

#2311

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"THE CAREER BREAKER"

by

Stephen J. Cannell

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HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"THE CAREER BREAKER"

CAST

JUDGE MILTON C. HARDCASTLE
MARK McCORMICK

SHERIFF DALE CUTLER
DR. ALAN SMITH
DENNIS "CORKY" CONKLYN
PEG FISHER
STAN FISHER
TINA CUTLER
DEPUTY NICHOLS
ROBIN DECEMBER
SEAN EDWARDS
ARMANDO

CLERK
POLICE RADIO
NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

#2311

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"THE CAREER BREAKER"

SETS

EXTERIORS

CANARY CREEK
MOUNTAIN ROAD
POLICE STATION
/SHERIFF'S OFFICE
CANARY CREEK INN/MOTEL
/PARKING LOT
DRUG STORE
SHERIFF'S CUTLER'S HOUSE
COUNTRY ROAD
MOUNTAINOUS AREA
ROADSIDE
TREE-LINED ROAD
WAREHOUSE

INTERIORS

POLICE STATION
/SHERIFF'S OFFICE
/JAIL
/HOLDING AREA
CANARY CREEK INN/MOTEL
/HARDCASTLE'S ROOM
/BATHROOM
/BEDROOM
SQUAD CAR
TRUCK
DRUG STORE
BORROWED SQUAD CAR
COUNTRY STORE
TRUCK (BARN)
SHERIFF'S HOUSE
WAREHOUSE

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

"THE CAREER BREAKER"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. CANARY CREEK, CALIFORNIA - DAY 1

This is a beautiful little mountain town...a single street which includes a general store, some freshly-painted wood frame houses and a jail with a freshly-painted gold weather vane on top. PAN DOWN to a huge sign which reads:

CANARY CREEK \$10,000
WHOPPER TROUT-MANIA
CONTEST

CAMERA PANS to PICK UP SHERIFF DALE CUTLER, weathered, hardened by thirty-five years of country living. He watches the visitors in their four-wheel drive vehicles heading out for a day of trout fishing.

DALE

Hey, Dr. Smith, this ain't a ghetto in Cleveland. Don't go rollin' no concussion grenades in that creek. Any a'them trout come out with their eyes upside down, we're gonna disqualify you.

The man he's talking to is a friendly, overweight man in fishing waders. This is DR. ALAN SMITH.

SMITH

(smiles)

Don't you worry 'bout me, Sheriff.
This year I'm gonna use a canoe
paddle an' a shotgun.

Smith gets in his truck and pulls out.

2 EXT. MOTEL ACROSS THE STREET - HARDCASTLE 2

exits the motel with his fishing gear and comes across the street to the Sheriff.

HARDCASTLE

You wanted t'see me, Sheriff?

CONTINUED

DALE

Checked on t' that little thing
we were talkin' about yesterday.
That plane belonged t' Sean
Edwards. Crashed in there 'bout
three years back...he walked out.
He's got that little chicken ranch
down by the bend in the river.
That plane was his joy, 'til it
almost killed 'im. No need t' worry
'bout it. I tol' 'im you was
usin' it for shade.

HARDCASTLE

Makes a good place t' sit while
I'm pullin' the big ones outta
the river. The tail section kinda
hangs out over my favorite spot.
Gets me out there over the center
of the stream.

DALE

(grins)

I was you, I wouldn't tell nobody
where it is 'til after the contest
tomorrow. You're gettin' some
pretty big trout outta that there
tide pool.

HARDCASTLE

(a wink)

One thing Judges're real good
at is keepin' their mouths
shut.

Hardcastle smiles, moves to his Jimmy and gets in. Sheriff
Dale calls to him as he goes:

DALE

I heard some a'yer fish stories.
Sounds like judges can lie better'n
most.

He smiles as Milt waves and pulls away.

CUT TO

3

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

3

A big Bronco four-wheeler labors along the river and comes to a stop near a nice, shady spot. On the door of the Bronco it says: CONKLYN STOCK AND PRODUCE. The door opens and DENNIS "CORKY" CONKLYN gets out with his fishing pole. He is tall and hard with a ragged beard and a good-old-boy manner. He moves down to the river where we will see Dr. Smith in the water, fishing.

4

ANGLE - SMITH

4

His line is in the water as he looks up to see Conklyn approaching him.

CORKY

How they runnin' out here, pard?

Smith smiles at him with a look of apprehension passing over his face...maybe a little fear.

SMITH

Not s'posed t'bunch up on the river, Corky. This is my spot.

CORKY

No kiddin'?

Corky moves over to Smith's fishing equipment, opens the creel and looks in.

SMITH

(friendly)

Yeah, it's the contest rules.

(a beat)

I guess since I'm here first, I can fish this bend in the river. You might go on up a-ways...

Corky pulls a fish out of the creel.

CORKY

Boy, this here's a big'un, ain't it?

He's holding up a good-sized trout, maybe twenty-five inches.

SMITH

Yeah...I got 'im this mornin'...

CONTINUED

CORKY

This here might be a winner,
Smitty.

SMITH

You wanna put 'im back?!

CORKY

(still holding the
fish)

Yes, sir. Now, y'know, when I
first hooked in t'this baby, I
thought he was gonna pull my reel
clean outta my hand. I was on
ten pound test...had t'play 'im
against the current which was
hard 'cause he took off runnin'
with the river. Took me almost
twenty minutes t'net 'im.

He grins at Smith who turns and starts wading out of the
water.

SMITH

(angry)

You put that fish back right now.

CORKY

(grins)

Pretty tough talk from a guy wears
his stomach down around his knees.

Smith makes a lunge at the fish and Corky pulls it out of
his grasp.

CORKY

You got a big eye practice in
Cleveland. Me? I'm in the trenches
out here, boy, tryin' t'feed
America an' gettin' damn little
help. Grain produce business has
been a real bitch lately...govern-
ment subsidies gone to avocado
farmers 'stead a'to produce. Tax
laws change. Hard for a honest,
hard workin' guy t'make ends meet.
The ten grand I get for winnin'
this thing is gonna keep me afloat.

CONTINUED - 2

SMITH

Is this how you won last year?
You take the biggest fish away
from somebody else?

CORKY

It's a fish story you don't wanna
tell 'cause if you do, I come
over t'your cabin tonight an'ring
the price up on your forehead.

Smith looks at him for a long beat.

SMITH

I want my fish back.

CORKY

All you gotta do is take it, fat
boy.

Smith makes another lunge at it and Corky steps back,
hits him in the back of his head. Smith goes down and
lays there, holding the back of his head, MOANING slightly.

CORKY

Next time they tell you things're
tough in the country, you'll know
what they're talkin' about first
hand.

Corky moves to his Bronco, gets in, puts it in gear and
throws dirt INTO LENS as he pulls out. PAN HIM PAST
Hardcastle who is fast approaching from the other direc-
tion in his Jimmy. The Bronco roars around Hardcastle
and continues on. Hardcastle slews to a stop, jumps out
and runs down to Dr. Smith who is still holding the back
of his head.

HARDCASTLE

Smitty. You okay?

Dr. Smith sits up and shakes his head, trying to clear
it.

HARDCASTLE

I was across the river and I looked
over and saw him hit you and take
the fish. What the hell's goin'
on?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

SMITH

Geeze, that guy has cement hands.
Feels like he hit me with a tire
iron!

Hardcastle helps him to his feet.

SMITH

I thought we weren't supposed
t'be on the same section of the
river. What were you doin' over
there?

This guy is one of the rule-book jockeys. Hardcastle
looks at him for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

I got a place there where I dig
worms. I stopped to get a can.

SMITH

(evasive)

Worms, Milt? Worms? This is a
fly fishing contest.

HARDCASTLE

He took your fish. You wanna tell
me why?

This is a moment of truth for Smith.

SMITH

Look, Milt, I don't want any trou-
ble. Matter of fact, I got a call
from my office this morning. Some
cataract surgery I did before I
came is going a little sour. I
think I'm gonna be on the next
plane back home.

Hardcastle looks at him for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

I was standing over there on that
spit of land. I saw this cowboy
take your fish and hit you. That's
assault and battery and, conceivably,
it's grand theft.

CONTINUED

SMITH

Grand theft, Milt?? Come on. It's a trout!

HARDCASTLE

If it wins the contest, it's worth ten thousand! Grand theft is anything over four hundred dollars.

SMITH

Milt Hardcastle. Streamside Legal Opinions While You Wait.

Smith picks up his creel and his fishing gear and starts for his vehicle.

HARDCASTLE

Three years I've been comin' up here. Didn't like Corky Conklyn when I first met him. How can you trust a guy people call Corky? You file the assault charges with the sheriff and I'll be a witness.

(a beat)

Worse comes to worse, we get your fish back.

There is a beat.

SMITH

I don't want any trouble.

HARDCASTLE

He comes anywhere near you, I'll clock 'im for you.

SMITH

Guys like you are never afraid, are they, Milt? I mean, you believe in yourself and you're willing to take physical risk t'do what's right. All my life I've been fat and afraid. A fatal combination.

HARDCASTLE

But I couldn't scrape a cataract off a flat rock with a spatula. We all have different talents, Alan. You wanna know

(MORE)

4

CONTINUED - 5

4

HARDCASTLE (cont'd)
something? I think yours're better
than mine. You can make people see.
All I do is help 'em stay on the
road.

SMITH

He called me 'Fat Boy'.

HARDCASTLE

Why don't you and I go hang a lugie
on this guy? Might be kinda fun.

Dr. Smith smiles and we:

CUT TO

5

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON A MAN'S HAND

5

as it signs a complaint. We PULL BACK to find that Smith
has just signed the complaint and Hardcastle is with him.
They're in the presence of Sheriff Dale Cutler.

DALE

Well, can't say this surprises me.
The Cork has always been kind've
an unguided missile. Played full-
back for the highschool...was nuts
then. Used 't drive his Dad's Ford
'bout a hundred miles an hour down
Willowtree Road...three a.m. He's
an accident been tryin' t'happen
for 'most a thirty years.

(to Smith)

You best stay outta the way, Mr.
Smith, 'least till I get 'im in
custody.

(a beat)

I ain't sayin' he'd hammer on ya
or nothin', but with a guy like
the Cork, don't pay t'take chances.

Hardcastle nods.

HARDCASTLE

I'm over at the Canary Creek Inn.
I'll sorta stay in the bar area.
If he comes in there, I'll call you.

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

SMITH

I'm not gonna hide. I'm in this.
I'll take my chances.

DALE

I ain't makin' excuses, but Cork's
been havin' some tough times. Makes
a man do strange things. Bank's
got a hunk a'his land...he's gettin'
squoze...

HARDCASTLE

Maybe five years for assault and
theft is just what the Cork needs
t'help him slow down.

They all look at one another for a beat.

DALE

Maybe so. Yep...maybe so.

And we:

CUT TO

6

INT. CANARY CREEK INN - NIGHT - HARDCASTLE

is in the bar with a few other fishermen, having a good
time. Dr. Smith is at the end of the bar. Corky Conklyn
enters, moves to the bar and slams a hand on the back of
Milt's shoulder.

CORKY

Seen yer Jimmy up on the road this
mornin'.

(to others)

Milt, here, damn near run me into
the ditch.

Hardcastle turns and looks at Corky.

HARDCASTLE

How y'doin', Corky? Gettin' any
big ones?

Corky smiles at him.

CORKY

Registered one with the contest
office just 'fore I come in here.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CORKY (cont'd)

Twenty-five inches, stem t'stern.
Best stripped-assed mother I seen
in two years.

HARDCASTLE

Is that the one you took out of
Alan Smith's creel just before
you hit him in the back on the
head?

The room gets real quiet as Hardcastle and Corky look at
one another.

CORKY

(still smiling)

This here gonna have a funny punch
line, Milt?

Hardcastle looks at Smith at the end of the bar.

HARDCASTLE

Alan, call Sheriff Cutler. Tell
him his arrestee is in the bar here.

CORKY

His what?

HARDCASTLE

I was standing across the river.
I saw you take the fish and hit
Dr. Smith. We filed a complaint
and the Corky Conklyn Show is
gettin' ready t'close for awhile.

Dr. Smith picks up the phone.

SMITH

You hit me.

CORKY

(to Smith)

You dial that phone, mister, an'
I'll feed it to ya.

HARDCASTLE

(softly)

Well, Cork, you're gonna have t'come
through me t'do it.

6

CONTINUED - 2

6

Corky reaches under his belt and pulls a fishing knife and lazily transfers it from hand to hand.

CORKY

(a hiss)

I don't like you and I'm gonna teach you some manners, mister. I got a violent temper.

Hardcastle smiles and, from under his coat, he pushes the cocked .45 into Corky's chest.

HARDCASTLE

Under the circumstances, I suggest you control it.

There is a beat. Smith continues the phone call.

CUT TO

7

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7

establishing.

8

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

8

Corky is in a lockup. Hardcastle and Smith are present.

CORKY

This ain't never gonna stick. I was just foolin' around.

HARDCASTLE

Hey, Corky, you never know what's gonna stick 'til you fold it down an' press on it.

CORKY

(to Smith)

You better hope I don't get outta here, fat boy, 'cause I'm comin' lookin' for ya.

HARDCASTLE

We can add another count of assault to the list. The Sheriff, here, is the witness to this one.

CORKY

I got real special plans for you, Hardcastle.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

DALE

You best be quiet, Cork.

CUT TO

9 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

9

Hardcastle and Dr. Smith exit the office. Smith shakes Hardcastle's hand.

SMITH

Y'know something, Milt? I learned something today. I'm proud of myself for being in that bar. I feel good about it. I'm gonna get my fish back. I think I could win this thing.

Hardcastle smiles at him.

HARDCASTLE

Now you're cookin'. Come on, I'll buy ya a beer.

They move off.

DISSOLVE TO

10 INT. HARDCASTLE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

10

Hardcastle enters the room, sits on the bed, picks up the phone and dials a number. He's had a few beers.

INTERCUT:

11 SMALL MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

11

We HEAR McCormick's voice as the phone RINGS:

McCORMICK'S VOICE

...that was when this guy jumped in the pool with his clothes on...

We PULL OFF the phone to find McCORMICK and PEG and STAN FISHER in the cabin, sitting in front of the fire in stocking feet. Stan his arm loosely around Peg.

STAN

(laughing)

Jumped? Jumped? It took me a week to get your palm print out of the middle of my back.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Peg moves to the phone.

STAN

The guy from the racing commission thought I was drunk. I had to take a blood alcohol test, and you threw me in, you bum.

MCCORMICK

No-no. Come on, you were smashed, potted...totaled and...a disgrace to the fraternity of racing retards.

PEG

(into phone)

Yes...

INTERCUT HARDCASTLE AS NECESSARY:

HARDCASTLE

Hi. You must be Peg. It's Judge Hardcastle. Is Mark there?

PEG

(smiles)

You're somebody I'm dying to meet.

HARDCASTLE

Some of McCormick's best routines center around me. Don't believe a word.

PEG

(to McCormick)

Mark...it's Judge Hardcastle.

McCormick takes the phone.

MCCORMICK

(into phone)

So...how're things in Troutdome?

HARDCASTLE

It's over. Lost the contest. Guy named Smith is gonna win.

MCCORMICK

Doesn't sound like you had much excitement.

CONTINUED

11

CONTINUED - 2

11

HARDCASTLE

Naw, it was a real snooze this year. How 'bout havin' your friends drop you off tonight. I wanna visit my friend Don Keil in Twin Rivers. We could make it by ten o'clock.

McCormick looks at his watch.

McCORMICK

Okay. Gonna take us two hours or more t'drive down there. Tell you what...I'll be there at nine thirty.

HARDCASTLE

Done.

(a beat)

Hey...and kiddo...did ya tell the one about me drivin' you off the road in the Vette? You spinnin' out, wonderin' how an old Judge could grease off a Can-Am Professional?

McCORMICK

Uh...boy, I'm not sure I got around to that one.

HARDCASTLE

Wonder how y'could'a missed it. It's one a'my favorites. See ya in three hours.

He hangs up, as does McCormick.

12

HARDCASTLE

12

moves into the bathroom.

13

INT. BATHROOM

13

Hardcastle enters and finds himself looking at a very, very pretty sixteen or seventeen year old girl wrapped in a towel. She smiles at him. Her name is TINA.

TINA

Hi. Miss me?

CONTINUED

13

CONTINUED

13

HARDCASTLE

Kinda hard, since I don't even know who you are.

TINA

Well, you're the old guy who's been getting me drunk and trying to lay some moves on me.

She drops the towel, revealing herself clad in a torn bra and half-ripped panties.

TINA

It won't exactly be Lady MacBeth, but when it's over, I think you'll agree it's convincing.

And she starts to SCREAM.

TINA

Rape! Help! No-no, take your hands off me...!!

Before he can say much of anything, she starts pounding on the wall.

TINA

Help me! He's trying to rape me!

Hardcastle stands there, not sure what to do as she runs into the bedroom.

HARDCASTLE

This isn't gonna work, honey.

14

INT. BEDROOM

14

Tina grabs her clothes from under the bed and starts throwing them around the room. She runs out of the room and into the parking lot, SCREAMING.

15

EXT. PARKING LOT - POLICE CAR

15

It comes down the street and into the parking lot, almost on cue. A DEPUTY jumps out and looks at Tina who is SCREAMING her head off. Hardcastle is standing there, non-plussed. The deputy, (LONNY NICHOLS) is tall and gangly, but in a fight he could give you some trouble.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED

15

HARDCASTLE

I didn't do anything.

TINA

Rape. Rape. He raped me, Lonny.

The Deputy draws his gun.

HARDCASTLE

Look, this is nuts. She was standin' in my room when I got back from dinner.

TINA

He tried to rape me. He tore my clothes.

HARDCASTLE

Who the hell are you? I never saw you before.

DEPUTY NICHOLS

That there's Tina Cutler, Sheriff Cutler's sixteen year old daughter.

Hardcastle looks at her for a long beat.

HARDCASTLE

I love that. What else?

TINA

Why, why would you do this to me?

HARDCASTLE

The only way this makes sense is if you're a good friend of Corky's Conklyn's.

DEPUTY NICHOLS

(to Hardcastle)

You're under arrest. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

HARDCASTLE

That's the way it works all right -- let's go.

He is handcuffed and they move off as we:

CUT TO

16

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Hardcastle is led into the jail next to where Corky is being held and the door is locked behind him. Corky smiles at Hardcastle.

CORKY

Well, look who's back.

Tina is sitting at the sheriff's desk, crying.

DEPUTY NICHOLS

Tina, stop sobbin' an' call your daddy at home.

She picks up the phone and dials it.

TINA

(into phone)

Daddy...Daddy, it's me...Daddy...

(a long pause)

One a'them fishermen got me, Daddy. He raped me. Lonny brought me to the office. Come down, Daddy. Please, please come down here. I'm so scared...

She hangs up. Corky smirks at Hardcastle over the above.

CORKY

What a revoltin' turn of events this is.

Off Hardcastle's look:

CUT TO

17

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

17

We HEAR tires squeal and Dale comes around the corner in his squad car, red lights on. He gets out fast and heads through the front door, his face red with anger.

18

INT. POLICE STATION

18

Cutler looks at Hardcastle for a beat, then moves to his SOBBING daughter.

TINA

I'm sorry, Daddy. I'm sorry. I...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

TINA (cont'd)

I shouldn't've been hangin' around
the inn. He said he had a daughter
my age...

Dale takes her head in his hands then he hugs her.

DALE

Did...did he...?

She nods her head.

DALE

(choking it out)

You go into my office. I'll be
in in a minute...

She goes into the office. Cutler, his face red with anger,
moves to the bars and looks in at Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

She's lying, Sheriff.

Cutler slugs Hardcastle through the bars.

HARDCASTLE

(getting to his feet)

She's lying. I'm telling you I
never touched her!

DALE

(to his deputy)

Make this prisoner ready for trans-
port. He's goin' t'the doctor at
Twin Creeks, gonna get a semen
sample.

HARDCASTLE

Look...

DALE

You shut up! You got it? I'm doin'
the best I can...don't make it no
worse.

He moves away from the bars.

CORKY

Boy, I think you're in some trouble,
Judge. No kiddin'. These small

(MORE)

18

CONTINUED - 2

18

CORKY (cont'd)
 town sheriffs rile easy. Take it
 from me. You shouldn't oughta rape
 their daughters.

HARDCASTLE
 That girl is missing a big career
 on stage.

Hardcastle looks at Corky who smiles then winks, and we:

CUT TO

19

EXT. CANARY CREEK INN - NIGHT

19

A pickup with Peg and Stan is parked in front of the inn.
 McCormick comes out of the office and moves over to them.

MCCORMICK
 I don't believe this.

STAN
 What? What's wrong? Where's
 Hardcastle?

MCCORMICK
 In jail.

PEG
 Come on, Mark. You said he was...

MCCORMICK
 For rape!

STAN
 For rape?? He? You mean...??

MCCORMICK
 Wait'll you hear the rest. It was
 the sheriff's sixteen-year-old
 daughter.

They sit there in silence.

STAN
 Quite a guy, Hardcastle. We can't
 wait to meet him.

MCCORMICK
 (quick)
 He didn't do it. I mean, he wouldn't
 (MORE)

CONTINUED

19

CONTINUED

19

MCCORMICK (cont'd)
do something like that. What the
hell is going on here?

He gets behind the wheel of the truck. He puts it in gear and drives it out of the parking lot toward the center of town.

20

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

20

Hardcastle is handcuffed in the back of the squad car. Sheriff Cutler is in the driver's seat. He puts it in gear and pulls out, passing the pickup with McCormick going the other way.

21

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

21

Hardcastle is quiet for a beat, then:

HARDCASTLE
Dale, you've known me for three
years...

DALE
Shut up.

HARDCASTLE
I'm a retired Judge...

DALE
I said shut up!

HARDCASTLE
If you check around, you're gonna
find out that your daughter is
involved somehow with Corky Conklyn.
He put her up to this.

And Sheriff Cutler backhands him. Hardcastle spits out some blood. The squad car pulls off the road. Dale gets out and opens Hardcastle's door. He has his gun out.

DALE
Get out.

Hardcastle gets out of the car.

HARDCASTLE
What is this?

CONTINUED

21

CONTINUED

21

DALE

Turn around.

Hardcastle doesn't turn so Dale spins him around, unlocks the cuffs on one hand and steps back.

DALE

Get goin'. Take off down the road.

HARDCASTLE

Shot while trying to escape? Why take a chance on a moving target?

He thumbs back the hammer.

DALE

I can do it here, that's what you want.

HARDCASTLE

I didn't touch her.

DALE

You gonna talk or you gonna run?

Hardcastle stands there. Dale raises his gun and FIRES it once, wounding Hardcastle. Hardcastle grabs his shoulder, falls and rolls under the car. Dale fires twice more.

22

SERIES OF SHOTS - HARDCASTLE

22

under the car as a bullet RICOCHETS off the pavement. He gets into a ditch on the other side of the car and tries to get away. The Sheriff is FIRING his gun, bullets are popping all around Hardcastle, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

23

RESUME SCENE

23

Hardcastle is in the ditch trying to get out of the way of the bullets. Then, the pickup with McCormick behind the wheel skids in behind the squad car, the headlights illuminating the scene. McCormick jumps out of the truck, YELLING.

McCORMICK

(to Dale)

What're you doin'? Stop it.

Hardcastle is on his back in the mud with the Sheriff standing over him, his revolver thumbed back.

McCORMICK

What're you doing??

DALE

(out of breath)

Prisoner tried to escape.

There is a beat as Hardcastle gets to his feet, holding his wounded arm.

McCORMICK

Judge? What's going on?

DALE

(to McCormick)

You know him?

The Sheriff looks at Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

Mark, call Judge Totten. He's on the tenth district court. Tell him the Sheriff of Kye County is a murderous psychopath and he better get down here.

Hardcastle looks at Dale for a long beat.

HARDCASTLE

(to Dale)

Maybe you better take me back to jail and get me a doctor unless you're gonna kill me in front of three witnesses.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED

23

The Sheriff re-attaches the handcuffs and puts Hardcastle back in the car. McCormick and his two friends are in the truck and follow the squad car back into town.

24

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT - McCORMICK, STAN AND PEG

24

STAN

(to McCormick)

What're you gonna do?

McCORMICK

(deep in thought)

Don't know. Call Judge Totten...
I guess.

There is a long beat.

STAN

The Sheriff was trying to kill him.

McCORMICK

I know.

STAN

What...what do we do next?

McCORMICK

(a beat)

If I were you guys, I'd get lost.
Forget you brought me down here.

PEG

Where will you go? When will we
see you?

McCORMICK

Your best bet will be the six
o'clock news. Now, get outta
here.

McCormick gets out of the truck and moves across the street as they watch.

25

EXT. MOTEL - McCORMICK

25

turns to Stan and Peg in their truck.

CONTINUED

25

CONTINUED

25

McCORMICK

Go on. Good-bye. I don't want
you guys getting in trouble.
(yelling)

Go!

They put the truck in gear and pull out. McCormick moves
to Hardcastle's motel room.

26

INT. HARDCASTLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

McCormick moves into the room, then finds Hardcastle's
jacket. He picks it up and finds the .45 in the pocket.
He pulls it out and holds it for a long beat, then we:

CUT TO

27

EXT. ALL-NIGHT DRUG STORE - NIGHT

27

McCormick pulls up in the Jimmy and goes inside.

28

INT. DRUG STORE

28

McCormick starts buying things: gauze, plaster of paris,
tape, a pair of scissors...from the cosmetic counter he
gets some make-up...then a bottle of cheap wine and a
twenty foot extension cord.

CUT TO

29

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - McCORMICK

29

is tearing his clothes and rubbing dirt on them. He takes
the make-up and smears the black on his face, making his
day growth of beard darker, building shadows under his eyes...

30

ANGLE - WASH BASIN

30

He starts making plaster of paris. He unrolls the gauze
into the plaster of paris and makes a cast for his arm.
(NOTE: Show this in cuts).

31

McCORMICK - LATER

31

He's lying on the bed with a full cast on his arm. His
clothes are torn. He looks like a bum. The extension

CONTINUED

31

CONTINUED

31

cord is wound around his pants like a belt. As we MOVE IN on him, he's looking at the ceiling. We know he's going to take a big chance. Play the moment and:

CUT TO

32

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

32

Deputy Lonny Nichols is in front squinting at something down the street.

33

NICHOL'S POV - A DRUNK

33

stumbling around in the street with a bottle in one hand. It's McCormick. The other arm has the cast which is now smeared with dirt and looks very old.

34

McCORMICK

34

stumbles over to two women exiting a market.

McCORMICK

(slurring badly)

So...unnerstan'a fella can get some work here...

Standing in front of the women, he takes off a beat-up old hat and grins drunkenly.

McCORMICK

Chop some lumber for y'two ol' biddies...

(a beat)

Make the chips fly...fix the screen door...paint the shed...

He stumbles into them and falls to the ground, rolling on his back and GIGGLING.

McCORMICK

Boy, them walls jus' won't stay where they belong an' this street movin' faster'n a dog at a cat show...

He's grinning as Lonny moves up and grabs him by the collar.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Well, look't here...up jumps a
pencil-neck deputy...

DEPUTY NICHOLS

On yer feet, mister. Let's see
some I.D.

McCORMICK

Name's Johnathan Doe the third.
Got no I.D., but I'll take an
oath on it.

He stands there, weaving, then takes a swig of the wine,
letting his arm drop carelessly, spilling red wine on the
deputy's uniform. A beat, then Deputy Nichols grabs him
and turns him around.

DEPUTY NICHOLS

Gonna sleep this one off in the
cooler, John...

Nichols pushes him on as McCormick smiles and tips his hat
to the startled women.

McCORMICK

In the words of the great lawman
Steve McGarrett, "Book 'em, Dano.
Murder One".

He stumbles and falls on his face, breaking the wine
bottle. He grins as he's pulled to his feet and led
toward the jail.

CUT TO

Hardcastle and Corky are now in separate cells as McCormick
is led in and put into the cell on the end. Now all three
cells are full.

McCORMICK

(singing)

Down at the station
Early in the morning
See the little puffer-piggies
All in a row...

(looks at Hardcastle)

Look't this antique. What're you
here for, Pop? Growin' old in
public?

CONTINUED

Hardcastle rolls over and looks at McCormick, unsure of what to say. He seems out of it slightly.

HARDCASTLE

You wanna shut up?

MCCORMICK

I keep tryin', Pop, but I have so much t'say...

McCormick moves to the back of the cell and sits down hard. He looks around, grinning as the deputy exits.

MCCORMICK

(to Corky)

I'm thinkin' of music games: a song...first three notes are: Dum-da-dum...

CORKY

Shut up, okay? It's five a.m.

McCormick gets to his feet.

lying on his side, facing the wall, he can't quite see what McCormick is up to.

takes the electric wire from his waist. Both ends are frayed, exposing the wire. He climbs on the bunk and unscrews the bulb from the ceiling light. He carefully inserts one of the open ends of the cord into the socket, wrapping it to keep it in place.

CORKY

Whatcha doin'?

MCCORMICK

Got a doctorate in electro physics. I'm settin' up a geodesic force field generator. In a minute, I'll have my hat spinning on an electric pole.

37

CONTINUED

37

He steps off the bunk, tucks the other end of the cord behind the bunk. He looks at Corky for a beat.

CORKY

Wise guy.

McCormick grins and holds up his cast which is now dirty and has old looking writing all over it.

McCORMICK

Stand back, neighbor. The curtain is going up.

(then; screaming)

No-no! Bugs...bugs...get 'em away from me! Get 'em away! No-no...they're gonna eat me...!

Play this for as long as possible.

38

HARDCASTLE

38

rolls off his bunk.

HARDCASTLE

Shut up!

39

CORKY

39

CORKY

(calling)

Deputy!

The door opens and Lonny Nichols runs in with the keys.

40

McCORMICK

40

is in the center of his cell, screaming. Lonny pulls his gun, cocks it and points it at McCormick and moves to the cell door.

DEPUTY NICHOLS

The D.T.s. Just what I need.

McCORMICK

Bugs...they're comin' after me. They're all over the walls...

CONTINUED

40

CONTINUED

40

He moves to the bunk, takes off a shoe and starts banging on the wall.

McCORMICK

They're everywhere...die, die,
die.

As Lonny puts the key into the lock, McCormick grabs the hot end of the wire and places it on the bars. The shock causes Lonny to let out a scream as he's kicked backwards and his gun clatters to the floor. The key is still in the lock. McCormick removes the hot wire, grabs the keys out of the lock. As Lonny scrambles for the gun, McCormick points his cast arm and FIRES it. He hits the Deputy's gun which shatters.

41

THE CAST

41

is exploded away by the gunshot. We will see that McCormick had molded the cast around his hand holding the gun...

42

DEPUTY NICHOLS

42

He stands back and looks at McCormick in fear. McCormick reaches through the bars and opens the cell, then he opens Hardcastle's cell.

HARDCASTLE

This is a big mistake, kiddo.

McCORMICK

You think so? Well, big mistakes
have always been my specialty.

Hardcastle looks at him, uncertain.

McCORMICK

Let's go.

He grabs Hardcastle and pulls him out of the cell. He then puts Lonny in Hardcastle's cell and locks the door.

McCORMICK

(to Hardcastle)

What the hell's wrong with you?
Let's go.

CONTINUED

42

CONTINUED

42

HARDCASTLE

Can't think. They gave me a
pain killer.

They exit the holding area.

43

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

43

HARDCASTLE

We can't run.

McCORMICK

We gotta, Judge. Don't be your
usual jackass-self.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the cut plug from the extension cord. We will see that he has twisted the two wires together, about an inch from the end of the cut cord. He looks for a remote plug and finds it behind a sofa. He reaches down and puts the plug in and instantly all the lights go off. The place is totally shorted out.

McCORMICK

Let's go. That'll slow down their
communications radio.

He grabs Hardcastle by the arm and they exit.

44

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

44

Hardcastle and McCormick move out. There is a police car in front. McCormick jumps in and hot wires it. Hardcastle seems almost dazed. McCormick goes to him.

McCORMICK

Come on, Judge.

HARDCASTLE

I...they gave me a...I'm...kinda
out of it...

McCORMICK

Come on. You don't move, you'll
be dead out of it.

McCormick helps him into the front seat of the car just as several people run out of the sporting goods store across the street and start shouting at them.

CONTINUED

45

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

45

Come on.

They power away from the curb as one of the townspeople comes running out of a store with a rifle and FIRES it once, hitting the side of the car. McCormick slides the car around the corner at the end of the street and away.

CUT TO

46

EXT. SHERIFF CUTLER'S HOUSE

46

Sheriff Cutler is out of the house and running to his car. He roars into the center of town.

47

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SHERIFF CUTLER

47

enters and tries to get the radio going.

DALE

(into mike)

This is Sheriff Cutler calling
Highway Patrol...

He works some switches. The radio is dead. He moves into the holding area.

48

INT. HOLDING AREA

48

Dale unlocks the cell holding Deputy Nichols.

DEPUTY NICHOLS

(exiting)

I'm sorry, Dale.

DALE

Come on. Radio's out. Can't reach the State Police. Let's take a shot...they'll head down Willow Creek Road.

They exit.

49

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION

49

Dale and Lonny run to the sheriff's car and jump in.

50

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

50

As they pass the crowd in front of the general store,
Dale rolls down the window.

DALE

(calls)

Call the State Police. Tell 'em
we got two escaping felons in a
squad car...seal off the canyon road
twenty miles, north and south.

51

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

51

as Hardcastle and McCormick whip down the country road,
going like hell in the borrowed squad car.

52

INT. BORROWED SQUAD CAR

52

McCormick is driving. Hardcastle is looking real glum.--

HARDCASTLE

This morning I was sitting on
the wing of an airplane pulling
ten pounders out of my favorite
hole...I was relaxed and happy.

McCORMICK

Nothing like a jail break t'get
your heart going...

HARDCASTLE

This day is really going downhill,
it can't get any worse.

He looks at McCormick for consolation.

CUT TO

53

INT. COUNTRY STORE - CLOSE ON TV SCREEN

53

A pretty anchor woman named ROBIN DECEMBER is reading
the news.

ROBIN

(on TV)

This just in: A strange story
from Canary Creek, California.
While competing in a fishing con-
test, Judge Milton C. Hardcastle,
(MORE)

CONTINUED

ROBIN (cont'd)
 a renowned jurist who wrote
 landmark decisions on child porno-
 graphy was arrested for raping
 the sixteen-year-old daughter of
 Canary Creek's sheriff. Jailed
 last night, he was broken from
 custody by an unknown accomplice.
 The accomplice is described as
 being skinny, with narrow-set
 eyes...

A shot of Hardcastle is on the screen. We PULL BACK
 and see that we are in a store. Somewhere, Hardcastle
 and McCormick are buying supplies.

ROBIN
 In the daring daylight escape,
 shots were fired and the renowned
 jurist escaped into the Northern
 California countryside. A three
 county man hunt is in progress.
 (a beat)
 We will keep you apprised of updates
 as they occur.

glances at the screen, sees the picture of Hardcastle
 and looks over and sees him standing there with a pile
 of goods in front of him, looking appalled...McCormick
 steps forward, starts putting the groceries in the bag.

McCORMICK
 Batteries...radio...Cheese Whiz...
 Oreo Cookies...crackers...Skippy
 Peanut Butter...and that's it.

There is a beat.

CLERK
 You...yer, yer the guys...

McCORMICK
 But we won't sign autographs...

He drops a twenty on the counter and grabs the bag.
 Hardcastle is standing there looking at the Clerk.

HARDCASTLE

I didn't do it...

CLERK

(scared to death)

I know that. I can see that just looking at you.

HARDCASTLE

No, I mean, I really didn't do it...

McCormick moves behind the counter and rips out the phone, drops it in the bag with his groceries.

MCCORMICK

Come on, Judge.

He grabs Hardcastle and they exit the store and get in the car. McCormick puts it in gear.

HARDCASTLE

It's on the news. My career is over.

MCCORMICK

How do you think the skinny narrow-eyed accomplice feels?

He puts the car in gear and they squeal away from the country store, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

55

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS AREA - DAY - HARDCASTLE & McCORMICK

55

are sitting under a tree. They have the portable radio, bought at the market which McCormick is trying to tune into the news and a police radio taken from the squad car which intermittently squawks a radio call:

POLICE RADIO

All units...move road block to C-six from A-one. Units ten and twelve...start zig-zag pattern. Mounted units, work the trails south of the creek and hold on position sixteen...

Hardcastle looks at the radio in dismay.

HARDCASTLE

Well, kiddo, it's a pretty big party.

McCORMICK

They've got smokies on horseback, known among us ex-cons as hokey-smokies.

He grins at Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

This isn't funny.

McCORMICK

No kidding.

(a beat)

How d'you feel? Is the daze beginning to lift?

HARDCASTLE

(nods)

Why did you break me out?

McCORMICK

I had to...I guess. I mean, I didn't think about it much. That lunatic sheriff was gonna shoot you...

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Did it ever occur t'you that I might've done it? I might've taken a leap at the sixteen-year-old girl?

MCCORMICK

Judge, do you remember my girl-friend, Vanna Westerlake?

HARDCASTLE

Who could forget Vanna Westerlake? She used t'come over an' swim naked in our pool. That girl never wore anything!

MCCORMICK

(a sigh)

Yes. She was part of my adolescent dating experience...a free spirit...

HARDCASTLE

Who was dumber'n a box a'rocks!

MCCORMICK

But she had a certified A-plus center-fold body and you kept telling her to put on her clothes or get out...something I will never forgive you for.

(a beat)

At any rate, that does not sound like the utterances of a man who would defile a sheriff's sixteen-year-old daughter.

(smiles)

I rest my case.

HARDCASTLE

Are you sayin' I'm incapable?

MCCORMICK

Nope. Just old fashioned. You like a good mind, romance, Benny Goodman, holding hands at sunset... all that David Frost nonsense.

Hardcastle smiles at him.

CONTINUED

McCORMICK

Also, you are too smart to have a wing-ding with a sheriff's daughter. That's the kind of bone-head play I'm more suited to.

(smiles)

It's just not your style.

Hardcastle gets to his feet, moves around the campsite then over to the edge of the cliff and looks out at the horizon which is very beautiful.

McCORMICK

What's goin' on out there, Judge? Why's this happening?

HARDCASTLE

I've been thinkin' about Corky Conklyn. The more I think about it, the less sense it makes.

POLICE RADIO

Unit twelve, that's a ten-four.
Unit six, cross to section seven...

McCORMICK

You filed a complaint...got him jailed. Corky sounds like the kind of low-life that would be messing with the sheriff's sixteen-year-old daughter. So he calls her up from jail, tells her where you are and, whammo-bammo, we have pressed Hardcastle under glass. It's such a great frame, somebody was bound t'hang it.

Hardcastle thinks about it for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

Okay...lemme back-track it for a second...

POLICE RADIO

All units on I-sixteens...move east and notify air watch two...

McCORMICK

(looking at radio)

Go ahead, but take short breaths.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Why would Sheriff Dale attempt to kill me? He had a perfect motive...the distraught father. If he shot me while trying to escape, wouldn't the D.A. see the motive and arrest him?

McCormick looks at him for a beat.

MCCORMICK

We don't want to underestimate the simplistic reasoning of hick sheriffs.

HARDCASTLE

When things don't make sense, generally it's because there's a piece missing or it's in the wrong place.

They sit there in silence for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

What if...

He stops and shakes his head.

MCCORMICK

No, go on...

HARDCASTLE

No. I don't like it. It doesn't track, even for me and I'm desperate.

MCCORMICK

Maybe it'll track for the skinny, narrow-eyed accomplice. Let's hear it.

HARDCASTLE

Well, what I was gonna say was... what if the sheriff put his own daughter up to it? But that doesn't make any sense, 'cause it would supply the motive for killing me in the fake escape...plus, what would his reason be?

(beat)

I was just trying to juggle the pieces...

MCCORMICK

You may have something: Suppose you're a judge sitting on a case where a father kills a man who rapes his daughter. Would you give him a suspended sentence? I mean, even if you found him guilty?

HARDCASTLE

It would depend on the supplemental testimony and evidentiary stipulation provided for in Thompson vs. State of New Jersey. Judge Haviner found that legal precursors of rage, when applied to relatives of injured parties could be fortified in leniency when a series of emotional circumstances held true.

MCCORMICK

Hey, no kiddin'? That's wonderful. Did he find that before or after he died of a brain hemorrhage.

They look at one another for a beat.

HARDCASTLE

The law is very precise. It deals with precedent. It is hard to subvert.

MCCORMICK

That belongs in the Hardcastle Quote Book, right under the picture of you swinging from the tree in the center of town down there.

HARDCASTLE

There's gotta be a reason.

MCCORMICK

You know what the reason usually is?

HARDCASTLE

Yeah. Money, I guess.

MCCORMICK

The criminal mind thinks of nothing else. Did you and sheriff
(MORE)

McCORMICK (cont'd)
Cutler talk about anything while
you were in Canary Creek?

Hardcastle cocks his head.

McCORMICK

Yeah?

HARDCASTLE

I told him about a crashed airplane
I found way up on a tributary out
in the middle of nowhere.

A beat.

HARDCASTLE

He told me the plane belonged to
a chicken farmer named Sean some-
thing...Sean...Sean Edwards...

(a beat)

He also told me not to tell any-
body it was there because it would
give away my secret fishing spot.

A long beat.

McCORMICK

Could be one of the big three were
on that plane.

HARDCASTLE

The big three?

McCORMICK

Dope, Diamonds or Desperados.

A beat.

HARDCASTLE

I'd sure like t'talk to Sean
Edwards.

McCormick reaches into the grocery bag and pulls out
the phone he ripped out of the wall, hands the receiver
to Hardcastle.

McCORMICK

Why don't you give 'im a call.

55

CONTINUED - 6

55

Off Hardcastle's look, we:

CUT TO

56

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - CLOSE ON A CHICKEN

56

walking across the road, CLUCKING as it goes. WIDEN to show Hardcastle and McCormick in the weeds. They get up and cross the road, hugging the side of a chicken shed.

57

ANGLE - FARM HOUSE - DAY

57

An old man with an Adams apple that looks like he's swallowed a golf ball comes out of the house carrying a huge pail.

58

ANGLE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

58

Hardcastle starts out of his position and McCormick grabs him.

McCORMICK

Where you goin'?

HARDCASTLE

Gonna ask 'im.

McCORMICK

Judge, you are not a noted jurist anymore. You're a noted rapist. You can't just walk up and say, "Milt Hardcastle, Superior Court Retired...got a few questions I wanna ask". They'll have a net over you in seconds. Lemme do this.

HARDCASTLE

I wasn't gonna say that.

McCORMICK

Lemme do the talking.

Hardcastle looks at him, beginning to get angry.

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Judge, I've been on the run three times in my life. I pulled the radio out of that squad car an' got the portable batteries so we could keep an ear on the competition. That was experience at work there.

HARDCASTLE

I already told you thanks. Whatta you want? A standing ovation?

MCCORMICK

I told you the sheriff's department makes its shift changes at ten, two and midnight, allowing us to move during those hours 'cause they're not organized while they're changin' watches...

HARDCASTLE

I already said that was a good idea.

MCCORMICK

Judge, let the skinny, beady-eyed accomplice do his tricks here. Okay?

There is a long beat, finally:

HARDCASTLE

So, what line a'hoey are you gonna use on this guy?

MCCORMICK

Gonna tell 'im I'm with the F.A.A., that we didn't get the final papers signed, that we're about to micro-dot the crash and file it in the sub-basement and we need t'make sure everything is in order first.

Hardcastle looks at him, appalled.

HARDCASTLE

Where d'you come up with this stuff? You're the most facile liar I ever met!

MCCORMICK

At last, a compliment.

He moves out, Hardcastle follows. They walk over to the farmer.

MCCORMICK

'Mornin'. You Mr. Sean Edwards?

EDWARDS

Yep. 'At's me.

MCCORMICK

I'm David Deeter Shaw. I'm an Inspector Three with the F.A.A. Micro Filing Division. This is Birnie Kapkavitch, my trainee, following me around, tryin' to learn the job.

(to Hardcastle)

Listen up now, Birnie.

HARDCASTLE

(smile fading)

Hi there.

EDWARDS

Howdy.

MCCORMICK

We're getting ready to micro-dot your crash, file it in the morgue ...and there were a few papers that didn't get signed...the F.A.A. 1622 Navigator's log and the fuel consumption report. Just wanna tidy all that up before we deep six this thing forever.

EDWARDS

Whatta you boys talkin' about?

MCCORMICK

Your airplane crash. Happened...

(to Hardcastle)

...when was that again, Birnie?

HARDCASTLE

Three years ago.

EDWARDS

I don't know what you two been smokin', but I never owned no aiplane, don't got no aviator's license. Hate heights. Don't like t'climb two flights a'stairs an' look out a bedroom window.

McCORMICK

Well, isn't that amazing. Must be some other Sean Edwards in the poultry business.

EDWARDS

If there is, tell 'im t'get on over here an' take this crummy farm off my hands.

(a beat)

Gotta go. Got six birds with miogravia toxicity. Spreads like crazy.

McCORMICK

Give 'em a couple a'aspirin and tell 'em to drink lotsa water.

Sean looks at him puzzled.

HARDCASTLE

Thanks for your time.

Sean GRUNTS and moves off with the pail of slop. On that, we will HEAR the SOUND of a helicopter approaching. McCormick looks up. It is about to come over the hill. He and Hardcastle move away, throwing themselves on the dirt behind a water trough.

It comes over the hill and heads across the farm, hovering for a beat. Then, it moves on.

HARDCASTLE

(getting up)

Come on. I'd like t'get out an' see what's going on with that crashed airplane. It's about two miles hike from the fork in the creek.

They move off.

60

EXT. ROADSIDE - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

60

hunker down in the grass.

McCORMICK

Stay here. I wanna get a drink from
that hose over there. I'm thirsty.

He starts back across the road.

HARDCASTLE

Don't you steal a car!

McCORMICK

I wouldn't steal a car. I'm
rehabilitated.

FOLLOW as he moves back to the farm, gets a drink from the
hose then moves into the barn.

61

HARDCASTLE

61

looks at his watch.

62

ANGLE - THE BARN

62

The doors crash open and a farm truck with grape stake
sides roars out of the farmyard, across the road.

63

ANGLE - SEAN EDWARDS

63

He runs into a shed comes out with a shotgun and starts
FIRING. McCormick slews to a stop near Hardcastle.

64

McCORMICK

64

McCORMICK

(to Hardcastle)

Come on.

HARDCASTLE

I thought you weren't gonna steal
a car.

McCORMICK

It's a truck!

A SHOT rings out, almost hitting Hardcastle. He jumps in
the truck and they roar out.

65

INT. TRUCK IN MOTION - HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

65

HARDCASTLE

This is turning into a regular
little crime spree.

McCORMICK

They're closing in on us, Judge.
We need to misdirect them a little.

HARDCASTLE

Is that what we're doing?

McCORMICK

Yeah. We're headin' north. I
noticed an old abandoned mine
couple a'miles up. We'll ditch
the truck in there and then head
south. Sean will send the smokies
all the way up this road to Oregon.

Hardcastle looks at him, grumbling.

McCORMICK

Admit it, you like it.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, okay. I'm sorry.

66

EXT. TRUCK

66

pulls PAST CAMERA. Over this we HEAR:

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

The crime spree continues as
Judge Hardcastle and his accomplice
hold up a liquor store, robbing
the proprietor of fifteen hundred
dollars and taking his wife's
valuable three-carat diamond ring.

67

INT. TRUCK - ON RADIO - WIDENING TO INCLUDE HARDCASTLE
AND McCORMICK

67

HARDCASTLE'S VOICE

What three-carat diamond ring? What
fifteen hundred dollars? We paid
for what we took.

CONTINUED

67

CONTINUED

67

McCORMICK'S VOICE

It's free enterprise, Judge. He hits his insurance company for the money. Who's gonna know the difference?

HARDCASTLE

This just keeps getting worse.

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

Kyle Lawrence, the merchant who was robbed, provided police with a much clearer description of Hardcastle's accomplice. He described the man as tall, gangly with narrow-eyes, a bulbous nose, curly red hair in a half-moon hairline. Updates as they occur.

There is a beat. McCormick looks over at Hardcastle.

McCORMICK

Tall, gangly, bulbous nose, red hair and a half-moon hairline... sounds kinda familiar. I think I know him from somewhere.

HARDCASTLE

Sounds like Bozo the Clown.

McCormick snaps his fingers.

McCORMICK

That's the guy.

68

ANGLE - THE TRUCK

68

as it roars PAST CAMERA and away, and we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

69

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - DAY - DALE AND TINA CUTLER
are in the living room. Tina is filing her nails.

69.

DALE

Everybody's headed north, lookin'
for Hardcastle. We gotta get up
there an' dismantle that plane,
take it to the warehouse in Summer-
ville.

TINA

He said I was a good actress. I'm
still thinkin' I should take my
part of it an' go t'Hollywood,
y'know. I can cry like anything
when I want to an, God knows, I
have the look for it...don't I,
Daddy?

Dale looks at her for a beat.

DALE

You ain't gonna take none a' that
money an' go t'Hollywood...put
powder up yer nose an' get into
trouble...

(he picks up the
phone and dials
a number)

Get me Lonny.

TINA

I got things inside me wantin'
t'get out. I have t'act 'em out,
Daddy. That judge fella said I
was a good actress.

DALE

(into phone)

Lonny? How many guys we got up
there?

(beat)

Okay, I'll bring an extra torch.
We gotta get it outta there. I
shoulda done it last summer but I
figured it was buried. Them

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

69

DALE (cont'd)

spring rains musta shifted the
river bank. I'll be up there in
'bout twenty minutes. Tell 'em
t'move fast.

70

CLOSE ON TINA'S NAILS

70

as she files them furiously.

TINA'S VOICE

Who knows, I could even maybe be
on Star Search. Them models don't
have t'do nothin' but smile.

CUT TO

71

EXT. TREE-LINED ROAD - DAY - CLOSE ON HARDCASTLE & McCORMICK 71

as they move along the road, careful to stay out of sight.

McCORMICK

Half-moon hairline. What's wrong
with that guy? Was he blind? I
got a great hairline.

HARDCASTLE

He didn't want us t'get caught,
dummy. We're supposed t'have his
wife's ring and fifteen hundred in
cash outta his register.

McCORMICK

My hairline is almost my best
feature.

HARDCASTLE

Can we stop it, please?

McCORMICK

Vanna said it was like spun gold,
she liked to rub her hands in it.

HARDCASTLE

It's about here...around this bend.

They move down to the side of the river, carefully negoti-
ating the bend. Hardcastle stops. He and McCormick kneel
down.

72 THEIR POV - THE AIRPLANE

72

There are three guys along with Deputy Nichols working on the plane with blow torches. They've cut off the wing and tail section of the plane and they're putting them into the back of a large truck parked nearby.

73 HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

73

observing the activity.

McCORMICK

Why would they cut that plane up like that?

HARDCASTLE

Boy, that's a dumb question from a third degree F.A.A. inspector.

McCORMICK

I'm kneeling in four inches of water, waiting for the answer, too.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, let's say that the plane was carrying dope. And let's say the D.E.A. was on to it...they they would've had the tail numbers.

McCORMICK

That's a lotta let's says.

HARDCASTLE

Drug enforcement is onto sixty percent of these smuggle operations. They know the aircraft being used. It's getting them in the act that's the tough part. So, if they had the vin numbers on this bird and anybody found the plane, they could trace it to this dope operation. A lot of people might be looking for this plane.

McCORMICK

So you think the sheriff found it and has the dope stashed somewhere.

(a beat)

So, why don't they just burn the plane?

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Engine parts...serial numbers...
there must be a hundred way of
identifying it. The sheriff
has t'get it outta here.

(a beat)

My guess is he had it buried and
the river shifted.

MCCORMICK

Whatta we do, kemosabe?

HARDCASTLE

I guess we try an' follow 'em.
See where they take it.

MCCORMICK

Are we gonna run along behind?

HARDCASTLE

(pissed)

No. We're not gonna run along
behind. You're going to borrow
something for us to ride in.

MCCORMICK

(wide-eyed)

You mean steal??

HARDCASTLE

(annoyed)

Stealin' is when you don't intend
t'give it back. We're gonna give
it back. Now go find something.
I'll wait here.

MCCORMICK

Of course you know we're fifty
miles out in the brush here, Jack.

HARDCASTLE

Think of it as an extreme test of
your criminal abilities.

After a beat, McCormick shakes his head and moves off.

- 74 ANGLE - PLANE 74
as the fuselage is being cut apart by an acetylene torch.
- 75 MONTAGE - THE PLANE 75
as it is being loaded onto the truck, a tarp tied down over it and finally laced down with a rope.
- 76 INTERCUT - HARDCASTLE 76
looking at his watch, beginning to look worried.
- 77 THE TRUCK 77
as Dale and Lonny get into the truck. The four men with the torches get into a Bronco with Nevada plates and follow the truck as it takes off.
- 78 ANGLE - HARDCASTLE 78
He gets to his feet and runs up the road, looking for McCormick, then he starts jogging after the departing truck.
- 79 CLOSE - HARDCASTLE 79
running for all he's worth.
- 80 ANGLE - THE TRUCK 80
It hauls ass up the road, followed by the Bronco.
- 81 HARDCASTLE 81
He's beginning to slow when he hears a loud BEEP-BEEP. He turns to see McCormick parked by the side of the road in a motorcycle with a side car...rusted but running.

MCCORMICK

(lots of eyebrow)

Hi big fella. Goin' my way?

Hardcastle, out of breath, stumbles over to the motorcycle.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

McCORMICK

Well, we'll have't put a little gas in your tank, won't we?

HARDCASTLE

(breathing hard)

Follow 'em. They're about a mile up the road...

McCORMICK

I know. I saw them go by.

Hardcastle is in the side car and McCormick roars off, bouncing Hardcastle badly as they go.

82 MOTORCYCLE - MOVING

82

Hardcastle is getting bounced mercilessly.

HARDCASTLE

I'm chippin' my teeth here, kiddo.

McCORMICK

Sorry. It was a tough choice between this and the Havana brown Lamborghini Countash with the saddle leather seats.

83 SERIES OF SHOTS - RUNBYS

83

as the truck, followed by the Bronco, moves along, finally pulling into a deserted grain warehouse miles from nowhere.

84 EXT. WAREHOUSE

84

The men in the Bronco open the warehouse doors. The truck pulls in and the doors are closed.

85 HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

85

They've parked the motorcycle and they're moving on foot to where they can observe the warehouse.

HARDCASTLE

Whatta you think? Can you make out those license plates?

CONTINUED

MCCORMICK

Three cars with out of state plates...Nevada...including the Bronco.

HARDCASTLE

(a beat)

The Sheriff finds something on the plane...dope, let's say. I find the plane, he has to take me off the board 'cause if I tell people, the D.E.A. is gonna swarm in here. He's been sitting on his score for two years. Now, it's coming unwrapped, so he's decided to sell it and run for it.

MCCORMICK

That's why he was willing to kill you. He was gonna take his little girl and go to Switzerland with a pile a'dough.

HARDCASTLE

It's a possibility...

(a beat)

Let's see if we can get a little closer...

They move toward the warehouse.

Hardcastle and McCormick get next to the building, leaning against the corrugated tin walls. McCormick points down to the ground. The tin walls don't go all the way down into the ground in spots. He and Hardcastle lie on the ground, getting as close to the bottom as possible. They are just barely able to see under the openings.

We also see four legs of a table.

DALE'S VOICE

There's the stuff...

87

CONTINUED

87

ARMANDO'S VOICE

Jake, Mark...get the vials outta
my briefcase an' check a couple
a'bags a'that blow.

The feet move around, come back. We HEAR the briefcase
snap open, etc.

ARMANDO'S VOICE

Your money's over there, on the
table. Three hundred and fifty
grand.

DALE'S VOICE

We said half-a-mil.

ARMANDO'S VOICE

(flat)

The market's been softening since
we talked.

88

HARDCASTLE AND McCORMICK

88

They look at one another. Hardcastle pulls the .45 that
Mark used in the jail break.

HARDCASTLE

(whispers)

It's gonna get goosey. If it
comes apart, we've gotta make a
move on 'em.

McCORMICK

Damn. Why can't these guys do
business like anybody else...
always short counts an' automatic
weapons.

HARDCASTLE

It gets loose, you gotta be the
diversion. Try that tractor over
there...you could put it through
a wall.

McCORMICK

(mimicking)

Try that tractor over there. You
could put it through a wall.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

HARDCASTLE
Go. Git. Come on.

89 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

89

Sheriff Dale and Deputy Nichols and the men in the suits beginning to circle, hands are going for guns and automatic weapons are being trained in the direction of the adversaries.

DALE
A deal is a deal.

ARMANDO
We can all die trying to settle this. Take your profits here, sheriff. Don't be stupid.

90 EXT. WAREHOUSE

90

We will HEAR snatches of conversation through the tin walls in muffled tones as the argument increases.

DALE'S VOICE
If you and this gunny think...

ARMANDO'S VOICE
This clod buster moves, grease his ass.

DEPUTY NICHOLS' VOICE
Sheriff...c'mon...

And suddenly MACHINE GUN fire.

91 McCORMICK

91

in the seat of the tractor, gets it going and aims it for the building, raising the blade as he goes.

92 INT. WAREHOUSE

92

The tractor crashes right through the side wall. Machine gun fire hits the blade, RICOCHETING everywhere.

100

CONTINUED

100

HARDCASTLE

Armand Delarico, Mark Shales,
Jack 'The Torch' Mossenger...this
is like old times.

ARMANDO

Hardcastle. You sure get around.

Then there is an EXPLOSION as the squad car and motorcycle
go sky high.

McCORMICK

Our motorcycle just changed
categories, Judge.

(a beat)

From borrowed and returnable to
stolen and gone forever.

Hardcastle looks over at it.

HARDCASTLE

I never liked it anyway.

Off his sour look, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

- 101 EXT. CANARY CREEK MOTEL - DAY 101
Hardcastle's Jimmy is parked out front.
- 102 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - HARDCASTLE AND MCCORMICK 102
The TV is on and Hardcastle is switching channels.

ROBIN DECEMBER

(on TV)

Tina Cutler, Sheriff Cutler's beautiful daughter has confessed to lodging false charges of rape against prominent jurist Milton C. Hardcastle.

HARDCASTLE

There you go.

ROBIN DECEMBER

In perhaps the most bizarre story of the past decade, Sheriff Dale Cutler has been arrested on narcotics trafficking charges along with underworld drug king Armando Delarico and several associates. Hardcastle and his accomplice, who was later identified as one-time Can-Am racing hopeful Mark McMann, were unavailable...

MCCORMICK

McCormick, dummy, the name's McCormick. Where do these people get off? I go from beady-eyed accomplice to Bozo the Clown and back in one day...

(beat)

'Least I coulda gotten a little publicity out of it. "Daring daylight holdup man frees friend in California shootout". Something like that. Y'know? Little lying Tina got more press than I did. She's crying on camera. She's gonna end up with a film contract.

CONTINUED

HARDCASTLE

Shhh-shhh. They're gettin' to my judicial record...

ROBIN DECEMBER

Judge Hardcastle, noted for landmark decisions on child pornography and first amendment issues turned out to be an unlikely rapist. As state and local officers seek to wrap up the loose ends in this investigation, the noted jurist has gone back to his fishing. This is Robin December for C.W.N. in Canary Creek, California.

McCormick has gone into the bathroom. Hardcastle follows.

HARDCASTLE

That was great, huh?

McCORMICK

(through the door)

They didn't even mention me.

HARDCASTLE

We're heroes. Come on...we're out of it. We're heroes. There's more t'life than a little foolish publicity. Come on out.

McCORMICK

(through the door)

No.

HARDCASTLE

Okay, whatta you want me t'do?

McCORMICK

(petulant)

Get me on the six o'clock news.

HARDCASTLE

How'm I gonna do that, kiddo? Come on...it's impossible.

McCORMICK

No, it's not.

McCormick opens the door. He grins and:

CONTINUED

#2311

62

102

CONTINUED - 2

102

McCORMICK
(screams)
RAAAAAAPPPPE

Off Hardcastle's look we:

FADE OUT

THE END