

"BALL BREAKER"

By

Josh Becker

Story By

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EXT. THE LUCKY SPOT SALOON – NIGHT

The Lucky Spot Saloon is a ratty little dive of a bar. One car sits alone in the parking lot. The old neon sign for the bar, which has two pink martini glasses with bubbles floating out of them, sputters, buzzes and goes dark.

A moment later three distant figures emerge from the bar. It becomes clear very quickly that two of the people, the BARTENDER and the WAITRESS, are trying to get the third drunken person, JOE, to go home.

JOE

Come on, jus' one more.

BARTENDER

No, Joe, no more. Time to go home.

JOE

Come on, jus' one more for the road.

WAITRESS

Joe, you can't even see the road. Will you go home.

JOE

Fuck home. Ain't nothin' at home. Come on, you guys, have a heart. Jus' one more little one for the road.

At that moment Joe bends over and barfs.

BARTENDER

There's your one for the road, Joe, or the parking lot, as the case may be.

The Bartender and the Waitress drag Joe to the one car in the lot, put him in the driver's seat and slam the door shut.

WAITRESS

He shouldn't be driving.

BARTENDER

Driving? With the amount he drank, he shouldn't be breathing.

The Bartender and the Waitress go back inside the bar to finish closing. The one car sits in the parking lot all by itself.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RATTY APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

This is a run-down, five-story tenement apartment building in a bad part of town. Derelicts loiter on the sidewalk in front and several blacks and Latinos hang out on the front steps. In the alley beside the building two long-haired guys work on the engine of a car, revving it as high as it will go.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Inside a crummy-looking apartment with cracked plaster and old, yellowed drapes. The furniture is old and mostly broken. Old newspapers litter the floor. Lying on an army cot against the wall is FRANK TAYLOR, a flat-faced, short muscular guy in his early thirties. His eyes are squished tightly shut and his hands hold the sides of his head. He's in pain. The sound of the engine revving in the alley is very loud, then goes silent. The tension in Frank's face eases slightly. The phone rings. Frank bolts to his feet and shaking his pounding head steps over to the phone.

FRANK

(to himself)

Now what?

(answers phone; annoyed)

What?

He hears the hurried, whispered voice of IVAN.

IVAN (O.S.)

Frank? It's Ivan.

FRANK

(smiles)

Ivan. How the hell are you?

IVAN (O.S.)

Look, I haven't got much time. Get a pencil.

(Frank looks around)

You got it?

FRANK

I'm looking.

IVAN (O.S.)

(stern)

Get it!

Frank digs around on the table through a mess of fast food wrappers and a plethora of aspirin, ibuprofen and acetaminophen bottles (Thrifty, CVS, Norwich, etc.) and finds a pencil stub and looks relieved.

FRANK

OK, Jesus. What is it?

IVAN (O.S.)

You're gonna meet a guy named Carlos tomorrow at ten A.M. on the beach, just south of the pier, where you and me used t' hang out, remember?

FRANK

Course I do. What's this all about?

IVAN (O.S.)

Just listen. He's comin' in on a boat and he'll flash ya with a mirror. Flash him back. He's gonna give you a package. Give him five grand.

FRANK

(shocked)

Five grand? Are you nuts? Where'm I gonna get that? I haven't even paid my rent in two months.

IVAN (O.S.)

(firm)

Get it! I don't care what ya do, just get it! Then, once you got it take it to Lon Stracks, 605 West Houston, number 206. You got all this?

FRANK

(writing)

Yeah, yeah. I got it. Don't get pissed at me, Iv, my head's killin' me.

IVAN (O.S.)

(concerned)

You takin' your medication?

FRANK

No, I can't fuckin' afford it. It's fifty bucks for ten of 'em.

Frank dumps out a handful of ibuprofen and washes them down with the remains of an old McDonald's Coke. He winces and shakes his head.

IVAN (O.S.)

Ya see, you need this deal as much as me. And I fuckin' need it bad. My ass is gonna be grass in here if I don't get some protection money and fast.

FRANK

Protection? From what?

IVAN (O.S.)

I got some bad-ass motherfucker out for my blood. The guy's got no sense of humor at all. Look, I haven't got time to explain right now. Just do this deal, Frank, we both need the cash. We'll split the hundred grand fifty-fifty.

FRANK

(amazed)

A hundred grand? What's in this package? Diamonds?

IVAN (O.S.)

(whispering)

What the hell do you think it is, you moron, wake up.

FRANK

(offended)

Hey! Don't you call me a moron. I'm not the one askin' a favor and I'm not the one in the joint, either.

IVAN (O.S.)

OK, all right. I'm sorry. Just do this thing, Frank. Get it done. Don't let me down. Just remember, this is the opportunity of a lifetime.

FRANK

(unsure)

Five grand, I don't know . . .

IVAN (O.S.)

(getting desperate)

Rob a fuckin' gas station, you done it before.

FRANK

Yeah, but I never got no five grand. Most I ever got was five hundred.

IVAN (O.S.)

(impatient)

Then hit *ten* gas stations. Work it out. I gotta go.

FRANK

You gonna be OK?

IVAN (O.S.)

If you get this money I'll be fine. Otherwise I'm fucked.

FRANK

I understand, Iv. I'll get it.

IVAN (O.S.)

See ya, Frank. Don't blow it.

FRANK

I won't. See ya.

IVAN (O.S.)

Bye.

Ivan hangs up. Frank stands there holding the receiver and shakes his throbbing head.

FRANK

Where am I gonna get five grand?

The engine revving starts again and gets progressively louder and louder. Frank rubs his temples, his face twisting into an ugly knot.

FRANK

Jesus fuckin' Christ! Stop with that noise!

Frank goes to the window and sticks his head out.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

The two LONG-HAIRED GUYS are just revving away and don't see Frank looming over them.

FRANK

(hollering)

Hey! Assholes! Shut the fuck up!

The long-haired guys look up, unconcerned.

LONG-HAIR #1

Screw you.

Frank eyes go wide with insane fury. He disappears inside. Both long-hair guys shrug and are just about to return to their engine work when Frank reappears. He is holding an enormous old TV set.

FRANK

Wrong fuckwads! Screw you!

He drops the TV set on the roof of the car. The roof caves in and the TV implodes.

Both long-haired guys are shocked and furious.

LONG-HAIR #2

Are you oughta your mind?

LONG-HAIR #1

You're payin' for this, you little fuck, or I'm gonna kill you!

Frank disappears again, then quickly returns holding a Winchester 30-30 rifle. He cocks it, sending a loaded bullet flying into the air. The big 30-30 bullet drops to the pavement at their feet.

FRANK

You're gonna *what*?

Both guys back off fast. They put their hands in the air.

LONG-HAIR #1

Nothin'.

LONG-HAIR #2

Yeah, nothin'.

FRANK

(nods)

That's what I thought.

Frank goes back inside. Both long-haired guys looks at each other, then at the TV set embedded in the roof of the car, then they both take off running.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE TOWN OF LOMPOC - MORNING

The first rays of sunlight illuminate the small main street of Lompoc, California, population 31,000. There are ten businesses located in downtown Lompoc. Most of the storefronts look like they're from the thirties. A few store-fronts have recently been remodeled and now look contemporary and out of place. A blue Ford Fiesta drives up the street.

INT. FORD FIESTA - DAY

Driving the car is TED WALBURN, a thin, tall man of twenty-eight wearing a dark suit and tie. Ted can't sit still. He turns on the radio and gets an ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You're listening to KLMP, the voice of Lompoc . . .

Ted immediately changes stations. He picks up a country/western station and changes again. Now it's gospel. Ted disgustedly turns the radio off.

TED

Christ! They haven't even got a decent radio station in this town.

In the passenger seat is MILLIE WALBURN, a blonde, pretty, very pregnant woman of twenty-six. She looks at Ted with a concerned expression.

MILLIE

Are you sorry we moved here?

TED

No. I'm just a little bit . . . nervous.

MILLIE

Well, you have every right to be. It's your first day on the job.

They drive for a moment in silence, then Ted starts to panic.

TED

What if I don't cut it? What if they don't like me?

MILLIE

They'll like you, everybody likes you. You're a great guy.

TED

(dejected)

But they'll have read my record. No one's gonna trust me.

MILLIE

Ted, you're being paranoid. We're in a new town and this is a new life.

TED

(downbeat)

Yeah, but my record is going to follow me wherever I go.

EXT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

The Lompoc Police station is a small, square, dark brick building with a big front window. Ted's Feista pulls into the parking lot and stops in front of the building. Ted gets out of the car and goes around to Millie's side. He opens the door and helps her out of the car. They walk around to the driver's side. Millie turns to Ted with a serious expression.

MILLIE

Ted, you made a bad decision once, you don't have to pay for the rest of your life.

TED

I don't know. I hope you're right.

Millie straightens Ted's tie.

MILLIE

(smiling)

I'm always right, you know that.

Ted smiles back weakly.

TED

Well, here goes nothing.

Millie leans over and gives Ted a long kiss. Two uniformed cops go past and see Ted and Millie kissing. Ted sees them and pulls away.

TED

I gotta go.

MILLIE

(grins)

Rub my stomach for luck.

TED

Aw, come on.

MILLIE

No. Do it.

Ted looks around; no one seems to be watching. He rubs Millie's stomach. Millie smiles and blows him a kiss.

MILLIE

You look good in your new suit.

TED

Thanks.

Millie gets in the car and drives away. Ted sighs and heads into the police station.

INT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Ted enters the police station and approaches the front desk. The female desk Sergeant's name is PAT. She has short-cropped red hair, deep blue eyes and is attractive in a butch sort of way. She looks up.

PAT

May I help you?

TED

Yes, my name's Theodore Walburn . . .

PAT

Yes, Mr. Walburn?

TED

Actually, it's Detective Lieutenant Walburn.
I'm the new detective assigned here.

PAT

(smiling)

Hi. I'm Sergeant Pat Siegel . . .

(she holds out her
hand and they shake)

. . . but Pat'll be fine.

TED

I'm Ted.

PAT

If you'll excuse me, Ted, you seem pretty young
to be a Lieutenant. How old *are* you?

TED

(embarrassed)

I'm twenty-nine . . . well, twenty-eight actually, I'll
be twenty-nine in three months.

PAT

(reassuring)

Oh, so you just look young. I'm only twenty-eight
myself . . .well, twenty-nine.

(they both smile)

You probably want to go see Captain Uto and check
in.

TED
 (hesitant)
 Yeah, sure, uh . . . what's he like?

Pat picks up the receiver on the switchboard beside her and pushes a button.

PAT
 He's all right, you'll see. Just don't make him
 mad.
 (into telephone)
 Captain Uto, there's a Detective Lieutenant
 Walburn here to see you . . . Yes sir.
 (she hangs up)
 Go right in.

Ted crosses his fingers. Pat smiles and buzzes him through to the inner main office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Ted passes ten desks with uniformed and plain-clothes police men and women at work. He arrives at a frosted glass door with "Captain Thomas Uto" stenciled on it. Ted straightens his tie and jacket. Two plain clothes COPS are watching Ted. They exchange a grin. Ted is about to knock on the Captain's door when a booming voice comes from within.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 I see you standing there, come in already!

Both cops shake their heads and look away. Ted gulps and goes in.

INT. CAPTAIN UTO'S OFFICE - DAY

CAPTAIN THOMAS UTO is sixty years old, has short steely gray hair, wears a dark suit and an intense expression. He has a file open on his desk.

CAPTAIN
 (reading)
 Detective Lieutenant Theodore Walburn.
 What on Earth brings you to Lompoc?

Ted looks over at the chair, but makes no move toward it.

TED
 My wife wanted to move here.

CAPTAIN

So you left the San Francisco P.D. to come here? Does your wife make all the decisions in your family?

Ted grows embarrassed and flushes red. He shifts his weight uncomfortably.

TED

Well, no . . . We just felt –

CAPTAIN

—Are you going to sit down or not?

TED

Of course, I –

Ted sits down.

CAPTAIN

Listen, Lieutenant Walburn. For such a small population, Lompoc has an unusually high crime rate. There's a Federal prison located here, which accounts for some of it, but certainly not all. We've lost three police officers in the last two years. I don't intend to lose any more. Is that clear?

TED

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN

Good. You'll be working with officer Joseph Brubaker. He's been on the force for a long time, he'll show you the ropes.

Captain Uto pushes a button on his telephone and speaks into the intercom.

CAPTAIN

(into phone)

Send in officer Brubaker.

PAT (O.S.)

He's not in yet, Captain.

CAPTAIN

(outraged)

What?

PAT (O.S.)

He called and said he had a flat tire. He should be here any minute.

CAPTAIN

When he arrives tell him I want to see him immediately.

(he disconnects and
turns back to Ted)

Do you have any questions?

TED

No sir.

CAPTAIN

Good. You can go. Welcome to Lompoc,
Walburn.

TED

(stands)

Thank you, Captain.

Ted starts to leave.

CAPTAIN

One other thing . . .

(Ted stops)

It says in your file that you have some difficulty
deciding when to fire your weapon.

Ted freezes. He knew this was coming.

TED

I don't have any difficulty deciding when to
shoot.

CAPTAIN

Then what's the explanation about this incident
in San Francisco?

TED

I didn't have a clear shot. There were innocent bystanders in the area. I had to make a call and I made it.

CAPTAIN

(nodding)

But that's not how an observer saw it.

TED

I know that.

CAPTAIN

Discretion can be the better part of valor, Walburn, but don't abuse it. If you're in a situation where an armed felon is escaping and you have a clear shot, you damn well better take it, otherwise you'll be outta here, too. Got it?

TED

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN

(closing file)

Dismissed.

Ted leaves the Captain's office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

As Ted comes out of the Captain's office Captain Uto yells out.

CAPTAIN

Baduski! Show officer Walburn around!

Ted shuts the door. Cop #1 stands up from his desk. He is BADUSKI, a big guy with a square jaw and a bald spot. He and Ted shake hands.

BADUSKI

Hi, I'm Chuck Baduski.

TED

Ted Walburn. Nice to meet you.

BADUSKI

Have you got a piece?

TED

Oh. No. I mean, I used to, but . . .

BADUSKI

Well, let's go get you one.

Baduski leads Ted through a door at the back of the main office.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The locker room is also the weapons arsenal. Baduski goes up to a case of rifles and pistols. He unlocks it and waves his hands over the contents.

BADUSKI

Take your pick.

Ted looks at the selection. There are: .25 caliber palm-size pistols, thin little .32's, several .38 police specials, and one rather large Colt .45. Ted picks up the .45.

BADUSKI

You've got an eye for quality.

Baduski pulls back his jacket revealing that he too has a Colt .45. Baduski takes a leather shoulder holster from a rack on the wall and gives it to Ted. Ted straps on the holster and puts the pistol into it.

BADUSKI

So who did the Captain assign you as a partner?

TED

Someone named Joseph Brubaker.

Baduski starts to laugh.

BADUSKI

So you're Brubaker's new partner, huh? Good luck. Maybe you ought to take a few other weapons, just in case.

TED

(suspicious)

What do you mean?

BADUSKI

Brubaker's our hardcase down here. You gotta look out for him.

TED

How come?

BADUSKI

I'm not one to talk, but Joe Brubaker has a psychotic temper. It may be partly because he drinks so much, I don't know.

TED

Well, why does he drink so much?

BADUSKI

I can't say for sure because he doesn't talk about it. I do know that he left the Los Angeles Police Department about four years ago with some kind of cloud over his head. I heard he shot the Mayor's nephew.

TED

He just shot the kid?

BADUSKI

No one knows for sure.

TED

Has anyone ever asked him?

BADUSKI

No one's ever had the guts. Anyway, the next thing you know Joe Brubaker is out here in the middle of nowhere with a "baditude"-- that's what I call a bad attitude. He kicked a hole in the wall over there once just because he was so pissed off. I don't remember about what anymore.

Ted glances over at the wall and sees there is a discoloration where it was re-plastered. Baduski leads Ted back into the main office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Baduski goes back to his desk and sits down.

BADUSKI

Go talk to Pat at the desk. She'll give you your start forms to fill out.

TED

Thanks a lot.

Ted starts to walk away. Baduski turns to Cop #2 at the desk beside him.

BADUSKI

Guess who his new partner is?

COP #2

Don't tell me, Brubaker?

Baduski nods and they both start to laugh. Ted glances back at the laughing cops. He steps up behind Pat at the front desk.

TED

Chuck told me to get my start forms from you.

Pat opens one of the drawers of her desk. She removes several different forms and hands them to Ted. She points back at the laughing cops.

PAT

What are those idiots laughing about?

TED

Captain Uto assigned me to be Joe Brubaker's new partner.

PAT

(nodding)

Oh. Maybe you ought to start wearing a bullet-proof vest.

TED

Chuck says that Brubaker has a bad temper.

PAT

I suppose you could say that. I saw him get so mad once he punched a hole in a guy's windshield.

TED

(astonished)

Really? I didn't think that was possible.

PAT

It's possible all right. I saw him do it. They don't call him "Ball Breaker" for nothing.

TED
(to himself)

"Ball Breaker?"

The intercom beside Pat buzzes. She pushes the button.

PAT
Yes, Captain?

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Where the hell is Brubaker?!!

PAT
He's on his way.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
He better be!

The Captain disconnects. Pat keys the microphone of the big police radio beside her desk. She speaks into the mike.

PAT
Car five, come in car five. Car five, do you
read me?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LUCKY SPOT SALOON - DAY

We're back at the Lucky Spot Saloon, which, in the daylight, is an even dingier little dive than it looked like at night. There are tire tracks in the gravel from where the lone car was parked last night to where it presently sits. We can now see that the car is a beat up black 1984 Ford LTD sitting with its rear wheels in the parking lot and its front wheels in the drainage ditch near the road. From inside the car Pat's voice can be heard coming through the radio.

PAT (O.S.)
. . . Car five, do you read me? Please come back,
car five . . .

INT. JOE BRUBAKER'S CAR - DAY

Under the dashboard the Motorola police radio continues to squawk with Pat's voice. On the front seat are many smashed empty beer cans. The ashtray is jammed with cigarette butts and is overflowing onto the floor.

PAT (O.S.)

. . . Joe, you're going to be in a lot of trouble if you don't get your butt in here. Captain Uto's on the warpath . . . Joe, I know you can hear me. I told him you had a flat tire.

(now she yells.)

Joe! Will you wake up for God's sake!

A hand comes over the seat from the back. The hand begins to grope around in the litter and empty beer cans on the seat. A wheezy cough comes from the back.

PAT (O.S.)

(seriously)

. . . Joe, I really mean it. You're gonna be in deep trouble if you don't get here soon . . .

The hand locates the microphone lying in all the debris.

INT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Pat is on the radio. Ted sits beside her filling out his forms and listening. In the background, Captain Uto's door opens. He steps out of his office and approaches Pat.

PAT

(into microphone)

. . . Captain's gonna put your butt through the ringer if you don't get in here . . .

Joe Brubaker's scratchy hacking voice comes through the speaker.

JOE (O.S.)

Fuck the Captain!

Captain Uto steps up behind Pat.

CAPTAIN

What did he say?

PAT

He said he's on his way in. He'll be here in just a few minutes.

Ted hears this and grins. Captain Uto grabs the microphone.

CAPTAIN

(into mike)

Listen here, Brubaker! If you're not sitting in my office in fifteen minutes your new job's gonna be crossing guard at the elementary school--got it?!

JOE (O.S.)

I'm having trouble hearing you . . . Some kind of interference.

The Captain hands the microphone back to Pat.

CAPTAIN

Like hell!

The Captain turns and stomps back to his office. He goes in and slams the door. Pat and Ted exchange a look and grin.

INT. JOE BRUBAKER'S CAR - DAY

Joe's hand drops the microphone back in the debris. He sits up in the back seat. JOE BRUBAKER is a big man of fifty with unkempt hair that could use a trim. He is wearing a wrinkled dark sport coat and dark sunglasses. His head wobbles from a hangover. He opens the car door.

EXT. LUCKY SPOT SALOON - DAY

Joe climbs out of the car and stands up. He rubs his aching neck and hocks a big goober. He bends over and tries to touch his toes—no luck, he doesn't even come close. He climbs into the driver's seat and starts the car. He backs out of the drainage ditch, puts it in drive and peels out of the gravel parking lot in a cloud of dust.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

As Joe drives up the road he rubs his eyes and kneads the skin of his face. He pulls a pack of camels out of his pocket, sees that it's empty, crushes it and tosses it on the floor. He glances down at the overflowing ashtray. He picks out a long butt, straightens it, puts it in his mouth and lights it. This brings on a fit of coughing. He turns and spits out the window, only the window is not open and it hits the glass. He groans, rolls down the window and ignores the mess. Joe glances over at the litter on the front seat. He digs through it until he finds what he's looking for—a full beer. He opens the can and guzzles down the warm brew. This is followed by a long belch.

JOE

Breakfast of champions.

He finishes the beer, crushes the can and tosses it on the floor.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A pickup truck comes speeding right up behind Joe's car. Inside the truck are two guys with cowboy hats. They honk their horn. Joe slows down causing the truck to slow down. Joe waves his hand for them to pass, but they don't. When they're down to 25 mph Joe stomps on the gas and moves quickly ahead of the truck. The two cowboys speed right up and continue tailgating Brubaker.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is starting to get mad. His eyebrow begins to twitch and he grinds his teeth. He slows back down to 25 mph. The cowboys honk their horn, then speed up and actually bump Joe's car! They suddenly swerve into the oncoming lane. There is a car coming. At the last possible moment they cut in front of Joe and avoid a head on collision. Once the pickup truck is in front of Joe it begins slowing down, speeding up and swerving so that Joe can't pass. Now Joe is furious!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The cowboys and Joe both arrive at a red light and stop.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe slams his car in park and gets out. A sneer twists his face.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

As Joe approaches the truck he casually slides his twist-o-flex wristwatch up over his knuckles. Joe taps on the cowboy's window. COWBOY #1, that's driving, rolls down his window grinning foolishly.

COWBOY #1

Hey, partner, why don't you learn how to drive?

JOE

(Sarcastically)

No, you!

Joe punches the cowboy in the face with his wristwatch-covered knuckles. The watch crystal shatters and *so does* the cowboy's nose. The cowboy grabs his broken nose in tremendous pain. His buddy, COWBOY #2, is totally shocked, then becomes indignant.

COWBOY #2

You son of a bitch! We're gonna call the cops!

Joe looks at his broken watch crystal, then up at the other cowboy and sneers.

JOE

I am the fucking cops!

He slides the watch back onto his wrist and walks away.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Joe gets back in his car. He drives around the truck and out of sight. The pickup truck just sits there.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

A purple 1970 Barracuda bounces down a rutted dirt road running parallel to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Frank Taylor is behind the wheel. He rubs his aching head with his knuckles, twists his head sharply to one side and cracks his neck.

INT. BARRACUDA - DAY

Frank stops the car. He reaches up and takes the mirror off the visor, then gets out of the car.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Frank walks down the shore. He looks out at the ocean and paces back and forth, rolling his head around to ease the tension. After a moment he puts a cigarette in his mouth, pats his pockets and realizes that he has no light. He keeps the cigarette in his mouth anyway. Soon a small motor boat appears from behind a rocky breaker. The boat flashes to the shore with a mirror. Frank grins and flashes back with his visor mirror. The boat motors toward him. There is one man aboard. He is tall, has a large nose and looks foreign. He is CARLOS. He gets out of the boat holding a white Pan Am flight bag.

CARLOS

(slight Spanish accent)

Hey, man. I'm Carlos.

They shake hands.

FRANK

I'm Frank.
(he points at the bag)
Is that it?

CARLOS

Yeah. I can't believe we're actually doing this. Me and Ivan have been talking about it for years. How is Ivan, anyway?

FRANK

(shrugs)
He's in jail.

CARLOS

I know. How's he doin' inside?

FRANK

Not so great, that's why we're doin' this deal.

CARLOS

(nods)
Right. How's Vinnie?

FRANK

I don't really know Vinnie, he's a friend of Ivan's.
Have you got a light?

CARLOS

Yeah.

Carlos hands Frank a silver Zippo lighter with an inscription on it. Frank lights his cigarette and looks at the lighter.

FRANK

Vietnam lighter?

CARLOS

Yeah. That's where I met Vinnie.

FRANK

I thought you were Columbian?

CARLOS

Nope, born in Florida. My family's from Columbia.

FRANK

(looks around)

Well, uh, let's do this thing, okay?

CARLOS

You said it.

Carlos hands Frank the flight bag. Frank opens it and removes a plastic and tin foil wrapped package the size of a cereal box.

FRANK

And this is supposed to be, like, good stuff?

CARLOS

It's completely pure. China White. Try it.

FRANK

I don't do these kind of drugs. I get mine at the drugstore.

CARLOS

Then why are you buying it?

FRANK

'Cause Ivan wants me to. Now, just suppose I was to break this down and cut it and all that stuff, how much would it be worth?

CARLOS

I don't know. At least a million, maybe two million. Are you planning on selling it on the street?

FRANK

Maybe. Why not?

CARLOS

No reason. Could I please have the money now?

Frank goes to his car and takes a briefcase out of the front seat. He hands it to Carlos. Carlos opens the briefcase, digs around and finds all kinds of wrappers and trash, but no money.

CARLOS

Hey, what's going on?

He looks up to find Frank aiming his Winchester 30-30 rifle at him.

FRANK

(shrugs)

This is the opportunity of a lifetime. I can't let it slip away just because I couldn't get the money.

Carlos's eyes widen in fear.

CARLOS

But . . .

Frank fires an enormous slug into Carlos's chest. Carlos flies backward and lands in his boat. He dies immediately. Frank cocks the rifle. The spent shell flies into the air . . .

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

. . . An empty beer can hits the pavement as Joe Brubaker opens his car door in the police station parking lot.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is shaving with an electric razor plugged into the lighter. He finishes, tosses the razor into the debris on the seat and gets out of the car. He is wearing dark sunglasses.

EXT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe walks across the parking lot and passes a uniformed cop.

UNIFORMED COP

Morning, Joe.

JOE

Morning, Kyle. How's the wife?

UNIFORMED COP

Mean as a snake. Better be careful, Captain's
in a foul mood.

JOE

(sarcastically)

Uh-oh, now I'm in trouble.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe enters and sees Pat at the front desk. She smiles and shakes her head.

PAT

Well, look what the cat dragged in.

JOE

Morning, sweetheart. Thanks for covering
for me.

PAT

Sure. Captain Uto wants to see you immediately.

JOE

He'll wait.

Pat buzzes Joe through into the main office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Joe crosses the room. He nods and grunts, "Morning" to each person he passes. They all smile and nod and look at each other in an unbelieving way. Joe steps up to the coffee machine and pours himself a cup. He dumps in a lot of sugar. Ted sits across the room near Pat.

TED

That's him?

PAT

It sure is. I wouldn't bother him until he's had
his coffee.

Joe practically guzzles his first cup of coffee. Baduski steps up beside him.

BADUSKI

Morning, Joe. Lookin' good.

JOE

(nonchalantly)

Fuck you, you bald-headed Pollack.

BADUSKI

You're a charming guy, Joe. That's why I like you so much.

JOE

Really? Then blow me.

Baduski shakes his head and grins. Joe pours himself another cup of coffee. Just as he's bringing it to his lips Captain Uto's voice comes booming out of his closed office door.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Brubaker! Get your ass in here!

Everyone in the police station is startled and looks up. Joe jerks and spills hot coffee down his front.

JOE

Oh, shit!

Joe takes a napkin and tries to blot his wrinkled shirt. Baduski grins.

BADUSKI

It's okay, you look great.

Joe gives him a dirty look, then heads into the Captain's office.

INT. CAPTAIN UTO'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe enters. Captain Uto looks up with a truly sour expression on his face.

CAPTAIN

So nice of you to drop in. I hope you didn't inconvenience yourself getting here.

Joe sits down and sips his coffee, entirely unconcerned.

CAPTAIN

Take those goddamned sunglasses off, you're inside!

Joe removes his sunglasses and puts them in his pocket. His eyes are *really* bloodshot.

CAPTAIN

Your eyes look like hell.

JOE

They've seen a lot of shit.

CAPTAIN

(sarcastically)

Aw, my heart's breaking.

(serious)

You continue with this behaviour and you're going to end up somewhere that'll make Lompoc look like a major metropolis. You're a bad influence on everyone here.

JOE

That's what the teachers used to say to me in high school. Somehow all my classmates grew up all right.

CAPTAIN

Don't get smart with me, buster, I'll bust your ass down to shit cleaner!

(Joe shrugs)

Now, that guy you shot robbing the gas station last week lost his leg. He's suing the police department *and* the city of Lompoc.

Joe waves his hand.

JOE

He doesn't have a leg to stand on.

CAPTAIN

Very funny. Did you have to shoot him?

JOE

He was trying to escape. He'd already cut the gas station attendant with a knife. What was I supposed to do, congratulate him?

CAPTAIN

How about saying "stop or I'll shoot?"

JOE

I said stop.

CAPTAIN

But you'd already shot him.

JOE

I was just making sure he listened.

CAPTAIN

(shakes his head)

Do you have to shoot everyone?

JOE

(flatly)

I never shot anyone that didn't deserve it.

CAPTAIN

What about the Mayor's nephew in L.A.?

JOE

He deserved it all right.

CAPTAIN

Then what're you doing here in Lompoc, smartass?

JOE

(impatiently)

You got something to say to me?

The Captain tosses Joe a file.

CAPTAIN

Yeah. Your new partner's here.

JOE

Swell. What did he do to end up in this God-forsaken
shit-hole?

CAPTAIN

(angry)

Hey! I was born here.

Joe says nothing. He looks down at the file. He sees a black and white photograph of Ted stapled to the file.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Ted sits at a desk behind Pat at the front desk. He finishes a white styrofoam cup of coffee and sets it beside three other empty cups. Pat gets a call on the radio. It's a weary, irritated male voice—ABLE ONE.

ABLE ONE (O.S.)

Base, this is Able one. Come back.

PAT

(into microphone)

Able one, this is Base. Go ahead.

ABLE ONE (O.S.)

Where the heck's our relief? We were supposed to be outta here over an hour ago.

Pat looks up and sees Joe step out of the Captain's office. He puts on his sunglasses.

PAT

(into microphone)

It's on the way, Able one. Over.

Brubaker looks around. He spots Ted and approaches. Ted jumps up to meet him, eager and brimming with energy. Ted holds out his hand and smiles.

TED

Officer Brubaker, I'm detective Lieutenant Ted Walburn.

Brubaker walks right past him and up to Pat. Ted is left with his hand in the air, which he slowly lowers. Joe speaks to Pat.

JOE

Tell Marty I'm on my way.

PAT

I just did.

JOE

Thanks, Radar.

Pat smiles. Joe takes a step away, stops and turns back.

JOE

You know, you're looking pretty good lately, Pat.

PAT
(blushing)
Thanks.

JOE
Have you been working out?

PAT
Yeah. I workout every morning.

JOE
(hesitant)
Uh . . . You wanna have dinner with me tonight
over at Marty and Tina's?

PAT
(smiles)
Joe, is this a date?

JOE
(blushes)
No. It's just dinner.

PAT
Oh, O.K. Sure.

JOE
Great.

Joe opens the door and heads out of the police station. Ted looks at Pat helplessly. Pat nods toward Brubaker.

PAT
You better go or he'll leave you.

Ted hurries out the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ted runs after Joe who is just getting into his car. Ted goes up to Joe's window.

TED
Hey, what's the idea?

Brubaker looks at him with a disapproving expression.

JOE

I don't like you.

TED

(shocked)

You don't like me? You've never met me.

JOE

(flatly)

I read your file. I don't have to meet you.

TED

(indignant)

Oh, yeah? Well . . . I've heard quite a few things about you, too. I'll bet your file doesn't look so hot, either.

Joe shrugs and starts the engine.

JOE

Get in the car.

Ted goes around to the passenger side. He opens the door and a cascade of beer cans spill out and clatter on the pavement. Ted looks from the beer cans up to Joe with an "I-told-you-so" expression. Joe puts the car in gear and floors it. Ted jumps in as the door slams shut. A cloud of blue burnt rubber smoke lingers behind.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe and Ted drive in silence. Every now and then Pat's voice can be heard over the radio, but she's not talking to them. Ted begins to squirm.

TED

Uh. Could we stop at a gas station? I've got to use the restroom.

Joe pulls over to the side of the road and stops the car. He gets out of the car and walks around to the passenger side of the car. He stops with his back facing Ted's window. Ted hears him unzip and begin pissing on the shoulder of the road.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Ted gets out of the car and also begins pissing on the shoulder.

JOE

Lesson number one—when you're a cop you can piss wherever you want.

TED

Just because you can doesn't mean you should.

JOE

What is this? "My Fair Fuckin Lady?" You gonna teach me manners now?

TED

(exasperated)

No . . .

JOE

Good. Get in the fuckin' car.

They both get back in the car and speed off.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Ted looks at Joe's stone face and sighs.

TED

We haven't gotten off to a very good start, have we?

JOE

No.

TED

Could we start again?

JOE

No.

TED

Why not?

Joe slams on the brakes and the car screeches to a halt in the middle of the road. Joe turns to Ted.

JOE

Why didn't you back up your partner in Frisco?

TED
(hesitantly)
. . . I never had a clear shot.

JOE
Your partner got killed. Why didn't you get one?

TED
The guy ran away.

JOE
Why didn't you go after him?

TED
(intense)
My partner was dying!

JOE
(more intense)
Did you save him?

TED
(sadly)
. . . No.

JOE
And you didn't get the motherfucker who shot him, either! All in all you're just worthless.

TED
(quietly)
You don't understand.

Brubaker puts the car in gear and starts to drive away.

JOE
Oh, I understand all right. Remember, I'm in Lompoc, too.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Joe's LTD turns a corner into a long alley lined with garbage dumpsters. Halfway up the alley is a green sedan. Joe parks behind it. Joe and Ted get out of the car.

TED

Mind telling me where we're going?

JOE

Stakeout. Drug house across the street. We got word something big is coming through. Personally, I think it's crap. These two dealers are such lame fucks that they couldn't handle a big shipment of Cheerios.

Joe goes through a doorway into an old apartment building and Ted follows.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Joe and Ted walk up the hallway of the abandoned apartment building. Garbage and broken furniture litter the floor. Joe knocks on an apartment door. A voice comes from within.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

JOE

It's Joe.

VOICE (O.S.)

Thank God.

The door is opened by Detective MARTY POPESCU who is tall, blond and very tired.

MARTY

You're two hours late for Chissakes!

JOE

I had to break in the new guy.

Joe goes inside. Ted rolls his eyes and follows.

INT. STAKEOUT APARTMENT - DAY

It's an empty apartment with two chairs, a table, recording equipment, a telescope on a tripod and a sea of McDonald's wrappers and coffee cups. Marty holds out his hand to Ted.

MARTY

Hi, I'm Marty Popescu.

TED

Ted Walburn.

They shake. Marty points to the detective with headphones on. He is stocky and black. His name is J.P. JONES.

MARTY

That's J.P. Jones. J.P. to his friends.

Ted steps over and shakes J.P.'s hand. J.P. takes off the headphones and hands them to Ted.

J.P.

Nice t' meet you.

TED

You, too.

J.P. puts on his jacket and turns to Brubaker.

J.P.

I think something's coming down, but who knows with these schnooks. Maybe soon. I really do appreciate you getting here in time so that whatever it is, we don't have to deal with it.

Joe goes to the telescope.

JOE

Anything for you, J.P.

MARTY

(to Joe)

You coming over for dinner tonight?

JOE

Yeah. And I'm bringing someone.

MARTY

Oh, really? Who?

JOE

Pat.

Marty and J.P. look at each other and raise their eyebrows.

MARTY

Cause she needs a ride or cause . . . you're . . .

JOE

What?

MARTY

Nothing. I'll tell Tina to set another place.

J.P. and Marty leave, but keep talking.

MARTY (O.S.)

Pat?

J. P. (O.S.)

Man, you looked at her lately? She be lookin' good.
Must be workin' out or some shit . . .

Brubaker looks through the telescope. He sees . . .

EXT. APARTMENT ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

In the apartment across the street the venetian blind is drawn. Through the blind two figures can be seen. One of the figures is pacing back and forth.

INT. STAKEOUT - DAY

Ted has the headphones on. Joe turns to him.

JOE

Are they saying anything?
(Ted doesn't hear him
so Joe speaks louder)

Hey!

(Ted looks)

Let me hear it, too. Turn it up.

Ted looks at the recording equipment--there's a lot of knobs. He chooses one at random and turns it. It causes a loud squelch in the headphones. Ted grimaces and quickly turns the knob down. He tries another knob and two male voices fade in, accompanied by Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon." One voice belongs to LON, the other to BILL.

BILL (O.S.)

Why can't Roger Waters and David Gilmore just
make up and cut a new record? I mean, what's the
big deal? Why hold grudges?

Joe rolls his eyes and snorts.

JOE

Oh, Christ! This fucking album came out twenty-five years ago.

(turns to Ted)

I'm gonna go get some donuts and coffee. Want anything special?

TED

No, just a cup of coffee. But what if something happens?

JOE

What? Like Pink Floyd getting back together? I'll hold my breath.

Joe snorts loudly and leaves.

Ted looks at the equipment, then drops the headphones.

BILL (O.S.)

. . . Man, if Floyd put out a new album with Roger Waters on it would blow all this new shit away!

LON (O.S.)

Oh, yeah.

Ted removes his jacket and loosens his tie.

EXT. THE DONUT DEPOT – DAY

Joe's LTD pulls into the Donut Depot's parking lot. He finishes guzzling another warm beer, crushes the can and tosses it on the floor. Joe gets out of the car.

INT. STAKEOUT – DAY

Ted has the speaker turned up and is reclining in a chair, his feet up on a table. The phone in Lon and Bill's apartment rings. Ted lowers his feet and pays attention. He hears Lon answer it.

LON (O.S.)

Hello? Are you on your way over?

(listens)

OK, see ya.

Ted hears Lon hang up.

BILL (O.S.)

. . . But who is this guy?

LON (O.S.)

A pal of Vinnie's. How am I supposed to know.

BILL (O.S.)

But Vinnie's an asshole and we haven't seen him in years.

LON (O.S.)

Look, when was the last time you saw a key of smack? I don't think I ever seen a whole key. If he can get this for a reasonable price we stand to make a bundle. Then maybe we can pay off Farouk and get out of debt.

BILL (O.S.)

I don't know, if this guy's a friend of Vinnie's then I'm sure he's psychotic. When's he coming over?

LON (O.S.)

Now.

BILL (O.S.)

Oh fuck!

LON (O.S.)

Ya know, you shouldn't smoke so much pot, it makes you paranoid. Here, take a valium.

Ted stands up and looks around. What the hell is he supposed to now? He puts his jacket back on. He picks up the telephone, is about to dial and stops.

TED

Hold on, be cool. Nothing's happened yet.

Ted goes over to the telescope and looks through it. He sees Bill peering through the blinds with a pistol in his hand. Ted ducks down to get out of sight.

TED

Oh, shit!

INT. THE DONUT DEPOT – DAY

Joe's the next person in line. The guy in front of him turns around and it's Frank Taylor! Frank hold the Pan Am flight bag. He takes a handful of pills and washes them down with hot coffee. He exits the shop. Joe steps up and orders.

INT. STAKEOUT – DAY

Ted cautiously stands up and looks back through the telescope. The blinds at Lon and Bill's are closed. Ted tilts the telescope down and sees . . .

EXT. STREET - DAY

It's Frank Taylor and he's got the flight bag. Frank rubs his neck and enters the back door of Lon and Bill's apartment building.

INT. STAKEOUT - DAY

Ted looks totally panicked. He picks up the phone again and stops.

TED

Wait. Who am I calling?

(points at the radio)

Get a car here.

Ted hangs up the phone and picks up the microphone.

TED

(into mike)

Anybody there?

Marty Popescu's voice comes through the speaker.

MARTY (O.S.)

Who is this?

TED

This is Ted. Detective Lieutenant Walburn.
We just met.

MARTY (O.S.)

Yeah, Ted. What's up? Where's Joe?

TED

Uh, he's uh . . . out. But, uh, this thing is happening now. A guy just went into the building holding a flight bag.

MARTY (O.S.)

Aw shit! We'll meet you at the back door.

TED

(into mike)

OK, right, I mean, Roger. See ya there.

Just then Joe comes walking in holding cups of coffee and a bag of donuts.

TED

This thing's happening now. The guy showed up with the drugs.

JOE

Get out.

TED

No. Marty and what's-his-face are on their way back.

Joe nods, sets down the coffee and donuts, reaches into his jacket and removes a Colt .45.

JOE

What're you packing?

Ted opens his coat and pulls out his new .45. Joe recognizes the weapon.

JOE

That was Manuel Gonzalas'.45. He was my last partner.

TED

What happened to him?

Joe takes the .45 from Ted.

JOE

K.I.A. Just like *your* last partner.

Joe pops out the clip of Ted's gun. He looks at it and holds it out to Ted—there are no bullets in it.

JOE

Your popularity's not rising.

He tosses Ted the empty clip, then reaches into his pocket and hands him a handful of .45 bullets.

JOE

The only smart thing you've done today
is to choose a .45.

Ted lowers his head and loads the clip.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Frank walks up the ratty apartment hallway with the flight bag in his hand. He looks at a scrap of paper in his hand, stops in front of an apartment door, takes a deep breath and knocks. Bill's voice comes from behind the door.

BILL (O.S.)

Who is it?

FRANK

It's Frank Taylor. We talked on the phone.

The door is opened by a cadaverously thin fellow wearing shorts. He is BILL. Bill sees the flight bag and motions Frank in.

INT. BILL & LON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank enters and meets LON, a big heavy guy, with long hair wearing green hospital scrubs. The apartment is poorly lit, has tie-dyed material draped from the ceiling and macrame plant hangers.

LON

So, you're friends with Vinnie, huh?

FRANK

Well, actually, no. He's friends with my
brother, Ivan.

BILL
That's one point in your favor.

FRANK
What does that mean?

BILL
Nothing.

LON
I remember Ivan. Kind of bald and a real nut?

FRANK
Yeah, that's him.

LON
What's he doing now?

FRANK
Five to ten for armed robbery.

LON
Oh . . .

Lon steps up to Frank and tries to take the flight bag. Frank is hesitant to give it up.

FRANK
What about the money?

LON
Let's just see if it's any good first.

FRANK
It's completely pure. China White.

LON
Yeah, yeah, sure it is.
(he takes the bag)
Let's just make sure.

Lon opens a cupboard revealing test tubes, Bunsen burners, a triple-beam scale and other scientific equipment. Lon takes a little spoonful of heroin out of the kilo and dumps it into a test tube full of solution. He mixes it up and puts it over a flame.

LON

The higher it goes, the better it is.

FRANK

I know that.

LON

(grinning)

'Course you do.

The solution in the test tube begins to bubble. It goes up, higher and higher, until it reaches the top. Bill and Lon are bug-eyed.

LON

This shit is almost pure!

FRANK

I told you so.

LON

I'm sorry I doubted you. Now, how much do you want?

FRANK

(suspicious)

One hundred grand, you know that.

LON

'Course we do. But that's a little steep. Once we break it down and everything it won't be worth much more than a hundred grand.

FRANK

Don't shit me, man! That's at least a million bucks worth of smack--maybe two million. I want a hundred grand and not a penny less.

Lon and Bill look at each other and shrug.

LON

We haven't got a hundred grand.

Frank is beginning to look like a caged animal. He looks from Bill to Lon, then back.

FRANK

What do you mean? The deal was all set.

LON

What'sa matter? Can't you hear? We haven't got that much cash.

FRANK

But you knew I was coming and the smack is completely pure, why don't you have it?

LON

We couldn't raise it.

FRANK

(infuriated)

Well, how much do you have?

Bill and Lon look at each other. Lon reaches into the crack of his chair and pulls out a roll of bills. He hands it to Frank.

LON

Forty-five hundred.

Frank looks at the money.

FRANK

(outraged)

Forty-five *hundred*? I wouldn't take forty-five *thousand*!

LON

Then don't! Where do you get off thinking you can Just walk in here and demand a hundred grand, anyway?

BILL

Yeah. We don't even know you.

FRANK

Fuck you! Fuck both of you!

There is a sharp knock at the door.

JOE (O.S.)

Open up! Police!

Frank's face twists into a an ugly knot. He reaches into his coat.

FRANK

You fuckwads!! You set me up!!

Frank pulls out a .38 police special and points it at Bill. Bill lifts his arm to block and Frank shoots him point-blank in the hand. Bill screams in terrible pain as the bullet goes right through his hand and just misses his face. Lon dives to the floor. The door is kicked in and Brubaker, Ted, J.P. and Marty come bursting in.

JOE

Freeze! This is a bust!

Suddenly the door comes flying back, hitting Joe right in the face sending him back into J.P. Frank is hiding behind the door. As Frank dashes across the room toward the window he fires blindly behind himself. Marty Popescu is hit twice in the chest and goes down. Everyone else dives to the floor.

As Frank gets to the window he sees the flight bag left behind. He has the forty-five hundred dollars in his hand. Joe raises his pistol and has Frank in his sights. Ted sits up directly between them blocking the shot. Frank is out the window and gone before Ted has raised his gun. Joe looks down at Marty who is bleeding profusely and dying. Joe begins applying chest massage to keep him breathing. He glances up at Ted with a furious expression. Ted looks back in confusion.

JOE

Get him!

Ted nods, jumps to his feet, dashes to the window and goes out. Lon sits up. J.P. turns his weapon on him.

J.P.

Don't move a fuckin' muscle, fatboy!

Joe pushes on Marty's chest, blood oozing over his hands.

JOE

Hang in there, pal. *Please*, just hold on. Help's on the way.

EXT. THE BACK OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Frank comes down the fire escape stuffing the money in his pocket. He looks up and sees Ted coming after him. Frank fires a shot wildly. The bullet slams into the brick wall a foot from Ted's face. Brick shrapnel pelts him. Frank jumps off the fire escape and runs as fast as he can down the alley. Ted dashes down the stairs and into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Frank runs up the alley past garbage dumpsters and climbs right over Joe's car which is blocking the alley. Ted stays right behind, his pistol in his hand. He also goes right over Joe's car. Frank gets to the end of the alley and finds a wooden fence blocking his way. Frank throws himself at the fence and pulls himself over. Ted raises his pistol.

TED

Stop!

Frank is already over the fence. Ted stomps his foot and keeps running. He hops the fence and tears his jacket on the top.

EXT. BACKYARDS - DAY

Frank runs through several people's back yards. He goes through lines of drying laundry and hops each of the fences. Ted is right behind, ducking through the clothes and hopping the fences. Frank gets to a high wooden fence. He goes to climb it and a ferocious growling Pit Bull leaps at him. Frank gasps and jumps back off the fence. He turns right and high tails it up the walkway between the houses.

Ted is running fast, gets to the wooden fence and hops it. Ted hits the ground and the snarling Pit Bull is three feet in front of him, ready to pounce.

TED

Oh, fuck!

Ted turns and throws himself back at the fence. The Pit Bull attacks. It catches Ted's pant leg as he's halfway over. Ted flops to the ground on the other side of the fence. A chunk of his pant leg is bitten off and the sleeve of his suit coat is torn. Ted gasps in relief. He looks all around and sees Frank quickly retreating down the walkway. Ted raises his pistol, aims and starts to shake. He gulps grits his teeth, brings up his other hand to steady his aim and . . . It's too late. Frank is long gone.

Suddenly there is the sound of someone coming through the bed sheets on the clothes line beside him. Ted swings his pistol around and yells.

TED

Freeze!

JOE (O.S.)

Shoot me and I'll kill you little prick!

Ted lowers his gun. Brubaker steps out from behind the sheets, his pistol out and ready. Blood covers his hands and coat.

JOE

Where's the creep?

Ted looks all around, then shrugs.

TED

I lost him.

JOE

(nodding)

Typical.

Ted tries to answer and Joe cuts him off.

JOE

I know, I wouldn't understand.

Brubaker turns sharply and walks away. Ted watches Joe disappear through the sheets on the clothesline. Ted looks down at the pistol in his shaking hand. He shuts his eyes and sighs forlornly.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Ted comes walking up in front of the police station with his jacket over his arm. Sweat stains his shirt. Ted goes inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ted comes in and sees Pat at the desk. Her makeup is smeared from crying. She looks up.

PAT

Where have you been?

TED

I missed my ride. I walked back.

PAT

Marty Popescu's dead.

TED

(sadly)

... I'm sorry. Where's Brubaker?

PAT

He's in the interrogation room with that fat drug dealer. I wouldn't bother him. With any luck he might kill the son of a bitch!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

It is a small white room with no windows and two chairs. Lon sits in a chair and Brubaker leans against the wall. Brubaker just stares at Lon, not speaking.

LON

I know my rights. I want to call my lawyer. You haven't read me my Miranda rights, you haven't booked me, you have no reason to hold me. I'll be outta here in two hours.

JOE

Marty Popescu was my best friend in this stinking town.

LON

Whose Marty Popescu?

JOE

(frowning)

Who *was* Marty Popescu? He was the cop that got killed in your apartment an hour ago.

LON

I didn't kill him. It was that psycho.

JOE

Who is he?

LON

I told you, his name is Frank Taylor and I never met him before.

JOE

(nodding)

That's what you said. I'm looking for a little more than that.

LON

I have the right to remain silent. I'm remaining silent.

Brubaker nods. He steps in front of Lon and kicks him as hard as he can in the shin. Lon falls off the chair and howls.

JOE

(intense)

If you don't start cooperating, motherucker, you're gonna remain silent forever!

INT. POLICE STATION/MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Everyone in the police station hears Lon's howls. Baduski steps over to an FM radio and turns up the volume, drowning Lon out. Captain Uto pops his head out of his office.

CAPTAIN

Is this a discotheque or a police station?
Turn that damn music down!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Lon sits on the floor and Brubaker looms over him.

JOE

Is your memory improving? Where did Frank Taylor say he was going?

LON

He said he knew a guy named Vinnie Mancuso in L.A. But he'd only go there if he had drugs to sell, which he doesn't. As it is he might just climb into a hole and never come out.

JOE

Oh, he'll come out, all right. He's already shot a cop and he thinks *you* set him up. He's got to try to kill you, just for starters. Think about that when you get out of here in two hours.

LON

(snotty)

Oh, thanks a lot.

Joe turns and leaves.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Joe steps out of the interrogation room. He walks over to Baduski's desk.

JOE

Do me a favor, would ya, Chuck? Book that asshole and make sure to read him all of his rights.

BADUSKI

Never got around to that, huh?

Brubaker shakes his head. He walks over to Ted's desk, behind Pat. Ted has his jacket off and big sweat stains circle his armpits. The Pam Am flight bag sits on the desk in front of him. Brubaker turns to Pat.

JOE

Could I have some report forms, please?

PAT

Sure, Joe.

Pat hands him the forms. Joe turns to Ted and drops the forms in his lap.

JOE

Fill these out.

Joe turns back to Pat and she has turned away from him, her face in her hands.

PAT

(sadly)

We were supposed to have dinner with Marty and Tina tonight.

Joe's jaw muscle grinds. There is deep pain in his eyes. Joe puts his hands on Pat's shoulders and massages her neck.

JOE

Anything coming down on the radio?

Pat coughs and rubs her eyes.

PAT

There's some chatter on the marine band. An overturned boat in the harbor. Coast Guard's on the way.

JOE

Thanks. I think I'll go check it out, too.

Ted looks up.

TED

What about me?

JOE

What about you?

TED

Shouldn't I go with you?

JOE

Are the reports filled out yet?

TED

No.

JOE

Then I guess you shouldn't go with me.

Brubaker leaves. Ted takes a report form and rolls it into the typewriter in front of him. He looks over at Pat.

TED

I don't think he likes me.

PAT

I think you're right.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Joe's LTD drives down to the harbor. Fishing boats and pleasure craft are docked at the pier. Several white Coast Guard cutters are circling around an over-turned boat not far off-shore. Joe gets out of the car and walks out on the pier. An obnoxious-looking middle-aged FISHERMAN sits on a lawn chair at the edge of the pier picking his crooked teeth with a toothpick. Joe approaches him.

JOE

(points)

'Scuse me, you know anything about that overturned boat?

FISHERMAN

I might.

Joe pulls out his wallet and flashes his badge.

JOE

Mind telling me about it?

FISHERMAN

I don't like cops.

JOE

Who gives a shit? Talk.

FISHERMAN

You're kinda pushy.

Joe puts his foot under the leg of the lawn chair and starts to tip it back toward the water.

JOE

You aint seen nothin' yet. In the mood for a swim?

The Fisherman tries to right himself, but Joe keeps him tilted.

FISHERMAN

(pointing)

Uh, I seen a noisy old purple Cuda go by a few times.

Joe lets him down.

FISHERMAN

You can't get away with that, you son of a bitch!
I'm gonna report you.

JOE

Really?

FISHERMAN

Yeah, *really!*

JOE

(shrugs)

Well, if you're *really* gonna report me then you may as well have a legitimate complaint.

Joe kicks the chair leg and flips the Fisherman into the water. The Fisherman swims to the surface and treads water. He is furious.

FISHERMAN

What's your name? You gotta tell me your name. I know the law.

JOE

(oddly complaisant)

That's true. I do have to tell you my name. It's Detective Lieutenant Theodore Walburn. That's W-A-L-B-U-R-N.

Brubaker walks away.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Joe walks up the beach and passes an outcropping of rocks. Joe looks closely down at the sand and sees something shiny. Joe bends down for a closer look and sees that it is a bullet casing. He takes a pen from his pocket and sticks it in the end of the shell and lifts it up. It's a 30-30 shell. He puts it in an envelope and keeps walking.

Joe arrives at another rock outcropping and climbs up on the rocks. He hops from one rock to another out into the water. The waves crash against the rocks spraying water in Joe's face. He keeps going until something catches his eye between the rocks . . . It's a white, lifeless human hand sticking up out of the water at an unnatural angle. Joe looks closer and sees little sand crabs feeding on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMPOC MAIN STREET - DAY

Frank Taylor wears a long overcoat and stands next to a purple Barracuda on the main street of Lompoc. Frank has a crazed expression and his eyes dart back and forth. He crosses the street.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe gets into his car. He has a soggy leather billfold in his hand. He picks up the microphone of the police radio. He keys the button on the mike.

JOE

Pat, this is Joe. Come back.

PAT (O.S.)

Receiving, car five. Please use proper radio language.
Over.

JOE

Knock it off. I found a dead body in the drink
at the harbor.

Joe opens the billfold and gently removes a wet passport.

JOE

The stiff has a Columbian passport. His name's
Carlos Saura. S-A-U-R-A. There's also merchant
seaman papers, but I can't read 'em 'cause they're in
Spanish.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Frank steps up to the front door of the police station. He stands for a moment looking warily around, takes several deep breaths then opens the door and goes in.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pat is talking on the radio to Joe.

PAT

(into microphone)

Ted's right here. I'll have him run a make
on the stiff. Anything else he should know?

JOE (O.S.)

Yeah. Put him on.

Pat hands Ted the microphone.

TED

(into microphone)

Go ahead.

Pat turns and sees Frank standing there in his long overcoat.

PAT

Yes, may I help you?

FRANK

I'd like to speak to one of the policemen involved with a drug bust this morning.

PAT

That would be Detective Walburn here.

She points to Ted who is listening to Joe on the radio and writing information down. Frank sees the Pan Am flight bag sitting on Ted's desk.

PAT

May I ask what this is in reference to?

FRANK

Sure. Something that was my personal property got confiscated. I'd like it back.

PAT

I'm sorry, but anything that was confiscated during a police action would be considered evidence. Not until a judge releases it could it possibly be given back.

FRANK

When would that be?

PAT

I don't know, sir. The court date hasn't been scheduled yet.

Ted looks up from speaking into the microphone and sees Frank. He immediately recognizes him and his eyes go wide.

TED

Oh my God!

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

I can't wait that long.

Frank pulls his 30-30 Winchester from beneath his coat, sets it on the counter and shoots Pat in the chest. Pat goes flying over backward in her chair. Ted pulls out his pistol and

just as he's raising it Frank shoots him right across the top of the head, parting his hair down the middle. Ted drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes, the microphone in one hand, his pistol in the other.

Joe's voice comes through the radio.

JOE (O.S.)
What the hell's going on?

Frank jumps over the counter and begins pumping off shots with the Winchester *just like 'The Rifleman' from TV!* The range is so close that everyone he aims at he hits--Baduski goes down and everyone else. Spent shells fly through the air and bounce on the floor.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - DAY

Lon sits in his cell listening to all the shooting. He looks like a trapped rat and huddles in the corner. A bullet comes through the wall and pelts Lon with plaster.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Captain Uto is just turning the doorknob of his office. His silhouette holding a pistol can be seen through the frosted glass. Frank shoots him right through the window. The glass shatters and the silhouette drops.

Frank steps through the smoke and writhing bodies and takes his flight bag back. He looks inside, sees the kilo and grins.

Joe's voice is still coming through the radio.

JOE (O.S.)
For God's sake what's going on?

Frank puts the rifle back under his coat, and with the flight bag in his hand, walks slowly out of the police station.

Ted uses every ounce of strength left in his body to raise his pistol and aim it at Frank's back. Blood pours into his eyes obscuring his vision, then his strength leaves and he passes out cold.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Joe sits in his car at the harbor. He has a baffled uneasy expression on his face. He speaks into the microphone.

JOE
Base, came back. Base . . .

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Several wounded officers in the police station are moaning, but no one is moving. Joe's uneasy voice keeps coming through the radio.

JOE (O.S.)
Somebody answer me, Goddamnit!

Captain Uto's door swings open. Captain Uto comes crawling out of his office holding his stomach, blood pouring from between his fingers. He crawls across the police station past Pat's inert body lying in a pool of blood and up to Ted's unmoving body, blood trickling from his head, his pistol in one hand, the microphone in the other. Suddenly there is the sound of a car burning rubber. Captain Uto looks out the front window and sees . . .

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

. . . Frank peel up the street in his purple Barracuda.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Captain Uto wrenches the microphone out of Ted's hand.

CAPTAIN
(into mike; painfully)
Joe? . . .

JOE (O.S.)
Yeah, go on.

CAPTAIN
. . . Some son of a bitch just came in here and shot everyone in the police station.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe's eyes widen in horror as he listens.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
. . . He took the heroin in the Pan Am flight bag. He drove away in a purple 1970 Barracuda heading west on Main...

INT. INTEROGATION CELL - DAY

Lon is listening to everything that's being said.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A black and white police car sits on the side of the highway. Two uniformed COPS sit in the car. Suddenly the purple Barracuda comes speeding past at 75 mph.

COP #1

(into mike)

Base, this is car one. The purple Barracuda just passed ' us on Route 101 heading south. We are in pursuit.

The police car switches on its siren and flashers, pulls onto the road and pursues.

INT. BARRACUDA - DAY

Frank glances in his rearview mirror and sees the police car coming up behind him. Frank punches it. The speedometer climbs to 85, then 90 mph.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The police car speeds up to 90 mph, too. The cop in the passenger seat speaks into the microphone.

COP #1

The Barracuda has California plate number F-H-A-3-7-6.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Captain Uto clutches his bleeding stomach and speaks into the microphone.

CAPTAIN

(into mike)

Don't let this son of a bitch get away, Joe! *That's an order!*

Captain Uto drops the microphone, falls over and dies.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe has heard the order and has written down, "FHA 376."

JOE
(into mike)

Yes, sir.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The police car is closing the gap, coming up behind the Barracuda. Suddenly Frank makes a hard right turn off the two-lane and onto a dirt road. The police car hits its brakes and screams past the turn. They back up and turn onto the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Frank is still going 90 mph and is kicking up a huge cloud of dust. The police car is right behind, almost lost in the dust cloud.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is driving slowly up the harbor road. Cop #1's voice comes through the radio.

COP #1 (O.S.)
'Cuda's turned west on Route six.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACUDA - DAY

Frank can hardly see the police car behind him in the rearview mirror due to the dust. He glances back down through the windshield just in time to see a slow moving tractor blocking the road in front of him. Frank swerves off the road onto the shoulder. The right side of his car is just inches from a wooden fence. He passes the tractor and swerves back onto the road.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

The police car is still in a dust cloud. Suddenly the dust clears and there is the tractor.

COP #2
Oh, shit!

The cop swerves hard off the road and goes right into the wooden fence. The wooden fence posts snap and fly through the air one after another until the cop car is past the tractor and back on the road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The high speed chase continues, dust clouds billowing from both cars. The police car speeds up and begins gaining on the Barracuda. The Barracuda, meanwhile, seems to be slowing down.

EXT. DIRT ROAD INTERSECTION - DAY

It looks like Frank is going to pass the intersection by, however at the last second he cuts the corner and goes right between a street sign and a cement pole. He comes in on the perpendicular dirt road, fishtails, floors it and blasts away.

The police car is going a lot faster, however, and makes no attempt to cut the corner, but instead goes around it. They completely lose control during the turn and rocket into a tree. The tree is old and rotten. It splinters at its base and falls over on top of the police car, crushing the flashers and caving in the roof.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Miraculously, neither cop seems critically injured. Cop #1 lifts his head and speaks into the microphone.

COP #1

We lost him. He's heading south on Square
Lake Road.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is cruising slowly up a road.

JOE

(into mike)

What happened to you?

COP #1 (O.S.)

We hit a tree. Irv's got a broken arm. I think
my collarbone's dislocated. Get this guy, Joe!
Fuck him up for all of us!

JOE

(flatly)

Check.

Joe lowers the microphone.

EXT. FREEWAY RAMP - DAY

Joe cruises slowly up the freeway ramp, staying on the shoulder to let cars pass him. The sign above the ramp says, "South to Los Angeles" The Barracuda comes flying past down the freeway. Brubaker kicks it to the floor and shoots up the ramp onto the freeway.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe raises the microphone.

JOE

I'm on him. Over and out.

He drops the microphone and speeds up.

INT. BARRACUDA - DAY

Frank glances in his rearview mirror. He sees Joe's LTD moving up from behind.

FRANK

Now what?

As the LTD comes right up behind him, Frank gets a glimpse of Joe's sneering face. Joe points his finger and plainly mouths the words, "*You're fucked!*" then uses his finger to cut his throat.

FRANK

(pissed)

Oh, yeah?

Frank reaches over on the front seat and grabs the Winchester. He cocks it, swings it around behind himself and aims it at Joe through the back window. Frank fires and blows a hole in his back window.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

The bullet comes right through Joe's windshield, blowing off his rearview mirror. Joe ducks and swerves wildly.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Joe's car goes careening off the road. It bounces to a halt in a ditch.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe sits up and blood trickles down his forehead. He's starting to get mad. His jaw muscles twitch. Joe slams the gear shift into reverse and pulls back onto the road. He puts it in drive and floors it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Ambulances with swirling flashers surround the police station. Paramedics quickly push stretchers with bodies on them out of the building and into the ambulances. A paramedic is holding a compress against Ted's head as his unconscious body is loaded into an ambulance. There are several uniformed cops and plain clothes cops watching all of this. They are the night shift called in early. They are all shocked, sad and angry.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Joe's car drives up an empty stretch of road. Up ahead is a gas station on the right side of the road and a diner on the left.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe looks all around but there's not another car in sight.

EXT. DINER & GAS STATION - DAY

As Joe nears the diner and gas station he sees the Barracuda parked in front of the diner. Joe's eyes narrow.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Joe pulls up beside the Barracuda. He gets out of his car, his pistol in hand, and warily looks into the Barracuda. Nothing. Joe steps over to the front door of the diner. He passes a MAN and a WOMAN coming out of the diner holding a take-out order. Suddenly a shot rings out.

A bullet that was intended for Joe slams into the man's chest through the brown paper bag he's holding. Fried chicken flies into the air. The man drops dead. The woman starts screaming. Brubaker grabs the woman and pulls her down behind a car. More shots crash in from across the street at the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Frank is perched behind a garbage dumpster with his Winchester resting on top. The flight bag is beside him. He sees that his ambush didn't work.

FRANK

Oh piss!

Frank makes a dash for the gas pumps where a Jeep Wagoneer is parked. There is a dead stag with large antlers tied to the hood. A HUNTER with a florescent orange hat sits behind the wheel of the Jeep. Frank grabs him, throws him out of the car onto the ground and climbs in.

HUNTER

(shocked)

Hey! What the –

Frank starts the Jeep and begins driving away from the pumps. The hunter runs in front of the Jeep blocking its path. Frank drives right into him—the antlers impaling the hunter in the stomach. Frank slams the car in reverse. As he backs up the stag falls off the Jeep and on top of the hunter. Frank tears out of the gas station in the Jeep.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Brubaker is in his car. He pulls out of the diner parking lot and goes after Frank.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOMPOC GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Lompoc General hospital is a large brown brick building set back off the road. There's a sign in front stating what it is.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A DOCTOR comes walking up the hospital corridor. He passes a uniformed POLICEMAN standing in the hall. They nod at each other and the doctor steps into a hospital room.

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

Ted is in bed with his head bandaged. He is asleep. His wife, Millie, sits in a chair beside the bed. Her eyes are red from crying. She is reading Time Magazine. She drops the magazine the moment the doctor walks in.

MILLIE

(concerned)

Is there any more news?

DOCTOR

No. You know all there is. Until he wakes up we're just guessing.

The doctor pulls up Ted's eyelids, then takes his pulse.

DOCTOR

All of his vital signs are good. We just have to wait.

Millie looks like she might start crying again. The doctor steps to her.

DOCTOR

Why don't you go home. We'll call you as soon as anything develops. This strain isn't good for your condition.

MILLIE

(sincerely)

I'm staying here. Dr. Kovan said anything could trigger him awake. It could be me.

DOCTOR

Yes, it could.

The doctor writes on Ted's chart and leaves the room. Millie goes to Ted and leans over him putting her face close to his.

MILLIE

Ted, please wake up. Please! I love you so much and I need you to get better because I don't know what to do without you. There's so many things we have to do--we haven't settled on a name for the baby yet, or what color to paint the baby's room, or, *oh Jesus! I don't know . . .*

Millie breaks down crying on Ted's chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Frank Barrels up the road at 90 mph. Joe is a ways behind, but moving up fast. Frank comes up behind a big eighteen wheel petroleum tanker truck with flammable warning written on the side of the silver tanks. He passes the truck, cuts in front and brakes hard.

The truck has to slam on its brakes to avoid hitting Frank in the Jeep. One of the petroleum tanks slams into the other which then slams into the cab. The TRUCK DRIVER winces at the impact.

Frank cocks the Winchester and rests it out the window aiming back.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The truck driver sees Frank aiming the rifle. A concerned puzzled expression crosses his face. He glances in the side-view mirror and sees Joe moving up along side of him. The truck driver begins blasting his air horn.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is moving up along side of the truck. He hears the horn honking and glances at the truck driver who is pointing forward. Joe slows down a little as he moves past the truck. The Jeep is revealed in front of the truck. Frank fires the Winchester and blows out one of Joe's headlights. Joe drops back beside the truck and waves his thanks to the driver. The truck driver nods and blasts his horn. Joe slows down and lets the truck pull ahead of him.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Frank sees this exchange between Joe and the truck driver and sneers.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Fuck both of you!

Frank aims his rifle back out the window behind him and raises his elbow to lift the barrel.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The driver sees Frank aiming the rifle at him and ducks down and brakes.

TRUCK DRIVER

Holy shit!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Frank fires the rifle at the top of the silver petroleum tank. The bullet pierces the metal skin of the tank and the truck explodes in a giant ball of flame and hurling metal bouncing up the highway at 55 miles per hour.

In seconds the entire freeway is engulfed in flames. Joe swerves hard off the road to avoid crashing into the the flaming wreckage and drives right through a wall of fire. Joe's LTD comes out the other side of the flames unscathed.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe looks behind him and sees the fiery wreckage of the truck bouncing up the freeway out of control, engulfing cars and blowing them up. A look of deep disgust crosses Joe's face as he looks ahead at Frank. Joe picks up the microphone and tries to tune in the radio.

JOE

Come on . . .

There is only static.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Frank is several cars ahead of Joe. For the time being Joe keeps the cars between himself and Frank as they zoom toward the mountains looming in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

The doctor steps into the hospital hallway and puts a cigarette in his mouth. The uniformed policeman in the hallway sees him.

POLICEMAN

'Scuse me, could I bum a smoke?

DOCTOR

Sure.

POLICEMAN

You'd think they could put a place to smoke just a little bit closer.

The doctor nods, gives the policeman a smoke and they both stand there with unlit cigarettes. Lon, the fat drug dealer, comes walking up with a sheaf of papers in his hand. Lon speaks to the policeman.

LON

Is this Bill Bertelli's room?

POLICEMAN

Yeah.

Lon hands the policeman the papers.

LON

He's out on bail.

POLICEMAN

What do you mean? This guy was involved in a major crime today. A cop was killed.

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

Ted's eyes open. He painfully tilts his head up to see the people in the hallway and listens to what they're saying.

LON

Yeah, but he didn't kill' em

(points at the papers)

This is signed, sealed and now it's delivered.

Let's get this show on the road.

The doctor interjects.

DOCTOR

He's not well enough to leave the hospital.

LON

He can leave if he wants to and he wants to.

DOCTOR

How do you know, you haven't spoken to him?

LON

I can read his mind. If there's more papers to be filled out, fill 'em out, but he's getting out of here *now*.

DOCTOR

(resigned)

Fine.

POLICEMAN

Fuckin' system. What a joke.

Ted watches as the doctor and the policeman both leave. Lon goes into the room beside his. Ted climbs out of bed. For a moment he looks like he might pass out. He hangs onto the edge of the bed and takes a deep breath. Ted touches his bandaged head and recoils quickly from the pain. He summons his strength and walks to the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Holding onto the doorjamb, Ted steps out of his room and peeks into the next room.

INT. BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill is in bed. His hand is in a complicated cast with wires sticking out holding his fingers straight. The cast is suspended from a sling connected to a metal stand.

BILL

(surprised)

Lon. You're out. Where'd you get the bail money from?

LON

(pained)

From Farouk. He showed up without me even calling him, which I wouldn't've done, I can assure you.

BILL

(confused)

I don't get it.

LON

(looks around; whispers)

He heard about the key of smack and he wants it. He wants us to get it for him. He's calling in our debt.

BILL

(deeply pained)

Oh, man!

(realizing)

But wait a minute, the cops have the smack.

LON

No they don't. That asshole Frank Taylor took it back.

BILL

(shocked)

How?

LON

I'll explain it to you in the car. Get dressed.

BILL

Oh, man, I can't go anywhere, my hand's killing me.

LON

If we don't get that smack for Farouk that won't be the only thing that's killing you.

Lon tosses Bill's clothes on the bed. Bill starts to stand up and begins moaning from the pain in his hand.

LON

Will you get moving, we're losing time.

BILL

Hey! The feet and hands have the most bones of any part of the body. I have to be careful.

LON

If you don't start moving I'm gonna stomp on your foot and you'll forget all about the pain in your hand.

Ted goes back into his room.

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

Ted takes off his hospital robe and puts on his clothes.

EXT. LOMPOC GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Ted comes out the front door in his street clothes, the bandage removed from his head. His hair is a mess and caked with blood. Stitches run across his head causing a new part in his hair. Ted crosses the parking lot looking in both directions. He spots his Ford Fiesta, looks to heaven and sighs. Ted gets in his car and starts the engine. He looks to

the front of the hospital and sees Bill and Lon come out. They get into a double-parked Delta 88 and drive away. Ted follows them.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Millie comes walking up the hallway with a cup of tea in her hand. She steps into Ted's room.

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

Millie enters and finds the bed empty and the hospital gown in a ball on the floor. Her eyes widen in shock and she drops the cup of tea.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

This is a very steep, wooded, mountainous road. It drops off over a hundred feet in places. Frank in the Jeep comes tearing around a curve going much too fast. His tires squeal as he comes precariously close to the edge. A moment later Joe comes past going just as fast. He, too, comes close to the edge. They both cross the double yellow line to pass slow moving cars. This causes several close calls with oncoming cars.

On the side of the road up ahead is a GUY with a steaming, broken-down car. He is standing in the road trying to wave down help. Frank comes around the curve doing 75 mph. The guy on the side of the road sees the Jeep coming right at him. The guy's face turns to blind panic as he attempts to run out of the road. Frank intentionally jerks the wheel and sideswipes the guy. The guy sails off the edge of the road like a rag doll. Frank laughs uproariously as he drives away.

Brubaker hears the scream and sees the guy drop off into oblivion. Joe grits his teeth and speeds up.

INT JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe switches on the police radio. There is only static. He twists the tuning knob and it's static on every channel.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

The Jeep comes out of the mountains onto flat, straight highway and zooms past. A moment later Joe comes racing past.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

The police radio bursts to life with all kinds of talking. Joe glances down to the radio. He turns the tuning knob and there is chatter on every channel. Joe looks up to see . . .

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF FREEWAY CLOVERLEAF - DAY

Joe drives right into the traffic of a massive freeway interchange. A cloverleaf of freeways form as freeway 101 crosses the 5 and the 10 in downtown Los Angeles. Joe's car is swallowed in a sea of automobiles.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is looking all around, but can't see the Jeep anywhere.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Traffic comes to a dead halt. It looks like a ten mile long steel snake lying immobile in the hot sun. Frank in the Jeep pulls out of the freeway traffic, goes up the off-ramp and onto a surface street. Joe's car is several lanes over, past the ramp and stuck in traffic.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe sees Frank in the Jeep disappear and goes wild. He screams as loud as he can, the veins bulging on his neck. His fists are clenched around the steering wheel and his mad frenzy causes him to break the top of the steering wheel off. Holding a chunk of his steering wheel in his hand, Joe turns and sees people staring at him from all the cars around. Joe starts to calm down. He tosses the piece of steering wheel on the seat beside him. Joe picks up the microphone and keys it.

JOE

Los Angeles Police, this is Detective Sergeant
Joe Brubaker, Lompoc Police Force. Come back.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

You've got the Los Angeles Police Department,
Dispatcher McPherson. Over.

JOE

I'm pursuing a wanted criminal named Frank Taylor,
driving a stolen 1990 tan Jeep Wagoneer, License
number ARS 577. He is armed and dangerous and
heading west on Third. Over.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Roger, that, Detective Brubaker. Over.

JOE

Over and out.

He tosses the microphone on the seat in disgust.

JOE

Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Bill and Lon in the Delta 88 drive south on the freeway. The mountains loom ahead of them in the distance. A few cars behind is Ted in his Fiesta.

INT. TED'S CAR - DAY

Ted is holding his aching head with one hand while steering with the other. He looks like he's in pretty severe pain. Ted takes his hand from his head and looks at it. There is the bloody imprint of stitches across his palm.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Joe is in a phone booth in a strip mall parking lot. His car is parked beside the phone booth.

STAN (O.S.)

Lompoc Police, Sergeant Schwartz speaking.

JOE

(into phone)

Stan, this is Joe. How is everyone?

INT. LOMPOC POLICE STATION - DAY

Desk Sergeant STAN SCHWARTZ, a big blond fellow sits where Pat used to sit.

STAN

(into phone)

Joe. Where are you?

JOE (O.S.)

I'm in L.A. I chased that fucking creep all way here and lost him the minute we got into the city.

STAN

(angry)

You should've run his car off the road and put a couple of shots into his gas tank.

JOE (O.S.)

I tried. He was trying to do the same to me. How is everyone?

STAN

Well . . .

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Joe is listening and lights a cigarette.

STAN (O.S.)

. . . Pat, Marty and Captain Uto are all dead . . .

Joe shuts his eyes and takes a deep drag on his cigarette.

STAN (O.S.)

. . . Everyone else is in serious or critical condition. They're operating on Baduski right now. It doesn't look good...

JOE

How's the new kid?

STAN (O.S.)

Walburn?

JOE

Yeah.

STAN (O.S.)

He's gone.

JOE

(sad)

Shit! That's too bad. His first day on the job.

STAN (O.S.)

No, I mean from the hospital. He's disappeared.

JOE

(unbelieving)

What?

STAN (O.S.)

His wife was in the room with him, she went for a minute, came back and he was gone. She went outside and her car was gone, too. She's really worried 'cause he got shot in the head and has thirteen stitches in his scalp.

JOE

That's weird.

STAN (O.S.)

Hang on, I've got another call . . .

Joe is put on hold. He stubs out his cig and lights another. Stan comes back on the line.

STAN (O.S.)

The L.A. cops picked up the stolen Jeep.

JOE

(brightening)

And they got the creep driving it?

STAN (O.S.)

Yeah, I guess. They want you to go there immediately.

JOE

Great.

STAN (O.S.)

It's the Rampart station. I got the address, let me give it to you.

JOE

I know where it is.

STAN (O.S.)

Oh, yeah.

JOE

Talk to you later.

Joe hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - DUSK

The sun is just beginning to set behind the tall building of downtown Los Angeles. Joe pulls up in front of the large building that houses the Rampart Division of the Los Angeles Police Department. He parks and heads inside.

A group of four uniformed L.A. cops pass Joe as he goes through the door. The oldest of the four cops turns and looks back at Joe, but he's already inside. There is a look of recognition on the cop's face. The OLDER L.A. COP turns to the others.

OLDER L.A. COP

That was Joe Brubaker that just walked in.

The other YOUNGER L.A. COPS are amazed like they just heard that Genghis Khan walked past. They all turn and look.

YOUNGER L.A. COP #1

Get out! You mean "Ball Breaker?"

The older cop nods.

YOUNGER L.A. COP #2

Now way! You mean the guy's real? I thought he was just a myth.

OLDER L.A. COP

Nope. He's real all right, and that was him.

They all shake their heads.

INT. L.A. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe steps up to the main desk of the police station. Ten uniformed cops, mostly women, deal with all of the incoming problems.

DESK COP #1

Yes?

Joe shows his badge.

JOE

Detective Sergeant Joe Brubaker, Lompoc Police Department. I'm here to pick up a prisoner who was just picked up in a stolen Jeep Wagoneer.

DESK COP #1

Please sit down. An officer will be with you in a minute.

JOE

Thanks.

Joe goes over and sits down with a long line of scummy messed-up people sitting below a big sign stating, "No Smoking." Joe takes out a full pack of cigarettes and puts one in his mouth. As he's about to light it he looks around and the guy beside him is staring at him.

SCUZ #1

Got an extra cigarette?

JOE

(shrugs)

Sure.

He gives the guy a cigarette.

SCUZ #1

Got a light?

JOE

(annoyed)

Want me to smoke it for you, too?

Joe lights the guy's cigarette. Now six other people are staring at him.

SCUZ #2

Could I get one, too?

SCUZ #3

Yeah, me too?

Joe crumbles his empty cigarette pack and tosses it in the ashtray.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

This is the same gas station, across the street from the diner, where Frank stole the Jeep. Bill and Lon's Delta 88 is parked at the gas pumps getting filled up. Ted is at the further pump in his Fiesta. He is watching Bill and Lon in his sideview mirror as they get out of their car and step over to the vending machines. A gas station ATTENDANT appears at Ted's window startling him.

ATTENDANT

What'dya need?

TED

(gasps)

Uh . . . Fill it up with unleaded, please.

ATTENDANT

Sure thing. Cash or credit?

TED

Cash.

The attendant fills up Ted's tank. Ted continues watching in his mirror. Lon goes to the can. Bill goes to get himself a cup of coffee from the machine. He awkwardly reaches into his right pants pocket with his unharmed left hand and comes out with a few pennies and a dollar bill. The attendant comes walking by and Bill stops him.

BILL

Have you got change for a buck?

ATTENDANT

Uh-uh. Sorry.

The attendant walks away and Bill shrugs helplessly. He looks all around, spots Ted's car and begins walking over. Bill is unaware that it's Ted in the car. Ted sees Bill coming in the mirror. He slides down in his seat in panic. He reaches for the ignition key, then glances in the mirror again and sees that the gas pump is still in his car. Ted moans and reaches for his gun. Bill gets to the pumps and is just cutting between them when Lon steps out of the john and calls out to him.

LON

Hey, Bill! Wanna beverage?

Bill, who has not seen Ted, turns and starts back in the other direction.

BILL
Have you got any change?

LON
Yeah, I do.

Ted lets out a long breath and shakes his head.

ATTENDANT
That's ten even.

The attendant is back at Ted's window startling him again. He jumps and grabs his heart.

ATTENDANT
Sorry about that.

TED
That's okay.

Ted hands him a ten dollar bill. The attendant takes it and is about to leave, then turns back.

ATTENDANT
Uh . . .

TED
Yeah?

ATTENDANT
You know your head's bleeding, man.

Ted reaches up and touches his head. His hand comes away bloody.

TED
(smiles weakly)
Oh. That. Thanks.

ATTENDANT
(disturbed)
No problem.

Ted glances back in his mirror and sees the Delta 88 pull out of the gas station. Ted puts the Fiesta in gear and follows.

INT. DELTA 88 - DUSK

Lon is driving. Bill has his pennies and his dollar in his good left hand and his steaming cup of coffee in his right hand with the ridiculously complicated cast. Bill goes to take a sip of coffee, but the cast only allows his arm to go so far, then causes his hand to turn toward himself dumping the hot coffee in his lap. He hollers in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DUSK

A door opens beside the main desk and a plain clothes DETECTIVE steps out.

DETECTIVE

Joe Brubaker?

(Joe looks up)

Step this way.

Joe stands up. The guy beside him looks up sympathetically.

SCUZ #1

Good luck, man. Keep the faith.

JOE

Yeah. Keep in touch.

INT. DETECTIVE'S ROOM - DUSK

Joe is lead past many detectives working at their desks interviewing people, booking them, typing up reports. Many of the detectives glance up as Joe walks past, then whisper among themselves. The detective points at a chair beside a desk.

DETECTIVE

Sit down. Someone'll be right with you.

Joe sits and the detective walks away. A moment later a heavy-set black detective steps up. He is Detective Lieutenant JEFF GRINYARD. He sees Joe and does a double-take.

JEFF

Damn! If it ain't Joe Ball-Breaker.

A smile crosses Joe's face as he stands and shakes Ginyard's hand. Joe imitates the way he said "damn," which is . . .

JOE

Day-um! Jeff Grinyard? They made *you* a detective? They must be scraping the bottom of the barrel these days.

They both sit down at the desk.

JEFF

(smiling)

Yeah, well, there was a pretty big house cleaning after you, uh, left. Where have you been keeping yourself these past couple of years?

JOE

Lompoc.

JEFF

Where's that? Wyoming?

JOE

California.

JEFF

Don't shit me, man, California ends at the L.A. County line.

JOE

Not to us Lompocians. Is Captain DeMartino still here?

JEFF

Oh yeah. And he's still a captain. He *was* a lieutenant for a couple of years after you left. But he's a captain again now.

JOE

Well, that's great, Jeff. Could we get the wheels moving on this thing, this place brings back bad memories.

JEFF

Sure thing.

Grinyard gets up and walks away. Joe goes for a cigarette, but there's none left. Suddenly a booming voice fills the room from an unseen place.

VOICE

(loud)

I smell some kind of shit in here!

A thin tall Latino man steps into the room. He is CAPTAIN DEMARTINO. All the detectives turn and look as the captain spots Joe.

DEMARTINO

I knew it! Brubaker, in my office! *Now!*

JOE

You ain't my boss.

DEMARTINO

Thank God for that. *Now move!*

Joe sighs, stands and follows DeMartino into his office.

INT. CAPTAIN DEMARTINO'S OFFICE - DUSK

Joe and Captain DeMartino seat themselves in his office.

DEMARTINO

What are you doing in my police station? If I'm not mistaken you were told never to set foot in here again.

JOE

Official business.

DEMARTINO

(sarcastically)

What kind of *official business* could a dog catcher have with a police department?

JOE

I've come to pick up a mad dog that got into your jurisdiction.

Joe's eyes stray across the photographs on DeMartino's wall. His eyes stop on a group shot of police academy graduates. Both a very young DeMartino and a very young Brubaker are in the shot.

DEMARTINO

And you haven't shot him already? You're falling down on the job. I thought you always shoot first and ask questions later?

JOE

(flatly)

I don't ask questions.

DEMARTINO

I know. I spent two extra years as a lieutenant due to that.

JOE

(exasperated)

Oh, bullshit! The kid was committing a felony and had a weapon. He just happened to be the mayor's nephew and someone had to burn.

DEMARTINO

No weapon was ever found.

JOE

But that doesn't mean they weren't there. Are you sure you really want to go into this now?

DEMARTINO

Why shouldn't I?

JOE

Because you were part of the damn cover-up and you're so stupid you don't even know it.

DeMartino jumps to his feet in rage and leans over the desk.

DEMARTINO

No! *That's* bullshit! *You* fucked up!

JOE

(losing patience)

I haven't got time for this crap! Get me my prisoner and let me get the hell outta here!

DEMARTINO

Yeah? Get out of my office and get out of my city. And don't come back. The sight of you makes me nervous.

JOE

(stands)

I'll bet it does.

DEMARTINO

And don't you dare shoot anybody in my city! You got it?

JOE

Got it.

DEMARTINO

Good. Get lost.

JOE

A pleasure.

Joe leaves the captain's office.

INT. DETECTIVE ROOM - DUSK

Joe steps back into the detective's room and finds Detective Grinyard waiting for him.

JEFF

The guy you're looking for was driving a stolen Jeep Wagoneer?

JOE

Yeah, that's him.

JEFF

(pointing)

He's in the interrogation room.

JOE

Right.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DUSK

Joe opens the door to the interrogation room. Inside he finds a tremendously muscular black man named RICKMAN. Joe furrows his brow. He turns back to Detective Grinyard.

JOE

That's not him.

JEFF

(shrugs)

He was driving the Jeep.

JOE

Are you sure?

JEFF

Sure I'm sure.

JOE

Well, it's not the guy.

JEFF

So he stole it from the other guy that stole it. Criminals get their shit ripped off, too. It's a helluva world. What do you want me to do about it?

Grinyard leaves and Joe turns to Rickman.

JOE

What's your name?

(Rickman doesn't
answer)

How did you get that Jeep?

(no answer)

You're looking at one to three years for stealing a vehicle that was already stolen before you got there.

RICKMAN

Yeah? So?

JOE

So, cooperate with me and I'll get you off.

RICKMAN

(skeptical)

Sure you will.

JOE

Look, I'm in a hurry. You're gonna show me where you got that car.

RICKMAN

(interested)

Show you? Sure, I'll show you where I got it. But I want a guarantee you'll get me off this rap.

JOE

(getting angry)

If you want a guarantee, buy a toaster. Right now, you'll do what I tell you to do!

RICKMAN

Then go find the place yourself.

JOE

Good. Rot in jail.

Joe starts to leave.

RICKMAN

Hey!

(Joe stops)

I'll show you, okay?

JOE

Good.

Rickman stands. Joe pulls out a pair of handcuffs and slaps them on Rickman's wrists.

RICKMAN

What're these for?

JOE

My peace of mind.

INT. DETECTIVE ROOM - DUSK

Joe leads Rickman past Jeff's desk. Jeff looks up surprised.

JEFF

Why're you takin' him? I thought he wasn't the guy.

JOE

I came for a prisoner, I'm leaving with one. That okay?

JEFF

Sure. You want a few of these other scumbags you can have them, too.

JOE

No thanks. Adios, Jeff. Good seein' ya.

JEFF

You too, Joe. Send me a postcard from Wyoming.

Joe and Rickman exit.

EXT. THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Night descends on L.A. The colorful neon signs blink on up and down Melrose Ave. The movie marquees on Hollywood Blvd. light up. The Hollywood sign glows majestically in the hills. Ten million lights blink on and sparkle all over the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Al's Bar is a tiny place downtown with a line of motorcycles parked in front. The sign on the front wall states, "The only bar in town."

INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

The interior of Al's Bar is lit with blue neon. It's a gothic/punk/topless joint. Girls with shaved heads dance naked, their bodies illuminated with florescent paint. Frank sits at the bar with the flight bag in his lap. He has a cup of coffee and a little tin of Tylenol in front of him and looks around expectantly. Finally, he opens the little tin, dumps the contents in his mouth and washes it down with hot coffee. Behind the bar, a thin white speed freak BARTENDER is moving very quickly, cleaning glasses, making drinks, smoking a cigarette, making change.

FRANK

(to the bartender)

When does Vinnie usually get in?

BARTENDER

Who knows? Whenever he feels like it.

The bar is rapidly filling up with a really strange-looking crowd--lots of body-piercing, tattoos, spike hairdos, black leather, black & white death makeup. Out of the crowd steps VINNIE, a big man dressed entirely in black leather with big sideburns, sort of like an evil Elvis. The bartender points past Frank's face to Vinnie.

BARTENDER

That's him. Look out . . .

Vinnie walks past the pool table just as an extremely TATTOOed guy in a tank-top is about to shoot. He pulls back the cue in Vinnie's path. Vinnie grabs the cue. The tattooed guy goes to shoot and the cue stays where it is. He turns to Vinnie pissed-off. Vinnie smiles sickly back at him. The tattooed guy looks like he's going to take a swing at Vinnie and his BUDDY stops him.

BUDDY

(quietly)

Don't mess with him, man, he'll fuck ya up.

Vinnie nods in agreement, winks and walks away. Frank jumps off his barstool and goes after Vinnie. As they get deep into the crowd Vinnie suddenly spins around and points in Frank's face.

VINNIE

Hey, motherfucker! Why are you following me?

FRANK

Vinnie? I'm Frank. Ivan's brother.

Vinnie leans forward and looks closely at Frank's face.

VINNIE

No shit, you look just like him. What's Ivan doing?

FRANK

Five to ten for armed robbery.

VINNIE

Figures. He always was a fuck-up.

Frank's face tightens.

FRANK

Hey! He's my brother.

VINNIE

What of it?

FRANK

Well . . . He gave me the name of that Columbian sailor you gave him.

VINNIE

Yeah? So?

FRANK

So . . .

(he holds up the bag)

I scored a key of smack.

It's like E. F. Hutton just spoke. Everyone in the vicinity is all ears. Vinnie is shocked. He grabs Frank's shirt and leads him into the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

It's a little office crammed full of stuff. Frank opens the bag and shows Vinnie the kilo.

VINNIE

And you got that from Carlos?

(Frank nods)

No shit. I'm gettin' together with Carlos in a little while. We haven't seen each other in years.

Frank pales slightly.

FRANK

Oh, really?

VINNIE

Yeah. We met in 'Nam.

Frank rubs his knotted up neck muscles.

FRANK

You don't have any aspirin, do you?

VINNIE

Uh-uh. Never touch it. Bad for your stomach lining. So, what're you dealing smack for?

FRANK

What'dya mean?

VINNIE

Come on, you've never dealt before.

FRANK

How do you know?

VINNIE

Well, what would you be doing here? Anybody that knows anything knows that you don't deal with me.

FRANK

(suspiciously)

Why's that?

Vinnie smiles his sick smile.

VINNIE

Cool out. Let's see what you've got?

Vinnie takes the kilo. He pulls a Swiss Army knife from his pocket, pulls out the leather punch, puts it in his mouth to moisten it, then shoves it through the tin foil and plastic wrap. He pulls it out and it's covered with white powder. Vinnie puts it back in his mouth. His eyes widen.

VINNIE

That's pretty good.

FRANK

It's completely pure. China White.

VINNIE

Yeah, sure it is. How much do you want?

FRANK

A hundred grand.

Vinnie laughs in Frank's face.

VINNIE

Get real, kid.

FRANK

(angry)

I am real and don't call me kid!

Vinnie nods understandingly, then lashes out like a striking snake. He grabs Frank's shirt and hoists him up.

VINNIE

(intense)

I'll call you whatever the fuck I want! The only reason I don't waste you right now is that you're Ivan's brother! Just be thankful I'm letting you keep your stupid smack!

(Vinnie lets Frank
down)

Now, I'll give you twenty-five hundred.

FRANK

No way!

VINNIE

Then who're you gonna sell it to?

Frank takes out a cigarette and a silver Zippo lighter.

FRANK

Well, uh, I know a guy in Hollywood. I went there with Ivan once.

VINNIE

Oh, you're gonna sell it to Dick? For a hundred grand? Good luck.

FRANK

I'll do it.

VINNIE

Yeah. I'll bet you don't last 'til midnight out on the street with that.

Frank lights his cigarette.

FRANK

Oh yeah?

Vinnie reaches out and takes the Zippo lighter from Frank. He looks at it closely.

VINNIE

This is Carlos's lighter.

FRANK

Huh?

Frank stiffens.

VINNIE

Carlos. The guy you got the smack from. My pal.

FRANK

So?

VINNIE

So what are you doing with it?

FRANK

He lent it to me and I forgot to give it back. Give it to him when you see him, would ya?

VINNIE

(suspiciously)

Sure.

Frank takes his flight bag, puts the kilo back in and leaves the back room. Vinnie watches him go, then glances down at the lighter with a suspicious, ugly expression.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Joe's LTD cruises between two large buildings. Rickman leads Brubaker into the strange warehouse district of downtown L.A. Everything looks abandoned. Railroad tracks criss-cross the area. Garbage blows through the streets.

INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

Brubaker looks around disapprovingly, then looks at Rickman. Rickman points to the right, at a huge warehouse and parking lot. Joe frowns.

JOE

Here?

RICKMAN

Yeah, here.

Brubaker turns right. The LTD glides across an enormous empty parking lot toward a big dark warehouse. Joe stops the car and turns to Rickman.

JOE

This is where you stole the Jeep?

RICKMAN

This is where it was parked. I didn't steal it.

JOE

But you said you stole it.

RICKMAN

No I didn't, you did.

Joe lifts an eyebrow.

JOE

I don't understand.

RICKMAN

Here, let me explain . . .

Rickman suddenly opens a can of warm beer directly into Joe's face, blinding him, then punches Joe in the side of the head as hard as he can with his manacled fists. Joe is dazed, but instinctively goes for his gun. Rickman grabs Joe by the hair and savagely slams Joe's head into the passenger window until the glass shatters. Rickman keeps pounding Joe in the face until blood runs from his nose, his lips and both eyes. Joe's eyes cross.

RICKMAN

Got the message yet, cop? You fucked up!

Rickman starts to laugh, reaches into Joe's pocket and takes out the handcuff keys. He unlocks himself and tosses the handcuffs and key. He reaches back into Joe's pocket and takes his wallet and his pistol. Rickman starts to get out of the car, then turns back to Joe's unconscious body. Rickman punches Joe in the face one more time.

RICKMAN

Dumbass cop! That's what you get for making assumptions. When you assume you make an ass out of you and me. But mainly you.

Rickman reaches over and puts the car's gearshift in drive, then gets out of the car.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rickman walks away from Joe's car, which idles across the huge empty parking lot, then crashes into the wall of the warehouse. Rickman chuckles as he walks away.

EXT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Rickman comes around the corner of Al's Bar and goes in the front door.

INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Rickman sees Frank sitting at the bar drinking coffee. Rickman approaches and Frank sees him. Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

It's about fucking time. Where have you been?
You said you'd be an hour, it's been three.

RICKMAN

You didn't tell me the goddamn car was stolen. I
got picked up by the cops.

Frank looks around warily, his hand going to the gun in his pocket. Rickman waves his hand.

RICKMAN

Chill out. It's all under control. I had to kick the
crap out of a cop, but he'll be all right.

(Rickman points at
the flight bag)

Why do you still have that?

FRANK

He won't pay the price, but I got another lead.
Let's go.

RICKMAN

Shit! All right. Let's do it.

They both leave.

EXT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Frank and Rickman step out of the bar, walk up the street and out of sight. A moment later Bill and Lon pull up in front of the bar in the Delta 88. They get out of the car.

BILL

This is really stupid. Vinnie's a psychotic asshole.
I don't like any of this.

LON

Will you shut up and come on. Jesus! We're
already here.

They head into the bar. Ted pulls up in his Fiesta across the street from Al's Bar and watches Lon and Bill go inside. Ted gets out of the car, takes one step and the whole world starts to spin. He grabs the edge of the car door, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. His legs turn to water and he drops to the ground on his knees.

INT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Bill and Lon make their way through the crowd, Bill guarding his cast with his good hand. Lon looks around at the weird-looking people and shakes his head in disgust. Lon and Bill step up to the door of the back room. Lon turns to Bill.

LON

Ready?

(Bill shrugs)

Okay. Act tough.

Lon knocks.

VINNIE (O.S.)

Carlos?

LON

No. It's Lon Stracks and Bill Bertelli.

VINNIE (O.S.)

Who?

LON

We used to live up the street from you on Vermont.
Remember?

VINNIE (O.S.)

(remembers)

Oh, shit. Not you two fuckin' losers. *Jesus!*

LON

Mind if we come in and talk to you for a second?

VINNIE (O.S.)

(sighs)

. . . No.

Lon and Bill look at each other in confusion.

LON

No you mind, or no we can come in?

VINNIE (O.S.)

Yes you can come in and yes I do mind.

Bill and Lon look at each other, open the door and enter.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

They find Vinnie seated at his desk holding a Baretta 9mm pistol and staring down at Carlos's silver lighter.

VINNIE

Now, what can I do for you two?

Lon coughs and shuts the door.

EXT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Ted is still on his knees with his eyes closed breathing deeply. Finally he opens his eyes and blinks several times. When his eyes come into focus he sees . . .

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

. . . Joe's car sitting all by itself in the huge parking lot, crashed against the wall. Ted holds onto his car door and pulls himself up to his feet. He walks over to the warehouse parking lot while looking all around. His footsteps echo hollowly in the vast concrete expanse. Ted arrives at Joe's car and finds Joe inside with his head leaning against the steering wheel, his face completely covered with blood. Ted gets in the passenger side and leans over Joe.

TED

Joe? Joe!

As Ted leans over him, Joe slowly opens his eyes.

JOE

What?

Ted takes out his handkerchief and wipes some of the blood from Joe's eyes.

TED

What happened?

JOE

I fucked up.

TED

(sarcastically)

Joe Brubaker fucked up? No, that's not possible.

JOE

Rub it in. Go ahead. I deserve it.

TED

Oh no. Humility, too. What next?

JOE

Don't push your luck, kid. So, what're you doing here? I thought you were dead.

TED

Not yet.

Joe takes a deep breath and tries to regain his wits.

JOE

(shakes his head)

I lost the son of a bitch. We'll never be able to find him.

TED

Sure we will. I followed the two drug dealers we busted to here.

JOE

What are they doing out of jail?

TED

They got out on bail.

JOE

Typical. So you followed them here?

(Ted nods)

Then that creep might be there.

Joe gets out of the car, takes one step and looks like he might fall on his face. Ted quickly gets out of the car, dashes over to Joe and grabs him. Suddenly Ted looks like he might pass out, too, and Joe holds him up. They both drop back against the warehouse wall. They look at each other and start to laugh, which just causes both of them more pain.

JOE

We're a real team you and me. We both oughta check into a hospital for a month.

TED

That doesn't sound like a bad idea.

Joe reaches for his gun and finds an empty holster.

JOE

Oh, shit! Motherfucker took my gun.

He checks the rest of his pockets.

JOE

He took my wallet, too.

Joe does find his car keys, however. He stumbles around to the back of his car and opens the trunk. From beneath the spare tire he removes an old wooden box. He opens the box revealing an absolutely gigantic old pistol.

TED

(wide-eyed)

What's that?

JOE

It's an 1885 Colt Dragoon. It belonged to my great-grandfather.

Joe hands it to Ted. Ted can't believe the weight.

JOE

Fourteen pounds. It was manufactured in a day when cracking someone over the skull was a viable alternative to shooting them.

Joe takes a box of .45 caliber bullets from the trunk and loads the pistol. Ted is looking over at the front of the bar.

EXT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

Lon and Bill come out the front door of the bar, get into their Delta 88 and drive away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ted turns to Joe.

TED

They're leaving. The creep must not be there.

Joe gets in the driver's seat.

JOE

Let's just see where they're going. Get in.

Ted gets in.

TED

What about my car? I forgot to lock it.

JOE

Whose gonna steal a little piece of shit like that?

TED

Hey! Fuck you! It's a good car.

JOE

Sure it is. Let's drive at each other at fifty miles an hour sometime and see which one of us lives.

Joe peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. AL'S BAR - NIGHT

As Joe and Ted tear past the bar, Vinnie steps out the front door. His sick smile crosses his face as he climbs on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, kick starts it and squeals up the street.

INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

Joe and Ted are a little ways behind the Delta 88, tailing it. Joe really looks messed up and is beginning to swell around his eyes.

TED

You don't look too good. You want me to drive?

Joe glances over at Ted, then back at the road.

JOE

Your head's bleeding.

Ted reaches up and puts his hand against his head. Once again it comes away bloody. He wipes it on his pants.

JOE

So you snuck out of the hospital with thirteen stitches in your head. Not bad. You got the makings of a good cop.

TED

(grinning)

You don't mean a good cop, you mean a cop like you.

JOE

(shrugs)

Same difference.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCCADDEN STREET - NIGHT

A smashed up blue Cadillac pulls up and parks on McCadden St. (a block east of Highland Ave., two blocks south of Sunset Blvd.) in Hollywood. This is just a few blocks from the Hollywood hills and the Hollywood sign, which looms in the distance.

Frank, with the ever-present flight bag, and Rickman get out of the car. They step in front of a house encircled by hedges.

FRANK

Why don't you hang around out here and make sure everything is cool.

RICKMAN

All right, but don't forget about me.

FRANK

What does that mean?

RICKMAN

It means, you owe me money and I've been through
shit today. Don't double-cross me.

FRANK

Don't get paranoid. This is the opportunity of a
lifetime.

RICKMAN

You said that already. Just remember what I said. I
don't give a damn if you are Ivan's brother.

Frank goes through the opening in the hedges and follows the sidewalk around the house.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick's house is actually a bungalow behind the house that faces the street. Frank goes up
and knocks on the door. DICK answers. He is tall, has several tattoos on both arms and
his teeth are yellow and very crooked. He is about forty-five years old.

DICK

Yeah? Who're you?

FRANK

Hi, I'm Frank Taylor. Ivan's brother.

DICK

(thinking)

Ivan Taylor? Don't know him.

Dick starts to shut the door. Frank puts his hand on his head.

FRANK

He looks just like me, but he's bald.

Dick's face lights up.

DICK

Oh, sure. Ivan. Real screwy sense of humor?

FRANK

Yeah, that's him.

DICK

(nods)

Come on in.

Frank goes inside.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is decorated in ragged furniture and Grateful Dead posters. Dick sits down on a couch and points to a chair.

DICK

How's Ivan?

FRANK

Uh . . . He's all right.

DICK

Excellent. What can I do for you?

FRANK

Well, you wanna buy some smack?

DICK

Maybe. How much you got?

Frank opens the flight bag and takes out the kilo.

FRANK

A kilo.

DICK

(incredulous)

Of smack? Get the fuck outta here!

Frank nods and holds up the flight bag. Dick jumps from his chair and lowers the shades.

DICK

Who else knows about this?

FRANK

No one. Just my partner outside and Vinnie.

DICK

Vinnie knows about this? Why didn't he buy it?

FRANK

'Cause he wanted to rip me off.

DICK

(peeking through
the blinds)

Sounds like Vinnie all right. Where's your partner?

FRANK

He's out front, making sure we're alone.

EXT. McCADDEN STREET - NIGHT

Lon and Bill get out of their car and head toward Dick's place.

BILL

Now, who's this?

LON

He's a nutty Vietnam vet dope dealer. I met him
once through Vinnie.

BILL

(sarcastically)

Oh good. Another friend of Vinnie's. What a day.

They go through the opening in the hedges and suddenly Rickman pops up out of
nowhere. Bill and Lon are frightened.

BILL

Jesus Christ!

LON

Who're you?

RICKMAN

None of your business. What do you want here?

LON

We're going to see a friend of ours.

RICKMAN

He ain't home. Get lost!

LON

All right, all right. Be cool.

Lon and Bill walk back to the street. Lon whispers to Bill.

LON

He's definitely here--*with the smack. And our
Fuckin' money, too!*

Bill glances down at his cast, then looks up with an angry expression.

BILL

Let's do this fucker, but good.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Rickman steps up to the front door of Dick's bungalow, knocks, then walks right in. Frank and Dick look up sharply, the kilo between them. Dick's hand goes under the seat cushion.

FRANK

What is it?

RICKMAN

We got company. A fat guy and a thin guy with a cast on his hand.

FRANK

(rolls his eyes)

Those idiots?

DICK

(concerned)

Who?

FRANK

Two stupid drug dealers from Lompoc. They don't mean shit to a tree, really.

Dick looks from one to the other with a freaked-out glint in his eyes.

EXT. McCADDEN & DeLONGPRE STREETS/HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Joe and Ted sit in the LTD down at the end of the street. They watch as . . .

EXT. McCADDEN ST. - NIGHT

. . . Lon and Bill get out of the Delta 88. Lon has a sawed-off shotgun in his hands. Bill has a pistol in his good hand.

LON
Let's take 'em by surprise. You ready?

BILL
(scared)
No.

LON
We haven't got a choice here, Bill. We don't do this thing, Farouk's gonna kill us.

BILL
(hyper-ventilating)
I know, I know. Just gimme a second.

Bill takes out a vial of cocaine, dumps a pile on the back of his cast and toots it. He shakes his head violently, then nods. Bill shoves the pistol into his pocket and Lon puts the sawed-off shotgun up under his jacket, then they both head back across the street to Dick's house.

INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

Joe and Ted both have their weapons in their hands.

JOE
We got a situation here. Go around back and make sure no one splits. And be careful.

TED
Right.

Ted gets out of the car and dashes away. Joe picks up the microphone.

JOE
(into mike)
L.A.P.D., this is officer Brubaker, Lompoc P.D.
Officers need assistance at McCadden and DeLongpre.
There's a four-twelve in progress.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
I need the proper authorization code, officer Brubaker,
as well as your badge number and your reason for being
in this jurisdiction?

The microphone sits on the seat. The car is empty. Brubaker is gone.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Lon come sneaking around the house in front of Dick's bungalow.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Ted dashes up an alley with his pistol out. He goes from the cover of a brick wall, to the cover of a garbage dumpster which is right behind Dick's house. A fence separates the house from the alley.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Lon rush the front of Dick's house. As they near the porch bullets come whizzing at them from both their right and their left. Bill and Lon are caught in a crossfire. A bullet smashes into Bill's cast. A hole is blown right through the cast *and* his hand. Bill screams as another bullet hits him in the left shoulder and still another bullet hits him in the right thigh. Lon miraculously isn't hit and opens up with the pump shotgun in all directions. Chunks of wood splinter from the edge of Dick's house where Frank is hiding to Lon's left. Rickman, who is to Lon's right, ducks as the hedges in front of him explode with buckshot.

INT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick sits on the couch with a totally glazed expression. Sweat beads his forehead. The sound of gunfire is very loud. Glass shards fly into the room, but he doesn't move. In Dick's head there is the sound of Viet Cong screaming and Cobra gunships flying overhead.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Ted is in the alley behind a dumpster, his gun out, his eyes darting all around. He sees Frank get near the fence. Ted fires a shot and misses. Frank spins around and fires a shot at Ted. It hits the garbage dumpster and ricochets off.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lon backs away from Bill's writhing body and positions himself behind a row of garbage cans. Every couple of seconds Lon fires in the direction of where Frank was or where Rickman was.

EXT. THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Rickman meanwhile has crawled over to the house next door. He is working himself into a position so that he has a shot at Lon. Rickman gets to his knees and peers over the hedge. There's Lon in profile and he doesn't see Rickman. Rickman raises his pistol, takes aim and suddenly a voice comes from behind him—it's Brubaker.

JOE

Hey, muscle-fuck, remember me?

Rickman spins around and finds Joe standing there with his enormous pistol at his side. Rickman and Brubaker eye each other for one quick second, then draw. Before Rickman's pistol is halfway up Joe let's him have it with the enormous Colt Dragoon, which booms like a canon. Rickman flies backward into the hedges with a huge hole in his chest. When he hits the ground he's dead. Joe crawls forward, reaches into Rickman's pocket and takes his wallet back, then takes his .45 back, too, and puts it in his holster.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lon turns and fires his shotgun at Joe. A chunk of hedges explode into the air. Joe crawls along the opposite side of the hedges toward Dick's house. A hand with a pistol comes through the hedges and shoots Joe point blank in the left shoulder. Joe is thrown to the ground, his big Colt out of reach. Frank pushes through the hedges, a smoking 38. Police Special in his hand.

FRANK

You rotten motherfucker! Now you're dead!

Frank cocks his pistol and lowers down to Joe's face. Joe's hand is on the .45 in his holster. Frank grins maniacally.

All of a sudden the front door of Dick's house is kicked open. There stands Dick with an AK-47 automatic assault rifle in his hands. He lets loose a wild war cry and sprays bullets in all directions.

DICK

Zips in the wire! We're bein' overrun!

Hot lead chews up everything in sight. Shrapnel and debris fly everywhere. Frank dives for cover, but a bullet creases his ear.

Bullet holes rip across the row of garbage cans and Lon is cut to pieces behind them. He falls over dead. The garbage cans roll all around him. Bill, lying in a pool of his own blood on the walkway, raises his pistol. He fires three quick shots into Dick's chest. Dick falls backward through his screen door, still spraying automatic weapon fire. A line of bullets rips across Bill's back and he flops over dead.

Joe grabs his Colt pistol and swings it around just as Frank is crawling around the corner of the house next to Dick's house. Joe crawls after him.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Ted is at the top of the fence ready to jump into Dick's backyard. He sees Frank jump off the next door neighbor's garage roof into the alley. Frank runs away up the alley with the flight bag in his hand. Joe appears from around the house next door. His left shoulder is soaked with blood. He gets to the fence. Sirens are wailing from all directions. Joe looks at Ted.

JOE
(painfully)

Get him!

Ted nods, jumps back into the alley and runs after Frank. Joe steps up to the fence and tries to climb it. He only has the use of one hand, the big pistol clenched in it. He somehow pulls himself to the top of the fence, then falls over it onto his wounded arm.

JOE
(blinding pain)

Shit! Piss!! Fuck!!!

In the distance behind Joe, down at the end of the walkway leading to Dick's house, sits Vinnie on his Harley. He revs it and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. McCADDEN ST. - NIGHT

Frank runs full tilt up McCadden toward Sunset Blvd. Sirens are screaming. Ted is a block behind running as fast as he can. Blood runs down Ted's forehead into his eyes. He quickly wipes it away while running.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

There is no crosswalk at McCadden and Sunset. Frank runs right into Sunset and there are cars coming from both directions. Brakes screech and cars rear-end each other on both sides of the street. Frank jumps over the car hoods and gets to the other side. Ted runs into the traffic mess and deftly hops the car hoods and is across the street.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

The Chinese Theater, traffic, neon, crowds of people. Frank gets to Hollywood Blvd. and turns right. As he's running he turns back and sees . . .

. . . Ted come around the corner. Blood is all over his face, but he's really hauling ass.

Frank turns back to the people blocking his path. If the people don't get out of his way quick enough he just shoots them.

Further up the boulevard, an old man kneels over one of the stars on the sidewalk, the Hollywood Walk of Fame. The old man is cleaning the star with a rag. It is Mickey Rooney's star.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - NIGHT

Brubaker arrives at Sunset Blvd. and traffic is thick. His arm is covered with blood. He steps into the street and a car honks at him. He steps back on the sidewalk. In a moment there is a clearing. With a grimace of pain he jogs across the street.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

Frank gets to an open unobstructed block of Hollywood Blvd. He turns and sees Ted coming. Frank grabs the old man that is cleaning the star on the sidewalk *and it actually is MICKEY ROONEY!*

MICKEY

What the . . .

Frank puts his pistol to Mickey Rooney's head and yells in his ear.

FRANK

Shut up!

Ted steps out of the crowd with his pistol raised and sees Frank and his hostage.

FRANK

One more step and the old man gets it!

Ted lowers his pistol. Frank starts to aim his pistol at Ted and Mickey Rooney sees his chance. He stomps on Frank's foot, elbows him in the stomach and jumps out of the way. Ted raises his pistol. Frank fires several wild shots in Ted's direction--all hitting pedestrians--and keeps running. Ted follows. He hears Brubaker's voice from behind.

JOE

Go on! I'm right behind ya.

Frank crosses Hollywood Blvd. and cuts up Whitely Avenue into the Hollywood hills. Ted is right behind.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Frank sprints up a thin rickety wooden stairway into the hills. As Ted gets to the bottom of the wooden stairs he sees Frank jump off the balcony at the top. Ted runs up the steps two and three at a time. On the scrubby hillside where he lands, Frank quickly dumps his empty shells and reloads. He fires a couple of shots into the bottom of the wooden balcony as he sees Ted's silhouette between the slats.

Ted falls back against the house at the top of the stairs as bullets rip through the wood. He cautiously peers over the edge of the balcony and sees Frank running up the hill toward the enormous Hollywood sign. Ted looks down the stairs and sees Joe run right by.

TED
(hollering)

Up here!

Joe comes back and starts up the stairs. Ted jumps over the edge of the balcony.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - DAY

Frank runs past the foot of the giant white letters composing the Hollywood sign. The yellow pick-up trucks and a small bulldozer belonging to the City of L.A. sit on the dirt road in front of the sign. Frank cuts behind the sign, climbs the hill behind the letters and arrives at a several hundred foot sheer drop into the twinkling lights of the San Fernando Valley.

As Ted climbs the hillside to the Hollywood sign, he becomes very cautious and slows down. He's at a distinct disadvantage being downhill. Ted crawls to the bottom of the **H** and looks all around—nothing. He quickly dashes to the **O**. Everything is quiet. He dashes to the first **L**. Frank is nowhere to be seen. Ted glances down the hill and sees Brubaker slowly making his way up.

Standing out sharply against the white of the sign, red drops of blood trickle down the **L**. Ted sees the blood, looks up just in time to see Frank's gun flash from the top of the sign. The bullet strikes Ted in the shoulder knocking him down. He drops at the foot of the giant **L** moaning.

At the top of the **L**, Frank is holding onto the grid-work in the back of the sign and peering down on Hollywood. Blood trickles down from his ear. He sees Brubaker coming up the hill. Frank pops off a shot at him.

The bullet thumps into the dirt several feet from Joe. Joe begins crawling up the hill. He fires up at Frank. Joe's bullet rips a hole through the white sheet metal near the top of the **L** where Frank is. Frank sways back and forth at the top of the sign. Ted is groaning loudly at the foot of the sign. Joe has himself hidden behind some scrub grass. He hollers up at Frank.

JOE

Get down from there you little piece of shit! You've got nowhere to go!

Frank fires a shot at Joe which misses by several feet.

FRANK

I've got a whole pocketful of bullets! Come on up and get me!

Frank fires a shot straight down. Ted is hit in the thigh by another bullet. He screams horribly. Joe's face tightens up in a twisted angry knot. Another bullet comes straight down into Ted's arm. He screams again, but not as loud. His strength is gone. Joe's face is bright red. He looks like he might spontaneously combust.

Suddenly Joe jumps to his feet. Screaming like a wild man and firing blindly at the top of the sign while running full speed to the small yellow bulldozer. He quickly climbs into the bulldozer's cab, reaches under the dashboard and yanks down the ignition wiring.

Frank fires straight down into the top of the bulldozer. Bullet's rip through the metal roof of the bulldozer as Joe gets the engine started. He grits his teeth and drives straight at the giant **L**. The bulldozer crashes into the enormous letter it goes right over backward, the support wires all snap and tear out of the ground.

Frank is thrown screaming off the top of the **L**, right into the twinkling lights of the San Fernando Valley. The huge **L** dislocates at the bottom and begins to slide down the hill. The base of the letter slides an inch from Ted's groaning body. Joe dives out of the bulldozer just as the ton of grid-work and sheet-metal that make up the huge **L** smashes into it and knocks the bulldozer down the hill.

EXT. THE CITY OF HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Hollywood Blvd. is in the foreground. Griffith Park Observatory is to the upper right. The Hollywood sign is at the center and the first **L** of Hollywood goes sliding down the hill, leaving, **-HO LYWOOD.**"

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

The Pan Am flight bag comes rolling down the hill behind the sign. Joe lies on the ground holding what may be some broken ribs and sees the flight bag bounce down the hill. He makes a move as though he may go to it, but grimaces in excruciating pain. Nevertheless, Joe forces himself to crawl over to Ted.

JOE

You'll be okay, kid. I'll get an ambulance here
in a minute.

Ted tries to talk and can't—the pain is too intense. His face is contorting strangely.

JOE

Don't try to talk.

Ted can't. Instead he raises his pistol at Joe. Joe's eyes widen.

JOE

What're you doin'?

Ted fires the gun right over Joe's shoulder. Joe spins around just in time to see Vinnie, a pistol in his hand, take a bullet in the chest. Vinnie falls over and rolls down the hill.

Joe turns back to Ted. He lies completely still. His eyes are open and unblinking. A deep sadness fills Joe's haggard face.

JOE

(quietly)

Thanks, kid.

He closes Ted's eyes. Pebbles come rolling down the hill behind the sign. Joe looks up and sees Frank come rolling down the hill in a cloud of dust. Blood and dirt smear his face. He lands a few feet from Joe. Frank stands up with a painful groan, brushes the dirt off of himself and looks at Joe with an obnoxious sneer.

Joe, unable to stand, raises up the big old Colt pistol. He has a twisted, mean expression on his face as he aims the pistol at Frank and cocks the hammer.

FRANK

What now, tough guy? Gonna shoot me?

JOE

Well, now that you mention it, it sounds like a
darn good idea. Gimme one reason I shouldn't?

FRANK

Well, *cop*, it's against the law. How about that?

Joe considers this for a second, then nods.

JOE

Good point.

Joe lowers the gun. Frank is utterly amazed. His eyes widen.

FRANK

Un-fuckin'-believable. You mean you're really not gonna shoot me?

Joe shakes his head. Frank grins.

FRANK

Well then, I'll see ya later.

Frank heads over to pick up the flight bag.

JOE

Just 'cause I'm not gonna shoot you doesn't mean you're getting away.

Joe flips the huge Colt around in his hand so he's holding it by the barrel and throws it as hard as he can.

JOE

Hey!

Just as Frank turns around the fourteen pound Colt Dragoon wallops him directly in the forehead. Frank's eyes cross, his legs go limp and he drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes. He's out cold.

Joe forces himself to his feet and staggers over to Frank's inert body. Joe picks up the Colt and looks at it admiringly.

JOE

Works like a fuckin' charm.

Joe wearily picks up the flight bag. He unzips it and takes out the kilo of heroin. He turns it over in his hand and scrutinizes it.

JOE

(sadly)

All for this?

Joe throws the kilo high into the air over the lights of Los Angeles. He quickly raises his pistol and fires a shot. The kilo explodes in a large puff of white dust. For just a second it looks like it's snowing in L.A.

Joe snaps out the chamber of his pistol and dumps the empty shells. He snaps the chamber shut and slides the pistol into his belt. Joe hears Ted moan behind him. Joe turns and sees Ted move his head. Joe goes over and kneels beside him. Ted opens his eyes. Joe looks very relieved and smiles.

JOE
I thought you were dead.

Ted speaks through clenched teeth.

TED
You mean I'm not?

JOE
Not yet.

TED
What time is it?

JOE
(puzzled)
What do you care?

TED
If I'm gonna die I wanna know the exact time.
What's it to you?

Joe looks at his watch. He holds the shattered crystal to Ted's face.

JOE
See, my watch is broken. You can't die yet. Now
just hang on and help'll be here in no time.

Police sirens and helicopters can be heard approaching.

TED
OK.

JOE
Don't worry, kid. If you can make it through the
first day with me, the rest'll be gravy.

Joe holds onto Ted as our view pulls away, growing wider. Police cars and helicopters can be seen approaching from all directions.

FADE OUT.