

THE CLOCK STRIKES 101 - "ISSUES OF TRUST"

By

Kevin Garrity

Based on the comic by George Brenner. This is a work of
transformative fiction... aren't they all?

EXT. A LARGE, URBAN CITY, - NIGHT

A metropolitan skyline glints under a sliver of silver moon.

INT. AN EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Three men wearing suits and fedoras enter the dark, empty room, each of them carrying many bags and small boxes. The moonlight at the window does little to illuminate the situation.

The men place their cargo on the floor, taking some small effort to approximate silence.

THIEF ONE
Ain't there a light, Pete?

THIEF TWO
The room's empty, there ain't no light!

THIEF THREE
(whispering)
Quiet!

The thieves rummage through their take.

THIEF ONE
(whispering)
If we can get Butch to fence this we'll make off like...like...

THIEF TWO
(whispering)
Bandits?

EXT. OUTSIDE EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

From outside the window we see the thieves chuckle amongst themselves.

Two hands, each in a black leather glove, silently open the window; the hands belong to a man in a suit.

A foot clad in a black dress shoe enters the window, its accompanying black-slacks-clad leg not far behind.

INT. AN EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Thief Two hears a noise and whips his gaze in the direction of the window.

THIEF TWO
What the hell-

EXT. OUTSIDE EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moonlight reflects off the window, shining off the glass and obscuring our view as we crane up to and into the window on the floor above.

INT. THE ABOVE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A couple is awakened from their slumber by the sounds of the violence taking place in the room below.

GLADYS
Henry! Henry! Call the police!

CREDITS SEQUENCE:

EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

Over the credits, cop cars tear through the streets, sirens blaring.

Eventually they reach the apartment and run upstairs.

INT. AN EMPTY APARTMENT

The police enter to find the thieves unconscious on the floor next to their take.

One cop slowly walks up to the thieves and shines his flashlight at them.

Slowly moving the light across the floor, he stops on a calling card with the face of a clock on it, under which is typed in all capitals "THE CLOCK HAS STRUCK".

The words "THE CLOCK" remain etched on the screen, the word "STRIKES" appears next to it as we see The Clock, in his suit, fedora, and unique mask, carrying his walking stick, walking down an alley.

OPENING CREDITS END:

INT. THE HOT TUB ROOM AT "THE CLUB" - EARLY MORNING

Commissioner Litz sits in the hot-tub, his arms out at his sides resting on the coping. The top of a crown tattoo on his chest can be seen above the waterline.

Brian O'Brien, waist wrapped in a towel, walks up to the tub, tosses the towel on the rail and slides in.

There is a bruise on his shoulder. Nothing incredible, but conspicuous on someone who lives his affluent lifestyle.

O'Brien speaks in a lackadaisical tone.

LITZ

My God, O'Brien! That's quite an abrasion.

O'BRIEN

Tennis injury. Caroline Adler has quite a serve for a woman.

LITZ

The bruise is on your back! If I were you I wouldn't be able to look away from such a vision.

O'BRIEN

Yes, well, it's been almost a week now. Quite honestly, I'm bored.

Litz shakes his head condescendingly.

LITZ

Oh, Brian O'Brien. A man of boundless energy and abandon bordering on the hedonistic. I might be tempted to investigate you one day...were it not for your service.

O'BRIEN

Well I certainly wouldn't want that.

A beat.

O'BRIEN (CON'T)

What's the word on the murder of Mayor Willis?

(CONTINUED)

LITZ

Why? Thinking of coming out of retirement?

O'BRIEN

You know those days are behind me. And it's not just the money... My heart's not in it. I'm too apathetic to do a good job... I knew the Mayor, Fred. He was a good man.

LITZ

Well, Brian, I... I didn't mean to...

O'BRIEN

Commissioner, I've been at peace with my retirement for years. Nothing you could bring up would tax my mind... About Mayor Willis?

LITZ

You don't read the papers?

O'BRIEN

When I'm in the mood for fiction.

LITZ

Hah! It's them that worry me... It's rough going so far, of course. The killer was very good. Used a common enough knife, no foreign fingerprints at the scene...

O'BRIEN

What worries you?

LITZ

The press. The public. One exacerbates the other. We'll get him, I know we will, but how long will it take us? How long will the papers give us before they label us incompetent? How long until the people demand that the Deputy-... I'm sorry, that the Mayor, replace Captain Kane, perhaps even replace me?

O'BRIEN

That's freedom of the press, Commissioner. That's the people's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

O'BRIEN (cont'd)
right to be heard. You and I may know how long it takes to really get things done, but in the end it is they who are in charge.

LITZ
If you ask me, Democracy is highly overrated, the common man too inept to wield it effectively. It's people like you and I, O'Brien. People like poor Mayor Willis who actually know what's best.

O'BRIEN
Don't drag me into this. I'm retired, remember?

LITZ
Anyway, I've got an idea.

O'BRIEN
About what?

LITZ
A way to keep the press off my back a while... I have to go. Try not to break Adler's heart too badly, eh?

O'BRIEN
I'm not a cruel man, Commissioner, just numb, overstimulated. I suspect in old age I shall either gain a clarity of vision after years of purposeless wandering, or else kill myself.

LITZ
Your sense of humor is suspect, O'Brien, but you have much else to recommend you. I'm sure I'll see you again soon. Good morning.

Litz gets out of the tub, grabs his towel and wraps it around his waist.

O'BRIEN
Good morning, Commissioner.

Litz walks off.

INT. CAPTAIN KANE'S OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

Captain Kane sits at his desk reading and signing reports.

Officer Tom Overholser pokes his head into the room.

OVERHOLSER

Captain Kane?

KANE

Yes, Overholser, what is it?

OVERHOLSER

The Commissioner is here to see you.

KANE

Send him in.

Overholser's head disappears from the doorframe.

A few seconds later, Commissioner Litz barges into the room.

KANE

Commissioner Litz. I didn't expect to see you this morning... Here, take a seat, just let me finish up this paperwork and then-

LITZ

There's no time for your blasted paperwork, Captain, and no time for sitting either. I'm going to make this brief and then I'll leave you to your new business.

KANE

New business, I don't...

LITZ

It's been two days and you haven't made a single arrest in the Willis case.

KANE

You were at the scene, sir. There were no usable fingerprints on the safe, no idea what was missing... we have to take care of this with some old-fashioned police work and that takes time.

(CONTINUED)

LITZ

Don't you think I know that! Stop interrupting! If an arrest isn't made today I can tell you what the papers are going to say tomorrow, and it won't be pretty for either of us.

KANE

That's nothing new... What do you propose?

LITZ

Arrest someone. While the press is focused on him we can find the real killer!

KANE

I hope I didn't just hear you right, Fred.

LITZ

You did.

KANE

You might be Commissioner, but as long as I'm Captain, I will not railroad an innocent man!

LITZ

I didn't say to arrest an "innocent" man...

KANE

Just not Willis's murderer. Willis wouldn't want it that way. I intend to find his killer and do it within the law.

LITZ

You'll follow my orders or I'll have your job, Kane. You've got until tonight.

Commissioner Litz storms out and slams the door.

Captain Kane lets out a sigh and reaches into his desk and pulls out a large microphone-looking thing.

INT. O'BRIEN'S LIBRARY ROOM - LATE MORNING

A beautiful Caroline Adler stands wearing a robe in the dark library.

O'Brien walks in and turns on the light. He is buttoning his pants and has no shirt on.

O'BRIEN
Oh, there you are.

Adler walks around looking at various knick-knacks; she even reaches out and touches some things.

ADLER
This place is so big, I haven't even seen this room yet...

Caroline locks her gaze on a radio.

ADLER (CONT'D)
That's strange...

O'BRIEN
What?

ADLER
This radio is set above the normal frequencies. Do you enjoy listening to static?

As Adler turns back around to face O'Brien after looking at the radio, part of the radio starts to light up.

O'Brien notices.

O'BRIEN
Why don't you make your way to the bedroom? I'll join you in a moment.

Adler starts to leave.

ADLER
If you'd let me stay the night we wouldn't feel the need to make up time during the day. I do have things to do, you know.

Adler stops in the doorway.

O'Brien's eyes are locked on her, really wanting to get on to other things.

(CONTINUED)

ADLER (CONT'D)

Oh, I can't stay mad at you, Brian.
Don't be long.

Adler leaves the room.

O'Brien turns the volume up on the radio.

KANE

((on radio))

-lpha. Repeat: Captain Kane
requests a meeting with The Clock
at half-past ten at Rendezvous
Alpha.

Message ends.

INT. O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM -

Adler lays in bed, under the covers, her shoulders are bare.

The distinct sound of the front door closing is heard, and she reacts.

ADLER

Brian?

The sound of a car starting up can be heard.

Adler wraps a sheet around herself and walks to the window just in time to see O'Brien's sleek, black automobile driving down the large gravel driveway and out to the street.

EXT. THE STREETS - LATE MORNING

O'Brien, clad in his full suit and fedora, walks down the sidewalk.

He passes a newspaper kiosk that sells periodicals of various types, including some of the earliest comic-books. Two newspapers, including the respectable "Herald" and the schlocky, "Town Crier."

O'Brien eventually ducks down an alley, takes his black silk facekerchief and fastens it to his face.

He enters one of the buildings along the alley through a back-door.

INT. RENDEZVOUS ALPHA -

Captain Kane leans against a wall in an empty ground-level room, smoking a cigarette.

There is a door with a small screen where a window might be, at eye level.

Silence.

A shadow moves behind the screen. It is The Clock.

His voice is not necessarily deeper or more gravelly than O'Brien's, it just has much more authority and purpose.

THE CLOCK

Captain?

KANE

Ah, Clock. I'm sorry to drag you out and about at this time of day. I know it's not your preferred modus operandi.

THE CLOCK

My operations are serving justice. It's not a job with regular hours.

KANE

I'll get to the point. Commissioner Litz wants me to arrest an innocent man in the Willis Case...

THE CLOCK

You won't do it.

KANE

I don't want to.

THE CLOCK

You want me to find the real killer before you're forced to act.

KANE

That's right.

THE CLOCK

How long do I have?

KANE

Not long. I can probably delay until tomorrow morning, but no later.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK

One night to find a man who's probably left the city?

KANE

You have... methods that are unavailable to us.

THE CLOCK

I promise I'll try.

KANE

That's all I ask. You know what it's like to have your happiness tied inextricably to your ability to keep people safe. What would you do if they caught us here, forced us to retire from the only thing that gives us meaning?

THE CLOCK

I'd escape, start over. You?

KANE

Try and spend time with Jennifer, I suppose. Give her the time and effort she's deserved all along... Hell, maybe I should retire, let the next doormat deal with Litz.

THE CLOCK

You know you can't do that, Theo. Look at how many lives we've saved.

KANE

The past is prologue, Clock. If things don't go our way today, maybe tomorrow you'll hear of my resignation. Maybe not. I haven't decided.

THE CLOCK

This city needs you, Captain. I'll find the man who killed Mayor Willis. And I'll look into Litz. I'm sure there's something I can use to lean on him.

KANE

... Thank you, Clock. I better get back to the station. They'll be missing me... Good luck.

Kane walks to the front door (a different door from the one The Clock is behind) and walks out onto the street.

INT. O'BRIEN'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

O'Brien, without his mask, and hat in hand, enters his house via the front door.

O'BRIEN
Caroline?

INT. O'BRIEN'S KITCHEN -

O'BRIEN
Caroline?

INT. O'BRIEN'S LIBRARY ROOM -

O'BRIEN
Caroline?

INT. O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM -

O'BRIEN
Caroline?

O'Brien sees a slip of paper on the bed with a lipstick kiss on it.

He picks it up and reads it, then immediately loosens his tie and begins to undress.

INT. O'BRIEN'S BEDROOM -

O'Brien looks in his full-length mirror, now dressed as his low-life thug counterpart, Snowy Winters, in a sports-jacket and a driver's cap.

He exits the room.

EXT. A STOOP - DAY

"Snowy" sits on a stoop smoking a cigarette.

Occasionally people pass by.

One man (Toby) stops and takes notice.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY
Snowy? Snowy Winters!

SNOWY
Toby, how are you, man?

TOBY
Me? Forget me! Where you been?

SNOWY
I was down in Springfield doin' a job.

TOBY
So you haven't heard.

SNOWY
Heard about what?

TOBY
Mayor Willis. He's dead. Someone murdered him and cleaned out his safe.

SNOWY
So does the guy need a fence?

TOBY
That's the thing. I don't even know who did it, but I hear it wasn't valuables in the safe. Least not valuables as you and I would think of 'em.

SNOWY
What was in it?

TOBY
From what I hear? Compromisin' papers.

SNOWY
Compromisin' to who?

TOBY
To "whom," Snowy, to "whom."

SNOWY
Alright, Toby, alright. To "whom?"

TOBY
I don't know. The mob boys was talking about it, but I'm afraid to listen too close, you know?

(CONTINUED)

SNOWY
Where're the boys hangin' out?

TOBY
Outside the Red Onion Lunch Room.

"Snowy" gets up from the steps.

SNOWY
Thanks, Toby.

"Snowy" starts to walk away.

TOBY
Wait.

SNOWY
Yeah?

TOBY
You got an extra smoke?

SNOWY
Yeah, sure.

"Snowy" takes a soft-pack out of his breast pocket and takes out a single cigarette before handing it to Toby.

TOBY
Thanks, Snowy.

"Snowy" starts to leave, Toby calls out after him.

TOBY
I'll see you later! Later, Snowy!

"Snowy," still facing away from Toby, and continuing to walk, throws his hand up in the air as if to acknowledge Toby's words.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RED ONION - LATER

Two men, one wearing an ascot and a fedora, the other wearing a bowler, stand outside of the Red Onion, smoking cigarettes.

"Snowy" walks up.

SNOWY
H'lo fellas.

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS

Hiya, Snowy.

FRANK

We was just talking about McGloin,
the poor mug.

SNOWY

Butch McGloin?

FRANK

How many guys you know named
"McGloin?"

SNOWY

I guess you're right. Unlucky mick.
What happened to him?

JULIUS

He hasn't left his house in two
days. He did a job a few nights
ago, made himself ten-grand, but
now he's too scared to come out and
spend it.

"Snowy" whistles.

SNOWY

Ten-grand. What kinda job gets a
guy ten-grand?

JULIUS

Why, ain't you wise?

SNOWY

I been outta town, in Springfield.

JULIUS

Springfield, eh? Who ya workin'
for?

SNOWY

Matheson. About McGloin...

FRANK

He bumped him off and got paid.
Jeez, ten-grand. You don't get them
jobs often.

SNOWY

Mayor Willis?

(CONTINUED)

JULIUS
No, the Pope. Yes, Mayor Willis.

SNOWY
Who'd he do the job for?

FRANK
If you ask me, that's why I think
he's scared.

JULIUS
The cops already came around askin'
questions, but we didn't say
nothin'. Ain't that right, Frank?

FRANK
That's right. An' we know we can
trust you not to tell nobody, right
Snowy?

SNOWY
Of course, fellas. Anyway, I'm
gonna go eat.

FRANK
Later, Snowy.

JULIUS
Later, Snowy.

INT. THE RED ONION

"Snowy" walks into the Lunch Room, walks through it, and
then out its back door.

There, thug one and Frank are waiting for him.

EXT. BEHIND THE RED ONION

FRANK
You ain't been in Springfield. My
sister's married to Matheson.

"Snowy" makes a small "who you gonna believe" gesture,
essentially a kind of shrug. Before completing the movement
he dives in with a punch on Frank who isn't expecting it.

Frank takes it on the chin and goes down.

Julius throws a couple haymakers but "Snowy" easily dodges
both of them.

(CONTINUED)

Frank is now up behind "Snowy", and he grabs his arms.

Julius attempts to come in with a large punch but "Snowy" brings both his feet up and uses them to push Julius away from him.

Julius attempts it again, and this time "Snowy" appears to be performing the same response, when suddenly he pushes off of Julius's chest with his feet, and flips backwards over Frank, performing what in modern pro-wrestling is called a "Sliced Bread #2." He lands on his knees, slamming the back of Frank's head onto the ground in front of him.

Frank has obviously been dispatched.

Julius goes to kick "Snowy," who is still on his hands and knees, in the breadbasket, but "Snowy" catches it, then sends Julius flipping and twisting through the air by tossing his foot off in the appropriate direction.

The last thing Julius sees (before presumably waking up later) is "Snowy's" fist coming down on his prone face.

INT. THE RED ONION

"Snowy" comes bursting through the back door of the Lunch Room, breathing heavily, obviously scared.

He yells to the guy behind the counter as he makes his way to the front door.

SNOWY

You better call the cops, The Clock is back there! "Snowy" exits out the front door. The guy behind the counter walks out from behind the counter, then to and out the back door.

EXT. BEHIND THE RED ONION

The guy (formerly behind the counter) sees both thugs unconscious where "Snowy" left them. He bends down and picks up a calling card with a clock on it.

EXT. AT A PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH

Captain Kane stands in the booth. He is talking on the phone.

His wedding ring glints in the light.

KANE

Yes I'm calling from a booth...trying to avoid the office right now. I've been having a bad day and I just wanted to hear your voice.... Kane laughs and then looks behind himself.

KANE (CONT'D)

Listen, I have to go, there's somebody waiting to use the phone. I love you, Jennifer.... Goodbye, I'll see you tonight. Kane hangs up and walks out of the booth and nods to the person who was waiting for the phone as he passes them. It is Alder. She goes into the booth and puts in a coin, dials a number. After a few moments...

ADLER

It's Carrie. This is the third time I've called you, where have you been?...Uh huh...He's definitely hiding something but I can't prove it...his place is huge, there's no way I could have searched it all.... Then don't tell him yet, I don't care!... I'll keep at it.... Goodbye. Adler hangs up the phone, then, as an aside to herself...

ADLER (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

EXT. OUTSIDE MCGLOIN'S HOUSE

Focus on a window with venetian blinds. McGloin peeks through them.

INT. MCGLOIN'S BEDROOM

McGloin stops looking through the blinds and takes another swig of his whiskey. He is wearing a wifebeater and boxer-shorts, has a five-o'clock shadow and his eyes are bloodshot.

INT. MCGLOIN'S FRONT ROOM

Zoom in on the front-door's knob as it jiggles and clicks.

INT. MCGLOIN'S BEDROOM

McGloin hears the noise and staggers back to the corner of the room and cowers with his bottle, shaking.

After some tension builds, The Clock, cane and all, bursts into the room.

McGloin throws his arms in front of his face and manages to stammer out half a sentence.

MCGLOIN

Please! I did the job just like-
McGloin realizes it is The Clock
and his fear is partially replaced
by confusion.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)

The Clock! You took out the hit on
Willis?

THE CLOCK

Actually, I was hoping you would
tell me who did.

McGloin shakes his head.

MCGLOIN

I don't know, I swear I don't know.
We used a middleman.

THE CLOCK

Who was the middleman?

MCGLOIN

I ain't sayin'.

THE CLOCK

Stand up.

(CONTINUED)

MCGLOIN
What?

THE CLOCK
Stand up.

MCGLOIN
Why?

The clock says nothing.

Eventually McGloin decides to try to make it to his feet. As soon as he is successful The Clock explodes with a "Yakuza" thrust kick to McGloin's face. It takes McGloin down to the ground. McGloin gets up on his elbows to speak, he is bleeding from the mouth.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)
Somethin' spooked him, the
middleman. He... sent someone to
tell me to lay low.

The Clock swings the head of his cane at McGloin's temple, almost like a golf swing. McGloin screams in pain.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)
If I tell you man, if I tell you...
I don't know who but somebody's
gonna kill me!

THE CLOCK
And if you don't tell me you do
know who's gonna kill you.

The Clock takes another cane-swing at McGloin's head but stops before it hits as McGloin begs him off.

MCGLOIN
Alright, man, alright. It was Big
Flynn.

The Clock starts to leave.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)
Wait!

The Clock stops, turns around.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)
Aren't you gonna use my phone to
call the cops or something? Aren't
you gonna turn me in?

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK

I figure I'd wait till I had Flynn and the mystery man in custody. No need to tip them off any earlier than I have to.

The Clock turns to go.

MCGLOIN

You can't-

McGloin stops as The Clock quickly turns to face him, glaring menacingly.

MCGLOIN (CONT'D)

Can you... can you tie me up or something? Maybe beat me about the face a little?

There is a short beat.

THE CLOCK

Are you serious?

MCGLOIN

Yeah, I... I don't want it to look like I gave it up too easy.

THE CLOCK

Well, you did help me out.

EXT. OUTSIDE MCGLOIN'S HOUSE

Sounds of a beating come out of McGloin's bedroom.

COMMERCIALS

EXT. ON THE WATER

Kane stands next to the water with his hands on his hips, his jacket hanging over the crook in his arm, his sleeves rolled up.

His wife JENNIFER walks up behind him.

JENNIFER

I thought I might find you here.

KANE

Jennifer!

Kane runs to and hugs his wife.

(CONTINUED)

KANE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JENNIFER

Looking for you. You haven't been yourself lately. I'm worried about you.

KANE

That's sweet of you. It's just work.

JENNIFER

Can you tell me about it?

KANE

Ever since... ever since this masked vigilante showed up Litz has been riding my ass, and... and now Mayor Willis...

JENNIFER

Is that all it is?

KANE

What did you think it was?

JENNIFER

I don't know, I guess... I guess I thought you were keeping secrets from me.

KANE

I could never do that, Jennifer.

Jennifer hugs Kane.

JENNIFER

I love you, Theodore.

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM

THE CLOCK

(whispering) Theo...

Kane's eyes open.

He is naked in his own bed, under a sheet. First he sees his wife sleeping next to him.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK (CONT'D)
(whispering) Theo...

Kane is alarmed to see his fellow conspirator in his bedroom but manages not to make a noise.

The Clock hands Kane a pair of pants.

Kane puts them on and follows The Clock into the hallway.

INT. KANE'S HALLWAY

Kane and The Clock continue to whisper.

KANE
You can't come here. You can't come here anymore.

THE CLOCK
I'm sorry. I just wanted to keep you abreast of the situation.

KANE
Quick, what is it?

THE CLOCK
I had a conversation with a goon named McGloin, he told me the hit came through "Big" Flynn. But there's someone else, above Flynn.

KANE
What do you plan to do?

THE CLOCK
"Have a conversation" with Flynn, of course. I'm off to his mansion.

KANE
Be careful. And good luck.

The Clock sets off down the hallway toward the front door.

We stay with Kane as he walks back into his bedroom.

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM

Jennifer sits up sleepily in bed.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Who was that?

KANE

No one, honey, I was just going to the bathroom.

JENNIFER

I heard voices.

KANE

I stubbed my toe, dear. I was quietly cursing to myself. I didn't want to wake you.

JENNIFER

Just... nap a little longer with me.

KANE

I can't, I... have to pick something up at the office. I'll be right back, though, I promise.

JENNIFER

I'll be waiting.

Kane leans down and kisses his wife on the forehead.

EXT. THE STREETS

The Clock drives his fancy car through the streets. He stops at a red light and Caroline Adler is walking right in front of him, crossing the street.

The Clock quickly takes off his facekercheif and shoves it in his coat pocket.

Adler looks up and sees him.

ADLER

Brian! Brian!

Adler comes around his car to the passenger side and tries to get in the car.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Unlock the door! The light turns green.

Brian finally unlocks the door and Adler steps inside.

A car behind him honks. Brian starts driving.

(CONTINUED)

ADLER

Where did you go earlier? I was hoping you'd come, upstairs. I was waiting for you.

O'BRIEN

I realized I had an appointment with a jazz musician.

ADLER

Do you have any left?

O'BRIEN

Sorry, it's all gone.

ADLER

You never vipe when I'm around. If I didn't know better I'd think that you were tight. Where are you going?

O'BRIEN

Just driving. What's the point of an expensive car if you don't enjoy driving it?

ADLER

Why not drive me back to your place so you can finish what you never started earlier.

O'BRIEN

Why not stop for a coffee. This diner is delightfully workaday.

ADLER

But-

Brian pulls into a small diner. They get out of the car and walk into the diner.

INT. DINER

Brian and Adler sit down at a booth.

ADLER

You're a spontaneous fella, O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

I can afford to be.

A waitress walks up to the booth.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

What can I get for you two?

O'BRIEN

Two black coffees, please. That will be all.

The waitress walks away.

ADLER

I wanted sugar in my coffee.

O'BRIEN

I'll get you sugar.

There is a short moment of silence.

ADLER

You know who you remind me of?

O'BRIEN

Who?

ADLER

Howard Hughes. Have you ever considered going into movies? You look like a leading man.

O'BRIEN

Hughes is a director.

ADLER

You know what I mean. You're a mysterious, rich, handsome young man... What I don't understand is this lethargy.

O'BRIEN

I go out. I went out just this-morning.

ADLER

It's a mental lethargy as much as physical. You used to be a brilliant lawyer. Why is it you have let your intellect stagnate?

O'BRIEN

Even Sherlock Holmes retired to the Sussex Downs to raise bees.

(CONTINUED)

ADLER

You think yourself Sherlock Holmes?

O'BRIEN

I think myself retired.

The waitress suddenly appears with two coffees.

WAITRESS

Two coffees.

The waitress sets them down on the table.

Brian reaches to the empty table behind him and grabs a sugar dispenser.

He pours sugar into Adler's cup.

ADLER

I think this was our first fight.

Brian raises his mug, as if to toast.

O'BRIEN

May all future fights go as well as
this one.

The two drink their coffee. Suddenly Alder slumps over on the table.

Brian takes out his wallet, leaves a few bills, puts his wallet back in his pocket, and stands up to leave.

INT. FLYNN'S MANSION

Two black men (one of them named Mezzrow) dressed in loose-fitting suits stand beside several large crates.

On a slightly-raised platform, Scotty "Big" Flynn sits, a lieutenant on either side of him. All around the room are Scotty Flynn's men, wearing horizontally striped shirts, some blue and white, some red and white.

MEZZROW

You're not going to be
disappointed. Working with us is
going to open up possibilities for
you, Scotty.

FLYNN

Don't call me Scotty. Just show me
the merchandise.

(CONTINUED)

Mezzrow and his colored partner lift up the top of the crates revealing what must be hundreds of period grenades.

MEZZROW

This what you're looking for?

FLYNN

Mezzrow, if the price is right you can expect my business regularly.

There is a noise from the back of the room, a guttural spasm of sorts.

The negroes put the lid back on the crate.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The Clock steps into the light with a thug by the neck. He throws him down to the ground, and thugs all around the room raise and cock their guns.

Mezzrow and his partner start taking off their coats.

MEZZROW

Leave him to us!

The thugs all look at Flynn, who nods.

They lower their rods.

Mezzrow and his partner lay their coats on the crate of grenades.

They put up their dukes, and shuffle their feet in a manner reminiscent of male jazz-dancers of the era.

The colored men spread out a little, and The Clock steps in between them, setting his cane on the crate. They circle for a bit before The Clock tries to side-kick Mezzrow in the head, who immediately goes into the splits, evading the kick.

In one fluid motion The Clock brings his leg around to sweep under the partner, who jumps in the air, avoiding the sweep, and landing in the splits just as Mezzrow slides back to his feet.

Mezzrow throws a thrust-kick at The Clock's breadbasket but The Clock catches it in his hands and dumps Mezzrow on his back.

(CONTINUED)

The Clock jumps up in the air with the intention of coming down in mounted position on Mezzrow, but the partner side-kicks him in the back, sending him flying over Mezzrow as Mezzrow rolls out of the way.

The Clock does a kip-up over a low-sweep by the partner and launches immediately into a flurry of strikes on Mezzrow, who backs up, avoiding only precious few strikes, the rest landing.

The partner grabs The Clock in a sleeper hold from behind, arm around his neck, trying to choke him out.

The Clock grabs for the partner's head and "snapmares" him over into Mezzrow, knocking the negroes down.

The Clock grabs his cane, and as the partner is getting up, swings across his face, knocking the partner out.

Mezzrow sees he is outmatched and focuses his efforts on avoiding blows from the cane.

The Clock swings several times but every time Mezzrow just dodges them.

Eventually Mezzrow turns to run and The Clock makes a few desperate swings, which miss. Mezzrow continues to run straight up the wall as The Clock realizes his opportunity and stops swinging.

Mezzrow backflips off the wall and The Clock follows his trajectory, releasing his projectile cane-head to hit Mezzrow in the face just before he lands.

It does so and Mezzrow, instead of landing gracefully, crumples to his feet.

The thugs begin shooting at The Clock who dives behind the crate of grenades.

The thugs continue shooting.

FLYNN

Stop! Stop shooting you fools!

Realizing what is about to happen, The Clock dives and rolls away from the crate just as it explodes in a huge fireball.

The sound has gone away, replaced by a ringing, as in one's ears. The Clock staggers to his feet, his clothes singed, his head throbbing.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up to Flynn's chair and sees no one. Scanning the room, he sees a back door swing shut as though someone had just left.

He staggers across the bodies of several thugs to the back door, opens it, sees Flynn round a corner, and then The Clock collapses.

EXT. THE STREETS - EVENING

All is black; the sounds off a car engine can be heard. Suddenly a voice pierces the darkness.

KANE

Steady, steady, don't try to do much, just get your bearings first.

The Clock, still wearing his facekerchief, opens his eyes, and sees himself in the passenger seat of his own car, which is being driven by Captain Kane.

THE CLOCK

What...?

KANE

You had a nasty accident at Flynn's mansion. I managed to arrive before the rest of my boys.

The Clock reaches out and touches his dashboard.

He is obviously a little out of it.

THE CLOCK

This is my... how did you...?

KANE

As far as I'm concerned I grabbed the first parked car I could find and didn't care who it belonged to. Here, drink this. I found it in this fine gentlemen's car.

Kane hands The Clock a canteen of water.

The Clock drinks from it, slowly at first, then increasingly faster. He wipes his mouth.

He seems to have a better understanding of his surroundings now than he did a moment ago.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK

Flynn escaped. I was following him when I collapsed. He's the only one who can tell me who ordered Willis's murder.

KANE

We can't worry about that right now. Some shrapnel went through your left arm. You're bleeding pretty badly. I'm taking you to Rendezvous Gamma. I have some stitching and rags there. I'll patch you up.

THE CLOCK

There's no time, Theo. I've got to find Flynn. I have to figure out who killed Mayor Willis before sunrise.

KANE

This is Flynn's city. He's safer here than anywhere else he could go. No, he's not going anywhere. You'll just have to wait another half-hour.

THE CLOCK

Theo?

KANE

Yes?

THE CLOCK

I'm sorry I broke into your house today. When I put on the mask, sometimes... sometimes it's hard to see where the boundaries are.

KANE

You did what you thought you had to-

THE CLOCK

(interrupting) No. A man should never break into his friend's house. A man...

The Clock drifts off to a heavy sleep, half unconscious.

Kane checks The Clock's pulse as he drives, then smiles.

INT. A WAREHOUSE

Scotty Flynn and two thugs stand in the middle of a largely empty warehouse, a huge figure is in the shadows.

FLYNN

It's a shame what Commissioner Litz has done to your noble sport in this once fine city. I know you feel that you were unjustly cast out. I'm here to do the opposite; I'm here to welcome you into our fold. You will always have a place here. Is this a place you would like to be?

There is an affirmative grunt from the darkness.

FLYNN

Excellent! So should I call you by your Christian name, or- The

Pugilist interrupts, his voice thunders and growls.

THE PUGILIST

(interrupting) Call me the Pugilist.

The Pugilist steps out into the light and shakes Flynn's hand.

Flynn is completely in frame, but the Pugilist's head and shoulders remain unseen, as he towers over his companions.

Flynn smiles.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT LOBBY

A middle-aged redhead with glasses (Babs) sits behind a large desk.

Jennifer walks up to the desk.

JENNIFER

Babs?

Babs looks up from her papers.

BABS

Jenny! Hey! How have you been?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Alright, I guess. Listen, did Theo come in here within the last hour?

BABS

He did. Wasn't two minutes before he was out the door again.

Jennifer looks around the lobby.

JENNIFER

Where is everyone?

BABS

There was an explosion at a mansion. I shouldn't really be telling you about it.

JENNIFER

Is that where Theo went?

BABS

I don't think so. I'm not even sure he heard the call. He was gone minutes before the boys left. And he took his car.

JENNIFER

You mean his civilian car?

BABS

Yeah, it's a cute little car. If he's not with you how did you get out here?

JENNIFER

I took the bus.

BABS

What's the rush? He'll be home later tonight.

JENNIFER

To tell you the truth, we were taking the day off.

BABS

Ooh!

JENNIFER

He said he had to come get something but that he'd be right home. That was quite a while ago.

(CONTINUED)

BABS

Well, Commissioner Litz has been in a tizzy since Mayor Willis died. And I think Captain Kane feels personally responsible for not bringing in The Clock yet. You should see him bristle whenever that mysterious vigilante's name is mentioned. Personally, I think that a man doing good should be left alone, so long as he's only going after the bad guys. It's like Robin Hood you know. He may work outside the law, but you can tell he's got a heart of gold. Why if I-

JENNIFER

(interrupting) Thanks, Babs. I guess I'm worrying over nothing. I should go home.

BABS

Of course, see you later, dear.

JENNIFER

Bye, Babs.

INT. RENDEZVOUS GAMMA

The Clock sits with his shirt off, examining the patch-up job Kane did to his left arm.

Kane rolls down and buttons his sleeves before putting on his jacket.

KANE

I should go. My wife...

THE CLOCK

By all means.

Kane turns to go, puts his hand on the door-handle.

THE CLOCK (CONT'D)

And Theo?

Kane looks back at The Clock.

THE CLOCK

Thank you.

Kane smiles and then opens the door but stops, reaching into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

KANE
Hey, Clock.

Kane throws the Clock his car-keys.

KANE (CONT'D)
You're going to need these.

Kane walks out the door.

As soon as it shuts The Clock springs into action. He takes a medium-sized box out of a hiding place in the bench he had been sitting on.

He opens the box.

In it is a complete change of clothes with a facekerchief on top, and three extra projectile cane-heads.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The Clock, now dressed in his new suit, is outside the very warehouse in which Flynn met The Pugilist.

He sneaks around, then charges into the warehouse, which he finds empty.

He looks around a moment, then strolls out the way he came.

EXT. OUTSIDE LUIGI'S

The Clock's car screams down the street, eventually stopping in front of Luigi's, a restaurant.

The Clock gets out of the car and strolls nonchalantly up to the door. He opens it.

INT. LUIGI'S

Luigi, clad in a white apron, leans over a dining table, speaking with Flynn, who sits alone at the table.

THE CLOCK
Hey, Luigi! Why don't you get out
of here?

Luigi stands up, scared, but defers to Flynn.

When Flynn nods, Luigi scampers into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK (CONT'D)
I thought I'd find you here.

FLYNN
You blew up my house.

The Clock doesn't know it, but the Pugilist has walked up behind him.

His head still beyond the audiences view, above The Clock's fedora.

THE CLOCK
Your men shot that crate.

The Clock smiles.

THE CLOCK (CONT'D)
Since when have I ever used explosives? I'm not here to take you in, Flynn, I just want information.

FLYNN
You'll have to talk to my assistant first.

THE CLOCK
Assistant?

A growling that should be familiar to the audience emanates from behind the Clock.

He turns his head to see (as we see, for the first time) The Pugilist in all his humongous glory.

INT. KANE'S LIVING ROOM

Kane closes his front door behind him and puts his house keys back in his pocket.

When he looks up he sees Jennifer sitting on the settee.

KANE
Hi, honey.

JENNIFER
Don't you "Hi, honey" me.

INT. LUIGI'S

The Clock staggers back from a haymaker thrown at his head. He is already bleeding from the nose.

INT. KANE'S LIVING ROOM KANE

KANE

I... I know I'm a little late...

JENNIFER

A little? It's been two hours.

Kane moves toward his wife, as if for a reconciliation hug.

KANE

Jennifer, I'm sorry, but I'm a cop, and you know...

JENNIFER

You smell like booze. Have you been drinking?

KANE

Honey, no. It's just... it's on my hands.

JENNIFER

I don't believe you, Theo. I don't believe you anymore.

KANE

Don't... believe me?

JENNIFER

You've been having an affair.

INT. LUIGI'S

The Clock picks himself up off the floor, and out of the chair-splinters that litter his spot, grabbing his cane from beside him.

He wipes some of the blood trickling from his mouth with the back of his hand.

Flynn, still sitting at his table, laughs heartily.

The Clock swings with his cane and hits several times, at first the chest, then a leaping strike to the Pugilist's head.

(CONTINUED)

The Pugilist remains unperturbed, "no-selling" every hit.

The Clock realizes his attacks have been for naught, and he relents, wondering what to do next.

The Pugilist throws yet another haymaker, but The Clock avoids it by jumping up and back, performing what looks like a backflip, but he twists in mid-air and lands, shoulders first, in a roll across a dining table, twisting again as he reaches its end so that he ends up facing the Pugilist when all is said and done.

He shoots his projectile cane-head. It bounces off The Pugilist's chest, doing about as much damage as a whisp of lint lightly tossed at a brick wall.

The Clock ducks back down behind the table, once again unsure of how to proceed.

INT. KANE'S LIVING ROOM

KANE

How could you think that? In twenty-five years I haven't touched another woman.

JENNIFER

That's right. Twenty-five years. Twenty-five years of you telling me about your day over supper. Twenty-five years of you always coming home when you said you would. So what's changed?

KANE

I... I can't...

INT. LUIGI'S

The Pugilist swings a chair at The Clock's right side. He takes it admirably as it shatters.

The Pugilist then swings another chair at The Clock's left side.

This time, as it shatters, The Clock screams and grabs his injured arm dropping to a knee.

INT. KANE'S LIVING ROOM

JENNIFER

That's just it, Theo! You can't tell me! You won't tell me. We've never kept secrets, what other explanation can there be?

KANE

If I let you know... if I told you what's been taking up my time, distracting me... we'd be in danger.

JENNIFER

Don't pull that on me! It's because I don't want kids, isn't it? That's why you're cheating!

KANE

I'm not cheating and I'm not pulling anything. You want to know what I feel about our decision to not have kids? I go to bed every night thanking God that I didn't bring another person into a world that needs The Clock in it just to keep the bile from running over! I blame myself for moving us here, because I thought it was a "good career opportunity." Now you live in this filth and it's my fault.

Jennifer's face has softened.

JENNIFER

Theo, I-

KANE

(interrupting) Litz asked me to send an innocent man to jail as a public relations stunt. I've been... working outside the normal channels in order to keep that from happening. It's all like that now, every day. I don't know what side I'm on anymore, I don't know what side any of us are on.

INT. LUIGI'S KITCHEN

The Clock bursts into the kitchen and dives behind a counter.

The Pugilist swings the door open, looking across the room for his prey.

The Clock, still hiding, takes a cane-head from his coat pocket, clicking it into place on his walking stick. He promptly stands up and fires it at the Pugilist's face.

Upon impact it explodes in a fireball, finally eliciting a reaction from the former boxer.

When he takes his hands away from his face it is badly burned.

Before The Pugilist has regained his bearings, The Clock lunges at him, leaping from the counter and plunging a large steak-knife into the Pugilist's sternum.

The Clock's feet hit the ground and he staggers back, waiting to see what happens.

The Pugilist breaks the handle off of the knife and then yells a short war-cry.

The Clock spins and ducks, avoiding The Pugilist's heavy blows.

He grabs an even bigger knife and plants it in the Pugilist's chest.

This time the Pugilist shows signs of pain, but is quickly back on the offense.

INT. KANE'S LIVING ROOM

JENNIFER

Here, sit down. Let me take your shoes. See, this is good, we need to talk through.... the sole of your shoe is melted. You really did go to that fire!

KANE

How do you know about the fire?

Jennifer sits down next to her husband and hugs him, putting her head on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

It's not important. I wanted to come here too, you know.

KANE

Huh?

JENNIFER

To this city. Neither of us wanted to stay in that little town forever. I don't blame you, Theodore. There. Isn't it nice to be completely honest with each other again?

KANE

Yes, dear. Yes it is.

INT. LUIGI'S KITCHEN

The Pugilist has seven knife handles sticking out of his chest, not counting the one he broke off. He yells another war cry, but he is noticeably weakened by this point.

The Clock is once again hiding behind the counter.

The Pugilist makes his move toward the counter but before he gets far The Clock springs up and throws a huge meat-cleaver right into The Pugilist's abdomen.

The Pugilist bends over and hits the floor.

His eyes close and his breathing slows.

The Clock bends down to one knee and places a fist on the ground, attempting to collect himself.

The door to the kitchen slowly creaks open. The Clock is on Flynn before he is halfway through the doorframe.

He grabs him by the throat and lifts him up against the wall.

THE CLOCK

Now it's just you and me.

FLYNN

My mansion, my men, my newest meathead... you win, Clock. You win.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK

Who ordered the hit on Mayor
Willis?

FLYNN

I didn't see his face, he had a
towel wrapped around it.

The Clock chokes Flynn a little harder.

THE CLOCK

Think... hard...

FLYNN

He had a tattoo, in the middle of
his chest.

THE CLOCK

What kind of tattoo?

FLYNN

A crown, some European crown thing,
okay?

The Clock is confused at first, but then a look of
realization passes across his eyes.

INT. LITZ'S BEDROOM

Commissioner Litz is sitting on the edge of his bed,
starting to button his dress-shirt.

His crown tattoo is prominently displayed.

There is a woman behind him, naked in the bed. It is
Caroline Adler.

ADLER

I bet that took your mind off
business for a little while.

Litz stands up and walks to his coat-stand before putting on
his shoulder-holster.

LITZ

An admirable attempt. More
admirable than your attempt to
trail O'Brien.

Litz takes the gun out of the holster like nothing's going
on.

(CONTINUED)

He opens the cylinder, looks in the chambers, spins the cylinder and closes it again.

ADLER

I swear he drugged my drink.

LITZ

You're becoming sloppy, I can't have that.

Without warning, with no apparent change in his demeanor, Litz shoots Adler through the head.

LITZ

Useless to the last Carrie. Useless until the moment you died.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT LOBBY

Babs sits at her large desk, talking on the phone.

BABS

Can you see the smoke...? Well you're still kindof far away... Yeah, that's what I said...! Of course you've heard of him...! Do you remember that trial back in thirty-two...? I know there were a lot of trials in thirty-two! The one with that husky Irishman who was up for bootlegging? It was all over the news, Violet, I can't help it if you don't listen to the-

Officer Overholser walks through the front doors, wheeling a body covered in a damp sheet.

BABS (CONT'D)

I have to go Violet, something just walked in... Bye.

Babs hangs up the phone.

BABS (CONT'D)

Hey, Tom.

OVERHOLSER

Hey, Babs.

BABS

Who is it?

(CONTINUED)

OVERHOLSER
Guy we fished out of the river.

BABS
The one the young couple called in?

OVERHOLSER
That's the one.

BABS
You still didn't answer my
question.

OVERHOLSER
What question was that?

BABS
Who is he?

OVERHOLSER
Don't know. No identification on
his person. We'll run his prints as
soon as we get him to the bonesaw.

BABS
Maybe I can help?

OVERHOLSER
You want to see him?

BABS
Yeah.

Overholser pulls back the sheet revealing the badly beaten
corpse of Butch McGloin.

BABS (CONT'D)
Sorry. I don't recognize him.

OVERHOLSER
Oh well, to the doc he goes.

Overholser starts to wheel away the body when Captain Kane
walks through the front doors.

KANE
Wait! Overholser! Who do you have
there?

Overholser stops and responds.

OVERHOLSER

Don't know, sir. We're about to run his prints.

Kane, having reached the gurney, pulls up the sheet and glances at the body.

KANE

This is Butch McGloin.

OVERHOLSER

The fencer?

KANE

Among other things. I have to follow up on this. You hold down the fort.

Kane turns and starts to walk away, but suddenly stops and turns back.

KANE (CONT'D)

Has the commissioner been in?

BABS

I haven't seen him since this morning. Do you want me to give him a message when I see him?

KANE

No, that's... unnecessary. I'll be back soon.

Kane walks out the double doors...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

...right into The Clock who is carrying an unconscious Scotty Flynn up the steps in the rain.

THE CLOCK

Theo!

KANE

What the hell are you doing?

THE CLOCK

Dropping off Flynn. And looking for you.

(CONTINUED)

KANE

For God's sake get off the steps!

The Clock places Flynn on the steps, then follows Kane around the building to a small alley.

KANE

I've got bad news. Overholser just wheeled in a body-

THE CLOCK

(interrupting) Butch McGloin?

KANE

How did you...?

THE CLOCK

I know who was behind Willis's murder. It was Commissioner Litz.

At first it looks like Kane isn't processing the revelation, but soon his expression changes to surprise, and then to anger.

KANE

Shit! Why didn't I see it?

THE CLOCK

What do we do now?

KANE

The lack of physical evidence, the papers in the safe... our meeting this morning! I'm so Goddamned blind!

THE CLOCK

Theo. We need a plan.

KANE

Of course. I was about to go to the river and look for evidence, though I don't see the point now.

THE CLOCK

We'll need all the proof we can get when Litz goes to trial. Maybe you should go.

KANE

Agreed.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK

Any idea where he is right now?

KANE

He hasn't been in since this morning, and we're not close enough for me to know any of his haunts.

THE CLOCK

I'll try his house. If he's not there, maybe I can pick up a scent. Good job on this Theo.

The Clock turns and jogs down the alley.

KANE

But...

The Clock stops in his tracks and turns to face Kane.

KANE (CONT'D)

...I didn't do anything.

Despite his facekerchief it is obvious that The Clock is smiling.

THE CLOCK

You came to me.

And with that, The Clock speeds down the alley and disappears around the corner.

Kane reacts.

INT. KANE'S KITCHEN

Jennifer is mixing a bowl of something, presumably in the beginning stages of baking something.

EXT. THE STREETS

The Clock screams down the street in his automobile.

EXT. THE STREETS

Captain Theodore Kane drives lackadaisically down the street in his copcar.

He pulls up at the water near a bridge, gets out of his car and starts looking around.

He hears something indistinct and looks up to the bridge.

INT. LITZ'S BEDROOM

Focus on the door.

Someone is coming up the stairs. The door opens. It is The Clock.

He first notices the large bloodstain on the bed. He wipes his gloved fingers over it, then examines them.

He starts to walk around the room, looking for other clues.

Suddenly he realizes something and practically jumps over to the telephone.

He dials a number and waits.

INT. KANE'S KITCHEN

Jennifer puts a pan in the oven as the phone rings.

She walks to it and picks it up.

JENNIFER

Hello?

THE CLOCK

Mrs. Kane. Is your husband home?

JENNIFER

No, he's still at work. Can I take a message?

THE CLOCK

That won't be necessary. Thank you.

JENNIFER

So... this isn't the office?

INT. LITZ'S BEDROOM

The Clock is still on the telephone.

He pauses a moment.

Finally he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

THE CLOCK

It is! He just walked in. Thanks,
though.

The Clock hangs up and bolts out the door and down the stairs.

INT. KANE'S KITCHEN

Jennifer listens to the dial tone for a moment, then, determined, she grabs her coat and walks briskly toward the door.

INT. LITZ'S STUDY

At the end of the stairs The Clock bumps into something.

He looks up.

It is a large ex-boxer with several knives in his chest and a burned face: The Pugilist.

The Pugilist takes a swing at The Clock's face, which he deftly ducks, grabbing a bookcase and toppling it down onto his larger opponent.

The Pugilist immediately breaks through the bookcase and punches The Clock, who falls, rolls, and then staggers back behind the desk.

The Clock hurriedly rifles through the desk, finding a large six-shooter. After quickly checking the chambers for bullets, he buries two of them in The Pugilist's left knee.

He is slowed, but keeps coming.

The Clock shoots the other knee three times and The Pugilist drops to his left knee.

The Clock vaults over the desk so that he lands standing behind The Pugilist, at which point he puts a bullet right in the Pugilist's temple, execution style.

The Clock isn't finished though, and follows the large man to the floor, repeatedly beating him about the face with the gun.

After what seems like an eternity he finally relents, and staggers out the door.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE LITZ'S HOUSE

The Clock finds his car waiting in the rain with his door torn off the hinges and the steering column torn out and lying on the ground.

He seems perturbed.

EXT. THE STREETS - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

The Clock runs down the sidewalk, facekerchief and all, as the few people who are still on the streets gawk.

Kane's automobile pulls up beside him. The clock puts his hands on his knees and breathes for a moment.

He has not yet looked at the person driving the car.

THE CLOCK

Oh, Theo, thank God. I was worried-

The Clock looks up and sees Jennifer in the driver's seat.

JENNIFER

My husband is in trouble isn't he?

THE CLOCK

Yes.

Jennifer leans over and opens the passenger door.

JENNIFER

Get in.

The Clock sits in the car and closes the door.

Jennifer drives off.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Captain Kane reacts to a punch to the gut, his lip is already bleeding.

It is Litz who is beating him, below their feet is the body of Caroline Adler.

LITZ

You better hope that wife of yours doesn't ask too many questions about your death, Kane, because I will do unto her as I did unto you.

(CONTINUED)

Kane tries to stand up.

Litz kicks him in the gut.

EXT. THE STREETS

Jennifer drives the Kanes' automobile with The Clock in the passenger seat.

Jennifer gestures toward the Clock's left arm, which is showing blood even through his suit.

JENNIFER

You're injured. Are you sure you're up for this?

THE CLOCK

I've had worse.

There is a silence.

JENNIFER

How do you know my husband... if you don't mind me asking?

THE CLOCK

Our work coincides.

JENNIFER

Ah.

Once again, nothing is said for a time.

THE CLOCK

It wasn't easy, at first.

Trusting each other.

JENNIFER

What made it work?

THE CLOCK

I guess we realized that, so long as our goals were the same, it didn't matter if we kept secrets from each other. Partnerships are founded not on honesty, but on common ground. A man always has the right to...

Jennifer is pulling up to the bridge.

EXT. THE BRIDGE

Kane takes a punch to the gut from Litz and falls to his knees. He is already bleeding from the lip.

A car door slams.

JENNIFER

Theodore!

Kane reaches out a hand in the direction of his wife.

KANE

Jennifer, no! Get back!

Litz kicks Kane in the ribs.

An engine roars. Kane dives over the side of the bridge but catches himself on a ledge as his car, driven by The Clock, plows into Litz.

Litz hits the windshield and rides it further down the bridge before being flung off by The Clock hitting the brakes.

Meanwhile, at the middle of the bridge, Jennifer runs up to her husband.

JENNIFER

Are you okay?

KANE

I'm fine, dear. There's just one thing.

JENNIFER

What's that, dear?

KANE

Help me up.

The Clock avoids what little Litz can throw at him and is essentially beating the shit out of him.

Litz begins laughing.

LITZ

You think you've got me now, do you? Well I have something on you.

The Clock punches Litz in the face.

(CONTINUED)

LITZ (CONT'D)

That's your response? Don't you want to know what it is?

The Clock unwinds his fist; his shoulders relax.

Meanwhile, at the middle of the bridge, Jennifer seems ready to run and assist The Clock, but Kane puts his hand on her shoulder to stop her, and shakes his head.

LITZ (CONT'D)

I know who you are, O'Brien. I've been watching you.

The Clock tilts his head toward Caroline's body.

THE CLOCK

You mean Caroline's been watching me.

Litz cracks a wide smile.

The Clock punches him in the face.

LITZ

But there's more isn't there? He's working for you, right? Captain Theodore Kane! Mr. Independent Spirit!

The Clock takes another swing at Litz, but Litz drops to the ground to avoid it, then scampers over to the edge of the bridge.

LITZ

I'll see you downstream!

Litz goes to jump but realizes at the last moment that he is so far down the bridge that there is nothing but rock below him.

He teeters on the edge trying to catch himself.

The Clock boots Litz in the back of the head, sending him falling to his death.

INT. KANE'S LIVING ROOM

Focus on a radio.

Slowly pull out to reveal Captain Kane in black, messing with his tie, cufflinks, and hair; fidgeting in anticipation of leaving the house.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

(On the radio) Even though Captain Theodore Kane is heading up the investigation, he will still be attending the late Commissioner's funeral today. Earlier today, Annabelle Wellington spoke to Captain Kane, and he had this to say.

KANE

(On the radio) We cannot let an as yet unproved assertion ruin the grieving process for the hundreds that knew Frederick Litz through his work, and through his personal life. As far as I'm concerned a man is innocent until proven guilty and he was my Commissioner too. If you'll excuse me I have to go prepare.

The classic end-of-press-conference hustle and bustle is heard over the radio.

Jennifer appears next to the radio and clicks it off.

JENNIFER

Why do you insist on listening to that?

KANE

It helps to know what they're saying about the case.

JENNIFER

You mean about you?

KANE

Both.

JENNIFER

You've been so busy the last few days we haven't really gotten a chance to talk about all that went on.

KANE

He helps the city, Jennifer. He's not the way the media paints him.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

I know that, I trust you. It's just that... I have so many questions. How do you communicate with him? And how does he communicate with you?

KANE

Through radio waves.

JENNIFER

Oh, that's pretty clever! Do you know who he is?

KANE

No. I've no idea.

JENNIFER

It's probably for the best. No telling what kind of trouble that knowledge could get you into.

KANE

Exactly. Is my tie on straight?

JENNIFER

Your tie is always on straight. You are an immaculate dresser. Which reminds me, does all this mean you're going to get a promotion?

KANE

One step at a time.

EXT. CEMETARY

Several dozen people in black sit and stand around a coffin with an American flag draped over it.

All we hear is music.

Kane and Jennifer walk up. Kane sees Brian O'Brien in the crowd.

Brian sees Kane.

Soon all the guests are leaving.

Brian approaches Kane and together they walk to the parking lot with the rest.

(CONTINUED)

O'BRIEN

Captain Kane? Brian O'Brien, I used to be a prosecutor.

KANE

Of course. You prosecuted the Flynn trial in thirty-two.

O'BRIEN

Unfortunately I'm sure that's what I'll be remembered for. But it's not me I came to talk to you about today.

KANE

Oh?

O'BRIEN

No. I've been very impressed with the way you're handling the Litz/Willis case, and I wanted you to know that I still have some friends left over from my days of servitude. Mayor Kozer, for example.

KANE

I don't... I don't understand.

O'BRIEN

Maybe this will clarify things for you. Congratulations, Commissioner. You've earned it.

Brian walks away.

KANE

Well, Jennifer, nothing to say?

JENNIFER

Who is that back at the grave?

KANE

What? Oh, it's Overholser, poor fellow. He seems to be taking the Commissioner's death rather poorly.

Back at the grave, Overholser offers Litz a short soliloquy.

OVERHOLSER

I never told you this sir, but after you had us work together, Carrie and I started seeing each

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OVERHOLSER (cont'd)
other. In fact, I went ring
shopping last week. I didn't get
anything, but I was thinking about
it. That's why you can rest assured
sir, that playboy is going to pay
for what he did to my sweet Carrie,
and to you. I wish you were here,
sir. Here to tell me how to
proceed, who to trust with this
information. As it is, I stand
alone. Alone against The Clock.

FADE TO BLACK: