

"POLICE ACADEMY II"
(working title)

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FIFTH DRAFT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RUN-DOWN INNER-CITY BUSINESS DISTRICT - NIGHT 1

Sinister tension MUSIC BEGINS as we ESTABLISH the bleak, low skyline.

2 ANOTHER ANGLE 2

As we MOVE IN ON a small shop. Through the window we can see a nerdish MERCHANT, a nervous but spunky little guy with glasses. He looks out of the window with apprehension, turns the "OPEN" sign around so that it reads, "CLOSED."

3 INT. SHOP 3

The Merchant opens his cash register, takes out a small stack of cash and stuffs it into a bank deposit envelope. He quickly seals the envelope and tucks it into his breast pocket. Now he picks up a canister of Mace, studies it grimly, then jams it into his side pocket.

4 SERIES OF QUICK CLOSEUPS - MERCHANT 4

Securing his shop:

- A) He stretches some folding burglar bars across the front window, locks them shut.
- B) He slams the heavy steel back door, locks three solid deadbolts in rapid succession, then drops a heavy steel bar in place.
- C) He switches off the lights.
- D) He turns a key, activating a sophisticated alarm system. A red warning sign flashes on and off. It says, "SYSTEM ARMED." The ALARM begins BEEP.

5 MERCHANT 5

has just a few seconds before the alarm goes off. He moves quickly. First he places a life-size plastic police dog in the middle. Then he props up a cardboard cut-out of Clint Eastwood as "Dirty Harry" pointing a huge pistol. He flips a switch which turns on a TAPE RECORDER inside the DOG. It BARKS repeatedly.

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*

6 EXT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION 6

The Merchant steps out, locks the front door with a giant padlock. Just when we think he's through, he pulls a heavy chain and a giant metal door rolls down, completely covering the front of the shop. On the door is every kind of warning sign imaginable: "COMPUTER SENTRY SYSTEM -- WARNING!" "ARMED RESPONSE," "BEWARE OF KILLER DOG," "SUDDEN DEATH ASSURED," "THIS MEANS YOU!" "MEMBER OF NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION." The Merchant steps back, takes out a remote control device and pushes a button. Barbed wire automatically stretches into place. He pushes another button and the wire begins to glow with electrical current. The ELECTRICITY BUZZES and SNAPS a warning. The Merchant turns and walks down the street.

7 ANOTHER ANGLE 7

As he steps quickly down the deserted street, scared to death. He passes several bombed-out buildings and burned cars. The MUSIC INTENSIFIES as he quickens his pace. He hears the CRASH of GLASS. He breaks and runs.

The MUSIC ACCELERATES.

8 ANOTHER ANGLE 8

As we see where he is headed: a 24-hour banking machine. He gets there, gasping for breath, panicky. He sticks his bank card in the machine and frantically enters his code number. Seconds grind past. The tension MUSIC BUILDS and STOPS.

9 CLOSE ON BANK COMPUTER 9

A message appears: "Temporarily out of service. Sorry for the inconvenience."

10 MERCHANT 10

pounds on the machine, a beaten man. He senses somebody behind him and spins around...

MUSIC STING!

11 SEVERAL MEMBERS OF A GANG 11

hover around him, completely blocking his escape. They are an incredibly scaring-looking bunch, some black, some white, some hispanic, some women. One of the guys is playing with a Slinky.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

These are not suburban punkers. These are vicious, hideous, ugly toughs. ZED, the wide-eyed, psychotic leader, stands at the front of the gang.

12 OFFICER DOOLEY 12 *

strolls down the alley whistling. He walks right between the gang and the Merchant. He instantly sizes up the situation.

DOOLEY *

Excuse me.

He does a quick about-face and retreats.

13 MERCHANT 13

is a defeated man. Without any prompting, he hands the envelope of cash to Zed who takes it but still waits expectantly. The Merchant hands his wallet to Zed. Still no response. He takes off his watch and gives it to Zed who snaps his fingers. The gang starts to leave. Suddenly, the little Merchant decides to play hero. He fumbles in his pocket, comes out with the canister of Mace.

MERCHANT

Hey, you forgot something.

Zed turns around and sees the Mace. A wicked grin plays across his lips. He reaches out and very calmly takes the Mace and sprays a couple of shots into his mouth as though it's breath spray. He picks up the Merchant and kisses him. *

END OF TITLE SEQUENCE.

14 EXT. CITY BUILDING - DAY 14

We PAN ALONG the wall of the run-down brick building which is covered with graffiti. Obviously the gang has made many raids on the place. It is not until the CAMERA STOPS on the sign over the door that we realize it's the police station. A wisp of toilet paper hangs from the sign which is one of those old-fashioned globe lights with "POLICE PRECINCT #16" painted on it. The gang must have "rolled" the building overnight. All at once someone G.S. throws half a brick, SHATTERING the GLOBE.

15 UNMARKED SEDAN 15

pulls up in front of the precinct.

16 INT. CAR 16

POLICE CHIEF HURST, his driver and his bodyguard are looking around nervously. *

HURST *

Let's go. *

17 EXT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 17

As Chief Hurst and the others leap from the car and make a break for the building, crouched low, running a zig-zag pattern. Suddenly, out of nowhere, they are pelted with eggs.

18 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 18

Hurst and the others enter, dripping with eggs. They push their way through a crowd of distraught citizens who are complaining loudly to a bunch of old, tired, defeated cops. They pass the Merchant we met in the opening scene.

MERCHANT

You've got to stop this gang.
It's the third time this week
I've been robbed.

A HARE KRISHNA is complaining to another cop.

HARE KRISHNA

Look at this. They cut off my
ponytail.

A nice OLD LADY is complaining to a fat slob of a desk sergeant who is reading a Chic Magazine, unconcerned.

OLD LADY

They have no respect for you,
for me, for anyone.

(snapping at him)

Listen to me, you stupid shit.
I'm talking to you.

19 INT. CAPTAIN PETE LASSARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 19

Chief Hurst enters, fuming mad. He confronts the precinct commander, CAPTAIN PETE LASSARD. The captain is a tough but decent old-timer who's served at the precinct for 32 years.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

After years of playing good-cop/bad-cop, Lassard is a man on the edge. Waiting for him to fall off is LIEUTENANT MAUSER, a snide, sniveling, officious man in his mid-thirties. CARL PROCTOR is present.

HURST

Well, congratulations, Captain.

PETE LASSARD

(reacts to Hurst)

What is it now, Hurst?

HURST

It's official. According to these reports, this is now the worst precinct in the entire city. Burglary up 36%. Armed robbery up 20%. Vandalism up 44%.

Proctor whispers something to Mauser.

MAUSER

Actually, I think if you'll check, sir, it's more like 48%.

HURST

Thank you, Lieutenant... ah...

MAUSER

Mauser. M-a-u-s...

PETE LASSARD

(interrupting)

He didn't ask for your God damn resume, Mauser. Listen, Hurst. You cut my budget. You cut my staff. I got nothing to work with. Look around you. Those guys are old, they're tired. They just can't hack it any more.

HURST

Maybe they need a new Captain, Lassard. Come on men... the Mayor wants results, Lassard, just what do you propose?

PETE LASSARD

I propose you take your nose out of my business and stick it up the mayor's ass where it usually is.

HURST

You've got exactly thirty days, to turn this precinct around or you're out. Do you understand? Thirty days and that's it.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (2)

19

PETER LASSARD

What you're asking is impossible
and you know it. I'll need a
dozen new men!!

HURST

You can have six.

They exit.

PETE LASSARD

Get me the Police Academy. I
want to speak to my brother.

20

EXT. OFFICE

20

Mauser stops Hurst. While they talk we can see a member
of the gang in the b.g., casually breaking into the pre-
cinct's candy machine with a crowbar. No one seems to
notice as the coins fall out and hit the floor.

MAUSER

Sir, we're all under pressure here
but I see no reason to insult the
mayor and yourself but, I've got
some ideas of my own about running
the precinct.

HURST

I'm sure you do, Mauser.

MAUSER

Long range plans, Captain, planning
steps, deployment. It's really a
a question of leadership that works
and...

HURST

Lassard's got 30 days -- if he blows
it, the job is yours.

MAUSER

(smiling)

I understand, sir.

HURST

Mauser... you're the most incredible
ass-kisser I've ever seen.

MAUSER

(still smiling)

Thank you very much, sir. I do
my best. Regards to your lovely
wife.

21

INT. POLICE ACADEMY COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

21

COMMANDANT ERIC LASSARD sits alone, watching a large goldfish swim around in a rather small bowl. He picks up a giant-sized container of fish food and shakes it over the bowl. Nothing comes out. He shakes harder. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up, still shaking the fish food with the other hand.

ERIC LASSARD

Police Academy... this is Commandant Eric Lassard speaking.

INTERCUT THROUGHOUT: Captain Pete Lassard at precinct.

PETE LASSARD

Eric... this is Pete.

ERIC LASSARD

Pete! It's very, very nice of you to call. How's my baby brother?

PETE LASSARD

Not so good.

Throughout this, Eric Lassard has been trying to shake the fish food. He slams the container with the back of his hand and the top comes off, filling the bowl with a small mountain of fish food.

(CONTINUED)

The fish is smothered.

ERIC LASSARD
(distracted)
What's up... uh... Pete?

PETE LASSARD
I've got a problem.

Eric Lassard pokes around in bowl with a letter opener.
He can't find the fish.

ERIC LASSARD
We all have out little problems.

PETE LASSARD
Yeah, but this is serious.

ERIC LASSARD
I hope you haven't gotten some
girl in trouble.

PETE LASSARD
No, no. I need to get my hands
on some young men.

ERIC LASSARD
(taken aback)
Well... I guess there are places
you could go... certain bars and
so on. Does Margaret know about
this?

PETE LASSARD
What are you talking about? I'm
in trouble here. I need some new
recruits.

ERIC LASSARD
(relieved)
Oh. Well... that's easy. We've
had many, many fine young graduates
here at the Academy... both men
and women.

PETE LASSARD
I need the best you can find.
Some real lalapaloozers.

ERIC LASSARD
I know exactly who you need.

22 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING 22

We are CLOSE ON OFFICER EUGENE TACKLEBERRY, who is bristling with every police gadget imaginable: huge revolver, mace, handcuffs, baton -- everything but the riot helmet. He barks orders like a field sergeant.

TACKLEBERRY
Come on. Move it, move it, move it!

23 WIDER ANGLE 23

To reveal that he is a school crossing guard. Several elementary kids walk briskly across the street, anxious to get away from Tackleberry.

TACKLEBERRY (cont'd)
Keep it moving! Let's go.

24 MERCEDES STATION WAGON 24

steps in front of the school.

25 INT. CAR 25

A sharp-faced middle-aged WOM speaks to her whiny, obnoxious eight-year-old BRAT.

WOM IN MERCEDES
Now, Brian, I want you to go straight to class today.

BRAT
Why should I?

WOM IN MERCEDES
Because I said so.

BRAT
Big deal.

WOM IN MERCEDES
(firmly)
You'd better mind me, mister.

BRAT
I don't have to...
(then under his
breath)
... bird face.

WOM IN MERCEDES
That does it. You're in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

BRAT
(taunting sarcasm)
Oh, I'm real scared.

Mon looks out to see --

26 TACKLEBERRY 26
at the school crossing.

27 BACK TO MON 27
As she gets out of the car, crosses to Tackleberry.

28 BRAT 28
locks the door.

TACKLEBERRY
(saluting casually)
Help you, ma'am?

MON IN MERCEDES
Yes, officer. My son Brian is
always late for school. Could you
talk to him... maybe give him a
little scare?

TACKLEBERRY
(smiling)
Sure thing, ma'am.

29 TACKLEBERRY 29
approaches the station wagon, leans in the window.

TACKLEBERRY (cont'd)
Hi, Brian.
(checking his watch)
Almost eight hundred hours. Time
to deploy for school.

BRAT
I'll go when I'm ready.

TACKLEBERRY
(suddenly screaming)
You're ready now, mister!!!

With amazing speed, Tackleberry draws his sidearm which
turns out to be a huge 203-Z bear gas PISTOL.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

Aiming it with both hands he FIRES a canister, SHATTERING the rear WINDOW of the station wagon. The car instantly fills with a thick cloud of gas. The Brat climbs out of the front window and hits the ground.

TACKLEBERRY (cont'd)

Now move it, move it!!!

Without looking back, the Brat scrambles to his feet and runs for dear life toward the school building.

30

TACKLEBERRY

30

walks calmly over to the Mom who is wide-eyed with fear.

MOM IN MERCEDES

(dazed)

Thank you, Officer.

Tackleberry touches the brim of his hat and smiles pleasantly.

TACKLEBERRY

No problem, ma'am.

31

INT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT AT MALL - MOMENTS LATER

31

Officer LARVEL JONES sits alone, amusing himself with a noise. A young COUPLE on a date enter and sit at a tiny table beside Jones. They are very smug, very preppy, trying hard to impress each other. *

PREPPY GUY

It's no better than television.

PREPPY GIRL

I wouldn't know. I never watch television.

PREPPY GUY

Personally, I don't even own a television.

The Guy bites into a potato chip. Jones makes the sound of a loud crunch. The Girl seems a little shocked. The Guy smiles to cover his mild embarrassment.

The Guy eats another chip. Jones makes louder munching noises. The Girl covers her eyes, ashamed to be seen with this guy. She picks up her sandwich and takes a bite. Jones makes horrible chomping sounds. The Guy and Girl both look at each other accusingly. Jones nonchalantly sips his Coke.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

Now the Girl takes another bite. This time Jones makes horrible munching, smacking noises. The Guy has had enough.

PRETTY GUY
(continuing,
sarcastically)
Hungry, Dianne?

The Guy picks up his coffee and takes a sip. Jones makes vulgar slurping sounds, punctuated by a belch. The Pretty Girl is mortified.

PRETTY GIRL
(nearly hysterical)
For God's sake, Michael! Just
take me home. Please.

She fights back tears, covering her mouth with her napkin. She freezes as Jones makes the sound of disgusting nose blowing.

32

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

32

A major league pitcher on the mound, getting ready to pitch.

33

BATTER

33

Gripping his bat, tensing for the swing.

OFFICER DOUG FACKLER on the field, guarding the dugout. Behind him on the top step of the dugout is an old tobacco-dripping manager. Fackler is really into the game. He grips his police baton like a bat, raises it...

34

PITCHER

34

winds up and throws and throws a fast ball.

35

BATTER

35

swings hard and connects...

36

FACKLER

36

in perfect unison swings the baton smacking the manager in the forehead and knocking him backward into the dugout.

37 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

37

Several cars are parallel parked. An EXECUTIVE, a fat-faced, good-ol'-boy-type, returns to his Lincoln and is irked to find a parking ticket. He complains to the guy with him, a bland junior executive in a suit.

EXECUTIVE

Aw, what the hell is this?

He snatches the ticket off the windshield and looks up to see a police department jitney parked a couple of cars ahead.

EXECUTIVE

(continuing)

Give these meter maids a badge and they think they own the streets.

(calling to
the jitney)

Hey, sweetheart. Wait up.

He catches up with the jitney, raps on the top with his knuckles.

EXECUTIVE

(continuing)

Excuse me, honey. I want to talk to you about this ticket.

The guy watches in amazement as OFFICER NOSE HIGHTOWER gets out of the jitney, unfolding his huge frame, towering over the Executive.

EXECUTIVE

(continuing; suddenly
very nice)

I was just wondering... uh...

(taking out his wallet)

... is it customary to tip or what?

38 EXT. SUNNY BEACH

38

We ESTABLISH the beach, several people sunbathing, kids throwing Frisbees, many pretty girls. From the distance we can hear loud ROCK MUSIC, perhaps "Kentucket Sleigh Ride" by the group "Mountain." And now we...

CUT TO:

39 OFFICER CAPEY MAHONEY

39

The source of the music, behind the wheel of a souped-up dune buggy which is painted official black and white like a police car.

<CONTINUED>

39 CONTINUED: 39

The CAMERA MOVES WITH the buggy as Mahoney guides it between sunbathers. He is kicked back, enjoying the sun, wearing what's left of his police uniform: the pants cut off short, the sleeves gone completely. Nothing is left of his police hat but the visor. Mahoney opens the flap of his holster and takes out a bottle of sunblock. He smears some on his nose. He's into the MUSIC, obviously loves the job.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE 40

As he stops the buggy beside a young couple having a picnic. They have some bottled beers in an ice chest.

MAHONEY

Hi, folks. Sorry, no glass bottles allowed on the beach.

Without getting off the buggy he holds out his hand. The young woman hands him the two beers that are left.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Thank you... thank you.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Mahoney drives a few feet down the beach. He reaches for a bottle opener on a string around his neck, pops open a beer and starts to chug it. He stops when he sees --

41 THREE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS 41

lying on their stomachs, sunbathing, their bikini tops untied.

42 MAHONEY 42

without stopping, picks up a BULLHORN and points at the girls. It makes a LOUD ELECTRONIC YELPING noise.

43 GIRLS 43

are so startled that they sit up, giving Mahoney a nice view of their breasts.

44 MAHONEY 44

grins, but just then sees something that makes him angry.

- 45 HIS POV - JEEP 45
 ROARING down the beach, dangerously fast. In the Jeep are three big, muscular JERKS, the kind of assholes who insist on playing tackle football right in the middle of a Cub Scout weenie roast.
- 46 VARIOUS ANGLES 46
 As the Jeep swerves down the beach, causing panic among the sunbathers.
- 47 FATHER AND SON 47
 are just putting the finishing touches on a fancy sandcastle. They both leap out of the way as the Jeep smashes the sandcastle.
- 48 JERKS IN JEEP 48
 laugh and whoop it up.
- 49 MAHONEY 49
 blocks their Jeep with his dune buggy.

MAHONEY

Hey, get that Jeep off the beach before you hurt somebody.

Mahoney wishes he hadn't said the part about hurting somebody because the BIGGEST JERK gets out of the Jeep and strides toward him.

BIGGEST JERK

Whatcha gonna do about it, dipshit?

MAHONEY

Dipshit? For your sake, I'm gonna pretend I didn't hear that.

Without another word, the Biggest Jerk reaches out and rips Mahoney's badge off his shirt. He bends the badge between his thumb and forefinger.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

You're lucky because I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

BIGGEST JERK

What about this?

The Biggest Jerk takes Mahoney's PR-24 baton and cracks it over his knee.

MAHONEY

(bravely)

Okay. You asked for it. You're under arrest.

Mahoney takes out his handcuffs. The Biggest Jerk takes them and stretches them as hard as he can. The cuffs snap in two. The other two other jerks get out of the Jeep and join their friend.

MAHONEY

(continuing; appearing to back down)

Gee, you guys are so strong and... oily. You must spend a lot of time giving each other lube jobs. Of course, that's not surprising.

(climbs back into the dune buggy)

I mean, it's true what people say, right? That all you muscle guys are gay?

BIGGEST JERK

Kill him!

Mahoney takes off as fast as he can. The Jerks leap into the Jeep and take off after him in hot pursuit.

49A

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

49A *

buried in sand up to his neck, looks up in horror to see the dune buggy bearing down on him, fast. It straddles him, the wheels passing by on either side. The man screams, looks around just in time to see the Jeep. The Jeep straddles him, too.

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50

DUNE BUGGY

50

gathers speed, racing along the beach, right at the water's edge. The JEEP ROARS up alongside. They're trying to force Mahoney into the water. Mahoney looks up to see...

51

ROCK JETTY

51

stretching across the beach, dead ahead.

- 52 JEEP AND DUNE BUGGY 52
head straight for the jetty. But the Jerks have their eyes on Mahoney and don't see it.
- 53 MAHONEY 53
reaches for a FIRE EXTINGUISHER which is mounted to the dune buggy. He aims it at the Jerks and FIRES a BLAST of white foam.
- 54 JERKS IN JEEP 54
are temporarily blinded by the foam.
- 55 MAHONEY 55
throws the dune buggy in a power slide and it spins around, just short of the rock jetty.
- 56 JEEP 56
can't stop in time. It slams into the jetty and rockets into the air.
- 57 ANGLE - JEEP 57
As it soars through the air, the Jerks screaming, hanging on for dear life.
- 58 GARBAGE SCOW 58
is motoring out of the channel, just on the other side of the jetty. The JEEP CRASH lands on the deck which is piled high with garbage.
- 59 JERKS 59
dazed but unhurt are sitting there like idiots, completely covered with garbage.
- 60 GARBAGE SCOW 60
BLOWS its HORN and CHUGS out to sea, taking the Jeep with it.
- 61 MAHONEY 61
on the shore, waves goodbye.

62 OMITTED 62 *

63 EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD IN CITY - DAY 63

Commandant Eric Lassard's van moves down a narrow street. The neighborhood looks dangerous. The scene is underscored by scary tension MUSIC, the kind of stacatto score often heard on TV cop shows.

64 SEVERAL ANGLES 64

of people from the neighborhood as they glare at the van. The MUSIC CONTINUES.

65 INT. VAN 65

Our officers are looking out the windows. We PULL BACK to reveal Jones making all the tension music himself. Mahoney gives Jones a look. Tackleberry looks out the window. He loves what he sees.

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TACKLEBERRY
(to himself)
Excellent, excellent.

ERIC LASSARD
You're all very, very fortunate.
This is one of the most exciting
precincts in the city.

Somebody throws some rotten fruit at the van.

HOOKS
I don't think they like police
officers.

ERIC LASSARD
Oh, there might be some resentment
at first.

66 THEIR POV - SIDEWALK 66

As they stop at a red light, a LITTLE KID, about six, hanging on to his mother's hand, shouts an insult at them.

LITTLE KID
Hey, cops. I got something for you.

The Kid grabs his crotch.

ERIC LASSARD
But I'm sure you'll win them over.

67 SMALL MINI-BUS 67

pulls alongside. On the side is painted, "SENIOR CITIZENS RESOURCES SERVICES." All the old people inside are yelling insults and making suggestive gestures. Some are oinking like pigs.

68 OMITTED 68
thru thru
70 70

71 INT. PETE LASSARD'S OFFICE - DAY 71

Captain Pete Lassard is addressing the new officers. Mahoney is still wearing his cutaway uniform from the beach. Lassard is trying hard to be friendly and fatherly.

PETE LASSARD

Gentlemen, today the 16th precinct welcomes some new faces. My brother tells me that they're some of the finest recruits ever to be graduated from the police academy. The 16th precinct serves and protects what was once a great neighborhood. Now there's vicious gangs that moved in and they've been taking over. We don't know why they're here or where they came from. What we do know is that they're scum and our job is to find them and stop them. These new recruits have been trained in the latest techniques of urban law enforcement. Any of you have any special skills that we should now about?

TACKLEBERRY

I know how to perform an emergency tracheotomy with a steak knife, sir.

Lassard eyes him warily.

72 OUTSIDE OFFICE - SAME TIME 72

Mauser is watching Lassard and the others through the glass office wall. Sergeant Carl Proctor walks up. Proctor is a supercilious little snit, the only guy at the precinct who is friendly with Mauser.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

MAUSER

(sarcastically)

So these new recruits are gonna
save the precinct, huh?

PROCTOR

Personally, Lieutenant, I hope
they fall flat on their cans.

Mauser

(under his breath)

That could be arranged, you know.

PROCTOR

Speak.

MAUSER

If these new guys fail, Lassard's
out. That makes me captain.

PROCTOR

And...

MAUSER

I'm gonna need somebody to be the
new watch commander.

PROCTOR

Somebody who's loyal.

MAUSER

Somebody who'll make sure they fail.

They exchange conspiratorial smiles.

Lassard is proudly wrapping up his talk.

PETE LASSARD

I want this to be the best damn
crime suppression unit in the city.
I want us to stand proud and walk
tall. But more than anything else,
I want us to be a family.

(he walks by

Tackleberry, Fackler

Jones and Mahoney)

With a bunch of brothers...

(as he walks by hooks,

he chucks her chin)

... a sister...

Lassard puts his hands on Hightower's shoulders. He's
proud to have the big man on board.

PETE LASSARD

(continuing)

... And one big mother.

Hightower smiles sheepishly.

PETE LASSARD

(continuing)

Well, good luck, everybody. Report
to the squad room where Lieutenant
Mauser will give you your
assignments.

They begin to file out. Mahoney lingers. He tries to
get Lassard's attention.

MAHONEY

Excuse me, sir. It's me... Mahoney.

PETE LASSARD

Yes, Mahoney.

MAHONEY

We're a family, right?

PETE LASSARD

That's right.

MAHONEY

Well, I've got a problem, Dad. I
left a very important job back at
the beach and I'd like to get back
there as soon as...

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

PETE LASSARD

(firmly)

You're not going back to the beach until you've cleaned up this neighborhood.

MAHONEY

(protesting)

Dad...!

PETE LASSARD

And another thing. Get yourself a proper uniform.

MAHONEY

God, you're mean. No wonder Mom fools around.

PETE LASSARD

Out.

74

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

74

Mauser is addressing the new officers. Also present are several old cops, including Dooley and SISTRUNK. Mahoney is missing.

MAUSER

Notwithstanding the touching speech that Captain Lassard gave moments ago, you people are not real police officers, you're rookies and I am your watch commander. When you screw up... and you will screw up... I'll be there to write up a report. Three bad reports and you're suspended.

(to Hooks)

What's your name?

HOOKS

(meekly)

Hooks, sir.

MAUSER

May I see your service revolver, Hooks? Mam --

She hands it to him. He looks in the chamber.

MAUSER

(continuing)

There's no round in the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*

*

HOOKS

(weakly apologizing)

I was afraid it might... go off.

MAUSER

That's one, Hooks. You're on report.

(makes a note of it)

See how it works? This squad deploys each day at ten hundred hours.

He holds up his wrist WATCH. Right on cue, it BEEPS a rendition of YANKEE DOODLE.

MAUSER

(continuing)

Precisely ten hundred hours. Since you people are rookies, each of you will be assigned to a veteran officer who will...

Mauser is interrupted as Jones makes the sound of the watch beeping. Mauser pushes the button again. Jones stops.

PROCTOR

... Okay... assignments. Mahoney?

HIGHTOWER

He's not here, sir. He had to get...

MAUSER

Fine.

Making a note of it.

PROCTOR

That's one for Mahoney. Fackler, you'll ride with Officer Dooley.

FACKLER

(responds)

Yes, sir.

Fackler looks at Dooley who waves to him and smiles.

MAUSER

Tackleberry, you're trained for motorcycle duty?

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED: (2)

74

TACKLEBERRY

Yes, sir, sir!

MAUSER

You've got it. Take this to supply and join Officer Kirkland in motor pool.

*
*
*

TACKLEBERRY

(trembling with excitement)

Thank you, sir!

MAUSER

Hightower, you've got foot patrol.

(to Proctor)

Okay, who else...?

Jones makes the beeping sound again. This time Mauser snaps around and catches him in the act. Mauser is not amused.

MAUSER

(continuing)

And who might you be?

JONES

(in a Swedish accent)

Doctor Monsignor Larvell Jones...

(saluting sharply)

... Swedish Intelligence.

MAUSER

(sarcastically)

I see. Well, Monsignor, you'll be riding with Officer Sistrunk. He just loves rookies -- especially Swedes.

74A

SISTRUNK

74A

smirks at Jones. He's a pot-bellied tobacco-chewing bigot. He spits.

74B

MAUSER AND JONES

74B

MAUSER

Enjoy.

JONES

Ruh-roh.

(CONTINUED)

74B

CONTINUED: (A1)

74B

MAUSER

Okay, that's it.

HOOKS

What about me, sir? Don't I get
a car?

(CONTINUED)

74B

CONTINUED:

74B

MAUSER

(mocking her voice)

No, you don't get a car. You get
a nice little desk with a nice
little chair.

He turns to walk away. Hooks mutters to herself.

HOOKS

(under her breath)

Asshole.

Mauser spins around.

MAUSER

That's two, Hooks.

75

INT. UNIFORM SHOP IN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

75

Mahoney is in line with three or four other male customers, waiting to be fitted. CHLOE DANIELS, the bright, attractive young woman who owns the shop, is measuring the men. She calls out measurements to her assistant.

CHLOE

Chest 42... waist 36.

She matter-of-factly jams the tape against the guy's crotch.

CHOLE

(continuing)

... Inseam 34. Next.

76

MAHONEY

76

waiting his turn, notices a little kid, about three or four, left unattended in a stroller while his mother shops. The child plays with one of those balloon animals. Mahoney bends down to the kid and says nicely --

MAHONEY

Hi... what's that -- a giraffe?
Can I see him for a minute?

77

BACK TO CHLOE

77

Who has just finished measuring another customer.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

CHLOE

Next.

Mahoney steps up to be measured. Chloe looks up to see an enormous bulge in his pants; it stretches nearly to his knee.

78

ANGLE ON MAHONEY

78

Who grins. Chloe is unimpressed. This isn't the first smart ass she's encountered. She goes about her job.

CHLOE (cont'd)

Chest 42... waist 33... inseam...

MAHONEY

Please... be gentle.

Without warning, Chloe takes out a straight pin and pricks Mahoney's bulge. The puncture BALLOON rockets out of his pants and flies across the room with a pathetic SQUEAKING sound.

79

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

79

Dooley and Fackler get into a black and white.

80

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

80

DOOLEY

(cheerfully)

Ready, son?

(as Fackler nods)

Okay. Let's roll.

81

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

81

Dooley turns on the flashing red lights and PEELS OUT of the parking lot.

82

EXT. DOUGHNUT SHOP CORNER - DAY

82

As the squad CAR SQUEALS around the corner and stops with a SCREECH of TIRES directly in front of a doughnut shop. Dooley and Fackler get out.

83

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT/INT. SISTRUNK'S CAR - DAY

83

Jones and Sistrunk are sitting in the parking lot.

SISTRUNK

Jones, I got you figured for a smart ass. I've never taken any shit from you people and I'm not gonna start now. You don't think, you don't talk, you don't breathe unless I tell you to. You understand?

Jones holds his breath, nods, appears scared.

SISTRUNK

(continuing)

That's good. We're gonna get along fine.

They start to pull out of the parking lot. Jones turns away and makes the sound of a flat tire thumping.

SISTRUNK

(continuing)

You hear that?

Jones shakes his head innocently, still holding his breath. After a beat, Jones makes the sound again.

SISTRUNK

(continuing)

Goddamit. We got a flat.
(stopping the car)
Check your side.

84

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

84

Sistrunk and Jones look at the tires, then each other.

SISTRUNK (cont'd)

Mine are okay. Yours?

JONES

(in a high voice,
like he's on helium)

Fine.

SISTRUNK

(perplexed)

I'll be a son-of-a-bitch.

They get back in and start away. We HOLD ON a LONG SHOT as we hear Jones begin the FLAT TIRE sound again.

85

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

85

Tackleberry approaches his partner, OFFICER KIRKLAND, who is by a motorcycle wearing a leather jacket and helmet.

TACKLEBERRY

Officer Tackleberry reporting for duty, sir!

Officer Kirkland removes her helmet and shakes her blonde hair.

KIRKLAND

Officer Kirkland. I'd appreciate your not calling me sir.

Tackleberry's jaw drops as though he's seen a ghost.

TACKLEBERRY

Yes, ma'am, sir.

KIRKLAND

I take it you don't like your assignment. Is it because I'm a woman?

TACKLEBERRY

I decline to answer that question ... out of respect for your gender.

KIRKLAND

I'll take care of myself, you just cover your own ass.

She leans over the motorcycle to turn on the gas switch.

TACKLEBERRY

Nice piece.

She straightens up, turns around and glares.

TACKLEBERRY

(continuing; sincerely)

I was referring to your sidearm.

KIRKLAND

(softening somewhat)

Oh.

TACKLEBERRY

May I?

KIRKLAND

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

She hands him the huge revolver, butt first.

KIRKLAND

(continuing)

It's a Colt .357 magnum.

TACKLEBERRY

What kind of loads?

KIRKLAND

Hundred-and-forty-eight grain
hollow-base wad cutters.

TACKLEBERRY

Sensible weapon.

He takes out his own giant pistol and hands it to her.

TACKLEBERRY

(continuing)

I prefer the MK-Four Autoloader
with full-power steel-jacketed
hardball rounds. Primarily for
the knock-down capability. On
the other hand... if you want
penetration...

Tackleberry stops, embarrassed at what he's said.

KIRKLAND

(quickly)

You know, the .357 will crack the
engine block of a truck.

TACKLEBERRY

I can see where that would be
useful.

He studies Kirkland. He's never met a woman like her
before.

86

INT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - DAY

86

Fackler and Dooley are having coffee. Dooley chews on
a doughnut. Behind them, THROUGH the window, we can
see a big mean black GANG MEMBER dousing gasoline on a
car.

DOOLEY

The neighborhood's not so bad.
You know the secret to being a
good cop? Get to know the people.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

The Gang Member enters the shop.

GANG MEMBER

(to Fackler)

Yo, man... you got a match?

FACKLER

Sure.

(handing him matches)

Keep the pack.

The Gang Member exits.

DOOLEY

That's the idea son. You have to
build a trust with people. Then
they'll respect you.

(to the man behind
the counter)

Hey, Joe. Couple o' more tube
cakes here.

Behind them, the CAR EXPLODES in a ball of fire. Dooley
doesn't notice. Fackler looks back vaguely and returns
to his coffee.

Mauser is looking in a mirror, flossing his teeth.
Mahoney enters.

MAHONEY

Excuse me, sir.

Mauser is startled. He spins around. The dental floss is stuck between his teeth. The floss container dangles from his mouth. Mahoney breaks it off.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Officer Mahoney reporting for duty.

MAUSER

(overly friendly)

Well, hello, Mahoney. Nice of you to drop by. We missed you earlier.

MAHONEY

Had to get a uniform, sir.

MAUSER

Good, good. We can't face the public naked.

MAHONEY

That's right. I mean, where would we hang our handcuffs?

Mauser laughs and Mahoney joins in. They already despise each other.

MAUSER

That's cute. I like a rookie with a sense of humor.

MAHONEY

I like you, too, sir. I admire a guy who isn't ashamed to floss. You know, sir, oral hygiene is something that too many big-city cops overlook. If Barnaby Jones had just flossed a little more often, I bet he'd still be on the air today.

MAUSER

Oh, you like hygiene? Good.

(handing him an assignment sheet)

You ought to have your new partner. You're going to be working with Officer Winnie Schtulman.

88

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE IN CITY - MORNING

88

Mahoney, in uniform, walks up the steps and rings the bell. He notices a bunch of Mad Magazine stickers glued to the door. From inside, we hear the voice of Officer Vinnie Shtulman. *

SCHTULMAN'S VOICE

Who is it?

MAHONEY

It's Carey Mahoney... your new partner.

SCHTULMAN'S VOICE

Come on in.

Mahoney opens the door...

89

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

89

He steps into the room which is incredibly messy. The decor includes a large print of a bunch of dogs playing poker, plastic swords, posters of monsters and the Three Stooges. Mahoney looks around warily as Shtulman calls to him from the bathroom. *

SCHTULMAN'S VOICE

Be out in a minute. You want some breakfast?

Mahoney looks at the kitchen area. Dishes and pots lie everywhere, covered with refuse from three-week-old meals. A big yellow cat is scratching in a bowl of Rice Krispies.

MAHONEY

No, thanks. I'm not really hungry. I'll have something later.
(under his breath)
A tetanus shot, maybe.

We hear a TOILET FLUSH and SHTULMAN comes out, tucking his shirt in, tugging up his trousers. He shakes Mahoney's hand. *

SCHTULMAN

How you doin'? Vinnie Shtulman.
Okay if I eat real quick?

MAHONEY

Please... go ahead. Enjoy.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

Schtulman picks up the bowl of Rice Krispies the cat was playing with and sits at a plastic dinette. He pours in some milk.

SCHTULMAN

Next to lunch and dinner,
breakfast is the most important
meal of the day.

He digs into the cereal, starts to take a bite, then sees something which angers him. He yells at the cat.

SCHTULMAN

(continuing)

Aw, jeeze, Bunkey!

Schtulman flips something out of the bowl with his spoon.

SCHTULMAN

(continuing)

How many times have I gotta tell
ya?

He wipes off the spoon, takes a big bite, smiles and speaks to Mahoney with his mouth full. *

SCHTULMAN

(continuing)

Sure you don't want any?

90

EXT. SCHTULMAN'S BACK YARD - MINUTES LATER

90

Schtulman leads Mahoney down the back steps and into the junk-covered yard.

SCHTULMAN (cont'd)

It's gonna be great havin' a new
partner. I just hope Lou's not
jealous.

MAHONEY

Lou...?

SCHTULMAN

My regular partner. Come on and
meet him.

91

A POLICE DOG

91

A big slovenly mutt that looks like Schtulman's canine counterpart, casually licking his private parts. He looks up when he hears Schtulman call.

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

SCHTULMAN (cont'd)

Here, Lou! Come on, boy.

Lou looks up happily, then continues licking himself.

MAHONEY

If I could do that, I'd never leave home.

Schtulman opens the gate. LOU bounds out excitedly. BARKING and jumping on Mahoney like an unmannerly puppy. He licks Mahoney's face.

SCHTULMAN

Hey, you're lucky. He likes you.

92
thru
94

OMITTED

92 *
thru
94 *

95

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER THAT DAY

95

Schtulman's K-9 truck drives down the street.

*

96

INT. K-9 TRUCK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

96

Lou the dog sits on the seat between Mahoney and Schtulman, who is driving. It's crowded. LOU scratches his ear vigorously, PANTS loudly right in Mahoney's face. The dog breath and the BO from Schtulman are almost more than Mahoney can take. He cracks a window.

MAHONEY

Kinda crowded up here.

SCHTULMAN

Yeah, but you don't want to ride in the back. That's where Lou does his doodies.

They stop at a red light. Mauser pulls up in his watch commander's car.

(CONTINUED)

- 96 CONTINUED: 96
- MAUSER
Enjoying yourself, Mahoney?
- LOU GROWLS. Mauser pulls away.
- 96A EXT. SIDEWALK IN NEIGHBORHOOD - KID - DAY 96A
- about nine or ten years old, is walking along with a football. Two GANG MEMBERS walk up. Gang Member #1 snatches the football.
- KID
Hey! Gimmie that.
- The Gang Members play keep-away with the ball, tossing it back and forth, just out of the Kid's reach. Gang Member #2 misses a toss and we FOLLOW --
- 96B FOOTBALL 96B
- as it rolls to a stop. A giant hand picks it up.
- 96C ANGLE TO REVEAL - HIGHTOWER 96C
- As he picks up the ball.
- 96D GANG MEMBER #1 96D
- gestures to Hightower.
- GANG MEMBER #1
Hey, cop, over here.
- 96E HIGHTOWER 96E
- throws the ball hard, real hard.
- 96F GANG MEMBER #1 96F
- As the ball hits him in the midsection, knocking him straight back and through the plate-glass window of an abandoned store. The ball comes bouncing out. The Kid runs in and grabs it. He looks in amazement at --
- 96G HIGHTOWER 96G
- who smiles.

96H EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

96H

Mahoney and Schtulman walk along a row of shops. Schtulman picks up something he finds on a bus stop bench.

SCHTULMAN

Hey, look at this. A Baby Ruth.
And it ain't even been touched.
(he opens the wrapper)
No wonder. It's got ants all over
it.
(he brushes it off
and takes a bite)
Wanna bite?

MAHONEY

No, thanks. What made you become
a cop, Schtulman?

SCHTULMAN

My mother. She thought I looked
good in the uniform.

MAHONEY

I'd like to meet your mother
sometime.

SCHTULMAN

(as he takes a last
bite of the Baby Ruth)
Naw, you wouldn't. She's a pig.
Ow...

An ant has stung Schtulman on the inside of his lip. He
picks it out.

96-I EXT. ALLEY NEAR LIGHTING STORE - SAME TIME

96-I

Four GANG MEMBERS are standing around, plotting a holdup.

GANG MEMBER #3

Come on, man. You gonna do it?

GANG MEMBER #5

Yeah. I'm gonna do it.

GANG MEMBER #4

(handing him a big
pistol)

Well, do it, man.

Gang Member #6 takes the pistol, sticks it in his belt.

96J INT. NEARBY STORE - SAME TIME

96J

This is the lighting fixture store we saw in the opening. The Merchant we met before is finishing up a sale to his only customer, a young mother. *

MERCHANT

Your change comes to 27 cents.
(hands her the coins)
Enjoy your bulb.

The mother exits. THROUGH the window we see her walking in one direction. She stops and starts running in the other direction. We see why as Gang Members #5 and #6 enter. The Merchant looks up. *

MERCHANT

(continuing)
What do you want?

Gang Member #6 whips out a wicked-looking .45 automatic and points it at the Merchant who immediately throws up his hands.

GANG MEMBER #6

Open the safe.

96K EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION

96K

Mahoney, Schtulman and Lou are walking past the shop window.

SCHTULMAN

You know what was delicious?
Fizzies. Why don't they make 'em
anymore? You remem...

MAHONEY

Shhh!

Mahoney has spotted the holdup. He quickly ducks out of sight. Schtulman is confused.

SCHTULMAN

What's up?

MAHONEY

(into his radio)
Unit M-15. We've got a 211 in
progress at 302 Caroline Street.
Please advise.

96L INT. DISPATCHER'S ROOM AT PRECINCT - SAME TIME 96L

Hooks has taken the call. Proctor is standing over her.

HOOKS

Ten-four. Stand by, M-15. M-1,
did you read that?

96M INT. WATCH COMMANDER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 96M

MAUSER

(into his radio)

Ten-four.

(with a wicked smile)

Tell them to move in.

96N INT. DISPATCHER'S ROOM AT PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 96N

HOOKS

Shouldn't they wait for a backup?

Proctor takes the microphone away from her and speaks
into it himself.

PROCTOR

Move in, M-15.

96-0 EXT. SHOP 96-0

MAHONEY

(into radio)

Ten-four.

(to Schtulman)

We're going in.

SCHTULMAN

We are?

Mahoney flattens against the wall and starts inching
toward the door. Schtulman follows suit.

96P INT. SHOP 96P

Merchant has just opened his safe. Gang Member #6 takes
the cash.

GANG MEMBER #6

(furious)

Six dollars?

MERCHANT

Business has been slow.

(CONTINUED)

96P CONTINUED: 96P

Gang Member #6 looks ready to kill the guy. Suddenly he sees Schtulman peering around the corner through the front window.

GANG MEMBER #6

Shit!
(he presses the pistol
at the Merchant's head)
Get down. Stay down or you're dead.

The Merchant obeys, crouching behind the counter. Gang Members #5 and #6 make a break for it, running for the rear exit.

96Q EXT. SHOP 96Q

Schtulman and Mahoney haven't seen them escape. They draw their service revolvers.

MAHONEY

Let's go.

They burst in...

96R INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION 96R

As they point their revolvers. No one is in sight.

96S EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STORE - SAME TIME 96S

Gang Members #5 and #6 sneak out the back door and run down the alley with Gang Members #3 and #4.

96T INT. STORE 96T

Mahoney and Schtulman are creeping through the maze of hanging lamps. It's very eerie. They're on edge.

96U MERCHANT 96U

cowers under the counter, afraid to move.

96V ALLEY BEHIND STORE 96V

Fackler's car pulls up. He gets out and walks to the back door, fumbling with a key to the door. He takes a deep breath and steps inside.

97 OMITTED 97
thru thru
117 117

118 BACK INSIDE STORE 118

Schtulman pushes through the tangle of swag lamps. He sees a man with a gun! It's Schtulman's own reflection in a mirror. Too late. Schtulman FIRES, SHATTERING the MIRROR, and at that instant we --

CUT TO:

119 FACKLER 119

near the back of the store. The gunshot startles him so badly that he squeezes the trigger of the sawed-off SHOT-GUN. It ROARS like a cannon, dropping a line of chandeliers behind them.

120 SCHATULMAN AND MAHONEY 120

leap for cover, convinced the armed robber has shot at them. They open up with the service REVOLVERS, FIRING REPEATEDLY, SMASHING GLASS with every SHOT.

121 FACKLER 121

returns FIRE through the maze, BLASTING LAMPS in every direction.

122 OMITTED 122

123 SCHATULMAN AND MAHONEY 123

STOP FIRING for a moment. They stalk Fackler through the jungle of lamps. Tension builds.

123A FACKLER 123A

Crawling backwards on his hands and knees.

123B SCHATULMAN AND MAHONEY 123B

take a few steps backward and trip over Fackler. Their GUNS FIRE. We hear someone RETURNING their SHOTS.

- 124 TACKLEBERRY AND KIRKLAND 124
Tackleberry OPENS FIRE with his .45 autoloader. It goes off like a small howitzer. Then Kirkland FIRES a long, ear-shattering BURST from an Uzi SUBMACHINE GUN, MOWING DOWN practically all the LAMPS that are left.
- 125 EVERYBODY ELSE 125
hits the floor as Kirkland rakes the shop with BULLETS. She STOPS.
- 126 TACKLEBERRY 126
is very impressed.
- 127 MERCHANT 127
turns around to see a GROWLING LOU staring in his face. The Merchant makes a dash for his life, with Lou right on his tail.
- 128 OMITTED 128
- 128A STREET OUTSIDE SHOP 128A
As the Merchant runs out the front door, slamming it behind him.
- 129 HIGHTOWER 129
is waiting. He thinks the Merchant is the robber getting away. Hightower charges and drops the Merchant with a crack-back tackle, smearing him into the pavement. Hightower looks up to see Lt. Mauser standing over him.
- MAUSER
Hello, Hightower.
- Mahoney, Schtulman, Tackleberry and Kirkland straggle out of the store, sheepishly holding their guns.
- MAUSER
(continuing)
Hello, everybody.
- The Merchant gets up and creeps to his store a defeated man.
- MERCHANT
My shop. Look what they did to my shop.

130 OMITTED 130
E E
131 131

132 INT. SHOP - THEIR POV 132

As seen THROUGH the plate glass window. Every piece of glass in the shop has been smashed except for one pitiful-looking swag lamp hanging from the ceiling.

133 JONES 133

comes running over to the Merchant.

JONES

Sir? Good news. We found your money.

He hands the Merchant the six dollars. The Merchant looks at it, then looks at his shattered shop. The last swag LAMP falls and BREAKS. He whimpers.

134 OMITTED 134

135 INT. SQUAD ROOM AT PRECINCT 135

All our officers are lined up in front of their lockers. Captain Pete Lassard looks on grimly while Proctor reads a report. Mauser listens with suppressed glee.

PROCTOR

... Said officers did then discharge their weapons, with flagrant disregard for public safety, causing to be expended some 1200 rounds of ammunition. Total damage to the shop... \$76,800.50.

MAUSER

Well, those are the facts, sir. Sorry. I know you must be furious. I've never seen such gross negligence.

LASSARD

Do you men have anything to say?

MAHOONEY

May I speak -- You know, Captain Lassard, your brother taught us many fine things at the academy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

135

CONTINUED:

135

MAHONEY (CONT'D)

He taught us that a cop can never try to hard or care to much. And that's what we did today. Perhaps we were a bit overzealous.

MAUSER

Overzealous -- 1200 rounds -- \$76,800.

PROCTOR

And fifty cents.

MAHONEY

If caring is a crime and trying is a felony, then I guess we all plead guilty.

PETE LASSARD

Mahoney is right, Lieutenant Mauser. If the rest of your men tried as hard as these officers, we could lick this gang in no time.

(Lassard tears up the report)

Good job, men. Keep it up.

Lassard exits. Mauser fumes.

MAUSER

Mahoney, that was the most amazing line of bullshit I ever heard.

MAHONEY

Coming from you, sir, that's quite a compliment.

Schtulman begins eating an egg salad sandwich.

136 LOU

136

sees this and leaps to the attack, BARKING, GROWLING ferociously, backing Mauser into a corner.

SCHTULMAN

Lou... Lou! Ixnay!

Lou backs off. Mauser tries to regain his dignity.

MAUSER

You're all on report.

(pointing at Lou)

You, too.

Lou attacks again. Mauser turns tail and runs for the door. He slams it just in time.

137 EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

137

The place is called "The Club and Cuff." We hear MUSIC and LAUGHING inside.

138 INT. BAR

138

The place is decorated in a police motif. Handcuffs, nightsticks and guns are mounted on the walls, along with photos of famous cops from TV shows and movies. Mahoney, Schtulman, Hightower, Jones and Fackler are all gathered at a table drinking beer. They all wear civilian clothes. Schtulman gets the attention of a waitress.

SCHTULMAN

Give us another round here, will ya?

MAHONEY

I'd like to propose a toast.

(they raise their glasses)

To Lieutenant Mauser... The biggest putz at the precinct.

They all drink.

HIGHTOWER

I used to play football with a guy like Mauser. He was always getting us in trouble with the coach.

MAHONEY

What'd you do?

(CONTINUED)

138

CONTINUED:

138

HIGHTOWER

Broke every bone in his body.

MAHONEY

Good thought, Hightower. Hang onto that.

Tackleberry walks up and stands there, slightly embarrassed.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Hey, Tackleberry...

TACKLEBERRY

I need to speak to you, Mahoney.

MAHONEY

Go ahead.

TACKLEBERRY

It's of a personal nature.

MAHONEY

Oh. Excuse us, guys.

Mahoney and Tackleberry exit.

139

AT BAR

139

Proctor, in civilian clothes, approaches the BARTENDER who is pouring several draft beers. *

PROCTOR

Is that beer for the rookies?

BARTENDER

That's right.

PROCTOR

I'd like to send them something... special... you know... to welcome them to the force.

Proctor hands the Bartender a fifty dollar bill. The Bartender reaches under the bar, pulls out a bottle of pure liquid.

BARTENDER

How 'bout some pure grain alcohol.
Two hundred proof.

The Bartender begins to pour the alcohol into the beer. Proctor smirks.

settle into a private booth.

MAHONEY

What's up?

TACKLEBERRY

It's Kirkland.

MAHONEY

Oh yeah... your partner. You're a lucky guy, Tackleberry. She's a fox.

TACKLEBERRY

Affirmative. With regard to Kirkland, I...

He can't go on.

MAHONEY

What?

TACKLEBERRY

I think I'm...

MAHONEY

You think what? Come on, man. Spell it out.

Tackleberry locks around to make sure no one overhears, then spells it out in police code.

TACKLEBERRY

Lincoln, Ocean, Victor, Edward.

MAHONEY

(realizing, astonished,
a little too loudly)

Love?! You're in love?

TACKLEBERRY

Shhh. Let's keep this ten-thirty-five, okay?

MAHONEY

(whispering excitedly)

You and Kirkland. That's great. So, does she have the hots for you, too?

TACKLEBERRY

I don't know. I'm inexperienced in matters of a romantic nature.

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED:

140

MAHONEY

Come on. You've had women before.

TACKLEBERRY

Well...

MAHONEY

You must have had at least one.

TACKLEBERRY

Negative.

MAHONEY

(blurting it out,
really loud)

You're a virgin?

Everybody in the place hears this. We hear some snickers. Tackleberry gets all red in the face. He stands up and barks at the crowd in his best policeman's voice --

TACKLEBERRY

You people go about your business
or I'll crack some heads!

He sits down. Mahoney pats him on the shoulder.

MAHONEY

Tackleberry, you need it bad.

140A EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

140A

Mauser is parked in his watch commander's car. Proctor walks up.

PROCTOR

Mission accomplished.

MAUSER

Good. Now all you have to do is
wait till they come out.

(handing Proctor a
camera)

And get some pictures.

PROCTOR

Will do.

Mauser pulls away. Proctor gets into his own car which is parked in the shadows.

140B INT. BAR - LATER THAT EVENING

140B

Mahoney, Fackler, Hightower, Tackleberry, Jones and Schtulman are slouched over the table, their faces in their beer. They're all sloshed. So is Lou. Mahoney picks up his head and puts his arm around Schtulman.

MAHONEY

Schtulman... Stchtaputski. You're my partner, man. I love you. But I gotta be honest. You stink.

(pulls some crumpled bills out of his pocket)

Here's three dollars. Run yourself through a car wash.

SCHTULMAN

Thanks, Mahoney.

Schtulman starts to leave. Mahoney stops him.

MAHONEY

Wait. Here's another dollar. Have yourself hot-waxed.

140C EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - LATER THAT NIGHT

140C

Proctor is still waiting in his car. He looks up as he hears the GUYS COMING OUT of the bar.

140D EXT. BAR

140D

The guys come out, reeling drunk, and trying to play touch football. Mahoney, Schtulman and Hightower form a huddle.

MAHONEY

Schtulman... you go down and out.
On sixty-three... ready, break!

PROCTOR

is snapping pictures of them. He opens the door to get out for a better angle.

GUYS

line up for the play. Fackler, Tackleberry and Jones line up opposite the others. They're using a beer bottle for a ball.

(CONTINUED)

140D CONTINUED:

140D

MAHONEY

Forty-two left... thirty-five
right. Sixty-three... hut, hut!

Hightower snaps the beer bottle. Schtulman goes out.
Mahoney throws the beer bottle...

PROCTOR

is taking pictures. The bottle hits him on the forehead
with a loud DINK. He falls straight back, out cold.

140E ANGLE - HANK

140E *

whispers to Mahoney.

*

141
thru
149

OMITTED

141
thru
149

149A EXT. PREGINCT - DAY

149A

TO ESTABLISH that this is morning.

150 INT. MAUSER'S OFFICE - DAY

150

We are CLOSE ON Proctor's photos of football game of
night before. ANGLE to reveal Proctor showing photos
to Pete Lassard. Proctor wears a bandage. Mauser is
smiling.

LASSARD

Were they drunk?

*

*

Proctor has black eye.

*

PROCTOR

This one's a little overexposed.
They appear to be clearly inebriated.
And they conducted themselves in a
manner unbecoming to members of the
department.

*

*

LASSARD

Who took there pictures?

*

*

PROCTOR

I did, sir.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

150

CONTINUED: (A1)

150

LASSARD

Why?

*
*

PROCTOR

Just following some vague inner
voice, sir.

*
*
*

MAUSER

(suddenly snapping
at Proctor)

You know, Proctor. How about we
devote our energies to stopping crime
for a change!

*
*

(CONTINUED)

150

CONTINUED:

150

Proctor exits. Mauser walks Captain Lassard to the door.

MAUSER

(continuing)

Sorry I had to do that, sir. But sometimes he just goes too far.

150A

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

150A

All the recruits are sitting around listless, hung-over. Proctor enters and blows a shrill whistle. The recruits cringe.

PROCTOR

Mahoney! Lieutenant Mauser wants to see you.

150B

INT. MAUSER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

150B

Mauser is alone. He leans back in his chair and stares out the window. Mahoney enters. Mauser doesn't notice.

MAUSER

(gleefully, to himself)

Any day now, Mahoney, and your little ass is going to be mine.

MAHONEY

You wanted to see me, sir?

Mauser spins around in the chair, startled.

MAUSER

(embarrassed)

That's right.

MAHONEY

I hope this isn't going to be too personal, sir. I heard what you said about my ass... and I don't know how to break this to you, but I'm straight.

MAUSER

Very funny. Every year we get a rookie who thinks he's a comedian, Mahoney. See if you think this is funny.

(scribbling on an assignment sheet)

Your new assignment.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

151

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

151

Mahoney, Schtulman and Lou are sitting in a little booth in the middle of the tunnel, watching cars go by. It's smokey and foul.

MAHONEY

Why are we here, anyway?

SCHTULMAN

In case somebody's car stops.
We're supposed to save 'em before
they get carbon monoxide poisoning.

MAHONEY

Who's gonna save us?

Mahoney dusts some black soot off his sleeve.

SCHTULMAN

It can get kinda boring.
(he takes out a
tennis ball)
Lou! Wanna play catch?

He tosses the ball across the tunnel. Lou runs after it. Suddenly there is a loud O.S. CAR COLLISION. Lou returns with the ball.

MAHONEY

At least we've got something to
do now.

He and Mahoney get up to investigate the accident.

152

EXT. BAD CITY STREET - DAY

152

Hightower is walking along. His street looks peaceful. He's doing a good job. He stops when he sees Mauser waiting for him in the watch commander's car.

MAUSER

(pretending to be
nice)

Hello, Hightower. Enjoying your
assignment?

HIGHTOWER

Yeah, I actually feel like I'm
doing something useful.

MAUSER

You know, Hightower, I believe a
man should do what he does best.

(CONTINUED)

- 152 CONTINUED: 152
- Mauser nods toward a jitney. Hightower sighs. Mauser hands him the keys and a book of tickets. *
- MAUSER
(continuing)
And don't come back till you write at least fifty parking tickets.
- 153 INT. SISTRUNK'S SQUAD CAR - DAY 153
- Jones makes the sound of a high-pitched squeak. Sistrunk thinks it's the car.
- SISTRUNK
Aw, shit. What could that be?
You know anything about engines?
- Jones answers in German gibberish. Sistrunk frowns. When he thinks Sistrunk isn't looking, Jones makes the squeak again. Only this time Sistrunk notices. He doesn't let on.
- SISTRUNK
(continuing)
Now what? I bet it's the fan belt.
(he stops the car)
Get out and check it.
- 154 EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 154
- Jones gets out and opens the hood. As he leans in...
- 155 SISTRUNK 155
- turns on the ear-piercing SIREN. It YELPS loudly, right in Jones' ear. Jones staggers out from behind the hood, stunned and wobbling. Sistrunk chortles.
- SISTRUNK
You ain't foolin' me, boy. I didn't fall off no goddamn turnip truck.
- 156 OMITTED 156 *
- 157 EXT. RUN-DOWN SELF SERVE GAS STATION - DAY 157 *
- Dooley's squad car pulls in. Fackler gets out. *

158

ANOTHER ANGLE - STATION

158

Fackler approaches the station attendant, an 11-year-old LATIN KID who is sitting with his feet propped up, reading a wrestling magazine. Loud LATIN MUSIC PLAYS on a portable RADIO.

FACKLER

Excuse me... could I use your restroom, please?

LATIN

You buyin' gas?

FACKLER

Uh... no.

LATIN KID

Then pee somewheres else.

FACKLER

(almost assertively)

Look, this is... a police emergency.

LATIN KID

(unimpressed)

Okay, take the key.

The Kid indicates a key on the desk. Fackler picks it up. It's attached to a heavy chain with a huge concrete block on the end. He struggles to lift the thing.

LATIN KID

(continuing)

Hey, don't run off with that.

158A

SQUAD CAR

158A

Dooley watches as two big GANG MEMBERS walk up, carrying some tools.

DOOLEY

(cheerfully)

Hi, fellahs.

GANG MEMBER #7

You got any jumper cables?

DOOLEY

Sure. They're in the trunk.

Dooley starts to get out of the car.

159 FACKLER 159

is dragging the heavy key chain over to the restroom door. He manages to open it...

160 FACKLER'S POV - BATHROOM 160

It's incredibly vile and filthy. The walls are covered with graffiti and grungy with years of slime. Scum drips from the overflowing urinal. The commode looks like it hasn't been used for years. The porcelain is broken, cobwebs cover it. A big rat sticks its head out of the toilet bowl and glares.

161 FACKLER 161

can't believe how bad it is. He closes the door and turns around to see --

162 SQUAD CAR 162

right where he left it, but it's been completely stripped. The hood is up; the engine is gone, as are all four wheels. The car is covered with freshly sprayed graffiti and Officer Dooley is nowhere in sight. We can hear him POUNDING on the lid of the trunk, his VOICE MUFFLED but desperate.

*

FACKLER
(confused)
Officer Dooley...?

162A EXT. PRECINCT STEPS - LATE DAY 162A *

Mahoney, Shtulman and Lou wearily climb the steps. They're covered with soot from the tunnel.

A162B INT. MAIN PRECINCT LOBBY - DAY A162B*

Mahoney, Shtulman and Lou walk past a group of citizens. Pete Lassard is addressing them.

*
*

PETE LASSARD
The key to forming a successful citizen watch group is communication. Think of the precinct as the hub of a communications network.

*
*
*
*
*

162B INT. DISPATCH AREA - DAY

162B *

Kirkland opens her locker and is surprised to find a
rose. Hooks notices this.

HOOKS

Who's that from?

A smile plays across Kirkland's lips.

*

162C INT. LOCKER ROOM - TACKLEBERRY - DAY

162C *

is repairing his helmet.

*

162D KIRKLAND AND HOOKS

162D

Kirkland's eyes say it all.

HOOKS

(realizing the situation)

Oh, my God.

162E MAHONEY

162E

enters the locker room, still covered in soot. Mauser passes by wearing only a towel.

MAUSER

Hello, Mahoney. Enjoy your day?

Mauser heads toward the showers. Mahoney is too tired to respond. He slumps down on a bench next to Tackleberry who is repairing his helmet.

MAHONEY

Hi, Tackleberry.

TACKLEBERRY

Hey, Mahoney. Would you stir this for me?

Tackleberry hands Mahoney a container of a thick, glue-like mixture. Mahoney stirs it. Tackleberry sandpapers his helmet.

MAHONEY

What is this stuff? Some kind of glue?

TACKLEBERRY

Stronger. It's fiberglass resin.

MAHONEY

(getting interested)

You mean when it hardens...?

Tackleberry takes back the can.

TACKLEBERRY

It turns into fiberglass.

Tackleberry begins to apply the stuff to his helmet.

MAHONEY

How long does it take?

TACKLEBERRY

A few seconds.

MAHONEY

Got any more?

163 OMITTED
thru
167

163
thru
167

168

LOCKER ROOM SHOWER

168

Mauser is in the shower, singing "If I Ruled the World" to himself. He starts the shower, douses his head, and with his eyes closed, reaches for the shampoo. He can't find it. Suddenly Mahoney's hand reaches INTO FRAME and hands him a tube of something. Mauser takes it and quickly rubs a lot of it into his hair. He tries to work up a lather with both hands. Suddenly, he stops working his fingers, because they're stuck. Really stuck. He tries to pull them away from his hair. He can't. He screams.

MAUSER

Hey!

169

INT. MAIN LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

169

All the male recruits, including Mahoney, are getting dressed. Mauser walks through the group, obviously nude, although we only see him from the waist up. His hands are still fibreglassed to his hair which is sticking up in peaks. He glares at them.

MAUSER

Who the hell is responsible for this?

Lou sees Mauser and takes off after him, snarling ferociously. Mauser runs for the door. He pushes it open, just in time. And he steps into...

170

INT. MAIN PRECINCT - LOBBY

170

which is full of people from the citizens' watch group. Mauser leans against the door, horrified for an instant. The people in the lobby are shocked. Mauser decides to pretend nothing is wrong. He walks naked through the lobby, his hands still glued to his hair. *

MAUSER

(forcing a smile)

Hi. How are you?

Citizens give him a weird look.

MAUSER

(continuing)

What's the matter? You never saw a man wash his hair before?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

171
thru
179

OMITTED

171
thru
179

180

INT. MAUSER'S OFFICE - DAY

180

Proctor is cutting the last chunk of fiberglass out of Mauser's hair. Mauser looks at himself in a hand mirror. He scowls at the huge gaps and bald spots.

MAUSER

I bet you anything it was Mahoney.
Look at this!

PROCTOR

It's not so bad. Just wear the wig
for a while.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

MAUSER

What am I supposed to do about
this?

Mauser holds up his hands. Big clumps of hair are
fiberglassed to his palms. Proctor can't control him-
self. He snickers. Mauser glowers at him.

180A EXT. STREET NEAR PRECINCT - DAY

180A

Pete Lassard rides along in a police station wagon. He
sees something that makes him mad --

180B A LITTLE GANG MEMBER

180B

is spraying graffiti on an alley wall.

180C LASSARD

180C

stops the station wagon, jumps out and heads toward the
gang member.

PETE LASSARD

Hey!

Lassard runs toward the gang member. But when he gets
into the alley, he is quickly surrounded by several more
big gang members, all carrying cans of spray paint. They
rattle the cans, threatening Lassard.

PETE LASSARD

(continuing)

I've been waitin' for this. You
bastards don't scare me.

(daring them)

Come on... I'll take all of you
on!

The gang members close in on him.

180D INT. SQUAD ROOM - MINUTES LATER

180D

Mauser is speaking to the new recruits. He wears a bad
wig. He is scowling.

MAUSER

At that point in time, yours truly
was the object of a malicious
prank.

(CONTINUED)

180D CONTINUED:

180D

He holds up his hairy palm for all to see.

MAUSER

(continuing)

Who can tell me how this happened?

MAHONEY

I can. And if you don't stop that, sir, you could go blind.

MAUSER

(sputtering mad)

You're on report, Mahoney.

180E EXT. FRONT OF PRECINCT - SAME TIME

180E

Lassard's STATION WAGON wheels up and SCREECHES to a stop. It's spray-painted with graffiti. On the side of the car, in big letters, is written, "PIG MOBILE." Lassard gets out and slams the door. He looks like he just lost a fight. The gang has spray-painted him, too. On the front of his uniform is written, "CHIEF PIG." A big star is spray-painted on his chest. He storms up the steps.

180F INT. SQUAD ROOM - SAME TIME

180F

Mauser is still interrogating the officers.

MAUSER

Someone in this room is responsible. And I'm going to find out who. I don't care how long it...

Mauser is interrupted as Pete Lassard storms in, still furious about his run-in with the gang.

PETE LASSARD

What's going on here?

MAUSER

I was just reprimanding them, sir...

PETE LASSARD

To hell with your goddam reprimands.

MAUSER

But, sir...

(CONTINUED)

180F CONTINUED:

180F

PETE LASSARD

Sit down, Lieutenant. I've got something to say.

Mauser sits instantly. There's no dealing with Lassard now.

PETE LASSARD

(continuing)

We've got to do something, men. This is war! We didn't start it, but, by God, we're going to finish it. We're going to work time-and-a-half... we're going to work double-time if we have to, but make no mistake about it. We're going to nail those punks starting now!

Fackler jumps up on his desk, raises his arm like he's going over the top at Iwo Jima and yells --

*

FACKLER

Let's kick ass!

Fackler falls off the desk. (NOTE: stirring, martial MUSIC UNDERSCORES this sequence.)

*

181 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

181

Two gang members come running out of the bushes carrying several women's purses. We hear an O.S. woman yell --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Police!

Mahoney leaps out of a tree, commando-style, on top of one of the gang members.

182 OTHER GANG MEMBER

182

runs off in another direction.

183 MAHONEY

183

shouts for help.

MAHONEY

Schtulman! Coming your way.

184

SCHTULMAN

184

is sitting on a park bench, eating an ice cream cone. As the other gang member runs past, Schtulman sticks out his leg and the gang member trips, headlong to the ground with a loud thud.

185

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

185

Tackleberry and Kirkland have two GANG MEMBERS up against a wall.

TACKLEBERRY

Kirkland... may I borrow your cuffs?

KIRKLAND

Sure.

She hands him the handcuffs. Their hands touch. They're both embarrassed. The Gang Member looks back at them, annoyed. *

GANG MEMBER

Hey, don't let me interrupt nothin'.

186

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

186

Two of the Gang Members who earlier attacked Fackler's car are stripping an expensive car. Gang Member #7 is taking off a wheel while Gang Member #8 works with a wrench under the hood. Fackler walks up and politely taps Gang Member #8 on the shoulder.

FACKLER

Excuse me... I don't think you should be doing that.

Gang Member #8 is so unimpressed that he doesn't even stop working under the hood.

GANG MEMBER #8

Watcha gonna do about it?

Fackler fumbles with his PR-24 baton, holds it out.

FACKLER

I think I'll have to arrest you or something...

Unseen by Fackler, Gang Member #7 sneaks around from behind, tire tool in hand, about to clobber him.

(CONTINUED)

186

CONTINUED:

186

GANG MEMBER #8

(scoffing)

You're not gonna use that thing.

Fackler raises the baton, just to threaten him. On the backswing, he pops Gang Member #7 in the forehead. Fackler spins around, in time to see him hit the ground, out cold.

FACKLER

Sorry... I didn't mean to...

As Fackler turns he bumps into the brace holding up the hood. The hood slams down on Gang Member #8.

187

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND GROCERY - DAY

187 *

Namu and another big, mean gang member are terrorizing the Chinese grocer. *

NAMU

Zed don't like it when you miss your payments.

Suddenly, Jones enters. He leaps into a martial arts position and makes threatening noises like Bruce Lee. Namu turns the gun on him. *

NAMU

(continuing)

Hold it right there, cop.

Jones circles him, making cat-like noises.

NAMU

(continuing;
contemptuously)

Guy thinks he's Bruce Lee.

Just like Bruce, Jones leaps 10 feet straight up, doing a remarkable triple flip. As he comes down, he kicks both Namu and the other gang member. The blows make loud smacking sounds like you hear in Bruce Lee movies. Both gang members drop like a ton of bricks.

188

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

188

A slightly-built young man with extremely short hair is walking along by himself. He looks up in horror to see --

- 189 TEN OR TWELVE GANG MEMBERS 189
coming for him.
- 190 YOUNG MAN 190
breaks and runs for cover into --
- 191 BLUE OYSTER BAR 191
The young man dashes inside, followed by the gang members.
- 192 INT. BLUE OYSTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION 192
The young man runs for cover. Several men in leather are dancing with their male partners. They look up as the gang members enter. The MUSIC STOPS. The men in leather step forward, threateningly. The partners hang back. One of the leather boys throws the first punch at a gang member and the melee begins.
- 192A INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT 192A
Hooks has just taken a call on the radio. Mauser and Proctor are going over some reports.
- HOOKS
(into phone)
Right. Okay, we'll be right there.
(to Mauser)
There's a huge fight at the Blue Oyster Bar. Should I send in the SWAT team?
- MAUSER
(with a gleam in his eye)
No. Send in Mahoney.
- Hooks gives Mauser a look, but obeys.
- HOOKS
(into radio)
M-15, a 415 in progress at the Blue Oyster Bar at... uh...
- She looks for the address.
- PROCTOR
(without thinking)
Six-twenty-one Cowan Avenue.

(CONTINUED)

- 192A CONTINUED: 192A
 Mauser and Hooks both give him a look. Proctor quickly returns to work on the reports, pretending not to notice.
- 192B EXT. BLUE OYSTER BAR - NIGHT 192B
 The K-9 truck pulls up. Mahoney, Schtulman and Lou get out. They stop as they see --
- 192C BAR 192C
 The fight is raging inside. We hear BRANLING, sounds of BARE-KNUCKLE SLUGGING, TABLES being CRUSHED. A CHAIR CRASHES through a WINDOW.
- 192D MAHONEY, SCHTULMAN, LOU 192D
 SCHTULMAN
 Jeeze.
 MAHONEY
 I'm going in.
- 192E MAHONEY 192E
 charges into the door. He is instantly thrown back out. He lands at Schtulman's feet.
 MAHONEY (cont'd)
 I'm coming out.
- 192F HIGHTOWER'S JITNEY 192F
 wheels up. Hightower gets out.
 SCHTULMAN
 Hi ya, Hightower. Looks pretty bad.
 HIGHTOWER
 Ya'll wait here.
 They watch in amazement as Hightower strides into the door of the bar. The BRANL INTENSIFIES. Suddenly one of the gang members flies out of the door backwards, landing at Mahoney's feet. Another gang member sails out. The Hightower grabs a third gang member under his arm like a limp noodle. Schtulman and Schtulman look at each other, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

192F CONTINUED:

192F

HIGHTOWER

(continuing)

Put these in the truck. I'll be
right back.

He goes back for more. Mahoney and Schtulman pick up one
of the gang members and carry him to the waiting K-9
truck.

MAHONEY

(to the gang member)

You have the right to remain silent.
You have the right to a court
appointed attorney...

OPTICAL FLIP TO:

193 K-9 TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

193

Mahoney is reading the prisoners their rights. Schtulman
is stuffing maybe the eighth or ninth guy into the back.
They're stacked in like cord wood, their faces pressed
against the metal cage.

MAHONEY (cont'd)

You have the right to sing the blues.
You have the right to cable TV...
that's very important.

OPTICAL FLIP TO:

194 EXT. K-9 TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

194

Hightower and Schtulman are stacking the last guy into
the packed truck. They can barely close the door, there
are so many of them. Mahoney is still reading.

MAHONEY (cont'd)

You have the right to subplot. You
have the right to paint the walls,
but no loud colors.

HIGHTOWER

I think that's all.

MAHONEY

Damn good job, Hightower. Thanks.

HIGHTOWER

Anytime.

Mahoney and Schtulman get into the K-9 truck.

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED:

194

HIGHTOWER

(continuing)

Ya'll be good.

Several of the Blue Oyster customers gather around Hightower, gazing at him in admiration. Hightower blushes. The truck pulls away. It is so loaded down that the rear bumper scrapes the pavement.

194A

EXT. POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY

194A

195

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY

195

All our officers, except Tackleberry, are present.

MAHONEY

Captain Lassard, I need your signature.

PETE LASSARD

What have you got?

MAHONEY

Authorization for a body cavity search.

PETE LASSARD

(beaming with pride
as he signs the form)

You men did a terrific job.

OFFICERS

(AD LIB)

Thank you, sir. Thanks, Captain.

DESK SERGEANT

(handing him the
phone)

Captain Lassard, it's the commissioner.

PETE LASSARD

Yes, sir. Forty-two arrests.
Well, I told you these new recruits
could do the job...

Mauser enters with Proctor, who carries some reports.

(CONTINUED)

195

CONTINUED:

195

PETE LASSARD

(continuing)

Wait. Here's Lieutenant Mauser
with some more news.

MAUSER

Hello, sir. I'm afraid most of the
charges will have to be dropped.

PETE LASSARD

What?!

Proctor hands Mauser the reports.

MAUSER

Improper arrest procedures.
Unnecessary use of force. I'm afraid
we had to release the prisoners.

LASSARD

(on phone)

Yes, we're dropping the charges.
What -- yes, that's right --
improper arrest. We had to release
the prisoners...

MAUSER

(takes phone)

Mauser here, sir -- I couldn't
agree with you more, sir. Arrests
don't mean a thing if you can't
make them stick and give my regards
to your lovely wife.

Mauser smiles. Mauser hangs up.

MAUSER

(continuing; to
Lassard)

Sorry to be the bearer of bad news.
Will there be anything else?

PETE LASSARD

(dazed)

No. I'd like to be alone.

Pete Lassard walks into office and closes the door. We
hear anguished CRIES as he POUNDS his HEAD ON the DESK.
Mauser smiles.

MAHONEY

I know what you're doing, Mauser.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: (2)

195

MAUSER

Then you'd better be nice to me.
Because I'm gonna be in charge
soon.

Mahoney watches as Mauser exits.

196 OMITTED

196

197 INT. LOCKER ROOM 197

Jones is sitting on a bench, playing taps. Schtulman takes off a sock, smells it and throws it over his shoulder. It sticks on the wall. He takes off the other sock and throws it, just as...

*
*

198 MAUSER 198

opens the door to enter the locker room. The sock hits him and sticks. He peels it off, disgusted.

MAUSER

You filthy, disgusting...

LOU GROWLS a warning. Mauser exits quickly, still glaring at Schtulman.

198A MAHONEY 198A

enters the locker room. He notices Tackleberry putting on a bad sports jacket.

MAHONEY

Why so dressed up?

TACKLEBERRY

I have a date with Kirkland.

*

MAHONEY

Is that cologne you're wearing?

TACKLEBERRY

No. Gun oil.

199 INT. HALLWAY AT PRECINCT 199

A NURSE marches down the hall, her SHOES SQUEAKING. She's a scowling bulldog of a woman, 200 pounds of pure venom. Two male attendants accompany her.

200 INT. LOCKER ROOM 200

Mauser, in a towel, passes by Mahoney. They glare at each other. Mahoney watches as Mauser enters the showers. Fackler approaches Mahoney.

FACKLER

Hey, Mahoney, somebody wants to see you.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

MAHONEY

Thanks.

The fat Nurse enters.

NURSE

You Mahoney?

MAHONEY

That's right.

NURSE

I'm here for the BCS.

MAHONEY

BCS...?

NURSE

Body Cavity Search.

MAHONEY

Oh, right.

NURSE

Where's the prisoner?

Mahoney looks towards the showers. Steam is coming out. We can hear Mauser RUNNING the WATER. Mahoney smiles.

201 OMITTED

201

202 INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

202

Mauser is showering. He looks around, suspicious, paranoid. He starts to lather. Suddenly two pair of hands grab him.

MAUSER

What the hell is going on?

The attendants drag Mauser out of the showers to the waiting Nurse. They bend him over.

MAUSER

(continuing; to Nurse)

What do you want? What are you doing? You're making a big mistake.

NURSE

(sternly)

Shut him up.

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

An attendant quickly slaps a big piece of tape over Mauser's mouth. He murmurs a protest. The Nurse steps behind Mauser.

NURSE

(continuing)

Now just relax. And we'll get along fine.

She smiles demonically and snaps on a rubber glove, tugging it up to her elbow.

203 CLOSE ON MAUSER'S FACE

203

His eyes bulge and he gives out a muffled scream as the O.S. Nurse begins her search.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

203A INT. KIRKLAND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

203A

Kirkland opens the door to reveal Tackleberry who wears a flowered disco shirt. He is very nervous.

KIRKLAND

Hello, Tackleberry.

TACKLEBERRY

(stiffly greeting her)

Kirkland.

Tackleberry stares at Kirkland, she looks very attractive in the nice dress she's wearing. Kirkland says nervously:

KIRKLAND

You look very nice.

TACKLEBERRY

Permit me to respond in kind. I've never seen you in civilian attire.

KIRKLAND

Disappointed?

TACKLEBERRY

Oh, negative, negative... And you?

KIRKLAND

(quickly)

No.

(CONTINUED)

203A CONTINUED:

203A

There's an awkward pause. Kirkland glances at her watch.

KIRKLAND

(continuing)

Well, almost nineteen hundred hours. We'd better go.

TACKLEBERRY

Right.

He thrusts a small package into her hand.

TACKLEBERRY

(continuing)

Oh, here.

KIRKLAND

What's this?

TACKLEBERRY

Gift.

203B CLOSEUP - GIFT

203B

A pair of sterling silver earrings shaped like tiny handcuffs.

203C TACKLEBERRY AND KIRKLAND

203C

He beams with pride as she tries on one of the earrings.

KIRKLAND

Oh, they're beautiful. Thank you.

She looks absolutely radiant. The lighting seems suddenly very flattering to them both. They gaze into each other's eyes.

MUSIC: A lush, romantic melody, very heavy on the strings. This continues to swell under the following MONTAGE as we slowly --

DISSOLVE TO:

A204 MONTAGE

A204

1) EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kirkland, in uniform, is riding along. She laughs as she sees --

(CONTINUED)

A204

CONTINUED:

A204

2) TACKLEBERRY

riding on his motorcycle with one leg out behind him, showing off like Paul Newman in "Butch Cassidy."

3) KIRKLAND AND TACKLEBERRY

She is riding on the handlebars of his cycle. They're laughing.

4) INT. POLICE STATION

Tackleberry and Kirkland are playfully fingerprinting each other. He presses her fingers on the ink pad, raises them to his lips and kisses them. This leaves ink stains on his mouth, but they are both oblivious.

5) FIRING RANGE

Several cops are lined up, blasting at targets.

6) TACKLEBERRY AND KIRKLAND

He has his arms around her, showing her how to fire a huge shotgun. She fires a couple of rounds, although we can't hear it because of the DREAMY MUSIC. They look at each other lovingly.

7) IN SKY ABOVE

Two beautiful doves flying in SLOW MOTION.

8) BACK ON GROUND

Tackleberry points up at the doves. Kirkland smiles. Together they raise the shotgun and fire. A few feathers fall INTO FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO:

9) EXT. WOODS NEAR FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

Tackleberry is roasting the doves over a small fire. He gazes transfixed at Kirkland who is slowly sliding a ramrod up and down, cleaning the barrel of Tackleberry's giant shotgun. Their eyes meet, their faces flush with passion.

The MUSIC reaches a CRESCENDO and ENDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

204

OMITTED

204

A205 EXT. KIRKLAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A205

Kirkland and Tackleberry, in uniform, are standing in the doorway. We see their motorcycles in the background.

TACKLEBERRY

Good night, Kirkland.

KIRKLAND

Good night.

He turns, takes a few steps down the walk. Suddenly Kirkland calls out --

KIRKLAND

(continuing)

Tackleberry...

TACKLEBERRY

Yes?

KIRKLAND

(blurting it out)

I love you.

TACKLEBERRY

Ditto!

The MUSIC SOARS once again as he runs to her. They kiss passionately, then break apart.

B205 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

B205

They step inside the doorway, grab each other and ease down onto the couch, kissing wildly. Tackleberry fumbles awkwardly with the buckle of her gun belt. She unbuckles it for him. Her heavy pistol hits the floor with a thud. Tackleberry unbuckles his own gun belt and drops it, too. Then he remembers his "back-up" gun in a hidden holster at the small of his back. He tosses it to the floor. He takes a small revolver out of a holster on his leg and drops it. Kirkland takes his hand and guides it inside her blouse. With trembling fingers, Tackleberry reaches in and comes out with a tiny double-barrel derringer. He itches it to the floor. They melt into each other's arms as --

The CAMERA MOVES TO the floor where Tackleberry's club is sticking through Kirkland's handcuffs. The MUSIC reaches a CLIMAX and SUBSIDES.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

205 OMITTED

205 *

206 INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

206

Pete Lassard and his brother Eric at one of those TEPPAN tables with a hot metal surface in the middle. Their JAPANESE CHEF is preparing the food in a very flashy manner, tossing utensils around, slamming the salt shaker on the table, flipping food to the Lassard brothers. Unfortunately, the chef is very bad at this. Pete is extremely annoyed.

PETE LASSARD
(snapping at the chef)
Is that crap really necessary?

The Chef looks hurt but continues to toss things around.

ERIC LASSARD
You seem a little edgy, Pete.

PETE LASSARD
(suddenly very calm)
Oh, I'm fine. Look what I got for you. An early birthday present.

He reaches under the table and gives Eric a small bowl with a large tropical fish in it.

ERIC LASSARD
That's very kind of you.

He admires the fish, sets it on the teppan table.

ERIC LASSARD
(continuing)
How are things at work, Pete?

This suddenly inflames Pete's temper. He practically shouts, his neck muscles bulging.

PETE LASSARD
Awful! If I don't do something quick, I'll be out of a job. They say I'm old... they say I'm losing it... that I'm getting paranoid. They're all out to get me!

(he pounds the hot table; it burns his hand)
Jesus!

ERIC LASSARD
Try to relax.

(CONTINUED)

PETE LASSARD

(suddenly cool again)

Sorry. Just the strain, that's all.

(as the Chef hits him in the face with a shrimp; Pete snarls at him)

You stupid bas...

(quickly apologizing)

Sorry. You're doing a wonderful job.

(suddenly accusing Eric)

You did this to me!

ERIC LASSARD

Who?

PETE LASSARD

You! Why'd you send me those guys?

PETE LASSARD

Those rookies! All they do is screw up! And the people in the neighborhood are wise. They hate us.

ERIC LASSARD

Why don't you do something?

PETE LASSARD

Like what?

ERIC LASSARD

Well, you could... uh...

(thinking hard)

... do something to reassure the community... a special show of police involvement in the neighborhood. A street fair.

PETE LASSARD

That's brilliant. You're the best big brother.

Pete looks down, notices that the water in the fish bowl is bubbling. The fish floats belly up.

PETE LASSARD

(sharply, to Chef)

This fish is boiled.

JAPANESE CHEF

You want stir fry?

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED: (3)

206

The Chef flips the fish out of the bowl with lightning speed, tosses it on the table. We hear him slice it into pieces. He flips the bits of cooked fish to the Lassard brothers.

PETE LASSARD

I'm warning you. I was at Guadalcanal.

(he picks up the fish with his chopsticks, tastes it, then says calmly)

Not bad.

207 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

207

A HIGH ANGLE ABOVE the street reveals a banner which says, "LETS SWEEP CRIME OFF OUR STREETS!" As we BOON DOWN TO street level we see a festival underway. Booths are selling goods and all kinds of strange ethnic foods. A few portable carnival rides are set up. The street is crowded with people from the neighborhood, some of them in colorful ethnic costumes.

A band is playing cheerful music which sounds sort of vaguely Balkan. Here and there we see the police officers, in uniform but relaxing and joining in the fun:

208 MAHONEY

208

is inside a booth sponsored by the police. He's handing out pamphlets.

MAHONEY

(like a carnival barker)

Step up. Right here. Crime prevention pamphlets. I got safety tips... do's and don'ts... 'How to Slug a Mugger'...

209 LIEUTENANT MAUSER

209

is watching the fair, scowling. Schtulman walks up, eating something weird.

SCHTULMAN

Have you tried the Librian food? Here, take a bite.

(CONTINUED)

209

CONTINUED:

209

MAUSER

What is that?

SCHTULMAN

Pig ear on a stick.

Schtulman sticks it in Mauser's face.

210

TACKLEBERRY

210

Clog dancing with a group of costumed dancers as Kirkland watches, smiling.

211

JONES

211

is amazing a little boy by making eerie space sounds.

212

BOOTH SPONSORED BY POLICE

212

Chloe walks up. Mahoney is glad to see her.

MAHONEY

Hi.

CHLOE

Hi. Do I know you?

MAHONEY

Don't you remember me? You measured my crotch.

CHLOE

Oh, my God. The guy with the balloon in his pants.

MAHONEY

(pleased)

You remembered.

CHLOE

Where's your ethnic costume?

MAHONEY

I'm Irish.

(indicating his uniform)

This is my ethnic costume. Want to ride the ferris wheel?

CHLOE

Why not?

He hops over the counter to join her.

212A SMALL CROWD 212A

is gathered to watch an athletic event. A sign says: "Tuna Toss Sponsored by the Latvian Benevolent Society." A brawny Latvian contestant (in costume) grips a 20-pound blue fin tuna by the tail, spins it like a hammer and tosses it as far as he can. The crowd cheers.

212B ANOTHER LATVIAN 212B

marks where the fish hit the street.

212C TILT-A-WHIRL 212C

Fackler gets off, dizzy. Hightower gets on with a couple of little Asian kids.

212D ON FERRIS WHEEL 212D

Mahoney is kissing Chloe. The ferris wheel is stopped.

*
*

CHLOE

I never kissed a cop before.

MAHONEY

Ever feel a cop?

CHLOE

No.

MAHONEY

Neither have I. Although I have been known to cop a feel.

CHLOE

Not on this ferris wheel you won't.

MAHONEY

There's always the roller coaster.

They kiss again. The ferris wheel starts up and their car LIFTS OUT OF FRAME. the next car reveals Tackleberry and Kirkland passionately making out. As they LEAVE FRAME, we see Fackler sitting in a car by himself, enjoying the scenery.

213 SMALL STAGE 213

set up on the street. It's covered with bunting and posters proclaiming "Let's Sweep Crime Off Our Streets."

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

A small crowd and several reporters, including TV camera crews, are gathered around for a formal speech. The MAYOR is just finishing her remarks. Captain Pete Lassard stands behind her.

MAYOR

... But in a sense, this same ethnic diversity gives our city its charm and its strength. And now, I'd like to introduce the man responsible for this fair. Captain Pete Lassard.
Captain.

*

Lassard steps forward, beaming. He holds up a broom. The crowd applauds.

PETE LASSARD

Thank you, Mrs. Mayor...

214 NEARBY ALLEY - SAME TIME

214

Zed, the wild-eyed psychotic gang leader, approaches, followed by many members of the gang, more than we've ever seen before. Several of them carry sticks and bats. They head toward the fair with a purpose.

215 AROUND CORNER - SAME TIME

215

Lou trots up, into the spirit of things, wearing a small pointed Latvian hat. He lifts his leg to urinate, but stops when he sees the GANG standing over him, smirking. LOU GROWLS. Zed steps from around the corner. Lou stops growling and slinks to the ground, wagging his tail for forgiveness.

216 BACK AT FAIR

216

Lassard is into his speech.

PETE LASSARD

This broom is just a symbol of a new spirit that's sweeping across this neighborhood...

Schtulman in the crowd, listening to the speech. Lou slinks up to him, hanging his head. The dog has been spray painted all over with graffiti.

SCHTULMAN

Lou...? What happened to you?

217 UP IN FERRIS WHEEL 217

Mahoney and Chloe are in an embrace. The ferris wheel stops.

CHLOE

We stopped.

MAHONEY

Good.

He starts to kiss her, but sees something on the ground that disturbs him.

MAHONEY (cont'd)

Maybe not so good...

218 MAHONEY'S POV - GANG MEMBER 218

is at the controls of the ferris wheel. He locks the brake and grins at them. *

218A UP IN FERRIS WHEEL 218A *

Chloe takes off her shoe and hurls it. *

CHLOE *

You bastards! *

219 BACK ON STAGE 219

Lassard is wrapping up his talk.

PETE LASSARD

And now, Mayor, if you'll help me,
'let's sweep crime off our streets'...
for good.

He and the Mayor both grip the broom posing for photographers. They are interrupted by loud SHRIEKING as the crowd suddenly panics. The TV CAMERAS suddenly wheel around to record --

220 GANG 220

bullying their way down the street, scattering the crowd ahead of them. Lassard is furious. He grabs the broom and wades toward the crowd, brandishing it like a club. but he is thrown back as the fleeing crowd runs into him.

221 UP IN FERRIS WHEEL 221

Mahoney is looking down at the melee.

221A TILT-A-WHIRL 221A

Hightower is spinning around helpless.

- 222 GANG MEMBER 222
with a baseball bat smashes a display of canned goods.
- 223 ANOTHER GANG MEMBER 223
pushes over a booth with a man inside.
- 224 SEVERAL GANG MEMBERS 224
push down an entire row of booths. They crash to the street. People scream.
- 225 JONES 225
speaking into a public address system.
- JONES
Remain calm! The helicopters will
arrive momentarily.
- Jones makes chopper noise. A crowd of citizens runs him over. *
*
- 226 ESPECIALLY BIG GANG MEMBER 226
shoves a couple Latvian contestants aside and picks up a tuna. He wheels and hurls it into the air with all his strength...
- 227 INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 227
The same Chef we met earlier is sharpening a knife. The tuna comes crashing through the window. It lands in front of the Chef who starts cutting up the tuna without missing a beat.
- 228 ANOTHER GANG MEMBER 228
up on a light pole, takes out a knife and cuts down the banner. It falls into the milling crowd below.
- 229 PETE LASSARD 229
in the crowd, struggling to get out from under the banner.

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED: 229

PETE LASSARD
I'll kill 'em!

230 EXT. PRECINCT BUILDING - DAY 230

An angry mob of people is outside the precinct. It seems the whole community has turned out to protest the inefficiency of the police. The wreckage of the fair is visible. *

Fackler pushes his way through the mob on his way to work. He tips his hat to an old woman. *

FACKLER
Good morning, ma'am.

The old lady slams him in the stomach with her heavy purse.

231 INT. CAPTAIN PETE LASSARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 231

Pete Lassard is packing up his possessions. He takes down a large photo of Jack Webb. He's looking at it fondly when Mahoney and Schtulman walk past the door and stop. *

MAHONEY
Hi, Captain Lassard. Rearranging the office?

PETE LASSARD
Nope. Just getting my things together. I'm outta here. *

MAHONEY
Why? You still have a week left. We can do it. *

PETE LASSARD
Thanks, son, but I know when I'm beaten. *

MAHONEY
I'm sorry to hear that. Who's taking over?

Proctor sticks his head in the door.

PROCTOR
Mahoney. Captain Hanson wants to see you in the squad room.

(CONTINUED)

231 CONTINUED:

231

MAHONEY
(unbelieving)
Captain Mauser?

232 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

232

Mauser stands looking at himself in a full-length mirror with a sign over it that says, "How is your public appearance?" He is admiring a pair of shiny new Captain's bars on his shoulders. He breathes on them, shines them with his sleeve, puffs out his chest and steps into the squad room.

233 SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

233

As Mauser strides in, smirking intolerably.

MAUSER
From this moment on, I am the de facto commander of this precinct. Now.
(turning threatening)
It's time to clear the air. On Thursday last, yours truly was the object of a disgusting personal attack. I want names.

The officers are silent.

MAUSER
(continuing)
All right. Have it your way. I'll suspend every one of you.

The guys look at each other. Mahoney stands up.

MAHONEY
I did it.

MAUSER
Mahoney...
(unable to contain his joy)
You're suspended... indefinitely.

SCHTULMAN
You can't do that. You suspend him, you suspend me.

MAUSER
My pleasure. Anybody else?

234 INT. CLUB AND CUFF BAR - NIGHT

234

Mahoney, Schtulman, Lou and Pete Lassard are seated at a booth. Schtulman is looking at a cheeseburger, too depressed to eat.

SCHTULMAN

Lou... you want this?
(as Lou turns away)
Mahoney?

MAHONEY

No, thanks.

Lassard slams down his beer.

PETE LASSARD

Thirty-two years I gave this department, only to be pushed out by a gang of punks.

MAHONEY

You did your best, sir.

PETE LASSARD

If we could just find out where they come from... where they hang out... who their leader is...

SCHTULMAN

I say we do what Baretta would do.

MAHONEY

What?

SCHTULMAN

Go undercover... infiltrate the gang... get their confidence.

PETE LASSARD

Think you could do it?

MAHONEY

Me?

PETE LASSARD

You're young enough. Hell, you even look like one of those little bastards.

SCHTULMAN

Yeah, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

234

CONTINUED:

234

Schtulman is excited. He starts to eat.

PETE LASSARD

Okay, Mahoney, here's the deal. I can't offer you any salary... not even expenses. If you get into trouble, I might not be able to bail you out. It'll be dangerous and you could be killed.

MAHONEY

Sounds awfully tempting, sir.

235

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

235

MUSIC BEGINS, a slow suspenseful pulse. We are CLOSE ON a pair of black pointed BOOTS, CLICKING down the pavement. We TILT UP SLOWLY to reveal Mahoney in a gang disguise. He sneers. Half a block behind him, a TRUCK rounds the corner. It BACKFIRES. Mahoney flattens against an alley wall, petrified. *

The MUSIC has STOPPED. Mahoney looks around, regains his sneer and starts walking again. The MUSIC STARTS UP again.

236

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

236

Two gang members walk TOWARD us. Mahoney is hiding behind a corner, clutching a length of steel pipe, watching them.

MAHONEY

(under his breath)

Come on... come on.

When they get within a few yards, Mahoney takes a deep breath and steps around the corner. Mahoney CLANGS the STEEL PIPE against the METAL GRATING covering a shop window. It makes a hell of a racket. Mahoney screams like he's crazy. The gang members halt. They watch him warily. Mahoney turns and runs down the street in the other direction, yelling and swinging the pipe as he goes. He stops long enough to SMASH a PHONE BOOTH with the PIPE. *

237

GANG MEMBERS

237

start following Mahoney, keeping back, curious.

238 MAHONEY

238

passes a shop window. It's the lighting store. Inside, the Merchant is up on a step ladder, hanging up a new chandelier. With an animal cry, Mahoney throws the pipe through the window. The Merchant is so startled he grabs the chandelier, kicking the ladder aside. He hangs on for dear life as the ALARMS sound. Mahoney runs. The chandelier drops.

238A DOWN STREET

238A

Mahoney is walking fast. The gang members are a few yards behind him.

MAHONEY

(under his breath)

Come on, guys. Come to papa.

The gang members catch up with him. Mahoney keeps walking, ignoring them. *

FLACKO

Hey, man. What you doin'?

When Mahoney speaks, it is with a tough, street-wise accent.

MAHONEY

(contemptuously)

I ain't doin' nothin'.

FLACKO

How come you messed up that store?

MAHONEY

Because I felt like it.

This is the correct answer; they are impressed.

FLACKO

All right! I'm Flacko...

(indicating the black
guy)

... this here is Mojo.

MOJO

What do they call you, man?

(CONTINUED)

238A CONTINUED:

238A

MAHONEY

(at a loss)

Uh... Jughead.

FLACKO

Me and Hojo, we're with the
Scullions. Who do you claim, man?

Mahoney doesn't answer.

FLACKO

(continuing)

Who's your gang?

MAHONEY

(he can't think of
anything else)

The Archies.

HOJO

I ain't never heard of no Archies.

MAHONEY

We used to be the Fudpuckers but
we changed it.

HOJO

All right, yeah. I think I know
some Fudpuckers from the West
Side.

FLACKO

Hey, man, you should be with us.

MAHONEY

How do I get to be a Scallion?

FLACKO

(frowning)

Scullion, man... not Scallion.

HOJO

Don't worry, we can get you in.

A bright light shines on them. A squad car is tailing
them, checking them out.

FLACKO

Chill out. It's the Man.

The squad car stops in front of them and Officer Sistrunk
gets out. He walks toward them. Mahoney turns his face
away as Sistrunk shines his flashlight in their faces.

(CONTINUED)

SISTRUNK

What you boys up to?

FLACKO

Nothin'.

SISTRUNK

You know anything about some
destruction of property a while
ago?

MOJO

Naw, man. We ain't done nothin'.

SISTRUNK

Up against the car, Chico.

They obey. As Mahoney leans against the squad car, he sees Jones sitting inside. Their eyes meet, Jones is shocked to see Mahoney, but says nothing. Sistrunk approaches with the flashlight. He puts his hands on Mahoney to frisk him, and as he does, Mahoney grabs Sistrunk by the wrist, pins his arm behind his back and snatches his service revolver out of its holster. He points it at Sistrunk.

MAHONEY

(to Jones)

Toss out your gun. Get out of
the car. Move.

Jones obeys.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Come around here.

(indicating Sistrunk)

Now take his handcuffs off. Put
'em on him.

Jones obeys, watching Mahoney weirdly but afraid to blow his cover.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Now rip his shirt.

Jones almost smiles. He rips Sistrunk's shirt. He's really enjoying this.

MAHONEY

(continuing; to
Sistrunk)

Bend over the hood.

(CONTINUED)

238A CONTINUED: (3)

238A

Sistrunk obeys.

MAHONEY

(continuing; to Jones)

Kick him.

Jones kicks him. Jones looks at Mahoney and smiles.
Mahoney winks.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Harder.

(as Jones kicks him
harder)

Good. Now both of you, get away
from the car.

They stand back. Sistrunk is looking at Mahoney, trying
to figure out who he is.

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Turn around.

They obey. Mahoney points the REVOLVER at the front tire
of the car and FIRES. He quickly moves around the car,
SHOOTING out all four tires. He FIRES another SHOT in
the air.

MAHONEY

(continuing; to the
cops)

Don't move.

He takes off running. Flacko and Mojo catch up with him.
Mahoney FIRES the last SHOT into the air, then throws the
pistol back toward the car.

FLACKO

That was fantastic, man.

MOJO

You're all right, Jughead.

238B INT. KIRKLAND FAMILY DEN - NIGHT

238B *

Tackleberry and Kirkland are keeping the dinner date with
her folks. OLD MAN KIRKLAND is leaning by the mantle.
He's thick-necked, beefy, and tough as nails. His son
Bud is the spitting image of his father, only taller by
a little bit and dumber by a lot. Kirkland sits next to
Tackleberry on the sofa. If Tackleberry feels uncomfort-
able, it's because Bud is grinning at him, like a loon.

(CONTINUED)

238B CONTINUED:

238B

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

(cordially)

I was with the SeaBees, Tackleberry.
Hell, I was all over the Pacific
in '44.

(he sizes Tackleberry
up)

My little girl here tells me you're
into self-defense.

TACKLEBERRY

That's quite correct, sir.

He smiles at Kirkland. The Old Man notices this.

KIRLAND

(to Tackleberry)

Daddy was middle-weight champion
of the SeaBees.

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

Yep. Bud here was once a Golden
Gloves champ. But I bet I can
still take him on.

BUD

(laughing)

Hey, don't try me, Dad.

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

(teasing)

I bet I could take you right now.

BUD

(good-naturedly)

Okay, Dad, you asked for it.

Bud gets up and starts sparring around. The Old Man
joins him, feinting, dodging, all in good fun.

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

(chuckling)

Watch yourself, boy. I don't
wanna hurt you.

Suddenly, with warning, the Old Man punches Bud in the
face, with a loud smacking sound. It's a good solid
right to the jaw. Bud shakes his head and grins.

BUD

(laughing)

Good one, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

238B CONTINUED: (2)

238B

Tackleberry is watching this, fascinated, his mouth slightly open.

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

You're getting slow, son.

Now Bud works inside and gives the Old Man two quick shots to the face with his bare knuckles.

BUD

Uh-oh. Nailed you that time, Dad.

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

Ha, ha. Sure did.

Old Man Kirkland lands him a solid blow to the midsection and Bud staggers. The Old Man follows with a fierce uppercut to the chin.

BUD

Hey, hey. Nice shot.

Mrs. Kirkland enters, sweet, genial, somewhat giddy. She sees the fight and feigns surprise.

MRS. KIRKLAND

(just joshing)

You boys stop that foolishness and come to the table. Dinner's ready.

The Old Man and Bud stop sparring and put their arms around each other, real buddy-buddy. They're laughing. Blood trickles from the corner of Bud's mouth.

MRS. KIRKLAND

(continuing; smiling at Tackleberry)

Honestly, when those two get started they're like a couple of kids.

238C INT. KIRKLAND DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

238C *

Everyone is seated around a table, eating pot roast. Bud's lip is swollen. He grins at Tackleberry with his mouth full.

TACKLEBERRY

Excellent chow, Mrs. Tackleberry.

Mrs. Kirkland blushes and smiles at Old Man Kirkland who now wears a large red welt on the bridge of his nose. The Old Man notices that Tackleberry is struggling to cut his roast with a butter knife.

(CONTINUED)

238C CONTINUED:

238C

OLD MAN KIRKLAND

Tackleberry... you can't cut meat
with that thing.

(he picks up a carving
knife)

Think fast!

And Old Man Kirkland throws the knife at Tackleberry who
miraculously catches it in mid air.

TACKLEBERRY

(calmly)

Thank you, sir. Much better.

He cuts the roast, takes a big bite. Old Man Kirkland
nods at his daughter, approvingly.

239 INT. SHTULMAN'S GARAGE - DAY

239

Pete Lassard is showing Mahoney a big, clumsy lavalier
microphone which is attached to a bulky apparatus, the
size of a cheap transistor radio.

PETE LASSARD

This is a radio transmitter. Take
off your shirt.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

Mahoney obeys, reluctantly.

MAHONEY

Where did you get his thing?

SCHTULMAN

I built it.

MAHONEY

(studying it suspiciously)

Why does it say 'Mister
Microphone'?

SCHTULMAN

Don't worry. I made a few
modifications.

Lassard starts strapping the heavy device on Mahoney's chest with tape.

MAHONEY

Ow. That's too tight.

PETE LASSARD

Sorry.

He rips the tape off Mahoney's chest, taking some chest hair with it. Mahoney winces.

MAHONEY

They're taking me to meet the
head of the gang.

PETE LASSARD

Good. As long as this thing is
on, I'll hear every word you say.
Just give me some clues so I'll
know where you are.

MAHONEY

Right. Are you sure this is going
to work?

SCHTULMAN

Stop worrying.

Suddenly, from the transmitter, we hear the FAINT but unmistakable sound of a BASEBALL GAME.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED: (2)

239

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(filtered, muted)

Mumphrey swings... it's a long
drive to right field. Going, going
... gone. Holy cow!

Mahoney and Lassard look at Schtulman accusingly.
Schtulman retunes the receiver.

SCHTULMAN

It does that sometimes. You just
have to give it a tap.

MAHONEY

(unconvinced)

Great.

240 EXT. CORNER IN BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER THAT DAY

240

Mahoney, in his gang disguise, is waiting. He wears a
bulky coat to conceal the radio transmitter. Flacko and
Mojo pull up in an old Chevy convertible. Mahoney jumps
in and they take off.

241 INSIDE CAR

241

MOJO

Hey, Jughead. You sweatin', man.
Why don't you take off your coat?

MAHONEY

No... it's okay...

INTERCUT:

242 K-9 TRUCK

242

Schtulman and Pete Lassard are monitoring the trans-
mitter. Lou sits between them. He can still hear
Mahoney talking over the receiver.

MAHONEY'S VOICE (cont'd)

... I... uh... I like to sweat.

PETE LASSARD

(worried)

Damn!

MAHONEY'S VOICE

Where we goin'?

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED:

242

FLACKO'S VOICE

That's for us to know and you
to...

Flacko's VOICE FADES as the signal turns to STATIC.
Schtulman fiddles with the tuner.

243 BACK IN CHEVY

243

FLACKO

Wait till you meet Zed.

MAHONEY

Zed?

FLACKO

He's the Man.

MOJO

He's bad.

Flacko and Mojo slap hands.

FLACKO

He's the best.

All at once we hear the sound of MUSIC. Mahoney's device
has picked up an easy listening radio station.

BARRY MANILOW'S VOICE

(filtered)

I write the songs that make the
whole world sing. I write the
songs of love and special things.

Mahoney is near panic. He fumbles under his coat to shut
the damn thing off. Flacko thinks it's from the car
radio.

FLACKO

(to Mojo)

Hey, get a good station, man.

MOJO

The radio ain't even on.

FLACKO

(hitting Mojo on the
arm)

Well, no wonder, stupid.

Mojo tunes in loud LATE MUSIC, drowning out Barry
Manilow.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED: 243

FLACKO
(continuing)
That's cool.

Mahoney breathes a sigh of relief.

244 INT. K-9 TRUCK 244

They're picking up the same LATIN MUSIC. Lassard adjusts the signal.

PETE LASSARD
Come on, Mahoney. Talk to me.

245 EXT. ABANDONED ZOO - MINUTES LATER 245

The Chevy pulls up. They drive along abandoned cages. It's very eerie.

245A BEAR CAVE 245A

As the Chevy pulls up. A rope bridge stretches across the moat which is full of scummy green water.

MAHONEY
What the hell is this?

FLACKO
Used to be where they kept the bears.

They get out. Mahoney follows them across the bridge.

245B INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 245B

Flacko and Mojo lead Mahoney into the gloomy cavern which is lit by torches. It's very spooky. Mahoney is aware of several members of the gang glaring at him. The CAMERA FOLLOWS as they walk deep into the cave. Mahoney notices a vast hoard of merchandise. Gang members are stacking car stereos, TV's, bicycle wheels, anything of value.

245C ANOTHER ANGLE 245C

As they reach the entrance to Zed's private throne room. They are stopped by a huge woman guard.

(CONTINUED)

245C CONTINUED:

245C

FLACKO

This here's Jughead. He wants to see Zed.

She blocks Mahoney's path.

MOJO

Hey. He's cool.

She looks Mahoney over, then decides to let him pass. As soon as they're safely out of range, Mojo says:

MOJO

(continuing)

I'm gonna have to kick her ass one of these days.

245D INT. ZED'S THRONE ROOM

245D

He is watching a stolen TV. A sappy show like the Brady Bunch is ON. He's mesmerized. The three enter.

FLACKO

Zed...?

ZED

What do you want?

He kicks the TV to the floor. It lands beside several other busted sets.

FLACKO

There's somebody I want you to meet. I think he'd be a good Scullion.

ZED

You don't think, Flacko. You ask.

Zed approaches Mahoney, sizing him up.

ZED

(continuing)

What do they call you?

MAHONEY

Jughead.

ZED

That's sucks.

MAHONEY

I been thinking of changing it.

(CONTINUED)

245D CONTINUED:

245D

Zed finds this amusing. He sneers. Mahoney takes out a cigarette, his hand shaking slightly.

ZED

What you so nervous about?

MAHONEY

This place weirds me out.

246 OMITTED
thru
248

246
thru
248

249 INT. K-9 TRUCK

249

MAHONEY'S VOICE

(from the receiver)

It smells like animal shit.

SCHTULMAN

(stunned)

They took him to my place?

PETE LASSARD

Shhh.

MAHONEY'S VOICE

(confused)

The Zoo?

(realizing)

Jesus! The old zoo!

250 EXT. K-9 TRUCK

250

wheels around, heads back in the same direction.

250A BACK AT BEAR CAVE

250A

Mahoney is trying to light the cigarette with a lighter that doesn't work.

ZED

You need a light?

MAHONEY

Yeah.

Zed dips his hand into a bowl of clear liquid. He passes his hand over a candle and the hand bursts into flame! He holds it up to Mahoney who lights his cigarette. The flame goes out. Zed smiles wickedly, but his face goes dark as he hears the sound of FAINT MANIACAL LAUGHTER. Mahoney's radio has picked up a local commercial.

(CONTINUED)

250A CONTINUED:

250A

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(filtered)

Sunday, Sunday! At Raceway Park!!
Dragsters, top-fuelers... Big Bob
Badham and his funny cars!

Zed grabs Mahoney and shoves him against the wall. The
SOUND STOPS.

ZED

You're wired.

MAHONEY

You're crazy.

250B BACK TO K-9 TRUCK

250B

ZED'S VOICE

(from reciever)

You set me up!

Suddenly the TRANSMISSION STOPS and there is nothing but
STATIC. Lassard picks up his radio microphone.

PETE LASSARD

(into mike)

We've got a 997 at the abandoned
zoo. Mahoney needs help urgently!

251 OMITTED

251

E
252

E
252

253 INT. RADIO DISPATCHER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

253

Hooks has heard the call. Proctor is listening.

HOOKS

Mahoney's in trouble.

(into mike)

All units we have a 992 at the old
abandoned zoo.

*
*
*
*
*

Proctor grabs the mike.

PROCTOR

What are you doing?

HOOKS

I'm calling for assistance. Mahoney's
in trouble.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED: 253

PROCTOR
Mahoney is suspended. You'll
do nothing of the kind.

*
*

Hooks decks him with a solid haymaker. She grabs the
mike and shouts into it.

HOOKS
Police!! Mahoney's in trouble!!

254 INT. SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME 254

Jones and Sistrunk are listening.

HOOKS' VOICE
(filtered)
A 997 at the abandoned zoo. Hurry!

Sistrunk doesn't respond.

JONES
997 -- that means a cop's in jeopardy,
so move it, asshole.

*
*

SISTRUNK
I'll move it, mother.

*
*

255 EXT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 255

Sistrunk PEELS OUT, directly into the path of an oncoming
garbage truck. The squad car is creamed, out of commis-
sion

255A INT. DOOLEY'S CAR - SAME TIME 255A

HOOKS' VOICE
Mahoney needs help!

Fackler and Dooley try to throw their milkshakes out of
the closed car windows. It splatters everywhere. Dooley
takes off, fast.

255B EXT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION 255B

As the squad car careens out of the parking lot on two
wheels.

256 OMITTED 256
E E
257 257

258 INT. HIGHTOWER'S JITNEY - SAME TIME 258

Hightower's driving as fast as he can, his jaw clenched in determination.

259 EXT. AN INTERSECTION - SAME TIME 259

Several cars move aside as we hear a loud yelping SIREN. Jones zips through the cars on a bicycle clutching a bull-horn. He makes the siren sound again, changing to a steady wail as he pedals OUT OF FRAME.

259A INT. BEAR CAVE - SAME TIME 259A

Zed is aiming a black .45 automatic at Mahoney. Flacko and Mojo stand back.

ZED

Flacko, man, you brought a cop in here.

FLACKO

(weakly)

I didn't think he was a...

Zed turns the gun on Flacko.

ZED

(shouting)

Shut up!

Mahoney sees a slim chance and kicks Zed in the crotch as hard as he can. Incredibly, Zed is unfazed. His face twists with rage.

ZED

(continuing)

Don't make me flare my nostrils.

259B EXT. BEAR CAVE ENTRANCE - SAME TIME 259B

Pete Lassard has taken command. He is explaining a plan to Hightower, Fackler, Dooley, Schtulman and Lou. He points to a hard-drawn map.

PETE LASSARD

Don't fire unless you absolutely have to. I don't want Mahoney hurt. Hightower?

HIGHTOWER

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

259B CONTINUED:

259B

PETE LASSARD

I want you and Jones to cross the
bridge and wait just outside the
entrance till you hear my signal...

Mauser approaches, furious. LOU SNARLS at him.

MAUSER

Well, well, well. Former Captain
Pete Lassard. What are you doing? *

PETE LASSARD

Making a plan of attack. There's
an air vent on top of that cave.
I'm going in through there.

MAUSER

Like hell you are. I'm in charge
here. I make the plans.

LASSARD *

Very well Mauser. *

MAUSER

(points at
Captains bars)
Captain Mauser. *

Lassard starts to respond, but holds his temper.

MAUSER

(continuing)
Fackler, come with me.

FACKLER

Where?

MAUSER

(as if he's an idiot
for asking)
Up to the air vent.

Fackler shrugs, shoulders a long rope and follows Mauser
toward the cave.

259C INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

259C

Zed lowers the pistol.

ZED

Let's settle this my way.

Zed props his elbow on the table. Mahoney assumes he
wants to arm wrestle. He's relieved.

(CONTINUED)

259C CONTINUED: (A1)

259C

MAHONEY

Okay, but I gotta warn you. I
do push-ups.

Mahoney clasps Zed's hand. Suddenly Mojo lashes their
wrists together.

(CONTINUED)

259C CONTINUED:

259C

MAHONEY

(continuing)

Is this really necessary? I won't
move my elbow.

Flacko slaps a big switchblade into Mahoney's hand. Zed
whips out a knife that's even bigger.

MAHONEY

(continuing;

to Flacko)

You wouldn't have a machete,
would you?

259D EXT. BEAR CAVE - SAME TIME

259D

Mauser and Fackler are climbing the wall of the bear cave.
Fackler slips, but he regains his footing.

MAUSER

Come on!

259E EXT. ENTRANCE TO CAVE - SAME TIME

259E

Jones and Hightower cross the bridge, sneaking so as not
to alert the gang inside. Jones still carries bullhorn.

259F INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

259F

They slip inside, revolvers drawn. They inch forward.
Suddenly Hightower stops short as he sees a couple of
rats peering at them from the darkness. Hightower is
petrified.

HIGHTOWER

(hoarse whisper)

Wait!

JONES

(whispering)

What is it?

HIGHTOWER

I can't go in.

JONES

Why?

HIGHTOWER

I'm scared of rats.

(CONTINUED)

259F CONTINUED: 259F

JONES
You're kidding.

One look at Hightower's stricken face tells Jones that the big man can't go on.

259G INT. THRONE ROOM - SAME TIME 259G

The knife fight has begun. Zed and Mahoney circle each other. Zed slashes out, cutting Mahoney's coat. They work their way up the steps.

259H EXT. TOP OF CAVE 259H

Mauser is rigging a rope to descend through the air vent. Fackler looks down --

259-I FACKLER'S POV - CAVE BELOW 259-I

A dizzying forty feet down. It's crawling with armed gang members who surround Zed and Mahoney.

259J MAUSER AND FACKLER 259J

MAUSER
Okay. Down you go.

FACKLER
(surprised)
Me?

MAUSER
That's an order, Fackler.

259K INT. BEAR CAVE 259K

Zed has the upper hand in the knife fight. Mahoney loses his switchblade. Zed grins.

259L TOP OF CAVE 259L

Fackler is fumbling with the rope.

MAUSER
Move it!

Fackler trips, bumping into Mauser and sending him through the hole. Mauser falls, screaming...

259M INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 259M

As Mauser falls head first, the rope trailing behind him. At the last second, just four or five feet from the ground, the rope stops him! He dangles upside-down, shrieking helplessly.

259N JONES 259N

charges in, gun drawn.

259-0 GANG MEMBERS 259-0

open FIRE at him.

259P JONES 259P

returns FIRES.

260 OMITTED 260
thru thru
268 268

269 ZED 269

pushes Mahoney ahead of him, holding the knife against his throat.

270 MAUSER 270

is caught in a CROSSFIRE. BULLETS WHIZ all around him while he spins at the end of the rope, his wig hanging by a piece of tape.

270A JONES 270A

EMPTIES his REVOLVER. He ducks behind a corner, and grabs the bullhorn. He makes a deafening machine gun sound.

271 OMITTED 271
thru thru
273 273

274 GANG MEMBERS 274

scatter and run for their lives.

274A PASSAGEWAY 274A

Zed pushes Mahoney ahead of him. He stops long enough to cut the cords binding their wrists. Zed takes out the .45 and puts it to Mahoney's head.

ZED

Move!

274B EXT. ENTRANCE TO CAVE 274B

Several gang members flee across the rope bridge. Hightower is waiting at the other end. He grabs the bridge and flips them off. They fall into the scummy water below.

274C INT. STAIRWAY OUT 274C

Flacko, Mojo and the big woman scramble up the stairs, heading for a small door. REVEAL Officer Dooley waiting for them. He trips a LEVER which CLANGS into place, locking them inside.

DOOLEY

Sorry, boys.

274D EXT. ENTRANCE TO CAVE 274D

More gang members try to cross the bridge. Hightower flips them into the water.

274E INT. ANOTHER EXIT 274E

Namu reaches an exit door, only to find it locked. With all his strength, he breaks the door. He crawls out, only to see...

274F LOU 274F

waiting for him, creeping forward, GROWLING. Lou charges, chewing on Namu's leg.

274G INT. PASSAGEWAY 274G

Zed shoves Mahoney up the stairs. The door at the top is open. It's a way out.

275 OMITTED 275
thru thru
278 278

279

CAPTAIN PETE LASSARD

279

steps out of the shadows, aiming a snub-nosed .38 directly at Zed.

PETE LASSARD

(calmly; evenly)

Drop the gun.

ZED

(shouting)

No!

Now Zed is pointing the .45 at Lassard. It's a stand-off.

ZED

(continuing; voice
trembling)

You won't shoot. You got no guts!

PETE LASSARD

In three more seconds, you got
no brains.

And Lassard calmly backs the hammer of the .38. Zed's hand trembles. He breaks, lets out a howl and drops the gun to the steps with a clatter. Lassard relaxes his stance. Zed reaches for another gun at the small of his back. Mahoney sees this and swings from the overhead bars, knocking Zed down. They struggle. Zed reaches for the gun, just beyond his grasp. A big boot steps on his wrist. Zed looks up to see --

280

SCHTULMAN

280

standing there, grinning at him. Schtulman takes a bite out of a pink Hostess snowball.

280A

JONES

280A

runs up and subdues Zed. Mahoney gets up and dusts himself off.

PETE LASSARD

(to Mahoney)

Thanks.

Jones snaps the cuffs on Zed. Lassard walks up to him, raises the .38 toward the ceiling the squeezes the TRIGGER. It just CLICKS.

PETE LASSARD

I stopped carrying live ammo in '73.

(CONTINUED)

280A CONTINUED:

280A

Mahoney, to Zed, who is red-faced with anger:

MAHONEY

He showed you the thing with the
gun. Now, come on... how'd you
do the trick with the fire?

Zed flares his nostrils. Jones takes him away.

281 OMITTED

281

282 EXT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

282

Tackleberry and Kirkland ROAR up on Tackleberry's MOTOR-
CYCLE, carrying every weapon they could get their hands
on. They charge up to Hightower breathing hard.

TACKLEBERRY

What's the situation?

HIGHTOWER

It's all over.

TACKLEBERRY

Any gunplay?

HIGHTOWER

Oh, yeah! You missed it...

Tackleberry lets out a little whimper of disappointment.
Kirkland takes off her helmet, kicks it. Tackleberry
comes over and puts his arm around her, trying to comfort
her.

283 INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

283

Everyone has forgotten about Mauser. He is still swing-
ing from the rope. Lou charges in and begins to snap at
him.

MAUSER

Heyyyy!

284 EXT. POLICE ACADEMY CHAPEL

284

As the BELLS CHIME. We TILT DOWN TO the front doors of
the chapel. An honorary guard of policemen, in full-
dress uniforms, raise their swords, crossing them in
traditional military fashion. Tackleberry in full
dress uniform and Kirkland in a wedding dress walk be-
neath them.

(CONTINUED)

284

CONTINUED:

284

As he passes, Tackleberry reaches out and feels one of the swords.

TACKLEBERRY
(to the policeman)
Put an edge on that thing.

285

ERIC LASSARD

285

is watching the wedding party. Hightower joins him.

HIGHTOWER
Commandant... I want you to meet
my folks.

(CONTINUED)

285 CONTINUED:

285

Mr. and Mrs. Hightower step out from behind their son. They are small people. Especially Mr. Hightower, who can't be more than five-foot-four.

ERIC LASSARD

How do you do...

286 JONES

286

has his back to us, taking pictures. At least we can hear the unmistakable CLICK and WHIR of a motor-drive CAMERA. The PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER bumps into him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me.

Jones turns around and "snaps a picture" of the Photographer. But he has no camera. He makes the sound again. He grins.

287 WEDDING PARTY

287

is posing for photos on the steps of the chapel. Kirkland raises the hem of her wedding gown to take off her garter. A small revolver is strapped to her leg. She tosses her garter to waiting bridesmaids. Lou leaps in the air, catches it, brings it to a proud Schtulman who is stuffing his face with hors d'oeuvres.

SCHTULMAN

All right, Lou! Have a shrimp ball.

288 MAHONEY AND CAPTAIN PETE LASSARD

288

are watching the wedding party, enjoying it.

PETE LASSARD

Where you going now? Back to the beach?

MAHONEY

I don't know.

PETE LASSARD

You oughta stick around. Bright guy like you could make Lieutenant. And I'm gonna need a new Hatch Commander.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED: 288

Mahoney is looking at Chloe who looks absolutely gorgeous.

MAHONEY

Why not? It's not such a bad neighborhood.

289 TACKLEBERRY 289

climbs on his motorcycle which has a "Just Married" sign on it. Kirkland gets on behind him.

290 MEMBERS OF WEDDING PARTY 290

shout "goodbyes."

291 KIRKLAND FAMILY 291

As they wave goodbye. Bud Kirkland can't help himself. He wipes away tears. Old man Kirkland punches him on the jaw.

292 TACKLEBERRY AND KIRKLAND 292

take off on the motorcycle.

A uniformed officer is directing traffic in front of the chapel. He turns around. It's Hauser, wearing a single stripe where his Captain's bars used to be. He glares at Tackleberry, motions him on.

HAUSER

Hell...? Come on. Move it!

Tackleberry and Kirkland do a wheelstand on the CYCLE, ROARING toward Hauser, who leaps out of the way. The motorcycle takes off down the street. Kirkland's wedding gown flying in the wind.

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END