

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

THE BOXER

by

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"THE BOXER"SETSEXTERIORS

SPARKY'S GYM  
GULL'S WAY  
KID CALICO'S RING SIDE GRILL  
HOSPITAL  
HIGHWAY  
KANE'S CONDOMINIUM  
LE SARRE RESTAURANT  
OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM

INTERIORS

SPARKY'S GYM  
GATE HOUSE  
KID CALICO'S RING SIDE GRILL  
CEMENT HALLWAY  
KID CALICO'S DRESSING ROOM  
HARDCASTLE'S DEN  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
KANE'S CONDOMINIUM  
COYOTE  
LE SARRE RESTAURANT  
SEDAN  
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM  
RING SIDE SEATS

"THE BOXER"

CAST

JUDGE MILTON C. HARDCASTLE  
MARK McCORMICK

SPARKY FURGESS  
KID CALICO  
TONY BARROWS  
JACK CALICO  
FRANKY KANE  
HOWARD COSELL

RING ANNOUNCER  
FIRE MARSHALL  
A GUY  
POLICEMAN  
HOSPITAL ORDERLY

#2107

HARDCASTLE & McCORMICK

THE BOXER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPARKY'S GYM - NIGHT

A hot summer's rain pounds the flat grey walls of this south-side gym and hanging over a narrow door we can see a pair of BOXING GLOVES fashioned out of twisted neon. OVER THIS the muffled thud of heavy leather can be heard.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARKY'S GYM - DAY

It is steaming hot and a mist of heavy sweat hangs in the air. Standing in the center of a boxing ring is an elegant young man who is known as KID CALICO. Calico is maybe twenty-five, incredibly conditioned and covered with a thin sheen of perspiration that illuminates him apart from his fellow boxers that surround the ring and watch their master craftsmen. Calico dances fast and throws a barrage of deadly combinations at his sparring partner like a gattling gun on fire. From the corner of the ring, SPARKY FURGESS barks instructions at his boy. Furgess is a bull of a man, well over sixty, with a bent nose and the history of a club fighter welter across his face.

FURGESS

You gotta get it off quicker  
Calico! Quicker! The body,  
the body, then the head....!  
Get on your bike and counter  
left.

Calico grins and greets his sparring partner with a blinding flurry of lefts and rights. His sparring partner goes down and Calico dances over to his trainer and spits out his mouth piece with a smile.

CALICO

Where'd you find that bum,  
Spark? My old man could still  
take him out in the first  
round.

FURGESS

Yeah, yeah,...you go in on  
Adropov like that, he'll take  
your head off and spit in your  
neck.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Furgess motions to another sparring partner and sends him into the ring.

FURGESS

Let's go, let's go! I wanna see a fresh man in there every three minutes.

(to Calico)

You, back in. We're gonna go for fifteen, non-stopped... and the left, keep it up, huh?

Calico goes back in against his new partner and begins his dance of destruction. Furgess turns and walks through the gym: in the b.g. we can see would be boxers of all shapes and sizes working out on heavy bags and skipping rope. Then, a man named TONY BARROWS steps from the shadows and tugs on Furgess's sleeve: nodding to Calico.

BARROWS

Our boy looks real good, Sparky. You keepin' him healthy?

FURGESS

Whatta you doin' in here? I told 'em I wanted to keep the scum outta this place.

Barrows grabs Furgess by the collar and presses him against a bank of lockers. The gym goes silent and a couple of boxers start to move in on Barrows, but Furgess waves them off.

BARROWS

Just checkin' on Mister Kane's investment and I don't want to tell 'em that you're gettin' unreasonable, huh?

Barrows pushes Furgess off and flicks a cigarette into the ring. It rolls to Calico's feet.

BARROWS

You keep the left workin' kid. "Cause I wouldn't want you to disappoint the boss.

Barrows starts to leave and Calico spits out his mouth piece in anger.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CALICO

I ain't never gonna fight  
for Kane, man. And you tell  
him that straight.

Barrows smiles and as he exits:

BARROWS

Yeah, well then maybe we'll  
just have to ask your old man.

The gym is silent for a heavy beat and then Furgess claps  
his hands together.

FURGESS

Okay, okay, c'mon! Whatta I  
got here, huh? A bunch'a lady  
wrestlers? Let's go!

The gym buzzes back to life and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

Hardcastle comes out of the front door, stretching in the warm  
morning sun and picking up the newspaper from the front step.  
He thumps through it and sighs: shooting a look to the GATE-  
HOUSE.

HARDCASTLE

C'mon, where's the sports page?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - SPORTS PAGE

and on the front page we can see a sports feature that reads:  
KID CALICO - SECOND GENERATION AT THE AUD.

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. GATEHOUSE - DAY

as McCormick pours over the sports page while alternately  
eating a bowl of cereal and chugging a quart of orange juice.  
Then, there's a bang on the door.

HARDCASTLE

Get decent, kid. I'm comin'  
in.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCormick quickly stashes the sports page under his butt and sits back down on it. The door opens and Hardcastle enters.

MCCORMICK

Mornin', judge.

HARDCASTLE

Don't "mornin'" me, McCormick.  
C'mon, up, up.

and like he's done it a hundred times before Hardcastle hoists McCormick off of his chair and grabs his newspaper.

HARDCASTLE

We gonna play hide and sit every morning?

MCCORMICK

I was gonna give it back to you as soon as I'm through.

HARDCASTLE

Look, I tell you this every day. Me, I'm a creature of habit. You, you're just habitual...and every morning I read the sports page first, then the metro and then the front page,...and then, I get my coffee.

MCCORMICK

Ah, c'mon, Judge. I bet you read the comics first, don't ya?

Hardcastle grunts and scans the sports page.

HARDCASTLE

Anything in here?

MCCORMICK

(smiles)

Lakers lost.

Hardcastle reaches into the pocket of his robe without looking up from the newspaper and hands McCormick a five.

HARDCASTLE

(reading, smiles)

And the Raiders won.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

McCormick hands back the five and takes the sports page back.

HARDCASTLE

Do you mind? I've read this sentence about five times.

McCORMICK

No look, I want you to see this.

McCormick points to the picture of KID CALICO.

McCORMICK

Looks like another one of my old friends from the tank is doing real well.

HARDCASTLE

Let me see that.

Hardcastle takes back the paper.

McCORMICK

The guy's an Olympic hopeful. Which is pretty good, 'cause in the can he was considered pretty hopeless.

(smiles)

He liked to bang on the guards.

HARDCASTLE

(impressed)

You know Kid Calico?

McCORMICK

Yeah, you tend to get friendly with guys you shower with every-day, Judge.

(re: papers)

Calico's got a good shot at grabbin' a medal in the games next summer.

HARDCASTLE

Ray Charles could see that, McCormick.

(reads paper)

Yeah, I remember his old man. He almost made the games back in fifty two, but got busted off the team right before the finals...Too bad, too, I had'a sawbuck ridin' on him.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED - 3

McCORMICK

I didn't know you were a fight fan, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

There's a lot you don't know about me, McCormick....and I'm not a fight fan, I'm a boxing expert.

McCORMICK

Oh, you are, huh?

(thinks)

Best heavyweight?

HARDCASTLE

Dumb question, kiddo...There's only been one heavyweight champ, Joe Lewis, the Mannassa Mauler.

McCORMICK

Hah, Ali, no question. Lewis fought like a gorilla.

HARDCASTLE

What he was, McCormick was a fighter. That Cassius Ali what's his name, Float like a Meatball Mohammed, was nothing more than a ballet dancer with a third rate jab. Who'd he ever fight?

McCORMICK

Listen, Patterson, Frazier, Foreman.

HARDCASTLE

Bunch'a flyswatters.

McCormick shakes his head.

McCORMICK

Nothin' I like better than an intelligent discussion with a reasonable man. Best middle-weight?

HARDCASTLE

Easy.

McCORMICK

Sugar Ray.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 4

HARDCASTLE

Now you're talkin', Sugar Ray  
Robinson was the best.

MCCORMICK

Robinson, I'm talkin' about  
Sugar Ray Leonard.

HARDCASTLE

That kid who turned into a  
sports comentator? Forget it.  
He coudn't pack Robinson's  
lunch on the best day of his  
life.

MCCORMICK

How can you say that? Sugar Ray  
Leonard's a genius. Probably the  
most efficient crasftman to have  
ever climbed into a ring. He  
made boxing a science.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, and that's half of the  
trouble with the fight game  
these days.... We gotta bunch  
of scientists in there slugging  
it out instead of fighters.  
You don't hit each other with  
slide rulers, McCormick. You  
use your hands.

McCormick shakes his head at Hardcastle.

MCCORMICK

Tommy Hearns?

HARDCASTLE

Kid's a wussy with no legs.  
(shadow boxes)

To the head, then to the body  
and back to the head. None of  
that Ali shufflin' on the rope-  
a-dope stuff...just stalk like  
a bear and knock'em down by the  
middle of the third. Now, half'a  
the time both guys end up still standin'.

MCCORMICK

You used to box a little, did  
you, Judge?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 5

Hardcastle continues to shadow box.

HARDCASTLE  
What does it look like?

McCORMICK  
It looks like a guy trying to  
take his pants off over his  
head.

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look.

HARDCASTLE  
You got chores to do.  
Get dressed.

McCormick hands Hardcastle his sports page.

McCORMICK  
Hey, Judge. Calico's fightin'  
an Olympic qualifier tonight at  
the aud. You wanna check it out?  
Y'know, tell me what to look for  
in a good fighter?

HARDCASTLE  
Sure.

Hardcastle glances at the newspaper's picture of Kid Calico.

HARDCASTLE  
Y'know, I wonder what Calico's  
old man's doing? The guy was  
pretty good.

CUT TO:

EXT. KID CALICO'S RING SIDE GRILL - DAY

It is early morning in the ghetto of Los Angeles and this bar  
and grill is in need of paint and probably a better lunch menu  
We can see an old pair of stained BOXING GLOVES hanging in the  
front window next to a plaque that reads:

KID CALICO - U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM  
1952

Then a black LIMO pulls up in front and Tony Barrows climbs  
out. As he opens the rear door of the limo, we:

CUT TO:

INT. KID CALICO'S RING SIDE GRILL - DAY

and washing glasses behind the bar is the original kid Calico. JACK CALICO is about sixty, but well bent beyond his years and cauliflower ears frame a face that has been battered in. After a beat, Barrows and FRANKY KANE enter. Kane is a giant of a man who wears expensive clothes and wild hair in need of a cut. Jack Calico looks up from the bar with a crooked smile and limps out in greeting.

JACK

Kitchen don't open 'til eleven  
guys, but if you want I can make  
you a sandwich.

Kane nods to Barrows and he pulls down the front shade.

JACK

Hey, what is this?

Kane saunters over to a boxing trophy that is proudly displayed on a wall mantle and picks it up.

KANE

You had a pretty good left  
hook back in those days, didn't  
you?

(beat)

But now, a fighter needs more  
than just his hands...he needs  
brains. Connections. People  
to take care of him.

Kane tosses Jack Calico the boxing trophy and Calico misses it and it crashes to the floor.

JACK

I don't want no trouble, okay?  
Who are you guys?

KANE

We have a little problem with  
your boy, Mister Calico. It  
seems the young man doesn't  
want to listen to reason.

JACK

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

KANE

Your son. When he was in prison, I pulled some strings. Talked to the parole board about giving him a job when he got out...and now, he thinks he doesn't owe me.

JACK

My boy's been real good since he got out. What's he done? He's not in trouble is he?

KANE

Not yet...but, your boy won't sign with me and turn pro. He's waving some flag about fighting for his country in the Olympics. A young man like him with his talent. It could cost us both a great deal of money.

Jack Calico rises to his feet and a kind of fire comes to his eyes that tells us he's been through this before. But more than likely it was a long time ago.

JACK

My son doesn't fight for money.

(points to himself)

He fights for his father. His country. For respect.

KANE

So he can end up in a dump like this. Half blind and pourin' drinks for a bunch'a bleeders... Don't be stupid, Calico. You blew your shot. Don't let your son blow his.

Jack Calico shakes with anger.

JACK

Get out of here.

Kane waves Barrows over to Jack Calico.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

KANE

Tony, see if you can change  
this old man's mind.

and as Barrows moves in on Jack Calico and starts to work  
him over, we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - KID CALICO - DAY

As he sprints hown a city street, dressed in sweats and leg  
weights: shadow boxing through his daily roadwork. We play  
appropriate music here as Kid Calico streaks through the city  
with a gaggle of cheering children falling in step behind him.  
Play the moment, then:

EXT. KID CALICO'S RING SIDE GRILL - DAY

Kid Calico jogs around the corner just as the black limo  
stretch squeals off in a cloud of dust and stones. Kid  
Calico watches it for a beat and then sprints into the Ring  
Side Cafe.

INT. KID CALICO'S RING SIDE CAFE - DAY

The place is a wreck: tables are busted and the entire liquor  
stock has been smashed on the floor. Kid Calico enters and  
we can see that he is shattered. He calls out for his father  
searching through the wreckage.

KID CALICO

Dad...?!

a groan comes from behind the bar. Kid Calico runs toward.

ANGLE - JACK CALICO

lying in a pool of blood and booze behind the bar. Kid Calico  
kneels over him.

KID CALICO

What happened? Who did this  
to you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK

It don't matter...it don't matter.

Kid Calico helps his father to sit up and we can see that the old man is really hurting.

JACK

You don't fight pro...not until you win the gold.

KID CALICO

Let me get you to a hospital.

Jack Calico shakes his head and smiles.

JACK

No. The last time I went to a hospital was after Hurricane Smith broke my cheek bones in the fifth. This? This was nothing.

KID CALICO

Dad, please. It has to stop. Let me go pro...we'll make some money. We can get out of here.

Jack Calico gets to his feet and surveys the damage to his tavern and picks up his smashed boxing trophy.

JACK

This is all I have left... you and this place. And no one is going to take that from me. Not again.

Jack Calico and his son exchange a long look.

JACK

You got a fight tonight, get ready, huh?

As they move to embrace:

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ANGLE - BOXING RING - (STOCK FOOTAGE)

as TWO LIGHT HEAVIES go at it toe to toe in the center of the ring. One of the guys goes down and the crowd cheers.

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM

Hardcastle and McCormick make their way through the crowd and take up some seats at ringside.

McCORMICK

Who'd you bribe to get these seats, Judge? They're great.

HARDCASTLE

I traded Madison down at Headquarters for a couple of Laker tickets...now, remember what I told you to look for, a guy with a good jab can never make it against a guy who can hit with both hands.

McCORMICK

I'll take the boxer everytime, Hardcastle.

(hands over fight program)

Make your picks, we'll go for ten a bout.

Harrcastle grins and takes the program.

HARDCASTLE

Nothin' I like better than bettin' with an expert.

The ring announcer takes up his position in the ring.

RING ANNOUNCER

Next on our card is tonight's feature bout. A three round amateur contest between two Olympic hopefuls.

The crowd roars.

RING ANNOUNCER

In the blue trunks and weighing in at one hundred and sixty-one and a quarter pounds...Tooter Thomas from Portland, Oregon.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

The crowd boos.

RING ANNOUNCER

And in the red trunks, a local  
hero who has made boxing a  
science, weighing in at one hundred  
and sixty-three and a half  
pounds...Kid Calico!

The crowd goes wild and Calico climbs into the ring and circles while he dances out about a million lightening-like combinations.

ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

HARDCASTLE

I'll take Calico...

McCORMICK

Whatta guy.

RESUME - BOXING RING

and with as much stock footage as we can use, we will see here an incredible display of pugilistic talent. Kid Calico wins with an effortless combination of grace and speed. Then:

CUT TO:

INT. CEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Hardcastle and McCormick make their way toward Kid Calico's dressing room that is located somewhere in the tunnels underneath the Olympic Auditorium.

HARDCASTLE

You think Calico's gonna remember you, kid? Anyway, fighter's don't like to be bothered after a bout.

McCORMICK

What you you kidding? Me and the Kid are like this.  
(crossing fingers)  
I used to help him workout when he was training for some of the fights he had while he was in prison.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

You did, huh?

McCORMICK

Watch...

McCormick throws a couple of quick jabs.

HARDCASTLE

Keep the left up, champ.

McCormick knocks on Kid Calico's dressing room door.

KID CALICO'S (V.O.)

Go away.

McCormick knocks again, louder.

HARDCASTLE

Float like a butterfly, interrupt like a bull.

INT. KID CALICO'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Kid Calico sits on a medical cot and we can see that his hands are still taped and he is sweating off the tension of the bout. McCormick sticks his head in the door.

KID CALICO

I told'em, no press...now  
get out --

McCORMICK

Hey, Calico, it's me...Mark  
McCormick.

Kid Calico recognizes McCormick and jumps off the cot.

KID CALICO

Hey, Mark. Hey, it's good  
to see you...how you been?

Hardcastle steps in behind McCormick.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Just great...Milton Hardcastle,  
Kid Calico...the fastest hands  
in the exercise yard.

HARDCASTLE

How you doin', kid.

MCCORMICK

You looked real good out there  
tonight. You gonna win a gold  
for the good U.S. of A. next  
summer?

KID CALICO

Workin' on it.

HARDCASTLE

I bet that makes your dad real  
proud, kid. I was a big fan of  
his back in the fifties. Too  
bad they pulled his amateur status  
right before the finals. He  
would'a beat that Cuban kid easy.

We can see that this is a touchy subject and Kid Calico starts  
to get edgy.

KID CALICO

Look, I want to shower down,  
so maybe I'll catch you later,  
huh, Mark? And I'll see what  
I can do about that gold medal.

and on that Franky Kane and Tony Barrows enter the dressing  
room.

KANE

There isn't gonna be any  
gold medal, kid. We told you  
that.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

Hardcastle and McCormick react to Kane and Barrows.

KANE

Good thing you guys got a chance to see Calico's last amateur fight... 'cause real soon we're gonna make boxing history with the biggest pro purse ever... you and Hagler, huh? At the garden, with a live gate of maybe a hundred million.

KID CALICO

Get out of here.

KANE

Be nice, kid. We have company.

Kane extends a hand to Hardcastle and Hardcastle doesn't take it.

KANE

Franky Kane... Kane Sports World Unlimited. Kid Calico is about to sign with me.

HARDCASTLE

That's not the way we heard it. He does that, he can't make the games.

KANE

(hard)

Life can take real quick turns on you, pal.

Hardcastle rises to his feet.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, I've heard that.

MCCORMICK

Easy, Judge.

CALICO

Mark, I don't want you guys in on this. I can handle it.

KANE

That's real smart... and tell your dad we're sorry to hear

(more)

CONTINUED - 3

KANE (cont'd)  
about what happened to him this  
afternoon...you ready to sign?

Calico shakes his head.

KANE  
Too bad.  
(nods)  
Gentlemen.

Kane and Barrows walk out and they slam the door.

MCCORMICK  
What was that all about?

CALICO  
Nothing, Mark. Back off of  
it, okay?

MCCORMICK  
This guy here, he's a judge.  
He knows people. Maybe we can  
help you out.

HARDCASTLE  
If Kane's trying to force you  
into his pocket, that's illegal,  
son. We could do something about  
it.

KID CALICO  
Everything's illegal, man. And  
I don't need anybody to help me  
protect my dad.

CUT TO:

EXT. KID CALICO'S RING SIDE CAFE - NIGHT

As a sedan wheels in and tosses a fire bomb into it and  
the place bursts into flames. Play this and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

It is morning and the newspaper man wheels up in his cart and hurls a newspaper onto the front steps of Hardcastle's estate. McCormick jogs toward the newspaper and just as he picks it up, Hardcastle opens the front door. McCormick hands Hardcastle the paper.

MCCORMICK

Here's your paper, Judge.

Hardcastle grabs it and taps his watch.

HARDCASTLE

I said six... It's ten after.

MCCORMICK

An English Muffin got stuck  
in the toaster.

HARDCASTLE

That can happen.

Hardcastle enters the Estate and McCormick follows him.

INT. HARDCASTLE'S DEN - DAY

Hardcastle goes to a file drawer and pulls out about four sets of manilla files.

HARDCASTLE

We were right about that Franky Kane character, kid. I was on the phone half the night with the boys down at records and I.D. and up until six years ago, he didn't exist... At least not as Franky Kane, Sports promoter extraordinaire.

MCCORMICK

What's the story, is he legit?

HARDCASTLE

Well now, that's an interesting question. His name's been changed

(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)  
real legal and all that...But,  
the guy's past has more left  
turns than an L.A. freeway.

Hardcastle hands McCormick the file and McCormick opens it.

McCORMICK  
I always thought if you had a  
felony record you hadda stay  
outta the fight game.

HARDCASTLE  
That's probably why he changed  
his name. It took me almost  
five hours to pull his file,  
but if Franky Lane is who I  
think he is, your friend Calico's  
in trouble.

McCORMICK  
Kane's done time for second degree  
murder. Extortion, aggravated  
assault, racketeering. He's a  
sweetheart.

HARDCASTLE  
"Cept back then we only knew him as  
a cheap hood. Freddy Vail. Now,  
he's one of the most powerful  
sports promoters in the country.

McCORMICK  
And you say the penal system don't  
work. This guy must'a taken the  
Don King correspondence course  
when he was in the cooker. Me?  
I learned how to fix refrigerators.

McCormick hands Hardcastle back the files

McCORMICK  
Calico's not the kinda guy who  
lets people into his business.

HARDCASTLE  
If Kane's doing what I think  
he is, that's illegal. Then,  
it is our business. C'mon, let's  
go over and talk to his dad.

As they leave:

CUT TO:

EXT. CALICO'S RING SIDE CAFE - DAY

and it is nothing more than a burned out ruin. The Coyote pulls up and both Hardcastle and McCormick get out and survey the damage. As they walk toward a FIRE MARSHALL who is sifting through the wreckage and taking notes on a clipboard.

MCCORMICK

You wanna bet that this isn't a coincidence? I'll give you odds and go for a twenty.

HARDCASTLE

Kane must want your friend real bad, kid.

(to Fire Marshall)

Any idea how it started, Chief?

FIRE MARSHALL

Well, I'm sure someone's gonna claim faulty wiring, but it was arson. No doubt about it. They don't go up this fast with an electrical.

MCCORMICK

Was anyone hurt?

FIRE MARSHALL

Yeah, the old man who owns the joint took in some smoke and got a lot of first and seconds. Might'a been a suicide attempt. Y'know, business is in the toilet and you let your relatives off the hook with a big insurance settlement...Lucky for him his kid came in and pulled him out.

MCCORMICK

You know where they took him? His kid's a friend of mine.

FIRE MARSHALL

Probably Saint Rita's. They have a real good burn unit there.

Hardcastle bends down and picks up what is left of Jack Calico's boxing trophy. He hands it to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Looks like the Calico's are in for the fight of their lives, doesn't it.

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Hardcastle's pick-up wheels up and parks in front.

KID CALICO (V.O.)

I'm not fighting anymore, dad.  
Not after this. Not after what  
they've done to you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jack Calico is sitting up in bed and attached to all kinds of tubes and monitors. Standing over him is his son, Kid Calico.

JACK

(angry)

You'll fight because I say you  
will...I'm your father.

KID CALICO

But next time Kane will kill  
you. He's already tried.

JACK

(smiles)

But the Calico's, they don't  
die easy, huh?

KID CALICO

—Please?

JACK

No.

(grabs his son's hand)

We've got debts to pay, son.  
You for what you did that sent  
you to prison...Me, for what  
I did to our country. And  
this time the Calico's are  
going to pay up.

On that there is a knock on the door and Hardcastle and McCormick enter. Jack Calico reacts and his son calms him with a hand.

KID CALICO

It's all right, dad. They're  
friends of mine.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

I'm real sorry this happened,  
Kid. How are you feeling  
mister Calico?

JACK

Professional wrestlers get  
hurt worse than this...I feel  
fine.

Hardcastle grins at Calico and for a beat they exchange an  
intense look.

HARDCASTLE

Milton Hardcastle. Remember me,  
Mister Calico? I was a real  
big fan of yours?

CALICO

I didn't think you were still  
around, Judge. Figured some-  
body would'a counted you out  
by now.

McCORMICK

You guys know each other?

HARDCASTLE

Not really..I just have a good  
memory for fighters with lots'a  
talent.

CALICO

What talent? I was a club  
fighter with a good chin.

HARDCASTLE

You weren't a clubber back in  
the Olympic qualifiers. You  
were just good. Heck of a  
counter puncher.

Jack Calico turns away from the memory.

McCORMICK

Mark McCormick, I'm a friend  
of the Kid's from prison. We  
did a little time together.

Jack Calico glares at his son.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JACK

I told you not to mess with those boys anymore, Jackie. You'll end up back inside.

HARDCASTLE

It's all right. He's been real straightened out.

(beat)

But this Franky Kane has got me a little worried.

(nods to Kid Calico)

And my guess is that he wants your son,...Bad.

Jack Calico raises up off of the bed and reaches for his son in anger.

JACK

You don't tell our family business, Jackie. Our fights are our own. We don't need any help from nobody.

McCORMICK

He didn't tell us anything. But it's not real hard to figure that Kane's trying to get a hook into your son. Hardcastle dug a lot of dirt on Kane. We know that he's trying to make the Kid go pro...Maybe we can help you with that.

JACK

I don't want anybody messin' in our lives. Now you guys get out of here and leave us alone.

Hardcastle pulls McCormick aside.

HARDCASTLE

Why don't you take the kid outside for some coffee and let me talk to his old man.

McCormick motions to Kid Calico to leave.

HARDCASTLE

(to Kid Calico)

It's all right. I just want to talk old times.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCormick and Kid Calico leave. Calico looks at Hardcastle: sincere.

JACK

You didn't tell my boy about me, did you?

HARDCASTLE

Of course I didn't tell him. But I can't believe you haven't by now. That was a long time ago, Jack. We all make mistakes.

JACK

Not like that, we don't.

HARDCASTLE

Look, I don't know what you're trying to prove by taking on a goon like Kane all by yourself.

JACK

My son and me, we got debts, and we're gonna pay them up in full.

HARDCASTLE

But, you boy's the one who's gonna be paying yours, Calico.

JACK

It's his duty.

HARDCASTLE

Look, I'm not gonna climb in between your son and some cross you've been carrying for thirty years. But I got a way to maybe step on Franky Kane. Get your son his shot at the Olympics.

JACK

You think you can get Kane offa us?

HARDCASTLE

Of course I do.

(smiles)

We may be in the fifteenth round, Jack. But guys like you and me, we can still come off the ropes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

As Calico reaches to shake Hardcastle's hand, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

McCormick, Hardcastle and Kid Calico walk down the front steps.

HARDCASTLE

Just be at the gym tonight...  
and I'll get on to ring magazine  
and local papers.

(slaps McCormick on  
his back)

We're gettin' into the fight  
game, kiddo. Whatta you think?

MCCORMICK

I think I better keep my left  
up.

Hardcastle and McCormick jump into the pick-up and wheel out.

ANGLE - BLACK LIMO - DAY

And at the wheel we see TONY BARROWS. He picks up a mobile  
phone and dials.

BARROWS

Mister Kane, please.

INTERCUT - FRANKY KANE - AS NECESSARY

In the living room at one of those real chic condos located  
off of the miracle mile with a view of the pacific. This place  
is decked out with the finest in tacky furniture that new money  
can buy: poor taste and gaudy.

BARROWS

Those two guys that were in  
Kid Calico's dressing room  
are still hanging around,  
Mister Kane.

KANE

You think they're cops?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARROWS

No. But I think we should find out why they're pokin' around with our fighter.

KANE

You do that, Tony.

Kane hangs up and we:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The pick up wheels by.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

Hardcastle drives.

MCCORMICK

I knew you knew Jack Calico, but I didn't think you'd know him personally Judge. I mean, come on. You can't know everybody.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, you're right. I don't know the Pope. Not real well anyway. But that's just because my Latin's a little shakey.

MCCORMICK

What'd he do?

HARDCASTLE

The Pope?

MCCORMICK

Calico's old man. If you know him he had to do something illegal.

HARDCASTLE

(serious)

I probably shouldn't tell you this, kid. But Jack Calico didn't lose his amateur status because he turned pro... He lost

(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

it because someone found out he deserted during World War Two... He was getting a lot of press as a boxer and the state department pulled his status.

MCCORMICK

No wonder he's bent on his son goin' for the gold. Did he do time?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, two years. He even tried to re-up and go to Korea, but they wouldn't let him. The poor bastard's been trying to make up for it ever since.

MCCORMICK

Well, he was a deserter, Judge. That's pretty heavy, even for a liberal like me.

HARDCASTLE

We all have our demons, kid. And Jack Calico has been trying to punch his out for the last thirty years.

(beat)

Maybe it's time someone gave him a hand.

MCCORMICK

It's funny isn't it. Even boxers are afraid of some things.

HARDCASTLE

In a war everybody's afraid, McCormick. It's just that some of us are too frightened to run.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPARKY'S GYM - NIGHT

News trucks and sports reporters mingle into the place as the Coyote wheels up and Hardcastle and McCormick climb out and walk toward the gym.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

You did all this with just a phone call? Half the sporting press is here.

HARDCASTLE

Sure, half of these scribblers still owe me for tellin' 'em who was gonna win the N.B.A. championship back in seventy six.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, right. Next thing you'll tell me is that Howard Cosell is a personal friend of yours.

HARDCASTLE

Nah, I wouldn't call Howard a friend.

(smiles)

Just an acquaintance.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - HOWARD COSELL

As he sits at Ringside and a make-up person applies some last minute make-up. In the b.g. we can see some ABC Wide World for Sports Cameras and etc. Kid Calico sits next to Cosell.

COSELL

Maybe some of you remember a fine middle weight back in the early fifties who called himself, Kid Calico. Well, with us tonight is another brilliant talent fighter, Kid Calico the second, son, of the near famous middleweight.

KID CALICO

Thank you, Howard.

COSELL

Although I must say that what you are about to announce is going to more than likely  
(more)

CONTINUED



CONTINUED

COSELL (cont'd)

shatter the boxing world. You, without question, an enormously talented, young fighter with almost a guaranteed career have chosen to sign with a virtually unknown fight promoter. A move that would seem apparent to the learned boxing fans world wide as an attempt to throw away whatever chance you may have as an eventual middleweight title contender.

KID CALICO

I don't think that's accurate, Mister Cosell. Judge Hardcastle may not be a well known sports promoter --

COSELL

Well known? He's a retired Judge with a record of law and order that could seemingly offend any broad minded legal practitioner.

KID CALICO

May be, but Hardcastle has agreed to stay any professional bouts until after the Olympics so I can retain my amateur status.

COSELL

Unquestionably you're a patriot, and a credit to the sport, but one must challenge your decision to sign with Judge Hardcastle.

MATCH CUT TO:

TELEVISION SET - INT. KANE'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

As he watches this interview with an intense look of anger. Tony Barrows stands in the background.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KANE

I want this guy...I don't care if you have to drop them in a hole somewhere, but no one's gonna move in on my action... Nobody.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARKY'S GYM - NIGHT

Hardcastle, McCormick and Cosell walk Kid Calico through the gym and toward the exit.

HARDCASTLE

You were a little hard on me, don't you think, Howard?

COSELL

I call'em like I see'em, Milt. Behind the bench, no doubt you were a heavyweight, but boxing, c'mon. I just want to see the kid throw his career away on a couple of amateurs.

MCCORMICK

Don't worry about it, Mister Cosell. Hardcastle here is a boxing expert. He told me that himself.

COSELL

(to Hardcastle)

You are, huh?

HARDCASTLE

Well, kinda. I guess you could say that I am, yeah.

COSELL

Best, heavyweight?

HARDCASTLE

Joe Lewis.

COSELL

Hah, Ali, no question.

Cosell exits and McCormick holds out his palm as Hardcastle hands him a twenty.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

What does Howard Cosell know  
about boxing anyway...

(to Calico)

Look, kid. Now that we've gone  
public with our little plan here,  
I want you to train outta my  
place. A couple of cops are  
waiting outside to take you  
there...

KID CALICO

You think my dad'll be safe?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, I posted some guards at  
the hospital. See you in a  
while okay.

Kid Calico exits and McCormick and Hardcastle exchange looks

MCCORMICK

To answer your question, Judge.  
Howard Cosell knows everything  
about boxing.

HARDCASTLE

Except the heavyweights, kiddo.  
He doesn't know the heavyweights  
very well.

(thinks)

Except for when their sitting on  
the bench.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Coyote streaks by.

INT. COYOTE - NIGHT

McCormick drives and Hardcastle rides shotgun.

MCCORMICK

You think this is gonna work.

HARDCASTLE

Of course I think it's gonna  
work. When Franky Kane hears  
about it, he'll move in on us.

(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

When he does, we bust him.

McCORMICK

In other words we're bait.

HARDCASTLE

That's one way to look at it,  
yeah. But don't worry, McCormick  
it's gonna take a while for Kane  
to make his move ...Guys like him  
like to come in low and sideways.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As the BLACK SEDAN from the end of ACT ONE comes in low  
and sideways and bashes into the Coyote.

INT. COYOTE - NIGHT

Hardcastle pulls out his revolver.

HARDCASTLE

Well, I was half right.

EXT. CAR CHASE - NIGHT

and the race is on, McCormick wheels the Coyote across an  
open field and the Sedan pulls in tight and follows with gun  
blazing out the passenger window. Hardcastle returns fire  
and McCormick takes the Coyote over a dirt ramp and lands in  
what appears to be a golf course.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

As a guy named BRAD SHAFFER fights with the wheel and his  
partner pulls the trigger on a shotgun that he hangs out  
the window. McCormick loops the Coyote in a one eighty  
and comes back at the sedan with Hardcastle firing. The guy  
with the shotgun takes a slug in the arm and the Shaffer  
loops the car in a circle and takes off.

RESUME - CAR CHASE - GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

But this time the Coyote is in hot pursuit and gaining fast.  
The sedan heads for a narrow bridge across a waterhole and  
ramps off of it: flying maybe a hundred feet in the air and  
landing in the center of the pond. After a beat the two  
heavies climb onto the roof of the sedan and Hardcastle and

CONTINUED

McCormick jumps out of the Coyote with Hardcastle bracing his gun.

HARDCASTLE

Looks like this one's gonna  
cost you a stroke and distance,  
fella's.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

A heavybag has been hung from a tree in the center of the front lawn and McCormick and Calico are there. Calico wears working sweats and gloves and McCormick stands behind the bag like Bugress Meridith in Rocky 1.

MCCORMICK

Now, I noticed you don't get the right off quick enough after the jab, maybe we should work on it. Get you some more power.

In the b.g. Hardcastle is walking toward them from the house. He hears McCormick's instructions and shakes his head.

KID CALICO

You want more power, huh?

MCCORMICK

Yeah, and make sure it comes from the shoulder. Throw your punches with snap, push right through the bag.

KID CALICO

You ready?

McCormick nods and Kid Calico attacks the bag with a flurry of jabs and combinations; then he lets lose with his right hands and McCormick is knocked to the ground by the swinging heavy bag. Hardcastle helps him to his feet.

HARDCASTLE

Go easy on Calico, kid. We want to save him for the garden.

KID CALICO

Did you get a fix on those guys that tried to hit you last night.

HARDCASTLE

Yup,... They checked out as nothing more than hired meat,  
(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)

but there's no doubt that Kane paid 'em off real nice to keep their mouths shut....

I figure your little press conference got a stone in his shoe.

MCCORMICK

What do we do next, coach?

HARDCASTLE

Well, I figure that Kane's gonna get in touch and make us an offer.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, like weather we want to end up in the river or in a trunk of a car.

HARDCASTLE

Something like that, yeah. But in the meantime we can't let the kid here get out of shape. We got an amateur exhibition on Friday.

Hardcastle holds the heavy bag.

HARDCASTLE

Now, don't get me wrong here, Kid. But I know a little about the gentlemenly game of boxing and I couldn't help but notice that you have a little trouble with your jab. Nothing serious of course... But, don't follow so quick with the right hand. You wanna pace the power punches a little more.

KID CALICO

That's just exactly the opposite of what Mark told me to do.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, well then it's probably right. Okay, now c'mon, show me your stuff.

Once again Kid Calico hits the bag with a powerful flurry and when he connects with his big right hand, Hardcastle goes down.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

McCormick helps Hardcastle to his feet.

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Judge, you're gonna make boxing experts all across the country look bad.

HARDCASTLE

I slipped.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, you and Sonny Liston with Ali's invisible right hand.

HARDCASTLE

Ali who?

MCCORMICK

The Greatest.

HARDCASTLE

Now let's not start that again, McCormick. I want you to be a good influence on the Kid here.

(to Calico)

How's your road work?

KID CALICO

All right I guess. Do about ten miles a day with leg weights.

HARDCASTLE

Good. McCormick, get your sneakers on. I want someone to pace our boy here.

MCCORMICK

Pace?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, y'know, run along next to him so we can count cadence.

MCCORMICK

For ten miles?

HARDCASTLE

Don't worry about it, at least I'm not gonna make you wear leg weights.

Off of McCormick's look, we:

CUT TO:



EXT. KANE'S CONDO - DAY

Kane sits in a large leather chair and dictates to his secretary: a real fox of a girl who goes by the name of CANDY.

KANE

Tell'm I want to collapse that corporation in Dallas and sell out our real estate interests down there if the prime goes up, it'll kill us.

Barrows enters and Kane nods to Candy to leave.

KANE

What did you find out?

BARROWS

You're gonna love it. Those two guys that signed Kid Calico away from us are real interesting. One of them is an ex-con, did a little time in the joint....

KANE

He might not be too hard to get to.

BARROWS

Maybe not, but the other one is a Judge, Milton Hardcastle. He worked outta the criminal court here in L.A. for 'bout the last thirty years. But now he's retired.

KANE

I don't care if he's a retired priest... Nobody is gonna cash in on Kid Calico but me.

BARROWS

I don't know, Mister Kane. You  
(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARROWS (cont'd)

can't just go out and hit on a Judge. Guy's like Hardcastle probably still have a lot of friends.

KANE

I'm a free man, Tony. I did my time. All I want is to talk a little business with this Judge. You set it up, okay? Someplace real nice. I wanna show the guy that I've got a little class.

BARROWS

Should I bring some muscle?

KANE

Yeah, but don't use it unless he doesn't want to listen.

CUT TO:

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

After a beat we can hear Hardcastle calling out a cadence,

HARDCASTLE'S (V.O.)

One to the body, two to the head, three to counter, and and then hit'm with lead, and four you put'em to bed.

and the pick up wheels up the drive. McCormick and Kid Calico are running alongside of it and Hardcastle drives. We can clearly see that McCormick is exhausted and Kid Calico is hardly breaking sweat: shadow boxing with a fluid kind of grace.

HARDCASTLE

C'mon, McCormick...You're slowing down our boy here.

McCormick troes to pick up the pace.

MCCORMICK

You're trying to kill me aren't you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(smiles)

Nah,...

(to Kid Calico)

Now remember, kid. You keep moving in on him like a steam-roller. Don't let up...Keep throwing both hands....Y'know, like Jake LaMotta. We want to turn you into a fighter.

MCCORMICK

A boxer. Don't listen to him, Kid.

McCormick tries to shadow box but he's almost too tired.

MCCORMICK

Stay lose. Peddle back for the first round and scope your partner out...Get his attention with a couple of jabs and go for the points.

HARDCASTLE

For a knockout.

MCCORMICK

A decision.

HARDCASTLE

TKO. Work the eyes. Cut'm early.

Hardcastle pulls the pick up to a stop and McCormick just -- out collapses.

MCCORMICK

What are you trying to do? Kid Calico fights with style and grace and you want to turn him into a cement mixer.

HARDCASTLE

What I'm trying to do is make him into a better fighter...

Hardcastle rubs Kid Calico down.

HARDCASTLE

(re: McCormick)

You listen to him and you'll end up fightin' like

(more)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)  
a bandleader with a bad wrist.

Sarah comes out of the main house and walks toward:

McCORMICK  
Sylvester Stallone must'a gave you  
that one.

We hear a telephone ring.

McCORMICK  
You got a phone to answer, Coach.

As Hardcastle walks toward the house.

HARDCASTLE  
Thanks...and McCormick, I want you  
to make up something to eat for  
Kid Calico. Lots of beef, maybe  
a couple of sirloins, some hash  
browns. Eggs, bacon, meat and  
potatoes. You know the power and  
protein drill. I want this guy  
to split lightening and throw  
sparks.

KID CALICO  
Hey, Judge, no offense, But I'm  
a vegetarian.

HARDCASTLE  
Not when you're in my camp, Kid.  
Lots of raw meat...Brings out the  
animal in you.

They watch Hardcastle leave.

McCORMICK  
Don't you love that guy.

KID CALICO  
Y'know, guys like him and my dad,  
they got their ways. A fighter  
eats of lot of beef and lays off  
women before the fight. You go to  
the body and then the head. An  
upper cut works better than a jab  
and you always go for the knock out  
early...and you know something?  
They're usually right.

McCORMICK  
So much for the science of boxing,

INT. HARDCASTLE'S DEN - DAY

Hardcastle is on the phone.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, this is he.

INTERCUT - FRANKY KANE AS NECESSARY

In his condo.

KANE

Yeah, well Judge, this is Frank Kane. Kane Sports International.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah.

KANE

Well, I just called to congratulate you in signing Kid Calico. He's a real good prospect...and I thought maybe you and me, we should talk about it.

HARDCASTLE

There's nothing to talk about. I'm afraid you're a day late and a Dollar short, Mister Kane.

KANE

Look, Mister Hardcastle. I'm a business man...I sell products and you have just come into the hottest product on the market. Maybe we could make an arrangement.

HARDCASTLE

It's already been made.

KANE

Maybe. But it couldn't hurt to talk would it?

HARDCASTLE

Okay, where?

KANE

Le Sarre...For lunch. Say one o'clock.

McCormick walks in the den in the b.g.

HARDCASTLE

See you there.

CONTINUED

He hangs up and:

HARDCASTLE

What did I tell you.

(nods to phone)

Franky Kane wants to have  
lunch and talk a deal...

MCCORMICK

But we're not going to make  
any deal.

HARDCASTLE

That's right.

(beat)

and maybe that'll piss him off  
enough to make another stupid  
move.

RESUME - EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAY

McCormick backs the Coyote out of the garage as McCormick  
comes out of the house. Kid Calico is there.

HARDCASTLE

(to Calico)

How you feelin', Kid?

Kid Calico is losening up.

KID CALICO

Real good.

HARDCASTLE

All right, now listen up.  
McCormick's taking me over to  
have a little meeting with  
your pal Franky Kane.

KID CALICO

He's a pretty dangerous guy,  
Judge. Look what he's done  
to my dad.

HARDCASTLE

I know that, Kid. But maybe I  
can back him off...or force him  
into making another move. Either  
way we're gonna get this thing  
over with so you can get on with  
your boxing career.

CONTINUED

The Coyote rolls up.

HARDCASTLE

You got a fight tonight. McCormick  
and I are gonna swing by and pick up  
your dad. We'll meet you there.

Hardcastle gets into the Coyote.

HARDCASTLE

And Kid, be careful.

Kid Calico walks around to McCormick's side of the Coyote.

KID CALICO

Keep an eye on that guy, McCormick.

MCCORMICK

(aside to Kid Calico)

That's why I'm here, but don't tell  
the Judge that, o'kay...  
and Kid...have a good fight.

KID CALICO

Sure...keep your left up, o'kay.

The Coyote wheels off and:

EXT. LE SARRE - DAY

As Coyote wheels up and pulls around back.

INT. COYOTE - DAY

McCormick is at the wheels as Hardcastle gets out. He wears coat

MCCORMICK

I don't think you should go in  
there and talk to this guy alone,  
Judge. He's already tried to  
take us out once.

HARDCASTLE

I'll be careful, Mark. Thanks  
Now, you stay out here and keep  
cool. If anything funny goes on,  
(shrugs)

I might need to use that left  
jab of yours.

They smile and we:

CUT TO:

INT. LE SARRE - DAY

CONTINUED

GUY

You're coat, sir?

HARDCASTLE

Of course it's my coat...those  
your pants?

(walks past)

I got a lunch with Franky Kane,  
he is here?

ANGLE - KANE

Sitting at a table with Tony Barrows. Kane waves to Hardcastle

KANE

Over here, Judge.

Hardcastle sits down and for a beat they exchange looks.

KANE

You want to order first.  
I hear the steak tare tare  
is excellent.

HARDCASTLE

Is that so...I hear it's a little rare.

(BEAT)

Let's not dance around about this, o'kay?  
Whatta want?

KANE

Kid Calico...and I'm willing  
to pay you a lot of money for his  
contract.

HARDCASTLE

I told you on the phone, Kane.  
He wasn't for sale.

KANE

(Nicer)

Look, Judge. The fight game can  
be a dirty business. But you got  
lucky, you signed a real prospect.  
So, why not take a big profit and  
let the pros handle any risk. I mean  
the kid could get hurt...Break a  
hand...His career could end early.  
It happens all the time.

(BEAT)

So, why don't you just retire like  
everybody else and raise some daisies  
and work on your short game.



CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

What I'm doing now that I'm retired, is waiting for scumballs like you to screw up so I can bust you back into the can where you belong.

(smiles)

Barrows makes a move to his coatpocket and Kane stops him with a look.

KANE

Let's not sit here and insult each other, Hardcastle. I'm a business man now and I'll offer you a million up front and a couple of points on the Kid's first purse. What do you say?

HARDCASTLE

And what you are, Kane, is a bum. Freddy Vail, right? I pulled a file on you that I'm sure the boxing commission would be real interested in reading. Not to mention the fact that you've been beating up on Calico's old man.

KANE

I'm real sorry you brought that up, Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

I got a habit of pushing the right buttons on wrong numbers.

Kane nods to Barrows and Barrows flashes his gun.

BARROWS

I suggest you leave with me real quiet, Hardcastle...I wouldn't want you to bleed on the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. LE SARRE - DAY

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

As Hardcastle is lead out and into the rear of a black sedan. Barrows jumps into the driver's seat and Kane walks on toward his limo. The sedan pulls out and McCormick follows.

INT. LIMO - DAY

As Kane picks up his car phone.

KANE

I want you to send a couple of guys over to the hospital and pick up Calico's old man...I think I'm gonna need some leaverage with his Kid.

FADE OUT

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The black sedan drives by, with the Coyote in the b.g.: following out of sight.

INT. SEDAN

Hardcastle is in the back seat with two gorillas named SUITER and JAKE. They hold a gun on him and we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Various cars and patients are wheeled in and out.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

And we can see an armed POLICEMAN standing guard in front of Jack Calico's door. A beat, then an ORDERLY wheels up a large laundry basket. He knocks on Jack Calico's door.

POLICEMAN

I'm not suppose to let anyone  
in there without a pass.

The Orderly shrugs.

ORDERLY

Hey, man, if you want that old  
guy to sleep on dirty sheets,  
it's fine with me.

The Orderly starts to wheel off.

POLICEMAN

O'kay, go on in. But make  
if fast.

The Orderly wheels in his laundry cart.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jack Calico is sitting in a chair and looking out the window. Then, the Orderly pulls out a gun and puts it on Jack Calico.

ORDERLY

All right old man, get in  
the cart and don't make any  
noise.

As Calico gets into the cart and the Orderly covers him with the sheets, we:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RESUME - INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

After a beat the Orderly wheels out the laundry cart and nods to the Policeman.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

As we see Jack Calico being loaded into the rear of a sedan and as it wheels.

MATCH CUT TO:

ANGLE - BLACK SEDAN - DAY

As it wheels down a back road somewhere out in the country. It stops and Hardcastle is led from the back of the sedan.

BARROWS

Too bad you brought up all that ancient history to Mister Kane. It tends to make him a little crazy.

HARDCASTLE

I'll try'n remember that.

Barrows pulls his gun.

BARROWS

You know, I've always wanted to do a Judge.

and as Barrows goes to squeeze his trigger:

CLOSE ON - COYOTE

As it flies off of a dirt berm and screams overhead about five feet over Hardcastle, Barrows, Suiter and Jake. The Coyote travels maybe forty feet and Hardcastle grabs his chance: he flattens Barrows with a hard right and as the Coyote lands, Suiter and Jake open fire.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

As McCormick swings the Coyote up to Hardcastle and he dives in. Barrows makes for the black sedan as Suiter and Jake try to fend off the Coyote. McCormick expertly dodges fire as Suiter and Jake jump into the sedan and it squeals off:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EXT. CAR CHASE - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

As the Coyote chases the black sedan over the dirt and through the bushes and trees...Spectacular off road racing here and as the dirt flies into FRAME the black sedan launches off of a creek bed and smashes into a row of trees. The Coyote motors up and in the b.g. we can hear the sound of wailing police sirens...Hardcastle and McCormick jump out of the Coyote and pull down on Barrows, Suiter and Jake.

HARDCASTLE

That's it! It's over! Now get out of there real easy.

Hardcastle responds to the police cars that are now carreening towards them through the underbush.

HARDCASTLE

How they get here so fast?

MCCORMICK

I called'em, Judge. Whatta think?

HARDCASTLE

You're starting to get the hang of this now, aren't you kiddo.

Hardcastle smiles as the police wheel in.

HARDCASTLE

Wrap these guys up on felony kidnapping and conspiracy to commit murder.

MCCORMICK

We better get over to the Aud, Judge. If Kane was trying to take you out of this game, you know he has to be making another move on Kid Calico.

As they jog toward the Coyote we:

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - DAY

Franky Kane and two of his goons walk Jack Calico toward the front doors. OVER THIS:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RING ANNOUNCER

And in this corner, wearing the  
blue trunks and weighing in at one  
hundred and sixty three pounds...  
Kid Calico...!!!

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM - DAY

Kid Calico sits in the corner of the ring and talks with  
Sparky Furgess.

KID CALICO

I don't like this, Sparky.  
My friends were suppose to bring  
my dad here for this bout.

FURGESS

I wouldn't worry about it, Kid.  
They probably got stuck in traffic  
or something. Now remember, move  
in fast on this guy and when he  
drops his right, counter left and  
use the jab.

Sparky slaps Kid Calico on the back and he climbs out of  
the ring. The bell for round one sounds and:

ANGLE - KID CALICO

As he moves in and dances: throwing punches like a tiger.

ANGLE - AUDIENCE

As Kane and his two goons push Jack Calico into a ring side  
seat.

INTERCUT - KID CALICO

And as he looks to Kane and his dad, his opponent takes a  
shot and knocks him down. He climbs to his feet and looking  
back at his dad, he goes down again. The bell sounds and  
Kid Calico staggers back to his corner. Sparkey Furgess  
takes out his mouthpiece.

FURGESS

Whatta doin' in there, Kid?  
You wanna get killed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Kid Calico is a little starry eyed.

KID CALICO  
They've got my dad.

FURGESS  
Who?

On that, Kane sticks his head through the ropes

KANE  
How's it goin' Kid?

FURGESS  
Get away from my boy!

KANE  
We already took care of the  
Judge, Calico... and we got  
your dad.

KID CALICO  
Leave us alone!

KANE  
This is your last amateur fight  
make it a good one, huh? Then  
you sing with me or your old  
man ends up like your pal  
Hardcastle.

The bell rings and Kid Calico steps to the center of the ring  
and the fight resumes.

ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

As they make their way down two isles they parallel each  
other and lead down to the ringside seats of Kane and his  
goons.

RESUME - RING

As Kid Calico is getting his ass kicked as he keeps looking  
over to his dad.

RESUME - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

As they take up a position at each end of Kane's isle.

RESUME - RING

Kid Calico spots Hardcastle and McCormick and

INTERCUT - HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK

As Hardcastle points to Kane and then to the bell that is hung at the judges' table.

ANGLE - KID CALICO

As he nods and begins to fight with a flurry and the crowd goes wild. Then the bell rings and:

WIDE ANGLE - TO INCLUDE - RING SIDE SEATS

As McCormick and Hardcastle make their way toward Kane and Kid Calico leaps over the ropes and lands on top of him. Hardcastle and McCormick each go one on one with the other two goons and the place breaks into bedlam. We play an incredible fist fight here as Hardcastle, McCormick and Kid Calico pound the crap out of these heavies like a bunch of heavyweight champs. They win and Hardcastle pulls out his gun and trains it on Kane and his partners. He nods to Jack Calico.

HARDCASTLE

Why don't you call the cops,  
Jack, while we count these guys  
out.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR



TAG

EXT. SPARKY'S GYM - DAY

The Coyote wheels up and Hardcastle and McCormick get out and walk toward the gym.

MCCORMICK

You handled that guy pretty good, Judge. I gotta tell you.

HARDCASTLE

You weren't bad yourself, kiddo.

MCCORMICK

Yeah, but me. Heck, I used to box a little.

HARDCASTLE

You did, huh?

MCCORMICK

What does it look like?

McCormick throws a couple of jabs.

HARDCASTLE

It looks like someone trying to run underwater.

McCormick shakes his head and they enter.

INT. SPARKY'S GYM - DAY

Kid Calico is in the center of the ring working out with a sparring partner. Sparky Furgess is in the corner and Calico waves as Hardcastle and McCormick step up. Hardcastle and McCormick watch for a beat, then Hardcastle nods to Furgess.

HARDCASTLE

You got to tell your boy to move offa his right, quicker, Sparky. Any fighter in town could take his head off if he fights like that.

Furgess shakes his head.

MCCORMICK

(to Furgess)

Better listen to his guy, Sparky. He's a boxing expert.

CONTINUED

FURGESS

Is that so?

HARDCASTLE

Kinda, it is, yeah.

FURGESS

Archie Moore?

HARDCASTLE

Weighed in at 211 with a record of sixty three and two...Fought with both hands, hadda good left with big right hand. Retired in fifty three against a guy named Morrison.

Sparky nods and turns back to Kid Calico.

FURGESS

(impressed)

Maybe he is.

HARDCASTLE

(smiles)

Care to put the gloves on, Kid?

MCCORMICK

What? With me? Are you kidding Judge? I'm a little younger, a lot faster...and more than that, I'm a boxer. You're a brawler.

(smiles)

I'd kill you.

HARDCASTLE

(to Furgess)

You got any training gloves around here?

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Judge. You can't be serious.

HARDCASTLE

Just a friendly little round or two, McCormick. You're not chicken are you?

MCCORMICK

Get the gloves.

CONTINUED

CLOSE ON - BOXING GLOVES

As Kid Calico laces up McCormick's gloves in one corner of the ring.

KID CALICO

Don't hurt'em, Mark. He's a good guy.

MCCORMICK

Hurt him? Hardcastle will probably kill me. He's pretty rough.

ANGLE - HARDCASTLE

As Jack Calico laces up his gloves.

JACK CALICO

Go easy on your friend, Milt.

HARDCASTLE

What, are you kidding? The kid'll take me out in the first round. He's real tough.

The bell rings and both McCormick and Hardcastle get to their fight: wearing the expression of a bet that has gone too far. McCormick dances around and Hardcastle stalks him like a gorilla.

HARDCASTLE

If you stop dancing, McCormick, I could hit you and get this over with.

MCCORMICK

It's called, boxing, Judge. Watch Ali, shuffle... Here it comes.

McCormick shuffles and almost trips.

HARDCASTLE

Come on, fight.

MCCORMICK

You first. I don't want to throw a punch at a guy your age.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

I wouldn't worry about it, pal.  
You couldn't hit the ground with  
both feet.

McCORMICK

Float like a butterfly.

and as McCormick throws a punch.

HARDCASTLE

Charge like a bull.

and Hardcastle throws a right hand just as both punches are  
about to land on the surprised looks of our guys we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END