

#2203

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"TIES MY FATHER SOLD ME"

by

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HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"TIES MY FATHER SOLD ME"

SETS

EXTERIORS

GULL'S WAY
F.B.I. BUILDING
 /ROOF TOP
 /PARKING LOT
VARIOUS CAR CHASES
THE APOLLO LOUNGE
ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK
ATLANTIC CITY POLICE STATION
VARIOUS STREETS
RESTAURANT
THE RONDEAU HOTEL
COUNTY JAIL
FEDERAL COURT BUILDING
 /REAR OF FEDERAL COURT BUILDING
GAS STATION

INTERIORS

GATEHOUSE
F.B.I. BUILDING
 /HALLWAY
 /RECORDS & IDENTIFICATION
APOLLO LOUNGE
 /LOBBY
 /HALLWAY
 /DRESSING ROOM
CASINO
TOMMY SARGENT'S OFFICE
RESTAURANT
 /LOBBY
BLACK SEDAN
RONDEAU HOTEL
 /ROOM
 /HALLWAY
COUNTY JAIL
 /VISITORS ROOM
FEDERAL COURT BUILDING
 /CHAMBERS

#2203

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"TIES MY FATHER SOLD ME"

CAST

MILTON C. HARDCASTLE
MARK McCORMICK
SONNY DAYE

ROGER BAILY
JACE TRIMMER
TONY ROBERTS
TOMMY SARGENT
KITTY COMFORT
DAVE
CHUCK BONERB

SECURITY GUARD
MAITRE D'
WHEELMAN
PARKING VALET
HOSTESS
WAITER
CABBY

#2203

HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK

"Ties My Father Sold Me"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. GULL'S WAY - NIGHT 1

The Coyote is parked out in front and we can see a single light on in the Gatehouse. Then, after a beat, HARDCASTLE rounds the corner from the backyard. He holds a barbecue spatula and wears an apron with a T-Shirt that reads:

"I Never Met A Burger I didn't Eat"

Hardcastle walks towards the Gatehouse and calls out.

HARDCASTLE
C'mon, McCormick. I'm
burning the burgers here.

There is no response from the Gatehouse and we:

CUT TO

2 CLOSE ON - A DESK 2

And on it we can see old newspaper clippings, birth certificates, grammar school report cards and etc.

3 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. GATEHOUSE - NIGHT 3

As McCormick sits at the desk and pours over the pile of paperwork: cross checking records and searching through the old newspaper clippings.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE (OVER)
Hey kiddo! I'm not gonna call
you twice. Dinner's on!

Again, McCormick doesn't answer. After a beat the telephone on the desk rings and he snatches it up.

MCCORMICK
Yeah.

4 INTERCUT - ROGER BAILY 4

Sitting in a cramped office that is jammed with file cabinets and boxes of paper, portfolios and etc. Baily is in his fifties, balding and dressed in a cheap suit. On his desk we can see a placard that reads:

ROGER BAILY PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

He speaks into the phone.

BAILY

Just like I told you last week, Mark. I keep running into a dead end when I get to what happened to him ten years ago.

5 RESUME - McCORMICK 5

As he searches for a newspaper clipping.

McCORMICK

Yeah, me too.

(Re: clipping)

It looks like he took a ride on a federal bank beef and disappeared.

6 INTERCUT - BAILY 6

BAILY

I'm sorry, kid. But you got everything I could dig up.

7 RESUME - McCORMICK 7

McCORMICK

Thanks anyway Mister Baily.

McCormick hangs up and looks down at the newspaper clipping.

8 INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING 8

We can see a man in handcuffs being led up some courtroom

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

stairs by two guys in grey suits. The caption reads: "F.B.I. Finally Captures Safe Cracking Artist."

9 RESUME - SCENE

9

As Hardcastle enters the Gatehouse and McCormick scrambles to cover up the paperwork on the desk. McCormick looks up to him.

MCCORMICK

What? Judges don't have to knock?

HARDCASTLE

I didn't think I needed a warrant kiddo. C'mon, the burgers are done.

MCCORMICK

I'm not hungry.

There is a beat.

HARDCASTLE

(warm)

What's goin' on, Mark? You've been locked up in here for the last week. You're hardly eating anything.

MCCORMICK

A guy can't have things on his mind? I'm sorry, okay.

(distracted)

Look, you go ahead and eat. I've got some stuff to take care of.

HARDCASTLE

Where you going?

McCormick starts packing up the paperwork on the desk.

MCCORMICK

Out.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Out's a big place, Mark.

MCCORMICK

I'm a big boy.

McCormick starts to leave and Hardcastle gently grabs his arm.

HARDCASTLE

Anything you might want to talk about?

There is a beat.

MCCORMICK

Not yet.

HARDCASTLE

If you're in any trouble--

MCCORMICK

If I was in any trouble,
(smiles)
you'd be the first to know, right?

These two guys exchange a look and McCormick leaves. Hardcastle strolls over to the paperwork on the desk with a little bit of a guilty look on his face and just as he's about to reach for one of McCormick's files:

MCCORMICK'S VOICE (OVER)

And don't go messing in my stuff.

Hardcastle does an about-face and we:

CUT TO

On the front lawn a sign reads:

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
RECORDS AND IDENTIFICATION

Then, after a beat, the Coyote flashes by and parks in the shadows. McCormick gets out and sprints along the side of

CONTINUED

- 10 CONTINUED 10
- the building and quickly scales a fence. On his back we can see that he wears a small knapsack.
- CUT TO
- 11 EXT. F.B.I. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 11
- McCormick climbs up over the side and jogs across the roof towards a skylight.
- 12 INT. F.B.I. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT 12
- And CAMERA is shooting straight up at the skylight...and we can see a small circle being cut into the glass. After the circle of glass is silently removed CAMERA MOVES IN as an UMBRELLA is lowered through the hole and opened. McCormick chips out a larger hole as the falling glass is caught in the open umbrella without making a sound.
- 13 RESUME - EXT. F.B.I. BUILDING - NIGHT 13
- McCormick lowers himself through the opening in the skylight and repells out of sight as we:
- CUT TO
- 14 INT. F.B.I. RECORDS AND IDENTIFICATION - NIGHT 14
- This room is dark and after a beat we can hear the lock being slipped on the door. It opens and a stream of light silhouettes McCormick as he quietly enters. He works quickly here: moving towards files and computers as he punches up names and places.
- 15 CLOSE ON - COMPUTER SCREEN 15
- As the name of JOHN RAYE - a.k.a. MICKY THOMPSON a.k.a. TOMMY NIGHT a.k.a. SONNY DAYE prints out.
- 16 RESUME - SCENE 16
- McCormick goes to a file cabinet and slides it open: quickly fingering through the files.

CUT TO

- 17 INT. F.B.I. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT 17
A SECURITY GUARD makes his way down the hall and rounds a corner.
- 18 HIS POV 18
And we can see the rope that hangs down from the opening in the skylight.
- 19 RESUME - SCENE 19
The guard pulls out his walkie-talkie.
GUARD
We've got a security breach
sixth floor: records and I.D.
The guard pulls his gun and starts to move carefully down the hall.
- 20 INT. RECORDS AND IDENTIFICATION - NIGHT 20
McCormick pulls a file out of the cabinet and turns to leave just as he sees the shadow of the guard through the smoked glass door. He dives behind the desk as the guard kicks open the door: bracing his gun in the darkness.
- 21 SERIES OF SHOTS - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE 21
As McCormick shines his flashlight into the guard's eyes and bolts from the room. We play a footchase here through the building as McCormick sprints his way down the stairs: dodging guards and gunfire. Every guard in the place is hot after him but somehow he makes his way to the front door and explodes through the glass: making his way towards the Coyote.
- 22 ANGLE - COYOTE 22
McCormick dives in and squeals off.
- 23 ANGLE - F.B.I. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 23
A couple of guards jump into their squad cars and roar off after McCormick.

24

EXT. CAR CHASE - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - NIGHT

24

The Coyote flashes past CAMERA with the SQUAD CARS in fast pursuit...and after some incredible driving McCormick screams the Coyote down a side street and ramps up over a car trailer that is attached to a sedan. The Coyote flies about forty feet and clears a fence as the squad cars skid to a stop and McCormick gets away.

DISSOLVE TO

25

EXT. GULL'S WAY - DAWN

25

We can see Hardcastle sitting out on the front porch in his bathrobe. It should be real clear that he's not happy and he keeps checking his watch. After a beat the Coyote pulls up and McCormick gets out. He holds the file in his hand that he took from Records and Identification.

HARDCASTLE

I'm gonna ask you once where you were all night and if I don't like the answer we're going down and check in with the parole board.

There is a beat and we can see that this is real hard on McCormick. He takes a breath.

McCORMICK

Yesterday was my birthday, Judge. Did you know that?

Hardcastle reaches into his robe pocket, pulls out a small gift wrapped in newspaper and tosses it to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

What do you think?

(Re: gift)

I wrapped it myself. It's a watch. I figured that someone who comes home at seven a.m. could use one. The burgers were part of it too... I was cooking us up a little birthday celebration. Y'know, big surprise and all that.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

I'm sorry.

HARDCASTLE

Don't be sorry, Mark... Try honest. Where were you?

MCCORMICK

I've been looking for someone that I really need to talk to.

There is a beat and Hardcastle almost appears hurt.

HARDCASTLE

This doesn't mean you can't take anyone you want to the prom, but for awhile there I thought I was the guy that you could really need to talk to.

MCCORMICK

This is different, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

Is it legal?

McCormick shrugs.

MCCORMICK

Mostly.

McCormick tosses Hardcastle the file.

MCCORMICK

I'm not sure... But, I think this might be the guy I'm looking for.

McCormick nods to the file and Hardcastle opens it.

MCCORMICK

It's kinda a long shot.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

(reading file: a
little angry)

Well, I guess it has to
figure that whoever it is,
the guy's got a record...
John Raye, a.k.a. Mickey
Thompson, Tommy Night, Sonny
Daye.

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a hard look.

HARDCASTLE

Who the hell is Sonny Daye?

And we:

CUT TO:

This is one of those run down neon casinos located a couple
of blocks off the boardwalk in Atlantic City: slot machines
and free booze. The blinding lights of a marquee blink out
the name of SONNY DAYE, a singer of songs who sings the
midnight show. Over this we can hear a four piece, combo
struggling their way through a night club standard:

SONNY DAYE'S VOICE (OVER)

(singing)

"....and each time I find
myself laying flat on my face,
I pick myself up and get
back in the race....
That's life, that's what all
the people say,
you can be riding high in April,
and shot down in May...

A smoke filled casino surrounds a center stage and a very busy
bar as SONNY DAYE moves through the crowd: always the showman.
Sonny is maybe fifty years old and he wears a white tuxedo,
white shoes, white belt and a forty dollar haircut. We can
see that this guy has been working joints like this for twenty
years.

CONTINUED

SONNY

That's life... That's right
Ladies and Gentlemen. That
is life and nobody said it
better than the chairman of
the board... Mr. Frank
Sinatra.

(Beat)

Anybody here from Buffalo?

A couple of people in the crowd cheer.

SONNY

Yeah, the Queen City. I
spent a month there one day...

Sonny moves to an older couple sitting at a table. The woman
is about sixty years old and she wears a red Moo-Moo that
sets off her blue hair.

SONNY

(to woman)

A second honeymoon, right?
Am I right?

The woman and her husband smile awkwardly. Sonny leans down
and she whispers in his ear.

SONNY

Thirty-five years... Gees,
love's a wonderful thing
isn't it ladies and gentlemen.

The crowd applauds.

SONNY

I was married for thirty-five
years myself, but it was to
six different women. And a
one and a two...

and Sonny breaks into "Strangers In the Night".

SONNY

"Strangers in the night,"

(Beat)

Can you hear me in the back?

(Beat)

"Accepting glances, wondering
in the night, etc."

As he sits at a table in the rear of the lounge with another man named JACE TRIMMER. Both of these guys are somewhere in their mid thirties and dressed in expensive Atlantic City threads, silk shirts and hand made shoes.

TRIMMER

(Re: Sonny)

This guy sings the National Anthem and he'd empty the Superbowl before kickoff.

Roberts smiles.

TRIMMER

I don't know, Tony. Sonny's been singing in our joints since he got out of prison. What if he doesn't have the touch anymore?

ROBERTS

Guys that good never lose their touch, Jace. Just their voice.

(smiles)

Sonny Daye was the best dial man on the east coast and Tommy wants to cash the ticket.

Roberts stands up and finishes his drink.

ROBERTS

Tell him that we want to see him tomorrow afternoon. Tommy'll send a car.

As Roberts makes his exit:

CUT TO

A taxi cab wheels in and Hardcastle and McCormick climb out.

CONTINUED

McCormick pays the driver as Hardcastle looks long and hard at the lounge.

McCORMICK
(to driver)
Take our bags over to the
Rondeau Hotel, okay?

He flips the cabby a twenty and the cab drives off.

HARDCASTLE
(Re: lounge. Wry)
You should'a told me this was
such a swank place, McCormick.
I would'a worn my bullet proof
vest with the French cuffs.

McCormick
Gimme a break, Judge.

HARDCASTLE
You drag me across the country
without telling me the why-
where-for and I have to give
you a break?

•McCORMICK
Friends do favors for friends
without asking questions.

They walk towards the front door of the lounge.

HARDCASTLE
Giving a guy a lift home from
work, maybe lending him ten
bucks, helping him rotate the
tires on his car? That's a
favor. But flying on the Red
Eye to Meyer Lansky's home
town qualifies me for sainthood.

McCORMICK
Relax, they're not makin'
square halos yet.

They exchange "smiles", McCormick opens the door and as
Hardcastle enters:

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13.

29

CONTINUED - 2

29

MCCORMICK

But I hear Mother Theresa
hangs out here.

On that:

CUT TO

30

INT. THE APOLLO LOUNGE - LOBBY - NIGHT

30

CAMERA FOLLOWS Tony Roberts as he walks past Hardcastle.
Hardcastle shoots him a look.

HARDCASTLE

I'd like to run that guy.
Probably wanted for assault
with a silk shirt.

MCCORMICK

C'mon Judge, this is my old
neighborhood. I used to
live around here, y'know.

HARDCASTLE

Nobody lives in Jersey, kiddo.
They just try and survive.

(Beat)

So, okay, where is this guy?

McCormick squints through the smoke filled room and then
stops cold: fighting with emotion.

31

HIS POV

31

As Sonny Daye works the crowd.

SONNY

It's great to be aboard
goodship Sonny Daye. Hey,
anybody got any kids?

32

ANGLE TO INCLUDE - SCENE

32

As Hardcastle and McCormick watch Sonny Daye.

CONTINUED

SONNY

Aren't they great? My son goes to a private school but he won't tell me where it is...

The crowd laughs and Hardcastle rolls his eyes.

HARDCASTLE

We flew three thousand miles to see this?

McCormick doesn't respond.

SONNY

Anybody got a request?

Hardcastle starts to raise his hand but McCormick stops him with a look.

SONNY

I used to have a dog act but then I got divorced... Ha, ha, what a lovely gal my wife was. But on her fortieth birthday I had to trade her in for two twenties.

And on a closer look we can see that this guy isn't having any fun at all: the feeling is desperate. Then:

CUT TO

The one that leads towards Sonny Daye's dressing room located in the rear of the Apollo Lounge. Hardcastle and McCormick walk down the hallway.

HARDCASTLE

So, this is the guy you've been dying to talk to. "Sonny Daye", Jesus. What kind of a name is that?

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Kinda sounds like the name
of the weather man on channel
fifty-six, doesn't it?

HARDCASTLE

Either that or an alias. Did
you have any Sonny Dayes back
in prison?

McCORMICK

(wry)

Not many.

McCormick knocks on Sonny Daye's dressing room door and we
can see that the name has been printed in above a plastic
star. McCormick knocks again.

Sonny has loosened his tie and he sits in a chair; sipping
a Vodka rocks and smoking a cigarette.

SONNY

(Re: knock on door)

C'mon, it's open already.

There is a beat and then McCormick sticks his head in.

McCORMICK

Mister Daye?

Sonny opens his dinner jacket and reads off the label.

SONNY

No. Robert Hall.

Sonny reaches for a 5x10 glossy photo of himself and
snatches a pen out of his pocket.

SONNY

Who do you want me to make
this out to, kid?

McCormick and Hardcastle enter.

McCORMICK

(awkward)

I didn't really come in here
to get a picture.

SONNY

C'mon. I'm getting new
ones anyway. Two bits
apiece, can you believe
that? From Sonny to who?

McCORMICK

Mark.

Sonny scribbles out his autograph.

SONNY

How'd you like the show?

HARDCASTLE

Nice.

SONNY

What nice? I'm singing
like I got throat cancer.

Sonny picks up on how awkward the situation is and exchanges
looks with both Hardcastle and McCormick.

SONNY

What can I do for you guys?

McCormick takes a breath.

McCORMICK

Are you the same Sonny Daye
that used to be Tommy Night
and Johnny Raye and Mickey
Thompson?

Sonny reacts and we can see that this isn't his favorite
subject.

SONNY

Look, if you guys wanna ask
those kinds of questions, I
wanna see some kind of shield.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

We're not cops.

SONNY

If Al sent you here, I'm paid up. I hit on the double and sent the ticket right over to him. I swear it.

Hardcastle and McCormick exchange looks.

SONNY

Al didn't send you?

(Beat)

Then whatta'ya want?

Hardcastle shrugs.

HARDCASTLE

Don't look at me. I've been asking the same question since we left L.A.

MCCORMICK

You used to live with a woman named Donna? Donna McCormick?

Sonny leans back in his chair. There is a beat. Then:

SONNY

What's it to you if I was?

MCCORMICK

Because if you were, it makes you my father.

Play the moment and

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

36 EXT. THE APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT 36

An empty parking lot surrounds this place just before dawn.

SONNY'S VOICE (OVER)

No kidding. You're my son, huh.

37 INT. SONNY DAYE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 37

This is a tense moment as Sonny exchanges looks with McCormick and all three of these guys feel real awkward.

SONNY

You're sure?

MCCORMICK

Pretty sure, yeah.

Sonny stands.

SONNY

Gees, you look great.

(nods to Hardcastle)

So, this is my boy. Yup...

(to McCormick)

You're sure?

MCCORMICK

(a little tight)

I can see you're not real
crazy about it.

(Beat)

Let's get out of here, Judge.

McCormick turns to leave but Sonny stops him.

SONNY

Hey kid, c'mon. I'm delighted.

I, ah, just don't want to see
anybody get disappointed. I

mean, people can make mistakes...

Like, hey, did you know there
was three McCormick's in
my neighborhood alone? Irish
catholics, lots'a kids.

CONTINUED

There is a beat as both Hardcastle and McCormick watch Sonny struggle with this.

SONNY

Yeah, and probably six more in the Atlantic City phone book at least. No kidding.

(Beat)

And I'm sure the judge will tell you that Donna was a very popular name when we were growing up. Right Judge?

Hardcastle just looks at his feet. This isn't easy on anyone.

MCCORMICK

But how many Donnas ended up living in a one room flat above a laundry in Hoboken 'cause her old man walked out on her and her three year old kid... You drove a '48 Studebaker and you have an anchor tattooed on your left forearm. I remember it from when you used to hold my hand.

This hits Sonny right in the heart.

SONNY

On the other hand, when it comes to Sonny Daye's family, blood is blood, right?

(to Hardcastle)

So, whatta'ya think? Does the kid look like his old man or what?

MCCORMICK

This was a mistake. C'mon, Judge.

McCormick and Hardcastle turn to leave and there is a beat.

CONTINUED

SONNY

Give me a break here will you kid. I mean, I'm sorry if this isn't the way these father son things go down in Reader's Digest, but I'm doing the best I can. It's been twenty years.

MCCORMICK

Twenty five.

SONNY

So sue me...

(Beat)

It's a long story from my side of it too, y'know.

This is a real tense moment between father and son and Hardcastle breaks the silence by clapping his hands and smiling.

HARDCASTLE

Hey y'know, given how difficult this kind of thing can be, I think you're both handling it real well.

(aside to McCormick)

You could'a told me what this was about, kiddo.

(Refereeing)

So, whatta'ya say we go back to the hotel and talk it out tomorrow?

Sonny smiles: off the hook.

SONNY

Good idea. Where you staying?

HARDCASTLE

The Rondeau Hotel, about two blocks off the strip.

SONNY

The Rondeau? C'mon, the place is a dump. I'll put you in the Claridge. Real nice joint and it's all on me. Sonny Daye, I own this town so send your money home.

(Re: McCormick)

He looks good doesn't he?

(Beat)

CONTINUED

(MORE)

SONNY (cont'd)

So, dinner tomorrow, okay?
I got some things to take
care of and then I'll see
you about seven. Shoot a
little crap, have a coupl'a
drinks. Mention my name,
they'll take care of you.

Sonny puts out his hand and McCormick shakes it: finally
starting to smile.

SONNY

(quietly to McCormick)
You need any money? Here,
take a couple of bucks.

MCCORMICK

I'm fine, Mister Daye.
Thanks.

SONNY

Mister Daye, can you believe
that? C'mon, we're related
for Christ sake. Call me, Sonny.

HARDCASTLE

We'll see you tomorrow, Sonny.

MCCORMICK

Judge, no.

HARDCASTLE

Seven o'clock.

MCCORMICK

Judge.

Hardcastle shakes Sonny's hand.

HARDCASTLE

Nice to meet you.

And on that, we:

DISSOLVE TO

We play all the old romance of Atlantic City. There are

CONTINUED

all kinds of flashing neon casinos and beautiful women strutting their stuff. We can see McCormick buy a mustard pretzel from a street side vendor and Hardcastle reads over an Atlantic City brochure. McCormick looks over Hardcastle's shoulder.

McCORMICK

The Hallelujah Hot Time Revue?
I guess we could see that show
while we're out here.

HARDCASTLE

Nah, it's just one of those
naked lady acts. Y'know, you
got a guy in red pants juggling
cats while some girl in a G-
string climbs up a fifty foot
feather doing a Barry Manilow
impersonation.

McCormick shoots Hardcastle a look. Hardcastle reacts.

HARDCASTLE

We booked our last annual
Judicial convention out here in
Atlantic City. What a ball.

McCORMICK

I'll bet. Two hundred judges
in funny hats and noise makers.

HARDCASTLE

You're thinking of the
Shriners, wise guy.

There is a beat. Then, McCormick looks off towards the ocean.

McCORMICK

My mom and dad used to bring
me out here when I was a kid.
It was pretty nice before they
put all these casinos in.

HARDCASTLE

Things change.

McCORMICK

No shit.

(Beat)

I'm sorry I dragged you into
this, Judge. It's kind'a
turned into a nightmare.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

You wanted to see your dad.
I can understand that.

MCCORMICK

I used to think about
runnin' into him one day.
He'd be a real big deal
somewhere and find out about
me because I won the Indy
Five Hundred or something...

(wry)

He's a big deal all right.

HARDCASTLE

He is what he is, Mark.

MCCORMICK

A guy in polyester pants
and a white belt?

HARDCASTLE

(warm)

Okay, you don't owe him a
chance, but I think you
should maybe give him one.

Hardcastle slaps McCormick on the back.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, kiddo, c'mon. We're
in Atlantic City. Let's
roll some bones, huh?

MCCORMICK

What?

HARDCASTLE

The crap tables. Blackjack,
Baccara, roulette...

As they walk off towards the casinos.

HARDCASTLE

Y'know, I used to walk away
from these casinos with piles
of dough. Gamblin's a science,
kiddo.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

I've heard that.

Hardcastle blows on some imaginary dice.

HARDCASTLE

Used to call me hardway
Hardcastle. I'm surprised
I wasn't outlawed from the
casinos.

MCCORMICK

Me too.

And as these two walk off we:

CUT TO

As a WHITE LIMO stretch circles up the driveway of an elegant casino. The chauffeur opens the rear door and Sonny gets out. We can see that he is dressed in his best threads, white shoes and a silk tie. Jace Trimmer climbs out behind him and they walk towards the front door of the casino.

SONNY

So, c'mon, Jace. What's
Mister Sargent want to see
me for... I'm all paid up,
doing the job.

JACE

Since when do you think I
get to ask what Tommy wants.

SONNY

But about me, hey. I mean,
Tommy and I go way back.
We're good friends.

TOMMY SARGENT'S VOICE (OVER)

Sonny Daye's a punk, but he's
our punk.

CUT TO

This is one of those real chick jobs with white walls and rugs, chrome artwork and plexiglass furniture. A large glass desk is centered in the room and a well fit man of forty-five sits behind it with dark eyes and a hundred dollar haircut. This is TOMMY SARGENT and he is the Fuehrer of Atlantic City: a man with cunning charm. Tony Roberts is present.

ROBERTS

He's also been working in one of our joints for ten years. We could be connected.

SARGENT

It's hard to connect a dead man, Tony. Relax.

There is a knock on the door and after a beat Sonny is shown in by a secretary. Sargent stands and we can see the flair of his beautiful handmade suit: blue silk.

SARGENT

(nods)

Sonny.

They shake hands. Sonny's a little nervous.

SONNY

Mister Sargent... You look great. I love the suit.

(to Roberts)

Does this guy know how to dress? What is that, silk? It's gotta be, right? Go for what? Nine hundred?

SARGENT

Sit down, Sonny.

Sonny sits.

SONNY

I got'em stacked in the coat room, Tommy. But you don't come around much anymore, huh?

(nods to Roberts)

Is this guy busy or what?

CONTINUED

There is an awkward beat and Sonny realizes he's been talking too much. Then:

SARGENT

How are the hands?

SONNY

Huh?

SARGENT

The hands? You staying in shape?

SONNY

I could lose a couple of pounds like everybody else, but--

Sargent stops Sonny with a hard look.

SARGENT

(deadly)

The hands?

It dawns on Sonny.

SONNY

Are we talking about opening safes here? Is that what this is about?

SARGENT

I've been paying you a lotta money for a long time to play the Apollo. You got out of stir and who helped you get a job?

SONNY

I thought I got that job 'cause of my voice.

ROBERTS

If you had a voice you wouldn't be singing in a dump like the Apollo.

CONTINUED

Sonny gets up to leave. He's got some balls.

SONNY

(to Roberts)

This, I don't have to take
from a punk like you.

On that, Roberts whips out a pistol from under his sportscoat
and slams Sonny back into the chair.

ROBERTS

Yeah, you do.

Sargent nods Roberts off.

SARGENT

I've been holding your ticket
for a long time, Sonny. Bein'
nice, helping you out. Now,
it's time to pay up.

SONNY

I'm out of the business Mister
Sargent. I did my time'n said
never again. I got a life.
It ain't great but I sing a
little, date a few broads.

Sargent comes around from behind the desk and leans against
it right in front of Sonny.

SARGENT

Look Sonny, you got the job,
this isn't an interview.

(Beat)

The F.B.I. wired into my
phone system here and made
some tapes of a couple of
deals I have going down...
That's not good. I got to
a judge who's sitting on an
illegal wire tap decision and
he had the tapes sealed in a
safe down at Federal Court.
I need someone to open it...
and you're him, Sonny.

Sonny is sweating.

SONNY

I can't do that Mister Sargent.

CONTINUED

40

CONTINUED - 3

40

Sargent motions to Roberts and Roberts hands him the pistol. He points it at Sonny.

SARGENT

Give me one good reason
why not?

And Sonny shrugs: asking the question.

SONNY

'cause if I get caught, who's
gonna take care of my son?

And on that we:

CUT TO

41

CLOSE ON - HARDCASTLE

41

He nervously blows on a handful of dice and then shakes them next to his ear. We can see that the good judge appears to be sweating a bit. Then:

42

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. CASINO

42

Hardcastle and McCormick stand at the end of a crap table and surrounded by a crowd of gamblers who are clearly betting against Hardcastle. We can see a T-shirt that he wears. It reads:

"I DIDN'T KNOW THE DICE WERE LOADED"

And there's a print of a pistol shooting out some dice. Hardcastle slides up a pile of chips, making his bet and rolling his dice.

43

ANGLE - DICE

43

As they roll up "snake eyes".

44

RESUME - SCENE

44

The CROUPIER calls out craps and hooks Hardcastle's pile of chips as the crowd cheers and collects their bets. McCormick picks up about fifty bucks worth of chips and smiles to Hardcastle.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Thanks, Judge.

Hardcastle shoots him a look.

HARDCASTLE

When you're using the
Hardcastle team betting
technique, you're not
supposed to bet against
your partner.

MCCORMICK

Okay, so we're not partners.
(to croupier)
Split a hundred on the don't
come line and a hard twelve.

HARDCASTLE

Thanks.

MCCORMICK

Maybe it's the T-shirt.

Hardcastle picks up the dice and blows on them.

HARDCASTLE

This happens to be my lucky
T-shirt.

MCCORMICK

I thought gambling was a
science?

HARDCASTLE

Physics is a science, kiddo.
This is war. Now, stand back
while I bring this casino to
its knees.

MCCORMICK

Don't hurt yourself.

Hardcastle throws the dice and again:

The crowd cheers and Hardcastle grimaces again. He turns to McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, so there's a bump or two in my system. But I think the theory has proved itself.

McCORMICK

Yeah, give one judge two dice, a crap table and a corny T-shirt and he'll have to hitchhike home.

HARDCASTLE

Cute.

Hardcastle claps his hands.

HARDCASTLE

Change your game, change your luck. Whatta'ya say, a little black jack?

McCORMICK

Who am I to argue with a scientist.

HARDCASTLE

(aside to McCormick)

Ah, look Mark, could you maybe front a half'a yard 'til we get back to the room?

(smiles)

I'm gonna get hot here any second. I can feel it.

McCormick shakes his head and reaches for his wallet as we:

CUT TO

As a line of cards go down and:

Hardcastle and McCormick sit at a table...and of course McCormick has a pile of chips in front of him. Hardcastle is down to his last couple of chips. His second card is a ten and he DOUBLE DOWNS and McCormick shakes his head.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

What did you double down with a pair of tens for? You had twenty, the dealer's showing seven.

HARDCASTLE

I double down I win twice the bet.
(to dealer)
Hit me...

The dealer does and Hardcastle gets a two and a three.

HARDCASTLE

Hit me.

The dealer flips two more cards and Hardcastle goes bust.

McCORMICK

Maybe you should have said, "kick me".

McCormick nods to the dealer and takes a light hit. He flips his cards that add up to twenty-one and the dealer slides him a pile of chips. Hardcastle dejectedly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of change.

HARDCASTLE

(Re: money)
I've got six fifty 'n change.
Any advice, Mister Maverick?

Off McCormick's look,

CUT TO

as the wheels roll up two diamonds and a carrot.

as Hardcastle feeds his last quarter into the slot machine. He pulls the arm and by the look on his face we can see that his luck hasn't changed. He steps back from the machine and just glares at it.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Do you have something against
me personally?

McCormick walks up to Hardcastle and starts to lead him
away from the slot machines. Hardcastle motions to his
watch.

HARDCASTLE

Want to buy a watch?

MCCORMICK

C'mon, Judge. We've got to
meet my dad for dinner.

HARDCASTLE

Keeps great time, got a
calendar and a stop watch.
Ten bucks.

MCCORMICK

Judge.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, five bucks.

As they walk off.

MCCORMICK

Maybe you should try bingo.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE (OVER)

Two bucks, McCormick. It's
a good watch.

And we:

CUT TO

This is one of the hottest eateries in Atlantic City.
A line of Caddys and Limos circle up the drive and the
valet parking attendants scramble for tips. Then:

CUT TO

52 CLOSE ON - BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE

52

The cork is pulled and the bubbly flows out over the hand-painted bottle. It should be clear that this stuff goes for a hundred and a half, easy.

53 PULL BACK TO - INT. RESTAURANT

53

Hardcastle and McCormick sit at an elegantly appointed table with Sonny and Sonny's date: a very pretty blonde girl with bright eyes and not a whole lot else going for her. Her name, of course, is KITTY COMFORT.

SONNY

So, whatta'ya think of my boy here, Kitty?

KITTY

Cute.

SONNY

Takes after his old man. Don't you, kid?

We have never seen McCormick this uncomfortable. He exchanges looks with Hardcastle and Hardcastle shoots him a warm wink. There is an awkward silence and Hardcastle courageously picks up the slack.

HARDCASTLE

So, Kitty. What do you do?

KITTY

I'm a dancer.

HARDCASTLE

(not surprised)
No kidding.

CONTINUED

SONNY

Kitty's the lead girl in the
Hallelujah Hot Time Revue
over at the Silver Spur.

KITTY

I'm the one who climbs up
the feather.

McCORMICK

Recognize her, Judge?

Hardcastle smiles and again there is another awkward beat.

SONNY

So, Mark, tell me... How'd
you do in school?

McCORMICK

I went.

Sonny laughs.

SONNY

I like this kid. He's got
my sense of humor.

CUT TO

Jace Trimmer enters and walks up to the MAITRE D'.

MAITRE D'

He's sitting at the third
table on your right in
the back corner.

TRIMMER

Thanks, Peter.

MAITRE D'

Hey, Jace, don't make a mess,
huh?

Trimmer smiles and shakes his head.

The WAITER brings over the check and Sonny reaching for it: signing the bottom and leaving a big tip. The waiter shakes his head.

WAITER

I'm sorry, but I'm afraid
you're not allowed to sign
for this anymore Mister Daye.

An awkward moment. McCormick reaches for the check.

MCCORMICK

It's all right, I have it.
My treat, okay?

SONNY

No it's not. I do a lot of
business here.
(to Waiter)
The name's Sonny Daye, pal.

MCCORMICK

Relax, I got it.

On that Trimmer reaches over and snags the check.

TRIMMER

On the house Sonny.

There is a beat as Sonny looks at Trimmer.

SONNY

Can't you see we're eating
here? I've got guests.
Beat it.

TRIMMER

Tommy gave you an hour...
We need an answer.

SONNY

I gave Mister Sargent my
answer.

TRIMMER

Trouble is, it wasn't the
right one.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Do we have a problem here?

TRIMMER

Not yet, pops. So just finish your desert.

McCormick stands.

MCCORMICK

I think you better hit the road, ace.

Trimmer pulls back his sports coat and levels a gun at McCormick: shielding it under his rain coat.

TRIMMER

You don't want to die in a restaurant, kid. Ruin your vacation.

Trimmer taps Sonny on the shoulder and leads him out of the restaurant. As soon as they are out of sight Hardcastle and McCormick take action and sprint out of the restaurant.

Sonny is pushed into the rear of a black sedan and it squeals off just as Hardcastle and McCormick burst out of the restaurant. McCormick runs to a cab.

MCCORMICK

(to cabby)

Follow that car!

CABBY

Forget it. I ain't followin' any'a Sargent's people.

On that, McCormick pulls the Cabby out of the cab and jumps in. Hardcastle piles into the front seat and the cab squeals down the front loop.

CUT TO

57 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

57

The black sedan flies past CAMERA, highballing down the two-lane blacktop.

58 INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

58

Trimmer sits in the rear seat with Sonny and a hired WHEELMAN with dark glasses and a razor cut drives. Trimmer isn't happy and he holds his gun on Sonny who is already starting to squirm.

TRIMMER

You talk pretty big for a guy who's about to die, Sonny.

SONNY

Hey Jace, c'mon. You know me. I was trying to impress the skirt. Y'know, big talking Sonny always going for the laugh... We're family, right?

TRIMMER

Not anymore.

The Wheelman glances up to his rear view mirror and we can see McCormick's taxi cab pulling up from the rear.

WHEELMAN

We got company, Jace.

He hits the gas and:

59 EXT. CAR CHASE - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - NIGHT

59

McCormick roars up in the cab and crashes into the rear of the sedan. Both cars swerve as they fight for position and roar down the street, bashing door handles and banging fenders. We play this action for as long as it holds and then McCormick forces the sedan up onto a curb and into a guard rail causing it to flip over and skid up on its side, coming to rest in a pile of trash cans. Hardcastle and McCormick leap out as the Wheelman makes a run for it. McCormick stops him with a flying tackle as Hardcastle pulls down on Trimmer with the pistol he has pulled out from under his jacket.

HARDCASTLE

I thought we had a problem here.

CONTINUED

Sonny climbs out of the sedan as McCormick hauls the Wheelman back to the scene. Sonny nods to Trimmer.

SONNY

Next time think twice before
you go messing with me and
my boy.

(to McCormick)

Thanks.

McCormick shoots a tired look to both Hardcastle and his dad and shrugs.

MCCORMICK

What's a son for?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

60 EXT. THE RONDEAU HOTEL - DAY 60

A middle class place for thirty bucks a night just a couple of blocks off the strip in Atlantic City.

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE (OVER)
Yeah, that's what I figured.

61 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 61

Hardcastle is on the telephone and McCormick and Sonny are there, sipping coffee and eating donuts out of a box.

HARDCASTLE
If I turn anything up I'll
let you know, Chuck. Thanks.

SONNY
(Re: Hardcastle)
If this guy's a judge from
L.A., how can he know the
heat in Jersey?

MCCORMICK
Hardcastle's kind'a a judicial
Jerry Lewis. Not funny but
very famous.

Hardcastle hangs up.

HARDCASTLE
I heard that, kiddo.

Hardcastle walks over and grabs himself a donut.

HARDCASTLE
(Re: donut)
I always wondered what the
brochure meant when it said
continental breakfast included.

SONNY
(Re: telephone)
What did the cops have to say?

CONTINUED

Hardcastle gives Sonny a hard look, then:

HARDCASTLE

Your dad hangs out with some
real nice guys, Mark. Real nice.

Sonny shifts his weight: uncomfortable.

HARDCASTLE

How long have you been
working for Tommy Sargent?

SONNY

I just sing in one of his
clubs. He owns the Apollo.

HARDCASTLE

And about half the casinos
in town, most of the rackets
and anything else that's
dirty. The cops say you're
into his pocket pretty deep.

SONNY

I'm not.

Sonny takes a breath and looks at McCormick.

SONNY

Y'know, there's probably a lot
of stuff you don't have to
like me for, and that's okay.
Like I've done some time.
Big deal.

MCCORMICK

I've done time, too, so what.
I'm not working for a hood.

HARDCASTLE

Let him finish, Mark.

SONNY

Hey kid, you could be a little
impressed with the fact that a
guy as big as Tommy Sargent
needs a favor from your old man.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Impressed wasn't the word I
had in mind.

Sonny turns to his son.

SONNY

Look, maybe this won't make
you proud of me, but for awhile
there I was the best safe
cracker bad money could buy.

Hardcastle shoots McCormick a look.

HARDCASTLE

And I thought only baldness
was hereditary.

SONNY

The F.B.I.'s got a couple
of wire tap tapes that are
waiting for a ruling and
Sargent asked me to crack'em
out of the safe down at
Federal Court.

MCCORMICK

What did you tell him?

SONNY

I told him to sit on his hat
and spin.

(Beat)

Ya see kid, I stopped breaking
the law a long time ago. No
future.

We can see that McCormick is not impressed with this.

MCCORMICK

And now Sargent's gonna
kill you.

CONTINUED

Sonny shrugs.

SONNY

He's gonna try.

McCORMICK

But you stood up to him
anyway?

(Beat)

I mean, that's not gonna
make up for missing all of
my little league baseball
games, but..

(smiles a bit)

it's something.

HARDCASTLE

What it is, is evidence...Look
the F.B.I.'s been building a
case against Sargent for the
last two years. He's got all
kinds of mob action and if
you'd be willing to testify
what he's trying to do to
you Sonny, we might be able
to take him outta the game
for a long time.

SONNY

I'd never make it to the
witness stand.

McCORMICK

You could try.

Play the beat and:

CUT TO

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

As the white stretch limo pulls up and Roberts gets out of
the backseat. He walks up the front steps and:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Trimmer comes out from behind a steel door and a GUARD

CONTINUED

escorts him to an INTERCOM-TELEPHONE that is separated from Roberts by a pane of glass. Both Trimmer and Roberts pick up their phones.

ROBERTS

We got the lawyers working on it, Jace. Tommy's gonna post bond and you'll be out in a couple of days. What happened?

TRIMMER

I don't know, man. Sonny had some help with him I didn't count on. He said one of them was his kid. I didn't even know that jerk had any family.

ROBERTS

(thinks)

Sonny's got family?

TRIMMER

That's what he said. Kid's about thirty and he works with an older guy who carries a gun. Must be from outta town 'cause I never seen 'em before. Tell Mister Sargent I'm sorry.

ROBERTS

Don't worry about it, Jace. I'll put the word out on the street and Tommy's gonna take care of you.

As Roberts hangs up we:

A couple of SQUAD CARS from the Atlantic City Police are parked out in front and after a beat, McCormick and Sonny exit from the front doors. They walk past a PARKING VALET who shoots Sonny a long look and then moves to a telephone and starts to dial. CAMERA MOVES IN and:

CONTINUED

PARKING VALET

Yeah, this is Mike from down at the Rondeau. Sonny over here and I think he's with his kid.

as he walks Sonny toward one of the squad cars.

SONNY

Just like Sinatra said, kid. "That's life" and if you're not real crazy about who you got for an old man, face it, you're not exactly Wayne Newton yourself.

McCORMICK

Nope. I'm an ex-con just like you.

SONNY

Don't sweat it.

(Beat)

See, it was a good thing I took off when you were a kid, taught you how to survive on your own, didn't it?

In the b.g. we can see Hardcastle exit the hotel with TWO Atlantic City COPS.

SONNY

Anyway, this blows over and you want to move out here. I can have you meet some people, help you get started.

McCORMICK

No thanks.

HARDCASTLE

Let's get cookin' here. Sonny, we'll get you downtown so you can make your statement and I imagine the F.B.I.'s gonna want to talk to you real soon.

Hardcastle opens the rear door to the squad car.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

C'mon kiddo, this is the first time you're gonna get to ride in one'a these without cuffs on.

MCCORMICK

I'm not going.

SONNY

What?

MCCORMICK

Got some things I want to think out. I'll be okay.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, Mark, this Sargent guy isn't behind bars yet.

MCCORMICK

I'm a big boy, Judge. But I gotta sort some stuff out.

There is a beat, then:

HARDCASTLE & SONNY

Okay, but be careful.

They exchange looks and then pile into the squad car and it drives off as McCormick watches it for a beat and then turns, walking down the side walk.

ANGLE - GREY SEDAN

Parked across the street.

INT. SEDAN

Roberts is at the wheel and in the rear seat we can see TWO TOUGHS with thick arms and necks named DAVE and MIKE.

ROBERTS

That's him.

Roberts puts the sedan in gear and slowly drives off.

68

ANGLE - McCORMICK

68

As he walks down a side street near his hotel. After a beat we can see the sedan roll up next to him. McCormick shoots it a look and then quickens his pace. The sedan moves along with him and Dave rolls down the rear window and leans out. He holds a gun.

DAVE

We're gonna give you a lift,
Jack.

McCormick turns and eyes the gun: raising his hands. Dave gets out and holds his gun on McCormick as he motions him into the rear of the sedan.

McCORMICK

You sure you got the right
guy? I'm with the C.Y.O.
convention at the Rondeau.

DAVE

positive.

As McCormick moves to the rear seat he catches Dave in the chest with an elbow and cracks him hard with a big left hook. Dave goes down and McCormick sprints off.

ROBERTS

Get him!

69

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOT CHASE - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - DAY

69

McCormick is chased down side streets, tipping over garbage cans and leaping hedges and etc. Dave and Mike are clearly in better condition and we can see that McCormick is starting to tire: gasping for breath. Maybe he jumps onto the rear of a car stopped at a light and then hops from car to car, crossing traffic and trying to escape. But it's of no use and the two toughs continue to close in. McCormick is exhausted and looks over his shoulder: bewildered at how fresh these guys appear. Then, Dave tackles McCormick and as they stumble to the ground Mike pulls out a pistol and holds it on McCormick.

McCORMICK

(out of breath)

I'll bet neither of you guys
smoke, do you?

CONTINUED

#2203

47.

69

CONTINUED

69

and on that, we:

CUT TO

70

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY POLICE STATION - DAY

70

Hardcastle, Sonny and a DETECTIVE named CHUCK BONERB walk down the front steps towards a couple of police cars. We can see uniformed officers following them in the b.g.

BONERB

This is really gonna put some meat in our case on Sargent, Milt. Thanks alot.

HARDCASTLE

(Re: Sonny)

Thank him.

SONNY

Cops don't thank guys like me, they just wait for us to mess up. Right Chuck?

Bonerb lets that slide.

BONERB

Let me put a couple of my men with you until we get an indictment. Then we'll pull Sargent off the street.

HARDCASTLE

You think we need that?

BONERB

Sargent's a killer, Milt. You need it.

Off that:

CUT TO

71

CLOSE ON - SARGENT

71

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

SARGENT
If I wanted you dead,
you would be.

72 WIDEN TO INCLUDE - INT. SARGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

72

McCormick stands in front of Sargent's desk, flanked by
Dave and Roberts. He's not happy.

McCORMICK
(wise)
Am I supposed to be impressed
or scared? Let me know, I
can do it both ways.

Roberts puts a fist into McCormick's gut and he buckles over.

SARGENT
I know your father, kid.
Be nice.
(to Roberts)
Sit him down.

Roberts pushes McCormick into a chair and Sargent reaches
for a telephone and we:

CUT TO

73 EXT. RONDEAU HOTEL - DAY

73

A squad car is parked out in front and we can hear a
telephone ring.

74 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

74

And outside of Hardcastle's room we can see TWO POLICE
OFFICERS standing guard.

75 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

75

Hardcastle moves to the telephone as Sonny sits. We can
see that these guys look a little worried.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

HARDCASTLE

This is probably him now.
Y'know how kids are, they
meet a pretty girl and forget
to call home for a month.

(into telephone)

Where the hell are you,
McCormick.

76 INTERCUT - TOMMY SARGENT - AS NECESSARY

76

SARGENT

Tell Sonny that if he wants
to see his kid alive he
better do what I asked him to.

Sargent holds the telephone out to McCormick and Roberts
prods him with a hand gun. After a beat:

McCORMICK

It's me, Judge.

77 RESUME - INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

77

Hardcastle hangs up the telephone and looks to Sonny.

HARDCASTLE

Sargent has Mark.

Play the moment and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

78 EXT. RONDEAU HOTEL - DAY 78

It is a moderately busy afternoon of check-ins at the hotel as we:

CUT TO

79 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 79

We can see that Hardcastle is clearly shaken and he paces, looking out of the window. Sonny pours himself a cup of coffee.

SONNY

This is a pretty tough
break for the kid, isn't it?

HARDCASTLE

I guess you could say that.
(thinking)
You got any ideas, Sonny?

SONNY

Me?

(Beat)

Yeah, I mean, I figured
you'd turn it over to the
cops.

HARDCASTLE

You did, huh?

SONNY

It's outta our hands...and
the best thing for me to do
is get the hell out of town.

Hardcastle can't believe this and he levels a look at Sonny.

HARDCASTLE

You're just gonna let Mark
swing on this one? That's
it, huh. The old man oozes
out the back door while his kid
sits in the lap of some killer.

CONTINUED

SONNY

I never asked him to come
lookin' for me. I mean,
if Mark ended up stepping
in this it isn't my fault.
I'm sorry and all that, but,
gees.

HARDCASTLE

That's life.

SONNY

Something like that, yeah.

There is a beat and we can see that Hardcastle is disgusted.

SONNY

What am I supposed to do?
Go crack that safe and risk
puttin' myself back in the
can for twenty years?

HARDCASTLE

He's your son.

SONNY

And he should'a known better
than to stick his face back
into my life.

HARDCASTLE

If he didn't, you'd probably
be dead right now.

SONNY

We're all grownups here
Hardcastle and if I wanted
to see him I would'a run a
want ad in the personal
column.

Hardcastle grabs Sonny by the collar of his shirt and holds
him against the wall.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

I've gone about sixty years without breaking the law, but I could probably stretch this and call it "flagrant necessity: a case of urgency rendering lawful an otherwise illegal act, as assault to remove a man from impending danger."

(Beat)

That means I get to break the law if I have a good enough reason. I think Mark's life is a good enough reason.

Hardcastle lets go of Sonny's shirt and straightens the wrinkles.

SONNY

But what do you know about cracking safes?

HARDCASTLE

(hard)

Not as much as I know about cracking heads...

Sonny is trying to worm out of this.

SONNY

I don't even know if I still have the hands.

HARDCASTLE

I'll be with you every step of the way, Dad.

Play the beat and:

CUT TO

The whole building has been shut down for the day and maybe a security car rolls through the parking lot. Then:

CUT TO

81 CLOSE ON - SATCHEL

81

As it is unzipped and some burglar tools are taken out: glass cutter, tape, small screw drivers and etc.

82 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - EXT. REAR OF FEDERAL COURT BUILDING - NIGHT

82

Hardcastle stands in the bushes next to Sonny as Sonny expertly slips open a window: by-passing the alarm.

HARDCASTLE

Did you keep those tools just
in case you lost your voice
and had to pick up a couple
of bucks?

Sonny turns to respond to Hardcastle and the window starts to slam down. Hardcastle leaps to it and keeps it from crashing down and setting off the alarm. Sonny looks to Hardcastle and smiles.

SONNY

(Re: window)

I guess that just made you
an accomplice, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

(Latin)

Necessitas vincit legem.

SONNY

What the hell does that mean?

HARDCASTLE

Necessity overrules the law.
Now, let's get this act inside
and open that safe.

As they go through the window we:

CUT TO

83 CLOSE ON - STETHOSCOPE

83

As Sonny holds it on the dial and turns the tumblers: gently.

84 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. CHAMBERS - NIGHT

84

We can see that Hardcastle is sweating like crazy and real uncomfortable regardless of how flagrant this necessity is.

HARDCASTLE
(harsh whisper)
C'mon, hurry up.

This breaks Sonny's concentration (again) and he glares at Hardcastle.

SONNY
You wanna drive?

Hardcastle checks the door and shakes his head.

HARDCASTLE
Just do it.

CAMERA MOVES IN as Sonny spins the dial, opens the safe and pulls out a stack of tape cassettes and we:

CUT TO

85 CLOSE ON - TELEPHONE

85

It rings once and someone snatches it up.

86 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. SARGENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

86

McCormick sits on the couch between Trimmer and Roberts as Sargent speaks into the telephone.

SARGENT
Yeah.

87 INTERCUT - CLOSE ON - SONNY

87

on the telephone.

SONNY
I got the tapes... Gimme
my kid.

88 PULL BACK TO INCLUDE - INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

88

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Detective Chuck Bonerb stands next to Hardcastle and two uniformed cops guard the door. Bonerb holds the tapes.

SONNY

The warehouse off the
shore on Pier fifteen?

He shoots a look to Bonerb and Bonerb shakes his head.

SONNY

That don't make it, Tommy.
There's a gas station just
outta town on I-90. Be there
in an hour. Somethin' funny
goes down and the tapes go
back to the D.A.

Sonny hangs up.

BONERB

(Re: tapes)
Didn't think you still had
what it takes, Sonny.

SONNY

Flagrant necessity, Pal.
Ask the Judge.

There is a beat as the cops look at Hardcastle and he looks down to his feet a little more awkward.

HARDCASTLE

Necessitas vincit legem.

There is a beat, then Bonerb smiles.

BONERB

I failed French, Milt, so
I'm just gonna have to
trust you.

(to the cops)

Let's move.

As they all exit:

CUT TO

89

INT. SARGENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

89

Sargent moves to a desk drawer and pulls out a revolver: motioning to Roberts.

SARGENT

Let's get going. Jace, pull the car around.

McCORMICK

Where are we going?

SARGENT

We gonna do you and your old dad and save you money on a family plot.

(to Roberts)

We get the tapes and then we bury these guys in a hole.

Roberts nods and we:

CUT TO

90

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

90

This is one of those old and run down "Flying Horse" jobs with a bubble pump and "free lube job" posters. After a beat a black sedan wheels up and:

91

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

91

Trimmer sits in the passenger seat, Sargent drives and Roberts holds a gun on McCormick in the rear seat. Then, a pair of headlights swing into view and Sargent checks his watch.

SARGENT

It's time. That must be them.

92

RESUME - EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

92

Hardcastle and Sonny drive up in a rented sedan and park about a hundred yards away from the black sedan.

CONTINUED

Hardcastle gets out and takes cover behind the open driver's side door. He holds a pistol.

HARDCASTLE

We've got the tapes. Let's see the kid.

There is a beat and then Trimmer and Roberts get out of the black sedan.

ROBERTS

He's okay. Give us the tapes.

HARDCASTLE

Not until he gets half way over here. Then, we'll throw them to you.

There is a beat as Sonny gets out of the rented sedan and holds up the tapes.

SONNY

Don't shoot, Tony...
They're right here.

Roberts pulls McCormick out of the rear seat and McCormick starts to walk towards Hardcastle and Sonny. He gets about half way and Hardcastle hits the horn of his sedan.

HARDCASTLE

Run McCormick!!

McCormick hits the dirt and rolls away as gunfire erupts from Sargent and Roberts. Police cars squeal in with their lights flashing and Trimmer hits the gas as Sargent dives into the rear seat. It speeds off as the cops pile out and chase down Roberts and Trimmer. McCormick sprints to Hardcastle's rented sedan and leaps behind the wheel. Hardcastle piles into the back seat and the chase is on.

McCormick roars after the black sedan and we play as much action that will hold here as Hardcastle hangs out the rear window and fires his handgun while Sonny takes cover under the dash.

94 INTERCUT - SARGENT

94

Driving like a man who is trying to avoid a hundred years of hard time.

95 RESUME - EXT. CAR CHASE - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - NIGHT

95

As these two cars race down the street side by side and McCormick rams up against the black sedan and sends it careening into a guard rail: it flips up and end over ends into a field. The rented sedan skids to a stop and Hardcastle leaps out and sprints to Sargent who is trying to crawl out of the sedan: leveling his gun just as Sargent is reaching for his.

HARDCASTLE

That's a bad bet, Tommy.

and we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

96

EXT. THE APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

96

Hardcastle and McCormick get out of a cab and walk towards the front doors of the lounge. We can see the same big neon sign flashing out the name of "SONNY DAYE" and McCormick nods to it.

McCORMICK

I never thought I'd be proud to see my name up in lights.

HARDCASTLE

That's not your name, Mark.

McCORMICK

Yeah, well, it's my dad. Gees, my dad. I never thought I'd be proud to say that. My dad. I like it.

We can see that Hardcastle is doing his best to hold his tongue.

HARDCASTLE

He's quite a guy all right.

McCORMICK

Quite a guy? C'mon, Judge. He's a hero. I mean, my dad, the old man goes up against Tommy Sargent, risks maybe twenty years in prison just to save a son of his he hasn't even seen in twenty-five years. That's more than "all right" Judge. That's special stuff. He risked everything just for me.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, well, you're blood and all that.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

(chuckles)

Now c'mon, tell me. How long did it take for my dad to talk you into going into that safe? I mean, can you believe how incredible someone has to be to talk you into breaking the law? My dad's a genius.

HARDCASTLE

I didn't break the law, kiddo.

MCCORMICK

Ah, c'mon, Judge. It's the thought that counts, right?

McCormick and Hardcastle get to the front door and McCormick straightens his tie. Hardcastle opens the door for McCormick.

MCCORMICK

(Re: tie)

You like the tie?

And we can see it's one of those silk jobs with some dice on it that reads: Welcome To Atlantic City.

HARDCASTLE

It's nice.

MCCORMICK

My dad gave it to me.

HARDCASTLE

Did you see the receipt?

MCCORMICK

What's that supposed to mean?

HARDCASTLE

Nothing.

There is a beat.

MCCORMICK

Hey, Judge. You're not jealous are you? I mean you and I are close... But no one can compete with a dad. That's blood.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE
Who's jealous.

McCORMICK
You are.

McCormick enters the lounge and:

INT. THE APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

The place is empty and Hardcastle and McCormick walk up to the front desk.

HARDCASTLE
I can see he's still packin'
'em in.

McCormick walks up to the hostess: a middle aged blond in a red dress with too much make up.

McCORMICK
Ah, hi. We're here to see
the Sonny Daye show.

HOSTESS
Yeah, so are we. And if
you see him tell Sonny he
owes us renting the sound
system.

McCORMICK
Sonny's not playing tonight?

HOSTESS
Nope. Took some gig up in
Boston at the Ramada Inn...
Nice guy, huh. Who are you?

There is a beat as Hardcastle and McCormick exchange looks.

McCORMICK
Mark McCormick. I'm Sonny's
kid.

HOSTESS
Too bad.

CONTINUED

#2203

62.

97

CONTINUED

97

She reaches for something under the counter and then hands McCormick an envelope.

HOSTESS

He left this for you.

McCormick opens it and we can see that it's kind of a heavy moment.

HARDCASTLE

What's it say, kiddo?

MCCORMICK

(reading)

It was great to see you again kid, but I got a gig in New England. Love Dad. P.S. You owe me ten bucks for the tie. It's real silk.

We play this beat and then Hardcastle puts an arm around McCormick.

HARDCASTLE

C'mon, I'll take you to a ball game.

And as they walk off we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END