

TURNER & HOOCH
by
Dennis Shryack & Michael Blodgett
and
Daniel Petrie, Jr.

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"TURNER AND HOCH"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CALIFORNIA COAST - DAY (HELICOPTER SHOT) 1

Along the golden coast, below green, ranch-covered foothills, the town of Carmel flows down to the sea. It's the kind of town both residents and visitors want to spend the rest of their lives in.

CREDITS OVER:

2 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY 2

A police car parks in front of City Hall, which is police headquarters, the library, the Mayor's office and the municipal courthouse all in one. A patrolman gets out of the car and bounds up the steps, waving as he passes at two young men coming down.

3 JACK TURNER AND BOBBY CORTEZ 3

are the young men coming down the steps. We follow them as they get into an unmarked police car, a silver Buick.

Jack Turner, 30, is good looking in a regular-guy sort of way; he's got very active eyes that take in everything and seem secretly amused by what they see. He's dressed in what we will realize is his uniform: creased tan twill slacks, neatly pressed blue blazer, button-down shirt and rep tie all purchased mail order from the very preppy Land's End catalog, right down to the polished Bass Weejuns on his feet.

TURNER

You drive, I'll torture Katie.

CORTEZ

You're not going to weasel out of this, Jack. I promised my wife a definite answer.

Bobby Cortez is the same age as Turner but very different. He's a big man with the kind of body that untucks the shirt and makes the suit look rumpled whether you care or not -- and Bobby doesn't care.

Turner cares, though. Before getting into the car he takes off his jacket and folds it carefully on the back seat.

4 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY 4

Cortez pulls away. Turner picks up the radio mike.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

TURNER
(to radio)
Hi, Katie, this is Turner.

5 EXT. CARMEL STREETS - DAY

5

The unmarked car cruises down the steep hill of Ocean Avenue, the town's charming main shopping street, and turns left on Scenic Drive, which runs along the beach.

KATIE THE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Don't call me Katie. I'm dispatch
and you're delta one when you're
finished say over, over.

TURNER (O.S.)
Over, over?

KATIE THE DISPATCHER (O.S.)
One more wise ass remark, Turner, and
I'll break all points on your pencils.
Over and out!

6 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

6

Turner puts down the radio.

TURNER
Whew. She's getting strict.

CORTEZ
So what about Saturday night?

TURNER
Saturday night, Saturday night?

Turner flips through his notebook until he finds a newspaper crossword neatly paper clipped to a page.

TURNER (CONT'D)
Ah, Saturday night... I have a date
to finish this.

CORTEZ
She's making lasagna.

TURNER
Five letters. "Holy city."

CORTEZ
Mecca.

7 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO./AMOS' BOATYARD AREA - DAY 7

Turner's Buick pulls up next to a patrol car. They're in an isolated section of coast away from the residential areas. Two fishing boats are tied up to a long wooden pier. Adjacent to the pier, behind a big chain-link fence, is the Boyett Seafood Company plant. Just to the south of the pier is an old boatyard -- more like a junkyard -- with its own, much smaller pier jutting out into the water.

END CREDITS.

Turner and Cortez get out of the Buick and walk past the gates of the seafood company and out onto the fishing boat pier.

TURNER

Doesn't work. Second letter is "h".

CORTEZ

Come on, Jack, she leaves on Sunday.

TURNER

Suppose I like her?

CORTEZ

She's my wife's cousin. I guarantee you won't like her.

TURNER

I like your wife.

CORTEZ

Then come to dinner and smile at her cousin. What's the worst that can happen?

TURNER

That's not a question to ask a guy the day his divorce becomes final.

CORTEZ

That was your fault for marrying a beautiful woman. Guy like you should marry somebody ugly.

TURNER

I wanted to, but you were already taken.

PATROLMAN JOHN "SURF RAT" GILALAND is standing with a pair of YOUNG GIRLS WEARING WET SUITS. Surf Rat is blond, tan and absurdly young. His blue patrolman's uniform looks wildly incongruous on his slender frame, and he's wearing flip flops on bare feet instead of shoes. The girls in wet suits are already in love with him.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CORTEZ

Don't let the Chief catch you with those things on your feet.

TURNER

(indicating the girls)

Cute.

CORTEZ

Jail bait.

SURF RAT

They're eighteen.

TURNER

Good luck. Wear a condom.

Turner raises his voice to include the two girls in the conversation.

TURNER

I understand your boat is missing.

WET SUIT GIRL ONE

We were, like, uh, diving? And like we wanted to come back, you know, first thing in the morning? So we left it like tied up to the pier?

WET SUIT GIRL TWO

It was just for overnight and it wasn't like anybody's around.

WET SUIT GIRL ONE

But this morning it was, like... gone!

WET SUIT GIRL TWO

Six hundred dollars!

SURF RAT

(without sarcasm)

If anybody can find it it's these guys, they're really great detectives.

TURNER

Well, that's certainly true.

CORTEZ

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

TURNER

Is it correct that it's a black inflatable with a purple stripe and a 20 horsepower Evinrude outboard engine?

WET SUIT GIRL ONE

Wow, did you, like, see it?

CORTEZ

No, the patrolman told us on the radio.

WET SUIT GIRL ONE

Oh.

TURNER

You don't know the serial number on the engine block of the outboard?

WET SUIT GIRL ONE

Sorry.

TURNER

Well, we'll do our best to find it. You guys go with Surf... with the patrolman and he'll take your statement.

Turner pulls Cortez aside.

TURNER

Why don't you ask around here? I'll check with Amos.

8 TURNER'S P.O.V.

8

About fifty yards away from where they are standing is the smaller pier that juts out from the ancient, junky boatyard next door to the seafood plant. At the end of the smaller pier is a shack.

CORTEZ

(following Turner's look)

That's right, you know the old guy.

TURNER

Yeah. Maybe he saw something.

CORTEZ

Lhasa.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

TURNER

What?

CORTEZ

Five letters, holy city, Lhasa.
Capital of Tibet.

Turner flips to the crossword in his notebook.

CORTEZ

L - H - A - S - A, it fits.

Turner enters the word.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

TURNER

Nobody likes a smartass.

CUT TO:

9 INT. AMOS' SHACK - DAY

9

AMOS JONES is a grouchy man of 71; his arthritis bothers him. His shack seems even older than he is, but it's kept surprisingly clean. There are rusty iron bars on the windows and on the upper part of the Dutch-style front door. The lower part of the door is -- strangely -- reinforced by 2" x 4"'s nailed across it. Amos opens the top part of the Dutch door and yells out:

AMOS

Hooch!

There is no reply. Amos goes over to a cabinet and takes out a large bag of chocolate chip cookies. He shakes it. He waits, looking at the door. Suddenly

10 A GREAT BIG UGLY DOG

10

comes sailing through the Dutch door, touches lightly down, then leaps up onto the kitchen table -- now he's so tall he's actually looking down at Amos and the bag of cookies in Amos' hand.

This awesome, appalling dog has an enormously wide head, a squashed-in, deeply wrinkled face, and pendulous, drooling jowls over hideously powerful jaws. Add to this the dog's filthy, matted coat and a belligerent scar over one baleful eye, and you have the meanest, ugliest junkyard dog outside the gates of Hell.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

AMOS
Want a cookie?

Amos throws a chocolate chip cookie and Hooch breathes it in without tasting it or even seeming to swallow. Amos takes out another cookie but Hooch suddenly leaps out the door the way he came in.

AMOS
Hooch?

Amos shakes his head at the dog's sudden departure.

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE (O.S.)
Hey! No! Hel--

Amos smiles as the voice is abruptly cut off.

11 EXT. AMOS' SHACK - DAY

11

Amos slowly comes onto the pier that his shack is built on. About twenty feet away a man is spread-eagled on the pier's planking with Hooch's jaws clamped firmly around his neck. Amos can only see the man's black loafers, tan pants and navy jacket. His dog's massive head obscures the man's face.

AMOS
Now, mister, what the hell do you want busting in here? You didn't see the intercom down by the gate?

FROM OUR ANGLE we can see that the man is Turner. Turner flails his arms and legs, but Hooch has him pinned as effectively as an insect on cardboard.

AMOS
Come on, now, explain yourself.

Turner's trying, but he can't speak above a whisper with the dog's jaws clamped around his neck. And just as bad for Turner, the dog's slobber is soaking his collar and tie. Amos slowly walks toward his dog.

AMOS
You better not be selling no vacuum cleaner.

But now Amos sees Turner's face:

AMOS
Hooch! Drop!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Hooch instantly releases his grip on Turner and goes over to Amos, but continues to keep a close eye on Turner.

AMOS

What the hell, Jack. You should have said something.

TURNER

(strangled voice)

I tried.

Turner struggles to his feet. He uses his handkerchief to wipe the slobber off his neck.

TURNER

Jesus Christ, Amos. This dog knows me.

AMOS

Sure he does. That's why he didn't tear your head off. He didn't even break the skin! This dog loves you, boy.

Hooch GROWLS meanly.

AMOS

(to Turner)

Have a cookie.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PIER - DAY

12

Cortez, notebook ready, is standing halfway down the seafood company pier with the owner, a tall, thin, balding man named WALTER BOYETT. Boyett is indulgently watching his YOUNG SONS playing in the nets of one of his shrimp boats.

BOYETT

Come on, Sean, Eric! Time to go!

ERIC

Two more minutes, Daddy.

Behind Cortez and Boyett we can see Amos' pier; Amos and Turner are sitting out in front of Amos' old shack.

BOYETT

I swear those kids will be running the business within a year. I can't keep them away from the boats.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CORTEZ

Looks like it. You don't have a night watchman?

BOYETT

No need to, really. There's nothing to steal, unless someone wants to take a two-ton shrimp grader. Sean, Eric! Mom's gonna be mad!

SEAN

Coming!

BOYETT

You're welcome to ask around. But honestly, little boats like that tie up to this pier all the time, I don't think anybody notices.

Sean and Eric have climbed off the shrimp boat now; they hug their father's legs, shy because he's talking to a stranger. Cortez shuts his notebook.

CORTEZ

Thanks for your help, Mr. Boyett.

BOYETT

Ah, would you mind showing them your badge? The kids have never seen a detective's badge before.

ERIC

He's a detective?

Cortez solemnly displays his badge to the kids.

SEAN AND ERIC

Cool!

CUT TO:

13 EXT. AMOS' SHACK - DAY

13

Turner and Amos sit outside Amos' shack. Turner has his jacket across his knees and is using a piece of Scotch tape to try to get the little specks of dirt off it. Hooch sits at Amos' feet, waiting for an excuse to rip Turner's lungs out.

AMOS

I didn't take anybody's little boat.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

TURNER

Of course not. I just wondered if you saw or heard anything.

AMOS

Can't see so good. Can't hear so good either. You go over, ask the people on that seafood dock.

TURNER

We will.

AMOS

They got something to hide, you can bet on that.

TURNER

What?

AMOS

No idea. But there's always strange noises and sneaking around going on there.

TURNER

I thought you couldn't hear or see so well.

AMOS

I don't hear it. Hooch hears it.

TURNER

Oh, Hooch hears it.

AMOS

Yeah, he tells me about it.

TURNER

I see. Hooch tells you about it.

AMOS

You don't believe me.

Abruptly Amos gets up and goes into the shack. Turner, afraid that he's offended the old man, starts to get up but freezes halfway: Hooch rises to a crouch, growling viciously, posed to leap at Turner's throat. Turner sits back down very carefully. Hooch relaxes when Amos comes back out.

AMOS

Look what Hooch brought in a couple of weeks ago.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Amos tosses a brick of paper into Turner's lap. Turner picks it up and turns it over in his hands. It's cash. A three inch thick stack of used bills wrapped tightly with heavy rubber bands. The bill on the top is a hundred. The bill on the bottom is a one. Turner fans through the edges of the bills. It's made up mostly of twenties, tens and fives.

TURNER

Wow.

AMOS

Ten thousand dollars.

TURNER

Very unusual for a dog to bring home that kind of money.

AMOS

Hooch is not your average dog.

TURNER

No kidding. What makes it think it comes from over there?

AMOS

Where else would it come from?

TURNER

Good question.

He offers the brick of cash back to Amos. But Amos won't take it.

AMOS

Not my money. You're the police, you keep it. Maybe you'll find out who dropped it.

CUT TO:

14 INT. TURNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

Turner's place is minimalism gone wild. There is one couch, one chair, one end table and two halogen lamps in the living room -- nothing else, not a coffee table, not even an area rug on the hardwood floor. The kitchen area is spotless. Everything is put away in cabinets or in a matched set of storage jars on the counter. The door bell rings.

MELODY (O.S.)

(outside the front door)

I know you're in there! I saw your car.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The dining area contains a big workbench where Turner is now sitting, ignoring the racket from the front door. He's looking through a magnifying light at the innards of a stereo amplifier that he is assembling. He consults a schematic diagram, then, using a surgical tool, selects a tiny diode from a parts bin containing about a million compartments.

MELODY (O.S.)
(hammering on the door)
Turner you bastard, open up.

Turner tries to shut his mind to the woman banging on the door. He concentrates on his work.

15 ANGLE ON THE DINING ROOM WINDOW

15

a woman's face -- MELODY, Turner's ex-wife -- appears at the window right in front of Turner's face. She bangs on the glass with the heel of her shoe, once, twice, and on the third time the pane of glass shatters. Turner drops the tiny diode.

MELODY
Let. Me. In.

16 THE FRONT DOOR

16

swings open and Melody strides into the living room. She is drop dead beautiful, absolutely stunning - her trouble is, she knows it, all too well.

MELODY
(seductively)
You used to be anxious to see me,
Jack.

TURNER
That was before you decided you wanted
to see other men.

In a heartbeat Melody goes from seductive to combative.

MELODY
I decided? I decided? So this is
my fault?

TURNER
Look, Melody -- it's official. Our
divorce is final. We don't have to
fight any more.

MELODY
I'm not fighting.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

TURNER

Melody...

Another fast shift.

MELODY

I have to give you credit. I didn't think you'd have the balls to actually go through it.

TURNER

With what?

MELODY

With the divorce.

TURNER

You've got to be kidding.

MELODY

And what is that supposed to mean?

Turner takes a deep breath.

TURNER

I thought we agreed we wouldn't see each other again.

MELODY

I thought we agreed that you'd move the hell away from here. That's what I thought.

TURNER

I grew up here. I live here. I've got a job here. I'm not leaving. You're the one that always hated this town.

MELODY

I cannot believe that I wasted three years of my life--

TURNER

Wait a minute! Hold on! Time out! Don't do it. Just don't do it!

MELODY

Do what?

TURNER

You thought I'd be suffering that's why you cam here.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

TURNER (Cont'd)

You thought I'd be suffering and now you're pissed off that you can't gloat.

That's exactly why she came here but she's rather break a nail than admit it.

MELODY

Bullshit.

TURNER

Then why did you come here?

She looks around, then seizes, quite literally, on the first thing that comes to hand -- the lamp by the couch. She picks it up.

MELODY

This.

TURNER

What do you mean, this?

MELODY

I was supposed to get this!

TURNER

You took everything you're supposed to get. You ought to remember -- you put the movers into overtime. You didn't want the lamp. In the first place it was a gift from my parents. In the second place you said you don't like halogen lamps.

MELODY

That's crazy. I never said that. I bought this lamp with my own money that I saved up.

TURNER

Oh for Christ's sake.

MELODY

Don't throw up your hands like that. It looks really stupid when you do that.

TURNER

Will you put the lamp down?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

MELODY

What you should have done is kept a list of what we agreed on. Then you wouldn't be making these absurd claims about who gave what to who and who likes what.

In the time that it takes Melody to say this Turner walks to his work bench, removes a file from a drawer and extracts a neatly typed document.

TURNER

(reading)

"Melody Turner will take all living room and dining room furnishings, including the wall unit, TV and VCR -- with the exception of one chrome and glass end table and two halogen lamps." Gosh, doesn't that look a lot like your signature?

MELODY

That's why I hate your guts. Your lists, your files, your little puzzles, all of this anal retentive--

Turner shows her the middle finger.

TURNER

Sit your anal retentive on this.

Melody hurls the lamp at him. He snags it in mid-air.

MELODY

You bastard, I hope you rot in hell.

She slams the door behind her. Turner just stands there, blood pressure rising dangerously, then he slams the lamp to the floor.

TURNER

Thank God we didn't have children.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. DOCK - NIGHT

17

A three-quarter moon shines down on the seafood plant and fishing boat pier. A few lights are on, two fishing boats are tied up at the pier, but otherwise there is no sign of life. Across the water, at the end of the smaller pier, Amos' shack is utterly quiet. No lights at all are on over there.

18 INT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PLANT - NIGHT 18

Most of the plant is dark but there are pools of light and noise: some of the plant's machinery is working.

19 A CROW BAR 19

is inserted into a wooded crate and it's ripped open. The contents are dumped out -- a hundred thick bricks of cash bound in heavy rubber bands, exactly like the one Amos gave Turner, spill out on the floor like so many ears of corn. Ten thousand dollars a brick. We're looking at a million dollars here.

20 A PAIR OF HANDS 20

scoops up four of the bricks. Pulling back we see a pock-marked man named FERRADAY feed the four bricks into a shrink-wrap machine. The cash comes out in a single block six inches thick and nearly as wide wrapped in heavy, opaque plastic.

21 ANOTHER WORKER 21

takes the plastic wrapped blocks over to another machine, an ancient machine that makes block ice. He feeds them in, one at a time.

22 BLOCKS OF ICE 22

slide down a conveyor belt. A THIRD WORKER uses ice prongs to load the blocks of ice -- blocks of ice with forty thousand dollars in small bills in the center -- onto a fork lift.

23 WALTER BOYETT 23

is presiding over this. Next to Boyett is a crew cut ex-marine named ZACK. Zack is also holding a pair of ice tongs. But he's not working, he's watching Ferraday and the other two men work. Ferraday is finished with his part now.

FERRADAY

Slow night.

Zack suddenly reaches forward, yanks up Ferraday's shirt revealing two ten-thousand-dollar bricks tucked in Ferraday's waistband. The other two workers freeze. In exactly the same exasperated tone he might use with his young sons, Boyett chides Ferraday:

BOYETT

What would you want to do that for?
Don't I pay you enough?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Zack pulls the cash out of Ferraday's waistband and hands it to Boyett. Ferraday suddenly bolts for the door. Zack hurries after him. Boyett tosses the two bricks of cash to the worker at the ice machine.

BOYETT

Run these through, alright?

And he walks out the door after Zack.

24 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. - NIGHT

24

Ferraday runs out into the night, but there is a tall chain-link and barbed wire fence surrounding the seafood plant, and the gate is shut.

25 FERRADAY'S P.O.V.

25

A tall, thin man named CASEY is walking slowly from the gate toward Ferraday with unmistakable menace.

26 FERRADAY

26

panics now: he turns around and sprints back past the seafood company toward the main fishing boat pier.

27 WIDE ANGLE - THE PIER

27

Ferraday, running out onto the pier, sees

28 ZACK

28

standing in his path. He spins around to run but

29 CASEY

29

is walking implacably towards him.

30 FERRADAY

30

dodges to his right and runs out onto the pier past Zack, heading for one of the boats, but

31 ZACK

31

flings his arm out underhanded - the ice prongs that he is holding go whipping down and catch Ferraday behind the knees. Ferraday falls, SCREAMING in agony.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. AMOS' SHACK - NIGHT 32

Fifty yards away, across the water from the pier, Ferraday's scream ECHOES around Amos' old boat yard. We can HEAR Hooch going nuts inside the house -- we can SEE the outline of the big dog throwing itself against the barred windows.

CUT BACK TO:

33 EXT. THE PIER - NIGHT 33

Zack has reached Ferraday. He clubs Ferraday with a soft sap. Ferraday collapses to the pier. Casey runs up, followed by Boyett.

BOYETT

Why don't we just send up a rocket?

ZACK

Sorry.

34 ANGLE TOWARD AMOS' SHACK 34

Boyett, Zack and Casey listen to Hooch's insane barking. They see the light come on in Amos' shack.

CUT TO:

35 INT. AMOS' SHACK - NIGHT 35

Amos is sitting up in bed blinking. He has obviously not seen or heard anything.

AMOS

Hooch! Quiet, hush up now.

But Hooch won't stop barking.

CUT BACK TO:

36 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PIER - NIGHT 36

Boyett lispes in disapproval of the whole mess.

BOYETT

(to Casey, indicating Ferraday)

Help me get him onto the boat.

(to Zack)

Zack, go over there. See if the old man saw anything. Give him some money. Shut him up. Okay?

Zack nods and hurries away.

CUT TO:

37 INT. AMOS' SHACK - NIGHT

37

Hooch is BARKING madly at the intercom buzzer. Amos walks slowly over to it and presses the button.

AMOS
(to intercom)
We're closed.

ZACK'S VOICE
Emergency. My buddy broke his foot.
Lemme in to call the ambulance.

AMOS
(to intercom)
You wait there.

Hooch makes a PLEADING NOISE as Amos picks up his flashlight and goes to the door.

AMOS
Easy boy, you stay here. Stay.

38 EXT. AMOS' SHACK - NIGHT

38

Amos steps out of the shack. Behind him Hooch has gone really insane, barking and hurling himself against the barred window. Amos swings the flashlight around. Its beam catches Zack walking down the old rickety pier towards Amos' shack, now no more than five yards from Amos.

AMOS
I told you to wait.

ZACK
Look, man, we don't want any trouble.
Take two hundred dollars--

AMOS
I don't want your two hundred dollars.
I don't want your ten thousand
dollars.

ZACK
What ten thousand dollars?

AMOS
I'm calling the police.

ZACK
You don't want to do that.

AMOS
Don't tell me what I want to do. You
better get going, mister. I'm letting
the dog out.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Amos turns to go back into the shack.

ZACK

Oh, shit.

And Zack plunges a knife with an upward thrust through Amos' ribs and into his lung. Amos stumbles forward, clutching onto a pylon that supports the pier. His clothing catches on a projection so he hangs there -- Amos dies halfway upright holding the pylon in a macabre embrace.

39 ANGLE ON HOECH

39

The big dog is in a frenzy. He smashes the window glass out and the wooden window frame, but even Hooch's insane ferocity can't budge the heavy steel bars.

40 ZACK

40

pulls out the knife and hurls it away into the darkness.

41 ANGLE ON THE KNIFE

41

spinning end over end, over the water at the side of Amos' pier. But Zack's thrown the knife too far. It doesn't hit the water; instead it vanishes into the junk of Amos' boat yard.

42 ZACK

42

melts away into the darkness, leaving

43 AMOS' BODY

43

still held half-upright in death, only a few yards away from his shack where

44 HOECH

44

is still howling and flinging himself vainly against the steel bars, the only witness to everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. THE OCEAN - FISHING BOAT - DAWN

45

Boyett's fishing boat is out of sight of land, out of sight of everything. The sky is light but the sun is not yet up. Boyett, running the boat himself, cuts the engine and comes down off the bridge to the bow. There Ferraday, still unconscious, sits handcuffed to the two other workers from the seafood plant. Zack and Casey are standing over them.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

WORKER NUMBER ONE

Why are you doing this, Mr. Boyett?
We didn't take anything.

WORKER NUMBER TWO

We've never taken anything.

BOYETT

But your friend did.

He nods to Zack who slaps both men in the back of the neck with his heavy sap, knocking them out quickly and humanely. Casey ties a rope around the waist of the first worker. Now the three unconscious men are handcuffed to each other and in turn attached to the rope, the end of which disappears over the side of the ship.

CASEY

Ready.

BOYETT

Wait a second. This one should be
awake.

He slaps Ferraday several times lightly on the face. Ferraday groans and blinks his eyes open. Zack dumps a bucket of water over Ferraday's head. Now Ferraday focuses on Boyett.

BOYETT

You tried to take food off my kid's
table, you little shit.
(to Casey)
Go ahead.

46 ANGLE ON THE FISHING BOAT BOW

46

One of the ship's anchors suddenly plunges toward the water, carrying with it the rope attached to the three men.

47 A COIL OF ROPE

47

unwinds with blinding speed until there is no more slack and the three men are dragged to the ship's rail. The first two men are mercifully unconscious, but

48 FERRADAY

48

is awake and screaming and clawing for life, but it doesn't matter: the 1200 pound dead-weight of the anchor drags all three irresistibly across the deck, up over the rail and swiftly down into the water. The anchor and the three men have vanished forever at the bottom of the Pacific.

49 WIDER ANGLE

49

as the fishing boat comes underway again the sun starts coming up over the horizon. It's going to be a lovely day.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. AMOS' SHACK/AMOS' BOATYARD - DAY

50

Turner and Cortez are out on the small pier by Amos' body, which is still suspended, half upright, hugging the pylon. Cortez is taking pictures of the crime scene with a 35mm camera. He is burning film, taking pictures from every conceivable angle and distance, protecting himself. Turner is using tweezers to pick up every little piece of lint off the body. He puts them individually into plain white envelopes which he labels meticulously. He keeps his focus very narrow so that he won't inadvertently reveal how upset he is to be working around Amos' body.

From inside the shack we hear Hooch howling mournfully.

Behind Turner and Cortez the County Medical Examiner, DR. RIKER, and TWO MORGUE ATTENDANTS wait. The Medical Examiner is growing impatient.

DR. RIKER

What are you going to do with all those pictures? You know the county has a professional crime scene photographer? He gets by with about fifteen pictures total.

(no reply)

When was the last time you had a homicide here in town? The sixties, right? Christ, doesn't that dog ever get tired of howling?

(no reply)

You've never done this before, huh? You know, Foster and McCabe in the Sheriff's office -- they've been doing homicide investigations for fifteen years.

(no reply)

You're not going to send all those envelopes to the lab, are you? Do you know they charge \$65 for each individual--

TURNER

Hold that thought.

Turner strides down to the end of the pier where his unmarked car is parked with the trunk open.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

A half dozen uniformed Carmel police officers, almost the entire force, are sitting around here near their cars and the county ambulance. Turner beckons the youngest patrolman over.

TURNER

Surf Rat, listen, do me a favor. I'm running out of stuff. Go over to the 7-11 and get some envelopes and a lot of baggies. I haven't even gotten into the house yet... and film. Five boxes of 35mm film.

SURF RAT

What size baggies? Sandwich size?

Turner takes two quart size plastic bags out of the trunk of his car.

TURNER

Get some of this size. Better get an assortment.

SURF RAT

Right.

Two County animal control vans drive into the boatyard. Four ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICERS -- three big men and one equally big woman -- get out of the vans.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #1

You have a problem with a dog?

TURNER

Down in that shack at the end of the pier.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #2

Yeah, we can hear it.

TURNER

Be careful. He's a monster.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #1

Don't worry. We do this for a living.

The officers grab long poles and jog down to the pier like the marines doing double time. Turner follows them down.

DR. RIKER

Are you about done now? I'd like to take the body before it decomposes.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

Turner slips the plastic bags over Amos' hands and secures them at the wrists with rubber bands.

DR. RIKER

What's that in aid of?

TURNER

To preserve anything under the fingernails. In case he was able to scratch his assailant.

DR. RIKER

Oh come on. He was stabbed in the back for heaven's sake.

SHOUTING, SCREAMING, HOWLING: horrible sounds are coming from Amos' shack as the animal control officers tangle with Hooch. We don't see anything, but what we hear tells the story -- the confident animal control officers have more than they expected with this dog.

TURNER

(to Dr. Riker)

You should never try to anticipate what evidence is going to turn out to be helpful in a homicide case.

DR. RIKER

Really? You read that in a book?

Without replying, Turner lightly lifts Amos away from the pylon so Cortez can get some shots of the projection that snagged Amos' clothing and kept him upright. A PATROLMAN comes down the pier.

PATROLMAN

The chief just pulled in.

CORTEZ

We'll be right there.

DR. RIKER

Excuse me.

And Dr. Riker storms off.

51 TURNER'S POV

51

Turner watches as HOWARD HYDE, Carmel's Chief of Police, comes out onto the pier and gets buttonholed by the Medical Examiner.

52 BACK TO TURNER

52

TURNER
(to Cortez)
Ready?

CORTEZ
One more.
(snaps the last picture)
Ready.

Turner gently lifts the body up off the piling then eases it down to rest on the body bag on the pier. The Morgue Attendants take a step forward. Cortez raises his hand to stop them. Turner kneels beside the body. Amos' eyes are open; Turner, fighting against an instinctive revulsion, pulls Amos' eyelids shut. From inside the shack Hooch howls a particularly agonized cry. Turner steps back. The Morgue Attendants zip up the body bag and wheel the stretcher away.

CORTEZ
You okay?

TURNER
Yeah.

Dr. Riker releases Chief Hyde. Turner and Cortez go down to meet him. Hyde is a retired army colonel, fifty years old, in excellent shape. In the army his men respected him as a fine and fair C.O. His men in the police force think the same now.

CHIEF HYDE
The M.E. thinks we should call in the Sheriff's office.

TURNER
What did you tell him?

CHIEF HYDE
I told him to mind his own business.

TURNER
Thanks.

CHIEF HYDE
Don't misunderstand me -- that's what I told him. But I've got to tell you, I'm concerned. Up to today the most important crime you guys have ever investigated was the theft of the Mayor's Mercedes.

TURNER
We got it back.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CHIEF HYDE

And another thing -- the victim is a friend of yours.

TURNER

He wasn't exactly a friend. I used to play here when I was a kid. He used to throw me out on my ass every other day.

Suddenly Turner's emotional control slips. To his embarrassment he almost starts crying, and in his embarrassment he gets angry.

TURNER

All right! He was a friend! So what -- this is a small town, between Bobby and I we probably know everybody here. If we only investigate crime involving strangers we might as well move to New York.

The door to the shack opens and an Animal Control Officer shouts:

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #1

Everybody off the pier! We're bringing him out!

Chief Hyde leads Turner and Cortez off the pier.

CHIEF HYDE

What do you think, Bobby?

CORTEZ

You know me, you could put me back into uniform tomorrow, I wouldn't care that much. But Jack's really got the bug. I mean he studies criminology in his spare time. I think we're ready.

CHIEF HYDE

(awed)

Will you look at that.

53 ANGLE ON THE SHACK

53

That is Hooch. The four Animal Control Officers have him on catch poles -- seven foot long poles ending in a nooses which are looped around Hooch's neck. Two officers are holding onto each pole, on either side of Hooch, and in addition a net is draped across Hooch's back.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

This would be enough to subdue any ordinary animal, say a lion, but Hooch is barely under control.

TURNER

Well, you gonna call in the sheriffs?

CHIEF HYDE

(after a beat)

Not yet. We'll see how you do.

The four big officers have to use all their weight and muscle to drag Hooch in the right direction. The net does nothing. It hangs on him like a sorority girl's sweater draped over the shoulders. Hooch is lunging and biting and barking, bucking backward and forward.

TURNER

Wise choice. Sir.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #1

Shit!

Hooch throws his weight suddenly and the Animal Control Officers on his right side take an involuntary step backward -- into air: they've run out of room on the pier, and they plunge into the water beside it. Now only two officers are holding Hooch, both on the left side.

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #1

(in the water)

Help!

ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER #3

(on the pier)

Help!

Turner and Cortez lead several patrolmen down the pier while Surf Rat -- newly returned from the 7-11 -- dives into the water to help one of the Animal Control officers who can't swim. Chief Hyde, a wise commander, decides to stay where he is. Cortez and two patrolmen get their hands on the loose pole. Another patrolman reinforces the Animal Control Officers on the right. Turner looks Hooch in the eye.

TURNER

Anybody try psychology?

(suddenly yelling)

Hooch! Sit!

Hooch nearly pulls six pairs of arms out of their sockets as he leaps for Turner's throat. Turner jumps back. The six men bear down and get the dog under some semblance of control.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

CORTEZ

Nice try, Jack.

Chief Hyde looks at the men floundering around in the water and at half his police force struggling with a dog. He shakes his head.

CHIEF HYDE

What a zoo.

CUT TO:

54 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

54

Hooch is fast asleep in a large cage among fifty other cages holding dogs and cats of every sort. Turner and Cortez are looking at Hooch's new home with RICHARD SUMMERS, a big man in a white coat with a foghorn voice, the manager of the pound.

SUMMERS

If you know the dog, why don't you adopt it?

TURNER

Be too much for me.

SUMMERS

Very unusual face. I bet he'd make a good watch dog.

CORTEZ

He looks very peaceful now, Jack.

SUMMERS

Why they needed the tranquilizer gun just to get this poor dog from the van to the cage.... Sometimes I wonder about my colleagues in the field.

TURNER

What'll happen to him now?

SUMMERS

We'll find a good home for him.

(cooing to Hooch)

Yes we will, big boy.

(his spiel)

More and more people are learning that the county animal shelter is the place to go to adopt a fine healthy pet. We're proud of our record in finding homes for our new friends.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

CORTEZ

What happens if you can't?

SUMMERS

Well, sadly, some pets have to be put down. But it's completely painless, I assure you. Why don't you come with me.

He leads Cortez down the row of cages. Turner pauses to tell Hooch--

TURNER

So long, it's been real.

--before catching up with the others. As they pass the animals MEW and BARK beseechingly. Turner can't look. Summers pauses at a heavy steel door and opens it.

55 ANGLE INTO "KILL ROOM" - DAY

55

Dominating the room -- flanked by a pair of wire-meshed windows -- is a floor-to-ceiling oven, dark and pitted from use. A long-handled shovel leans against a large steel tank: a modern decompression chamber. The concrete floor is wet from a recent hosing down. Summers leads the policemen in.

SUMMERS

This is the most modern and humane method, as well as very cost-effective. We put the animals in that steel tank, there, and simply remove the air. It takes only moments and it's really quite painless.

(points to oven)

After decompression, we cremate them, there.

TURNER

(appalled)

Isn't there a better way?... A shot or something?

SUMMERS

Now Mr. Turner, there's no need to get worked up, is there? Hooch is going to be adopted.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. COUNTY GOVERNMENT CENTER - DAY

56

Turner and Cortez walk through a modern complex of large brick buildings, the Sheriff's office, Court House, Jail, a garage for the Sheriff's black and whites: law enforcement on a grand scale.

CORTEZ

Sure they say it's painless. They suck the air out of the room. You can't breathe. You ever hold your breath for a couple of minutes? It feels like you're going to explode.

TURNER

Can we change the subject?

CORTEZ

And then they burn the little guys in the oven!

They arrive at the County Medical Examiner/County Morgue building.

TURNER

Bobby, Jesus, give me a break. Hooch is going to be adopted.

CORTEZ

Sure. Who's going to adopt Hooch?

TURNER

I don't know. Maybe somebody who wants to get on the Letterman show.

CUT TO:

57 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

57

Dr. Riker is performing the autopsy on Amos' body while Turner and Cortez watch, their faces scrunched up so that their eyes are almost shut. With a flourish Dr. Riker drops something -- PLOP -- onto a scale.

DR. RIKER

Now we are weighing the brain.

CORTEZ

Jesus God Almighty.

TURNER

Look Doc, is this your idea of fun? Trying to make us puke? 'Cause we're not going to!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

CORTEZ

Hell no! You want to know why?

TURNER

We threw up already, out on the pier,
before you got there.

CORTEZ

So it's no use, Doctor, give up.
We've got nothing left.

Dr. Riker picks up a hideous electric bone saw. It WHINES into life. Turner and Cortez look at each other. The electric whine lowers its note as the saw bites into flesh. Turner and Cortez in unison bolt for the door.

CUT TO:

58 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

58

The Medical Examiner is stripping off his gloves and soiled surgical clothing. Cortez is at one of the deep sinks with the cold water on full blast, rinsing his mouth. Turner sits on the cold tile floor pressing wet paper towels to his face.

DR. RIKER

The edges of the wound are very clean. More characteristic of a razor than a knife. But is was a knife, with an unusually sharp, non-serrated, 7 1/2 inch long blade, .8 inches wide at the hilt. Find that murder weapon -- it'll turn out to be a very unusual knife.

TURNER

How so?

DR. RIKER

Only the absolutely finest steel can take an edge like that. So it's very expensive, to start with. Then most knives that size have a single edge.

TURNER

This has a double edge?

DR. RIKER

That's right. Makes it very dangerous to use. Very unlikely to find a knife like that used in the kitchen, the workplace, even hunting.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CORTEZ

What's left?

DR. RIKER

It penetrated cleanly, between the third and fourth ribs, at an upward angle, entering the right lung to a depth of two inches, and severing the pulmonary artery.

TURNER

So you think the killer is right handed, with some kind of training or experience?

Dr. Riker revises his opinion of Turner.

DR. RIKER

Very good.

CORTEZ

Hold the phone. I understand the right handed part; right hand from the back into the right lung -- makes sense.

DR. RIKER

Experienced because to make a single thrust between the ribs like that would be one in a thousand.

TURNER

Also, not everybody knows, if you stab someone, even in the heart, they can still scream...

DR. RIKER

...whereas if the blade penetrates the lung the victim can't.

CORTEZ

Listen to you guys.

DR. RIKER

(making amends)

If it's any comfort to you, Foster and McCabe vomited at their first five autopsies.

TURNER

Well, that certainly gives us something to look forward to.

CUT TO:

59 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

59

An ELDERLY COUPLE - MR. AND MRS. KOOTZ - bend down and peer into Hooch's cage. Hooch is still asleep.

MR. KOOTZ
Handsome dog, isn't he?

MRS. KOOTZ
He's the ugliest thing I've ever seen.

MR. KOOTZ
What?

MRS. KOOTZ
(louder)
He's ugly.

MR. KOOTZ
I wouldn't say he was cuddly.

MRS. KOOTZ
(shouting)
Ugly!

Hooch's eyes blink open.

MR. KOOTZ
So, who says a guard dog has to be good looking?

MRS. KOOTZ
The only thing you'd have to guard against with him is looking him full in the face.

The Old Man leans in closer.

MR. KOOTZ
You're a good old dog, aren't you?

Hooch's ROAR and CHARGE must look to this old couple like that of an elephant. It literally bowls them over. Mrs. Kootz is left sprawled across the floor and against a wall. Mr. Kootz is on his hands and knees looking for his glasses.

MRS. KOOTZ
(calling)
Help! Help!

CUT TO:

60 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

60

The whole police force -- nineteen officers and twelve civilian employees -- works out of this one big room on the second floor of City Hall. The only private office is Chief Hyde's glassed-in cubicle at the corner of the room. A DESK SERGEANT and a CLERK man the front desk, dealing with the public. Katie, the Dispatcher, handles both the switchboard and the police radios; she is not overworked. (Katie, by the way, is a very big woman, but pretty enough to be a Lane-Bryant model.) There are desks for the patrol supervisors, a row of lockers for the officers and, by a window, desks for the Department's only two detectives, Turner and Cortez.

TURNER

(to phone)

You know who might carry any double edged knives that size?

CORTEZ

(to phone)

Hello, this is Detective Cortez of the Carmel Police Department...

Turner's desk is as spare and neat as Turner's apartment. His stapler, scotch tape dispenser, paper clip holder and pencil cup are lined up with military precision at the edge of the desk. Next to them is an electric pencil sharpener, probably the only electric pencil sharpener on any cop's desk anywhere in the country. Turner slips a pencil into the sharpener -- BZZZZZZTTT -- then inspects the point.

TURNER

(to phone)

Thank you, we'll try them.

Chief Hyde sets a box down on Turner's desk. The box is filled with little white envelopes and plastic bags.

CHIEF HYDE

Boys, boys, boys.

CORTEZ

(to phone)

Call you right back.

CHIEF HYDE

Is this what you gave to the county crime lab?

TURNER

Too much?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

CHIEF HYDE

You know what they were going to charge us? Seven thousand two hundred and eighty dollars! Thank God they called me first. I would have had to sell your police car. Do you actually think there's a lead in each one of these envelopes?

TURNER

Maybe I was over-cautious.

CHIEF HYDE

Is there anything in here that might be a lead?

TURNER

(evasively)

We're working on a lead from the autopsy right now.

CHIEF HYDE

Jack, Bobby.... You're very smart, I have every confidence in you -- but if you feel you need any help from the Sheriff's Department, just say the word. And listen, check with me before you spend any money, okay?

Hyde goes into his office.

CORTEZ

(quietly to Turner)

Jesus, wait until he gets the bill from One Stop Photo. Two hundred 8x10 glossies.

KATIE THE DISPATCHER

Turner, line 4.

TURNER

(punching line 4)

Detective Turner.

INTERCUT WITH:

61 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

61

Summers, disheveled and exasperated, is on the phone with Turner. Summers covers his free ear to block the noise of thirty dogs BARKING MADLY, a horrible, deafening cacophony led by the deep penetrating BASS BARK of Hooch.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

SUMMERS

This is Richard Summers of the County Animal Shelter. Mr. Turner, the dog you visited--

TURNER

Hooch.

SUMMERS

Yes, Hooch! He's vicious, uncontrollable. He frightens people. He's a menace.

TURNER

Mr. Summers...

SUMMERS

(more than a note of hysteria)

He's been barking all afternoon. It's driving us all crazy. He's a terrible, terrible influence on the other dogs.

TURNER

Hey, take it easy.

SUMMERS

Take it easy! Your dog caused a riot here!

TURNER

Now calm down. Take a deep breath. Dogs in individual cages cannot riot.

SUMMERS

That's what you think. It's been, I mean, you can't imagine--

(then he gets himself under control, as best he can)

Mr. Turner, I have to inform you that we'll be putting him down immediately -- as soon as the technician gets here.

TURNER

But what about someone adopting him?

SUMMERS

Mr. Turner, no one is going to adopt Hooch. Not if he was the last pet on the West Coast.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

SUMMERS (Cont'd)

Furthermore, none of our other pets are going to be adopted as long as this, this Hooch is here.

TURNER

Don't you think that's a little extreme?

SUMMERS

Extreme? No, I don't think it's extreme. I think it's the least I can do for the sake of my sanity!

TURNER

Look, Mr. Summers, that dog may be relevant to a homicide investigation. There may be some evidence--

MR. SUMMERS

--Very well, we won't burn the body! You can pick up the carcass any time!

Summers slams down the phone.

CUT BACK TO:

62 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

62

Turner jumps up and grabs his coat.

TURNER

They're gonna kill the dog! Call that jerkoff back, tell them they can't do it. I'm going out there.

Turner runs out, nearly crashing into Katie.

TURNER

Excuse me, over.

She sticks out her tongue at him.

63 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

63

Turner jumps into his car.

64 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

64

Turner jams the car into drive and swings recklessly out into traffic before putting on his driving glasses and seat belt.

65 EXT. CARPENTER STREET - DAY 65

Turner's Buick zooms past a line of slower moving vehicles.

CUT TO:

66 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY 66

The technician who runs the decompression chamber comes into the reception room where Summers is holding his ears against the cacophony of barking dogs.

SUMMERS

Thank God.

He leads the technician back into the shelter proper. The reception room telephone starts ringing but there is no one to answer it.

CUT TO:

67 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY 67

From the radio:

KATIE THE DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Delta one. Detective Cortez reports no answer, repeat no answer at the County Animal Center, over.

Turner bangs the steering wheel.

TURNER

Shit!

CUT TO:

68 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY 68

Summers and the technician clang the heavy door of the decompression chamber shut. The technician spins the wheel that seals the chamber, then starts the decompression.

69 INSERT -- THE PRESSURE GAUGE 69

We can see the dial wind down as the air is sucked out of the chamber, accompanied by a horrible HISSING sound.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. TURNER'S CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY 70

Turner's car comes to a halt in traffic. Turner opens the Buick's door and stands on the rocker panel.

71 TURNER'S POV 71

A tow truck is clearing an accident way up ahead.

72 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

72

Turner takes a box from underneath his seat and opens it. It's a portable Mars light, an item he's never needed to use before. He plugs it into the cigarette lighter, then triggers the siren, also for the first time. He inches the car through the blocked traffic to get to the road side and then speeds along the shoulder toward the obstruction.

CUT TO:

73 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

73

The technician spins the wheel on the door the vacuum breaks with a whoosh. The door opens. The decompression chamber is empty.

TECHNICIAN

Working great. Now where is this dog?

CUT TO:

74 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

74

Turner has reached the obstruction but a Monterey County Deputy Sheriff isn't rushing to move the tow truck out of the way.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

(re: the Mars light)

That's not county issue, Bub. You get that at the five and dime?

TURNER

(showing badge)

Detective Turner, Carmel Police.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Carmel? You're miles from there, you can't use a siren on county roads. And since when does Carmel have detectives anyway?

TURNER

Since four years ago. Look, this is a matter of life and death here.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Why didn't you say so?

(to tow truck)

Back it up! Let him through!

(as the truck backs up)

Hey, is it true what they say, you got a uniformed cop in your town that doesn't wear shoes?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

TURNER
That's ridiculous. No truth to that
at all.

And the second the tow truck's clear he rockets away.

CUT TO:

75 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY 75

Summers and the technician are in front of Hooch's cage.

TECHNICIAN
Talk about getting hit with the ugly
stick.

He puts his hand on the latch. Hooch growls dangerously.

SUMMERS
Wait. We're going to need this.

He produces a large air pistol and a wicked-looking tranquilizer dart.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. MONTEREY STREETS - DAY 76

Turner's car careens through the streets near the county seat.

77 EXT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY 77

Turner's Buick bounces up onto the curb in an outrageously bad parking job. Turner is out in a flash.

78 INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY 78

Turner hurries through the deserted Receptionist's area to the corridor. His face falls.

Hooch's cage stands open and empty. Turner looks at all the other cages just in case, but no Hooch.

Turner grimly goes to open the door of the "kill room". He peers inside.

79 ANGLE INTO "KILL ROOM" 79

It's empty. Too late. Turner sadly goes out into the corridor, then looks down the other hallway.

80 TURNER'S POV

80

Summers is sitting on the floor, his white uniform splotted with blood. An ASSISTANT is applying a tourniquet to a gash on Summers' right forearm. The technician lies face down on the linoleum, a tranquilizer dart sticking up out of his back, right between his shoulder blades. Hooch is nowhere in sight.

SUMMERS

(seeing Turner)

And you were worried about a humane
end for your dog! Look at my arm!

TURNER

He's gone, right?

He means "dead" but Summers doesn't know that.

SUMMERS

(incensed)

Gone? Look at the window! Of course
he's gone!

Turner looks around and sees a jagged hole in the heavy mesh screen covering one of the windows -- the glass beyond it is shattered! A slow smile of relief and astonishment brightens Turner's face: Hooch has escaped!

We HEAR the O.S. squeal of approaching SIRENS.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

That's the Paramedics. I'm going to
have to have a rabies shot! They'll
stick a needle, this long--
(indicates a foot)

--into my tummy! About ten times!

TURNER

Maybe it would be more humane just
to put you to sleep.

SUMMERS

I want that dog found and destroyed!
Don't bother catching him alive! Just
shoot him and bring him here! I'll
dispose of him free of charge!

TURNER

(stepping over the
sleeping technician)

You're not such a bad shot yourself.

CUT TO:

81 INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

81

Turner is at his work bench, listening to music on his partially completed stereo while he studies a one thousand page tome. He inserts a book mark and shuts the book; we read the title: HANDBOOK OF HOMICIDE INVESTIGATION. Turner opens a drawer and brings out the \$10,000 brick that Amos gave him. He studies it from all angles under the magnifying glass.

The phone rings. Turner uses one of his tiny tools to reach inside the guts of the stereo amp, to switch off the music as he picks up the phone.

TURNER

Hello... Hi Bobby. No nothing, just working... No; vanished into thin air somewhere in Monterey. But a dog looks like that, they'll find him sooner or later... Yeah, me too. See you in the morning... Sure, meet you out there.

Turner hangs up, then carefully uses the tiny tool to start the music again. The music starts again. Turner resumes his study of the cash.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 EXT. AMOS' BOATYARD - DAY

82

Yellow tape intertwined through the fence identifies this as the scene of a police investigation. Turner unlocks a police box padlocked onto the gate post, heads through the boatyard and out onto the pier.

83 ANGLE ON THE PIER

83

Sitting on the very spot where Amos died -- is Hooch.

TURNER

How the hell did you get here?

Hooch's eyes drill into Turner as Turner cautiously approaches.

TURNER (CONT'D)

You're cut up pretty bad, you know that? You're bleeding. Bleeding right on my crime scene. Come on, let me get you fixed up. You don't want to have a scar marring your handsome features.

Turner slowly extends his hand out to Hooch, who watches it curiously.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

TURNER (CONT'D)

You see? Can't do it, can you?...

Hooch's teeth suddenly SNAP at Turner's fingers, driving them back.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Okay, you can do anything you want.

A plastic sheet is fixed to the pier at Turner's feet. He lifts the edge of it. Under the plastic sheet the rotting wood of the pier is dark with Amos' dried blood. He touches his fingers to it and then holds them out towards Hooch's snout. Hooch, curious, inches forward just enough to sniff Turner's fingers. Smelling Amos' scent, he WHIMPERS. Turner then rubs his fingers and the blood flakes away.

TURNER

He's gone, boy. I'm all you've got...

A beat. Then Hooch cautiously sniffs Turner's hand, where Amos' and Turner's scents have intermingled.

And then, Turner lifts his hand to pet Hooch's head... and for the first time, Hooch lets him -- but keeps one watchful eye on Turner....

CUT TO:

84 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

84

Turner's car pulls up at a large two story Victorian house with a sign out front reading

CARMEL VETERINARY CLINIC

EMILY SCOTT, D.V.M.

Turner opens the car's back door and leads Hooch out by the collar. He then takes out his blue blazer, which he had left carefully folded on the seat. Hooch has clearly made himself comfortable on it. It looks like shit.

TURNER

Look! It's disgusting! I have to wear this. Come on! I hope they're out of novocaine.

He pulls Hooch up the stairs into the clinic. Turner shuts the front door behind him and WE HOLD THIS ANGLE, looking at the closed front door for a long beat.... Then the front door BANGS open: an INDIGNANT LADY protectively carrying a SILVER TOY POODLE storms out, glancing backward resentfully.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

An instant later a NINETY POUND, PART GERMAN SHEPHERD PART COLLIE bursts out the door, tail between his legs, dragging his YOUNG MASTER behind him. They're followed by an OUTRAGED BUSINESSWOMAN tangled up with THREE LHASA APSOS and finally by a BEWILDERED MAN carrying TWO PARAKEET CAGES.

CUT TO:

85 INT. EMILY'S RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

85

Turner sits, mortified, while Hooch lounges in the now empty waiting room. DR. EMILY SCOTT, a very pretty young woman dressed casually under a long white lab coat, comes out through the inner door. She is mildly surprised to see none of the patients she expects -- and one patient she doesn't expect.

EMILY

You must be next. Why don't you bring that very ugly dog in here?

86 INT. EMILY'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

86

The examining room is very clean without being overly neat. It's homey, casual, like Emily herself. Reclining on an old quilt in a corner is CAMILLE, Emily's beautiful, very feminine Setter.

TURNER

Do you have any assistants, like a couple of offensive linemen? It took six guys just to get Hooch to the pound yesterday.

EMILY

A tough guy, huh? Hooch, jump up here.

To Turner's surprise Hooch jumps lightly up onto the examining table.

EMILY

This looks worse than it is. What happened?

TURNER

He smashed through a window at the pound.

EMILY

Good for you, Hooch. This is going to sting a little.

As Turner braces for the explosion we

CUT TO:

87 EXT. AMOS' BOATYARD - DAY

87

Cortez waits by the front gate, checking his watch. A MONTEREY COUNTY SHERIFF'S VAN pulls up. TWO UNIFORMED DEPUTY SHERIFFS get out and open the rear doors. FIVE GERMAN SHEPHERDS leap out; they line up shoulder-to-shoulder at rigid attention. They wear gold-and-blue blankets with "SHERIFF" stencilled across them and resemble a canine caricature of an over-drilled SWAT team.

One of the Dog Handlers -- a hard-assed Sheriff's Sergeant called DOLE -- strides down the line of motionless dogs like a D.I. inspecting recruits.

SGT. DOLE

At ease!

The Shepherds relax. Handler #2 retrieves a briefcase from the van's cab and hands it to Dole.

SGT. DOLE

You Detective Turner?

CORTEZ

I'm Cortez, Turner's partner. He said to start without him. Thanks for coming.

SGT. DOLE

We're always ready to help out the local police.

Dole opens the briefcase, takes out Amos' bloody shirt and a toy knife.

SGT. DOLE (CONT'D)

That's why I was a little surprised -- usually Foster and McCabe handle the homicide cases in this county.

CORTEZ

Yeah? I heard they got caught doing the old sandwich job on the Mayor's wife.

SGT. DOLE

That's a joke, right?

Dole wipes the toy knife with Amos' shirt, then offers it to the dogs to see and smell. The dogs instantly fan out over the boatyard, searching. Dole puts the toy knife into his hip pocket.

SGT. DOLE

If it's out there, my boys will find it.

CUT TO:

88 INT. EMILY'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

88

She uses gauze and Betadine to clean Hooch's wounds. Turner is still expecting an outburst of violence from Hooch, but Hooch endures Emily's ministrations with quiet, grave dignity. Turner has no way of knowing that Hooch is doing this for the beautiful Setter's benefit, but we can see the sly glances that pass between the two dogs. Camille wiggles seductively on her quilt.

EMILY

What's his last name?

TURNER

His owner is dead, if that's what you mean. I didn't know dogs had last names.

EMILY

Of course. What's your name?

TURNER

Turner, Jack Turner.

EMILY

Then this is Hooch Turner.

TURNER

Wait a minute! This isn't my dog.

EMILY

I better give him the standard shots just to be on the safe side.

TURNER

I've never even had a dog.

EMILY

You married?

TURNER

Divorced.

EMILY

You have a girlfriend?

TURNER

No.

EMILY

You're not one of those men who get divorced because they're secretly homosexual?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

TURNER

(appalled)

No! What kind of a question is that?

EMILY

Was that too personal? People have told me I ask very personal questions.

TURNER

I'd say that one was a little on the personal side.

EMILY

Do you live alone? If that's not too personal?

She glances at him speculatively.

TURNER

Yes. I mean: No, it's not too personal and yes, I live alone.

EMILY

There you go. This is the perfect dog for a guy with no women in his life.

She shoots a short stream of liquid out of a big syringe to clear the air bubble.

TURNER

Be careful! He bites!

Emily pinches Hooch's skin and deftly gives the dog an injection. Hooch doesn't react. Emily smiles at Turner.

EMILY

I don't know why you're acting like this is some wild, unpredictable dog. He's sweet. I think you two make a great match.

89 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

89

Turner, now with Hooch on a brand new collar and leash, leads the dog back to the car.

TURNER

(disgusted)

Great match, I've got a great match for you. Your face and my ass.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. AMOS' BOATYARD - DAY

90

Turner's car pulls up outside the gate; he leads Hooch over to Cortez. In the background Dole and the other Dog Handler look at Hooch contemptuously.

CORTEZ

So that's where you were, out looking for lost dogs.

TURNER

He found me. I had to take him to the vet.

CORTEZ

So, Hooch, how's it feel to have a new Dad?

TURNER

Don't you start. They find anything?

CORTEZ

Not so far.

Dole, seeing them approach, lifts a whistle to his lips and blows. Although we don't hear a thing, the five German Shepherds instantly come bounding INTO VIEW from all directions and sit at attention in front of him. Their "SHERIFF" blankets are filthy, their once-shiny coats covered in grime, but their rigid obedience and training allow Dole to stick it to Turner.

SGT. DOLE

My boys covered every inch of this place. I guarantee you, there's nothing here.

Hooch looks curiously at the Shepherds, who are hanging on Dole's every word and gesture. Dole pours some water into bowls, then bends to the Shepherds.

SGT. DOLE (CONT'D)

(to Shepherds)

Good boys... go ahead, ain't your fault there's nothin' out there.

As the Shepherds eagerly begin to drink...

91 HOCH

91

REACTS to the smell of Amos on the toy knife in Dole's back pocket. Hooch leaps forward and rips the back pocket out of Dole's pants to get at the rubber knife. Dole jumps away, and his dogs get ready to protect their master, but Hooch ignores everything but the toy knife, which he sniffs from every angle.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

Dole looks down at Hooch, considering him with disdain.

SGT. DOLE

You know that's a pathetic excuse for a dog. You ought to get him fixed. That's the kind of dog that shouldn't ever reproduce.

Hooch suddenly dashes away into the depths of the boatyard.

TURNER

(to Hooch)

Hey! Come back here!

Dole shakes his head.

SGT. DOLE

Nothing I hate worse than an untrained dog. Especially when he makes an asshole out of his master right in front of my boys.

92 HOOCH

92

jumps over, crawls through and around all kinds of junk in the boatyard, nose questing, but this isn't a random search: he's zeroing in on something; he's getting close; he digs for it; he finds it.

93 ANGLE ON TURNER

93

as Hooch comes bounding towards him, carrying ZACK'S DOUBLE-EDGED KNIFE in his teeth. Trotting past Dole and the shepherds, he drops it at Turner's feet.

94 CLOSE - THE KNIFE

94

Turner kneels down, examines it, sees caked blood on it. He picks it up carefully with a plastic bag.

TURNER

(to Dole)

I think this is what your "boys" were looking for.

Turner uncomfortably pats Hooch twice on the head.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Uh... good boy...

CORTEZ

I'm all choked up.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

TURNER

Thank's for your help, Sergeant. I
sleep better knowing you and your boys
are out there.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 EXT. CARMEL MAIN STREET (PARADE) - DAY

95

The High School marching band leads a parade down Main
Street, past City Hall and across Ocean Avenue. A banner
suspended across city hall reads

THIRD ANNUAL "ANYTHING ON FOUR WHEELS" PARADE!

Below the banner, bleachers have been set up where
enthusiastic TOWNSPEOPLE and TOURISTS are watching.

96 VARIOUS ANGLES - THE PARADE

96

--Patrolman "Surf Rat" Gilaland walks along the edge of the
parade, sandals on his bare feet.

--HIGH SCHOOLERS dressed in horse costumes pull a home-made
Roman chariot down the street past cheering PARENTS.

--A SMALL CHILD is hoisted onto her FATHER'S shoulders.

--A claw foot bathtub on wheels is pulled down the street;
a MIDDLE-AGED EXTROVERT is in the tub, taking a bubble bath,
scrubbing his back to the delight of the crowd.

--In the bleachers, the TOWN MAYOR and Chief Hyde watch

--Two gleaming fire trucks escorted by FIREMEN marching
along side.

97 ANGLE ON THE STREET CORNER

97

Turner, with Hooch on a leash, waits for a gap in the parade
to cross the street. Spectators back up from Hooch to give
the dog plenty of room. Surf Rat ambles over.

SURF RAT

You should enter that dog in the
parade, Jack. You'd win some kind
of prize, for sure.

TURNER

I bet. You let the Chief see you
wearing those sandals?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

SURF RAT

Yeah, but he was with the Mayor so
he made like he didn't notice.

Turner shakes his head and then, seeing his chance, threads
his way through the parade. On the other side of the street
the crowd parts to let Hooch through.

98 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

98

The skeleton crew manning the station -- Katie, a SERGEANT,
and a CLERK -- are at the windows watching the parade.
Cortez is at his desk, on the phone. The four police
officers turn and stare as Turner brings Hooch in.

TURNER

Well, what else was I supposed to do
with him?

KATIE

No offense but that dog smells like...

SERGEANT

He smells like he looks.

TURNER

You'll get used to it.

Turner drops the plastic-wrapped knife on his desk. The
others turn back to the parade.

CORTEZ

Lab confirm it?

TURNER

Yes -- traces of Amos' blood. It's
the murder weapon.

CORTEZ

I don't suppose...

TURNER

No, no finger prints or anything.

Turner ties Hooch's leash to the leg of his desk.

TURNER

Sit! Lie down!

No reaction.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Okay, stand.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

CORTEZ

Look what I got. Did you realize
there are three magazines for people
who like knives?

He drops the magazines on Turner's desk.

CORTEZ

Collector's Edge, Fighting Knives,
Blade.

Hooch gazes out the window as Turner leafs through the
magazines.

TURNER

This is unbelievable. "Knife battles
of the Falkland's War." "Thrust
versus Slash." Have you looked
through these?

CORTEZ

Try page 17, of Collector's Edge.

Turner flips to the page.

TURNER

Wow.

He compares the murder weapon to the knife pictured in the
magazine.

TURNER

Very close. The hilt is different
but the blade looks exactly the same.

CORTEZ

I was dialing the manufacturer when
you walked in.

TURNER

Don't let me stop you.

99 EXT. CITY HALL (PARADE) - DAY

99

Two antique cars are chugging along, carrying an eight piece
Dixieland band.

100 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

100

Turner and Cortez are working the phones on separate calls
that seem to blend together.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

CORTEZ

...seven and one half inches from hilt
to the tip of the blade...

TURNER

...eleven and three eights inches over
all...

CORTEZ

...rubber grips...

TURNER

...small hole at the tip of the
hilt...

101 EXT. CITY HALL (PARADE) - DAY

101

Walter Boyett and a group of FAMILY and FRIENDS -- all dressed in old-fashioned night shirts and night gowns -- are pulling a big brass four poster bed on wheels. Boyett's sons, Sean and Eric, also in night shirts, are bouncing on the bed waving and hamming it up for the crowd.

102 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

102

Hooch, at the window, suddenly becomes alert. He gets up on his hind legs, bares his teeth, GROWLS at something below in the square.

TURNER

(to Hooch)

Shut up!

(to phone)

No, double edged.

Hooch starts BARKING. He sticks his big, hairy shoulders out the window to get a better look at what he's barking at.

TURNER (CONT'D)

(to Hooch)

Knock it off!

103 HOOCH'S POV - ZACK

103

is walking along the side of the parade route, taking pictures of Boyett's party.

104 BACK TO HOOCH

104

who goes berserk, bounding to the next window to keep Zack in sight, disrupting the whole police station with the noise of his BARKING.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

TURNER
Hooch! Stop it!

Hooch needs to go to the next window down, but he's tied to Turner's desk -- the leash doesn't reach far enough. Hooch throws his back into it and drags Turner's desk across the floor, sending Turner's phone, lamp, and electric pencil sharpener CRASHING to the floor.

KATIE
Hey!

Katie jumps out of the way as Hooch bulldozes into her switchboard, getting himself tangled in her microphones.

TURNER
Damn stupid frigging dog!

Turner and Cortez jump on Turner's desk to anchor it, but Hooch is already at the next window, BARKING insanely at the crowd below.

105 EXT. CITY HALL (PARADE) -- DAY

105

Zack looks up at Hooch, and realizes that the dog recognizes him. He hurries up the street as fast as he can without calling too much attention to himself. Boyett, his kids, people in the crowd, the Mayor, Chief Hyde -- all are looking at Hooch or are looking around, trying to figure out what the dog is BARKING at as it leans dangerously out the City Hall window. Zack increases his pace, wanting to get out of sight.

106 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

106

Turner, Cortez and Katie -- who's as heavy as Cortez -- take a firm grip on Hooch's leash.

TURNER
One, two, three!

107 EXT. CITY HALL (PARADE) -- DAY

107

Zack goes out of view watched by Hooch, BARKING frantically. Suddenly Hooch is dragged OUT OF SIGHT and is replaced by Turner, who looks down on the crowd, trying to locate the source of Hooch's interest. He sees

108 EMILY SCOTT

108

on a makeshift float called "Carmel Zoo." The float is piled high with exotic animals and birds in cages. Several dogs, including Camille, walk alongside; some of the dogs are in costumes.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

TURNER
(disgusted)
Right...

CUT TO:

109 EXT. MAIN STREET (PARADE) - DAY

109

Boyett's brass bed display is now out of sight of the City Hall windows, and so is Zack, on the side of the street. Boyett goes over to Zack, a big fake smile on his face.

BOYETT
What the hell!

ZACK
Christ. That dog--

BOYETT
Smile, laugh, people are looking at us.

ZACK
(plastering on a smile)
It belonged to the old man at the boat yard. I'll never forget that bark. I've never heard anything like it.

BOYETT
You shouldn't have killed him.

Boyett smiles wider to remind Zack to do the same. From the distance they look like people sharing a hilarious joke.

ZACK
I didn't have any choice -- you know that.

BOYETT
Well, what's done is done. Don't worry, even in California, dogs can't testify.

CUT TO:

110 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

110

Turner and Cortez have shoved their desks back together and are attacking the phones once more. Katie and the others are finishing fixing up the mess that Hooch made.

TURNER
...1968 through 1973...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

CORTEZ
...who could confirm?

KATIE
Turner, line 2, the Pentagon!

TURNER
Commander, thanks for calling back.
We're interested in a knife....

111 EXT. CITY HALL (PARADE) - DAY

111

Street cleaning machines are following the parade. The crowd is breaking up. Chief Hyde shakes hands with the Mayor.

112 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

112

The OFFICERS coming off duty go over to the lockers at the side of the room. Chief Hyde comes in with Surf Rat.

CHIEF HYDE
Of course they make your feet sweat
-- that's what socks are for. Don't
let me catch you again.

TURNER
Chief, we need to see you.

CHIEF HYDE
What's that smell?

Then he sees Hooch.

CHIEF HYDE
Never mind. My office.

113 INT. CHIEF HYDE'S OFFICE - DAY

113

The plastic bag containing the murder weapon, a police report and the \$10,000 brick of cash are on Hyde's blotter.

CORTEZ
Seven hundred of these knives were
manufactured for the US Navy for their
SEAL Combat Team between '68 and '73.
They cost \$95 new.

TURNER
Collectors pay \$400 apiece for them
now.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

CORTEZ

In 1985, the last two hundred in Navy surplus were sent to the Nicaraguan Contras.

CHIEF HYDE

So the suspect is maybe a Navy Seal, or maybe a Contra, or maybe a knife collector?

TURNER

Not just a collector. The nature of the wound indicates that the killer knew exactly what he was doing, that he's a trained knife fighter.

CORTEZ

Which is backed up by the knife itself.

CHIEF HYDE

How so?

TURNER

It's the difference between a shooting with a Saturday Night Special and with a high powered sniper's rifle.

CORTEZ

(tapping the knife)

This being the sniper's rifle.

CHIEF HYDE

You make a good point. How do you get from here to wanting to search the Seafood company?

Turner indicates the police report.

TURNER

The night before the murder, a little inflatable boat was tied up at the Seafood company pier. It vanished. Then the victim's dog brings this money--

CORTEZ

--ten thousand dollars!--

TURNER

--home in his teeth. The victim believed that it came from the Seafood company.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

TURNER (Cont'd)

There is something wrong going on there, he said, quote unquote.

CHIEF HYDE

Based on what?

TURNER

Hey, I didn't believe him at the time -- but he was killed, that gives him some credibility.

CORTEZ

Look, an isolated spot on the California coast, the nearest Customs and Coast Guard twenty miles to the North, their own fishing boats: what a perfect set up for smuggling operation.

TURNER

See how the money is put together? Small bills and big bills, from ones to hundreds. That's exactly how drug dealers handle money.

CORTEZ

They don't want to always be going to the bank, changing the small bills for big bills.

CHIEF HYDE

All these individual points are well taken -- but there's no direct evidence, which is what you need to get a search warrant.

TURNER

We were afraid of that.

CHIEF HYDE

Well, there is more than one way to skin a lizard.

He picks up the phone and buzzes the desk clerk.

CHIEF HYDE

Ray, I need to call the Sheriff, the Monterey Coast Guard's station and the Chiefs of Police of Salinas and Pacific Grove. Also Lieutenant Youngblood of the Highway Patrol.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

CHIEF HYDE (Cont'd)

(he puts down the phone)

I don't know if you know, but when I was in the Army I ran security for all our forces in Panama. There is nothing about smuggling that I don't know. I can't help you with homicide, but I can sure help you with this.

TURNER

You think we're right?

CHIEF HYDE

I have no idea, we're going to find out. We'll start first thing in the morning, down at the plant.

Turner and Cortez get up quickly.

TURNER

Thanks.

CHIEF HYDE

Turner, the dog... don't bring him here again.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INT. TURNER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

114

It's dark.

TURNER (O.S.)

No crapping, no pissing, no barking, no growling.

The light comes on, revealing Turner's very spare, very neat bedroom. Turner and Hooch stand in the doorway.

TURNER (CONT'D)

This is not your room.

The light goes off.

115 INT. TURNER'S SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

115

It's dark.

TURNER (O.S.)

No slobbering, no chewing, no shedding, and stay off the furniture..

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

The light comes on. They stand in the doorway of a small bedroom where Turner keeps his bench press and other exercise equipment.

TURNER (CONT'D)

This is not your room.

The light goes off.

116 INT. TURNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

116

It's dark.

TURNER (O.S.)

No begging for food, no sniffing of crotches, no tracking of mud, no drinking out of the toilet.

The light comes on.

TURNER (CONT'D)

This is not your room.

117 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

117

Turner enters the laundry room from the kitchen. He puts some old blankets down in the corner.

TURNER

(To Hooch)

This is your room and this is your bed. The rest of the house is mine, understand? When I walk through this door I like to find peace and quiet, law and order, everything in its place.

(a beat)

I'm going out to get you some food now. And then I'm going to give you a bath.

Turner shuts the door separating the laundry room from the kitchen, then exits through the laundry room's exterior door -- the back door of the house -- locking it behind him.

118 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

118

Turner waits in the driveway, listening for any sound from in the house. It stays quiet. Satisfied for the moment, he gets into his car.

119 INT. TURNER'S LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

119

Hearing Turner's car leaving the garage, Hooch examines the door separating him from the kitchen. It's a standard, old-fashioned wood door with thin upper and lower panels surrounded by a frame of thicker wood. Hooch takes a step back, lowers his head like a bull, and charges into the lower door panel.

120 INT. TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

120

BAM! The lower panel of the door to the laundry room bows inward with the force of Hooch's butting it from the other side. BAM! The lower panel splinters slightly. BAM! The wood splits and BAM! a big chunk of the panel flies out into the kitchen. Hooch calmly steps through the instant doggie door he's made.

CUT TO:

121 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

121

Turner looks helplessly at an aisle full of dog food: wet, dry, moist; in boxes, cans, bags; food for young dogs and fat dogs and little dogs and pregnant dogs; with liver, with egg, with cheese, with meat, with real meat, with beef, with real beef.

CUT TO:

122 INT. TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

122

Hooch hops up onto the counter. He's interested in Turner's well organized set of identical white storage jars -- to Hooch, they could be cookie jars. He knocks one over, the contents spill out onto the counter and the floor: sugar. He knocks over the next one: tea bags. The next one: dry rigatoni. The next one: coffee beans. The next one: flour. Hooch sneezes.

CUT TO:

123 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

123

Turner is studying a can of dog food, hoping it'll speak to him. Instead, the STORE MANAGER does.

STORE MANAGER

Hey, Jack. How you doing?
Everybody's talking about the murder.
There was a front page item in the
Pine Cone today.

TURNER

We're making some progress.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

STORE MANAGER

I remember the last time we had a murder in town. 1965. I didn't know you had a dog, Jack.

TURNER

I don't. I mean, there's a dog, ah, visiting me. What is all this stuff? Don't they have any regular dog food anymore?

STORE MANAGER

Sure. How big's this dog?

TURNER

About so tall, this wide, this long.

STORE MANAGER

That's either a big dog or a small horse.

The manager takes the can from Turner and replaces it on the shelf, then hoists a huge bag of dry dog food into Turner's cart.

CUT TO:

124 INT. TURNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

124

Hooch walks along Turner's sofa. With a swish of his tail he accidentally knocks Turner's one remaining Halogen lamp to the floor.

CUT TO:

125 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

125

Turner's cart is now filled with a healthy selection from the dog product aisle. The manager shows him a box.

STORE MANAGER

Did you know Milk Bone now comes in mint flavor?

TURNER

I don't know anything, my ex-wife took the T.V. What are they for?

STORE MANAGER

Minty fresh breath.

TURNER

Better give me four boxes.

CUT TO:

126 INT. TURNER'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 126

Hooch is up on Turner's workbench, looking curiously at the half finished stereo. He sticks his huge snout into it and the MUSIC STARTS: Hooch jumps back, knocking over a tray of tiny tools and parts.

CUT TO:

127 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 127

Turner is at the checkout stand.

CLERK

Comes to 72.30.

TURNER

72.30! What is that -- lire? Yen?

CUT TO:

128 INT. TURNER'S LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 128

Turner comes in the back door, both arms full of groceries, to find Hooch nowhere in sight and a hole in the door to the kitchen. Worse, he can hear the stereo playing.

129 INT. TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 129

Turner surveys the shambles and angrily slams the bags of groceries down on the counter.

130 INT. TURNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 130

Turner comes through the swinging door and slowly calculates the damage. He goes over to the workbench, finds one of his tiny tools on the floor, and turns off the stereo.

TURNER

Hooch! You mangy bastard! Hooch!
Hooch!

Turner storms around the house, looking, but Hooch is gone.

TURNER

72.30!

DISSOLVE TO:

131 INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 131

The mess in the kitchen and living room has been cleaned up; now, Turner's sorting the tiny stereo tools and parts at his workbench. He looks up: there's a noise from the front door. Scratch, scratch, scratch. Turner tries to ignore it. It gets louder.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

TURNER

Go away!

Scratch, scratch.

TURNER

Forget it! I'm calling the dog
catcher!

Scratch, scratch.

TURNER

You're not getting any sympathy from
me, pal. I only wish it was snowing
out there.

There's silence from the front door for a moment, then we
hear the BAM! we know is the sound of Hooch's head crashing
into the door.

TURNER

Shit!

This is too much. Turner goes to the door. BAM!

TURNER

All right! Coming! Jesus.

Turner swings the front door open. Hooch, nonchalant,
strolls in, followed by Camille, Emily's beautiful Setter.
Wet and covered with leaves, they look like they've been
sharing a wild evening of passion in the woods. Hooch looks
at Turner.

TURNER

No, she cannot spend the night.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

132

Turner takes Camille out of the car. He slams the car door
in Hooch's face and locks it.

TURNER

Not you, Bozo.

Turner rings the doorbell. Emily opens the door very
quickly.

EMILY

Thank-- wait, you're not the plumber,
you're Jack Turner -- the guy with
Hooch, that sweet ugly dog.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

TURNER

That sweet ugly dog just molested
Camille.

EMILY

(to Camille)

Why, you little slut. I saw you
making eyes at him.

(to Turner)

Do you have tools in your trunk?

TURNER

I have everything in my trunk. What
do you need?

EMILY

I was hoping you'd know.

133 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

133

The living room -- upstairs, over the veterinary clinic --
is wild with plants; whole trees seem to be growing here.
There are also a number of tanks and cages for the many
exotic animals that share Emily's life. The rest of the
living room is more conventionally furnished, but there's
a pile of clean laundry on one of the couches. It's clear
that Emily Scott has a sublime indifference to more formal
ideas of housekeeping. It's Turner's idea of hell.

EMILY

I'm worried 'cause the leak is right
over the examining room.

TURNER

Yeaow!

A Great Amazon Tree Frog drops onto Turner's shoulder,
startling the crap out of him. Emily calmly takes it and
puts it in one of the tanks.

EMILY

I don't want you to think this is some
old-fashioned sex roles thing, me
wanting you to fix my plumbing. I'm
a veterinarian and a biologist, I just
don't understand anything mechanical.

Emily continues to lead Turner through the living room
toward a small hallway leading to a bathroom. The floor
of the bathroom and the hallway is under an inch of water;
the water is spreading onto the living room carpet.

EMILY

It was fine all day, then suddenly
-- this!

134 INT. EMILY SCOTT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

134

Squish-squish-squish -- Turner splashes into Emily's cramped bathroom. The toilet is steadily overflowing.

EMILY

I should have told you to take off your shoes.

TURNER

(lying)
It's okay.

She sits down on the edge of the tub and watches as Turner removes the top of the toilet tank. Turner's very aware of the panty-hose drying on the line over the tub behind her; they lend an air of intimacy to the proceedings that she doesn't seem to mind.

TURNER

You can usually stop this by pulling up on the float arm.

Turner does so and the SOUND of running water stops.

EMILY

My hero.

The float arm snaps off in Turner's hand. The SOUND of running water starts up again.

TURNER

Also, there's usually a shut-off valve behind the toilet.

Turner has to kneel in the one inch deep water to reach behind the toilet.

TURNER

It's missing.

He takes a wrench out of his tool kit and goes to work at a very awkward angle.

EMILY

Is Hooch going to be all right in the car?

TURNER

As long as he doesn't tear up the upholstery -- then he'll need about a million stitches. Would you hand me that other wrench, the one with the red handle?

She does; he goes back to work.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

EMILY

How long have you been divorced?

TURNER

Officially, about two and a half days.

EMILY

You want to go back to her?

TURNER

I'd rather spend the rest of my life
in an iron lung.

Turner gives the wrench another turn and the water shuts
off for good.

EMILY

Now you're really my hero.

135. INT. EMILY SCOTT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

135

Turner and Emily are sitting on the sofa; she has a drink,
Turner has a beer. His shoes, socks and the knees of his
pants are soaked. There's an iguana on the coffee table,
standing so still it almost looks stuffed, but it blinks
from time to time. Turner has a hard time taking his eyes
off it.

EMILY

Is he bothering you?

TURNER

Not at all.

EMILY

Are you wearing underwear?

This very nearly catches Turner with a mouthful of beer.

TURNER

Pardon me?

EMILY

'Cause if you're wearing underwear
you can take off your pants and shoes
and socks and I'll put them in the
dryer.

TURNER

That's O.K., thanks.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

EMILY

If you're not wearing underwear you can still take off your shoes and socks.

TURNER

Really, it's O.K.

EMILY

I just want you to be comfortable.

TURNER

I'm fine.

EMILY

You're sure?

TURNER

Absolutely.

Reaching a slightly awkward lull in the conversation, they watch the iguana for a second. It blinks.

EMILY

I hope my asking about your underwear doesn't fall into the category of a question that's too personal.

TURNER

Not at all. Actually, I am wearing underwear. Fruit-of-the-Loom. I'm just happy with my pants on.

EMILY

That's fine with me. I'm not trying to force you to take your pants off, if that's what you think.

TURNER

I don't think that.

EMILY

Although, you should know, it's not an offer I make to every man who fixes my toilet.

There's something in the way her beautiful eyes hold his, something in the way she effortlessly controls what to Turner is a bizarre conversation, that very much attracts Turner -- and scares the shit out of him at the same time. He wrenches the subject onto neutral ground.

TURNER

So how long have you lived in town?

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

EMILY

Two years. I took over this practice when Dr. Solomon retired -- he still owns it, I'm buying it little by little. You?

TURNER

Born and raised. High school, college nearby, joined the police force, married, divorced, all right here in town.

EMILY

It's a very nice town.

TURNER

If I didn't live here I'd want to move here.

EMILY

Do you have an erection?

TURNER

Jesus Christ!

EMILY

There, I did it. That is a personal question.

TURNER

I would say so, yes!

EMILY

God, I'm sorry. You're blushing.

TURNER

Yes indeed.

EMILY

It just occurred to me that might be the reason you didn't want to take off your pants.

TURNER

Look, Emily -- I guess I can call you Emily since we're talking about my di.... Anyway, I don't have an erection.

EMILY

Oh.

She holds his look for a long, steady, provocative moment.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (3)

135

EMILY

Too bad.

Turner takes a second to think this over.

TURNER

But I could get one.

He shifts around on the couch. Things are just about to get interesting, but now a horrible smell wafts up, hitting Turner's and Emily's nostrils at the same time, wrinkling their noses.

TURNER

Oh my God!

EMILY

Wasn't me.

But Turner has smelled this before. He jumps up and looks behind the couch.

136 TURNER'S POV

136

Hooch and Camille are reclining on the rug behind the couch like the King and Queen of Sheba.

TURNER

God damn it to hell! How'd you get out of the car?

The doorbell rings. Both dogs race downstairs, BARKING madly.

EMILY

I forgot about him -- it's the real plumber. This isn't our lucky night.

TURNER

I guess not.

EMILY

What are you doing tomorrow night?

137 EXT. EMILY SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Turner pulls Hooch towards his car.

TURNER

I'm starting to understand why you're called animals.

CUT TO:

138 INT. TURNER'S LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 138

Turner has nailed a board over the instant doggie door that Hooch made in the door. He throws a deadbolt on the exterior door.

TURNER

Good night, Houdini.

Stepping into the kitchen, he closes that door, shutting Hooch inside the laundry room for the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

139 INT. TURNER'S BEDROOM - DAY 139

Turner is asleep in bed. We hear SNORING, but not from him. He sniffs... frowns. His eyes open and he looks groggily around... to discover Hooch sprawled full-length beside him on the bed, SNORING like a buzzsaw. Turner bolts angrily from bed and out the door.

140 INT. TURNER'S BATHROOM - DAY 140

The glass door to the tub/shower is open. The tap is on full blast, the tub brimful of bubbles. Turner is trying to drag Hooch to the water, but Hooch isn't budging.

TURNER

You want food, you get in this tub!

Hooch glares at him. Turner yanks the leash. Suddenly Hooch slides forward -- Hooch's feet are planted on a small bathroom rug which slips easily on the tile -- and Turner, braced the wrong way, plunges backward into the tub, sending a huge cascade of water out of the tub over Hooch. Hooch gets his leash in his teeth and pulls it away; he leaves the bathroom. Turner is left alone in a bubble-bath of dog shampoo.

TURNER

I'm going to kill you!

141 INT. TURNER'S BEDROOM - DAY 141

Hooch pauses in the center of the room--

TURNER (O.S.)

You're gonna wish you stayed at the pound!

--and shakes himself thoroughly, sending sheets of water all over the walls, Turner's bed, everything.

142 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY 142

Turner has Hooch attached to a length of chain; now Turner handcuffs the chain to the wrought iron railing of the stairs leading to the back door.

TURNER

I'd like to see you get out of this!
(Hooch looks at him
reproachfully)
Don't give me that. You got food,
you got water, sun, shade, you're
still alive -- I'm too good to you.

DISSOLVE TO:

143 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. - DAY 143

Boyett stands with Chief Hyde, Turner and Cortez just outside the plant.

BOYETT

I can't believe it. Drug smuggling!
I'm not an absentee owner. I'm here
every day. If something like that
was going on I'd know it.

CHIEF HYDE

I'm sure there's nothing to it, but
just to be on the safe side, we'd like
your permission to look around in the
plant.

BOYETT

Of course.

CHIEF HYDE

And your boats and trucks as well.

BOYETT

One of the boats is here but the other
is at sea. And the trucks left a few
minutes ago, you just missed them.

CHIEF HYDE

Maybe we can find them.

(offering Boyett a clip
board)

Would you mind signing here? This
gives us permission to search all the
named premises and any and all
employee personal property thereon.

Boyett doesn't like the sound of this but takes the pen and signs.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

CHIEF HYDE

Four copies please.

As Boyett dutifully signs the other copies Chief Hyde clicks his walkie-talkie several times.

CHIEF HYDE

We really appreciate it.

144 A CONVOY OF POLICE CARS

144

now comes streaming into the plant gates: Carmel Police Department cars, police cars from Salinas, Pacific Grove and Monterey, the Sheriff's office K-9 vans with Sergeant Dole and the German Shepherds, followed by two cars from U.S. Customs.

145 A HIGHWAY PATROL UNIT

145

pulls up near Chief Hyde and the others. Cortez takes one of the signed permission sheets and gets into the patrol car. It speeds off.

146 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PIER - DAY

146

A Coast Guard Cutter is approaching the pier at high speed. Turner, holding another permission sheet, runs down the pier signaling to the Cutter with a small air horn. The Cutter swings close to the pier in a jaunty maneuver. Turner jumps aboard. The cutter pours on the power, heading out to sea.

147 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. - DAY

147

Boyett watches, rather taken aback, as officers from all jurisdictions pour out of their cars and line up together, flashlights at the ready.

CHIEF HYDE

I asked for a little help.

BOYETT

I can see that.

CHIEF HYDE

We want to set this to rest once and for all.

148 INT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PLANT - DAY

148

Workers stand around as Dole and the German Shepherds go nosing around followed by a line of human searchers going very slowly, using a careful grid search pattern, going methodically through everything.

155 CONTINUED:

155

COAST GUARD LIEUTENANT
This will pick up residue that is too
small to weigh. Even if there is
nothing on board now, if this boat
ever carried a big shipment, this will
tell us.

156 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. - DAY

156

The sun is now low in the sky. The cops from the other
jurisdictions are packing up and leaving.

157 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PIER - DAY

157

Turner is let off by the Coast Guard Cutter. He walks up
the pier without enthusiasm.

158 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. - DAY

158

Chief Hyde, Cortez and a Customs Officer are talking as
Turner comes up.

CHIEF HYDE

Thanks. Sorry it didn't pan out.

TURNER

Maybe we just came on the wrong day.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

We weren't just looking for something
obvious, we were looking for the
tiniest traces. I'll tell you flat
out -- this place is not being used
to smuggle drugs.

TURNER

That's what the Coast Guard said about
the shrimp boat.

CORTEZ

And the trucks.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

And we got cooperation right down the
line. No one's hiding anything.

CHIEF HYDE

Well, thanks again everybody. Let's
go home.

TURNER

I can't figure it out. I was sure
they were doing something.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Maybe so -- but it's got nothing to do with drugs.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

159

Turner's car pulls to the curb in front of his partner's house.

160 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

160

Cortez opens the passenger door.

CORTEZ

Pick me up in the morning?

TURNER

Sure.

CORTEZ

Don't sound so cheerful. I'm not sure I can stand it.

TURNER

(not responding)

Bobby, I think tomorrow we better call Foster and McCabe, get their advice at least.

This takes Cortez by surprise, both the statement itself and the discouragement in Turner's voice.

CORTEZ

Sure, Jack. Whatever you think.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

161

Turner arrives home, at the end of a difficult day, to find handcuffs, chain and dog collar all where he left them -- but no dog: Hooch has vanished.

TURNER

It's the last Goddamn straw.

162 INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

162

Turner plays his answering machine:

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

EMILY'S VOICE

Come on over as soon as you get this message. Dress warmly, we're going on a picnic. Bye.

(the machine beeps for a new message)

It's me again. If you're looking for Hooch, he's here. See you.

CUT TO:

163 EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

163

Turner and Emily, carrying picnic things, walk down Ocean Avenue, pulled along by Hooch and Camille on their leashes. At the foot of Ocean Avenue is, aptly enough, the ocean, with the sun low in the sky above it: this street right now must be one of the most stunning spots on earth.

TURNER

I had him on a chain, with handcuffs--

EMILY

--Handcuffs?

TURNER

Yeah -- and still he got away. And how does he keep finding your place? For that matter, how'd he find his way from Monterey back to Carmel? Do they see better?

Well dressed TOWNSPEOPLE out for a stroll react to Hooch like they would an aggressive, filthy panhandler. A WOMAN walking a large WHEATON TERRIER crosses the street to avoid him.

EMILY

Not particularly, during the day, although they perceive movement very well. You know that dogs see in black-and-white?

TURNER

No.

EMILY

But they have much better night vision than we do, their eyes gather light. But it's mainly smell; their noses are a thousand times more sensitive than ours.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

TURNER

Then how come he doesn't realize he stinks like warm blue cheese?

EMILY

They don't have the same sense of bad smells as we do. You notice dogs sniffing crotches, things like that? Dogs enjoy smelling urine.

TURNER

Let's not talk about urine just before we eat, O.K.?

They're walking alongside a small green park in front of the town library. The sprinklers are on. Hooch, with a "watch this" look at Turner, steps over into the sprinklers and gives himself a shower.

EMILY

See, he heard you. You hurt his feelings.

TURNER

Good.

(to Hooch)

Try using a little soap!

Hooch steps back onto the sidewalk and shakes himself, sending spray all over Turner, Emily and a couple of innocent PEOPLE walking by.

164 EXT. CARMEL BEACH - SUNSET/NIGHT

164

Hooch and Camille play at the edge of the surf. Turner and Emily, bundled up against the winter wind, sit on a blanket under one of the beach's remarkable Cypress trees, watching the sunset. They have the beach to themselves.

EMILY

What's the matter?

TURNER

Nothing. A frustrating day.

EMILY

Frustrating how?

TURNER

It's a long story.

165 ANGLE ON TURNER AND EMILY

165

As the sun disappears what little warmth there is in the winter-time beach vanishes with it. Turner and Emily wrap their blanket around themselves, of necessity huddling close.

EMILY

I'm prying again.

TURNER

No, I just don't want to go into it.

EMILY

I'll make it up to you. Ask me a question, go ahead, anything.

TURNER

(at a loss)
What's your sign?

EMILY

No, no -- an embarrassing question.
The kind I ask you that make you think I'm some kind of nut.

TURNER

I don't think you're some kind of nut.

EMILY

Sure you do. Go ahead and ask.

TURNER

Are you wearing underwear?

EMILY

That's not embarrassing. Ask me something else. Make me blush.

TURNER

That's a good name for a game show.
"Sondra Kowalski, come on down! It's time to play Make Me Blush!"

EMILY

Don't change the subject.

TURNER

Dirty Harry! "O.K., punk -- Make me blush."

EMILY

You're not the easiest guy to get to know, are you?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

TURNER

It's embarrassing asking an embarrassing question.

EMILY

We're attracted to each other, right? Is that fair to say?

TURNER

That's fair to say.

EMILY

Well, we won't get anywhere unless you're willing to embarrass yourself.

Turner takes a second to think this over.

TURNER

All right. Have you ever made love to a guy under a blanket on a public beach?

EMILY

A guy I've just met?

TURNER

A guy you've just met.

EMILY

Not 'till now.

And she pulls him back onto the sand.

166 ANGLE ON HOCH AND CAMILLE

166

They amble over to the picnic blanket, which completely covers Turner and Emily, rustling around underneath. The dogs settle down to wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

167 EXT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

167

Turner's Buick pulls over to the curb; the horn beeps. Cortez comes out the front door and kisses his WIFE good-bye. She waves at Turner.

168 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

168

Hoch is in the back seat of the car, his massive head hanging over the front seat, so that when Cortez gets into the passenger seat Turner has to lean forward to look at him.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

CORTEZ

What the hell is he doing here? He's slobbered all over my seat!

TURNER

I got an idea we can use him for.

CORTEZ

What idea?

TURNER

I'll show you.

CORTEZ

And what about calling Foster and McCabe?

Turner looks at Cortez like he's gone nuts.

TURNER

Foster and McCabe? Screw them, this is our case.

CORTEZ

You're full of energy this morning, what's got into you?

TURNER

Nothing's got into me.

CORTEZ

Don't kid me, Jack. You've got that look in your eye, I haven't seen in I don't know how long.

TURNER

This is such bullshit. What look in my eye? There's no look in my eye.

CORTEZ

Sure there-- Hey, you didn't shave.

Turner looks at the road.

TURNER

So sue me.

CORTEZ

That's the same shirt you were wearing yesterday. Are you one of those people that start to become like their pets? You going to start drooling and farting next?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

TURNER

Eight letter's, starts with D and ends with D and it means you.

CORTEZ

Holy shit! I know what it is -- you got laid last night. Right? You never made it home!

TURNER

Give up? It's DICKHEAD.

CORTEZ

I can't believe it. Who was--Oh my God, you humped the vet, right!

TURNER

You know why you're a dickhead? Because--

TURNER AND CORTEZ

(finishing together)

--you are what you eat.

CUT TO:

169 INT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. PLANT - DAY

169

The seafood processing plant is brightly lit and in full swing. Giant machines are grading shrimp into various sizes; other machines are shelling and flash freezing them. Turner and Cortez -- with Hooch on a leash looking around hungrily -- are just inside the front doors with the irate PLANT MANAGER.

MANAGER

This is Mr. Boyett's day off, did he give you permission? You people were just here yesterday--

Turner shows him a copy of the permission form that Boyett signed.

TURNER

The fourth paragraph gives us the right to return with additional personnel.

MANAGER

Well, O.K., but you'll have to leave your dog outside -- he's a health hazard.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

CORTEZ

We need him -- he's doing the search.

MANAGER

You had police dogs here yesterday.

TURNER

Those were with the Sheriff's office.
This dog is with the Carmel police
department.

MANAGER

That sure doesn't look like a police
dog to me.

Turner shows the manager a Carmel police badge pinned to
Hooch's collar.

MANAGER

Oh, all right -- go ahead. Try to
keep the dog away from the shrimp.

As soon as the manager turns his back, Turner whips out the
BRICK OF CASH that Amos gave him. He shoves it in front
of Hooch's nose.

CORTEZ

How to you make him start? Search?
Fetch?

TURNER

I didn't think about that.

But Hooch doesn't need to be told: He launches forward,
nearly pulling Turner's arm holding the leash out of its
socket. Cortez grabs the leash as well, and both men run
to hang on to Hooch as he plows through the plant.

TURNER

Remember that line in Blazing Saddles?
"Go do that voodoo that you do so
well?"

Hooch drags the two men past giant machines that pack the
peeled shrimp meat into cans, scattering WORKERS who stare
at the ugly dog.

CORTEZ

Sorry. Coming through.

Hooch pauses suddenly -- Turner and Cortez nearly run him
over -- and sniffs the side of one of the vast steel tanks
that line the right side of the plant.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (2)

169

Turner glances inside at thousands and thousands of live shrimp, looking up at him with those tiny little black eyes on stalks. Hooch suddenly takes off again, pulling Turner and Cortez along behind him.

CORTEZ

You realize we look like a couple of assholes?

TURNER

I've always said that about you.

Hooch has taken them over to the ancient block ice machine. He seems very interested, he sniffs all around it. Now he bounds over to the shrink wrap machine, nose questing: he's even more interested in it. Then with a howl of triumph he pounces on something wedged behind the machine, pulls it out, and deposits it proudly at Turner's feet. Turner picks it up -- rather gingerly, because it's covered in Hooch's saliva -- and examines it.

170 CLOSE ON HOOCH'S DISCOVERY

170

Another brick of cash? No such luck. Turner's holding a box of plain, ordinary, everyday...

CORTEZ

Rubber bands?

171 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO. - DAY

171

Turner and Cortez lead Hooch back to the car.

CORTEZ

All that for rubber bands.

TURNER

The same kind of rubber bands that are wrapped around the money.

CORTEZ

The same kind of rubber bands that are on everybody's desk back at the station, the same kind of rubber bands sold at any stationary store.

TURNER

But what do they need them for at a shrimp factory? I say we set up surveillance on this place. We can use Amos' shack, it's-- Hey!

- 172 HOOCH 172
suddenly lunges forward, but Turner manages to wrap the end of Hooch's leash around the outside mirror of the car before Hooch can pull it out of his hands. Hooch goes nuts, BARKING violently, apparently at
- 173 A CATERING TRUCK 173
which is pulled up at the side of the seafood plant.
- 174 CLOSER ANGLE 174
Zack, Amos' killer, is among those around the catering truck getting coffee. He freezes as he hears Hooch's insane BARK. He's heard it twice before. He tries to melt into the group of people around the truck.
- 175 ANGLE ON TURNER'S CAR 175
Hooch, SNARLING and BARKING, strains at the end of his long leash, which is wrapped around the outside mirror. Turner and Cortez try to see what is getting Hooch so crazy about
- 176 THE CATERING TRUCK 176
where people are turning to stare at the mad dog. Zack edges away.
- 177 TURNER AND CORTEZ 177
throw their weight on Hooch's leash to keep him from ripping the side mirror off the car.
- TURNER
What is it, Lassie?
(Hooch BARKS)
You say the little boy is trapped in the well?
(BARK BARK BARK)
You say he's a diabetic and needs insulin?
- CORTEZ
Look!
- 178 ZACK 178
has edged around the back of the catering truck and is trying to saunter casually toward the gate.
- 179 HOOCH'S 179
whole attention is fixed on Zack. He quivers and slathers and pulls on the leash.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

TURNER

I'm sorry I was sarcastic. He is trying to tell us something.

CORTEZ

Yeah. That guy probably has a bunch of cats at home.

TURNER

Let's find out.

(to Hooch)

Quit trying to tow the car. Come on.

With great difficulty, Turner and Cortez haul Hooch back into the car while

180 ZACK

180

in the parking lot outside the gate, gets into a red Corvette and drives off.

181 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

181

Turner and Cortez manage to shove Hooch into the back seat. Turner peels out after the Corvette.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. ZACK'S CORVETTE - DAY

182

It drives up a secondary highway.

183 EXT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

183

It follows several car-lengths behind.

184 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

184

Cortez is on the radio.

CORTEZ

Red Corvette, license plate PZT159, over.

KATIE THE DISPATCHER

One moment, over.

Hooch gives a single BARK.

TURNER

Quiet! Jesus, I don't know how you've lived so long.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

Hooch's rear legs are on the back seat, but his head is right up with Turner and Cortez's, blocking their view of each other, as the dog strains to keep the red Corvette in sight. A long strand of drool hangs from his lip.

CORTEZ

I keep looking over, expecting to see you -- and instead see something even uglier.

TURNER

You're so witty today, I can't stand it.

KATIE THE DISPATCHER

Delta one, that car is registered to a Zack Gregory, 157 South Irwindale Avenue, Monterey, California. No outstanding warrants, over.

CORTEZ

Too bad.

TURNER

Well, he is going 55 in 45 mile per hour zone.

CORTEZ

Why, that's against the law.

TURNER

I do believe it is.

185 EXT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY

185

It comes up right behind Zack's sports car, blue light flashing.

186 INT. ZACK'S CORVETTE - DAY

186

He sees the Buick in his rear view mirror.

187 ZACK'S P.O.V.

187

It looks to him from his angle that there are three faces in the front seat of the Buick, staring at him: Turner, Cortez and the horrible dog that has become his nemesis.

ZACK

Shit!

He drops it into second and tromps on the gas.

188 EXT. TURNER'S CAR/ZACK'S CORVETTE - DAY

188

The red Corvette rockets forward, leaving the Buick behind.

189 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY 189

Turner and Cortez recover quickly. Turner punches the accelerator as Cortez shouts:

CORTEZ
All right! Go, go, go!

Turner switches on the siren. Hoeh YELPS in response. Cortez shoves Hoeh back.

190 EXT. ZACK'S CORVETTE - DAY 190

It rockets up the highway, weaving expertly through traffic.

191 EXT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY 191

It follows at full power but the Corvette is increasing its lead.

192 INT. TURNER'S CAR - DAY 192

The pedal is flat on the floor; Turner's hands are tight on the wheel.

CORTEZ
(to radio)
...heading north to the 101. Request
assistance from the CHP.

TURNER
Say "over."

CORTEZ
(to radio)
Over!
(to Turner)
He's getting away!

TURNER
You want to drive?

193 EXT. ZACK'S CORVETTE - DAY 193

It roars onto the Highway 101 on ramp.

194 EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY 194

Turner's Buick screams to a stop on the bridge over Highway 101. Turner and Cortez jump out, run to either side of the bridge, looking north and south. The Corvette is nowhere in sight. Cortez is beside himself.

CORTEZ
That was it? Our first chase?

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

He kicks the Buick fender.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

God damn it! I've been waiting for this for years -- and it didn't last fifteen seconds!

TURNER

Come on, let's go.

CORTEZ

The first time I got laid lasted longer than that!

CUT TO:

195 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

195

Hoch is tied up to Turner's desk, lapping water from a bowl on the floor.

196 INT. CHIEF HYDE'S OFFICE - DAY

196

Turner and Cortez are sitting with Chief Hyde. On Hyde's desk is the wire photo of Zack. Turner is reading from a print out from the National Crime Information Center.

TURNER

Two arrests in Florida, for suspicion of murder, assault with a deadly weapon. All charges dropped, no convictions. He did two years at Marion for interstate transportation of automatic weapons. Served in the Marine Corps, Staff Sergeant in the 2nd Recon. Commando Battalion, dishonorable discharge 1973. And from '85-'86 he was a mercenary for the Contras at a base in Honduras.

CORTEZ

Which ties him into the murder weapon.

CHIEF HYDE

Very good. I'm very impressed. As you know, at the beginning I thought maybe we should have brought in Foster and McCabe. But you guys pulled it off.

TURNER

We still have to find him.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

CHIEF HYDE

We have an APB out on both him and the car throughout the eleven Western states. We'll go national tomorrow.

Hyde's phone buzzes. He picks it up.

CORTEZ

(to Turner)

We nearly had him. We came that close.

TURNER

You criticizing my driving? I had the pedal to the floor.

CHIEF HYDE

(hanging up the phone)

That was the Monterey P.D. 157 South Irwindale Avenue turns out to be an old motel that caters to hookers. They never heard of Zack Gregory there.

CORTEZ

Chief, we need a faster car.

CHIEF HYDE

You do? What the hell for?

TURNER

That Corvette got away from us in about 15 seconds. I couldn't get our car past 110.

CHIEF HYDE

You plan on doing some more high speed pursuits? This is still Carmel, remember? Speaking of equipment, show me your gun.

TURNER

Me?

CHIEF HYDE

No, Prince Charles. Yes, you. Where is it?

TURNER

In my desk.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (2)

196

CHIEF HYDE

In your desk. What were you planning to do if you had caught the Corvette? Piss on him?

Hyde's attention is caught by something beyond the glass walls of his office, out into the main room.

197 HYDE'S P.O.V. - HOOC

197

has now gotten up on Turner's desk; he stretches out on it, shoving Turner's stuff out of the way to make a bed for himself.

198 BACK TO HYDE'S OFFICE

198

HYDE

It's Hooch, isn't it? He's given you some horrible dog brain disease.

CORTEZ

(to Turner)

See?

(to Chief Hyde)

I've been telling him the same thing.

CHIEF HYDE

Both of you get out of here. Faster car, Jesus.

199 INT. CARMEL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

199

Turner and Cortez come out of Hyde's office and go to their desks. Hooch stands, eye to eye with Turner, a big strand of white drool dangling from the corner of his mouth. As Turner watches the saliva comes loose and lands in a little puddle in Turner's out box.

TURNER

(to Hooch)

Make yourself at home.

CORTEZ

That's good. Kill him with sarcasm.

Turner takes out his gun and makes sure that Chief Hyde sees him clip it to his belt. Cortez pats Hooch.

CORTEZ

This is some dog. Maybe next we can use him to find out if Elvis is still alive.

CUT TO:

200 EXT. PEBBLE BEACH GOLF COURSE - DAY

200

Boyett and three other GOLFERS are chipping toward the sixteenth green on this stunning course above the Pacific. Boyett addresses the ball.

TURNER (O.S.)

Mr. Boyett!

Boyett and the others turn around to see Turner and Cortez coming toward them led by Hooch, who as always is straining on his leash.

BOYETT

(to his friends)

I bet that you didn't know that the Carmel Police Department had a detective division. They do. Here they are, all two of them.

TURNER

(reaching Boyett)

Sorry to disturb your game, Mr. Boyett, but do you have a Zack Gregory working for you?

BOYETT

Yes I do, why?

The other golfers politely step away from this conversation.

TURNER

What exactly does he do for you?

BOYETT

He's an assistant plant manager. He also runs a shrimp boat when we need a substitute for one of the regular captains. Why do you ask?

CORTEZ

He's wanted for questioning in connection with the murder of Amos Jones.

TURNER

Do you have any idea where we can find him?

Boyett stays very cool.

BOYETT

He lives in Monterey. His address is on file at the office.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

TURNER

It turns out to be a false address.

BOYETT

Than I have no idea -- except that he'll come to work tomorrow and he'll answer your questions. He'll prove your suspicions are unfounded.

He turns around and suddenly hits his golf ball. His nerves are very steady: it's a nice shoot. Hooch suddenly tears his leash out of Turner's grip and races after it.

CORTEZ

We doubt that.

TURNER

We believe he's involved in whatever is going on at your plant.

Boyett, for the first time, is finding it difficult to keep his composure.

BOYETT

You went all over my plant yesterday -- cost me a day's worth of business -- and you proved that nothing is "going on" at my plant.

Turner looks at him steadily.

TURNER

No, sir, something is going on. We know it's not drug smuggling but it did lead to a murder... and it's only a matter of time before we find out what it is.

Hooch bounds back and deposits Boyett's slobber covered golf ball at Turner's feet.

TURNER

Have a nice day.

DISSOLVE TO:

201 INT. EMILY'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

201

Turner waits alone at a table that has been set for two, opening a bottle of domestic champagne. Hooch lies on the floor with Camille, watching Turner.

EMILY (O.S.)

Dinner's almost ready.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

Turner pops the champagne cork, getting a little foam on the floor, which Hooch quickly laps up.

TURNER

(to Hooch)

I wonder if I'll spend my whole life on double dates with you.

Emily comes in from the kitchen and joins Turner at the table.

EMILY

Champagne? Very nice. What's the occasion.

TURNER

I had a big day today, I feel like a real cop. I found my first murder suspect... and lost my first murder suspect.

EMILY

There, and I thought it might have something to do with your incredible sexual experience last night.

TURNER

We were pretty incredible, weren't we?

EMILY

I'd say so.

She plants a deep kiss on him.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Before last night, when was that last time you made love?

TURNER

A year ago.

EMILY

So you had a lot of catching up to do.

TURNER

Yeah. Don't worry, I can't do that every night.

EMILY

Good.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (2)

201

TURNER

You know what? I'm not embarrassed anymore when you ask me questions like that.

EMILY

I'm glad.
(she grins)
How often do you masturbate?

TURNER

O.K., you got me, I give up.

EMILY

You think that's bad, you should watch Dr. Ruth sometime.

Turner pours some more champagne.

TURNER

Should I take Hooch outside?

EMILY

Why?

TURNER

Don't you think he smells like fish?

EMILY

No, I don't think so.

TURNER

Must be my imagination. We were in a seafood plant today, I saw about a million shrimp looking at me with those little insect eyes, unbelievably disgusting. And the smell -- I keep thinking I can still smell it.

Emily gets up, smiles self-consciously at him.

EMILY

Have some more champagne. I'm just going to check on dinner.

202 IN EMILY'S KITCHEN

202

Emily rushes to the stove, lifts the lid off a pot of boiling shrimp, replaces the lid and turns off the burner.

EMILY

(calling)
How do you like your steak?

(CONTINUED)

202 CONTINUED:

202

TURNER (O.S.)

Medium.

Emily opens the freezer section of the fridge and removes two frozen steaks. She knocks them against each other -- they sound like two-by-fours.

EMILY

Coming right up.

She takes the pot of shrimp out through the pantry and out onto the porch. She flicks the light on. She screams and drops the pot of shrimp:

203 ZACK

203

is standing just off the porch, five feet away from her, startled and frozen in the sudden light.

204 BACK TO TURNER

204

As he reacts to Emily's scream, Hooch sprints off, banging through the kitchen door. Turner takes off on Hooch's heels, drawing his gun.

205 OUT ON THE PORCH

205

Hooch blasts past Emily and bursts through the screen of the porch like a bullet. Turner rushes out with gun drawn to find Emily hysterical.

EMILY

He has a gun!

Turner rushes for the door.

206 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

206

Zack gets into a dark sedan, pursued by Hooch, manages to slam the door just in time, and starts the car.

207 TURNER

207

runs out into the street, sees

208 ZACK'S SEDAN

208

accelerating away, with Hooch staying with it as long as he can. Suddenly the car spins around in a bootlegger's U-turn; Hooch jumps out of the way as the car heads back, aiming right at

209 TURNER

209

who holds his ground in the middle of the street. He raises his gun and FIRES, putting a bullet right into the center of the windshield. But the sedan doesn't slow; Turner dives for the gutter at the last instant.

210 ZACK'S SEDAN

210

roars off for good, with Hooch giving chase. Hooch gives up when the car disappears. He trots back to

211 TURNER

211

who picks himself up out of the gutter. The front of his clothes are torn and filthy. He goes over to Emily.

TURNER

Are you all right? What happened?

EMILY

I'd just taken the shrimp off the stove... I mean, the steaks! I'd just taken the steaks out to the porch, and this guy was staring at me!

Hooch starts bumping at Turner's leg with his powerful shoulder.

TURNER

(to Hooch)

Down! Get away from me!

(to Emily)

Go inside and lock the door. I'll send a patrolman -- he'll take you to my house and stay with you.

EMILY

Okay.

TURNER

Sorry about dinner.

EMILY

You can make it up to me.

TURNER

I will. Where did Hooch go?

Emily indicates Turner's car. Its door is open and Hooch is already sitting in the passenger seat, waiting to go.

CUT TO:

212 EXT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

212

Turner brings his car to a screeching stop in front and runs to the front door. He POUNDS on the door. There is no answer.

He POUNDS again and then backs off to throw himself against the door.

The door flies open as Turner starts toward it. He stops the charge, but his momentum carries him slowly into the barrel of a pistol. It presses against his forehead -- and it stays there for a tense second before he and Cortez recognize each other.

CORTEZ

Good evening, Jack.

TURNER

Nice to see you too, Bobby. How's Sandi and the kids?

CORTEZ

I just sent them to her mother's in a patrol car.

TURNER

That's nice.

CORTEZ

I came this close to shooting you, you know.

TURNER

A little jumpy, are you?

CORTEZ

Let me give you a little tip. If you tell someone that there might be a killer outside his house, don't go pounding on the DAMN DOOR!

CUT TO:

213 INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

213

Turner, Cortez and Hooch enter; Emily and the young patrolman called Surf Rat are waiting. She runs and hugs Turner. Cortez -- at an angle where Turner can see him but Emily can't -- makes like he's playing the violin.

SURF RAT

Everything's quiet here, Jack.

Hooch starts to WHINE and rush around the house sniffing at things.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

CORTEZ

What's the matter with him?

EMILY

He needs to go outside. Come on,
Hooch.

TURNER

(to Surf Rat)

Stay with her, O.K.?

(to Cortez)

I'll change and be with you in a
minute, Bobby.

Turner exits to the bedroom.

CORTEZ

Coffee?

EMILY

I'd love some.

Cortez goes to the kitchen and puts on a pot of coffee as Emily takes Hooch out the back door, followed by the young patrolman. Hooch is still whining and is reluctant to go. Cortez puts his hand on the refrigerator handle and pauses, reading one of Turner's crossword puzzles that's pinned to the fridge by a magnet.

CORTEZ

(calling, chuckling)

Hey, Turner?

TURNER (O.S.)

In a minute.

CORTEZ

(calling)

I got one right up your alley... ten
letters for a pain in the rear.

TURNER (O.S.)

C-O-R-T-E-Z.

CORTEZ

(calling)

That's only six... it starts with an
"H".

And then Cortez opens the refrigerator and it EXPLODES right in his face: he vanishes in the blast.

214 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

214

Turner runs out of the house and tackles Emily and the young patrolman, knocking them down just before a SECOND EXPLOSION rips out the kitchen corner of the house, scattering debris over them.

DISSOLVE TO:

215 EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

215

Turner's front yard is roped off by yellow "Crime Scene" ribbons attached to saw horses. Several Monterey Sheriff's Department cars and the County Crime Scene van are here along with the police cars and fire trucks from Carmel. NEIGHBORS and OTHER ONLOOKERS stand across the street watching all the purposeful activity of a major investigation. The people are quiet: this is the worst thing that's ever happened in this town.

Turner and Emily are sitting on the stoop near the front door. Everybody's giving them a lot of room. She has her hand on his back. He's got his arms on his knees; his head is hanging forward, his face half hidden.

EMILY

Where's Hooch?

TURNER

(without looking up)

He's okay. I put him in the car.

Two middle-aged detectives, the famous FOSTER and McCABE from the Sheriff's office, come out of the house. They hesitate before disturbing Turner, but they do it anyway.

MC CABE

I'm Sergeant McCabe, this is Deputy Foster. We've been assigned to this case and, under the circumstances, Chief Hyde thought we should take over the Amos Jones case as well.

FOSTER

We're very sorry about your partner.

MC CABE

They brought us your Amos Jones file. Looks excellent, very complete.

FOSTER

You feel up to giving us a statement?

Turner hasn't looked up during any of this -- he doesn't look up now. Emily silently pleads with them to go away. McCabe and Foster glance at each other.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

MCCABE

We don't have to have it right this second. We'll be in touch with you tomorrow.

A patrol car stops in front of the house: Chief Hyde, in full uniform, gets out and walks over to Turner and Emily. He sits down next to them.

CHIEF HYDE

Sandi never even imagined this could happen in a small town like this. Hell, I never even imagined this could happen.

EMILY

Sandy is Bobby's wife?

CHIEF HYDE

Yes. She's under sedation at her Mother's. The kids were asleep, they don't know yet.

(a beat)

I left Katie and Joe with them. Go see her in the morning, Jack.

Turner doesn't answer but he does look up.

TURNER

Hemorrhoid.

Chief Hyde and Emily look at him strangely.

TURNER

Ten letters, starts with H.

CHIEF HYDE

You have some place to stay tonight?

EMILY

My house.

CHIEF HYDE

You better take him home then. Take a patrolman with you.

CUT TO:

216 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

216

Turner's Buick and Surf Rat's patrol car are parked at the curb. Turner, Emily and the young patrolman are going up the walk to Emily's house. Turner stops Emily and kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

TURNER

You go on in with Surf Rat. I'll be in, in a while.

EMILY

Where are you going?

TURNER

I just want to take a drive.

EMILY

I'll come with you.

TURNER

Please, just wait for me.

It's very hard for her to resist questioning him, but she does it.

EMILY

All right.

She walks him to the car. Hooch, who has been on the lawn with Camille, rushes over to the car.

TURNER

Not you. Stay here, stay with Emily.

He opens the car door, trying to block Hooch, but Hooch slips right in and sits in the passenger seat.

EMILY

I think he wants to go.

TURNER

Yeah.

EMILY

Be careful.

TURNER

Thanks, I'll be fine.

EMILY

I'm really so sorry about Bobby.

DISSOLVE TO:

217 EXT. "KNIGHT'S REST" MOTEL - MONTEREY - NIGHT

217

Turner and Hooch pull up outside this run-down Monterey motel in what was a bad part of town in Steinbeck's day -- and which has only gotten worse since.

218 INT. TURNER'S CAR - NIGHT

218

Turner and Hooch look the place over.

TURNER

Are you going to stay in the car like
a good dog?

Hooch gives him a look.

TURNER

I didn't think so. That's why -- now
don't get offended -- I'm going to
tie your leash to the steering wheel.

Turner does this, then gets out of the car, shutting the
door quickly in Hooch's face.

219 INT. "KNIGHT'S REST" MOTEL - NIGHT

219

Turner hits the little ring-for-service bell sharply.

TURNER

Hello!

CLERK (O.S.)

No vacancy!

TURNER

I'm a police officer! Looking for
a Zack Gregory!

CLERK (O.S.)

Don't you speak English, moron? No
vacancy!

TURNER

He gave this address on his license.
Don't make me come back there!

Turner keeps hitting the bell until the CLERK - the kind
of man who has pervert written all over him - emerges.

CLERK

Unless you got a warrant, get lost.

Turner puts the wire photo picture of Zack Gregory down on
the counter.

TURNER

Recognize this man?

CLERK

I told the other cops, never heard
of him.

(CONTINUED)

219 CONTINUED:

219

TURNER

Look, Mister, I don't have any experience being a tough cop, I never had to threaten anybody.

CLERK

You're breaking my heart.

Turner takes out his gun.

TURNER

So for you to take me seriously, I think I'll start by shooting you in the leg.

CLERK

Yeah, sure you will.

Turner FIRES his gun; the sound is deafeningly loud in this enclosed space. The bullet hits an inch from the clerk's shoe. The clerk goes very pale.

CLERK

You nearly shot me! I can't believe you did that.

TURNER

I can't believe I missed.

CLERK

I'll see what I can find out.

He disappears into the back room. He's gone long enough for Turner to get impatient. He leans forward.

TURNER

Hey, you better--

A pistol is shoved into Turner's ear and COCKED.

CASEY (O.S.)

Put your gun down on the counter.

220 WIDER ANGLE - CASEY

220

the tall, skinny killer from Boyett's plant, spins Turner around.

CASEY

You want to see Zack? Well, he wants to see you.

- 221 EXT. "KNIGHT'S REST" MOTEL - NIGHT 221
- Casey pushes Turner past Turner's car -- where we can see and hear Hooch barking and trying to get out -- towards a Chevy Camaro parked nearby.
- CASEY
You drive.
- Keeping the gun on Turner, he circles to the passenger side while Turner gets behind the wheel.
- 222 INT. TURNER'S CAR - NIGHT 222
- Hooch is going nuts, trying to get his leash loose from around the steering wheel.
- 223 INT. THE CAMARO - NIGHT 223
- Turner buckles his seat belt. Casey chuckles contemptuously at him.
- CASEY
You're a real fuckin' cop, aren't you, man? Think that belt's gonna keep you safe?
- Turner just stares at him.
- CASEY (CONT'D)
(a beat)
Start the car.
- Turner flips on the ignition.
- CASEY (CONT'D)
Drive!
- 224 THE CAMARO 224
- pulls out of its parking space and drives down the street.
- 225 EXT. TURNER'S CAR - NIGHT 225
- Turner's car door flies open and Hooch hits the ground on a dead run after Turner and Casey.
- 226 EXT. MONTEREY STREETS - NIGHT 226
- The Camaro turns the corner at the end of the block, while
- 227 HOOCH 227
- cuts through an alley, plowing right through some garbage cans like a fullback punching through a weak defensive line. He emerges on

- 228 THE NEXT STREET 228
- as the Camaro comes down it: Hooch has actually beaten the Camaro to this point. He sprints ahead of the car and then, as it passes him, puts on even more speed to try to chase it.
- 229 INT. THE CAMARO - NIGHT 229
- Turner takes off his driving glasses and tucks them in his pocket. Casey doesn't attach any significance to this. Turner then slowly mashes the accelerator to the floor. The Camaro speeds up, gradually at first, then very rapidly.
- CASEY
Hey -- stop -- what are you doing?
- Casey smacks Turner across the face with his pistol. The blood runs in Turner's eyes. Turner doesn't let up on the gas. He holds the steering wheel tight in both hands.
- 230 TURNER'S P.O.V. 230
- The Camaro is aimed at a concrete abutment. Casey presses the gun to Turner's temple.
- CASEY
Stop!
- 231 IN SLOW MOTION - THE CAMARO 231
- smashes into the low, solid abutment. Casey comes flying through the windshield to land bouncing on the asphalt ten feet away.
- 232 TURNER 232
- cuts the ignition, releases his seat belt, climbs out of the Camaro; he takes a step but his knees momentarily give out. He looks across at
- 233 CASEY 233
- who is crawling on all fours toward his pistol which lays a short distance away.
- 234 HOOCH 234
- is charging full-speed down center of the street. It appears he is headed straight at Turner, and he braces himself for the impact, but Hooch races right on past him toward

235 CASEY 235

who has nearly reached his pistol. WHAM! -- Hooch lands with all fours on his head, slamming him face-down onto the asphalt with a SPLAT!

236 TURNER 236

gets his legs to working: he walks over, picks up Casey's automatic, and cocks it.

TURNER
You were taking me to Zack? Well,
we're ready.

CUT TO:

237 INT. ZACK'S LOFT BUILDING - MONTEREY - NIGHT 237

Zack pauses outside the door to his apartment in this otherwise industrial building. The door is unlocked. He pulls his gun and goes in cautiously.

238 INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 238

The apartment is dark. Zack enters and flicks on the lights. The apartment is open and large; the segmented floor of a warehouse. The main room contains a pool table, weight set, rowing machine and very little else.

ZACK
Casey?

As Zack enters the kitchen, Hooch -- hidden there -- chomps on Zack's gun hand. Turner stands up from behind a counter and, swinging a pool cue like a bat, swats him full in the face. Zack sprawls on the floor.

TURNER
Casey had a problem with his car.
He asked me to come instead.

ZACK
Go ahead... kill me.

TURNER
I like your attitude.

Hooch GROWLS.

TURNER (CONT'D)
He really likes it.
(pause)
I know you killed Amos.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

ZACK

Amos who?

TURNER

Did you plant the bomb that killed
my partner? Did Boyett tell you to
do it?

CLOSE ON Zack's smiling face.

ZACK

Eat shit.

Zack's face changes to a look of terror. A WIDER ANGLE
shows that Hooch has taken all of Zack's throat in his
mouth. The wide, powerful jaws begin to squeeze: Zack's
face goes red.

TURNER

(grimacing)

I'm not sure I can stand to see this.

Zack makes a gargling sound.

TURNER (CONT'D)

You trying to tell me something?

(Zack tries)

Blink once for "yes," and twice for
"no," okay?

Zack blinks once.

TURNER (CONT'D)

That's very good. Now, did Boyett
have you kill my partner?

Zack looks down at the dog.

TURNER (CONT'D)

He can't see you.

Zack hesitantly blinks once.

TURNER (CONT'D)

This is fun, isn't it? Drugs... are
you running drugs through the seafood
company?

Zack blinks twice.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Then what? Guns? What? I can't hear
you.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: (2)

238

ZACK
(gasping)
...money...

TURNER
Yeah, money, I understand -- those
ten thousand dollar bricks of cash.
More of those coming?
(one blink)
Soon?
(one blink)
This week?
(one blink)
Tonight?
(one blink)
Great dog, isn't he? What's the money
for? What do you do with it?

Zack struggles to speak but Turner can't understand.

TURNER
Let up on him a little, Hooch. Let
him talk.

Hooch doesn't respond.

TURNER (CONT'D)
Hooch! Drop!

Hooch spits out Zack's throat. Zack lunges for his gun,
but Turner clobbers him with the pool cue, knocking him out.

TURNER (CONT'D)
I should have told you to bite his
head off.

Hooch gives him a look that says, yes, you should have.

CUT TO:

239 INT. CHIEF HYDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

239

The telephone rings. Chief Hyde flicks on his bedside light
and answers the phone.

CHIEF HYDE
Hello... Yeah, Jack.

From under the covers beside him, his wife mumbles
something. He covers the mouthpiece.

(CONTINUED)

239 CONTINUED:

239

CHIEF HYDE (CONT'D)
It's for me honey, go back to sleep.
(to phone)
Slow down.

CUT TO:

240 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - MONTEREY STREET - NIGHT

240

Turner is in the phone booth talking to Hyde. Hooch, outside the booth, lifts his leg and relieves himself on the plexiglas near Turner's feet.

CUT TO:

241 INT. CHIEF HYDE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

241

Hyde gets a pen.

CHIEF HYDE
Alright, tell me again.

Hyde does a strange thing: he repeats the address but doesn't actually write it down.

CHIEF HYDE
4220 Presidio, the loft upstairs.
Got it.
(he listens)
Alright, meet me there as fast as you can, but quietly.
(a beat)
No, the idea is to get them in the act. I'll arrange for back-up but they'll be out of sight.
(a beat)
Right. And Jack, nice going.

DISSOLVE TO:

242 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD COMPANY - NIGHT

242

Turner's car coasts to a stop a good distance from the plant gate. The plant and the adjacent fishing boat pier are now both very quiet and empty. There's no sign of any activity whatsoever.

243 INT. TURNER'S CAR - NIGHT

243

Turner and Hooch stare out the window at the seafood plant.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

Turner, unshaven and haggard, with a large rapidly-purpling bruise on the side of his forehead where Casey pistol-whipped him, blood oozing from the center of it, looks the antithesis of the meticulously-groomed cop we first met. And he's not just messed up, he's grown up.

Hooch has changed too. He's not the snarling, filthy dog of Amos' boatyard anymore; even his face doesn't seem so aggressively ugly, but that may be just because we're used to it. Hooch's attitude mirrors Turner's exactly as he sits in the passenger seat staring out at the dark seafood plant.

TURNER

What do you think?

Hooch of course doesn't answer, but that's okay: Turner wasn't really expecting a reply. Turner and Hooch seem in such sympathy of mood that no answer is necessary.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Let's go.

244 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO./FRONT GATE - NIGHT

244

Cautiously and silently, Turner and Hooch approach the front gate. The gate is unlocked, and he finds this puzzling, but he is not overly concerned. They slip inside.

245 EXT. BOYETT SEAFOOD CO./LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

245

Turner hops up onto the loading dock and Hooch effortlessly follows him. Again there's no sign of life here, and again Turner is concerned to find the door to the plant standing slightly ajar. He pushes it open, motions to Hooch to stay behind him, and they creep through the door.

246 INT. BOYETT SEAFOOD COMPANY - NIGHT

246

The vast, apparently deserted room is dimly lit by random overhead security lights, which create pools of relatively bright light and much larger areas of shadow. As Turner and Hooch's eyes adjust, they can see the gleaming, silent machinery, and the line of gigantic steel tanks that hold the shrimp. Hooch GROWLS a warning.

BOYETT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hold it there, Turner.

Turner stands still, trying to get a fix on where the voice came from. He looks down and sees that Hooch has vanished from his side. He feels naked without him.

247 BOYETT

247

steps into the light off to Turner's right. He's standing on a catwalk about twenty feet off the floor. He aims a wicked MAC-10 machine-pistol at Turner.

248 ANGLE ON HOOCH

248

He runs over to a ladder let into the side of the building which leads up to the catwalk, but the ladder is vertical with smooth metal rungs, and there is no way Hooch can climb it.

249 TURNER

249

Turner hears Chief Hyde's voice behind him.

CHIEF HYDE

Put the gun down.

TURNER

(to Boyett)

Go on, put the gun down.

Hyde places the muzzle of a MAC-10 on Turner's neck.

CHIEF HYDE

Sorry Jack, I meant you. Drop the gun.

Turner, stunned, does as he's told.

CHIEF HYDE

Get on your knees and lace your fingers behind your head.

Turner does.

TURNER

You work for that asshole?

CHIEF HYDE

I'm sorry, no. He works for me.

Chief Hyde frisks Turner, finds the gun he took from Zack.

TURNER

Don't keep saying you're sorry, you fuck.

250 ANGLE ON HOOCH

250

He jumps up on one of the stainless-steel tables used for cleaning shrimp and walks down it, looking for a way to jump up onto the catwalk.

251 BACK TO TURNER

251

He turns his head to look at Hyde.

CHIEF HYDE

You think I killed Bobby?

(indicating Boyett)

He killed Bobby. I never wanted anybody to get killed. I had to talk to Bobby's wife for Christ's sake.

252 HOOCH

252

jumps from the stainless-steel table onto the top of a forklift and from there leaps up onto the catwalk. He sprints toward Boyett.

CHIEF HYDE

Watch out!

253 SLOW MOTION - BOYETT

253

brings up his machine-pistol and RIIIPPPPS off half the clip just as

254 SLOW MOTION - HOOCH

254

launches himself at Boyett. Three bullets from the machine-pistol stitch across Hooch's chest and side. But Hooch's momentum slams his one hundred thirty pounds right into Boyett's chest, overbalancing him.

255 HOOCH AND BOYETT

255

topple over the catwalk railing and plummet to the factory floor below. Boyett screams as he hits the ground; there's no sound from Hooch.

256 ANGLE ON CHIEF HYDE AND TURNER

256

Hyde prods Turner with his gun.

CHIEF HYDE

Come on, Jack, get up.

Hyde walks Turner over to the area beneath the catwalk where Boyett lies, writhing in agony, and Hooch lies still -- we can't tell whether he's dead or dying. Turner starts toward Hooch.

CHIEF HYDE

Stand still.

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

BOYETT

Help me. My legs are broken, how're we going to explain this? What am I going to tell my kids?

CHIEF HYDE

Screw your kids.

Hyde shoots Boyett twice in the face. He looks at Turner.

CHIEF HYDE

We came to question him about the murder of Bobby Cortez. He fired at us. He killed your dog. We fired back and killed the suspect.

TURNER

What are you talking about?

CHIEF HYDE

Congratulations. You solved the case.

One of Turner's hands is out of Hyde's line of sight. Turner slowly and carefully reaches for the handcuffs hooked to his belt.

TURNER

Jesus. You never wanted to call in the Sheriffs. You let us persuade you to stay on the case. You wanted us to screw up.

CHIEF HYDE

I admit you surprised me.

257 TURNER

257

suddenly lunges for Hyde, grabbing the muzzle of the machine pistol with his left hand, slamming him in the face with the handcuffs with his right.

258 HYDE'S FREE HAND

258

grabs Turner's handcuffs -- they grapple for advantage, each holding the other's weapon. Turner fights to keep the MAC 10 muzzle pointed downward. Hyde FIRES into the cement at Turner's feet. Turner is in agony as the muzzle burns his hand and then falls down as a ricochet hits him in the leg. Hyde steps over Turner, in control, gun leveled, breathing hard.

(CONTINUED)

258 CONTINUED:

258

CHIEF HYDE

Look there's a lot of banks that do the same thing I'm doing. I met these people when I was in the army in Panama. Top people, very important in the government. They needed a secure way to get a lot of cash out of this country. I set it up. I get one percent. That doesn't sound like much, but we're talking millions of dollars every week.

TURNER

Drug money.

CHIEF HYDE

I don't know that. I never asked where the money was coming from.

Behind Hyde,

259 HOCH

259

is awake. His back legs don't work, so he's using his front paws to drag himself across the cement floor toward

260 HYDE

260

who wipes some blood from his face.

TURNER

You going to kill me?

CHIEF HYDE

Do you believe that I didn't want Bobby killed, or Amos?

TURNER

I don't know.

CHIEF HYDE

Believe it. If you believe it we can work together. Everything that's happened here we can explain.

Hoch is getting closer. Turner from his position on the floor can now see what Hoch is doing.

TURNER

Okay. I'll work with you.

Hyde looks at him searchingly.

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

260

CHIEF HYDE

Tell me the truth.

TURNER

I mean it, I'll work for you.

CHIEF HYDE

You don't lie very well, Jack.

Suddenly Hyde's face changes as

261 HOOCH CHOMPS

261

into his ankle with his powerful jaws, biting right through to the bone.

262 HYDE

262

whips around to shoot the dog. But,

263 TURNER SWARMS

263

all over Hyde, fighting for the gun -- and now Hyde has no leverage, with Hooch clamped to his ankle: Turner is able force the muzzle of the gun back towards Hyde's stomach. Suddenly

264 THE MACHINE PISTOL FIRES

264

emptying the rest of its clip at point blank range into Hyde, all but cutting him in half. He is dead before he thinks his next thought.

JUMP CUT TO:

265 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

265

Turner's Buick bounces into the driveway. Turner is leaning on the horn all the way. Emily and Surf Rat rush out of the front door.

266 INT. EMILY'S EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT

266

Emily flicks on the light. Turner and Surf Rat carry Hooch in and set him gently on the examining table. Emily immediately begins to examine the dog, who is mercifully only semiconscious.

EMILY

(to Turner)

Your leg is bleeding.

(to Surf Rat)

Call an ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

266 CONTINUED:

266

Surf Rat hurries out to do that.

TURNER

How is he?

EMILY

Put your hands on his face so he can smell you.

Turner does, and on some level the dog seems to respond, getting calmer.

EMILY

His spinal cord is severed. Nothing can be done. He's in agony and he just can't live like this.

Even though she starts to cry she remains very focused, very professional, a physician at work.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You can leave the room if you want and I'll take care of him.

TURNER

I'll stay.

EMILY

Good.

She gently slips the needle into Hooch's flank. Hooch doesn't even feel it. His body relaxes almost instantly. Emily puts her free hand over Turner's which gently hold Hooch's face. It only takes a second for the profound relaxation and anesthesia to become death. As they hear the sound of the ambulance approaching, Emily and Turner hold each other without letting go of Hooch.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

267 EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - SIX WEEKS LATER - DAY

267

It's has become spring in Carmel. An unmarked police car pulls up to the curb; Surf Rat, dressed now in plainclothes but still without shoes, goes around to the passenger door to assist Turner, who has a long cast on his right leg.

268 INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

268

Turner calls out:

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

TURNER

I'm home!

EMILY (O.S.)

I'm upstairs -- come quick.

269 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

269

Now in addition to all the plants and animals, this jungle of a living room is also furnished with Turner's big workbench, with his half-built stereo, tools and parts neatly arranged on it.

EMILY

Over here.

She's halfway in a closet. He goes over to her.

270 ANGLE ON THE CLOSET

270

Camille reclines proudly on the closet floor with a litter of puppies around her. The puppies look mostly like Setters, but one, larger than the others, has a very familiar face. She picks it up and shows it to Turner.

271 CLOSE - THE PUPPY

271

It has -- for a puppy -- a massive head, wrinkled face, smashed-in snout: it's the ugliest, meanest-looking junkyard puppy ever... SON OF HOOCH!

Emily holds the puppy out to Turner, who takes it in his hands.

EMILY

I think this one's yours.

TURNER

I don't believe it...

The puppy SNARLS, just like his father. And when Turner tries to pet him, the little bastard bites his hand. Turner yelps, puts his hand to his mouth and looks at "Son of Hooch."

TURNER

I think he likes me.

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D