON HOTCHKINS

Immobile. His wife touches him. An aide taps his arm. He pulls away from them and walks toward the wings, trailing a host of concerned family members, aides, who follow him.

283 ANGLE - WINGS

Waiting in the wings -- as Hotchkins approaches -- are Arch and Papa. Arch shows the man his badge. The Governor-Elect folds. It's over. He visibly slumps. Papa takes his arm, gently. They walk him away, asking people to move, not bothering to field the questions. We don't hear the specifics, just the nervous babble.

284 ON DOMINOE, SHARKY

in the audience, watching.

285 EXT. GLASS BUILDING - NIGHT

reflecting the night-time city. We are SLOWLY PANNING UP TO a lighted penthouse.

286 INT. VICTOR D'ANTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The penthouse -- as a large Chinese houseman is opening the door, letting in Billy Score. The apartment is beautifully, expensively, furnished in an oriental style.

SCORE

Where is he?

The Chinese man gestures. Billy moves through the room.

287 INT. VICTOR'S STUDY - NIGHT

Victor is closing a small leather bag. He looks up as the door opens.

288 ANGLE - BILLY

who ignores his brother, walks to the built-in video system, turns ON the TELEVISION. Slowly changes channels. Except for a few stations, all we see are "bulletins," "news update" or a live news announcer. We get various pieces of the same story.

ANNOUNCERS' VOICES

We have Dave Bryan at police headquarters... Governor-Elect Donald Hotchkins who is reported to be in police custody... No official statements and, as yet, no report of charges, if any, which...

Billy turns it OFF.

BILLY

Thought you had a sanctuary here.

(turns to Victor)

I thought you wrote the program.

289 FULL SHOT - VICTOR, BILLY

VICTOR

People failed me.

(he makes ready
to leave)

You... Hotchkins... Smiley. You weren't up to it. You simply weren't fit.

Billy is speeding a bit, has an edge.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED:

BILLY

I'm as good as I ever was.

Victor eyes him.

VICTOR

Yes... exactly.

BILLY

Where to now?

VICTOR

My plane is waiting. I'll contact you.

Billy darts him a look.

VICTOR

(continuing)

You can't be seen with me. I can still get out if I move now and quickly and alone. I'll send you money.

Billy laughs with anger.

— BILLY

Send it where?! I'm trapped here. Look at this!

He pulls from his pocket a police bulletin with his picture on it. He slams it on the desk.

BILLY

(continuing)

It's your bloody fault! You call me in for the odd job, the dirty job... Jimmie!

Victor (James Score) was heading for the door. He turns now, facing his desperate and shaky brother without an ounce of sympathy.

VICTOR

You never learn -- none of you. You learn nothing from me.

BILLY

You get me out of here!

Victor is ice. He steps forward, steps right into Billy's insane rage.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR

Get yourself out. Haven't I taught you anything. Haven't you watched me, Billy?

BILLY

Watched you!? I've saved you bloody near a dozen times. I've taken the ... the bullets and the beatings and ... I'd like to see what you would've done without me. Yes! Without Billy, who... goes... goes out there and gets the blood on 'im. For you! While you change into some fancy, phony...

VICTOR

Yes! Yes I changed. Can you? Or are you not strong enough. Hm? Junkie... used-up butcher, control all gone... I don't need you anymore. Think for yourself now. Do for yourself.

He turns to go.

BILLY

Like my big brother?

VICTOR

Yes.

BILLY

Act like you?!

VICTOR

(as he's leaving)

Try to.

BILLY

(shouting)

Do what you would do?!

VICTOR

(whirling to face him once more)

Yes!

He barely gets the word out -- then freezes -- for Billy has pulled a silenced pistol from his coat and is aiming at Victor's heart, is pulling the trigger, is killing him. There is a FUMP! and Victor is dead as he hits the floor.

(CONTINUED)

289 CONTINUED: (3)

Billy walks to him, shivering. He stares down at him. He grips the leather bag and pulls it from him. Then he hears a LOUD BANGING on the front door. He freezes a moment.

290 INT. ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT

as the Chinese opens the door and is immediately lifted out of the way by Papa as Arch and Sharky walk in, Sharky waving a document.

SHARKY
(already moving
through)
We have a warrant for the arrest of
Victor D'Anton...

291 INT. LIVING ROOM

as Arch, Sharky and Papa -- with the Houseman trailing -- are barreling through.

SHARKY
D'Anton.

They reach the study and stop.

292 ANGLE - DOORWAY

They gather at Victor's body. Arch checks the corpse. The Houseman is shocked. Sharky stares long and hard.

SHARKY
Dead ace.

ARCH
He's still warm.

In a moment Sharky takes his eyes from Victor, turns to the Houseman.

SHARKY
Who?

The man is shocked, frozen. Sharky shakes him hard.

SHARKY
(continuing)
Who was here?!

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

The man looks at Sharky.

HOUSEMAN
Brother.

SHARKY
Did he leave?

The man shakes his head.

PAPA
Who?

SHARKY
(pulling his gun)
The shooter.

ARCH
The ice man.
(to Houseman)
There another way out of here?

The Houseman points through the study.

SHARKY
(to Papa)
Get us some back-up, and freeze
this building!

He looks at Arch. Arch has also drawn his gun. They stare
a moment -- then begin.

293 INT. PENTHOUSE - FOLLOWING SHOTS

as Arch and Sharky, guns drawn, rush through this plush, Oriental-style, penthouse, cutting corners and upending a few antiques, eyes searching about. They reach an exit -- the door has been left open. They rush into a...

294 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A short hallway that ends with a stairwell door. They hurry to that door and open it. No sounds. They look back into the hall to two untried doors. One of them is slightly open. They trade a look, move to that door -- one on each side of it. They bust in.

295 INT. GIRL'S ROOM

A pretty 12-year-old, made-up like a woman, seated on the bed. She screams at the two men, at their pointed guns. She begins to cry, hysterical. Arch stares at her. Sharky glances around the room, moves out.

296 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

as Sharky goes to the next door, tries it -- locked. He kicks it in, rushes in.

297 INT. GIRL'S ROOM

BACK WITH Arch and the crying girl as he lowers his gun and steps toward her, reaching out to comfort her. Billy Score suddenly stands up from behind the bed and shoots Arch. FUMP!

Arch goes down hard, shot through the side. Score moves past him and out the door. The girl is hysterical. Arch is in pain but moving, straining to get to his dropped gun. The girl is watching his struggle but can't move. Arch gets the gun, rolls over and FIRES at the ceiling.

SHARKY'S VOICE

Arch!

He comes tearing in.

ARCH

He went down, man! The stairs!

Sharky makes a move to come to Arch and Arch waves him off angrily.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED:

ARCH
(continuing)
Get 'im!

298 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

as Sharky rushes to that stairwell door, pushes it open -- ready. Nobody. He hurries down the stairs.

299 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

as Sharky takes the last of the stairs (it was only two flights) and hits the door.

300 INT. KOWLOON PALACE RESTAURANT

Sharky busts out into the elegant Oriental restaurant. He has used Victor's private entrance. The few diners and waiters who can see him, turn and stare wide-eyed at him, the gun in his hand. Someone gasps. He's in a small area off the main room. He stares back at them, surprised, thrown off. He holsters the gun but keeps his hand on it.

SHARKY
Police.

He keeps moving toward the main room.

301 INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

as Billy Score moves to the restaurant's main entrance/exit. He's hurrying, but trying not to be conspicuous, hand in his coat pocket. He stops.

302 BILLY'S POV OF TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN

arriving at the door, speaking to the headwaiter.

303 ON BILLY SCORE

veering off, tight now, near panic. He sits at a small table, looking around, trying to think.

304 ON SHARKY

moving through the large room, elegant diners, soft MUSIC in the background, his eyes hunting, hunting.

305 ON BILLY SCORE

sitting still but just about vibrating with that maniac edge of his. He looks at the nearby windows -- floor to ceiling windows. They reflect the room. He stares.

306 BILLY'S POV OF WINDOW

Sharky's reflection, moving close.

307 ON BILLY SCORE

readying the gun in his pocket.

308 ON SHARKY

hunting, hunting, hand on his pistol butt, hunting. He stops.

309 SHARKY'S POV OF THE WINDOW

and Score's reflection in it.

310 FULL SHOT

The men are about fifteen feet apart, both staring at the window.

311 ON SHARKY

slowly turning from the window to Score.

312 ON BILLY SCORE

turning from the window to lock eyes with Sharky. He stares a moment, then he stands, pulling at the gun in his pocket.

313 ON SHARKY

FIRING.

314 ON SCORE

He's hit in the side. His gun falls. Screams now, people diving for cover. Score picks up his gun.

314A ON SHARKY

aiming, but people are scrambling by him.

314B ON UNIFORMED COPS

aiming, waiting for a shot as everyone ducks.

314C ON SCORE

still standing, lifting his gun, and now turning it, twisting the barrel toward himself. He straightens, standing stiff, pain and madness giving him a grimace, a fierce defiant look as he aims at his temple.

314D ON UNIFORMED COPS

aiming, but only watching now, frozen.

314E ON SHARKY

aiming, watching Score.

314F ON SCORE

baring his teeth, about to do it, a final gesture of hate, a final killing.

315 ON SHARKY

deciding no. No, goddamnit. I do it -- and he FIRES, FIRES, FIRES...

316 ON SCORE

as he is hit and hit and hit -- driven backwards, hit again, CRASH. He is blasted back against the window and through that window.

317 EXT. GLASS BUILDING - NIGHT

as Billy comes out that window in a burst of glass, leaving a hole in that "mirror" of the city. Billy falls. We STAY on that building and SLOWLY... SLOWLY...

DISSOLVE TO:

318 EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

We hear MUSIC. We're looking at Sharky's old house. We stare a while and listen to the lyrical tune, the one Dominoe danced to.

319 INT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

Sharky and Dominoe are holding each other and slowly, slightly, dancing in that bare room, RADIO PLAYING on the floor. They dance. We watch.

The ENDING CREDITS PLAY.

THE END