THE WARRIORS

Original Movie Script

Screenplay by Walter Hill
From the novel by Sol Yurick
Total Script Revision 6/20/78

www.warriorsmovie.co.uk
THE WARRIORS

CLEON

The leader. President of the Warriors. Tough, wiry, great street intelligence, charismatic. He has a tightly controlled intensity...

THE FOX

Quick-witted, emotional, verbose, he is the "memory man" known for his enormous knowledge of other gangs within the city. His toughness is as much of an attitude as physical aptitude ...Fast of foot, a perfect scout on military missions. Rembrandt's best friend.

SWAN

The War Chief. Laconic by nature. Very tough, very resourceful...a natural military tactician. He combines shrewdness and physical courage. By choice a loner, he dislikes the necessity of taking command...

REMBRANDT

The Marker or Artist. The shyest member of the Warriors; small kinetic, somewhat reserved. He can climb anywhere, move silently...The youngest of the patrol...

COCHISE

A rough and ready street boy who has a simple approach to his existence, fight and fornicate ...A soldier and a good one.

COWBOY

Wears a Stetson. Lithe, quick, amiable, goes along with the crowd. Always smiles. A soldier and a good one.

VERMIN

Raw-boned and tough. Not always a disciplined soldier, he complains a lot before he bops, but he's always there...

SNOWBALL

Tall, lean; the face and body of a Masai warrior ...Disciplined, yet an attitude that suggests independence. He never speaks.
THE WARRIORS (contd)

AJAX

His attitude is cantankerous at best, rebellious with more than overtones of cruelty at the worst... Proud of his physical strength, he most dislikes The Fox among the other Warriors, although Swan runs a close second... a natural inclination for mixing violence and sex.
In the Fourth Century before Christ, a mercenary army of Greek soldiers found themselves stranded in the middle of the Persian Empire.

One thousand miles from the sea.

One thousand miles from safety.

Enemy troops around them on every quarter.

This is a story of that army's forced march.

This is a story of courage.

This is a story of War.
GANGS OF NEW YORK ON THE MOVE...

A. TENEMENT STREET. LOWER EAST SIDE.

A Black gang, The Boppers, come trucking down the sidewalk...
Among the scattered pedestrians, a young blonde model-type.
She spots the gang approaching...
Clutches her purse more tightly...
The gang moves closer and closer.
The terrified model looks left and right...
The gang neatly sidesteps, politely detouring around her...
All of them flash big grins as they go past.

CUT.

B. HARBOR

The Staten Island Ferry docks.
An Irish gang, The Gorrards, leans out over the rail.
Look at Manhattan beyond.
Move toward the gangplank...

CUT.

C. CITY STREET. THE BRONX.

Strewn with rubble.
Lined with the shells of burned-out buildings.
A basement door in one of the gutted buildings opens...
Nine members of a Puerto Rican gang file out.
A psychedelic old fish-tailed cadillac at the curb.
The gang piles in their lurid killer-tank.
The car roars away.

CUT.

D. SECOND AVENUE. MANHATTAN.

The base of 59th Street Bridge...
A gang, The High-Hats, ride the skyway from Roosevelt Island down...
They hit the pavement.
Move into the nearby subway station.

CUT.

E. CITY STREET. QUEENS.

Beneath an El.
An Italian gang, The Knockdowns...
They begin to go up the steps leading to a platform.

CUT.
F. EL STAIRWAY. ASTORIA.

Nine members of the Boyle Avenue Runners ascend the stairs.
Head for the turnstiles.

CUT.

G. SUBWAY STATION. CANARSIE.

Nine members of the Gladiators go clicking through the
turnstiles.

CUT.

H. PLATFORM. BEDFORD-STUYVESANT.

Nine members of the Howitzers watch a grafitti covered subway
train approach.
The cars stop, doors snapping open.

CUT.

I. PLATFORM. HARLEM.

Nine members of the Electric Eliminators complete boarding
a subway car.
Doors closing with a hiss.
The train roars off.

CUT.
FADE IN:
BUILDING - DAY

Rising above the boardwalk at Coney. Covered with graffiti. The sound of waves beyond.

BASE OF THE WALL

Rembrandt, working with a spray-can. A few deft touches...

ACROSS THE BEACH

Ajax working out on the rings. Vermin, Cowboy and Snowball nearby.

The Fox walks up.

THE FOX

Gree, Big Man. Look at all those muscles. So powerful, God, spare us.

Ajax stops his workout.

AJAX

Hey, Fox.

THE FOX

Yeah.

AJAX

THE FOX

Hey... That's a good one. You been working on that one. That's real original. Great, just great. Wish I'd of come up with that one.

Pause.

THE FOX

Hey, Ajax.

AJAX

Yeah.

THE FOX

A few laughs from Cowboy and Vermin.
AJAX
I'm telling you faggot,
watch your mouth.

THE FOX
Lighten up, big boy,
save yourself for all the
girlies.

Turns and walks off.

AJAX
Little

Resumes his workout.

SWAN

Sits a few yards from Rembrandt
The wind carries some confetti by...
He throws a bowie knife...
Catches a moving piece of paper.
Again lifts the knife...
Again catches a moving scrap of refuse...

BOARDWALK

Cleon and his girl Lincoln.
Both seated on a bench looking toward the sea.
She lights a cigarette...

LINCOLN
I don't like it.

CLEON
You don't like what.

LINCOLN
Going up to this meeting.

CLEON
You ain't going. Don't worry
about it.

LINCOLN
I'm worried about you going.
I've got a feeling.

CLEON
Ah, whatever.
LINCOLN
Things have been going real good lately. I don't want anything to screw us up, I don't want you getting messed up with something heavy way off in the Bronx. You never even been up there... I like everything just the way it is.

CLEON
I told you...don't worry about it.

Pause.

LINCOLN
You like it since we been back together.

CLEON
Yeah. Sure.

LINCOLN
I treat you good.

CLEON
Yeah...look, do we have to talk about all this. I got a lot to think about.

LINCOLN
You're not going to pay anymore attention to that Second Avenue girl...

CLEON
I told you. That's done. How many times I got to tell you.

LINCOLN
Tell me I'm better looking than she is.

CLEON
You're better looking than she is.

LINCOLN
She's a whore.

CLEON
Yeah. Right.

She exhales...
CONTD. 5

This conclave's going to be big, a real big item...

AT THE WALL

The Fox hunkers down next to Swana.
A moment of silence.

THE FOX
You okay.

No response.
Cochise sits down next to The Fox.

THE FOX
You got a problem?

Still looking at Swan.
The War Chief just holding his knife...

COCHISE
I got a problem. What the fuck are we doing with this powwow?
What the hell is it about.

THE FOX
Nobody knows. Cyrus ain't said.

COCHISE
I mean who the hell is he...

THE FOX
President of the biggest gang in this city... You got that.
He's asked for a conclave. One day's truce... No guns, no blades,
no weapons for nobody.

COCHISE
Hey, weapons give us power.
Power's what makes us warriors.
We're going in there like we were a bunch of.

THE FOX
We're going in there like everybody else. Nine guys, no power. Truce.

Looks back at Swan.

THE FOX
You're steamed because you can't bring your blade. You never been anyplace where you haven't been packed.
SWAN
Yeah.

THE FOX
What else.

Pause.

THE FOX
Come on.

SWAN
Ajax. He ain't much of a soldier if things go bad.

THE FOX
Hey, it's just a pow-wow. We ain't going up there to soldier... Cleon ain't going to lead us up the creek.

COCHISE
I'll tell you something, Fox. Anytime any family's got no power, they're... Swan looks over at The Fox for the first time.

SWAN
He's right.

7 BEACH

Ajax still working out. Vermin closeby.

AJAX
One thing we might get out of this get-together is meeting some strange wool. I wouldn't mind laying a little something down on the way back.

VERMIN
Man, you got a one track brain.

AJAX
What's the matter, you going faggot...

VERMIN
Hey man, I'm ready. Something falls our way, I'll be there.

AJAX
Cowboy and Cochise hunkered down.
Staring out at the sea.

COWBOY
Where the blazes is this place.
I never been to the Bronx.

COCHISE
Long way from here, Daddy.

COWBOY
Okay then; what the blazes is this
conclave about.

COCHISE
Hey, man. That's what I been
asking.

COWBOY
You believe in this truce.

COCHISE
What do you think.

BEACH
Ajax pumps twice on the bars.
Does a flying dismount.
Smiles.

WALL
Swan holding his knife.
Just looking at the blade.

CONY ISLAND
The sun visible over the amusement park
horizon line.

THE BOARDWALK. LATER THAT AFTERNOON
Cleon with the Warriors.
Standing in front of them...
Lincoln off to one side.

CLEON
A lot of you ain't real happy
about going on this patrol.
Remember this. We got a street
family of 120... plus affiliates.
You are the chosen for this ex-
pedition. That makes you special.
Pause.

CLEON
Here's the line-up. Snowball
you're the music man...

Snowball hefts a huge radio...
Winebottle canteen tied by a thong over one shoulder.

CLEON
Cowboy, soldier in the middle.
Vermin, you're the bearer. You got
the tokens and the bread. Swan,
second in command, War Chief, stick
by me. Rembrandt, you got your stuff.

Rembrandt snaps open his medical case.
Loaded with spry cans...

CLEON
You mark the city. Hit every-
thing in sight. I want people to
know the Warriors was there.

AXAJ
Aw— that. He'll just slow
us down.

THE FOX
Shove it, Ajax.

Pause.

CLEON
Ajax. You just soldier. And
try to keep your mouth shut.

Gives him a look.
Ajax backs off.

CLEON
Fox, Scout and Memory Man, you
run and tell us what we need
to know. Cochise, you and Ajax
in the middle, heavy muscle.

AXAJ

CLEON
Just remember we got a truce on,
so don't go flexing unless you get
an order from me... Okay, let's
roll...

They start off.
Cleon stops by Lincoln.
CONT'D. 10E

CLEON
We're going.

LINCOLN
Does that mean I'm supposed to like it.

CLEON
Why not.

LINCOLN
I told you before.

CLEON
Hey, no sweat. This is a big deal...

Touches her hair.
Moves off.

11 THE CITY - DUSK
Sun beginning to dip in the West.

12 WATERFRONT - DUSK
The outlined against the setting sun.
On the first phase of their long trek...

CUT.

13 CITY STREET - DUSK
The warriors filing along.

CUT.

14 ALLEYWAY - DUSK
Tenements high around them.
Rembrandt points to a huge gang insignia marker
on a brick wall.

VERMIN
this is right in the middle
of Mongol territory.

COWBOY
Hey... this truce, better be
a real one.

COCHISE
Yeah... We lost a cat to them
last year.
AJAX

VERMIN
You sure there's a Bruce on.

CLEON
Keep walking.

Swan moves up to a first position...
Approaches the Alley corner...

SWAN

Turns the corner...
Hesitates.
The Fox at his side.

THE FOX
Holy Christ.

THE STREET

Lined with Mongols.
In the street playing stoopball...
On the porches.
Looking down from the fire escapes.
COYBOY

Holy...

COCHISE
We got to walk through this.

VERMIN
We're going to get creamed. Jesus
are we going to get creamed...

CLEON
Cyrus said truce.

He moves ahead.
The patrol reluctantly follows.

MIDDLE OF THE STREET

All eyes of the Mongols trained on the Warriors
as they pass.
A stoopball player whizzes a ball in front of
Cochise.
He catches it, keeps playing...

VERMIN

CLEON
Just keep moving. Nobody lip off.

COWBOY
I wasn't planning on it.

COCHISE
How come these Mongols ain't going
to the conclave.

CLEON
They are. Everybody's just sending
nine...remember, turkey.

All the Mongols continue to stare at them.
But none makes a move.

COWBOY
Man, this is a long street.

VERMIN
I think we're going to make it.

AJAX
Maybe they're just...
A Mongol turns and looks at Ajax.

**MONGOL**


Cleon grabs Ajax's arm.

**CLEON**

Shut up.

Swan gives Ajax a look.

**SWAN**

Just walk... | REMBRANDT |

Yeah. Right. Cyrus said truce.

**AJAX**

Yeah. Okay... Big Deal.

They move on.

**MONGOL**

Right, anytime... ANOTHER MONGOL

Yeah. Come back and see us Warriors.

A few more steps down the street...

**THE FOX**

You really got a head on your shoulders, you know that, Ajax. Your brains are...

**COWBOY**

Yeah. What a dumb...

**AJAX**

Ah, big deal...

The corner now in sight.

**COCHISE**

This Cyrus must be something.

**THE FOX**

I'll tell you one thing, that gang of his, the Gramercy Riffs is something...
They pass by...
Turn the corner.

CUT:

18-48 OMIT

49 ROADWAY NIGHT
The Warriors move into view.
Outlines against the evening sky.

50 PATH
Cleon motioning the other Warriors to move along.
They follow one by one, tramping onward...

COWBOY
You sure this is the way.

CLEON
Yes, I'm sure, God damn it.
This is the way they told me to come.

They continue forward.
A lot of grumbling in the ranks.

VERMIN
How come we don't see anybody else. Somebody explain that fact to me.

COCHISE
Yeah. Where the are we.

AJAX
It's so dark you can't see your own.

THE FOX
Let me reassure you about that, big boy. It's there.

AJAX
You ought to know, faggot.

The Fox slips into falsetto.

THE FOX
"You ought to know, faggot. You ought to know, faggot, faggot, faggot, faggot..."
CLEON
Quiet.

VERMIN
I don't like this.

REMBRANDT
Come on, quiet.

COCHISE
This whole thing is...

AJAX
Yeah. Yes. I don't like it.

THE FOX
Nobody cares what you like, ape man.

CLEON
Quiet back there.

VERMIN
I don't like it.

COWBOY
Shit. We're the only ones around. Maybe we been set up...

Still in front.
Pears around a stairway landing leading to an open plaza. Big smile.

CLEON
Yeah, sure. We're the only ones here.

The others arrive at the landing.
Look out.
Nine faces very respectful of what they see...

THE FOX
Holy Christ.
COWBOY
Kiss my —

VERMIN
Look at that.

COCHISE
Jesus.

AJAX

—

A conclave of the principal gangs within the city.
In all their splendor, ornate finery and baroque appearance —

GANGLAGE

The Alleycats
The Amsterdam All-Stars
The Black Hands
The Blackjacks
The Big Trains
The Boyle Avenue Runners
The Charlemagnes
The Colt 45’s
The Coney Island Warriors
The Dealers
The Delaney Rovers
The Dingos
The E Street Shufflers
The Easy Aces
The Electric Eliminators
The Eighth Avenue Apaches
The Fastballs
The Fifth Street Bombers
The Filmore
The Firetasters
The Five Points
The Garrards
The Gladiators
The Go Hards
The Gun Hill Dancers
The Gramercy Riffs
The High Rollers
The Homeboys
The Hoplites
The Howitzers
The Hucks
The Hurricanes
The Imps
The Jesters
The Jones Street Boys
The Judas Bunch
The Jupiters
The Knockdowns
The Knuckles
The Locos
The Magicians
The Meatpackers
The Moonrunners
The Napoleons
The Nickel Steaks
The Nighthawks
The Ninth Avenue Razors
The Panzers
The Phillies
The Plainmen
The Queen’s Bridge Mutilators
The Red Hook Shooters
The Riffs
The Roadmasters
The Romans
The Runaways
The Saracens
The Saratogas
The Savage Huns
The Shanghai Sultans
The Southern Cross
The Speedwagon
The Stevedores
The Stilettos
The Stonebreakers
The Terriers
The Turks
The Turnbull A.C.
The Vancourtland Rangers
The Whispers
The Xenophons
The Xylophones
The Yo-yo’s
The Youngbloods
The Zodiacs
The Zulus

Black, white, coffee-colored, Puerto Rican, Italian, Irish...
Standing, squatting.
More like an encampment of armies than a meeting.
The whole underside of the city.
One outlandish set of uniforms after another. Nobody here for fun, hundreds of rough, menacing young men...
Waiting...
Watching each other warily in the dark.
Nervous, murmuring...
Restlessness rising like a tide among them.

THE ROGUES

Seated up against the wall of the first terrace.
Their leader, Luther at one end.
Cropsey, his second in command, at his side.

LUTHER
How's our present for Cyrus.

CROPSEY
It works.

LUTHER
You sure.

Smiles.

CROPSEY
Real sure.

Smiles back.

LUTHER
Cyrus is just going to love it.

THE WARRIORS

Now seated within the plaza.
Straining to look in all directions.
Ajax looks around...

AJAX
You think any Nightriders are here. I hate them fuckers.

REMBRANDT
Cyrus says...

AJAX
Cyrus says, Cyrus says, fuck Cyrus.

COCHISE
Man, look at all this.
CONT'D.

COWBOY
Which one's Cyrus.

VERMIN
Shit, who knows.

REMBRANDT
He'll be here.

AJAX
How do you know.

REMBRANDT
I just know.

SWAN AND CLEON
Look around.
Cleon smiles at Swan.

CLEON
I told you this would be big.

SWAN
You were right.

CLEON
Loosen up. Enjoy it.
It's going to be something.

PLAZA

The huge audience shifting nervously...
Restive...
Suddenly:

VOICE
Can you count, Suckers!

The crowd freezes, lifting their heads...

VOICE
I don't fuck much with
the past, but I fuck plenty
with the future... And the
future is ours if you can
count.

The voice seems to be everywhere about them...

CYPHER
Steps into the light.
Commanding presence, born to royalty...
CYRUS
First we start with a miracle.
Now look what we have here before us. We've got the Saracens sitting
next to the Jones Street Boys.
We've got the Moonrunners right by
the Vancourtland Rangers ... We've
got nine representatives from two
hundred gangs in this city and
we've got a truce. Nobody is
wasting nobody. And that is a
miracle. And miracles is the way
things ought to be.

Cheers.
CYRUS
The question before us is, can you make it with a little simple arithmetic. Because you have been shucked, Brothers... The courts and the schools, that's one shuck. But the people who call themselves your friends, that's the biggest shuck of all. The dudes from the Youth Board, the community centers, that Mobilization-for-Youth shit. You smoke that, you are finished.

The crowd giving him rapt attention.

CYRUS
You'll go, junkie, you'll get busted and that's the future they got for you. You'll be shit out of luck, suckers.

Pause.

CYRUS
Unless you can count.

THE GANGS
The hypnotic power of Cyrus' voice grabbing them.

CYRUS
You are standing right now with nine delegates from a hundred gangs. And there's over a hundred more. That's 20,000 hard-core members, 40,000 counting affiliates and 20,000 more not organized but ready to fight. 60,000 soldiers, that's like...FOUR ARMY DIVISIONS!

A surge growing in the faces of the crowd.

CYRUS
Plus you add in women, in comes to 100,000. A hundred thousand. Now there ain't but 20,000 police in the whole town. Can you dig it. Can you dig it. Can you dig it...
ROAD - NEAR THE PLAZA

A line of shadowy cars cutting off their lights, turning...

PLAZA

Cyrus continues to walk among the gangs.

CYRUS:
So here's the sum total. ONE
GANGLAND COULD RUN THIS CITY.
100,000 organized-browsers.
We could run the whole
place, nothing would move
without us allowing it to happen.
We could tax the crime
syndicates, the police ... BECAUSE
WE GOT THE STREETS. SUCKERS.
If they don't pay they can't
take a subway, they can't go
to the corner store or a movie,
they can't go no place in
public, they can't even step
into an elevator, without us
coming down on them. Can you dig
it. Can you dig it. CAN YOU
DIG IT!

More cars with lights out - pulling off the road.

The ghostly shapes glide to a stop side by side.
The muffled sound of doors opening ...
Shadowy figures getting out ...

STREET

CYRUS

Standing in the light.

Still moving ...

Arms upraised.

CYRUS

Nobody in this city could be safe
outside his door. Unless we say so.
BECAUSE. WE. ARE. THE. POWER.

THE FOX

Trying to get a better view of Cyrus.
He leaves the Warriors.
Moves to the edge of the stone steps ...
Finds himself near the Rogues.

A LEG

Within the crowd ...
Pants being pulled up ...
A MAGNUM .357

Taped to a calf...
The tape is torn away...
One hand passes the pistol to another...
Another hand...
Another hand...
One more hand...

CYRUS
The problem in the past has been
the man turning us on one
another. We have been unable to
see the truth because we have
been fighting for ten square
feet of ground...Our turf...Our
little piece of turf. That's
shit, brothers, because it's
all our turf...

A final hand lifts the .357.
Spins the chamber.

LUTHER 62

Seated with the Rogues.
He holds the .357.

CYRUS 63

In the light, looking more demonic than ever.
He moves continuously...

The loud roar of a gunshot.
Cyrus' head snaps back.

THE CROWD 64

Instinctively crouching.
A jangle of panic.

VOICES
Who's shooting...Hey, man...
Somebody's packed, Jesus...

The gangs start to break and run every-which-way.
The crowd dissolving in panic...
In his hand the gun... Amid the confusion no one seems to have noticed.

Staring at him.
He has seen the whole thing.
Their eyes lock.
One of those frozen moments.
Then Luther swings the gun toward The Fox, aims...
Suddenly light floods his face.
He blinks, momentarily blinded.
The Fox bolts off.

Now flooded with light.

VOICE
Police. Hold it right there.
Everybody freeze where you are.

Rows of cars now facing the plaza.
All police cruisers.

VOICE
We want to see everybody freeze.

A surge of bodies away from the bullhorn.
The Warriors start to run with the flow.
Cleon blocks their way.

CLEON
No, the other way, against
the crowd...

Indicating they are to go against the grain, toward
the light.
As they turn, Cleon waves them past.

CLEON
And get your ass down. Down.

The Warriors crouching low, moving through the crowd.
Most of the crowd running the other way.

VOICE
Freeze... stand still and you
won’t get hurt.
A ring of police, riot shields and sticks moving in from the dark.

Moving toward the police cars but crouching low...
Ducking into the shadow below the lights.

CLEON

Move it, move it, don't stop.

Picking his way through the crowd.
Grabs Rembrandt; pulls him along.

AJAX

At Cowboy's side.

CLEON

Suddenly, he stops running.
Sees a body a short distance beyond.
Still bending, he drifts toward it.
Bends down . . .

The blood spreads across his face.
Three members of his gang are squatting nearby.
Clearly in a state of shock.
Oblivious to the pandemonium around them.

CLEON

Staring at the body.
Awestruck, disbelieving.

LUTHER

Standing nearby.
He points at Cleon.

There's the one. That's him.

Cleon turns.
Cyrus' men also turn to look . . .
LUTHER
He's the one. He shot Cyrus.
We saw him.

CROPSEY
Yeah. It's him.

CLEON
You're crazy.

Luther runs at him.
Leaps on Cleon.

LUTHER
He's the one.

Cleon breaks free of Luther and starts to his feet...
Flattens two Rogues, belts Cropsey down, but...
Catches a kick flush in the face from one of Cyrus' men.
Goes down like a felled tree.
Immediately two other Gramercy Riffs jump him.
He disappears under a swarm of clubbing fists and feet.

OMIT

ACROSS THE WAY

The Fox and Rembrandt about to slip past the ring of police cars.
Rembrandt hesitates, looking back at the free-for-all.

THE FOX
Come on, man.

REMBRANDT
Did something happen to Cleon.

THE FOX
I think he's up ahead...

REMBRANDT
You sure.

THE FOX
Shit, no ... just move, come on...

They vanish in the dark.
CONT'D.
The other Warriors rush on through the debris.

PLAZA

Hundreds of milling gang members; sullen surly...
Being herded toward the cars and waiting police buses.

LINE-UP

Gang members leaning spread-eagled on the cars.
A message is being passed along the line.

VOICES
Pass the word...the Warriors...
Some dudes from Brooklyn...
Pass it on...From Coney Island...
Rack their ass...Rack their ass...
The Warriors...They got Cyrus...
The Warriors...

NEAR THE STEPS

The police separating gang members.
Pull away several from a huge melee...
Cleon's body now visible.
Cyrus' body just beyond...

CUT:

OMIT 80, 81

CEMETERY

Rows of gravestones, small mausoleums, stone angels.
The Warriors vault the fence.
Stumble in past the gravestones...

One by one drop into the shadows out of sight.
The police car with the flashing light goes by on the street.

SWAN
Everybody make it.

THE FOX
Ajax, Vermin, Cowboy, Rembrandt,
Snowball, Cochise, you and me...
Just Cleon's missing.

They all gather around Swan.
Nervous looks...

THE FOX
Okay. Anybody see what happened.
Anybody see anything.
COCHISE
Fuzz must have got him.

SWAN
Did you see him get busted.

COCHISE
Fuck no. He was there then
I didn't see him no more. I was
hauling ass...

Pause.

VERMIN
Hey, I want to ask a question.
What the fuck happened.

AJAX
I didn't see anything.

COCHISE
Somebody put out Cyrus' headlight,
that's what happened.

COWBOY
Shit. I didn't see that...
I didn't see nothing.

VERMIN
You saw him go gown.

COCHISE
Pucking A.

AJAX
I didn't see nothing.

THE FOX
I saw who creamed him.

They all stop and look at The Fox.

VERMIN
You saw who shot Cyrus.

THE FOX
Yeah.

Long pause.

COCHISE
Well, who the fuck was it.

THE FOX
Guy from the Rogues. South Bronx
gang. Real punk.
SWAN
You sure it was the Rogues.

THE FOX.
Yeah. I saw the guy that did it...And he saw me.

They think about that.

COWBOY
Naw. I'd hate to be a Rogue tonight. Those Riffs are going to be on their ass.

COCHISE
Okay. What do we do now.

All eyes go to Swan.

SWAN
We go home.

VERMIN
You mind telling us how. Fucking Coney Island must be fifty miles from here...took us hours.

SWAN
Give us the answer, Fox.

THE FOX
We take a train. The same way we got here. And it's 27 miles...All we got to do is find a subway stop, grab a car to Union Square and change for Coney.

COCHISE
Yeah. Real simple. Except every cop in the city's looking to bust our heads.

AJAX
Fucking A. Right.

SWAN
We got something else to think about.

VERMIN
Yeah, what.

The Fox picks right up on it.

THE FOX
The truce. Is it still on...
VERMIN
If it ain’t, we’re going to
have to bop our way back...

Not a happy prospect.

COWBOY
Shit. I wish we was packed...

Snowball holds up his wine bottle canteen.
Shakes it.
Makes a thumbs up sign.

COWBOY
Better than nothing.

SWAN
A lot better.

COCHISE
Snowball, what about the radio.

Snowball makes a thumbs down sign.

AJAX
Shit.

THE FOX
We got bigger problems, yo yo.

REMBRANDT
Maybe we better not try and
make it home.

AJAX
Yeah. Right, we’ll live the rest
of our lives here in this grave-
yard, you dumb fuck.

THE FOX
Leave him alone, Ajax.

AJAX
Faggot.

Swan looks at Rembrandt.

SWAN
We’re going back. It’s the only
choice we got.

Pause.
SWAN
Whatever happens, stick together. If the truce is off anything could hit us between here and the train... We get separated and they chop us one by one. If you do get separated get to the platform at Union Square. That's where we change trains.

COCHISE
Union Square. Right.

...... SWAN
Everybody got that.

Nods of agreement.

SWAN
Then, let's go.

AJAX
I only got one question.

Pause.

AJAX
Who named you leader.

Suddenly no one is moving.

AJAX
I got as much right to take over as you.
THE FOX
It was Cleon's choice. Swan's War Chief.

AJAX
Right about now Cleon's most likely got a nightstick shoved halfway up his ass. Fucking knives are the only reason you're up on anybody else. You're no leader without your blade and you ain't got one ... Shit, I bet you can't even find the subway.

Every eye is on 'Swan.

SWAN
Maybe we ought to talk about it later.

AJAX
What's wrong with right now. I want to be War Lord.

Pause.

SWAN
Make your move.

A moment while the tension gathers.
Swan and Ajax both ready for the first lunge...

83-84 REMBRANDT
He has climbed onto a ledge high on a tomb.
Looks off down the street ...

Rembrandt
Hey, wait a minute ... The train is right over there.

85 A TRESTLE
Some distance down the road ...
A subway train clacks across it.
Swan and Ajax still facing one another.  
Long moment, then ...

COWBOY
Hey Ajax, lighten up.

VERMIN
Yeah, big boy. Swan's War  
Chief.

Ajax looks over at Cochise, a potential ally ...  
He shakes his head.

COCHISE
We better stick together.

Snowball just gives Ajax a simple direct look.  
Then shakes his head.

THE FOX
I think you just got outvoted,  
dumb-dumb.

AJAX
Fuck.

He turns away in disgust.

SWAN
Okay. That's settled. Let's  
move.

He leads them away.

Swan checks both ways, then vaults over ...  
A hefty drop, he lands hard on the sidewalk.  
Swan waits, then motions to the others.  
One by one they follow until they are all over the fence.  
All save one ...

VERMIN
Where the hell is Rembrandt.

Rembrandt spray paints a gravestone.  
Then scurries, away toward the fence.

With the letters of another gang on the back.
Over the letters has been sprayed the Warrior sign. The sound of thunder. Rain begins to make the paint run down the gravestone.

CUT

A summer shower. Rain pelting down.

The Warriors sprint across the road. Take cover under an awning.

AJAX
Fucking lousy fucking train.

VERMIN
This sucks.

THE FOX
No shit.

COWBOY
I'm beginning to think maybe this ain't our night.

AJAX
Fucking A.

The rain continues to rip down.

VERMIN
How long's this shit going to keep up.

COWBOY
Hey man, do I look like fucking Channel Seven weatherman.

VERMIN
Shit no. You just look like a dumb fucker wearing a cowboy hat.

COWBOY
Hey man, fuck you.

VERMIN
You want to lay it down.
COWBOY
I'll lay you down, motherfucker.

SWAN
Let's go.

AJAX
It's still raining.

SWAN
Yeah. And we still ain't home.

He moves off.
The others follow.

CUT.

STREET - NIGHT

The rain has now stopped.
The Warriors troop along the still wet sidewalk ... 
Eyes left, then right ... 
They cross the street, then move under the El.

CORNER OF A NEARBY BUILDING

On the edge of it in decorated letters the word 
S-P-O-R-T-S.

SWAN
Fox, give me a reading on the Sports.

THE FOX
Big outfit. Two hundred brothers. 
They got this one cat six-eight, 
call him Goliath, busts heads 
every night.

VERMIN
Great. Just great.

AJAX
Ah fuck him. 
Just some chicken shit 
like the rest.
THE FOX
Yeah. Right. You'd be the first one to haul that ass of yours if you ran across him.

AJAX
You may run across me real quick, faggot.

SWAN
Ajax.

AJAX
Yeah.

SWAN
Lighten up.

REMBRANDT
Hey, Swan, you want me to hit it.

Holds up a spray can.

SWAN
Let's keep moving.

They move on.

FARTHER DOWN THE WAY

Still no station in sight.

COCHISE
Man, how far to a goddamn station.

THE FOX
Up here they can be a couple miles apart.

COWBOY
This Bronx sucks.

VERMIN
No shit.

Somewhere there is a police siren.

The whole line of warriors turns about face...
Drift out of sight against various store windows.
Their faces tense as the siren grows louder...

STREET UNDER THE EL

A police caravan coming, roof lights flashing...
Huddled against the store fronts.
In the windows the reflection of the caravan moving
past.
Cruisers and a flash of several police buses.
Each jammed with gang members from the busted conclave...

VERMIN
That's a few less for us to
worry about.

COWBOY
Wonder if they had them Rogues
on board.

THE FOX
That's one gang I'm glad I
ain't it... I wouldn't want
to be one of those mothers.

VERMIN
Just imagine if you had them
Gramercy Riffs on your ass.
Whewee...

AJAX
Probably just a bunch of chicken-
shits.

Rembrandt looks after the police vans.

REMBRANDT
Wonder if they had
Cleon in there.

CUT:
Ruge, warehouse-sized...
One hundred Riffs in attendance.
Suddenly, the main door is thrown open.
All eyes on the three Riffs who enter.
A small youth walking slightly before the others.
He is... The New Cyrus.
Long silence.

THE NEW CYRUS
Who are the Warriors.

No one answers.

THE NEW CYRUS
There must be some word.

VOICE
Coney Island bunch.

ANOTHER VOICE
We already got one of them. Dead
as a fucking door nail.

THE NEW CYRUS
As dead as Cyrus... I want them all.
I want all the Warriors. I want them
alive if possible. If not, wasted...
But I want them. Send the word.

CUT:

95 OMIT

96 RADIO STATION. NIGHT.
The blare of rock music.
Electronic transmission equipment oscillating.

96A TURNTABLE.
The record ends.

96B BOOTH
The disc Jockey at her microphone.
Her dulcet tones are honey-smooth...

D.J.
All right now, for all you
boppers out there in the big
city, all you street people with
an ear for the action... I've been
asked to relay a request from the
Gramercy Riffs...
It's a special for the Warriors, that's the real live bunch from Coney, I do mean the Warriors. Here's a hit with them in mind.

She drops the needle.
Another rock number begins.

CUT:

97 STREET NIGHT

The Dingos listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

98 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

The Baseball Furies listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

99 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

The Lizzies listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

100 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

The Big Time Punks listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

101 ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

The Turnbull A.C. listening...
Radio nearby.

CUT:

101A RADIO STATION, BOOTH NIGHT

The song ends.
Needle lifted...
D.J.
Be looking good, Warriors...
All the way back to Coney...
You hear me babies...Good.
Real good. Adios.

CUT:

102 INT: CANDY STORE

Cropsey is standing at the counter...
One of those hole-in-the-wall shops with a
window on the street.
Cropsey picks out a candy bar.
Then another, then two more...
Seven other Rogues stand behind him.
All of them smiling.
Some chewing gum catches Cropsey's eye.
He helps himself to one, two, three packages.

A young woman behind the counter.
Her face is strained as she watches Cropsey
gather up the candy.
Then her eyes swing nervously further off in the shop...

103 A WALL PHONE

Luther speaking into the receiver.
Hangs up.
Luther bangs out through the door of the booth.

CROPSEY

We set.

LUTHER

We're set, all right.
Somebody should pick their ass up. The Riffs sent out the word. They want them alive ... But we don't.

CROPSEY

Sooner the better.

LUTHER

What's the matter. You afraid that little fuck-face is going to shoot his mouth off before he gets racked.

CROPSEY

Yeah, right. I'm worried.
He saw you ... I just don't want the Riffs down on my head.

LUTHER

No sweat. They're looking for the Warriors. But we can do some looking, too. Ought to make you feel better.

They head for the door.
Beyond them out in the street the Cadillac hearse is waiting.

The young woman clears her throat ...
Speaks to Cropsey.

YOUNG WOMAN

Uh, that'll be, uh, two-fifty.

Cropsey looks at her.

LUTHER

For what.

Takes some candy from Cropsey.
Treats himself to a big bite.
Smiles.
The Warriors are moving along the sidewalk. Keeping to the shadows. A station now visible down the way. Suddenly Swan motions them to halt...

VERMIN
What is it.

COWBOY
I don’t see nothing.

AJAX
Ain't nothing to see. Come on, what kind of chicken shit crap is this.

A moment more.

COCHISE
Yeah, come on, man, we're here. What're we waiting for...

THE FOX
A train would help...Unless you want to get japped up there on an open platform.

COCHISE
Bull shit. There's nobody on the street.

Swan gestures with his hand. The Fox slips expertly out through the shadows to take up a position against the El pillar as scout. Another gesture; Rembrandt and Snowball do the same against another pillar...

AJAX
We're acting like faggots.

Swan looks off to his left. Senses something.

SWAN
Just keep talking, big boy.

Suddenly a gang bus comes around the corner. Rumbles toward them.
Covered with graffiti.
Crammed with members of the Turnbull A.C.
More gang members sitting on the roof.
Even more leaning out of the windows.
Shaved heads glistening.
Eyes searching.
Scowling looks...

Pull back into the shadows.

VERMIN
Holy shit.

COCHISE
Who the fuck are those mothers...

COWBOY
I don't know, but they ain't waving any white flags.

REMBRANDT
Who are they looking for.

VERMIN
Anybody.
The bus rumbles closer.

THE FOX
Jesus Christ. It's the Trumbull A.C.'s. Those guys are killers.

They all pull back ...

SIDE STREET
The bus moves by.
The Trumbull A.C. members' eyes search the shadows.
All of them huge mothers.
A long moment.
Then the bus is safely past.

UNDER THE EL

REMbrandt
They're on our ass. The goddamn Trumbull A.C.'s.

COCHISE
Mean-looking motherf***ers.

VERMIN
No shit.

THE FOX
You got to be six foot tall just to get into that outfit.

COWBOY
Yeah. I think they forgot about the truce.

COCHISE
You ain't just shitting.

AJAX
Fucking A.

The clatter of a train breaks in ...

ON THE TRESTLE

Down the track a train is approaching the station ...

SWAN

He motions the others to get ready.
Remb. makes an urgent hand signal from the pillar.

Now at the end of the street.
It turns and heads back toward the station.

Not a happy moment for the Warriors.

THE FOX
Oh Jesus Christ.

VERMIN
What kind of shit is this.

The bus moving closer.
The A.C.'s eyes still searching ...

Sliding to a stop, the doors start to open ...

Gives the signal.
The Warriors make a run for it.

THE FOX
Go, Go, Go, Go.

They rush across the street for the steps.

The Turnbull A.C.'s spot the running figures.
React as one man...
The multi-colored bus roars toward the station.

Starting to pound up the steps.

THE FOX
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go ...
THE BUS

Now very close.
Brakes to a stop.
The A.C.'s jump out, head for the station.

THE WARRIORS

Racing up the stairs ...
Two at a time.

STATION PLATFORM

The doors of the train begin to close ...
The Warriors come bombing up the last flight of stairs.
Tumult and uproar.
They push aside various passengers ...

TRAIN

The doors are almost shut ...
Ajax flings himself into the narrowing gap ...
Forces the door open again.
Sheer brute strength.
He holds it for the other Warriors to enter.
They dash into the car under his arms.
The Fox brings up the rear.
The first of the Turnbull A.C.'s appears on the platform.
The Fox ducks under Ajax's arm ...
The door closes.

THE PLATFORM

Train pulling away ....
Tail lights moving off down the tracks into the night.
The Turnbull A.C.'s gather, watch the train disappear ...

CUT.

TRAIN

The Warriors reel into their seats ...
Even Snowball grins soundlessly.

COWBOY
Okay, right. Warriors.

COCHISE
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

VERMIN
They was some desperate dudes.

COWBOY
So was we.
AJAX

Even fight, we could take 'em.

Ajax's remark tempers their elation.

THE FOX

Yeah, well, fat chance they
were going to even things up.

COWBOY

Right. That's what I'm saying.
Bunch of chicken shits ...

COWBOY

Them cats didn't look too chicken
shit to me.

VERMIN

Me either.

Cochise ignores this conversational turn.
Remains totally jubilant ...

COCHISE

We made it. In an hour it's C.I.,
the Big Coney. Whewee baby ...

However, Swan is the eternal realist ...

SWAN

When we get there, that's when
we've made it.

Cochise leans back, stretches out his legs ...

COWBOY

No sweat, War Chief.

Rembrandt moves to a map of the subway system on the wall.
The map is schematic with the contours of the city
rounded off ...
Rembrandt is laboriously trying to puzzle it out.
He has one finger on the top of the map at the point
where they are ...
With the other he is searching all the way at the bottom
until ...

REMBRANDT

Hey, I found Coney Island.

VERMIN

Way to go, Rembrandt.
Applauds, whistling through his teeth.

AJAX
Figure out how many stops to Union Square.

Rembrandt starts counting them off on his fingers.

COCHISE
Come on, man, that's high math for Rembrandt.

AJAX
Hey, Sucker, how you fixed for toes.

THE FOX
Hey, Ajax, why don't you pound sand up your ass and leave him alone.

AJAX
Fuck you, faggot.

Rembrandt continues to count.
The Fox moves to his side, studies the map...

THE FOX
Nobody can read these maps.

VERMIN
Forget it, we're home free, what's the difference.

128-129 STATION - NIGHT
The train now creeping forward.

Just beyond the station platform a tenement burns.
Orange glow lighting the sky...
A snorkle-truck battles the flames...
Smoke drifts across the tracks.

FRONT OF THE TRAIN
With a final lurch it comes to a stop.

LOUDSPEAKERS
...Fire Department orders...
This train...not to proceed...
indifferently...Buses will be...
Transfers...Station down the line.
The doors of the train open, passengers stream out of all the cars. Begin to jam up at the exit.

LOUDSPEAKER
Attention...Train no to proceed...
Fire.

INSIDE THE TRAIN

The warriors watch the other passengers file out.

COWBOY
This is fucking impossible.

VERMIN
What the shit are we going to do. This sucks.

SWAN
Loudspeaker said take the buses, so we’re taking the buses.

COCHISE
Shit, this is really our night.

REMBRANDT
Why couldn’t it rain now.

THE FOX
We just better worry about who set the fire.

The warriors come out of the train. All of them suffling toward the stairwell with the other passengers...

Two jampacked buses close their doors in front of the remaining passengers. Pull away with a roar.

None of them looking very happy.

COCHISE
Give us a break...

AJAX
Fucking A.

An angry know of people surge around the harassed bus starter.
BUS STARTER
More buses coming, be along in a minute...

VOICES
Yeah, a minute, I'll bet it's a half hour.

BUS STARTER
We're doing the best we can...
You don't want to wait, kiss my ass.

THE FOX
We ain't got a half hour.

Swan looks across the street.
The Fox stares in the opposite direction.

THE FOX
We've had it.

SWAN
I made them. One there, two there . . .

A TENEMENT ROOF
On the other side.

Looking down over the edge are two gang members.
Their eyes lock on the Warriors...

SWAN AND THE FOX
Both looking at the roof.

THE FOX
They just made us.

The two Orphans continue to stare down.

SWAN
You recognize them.

THE FOX
Orphans. So far down they ain't even on the map. Real low-class.
Dumbbells. Bums.

SWAN
Numbers.

THE FOX
Full strength...maybe thirty soldiers...Minor League.
VERMIN
Thirty's a lot more than eight.

AJAX
Not if they're wimps. I'm sick of this running crap.

Nobody pays any attention to him.

COWBOY
Probably looking to make a name for themselves.

COCHISE
Best way would be to knock us off...

The Fox looks a little to the side...
Swan already staring in that direction.

SIDE STREET

Four Orphans stare at the Warriors.

The First Orphan nods to the Fourth, he drifts off down the street.

THE WARRIORS
Watching tensely.

COWBOY
You know where that cat's headed.

REMBRANDT
Reinforcements.

VERMIN
We're going to get japped here.
We're going to get japped.

COCHISE
We got to do something.

THE REMAINING ORPHANS
Lounging against a tenement front.
Their eyes never leave the Warriors.

THE WARRIORS
All with grim faces.

AJAX
Okay, I got the answer. We just go over there and waste them...
THE FOX
With what, your breath...
All we need is one big mouth
and it's everybody's ass.

SWAN
Let's try it being friendly...
Cowboy...

COWBOY
Yo.

SWAN
Give me a pack of butts.

Passed over.
Swan pockets them.

THE WARRIORS

Follow Swan, heading down the side street...

Swan's eyes never leave the Orphans.

SWAN
No matter what he says, nobody
lip off, nobody get hot. I'm
going to see what I can do.

AJAX
When did you turn into a fucking
diplomat.

VERMIN
Yeah, you ain't exactly the State
Department type.

THE FOX
It's better than sending assholes
like you two over...

VERMIN
Maybe Ajax has got a point about you,
Fox.

AJAX
Fucking A.

Swan looks down the street.
Stares at the Orphan.

SWAN
Fox, you come with me.
AJAX
Why you taking that faggot.

SWAN
Because he’s got a brain.
He might know something useful.

THE FOX
Yeah, put a lid on it, Ape Man.

They reach a point across from the tenement.
The Orphans are still eyeing them.
Swan and The Fox start across the street.

TENEMENT FRONT

Swan crosses the last few feet …
He reaches in his pocket, holds the package of cigarettes with one butt extended …

The First Orphan looks at the cigarette.
Makes no move to take it.

FIRST ORPHAN
I thought you were reaching to show me your invitation.

A polite edge to his voice.

SWAN
How do you figure.

FIRST ORPHAN
You come armying down here, invading our territory, no permits, no parley …

SWAN
We’re not invading and I’m parleying right now.

The Fox smiles.
Steps up, even with Swan …

THE FOX
We were just at that big meeting …
We’re going home to Coney, the train gets messed up by that five and they dump us here …
FIRST ORPHAN

So.

SWAN
So, we're asking is it okay to march through to the next station.

The Orphan's eyes narrow.

FIRST ORPHAN
I don't know what you talking about, man. How could there be a big meeting if the Orphans wasn't there.

THE FOX
Listen, you were lucky ... There was a hassle, lot of heads got busted.

The Orphans look even less friendly than ever.

FIRST ORPHAN
You think we ain't big. You think the Orphans ain't with it. You think the Orphans ain't well-known.

SWAN
We didn't say that.

FIRST ORPHAN
We got a heavy rep, you mess with us, you find that out.

The Second Orphan takes a newspaper clipping from his pocket.
Proudly holds it out.

FIRST ORPHAN
You see that ... they write about our raids in the paper.

THE FOX
Yeah. Hey, that's real heavy.
Across the street, watching ...

COCHISE
In a minute they're going to be
dancing ...

Beside him, Ajax is staring past Swan, The Fox and the
Orphans.

AJAX
Yeah... and I got my partner.

Rembrandt, Cochise, Snowball, and Cowboy follow his look.

TENEMENT PORCH

A girl next to the screen door.

She shifts her legs, restless, obviously bored ...
Every move goes straight to the Warrior's groin.

THE WARRIORS

Staring hard at the porch.

AJAX
You know what that is, don't you.

Cowboy nods.

COWBOY
Yeah... trouble.

TENEMENT FRONT

The Fox still reading the clipping.
Decides to try a pure bullshit move.

THE FOX
Oh yeah, right. The Orphans. I heard about
you guys. Our Youth Worker talks about
you cats all the time... Boy, those Youth
Workers, pain in the ass...
SECOND ORPHAN
We ain't got one.

He takes the clipping back.

THE FOX
Must be because they're afraid of you, man.

Swan extends the cigarette again.
Mollified, the Orphan now takes one.
Lights up.

TENEMENT PORCH

The girl moves down the steps.
No mistaking her look ...

TENEMENT FRONT

Swan is aware of the girl, but ignores her.
The Fox doesn't, keeps shooting looks her way ...

FIRST ORPHAN
Nothing wrong with you making it through our territory ... As long as you're coming in peace ...

The girl deliberately stares right at The Fox.
Gives him the eye.
He flushes, now tries to keep his look away from her ...

FIRST ORPHAN
You got maybe nine, ten blocks from here to the next station.

The girl starts to make a chicken noise.

SECOND ORPHAN
Cut it, Mercy.

She gives him a look, then defiantly continues ...

SECOND ORPHAN
I said knock it off, Bitch.

She laughs at him.

SWAN
We'll be off your turf in five minutes.
Mercy and The Fox turn to go.

**MERCY**

Hey, you...

Reluctantly they look back. She points to their vests

**MERCY**

Those vests are real nice.

**THE FOX**

Yeah. It's our mark.

**MERCY**

What's your family.

**THE FOX**

Warriors. Coney Island

She reacts to the word Warriors.

**SECOND ORPHAN**

Lighten up, Mercy, stop looking for trouble.

She ignores him.

**MERCY**

Warriors. You guys are the big dudes, huh. That makes those vests real valuable.

**SECOND ORPHAN**

I shoulda slapped your mouth the first time you opened it.

Mercy flashes at him.

**MERCY**

So... Who stopped you.

She looks back at Swan and The Fox.

**MERCY**

Come on, give me one.

Swan shakes his head.

**MERCY**

Just one. I just want one vest. You can get another one, man.

**SWAN**

No chance.

Mercy wheels on the First Orphan.
MERCY
You just going to let an army
walk through here whenever they
feel like it. How's that going
to look...

The point scores, but the First Orphan tries to
shurg it off...

FIRST ORPHAN
Get lost. You're just looking
for a little action...

MERCY
Yeah, and I'm gonna find it.
Pretty soon the Stompers, the
Masai, the Homeboys, the Meat-
packers, the Easy Aces, every
gang is just going to mambo
right in...soldier right
through...some man you are.

He flushes, raises his hand.
She jeers, again clucking like a hen.
The First Orphan is now livid.

He turns to Swan.

FIRST ORPHAN
You take your colors off, you
can walk through.

SWAN
We don't do that.

THE FOX
That's just our mark, it don't
mean we're at war.

Pause.
The Orphan's eyes all flicker sharply at him.

FIRST ORPHAN
You go as civilians, okay. You
go as soldiers, we come down
on you...I mean it. Now take off
your colors. All of you.
You hear me.

SWAN
Fuck you.

THE FOX
We're not going to hide who we
are, just because some whore shakes
her ass...
MERCY
Don't you call me no whore,
I ain't no whore...

Without a word, the Orphans turn, go back inside the
tenement.

THE FOX
Sorry. You're working so hard to
hustle the merchandise, I didn't
realize you meant to give it away.

SWAN
Let's go.

He and The Fox head back across the street.

OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET
Swan heading right past the waiting Warriors.

SWAN
We're marching down to the next
station. Right through these lame
fucks' territory. Let's move.

They start for the corner.

TENEMENT STREET
The Warriors swing around the corner.
Turn parallel to the elevated tracks.
At every intersection the tracks run along the next
street, one block away.

VERMIN
Hey, that is definitely the way to
be cool. You cats really handled it.

THE FOX
Yeah. We blew the ballgame. Shit-

COWBOY
Forget it. You lipped that
guy down but good...

COCHISE
Right. His ears gonna be ringing
for a month.

AJAX
Dumb fucks. I said we should have
wasted them.

Rembrandt looks behind him.
Rembrandt

Hey...

Vermin

Q Yeah, well, while his ears are ringing, he's walking...

The others turn back.

Ajax

Come on, let's waste the fucker.

Swan

Where there's one, there's more.

Ajax

Keep moving.

Bunch of faggots.

A brisk walk, all eyes straight ahead.

The Orphan staying right with them.

The Warriors cross, glance at the elevated...
THE ORPHAN

Crossing the street a block behind.
Four more Orphans slip in from the side street ...
Fall in behind him ...

THE WARRIORS

Checking the houses as they move along.
The Fox turns all the way around, not slackening his pace.

THE FOX

Christ, this ain't good.

SWAN

How many.

THE WARRIORS

A BLOCK BEHIND

Now a dozen Orphans behind them.

THE FOX

Ten ... no twelve.

VERMIN

Holy Shit.

They pick up the pace, now faster.
Almost a trot now ...

SWAN

Vermin. Move up to point.

VERMIN

Holy Shit, why me.

He moves twenty yards ahead of the pack.

SWAN

Ajax, Cochise, look alive in the middle.

The Fox races across the street.

THE ORPHANS

Passing another intersection.
The same dozen keeping step.

THE OTHER SIDEWALK

Five more Orphans padding relentlessly along.
Checking each intersection for the next subway station...

Pressing on, now twenty shadowed faces...

Really bumping now, trotting wordlessly. Vermin glances anxiously over his shoulder to see if they're gaining.

Suddenly he slows down.

Calls to Swan.

VERMIN

Hey, fuck me, they're gone.

Across the way.

I don't believe it.

Empty.
No one in sight.

Slowing to look...

The street is empty, nothing moving. The Fox moves back with the rest.

Gone.

VERMIN

Don't complain.

COWBOY

I ain't complaining, baby.

Astonishment and relief.

Nothing that good ever happens...
Where did they go.
AJAX
Just a bunch of chicken shits.

COCHISE
Maybe they're circling around.

SWAN
Let's find out.

He gestures to one side.

163 THREE WARRIORS

Ajax, Cowboy and Snowball duck into a doorway along
the sidewalk.
Melt out of sight in the darkness.

164 SWAN

Another nod, up the street.
The remaining Warriors taking off at a trot.
Swan remains in his position.
Some distance further up the street, the second group
ducks into the space between two parked cars.
Swan waits a moment to be sure both groups are set.
Then he starts off, walking slowly up the street ...

165 STREET

Swan strolling slowly ...
The sound of footsteps behind him.

166 THE GROUP BEHIND THE CAR

Cocking their heads at the sound of the footsteps.

167 THE GROUP IN THE DOORWAY

Swan moves by without a glance.
A moment later the sound of footsteps walking right by
them.
They look at one another ...
Then burst out of the doorway, block any path of
retreat ...

168 BETWEEN THE CARS

Vermin, The Fox, Cochise and Rembrandt jump out from
between the cars ...
Block the path ahead.
Whirling, looks ...

Suddenly Ajax's hand goes over her mouth.
She kicks her legs fiercely.

COCHISE

Ah, fuck.

Vermin looks down the avenue.

VERMIN

Maybe they sent her to stall us.

Mercy manages to shake her mouth free.

MERCY

Nobody sends me. I send myself ...

THE FOX

Yeah. Right. Sure. We're going to believe that ...

SWAN

Let her go.

Ajax releases her.

MERCY

Okay. What do you have in mind ...

Pause.

COWBOY

Well if you're looking for real action all you got to do is knock on my door ... I got the big one.

AJAX

Fucking A. I'll give it to you, baby.
Rembrandt speaks with quiet urgency.

REMBRANDT
Hey, they're back ...

STREET
The other side of the parked cars across the way. Quick padding feet trying to make no noise ... One pair, then another, maybe twenty in all ...

THE WARRIORS
The Orphans have moved between them and the street leading to the elevated station.

COWBOY
They got us cut off.

VERMIN
Jesus. We're fucked.

AJAX
What are we going to do now, big War Chief.

Looks at Swan.

SWAN
Snowball. Break out the juice.

Puts his hand out.

VERMIN
Yeah. Great fucking time for a party.

Snowball pulls a wine bottle out of his coat.

Swan turns, pushes Mercy back against a car. The others move in.

MERCY
You gonna jump me.

She speaks half in fear, half in anticipation ...

SWAN
Maybe we ought to do a train on you ... Looks like you might even like it.
Mercy isn't going to back off.

MERCY

FUCK YOU.

SWAN

Real tough chick.

He moves right up to her, pushes his leg between hers. Forces her to spread her thighs ... Pulls her skirt up.

PARKED CARS

The scurrying feet on the other side of the wheels ... Now in position, gathered for an attack.

SWAN

Poised over the girl. Smiles at her.

We better take care of our other problem first.

In an abrupt movement he tears a strip from her skirt.

MERCY

Hey, you crazy.

The strip of skirt being passed to other hands.

COWBOY

Hey, there's the train.

COCHISE

FUCK, let's move.

Swan takes the bottle, the strip of skirt hanging out of its neck ...

A lighted match in the Fox's hand.

In one motion Swan touches the flame to the skirt strip ... Flings the bottle ...

SWAN

Maybe we ought to do a train on you ... Looks like you might even like it.
It arcs high through the air.

The bottle lands, smashing on the rear of the car.
The liquid flame spills, spreads down the trunk ...

Dashing to flank the car.
Swan looks back at The Fox.

SWAN
Take her. We may need her for a trade ...

BEHIND THE FLAMING TRUNK OF THE CAR
The figures in ambush starting to rise ...
Back away from the heat.
A huge explosion, WHUMP.
The gas tank goes up ...
The car bucking into the air.
The Orphans reel back.
The whole street lit up with shadows from the glowing flames.

Tearing around the far end of the inferno.
The Fox grabs Mercy ...
She's dazed by the sudden series of events.

THE FOX
Come on, hot pants. You're the only hostage we got.

He pulls her with him after the others.

They run flat out up the side street.
All the Warriors making for the subway station steps ...

The Warriors thundering up the steps two at a time.

A TRAIN

In the station, its doors starting to close.
181 COCHISE

Charging up the steps among the others. 
He looks at the closing doors.

COCHISE
Oh, sweet Jesus, it's leaving.

He makes another lunge upward.

182 THE PLATFORM

Warriors running frantically alongside the train... 
All of them jump into the cars...

183 INSIDE THE TRAIN

The Fox dragging Mercy along... 
Packing her into a seat. 
All the Warriors exhausted after their dash.

184 THE TRAIN

Pulling away. 
Enter the tunnel. 

CUT.

184A A GAS STATION

Luther at a pay phone. 
He nods, nods again, then hangs up.

185 PARKING LOT

A group of the Rogues waiting. 
Their beat-up old Cadillac hearse being gassed up. 
Luther walks over. 
Looks down at Cropsey waiting behind the wheel.

LUTHER
Some two-bit outfit almost got them, but they hopped their way past...

CROPSEY
We can make them at the 72nd 
Street station...

Luther shakes his head.

LUTHER
Platform's probably crawling with cops...

CROPSEY
The fuzz is trying to rack every fucking gang in this town.
LUTHER
No shit. Me and you included...

CROPSEY
You got a reason for being so calm.

LUTHER
I ain't calm.

CROPSEY
Oh Yeah. Well, how do you feel.

LUTHER
I'm just having a good time.

Smiles.
Opens the door to get in.

CUT.

INT: THE 96TH STREET STATION—NIGHT

Subway train waiting on the express tracks.
The doors open.
A sprinkle of passengers wait on the platform.

187 INSIDE THE TRAIN

More silence.
No one moves.
Passengers sitting like statues.

THE WARRIORS

Waiting like the other.
Fighting their impatience.
Finally Vermin gets up, goes to open the door.

VERMIN
How much longer before that other train gets here...piss. I'm sick
of waiting for fucking trains.

AJAX
Fucking A. Right, God damn trains
aren't worth a shit.

SWAN
Vermin, sit down, shut up.

Vermin comes back, sits...

REMBRANDT
Come on, Union Square, come on,
come on...
Cowboy puts a restraining hand on his knee.
Gives a warning glance toward the platform.
A TRANSIT COP
Strolling slowly along the platform.
Checking left, right...

A SECOND COP
On the other side of the platform, doing the same.

SUBWAY CAR
The Warriors all on the alert.

COCHRANE
Goddamn convention...

VERMIN
Think they know about Cyrus.

THE FIRST COP
Pauses to check a group of teenagers moving by...
The second cop moves to his side.

SUBWAY CAR
Swan nods to Vermin.

SWAN
They know.

MERCY
I'm sick of this shit. I want to go home.

VERMIN
Me, too.

AJAX
Fucking a.

The Fox gives Mercy a nudge in the shoulder.

THE FOX.
There ain't much you can do about getting home right now...
Remember this, we get busted,
you're in the shit same as us... you dig.

She nods.
Not very happy.

THE FOX
Besides, you wanted to be with a big hot stuff bunch like us...
The Cops start to move past the windows of the car. Their eyes going toward the Warriors...

Growing more tense by the second.

Almost at the side of the car.

Explode out of their seats...
The Warriors burst out both doors of the car...
Move past each side of the cops.
Swan, Cochise, Ajax and Snowball on one end...
The Fox, Mercy, Cowboy, Rembrandt and Vermin on the other.
The two policemen in the middle.
Dodging the passengers, running now as well...
The two wings of the Warriors trying to unite...
The policemen in the middle, blocking them from each other.

Heads for the other end of the platform.
Leading the second group the other way.

And the three Warriors with him dashing, dodging...
Broken-field running for the steps at the platform.

And his bunch dashing just as fast in the other direction.

His bunch tearing up the stairs toward the street.

And his bunch running for the other end...

Just a blank wall, no steps...

COWBOY
Where's the fucking stairs...
Still with Mercy...

He's past the stairwell and the cop is now in the way.
He wheels and dashes to the end of the platform.
The Fox and Mercy jump off onto the tracks.
Disappear into the darkness of the tunnel...

With his group, running to the bottom of the stairs.
No way out...
They are in an underpass leading to another platform...

Cowboy, Vermin and Rembrandt charging up the stairs.
the underpass.
Just as a train is closing its doors...
They just have time to squeeze in as the doors close...

Outside the street-subway entrance...
Swan and his group looking around...
Waiting anxiously for the others...

Headed downtown, Rembrandt looking out the window.
Cowboy and Vermin at his side.

In the tunnel just past the station.
The train roars by them into the darkness.

AJAX
What the fuck, where are they?

SWAN
Maybe we better take off.

AJAX
Looks across the way...
Fucking A right.
COCHISE
We said we'd wait.

AJAX
They could be anywhere. Who
the shit knows.

SWAN
Come on. We don't have
any choice.

211 THE INTERSECTION

Five Furies approaching.
Two of them have the intersection covered.
Three more coming.
All of them with ball-bats.

212 SWAN

Facing the inevitable.
Only one way to go, and they have to take it.
One last look at the subway entrance ...
He starts leading the others on down 72nd Street.

212A THE INTERSECTION

Swan and the others cross ...
Head down away from Broadway.

213 THE FURIES

Moving across Broadway right after them.

214 SWAN

Reaching the next corner ...
Ajax slows up.

SWAN
Come on, move.

AJAX
Where. Give me a fucking hint ...
WEST END AVENUE

Two more Furies coming toward them ... The Warriors now surrounded on three sides.

SWAN

Points dead ahead ...
Trees and shadows in the direction of the river.

SWAN

... We'll lose them in the park ...

They break into a run.

96TH STREET

The Warriors dash under the highway overpass, move toward Riverside Park ...

THE FURIES

Combining their forces at the corner ...
Move after them ...

THE WARRIORS

Run out of the underpass on the other side. Head into the park. Ahead of them, through the trees, a glimpse of the river ...

THE FURIES

Coming out of the underpass ... Deploying into the park ...

EXT: PARK

The Warriors emerge from the trees onto the walk along the river ...
Move past us one at a time. First Swan, then Snowball and Ajax. Cochise bringing up the rear ...

COCHISE

Turns to see if anyone is following ...
No sign ... he scans the trees across the road ...

THE TREES

No movement.
Satisfied, he turns to move on again. From nowhere an arm grabs him from his blind side ... Soundlessly pulls him down.

--- 222 SWAN ---

Pausing for breath.
Ajax and Snowball coming up beside him.
Then they realize Cochise isn't there ...

--- 222 SWAN ---

Cochise.

Ajax screams.

--- 222 AJAX ---

Hey, Cochise ... Cochise!!!

No answer.

--- 223 THE RIVER'S EDGE ---

Three silhouettes struggling beside the water.
One figure lies still.
The other two start to roll the limp body toward the river ...

--- 224 SWAN ---

Next to Ajax and Snowball ...
Still waiting for an answer.

--- 224 AJAX ---

Cochise ... Hey, Cochise, come on,

The sound of a splash.
They all look at each other.
Then the Furies trot into sight.
Four of them grinning, carrying their ball-bats.

--- 225 BESIDE THE RIVER ---

Move.

They all take off at a run.

Swan and Snowball running.
Then Ajax lumbering after them a moment later ...
Finally the trotting figures of the Furies. Confident hunters running down their prey.

Running along, breathing hard, barely managing to hold their own ...
The lumbering Ajax falling behind ...

Just can't run any faster. And he's getting winded.

Still coming on. Narrowing the gap. Ready to close in for the kill ...

Have to lag behind because of Ajax ... They don't want to leave him. Swan gestures to Snowball. This way.

They move off the path. Disappear into the dark.

Really huffing and puffing.

Still gaining ... The lead hunter getting ahead of the others ... Grinning openly in his eagerness.

Gasping, all in ... Suddenly he just stops, his back to his pursuers ...

Aaaa ... Fucking A.

As the first of the pursuers comes tearing up behind him ...
Ajax simply turns and slams him with a roundhouse right.

Still grinning, he misses his swing with the ballbat.
Meets Ajax's punch head-on...
It's like running full-tilt into a swinging telephone pole.
He goes down as though he's been pole-axed.
One shot, boom, out.

The Other Three Furies

Slow down as they see their leader fall.

Swan

Springs out at the trailing Fury.
Feints to his right.
Avoids the swing of the bat.
Kicks the Fury in the head.
Drops him.
He and Ajax now both have ball-bats ...

Ajax

A new expression growing on his face.
His new expression is a smile.

The Furies

A new expression growing in their faces as well.
Suddenly they aren't too sure ...

Ajax

Come on, I'll waste all of you
Mothers. Come on, you Fuckers ...

Snowball

Pulls off his belt.
It's a bicycle chain ...
Begins whirring it through the air ...
237A THE FURIES

Two more run up.
Now five against three . . .

237B THE BIGGEST FURY

Steps forward ...
Points at Swan with his bat ...
They face off.
Swan makes two quick moves, drops the Fury with a
blow to the mid-section.

237C AJAX

Wades in ...
Blasts one, blasts another.
Takes a shot, keeps swinging ...

Parries a ball-bat with his own ...
Slams the butt into a Fury's stomach.
Blocks the second bat.
Smashes the rib cage of the next Fury ...
Hits him right out of the park.

237D SNOWBALL

Swinging the chain like a whip.
Moves forward ...

237E THE FURIES

Have seen enough.
They turn tail and run.

237F AJAX

Waving his bat over his head.

AJAX

Come on you fuckers, come on . . .

237G SWAN

Watching the Furies retreat.

237H SNOWBALL

Throws his bicycle chain at the last retreating
Fury.
Picks up one of the abandoned bats.
Still watching.
One fallen Fury remains.
The largest one.

SWAN
Get him up.
Snowball and Ajax pull him to his feet.

SWAN
Get away from him.

Swan holding his bat like a sword.

SWAN
Where's Cochise?

AJAX
They killed him.

Swan raises the bat.

SWAN
I'm not going to ask again.

A long moment.
The Fury shakes his head ...
Then Swan puts out his light.
A sudden, swift movement ...
Next tosses the bat away.
Looks at Snowball and Ajax.

SWAN
Let's go.

TURNS and moves off.
Ajax looks back at the Fury on the ground.

AJAX
Fucking chicken shit.\[CUT\]

SUBWAY TUNNEL

The Fox and Mercy trudging along the tracks.

MERCY
We gonna walk all the way to
the next station.

THE FOX
Sure. Unless you want to go back
there and get your head massaged ...

No answer to that one.
... That's what I figured. So we walk. Now haul your ass.

She begins to flounce a little, her hips swaying ...
Gives The Fox a look ...

THE FOX (contd)

Just walk...

MERCY
I'm walking ... Jesus, give me a break, will you. Be a little friendly, I don't even know your name.

THE FOX
Everybody calls me Fox.

MERCY
That's your real name.

THE FOX
Of course it ain't ... What do you care about names so much for anyway.

She smiles at him.
The old come on...

MERCY
... I like telling my friends I was with somebody particular ...

Be looks at her.

THE FOX
Why the hell don't you just tie a mattress to your back ...
You don't care where it is, do you ...

MERCY
Well, you're a Warrior. They're big news, they're somebody ...

THE FOX
Yeah, right ...

MERCY
Sure, I know what you guys done at that meeting.
THE FOX
You mean besides running our ass off ...

MERCY
You don't have to hide it.
Anybody who wasted Cyrus ain't just anybody.

The Fox stops.

THE FOX
Did what.

MERCY
That's the word going around.
You guys ... the Warriors ... you wasted Cyrus. What's wrong.

He's angry, that's what's wrong.
Very angry.

THE FOX
We got the fuzz chasing our ass, now on top of that, every
gang from here to Coney must be looking to come down on us ...
Some jive bullshit artist gets snuffed, we get creamed
everytime we stick our heads out ... and I got one more
problem. I'm stuck with you.

MERCY
Look what do you have
against me, huh. You been
picking at me all night.

THE FOX
You want me to tell you the truth.

MERCY
Yeah, sure, go ahead.

THE FOX
The truth sometimes isn't so hot.
Maybe you don't want to hear it.

MERCY
Look, just tell me, will you ...
THE FOX
I just know things... I just
know about things.

She gazes at him.

THE FOX:
About the way you live.

MERCY
The way I live...

THE FOX
Yeah. The way you live... I keep hoping I'm going to run into something a little better...

MERCY
What kind of crap is this. Who the fuck are you... You ain't any better than me.

THE FOX
Yeah. I guess you like the way you live.

MERCY
Maybe I do. Friday night is pretty good. Saturday nights are better.

THE FOX
I don't think you can remember who you got on Friday and Saturday night. I don't think you can remember what they look like...

She gives it right back to him.

MERCY
Sometimes I can, sometimes I can't. Who gives a damn... Listen, I only got about two more years that are worth a fuck... what do I have for a future... Come on, you tell me... A belly hanging down, five kids, no father... dirt all over the floor and walls, cockroaches in the cupboards... I'll tell you what I want, I want

(MORE)
MERCY (contd)
something now ... this is all the
life I got left ... You know
what I mean, you get it,
Warrior, huh, you get it ...

Sound of a train.
He just looks at her.

THE FOX
Ah, what do you want from me,
huh?

Suddenly she kisses him.
Kisses him harder ...
Pulls back ...

MERCY
Open your mouth.

He gets into it.
Kisses her.
Pushes her against the tunnel wall.

MERCY
Come on, come on ...

She's really getting into it.

Holds him.

Grinds away.

Another train roars by.

They're going into a session ...

Then he pulls back ...

Shoves her away ...

MERCY
What's wrong.

THE FOX
I don't know.

MERCY
Come on, Warrior.

Kisses him again.

A long one.

Then he pulls back once more.

MERCY
Come on, what's wrong.
THE FOX
Let's just get to the next station, okay.

MERCY
What is it ... what's wrong with you.

He yells at her.

THE FOX
Maybe I don't like doing it in a subway tunnel. You ever think of that.

Pause.

THE FOX
Ah, Christ, let me alone ... you're a jinx. You know that.
You're just part of everything that's happening tonight and it's all bad.

MERCY
No, please, come on, come on ...

Tries to kiss him again.
Pushed away.

THE FOX
Stay out of my life.

She's about to cry.

THE FOX
Just stay out of my life, okay. Go back to wherever it was you came from ...

Leaves her against the wall.

Mercy watches him head for station lights ahead.

CUT.

The train steams to a halt.
A hiss as the doors fly open ...
CONT'D.

Various passengers disembark, among the Rembrandt
Vermin and Cowboy...

THE THREE WARRIORS

Look around the platform...
No other Warriors in sight...

VERMIN
F--k.

COWBOY
Where the shit is everybody.

REMBRANDT
We're the first ones here. We
just got to sit and wait it out.
They'll show up. I know Fox'll show
up. He'll figure a way.

VERMIN
Looks to me like something else
showed up.

Big smile from Vermin.
Cowboy and Rembrandt follow his look.

COWBOY
Hey, hey, look what you find
here in the big city.

REMBRANDT
Come on, we haven't got time.

VERMIN
Are you kidding. Times what
we got plenty of...

ACROSS THE WAY

Three gang chicks standing on the platform.
They smile at the Warriors.

PARK - PATHWAY

Swan, Ajax, and Snowball still heading through the
park.
On their way toward Broadway and the underground trains.
The sound of music is coming faintly through the trees.
They turn a corner and come upon a nurse seated on a
park bench.
Listening to a transistor...
She smiles as they approach.
Gives them the old come-on look...
They keep moving...

AJAX

Hey.

Turns back, looks down the pathway...

AJAX

I guess that wool don't know the parks ain't safe after dark.

SWAN

We ain't got time for this bullshit now, we have to get to Union Square.

AJAX

This ain't gonna take a minute.

SWAN

Dumb bastard. You're just thinking with your cock...

Ajax whirls on him.
AJAX (contd)
... You go ahead if you want to
... I'm gonna get a little
exercise.

Snowball looks worried.

SWAN
You never were very smart
but right now you're setting
a new record.

AJAX
I'll tell you something War.
Lord, I'm smart enough to take
what's offered for free...

SWAN
Suit yourself.

Turns to go.
Looks at Snowball.

SWAN
You coming.

Snowball nods.
They start off.

AJAX
Maybe you two are just going
faggot.

Watches them go.
Slips into the trees.

RIVER'S EDGE
Swan and Snowball move forward.
A few silent steps...
Then Snowball pulls at Swan's vest.
Stops.
They look at one another.
Snowball gestures back...
A long moment.

You do what you have to ... I've had it with him.

Moves off.
Snowball's look follows him a moment ...
Then he turns back.

PARK CLEARING

The nurse still on the bench.
She looks up.
Ajax standing right before her.

AJAX
Lady, you feeling all right.
You need a little help, Lady ...

This is about as smooth as he can manage.
She knows what's up.

THE NURSE
Well, pretty boy. Looking for company. You looking for company ...

Ajax sits beside her.
Big wide grin on his face.

AJAX
Whatever you say, Lady.

THE NURSE
My, my. My, my. Look at those muscles. Bet the girlies like all those muscles ...

She begins to rub his arm.
Her eyes fixed on Ajax.

THE NURSE
Want to show me how you play with the girlies.
AJAX
I'll show you how I play.

He reaches over.
Grabs her breast.
She smiles.
Then he rips her blouse open.

THE NURSE
Hey, don't be rough. We'll get it on.

AJAX
You don't get it. I like it rough.

Tears her blouse some more ...
Puts his arms around her.
She smiles.
Snap!
Ajax has a look of surprise.
With a twist the nurse pulls away from him ...
Stands ...
Ajax has one wrist handcuffed to the cement bench.

THE NURSE
Your fucking days are over for a while, honey. You're under arrest.

Flips open her wallet.
Flashes a badge.
Then she starts blowing a police whistle.

AJAX
Hey, lady, let me go. Goddamn it, let me go.

THE NURSE
Kiss my ass, baby.

He takes a swing. Can't reach her ... she's one step too far.

A PROWL CAR

Gliding down into the park.
Lights out.
It bumps down the lane.
Jerks to a halt.
Ajax dragging the bench toward the nurse.
She continues blowing the whistle.
For the first time she looks genuinely frightened.
She steps back.
Keeps blowing the whistle.

AJAX
You can't do this to me. You
can't do this to me, you cunt.

He drags the bench closer.
Throws a punch that grazes her.
In one abrupt moment two policemen step from the dark.
Ajax takes a swing at them.

Another swing.

Then one cop stiffs Ajax in the gut with his nightstick.
He doubles over, drops to his knees ...

Tries to rise.

Makes it.

The second policeman whips his head.

Ajax again on his knees.

The first policeman grabs a handful of hair
Wrenches his head up.

SNOWBALL

Staring helplessly from the trees.

Turns and slips off toward the top of the hill.

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Swarm alone.
Walking carefully along.
Pauses.
A sound.
Turns a corner.

THREE DINGOS

Stand in front of him.
Each with a leashed Doberman.
The Dingos are bodybuilder types.
Greased up arms, skin T-shirts ...

FIRST DINGO

Hi, dear.
SECOND DINGO
Gee, a real Warrior. Aren't you cute.

Swan splits back around the corner.
Five more Digos.
Five more Dobermans.

THIRD DINGO
They're all trained to kill, honey.

Swan backs against the wall.

FOURTH DINGO
I wonder if you're the straight that shot Cyrus.

Ballet kicks Swan in the face.

FOURTH DINGO
How do you like it, Warrior?
How do you like it when you
don't have a gun in your hand.

Ballet kicks him again.
Then again...
Shouldn't have...
Third time was a mistake.
Swan grabs his leg and breaks it...

But there are too many.
They close in.
Dogs barking.

CUT:

250 INT: CORRIDOR
-251
Three Digos pulling Swan down a dark corridor.
Swan now wrapped in a straitjacket.
They shove him up against a wall near a doorway.

Another Dingo comes up from the other direction...

BOSS DINGO
Anything.
FIRST DINGO
She doesn't like to talk.

BOSS DINGO
Oh, that's too bad.

SECOND DINGO
Not at all nice.

BOSS DINGO
Won't tell us who shot Cyrus.
Which one of your friends.
I'm sure it wasn't you ... You're
too cute.

Pulls Swan's hair.

Shoves his head back against the wall.

BOSS DINGO
I don't think you'll try anything
else violent, will you.

FIRST DINGO
I hope she does. It's much
more fun.

Takes out a pistol.
Shows it to Swan.

The Second Dingo takes out a key ring.

SECOND DINGO
Any attempt at getting away is
hopeless.

BOSS DINGO
Quite hopeless ... The Riffs are going to be
so proud we're delivering you alive.

The thick door opens.
Swan is shoved forward.
Swan lands on the tile floor.
Alone within the room.
Bare white walls.
One small window, high overhead.
Toilet, small army cot.
Two large bowls on the floor.
A naked light bulb mid-point on the high ceiling.
200 watts of glare.
Nothing else.

His eyes flicker.
React in pain to the intensity of the overhead light.
Face bruised and cut.
He's taken a beating and shows it.
Swan looks down.
Sees his bare legs protruding from the straitjacket.
Arms tightly bound.

A large open-aperture lock near the knob.

Resting side by side.
One filled with water.
The other with scraps of food.

Vermin and Cowboy walking with two gang chicks.
Both of them real lookers.
Rembrandt follows the group, a few steps back.

VERMIN
When we got off that subway and
saw you, I thought, hey, baby,
threw it my way... This is really
great of you chicks taking us in...
COWBOY
I hate askin' a shit question,
but where's your dudes ... Chicks
like you always got dudes around.

GIRL
They took the night off. Went
up to the Bronx somewhere.
Don't worry about them, they're
fucking lame ... real cripples.

Vermin gives her his best smile.

VERMIN
I ain't worried.

CUT.

GANG CLUBHOUSE

A converted store-front ...
Music, some beat-up old sofas, a worn pool table.
The room is sprinkled with gang girls.
All in high fashion, gang-style; false eyelashes,
low-cut necklines, dizzy heels ...
Cowboy is enjoying a look at the merchandise.
He stands with a husky young chick from the gang.

COWBOY
You're the first friendly faces
we've seen all night.

CHICK
That's why we asked you in.
Everybody wants to be friendly
... Let's party a little. Get
something going.

Big smile from Cowboy.

COWBOY
All right. Sure. You came to
the right guys. Hurt me, hurt
me ...

He lifts a beer can to his mouth.
Vermin walks up, real happy look on his face ...
Uncaps a beer of his own.
Looks at the chick.
Stares at her breasts.
Not the subtle type.
She smiles at him.
CHICK
Don’t thank us, man. Just
relax, fall out. Take your
pick.

She drifts on.
Cowboy takes another swig, then lifts his beer can in
a toast.
Vermin raises his own beer in reply.
Neither of them can believe how lucky they are ...
Vermin goes and sits between two chicks on one of the
sofas.

Fidgeting in a corner.
Finally he walks over to Cowboy.

REMBRANDT
How much longer we gonna hang
around ...

Cowboy’s eyes on the various Chicks ...

... COWBOY
What’s your hurry. We just
got here. Jesus, look at
her ... gives you a hard-on
just thinking about it ...

... REMBRANDT
We oughta be getting back to
Union Square ... They’re gonna be
worried about us.

Cowboy spots what he’s looking for.
Terrific-looking chick across the way ...

... COWBOY
Yeah, sure, in a minute ...
Little break in the action, man.

He winks, moves off.

Rembrandt’s gaze distractedly across the room ...

VERMIN

On the sofa with his girl.
Really putting the old tongue to her ...
His hand sliding up the girl’s knee ...
REMBRANDT

Idly checking the other way ...

COWBOY

Settling between another two gang chicks... He slips into a smokey embrace with the blonde. His hand immediately dipping into the top of her blouse.

REMBRANDT

Looking for a way to kill time. For want of anything better to do he opens a beer ...

A gang chick across the way gives him a smile. He avoids her look, turns his head away.

She shrugs and moves off towards the record player ...

Behind Rembrandt one gang chick is talking casually to another.

Some movement of hers catches Rembrandt's eye ...

He turns to glance back over his shoulder ...

THE GANG MEMBER's

hand sliding the bolt on the door.

REMBRANDT

His eyes dart to ...

THE CHICK

Making out with Vermin, his hand now up between her legs. On the other side of him her free hand gropes ...

Then finds her purse ...

She reaches inside.

SECOND CHICK

Next to Cowboy, his hand now deep inside the girl's blouse ...

The second chick reaches to adjust her boot.

REMBRANDT

Sudden understanding in his eyes. He screams at the two Warriors ...

REMBRANDT

Shit, they're packed! The chicks are packed!
Whirling, he slams two chicks away from the door...

Up like a flash...
His chick's hand coming out of her purse holding a knife.
Slashing at Cowboy...
Rembrandt jumps between them...
Swings at the chick...
The razors his arm.

Starting to his feet.
The second chick pulls her hand out of her boot.
A gun now in her hand...
She levels it at Vermin.
Pulls the trigger.
The bullet smashes him between the shoulder blades.
Pitches Vermin onto his face.

A chair thrown at their head.
Two more shots ring out...
The bullets tear at the wood around them.
Rembrandt holding his arm.
Cowboy coldcocks one chick with a left hook...
Another shot.
Cowboy throws the chair back at the chick with the puctol...
Wipes her out.
Rembrandt and Cowboy smash through the door...

The two of them dashing away.

Cowboy and Rembrandt come tearing around the bricks...
They duck into the doorway of a boarded-up tenement.

She cut me. She cut me.

Holding his arm as he gasps for breath.

Hide the blood, we can't let any cops see the blood...
He takes off one of his knee-socks.
Tears off a strip.
Hastily bandages the cut.

REMBRANDT
That's it for Vermin, we lost
Vermin, hub ...

His voice near a panic tone...
Cowboy keeps bandaging.

COWBOY
Look, we got to hold ourselves
together; okay... We go to
pieces, somebody out there is
going to get us. We got to
hold ourselves together... We
got to... now... you okay...

REMBRANDT
I don't know. I guess. How
about you.

COWBOY
Yeah, I'm okay.

But both faces are stained with tears.
They take off again.
The two figures flee down the dark sidewalk...

CUT.

KENNEL

Swan now in a sitting position.
Still on the floor.
Stares up at the naked bulb.
A look of determination...
Then he rolls across to the door.
Struggles to his feet.

Throws his weight against the doorway.
Locked.
He falls back on the tile floor.
Sits.
Rolls over on his back.
There must be a way.

COT

Leg-joint held together by set screws.
264B SWAN

Looking at the cot.

CUT

265 LATER

The cot on its end, raised to full height.
Swan shoulders two legs of the cot against the wall.
The cot falls.
Swan has to begin again.

CUT

266 LATER

The cot now in place.
Swan hurls his full weight against it.
Smashes the cot's middle.
Legs and side planks snapping on impact.

CUT

267 LATER

Side plank of the cot between Swan's bare feet.
He taps the joint against the floor.
Stops, looks.
One screw is now raised.
Begins tapping again.

CUT

268 LATER

Swan pulls the screw out of the joint.
Forced to use his teeth.
He spits the now free screw onto the floor.
Lifts it again with his mouth ...
Rolls toward the cell door.
Tries to drop the screw into the door lock.
It falls to the floor ...
Again he picks it up with his mouth.

269 THE LOCK

Screw dropping into the aperture.
Point onward.

CUT
Swan now soaked with perspiration.  
Still cutting.  

CUT.  

Swan breathing hard.  
Continuing to work.  
Downward stroke, downward stroke.  
CUT.  

Swan's face in pain.  
He makes one long final stroke along the screw point.  
His arms suddenly break free.  
Swan collapses onto the floor.  
His back exposed.  
Cuts and welts visible across the skin.  

Covered with perspiration.  
He smiles.  

CUT.  

Swan standing on the toilet bowl.  
Reaches for the high window ...  
His hand falls inches short.  

Sealed.  
Opaque glass.  

Leaps, catches his hands on the ledge.  
Pulls himself upward.  
Comes to rest on the sill.  
He pushes the dark glass with his forearm.  
The window opens.  
He looks below.  

Three stories below.
With seven sleeping Dobermans.
Small ledge leading to a drainpipe.
High fence beyond the ledge.

Swan walking on the ledge.
Body pressed to the wall.
He reaches the drainpipe.
 Starts downward.
The ancient drainpipe groans against his weight.
A dog awakens and begins to bark.
Then all of them are awake ...
All of them barking.

Hurls open behind Swan.
The Boss Dingo leans out.
Looks at the barking dogs.
Turns and sees Swan on the ledge.
Four more steps before the fence.

**BOSS DINGO**

Curt! Curt!

Trying to go faster without falling.
Reaches the fence ... 

**SWAN**

Leans out the window.
Pistol in hand.

At the fence.
Hesitates.
Grabs it ...
Goes over the side, but hangs on.

**THE FIRST DINGO**

Fires four times.
SWAN'S HANDS

Letting go.
Four bullet holes in the fence.
Right where he was hanging...

BOSS DINGO

STARES at the fence.
Dogs barking louder than ever.

ALLEY

All the Dinos move down its length.
High fence ahead of them.
Trash dumpster at the base of the wall.
No sign of Swan.

BOSS DINGO

Well, drag him out.

SECOND DINGO

It's not going to be very pretty.

BOSS DINGO

Such a waste.

SUBWAY STATION, UNION SQUARE

The Fox hurries through the underground concourse.
Trying to figure out which way to go.
He pauses to look up at the maze of overhead signs.

LRT-FLUSHING LINE
B'WAY-SEVENTH AVENUE
EAST SIDE SHUTTLE
UP TOWN
DOWNTOWN

THE FOX

Stares just under the ceiling, a sign that reads...

BMT-BROOKLYN

Yellow arrow pointing off to one side...

The Fox trotting up some steps.
He threads as quickly as he can through the crowd.
One last turn...
On a lower level than the main concourse.
The Fox appears at the top of the steps, pauses ...
His face, eagerly searching the crowd.

Many waiting passengers.
No Warriors.
The Fox anxiously checks the other way.

Another throng of waiting passengers.
No Warriors.
The Fox lingers another moment just to be sure.
No Warriors.
With a troubled look, he turns back from the stairs
toward the main concourse.

Corner of the crowd
Someone he didn't notice.
One of the Big Time Punks...
Dressed in severe black.
On roller skates...
The Punk starts gliding after The Fox.

Another concourse
The Fox wandering along the concourse

The Punk
Still roller skating along.
He gives the high sign...

A Second Punk
Across the concourse...
This one on foot.
He begins to drift after The Fox.
Now both Punks shadowing him.
Snowball comes down the aisle.
He sits on a bench next to Rembrandt and Cowboy.
They look at him wide-eyed...

REMBRANDT
Where's everybody else.

Snowball shakes his head.

REMBRANDT
Oh, Jesus.

COWBOY
You're sure.

Snowball makes a fist.

REMBRANDT
Swan.

Snowball shrugs.

COWBOY
What about the rest.

Snowball turns his thumb down.

REMBRANDT
Oh, Jesus.

COWBOY
What a fucking night.

Pause.

REMBRANDT
We got to check and see if anybody else made it.

Stands
The others look at him.
Then all three move away.  

CUT:

The FOX
Still wandering through the station.
His glance is suddenly caught by something to one side.
PENNY ARCADE

A large male figure watching The Fox.
The outline of a tall husky man in a broad-rimmed hat.
A life-sized mannequin dressed like a Western sheriff,
six-guns and all.

THE FOX

291A

Slows to look at the sheriff.

291B

THE SHERIFF

Looks right back.

291C

THE FOX

He turns, heads into the arcade.

292

THE TWO PUNKS

Slowly following The Fox...
Their glance moves from the arcade to somewhere further ahead...

292A

FOUR MORE PUNKS

Move back to a wall from where they can keep The Fox in view.
Settle themselves.

293

THE FOX

Coming to stand across from the sheriff.
For a dime you get to match him in a shoot-out.
The Fox reaches into his pocket ... draws out a dime, puts it in the slot.

Sheriff

-- SHERIFF

Draw, you

The mannequin's mechanical arms jerk the pistols up ... Recorded sound of gunshots ... 

Sheriff

-- SHERIFF

Got you that time, Partner.
The Fox gets steamed at the loss ...
He again squares off with the mannequin ...
Gets another dime out.

294 ENTRANCE

Just outside the arcade Mercy stands watching the Fox. She seems uncertain, almost meek ... Mercy comes in and edges up to him.

THE FOX

I thought I told you before ...

MERCY

I need to talk to you.

His eyes on the sheriff.

THE FOX

You're gonna spoil my draw ...

MERCY

Listen, I got to talk to you.
See that dude over there ...

The Fox simply looks blankly off into space ...

MERCY

The one all painted up ...

Gestures with her eyes.

MERCY

Over there.
THE FIRST PUNK

Lounging outside the entrance to the penny arcade.

THE FOX

Still facing the sheriff.

MERcy

He's after you. And he's got five friends with him.

THE FOX

I know which one. And I know they're on my ass ... But now they know I know it. Shit, you some lucky charm, you are.

He studies the sheriff again.

MERcy

Then what are you waiting for.

CONCOURSE

Coming along the side of the passageway, Snowball, Cowboy and Reta.

ARCADE

The Fox and Mercy.

THE FOX

The cavalry. And it just rode up.

He drops the dime. In the same moment draws the toy gun, fires.

The sheriff groans.

SHERIFF

You got me, Pardner.

The Fox blows the imaginary smoke away from the barrels of his revolvers.

Reholsters the pistols. Then turns and grabs Mercy's hand.
THE FOX
Come on, let's go.

She hesitates.

MERCY
You mean I get to go with you.

THE FOX
Yeah, I guess so ... You can't go back to those lame Orphans ...

MERCY
You sure change your mind fast.

THE FOX
It's one of my traits ... I was kind of rough on you back there ...

This is about as close as he came to saying I'm sorry.

MERCY
Listen, I can take care of myself.

THE FOX
Yeah, I noticed.

Pulls her along.

ARCADE ENTRANCE

The Fox and Mercy come out of the arcade. The other three Warriors approach. The Fox flashes a signal with his eyes.

THE OTHER THREE WARRIORS

Without hesitation they adjust their course ... Drift along the other side of the underground floor. Move parallel to The Fox and Mercy.

CONCOURSE

Rembrandt, Vermin, and Snowball come over to The Fox.

THE PUNKS

Come to attention, start to stroll after them.
He now waits with Mercy near the men's room door.

THE FOX
Where is everybody.

REMBRANDT
This is everybody.

A look between him and The Fox.  
Then the other three Warriors slips through the door.  
The Fox takes Mercy's hand, starts after them.

MERCY
Wait a minute, I can't go in  
there, that's the men's room.

THE FOX
Are you kidding.

He pushes her through the door.

Further back in the concourse, and the six Punks approach.  
As they come nearer they walk more slowly.  
Check around them to see if anyone is watching.  
Finally they reach the door.

The Punks gathering in a phalanx.  
Every man knows his position ...  
One man checking the flanks for police, another  
checking the rear.

One last look to be sure that no one in the concourse  
is paying much attention.  
Suddenly in each hand a weapon ....  
Knives, chains, razors, clubs ....  
They tense for the rush ....  
Crash through the door.

MEN'S ROOM

The Punks come barreling in, weapons ready.  
They stop in surprise ....  
The room is empty.  
No one at the urinal, no one at the basins.
The Punks halt, the first energy of their charge finds nothing to hit against. They stand for a moment in confusion. Their leader motions quickly for silence. Walks softly to a point opposite the four toilet stalls. Then, he suddenly drops to his knees, looks under the door.

Sees nothing.

Without moving his position he cocks his head to look at the second stall.

Nothing.

The third.

Nothing.

The last stall...

A pair of muddy boots planted on the floor.

The Punk Leader smiles, gets to his feet. Positions the other Punks along the other stalls.

Then he moves lightly to the door of the last stall.

Readies his knife.

He kicks the door open, starts to lunge. But he never finishes the move...

A sharp hiss, and slowly, his face turns bright, molten red.

He staggers back. Screaming as though he had suffered a terrible wound.

THE STALL

Rembrandt perched on the toilet.

His spray can of red paint held before him blasting away.

SECOND STALL

The Fox hears the commotion.

Bolts forward.

Standing on the seat behind him is Mercy.

Screaming out a long string of curses...

MEN'S ROOM

They fall on the Punks...

SNOWBALL

Bashes one of the Punks.
Disarms him.
Using the ball-bat he took from the Furies.
He motions the next Punk to try his knife.
The Punk faints once ... then again ...
Snowball smashes the handle down, a scream of pain.

Charges from the toilet stall.
Spray can gushing before him like a flame-thrower.

Throwing their arms up.
Trying to shield themselves.

Circles one of the Punks.
Avoids a knife thrust.
Grabs the Punk's arm.
Pulls him close.
Smashes him down.

He's doing his job.
Kicks one Punk in the balls.
Flattens another with a left-right.
Starts to work out on a third.
Then two Punks grab him.
One holds him.
The other smashes his face.
Then the body.
Then the face.

Sees The Fox in trouble.
Slams one Punk in the back ...
Drops him the other one holding.
The Fox runs ...

Spray can still gushing.
Punks stumbling, slipping on the floor.

Still screaming, shouting.

A red mist throughout.
The Punks have had enough.
Paint-smeared, dazed, they stumble back out through
the door.
Sudden quiet.
The Warriors look at each other through the red fog.
Rembrandt raises his spray can in victory.

REMBRANDT
God damn fucking A! The Warriors! We are the Warriors.

COWBOY
Jesus, we did it. We did it. We did it.

THE FOX
I can't believe it.

COWBOY
Yeah. We did it.

Puts his arm around Snowball.

THE FOX
We did it.

MERCY
You guys were great. You kicked their ass. You really kicked their ass.

REMBRANDT
Hey, Fox.

THE FOX
Yeah.

REMBRANDT
You think we're going to make it.

They stand there.

Sweaty, paint-smeared, exhausted.
The Fox touches his split lip and smashed eye ...

THE FOX
Shit. I don't know. But let's mark the spot where we won one ...

Rembrandt smiles.

Goes to the wall.

 Paints a huge "W".

CUT.

306 HIGH WALLED ROOM

The New Cyrus lying on a couch.
Headphones plugged into a switched-on tape deck ...
Three of his War Lords stand nearby.
The door opens, a Courier enters ...
Looks at the New Cyrus.
COURIER
Shit going on all over the city.
The Turnbull A.C.'s missed them,
the Orphans missed, the Lizzies
creamed one, the Furies creamed
one, then got creamed.

The New Cyrus stands.
Walks over to the Courier.

THE NEW CYRUS
What about our patrols...

COURIER
Nothing. But we got somebody here
that you ought to talk to... He says
he saw who shot Cyrus.

A tall, thin Masai standing in the doorway.
Looking nervous.

COURIER
We might be looking for the
wrong family.

CUT:

307-310 OMIT

311 INT. SUBWAY

Roaring along through the tunnel.
Headed for Coney Island.
The Warriors sit side by side.
The Fox slumps down in a seat.
Weary.
Face battered.

THE FOX
I don't know, it's got to
stop. This ain't the way
people live.

REEMBRANDT
Don't kid yourself.
Where were we headed anyway...
Tonight just speeded things up.

THE FOX
No...there's got to be some
choice. Something besides
getting our ass chased off
and getting wasted.
COWBOY
This shit don't happen every night.

THE FOX
Yeah, right. Not many conclave's come along...
The big Cyrus...going to run the city. Some crap
that was...those cats uptown aren't going to let anyone, much
less us, take it away from them...no way...
They'd drop the A-bomb on us first.

COWBOY
Naw. Cyrus was right.
It's all there. All we
got to do is go steal it.

MERCY
Yeah. We just got to carry on. We ain't big but we're
somebody.

THE FOX
Oh yeah. Tell me what we
count for.

MERCY
We do our part. They need us
down on the bottom so that
there's a top. We get even
by ripping them off every time
we get a chance.

THE FOX
That ain't much of a
choice.

Looks over at Rembrandt.

THE FOX
I'll tell you something.
Don't let go of your spray
can. It's your passport in
case you want to get out.

Rembrandt smiles.

REMBRANDT
Ah, I'm just pretty good.

THE FOX
Naw. You're great...You can make
a living at it.
REMBRANDT

What's your passport.

THE FOX
I'm working on it.

The train begins to slow...

312 THE DOORS OPEN

Assorted late-night passengers.
Then two young couples returning from a prom step on board.
A lot of laughing and chatting...
They move down the car and find four open seats.
The doors close, the train starts again.

313 TRAIN

The Fox's eyes gradually focus on the two couples across from him.

313A THE COUPLES ACROSS THE AISLE

The boys wearing white dinner jackets.
The girls in long summer formals.

314 THE FOX

Looking at them.
Mercy senses The Fox stare...
Opens her eyes and sees the couple.

315 THE TWO COUPLES

Whispering, chuckling among themselves.
One of the boys happens to glance at The Fox and Mercy...
CONTID

Gradually, the two prom couples fall silent. They simply look at The Fox and Mercy across the aisle.

THE FOX AND MERCY

All at once they are aware of how they must look. Covered with mud, paint, subway tunnel dirt. Mercy makes an attempt to pull down her skirt. The Fox tugs at his jacket.

THE OTHER COUPLES

One of the boys protectively takes his date's hand.

THE FOX

His face darkens. Mercy makes an attempt to straighten her hair. He pulls her hand down.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

An approaching station is visible. The train slows, stops; the doors open.

THE TWO PROM COUPLES

Rise, quickly leave the car but ... At the edge of the door, the girl's corsage brushes against it. It falls to the floor just inside the train. The girl moving too quickly to notice. The doors close, the train moves on.

THE WINDOWS

Nothing but the reflections of the Warriors.

THE FOX AND MERCY

Staring at their reflections in the glass.

CUT.

ELEVATED PLATFORM IN CONEY ISLAND— SUNRISE

The train pulls in. Dawn beginning to streak the sky.

INSIDE THE TRAIN

The door opens and the weary Warriors step out.
Snowball, Rembrandt, Cowboy, Mercy and The Fox.
Then, just before the doors close...
The Fox turns, stoops and grabs the fallen corsage.
Mercy looks at him, he shrugs...
Hands her the flowers.

MERCY
What's this for.

THE FOX
Some people like flowers. I
hate seeing anything go to waste,
you know...

She takes the flowers.

MERCY
What's your real name.

He's got his head down.
Can't quite look her in the eye.

THE FOX
Francis. Francis Conroy. They call
me The Fox because of Francis... you
know... and because I'm smart.

Pause.

MERCY
Francis Conroy. I like that name.

THE FOX
Yeah. We better go.

Approach the steps at the side of the platform.
Just as they are about to start down, they pause,
look out...
All of them too tired to show any emotion.

REMBRANDT
We made it.

COWBOY
Yeah, looks real great...

The tenements, the beach, the litter.

Still looking.
THE FOX

Pause.

THE FOX
Cowboy was right. It's all there. All anybody's got to do is go steal it.

Pause.

THE FOX
The hard part is trying to figure if it's even worth stealing...

MERCY
I don't think you're going to hang around here much longer.

THE FOX
How come you say that.

MERCY
I don't know. Just a feeling.

THE FOX
Yeah. Maybe you're right... Maybe I'll just take off.

He starts down the steps.

MERCY
Wait for me...You know I like traveling too.

THE FOX
You like traveling. Where'd you ever go.

MERCY
I've never been anywhere. I just know I'd like it.

She follows him down the stairwell.

A view from across the street as they wearily clump down the stairs.
Driven by Rogues.
Luther is next to Cropsey, behind the wheel.
As the Warriors reach the street, he taps Cropsey's arm.
Cropsey turns the key, starts the motor...

Moving groggily along the sidewalk.
Just beyond them the hearse pulls away from the curb.
Starts to creep alongside them.
Walking with the rest.
Dog-tired.
His head down, seeing nothing.
Then gradually, the sound of the Cadillac's engine begins
to penetrate.
He lifts his head, glances over ...

INSIDE THE CADILLAC

Luther sitting beside Cropsey.

THE FOX

No change of expression.
He simply drops his eyes again, looks straight ahead.
A clam bar diner is fifty or sixty feet up the block.
Mercy is walking tiredly on one side of him.
Rembrandt on the other.

THE FOX

Duck behind the clam bar.

They walk a few steps further.

REMBRANDT

What are you talking about

A few more steps.

THE FOX

Duck behind the clam bar.

Another pause.

COWBOY

What the hell for.

THE FOX

Just do it. Do it.

He suddenly cuts into an alley beside the clam bar.
Drags Mercy after him.
The other Warriors following.

THE STREET

The Cadillac stops sharply ...

THE WARRIORS

Pulling up winded in the service alley.
It runs along behind the hot dog stands.

**THE FOX**

We got one more hop to go...

**REMBRANDT**

What the shit is this.
Who are those guys.

**COWBOY**

Let's bag this one. I had
enough for tonight ... We
don't even know these dudes ...

**THE FOX**

I do.

**REMBRANDT**

That's them.

**THE FOX**

Yeah. The Rogues.... the ones
what wasted Cyrus. Now they're
here to waste us.

**COWBOY**

I got an idea. Let's run.

**REMBRANDT**

Yeah. Right.

**THE FOX**

Yeah. Sounds great... where we
going to run to...

A long pause.
They look at one another.

**SNOWBALL**

Let's get even.

It's the first time he's ever spoken.

**COWBOY**

Boy, nobody ever thought you
had a tongue.

**SNOWBALL**

Let's get even for Cyrus...
For Clean, for Varmin, for
Cochise, for Ajax... for Swan.

Tension building.

**THE FOX**

Why not.
REMBRANDT
We got to.

COWBOY
Yeah... Fuck the fucking Rogues.
I'm ready to bop.

Now all of them ready to fight.

STREET
The hearse is still there.
Waiting.

THE FOX
Draws Mercy to the end of the building.

THE FOX
Look, you wait a couple of
seconds after we move, then
out the other way up the alley,
take your first right and follow
it to the beach. There's some
steps down under the Boardwalk,
you wait there.

MERCY
Why can't I stay with you.

THE FOX
Just do what I tell you.
Okay ...

She's almost afraid to meet his eye.

MERCY
Listen I never had anything
like this, I don't want to
lose...

THE FOX
Just do what I tell you.

The warriors begin moving down the alley.
Peer between the buildings toward the street.

THE STREET
The Cadillac is moving again, keeping pace with them.
Still moving along the alley, eyes searching right and left...

Passes a pile of junk furniture. 
Suddenly reaches to the right... 
Snaps off the leg of a chair.

The hearse still moving along. 
The Rogues watching every break between the buildings.

Cowboy breaks the radio aerial from a car. 
Snaps it like a buggy-whip ... 
The Fox grabs a loose pipe, jerks it off a brick wall. 
Snowball hefts his ball-bat...

VOICE
You guys must be looking for trouble.

They all look down the alley.

Just standing there. 
Very calm.

Jesus, are they glad to see him... 
Now all smiles.

THE FOX
The cadillac ... That's the bunch that got Cyrns.

REMBERNDT
Yeah. And nailed us with the blame...

COWBOY
They're the reason we're the only ones left.

Pause.

SWAN
Maybe we better give them a chance at what they want.

REMBERNDT
Fucking A.

SWAN
Everybody packed.
THE FOX

Yo.

COWBOY

Yo.

REMBRANDT

Yo.

SNOWBALL

Yo. SWAN

Everybody stay behind me. I'm going to take them out on the sand.

THE FOX

What about you ... you packed.

Swan raises his arm.
Flicks his hand.
A huge bowie knife suddenly appears.
Flicks his hand again.
The knife disappears.

SWAN

Let's do it.

They turn down the alley.

IN THE HEARSE

The Rogue peering left and right. Luther suddenly points ahead ...

DOWN THE STREET

The WARRIORS move into the clear.
Head for the beach.

CROPSEY

Tromps on the accelerator.

THE WARRIORS

Step away from the tenements of old Coney Island.
Cut across the sand.
The Warriors move steadily forward
All of them a step behind Swan.
Sounds of the ocean.
Early morning light.
Punctuated by the Cadillac engine as the hearse intersects their path.
Forty yards in front of them.

Seeming not to pay attention to the hearse.
Looking out at the sea as he walks.

Still moving steadily forward.
The Rogues ahead of them.
Now out of the hearse.
And waiting.

Walks near Luther.
Stops, still looking out at the sea.
Then turns to look at the Rogues.
All the remaining Warriors two paces behind him.

Five Warriors.
Eleven Rogues.
All eyes locked on one another.
Luther’s empty hands at his sides.
The other Rogues carry tire-irons, ball bats, bicycle chains
Big grin on Luther’s face.

SWAN
When we see the ocean, we
figure we’re home. We’re
safe.

An almost detached quality to his voice ...
He’s looking out toward the horizon line on the sea.

LUTHER
This time you got it wrong.

SWAN
Cyrus was a big man. He had a
big idea.
Still looking at the sea...
Then he turns, faces Luther for the first time.

SWAN
Why did you do it. Why did you shoot him.

Luther grins.

LUTHER
No reason, I just like doing things like that ... If that prick over there hadn't seen me you guys would be okay ... But I guess you already thought of that haven't you.

Pause.

SWAN
Let's do it. Me and you.

Luther continues smiling.
Now has his hand in his pocket.

LUTHER
One on one, kiss my ass.
You're fucking dead. All of you ... and you know it.

SWAN
I don't think so.

Luther raises his hand.
Slowly.
Magnum .357.

LUTHER
You don't hear too good.
You're dead, cocksucker.

Swan smiles.
The big gun starts to come up.
Go level.
Swan pivots.
Gun blast and FLICK, CHUNK ...

LUTHER
Ooohhhmygoddd!!!

Swan's bowie knife has gone entirely through his forearm.
The .357 falls harmlessly at his feet.

Swan steps forward.
Jerks the knife out of Luther's arm.
Wipes the blood on his pant leg.
The Rogues and Warriors stunned by the sudden violence.
Luther falls to his knees in the sand. Clutches his arm. Begins to cry.

Just standing there. Looking at the rest of the Rogues.

Glance at one another. And the crying Luther. They start forward ... a reluctant army but willing to fight ...

Wide smile across his whole face ...

I think you guys got bigger problems than bopping with us ...

His eyes glance beyond the Rogues.


All of them smiling except Swan.

The Riffs now totally circle the Warriors and Rogues. Luther still on his knees. Still crying.

Looks down at Luther. Then at Swan.

You gave us a bad night.
THE FOX
Bad night my ass. It was shit.

THE NEW CYRUS
You Warriors are good ... real good.

He looks at Luther.

THE NEW CYRUS
The rest is ours.

SWAN
Take it.

Turns, looks at the Warriors.
Mercy is walking toward them across the sand.
The Fox sees her ... A moment between them.

SWAN
Let's go home.

They start across the beach...

THE RIFFS
Watching them go.
Then turn.
The Rogues are no longer visible inside the circle...

CUT.

THE WARRIORS
Rembrandt walking close to Swan.
Tears start coming to his face.

REMBRANDT
We made it. We made it. I don't believe it. We made it.

COWBOY
Why not. We're the Warriors.

A quiet tone in Rembrandt's voice.

REMBRANDT
Yeah... We're the Warriors.

They're at the ocean's edge.
Cowboy and Rembrandt walk to the water.
Stand there ankle deep...
SWAN

Standing alone...

THE FOX AND MERCY

Off by themselves...
The Fox looks at Swan...
Nods...
Takes Mercy and moves off up the beach...

SWAN

Watching them go...
He turns again, looks back at the sea...

FADE.