

"THE ANDERSON ALAMO"

BY

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1 EXT. WALL - DAY - TITLE SEQUENCE

WIDE SHOT of a white concrete retaining wall filling the screen. Across the wall is a swath of graffiti: swastikas, gang symbols, names, dates, etc.

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES IN TOWARD THE WALL. CONTINUE MAIN TITLES.

Finally CAMERA MOVES IN TO A CLOSE SHOT of a youth gang symbol, violent slashes forming a triangle. Next to the triangle is the word CHOLO.

END MAIN TITLES. .

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. ANDERSON, CALIFORNIA - DAY

FULL SHOT of a run-down Los Angeles suburb burnished in a hazy afternoon smog. In the background Los Angeles is a Spanish-futuristic babylon spread a million miles in every direction.

SUPERIMPOSE:

ANDERSON, CALIFORNIA
OCTOBER 15
6:45 P.M.

3 TRACKING SHOT

through a business section of Anderson. Everything is crumbling, decaying, falling in on itself. We drift slowly down a street past old, abandoned store fronts, billboards crammed one on top of another, people wandering .

THE SOUND OF A RADIO ANNOUNCER OVER THE SHOT.

ANNOUNCER
(voice over, filtered)
A fifty-eight count felony indictment was rendered against six of the gang after seventeen of the victims testified before the grand jury. For two months the gangs had operated within a small, ten-mile square area.

4 ANOTHER TRACKING SHOT

down an Anderson residential street, past rows of baked, peeling clapboard houses. It is a ghetto without brownstones. Flat, bleak, oppressive.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(voice over, filtered)
In thirty attacks on residents, mostly elderly pensioners, they committed attempted murder, robbery, assault, burglary, theft and felony animal torture. Each of the ringleaders received sentences of from ten years to life in prison.

(CONT'D)

4

CONT'D

CAMERA STOPS ON A FULL SHOT of a particular clapboard house.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(voice over, filtered)

Superior Judge Stanley R. Thayden was quoted:
"I know the devastation prison will bring, but
I also know it's unreasonable to hope for
rehabilitation in this case."

5

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

The room is dark, a mess. The broken, jagged windows bleed with late afternoon light. The walls are scarred, chipped.

Seated around the room are members of youth gangs from all over Los Angeles: a BLACK, a CHICANO, a WHITE, a CHINESE. They are all tough-looking. They have inwardly angry faces with hot, burning eyes.

This is a council meeting of the Warlords of L.A.

THE SOUND OF THE RADIO ANNOUNCER CONTINUES.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(voice over, filtered)

"The only thing we can rely on is that when
they're not on the streets this kind of conduct
will not occur."

CLICK! The Black Warlord turns off the portable radio.

There is a long pause. All the Warlords exchange slow, intense gazes.

WHITE WARLORD

For the six. . .

For a moment no one moves. Then each of the Warlords moves their chair closer together until they form a tight circle.

They each pull out switchblades and CLICK them open. There is a rapid series of RAZOR SNAPS as the blades flash out.

(CONT'D)

5

CONT'D

Again the strong, tough eyes move around the room to each of the others. The Black Warlord places a small bowl in the middle of the circle formed by their chairs.

BLACK WARLORD

Cholo!

The Black Warlord sticks his switchblade into his own arm and slowly carves three slashes, each four inches long, forming a triangle. He winces wildly in pain but doesn't utter a sound. Blood pours off his arm.

Then the others follow him, uttering the word 'Cholo' and slicing into their arms.

6

CLOSE SHOT - BOWL

The blood from each of their arms splatters down into the bowl, mingling together, uniting.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. ECHO PARK STREET - DAY

A row of Spanish stucco apartments in a section of Echo Park. The sun is slowly sinking in the sky.

SUPERIMPOSE:

ECHO PARK
7:00 P.M.

(CONT'D)

7

CONT'D

WE HOLD ON THE SHOT.

A DOORSLAM. A figure of a MAN comes down from one of the many bungalows set back from the street.

The man is WHISTLING, a soft, beautiful Spanish theme.

He reaches the sidewalk. He is ETHAN BISHOP, a tall, strong, striking-looking black police lieutenant. He is in uniform. CAMERA TRACKS with him as he walks down the sidewalk.

8

CLOSER TRACKING SHOT

with Bishop. Although strong, his face has a soft quality about it. His eyes are clear and bright. He continues to WHISTLE the Spanish theme.

Bishop reaches his car and gets in.

9

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Bishop slides in, fastens his seat belt starts the car and pulls away from the curb.

He picks up a microphone from the dashboard.

(CONT'D)

9
INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

BISHOP

1 W 20 to 1 W 90.

POLICE ANNOUNCER

1 W 90, go.

BISHOP

1 W 90, this is Lieutenant Bishop in
unmarked vehicle requesting assignment.
Is Staff 7 there?

POLICE ANNOUNCER

Stand by.

COLLINS

(over radio)

1 W 20, this is Staff 7. If I look around
maybe I can find something for you to do.

BISHOP

Captain Collins, hello there. I'm surprised
to hear your voice, sir.

COLLINS

W 20, a little reminder of your previous
life. How's it going so far?

BISHOP

W 90, well, seeing as I've been on the job
exactly four minutes . . .

COLLINS

W 20, so you won't forget us, I've got a
temporary reassignment for you tonight. A
little supervisory job. Proceed to Precinct
Nine, Division Thirteen and take over from
Captain Gordon for the night.

BISHOP

Isn't that the Anderson precinct?

COLLINS

Affirmative.

(CONT'D)

BISHOP

But ;they're closing it down. There's nothing for me to do there except stare at the packing crates.

COLLINE

You want to be a hero your first night out, Lieutenant?

BISHOP

Yes sir.

COLLINS

There are no heroes any more, Bishop . Only men who follow orders.

BISHOP

1 W 90, yes sir. Proceeding to Precinct Nine, Division Thirteen.

COLLINS

1 W 20, good luck and don't forget where you came from.

BISHOP

1 W 90, I won't. KMA 492, off.

COLLINS

1 W 20, Rodger.

Bishop hangs up the microphone. He is deep in thought for a moment. Then the clear, bright expression returns to his eyes. He begins to WHISTLE the Spanish theme again.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. HOLDING STATION - DAY

The police holding station is a low, squat, white building that looks drab but formidable. There is a huge wire fence surrounding the rear.

SUPERIMPOSE:

SOMMERSET, CALIFORNIA
HOLDING STATION
7:15 P.M.

11 INT. HOLDING STATION HALLWAY - DAY

TRACKING SHOT with Special Officer STARKER as he walks down a long, cold, fluorescent-lit hallway.

Starker is a stocky man with a blunt face. He wears an olive green uniform.

Starker stops at a desk and hands his papers to a WARDEN, a short, unpleasant man with a sadistic face. The Warden looks over the papers, then stands up.

WARDEN
This way, please.

The two men start down the hallway, CAMERA TRACKING WITH THEM.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
They gave you a sweet job.

STARKER
Better than some.

WARDEN
Carrying a bus-load of hate is not my
idea of better than anything.

They stop in front of a door which the Warden unlocks.

12

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Starker and the Warden step into a small, windowless white room.

Seated on a bench are two prisoners, WELLS, a towering black man, and CAUDELL, a greasy white. Both prisoners are dressed in faded prison blues and are handcuffed from behind. Caudell COUGHS softly and seems to have a hard time breathing.

The Warden locks the door behind them.

WARDEN

Wells, Caudell.

Starker looks at them. They look back expressionlessly. Caudell COUGHS.

STARKER

Is he all right?

WARDEN

Yeah. Just a cold.

STARKER

Where's Wilson?

WARDEN

We have him in a special room.

CUT TO:

13

INT. CUBICLE - DAY

ANGLE ON DOOR. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF KEYS UNLOCKING THE DOOR. The door swings open.

A PRISONER is seated across the cubicle in a chair. He is chained to the wall.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN, through the door, across the cubicle, TRACKING RAPIDLY IN TO A CLOSE-SHOT of NAPOLEON WILSON.

(CONT'D)

13

CONT'D

Napoleon Wilson is hard, arrogant, mean and handsome. He keeps a constant look of quiet sarcasm on his face. He rarely smiles, but when he does it is perverse and private.

He glances up boredly at the two men offscreen.

WARDEN

(voice over)

This is Napoleon Wilson.

Wilson's gaze turns to Starker.

WILSON

Got a smoke?

14

FULL SHOT

Starker just stares down at Wilson in the chair.

STARKER

Close the door.

The Warden closes the cubicle door. Starker continues to stare at Wilson.

STARKER (CONT'D)

I want you to know something, Wilson. I don't enjoy driving anybody to death row, but I've got two guards with shotguns and if you try anything I'll blow you apart.

Wilson's bored expression doesn't change.

WILSON

Sure could use a smoke.

WARDEN

He'd find a way to put it out in your eye.

Wilson moves his gaze to the Warden.

(CONT'D)

WILSON

That's the trouble with this place. They spread nasty rumors about you, try to ruin your reputation. Only thing a man has around here is his reputation.

STARKER

Do you understand me, Wilson?

WILSON

You mumble a little bit, but I get the general idea.

Starker motions to Wilson's chains.

STARKER

Let's go.

The Warden walks over to unchain Wilson.

For a moment Starker turns his back on them. The Warden sees this. He steps close to Wilson and viciously elbows him in the back of the neck.

Wilson flops off the chair and hits the floor, painfully twisted in his chains.

Starker spins around. The Warden smiles innocently.

WARDEN

Slipped right off the chair.

Starker gives the Warden a hard look. Wilson nods in agreement.

WILSON

Yeah, I don't sit in chairs as good as I used to.

STARKER

Get him up.

CUT TO:

15

EXT. REAR OF HOLDING STATION - DAY

TRACKING SHOT with Caudell, Wells and Wilson as they are taken from the main building to the police bus by Starker and TWO PRISON GUARDS. Wilson is tethered on a chain to the Warden who follows behind the prisoners.

CAMERA DRIFTS BACK SLIGHTLY, favoring Wells and Wilson.

WELLS

I'm all jealous, Wilson. You get all this V.I.P. treatment and here they let me walk around almost free.

Wells holds up his handcuffed hands and wiggles his fingers at Wilson.

WILSON

Hey.

WELLS

What?

WILSON

You have a smoke on you?

WELLS

Yeah, but I can't give it to you.

WILSON

Why?

WELLS

Not good for you. Smoking turns your lungs all black.

WILSON

Oh. No good being black, huh?

Wells stops chuckling. He glares over his shoulder.

WELLS

You think you're real fancy, don't you?

WILSON

I have moments.

(CONT'D)

They reach the bus. Starker is standing there, checking them as they climb on. Wells gets aboard. Wilson hesitates, holding up the chain attached from his wrists five feet back to the Warden.

WILSON

Can I stretch a minute?

Starker stares at him suspiciously.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You're going to chain me to the seat and then drive for hours and hours. Then when we get to Sonnora you're going to chain me up in a cell. Maybe for as long as ninety years. Chains is all I have to look forward to.

Starker nods his head.

Wilson turns around for a moment and faces the Warden who stands a few feet away with a contemptuous grin.

WARDEN

I'm going to miss you, Wilson.

WILSON

Now that's not the truth, warden. You should always tell the truth. Even little white lies trip up a man sometimes.

Wilson stretches his arms, getting the circulation back in them.

Then suddenly in a smooth, deft move he steps forward, puts a slack in the chain between he and the Warden, swings the chain up in the air and hooks it around the Warden's legs.

Then he steps back and pulls with all his might.

The chain jerks the Warden off his feet. He lands on the concrete with a LOUD THUD.

(CONT'D)

15 CONT'D

Suddenly Starker and the two Police Guards push Wilson up against the side of the bus. Two shotguns and a .45 are jammed in his face.

Wilson looks at them innocently.

WILSON

He doesn't stand up as good as he used to.

CUT TO:

16 ANGLE ON REAR OF HOLDING STATION

The prison bus swings out of the fenced-in area and pulls out on to the street.

17 CLOSER ANGLE

As the gate is closed the Warden stands watching the bus disappear. He has a pained scowl on his face.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. ANDERSON STREET - DAY

WIDE SHOT looking down an Anderson residential street. The sun is setting and the sky is starting to turn an intense orange-blue.

Bishop's unmarked car cruises past. As it leaves frame CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY revealing a familiar dark blue California DMV road sign: ANDERSON.

SUPERIMPOSE:

7:30 P.M.

19 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Bishop listens to the small transistor radio on the dashboard.

(CONT'D)

19 CONT'D

ANNOUNCER

(over radio, filtered)

. . . said today that the sun spotting caused an unusually strong gravitational flexing and pulling, much the same effect that the position of the moon has on the tidal flow . . .

CLICK! He turns off the radio and picks up WHISTLING the Spanish theme.

20 EXT. ANDERSON STREET

As Bishop's car drifts on down the street we pick up a late model Chrysler pulling into the flow of traffic from a freeway exit.

21 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY

HOWARD LAWSON is driving, his eight -year-old daughter KATHY next to him. Lawson is a middle-aged, handsome-looking white man. He is obviously not a resident of Anderson. Kathy is a bright, pretty, intelligent little girl.

LAWSON

All right, let's go over it again. What are you going to say to Aunt Margret?

Kathy thinks about it a moment.

KATHY

I forget.

LAWSON

You're going to say, "Aunt Margret, I want you to come up to live with us now that Uncle Fred has gone."

KATHY

I want you to come and live with us now that Uncle Fred is dead.

(CONT'D)

LAWSON
(corrects her)

Gone.

KATHY
Gone.

LAWSON
"We have a big spare room all ready
for you . . .

KATHY
We have a big spare room all ready
for you. . .

LAWSON
(thinks a moment)
"And I told Daddy that if you don't come
to live with us, I'm going to run away from
home . . ."

KATHY
She'll never buy that.

LAWSON
Okay, drop that one.

KATHY
Dad.

LAWSON
Hum?

KATHY
I'm hungry.

LAWSON
You'd rather eat than help me get your
Nanny out of this awful neighborhood?

(CONT'D)

21 CONT'D

KATHY

I'd know what to say to her
better if I had something to eat.

LAWSON

Help me look for the street. I can
never find the street.

21A ANGLE OUT WINDSHIELD

as they pass a police car parked by the side of the street.

21B BACK TO SCENE

Kathy points at the squad car.

KATHY

Why don't we ask them?

LAWSON

Keep looking for Bon Air Place. I
think it's just down here a couple
blocks.

KATHY

Mrs. Seward always says a policeman is
there to answer questions and help you
when you're in trouble.

LAWSON

(under his breath)

Mrs. Seward obviously doesn't take too
many big steps outside the third grade.

KATHY

Huh?

LAWSON

We're not in any trouble yet, honey.

22 EXT. ANDERSON SIDE STREET - DAY

As the Chrysler moves down the main street CAMERA TRACKS OFF DOWN a tree-lined side street and picks up FOUR YOUTHS walking slowly along the sidewalk.

23 CLOSER TRACKING SHOT

with the four. They are led by the White Warlord. Two of them are Black, the other a Chicano. In their early or middle twenties they look ominous, mindlessly aggressive.

The White Warlord carries what seems to be an attache case. The group walks with an almost business-like air of silent determination. They are frightening in the total lack of feeling on their faces.

They stop at a sleek, low black Ford and get in. The Ford starts up and pulls away from the curb.

24 INT. FORD - DAY

The Chicano is driving. The White Warlord and a Black are in the back seat. The radio blares out ROCK MUSIC.

25 ANGLE IN BACK SEAT

The White Warlord opens up his attache case. Inside is a .358 Magnum Mauser in pieces. He puts the gun together, then screws a silencer on the barrel.

26 INT. FORD

The others take pistols from their jackets and twist on silencers. The car is a cruising arsenal.

The youths stare out of the windows, searching the streets, as the ROCK MUSIC ENDS and an ANNOUNCER SEQUES IN.

ANNOUNCER

(voice over, filtered)

It's hot and it's Saturday night! Are you ready for it? Coming to the end of a Babylon summer, just drifting along easy tonight with nothing to do but spin some hot cookin' sounds and just sort of stretch out and start to feel good . . .

CUT TO:

27 EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

Bishop's unmarked car pulls into a huge parking lot. There are four or five other cars parked around but the lot looks deserted. Even in the fading, half-light of dusk the lot is lit by several eerie blue-green mercury lights high up on their skinny dark poles.

SUPERIMPOSE:

7:45 P.M.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE

Bishop locks his car and walks toward the street, CAMERA TRACKING WITH HIM.

29 POV - MOVING SHOT

Across the street from the parking lot is the Anderson Police Station. The sun is a pale glow behind it.

It is an old, gray stone building. There is a large driveway and loading port on one side. The police station is totally isolated from any neighboring houses, except for some empty store fronts several yards away.

30 BACK TO BISHOP

as he stops at the street, smiling at the old building. He glances down the street.

31 POV

The street is almost totally deserted except for a distant clump of houses at the corner. It is strangely moody. The trees are filled with a dusk wind that HISSES the leaves.

32 BACK TO BISHOP

He looks down the street in the other direction.

33 POV

The street in the other direction is the same. Deserted, quiet, eerie.

34 BACK TO BISHOP

He starts across the street, WHISTLING the Spanish melody.

35 ANGLE ON ANDERSON POLICE STATION

Bishop walks across the street and up to the front doors.

36 INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - DUSK

Bishop steps in the door. The Anderson Police Station is just as old on the inside, but it is also amazingly warm and comfortable with old-fashioned low hanging lights casting an amber glow on everything.

There are crates and boxes piled up everywhere as the precinct is in the process of relocating. On one side of the main area is the Captain's Office and a windowed hall leading back to the cell area, and on the other is a door to the Detectives' Room.

Behind the reception desk is CHANEY, the desk sergeant, a gnarled fiftish man with a stone face, and LEIGH and JULIE, two secretaries.

Leigh is in her twenties, beautiful etched features, sexy in a tough, strong sort of way. She glances up at Bishop and smiles, seeing his uniform. Julie is dark, aloof, in her twenties, but also attractive.

Bishop steps up to the desk. Chaney doesn't look up.

CHANEY

Yes?

BISHOP

Hello. I'm Lieutenant Bishop.

Chaney looks at him. A very cool gaze.

CHANEY

Yes, sir. One moment while I tell the Captain you've arrived.

Chaney walks to the Captain's office, KNOCKS, and steps in.

(CONT'D)

LEIGH
Hello, Lieutenant.

BISHOP
Hi.

LEIGH
I'm Leigh.

BISHOP
Bthan Bishop.

LEIGH
This is Julie.

Julie looks up at him, smiles, and they exchange HELLOS. Then she returns to her work, checking off various things that are packed in boxes behind the reception desk.

BISHOP
Things are quiet.

LEIGH
For a change. You took over at the right time.

BISHOP
Apparently. When are you moving?

LEIGH
They shut off the phones and the electricity at ten tomorrow morning.

BISHOP
That sounds pretty final.

LEIGH
Would you like some coffee, Lieutenant?

(CONT'D)

BISHOP

Yes. THANK YOU.

LEIGH

Just made some fresh. I'll get you a cup.

BISHOP

Thanks.

She leaves the desk to fix the coffee. Bishop watches as Julie answers the switchboard.

JULIE

Hello, 7814. (Pause) No, I'm sorry, the precinct has been relocated. Let me give you the new number, 381-7955. Thank you.

She clicks off the switch, looks up at Bishop and shakes her head wearily.

JULIE (CONT'D)

The phone company should be doing this. They're supposed to have cut in at seven^{five}.

Julie plugs in a line and dials.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hello, may I speak to Supervisor Twelve, please? (Pause) Hello, this is 381-7955. You were supposed to be monitoring all incoming calls . . .

Bishop drifts away from the reception desk to the Detectives' Office.

Bishop steps into the detectives' office. There are two rows of desks filling the long, rectangular room. At the far end is a window pouring in dense, purple dusk light.

Leigh is at the far end of the room making coffee. She glances up at Bishop, a steaming cup in her hand.

LEIGH

Black?

BISHOP

(nodding)

For over thirty years.

Leigh wearily shakes her head at the joke.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Two sugars.

Bishop walks slowly down the row of desks. He stops by a particular desk and bends down to inspect the top of it. He smiles.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I grew up four blocks from here. When I was about four or five my father sent me in here with a note. A detective read it and said, "We lock up little boys who can't behave". When he went to call my father I carved something in the top of his desk with a letter opener.

Bishop taps the desk indicating it is still there.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

He came back a few minutes later and let me go. I was afraid for months that he might see it and come after me.

LEIGH

Why did your father send you in here?

(CONT'D)

BISHOP

For using foul language in the presence
of my mother.

LEIGH

What did you carve on the desk?

Bishop just smiles.

Leigh gets two cups and walks up to the desk. She hands one
to Bishop and bends down to read the inscription.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Kind of advanced for a little kid.

She stands up and gestures at Bishop's uniform.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Your father or somebody obviously got
you out of Anderson early enough.

BISHOP

What do you mean?

Leigh glances at the desks, spies something on one, walks to
it, takes a memo from the desk and hands it to Bishop. Bishop
scans the memo quickly.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

The highest per capita homicide rate in
any metropolitan area is Anderson, California,
a suburb of Los Angeles, that has a large
population of poor, an unemployment rate of
29% and an arsenal of privately owned guns
that provides 6 weapons for every man, woman
and child. A study made by this department
shows that if the present murder rate
continues, one out of every five children born
in Anderson in 1976 who stay in the city will
be killed before reaching eighteen.

(CONT'D)

He tosses the memo back on the desk.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Strong figures. What makes you want to work here?

LEIGH

Social pressure.

BISHOP

How's that?

LEIGH

It's one of the things you can find to do when you've been fighting an image all your life.

BISHOP

I don't understand.

LEIGH

Somebody bet me that a sweet, spoiled, little rich girl couldn't come down and work in the middle of hell and last. I decided to win the bet.

BISHOP

How long have you been here?

LEIGH

Five years.

BISHOP

You must have seen alot.

Leigh nods her head.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I understand your point, but I don't think I'd call Anderson 'the middle of hell' yet.

(CONT'D)

37 CONT'D

Leigh points to the inscription on the desk.

LEIGH

Things have changed since you carved that.

Chaney sticks his head in the door.

CHANBY

The Captain would like to see you,
Lieutenant.

BISHOP

Be right there.

(He turns back to Leigh)

By the way, no one took me out of Anderson
when I was a baby. I walked out myself
when I was twenty.

LEIGH

Enjoy your new police station.

BISHOP

I will. And thanks for the coffee.

38 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

Captain GORDON is a robust man with a strong, ruddy face.
He is on the telephone. His office is like the main area
in age and atmosphere.

Bishop walks in and takes a seat. He notices an old pair of
binoculars on Gordon's desk.

GORDON

(into telephone)

Well, are they out? Then get them
out! And double your patrols! Go
ahead and send them up there, you don't
have to call over here every time another
division stubs their toe!

He hangs up and looks at Bishop.

(CONT'D)

38

CONT'D

GORDON (CONT'D)

What a night! We've had a 312 every fifteen minutes! There's eight liquor stores held up in the last twenty minutes, twelve cars stolen, three burglaries and two aggravated assaults and it isn't even eight o'clock!

Gordon leans back in his chair and looks up at the ceiling, contemplating silently for a moment.

GORDON (CONT'D)

It's the wind. Red wind. It comes down through the mountains from Santa Ana. Makes your nerves tingle and your skin itch. Static electricity in the air. Brings all the crazies out. The wind blows 'em out of their doors and right down the street into trouble.

BISHOP

Could be the sun spots.

Gordon looks at him curiously.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Pressure on the atmosphere. I heard it on the radio.

For a moment Gordon looks at him with a frozen expression. Bishop looks back hopefully.

GORDON

At eight o'clock I'm going over to the new precinct on Ellendale. You'll take over here until Weaver comes in at four. All you do is answer the phones and send any strays over. There may be some who still think this is a police station.

BISHOP

Are there any facilities left over here?

(CONT'D)

38

CONT'D

GORDON

Couple cells and a bathroom.

Gordon gets up, picks up his briefcase, and starts for the door.

BISHOP

I don't understand why this building is still open.

GORDON

It is and it isn't, Lieutenant. The result of transition. I really think someone in the central office just wanted to give you something special on your first night out.

Gordon exits the room. Bishop shakes his head slowly.

~~got~~ BISHOP

That sure ~~gets~~ around fast.

38A

EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

Gordon walks out of the police station. He stops a moment to glance back at the old building, then slowly walks to his car.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. ANDERSON STREET - DUSK

WIDE SHOT of a lonely, quiet residential street.

SUPERIMPOSE:

The sleek, jet-black Ford comes drifting down the street. CAMERA BEGINS TO TRACK ALONG WITH IT. The Ford looms like a hearse. Due to the dusk light we can't see inside the windows.

40

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT

on the rear window of the Ford. Trees, houses, and the dusk sky are reflected on the cold window glass. The window rolls down slightly. The long, gray muzzle of a silencer pushes through the opening.

41 INT. FORD - BACK SEAT - DUSK

The White Warlord is propped against one side of the back seat, the Mauser in his hands, his eye up to the sight.

42 POV THRU MAUSER SIGHT

In the cross-hairs of the telescopic sight is an OLD WOMAN walking alone on the sidewalk. The sight stays with her, the hairs crossing at her head.

43 ANGLE ON WHITE WARLORD

as he stares through the sight. His finger is poised, curled around the trigger, but he doesn't squeeze.

44 POV THRU MAUSER SIGHT

The sight whips away from the woman and glides over to a MAN washing his car. The cross-hairs are right on his forehead.

45 ANGLE ON WHITE WARLORD

staring through the sight.

Distantly WE HEAR THE TINKLING SOUND of an ICE CREAM TRUCK. It is playing Ach Die Liber Augustine.

The White Warlord takes his eye away from the sight. His expression is stone cold, his eyes slits.

46 INT. FORD - DUSK

The White Warlord sits up in the back seat. The others hear the TINKLING of the ice cream truck.

The Chicano driving pulls the car over to the curb and shuts off the engine.

With the engine off the distant TINKLING is slightly LOUDER.

The White Warlord motions to the Chicano who starts up the car again.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ANOTHER ANDERSON STREET - DUSK

TRACKING SHOT along another Anderson residential street.

CAMERA PICKS UP the ice cream truck slowly creeping along. Ach Die Liber Augustine is still TINKLING from the interior speakers.

Slowly the truck and CAMERA come to a stop.

48 ANGLE ON CAB

The driver, JOE ANCASO, puts the truck in park. In his late forties he is a small, plain little man whose features are beginning to spread and droop making him seem a little more severe and hawk-like than he really is.

He glances over toward the sidewalk.

49 POV FROM ICE CREAM TRUCK

A small group of CHILDREN have gathered by the sidewalk. They are lined up to order ice cream.

50 ANGLE ON CAB

Ancaso CLICKS off the tape. Ach Die Liber Augustine abruptly ends.

Ancaso starts to take the children's orders. He glances back at the street.

51 POV ON STREET

The black Ford drifts slowly by the truck. It goes down the block.

52 CLOSE SHOT - ANCASO

He notices the Ford. He returns to the children. Then he gaze once again returns to the street.

53 POV ON STREET

The black Ford cruises by this time from the other direction.

54 CLOSE SHOT - ANCASO

He reacts to the car, his features tightening slightly.

55 CLOSE SHOT - DASHBOARD OF TRUCK

Ancaso's hand automatically touches the dashboard.

CAMERA BOOMS DOWN SLIGHTLY to reveal a small, snub-nosed .38 pistol clipped up under the dash out of sight.

56 ANGLE ON CAB

Ancaso returns to the children, but constantly glances over his shoulder at the street.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

ANGLE ON FREEWAY. It is a river of headlights. Cars drift in a line toward the coming night.

The prison bus drives by, CAMERA PANNING WITH IT.

58 INT. PRISON BUS - DUSK

Wells and Caudell are seated in the front of the bus with one of the Prison Guards. The other Guard and Starker are in the rear.

In the middle of the bus, isolated from everyone else, chained to the seat, is Wilson. He stares out the window at the freeway, the city and the setting sun.

Starker gets up from his seat in the back, walks down the aisle and sits next to Wilson.

STARKER

You don't mind if I sit with you for a minute or two, do you, Wilson?

WILSON

(as if for the first time)
Got a smoke on you?

(CONT'D)

STARKER

You asked me before.

WILSON

I never got a definite answer.

STARKER

I don't smoke.

WILSON

That's a definite answer.

Wilson turns to the window and looks at the sun, which molds light across his face.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Another one gone.

Starker just looks at him.

WILSON (CONT'D)

When you're in my position you look at days like women. Each one is so goddamn precious, but they always end up leaving you.

Wilson turns to Starker.

WILSON (CONT'D)

What do you want?

STARKER

Why do I have to want something?

WILSON

You're a cop. You're either curious about me or you want to give me shit.

(CONT'D)

STARKER

I don't understand you, Wilson.

WILSON

(nodding)

Curious.

STARKER

You're not stupid, you're not a psychopath . . .

WILSON

But I am an asshole. You can't take everything away from me.

STARKER

Why did you kill those men?

Wilson looks back at the sun. Something very sad passes across his face. For a moment his eyes concede distance and loneliness.

Then he turns back to Starker, his arrogance returned.

WILSON

Everyone asks me the same question. Cops, lawyers, judges, doctors, wardens . . . I always tell them the same thing. The first time I ever saw a preacher, he said to me, "Son, there's something strange about you. You have something to do with death". Being real young, I believed him, and it turned out he was right.

STARKER

That's no answer.

WILSON

I thought it was pretty good.

Starker gives him and starts to get up. Wilson moves his hands, holding up the chains.

(CONT'D)

WILSON (CONT'D)

You wouldn't consider taking these off
for awhile, would you?

STARKER

I'm not a fool, Wilson.

WILSON

Really?

Starker hesitates.

STARKER

Where'd you get a name like 'Napoleon'?

WILSON

I'll tell you sometime.

STARKER

When?

Wilson smiles.

WILSON

The moment of dying.

STARKER

I'm going to do my best to be there
when yours comes.

They are interrupted by a FIT OF COUGHING from the front of
the bus.

(CONT'D)

Caudell is bent over in his seat and is COUGHING and HACKING furiously. Next to him Wells looks alarmed.

WELLS

Hey . . . He's really sick.

Starker moves to the front and looks over at Caudell. Caudell's face is pale. He is perspiring feverishly.

STARKER

I thought it was just a cold.

WELLS

The warden said that. I never said that.

Starker leans forward to the Driver.

STARKER

We have to stop.

DRIVER

Another six hours to Sonnora.

Starker thinks a moment.

STARKER

What's the nearest precinct?

The Driver glances at his roadmap.

DRIVER

Anderson.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ANDERSON STREET CORNER - DUSK

A lonely street corner with a telephone booth. It is almost completely dark now. Everything is cast in a deep blue.

SUPERIMPOSE:

8:25 P.M.

The Chrysler pulls up beside the telephone booth.

Lawson gets out. He has a frustrated, annoyed look on his face. He heads for the booth.

As he steps in, closes the door, deposits his money, dials and waits, Kathy gets out of the Chrysler and steps on to the sidewalk next to the booth. She hops back and forth over a crack.

LAWSON

(into telephone)

Hello, Margret? This is Howard Lawson.

(Pause) Well, we got lost, that's why.

I can't tell one street from another . . .

60 CLOSER SHOT ON KATHY

as she hops over the crack.

In the distance is the TINKLING SOUND OF Ach Die Liber Augustine RISING.

Kathy looks up.

61 KATHY'S POV

Down the street comes the ice cream truck. The TINKLING gets LOUDER.

62 BACK TO KATHY

Excitement spreads across her face.

63 ANGLE ON PHONEBOOTH

LAWSON (CONT'D)
 (into telephone)
 . . . okay, okay, we take Descanso to
 Pinehurst . . .

Kathy runs up, pushes open the door and tugs at her father.

KATHY
 Daddy, it's the ice cream man!

LAWSON
 (into telephone)
 . . . Descanso to Glen Oak . . . then to
 Pinehurst . . .

KATHY
 The ice cream man is coming!

64 INT. CAB - ICE CREAM TRUCK - DUSK

Ancaso is ambling along. He glances in his side view mirror.

65 POV IN MIRROR

Right behind him in the black Ford.

64 ANGLE ON ANCASO

Again his expression tightens. He slows down the truck, pulling over to the curb. He stops. His hand touches the .38 under the dash.

65 POV ON STREET

The black Ford moves by him and on up the street.

66 ANGLE ON STREET CORNER

FULL SHOT showing the corner and the phonebooth.

As the black Ford whisks by in the foreground, Kathy receives some change from Lawson in the booth and starts down the sidewalk.

67 ANGLE ON PHONEBOOTH

LAWSON

(into telephone)

No, no, Margret. It's no problem.
We'll be there in ten minutes.

Behind him the black Ford slowly turns around at the corner and starts back down the street.

68 TRACKING SHOT ALONG THE STREET

Kathy is walking on the sidewalk in the background.

In foreground the black Ford slides into frame and CAMERA MOVES WITH IT.

69 INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK

Ancaso stares at:

70 POV

The black Ford, coming toward the truck, slowing down, passing it.

71 BACK TO ANCASO

He watches the Ford in the side mirror.

Kathy suddenly appears at the open door to the sidewalk.

KATHY

Can I get some ice cream?

Ancaso jumps, startled by her voice.

(CONT'D)

71 CONT'D

ANCASO
It's eight thirty, sweetheart, I'm
closed.

KATHY
The music's still going.

Ach Die Liber Augustine has been playing. Ancaso quickly
shuts it off.

Then he glances in the side view mirror.

72 POV IN MIRROR

The street is empty. The black Ford is nowhere to be seen.

73 ANGLE ON CAB

KATHY
Please let me buy some ice cream.

Ancaso looks at her a moment, then nods his head. He opens
the refrigerator doors behind him.

ANCASO
What flavor?

KATHY
Vanilla twist.

74 ANGLE ON PHONEBOOTH

LAWSON
(into telephone)
See you in a few minutes. Goodbye,
Margret.

He hangs up and steps out of the phonebooth. He glances up
the street at the ice cream truck.

(CONT'D)

74 CONT'D

LAWSON (CONT'D)
Kathy! Come on!

75 FULL SHOT - ICE CREAM TRUCK

Kathy walks away from the truck with a huge cone in her hands and starts back up the sidewalk.

76 CLOSE SHOT - ANCASO

He watches her walk toward her father.

Then he turns to glance at the side mirror.

77 WIDER SHOT

The White Warlord is standing at the driver's door.

Ancaso jumps and reaches for the .38. The White Warlord grabs him before he can get it and pulls him out of the truck.

78 ANGLE ON KATHY

She slows, staring at her ice cream cone.

KATHY
(disappointed)
This is regular vanilla.

She makes a quick U-turn and starts back for the ice cream truck.

79 ANGLE ON BACK OF ICE CREAM TRUCK

The White Warlord SLAMS Ancaso up against the side of the ice cream truck. The other three stand around idly watching. From this angle neither Lawson nor Kathy can see them. The black Ford is parked behind the truck.

ANCASO
(terrified)
Jesus, come on! Come on, I'll give
you my money! Just don't hurt me . . .
Please . . . Please . . .

(CONT'D)

The White Warlord holds up the .45 he has in his hand and shows it to Ancaso. For a moment their eyes meet. The White Warlord's eyes are clouded with an icy malignance.

ANCASO (CONT'D)

Look, if you want the money it's in the truck. Just take it! Please . . .

Suddenly the White Warlord SLAPS Ancaso across the face with the .45. Ancaso pulls back, wincing in pain.

With a quick motion the White Warlord crams the barrel of the .45 into Ancaso's mouth. Ancaso gives a short GURGLE, the barrel rammed way back in his throat.

The White Warlord pulls out the barrel and SMAGKS Ancaso across the face again with the .45. There are two ugly red welts on his cheeks.

He WHAPS him again.

Holding up his hands to protect his face Ancaso moves for the cab.

Before he can reach the truck the White Warlord hits him across the back of the neck, knocking him in the street.

ANGLE THRU CAB OF ICE CREAM TRUCK

The White Warlord passes the opened cab door.

Kathy suddenly steps up to the door on the other side. She holds the ice cream cone in front of her.

KATHY

I wanted vanilla twist . . .

ON WHITE WARLORD

Startled by her voice, he turns and instantly FIRES the .45. The silencer BLIPS.

82 ON KATHY

She is hit. Her ice cream cone EXPLODES with the bullet, vanilla and blood spraying.

83 ANGLE ON LAWSON

Up the street Lawson stares at the ice cream truck.

84 HIS POV

Half a block away he sees Kathy as she flops to the sidewalk like a limp doll.

85 ON LAWSON

staring at her. Then he starts to move up the sidewalk, CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM, faster and faster, the panic flooding to his face.

LAWSON
Kathy . . . KATHY!

86 ANGLE ON ICE CREAM TRUCK

The other three youths bolt for the car.

The White Warlord reaches in the truck, grabs the money box, hesitates a moment above Ancaso, BLIPS two shots into him, and walks quickly to the black Ford.

87 TRACKING SHOT WITH LAWSON

as he runs toward his daughter. The horror is rising fast on his face.

88 HIS POV - MOVING SHOT

toward Kathy's body.

89 CLOSER TRACKING SHOT - LAWSON

On his face, he gets closer to her and sees exactly what has happened.

90 ANGLE ON SIDEWALK

Lawson drops down next to Kathy's body and cradles her in his arms. He rocks back and forth, sobbing.

He looks over at Ancaso.

91 POV - STREET

Ancaso is still alive. He doesn't move. A trail of blood spreads from under him.

92 BACK TO LAWSON

LAWSON

Help me . . . Please, help me . . .

93 POV - STREET

Behind Ancaso the black Ford pulls down the street.

ANCASO

(whispering)

Gun . . . In the truck . . . Under the
dash . . .

94 BACK TO LAWSON

He watches the black Ford getting away, then searches the street.

95 POV - STREET

Lawson's POV whips wildly around. The street is deserted.

The POV whips back to the disappearing black Ford, now almost all the way down the block.

96 BACK TO LAWSON

He takes off his coat and wraps Kathy's body in it. It is a futile gesture and Lawson knows it, but he covers her as if keeping her warm.

Then he quickly steps to the ice cream truck, leans in the cab, and comes out with the .38.

(CONT'D)

96

CONT'D

Lawson hesitates a second at Ancaso's body, then runs down the block after the black Ford.

97

TRACKING SHOT

with Lawson as he races along.

98 HIS POV - MOVING SHOT

of the black Ford disappearing around the corner.

99 ANGLE ON STREET CORNER

Lawson reaches his car, jumps in, starts it up and spins around after the black Ford.

WE HOLD A MOMENT as Lawson's Chrysler disappears down the street.

100 ANGLE ON ICE CREAM TRUCK

We see Ancaso's body and Kathy's on the sidewalk. A couple PEOPLE step out of their houses. The distant WAIL of a police siren.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. ANDERSON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE FRONT OF THE STATION.

SUPERIMPOSE:

8:45 P.M.

Bishop steps out of the front door carrying a sign under his arm and a hammer in his hand. He pounds the sign in the lawn. It reads:

PRECINCT RELOCATED
MOVED TO 1977
ELLENDAL PLACE

THE SOUND OF A BUS ENGINE. Bishop looks up.

102 ANGLE ON LOADING PORT

The prison bus pulls in from the street and swings around to the loading port at the side of the station.

The door opens and Starker steps out. Bishop walks up from the front of the station.

(CONT'D)

BISHOP

Hello.

STARKER

Hello, Lieutenant. Special Officer
Starker.

BISHOP

Ethan Bishop.

They shake hands.

STARKER

I'm on my way to Sonnora with three
prisoners. One of them got real sick
about a half an hour ago. I think it's
pretty serious.

BISHOP

What is it?

STARKER

I don't know, but I want to put the three
of them in your holding tanks while I call
a doctor.

BISHOP

I guess you didn't see the sign.

Starker looks at him curiously.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

The station isn't here any more. It's
being relocated . . .

STARKER

You're here.

(CONT'D)

BISHOP

Waiting for the electricity to go off
tomorrow morning . . .

STARKER (impatient)

Will you let me put my prisoners in your
holding tanks?

BISHOP

If you'll just get back on the main
boulevard, go down about ten blocks . . .

STARKER

I don't have alot of time to discuss it.
If what he has is infectious all of us on
the bus have it. The quicker we get them
in the tanks and I get to a phone . . .

They look at each other a moment.

BISHOP

Bring them in.

Starker walks to the bus.

STARKER

Let's go.

A Guard, Wells helping Caudell, Wilson in chains, the other
Guard and the Driver step off the bus and file into the load-
ing port door.

INT. HOLDING TANKS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bishop unlocks three cells. Starker and the two Guards
herd Wells, Caudell and Wilson into separate cells and CLANG
the doors shut.

Bishop steps up to Starker and gestures at all the chains on
Wilson.

(CONT'D)

103

CONT'D

BISHOP

Isn't that overdoing it a little?

STARKER

Napoleon Wilson.

Bishop glances again at Wilson.

BISHOP

No kidding.

Bishop walks up to the cell door and looks in. Wilson looks back at him.

WILSON

You got a smoke on you?

BISHOP

No. Sorry.

Wilson reacts to Bishop's politeness. He stares at him a moment, then gives him a nod.

WILSON

Well, if you see one floating around, snag it for me, will you?

Bishop nods.

STARKER

Come on.

Bishop turns from the cell and walks with Starker into the main area of the station.

(CONT'D)

103 CONT'D

Leigh steps into the holding tanks hallway carrying a small crated box. She nods to the two Guards and walks back past the cells.

FIRST GUARD

May be a sick man back there.

LEIGH

Just passing through.

As she passes Wilson's cell she glances in.

Wilson, all chained up, looks back at her.

Leigh slows her walk. She is instantly attracted to Wilson's rugged features and arrogance.

Wilson smiles at her.

Caught staring at a prisoner Leigh flicks her eyes away, picks up her pace again and disappears through the door.

Wilson has watched her exit. He glances at Wells in the adjacent cell. Wells has a big Cheshire grin.

WELLS

I have to admit it, Wilson. You do have some fancy moves for someone wearing leg irons.

Wilson looks back over at the door through which Leigh just walked.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

SLOW PANNING SHOT ACROSS A LARGE VACANT LOT.

OVER THE SHOT WE HEAR THE DISTANT SCREECHING OF TIRES, THE GUNNING OF ENGINES.

The houses around the vacant lot are all boarded up. The area is empty, deserted.

(CONT'D)

104 CONT'D

THE SCREECHING OF TIRES AND ENGINE SOUNDS CONTINUE, GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

Then suddenly the black Ford springs into frame, jumps the curb and ROARS across the vacant lot.

Right behind it comes Lawson's Chrysler.

105 ANGLE ON MIDDLE OF VACANT LOT

The black Ford comes to a bumping, smoking stop. The doors blast open and the three youths instantly scatter across the lot.

Right behind the Ford the Chrysler comes to a stop.

106 ANGLE ON FORD

The White Warlord steps out of the back of the Ford. Unlike the others he has not panicked. He holds the Magnum Mauser up to his shoulder and FIRES, the silencer BLIPPING FURIOUSLY.

107 ANGLE ON CHRYSLER

Lawson's tires, hood, windshield are riddled with bullets.

Lawson, ducking down, opens the door, falls out on the dirt and BLASTS with the .38, emptying it.

108 ANGLE ON FORD

The White Warlord is hit several times. He drops to the ground, dead.

The money box from the ice cream truck falls out of the back seat to the dirt.

109 ANGLE ON LAWSON

As he stands looking at the White Warlord's body. He is trembling, his expression a mixture of shock and rage and disbelief.

The desire to kill slowly drains out of him, replaced by a gnawing ache.

(CONT'D)

109 CONT'D

Lawson tosses his empty gun away, slowly turns and walks past his blasted car across the vacant lot.

110 ANGLE ON WHITE WARLORD

On the White Warlord's arm a white bandage has slipped off. We can see the red slashes of the 'Cholo' triangle.

Slowly the other three youths come back across the lot out of the darkness and stand over the White Warlord's body.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. PHONEBOOTH - EDGE OF VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Lawson staggers up to a phonebooth right on the edge of the vacant lot. He leans against the booth, catching his breath. He looks around wearily.

112 LAWSON'S POV

There is an old, abandoned house across the lot. Wind RUSTLES the trees. Empty, moody streets.

Then the lone FIGURE of one youth slowly walking toward him out of the darkness.

113 ON LAWSON

Terrified, he steps in the phonebooth and tries to put a coin in the slot. His fingers are shaking. He drops the coin on the ground. He looks up.

114 LAWSON'S POV

The figure is closer.

115 ON LAWSON

He bends down on the ground and fumbles for the coin. He looks up again.

116 LAWSON'S POV

 The figure is yet closer.

117 ON LAWSON

 He bolts from the phonebooth.

 CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he runs down the street.
 Behind the phonebooth gets small in the distance.

117A ANGLE UNDER STREETLIGHT

 Lawson stops a moment under a streetlight. He looks
 back.

118 LAWSON'S POV - ON PHONEBOOTH AT EDGE OF VACANT LOT

 Now there are TWO FIGURES passing the phonebooth,
 walking quickly toward him.

119 ANGLE ON LAWSON

 He runs again. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM, in and out of
 darkness. Trees and shadows and dim street lights whip
 by him. He is in a blind panic. His breath BLASTS
 from his mouth.

119A EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

 Lawson runs through the parking lot. The mercury lights
 cast an eerie pall on him.

 He runs across the street.

120 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

 Lawson runs toward the front of the station, past the
 sign (which he doesn't see), right up to the front steps.
 He looks back over his shoulder.

121 LAWSON'S POV - ACROSS STREET ON PARKING LOT

 There are SIX FIGURES walking slowly across the lot.

122 ANGLE ON POLICE STATION

Lawson runs up the steps into the station.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE SIGN. HOLD ON THIS A MOMENT.

CUT TO:

123 INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The main area is in an uproar. Lawson is SOBBING, leaning on the reception desk out of breath. Bishop and Chaney are trying to find out what's wrong with him while Leigh and Julie look on from behind the desk. Starker is on the phone at the back, holding the line waiting to talk to the police doctor.

All the dialogue in this scene should be OVERLAPPING as everyone is talking at once.

CHANBY

Who?

BISHOP

Wait a minute . . .

JULIE (to Leigh)

Who is he?

CHANBY (to Lawson)

What did you say?

BISHOP (to Chaney)

Base up a little, he can't talk.

CHANBY

He says someone's after him.

Chaney turns from Lawson and walks to the window.

STARKER (to Bishop)

Lot of action for a closed-down station.

BISHOP (to Lawson)

What's your name?

(CONT'D)

123 CONT'D

Leigh comes around the desk to help.

Who's after you? BISHOP (CONT'D)

STARKER
(into telephone)
I've been holding for ten minutes,
operator. Where is he, on a coffee
break? Yes, I'll continue to hold.
(He looks at Julie.)
Police doctors. . .

At the window Chaney looks out.

124 CHANEY'S POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT ACROSS STREET
The street, sidewalk and parking lot are empty.

125 BACK TO SCENE
Chaney looks in another direction.

126 CHANEY'S POV - ANGLE ON TREES
A clump of trees on the other side of the street, WHISHING
in the night wind.

127 BACK TO SCENE
Then Chaney looks in the other direction.

128 CHANEY'S POV - ANGLE ON EMPTY STORE FRONTS
Again the buildings, sidewalk and street are deserted.

129 BACK TO SCENE
Chaney turns to Bishop and shakes his head.

No one there. CHANEY

(CONT'D)

BISHOP

All right, wait a minute, let's calm down and talk this out.

LEIGH

(alarmed)

This guy is really shook up.

BISHOP

What's your name?

Lawson can't answer. He is breathing in QUICK RASPS, SOBBING.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Just take it easy. We have to know your name.

LEIGH

He's hyperventilating. I think he's going into shock.

Suddenly Lawson slumps down the side of the reception desk. Leigh catches him before he drops to the floor. Bishop and Leigh gently lower Lawson to the floor and rest his head against the desk.

BISHOP

Chaney, help Leigh move him into the Captain's office.

STARKER

(into telephone)

Hello . . . hello . . .

Starker punches the cradle.

STARKER (CONT'D)

I got cut off.

Julie quickly walks back to the telephone.

(CONT'D)

129 CONT'D

Chaney picks up Lawson and carries him into the Captain's Office, Leigh aiding him.

DO WE HAVE A BLANKET SOMEWHERE

BISHOP

Wrap him up and make sure he stays warm. ~~I'll call the doctor.~~

STARKER

Good luck. First they put me on hold, then they cut me off, and now I can't even get a dial tone.

Julie is trying the phone, punching the cradle. Chaney and Leigh return.

LEIGH

He's all bundled up . . .

JULIE

They didn't cut you off.

STARKER

What are you talking about?

JULIE

The phone's dead.

It is suddenly quiet in the room.

BISHOP

Phone company probably shut it off early . . .

Julie puts down the phone and nervously walks to the window.

STARKER

That's it. I'm leaving. Lieutenant, you run this station like chicken night in Turkey.

(CONT'D)

129 CONT'D

Starker turns and walks to the holding tank door.

BISHOP

Thank you.

Leigh walks up to Bishop.

LEIGH

He was mumbling. Someone about his daughter being shot.

JULIE

(at the window-to no one)

What about the phone?

BISHOP (answers Leigh)

Where?

LEIGH

I don't know. He still can hardly talk . . .

Suddenly all the lights in the police station go out.

The room is lit from distant street lights through the windows. Julie, at the front window, her profile eerily back-lit, stares out, terrified.

BISHOP

Now what?

LEIGH

Power failure?

JULIE

The street lights are still on.

Chaney starts for the front door.

CHANNEY

I'll go call Ellendale on the two-way in my car.

(CONT'D)

129 CONT'D

Before anyone can say anything Chaney is out the front door.

130 EXT. POLICE STATION - ANGLE ON FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Chaney comes down the steps and stops. He looks across the street.

131 CHANEY'S POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

It is empty.

132 BACK TO CHANEY

He starts to walk toward his car in the parking lot, CAMERA TRACKING BACK WITH HIM.

He continues to walk for a second.

Then Chaney is hit. Three bullets. Rapid succession. His chest and neck BRUPT.

He falls.

133 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Julie is at the window, staring curiously.

JULIE (puzzled)
Chaney just fell down.

Bishop and Leigh join her at the window.

134 THEIR POV - ANGLE ON FRONT LAWN

Chaney's body, lying there.

135 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP
~~Something's wrong.~~ u

Bishop walks to the front door.

135 CONT'D

LEIGH
Chaney isn't moving . . .

136 EXT. POLICE STATION - ANGLE ON FRONT STEPS - NIGHT
Bishop steps out the door. He starts down toward Chaney.
FIVE OR SIX SHOTS BLAP into the wall, steps and sidewalk
around him.
Bishop jumps back up the steps and into the station.

137 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT
Bishop SLAMS the front door.

BISHOP
He didn't fall. He was shot!

Leigh and Julie stare at him.

JULIE
What?

Bishop moves to a window and looks out.

BISHOP
I couldn't tell if he was still alive.

LEIGH
But there wasn't any sound . . .

BISHOP
Silencers...

138 BISHOP'S POV - ANGLE ON TREES
In the clump of trees across the street are TWO CROUCHING
FIGURES.

138A BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP (CONT'D)
They're in those trees over there.

JULIE
Why would somebody shoot at a police
station?

Then Bishop suddenly remembers something. He looks out
the window in the other direction.

138B BISHOP'S POV - ANGLE ON EMPTY STORE FRONTS

On top of the small buildings several yards away FIGURES
can be seen crouching low.

139 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP
Starker!

He turns to Leigh and Julie.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Lock the door and get down away from
the windows!

He races for the holding tanks hallway door.

140 EXT. LOADING PORT - NIGHT

The Driver, First Guard, Starker, Caudell, Wells, Wilson and the Second Guard walk out of the station and start for the bus.

STARKER

The lights go off, the phone breaks down,
the whole place is amateur night in . . .

Suddenly the Driver, the First Guard, and Caudell are HIT by silent gunshots. They BRUPT, spin, and drop to the ground.

Everyone freezes for an instant.

The Second Guard is HIT several times. He drops, dead.

Then Wilson, Wells and Starker start moving fast for the station door.

Wells reaches the door first. It is locked.

Half-way up the steps Starker is struck by FOUR SHOTS. He crumples, falling down on top of Wilson who struggles with his chains.

Wells claws at the locked station door. Wilson strains to get out from under Starker's body.

The station door opens. Bishop is there. Wells scurries inside.

Bishop extends his hand to Wilson. Amid a hail of PELTING bullets he pulls Wilson out from under Starker. Wilson quickly grabs the key ring from Starker's belt before he is pulled inside.

141 INT. HOLDING TANKS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wells, Wilson and Bishop stagger into the hallway.

Bishop shoves both prisoners in separate cells. He takes the key ring from Wilson and locks the doors.

Then Bishop rushes to the rear door, locks and bolts it, sealing the hallway from the outside.

(CONT'D)

141 CONT'D

Bishop hurries up the hall past the cells.

WELLS

You're not going to let us sit in here?
At least take off these cuffs!

Bishop continues to walk.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Hey! HEY!

Bishop is gone.

There is the sound of BREAKING GLASS all around them and above on the second floor.

Wells looks terrified. Wilson lounges back on his bed, listening to the sounds of the seige.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Why'd you give him those keys?

WILSON

Give?

WELLS

You just let him take them.

WILSON

There wasn't a whole lot I could do about it. Besides, that isn't giving. The last time I gave somebody something it came out of the end of a shotgun.

WELLS

What's going on out there?

WILSON

Maybe this is how they celebrate the Fourth of July around here.

142 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

As Bishop comes back into the main area A BARRAGE OF BULLETS hits the station.

The windows SHATTER, spewing glass.

Bullets PELT up the walls in irregular patterns.

Bishop ducks down behind the reception desk. It is RIPPED INTO BY BULLETS.

Leigh and Julie are pressed down on the floor. Glass and wood and plaster are flying around them.

143 INT. DETECTIVE' OFFICE - NIGHT

The windows in the detectives' office SHATTER from silent gunfire.

144 BACK TO MAIN AREA

Bishop hears the windows in the detectives' office. He quickly moves from behind the desk toward the Captain's Office door.

145 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lawson is lying on a bench in the corner.

The windows are SHATTERING.

Bishop comes in and grabs Lawson and carries him out.

146 BACK TO MAIN AREA

THE BARRAGE CONTINUES.

Bishop puts Lawson on the floor behind the reception desk. Leigh slowly crawls back there and huddles with Lawson.

147 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the police station.

WE HEAR THE SILENT BLIPS OF SNIPER GUNFIRE, THE SHATTERING OF GLASS, THE RICOCHET OF BULLETS.

(CONT'D)

147 CONT'D

THEN THE BARRAGE SUDDENLY STOPS. Silence. Only an occasional shard of glass CRACKLING.

WE HOLD ON THIS SHOT FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS.

CUT TO:

148 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Slowly Bishop, Leigh and Julie get up.

The main area is a ripped-up mess. Bullet holes are in the walls and plaster chips and glass is everywhere.

Bishop moves to the front window, now empty of glass.

149 POV - ANGLE ACROSS STREET ON PARKING LOT

The lot is empty.

150 POV - ANGLE ON EMPTY STORE FRONTS

No movement. The figures on the roof can't be seen.

151 POV - ANGLE ON TREES

The clump of trees lining the block seem empty.

152 BACK TO SCENE

Bishop starts back to the holding tanks. He draws his pistol from its holster.

BISHOP

Leigh.

LEIGH

Yeah.

BISHOP

Stay at the window. I'll be right back.

Leigh moves to the window.

153 INT. HOLDING TANKS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bishop steps in. The rear door is still locked and bolted.

Bishop looks in at Wilson and Wells.

BISHOP
Are you both all right?

WILSON
Fabulous, as usual.

WELLS
What's going on out there?

Bishop turns back to the main area.

WELLS (CONT'D)
Hey, come on, we got a right to know
what's happening!

Bishop closes the door.

WELLS (CONT'D)
(shouts)
HEY!

Wilson just shakes his head.

WILSON
Left out again. Life just seems to
pass us by, doesn't it?

154 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Bishop steps to the window with Leigh. Julie is at the other window.

JULIE
(nervously)
I think they're gone. I can't see anything. . .

BISHOP
Is there a back way out?

LEIGH
Past the holding tanks, there's a door at the rear, but we're blocked off back there.

BISHOP
Why?

LEIGH
There's a big wall with a barbed wire fence at the top. The only way out from the back is to come around front.

Bishop goes to the Detectives' Office door, opens it and goes in. Leigh follows him. Julie moves away from the window and presses herself fearfully into a corner.

155 INT. DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Bishop is kneeling cautiously behind a desk. He stares out the broken windows.

BISHOP
What about the houses behind the wall?

LEIGH
Empty. All the houses in back are condemned and boarded up.

BISHOP
No one lives nearby?

(CONT'D)

LEIGH

There are two houses at the end of the block.

BISHOP

How far are they from the station?

LEIGH

Five, six hundred yards . . .

BISHOP

That means no one nearby heard anything.

JULIE

That's impossible!

Bishop goes to the Captain's Office and opens the doors.

BISHOP

They're using silencers. No gunshots.
The only sounds are the windows breaking.

JULIE

Somebody could have heard that.

LEIGH

So what? They hear that all the time.

Bishop goes into the Captain's Office.

Leigh and Julie exchange glances.

JULIE

I really think they're gone, I mean,
take a look . . .

(CONT'D)

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Leigh just looks at her. Julie averts her eyes from Leigh's steady gaze.

Bishop returns with the old pair of binoculars, a large brown box and the gun case from the Captain's desk. He places the gun case on the reception desk.

BISHOP

I found a box of magnesium flares.

LEIGH

(shaking her head)

No flare-gun.

BISHOP

It figures.

(he sets down the box of flares)

Leigh, try to get this open.

Bishop moves to the front doors and looks out as Leigh attempts to pry the gun case open.

BISHOP

Nothing. Not a damn thing moving anywhere.

JULIE (to Leigh)

See! If you'll just look outside, you'll see they're gone . . .

BISHOP

(ignoring Julie)

What's upstairs?

LEIGH

It's been gutted. They moved everything down here.

(CONT'D)

156 CONT'D

Leigh glances at Julie hovering in the corner.

 LEIGH (CONT'D)
You want to give me a hand?

 JULIE
I want to know what's going on!

 LEIGH
We're making room in here and then we're
going to invite them in for a square dance.

 JULIE
It isn't funny.

 LEIGH (looking at her)
I know.

 BISHOP
Still no movement. The street's empty.

Bishop leaves the window and fiddles with the lock.

(CONT'D)

He tries but the case won't budge.

 BISHOP (CONT'D)
Damn thing's solid.

Julie looks at them wildly.

 JULIE
What are you doing with that thing?
We should be figuring a way to get
out of here!

 BISHOP
Any suggestions?

Julie just stares at him. Bishop picks up the gun case
and drags it over to the window.

 BISHOP (CONT'D)
We're going to stay here and hold until
someone comes. We're in the middle of
a city, inside a police station. Someone
is going to drive by here eventually.
It may take fifteen or twenty minutes, but
they'll come.

He looks out the window through the binoculars.

 BISHOP (CONT'D)
It doesn't look like they cut just
our phone lines. We're still
connected to the pole. I'm going
to bet they took out a whole pole
down the block.

 JULIE
What does that mean?

 LEIGH
If the phone lines are down in the
area, no one nearby can call in.

(CONT'D)

JULIE

But doesn't the phone company
automatically know where there's
a line down. . .

BISHOP

Wait a minute. There they are!

Bishop is looking through the binoculars.

155 A POV THRU BINOCULARS - ON PARKING LOT

FIGURES are moving in the parking lot. They emerge from either side and scurry up behind the parked cars.

The binoculars whip around, catching them as they come in. They are GANGS from all over L.A. They carry various weapons: guns, knives, clubs, razors, car antennas, wires, etc. They are Black, Chinese, White, Chicano.

The POV whips over to a group of them talking just at the edge of the lot, then follows them as they move in to the cars.

156 BACK TO SCENE

Bishop has a look of quiet terror on his face. He draws his gun.

Leigh and Julie are staring hard, trying to see what the distant figures are doing.

Bishop looks back through the binoculars.

JULIE

Why aren't any cars coming down the street?

157 POV - THRU BINOCULARS - ON STREET CORNER

The binoculars whip around to a telephoto view of the distant street corner. Under the street light TWO GANG YOUTHS are motioning to a car, diverting it off to another street.

158 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP
They've set up a roadblock . . .

JULIE
Someone's coming!

Bishop whips the binoculars around, then lowers them from his eyes.

159 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Black, Chicano and Chinese Warlords walk out of the parking lot and across the street.

Lurking behind the five or six parked cars are what seems to be TWENTY or THIRTY GANG MEMBERS, crouched, waiting.

160 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The three Warlords walk right up the lawn and stop near the front steps.

They stand for a moment staring at the building.

161 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Bishop slowly raises his gun and aims at them.

LEIGH
What are they doing? Why are they
just standing there?

162 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Black Warlord holds up a small pint bottle. It is filled with blood. He releases the bottle and it SPLATS on the sidewalk, blood spraying everywhere.

Then the Chicano Warlord pulls a ripped, bloody piece of white sheet. On it is written 'Cholo', in blood.

The Chicano Warlord tosses the sheet on the front steps of the station.

Then the three of them turn and walk away.

JULIE
What does that mean?

BISHOP
I think we've just been 'marked' for something.

LEIGH
Let me guess what it is.

A breathless silence. They all realize what is going on.

BISHOP
(incredulous)
This is a seige. . .

JULIE
Why don't we give him to them?

Bishop and Leigh look at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Don't give me that 'civilized' look.
He's why they're out there.

Bishop looks over a Lawson lying behind the reception desk.

BISHOP
This is my station tonight. He came in here for help. In my station he gets all the help we can give him.

Leigh smiles at him.

LEIGH
Very nice, Lieutenant.

BISHOP
Thank you.

(CONT'D)

163 CONT'D

JULIE

No!

Julie is staring out the window in horror. Bishop and Leigh look.

164 POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

The five or six cars that were parked are now in a line being pushed slowly toward the station by youths. Behind the cars crouch gang members with rifles.

165 POV - ANGLE ON TREES

Gang youths push a car in toward the station.

166 POV - ANGLE ON EMPTY STORE FRONTS

Two more cars are being rolled in toward the station with gang snipers behind them.

167 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

BISHOP

They're using the cars as cover!

Then suddenly the station is hit with another BARRAGE.

The walls are RIDDLED. The window mouldings SPLINTER.

The three duck for cover. Bishop takes two key rings from his belt and tosses them to Leigh.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Get them out of the cells!

Leigh slowly crawls across the floor toward the holding tanks door.

168 EXT. PARKING LOT - STREET - NIGHT

The six cars roll over the curb into the street. They are pushed along by gang members. Other members crouch and FIRE at the station, silencers BLIPPING furiously.

169 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Bishop FIRES his pistol. For the first time we hear a LOUD GUNSHOT. He BLASTS at the cars.

170 EXT. PARKING LOT - STREET - NIGHT

Windows and headlights SHATTER, tires BLOW and hoods PING with shots from Bishop's gun, but the cars keep coming.

The gangs FIRE back.

171 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The windows are whipped and palsied by GUNFIRE from the gangs. Bishop has to duck from the flying wood and bullets.

172 INT. HOLDING TANKS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leigh comes into the hallway, races down to Wells' cell, and starts to unlock the door.

WELLS

Come on, baby, hurry it up!

At the other end of the hall the door to the back suddenly BANGS inward. Someone is ramming it from the other side.

Leigh unlocks the cell. She rushes in and uncuffs Wells.

LEIGH

Get out front, quick!

Wells lingers a moment, looking at her, contemplating another course of action.

The back door BANGS again, bulging inward. The hinges move slightly.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Move!

(CONT'D)

172 CONT'D

Wells races out of his cell, down the hall and through the door into the main area.

Leigh moves down to Wilson's cell. She fumbles for the right key to open the door.

Suddenly the back door BLASTS OPEN and falls in off its hinges.

Behind it is a CHICANO TOUGH and behind him a CHINESE TOUGH. They have knocked in the door with a thick board. The Chicano Tough has a .45 with a silencer. He starts down the hall toward Leigh, holding out the gun, moving hesitantly.

Leigh tries to fit the key in the cell lock.

The Chicano Tough gets near her. He is uncertain whether or not to shoot her.

Leigh unlocks the door and pulls it open.

The Chicano Tough BLIPS a shot.

Leigh's shoulder EXPLODES. She is knocked backward slightly with the bullet's impact, but her expression doesn't change. She doesn't react to the pain in her shoulder, just stares hard, almost angrily at the Chicano Tough.

Behind him the Chinese Tough pushes the Chicano Tough forward.

Leigh switches hands and swings the key ring hard. It hits the Chicano Tough in the face with a SWAP. He grabs his eyes.

Then Leigh kicks him in the groin. He falls back, MOANING, but the Chinese Tough steps over him. The Chinese Tough holds a gleaming straight razor. He moves for Leigh with a glazed frenzy.

Leigh rushes into Wilson's cell and begins unlocking his chains. She unclasps the leg irons.

The Chinese Tough steps around the cell door.

Leigh unlocks Wilson's hands.

(CONT'D)

172 CONT'D

The Chinese Tough steps in the cell and slashes with the razor. Wilson whirls Leigh back just in time.

The Chinese Tough takes another swing.

This time Wilson catches his wrist. He twists it over into an arm bar wrist lock, raises his fist and SLAMS it into the Tough's elbow. The Chinese Tough's arm CRACKS, breaking.

Then Wilson, still holding his wrist, grabs him by the throat, lifts him and throws him against the bars. The Chinese Tough drops to the floor.

Wilson and Leigh rush out of the cell.

Down the hall the Chicano Tough is crawling to his feet. He still has the .45. Behind him come more TOUGHS.

Wilson takes Leigh and they run down to the main area door.

The Chicano Tough takes aim.

173 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Wilson and Leigh step through the door. Wilson SLAMS it shut as a BULLET BLASTS through.

Wilson holds the door closed as Leigh crawls behind the desk.

The main area is in pandemonium. BULLETS are RIPPING the windows and walls. Bishop is trying to fire but is pinned down. Wells is crouched in one corner, Julie behind the desk.

Wilson leans his weight against the holding tanks door.

WILSON

Get me a gun!

Bishop, in the middle of reloading his gun, looks up, startled by Wilson's request.

WILSON (CONT'D)

There's a bunch of them coming down the hall!

(CONT'D)

173 CONT'D

Bishop tries to finish loading but fumbles and drops the bullets.

BISHOP

Shit!

Suddenly FIVE SHOTS WHAP through the holding tanks door. Wilson continues to hold the door closed with his hands.

Then the door begins to SLAM and bulge inward.

WILSON

I can't hold it!

Bishop drops his gun and grabs the old gun case. He wrenches at it furiously.

The door begins to cave in from the weight of the Toughs pushing on it from the other side.

Bishop pulls at the gun case with all his might.

The hinges on the door break off with a SNAP. The door sags in.

Bishop RIPS open the gun case.

Wilson jumps back from the door as it falls open.

Bishop tosses him a shotgun across the room.

In a flash Wilson catches it. He pumps off several BLASTS into the doorway.

The Chicano Tough falls into the main area, dead. There are three or four bodies in the hallway behind him.

WELLS

They're coming in the windows!

Wells points to the Detectives' Office.

174 INT. DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT
FIGURES are climbing in the windows.

175 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT
Bishop takes the bolt action 30/30 from the case and jumps to the Detectives' Office door. He FIRBS rapidly.

176 INT. DETECTIVES' OFFICE - NIGHT
The figures drop, fall back through the windows, run.

177 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT
Wilson picks up the Chicano Tough's .45 at the holding tanks door and tosses it to Wells.

WILSON
Watch the front!

Wells moves to the front window and BLIPS off shots.
Wilson runs to the Captain's Office door.

179 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT
FIGURES are coming through the shattered windows.

180 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT
Wilson starts BLASTING with the shotgun.

181 INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT
The shotgun BLASTS knock the figures out of the windows.

182 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Leigh gathers up Bishop's pistol and the bullets and finishes loading it. She crawls back to the holding tanks doorway.

183 INT. HOLDING TANKS HALLWAY - NIGHT

At the end through the battered-in door FIGURES are moving.

184 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Leigh FIRES in at them.

The main area is ROARING with the SOUND OF GUNFIRE. There is smoke and NOISE and flying debris for several seconds.

Then some of the BLASTING subsides.

Then some more FIRING stops.

And then finally A SHOT or TWO.

Silence.

The main area clears of smoke. Wilson is at the Captain's Office door, Bishop at the Detectives' Office door, Wells at the front window, Leigh at the holding tanks door.

They look at each other. Their faces are still racked-up with killing and death and the smell of gun powder. Slowly their features relax.

Lawson is still lying behind the reception desk.

Julie is lying next to him. She has been shot, dead.

LEIGH
(softly)

Julie. . .

Bishop quickly moves to her and checks her pulse. He looks at Leigh, quickly shaking his head.

Leigh closes her eyes and plops back against the wall. Bishop looks down the holding tanks hallway.

(CONT'D)

184 CONT'D

BISHOP

Wilson.

Wilson looks at him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Got to barricade this door. Give me
a hand.

Wilson thinks about it a moment, then goes to help Bishop.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(to Wells)

Keep an eye on the front and the two
offices.

WELLS

Sure. That ain't asking much.

Wilson and Bishop use several boxes and packing crates to
prop up and support the beaten-down holding tanks door.

WILSON

You saved my life. Twice now.

BISHOP

Twice?

WILSON

The first time was outside by the bus.
I figured it was a mistake on your
part, so I let it go. Then you did it
again, in here with the shotgun. You
must be serious about keeping me alive.

BISHOP

I want all of us alive.

They finish the barricade.

(CONT'D)

184 CONT'D

WELLS

Come here and look at this!

Bishop hurries to the front window. Wilson sits down next to Leigh. She is wrapping her shoulder with the torn sleeve of her blouse. He helps her.

WILSON

How is it?

LEIGH

I can't move it and it hurts like a son of a bitch.

WILSON

You were good in there. Real good.

Leigh looks over at Julie's body.

LEIGH

If I'd been any good in here maybe she'd still be alive.

Bishop and Wells are looking out the window.

WELLS

They moved the cars.

BISHOP

I can't believe it. They parked them where they were before.

185 POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT ACROSS THE STREET

The cars used to move in on the station are parked in the lot the way they were before the seige began. The lot looks normal again. Quiet. Silent.

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE

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184 CONT'D

BISHOP (CONT'D)

This time I know somebody heard us.
There'll be squad cars here in five
minutes.

Bishop glances at the bullet holes down the wall. They
lead past an acetylene tank sitting behind some crates.
The tank has a yellow label on it marked: "EVIDENCE".
Bishop walks up to the tank and gently places it on the
floor behind the crates.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Acetylene. If a stray bullet had hit
this . . .

186 BACK TO SCENE

Wilson joins them at the window.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Why'd they go to the trouble to do this?

WILSON

From a distance the street looks normal,
like nothing happened.

BISHOP (hysterical)

Like nothing happened? They ~~gunned down~~ *Secretary*
five police officers, an ~~and one~~
prisoner and we killed a half dozen of them.
That's nothing happened?

WILSON

Then where are the bodies?

187 POV - ANGLE ON FRONT LAWN

Chaney's body is gone.

188 POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT AND STREET

There are no bodies on the street or the parking lot.

189 POV - ANGLE ON TREES

Again no bodies.

190 POV - ANGLE ON EMPTY STORE FRONTS

The same. No bodies.

191 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

BISHOP

They took them away . . .

Bishop turns from the window and goes to the Detectives' Office door. He is shaken. He stares out the windows.

(CONT'D)

WELLS

How'd they do it so fast?

WILSON

Maybe they got the Good Fairy to help them.

WELLS

You really are a smart-ass.

Bishop steps back from the Detectives' Office door.

BISHOP

The prison bus is gone, and so are the bodies.

WILSON

They dragged old Starker away? Too bad. I had something I wanted to tell him.

LEIGH

What's going on? What are they doing out there?

BISHOP

Hiding every single sign that there was an attack on this building . . .

WELLS

What I want to know is, what the hell started this?

Bishop gestures to Lawson.

BISHOP

He came running in here . . .
(Looks at his watch)
God, it was thirty minutes ago.

Bishop leans against the reception desk, thinking.

(CONT'D)

WELLS
All of that over one man?

LEIGH
Don't forget the 'Cholo'. They delivered
it to us.

Suddenly Wells becomes very alarmed. He backs away from
the others.

WELLS
Cholo?

WILSON
You look like somebody spit in your
socks.

WELLS
Wait a minute, nobody ever said anything
about the 'Cholo'.

BISHOP
What does it mean?

WELLS
It means they don't care. They're not
afraid to die, any of them, and they want
to rip us apart, no matter what it costs.
It means to the death.

WILSON
How do you know so much about it?

WELLS
I spent some time in a cell with one of
those crazy young bastards once.

BISHOP
This can't happen. Not in the middle
of a city.

(CONT'D)

WILSON

Then let's pinch each other and wake up.

WELLS

This is going to be a goddamn repeat of the Alamo!

WILSON

You can be fucking Davy Crockett.

Wells begins pacing around from door to door, looking at the windows in various rooms.

BISHOP

There was gunfire for a minute and a half, two minutes. I can't believe no one heard it.

WILSON

Maybe they heard it, but what do they see? An empty street and an empty police station.

LEIGH

Maybe someone from the new precinct will come by.

(CONT'D)

191 CONT'D

WELLS

In the meantime I have this plan. It's called "Save Ass". The way it works is this: I slip out one of these windows and run like a bastard!

BISHOP

I can't let you do that.

Wells levels the .45 at Bishop.

WELLS

I'm not asking you to let me.

There is a pause. Wells backs toward the Detectives Office door.

Leigh stands up from the rear and walks toward him.

WILSON

-They'll cut you down before you get ten feet.

Wells glances sharply at Wilson.

WELLS

You're on his side, Wilson?

Leigh is right behind him.

LEIGH

No sides to it. We're all together.

Wells jumps and spins around. His gun is shaking.

WELLS

Baby, you almost got wasted.

(CONT'D)

LEIGH

I've been shot once tonight.

She reaches out slowly, grasps his wrist and tries to move the gun away from her. Wells holds it there.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I don't feel like a second time. I just wanted to tell you something, before you jump out that window. When they drag off your body I'll lean out and ask them if they wouldn't mind saying a little prayer as they dump you in some vacant lot next to the other five police officers and your sick, handcuffed friend.

Wells just stands there. She has shaken his confidence.

Leigh glances down at his gun. Then she looks at Wells disgustedly and releases his arm.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I go through all that and his gun isn't even loaded.

Wells looks at his gun in surprise. He CLICKS off a couple empty shots.

WELLS

It's the goddamn silencer! I was clicking off empty shots and I didn't even know it!

Wells hurls the gun against a wall and stalks to a corner.

Wilson walks up to Leigh.

WILSON

You are good.

LEIGH

Sometimes.

(CONT'D)

191 CONT'D

Bishop CLICKS his 30/30.

BISHOP

The problem is, he's not alone. This thing has ~~one~~ shot in it. Wilson?

3

WILSON

Three loads.

Bishop looks at Leigh questioningly.

LEIGH

If there's spare ammunition I don't know where it is.

WELLS

That's it. The end. Hell, I'd have more luck running out there sticking my tongue out at them then waiting around in here.

BISHOP

(one last try)

A patrol is bound to come by

WELLS

Yeah, in a day or so.

A silence.

WELLS

By the time they do get here they'll find a room full of corpses.

Everyone looks grim except Wilson. He looks around at all of them.

WILSON

Anybody got a smoke?

(CONT'D)

191 CONT'D

Bishop and Wells glare at Wilson coldly.

With her good arm Leigh reaches in her shirt pocket and brings out a pack of cigarettes. She flips one up and places it in Wilson's mouth.

Wilson is astonished. He looks at her in amazement.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Got a light?

Quickly Leigh digs in her pocket and comes out with a match. She lights his cigarette.

Wilson puffs and drags on it like never before. He looks at Leigh.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You know how to take care of a man.

CUT TO:

192 ANGLE ON A BANK OF TELEPHONE CIRCUITS

The circuits are connecting, CLICKING on and off.

WE HEAR THE VOICES OF VARIOUS OPERATORS ANSWERING CALLS. THE VOICES OVERLAP IN MONTAGE.

FIRST OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . a service vehicle is on the way . . .

SECOND OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . I'm sorry, the precinct has been relocated. Let me give you the new number . . .

THIRD OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . we have received several complaints in the last ten minutes . . .

(CONT'D)

192 CONT'D

FIRST OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . a service vehicle is working on
the break, sir . . .

SECOND OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . let me connect you with Police
Emergency . . .

THIRD OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . yes sir, we have received several
calls . . .

FIRST OPERATOR

(voice over)

. . . the precinct has been relocated.
Let me give you the new number . . .

CUT TO:

193 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

TWO COPS are whizzing down a dark, Anderson residential
street. They SCREECH around corners, both of them
searching for some sign of trouble.

POLICE ANNOUNCER

(voice over, filtered)

Unit 7, we have a series of reports of
firecrackers and/or gunfire between 9th and
Warren. Also, there is one report of
citizens directing traffic. The phone
service is still out in the fourth quadrant
from Warren to Vermont. The repair vehicle
does not respond to radio communications,
over.

FIRST COP

Jesus Christ. There's a damn war going on
down here and we can't find the damn thing!

(CONT'D)

The Second Cop picks up the dashboard microphone.

SECOND COP

This is Unit 7. We are making a rapid circuit of quadrant four. Everything looks quiet and normal. Nothing unusual at this time. We're going to make another full circuit. Suggest backup vehicles and helicopter surveillance, over.

POLICE ANNOUNCER

(voice over, filtered)

Unit 7, as soon as other units are available they will be sent into your area. All helicopters are in use at this time, over.

SECOND COP

How the hell do they expect us to find anything without backup?

FIRST COP

The old Saturday night overload.

SECOND COP

(into microphone)

This is Unit 7, ten four.

The car passes a street.

FIRST COP

Don't you want to check that street?

SECOND COP

That was Grammercy, wasn't it?

FIRST COP

Yeah.

SECOND COP

Just the old station down there.

(CONT'D)

193 CONT'D

FIRST COP
You don't want to cruise it?

SECOND COP
What for?

CUT TO:

194 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT
WIDE SHOT OF THE STATION.

It is quiet and dark.

SUPERIMPOSE:

9:25 P.M.

195 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Bishop, Wilson, Leigh and Wells are clustered around the window. They are talking excitedly. Their dialogue ~~is~~ OVERLAPPING.

BISHOP
It'll work!

WELLS
You guys are crazy . . .

BISHOP
You're sure about the basement?

LEIGH
I'm sure.

(CONT'D)

WELLS

What if you're wrong?

LEIGH

I said I was sure.

WELLS

But what if you're wrong?

LEIGH

I've worked here for five years, I ought to know the place.

Bishop looks through the binoculars.

196

POV - THRU BINOCULARS ON FIRE LANE

The binoculars are focused on a round man hole cover in the middle of the fire lane at the side of the station.

Then the POV moves over a few feet to a car parked by the fire lane. It is untouched by bullets and looks in good shape.

197

BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP

It looks pretty good to me.

WILSON

It looks like hell but it's all we got.

WELLS

Who goes?

BISHOP

I got to tell you, I don't know how to hotwire a car.

Wilson and Wells look at him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

(defensively)

I'm a cop.

(CONT'D)

197 CONT'D

Wilson gestures to Wells.

WILSON

Then it's between me and Snow White.

WELLS

Shit! Shit! Shit!

WILSON

What's wrong? We haven't flipped the coin yet.

WELLS

I'm going to lose.

WILSON

You have a lousy attitude, Wells.

WELLS

I always lose. I've had bad luck all my life. How do you think I ended up in here?

WILSON

Maybe it'll change.

WELLS

It might if we don't flip a coin. Let's do something else.

WILSON

What?

WELLS

Potatoes.

Wilson and Wells look at each other for several beats. Then they place their fists together.

(CONT'D)

197 CONT'D

WILSON & WELLS

(rapidly in unison)

One potato, two potatoes, three
potatoes, four. Five potatoes,
six potatoes, seven potatoes, more.
Eight potatoes, nine potatoes, ten
potatoes, eleven. Kiss my ass and
go to heaven. Y - o - u spells
YOU!

Wells SLAPS Wilson's fists.

WELLS

I told you I'd lose, goddamn it! We're
going to do it again!

BISHOP

There isn't time.

Wells senses he's trapped. He looks at Leigh.

WELLS

Why is she out of this?

Leigh points to her shoulder.

WELLS (CONT'D)

That's no excuse, I got false teeth that
haven't fit for ten years.

WILSON

Well, if someone jumps you and your
teeth fall out, you can gum 'em to death.

BISHOP

Still no sign of them. Get moving!

LEIGH

You want me to show you?

WILSON

I'll take him down. You stay up here.

(CONT'D)

197 CONT'D

LEIGH

Just a little vent in the wall. You
can't miss it.

Wilson and Wells start for the holding tanks hallway.

WELLS

Nobody going to wish me luck?

LEIGH & BISHOP (in unison)

Good luck.

WELLS

Look at that. Two cops wishing me good
luck. I'm doomed.

They remove the barricade and exit cautiously down the
holding tanks hall. Leigh and Bishop replace the barricade
and return to the window.

Bishop takes out the binoculars and scans the area.

198 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wilson and Wells walk down the long, narrow, dingy basement
hallway.

199 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is very small. There are old chairs with
broken legs, a huge rusted boiler, and the vent in the wall.
Propped up against one wall is a huge, thick wooden partition
and an old mattress. Wells walks to the vent, opens it and
looks in.

WELLS

Five feet down to the sewer, twenty
yards straight ahead to the man-hole.

WILSON

Right.

Wells climbs in the vent and stops.

(CONT'D)

199 CONT'D

WELLS

What I want to know is, what the hell's the difference between this and what I was going to do ten minutes ago?

WILSON

No difference.

WELLS

You stopped me then. Why not now?

WILSON

One thing. When you get out of here, make sure you call the cops before you take off for the border.

WELLS

Now what makes you think I'd do that?

Wilson gives him a slight smile. Wells smiles back.

WELLS (CONT'D)

I'll see you Wilson.

Wells ducks in the vent. Wilson closes and bolts it behind him.

200 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Bishop is at the window looking out through the binoculars.

Leigh is behind the reception desk with Lawson. Lawson is conscious. He looks at her with thick, weary eyes that slowly move around the room to take in the destruction, then return to her. He is still incredibly weak.

Two KNOCKS at the barricade.

Bishop and Leigh open the barricade and Wilson steps in from the holding tanks hallway. They replace the barricade.

The three of them move to the front windows. Bishop looks out again through the binoculars.

(CONT'D)

WILSON

That basement isn't a bad place to be if they come at us again. The only way in is down that long, narrow hallway. If worse comes to worse, we might be able to stand them off for a couple minutes.

BISHOP

We'd be trapped down there.

WILSON

We're not going to last up here with only six shots between the three of us. The upstairs is out. We'd be wide open up there.

Bishop returns to the binoculars.

BISHOP

Someone will come.

WILSON

You're a man with faith. A rare quality.

Wilson looks at Leigh.

WILSON (CONT'D)

What about you?

LEIGH

I've never had too much faith in other people coming to my rescue.

(CONT'D)

WILSON

Maybe you've been associating with the wrong people.

LEIGH

I've been with policemen for five years.

WILSON

That's enough to grow hair on a rock.

LEIGH

And you?

WILSON

I believe in one man.

LEIGH

Have you always had this high opinion of yourself?

WILSON

No, I lost it once in '58.

LEIGH

Obviously the loss was temporary.

BISHOP

He's there!

Wilson and Leigh look out the window. Bishop stares through the binoculars.

201 POV - THRU BINOCULARS - ON MAN-HOLE

The man-hole cover moves up revealing Wells underneath. He looks around cautiously.

202 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You're still clear. Move!

203 POV THRU BINOCULARS - ON MAN-HOLE

Wells hesitates under the cover.

204 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP

What the hell is he waiting for?

Wilson looks out to the front.

WILSON

He's clear in front.

BISHOP

Move!

205 POV - THRU BINOCULARS - ON MAN-HOLE

Wells slides the cover off and scrambles up out of the hole.

206 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP (CONT'D)

He's out!

WILSON

Go, you son of a bitch!

207 EXT. ANGLE FROM FIRE LANE - ON STATION - NIGHT

Wells races from the man-hole at the edge of the fire lane to the car parked a few feet away.

208 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Wilson, Leigh and Bishop watch breathlessly. Leigh glances out the front windows.

LEIGH

He's still clear.

209 EXT. ANGLE ON PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Wells reaches the car. He tries the door. It is locked. He checks the other side. Also locked. Frantically Wells reaches in his pocket and brings out a piece of wire. He straightens it and begins picking the lock.

210 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

LEIGH

They've seen him!

She points across the street.

211 POV - ANGLE ON PARKING LOT ACROSS THE STREET

From behind the parked cars FIVE or SIX HOODLUMS dash toward the fire lane next to the station.

212 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Bishop raises his gun. Wilson grabs it.

WILSON

Save it for us.

Bishop looks at him.

WILSON (CONT'D)

He's on his own.

215 ANGLE ON PARKED CAR

Wells looks up and sees the hoodlums. He continues picking the lock. Finally he finishes, opens the door and jumps in the car.

216- DELETED
217

218 ANGLE ON STREET

The Hoodlums, running faster.

219 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Wells fumbles under the dash, with the wires.

He crosses two wires.

The engine GRINDS slowly to life.

220 ANGLE ON PARKED CAR

Wells pulls the car away from the curb just as the Hoodlums reach it.

221 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

BISHOP
He made it! He made it!

222 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wells turns the car off the street and shoots down a fire lane.

223 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The three of them CHEER him on.

WILSON
Go! Go . . .

LBIGH
Go!

BISHOP
Hit it! Hit it!

224 EXT. FIRE LANE - ANGLE ON CAR - NIGHT (UNDERCRANK)
CAMERA IS MOUNTED ON WELLS CAR.

We are hurtling down the small fire lane, incredibly fast.
The engine is ROARING.

225 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The three of them listen to Wells' engine ROARING disappearing.

226 EXT. FIRE LANE - ANGLE ON CAR - NIGHT (UNDERCRANK)
CAMERA IS MOUNTED ON THE FRONT OF THE CAR.

It BLASTS down the fire lane.

227 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

They still hear the DISTANT ENGINE SOUND.

BISHOP
He's going to make it . . .

WILSON
Shhh!

228 INT. CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT ON WELLS.

He jams on the brakes.

229 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

The car comes to a SCREECHING halt at a residential street.

230 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Wells looks around.

231 HIS POV - PHONEBOOTH ACROSS THE STREET

It is the same phonebooth that Lawson tried to use earlier.

232 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Wells lets out a WHOOP.

Then suddenly a BLACK TOUGH sits up in the back seat. He has a huge rifle with a silencer. He shoves the barrel against the back of Wells' head.

233 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - ANGLE ON CAR - NIGHT

There is a soft BLIP and the side window CRASHES OUTWARD, glass SPLATTERING on the sidewalk.

Then silence.

234 INT. MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Wilson, Leigh and Bishop have heard the crash. There is an awful silence in the room.

BISHOP

Maybe it was just a window breaking . . .

Wilson shakes his head.

WILSON

Too bad, Wells. You never got to see the border.

They all look at each other.

WILSON (CONT'D)

We'd better get down into the basement.

Bishop wants to protest but can't think of anything to say.

WILSON (CONT'D)

We're out of time, out of ammunition and, just like Wells, all out of luck. Look.

Wilson points out the window. Bishop looks with his binoculars.

235 POV THRU BINOCULARS - ON PARKING LOT

Again the GANGS mass for another attack. They move in to the cars and crouch behind them. There seem to be just as many as before, TWENTY OR THIRTY.

236 BACK TO SCENE

BISHOP

Let's go.

Wilson and Bishop tear down the barricade on the holding tanks door. Then they pick up Lawson and all of them exit through the door.

237 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The group moves down the long dingy hallway.

238 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lawson is placed in the corner, lying against the wall.

Wilson stares at the thick, wooden partition and mattress propped up against the wall.

He turns to Bishop.

WILSON (CONT'D)

We can make one last stand. In the hallway. Take that partition and put the mattress on one side of it. Use it as a shield. Maybe we can hold them back for a few minutes.

BISHOP

WITH WHAT

WILSON

Anything we can find.

(CONT'D)

238 CONT'D

Bishop moves to the partition and mattress.

Wilson turns to Leigh.

WILSON

You still have the gun?

She holds up Bishop's pistol.

LEIGH

Two shots. Do I save them for the
two of us?

She gestures to Lawson.

Wilson points to the vent in the wall through which Wells
climbed.

WILSON

You save them for the first two
assholes who climb through that vent.
They're bound to have seen Wells come
up out of the man-hole.

LEIGH

What do I use on the rest of them who
come climbing through?

WILSON

Then you have to wing it.

LEIGH

I'm curious about one thing.

WILSON

Just one?

LEIGH

No, there are other things, but at
the moment this one interests me most.

WILSON

What's that?

(CONT'D)

238 CONT'D

LEIGH

Why don't you climb through that vent
and take off down the sewer in the other
direction?

Wilson smiles. He points to Lawson.

WILSON

Because we can't get him down the five
foot drop.

LEIGH

That's no answer.

WILSON

I thought it was pretty good.

Leigh looks at Lawson.

LEIGH

None of us know who he is, what happened
to him or what he's done. He could be
anybody or anything.

(She looks at him)

I'm still waiting for an answer to my
question.

WILSON

There are two things a man should never
run from, even if they cost him his life.
One is a man who can't run and begs you
for help.

LEIGH

What's the other?

Wilson just looks at her, the slight smile on his face. There
is a soft tenderness in his eyes.

Leigh looks back at him. She feels the same.

(CONT'D)

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238 CONT'D

BISHOP (o.s.)

Come here a minute, Wilson.

LEIGH

The very least of our problems is
we've run out of time.

WILSON

That's an old story with me. I was
born out of time.

Wilson steps out of the basement and walks to the end of the
hallway where Bishop stands holding the acetylene tank and the
box of magnesium flares.

BISHOP

Acetylene tank, magnesium flares. We
can strap the flares on the front of
the tank and tie them both up on that
pipe.

He points to a water pipe in the ceiling.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

We let them push us down to the basement
door. I stand in the doorway with my rifle
and shoot the flares. They'll ignite the
tank and it'll blow the hell out of anyone
in this hallway.

WILSON

What keeps it from blowing the hell out
of us?

BISHOP

(thinks a moment)

You hold the sign up over the door for
cover.

WILSON

(looks up at the pipe, then
back down to the basement door)
Can you hit it from there?

(CONT'D)

238 CONT'D

BISHOP

I've got three shots. That's
plenty.

WILSON

Can't argue with a confident man.

They begin strapping the flares on the front of the tank.

CUT TO:

239 EXT. ANGLE FROM FIRE LANE - ON STATION - NIGHT

Looking down the fire lane we can see the police station in the background. A police car slowly cruises to the end of the fire lane and stops.

240 INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The same two Cops look at the station across from them. They are tense and frustrated.

SECOND COP

(into microphone)

This is Unit 7. Just checked the fire lane between Grammercy and Imperial. Dark, quiet and deserted, over.

The First Cop is looking out the side window.

241 COPS POV - PARKING LOT

Five or six cars sit under the mercury lamps. They look normal and untouched.

242 BACK TO SCENE

FIRST COP

What are those cars doing there?

242

CONT'D

SECOND COP

There's supposed to be a couple people on duty. They've been moving stuff for weeks now. They're somewhere between here and the new station.

They both take another look at the station.

SECOND COP (CONT'D)

We're wasting time.

243

EXT. ANGLE FROM FIRE LANE - ON STATION

The police car pulls up slightly, makes a U turn and moves off down the fire lane away from the station.

A moment's pause.

Then from out of the darkness behind a retaining wall a GANG MEMBER steps out and stares after the car.

244-

245

DELETED

CUT TO:

246

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The Cops continued down the fire lane. The First Cop is deep in thought.

FIRST COP

I don't know . . .

The Second Cop turns on to a street.

SECOND COP

Huh . . . ?

FIRST COP

I got this funny feeling back there.

CONT'D

The SQUAWKING of the two-way interrupts him.

POLICE ANNOUNCER
(over radio, filtered)
Unit 7, we have continued reports of gunfire
between 9th and Warren.

The Second Cop SLAMS his fist on the dash.

SECOND COP
But we don't hear a goddamn thing!

POLICE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(over radio, filtered)
Most reports are from residents who are, at
this time, unable to pinpoint the location
of the gunfire.

FIRST COP
If they can hear it why the hell can't they
see it?

POLICE ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(over radio, filtered)
The telephone repair vehicle is officially
reported lost. We are sending four back-up
units in to assist you.

The Cops pull over to the curb.

SECOND COP
(into microphone)
This is Unit 7. Still no sign of anything
out of the ordinary. We cannot locate the
source of the gunfire. Repeat request for
immediate helicopter surveillance, over.

POLICE ANNOUNCER
(voice over, filtered)
Unit 7, as soon as a chopper is available
we will send it in, over.

(CONT'D)

246

CONT'D

246

SECOND COP
Unit 7, ten four.

There is a slow, steady DRIPPING on the top of the car.

SECOND COP (CONT'D)
There's nothing I like better than
chasing phantoms with guns in the
middle of a ghetto on Saturday night.

FIRST COP
Something's wrong here somewhere.

The DRIPPING on the roof continues steadily.

SECOND COP
Listen to that. It's starting to rain.
That's all we need.

The First Cop is thinking.

FIRST COP
There was something funny about that
old station. . .

The DRIPPING is still constant. The Second Cop looks out
the windshield and sticks his hand out the window.

SECOND COP
That's not rain. What the hell is
that?

The Second Cop gets out.

247

ANGLE ON TOP OF POLICE CAR

247

The Second Cop looks at the roof. There is a pool of blood
on it.

He stares in disbelief.

(CONT'D)

247

CONT'D

247

Then suddenly a DRIP lands from above.

The Second Cop turns on the side searchlight and shines it up.

248

POV - ANGLE UP TELEPHONE POLE

248

The beam of the searchlight reveals a TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN dangling lifelessly from the top of the pole. He has been riddled with bullets and the blood from his wounds drips down.

249

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

249

The First Cop is looking up the pole in horror.

FIRST COP

My God . . .

The Second Cop jumps back in. He grabs the microphone.

SECOND COP

This is Unit 7, to all precincts and vehicles. Emergency! Emergency!

THE DISTANT SOUND OF GLASS BREAKING.

FIRST COP

What's that?

SECOND COP (CONT'D)

This is Unit 7, emergency!

FIRST COP

Did you hear that?

CUT TO:

250

250

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Wilson, Bishop and Leigh listen to the SOUNDS OF GLASS BREAKING and the WHOOSH OF FLAMES.

Then the SOUND OF FIRE CRACKLING from above.

BISHOP
Molotov cocktails! They've set the
~~station~~ on fire!

Then a CHORUS OF SCREAMING VOICES RISES. THE SMASHING IN OF THE FRONT DOOR.

WILSON
This is it.

Wilson and Bishop pull the legs off a chair. They hold them like clubs.

BISHOP
Let's go.

They grab the partition. In addition to the chair legs they each carry their guns.

Wilson glances back at Leigh. For a moment their eyes meet.

Then Wilson and Bishop, holding the partition up in front of them, walk into the hallway.

251

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

251

Slowly Wilson and Bishop move down the hallway. The partition is like a huge shield in front of them, each side barely missing the walls of the hall. The mattress faces forward.

Above is the SOUNDS OF THE GANGS RAMPAGING THROUGH THE STATION.

(CONT'D)

252

~~245~~~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

252

They stop at the end of the hall.

THE SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION FROM ABOVE CONTINUE.

The two men wait, listening. Unconsciously Bishop begins to WHISTLE the Spanish theme.

He catches Wilson staring at him and realizes he's WHISTLING.

BISHOP

Sorry.

WILSON

Kind of pretty.

BISHOP

Can I ask you a question?

WILSON

Being a cop I figured you'd get around to it eventually.

THERE IS A POUNDING ON THE BASEMENT DOOR.

BISHOP

How did you ever come to be called 'Napoleon' Wilson?

WILSON

I'll tell you sometime.

THE POUNDING IS LOUDER.

BISHOP

When will you tell me?

WILSON

Maybe in a minute or two . . .

A DOOR BEING SMASHED IN.

(CONT'D)

THEN THE SOUND OF SCREAMING VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS.

Across the wall in front of them flickers shadows of GANG MEMBERS rushing down the basement stairway, back-lit by flames from the upper floor.

Wilson and Bishop brace themselves.

The first of the gangs come racing down the stairs into the hallway. They are SCREAMING, shot up with smashing and burning and violence.

They charge toward the two men behind the barricade. Shots are FIRED. Bullets RIP into the mattress. Then Wilson and Bishop OPEN FIRE. THREE BLASTS, the last of their ammunition.

Three bodies fall.

But the gangs keep pouring down the stairs into the hall. They rush at the barricade, slashing at the mattress with knives and razors, beating at it with clubs and car antennas.

Wilson and Bishop crouch low behind the barricade, holding it up with one arm each. Slowly then begin to be pushed back down the hall. They stand up and begin beating back with the chair legs.

The gangs dart at the barricade, clawing and ripping at it.

Wilson and Bishop beat back. SMACKS AND THUDS AS THEIR CLUBS CONNECT.

A couple more gang members fall. They are trampled by others behind them surging forward.

The barricade is pushed down the hall. On one side, Wilson and Bishop, fighting back viciously. On the other, the hall is filled with gang members.

The POUNDING, slashing, CLUBBING, KICKING, SCREAMING, ripping, and pushing continues. The gangs keep coming.

Wilson and Bishop are pushed all the way back down the hall to the basement entrance. Smoke from the fire above begins to fill the hallway.

We now see only FIGURES lashing out in the drifting smoke.

112A
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE (CONT'D)

252
253

CONT'D

253

Third bullet. Bishop takes aim. A long pause as he sights through the smoke.

He FIRES.

The next instant the hallway EXPLODES INTO BLINDING LIGHT. SMOKE AND FLAMES POUR THROUGH THE OPENINGS IN THE BARRICADE.

Then the basement itself is filled with SMOKE, FIRE AND THUNDERING.

CUT TO:

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253
252

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

253

Wilson and Bishop back into the basement. Wilson pulls the metal sign up across the door and holds it there, leaving only a small space at the top and bottom. Bishop quickly grabs his rifle.

Hands reach through the spaces in the barricade, reaching, clawing, grabbing at Wilson.

Bishop stands behind Wilson and takes aim with his rifle. Through the opening between the top of the barricade and the door the acetylene tank at the other end of the hall is completely obscured by smoke.

Bishop stares in horror. He can't see a thing down the hall.

Suddenly the vent across the room swings open with a BANG. A TOUGH crawls through.

Leigh quickly FIRES. The Tough falls dead and hangs there in the vent opening.

Bishop tries to compose himself. He takes aim, blindly through the smoke, at where he thinks the tank is. He FIRES.

Nothing happens. He bolt cocks another bullet in the chamber.

The hands are pushing in at Wilson. He strains to hold up the barricade.

Another TOUGH crawls through the vent. Leigh FIRES her last shot, killing him.

Carefully Bishop takes aim again. He FIRES. Another miss. He quickly bolt cocks.

WILSON

(straining under the crushing
push of the hoods)

I thought you said you could hit it.

(CONT'D)

~~246 INT. BASEMENT NIGHT~~

~~Wilson and Bishop stand in the doorway. Smoke pours in around them. They hold their ground, beating back clawing hands and clubs.~~

~~Leigh watches from the corner with Lawson.~~

~~Suddenly the vent across the room swings open with a BANG. A BLACK TOUGH crawls through.~~

~~Leigh FIRES. The Black Tough falls back into the sewer.~~

~~Now Wilson and Bishop have dropped the barricade. They are standing in the basement, swinging with all their might, savagely fighting the horde pushing in on them.~~

~~Another TOUGH crawls through the vent. Leigh FIRES her last shot, killing him.~~

~~Holding the barrel of her pistol in her good hand, Leigh moves to the vent and beats back invaders from the sewer.~~

~~Smoke fills the room.~~

~~Figures. SOUNDS OF BATTLE, the relentless POUNDING, wood hitting bone, MOANS, SLUGGING, KICKING. . .~~

~~THEN A DISTANT SOUND RISES. POLICE SIRENS, MOVING CLOSER.~~

~~CUT TO:~~

254

~~247~~ EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

254

Twelve squad cars, their SIRENS WAILING, converge on the parking lot.

POLICEMEN jump out of the cars. The bubble lights flash, flaring into CAMERA. Running men. SHOUTING, GUNSHOTS.

The SOUNDS OF BATTLE and lights begin to reach a crescendo.

CUT TO:

255
~~248~~

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

255

Silence. It is a few minutes later.

Smoke fills the hallway. There are a few BODIES lying on the floor.

Slowly out of the smoke TWO HELMETED COPS walk down the hall carrying flashlights. We can't see their faces behind the riot helmets.

256
~~249~~

INT. BASEMENT - ANGLE ON DOORWAY - NIGHT

256

The two Helmeted Cops peer into the basement, their flashlight beams flickering through the smoke.

257
~~250~~

POV - BASEMENT FLOOR

257

Their beams dance hauntingly over BODIES lying motionless on the basement floor.

258
~~251~~

ANGLE ON HELMETED COPS

258

They move their beams up, point back into the rear of the basement. Then they stand motionless in disbelief.

259
~~252~~

POV - REAR OF BASEMENT

259

Through the drifting smoke the beams illuminate FIGURES standing in the rear.

They are Wilson, Bishop and Leigh. They stand very still, poised with their clubs like sentries or even stone monuments to some ancient prehistoric battle.

We see each of their faces, waiting for the next attack. Slowly they begin to let down. They lower their clubs.

In the corner is Lawson, still looking dazed.

The first one to realize they are saved is Wilson. The tension and horror of killing drains slowly off his face. He looks at Leigh and gives her his slight smile.

Leigh responds, as does Bishop. The three of them stand together in a tight circle that, for the moment, nothing can break.

WILSON

Anyone got a smoke?

CUT TO:

260
~~253~~

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

260

A few minutes later.

Most of the smoke is gone. COPS and MEDICS are milling around.

Lawson is lifted on to a stretcher. As he is carried out he looks back at Wilson, Leigh and Bishop standing together in a close group. In his expression he knows they have saved his life, but he can't show or tell them.

A MEDIC comes up to Leigh.

MEDIC

We have a stretcher for you, Miss.

At this moment both Leigh and Wilson realize that it is over.

They look at each other for the last time.

Then Leigh turns to the Medic.

LEIGH

I don't need it.

Leigh walks quickly out of the basement.

261
~~254~~

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

261

CAMERA FOLLOWS LEIGH as she walks down the hallway. We see the quiet anguish on her face. She passes COPS who turn and watch her continue down the hallway and up the stairs.

262
~~255~~

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

262

Bishop looks at Wilson, who is watching Leigh walk out of his life. Bishop sees something incredibly lonely move across Wilson's features.

A COP comes up to Wilson and starts to handcuff him.

Enraged, Bishop roughly shoves the Cop away.

BISHOP

Get away from him!

(CONT'D)

262
~~255~~

CONT'D

262

The Cop moves away, confused.

Bishop and Wilson look at each other. They both smile.

BISHOP

It would be a priviledge if
you would walk outside with me.

Wilson nods his head.

WILSON

I know it would.

Bishop shakes his head, grinning.

BISHOP

You're . . . real fancy, Wilson.

WILSON

I have moments.

Then together they walk out of the basement.

263
~~256~~

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

263

CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM for the last time. They walk
together, tall and proud.

As they disappear up the stairs, WE SUPERIMPOSE:

10:00 P.M.

THEN:

THE END.

ROLL END TITLES.