

FIRST DRAFT

September 24, 1978

MAN UNDERCOVER

"01938-122"

#182506

Written by

Walter Dallenbach

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MAN UNDERCOVER

"#01938-122"

CAST

T.J. EPPS

GUARD

SGT. ABRAMS

BELINDA

PAUL SANCHEZ

COMMANCHERO

DAN SHAY

DETECTIVE

JEFF MARR

SAL

PETER

ERNIE

RICHIE

CLEARY

CINDY SHAY

LISA FARR

JOANNE SHAY

FRAN

ROBERTO

PRIEST

GEORGE PELL

GUARD

CON

LUIS RAMIREZ

KEVIN

WILEY

CON #2

LOBO

KICKER

WARDEN

MAN UNDERCOVER

"#01938-122"

SETS

INTERIOR:

BAT CAVE

BARBER SHOP

SHAY'S APARTMENT
BEDROOM

PRISON

RECEIVING AND DELIVERY ROOM
PHOTO BOOTH
CELLBLOCK "D"
SHAY'S CELL
CAFETERIA
WARDEN'S OFFICE
ISOLATION CELL
AUTO PAINT SHOP
VISITORS' ROOM
PRISON LIBRARY
LOBO'S CELL

ABRAMS' OFFICE

HOUSE

EXTERIOR:

DESERTED BACK ROAD

ROUGH TERRAIN

WOODED CLEARING

WOODS

REAR OF TRUCK

BUSH CHASE

TRUCK AREA

APARTMENT HOUSE POOL

POOLSIDE

CONSTRUCTION SITE -
FIFTH FLOOR

GRAVEYARD

STREET

PRISON

DISEMBARKING AREA
YARD
GATES

SMALL HOUSE - BARRIO

MAN UNDERCOVER

#01938-122"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DESERTED BACKROAD - NIGHT 1

Headlights roar PAST CAMERA. A large truck. Followed by another set of headlights. A Ford LTD.

2 ANGLE TO BUSHES - NIGHT 2

T.J. EPPS, a black undercover officer in nondescript civilian clothes, is watching. Immediately, he's on his remote.

EPPS

Here they come. Truck and car.

3 EXT. ROUGH TERRAIN - NIGHT 3

SGT. ABRAMS in the bushes. PAUL SANCHEZ and other men of Abrams' crack unit are crouched alongside.

ABRAMS

(into remote unit)

Okay. Close up behind them.

(taut)

Any trouble... we go in fast.

4 VARIOUS ANGLES OF WAITING OFFICERS 4

strategically positioned, looking towards a distant...

5 EXT. WOODED CLEARING - CLOSE ON DAN SHAY - NIGHT 5

illuminated by firelight... sitting with three other young men, JEFF MARR, PETER and ERNIE.

JEFF

You know why he was called 'bear,'
don't you?

Nobody does.

JEFF

(continuing)

'Cause he had a mean paw!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PETER
(shaking head)
Whew! That's the pits, man.
(offers joint)
You need some smoke.

DAN
(pointing)
There's lights.

They all look... rise... wait around their campfire...
the truck comes up close, blazing with headlights.

6 ANGLE TO SHAY

6

Tense, but controlled.

JEFF (O.S.)
(yelling)
Turn those lights off!!
(louder)
Turn them off!!!

7 ANGLE TO TRUCK - HEADLIGHTS INTO CAMERA

7

Jeff suddenly looms in front... smashes the headlights
with a rock.

JEFF
I said off!!

The lights go off in a hurry... and a large man, the
driver RICHIE, is out of the truck in a moment, furious.

RICHIE
Get away from there, you stupid
punk!!
(approaching)
You wanta hear somethin' break -- ?

Jeff is backing away... toward his cohorts... Richie
advancing. We SEE CLEARY swing down from the passenger
side of the truck. He is about twenty-five with
authority.

CLEARY
Just stay with the truck, Richie!

RICHIE
You see what he did?!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CLEARY
(comes alongside)
I saw, I saw...
(points to truck)
Just do what I told you to.

Reluctantly, Richie moves back to the truck.

CLEARY
(continuing)
That was dumb, Jeff...

JEFF
What can I tell you? I get
nervous when someone shines...

Whack! Cleary hits Jeff hard; Jeff goes down.

CLEARY
Dumb as grass.

Shay starts in to help... steps back when Cleary's
hand goes to his shoulder holster. Ernie and Peter
don't move.

CLEARY
(continuing; re:
Dan)
Who's he?

JEFF
(slowly rising)
Old friend of mine. Moves three
or four cases a week over at
Swanson High.

Cleary studies Shay closely... finally nods... heads
for the truck loading gate.

CLEARY
Okay... let's get it off.

8 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

8

Abrams and the other men move furtively through the
bushes.

9 EXT. REAR OF TRUCK - NIGHT

9

Richie is on the flatbed... handing cases down to Shay,
Peter and Ernie. Jeff is conferring with Cleary.

(CONTINUED)

CLEARY

Forty-five cases of vodka...
twenty-five of gin... forty of
tequilla... it's all name brands...

JEFF

(admiring)

Terrific. Where'd you get it?

CLEARY

(phlegmatically)

My rich uncle died.
(holds out hand)
You owe me another bill.

JEFF

The deal was four-fifty...

CLEARY

Not for premium. Don't play
Phi Beta, kid. Your school
junkies need booze to wash
down their pills. They pay
what you say --

JEFF

I've stretched them about as
far --

CLEARY

-- and you pay what I say. Give.

Jeff looks toward Shay.

JEFF

Dan... you got any bread?

DAN

(moving forward)

No... but I could maybe get some...

CLEARY

(building)

I don't take checks, and another
thing I don't understand. All
along you been just three guys.
Tonight you got a partner that
I've never seen before.

RICHIE

(suddenly, explosively)

There's somebody out there!

Everybody whirls at the warning. Staring into the
darkness. Suddenly... bright flashlights blaze at
them.

10 ANGLE ON ABRAMS

10

ABRAMS
(forced to act
before he wants
to)

Police! Nobody move!

He is trying to close the distance.

11 ANGLE ON CLEARY, JEFF AND SHAY

11

Cleary, at close quarters, point blank range, pulls his gun... aiming it at Shay.

CLEARY
(fury in his
voice)

The new partner's a cop!

Shay throws himself to the ground, expecting to be killed. He would be, except Jeff throws a body block into Cleary. Cleary maintains possession of his gun, FIRES and runs.

Cops are busting out of the bushes. Peter and Ernie are quickly caught. Richie makes it almost to the bushes before Epps and Sanchez grab, flatten him out and Epps is sitting on him, cuffing him as Sanchez covers with a .2 inch .38.

12 EXT. BUSH CHASE - NIGHT

12

GLIMPSES of Cleary running... Shay running... Jeff running on a parallel course.

13 EXT. TRUCK AREA - NIGHT

13

Peter and Ernie are also quelled and cuffed. Abrams is searching the darkness.

ABRAMS
(upset; showing it)
No shooting! No shooting!

He reacts to a GUNSHOT deep in the wooded area and MOVES INTO CAMERA.

14 ANGLE IN BUSHES - CLEARY

14

FIRES, then turns, somehow aware that the two officers are moving in on him, waiting for any sound to give him a target.

Jeff has gotten behind Cleary. He rushes him, grabbing the gun hard and forcing it down. Cleary fights back and they roll and thrash through the shadowy bushes. Jeff is momentarily stunned when his head cracks against a tree.

It's enough for Cleary to gain the advantage. Gun aimed at Shay, very close quarters. Then suddenly, a limb/club bangs Cleary into tomorrowland. The club is wielded by Dan. He quickly moves and checks the unconscious Cleary -- taking the gun.

DAN
(moves to Jeff)
You all right?

JEFF
(slightly dazed)
You've got a nice backswing...

DAN
I can't seem to get rid of my
hook...

Jeff has been helped to his feet now, his arm over Dan's shoulder.

JEFF
Thanks, buddy. That makes one I
owe you.

DAN
(grinning)
What do you mean? I just evened
things up for what happened back
at the truck.

Abrams arrives now with another officer who moves to cuff the unconscious Cleary.

ABRAMS
You two all right?

JEFF
Fine, Sergeant.

ABRAMS
(looks at Cleary;
smiles slightly)
What'd you hit him with, Dan?

DAN
(nodding)
Just one tree limb.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DAN (CONT'D)
 (catching breath;
 still supporting
 Jeff)

They're that big. I wish there
 was some way I could have used
 the whole tree.

16 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE POOL - INTO POOL - DAY

16

Four year old CINDY SHAY, shrieking with delight, goes
 flying into the air and lands with a huge splash next
 to Shay. Five year old LISA MERR tugs at Shay's trunks.

LISA
 Me next! Me next!

17 ANOTHER ANGLE - POOLSIDE

17

Jeff tends the barbecue. JOANNE SHAY and Jeff's wife,
 FRAN are arranging plates. In the b.g., we SEE Lisa
 go shrieking and flying through the air as Shay
 tosses her high.

FRAN
 How're the burgers coming, honey?

JEFF
 (flipping some)
 Well... if you've eaten at the
 tables of the great French chefs
 ... you're in for a real
 disappointment.
 (yelling to pool)
 Let's go, toads and tadpoles!!

JOANNE
 (re baby)
 Not so loud; you'll wake your
 son.

DAN
 (swimming toward
 them)
 Not if he's anything like his
 father.
 (pulling himself up)
 He's amazing. When we were at
 the Academy... one day we had
 this instructor who was strictly
 snore time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DAN (CONT'D)

And old Jeff is sitting there...
eyes wide open... fast asleep.

FRAN

(giggles)

First time I saw him do that --
scared me half to death.

Playfully splashing water on everyone, Shay and the two
kids converge on the barbecue.

JOANNE

(indulgently)

Don't, Dan... don't; stop fooling
around.

JEFF

Pay her no mind, partner... they
all say that... fooling around
is what they --

FRAN

(interjecting)

Is that so?!

And she's pushing him backwards... right into the
pool. He rises... sputtering... waving the spatula
triumphantly.

JEFF

Onions or algae?

Everybody jumps into the pool.

DAN

New game! Drown Jeff!!

A playful free-for-all; adults helping kids beat up
on daddy.

18 EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

18

Shay and Jeff lounge side-by-side in chaises. The
underwater pool lights cast strange shadows on the
apartment house walls.

DAN

I just get a little tired of it.
We walk around all day pretending
we're kids... or somebody we're
not. Not policemen anyway...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAN (CONT'D)

... until it finally gets down
and then we're grownups with real
guns.

JEFF

(nodding agreement)

You know when it's toughest for
me? Coming home... switching
into the daddy role.

(runs fingers in
his long hair)

Here I am, looking like a freak,
the kids climb up in my lap and
I'm still 'street' talking --

DAN

(playfully)

I can dig it, man. Gross. The
pits.

JEFF

Right on... right off... take
your first left and easy on the
force.

DAN

How long you figure to stay with
Abrams?

JEFF

Two months. Least that's what I
told Fran after my first
assignment. Just enough to make
my jacket look good.

DAN

That's almost a year ago.

JEFF

(shrugs)

So I lied.

(more serious)

You know yourself.

DAN

(nodding)

You get involved.

A moment of silence... both studying the pool and
shadows. Shay sits up intently.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

DAN

(continuing)

Sometimes I think we're doing some good... sometimes I think we're just climbing trees.

JEFF

Damn... talk about climbing; that re-hab center hoax I'm working on?

Dan nods.

JEFF

(continuing)

Well, I'm sure earning my stripes. The government grant for these centers requires all us ex-cons to learn a trade.

(fake enthusiasm)

I'm learning how to handle sheet rock five stories up.

DAN

Like Abrams says: Undercover work builds men.

(serious)

How's it going on that gig?

JEFF

Like the booze bust... slow and scary.

DAN

You nail down any connections to Lobo?

JEFF

(shakes head)

Nothing to get me off the sheet rock. But he's the man.

DAN

Hard to believe he can handle it from inside the joint.

JEFF

Believe it... believe it...

DAN

When does Lobo hit the bricks?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

JEFF (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'll tell you this, Lobo is serious.
And he's building a real organization
from prison.

DAN

(thoughtfully)

Kind of like a farm system.

Shay nods. Then turn at Joanne's O.S. voice.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Hey, come on you two; it can't
be that bad.

19 ANOTHER ANGLE

19

Descending the staircase to the pool are Joanne and
Fran... carrying a tray of cups and a candlelit cake.

JOANNE

Happy anniversary to you...
Happy anniversary to you...

Dan joins in:

DAN AND JOANNE

Happy anniversary Fran and Jeff...

20 FULL SHOT - THE SCENE

20

as Jeff puts an arm around his wife, all smiling now.

JEFF

(joining in fun)

May my bed be warm with you...

Joanne and Dan affectionate also, everyone laughing and
kissing. AD LIB. Suddenly, Jeff pulls Fran down into
the lounge with him... pulls her close.

JEFF

(continuing;
happily)

Hey, I love you... you know that.

FRAN

I do... I do...

21 ANGLE TO SHAY AND JOANNE

21

watching... glowing... snuggling into each other.

22 INT. BAT CAVE - DAY

22

Shay and Jeff around the table... T.J. and Sanchez, along with other members of the Special Unit. All are young looking. Except Abrams, standing at the apex, bringing the angry word down from On High.

ABRAMS

(continuing speech)

-- I mean, the Captain has a point, no other unit turns in vouchers for 'beer, wine, motel rooms.' Then it's 'motel rooms, wine and beer...' He says if --

(he stops; points
to Sanchez)

What's the matter with you,
Sanchez?

Sanchez mumbles something over his wrist.

ABRAMS

Speak up, theoretically it's a
free country.

SANCHEZ

(louder; embarrassed)

Bathroom!

There are sympathetic laughs as Sanchez gets up and exits the room.

ABRAMS

(grinning)

I think he's trying to tell me
something.

(to business)

Okay, Dan... so two weeks on the
arcades without a breakthrough?
Patience... spotting the dealer
takes time.

DAN

(grinning)

I'm just real tired of the 'Z'
course and 'ping-pong'...

ABRAMS

You're breaking my heart.

(to Jeff)

You still in the construction
business, Jeff?

JEFF

Yep, but I got another invite
to the rehab center after work...

(CONTINUED)

SANCHEZ

(louder; embarrassed)

Bathroom!

There are sympathetic laughs as Sanchez gets up and exits the room.

ABRAMS

(grinning)

I think he's trying to tell me something.

(to business)

Okay, Dan... so two weeks on the arcades without a breakthrough? Patience... spotting the dealer takes time.

DAN

(grinning)

I'm just real tired of pinball and 'ping-pong'...

ABRAMS

You're breaking my heart.

(to Jeff)

You still in the construction business, Jeff?

JEFF

Yep, but I got another invite to a rap session at the rehab center after work...

ABRAMS

(seriously)

That's great; just be careful, Jeff! And that's the rule generally in undercover work. You relax when the bad guy is off the street, not when he starts being nice to you.

23 ANGLE TO JEFF

23

JEFF

(grinning)

I read you, Sergeant; but believe me, everything's fine as wine.

24 ANGLE TO SHAY

24

Equally big smile. Holding "thumbs up", but as they start to break up, Dan looks after his friend with certain concern.

25 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

25

Jeff on a T-Bar with a FELLOW WORKER; analyzing plans.

ROBERTO

Why do they change their minds
on the plans all the time?

JEFF

'Cause they got the money, I guess?
Someone gives the orders --

(jumping)

Watch it, Roberto!!!

A wrench crashes close. Roberto is saved from at
least serious injury by the warning.

26 CLOSE TO ROBERTO AND JEFF

26

Roberto's eyes are angry as he looks up.

ROBERTO

Hey, what's the matter with you
people up there?

(turning to Jeff)

Hey, man, you saved my --

JEFF

(casual)

No charge for the service. Same
thing happened to me when I first
started working construction.
They got some big shots making
'inspections' in hard hats. One
of them don't notice he sends a
bucket of cement right down on
my toe. I look up... some guy
says, 'Look out below.'

Roberto enjoys the laugh with Jeff.

ROBERTO

And it hit you?

JEFF

(laughing)

Missed by a nail. You feel lucky
... you live lucky...

Both men are still chuckling. Jeff, turning back to
the job. Roberto is next to Jeff, his face changes
slightly. Still a half smile as he draws a GUN and
SHOOTS Jeff at close range.

27 CLOSE ON ROBERTO

27

watching Jeff fall into space off the girder. Maybe some passing regret, but no doubt that he did his job.

ROBERTO

(to himself)

Not when you are chasing El Lobo.

28 EXT. GRAVEYARD - BRIGHT SUNSHINE - DAY

28

Mourners clustered around the grave. Shay and Joanne flank the widow... Fran Marr; the young daughter clinging to the bereaved mother, a relative holding the infant son.

CAMERA PANS various faces... including Abrams... as the PRIEST drones on almost inaudibly.

PRIEST

(we get only bits and pieces)

... a man who placed his faith in God... Jeffrey was a devoted husband and father... to the eternal reward we seek... ashes to ashes... dust to dust...

29 CLOSE ON SHAY AND FRAN - JOANNE IN NEAR B.G.

29

She buries her head in his shoulder. Shay's face tightens in grief and anger.

30 INT. BAT CAVE - DAY

30

Abrams sits alone at the table... trying to occupy himself with paperwork. He stops... rubs his eyes... looks into space. Obviously, a very distraught man.

The cellar door opens and closes with angry violence. Dan Shay stands at the top of the stairs... looking down at Abrams.

ABRAMS

Close it softer on your way out, please, Dan.

DAN

I want a different assignment.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

(shaking his head)

Excuse me, Sergeant. You said it, we're all strung out, because Jeff got killed, and you were the one had to send him in -- but you knew then and you know now that undercover is the only way the department is going to nail Lobo.

(leans over desk)

And the longer we wait... the bigger he gets... the tougher it's going to be to bust him.

Abrams looks at Shay... admitting the truth... then shakes his head.

ABRAMS

There's no way we could get you into that rehabilitation center; those people are going to be all eyeballs looking for cops.

DAN

Couldn't agree more. That's why I've got to go to prison. Right to the source.

Abrams stares... incredulous... then moves around room. Looks back at Shay.

ABRAMS

You're enchilladas.

DAN

Maybe... but let me give you my saliva test. We keep playing treasure hunt games with Lobo's stooges... not just here... but in Denver... Chicago... New York ... all kinds of undercover guys on different police departments, but all risking their lives...

(a reflective beat)

... and for what? Some crazy hope that the orders coming down can be laid back at the doorstep of the man in the slammer. If we really want Lobo... we got to go where he lives!

Abrams gives Shay another long look... then sets his jaw.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

ABRAMS

You know George Pell?

DAN

George? Oh... sure... you mean
the barber who...

ABRAMS

(grabbing coat)

The barber who spent seven years
at Travis Island learning his
craft.

DAN

George?

ABRAMS

Oh? Didn't he tell you when he
shaved you? George killed his
best friend in an argument one
time.

(heading for stairs)

Come on.

31 INT. BARBER SHOP - CLOSE ON RAZOR - DAY

31

GEORGE PELL, fat, friendly, and fifty, cutting Abrams'
hair. Sitting in the empty barber's chair alongside
is Shay.

GEORGE

Guy says to me... I'm gonna cut
you four ways -- high, wide, deep
and frequent!

ABRAMS

Don't get into your story too
much, George...

DAN

What happened?

GEORGE

What else? I backed off... gave
him my cigarettes...

(embarrassed voice)

... Whatever he wanted...

DAN

There must be ways to avoid the
hard-rocks, aren't there? I mean,
you got a cell... and there's
guards.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

GEORGE

... and there's only four walls.
That's far as you can run. And
if they ever find you're a cop...

(raises razor to Abrams'
sideburns)

... you won't have time for prayers...

Abrams rises up... nervously concluding his shave.

ABRAMS

Okay, George... we've got the
picture.

DAN

(pressing on)

If you were going back in there...

GEORGE

I ain't.

DAN

(forcing issue)

Say you were... how would you
handle it?

George cleans off Abrams... smothers him with a hot
towel... thinks... looks at Shay.

GEORGE

Your only chance... and I mean
your only chance... is to be
crazy... to be tough... you're
pretty, boy... you better be
tough.

(shakes head)

To be crazy, though... can't
predict you... only way you're
gonna make it.

32 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

32

Abrams and Shay walking.

DAN

... I'll need a sheet... something
dangerous... like assault or murder
... something they'll respect me
for. Like I killed a guy over my
girl.

ABRAMS

You didn't get what George was
saying did you?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

I got a lot from him! While you were cleaning up, he gave me all kinds of tips!

Abrams stops abruptly... grabs Shay by shoulders.

ABRAMS

He was saying that Travis Island is a hard-core, maximum-security hellhole. Forget it, Dan... I wouldn't send a cancer mouse in there.

DAN

(looks at Abrams)

Would you go in yourself?

ABRAMS

That's not a fair question.

DAN

I don't have to be fair, Sergeant, just honest. He killed one of your men. Wouldn't you personally do anything you could to get him?

ABRAMS

Sure, but --

DAN

-- But you're a known identifiable police officer. It was your job to send Jeff to the rehab center, now it's your job to send me in. I can get Lobo for you, and I will get him.

studies Shay's eyes. He reads truth and commitment. Reluctantly, Abrams nods.

ABRAMS

All right, I'll start clearing it with the people on the Top Floor, and the prison people. But I want your promise that --

DAN

(interjecting)

I already made that promise...

(as Abrams reacts)

... to my wife.

DAN
(looks at Abrams)
Would you go in yourself?

ABRAMS
That's not a fair question.

DAN
I don't have to be fair, Sergeant,
just honest. He killed one of
your men. Wouldn't you personally
do anything you could to get him?

ABRAMS
Sure, but --

DAN
-- But you're a known identifiable
police officer. It was your job
to send Jeff to the rehab center,
now it's your job to send me in.
I can get Lobo for you, and I will
get him.

33 ANGLE TO ABRAMS

33

studies Shay's eyes. He reads truth and commitment.
Reluctantly, Abrams nods.

ABRAMS
All right, I'll start clearing it
with the people on the Top Floor,
and the prison people.

DAN
I'll also need a back store
behind the cover. Something Lobo
can dig up himself, something
that will make me valuable to him.

ABRAMS
(stopping)
Lou Jenkins.

Dan looks.

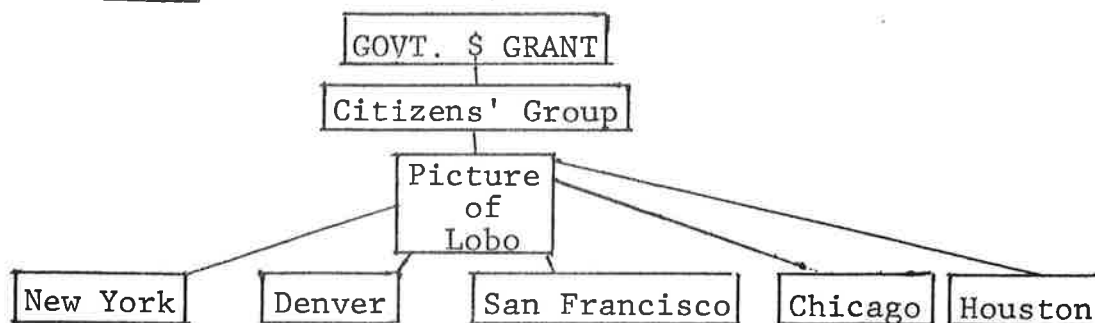
ABRAMS
(continuing)
I.R.S. Man; he's been on Lobo's
tail for over a year.

33A INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

33A

Computer hardware in b.g.; Shay and Abrams listening to LOU JENKINS explain the set-up -- using a chart in foreground.

The chart looks something like this.



JENKINS

Now, in theory, the Citizen Group has administrative control... but, in reality, it all funnels right through Lobo. He... and he alone... determines which cons are chosen for the rehabilitation centers.

DAN

And he only picks those who promise to love, honor and obey.

ABRAMS

(nodding)

By the time he gets out, he'll have three to four hundred on rehab payrolls... and fresh troops coming in every week. How you doing on his books, Lou?

JENKINS

They're so sloppy they look innocent.
(determined)

But I'll get him; just a matter of time. Unfortunately, my boss doesn't consider it a top-priority matter.

DAN

Even if you nail him, it's not going to hurt Lobo that much, is it? He's never claimed he wasn't a crook.

JENKINS

Afraid you're right.

DAN

You said he had a weak link. Where?

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

33A

JENKINS

(to charts)

Organization. He lacks people
with the sophistication to control
his army.

ABRAMS

The few cons we've cracked say that
no decision's made without Lobo's
okay.

JENKINS

And he's getting too big for a
one-man show. He's going to need
some brain-power -- or a computer.

(to Shay)

You know anything about computers?

DAN

(wry smile)

I've gotten some nasty letters from
them.

JENKINS

(smiles)

Step into my parlor.

He leads Shay toward the computer bank.

33B MONTAGE

33B

QUICK CUTS of computers whirling; readouts; program-
ming. Shay struggling to master techniques; Jenkins
gently prodding and instructing.

34 INT. SHAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

34

Shay lies in the bed, eyes open, staring at the ceil-
ing. Joanne comes from Cindy's room, wearing a robe,
and silently moves through the bedroom, exiting into
the living room. Shay hesitates for a long moment
and then rises, and follows her into the living room.

35 INT. SHAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

35

A single light on. Joanne has moved to the draperies,
is looking out at an empty street.

DAN

It's almost four

(CONTINUED)

JOANNE

(slight smile)

Cindy can't tell time yet, Dan.

DAN

(moving closer)

Joanne, if you hold it in --

JOANNE

(interjecting quietly)

I'm not holding it in, Dan. It's
hard to explain, that's all.
There's a part of me that keeps
saying it won't happen, something
else will happen, and he won't
have to go after all.

DAN

(beat; nodding)

I know what you mean.

(beat)

Fran call earlier?

JOANNE

Yes.

DAN

She sleeping any better?

JOANNE

Maybe a little...

DAN

(beat; then)

There's the part of you that
hopes I won't have to go.

(beat)

But there's another part?

JOANNE

I said it's hard to explain.

DAN

Maybe I can explain it... maybe
that's the part of you that's
me now... the part of myself that
I take from you.

Slowly, Dan takes his wife into his arms, and kisses
her.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOTH

36

as he holds her, trying to find his own feelings, hers.

DAN

I know it's only been a few
days, but sometimes it seems
like Jeff has been dead a long
time.

JOANNE

(softly)

God, I feel the same way,
how -- ?

DAN

(interjecting;
building)

It's as if I'd put off doing this
thing... that I have to do... for
him... made excuses, postponed it...

JOANNE

... but now you have to go. I
guess that's what the other part
of me has known all along.

He nods, and there are tears in both their eyes now
as they hold each other.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

37 EXT. VIEW - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING 37

Birds... Water... Freedom. A bus jolts PAST CAMERA and pulls in front of the chain fence. Two armed GUARDS admit the bus.

We FOLLOW the bus as it rolls into the outer perimeter of the prison.

38 EXT. DISEMBARKING AREA 38

Men in leg and wrist chains shuffle off the bus. Shay is among them... looking at the walls of his new environment.

GUARD

Let's go... let's go... don't trip the man in front... he might turn out to be your cellmate.

Flanked by the armed Guards, the new prisoners shuffle toward the door leading into R&D (Receiving and Delivery).

39 INT. RECEIVING AND DELIVERY ROOM - MORNING 39

An officious CON, dressed in prison denims, dispenses clothes and collects personal belongings.

The prisoner in front of Shay is LUIS RAMIREZ.

CON

(to Luis)

I ain't got all day... what sizes?

LUIS

(Spanish)

I don't understand...

DAN

Luis doesn't speak English.

CON

Anybody ask you?

40 \ CLOSE ON SHAY 40

He looks at the Con.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

DAN
No, nobody asked me, but I thought
you ought to know.

41 FULL SHOT - THE SCENE

41

The Con hesitates. He should exert his "authority"
over the "fish," but there is something in Shay's
manner which will intensify. A black guard, KEVIN,
is moving forward.

KEVIN
Move the line, trusty, move the
line.

CON
(throws clothes
at Luis)
Here you go, fish... grow into
them.
(to Shay)
Sizes!

DAN
Shirt fifteen, thirty-three...

CON
(throwing clothes)
Shirt sixteen, thirty-five...

DAN
Pants thirty-two waist...
thirty one.

CON
Thirty-five, thirty-five...

42 ANGLE TO CORNER

42

WILEY, an old-timer, is watching the newcomers...
pointing toward Shay. Next to him is CON #2, a
clerk/typist.

WILEY
One carton. Assign him to my cell
and my work detail.

CON #2
(shakes head)
Two. Two cartons, Wiley, and
it's still a good deal.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

SHAY

You heard the man. Do it right.

Shay's voice is controlled but it is as if there is a less than sane rage that never falls very far below the surface. The worker hastily complies, his own eyes avoiding Dan's.

54 ANGLE TO TABLE - LOBO

54

Watching the action impassively, two minions seated at his table. Kicker arrives... putting Lobo's tray in front of him. Lobo ignores Kicker, watching Shay pass by and sit down at an adjacent table.

For a second, Shay looks over at Lobo, then starts to eat.

55 CLOSE ANGLE - SHAY

55

Trying to stomach the food.

WILEY (O.S.)

You didn't save me a place?

Shay looks up, confused. Wiley stands there with his tray.

WILEY

(continuing)

You better learn your job.

Wiley walks away. Shay doesn't react... simply picks at his food.

56 ANGLE TO ADJACENT TABLE

56

Lobo watching the exchange.

KICKER

(at Lobo's side)

I think that guy's a little bonkers.

LOBO

Or real smart.

57 INT. CELL BLOCK "D" - NIGHT

57

Men out on the deck... talking, playing backgammon.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Shay stands outside his cell... arms folded. AD LIB various conversations... sports... complaints, etc...

Wiley passes by several men, feared, but not popular. He comes up to Shay... looks at him. Shay doesn't respond at all. Wiley smiles and goes into the cell. Now a loud BELL is RINGING. Slowly reacting, the men retreat into their cells.

KEVIN

Let's go... lockup and head count!

58 ANOTHER ANGLE

58

Kevin is standing at the end of the block. When everyone is inside, he marches down, checking the cells.

59 INT. SHAY'S CELL

59

Standing at the bars... looking out. Wiley is sitting on the bunk behind him. Kevin passes in front... moves on.

WILEY

You want a smoke, kid?

No reaction.

WILEY

(continuing)

Come on, relax. You'll get tired of that view quick enough.

Still, Shay does not move; just stares out the bars. Wiley rises, comes alongside; his voice is almost gentle.

WILEY

(continuing)

You don't know how it goes in here, do you?

No reaction.

WILEY

(continuing)

Only way you can hope to survive is to have friends. Friends who can protect you.

(hand on shoulder)

I liked you the minute I saw you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

WILEY (CONT'D)
That's why you're in my cell;
'cause I bought you. I wanted
to protect you.

Still, no response from Shay. Wiley is getting angry.

WILEY
(continuing)
Maybe you are crazy... or just
playing games!
(spins Shay around)
You cooperate... I'll kill for you.
If you don't... I'll just kill you.

With sudden, maniacal violence, Shay grabs Wiley, and wordlessly slams him across the cell, forcing him down onto the bottom bunk, forcing his head and throat back towards the metal "V" formed by the chain that suspends the bunk. All silent, the instant, endless rage in his eyes.

60 CLOSE ANGLE ON WILEY

60

Terrified. Suddenly screaming.

WILEY
Guard!! Guard!!

61 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

61

Shay stands in front of the Warden's desk. Kevin stands behind.

WARDEN
That's impressive, Shannon. Your
first night in, you assault your
cellmate.

No answer.

WARDEN
(continuing)
Did you find the night in an isolation
cell more to your liking?

No answer.

WARDEN
(continuing)
Wiley says you tried to kill him.

(CONTINUED)

SHAY

(nodding,
even)

Only if you put me back in with
him.

The Warden appears startled by Shay's bluntness. He
looks at Kevin, looks again at Shay's file.

WARDEN

Wait outside, will you, Kevin?

Kevin nods and leaves. The Warden looks up at Shay;
then his face warms a bit.

WARDEN

(continuing;
gesturing to chair)

Have a seat...

No response.

WARDEN

(continuing)

It's all right, Shay. Didn't
Abrams tell you I was filled
in on your assignment.

Finally, Shay relaxes, sinking into a chair.

SHAY

Sorry... just had to be careful.

WARDEN

That's a good attitude to have if
you expect to make it here...

(leans forward)

Which... to be honest... I don't
think you will. The last undercover
cop we had lasted two days.

SHAY

(nodding)

Abrams already gave me the war
stories.

(beat)

How come I was assigned to that
cell with Wiley? You've got to know
he's a wolf.

Warden shakes his head... rises from desk... looks
out toward O.S. yard.

(CONTINUED)

WARDEN

Your papers said you were dangerous;
supposed to have a single. Obviously,
Wiley bought one of the trustees in
reception...

(shrugs)

Simple forgery.

SHAY

(angered over
what seems
indifference)

That 'simple forgery' could have
cost me my life.

WARDEN

(turns with his
own anger now)

What did you expect, Shay! A boy
scout camp?! This is a maximum-
security prison! Killers... rapists...
psychotics...

(points out window)

We've got 2,136 of them at Travis
Island... and less than 200 guards
to control them! No way that happens;
we run this place with the permission
of the inmates!

A moment of silence... Shay staring at the Warden.
Both men regretting their tempers.

SHAY

(apologizing)

I don't envy you your job.

WARDEN

It's got to be better than yours.

(back to desk)

You're going to have to spend a couple
more days in isolation. If I gave
you special treatment... they'd get
suspicious.

Shay nods... rising.

WARDEN

(continuing)

But I'll make sure you get a
single cell when you come out.

(extends hand)

I don't think I can help you
much... good luck...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

WILEY (CONT'D)
That's why you're in my cell;
'cause I bought you. I wanted
to protect you.

Still, no response from Shay. Wiley is getting angry.

WILEY
(continuing)
Maybe you are crazy... or just
playing games!
(spins Shay around)
You cooperate... I'll kill for you.
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Guard!! Guard!!

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(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

DAN
(nodding,
even)

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him.

The Warden appears startled by Shay's bluntness. He
looks at Kevin, looks again at Shay's file.

WARDEN
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Kevin nods and leaves. The Warden looks up at Shay;
then his face warms a bit.

WARDEN
(continuing;
gesturing to chair)
Have a seat...

No response.

WARDEN
(continuing)
It's all right, Shay. Didn't
Abrams tell you I was filled
in on your assignment.

Finally, Shay relaxes, sinking into a chair.

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Sorry... just had to be careful.

WARDEN
That's a good attitude to have if
you expect to make it here...
(leans forward)
Which... to be honest... I don't
think you will. The last undercover
cop we had lasted two days.

DAN
(nodding)
Abrams already gave me the war
stories.
(beat)
How come I was assigned to that
cell with Wiley? You've got to know
he's a wolf.

Warden shakes his head... rises from desk... looks
out toward O.S. yard.

(CONTINUED)

Lobo sits back... hands raised in mock tribute.

LOBO

See? I knew you were smart!
You know my name; it's a good
name to know in Travis. How
long you in for?
(no answer)
Twenty minimum... murdered some
biker fooling with your wife.

SHAY

(angry)
Take it someplace else, pal!

LOBO

(not insulted)
Mean man... I like that.
(points to
himself)
But you're looking here at the
main man. Twenty's a long
stretch, Shannon. That can be
hard time or easy.

No response from Shay... eating his food. Lobo smiles
and rises, leaving his tray.

LOBO

(continuing)
Suit yourself, fish. And watch
yourself.

Lobo walks away... Shay doesn't look up. Abruptly,
Kicker is at the table... angrily grabbing the fore-
saken tray of his boss. Kicker looks at Shay with
hate.

66 INT. SHAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

66

Joanne on the phone with Abrams.

JOANNE

I know that, Sergeant Abrams.
(firmer)
Don't tell me not to worry! I've
got a hell of a good reason to
be worried!
(listens)
Why not? Prisoners are allowed
visitors, aren't they?
(listens)
I'm his wife! I'm a legitimate
visitor.

67 INT. ABRAMS' OFFICE - DAY

67

on the phone with Joanne patiently explaining.

ABRAMS

They can trace you, Mrs. Shay;
if they find he's a cop... it's
all over for Dan.

(listens)

There's nothing... believe me...
he's okay. I promise... I'll
let you know.

(listens)

Yeah, I'm saying words... but I
mean them. I'll call you, okay?

(listens)

Me, too. 'Bye.

He hangs up... turns to T.J., who has been listening
to it all.

ABRAMS

(continuing;
to T.J.)

Get Warden Helford on the phone!

(angry)

If he says Dan can't make the
connection... we pull Dan out!

68 INT. AUTO PAINT SHOP - DAY

68

Shay in goggles, sprays paint on body fenders passing
on an assembly rack, looks off.

69 ANGLE ON INMATE AND GUARD

69

There is an (MOS) conversation between an inmate who
is holding an apparently bruised forearm. The guard
looks around and then decides it's quiet enough to
run the inmate over to the infirmary himself. They
EXIT SCENE.

70 BACK TO SHAY

70

A man comes up behind Shay, taps him on the shoulder.
Dan nods and moves off the line... heading for a
quieter spot in the shop.

71 CLOSE ON MAN

71

watching Shay depart... smiling... puts on goggles.
Starts spraying. CAMERA KEEPS MOVING TO INCLUDE Luis
Ramirez, the inmate who was incoming with Shay. He
is reacting.

72 AUTO SHOP - ASSEMBLY AREA 72

NOISE is loud. Torches and winches and drills. Shay walks past... heads for his private corner.

73 ANGLE BEHIND MACHINES 73

Shay walks into enclosed area... slowly, he relaxes... sits down. Puts hands to head. And hears a voice.

WILEY

Like I told you, Shannon...
it's all choices...

Shay jumps up... sees Wiley, smiling, leading another larger man toward him. They advance quickly... murder on their minds.

Shay gives ground, is looking for a way to run, but his opponents have picked the physical site very well. The bigger man moves in, grapples with Shay, and they fall to the hard metal flooring. Wiley produces a sharp pointed instrument, and is about to step forward and stop Dan when he reacts to:

74 LUIS 74

who has a portable acetylene torch in his hand, the flame a quick jet... He says nothing, but he's blocking Wiley.

75 WIDER ANGLE - THE SCENE 75

WILEY

Get out of here, greaser.

But Luis stands his ground. Shay brings his knees up into the man and sends him sprawling backwards. Shay half gets to his feet, breath coming in gasps...

SHAY

You better move, Wiley. Luis
doesn't understand English.

76 ANGLE TO CORNER OF WINCH - KICKER 76

watching it all. Disappointed at Shay's success. A GUARD comes around the corner.

GUARD

Back off! Back off!! What's
going on?!

77 FULL ANGLE

77

Everyone now looking at the Guard.

SHAY
Nothing... it's okay... it's
nothing... they just slipped...

GUARD
(knows the score)
On what?

SHAY
The paint, man... what else?

The Guard looks from one to the other... knows they're
all lying... doesn't care. He gestures to Shay.

GUARD
(hard)
You got a visitor, Shannon.
Your wife.

78 ANGLE TO SHAY

78

He walks past the bruised strongarm men, past Wiley...
smiles at Luis past the Guard, as Luis follows him out.

79 INT. VISITORS' ROOM - ANGLE TO SEA - DAY

79

Various inmates and visitors scattered around at
tables. We SEE Shay... escorted by Guard... come
into the room.

80 CLOSE ON SHAY

80

eyes searching room. His face lights in recognition;
he heads for a wall table.

81 WALL TABLE

81

A beautiful young Mexican-American policewoman in
sharp civilian clothing, BELINDA, looks up as Shay
approaches. She rises... smiling... reaches for him
and kisses him passionately.

BELINDA
Oh, baby...

Finally they break off the embrace. Shay sits down
with Belinda, his voice low.

(CONTINUED)

65A CONTINUED:

65A

SAL
(Spanish)
This is for Commanchero.

LUIS
(Spanish)
Then let Commanchero tell me that.
He is the Main Man, but I am a man --

Excited, Luis pushes Sal aside. Sal grabs Luis... hits him. Luis sprawls... gets up... comes at Sal.

Suddenly... a knife in Sal's hand; other cons fall back. Sal poises to stab Luis... a hand grabs Sal's from behind.

65B ANOTHER ANGLE

65B

Shay has grabbed Sal; a brief, silent struggle. Life and death.

GUARD (O.S.)
Break it up! What's going on there?!

Sal quickly retreats... hiding his knife... glaring at Shay. Shay glares back... turns as Luis comes alongside.

LUIS
Gracias.

Shay shrugs and moves across the yard. A GUARD bustles into the canteen lineup.

66 EXT. CIVIC CENTER - DAY

66

Fountains in the b.g.; Joanne talking with Abrams.

JOANNE
Don't worry?! I've got a hell of a good reason to be worried!

ABRAMS
I'm not disputing that, Joanne.
But you can't go see him.

JOANNE
Why not?! Prisoners are allowed visitors, aren't they? Especially his wife!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

ABRAMS

(nodding)

Absolutely... and then Lobo has
someone trace you... and Dan's
cover is blown. If they ever find
find out he's a cop...

He leaves the sentence unfinished. Joanne absorbs the
message. Walks around... looks back at Abrams.

JOANNE

Walt... I'm scared.

ABRAMS

(moves to her)

So am I. But we just have to
wait. Both of us.

JOANNE

(tears forming)

I'm tired of that... I'm so tired
of waiting...

Abrams pulls her into his shoulder.

ABRAMS

It's going to be all right... I
promise...

67 OMITTED

67

68 INT. AUTO PAINT SHOP - DAY

68

Shay in goggles, sprays paint on body fenders passing
on an assembly rack, looks off.

69 ANGLE ON INMATE AND GUARD

69

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EXIT SCENE.

70 BACK TO SHAY

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A man comes up behind Shay, taps him on the shoulder.
Dan nods and moves off the line... heading for a
quieter spot in the shop.

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

BELINDA
(also standing)
If you want to make it real, you
better kiss me.

Shay nods... pulls her close... kisses her.

SHAY
(softly)
Call Joanne, huh? Tell her I'm
okay. That I'll make it.

BELINDA
(softly; wry smile)
I really do a lot for a guy,
don't I?

Both smile, the moment of wry humor covering the inner
uncertainty.

82 EXT. YARD - DAY

82

Lobo and Kicker standing... talking. Other members
of the white clique in a surrounding b.g. cluster.

KICKER
(reciting)
First time out he took a long
fall, killed somebody who was
after his wife...
(smiles)
I hear she's something.

LOBO
Wonderful.
(hard look)
Give me something new.

KICKER
(obediently)
Rest of his sheet is all petty.
Drug bust... just grass...
burglary... tools from a garage...

LOBO
Everything you got on him came
off the sheet they brought in
on the bus.
(beat)
I got to know more.

(CONTINUED)

76 ANGLE TO CORNER OF WINCH - KICKER

76

watching it all. Disappointed at Shay's success. A
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going on?!

77 FULL ANGLE

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nothing... I just slipped...

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(knows the score)

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The Guard looks from one to the other... knows they're
all lying... doesn't care. He gestures to Shay.

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(hard)

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wife.

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smiles at Luis, past the Guard, as Luis follows him out.

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into the room.

80 CLOSE ON SHAY

80

eyes searching room. His face lights in recognition;
he heads for a wall table.

81 WALL TABLE

81

A beautiful young Mexican-American policewoman in sharp
civilian clothing, BELINDA, looks up as Shay approaches.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

SHAY
(in Spanish)
Uh-uh; I'm getting old, Luis.

LUIS
(big grin)
I like it that you speak Spanish.
But I also speak two languages.
And if you don't mind... I would
rather practice on English.

Shay breaks into a large grin of his own.

SHAY
Why didn't you say something
when we were shuffling in?
That gonzo gave you clothes
that...

LUIS
(interrupting)
... that were too large. Like
yours.
(explaining)
I had a brother who came in first.

A moment of silence. Shay recognizes "had a brother."
Luis looks at him. A split second of compadre.

89 INT. PRISON LIBRARY - NIGHT

89

Lobo sits under a table light... reading a book...
half-spectacles on his nose. There is the SOUND of
FOOTSTEPS approaching. Lobo looks up casually...
CAMERA FOLLOWS DOWN HIS BODY... he brings up knife
... places it into his book like a bookmark.

Hand into his book... Lobo waits... then smiles.

LOBO
You look suspicious.
(raises hands)
Show you my good faith. What
building in New York has the
most stories?

90 WIDER ANGLE

90

Shay moving forward out of the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

SHAY
Forty-second street library.

Lobo gestures to a stool among the stacks.

LOBO
Figured you for a man who liked
puns. Have a stool.

Shay doesn't.

LOBO
(continuing)
Glad you could meet with me.

SHAY
You got a thing for libraries?
Friendly, casual, Lobo inches closer to Shay.

LOBO
Safest spot in the joint. Guards
figure most cons are too dumb
to read... the ones who read are
no problem.

Suddenly... his knife is at Shay's throat.

LOBO
(continuing)
... but we're not always what
we seem to be, are we, Mr.
Sanders!

SHAY
(truly scared)
Shannon.

LOBO
On your rap sheet, yeah...
(smiles, lowers
knife)
But that's like the crazy man
act, stuff you wanted somebody
to know... or believe. On your
dishonorable discharge it read
Sanders. And you did county
jail time on a computer scam in
Saint Paul.

Dan steps back... confused and angry now.

(CONTINUED)

SHAY

I put that life behind me.

LOBO

(following up)

What's your preference for the letter 'S'? You change clothes in phone booths or something?

SHAY

(re: knife)

What the hell was that all about?!

LOBO

Just something for you to remember.

SHAY

(moving forward)

Then I owe you one.

Shay takes only one step... when Kicker steps out from the shelves... holding a .38.

LOBO

(friendly again)

Just be cool, Shannon... we can make some music... and you can drop the crazy bit... or...

Shay stares... from Lobo to Kicker... then relaxes and leans against a stack.

LOBO

(continuing)

There you go. Just about the good sense I'd expect from a kid genius, a computer wizard. I can use you, Shannon.

SHAY

What for? You've already got one flunkey.

He points toward Kicker; Kicker bristles. Lobo stops his aide.

LOBO

(re: gun)

Put it away, Kicker.

(harder; dismissing Kicker)

No sweat... we're going to talk business now.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

Kicker understands dismissal. He heads out.

LOBO

(continuing; to
Kicker)

Hold off until nine-thirty;
I'll be back in my cell by
then.

91 ANGLE TO SHAY

91

puzzled by the dialogue. Watches Kicker disappear.
Turns to Lobo.

SHAY

Now here's the ground rules.
I don't want nothing to do
with you.

LOBO

(smiling)

What the matter? You got
something against money? Or
an early parole? You're looking
at twenty years, now all of it
hard time; by the same token a
lot of guys go out of here in
wooden boxes.

SHAY

(a beat)

I don't know, Lobo. Maybe
it's the company you keep.

LOBO

(acknowledging
smile)

Kicker's got a chain in his
brain... but he's loyal.

(looks at Shay)

And that's important, too.

92 EXT. YARD AREA - DAY

92

Shay and Lobo sit together... apart from Lobo's minions.

LOBO

... only a few centers so far
... but they're all major urban
locations. L.A., San Francisco,
Denver, Chicago, New York...

(CONTINUED)

SHAY

(shakes head)

How can you control it. Going through the gates, they'll promise you anything... but if you expect those cons to sit around and wait for you in the free world...

LOBO

(trying to convince)

And where else they gonna go? They've got records... they're shut off from civil service... corporations... Uncle Sam... the school board...

(admitting)

Okay... I figure fifty percent will find a new life or new crime... and I'm taking the low side... that still leaves me an army. Sitting in those re-hab centers... waiting for my orders.

SHAY

All right, you got a lot of ex-cons sitting around re-hab centers and half-way houses. How do we control that?

LOBO

That's where you come in. The entire Rehabilitation program is now computerized, but not by the state, by people in the private sector, businessmen, attorneys, but they're not interested in the day by day operation of the system. You and I will be... every ex-con's name, number and screw-up... so I own them! Right at my fingertips!

They both look up... Commanchero is approaching.

COMMANCHERO

(careful of Shay)

You did your part. The other part will be taken care of tonight.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

LOBO

I hope so.

Commanchero is gone.

SHAY

What's that about?

LOBO

(bragging)

Input... outgo... you know?

Shay nods.

LOBO

(continuing)

We're not going to be like the Mexican Mafia. They're useful ... we do a favor in here... they've got brothers on the outside who'll kill for a kiss on the ring. But it's still local... like the bloods.

(swelling)

A national organization! That's what I've got in mind.

SHAY

(being careful)

So why deal with Commanchero?

LOBO

He needed an inside hit by an Anglo -- that can't be tied into his own people... I need an outside hit that could never be traced back to me.

(smiles at Shay)

You're still not wired into the vine, are you? You didn't hear about the guy went over the third tier last night?

Shay shakes head.

LOBO

(continuing)

You're right; who cares. Just a Mexican snitch in the can.

SHAY

He have a name?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

LOBO

So far as I know they all do.
(yells to Kicker)
Kicker! What was that snitch's
name?!

93 ANGLE TO KICKER

pleased at Lobo's attention. He smiles.

KICKER

Ramirez. Luis Ramirez,

94 ANGLE TO SHAY

reacting.

95 INT. VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Belinda and Shay at a table... leaning close.

BELINDA

How do you know?

SHAY

Because I do! Because Lobo likes to brag!

(intense)

It was a swap. Kicker knocks off Luis for Commachero...

(shakes head)

... who knows why that kid...

(back to

business)

... now Commanchero owes Lobo
one on the outside. Somebody
named Jenkins... look, Belinda,
I know it sounds...

BELINDA

(interrupting)

Lou Jenkins?

SHAY

You know him?

BELINDA

(noddin)

Works for the Internal Revenue Service.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELINDA (CONT'D)

Abrams turned him on to the re-hab scam; he's been digging real deep.

SHAY

(understanding)

Real close to the bone, I'd say. Lou Jenkins is going to get killed by the Mexican Mafia; his death could never be tied to Lobo's operation.

BELINDA

Where? How?

SHAY

(sighs)

I don't know, Belinda... Lobo doesn't trust me that much, yet. You better have Abrams put a twenty-four hour guard on Jenkins until the attempt goes down.

BELINDA

(suddenly worried)

What happens when we stop it? Won't they know somebody inside tipped us off?

SHAY

Without a doubt.

(shrugs)

Just gotta hope they don't look my way.

BELINDA

Dan! Let me talk to Abrams about you, now. We could get you out of here tonight!

SHAY

(shaking head)

Not until I get Lobo.

She stares at him; he averts his eyes. The BELLS are RINGING again.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

92

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

DAN
(covering, smiling)
That's why I like you so much,
Kicker. You never bother to
ask why.

100 ANGLE TO LOBO

100

Waiting amid his warriors... watching Shay approach
with Kicker. Lobo is impassive, watchful as Shay
pushes through the protective circle... eyes cynical
and innocent. Face-to-face with Lobo.

LOBO
We've got a little problem,
Shannon.

Suddenly... Kicker is alert to new danger... eyes
turn... as Commanchero, flanked by two bodyguards...
pushes through the cordon to Lobo.

Lobo forgets Shay... faces Commanchero.

COMMANCHERO
(bitter)
You have a snitch in your ranks.

LOBO
That a fact.

COMMANCHERO
The heat busted my man Perez...
at the scene! He never had a chance
to make the hit.
(evil smile)
They knew... someone told them.

LOBO
I heard. And you know what I
was thinking?
(hard)
That snitch is in your camp.
(angry)
I'm the one who lost out, Commanchero...
I made my part of the swap! Now you...

Suddenly... Shay leaps forward... grabs the bodyguard
close to Commanchero... wrests a knife away from the
would-be assassin.

101 ANOTHER ANGLE

101

A moment close to a riot... men tensed to kill.

SHAY

You got some dumb people working
for you, Commanchero!

COMMANCHERO

He was on his own!
(to assassin
in Spanish)

Chacon! Go back to your brothers!

Kicker moves closer to Lobo... embarrassed that Shay
made the saving move. Lobo is suddenly confident.

LOBO

Like I was saying... you don't have
control of your right hand...

COMMANCHERO

He was foolish...
(looks after retreating
assassin)
... not for long...
(to Lobo)

But my people do not deal with
the Heat.

LOBO

(smiling)
You still owe me one.

COMMANCHERO

I owe you nothing!

He turns and strides through the cordon; Lobo
watches... sighs relief... motions to Shay.

LOBO

Good move, Shannon.

(to Kicker)

Where were you?

(to Shay)

Want to talk to you.

Lobo motions Shay to follow... pushes past Kicker.
Kicker starts to follow... protective.

LOBO

(continuing)

I'll call you if I need you,
Kicker.

Kicker watches the retreating men; he feels isolated.

BELINDA

It's crazy! They kill Jenkins,
they're just asking for the I-R-S
to come down with a sledgehammer.

DAN

(shakes head)

They'll make it look like some
hophead burglar. No way it could
tie into Lobo's operation.

BELINDA

Where? How?

DAN

(sighs)

Wish I knew, Belinda... Lobo doesn't
trust me that much, yet. Just tell
Abrams to put a twenty-four hour
tail on Jenkins until the attempt
goes down.

BELINDA

(suddenly worried)

And then what happens? When we
stop it? They got to know somebody
on the inside tipped us off.

DAN

Without a doubt.

(shrugs)

Just got to make them look some
other direction.

BELINDA

Dan! Let me talk to Abrams. We
could get you out of here tonight!

DAN

(shaking head)

Not until I get Lobo.

She stares at him; he averts his eyes. The BELLS are
RINGING again.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

102 CONTINUED:

102

SHAY (CONT'D)

I need facts and figures, and what I work out has to be transmitted into computers.

LOBO

-- in Sacramento. You tell me what you need, and the information will flow in with every Anglo visitor, tomorrow. You give me what the computers need and I'll have it back to Sacramento the next day.

SHAY

(beat)

Simple as that.

LOBO

Simple as that.

103 INT. BAT CAVE - ABRAMS AND BELINDA - DAY

103

ABRAMS

What are we playing? A party game?
(quoting her)
Push Jenkins harder to push harder...
then we turn around and give Dan
computer crap to confuse Jenkins?

BELINDA

(shrugs)

He said Lobo is getting near the edge. A little pressure from the outside... that's Jenkins; a little confidence from the inside. That's Dan Shannon... computer expert. And we'll have the hard evidence to knock out Lobo's whole program.

ABRAMS

Enchilladas! That's what it is!
(shakes head)
I don't know how many times I've
told him that...

His voice trails off; Abrams cares about Shay. Belinda doesn't understand the words... only the sentiment.

BELINDA

He'll be all right.

(CONTINUED)

ABRAMS

(angry)

You guarantee that?!

BELINDA

(equally angry)

No! Do you?!!

Abrams glowers... calms... realizing that Belinda has developed her own emotional commitment to Shay.

ABRAMS

We'll play it the way he says. I'll put the prod to Jenkins...

(shakes head)

Not going to be easy... that man's still shaking about the Perez bust...

(to Belinda)

... and I'll set you up with the computer people. They'll give you what Dan needs to establish himself as an expert -- in Lobo's eyes.

BELINDA

(smiling)

My mother thanks you... my father thanks you...

(exiting)

I thank you... Dan thanks you...

ABRAMS

Belinda... Dan's married -- you know that...

104 ANGLE TO BELINDA

104

He's stopped her cold. She offers a wan smile.

BELINDA

Don't I, though.

105 EXT. YARD - ANGLE TO KICKER

105

He wanders aimlessly... eyes jumping to Shay and Lobo sitting together in b.g. Suddenly, SAL, an aide of Commanchero's is at his shoulder. Kicker reacts with paranoia.

SAL

Easy, Kicker, easy. No harm... no foul.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

KICKER

Don't sneak up on me.

SAL

(shakes head)

Up-front's more my style. Heard
you were a biker. A Harley?

KICKER

Huskie.

(defensive)

What's it to you?

SAL

Commachero would like a word
or two.

KICKER

For what?

SAL

(shrugs)

That's all he said.

(smiles)

But I'll tell you straight. He
finds a compadre... he's loyal
to him.

Kicker glances at Lobo (with Shay); he rises and goes
with Sal.

106 ANGLE TO SHAY AND LOBO

106

Lobo is leaning in... concentrating... Shay is drawing
computer programs on a notepad.

SHAY

Think of it like football... "X's"
and "O's." The readout says so many
parolees at so many dollars-per-case...
we build it to a marginal disutility
curve...

LOBO

(hiding confusion)

Sounds like a flat-chested hooker.

SHAY

(grinning)

You sure you can transfer this to
your front people?

(CONTINUED)

LOBO

Just put it into those charts
you've been drawing.

(smiles)

Don't worry, partner. Those folks
are high on my new-found vocation.

(imitating)

Dumb con finds computers and makes
good!

SHAY

Until the cops come in.

LOBO

The cops. How?

SHAY

(careful)

They're not that dumb. They're
tuned into every step we take.

LOBO

(confident)

Not a chance. They're all into
P.R. now; how many arrests? How
many convictions?

SHAY

Agreed. But the re-hab centers
are targets. A natural. They've
got to try to put undercover people
in there.

LOBO

(a smile)

Agreed. But they don't last long.

(expansive)

You're right about cops. We had
one in L.A. -- and one in Denver.

(cocky smile)

No problem taking care of it.

Shay suddenly rises... angrily... throws his yellow legal
pad at Lobo's feet.

SHAY

There's two things you do well!
Threaten and brag. Now it's my
turn! I got a brain you need...
but it's a paranoid type brain.
If I take a fall with you in this
thing it's not county jail time in
St. Paul. You got enough blood
on your hands, anybody goes down
with you could die behind the walls...

107 ANGLE TO LOBO

107

Backing off... analyzing Shay. Again, Lobo smiles.

LOBO

Maybe you're right, kid. You
want details -- you want details.

Lobo, pandering, lets his pride come out.

LOBO

(continuing)

I'll give you an example... think
of it like "X's" and "O's."

108 EXT. SMALL HOUSE - BARRIO

108

A car pulls in front. Roberto, the killer of Jeff
Marr gets out and heads for the house. Unlocks
the front door and enters.

109 INT. HOUSE

109

Two DETECTIVES grab Roberto... slam him against the
wall. Kick his legs wide... frisk him roughly.

DETECTIVE

Police! Keep your face in the
wallpaper.

ROBERTO

You got no right...

DETECTIVE

You're Roberto Corona?

ROBERTO

(defiant)

You better have a warrant...

Detective roughly spins Roberto around... facing the
room.

DETECTIVE

A whole, pocketful, cop-killer!

ROBERTO

(scared now)

I don't know anything... I don't
know anything.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

ABRAMS

(angry)

You guarantee that?!

BELINDA

(equally angry)

No! Do you?!!

Abrams glowers... calms... realizing that Belinda has developed her own emotional commitment to Shay.

ABRAMS

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(shakes head)

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He's stopped her cold. She offers a wan smile.

BELINDA

Don't I, though.

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105

He wanders aimlessly... eyes jumping to Shay and Lobo sitting together in b.g. Suddenly, SAL, an aide of Commanchero's is at his shoulder. Kicker reacts with paranoia.

SAL

Easy, Kicker, easy. No harm... no foul.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

COMMANCHERO

Sometimes. And most especially
when my compadres suffer. Like
Roberto Corona.

LOBO

(puzzled)

What?!

COMMANCHERO

Oh... your friends who are Heat
haven't told you yet? They arrested
Roberto at his house today. They
even found the gun he used to take
out one of their own -- for you.

LOBO

I don't have the slightest idea...

COMMANCHERO

No need to worry now, Lobo. Roberto
is blood... he will do what I say.

(death cold)

And I say he tells them everything.
Confess to everything... even as to
who gave the orders.

LOBO

That was you.

COMMANCHERO

Roberto says it was you.

He turns to walk away. Realization hits Lobo.

LOBO

Shannon!! It was Shannon!!

(grabs Kicker)

Find him!!

KICKER

(pushes Lobo away)

Find him yourself.

Kicker follows after Commanchero. Lobo, angry, fearful,
dangerous, stands alone among his peers.

112 EXT. PRISON GATES - NIGHT

112

Two police cars roll past the Guard. Abrams and
Belinda are in the front car.

113 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

113

Abrams angrily pacing... Belinda biting her nails.
The Warden trying to explain.

ABRAMS

Shay was supposed to be in protective
custody by early afternoon today.

WARDEN

Right, Kevin who works his cellblock
had orders to bring him to my
office at the three o'clock break.
He wasn't at his work assignment
or in his cellblock.

ABRAMS

Are you trying to tell me he doesn't
want to be brought out?

WARDEN

I don't know; he's your best man,
but I've ordered an early lockup...
and my best men are looking for
him.

ABRAMS

(leans over desk)

I want to go in there.

WARDEN

To do what? Run around waving
guns?

(shakes head)

If they know there's an undercover
cop, they'll stage a riot that's
just as good as the real thing, and
Shay won't last five minutes.

Abrams and Belinda are reacting.

114 EXT. YARD - NIGHT

114

Two GUARDS hurry along... searching. They pass an
alcove; after a beat, Lobo creeps out... moves toward
nearby buildings.

115 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

115

The door slowly opens... Lobo cautiously enters. He
sees the glow of a light among the back stacks. He
moves down the aisles... gun in hand.

Lobo rounds a corner... gun ready...

(CONTINUED)

107 ANGLE TO LOBO

107

Backing off... analyzing Shay. Again, Lobo smiles.

LOBO

Maybe you're right, kid. You
want details -- you want details.

Lobo, pandering, lets his pride come out.

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(continuing)

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You're Roberto Corona?

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(defiant)

You better have a warrant...

Detective roughly spins Roberto around... facing the
room.

DETECTIVE

A whole pocketful, cop-killer!

ROBERTO

(scared now)

I don't know anything... I don't
know anything.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

ABRAMS
(in from bedroom)
This yours, Roberto?

Abrams is carefully holding Roberto's pistol, preparing to put it in a plastic evidence envelope.

ROBERTO
No.

ABRAMS
(shrugs)
Well, we'll leave that up to
ballistics and fingerprint.
You're under arrest, Roberto...
for the murder of Jeff Marr.
(to Detective)
Read him his rights, Phil.

110 CLOSE ON ROBERTO

110

Shoulders slump; knows he's had it. They're cuffing him.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
You have the right to remain silent...

111 EXT. YARD AREA - EVENING

111

Lobo emerges from the Cafeteria... starts walking.
Suddenly aware that he's alone. He looks around for
his flunkies... they're moving away.

Suddenly, his path is blocked by Commanchero...
backed by several aides, including Kicker.

COMMANCHERO
Enjoy your supper, Lobo.

No response.

COMMANCHERO
(continuing)
By the way, we have found the snitch.
(hard)
It is you.

LOBO
You're crazy.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

COMMANCHERO

Sometimes. And most especially
when my compadres suffer. Like
Roberto Corona.

LOBO

(puzzled)

What?!

COMMANCHERO

Oh... your friends who are Heat
haven't told you yet? They arrested
Roberto at his house today. They
even found the gun he used to take
out one of their own -- Jeff Marr?

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(death cold)

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He turns to walk away. Realization hits Lobo.

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afternoon today.

WARDEN

Right, Kevin who works his
cellblock had orders to bring him
to my office at three o'clock break.
He wasn't in his work assignment or
his cellblock.

ABRAMS

Are you trying to tell me he doesn't
want to be brought out?

WARDEN

I don't know; he's your man, but
I've ordered an early lockup...
and my best men are looking for
him.

ABRAMS

(leans over desk)

I want to go in there.

WARDEN

To do what? Run around waving guns?
(shakes head)

If they know there's an undercover
cop, they'll stage a riot that's
just as good as the real thing, and
Shay won't last five minutes.

Abrams and Belinda are reacting.

113A EXT. YARD - NIGHT

113A

Shay... moving from shadow to shadow... spots two
prisoners coming: Commanchero and Sal. Shay drops
into a niche as they pass.

SAL

He's not in the laundry... or the
kitchen... or the paint shop...

COMMANCHERO

I don't need where he's not! I
need where he is!

(points inside)

In there, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

113A CONTINUED:

113A

Shay shrinks back as they come closer. Suddenly, a Guard's voice.

GUARD

You looking for somebody?

COMMANCHERO

No comprende.

GUARD

The bell rang for lockup. Get moving.

COMMANCHERO

Si, si...

The Guard escorts the twosome across the yard. Shay watches carefully... then darts forward toward his goal.

114 EXT. YARD - NIGHT

114

Two GUARDS hurry along... searching. They pass an alcove. After a beat, Lobo creeps out... moves toward nearby buildings.

115 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

115

The door slowly opens... Lobo cautiously enters. He sees the glow of light among the back stacks. He pulls a gun from his pants... moves down the aisles.

Lobo rounds a corner... gun ready...

DAN (O.S.)

Figured you'd end up here.

Lobo whirls... FIRING toward the sound of Shay -- The two men begin to stalk each other, but time now has begun to work against Lobo, too -- The flashlights of guards, and searchlights from above begin to play over windows. Lobo is sweating, turns as he hears the SOUND of RUNNING FEET, closer to the library entrance.

116 CLOSE ANGLE - FIGHT

116

as Shay covers a few feet in deadly silence, hits Lobo from behind. Lobo goes down. Shay kicking the gun out of his hand -- heedless of his own safety as he pins Lobo down -- hands on his throat. Lobo is being choked unconscious. Suddenly, strong hands are pulling Shay off; he struggles furiously, but the Guards get him away from the half-conscious Lobo.