

"ROLLING THUNDER"
HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

(pilot)
by

Patrick Hasburgh

&

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A STEPHEN J. CANNELL PRODUCTION

February 16, 1983
Completely Revised February 18, 1983
Completely Revised February 22, 1983
Completely Revised February 25, 1983
February 28, 1983
Revised March 1, 1983

*PLEASE NOTE: Added Scenes June 28, 1983

- missing p. 69 -

#2000

CAST

FLIP JOHNSON
MARK "SKID" McCORMICK
BARBARA JOHNSON
RICK "THE RABBIT" VETROMILE
MARTIN CODY
JOEY MORGAN
TOM RILEY
OFF DUTY COP
COP #2
COP #3
JUDGE MILTON C. HARDCASTLE
WILLARD TOLCHIN

REPORTER #1
TAWNY LITTLE
SARAH WICKS
GUARD
TOM KINNEY
HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
BAILIFF (SID)
STEVE MILLER
DAVE
ED
BRAD BESSOM

#2000

SETS

EXTERIORS

ASCOT RACE TRACK
CODY ENTERPRISES
AMERICAN LEGION HALL
PASADENA FREEWAY/TUNNEL
CEMETERY
SAILBOAT
INDUSTRIAL PARK
 ROOF TOP
VACANT GAS STATION
COUNTY JAIL
PASADENA ESTATE (KNOLL HOUSE)
POOL HOUSE
GATE HOUSE
 DRIVE WAY
VEGAS MAIN DRAG
TROPICANA HOTEL
 PARKING LOT
VEGAS STREET
CONVENTION CENTER
 PARKING LOT
MARTIN CODY'S ESTATE
DESERT HIGHWAY

INTERIORS

TELEPHONE BOOTH
CODY ENTERPRISES
AMERICAN LEGION HALL
McCORMICK'S CAR
TOLCHIN'S OFFICE
CREAM COLORED SEDAN
MCCORMICK'S APARTMENT
ROLLS ROYCE LIMO
HARDCASTLE'S CHAMBERS
INDUSTRIAL PARK BUILDING
WAREHOUSE
GARAGE
SQUAD CAR
COURT ROOM
 CORRIDOR
COUNTY JAIL
CHEVY PICKUP TRUCK
GATE HOUSE BEDROOM
TRANS AM
CORVETTE
TROPICANA CASINO
CONVENTION CENTER
 CEMENT HALLWAY

BLUE SEDAN
MERCEDES
JOEY MORGAN'S GARAGE
VETROMILE'S HOUSE
MUSTANG
CASINO LOBBY

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

1

CAMERA MOVES IN ON two men seated at a table. One is MARK McCORMICK, handsome, eclectic. The other is JOHNNY 'FLIP' JOHNSON. They're looking at some drawings spread out on the table. There is a tape recorder nearby.

McCORMICK

I'll tell you, Flip, you designed one helluva car. I'd give anything t'drive something like this.

FLIP

(smiles)

Well, you're gonna. Look, Martin Cody is gonna manufacture this car. I don't have t'tell you the juice Cody Automotive has in this state. You're on parole, but with the right guys pullin' strings, I think I can arrange for you to drive this thing for us.

(a beat)

I'm meeting with Cody tonight.

A beat as Mark smiles at Flip.

McCORMICK

That's for not deserting me, pal.

FLIP

Hey, you an' me, we were the best team of dirt track drivers ever.

(he glances at his watch)

Don't you have t'be at the parole board at five?

McCormick looks at his watch.

McCORMICK

I've got plenty of time.

FLIP

It's ten to five. You'll never make it.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

McCormick looks at his watch again, notices it's not running, shakes it.

McCORMICK

Damn! My watch stopped. I'm gonna be late, an' my P.O. is a gorilla. The toughest guy down there. I'm in trouble.

McCormick starts to panic as we:

SMASH CUT

2 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

2

as a Charger flies out of the parking lot with Flip at the wheel and McCormick in the seat beside him. It squeals sideways and heads off up the street.

3 INT. CHARGER - DAY

3

McCormick is panicked.

McCORMICK

I miss this meeting and he'll send me back to the joint.

FLIP

Come on, he'll understand.

McCORMICK

These guys don't understand, Flip. And I got this crazy judge lookin' down my throat.

FLIP

Hardcastle? He's still checkin' on you?

The car squeals around the corner, going eighty.

McCORMICK

Yeah, I think the guy wants to send me back t'jail, Flip.

(looks at watch)

Mickey's little hand is at the five and his big hand is at the twelve! That's it, Mousketeers.

4 INSERT: WATCH 4
It says five o'clock.

5 BACK TO SCENE 5

MCCORMICK
Pull up, Flip, at that phone booth.

FLIP
You're gonna call him?

MCCORMICK
I'm gonna try an' fool 'im.
Gimme the tape recorder.

6 EXT. PHONE BOOTH 6

The Charger pulls in. McCormick bolts out with the tape recorder in hand. He jams a dime in and dials Time. He holds the recorder up to the receiver, recording the following:

OPERATOR'S RECORDER VOICE
At the tone, the time will be
five-0-one and ten seconds.

And then the beep.

McCormick hangs up, jumps back into the car and slams the door.

7 INT. CHARGER 7

MCCORMICK
Hit it!

They squeal away and we:

CUT TO

8 INT. LOBBY OF PAROLE OFFICE - DAY 8

We are CLOSE ON A CLOCK that says it's three minutes after five. MOVE TO A DOOR that says "John Dalem, Parole Officer".

INT. DALEM'S OFFICE - DAY

9

He looks at his watch and shakes his head.

DALEM

(picks up phone)

Is McCormick out there?

(a beat)

Get me Judge Hardcastle. He
should be in chambers.

He replaces the receiver, shakes his head, a slight smile
on his lips.

CUT TO

9a

INT. JUDGE HARDCASTLE'S OFFICE - DAY

9a

HARDCASTLE and SARAH WICKS are going through piles of stuff:
little odds and ends Hardcastle has stored up over the past
thirty years. It should be clear that he is moving out of
his office. SARAH picks up something that looks a little like
a basketball trophy, but we can see that the head and arms are
broken off.

SARAH

What do you want me to do with
this thing?

Hardcastle takes the trophy.

HARDCASTLE

This "thing" is the Griffith Park
one-on-one playground basketball
trophy. I got second place for
going against "Slam Dunk Johnson"
back in '53.

Hardcastle puts it in a box.

HARDCASTLE

Would'a got first place, too,
if Slam dunk didn't have about a
foot more leg than me.

Sarah picks up about a hundred files that are stacked in a pile
on Hardcastle's desk.

CONTINUED

9a

CONTINUED

9a

SARAH

And I suppose I can't talk you out of saving these old files. I'm telling you your honor, we're gonna run out of room in the basement.

HARDCASTLE

You know what I'm planning to do with those files, Sarah. Just index'em according to name, age and crime.

The phone rings and Hardcastle picks it up.

10&11 Omitted

*10&11

12 INT. JOHN DALEM'S OFFICE - DAY

He picks up the phone.

DALEM

Judge Hardcastle? It's John Dalem.

13 INTERCUT - JUDGE MILTON HARDCASTLE

He's in his robes.

HARDCASTLE

Yep, what's up?

DALEM

Your boy... he didn't show.

Hardcastle looks at his watch.

HARDCASTLE

Give 'im a few more minutes. If he shows up, hold 'im. I'm on my way.

DALEM

What's with you an' this kid, anyway, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

He's... well, let's say he's kinda a special project a'mine.

CONTINUED

13

CONTINUED

13

Hardcastle hangs up.

HARDCASTLE

Sarah, pull McCormick's file outta that bunch, will ya'? Looks like I might be needin' it sooner than I thought.

14

EXT. PAROLE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

14

as the Charger skids to a stop. McCormick jumps out and runs into the building just as the guard is preparing to lock the front door.

McCORMICK

(to guard)

Excuse me.

15

INT. LOBBY OF BUILDING - DAY

15

McCormick skids to a bank of elevators, punches the button and in he goes, with the tape recorder, rewinding it as he moves.

15a

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

15a

The elevator doors open and McCormick exits, moving very fast. He runs to a secretary (MELINDA) who fixes him with a worried look.

McCORMICK

Melinda, I'm in deep grease...
right?

MELINDA

He's already called Hardcastle.

McCORMICK

Look, honey, do me a favor, okay?
(looks at her phone)
I'm gonna call you on this extension.
When I do, play this tape into the
receiver. Okay?

MELINDA

But...

CONTINUED

15a

CONTINUED

15a

MCCORMICK

(a smile)

You're a doll. You wanna tell
Godzilla I'm here?

She buzzes Dalem.

MELINDA

(into phone)

Mr. Dalem, Mark McCormick is here.

(a beat)

Okay.

She hangs up and crosses both her fingers for him.

MELINDA

You can go in.

(wistfully)

Good luck.

He moves to the door, straightens his collar and enters.

15b

INT. DALEM'S OFFICE

15b

Dalem is looking out the window, his back to McCormick.

MCCORMICK

Well... good t'see you, Mr. Dalem.
Traffic was a little tough, but
as usual, I made it.

DALEM

Office is closed, McCormick, but
you can stick around an' talk
t'Judge Hardcastle. He's on his
way over.

Dalem spins around to face McCormick who looks at him for a
beat.

MCCORMICK

Closed?? You're kidding. I
didn't miss it. I'm on time.
(looks at his watch)

Five-O-one...

DALEM

That's cute. I can set my watch
back, too.

CONTINUED

15b

CONTINUED

15b

There is a beat as McCormick crosses to the phone, punches out Melinda's extension and hands the phone to Dalem.

MCCORMICK

Here. Listen for yourself.

15c

INTERCUT - MELINDA

15c

as she picks up her RINGING phone, triggers the tape recorder and Dalem hears:

OPERATOR'S VOICE

(filtered)

At the tone, the time will be
five-0-one and ten seconds...

And then the BEEP.

McCormick takes the phone back, listens for a beat, then hangs up.

15d

ANGLE - DALEM

15d

He takes off his watch, looks at it and resets it.

DALEM

I'll be damned.

He looks at McCormick who smiles a wide smile and we:

CUT TO

15e

INTO. DALEM'S OUTER OFFICE - LATER

15e

Dalem and McCormick exit Dalem's office.

DALEM

Okay, McCormick, I guess there's
not much I can do. Keep your
nose clean. Check in next week.

Dalem and McCormick move to the elevator as the doors open, revealing Judge Hardcastle standing there, wearing his running shoes, sweat suit and his N.Y. Yankees hat. McCormick smiles at him. Hardcastle exits to them.

CONTINUED

15e

CONTINUED

15e

McCORMICK

Well, well, well, if it isn't
the High Plains Drifter. How
y'been, Judge?

McCormick enters the elevator.

HARDCASTLE

Where you goin', McCormick?

McCORMICK

Home.

DALEM

I was wrong about the time, Milt.
He made it.

They look at one another for a long beat.

McCORMICK

Why're you breathing on me, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

You may not believe this, son, but
I really am lookin' out for ya.

McCORMICK

I'm not stealin' any more cars,
Judge. And I'm not missin' any
more parole appointments... so go
chew on some other guy's leg. Okay?

The doors close, leaving Judge Hardcastle and Dalem.

DALEM

Why are you checking this guy,
Milt?

HARDCASTLE

A lotta guys've been through my
court, but there's somethin' about
this one that makes him perfect
for a little project I've been
plannin'.

He looks at Dalem for a beat.

CONTINUED

15e

CONTINUED - 2

15e

HARDCASTLE

I hope he keeps his nose clean,
but a guy like that just can't
seem t'do it without help.

There is a beat as Hardcastle nods, GRUNTS, and we:

CUT TO

#2000

ROLLING THUNDER

FADE IN:

**

**

A. EXT. L.A. - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A.

It is a beautiful night as we MOVE IN ON:

B. PASADENA FREEWAY - NIGHT

B.

It is very late and there is almost no traffic. MOVE IN ON:

C. CREME-COLORED SEDAN

C.

There are two men inside.

INT. CREME-COLORED SEDAN - NIGHT

D.

The man behind the wheel is WILL TOLCHIN, an attorney with thinning hair and wire-rimmed spectacles. There is a bugging briefcase between him and JOHNNY 'FLIP' JOHNSON who sits in the passenger seat. Johnson is fifty years old with the weathered look of a man who has done it all. There is a twinkle in his eye. He looks over at Tolchin.

TOLCHIN

I don't believe this...he wants to meet us in the middle of the night...review our deal. Who's this guy, Howard Hughes?

JOHNSON

That's the way he is. A big automotive industrialist like Martin Cody works around the clock. When he says 'come,' we come.

TOLCHIN

Gonna improve your deal, huh? Make it better? How could it be any better? The Cody Coyote is gonna be bigger than the Corvette or the Mustang, an' you got thirty percent of it.

(off Flip's look)

Okay. Okay, but I'm a skeptic.

E.C. EXT. RUNBY - CREAM COLORED SEDAN - NIGHT

E.

as it whizzes past CAMERA. After several beats, we will

CONTINUED

E. CONTINUED

see a black Trans-Am pull PAST CAMERA, tailing the first car by maybe a quarter of a mile.

F. EXT. PASADENA FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Trans-Am pulls up alongside Tolchin's sedan and bashes into it and continues as the two cars enter the Pasadena Freeway tunnel.

G. INTERCUT: INT. TOLCHIN'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Tolchin struggles with the steering wheel and Johnson shouts orders:

TOLCHIN

Hey! What the hell!? What's he doin! Hey!!!

JOHNSON

Keep your foot into it. Hold onto the wheel. Push 'em off. C'mon, hold on!

The Trans-Am bashes Tolchin's car up against the brick walls of the tunnel and we can see that this attorney is no match for whoever's in the Trans-Am.

H. EXT. PASADENA FREEWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

as these two cars highball through the tunnel and bash off the walls.

I. ANGLE - TUNNEL EXIT - NIGHT

The Trans-Am and Tolchin's car come roaring out of the tunnel in a fender-banging frenzy. The sedan loops wide and then smashes into Tolchin's car, pushing it head-on into the guard rail that runs between the freeway and the concrete bed of the Arroyo.

J. CLOSE ON - TOLCHIN'S SEDAN - NIGHT

as it flips end-over-end into the dry river bed and EXPLODES on impact: sending up a tower of flame.

K. RESUME - TRANS AM - NIGHT

*K

as it slowly motors up to the guard rail. The electric passenger window BUZZES down, revealing two men: the one behind the wheel is JOEY MORGAN. He is a big, imposing, rough-hewn man with a pock-marked face. Behind him, in the passenger seat, is RICK "THE RABBIT" VETROMILE. He is thirty-five and good looking. He is obviously shook up by all this as he looks at Joey. Joey grabs Vetromile.

*

JOEY
Keep it together, Vetromile.

L. CLOSE ON VETROMILE

L.

his mouth opens in shock. Joey sticks the car in gear and SQUEALS it away from the site of the accident as we:

CUT TO

16. OMITTED

16

17. CLOSE ON - BEER TAP

17.

as it sprays a fountain of foam into the air with a loud "POP." A chorus of gruff, male voices CHEER and we PULL BACK to:

18

INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - BAR - NIGHT

18

and the place is jam-packed with off-duty policemen dressed in T-shirts and shoulder holsters, barmaids, on-duty detectives in grey suits, Blacks, Chicanos: a veritable oasis of the "Everyman". Willie Nelson plays on the JUKE BOX. A sign on the back wall reads:

"GOODBYE HARDCASE, HELLO LIFE"

About five guys are circles around a pool table holding cues, playing a game of round robin. One of them raises a pitcher of beer high and calls out for silence. His name is TOM RILEY, and he wears a side arm and an LAPD baseball cap.

RILEY

Yo, you guys wanna shut up? I'm making a toast, here.

Riley stands up on the pool table and an off-duty COP squirts a beer at him.

COP

Hey, Riley, toast this.

The crowd CHEERS.

RILEY

Now I know, just like me, most a'you guys here are gonna find it kinda tough t'say goodbye to old Judge Hardcastle.

COP #2

Not me. Last week, Harcase tossed out one of my B an' E's.

RILEY

You didn't read your collar his rights, airball. Now, shut up so I can do this.

(beat)

Anyway, it's not like we're losing the biggest piece'a grizzle that ever sat on a bench...

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

The crowd catcalls.

RILEY

Anyway, Milt, all the guys voted,
an' we want to give you this.

Riley holds up a solid gold police badge.

RILEY

You got an honorary gold shield,
Judge. Come on up here.

The place breaks into CHEERS, and we hear various voices
calling for a speech.

19

ANGLE - JUDGE MILTON C. HARDCASTLE

19

He is an imposing guy with gray hair and thick forearms who
stands maybe six feet. He wears his sixty-five years well,
but we can see by the lines in his leather-like skin that
his life has been anything but easy. Stretched tight
across his chest is a T-shirt that reads:

"THERE'S NO PLEA BARGAIN IN HEAVEN"

and Hardcastle wears a shoulder holster, tennis shoes and
a New York Yankees baseball cap. He holds a pool cue.
Hardcastle is helped, or more likely 'pushed' up toward the
pool table. He climbs up and takes the gold shield and,
although there is a lot of cat calling and joking, we can
see that Hardcastle is moved and these guys that surround
him are like family. He holds up the badge and the place
breaks into APPLAUSE.

HARDCASTLE

It's about time...

(smiles)

And all you guys are under arrest
for disorderly conduct...

Hardcastle pulls a Miranda card out of his back pocket.

HARDCASTLE

You have the right to remain

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
silent. Anything you say can
and will...

The place explodes in BOOING AND CATCALLS.

HARDCASTLE
All right. I'll let you off with
a warning.
(smiles at the badge)
It's nice...
(pretends to bite it
like a piece of gold)
Real, too.

AD-LIBS calling for a speech, etc.

COP #1
C'mon, Hardcase, my beer's gettin'
warm here. Make your speech an'
sit down.

HARDCASTLE
I don't make speeches to rooms
full a'drunks, Madison. Y'don't
think you're foolin' me, here,
hombre... I know why you're
throwin' this party... 'cause
you're glad t'be rid of me.

There is a HOOT and CATCALLS from the crowd.

HARDCASTLE
But I'm not officially retired
'til end of the week, so you guys
keep readin' them Miranda Cards.
I can still throw out your cases
'til Friday if they ain't air-
tight and squeaky clean.

RILEY
There he is, guys, the best judge
to ever sit the bench: Hardcase
Hardcastle. *

There's a lot of CLAPPING, somebody squirts beer at him,
the Judge gives them a RASPBERRY and climbs down off the
stage. He moves to a pool table.

SMASH CUT TO *

M OMITTED

* M

M1 CLOSE ANGLE - SPRINT CAR COCKPIT - AT SPEED - DAY

M1

A BRIGHT RED SPRINT CAR slides around a corner of the dirt track known as ASCOT PARK. The DRIVER of this race car wears a white nomex flame suit and a full coverage helmet. Below the visor it reads: "SKID" and stitched on the breast pocket of his flame suit it says MARK McCORMICK.

M2 WIDER ANGLE - ASCOT PARK - RACE TRACK - DAY

M2

and we can see that McCormick handles this race car like Jimmy Connors handles a tennis racket. Speed with style. We play this for as many laps as it holds. Outrageous driving, spinouts, tires spitting dirt and mud. Maybe an occasional sideways loop as McCormick diamond-cuts in off of the bank and into a turn, etc. In the b.g. we can see a pickup truck. As McCormick flashes by in the Sprint car: MOVE IN.

M3 ANGLE - PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

M3

Sitting on the hood in a mechanic/crew chief who owns this spring car. His name is BRAD BESSOM. He listens to a portable radio that plays country and western music: seemingly ignoring McCormick who roars around the track. It is early morning and maybe Bessom drinks a cup of coffee and yawns. We play McCormick racing by, maybe signaling a "thumbs-up" to Bessom and over the radio we hear a song fading and a newscast begins.

CONTINUED

M3

CONTINUED

M3

RADIO

On the hour, WTC country
and western news with the
top story of the morning.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Thanks, Ted... The world of
autosport is saddened this
morning with the news of the
death of Johnny "Flip" Johnson,
race car driver, designer and
builder.

Bessom jumps to his feet and cranks up the radio volume:
obviously freaked by what he hears on the radio. We MOVE IN ON:

M4

ANGLE - RADIO

M4

Sitting on the hood of the pickup truck.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Johnson was in a car that over-
turned in flames on the Pasadena
Freeway earlier this morning.

M5

ANGLE - BESSOM

M5

As he jogs to the rail and waves McCormick in. In the b.g.
(just for a short beat) the radio continues as McCormick
wheels in.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

No comment from industrialist
Martin Cody on the death of
Johnson. Cody Enterprises was
to mass-produce the Cody Coyote,
a Johnson-designed sports car.
Again, Johnny "Flip" Johnson,
dead at the age of fifty-two.

McCormick wheels up to the truck and flips open his visor.
Unstripping himself, climbing out of the car, etc.

McCORMICK

Why'd you pull me in? I was
just getting her dialed in.

(MORE)

*

CONTINUED

15
CONTINUED

M5
*

McCORMICK (cont'd)
It's pushin' a little. Like
to take a couple of turns off
the front sway bar.

Bessom puts his arm around McCormick.

BESSOM
I have some real bad news for
you, Skid.

McCORMICK
What? I was lapping out there
below the record.

BESSOM
(shakes his head)
Flip Johnson was killed in
a car crash this morning. I
just heard it on the radio.

McCormick responds speechlessly and we can see that this news
is shattering. He sits down, stares into his helmet and holds
up a hand for silence. He tries to gather himself.

McCORMICK
Where? How'd it happen?

BESSOM
I don't know, Skid. On a
freeway or something. Look,
if you want to skip the race
this weekend, it's okay.

McCormick looks off.

BESSOM
I'm really sorry, Skid. I
know how close you guys were.
How Flip stood by you when you
went to jail--

CONTINUED

M5

CONTINUED - 2

M5

MOVE IN ON McCormick as he wrestles with the reality of his best friend's death and:

*

DISSOLVE TO

N

OMITTED

N

40

EXT. CEMETERY

40

CAMERA PANS the marble tombstones and HOLDS on a fresh grave. The funeral service is over and the crowd slowly moves to their cars which are parked in a line behind a hearse.

41

CLOSE - RICK "THE RABBIT" VETROMILE

41

Vetromile is somberly dressed in a dark suit. Next to him, McCormick stares at the grave.

VETROMILE

(softly)

Flip set the Coyote up for me. I was going to race it on the circuit for him. It was my ride... put me back up on the front grid. I won't drive it now. I couldn't drive it with Flip gone.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

42

McCormick looks over at him, a strange expression on his face.

VETROMILE

This is horrible. How could this be happening?

Vetromile walks off. We MOVE IN ON Mark McCormick, puzzled. He looks over at Flip Johnson's daughter, BARBARA, a sunny blond, about twenty-two years old.

42 CLOSER ON BARBARA JOHNSON

42

as McCormick moves to her. Barbara shoots a look at a Rolls Royce that's surrounded by the press.

MC CORMICK

If you need help...your father would want you to ask me. Okay?

BARBARA

I know...

CUT TO:

43 INT. BACK SEAT OF ROLLS LIMO

43

Cody grits his teeth and whispers to his beautiful and pouting fashion model of a wife who's name is probably 'Sahara' or something equally as hip. Cody isn't happy.

CODY

Look, just shut up. I've got to do this, so try to show a little class. We'll be in Vegas tonight.

Cody stands up out of the Rolls. The press swarms in and a video camera is stuck in Cody's face. Flash bulbs are going off like firecrackers and tape recorders are whirring away as he walks off:

REPORTER #1

Mister Cody, could we get a statement?

CONTINUED

43

CONTINUED

43

CODY

Please, Mister Johnson was a friend and his tragic death overshadows anything to do with Cody Enterprises. Sorry.

44

CAMERA PANS TO TAWNY LITTLE, somberly standing off to one side as she respectfully recaps this media event.

44

TAWNY LITTLE

Industrialist Martin Cody has just arrived to pay his respects to automotive designer, the late Johnny "Flip" Johnson. Earlier, Indianapolis great A.J. Foyt visited the gravesite, along with former rookie of the year, Mark McCormick. McCormick and Johnson raced on the same team in nineteen-eighty. What effect Flip Johnson's death will have on the Cody Coyote, a state-of-the-art sports car penned by the late designer and financed by Cody Enterprises, is unknown. The Coyote was expected to make its debut to the automotive world this week in Las Vegas, Nevada. I'm Tanya Gray, channel three news.

45

OMITTED

45

46

CLOSER ANGLE - BARBARA JOHNSON

46

As Cody approaches, she stops cold and her eyes glaze over in anger.

CODY

Miss Johnson, your father was more than just a business partner. He became a friend. A close friend. If there's anything I can do...

BARBARA

Leave me alone, please...

CODY

There's no need to... I know you're upset....

CONTINUED

BARBARA
(to Mark)
Mark, make him go away. I
can't talk to him.

Mark moves up to Martin Cody.

MCCORMICK
Maybe later... okay?

CODY
(to Barbara)
Look, I don't know what's going
on here. It isn't my fault. *

Barbara looks at him coldly.

BARBARA
Really? *

CODY
Now, wait a minute...

MCCORMICK
Listen, Mister Cody, this isn't
doing anyone any good. Just
back off.

DISSOLVE TO

46A EXT. ASCOT PARK - DIRT TRACK - LATE AFTERNOON

46B

The race track is empty. Vacant bleachers stare out onto the well grooved dirt of the race track and the feeling is serene and sad. McCormick and Barbara Johnson walk down an empty bank of grandstand: moving toward the track.

BARBARA
Y'know, when Dad was still
racing, I used to pretend what
it would be like if something
happened. I used to try and
feel sad and alone. But I
couldn't.... When Dad was
around I was never alone.

McCormick puts a hand around Barbara's shoulders.

BARBARA
Life can really turn around on you,
can't it?

CONTINUED

#2000

-12A-

46A

CONTINUED

46A

McCormick looks at her for a long beat.

McCORMICK
Barbara, you were going
to law school....I think....
(MORE)

CONTINUED

46A CONTINUED

46Z

MCCORMICK (cont'd)
that's a good idea. I think
you should go. It'll keep you
busy. We can't change what's
happened to your Dad, but
dwelling on it won't help.

BARBARA
Is that what you did in prison,
Mark?

He looks at her for a beat.

MCCORMICK
I played a lot of baseball...
same idea...not as constructive.

She looks at him for a long beat.

BARBARA
When that happened...when you
got that crazy Judge, Dad
cried. He said you were innocent...
that you never should have gone to
jail. He wanted you to drive the
Coyote with him next year. He was
arranging it with Martin Cody.

A beat, then McCormick shakes his head.

MCCORMICK
Y'know,... I talked to
Rick Vetromile at the funeral, he
said he was going to drive the Coyote.

BARBARA
That's a lie. Dad wouldn't
let Vetromile drive that car.
He was going to drive it and he
wanted you to be there with him.
It was like a dream for him...
like having a second chance.

MCCORMICK
(after a beat)
You didn't ask me out here just
to reminisce, did you, Barbara?

CONTINUED

46A CONTINUED - 2

4

BARBARA

(a beat)

No. No, I didn't.

(a beat)

I think Martin Cody had my father killed.

There is a long beat.

MCCORMICK

When people die, you wanna make somebody responsible. It's easier when you have somebody to hate.

BARBARA

That's not what I'm doing.

(beat)

Two weeks ago, our house was broken into. Someone ransacked my father's desk. They were looking for Dad's partnership contract with Cody Automotive. I can't prove it, but that's what I think. And this new deal... Does it make any sense that Cody would improve Dad's deal? You met him. What do you think?

*

MCCORMICK

He looks like he sleeps in cold cream, but that doesn't make him a murderer.

BARBARA

He wouldn't upgrade Dad's deal. And then Dad and his attorney crash off a bridge and all the contracts burn up in the crash.

*

There is a beat as Mark looks at her.

CONTINUED

46A CONTINUED - 3

MCCORMICK

Any witnesses to the negotiations?

BARBARA

Dead. My Dad and his attorney. Nobody else was involved.

MCCORMICK

So, Cody owns the Coyote outright.

BARBARA

And I want you to steal it back for me.

McCormick just looks at Barbara for a beat.

BARBARA

It'll be just like you're repossessing it. If Cody murdered Dad, the Coyote is legally mine.

McCormick looks out at the track for a long beat.

MCCORMICK

Your Dad and I always used to walk a couple of laps after the race. When this place is empty, I don't know, it feels like a church or something.

(beat)

Flipper was funny, when I'd win the main, he'd buy dinner... When he won... he'd still buy dinner.

(remembers Flip
with a warm smile)

I'd give back every trophy I ever won just to have dinner with him one more time.

BARBARA

(a beat)

I'm sorry. I know what I'm asking you to do. I just can't let Martin Cody steal Daddy's dream. It's not right.

They look at one another for a long beat.

CONTINUED

46A CONTINUED - 4

MCCORMICK

He's got the blueprint for the Coyote anyway. If I stole the prototype he'd reproduce it. All we'd do is slow him down a little.

BARBARA

All we have to do is slow him down. Cody's in big trouble with his investors. If he doesn't deliver the Coyote in Vegas this weekend his backers are going to pull out.

There is a beat.

BARBARA

I'm telling you, Mark, they killed him and they stole his car. You said Dad would want me to come to you if I needed any help... Well, I need help.

McCormick looks at her and smiles. Play the beat and we:

CUT TO

47
through OMITTED
49B

47
throu
49

50 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

50

A sprawling complex of low buildings, service roads and warehouses. A chain-link fence, laden with placards warning of video monitors and electronic security surrounds this industrial park, and we can see a large sign that reads:

CODY AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES
A DIVISION OF CODY ENTERPRISES
HOME OF THE CODY-COYOTE

- - - - -

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY

REVERSE ANGLE - McCORMICK

51

dressed in a dark knit sweater, black pants and sneakers as he sprints from the darkness to the fence. He expertly clips a length of wire to the fence, by-passing the electronics, and with a pair of bolt-cutters, he quickly cuts an opening and slides through.

52 ANGLE - SECURITY CAR - INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

52

Spotlights search the grounds and this security car patrols past CAMERA. Then from behind a dumpster, McCormick jogs toward a large building that stands alone in the center of this gigantic complex. This building is without windows.

53 NEW ANGLE - McCORMICK

53

expertly shinnying up a drain pipe that leads to the roof of this building. He climbs past another sign. It reads:

THIS BUILDING OFF LIMITS TO ALL PERSONS
RED CARD CLEARANCE ONLY: TERRY PHONE 3467

4 OMITTED

54

54A ROOFTOP

54A

McCormick opens up a vent and climbs in.

CUT TO

55 INT. BUILDING - INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

55

McCormick repels down from the hole in the skylight on a thin nylon cord. He hits the floor and turns on the lights, his eyes going wide at what he sees.

*

56 McCORMICK'S POV

56

The CODY COYOTE sits majestically in the center of this room, its wide chassis flaring out over racing slicks that extend a good four inches past the fenders. The Coyote is an electric red and the air ram on the low swooping hood decrees just what kind of a monster powers this baby. Two

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

56

RECARO racing seats are rimmed by an open roof and a chrome roll bar. The rear end of the Coyote sports a functional spoiler and the fine lines of aerodynamic purity detail this incredible piece of machinery like the short brush strokes of Van Gogh. On the wall behind the Coyote a small sign reads:

"FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION"

--Flip Johnson

McCormick moves the Coyote as though he were in the presence of something sacred. He gently pats the hood and then opens up his satchel, taking out a lock punch. In a moment, the COYOTE engine fires to life. McCormick sprints to the door and hits the button. It opens up to the darkness and we can see the blue light of an electric eye beam that crosses the door.

MCCORMICK

Damn.

McCormick jumps into the Coyote, belts himself in and finds first gear. He hits the gas and the tachometer on the hood instantly needles up to nine thousand rpms. McCormick checks his gauges and looks to the electric eyes.

MCCORMICK

Ah, what the hell.

He hits the gas and squeals out of the building breaking the beam of the electric eye. A cacophony of alarms scream a breach of security and immediately spotlights start sweeping the grounds.

CUT TO

57 INT. SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - CODY AUTOMOTIVE IND. PARK - NIGHT 57

Buzzers are screaming and lights are flashing everywhere. A GUARD huddles over a security panel and hits about a dozen toggle switches. On a television monitor we can see the COYOTE squealing down an access road. The guard shouts into a microphone.

GUARD

Red level security breach. All security units to area D-five. We're in a lockdown situation. All dispatch go to channel seventeen.

- 58 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT 58
- About a half dozen security cars race out of a garage and separate onto the grounds.
- 59 ANGLE - THE COYOTE 59
- Roaring down an alley between two buildings at about a hundred and twenty miles an hour. A security car pulls into pursuit, and the Coyote takes a high speed turn with the adhesion of a suction cup. The security car tries to follow and brodies sideways, smashing into a pile of crates.
- 60 OMITTED 60
- 61 ANGLE - ANOTHER SECURITY CAR 61
- as it heads down an access road. The Coyote sweeps onto the other end of the road and these vehicles find themselves in a classic duel of "chicken."
- 62 OMITTED 62
- 63 ANGLE - SECURITY CAR AND THE COYOTE 63
- ...at the last second the security car turns off to avoid the head-on and careens off the side of a building, ramping up off a jitney and flipping into a large garbage dumpster.
- 64 INTERCUT - McCORMICK 64
- as he gathers himself together from the close call.
- * 65 ANGLE - LAPD SQUAD CARS 65
- They swarm into the compound and set up a road block at the end of the main road of the industrial park. The Coyote screams toward the road block with a security car hot on its tail. McCormick is boxed in.

66 INTERCUT - McCORMICK 66

McCORMICK

Damn!

His eyes search for an escape route, then he smiles and:

67 ANGLE - ROAD BLOCK 67

The Coyote does a one-eighty and roars back down the road. It turns up the ramp of an outdoor dock and races down between a line of semi-trailers and warehouse doors. Then, the Coyote disappears into the warehouse.

68 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 68

The Coyote squeals through the gigantic steel shelving of the engine parts, whips around a corner and ramps off the loading dock onto the parking lot on the far side of the building.

69 ANGLE - LAPD SQUAD CARS 69

as the Coyote has a good lead now, and leads the squad cars in a big, high-speed figure eight in the center of the industrial park. A car hauler with its rear loading ramps down is parked next to the fence.

70 INTERCUT - McCORMICK 70

as his eyes lock on the car hauler and he puts his foot to the wood.

71 ANGLE - CAR HAULER 71

McCormick uses it for a ramp and flies the Coyote over the fence: a perfect landing in an open field. An LAPD squad car motors toward the car hauler.

72 INTERCUT - INT. SQUAD CAR 72

A big, burly Irish cop named TOM KINNEY shouts orders to his partner at the wheel.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

KINNEY

If he can do it, we can do it. Go, go!

73 ANGLE - CAR HAULER

73

The squad car ramps up and flips end over end, crashing in the field and bursting into flame upside down.

74 ANGLE - McCORMICK

74

as he whips the Coyote in a circle outside the fence in the open field. He looks at the flaming squad car and squeals toward it.

75 NEW ANGLE

75

McCormick jumps out of the Coyote and drags the trapped police officers from the flaming wreck. They are stunned, but okay. Kinney stares up at McCormick and gets a good look at him. McCormick sprints back to the Coyote, maybe dodging a bullet or two, and wails off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO

76 through 78 OMITTED

76 through 78

79 EXT. McCORMICK'S APARTMENT

79

McCormick takes out his key and two police officers and a plain-clothes DETECTIVE move on him. We recognize one of the police officers as Tom Kinney and they have their guns drawn. McCormick is stunned.

DETECTIVE

Hold it!

KINNEY

That's him.

DETECTIVE

Mark McCormick?

CONTINUED

79

CONTINUED

79

McCormick nods.

DETECTIVE

You are under arrest for grand auto theft, breaking and entering and flight to avoid arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand these rights as I have read them to you?

MCCORMICK

Yeah, I heard'em once or twice before.

DETECTIVE

(to Kinney)

Cuff him.

Kinney cuffs McCormick.

KINNEY

What can I say, kid? You probably saved my life, but it's the job.

MCCORMICK

Life isn't a Bing Crosby movie, is it?

CUT TO

79A INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

McCormick is handcuffed in the back seat. Kinney drives along with another cop.

MCCORMICK

Ah, Judge Hardcastle's retired, right? He's not still sitting on the bench, is he?

KINNEY

Hardcastle doesn't officially retire till Friday.

CONTINUED

79A CONTINUED

79

McCORMICK
(sotto voce)
I'm on a cold streak here.

CUT TO

80&81 OMITTED

80&8

82 CLOSE ON GAVEL

8

as it hits the pad.

83 INT. COURTROOM - ANGLE - BAILIFF

83

He is about fifty-five, tall, black and in good shape. He turns to the courtroom:

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

83

BAILIFF
All rise for the Honorable
Milton C. Hardcastle

84 CLOSE SHOT - MARK McCORMICK

84

He is at the defense table with a young public defender named STEVE MILLER. Both of them look down-in-the-mouth at the announcement of Judge Hardcastle.

MILLER
(to McCormick)
Hardcase Hardcastle. Bad break.

McCORMICK
Yup, I'm on a cold streak, here.
No doubt about it.

*

85 CLOSE ON DOOR

85

through which the Judge will enter. We SHOOT DOWN onto the lower part of the door as it opens, revealing the hemline of the black judicial robe as it moves into the room, then, unexpectedly, from under the hem of the robe we will see the toes of two scuffed-up Adida tennis shoes. We begin a SLOW PAN UP to the not-so-judicial face of MILTON C. HARDCASTLE.

86 CLOSER ON HARDCASTLE

86

He surveys the courtroom. There is a touch of frontier justice in his court room demeanor. His reputation, as always, precedes him.

HARDCASTLE
(to bailiff)
Hey, Sid, how's your hook shot
these days?

BAILIFF
Very good, Your Honor.

CONTINUED

86

CONTINUED

86

HARDCASTLE

There're two new guys been hangin' out in the park. The black kid used t'be jump center at Central High and that little Pole, the forward from Freemont. You wanna join me after work?

BAILIFF

Be my pleasure, Milt.

HARDCASTLE

Good deal. Now you're cookin'.

He moves past the Bailiff to his place on the bench.

87

ANGLE - MARK McCORMICK

87

He leans in to his attorney.

McCORMICK

He's gonna give me twenty years. You watch.

MILLER

Be polite. Let me do the talking. I got a good strategy... we'll do fine.

Judge Hardcastle is looking at the briefs before him. He looks up at McCormick for a long moment.

HARDCASTLE

Well, Mister McCormick, welcome back.

There is a long beat as McCormick says nothing.

HARDCASTLE

Aren't you going to say anything?

McCORMICK

What'm I supposed to say? Nice to be back, or something equally profound.

CONTINUED

87
CONTINUED

87

Hardcastle looks at him for a beat. Miller gets to his feet.

MILLER

Your Honor, I'm Steve Miller,
Counsel for the accused, and
I'd like to file two pre-trial
motions...

HARDCASTLE

You'll get your chance, Mister
Miller. Why don't you just climb
down off your trike for a minute.
Okay?

MILLER

Climb down off my....? What the
hell are you...? My what?

HARDCASTLE

I don't allow swearing in my
courtroom. Do it again, and
you're in contempt. *

The courtroom is quiet for a long beat. McCormick tugs on
Miller's sleeve. Miller leans over and McCormick whispers
in his ear.

MCCORMICK

How's our strategy doing so far?

Miller looks at him and straightens up.

MILLER

Your Honor, I apologize for my
impudence and would like to take
this moment to assure the bench
that I will not again transgress
in...

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(interrupting)

Okay. Okay. Don't slobber on me, son. We've all done it. Just don't do it twice.

He looks at McCormick for a long beat.

HARDCASTLE

You wanna sit, please?

Steve doesn't move.

HARDCASTLE

(hard)

Sit!

Steve sits down fast.

McCORMICK

We got 'im on the run. No doubt about it.

Steve looks up at Hardcastle, who is looking down at Mark.

HARDCASTLE

How long you been on the streets this time, McCormick?

Mark looks at Steve, who nods.

McCORMICK

You mean how long since I was released from prison? It's been six months.

HARDCASTLE

In reality, Mister McCormick, it's been five months, twenty-six days, thirteen hours, and...

(looks at his watch)

...sixteen minutes.

McCORMICK

It's a cute bit, Judge. I've been hunting around all morning for a laugh. Thanks.

CONTINUED

Steve hits him with his elbow.

STEVE

Your Honor...if I could ascertain what this line of questioning is all about... I'm afraid this is quite unusual.

HARDCASTLE

Nothing unusual about it. Before I send Mister McCormick off to camp, I'd like to catch up on what's been going on.

MCCORMICK

Well, my little brother Timmy is fine, and Ma had her appendix out, and Uncle Deke is still up in Saugus, pickin' lettuce, and you're still just about the biggest donkey in America.

He smiles up at the Judge, who smiles back.

HARDCASTLE

I would like to see the prisoner in my chambers.

He stands up.

STEVE

For what purpose, Your Honor? Really... I object.

MCCORMICK

Don't object. I want to talk to this guy. *

He turns to exit the courtroom, his Adidas kicking the hem of his robe. The Bailiff moves to McCormick with the handcuffs, Hardcastle looks back at McCormick.

CONTINUED

87

CONTINUED - 4

87

HARDCASTLE

It's okay, Sid, you don't need to cuff him. He tries to take off on me, and I'll give him a new hole to look out of.

He moves out of the courtroom and McCormick follows.

88

INT. CORRIDOR

88

Hardcastle and McCormick are moving to the chambers.

McCORMICK

You committed about three reversible errors in there, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

You guys go to stir, everybody turns into Clarence Darrow. Reversible, my sweet aunt. Can't have reversible error until the trial starts. Trial don't start 'til I say it starts...Hartford McNeer, Connecticut, sixty-six. That's the precedent, if you're really interested.

They reach the door, the Judge opens it, and they enter his chambers.

89

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

89

McCormick moves into the panelled office as Judge Hardcastle takes off his robes, revealing a Hawaiian shirt with a shoulder holster under his arm, a forty-five upside down in the rig. He is also wearing running shorts, and the outfit is completed by the already-mentioned scuffed tennies. McCormick looks at him and shakes his head. Hardcastle moves to his desk, on which is a huge stack of manila folders. McCormick sits in a leather chair. He reaches beneath him and pulls out two Lone Ranger comic books. He looks at them for a beat and pitches them aside.

HARDCASTLE

How was prison?

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

We had a pretty good baseball team. But they never could get the lumps out of the mashed potatoes.

There is a beat. He grunts.

HARDCASTLE

I been real interested in you, McCormick. As a matter of fact, I've been running down your past. Some of it's guess work, but I think it's pretty accurate.

He opens his desk drawer, pulls out a sheet of paper and looks at it.

HARDCASTLE

Florida, seventy-eight, you avoided arrest for two days... Stealin' cars again, huh?

MCCORMICK

I was repossessing'em. It's a small point, but let's try'n keep this honest.

Also on the desk is a huge bowl of unshelled peanuts. Hardcastle picks one up, shucks it and shoots the shell across the room into a wastebasket, pops the peanut into his mouth. It PINGS as it goes in. And the Judge calls out the two points like a basket in basket ball.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Two.

He looks at McCormick. He looks at the file on his desk.

HARDCASTLE

Y'know what I got here?

McCORMICK

More Lone Ranger comic books?

HARDCASTLE

What I got here, wise guy, is two hundred cases that have been in this courthouse. All of them, guilty and all of them the accused walked outta here clean because of a variety of technicalities.

(a beat)

In some cases witnesses disappeared; in some, they died. Have a peanut.

McCORMICK

No thanks. I hear they cause mental retardation. But you go ahead, help yourself.

Hardcastle GRUNTS, shucks another one and shoots the shell across the room.

HARDCASTLE

Two.

He pulls a random folder off the pile.

HARDCASTLE

Case in point: James Buchanan Smith, cocaine dealer. This guy has more white lady comin' across the border than anybody in the USA. LA narcs caught him dirty. The cop who gave him his Miranda neglected to read the statement off the card. The defense attorney got the cop to admit that in court and then created the argument that if the cop did the Miranda from

(MORE)

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED - 3

89

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
memory, perhaps he had left
out a phrase or two. The
cop, under oath, couldn't swear
that he hadn't, so the Miranda
didn't stand up and the case
was thrown out.

He reaches for another peanut, shucks it, throws it at
the wastebasket and misses, the shell hitting the carpet.
They both look at it, saying nothing.

HARDCASTLE
(holds up
another file)
Gino Frechette. Mob killer.
Caught him two -

MCCORMICK
(interrupts)
Or here's one, Mark McCormick
buys a Porsche, but he puts it
in his girlfriend's name 'cause
the insurance is cheaper. They
have a beef and she throws him
out. He takes the car back
and she has him arrested for
grand theft auto. Poor Mark
gets an eccentric Judge who puts
him in prison.

They all look at one another for a long beat.

HARDCASTLE
You were guilty. You stole the
car.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

It was my car.

HARDCASTLE

Lady Justice is a tough old broad. Plus, the joy riding beef when you were a kid didn't help.

McCormick looks at him, saying nothing. Hardcastle refers to the cases on his desk.

HARDCASTLE

I want these guys. One at a time. They're all crooks and even through they escaped justice once, we know they're still out there comitting new crimes. We'll find out what they're doing now, and we'll bust 'em. You're gonna be my fast gun?

McCORMICK

Would I have t'wear a cornball Hawaiian shirt and tennis shoes?

Hardcastle smiles at him without humor.

HARDCASTLE

Don't get me wrong, McCormick, I don't wanna be buddies. I just figure sometimes it takes one t'catch one. The research I done on you tells me you're the best candidate around.

McCORMICK

And if I say no?

HARDCASTLE

Then I put you away.

They all look at each other for a beat.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Oh, yeah, there's one other thing...

McCORMICK

I don't wanna hear.

HARDCASTLE

In order to arrange this, you'll have to be placed into my custody for a rather long period of time.

McCORMICK

How long?

HARDCASTLE

Indefinitely.

McCORMICK

Indefinitely? You're kidding. I have trouble putting up with you for half an hour.... I gotta take orders from you indefinitely?

HARDCASTLE

(a nod)

Now yer cookin'.

(a beat)

I'm also getting some heat from this guy Cody, whose car you stole. I'm gonna need that car returned. You'll have t'make restitution. It's either than or out you go to the house of many doors and start forking down the lumpy mashed potatoes.

McCORMICK

I think Martin Cody killed my best friend, Flip Johnson. He stole Flip's design. I'm gonna beat this case and get outta here and prove that he killed Flip.

CONTINUED

There is a great deal of passion in the speech, and the Judge shoots another peanut shell.

HARDCASTLE

Two.

There is a long beat as they look at one another. Then the Judge gets to his feet.

HARDCASTLE

In case the fact slipped your mind, kiddo, I'm the Judge who's hearing this case. You stole the car. I got a cop who's an eyewitness. Your future is more or less in the hands of this peanut-eatin' retard.

McCormick stands and looks at the Judge.

MCCORMICK

It's a very interesting offer, Hardcastle. You and me. Shooting life's peanut shells into the wastebasket of justice. Right? *

HARDCASTLE

Now you're cookin'. So, what's the answer?

MCCORMICK

Drop dead. *

They look at one another for a long beat, then Hardcastle looks at his watch.

HARDCASTLE

Too late to hang you today. Have t'do it in the morning. *

He presses a buzzer and a guard appears in the doorway. Hardcastle unstraps his shoulder holster.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED - 7

89

HARDCASTLE

Lock this guy up.

He exits with McCormick. The Judge looks at the door that has closed behind them. Play his expression, then he picks up the phone.

HARDCASTLE

Get Kline over at Records and Identification to run a quick national computer check on this car guy, this Martin Cody.

He hangs up and shucks a peanut and shoots the shell toward the basket and, just before it hits, we:

DISSOLVE TO

90 INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

90

It is late, maybe two a.m. We are SHOOTING DOWN when, INTO SHOT come the scuffed Adidas.

91 ANGLE - LOT, TRUCKING

91

as the tennis shoes move down the polished corridor, finally stopping at a barred cell.

92 ANGLE - BUNKS - THROUGH BARS

92

Mark McCormick is asleep in his cell.

93 ANGLE - JUDGE HARDCASTLE

93

He's still dressed the same, and he's holding a file folder. He rattles the cell door and McCormick wakes up instantly, rolls off his bunk.

HARDCASTLE

Hey!

*

CONTINUED

McCormick looks at him.

HARDCASTLE

(to McCormick)

Got a minute, Skid?

(a beat)

That's what they call you, right?

Skid Mark McCormick? I love a
catchy nickname.

There is a long beat, then McCormick moves to the bars.

McCORMICK

Little late, isn't it, Judge?

Or did you come in here to read
me to sleep?

HARDCASTLE

You got a real mouth on you, son.

McCORMICK

Hey, some people bring out the
best in each other. What'da you
want?

There is a long beat as these two stare at each other.
Then, Hardcastle hands the folder through the bars to
McCormick.

McCORMICK

What's this?

HARDCASTLE

I looked up Martin Cody. Ran
him through a Federal computer
and that's what came out.

McCormick opens the folder and starts to read.

HARDCASTLE

It's all kinda technical. Big-
time jailhouse lawyer like you
oughta be able t'figure it out
real easy.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

(looks up)

You just can't get your fill
of baiting me, can ya?

HARDCASTLE

Boiled down, it says that Martin
Cody belongs right on top of that
file in my office. He's been in
an' out of courtrooms all over
America. Owned a real estate
development firm ten years back.
His partner died in seventy-three,
mysterious causes. D.A. in Saint
Louis tried Cody for murder one.
The case blew out the back 'cause
the widow ran scared and refused
to testify. She had bruises on
her upper body.

McCORMICK

You believe me, then. You believe
what I said about Cody killing
Flip Johnson.

HARDCASTLE

One thing I do believe is criminals
get into a pattern and stay there...
commit the same crimes over and
over. If he killed one partner,
he may have killed another.

(a beat)

There's some other stuff in there.
He's semi-mobbed up... *

McCORMICK

So, whatta you want from me?

HARDCASTLE

New deal. I let you out, you're
paroled into my custody indefinitely.

McCORMICK

That sounds like the old deal,
Judge.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED - 3

93

HARDCASTLE

'Cept for one minor change....
we start out tomorrow morning,
an' we see if we can snap Mister
Cody's coattail in the wheel of
justice. He'll be our first
project.

McCormick looks at Harcastle with a tough look in his eyes.
Then, back to the folder and then back to the Judge: weighing
Hardcastle's offer.

HARDCASTLE

(grunts)

What's it gonna be, McCormick?
How bad d'you want this guy?

There is a long beat as we MOVE IN on McCormick and:

SMASH CUT

94 EXT. CHEVY PICKUP

94

This is Judge Hardcastle's rust-colored primer-painted
'58 Chevy pickup. The second gear is beginning to go and
the gears grind as he shifts, ROARING PAST CAMERA.

95 INT. CHEVY PICKUP - FRONT SEAT - MCCORMICK AND HARDCASTLE

95

Hardcastle, in his Hawaiian shirt and a .45 strapped under
his arm, is driving earnestly.

HARDCASTLE

...yeah, precedents all over
the place that expanded the
discretionary power of judges.
Lucky for you, huh?

CONTINUED

McCormick picks up a Lone Ranger comic book from the seat, beside him.

McCORMICK
You read this junk?

Hardcastle looks at him.

HARDCASTLE
You bet your bonnet. The Lone Ranger and Tonto, ridin' the plains, dispensin' justice. Billy the Kid didn't beat no case on a technicality. Hunt 'em, hear 'em, an' hang 'em.

McCORMICK
I'm in a nightmare, here.

HARDCASTLE
Back then, there was respect for the law. Today, the wise guys rule the world. But you an' me, we're gonna step in an' sling some lead. Here we come, ready or not.

McCORMICK
(depressed)
Get 'em up, Scout.

as it clatters by CAMERA.

CUT TO

97 EXT. HUGE PASADENA ESTATE - NIGHT

97

It sits on a knoll, surrounded by grass and bordered by a huge brick wall and wrought iron gates. This is a seven acre spread. On the gate is a gold plaque lettered in black, which says:

GULL'S WAY

98 ANGLE - THE PICKUP

98

as it RATTLES up to the gates which swing open when Judge Hardcastle presses his electronic genie.

99 ANGLE - McCORMICK

99

his jaw a little agape.

MCCORMICK

What's this? Where are we?

HARDCASTLE

Home. It's my house.

MCCORMICK

You're some kinda hot-cheese crime fighter. Dispensing justice from a forty-room mansion.

The Judge looks at him, not amused.

HARDCASTLE

This was in my wife's estate. She was wealthy. She died ten years ago. I live here now, but I was born in Kansas. My father was a farmer... a sharecropper.

MCCORMICK

Don't apologize to me, Judge, but I gotta admit this brings you into a little clearer focus.

HARDCASTLE

What's that supposed t'mean?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

99

McCORMICK

Here you are, living at Knoll House, seven acres of topiary trees and Grecian fountains, yet you run around dressed like the referee at a girls' hockey match.

(a grin)

You feel guilty about living in this place. Take it from me, I studied psychology with Charles Manson at San Quentin.

HARDCASTLE

I'm gettin' real sick of the smart mouth.

McCORMICK

You ain't seen nothin' yet, Kimosabe. Wait'll me an' Scout camp-up on tennis court, Scout eat-um front lawn while I sip peach daquiris at the pool house bar. *

HARDCASTLE

I'm gonna have fun grindin' off your rough edges, kiddo.

McCormick says nothing, but shoots Hardcastle a big shit-eating grin. Hardcastle puts the truck in gear and they pull up the long, winding, tree-lined drive.

100 EXT. MAIN HOUSE

100

The Judge pulls up and honks the horn. After a moment, the front door opens and SARA WILKES exits. She is dressed in a maid's uniform.

SARA

It's after two, Yer Honor.

HARDCASTLE

Sara Wilkes, this here is Mark McCormick. He's gonna be livin' in the gate house.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

SARA

Not another one. Really, yer Honor.

HARDCASTLE

Yep.

McCORMICK

Another one?

SARA

Judge, you're gonna catch a cold, runnin' around like that. You oughta put on a coat.

HARDCASTLE

Come on, Sara, don't start on me tonight. Okay?

He moves to the house.

HARDCASTLE

Show the boy t'the gate house. Give 'im a key.

SARA

The gate house? What's wrong with the gardener's trailer?

HARDCASTLE

The gate house, Sara.

Hardcastle looks at McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Don't try an' take off. Your only chance a' gettin' this guy Cody is if I help ya. If we get him, we get him square. No legal loopholes. No technicalities. Tomorrow morning, you and I, we sit down and we run our options.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED - 2

100

He turns and moves into the house.

SARA
(softly)
God keep that man.

MCCORMICK
(looking after)
God should keep him. Lock him up,
though. Letting him run around
loose is a real mistake, I think.

SARA
Ex-con, huh? Well, we've seen our
share of your type at Gull's Way
in the last ten years since the
Judge's wife died. *

They start moving to the gate house.

MCCORMICK
Uh...I had the idea that I was
sort've the first one that the
Judge....

SARA
Our first ex-con in residence?
(a grunt)
Not by a long-shot, sonny.
Tomorrow I'll have a list of
chores for you.

MCCORMICK
Chores? No, I don't think I'm
supposed to...

SARA
You can start by going t'the
market. The Judge likes fresh
fish...halibut. I like t'make
sure he eats lots a' protein.
Then there's the gardening. The
weeds are growing up fast over by
the Judge's shooting range.

McCormick stops.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED - 3

10

McCORMICK

Look, I don't know what he told you, but I'm not a field hand.

SARA

You are what I say you are. I'm in charge of this estate. It's bad enough that the Judge is always bringin' home convict labor, lettin' 'em eat at the table with us. But if I were going to do it, then at least we'd get a day's work.

McCORMICK

You better check with old Hardcase on that one, Sara, 'cause I'm not here to weed the garden.

SARA

We'll see.

They are at the gate house. Sara takes out a key, opens the door and steps inside.

101 OMITTED

10

102 INT. GATE HOUSE

10

It is magnificent, decorated in antique splendor. It overlooks the pool, it has a beautiful living room with a fireplace, a bedroom, a Jacuzzi on the little balcony porch. McCormick lets out a low, appreciative WHISTLE.

SARA

Everything in this apartment is inventoried, so if something disappears, we won't have much difficulty in charging the thief, will we?

McCormick looks at her for a long beat.

McCORMICK

How many prisoners have you had out here?

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

102

SARA
I've lost count. The last one
dug the swimming pool.

McCORMICK
No kidding.

103 ANGLE - THE WALL - ON PAINTING

103

A Picasso.

104 RESUME SCENE

104

McCORMICK
Isn't that a Picasso?

SARA
It was Mrs. Hardcastle's favorite.
The Judge didn't like it and he
moved it down here. This house
has been the weekend residence of
two presidents, four ambassadors,
and now, it appears, it has come
down to you.

McCORMICK
Don't let it bum you out, Sara.
Values are dropping everywhere.

She heaves a sigh. He sits, puts his feet up on the coffee
table. She knocks them off.

SARA
Ex-cons in the gate house. What's
wrong with the gardener's trailer?
The rest of 'em stayed down there.
I think the Judge has lost his mind.

McCORMICK
Me too.

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

104

SARA

He's a wonderful man. He cares.
And if you can't see that, you
must be very blind.

McCORMICK

Look, Sarah.... I've had a
very strange two days. I'm real
tired. Maybe we could discuss it
in the morning.

Sara exits and closes the door behind her. McCormick looks
around, nods appreciatively, lets out a creaking YAWN and
heads for the bedroom.

105 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

105

He turns on the light. More of the same gorgeous furnishings,
original art, crystal. He moves around the room, then he strips
off his shirt and pants, turns out the light, and gets into bed.

106 CLOSE ON McCORMICK

106

He closes his eyes and turns over. Suddenly a NOISE, BA-BOOM,
BA-BOOM, BA-BOOM. McCormick sits up, listens for it again,
BA-BOOM, BA-BOOM, BA-BOOM. He jumps out of bed, puts on his
pants and moves for the door.

107 EXT. POOL HOUSE - NIGHT

107

McCormick moves around the drive that fronts the gate house,
and there we see that the loud noises are coming from a
basketball being thrown up against a backboard which is
attached to the wall right behind his bedroom. Judge Hard-
castle is shooting jump shots from the foul line. BA-BOOM,
BA-BOOM, BA-BOOM.

McCORMICK

What the hell d'you think you're
doing?

The Judge shoots another basket and looks at McCormick.

CONTINUED

107

CONTINUED

107

HARDCASTLE

Shootin' my baskets. Do a hundred jump shots, hundred free throws, and a hundred lay-ups every night before bed.

McCormick looks at him, dumbfounded.

McCORMICK

Why?

HARDCASTLE

Huh? What d'ya mean?

McCORMICK

Why? Why are you doing this to me? Are you crazy?

Hardcastle looks at him with a twinkle in his eye.

HARDCASTLE

Crazy? Yeah, maybe.

(a beat)

Hey, Skid, you don't suppose it's them peanuts, do ya? *

Hardcastle grabs the ball and does a hook shot. It goes in.

HARDCASTLE

Two.

He looks at McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

What's your pulse rate?

McCORMICK

Huh?

HARDCASTLE

I'm sixty-six, resting pulse rate is sixty-four. Damn pulse is lower than my age. It's the basketball that does it.

McCORMICK

My bedroom is right behind the backboard. I can't sleep with you out here shooting baskets!

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED - 2

107

HARDCASTLE
I'll file that under "Who gives a damn".

The Judge takes the ball and does another jumper. The ball goes through and McCormick darts out and grabs it.

HARDCASTLE
Gimme my ball, McCormick

MCCORMICK
No!

108 ANGLE - HARDCASTLE

108

He moves on McCormick, reaches for the ball, and McCormick pivots, giving the old Judge a good hip block. The Judge moves around the block and grabs for the ball, taking it away and swishes one over McCormick with a sky hook that swishes in.

HARDCASTLE
Two.

109 ANGLE - MCCORMICK

109

He looks at this wiry old bastard.

MCCORMICK
Okay, you want a lesson? I'll give ya a lesson.

He grabs the ball and takes it out under the basket, and now it starts, basketball, street style. Lots of elbows, lots of charging. First Hardcastle sprawls McCormick, then McCormick sprawls Hardcastle.

110 ANGLE - MCCORMICK

110

He has the ball. He pivots right, then spins back and gives the old Judge an elbow in the rib, going past him and hitting a layup.

HARDCASTLE
Tough guy, huh?

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

McCORMICK

Two years for stealin' a car I
paid for myself....

The Judge takes the ball from out of bounds, moves in. He feints right, McCormick goes for the feint and the Judge gives him a forearm to the body, charges around him and lays it in.

HARDCASTLE

Stealin' cars in Georgia, Florida,
Alabama....

McCormick takes the ball from out of bounds, makes a run at the Judge who holds his ground. They collide just as McCormick fires the basketball. Then both sit down hard, look up at the basket as the ball rolls around the rim and then falls in.

McCORMICK

Not theft. If you're working for
a finance company, it's called
repossessing cars.

They get up, Hardcastle picks up the ball and the game starts again. They continue to really give it to one another, grunting insults as the game progresses.

111 SERIES OF SHOTS

111

as the game continues and they both begin to tire. McCormick jump shoots:

McCORMICK

Two.

Judge lays up:

HARDCASTLE

Six.

112 McCORMICK AND HARDCASTLE

112

Both of them grab the ball, trading forearm shivers. McCormick comes away with it, hooks it as the Judge gives him a shoulder in the gut. The basketball goes in.

McCORMICK

Eight.

Play this for as long as it holds and then:

113 CLOSE SHOT - THE BASKET

113

as the ball goes through with a swish and we WIDEN to find both men bending over with their hands on their knees. There is a light trickle of blood coming out of the Judge's nose, and a little blood in the corner of McCormick's mouth. They are both heaving for breath.

MCCORMICK

How's the old pulse rate now, big shot?

HARDCASTLE

Twenty bucks says it's lower than yours.

MCCORMICK

You're on.

They both take off their watches and grab their wrists, counting.

114 CLOSE SHOT - WATCH

114

the second hand ticking.

115 TWO SHOT - MCCORMICK AND HARDCASTLE

115

counting their pulses.

MCCORMICK

(to himself)

...nine, ten, eleven...

HARDCASTLE

(to himself)

...thirteen, fourteen, fifteen...

After a beat:

HARDCASTLE

(looks up)

That's fifteen seconds, multiply by four.

They both do their arithmetic in their heads.

HARDCASTLE

Whatta you got?

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

McCORMICK
One twenty-six.

Hardcastle looks at him for a long beat.

HARDCASTLE
(surprised)
No kidding?

McCORMICK
You?

HARDCASTLE
One twenty-eight.

The Judge takes out his wallet and gives McCormick the twenty. McCormick shakes his head, picks up the ball and pegs it at the Judge, who catches it.

McCORMICK
I'll se ya in the morning,
Hardcastle.

There is a beat as the Judge watches him go.

HARDCASTLE
Hey, McCormick...

McCormick turns and looks at the old Judge.

HARDCASTLE
(a smile)
You're a pretty good basketball
player.

McCormick looks at him the first signs of respect dawning on his face.

McCORMICK
We can file that under "Who gives
a damn".

And McCormick moves around the side of the house and we:

CUT TO:

116 INT. GATE HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT - ON McCORMICK

116

sound asleep.

117 EXT. GATE HOUSE - NIGHT

117

It is very late, or early morning as we see three men in stocking masks moving quietly in the shadows along the side of the house and up to the front door.

118 CLOSE SHOT - TWO MEN

118

We'll call them MIKE and DAVE, although neither of them will be visible behind the masks. One of them takes out a lock pick and works on the door. After several beats, he gets the door open and the three of them (two of them holding pistols) move into the house.

119 INT. BEDROOM - ON MCCORMICK

119

McCormick is sound asleep as a gun comes INTO FRAME and is pressed into his ribs. McCormick sits up into a right cross. Two of the men hold him down as a third grabs one of his socks off the floor and jams it into his mouth.

DAVE

You're comin' with us, Ace.

McCormick tries to say something, but all he can manage with the sock in his mouth is some GRUNTS.

DAVE

(to Bill)

Let's go. You got an appointment about a stolen car.

With the gun still on him, they pull him out of bed and, with one man on each arm, they walk him to the stairs.

120 ANGLE - STAIRS

120

As they are about to lead him down the stairs, they shift their grip slightly and he yanks his arms away and dives over the bannister onto the living room sofa below.

121 CLOSE SHOT - SOFA

121

as he lands, all four French provincial legs snap and the sofa hits the carpet with a THUD. He rolls off and sprints to the place behind the curtain where Sara pointed out the

CONTINUED

- 121 CONTINUED 121
alarm. He presses the button as two SHOTS ring out and a crystal sculpture shatters. Right about now we HEAR a ten inch alarm BELL RING.
- 122 ANGLE - McCORMICK AND THE THREE MEN 122
McCormick picks up a Steuben glass ashtray weighing about twenty pounds and chucks it at one of the men. The man ducks, and it hits the priceless Wyeth, punching a hole in the canvas. The painting, however, miraculously remains hanging.
- 123 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIGHT 123
McCormick dives under a low boy as Bill triggers off FOUR SHOTS, blowing holes in the priceless antiques.
- 124 ANOTHER ANGLE - McCORMICK 124
He grabs a huge glass inkwell and throws it hard at one of the men, hitting him high in the forehead. The man falls down and scampers behind the sofa, MOANING and holding his head.
- 125 ANGLE - FRONT DOOR 125
It is kicked open and the heroic figure of Judge Milton C. Hardcastle steps through, dressed in T-shirt and boxer underwear, with his .45 in its shoulder holster and a huge deer rifle in his hands. He swings the rifle in the direction of Dave, and FIRES as Dave makes a dive for cover.
- 126 ANGLE - THE WYETH 126
It takes the hollow point about two inches from the hole already put there, courtesy of McCormick.
- 127 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE THREE MEN 127
They make a run at the Judge, hitting him about waist high. He falls backwards as McCormick jumps up, pulls one of the men off the Judge and swings on him. The fight rages, three against two.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

127

McCORMICK

On your right!

The Judge ducks as Bill swings a fire poker, imbedding it in another priceless painting.

128 ANGLE - McCORMICK

128

He takes a solid right to the eye and goes down. The Judge gets cracked on the back of the head and goes down. The alarm is still clanging.

DAVE

Let's get outta here.

The three men run out of the gate house as McCormick and the Judge struggle to their feet. They HEAR a car starting on the street in front.

HARDCASTLE

Come on, let's go.

He rushes out of the house in pursuit of the three men. McCormick is a few paces behind.

129 ANGLE - THE DRIVEWAY

129

where the basketball game took place. We HEAR a high-powered car roar away from the curb on the street.

McCormick

They're gone.

The Judge reaches into the shrubbery on the side of the gate house where there is a button. He presses it, and the garage doors under the basket open. Parked there, in all its splendor, is a showroom perfect, '63 Corvette with the big V-8 engine. The license plate says:

"THE JUDGE"

McCormick looks at the Vette and runs to the driver's side.

McCORMICK

Gimme the keys!

The Judge gets the keys off a rack and moves to the driver's side.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

HARDCASTLE

Nobody drives this but me, kiddo.

McCORMICK

I'm the racecar driver. You wanna catch these guys or not?

The Judge throws him the deer rifle, McCormick catches it.

HARDCASTLE

I'm driving. Get in.

The Judge jumps behind the wheel of the beautiful little Vette and gets it going as McCormick leaps over the door into the passenger seat with the rifle.

130 CLOSE SHOT - REAR TIRE

130

It streaks rubber as the Vette fishtails out of the garage, makes the turn and hits the wrought iron gates, exploding them outwards.

131 EXT. THE STREET

131

McCORMICK

Right. They went right.

The Judge turns right and the Vette smokes rubber up the street.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. BLACK TRANS-AM

132

as it hauls ass up the street.

133 INT. TRANS-AM

133

Dave, Bill and Mike are whipping off their masks.

DAVE

Turn right. They're after us.

134 EXT. TRANS-AM RUNBY - DAY

134

as it SQUEALS around a corner and heads off up another street.

135 ANGLE - RED VETTE - DAY

135

It smokes sideways around a corner, fishtails and takes off.

136 INT. VETTE

136

McCormick is really terrified.

MCCORMICK

Judge, you're blowin' it.
Down-shift on those corners, will
ya?

HARDCASTLE

I see 'em. I see 'em.

He hits another corner, goes up on the curb, hits a shrubbery, clipping it off, flies the car off the curb and back onto the street.

MCCORMICK

You're gonna kill us!

137 ANGLE - TRANS-AM

137

It ROARS past a parked police car.

138 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

138

Two cops, ED and LEW, are in the front seat and sit up as they spot the speeding Trans-Am.

ED

Wonder what the hell's his hurry.

And right then, the Vette comes around the same corner, sideways. We HEAR McCormick letting out a terrified yell, mixed in with the sound of tortured rubber, and the Vette fishtails past the squad car, the rear bumper hitting the front of the squad car as it goes.

139 ANGLE - SQUAD CAR

139

It roars away from the curb after the fleeing Corvette.

- 140 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CHASE 140
as the Trans-Am, with the Vette right on its tail, jumps the road and goes into a field. The cars do figure-eights in the field. The squad car leaps the curb and plows into the field after them.
- 141 ANGLE - THE JUDGE 141
He is yelling at the top of his lungs:
HARDCASTLE
Now! Go for the tires!
- 142 ANGLE - MCCORMICK 142
He pulls down on the Trans-Am with the deer rifle and FIRES.
- 143 CLOSE SHOT - TRANS-AM TIRE 143
It EXPLODES and the Trans-Am slews to a stop.
- 144 ANGLE - CORVETTE 144
It roars up and McCormick jumps out, pulling down on the three men with the deer rifle. The Judge leaps over the door, yanks out his .45, and pulls down on them from the other side.
- 145 ANGLE - SQUAD CAR 145
It squeals in and the two cops jump out. Ed, the driver, looks at Lew.
ED
It's old Hardcase Hardcastle...
out at the crack 'a dawn
chasin' bad guys in his underwear! *
- Lew snatches up the mike.
- 146 ANGLE - TRANS-AM 146
HARDCASTLE
Okay, boys, get on outta there
real easy.

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED

146

They get out of the car.

HARDCASTLE

Hands on top of yer heads.

They comply as Ed and Lew approach with guns drawn.

ED

'Morning, Judge. Whatta we got?

HARDCASTLE

Glad you dropped by, boys. These guys pulled a B and E at my house ...also assault with the intent to commit murder, and attempted kidnapping.

Lew and the other cop move over and start cuffing them.

ED

(from memory)

You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent....

HARDCASTLE

Hold it. Wait a damn minute, here. Read it from the card. Don't recite it.

The cops look at him.

HARDCASTLE

You got your Miranda printed on a card, don't ya?

ED

Uh...we..., I did. Uh...
(to other cop)

Lew, you got your Miranda card?

Lew looks at him.

LEW

Gee...uh...no, Ed. Left it in my locker.

HARDCASTLE

Don't you know this bust could get thrown out if y'don't read that

(MORE)

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (Cont'd)
thing from the card? Got
precedents from here to East
Hawthorne an' back on that one.

ED
Sorry...it was in my uniform. My
wife sent it out to be drycleaned
and I....

Hardcastle reaches into his T-shirt pocket, pulls out his
wallet, whips it open and pulls out a card.

HARDCASTLE
Here. Use mine.

The cop looks at it, surprised.

ED
Why, thank you, Judge.
(reading)
You are under arrest. You have the
right to remain silent. Anything
you say can and will be used
against you in a court of law. You
have the right to an attorney. If
you can't afford one, one will be
provided for you. Do you understand
these rights as I have read them to
you?

Nothing from the guys. Judge Hardcastle pokes Dave in the back
with the .45.

DAVE
Yeah. Yeah. Okay, yes.

HARDCASTLE
Take 'em in. Question 'em, and
have Sergeant Miller call me at
home with whatever you get.

The cops move away with their prisoners. McCormick and
Hardcastle are still breathing hard.

HARDCASTLE
Gimme a shot at my twenty. Double
or nothin'.

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED - 3 146

McCormick smiles.

McCORMICK

Sure.

They both grab their pulse points and start counting under their breath.

147 ANGLE - SQUAD CAR 147

Ed and Lew put the three handcuffed guys in the back.

ED

Crazy buzzard carried the
Miranda in his underwear. I
don't believe it.

*

148 ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK 148

HARDCASTLE

Whatta you got?

McCORMICK

Ninety-two.

HARDCASTLE

(grins)

Ha...beat ya. Eighty-eight.

Play the moment and:

CUT TO

149 OMITTED 149

149A EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY 149A

Cody's limo drives down the street and parks in the shadows. A beat, then Joey Morgan's sedan flashes his light. The limo returns the flash and Morgan climbs into the rear of Cody's limo.

150 OMITTED 150

150A INT. LIMO - DAY

150

Joey Morgan sits in the rear across from Cody.

MORGAN

I just talked to our man on the inside. Those two goons blew it.

Cody flares in speechless anger.

MORGAN

Don't worry, Mister Cody. I hired'm outta Detroit. They can't connect us.

CODY

This thing's gettin' so sloppy we're gonna have to serve it with a spoon....It was your end of the reel, Morgan.

MORGAN

I'll straighten it out.

CODY

Anything on Johnson's daughter? When I saw her at the funeral, she was a little spooky.

MORGAN

Two guys have been coverin' her place, but she hasn't showed.

CODY

If I don't have the Coyote in Vegas by tomorrow, my investors are gonna walk. Get it...I don't care how....Just get it.

151 INT. GATE HOUSE - DAY

151

We are CLOSE ON THE Picasso with the two holes in it. PULL BACK to find the Judge on the phone. He hangs up.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

SARA

This was Mrs. Hardcastle's favorite painting.

Hardcastle moves to where McCormick is sitting.

HARDCASTLE

That one? Naw. I don't think she liked that one. It's just a guy in satin tights.

SARA

Look't this place. This ex-con is in here one night, and it's destroyed.

The Judge looks at McCormick for a long beat.

HARDCASTLE

That call was from the precinct. Those two guys were just hired gunsels. They don't know who hired them. Their instructions were to take you to the docks and leave you in the trunk of a car.

(a beat)

It all checked out on the polygraph. They were telling the truth. Dead end.

The Judge sits down and puts his feet up on the coffee table.

McCORMICK

Sara....

SARA

What?

McCORMICK

How come it's okay for old Hardcastle here to put his feet up on the table, but when I do it, you break my ankle?

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED - 2

15

Sara looks at the Judge disapprovingly.

HARDCASTLE

(to Sara)

'Cause it's my table.

She moves over and slaps his foot off. McCormick smiles.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, Martin Cody... he wants his little race car back. You stole it, so he hires three goons t'come over here and kidnap you. What's that tell you?

MCCORMICK

It tells me that he's getting a little desperate.

Hardcastle looks at him and nods.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. And he wants that car in the worst way.... enough to commit a kidnapping and an assault to get it. That brings us back to you. Where is the Cody Coyote?

MCCORMICK

Hey, Judge, I already told you I'm not making restitution. What's done is done.

HARDCASTLE

Sure, but look at it this way, Skid... that car is nice bait. If Cody is desperate enough to do what he did last night, maybe we can be there when he steps over the line again, only this time we're ready, and we bust 'im.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Trouble is, I give you the car... you take it away from me, 'cause you're a Judge, and it's stolen property, and you'd have to keep it.

There is a beat. The Judge is on his feet now, pacing.

HARDCASTLE

Of course, I could book the car as evidence. That way, we could use it.

MCCORMICK

Evidence? Are you nuts?

HARDCASTLE

Hey, its a material exhibit in a pending case... yours. And if we can bust Cody and prove that he stole it from Flip, then it could get returned to Flip's estate.

There is a long beat.

MCCORMICK

Is that legal?

HARDCASTLE

(to Sara)

All of a sudden this crook is worrying about legalities.

He sits down and puts his feet on the table. McCormick does the same.

MCCORMICK

Okay. Okay. I'll do it.

SARA

Both a'ya git your feet offa Mrs. Harecastle's butler table!

McCormick picks up a telephone.

CUT TO

151A EXT. HARDCASTLE'S MANSION - DAY

151A

Barbara wheels the Coyote on a trailer behind the pickup truck. McCormick and Hardcastle approach and start to take the car cover off the Coyote.

HARDCASTLE

(sees it for
the first time)

Is that a street monster, or what?

Barbara comes around the pickup truck.

MCCORMICK

Barbara, howya doing?

BARBARA

What's going on, Mark? *

MCCORMICK

Made a wrong turn and ran into
Judge Milton C. Hardcastle. *

The Judge puts out his hand.

BARBARA

Hardcastle? Hardcase Hardcastle?
(beat)

The Judge who sent you to prison
for a crime you didn't commit?
Smart. *

HARDCASTLE

The very same, Miss Johnson.
However, he did commit the crime.
The Porsche was registered to
Melinda Marshall. Fact that they
were cohabitating is irrelevant.
Fact that he signed it over to her
simply implies stupidity.

MCCORMICK

Isn't he great?

CONTINUED

151A CONTINUED

151A

Judge Hardcastle bows elegantly and Barbara smiles. We may not know it now, but she takes an instant liking to Judge Hardcastle. She offers her hand and he shakes it.

BARBARA

I'm not so sure, yet.

HARDCASTLE

I understand you think this Cody fella is maybe responsible for killing your father.

Barbara looks at McCormick.

MCCORMICK

The Judge and I made a kinda unique arrangement. He lets me find out if Cody killed your Dad, and I work for him on a kinda slave labor program for the rest of my life.

BARBARA

What...?

HARDCASTLE

We don't have a lot of time. I understand Cody's in Vegas. If we're gonna catch him, we oughta go there. We're gonna need t'borrow the car.

BARBARA

I want to go.

HARDCASTLE

Pretty girl is always a pleasure to accomodate. But we're gonna use my pickup to tow the Coyote.

MCCORMICK

Why? That thing's a piece'a iron.

HARDCASTLE

That piece'a iron has a police sticker on the bumper and a government plate. It might come in handy if some Highway patrol officer starts wondering whether to pull it over.

CONTINUED

He smiles.

MCCORMICK

Guy's got an answer for everything.

HARDCASTLE

Now you're cookin'.

BARBARA

How are we gonna prove anything against Cody. We don't have a shred of evidence.

There is a beat as the Judge scratches his head.

HARDCASTLE

Seems t'me this guy, Vetromile might be the first stop for us. He lied t'you about driving that car. A dumb lie, since Barbara here knew better. Dumb people make easy mistakes. Maybe we can jam 'im up.

MCCORMICK

(a beat)

Ahh... we... you, ahh, were you thinking about coming... I mean, thanks for letting us borrow your truck. But--

HARDCASTLE

Wouldn't miss it, sonny.

MCCORMICK

Well, don't you have a court calendar... cases an' stuff? I mean, an important guy like you can't just be running around, y'know. You got important work. Hunt 'em, hear 'em an' hang 'em. Right?

CONTINUED

151A CONTINUED - 2

151A

HARDCASTLE

You were my last criminal. I continued your case, pending disposition of your initial parole hearing on Friday, at five. So that leaves me officially retired and free as the wind t'tag along on this one.

McCORMICK

Ahhh, Judge... Look, I don't think.... I mean, look... well, let's be honest...

HARDCASTLE

Forget honesty. Let's be legal. You're a criminal. Two-time loser, with a third case hangin' fire. You leave the state, you're gonna be in violation of my judicial stay an' you'll be back in the county cooker before lunch.

He grins at McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

However, as the judge hearing the case, I could arrange it with your probation officer to take personal responsibility and guarantee your presence at that office on Friday if I so choose, which I might, if you don't give me too much trouble with this Vegas deal.

(a beat)

Pick your poison, Ace.

McCormick looks at him for a beat.

McCORMICK

Does anyone like you, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

I hope not.

BARBARA

(a beat)

I do. I think he's cute.

152 &
153

OMITTED

152
153

CUT TO

157A EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

157

Hardcastle's pickup pulls off to the side of the road and Hardcastle and McCormick get out and change places.

HARDCASTLE

You wanna drive, fine. But get it under the double nickel, McCormick.

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Hardcastle, we got a police sticker on the bumper of this iron.

HARDCASTLE

Speed limit, kiddo.

McCormick and Hardcastle jump into the pickup and it squeals off.

DISSOLVE TO

157B EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

157

The pickup speeds across the flatlands and flashes past a sign that reads: NEVADA STATE LINE.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

Slow down, McCormick.

MCCORMICK

Relax, Judge. I'm with a judicial celebrity here.

And on that, a state trooper wheels out after the pickup.

CUT TO

157C EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

157

McCormick is handcuffed and leaning over the hood of the patrol car with his legs spread. Hardcastle stands talking to one of the PATROLMEN.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

A'course I know he's a criminal.
I told ya, I'm a judge, I know
things like that. But believe
me, he's not escaping justice.
The kid's in my judicial stay...
I kinda paroled him in my custody
for a while.

MCCORMICK

Indefinitely, Judge. You placed
me into your custody indefinitely...
Something that's probably not too
legal if you cops want to check it
out.

HARDCASTLE

We'll worry about legal, McCormick.

A trooper named BELKIN comes out of his patrol car.

BELKIN

It's Judge Hardcastle all right.

Belkin hands Hardcastle back his license, registration, etc.

BELKIN

I'm very sorry, Your Honor.
We didn't know.

MCCORMICK

Don't apologize to me, fellas.

Hardcastle shoots a look to McCormick and shakes his head.

HARDCASTLE

Don't worry about it, Belkin.
It's good to see you guys out
doing the job. Lord knows it
needs getting done.

Belkin uncuffs McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Didn't you guys forget something?

MCCORMICK

If they don't want to apologize
to me, Hardcastle, don't try'n
make'em.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

You popped McCormick for speedin',
right? Don't think you can't write'em
up on my account.

Belkin hands McCormick the speeding ticket.

MCCORMICK

(re: Hardcastle)
Whatta guy.

HARDCASTLE

Now you're cookin'.

CUT TO

158 EXT. VEGAS MAIN DRAG - NIGHT 158

as the truck pulls along through the neon-lit splendor of Las Vegas.

159 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT 159

BARBARA

We were up here last June for a meeting with some potential investors. Cody has a house out by the lake. Rick Vetromile has a small farm here. He loves to gamble at the Sahara. He's a real dice player. *

HARDCASTLE

I been thinkin' and I may have a way to snare 'im. Look for a drugstore. I need t'buy a camera.

CUT TO

160 INT. SAHARA CASINO - NIGHT - RICK VETROMILE 160

He is shooting at one of the crap tables as a bellhop approaches him and talks to him for a beat. Vetromile nods and turns away from the table and exits the casino.

161 EXT. TROPICANA PARKING LOT - NIGHT 161

Vetromile is alone as he walks through the parking lot to his car. He looks at the headlights which are off. He appears to be confused for a moment, then we HEAR the roar of a car engine and, from around the corner, into the parking area comes the Cody Coyote.

162 ANGLE - VETROMILE 162

He turns, sees the car and his jaw drops open.

163 ANGLE - COYOTE 163

as its front wheel pulls up and parks on a yellow chalk mark in the parking lot.

164 INTERCUT - INT. HARDCASTLE'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT 164

Hardcastle is focusing a Polaroid. Barbara sits in the truck next to him. This truck is parked two rows away.

HARDCASTLE
That's it, Skid. Hit your mark.

165 HARDCASTLE'S POV - CAMERA MATTE 165

as the lens focuses on the Coyote. In the b.g. a large sign reads:

THE TROPICANA PRESENTS FRANK SINATRA
January 15, 16 & 17

As Hardcastle fires off a shot and the motor drive WHIRS, we:

166 RESUME - COYOTE 166

McCormick climbs out.

MCCORMICK
How you doin', Rabbit?

Vetromile looks at the Coyote and then back to McCormick, almost speechless.

VETROMILE
Do you have any idea how many guys are looking for that car, Skid?

McCormick
(smiles)
I'll bet a lot.

VETROMILE
Cody's all set up to show it off at Caesar's Palace tomorrow, and all he's got is a crumby slide show. *

CONTINUED

- 166 CONTINUED 166
- McCORMICK
He's in a pretty tough spot, not
to mention a little angry.
- 167 INTERCUT - HARDCASTLE 167
- Trying to focus the camera.
- HARDCASTLE
C'mon, kid. Get out of the shot,
dummy.
- 168 HARDCASTLE'S POV - CAMERA MATTE 168
- McCormick starts pacing away from the car.
- 169 RESUME WIDE SHOT - THE COYOTE 169
- McCormick is trying to find another chalk mark on the
ground as inconspicuously as possible.
- VETROMILE
You got a lot of guts, Skid.
Martin Cody's not someone you
want to play around with.
- McCORMICK
I don't know if it's guts or
just plain stupid.
- 170 HARDCASTLE'S POV - CAMERA MATTE 170
- HARDCASTLE'S VOICE
Keep goin', stupid.
- 171 RESUME WIDE SHOT - THE COYOTE 171
- McCormick walks to the tail end of the Coyote and finally
crosses another chalk mark.

172 HARDCASTLE'S POV - CAMERA MATTE 172

Vetromile is standing alone next to the Coyote. In the b.g., we can clearly read the sign:

THE SAHARA PRESENTS FRANK SINATRA
January 15, 16 & 17 *

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

Cheese.

We FREEZE this for a beat as the motordrive WHIRS.

173 RESUME WIDE SHOT - COYOTE 173

Vetromile continues to eyeball it.

MCCORMICK

Look, Rabbit, I might have an idea that may help Cody out of the tough spot he's in... and that's why I wanted t'see you. I need your help.

VETROMILE

Forget it, Skid. I'm not touching anything that's got to do with Cody. The guy stuck me, man. I was gonna drive the Coyote on the circuit, right? But Cody's backed out of it now. *

MCCORMICK

Maybe if you have some leverage you can change his mind.

VETROMILE

What do you mean?

MCCORMICK

I mean, if you can get the Coyote back for Cody, you might be able to negotiate your way back into the driver's seat.

They look at each other for a beat.

CONTINUED

173 CONTINUED

173

McCORMICK

Look, my rippin' off the Coyote was a bad idea. I've got my third federal bust hanging over my head. Cody's already had a couple of goons drop on me... and all I've got is a stolen car that everyone in the world's looking for. I'm hot. And I want to sell it back to him.

VETROMILE

It's your neck. But I don't think you're going to get within a mile of Cody.

McCORMICK

That's where you came in. You go back to Cody and tell him I want to make a deal. Tell him that if he gives me the same arrangement Flip Johnson had with the Coyote, I'll give it back to him.

VETROMILE

Then what?

McCORMICK

Then I'm long gone. Out of the country or something. And you get to be a hero with Cody. Tell him you won't arrange the deal if you can't race the car. Simple, huh?

VETROMILE

I don't know.

McCormick climbs back into the Coyote.

McCORMICK

Think it over... I'll be in touch.

McCormick drives off and CAMERA WIPES past Hardcastle's pickup truck. Vetromile watches the Coyote for a beat. He turns and walks off.

174 EXT. LAS VEGAS STREET - NIGHT

174

The Coyote is towed by Hardcastle's pickup truck over to the side of the road.

175 INT. PICKUP TRUCK

175

Hardcastle nods to the camera. McCormick and Barbara ride.

HARDCASTLE

The photographs better work, kid. Because if Vetromile doesn't turn state's evidence, you just blew whatever case we had on him with an entrapment beef.

McCormick's getting pissed.

MCCORMICK

You know, you kill me. You've got rules up the kazoo...But who goes out and does the dirty work? Me.

HARDCASTLE

Now you're cookin'!

MCCORMICK

And I'm getting a little tired of you pulling the stakes out of my tent.

BARBARA

Will you two guys cut it out? What's our next move?

HARDCASTLE

We stash the Coyote at Vetromile's place.

MCCORMICK

You see what I mean?! Now, I know that's illegal.

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED

175

HARDCASTLE

It's not illegal 'cause Vetromile isn't gonna be a defendant. Vetromile's gonna be a witness and turn state's evidence. You see how this is comin' together?

(smiles)

You know where Vetromile lives, right, B.J.?

BARBARA

Yeah, it's just outside of town. We can be there in five minutes.

HARDCASTLE

Great. Then McCormick, here, is going to pick up a rental car and have a chat with Mister Cody.

Hardcastle hands McCormick the photographs.

HARDCASTLE

Now, these are the only cards we have. Don't play 'em until you need 'em.

McCormick looks at the photographs.

MCCORMICK

You know, the framing in these is terrible. Too much head room, out of balance, over-exposed...

HARDCASTLE

You're starting to grind my gears, McCormick.

MCCORMICK

If you can't find 'em, grind 'em.

176 EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - ESTABLISHING - DAY

176

That giant structure built with the illicit loans from the Teamster's Funds.

177 INT. CONVENTION CENTER

177

The place is a madhouse of activity. Workers scurry about hanging streamers and balloons, making ready for the Coyote's debut to the auto world. Groups of Oriental and European investors mingle about eating off of hors d'oeuvre trays. On the wall, a gigantic banner reads:

CODY AUTOMOTIVE PRESENTS
"THE CODY COYOTE"

In front of this sign an empty pedestal spins. Various high tech sports cars dot the convention center.

178 ANGLE - A DOOR

178

It opens and Martin Cody walks out like a man with a mission. Rick Vetromile is right on his heels. They enter a conference room. Cody speaks with a quiet authority, checking over his shoulder for privacy.

179 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

179

CODY

If McCormick wants Flip Johnson's deal, give it to him. I've got people coming in from all over, and all I've got to show them is a lousy slide show. I need the car. *

VETROMILE

You'll get the Coyote, but you gotta guarantee me I get to race it. And I want signed all the legal stuff this time. That's my deal. *

CODY

Get it back and I'll give you what you want. *

179 CONTINUED

179

MCCORMICK
What about McCormick?

CODY
If you want the ride bad enough,
kill him. That's my deal.

CUT TO

180
&
181 OMITTED

180
&
181

182 EXT. MARTIN CODY'S ESTATE - DAY

182

An oasis of green lawns and palm trees surround this lush estate somewhere out in the desert just north of Las Vegas. Martin Cody climbs into a cream-colored Mercedes 450-SL and drives down the long, winding drive-way.

183 ANGLE - FROM GATE - DAY

183

A blue rental sedan sits off to one side of the road and waits beneath the shade of some palm trees.

184 INT. BLUE SEDAN - DAY

184

McCormick waits at the wheel. He checks his watch and looks up to see:

185 ANGLE - CODY'S MERCEDES

185

as it turns out of the driveway. McCormick STARTS UP his sedan and wheels out after the Mercedes.

186 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 186

as the blue sedan bashes into the rear of the Mercedes.

187 INT. MERCEDES - CODY 187

reacting to the sedan that is BANGING on his back door.
He hits the gas.

188 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 188

The blue sedan and the Mercedes race along, side by side,
scraping paint and banging door handles.

189 INT. BLUE SEDAN 189

McCormick cranks the wheel, t-bones the Mercedes, pushing
it off the road and into the desert.

190 ANGLE - DESERT 190

as these two cars crash through the underbrush and careen
to a stop. McCormick is out of his sedan in a flash and
he leaps to Cody's Mercedes. He reaches in, takes the
keys out of the ignition, then opens the door and motions
Cody out.

CODY

You're a very impulsive guy, Mr.
McCormick.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, that's what I keep hearing.

They look at one another.

CODY

Okay, I suppose you have some-
thing on your mind.

MCCORMICK

That's right. I wanna make a
deal with you.

CONTINUED

190

CONTINUED

190

Cody snaps out a business card from his side pocket and hands it to McCormick.

CODY

Call me at the office on Monday.

MCCORMICK

This won't wait 'til Monday. I think Rick Vetromile is double-crossing us both.

Cody looks at him with no expression on his face.

CODY

I don't have a clue what you're talking about.

MCCORMICK

Rick and I stole the Coyote together. How do you think I jumped the security at your Tustin plant? I wasn't just lucky. Rick gave me the layout.

CODY

(a skeptic)

He did, huh? Why would he do that?

MCCORMICK

Because you promised him he could drive it on the circuit, and then crossed 'im up. He's not very smart, and he got angry. Dumb and angry tends to be a fatal combination.

CODY

I'll note that down.

MCCORMICK

I agreed to get in the act because I think you ripped off Flip Johnson. I didn't count on those cops fingering me. If I get prosecuted for stealing the Coyote, I go to the pen for a long, long time.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED - 2

190

CODY

This all sounds like fiction to me.

McCORMICK

Look, Cody. The deal was this. Vetromile and I stole the Coyote so we could sell it back to you.

(beat)

But I got a feeling he's double'n back on me. Tryin' to force me out by telling you I want the same deal as Flip....It's a lie.

There is a beat as Cody looks at him, beginning to show some interest.

CODY

I think you're playing games with me. You don't have any proof Rick was involved in that theft. This whole thing could be some kinda scam.

McCORMICK

If I could prove Rick was involved... what then?

CODY

You can't.

And then McCormick pulls the photos out of his pocket and hands them over to Cody.

191 INSERT: PHOTOS

191

Vetromile leaning on the hood of the car... the Sinatra dates behind him.

192 RESUME CODY AND McCORMICK

192

McCORMICK

There he is... alone with the Coyote. That Sinatra sign went up yesterday. If I'm lyin', how do you explain this photograph?

There is a long beat. Cody looks at him, anger beginning to show on his face.

CODY

Where's the car?

McCORMICK

Do we have a deal, Mr. Cody? A hundred grand and you drop the case against me.

CODY

You take me to the car and we have a deal.

There is a long beat. McCormick looks at him and smiles.

McCORMICK

Pick me up in front of the Sahara in an hour.

He leaves Cody standing there and moves back to the rental, pulls out as the warm desert wind blows Martin Cody's two-hundred dollar haircut. He reaches for his car phone and we:

CUT TO

193 thru 195	OMITTED	193 thru 195
196	EXT. SAHARA HOTEL - DAY McCormick waits out in front.	196
197	ANGLE - JOEY MORGAN - MUSTANG as it wheels around a corner, followed by two more stunt team Mustangs.	197
198	INT. MORGAN'S MUSTANG - DAY Morgan grabs up a mike from a two-way radio.	198
199	HIS POV - McCORMICK standing in front of the Sahara, checking his watch.	199

200 INT. MUSTANG - ON MORGAN

200

as he glances in his rear-view mirror and waves to the two other Mustangs.

MORGAN

That's him. I'll pick 'im up and you guys stay out of sight until I need you.

Morgan wheels out of the Tropicana's drive and:

201 CLOSE - McCORMICK

201

as Morgan's Mustang boils up. Morgan gets out of the car.

MORGAN

Mark McCormick?

McCormick turns to Morgan and eyes him closely.

McCORMICK

Yeah.

MORGAN

Mr. Cody told me to swing by and pick you up. From what I understand, you've got something to show us.

McCORMICK

Where's Cody?

MORGAN

Mr. Cody doesn't handle this end of the bat.

Morgan slips a 357 magnum out of his pocket and sticks it in McCormick's ribs.

McCORMICK

I thought Cody was supposed t'have some style.

MORGAN

We're all out of style today.

CONTINUED

- 201 CONTINUED 201
- Morgan pushes McCormick into the Mustang, covers him with the pistol and gets in on the other side. Morgan pulls out and drives off down the street. The other two Mustangs pull in and tail back in the traffic: following out of sight.
- 202 REVERSE ANGLE - HARDCASTLE'S PICKUP TRUCK - DAY 202
- Hardcastle is at the wheel and watching all of this. Barbara sits in the seat next to him.
- BARBARA
That wasn't Martin Cody, Milt.
- HARDCASTLE
Yeah, I know. Guys like him don't like t'get their hands dirty.
- Hardcastle starts up his pickup and pulls out.
- 203 EXT. HIGHWAY 203
- Morgan's Mustang streaks by. A beat, then the other two Mustangs pass and we see Hardcastle's pickup truck motoring after them down the highway.
- 204 EXT. VETROMILE'S HOUSE - DAY 204
- A small ranch job out in the desert. Morgan's Mustang pulls in.
- 205 INT. VETROMILE'S HOUSE - DAY 205
- Vetromile comes out from the kitchen with a beer in his hand. The doorbell is RINGING.
- VETROMILE
I'm comin'. I'm comin'...
- He goes to the shade and looks out. Morgan's banging on the door. Vetromile opens it.

CONTINUED

205. CONTINUED

205

VETROMILE

Hey, Joey... What's going on?

Morgan pulls his gun and pushes McCormick through the door.

MORGAN

It's over. *

VETROMILE

What's over?

McCORMICK

He knows about it, Rick.

VETROMILE

About what? What're you guys talking about?

McCORMICK

I told Cody you and I ripped off the Coyote. I had to, man, 'cause you sold me out.

VETROMILE

What?

(to Morgan)

That's not true, Joey.

MORGAN

C'mon, where's the car? I'm gettin' tired of this. *

VETROMILE

I don't have it.

McCORMICK

Out on the far side of the property.

MORGAN

(waves his gun)

Let's go.

206 EXT. BACKYARD - VETROMILE'S HOUSE - DAY 206

A pile of junkers lay around. The other two Mustangs pull in.

MORGAN

Where is it?

VETROMILE

It's not here, Joey.

(to McCormick)

I don't know what you're trying t'do to me.

MORGAN

I said where is it?

Morgan presses the gun into Vetromile's ribs.

207 CLOSE ON VETROMILE'S FACE 207

as McCormick leads them to a field of junk cars.

208 ANGLE - COYOTE 208

sitting majestically in this junkyard.

209 WIDER ANGLE 209

Vetromile is freaking. Two men get out of the Mustangs and walk toward them. Their names are DENNY and BOB, and they both look like they've pushed a little iron.

VETROMILE

You gotta believe me, Joey. I don't know how this got here. I never tried to screw you guys. You gotta believe.

MORGAN

(ignoring Vetromile,
to Denny)

You and me are going to take Vetromile out to the desert with this creep and drop 'em both in a gopher hole.

CONTINUED

209 CONTINUED

209

McCORMICK

Hey, that ain't the deal.

210 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - INTERCUT

210

Hardcastle snatches up a walkie-talkie.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, boys...now!

A beat, then two Las Vegas squad cars come wheeling in and a helicopter comes dive-bombing over the treetops. Vetromile breaks and runs and McCormick goes after him. On that, we HEAR the sound of Hardcastle's pickup truck whizzing up the driveway. Morgan looks at it.

MORGAN

Who the hell is that?

211 WIDER ANGLE - BACK YARD - GARAGE - DAY

211

Denny and Bob jump in their Mustangs and take off, the squad cars in hot pursuit. Hardcastle levels his shotgun at Denny's Mustang and blows off a front tire. It spins out and crashes into a parked car across the street. Hardcastle goes to him with gun drawn. He grabs Denny out of the Mustang and cuffs him to the door.

HARDCASTLE

(to Barbara)

If he moves, kick him in the kneecap.

Hardcastle loads his shotgun and climbs into his pickup, wheeling off into the desert.

- 212 ANGLE - McCORMICK 212
as he tackles Vetromile. We play a fistfight here, between these two rivals and, after a couple of hard rights, McCormick hauls Vetromile up by his collar.
- 213 ANGLE - SQUAD CAR 213
racing across the desert after Morgan's Mustang. We can see that the squad car is no match for this stunt driver. Morgan's Mustang ramps up off a sand dune and clears a dry creek bed and maybe fifty feet of scrub brush and tree trunks. The squad car tries the same leap and end-over-ends into the creek bed. A beat, then the cop who was driving it crawls out of the rear window.
- 214 ANGLE - HELICOPTER 214
as it chases Bob's Mustang over the desert. The Mustang spins and wheels over the hills and through the desert underbrush, but the helicopter is on him like a stink on a skunk. The Mustang makes a wide U and peels off into the creek bed with the chopper right on its roof. Play the action, then Hardcastle's pickup pulls into the creek bed.
- 215 INT. MUSTANG 215
as Bob cranks the wheel to avoid t-boning the pickup.
- 216 RESUME CREEK BED 216
as the Mustang ramps up one of the dirt banks and corkscrews into a pile of rocks, landing on its roof. Hardcastle methodically walks to it as he pumps his shotgun.
- HARDCASTLE
Get out of that car real easy,
boy, an' raise'm slow.
- 217 BACKYARD - GARAGE 217
Boyle has his gun on Denny and Vetromile as his partner cuffs them both. Hardcastle is pushing Bob back to the

CONTINUED

217 CONTINUED

217

garage with his shotgun. He moves to the cop who flipped his squad car.

HARDCASTLE

You all right?

McCORMICK

Yeah, but Morgan got away.

Hardcastle thinks for a beat and then moves to McCormick and Barbara, who is tending to the cuts and abrasions on McCormick's face.

BARBARA

You should put some ice on that, Skid.

HARDCASTLE

Don't make over him, missy. That's probably how he got spoiled in the first place.

McCORMICK

Whatta guy.

HARDCASTLE

We messed up. Morgan got away. Jump into the Coyote and go after him.

McCormick jumps into the Coyote and roars off across the desert in hot pursuit of Joey Morgan. Hardcastle looks after him for a beat and then to one of the cops.

HARDCASTLE

Think he ought to be deputized?

The cop makes a sign of the cross in McCormick's direction. Hardcastle smiles.

HARDCASTLE

Better.

218 EXT. STREETS OF LAS VEGAS - MORGAN'S MUSTANG - DAY 218

squealing down the strip and into the front of the Convention Center. He drives right through the front doors.

219 INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY 219

Cody is standing with a group of Oriental investors.

CODY

I can assure you that the Cody Coyote will be here any minute. You'll be delighted with the design. It's quite fantastic, really.

The whole place is loaded with restless investors. A car horn honks and we see Morgan's Mustang weaving through the crowd. Morgan drives up to Cody.

MORGAN

It's over, Mister Cody. The cops got Vetromile. He knows we tried to kill him and he'll spill the whole deal. We got to get out of here. C'mon, get in.

Cody jumps in the Mustang and on that the whole place breaks into applause.

220 ANGLE - THE COYOTE 220

Wheeling into the convention center, finally making its debut to the automotive world. Investors gather around it and McCormick leans on the horn.

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED 220

McCORMICK
Get out of the way...!

221 ANGLE TO INCLUDE - THE MUSTANG 221

As it squeals around in a circle, knocking over investors and hors d'oeuvre tables and heading for an exit. McCormick grabs second gear and hauls off after him.

222 ANGLE - CAR CHASE - INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY 222

We do a couple of figure eights here with the Mustang leading the Coyote. People are scattering everywhere and we can see that Morgan is one hell of a driver. The Mustang smashes through the double door and down a cement hallway. The Coyote follows.

223 INT. CEMENT HALLWAY - DAY 223

The Mustang roars past camera and heads down a spiral parking ramp. We play this incredible visual and these two automotive monsters dice for position. The Mustang bounces off the wall and then spits out into the parking area.

224 INT. PARKING AREA 224

Morgan hits a curbway to get the Mustang up on two wheels and threads the needle through the tight squeeze of two steel pillars. The Coyote skids to a stop.

McCORMICK

Damn.

Cody fires a gun out the window at him and McCormick hits reverse and spins down a parking lane.

225 ANGLE - MUSTANG 225

As it ramps up the back of a VOLVO 544 (humpback) and drives across the hoods of two lines of parked cars that are parked nose-to-nose. The Coyote races alongside, down the parking lane and Cody continues to fire

CONTINUED

225 CONTINUED

225

away: ricocheting hot lead off over everything. The Mustang flies off the hoods of the cars and roars up a ramp that leads to the roof of the Convention Center parking. The Coyote screams in, hot on the Mustang's tail.

226 EXT. PARKING AREA ROOF TOP - DAY

226

The Mustang screams up out of the ramp and catches about ten feet of air. The Coyote follows, sticking to the ground like a formula car at the Nuremburg Ring.

227 NEW ANGLE - CAR CHASE - PARKING RAMP ROOF TOP - DAY

227

The Mustang dices through a series of vents and heads for an opening between two parked cars. The Coyote blocks its path and forces the Mustang into a U-turn... as these two scream side-by-side toward the narrow exit ramp.

228 CLOSE ON A BUS

228

parked at the far end of the roof near the exit ramp. (Note: this bus is empty.) These two cars come rumblin' through and the Coyote won't give an inch. The Mustang races right at the bus, hits a steel guard post and bends it over.

229 CLOSER ANGLE - SLOW MOTION

229

as the Mustang ramps up off the vent steel post and launches into the side of the bus: driving through it and coming out the other side. It crashes up against the retaining wall.

230 NEW ANGLE - COYOTE

230

wheeling by. McCormick jumps out and grabs the gun from a dazed Cody.

McCORMICK
Out of the car!!! C'mon,
move!

231 ANGLE - ROOFTOP PARKING ENTRANCE - DAY

231

Hardcastle's pickup comes speeding up, followed by two squad cars. Hardcastle gets out and braces his shotgun. He gives McCormick a long look and grabs his wrist.

HARDCASTLE
C'mon, whatcha got?

McCormick can't believe this.

MCCORMICK
What are you, nuts?

HARDCASTLE
Wanta go for another twenty?

McCormick takes his pulse and counts off on his watch. In the b.g., about a dozen cop cars come boiling in and cops run toward the wreck, pulling Cody and Morgan out of the car.

MCCORMICK
(re: pulse)
One ten.

HARDCASTLE
Hah! Gotcha again. Ninety six.
You're outta shape, Skidder.
(to the cops)
Wrap those cowboys up and read 'em
their rights.

One of the cops pulls Cody to his feet and starts his spiel.

COP
You're under arrent. You have the
right to remain silent, anything
you say--

McCormick snaps his fingers.

MCCORMICK
Hey, hold it. Hardcastle, you got
your Miranda on you?

Hardcastle smiles and whips out his Miranda card. McCormick takes it and hands it over to the cop.

CONTINUED

231 CONTINUED

231

McCORMICK

Read it offa the card, pal. We
don't want this one thrown outta
court.

McCormick shoots a look to Hardcastle. And as the cop starts
to read the Miranda off the card, Hardcastle smiles.

HARDCASTLE

(sotta voice)

Atta boy, kid.

DISSOLVE TO:

232 EXT. LAS VEGAS HOTEL - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 232

Hardcastle's pickup truck is out in front and attached to a trailer that carries the Coyote: covered with a car cover.

233 INT. CASINO LOBBY - DAY 233

Hardcastle is at one of twenty-five pay phones that line the front wall of this casino. In the b.g. people are feeding slots and roulette wheels spin.

HARDCASTLE

Just tell Judge Robinson that Judge Hardcastle wants those writs filed right away. We'll extradite Cody back to L.A. for murder one, and then you guys can roast him back for whatever else we can turn up. *

234 ANGLE - BLACK JACK TABLE - CASINO - DAY 234

McCormick sits with Barbara and double downs on a pair of kings. McCormick doubles his bet.

MCCORMICK

What's keepin' Hardcastle? Is he passing out parking tickets to the taxi cabs. *

BARBARA

He's on the phone to the local Judge, I can't believe him, he knows everybody.

Hardcastle approaches in the background from the phones.

MCCORMICK

(to the dealer)

Hit me.

(to Barbara)

That's what they call the long arm of the law. Long on arms and short of intellect.

The dealer flips over two aces.

CONTINUED

234 CONTINUED

234

HARDCASTLE

I heard that, Kiddo. You better start showing a little respect for the bench or we're gonna have to set a precedent here. Hardcastle vs. McCormick, and something tells me you don't have a case.

The dealer pays up and slides about a hundred dollars worth of chips to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Black jack.... Must be my lucky day.

Hardcastle reaches in and swipes up the chips.

McCORMICK

Hey, what are you doing?

HARDCASTLE

You're on parole, kid. Can't be gambling in casinos. It's against the law.

(to Barbara)

Cody and his boys will be extradited back to L.A. to stand trial for your Dad's murder. Vetromile turned state's evidence just like I figured he would. We have a great case. No loopholes.

CONTINUED

234 CONTINUED - 2

234

Barbara kisses Hardcastle on the cheek. They start to walk toward the door.

BARBARA

Thank you.

Barbara hands a set of car keys to McCormick.

MCCORMICK

What are these for?

BARBARA

The keys to the Coyote. It's yours, Skid.

MCCORMICK

I can't take it, B.J.

BARBARA

(smiles)

Take it. I want you to have something to remember me by when I'm at Law School.

On that, Barbara gives McCormick a very warm and romantic kiss, holding it for a long beat. Hardcastle checks his watch awkwardly.

HARDCASTLE

Ah, I'd take the Coyote, if I was you, kiddo. It's Friday, right?

McCormick

So?

CONTINUED

234 CONTINUED - 3

234

HARDCASTLE

Something about a meeting with your probation officer at five o'clock? You don't make that, you're back in the slammer.

McCORMICK

Ah. C'mon, man. I'm with the Judge that's presiding over my case.

HARDCASTLE

Ain't my end of the rope, kiddo. We've got a whole system here and if it's gonna work we have to stick to the rules. Y'see, the Judge rides the bench, the prosecutor squeezes the trash, and the probation officer sits on it.

They exit the casino.

CUT TO

235 EXT. LAS VEGAS - HOTEL - DAY

235

McCormick is in the Coyote and wheeling down off the rear of the trailer. Barbara and Hardcastle lend a hand.

HARDCASTLE

Got less than three hours to make a five hour drive... Gonna be tough to make that without breaking the double nickel.

236 ANGLE - TACHOMETER

236

as McCormick hits the gas and it spins up to nine grand.

McCORMICK

Yeah, right.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED

236

HARDCASTLE

And be ready to roll, bright and early Monday morning. We've got a whole stack of cases to start on. Figure, we'll go with that real estate tycoon up in Frisco. Threw his partner out of a window so he could take over a shopping mall.

McCORMICK

Sounds like fun.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, it does. Save your receipts, Skid. I'll reimburse you for gas and mileage.

McCormick breaks into a wide grin.

McCORMICK

Boy, you're one of a kind Hardcase.

Hardcastle smiles back.

HARDCASTLE

Now you're cookin'.

237 ANGLE - REAR WHEELS OF THE COYOTE

237

as they lay down about a mile of rubber and McCormick races out of the hotel and down the street.

238 RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND BARBARA

238

HARDCASTLE

I think that kid's startin' to come around.

- 239 EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY 239
as the Coyote roars through an intersection and picks up a Las Vegas police car. The police car hits its lights and sirens and peels off after the Coyote.
- 240 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 240
The Coyote rolling at about one-ten with the cop car still on his trail.
- 241 ANGLE - BILLBOARD 241
A HIGHWAY PATROL CAR sits waiting in a speed trap.
- 242 INTERCUT - HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - DAY 242
As the HIGHWAY PATROLMAN sees the Coyote race by and his radar meter goes to one hundred and twenty three miles per hour.
- HIGHWAY PATROLMAN
What the hell was that?
- And the Las Vegas police car flies by. The highway patrolman hits the gas and joins the chase.
- 243 ANGLE - COYOTE 243
With two cop cars on his tail now.
- 244 INTERCUT - COYOTE 244
McCormick eyes the rear view, hot footing it down the highway.
- McCORMICK
I love a parade.
- 245 RESUME CAR CHASE - DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY 245
Another highway patrol car screams into pursuit and we can see that the Coyote is pulling away. The music continues.

246 CLOSE ON A ROAD SIGN

246

It reads: ENTERING CALIFORNIA: WELCOME TO THE SUNSHINE STATE

247 WIDE ANGLE

247

And the Coyote roars past the sign. A beat, then the police cars come rumbling up to the sign, hitting their brakes and skidding to a halt at the Nevada stateline: at the end of their jurisdiction.

248 CLOSE ON - COYOTE

248

LOW SHOT as this spectacular automobile streaks across the desert, a pink sky topping off the mountains. The warm roar of its engine mixes with the jagged power of the swelling rock and roll music and we know that this is ... ROLLING THUNDER

FREEZE FRAME

THE END