

7/27/82

*I copyrighted screenplay
first draft as "Super
Justice" 7/27/82*

HEAVY ARTILLERY

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

BY

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Sure. I got five dollars. I
got five dollars for each one
of you!

Bernhard Goetz
New York Subway Passenger

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An old junker Cadillac traveling a lonely desert road.

CADILLAC - TRAVELLING

approaches CAMERA. Big evil-looking bejeweled pimp with fancy permanent wave named LEROY LEWIS, 28, is driving. Next to Lewis is his platinum blonde HOOKER, 20. Car radio playing loud hard rock. Lewis pissed off.

LEWIS

What kind of a hoe be dumb enough to get her ass busted for dope?

HOOKER

I'm sorry, babe. I needed a fix real bad.

LEWIS

So whatcha think I'm here for?

HOOKER

I couldn't find you, babe.

LEWIS

Then you wait! Dig? Wait! I the man with the horse! You don't buy it from no man on the street!

HOOKER

You don't have to spit on me when you talk, Leroy.

WHOOOOPPPP! Lewis backhands her hard across the teeth. Blood splatters.

HOOKER

(sobbing)

How was I supposed to know the guy was a narc?

LEWIS

How was you supposed to know he wasn't? We only been in town but three motherfuckin' days!

ANGLE

Cadillac passes a sign that says LOS ANGELES 270 behind which Deputy JOE GARCIA, 27, is parked in his sheriff's cruiser. Garcia, clean-cut Eric Estrada type, starts his engine and pulls out after the Cadillac.

CADILLAC - TRAVELLING

Hooker and Lewis.

HOOKER

I'll make it up to you in L.A.,
babe. I promise.

LEWIS

Oh, you fuckin' right you gonna
make it up. I spent all my
hard-earned motherfuckin' bread
to get you out of jail. You
gonna work you ass day and
night til you blue in the
face.

(looking in rear view
mirror)

What's this jive?

POV IN MIRROR

Garcia trailing, red lights flashing.

WIDE

Lewis pulls over and stops. Garcia stops behind him.

LEWIS

stuffs a Saturday Night Special in his belt under his
shirt.

HOOKER

(scared)

Jesus, Leroy, where'd you put
our stash?

LEWIS

In the trunk. Just be cool.

Lewis changes stations on the radio as a lone car
whizzes by going the other direction. Newscaster is

saying something about somebody "said today that crime has reached epidemic proportions across the nation ... "

GARCIA

at Lewis's door. Lewis looks up at him.

LEWIS

What you stoppin' me for, man?
I ain't done nothin'.

GARCIA

Could I see your driver's
license and registration,
please?

LEWIS

(reaching in his
pocket)
Shiiiiit.

Lewis lugs out his wallet and gives it to Garcia. Newscaster on the radio is saying, "While the Nevada governor was advocating stiffer penalties, criminal lawyers filed briefs to block 149 executions scheduled under the new state death sentence law. One of the inmates has been on death row since 1972."

GARCIA

The reason I stopped you, Mr. Lewis, is that your left tail light is broken. You want to step out a second?

Lewis gets out. Garcia notices a little blood still trickling from hooker's mouth. Newscaster is saying, "Opponents of the death penalty plan massive demonstrations outside the gates of Tonopah State Prison ... "

GARCIA

(to hooker)
Are you alright, Miss?

HOOKER

Sure.

Garcia walks around to the rear of the Cadillac. Lewis follows.

GARCIA

(points to tail light)
You're gonna have to get a new glass. Also I noticed when you braked that your bulb is burned out. You can get replacements at a Pep Boys.

LEWIS

Okay I'll do that first thing, man. Now how 'bout givin' me back my driver's license?

Garcia eyes Lewis. Actually, Garcia's been eyeing him since he got out of the car.

GARCIA

Mr. Lewis ... I'd like to take a look inside your trunk.

LEWIS

What you talkin' 'bout, man? Ain't nothin' in there but fuckin' luggage.

GARCIA

Open it, please.

Another lone car whizzes by. Not much traffic out here.

LEWIS

Shiiiiit! A man can't even drive and enjoy the scenery without being hassled.

Lewis opens the trunk to reveal a couple suitcases, and a TV set that says CEASAR'S PALACE.

LEWIS

Okay?
(starts to close trunk)

GARCIA

(points)
Step back and stand over there, please.

Lewis hesitates a moment then steps back. Ominous SCORE. Garcia deftly removes the suitcases and TV. Lewis nervously watching him. Garcia feels around the spare tire well and finds a clear plastic baggie

bulging with white powder.

GARCIA
What's this?

As Garcia turns and looks at Lewis, he is looking at Lewis pointing the pistol at him.

LEWIS
Somethin' you shouldn't have seen, man.

GARCIA
Take it easy, Mr. Lewis ...

LEWIS
You're a dead motherfucker.

He fires ... BOOOOMMMM ... straight into Garcia's face.

BLACK SCREEN

MAIN TITLES. White on black. They CLACK on and off like projected slides. After director's credit, a direct ...

CUT TO

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Leroy Lewis in red coveralls with JAIL stenciled on the front and back comfortably seated at the defense table as his court-appointed lawyer NORMAN FISHER, 27, addresses Judge WILLIAM DREW, 49. Other defendants, all shapes and sizes, watch from behind a glass-encased jury box.

FISHER
(faint lisp)
The bottom line is the police had no search warrant when they entered Mr. Lewis's room, Your Honor. Therefore the evidence should be suppressed.

DREW
(to Sarah)
Does the district attorney's office have any other evidence against Mr. Lewis?

Deputy district attorney SARAH DOVE, slim, attractive

mid-30s, stands:

SARAH

Your honor, the State would like a one-day continuance so that we can submit supplemental points and authorities.

DREW

Motion denied, Miss Dove. The court has already granted the State two continuances and at this point I believe we have exhausted the points and authorities.

SARAH

But I think if the court re-examines the Fuller case -

DREW

I've read all your cases. I'm ready to rule.

As the judge goes into his monologue, we pick up reactions of people in the courtroom - ALFREDO GARCIA, 31, brother of the deceased; widow LOURDES GARCIA, 25, seated next to Alfredo, clutching a photograph of Joe and their two small sons; arresting officer BOB HITCH, 38, wearing a laminated Clark County Sheriff's Office ID card clipped to the lapel of his sportcoat.

DREW

(continuing)

The court finds that the Los Angeles police entered Mr. Lewis's motel room based on a phone tip from an anonymous female. Inside they found him attempting to hide the gun in the toilet cistern. He was taken into custody, interrogated and changed his story twice concerning his whereabouts at the time Deputy Garcia was fatally shot. The court finds that the police did not have probable cause to enter Mr. Lewis's room. The entry violated his constitutional rights. The

seizure of the gun was illegal.
Therefore the court grants the
defense motion to suppress the
gun. Furthermore ...

Loud reaction from audience.

DEPUTY #1

QUIET!

DREW

... the court finds that
defendant's statements were the
product of the illegal seizure
of the gun. They were "the
fruits of the poison tree."
Therefore the court grants the
defense motion to suppress the
statements.

More audience rumbling.

DREW

(continuing)

Finally, since the gun and
statements constitute the
State's entire case against the
defendant, the murder charge is
dismissed.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Outside on the steps TV news teams jockey for
position. JUDY BLOOM, 26, with a KNBC microphone,
blocks Lourdes and Alfredo as they exit the
courthouse. Judy's a real knockout - five-four, long
legs, great ass, full breasts, blonde hair and a
very, very pretty face.

JUDY

(to Lourdes)

Ah, how do you feel about the
decision, Mrs. Garcia?

LOURDES

I ... I think it's an outrage!
I don't believe this is
happening in America ...
(starts sobbing)

JUDY
(to Alfredo)
What about you? You're Deputy
Garcia's brother, right?

Alfredo nods crazy with rage.

JUDY
What is your reaction to all
this?

ALFREDO
I got one thin' to say. I hope
I never see dat guy on de
street.

JUDY
Do you mean Leroy Lewis?

ALFREDO
I mean him.

JUDY
Why?

ALFREDO
'Cause I'm gonna kill him.

JUDY
You're going to kill him?

LOURDES
(pulling Alfredo)
Come on, Alfredo.

ALFREDO
(into Judy's microphone)
Did you get dat? I'll kill
him!

Lourdes disengages Alfredo. Judy turns to her
camera.

JUDY
Judy Bloom reporting from Las
Vegas.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Bus with barred windows that says CLARK COUNTY JAIL approaches CAMERA.

JAIL BUS - TRAVELLING

Crowded inside with the defendants we saw behind the glass in the courtroom. You would never know they were in custody. They are hollering, fighting, smoking joints, dropping their pants and generally raising holy hell. In the back Lewis is running a game of 3-card monte to pick up a little change before he is processed out.

LEWIS

Keep your eye on the red queen.
That's the card to watch.
Place your bets.

As one guy studies the cards, another guy puts a match to his hair. It smolders before he realizes its on fire. Then he shrieks in horror and the others scream in laughter.

DEPUTIES

In the front, separated from the prisoners by steel mesh, DEPUTY #2 is driving and Deputy #1 is riding shotgun.

DEPUTY #2

What's goin' on back there?

DEPUTY #1

(turns around)

Ah shit, they started another fire.

DEPUTY #2

I really don't want to stop.

DEPUTY #1

(hollers to prisoners)

HEY GUYS, PUT OUT THAT FIRE,
HUH?

PRISONERS

Prisoner peeing on the guy with the burning hair as others hold him down.

DEPUTIES

DEPUTY #2
(to Deputy #1)
You want me to stop?

DEPUTY #1
Naw, keep going. We'll be at
the jail in ten minutes.

ANGLE

Jail buss whizzes by a huge signboard with a Big Brother style face of Edwin White under which is the message:

GET THEM BEFORE THEY GET US!
SUPPORT THE DEATH PENALTY
Governor Edwin White

EXT. CANYON

An Israeli Army 150 caliber self-propelled howitzer is lying in wait like a giant motionless reptile ready to strike. The MUSIC cue for this machine is eerie and alien, like it belongs to another galaxy. The sleek artillery piece is bathed in gold light of late afternoon, and the overall feeling we get is that we have entered another dimension, although there it is, not a starship, but a real howitzer tucked in a canyon not in the Sinai but the Nevada desert.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Seated inside the chassis is a man wearing mirrored sunglasses and leather gloves. He looks at his watch. Time to move out. He starts the motor, pulls out of the narrow canyon onto the road and heads in the direction of the oncoming jail bus. We see pieces and snatches of this man - his hands and his hat and his glasses and his legs - but we never see the man's face.

EXT. DESERT

Jail bus heading in the direction of the oncoming howitzer.

HOWITZER - TRAVELLING

The man steers looking through a slit in the armor. We get the impression that this mechanical wonder is a Knight of the Round Table going to do battle with the enemies of the realm.

ANGLES

On its long barrel sticking up at an angle of 45 degrees with the road. It looks like an impudent finger riding down the road.

JAIL BUS - TRAVELLING

Deputy #2 squints at what is approaching.

DEPUTY #2
What the hell is that?

DEPUTY #1
(turns)
What?
(looks)
Jesus Christ!

POV

The howitzer coming straight at them.

JAIL BUS - SLOWS

HOWITZER - SLOWS

but its barrel is coming down.

WIDE

Jail bus stops. Howitzer stops. Its long barrel is pointing level straight at the front of the jail bus. For a moment the two vehicles are just parked there silently facing each other like two dinosaurs about to do combat. Then a heavily distorted voice cracks over the howitzer's squeal box:

MAN
Both you deputies get out of
the bus.

JAIL BUS

Deputies looking down the long barrel. Behind them, prisoners pushing shoving toward the front to see what's going on.

DEPUTY #1
What do you think?

DEPUTY #2
Do what he says.

As deputies start out, prisoners plastered against the steel mesh hoot and cheer.

POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT

We follow deputies in the crosshairs as they exit the bus.

MAN (O.S.)
Now start walking. Out across the desert.

Deputies stand there.

MAN
MOVE!

Deputies start walking.

JAIL BUS

Prisoners all charged up. They're yelling to the man in the howitzer.

PRISONER #1
KILL THOSE JIVEASS PIGS!

LEWIS

in the rear, trying to see.

LEWIS
What's goin' on?

PRISONER #1
A brother showed up in a howitzer to give us an early release!

MAN (O.S.)
LEROY LEWIS, PLEASE STEP FORWARD.

PRISONER #1
(to Lewis)
That's you, dude.

LEWIS
Shit, I done already been
released.

Lewis picks his way to the front.

HOWITZER

A little smile crosses the lips of the man inside
peering through gunsight.

POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT

Lewis arrives at the mesh centered in crosshairs and
goes quick into focus.

LEWIS
(to man in gun)
Unlock this door, Jack, so
these brothers may go free!

CLOSE

Man's gloved hand squeezes the trigger. We begin a
dreamlike sequence ...

BAAAAAMMMMMMM!

FLAAAAVOOOOMM!

Jail bus and Leroy Lewis slowly ... dreamily ...
softly ... explode into smithereens. 3 CAMERAS
running high-speed ... steel, bone, blood, flesh,
vinyl, plastic, glass, rubber ... slowly flying apart
in every direction.

THE DEPUTIES

standing clear, wear contorted expressions ... watch
in a state of shocked disbelief ...

THE HOWITZER

Finally when its all over and as the first moans of
the maimed and wounded are heard, the howitzer rides

around the smoking debris and continues in the direction it was going. The two deputies just stand there gaping as the massive killing machine rounds a bend in the road and softly disappears out of sight. When it is gone ...

CUT TO

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

CAMERA DOLLYING PAST the crime scene lit with floodlights swarming with police, crime lab people, road repair gangs pulling apart metal and glass, and reporters with their ubiquitous video equipment. It is as if we have kind of returned to the real world, like the last sequence was a dream that has ended, but it really wasn't a dream because here's all the proof that it really happened. Harsh lights, sharp sounds, metal edges all contrast to the soft violence in the preceding sequence.

BOB HITCH

questioning Deputies #1 and #2 Hitch was the guy we saw at in court. He is a tall man with straight black hair, deep green eyes, a lean body and a low voice. Somebody you could depend on in a fight.

DEPUTY #1

(to Hitch)

There wasn't anything to shoot!
All we had in front of us was a
big steel howitzer.

HITCH

Would you be able to identify
the guy?

DEPUTY #1

Are you kidding?

DEPUTY #2

(to Hitch)

I can identify the barrel. It
was the biggest barrel I ever
saw in my life!

HITCH

Do you think you could identify
the guy's voice if you heard it
again?

DEPUTY #2
I don't think so. He was
talking over one of those
squawk boxes or something.

JUDY (O.S.)
Hi, I'm Judy Bloom from KNBC
L.A.

HITCH
(turns around)
Huh?

JUDY
Do you know who did all this?

HITCH
Not at the moment.

JUDY
Do you think there was any
connection between this and the
dismissal of the murder charge
against Leroy Lewis?

HITCH
It's entirely possible.

JUDY
(writing)
Would you say shooting Lewis
with a howitzer might have been
a slight case of overkill?

Detective HARRY TEMPLE, 40, approaches carrying a
dented propellant casing.

TEMPLE
Bob?

HITCH
(to Judy)
Excuse me.
(crosses to Temple)
Whata'ya got, Harry?

TEMPLE
Here's the shell.

HITCH
(sniffs it)
Smells homemade.

JUDY
(nosing in)
How do you know that?

HITCH
(crisp)
How do I know that? Because it
smells like ammonium nitrate
which you can buy in any
hardware store. The military
uses trinitrotoluol and you
need a government permit to buy
trinitrotoluol. Got it?

JUDY
(writing)
Got it.

HITCH
(to Temple)
Where'd you find this, Harry?

TEMPLE
Over there.

Hitch and Temple walk off.

JUDY
(still writing, calls out)
What's your name?

HITCH
(without turning
around)
Detective Hitch.

She admiringly checks him out as he climbs over the
smoking debris.

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

A Pontiac Sunbird approaches, top down, Hitch
driving. He parks, exits, walks past a sign that
says CLARK COUNTY SHERIFF.

INT. CAKE'S OFFICE

Sheriff JOHN C. CAKE, 47, large frame, middle-age
gut, shirtsleeves, 357 magnum in his shoulder

holster, pours a little water into a glass and gulps down a pill as he watches a local Phil Donahue type on the portable TV set on his desk.

TV HOST

What kind of man would kill somebody with a howitzer, Dr. Gleason?

GLEASON

I would say he's a loner that probably has a lot of difficulty relating to other people.

INTERCUT

Cake watching with interest.

GLEASON

(continuing)

He probably has inner doubts about his own masculinity.

HITCH (O.S.)

Morning, John.

ANGLE

Cake turns around. Hitch is standing in Cake's doorway.

CAKE

Listen to this guy, Bob.

GLEASON

(on TV)

I suspect he has been very generally unsuccessful with women. I wouldn't be surprised if he had a small penis. This would explain the bulk of his victims being black.

CAKE

(laughs)

Do you believe that?

GLEASON

(continuing)

Penis envy may well have been at the root of the attack.

CAKE
Give us a break!

Host asks follow-up question as Cake snaps off the TV and turns to Hitch.

CAKE
Okay, killer, what've we got?

HITCH
(glancing at his notes)
Not one heck of a lot. Deputy Bates, who arrived at the scene when the howitzer was reported stolen, was able to get a number of fingerprint lifts from the gas can that the suspect left behind, and that's about it.

CAKE
What about the brother, Alfredo?

HITCH
He was with the wife and kids and other relatives the entire afternoon. He's clean.

CAKE
(writing in the file)
Alright, you're officially assigned to head the investigation, Bob.

HITCH
(grins)
Thanks a lot.

CAKE
I realize Leroy Lewis and the other "victims" in this case are not the kind that cause people to lose sleep at nights, but the fact remains that you and I both took an oath to enforce the law, so I want to see this case brought to a conclusion as soon as possible. Is that clear, Bob?

HITCH

Yes, sir.

ROSE pops her head in.

ROSE

Sheriff, there's a man here from the San Francisco Examiner, and a woman holding on line three from the CBS Evening News in New York.

CAKE

Thanks, Rose. Tell the man to have a cup of coffee.

HITCH

(stands)

I'll give this my best shot, John.

CAKE

I know you will.

Hitch exits. Cake picks up the phone.

CAKE

Hello there, this is John Cake ... That's right, a howitzer.

EXT. WAR MUSEUM - DAY

DAGMAR WINGER, 75, standing in front of two open hanger-like doors. Dagmar walks with a cane.

DAGMAR

It was NOT operational! He must've DONE something to it!

REVERSE ANGLE

Temple and Hitch. The three of them are talking outside her museum in the middle of the desert. A sign says DAGMAR'S DATE FARM & WAR MUSEUM. Another says CLOSED.

TEMPLE

Was it drivable?

DAGMAR

It was drivable alright. My husband drove it here from Long Beach in 1970.

TEMPLE

Was your husband here when the man took it?

DAGMAR

No.

(to Hitch)

Daddy died in 1973.

HITCH

I'm sorry to hear that, ma'am.

TEMPLE

(to Dagmar)

Tell us what happened.

DAGMAR

I was in my house over there. I couldn't get to sleep, so I got up to take a Xanax. Then I happened to look out the bathroom window and saw these doors wide open! It was three o'clock in the morning!

TEMPLE

What'd you do?

DAGMAR

I got the shotgun and came over here. The bugger was gassin' the piece up! Here, I'll show you where he was.

Dagmar leads the two detectives inside the museum.

INT. WAR MUSEUM

Room cluttered with memorabilia dating back to World War I. Dagmar crosses to an open space where the howitzer was. Metal plaque says:

HOWITZER - ISRAEL
150 CALIBER

This gun was used by Israeli forces in the Sinai Desert against the Egyptian Army in the Six Day War of 1967.

DAGMAR

I fired at him but I missed. I'm not as good a shot as I used to be. He jumped in the chassis, started up the engine and drove right at me. I had to DIVE to get out of the way!

TEMPLE

Would you be able to identify the man if you saw him again?

DAGMAR

Hell no.

Hitch looks off and sees Judy Bloom talking to a TV camera.

JUDY

According to Mrs. Winger, her shotgun was useless against the gun's one-inch armor.

Hitch crosses to her.

JUDY

(continuing)

Then she discovered the man had cut her telephone wires, so she had no way of immediately reporting the theft to the police. This is Judy Bloom at Dagmar's Date Farm & War Museum in the Nevada Desert.

HITCH

(to Judy)

Hi.

JUDY

Hello, Hitch.

HITCH

I wanted to apologize for being a little short with you last night.

JUDY

Oh, I understand. You have a lot on your mind.

HITCH

(grins)

Not that much, really. Where you staying?

JUDY

The Desert Inn.

EXT. DESERT INN - NIGHT

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Hitch and Judy dancing.

JUDY

What do you think of this death row flap that's pending before the state supreme court.

HITCH

It's a shame.

JUDY

How's that?

HITCH

Ninety-two percent of the people of Nevada vote back the death penalty and now the court might chuck it out the window.

JUDY

Well, I think they're claiming the new law is too vague.

HITCH

That's pure bullshit, if you'll pardon my French. The law says anybody that murders by torture, or during a rape, or

is convicted of murder twice,
gets the chair. I don't have
any problem with that. Do
you?

REVERSE ANGLE

Deputy D.A. Sarah Love sitting with John Cake at a
table for four.

SARAH

I have to confess I've never
gotten out to Dagmar's Date
Farm & War Museum.

CAKE

Man, we used to ride out there
on our bikes when we were kids.
The old woman was there then.
When nobody was looking, I
would hop over the cordon and
sit next to General MacArthur
at the Court Martial of Billy
Mitchell.

Judy and Hitch come off the dance floor and take
their seats.

CAKE

(to Judy)

What're you doin' to my boy
here?

JUDY

He's a great dancer.

HITCH

That's not true, lady.

(to waitress)

Another round, please.

SARAH

(to Judy)

How long do you think you'll be
staying in town?

JUDY

Well, actually we came just to
cover the hearing in the Lewis
case. Then came the howitzer
attack came. Then I met
Detective Hitch ...

HITCH

You should stay and do a story about the Duke case. It's something like the Lewis thing. Right, Sarah?

JUDY

What's the Duke case?

Waitress putting down round of drinks.

SARAH

Well Judge Drew indicated at Deal Day that he was going to give Mr. Duke a year in the county jail.

JUDY

Oh? What did Mr. Duke do?

HITCH

Nothin' much. He just raped five women.

SARAH

Actually, four. He raped one twice. Five counts.

JUDY

But why's he going to get such a light sentence?

SARAH

Don't ask me, honey. I wanted to put the son of bitch away for the rest of his life.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Migrant worker section of town. Judy's KNBC station wagon parked in front. Sign on law office window says CRIMINAL DEFENSE FORCE.

INT. LAW OFFICE

Judy follows Norman Fisher around as he prepares to leave for court. Fisher's the court-appointed lawyer that represented Leroy Lewis. He and Judy are the only ones in the store.

FISHER

(combing his hair)

We've put together a diminished capacity defense for Duke. We've been working on the case for two months. We have three psychiatrists lined up to testify.

JUDY

Who pays for them?

FISHER

The state. Just like it pays for us. But that's my whole point. A trial would take six weeks and cost the taxpayers a hundred thousand dollars. The court's calendar is already jammed. They simply don't have the courtrooms or personnel for long trials that can be avoided by reasonable plea bargains. A trial would settle nothing, honey.

JUDY

Why do you say that?

FISHER

(putting on bracelets)

Because the jury would either hang - or worse yet for the State - find Richard not guilty.

(faces her)

Is this too gaudy?

JUDY

What was his "diminished capacity?"

FISHER

Richard thought women enjoyed being forced into submission. He did! He thought their protests were for show. As far as he was concerned - and this is according to our three psychiatrists - in each instance there was consent

which as you know is a complete
defense to the crime of rape.

Judy just looks at him.

FISHER
It's that simple.
(looks at this watch)
Hey, we're going to be late!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Sarah Dove arguing her case before Judge Drew:

SARAH
Judge, two of the defendant's
victims are still hospitalized!
We ask the case be set for
trial.

Fisher seated legs crossed at counsel's table next to his client, RICHARD DUKE, 32. Duke is six-three, 230 pounds and has pock marks all over his face. If you called Central Casting, and asked for a pervert, they couldn't do better than Richard Duke. He's wearing a baby-blue polyester suit. Judy seated in the audience taking notes.

DREW
I'm sorry to say the health of
the women will not be the issue
if I set this case for trial,
Miss Dove. The issue here is
whether the State can prove
these sex acts were rape and I
think you are going to have
problems as I view the
psychiatric testimony for the
defense.

(shuffles through the
court file)
How much time do you estimate a
jury trial will take?

SARAH
The State could put on its case
in two days.

FISHER

(to Drew)

The defense estimates six weeks.

DREW

(to Sarah)

Does either side have anything further?

SARAH

No, sir.

DREW

The purpose of deal day is to settle cases without going to trial. In this case the defense has voluntarily and commendably bared their expert witnesses and testimony in the hope the court would see that the defendant has a mental problem that will be better treated by psychiatrists rather than penologists.

(to Duke)

Stand, Mr. Duke.

Duke stands. So does Fisher.

DREW

It is the sentence of this court that you serve 99 years in the state prison. That sentence is suspended for five years on condition that you seek and receive intensive, and I emphasize intensive, psychiatric treatment as your probation officer directs, and you serve one year in the county jail.

FISHER

Request court's recommendation of honor farm.

Sarah springs to her feet.

SARAH

(to Drew)

If Your Honor pleases, we object to Mr. Duke being sent to the honor farm! He's only getting one year! We feel he should serve his time in the regular jail!

FISHER

(to Drew)

The whole thrust of the court's disposition of this case is to try to make Mr. Duke a useful member of the community again. We submit that locking him up with the general jail population will be counterproductive. Indeed rehabilitation will be a virtual impossibility.

DREW

It does seem inconsistent. Very well. Court recommends honor farm.

Sarah sit defeated but it's still not over.

FISHER

Request credit for time served, Your Honor.

DREW

Credit for time served.
(to clerk)
Next case.

Judy watching this thing in total disbelief.

INT. VIDEO PARLOR - NIGHT

Howitzer firing at advancing troops and trucks but the howitzer, troops and trucks are computer images and the sounds of shots and explosions are computer sounds.

REVERSE ANGLE

Hitch watching the battle with great intensity.

POV

The howitzer in the computer is devastating the enemy.

FULL

Judy and Hitch working joysticks playing a video game called HEAVY ARTILLERY.

JUDY

(laughing)

I can't believe you never
played a video game before!

HITCH

(engrossed)

Where did you learn this
nonsense?

JUDY

My brother and I are video
freaks.

INTERCUT

the battling troops and trucks and guns and sounds
and explosions with the two of them working their
joysticks and watching the action. Rich computer
graphics. The game ends and Judy wins. Hitch digs
in his pocket for change.

HITCH

One more.

JUDY

Listen, I'll sit here and play
all night.

HITCH

(inserts two more quarters)

This time give me the artillery
and you take the troops.

Judy smiles at Hitch who's having fun.

EXT. STRIP - NIGHT

Hitch's Sunbird approaches CAMERA.

SUNBIRD - TRAVELLING

Hitch driving, Judy riding. He has his arm around her.

HITCH

I'm not like the Vietnam vets
You see on TV crying all the
time about how they need
psychiatric care and how the
Government forgot about them.
I have no beef with the
Government. I'm happy I had a
chance to serve my country. So
are thousands of other guys.
Look at John Cake.

JUDY

Was he in Vietnam too?

HITCH

I'll say he was! He came home
with a Congressional Metal of
Honor! You didn't know that?

JUDY

No, what did he do?

HITCH

He climbed down into a Viet
Cong tunnel and rescued four
guys in his platoon in the
process of being tortured to
death.

JUDY

Really?

HITCH

Only on the way out the tunnel
exploded. He was in a coma for
six months. They were ready to
disconnect him. And now look
at him. The sheriff of Clark
County. It that a success
story or isn't it?

JUDY
It's really amazing what people
have done in their pasts.
Looks are deceiving.

HITCH
(chuckles)
Yeah, who would guess Big John
has a steel plate in his head.

EXT. DESERT INN

Sunbird pulls up and stops.

SUNBIRD - STOPPED

Judy looks at the entrance then turns Hitch.

JUDY
Listen, I had a nice night.

HITCH
So did I.

JUDY
Well, I better be going. I
have to pack because I want to
get off to an early start in
the morning.

Hitch doesn't say anything.

JUDY
Do you ever get to L.A.?

HITCH
Sometimes.

JUDY
Well, if you're ever in town,
you can always call me at the
station. We're in Burbank.

HITCH
I don't know where that is.

JUDY
(smiles)
You'll find it.

He looks at her a moment, pulls her to him and kisses
her warmly on the lips.

HITCH
How about staying another
couple days in Las Vegas?

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Blue moonlight bathes the building. We hear the faint sound of a TV. Our subjective HAND-HELD CAMERA creeps in closer. Eerie SCORE is music associated with the man in the gun. Separate from the main building is a dispatch shack facing the helipad. There is a light in the shack and as we get closer the TV gets louder.

INT. HELIPAD SHACK

An older deputy, 60, has his feet up on the desk and is watching HEATED VENGEANCE on Movies Till Dawn. Clock says 3:45 a.m.

EXT. HELIPAD

The dark figure of the man moves in the shadows. His gloved hand clutching a screwdriver and wrench. The MUSIC and the gloves tell us this is him.

INTERCUT

Old deputy pouring himself a cup of coffee as Richard Hatch creeps through the dark jungle toward Bingo's truck.

THE MAN

approaches the two sheriff's choppers parked on the pad. He carefully sneaks up to one of the helicopters, stands on its step, reaches and starts to remove a small clutch cylinder from the rotary linkage. He makes a minimum of noise, just quiet clunks and clinks, however one clink comes at the precise moment the movie on TV is quiet.

INT. HELIPAD

The deputy cocks his ear. What was that? He stands and walks outside.

EXT. HELIPAD

Deputy standing outside the doorway looking around in all directions.

THE MAN

hiding pressed motionless behind the chopper. In f.g. a kangaroo rat watches the drama from the sidelines.

THE DEPUTY

goes back inside. It must have been his imagination.

THE MAN

goes back to what he was doing, pockets the cylinder and goes out the way he came in. The rat watches him disappear in the night.

EXT. HONOR FARM - DAY

Fingers punch a Cashio calculator. DOLLY BACK to reveal rapist Richard Duke and PRISONER #2

DUKE

A hundred and twenty-two. I was arrested March 19 so I've done 122 days. A hundred and twenty-two from 365 is 243 ... divided by seven is ... 34 weeks.

PRISONER #2

Okay, you take one day off a week for good behavior and one day off a week for work time.

They are on the lawn amongst a hundred other "prisoners," all wearing street clothes, all doing their thing individually or in groups. We see a bizarre mix: men with strange haircuts and ghetto blasters putting golf balls; another faction playing pinochle; a muslim sect arguing about jazz greats; fairies wearing makeup having a picnic; guys smoking dope playing basketball ... This oasis in the middle of the desert does and doesn't look like jail as we normally picture it.

DUKE

Right, so that's ... 68 days.
That means I gotta do 175 days.

PRISONER #2

Call it five months plus.

DUKE

That isn't so bad.

PRISONER #2

Shit man, you did good! I
could do five months standing
on my head!

(listens)

Say, what's that sound?

(looks off)

POV

A swirling ball of dust about 200 yards away
approaching fast. The MUSIC is the sound that
belongs to another galaxy, the music of the man in
the gun.

REVERSE ANGLE

Inmates watching dumbfounded.

HOWITZER - TRAVELLING

toward the chain link fence. It is again like we
have passed through a timewarp and have entered
another dimension.

EXT. BARRACKS

GUARD #1 walks out on the porch of the barracks and
squints.

GUARD #1

Oh my God!

THE HOWITZER

rolls to a stop in front of the fence. A sign says
something about VISITORS MUST SIGN IN ...

THE MAN

inside the gun half-standing, turning controls ...

DUKE

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That means I gotta do 175 days.

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something about VISITORS MUST SIGN IN ...

THE MAN

inside the gun half-standing, turning controls ...

ANGLE

on the barrel. Then:

BAAAMMM-FLAAAVOOOM!

The howitzer blows away a section of fence and proceeds through the gap.

EXT. BARRACKS

Guards open fire with pistols and shotguns.

THE HOWITZER MAN

throwing switches.

THE INMATES

Realization and panic sweeps their ranks and they start running in all directions but mainly toward the barracks.

POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT

Barrel pans scurrying prisoners until it picks up Duke running for the barracks.

BAAAAMMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOMM!

Duke goes down but gets up and keeps running.

HOWITZER MAN

aiming.

POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT

Duke running in the crosshairs. The only cover is in or behind the barracks. Duke cuts behind the barracks.

CLOSE

Gloved hand squeezes the trigger.

BAAAAMMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOMM!

Smoke clears and corner of barracks is gone but Duke is still running. Howitzer right behind him. Again:

BAAAAMMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOMM!

Duke injured and bleeding but still running. He and the howitzer do a complete loops around the barracks and now Duke's only chance is to traverse the lawn and escape through the hole in the fence but ...

BAAAAMMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOMM!

Scratch Richard Duke.

HOWITZER - TRAVELLING

The man inside smiles.

WIDE

A sheriff's cruiser, siren screaming, pulls up and stops outside the hole in the fence. Two deputies hop out and open fire on the howitzer.

HOWITZER - TRAVELLING

heads straight into the deputies fire and doesn't stop. Another cruiser arrives.

DEPUTIES

firing. Howitzer rides through the hole and through them. Now four deputies are firing at it.

HOWITZER - TRAVELLING

speeds away in a hail of lead.

DEPUTIES

pile into cruisers and lay strips in pursuit.

EXT. DESERT

Howitzer speeding along the road.

SHERIFF'S CRUISERS

in hot pursuit. Three of them quickly close the gap but as they are about to envelop ...

HOWITZER - TRAVELLING

Man inside jerks the steering wheel.

WIDE

Howitzer jumps the road continues across the sand.

SHERIFF'S CRUISER #1

jumps the road but does an end-over-end flip. Other two cruisers slow, make it, and continue across the desert in pursuit.

HOWITZER

rumbles past CAMERA. Rugged terrain. It is getting away.

SHERIFF'S CRUISER #1 - TRAVELLING

DEPUTY #6 on the police radio:

DEPUTY #6

We're crossing sand. Where's the chopper?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Just a minute.

(beat)

We don't have one available at the moment, Car 3. Can you stay with him?

DEPUTY #6

(to driver)

I don't believe it.

(looks off)

POV

Sheriff's cruiser #2 throws a wheel and rolls coming to rest on its roof. The terrain's really getting rough.

ANGLES

on the chase.

HOWITZER

jackknives down river embankment and proceeds across dry river bed.

SHERIFF'S CRUISER #1

tries to do the same but winds up wedged in the dirt. Deputies look off.

POV

Big gun disappears around an arroyo in a ball of dust.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Several sheriff's cruisers, two helicopters, an airplane and a gang of deputies in the middle of nowhere under the 120-degree sun. The howitzer's tracks re-enter Nevada 17 - and vanish. The pilots and several deputies are looking at a large map of Clark County. Hitch is talking on the police radio.

HITCH

(angry)

I want to know why no
helicopter showed up when it
was needed?

Harry Temple is watching as Hitch listens to an explanation by someone on the other end of the line. Finally Hitch hangs up.

TEMPLE

What'd they say?

HITCH

Some crap about one undergoing routine yearly overhaul and they were working on the other one because the rotor made a funny noise ... When this is over, I want to do an internal investigation of that whole

section, Harry.

Sheriff John Cake arrives in a cruiser driven by a deputy. Hitch crosses to Cake as he gets out of the car.

HITCH

I'm sorry about this, John.

CAKE

That's all right, Bob. We'll survive.

HITCH

Come on, I'll show you the grid pattern for the aerial search, and where we're putting up the road blocks. Another chopper is on the way from Boulder City. It's gonna be hard to keep that gun hidden from us. We'll find it.

Temple is watching Hitch and Cake talk.

CAKE

Bob, I want you to go back to the office. Rose is cross-indexing all the reports in the case and she needs a hand.

HITCH

Yes, sir.
(starts off)

CAKE

And Bob?

HITCH

(stops)
Yes?

CAKE

Is that goodlooking reporter friend of yours still in town? What's her name?

HITCH

Judy. She's still here.

CAKE

Why don't you bring her over

Sarah's place tonight. We'll have a few drinks and laughs. I think you could use a little R and R.

HITCH

(grins)

What time?

CAKE

About eight.

Hitch gets in an unmarked Impala and drives off.

CAKE

(to Harry)

Come on, Harry. Let's see what they got on that map.

(starts walking)

TEMPLE

Sheriff, can I talk to you a minute?

CAKE

Sure. What is it?

TEMPLE

What I'm gonna say is just between the two of us, okay, sheriff?

CAKE

Okay.

TEMPLE

Do you know if Bob Hitch had anything to do with artillery in Vietnam?

CAKE

(looks at him

puzzled)

I don't know. Why do you ask?

TEMPLE

Look, sheriff, I know you and Bob are good friends. I'm his good friend, too. We've been partners in homicide for three years. Bob and I have been in some pretty tough corners.

CAKE

What are you getting at, Harry?
What're you trying to say?

TEMPLE

(measures his words)

Somebody has stolen an
artillery piece, blown up a
jail bus with it, launched a
fullscale attack on the honor
farm, and still is on the
loose. In order to do all
that, it's not enough to know
how to operate the weapon and
make ammunition for it. The
guy would have to know all
kinds of other things.

CAKE

Like what?

TEMPLE

Like jail bus routes, for
example. And honor farm
routines and schedules and
staffing ... Like pursuit
techniques. Like our chopper
operations ...

Cake's mind is whirling.

TEMPLE

You have to think closely about
what's been happenin' here,
sheriff.

CAKE

Are you saying that Bob is the man in the gun?

TEMPLE

He could've lost his oars when the court threw out the murder charge against Lewis! Think back. He personally got Lewis to give three different alibis which would have crucified the son of a bitch in court. Then Lewis gets a walk and Garcia's kids don't have a daddy!

Cake doesn't speak. He just looks at Temple. This isn't easy for Harry.

TEMPLE

I hope it's not Bob; but I gotta tell you as much as it hurts me to say it: in my mind Bob's a prime suspect in this case.

Hold a long beat on John Cake.

TEMPLE

And another thing.

CAKE

What?

TEMPLE

It wouldn't hurt to be in charge of the investigation, like at this very moment, to make sure we don't find the darn thing!

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hitch and Judy frolicking in the pool behind Sarah's house.

CAKE (O.S.)

I'm concerned about Bob.

SARAH (O.S.)

Why? He's a big boy.

REVERSE ANGLE

Sarah standing behind the bar and Cake sitting on a stool in front.

CAKE

I know. But he's under ... a lot of pressure in this case.

SARAH

Forget about the case for a while, sweetie. The man in the gun is just a demented maniac and you're going to catch him before you know it.

CAKE

Why do you call him a demented maniac, Sarah? Why do you say that?

SARAH

Because that's what he is for Christ's sake!

CAKE

What if he just wants to rid the world of criminals? How would that make him demented?

SARAH

Well, in the first place, how does he know all the people he's killing are criminals?

CAKE

What'd you mean?

SARAH

Half the people he's blown away never had a trial! For that matter, Leroy Lewis hadn't had a trial!

Sarah looks in the window at her two kids in the house watching television.

SARAH

Bedtime, gang!

CAKE

My big mistake was I never went to law school.

SARAH

So what, sweetie, you wound up a world class sheriff.

She kisses Cake on the cheek.

ANGLE

Judy in Hitch's arms looking into his deep green eyes.

HITCH

I want you to know I haven't stopped thinking about you

since you accosted me that night out on the desert.

JUDY
I've been thinking a lot about you, too.

HITCH
This usually doesn't happen to me. In fact, this is the first time I ever felt this way.

JUDY
Tell me some more.

HITCH
I might shock you if I do.

JUDY
Nothing shocks a journalist.

HITCH
This will.

JUDY
Try me.

He looks at her a long moment.

HITCH
I think I'm falling in love with you.

JUDY
(beat)
Are you serious, Hitch?

HITCH
Yeah.

He's looking into her eyes and she's looking into his.

JUDY
Just kiss me.

He does ... a long, tender, loving one that grows into a tight clinch.

INT. CAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Cake at his desk talking on the telephone. A brown envelope is in front of him.

CAKE

(excited)

Are you sure? ... How many points of identification?... Twelve! You guys consider that a lot, right?... So you're positive they were his prints?... Okay, thanks.

Cake hangs up and buzzes the intercom.

ROSE

Yes, boss?

CAKE

Send in Detective Hitch.

Cake buzzes again.

ROSE

Yes?

CAKE

Is Harry Temple out there?

ROSE

Yep.

CAKE

Send him in too.

As Cake waits, he looks anxious. Hitch enters.

CAKE

Sit down.

Temple enters.

TEMPLE

What is it, boss?

CAKE

We know who he is.

TEMPLE

Who?

CAKE
The man in the gun.

Temple glances at Hitch. All three men are wearing shoulder holsters holding loaded pistols. Nobody speaks. Then Cake slides a mugshot out of the brown envelope and lays it in front of Temple and Hitch on the desk.

INSERT

Fullface/profile mugshots of a Middle Eastern face under which it says:

KASHBAR, URI
CLARK COUNTY SHERIFF 49890792

HITCH
Uri Kashbar? The nutcase that shot the governor?

WIDE

CAKE
That's right. He was paroled last month.

HITCH
What've we got on him?

CAKE
His fingerprints.

HITCH
What?

Cake slides a transparent fingerprint lift, Kashbar's inked fingerprint cards and a lab report from the envelope. Hitch and Temple look at them.

CAKE
That's one of the lifts we got from the gas can that he left behind at the museum. They're his prints. Here's the report. I just talked to the crime lab. The boys made a positive comparison with his inked prints.

HITCH

(incredulous)

What made you think of having the lifts compared to Uri Kashbar's prints?

CAKE

Good question.

(lights his pipe)

Whoever launched these two attacks had a lot of knowledge about our county jail. Right?

HITCH

Yeah.

CAKE

Uri Kashbar's trial here ran three months. He had knowledge of the jail bus route which he rode a hundred times. He knew the schedules. He knew our system.

HITCH

But hundreds of jokers know the jail here and ...

CAKE

That's right.

Cake points to several stacks of files against one wall of his office.

CAKE

(continuing)

See those? That's everybody that's been incarcerated in the Clark County Jail for the last ten years. I looked at every file and read the background of each prisoner. When I got to Uri Kashbar, it all started to make sense.

TEMPLE

Where did he learn to drive a howitzer?

CAKE

Don't you remember, Harry? It

came out at his trial. He fought in the Iranian Army before he came to the United States. He was probably in an artillery unit.

HITCH

(baffled)

But ... what's the crazy bastard doing killing criminals?

CAKE

Who knows? We do know that he was tormented by the other inmates the entire four years he was in prison. Especially by people like Leroy Lewis.

TEMPLE

He claimed he was a political prisoner or somethin' but the hardtime crowd didn't buy it.

CAKE

Right. And I think he made statements that he would get revenge when he got out.

HITCH

But why ... why did he go after ... after a guy like Duke?

CAKE

Maybe he's got a thing for rapists ... Who cares? His fingerprints are on the gas can! He's the guy that stole the howitzer! The thing now is to find him and bring him in. What'd you think, Harry?

Temple's excited and relieved that his partner's innocent.

TEMPLE

I think we can find Uri Kashbar, Sheriff.

HITCH
(to Cake)
Yeah, we'll find him, John.
You can bank on that.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The unmarked Impala in traffic passing casinos in downtown Las Vegas.

IMPALA - TRAVELLING

Hitch driving, Temple reading from Kashbar's file.

TEMPLE
He was born in Iran near the Russian frontier ... Came to the U.S. when he was 25 ... Married Virginia Horn of Salt Lake City ... Had his gallbladder removed in 19 -

HITCH
What else makes him a suspect in this case?

TEMPLE
(scanning the file)
Let's see. He was booted out of the Iranian Army for bein' psycho.
(looks at Hitch)
I mean, to be booted out of their army I would think you have to be pretty bad.

Car speeds past CAMERA.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

URI KASHBAR, 29, standing there in an ill-fitting suit counting money. Video camera, recorder, lights, wires, crew, a Mafia type, and a luscious GIRL sitting naked on the couch.

KASHBAR
You said you would pay Uri

Kashbar one thousand dollars!
This is only five hundred! I
am known all over the world.
This is an insult!

DIRECTOR
I'm tellin' you, kid, you get
the second five hundred when we
finish. Comprendo?

KASHBAR
You understand, my friend, that
I do this only because I need
the money.

DIRECTOR
Sure, kid.
(hollers)
Places, everyone!
(to Mafia type)
The kid's gonna be the greatest
porno sensation since John
Holmes.

GIRL
Are we gonna start or what?

EXT. HOTEL

Hitch and Temple pull into the parking lot of a
small, older hotel with a sign that says COLOR TV -
WEEKLY RATES. They exit the Impala and look around.
FINNLEY and Rosenberg in sportcoats walk up to them.
Looming in the b.g. during following dialogue, like
the huge American flag in PATTON, is another Big
Brother signboard with Governor White saying SUPPORT
THE DEATH PENALTY.

FINNLEY
(to Hitch)
We're pretty sure Kashbar's in
19.
(points to a parked Saab)
That's his car.

HITCH
(surveying the building)
How about if you and I go up
and knock on the door, and
Harry and Rosenberg cover the
escape routes.

FINNLEY
Sounds okay.

Hitch and Finnley cross. A JUNKIE is standing by the entrance.

JUNKIE
(to Hitch)
Hey man you wanna score some
coke?

HITCH
Not today, pal.

Hitch and Finnley enter the building.

JUNKIE
Hey, how 'bout a nice watch?

INT. HALLWAYS

Hitch and Finnley take a claustrophobic elevator up to the third floor, draw their guns and walk down the hall to 19. Hitch presses his ear to the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kashbar kneeling on the floor giving head to the girl moaning on the couch. You can tell Kashbar's crazy by the way he gives head.

INT. HALLWAY

Hitch and Finnley.

HITCH
Sounds like someone's in pain.

INT. LIVING ROOM

DIRECTOR
(to Kashbar)
Okay, kid, stand and show her
what you got in the briefcase.

Kashbar gets to his feet, opens the briefcase and produces a huge green dildo with nodules.

KASHBAR
Plug it in, my pet.

DIRECTOR
(whispers to girl)
Say your line, honey.

GIRL
(to Kashbar)
Have you got a bigger one?

Suddenly loud banging on the door ... BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

DIRECTOR
Keep goin'. Don't stop.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

HITCH (O.S.)
SHERIFF'S OFFICE! OPEN THE
DOOR!

Everybody freezes. Kashbar eyes the exits. Hitch kicks in the door. Girl screams. Kashbar runs in the bedroom and slams the door shut. Hitch runs to the door and tries to pull it open but it's locked.

INT. BATHROOM

Kashbar rushes in the bathroom, locks the door and climbs out the window.

EXT. HOTEL

Kashbar looks down from the window ledge.

POV

Temple with gun drawn is in the alley below.

TEMPLE
HALT! POLICE!

KASHBAR

jumps to the next roof. Temple fires.

INT. BATHROOM

Door comes crashing in followed by Hitch. He dashes to window.

POV

Kashbar traversing roofs.

EXT. HOTEL

Hitch climbs out the window and jumps to next roof.

EXT. ALLEY

Kashbar flies down a fire escape taking five steps at a time, and tears up an alley.

HITCH

in hot pursuit.

ANGLES ON THE CHASE.

Eventually leads out to the streets. Pedestrians hit the sidewalk. A car smashes into a pole. Kashbar running. Hitch running after him, gaining on him.

EXT. FREMONT STREET

Chase continues past the casinos. Kashbar runs in the Golden Nugget. Hitch follows.

INT. CASINO

ANGLES on the chase through the casino. Kashbar and Hitch knock over tables and people. Kashbar runs through the coffee shop and runs into a waitress carrying six bowls of soup. They go down, so does Hitch, Kashbar somehow squirms loose and keeps running. So does Hitch. Chase continues out the back door.

EXT. THE STRIP

Tourists watch the chase almost like it was a publicity stunt. Eventually Kashbar runs out in traffic. Tires squeal. Hitch catches up, dives and tackles Kashbar in front of a massive pileup. He cuffs the Iranian behind his back. End of chase.

EXT. DESERT INN - NIGHT

INT. JUDY'S ROOM

On TV Governor EDWIN WHITE is wheeled out of his office and into a corridor to a position in front of reporters.

WOLPER (V.O.)

The governor's office had no comment on Kashbar's arrest in Las Vegas today, only five weeks after he was released from prison.

WHITE

(to WOLPER with mike)

I feel there would be a conflict of interest for me to say anything regarding Mr. Kashbar at this time.

INTERCUT

Hitch in a soft chair, shirt open, wearing shoulder holster, watching the Evening News, soaking his feet in Epsom Salts after this afternoon's chase.

WOLPER (V.O.)

This is Mike Wolper in Carson City.

TV SCREEN

NEWSMAN seated at news desk talking to CAMERA.

NEWSMAN

It was just five years ago this week that Kashbar tried to assassinate White when the Governor was working a crowd after breaking ground for the Owens River Aqueduct Project in Clark County.

News show cuts from anchorman to White in a sea of people near a desert construction site. Suddenly out of nowhere comes Kashbar with a revolver. He opens fire on White. White slumps. White's aides jump Kashbar, and one sits on his face.

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

Kashbar shot White six times before he was subdued. Two bullets lodged in White's spinal cord. The governor has been a paraplegic since the attack.

Slow-motion replay from tighter angle of Kashbar pumping lead into White's spinal cord.

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

Police are still searching for the howitzer Kashbar is alleged to have stolen from a war museum in the Nevada desert.

HITCH

watching.

JUDY (O.S)

Well how do I look?

He looks off.

JUDY

standing in bathroom doorway in a blue negligee. She looks like a sex goddess.

HITCH

Like a movie star.

She crosses, turns off the TV and turns on the hotel Muzak.

JUDY

That's what I tried to be before I got into the TV news racket.

HITCH

What happened?
(turns off the light)

JUDY

I couldn't act.
(sits in the chair)

HITCH
That's a relief.
(kiss her gently)

JUDY
Have you ever thought about
being a movie star?

HITCH
(playing)
Hey, I thought you were going
back to L.A.?

JUDY
(squints)
Are you trying to get rid of
me?

HITCH
I'm trying to keep you.

He kisses her. A very nice one.

JUDY
Short term or long term?

HITCH
Long term.

JUDY
Good!

Now a long wet one after which she starts undressing
him starting with his gun.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

INT. CAKE'S OFFICE

Cake and Sarah in high spirits. She's got her arms
around his waist.

SARAH
Well didn't I tell you that you
were going to catch him!

CAKE
I have to admit, you did tell
me that.

SARAH
Now all I have to do is convict
him.

CAKE
You will, honey. You're a
world class prosecutor.

He begins passionately nibbling and kissing her neck.

SARAH
(loving it)
John, stop it, sweetie! I've
got to go to court in a few
minutes! Help!

CAKE
Court can wait, you lusty
wench!

He starts unbuttoning her blouse.

SARAH
(struggling)
John, your door's not locked!

CAKE
So what? I'm the sheriff.
Remember?

SARAH
(teasing)
I think you're just after my
body.

CAKE
Well now that you mention
it ...

As they romp and play, one knock followed by Rose
walking in with a thick file folder.

ROSE
Sheriff ... Oh excuse me.
(starts to walk out)

SARAH
(buttoning)
It's okay, Rose. I was just
leaving before your boss
attacked me.

ROSE
(hands Sarah the file)
Here's the file.

SARAH
Thanks.
(kisses Cake on cheek)
Call me later, loverboy. I'm
gonna be late.

Sarah exits.

ROSE
Have you heard the news?

CAKE
I'm ready for anything, Rosie.

ROSE
We just got a call from the
governor's office. The court
reversed all the death penalty
cases. It's on TV.
(switches on TV)

Cake's mood changes.

TV SCREEN

Newsman outside Tonopah Prison's high voltage wall holding a microphone talking to camera in the midst of a joyous crowd. As he talks INTERCUT ANGLES on the crowd with shots of Cake looking more serious as the report continues.

NEWSMAN
The people that have been
praying here for the past week
are now in a frenzy of
celebration. No one seems to
be leaving. In fact more
people are arriving! We'll
have an update at six on
Eyewitness News. To repeat:
one hundred and forty nine
convicted murderers have been
given a new lease on life!

Rose exits. DOLLY IN CLOSE on a sullen Cake.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Hitch pulls up in the Impala and parks in front of the entrance. Sign says CLARK COUNTY JAIL. Hitch exits Impala and enters building.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Hands turn on a tape recorder on a table. DOLLY back to reveal Hitch, Kashbar, and defense lawyer Norman Fisher.

HITCH

Let's get this straight.
You're waiving your right to
remain silent.

KASHBAR

Yes!

HITCH

And you're doing this under the
advice of your court-appointed
counsel who is present.
Correct?

KASHBAR

Yes!

HITCH

Okay, shoot. It's your show.

KASHBAR

My friend, Uri Kashbar is
innocent! I am not the one who
did these things with the
artillery. There is a vile
conspiracy against me. I will
produce witnesses to establish
my alibi!

HITCH

I'm sure you will, Mr. Kashbar,
and I'm sure Mr. Fisher will
call them in court and they
will say such and such and so
and so. On the other hand your
fingerprints will say that you
were inside Dagmar's War Museum
in the middle of the night.

FISHER

Mr. Hitch, I think what Uri is trying to say is that he doesn't want to sit in jail for months waiting to go to court, and then go through a long trial.

KASHBAR

Uri Kashbar is innocent!

FISHER

You know, this is not my bag, making my client available to the police like this. But I really believe him when he says he didn't do it - I mean I really believe him. He'll cooperate in any way you want. Answer any questions. He'll take a lie detector test!

HITCH

If your client's so innocent why did I have to chase him half a mile to catch him?

FISHER

He didn't know you were there to arrest him for killing people with an artillery gun! He thought you were there to bust the porno movie.

KASHBAR

I was tricked!

HITCH

Tell it to the jury, Mr. Kashbar. The way things have been going lately, they'll probably give you a walk.

KASHBAR

I TELL YOU I AM INNOCENT!

HITCH

(switches off
recorder)

Hey, I'm sorry. Your case is now in the hands of the DA's office.

Hitch exits. Kashbar and Fisher watch him go out.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah talking on the phone with Kashbar's file spread and scattered out in front of her on her desk.

SARAH
(to phone)
I'm telling you, Bob, the lifts
are not in the file. John
probably still has them.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Hitch at his desk.

HITCH
(to phone)
Okay, thanks, Sarah, I'll go
ask him.

INT. DA'S OFFICE

SARAH
(to phone)
When you're finished with them,
send them over.
(hangs up)

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Hitch sips his coffee and thinks. The room is noisy and crowded with lowlifes being fingerprinted, mug shot, strip-searched, etc. He gets up and crosses to Rose at her desk outside the door to Cake's office.

HITCH
Sheriff in, Rose?
(glances Cake's door)

ROSE
No, sir.

HITCH
Where'd he go?

ROSE
Gee, I don't rightly know.

Probably sneaked out to do some errands.

HITCH
Where'd he put the Kashbar fingerprint lifts?

ROSE
(stands)
I'm not sure where he put them.
Let's take a look.

INT. CAKE'S OFFICE

Rose leads Hitch in, unlocks and opens Cake's center desk drawer. The transparent lifts are right there on top. Each contains one or two fingerprints. Hitch takes them out and goes through all of them.

HITCH
(studying the lifts)
Rose, do you think you can track down Deputy Yancy Bates and get him in here.

ROSE
(picks up the phone)
I can't guarantee you he's working this shift.

HITCH
(thinking)
Very ... strange.

ROSE
(to phone)
Hello, Margaret? I'm trying to locate Deputy Bates ... I'll hold.
(to Hitch)
Something wrong?

HITCH
There's seven lifts here.

ROSE
So what?

HITCH
Bates's report says he only took six.

EXT. DESERT CONDO - NIGHT

Sloping lawn, blue in the moonlight, leads up to a clean, low building. Dim yellow light and mellow MUSIC drifting out of a window. Hitch's Sunbird parked in the driveway.

INT. HITCH'S LIVING ROOM

CAMERA tracking. Guns mounted on the wall. Six rifles, four shotguns, one bazooka, two Armalites, ten pistols, all kinds of holsters, pictures of fighter planes, one moose head. This is Hitch's pad. CAMERA keeps tracking. A fine stack of black Ampex stereo equipment. A bottle of good California wine on an oak and chrome 3-stool bar. CAMERA angles down to the hardwood floor and we arrive at Hitch and Judy lying on a bearskin rug in front of crackling fire in a stone fireplace. They have just made love and Hitch is staring at the beam ceiling. Judy is looking at him. After awhile she says ...

JUDY

What're you thinking about,
darling?

HITCH

Nothing.

Judy doesn't say anything. Hitch keeps staring. After awhile he says ...

HITCH

What goes on between us we keep
to ourselves, right?

JUDY

I hope so.

HITCH

(bolts upright)

That freakin' fingerprint on
the gas can doesn't fit!

JUDY

(startled)

What'd you mean!?

HITCH

Something about it! It's too

perfect! It doesn't match the rest of the case!

JUDY

Calm down ...

HITCH

Nothing else - I mean nothing else - in the case connects Kashbar with the howitzer. And that's not the way cases go down!

JUDY

Wait a minute. What about the fact that he was tormented in prison, and he made statements that he would get revenge when he got out, and ... and he knew the jail routes and schedules, and he was a soldier and he's crazy?

HITCH

That's all circumstantial bullshit. Don't you see? None of that connects him with Dagmar Winger's howitzer! But, on the other hand, we got this fingerprint which conclusively connects him with it!

JUDY

Well, I do know from Cagney and Lacey that fingerprints are -

HITCH

No, honey, you don't know. Let me tell you something. In the real world, fingerprints are rare. Of all the kinds of incriminating evidence - confessions, eyewitnesses - all of those things can be attacked in court. But not fingerprints. Nothing is as solid and surefire as a lousy fingerprint. I mean, you leave your fingerprint at the scene of the crime, and that's all she wrote. It's conviction time. Fingerprints are rare.

It's not like on television.

He takes his wine. Judy is looking at him intently, anxious to hear where he is leading.

HITCH

So I started thinking. I wonder if there was a foulup with the lifts? Now mind you the chances of something like that happening are remote. But just to cover every base, I went to see John, just to verify the chain of possession.

JUDY

Why John?

HITCH

Because John was the one who took the lifts along with Kashbar's inked prints to the crime lab to have them compared.

JUDY

Okay, what did he say?

HITCH

He wasn't there, so I got out the lifts myself, which were locked in his desk drawer. And guess what?

JUDY

What?

HITCH

One of the lifts didn't come from the gas can. John's drawer had one too many lifts in it.

JUDY

How did ... Where did John get the lifts?

HITCH

From the deputy, Yancy Bates. Okay? So I called in Bates and he told me he definitely only took six lifts, not seven, just

like in his report. Somewhere along the line John added a lift, and I have absolutely no doubt that it was Kashbar's prints, which he could have easily got out of Kashbar's file.

JUDY

So you think Kashbar is not involved in this thing?

HITCH

I'm sure he's not, and I think John Cake is trying to frame him.

She looks at him.

JUDY

Why, Bob?

HITCH

Why? Because I think John Cake is the man in the gun.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

John Cake standing in a clump of trees looking off. He brings up and peers through a pair of binoculars.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

Outside Tonopah Prison the demonstration has become a party. The crowd has grown. PAN UP AND REFOCUS on a grey building inside the walls. We can see prisoners at the building's barred third-story windows hooting and hollering trying to see the celebration.

ANGLES

Cake brings down the binoculars. His eyes are glassy. A sly smile crosses his lips. He walks back to a large van that reads CLARK COUNTY SHERIFF. He unlocks, unbolts and swings open the rear doors. Pride swells his jowls. The big gun pointing outward is looking us right in the face. Cake pulls out a ramp, enters the van, drives out the howitzer and parks it pointed at the prison.

INT. DEATH ROW

The cheering prisoners at the windows craning to see. Behind them all the celldoors are open. Nearly 150 ecstatic men. A loud horn is sounding. A uniformed GUARD #2 positioned on a catwalk has an electric megaphone.

GUARD #2

Return to your cells. Evening exercise period is over. You are ordered to return to your cells.

EXT. PRISON

ANGLES on a group playing loud MUSIC. Crowd is going mad. Drugs being used. News teams trying to get airable footage.

THE HOWITZER

Cake inside the thing throwing switches. He is going to do this using triangulation. Last check is the gun's magazine which is loaded with 12 high-explosive shells.

TRACKING

The celebrants running around screaming and flinging off their clothes. Some good-looking mamas. Ground covered with garbage and debris. It's a mess.

THE HOWITZER'S

barrel creaks toward the prison. Barrel rises to an incline then stops. Cake fires.

BAAAAMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOMM!

Shell hits short. A guy humping a girl is showered with dirt.

ANGLES

on celebrants, newsmen, prisoners reacting. What the hell happened? SCORE is the music of John C. Cake - the man in the gun.

JOHN CAKE

checks his drawing board and turns controls.

HOWITZER

Gun barrel rises a little and moves slightly to right. Then ... BAAAAMMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOOM!

Shell hits the wall ... blowing it away.

BAAAAMMMMMM!

INT. DEATH ROW

FLAAAVOOOMM! Shell crashes through the building and explodes killing the trapped inmates. (3 CAMERAS running fast; slow motion montage.)

GUARDS

run for their lives.

CAKE

looks satisfied, he's got the range.

HOWITZER

BAAAAMMMMMM!

FAAAVOOOMM!

The hit takes away a large section of the building.

INT. DEATH ROW

Prisoners bleeding, dying, screaming, running.
FLAAAVOOOOM!

Another shell hits and explodes. More inmates meet their maker.

EXT. PRISON

BAAAAMMMMMM!

FLAAAVOOOM!

Another section of the building is disintegrated.

CAKE

looking through the sight.

POV THROUGH GUNSIGHT

The building that housed death row no longer exists.
Just rubble and corpses.

REVERSE ANGLE

Cake exits and stands beside his gun. DOLLY IN on his face. He wears an insane look of accomplishment and satisfaction as the sky grows yellow red.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Hitch's Impala approaches CAMERA.

IMPALA - TRAVELLING

Hitch driving, Judy riding.

HITCH

I think it'll be just a matter of time before we find him. He's obviously not playing with a full deck. I wouldn't be surprised if he turns himself in.

JUDY

I just can't believe that the man going around inside that gun was John Cake.

HITCH

The mind is a funny thing. All these years John's mind seemed to be working all right.

JUDY

But it wasn't.

HITCH

I guess something inside his brain stayed unfastened as a result of that explosion in the tunnel in Vietnam. His pills didn't work.

JUDY

Sarah's taking this pretty hard.

HITCH

I think she wanted to get married.

JUDY

Sarah's got a good profession
and she's an attractive girl.
She won't have any problem
finding somebody else.

HITCH

That description fits a lady I
know.

JUDY

You bet! So just watch your
step!

She slips her arm around him and kisses him on the
cheek.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE

Impala pulls over and parks in front.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

The CRIMINAL DEFENSE FORCE.

INT. LAW OFFICE

Norman Fisher standing at his desk talking excitedly
on the phone.

FISHER

(to phone)

He killed nearly a hundred
people on death row! The
families can bring wrongful
death actions against the
state!

(to Kashbar)

Have a seat, Uri. I'll be with
you in a minute.

REVERSE ANGLE

Uri Kashbar with a GUY that looks like a pinched
chicken seated in front of Fisher's desk.

FISHER

(to the phone)

It'll be a class action, dummy!
One lawsuit, a hundred
plaintiffs! It'll work, it'll

work! There's precedent ...
Let me give it to you ...
(reads from lawbook)
State versus Montenegro, 34 Cal
App -

KASHBAR
Hurry! I have important
business! Give me what I must
sign.

FISHER
(to the phone)
Hold the line, Scott.

Fisher hands Kashbar court papers.

FISHER
Just sign the original, Uri.
I'll file it later today.

KASHBAR
(studying the papers)
What is this?

FISHER
It's a lawsuit against Clark
County alleging false arrest
and false imprisonment seeking
ten million dollars in
compensatory and punitive
damages.
(to phone)
Yeah, Scott ...

KASHBAR
(signing)
Good. When do I come back and
pick up my money?

FISHER
(covers the phone)
Check back with me in three
weeks.

Kashbar and his friend exit office.

FISHER
(to phone)
Scott?... Yeah, State versus
Montenegro ...

EXT. LAW OFFICE

Kashbar and friend walking along the sidewalk of this poor section of town.

KASHBAR
My parole is only temporary.
In one month I will receive a
full pardon.

GUY
How you know that, man?

KASHBAR
(chuckles)
Ah, that is a secret, my
friend. Let us say I have
contacts in very high places.
My next assignment will be to
hijack a jetliner.

GUY
You need an assistant?

KASHBAR
I usually work alone. But it
is a possibility.

Kashbar opens the driver's door to his Saab.

KASHBAR
(continuing)
Do you know anything about
explosives?

GUY
Oh, yeah, man, I'm fabulous
with dynamite!
(peering in the car)
Who's this dude?

REVERSE ANGLE

John Cake, unshaven, pointing his 357 magnum, rises from a crouched position in the back seat.

CAKE
Mr. Kashbar, you are under
arrest.

KASHBAR
What for?

CAKE
Retrial for the attempted
assassination of Governor Edwin
White.

EXT. WAR MUSEUM - DAY

INT. WAR MUSEUM

Dagmar simonizing the howitzer now back in its proper place on the museum floor. Dagmar talks to it as she shines its armor.

DAGMAR
Don't you worry, girl, nobody's
gonna ride you out of here
again as long as I got your
sparkplugs locked in our hope
chest. Daddy and I sure did
miss you, didn't we, Daddy?

Somebody's knocking on the service door.

DAGMAR
I hope that's not another
tourist that can't read.

She puts down her rag, crosses, opens the door and starts to say, "We're closed," when Cake enters with Kashbar, pistol to his head.

DAGMAR
AGGGGHHHHH ...

CAKE
Don't be afraid, Mrs. Winger!
Please stop screaming.

DAGMAR
YOU! YOU'RE THE BUGGER THAT
TOOK MY GUN!

CAKE
And I want to apologize but it
was something that had to be
done.

DAGMAR

I accept your apology! Now GO!
The two of you!

CAKE

I will. But first I have to
use your facilities. It won't
take more than 15 minutes.

DAGMAR

YOU ALREADY USED MY FACILITIES!

KASHBAR

Where are my lawyers?

CAKE

I'll tell you once again, Mr.
Kashbar, shut up!

DAGMAR

I don't believe this. I feel
like I'm gonna faint.

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Judy serves coffee to Sarah seated at her kitchen
table with Sarah's daughter, 12. Hitch is looking
out the window.

SARAH

He knew the desert. He was
born here. He lived here all
his life. He would tell me
everything. That's why it's so
hard for me. I always felt he
was open with me.

(to Hitch)

You complained more about
criminals than he did, Bob.

HITCH

I let it out. He kept it
penned up inside him. I guess
the rage kept building and
building and then when Lewis

walked, John snapped.

JUDY

I got the impression that John believed in old-fashioned values.

SARAH

He sure did.

Phone rings. Hitch picks it up.

HITCH

Hello?... Hello, Harry, what's up? ... What?... Are you serious? ... What did he say?... Okay, is an all points out?... Thanks. No, I don't think they'll get far, either.
(hangs up)
John's got Kashbar.

SARAH

Oh, God! Did he kill him?

HITCH

No, he "arrested" him. He took him away in his own car.

JUDY

Do they know where he took him?

HITCH

John said he was going to retry him for shooting the governor.

Hitch looks at Judy then Sarah.

HITCH

(to Sarah)

What're you thinking?

SARAH

I may know where he went.

INT. WAR MUSEUM - DAY

CLOSE on a metal plaque that says:

THE COURT MARTIAL
OF BILLY MITCHELL
Called "the most august
tribunal since the Magna
Carta," the court martial of
Brigadier General William
Mitchell began October 28,
1925, in the Old Census
Building at First and B Streets
in Washington, D.C. The
accused ...

then CHANGE FOCUS to reveal Cake seated the curved
table flanked by wax dummies of Major Generals
Douglas MacArthur and Charles P. Summerall.

CAKE

The court is aware of the
contents of the police
reports. Do you have anything
to say in your defense?

Kashbar at the defense table tied to his chair
flanked by a beribboned Billy Mitchell on his left
and Mitchell's defense counsel, Colonel Herbert A.
White, on his right. Dagmar Winger tied to a chair
in the jury box. The effect of this whole scene is
eerie.

KASHBAR

This is double jeopardy!

CAKE

That's another technicality,
Mr. Kashbar. This tribunal
doesn't recognize
technicalities. We're
interested in getting at the
meat of the matter.

KASHBAR

Uri Kashbar has been released!
I am out on parole!

CAKE

Have you got anything else to
say before this tribunal passes
sentence?

KASHBAR

May you gag on goat dung, you
filthy fucking son of a bitch!

CAKE

(unperturbed)

The sentence you received five
years ago is overturned. This
tribunal sentences you to
death.

Cake stands, picks up a high-explosive shell, crosses
to the howitzer and climbs inside.

DAGMAR

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?

CAKE

Carry out the execution!

DAGMAR

YOU'RE INSANE, MISTER, YOU'RE
GONNA BLOW THIS PLACE APART!

Barrel starts cranking around toward Kashbar.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Hitch's Impala approaches CAMERA.

IMPALA - TRAVELLING

Hitch driving, Judy and Sarah riding, radio playing.

SARAH

I do appreciate this, Bob.

HITCH

If he's there, I want to take
him into custody myself.

JUDY

(sees something)

What's that?

POV

Kashbar's Saab parked outside the war museum ahead.

REVERSE ANGLE

HITCH

That's Kashbar's car!

JUDY

Sarah, you were right!

SARAH

Oh, God, I'm not surprised ...

EXT. WAR MUSEUM

Impala slows. Hitch turns off the radio as Judge
Drew is saying, "The new fad of vigilantism is an
evil that must be eradicated from the American
landscape." Impala slides to a stop. Hitch hops
out, draws his 38, sneaks up to the front door and
enters the museum.

INT. WAR MUSEUM

Hitch looks.

REVERSE ANGLE

The howitzer barrel pointed straight at Kashbar's head. In fact, it's almost touching his head. Cake talking over the squawk box.

CAKE

Do you have any last words, Mr. Kashbar?

KASHBAR

I AM INNOCENT!

HITCH

HOLD IT, JOHN!

CAKE

(startled)

Who's that?

Cake cranks the barrel around and points it at Hitch.

CAKE

(calmly)

Oh, I'll be right with you, Bob. First I have to destroy this scumbag.

INTERCUT

between Cake inside the gun and Hitch talking to it.

HITCH

No, John. You have no right or authority to kill him. He's no good to society but you can't

take it upon yourself to kill him.

CAKE

Somebody has to, Bob. If I don't, who will? The law can't deal with this rottenness anymore. It's a deadly pollutant. The quality of life is rapidly deteriorating in this country. Decent Americans can't leave their homes. It's gonna be a long nightmare for our children.

Judy and Sarah cautiously enter.

CAKE

Hello, Sarah. I'm sorry about all this but I had to do it.

SARAH

I understand, sweetie.

CAKE

I used a big gun to get people's attention. Judy knows what I mean. She's in the business. Right, Judy?

Judy forces out a smile and nods her head.

CAKE

But you were right, Sarah, about it being wrong to destroy these scumbags without any kind of due process of law.

Cake cranks the barrel around so it is again touching Kashbar's noggin.

CAKE

(continuing)

That's why I gave this one a fair hearing.

SARAH

Please don't shoot him, John!

Sarah begins to cry.

HOWITZER

Cake with his hand on the trigger. He's trembling.

ANGLES

Hitch, Judy, Sarah, Dagmar and Kashbar watching the howitzer hoping Cake doesn't fire. Beads of sweat are forming on Cake's forehead. After a long moment, he rises out of the top of the machine and hollers:

CAKE
 THEN FOR CHRIST'S SAKE WILL
 SOMEBODY TELL ME WHAT CAN BE
 DONE?

Silence. Hitch shakes his head.

HITCH
 Nothing, John. Nothing can be
 done.

Cake just looks at all of them. He looks like he's going to cry himself. Then he does. Profusely. Hitch holsters his 38, walks up to Cake and helps him out of the howitzer. Judy unties Dagmar, then Kashbar, who quickly hightails it out the door.

HITCH
 (to Cake)
 You alright?

CAKE
 I just want ... to sleep.

HITCH
 Come on, Big Guy.
 (to Dagmar)
 Sorry to keep disturbing you,
 Mrs. Winger. It won't happen
 again.

DAGMAR
 SURE it won't.

Cake and Hitch start toward the door. Final MUSIC cue comes in. Hitch almost has to hold Cake up. Sarah gets under his other arm and helps. He smiles at her. She reassuringly smiles back. Judy puts her arm around Hitch and they exchange smiles. Dagmar watches the four of them exit her museum.

EXT. WAR MUSEUM

The four come out in the brilliant sunlight. Kashbar is already pulling away. Our four principals cross to the Impala. CAMERA starts craning up. Dagmar comes out and watches them get in the car and drive away as the following text crawls up from the bottom of the screen:

JOHN C. CAKE WAS TRIED IN CLARK
COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT ON 98
COUNTS OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER.
THE JURY FOUND HIM NOT GUILTY
BY REASON OF INSANITY ON ALL
COUNTS.

Shot widens to eventually take on a huge panorama of the Nevada Desert. When the Impala is a dot, we ...

FADE OUT