

July 7, 1987

"MANIAC COP"

CORDELL

Original Story and Screenplay

by

Larry Cohen

"You have the right

to remain silent...forever."

PRINCIPAL LOCATIONS

1. VARIOUS NEW YORK STREETS & ALLEYS
2. INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE & HALL, CITY HALL
3. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE AT CITY HALL
4. POLICE STATION: VESTIBULE, OFFICES, HALL, AUTOPSY ROOM, INTERROGATION ROOM, LIBRARY
5. CELL BLOCK BELOW POLICE HEADQUARTERS .
6. JAKE'S SALOON
7. ABANDONED PIER (INT. & EXT.)
8. INT. DR. GRUBER'S OFFICE AT PENITENTIARY

MANIAC COP

1 MAIN TITLE - SEQUENCE -

CLOSE UPS - COP IN LIMBO GETTING DRESSED IN UNIFORM IN CLOSE
DETAIL. BADGE, HOLSTER, GUN, BILLY CLUB (ALL WITH WHITE GLOVES
ON.)

FADE IN:

1a EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING SHOT SKYLINE - NIGHT

Angry, dark cloud hovering low above skyscrapers.

2 EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN, NARROW SIDE STREET - NIGHT

A LOCAL TAVERN is closing for the night.

The barmaid, CASSIE, is coming out, pulling a raincoat over her
cocktail waitress uniform, the short ruffled skirt, the long dark
stockings and flashy high heels.

PATRON

Come on, Cassie. I now an after-hours
joint. You've been on your feet long
enough.

CASSIE

Forget it. I've got a day job, too.

She starts up the street waving cheerfully back at the regular
customers.

GUY (V.O.)

Sure I can't give you a lift?

CASSIE

I'd rather fight off the muggers.

CAMERA TRUCKS with her as she continues up the street, in a
quick, no-nonsense stride. Her heavy handbag stuffed with the
night's tips.

3 VARIOUS SHOTS - EMPTY STREETS, LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

One street narrower than the next. We HEAR the click-clacking
sound of those high-heeled shoes.

Then across one of these empty streets, a SHADOW darts, then
another SHADOW following it, and still a THIRD.

Some of the jungle creatures of the city are afoot.

4 TRUCKING SHOT - CLOSE ON CASSIE

She reaches into her pocket, takes out her house keys.
Apparently she is approaching home.

5 HER POV TRUCKING ALONG THE STREET

Just ahead, her old apartment building, a converted brown-stone, steps leading up to the entry way. CAMERA TRUCKING FORWARD telling us that this is Cassie's destination. She's almost home.

6 BACK TO CASSIE

She turns and looks to her left.

7 HER POV TO THE LEFT

We see a trash can rolling toward the curb and then a pack of ALLEY CATS dashing away from the site. The culprits.

8 ANGLE ON CASSIE

Relieved. CAMERA SWINGING BACK AND CIRCLING HER as she turns and comes face-to-face with TWO MEAN LOOKING HISPANIC TEENAGERS--dark and grinning viciously.

Cassie knows what they want.

CASSIE

I worked all night for these tips,
God damn you.

The boys curse at her in Spanish and lunge forward, reaching for the bag.

Cassie swings the heavy handbag smacking one of them across the side of the head. He staggers for a moment and Cassie takes off in the opposite direction, SCREAMING her head off as she runs.

There's no place to go but the narrow alley right behind her.

9 LOW ANGLE - CASSIE RUNNING

Looking up at the windows above. All shut. The lights are out.

CASSIE

Help me! Somebody help me!

It's hard to run in those spiked heels. She stumbles falls against a wall, skins her arm, pushes off and continues running.

Finally she stops, catches her breath, looks right and left.

10 HER POV

There's nobody there. There's nobody coming up the alley behind her and nobody up ahead. Maybe she's lost them. She takes a step forward, then another. Right behind her is a fence surrounding some site of excavation where a building is being demolished, and from over that fence drops one of the boys, leaping at her.

She jumps out of the way. The boy misses her, sprawls at her feet. She heads back in the other direction.

Her path is blocked by the other boy. She takes the only avenue of approach left, the last alleyway to her right.

The muggers are right behind her. One pulls a switchblade knife.

11 ANGLE ON WINDOW UP ABOVE THE ALLEY - NIGHT

A light comes on. A UGLY OLD MAN sticks his head out the window and shouts.

UGLY OLD MAN

You muthafuckers. Leave her alone,
you little bastards! I see you.

12 EXT. ADJACENT STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Cassie running--realizing she's somehow lost her purse. She looks back over her shoulder.

And she runs right into someone.

The immediate SHOCK. We are so TIGHT ON HER that we can't see who it is that is holding her, but there is a powerful gloved hand gripping her shoulder.

CASSIE

Oh, oh my God, thank God it's you.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK slowly. It's dark on this corner. We can't make out the features of the man but he's very tall, and wearing a uniform.

It's a POLICEMAN with white gloves on.

CASSIE

They nearly caught me.
(catches her breath)
I dropped my bag back there with
all my tips.

(Cont.)

12 Cont.

The policeman says nothing. All we hear is Cassie's heavy breathing. The cop simply holds her with an iron grip and she looks up at his shadowed face trying to make it out in the darkness.

CASSIE

Aren't you going to do anything?

13 LOW REVERSE SHOT

Shooting from the ground up, the cop holding Cassie seems immense as he looms over her. With his free hand, he reaches inside his uniform jacket. CAMERA MOVES IN on that hand as it comes out of the jacket clutching a long stiletto knife.

We are accustomed to seeing cops with guns but not with knives.

14 CLOSE-UP CASSIE

as she too sees the knife.

CASSIE

What's that for? Please don't...I didn't do anything...wrong...

15 CLOSE-UP THE COP'S HAND

as the knife is raised to strike.

16 ANGLE ON THE CORNER - NIGHT

as the Hispanic boys who have pursued Cassie round the corner. They see Cassie's purse and pick it up. Their instinct is to run--but then they see the cop up ahead. They freeze in their tracks when they realize the cop has a knife in his hand.

17 THEIR POV

Distant. Cassie and the cop. The giant officer is hardly more than a silhouette. A ribbon of street light crosses Cassie allowing us to see the anguished expression on her face, the absolute fear and horror as she screams again for help.

The huge cop is about to kill her.

18 CLOSE-UP THE FACES OF THE HISPANIC BOYS

They've seen everything that can happen out on the streets. At least they thought they had.

(Cont.)

18 Cont.

But this evokes horror even in them.

19 ANGLE ON CASSIE AND THE COP

She SCREAMS - The knife flashes through frame.

20 ANGLE ON CASSIE'S LEGS

As they go limp one of her high-heeled shoes topples off of her foot.

21 ANGLE ON THE KNIFE

Raised again and thrusting forward OUT OF FRAME. We hear the sound of the blade's brutal impact on the victim.

22 ANGLE ON THE HISPANIC BOYS

Their reaction.

CHICO

Let's go!

They turn and run away in terror carrying Cassie's purse with them. The animals of the night have encountered a bigger, fiercer beast.

23 LONG SHOT

The cop and his victim, Cassie, as he slowly allows her body to slide to the pavement into the pool of blood that has formed at her feet.

CUT TO:

24 OMIT SCENE 24

24a CLOSE-UP CASSIE'S PURSE - CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

25 EXT. - SAME STREET CORNER - THE SCENE OF THE CRIME - NIGHT

Now prowl cars surround the area.

One of the Hispanic boys is being held by DETECTIVES. The purse presented as evidence.

The Boy is nearly hysterical as the cops slap him across the face with the purse.

(Cont.)

25 Cont.

CHICO

Yeah, we got the purse! But we don't
kill her! I swear to Jesus! We don't
kill her! It was a cop!

OFFICER

Shut the fuck up!

CHICO

No. I no be quiet. It was the cop!
This big cop with the knife!

CUT TO:

26 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

SEVERAL OFFICERS AND DETECTIVES are looking at the remains of the
victim. One of them is DET. LT. FRANK McCRAE, a craggy but handsome,
hard-drinking, hard-working police veteran.

McCRAE

You can't tell me this much damage
was done with a switchblade.

DET. LOVEJOY has just entered. He crosses to the examination table
but tries not to look at the body. He's squeamish.

DET. LOVEJOY

Bullshit. I just got a statement from
an eyewitness who saw the kids chase her
with knives.

(a beat)

Can't you cover her up?

McCRAE

Her name's Cassie Phillips. I used to
stop in her place for a nightcap. She
always had the latest jokes. She had a
sense of humor. I always told her she
ought to audition for one of those
comedy places.

DET. LOVEJOY

All the more reason I'd think you'd
want her murderers put away. Will
you pull up the sheet, please?

McCRAE

Don't pass out on me, Lovejoy. Look
at the wounds. Cassie was five ten
and a half and she had on high heels.
The person who killed her slashed
downward with a great deal of force.
No, it'd have to be somebody well
over six feet. Maybe six three just
like both kids described.

(Cont.)

ASST. D.A.

You don't really believe it was a cop.

McCRAE

Why not? She knew me. She knew a lot of cops.

DET. LOVEJOY

What's the use. Let's go. I need some fresh air.

Lovejoy quickly walks out, still trying to cover his nausea. The Asst. District Attorney turns to McCrae.

ASST. D.A.

I'm getting a ruling from the commissioner on this. I don't want you talking about this case to anybody.

The Asst. District Attorney leaves along with the others. McCrae stands looking down at the corpse which is OFF CAMERA. He finally pulls the sheet up over the naked body.

McCRAE

You must've been so afraid, Cassie... and then you saw a cop.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

It's about three o'clock in the morning. Once again the bars are closing, once again the night people of the city are drifting home.

28 ANGLE ON A CAR

weaving its way through the downtown streets. Hard rock music is blasting on the car stereo.

29 INT. CAR

SAM is at the wheel, his girlfriend NANCY is beside him. They're in their early twenties, and they're passing a bottle of beer back and forth between them.

SAM

I think we just about closed that club.

NANCY

Sam, watch it, there's a light up ahead.

(Cont.)

SAM

I see it.

He puts on the brakes, the car pulls to a stop at the intersection. The traffic light as turned RED.

30 EXT. CAR

as it draws to a stop and waits.

31 ANGLE ON THE RED LIGHT

It doesn't change.

32 INT. THE CAR

SAM

What's the matter with that light.
It's probably broken.

NANCY

Relax. What's the rush?

She kisses him, nuzzles up. He finishes the beer. All at once there is a RAPPING on the roof of the car. CAMERA MOVES AROUND so we can see that someone is standing beside the car. A LARGE FIGURE IN A BLUE UNIFORM. And he's pounding on the car with his fist.

NANCY

Oh, shit, a cop. Ditch that beer!

SAM

Where did he come from?

Sam hides the beer bottle on the floor then rolls down the window. Tries to act sober.

SAM

All right, what's the trouble,
officer.

NANCY

He wants you to get out!

SAM

What for?

The cop silently pulls the car door open. We notice now that his hands are covered with scar tissue.

NANCY

Better cooperate, honey. He's an
asshole.

Cont.

SAM

Oh, man, I can't stand any more tickets.
My insurance will go up.

Sam gets out. As he does, the beer bottle rolls out of the vehicle, too. It doesn't matter

WE SEE EVERYTHING NOW OVER NANCY'S SHOULDER FROM HER POV
INSIDE THE CAR. THE ENTIRE SCENE IS PLAYED FROM THE
SPECTATOR'S VIEWPOINT

Sam bends down, picks up the beer bottle, the stem of which is now chipped. He hands the bottle sheepishly to the cop whose gloved hand is outstretched demanding the evidence.

SAM

Just one lousy beer...look--I'm
sorry.

We see the immense cop march Sam directly in front of the vehicle so he's almost spotlighted by the headlights of the car.

SAM

I never did anything wrong before.

The car stereo continues to blast away with hard rock music to further obliterate any possibility of hearing what's being said out there.

We see Sam begin to go through the motions of the sobriety test, reaching out and touching his fingertips together.

Now, closing his eyes and beginning to walk a straight line. The huge cop hovers close by watching him, dominating him, and always out of the lights of the car so he remains little more than a silhouette. (We always have him BACKLIT.)

33 CLOSE-UP NANCY

watching, becoming restless.

34 ANGLE OVER NANCY'S SHOULDER

AGAIN WE SEE EVERYTHING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Sam walking that straight line, holding his hands out with his eyes closed.

Then the big cop steps in front of Sam--blocking him from Nancy's view. He makes several quick violent motions. Then whirls--tossing Sam's body through the air onto the hood of the car--straight at Nancy. The windshield cracks and is instantly covered with blood.

35 CLOSE-UP - NANCY

Her stunned reaction.

36 POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Blood continuing to spray onto the glass obliterating our view. We can only barely see Sam's body still flailing out there on the hood--but we still don't know what was done to him.

37 CLOSE-UP - NANCY

SCREAMING hideously now, HONKING the horn furiously.

38 HER POV THROUGH SIDE WINDOW

The figure of the giant cop vanishing down the street.

39 ANGLE ON THE TRAFFIC LIGHT

It finally turns green. GO.

40 ANGLE ON NANCY INSIDE THE VEHICLE

Not knowing what to do, she slides behind the driver's seat. The windshield is covered with blood. She switches on the windshield wipers.

SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUISH, SQUISH as the windshield wipers slash at the blood-covered windshield trying to create some vision.

Nancy starts the engine and the car begins to roll.

41 EXT. THE CAR IN MOTION - NIGHT

The bleeding corpse of Sam slides off of the hood onto the ground rolling into

41a CLOSE-UP

The eyes wide in surprise. The mouth a huge gaping opening in the head with the bottom portion of the beer bottle protruding.

CUT TO:

42 INT. COMMISSIONER PIKE'S OFFICE

Frank McCrae with COMMISSIONER PIKE, a big red-faced ex-cop who knows how to play the game of politics. A distant sign on the Commissioner's wall proclaims: "DRINK AND DRIVE. THAT'S MURDER."

(Cont.)

PIKE

You're immediately assuming this was a police officer--rather than just someone dressed up like a cop.

McCRAE

He didn't go after the wife. He let her live. He wanted her to be a witness.

PIKE

There you go! He's trying to discredit the police force. You see, that fits right into my profile that it's not a cop at all.

McCRAE

All the same, we better start checking on our own people. I'd like the police psychologist to give a rundown on any officers who have exhibited mental disturbance, anybody that's contemplated suicide or been under extreme emotional stress.

PIKE

Why not give the entire force a sanity test while you're at it?

McCRAE

We're looking for a white man well over six feet tall without an alibi.

PIKE

All right, but I want this kept within the department. Keep it quiet.

McCRAE

For how long? He'll kill again. He enjoys killing.

PIKE

You seem to know alot about this man, don't you? Maybe we better check on your mental health one of these days.

McCRAE

Any time, sir.

PIKE

Weren't you the one that shot himself two years back?

McCRAE

The gun went off.

(Cont.)

PIKE

Sure, ten days after your partner was killed in the line of duty, your gun just discharged all by itself. You don't seem to be in a better frame of mind even now, Lieutenant. You don't smile much.

43 CLOSE-UP McCRAE

He gives Pike a broad smile that has no joy or humor--but is more like a wild animal baring its teeth.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. 52ND STREET, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A line up of jazz clubs but it's 4 a.m. and they're all closed now. The MUSICIANS are just leaving, carrying their musical instruments with them.

One of them is EDDIE BAKER, a black guy, a bass player, and he is accustomed to carrying the huge bass zipped up in its cloth case. He hauls it down the street to his parked car, unlocks the trunk, and is just putting it into the trunk when he sees a cop stepping out of the shadows.

EDDIE

I'm not ripping nothing off. This is my car.

The cop is moving closer. His features still indiscernible in the dark.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Shit. You wanna see my cabaret license?
Wanna see my union card?
(a beat)

Well, you want something.

The cop reaches out his gloved hand. He's extending a pair of handcuffs--open, ready to be snapped on.

EDDIE

Ah, com'on, buddy. Don't arrest me.

45 CLOSE-UP THE HANDCUFFS

as the cop shakes them more insistently. With his other hand he makes a circle signifying that Eddie should turn around.

46 ANGLE ON EDDIE

Turning around, complying.

EDDIE

Okay, take me in. You're going to
feel fuckin' stupid!

as the cop handcuffs him quickly, both hands behind his
back. Then turns him around, roughly.

EDDIE

Jesus, what happened to your face?
No wonder you're such a mean son of
a bitch.

The cop raises his billy club so that it comes into FRAME.
At first Eddie flinches as if he thinks the club is going to
strike him.

47 CLOSE-UP THE CLUB

as the gloved hands of the huge cop begin to unscrew the
billy club.

The billy club comes apart. The larger portion of it really
a wooden sheath and when it is removed reveals a long
stiletto knife which we have seen in operation before.

48 CLOSE-UP EDDIE'S FACE

His reaction as he steps back.

EDDIE

Oh, no.

Then the cop's HAND ENTERS FRAME, shoves Eddie, pushes him
away. Eddie stumbles back a few steps, looks to his right
and his left as if hoping someone will come along.

49 HIS POV

The street is completely empty. All the clubs are closed
up. The lights are out. It's not a residential neighbor-
hood. It's all stores and businesses and night spots.

50 ANGLE ON EDDIE AND THE COP

The cop shoves Eddie again, pushing him a few feet further
away as if giving him a chance to run.

(Cont.)

50 Cont.

EDDIE

You ain't letting me go. You're
playing with me.

(then he yells)

Help! For God's sake, help me,
somebody. Help!

51 LONG SHOT - THE STREET

as Eddie turns, looking up at the buildings, most of which
have no windows, they are simply the backs of other old
buildings, billboards and sheer brick walls.

52 ANGLE ON EDDIE

as he looks back toward the cops. CAMERA PANS to where the
cop was standing, but he's gone. He's vanished as quickly
as he came. Eddie turns an entire circle looking for him
but he's not there. And then Eddie takes off in a dead run
right up the center of the street.

EDDIE

There's a cop down here with a
knife! Somebody's gotta help me!

53 ANGLE ON DOORWAY OF BUILDING

Eddie runs up, throws his body against the doorway. There's
a doorknob there but Eddie can't turn it. His hands are
cuffed behind him. He can't ring the doorbell. He runs to
the next doorway. It's the doorway to a restaurant and it's
closed. Then he stops and listens and he hears FOOTSTEPS
approaching.

EDDIE

Get away from me!

54 WIDER SHOT

as Eddie tears off across the street running to the store
just diagonal. He uses his foot to kick on the door. Glass
shatters. A BURGLAR ALARM GOES OFF.

Now, maybe somebody will come.

Eddie runs up the adjoining steps to a brownstone type
building. Bounces his head, his body, his shoulders, every
way against the door. He begins to press his shoulder
against the buzzers and this time he can reach them and they
ring...buzz, buzz, buzz.

EDDIE

Hurry up--hurry up! Answer!

(Cont.)

54 Cont.

A VOICE comes through.

VOICE

Who's down there?

EDDIE

Help me! That psycho that's killing people is a cop! Listen to me. It's a cop! Buzz me in. Please buzz me in.

VOICE

Fuck off.

55 WIDE ANGLE - THE STREET

Eddie runs back down the steps in panic--loses his balance.

A construction crew has torn up part of the street and laid fresh cement. Eddie trips and tumbles off the curb into this wet cement.

56 CLOSE ON EDDIE

lying face deep in the cement, trying to get up. The Maniac Cop moves quickly into FRAME, pushing Eddie's face down in the cement--drowning him in cement. Holding him there until he stops struggling.

CAMERA PANS to the "Caution--Men At Work" sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. THAT STREET - DAWN

Eddie's body now encased in hardened cement--remains face down. He's like a solid part of the street. Now police and workmen drill around him trying to dislodge his corpse. Chopping with pickaxes, trying to chip the corpse free of his all too visible grave.

CUT TO:

58 INT. JAKE'S SALOON

An Irish bar which for 80 years has been a hangout for policemen and newspapermen. (This setting will be used for many scenes in our story.) In a booth in a far corner, McCrae is waiting, hoisting a few stiff drinks. He's joined by TOM SHEPARD, a veteran newsman.

(Cont.)

SHEPARD

Hello, Frank. Sorry I'm late. I had to tape a special feature for tonight's eleven o'clock news. Those sonsabitches are back on those same street corners in Harlem selling crack.

McCRAE

I've got a better story for you.

SHEPARD

You know in fifteen years I don't think you've ever leaked anything. You're the most tight-mouthed bastard. What happened?

McCRAE

Three homicides this week by the same psychopath.

SHEPARD

Another Son of Sam?

McCRAE

Worse. This one's a cop.

SHEPARD

You're not shitting me?

McCRAE

A cop with a knife. There are plenty of witnesses. The department wants to stonewall it.

SHEPARD

(laughs)

I can't imagine why.

McCRAE

People have to be warned. The average citizen respects the uniform. They'll do whatever a cop tells them. Even walk up a dark alley.

SHEPARD

Who is he killing? Pushers? Hustlers?

McCRAE

He only kills innocent people.

SHEPARD

Jesus! A "maniac cop." How's that for a tag?

(Cont.)

MCCRAE

Sure. Sensationalize it. Make it bigger than AIDS. That's what has to happen before city hall moves its ass.

SHEPARD

You're ready to go on the line on this? Be quoted directly?

McCrae doesn't answer. He swallows his whiskey in one gulp.

SHEPARD

This may not be the place to talk. Come on, I'll buy a quart of Jack Daniels and we'll go back to my office.

Both men get up.

SHEPARD

I have to have backup on every detail. The names of the witnesses. Specifics from the Medical Examiner's office.

MCCRAE

I've got it all in my pocket, and I'll buy my own whiskey. Thanks.

McCrae throws down some money on the table. The two men exit from the bar passing hordes of cops who are drinking, laughing it up.

MCCRAE

It's going to be a lot quieter in here after tonight.

They exit, leaving the off-duty cops still drinking, swearing, telling jokes and watching the ball game on TV. They will be a much soberer lot tomorrow.

CUT TO:

60 CLOSE-UP TV SCREEN

Newsman Tom Shepard doing his late night broadcast.

SHEPARD

Now a News Channel exclusive. Earlier tonight this reporter was informed by a source within the New York Police Department of attempts by the Homicide Division to suppress facts regarding three recent homicides. Facts and witnesses to these murders point unmistakably to
(more)

(cont.)

SHEPARD (cont'd)

a uniformed police officer. I repeat, a uniformed New York cop has been seen in the commission of these brutal killings that occur on the streets of the city after dark. The question this network wants answered, why has Commissioner Pike withheld these facts, and does the mayor know what is going on in his city?

CUT TO:

61 INT. MAYOR'S STUDY

He's watching this on television. Shepard's voice continues.

SHEPARD'S VOICE

How can the public defend themselves if they're unaware that one of New York's finest may indeed be a psychopath whose intent is to kill them rather than protect them? Tomorrow on the morning show, we will have interviews with some of the witnesses as well as tape coverage with Detective Lieutenant Frank McCrae who is in charge of the investigation and who was ordered not to speak to the press.

MAYOR

Goddamnit! Why can't that sonofabitch Pike control his own men?

AIDE

Do you want McCrae's ass in here?

MAYOR

Shit no! The last thing I need is to be accused of a coverup. Issue a statement that I didn't know about the connection between these killings. And that I'm setting up an inquiry board headed by a team of independent psychologists.

AIDE

How about saying something nice about the police? I mean the average cop on the beat. They're the one's that are going to take the heat on this.

MAYOR

That's their lookout.

(Cont.)

AIDE

You're not going to let McCrae get by with this?

MAYOR

Let him handle the investigation. If he fails, I'll bust him. If he succeeds, I'll commend him, then six or eight months later, I'll cut his balls off.

CUT TO:

62 CLOSE SHOT - A WIRE CLOTHES HANGER AT CAR WINDOW

pushing through the crack, trying to use the hook part to pull up the button--to gain admittance to the car.

Performing the action is a WOMAN in her middle thirties, well dressed. She's just about got it when a VOICE calls out.

VOICE

Hold it right there.

63 ANGLE ON THE CAR AND THE WOMAN

she freezes. looks over her shoulder and sees a cop approaching. It's an ORDINARY OFFICER, clearly not our "Maniac."

WOMAN

Oh, shit.

And then she turns abruptly.

She's got a gun. Without warning she opens fire. She hits the cop at point-blank range before the cop can respond.

64 CLOSE-UP THE WOMAN

blasting away. Her eyes wide with fear.

WOMAN

You're not gonna do me!

CUT TO:

65 INT. COMMISSIONER PIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Commissioner Pike, POLICE CAPTAIN RIPLEY, an exhausted black man in his fifties, and IRATE MEMBERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

(Cont.)

PIKE

Anybody who wants to shoot a cop these days has got a helluva excuse. She "thought" he was the maniac.

COUNCILMAN

Look. We've received seven hundred letters accusing individual police officers.

RIPLEY

A cop gives you a parking ticket so naturally you write in a letter accusing him of being the killer! Shit! Why does that have to happen four weeks short of my retirement?

COUNCILMAN

We're all in trouble, Captain. Tourism in the city has dropped by forty three percent, theater and restaurant business is off by half. This nut is costing the taxpayers millions every day. We want results.

PIKE

If you can't handle this, Ripley... put in for early retirement and step down.

RIPLEY

Not a fucking chance. I intend to get the bastard. But he's always a step ahead of me. If we stake out Tribeca and Soho, he strikes on the Upper East Side.

COUNCILMAN

He may be getting information from inside the department.

PIKE

Oh, God, that means he really is-- one of us.

66 CLOSE-UP HEADLINE

"MANIC COP CLAIMS FOURTH VICTIM--UNITED NATIONS DELEGATE SLAIN."

A scissors cut across the newspaper--clipping the story out.

67 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

The residence of Jack Forrest and his wife Ellen. ELLEN, a small pretty woman of 28, is seated alone at the kitchen table clipping out the story and hiding it under a stack of magazines. CAMERA PANS to the bedroom of the flat.

68 CLOSE-UP - A POLICE UNIFORM

hanging on the inside door of a closet. A HAND comes in and removes the uniform. CAMERA PULLS back as JACK FORREST at center of frame begins to get dressed. He's a big, handsome guy, well over six feet tall and he's wearing the regular blue, traditional uniform of the NYPD. While he's dressing, Ellen crosses into the room and watches him.

ELLEN

I didn't know you were on duty tonight.

JACK

With all the flu going around, they had to put a lot of us on overtime.

ELLEN

Always at night. It worries me when you work so much at night.

JACK

It worries me too.

ELLEN

You never talk about it much.

JACK

When I come back, I like to forget.

ELLEN

But it makes me feel left out. You used to talk to me, Jack.

JACK

You're the one who dropped out of the therapy. I was willing to go. I was willing to pay the bills.

ELLEN

So it's all my fault now.

JACK

I tried to do everything to hold this marriage together.

(Cont.)

ELLEN

You talk like it's over.

JACK

It's not enough to talk, you have to listen too.

ELLEN

I suppose that's why you've been taking all this overtime. To get away from me. Or is it something else?

JACK

What do you mean?

ELLEN

Sometimes in the night, you wake up screaming, like you can't breath. Sometimes it scares me like you might hurt me in your sleep.

JACK

Have I ever hurt you?

ELLEN

I know it's wrong to be afraid of my own husband but...

JACK

Why wouldn't you say that to the therapist? Why wouldn't you simply say, I'm afraid of him and I don't know why?

ELLEN

Don't, Jack. Don't go out tonight. Stay with me.

JACK

How can I? I'm on the duty roster. I'll make it up to you on the weekend. We'll take a ride in the country. We'll go up to Tarrytown like we used to.

But when Jack puts his arms around her he notices that she shudders.

JACK

Don't pull away from me.

(Cont.)

ELLEN

I don't know what's happening to me.
I just don't like being alone here in
the apartment when you're out till
all hours. I hear things. I think
I hear things.

JACK

There are enough locks on the doors,
and you've got a gun and you know
how to use it.

ELLEN

Here, let me button that for you.

JACK

If I come back early, I'll try not
to wake you.

ELLEN

No, please wake me. Maybe I'll feel
better. Maybe I'm getting too much
sleep. They say that can be depressing
to a person. Too much sleep.

Jack is now fully dressed in his policeman's uniform. He
gets his billy club, his service revolver and puts it in the
holster, and he is ready to go. She walks him to the door.

ELLEN

Be careful now.

JACK

You say that every night.

He unlocks the multiple locks on the door and goes out. She
closes the door after him, locking each lock meticulously.

The phone rings insistently. She answers it.

ELLEN

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

He went out again, didn't he?

ELLEN

Who is this? Why do you keep calling
me?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Why does Jack keep killing people?
He going to do it again tonight?

(Cont.)

68 Cont.

Then the phone clicks dead.

ELLEN

Why are you doing this to me?

Then suddenly she hangs up--runs to the window--she can still see Jack crossing the street.

Ellen runs to the closet and gets her own coat. She reaches up to the top shelf, opens a shoe box, takes down a small pistol. She puts it in her pocket. She unlocks the door and goes out, fast.

69 EXT. STREET

Ellen running out of the apartment building, following the same path that her husband just took.

70 EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Jack walking casually past intermittent traffic.

CAMERA PANS back across the street to Ellen. She catches sight of him. Keeps her distance. CAMERA PANS to the newsstand beside her. More banner headlines: "MANIAC COP EXPECTED TO KILL AGAIN." In another: "POLICE PURGE RANKS IN SEARCH FOR MANIAC."

71 BACK TO WIDER SHOT OF STREET

Ellen continues in her pursuit of her husband. We can see him vanishing around a corner. Down the street laden with bars and after hours joints. Ellen stays far enough back so as not to be seen.

A couple of grifters working a 3 Card Monte game fold up their cardboard boxes and flee when they see the cop coming.

But this particular uniformed officer isn't on duty. It's obvious from the way he's walking that he's headed someplace in particular.

Ellen stays right behind him. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

There is a three story building with a flashing neon sign: MOTEL--FREE PARKING.

It is this building that Jack is approaching.

One of the letters in the electric sign is defective. It flickers on and off and buzzes intermittently.

The color of the pink neon casts a strange pall over the parking lot and the doorways.

72 EXT. MOTEL - TIGHTER SHOT - NIGHT

Jack crosses the parking lot, bypassing the office of the motel and heads directly toward room 3 on the first floor.

73 CLOSE SHOT ON ELLEN

watching from the other end of the parking lot.

74 HER POV

as Jack pauses at the door to room 3, listens, waits a moment, then very quietly reaches for the doorknob, opens the door which is unlocked. He steps into the darkened room. He does not turn on the lights. He closes the door.

75 CLOSE ON ELLEN

It's all quite terrifying. Who is inside that motel room? And what is Jack doing here? CAMERA MOVES with her as she too crosses the parking lot moving between the tightly parked vehicles and drawing closer and closer to room 3.

76 LOW ANGLE ON THE LINE UP OF DOORS

Ellen approaches room 3. She listens outside. She touches the handle of the door. It is now locked. She moves to the window but the shade has been pulled.

77 TIGHT ON ELLEN

outside that window, attempting to peer through that tiny crack between the shade and the window. Then a HAND reaches into FRAME and grabs her by the shoulder. She almost SCREAMS out.

78 WIDER ANGLE

Revealing the MOTEL MANAGER. An elderly black man.

MANAGER

Need help, little lady?

ELLEN

I...I locked myself out. Left the key in the room.

MANAGER

No problem. Happens all the time. Still checking out in the morning?

ELLEN

I think so.

(Cont.)

78 Cont.

MANAGER

Be out by eleven, else we charge for another half day.

By that time he has found the proper passkey, crosses to room 3, puts the key in the lock, turns it. The door slips open quietly. Ellen turns the doorknob, opens the door just a crack and smiles appreciatively at the manager who is standing there watching her.

MANAGER

Gotta check on that ice machine. It makes a racket. Wakes the customers up.

ELLEN

Yes. Thanks.

The manager trots off to do his nightly chores. Ellen stares at the door now open just a crack. She can enter if she has the courage.

79 INT. THE MOTEL ROOM

Ellen opens the door wide enough to slip inside. There are no lights in the room but the reflecting flashing neon sign filters through the thin window shade and offers some illumination.

She can see that this is a living room section of the motel suite. A soiled sofa, a battered coffee table, an old color TV mounted to the wall. Beyond is the bedroom and the door is wide open.

Jack is no where to be seen. Certainly he hasn't heard her come in.

Ellen reaches over to turn on a light and then thinks better of it. Slowly she approaches the door to the other room.

Every once in a while a truck goes by and the headlights beam through the thin, white curtains casting a quick flash of light, enough to glimpse details of the surroundings. CAMERA MOVES with Ellen as she reaches the doorway to the bedroom. She looks in.

80 CLOSE-UP ELLEN

Her eyes attempting to adjust to the darkness. All is silent.

Then one of those trucks goes by. A flash of light streaks across Ellen's face. She sees something.

81 ELLEN'S POV

On a chair, A POLICE UNIFORM tossed haphazardly. Jack's uniform--jacket, trousers, etc. Then CAMERA PANS to another chair a few inches away. Surprisingly there's ANOTHER POLICE UNIFORM. TWO COPS, not one. And then CAMERA PANS to the bed. Under the sheet there are TWO FIGURES in the process of making love. As another truck's headlights sweep by, we can see that it is Jack in the arms of a blonde, her long straight blonde hair sweeping over the pillow beside him..

82 CLOSE-UP ELLEN

as she gasps and is heard.

83 ANOTHER ANGLE

The room as Jack flips on the light beside the bed.

JACK

What the hell...

Then he sees his wife standing there in the doorway horrified.

We can see the uniforms on the chair quite clearly now. Jack's uniform and another uniform, that of a police woman, a skirt instead of trousers in the same police blue.

Jack stares horrified at his wife trying to form some words.

JACK

Why did you follow me?

ELLEN

I thought...I was afraid that you...
were--

The GIRL in bed with Jack stares at Ellen and then begins to cry.

TERESA

I'm sorry. I'm really so sorry this
happened.

JACK

I didn't want you to find out this way.
I wanted to tell you but I didn't know
how.

He starts to get up from the bed. Ellen backs up.

Cont.

83 Cont.

ELLEN

No. I don't want to hear it. Don't come near me. Don't touch me.

JACK

You have every right to hate us both. But let me try...

He doesn't get to finish because Ellen has pulled the revolver out of her pocket and is pointing it at him.

ELLEN

Don't say another word. I'll kill you both!

Jack backs off, drops back to the bed putting himself between the gun and Teresa who still lies crying.

JACK

Ellen, don't point that thing.

TERESA

(screams)

Let her go. Let her go.

And Ellen backs out of the room, the gun still poised, her hand trembling violently.

84 INT. SITTING ROOM OF MOTEL

Ellen stumbles through it, trips over the coffee table, it crashes. She reaches the door, pulls it open and runs out into the parking lot.

85 EXT. PARKING LOT

The flashing of the defective neon sign even more insistent than before as Ellen staggers between cars, attempting to catch her breath. She's still got the gun out. She realizes how that looks and stuffs it back into her pocket.

86 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM

Jack's trying to get dressed. Teresa grabbing him.

TERESA

Don't go after her. She doesn't know what she's doing.

JACK

Don't you realize how she must feel?

(Cont.)

86 Cont.

TERESA

Nothing we can say is going to change that. Maybe in the morning, maybe you can talk to her then.

JACK

I can't stay with you tonight, honey. You better go home.

TERESA

What made her follow you?

JACK

I don't know. In a way, I'm glad she did. I'm glad it's out in the open now.

87 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ellen pausing now to break down and to begin sobbing. She doesn't realize that behind her a car door is opening and somebody is getting out. As he rises, we realize this is a very tall man with extremely broad shoulders. Again he's a mere silhouette but when we see that policeman's cap we know it is the Maniac Cop. He rises to his full height just as she turns and sees him.

She has no chance to get to her gun before she's enveloped by the gigantic assassin. He claps one hand over her mouth to prevent her from screaming, and to choke off her air. He raises the other hand which has the long stiletto knife poised. He brings it across her throat. The whole action only takes a moment. Then he drags her squirming body into the back seat of the parked car from which he came.

88 CLOSE-UP HER FEET

disappearing into the car. CAMERA TILTING UP as the car door closes. What goes on inside cannot be heard or seen by us.

It has all happened so quickly, so silently. CAMERA PANS ACROSS the parking lot to the motel room marked 3. Jack is coming out, fully dressed in his police uniform, followed by Teresa, dressed in her policewoman's garb. They pause for a moment in front of the door to the motel and embrace then each heads off in the opposite direction. Teresa crosses the parking lot going directly past the car into which Ellen has been dragged, but she hears nothing.

89 CLOSE ON THE DOOR TO ROOM 3 (TIME TRANSITION SHOT)

The sun comes up. It is morning.

90 ANGLE WIDENS - DAY

as a CART is pushed in front of the door. It is a chambermaids cart stacked high with towels, sheets, pillowcases, soap, etc. The CHAMBERMAID sees the door ajar, pushes it all the way open.

MAID

You folks checked out yet?

When there is no answer from inside, the maid grabs a stack of towels and walks into the room.

91 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's as it was last night except the coffee table has been knocked over and remains thusly. The maid steps over it heading toward the bedroom.

MAID

You must've partied it up good in here. Let's see what other damage you done.

92 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

As the maid enters, the towels drop from her hands. She stifles a scream. CAMERA PANS to the bed. The naked body of a woman covered in blood, her head almost severed from her body. She has been carried in here undressed and placed in the bed. The corpse of Ellen lies where Jack and Teresa were making love only a few hours ago.

CAMERA PANS BACK TO FLASHING CAMERAS. POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS photographing the corpse. (This is done without a cut.) The maid is gone now. DETECTIVES are standing there in her place.

OFFICER

I know this woman. She's a cop's wife.

CUT TO:

93 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

UNIFORMED POLICEMEN lined up for duty. One of these uniformed cops is Jack Forrest. Captain Ripley approaches the formation and taps Forrest on the shoulder.

RIPLEY

Forrest, let's talk.

(Cont.)

JACK

Sure, Captain. Have you decided where you're going to settle down after retirement? Still Florida?

RIPLEY

It's about your wife.

JACK

Oh shit. Did she call you and complain about our trouble? I thought she'd be going to a lawyer.

RIPLEY

So you two haven't been getting along.

JACK

Ripley, what the hell is it your business?

RIPLEY

When she's found dead in a motel room, it is our business.

JACK

What are you saying?

RIPLEY

A sleazebag Motor Inn on Eleventh Avenue, With her throat slit from ear to ear.

JACK

You've got to be wrong.

RIPLEY

Want to look at some pretty pictures?

JACK

She ran out. I thought she went back home.

RIPLEY

Then you admit you were there?

JACK

I tried to stop her but she had a gun.

RIPLEY

Patrolman, before you say anything more I better read you your rights.

CUT TO:

94

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, HOMICIDE DIVISION

Jack, now out of uniform, seated in a hard back chair facing a team of interrogators that include Frank McCrae as well as Ripley.

McCRAE

Saving your reviews?

McCrae tosses a stack of news clippings in front of the suspect. Ellen's clippings about the killings.

JACK

I never saw those before.

RIPLEY

Or this? Your wife's diary. She writes, "I believe now that my husband is the one doing these killings."

McCRAE

Is that why she followed you? Is that why you shut her up?

JACK

It's not so.

McCRAE

Have you got an alibi for last Wednesday night and the preceding Friday?

JACK

I was home.

RIPLEY

If you were home, your wife wouldn't have suspected you.

JACK

All right. I was seeing somebody.

The door of the interrogation room opens and a lawyer enters. His name is JESSOP.

JESSOP

I'll talk to my client alone, please.

RIPLEY

We've given him his "mirandas" and he elected to make a statement.

JESSOP

It's inadmissible!

(Cont.)

RIPLEY

He's acknowledged he was in that motel room and the victim was with him.

JESSOP

That's enough. Come on you guys, out of here.

RIPLEY

We intend to put him in a lineup for the witnesses first thing in the morning.

McCrae and Ripley exit. Jessop, the lawyer, pulls up a chair next to Jack.

JACK

They're making me the fall guy. Everybody's screaming for blood-- and I'm it.

JESSOP

I'm certain you had no control over what happened. Call it irresistible impulse. That's a legal defense. Or better yet, maybe you don't even remember committing the crimes. Blackouts. Momentary lapses of memory.

JACK

I'm not crazy. I didn't do it.

JESSOP

You were seeing a therapist on a regular basis.

JACK

A fucking marriage counselor. Look-- I've got a witness. Okay! Someone else who was there, I don't want to bring her into this unless there's no other way.

JESSOP

Brother you need all the help you can get.

JACK

It'll ruin her career. Let me give it till the end of the week. If they don't find the real killer by then-- I'll name her.

CUT TO;

95 INT. JAKE'S SALOON - NIGHT

The hangout for cops when they're off duty. The T.V. over the bar is blaring out the late news report: A feature on the "Killer Cop." At a corner table hoisting a few beers McCrae, Ripley, and other detectives go over the case.

RESIDENTS of the city are facing the CAMERA in quickly cut interviews on the panic gripping the city. It plays OVER THE dialogue of the scene.

WOMAN

So I told my kids.. You see a cop - you cross to the other side of the street. I see a cop, I run.

CUT TO:

YOUNG BLACK MAN

I seen friends of mine murdered by cops. Shot in the back. Shot when they had no gun - no knife - no nuthin! Cops like killing, that's why they're cops!

CUT TO:

LONG HAired KID

Cops want you to be scared of them. That makes them big men. Real men. Because without that uniform what are they?

CUT TO:

OLD MAN

They respected cops in my day. Or they busted your head with their billy. They didn't take guff. They were the law. Nowadays they got to shoot you to get respect.

CUT TO:

BLACK WOMAN

Nobody gives no crap to the cops no more since this 'crazy cop' come along. You see a cop coming now - you get outta his way! And there ain't much crime no more. Nobody wants to be out at night.

Over the above we hear the dialogue that follows;

(Cont.)

MCCRAE

This killer doesn't murder his wife,
he butchers strangers.

RIPLEY

Listen--I had a case like this eighteen
years back. This guy made it look as if
a psychopath was at work. Then he killed
his wife like it was one of the serial
killings.

MCCRAE

Jack was set up to take the heat off
the real killer.

RIPLEY

You figure he's that smart.

MCCRAE

He's a cop. Maybe even a detective.

RIPLEY

Fuck you!

MCCRAE

Forrest is protecting somebody. He
doesn't want to involve that person,
but I bet the killer knows who it is.

CUT TO:

96 INT. CELL IN CITY PRISON - DAY

Det. McCrae is in the cell talking to the suspect, Jack
Forrest.

MCCRAE

You're putting her in danger.

JACK

How?

MCCRAE

The killer wants to lay low for a
while before he starts on another
killing spree. He want us to relax
our guard. And he accomplishes this
by handing us a prime suspect.

(Cont.)

JACK
Why would he pick me?

McCRAE
Your size, your description, your personal profile. He's getting his information from inside the department. And, of course, your sex life.

JACK
But nobody knew.

McCRAE
Your girlfriend might've told somebody. She's the only one that can give us the connection. And that puts her in danger.

JACK
She can take care of herself. She outshoots me every time we go to the range.

McCRAE
She's on the force?

JACK
You know her. Teresa Mallory.

McCRAE
Well, congratulations. That was a well-kept secret.

JACK
Not well enough according to you.

McCRAE
Where do I find her?

JACK
As far as I know, she's on duty tonight.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. SEEDY SECTION OF TOWN - NIGHT

Not much pedestrian traffic but plenty of cars cruising the area. Johns circling the block trying to pick up hookers. Walking into FRAME is a particularly gorgeous HOOKER appropriately attired with flamboyant blonde hair, teased, and elaborate makeup. We recognize her as Teresa. Under cover posing as a prostitute.

(Cont.)

97 Cont.

A Cadillac pulls up to the curb, the DRIVER leans out the window.

DRIVER

How you doing beautiful?

TERESA

That depends.

DRIVER

You busy?

TERESA

Do I look busy?

DRIVER

I haven't seen you hanging around here before.

TERESA

Maybe you haven't looked hard enough.

DRIVER

Would you like a lift someplace?

TERESA

Oh, I'm pretty much at home around here.

DRIVER

Could I interest you in something else?

TERESA

Want to be a little more specific?

98 CLOSE-UP DRIVER

He gets a very frightening thought and decides to ask.

DRIVER

Hey, you wouldn't be a cop, would you?

99 CLOSE-UP TERESA

She grins.

TERESA

You got it, mister. You asked the jackpot question. Now you get to go home to your wife and kids.

100 CLOSE-UP DRIVER

Wiping the perspiration off of his forehead.

DRIVER

Yeah, that's just what I was gonna do. But I'll be thinking of you.

101 CLOSE-UP TERESA

TERESA

Can't arrest you for that.

102 WIDER SHOT

as the driver pulls away. Teresa's rather pleased that she didn't have to arrest the poor sonofabitch. She looks at her wristwatch, then up and down the street. What a lousy assignment. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she walks around the corner, opens her purse, takes out a cigarette and lights it. A SHADOW crosses her face. She looks up.

Someone's approaching her on foot.

103 REVERSE ANGLE OVER HER SHOULDER

Out of nowhere, he has emerged again. The gigantic cop. Once again backlit, once again a phantom. And advancing toward Teresa slowly and then pausing to stare at her.

TERESA

Who is it? Is that you, Malone?

104 CLOSE-UP TERESA

She knows damn well it isn't Malone or anybody else she is familiar with.

TERESA

Oh, officer, don't get the wrong idea. I'm on duty.

She reaches into her purse and takes out her badge.

TERESA

Officer Mallory, 33rd Precinct. Vice Squad.

105 REVERSE SHOT OVER HER SHOULDER

The huge cop is standing only about ten feet away from her. He twirls his billy club expertly so it spins around his wrist and then he catches it in his hand. It's the real old style cop-on-the-beat maneuver. A tour de force of manual dexterity, that big billy club spinning around.

(Cont.)

105 Cont.

And then after he catches it, he reaches over with his other hand and places it on the end of the club and twists.

106 CLOSE-UP THE BILLY CLUB

as the wooden portion of it unscrews and it is pulled apart to reveal the long, savage looking, stiletto knife.

107 CLOSE-UP TERESA

witnessing the maneuver. She knows who she's facing. Her hand is reaching around behind her back.

108 LOW ANGLE SHOT FROM BEHIND HER BACK

She's reaching under her blouse where her small snub-nosed service revolver is tucked.

109 CLOSE SHOT

as she pulls the revolver out of its holster.

110 MED. SHOT TERESA

as she rips the gun around, aiming it and backing up at the same time. She starts talking quickly and loudly now as if she's "wired."

TERESA

...Malone. Officer needs assistance.
Malone. Need backup. Get your ass
over here.

Teresa keeps backing up and the gigantic figure of the cop keeps advancing. He's dark but the street light is bouncing off of that long stiletto blade. He seems to be in no hurry to finish this job.

Teresa keeps repeating over and over again: "Officer needs assistance."

Finally she stops backing up.

TERESA

One more step, mister, and I'll blow
your twisted brains out!

CUT TO:

111 INT. McCRAE'S CAR

McCrae racing through then night.

112 EXT. NEARBY STREET

McCrae passing a number of hookers who are clustered together on the corner looking for trade.

113 INT. McCRAE'S CAR

looking them over.

114 HIS POV

The hookers. Some of them smiling at him. Others recognize him and call out: "Hey, McCrae." "What's goin' on tonight? You going out?"

115 CLOSE-UP McCRAE

looking them over. Teresa is not among them. But she should be somewhere in this area.

Then all at once he hears a gun shot, not far away. And then a second shot.

116 EXT. McCRAE'S CAR

as he makes a U-turn, heads back in the direction of the shots, goes up on the sidewalk knocking over some trash cans as he barrels down a narrow alley.

117 REACTION SHOT - THE HOOKERS

When there's violence nearby, the girls disperse. They don't want any of this trouble.

118 INT. McCRAE'S CAR

Driving fast, looking right and then to the left.

119 HIS POV

He sees a dark sedan parked at the curb with somebody behind the wheel.

210 CLOSE-UP McCRAE

McCRAE
(shouts)

Malone.

McCrae pulls the car to a halt and jumps out.

121 ANGLE ON McCRAE

running to the parked sedan.

(Cont.)

121 Cont.

McCRAE

What the hell's the matter with you,
Malone. You're supposed to be backing
her up.

McCrae pulls open the door. The body of the backup
detective falls out into his arms.

122 CLOSE-UP DETECTIVE MALONE

A large laceration visible on the side of his head. He's
been knocked unconscious and put back in the car.

123 WIDER SHOT

as McCrae takes off in a dead run. But there are no more
gun shots. Nothing more to direct him to Teresa.

McCRAE

(shouts)

Mallory! Mallory, where the hell
are you?

124 McCRAE'S POV

Up ahead. The street light has been knocked out. It's
pitch black.

125 CLOSE-UP McCRAE

mutters to himself.

McCRAE

Like it nice and dark, don't you?
That's where you are.

McCrae advances a few more steps up the street. He feels
broken glass under his feet.

126 McCRAE'S POV

Shattered glass from the street lamp. More evidence he is
headed in the right direction.

CAMERA TRUCKS with McCrae as he moves stealthily along, his
service revolver out and ready.

SHOCK CUT:

127 AS SUDDENLY SOMETHING LEAPS OUT, FLINGING ITSELF INTO HIS
ARMS, KNOCKING HIM BACK. He almost fires, then catches
sight of the long blonde hair--and then Teresa SCREAMS.

(Cont.)

127 Cont.

And McCrae stumbles onto the sidewalk with the girl on top of him.

She's still alive and screaming.

And then the Maniac Cop comes instantaneously.

He has thrown the girl at McCrae, using her to knock him down, and now he's on top of both of them.

The long stiletto knife barely visible in the dark, slashing this way and that.

Slicing across the back of McCrae's hand as he loses possession of his gun.

The knife is raised again. McCrae finds his gun with the other hand, rolls over, fires at point-blank range and fires again and again.

But the huge uniformed cop keeps coming.

And then the street is slashed by headlights as two police cars careen around the corner, RED LIGHTS FLASHING, SIRENS SUDDENLY BLASTING.

COPS jump out in SWAT helmets with shotguns ready.

128 ANGLE ON McCRAE

firing one more time into the darkness, but he sees nothing.

McCRAE
Where the hell is he?

TERESA
Gone--

McCRAE
I hit him. I couldn't have missed.

TERESA
I pumped two shots into him. He wouldn't go down. He's not human.

COP #1
(shouts)
All right, hold it right there.

McCRAE
Police officers.

McCrae flashes his badge. The cops who have come to the rescue surround them.

(Cont.)

128 Cont.

COP #1
Who were you firing at?

MCCRAE
Shadows.

TERESA
He had me by the throat. His hands
were like ice. I swear I've never
felt hands so cold on anybody alive.

MCCRAE
Come on, you need a drink.

CUT TO:

129 INT. BOOTH IN A NEARBY BAR

McCrae and Teresa huddle together. His hand is
bandaged and, thinks to the booze, he's feeling no
pain.

MCCRAE
Look at the marks on your throat.

TERESA
I'm telling you his hands were so
big. Even through the gloves, they
felt like ice, and he held me right
up against him. He was cold and he
wasn't breathing.

MCCRAE
I don't think we better put that in
our report.

TERESA
Why did you come looking for me?

MCCRAE
You were Jack's only witness. You
had to disappear. That's why he
simply didn't carve you up and leave
you behind. He was taking you with
him.

TERESA
Then that's why Malone was clubbed,
not stabbed. To hide the connection
to the other killings.

MCCRAE
This "cop" is crazy--but smart. Did
he speak to you?

(Cont.)

TERESA

Not a sound. I heard the impact when the bullets hit him but there wasn't even a murmur.

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS comes over.

McCRAE

Bring us another round. Doubles.

TERESA

I think you're trying to get me drunk.

McCRAE

Then I'm taking you home with me. I've got a nice foldout couch you can sleep on.

TERESA

Why can't I go home?

McCRAE

You figure it out. If he knew where you were assigned, then he knows where you live.

TERESA

How could he?

McCRAE

Who've you been talking to?

TERESA

About what?

McCRAE

About your relationship. Was it always the same motel?

TERESA

The past couple of weeks. I guess I told my sister about it on the phone but she lives in Cincinnati.

McCRAE

You told someone at work.

TERESA

Why would I do something dumb like that?

McCRAE

Come on.

(Cont.)

129 Cont.

TERESA

Nobody that could have been involved.

McCRAE

Jack was deliberately set up. Somebody got his wife to follow him. Now who did you tell?

TERESA

I guess you know Sally Noland.

McCRAE

Should I?

TERESA

You've seen her! She must have been with the force for twenty years. She's kind of a den mother to all of us. She wears a leg brace.

McCRAE

Wait. Gray-haired, heavysset. Walks with a cane?

TERESA

That's her. Her father was a cop. All her brothers were cops. She carries a sergeant's rank.

McCRAE

Yeah, kind of a fixture at headquarters. Been around so long you don't even notice her.

CUT TO:

130 INT. McCRAE'S CAR

He's driving Teresa to his apartment. They stop.

McCRAE

Here's the key. Apartment 4E. Lock yourself in. I'll phone before I come back so you'll be sure it's me. I'll ring twice and hang up, then ring again. Don't answer the phone for anyone else.

TERESA

I thought you were going to keep me company.

(Cont.)

130 Cont.

McCRAE

I want to stop off at headquarters.
I have a feeling Miss Noland will be
haunting the place.

TERESA

You're wrong. It couldn't be Sally.

McCRAE

It couldn't be anybody else.

131 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

as Teresa gets out of the car, key in her hand. McCrae
waits until she gets into the vestibule, unlocks the door
and is safe inside before he drives away.

CUT TO:

132 INT. EMPTY CORRIDOR, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

McCrae walking quietly along, stopping at a soda machine,
getting himself a Coke, walking casually about.

133 INT. LOCKER ROOMS

as McCrae crosses through the locker rooms. Some of the
cops are changing duty, taking off their uniforms, putting
on their civvies.

134 INT. POLICEWOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM

as McCrae pops open the door, pokes his head in. A couple
of POLICEWOMEN are in there smoking cigarettes and swapping
gossip.

POLICEWOMAN

What the hell are you doing in here,
McCrae.

2ND POLICEWOMAN

Turning into a peeping Tom?

McCRAE

I always wondered what it was like
in here.

POLICEWOMAN

Don't get too turned on.

135 INT. DAY ROOM - NIGHT

This is where the coffee machine is kept as well as fast
food dispensing machines. Only one or two policemen are

(Cont)

present in the room. From the adjoining areas, police calls can be heard filtering through. McCrae stops, he hears something else. A TAPPING sound. Like somebody walking with a cane.

Then in a moment a woman rounds the corner. She's in uniform, one of her legs is in a brace, but she walks well with the aid of that cane. SALLY NOLAND, a mannish woman of about fifty, gray close-cropped hair, stocky physique. She nods casually to McCrae as she passes through the room.

McCRAE

I think we have a mutual friend.

SALLY

Talking to me?

McCRAE

If you're Sally Noland, I am. I guess we oughta know each other. We must have passed in the halls for years. Guess we were both too busy to say hello.

SALLY

Hello. You said we had a friend in common?

McCRAE

Officer Mallory.

SALLY

Oh, Teresa. Fine girl. How is she?

McCRAE

She had a close call tonight.

SALLY

That so?

McCRAE

She was working under cover vice. Ran into a psycho. Her backup man was taken out.

SALLY

But she's all right? Thank God. She's a decent girl, that one.

McCRAE

I knew you'd be relieved to hear she was okay.

(Cont.)

135 Cont.

SALLY

We'll have us a beer, the three of us sometime.

McCRAE

Sure. We'll be inseparable from now on.

Sally stares at him for a long moment before breaking the glance, and then hobbling away on her cane. She's gone.

CAMERA MOVES IN on McCrae's face. He knows something's wrong. He knows that Sally is the one who set Teresa up tonight, just as she set Jack up a few nights before.

136 EXT. HEADQUARTERS, THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sally makes her way to her parked car and gets in, not without some difficulty. The leg brace still causes trouble. She backs out of her parking space and drives away.

CAMERA PANS to McCrae who has been watching her from behind the building. He crosses to his car and follows.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

McCrae driving--tailing Sally.

138 HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Sally's car up ahead heading west toward the waterfront.

139 ANGLE ON DESERTED PIER - NIGHT

as Sally's car pulls up to a fence. She hobbles out, opens the gate, and drives through. She gets out on the other side, closing the gate behind her.

140 ANGLE ON McCRAE'S CAR

pulling to a stop a few yards away. He gets out on foot, crosses to the fence, opens it enough to slide through.

141 EXT. PIER 14 - NIGHT

This was one of the places where great ships were unloaded. Now it is simply a collapsing building with rotting timbers. (Production note. This location will also be used for a day sequence later in our story.)

142 TRUCKING SHOT WITH McCRAE

He snaps his gun out of the holster as he moves slowly in pursuit of Sally. He hears the sound of footsteps on wooden planks. She has entered the pier.

143 INT. PIER 14 - NIGHT

Moonlight filtering through the broken slats in the ceiling. The place is immense. A nightmare spot if there ever was one. It's probably crawling with rats.

Nothing has been unloaded here in years. The place is falling apart and is ready to be demolished. There are danger signs spread around here and there because one could easily fall through the rotting timbers into the Hudson River, icy cold and black as the night itself.

Now McCrae can hear Sally's words. She's speaking somewhere in the darkness ahead.

SALLY

It would've been safe if you'd put the girl out of the way. All the same, they think they've got the guilty man. They'll relax their guard and you can finally get to the mayor and the commissioner and put an end to it.

144 CLOSE-UP McCRAE'S FACE

as he listens to her. Squinting hard, trying to make out the image of the person she's addressing, but he can't.

144a BACK TO SALLY

She reaches out and takes the gloved hand of the giant she's talking to. She holds it close to her face. Then as she speaks, she takes the white glove off revealing a large and horribly scarred hand--apparently stitched together. She raises the hand to her lips and kisses it gently.

SALLY

I knew you had that anger in you. But I thought it would be the dealers and the junkies and the human garbage that you'd be cleaning the city of. Not all them poor people minding their business. What is it that got into you that made you change like that, Matt? I said I'd stick by you and I will. But save the killing for those that done wrong to you.

145 CLOSE-UP McCRAE'S FEET

as a rat runs across his shoe that darts into some rubbish making quite a bit of noise.

146 ANGLE ON SALLY

as she whirls.

SALLY

Who the hell is there? Answer me.

And then without any further warning, she pulls a gun out of her pocket and opens fire. BAM! BAM! BAM! Firing off three shots in the darkness. She's shooting wild and when McCrae holds his position, the bullets miss him but strike some timbers not far away. He holds his place, and he holds his breath.

147 ANGLE ON SALLY

She pulls a flashlight out of her coat pocket--flips it on and sweeps it across the empty pier, searching.

148 ANGLE ON McCRAE

as he silently steps behind one of the timbers shielding himself from the light which passes by him only a moment later.

149 ANGLE ON THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM

as it picks up the scurrying rats.

150 ANGLE ON SALLY

as she turns back, looking for the man whom she was with, but he's not there now. She sweeps the flashlight beam around some more.

SALLY

Just jumpy, Matt. Where are you?
Don't run off on me now. I need you.
And you need me, Matt. Come back!

He is gone. And she is left with that solitary white glove in her hand. His glove!

151 ANGLE ON McCRAE

as he slowly edges away and exits from the pier.

152 EXT. PIER - NIGHT

McCrae quietly moves back toward the fence, goes through it and heads for his car. He wants to leave without having Sally know that he's followed her.

He reaches his car, is about to get in. Suddenly something emerges from behind him. A MAN WEARING A UNIFORM, reaching out and grabbing him by the shoulder. McCrae whirls, his gun points at the man's face.

But it's only a NIGHT WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN

What were you doing in there?
Trying to get yourself killed?

McCRAE

I needed to take a leak.

WATCHMAN

Do you always carry a gun when you go to pee? You could blow your pecker off with that.

McCRAE

(holstering up)

You scared me. You're wearing a uniform.

WATCHMAN

Yeah, I don't blame you. Nowadays half the town's packing a gun. I should get hazard pay for just wearing this uniform to work.

The watchman starts to walk away. Then turns back.

WATCHMAN

You could have fallen through them timbers back there. That place is ready to be demolished.

McCRAE

Then where the hell is a guy supposed to go to pee? That's what's wrong with this town.

The watchman walks off. McCrae gets into his car but doesn't start the engine. He waits.

153 McCRAE'S POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A few moments later the figure of Sally driving out in her car--pausing to open the gate, and then to drive through, and then get out and close the gate behind her.

Then she gets in the car and drives down the parkway and is gone.

CUT TO:

154 INT. POLICE LIBRARY - DAY

McCrae seated at a table looking through various scrapbooks, clippings.

155 ANGLE OVER McCRAE'S SHOULDER

We can see a newspaper headlines: "Mafia Chief Slain by Cordell."

156 CLOSE-UP McCRAE

quite interested, engrossed while he continues to read. He turns the page. "Cordell Kills Rapist."

157 CLOSE-UP THE NEXT PAGE

"Super Cop Raids Terrorists Kills Three." "East Manhattan Bomb Factory captured by Cordell."

158 MULTIPLE CLOSE-UPS - PAGES

The word "KILL" looming bigger and bigger in each shot.

159 WIDER SHOT - CORNER OF THE LIBRARY

As the elderly police librarian, CLANCY, brings another stack of scrapbooks and clippings.

CLANCY

There's more here on Cordell than you've time to read.

McCRAE

He was my idol.

CLANCY

Matt believed in the old saying, shoot first and ask questions later. But he was kind, gentle enough if you got to know him.

(Cont.)

McCRAE

Did you?

CLANCY

Well, I hate to admit it, but he used to like to come in here and look his clippings, just like you're doing now. I think he liked being a celebrity.

McCRAE

Too bad about what happened to him.

McCrae turned the page.

160 INSERT HEADLINE: "Cordell Indicted. Detective charged with 2nd Degree Murder."

161 BACK TO MED. SHOT

McCrae and Clancy.

CLANCY

Ah, it was a crime what the politicians did. Putting him in Sing Sing with the criminals he hunted all those years was just like giving him a death sentence.

McCRAE

They said he violated people's rights. Even killers have rights.

CLANCY

They murdered him--those bastards at City Hall!

McCRAE

He had no kids. No widow. I guess a one hundred percent cop like him didn't have time for a personal life.

CLANCY

Ah no, he had this girl. I think they would have got married if he hadn't have had that trouble.

McCRAE

Remember who she was?

CLANCY

He brought her in here one time to show off for her. Not much to look at, but nice. And, of course, a cop.

(Cont.)

McCRAE

She must have taken it pretty hard.

CLANCY

More than that. Right after he was convicted, the poor soul took a jump out of a window trying to kill herself. Terrible thing for a Catholic girl to do. Crippled herself.

McCRAE

Thanks, Clancy. You can put these away now.

Clancy gathers up the scrapbooks.

CLANCY

They don't make cops like him anymore. He was one of a kind.

McCRAE

He still is.

CLANCY

What did you say?

McCRAE

Forget it.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

163 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

McCrae and Teresa both wear their badges pinned to their civilian jackets. They wait as a GUARD ushers Jack into the room. Jack reacts to seeing Teresa, but the guard doesn't notice.

McCRAE

(to guard)

Officer Mallory and I will be questioning the suspect for half an hour.

GUARD

Just buzz when you're done with him.

The guard exits. McCrae and Teresa seat themselves opposite Jack in a professional manner.

TERESA

We know who the killer is.

(Cont.)

JACK

Did you tell the D.A.?

TERESA

He wouldn't believe us. You won't either.

McCRAE

Remember a detective named Matt Cordell? The last of the old breed.

JACK

A legend. Trigger happy, right?

McCRAE

He killed a lot of bad guys.

TERESA

When the Eastwood movie "Dirty Harry" came out, they said it was based on him. Only Cordell went to jail... jail...died in jail.

McCRAE

Suppose he didn't? Suppose he's come back? Only this time...he kills the innocent.

Teresa gets up, disturbed.

TERESA

I can still feel his hands on me. Cold, clammy hands. I've had to touch a few stiffs in my life. That's what they felt like.

JACK

How could he have gotten out of the prison alive?

McCRAE

We'll find out. I've got an appointment in the morning at Sing Sing with their chief medical officer, Dr. Gruber.

(to Teresa)

Why don't you continue the questioning alone for a while. Rough him up a little.

TERESA

Thanks, McCrae.

McCrae buzzes for the guard who appears instantly.

McCRAE

Officer Mallory will continue the
interrogation till I get back.

McCrae and the guard exit the Interrogation Room. It seems perfectly normal to the guard. Teresa is wearing her badge. She's a cop--on duty.

Teresa and Jack now alone. She leans over and kisses him.

TERESA

If you don't want me to...

JACK

No, it's all right. What's the use of kidding ourselves. I hadn't been in love with Ellen for years. I love you.

TERESA

I never got to tell you how sorry I am it happened.

JACK

It's not our fault.

TERESA

I guess if we catch this killer, it'll be all right. We'll have done right by her.

JACK

You almost got yourself killed by the same sonofabitch. What more could anybody ask?

TERESA

We've got to put it to rest, Jack. We've got to be the ones to stop him.

JACK

All that about "Matt Cordell." It's like McCrae is cracking up.

TERESA

Every time he mentions Cordell, the same thing happens to me. That same sick feeling.

JACK

Let's talk about something else.

He kisses her again.

164 INT. UPSTAIRS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

McCrae walking through the clerical section in search of one particular employee. The desks are deserted. Everyone's gone home. Only one person remains. Seated at a computer, punching up some data, is Sally Noland.

McCRAE

When did you learn to work one of those?

SALLY

They sent me to school. They're re-educating everybody.

McCRAE

They ought to send you back to the firing range.

SALLY

What are you talking about?

McCRAE

You missed me by a mile.

McCrae crosses over and looks over her shoulder at the computer.

165 INSERT SHOT: There's data on the computer regarding the deployment of the Special Task Force that has been set up to capture the Maniac Cop.

166 MED. SHOT

as McCrae sits down at a desk and stares down at Sally.

McCRAE

Still keeping him posted?

(a beat)

I followed you last night, Sally.

McCrae reaches over and grabs her purse--opens it and finds the solitary policeman's glove inside. She stares at him in shock as he tries it on--finds it huge.

McCRAE

(continuing)

A little on the large side for you, Sally.

She's silent. He hands her the glove. She grasps it tightly--emotionally.

(Cont.)

SALLY

Now he'll think I snitched. He'll think I let him down.

McCRAE

No, you were the loyal one, Sally. You stood by him no matter who he killed. But you know he's crazy. There's nothing left of the man you loved.

SALLY

He'll kill me, you know.

McCRAE

He was gone before I could make a move, last night. Next time I'll be better prepared.

167 CLOSE-UP SALLY

SALLY

I can't help you.

168 CLOSE-UP McCRAE

McCRAE

You're the only who can. He'll come for you and I'll be waiting.

169 CLOSE-UP SALLY

She shakes her head:

SALLY

No! No!

170 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Teresa. He's comforting her when there's a sound outside in the corridor. It sounds like a scream.

JACK

What as that?

TERESA

Let's find out.

She buzzes for the guard. No response. She buzzes again.

TERESA

Why doesn't anybody answer?

There's a "click" at the door--but nobody enters.

(Cont.)

170 Cont.

TERESA

Hello?

She crosses to the door, tries it. It is unlocked. Jack moves forward, she motions him back.

TERESA

Stay in here. We don't want it to look like you're trying to escape.

171 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Teresa comes out of the interrogation room and walks to the other end, adjoining the cell block. The guard is visible seated at his desk. Teresa moves closer, sees a trickle of blood running down the man's neck. She turns the swivel chair. The officer falls out of it.

172 ANGLE ON THE OFFICER

His throat has been cut from ear-to-ear.

173 CLOSE-UP TERESA

Her reaction. She realizes the Maniac Cop is in the cell block. She screams.

174 ANGLE ON JACK

running down the corridor, reaching her side. He looks at the dead guard, then takes his keys, unlocks the gate. He leads Teresa silently up the next hall.

JACK

Come on!

175 INT. NEXT HALL

as they pass--SOMETHING swings into FRAME shocking us. It's a PAIR OF LEGS. CAMERA PULLS BACK. There's another POLICE-MAN hanging from the light fixture, strangled, dead. He's been stabbed several times in the chest. He's swinging back and forth, his eyes bulging. Jack reaches up to the man's holster, pulls the gun out. Now he's armed. He tries to calm Teresa who is frantic.

JACK

I've got to get you out of this building.

TERESA

What about you? If anybody sees you running around with a gun, you'll be shot.

CUT TO:

176 INT. THE FLOOR ABOVE - NIGHT

McCrae and Sally. They can't hear anything from below.

MCCRAE

Tell me how you contact him. Is there a phone number? Or does he call you?

SALLY

(laughs)

You really don't know anything, do you?

MCCRAE

What?

SALLY

He can't be stopped.

(she jumps up)

He knows. He knows you're here. He knows I'm no good to him anymore.

MCCRAE

How could he.?

SALLY

He knows.

She pulls away from him. Tries to walk away but she drops her cane, tries to bend to pick it up, her leg brace gets in her way. McCrae goes over, picks up the cane and hands it to her. Instead of saying thank you, she lashes out with it striking him across the side of the head.

177 LOW ANGLE

as McCrae falls heavily to the floor. She strikes him again and again with the cane. He shields his face from the blows. Again she starts hobbling down the corridor and McCrae struggles to his feet.

CUT TO:

178 FLOOR BELOW

as Jack leads Teresa up the stairs from the cell block to the first floor of headquarters..

179 INT. STAIRWELL

There's another body there. They step over it, head up to the vestibule.

180 INT. VESTIBULE - MAIN ENTRY HALL TO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
There's nobody on duty. The street door stands unguarded.

TERESA
Where is everybody?

JACK
I've got to find McCrae.

TERESA
He's still here. That's his car
parked out there.

JACK
Go get in it, and wait. If we're not
out in five minutes--hot wire it and
haul ass out of here.

Teresa obeys. She runs out of the building as Jack heads
upstairs.

181 INT. HALLWAY ABOVE - NIGHT

Sally Noland hobbling down the dark corridor with her cane.
She reaches the elevator, presses the button. She's SEIZED
FROM BEHIND. She SHRIEKS. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. It's only
McCrae. His forehead is bleeding. She tries to raise the
cane to strike him again. He grabs it.

McCRAE
That's enough. From now on I hit
back.

Now the elevator arrives, slides open. They see the dead
elevator operator sprawled inside.

SALLY
(screams)
He's here! He's here!

McCrae puts his arm around Sally.

McCRAE
Put your weight on me. Let's go.

He starts moving back down the corridor, half dragging, half
carrying her. She offers no resistance. She's crying now.

SALLY
It's not that I'm afraid to die. I
tried to die once. But to have him
kill me when I still love him so
much...

(Cont.)

181 Cont.

McCRAE

Not him, Sally. Somebody else.

They reach the glass door leading to one of the offices. Just as he touches the doorknob, the clouded glass panel shatters. A huge, powerful hands come through seizing Sally by the throat. (No more gloves--we see the Maniac's huge hands are covered with scar tissue.) In a second, Sally is pulled out of McCrae's grip right through the shattered glass panel, lifted into the air by someone so powerful, so quick. Dragged off into the darkness of the other room. She SCREAMS, GASPS once. McCrae kicks the door in, goes in his gun blasting.

182 INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, illuminated only by the flashes of gunfire.

A quick flash of the gigantic Maniac Cop holding Sally's body in the air, stabbing it, tossing her lifeless like a doll across the desk.

183 ANGLE ON McCRAE

as he empties his gun into the Maniac Cop who keeps on coming.

184 ANGLE ON McCRAE

running out of the cubicle into the next cubicle and then the next.

This section of headquarters is a succession of glass cubicles with desks, etc., typewriters, the usual office equipment, one right next to the other. McCrae keeps running from one to the next, CAMERA DOLLYING along with him. The Maniac Cop coming forward, smashing the glass panels one after the other, unstoppable. McCrae out of bullets, throwing the pistol then lashing out with chairs, lamps, anything he can get his hands on, trying to fight off the oncoming monster.

185 INT. CORRIDOR

as Jack reaches the upper floor, hears the screams and the crashing and smashing of glass and furniture. He comes running in that direction.

JACK

McCrae?

CUT TO:

186 ANGLE ON McCRAE

Still alive. But not for long. There's nowhere else to run. The Maniac Cop is on him. The giant stiletto does its job. (We had not expected to see McCrae die. He is our hero and yet he is being killed.)

187 MULTIPLE FLASH CUTS

as the Maniac Cop brings death to Det. Lt. Frank McCrae.

188 EXT. THE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Teresa waiting restlessly in McCrae's car. She hears a crash. She looks up.

189 HER POV

Something flying through a glass window on the upper floor. McCrae's body plunging down into the street.

190 ANGLE ON TERESA

opening the car door and leaping out just in time.

191 ANGLE ON McCRAE'S BODY

striking the roof of the car and plunging through.

192 ANGLE ON TERESA

hitting the curb as the body finishes its descent through the car's roof.

If she hadn't gotten out of the car, she would have been crushed.

TERESA

Oh, my God, McCrae!

193 INT. UPPER FLOOR

as Jack arrives at the broken window, looks down.

194 HIS POV

The street below. The body of McCrae lying crashed through the roof of the car. The figure of Teresa lying on the sidewalk beside the vehicle.

195 ANGLE ON JACK

He recoils from this view from the window. Suddenly comes face-to-face with Det. Lovejoy. He points his gun at Lovejoy--who also has a gun. Lovejoy is shaking like a fucking leaf. He's seen the bodies--and remember, he's the squeamish cop who couldn't look at the corpse in the autopsy room.

DET. LOVEJOY

All right, drop it. Put your hands where I can see them. Back up against that wall.

Jack hands over his gun.

JACK

Hold on. I didn't do any of this.

DET. LOVEJOY

You broke out of your cell--you killed them all!

JACK

Not me. Somebody else.

DET. LOVEJOY

Shut up!

JACK

He's still here. You're letting him get away.

DET. LOVEJOY

Now, stay where you are. Stay there.

Lovejoy reaches out for the phone. Instead his hand touches something else.

196 ANGLE WIDENS TO REVEAL

Lovejoy's hand touching Sally's mangled body. He looks out of the corner of his eyes to see what he's touched, and he's horrified, and he SCREAMS.

197 WIDER SHOT

as Jack sees his chance. He hauls off and clobbers Lovejoy, knocking him cold.

Jack retrieves his gun, runs out. CAMERA DROPS DOWN to Sally's dead body--and MOVES IN ON her hand. She is clutching something. A WHITE GLOVE. Matt Cordell's glove. Even in death she still loves him.

198 INT. CORRIDOR

Jack running down the hallway like the devil is at his heels.

He reaches the elevator. Sees that corpse inside. He's not getting into any elevator. He heads for those fire stairs again.

199 INT. MAIN HALLWAY OF HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A COUPLE OF COPS are just coming on duty. They spot the dead body behind the reception desk. They they see Jack run into the lobby with a gun in his hand. He's got them covered.

JACK

Don't even try.

PATROLMAN

Okay, okay.

JACK

Listen. I didn't do this. The whole place is full of dead bodies. But it wasn't me.

PATROLMAN

Sure it wasn't.

JACK

Kick your weapons over here. Lie face down. Both of you.

The cops comply and Jack dashes down the steps.

200 EXT. HEADQUARTERS

Jack running into the street. McCrae's car is smashed. McCrae's body still lying there imbedded in the roof. Teresa standing their numbly staring at it. Jack grabs her arm. They run!

201 ANGLE ON ANOTHER STREET - BLOCKS AWAY - NIGHT

as they run close to a building. They spot a taxicab pulling around the corner. Jack waves it down.

202 INT. TAXICAB

CABBIE

Where to, mister?

(Cont.)

202 Cont.

TERESA

Penn Station.

JACK

The train?

TERESA

Sing Sing. We're keeping McCrae's
appointment.

JACK

All right.

203 EXT. THE TAXICAB DRIVING THROUGH QUIET CITY STREETS

204 EXT. PENN STATION - NIGHT

205 INT. PENN STATION - NIGHT

A few people lined up to buy tickets. Jack purchasing a
ticket for Ossening, New York.

CUT TO:

206 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Going upstate (stock footage)

DISSOLVE TO:

207 EXT. SING SING PENITENTIARY (STOCK) - DAWN

208 EXT. PRISON GATES - DAY

Jack speaking with GUARD. Teresa lingers behind.

JACK

We have an 8 a.m. meeting with your
Doctor Gruber. We're early.

GUARD

Name?

JACK

McCrae. Detective Frank McCrae.

GUARD

The doctor's office is outside the
gate. That two story building over
there.Jack and Teresa cross to the two story building facing the
prison. A medical facility.

209 INT. GRUBER'S OFFICE

DR. GRUBER is a small, wiry, man about 50 years old. He licks his lips a lot when he speaks. He's a nervous type. Gruber looks Teresa over from head to toe.

GRUBER

Excuse me, but I'm not used to seeing many pretty women up here.

JACK

Officer Mallory is just here to take notes. So I don't get things screwed up.

GRUBER

Now, how can I be of help to the NYPD?

JACK

You knew Matt Cordell?

GRUBER

Knew? That's hardly the word for it. I did the autopsy on him.

TERESA

I suppose you do a lot of autopsies around here?

GRUBER

Not many like that one. He was slashed to death in the shower. A half a dozen men attacked him.

FLASH CUT:

210 INT. SHOWER ROOM IN PRISON - WATER SPATTERING

MULTIPLE SHOTS -

NAKED CONVICTS armed with razors surrounding one tall powerfully built nude male. We never get a good look at the victim's face as the convicts slash him brutally.

The floor is drenched with blood which runs down the drain.

CUT BACK:

211 INT. GRUBER'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK

The authorities knew something like that could happen. Why didn't they protect him?

(Cont.)

GRUBER

Cordell wouldn't allow it. He refused to stay in isolation. Guess he wouldn't admit to being afraid.

JACK

What do you do in a case like that?

GRUBER

What do you mean?

JACK

When they're all cut up like that?

GRUBER

Well, it's not like this is some ordinary morticians home. We're not into a cosmetic approach. When a prisoner dies, it's not our job to make him look good again for the family. We just stitch the parts back together again and put the guy in a wooden box and bury him.

TERESA

Is that what happened to Matt Cordell?

GRUBER

I'd really have to check the records on that.

JACK

Would you mind?

Dr. Gruber crosses to the files and fingers through them.

GRUBER

Most of them go to potter's field. But here's the records on Cordell. No, apparently the body was claimed. Some woman claimed the body.

JACK

May I see that? Yes, we both know Miss Noland.

GRUBER

Before we go any further, would you mind showing me some form of identification? Something with your photograph on it?

There's a long pause, then Teresa speaks:

(Cont.)

211 Cont.

TERESA

Detective Lieutenant McCrae died early this morning. He was murdered.

JACK

Murdered by the same man that killed over half a dozen people at police headquarters last night.

GRUBER

I haven't gotten to my morning paper or I suppose I would have seen it.

Doctor Gruber crosses over to his fresh newspaper, removes the rubberband and unfolds it. Prominent on the front page is a picture of Jack with the headline "MANIAC COP ESCAPES JAIL."

GRUBER (cont.)

No wonder you know all the lurid details. If I'd just murdered a bunch of police officers, the last place I'd come is a penitentiary.

TERESA

Don't bullshit us, doctor. I think you know who did the killings.

GRUBER

How could I? I'm all the way up here. I never go to the city.

TERESA

Cordell wasn't dead.

FLASH CUTS:

The slashed body in the prison autopsy room.

Dr. Gruber discovering a pulse, working desperately to revive the victim.

211a BACK TO GRUBER'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK

You saved him. Answer me!

GRUBER

Look. He'd been a fine detective. He had a lot of friends. Everybody knew that if we put him back in the prison community, he'd be attacked again. There was no way he could
(more)

(Cont.)

211a Cont.

GRUBER (cont.)

survive in there. So, when he was brought in here nearly dead, this policewoman got me to do the decent thing.

TERESA

You let her remove him from the prison mortuary alive.

GRUBER

Well, he wasn't exactly alive. There was severe brain damage. I'm certain he was legally dead. I wasn't really lying when I signed the death certificate. There was no way that Matt Cordell could ever function as a human being again.

JACK

Read the newspaper, doc.

GRUBER

I want you out of my office now. You never came here. And I won't pick up that phone. As far as I'm concerned, this never happened.

TERESA

Another "decent" gesture.

GRUBER

What did I do wrong? You should have seen him lying on that operating table cut to pieces. I knew the system had screwed him. The politicians put him in jail and the inmates did the rest. And now you're going to ruin my life, my career, over this.

211a Cont.

TERESA

We don't want to hurt you, doctor.
We want to finally bury Matt Cordell.

GRUBER

Go away.

The door opens to Dr. Gruber's office at that moment and his NURSE comes in. She's carrying a green necktie in her hand.

NURSE

Here you are, doctor. Put this on.

GRUBER

What are you talking about?

NURSE

Don't want trouble around here today?
You know it's St. Patrick's Day?

Dr. Gruber takes off his own tie and puts on the green tie, as Teresa and Jack exit his office without goodbyes. Gruber is glad to see them go.

211b EXT. PRISON - DAY

Jack and Teresa leaving prison grounds.

TERESA

The parade. The mayor and the
commissioner will be there.

JACK

Along with five thousand cops. I
bet Cordell walked in that parade
every year he was on the force.
I bet he loved that parade.

TERESA

Whatever he loved, he hates now.

CUT TO:

212 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

The barricades are being put up to close down the
street for the parade.

CUT TO:

213 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

As seen from across the street. Jack and Teresa step into FRAME looking at the entrance of the building but keeping well away from it.

JACK

I can't walk into city hall.
They'll shoot me on sight.

TERESA

I'll do it.

JACK

Get through to the commissioner.

TERESA

I'm supposed to convince him these
killings are being committed by a
dead man?

JACK

Cordell was released alive.

TERESA

No, Jack. He's dead. I always knew
he was "dead."

JACK

For Christ's sake, don't tell them
that. Look--Commissioner Pike was
Chief of Police when Cordell was sent
to jail. He's probably the man Cordell
blames more than anybody else.

TERESA

Where will you be?

JACK

In the park across the street. On
that bench.

(checks his watch)

The parade starts in exactly an hour.
If you're not out by then, I'm going
to the reviewing stand on Fifth Avenue.

TERESA

You're going to put yourself among
five thousand cops?

(Cont.)

213 Cont.

JACK

The mayor will be there. Maybe he'll listen to me. Anyway, get going.

TERESA

Yes sir.

She gives him a kiss, then hurries across the street.

214 ANGLE ON THE STEPS LEADING TO CITY HALL

Teresa going up the steps, taking one last look back.

215 HER POV

The park across from City Hall. Jack barely visible.

INTERCUT

216 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

The crowd forming up to view the parade. The floats and marchers getting ready.

CUT TO:

217 INT. CITY HALL, COMMISSIONER PIKE'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and Capt. Ripley enters dragging Teresa with him.

RIPLEY

Well, look who walked in. Jack Forrest's girlfriend.

PIKE

Well, where is the sonofabitch?

TERESA

He's willing to give himself up after you listen.

PIKE

Now you're making demands.

TERESA

I know who's committing the murders.

PIKE

So do we. Your lover boy!

TERESA

It's a man named Matt Cordell.

(Cont.)

217 Cont.

We can see a shiver go through Pike. She notices this reaction.

PIKE

Oh? A ghost.

RIPLEY

Did you think this lunatic idea up by yourself yourself? Or are you on drugs?

TERESA

It was McCrae's theory--but we verified it.

PIKE

Young lady, just before he was killed last night, McCrae called my home. I was out at a charity function, but he left a message on my machine. Would you like to hear it?

Commissioner Pike crosses to his desk. There's a tape recorder there. He presses the button for playback.

218 CLOSE-UP TAPE RECORDER

as we hear McCrae's voice.

MCCRAE'S VOICE ON RECORDER

This is Frank McCrae. I've got solid evidence this homicidal maniac is getting information from inside the police department. His accomplice is a female employee. A policewoman. I'll be at the Crime Records Division, waiting. Call me when you get in.

219 CLOSE-UP TERESA

listening. Then the recording comes to a conclusion. There's a beeping signal and a dial tone.

220 WIDER SHOT THE OFFICE

As Commissioner Pike shuts off the machine.

PIKE

I suppose he wasn't talking about you. A policewoman. The killer's accomplice.

TERESA

Sally Noland!

(Cont.)

RIPLEY

Sure, accuse a dead woman. The fact is, the log shows that you visited Jack Forrest in the lockup last night-- on alleged police business. You aided in his escape from that cell block. You helped him kill all those people.

Commissioner Pike presses a buzzer on his desk. POLICE SERGEANT FOWLER enters the office.

FOWLER

Yes, sir.

PIKE

Place this young woman under arrest as an accessory to murder in the first degree.

TERESA

Why are you doing this? You know I'm telling the truth about Cordell.

PIKE

I really don't have time for this insanity! I have a parade to attend.

TERESA

There are going to be killings at that parade. Maybe even your own.

PIKE

Oh, is that what Forrest told you to say? A threat. If we don't let you go, we all die. Is that it?

TERESA

If you have any sense, you'll stop the parade. Cancel it.

PIKE

Fifth Avenue's closed down. A quarter million of spectators are lined up, not to mention the thousands of cops who'll be marching in review today.

Fowler approaches with a pair of handcuffs, grabs Teresa's left wrist.

FOWLER

Hold still.

(Cont.)

220 . Cont.

He slaps the cuff on hard! It hurts!

FOWLER

Because of you, I'm going to miss my parade.

He places the other handcuff on himself.

FOWLER

Let's go.

But Teresa won't budge. She struggles. Pulling away. Fowler is stronger and he tugs back on the handcuffs, hurting Teresa again.

FOWLER

You're not about to give me any trouble, are you?

RIPLEY

Keep her on the premises for questioning. I'll talk to her when I get back from the festivities.

Commissioner Pike and Detective Ripley start for the door. Teresa struggles to get free of Fowler to block their path.

TERESA

He wants to commit murder right in front of the television cameras this time. You and the mayor.

PIKE

Nonsense. I know your friend Forrest and his MO. He's a lowlife coward. He only strikes in the dark, cutting the throats of lone victims in the middle of the night.

RIPLEY

That's right. Not one single killing has happened in daylight.

PIKE

I don't think he'll have the guts to show his face at the parade.

Pike and Ripley exit from the office.

221 HIGH WIDE ANGLE SHOT - THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

Only Teresa and Sergeant Fowler remain. She walks to the window. Fowler walks beside her, keeping at arm's length with the chain of the handcuffs between them.

(Cont.)

221 Cont.

FOWLER

Want to wave goodbye to the commissioner?

Teresa looks out the window.

222 HER POV

looking down the steps of city hall to the Commissioner and Det. Ripley getting into a waiting limousine to take them to the St. Patrick's Day parade. The limousine pulls away. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal Jack Forrest in the distance watching from across the street in the small park opposite city hall.

223 ANGLE ON TERESA

as she turns away from the window. She's sure that Jack saw the Commissioner leave. He knows that she has failed.

TERESA

Well, I thought you were supposed to book me.

FOWLER

What's the rush? We have the commissioner's office all to ourselves. Come on, put a real feather in my cap. Lay it all out for me. The reason for all the killings. It was extortion money, wasn't it?

TERESA

Money had nothing to do with these killings. All those letters that came in demanding money were fakes. This is an act of vengeance against the city, against the mayor.

At that moment a door pops open and a COUPLE OF UNIFORMED COPS step in. They've got some green decorations on their uniforms.

COP

The bus is ready to go. Aren't you coming?

FOWLER

Not this year. I've got to keep her company.

COP

Well, meet us later for a few drinks. I'm not looking forward to this one with all the protesters. We might have to crack a few heads.

(Cont.)

FOWLER

Then I won't be missing much, will I?
Go on now.

The two cops exit closing the door to the commissioner's office again.

FOWLER

Seriously, sweetie, I could really use a collar like this one. Win me a big promotion. Make me a hero.

TERESA

If I'm under arrest, I'd like to talk to a lawyer.

FOWLER

You've got some rotten attitude. All right. I'm gonna take you down to the slammer.

He crosses to another door leading out of the commissioner's office, a SMALL PRIVATE DOOR.

FOWLER

This is the passage the commissioner uses when he wants to avoid the reporters.

Fowler walks quickly, virtually dragging Teresa along by the handcuffs.

Sergeant Fowler opens the "private door." At that moment, AN ARM FLASHES INTO FRAME plunging a knife directly into Sergeant Fowler's chest. Sergeant Fowler screams but doesn't fall. He's mortally wounded. Blood pours out of his chest. But he runs for his life and Teresa runs with him heading across the commissioner's large office to the doorway which leads to the hall.

TERESA

(screams)

You came too late. The Commissioner's gone. You've got to stop! They know who you are, Cordell!

The police sergeant manages to get the door open and stagger out into the hall, dragging Teresa with him.

224 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

It is deserted. There are no secretaries on duty. Nobody patrolling the corridors.

(Cont.)

FOWLER
(coughing)

They're all gone...gone to the fucking parade.

Fowler coughs, staggers a few steps and falls into Teresa's arms. He's dying and she's handcuffed to him.

TERESA
The key? Where's the key?

The sergeant isn't saying anything in response. He's just gagging, blood starting to come out of his mouth now.

Teresa looks back.

225 HER POV THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

The figure of the Maniac Cop coming toward the CAMERA, knife in hand. We only see him from the shoulders down. The knife he carries is already dripping blood--the sergeant's blood, and now the maniac is coming to finish the job.

226 ANGLE ON TERESA

Wanting to run but still chained to the dying sergeant who is too weak to move under his own steam.

Teresa's a big strong girl. She grabs Sergeant Fowler, lifts him up, carries him, as she moves down the corridor as fast as she can. Moving to the next office. Running inside and slamming the door.

227 INT. ADJOINING OFFICE

Again it is empty. There are decorations up. Green crepe paper, Figures of leprechauns. The remains of a cake with green icing that has been pretty well devoured by the office staff. Now they're all gone. It's a half day today. Everybody's taken off for the parade.

Teresa is safe for the moment, fishing around in the dying sergeant's pockets for the key to the handcuffs. She still hasn't found them as the door she just came through is almost smashed off its hinges as the Maniac Cop barrels into the room, knife raised ready to kill Teresa.

She backs up dragging the almost dead Sergeant Fowler with her. Back to another doorway. Back into another inner office.

228 INT. INNER OFFICE

She slams the door, bolts it. But it will only hold for a moment.

229 CLOSE-UP SERGEANT'S POCKETS BEING TURNED INSIDE OUT

Then the keys fall to the floor. Teresa grabs the key.

230 WIDER ANGLE

She unhooks the handcuffs from her wrist which is sore and bleeding, as the door shatters and the monster cop again appears.

As he comes onward, she picks up a chair and smashes it across him. He keeps coming.

TERESA

Cordell, don't. Please don't.

231 CLOSE-UP ON THE FACE OF THE DYING POLICE SERGEANT FOWLER

as he looks up. his eyes focusing. He recognizes Cordell. Fowler has been on the force most of his adult life. He knew Cordell quite well and now in death he's seeing a man presumed dead.

FOWLER

Matt?

The he slumps down and dies.

Teresa sees something on the secretary's desk.

232 HER POV

A huge scissors. They had been used to cut out St. Patrick's Day decorations.

233 ANGLE ON TERESA

grabbing the scissors, whirling. Instead of running from the Maniac Cop, she attacks, leaping forward, plunging the scissors into the giant chest.

234 LOW ANGLE OF THE MANIAC COP

as he steps back, the scissors imbedded in his chest. No blood comes out. He reaches up and pulls the scissors out and tosses them aside.

(Cont.)

234 Cont.

But in the intervening moment, Teresa has gotten to the window, pulls it open. She's out on the ledge now four stories above the street.

235 EXT. THE LEDGE

The Maniac Cop reaches out, grasping for her. He almost has her. She moves beyond his reach. A few inches away is a fire escape. She leaps over the rail catching the fire escape and scrambling down the ladder. She quickly looks back up.

236 HER POV - THE WINDOW - VACANT

The Maniac Cop is gone. He's not there anymore. She looks down at the street below her.

237 HER POV

Several buses. There are LINES OF COPS boarding the buses to be taken to the parade. Scores of cops, all like one another in their blue uniforms. Most of them big guys.

And more of them swarming down the steps of the city hall building and joining the throngs that are boarding the buses.

The Maniac Cop might be one of them. He could simply join the throng without being noticed.

238 ANGLE ON TERESA

Continuing down the fire escape. Looking again.

239 HER POV

The park across the street. The bench on which Jack was seated is vacant now. He's gone. He has left.

He will be at the parade.

240 EXT. ONE OF THE BUSES

just about packed with cops as Teresa runs over and tries to squeeze on board.

TERESA

Officer Mallory. Got room for me?

ROOKIE

We'll make room. Squeeze aboard.

She jumps on. The doors close. The bus pulls away.

241 INT. MOVING BUS

Full of cops heading for the parade.

242 EXT. PARADE ROUTE

Thousands of SPECTATORS, but also hundreds of PROTESTORS. We see the signs: "Cops Let Killer Escape!." Another says: "Don't Parade! Stop the Cover Up." Still another sign reads: "Cops are All Maniacs."

243 VARIOUS SHOTS

The St. Patrick's Day Parade preparation. The marchers forming up, the bands assembling.

244 MORE ANGLES

The spectators being held back by police barricades and more of those nasty signs attacking the police or accusing them of being in collusion with the killer.

We note that many people in the crowd are drinking beer or whisky. That makes them louder and meaner and more volatile. Cops are shouting through bullhorns.

BULLHORN VOICE

Back on the sidewalk. Keep the intersections clear. Back on the sidewalks or there's going to be some arrests.

CAMERA PANS to the LOCAL NEWSCASTER being photographed by a mobile TV camera.

NEWSCASTER

Police are expecting the worst, and special crowd-control units are stationed at strategic points along the parade route. Hundreds of people who've never attended a St. Patrick's Day parade are here to harass the police for allowing the alleged Maniac cop. This has always been a day of pride for the New York Police. Today is a day of shame

245 VARIOUS SHOTS

Police cars, emergency vehicles, etc. moving into position.

246 ANGLE ON

Fifth Avenue's sidewalk and street packed with spectators. Pushing through the crowd comes Jack Forrest in civilian,

(Cont.)

246 Cont.

looking just like another of the thousands of people who have turned out for the parade. He pushes past vendors selling balloons, hot dogs, as well as unlicensed persons selling beer.

Jack is trying to move as fast as possible to reach a specific point of the parade route. The reviewing stand.

247 ANGLE ON REVIEWING STAND

It's virtually empty. Nobody's there.

248 ANGLE ON JACK

He can't believe it.

JACK

Where the hell is the mayor?

SPECTATOR

Don't you listen to the news? They're scared to show their faces. They're watching it from an upstairs balcony of the Hotel Rockefeller so they'll be safe from the crowd.

JACK

No, not safe. Not even there.

Jack almost gets hit in the head by a passerby with a sign that says: "Stop Marching! Catch Killers!" He vaults over a police barricade, runs across the street to the opposite side heading in the direction of the Hotel Rockefeller.

249 ANGLE ON THE HOTEL ROCKEFELLER

TV NEWSCASTER stepping into FRAME.

NEWSCASTER

"Live" coverage continues on this year's St. Patrick's Day parade. Because of security precautions, the mayor and other dignitaries will be reviewing this year's parade from the third floor window at New York's swank new Hotel Rockefeller. Our mobile unit is zooming in on that window. There's his honor now, waving to the crowd despite the fact that he received the lowest rating in the popularity polls of any period during his administration. He's looking quite happy. Perhaps he doesn't see those
(more)

(Cont.)

249 Cont.

NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
 protestors. And there coming out
 beside him we can see Commissioner
 James Pike.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a balcony on the third floor of the
 hotel. There we see the Commissioner and the Mayor and
 other assorted stuffed shirts.

NEWSCASTER
 In a moment we'll return to our
 extended coverage of this seventy-
 fifth annual St. Patrick's Day
 parade.

250 EXT. PARADE ROUTE - NEAR HOTEL ROCKEFELLER

A bus pulling up and the policemen disembarking. Among them
 we see Teresa. She's asking some questions. We can't hear
 either the questions or the answers she is receiving because
 of the blasting bagpipe music.

Some of the marchers are already in motion. The parade has
 begun.

251 OVERHEAD SHOT

The St. Patrick's Day parade heading down Fifth Avenue.

252 VARIOUS SHOTS

The parade moving past St. Patrick's Cathedral.

253 ANGLE ON CHEERING SPECTATORS

254 ANGLE ON JEERING SPECTATORS

255 ANGLE ON SPECTATORS FIGHTING ONE ANOTHER

Those who support the police in a knockdown drag out battle
 with those who have come to humiliate the cops.

256 ON THE POLICE THEMSELVES

trying to restore order.

ANOTHER SIGN fills the FRAME: "March murderers, march."

257 ANGLE ON JACK FORREST

continuing to try and break through the crowd. He's only a
 hundred yards away from the Hotel Rockefeller now. He looks
 back.

258 HIS POV

The parade is coming. The first marchers almost parallel to him.

259 ANGLE ON BALCONY

The Mayor, Commissioner whispering, while other dignitaries wave to the crowd.

MAYOR

Cordell? What do you mean, Cordell?

PIKE

Suppose he still is alive?

MAYOR

I don't know why I let you talk me into throwing him to the wolves.

PIKE

Everybody was screaming police brutality at us. We had to set an example.

MAYOR

I'm not going to let it worry me. Nobody can touch us up here.

PIKE

Absolutely. Take a look up on that roof. The best marksmen on the force. They've got us covered in all directions.

260 VARIOUS CUTS

Policemen on rooftops with high powered rifles. They are covering the balcony of the Hotel Rockefeller from all angles.

261 BACK TO BALCONY

PIKE

Even if it is Cordell, he never kills during daylight hours. He only strikes in the dark.

262 THEIR POV

The parade passing below them now. The drum majorettes, the marching bands, the platoons of uniformed cops in perfect

(Cont.)

262 Cont.

formation. For a moment it appears as though everything is going to be in order. Sanity has returned to the world.

263 ANGLE ON JACK FORREST

running through the crowd.

264 ANGLE ON TERESA

crossing between police buses toward the Hotel Rockefeller.

265 ANGLE ON JACK - ON SIDEWALK ACROSS THE STREET FROM HER

fighting his way through the crowd. CAMERA PANS to a HELMETED SWAT OFFICER with a walkie-talkie.

SWAT OFFICER

(into walkie-talkie)

Possible identification, murder suspect Forrest moving through crowd in direction of Hotel Rockefeller. East side of street. Prepare to apprehend.

266 ANGLE ON VARIOUS SWAT POLICEMEN

moving into the crowd, moving in the direction of Jack. PANNING to Teresa--who sees the arrest is about to take place but is powerless to prevent it.

267 ANGLE ON JACK

He stops.

268 HIS POV LOOKING UP

There's the balcony directly above. The Mayor and the Commissioner.

269 ANGLE ON THE BALCONY

A policeman runs out and whispers something in the Commissioner's ear. The Commissioner turns to the Mayor.

PIKE

Officer Forrest has been spotted in the crowd below.

MAYOR

I think we better step back inside.

PIKE

It might not look good to let him run us off like that.

(Cont.)

269 Cont.

MAYOR

You do as you like.

The Mayor turns and walks back into the hotel suite leaving Pike alone on the reviewing platform on the balcony. (Which has been elegantly draped with the American flag and the Irish banner as well.)

270 ANGLE ON JACK

reaching the entrance to the hotel to find it blocked by hordes of policemen. And then before he can do anything, he himself is surrounded by cops. Their guns are out and pointed at him.

TACTICAL SQUAD LEADER

Hold it right there, Forrest. Shake him down.

270a CLOSE-UP TERESA

on opposite side of street. The parade passing her in foreground as she reacts to the arrest.

270b BACK TO JACK

surrounded by SWAT team.

JACK

Take me up to see the mayor!

TACTICAL SQUAD LEADER

Don't you go giving orders! I ought to put a bullet right between your eyes in front of the whole crowd, and they'd thank me for it.

271 ANGLE ON POLICE VEHICLE

backing up through the crowd. What once was called the paddy wagon, a vehicle used to cart prisoners from one jail to another. Just like a cell on wheels. Jack is dragged to it.

TACTICAL SQUAD LEADER

Tell "His Honor" that this "Maniac Cop" has been recaptured.

272 ANGLE ON THE BALCONY

as Pike receives an urgent communication. He turns to his AIDE and says:

(Cont.)

272 Cont.

PIKE

What fucking timing. Nationwide coverage for the parade and we announce the capture.

AIDE

I'll bring the camera crews up here!

Pike briefly disappears inside the hotel suite.

273 ANGLE ON TERESA - ACROSS FROM HOTEL

She sees Jack being locked inside the paddy wagon which is parked beside a few police cars.

We note that these police cars are fully equipped for riot duty with shotguns mounted in the front seats

Teresa weaves her way between the police cars trying to reach the paddy wagon. She wants to speak to Jack but she can't get through. The police have closed off the area surrounding the paddy wagon and even Teresa--who flashes her badge--is not permitted close to the vehicle. She's arguing with the cops. We can't hear what she's saying because the music of the marching band passing by drowns everything out.

A MOBILE VIDEO CREW is close beside Teresa trying to take pictures of Jack who is barely visible through the barred windows of the paddy wagon.

Then a CAMERA ASSISTANT tugs on the CAMERAMAN's arm to get his attention. He's pointing to the balcony of the hotel.

ASST. CAMERAMAN

There's the mayor. Cover the mayor now.

The cameraman turns his lens toward the balcony. Teresa also turns and looks.

274 THEIR POV OF THE BALCONY

The mayor stumbling to the rail, raising his hand.

It seems like the familiar gesture of a politician playing to the crowd but then we see there's something strange about it. The hand is trembling, then he raises his other hand. Both hands high above his head, almost that familiar Richard Nixon stance, and then he suddenly tumbles forward, right over the rail of the balcony, plunging straight down into the midst of the parade.

275 OVERHEAD SHOT

The figure of the mayor plunging straight down into the midst of a marching band.

Musicians are knocked to the ground by the impact of the falling man catapulting into their midst. Instruments are scattered and crushed.

Marchers and musicians scream and flee in all directions.

CLOSE SHOT BODY OF MAYOR

sprawled in the center of Fifth Avenue. His head split open.

276 VARIOUS SHOTS

Police converging into the center of the street, staring up at that V.I.P. balcony.

277 THEIR POV AN INSTANT LATER

The large glass double doors leading to the balcony from the hotel suite shatter. A heavy set figure plunges through, hits the rail, grabs out for something to support himself, catches onto the fabric of the flags.

Then goes over the rail. It is COMMISSIONER PIKE twisting and turning, trying to save himself but to no avail. Now wrapped in the flag of Ireland, he plunges like some mummified figure the four stories down into the already disrupted ranks of the parade marchers.

278 LOW ANGLE

AN ORNATE IRISH-AMERICAN FLOAT lit up with thousands of simulated shamrocks with leprechaun costumed marchers surrounding it and perched on top of it--is the object that breaks Commissioner Pike's fall.

The flimsy construction of the float collapses under the impact of Pike's descent.

Costumed figures tumble off of the float, rolling across the pavement, then getting up and crawling in panic toward safety as

The crowd breaks through the ranks.

The police can't hold them back. The spectators and demonstrators converge in the center of the street.

279 CLOSE SHOT - FACE OF PIKE

Wide-eyed and dead. Knife punctures are visible across his chest and throat. Cops rush to his aid. We hear COPS VOICES:

FIRST VOICE

He's been stabbed a dozen times!
Dead before he hit the ground!

Then from above, the sound of gunshots.

280 POV FROM BELOW LOOKING UP AT THE BALCONY

No one else comes out. There's just the sound of gunfire, then silence.

A strange awesome silence.

281 ANGLE ON STREET BELOW

The music has stopped. A moment ago there was a cacophony of sound. Dozens of bands overlapping one another, the scream of the crowd. And now, all of that has been replaced.

The city seems to have ground to a halt.

Life seems to have stopped.

Everyone seems frozen.

Then from the hotel entrance staggers Det. Ripley, his clothes ripped and bloodied, he's holding one of his arms which is bleeding profusely. Ripley stumbles and falls into the arms of the police. Teresa draws close trying to hear his words.

RIPLEY

They thought he wouldn't come in daylight...but he came. He got up there.

COP

Who was it? Who the hell was it?

RIPLEY

Him.

Teresa pushes her way to Ripley's side.

TERESA

You recognized him. Even with all the scars. That face.

(Cont.)

281 Cont.

RIPLEY

Cordell.

And then Ripley goes limp and lapses into unconsciousness.

COP

Get this man an ambulance.

282 ANGLE ON TERESA

as she thinks of Jack. She turns. CAMERA PANNING WITH HER. All the attention of the crowd is on the hotel, on the bodies of the dignitaries and on Ripley. Jack has been forgotten.

Except that as Teresa turns and looks she spots the form of an enormous cop sliding into the driver's seat of the paddy wagon and starting the engine.

283 CLOSE SHOT THE HAND

as it closes the door. Hideously scared.

We saw that scared hand before, many times before. The hand of the Maniac Cop.

284 CLOSE-UP JACK

Looking out of the bars of the paddy wagon, suddenly alarmed as the vehicle backs up violently.

285 LOW ANGLE ON PADDY WAGON

It's backing straight into the crowd, knocking over the wooden barricades, snapping them like twigs, crushing people who are unlucky enough to be standing behind it.

No policeman, no sane person, could be driving this vehicle.

286 ANGLE ON TERESA

running toward the paddy wagon but too late. It veers toward her, plowing into a few police knocking them aside.

Teresa dives out of the way.

The paddy wagon pulls into the center of the street, makes a quick U-turn, smashes through another barricade and heads up Fifth Avenue.

287 INT. PADDY WAGON

Jack alarmed, trying to get out, but the damned thing is locked from the outside. He's a prisoner.

288 INT. CAB OF VEHICLE

We see only the hands on the steering wheel. Horribly scarred hands with blood on them.

289 EXT. THE STREET

290 ANGLE ON TERESA

Just one of the mob of police who are running toward their parked police cars trying to get the crowd out of the way so they can take off in pursuit.

The TV newsmen are getting in the way. They've got all their equipment, their backup people.

NEWSMAN INTO MICROPHONE

Here amidst this celebration, the Maniac Cop has struck again, taking the life of the mayor of the city and the commissioner of police. There seems to be madness in this crowd. The lust for blood seems to have spread even to the spectators. The police here can't keep them under control. The police are virtually defending themselves, afraid for their own lives.

The reporter doesn't get to say anything else because somebody clobbers him and down he goes, microphone and all, and members of his camera crew follow soon thereafter.

291 ANGLE ON TERESA

as she runs up beside one of the police cars that is just pulling out in pursuit. She pulls open the door and jumps in.

292 INT. POLICE CAR

CAPTAIN BREMER is at the wheel.

BREMER

Mallory! Get out of here. This is no place for you.

TERESA

Your wasting time, Bremer. Step on it.

Bremer steps on the gas. The police car takes off in pursuit.

(Cont.)

292 Cont.

BREMER

Do you know how to handle a shotgun?

TERESA

You just get close enough and watch me.

She pulls the shotgun off the rack and stuffs a couple of shells into the chamber.

293 VARIOUS SHOTS

The paddy wagon making abrupt turns heading down side streets, many of which have been closed off because of the parade.

The vehicle then makes some turns into narrow alleys, hiding behind buildings, then doubling back.

294 VARIOUS SHOTS

Police cars in pursuit but losing their quarry.

VOICE OVER POLICE RADIO

Vehicle last seen heading west toward the river. Temporary loss of visual contact.

295 INT. POLICE CAR

Teresa and Bremer.

TERESA

The river. I think I know where he may be going.

BREMER

Yeah, sure.

TERESA

Listen to me. Do you know Pier 14?

BREMER

Those piers are all closed. They're collapsing.

VOICE OVER RADIO

We've lost him. Request additional surveillance units. Check all parking lots and garages.

TERESA

Forget the garages. McCrae once tracked him to Pier 14. What have we got to lose.

CUT TO:

296 EXT. PIER 14

All seems quiet. Now in the daylight we can see just how terrible the condition of this structure is. Completely rotted away. Carelessly perched there hovering over the river.

297 INT. PIER 14

There, parked amongst the debris, is the paddy wagon.

298 INT. PADDY WAGON

Jack, a prisoner.

299 ANGLE ON CAB OF VEHICLE

as the door opens. We see only the shoulders down as the giant Maniac Cop gets out, carrying that billy club in his hand, spinning it as he walks. So skillfully and with such expertise that we know that inside that club is a weapon--a long sharp blade.

300 INT. PADDY WAGON

Jack looking through the window out at the wreckage of the pier as suddenly a face appears inches from his on the outside of the bars.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE CLEARLY SEEN THE HORRIBLY SCARRED, DISFIGURED FACE OF MATT CORDELL. IT IS HIDEOUS.

304 WIDER ANGLE INSIDE PADDY WAGON

Cordell's face is gone from outside the bars. He's moved to the foot of the vehicle and is trying to get the door open but the door is locked. Cordell is pounding on it. Pounding with such strength that the entire vehicle shakes from side-to-side. Jack is yelling:

JACK

You've done it, Cordell. You've terrified the city. You've killed the men who put you in prison. It's done. You don't have to kill anymore.

305 EXT. PADDY WAGON

The giant figure of Cordell pounding with such force on the metal doors that he bends them. Then he turns.

306 POV OF WALL OF PIER

There's still a leaky fire extinguisher and a rusty old fire axe and some rotted hose all left over from the old days.

307 ANGLE ON MANIAC COP

crossing to the wall, ripping the axe off of the hooks that secure it, returning to the back of the paddy wagon where he begins to smash the axe against the steel doors, smashing the lock, and battering in the doors. (Note on lighting: although it is daylight outside, there's no artificial illumination within. The only light that comes is through the broken slats in the ceiling and in the walls casting a strange striated look across the floors and walls of the old pier. Almost like shadows made by prison bars.

308 CLOSE-UP JACK INSIDE

As the axe pounds again and again. A portion of the axe smashes through the steel now only inches from Jack's head. In a moment those doors will give way. The Maniac Cop will have him.

CUT TO:

309 EXT. PIER - DAY

As a police car pulls up carrying Teresa and Capt. Bremer. Both of them get out carrying shotguns.

TERESA

The gate's open.

(Cont.)

309 Cont.

BREMER
Could have been vandals.

TERESA
Call for backup.

Teresa starts forward, carrying the shotgun at her hip.

310 EXT. SIDE OF THE PIER

as she pushes open the doorway and hears the pounding of steel against steel.

The axe smashing against the door of the paddy wagon.

311 INT. PADDY WAGON

as the door is smashed open and collapses inward almost landing on Jack who pinions himself against the inside wall.

312 HIS POV

Now through the jagged opening torn by the axe comes the Maniac Cop.

313 ANGLE ON JACK

He doesn't wait. Instead, he leaps forward, throwing himself with all his weight.

Jack hits the Maniac Cop like a linebacker tackling an opponent. For a moment the Maniac Cop is thrown off balance.

314 EXT. THE PADDY WAGON

as Jack and the Maniac Cop tumble out of the paddy wagon landing on the wooden floor of the pier. Jack grabs the axe. Slams it into the Maniac's side. It has no effect. No blood! Nothing!

The Maniac Cop knocks Jack aside like a child and gets to his feet, hovering over Jack.

315 JACK'S POV LOOKING UP

That horribly twisted, scarred face. Then CAMERA TRUCKS down to the billy club as the scared hands of the Maniac Cop unscrew it and reveal the long stiletto knife.

316 HIGH ANGLE SHOT

Shooting across the Maniac Cop's shoulder as he raises the knife. Jack attempts to get away. The Maniac Cop grabs him

(Cont.)

316 Cont.

by the collar, pulls him back toward the knife. In a moment the tip will go into his throat.

317 REVERSE SHOT

as the Maniac Cop's shoulder is blown away by a shotgun blast.

CAMERA WHIP PANS to Teresa running toward the killer and his intended victim. She opens up with another blast.

318 ANGLE ON MANIAC COP

knocked off his feet by the impact of the shotgun blast, but in a second he's up again. Again--no blood!

319 ANGLE ON TERESA

She has to reload. She reaches in her pocket for a cartridge.

220 CLOSE-UP HER HANDS

as she opens the shotgun, discards the old cartridges and shoves in the new ones.

321 ANGLE ON THE MANIAC COP

coming for her.

322 ANGLE ON TERESA

cocking the weapon, firing out a blast point-blank.

323 HER POV

It blasts a hole in the Maniac Cop's uniform and there is still no blood. The dead do not bleed.

The blast only slows him for a second. He's almost upon her before she can fire the second shot--he knocks the shotgun out of her hand. He reaches out for her.

At that moment, Jack comes running into FRAME again wielding the axe.

This time he buries it in the Maniac Cop's back. WHACK! The Maniac Cop turns, the axe still protruding from his back. He reaches over his shoulder, pulls it out of his back.

Teresa has had a chance to roll out of the way.

There's still one cartridge left in that shotgun unfired.

(Cont.)

323 Cont.

Jack grabs Teresa's arm, pulls her to her feet. They start to run. The Maniac Cop turning slowly to come after them. They're trapped at the far end of the pier, nothing behind them but the water, the treacherous currents, the dark churning waters of the Hudson River.

The floorboards beneath their feet break. They fall halfway through the floor. The Maniac Cop is drawing closer and closer.

Then all at once from behind him, the figure of Capt. Bremer.

BREMER

Hold it there, mister. You're covered.

The Maniac Cop turns and stares at him curiously.

BREMER

You have the right to remain silent.

Bremer's words trail off. He doesn't bother to read anymore rights, he just opens fire as the Maniac Cop lunges at him.

The bullets don't stop the Maniac Cop. His long stiletto knife finds its home in Bremer's chest.

324 CLOSE-UP TERESA AND JACK

Witnesses to the death of another policeman.

325 THEIR POV

The Maniac Cop again coming for them. An odd smile suddenly crossing that distorted sewed together face.

326 TWO SHOT - JACK AND TERESA

There's nowhere to run. Behind them the river. In front of them the homicidal maniac.

327 ANGLE ON MANIAC COP

as he stops for a moment to pick up the sawed off shotgun which we know to have one cartridge left in it. He holds the knife in one hand and the shotgun in the other as he advances. Every once in a while, a flash of sunlight comes in between one of those slats. He steps into the light and we get a really good look at that scarred face. Twisted. Distorted. Put together all wrong. Parts seem to have been left out.

In the distance, we begin to hear multiple police sirens coming toward us, converging toward the pier.

328 LOW ANGLE SHOT FROM BEHIND JACK AND TERESA

The Maniac Cop only a few steps away from them now looming large over them. Jack never stops talking.

JACK

Cordell! You hear me. You're
alive in there.

329 CLOSE-UP MANIAC COP

He seems to pause for a second as if hearing the words for the first time.

330 TIGHT SHOT

Jack with Teresa behind him.

JACK

You can hear me, Matt. This was
your city. You gave your life to
protect it. Now if there is anyone
you gotta kill, it's this maniac!

331 THREE SHOT

Jack and Teresa in the foreground, the Maniac Cop hovering above them.

The creature raises the shotgun, pointing it directly at them.

JACK

He doesn't deserve a jury! He's
guilty. He deserves to die!

TERESA

(shouting)

Don't let him kill again, Cordell.
Stop him!

The shotgun continues to rise so that it is no longer pointed at Jack and Teresa. It rises so that it is pointed back at the Maniac Cop's own face.

332 CLOSE-UP THE SCARRED HAND

resting hard on the trigger.

333 CLOSE-UP JACK

JACK

(shouting)

Yes, Matt, do it.

334 CLOSE-UP THE SCARRED FINGER

Tightening on the trigger. Then relaxing again.

335 WIDER ANGLE INCLUDING JACK AND TERESA

as the the Maniac Cop changes his mind. Whatever decent instinct made him even consider blowing his own brains out --IT HAS BEEN OVERRULED by sheer madness.

The shotgun barrel is lowered again so that it points directly at Jack and Teresa. Back to business as usual!

336 JACK'S POV

TILTING DOWN to the Maniac's feet. His enormous weight is straining the rotted floorboards to their breaking point.

337 WIDER ANGLE AGAIN

As Jack springs forward just as the Maniac fires, deflecting the shot (it misses Teresa by inches, blowing a hole in the floor--peppering her cheek but sparing her life.)

Jack throws himself on the Maniac--clinging to him--adding his own weight to that of the Maniac Cop. It works! The floorboards collapse under them! They both plummet down through the rotted timbers.

338 ANGLE ON TERESA

reaching out, grabbing Jack's arm as he falls.

339 OVERHEAD SHOT (STUDIO MOCKUP)

Jack and the Maniac Cop falling through the floor toward the dark waters below.

There are jagged pointed pilings jutting up out of the river down there, like huge spikes of splintered wood.

Teresa hangs onto Jack--and he sways in the air, held by her grip.

The Maniac Cop has no such luck. He falls straight backwards--down onto the pointed pilings--with great force.

The pilings puncture his back--go right through him. We SEE the jagged tips of the pilings emerge bloodlessly through the front of his chest. He writhes, struggles but his gargantuan efforts only drive the "stakes" further into him.

340 TIGHTER OVERHEAD SHOT

Maniac Cop in throes of death. The power of his bodily thrusts loosen the pilings from their moorings in the water. They snap off and the Maniac begins to sink beneath the black scummy water--now full of surface debris from the collapsed section of the pier.

The Maniac Cop reaches up to grab Jack's leg which dangles close by--to pull him under too.

341 LOW ANGLE UNDER PIER

Looking up as Teresa uses both hands to raise Jack above the grip of the dying monster. Jack climbs to safety. Looks back down.

342 FINAL VIEW - MANIAC COP

pinioned on the pointed pilings which sink out of sight with him. He is gone.

343 INT. PIER - DAY

Jack and Teresa get to their feet. Then they see something that fell from the Maniac's uniform earlier when the floorboards broke.

344 INSERT SHOT: A POLICEMAN'S BADGE glinting there on the edge of the collapsed planks. CORDELL'S BADGE!

345 WIDER SHOT

as Jack stoops, picks it up.

SHOCK CUT:

346 AS THROUGH THE GAPING HOLE IN THE FLOOR THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS AND MIGHTY ARMS OF THE MANIAC SPRING UP--STILL IMPALED BUT LEAPING UP--LIKE A GREAT SEA BEAST WITH ONE LAST BURST OF FURY.

HE MAKES A MAD SWIPE AT JACK WHO TEARS AWAY FROM HIS GRIP.

THE CREATURE FALLS BACK THROUGH THE HOLE.

347 OVERHEAD SHOT

The Maniac splashing down into the filthy, dark waters and vanishing still again. This time he does not rise.

348 TWO SHOT - JACK AND TERESA

looking down, then relaxing slightly and staring at the badge which Jack still grips--so hard that his hand is bleeding from it.

349 EXT. PIER - DAY

Police cars pulling up. Cops jumping out armed to the teeth staring incredulously at Jack and Teresa who are walking out limply from total exhaustion, but there's no terror anymore, no urgency.

TERESA

He's at the bottom of the river--
under the pier.

POLICE SERGEANT

I don't get it. Who was he? What
was he?

Jack looked at the badge he still carries in his hand. He stuffs it into the police sergeant's hand.

JACK

Here. You figure it out.

And Teresa and Jack walk past the police sergeant toward the emergency vehicles. There are medical personnel on the scene. Teresa's face is bleeding--so is Jack's hand.

TERESA

Get us to a hospital.

The police sergeant comes running after them.

POLICE SERGEANT

Wait a minute. I've got to make out
a report. Are you sure he's dead?

350 CLOSE-UP JACK

as he turns.

JACK

He died a long time ago and that
didn't stop him.

Jack and Teresa climb into a police emergency vehicle.

As the police sergeant stands rather dumbfoundedly looking at the badge that he's been handed. Cordell's badge.

CUT TO:

351 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - DAY

The pilings of the pier. The water lapping against them. They're covered with slime that has gathered here over the years. The water is black as ink.

352 LOW ANGLE SHOT - DAY

The horde of cops standing at the edge of the pier looking down. Staring down there with high-beam flashlights hoping to catch some sight of the dead man. TWO POLICE DIVERS splash to the surface close to CAMERA--scaring us for a second.

DIVER

The current would have dragged him out into the harbor. We may never find the body.

As the divers climb up a rickety ladder to the pier, CAMERA TILTS DOWN away from them and then begins to MOVE FORWARD through the pilings, moving under the pier, criss- crossing

between the pilings, going into the deeper, darker most recessive area beneath the pier, moving past junk and debris and garbage that floats in the river.

And then suddenly SOMETHING RISES UP directly in front of us and clutches at one of the timbers, A HAND, A HUGE, POWERFUL BRUTALLY SCARRED HAND sliding up the piling through the slime feeling for a grip.

A creature ready to climb out of the blackness again.

For the dead can never die.

CUT TO:

353 EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - SUNSET

The day is ending. The night is coming in. A darker, deeper night. A more frightening night than the city has ever known. The reign of terror may only have begun.

MANIAC COP

The End