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# Another 48 Hrs.

By John Fasano

Do you want to have a beer  
while you're waiting?

**BARTENDER:**

Can you hear me, mister?.  
I'll take the bottle.  
Howdy, boys. What can I do you for?.  
- Brewskies.  
- You got it.  
There you go.  
- How many?.  
- Just one.  
- Another cop?  
- No, he's a friend of yours.  
You're gonna like this job.  
He was in my brother's gang.  
First he dropped a dime on him...  
..then he ratted him to the cop  
that blew him away.  
- I'll go in. You want a coke?  
- Yeah, diet.  
We're on Simmons Road  
off Route 14.  
I need wants and warrants  
on motorcycle registrations.

**First:**

Second plate...  
- Tom.  
- How're you doing? Nice to see you.  
Willie Hickock, right here.  
Cherry Ganz, officer.  
Do I know you guys?  
- Who are you calling, friend?  
- I wasn't calling anybody.  
- Somehow I don't believe you.  
- Oh, God, no!  
\$100,000. 50,000 now.  
Iceman is a generous guy.  
I don't like hundreds.  
What kind of shit is this?  
This is the guy. The balance is due  
when he's dusted. We want him dead.  
Yeah, whatever. No problem.

Police! Freeze!

Move apart. I don't want anybody  
to get hurt here, so move slow.

Shit!

Here come the cops,  
get the hell out of here!

- You really toasted that guy.

- I just shot him. I didn't toast him!

Calm down. We'll find the gun.

We've got to do this together.

I checked the guy's locker.

He works at the track.

sunglasses and some keys.

- We still haven't found his gun.

- Shit!

Cates took down one of the locals.

A slug hit one of the gas pumps.

He burned the bad guy to a crisp.

Jack claims it was a righteous shoot.

Man, I hate these LAD scumbags.

Blake Wilson, Internal Affairs.

I'm always running into you, Jack.

Give us a minute, fellas.

- What did you do now?.

- I was on a stakeout.

- I was real close to nailing...

- Close? The Iceman, right?

I'm getting real close.

I'll nail these guys.

Every case you can't solve

you pin on the Iceman.

The biggest dealer in the Bay Area.

No prints, no description.

You're the only cop

who believes he exists.

I'll let you in on a secret.

There is no Iceman.

Let's get back to the cold facts.

What the hell happened here?

I saw an exchange. I moved in.

He had a piece. He shot. I shot back.

- You got the bad guy's gun?

- It's got to be in the ashes.

- Cruise, what have you got?

- Some burnt metal off the pump.

- No gun?

- No, no gun.

A cop is a guy, and a guy  
sometimes steps on his dick.

Do you think maybe

you were pushing too hard?

Did you step on your dick?.

He had a piece.

He shot. I shot back.

Have the lab boys go over every inch  
of this place. If there's a gun, I want it.

- See you around, Jack.

- Yeah.

Reggie Hammond.

You must be

a real dangerous convict.

- You made me miss, cop.

- You're looking good, Reggie.

I ain't seen you in years.

We were friends.

- I'm sorry. I've been busy.

- Me, too.

What are you doing here?

You even got a new haircut.

Times change.

- You lost a couple of pounds.

- I quit drinking.

Have you come to tell me

my sentence got increased?

No, you're still getting out tomorrow,  
and we've got a little job to do.

When I get out of here,

give me my money and walk away.

I played that cop shit once,

and it don't work.

If you don't help me, I'm not ever

gonna give you your money back.

- You're fucking with me?

- No.

I gave you that money in good faith.

I trusted you.

- Now you're telling me I can't have it?

- Now you've got the picture, convict.

- You screwed up, Hammond.  
- It was self-defence.  
I served two years for a crime I did.  
I never denied that.  
But I've just done five years  
for a robbery I didn't do.  
Murderers do less time than me.  
You can spend your remaining time  
in isolation. Open up.  
Roxanne  
You don't have to  
put on the red light  
Those days are over, you don't  
have to sell your body to the night  
Roxanne  
(SLOW ROCK MUSIC)  
Tequila. The bottle.  
- Do you guys want anything?  
- Whisky. Put it in a glass.  
Mr Price, the man is distressed.  
That mess in the desert makes him  
wonder if your boys can finish the job.  
Not to worry.  
Real pros? Not from where I'm sitting.  
Don't get the heat all jacked up  
when you're doing a job.  
If you want to be an outlaw,  
there ain't no rules.  
- Is that your philosophy?.  
- We're the only real Americans left.  
We believe in freedom.  
We live the way folks used to.  
Before big cities, lawyers, computers  
with your names in them. Free!  
The rest of you  
are just a bunch of fucking slaves.  
That's real interesting, Mr Price.  
Maybe you should run for office.  
I'm supposed to tell you  
to take precautions.  
Your backup  
got barbecued at a racetrack.  
- You know what to do with that?  
- No problem here, friend.

- I used to be a Marine.  
- I guess that figures.  
If you have any trouble, come to me.  
You know the number.  
Hey, come here.  
You got the wrong girl.  
I don't do that.  
Come on.  
My friend and I just came into town.  
We're looking for a whore that works  
here. Her name's Angel.  
She's dancing up in North Beach.  
- How about you?  
- I'm getting tired of this. Let go!  
- I'll call the cops.  
- Go ahead, call them.  
Let's hit the road, boys.  
Come on, Cherry.  
In the matter of the shooting  
at Hunter's Point Raceway  
of the suspect Arthur Brock,  
resident of San Francisco,  
the review board has carefully  
examined evidence and testimony  
and determined that the officer  
in question, Inspector Jack Cates,  
had insufficient probable cause.  
In view of the ongoing investigation  
by the Internal Affairs Division,  
this review board's ruling is that  
the shooting was a wrongful action.  
I never thought  
they'd land on you so hard.  
You'll be prosecuted for manslaughter.  
I wish they'd found that gun.  
- Sorry, Jack. I'm just doing my job.  
- Right(!)  
Your profile says: ''obsessed cop with  
a record of stepping over the line.''  
It's quite likely the DA will choose  
to prosecute you on third degree.  
- In other words, you're screwed.  
- Unless I find the Iceman.  
Give it up, Jack.

That's what got you into this.  
Jesus Christ, you sound like Wilson.  
We're talking facts here. You've got  
no leads, the department's got no leads.  
This is manslaughter.  
Protect yourself.  
Hammond, let's go.  
It's a big day for you today.  
- Just get me out of here.  
- Yeah, yeah, come on.  
Reggie.  
- Come here.  
- Excuse me.  
You will keep your promise, right?  
Don't worry, everything is cool.  
That white cop that was here,  
is he a problem?  
No!  
I promise you, everything is cool.  
But it might take  
a little longer than I said it would.  
Don't bullshit me.  
Get that money and keep your word.  
I kept you alive in this rat hole  
for five years.  
I can get you out there.  
I can pull your fucking heart out.  
- What was all that about?  
- An old football bet.  
That's a crock.  
Hammond, Reggie A.  
\$100 cash and a free bus ride  
to San Francisco.  
All compliments  
of the State of California.  
- That's it?  
- Yes.  
Thank you for sparing me  
the other crap.  
Don't slam my shit down like that.  
Where's my James Brown tape?  
The shit ain't in here.  
Nobody keeps me  
and James in prison.

- We didn't finish our conversation.  
- Get me my fucking money.  
You're not getting your money  
unless you help me.  
I trusted you with my money  
and my car, and you fucked me.  
I've been chasing a drug dealer  
called the Iceman for four years.  
Last week I found out  
that he wants you dead.  
I got this off some guy being paid to  
make a hit on you. Recognise him?  
In four years,  
you're the best lead I ever had.  
Yeah? I ain't helping you  
while you got my money.  
You let me rot in prison for five years  
and then show up wanting help?  
- That's dumb, man!  
- This time it's gonna be different.  
I'm going to lose my badge.  
They're gonna put me in jail.  
You're in trouble with the law?. Good!  
As bad as I feel about losing  
my money, that makes me feel better.  
Wait a minute. I don't beg!  
What are you gonna do, shoot me?  
I'm the best lead you ever had.  
I'll come and visit you  
in about five or six years.  
- Let's go.  
- We got a schedule.  
- I'm not on the State's time no more.  
- Write a letter.  
The big fucker in the blue Caddy,  
that's the pig who wasted my brother.  
This is great, man. I get them both.

**HAMMOND:**

what you do to me  
Let me down  
in misery  
Oh, yes, sir! Well!  
Oh, yes, sir!



Heeeeeey!  
Hit me! All right  
Aooooooh!  
Heh! Heh! Heh! Aoooooh!  
Wanna kiss myself!  
Good God! Well!  
And I got to feel it!  
Heeeey!  
Well! Oh!  
Baby, baby, baby!  
Baby, baby, baby!  
Baby, baby, baby!  
Baby, baby, whooooo!  
Want to get on the...  
on the good foot! Oh, good God!  
Hey! Aaaaooow! Just sometimes I...  
When I go to church...  
Yeeeeaaaah!  
Baby, baby, baby!  
Baby, baby, baby! Baby, baby...  
Get down!  
I'm going west on Highway 50.  
Get some help here, right now!  
I need help now!  
Let's go.  
(POLICE SIRENS)  
Come on.  
Come on!  
You've fractured your left clavicle.  
Blood trauma broke the skin.  
- You always wear a bullet-proof vest?  
- Only when I see my friends.  
I want you to change the bandage  
on your chest every hour.  
I have to immobilise this arm.  
Wear this sling.  
- Where are you going?  
- I've got police business.  
I was minding my own business,  
and those bikers started shooting.  
- The x-rays are fine.  
- But my head is still hurting.  
You had a bus roll over on you.  
You might have a slight concussion.

But you're one lucky man.

- We're going to hold you overnight.

- You ain't holding me overnight.

I'm going home. I ain't spending  
my first day out in no hospital.

You'll be here to answer questions.

You never saw those bikers before?

All you rednecks look the same to me.

- Keep on him, Art.

- Great, Art the goddamn redneck.

I was coming out of the kitchen  
with this guy's breakfast.

He looked funny. Not just hungry,  
but like he's mad at something.

The next thing there's gunshots  
and the window's breaking...

- Hammond, when can I see him?

- I've got to keep him overnight.

That's one lucky guy. I'd like to  
follow him around a racetrack.

You know what he was in jail for?.

That son of a bitch is a child molester.

He's involved in kiddie porn. I've got  
to get him to San Francisco tonight.

He'll identify the kingpin. If I don't get  
him there tonight, the kingpin walks.

You want a ride in a Cadillac?

I've been having a fucked-up day.

The last thing I want to see is you.

I'm just trying to help you out.

You could always catch a bus.

You had a lot of luck on the last one.

Do me a favour. Stay away from me.

I'm sorry, Reg.

They released you in my custody.

- Have you seen those bikers before?

- Where's my money?.

You tell me why the Iceman wants  
you dead, you'll get your money.

- Ask the guy you got my picture off.

- He can't talk. I killed him.

- Do they pay you by the pound?

- He shot at me first.

- Only we can't find his gun.

- Are you looking for sympathy?  
I'm supposed to be in Florida running  
my uncle's used-car business.  
Instead I'm broke, I was shot at, I was  
in a bus that flipped over 20 times,  
I broke my walkman and I was hit  
by a big truck. So leave me alone.  
Life's tough. I ran into your friends.  
They shot me in the chest six times.

- You don't look bad for a dead man.  
- I was wearing one of these.  
- Why?  
- I knew I was going to see you.  
I wouldn't want to get killed by  
a stray bullet that was meant for you.  
You think I should get one?  
They're about \$750. That's more than  
they gave you when they let you out.

- I hope you got my Porsche.  
- I said I'd take real good care of it.  
That don't mean nothing. You said  
we had a deal and you fucked me.  
You fucked yourself.  
You stole the prison payroll.  
- I checked into it.  
- I was framed.  
Yeah, some convict got a guard  
to put the money in your cell.

- Sure you got framed.  
- What about you?  
They never found that guy's gun  
out at the racetrack.  
- I'm a cop. You're a crook.  
- So everything I say is a goddam lie?  
Just take me to my car.  
I'm through with you.  
What's wrong, does your arm hurt?  
Does it hurt bad? Good.  
We've got a problem here, slick.  
I didn't hire these hillbillies,  
so don't come complaining to me.  
Yes, plan B.  
We've got an ex-Marine on the case.  
The only problem is,

he's a hillbilly, too.

Right, later.

- How much money did you spend?

- About 25 grand.

- You said I could buy a new car.

- Where is it?

- This is a new car.

- This is the same old piece of shit.

I bought the same model, year, colour.

That's the way I like it.

You got the same car, same clothes.

- You got the same girl, too?

- Elaine?

- Hell, I don't want to talk about this.

- Keep it all balled up like a knot.

She married me about

five years ago in City Hall.

She figured she'd settle me down.

This was where we lived

till we split up.

I want to sell it. Twelve grand

of yours went for the down payment.

How could you leave my car outside?

What if somebody stole it?

I had a lock put on it.

Just push this blue button.

You have no appreciation

whatsoever of what's hype.

You know how much pussy

I got because of that car?.

They blew up my car!

- They blew up my car!

- That's a damn shame.

- That's all you've got to say?.

- You're having a bad day.

I'm through with you.

I'm calling some of my homies.

I'm getting a loan. I'm stepping off!

Buster, what's up? Reggie Hammond.

Yes, my brother!

I'm out. I'm on the street again.

Yeah, cool. Listen...

Yeah, I know. I'm gonna do that.

That's why I'm calling. I need a loan.

I know I owe you some shit,  
but I just got out of jail.  
Listen... I don't have collateral.  
I just got out of jail.  
I don't need collateral,  
this is Reggie Hammond. Hey...  
Hey, Buster?. Buster..?  
- We heard your house blew up.  
- Not my house. A car.  
- Your car blew up?  
- No, some guy who parked out front.  
- Anything come in on those bikers?  
- No, I'll check again.  
You've got to see Wilson. If you don't,  
he'll send someone to get you.  
Jack, are you okay?.  
You giving him a ticket?  
Good, he hates cops.  
- He does?  
- Yeah. I rode here with him.  
He said cops are pussies  
who hide behind their badges.  
He said he didn't care  
if it was a no-parking zone.  
He said  
that any cop could kiss his ass.  
Your friend's not too smart.  
He's a big dumb-ass cop  
named Jack Cates.  
Tell Cates to stop parking here.  
Hello, Jack.  
The motorcycle track, then the diner,  
and now a bomb at your house.  
The Iceman has been busy.  
I'm not here to argue with you.  
I'm here to support you.  
However, as supervisor of  
Internal Affairs, I have to tell you  
that you're on suspension  
until the hearing tomorrow.  
So give me that gun  
and badge and police ID.  
Yeah, right.  
I'll bet you think I enjoy this.

Jack, do me a favour,  
go home and get some sleep.  
I've got to go  
and make out some reports.  
I don't mind people checking up  
on cops. We're not above the law.  
But making cops do it is bad  
for morale. It's bad for cops.  
Civilians ought to do it.  
You're a real chickenshit, Wilson.  
Maybe it's not your fault.  
Maybe it's your job.  
All right.  
Yo, Marvin, what's up?  
Reggie Hammond... Hammond.  
Yeah, yeah. How are you doing?  
I just got out. Yeah, brother.  
What? You're a born-again Christian.  
Get the fuck out of here!  
I can't picture you  
as a born-again Christian.  
I saw you beat the bitch up.  
No, everybody can find Jesus.  
I love Jesus.  
I love Jesus. I love Jesus.  
Hello? Hello..?  
Willie Biggs! Reggie Hammond.  
Hello..? Black motherfucker!  
in the last four days.  
- 2 traffics. One D&D in North-Beach.  
- Run these guys through NCLC.  
I'll have Cruise do it.  
He don't look much like a biker to me.  
Nice talking to you.  
- Are you still here?  
- I ain't happy about it.  
I'm supposed to be free, get on with  
my life, not tied to your dumb ass.  
- Welcome back.  
- Get off me. I ain't no convict.  
I'm free. You're close to where I was  
yesterday. You ain't running shit.  
I ain't working for you,  
and I don't like you.

Cut the bullshit.  
Give me something I can use.  
The Iceman bought your house.  
- Cut the bullshit!  
- You still ain't put this shit together.  
Ganz and I took half a million dollars  
from the Iceman. He's still pissed off.  
It's amazing how money  
affects some people.  
Yes, the man you've been looking for  
all this time  
bought your fucked up car and put  
a down payment on your house.  
That makes you the dumbest  
motherfucker in law enforcement.  
I'm driving. Your arm's fucked up.  
I, unlike you, have a lot to live for.  
I always wanted a chauffeur.  
I recognised one of those bikers  
who attacked the bus. Cherry Ganz.  
He's Ganz' brother.  
He makes Ganz look like Gandhi.  
- Why would the Iceman hire him?  
- I helped you kill his brother.  
Ganz said his brother  
used to fuck this bitch named Angel.  
- She worked at Barnstormers.  
- We got a complaint from there.  
Are the cops actually contributing  
to this investigation?  
How do you remember all this  
after seven years in prison?  
In prison you remember every  
story about pussy you ever heard.  
Wait, I got to get something.  
Jack, this shit is fake.  
I'll flash it fast.  
If somebody spooks that fake badge,  
you'll get your ass whipped.  
You just watch your own ass, Reggie.  
We were true lovers  
One of a kind  
We shared a love  
that you are lucky to find

I'll go question the barmaid  
who called in the complaint.  
You do your cop shit.  
I'll check out these whores.  
Hey! Are you the one who called  
to complain about some bikers?  
You finally responded.  
It's only been a day and a half.  
- Are you gonna keep bitching?  
- You're not here when we need you.  
Can I have a shot of Stolli?  
How are you doing?  
- Hi, buy me a drink?.  
- I just got out of jail. I'm broke.  
- But you can buy my drink.  
- Fuck off.  
I know you, right?  
You broke my heart once.  
- I won't let you get away this time.  
- I'll be right back.  
I just have to powder my nose.  
- Hey, how are you doing?  
- Pretty good. How are you?  
Did you ever see those commercials  
on TV with the tourists?  
- Karl Malden.  
- Yes, big-ass nose.  
Did you see them show people getting  
their pockets picked in slow-motion?  
- Shit!  
- Shit is a good word to say there.  
- I can get your money back.  
- For how much?  
- I figure about half your money.  
- Half? Give me a break.  
I'm giving you a break.  
You ain't got nothing now.  
She'll use your credit cards.  
Your credit will be all fucked up.  
- If you don't want it, fuck you.  
- Deal.  
He starts asking me about a girl  
that worked here. He gets real rough.  
- Then the blonde one pulls out a gun.



- What about this girl?

Angel. She dances at

The Bird Cage up in North Beach.

- Why aren't you writing this down?

- Good memory. Know the address?

- This is the ladies' room.

- Mind your own business.

Hey...

I thought we should get to know

each other. You're very smooth.

I've seen a lot of pickpockets,

but none as smooth.

That guy is so upset. I told him

I could get him half his money back.

If you offer me a bribe, I could

tell him you were too fast for me.

I am too fast for you.

Oh, hi. Almost finished.

- Anybody else with them?

- No, just the three of them.

There was this skinny black guy.

The oldest was talking to him.

Black guy?.

Was he something like this?

Yeah, that's him.

He was okay, he didn't bother me.

If they come in again, call the police

and ask for Inspector Kehoe.

- Here's half your money.

- Where are my credit cards?

The deal was for the money.

Your cards are in the bathroom.

You gotta give it all you've got

- Jack Cates. Remember me?

- I don't think so.

You busted me in the back seat

of a Camaro with a girl.

- That doesn't sound like me.

- It turns out she was under age.

- Shit happens.

- I didn't steal that car, my buddy did.

- You ought to pick better buddies.

- I got two years.

I don't wanna get into a bar fight.

People always get into bar fights,  
it's a cliché.  
You see it in the motion pictures.  
People get kicked in the head,  
beer bottles and furniture...  
I'm kicking two years out of your ass!  
Have you got a gun?  
In case they stick the place up.  
All right, knock this shit off.  
I have been having a bad day.  
I just got out of jail.  
Already I've been shot at. I was  
on a bus that flipped over 17 times.  
A bitch tried to stab me,  
and somebody blew up my Porsche.  
I usually don't jump in  
when somebody's getting beat down,  
but Jack Cates  
is helping me straighten things out.  
- Now let us go about our business.  
- Because you've got a gun?  
- Because I'll pop a cap in your ass.  
- You don't have the guts to use it.  
Anybody else want a limp?  
Sorry about the kneecap.  
I got a little excited.  
- You blew that investigation.  
- You disappeared on me.  
- Didn't know I had to save your ass.  
- I didn't need your help.  
I should've had my spare gun.  
Then I get in a bar fight.  
Jesus, Jack, what are you doing?  
- Hey!  
- What was that for?  
That was for the basketball.  
Now we're even, we can start fresh.  
I got to get out of here.  
The deal is off.  
- Fuck this!  
- Bullshit. Get in the car.  
Were you born a shithead  
or did you take lessons?  
Don't take it so damn personal.

Come on, let's go.

- Stay the fuck away from me.
- Don't be stupid.
- Where are you going?
- Away from you.

Your tip turned out okay. Ganz' lady lives down at the King Mei Hotel.

Bye, Jack. Fuck you, Jack.

Shit!

Here's the story on one of the bikers.

Ganz, Richard. Member of the Western Brotherhood bike gang.

Seven outstanding warrants.

- L.A. bike gangs?
- Yeah. LAPD has more coming in.
- I'll be right over.
- The man is on suspension!

That ain't a good idea.

Wilson's looking for you.

Christ! He heard about the bar.

Be out front with everything you got.

In 15 minutes.

Kehoe, get in.

- Give me that. You steer.
- Jesus Christ!
- Hickcock. Ganz.
- That's Albert Ganz' brother.

They're cop killers.

They capped two cops, five days ago.

Special Investigations says they're enforcers for their gang.

They've been linked to over 15 deaths. Brake. Brake!

- Got anything else?
- No, nothing hard.
- Just go around the block.
- Too easy.

Kirkland Smith, you got a phone call.

Reggie Hammond.

- Reggie, is it done?
- It's a bit more complicated...

Don't mess with me.

You ain't a citizen no more.

You can't vote. Nobody will hire you.

You're an outcast.  
All you've got left is your word.  
Don't break your word to me.  
Nice place. What took you so long?  
I thought you quit again.  
What is it, you can't stay away?.  
I'm gonna hang, and we're gonna  
straighten this shit out.  
But if you hit me again,  
if you grab me...  
If your hand brushes up against me...  
- I'm gonna kill you.  
- I'm gonna treat you right.  
I'll let you get away with this shit  
'cause you're in pain. Which arm is it?  
My left. The doc says it's bruised  
down to the bone.  
- Now we're even!  
- I just got even for the basketball.  
My money first,  
then you can hit me with a ball.  
Wait a minute.  
Let's just go and talk to this girl.  
- Don't snake me, Jack.  
- We're just gonna talk to her.  
This is just straight-ahead cop stuff.  
Thank you.  
Give me that!  
So when is Cherry coming over?.  
Don't worry, he'll be by.  
He said you were real nice.  
He was right.  
(SPEAKING IN CHINESE)  
- We never hear of her.  
- Heard of her now?.  
- Fake badge. My kid has one, too.  
- Has your kid got one of these?  
(SPEAKING IN CHINESE)  
Angel Lee is upstairs.  
Fourth floor. 4B.  
She may not even have seen him.  
He's in town for a hit,  
not to pop his old girlfriend.  
- Yes, he will.

- You wait here. I'll go up and see her.  
I ain't waiting down here.  
What do I do if those bikers show up?  
You've got a pistol.  
Stay here. I'll go up.  
- You want this badge?  
- I won't run into any kids up there.  
(SPEAKING IN CHINESE)  
- Yeah, who is it?  
- Pizza delivery for Miss Angel.  
- I didn't order any pizza.  
- Room 4B. Miss Angel. Pizza.  
Hang on. I've got to get something on.  
She's naked!  
I didn't order any pizza.  
(IN CHINESE)  
No fucking way!  
You're fucking dead! I killed you!  
You can't be alive.  
I already killed you.  
(IN CHINESE)  
(IN CHINESE)  
Call for help now!  
(IN CHINESE)  
What is going on?  
Where are you going?  
(IN CHINESE)  
You killed my family, pig.  
I'm gonna kill you.  
Get out of here!  
Fucking pig!  
Motherfucking pig!  
- Cherry, get your ass up here.  
- You're gonna fucking die!  
Come on.  
Come on.  
They're out back!  
(SHOUTING IN CHINESE)  
(SOUND OF BIKE MOTORS)  
Down the alley.  
The perimeter is secured. I haven't  
got a statement from Jack yet.  
I don't know whose gun he used.  
Look, I'll get a statement

from him, okay?. Fine.

- You're in deep shit.

- Tell me something I don't know.

- NCLC has no match on this guy.

- That figures.

Okay, right now you're looking  
at accessory to murder one.

You'll get ten years inside,  
and that's with good behaviour.

Co-operate with us  
and you might walk.

I told the other cop

I want to talk to a lawyer.

Are you in love with this guy Cherry?.

I can certainly understand that.

He blows through town twice a year.

He lets his friends jump on you.

Gets drunk and hits you. I understand  
why you're in love with him.

They move around a lot.

I can never get in touch with them.

- Who can?

- I don't know. Those guys are nuts.

This is Officer Jack Cates.

Miss Lee was about to give us  
the name of Mr Cherry's contact man.

The guy's name is Malcolm Price.

He's big, spooky eyes, long hair.

Nobody talks to Cherry  
unless they talk to him first.

- Where do we find this guy?.

- I don't know.

- Hey...

- I swear. I only know the name.

- Thanks, babe.

- Hey, wait a minute.

- Where are you going?

- Have Kehoe run a Malcolm Price.

- He'll have a record. We're off.

- Your ass is gonna be grass.

I'm headed for an early funeral.

If the Iceman gets you,  
we won't even find your body.

We need somebody

who knows about this shit.

- We should go back to prison.

- Bullshit.

You want to know about Price.

I know a guy who can finger him.

You should go to prison anyway, 'cause you might be spending time there soon.

Get re-acquainted with the guys whose rights you've violated.

I only arrest crooks.

You make it sound like crook was the only job these guys were qualified for.

That's a real good story.

Blame it on society.

If shit was worth something, the poor would be born with no assholes.

It's me. I heard about it.

I warned you about dealing with these crazy-ass crackers.

No, I ain't carrying.

That ain't my thing.

I'm a businessman, too, but I don't want to get too close to these guys.

These guys have taken all of the fun out of my work.

I remember.

You don't have to remind me.

Don't worry, I'll pull it together.

Kirkland, you've got some visitors.

Get that picture of the guy.

A small-time dealer called Burroughs, he was recruited by the Iceman.

Do you know anything about the dude he works for, Malcolm Price?

I know him.

Western Brotherhood.

If you want a hit done, you've got to go through Price.

- Have you got an address?

- I'm not 41 1 . You look it up.

Sunset Motel on the Beltway.

Give the phone back to Reggie.

What's his problem? Do you mind?

I'm trying to talk to the brother here.

Can you excuse us?

The brother wants to talk. Black stuff.

- It's private.

- You mind?

Can you go over there? Thank you.

- It's private.

- All right.

Look, now I've given you something  
you need... for the second time.

Yes, and I appreciate your patience,  
and thank you.

You will... repay your debt to me!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Hey, man, not to worry.

We got lots of back-up.

Come on in and have a drink.

Malcolm Price.

It must have been a real good lead.

Somebody shot him 16 times.

I've been chasing the Iceman for years.

It's always a dead end.

- This job will drive you crazy.

- Yeah, yeah...

- Jack, the Iceman is a cop.

- No way.

Put this shit together.

You call for Price's address.

The Iceman shows up first.

- It's a coincidence. Bad luck.

- It's no coincidence.

And the brother

whose picture you had?

You've got to run

a mugshot through NClC.

- How long does that take?

- Hours... sometimes it's slow.

Know why the Iceman wants to kill me?

It has nothing to do with money.

He wants to kill me because

I've seen him. I can blow his cover.

Find out which guy is putting up

the most resistance to you on this.

That is probably the Iceman.

It has to be Wilson. That prick



has been dogging my ass for years.  
Ever since I started looking  
for the Iceman. All through this thing.  
I've got to get you over to the hearing  
to ID this guy.  
They might decide to put me away  
for good. It started two hours ago.  
After the incident  
with Inspector Cates  
he dredged up this idea of a criminal  
mastermind running the Bay Area.  
For four years he has wasted  
resources and manpower  
in trying to vindicate  
himself and his theories.  
Describe his professional attitude.  
When an officer takes it upon himself  
to violate department regulations,  
it makes it hard  
for a good cop to do his job.  
Objection. These remarks have  
nothing to do with the incident.  
I'm trying to show  
a pattern of behaviour  
that will illuminate the events  
at Hunter's Point Raceway.  
I'll let the testimony stand.

**JUDGE:**

evidence provided by the State,  
and in adherence to laws specified  
by the State of California...

- There he is!
- Order! This is a judicial hearing.
- No, it's some other guy.
- No, right there!

That's not him.

- Who are these men?
- Your Honour, that's Inspector Cates.
- That's definitely not him.
- That's got to be the Iceman.

He's not the one  
I took the money from.

- That's got to be the Iceman.

- This is too much!

The State may proceed with a criminal trial against Inspector Cates. The trial date will be the earliest opening on the court calendar.

- Iceman whacked out Price.

- You want to talk about it?

The man had no choice.

Your girl ratted him out to the cops.

That's no bullshit. You both know her.

She lives at the King Mei Hotel.

You should be more careful about who you hang out with.

- Who pulled the trigger?.

- What's the fucking difference?

The cops were getting too close.

It's business, not personal.

You should learn the difference.

Business... Yeah.

That's business, too.

(LAUGHING)

You happy now, asshole?

That still doesn't change the job.

- You've got to kill Hammond.

- How do we do that?

Kirkland Smith is the dude who kept Reggie alive in the joint. Reggie owes him.

He's going to pay back.

The dude has a daughter who works in the Haight Goodwill Store.

We're gonna get Hammond, and the cop and the Iceman.

- We'll kill them all.

- Just stick to Hammond, Joe Bob.

I keep forgetting the combination.

I don't want to see you clear out your locker. We can get this guy.

I've been a cop for 20 years.

All I've ever been around are pimps, murderers and robbers.

Between you and me, I've always been straight. You did your best...

..so here's your 475,000 dollars.

You kept my money in your locker?.  
In a police locker, Jack?. !  
Yeah! Hey, we've got no more ties.  
You're a free man, Reg.  
My advice to you is,  
take this money and disappear.  
- Are you sure, man?  
- Yeah.  
All right.  
All right.  
Thank you. Have a nice day.  
Reggie Hammond. This is \$75,000,  
courtesy of your father.  
- This money has got to be dirty.  
- We both know your dad is no angel.  
This money is not stolen.  
He helped me when I was in jail.  
I owed him.  
He thought it would benefit you.  
A lot of fathers wouldn't even do this.  
Accept it. Bye-bye.  
Mr Hammond. How is he?  
He's good. You should go see him.  
- Maybe.  
- No, you should go see him.  
- Hey.  
- Hi, Ben.  
- Sorry I couldn't help more.  
- You did what you could.  
It's gonna be pretty fucking dull  
without you around here.  
I can't believe  
you're not coming to work tomorrow.  
- Get a beer?.  
- Maybe later.  
- Got a bunch of messages, Frank.  
- Thanks, Joe.  
- Yeah?  
- We got Hammond.  
- Good. Is he dead yet?  
- There's a change in plans.  
- Killing one of us wasn't in the deal.  
- What is this shit?  
You want him dead,

we want 500 G's.  
For doing one of the Brotherhood.  
500,000 or Hammond fingers you.  
There's a place in Modesto...  
You want more money, pick  
a place indoors, with lots of people.  
Some guy named Burroughs,  
looks just like the guy you were after.  
They found him dead in the Mission.  
Here's his sheet. It's a mile long.  
I circulated this guy's picture here  
and got nothing.  
That's funny,  
Cruise busted him last July.  
Cates, even though there's  
no love lost between us, it hurts me  
to see a man throw away his career.  
Let's let bygones be bygones.  
I'm looking for the Cage Club,  
the upstairs part.  
Fifth floor.  
You've got to join. 50 bucks.  
You don't look too happy, Reg.  
Sorry. Look me up later  
and I'll buy you a drink.  
Where's Hammond?  
- Who's the girl?  
- Just somebody he was with.  
Now, let's check the merchandise.  
Take him out behind the building and  
blow him away. Shoot both of them.  
What's this guy doing here?  
That guy ain't the Iceman.  
- You're just trying to save your ass.  
- That guy is a cop. It's a set-up.  
They got the wrong guy,  
don't they, Cruise?  
Hello, Jack.  
It's Christmas here, Willie.  
We can take them all.  
That's the Iceman!  
Pretty good, Jack.  
You always were a smart cop.  
- I really didn't want to believe it.

- Sorry to let you down, Jack.  
All I want is the Iceman.  
You two, take the money and leave.  
- Nobody is leaving with my money.  
- Money?. I want the fucking Iceman.  
Get the fuck out of the way.  
Fuck!  
- Somebody help me!  
- Shut up!  
Let go of me.  
You fucking bitch!  
You set me up, Ben.  
You never ran that shit through NCLC.  
You had Cruise  
pick up the gun at the track.  
I needed leverage on you.  
You were getting close.  
Jack, we can work this out,  
just let me out of here.  
You're a disgrace, Ben.  
There's nothing worse than a bad cop.  
Thank you for a very pleasant day!  
I've got no car, no money  
and now I've got this  
dope man's Uzi by my temple.  
This is Jack's day. Why don't you  
let Jack shoot me? Shoot me, Jack!  
Coming through.  
Oh, Jack, I can't believe  
you shot me. This shit hurts.  
I told you to buy a bullet-proof vest.  
You did real good, Reggie.  
The doc says you'll be fine.  
I guess I'm a pretty good shot.  
- You're gonna have to take it easy.  
- I'm sorry he was your friend.  
He wasn't my friend. You're my friend.  
Besides, I had to save my partner.  
I got this off the Iceman.  
It's 500 grand. I'll meet you  
at the hospital, and we'll talk about it.  
Here, hold this for me.  
(SIREN)