

THE Warriors

Original Movie Script

Screenplay by Walter Hill

From the novel by Sol Yurick

Total Script Revision 6/20/78

www.warriorsmovie.co.uk

THE WARRIORS

CLEON

The leader. President of the Warriors. Tough, wiry, great street intelligence, charismatic. He has a tightly controlled intensity...

THE FOX

Quick-witted, emotional, verbose, he is the "memory man" known for his enormous knowledge of other gangs within the city. His toughness is as much of an attitude as physical aptitude ...Fast of foot, a perfect scout on military missions. Rembrandt's best friend.

SWAN

The War Chief. Laconic by nature. Very tough, very resourceful...a natural military tactician. He combines shrewdness and physical courage. By choice a loner, he dislikes the necessity of taking command...

REMBRANDT

The Marker or Artist. The shyest member of the Warriors; small kinetic, somewhat reserved. He can climb anywhere, move silently...The youngest of the patrol...

COCHISE

A rough and ready street boy who has a simple approach to his existence, fight and fornicateA soldier and a good one.

COWBOY

Wears a Statson. Lithe, quick, amiable, goes along with the crowd. Always smiles. A soldier and a good one.

VERMIN

Raw-boned and tough. Not always a disciplined soldier, he complains a lot before he bops, but he's always there...

SNOWBALL

Tall, lean; the face and body of a Masai warrior ...Disciplined, yet an attitude that suggests independence. He never speaks.

THE WARRIORS (contd)

AJAX

His attitude is cantankerous at best, rebellious with more than overtones of cruelty at the worst ... Proud of his physical strength, he most dislikes The Fox among the other Warriors, although Swan runs a close second ... a natural inclination for mixing violence and sex.

In the Fourth Century before Christ,
a mercenary army of Greek soldiers
found themselves stranded in the
middle of the Persian Empire.

One thousand miles from the sea.

One thousand miles from safety.

Enemy troops around them on every
quarter.

This is a story of that army's forced march.

This is a story of courage.

This is a story of War.

GANGS OF NEW YORK ON THE MOVE...

A. TENEMENT STREET. LOWER EAST SIDE.

A Black gang, The Boppers, come trucking down the sidewalk...
 Among the scattered pedestrians, a young blonde model-type.
 She spots the gang approaching...
 Clutches her purse more tightly...
 The gang moves closer and closer.
 The terrified model looks left and right...
 The gang neatly sidesteps, politely detouring around her...
 All of them flash big grins as they go past.

CUT.

B. HARBOR

The Staten Island Ferry docks.
 An Irish gang, The Gerrards, leans out over the rail.
 Look at Manhattan beyond.
 Move toward the gangplank...

CUT.

C. CITY STREET. THE BRONX.

Strewn with rubble.
 Lined with the shells of burned-out buildings.
 A basement door in one of the gutted buildings opens...
 Nine members of a Puerto Rican gang file out.
 A psychedelic old fish-tailed cadillac at the curb.
 The gang piles in their lurid killer-tank.
 The car roars away.

CUT.

D. SECOND AVENUE. MANHATTAN.

The base of 59th Street Bridge...
 A gang, The High-Hats, ride the skyway from Roosevelt
 Island down...
 They hit the pavement.
 Move into the nearby subway station.

CUT.

E. CITY STREET. QUEENS.

Beneath an El.
 An Italian gang, The Knockdowns...
 They begin to go up the steps leading to a platform.

CUT.

F. EL STAIRWAY. ASTORIA.

Nine members of the Boyle Avenue Runners ascend the stairs.
Head for the turnstiles.

CUT.

G. SUBWAY STATION. CANARSIE.

Nine members of the Gladiators go clicking through the
turnstiles.

CUT.

H. PLATFORM. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT.

Nine members of the Howitzers watch a grafitti covered subway
train approach.
The cars stop, doors snapping open.

CUT.

I. PLATFORM. HARLEM.

Nine members of the Electric Eliminators complete boarding
a subway car.
Doors closing with a hiss.
The train roars off.

CUT.

1 FADE IN:
BUILDING - DAY

Rising above the boardwalk at Coney.
Covered with graffiti.
The sound of waves beyond.

2 BASE OF THE WALL

Rembrandt working with a spray-can.
A few deft touches...

3 ACROSS THE BEACH

Ajax working out on the rings.
Vermin, Cowboy and Snowball nearby.
The Fox walks up.

THE FOX
Oooo. Big Man.
Look at all those muscles.
So powerful, God, spare us.

Ajax stops his workout.

AJAX
Hey, Fox.

THE FOX
Yeah.

AJAX

THE FOX
Hey...
That's a good one. You been
working on that one. That's
real original. Great, just
great. Wish I'd
of come up with that one.

Pause.

THE FOX
Hey, Ajax.

AJAX
Yeah.

THE FOX

A few laughs from Cowboy and Vermin.

CONTD. 3

AJAX

I'm telling you faggot,
watch your mouth.

THE FOX

Lighten up, big boy,
save yourself for all the
girlies.

Turns and walks off.

AJAX

Little

Resumes his workout.

4 SWAN

Sits a few yards from Rembrandt |
The wind carries some confetti by...
He throws a bowie knife...
Catches a moving piece of paper.
Again lifts the knife...
Again catches a moving scrap of refuse...

5 BOARDWALK

Cleon and his girl Lincoln.
Both seated on a bench looking toward the sea.
She lights a cigarette...

LINCOLN

I don't like it.

CLEON

You don't like what.

LINCOLN

Going up to this meeting.

CLEON

You ain't going. Don't worry
about it.

LINCOLN

I'm worried about you going.
I've got a feeling.

CLEON

Ah,

LINCOLN

Things have been going real good lately. I don't want anything to screw us up, I don't want you getting messed up with something heavy way off in the Bronx. You never even been up there... I like everything just the way it is.

CLEON

I told you...don't worry about it.

Pause.

LINCOLN

You like it since we been back together.

CLEON

Yeah. Sure.

LINCOLN

I treat you good.

CLEON

Yeah...Look, do we have to talk about all this. I got a lot to think about.

LINCOLN

You're not going to pay anymore attention to that Second Avenue girl...

CLEON

I told you. that's done. How many times I got to tell you.

LINCOLN

Tell me I'm better looking than she is.

CLEON

You're better looking than she is.

LINCOLN

She's a whore.

CLEON

Yeah. Right.

She exhales...

CLEON

This conclave's going to be
big, a real big item...

6 AT THE WALL

The Fox hunkers down next to Swna.
A moment of silence.

THE FOX

You okay.

No response.

Cochise sits down next to The Fox.

THE FOX

You got a problem.

Still looking at Swan.

The War Chief just holding his knife...

COCHISE

I got a problem. What the fuck
are we doing with this now-wow
[REDACTED] What th[REDACTED] is it
about.

THE FOX

Nobody knows. Cyrus ain't said.

COCHISE

I mean who the [REDACTED] is he...

THE FOX

President of the biggest gang
in this city... You got that.
He's asked for a conclave. One
day's truce... No guns, no blades,
no weapons for nobody.

COCHISE

Hey, [REDACTED] weapons give us power.
Power's what makes us Warriors.
We're going in there like we were
a bunch of [REDACTED]...

THE FOX

We're going in there like everybody
else. Nine guys, no power. Truce.

Looks back at Swan.

THE FOX

You're steamed because you can't
bring your blade. You never been any-
place where you haven't been backed.

SWAN

Yeah.

THE FOX

What else.

Pause.

THE FOX

Come on.

SWAN

Ajax. He ain't much of a soldier if things go bad.

THE FOX

Hey, it's just a pow-wow. We ain't going up there to soldier... Cleon ain't going to lead us up the creek.

COCHISE

I'll tell you something, Fox. Anytime any family's got no power, they're ~~stupid~~.

Swan looks over at The Fox for the first time.

SWAN

He's right.

7 BEACH

Ajax still working out.
Vermin closeby.

AJAX

One thing we might get out of this ~~meeting~~ get-together is meeting some strange wool. I wouldn't mind laying a little something down on the way back.

VERMIN

Man, you got a one track brain.

AJAX

What's the matter, you going faggot...

VERMIN

Hey man, I'm ready. Something falls our way, I'll be there.

AJAX

~~He's right.~~

8 SURF

Cowboy and Cochise hunkered down.
Staring out at the sea.

COWBOY

Where the ~~fuck~~ is this place.
I never been to the Bronx.

COCHISE

Long way from here, Daddy.

COWBOY

Okay then, what the ~~fuck~~ is this
~~conclave~~ conclave about.

COCHISE

Hey, man. That's what I been
asking.

COWBOY

You believe in this truce.

COCHISE

What do you think.

9 BEACH

9

Ajax pumps twice on the bars.
Does a flying dismount.
Smiles.

10 WALL

10

Swan holding his knife.
Just looking at the blade.

10A CONEY ISLAND

10A

The sun visible over the amusement park
horizon line.

10B THE BOARDWALK. LATER THAT AFTERNOON

10B

Cleon with the Warriors.
Standing in front of them...
Lincoln off to one side.

CLEON

A lot of you ain't real happy
about going on this patrol.
Remember this. We got a street
family of 120... plus affiliates.
You are the chosen for this ex-
pedition. That makes you special.

Pause.

CLEON

Here's the line-up. Snowball
you're the music man...

Snowball hefts a huge radio...
Winebottle canteen tied by a thong over one shoulder.

CLEON

Cowboy, soldier in the middle.
Vermin, you're the bearer. You got
the tokens and the bread. Swan,
second in command, War Chief, stick
by me. Rembrandt, you got your stuff.

Rembrandt snaps open his medical case.
Loaded with spray cans...

CLEON

You mark the city. Hit every-
thing in sight. I want people to
know the Warriors was there.

AJAX

Ah ~~that~~ that. He'll just slow
us down.

THE FOX

Shove it, Ajax.

Pause.

CLEON

Ajax. You just soldier. And
try to keep your mouth shut.

Gives him a look.
Ajax backs off.

CLEON

Fox, Scout and Memory Man, you
run and tell us what we need
to know. Cochise, you and Ajax
in the middle, heavy muscle.

AJAX

~~that~~

CLEON

Just remember we got a truce on,
so don't go flexing unless you get
an order from me... Okay, let's
roll...

They start off.
Cleon stops by Lincoln.

CONTD. 10B

10B

CLEON
We're going.

LINCOLN
Does that mean I'm supposed to like it.

CLEON
Why not.

LINCOLN
I told you before.

CLEON
Hey, no sweat. This is a big deal...

Touches her hair.
Moves off.

CUT.

11 THE CITY - DUSK

11

Sun beginning to dip in the West.

12 WATERFRONT - DUSK

12

The outlined against the setting sun.
On the first phase of their long trek...

CUT.

13 CITY STREET - DUSK

13

The Warriors filing along.

CUT.

14 ALLEYWAY - DUSK

14

Tenements high around them.
Rembrandt points to a huge gang insignia marker
on a brick wall.

VERMIN
[REDACTED] this is right in the middle
of Mongol territory.

COWBOY
Hey... this truce, better be
a real one.

COCHISE
Yeah... We lost a cat to them
last year.

14 CONTD.

14

AJAX

[REDACTED]

VERMIN

You sure there's a [REDACTED] ruce
on.

CLEON

Keep walking.

Swan moves up to a first position...
Approaches the Alley corner...

15 SWAN

15

Turns the corner...
Hesitates.
The Fox at his side.

THE FOX

Holy Christ.

16 THE STREET

16

Lined with Mongols.
In the street playing stoopball...
On the porches.
Looking down from the fire escapes.

CONTD. 16

16

COWBOY

Holy ~~shit~~

COCHISE

We got to walk through this.

VERMIN

We're going to get creamed. Jesus
are we going to get creamed...

CLEON

Cyrus said truce.

He moves ahead.

The patrol reluctantly follows.

17 MIDDLE OF THE STREET

17

All eyes of the Mongols trained on the Warriors
as they pass...

A stoopball player whizzes a ball in front of
Cochise.

He catches it, keeps playing...

VERMIN

~~Jesus Christ~~

CLEON

Just keep moving. Nobody lip off.

COWBOY

I wasn't planning on it.

COCHISE

How come these Mongols ain't going
to the conclave.

CLEON

They are. Everybody's just sending
nine...remember, turkey.

All the Mongols continue to stare at them.
But none makes a move.

COWBOY

Man, this is a long street.

VERMIN

I think we're going to make it.

AJAX

Maybe they're just ~~staring~~

CONTD. 17

A Mongol turns and looks at Ajax.

MONGOL

Yeah. Sure. Anytime.

Cleon grabs Ajax's arm.

CLEON

Shut up.

Swan gives Ajax a look.

SWAN

Just walk.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Right. Cyrus said
truce.

AJAX

Yeah. Okay.. Big Deal.

They move on.

MONGOL

Right, anytime

ANOTHER MONGOL

Yeah. Come back and see us
Warriors.

A few more steps down the street...

THE FOX

You really got a head on your
shoulders, you know that,
Ajax. Your brains are

COWBOY

Yeah. What a dumb

AJAX

Ah, big deal.

The corner now in sight.

COCHISE

This Cyrus must be something.

THE FOX

I'll tell you one thing, that
gang of his, the Gramercy Riffs
is something...

CONTD. 17

They pass by...
Turn the corner.

CUT:

18-48 OMIT

OMIT 18-48

49 ROADWAY NIGHT

49

The Warriors move into view.
Outlines against the evening sky.

50 PATH

50

Cleon motioning the other Warriors to move along.
They follow one by one, tramping onward...

COWBOY

You sure this is the way.

CLEON

Yes, I'm sure, God damn it.
This is the way they told me to
come.

They continue forward.
A lot of grumbling in the ranks.

VERMIN

How come we don't see anybody
else. Somebody explain that
fact to me.

COCHISE

Yeah. Where the are we.

AJAX

It's so dark you can't see your
own .

THE FOX

Let me reassure you about that,
big boy. It's there.

AJAX

You ought to know, faggot.

The Fox slips into falsetto.

THE FOX

"You ought to know, faggot. You
ought to know, faggot, faggot,
faggot, faggot..."

CLEON

Quiet.

VERMIN

I odn't like this.

REMBRANDT

Come on, quiet.

COCHISE

This whole thing is

AJAX

Yeah. yes. I don't
like it.

THE FOX

Nobody cares what you like,
ape man.

CLEON

Quiet back there.

VERMIN

I don't like it.

COWBOY

Shit. We're the only ones
around. Mayge we been set up...

51 OMIT

51

52 CLEON

52

Still in front.

Peers around a stairway landing leading to an open plaza.
Big smile.

CLEON

Yeah, sure. We're the only
ones here.

The others arrive at the landing.

Look out.

Nine faces very respectful of what they see ...

THE FOX

Holy Christ.

COWBOY

Kiss my

VERMIN

Look at that.

COCHISE

Jesus.

AJAX

53 PLAZA

A conclave of the principal gangs within the city.
In all their splendor, ornate finery and baroque
appearance ---

G A N G S

The Alleycats
The Amsterdam All-Stars
The Black Hands
The Blackjacks
The Big Trains
The Boyle Avenue Runners
The Charlemagnes
The Colt 45's
The Coney Island Warriors
The Dealers
The Delaney Rovers
The Dingos
The E Street Shufflers
The Easy Aces
The Electric Eliminators
The Eighth Avenue Apaches
The Fastballs
The Fifth Street Bombers
The Filmores
The Firetasters
The Five Points
The Gerrards
The Gladiators
The Go Hards
The Gun Hill Dancers
The Gramercy Riffs
The High Rollers
The Homeboys
The Hoplites
The Howitzers
The Huks

The Hurricanes
 The Imps
 The Jesters
 The Jones Street Boys
 The Judas Bunch
 The Jupiters
 The Knockdowns
 The Knuckles
 The Locos
 The Magicians
 The Meatpackers
 The Moonrunners
 The Napoleons
 The Nickel Steaks
 The Nightriders
 The Ninth Avenue Razors
 The Panzers
 The Phillies
 The Plainsmen
 The Queen's Bridge Mutilators
 The Red Hook Shooters
 The Riffs
 The Roadmasters
 The Romans
 The Runaways
 The Saracens
 The Saratogas
 The Savage Huns
 The Shanghai Sultans
 The Southern Cross
 The Speedwagons
 The Stevedores
 The Stilletos
 The Stonebreakers
 The Terriers
 The Turks
 The Turnbull A.C.
 The Vancourtland Rangers
 The Whispers
 The Xenophons
 The Xylophones
 The Yo-yo's
 The Youngbloods
 The Zodiacs
 The Zulus

Black, white, coffee-colored, Puerto Rican, Italian, Irish ...

Standing, squatting.

More like an encampment of armies than a meeting.

The whole underside of the city.

53 CONTD.

53

One outlandish set of uniforms after another.
 Nobody here for fun, hundreds of rough, menacing
 young men...
 Waiting...
 Watching each other warily in the dark.
 Nervous, murmuring...
 Restlessness rising like a tide among them.

53A THE ROGUES

53A

Seated up against the wall of the first terrace.
 Their leader, Luther at one end.
 Cropsey, his second in command, at his side.

LUTHER
 How's our present for
 Cyrus.

CROPSEY
 It works.

LUTHER
 You sure.

Smiles.

CROPSEY
 Real sure.

Smiles back.

LUTHER
 Cyrus is just going to
 love it.

54 THE WARRIORS

54

Now seated within the plaza.
 Straining to look in all directions.
 Ajax looks around...

AJAX
 You think any Nightriders
 are here. I hate them
 fuckers.

REMBRANDT
 Cyrus says...

AJAX
 Cyrus says, Cyrus says,
 Fuck Cyrus.

COCHISE
 Man, look at all this.

54 CONTD.

54

COWBOY
Which one's Cyrus.

VERMIN
Shit, who knows.

REMBRANDT
He'll be here.

AJAX
How do you know.

REMBRANDT
I just know.

54A SWAN AND CLEON
Look around.
Cleon smiles at Swan.

54A

CLEON
I told you this would be
big.

SWAN
You were right.

CLEON
Loosen up. Enjoy it.
It's going to be something.

54B PLAZA

54B

The huge audience shifting nervously...
Restive...
Suddenly:

VOICE
Can you count, suckers!

The crowd freezes, lifting their heads...

VOICE
I don't fuck much with
the past, but I fuck plenty
with the future... And the
future is ours if you can
count.

The voice seems to be everywhere about them...

55 CYRUS
Steps into the light.
Commanding presence, born to royalty...

55

CYRUS

First we start with a miracle.
Now look what we have here before
us. We've got the Saracens sitting
next to the Jones Street Boys.
We've got the Moonrunners right by
the Vancourtland Rangers ... We've
got nine representatives from two
hundred gangs in this city and
we've got a truce. Nobody is
wasting nobody. And that is a
miracle. And miracles is the way
things ought to be.

Cheers.

CYRUS

The question before us is,
can you make it with a little
simple arithmetic. Because
you have been shucked, Brothers...
The courts and the schools, that's
one shuck... But the people who
call themselves your friends, that's
the biggest shuck of all. The
dudes from the Youth Board, the
community centers, that Mobilization-
for-Youth shit... You smoke that,
you are finished.

The crowd giving him rapt attention.

CYRUS

You'll go, junkie, you'll get
busted and that's the future
they got for you. You'll be
shit out of luck, suckers.

Pause.

CYRUS

Unless you can count.

56 THE GANGS

56

The hypnotic power of Cyrus' voice grabbing them.

CYRUS

You are standing right now with
nine delegates from a hundred
gangs. And there's over a hundred
more. That's 20,000 hard-core
members, 40,000 counting affiliates
and 20,000 more not organized but
ready to fight. 60,000 soldiers,
that's like... FOUR ARMY DIVISIONS!

A surge growing in the faces of the crowd.

CYRUS

Plus you add in women, in comes to
100,000. A hundred thousand.
Now there ain't but 20,000 police
in the whole town. Can you dig
it. Can you dig it. Can you
dig it...

57 [] ROAD - NEAR THE PLAZA

57

A line of shadowy cars cutting off their lights, turning ...

58 [] PLAZA

58

Cyrus continues to walk among the gangs.

CYRUS

So here's the sum total. ONE
GANG COULD RUN THIS CITY.
100,000 organized boppers.
We could run the whole
place, nothing would move
without us allowing it to happen.
We could tax the crime
syndicates, the police ... BECAUSE
WE GOT THE STREETS, SUCKERS.
If they don't pay they can't
take a subway, they can't go
to the corner store or a movie,
they can't go no place in
public, they can't even step
into an elevator, without us
coming down on them. Can you dig
it. Can you dig it. CAN YOU
DIG IT!

59 [] STREET []

59

More cars with lights out pulling off the road.

The ghostly shapes glide to a stop side by side.
The muffled sound of doors opening ...
Shadowy figures getting out ...

60 CYRUS

60

Standing in the light.
Still moving ...
Arms upraised.

CYRUS

Nobody in this city could be safe
outside his door. Unless we say so.
BECAUSE. WE. ARE. THE. POWER.

60A THE FOX

60A

Trying to get a better view of Cyrus.
He leaves the Warriors.
Moves to the edge of the stone steps ...
Finds himself near the Rogues.

61 A LEG

61

Within the crowd ...
Pants being pulled up ...

61A A MAGNUM .357

61A

Taped to a calf...
 The tape is torn away...
 One hand passes the pistol to another...
 Another hand...
 Another hand...
 One more hand...

CYRUS

The problem in the past has been
 the man turning us on one
 another. We have been unable to
 see the truth because we have
 been fighting for ten square
 feet of ground...Our turf...Our
 little piece of turf. That's
 shit, brothers, because it's
 all our turf...

A final hand lifts the .357.
 Spins the chamber.

62 LUTHER

62

Seated with the Rogues.
 He holds the .357.

63 CYRUS

63

In the light, looking more demonic than ever.
 He moves continuously...

CYRUS

The turf is our by right because
 it's our turn. They kept us on
 the bottom long enough, centuries
 and centuries, and centuries...
 All we got to do is stick together.
 We keep up with the general truce.
 We take over one borough at a time,
 secure our territory. Secure our
 turf...Because it's all our turf!

The loud roar of a gunshot.
 Cyrus' head snaps back.

64 THE CROWD

64

Instinctively crouching.
 A jangle of panic.

VOICES

Who's shooting...Hey, man...
 Somebody's packed, Jesus...

The gangs start to break and run every-which-way.
 The crowd dissolving in panic...

65 LUTHER

65

In his hand the gun...
Amid the confusion no one seems to have noticed.

66 THE FOX

66

Staring at him.
He has seen the whole thing.
Their eyes lock.
One of those frozen moments.
Then Luther swings the gun toward The Fox, aims...
Suddenly light floods his face.
He blinks, momentarily blinded.
The Fox bolts off.

67-68 THE WHOLE PLAZA

67-68

Now flooded with light.

VOICE

Police. Hold it right there.
Everybody freeze where you are.

Rows of cars now facing the plaza.
All police cruisers.

VOICE

We want to see everybody freeze.

A surge of bodies away from the bullhorn.
The Warriors start to run with the flow.
Cleon blocks their way.

CLEON

No, the other way, against
the crowd ...

Indicating they are to go against the grain, toward
the light.
As they turn, Cleon waves them past.

CLEON

And get your ass down. Down.

The Warriors crouching low, moving through the crowd.
Most of the crowd running the other way.

VOICE

Freeze... stand still and you
won't get hurt.

67-68 CONTD

67-68

A ring of police, riot shields and sticks moving in from the dark.

69

THE WARRIORS

69

Moving toward the police cars but crouching low...
Ducking into the shadow below the lights.

CLEON

Move it, move it, don't stop.

70

THE FOX

70

Picking his way through the crowd.
Grabs Rembrandt, pulls him along.

71

AJAX

71

At Cowboy's side.

72

CLEON

72

Suddenly, he stops running.
Sees a body a short distance beyond.

Still bending, he drifts toward it.
Hands down ...

73

CYRUS

73

The blood spreads across his face.
Three members of his gang are squatting nearby.
Clearly in a state of shock.
Oblivious to the pandemonium around them.

73A

CLEON

73A

Staring at the body.
Awestricken, disbelieving.

73B

LUTHER

73B

Standing nearby.
He points at Cleon.

LUTHER

There's the one. That's him.

Cleon turns.
Cyrus' men also turn to look ...

LUTHER

He's the one. He shot Cyrus.
We saw him.

CROPSEY

Yeah. It's him.

CLEON

You're crazy.

Luther runs at him.
Leaps on Cleon.

LUTHER

He's the one.

Cleon breaks free of Luther and starts to his feet...
Flattens two Rogues, belts Cropsey down, but...
Catches a kick flush in the face from one of Cyrus' men.
Goes down like a felled tree.
Immediately two other Gramercy Riffs jump him.
He disappears under a swarm of clubbing fists and feet.

74

OMIT

74

75

ACROSS THE WAY

75

The Fox and Rembrandt about to slip past the ring of police cars.
Rembrandt hesitates, looking back at the free-for-all.

THE FOX

Come on, man.

REMBRANDT

Did something happen to Cleon.

THE FOX

I think he's up ahead ...

REMBRANDT

You sure.

THE FOX

Shit, no ... just move, come on...

They vanish in the dark.

75 CONTD.

75

The other Warriors rush on through the debris.

76 PLAZA

76

Hundreds of milling gang members; sullen surly...
Being herded toward the cars and waiting police buses.

77 LINE-UP

77

Gang members leaning spread-eagled on the cars.
A message is being passed along the line.

VOICES

Pass the word...the Warriors...
Some dudes from Brooklyn...
Pass it on...From Coney Island...
Rack their ass...Rack their ass...
The Warriors...They got Cyrus...
The Warriors...

78-79 NEAR THE STEPS

78-79

The police separating gang members.
Pull away several from a huge melee...
Cleon's body now visible.
Cyrus' body just beyond...

80,81 OMIT

CUT:

OMIT 80,81

82 CEMETERY

82

Rows of gravestones, small mausoleums, stone angels.
The Warriors vault the fence.
Stumble in past the gravestones...

One by one drop into the shadows out of sight.
The police car with the flashing light goes by on the street.

SWAN

Everybody make it.

THE FOX

Ajax, Vermin, Cowboy, Rembrandt,
Snowball, Cochise, you and me...
Just Cleon's missing.

They all gather around Swan.
Nervous looks...

THE FOX

Okay. Anybody see what happened.
Anybody see anything.

COCHISE

Fuzz must have got him.

SWAN

Did you see him get busted.

COCHISE

Fuck no. He was there then
I didn't see him no more. I was
hauling ass...

Pause.

VERMIN

Hey, I want to ask a question.
What the fuck happened.

AJAX

I didn't see anything.

COCHISE

Somebody put out Cyrus' headlight,
that's what happened.

COWBOY

Shit. I didn't see that...
I didn't see nothing.

VERMIN

You saw him go down.

COCHISE

Fucking A.

AJAX

I didn't see nothing.

THE FOX

I saw who creamed him.

They all stop and look at The Fox.

VERMIN

You saw who shot Cyrus.

THE FOX

Yeah.

Long pause.

COCHISE

Well, who the fuck was it.

THE FOX

Guy from the Rogues. South Bronx
gang. Real punk.

SWAN

You sure it was the Rogues.

THE FOX.

Yeah. I saw the guy that did it...And he saw me.

They think about that.

COWBOY

Naw. I'd hate to be a Rogue tonight. Those Riffs are going to be on their ass.

COCHISE

Okay. What do we do now.

All eyes go to Swan.

SWAN

We go home.

VERMIN

You mind telling us how. Fucking Coney Island must be fifty miles from here...took us hours.

SWAN

Give us the answer, Fox.

THE FOX

We take a train. The same way we got here. And it's 27 miles... All we got to do is find a subway stop, grab a car to Union Square and change for Coney.

COCHISE

Yeah. Real simple. Except every cop in the city's looking to bust our heads.

AJAX

Fucking A. Right.

SWAN

We got something else to think about.

VERMIN

Yeah, what.

The Fox picks right up on it.

THE FOX

The truce. Is it still on...

82 CONTD.

82

VERMIN

If it ain't, we're going to
have to bop our way back...

Not a happy prospect.

COWBOY

Shit. I wish we was packed...

Snowball holds up his wine bottle canteen.
Shakes it.

Makes a thumbs up sign.

COWBOY

Better than nothing.

SWAN

A lot better.

COCHISE

Snowball, what about the radio.

Snowball makes a thumbs down sign.

AJAX

Shit.

THE FOX

We got bigger problems, yo yo.

REMBRANDT

Maybe we better not try and
make it home.

AJAX

Yeah. Right, we'll live the rest
of our lives here in this grave-
yard, you dumb fuck.

THE FOX

Leave him alone, Ajax.

AJAX

Faggot.

Swan looks at Rembrandt.

SWAN

We're going back. It's the only
choice we got.

Pause.

82 CONTD.

SWAN

Whatever happens, stick together.
If the truce is off anything
could hit us between here and
the train... We get separated
and they chop us one by one.
If you do get separated get to
the platform at Union Square.
That's where we change trains.

COCHISE

Union Square. Right.

SWAN

Everybody got that.

Nods of agreement.

SWAN

Then, let's go.

AJAX

I only got one question.

Pause.

AJAX

Who named you leader.

Suddenly no one is moving.

AJAX

I got as much right to take over
as you.

THE FOX

It was Cleon's choice. Swan's War Chief.

AJAX

Right about now Cleon's most likely got a nightstick shoved halfway up his ass. Fucking knives are the only reason you're up on anybody else. You're no leader without your blade and you ain't got one ... Shit, I bet you can't even find the subway.

Every eye is on Swan.

SWAN

Maybe we ought to talk about it later.

AJAX

What's wrong with right now. I want to be War Lord.

Pause.

SWAN

Make your move.

A moment while the tension gathers.
Swan and Ajax both ready for the first lunge...

83-84 REMBRANDT

83-84

He has climbed onto a ledge high on a tomb.
Looks off down the street ...

Rembrandt

Hey, wait a minute ... The train is right over there.

85 A TRESTLE

85

Some distance down the road ...
A subway train clacks across it.

86 CEMETERY

85

Swan and Ajax still facing one another.
Long moment, then ...

COWBOY
Hey Ajax, lighten up.

VERMIN
Yeah, big boy. Swan's War
Chief.

Ajax looks over at Cochise, a potential ally ...
He shakes his head.

COCHISE
We better stick together.

Snowball just gives Ajax a simple direct look.
Then shakes his head.

THE FOX
I think you just got outvoted,
dumb-dumb.

AJAX
Fuck.

He turns away in disgust.

SWAN
Okay. That's settled. Let's
move.

He leads them away.

87 CEMETERY FENCE

87

Swan checks both ways, then vaults over ...
A hefty drop, he lands hard on the sidewalk.
Swan waits, then motions to the others.
One by one they follow until they are all over the fence.
All save one ...

VERMIN
Where the hell is Rembrandt.

88 THE CEMETERY

86

Rembrandt spray paints a gravestone.
Then scurries, away toward the fence.

88A GRAVESTONE

With the letters of another gang on the back.

88A

CONTD

88A

Over the letters has been sprayed the Warrior sign.
 The sound of thunder.
 Rain begins to make the paint run down the gravestone.

CUT

89

CITY STREET

89

A summer shower.
 Rain pelting down.

The Warriors sprint across the road.
 Take cover under an awning.

AJAX

Fucking lousy fucking train.

VERMIN

This sucks.

THE FOX

No shit.

COWBOY

I'm beginning to think maybe
 this ain't our night.

AJAX

Fucking A.

The rain continues to rip down.

VERMIN

How long's this shit going to
 keep up.

COWBOY

Hey man, do I look like fucking
 Channel Seven weatherman.

VERMIN

Shit no. You just look like a
 dumb fucker wearing a cowboy
 hat.

COWBOY

Hey man, fuck you.

VERMIN

You want to lay it down.

COWBOY

I'll lay you down, motherfucker.

SWAN

Let's go.

AJAX

It's still raining.

SWAN

Yeah. And we still ain't home.

He moves off.

The others follow.

CUT.

90 STREET - NIGHT

90

The rain has now stopped.

The Warriors troop along the still wet sidewalk ...

Eyes left, then right ...

They cross the street, then move under the El.

91 CORNER OF A NEARBY BUILDING

91

On the edge of it in decorated letters the word
S-P-O-R-T-S.

SWAN

Fox, give me a reading on the Sports.

THE FOX

Big outfit. Two hundred brothers.

They got this one cat six-eight,

call him Goliath, busts heads

every night.

VERMIN

Great. Just great.

AJAX

Ah fuck him.

Just some chicken shit

like the rest.

91 CONTD.

91

THE FOX

Yeah. Right. You'd be the first one to haul that ass of yours if you ran across him.

AJAX

You may run across me real quick, faggot.

SWAN

Ajax.

AJAX

Yeah.

SWAN

Lighten up.

REMBRANDT

Hey, Swan, you want me to hit it.

Holds up a spray can.

SWAN

Let's keep moving.

They move on.

91A FARTHER DOWN THE WAY

91A

Still no station in sight.

COCHISE

Man, how far to a goddamn station.

THE FOX

Up here they can be a couple miles apart.

COWBOY

This Bronx sucks.

VERMIN

No shit.

Somewhere there is a police siren.

The whole line of Warriors turns about face...
Drift out of sight against various store windows.
Their faces tense as the siren grows louder...

93 STREET UNDER THE EL

93

A police caravan coming, roof lights flashing....

Huddled against the store fronts.
In the windows the reflection of the caravan moving
past.

Cruisers and a flash of several police buses.

Each jammed with gang members from the busted conclave...

VERMIN

That's a few less for us to
worry about.

COWBOY

Wonder if they had them Rogues
on board.

THE FOX

That's one gang I'm glad I
ain't it...I wouldn't want
to be one of those mothers.

VERMIN

Just imagine if you had them
Gramercy Riffs on your ass.
Whewee...

AJAX

Probably just a bunch of chicken-
shits.

Rembrandt looks after the police vans.

REMBRANDT

Wonder if they had
Cleon in there.

CUT:

94

CLUBHOUSE - GRAMERCY RIFFS

94

Huge, warehouse-sized...
One hundred Riffs in attendance.
Suddenly, the main door is thrown open.
All eyes on the three Riffs who enter.
A small youth walking slightly before the others.
He is...The New Cyrus.
Long silence.

THE NEW CYRUS
Who are the Warriors.

No one answers.

THE NEW CYRUS
There must be some word.

VOICE
Coney Island bunch.

ANOTHER VOICE
We already got one of them. Dead
as a fucking doornail.

THE NEW CYRUS
As dead as Cyrus...I want them all.
I want all the Warriors. I want them
alive if possible. If not, wasted...
But I want them. Send the word.

CUT:

95 OMIT

95

96 RADIO STATION. NIGHT.

96

The blare of rock music.
Electronic transmission equipment oscillating.

96A TURNTABLE.

96A

The record ends.

96B BOOTH

96B

The Disc Jockey at her microphone.
Her dulcet tones are honey-smooth...

D.J.
All right now, for all you
boppers out there in the big
city, all you streetpeople with
an ear for the action...I've been
asked to relay a request from the
Gramercy Riffs...
(more)

CONTD. 96B

96B

D.J. (contd.)
It's a special for the Warriors,
that's the real live bunch from
Coney, I do mean the Warriors.
Here's a hit with them in mind.

She drops the needle.
Another rock number begins.

CUT:

97 STREET NIGHT

--- 97

The Dingos listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

98 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

98

The Baseball Furies listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

99 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

99

The Lizzies listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

100 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

100

The Big Time Punks listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

101 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

101

The Turnbull A.C. listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

101A RADIO STATION, BOOTH NIGHT

101A

The song ends.
Needle lifted...

CONTD. 101A

D.J.
Be looking good, Warriors...
All the way back to Coney...
You hear me babies...Good.
Real good. Adios.

CUT:

102 INT: CANDY STORE

102

Cropsey is standing at the counter...
One of those hole-in-the-wall shops with a
window on the street.
Cropsey picks out a candy bar.
Then another, then two more...
Seven other Rogues stand behind him.
All of them smiling.
Some chewing gum catches Cropsey's eye.
He helps himself to one, two, three packages.

A young woman behind the counter.
Her face is strained as she watches Cropsey
gather up the candy.
Then her eyes swing nervously further off in the
shop...

103 A WALL PHONE

103

Luther speaking into the receiver.
Hangs up.

Luther bangs out through the door of the booth.

CROPSEY

We set.

LUTHER

We're set, all right.
Somebody should pick their
ass up. The Riffs sent out
the word. They want them alive ...
But we don't.

CROPSEY

Sooner the better.

LUTHER

What's the matter. You afraid
that little fuck-face is going
to shoot his mouth off before
he gets racked.

CROPSEY

Yeah, right. I'm worried.
He saw you ... I just don't
want the Riffs down on my head.

LUTHER

No sweat. They're looking for
the Warriors. But we can do
some looking, too. Ought to make
you feel better.

They head for the door.

Beyond them out in the street the Cadillac hearse is
waiting.

The young woman clears her throat ...
Speaks to Cropsey.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh, that'll be, uh, two-fifty.

Cropsey looks at her.

LUTHER

For what.

Takes some candy from Cropsey.
Treats himself to a big bite.
Smiles.

105-
108

STREET UNDER THE EL - NIGHT

105-108

The Warriors are moving along the sidewalk.
Keeping to the shadows.
A station now visible down the way.
Suddenly Swan motions them to halt...

VERMIN

What is it.

COWBOY

I don't see nothing.

AJAX

Ain't nothing to see. Come on,
what kind of chicken shit crap
is this.

A moment more.

COCHISE

Yeah, come on, man, we're here.
What're we waiting for...

THE FOX

A train would help...Unless you
want to get japped up there
on an open platform.

COCHISE

Bull shit. There's nobody
on the street.

Swan gestures with his hand.
The Fox slips expertly out through the shadows
to take up a position against the El pillar as
scout.
Another gesture; Rembrandt and Snowball do the same
against another pillar...

AJAX

We're acting like faggots.

Swan looks off to his left.
Senses something.

SWAN

Just keep talking, big boy.

Suddenly a gang bus comes around the corner.
Rumbles toward them.

109 THE BUS

109

Covered with graffiti.
Crammed with members of the Turnbull A.C.
More gang members sitting on the roof.
Even more leaning out of the windows.
Shaved heads glistening.
Eyes searching.
Scowling looks...

110 THE WARRIORS

110

Pull back into the shadows.

VERMIN

Holy shit.

COCHISE

Who the fuck are those mothers...

COWBOY

I don't know, but they ain't
waving any white flags.

REMBRANDT

Who are they looking for.

VERMIN

Anybody.

110 CONTD

110

The bus rumbles closer.

THE FOX

Jesus Christ. It's the Turnbull
A.C.'s. Those guys are
killers.

They all pull back ...

111 SIDE STREET

111

The bus moves by.

The Turnbull A.C. members' eyes search the shadows.

All of them huge mothers.

A long moment.

Then the bus is safely past.

112 UNDER THE EL

112

REMBRANDT

They're on our ass. The god damn
Turnbull A.C.'s.

COCHISE

Mean-looking mothers.

VERMIN

No shit.

THE FOX

You got to be six foot
tall just to get into
that outfit.

COWBOY

Yeah. I think they forgot
about the truce.

COCHISE

You ain't just shitting.

AJAX

Fucking A.

The clatter of a train breaks in ...

113 ON THE TRESTLE

113

Down the track a train is approaching the
station ...

114 SWAN

114

He motions the others to get ready.

- 114 CONTD 114
Remb. makes an urgent hand signal from the pillar.
- 115 THE TURNBULL A.C. BUS 115
Now at the end of the street.
It turns and heads back toward the station.
- 116 UNDER THE EL 116
Not a happy moment for the Warriors.
- THE FOX
Oh Jesus Christ.
- VERMIN
What kind of shit is this.
- 117 STREET 117
The bus moving closer.
The A.C.'s eyes still searching ...
- 118 THE TRAIN 118
Sliding to a stop, the doors start to open ...
- 119 SWAN 119
Gives the signal.
The Warriors make a run for it.
- THE FOX
Go, Go, Go, Go.
- They rush across the street for the steps.
- 120 BUS 120
The Turnbull A.C.'s spot the running figures.
React as one man...
The multi-colored bus roars toward the station.
- 121 THE WARRIORS 121
Starting to pound up the steps.
- THE FOX
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go ...

122 THE BUS 122

Now very close.
Brakes to a stop.
The A.C.'s jump out, head for the station.

123 THE WARRIORS 123

Racing up the stairs ...
Two at a time.

124 STATION PLATFORM 124

The doors of the train begin to close ...
The Warriors come bombing up the last flight of stairs.
Tumult and uproar.
They push aside various passengers ...

125 TRAIN 125

The doors are almost shut ...
Ajax flings himself into the narrowing gap ...
Forces the door open again.
Sheer brute strength.
He holds it for the other Warriors to enter.
They dash into the car under his arms.
The Fox brings up the rear.
The first of the Turnbull A.C.'s appears on the platform.
The Fox ducks under Ajax's arm ...
The door closes.

126 THE PLATFORM 126

Train pulling away ...
Tail lights moving off down the tracks into the night.
The Turnbull A.C.'s gather, watch the train disappear ...

CUT.

127 TRAIN 127

The Warriors reel into their seats ...
Even Snowball grins soundlessly.

COWBOY

Okay, right. Warriors.

COCHISE

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

VERMIN

They was some desperate dudes.

COWBOY

So was we.

AJAX

Even fight, we could take 'em.

Ajax's remark tempers their elation.

THE FOX

Yeah, well, fat chance they
were going to even things up.

COWBOY

Right. That's what I'm saying.
Bunch of chicken shits ...

COWBOY

Them cats didn't look too chicken
shit to me.

VERMIN

Me either.

Cochise ignores this conversational turn.
Remains totally jubilant ...

COCHISE

We made it. In an hour it's C.I.,
the Big Coney. Whewee baby ...

However, Swan is the eternal realist ...

SWAN

When we get there, that's when
we've made it.

Cochise leans back, stretches out his legs ...

COWBOY

No sweat, War Chief.

Rembrandt moves to a map of the subway system on the wall.
The map is schematic with the contours of the city
rounded off ...

Rembrandt is laboriously trying to puzzle it out.
He has one finger on the top of the map at the point
where they are ...
With the other he is searching all the way at the bottom
until ...

REMBRANDT

Hey, I found Coney Island.

VERMIN

Way to go, Rembrandt.

127 CONTD.

127

Applauds, whistling through his teeth.

AJAX

Figure out how many stops to
Union Square.

Rembrandt starts counting them off on his fingers.

COCHISE

Come on, man, that's high math
for Rembrandt.

AJAX

Hey, Sucker, how you fixed for
toes.

THE FOX

Hey, Ajax, why don't you pound
sand up your ass and leave him
alone.

AJAX

Fuck you, faggot.

Rembrandt continues to count.

The Fox moves to his side, studies the map...

THE FOX

Nobody can read these maps.

VERMIN

Forget it, we're home free,
what's the difference.

CUT:

128-129 STATION - NIGHT

128-129

The train now creeping forward.

Just beyond the station platform a tenement burns.
Orange glow lighting the sky...
A snorkle-truck battles the flames...
Smoke drifts across the tracks.

FRONT OF THE TRAIN

With a final lurch it comes to a stop.

LOUDSPEAKERS

...Fire Department orders...
This train...not to proceed...
indefinitely...Buses will be...
Transfers...Station down the line.

130 THE PLATFORM

37. 130

The doors of the train open, passengers stream out of all the cars.
Begin to jam up at the exit.

LOUDSPEAKER
Attention...Train no to proceed...
Fire.

INSIDE THE TRAIN

The Warriors watch the other passengers file out.

COWBOY
This is fucking impossible.

VERMIN
What the shit are we going to do.
This sucks.

SWAN
Loudspeaker said take the buses,
so we're taking the buses.

COCKISE
Shit, this is really our night.

REMBRANDT
Why couldn't it rain now.

THE FOX
We just better worry about who
set the fire.

131 PLATFORM

131

The Warriors come out of the train.
All of them suffling toward the stairwell with the other passengers...

132 STREET BELOW THE STATION

132

Two jampacked buses close their doors in front of the remaining passengers.
Pull away with a roar.

133 THE WARRIORS

133

None of them looking very happy.

COCKISE
Give us a break...

AJAX
Fucking A.

An angry know of people surge around the harassed bus starter.

133 CONTD.

133

BUS STARTER

More buses coming, be along in
a minute...

VOICES

Yeah, a minute, I'll bet it's a
half hour.

BUS STARTER

We're doing the best we can...
You don't want to wait, kiss my
ass.

THE FOX

We ain't got a half hour.

Swan looks across the street.
The Fox stares in the opposite direction.

THE FOX

We've had it.

SWAN

I made them. One there,
two there .u.

134 A TENEMENT ROOF
On the other side.

134

Looking down over the edge are two gang members.
Their eyes lock on the Warriors...

135 SWAN AND THE FOX

Both looking at the roof.

THE FOX

They just made us.

The two Orphans continue to stare down.

SWAN

You recognize them.

THE FOX

Orphans. So far down they ain't
even on the map. Real low-class.
Dumbbells. Bums.

SWAN

Numbers.

THE FOX

Full strength...maybe thirty
soldiers...Minor League.

135 CONTD.

VERMIN

Thirty's a lot more than eight.

AJAX

Not if they're wimps. I'm
sick of this running crap.

Nobody pays any attention to him.

COWBOY

Probably looking to make a name
for themselves.

COCHISE

Best way would be to knock
us off...The Fox looks a little to the side...
Swan already staring in that direction.

136 SIDE STREET

136

Four Orphans stare at the Warriors.

The First Orphan nods to the Fourth, he drifts off down
the street.

136A THE WARRIORS

136A

Watching tensely.

COWBOY

You know where that cat's headed.

REMBRANDT

Reinforcements.

VERMIN

We're going to get japped here.
We're going to get japped.

COCHISE

We got to do something.

137 THE REMAINING ORPHANS

137

Lounging against a tenement front.

Their eyes never leave the Warriors.

137A THE WARRIORS

137A

All with grim faces.

AJAX

Okay, I got the answer. We just
go over there and waste them...

137A CONTDS.

137A

THE FOX

With what, your breath...
All we need is one big mouth
and it's everybody's ass.

SWAN

Let's try it being friendly...
Cowboy...

COWBOY

Yo.

SWAN

Give me a pack of butts.

137 Passed over.
Swan pockets them.

138 THE WARRIORS

138

Follow Swan, heading down the side street...

Swan's eyes never leave the Orphans.

SWAN

No matter what he says, nobody
lip off, nobody get hot. I'm
going to see what I can do.

AJAX

When did you turn into a fucking
diplomat.

VERMIN

Yeah, you ain't exactly the State
Department type.

THE FOX

It's better than sending assholes
like you two over...

VERMIN

Maybe Ajax has got a point about you,
Fox.

AJAX

Fucking A.

Swan looks down the street.
Stares at the Orphan.

SWAN

Fox, you come with me.

AJAX

Why you taking that faggot.

SWAN

Because he's got a brain.
He might know something useful.

THE FOX

Yeah, put a lid on it, Ape Man.

They reach a point across from the tenement.
The Orphans are still eyeing them.
Swan and The Fox start across the street.

139 TENEMENT FRONT

139

Swan crosses the last few feet ...
He reaches in his pocket, holds the package of
cigarettes with one butt extended ...

The First Orphan looks at the cigarette.
Makes no move to take it.

FIRST ORPHAN

I thought you were reaching to
show me your invitation.

A polite edge to his voice.

SWAN

How do you figure.

FIRST ORPHAN

You come armying down here,
invading our territory, no permits,
no parley ...

SWAN

We're not invading and I'm
parleying right now.

The Fox smiles.
Steps up, even with Swan ...

THE FOX

We were just at that big meeting ...
We're going home to Coney, the train
gets messed up by that five and
they dump us here ...

FIRST ORPHAN

So.

SWAN

So, we're asking is it okay to
march through to the next station.

The Orphan's eyes narrow.

FIRST ORPHAN

I don't know what you talking about,
man. How could there be a big
meeting if the Orphans wasn't there.

THE FOX

Listen, you were lucky ... There
was a hassale, lot of heads got
busted.

The Orphans look even less friendly than ever.

FIRST ORPHAN

You think we ain't big. You
think the Orphans ain't with it.
You think the Orphans ain't
well-known.

SWAN

We didn't say that.

FIRST ORPHAN

We got a heavy rep, you mess with
us, you find that out.

The Second Orphan takes a newspaper clipping from his
pocket.

Proudly holds it out.

FIRST ORPHAN

You see that ... they write about
our raids in the paper.

THE FOX

Yeah. Hey, that's real heavy.

140 THE WARRIORS

140

Across the street, watching ...

COCHISE

In a minute they're going to be dancing ...

Beside him, Ajax is staring past Swan, The Fox and the Orphans.

AJAX

Yeah... and I got my partner.

Rembrandt, Cochise, Snowball, and Cowboy follow his look.

141 TENEMENT PORCH

141

A girl next to the screen door.

She shifts her legs, restless, obviously bored ...
Every move goes straight to the Warrior's groin.

142 THE WARRIORS

142

Staring hard at the porch.

AJAX

You know what that is, don't you.

Cowboy nods.

COWBOY

Yeah ... trouble.

143 TENEMENT FRONT

143

The Fox still reading the clipping.
Decides to try a pure bullshit move.

THE FOX

Oh yeah, right. The Orphans. I heard about you guys. Our Youth Worker talks about you cats all the time... Boy, those Youth Workers, pain in the ass ...

143 CONTD

143

SECOND ORPHAN

We ain't got one.

He takes the clipping back.

THE FOX

Must be because they're afraid
of you, man.Swan extends the cigarette again.
Mollified, the Orphan now takes one.
Lights up.

144 TENEMENT PORCH

144

The girl moves down the steps.
No mistaking her look ...

145 TENEMENT FRONT

145

Swan is aware of the girl, but ignores her.
The Fox doesn't, keeps shooting looks her way ...

FIRST ORPHAN

Nothing wrong with you making it
through our territory ... As
long as you're coming in peace ...The girl deliberately stares right at The Fox.
Gives him the eye.
He flushes, now tries to keep his look away from her ...

FIRST ORPHAN

You got maybe nine, ten blocks
from here to the next station.

The girl starts to make a chicken noise.

SECOND ORPHAN

Cut it, Mercy.

She gives him a look, then defiantly continues ...

SECOND ORPHAN

I said knock it off, Bitch.

She laughs at him.

SWAN

We'll be off your turf in five
minutes.

Re and The Fox turn to go.

MERCY

Hey, you ...

Reluctantly they look back.
She points to their vests

MERCY

Those vests are real nice.

THE FOX

Yeah. It's our mark.

MERCY

What's your family.

THE FOX

Warriors Coney Island

She reacts to the word Warriors.

SECOND ORPHAN

Lighten up, Mercy, stop looking
for trouble.

She ignores him.

MERCY

Warriors. You guys are the
big dudes, huh. That makes
those vests real valuable.

SECOND ORPHAN

I shoulda slapped your mouth
the first time you opened it.

Mercy flashes at him.

MERCY

So ... Who stopped you.

She looks back at Swan and The Fox.

MERCY

Come on, give me one.

Swan shakes his head.

MERCY

Just one. I just want one vest.
You can get another one, man.

SWAN

No chance.

Mercy wheels on the First Orphan.

MERCY

You just going to let an army
walk through here whenever they
feel like it. How's that going
to look...

The point scores, but the First Orphan tries to
shrug it off...

FIRST ORPHAN

Get lost. You're just looking
for a little action...

MERCY

Yeah, and I'm gonna find it.
Pretty soon the Stompers, the
Masai, the Homeboys, the Meat-
packers, the Easy Aces, every
gang is just going to mambo
right in....Soldier right
through...Some man you are.

He flushes, raises his hand.
She jeers, again clucking like a hen.
The First Orphan is now livid.

He turns to Swan.

FIRST ORPHAN

You take your colors off, you
can walk through.

SWAN

We don't do that.

THE FOX

That's just our mark, it don't
mean we're at war.

Pause.

The Orphan's eyes all flicker sharply at him.

FIRST ORPHAN

You go as civilians, okay. You
go as soldiers, we come down
on you...I mean it. Now take off
your colors. All of you.
You hear me.

SWAN

Fuck you.

THE FOX

We're not going to hide who we
are, just because some whore shakes
her ass...

145 CONTD.

145

MERCY

Don't you call me no whore,
I ain't no whore...

Without a word, the Orphans turn, go back inside the tenement.

THE FOX

Sorry. You're working so hard to
hustle the merchandise, I didn't
realize you meant to give it away.

SWAN

Let's go.

He and The Fox head back across the street.

146 OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

146

Swan heading right past the waiting Warriors.

SWAN

We're marching down to the next
station. Right through these lame
fucks' territory. Let's move.

They start for the corner.

147 TENEMENT STREET

147

The Warriors swing around the corner.
Turn parallel to the elevated tracks.
At every intersection the tracks run along the next
street, one block away.

VERMIN

Hey, that is definitely the way to
be cool. You cats really handled it.

THE FOX

Yeah. We blew the ballgame. Shit.

COWBOY

Forget it. You lipped that
guy down but good...

COCHISE

Right. His ears gonna be ringing
for a month.

AJAX

Dumb fucks. I said we should have
wasted them.

Rembrandt looks behind him.

147 CONTD.

147.

REMBRANDT
Hey...

VERMIN
() Yeah, well, while his ears are ringing, he's walking...

The others turn back.

148 A BLOCK BEHIND

148

The Orphan is following.

149 THE WARRIORS

149

Swan picks up the pace.

AJAX
Come on, let's waste the fucker.

VERMIN
Where there's one, there's more.

SWAN
Keep moving.

AJAX
Bunch of faggots.

A brisk walk, all eyes straight ahead.

150 ONE BLOCK BEHIND

150

The Orphan staying right with them.

151 SIDE STREET

151

The Warriors cross, glance at the elevated...

152 THE ORPHAN

152

Crossing the street a block behind.
Four more Orphans slip in from the side street ...
Fall in behind him ...

153 THE WARRIORS

153

Checking the houses as they move along.
The Fox turns all the way around, not slackening his
pace.

THE FOX

Christ, this ain't good.

SWAN

How many.

154 A BLOCK BEHIND

154

Now a dozen Orphans behind them.

155 THE WARRIORS

155

THE FOX

Ten ... no twelve.

VERMIN

Holy Shit.

They pick up the pace, now faster.
Almost a trot now ...

SWAN

Vermin. Move up to point.

VERMIN

Holy Shit, why me.

He moves twenty yards ahead of the pack.

SWAN

Fox. Move across. Snowball, Flank.
Ajax, Cochise, look alive in the middle.

The Fox races across the street.

156 THE ORPHANS

156

Passing another intersection.
The same dozen keeping step.

157 THE OTHER SIDEWALK

157

Five more Orphans padding relentlessly along.

158 THE WARRIORS

158

Checking each intersection for the next subway station ...

159 THE ORPHANS

159

Pressing on, now twenty shadowed faces ...

160 THE WARRIORS

160

Really humping now, trotting wordlessly.
Vermin glances anxiously over his shoulder to see if
they're gaining.

Suddenly he slows down.
Calls to Swan.

VERMIN

Hey, fuck me, they're gone.

160A THE FOX

160A

Across the way.

THE FOX

I don't believe it.

161 THE STREET BEHIND THEM

161

Empty.
No one in sight.

162 THE WARRIORS

162

Slowing to look ...

The street is empty, nothing moving.
The Fox moves back with the rest.

COWBOY

Gone.

VERMIN

Don't complain.

COWBOY

I ain't complaining, baby.

Astonishment and relief.

THE FOX

Nothing that good ever happens ...
Where did they go.

162 CONTD

162

AJAX

Just a bunch of chicken shits.

COCHISE

Maybe they're circling around.

SWAN

Let's find out.

He gestures to one side.

163 THREE WARRIORS

163

Ajax, Cowboy and Snowball duck into a doorway along the sidewalk.

Melt out of sight in the darkness.

164 SWAN

164

Another nod, up the street.

The remaining Warriors taking off at a trot.

Swan remains in his position.

Some distance further up the street, the second group ducks into the space between two parked cars.

Swan waits a moment to be sure both groups are set.

Then he starts off, walking slowly up the street ...

165 STREET

165

Swan strolling slowly ...

The sound of footsteps behind him.

166 THE GROUP BEHIND THE CAR

166

Cocking their heads at the sound of the footsteps.

167 THE GROUP IN THE DOORWAY

167

Swan moves by without a glance.

A moment later the sound of footsteps walking right by them.

They look at one another ...

Then burst out of the doorway, block any path of retreat ...

168 BETWEEN THE CARS

168

Vermin, The Fox, Cochise and Rembrandt jump out from between the cars ...

Block the path ahead.

169 SWAN

169

Whirling, looks ...

170 MERCY

170

The rabbit in their trap ...
Suddenly Ajax's hand goes over her mouth.
She kicks her legs fiercely.

COCHISE

Ah, fuck.

Vermin looks down the avenue.

VERMIN

Maybe they sent her to stall
us.

Mercy manages to shake her mouth free.

MERCY

Nobody sends me. I send myself ...

THE FOX

Yeah. Right. Sure. We're
going to believe that ...

SWAN

Let her go.

Ajax releases her.

SWAN

Okay. What do you have in mind ...

Pause.

MERCY

Maybe I'm looking for some real
[Nobody in them punk
Orphans ever did anything.

Big smile from Cowboy.

COWBOY

Well if you're looking for
real action all you got to
do is knock on my door ...
I got the big one.

AJAX

Fucking A. I'll give it to
you, baby.

170 CONTD

170

Rembrandt speaks with quiet urgency.

REMBRANDT
Hey, they're back ...

171 STREET

171

The other side of the parked cars across the way.
Quick padding feet trying to make no noise ...
One pair, then another, maybe twenty in all ...

172 THE WARRIORS

172

The Orphans have moved between them and the street
leading to the elevated station.

COWBOY
They got us cut off.

VERMIN
Jesus. We're fucked.

AJAX
What are we going to do now,
big War Chief.

Looks at Swan.

SWAN
Snowball. Break out the juice.

Puts his hand out.

VERMIN
Yeah. Great fucking time for
a party.

Snowball pulls a wine bottle out of his coat.

Swan turns, pushes Mercy back against a car.
The others move in.

MERCY
You gonna jump me.

She speaks half in fear, half in anticipation ...

SWAN
Maybe we ought to do a train
on you ... Looks like you might
even like it.

172 CONTD

172

Mercy isn't going to back off.

MERCY

Fuck you.

SWAN

Real tough chick.

He moves right up to her, pushes his leg between hers.
Forcing her to spread her thighs ...
Pulls her skirt up.

173 PARKED CARS

173

The scurrying feet on the other side of the wheels ...
Now in position, gathered for an attack.

174 SWAN

174

Poised over the girl.
Smiles at her.

SWAN

We better take care of our
other problem first.

In an abrupt movement he tears a strip from her skirt.

MERCY

Hey, you crazy.

The strip of skirt being passed to other hands.

COWBOY

Hey, there's the train.

COCHISE

Fuck, let's move.

Swan takes the bottle, the strip of skirt hanging out
of its neck ...
A lighted match in The Fox's hand.

In one motion Swan touches the flame to the skirt
strip ...
Flings the bottle ...

SWAN

Maybe we ought to do a train
on you ... Looks like you might
even like it.

174 CONTD

174

It arcs high through the air.

175 PARKED CARS

175

The bottle lands, smashing on the rear of the car.
The liquid flame spills, spreads down the trunk ...

176 THE WARRIORS

176

Dashing to flank the car.
Swan looks back at The Fox.

SWAN

Take her. We may need her for a
trade ...

177 BEHIND THE FLAMING TRUNK OF THE CAR

177

The figures in ambush starting to rise ...
Back away from the heat.

A huge explosion, WHUMP.

The gas tank goes up ...

The car bucking into the air.

The Orphans reel back.

The whole street lit up with shadows from the glowing
flames.

178 THE WARRIORS

178

Tearing around the far end of the inferno.
The Fox grabs Mercy ...
She's dazed by the sudden series of events.

THE FOX

Come on, hot pants. You're
the only hostage we got.

He pulls her with him after the others.

They run flat out up the side street.

All the Warriors making for the subway station steps ...

179 STATION

179

The Warriors thundering up the steps two at a time.

180 A TRAIN

180

In the station, its doors starting to close.

181 COCHISE

181

Charging up the steps among the others.
He looks at the closing doors.

COCHISE

Oh, sweet Jesus, it's leaving.

He makes another lunge upward.

182 THE PLATFORM

182

Warriors running frantically alongside the train...
All of them jump into the cars...

183 INSIDE THE TRAIN

183

The Fox dragging Mercy along...
Pushing her into a seat.
All the Warriors exhausted after their dash.

184 THE TRAIN

184

Pulling away.
Enters the tunnel.

CUT.

184A A GAS STATION

184A

Luther at a pay phone.
He nods, nods again, then hangs up.

185 PARKING LOT

185

A group of the Rogues waiting.
Their beat-up old Cadillac hearse being gassed up.
Luther walks over.
Looks down at Cropsey waiting behind the wheel.

LUTHER

Some two-bit outfit almost got
them, but they hopped their way
past...

CROPSEY

We can make them at the 72nd
Street station...

Luther shakes his head.

LUTHER

Platform's probably crawling
with cops...

CROPSEY

The fuzz is trying to rack every
fucking gang in this town.

185 CONTD.

185

LUTHER
No shit. Me and you included...

CROPSEY
You got a reason for being so calm.

LUTHER
I ain't calm.

CROPSEY
Oh Yeah. Well, how do you feel.

LUTHER
I'm just having a good time.

Smiles.
Opens the door to get in.

CUT.

186 INT: THE 96TH STREET STATION-NIGHT

Subway train waiting on the express tracks.
The doors open.
A sprinkle of passengers wait on the platform.

187 INSIDE THE TRAIN

187

More silence.
No one moves.
Passengers sitting like statues.

THE WARRIORS

Waiting like the other.
Fighting their impatience.
Finally Vermin gets up, goes to open the door.

VERMIN
How much longer before that other train gets here...piss. I'm sick of waiting for fucking trains.

AJAX
Fucking A. Right, God damn trains aren't worth a shit.

SWAN
Vermin, sit down, shut up.

Vermin comes back, sits...

REMBRANDT
Come on, Union Square, come on, come on...

187 CONTD.

187

Cowboy puts a restraining hand on his knee.
Gives a warning glance toward the platform.

188 A TRANSIT COP

188

Strolling slowly along the platform.
Checking left, right...

189 A SECOND COP

189

On the other side of the platform, doing the same.

190 SUBWAY CAR

190

The Warriors all on the alert.

COCHISE
Goddamn convention...

VERMIN
Think they know about Cyrus.

191 THE FIRST COP

191

Pauses to check a group of teenagers moving by...
The second cop moves to his side.

192 SUBWAY CAR

192

Swan nods to Vermin.

SWAN
They know.

MERCY
I'm sick of this shit. I
want to go home.

VERMIN
Me, too.

AJAX
Fucking A.

The Fox gives Mercy a nudge in the shoulder.

THE FOX.
There ain't much you can do about
getting home right now ...
Remember this, we get busted,
you're in the shit same as us...
you dig.

She nods.
Not very happy.

THE FOX
Besides, you wanted to be with
a big hot stuff bunch like us...

- | | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| 193 | PLATFORM | 193 |
| | The Cops start to move past the windows of the car.
Their eyes going toward the Warriors... | |
| 194 | THE WARRIORS | 194 |
| | Growing more tense by the second. | |
| 195 | THE COPS | 195 |
| | Almost at the side of the car. | |
| 196 | THE WARRIORS | 196 |
| | Explode out of their seats... | |

197 96TH STREET STATION, THE PLATFORM

197

The Warriors burst out both doors of the car...
 Move past each side of the cops.
 Swan, Cochise, Ajax and Snowball on one end...
 The Fox, Mercy, Cowboy, Rembrandt and Vermin on the
 other.
 The two policemen in the middle.
 Dodging the passengers, running now as well...
 The two wings of the Warriors trying to unite...
 The policemen in the middle, blocking them from
 each other.

197A SWAN

197A

Heads for the other end of the platform.

198 THE FOX

198

Leading the second group the other way.

199 SWAN

199

And the three Warriors with him dashing, dodging ...
 Broken-field running for the steps at the platform.

200 THE FOX

200

And his group dashing just as fast in the other
 direction.

201 SWAN

201

His bunch tearing up the stairs toward the street.

202 THE FOX

202

And his bunch running for the other end ...

203 THE END OF THE PLATFORM

203

Just a blank wall, no steps ...

COWBOY

Where's the fucking stairs ...

He cuts to the right.
 A stairwell leading down appears in front of him...
 He dashes down, followed by Vermin and Rembrandt.
 At the last moment Plato suddenly throws a last look
 backward ...

204 THE FOX

204

Still with Mercy ...

He's past the stairwell and the cop is now in the way.
He wheels and dashes to the end of the platform.
The Fox and Mercy jump off onto the tracks.
Disappear into the darkness of the tunnel ...

205 COCHISE

205

With his group, running to the bottom of the stairs.
No way out ...
They are in an underpass leading to another platform ...

206 THE UPTOWN PLATFORM

206

Cowboy, Vermin and Rembrandt charging up the stairs...
the underpass.
Just as a train is closing its doors ...
They just have time to squeeze in as the doors close ...

207 EXT: 96TH STREET - NIGHT

207

Outside the street-subway entrance ...
Swan and his group looking around ...
Waiting anxiously for the others ...

208 INT: SUBWAY TRAIN

208

Headed downtown, Rembrandt looking out the window...
Cowboy and Vermin at his side.

209 THE FOX AND MERCY

209

In the tunnel just past the station.
The train roars by them into the darkness.

210 EXT: BROADWAY AND 96TH

210

Swan still waiting for the rest of the gang.
Cochise, Ajax and Snowball are next to him.
They also scan the alien territory ...

AJAX

What the fuck. Where are they.

SWAN

Maybe we better take off.

Looks across the way...

AJAX

Fucking A right.

210 CONTD

210

COCHISE
We said we'd wait.

AJAX
They could be anywhere. Who
the shit knows.

SWAN
Come on. We don't have
any choice.

211 THE INTERSECTION

211

Five Furies approaching.
Two of them have the intersection covered.
Threes more coming.
All of them with ball-bats.

212 SWAN

212

Facing the inevitable.
Only one way to go, and they have to take it.
One last look at the subway entrance ...
He starts leading the others on down 72nd Street.

212A THE INTERSECTION

212A

Swan and the others cross ...
Head down away from Broadway.

213 THE FURIES

213

Moving across Broadway right after them.

214 SWAN

214

Reaching the next corner ...
Ajax slows up.

SWAN
Come on, move.

AJAX
Where. Give me a fucking hint ...

215 WEST END AVENUE

215

Two more Furies coming toward them ...
The Warriors now surrounded on three sides.

215A

SWAN

215A

Points dead ahead ...
Trees and shadows in the direction of the river.

SWAN

We'll lose them in the park ...

They break into a run.

216 96TH STREET

216

The Warriors dash under the highway overpass, move
toward Riverside Park ...

217 THE FURIES

217

Combining their forces at the corner ...
Move after them ...

218 THE WARRIORS

218

Run out of the underpass on the other side.
Head into the park.
Ahead of them, through the trees, a glimpse of the
river ...

219 THE FURIES

219

Coming out of the underpass ...
Deploying into the park ...

220 EXT. PARK

220

The Warriors emerge from the trees onto the walk along
the river ...
Move past us one at a time.
First Swan, then Snowball and Ajax.
Cochise bringing up the rear ...

221 COCHISE

221

Turns to see if anyone is following ...
No sign ... he scans the trees across the road ...

221A

THE TREES

221A

No movement.

221B

COCHISE

221B

Satisfied, he turns to move on again.
From nowhere an arm grabs him from his blind side ...
Soundlessly pulls him down.

222 SWAN

222

Pansing for breath.
Ajax and Snowball coming up beside him.
Then they realize Cochise isn't there ...

SWAN

Cochise.

Ajax screams.

AJAX

Hey, Cochise ... Cochise!!!

No answer.

223 THE RIVER'S EDGE

223

Three silhouette figures struggling beside the
water.
One figure lies still.
The other two start to roll the limp body toward the
river ...

224 SWAN

224

Next to Ajax and Snowball ...
Still waiting for an answer.

AJAX

Cochise ... Hey, Cochise, come on,
Cochise.

The sound of a splash.
They all look at each other.
Then the Furies trot into sight.
Four of them grinning, carrying their ball-bats.

SWAN

Move.

They all take off at a run.

225 BESIDE THE RIVER

225

Swan and Snowball running.
Then Ajax lumbering after them a moment later ...

225 CONTD

225

Finally the trotting figures of the Furies.
Confident hunters running down their prey.

225A SWAN AND SNOWBALL

225A

Running along, breathing hard, barely managing to
hold their own ...
The lumbering Ajax falling behind ...

226 AJAX

226

Just can't run any faster.
And he's getting winded.

227 THE FURIES

227

Still coming on.
Narrowing the gap.
Ready to close in for the kill ...

228 SWAN AND SNOWBALL

228

Have to lag behind because of Ajax ...
They don't want to leave him.
Swan gestures to Snowball.

SWAN

This way.

They move off the path.
Disappear into the dark.

228A AJAX

228A

Really huffing and puffing.

229 THE FURIES

229

Still gaining ...
The lead hunter getting ahead of the others ...
Grinning openly in his eagerness.

230 AJAX

230

Gasping, all in ...
Suddenly he just stops, his back to his pursuers ...

AJAX

Aaaa ... Fucking A.

As the first of the pursuers comes tearing up behind
him ...

230 CONTD

230

Ajax simply turns and slams him with a roundhouse right.

231 THE LEADING FURY

231

Still grinning, he misses his swing with the ball-bat.

Meets Ajax's punch head-on.

It's like running full-tilt into a swinging telephone pole.

He goes down as though he's been pole-axed.

One shot, boom, out.

232 THE OTHER THREE FURIES

232

Slow down as they see their leader fall.

233 SWAN

233

Springs out at the trailing Fury.

Faints to his right.

Avoids the swing of the bat.

Kicks the Fury in the head.

Drops him.

He and Ajax now both have ball-bats ...

234 AJAX

234

A new expression growing on his face.

His new expression is a smile.

235 THE FURIES

235

A new expression growing in their faces as well.

Suddenly they aren't too sure ...

236 AJAX

236

Looking at them.

Raises the bat ...

AJAX

Come on, I'll waste all of you

Mothers. Come on, you Fuckers ...

237 SNOWBALL

237

Pulls off his belt.

It's a bicycle chain ...

Begins whirring it through the air ...

237A THE FURIES

237A

Two more run up.
Now five against three ...

237B THE BIGGEST FURY

237B

Steps forward ...
Points at Swan with his bat ...
They face off.
Swan makes two quick moves, drops the Fury with a
blow to the mid-section.

237C AJAX

237C

Wades in ...
Blasts one, blasts another.
Takes a shot, keeps swinging ...

Parries a ball-bat with his own ...
Slams the butt into a Fury's stomach.
Blocks the second bat.

Smashes the rib cage of the next Fury ...
Hits him right out of the park.

237D SNOWBALL

237D

Swinging the chain like a whip.
Moves forward ...

237E THE FURIES

237E

Have seen enough.
They turn tail and run.

237F AJAX

237F

Waving his bat over his head.

AJAX

Come on you fuckers, come
on ...

237G SWAN

237G

Watching the Furies retreat.

237H SNOWBALL

237H

Throws his bicycle chain at the last retreating
Fury.
Picks up one of the abandoned bats.

237I SWAN

237I

Still watching.

One fallen Fury remains.
The largest one.

SWAN

Get him up.

Snowball and Ajax pull him to his feet.

SWAN

Get away from him.

Swan holding his bat like a sword.

SWAN

Where's Cochise,

AJAX

They killed him.

Swan raises the bat.

SWAN

I'm not going to ask again.

A long moment.

The Fury shakes his head ...

Then Swan puts out his light.

A sudden, swift movement ...

Next tosses the bat away.

Looks at Snowball and Ajax.

SWAN

Let's go.

Turns and moves off.

Ajax looks back at the Fury on the ground.

AJAX

Fucking chicken shit.

CUT

238 SUBWAY TUNNEL

238

The Fox and Mercy trudging along the tracks.

MERCY

We gonna walk all the way to
the next station.

THE FOX

Sure. Unless you want to go back
there and get your head massaged ...

No answer to that one.

THE FOX (contd)

... That's what I figured. So we walk. Now haul your ass.

She begins to flounce a little, her hips swaying ...
Gives The Fox a look ...

THE FOX

Just walk.

MERCY

I'm walking ... Jesus, give me a break, will you. Be a little friendly, I don't even know your name.

THE FOX

Everybody calls me Fox.

MERCY

That's your real name.

THE FOX

Of course it ain't ... What do you care about names so much for anyway.

She smiles at him.
The old come on.

MERCY

... I like telling my friends
I was with somebody particular ...

He looks at her.

THE FOX

Why the hell don't you just tie a mattress to your back ... You don't care where it is, do you ...

MERCY

Well, you're a Warrior. They're big news, they're somebody ...

THE FOX

Yeah, right ...

MERCY

Sure, I know what you guys done at that meeting.

THE FOX

You mean besides running our
ass off ...

MERCY

You don't have to hide it.
Anybody who wasted Cyrus ain't
just anybody.

The Fox stops.

THE FOX

Did what.

MERCY

That's the word going around.
You guys ... the Warriors ...
you wasted Cyrus. What's wrong.

He's angry, that's what's wrong.
Very angry.

THE FOX

We got the fuzz chasing our
ass, now on top of that, every
gang from here to Coney must
be looking to come down on us ...
Some jive bullshit artist gets
snuffed, we get creamed
everytime we stick our heads
out ... and I got one more
problem. I'm stuck with you.

MERCY

Look what do you have
against me, huh. You been
picking at me all night.

THE FOX

You want me to tell you the truth.

MERCY

Yeah, sure, go ahead.

THE FOX

The truth sometimes isn't so hot.
Maybe you don't want to hear it.

MERCY

Look, just tell me, will you ...

THE FOX

I just know things ... I just know about things.

She gazes at him.

THE FOX

About the way you live.

MERCY

The way I live.

THE FOX

Yeah. The way you live ... I keep hoping I'm going to run into something a little better ...

MERCY

What kind of crap is this. Who the fuck are you ... You ain't any better than me.

THE FOX

Yeah. I guess you like the way you live.

MERCY

Maybe I do. Friday night is pretty good. Saturday nights are better.

THE FOX

I don't think you can remember who you get on Friday and Saturday night. I don't think you can remember what they look like ...

She gives it right back to him.

MERCY

Sometimes I can, sometimes I can't. Who gives a damn ... Listen, I only got about two more years that are worth a fuck ... what do I have for a future. Come on, you tell me ... A belly hanging down, five kids, no father ... dirt all over the floor and walls, cockroaches in the cupboards ... I'll tell you what I want, I want

(MORE)

MERCY (contd)

something now ... this is all the
life I got left ... You know
what I mean, you get it,
Warrior, huh, you get it ...

Sound of a train.
He just looks at her.

THE FOX

Ah, what do you want from me,
huh.

Suddenly she kisses him.
Kisses him harder ...
Pulls back.

MERCY

Open your mouth.

He gets into it.
Kisses her.
Pushes her against the tunnel wall.

MERCY

Come on, come on ...

She's really getting into it.
Holds him.
Grinds away.
Another train roars by.
They're going into a session ...
Then he pulls back ...
Shoves her away.

MERCY

What's wrong.

THE FOX

I don't know.

MERCY

Come on, Warrior.

Kisses him again.
A long one.
Then he pulls back once more.

MERCY

Come on, what's wrong.

THE FOX

Let's just get to the next station, okay.

MERCY

What is it ... what's wrong with you.

He yells at her.

THE FOX

Maybe I don't like doing it in a subway tunnel. You ever think of that.

Pause.

THE FOX

Ah, Christ, let me alone ... you're a jinx. You know that.

You're just part of everything that's happening tonight and it's all bad.

MERCY

No, please, come on, come on ...

Tries to kiss him again.
Pushed away.

THE FOX

Stay out of my life.

She's about to cry.

THE FOX

Just stay out of my life, okay.
Go back to wherever it was you came from ...

Leaves her against the wall.

Mercy watches him head for station lights ahead.

CUT.

UNION SQUARE - PLATFORM

The train steams to a halt.
A hiss as the doors fly open ...

239 CONTD.

239

Various passengers disembark, among the Rembrandt Vermin and Cowboy...

240 THE THREE WARRIORS

240

Look around the platform...
No other Warriors in sight...

VERMIN

Fuck.

COWBOY

Where the shit is everybody.

REMBRANDT

We're the first ones here. We
just got to sit and wait it out.
They'll show up. I know Fox'll show
up. He'll figure a way.

VERMIN

Looks to me like something else
showed up.

Big smile from Vermin.

Cowboy and Rembrandt follow his look.

COWBOY

Hey, hey, look what you find
here in the big city.

REMBRANDT

Come on, we haven't got time.

VERMIN

Are you kidding. Times what
we got plenty of...

241 ACROSS THE WAY

241

Three gang chicks standing on the platform.
They smile at the Warriors.

CUT.

241A PARK- PATHWAY

241A

Swan, Ajax, and Snowball still heading through the
park.

On their way toward Broadway and the underground trains.

The sound of music is coming faintly through the trees.
They turn a corner and come upon a nurse seated on a
park bench.

Listening to a transistor...

She smiles as they approach.

Gives them the old come-on look ...

241A CONTD.

241A

They keep moving...

241B FARTHER DOWN THE PATH

241B

Ajax calls a halt...

AJAX

Hey.

Turns back, looks down the pathway...

242 THE NURSE

242

Still on the bench.
Listening to her radio.

243 THE THREE WARRIORS

243

Swan, Ajax, and Snowball all watch her.
Then Ajax smiles..

AJAX

I guess that wool don't know the
parks ain't safe after dark.

SWAN

We ain't got time for this
bullshit now, we have to get
to Union Square.

AJAX

This ain't gonna take a minute.

SWAN

Dumb bastard. You're just thinking
with your cock...

Ajax whirls on him.

AJAX

I don't want anymore of that
leader shit. You been on my
case all night

(more)

AJAX (contd)

... You go ahead if you want to
... I'm gonna get a little
exercise.

Snowball looks worried.

SWAN

You never were very smart
but right now you're setting
a new record.

AJAX

I'll tell you something War
Lord, I'm smart enough to take
what's offered for free...

SWAN

Suit yourself.

Turns to go.
Looks at Snowball.

SWAN

You coming.

Snowball nods.
They start off.

AJAX

Maybe you two are just going
faggot.

Watches them go.
Slips into the trees.

RIVER'S EDGE

Swan and Snowball move forward.
A few silent steps ...
Then Snowball pulls at Swan's vest.
Stops.
They look at one another.
Snowball gestures back ...

243A CONTD

243A

SWAN

He's not worth it.

A long moment.

SWAN

You do what you have to ... I've had it with him.

Moves off.

Snowball's look follows him a moment ... Then he turns back.

244

PARK CLEARING

244

The nurse still on the bench.

She looks up.

Ajax standing right before her.

AJAX

Lady, you feeling all right.
You need a little help, Lady ...This is about as smooth as he can manage.
She knows what's up.

THE NURSE

Well, pretty boy. Looking for company. You looking for company ...

Ajax sits beside her.
Big wide grin on his face.

AJAX

Whatever you say, Lady.

THE NURSE

My, my. My, my. Look at those muscles. Bet the girlies like all those muscles ...

She begins to rub his arm.
Her eyes fixed on Ajax.

THE NURSE

Want to show me how you play with the girlies.

AJAX

I'll show you how I play.

He reaches over.

Grabs her breast.

She smiles.

Then he rips her blouse open.

THE NURSE

Hey, don't be rough. We'll get it on.

AJAX

You don't get it. I like it rough.

Tears her blouse some more ...

Puts his arms around her.

She smiles.

Snap!

Ajax has a look of surprise.

With a twist the nurse pulls away from him ...

Stands ...

Ajax has one wrist handcuffed to the cement bench.

THE NURSE

Your fucking days are over for a while, honey. You're under arrest.

Flips open her wallet.

Flashes a badge.

Then she starts blowing a police whistle.

AJAX

Hey, lady, let me go. Goddamn it, let me go.

THE NURSE

Kiss my ass, baby.

He takes a swing.

Can't reach her ... she's one step too far.

Gliding down into the park.

Lights out.

It bumps down the lane.

Jerks to a halt.

246 PARK CLEARING

246

Ajax dragging the bench toward the nurse.
 She continues blowing the whistle.
 For the first time she looks genuinely frightened.
 She steps back.
 Keeps blowing the whistle.

AJAX

You can't do this to me. You
 can't do this to me, you cunt.

He drags the bench closer.
 Throws a punch that grazes her.
 In one abrupt moment two policemen step from the dark.
 Ajax takes a swing at them.

Another swing.

Then one cop stiff/ Ajax in the gut with his nightstick.

He doubles over, drops to his knees ...

Tries to rise.

Makes it.

The second policeman pistol whips his head.
 Ajax again on his knees.

The first policeman
 grabs a handful of hair
 wrenches his head up.

247

SNOWBALL

247

Staring helplessly from the trees.
 Turns and slips off toward the top of the hill.

CUT.

248 EXT: STREET - NIGHT

248

Swan alone.
 Walking carefully along.
 Pauses.
 A sound.
 Turns a corner.

249 THREE DINGOS

249

Stand in front of him.
 Each with a leashed Doberman.
 The Dingos are bodybuilder types.
 Greased up arms, skin T-shirts ...

FIRST DINGO

Hi, dear.

SECOND DINGO

Gee, a real Warrior. Aren't you cute.

Swan splits back around the corner.
Five more Dingos.
Five more Dobermans.

THIRD DINGO

They're all trained to kill, honey.

Swan backs against the wall.

FOURTH DINGO

I wonder if you're the straight that shot Cyrus.

Ballet kicks Swan in the face.

FOURTH DINGO

How do you like it, Warrior.
How do you like it when you
don't have a gun in your hand.

Ballet kicks him again.
Then again ...
Shouldn't have.
Third time was a mistake.
Swan grabs his leg and breaks it ...

But there are too many.
They close in.
Dogs barking.

CUT.

250
-251

INT: CORRIDOR

250 251

Three Dingos pulling Swan down a dark corridor.
Swan now wrapped in a straitjacket.
They shove him up against a wall near a doorway.
Another Dingo comes up from the other direction ...

BOSS DINGO

Anything.

250, CONTD
251

250,
251

FIRST DINGO

She doesn't like to talk.

BOSS DINGO

Oh, that's too bad.

SECOND DINGO

Not at all nice.

BOSS DINGO

Won't tell us who shot Cyrus.
Which one of your friends.
I'm sure it wasn't you ... You're
too cute.

Pulls Swan's hair.

Shoves his head back against the wall.

BOSS DINGO

I don't think you'll try anything
else violent, will you.

FIRST DINGO

I hope she does. It's much
more fun.

Takes out a pistol.
Shows it to Swan.

The Second Dingo takes out a key ring.

SECOND DINGO

Any attempt at getting away is
hopeless.

BOSS DINGO

Quite hopeless ... The Riffs are going to be
so proud we're delivering you alive.

The thick door opens.
Swan is shoved forward.

252

KENNEL

252

Swan lands on the tile floor.
 Alone within the room.
 Bare white walls.
 One small window, high overhead.
 Toilet, small army cot.
 Two large bowls on the floor.
 A naked light bulb mid-point on the high ceiling.
 200 watts of glare.
 Nothing else.

252A

SWAN

252A

His eyes flicker.
 React in pain to the intensity of the overhead light.
 Face bruised and cut.
 He's taken a beating and shows it.
 Swan looks down.
 Sees his bare legs protruding from the straitjacket.
 Arms tightly bound.

253

THE CELL DOOR

253

A large open-aperture lock near the knob.

254

THE TWO BOWLS

254

Resting side by side.
 One filled with water.
 The other with scraps of food.

255

LIGHT BULB

255

CUT.

256

UNION STATION CONCOURSE

256

Vermin and Cowboy walking with two gang chicks.
 Both of them real lookers.
 Rembrandt follows the group, a few steps back.

VERMIN

When we got off that subway and
 saw you, I thought, hey, baby,
 throw it my way... This is really
 great of you chicks taking us in.

256 CONTD

256

COWBOY

I hate askin' a shit question,
but where's your dudes ... Chicks
like you always got dudes around.

GIRL

They took the night off. Went
up to the Bronx somewhere.
Don't worry about them, they're
fucking lame ... real cripples.

Vermin gives her his best smile.

VERMIN

I ain't worried.

CUT.

257, 258

GANG CLUBHOUSE

257, 258

A converted store-front ...
Music, some beat-up old sofas, a worn pool table.
The room is sprinkled with gang girls.
All in high fashion, gang-style; false eyelashes,
low-cut necklines, dizzy heels ...
Cowboy is enjoying a look at the merchandise.
He stands with a husky young chick from the gang.

COWBOY

You're the first friendly faces
we've seen all night.

CHICK

That's why we asked you in.
Everybody wants to be friendly
... Let's party a little. Get
something going.

Big smile from Cowboy.

COWBOY

All right. Sure. You came to
the right guys. Hurt me, hurt
me ...

He lifts a beer can to his mouth.
Vermin walks up, real happy look on his face ...
Uncaps a beer of his own.
Looks at the chick.
Stares at her breasts.
Not the subtle type.
She smiles at him.

CHICK

Don't thank us, man. Just relax, fall out. Take your pick.

She drifts on.

Cowboy takes another swig, then lifts his beer can in a toast.

Vermin raises his own beer in reply.

Neither of them can believe how lucky they are ...

Vermin goes and sits between two chicks on one of the sofas.

259,260 REMBRANDT

259,260

Fidgeting in a corner.

Finally he walks over to Cowboy.

REMBRANDT

How much longer we gonna hang around.

Cowboy's eyes on the various Chicks ...

COWBOY

What's your hurry. We just got here. Jesus, look at her ... gives you a hard-on just thinking about it ...

REMBRANDT

We oughta be getting back to Union Square ... They're gonna be worried about us.

Cowboy spots what he's looking for.

Terrific-looking chick across the way ...

COWBOY

Yeah, sure, in a minute ...
Little break in the action, man.

He winks, moves off.

Rembrandt's gaze roams distractedly across the room ...

261 VERMIN

261

On the sofa with his girl.

Really putting the old tongue to her ...

His hand sliding up the girl's knee ...

261A REMBRANDT

Idly checking the other way ...

261B COWBOY

Settling between another two gang chicks...
He slips into a smokey embrace with the blonde.
His hand immediately dipping into the top of her blouse.

261C REMBRANDT

Looking for a way to kill time.
For want of anything better to do he opens a beer ...

A gang chick across the way gives him a smile.
He avoids her look, turns his head away...
She shrugs and moves off towards the record player ...
Behind Rembrandt one gang chick is talking casually
to another.
Some movement of hers catches Rembrandt's eye ...
He turns to glance back over his shoulder ...

261D THE GANG MEMBER'S

hand sliding the bolt on the door.

261E REMBRANDT

His eyes dart to ...

261F THE CHICK

Making out with Vermin, his hand now up between her legs.
On the other side of him her free hand gropes ...
Then finds her purse ...
She reaches inside.

261G SECOND CHICK

Next to Cowboy, his hand now deep inside the girl's
blouse ...
The second chick reaches to adjust her boot.

261H REMBRANDT

Sudden understanding in his eyes.
He screams at the two Warriors ...

REMBRANDT
Shit, they're packed! The chicks
are packed!

261H CONTD

261H

Whirling, he slams two chicks away from the door ...

261I COWBOY

Up like a flash ...
His chick's hand coming out of her purse holding a knife.
Slashing at Cowboy ...
Rembrandt jumps between them ...
Swings at the chick ...
She razors his arm.

261J VERMIN

Starting to his feet.
The second chick pulls her hand out of her boot.
A gun now in her hand ...
She levels it at Vermin.
Pulls the trigger.
The bullet smashes him between the shoulder blades.
Pitches Vermin onto his face.

261K REMBRANDT AND COWBOY

A chair thrown at their head.
Two more shots ring out ...
The bullets tear at the wood around them.
Rembrandt holding his arm.
Cowboy coldcocks one chick with a left hook ...
Another shot.
Cowboy throws the chair back at the chick with the
pistol...
Wipes her out.
Rembrandt and Cowboy smash through the door ...

262L EXT: STREET

262

The two of them dashing away.

262A STREET CORNER

Cowboy and Rembrandt come tearing around the bricks...
They duck into the doorway of a boarded-up tenement.

REMBRANDT

She cut me. She cut me.

263 Holding his arm as he gasps for breath.

263

COWBOY

Hide the blood, we can't let
any cops see the blood...

263

CONTD

He takes off one of his knee-socks.
Tears off a strip.
Hastily bandages the cut.

REMBRANDT

That's it for Vermin, we lost
Vermin, huh ...

His voice near a panic tone ...
Cowboy keeps bandaging.

COWBOY

Look, we got to hold ourselves
together, okay ... We go to
pieces, somebody out there is
going to get us. We got to
hold ourselves together. We
got to ... now ... you okay ...

REMBRANDT

I don't know. I guess. How
about you.

COWBOY

Yeah, I'm okay.

But both faces are stained with tears.

They take off again.

The two figures flee down the dark sidewalk ...

CUT.

264

KENNEL

Swan now in a sitting position.
Still on the floor.
Stares up at the naked bulb.
A look of determination ...
Then he rolls across to the door.
Struggles to his feet.

Throws his weight against the doorway.
Locked.

He falls back on the tile floor.

Sits.

Rolls over on his back.

There must be a way.

264A COT

264A

Leg-joint held together by set screws.

264B SWAN

264B

Looking at the cot.

CUT, 

265 LATER

265


The cot on its end, raised to full height.
Swan shoulders two legs of the cot against the wall.
The cot falls.
Swan has to begin again.

CUT, 

266 LATER

266

The cot now in place.
Swan hurls his full weight against it.
Smashes the cot's middle.
Legs and side planks snapping on impact.

CUT, 

267 LATER

267

Side plank of the cot between Swan's bare feet.
He taps the joint against the floor.
Stops, looks.
One screw is now raised.
Begins tapping again.

CUT, 

268 LATER


268

Swan pulls the screw out of the joint.
Forced to use his teeth.
He spits the now free screw onto the floor.
Lifts it again with his mouth ...
Rolls toward the cell door.
Tries to drop the screw into the door lock.
It falls to the floor ...
Again he picks it up with his mouth.

269 THE LOCK

269

Screw dropping into the aperture.
Point onward.

CUT, 

270 LATER

270

Swan now soaked with perspiration.
Still cutting.

CUT. 

271 LATER

271

Swan breathing hard.
Continuing to work.
Downward stroke, downward stroke.

CUT. 

272 LATER

272

Swan's face in pain.
He makes one long final stroke along the screw point.
His arms suddenly break free.
Swan collapses onto the floor.
His back exposed.
Cuts and welts visible across the skin.

272A SWAN

272A

Covered with perspiration.
He smiles.

CUT. 

273 LATER

273

Swan standing on the toilet bowl.
Reaches for the high window ...
His hand falls inches short.

273A THE WINDOW

273A

Sealed.
Opaque glass.

273B SWAN

273B

Leaps, catches his hands on the ledge.
Pulls himself upward.
Comes to rest on the sill.
He pushes the dark glass with his forearm.
The window opens.
He looks below.

273C A COURTYARD

273C

Three stories below.

273C CONTD

273C

With seven sleeping Dobermans.
 Small ledge leading to a drainpipe.
 High fence beyond the ledge.

274 BUILDING

274

Swan walking on the ledge.
 Body pressed to the wall.
 He reaches the drainpipe.
 Starts downward.
 The ancient drainpipe groans against his weight.
 A dog awakens and begins to bark.
 Then all of them are awake ...
 All of them barking.

275 A WINDOW

275

Hurls open behind Swan.
 The Boss Dingo leans out.
 Looks at the barking dogs.
 Turns and sees Swan on the ledge.
 Four more steps before the fence.

BOSS DINGO

Curt! Curt!

276 SWAN

276

Trying to go faster without falling.
 Reaches the fence ...

277 OMIT

277

278 THE FIRST DINGO

278

Leans out the window.
 Pistol in hand.

279 SWAN

279

At the fence.
 Hesitates.
 Grabs it ...
 Goes over the side, but hangs on.

280 THE FIRST DINGO

280

Fires four times.

281 SWAN'S HANDS

281

Letting go.
Four bullet holes in the fence.
Right where he was hanging ...

282 BOSS DINGO

282

Stares at the fence.
Dogs barking louder than ever.

CUT

283 ALLEY

283

All the Dingos move down its length.
High fence ahead of them.
Trash dumpster at the base of the wall.
No sign of Swan.

BOSS DINGO

Well, drag him out.

SECOND DINGO

It's not going to be very pretty.

BOSS DINGO

Such a waste.

CUT

284 SUBWAY STATION, UNION SQUARE

284

The Fox hurries through the underground concourse.
Trying to figure out which way to go.
He pauses to look up at the maze of overhead signs.

285 IRT-FLUSHING LINE ...

285

B'WAY-SEVENTH AVENUE ...

EAST SIDE SHUTTLE ...

UPTOWN ...

DOWNTOWN ...

285A THE FOX

285A

Stares just under the ceiling, a sign that reads ...

285B BMT-BROOKLYN

285B

Yellow arrow pointing off to one side ...

285C, 286 MAIN CONCOURSE

285C
286

The Fox trotting up some steps.
He threads as quickly as he can through the crowd.
One last turn ...

287 THE BMT PLATFORM

287

On a lower level than the main concourse.
The Fox appears at the top of the steps, pauses ...
His face, eagerly searching the crowd.

Many waiting passengers.
No Warriors.

The Fox anxiously checks the other way.

Another throng of waiting passengers.
No Warriors.

The Fox lingers another moment just to be sure.
No Warriors.

With a troubled look, he turns back from the stairs
toward the main concourse.

287A CORNER OF THE CROWD

287A

Someone he didn't notice.
One of the Big Time Punks...
Dressed in severe black.
On roller skates...
The Punk starts gliding after The Fox.

288 ANOTHER CONCOURSE

288

The Fox wandering along the concourse

288A THE PUNK

288A

Still roller skating along.
He gives the high sign...

288B A SECOND PUNK

288B

Across the concourse...
This one on foot.
He begins to drift after The Fox.
Now both Punks shadowing him.

289 STATION PLATFORM

289

Snowball comes down the aisle.
He sits on a bench next to Rembrandt and Cowboy.
They look at him wide-eyed...

REMBRANDT
Where's everybody else.

Snowball shakes his head.

REMBRANDT
Oh, Jesus.

COWBOY
You're sure.

Snowball makes a fist.

REMBRANDT
Swan.

Snowball shrugs.

COWBOY
What about the rest.

Snowball turns his thumb down.

REMBRANDT
Oh, Jesus.

COWBOY
What a fucking night.

Pause.

REMBRANDT
We got to check and see if
anybody else made it.

Stands
The others look at him.
Then all three move away.

CUT:

290 THE FOX

290

Still wandering through the station.
His glance is suddenly caught by something to one side.

- 291 PENNY ARCADE 291
- A large male figure watching The Fox.
The outline of a tall husky man in a broad-rimmed hat.
A life-sized mannequin dressed like a Western sheriff,
six-guns and all.
- 291A THE FOX 291A
- Slows to look at the sheriff.
- 291B THE SHERIFF 291B
- Looks right back.
- 291C THE FOX 291C
- He turns, heads into the arcade.
- 292 THE TWO PUNKS 292
- Slowly following The Fox...
Their glance moves from the arcade to somewhere further
ahead...
- 292A FOUR MORE PUNKS 292A
- Move back to a wall from where they can keep The Fox
in view.
Settle themselves.
- 293 THE FOX 293
- Coming to stand across from the sheriff.

293 CONTD

293

For a dime you get to
match him in a shoot-out.

The Fox reaches into his pocket ...
Draws out a dime, puts it in the slot.

SHERIFF

Draw, you

The mannequin's mechanical arms jerk the pistols up ...
Recorded sound of gunshots ...

SHERIFF

Got you that time, Pardner.

The Fox gets steamed at the loss ...
He again squares off with the mannequin ...
Gets another dime out.

294 ENTRANCE

294

Just outside the arcade Mercy stands watching The Fox.
She seems uncertain, almost meek ...
Mercy comes in and edges up to him.

THE FOX

I thought I told you before ...

MERCY

I need to talk to you.

His eyes on the sheriff.

THE FOX

You're gonna spoil my draw ...

MERCY

Listen, I got to talk to you.
See that dude over there ...

The Fox simply looks blankly off into space ...

MERCY

The one all painted up ...

Gestures with her eyes.

MERCY

Over there.

294A

THE FIRST PUNK

294A

Lounging outside the entrance to the penny arcade.

294B

THE FOX

294B

Still facing the sheriff.

MERCY

He's after you. And he's got five friends with him.

THE FOX

I know which one. And I know they're on my ass ... But now they know I know it. Shit, you some lucky charm, you are.

He studies the sheriff again.

MERCY

Then what are you waiting for.

295

CONCOURSE

295

Coming along the side of the passageway, Snowball, Cowboy and Blato.

REM.

296

ARCADE

297

The Fox and Mercy.

296, 297

THE FOX

The cavalry. And it just rode up.

He drops the dime.

In the same moment draws the toy gun, fires.

The sheriff groans.

SHERIFF

You got me, Pardner.

The Fox blows the imaginary smoke away from the barrels of his revolvers.

Reholsters the pistols.

Then turns and grabs Mercy's hand.

296,
297

CONTD

296, 297

THE FOX
Come on, let's go.

She hesitates.

MERCY
You mean I get to go with you.

THE FOX
Yeah, I guess so ... You can't
go back to those lame Orphans....

MERCY
You sure change your mind fast.

THE FOX
It's one of my traits ...
I was kind of rough on you back
there ...

This is about as close as he came to saying I'm sorry.

MERCY
Listen, I can take care of
myself.

THE FOX
Yeah, I noticed.

Pulls her along.

298

ARCADE ENTRANCE

298

The Fox and Mercy come out of the arcade.
The other three Warriors approach.
The Fox flashes a signal with his eyes.

298A

THE OTHER THREE WARRIORS

298A

Without hesitation they adjust their course ...
Drift along the other side of the underground floor.
Move parallel to The Fox and Mercy.

298B

THE PUNKS

298B

Come to attention, start to stroll after them.

299,
300

CONCOURSE

299, 300

Rembrandt, Vermin, and Snowball come over to The Fox.

299, CONTD
300

299,300

He now waits with Mercy near the men's room door.

THE FOX

Where is everybody.

REMBRANDT

This is everybody.

A look between him and The Fox.

Then the other three Warriors slips through the door.

The Fox takes Mercy's hand, starts after them.

MERCY

Wait a minute, I can't go in
there, that's the men's room.

THE FOX

Are you kidding.

He pushas her through the door.

Further back in the concourse, and the six Punks
approach.

As they come nearer they walk more slowly.

Check around them to see if anyone is watching.

Finally they reach the door.

The Punks gathering in a phalanx.

Every man knows his position ...

One man checking the flanks for police, another
checking the rear.

One last look to be sure that no one in the concourse
is paying much attention.

Suddenly in each hand a weapon ...

Knives, chains, razors, clubs ...

They tense for the rush ...

Crash through the door.

301 MEN'S ROOM

301

The Punks come barreling in, weapons ready.

They stop in surprise ...

The room is empty.

No one at the urinal, no one at the basins.

301 CONTD

301

The Punks halt, the first energy of their charge finds nothing to hit against.
 They stand for a moment in confusion.
 Their leader motions quickly for silence.
 Walks softly to a point opposite the four toilet stalls.
 Then, he suddenly drops to his knees, looks under the door.

Sees nothing.

Without moving his position he cocks his head to look at the second stall.

Nothing.

The third.

Nothing.

The last stall ...

A pair of muddy boots planted on the floor.

The Punk Leader smiles, gets to his feet.

Positions the other Punks along the other stalls.

Then he moves lightly to the door of the last stall.

Readies his knife.

He kicks the door open, starts to lunge.

But he never finishes the move ...

A sharp hiss, and slowly, his face turns bright, molten red.

He staggers back.

Screaming as though he had suffered a terrible wound.

302 THE STALL

302

Rembrandt perched on the toilet.

His spray can of red paint held before him blasting away.

302A SECOND STALL

302A

The Fox hears the commotion.

Bolts forward.

Standing on the seat behind him is Mercy.

Screaming out a long string of curses ...

303 MEN'S ROOM

303

The doors to all the stalls slam open.

A Warrior jumps out from his perch on the toilet seat in each one.

They fall on the Punks ...

303A SNOWBALL

303A

Bashes one of the Punks.

303A; CONTD

303A

Disarms him.

Using the ball-bat he took from the Furias.

He motions the next Punk to try his knife.

The Punk faints once ... then again ...

Snowball smashes the handle down, a scream of pain.

304 REMBRANDT

304

Charges from the toilet stall.

Spray can gushing before him like a flame-thrower.

304A THE PUNKS

304A

Throwing their arms up.

Trying to shield themselves.

304B COWBOY

304B

Circles one of the Punks.

Avoids a knife thrust.

Grabs the Punk's arm.

Pulls him close.

Smashes him down.

304C THE FOX

304C

He's doing his job.

Kicks one Punk in the balls.

Flattens another with a left-right.

Starts to work out on a third.

Then two Punks grab him.

One holds him.

The other smashes his face.

Then the body.

Then the face.

304D SNOWBALL

304D

Sees The Fox in trouble.

Slams one Punk in the back ...

Drops him the other one holding.

The Fox runs...

304E REMBRANDT

304E

Spray can still gushing.

Punks stumbling, slipping on the floor.

304F MERCY

304F

Still screaming, shouting.

305 MEN'S ROOM

305

A red mist throughout.

The Punks have had enough.

Paint-smearred, dazed, they stumble back out through the door.

Sudden quiet.

The Warriors look at each other through the red fog.

305 CONTD

305

Rembrandt raises his spray can in victory.

REMBRANDT

God damn fucking A! The Warriors!
We are the Warriors.

COWBOY

Jesus, we did it. We did it.
We did it.

THE FOX

I can't believe it.

COWBOY

Yeah. We did it.

Puts his arm around Snowball.

THE FOX

We did it.

MERCY

You guys were great. You kicked
their ass. You really kicked
their ass.

REMBRANDT

Hey, Fox.

THE FOX

Yeah.

REMBRANDT

You think we're going to make
it.

They stand there.

Sweaty, paint-smeared, exhausted.

The Fox touches his split lip and smashed eye ...

THE FOX

Shit. I don't know. But let's
mark the spot where we won one ...

Rembrandt smiles.

Goes to the wall.

Paints a huge "W".

CUT.

306 HIGH WALLED ROOM

306

The New Cyrus lying on a couch.

Headphones plugged into a switched-on tape deck ...

Three of his War Lords stand nearby.

The door opens, a Courier enters ...

Looks at the New Cyrus.

COURIER

Shit going on all over the city.
The Turnbull A.C.'s missed them,
the Orphans missed, the Lizzies
creamed one, the Furies creamed
one, then got creamed.

The New Cyrus stands.
Walks over to the Courier.

THE NEW CYRUS

What about our patrols...

COURIER

Nothing. But we got somebody here
that you ought to talk to..He says
he saw who shot Cyrus.

A tall, thin Masai standing in the doorway.
Looking nervous.

COURIER

We might be looking for the
wrong family.

CUT:

307-310 OMIT

OMIT 307-310

311 INT. SUBWAY

311

Roaring along through the tunnel.
Headed for Coney Island.
The Warriors sit side by side.
The Fox slumps down in a seat.
Weary.
Face battered.

THE FOX

I don't know, it's got to
stop. This ain't the way
people live.

REMBRANDT

Don't kid yourself.
Where were we headed anyway.
Tonight just speeded things up.

THE FOX

No...there's got to be some
choice. Something besides
getting our ass chased off
and getting wasted.

CONTD. 311

COWBOY

This shit don't happen
every night.

THE FOX

Yeah, right. Not many
conclave's come along...
The big Cyrus...going to
run the city. Some crap
that was...those cats uptown aren't
going to let anyone, much
less us, take it away from
them...no way...
They'd drop the A-bomb on us
first.

COWBOY

Naw. Cyrus was right.
It's all there. All we
got to do is go steal it.

MERCY

Yeah. We just got to carry
on. We ain't big but we're
somebody.

THE FOX

Oh yeah. Tell me what we
count for.

MERCY

We do our part. They need us
down on the bottom so that
there's a top. We get even
by ripping them off every time
we get a chance.

THE FOX

That ain't much of a
choice.

Looks over at Rembrandt.

THE FOX

I'll tell you something.
Don't let go of your spray
can. It's your passport in
case you want to get out.

Rembrandt smiles.

REMBRANDT

Ah, I'm just pretty good.

THE FOX

Naw. You're great...You can make
a living at it.

Contd. 311

311

REMBRANDT

What's your passport.

THE FOX

I'm working on it.

The train begins to slow...

312 THE DOORS OPEN

312

Assorted late-night passengers.
Then two young couples returning from a prom step
on board.
A lot of laughing and chatting...
They move down the car and find four open seats.
The doors close, the train starts again.

313 TRAIN

313

The Fox's eyes gradually focus on the two couples
across from him.

313A THE COUPLES ACROSS THE AISLE

313A

The boys wearing white dinner jackets.
The girls in long summer formals.

314 THE FOX

314

Looking at them.
Mercy senses The Fox stare...
Opens her eyes and sees the couple.

315 THE TWO COUPLES

315

Whispering, chuckling among themselves.
One of the boys happens to glance at The Fox and
Mercy...

315 CONTD

315

Gradually, the two prom couples fall silent.
They simply look at The Fox and Mercy across the aisle.

316 THE FOX AND MERCY

316

All at once they are aware of how they must look.
Covered with mud, paint, subway tunnel dirt.
Mercy makes an attempt to pull down her skirt.
The Fox tugs at his jacket.

317 THE OTHER COUPLES

317

One of the boys protectively takes his date's hand.

318 THE FOX

318

His face darkens.
Mercy makes an attempt to straighten her hair.
He pulls her hand down.

319 THROUGH THE WINDOW

319

An approaching station is visible.
The train slows, stops; the doors open.

320 THE TWO PROM COUPLES

320

Rise, quickly leave the car but ...
At the edge of the door, the girl's corsage brushes
against it.
It falls to the floor just inside the train.
The girl moving too quickly to notice.
The doors close, the train moves on.

321 THE WINDOWS

321

Nothing but the reflections of the Warriors.

322 THE FOX AND MERCY

322

Staring at their reflections in the glass.

CUT.

323

ELEVATED PLATFORM IN CONEY ISLAND- SUNRISE

323

The train pulls in.
Dawn beginning to streak the sky.

323A

INSIDE THE TRAIN

323A

The door opens and the weary Warriors step out.

323A CONTD.

Snowball, Rembrandt, Cowboy, Mercy and The Fox.
Then, just before the doors close...
The Fox turns, stoops and grabs the fallen corsage.
Mercy looks at him, he shrugs...
Hands her the flowers.

MERCY
What's this for.

THE FOX
Some people like flowers. I
hate seeing anything go to waste,
you know...

She takes the flowers.

MERCY
What's your real name.

He's got his head down.
Can't quite look her in the eye.

THE FOX
Francis. Francis Conroy. They call
me The Fox because of Francis... you
know...and because I'm smart.

Pause.

MERCY
Francis Conroy. I like that name.

THE FOX
Yeah. We better go.

324 THE WARRIORS

324

Approach the steps at the side of the platform.
Just as they are about to start down, they pause,
look out...
All of them too tired to show any emotion.

REMBRANDT
We made it.

COWBOY
Yeah, looks real great...

324A CONEY ISLAND

324A

The tenements, the beach, the litter.

324B THE FOX

324B

Still looking.

324B CONTD.

THE FOX
Home Sweet Home.

324B

Pause.

THE FOX
Cowboy was right. It's all
there. All anybody's got to
do is go steal it.

Pause.

THE FOX
The hard part is trying to
figure if it's even worth
stealing...

MERCY
I don't think you're going to
hang around here much longer.

THE FOX
How come you say that.

MERCY
I don't know. Just a
feeling.

THE FOX
Yeah. Maybe you're right...
Maybe I'll just take off.

He starts down the steps.

MERCY
Wait for me...You know I like
traveling too.

THE FOX
You like traveling. Where'd
you ever go.

MERCY
I've never been anywhere. I
just know I'd like it.

She follows him down the stairwell.

325 THE WARRIORS

325

A view from across the street as they wearily clump
down the stairs.

326 CADILLAC HEARSE

326

Driven by Rogues.

Luther is next to Cropsey, behind the wheel.

As the Warriors reach the street, he taps Cropsey's arm.
Cropsey turns the key, starts the motor...

327 THE WARRIORS

327

Moving groggily along the sidewalk.

Just beyond them the hearse pulls away from the curb.
Starts to creep alongside them.

327A THE FOX

327A

Walking with the rest.

Dog-tired.

His head down, seeing nothing.

Then gradually, the sound of the Cadillac's engine begins to penetrate.

He lifts his head, glances over ...

328 INSIDE THE CADILLAC

328

Luther sitting beside Cropsey.

329 THE FOX

329

No change of expression.

He simply drops his eyes again, looks straight ahead.

A clam bar diner is fifty or sixty feet up the block.

Mercy is walking tiredly on one side of him.

Rembrandt on the other.

THE FOX

Duck behind the clam bar.

They walk a few steps further.

REMBRANDT

What are you talking about

A few more steps.

THE FOX

Duck behind the clam bar.

Another pause.

COWBOY

What the hell for.

THE FOX

Just do it. Do it.

He suddenly cuts into an alley beside the clam bar.

Drags Mercy after him.

The other Warriors following.

330 THE STREET

330

The Cadillac stops sharply ...

331 THE WARRIORS

331

Pulling up winded in the service alley.

331 CONTD.

331

It runs along behind the hot dog stands.

THE FOX

We got one more bop to go...

REMBRANDT

What the shit is this.
Who are those guys.

COWBOY

Let's bag this one. I had
enough for tonight ... We
don't even know these dudes ...

THE FOX

I do.

REMBRANDT

That's them.

THE FOX

Yeah. The Rogues.... the ones
what wasted Cyrus. Now they're
here to waste us.

COWBOY

I got an idea. Let's run.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Right.

THE FOX

Yeah. Sounds great... where we
going to run to...

A long pause.

They look at one another.

SNOWBALL

Let's get even.

It's the first time he's ever spoken.

COWBOY

Ey, nobody ever thought you
had a tongue.

SNOWBALL

Let's get even for Cyrus...
For Clean, for Vermin, for
Cochise, for Ajax... for Swan.

Tension building.

THE FOX

Why not.

331 CONTD.

331

REMBRANDT
We got to.

COWBOY
Yeah... Fuck the fucking Rogues.
I'm ready to bop.

Now all of them ready to fight.

332 STREET

332

The hearse is still there
Waiting.

333 THE FOX

333

Draws Mercy to the end of the building.

THE FOX

Look, you wait a couple of
seconds after we move, then
cut the other way up the alley,
take your first right and follow
it to the beach. There's some
steps down under the Boardwalk,
you wait there.

MERCY
Why can't I stay with you.

THE FOX
Just do what I tell you.
Okay ...

She's almost afraid to meet his eye.

MERCY
Listen I never had anything
like this, I don't want to
lose...

THE FOX
Just do what I tell you.

The Warriors begin moving down the alley.
Peer between the buildings toward the street.

334 OMIT

334

335 THE STREET

335

The Cadillac is moving again, keeping pace with them.

336 THE WARRIORS

336

Still moving along the alley, eyes searching right and left...

336A REMBRANDT

336A

Passes a pile of junk furniture.
Suddenly reaches to the right...
Snaps off the leg of a chair.

337 THE STREET

337

The hearse still moving along.
The Rogues watching every break between the buildings.

338 THE WARRIORS

338

Cowboy breaks the radio aerial from a car.
Snaps it like a buggy-whip ...
The Fox grabs a loose pipe, jerks it off a brick wall.
Snowball hefts his ball-bat...

VOICE

You guys must be looking
for trouble.

They all look down the alley.

338A SWAN

338A

Just standing there.
Very calm.

338B THE WARRIORS

338B

Jesus, are they glad to see him...
Now all smiles.

THE FOX

The Cadillac ... That's the
bunch that got Cyrus.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. And nailed us with the
blame...

COWBOY

They're the reason we're the only
ones left.

Pause.

SWAN

Maybe we better give them a
chance at what they want.

REMBRANDT

Fucking A.

SWAN

Everybody packed.

338B

CONTD

338B

THE FOX

Yo.

COWBOY

Yo.

REMBRANDT

Yo.

SNOWBALL

Yo.

SWAN

Everybody stay behind me.

I'm going to take them out
on the sand.

THE FOX

What about you ... you packed.

Swan raises his arm.
Flicks his hand.
A huge bowie knife suddenly appears.
Flicks his hand again.
The knife disappears.

SWAN

Let's do it.

They turn down the alley.

339 IN THE HEARSE

339

The Rogue peering left and right.
Luther suddenly points ahead ...

340 DOWN THE STREET

340

The WARRIORS move into the clear.
Head for the beach.

341 CROPSY

341

Tromps on the accelerator.

342 THE WARRIORS

342

Step away from the tenements of old Coney Island.
Cut across the sand.

343

THE BEACH

343

The Warriors move steadily forward
 All of them a step behind Swan.
 Sounds of the ocean.
 Early morning light.
 Punctuated by the Cadillac engine as the hearse
 intersects their path.
 Forty yards in front of them.

344

SWAN:

344

Seeming not to pay attention to the hearse.
 Looking out at the sea as he walks.

345

THE WARRIORS

345

Still moving steadily forward.
 The Rogues ahead of them.
 Now out of the hearse.
 And waiting.

346

SWAN

346

Walks near Luther.
 Stops, still looking out at the sea.
 Then turns to look at the Rogues.
 All the remaining Warriors two paces behind him.

347

BEACH

347

Five Warriors.
 Eleven Rogues.
 All eyes locked on one another.
 Luther's empty hands at his sides.
 The other Rogues carry tire-irons, ball bats, bicycle
 chains ...
 Big grin on Luther's face.

SWAN

When we see the ocean, we
 figure we're home. We're
 safe.

An almost detached quality to his voice ...
 He's looking out toward the horizon line on the sea.

LUTHER

This time you got it wrong.

SWAN

Cyrus was a big man. He had a
 big idea.

348 Still looking at the sea ...
Then he turns, faces Luther for the first time.

348

SWAN

Why did you do it. Why did
you shoot him.

Luther grins.

LUTHER

No reason, I just like doing
things like that ... If that prick
over there hadn't seen me you
guys would be okay ... But I guess
you already thought of that
haven't you.

Pause.

SWAN

Let's do it. Me and you.

Luther continues smiling.
Now has his hand in his pocket.

LUTHER

One on one, Kiss my ass.
You're fucking dead. All
of you ... and you know it.

SWAN

I don't think so.

Luther raises his hand.
Slowly.
Magnum .357.

LUTHER

You don't hear too good.
You're dead, cocksucker.

Swan smiles.
The big gun starts to come up.
Go level.
Swan pivots.
Gun blast and FLICK, CHUNK ...

LUTHER

Ooohhhmygoddd!!!

Swan's bowie knife has gone entirely through his
forearm.
The .357 falls harmlessly at his feet.

Swan steps forward.
Jerks the knife out of Luther's arm.
Wipes the blood on his pant leg.
The Rogues and Warriors stunned by the sudden violence.

348 CONTD

348

Luther falls to his knees in the sand.
Clutches his arm.
Begins to cry.

348A SWAN

348A

Just standing there.
Looking at the rest of the Rogues.

348B THE ROGUES

348B

Glance at one another.
And the crying Luther.
They start forward ... a reluctant army but willing to
fight ...

348C THE FOX

348C

Wide smile across his whole face ...

THE FOX

I think you guys got bigger
problems than bopping with
us ...

His eyes glance beyond the Rogues.

349 NEARBY SAND DUNE

349

A ring of silent faces.
The Gramercy Riffs.
One hundred of them.
The New Cyrus standing at the fore.

350 THE WARRIORS

350

All of them smiling except Swan.

351 BEACH

351

The Riffs now totally circle the Warriors and Rogues.
Luther still on his knees.
Still crying.

351A THE NEW CYRUS

351A

Looks down at Luther.
Then at Swan.

SWAN

You gave us a bad night.

351 CONTD.

120.

351

THE FOX
Had night my ass. It was
shit.

THE NEW CYRUS
You Warriors are good ... real
good.

He looks at Luther.

THE NEW CYRUS
The rest is ours.

SWAN
Take it.

Turns, looks at the Warriors.
Mercy is walking toward them across the sand.
The Fox sees her ...
A moment between them.

SWAN
Let's go home.

They start across the beach...

THE RIFFS

Watching them go.
Then turn.
The Rogues are no longer visible inside the circle...

CUT.

352 THE WARRIORS

352

Rembrandt walking close to Swan.
Tears start coming to his face.

REMBRANDT
We made it. We made it. I
don't believe it. We made it.

COWBOY
Why not. We're the Warriors.

A quiet tone in Rembrandt's voice.

REMBRANDT
Yeah... We're the Warriors.

They're at the ocean's edge.
Cowboy and Rembrandt walk to the water.
Stand there ankle deep...

352A SWAN

352A

Standing alone...

352B THE FOX AND MERCY

352B

Off by themselves...

The Fox looks at Swan...

Nods...

Takes Mercy and moves off up the beach...

352C SWAN

352C

Watching them go...

He turns again, looks back at the sea...

FADE.