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#2220

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

-- "UNDERCOVER MC CORMICK"

by

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"UNDERCOVER MC CORMICK"ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. STREET - DAY 1

A car (Cadillac?) is sailing down the street at about fifty in a thirty-five mile zone.

2 INT. CADILLAC - DAY 2

Inside the Cadillac is a middle-aged man, JOSEPH ARAMASIAN. He is well-dressed, prosperous-looking. He reaches over and turns on the radio. HE is tuned to an easy-listening station, playing non-descript music. We HEAR a police siren and Aramasian looks into his rearview mirror.

3 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME 3

A patrol car is following Aramasian, gaining on him with the obvious intention of pulling him over.

4 INT. CADILLAC 4

Aramasian, still watching the police car, smiles, deciding to make a chase out of it. He accelerates.

5 EXT. STREET 5

As the Cadillac accelerates, so does the black and white. They dodge through the streets, the black and white trying to come abreast of the Cadillac. Finally, the patrol car is able to catch up and ride beside Aramasian. An officer leans out of the window, signalling for Aramasian to pull to the shoulder of the road. Aramasian obeys and the two cars stop, the Cadillac in front, the patrol car close behind it. An officer, EDDIE DAWSON, gets out of the patrol car and goes to the window of the Cadillac. Dawson is good-looking, sandy-haired, with broad shoulders, about thirty years old.

6 ANGLE - DAWSON

6

Leaning into Aramasian's window.

DAWSON

Would you step out of the  
car, please?

ARAMASIAN (o.s.)

Oh, come on...

DAWSON

Step out of the car, please.

7 RESUME SCENE

7

Aramasian looks a little disgusted and gets out of the car.  
Dawson steps back to let him out. Dawson is polite and  
formal.

ARAMASIAN

Look, I'm in a hurry...

DAWSON

Could I see some identification  
please, sir?

Aramasian takes out his wallet, removes his I.D. and plops  
it ungraciously into Dawson's hand. Dawson carefully looks  
it over.

DAWSON

Joseph T. Aramasian?

ARAMASIAN

Yes! Okay, I was speeding, alright...  
big deal...between you and me, what's  
it worth?

DAWSON

Are you offering me money, sir?  
That's bribery.. you don't want  
to do that...

ARAMASIAN

Who said I did?

CONTINUED

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3.

7 CONTINUED

DAWSON

Wait here, please.

Dawson starts off toward his patrol car, where his partner is standing. Aramasian watches him angry and impatient.

ARAMASIAN

What is this? I was speeding,  
that's all!

8 ARAMASIAN'S POV

Dawson goes to the patrol car and we see his partner, JAKE FELLOWS, phoning in for a make on Aramasian's car. Fellows is enormously large and muscular, about mid-thirties. Dawson leans into the patrol car, coming back out immediately with a briefcase. Dawson comes back toward Aramasian.

9 RESUME SCENE

As Dawson comes back, an impatient Aramasian drums on the top of his car.

ARAMASIAN

Are you satisfied?

Dawson says nothing, comes fairly close to Aramasian.

DAWSON

Yessir...

10 ANGLE - ARAMASIAN

ARAMASIAN

Well, get on with it, will you?

Aramasian's angry expression turns to a mixture of disbelief and fear as he glances down.

11 ANGLE - GUN

Dawson's hand holding his service revolver. The gun is aimed at Aramasian's chest. The gun explodes.

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4.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE - FELLOWS

12

looks as though he is hanging on by his fingernails.

13 RESUME SCENE

13

Aramasian slumps back onto the side of the car. Quickly and methodically, Dawson slips a throw-away gun into Aramasian's hand. Aramasian slides to the ground. Dawson leans over him, grabbing the keys out of the ignition. We FOLLOW as Dawson takes the keys to the back of the Cadillac, opens the trunk and opens the briefcase.

14 INSERT - briefcase with a large number of packets containing white powder.

14

15 RESUME SCENE

15

Dawson takes out the packets, placing them inside Aramasian's spare tire. Again, we FOLLOW as Dawson returns to the patrol car. He goes to the driver's side where Fellows is sitting and gives him a significant look.

DAWSON

Phone it in.

16 ANGLE - FELLOWS

16

Fellows hates this. He is upset, sickened, even frightened. He hesitates, gives up, takes the radio receiver into his hands and makes the call.

FELLOWS

We need an ambulance at Powell and Mansfield...we have an officer involved shooting... suspect down.

FOLLOW as Dawson goes back to the Cadillac, looking over his shoulder. He closes the trunk with a bang.

17 EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE - NIGHT

17

The grounds are packed with cars, wearing listening devices on their windows.

18 ANGLE - MARQUIS

18

The marquis advertises Ingmar Bergman's "Hour of the Wolf".

19 INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

19

Hardcastle and McCormick are sitting and watching the picture. Around them is an incredible litter of softdrink cans, empty popcorn tubs, half-eaten hot dogs and Gobber boxes. Hardcastle is disgruntled, bored, restless and more than a little angry. McCormick appears to be relatively interested in the movie.

HARDCASTLE

Are we outta popcorn or what?

Hardcastle rummages through the pile of rubbish, trying vainly to find more.

MC CORMICK

Shshshshsh...I wanna watch  
the movie...

HARDCASTLE

This isn't a movie, McCormick...  
"Dirty Harry" is a movie..."Singin  
in the Rain" is a movie...this is  
a nightmare you have when you eat  
salami late at night.

MC CORMICK

It's a classic, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

A classic what?

MC CORMICK

Your problem is you're not into  
the symbolism...you don't understand  
the universal images...Valerie was  
telling me...

HARDCASTLE

That's another thing. If you weren't  
dating a film major, we wouldn't be  
here, so don't give me that song and  
dance about symbolism. You're not  
interested in universal images, you're  
interested in legs.

CONTINUED

MC CORMICK

Oh, yeah? Well, lemme tell ya, Judge, I'm learning things from Valerie. I'm improving myself...

HARDCASTLE

With this?

MC CORMICK

You don't see it much, but there's a sensitive side to Mark McCormick, Jack. Valerie thinks I have a lot of intuitive artistic understanding.

HARDCASTLW

Yeah, Valerie thinks this picture makes sense, too...somethin' to think about. If we gotta stay, I'm getting more popcorn.

Hardcastle starts to get out of the pick-up.

MC CORMICK

Get me some, too, will ya?

HARDCASTLE

Is your giant intellect -- hungry?

20 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

20

The pick-up is travelling at about forty-five or fifty.

HARDCASTLE (v.o.)

Aw, admit it, McCormick you didn't understand any of it.

MC CORMICK (v.o.)

Not all of it, no, but a lot of it.

21 INT. PICK-UP - SAME TIME

21

HARDCASTLE

Okay, explain what it meant when the guy's eyeball fell out and rolled across the floor.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

MC CORMICK

Well, that's probably one of the parts I didn't understand totally.

HARDCASTLE

I got a theory...if this guy Bergman wasn't makin' films, he'd probably be out burying hatchets in people's heads...he's a psycho.

McCormick is about to argue, when we HEAR a siren behind the pick-up. Hardcastle looks out his rearview mirror.

22 HARDCASTLE'S POV

22

In the mirror, we see the patrol car coming up fast on the pick-up.

23 EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

23

Hardcastle slows the pick-up and goes toward the side of the road to give the patrol car room to get around him. The patrol car, however, sticks behind him.

24 INT. PICK-UP

24

MC CORMICK

I think he wants us.

HARDCASTLE

No, he doesn't. I'm only doin' fifty.

The patrol car pulls alongside the pick-up and drives beside it. Hardcastle waves the car past, but the cop in the patrol car keeps motioning for him to pull over.

MC CORMICK

He does, Judge. He wants you.

HARDCASTLE

I was a patrol cop for years, McCormick. I know when a cop wants to pull me over.

Hardcastle grins, waves and motions the cop past.

CONTINUED



24 CONTINUED

24

The cop keeps motioning toward the curb.

COP

Pull over!

Hardcastle looks again at the gesticulating cop and grunts. He turns the wheel toward the side of the road. McCormick chuckles.

HARDCASTLE

Well, there's something wrong with his speedometer, because I'm five miles under the limit.

25 EXT. HIGHWAY

25

Hardcastle pulls over to the side of the road, stops. The patrol car does the same, right behind him.

26 EXT. PATROL CAR

26

The cop in the patrol car is alone. He gets out and comes toward the pick-up.

27 INT. PICK - UP

27

HARDCASTLE

I was doin' fifty, you're my witness.

MC CORMICK

I dunno...pretty hard to tell from here, Judge.

Hardcastle gives McCormick a killing look and turns his attention to the cop in the window.

28 ANGLE - MENDEZ

28

The cop is RAFAEL MENDEZ. He is about twenty-three, nice-looking, clean-cut, with mirror sunglasses.

HARDCASTLE (o.s.)

I was doin' fifty. I have a witness.

MENDEZ

Could I see your license, please?

## 29 RESUME SCENE

29

Hardcastle glares at Mendez, gets out his wallet, removes his license and hands it to the patrolman.

HARDCASTLE  
(pointing to McCormick)  
He'll tell you...

Mendez studies the license for a moment, then looks at Hardcastle.

MENDEZ  
Yessir...would you step out of the car for a moment, please?

Hardcastle disgustedly starts to get out of the car. On the other side, McCormick starts to get out, too.

MENDEZ  
(to McCormick)  
You stay here.

Hardcastle and McCormick look at each other for a moment. Hardcastle shrugs and nods at McCormick, who settles back into his seat. Hardcastle gets out.

## 30 EXT. PICK-UP

30

MENDEZ  
Would you step over here with me, please?

Hardcastle gives McCormick a "How do you like this guy?" look and follows Mendez over to the patrol car.

HARDCASTLE  
Look, check out my registration, run my license, do anything you want, but I'm going to court because I wasn't speeding!

MENDEZ  
No, sir, I know that.

HARDCASTLE  
What do you mean you know that?

31 ANGLE - MENDEZ' POCKET 31

He reaches in his pocket. For a moment, we believe that he is going to shoot Hardcastle as Dawson shot Aramasian, but when his hand comes out, there is nothing in it but a photograph, an old one.

32 RESUME SCENE 32

Mendez hands Hardcastle the photograph and Hardcastle looks at it.

33 INSERT - PHOTO 33

The photo is of Hardcastle as a much younger man, holding a trophy, standing beside a man of about his own age and a boy of around eight. They are all wearing the colors of a baseball team.

34 RESUME SCENE 34

Hardcastle looks very puzzled.

MENDEZ

You recognize the people in that picture, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah...that's me and Albert Mendez and his kid.

Hardcastle looks up as the officer takes off his sunglasses, smiling at the Judge. Hardcastle begins to smile.

HARDCASTLE

Rafael...little skinny kid... always choked up on the bat.

Hardcastle takes a long, approving look at Mendez.

HARDCASTLE

You're Rafael?

The two men shake hands.

HARDCASTLE

I haven't seen you since....

CONTINUED

MENDEZ

Since my dad's funeral...you left my mother five hundred dollars in her apron.

HARDCASTLE

No...you must have me mixed up with somebody else.

MENDEZ

Mom said you'd deny it...

HARDCASTLE

(coughing, embarrassed)  
He was a good cop, your dad.  
Best I ever worked with...

MENDEZ

That's what he always said about you...that he'd trust you with his life. So I decided to trust you with mine...Judge, I gotta talk to the Commissioner. I've tried to call him, but he won't take my calls. I'm a patrolman... just out of the Academy. I can't get anybody to listen.

HARDCASTLE

Hold it...hold it...slow down.  
What're we talking about here?

MENDEZ

You know who Joe Aramasian was?

HARDCASTLE

The drug dealer the cops shot.

MENDEZ

Yeah...he was murdered...cops killed him, Judge.

The new black and white is cruising down the highway.  
It slows to a crawl, spotting Mendez' patrol car.

37 RESUME SCENE

37

Mendez, spooked, puts Hardcastle up against the patrol car and frisks him. Mendez signals the patrol car that everything is alright.

MENDEZ

Look, Judge, I can't tell this twice. Tell the Commissioner to meet me at the abandoned toll booth at the arena at noon tomorrow.

38 ANGLE - OTHER BLACK AND WHITE

38

The other patrol car signals back and speeds up, going down the road.

39 RESUME SCENE

39

Waiting until the other car is out of sight, Mendez lets go of Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

Rafael, have you been to Internal Affairs?

MENDEZ

I don't know who I can trust anymore...please...for my father's sake, do this for me... ..make him come.

Mendez is backing away. He gets to his patrol car, gets in and drives away, leaving a very confused Hardcastle standing and looking after him.

39a INT. DRY CLEANER'S - DAY

39a

Hardcastle and McCormick are waiting for Harper to pick up his laundry. Harper is angry.

HARPER

Dammit, Milt! Some rookie outta the Academy for ten months stops a civilian on the highway, pulls him to the side of the road, accuses his fellow officers of murder and disappears into the night?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

39a CONTINUED

39a

HARPER (cont)

He doesn't bother to come to me, doesn't bother with Internal Affairs...I resent the hell outta that!

The dry cleaner brings Harper his dry cleaning. Harper looks through it. --

HARDCASTLE

Look, Frank, I'm just tellin' you what the kid told me. His father was a friend of mine... I owe him to check it out.

HARPER

Lemme tell you about Aramasian, Milt. He was a dope smuggler... ..everybody knew it, but nobody could prove it. His luck ran out, he pulled a gun, the officer fired in self-defense...you see how well that works out?

Harper gathers up his dry cleaning and Hardcastle and McCormick and Harper go out.

39b EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

39b

Outside the dry cleaners, the three men walk toward Harper's unmarked car and Hardcastle's pick-up.

HARPER

It's all academic, anyway, Milt. The Commissioner hates your guts...

MC CORMICK

Is that why we're here at eight in the morning with Frank instead of breaking down the doors of City Hall?

HARDCASTLE

He doesn't hate my guts...he wouldn't even remember it.

CONTINUED

39b CONTINUED

39b

HARPER

You threw the man out of an arson trial and called him a jack-ass in open court...he remembers, Milt.

HARDCASTLE

Nobody carries a grudge that long...not over a little thing like that.

CUT TO:

39c INT. COMMISSIONER'S LIMO - MOVING - DAY

39c

In the back seat of the limo are COMMISSIONER RALPH E. EMHARDT and his assistant, SLOANE. Emhardt is a bullet-headed, grouchy man with a face like a thundercloud. Sloane is slight, efficient, nervous and devoted.

EMHARDT

You never get over it when a judge calls you a jack-ass in court, Sloane.

SLOANE

No, sir...I suppose not.

EMHARDT

They have ten minutes. We leave in ten minutes.

SLOANE

Yes, sir.

Sloane makes a note of it.

39d EXT. TOLL BOOTH - DAY

39d

The Commissioner's car pulls up. Sloane gets out, followed by Emhardt. Emhardt goes to Harper. He ignores the others.

HARPER

Commissioner, you know Judge Hardcastle...

CONTINUED

39d CONTINUED

39c

Emhardt looks stonily through Hardcastle. Hardcastle smiles, puts out his hand. The hand is ignored.

HARPER

And this is Mark McCormick...

The Commissioner nods peremptorily at McCormick and turns to Harper.

EMHARDT

I'm busy, Frank...cancelled two appointments for this. What the hell's it about?

HARPER

You know as much as we do, sir. I just thought it might be a good idea to hear the man out.

EMHARDT

(looking at his watch)  
I can give him ten minutes...big do at the Mayor's office...budget stuff.

Without another word, Emhardt strides toward the toll booth. The others look apprehensively at each other and follow.

39e EXT. TOLL BOOTH - SAME TIME

39e

We FOLLOW as Hardcastle, McCormick, Harper and Emhardt approach the toll booth. We see Mendez sitting in the booth.

HARPER

There's Mendez, sir...

Emhardt strides over, opens the door. The others follow Emhardt.

When Emhardt opens the booth door, Mendez falls to the ground, dead. Play reactions all around.

40 - 43 OMITTED

40-43

44 INT. COMMISSIONER EMHARDT'S OFFICE - DAY

44

Emhardt, in his bullish way, paces furiously, while he talks to Harper. Hardcastle and McCormick watch, not involved in the conversation.

CONTINUED



EMHARDT

Who was involved in the Aramasian thing?

HARPER

Fellows and Dawson.

EMHARDT

What kind of officers are they?

HARPER

Excellent records. Fellows was decorated for bravery in Nam... ..Medal of Valor from the force. Dawson's a by-the-book guy...no complaints, no reprimands.

EMHARDT

Who was Mendez' partner?

HARPER

Harry Peeples. He's been in two brutality scrapes...came out okay on both of them.

EMHARDT

And that's all we know?

HARPER

I'm afraid so, sir.

EMHARDT

Then where do we start?

HARPER

Well, Peeples needs a new partner...we could plant somebody.

EMHARDT

How long will it take to transfer somebody from another city?

HARPER

Could be as much as a week, sir.

45a RESUME SCENE

45a

FMHARDT

...somebody I can trust with  
an undercover set-up. You  
remember what happened with  
Calhoun last year.

46 ANGLE - MC CORMICK

46

He turns toward Hardcastle, catches the look, seems confused.

46a RESUME SCENE

46a

HARPER

No Internal Affairs?

EMHARDT

Too risky. At this point, we  
don't know who's involved or  
what they're doing.

46b ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND MC CORMICK

46b

The two are staring at each other. Hardcastle is smiling.  
A look of apprehension passes over McCormick's face.

EMHARDT (o.s.)

...somebody completely new to  
the Department.

SMASH TO:

47 INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

47

CLOSE on McCormick dressed in a police uniform complete  
with mirror sunglasses. He is upset and nervous. WIDEN  
to include Hardcastle who looks pleased with himself.

MC CORMICK

I feel like Custer going into an  
armed Apache camp!

CONTINUED

## HARDCASTLE

Gimme a break, McCormick...cops're just regular people. Anyhow, Frank and I drilled you for three days... ..you know everything we do about procedure. Just as long as you remember your name.

## MC CORMICK

I'm William Thomas O'Reilly. What about my cover? Is it all set up?

## HARDCASTLE

Yeah...all your records are there. Your history...everything.

## MC CORMICK

What about New Jersey?

## HARDCASTLE

That takes a little longer... ..it'll get there.

## MC CORMICK

Whattaya mean it'll get there? What if somebody checks?

## HARDCASTLE

It'll be okay in Jersey in a day or so. Trust me...I'm right behind you.

Hardcastle turns the pick-up into a parking lot and stops.

## MC CORMICK

You wanna change positions?

## HARDCASTLE

These guys are professionals. They'll ease you into it. They'll take it easy because it's your first night...don't worry about it.

McCormick opens the door, slides out and gives the Judge a foreboding parting look.

CONTINUED

MC CORMICK

They'll take it easy, right?

HARDCASTLE

They're grown men, not a bunch  
of high school sophmores...

SMASH TO:

48 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

48

The locker room, which is filled with men, all dressing or talking. Most are clean cut, but some are undercover, looking as though they hadn't bathed in a week.

48a ANGLE - DAWSON AND FELLOWS

48a

They stand apart from the others, watching.

48b RESUME SCENE

48b

McCormick is being stuffed into a locker by about ten men. The door is slammed.

SECOND COP

(reading from a file)

William Thomas O'Reilly...two  
years patrol duty, Jersey City.

The mention of Jersey City sets the officers howling.

THIRD COP

All they got in Jersey is garbage!

FOURTH COP

Naw! They got garbage strikes, too!

Amid gales of laughter, the second cop keeps reading.

SECOND COP

Three years in Viet Nam...OOohhhh....

CONTINUED

48b CONTINUED

48b

All the others join in this oooohhhh, mock-frightened of this formidable new man. McCormick pounds on the inside of the locker. He is ignored.

SECOND COP

(with a mock Irish accent)

And his father was an officer of the law...and his father before him...all the way back to Killarney.

McCormick bangs louder and louder on the locker. The first cop bends over, talking to him through the slits in the lower half of the locker.

FIRST COP

What's the matter?

MC CORMICK (o.s.)

Air...

FIRST COP

What? Can't hear you.

MC CORMICK (o.s.)

Can't breathe! Air!

THIRD COP

I think he said he can't breathe... needs air.

FIRST COP

You want air?

MC CORMICK (o.s.)

Air! Lemme out!

FIRST COP

Yep...that was it, alright... needs air.

He opens the door of the locker and McCormick tumbles out, coughing and choking. Along with him are several pair of rolled-up sweat socks.

THIRD COP

Aw, we shut him up with Kern's sweat socks.

CONTINUED

48b CONTINUED - 2

48b

The second cop sits down on the floor with McCormick and McCormick gasps for air.

THIRD COP

Welcome, Jersey...

McCormick stares around him, removes a sweat sock from his shirt.

SECOND COP (o.s.)

I'm Nichols...that's Swaggart,  
Petrelli, Tidalbaum, Dickerson,  
Sweeney, Tersa, Littlefield,  
Montgomery, Edmonds and Sczymanski...

49 MC CORMICK'S POV

49

We go around the room as the second cop names names. We see smiling faces looking down.

SECOND COP (o.s.)

Over there's Dawson, Fellows,  
your partner, Peeples...

Peeples is about thirty-two, medium height, brown hair and a thick, strong body. He always looks as though he has just washed. Dawson, Peeples and Fellows are in a little knot together, slightly apart from the rest of the men.

50 RESUME SCENE

50

NICHOLS

(grinning)

Any questions?

CUT TO:

VI EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

51

Everyone comes out of the precinct house together, dividing into twosomes and small knots. Peeples, Dawson, Fellows and McCormick all emerge together.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

McCormick goes to the car, gets in, while Dawson, Peeples, and Fellows talk.

PEEPLS

He's my partner...we'll have to see about him pretty quick.

DAWSON

Yeah. Is Collins ready?

PEEPLS

Yeah.

DAWSON

I'll make the call...

FELLOWS

Why don't you leave him alone?

PEEPLS

Why don't you shut up and stop whining?

Peeples starts back to the patrol car.

DAWSON

(to Fellows)

I want you to check O'Reilly out in New Jersey...find out if he's okay.

52 ANGLE - FELLOWS

52

His look gives us the impression that he is afraid of something. He hates what is going on. Wants out.

53 INT. HARDCASTLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

53

The telephone is ringing and Hardcastle is asleep. He moans, turns over, grabs clumsily for the phone and knocks it off the base, clutching it and putting it to his ear.

HARDCASTLE

Hello?

54 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

The phone booth is on a street corner. McCormick is panicked and nervous. He whispers into the phone.

MC CORMICK

Judge! They're taking me on  
a Code Seven...what's that?  
I can't remember the damn  
numbers!

We INTERCUT between Hardcastle's bedroom and McCormick's phone booth throughout this conversation.

HARDCASTLE

(sleepy and impatient)  
Will you calm down? They're  
taking you to dinner...Code  
Seven means you're gonna eat.

MC CORMICK

(brightening considerably)  
Yeah? Is that all?

HARDCASTLE

That's all. It'll probably just  
be lots of coffee and talk all  
night...you'll get to know 'em...  
they'll get to know you...trust  
me, McCormick...it's gonna be  
an easy night.

SMASH TO:

55 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Two patrol cars come screaming up, stop and the cops jump out on the run. McCormick, Peeples, Dawson and Fellows, guns drawn run toward the warehouse. They stop before going in, have a huddle. The conversation is quick, intense and urgent.

CONTINUED



PEEPLS

(to McCormick)

Count ten and go in this door...  
 ..I'm goin' to the roof...

DAWSON

We'll go to the side...

(to McCormick)

Soon as you hit ten, you come  
 in smokin'! Got it?

MC CORMICK

(close to shock)

Got it...

The other men scatter, leaving McCormick counting. He is ready to jump out of his skin.

MC CORMICK

TWO...THREE...FOUR...FIVE...  
 ..six...seven...eight...nine...  
 ..ten!

McCormick bashes the door hard, knocking the lock off and proceeds inside.

McCormick gets inside, takes a moment to adjust his sight to the dark. He begins to creep around the profusion of crates and boxes. We FOLLOW. At last, seeing a flashlight somewhere in the distance, he moves toward it, soundlessly, so tense he looks as if he might explode.

Coming closer and closer to the light, McCormick at last makes out a man dressed in dark clothes and just beyond him, Dawson. Dawson has his back to the man. The man in the dark clothes has Dawson in his sights, just about to fire.

MC CORMICK

(almost screaming)

Freeze!

McCormick, terrified, is holding his gun aimed at the man in dark clothes. The startled man drops the gun quickly and turns. The face that turns to McCormick is unforgettable. It is pock-marked, vicious and rat-like. Dawson comes over as McCormick takes the man's gun.

56 CONTINUED

56

DAWSON

Thanks, Jersey...

MC CORMICK

No trouble...

Just now, several more policemen arrive and storm into the warehouse, taking the gunman away in cuffs.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - VERY LATE NIGHT

57

McCormick and Peeples are coming out. McCormick looks a little shell-shocked.

PEEPLS

Pretty rough first night,  
Jersey...wanna ride?

MC CORMICK

No, thanks...I'll take a bus.  
See you tomorrow.

As McCormick starts to walk off, we see a service revolver lifted to his temple and hear a sickening click.

PEEPLS

Sure you don't wanna ride?

McCormick reacts.

END OF ACT ONE

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26.

ACT TWO

FADE IN

58 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

58

McCormick and Peeples are getting out of Peeples' beat-up Chevette. McCormick is followed by Peeples, who still has his gun on McCormick. The two men go onto the porch and into the house.

59 INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SAME TIME

59

By the same light of one table lamp we are able to see two men in the room already. They are Dawson and Fellows.

MC CORMICK

Somebody wanna tell me what this is all about?

The men are silent, a little threatening.

MC CORMICK

Look, I don't know what your problem is, but all I wanna do is live through my watch, collect my pay and go home...

Dawson pushes McCormick into a chair.

DAWSON

You're not goin' anywhere... see, Jersey, there's somethin' wrong with your files....

McCormick is sure he's been found out.

MC CORMICK

Yeah? What?

Dawson grins, leaning closer into McCormick's face.

DAWSON

It don't say how much beer you can drink...

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

Dawson begins to laugh, Fellows and Peeples laugh, McCormick follows them, laughing very hard, probably with relief.

DAWSON

You done good tonight, Jersey...

Fellows and Peeples bring out an ice chest, packed with beer, and put it down. Peeples hands McCormick a can of beer. McCormick takes it, pops the top, chugs the beer and crushes the can.

60 EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LATER

60

The party is in full swing, with a goodly number of officers wandering into and out of the woods, drinking, laughing. Women have been brought in. By and large they are free and easy gals, police buffs, station house groupies. The party is pretty wild and the women range in age from early twenties to mid-forties. Music blares from a ghetto blaster. Everyone is a little loaded. A little crowd of officers and girls are gathered in the middle of the yard and a game is going on, involving in can and guns. Dawson throws a can into the air and Peeples blasts away at it, hitting it every time. McCormick turns slightly, his gaze shifting, and he smiles.

61 MC CORMICK'S POV

61

A girl, in her twenties, pretty, blonde, is standing and watching him. She smiles back and winks.

62 RESUME SCENE

62

PEEPLS

Your turn, Jersey...

McCormick apprehensively takes the gun and steps to the center of the circle. He looks at the girl.

63 ANGLE - GIRL

63

She smiles expectantly.

## 64 RESUME SCENE

64

McCormick waits for the tin can. Dawson throws it. McCormick blasts frantically, but misses it every time. Dawson throws another and another, each time with the same result. Finally, Peeples comes over, puts his arms around McCormick's shoulder.

MC CORMICK

I'm a little rusty...

ANOTHER COP

Man, that was pathetic!

PEEPLS

Tomorrow morning..the firing range...be there.

Peeples wanders off and McCormick turns around, looking for the girl again.

## 65 ANGLE - GIRL

65

She smiles at McCormick, shrugs her shoulders and wings again, walking away slowly and wonderfully.

## 66 RESUME SCENE

66

McCormick stares after her, until Fellows comes up, silently standing beside him. Fellows' enormous bulk is intimidating, but he is gentle-looking and has a sad face, as though he carried a heavy tragedy.

FELLOWS

Want a good drink?

McCormick looks at the gloomy man and we see that he is carrying his own flask instead of drinking beer like the rest.

MC CORMICK

No, thanks...

Fellows and McCormick sit on the porch, watching the festivities. Both are silent for a little while.

FELLOWS

I'm supposed to tell you the rules...

MC CORMICK

What rules?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

## FELLOWS

We got rules here...first, you don't ask questions, no matter what you see...a guy's business is a guy's business. Second, you don't go tellin' anything you see...we all work together. I see my partner more'n I see my wife...in a lotta ways we're closer.

Fellows takes an envelope out of his pocket. He hands it to McCormick, who opens it.

67 INSERT - ENVELOPE

67

Inside the envelope are five cresp one hundred dollar bills.

68 RESUME SCENE

68

McCormick whistles and hands the envelope back.

MC CORMICK

I don't take...

Fellows stares at McCormick for a few moments, studying him hard.

FELLOWS

Who asked you? You can always use a little extra.

MC CORMICK

(after a long pause)

I can't take it...

FELLOWS

(thinks about it)

Tell you what...I'm gonna hold it for you. You might need it.

MC CORMICK

I get you...

FELLOWS

(rising)

You can't shoot worth a damn, man...

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

Fallows, way over half in the bag, staggers off into the woods. McCormick watches him go. The girl ambles over to McCormick. She sits down beside him.

GIRL

What's your name?

MC CORMICK

Tommy O'Reilly...what's yours?

GIRL

Jasmine...Jasmine Dorset...

MC CORMICK

That's a nice name.

JASMINE

You want some more beer?

McCormick accepts the cold beer and begins to enjoy himself.

JASMINE

I like cops...I bet you know  
lotsa cop stories, don't you?

MC CORMICK

Oh, yeah...

JASMINE

Tell me some...

McCormick stands, holds out his hand to Jasmine. Jasmine takes his hand and the two wander off toward the woods.

MC CORMICK

Okay, what about the time me  
and my partner, Lefty, were  
craisin'...it was a warm, summer  
night, when all of a sudden,  
shots rang out...

Jasmine is fascinated as their voices fade and they disappear into the woods together.

71 INT. GULLS WAY - KITCHEN - DAY

71

Hardcastle is humming and frying bacon. It sizzles and crackles merrily, while the Judge energetically cracks eggs.

71a ANGLE - MC CORMICK

71a

He hugs a cup of coffee, looking exhausted and a little sick. Hardcastle's cooking is not helping.

71b RESUME SCENE

71b

MC CORMICK

(imitating Hardcastle)

Trust me, kiddo...they're gonna take it easy...it's your first night. Judge, they were like cowboys tearing up a frontier town. They stuffed me in a locker with somebody's dirty socks, they took me out on an armed robbery... ..I've probably got alcohol poisoning.

Hardcastle comes over with a plate, hands it toward McCormick. McCormick pushes it away and turns his head.

HARDCASTLE

Good for you....better have some.. ..what'd you find out?

MC CORMICK

Those guys can drink.

McCormick watches, growing sicker, as Hardcastle sits and begins eating a very heart meal. McCormick turns around further in his chair.

HARDCASTLE

What about Dawson and Fellows?

MC CORMICK

Fellows tried to give me five hundred dollars. I got the feeling it was hush money in advance. Don't ask questions, don't tell secrets... play by the rules...

CONTINUED



## HARDCASTLE

They sure don't give five hundred dollar presents for just havin' curly hair.

## MC CORMICK

Fellows is wierd, Judge. I can't put my finger on it, but he's got something in his craw.

McCormick pours another cup of coffee and winces, putting his hand to his head.

## HARDCASTLE

You look terrible.

## MC CORMICK

No kiddin'? My head's the size of a basketball.

## HARDCASTLE

You oughta get some sleep.

## MC CORMICK

I can't...I gotta meet Peebles at the firing range. I can't shoot a tin can outta the air. It cuts down on my reputation as a macho cop...I can't take much more of this.

## HARDCASTLE

You know what's been bothering me? Aramasian's gun. They ran a routine check on it and it came out clean, but I don't buy it...I'm gonna call Ordway down at property...if there's somethin' funny about that gun, he'll find it. Ordway could find a needle in a haystack.

The Judge helps himself to more food. McCormick makes a face.

## MC CORMICK

I just don't understand what they're doing. There's no record of stolen dope...they're not vigilantes.

## HARDCASTLE

No, it's something that pays and pays big..

CUT TO:

72 EXT. HACIENDA - DAY 72

Peeples' Chevette is going through the gates of the large estate. The place is remote, nothing near it. The electronic gate opens and the car sails through, up a long driveway to a roomy, comfortable house. The car stops in front of the front door.

73 INT. CHEVETTE - SAME TIME 73

Dawson is sitting in back with Fellows, while Peeples drives. Fellows takes out his flask, starts to drink. Dawson, grabs the flask, putting it back into Fellows' jacket.

DAWSON

You're falling apart, you  
know that? Just stay here.

Dawson and Peeples get out.

74 EXT. HACIENDA 74

There are two men standing at the door of the house. There are conspicuous bulges on their shoulders, apparently guns. As Dawson and Peeples get to the door, the two men frisk them. Satisfied, they open the door and Dawson and Peeples pass through.

75 INT. RANCH HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 75

The hallway, or foyer, is large and airy. A man comes out of a room and motions for Peeples and Dawson to follow him. They go after him, looking around them at the splendor of the place.

76 INT. STUDY - SAME TIME 76

BOB FRAZIER, a handsome, well-groomed, beautifully dressed man of middle age, sits behind an enormous desk. Frazier is on the phone. In front of him, lying on the desk, are several bags of white powder in plain sight. As Peeples and Dawson come in with their guide, Frazier puts up a finger and keeps talking.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

FRAZIER

I have no problem with that...  
I can deliver more if you need  
it. Have I ever given you an  
inferior product? Yeah, tomorrow...  
from San Diego.

Frazier puts down the phone. Dawson and Peeples are staring  
at the dope on the desk.

DAWSON

Don't press your luck, Frazier.

Frazier puts the dope into his desk and laughs.

FRAZIER

You guys kill me...you're ready  
to hit anybody I say for a wad  
of money, but you can't look at  
my merchandise? That's a good  
one...

PEEPLES

We come here to do business  
or what?

Frazier, still chuckling, takes a photograph out of his  
desk, hands it to Peeples.

FRAZIER

I want this man dead.

77 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

of BABE COLEY. He's in his early forties, good-looking in an  
oily way, wearing chains and an open shirt.

78 RESUME SCENE

Peeples and Dawson look at each other, surprised.

DAWSON

Babe Coley? I thought you  
were pals...

CONTINUED

FRAZIER

We were...I started that scumbag. Whatever he's worth, he owes to me. He's gonna pay me back by testifying in front of a grand jury...and when he does, I'm lookin' at twenty years hard time.

DAWSON

It's gonna cost you.

FRAZIER

How much?

Frazier begins piling money on top of the desk. Peeples and Dawson look at each other. They've hit the big time.

DAWSON

A hundred thousand.

Frazier, without batting an eye, continues to pile up money.

FRAZIER

Fifty now...fifty when you do it...right. He testifies Friday.

PEEPLS

That's cutting it pretty close...not much time.

FRAZIER

Can you do it?

PEEPLS

(picking up the money)  
Oh yeah...we can do it.

79 INT. GULLS WAY - STUDY - DAY

79

Hardcastle is on the phone, McCormick standing by the desk, listening.

HARDCASTLE

Yeah...yeah...thanks, Ordway.

Hardcastle hangs up.

CONTINUED

## HARDCASTLE

The gun they found on Aramasian was used in a robbery seven years ago. It should've been destroyed. It came out clean when Harper ran it because they computerized the files six years ago. Ordway had to go to the warehouse to find the records.

## MC CORMICK

Judge, I don't know any more about what they're doing than I did when I started...these guys are tight-lipped.

## HARDCASTLE

Just keep your eyes open. Sooner or later, somebody's gonna make a mistake.

## 80 EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - EVENING

McCormick is walking through the parking lot, when suddenly Fellows' enormous body, pins him against a wall. McCormick defends himself but is taken by surprise. Fellows is half drunk, but has McCormick in a very effective choke hold.

## FELLOWS

I wanna know who you are and I wanna know what you're doin' here.

## MC CORMICK

You know who I am.

## FELLOWS

No, man, I know who you say you are...I got some friends in Jersey City and they did some checking. They never heard of no William Thomas O'Reilly...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

81 EXT. REMOTE CORNER OF PARKING LOT - LATER 81

McCormick is trying to defend himself against Fellows, but the big, drunk man is a pile driver. He hits McCormick across the face, hard. McCormick, not on his feet now, scoots away as best he can.

McCORMICK

Stop it, Fellows! You're drunk. . . come on. . .

FELLOWS

You tell me what I want to know!

Again, the big man comes for McCormick, who is now rather beaten. McCormick has had enough.

McCORMICK

Okay, that's it!

McCormick dodges, Fellows runs past him, staggering a little and McCormick gets back on his feet. McCormick stands looking down at Fellows, breathing hard but threatening.

McCORMICK

I'm not your punching bag. . .  
come on. . . you wanna fight?  
You got it. . .

Fellows remains on the ground. He begins to chuckle to himself.

FELLOWS

You're Internal Affairs, right?  
I need a drink. . .

Fellows takes out his flask, pours one back.

CONTINUED

## FELLOWS

Had to happen...I figured you for I.A., but I told Dawson and Peeples you checked out in Jersey...there's ten thousand in escrow...for keeping my mouth shut. I thought maybe some time I'd get the nerve to do something about it.

McCormick, who hasn't let his guard down for a moment, puts his fists down and goes closer to Fellows.

## FELLOWS

(looking up at McCormick)

I used to be a good cop, you know...I was proud of that.

Fellows puts his flask to his lips, starts to drink. McCormick grabs it from his hands.

## MC CORMICK

That stuff's not gonna do you any good. You tell me everything you know...that might do you some good.

## FELLOWS

It's Peeples and Dawson...they make the hits.

McCormick stares at Fellows, blown away by this revelation. He sits beside Fellows.

## MC CORMICK

Are you tellin' me that cops are making' hits for money?

## FELLOWS

For two years...six that I know about.

## MC CORMICK

Like Aramasian?

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

FELLOWS

(crying now)

We just pull 'em over, waste 'em and plant the gun...sometimes dope too. Dawson and Peeples run the operation...they don't trust me any more...I drink...I can't help it. I can't take it any more. There's something big coming down...they met a guy.. ..I don't know who...they set up a hit.

MC CORMICK

Who's the target?

FELLOWS

I don't know, but it's going down soon...this week...Dawson and Peeples're in this one alone. But it's somebody big...a hundred thousand...I can't take it anymore.

McCormick puts his hand on the big man's shoulder, helping him up. He staggers under Fellows' weight, as he helps him toward the station house.

82 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - SAME TIME

82

Peeples and Dawson are watching Fellows and McCormick from a window. They speak quietly so tha no one else can hear.

PEEPLS

Fellows is your partner. You do something about him. He's outta control.

DAWSON

Okay...okay, you're right.

PEEPLS

We'll need a replacement. What about Jersey? He's okay.

DAWSON

Maybe...let's take care of Fellows first.



82a EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

82a

Hardcastle, McCormick and Harper talk to the Commissioner while he practices his putting. No one else is playing with him. Emhardt is furious.

EMHARDT

Frank, this was going on under your nose and you didn't see it?

HARPER

With all due respect, sir, I'm not the shooting board.

EMHARDT

I don't wanna hear that! I want some answers...we have cops making like Murder Incorporated, we have a hit going down within the week, we don't know who, why or where. McCormick, you stay out there with them until you know who!

The Commissioner climbs into a golf cart and pulls away, leaving the other three, particularly Harper, looking worried.

82b EXT. GULLS WAY - POOL AREA - DAY

82b

McCormick is lying on a lounge, eating ice cream out of the tub. Hardcastle moves into frame and sits beside him.

MC CORMICK

Want some ice cream?

HARDCASTLE

Not after you ate outta the tub! Why don't you get a dish?

MC CORMICK

It gets melted in a dish.

HARDCASTLE

Well, get one anyway, next time!

MC CORMICK

What're you biting my head off for? You don't even like Raspberry Rush.

CONTINUED

82b CONTINUED

82b

McCormick watches Hardcastle for a few moments as Hardcastle stares out to sea.

HARDCASTLE

These guys...Peeples and Dawson..  
..they wouldn't think twice about  
killing an informer.

McCormick stares at Hardcastle, really touched:

MC CORMICK

You're worried about me?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah...I got you into this.

MC CORMICK

You always do...what's different  
about this?

HARDCASTLE

I'll tell you what's different,  
kiddo...what's different is you're  
in it alone.

MC CORMICK

You mean you're not there to take  
care of me?

HARDCASTLE

No, you can take care of yourself  
okay...I guess.

MC CORMICK

What are you trying to say, Judge?

HARDCASTLE

All I'm trying to say is you're gonna  
be out there alone with two guys who've  
killed I don't know how many people...  
..and if you wanna pull out now, I  
don't blame you.

MC CORMICK

Pull out! No way! This thing's  
coming down any minute...I can't pull  
out now.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

You really feel that way?

MC CORMICK

Yeah...lotta nice guys on the force...I'm sticking.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, but I'm gonna be there from now on. When it comes down, we're not gonna have much time, if I'm following you, it'll be easier.

MC CORMICK

(grinning)

Yeah...easier.

83 OMITTED

83

84 EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

84

Establishing.

85 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

85

We are in a dimly lit, dingy, ugly, deserted building in a very bad neighborhood. Dawson and Fellows are standing in the hallway, staring at each other. Dawson is holding a gun on Fellows, who stand quietly. He has given up. He knows he is going to die.

86 ANGLE - GUN

86

This is not a service revolver. This gun is a throw-away. Dawson has on a pair of gloves.

87 RESUME SCENE

87

DAWSON

I can't trust you anymore...you drink, Jake...it's no good...a man wants to trust his partner.

Dawson fires and Fellows walks toward him, staring into his face. Dawson backs away and fires again. Still, the enormous man comes toward him. One more bullet takes the life out of Fellows and he falls in a heap. Dawson goes over, looks at the body and sits to wait. Another man comes out of the shadows. This is the burglar McCormick disarmed the first night of his duty. He sits beside Dawson.

88 EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

88

Peeples and McCormick are in the street outside. They hear shots. They go in.

89

INT. TENEMENT HALL - SAME TIME

89

Peeples and McCormick come into the scene. McCormick goes to Fellows' crumpled body, looks at it, looks back at Peeples and Dawson.

McCORMICK

What happened? Who shot him?

DAWSON

You did, Jersey.

McCORMICK

Are you crazy? I wasn't even here!

DAWSON

Sure you were. . .

McCormick spots the burglar, Collins, as he steps out of the shadows. Peeples, Dawson and the man laugh.

McCORMICK

That's the guy we lost. . .  
It was a set-up. . . you  
set me up. . .

DAWSON

Yeah, that's a little insurance we take out sometimes. . . remember his gun? You took it off him and handed it to me. . . since the robbery wasn't real, we didn't turn in the gun. That's just in case we need a set of your fingerprints sometime. . . you know what...now that I think about it, maybe you didn't shoot poor old Fellows...maybe a junkie shot him.

Dawson smiles and holds the gun up with a stick.

DAWSON

We don't tell your dirty secrets and you don't tell ours.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

I don't get it. . . all that trouble? Why?

DAWSON

Because from time to time, we might want you to do something for us. . . and we want you to keep your mouth shut about it when you do. . .

MCCORMICK

And you have something for me to do now?

PEEPLS

That's right. . . we want you to make a phone call. . . that's it. . . no big thing. . . twenty seconds, five hundred bucks. . .

MCCORMICK

Not much of a choice, huh?

DAWSON

Not much. . . you get silly, you go up for murder. . . if you're smart, you make yourself some pocket money. . . either way, we gotcha. . .

McCormick thinks about this for a few moments, looks at Fellows' body. Finally, he nods.

MCCORMICK

What kind of set-up are we talking about here?

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED - 2

89

PEEPLS

You forgot the rules, Jersey.

DAWSON

You don't ask and you don't tell.

PEEPLS

We'll let you know what to say when the time comes...relax.

90-92 OMITTED

90-92

93 INT. BURGER JOINT - NIGHT

93

This is a very greasy burger joint. The customers are few and far between at this time of night. The clock on the wall says 3:00 a.m. McCormick, Peeples and Dawson are sitting in a booth, eating greasy hamburgers. McCormick is nervous.

DAWSON

At four o'clock in the morning, you're gonna call the station. You're gonna report a disturbance. A big one. At 914 Clairbourne Avenue...that's it.

93a ANGLE - DOOR OF GREASY SPOON - SAME TIME

93a

Hardcastle comes in, pretending to be a customer. We FOLLOW as he sits far away from McCormick, Peeples and Dawson. The waitress hands him a menu and he furtively watches them over it.

93b RESUME SCENE

93b

McCormick casually looks around, spotting the Judge. McCormick wipes his mouth on a napkin and puts it down to his side.

93c INSERT - MC CORMICK'S RIGHT HAND

93c

McCormick slides a pen from his pocket and tries to write on the napkin. It tears several times and his hand is none too steady. Finally he manages to write 914 Clairbourne Ave.

CONTINUED

93c CONTINUED

93c

He crumples the napkin, slipping the pen back in his pocket and shaking the napkin to attract Hardcastle's attention.

93d ANGLE - HARDCASTLE

93d

He sees what's going on. Watches closely as the waitress approaches.

93e RESUME SCENE

93e

DAWSON

(to McCormick)

Jersey, relax...it's  
no big deal.

PEEPLS

Five hundred here and there  
never hurts, right?

MC CORMICK

Right.

McCormick puts the napkin on the table with a flourish. It is still wadded up. Peeples, Dawson and McCormick start to get up. Suddenly, Dawson takes the napkin and starts to clean his sunglasses. McCormick is very close to panic.

93f ANGLE - HARDCASTLE

93f

Hardcastle is also close to panic.

93g RESUME SCENE

93g

Dawson finishes with his glasses and throws the napking back, never having unfolded it. McCormick breathes again and the men walk out. We FOLLOW as they go past Hardcastle's table, McCormick gives him a quick glance of relief. Hardcastle waits until they are completely out, sighs and heads for the back table where they were sitting.

94-98 OMITTED

94-98

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

98a INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 98.

Hardcastle is talking on the phone.

INTERCUT with Harper's office throughout scene. Hardcastle is on hold. He is tense, ready to go and angry at the wait.

HARDCASTLE

Harper? Frank? Come on...

HARPER

(coming back on the phone)  
We got it Milt...914 Clairbourne  
Avenue is Babe Coley's place.  
Makes sense, Milt. He's copping  
out to the grand jury tomorrow.

HARDCASTLE

On my way.

98b EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME 98b

Hardcastle tears out of the phone booth, piling into the Coyote and burns rubber down the street.

99 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET 0 NIGHT 99

Hardcastle pulls up in the Coyote, parks down the street and runs to a large, respectable-looking house halfway down the block. The number on the house is 914. Hardcastle is carrying a rifle. Hardcastle runs to the front door and bangs on it. He continues to pound frantically until the door is opened by Babe Coley in an expensive silk bathrobe. Coley is clearly surprised to see Hardcastle.

COLEY

Hardcase...what is this?  
A nightmare or somethin'?

HARDCASTLE

Get in the house, Coley...

CONTINUED



COLEY

Get outta here...

Coley starts to slam the door, but Hardcastle pushes him into the house, slamming the door behind them.

100 INT. COLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

100

The house is large, well-furnished, with a gaudy touch here and there. Hardcastle begins bolting doors and windows and drawing drapes.

COLEY

What is this? A roust? You can't do that...I got rights, ya know.

HARDCASTLE

There're two cops on the way over here...they're gonna kill you.

COLEY

You're nuts...you come in my house carryin' a gun and...

Hardcastle is watching out of a crack in the curtains.

HARDCASTLE

Somebody doesn't want you to talk in front of the grand jury tomorrow.

Coley turns around, very shaken.

COLEY

Nobody knows about that!

HARDCASTLE

I know...the guy who wants you dead knows...

Coley begins to wander nervously around the room, beginning to believe Hardcastle.

CONTINUED

COLEY

It's Frazier...it's gotta be...  
..how'd he know? How come you  
came all the way over here?

HARDCASTLE

Because I got a friend out  
there with his life on the line  
tryin' to save your neck...and  
because I don't like seeing  
anybody murdered.

COLEY

Still the same law and order  
freak, huh? Does it bother  
you, Judge? Havin' to protect me?

HARDCASTLE

I don't like you, Babe, but  
the law's for everybody...even  
garbage.

We HEAR a car pull up outside. Coley stiffens and Hardcastle  
watches.

COLEY

What?

Hardcastle comes back into the center of the room.

HARDCASTLE

(whispering)

Get down!

Coley loses no time in hitting the floor behind the couch.  
Hardcastle goes to a door jamb from which he can see the  
front door.

101 EXT. COLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

101

The black and white pulls up. Peeples and Dawson have their  
guns drawn. McCormick follows them as they approach the  
front door. On the porch, they stand listening. Everything  
is quiet.

102 INT. COLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

102

Hardcastle stands in the door jamb, waiting. We wait for a few agonizing seconds and suddenly the front door seems to explode, as Dawson and Peeples kick the door in. They burst into the room, looking around. McCormick tackles Peeples from behind, just as Peeples spots the Judge and starts to fire at him.

MC CORMICK

Look out, Judge!

Dawson turns to fire on McCormick, but McCormick rolls to get out of the line of fire. In doing so, Peeples is released. We HEAR the scream of sirens, coming steadily closer. Dawson and Peeples run out of the house and Hardcastle and McCormick run after them.

103 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

103

Harper and two patrolmen are outside. Dawson and Peeples jump into their car, speeding away. All the neighbors are out on their lawns to see what the commotion is about. Hardcastle and McCormick jump into the Coyote and follow the black and white while Harper and the other black and white follows the Coyote.

104 DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

104

At top speed, the Coyote and the two black and whites screech, burn rubber and screech their way through the streets. Because of the lateness of the hour, there is little or no traffic at all.

105 INT. COYOTE - SAME TIME

105

McCormick and Hardcastle are holding on, looking grim and determined.

HARDCASTLE

Turn off up here! It's a through street!

106 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

106

McCormick turns the Coyote onto the through street, almost bouncing off a house, turns the car right again and tears down the narrow residential street.

106a INT. BLACK AND WHITE

106a

Peeples and Dawson, also grim and determined and watching the other black and white, begin to return fire.

107 EXT. BLACK AND WHITE - SAME TIME

107

The black and white is heading onto a large thoroughfare, when the Coyote appears ahead. The black and white starts to turn but is trapped with black and whites behind and the Coyote in front. The car stops and Peeples and Dawson jump out, running for it. They fire at the other officers, who fire back, until one officer gets in a lucky shot and downs Dawson. Although not dead, he is hit in the leg and can run no further. He throws down his gun. Peeples looks back just in time to see McCormick dive at him.

108 PEEPLES' POV

108

Mc Cormick leaps and brings him down.

109 RESUME SCENE

109

McCormick tags Peeples, cannot get a good hold, hangs on and is drug for a few feet. Hanging on tenaciously, he finally trips Peeples up and knocks him to the ground. The two roll around for a few moments, feet, arms, hands, flailing. Finally, McCormick rolls on top of Peeples and punches him hard. Peeples is through. Hardcastle comes over, looking down and grinning. The other policemen grab Dawson and Peeples. McCormick and Hardcastle move away. We FOLLOW.

HARDCASTLE

You okay, kiddo?

MC CORMICK

Yeah...you?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah, sure...you wouldn't have made a bad cop.

MC CORMICK

No way, Judge. Not my style...  
..too dull.

END OF ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

110 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 110

We see a limousine cruising down the highway.

111 INT. LIMO - SAME TIME 111

Hardcastle, McCormick and Harper are riding in the luxurious behicle.

HARPER

Give up, Milt. . . he still hates you and he always will . . . he just gave in to this ceremony because of the press. . .

All three men are dressed up.

HARDCASTLE

I don't see what the big deal is. . . it happened seventeen years ago.

HARPER

Word has it that he talks about it sometimes when he has too much Scotch. . .

McCORMICK

Maybe he'll forgive you today. . .

HARDCASTLE

Well, I'm gonna be polite. . . Anybody's rude, it's gonna be him. . .

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

HARPER

You could put him out if he  
was on fire and he'd still  
hate your guts. . .

112 INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

112

The Commissioner is getting ready to meet the press.  
Sloane comes in and when he opens the door  
we hear voices outside, people laughing and talking.

COMMISSIONER

Do you realize I'm giving a  
note of public thanks to a  
man I've hated for seventeen  
years?

SLOANE

It's good press. . .

COMMISSIONER

That know-it-all face. . . that  
way he has of looking at me  
like I was a worm. . .

SLOANE

Well, sir, this is your chance  
to prove yourself the bigger  
man. . .

The Commissioner adjusts his tie, flattens down his  
hair and starts out the door. Sloane opens  
it for him and he puts on a silly-looking, thunder-  
cloud expression, which he has apparently mistaken  
for a smile.

113 INT. A FOYER - DAY

113

The press, photographers, Hardcastle, McCormick, Harper, The Commissioner, dignitaries and officials are gathered, as the Commissioner makes a speech prior to handing McCormick his Medal of Honor.

## COMMISSIONER

On behalf of the city, and the department, I'm happy to present the Civilian Medal of Honor to Mark McCormick, who risked his life to help the police department in its hour of need . . . thank you, young man. . .

Flashbulbs go off as the reporters gathered around join the dignitaries in polite applause. McCormick and the Commissioner shake hands.

## COMMISSIONER

(suddenly mumbling)

And the department owes a debt of gratitude to Judge Milton C. Hardcastle. . .

This is said so abruptly and so quietly that it is almost inaudible. The Commissioner reluctantly takes Hardcastle's hand. The two are photographed, smiles glued to their faces, no warmth behind them.

## HARDCASTLE

Jack-ass. . .

We FREEZE on Hardcastle and Emhardt shaking hands and smiling viciously at each other, McCormick slightly behind them, forming a triangle.

END