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B A R E T T A

HE'LL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN

(Formerly: "Vendetta...Vendetta")

Written

by

Stephen J. Cannell

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BARETTA

HE'LL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN

CAST

TONY BARETTA  
INSPECTOR SHILLER

BILLY TRUMAN  
ANDY SCANLON  
ART NELSON  
SERGEANT TOM NEIL  
SHARON FOWLER  
FRANK CASSELL  
GABY CASSELL  
MATTY TRIFON  
GIRL

OFFICER (SC. 48)  
MORRIE "THE GIMP" LASKY  
DOMINICK  
OFFICER'S VOICE (SC. 4)  
ZACKARY'S VOICE (SC. 12-B)  
MEDICAL EXAMINER (SC. 48)  
CHARLES BALFOUR

SY ACKERMAN  
BARBER  
MUSCLE-HEAD  
MARY SALKER (VIRGE)

(X)

(X)

BARETTA

HE'LL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN

SETS

INTERIORS:

FLOPHOUSE  
-CORRIDOR  
-SMALL ROOM  
POLICE STATION  
-ELEVATOR  
-INSPECTOR SHILLER'S OFFICE  
-CORRIDORS  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
CASSELL'S DEN  
HOTEL KING EDWARD LOBBY  
BARETTA'S HOTEL ROOM  
OLD OFFICE BUILDING  
-LOBBY  
-STAIRWELL  
-CORRIDOR  
-MEN'S ROOM  
POOL HALL  
RESTAURANT  
BARBER SHOP  
LIQUOR STORE  
APARTMENT BUILDING  
-LOBBY  
-ELEVATOR  
-STAIRWELL  
-CORRIDOR  
-APARTMENT  
ANDY SCANLON'S BEDROOM  
TRIFON'S APARTMENT  
-LIVING ROOM  
-BEDROOM

EXTERIORS:

CITY STREETS  
FLOPHOUSE  
POLICE PARKING LOT  
SHARON FOWLER'S APT.  
RISTORANTE CAPRICCIOSO  
KING EDWARD HOTEL  
OLD OFFICE BUILDING  
FRANK CASSELL'S HOUSE  
POOL HALL  
MAGAZINE STAND  
LIQUOR STORE  
ACOSTA HEALTH CLUB  
APARTMENT BUILDING  
-FIRE ESCAPE

BARETTAHE'LL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN

FADE IN

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 1

A car pulls past camera. As we pan it past, we can see that it is a dull gray sedan with one hub cap missing and there is a dent in the rear fender.

2 INT. CAR 2

There are two men in the front seat. The one driving is Tony Baretta. He is stocky and good looking in a boyish way. He is dressed in blue jeans and a sports shirt and has an unlit cigarette in his hand. (Note: Baretta will sometimes carry a cigarette, but will never smoke it.) He looks over at the man beside him, who is Art Nelson. He is tall, thin and thirty-five. Nelson is a freaky-looking guy with a natural and a beard. In his right ear he has an earring.

NELSON

So you doing anything special or what?

BARETTA

I always do something special, Artie.

NELSON

How 'bout flowers? You gonna lay flowers on her?

Baretta looks over at Nelson and grins.

NELSON

No flowers, huh?

(a beat)

Look, let me pop for the flowers, man...Least I can do.

Baretta looks at Nelson.

BARETTA

What good is it to give your girl flowers another guy buys? No sentiment in that.

NELSON

Don't tell her.

3 INT./EXT. CAR - CITY STREET - NIGHT

3

Baretta pulls over to the curb in front of a flower shop. He gets out of the car, moves around to the passenger side and opens the door.

BARETTA

Wanta come?

NELSON

(grins)

Guess I ain't got no choice.

Nelson gets out of the car and they enter the flower shop together.

CUT TO

4 EXT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT

4

an old seedy building in the heart of the city. We pan over to the curb where a car is parked. It is an undercover police car, with a police sergeant in the front seat. His name is Tom Neil. He is a big broad-shouldered and intense-looking man. He has a walkie-talkie to his mouth. Another officer is with him. (X)

NEIL

Okay everybody, stay quiet. We ain't gonna hit this joint till the freak gets back with the bag.

VOICE

(beat)

Anybody got coffee? We're freezing our butts back here. (X)

NEIL

Shut up.

Camera moves in on the building to a window, as we:

CUT TO

5 INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

5

There are two men in a room which is sparsely furnished and very down-key. There is a table in the center of the room and three phones on the table. This is a lottery bank. The man sitting at the table is on the phone talking to one of his writers. He is bull-necked and heavyset. He talks softly as if he's afraid he'll be overheard. His name is Morrie "The Gimp" Lasky. The other man in the room is a soft looking accountant type named Dominick.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

He is sitting at another table on the far side of the room working on some betting sheets. There is a large pan of water on the table beside him. The door is barricaded with a 2 X 4.

LASKY

(into phone)

What's the last one again?

(a beat)

Okay, two-one-three on a dollar and a dollar...That's it?

(a beat)

Right.

He hangs up the phone and hands a worksheet over to Dominick.

LASKY

You got that?

DOMINICK

Yeah. It's in Eddie's column?

LASKY

(nods)

Ain't writing much this week. Says he has the flu.

The phone rings again and Lasky picks it up.

6 OMITTED

6

7 EXT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON LIEUTENANT NEIL

7

He is out of his car, leaning up against a doorway. There is another plainclothes officer beside him there waiting.

8 EXT. POLICE STATION - N.P.S. -- ESTABLISHING

8

This is an old building in an eastern city. The architecture is baroque.

9 OMITTED

9

10 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

(X)

10

The elevator doors open and Baretta and Nelson exit. Baretta is holding a boxed corsage. They walk up to the booking area. (X)

CONTINUED

There is a booking Sergeant there, who is just finishing up with another suspect. Standing next to this suspect is another cop. His name is Andy Scanlon. Scanlon is tall and has one of those grinning faces that is innately likeable. The jail Sergeant takes Scanlon's suspect back as Baretta moves up to the desk with Nelson.

SCANLON

How sweet my darling. You didn't have to.

BARETTA

I can't help it. I'm a sucker for skinny cops.

Baretta reaches out, takes a booking slip and starts to fill it out.

BARETTA

(to Nelson)

Okay Artie, I'm gonna turn you over to these jerks. Try not to write on the walls this time.

Scanlon looks over at Nelson and Baretta.

SCANLON

When did you start running numbers Artie?

BARETTA

What numbers? I got him for indecent exposure, like always.

SCANLON

You mean you didn't just bust that bank of yours?

Baretta looks up worried.

BARETTA

What're you talking about?

SCANLON

That numbers bank -- you know -- the one over on Delacy across the street from the....

BARETTA

(interrupts, very  
much on edge)

What about it, Andy?

CONTINUED

tke #42306 5  
(X)

10 CONTINUED - 2 10

SCANLON

Sergeant Neil took a squad of men  
over there about a half hour ago.  
I was sure you'd be ---

Baretta pushes Artie to Scanlon.

BARETTA

Check him in!

And Baretta goes up the hall on a dead run, leaving the cor-  
sage behind.

CUT TO

10-A EXT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT 10-A

as a man moves down the sidewalk. He's a freaky looking  
character. He turns into the apartment building and disap-  
pears. Widen to show Neil on the walkie-talkie.

NEIL

He's in. Okay, four minutes, we  
toss the place.

He clicks off the walkie-talkie and we

CUT TO

11 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - RUNBY 11

Baretta's car screams past camera.

12 INT. CAR - NIGHT 12

Baretta is driving with determination. He reaches under the  
dashboard and takes out a detachable red-flashing light with  
a magnetized base and reaches it out the window, attaching it  
to the top of the car. He hits a switch activating the light  
and a siren.

12-A EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - RUNBY 12-A

Baretta is screaming through intersections. As he busts one  
red light, he goes through it leaning on his horn to augment  
the wail of the siren.

12-B EXT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT - ON NEIL 12-B

NEIL

(into walkie-talkie)  
Is Zachary cool?

CONTINUED



12-B CONTINUED 12-B

ZACHARY'S VOICE  
I'm covered.

NEIL  
Okay, let's dump these yayhoes. (X)

12-C EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - RUNBY 12-C

Baretta's car screams past.

12-D INT. BARETTA'S CAR - NIGHT - ON BARETTA 12-D

driving for all his worth.

13 INT. FLOPHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 13

as Sergeant Neil moves along the corridor with four other plainclothes detectives, they come up to a door and stand before it for a moment.

14 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 14

Lasky is still on the phone. The bagman is emptying out the numbers sheets.

LASKY  
(writing)  
B.R. on 356 on ten and ten combination...  
(a beat)  
Who placed that one? (X)

15 and 16 OMITTED 15 and 16

17 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 17

Sergeant Neil and his officers draw their weapons, Neil looks at the other officers and nods, then turns around and gets a shotgun that shoots apple bombs. Neil aims it at the door. (X)

18 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 18

as Dominick is tracing the figures down on the action sheets.

19 EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT 19

as Baretta drives the car up to the curb, quietly now -- no

tke #42306 7  
(X)

19 CONTINUED 19

siren. Baretta gets out of the car, heads quickly for the building.

20 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 20

Neil fires the shotgun at the door and blows it apart brace and all. Neil and the others dive into the room.

20-A EXT. FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT 20-A

Baretta hears the shot, breaks into a full run, enters the building.

21 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 21

Instantly, Dominick and Lasky grab the paper in front of them and throw it into the pan of water which is on the table beside them. The bagman does the same. Intercut:

22 ANGLE - THE DOOR 22

NEIL  
Police, don't move! I'll blow  
your heads off.

Dominick and Lasky put their hands in the air and look at the police with blank expressions.

23 ANGLE - THE PAN OF WATER 23

As the work sheets for the lottery operation are now totally submerged, the lined columns, filled with names and numbers, have disappeared immediately. The paper is completely dissolved.

24 ANGLE ON DOOR 24

Baretta comes into the room, sees what's gone down and heads for Neil. Neil starts to back up and before he can say anything, Baretta's on him, grabbing him by the front of his shirt and throwing him up against the wall. The other officers move quickly, trying to pull Baretta off of Neil, but Baretta's a handful because he's strong and because he's mad. Overlapped during this melee:

BARETTA  
Stupid, two-bit flake -- !

NEIL  
Baretta! What the hell --  
Get him off me!

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

BARETTA

You're never gonna do this to me again, jerko. I'm gonna take you off right now!

(X)

Baretta starts to swing, but two cops catch his arm and they struggle some more. Finally they succeed in disengaging Baretta from Neil. As they pull him off of the rattled Sergeant, he breaks away from them. They start to grab him again, but he keeps them at bay with:

BARETTA

It's okay -- It's cool ---

A moment. They see he means it. It's over. But Neil hasn't only been assaulted and insulted, it's happened in the presence of his men, and he's seethingly pissed.

NEIL

You'd better get out of here, Baretta, before I put the collar on you.

BARETTA

Maybe that'd be a winner for you, 'cause what you got here ain't worth squat. Look around -- You've screwed it all up.

NEIL

You're lucky I didn't pull my piece. I could've shot you and those men'd all back me up.

BARETTA

Maybe you should have. Smoking a fellow police officer in the line of duty has a lot more class than catching three street creeps red-handed with a pan of water. Congratulations. Here's your evidence....

(X)

Baretta picks up the pan of water and spills it on the floor.

BARETTA

Good luck in court.

Baretta turns and walks out of the room.

24-A EXT. FRANK CASSELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

24-A

establishing a fine estate, a suburban island of calm and tranquility. We push through the grounds to:

24-B INT. CASSELL'S DEN - NIGHT - ANGLE - PLAYING CARD

24-B

as it's picked up, tucked into somebody's bridge hand. We widen to see that we're in a luxuriously paneled game room with bar, soda fountain, fine paintings, furnishings that all bespeak one thing: Money. At the immaculate card table are two men and two women, married couples playing as partners. One of the men is Frank Cassell. He is in his late forties, an elegant dresser with a calm, relaxed manner built upon a foundation of natural arrogance and street fighting skill. He thinks he's tough -- and so do a lot of others. Now he looks across the table to his wife, a man trying to seem much more cultured and affable than he really is.

CASSELL

Your bid, Gaby.

She nods, considers her cards. Gaby Cassell is a plain woman, mild, almost mousy. She has learned to let her husband take the lead.

GABY

Three hearts.

Cassell doesn't like the bid, but before he can say anything the phone rings. He gets up, crosses the room to the phone, picks it up.

CASSELL

Yeah...?

CUT TO

24-C INT. MATTY TRIFON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS NEEDED - 24-C  
ANGLE - MATTY TRIFON

a big, dark haired man with sharp mannerisms and a bad scar down his neck. He looks anything but a lover, yet sits in an apartment that could be Hugh Hefner's dream house, a monument to adolescent fantasies and general bad taste. A beautiful girl at least twenty years younger than he is crosses out of another room, hands him a glass of beer. He grabs it, gulping it down, as:

TRIFON

Frank, they hit us, wiped out  
Lasky's bank.

CASSELL

He and Dom wash the sheets?

It's a phrase that would mean nothing to the others in Cassell's den, should they be able to hear it.

TRIFON

Yeah, about twenty grand worth,  
shot.

CONTINUED

24-C CONTINUED

24-C

As he talks another young girl, even more beautiful than the first one, appears, carrying a platter with the evening's dinner. She and the first girl start setting the table. Trifon's eyes never leave them, as:

TRIFON

It was Baretta, Frank. He was the only one they recognized. Baretta.

Cassell considers a moment, makes up his mind.

CASSELL

You know the people we've been talking to about that? I want 'em to move.

He hangs up, and we stay with Cassell in his den. His face looks troubled. He tries to disguise it, as he crosses back to the card table, sits down.

CASSELL

Whose turn?

And, as the man at his right starts to pick up the trick,

CUT TO

25  
thru  
27

OMITTED

25  
thru  
27

28

INT. INSPECTOR SHILLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - ANGLE - INSPECTOR SHILLER

28

about fifty, although it's hard to tell. He has seen everything at least twice and never really looked at it either time, has a wife who hates his job, two kids who think there's something wrong with someone who wants to be a cop, ulcers, and the ambition to walk that straight and narrow path that leads to someday being Chief. Shiller isn't what Baretta would consider a good cop, but he knows the police "game," the politics -- they are his life's work.

Shiller is angry now. He isn't very fond of Tony Baretta anyway, so he's really getting off on him. We widen to show Baretta standing before Shiller's desk in the small, overcrowded office. There is no sofa and only one straight back

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

chair. It doesn't matter -- Baretta would never sit in Shiller's presence. You can't defend yourself that way.

SHILLER

I don't care whose 'gig' it is!  
I don't care if it's his gig or  
your gig! Where do you get off  
putting your hands on one of my  
people?

BARETTA

It took me three weeks, twenty-  
four hours a day to find that bank,  
and it only took ten minutes of  
amateur night to blow it away.

SHILLER

You didn't answer my question.

BARETTA

In another day or two I'd've been  
able to follow that cash up the  
ladder and you'd've had yourself  
a bust that means something.

SHILLER

Apparently I'm not getting through  
to you, Baretta....

BARETTA

This is the third time that yo-yo  
has pulled the same stunt. Appar-  
ently I'm not getting through to  
you either.

SHILLER

Baretta, the only reason I'm not  
turning this over to Internal  
Affairs right now is that I agree  
with you about Neil. He's too  
long on ambition and short on  
talent and his arrests don't stand  
up in court like yours do. But I  
can promise you if you ever put  
your hands on anyone in this de-  
partment again, I'll have you doing  
county time!

A moment, then with no emotion.

SHILLER

That's all, get outta here.

Baretta turns, exits.

29 EXT. POLICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

29

A black Cadillac limousine is parked in amongst a bunch of police cars. Andy Scanlon is standing next to it, wearing a black suit and holding a black chauffeur's hat, as well as the boxed corsage. Baretta comes around the corner, moving quickly.

SCANLON

Glad you could make it. I could hear you and Shiller having your discussion all the way out here.

BARETTA

I don't think I'm hitting it off too well with the Inspector. Whatta you think?

SCANLON

I think you're not hitting it off too well with the Inspector.

Scanlon opens the door. Baretta gets into the back seat of the car and Scanlon hands Baretta the boxed corsage and gets (X) into the front seat, puts the car in gear and pulls out of the parking lot.

30 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

30

Baretta is in the back seat changing his clothes. He takes off his shirt and we see that he's powerfully built. Then he puts on a white shirt, tie, suit pants, the whole works. Over this, we hear:

BARETTA

Okay, Prince Charming. Take me around the block a couple of times. I must forget the Regimental Commander and think about my lady. And wear the hat. Next time I'll wear the hat.

Baretta reaches over the seat, takes the chauffeur's hat, sticks it on Andy's head. During this:

SCANLON

Whatever you say for tonight, but watch out for tomorrow, my darling!

(X)

CUT TO

31 EXT. SHARON FOWLER'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT 31

The black limousine pulls up to the curb and parks.

32 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 32

Andy turns around and looks at Baretta.

SCANLON

Where'd you get this thing? Runs terrible.

BARETTA

It's the thought that counts.

SCANLON

You got it from the Centerton Mortuary didn't ya?

BARETTA

Forget it. Go on. Get going up to the door, Sport.

SCANLON

I ain't spending the night sitting around in no hearse.

BARETTA

It ain't a hearse. It's a limousine for the bereaved. Get going.

Scanlon shakes his head and gets out of the car and heads up to the door and rings the bell. Baretta leans back in the back seat of the car and smiles slightly:

33 EXT. SHARON'S APARTMENT HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 33

The door opens and Sharon Fowler appears in the threshold, holding a martini shaker and two glasses. She is about twenty-eight and brunette. She has that special kind of beauty that it takes a second look to appreciate. There is a warmth about her, a softness. She smiles at Andy, taking in the chauffeur's hat and the black suit.

SHARON

He got you again, didn't he?

SCANLON

This time it's a straight trade.

CONTINUED



33 CONTINUED

33

They cross to the limousine. Andy opens the door and lets Sharon into the back seat of the car. Baretta is grinning at her. Sharon grins back at him.

34 INT. LIMOUSINE

34

Sharon starts pouring martinis.

SHARON

I like this better than last year's.

BARETTA

Pray tell Magic Mountain...what was wrong with last year?

SHARON

I froze on the motorcycle.

BARETTA

Happy Anniversary. Sorry I'm late.

Andy is seated in the front seat, turned around and watching. He has a grin on his face. Baretta reaches over and triggers the window between the seats. The glass goes up.

SCANLON

Hey, Tony, come on with that thing for ---

It's too late. The last words are inaudible as the window cuts him off.

Sharon leans over and she and Baretta kiss. It's a long, lingering, highly romantic kiss. When they separate, Baretta hands her the corsage. She takes it and smiles. Baretta taps on the window and motions to Andy to drive on. Sharon starts to pin on the corsage.

35 EXT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE - RUNBY

35

as the car glides along the city streets, the headlights kicking up reflections on the misty wet pavement.

36 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

36

Sharon and Baretta are smiling at each other and sipping martinis from their glasses.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

BARETTA

I've got an idea. Let's get married.

SHARON

That's a new idea? Seems to me I've heard that idea a couple a times before.

(X)

BARETTA

No. I mean it. Let's go out and get a ring and find one of those funny little churches where the guy who plays the organ is a lush and get married.

(X)

Sharon looks at him and smiles with deep affection.

SHARON

Let's live together. You could move outta that hotel and help me take care of my place.

BARETTA

I want to get married like everybody else.

SHARON

You should stop talking like your parents. They had an excuse. They came over on the boat.

(X)

BARETTA

I never got a chance to be a Catholic when I was a kid. I always wanted to be a Catholic.

SHARON

Why don't we live together? We'll have some dogs and a gold fish bowl and if we like it we'll stay and if we don't we can still be friends.

(X)

BARETTA

Uh, uh. I want to go the whole route.

(a beat)

I want to mow the lawn on Saturdays ...and unless I was married I'd never mow the lawn.

(X)

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED - 2

36

She smiles at him and leans over and gives him a kiss.

BARETTA

How 'bout it?

SHARON

No deal.

He clicks her glass and smiles.

BARETTA

But I ain't moving in with ya.  
I'm no easy shack job.

She bursts into laughter.

SHARON

Don't ever change, Tony. You're  
crazy...but it's my kinda crazy.

37 EXT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

37

as the limousine pulls to the curb. The sign on the restaurant reads: RISTORANTE CAPRICCIOSO. In front of the place is an old-fashioned organ grinder complete with monkey.

37-A ANOTHER ANGLE

37-A

The restaurant is on a corner. Across the street, a non-descript sedan pulls in and parks.

38 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

38

Andy Scanlon gets out. He holds open the door for them. Sharon heads toward the door of the restaurant as Baretta looks at Scanlon.

BARETTA

You got an old lady and six kids  
waitin' for you. Go be a daddy.

SCANLON

When you want me back, Boss?

BARETTA

Pick us up at midnight.

He turns and moves toward the door where Sharon is standing waiting for him.

- 39 ANGLE - SEDAN - ACROSS THE STREET 39  
A man crouches beside the car, aiming a semi-automatic weapon across the hood. It has a silencer on the barrel. Inside, in the driver's seat, another man takes aim through the window.
- 40 ANGLE OVER SHOULDER - MAN AIMING ACROSS HOOD 40  
as he sights it on Baretta, who starts to lean down to put a coin into the monkey's cup.
- 41 NEW ANGLE - THE STREET 41  
As the silenced automatic opens fire, the bullets spray the sidewalk where Baretta and Sharon are standing.
- 42 SERIES OF SHOTS 42  
As the automatic weapon fire starts, Sharon drops almost instantly. Hit in the chest. Baretta grabs his revolver from his shoulder holster and as he's hit in the shoulder he spins around and starts firing at the sedan. He hits the man who is outside the car. Scanlon dives for cover under the limousine.
- 43 OMITTED 43
- 44 ANGLE - THE STREET 44  
The silenced automatic keeps barking from the man in the driver's seat of the sedan. (X)
- 45 ANGLE - SCANLON 45  
He's still under the car. The firing stops and he stays put. We hear the sound of the sedan squealing away.
- 46 ANGLE - BARETTA - SIDEWALK 46  
He's been hit twice but he's still conscious. He looks around and sees Sharon curled up in the doorway of the restaurant. He begins to crawl slowly over to her across the sidewalk. Scanlon moves out from under the car, moves to Tony and steps over him on his way into the restaurant to the phone.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

SCANLON

Don't move Tony. I'll get an ambulance.

(glances at Sharon)

You'll be okay...you'll both be okay.

He hurries inside. Baretta finally reaches Sharon and puts his hand on her cheek. There is a long moment. She opens her eyes. (X)

SHARON

(weakly)

Tony...I can't see.

BARETTA

You're gonna be okay.

SHARON

If we got married it wouldn't have to change us, would it?

BARETTA

No. It would never change us.

SHARON

Then I guess we should call my mother and tell her.

Baretta closes his eyes for a moment. And as he does, Sharon's head rolls slightly to one side and we know she's dead. We know before Baretta who opens his eyes a moment later and sees Sharon. When he does, he lets out a moan of agony.

CUT TO

47 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF RESTAURANT - LATER

47

An ambulance is pulling away and inside we can see Baretta.

48 NEW ANGLE - SHILLER - SCANLON - NIGHT

48  
(X)

Scanlon is seated on the doorjamb of the police car. He's looking down at the sidewalk, talking to no one. Shiller is half listening, half dealing with other officers at the scene. (X)

SCANLON

There are six of them now. Six kids. Sue told me, you know, she said you gotta take care of yourself. You've got six children.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

SCANLON (Cont'd)

(a beat)

You figure six kids. All want to go to college right? That takes money boy. You gotta be alive and working if you wanna put six kids through school.

A Medical Examiner comes up.

EXAMINER

The woman is D.O.A. at County General. He's still a red blanket. I'm gonna clear out.

He leaves.

(X)

SCANLON

I mean you take a guy like Tony. No kids, no responsibilities. He's standing there with two slugs in him, shooting at those guys, while I'm curled up under the car trying to pull the sidewalk over my head.

(a beat)

It's the difference between having six kids and no kids.

Shiller hasn't really been listening. He glances down.

SHILLER

Hey, Scanlon. What the hell is the limo. It some kinda compo? I'm not gonna get a phone call on it am I?

He breaks off as another Officer comes up.

OFFICER

No trace on the car. No license. I'm heading back.

SHILLER

Okay.

The officer leaves.

SHILLER

Okay, Scanlon, get back to Division and get this down on paper. And while you're there, you better come up with a good reason why you were under the car and didn't return fire.

(X)

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED - 2

48

He turns and leaves. Another officer is nearby. He looks at Scanlon who seems dazed. The other officer flips out a pack of cigarettes and offers one to Scanlon. Scanlon shakes his head. Then he changes his mind.

SCANLON

Yeah, maybe I will.

(officer lights  
him up)

Thanks. Sue wants me to quit. Afraid I'll get lung cancer. She says when you got six kids you gotta stay healthy.

CUT TO

49  
thru 56  
OMITTED

49  
thru  
56

57 INT. BARETTA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

57

Baretta is on a bed. He has a tube in his nose. The room is dark and he's breathing softly. As we watch the camera move slowly in on him until it's in a tight shot. We see that his eyes are open. His expression is stoic. (X)

We move in until we have an extreme closeup. We can see that there are tears in the corner of Baretta's eyes. During this: (X)

SHARON'S VOICE

(filtered)

Don't ever change, Tony. You're crazy, but it's my kind of crazy. (X)

Hold on Baretta's stoic expression for a long moment.

(NOTE: This should be an act break if possible.)

FADE OUT

FADE IN

58 EXT. KING EDWARD HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

58

(X)

This is a small hotel in the central part of the city. As we watch Tony Baretta walk into the hotel. He is carrying a small overnight bag.

59 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

59

Baretta walks slowly across the lobby to a small office near the elevator. He stops and looks in the door of the office.

60 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE OFFICE

60

This is the Security Guard's office and Billy Truman, the security guard, is asleep in his chair. Billy is sixty-seven and wiry. (X) He has grey hair and a frayed collar. On the wall of the office are several pictures of Billy when he was a policeman in uniform.

61 RESUME BARETTA

61

He watches the old man with what seems to be a deep affection.

BARETTA

Hey!

Billy starts awake and looks at Tony. He sits up and rubs his eyes.

BILLY

Tony! How ya doing?

Baretta doesn't say anything. He just shrugs.

BILLY

Fred and I were just talkin' about you at breakfast this morning. Wondering when you'd be back.

(X)

As he talks, Billy is up out of the chair, hurrying to Tony. They wrap their arms around each other.

BILLY

(meaning it)

Good to have you home, Tony.

CONTINUED



61 CONTINUED

61

BARETTA

(squirming)

Hey, don't go soft on me, old man.  
I won't be able to trust you no  
more.

But Billy continues to hold onto him, until at last they  
break. There is a long moment while Billy tries to think  
of what to say.

BILLY

I went to Sharon's funeral...  
(beat)  
You wanta hear about it?

BARETTA

Billy...not now....

As he talks he starts for the elevator tucked back against a  
wall. Billy crosses with him, goes to push the button, but  
Baretta beats him to it. All the while:

BILLY

Did they ever find out who did the  
shooting?

BARETTA

No. The guy I smoked was outta  
town talent. A shooter from Detroit.

The elevator arrives. Billy looks at Tony as the doors open.

BILLY

You going back on duty soon?

BARETTA

Tomorrow.

BILLY

Don't ya think that's a little  
too soon?

BARETTA

Would you?

He reaches for the button that indicates his floor. This time  
Billy hits it first, finally getting to do something for him.  
As the doors close:

BILLY

You look great, Tony. You really  
look great.

And Billy looks concerned as we:

(X)

CUT TO

62 INT. BARETTA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

62

We hear the door being unlocked, and finally it opens. We see Baretta silhouetted in the doorway. He flips on the lights, and as soon as he does, we hear Fred, a big, white cockatoo.

FRED  
(squawking)  
Freeze!

Baretta drops his bag, whirls, throwing up his hands, leaning against the door he has just slammed shut in a quick-frisk position. Then he turns, smiles, crosses to where Fred grips his perch.

BARETTA  
Yeah, Fred, you're a real good cop.

Baretta's voice carries just a tinge of sadness mixed with obvious warmth, the kinship of a man and his pet. He and the cockatoo regard each other, and Baretta holds out his hand. Fred climbs aboard, cocks his head. Baretta's eyes take in the rest of the room.

62-A OMITTED

62-A

63 THE ROOM - HIS POINT OF VIEW

63

It is a small hotel room with a kitchenette. There are several portable bookshelves loaded with worn books, a study area over by the window, an easy chair, a table, and of course a bed. Hanging in a partly opened closet are some clothes we recognize as a woman's. Just a few items. They can only be --Sharon's. On the walls hang quite a few pictures, photographs.

64 OMITTED

64

65 PANNING - THE PHOTOGRAPHS

65

Some of Sharon alone. Some of her with Baretta. In all the shots she's smiling.

65-A BACK TO BARETTA

65-A

As he pats the cockatoo.

BARETTA  
Just us now, Fred. Just you and me.  
Ya love me?

CONTINUED

65-A CONTINUED 65-A

Fred puts his head against Baretta's chest in a gesture of the purest love. Baretta smiles, but the smile is filled with rue. Once again, his eyes go to the wall.

65-B THE PHOTOGRAPHS 65-B

As we move in on one of Sharon's bright smiles....

CUT TO

66 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 66

Baretta moves around the side of the building, gets into his ten year old undercover police unit with the bashed-in rear fender. He is carrying a clipboard with arrest reports in his hand. He closes the door and pulls out of the police parking lot. We angle with him, and as he continues up the street we hold on: (X)

67 thru 70 OMITTED 67 thru 70

71 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - ANGLE - DARK BLUE SEDAN 71

parked up from the police station, the man in the driver's seat watching Baretta go by. He starts the car, pulling out to follow...This is not the sedan from the shooting.

71-A ANGLE - BARETTA'S CAR 71-A

continuing down the street, turning a corner.

71-B ANGLE - BLUE SEDAN 71-B (X)

staying with him.

71-C WIDER ANGLE 71-C

As Baretta crosses an intersection. The sedan crosses to, although Baretta has made it on an amber light and the one the sedan goes through is -- red.

- 71-D INT. BARETTA'S CAR - DAY 71-D
- As he looks up at the rear view mirror, seeing the other car's move. He frowns, turns another corner.
- 71-E EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 71-E
- as the blue sedan continues to follow:
- CUT TO
- 72 and 73 OMITTED 72 and 73
- 74 EXT. OLD OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 74
- as Baretta pulls up before it.
- 75 thru 87 OMITTED 75 thru 87
- 88 INT. BARETTA'S CAR - DAY 88
- Baretta reaches into the back seat and gets out a large manila envelope. He pretends to check the contents, then gets out of the car, carrying the envelope, and enters the old office building.
- 89 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY 89
- It is seedy, the floors need to be swept. One of the two elevators has a cardboard hand-printed sign that reads Out of Order taped to the front of the door. Baretta goes over to the directory and pretends to look up a name. He glances out toward the street through the glass doors. (X)
- 90 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE BLUE CHEVY 90 (X)
- The man is medium-built with a pencil-thin mustache, wearing a snap-brim fedora. He moves across the street toward the office building. He is carrying a brief case in his right hand.
- 91 RESUME - BARETTA 91
- He is still standing in front of the directory. Baretta turns away from the directory and goes through a door on the far side of the lobby marked stairs. He goes through the door just as the man enters the lobby.

- 92 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 92
- Baretta takes the stairs two at a time until he is on the third landing, then he stops and listens. We can hear the sound of the door on the first floor opening and -- after a moment -- the soft sounds of footsteps coming up the stairs.
- 93 NEW ANGLE - BARETTA 93
- He continues going up the stairs, this time more slowly. When he reaches the fifth floor corridor.
- 94 INT. FIFTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY 94
- It is lined with frosted glass doors. Baretta stands off to the right side of the stairway door and waits. After several long moments, the door opens a crack and the man steps out into the corridor. He is just about to look the other way when Baretta grabs his right arm and pulls him off balance, then takes one step away from the wall and, pivoting on his right foot, lets the man have it in the solar plexus with a nice left hook. The man doubles over and says "gaaa..." Baretta hits him again on the side of the head with a chopping right. The man drops on the floor like a sack of cement. Baretta quickly drags him through a nearby door marked "Men." (X)
- 95 INT. MEN'S ROOM - BARETTA, THE MAN 95 (X)
- Baretta quickly pats him down and comes up with a small bore automatic. He puts it in the side pocket of his jacket, then hurriedly opens the brief case and a stack of comic books come tumbling out. They are all space comics with lurid pictures of monsters and spacemen and women on the front covers. Baretta shakes his head as he looks down at them. There is also a folded-up sheet of paper. Baretta picks it up, opens it.
- 96 INSERT - PAPER 96
- In red pencil, the man has written Baretta's name, his hotel and the address.
- 97 RESUME - BARETTA 97
- He reaches into the man's inside pocket and takes out his wallet and pulls out a driver's license. It says "Charles Balfour." (X)

98 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY - TIGHT SHOT - LARGE WASH BASIN

98

It's full of water, and we see Charles Balfour's head thrust into the bowl. After a few seconds, Balfour begins to push backwards, suddenly conscious. Baretta holds him in position for a few minutes, then yanks his head back, holding him by the hair.

BARETTA

Who you workin' for?

BALFOUR

Why don't you go to --

(X)

(X)

He shoves Balfour's head back into the basin and holds it under for a minute, then pulls it back up again when Balfour starts sputtering. Baretta moves his mouth close to Balfour's ear.

BARETTA

Who hired you, Chuck?

BALFOUR

Okay, okay.

He is choking badly. Baretta still has a hold on his hair.

BALFOUR

I'm a P.I. outta state --  
Philadelphia.

BARETTA

I can check that.

BALFOUR

Guy comes to me 'bout a week ago.  
Says there's a grand in it if I  
follow you around...Set up your  
pattern....

BARETTA

He tell you I was a cop?

BALFOUR

Yeah, he told me....

BARETTA

What'd this guy look like?

BALFOUR

He was about six feet tall and a  
hundred and eighty pounds...Sandy  
brown hair and a kinda Canadian  
accent...French Canadian...had a  
monogrammed shirt with a P.G. on it....

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

98

BARETTA

I don't know any guy who looks like that.

BALFOUR

I can't help it. How can I help that?

BARETTA

Give me a description of a guy I know....

BALFOUR

Now wait a minute ---

Balfour starts to pull back from the basin and Baretta shoves him down again. He struggles and sputters and bucks and Baretta pulls him back.

BARETTA

(softly)

You think I'm bluffing, let me tell you something...They tried to kill me and they got my lady instead. You got that, Chuck? You're dealing with an emotionally disturbed man.

(X)

BALFOUR

Okay, okay.

Balfour is coughing slightly. After a long moment, he regains his ability to breathe and nods his head.

BALFOUR

I don't know the guy's name.

Baretta starts to push him down again.

BALFOUR

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. He was a big guy, about forty...He had a real bad scar down his neck...real bad...looked like somebody got him with a blade.

(a beat)

That's all I know.

BARETTA

This guy with no name...He call himself Matty Trifon?

BALFOUR

I told ya I don't know his name. I was supposed to call a number... It's in my wallet.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED - 2

98

BARETTA

He works for Frank Cassell. Did he mention Cassell?

BALFOUR

No.

BARETTA

Let me give you some advice, Chuck. ...Get outta town, okay?

BALFOUR

Okay.

Baretta turns him loose, picks up Balfour's wallet, opens it and finds a phone number on a piece of yellow paper.

BARETTA

This the number?

Balfour nods. Baretta flips the wallet back at Balfour. Baretta then moves to the door, goes out, and we

CUT TO

99  
and  
100

OMITTED

99  
and  
100

101

EXT. CASSELL'S HOUSE - DAY - ANGLE - GARAGE

101

as the door opens electronically and a black limousine pulls out of the garage.

102

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY - FROM BEHIND DRIVER

102

The driver, in full chauffeur's garb, including hat, pulls Cassell's car out. The window is up between the seats.

103

EXT. CASSELL'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

103

Cassell and two men move to the car and get in the back door.

104

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

104

The driver glances back at them, then pulls the car down the drive. In the back seat, Cassell picks up a phone.

CONTINUED



104 CONTINUED

104

CASSELL

Operator? Give me 242-9970.

(cleared  
number)

This is Mobile 835...

(long beat)

Matty, you got a count yet for  
today?....

(X)

As he talks, they reach the gate. Cassell reaches out and punches an electronic clicker he has in his brief case. The gates open and the car passes through, turns right, goes up the street.

105 CLOSE SHOT - THE DRIVER

105

He is sweating. He glances to his right. Cassell's phone conversation continues o.s.

CASSELL'S VOICE

Yeah, yeah...All right, meet you  
at the office....

106 THE DRIVER'S POINT OF VIEW - THE FLOOR ON THE PASSENGER SIDE

106  
(X)

Curled up there, with his gun on the driver, is Baretta. The driver makes another right hand turn and then Baretta nods at him. The driver pulls the car to the curb, stops. Cassell has hung up. Now he brings the window down....

CASSELL

Whatta you doing? Keep going!

Baretta rises up from his position on the floor and trains the gun at Cassell. There is a long moment.

BARETTA

Everybody out, except you.

They are all speechless.

BARETTA

Out or I'm gonna drop the hammer  
on him.

The doors open and the two men with Cassell get out of the car. Baretta holds his gun on Cassell.

BARETTA

(to driver)

Go!

The driver steps on it and the limousine powers away, leaving the entourage standing in the street.

107 EXT. CITY STREET - ANOTHER PART OF TOWN - DAY 107

as the limousine pulls to the curb. Baretta gets out, opens the door and the driver and Cassell get out of the car. Baretta pushes Cassell into the front seat, handcuffs him to the door and gets behind the wheel of the car. He drives away, leaving the driver standing in the street.

108 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - RUNBY 108

as the limousine pulls past camera.

109 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 109

Cassell and Baretta.

CASSELL

You're not gonna kill me. You wouldn't've lasted this long on the street if you could make a sucker play like that.

Baretta doesn't say anything. He just keeps driving.

CASSELL

Whatta you think you're running, some kinda dumb bluff?

Baretta still doesn't say anything.

CASSELL

Okay, you do what you want. But you ain't getting nothing for it. You kill me, and you're gonna be dead before I get planted.

Still no response from Baretta. Cassell fixes his gaze over at Baretta who doesn't look at him.

110 EXT./INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 110

as the limousine pulls down a dirt road and parks under a freeway abutment. There is a wire fence surrounding the area. The door opens and Baretta takes the cuffs off Cassell, grabs him and hauls him out of the car, spilling him on the ground. Cassell starts to get to his feet as Baretta pulls his gun.

111 ON BARETTA

111

He fires the gun. The bullet hits several feet from Cassell's body, then he fires twice again. All of the bullets miss by about the same margin. Cassell can't do much but grab his own head and curl up into a fetal position on the ground. There's a moment of silence, and slowly, Cassell starts to uncurl and looks up. Baretta stands there, his .38 extended at arms length, aimed directly at Cassell's chest. As Cassell sees him, Baretta pulls the hammer back to full cock. Cassell flinches at the sound that seems louder than normal. Nothing is said, Cassell just shakes his head slowly back and forth, silently pleading for his life.

BARETTA

See how easy it is? That's the trouble with it. It's too easy. I want you to have time to think about what you did -- and what I'm gonna do to you. When I decide it's time, it'll be time, so you'd better sleep with one eye open, Cassell, 'cause I'm gonna be there. You can bring in all the out of town talent you want and they can't hurt me 'cause I know they're coming.

Baretta turns his back on the terrified Mafia chieftain and walks back to the limousine. He turns around, looks at Cassell for a beat, then works his thumb and forefinger in a trigger pulling motion.

BARETTA

Bang!

Cassell actually flinches. Baretta gets in the car and drives away.

112 INT. POLICE CORRIDOR - DAY

112

Baretta is walking down the corridor toward the elevators. Scanlon sees him and hurries to catch up. (X)

SCANLON

Hey, Tony -- Shiller's looking for you. (X)

BARETTA

Yeah, I know. (X)

SCANLON

Frank Cassell's downstairs with a couple lawyers. He's filling out a complaint against you.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

They arrive at the elevators. Baretta pushes the down button.

SCANLON

He says you kidnapped him...Took him down under the freeway and unloaded a gun at him....

The elevator doors open. Baretta gets inside.

SCANLON

Hey -- didn't you hear me? Shiller's lookin' for ya. You better shag on up there.

Baretta just looks at him and smiles.

SCANLON

You're crazy. Y'know that. You're crazy.

BARETTA

Right.

The elevator doors close and we

CUT TO

113  
and  
114

OMITTED

113  
and  
114

115 INT. SHILLER'S OFFICE - DAY - SHILLER

115

He is on the phone.

SHILLER

Whatta ya mean he left? Didn't anyone tell him I was looking for him?!

(a beat)

Put out an A.P.B. Pick the sucker up. I want him in here and I don't wanta wait no two or three hours.

He slams down the phone.

116

OMITTED

116

117 INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

117

This is a real dive. Billy Truman moves through the door looking for someone. He is stopped a few feet inside by the owner, a fat woman about forty years old who must weigh 240 pounds. This is Mary Salker. She is known affectionately as the Virgin Mary or "Virge." She's tougher than any of the guys who hang out in the pool hall. She's known Tony since he was a kid. His father used to hustle games in the hall. (X) Tony is the only cop who's ever welcome there. She looks at Billy, reluctant to let him in.

BILLY

Come on, Virge, where is he?

VIRGE

Table six.

Billy moves past her and she looks after him with a distrustful stare. Billy moves up on table six where Baretta is shooting a game against himself. He looks up as Billy approaches. They are alone here, no one near enough to hear them.

BILLY

You're pretty hot, Tony. Cops checking your room all afternoon.

Baretta keeps shooting his game. Billy finally says:

BILLY

Inspector Shiller has a warrant out for you.

BARETTA

(lining up a shot)

Shiller can take his warrant and put it where the sun never shines.

Billy reaches down and stops Tony from shooting. Tony looks up.

BARETTA

Let go, will ya?

Billy does, and Tony completes the shot and sinks the ball; then he looks up at Billy and smiles.

BARETTA

Thanks for coming.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

117

BILLY

Whatta you trying to do, Tony?  
You take a guy like Cassell out  
in the weeds and unload a gun at  
him. Why?

BARETTA

To scare him.

BILLY

You scared him so much he's put  
out a contract on you. It's all  
over the street.

BARETTA

He can have me -- if he can find  
me.

Tony takes another shot, sinks two balls.

BARETTA

Y'know, Billy, my pop used to tell  
me all the tough guys were either  
dead or in the jailhouse. Every-  
body else is scared like you and me.

He hands Billy a pool cue and racks the balls. They start  
shooting a game over the following:

BILLY

I heard Cassell filed a complaint  
against you.

BARETTA

His only witnesses are known  
criminals on his own payroll, and  
he files a complaint. I already  
got him rattled.

BILLY

So you got him rattled. So what.  
What does that get you?

BARETTA

Everything. I'm gonna get him so  
shook up he's gonna start making  
bad mistakes. And when he does  
I'm gonna be there with a net.

(a beat)

He's not only scared, Billy, he's  
stupid. One or two more licks  
and I'll be home.

BILLY

(a beat)

I brought the money.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 2

117

Billy takes an envelope out of his pocket and passes it to Baretta. Baretta opens the envelope and looks at it for a moment, counts it.

BARETTA

I only had sixty bucks in the drawer. There's a hundred here.

BILLY

I just brought what was there, Tony.

BARETTA

You put in forty.

BILLY

Come on, I look that stupid? That's aidin' and abettin'. I ain't gonna take a fall like that.

(a beat)

Take care, Tony. Don't make no mistakes.

BARETTA

I won't, Billy. And thanks.

(X)

Vince walks out of the hall. Hold on Baretta watching him go and:

CUT TO

118  
thru  
120

OMITTED

118  
thru  
120

121

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - WINE BOTTLE

121  
(X)

It is sitting in a silver bucket. We widen to show that Cassell is at a table with Trifon and his two girls. There are several busy waiters working the tables. One of them is just finishing serving the salad.

TRIFON

Wait'll you taste this salad, Frank. You won't believe the food in this joint.

CASSELL

It oughtta be good, at these prices.

The Waiter moves away and as he does we see that he is Baretta with a mustache and side burns.

122 NEW ANGLE - THE TABLE 122  
(X)

as a plate is put down in front of Cassell. It is a plate full of something very French and very fancy.

123 ANGLE - THE WAITER (BARETTA) 123

Baretta serves the others at the table. Baretta moves away from the table. As he does, Cassell digs into his steaming plate of food. He takes several bites.

CASSELL

You're right. This is great.  
Terrific sauce.

He spoons in several more.

TIME LAPSE CUT

123-A NEW ANGLE - THE TABLE - LATER 123-A

CASSELL

You know people always ask me what's the best restaurant in town and I always tell 'em it's wherever they treat you best. Whose turn is it to pick up the tab, Matty?

TRIFON

If you pick it up, the I.R.S. pays for it. If I pick it up, my mother pays for it.

(X)

The plates are empty now and during the above dialogue Baretta comes to pour the coffee. He stands there and pours the coffee in Cassell's cup. Cassell looks up at him and for the first time he recognizes Baretta. The recognition is all over his face.

Intercut with:

Baretta pouring his coffee and meeting Cassell's startled, frightened stare. Play this moment of recognition as long as it is possible, then Baretta leans down and puts his hand on Cassell's shoulder.

BARETTA

(softly)

Get your stomach pumped, Mr. Cassell.

He turns and walks away.

124 OMITTED

124



125 RESUME SCENE

125

Cassell lunges up from the table holding his stomach.

CASELL

Get me to a hospital!

He runs for the door. Trifon jumps up and runs after Cassell, (X) leaving the girls. They are looking at their food and then at each other.

CUT TO

- 126 EXT. MAGAZINE STAND - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 126  
(X)  
As we watch, a man comes up and talks to the magazine vendor.
- 127 CLOSER - MAN, VENDOR 127  
The vendor nods, takes some money from the man and then hands him a newspaper. Pull back to include:
- 128 BARETTA 128  
He is in an old pickup truck with battered, rusted through fenders. He is slumped down in the front seat, a construction hat pulled over his eyes. He looks asleep but we can see that he is watching the action across the street at the newsstand.
- 129 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE NEWSSTAND 129  
as the man walks away, carrying the paper.  
LONG DISSOLVE TO (X)
- 130 NEW ANGLE - NEWSSTAND 130  
as a black man makes a hit, buys a paper and a number, then walks away.
- 131 ON BARETTA 131  
watching.  
DISSOLVE TO (X)
- 132 NEWSSTAND - NIGHT - NEW ANGLE 132  
The news vendor, Stan, is closing up. He ducks down behind the stand and pulls a lock box out.
- 133 BEHIND STAND - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT 133  
Stan puts all of the money he's collected from writing numbers all day into a lunch box, along with five of six yellow sheets of lined paper which have the names of the bettors and the size of their bet and the amount. He folds them up and puts them in the lunch box, along with the money, snaps the lunch box shut and stands up.

- 134 NEWSSTAND - NIGHT - NEW ANGLE 134  
 as Stan closes up, puts down the wooden siding and padlocks it, then heads off and gets in an old vintage Chevy and drives off.  
 CUT TO
- 135 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - RUNBY 135  
 As the Chevy pulls past camera, we hold and see that a very long way back is the battered pickup truck, and Baretta is driving with his headlights off. Hold for a beat as it goes past camera.  
 CUT TO
- 136 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 136  
 We can see the old Chevy parked out front. Somewhere, parked off to the side, is Baretta's pickup truck. Neither Stan nor Baretta is in sight.
- 137 INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT 137  
 Stan buys a bottle and moves down the aisle to the counter where the manager, Sy Ackerman, is reading a magazine.
- 138 NEW ANGLE - BARETTA - NIGHT 138  
 He is dressed like a wino, with an old overcoat. He picks up a bottle of Muscatel and moves to the checkout counter.
- 139 ANGLE - ACKERMAN, STAN - CHECKOUT COUNTER - NIGHT 139  
 ACKERMAN  
 Is that all?  
 Stan nods, sets his lunch pail on the counter and very deftly (X)  
 Ackerman moves in behind the cash register and replaces it (X)  
 with another one, which is identical. Baretta watches this and then turns away still holding the wine bottle. He moves back to the wine shelf and puts the bottle back, selects another one which looks a little fuller and wanders back to the counter. As Stan picks up the new lunch box and the bottle which is now in a bag and exits the liquor store, Baretta puts down the wine bottle on the counter and opens his hand and drops a lot of small change, including some pennies. As Ackerman is counting the money he stumbles out the door.  
 CUT TO

lr #42306 40  
(X)

140 EXT. ACOSTA HEALTH CLUB - DAY 140

This is a very expensive club which has been bought with underworld money, and is trying desperately to lure the legitimate businessman. A sign proclaims: ACOSTA HEALTH CLUB, Members Only.

141 INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY 141

A man gets out of the chair and walks out of the shop and the Barber picks up a microphone.

BARBER  
Mr. Cassell, we're ready, sir.

In a few moments Cassell enters the barber shop. The Barber motions to the chair and Cassell gets into the chair.

BARBER  
Hi, Mr. Cassell.  
(a beat)  
Just a trim looks like.

CASSELL  
Yeah and a shave.

141-A ANGLE - PARKING LOT - DAY 141-A

Baretta moves up to a car which is parked along the side of the building. A sign at the front of the car shows that it is reserved parking for the club barber shop. He reaches into the car, releases the emergency brake, then gives the steering wheel a twist. Going to the front of the car, he starts pushing. The lot is on a hill, and gravity does the rest.

141-AA ANGLE - BARBER'S CAR 141-AA

as it gets away from Baretta, rolls down the hill, gaining momentum. It goes faster, faster -- and out into an area where it will block traffic.

141- AAA ANGLE - BARETTA 141- AAA

looking grimly satisfied as we hear tire squealing and angry honking.

141-B and 141-C OMITTED 141-B and 141-C

141-D INT. BARBER SHOP 141-D

Where the barber is on the phone....

CONTINUED

BARBER

(into phone)

My what?!

(a beat)

Okay, okay!

He hangs up, tries to stay cool as he takes a hot towel out of the dispenser and starts wrapping it around Cassell's face. He's afraid of Cassell, but:

BARBER

Mr. Cassell, I'm sorry. There's an emergency. My car...We'll just let this steam a few minutes, okay?

CASSELL

(irritated)

All right....

The Barber's face shows his relief.

BARBER

Be right back....

He exits the barber shop. Hold for a moment then another barber enters the shop. It's Baretta. He moves to where the straight-edged razors are lying out on the counter. He carefully selects one. Baretta moves over to Cassell and carefully takes the towel off and then holds the razor to Cassell's throat.

CASSELL

Wha....

BARETTA

Don't move, Mr. Cassell, or I'll make you into a long division problem.

Cassell is wide-eyed with fear. What kind of a maniac would pull something like this.

BARETTA

Get your stomach pumped?

CASSELL

Whaaa...Whatta you want?

BARETTA

I wanta give you a shave.

He starts to dry shave Cassell, slowly working the blade around the adam's apple. The silence in the room is deafening.

CONTINUED

141-D CONTINUED - 2

141-D

Cassell is breathing heavily. His eyes wide with fear. Baretta shaves for a while, then pulls the blade away.

BARETTA

Try to relax. It isn't going to happen now. But it's going to happen. Soon.

He closes the razor up and pitches it over to the counter, then turns and walks calmly out, leaving Cassell in a state of shock.

CUT TO

142 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

142

Baretta is parked in the truck out in front of the liquor store. He is cold and it is about ten-thirty. He watches the front of the store.

143 HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE STORE

143

We can see Stan enter the store with his lunch box. This time Baretta doesn't go in. He just waits out in front of the store. After a few moments, Stan exits the store with a bag and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO

144 FRONT OF STORE - NIGHT

144

It is now much later. Baretta is still camped out in the truck watching. After a moment the lights go out in the front of the store and after a moment Sy Ackerman exits the store, turns and puts on the alarm and moves across the parking lot carrying a brown bag. He goes to a Lincoln Continental, opens the door, puts the brown bag in and then gets in and drives off. Baretta starts up the truck and follows.

CUT TO

145 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

145

Ackerman pulls up. Baretta pulls up some distance back. Ackerman takes the bag out of his car and goes inside. Baretta grabs a western-cut sports jacket and a string tie and Stetson hat, jumps out of the truck and follows the man, a safe distance back.

146 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

146

Ackerman pushes the elevator button, Baretta enters, now looking very much the down-home boy from Oklahoma. He strolls up to the man, waits for the elevator.

BARETTA

How ya doin'?

CONTINUED

Ackerman looks over and smiles. He's holding the bag of groceries. When he talks, he has a rough voice like a fighter who's been hit in the windpipe too many times.

BARETTA

M'name's Ted Sorenson. Just moved in this mornin'.

ACKERMAN

(lying)  
Tom Porter.

BARETTA

Ain't got a parkin' spot yet, Tom. Who do I have t'talk to t'get one?

ACKERMAN

I don't know. I don't live here.

The doors open and they get in.

Baretta watches as Ackerman pushes the fourth floor for himself, then he looks at Baretta, who pushes three. The elevator takes off.

BARETTA

I'm sorry, just figured you did. Is the rent this high all over the city?

ACKERMAN

Just about.

BARETTA

Whew. It's half again what it is down home for a place like this here.

The doors open on three. Baretta steps out.

BARETTA

Nice meetin' ya, Tom.

ACKERMAN

Yeah.

The doors close and Baretta heads for the stairs.

Baretta takes them two at a time and gets to the fourth floor ahead of the elevator.



149 HIS POINT OF VIEW - FOURTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 149

as Ackerman moves out of the elevator and heads for a door down the hall. He knocks three times, then twice, then three more times.

ACKERMAN  
(in response to  
a voice from inside)  
It's Sy Ackerman.

After a moment, the door opens and Morrie "The Gimp" Lasky sticks his head out, nods and lets Ackerman in.

150 ANGLE - BARETTA 150

He moves down the hall to the door, looks at the number on it, which is 402. (X)

CUT TO

151 INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - CLOSE 151

Baretta takes out the phone number he got from Charles Balfour's wallet, then crosses himself. He picks up the receiver and dials the number. When he speaks, he does a very good imitation of Ackerman's rough voice.

BARETTA  
(into phone)  
This is Sy Ackerman. Lemme talk (X)  
to Matty.

152 INT. TRIFON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 152

The phone has been answered by one of Trifon's girls. In the background we see the other girl on the bed with Trifon.

GIRL  
Matty, it's a Mr. Ackerman for you.

Trifon crosses to the phone and picks it up.

TRIFON  
(into phone)  
Yeah? Whatta ya want, Sy?

Intercut with Baretta:

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

152

BARETTA

(nervous)

Look, I'm sorry ta bother ya, Matt,  
but I thought ya should know what's  
going down, I mean I got that obli-  
gation no matter who gets hurt....

TRIFON

Whatta you talking about?

BARETTA

I made my drop at the bank tonight  
...Like always... 'Fore I gave the  
knock I heard Lasky and Dom talking....

TRIFON

Yeah?

BARETTA

Well, it sounded to me like they  
was planning to knock off their  
own bank....

TRIFON

Yeah...? I don't believe that.

BARETTA

...They was gonna try and pin the  
heist on that cop -- what's his  
name? -- Baretta.

TRIFON

Okay, Sy. Thanks for the tip.

(X)

BARETTA

Yeah....

Trifon hangs up.

TRIFON

Sorry girls, I gotta go.

Baretta hangs up the phone, puts in a dime, then dials another (X)  
number.

153 INT. ANDY SCANLON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

153

Scanlon is in bed with his wife. The phone rings. He turns  
on the lamp. In another room one of his kids starts crying.

SCANLON

(into phone)

Yeah?

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED

153

Intercut with Baretta:

BARETTA

Hey, Andy ---

SCANLON

Where the hell are you?

BARETTA

I'm sitting on one of Cassell's  
banks and I need some help.Scanlon hesitates for a moment, then picks up the phone and  
moves across the room:

SCANLON

You need some help? The Inspector's  
got half the division out lookin'  
for you and you're tellin' me you  
need some help? It's three o'clock  
in the morning!

(X)

BARETTA

Look, Andy, all I want you to do is  
scare up a raiding party for me.

SCANLON

(sarcastically)

Oh, is that all you want? Just  
rustle you up a little old raiding  
party?

BARETTA

Come on, come on, this is important.  
-- Ya gonna do it or not?

(X)

SCANLON

I don't know, man. Tell me some  
more. Whatta ya got?

BARETTA

Apartment. It's on Seventh and  
Dorset...the grey brick job...  
Know it?

(X)

SCANLON

Yeah.

BARETTA

If I work this right, I'm gonna put  
Cassell in the bank when we hit it.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED - 2

153

SCANLON

Come on, Tony, he's too smart. He wouldn't be caught dead in one of his own banks.

(X)

BARETTA

Wanta bet?

SCANLON

(a beat)

Whatta ya need?

BARETTA

Two guys. Get Sorell and Ryker. I'll be dialed in on Frequency 215. Stay out of the area till I call for ya.

(X)

(a beat)

Can ya set up in fifteen minutes?

SCANLON

No, but I'll manage.

BARETTA

Good.

SCANLON

You need any paper?

BARETTA

I had a warrant to knock Lasky over when Neil jumped in and blew the gig. It's got two more days on it. See ya.

(X)

CUT TO

154 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

154

as Ackerman exits the building, goes to his car, gets in and drives off. Baretta watches him go, then goes back into the building.

CUT TO

155 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

155

Lasky and Dom are inside counting money and transferring the bets onto master sheets, then destroying the work sheets. As they work, we can hear a knock on the door. It is the code knock -- three times, then two, then three. Lasky and Dom look at each other, a touch of panic in their eyes.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

BARETTA

(Ackerman's voice)

It's me...Sy...I left my car keys  
in there...Lemme in.

Lasky nods at Dom, goes back to his sheets. The pans of water are nearby. Dom goes to the door, unbolts it. As he opens it, Baretta charges into the room. He has his revolver drawn and is holding it on Lasky. Lasky tries to wash the sheets, but Baretta cocks the gun.

BARETTA

Try it and you're dead.

Lasky freezes. Baretta goes over to him and dumps the water on the floor, then picks up several stacks of money and stuffs it in his pocket. Then he grabs several of the yellow sheets, leaving the rest behind.

LASKY

Come on, Baretta. Whatta you doing?

BARETTA

Just what it looks like. I'm  
rippin' your bank.

He quickly exits the room, closes the door and runs down the hall.

LASKY

Call Cassell.

Dom reaches for the phone.

156 INT. CASSELL'S DEN - NIGHT

156  
(X)

Trifon is on the phone. Cassell, who looks ten years older than he did in scene 27, takes a big swallow on his drink.

TRIFON

(into phone)

Okay, Dom. You and Lasky sit tight.

He hangs up and looks at Cassell.

TRIFON

Ackerman was right! Those creeps  
are trying to rip us off!!

CASSELL

(furious)

The bank was hit?

CONTINUED

156 CONTINUED

156

TRIFON

And they're layin' it on Baretta!

Cassell turns and starts out of the room.

TRIFON

(astonished and  
scared)

Frank, you're not goin' over there!?

CASSELL

(Baretta has done it)I sure as hell am! Those creeps  
are gonna go and I might pull the  
chain of 'em myself!

He exits. Trifon follows a little hesitantly.

CUT TO

157 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - RUNBY

157

as the black limousine rolls past camera.

CUT TO

158 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

158

Baretta is waiting in the shadows, concealed by some bushes.  
He has on an old coat and hat. A walkie-talkie is in his hand.

BARETTA

Okay, Andy. Come in quiet. Park  
a block up the street with your  
lights out. I'm across the street  
in the bushes. He oughta be here  
any minute.As this is happening the limousine looms into view and turns  
into the underground parking area of the apartment house and  
disappears.

BARETTA

He's in. It's apartment 402. I'm  
going in!159  
thru OMITTED  
162159  
thru  
162

163 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - NIGHT 163  
as Cassell, accompanied by Trifon and a muscle-head, rides (X)  
up and gets out on the fourth floor.

164 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 164  
They walk down the corridor to their bank and give the code  
knock. After a moment, Lasky opens the door and Cassell and  
Trifon go inside, leaving the muscle-head outside.

CUT TO

165 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 165

as an unmarked car pulls up and Scanlon and two others get out. One takes the front of the building and the other heads off toward the underground parking area.

CUT TO

166 INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 166

Baretta moves down the corridor dressed like a janitor with a mop and pail.

BARETTA

(softly)

Say, Pal, wanna move.

MUSCLE-HEAD

Get lost.

BARETTA

Beg pardon? What did you say? (X)

MUSCLE-HEAD

(putting a hand  
on him) (X)

I said ---

Baretta pivots back and hits muscle-head along the side of head. He goes down and out. Baretta cuffs him. As this is happening, Scanlon appears around the corner and goes up to Baretta. Baretta gets his gun out and gives the code knock. Scanlon's gun is in his hand. They wait only a moment in tense silence. The door starts to open and they hit it together. They are no sooner in the room then Cassell bolts for the bathroom and locks the door. Lasky takes what's left of the work sheets and throws them in the pan of water, but unfortunately, Baretta emptied the pan on his last visit and in the confusion that followed, nobody thought to refill it.

167 ANGLE - FULL 167

Intercut with above. Trifon digs for a gun and gets it out. He fires at Baretta and misses. Scanlon fires at him and he drops, wounded. Lasky and Dom freeze. We hear a pane of glass break in the bathroom. Baretta is already running for the door, which is locked, but he kicks it several times and it finally opens and he rushes into the bathroom. The window is broken and Cassell is out on the fire escape. (X)

168 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 168

As Cassell runs across it and starts down the fire escape, Baretta follows him down.



169

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

169

as Baretta catches Cassell. Cassell takes a swing at Baretta and Baretta ducks under it and hits him. Cassell goes down. Baretta lets him get up and make a run for it. Baretta chases him down another level and then grabs him again and hits him again. Baretta then lets him go a little further and grabs him and hits him again. We must get the feeling that Baretta doesn't want to actually catch him until he's had plenty of chance to hit him. Cassell finally gets on to this and stops running and throws his hands up in the air.

BARETTA

Go on, take off.

CASELL

Why do I bother to fight with you  
huh? Big cop. Big bust. Whatta  
I get. Eighteen months. Huh?  
I'll be out in less than a year.

(a beat)

You go on. Arrest me. Big deal.

Baretta grabs him and slaps the cuffs on him. He shoves him down the fire escape as we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

170 OMITTED 170

170-A EXT. KING EDWARD HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING 170-A

170-B INT. BARETTA'S ROOM - DAY 170-B

Baretta and Billy are sitting at a table. They have a bottle of wine and some glasses between them. Baretta is shredding some cheese into a bowl.

BARETTA

Have you any idea, my friend, what a glorious experience is in store for you?

BILLY

Looks like regular mozzarella cheese to me.

BARETTA

It's not the cheese, my man, it's what's under the cheese. You've never tasted ravioli like the ravioli you are about to taste.

BILLY

What makes it so special?

BARETTA

Because it's not really ravioli at all. It's Won Ton in Marinara sauce.

Billy laughs, then:

BILLY

Y'know, Tony, for a guy who's being hauled up to Internal Affairs, you seem pretty relaxed. They're liable to give you a couple of months vacation without pay.

(X)

BARETTA

I don't care what they do to me. Whatever it is, it'll be worth it.

BILLY

How much time you think Cassell will get?

CONTINUED

170-B CONTINUED

170-B

BARETTA

I don't know. He said eighteen months. That's probably about right.

Billy shakes his head in disgust.

BILLY

And you think that's worth it? A kid holds up a liquor store to feed the habit a guy like Cassell put him on and he gets five years. Cassell has people killed and he'll be out on parole in less than ten months. Don't seem worth it to me.

(X)

BARETTA

He won't be coming out, Billy.

BILLY

But you just said....

BARETTA

They're gonna plant him in there. Look at the mistakes he's made. He starts off by tryin' to snuff a cop. That's a giant no-no. And he fails, which is worse. Then he gets a little pressure from me and he can't handle it. -- He comes so unglued he ends up getting caught in one of his own banks.

(a beat)

He's dead, Billy. He just hasn't been buried yet. He'll never see daylight again.

(X)

Billy looks at Baretta, who is finishing up with the cheese. After a moment:

BARETTA

(softly)

I should've moved in with her.

Billy doesn't know quite what to say. Then Baretta looks over at him.

BARETTA

Come on, let's dump this on the Mandarin ravioli.

(X)

CONTINUED

lr #42306

54  
(X)

170-B CONTINUED - 2

170-B

Tony moves across the room toward the kitchen. As he does he passes the cage where Fred, the cockatoo is watching. Fred cocks his head.

FRED  
(squawking)  
Freeze!

And we do. Catching Tony Baretta in mid-stride. On this freeze-frame, we

FADE OUT

171  
and  
172  
OMITTED

171  
and  
172

THE END