

#2111

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"THE GEORGIA STREET MOTORS"

by

Shel Willens

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HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

THE GEORGIA STREET MOTORS

CAST

JUDGE MILTON C. HARDCASTLE
MARK McCORMICK

JUDGE EMMETT PARNELL
FRANK CADIGAN
ROY TEAGUE
JACK TERRY
FLOYD MORGAN
GUARD
BUD
DEL RIO
SHINE KID
EDDIE PALOMAR
LIEUTENANT CARLTON
CHARLENE KEENE
BARTENDER
WILLIS LYSLE
BERNARD - WAITER
JOE FINGERS
BINGO CALLER

#2111

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

THE GEORGIA STREET MOTORS

SETS

EXTERIORS

GULL'S WAY
SAN QUENTIN
 /PARKING LOT
UNION STATION
LOADING DOCK
CHINATOWN
ALLEY
HIGHWAY
RISTORANTE ADAMO
STREET
BARCELONA APARTMENTS
BINGO PARLOR
PUBLIC PHONE

INTERIORS

GULL'S WAY
 /HARDCASTLE'S DEN
 /GATE HOUSE
JUDGE PARNELL'S DEN
SAN QUENTIN
 /PRISON CONTROL POINT
 /DEL RIO'S CELL
UNION STATION
COYOTE
POLICE STATION
 /LIEUTENANT CARLTON'S OFFICE
DRAGON CAFE
GRAY SEDAN
RISTORANTE ADAMO
BINGO PARLOR

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"THE GEORGIA STREET MOTORS"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GULL'S WAY-NIGHT 1

establishing. The voice of Mary Astor as Brigid O'Shaughnessy in the Maltese Falcon can be heard OVER.

BRIGID (over)
I've no right to ask you to help me blindly, but I do. Be generous, Mr. Spade. You can help me.

CUT TO

2 INT. HARDCASTLE'S DEN-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-NIGHT 2

watching TV. This is one of McCormick's favorite pictures, but Hardcastle is slumped down at the other end of the couch, looking bored.

HARDCASTLE
C'mon, McCormick. You must've seen this thing fifty times already.

McCORMICK
Not now, Judge. Please. This is one of the best parts coming up.

3 INSERT-TV 3

Bogart and Astor.

BOGART
You won't need much of anybody's help. You're good.

4 RESUME-McCORMICK 4

He has most of the picture memorized and he now speaks Bogart's lines with him.

CONTINUED

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-2-

4 CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

You're real good. It's chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get in your voice when you say things like 'Be generous, Mr. Spade.'

5 NEW ANGLE

as Hardcastle reaches for the remote control and changes the channel.

HARDCASTLE

Just let me see the news for a minute and I'll switch it right back.

MCCORMICK

Why'd you do that? We always watch your shows.

Hardcastle suddenly tenses up and leans forward.

HARDCASTLE

Hold on a second. This is important.

TV REPORTER (over)

In our other headline stories tonight...

6 INSERT-TV

TV REPORTER

San Quentin officials will unlock the prison's south gate tomorrow morning and Floyd Morgan, the notorious 'Rainy Day Killer' will walk out a free man after serving only seven years.

7 BACK TO SCENE

MCCORMICK

At least he got to watch TV.

HARDCASTLE

Shhhhh!

TV REPORTER (over)

Morgan was originally sentenced to die in the gas chamber for the
(MORE)

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

TV REPORTER (cont'd)
brutal murder of two Los Angeles policemen, but his sentence was reduced to life in prison when the Supreme Court threw out the death penalty.

HARDCASTLE
They should've made an exception in Morgan's case, and given him the pill anyway.

McCORMICK
That's real nice talk coming from somebody who always says you can't argue with the law.

HARDCASTLE
Listen, McCormick. This guy Morgan's a stone-cold killer. He blew away two cops for no reason at all, and then he went out and had himself a big dinner.

McCORMICK
Maybe so, but the death penalty's pretty final, isn't it? I mean, what if somebody makes a mistake?

HARDCASTLE
You sound just like one of those tinhorn lawyers who used t' come into my court and tie the law in knots.

McCORMICK
The only times I've ever been in court, the law was tryin' t' tie me in knots. You mind if I switch back to my movie now?

He's about to reach for the channel selector when Hardcastle grabs it off the table.

HARDCASTLE
Wait a second. I wanna see this.

8

ANGLE-TV

TV REPORTER
And here's a switch. Another San Quentin inmate, Duane Del Rio, was
(MORE)

8

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

TV REPORTER (cont'd)
scheduled to be paroled this morning, but when the time came for his release, Del Rio refused to come out of his cell, stating that...

The TV picture suddenly flips over, the sound sputters, and the screen goes blank.

McCORMICK
I don't believe it! The cable's out again. That's the second time this week, Judge. We've gotta do something about it, or...

He turns to Hardcastle, but the judge has already gotten up and gone over to his desk.

McCORMICK
What're you doing? You can't call the cable company this late.

9 ON HARDCASTLE

shuffling through his files.

HARDCASTLE
I'm lookin' for something.
(then)
Here it is. Duane Del Rio. One count of embezzlement and two counts of Grand Theft. I sent him up to Quentin a little over three years ago on a five year sentence.

McCORMICK
If he's getting out this fast, he must've been a good boy.

HARDCASTLE
I've known a lot worse. Del Rio was a real magician with numbers. That's what got him into trouble. He was one of those guys who kept stats on everything. Knew more about the game of basketball than anybody I ever met.

McCORMICK
You got any idea why he'd turn down parole like that?

Hardcastle tosses the file to McCormick.

CONTINUED

9 · CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

No, but I can tell you there's something real funny about this whole deal.

McCormick leafs through the file.

McCORMICK

Here's the report from his parole hearing. It says he's even got himself lined up with a job when he gets out.

He scans the report a moment longer, then closes the file.

McCORMICK

It sounds pretty weird, Judge. San Quentin isn't exactly the kinda place you wanna renew your lease.

HARDCASTLE

I'd sure like t' know what's goin' on up there. You feel like takin' a little ride?

McCORMICK

Y' mean now? It's almost midnight.

Hardcastle checks his watch.

HARDCASTLE

That'll give us just enough time t' get there by breakfast.

McCormick looks very unhappy all of a sudden.

McCORMICK

I don't wanna go to San Quentin, Judge. I still have bad dreams about places like that. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and I think I'm still inside.

HARDCASTLE

You've gotta learn t' relax a little. What could happen t' you with me along?

McCORMICK

I'd like t' talk to my lawyer before I answer that, Judge.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED - 2

HARDCASTLE

You're talkin' to him, and my advice t' you is t' put on a nice warm jacket 'cause it's pretty cold out t'night.

A BEAT on Hardcastle's grin, then:

CUT TO

10 INT. PARNELL'S DEN-NIGHT

JUDGE EMMETT PARNELL is a big, vigorous-looking man in his mid-60's, dressed in a well cut double-breasted suit. His bearing and demeanor suggest a man accustomed to the use of power. The only incongruous note to his appearance is a pair of old-fashioned motorcycle boots, spit-shined and laced up to the knee; the kind of boots that motor cops used to wear a long time ago. The other three men in the room are also big men in their 60's, and each of them wears the same kind of boots.

PARNELL

Next case on the docket is Floyd Morgan. I don't think I have to go into any details here. Okay, Frank.

FRANK CADIGAN cuts the lights and hits the switch on a slide projector.

11 INSERT-THE SLIDE

Floyd Morgan's booking pictures--full of ugly menace.

PARNELL (over)

Just so you remember what he looks like.

12 RESUME ON ROY TEAGUE

His face is illuminated by the reflected light of the projector, and it looks like a chunk of sidewalk. He has the hard-eyed expression of a man it wouldn't be smart to argue with.

TEAGUE

I'll never forget him, or the way those two cops looked after Morgan shot 'em down. This one's gonna be a pleasure.

13 CLOSE ON JACK TERRY

as the lights go on again. He is the same cut of man as Teague, only more laconic, with a touch of country boy humor and a stick of chewing gum always in his mouth.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

TERRY

I guess you're just a natural
born town tamer, Roy, 'cause
you say that about all of 'em.

TEAGUE

Somebody's gotta do the dirty
work the law used t' do.

TERRY

You've just seen too many victims,
is all.

PARNELL

We all have, Jack. That's why
we're here. Trying to carry out
our original sentences after other
hands tampered with 'em. I figure
it's just picking up the rope after
those bleeding hearts dropped it.

CADIGAN

And this time, it's going to be
wrapped around Floyd Morgan's
neck.

They raise their glasses in a silent toast, then drink.

14 EXT. SAN QUENTIN-DAWN

14

Vast stone walls, yellow with age, loom up out of the fog
that gusts in off the bay. A DISTANT FOGHORN sounds as
we PULL BACK and DOWN to the front gate. The barrier arm
goes up and a uniformed guard motions the Coyote forward
into the prison.

15 ANGLE-REPORTERS

15

About twenty newspaper and television reporters are huddled
together, motionless, silent, and cold--warmed only by the
glare of the lights hooked up to portable generators.

16 THE COYOTE

16

pulling into the visitor's parking lot. Hardcastle climbs out,
then McCormick, who looks around and gives an involuntary little
shudder as he pulls his collar up against the chill.

HARDCASTLE

Lotta memories, huh, McCormick?
(then gently)
Forget 'em. None of that stuff
counts anymore.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

McCORMICK

I think I'm catching a cold.
Y' know, this is really crazy.
All you hadda do was pick up a
phone and call the warden.

HARDCASTLE

I didn't wanna talk to the warden.
I wanna hear what's goin' on from
Del Rio.

McCORMICK

Twenty bucks says he won't tell
you anything.

Hardcastle slaps McCormick's outstretched palm.

HARDCASTLE

Some guys just can't hold onto
their dough. You're on for twenty.

17 INT. PRISON CONTROL POINT-ON MORGAN-DAY

17

He's a lean-faced, mean-eyed killer in a loose fitting suit, and
he carries his personal possessions in an overnight bag.

GUARD (over)

Okay, Floyd. Two steps forward.

Morgan moves forward, his eyes locked straight ahead on the door
out.

18 HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

18

standing at the guard's station and watching Morgan.

GUARD

Move through the control point and
turn you blue card in at the front
gate when you leave the prison.

(then)

Good luck, Floyd.

Morgan slowly turns his head to look at the guard, but he says
nothing. His eyes line up on the guard like gun barrels, then
slide away past Hardcastle and McCormick as he steps out to
meet his welcoming committee.

McCORMICK

Now there's a guy who really knows
how t' say goodbye.

CONTINUED

GUARD

I feel a lot safer in here with him on the outside.

MCCORMICK

I thought it was supposed t' be the other way around.

HARDCASTLE

Sometimes the system doesn't make a whole lotta sense--even t' me.

GUARD

The Warden's cleared you through to A Block, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

Thanks, Pal. I know the way. C'mon, McCormick.

GUARD

Sorry, Judge, but your friend will have to wait here for you.

HARDCASTLE

Listen, the Warden's an old buddy of mine. Why don't you just get him on the line and I'm sure he'll okay it...

MCCORMICK

(overlapping)

This is fine, Judge. Really. I'll wait right here 'til you come back.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, McCormick, but just don't go lookin' up any of your old pals.

MCCORMICK

There's no such thing in a place like this. Just a bunch of guys who waited around together.

Hardcastle nods, then moves off.

19 INT. DEL RIO'S CELL-HARDCASTLE-DAY

19

BUD, the guard accompanying Hardcastle, signals Tier Control and the cell door slides back with the sound of a meat slicer.

BUD

I'll be right out here on the freeway if you need me, Judge.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Thanks, Bud, but me and Duane here are old pals.

He enters the cell to find Del Rio sitting on his bunk surrounded by several large notebooks.

DEL RIO

What're you doing here, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

I'd like t' ask you the same question, Duane. How come you turned down your parole?

DEL RIO

'Cause I'd rather be nice and safe in my cell than laid out in one of them freezer drawers in the L.A. morgue.

HARDCASTLE

And just what's that supposed t' mean?

DEL RIO

It means I'm scared, Judge. Real scared. I'm a dead man as soon as I hit the bricks in L.A.

HARDCASTLE

I'm not too good at guessin' games, Duane, so why don't you just tell me what you're talkin' about?

DEL RIO

I tried that already, and it didn't do me any good. Go tell the warden, I says to myself. Show him what you found out. So I take my books here and show 'em to the warden.

Del Rio grabs a book and opens it up.

DEL RIO

About a year ago I started keepin' stats on guys who were getting paroled so I could figure out what the odds were gonna be when I finally got out. Instead, I found something I wasn't looking for.

He glances down at the open notebook and reads:

CONTINUED

DEL RIO

Georgie Hicks supposedly jumped off the Second Street bridge the day after he got back to L.A. Vic Zerilli got slapped in the head with a ball bat a week after he was paroled. Leo Doyle was a hit-and-run as soon as he stepped off the bus.

He looks up at Hardcastle and closes the book.

DEL RIO

Every heavyweight con who got paroled out of San Quentin in the last year wound up dead as soon as he got back to L.A.

HARDCASTLE

But you're not even in the same league with those other guys, Duane.

DEL RIO

Maybe not, but I found out what was goin' on, and after the warden made all them phone calls to L.A., they know I know. I figure that I'm already bought and paid for by whoever's been killing those guys.
(stands up and moves
to the door)

Hey, Guard! The judge here wants t' leave now.

HARDCASTLE

Wait a minute, Duane. We've still gotta talk about...

But he doesn't get a chance to finish because as soon as the guard appears at the cell door, Del Rio suddenly swings a looping punch at Hardcastle. He manages to block most of it and the guard is all over Del Rio before he can throw another one.

HARDCASTLE

Now what in the hell was that all about?

DEL RIO

I figure it oughtta be good for at least another year in here.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

This ain't a hotel, Duane, and there's a lotta real bad guys out there waiting for your room. I'll check on your information when I get back t' L.A., but I've got a feeling you really missed the bag on this one, Pal.

He's about to step out of the cell when Del Rio calls him back.

DEL RIO

Hey, Judge. A good place t' start might be at El Majestico.

Hardcastle measures him, then nods and exits.

20 EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-DAY

20

as they cross to the Coyote.

McCORMICK

I don't believe it, Judge. Sounds t' me like this guy Del Rio was runnin' some kinda number on you.

HARDCASTLE

Maybe so, but that's what the man said, and you owe me twenty bucks.

McCORMICK

Why don't you just let it ride, and five more says this thing's got flies all over it.

HARDCASTLE

Suit yourself. Y' know, I wouldn't be at all surprised if you started giving your money away next.

McCormick shakes his head with a grin.

McCORMICK

No chance of that. No chance at all.

21 EXT. UNION STATION-NIGHT

21

establishing

P.A VOICE (over)

Train service to Salt Lake City, Chicago and Cleveland now boarding at Gate Six.

CUT TO

22 INT. TRAIN STATION-ON MORGAN-NIGHT

22

He climbs down from a shoeshine stand, hands the SHINE KID some change, then ambles off across the lobby. The kid moves to the man reading a newspaper at the other end of the stand.

KID

Hey man, those are sure some fine boots.

Jack Terry folds his paper and gets down from the stand. He drops a quarter into the kid's hand, then heads off after Morgan.

23 NEW ANGLE

23

Morgan crosses the nearly deserted station and passes a row of phone booths. A BEAT, then Roy Teague steps out and watches him go with pale, passionless eyes. Terry now walks up and joins him.

TERRY

He don't look any different than the day we drove him up to the joint seven years ago.

TEAGUE

Some guys never change, y' know?

Terry grins and offers him a stick of gum.

TERRY

Yeah. Some guys.

Terry and Teague now move off after Morgan.

DISSOLVE TO

24 EXT. STATION-MORGAN-NIGHT

24

It's dark and deserted as Morgan steps out of the station, looks around with a smile, then turns and heads off toward the parking lot.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE-MORGAN

25

moving past a row of parked cars as Parnell and Cadigan suddenly step out in front of him.

PARNELL

Hello, Floyd.

26 INTERCUT MORGAN-AS NEEDED

26

He comes to an abrupt stop, instantly on his guard, his eyes seeking to identify them in the darkness.

CONTINUED

PARNELL

Don't tell me you've already forgotten what I look like. It's only been seven years.

MORGAN

Judge Parnell? That you?

PARNELL

That's right, Floyd. And this is Judge Cadigan. He was the one who sent your case to me when you were arraigned.

Morgan relaxes a little, unthreatened by a couple of aging judges.

MORGAN

Say, what is this?

CADIGAN

I guess you could call it a going away party.

MORGAN

Listen, I've done my time and you can't just come down on me like this. You've got no right.

PARNELL

We've got some unfinished business with you, Floyd. There's a little matter of your original sentence.

MORGAN

Get the hell outta my way.

He's about to make a move toward them when there is a loud CLICK behind him and he spins around to see:

27 TERRY AND TEAGUE

27

blocking the way. There's a long-barrel .38 in Teague's hand and it's lined up on Morgan's chest.

28 NEW ANGLE

28

as Morgan reflexively throws his overnight bag at Teague and takes off running.

29 CLOSE ON MORGAN

29

running for his life. A cab now pulls into the parking lot and Morgan heads right for it. The cab brakes to avoid hitting him,

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED 29

and Morgan is suddenly on the cabbie like a wolf, clawing him out from behind the wheel.

30 CLOSE ON PARNELL AND THE OTHERS 30

headed for their cars.

31 SERIES OF SHOTS-THE CHASE 31

Morgan skids out of the parking lot in the cab, followed after a BEAT by two big sedans. Morgan's determination to escape is apparent in the cab's reckless flight through the train yards. It crashes and bashes its way over rail beds, past empty freight cars and deserted sidings--but the two sedans are being driven by expert pursuit drivers and they stay right with him.

32 ANGLE-THE CAB 32

as Morgan crashes it through a wooden traffic barrier, then spins it onto a track bed with his wheels flanking the rails.

SMASH CUT

33 APPROACHING TRAIN ENGINE-MORGAN'S ANGLE 33

on the track right in front of him, its single headlight blinding him and its whistle screaming a warning.

SMASH CUT

34 CLOSE ON MORGAN 34

desperately trying to turn the cab off the track, but its wheels are locked on.

SMASH CUT

35 CLOSE ON THE CAB 35

as it slams into the engine, the front end collapses, and it's shoved backward off the track to tumble sideways down an embankment and burst into flames as it rolls over and over.

36 PARNELL AND CADIGAN 36

watching the cab burn.

PARNELL

Looks like Floyd Morgan just lost his last appeal. Case closed.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

37 INT. COYOTE-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-DAY 37

It's early, just after dawn, and McCormick is still half asleep, but Hardcastle is looking forward to getting his teeth into a new case.

HARDCASTLE

If Del Rio's really onto something, we might have t' start shakin' a few trees.

McCORMICK

Wouldn't it just be easier to pick up a phone and call the cops? I mean, that's what they get paid for, isn't it?

HARDCASTLE

You know we can't go the the police without hard evidence. And anyway, where's your sense of adventure?

McCORMICK

Look, Judge, I've been doin' a lot of thinking lately, and maybe I'm not cut out for this kinda thing. Maybe you made a mistake when you picked me t' help you out.

HARDCASTLE

I'm not complaining, am I? What's wrong with you, McCormick. I never figured you for a quitter.

McCORMICK

C'mon, Judge. I'm no quitter. I'm just trying to be practical, is all, and you don't have t' start calling me names.

HARDCASTLE

How come you're gettin' so sensitive all of a sudden?

McCormick shoots him a look and jumps on it.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Sensitive? Who's sensitive? Just because I'm getting a little tired of shakin' trees with you and havin' things fall on my head, doesn't make me sensitive.

HARDCASTLE

I thought you were startin' to enjoy all this sleuthing around.

McCORMICK

Is that what you call it? Sometimes I feel like a kid walking around with one of those training harnesses on his back, and whenever I'm about t' step outta line I can feel you takin' up the slack on me.

HARDCASTLE

(genuinely concerned)

I'm real sorry y' feel that way. I figured we were more like partners.

McCORMICK

Partners, huh? Does that mean I get t' have some say in how we handle these cases?

HARDCASTLE

Well...no. Y' see, I'm the senior partner, and the senior partner makes all the decisions.

McCORMICK

That means I'm still the donkey, doesn't it, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

No way. I couldn't do any of this stuff without you. You make it go.

McCORMICK

You really mean that, Judge?

Hardcastle holds up two fingers.

HARDCASTLE

Judge's honor. You know I mean it.

McCORMICK

Well, I guess that's better than nothing, but I still think we oughtta call the cops and let 'em earn those big pensions they get.

38 THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD-THEIR ANGLE 38

The Produce Market and a large sign over a loading dock that reads: EL MAJESTICO PRODUCE.

HARDCASTLE (over)

There it is. Park it over next to that sign.

39 EXT. LOADING DOCK-EDDIE PALOMAR-DAY 39

He's staggering under the weight of a huge crate of lettuce that he carries across the dock to a truck. He's a short, chunky little Mexican in a pair of shabby overalls and a ratty-looking peacoat. The ridges of scar tissue around his eyes and the flattened remnants of a nose give him the look of an old baby.

HARDCASTLE (over)

Hello, Eddie.

Eddie pivots in a crouch and immediately snaps off a wicked right hook that stops about an inch short of Hardcastle's chin.

EDDIE

You're real lucky my reflexes didn't go when my legs did, Hardcase.

HARDCASTLE

It don't take much luck with a washed-up pug like you, Pal. You couldn't hit water if you fell out of a boat.

Instead of belting him, Eddie suddenly breaks into a dazzling, gap-toothed smile and grabs Hardcastle in an affectionate bearhug.

EDDIE

Hey, Milt, you look great. Just great.

HARDCASTLE

You, too, Eddie. How's everything goin'?

Eddie shrugs and frowns at the stack of crates on the loading dock.

EDDIE

How good can anything go when you gotta work in a dump like this? I've gotta fill up all these trucks and there's four more out in the yard waiting for loads.

(nodding at McCormick)

Who's your friend?

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE
Mark McCormick...Eddie Palomar.

They shake hands.

EDDIE
What can I do for you, Milt?

HARDCASTLE
I hear you might know something
about a bunch of ex-cons who got
their tickets cancelled lately.

Eddie glances around nervously, then steers them over to the
back of the loading dock where there's less action.

EDDIE
I've got nothing for sure, Milt,
but I've been hearing a lotta
talk.

HARDCASTLE
What kinda talk?

Eddie shrugs, then lowers his voice and leans in close.

EDDIE
I didn't pay a whole lot of attention
to it at first. You know how ex-cons
are always trying t' lay a story on
you.

Hardcastle just can't resist shooting McCormick a look.

HARDCASTLE
Who knows better'n me?

EDDIE
Well, after a while all these stories
began t' add up, and then I get this
panic letter from a guy I know up in
Q.

MCCORMICK
Duane Del Rio.

EDDIE
(nodding)
Right, and all of a sudden I start
paying attention.

Eddie pulls a folded slip of paper out of his pocket and hands
it to Hardcastle.

EDDIE

I started keeping a record, and so far, seven ex-cons have gotten whacked as soon as they hit the street in L.A.

Hardcastle glances at the slip of paper.

HARDCASTLE

None of these cases were mine. I don't have any files on these guys.

(then)

I thought you said there were seven of 'em. There's only six names on this list.

Eddie grabs the morning paper from a nearby stack of crates and hands it over.

EDDIE

I didn't have a chance to bring it up to date yet.

40 INSERT-FRONT PAGE

40

Floyd Morgan's picture beneath a headline that reads: PAROLEE DIES IN FIERY CRASH.

41 RESUME

41

with McCormick crowding Hardcastle for a look at the paper.

MCCORMICK

Looks like Del Rio was right, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

I just wonder why we haven't heard about any of this before. I always find out about cases like this as soon as the cops start working on 'em.

MCCORMICK

Maybe they're not working too hard on it 'cause they figure somebody's doing 'em a favor.

EDDIE

That's not it.

Eddie looks a little uncomfortable.

EDDIE

I know how you feel about the cops, Milt, but the word is that they've got a piece of this.

HARDCASTLE

What's that supposed t' mean?

McCORMICK

It means that a bunch of your cop pals are going around and killing ex-cons. This thing's got the stink of bad cop all over it.

HARDCASTLE

You don't have t' look so happy about it, McCormick.

(then-to Eddie)

Okay, Eddie. I'll check it out, and thanks.

EDDIE

Any time.

(then)

Hey, Milt. Watch your step on this one. Whoever's takin' these guys out is a pro.

Hardcastle grins and punches Eddie lightly on the shoulder, then turns and heads off. McCormick glares after him for a moment, then impulsively pulls a couple of bills out of his pocket and folds them into Eddie's hand.

McCORMICK

Thanks for the help, Eddie, and I hope things get a little better for you.

He turns and quickly follows Hardcastle. Eddie looks down at the crumpled bills in his hand and grins.

as he heads for the Coyote with McCormick at his heels.

McCORMICK

Hey, Hardcastle, I never figured you for a cheapskate.

HARDCASTLE

What're you talking' about?

McCORMICK

You could've slipped that guy a couple of bucks. It wouldn't 've killed you.

Hardcastle skids to a stop and turns back to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Why in the hell would I wanna do that? Eddie Palomar owns all those trucks and about a dozen more. He could buy the both of us with his pocket change. Guy was middleweight champ back in '59 or '60. Good old El Majestico's a millionaire a couple times over.

McCormick winces and puts his hand in his pocket. Hardcastle spots the move and grins at him.

HARDCASTLE

You toked him, didn't you?

McCORMICK

Twenty bucks.

Hardcastle laughs and takes a set shot with an imaginary ball.

HARDCASTLE

See? I told y' you were gonna start giving it away. Easy come, easy go, huh, McCormick?

A BEAT on them, then we:

CUT TO

He's making notes from a thick stack of reports, finishing up with the last one just as Carlton drifts over.

CARLTON

You find what you were looking for, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Some of it, but how come there's no homicide report in Morgan's package?

CARLTON

Auto Theft got the case instead of Homicide. It was listed as an
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CARLTON (cont'd)
accidental death.

HARDCASTLE
I thought that cabbie saw somebody
chasing Morgan?

CARLTON
He changed his story. Said it all
happened so fast he couldn't be
sure. You think I oughtta send it
over to Homicide?

HARDCASTLE
No, that's okay. Don't make any
waves, but you can do me a favor.
Just bury those other reports back
where they belong and forget I ever
asked for 'em.

CARLTON
You got it.

Hardcastle now looks around the office and spots McCormick at
the desk of CHARLENE KEENE, a pretty redhead who works for Carlton.

McCORMICK
Y' know, I always had a thing for
redheads. Ever since I was a kid.
My first girlfiend was a redhead.

CHARLENE
You're gonna get me in trouble.
I've got a lot of work to do.

McCORMICK
I'll never forget her. Her name
was Charlene.

CHARLENE
Hey, that's my name. See?

She points to the nameplate on her desk--right in front of
McCormick.

McCORMICK
(all teeth)
You might be her.

The girl laughs just as Hardcastle lays a big paw on McCormick's
shoulder.

HARDCASTLE

He's just full of chuckles, isn't he, Miss? I bet he was tellin' you that little story about his wife and kids he told me this morning.

McCORMICK

C'mon, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

Don't be embarrassed about it, McCormick.

(to Charlene)

Did he show you their pictures?

She shakes her head a little uncertainly.

HARDCASTLE

Go on. Show her.

(to Charlene)

He keeps a whole bunch of 'em in his wallet. Makes his pocket bulge, but he don't care a bit.

McCORMICK

Don't do this to me, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

(checking his watch)

C'mon, McCormick. We've gotta skate.

(to Charlene)

Sorry t' drag him off like this, but I promised the little woman I'd make sure he got home okay.

Hardcastle has him on his feet and moving toward the door.

McCORMICK

(over his shoulder)

He's just kiddin' around. Really. I'll call you.

CHARLENE

Don't bother. I don't date married men.

45 INT. COYOTE-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-DAY

45

INTERCUTTING as needed.

HARDCASTLE

Let's get moving.

CONTINUED

McCormick holds the car keys up, then closes his fist around them.

McCORMICK

No way. Not 'til you tell me why you jerked my string like that.

HARDCASTLE

I could see right off she was a real nice girl, and I don't think you're ready for somebody like her yet.

McCORMICK

All I wanted t' do was take her to a movie.

HARDCASTLE

That's the way it always starts. First, a movie, then dinner, and all of a sudden you're makin' promises y' can't keep. I figured I was doin' you both a favor.

McCORMICK

Do me a favor, Judge. Don't do me any more favors like that. Even a guy on parole's got a right to a little personal life.

(then)

You find what you were looking for in those files?

HARDCASTLE

I'm not sure yet, but there were four names that kept jumping out of those reports.

McCormick glances at him.

McCORMICK

And I bet they were cops, weren't they?

HARDCASTLE

Ex-cops. Two of 'em quit the Department and became judges about the same time as me. The other two retired after puttin' in thirty years.

McCormick now fires up the Coyote and pulls out into traffic.

McCORMICK

Sounds t' me like you might know 'em pretty well.

HARDCASTLE

Past tense. I knew 'em. They were old partners of mine from the Georgia Street Motor Squad.

McCormick stands on the brakes and skids the Coyote back into the curb.

McCORMICK

You were in that outfit?

HARDCASTLE

For a while.

McCORMICK

I've heard stories about that bunch for years. Death on wheels. Isn't that whay they used t' call 'em? Motorcycle cops who hadda be at least six feet tall and all mean. Those guys were killers, Judge.

It's apparent from the look on Hardcastle's face that McCormick has hit a nerve.

HARDCASTLE

(quickly)

Nobody ever proved that, McCormick.

McCORMICK

Yeah, well that's because they were cops and all the proof got buried in deep holes.

HARDCASTLE

It was a cop who blew the whistle on 'em.

McCormick is watching him closely now.

McCORMICK

Don't tell me. You?

HARDCASTLE

(after a beat)

I was a big, rough kid in those days, and I loved motorcycles, so they assigned me to Georgia Street. It was the toughest mile in the city until the Motors started splashing guys on the pavement instead of takin' 'em in. All of a sudden, it got so tame around that station you couldn't find a rat in an alley.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK
You must've loved that.

HARDCASTLE
It was the closest I ever got t'
bein' a cowboy, and it was the
most fun I ever had in my life.

McCORMICK
So why'd you turn 'em in if they
were doin' such a great job?

Thirty years worth of anger suddenly boils up.

HARDCASTLE
'Cause that's not the way the system
works, McCormick. Nobody's got the
right t' mess around with the law
that way. Those guys were my best
friends, but what they did was
wrong, and I knew it.

McCORMICK
(refusing to let go
of it)
Maybe so, but the Georgia Street
Motors got away clean, didn't they,
Judge?

Hardcastle shrugs and all of a sudden his anger grows cold.

HARDCASTLE
The Grand Jury put 'em out of
business, but no charges were ever
filed. Things were different in
those days, and a lotta dirt got
swept under the carpet.

McCORMICK
Yeah, well it looks like it's still
there, doesn't it?

Hardcastle doesn't answer, and his face looks bleak.

McCORMICK
Hey, Judge, are you listening to me?

HARDCASTLE
(after a beat)
If those guys are mixed up in this,
then we've gotta stop 'em.
(then-grimly)
God, but I've seen this system chew
up a lot of good men.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 4

45

McCormick watches him narrowly for a moment, but Hardcastle is silent and angry and thirty years away. He slips the Coyote into gear and powers back out into the traffic.

46 EXT. CHINATOWN-STOCK ESTABLISHING-NIGHT

46

47 INT. DRAGON CAFE-NIGHT

47

A place for the judges, lawyers, and cops who work in the Criminal Courts. A smokey, noisey, colorful place where hard men drink to get drunk.

48 ANGLE-HARDCASTLE

48

as he moves through the crowd to a spot at the bar next to Emmett Parnell, who is watching a ballgame on TV.

HARDCASTLE

(to the bartender)

I'll have a beer, and bring one for the judge here.

BARTENDER

Sure thing, Judge. Hey, I haven't seen you around here for a hundred years. You fall off the wagon, or something?

HARDCASTLE

Or something.

Parnell doesn't even turn his head, but he eyeballs Hardcastle in the mirror behind the bar.

PARNELL

(coldly)

Since when do you buy me drinks, Hardcastle?

HARDCASTLE

I just figured I owe you a couple, is all.

PARNELL

The last time we had a beer together was more than thirty years ago--before you put on a rat jacket.

HARDCASTLE

Maybe I had a change of heart.

Parnell now turns and looks at Hardcastle head on.

CONTINUED

PARNELL

Don't kid me, Hardcastle. You don't have a heart. Just a copy of the Penal Code and a big mouth.

HARDCASTLE

(biting it off)

If I had a big mouth, Emmett, you and your pals would be wearin' denim pajamas with numbers on 'em.

PARNELL

What the hell are you talking about?

HARDCASTLE

Georgie Hicks, Vic Zerilli, Leo Doyle, Floyd Morgan...

Parnell's face goes blank. He lays a bill down on the bar and climbs off his stool, then pokes Hardcastle in the chest.

PARNELL

You want a beef, you got it, but not in here where I drink.

He turns away and heads toward the back of the bar. A BEAT, then Hardcastle follows.

49 EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

49

as Hardcastle and Parnell step out of the back door of the cafe.

PARNELL

Okay, Hardcastle. Shoot.

HARDCASTLE

That sounds pretty funny coming from you, Emmett.

PARNELL

Listen...

HARDCASTLE

(cutting him off)

No, you listen! I've got a lotta time on my hands now that I'm retired, and I keep all these files, see? Well, I spotted something in 'em. It was kind of a connection, but it didn't make much sense 'til I read about Floyd Morgan in yesterday's paper. I did a little checking around and what d' you think I came up with?

CONTINUED

PARNELL

You're just spitting in the dark,
Hardcastle. You don't have any proof.

HARDCASTLE

I don't need any proof 'cause I
don't plan on tellin' anybody about
it.

Hardcastle's face undergoes a subtle change here, as if thirty
years of memories suddenly just caught up with him.

HARDCASTLE

I figure maybe I made a mistake the
last time. It turns out that you
guys were right after all.

PARNELL

I don't believe you.

Maybe not, but at least he's listening now..

HARDCASTLE

I'm too old t' lie, Pal, and that
never really was my style anyway.
You know that. We might've seen a
few things differently, but at least
we were looking at 'em from the same
side of the street.

PARNELL

So what? You went your own way a
long time ago.

Hardcastle hesitates a moment, and the words don't come easy.

HARDCASTLE

I'm in real bad trouble, Emmett, and
my way won't work this time. There's
an ex-con out gunning for me and I
need help.

PARNELL

So you figured you'd come to me.

HARDCASTLE

I didn't want to, but I've got no
place else t' go.

(with difficulty)

I was hopin' that maybe you could
talk to the others for me.

PARNELL

Forget it.

(then-his voice
softening)

You talk to 'em yourself. Tomorrow night at my place. I can't guarantee it'll do you any good, but at least you'll get a hearing.

HARDCASTLE

Thanks, Emmett. That's all I can ask for.

CUT TO

50 EXT. GULL'S WAY-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-DAY

50

watching WILLIS LYSLE make the final adjustments to a twelve foot dish antenna. This guy looks like he just crawled out of a jar, but there's nothing in the world he can't wire and he'd do anything for Hardcastle.

WILLIS

All set, Judge. You've got twelve foot of satellite dish and about a hundred and fifty incoming channels.

HARDCASTLE

That's great, Willis. How about the other stuff?

WILLIS

You're hooked right up. I got both cameras patched into your landline and all you've gotta do is hit the switch and you're on the air. You want me to, I can even fix it so you're on all three networks at the same time. Just like the President.

HARDCASTLE

No, it's fine the way it is. All I wanna do is break in on the cable's public access channel when I have to.

WILLIS

Don't say another word, Judge. I'm only a technician. Just do me a favor and forget who did your installation if somebody from the FCC shows up. Those government bozos get real peculiar about broadcasting licenses and stuff like that.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Don't worry about a thing, Willis

Willis nods, picks up his tool chest, and heads for his truck.

HARDCASTLE

(to McCormick)

Well, what d' you think?

MCCORMICK

I think it looks illegal, Judge.
Like some kinda still, or maybe
messages from outer space, but
it definitely means more trouble.

HARDCASTLE

What it means is that we can watch
all the TV we want without the
cable going off again.

MCCORMICK

How about all that equipment Bugs
Bunny wired up in the den?

Hardcastle avoids an answer by heading off after Willis.

HARDCASTLE

I gotta open the gate for Willis.
I'll tell you about that other stuff
later, after I get all the details
worked out.

MCCORMICK

(calling after him)

Why do my palms always sweat when
you start playing hide the hanky?

51 EXT. HIGHWAY-GRAY SEDAN-DAY

51

Parked across and down from the main gate at Gull's Way.

TEAGUE (over)

I don't like it, no matter what
Parnell says.

52 INT. SEDAN-TERRY AND TEAGUE-DAY

52

TEAGUE

Milt Hardcastle won't cross the
line, and that's it. He's always
been like a rock about the law.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

TERRY

Lotta things can change in thirty years, Roy.

TEAGUE

Maybe so, but Milton C. Hardcastle ain't one of 'em. He almost got us bagged the last time we hooked up with him.

TERRY

I think you're wrong, Roy. I gotta go with Parnell on this one. If some con's really out t' get him, we can't just let it go down. He's one of us, no matter what happened before.

TEAGUE

Sure, and I'm gonna remind you of that when Hardcastle tries t' roll us up and put us away.

53 EXT. GULL'S WAY-HARDCASTLE-DAY

53

Waving Willis out of the front gate, he spots the sedan parked up the road. He closes the gate after the truck, then thoughtfully heads back toward the house.

54 INT. DEN-McCORMICK-DAY

54

He's watching a baseball game from Japan as Hardcastle enters.

McCORMICK

(excited)

You're not gonna believe this thing. I was just watching The Maltese Falcon on the Late Show in London, and these are the Tokyo Giants...live.

Hardcastle walks over the the TV and turns it off.

McCORMICK

Hey, I was watching that.

HARDCASTLE

We don't have as much time as I figured. There's two guys out on the road watching the gate.

McCORMICK

See? That's what you get when you start messing around with a bunch of ex-cops. People watching your

(MORE)

CONTINUED

McCORMICK (cont'd)
house, following you around. Now
you know what it feels like t' be
a suspect, Judge.

HARDCASTLE
I've really gotta convince these
guys I'm on the level.

McCORMICK
That'd take a miracle and a mile of
bullshit. Just how do you plan on
doing that little trick?

Hardcastle cocks his head and grins at McCormick, and all of a
sudden his voice is as sweet and smooth as cough syrup.

HARDCASTLE
I figure I've gotta set you up and
let 'em kill you, Pal.

McCORMICK
Yeah, that oughtta convince 'em
alright, but I think it's a real
dumb plan.

HARDCASTLE
It's a great plan. We use it all
the time.

McCormick has had it and he's really pissed.

McCORMICK
I'm tired of being the duck, Judge.
Just stick your head up, McCormick,
so we can see where the bullets are
coming from. When I finally get off
probation, I can get a job as a live
target in a penny arcade.

HARDCASTLE
I'll give you a helluva reference.
I'll tell 'em you went out and did a
job of work that most guys only talk
about.

McCORMICK
It won't work, Judge. Whenever you
play this tune, I start dancin', but
not this time. I don't wanna have
anything t' do with these guys.

HARDCASTLE

I can't believe you'd just walk away from a chance t' go after some judges and a couple of ex-cops. That's what you always wanted, isn't it?

McCormick's starting to pedal backward now.

McCORMICK

Well...yeah, but I can't enjoy it from the inside of a quilted box.

HARDCASTLE

You won't have to. I've got a plan that's gonna lay 'em out like a poker hand. Four aces flat on their backs.

McCORMICK

That's what I figured, but I wanna hear what you've got in mind before I make any promises.

HARDCASTLE

I was just gettin' ready t' tell y' anyway.

McCORMICK

And I might wanna make some suggestions.

Hardcastle thinks about it for a moment, then nods.

HARDCASTLE

Fair enough.

McCORMICK

I don't know why, Judge, but I've got a funny feeling that you just slicked me again.

HARDCASTLE

(grinning)

Trust me.

McCORMICK

(grinning back)

You're good, Judge. You're real good. It's mainly your eyes, I think, and that little throb you get in your voice when you say 'trust me.'

Play the moment as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

55 INT. PARNELL'S DEN--FEATURING CADIGAN--NIGHT 55

He's standing with a drink in one hand and a cigar in the other.

CADIGAN

A long time ago--thirty-one years to be exact-- you turned your back on your partners and threw us to the wolves.

56 NEW ANGLE 56

The other members of the group are seated, or standing around in a rough circle, and Hardcastle is facing them.

CADIGAN

All of a sudden, we've got you back in our face again, only now you wanna say you're sorry. It was all just a big mistake.

57 INTERCUTTING HARDCASTLE--AS NEEDED 57

HARDCASTLE

It wasn't a mistake, Frank. I did what I thought was right at the time.
(he shrugs)
I was just a kid then, and I thought I had all the answers.

PARNELL

So did we.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, well it turns out that maybe you had the right ones.

TERRY

How come you changed your mind all of a sudden?

TEAGUE

You made a big rep for yourself as a guy who don't ever bend any rules, and nothing's gonna make me believe any different.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

You never were real smart, Roy.
Real mean, maybe, but not smart.

Teague growls and his fists come up, but Parnell reaches out and throws a friendly restraining arm around his shoulders.

PARNELL

Hey, take it easy, you guys.
(to Hardcastle)
I think we'd all like to know why
you suddenly turned around like
this.

HARDCASTLE

I told you. I made a mistake.

CADIGAN

That was a long time ago.

HARDCASTLE

Not that one. I'm talking about
a recent mistake with Mark McCormick.
He was kind of a project with me.

PARNELL

We know all about him.

Hardcastle shakes his head emphatically.

HARDCASTLE

No, you don't! That's what I thought
too, but I was wrong. This guy's a
real twister.

PARNELL

That's not what his rap-sheet says.

Teague looks like he wants to spit.

TEAGUE

He's a car thief. An insect. It'd
be like slappin' a fly for somebody
like you.

HARDCASTLE

More like a scorpion. I just found
out he's got two out-of-state priors
for murder under another name. He
beat both of 'em cold.

Hardcastle pulls a folded yellow rap-sheet out of his pocket and hands it to Parnell.

CONTINUED

TEAGUE

I still don't see what this has got t' do with us.

HARDCASTLE

I'll tell you what it's got t' do with you. I haven't been feelin' too good lately, so I went to the doctor and got a complete check-up.

(bitterly)

I'm in great shape except that the lab report came back with a real high level of arsenous trioxide in my bloodstream.

PARNELL

Arsenic.

HARDCASTLE

That's right. McCormick's been poisoning me.

CADIGAN

How do you know it was him?

HARDCASTLE

I found out he's got himself a new girlfriend. A readead. Real flashy-looking babe. You know the kind. Strictly play for pay, only McCormick's got no dough.

He now pulls a folded document out of another pocket and tosses it to Teague.

HARDCASTLE

So I started nosing around and I came across that. It's a big insurance policy McCormick took out on my life about two months ago.

CADIGAN

Why don't you just go to the cops?

HARDCASTLE

You don't understand. He came into my house, pretended he was a friend of mine, and all the time he was just settin' me up. Jail's too good for a rat like that.

Hardcastle's face seems to open for a moment to reveal the depth of his pain and anger.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Me and the wife...we never had any kids.

(he averts their eyes
for the first time)

I guess having McCormick around was kinda like...y' know, kinda like having a son.

Hardcastle really brought it off, and Parnell looks around to find confirmation in every face, but Teague's.

PARNELL

(gently)

Why don't you pour yourself a beer, Milt, and we'll talk about it, okay?

A BEAT on Hardcastle before we:

DISSOLVE TO

58 EXT. RISTORANTE ADAMO-ESTABLISHING-NIGHT

58

This place looks expensive even from the outside.

MCCORMICK (over)

(hushed)

Will you look at this place?

59 INT. RESTAURANT-HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK-NIGHT

59

They are seated in a plush velvet banquette. The restaurant looks like something right out of the thirties, with plenty of etched glass, potted palms, and art deco elegance. McCormick really loves it and he's doing his best to look as if he fits in, but Hardcastle can't stand the pretentiousness of the place, and it shows.

MCCORMICK

This reminds me of one of those joints where the Thin Man used t' eat.

HARDCASTLE

I can understand why he was thin if he ate here. Nouvelle Ripoff.

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Judge. This is supposed t' be the best restaurant in town.

Hardcastle's voice isn't really that loud, but it's got McCormick cringing.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Says who? I bet they'll be outta business in six months. Good restaurants are like good friends. They stick around.

McCORMICK

(looking around)

Not so loud. Y' know, I've seen the kinda places you like. If it doesn't have a neon sign in the window that says EATS, and three stools next to a railroad track somewhere, you don't think the food's authentic enough. My stomach lining can't take much more of that authentic cuisine.

HARDCASTLE

I'm gonna have t' teach you a couple of things about good dining, McCormick, but this isn't the time or place. Just keep your eyes open for a guy wearin' gloves.

The WAITER now arrives. If you saw this character on the street, you'd turn around to look, but his slicked back hair and pencil moustache fit right in with the decor here.

BERNARD

Bon soir, Gentlemen. My name is Bernard, and I will be serving you tonight. Are you ready to order?

McCORMICK

(affably)

We haven't gotten any menus yet.

BERNARD

We don't use them, M'sieu.

(then-eyes on the ceiling)

Chef Maurice has prepared several special selections for your dining pleasure this evening. We will be featuring his famous grilled pigeon in raspberry sauce, baby beef tongue madrilene, poulet a la Cleopatra, and of course, our well-known steak tartare.

McCormick has no idea what the waiter just said, but he's going to try and vamp it.

MCCORMICK

That really sounds terrific. All my favorites. Uh, I think I'll try the last one you mentioned.

BERNARD

Very good, sir. The steak tartare.

MCCORMICK

I'd like it medium-well, if you don't mind.

The waiter gives him a wintery little smile, then turns to Hardcastle.

BERNARD

And have you decided, sir?

HARDCASTLE

I want a rare New York steak with sauteed mushrooms and onions on the side, and plenty of french fries.

The waiter's toes are curling, but he's smart enough not to let it show by more than a slightly elevated eyebrow.

BERNARD

And will the gentlemen be ordering wine?

MCCORMICK

Of course. The gentlemen always order wine. What've you got?

BERNARD

Everything, sir.

He now produces a leather bound wine list the size of a small phone book and hands it to McCormick. He stares at the book a moment, not really wanting to open it, then smiles up at the waiter.

MCCORMICK

How about a suggestion?

BERNARD

We feature a very fine Beauclaire '80 that I think might please you.

HARDCASTLE

Forget it. Their grapes were second-rate that year, and they had a new
(MORE)

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
 cellar master who forgot t' turn
 his bottles. How about a Bernardine
 from Chapoutier? The '78 or '79
 bottling.

The waiter's entire manner now suddenly changes as he smiles warmly and nods.

BERNARD
 A superb selection, sir. Will
 there be anything else?

HARDCASTLE
 That's all for now, Bernie, but
 have the cook make sure my fries
 are good and hot.

BERNARD
 Of course, sir.

McCormick suddenly gets tense as soon as Bernard bows himself away from their table.

MCCORMICK
 God, am I embarrassed. Why'd you
 do that? Tellin' the guy his wine's
 no good and callin' him Bernie.

Hardcastle is all ready to explain it, but he glances across the room and spots:

60 JOE FINGERS-THEIR ANGLE

60

The best dressed busboy in town, wearing a tux and white cotton gloves as he changes the ashtrays at a nearby table.

HARDCASTLE (over)
 There's our man. Joe Fingers.

61 FEATURING HARDCASTLE

61

HARDCASTLE
 He used t' be the slickest pickpocket
 in town. Guy could boost your socks
 while you still had your feet in 'em.

62 NEW ANGLE

62

MCCORMICK
 Don't tell me. He's another one of
 your probationers.

HARDCASTLE

One of my biggest success stories. The gloves were my idea. I put him on probation with only one condition. Every time he left home, Joe had t' wear those white gloves, or I'd pull his string and he'd be back in the slams forever and a day. He's never picked another pocket since.

MCCORMICK

(incredulous)

I don't believe you, Hardcastle. You ever heard of cruel and unusual punishment? That guy could get himself a good lawyer and sue the hell out of you.

HARDCASTLE

No way. It's all strictly legal. State v. Fantine. Look it up some time and see what the court said about me in there.

MCCORMICK

I'll bet it was real choice.

Fingers now spots Hardcastle, looks for a moment as if he's about to cut and run, then twitches a smile and comes over.

FINGERS

I was just talkin' about you the other day, Judge. My P.O. said you retired.

HARDCASTLE

(kindly)

It don't get the gloves off, Joe. They let me hang onto all my old cases so I could keep my hand in.

Fingers gets busy with their table.

FINGERS

I guess that means this ain't a social call, huh, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Right to the point, Joe. I always liked that about you. I need a little favor.

FINGERS

Sure, Judge. Whatever y' need.
What kinda favor?

HARDCASTLE

I want you t' pick somebody's pocket
for me.

FINGERS

Hey, Judge. Hold on a second. I'm
strictly legit now.

HARDCASTLE

It's worth a year off your tail,
Joey.

Fingers does a deft exchange of their ashtrays, then grins and rubs his long, gloved fingers like a safecracker.

FINGERS

On the other hand, I always say a
guy ain't much if he can't do a
good turn for an old pal.

HARDCASTLE

I'll call y' later with the details.

Fingers nods and moves off as the waiter arrives with their dinners. Hardcastle's plate contains the biggest hunk of meat you ever saw, with all the trimmings, but McCormick is stunned by the mound of raw hamburger that is set down in front of him.

BERNARD

Is everything satisfactory, gentlemen?

MCCORMICK

(weakly)

It looks...great. Just great.

Bernard nods and disappears. Hardcastle digs in, but McCormick just continues to sit and stare at his plate.

HARDCASTLE

What's wrong with your steak? Too
well done for you?

MCCORMICK

This looks like raw hamburger.

HARDCASTLE

It is raw hamburger. That's what
you ordered. Steak tartare. Aren't
(MORE)

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED - 3

62

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
you gonna eat it?

McCormick nudges his plate away.

McCORMICK
That's okay, Judge. You just go
ahead and enjoy yourself. I wasn't
real hungry anyway.

Hardcastle grins through a mouthful of steak.

HARDCASTLE
The Thin Man; huh, McCormick?

CUT TO

63 EXT. STREET-COYOTE RUNBY-DAY

63

HARDCASTLE (over)
I sure hope Joe hasn't lost his
touch.

64 INT. COYOTE-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-MOVING-DAY

64

McCORMICK
Please don't say that, Judge. You
told me this was a sure thing.

HARDCASTLE
Well, it is, but no plan's perfect.

McCORMICK
You really know how to inspire
confidence in a guy.

HARDCASTLE
I'm not gonna let anything happen to
you. What're you so jumpy about?

McCORMICK
What if Teague recognizes him?

HARDCASTLE
He won't. Joe's the best there is,
and all he's gotta do is switch
the six blanks
(MORE)

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
I gave him for the live slugs in
Teague's gun.

MCCORMICK
What happens if he doesn't show
up, or if he can't make the switch?

HARDCASTLE
Will you relax?
(pointing)
Let me off over there.

65 ANGLE-THE COYOTE

65

as it parks down the street from the Dragon Cafe and Hardcastle
climbs out.

HARDCASTLE
Just remember that we've gotta
sell this thing, so pull out all
the stops. You wearing that cackle
bladder I gave you?

MCCORMICK
Yeah, but that stuff's gonna ruin
my coat.

HARDCASTLE
Don't worry about it, McCormick.
Just smack it good and hard when
you go down.

He gives a thumbs up sign and McCormick reluctantly returns it,
then Hardcastle heads for the cafe.

66 INT. DRAGON CAFE-HARDCASTLE-DAY

66

He makes his way to the bar where Parnell and the others are
waiting for him.

PARNELL
You're late, Milt

HARDCASTLE
Sorry, but I got held up in traffic.

PARNELL
Let's go do it.

67

NEW ANGLE

67

as Hardcastle and the others move through the crowd. They are almost to the door when a drunk bumps into Teague and spills a drink all over his suit.

TEAGUE
(snarling)
Why don't you watch where the
hell you're goin'?

The drunk mumbles something unintelligible and we can now see that it's Joe Fingers.

TEAGUE
Say, don't I know you?

Fingers tries to move away, but Teague grabs him by the lapels and pulls him in close.

68

ON HARDCASTLE

68

seeing that it's about ready to come apart on him.

HARDCASTLE
You gonna stay here and smack
barflies, or are you comin'
with us?

TEAGUE
Don't push me, Hardcastle. You
might have these other guys
conned, but I don't con so easy.

HARDCASTLE
(real sweet)
Right, Roy. Your bulb burnt out
thirty years ago, but you're such
a bright boy you never even missed
it.

Hardcastle turns and heads for the door as Teague lunges for him past Joe Fingers, who immediately slides off into the crowd. Parnell reaches out and grabs Teague before he can get to Hardcastle.

PARNELL
What's the matter with you? You're
gonna get us busted, not Hardcastle.
Settle down.

Teague shakes Parnell's hand off.

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

TEAGUE

I sure as hell hope he gives me an excuse, Emmett.

PARNELL

Milt Hardcastle has done a lotta favors for people over the years, and most of 'em still owe him. He could be a big help to us someday if this thing goes sour on us.

TEAGUE

I'll bet. Just like the last time.

CUT TO

69

EXT. BARCELONA APARTMENTS-DAY

69

It's a faded pink stucco court, surrounded by shaggy palm trees, with a cracked tile fountain in the middle and a little stone cherub peeing into a dish.

TOUR GUIDE (over)

Another famous address from old Hollywood.

70

INT. GRAY SEDAN-TERRY AND TEAGUE-DAY

70

parked down the street from the Barcelona as a tour bus moves slowly past the court.

TOUR GUIDE (over)

The Barcelona Apartments was once the residence of such stars of the silent screen as Nita Naldi, Erich Von Stroheim...

71

ANGLE-BARCELONA BUNGALOW

71

McCormick steps out and locks the door.

TOUR GUIDE (over)

...and Doug Fairbanks.

McCormick turns to the bus, gives the tourists a big, toothy smile, and swaggers toward the Coyote like the Black Pirate.

72

BACK TO SEDAN

72

as they spot McCormick getting into the Coyote.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

Teague reaches for the dash mike as Terry starts the car.

TERRY

(into mike)

He just showed up. Guy walks like some kinda ballet dancer. No wonder your pal's so mad at him.

CUT TO

73 CLOSE ON HARDCASTLE

73

pissed, but silent in the back seat of a black sedan, with Cadigan driving and Parnell seated next to him.

74 NEW ANGLE

74

facing them.

PARNELL

(into mike)

Cut it out, Roy, and just do what you're supposed to.

Cadigan now pulls the black sedan out into traffic.

PARNELL

I'm real sorry about him, Milt, but Roy still thinks he's a cowboy.

HARDCASTLE

I take it he's your shooter?

Cadigan glances over at Parnell, then his eyes slide up to Hardcastle's image in the rearview mirror.

CADIGAN

That's right, but we're all in this thing together.

HARDCASTLE

Teague always had a talent for that kinda thing.

TEAGUE (filtered)

He's turning on to Slauson. Looks like he's headed for the airport.

HARDCASTLE

You better stop him before he
(MORE)

CONTINUED

74

CONTINUED

74

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
gets into that airport traffic,
or he's gone.

PARNELL
(into mike)
Pull him over. We're about a
half mile away and closing fast.

CUT TO

75

ANGLE-THE COYOTE

75

approaching CAMERA as the gray sedan moves up on it from
behind. INTERCUTTING the two cars as the pursuit car tries
to bring the coyote over to the curb, and McCormick just
plays with them by punching it and shooting ahead with sudden
bursts of speed.

76

ON TERRY

76

TERRY
A real wise guy. He's just
playing with us.

77

ON TEAGUE

77

as he pulls the big .38 out of his coat.

TEAGUE
Get up next to him and I'll
take out one of his tires.

78

GRAY SEDAN-McCORMICK'S ANGLE

78

as it pulls up on him again and Teague produces the .38 and
points it down at the tires.

79

TIGHT ON McCORMICK

79

as he suddenly realizes that Teague is about to discover that
he's shooting blanks.

McCORMICK
Not with the blanks...

He spots something ahead of him o.s.

80

THE STREET-HIS POV

80

There's a dirt access road just up ahead that curves away
into the La Cienega oil fields.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

80

McCORMICK (over)
Just follow the leader.

81 ANGLE-THE ACCESS ROAD

81

as the Coyote skids into it, followed almost immediately by the two sedans.

82 THE CHASE-DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

82

as the three cars speed through the dusty hills, barely avoiding ground pumps, the rusting hulks of old equipment, and each other. SEQUENCE ENDS as the Coyote suddenly brakes to a skidding stop with nowhere to go.

83 NEW ANGLE

83

Teague is out of his car and he's got the .38 on McCormick.

TEAGUE
Out of the car!

McCormick climbs out of the Coyote as the others arrive. INTERCUT them as needed.

McCORMICK
Hey, what is this?

HARDCASTLE
It's called a pre-emptive strike, McCormick. I smack you before you can smack me.

MCCORMICK
Listen, Judge. I can explain the whole thing. It was just a big mistake, is all.

HARDCASTLE
You've already made too many, McCormick. This one was your last.

McCORMICK
(cocky)
Just take it easy, Judge. You don't wanna do this. You're a real law and order guy. You're not gonna kill somebody without a trial.

Parnell and the others are watching them closely; balanced right on the edge and looking for a convincer--either way. Hardcastle suddenly swings a punch at McCormick that knocks him on his ass.

84

ON McCORMICK

84

His mouth is bleeding, his eyes are glassy, and now there is a real sense of fear coming from him.

McCORMICK

You didn't have t' do that. What's wrong with you?

HARDCASTLE

(furious)

I'm sick of punks like you. Wise guys with all the right talk and all the wrong moves. You really had me conned, McCormick. I was dumb enough to believe in you.

McCORMICK

Listen, Judge. You've got it all wrong. I didn't do what you think. I swear.

HARDCASTLE

You'd swear to anything if you thought it'd save your neck, but it won't. Not this time. Not ever again.

(to Teague)

I've had enough of his crap. Kill him.

Teague's eyes are as cold and hard as coffin handles, and the muzzle of his gun has drifted from McCormick to Hardcastle.

TEAGUE

No.

(beat)

You kill him.

And he hands the .38 to Hardcastle.

85

FEATURING HARDCASTLE

85

as he looks down at the gun and his fingers close around it. He seems to weigh it for a moment, then he thumbs back the hammer with a loud CLICK.

86

ANOTHER ANGLE

86

TEAGUE

What're you waiting for?

HARDCASTLE

I never figured it'd come down t' this.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

He now slowly lines the gun up on McCormick, who takes a step backward and holds up his hands. He looks absolutely terrified, and we get the feeling that he really is.

McCORMICK

C'mon, Judge. Take it easy. I know you're just kiddin' around. I bet you've got blanks in there, don't you?

And Hardcastle shoots him.

87 ON McCORMICK

knocked backward and sprawling as he grabs his left arm and a wet, red stain quickly seeps out from between his fingers. He slowly looks down at his bloody hand.

McCORMICK

(confused)

Those are real bullets!

88 TIGHT ON HARDCASTLE

playing the momentary flicker of doubt in his eyes.

89 TIGHT ON McCORMICK

He's so convincing now that we're not even sure what's going on.

McCORMICK

Please, Judge. Don't do this.

90 TEAGUE AND THE OTHERS

finally convinced.

TEAGUE

Go on, Hardcastle. Finish him off.

91 FULL SHOT

as Hardcastle hesitates a moment longer, then steps in and empties the gun into McCormick. There's a LONG BEAT as the echo of the last shot fades away, and everybody remains motionless. Then Parnell walks over and takes the gun out of Hardcastle's hand.

PARNELL

C'mon, Milt. We'll drive you home.

HARDCASTLE

What about him?

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

PARNELL
Leave him where he is. By the
time they find his body, it won't
make any difference.

Parnell carefully wipes Hardcastle's prints off the gun, then
tosses it away into the brush.

PARNELL
Don't worry. It's a cold piece.

Teague nods toward McCormick's body.

TEAGUE
And a cold piece of meat.
(he laughs)
How's it feel, Hardcastle? Now
you're a killer just like the
rest of us.

92 TIGHT ON HARDCASTLE

92

as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

93 INT. GULL'S WAY-GATE HOUSE-NIGHT

93

McCormick is getting dressed, putting himself back together after getting killed. Aside from a swollen lip, he's none the worse for wear, but Hardcastle is suffering a delayed reaction.

HARDCASTLE

(angrily)

You scared the living hell outta me, McCormick. Why'd you tell me the bullets were real?

MCCORMICK

Relax, Judge. You said we hadda sell it, and I guess I just got caught up in the part.

HARDCASTLE

Well, don't do it again. I can't take another ride home like that.

McCormick gingerly touches his swollen lip.

MCCORMICK

Why'd you hit me so hard? I think you loosened a tooth.

HARDCASTLE

We hadda sell it, remember?

MCCORMICK

How can I forget? After getting killed, anything's gonna be easy.

HARDCASTLE

Don't you believe it. We can't afford t' get sloppy with 'em now, so you just take it real easy t'night. Get in and get out fast.

MCCORMICK

(checking himself in the mirror)

How do I look?

HARDCASTLE

Like Travolta.

MCCORMICK

John Travolta, huh?

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

HARDCASTLE

Sam Travolta. He's a bail bondsman over on 5th Street. Little fat guy who sweats a lot.

McCORMICK

Very funny. Are you sure those guys are gonna be where they're supposed t' be?

HARDCASTLE

Of course, I'm sure. Terry and Teague 've worked security at that game every Thursday night for the last twenty years.

McCORMICK

Then I guess it's time t' shake 'em up a little.

94 INT. BINGO PARLOR-NIGHT

94

TIGHT ON plastic bubble as the multi-colored bingo balls bounce around crazily inside. The CALLER opens the hatch and removes a ball.

CALLER

Red...eleven.

95 ON TERRY

95

standing against the back wall with a hotdog in one hand and a can of beer in the other.

CALLER (over)

White...three.

96 ON TEAGUE

96

hunched intently over a bingo card.

CALLER (over)

And the final ball on tonight's Sweepstakes Card is...black...21.

97 ANGLE-THE CALLER

97

CALLER

Does anybody have bingo?

CONTINUED

- 97 CONTINUED 97
- The Caller scans the crowd, then spots his winner.
- CALLER
(pointing)
Over there. It looks like
we've got a winner.
- ORGAN MUSIC now comes up playing WE'RE IN THE MONEY.
- 98 ANGLE-McCORMICK 98
- headed toward the caller with a bingo card held high and a big grin on his face.
- 99 TERRY-REACTION CUT 99
- almost choking on a mouthful of hotdog.
- 100 ON TEAGUE 100
- a little slow to catch on, but he finally spots McCormick and his surprise quickly turns to rage as he jumps up and almost turns the whole table over.
- 101 NEW ANGLE 101
- as McCormick reaches the Caller and hands him the card. The Caller examines it and immediately starts frowning.
- CALLER
I think there's been some
mistake.
- 102 TERRY AND TEAGUE 102
- headed toward McCormick on the run.
- McCORMICK
That's okay. I'll pick up my
winnings later. Gotta run now.
- And off he goes, leaving the bewildered Caller standing there with his jaw hanging open.
- 103 EXT. BINGO PARLOR-NIGHT 103
- as McCormick barrels out of the front door, runs about twenty feet, and leaps into the Coyote. He fires it up and lays a hundred feet of compression skid just as Terry and Teague come through the door after him. They run to the gray sedan and the chase is on.

- 104 SERIES OF SHOTS-DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE 104
 as the gray sedan speeds after the Coyote. McCormick has all the power and all the moves as he slides through a couple of impossible turns and eventually leaves the sedan spinning around in the middle of an intersection. END SERIES.
- 105 TIGHT ON McCORMICK 105
 grinning as his eyes move up to check the empty rearview mirror.
- McCORMICK
 Adios, suckers.
- 106 EXT. PUBLIC PHONE-TEAGUE-NIGHT 106
 TEAGUE
 (into phone)
 Of course I'm sure it was him. Listen, Emmett. Your pal, Hardcastle, is running some kinda game on us with that pet con of his, and now we're gonna take care of him the way we should've thirty years ago.
 (beat)
 No arguments, Emmett. We're already looking at seven murder beefs, and two more stiffs don't even count. You get a hold of Cadigan and meet us out at Hardcastle's place in an hour.
- Teague hangs up the phone and we hold on his face a short beat before we:
- DISSOLVE TO
- 107 EXT. GULL'S WAY-DAWN 107
 SERIES OF SHOTS reveal that the house is dark, and Teague and the others are moving toward it with the kind of practiced skill you'd expect from a bunch of ex-cops. Parnell and Cadigan head around to the rear as Terry and Teague move in on the front door, and SERIES ENDS.
- 108 INT. DEN-TERRY AND TEAGUE-DAWN 108
 moving cautiously through the dark room. Terry suddenly freezes at a small sound of movement o.s.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

108

TERRY
(whispering)
What was that?

TEAGUE
(whispering)
Nothing. Just Parnell and Cadigan.

The lights suddenly go on and they turn to see:

109 PARNELL AND CADIGAN

109

entering with Hardcastle and McCormick right behind them. The judge is wearing his black robe and he's holding the big magnum in his hand.

HARDCASTLE
Breaking and entering a residence at night. That's a first degree burglary on top of all the other stuff you guys have pulled.

Hardcastle moves over behind his desk and McCormick steps back out of the way. Hardcastle spins the magnum once, then uses it like a gavel. INTERCUTTING them.

HARDCASTLE
You guys have a right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court, and you've got a right to have a lawyer present.

TEAGUE
(to Parnell)
I told you this was gonna happen, didn't I, Emmett?

PARNELL
Shut up, Roy. Hardcastle's just blowing smoke.

HARDCASTLE
Am I? Seven dead ex-cons say different.

PARNELL
They made a joke out of the law, and sooner or later they'd have destroyed it. We just took 'em out. It was simple.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(through clenched teeth)

It was wrong! Old lady justice deserved better from you guys, but you betrayed her.

TERRY

We used t' own the streets in this town. Guys'd see us rolling on 'em and they'd turn around and run like hell.

Hardcastle shakes his head and there's a note of irony in his voice.

HARDCASTLE

That was thirty years ago. The world was a different place then, and you were different. Nobody's supposed t' run away from you anymore.

(almost gently)

You guys are old men now. You oughtta be out fishing on an allday boat somewhere instead of going around killing people.

PARNELL

You're just wasting your breath. You can't prove any of this.

HARDCASTLE

Maybe not, but they'll sure as hell believe you, Emmett.

McCormick hits a switch and the lights go on to reveal:

110 MINICAMS-THEIR ANGLE

110

pointed at them from the corners of the room behind Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

You boys just made history. First guys who ever confessed to multiple murders on cable TV.

111 ANGLE-TEAGUE

111

as he leaps toward the desk and grabs the automatic.

TEAGUE

We're already in for seven. I guess one more won't make any difference.

HARDCASTLE

I knew I could count on you, Roy, so I left the clip out.

111 CONTINUED

111

TEAGUE
I don't believe you.

Teague pulls the trigger, but the gun is empty and Hardcastle uncorks a vicious right hook that slams Teague halfway across the room.

112 NEW ANGLE

112

as Hardcastle goes after him with both hands and they crash out of the house through the French windows.

113 SERIES OF SHOTS-FIGHT

113

This is a real wild brawl that sends Hardcastle and Teague crashing and bashing their way across the garden--ripping up flower beds, destroying hedges, and knocking the living hell out of each other. For a while, it's an even match as thirty years worth of hate keeps them swinging, but Hardcastle is just too smart and too tough an opponent. He finishes Teague off with a bone-crushing punch that lays him out cold. SERIES ENDS on Hardcastle standing over Teague's inert body on wobbly legs, battered, but victorious. There is a sense of primitive power about the scene as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

114 EXT. GULL'S WAY-HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK-DAY

114

standing in the front drive. Hardcastle's face looks awful and he's holding an icebag to a bruised eye with one hand, while the other is holding onto McCormick's shoulder for support.

McCORMICK
(really concerned)
You sure you're okay, Judge?

HARDCASTLE
Of course I'm okay. Never better.

WIDEN TO reveal Parnell and the others being loaded into the back of several patrol cars, their hands cuffed behind them.

HARDCASTLE
Y' hear that sound, McCormick?

McCormick shakes his head. He hears nothing and neither do we.

McCORMICK
What're you talking about? What sound?

HARDCASTLE
That grinding sound.

McCORMICK
Teague must've broken your jaw. I don't hear anything.

HARDCASTLE
You haven't been listening as long as I have. It's the wheels of justice finally catching up with those guys.

McCORMICK
C'mon, Judge. I've gotta get you inside so you can lie down. You took a lotta punches.

HARDCASTLE
Maybe so, McCormick, but there's nothing wrong with my memory, and I seem t' remember that you owe me twenty-five bucks.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

McCormick reluctantly digs into his pocket and pulls out some crumpled bills and a bunch of change which he now hands to Hardcastle with grudging admiration.

McCORMICK

You never give up, do you, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Never.

Hardcastle grins, but a twinge of pain turns it into a grimace as we:

FADE OUT

THE END