

CRIMEVISION

A SCREENPLAY

Three retired cops through an unnatural event are able to know when a police officer is going to be murdered. Staying one step ahead of the FBI they race against time to violently stop the next cop killing before it happens again.

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**FIRST DRAFT
5-1-2000**

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FADE IN:

EXTREME CLOSE UP.WHEEL.NIGHT

We SEE the blur of spinning chrome spokes and HEAR the unmistakable SOUND of a Harley Davidson cruising through the city streets of Long Beach, California. The CAMERA moves back and we recognize the front wheel of a motorcycle chopper with polished forks and high handlebars. We SEE it traveling down several main streets, then turning into an industrial area.

CLOSE UP.MOTORCYCLE

A heavy, black boot with spurs shaped with miniature skulls sets the kickstand. Then a dark figure dismounts.

CLOSE SHOT.BIKER

Standing with his back to the CAMERA, as it pans up. He is a hulking outlaw biker, early thirties wearing, denim jeans and gang patches or 'colors' on the back of his sleeveless, denim vest. The word "HESSIANS" in three-inch, red letters is embroidered in the top rocker and a patch of a skull pierced by a broad knife is below that.

FULL SHOT.THE BIKER.REVERSE ANGLE

Moving toward the CAMERA, the **BIKER** is tall, muscular with long, stringy hair and bushy mustaches glinting in the glow of a small overhead light post. He stops and eyes his surroundings suspiciously.

EXT.WAREHOUSE DOOR

The **BIKER**, his back to the CAMERA pushes open a metal door. Cautiously, he steps into the darkness.

INT.WAREHOUSE

The white glow of a full moon filters through skylights, casting shadows.

We HEAR a menacing voice, nearby. He is an outlaw gang **ENFORCER**, or the Warlord's bodyguard and right-hand man.

ENFORCER (voice-over)

There's a twelve gauge pointed at your nuts, so if you want to hold unto them a little while longer, do exactly what I say.

INT.CLOSE SHOT.BIKER

Stands still. We SEE his jaw tighten. His eyes search the warehouse.

ENFORCER (voice-over)

Put your feet together and close your eyes. (pause)
Don't even open 'em for a quick little look-see.
Understand?

The **BIKER** nods and follows instructions.

ENFORCER (voice-over)

Good job. Now raise your hands and point your fingers straight out to your sides.

MEDIUM SHOT.BIKER

Points his fingers forward.

ENFORCER (voice-over)

Out to your sides, ASSHOLE! (pause) Don't fuck with me man. Now don't fuckin' move.

INT.FULL SHOT.TWO BIKERS

Hands wrapped around, double-barrel, sawed-off, shotguns, two men in biker getups (black leather pants, black T-shirts, and leather vests) step into the light. The **ENFORCER** has a ponytail, and the other is bald-headed with a ragged goatee. He searches the **BIKER** and removes a nickel-plated Colt Python .357 revolver from his waistband. He also removes a small, moneybag from an inside vest pocket. He opens it and thumbs through a wad of hundred-dollar bills. Satisfied, he nods to the other gunman.

ENFORCER

Open your eyes.

INT.CLOSE SHOT.ENFORCER

Motioning with the barrel of the shotgun

ENFORCER

Follow the yellow line.

BIKER

From **BIKER**'s POV (POINT OF VIEW) we SEE a painted, yellow line and red line leading into the center of the warehouse. The red line makes a sharp turn to the right. Large boxes wrapped in plastic are stacked six-foot high on wooden pallets. Other cardboard boxes rest on a two-story high assembly of metal frames and shelving. He shrugs and starts walking on the line until he comes upon a forklift.

CLOSE SHOT.ENFORCERS

They watch the **BIKER** disappear into the darkness.

MEDIUM SHOT.BIKER

The raised blades of the forklift block his path. He bends and starts under them.

CLOSE UP.LOW ANGLE.BIKERS.POV

From between two crates, a huge black figure lunges into view. The **BIKER** jerks his arm up involuntarily.

CLOSE UP.PITBULL

A snarling black pitbull comes inches from taking a chunk out of the **BIKER**'s face. The dog is held tight by a strong leather leash. Barking, the pitbull strains against the leash.

CLOSE SHOT.FROM BEHIND DOG

The **BIKER** in the foreground recovers his composure, then angles his body away from the dog and makes his way forward. He encounters three more restrained dogs as he follows the yellow line to the rear. It leads to a rear office enclosed in glass.

MEDIUM SHOT.OFFICE

Barely visible in the office a desk and high-back chair. Seated in the chair against the wall, a man barely distinguishable. He is **DOUGLAS DORSEY** the man the **BIKER** came to see. All we can SEE is a shape with long, dark hair and a black T-shirt.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

The CAMERA angles straight down and we SEE the **BIKER** standing in front of the desk. He sits in a chair opposite **DORSEY**. Resting on the desk, a semi-automatic handgun points at the **BIKER**'s midsection. The handgun is a unique .22 caliber automatic with Grim Reaper, wooden grips and a finely engraved slide. Only inches away, the man's hand rolls a silver dollar over the top of agile fingers. Angry tattoos cover both arms. A skull, a shotgun, a girl's name—and on his hand: the initials "T.C.B.".

CLOSE SHOT.COIN

He spins the coin on the desktop, then picks up the pistol. There is a no-nonsense manner as he levels the pistol at the **BIKER**.

DORSEY

Heads or tails?

THE COIN

Spinning, it walks along the desktop and begins to slow.

CLOSE SHOT.BIKER

Watching the coin.

BIKER (confidently)

Heads!

THE COIN

Finally, comes to a stop, heads facing up.

CLOSE UP.GUN

DORSEY loosens his grip and slides the pistol into his belt. From a drawer, he removes a plastic baggy with a substantial amount of white powder. He tosses it next to the coin.

CLOSE UP.BIKER

Looks down at the dope, picks it up and slips it into his inside vest pocket. The deal concluded, he rises and leaves.

FULL SHOT.BIKER

Seeing the yellow lines, he shakes his head and starts towards the front. Halfway there, we HEAR a growl and SEE two pitbulls standing unleashed.

CLOSE SHOT.PITBULLS

Growling, they mean business. They charge the CAMERA.

REVERSE ANGLE.BIKER

Turns and runs.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT.BIKER

Running, he is pulled down from behind by the black pit. Trying desperately to rise, he stumbles as a second dog hits him and sinks its teeth into his bare arm. Reaching to his belt, he frantically fumbles with the buckle, then pulls out a hidden dagger. He punches it into the dog's side and on the third stab the dog releases his grip.

CLOSE UP.DOG

Slumps over, breathing heavy.

MEDIUM SHOT.BIKER

Relentless, the black pit releases his leg grip and lunges forward. The dagger plunges down.

REVERSE ANGLE

Suddenly, two more pits join in and overwhelm the **BIKER**. The black pit grabs him by the throat and the fight ends quickly.

THREE DOGS

Continuing to attack, they keep biting until satisfied there is no more fight left in him. In a frenzy, two pits begin fighting each other. They struggle, and disappear off-screen.

MEDIUM SHOT.BIKER

Laying face up, the black pitbull stands over him, blood and saliva dripping from its mouth. From a low angle we SEE the lower body of **DORSEY** crouched over the lifeless body. We still haven't got a good look at him. He pulls off the **BIKER's** right boot.

CLOSE SHOT.BOOT

Turned upside down a shiny object slides out, bounces off the **BIKER**, then hits the concrete floor.

CLOSE UP.OBJECT

Laying face up, we SEE the object is a small, drug enforcement badge.

CLOSE SHOT.PITBULL

Panting and tongue hanging out, the dog enjoys having his scared head stroked by the hand with the tattoos.

DORSEY (to the dog)

YEAH! You're a g-o-o-d boy. You knew he was a pig, didn't you boy!

CLOSE UP.BIKER

A puddle of blood pools around his head and shoulders. The CAMERA starts to slowly FADE to white.

DORSEY (off-screen)

You fuck with the bull. (pause) You get the horns.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT.LONG SHOT.DAY.1980.TWO WEEKS LATER

From an angle high above, the CAMERA moves down to a congested intersection on a very hot June afternoon. The city, Garden Grove, population-surpassing one-hundred-fifty-thousand, is centered in Orange County, California, near Disneyland.

South of the intersection at Euclid and Trask, traffic is backed up to the freeway, which splits the Orange County in half east and west. Small homes border the residential streets that snake through the busy community.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT

A construction crew wearing orange shirts and hard-hats works over the NOISE of the machinery and honking horns. In the background on the corner a marked police car pulls into the Mobil gas station. **NICK WOLFE**, a ten-year veteran working in the patrol division climbs out. He's early thirties, athletic with light brown hair and a mustache. On the hottest day in twenty years, **NICK** is wearing a dark blue police uniform with a single white stripe on both short sleeves and sunglasses. **NICK** heads toward the construction and weaves his way through the traffic jam to the construction **CREW CHIEF** who is being ignored by overheated and irate drivers. **NICK** and the **CREW CHIEF** have seen each other around for years on work related traffic incidents.

CREW CHIEF (relieved)

Thank God you're here, Nick. We had everything under control until one of my guys hit an underground powerline

with his backhoe. . .knocked out the whole intersection and who knows what else.

The guy on the backhoe shrugs.

NICK (somewhat sympathetic)
Shit!

CREW CHIEF
I was expectin' a motor.

NICK
They picked today to go on their monthly training ride. They're riding to Santa Barbara and back. You know those Prima Donna traffic cops are never around when you need them.

NICK glances at his watch and waves north and southbound traffic through.

NICK
Just get me outta here by four o'clock and you're invited to my pool party tonight. My fiancée has lots of single girlfriends.

CREW CHIEF
Deal!

EXT.MEDIUM LONG SHOT.DAY

In the rear of the police station, marked units are parked between numbered white lines. The public safety building with its tiered roof and tall antennas resemble a battleship run aground.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.GROUND FLOOR OF STATION

CAMERA follows **NICK**, clipboard in hand, as he pulls open the rear police door and turns down the hallway. **NICK** pulls open the locker room door and walks past **RON PORTER**, twenty-four in white T-shirt and jeans. He straddles a wooden bench surrounded by metal lockers. **RON** a tall, athletic blond, with furtive hand movements shuffles a deck of cards as **NICK** heads for the urinals.

RON
Hey, Wolfman! What's happenin'?

NICK
How you doin' Ron? How was your vacation?

CLOSE SHOT. RON

He looks around making sure no one sees him setting up the deck for a card trick.

RON
Let's just say I ate like a pig and put on ten pounds.

NICK (standing almost off-screen)
Where'd you go?

RON
The first week we stayed home, then Rita and I took a 7-day cruise to Mexico. We hit Puerto Vallarta, Mazatlan and Cabo. The weather was great . . . not hot like this armpit we work in.

NICK
Yeah, it's boilin' out there. My shirt is soaked.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

NICK washes his hands and walks towards **RON**.

RON
Hey Nick. . . You wanna see my latest card trick? I learned it from this magician on board the ship.

NICK
Mm-hmm!

RON is anxious to perform.

RON
Come here, you'll like this one.

TWO SHOT.NICK AND RON

NICK standing in front of **RON**, watches carefully. **RON**'s skilled hand movements manipulate the deck. He shuffles and cuts it a couple of times.

RON
Okay. . . Pick two cards from ace to jack.

NICK (thinking)
King and queen.

RON (smiling)
Okay, pick one.

NICK
King

RON
Good! Now pick two suits.

NICK
Clubs and. . . hearts.

RON
Pick one of those suits.

NICK
Hearts.

RON

Good! So you picked King of Hearts.

RON holding deck at arms length, in front of **NICK**.

CLOSE UP. RON

Facing the CAMERA, we SEE the King of Hearts rise from the middle of the deck.

CLOSE UP. NICK

Fascinated, shakes his head.

NICK

Sonofabitch!

RON hands **NICK** the King of Hearts.

RON

Keep it. It'll bring you luck.

RON walks away before **NICK** can ask how he did it. Three officers in civilian clothes; **SCOTT GREEN, DAVE LASSITER, PAT McCALL**, enter locker room, talking and laughing. **NICK** places the King of Hearts in his uniform shirt pocket. **SCOTT's** locker is behind **NICK**. **SCOTT**, twenty-five is a lean, mean, ex-Marine. He is wearing a white T-shirt, worn jeans and always carries a Colt .45 automatic in his waistband.

SCOTT GREEN

Hey Wolfman, heard you're having a party.

NICK sits straddling a wooden finishing up his reports.

NICK

Yeah and you're not invited. Last time you got drunk and pissed in the pool.

SCOTT

C'mon Nick, everyone pisses in the pool.

NICK

Yeah, but not while standing on my diving board.

Laughter breaks out in the locker room. **SCOTT** grins widely. He is pretty proud of that distinction.

RON (off-screen)

It's too damn hot to wear this thing. When are they going to make a lightweight vest?

CLOSE SHOT. NICK

Looks up to see **RON** throwing his bulletproof vest in his locker. **RON** finishes putting on his uniform shirt, grabs his gun belt and hurries off to briefing.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM. SWING SHIFT BEGINS

Two sergeants sit in front, 12 officers sit at two rows of desks. Sergeant **STOKES** thirty-five walks to the podium. He is black, baldheaded with a narrow moustache. CAMERA pans the officers' faces. Some are talking.

STOKES

Okay guys, let's get started.

He shuffles through papers on the podium and stops to read one.

STOKES

Joe Johnson got into a pursuit of a 10-8-51 this morning after we got off. Seems as though the suspect just stole the car and forgot to turn on his lights. Joe spots him and chases him into Anaheim where he clips a pole, rolls over, and gets thrown from the vehicle. Suspect is in critical condition at UCI Medical Center with a skull fracture.

SCOTT

Guess he forgot to put on his seat belt, Sarge.

DAVE LASSITER

No one said crooks were smart.

DAVE twenty-seven, big and blond chews on a toothpick. In fact he is always chewing on a toothpick. **DAVE** is a no-nonsense, ass kicking street cop. In his mind everybody in his district is a crook or guilty of something.

STOKES

Did everyone pick up this bulletin on Douglas Dorsey?... AKA "Double Death". He's wanted for questioning on a homicide and there's a \$25,000 felony warrant for sales of dangerous drugs in the system.

STOKES holds up the wanted bulletin. Some of the guys start looking around for a copy and **PAT McCALL**, early thirties picks up a stack of fliers and sends them around the room. He doodles on his own flyer, but listens intently to **STOKES**. In Good-Cop/Bad-Cop situations **PAT** is the Good-Cop.

STOKES (reading)

He's uh male-white 28, DOB is uh, 4-15-52. He's 5 foot 11... 230. . . brown-n-brown, with tattoos on both arms. This is a recent photo so he should still have his beard. His vehicle is a powder blue 72 Falcon... license number. . . Yankee-Uniform-Gulf 7-4-7. If located, arrest and contact Detective Olson...Are there any questions?

STOKES looks around. **PAT** raises his hand.

PAT

I see he has a tattoo...TBC on his right hand. What does that mean?

STOKES

Taking care of business. Means he has taken out an enemy or rival gang member. As you can see on the flier, he may be involved with that DEA's death two weeks ago. Okay...any more questions?

SCOTT raises his hand. **STOKES** ignores him as usual.

STOKES

Are there any questions besides Green? Then, that's it for now. Get in service A-sap. And let's be safe out there.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT.DAY

In the rear lot we SEE **PAT McCALL** and **DWIGHT HENDERSON** are working together. **DWIGHT**, a rookie, looks like a college freshman in uniform. **RON PORTER** is partnered with **GLENN OVERMAN**, twenty-two, a stocky guy with a crew cut. **DAVE** and **SCOTT** are one-man units inspecting their emergency equipment (lights, sirens, shotguns) as other black-and-whites pull out of the lot.

EXT.STREETS. PATROL CAR.NIGHT

PAT and **DWIGHT**, on patrol, pull into the parking lot of a biker bar. **PAT** spots a powder blue Ford Falcon next to a row of Harley Davidsons. On the rear bumper a sticker reads "DEATH COMETH". He immediately backs up into a dark corner of the lot.

PAT

Look what we found! Check the plate, Dwight.

DWIGHT

That's Dorsey's vehicle...Yankee-Union-George...7-4-7.

PAT

Let dispatch know what we've got and call for back up.

EXT.HIDE-OUT BAR

CAMERA angles toward the front of the bar where two bikers and their 'Ol Ladies' are smoking dope and drinking beer. Live country music escapes into the night air. The CAMERA pulls back to four officers standing in the dark, unobserved.

PAT

Ron, when we go in, you and Glenn cover the rear exit, we'll cover the front. He should be easy to spot with the beard and tats on his arms.

INT.HIDE-OUT BAR

The officers enter the crowded bar. The CAMERA follows, switching back and forth as they split into pairs. **RON** moves along the wall, eyes searching. We hear the SOUND of pounding music from the band. Inside the bar, 50 or more greasy, longhaired, outlaw motorcycle gang members are drinking and shooting pool. Most of them are bearded with tats. **RON** sees **PAT** and **DWIGHT** disappear into the crowd.

INT.CLOSE UP.CROWD

Eye level shot of worn-out Levi and leather jackets, insignias and patches on thick bodies intermittently block our view of **DORSEY**. Sitting at a round table, he matches the wanted poster. **DORSEY** sees **RON** first. He involuntary looks down. At the table, a ponytailed biker pours a couple of beers.

DORSEY

Shit! It's the pigs. Time to split, little brother.

DORSEY starts for the front door. Both **PAT** and **RON** spot **DORSEY** at the same time. **DORSEY** sees **PAT**, turns, and in a hurry pushes through the crowd to reach the rear door. **RON** arrives first.

RON (voice raised)

Dorsey! We need to talk to you.

DORSEY stops as **RON** grabs his right arm. **DORSEY** shrugs and cooperates. **RON** gestures to the exit. **GLENN** and **DWIGHT** flank **DORSEY** as they start out the door.

DORSEY

What's this all about, Officer?

As **DORSEY** pushes open the heavy door, **RON** loosens his grip to keep the door from closing. There is not enough room for two men to squeeze through the opening. In the background **PAT** hangs back, keeping the drunken patrons from following the officers outside. Two toughs with pool cues stop to watch.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.DORSEY

Followed by the officers, **DORSEY** steps through the doorway into the parking lot. CAMERA moves in on **DORSEY**'s face. His ice-cold eyes blink, showing "Double D's" tattooed on the lids. **DORSEY**'s lips curl as he pulls his .22 automatic from his front waistband. He swings around savagely.

Seeing the gun, **RON** instinctively reaches for it. From **DORSEY**'s POV he fires eight rounds: two into **RON**'s chest and the rest at the other officers.

CLOSE UP. RON

Blood spurts from **RON**'s chest. His body jolts, his legs stiffen to maintain balance. Still reaching, he takes two steps and falls face-first onto the asphalt.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.GLENN AND DWIGHT

Both officers go down just inside the bar; **GLENN** hit in the abdomen and hand, **DWIGHT** hit in the shoulder.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT

PAT's POV turns toward popping sounds. The three officers are down. **PAT** pulls his gun and moves outside to **RON**, who appears dead: lots of blood and pale skin. He bends down, realizing the officers are shot. He fumbles with his hand-radio.

PAT

Fifty-two-oh-two shots fired! SHOTS FIRED! Officers down, Hide-Out Bar.

PAT tilts **RON** back. Blood bubbles from **RON**'s mouth as he tries to speak. The SOUND of police radio traffic is heard in the background.

RON

I'm...I'm not goin' to...make it.

RON goes limp, his eyes glaze over. **PAT** yells into the radio.

PAT

Fifty-two-oh-two expedite paramedics! Expedite paramedics!

From behind, **DWIGHT** lumbers past **PAT** holding a shoulder wound and pointing his handgun into the dark parking lot.

DWIGHT

He ran to the rear.

PAT

Wait! Stay here with Ron.

PAT stands as a biker appears, pointing into the bar.

MALE VOICE

Hey officer! My friend's been shot in the face.

ANOTHER VOICE

Yeah! And another dude's been hit in the ass.

EXT.PARKING LOT.NIGHT

The crowd watches, barely moving as **PAT** warily pushes through them back into the front door. He sees **GLENN** propped up against the wall. He is in worst shape than originally thought.

MEDIUM SHOT. PAT AND GLENN

Briefly bending over, **PAT** struggles to remain calm, as he feels his self-control peeling away. He rises, patting his friend's shoulder.

PAT (reassuringly)

Hang on Glenn. Help is on the way. I'll be right back.

The SOUND of approaching sirens can be heard. He looks inside the bar, starts toward the legs of a man laying behind a table and disappears inside.

PAT (voice-over)

Fifty-two-oh-two requesting additional units. We've got two citizens down with gunshot wounds...Suspect Douglas Dorsey was last seen running to the rear of the Hide-Out, two ago.

EXT. ALLEY. NIGHT

A tired **DORSEY**, gun in hand, pulls himself over a blockwall. Breathing hard, he bends over, resting both hands on his knees. He sees a hole in the bottom of the wall. He wipes the gun clean, wraps it in a bandanna, and drops it into the hole. We HEAR sirens in the distance. **DORSEY** looks around. Satisfied, he continues running until he drops out of sight, going over another wall.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT

Sgt. **STOKES** paces inside the crime scene, which is cordoned off with yellow plastic tape. Two detectives, fortyish, pull out their notepads. A yellow blanket covers a body in the background and forensic technicians are taking photographs.

STOKES

We have one officer DOA and two in serious condition at county hospital. The two civilians were transported to Westminster General. This Dorsey asshole couldn't have gone far.

STOKES points to a Ford Falcon in the lot.

STOKES

That's his car. He took off on foot...that way. We have two canines enroute and Anaheim's helicopter has a two-minute ETA.

DETECTIVE

How many witnesses do you--

POLICE RADIO (voice-over)

Attention all units in the area...possible homicide suspect spotted. Prowler seen at 8331 Larson...district 65.

STOKES

Shit! That's just down the street. Dave!...Scott Get on it. Take back up.

DAVE, SCOTT and several officers run to patrol cars and speed off.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.YARD.NIGHT

From her kitchen window, we SEE **PATRICIA MARTIN**, looking out into her rear yard. She is late fifties, dressed in a robe, and has a head full of curlers. Thick bushes become black shapes in the far corner where the yard light doesn't reach. Two small Poodles are barking at the bushes. One of them darts back as a stick sails over its head.

CLOSE SHOT.MARTIN

MARTIN is talking into the telephone.

MARTIN (shaky)

I tell you...there's someone in my yard....No I can't see him, but Desi and Lucy are raising cane...That's right...My dogs, Desi and Lucy...I know someone's there because a stick just flew over Lucy's head...What? No, a stick...Okay, I'll stay on the line, but please hurry.

As **MARTIN**'s voice continues, we SEE.

EXT.RESIDENTIAL STREET.NIGHT

Two patrol cars with lights out, rolling to a stop. **DAVE** and **SCOTT** quickly exit and two other officers hurry across the lawn.

DAVE (taking charge)

Al, you and Rick cover the east side, Scott and I will cover the west. If you spot him, sing out.

CLOSE UP.DORSEY

DORSEY sitting in the dirt, lights a cigarette. He hunkers down as the searchlight from the police helicopter briefly lights the yard.

DORSEY (to the dogs)

Get the hell outta here you little shits!

He tries to break off a branch, but stops when he hears a police radio squawk. It's very close, so he reaches for his gun, then realizes it's not there.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.YARD

With the CAMERA shooting from the center of the yard, **DAVE** and **SCOTT** approach the far corner. The dogs spot the officers and for a moment don't know who to bark at. They decide they are outnumbered and run for the kitchen door.

DAVE (forcefully)

Police department! Come out with your hands up.

DAVE and **SCOTT** hide behind a thick tree. **DAVE** crouches, gun and flashlight trained on **DORSEY**'s position. **SCOTT** is kneeling. The CAMERA holds on the bushes for a few seconds.

DAVE (dead serious)
I told you to come out with your hands up
motherfucker! DO IT NOW!

DORSEY
Okay! Okay! I'm comin' out. Geez...a guy can't
even take a piss anymore.

DORSEY stands after crawling out. He is sweating profusely, his black
T-shirt is soaked. He squints at the bright flashlights and reaches
for the cigarette in his mouth.

DAVE and **SCOTT** (shout in unison)
PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

DORSEY shrugs and reluctantly raises them again.

DAVE
Now turn around and face away.

DORSEY turns.

DAVE
Drop to your knees!

DORSEY (looking over his shoulder)
I can't do that, I hurt my back.

DAVE
I don't give a shit what you hurt. DO IT!. . .or
I'll blow your fuckin' head off!!

CLOSE UP. DORSEY

We SEE **DORSEY**'s face change to rage. If he had his gun, he would teach
these pigs a lesson.

DORSEY
I'm tellin' you pig, I can't. I hurt my--

EXT. MEDIUM SHOT. DORSEY

We SEE **DORSEY** falling to the ground and **DAVE** completing a downward
swing. (His gun butt has viciously struck the side of **DORSEY**'s head.

Unconscious, **DORSEY** falls forward, striking the ground hard.
Immediately, **DAVE** drops both knees and his full weight on **DORSEY**'s
back.

SCOTT moves in pointing his Colt at **DORSEY**'s head. **SCOTT** steps on the
back of his neck.

SCOTT
I've got him, partner.

DAVE holsters his gun and yanks **DORSEY**'s arms behind his back and handcuffs him. He cranks down on the cuffs knowing the extreme pain this will cause when **DORSEY** revives.

SCOTT sees a large, bloody gash in **DORSEY**'s head. He grins and pulls out his hand-radio.

SCOTT

Fifty-two-oh-four, code-four, suspect in custody...request paramedics.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT

Two police cars are parked behind a donut shop. **SCOTT** and **DAVE** lean against the front fender of one car. Both are holding large cups of coffee. **SCOTT** bites into a donut as a unit pulls up.

SCOTT (mumbles)

Here comes Wolfman now.

SCOTT reaches into the donut sack.

DAVE (slightly annoyed)

Don't take the last one. I bought one for Nick.

SCOTT pulls out the last donut and takes a big bite.

SCOTT (mouth full)

What's that?

DAVE (disgusted)

I said, you're a big asshole.

SCOTT grins and takes another bite.

NICK (walking up)

Hey guys.

NICK notices the white donut sack.

NICK

Did you guys save me one?

SCOTT (licking his fingers)

Sorry Nick...Dave didn't buy enough.

DAVE sneers and gives **SCOTT**, 'The Finger'.

NICK (kidding)

Thanks a lot, Dave.

SCOTT can't contain a shit-eating grin any longer. He busts out laughing, and crumbs fly from his mouth. He grunts when he sees white sugar all over the front of his shirt and brushes the powder off.

NICK becomes serious. It is easy to see something is troubling him.

SCOTT

So what's up Nick? Is something wrong?

NICK

No, I just wanted to know if you guys are going to the funeral.

DAVE

Yeah...my first one.

SCOTT

Mine too.

NICK

Okay, I'll get the unit detailed at the car wash tomorrow morning and we'll meet early in the rear lot...say eight-forty-five.

SCOTT and **DAVE** nod.

SCOTT (angry)

Shit! I sure wish he hadn't of taken that call. I was the one dispatched and Ron took it because he was closer.

DAVE chews on his toothpick.

DAVE (the realist)

Don't beat yourself up over that, Scott. . .life has no guarantees (pause) especially in this job.

There is a long silence. **DAVE** spits out his toothpick.

DAVE (the real DAVE)

I shoulda shot the motherfucka when I had the chance.

SCOTT

Sorry Pal, but if I was in that bar... I wouldn't of given you the chance. If that motherfucka would of tried pulling his shit out on me, I would of put a big fuckin' hole right between his runnin' lights.

NICK

Ron never even got his gun out.

DAVE

That's fucked. I'll never forget seein' him laying there.

NICK (feeling guilty)

I don't know why I didn't say something, when I saw him leave that goddamn vest in his locker. (long pause) He'd be alive today an' probably showin' us a card trick right now.

NICK nods off a smile. **SCOTT** and **DAVE** eye each other. **NICK** is really in the dumps.

DAVE (consolingly)

Well, a lot of guys don't wear them. I can't count the times I haven't worn mine.

SCOTT

Just shoot me if you see me not wearin' mine. I'd rather be shot by a friend, than by some asshole on the street.

Another long silence. **NICK** smiles to himself, thinking **SCOTT** is something else.

DAVE

How's Glenn and Dwight doin'?

NICK

I heard Glenn was hit three times: once in the chest, once in the abdomen and one round went through his hand and hit that guy in the ass. Glenn is a very lucky hombre...he wasn't wearin' a vest either. The surgery went well, and he's doing good. And Dwight goes home tomorrow.

DAVE

How's Pat taking it?

NICK

He's taking a couple of days off, according to the Lieutenant. He's blaming himself for the shooting. I called him at home, but you know Pat...he'll have to work this out himself.

NICK pours the rest of his coffee on the ground. They all stare at it as it flows like blood along the asphalt. There is a dead silence. All are aware of the reality of their profession. From their expressions, they all feel like victims.

NICK

Life has no guarantees.

INT. COUNTY JAIL. VISITATION ROOM

A metal door opens and **DORSEY** is pushed into the room by a **GUARD**. **DORSEY** is wearing an orange jump suit. Short chains hold his wrists and ankles.

GUARD (bellowing)

Five-minutes!

MALE VOICE (off-screen)

Hey, Big Brother!

The **CAMERA** reveals a longhaired man, a few years younger than **DORSEY**. His back is toward us as he sits looking through bulletproof glass.

A sinister grin widens as **DORSEY** focuses on the smiling face of **BILLY DORSEY**. We saw **BILLY**, twenty-six pouring beers at the Hide-Out.

DORSEY (pleased)
Good to see ya, Billy. What the fuck took ya so long?

Restricted, **DORSEY** shuffles over to a chair, sits and leans close to the voice phone mounted in the glass.

DORSEY
We don't got much time, Little Brother, so listen up.

BILLY glances at the **GUARD** in the observation window.

DORSEY
Don't worry, he can't fuckin' hear us.

DORSEY's face hardens.

DORSEY
Billy, I want you to do somethin' for me. It's fuckin' important.

As the younger brother, **BILLY** has always looked up to his big brother. **BILLY** is a new member of the Hessians, an Outlaw Motorcycle Gang that **DORSEY** has belonged to for ten years. He would do anything for his now infamous brother.

BILLY
No problem, Bro.

CLOSE UP. DOUGLAS AND BILLY

They face each other through the glass, **DORSEY** concentrating on **BILLY**.

DORSEY (quietly)
My lawyer's already done some of the footwork, findin' the address, but the prick won't finish the job. I want'cha to go to 8351 Larson...it's two houses from where I got busted. There's a hole in the blockwall near a blue dumpster. I stuck Mr. D inside the hole. You get my meaning?

BILLY nods his understanding.

DORSEY
Billy, you hold on to Mr. D, 'cause I'm plannin' on usin' him when I blow this shit hole. You know how important Mr. D is to me, so don't fuck up. I'd hate to have to punish you, Billy.

BILLY swallows and nods again. **DORSEY**, satisfied, leans back. A smile curls the corners of his mouth as he thinks about his favorite gun and those who've faced it. As the former Sergeant-at-Arms and the gang's enforcer, "Double Death" **DORSEY** is known for shooting his victims twice with Mr. D.

DORSEY

Billy...my trial starts next week. Don't fuck up.

MEDIUM SHOT.DORSEY

He gets up, shuffles to the door, and pounds it with both fists. As the **GUARD** opens the door, **DORSEY** turns, and gives **BILLY** a knowing nod.

INT.PAT'S APARTMENT.DAY

About eighteen months have passed. Guests mill about the living room, talking, laughing and eating cold cuts.

PAT in the background shakes a bag of ice into a metal bucket. Liquor bottles, soda cans, and plastic cups sit on a tray near by. The TV is on and can be HEARD off-screen.

SCOTT (anxious)

Hey! Hey! Hold it everybody! This is it.

MALE VOICE

HEY QUIET!

SCOTT, holding a beer turns the volume up. **PAT** and guests stop what they are doing. We SEE their faces as they bunch together behind a couch.

TV REPORTER (voice-over)

A Westminster man, Douglas Dorsey, was sentenced to death in Federal Court today for the June 1980 murder of Police Officer Ronald Porter. As you remember Douglas Dorsey went on a rampage, shooting three police officers and two civilians at the Hide-Out Bar in Garden Grove...Dorsey 28 --

NICK AND SCOTT

Standing on both sides, react by slapping **PAT** on the back. **PAT** nods his appreciation his eyes remain focused on the TV.

SCOTT

Yeah! Good job Pat!

PAT (to NICK)

I sure wish I could share your enthusiasm. You didn't see the way he looked at me...pure evil. Even put away, I still have a bad feelin' about that guy.

TV REPORTER (voice-over)

—was arrested a short time after the shooting. Federal Court Judge Herman Brown ordered Dorsey restrained and gagged after the 'Guilty' verdict was announced. Dorsey, still claiming his innocence, swore his revenge on the DA's main witness Officer Patrick McCall. McCall positively identified Douglas

Dorsey by the unique pair of Double D's Dorsey has tattooed on his eyelids.

CLOSE UP.TV.DORSEY'S FACE

We SEE a black-and-white, county jail, mug shot, of **DORSEY** with his eyes closed. The CAMERA holds on the letters "DD" that are clearly visible on each eyelid.

SCOTT (off-screen)

All right Pat, slam-dunk! I hope the fucka shits his pants when they fry his ass.

CLOSE UP.DORSEY.SAME PHOTOGRAPH

The eyelids on **DORSEY**'s photograph fade to color and snap open. His intense eyes and menacing face come alive, displaying a possessed anger. His eyes flinch with controlled pain as the CAMERA slowly moves down. We SEE **DORSEY** using a makeshift knife to carve the letters "McCALL" into his left forearm. Blood drips over the tattoo "Double Death".

FADE OUT

EXT.STORE FRONT.SUNSET

Seventeen Years Later — is SUPERIMPOSED on the screen. Shooting from a distance we SEE a small TV repair shop in a strip mall comprised of six or seven adjoining businesses. Long shadows run along the buildings and parking lot.

EXT.DISPLAY WINDOW

The CAMERA moves in and we SEE printed on the glass: NICK'S TV, VCR & COMPUTER REPAIR. Camera focuses through the glass and into the front portion of the business.

INT.ANOTHER VIEW

CAMERA moves to front counter and we SEE **NICK** and a lady customer. **NICK** inspects a VCR and carries it into the back room. Returning, he tears off and hands her the pink customer copy.

NICK

Okay, Mrs. Spencer, I'll start on it first thing Tuesday morning. I'm closed Mondays. Then you can watch those adult movies you've been hiding.

Mrs. Spencer's face breaks out into an embarrassed smile. She pushes her way out the door, shaking her head in amusement. The little brass bell on top of the door jingles as she leaves.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

He smiles and watches her walk to her car. He turns from the window and finishes writing up Mrs. Spencer's work order. We HEAR for the first time errie MUSIC.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Seconds later, he looks up with a start. In front of the counter stands a bearded man, late forties or early fifties, dressed neatly, wearing a Dodger's baseball cap and reflective sunglasses. He holds a portable laptop computer.

CLOSE UP.NICK

Looking toward the front door and the brass bell, **NICK** has trouble hiding his surprise.

NICK (mystified)
May I help you, sir?

BEARDED MAN (quietly)
Do you repair laptop computers?

NICK (takes a look)
Yes. I know this model.

BEARDED MAN
Good! The CD is stuck inside and I can't get it out.

NICK
No problem, I can take a look...now if you like.

The **BEARDED MAN** nods. **NICK** sets a work order form and a pen in front of the man.

NICK
Please fill this out...I'll get my tools.

NICK turns and walks to the back room.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.BACK ROOM

Shooting from the center of the room toward the back room door. We HEAR.

NICK (off-screen)
That's their newest model. It has a one-year manufacture's guarantee. When did you buy --

The CAMERA stays for a few seconds on the doorway, until **NICK** re-appears. He stops, eyes darting around the room.

NICK (confused)
What the hell...where'd you go?

From **NICK**'s POV facing the front door, the CAMERA shoots a wide angle through the display window into the parking lot. Determined to locate the man, he rushes to the door. As he pushes it open we HEAR the brass bell jingle. The CAMERA pans the parking lot sweeping left and right. We SEE a few parked cars and typical shopping center activity, and the CAMERA comes back to **NICK**. Shaking his head, he returns and stares thoughtfully at the laptop.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.STORE FRONT.NIGHT

Quick shot of "CLOSED" sign displayed in window. A dim light, illuminates the back room.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

CAMERA moves in on **NICK** at workbench, with laptop open before him. Fluorescent and blue computer-screen light reflects off his face.

CLOSE UP.COMPUTER

NICK punches several keys. Nothing happens. The blue screen blanks to black, then pops back on, then again, blacks out.

NICK's forehead wrinkles in frustration. He uses a small pointed screwdriver to push the "RESET" button. We SEE a spinning hourglass and a blinking, green LED light near the CD port.

NICK (proud of himself)

Okay, you sucker! Let's see whatcha got.

A program starts loading up. We SEE a 3D program on a very sharp and crystal clear screen.

EXT.ON SCREEN.STREET.NIGHT

A single CAMERA shoots from about, fifteen-foot high, above the action. The CAMERA follows a **WHITE COP** and a **BLACK COP** as they walk up on a dark, four-door sedan. A black man sits behind the wheel, arm hanging out the window and two other passengers are seen moving around inside. The **WHITE COP**, holding a flashlight in his left hand approaches the violator's side window. The **BLACK COP** hangs back by the trunk, hand resting on revolver.

We HEAR **NICK's** telephone ring. He pushes the "PAUSE" button, the frame freezes.

INT.NICK

Into the telephone.

NICK

Thanks for callin' - Oh...hi Honey.

He glances at his watch. He cringes, as if he is in trouble.

NICK

I'm leavin', right now...Love ya! Bye!

NICK pushes the "Off" button on the computer. The screen goes black. A second later, his shop lights cut off. The CAMERA holds on the laptop for a long moment. We HEAR **NICK** shut and lock the front door. Eerie MUSIC begins. The screen pops on and we SEE.

EXT.ON SCREEN.BLACK MAN

As the **WHITE COP** shines flashlight in driver's face, the front, passenger's side door suddenly opens and a black youth, sixteen, gang-type, wearing a large Raiders jacket, prepares to flee. The officer's head and light beam flick up to illuminate the youth. The youth wheels on the **BLACK COP**, who reacts.

BLACK COP

GUN!

Shooting back and forth erupts between the officers and the suspects. The CAMERA records the grim reality as both officers are caught off guard. Out numbered and out gunned they are left dying on the street as the three youths jump back in the car and it speeds away (off-screen).

INT.NICK'S SHOP.NIGHT

Three days later-Tuesday evening. **NICK** is working late. He sits at his workbench and picks up the phone, holding it to his ear. We HEAR him punch in a phone number.

NICK

Hi Honey, I'm runnin' late...yeah. Well I want to finish up some of these orders I promised, since I was closed on Monday. No I...I won't be too long. Say around...ten? Okay Honey...bye, bye.

From **NICK**'s POV, as he hangs up, he smiles at a photograph of himself and a good-looking woman wearing a white, doctor's lab coat, pinned to his workbench. They face the photographer smiling, as she holds a stethoscope to his chest. At the same time he moves a customer's VCR away and slides the **BEARDED MAN**'s laptop in front of him. He opens it and pushes the "ON" button. A program activates on the laptop.

LAPTOP.SCREEN

A video clip of the earlier car stop begins. Fascinated, **NICK** watches closely. (It is realistic, like the TV show COPS. We HEAR and SEE the action on screen). The CAMERA moves back as **NICK** watches our two police officers gunned down. The clip runs for sixty-seconds and ends with the suspects speeding away.

CLOSE UP.NICK

We can SEE from the strain on his face he didn't like what he just watched. His eyes glance at something (off-screen). The CAMERA moves to a waste paper basket with a newspaper sticking out. It is thick like the Sunday paper. **NICK**'s hand reaches into the frame and lifts the paper out, but before he can unfold it we HEAR two beeps coming from the laptop.

CLOSE UP.LAPTOP

We SEE white text on a blue screen. It READS:

CRIMEVISION
SAT 8:00:03 PM, 3-7-98 24-HOURS
5TH. AND ELM, COMPTON, CA.
"TWO POLICE OFFICERS GUNNED DOWN"

NICK reads the text, then, hesitating, opens the paper. We SEE large headlines. **TWO POLICE OFFICERS GUNNED DOWN**

Before he can begin to comprehend the meaning, a second video clip begins and **NICK** immediately recognizes an Anaheim Police car.

RESIDENTIAL STREET.NIGHT

The CAMERA moves in, and transitions into a full screen. From an angle 15-feet high, we SEE the police car, emergency lights rotating, following a motorcycle. Driving without a headlight, the rider pulls to the curb. He faces the CAMERA, wearing a helmet and bulky jacket. As the officer exits, the rider calmly waits for his approach. He dismounts and turns, pointing a small handgun. Instantly he fires, and fires, and keeps on firing until the officer goes down and stops moving. The rider stands steady, gun trained on the fallen officer as if in a trance. A yard light turns on causing him to mount the bike, and speed off. The entire clip runs for sixty-seconds and ends.

CLOSE UP.NICK

NICK stares off in disbelief, until two beeps bring his eyes back to the screen. White text pops up on the screen. It READS:

CRIMEVISION
TUE 9:17:43 PM, 3-10-98 24-HOURS
1703 ALWICK PL., ANAHEIM, CA.
"OFFICER KILLED BY GUNMAN ON MOTORCYCLE"

NICK darts a panicked look at the wall clock: 9:08. He now understands. He has nine minutes.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

He picks up the telephone and punches 9-1-1, then hangs up. **NICK** agonizes. He can't explain that he knows an officer is about to get killed.

NICK
SHIT!!!

He grabs his keys and bolts out the door.

LONG SHOT.PARKNG LOT.NIGHT

A white work van, writing on the sides, whips out of the lot and turns on a busy street. Taillights finally come on, as it accelerates past slower traffic, moving away from the CAMERA.

MONTAGE.NICK DRIVING

Shooting out the windshield as the van weaves in and out of traffic. Cars, street lights, people on corners zoom by. He drives for several minutes through different parts of the city.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

NICK leans over, removes a gun from the glove compartment. His signal light turns yellow. Cross traffic waits on a green light. **NICK** straightens as the signal turns red. He jams his palm on the horn and accelerates. He is not even close.

LONG SHOT.INTERSECTION

The van blows through, splitting two cars and narrowly missing a southbound pickup truck that spins out of control. Horns SOUND (off-screen).

CLOSE UP.NICK

His eyes glance at the speedometer, the needle quivers at 65 MPH. His eyes flick to the side view mirror, and red and blue lights are closing fast. With a don't-stop-now) attitude, NICK continues, determined to get there. The police cruiser swerves around him, on his left, and we HEAR the siren whoosh by at 100 MPH.

NICK'S POV

CAMERA stays on the emergency lights until half mile ahead, the flashing disappears (off-screen) as the cruiser turns right.

STREET.NIGHT

NICK following the police car, turns onto a residential street. For a second his headlights sweep past a blue street sign - Alwick. Half way down the street, the CAMERA zooms to a fire truck, paramedic van and four police cars scattered about the street. An officer is running to his trunk, another pushes back onlookers.

NICK's shoulders slump, wearily. Out of the van, the CAMERA follows behind as he approaches the scene and pushes his way to the front of the onlookers. A **LADY**, hugging herself, squeezes her robe tight at the neck. Grim-faced, her eyes are transfixed on a downed officer.

LADY (shaking)

My husband called it in when we heard shots. He saw the man on the motorcycle...Charlie tried to help the officer.

She motions to a man in a white, T-shirt, being interviewed by an officer.

NICK (tiredly)

Did they catch him?

LADY

No, he was long gone before the police ever got here.

MEDIUM SHOT.PARAMEDICS

Two medics lift a stretcher and we SEE the officer's arm dangling lifelessly. They slide him into the ambulance. Moments later, a officer slams the rear door and they speed away with lights and siren.

REVERSE SHOT.NICK AND CROWD

Tight lipped, in a daze, **NICK** watches. People begin to peel away. Hands in his pockets, he stares unblinking. Finally, his eyes close and his head drops.

INT.NICK'S APARTMENT.DAY

NICK is slumped on the couch, staring at, but not watching the TV. He is unshaven, messy and somber. A well-dressed woman's body crosses behind him, and loving hands settle on his shoulders. The CAMERA moves up, revealing the woman in the photograph. It is **JENNY**.

JENNY (sincerely)

Nick, you've got to tell me what's troubling you. It's been two days...since the shooting, and I've never seen you like this. What happened out there, that you're not telling me?

NICK shakes his head in sorrow. Her hands massage his shoulders.

NICK (apologetic)

I...I just can't tell you right now, because I'm not sure myself. Trust me, when I know, you'll know.

JENNY (hopeful)

Okay Nick, I know you'll work it out...but in the mean time, I've made you a sandwich...please eat something.

She bends down and brushes her lips against his cheek. She moves (off-screen).

JENNY (off-screen)

I'll call you tonight when I'm finished with rounds.

MEDIUM SHOT. NICK

JENNY stands in the background, holding the door open.

NICK (looking down)

Jenny...I'm leaving for a few days. I'll call you when I return.

JENNY regards him with empathy, then closes the door. **NICK** sighs.

INT.IN FLIGHT.WINDOW SEAT.DAY

NICK looking a lot more like, **NICK**, watches puffy clouds below the wing. He sighs, removes a piece of paper from pocket, and we SEE a name and Michigan address. His old buddy **SCOTT GREEN**. He reclines his seat, settles in, and stares blankly out the window. Remembering:

THIS SCENE IS IN BLACK & WHITE

INT.POLICE DEPARTMENT.HOLDING CELL.NIGHT

SCOTT, in uniform, is extremely upset. He slams a metal locker door closed. He starts manhandling a female **PRISONER** in handcuffs. She is typical white trash in her mid-twenties. **NICK**, in uniform, peers out the DUI room to check on the commotion down the hallway. **SCOTT** is wiping spit off his face and has the **PRISONER** jacked-up. Her face and body are pressed hard against a painted block wall.

SCOTT

Fuckin' spit in my face bitch! I'll kick your fat ass!

PRISONER

FUCK YOU PIG! Your face is so ugly...it could only help muthafucka!

SCOTT presses her against the wall, and twists her arms up. She winces in pain, but won't give in. Infuriated, **SCOTT** grabs a handful of hair and pulls back. He leans within inches to whisper in her ear.

SCOTT

You're gettin' the gas chamber bitch!

PRISONER (through her teeth)

Fuck you!

SCOTT

Fuck me? Fuck me? I'll show you who's fucked.

He pulls his gun out and presses the muzzle to her cheek.

SCOTT

This is really going to mess up your face.

NICK, seeing what's happening, approaches them.

NICK

SCOTT! What the hell are you doing? Put that thing away!

SCOTT doesn't move. His finger is on the trigger. He stares coldly at the girl. **NICK** softens his voice.

NICK

C'mon Scott, think about what you're doin'. Whatever she did man, just ain't worth it. Forget about her.

SCOTT

She just killed her kid. The bitch suffocated her two-year-old with a pillow. Just because the kid was crying...I've got a two-year-old.

NICK

Okay man, I know how you feel, but this...this is not the way. Look at her, she's crazy. Don't do it. For God sakes, put the gun down.

PRISONER (looking at SCOTT defiantly)
You don't have the balls pig.

NICK reaches out and touches **SCOTT**'s arm. Carefully he takes hold of the gun. **SCOTT** allows him to take it. **SCOTT** walks away.

NICK
Hey buddy...call it a night. I'll take care of everything here. Tell Sarge you've got a killer migraine and you're going home sick.

SCOTT (head down)
Thanks Nick. Thanks a lot.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK AND FLIGHT ATTENDANT.DAY

NICK's head rests against the plane's window. His relaxed position, suggests restful sleep. A uniformed **FLIGHT ATTENDANT** leans over a passenger and shakes **NICK**. He awakens, dazedly.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, we will be landing in Lansing shortly...please place your seat in an up right position.

NICK moves the seat forward and looks out the window. We SEE the beautiful Michigan landscape below.

EXT.SCOTT'S HOUSE.DAY

A dirt and gravel road slopes gently down to a white, two-story farmhouse built in the twenties. White pillars, wide porch and large, sliding windows are added features to its era. On one side is a fence that might hold farm animals, on the other side, a plowed field. **NICK** drives into the SCENE and takes in the peaceful sight.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Standing at the front door he reacts to **PATTI GREEN**; he watches her surprise as she opens the door. To **NICK**, she still looks great.

PATTI
Ohhh my goddd! Nick!

A smile, open arms, they hug.

NICK
You look marvelous...that husband of yours is one lucky guy. Where is the S-O-B?

PATTI
He's out bow huntin'. Does Scott know you're comin'?

NICK shakes his head.

PATTI (looking past the field)
Then he'll be just as surprised, as I was. Tell you
what...he's down by the pond.

FULL SHOT.NICK DRIVING

Dust and dirt swirl behind **NICK**'s Jeep Wrangler. It stops at a gate. **NICK** exits and swings it open. He drives into a pasture and rolls to a stop in front of a concrete and stone structure. The walls indicate a small house that collapsed a half century ago, its wooden walls and roof deteriorated.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

NICK, back to **CAMERA**, walks toward the house in background. He saunters around, apparently looking for **SCOTT**. Suddenly, rising from out of the ground, a unrecognizable figure blocks the **CAMERA**.

REVERSE ANGLE

Startled by movement, **NICK** turns sharply and stares at the grotesque form; half man and half foliage. Silent and grinning, we **SEE SCOTT**'s face, as he slowly lowers the tip of a razor sharp hunting arrow poised at **NICK**.

MEDIUM SHOT. NICK AND SCOTT

NICK stands stunned, more surprised than **SCOTT**, who steps out of a shallow dugout.

SCOTT (grinning)
Holy shit! Nick!

He motions to the arrow.

SCOTT (jokingly)
I almost buried this fuckin' thing in your ass.

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOTT

His hands peel off a homemade camouflage suit and we **SEE** an older, full-bearded, **SCOTT**. A mountain man. **SCOTT** approaches **NICK**, eyes appraising him.

SCOTT
A few extra pounds...a few gray hairs...hmm.

NICK (finally breaking from his trance)
What the fuck are you hunting?

They both break out laughing and hug each other.

EXT.LONG SHOT.NICK AND SCOTT AT POND

The CAMERA moves closer to them standing at the water's edge. We SEE **NICK** pick up three or four rocks and throw one. The CAMERA follows the rock's flight and splash. We HEAR as the ripple widens

NICK

—and over the past week, things have been nuts...so I'm thinkin'...I've either gone crazy or I've got quite a dilemma...either way, I need your help.

SCOTT

Why me, amigo?

NICK

I remember a conversation we once had. We were standing around feeling guilty after Ron's death. I would of done anything to change what had happened if I could, but Ron was dead, and there was no changin' that.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.NICK AND SCOTT

NICK throws another rock. He looks into **SCOTT**'s eyes. He wasn't asking a simple favor. Stone-faced, **SCOTT** considers for several seconds, as he returns **NICK**'s stare. A wide grin forms on his face, telling **NICK**, **SCOTT** has made a decision and they are partners to the end.

SCOTT

I'm not sure what I'm getting into, but I'm in. Have you talked to Dave?

NICK

No, not yet. I...uh, I wanted to recruit you first...since you have a family. You know?

SCOTT (speculating)

The girls are both married now, and there's just me and Patti...Patti's mom is sick and she's been plannin' on visitin' her. I wonder...how soon do you need me?

NICK throws his last rock.

NICK

After what happened in Anaheim, I need you now.

FULL SHOT.CAR.CITY STREETS.NIGHT

NICK and **SCOTT** cruise slowly through old town Spokane, Washington in a white rent-a-car. The light traffic, empty streets and closed shops suggests late night.

SCOTT (driving)

Do you think he's home?

NICK

The bars are closed...he's home.

SCOTT

He's still drinking?

NICK

Unknown, I haven't seen Dave for two years, and haven't talked to him in eight or nine months... construction was real slow, last I heard. I guess he's hangin' in there.

SCOTT

Well let's wake him up, LAPD style. I brought a couple of my old raid jackets and --

NICK (warning)

Scott...you dog.

SCOTT (laughing)

—hey, we've come a long way. We should have some fun.

NICK stares at a closed liquor store. He begins remembering:

THIS SCENE IS IN BLACK & WHITE

INT.LIQUOR STORE.DAY.

Inside the Wine Cellar liquor store a gun wielding kidnapper is holding a taxi driver, store owner, and female customer hostage.

EXT.LONG SHOT.STORE

A SWAT team surrounds the place, with two sniper teams on roof tops dressed in black. Uniformed officers scurry about setting up barriers and keeping civilians back. They wait for a clear shot and a "green light" to shoot the suspect. Sharpshooter **DAVE LASSITER** and his spotter watch movement inside the store through the crosshairs of their high-powered scopes. **NICK** stands behind several police cars at the command post in uniform with sergeant stripes.

DAVE (into headset microphone)

Lassiter, suspect sighted. I'm in control.

He is catching glimpses of the gunman moving between aisles. Window displays also block his view.

NICK (into walkie-talkie)

Lassiter, do you see a weapon?

LASSITER (off-screen)

Lassiter to Wolfe, affirmative. Suspect is armed with a .45 automatic. He's waving it around like a mad man.

NICK (looking back at the SWAT Lieutenant)

I'm sorry sir. He won't talk to us. There's not much I can do if he won't talk. Tactical has two

plans. Ding him inside the store, or take him when he comes out.

DAVE stiffens a little, refocuses, and tightens his grip on the big rifle.

DAVE

Lassiter, suspect is coming out. He is holding the woman. He looks desperate.

NICK (into the police hand-held)

All units go to plan B. I repeat plan B.

DAVE

This is Lassiter, I have a clear shot.

NICK looks again to the Lieutenant. He nods.

NICK

Lassiter you have a green light. I repeat...you have a green light.

DAVE

Copy, sights are hot.

The gunman exits the front door, shielded by hostages. They walk to a taxi parked in front. He holds the female close to his body. We SEE her head and body through the scope, blocking a clear shot.

DAVE (frustrated)

I don't have a shot. Sights cold.

NICK

Norton...do you have a shot?

NICK holds the hand-held close. We HEAR

VOICE OVER

Norton, no-go.

NICK

Don't let 'em leave the perimeter. Disable the vehicle if you have to.

FULL SHOT.THREE SHOT

The gunman slips into the back seat of the taxi with the female. The taxi driver and store manager climb in front. The taxi starts to move.

NICK

He's moving.

DAVE

I'm on him.

RIFLE SCOPE VIEW.GUNMAN

DAVE sees the back of the gunman's head, neck and shoulders through the rear window. The crosshairs center on the head. **DAVE** fires. The bullet blows out the rear window and grazes the gunman's shoulder. He winces and drops down out of sight. Suddenly his arm raises and he fires one shot at close range into each hostage.

The gun bucks - BANG! BANG! BANG! **DAVE** watches in horror unable to stop the gunman. He yells at the top of his lungs.

DAVE
N-O-O-O-O-O!

INT.DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

DAVE bolts upright in his bed, his face twisted in anguish, eyes wide. He is soaked with sweat. We HEAR.

SOUND OVER
BANG! BANG! BANG!

There is knocking at the front door. He glances at his watch. His expression indicates, it's very late. **DAVE** stands. He is wearing a wrinkled white T-shirt and boxers. The CAMERA follows him into the living room.

MALE VOICE (firm)
Spokane police...open the door!

DAVE
Hold on, I'm coming.

He pulls back the curtain. Two officers in raid jackets, the white letters "POLICE" on the sleeves and back stand to the side of the door. **DAVE** opens the door a crack. The officers rush in and push **DAVE** against the nearest wall. They are rough.

SCOTT
Up against the wall, asshole! You're under arrest.

DAVE
Huh?

NICK (to DAVE)
You heard him dirt bag...you're under arrest.

DAVE tries to look over his shoulder to see the officer's faces, but they won't let him. Both **SCOTT** and **NICK** step back and break out laughing.

SCOTT (still laughing)
Hey Nick, look at those little pigs on those boxers

DAVE'S APARTMENT.DAWN

The apartment is a small one bedroom. The scattered clothes, dirty dishes, newspapers and empty pizza boxes get picked up maybe, once a

month. Against the living room wall, a TV rests on pine boards spaced with cinder blocks. There are two, small couches, and a free-standing reading lamp. **SCOTT** is crashed out on one couch. **NICK** is settled on the other, his head propped up on a cushion. **DAVE** enters, pushing the front door open. He crosses the room carrying two boxes of donuts which he tosses on the coffee table in front of **NICK**.

DAVE

Coffee should be ready. How do you like it?

NICK

Black.

DAVE stands over **SCOTT** looking down. In the low light, there is a sliver of sunlight shining on his face through the curtains. He is clean shaven.

SCOTT (yawning)

Two level teaspoons of sugar, Half n Half, stirred slowly.

DAVE (lumbering away)

Right! Sweet-n-low and milk...you pour your own.

SCOTT (sitting up)

What time is it?

NICK

Time to get down to business. We may not have much time.

DAVE (off-screen)

I'm listenin'...I haven't seen you guys for two years and suddenly you show up with this heavy supernatural shit.

DAVE returns, sets three cups and a hot pot of coffee on the table next to a worn bible.

DAVE (looking around)

I'm supposed to leave all this...and go off chasin' bad guys.

SCOTT

We won't be chasing bad guys, we'll be fuckin' them up.

DAVE (looking to NICK)

What does that mean, fuckin' them up?

SCOTT (answering for NICK)

Whackin' them.

NICK

The problem is we won't have time to say, 'Please Mister Cop Killer don't shoot that nice police officer'. (silence) We dump him.

DAVE is now very interested. **SCOTT** sees this and grins widely.

DAVE (thinking out loud)
We dump them, eh?

NICK nods.

NICK
Scott and I went over all the possibilities. We can't get involved and be effective. I mean directly. We'd be investigated every time there was a shooting. Also who'd believe we had prior knowledge?

DAVE looks at **SCOTT** questioning. **NICK** picks up on their apprehension.

NICK
I know, what your thinkin'...so I'll have to prove it to you.

NICK licks the donut glazing off his fingers. He carefully removes the laptop, and setting it on the table opens it. **SCOTT** and **DAVE** move closer.

NICK
The clips are only a minute each, but you'll see how timing is crucial.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

He turns the computer on. The first, shooting in Compton begins from **NICK**'s POV. We SEE the sequence begin. SHOOTING over **SCOTT** and **DAVE**'s shoulders, we SEE their POV. Nothing. The screen is blank. They can't see what **NICK** is seeing. They watch the screen patiently, expecting the video to start.

NICK (pointing to the screen)
There! Right there...see the gun and there...the driver, he's pulling his gun too.

SCOTT and **DAVE** look at each other again.

SCOTT
Ah Nick, what'da fuck are you talkin' 'bout?...I don't see a god damn thing.

Shocked, **NICK** turns to **SCOTT**, then **DAVE** realizing they can't see the video.

NICK
You can't see them, can you?

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOTT AND DAVE

They shrug and shake their heads.

NICK rises to his feet.

NICK
DAMN! That complicates things.

EXT. TRAINING CAMP. MONTANA. DAY

We SEE **NICK** climbing a wooden ladder to the highest point of a guard tower. As he steps on the platform, he sees his cousin **MARSHALL**, standing at ease between two hefty men.

MEDIUM. THREE. SHOT

They all are wearing tight, black T-shirts and black SWAT pants. **MARSHALL** is early fifties, very fit and charismatic. Breathing heavy from the climb, **NICK** approaches him. **MARSHALL** breaks formation and hurries toward **NICK** arms extended.

MARSHALL
Nickie! Good to see ya man.

They hug with affection.

NICK
It's good to see you too, cuz.

NICK steps back, and looks him up and down.

NICK (approving)
Still workin' out, eh?

MARSHALL
You bet your ass.

MEDIUM SHOT. NICK

As he leans on the rail that overlooks the compound.

NICK
Quite a view. What is this place?

MEDIUM SHOT. MARSHALL AND NICK

Both look out over the rail. We SEE buildings, barracks, obstacle courses surrounded by thick trees.

MARSHALL
You're looking at one of the government's Special Ops training camps. Just recently shut down because of budget cuts. The last class went through here six months ago.

NICK
Is this where you'll be getting us into shape?

MARSHALL
Yep...for the next three weeks this will be home for you and your buddies. Ain't she beautiful?

NICK makes a disgusted face. He remembers what an animal his cousin is.

EXT. TRAINING CAMP. DUSK

NICK, **SCOTT** and **DAVE**, stand bent over trying to catch their breaths, and cast angry looks at **MARSHALL** who has hardly broken a sweat.

MARSHALL (accepting)

Not bad guys...it took you just over nine minutes to run one mile. Not bad for the first day.

SCOTT (opening a bottle water)

You're shitin' me. I ran the mile in five-fifty-four when I was in tenth grade. In boot camp I broke five-thirty-eight in my combat boots.

DAVE (still bent over)

I hate running. Especially on these fuckin' hills.

NICK shows his disappointment.

NICK

Nine minutes! I thought we'd do better.

MARSHALL

Not to worry ladies...I'll make men out of you yet.

DAVE

I'll still hate runnin'.

MARSHALL

That's good Dave, because tomorrow we run two miles.

MONTAGE. TWO WEEKS OF TRAINING

- 1- All three wearing sweats are out of sync doing jumping jacks
- 2- **NICK** struggles to bench press barbells, **SCOTT** has to help.
- 3- **DAVE** falls far behind on the mile run.
- 4- **MARSHALL** uses **SCOTT** to demonstrate a Judo throw.
- 5- **SCOTT** edges out **NICK** winning an obstacle course race.
- 6- **MARSHALL** flicks stopwatch as **DAVE** runs by. We SEE the time...9:01.
- 7- **SCOTT** and **NICK** laughing and slapping **DAVE** on the back
- 8- Two weeks later. The guys show great improvement.
- 9- The guys finish off jumping jacks in perfect sync.
- 10- **SCOTT** quick-draws and fires with lightening speed: three metal plates drop.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE. NIGHT

NICK has just entered. He seats himself on a leather chair facing **MARSHALL** who has his feet propped up on his desk. He eats yogurt.

MARSHALL

Well you guys have done really great. I mean that! Now we're ready for the fun part.

MARSHALL drops his feet down, then removes a sheet of paper from his desk. He scans it and nods satisfied.

MARSHALL

This is quite a list you gave me. Some of this stuff is some pretty scary shit. I had to pull a lot of strings...and then some. Fortunately the military has a lot of surplus equipment and my office has first crack at it. After this week you guys will be ready for World War III.

NICK

Thanks, I appreciate all you've done. I owe you, big time.

MARSHALL

I want you to understand, I'll help all I can with fake ID's, plane tickets, electronic equipment, and whatever else I can get my hands on...but I can't have any part of what you're doing. I don't even want to hear about it.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK AND MARSHALL

NICK stares at him for a moment.

NICK

Just know this, we'll be saving police officer's lives.

MARSHALL nods.

MARSHALL

Good enough!

MEDIUM SHOT.CLASSROOM.DAY

Laid out in front of **MARSHALL** on a large conference table we SEE a wide range of communications equipment, two rifle cases, a cross bow, assorted handguns with silencers and night vision binoculars. Around ten thousand rounds of ammunition set on the floor.

MARSHALL

For the next week we'll be training with this equipment. We'll use the one hundred-yard and five hundred-yard ranges to sight in your weapons.

MARSHALL picks up the night vision binoculars.

MARSHALL

Your looking at the militaries' newest equipment... Star-light and infrared. . .you'll have no problems here.

MARSHALL motions **NICK** to come over and check out the aluminum cases.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Opens one of the two rifle cases.

NICK

Dave, this baby is yours. A Remington .308, Model 700 BDL, heavy barrel Match 28' with Harris Bipod, McMillan stock, and Pacmyer butt-plate. Throw in this Bushnell 40x scope and a 12" suppressor and you're good to go.

NICK hands it to **DAVE**.

NICK

Use it in good health.

MEDIUM SHOT.DAVE

The CAMERA follows his hands as he expertly handles the rifle and runs it through a safety check. Then he brings it to his shoulder and sights in on a distant object outside the window.

DAVE (excited)

How did you know?

NICK

I didn't, Scott told me.

NICK picks up the crossbow.

NICK

I heard you are pretty damn good with this thing. One-hundred-fifty pounds, right?

SCOTT grins.

CLOSE SHOT.MARSHALL

Enjoys, as he watches the reactions.

MARSHALL

Okay! Before you guys start gettin' all emotional on me. We've got work to do, so let's move!

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK AND DAVE.DAVE

NICK watches through binoculars. **DAVE** sights through his riflescope at a target down range.

NICK

90...9X.

BINOCULAR VIEW

We SEE a colorful life-sized target of a gunman pointing a shotgun and a 500-yard post marks the distance. The binoculars zoom in on the man's chest and we SEE nine holes in the center 10X ring. The binocular's digital readout indicates 500-yards to the target.

NICK

Okay Dave, one more gives you 100...10X, a perfect score.

CLOSE SHOT.MARSHALL AND SCOTT

As they watch from behind with tense interest. **DAVE** takes a breath and lets it slowly out as he squeezes the trigger. There is dead silence as everyone is holding their breaths.

We HEAR **NICK**'s pager go off and **DAVE** jerks the trigger, firing off a round.

DAVE

SHIT!

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Shrugs helplessly, as everyone turns to him in disgust. **NICK** yanks his pager out to read the message.

CLOSE UP PAGER

NICK pushes the button. We SEE the readout; [999 6:14 A].

NICK

Oh shit! This is it. We've got a callout.

MEDIUM SHOT SCOTT

He picks up the binoculars, looks down range. There is a bullet hole, dead center in the gunman's left eye.

INT.DEPARTMENT STORE.RICHMOND.CALIFORNIA.NIGHT

Hiding behind cardboard boxes in the rear storage room of Thriftys drug store, ex-convict **JOHN FOLEY** looks to **MICHAEL MAXWELL** his partner, ducked down behind a pharmacy counter. He is wearing a black T-shirt and black jeans. **FOLEY** wears a gray shirt and blue denim jeans. Both are mid-thirties.

FOLEY (whispering)

Mike, what time you got?

MAXWELL (annoyed)

Damn it, John...I told you to keep your fuckin' trap shut. He should be here any minute. Okay!

MEDIUM SHOT.FOLEY

He looks about nervously. There is white drywall powder and debris on the floor at his feet. The CAMERA angles up and we SEE a large hole in the ceiling.

FOLEY

What if he doesn't open the safe?

MEDIUM SHOT.MAXWELL

He grips a revolver- (a large, black model)

MAXWELL

Relax, will ya? I'll handle him. As soon as he shuts off the alarm, I'll grab him...he opens the safe and we're outta here. Now shut da fuck up!

EXT.LONG SHOT.DOOR.DAWN

The morning is underway with gray, hazy skies. A black pickup truck rolls to a stop in the Thriftys' parking lot. A **MANAGER**, forties, wearing white shirt and tie exits and locks his truck. At the same time a black and white patrol car, with Officer **PAUL HART** stops in front of the business.

CLOSE SHOT.HART

HART plucks the microphone from it's mount and thumbs the switch. He is in a good mood.

HART

Two-two-one bravo, I'll be ten-seven with the manager of Thriftys on a walk-through.

The speaker crackles.

DISPATCHER

Two-two-one bravo, copy.

MEDIUM SHOT.HART AND MANAGER

Holding store keys, **MANAGER** walks over to **HART** who is standing near the front windows.

MANAGER

Thanks for coming out officer...we had an alarm at four this morning. My alarm company called, and told me your officers didn't find anything suspicious so I didn't drive out. I live pretty far away.

HART nods.

FULL SHOT.HART

He looks at the front door and glass display windows. **HART** recognizes a pink 'Alarm Notification Card', a graveyard officer has routinely jammed in the door frame.

HART

What type of alarm was it?

MANAGER

It was an interior burglary alarm. We've had a few false alarms over the years, but I still didn't want to take any chances 'cause I open by myself.

HART

Sure, no problem. Go ahead open up, but if you see anything suspicious let me know right away...and don't touch anything.

MEDIUM SHOT.MANAGER.FRONT DOOR

HART holds glass door open, as **MANAGER** disappears down a aisle to rear of store.

EXT.TWO-STORY BANK.DAY

The CAMERA shoots down from an angle above the bank's roof top. **NICK** and **DAVE** are crouched behind a large metal air conditioning unit.

CLOSE UP.DAVE

His rifle propped on the metal unit, he waits; his eye pressed against the scope. He is impassive, but a set jaw betrays the tension.

The CAMERA is beside **DAVE**, it begins focusing in on **NICK** in the background.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

Holding a spotting scope, he watches the front of the store. **NICK** and **DAVE** wear black clothing, black knit caps and headphones.

FULL SHOT.SPOTTING SCOPE VIEW

The spotting scope is the typical light, green tinted view with crosshairs and notches. We SEE **HART** and **MANAGER** opening and entering the store. From **NICK**'s POV, the SCOPE follows **MANAGER** as he walks down the aisle. The SCOPE's readout and range finder indicate 275 yards.

NICK

Manager's in. Scott, be ready.

SCOPE.POV

The SCOPE moves left through the parking lot and settles on a hamburger stand's roof top approximately 100 yards from the Thriftys. The business is closed, there are no cars in the lot. **SCOTT** lying down near the edge holds a crossbow, trained on the store.

CLOSE UP.NICK

He removes the scope from his eyes, then turns his attention back to the store front.

NICK

Dave focus in on the stationery aisle. A guy in a black T-shirt will approach the officer from behind. He's yours. Scott, make sure you wait for my signal. Dave you've got the follow up shot.

CLOSE UP. SCOTT

The CAMERA behind **SCOTT**, we SEE him aiming slightly over the officer's head.

INTERIOR. CLOSE SHOT. MAXWELL

Crouches behind counter, watching, his dark eyes intense.

MED SHOT. MANAGER

Is walking quickly, his eyes' searching from one side to the other.

We HEAR alarm panel buzzing. With quick motions, he punches in the code to silence the alarm.

CLOSE SHOT. HART

Impatiently, he lets the door go and takes a few steps inside toward the cash registers. His body raises slightly on tiptoes trying to see over the displays.

CLOSE SHOT. MANAGER

His eyes widen, his attention darts towards.

OFF-SCREEN NOISE

CAMERA pulls back to reveal **MAXWELL** rushing him. Then grabbing him and pressing the large gun into his side.

MAXWELL (meaning business)

Don't move motherfucker!

He pushes **MANAGER** towards the office door.

MAXWELL

Open it and don't try anything stupid.

TWO SHOT. MANAGER AND MAXWELL

MANAGER unlocks door and **MAXWELL** pushes it open revealing large safe.

MEDIUM SHOT HART

His back to camera, he moves near the register. He sees **FOLEY** first, ducks slightly and draws his gun. **FOLEY** with gun tucked in waistband, approaches CAMERA nervously looking around.

FULL SHOT.FOLEY AND HART

HART waits for him to pass then stands and points his automatic.

HART (firmly)
Police! Don't move!

MEDIUM SHOT.FOLEY

He turns and runs. **HART** vaults a register counter and tackles **FOLEY**. They both go down with **HART** on top. **FOLEY** submits.

FOLEY
Don't shoot officer . . . please I . . . I give up.

MEDIUM SHOT.HART

Straddling **FOLEY**, he presses the barrel of his automatic against **FOLEY**'s head.

HART
I told you not to move Asshole. Move again and I will blow your head off.

HART uses other hand to slip his radio from his gunbelt.

HART
Two-twenty-one bravo, expedite follow! Burglary in progress. One at gun point.

HART holsters his weapon and pulls **FOLEY**'s left arm behind his back.

MEDIUM SHOT.FOLEY

Winces, as **HART** snaps on a cuff.

HART
Give me your other hand.

MEDIUM SHOT.MAXWELL

Has heard something he didn't like. He moves cautiously up the aisle.

REVERSE ANGLE HART

We SEE **HART** with his back to **MAXWELL**.

CLOSE SHOT.MAXWELL'S GUN

Looking down the sights, the front sight stops on **HART**'s back.

MEDIUM SHOT.HART

MAXWELL shoots twice. We SEE the bullets strike **HART**'s upper back. He is hammered forward off of **FOLEY**. **FOLEY** grabs his head and screams.

MAXWELL

Stands over **FOLEY** disgusted. **FOLEY** in shock, lays on the floor holding his head. **MAXWELL** kicks his leg.

MAXWELL

Get the fuck up you idiot, you're not hurt.

CLOSE SHOT.FOLEY

As he rises to his feet, **HART** stirs. His bulletproof vest apparently has kept him alive.

MAXWELL moves closer and gives him a hard kick in the ribs. **HART** groans.

MAXWELL (off-screen)

Fuckin' pig.

HART rolls on his back.

MAXWELL (to **FOLEY**)

Okay, go start the car and I'll take care of this pig and the manager.

MEDIUM SHOT.FOLEY AND MAXWELL

MAXWELL watches **FOLEY** leave. He reaches down and removes **HART**'s handgun from its holster. He points the automatic at **HART**'s head and slips his finger inside the trigger guard.

HART holds his hand up to as if to block the bullet.

HART

Please, I have a family.

MAXWELL (intense)

Have a nice day, officer.

LONG SHOT.SCOPE

We SEE **MAXWELL** standing twenty-five feet inside the store. **DAVE**'s crosshairs center on **MAXWELL**'s forehead.

CLOSE UP.NICK

Has seen enough.

NICK

Fire!

CLOSE SHOT.SCOTT

He shoots his crossbow and the front, display window explodes.

MEDIUM SHOT.DAVE

One-half second later, **DAVE** shoots.

MAXWELL's head explodes and thick goeey shit flies out the back. His legs buckle and he falls out of the **FRAME**.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

He lowers the spotting scope. His face reveals a satisfied look.

NICK

Suspect down, let's move out.

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOTT

He is carrying a black nylon bag and a cumbersome crossbow strapped on his back. The **CAMERA** moves with him as he hustles around the corner to the rear of the bank.

We **SEE NICK** behind the wheel waiting, **DAVE** sits solemnly beside him chewing a toothpick.

SCOTT (grinning)

Hell-a-va shot, Dave. Hell-a-va shot.

SCOTT opens rear door, tosses his gear on the seat and slides in. **DAVE** stares out the window. We **HEAR** approaching sirens

SCOTT

Man! I thought we were too fuckin' late when I saw that fucker blasting away with that .357. Shit man! That was fuckin' intense.

NICK

Well to tell truth, I wasn't sure how it would go down either. (pause) That was a nice shot Dave.

DAVE nods.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK'S POV

Over his shoulder as he turns from the parking lot onto the street, two cop cars scream by.

CLOSE SHOT.SCOTT

Turning, to see the drug store.

FULL SHOT.THRIFTYS

Six or more cop cars are angled throughout the front lot. Guns drawn, officers are cautiously entering the store.

SCOTT (off screen)

I'm hungry. Let's go to Dennys for one of those Grand Slams.

MEDIUM SHOT.MOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

The SCREEN is black. We HEAR a pager beeping. **NICK** in a gray and red Ohio State T-shirt, turns on a night lamp. He is in bed alone, in the background a TV, desk and easy chair. On the nightstand a clock radio displays 1:54 AM. He picks up and reads the pager

CLOSE UP.PAGER

We SEE the readout; [999 1:53A].

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

The CAMERA follows **NICK** as he moves to his laptop, which is open on top of a cherry wood desk. **NICK** pulls up a chair and slides the computer closer. He punches in some buttons.

CLOSE SHOT.COMPUTER

We see the back of the computer, with **NICK** facing it. He is watching the action on the screen, which we can't see. We HEAR a male's voice, shouting and gunshots.

CLOSEUP.NICK

Somber faced, eyes reading, **NICK** looks (off-screen), when we HEAR a knock at the door.

NICK

Come in! It's open.

NICK turns back, and punches some more keys.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICKS MOTEL ROOM

The door opens and **SCOTT** walks in. He is wearing T-shirt, jeans, and no shoes. He plops down in the easy chair and kicks his feet up on an ottoman.

SCOTT

Wolf Pack, 153?

NICK

Looks like it. Where's Dave?

SCOTT

His light is on, and he was movin' around when I went pass his room.

MEDIUM SHOT.DOOR

DAVE knocks twice and opens the door. He comes in and he sits on the foot of the bed. He is dressed in wrinkled gray sweats. A toothpick dangles from the corner of his mouth.

FULL SHOT.NICK

He turns away from the laptop.

NICK

Tomorrow morning at zero-one-fifty-three hours an officer is going to be killed handlin' an alarm call at a Mexican restaurant. We've got to be in El Paso, Texas and set up before this shit happens.

DAVE

Do we shoot?

NICK nods

NICK

We shoot, but this time. . .

NICK looks at **SCOTT**.

NICK

Scott does it.

CLOSE SHOT. SCOTT

SCOTT slightly surprised nods appreciation with a wide grin.

FULL SHOT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT. EL PASO. NIGHT

A white, late model Buick drives slowly past the front of the 'CASA De SOTO' restaurant. The large wooden doors are propped open. A family is lingering in the parking lot talking. Two young kids are sucking on complimentary lollipops.

INT. CLOSE SHOT. BUICK

As **NICK**, **SCOTT** and **DAVE** look around

NICK

That's the place. Dave, park over there and we can checkout the back.

SCOTT

I was wondering...what if we parked in the exact spot where you said the officer is going to park his car.

NICK (looking out window)

Yeah?

SCOTT

If he parks in a different spot wouldn't that change everything.

SCOTT looks to **DAVE** for acknowledgement. **DAVE** is busy parking.

SCOTT

For example, it might take him longer to walk around the building, or he might walk the other way or look in the window and see the crooks first. Then he would back off and call for the troops. . .and everything would be different.

NICK

That's what I'm afraid of. Right now I know exactly what's going to happen, right down to the last second before the shooting. If we change things, who knows what the hell will happen.

DAVE (speaking to SCOTT)

He's right, we cannot take that chance. I can take the guy out if you're having second thoughts. Take it from me, It's not going to be easy shootin'--

SCOTT (irritated)

Don't worry about me dumpin' some asshole. I'll do that without a second thought. (pause) I was just wondering...

SCOTT (looking at NICK)

Help me out here Nick...you know what I mean. We're fuckin with things that can change the future.

NICK

Does it really change the future or what we're doin', is the future

INT.CLOSE SHOT.PARKED CAR.

SCOTT shakes his head in a wide grin

SCOTT

Fuck this twilight zone shit. Just get me a clear shot and tell me when to shoot.

NICK looks at his watch.

NICK

We've got just over five hours to pull this off, so let's get started.

INT.RESTAURANT.NIGHT

Closing time. CAMERA pulls back as **TONY**, the owner in his late fifties lets the last waiter out, then closes and locks the front door. He walks toward the bar passing the rest rooms. **GILBERT SANCHEZ** a scrawny, speed freak in his thirties exits the men's room wielding a cheap .38. He grabs **TONY** by the arm, blurts out some profanities and pushes him towards the office.

MEDIUM SHOT.BUS BOY

Bent down on one knee, stocking the cooler with beer. He glances up to see a gunman walking by.

FULL SHOT.BUS BOY'S ANGLE

SANCHEZ presses the short revolver, against **TONY's** back. They quickly move (off-screen) into the office.

MEDIUM SHOT.BUS BOY

He waits a moment, stands and pushes a silent panic button installed on the cooler wall. He drops back to one knee, watching.

INT.OFFICE

We SEE **TONY** fumbling with a key, trying to unlock a small metal box. Nervous and looking around **SANCHEZ** presses the pistol against **TONY**'s ear.

SANCHEZ

Let's go asshole, I don't got all night.

INT.CLOSE SHOT.CAR.NIGHT

Looking over **DAVE**'s shoulder, through the windshield, we SEE a long, dark alley. A patrol car turns into the alley and cuts its headlights off.

EXT.FULL SHOT.ALLEY.NIGHT

The police car rolls to a stop behind the restaurant. Seventeen-year veteran **TOMMY WELLER** gets out. He doesn't wait for back up.

EXT.MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Watches through spotting scope held up to his eyes. Thick bushes block most of our VIEW.

TWO SHOT.NICK AND SCOTT

Hide in bushes, in the rear yard of a house across the alley. **NICK** nods to **SCOTT** who immediately raises his sniper rifle.

NICK (whispering)

Here we go.

MEDIUM SHOT.WELLER

Cautious. He rests his hand on his gun as he walks around the building, checking windows and shaking doorknobs.

INT.OFFICE.TWO SHOT

SANCHEZ pushes **TONY** down as we SEE an officer's silhouette moving pass a opaque window.

EXT.WELLER

Standing by the side of the restaurant, **WELLER** pauses a moment, as headlights from a van illuminate him. He watches the van continue down the alley.

EXT.DARK VAN

The driver, a middle-aged male with a pleasant smile gives **DAVE** a long look as he slowly drives by. **DAVE** slouches down in his seat.

ALLEY

Suddenly, there is a lot of vehicle traffic. Men in cars, cruising.

INT. CAR

DAVE watches this from his crouched position. He has lost sight of the officer.

MALE PROSTITUTE

Hi there! Looking for a friend?

DAVE is startled. Looking up he sees the man who smiled at him. This guy thinks **DAVE** is gay.

DAVE

No thanks. I'm waiting for my girlfriend to get off work.

Yeah, like he believes him.

MALE PROSTITUTE (pitifully)

I'll suck your dick?

DAVE

Get the fuck outta here before I rip your head off and piss in the hole.

The man snubs **DAVE**, disappears as quickly as he'd appeared. **DAVE** sits up and starts the engine.

INT. CLOSE SHOT. BUS BOY

Fearful. He watches the gunman shoving his employer toward the rear door.

CLOSE SHOT. SCOTT

Holds the rifle steady and watches the door through the scope.

EXT. WHITE VAN. RIFLE SCOPE. VIEW

A white van rolls slowly through the alley. It stops momentarily blocking **SCOTT**'s view of the rear door.

SCOTT

Shit! He's blocking my view.

CLOSE UP. SCOTT

He gives **NICK** a worried glance, then looks back into the scope.

NICK

Hold steady.

RIFLE SCOPE.POV

The van moves and the crosshairs line up on the rear door.

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOPE VIEW

Through the scope we SEE **WELLER** round the building, cautiously. **SCOTT** lines the crosshairs up on the officer. Another vehicle drives through **SCOTT's** view.

SCOTT (annoyed)
Suddenly it's Grand fuckin' Station.

MEDIUM SHOT.WELLER

Now only a foot away, turns the doorknob and pulls. The door starts to open.

MEDIUM SHOT.DOOR

Suddenly it flies open. Startled, **WELLER** steps back pulling his gun. The first thing he sees is **TONY** launched out the door. Terrified. His hands duct taped behind his back.

TWO SHOT

They both fall to the ground, **WELLER** slips after being bumped by **TONY**.

MEDIUM SHOT.WELLER

TONY's weight pins one arm. With his free hand he brings his gun up.

CLOSE SHOT.LOW ANGLE.SANCHEZ

Fires his pistol, into CAMERA, two times.

ANOTHER ANGLE.TWO SHOT

TONY takes one in the back. The second bullet strikes **WELLER's** shoulder. He fires back four times.

CLOSE SHOT.DOOR AND WALL

The bullets strike the doorframe and wall. Splinters and stucco go flying.

MEDIUM SHOT.SANCHEZ.

Ducks back behind the wall and takes careful aim.

CLOSE SHOT.SANCHEZ

Over his shoulder we SEE **WELLER** starting to rise. **SANCHEZ's** pistol pointed directly at him with a clear shot.

CLOSE UP.SCOTT

Waits finger on the trigger.

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOPE VIEW.

Crosshairs are centered on the gunman's chest.

NICK (off-screen)

Fire!

CLOSE SHOT.SCOTT

Grinning slightly, squeezes the trigger. THUMP! We HEAR a silenced SHOT.

MEDIUM.SHOT.SANCHEZ

Jolted. The bullet exits his back with a crimson spray. He flies back and disappears inside the restaurant.

TWO SHOT.NICK AND SCOTT

NICK pats **SCOTT**'s shoulder.

NICK

He's ten-seven! Let's go.

LONG SHOT.WELLER

On the ground, rolls a bleeding **TONY** off of his legs. He stands slowly, his gun arm hanging limply. Switching hands, he sees in the doorway the gunman's sprawled legs and dead body.

CAMERA pans to two men as they move in shadows down the alley, carrying a black nylon bag.

FULL SHOT.SCOTT AND NICK

As they move quicker now and exit the alley.

SCOTT (expecting to see DAVE)

Oh shit! Where da fuck is Dave?

NICK looks around. In the background he sees headlights flash.

NICK (pointing)

Over there!

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOTT AND NICK

Walk quickly, as a car pulls into the view. **SCOTT** and **NICK** yank the doors open and hop in.

CLOSE SHOT.BUICK

DAVE drives away.

SCOTT (upset)
Why did you move?

DAVE
Ohhh! You really don't want to know.

FEDERAL BUILDING.FBI HEADQUARTERS.DAY

Special agent **STEVE SHERMAN** sips coffee and flips through faxed bulletins on his desk. He is twenty-eight, gangly with red hair and freckles. Not what would expect to see from the Agency. He's an efficiency expert, a bean counter. He can't even curse and sound tough.

We SEE a title and bank photograph, 'Wanted For Bank Robbery' and below the photograph, "Noontime Bandit". A second bulletin shows a fuzzy photograph of two bank robbers, one black and one white. The 'Salt and Pepper Bandits'.

CLOSE SHOT.SHERMAN

Reading. A particular bulletin grabs his attention. Still reading, he gropes for the desk phone.

SHERMAN (serious)
Hi Barbara, this is Steve. Is Wheeler in? I've got to see him right away. Good! Let him know I'll be right there.

MEDIUM SHOT.WHEELER'S OFFICE

The door is open. **SHERMAN** stops in the doorway and waits. The CAMERA moves from behind **SHERMAN** and we SEE.

CLOSE SHOT.SENIOR AGENT DON WHEELER

Talking on the phone. He is black, bald, early fifties and appears just as fit as when he was an inside-linebacker for Arizona State. He motions **SHERMAN** to a chair. He cuts his conversation short and hangs up.

WHEELER (smiling)
Good morning Steve, Barbara said you wanted to see me.

SHERMAN
Sir, I just read an informational bulletin about an officer involved shooting in California. And I think you'd want to know about this one right away.

WHEELER nods his understanding. **SHERMAN** knows not to bother the boss with run-of-the mill cases. **WHEELER** takes on only the toughest cases and has an unblemished career. Like a pitbull, once he has you by the balls he doesn't let go.

WHEELER

What 'da you got?

SHERMAN starts to hand him a bulletin, but **WHEELER** waves him off.

WHEELER

Tell me.

SHERMAN

Two ex-cons decide to rob a Thriftys Drug Store. They're gonna take down the manager when he opens... What they don't know is that when they do their roof job they trip a silent alarm. The PD doesn't find anything unusual so they clear the scene...thinking it's a false alarm.

WHEELER nods. Picks up a cigar and fingers it.

SHERMAN

So three hours later the manager arrives, but he feels uneasy...so he asks the PD to do a walk-through with him. The officer spots a bad guy and chases him down. He's slapping the cuffs on the one when a second suspect who's already made the manager open the safe sneaks up on the officer and shoots him in the back. (pause) Now here's the weird part.

CLOSE SHOT.SHERMAN

He points his finger down as if to shoot the ground.

SHERMAN

Asshole goes to finish off the officer who's pleading for his life...He's got a wife and kids you know. (pause) All of a sudden, some unknown gunman shoots asshole through the running lights killing him instantly. The officer reports he never heard the shot and the shooter is in the wind. Thirty cops arrive. Nobody sees anything. And nobody finds anything. Weird! Huh?

WHEELER nods agreement.

SHERMAN

So I do a CII background check on the dead suspect and guess what I find?

WHEELER scowls, not in the mood for guessing games.

SHERMAN

You arrested Asshole ten years ago for bank robbery. The guy's name is Michael Maxwell.

CLOSE SHOT.WHEELER.

WHEELER stares at **SHERMAN**, his mind turning the information over.

WHEELER

Maxwell Smart.

SHERMAN

What?

WHEELER

I used to call him Maxwell Smart because he was so fuckin' dumb. And he kinda looks like him.

SHERMAN

He must've had enemies. Someone who knew he would be there and wanted him..

WHEELER

We won't assume anything. See what else you can find out.

CLOSE SHOT.WHEELER.

WHEELER with cigar between fingers, rubbing his chin. This is a weird one.

EXT.RESIDENTIAL STREET.OAKLAND GETTO.NIGHT

A newer, black Mercedes drives up, and parks in front of a small, stucco house with detached garage. We HEAR loud rap music coming from the car. The headlights and music cut off, and the doors swing open.

HAROLD 'QUICK' DOTTIN and **ANTHONY 'LITTLE BOY' BROWN** exit the vehicle. **LITTLE BOY**, the driver is large and fat. Both are youthful black men, early twenties, wearing baggy clothes. **QUICK** has a neck full of gold chains. The CAMERA follows behind as they walk to the garage and enter a side door.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.QUICK

Walks in, nods to someone (off-screen) and moves to a worn out chair.

QUICK

Yo! What's crackin'?

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.GARAGE

JAMAL, another black youth, with a ring through his left nostril, has a cigarette hanging from thick lips. He is sitting on a broken-down couch.

JAMAL

Wha' sup, fellas?

CLOSE SHOT.LITTLE BOY

As he walks to a small, metal table, then using his finger raises the lid on a pizza box. He crouches, peeks in and sees a cold slice of pizza.

LITTLE BOY (to **JAMAL**)

What-cha gonna do with 'dat?

QUICK

Little Boy! You gonna busta gut...you just ate man.

LITTLE BOY (smiling)

Chill Dawg! I can't stop...don't wanna stop.

JAMAL (waving his hand)

Take it Homes. The rats round here won't be happy,
but fuck 'em!

MEDIUM SHOT.GARAGE

A light-complected black youth, tall, late teens walks in with a brown grocery bag. The bag is full. He wears a black ball cap, turned backwards and sports a goat-tee.

CLOSE SHOT.QUICK

Stone-faced, his eyes follow the new-comer, **DAMONE**.

MEDIUM SHOT.DAMONE

After he places the bag on top of the pizza box, he turns to **QUICK** and grins.

QUICK

Hey Homes, are you strapped?

DAMONE

Yo! Brutha, you know I'm comin' through for my homies in the hood.

QUICK (strong black accent)

So what-chu got?

CLOSE SHOT.DAMONE

LITTLE BOY in the background watches, as **DAMONE** removes a loaf of bread, a box of saltines and what looks like three packages of meat, wrapped in butcher's paper.

CLOSE UP.PACKAGES

DAMONE picks up a package and hefts it.

DAMONE (proudly)

Glock nines...my man. So you can be as nasty as you wanna be.

He lifts his shirt. We SEE a weapon in his waistband.

DAMONE

Got my heat, jacked up and ready to go.

MEDIUM SHOT.DAMONE

Finishes unwrapping a Glock from the butcher's paper. **DAMONE** racks a round into the chamber, then holding it sideways waves it around, aiming at different objects in the garage. **LITTLE BOY** backs away as the gun passes under his nose.

DAMONE realizes **QUICK** is not impressed and hands him the weapon.

QUICK

Don't be day dreamin' fool...tonight we hook up with some Fubu wearin' nigga from the Westside and this time we roll for keeps.

LITTLE BOY

What-chu mean Dawg?

QUICK

What I mean...**LITTLE BOY** is, we don't know this muthafucka...and he's carryin' some wicked flow. Three-thousand big ones. So I sez we rip the muthafucka off.

CLOSE SHOT.JAMAL AND LITTLE BOY

Both thinking, their heads nodding slightly.

MEDIUM SHOT.DAMONE

Grinning, he tosses the other two guns to his homeboys.

CLOSE UP.QUICK

Holds his Nine in front of his face and studies it.

QUICK

I gots me a plan. Rat-a-tat-tat. Tonight we be runnin' full court...full contact.

ROOF TOP.NIGHT

NICK and **DAVE** dressed in black watch from the shadows.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

Raises military binoculars.

NICK

UC is getting out of truck.

BINOCULAR VIEW

Night-vision green of a black undercover cop exiting a new Ford Explorer. He is late-twenties with a goatee. He is wearing a Fubu jersey with the number "5". He moves cautiously through the darkness under a bridge. The VIEW moves to **QUICK** stepping out from behind a rusted-out junk car.

NICK

Secondary is approaching on foot.

CLOSE SHOT.DAVE

Watches through scope.

DAVE

I got him.

RIFLE SCOPE VIEW

DAVE's crosshairs follow **QUICK**.

NICK

Still no contact with primary.

NICK's binoculars snap around to different areas searching for the shooter. **QUICK** and the **UC** meet up. They keep their distance, quickly checking out the surroundings.

NICK

No-good. Switching to infrared.

BINOCULAR VIEW

Switches from night-vision green to thermal-vision. The two bodies turn into distorted multi-color shapes.

A third heat source suddenly appears thirty feet away.

NICK

Got him! Eleven o'clock, behind the second concrete pillar.

BINOCULAR VIEW

We SEE a barely visible shoulder and arm.

DAVE

I'm on him. Sights are hot.

RIFLE SCOPE VIEW

Half of **LITTLE BOY's** head appears as he takes a peek.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK AND DAVE

NICK holds binoculars. **DAVE** sights in, toothpick dangling.

NICK

Be ready. As soon as he raises his gun, take him.

MEDIUM SHOT.LITTLE BOY

His back to the pillar takes a two-handed grip on the Glock. He steps around the pillar and raises the gun.

RIFLE SCOPE VIEW

DAVE shoots **LITTLE BOY** in the head as he starts to take aim. **LITTLE BOY** is blown out from behind the pillar, dropping into **VIEW**.

The **UC** notices **LITTLE BOY** and the Glock, understands a rip-off. He quickly pulls out a small automatic as **QUICK** stands momentarily in shock. **QUICK** sees the tiny gun, begins to draw his Glock from waistband.

UC

LOCK IT DOWN, MUTHAFUCKA!

QUICK hesitates, evaluates then ignores the warning and recklessly continues.

QUICK

You ain't doin' shit with that pussy gun.

He whips the Glock out. BAM! BAM!

CLOSE SHOT.MAD DAWG

Takes two in the chest and crashes to the ground. He dies in seconds as his tight grip around the Glock goes limp.

INT.WHEELER'S OFFICE.DAY

SHERMAN sets a file on **WHEELER's** desk, then seats himself in a leather chair in front of him.

SHERMAN (excited)

The plot thickens.

WHEELER (looking at file)

How?

SHERMAN

Another shooting. This time in El Paso, Texas.

WHEELER (picking up cigar)

Same shooter?

SHERMAN

Not that we can tell...but the same M.O.

WHEELER

In what way?

SHERMAN

This officer gets sent out on a silent alarm...It's closing time. So, he thinks it's a burglary alarm and the owner's just screwed up before leaving.

CLOSE SHOT.WHEELER

Leans back in his chair and places the cigar in his mouth.

CLOSE SHOT.SHERMAN

Watching him.

SHERMAN

This dipshit, meth addict named Gilbert Sanchez comes out blasting. The officer gets surprised, takes one in the shoulder, before getting off four of his own. Sanchez goes down with one through the heart.

WHEELER

So what's the problem?

SHERMAN (smiling)

The officer missed all four shots. He hit everything but what he was aiming at.

WHEELER (laughing)

What? Did a ricochet hit him?

SHERMAN

Nope, he got center punched by a 308 round. Forensics found this...

SHERMAN opens the file and taps a black and white photograph. We SEE in the photograph a badly damaged bullet with a white, 6" ruler below it.

SHERMAN

...Winchester 308 round in a wall.

WHEELER

Is it the same 308 that took out Michael Maxwell?

SHERMAN

The lab boys are working on that as we speak. We've got both bullets and my best guess...Same manufacturer... same lot-number, but fired from different rifles.

MEDIUM SHOT.WHEELER

Sorts through 8-10 photographs of **SANCHEZ**. Different shots on the restaurant floor and naked in the morgue.

WHEELER (thinking)

I want you to put together a violent crimes task force right away.

SHERMAN gets up and begins to leave.

WHEELER

And Steve the next time this shooter strikes...I want to know the second you know.

SHERMAN

Roger that Boss. . .What do we call him?

WHEELER rubs his chin.

WHEELER

Call him, 'The Guardian' bandit.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA. STREET. DETROIT. DAY

A stocky **DETROIT COP** on a motorcycle pulls behind a white Nova and flips on his red light.

INT. NOVA

ROBERT RENZI drives, his brother **JOE** moves around on the front seat slipping several baggies of cocaine in his socks. **ROBERT** looks in the overhead mirror.

INT. MIRROR

We SEE the **DETROIT COP** gesture for the driver to pull over

ROBERT

Fuck! What did I do?

JOE

Who gives a shit. If he finds this Crack, I go back to prison for a bullet.

ROBERT

Goddammit! What's your fuckin' problem. I told you not to carry that shit in my car. Now we both get fuckin' busted.

We HEAR a short wail of a siren.

JOE (gestures)

Pull over here. I'm takin' him out now, before he calls for back-up.

INT. CLOSE UP. JOE'S LAP

We SEE a Beretta 9mm hidden on the seat between his legs.

EXT. FULL SHOT. COMMERCIAL STREET. DAY

The CAMERA glides with **ROBERT's** car as it rolls to a stop. He watches the side mirror.

MIRROR VIEW

The **DETROIT COP** climbs off his motorcycle.

JOE opens the passenger door and begins to exit.

DETROIT COP (firmly)

Sir! Stay in your vehicle.

MEDIUM SHOT.DETROIT COP POV

He grabs his ticket book and uses it to point at the passenger.

DETROIT COP

I told you to stay in your-

JOE raises his gun over the vehicle roof, points and fires. The motorcycle's mirror shatters; the **DETROIT COP** takes cover behind the motorcycle. He fires four shots back, forcing **JOE** to stay, behind the trunk.

ROBERT's door swings open and he is firing on the cop. He charges firing shot after shot. The **DETROIT COP** swings his gun toward **ROBERT** and fires back. **ROBERT** spins and groans as three 45 slugs hit him in the chest. Blood splatters as a bullet exit.

ROBERT (falling)

Joey!

JOE pops up firing savagely. Bullets strike the motorcycle's frame forcing the **DETROIT COP** away. He retreats; firing his last two shots. **JOE** runs too his brother.

JOE (shaking his brother)

Bobby! Bobby!

MEDIUM SHOT.JOE

He looks up toward the cop. The CAMERA moves to the **DETROIT COP** who attempts to reload as he runs.

JOE

Hey, you fuck! Come here!

JOE picks up **ROBERT**'s gun. He fires until it empties.

FULL SHOT.DETROIT COP

As he runs toward a bridge over an aqueduct, rounds strike all around him. He vaults the rail and drops thirty feet to the water below. He hits feet first. Disappears.

MEDIUM SHOT.DETROIT COP.UNDERWATER

Several rounds strike the water whizzing past him. He holds his breath and tries to swim to away. His heavy gear and helmet makes that almost impossible.

JOE reloads, reaches over the rail again and cranks more rounds. Bullets smack the water.

MEDIUM SHOT.DETROIT COP.UNDERWATER

He's running out of air. His lungs are bursting. Suddenly a Beretta strikes the water next to him. A second later **JOE's** body strikes the water.

CLOSE SHOT.JOE.UNDERWATER

There is a cloud of blood streaming from a bullet hole in **JOE's** head.

MEDIUM SHOT.JOE

The CAMERA stays on **JOE** as his body sinks deeper.

CLOSE SHOT. DETROIT COP

Breaks the surface, gasping for air. He looks up at the bridge. All clear. Treading water, he starts for the edge.

FULL SHOT.GOLF COURSE.TREES. DAY

Five hundred yards away the CAMERA moves in on **DAVE** and **NICK** dressed as golfers. **DAVE** lowers his rifle, folds the bipod. A toothpick wedged in the corner of his mouth. He slides the rifle into his golf bag and slips a golf sock over the silencer. **NICK** chips his ball out onto the fairway.

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOTT

Pulls up in a golf cart. **NICK** and **DAVE** hop in. They ride away.

EXIT.FULLSHOT.WHEELER.DAY

WHEELER stands holding a manila envelope in front of Thriftys. He removes and examines two large black and whites.

CLOSE UP.PHOTOGRAPH

We SEE a broken display window, taken by forensics after the shooting.

WHEELER looks around, then over his shoulder, apparently trying to calculate the bullets path. The CAMERA pans to the bank across the street.

MEDIUM SHOT WHEELER

As he pulls himself up and over the last rung of a metal roof ladder leading to the bank's roof. The CAMERA follows him as he walks to the edge. In the background we SEE a clear view of Thriftys.

CLOSE SHOT WHEELER.REVERSE ANGLE

Kneels down and studies an object. He pulls out a pen and uses it to flick a toothpick into a coin envelope. He rises and slips the envelope into his inside jacket pocket. He stands there lost in a thought.

INT.DAVE'S MOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

DAVE's eye is magnified behind a thick lens of special eyeglasses. The **CAMERA** moves around so we can **SEE** what's going on. He carefully examines and weighs a 308 rifle cartridge, then places it in one of two Styrofoam holders. There are twenty cartridges on a workbench, half of them in holders. He opens a small silver can of blue metal dye and a can of red.

SCOTT watches with interest.

SCOTT

So what does that do?

DAVE

After I weigh the bullets and get the ten closest matches. I use the blue dye to identify them.

DAVE carefully dabs the blue applicator on ten shell casing's headstamp and primers. He dabs red on the others.

DAVE (pointing)

These are my best rounds and the red ones are for practice.

SCOTT (shrugging)

Wow! I heard snipers can be anal.

DAVE glares at **SCOTT**.

SCOTT (grinning)

Just tellin' you what I heard.

DAVE

Anal huh? Have you ever thought about a bullet? Its many designs? Its purpose? Its job? A bullet could save your life or take someone else's?

DAVE hands **SCOTT** the cartridge and a magnifying glass. **SCOTT** takes a closer look.

DAVE

That there is a Winchester 168 grain, Boat-tail hollow-point. With match grade brass. . .military issued Federal Premium. Lot number who gives a rat's ass, cause it ain't traceable.

DAVE picks up a blue cartridge, kisses the tip of the bullet.

DAVE

My job is aim and shoot. And with Gods help the bullet does its job.

DAVE removes his glasses, stares at the cartridge in hand.

DAVE

We are taught to respect guns. I learned to respect bullets. I learned the hard way. I was young. . .and at the time Topgun on SWAT. Sniper counter-

sniper Alpha Team, the best team around. We took state championships in Sacramento that year. Everyone knew, any fuckin' asshole I put my sights on was a dead fuckin' asshole. I was in the groove. Nothing to it. Just aim and shoot.

SCOTT

Why'd you quit?

DAVE

Why'd I quit?

DAVE holds a cartridge between his thumb and forefinger.

DAVE

The path of one bullet changed the course of four lives, including mine.

FLASH FRAME.BLACK AND WHITE

A familiar face, the woman hostage, terrified appears to look directly into **DAVE's** crosshairs. She mouths three words.

DAVE

I swear to this day, the woman hostage at the Wine Cellar looked directly at me and said "God help me." (pause) She was twenty-six and had two kids.

FLASH FRAME.BLACK AND WHITE

The taxi driver manages to open his door prior to being shot in the back of the head.

DAVE

The taxi driver was from Pakistan. He was a twenty-three year old dental student, moonlighting to pay for college.

FLASH FRAME.BLACK AND WHITE.

From the front passenger seat, the storeowner's brains spray on the windshield.

DAVE

I knew the storeowner. (pause) I used to stop in there all the time. Louis was a neat old guy. He always had war stories about Pearl Harbor and the shit he got away with in the Navy.

SCOTT listens.

DAVE

I was so cock sure of myself. Eighty-three yards. Easy shot. I just squeezed the trigger and watched. I wasn't ready to fire again. Why should I be? Thousands of rounds, at all kinds of targets and I've

never missed what I was aimin' at (pause) till that day.

DAVE stares at **SCOTT** who won't make eye contact.

DAVE

It was God awful. I still have nightmares.

DAVE sighs, trying to shake off the memory.

DAVE

Why'd you pull the pin?

SCOTT surprises himself. He's able to look back now without becoming angry.

SCOTT

Someone else pulled my pin, and I went off like a grenade.

DAVE

I heard rumors...what's the real story?

SCOTT (sighing)

Ohhh fuck! (long pause) You know the apartments on Stewart Street. Well I get a call of a baby crying for the last two hours and a woman screaming.

SCOTT

At the time Patti and I were struggling financially, Amy was three months and Nickie was two. I was up babysitting during the day and working graves. I was fuckin' rung out.

SCOTT closes his eyes.

SCOTT

I walk in and this fuckin' bitch is sitting on the couch. You've seen the type. . .strung out, white trash scratchin' these nasty-ass sores on her arms. I'll never forget it. I see these little feet on the bed sticking out from under a pillow. (long pause)

From **DAVE**'s look he's already guessed the outcome.

SCOTT

So I raised the pillow and all of a sudden I feel this whoosh run through my body. It was like his soul rushed right through me.

SCOTT tries to make sense.

SCOTT

I see this little boy lying there so still. He's in a dirty stinky diaper. . .I didn't know what to do. I wanted to move him but he's obviously gone. To

this day I feel his soul waited for me too lift that pillow. I'm tellin' you, I felt it.

SCOTT starts to get pissed.

SCOTT

That fuckin' bitch had absolutely no remorse. I couldn't take it. I went off on her. I would be in fuckin' jail today if Nick hadn't of stopped me. I would've killed her.

NICK enters carrying bags of In-n-Out burgers.

NICK

Hey guys. What's happening? (no answer) Anybody hungry?

EXT.RESIDENTIAL STREETS.SAN DIEGO.DAY

A long aerial shot of two cars cruising slowly along wet streets. A red Toyota follows a gray sedan. The sedan parks, two members of the A.B. (Aryan Brotherhood) a white supremacist, prison group exit. They climb into the backseat of the Toyota.

EXT.BANK.REAR PARKING LOT.DAY

A steady rain pounds the bank's parking lot as the Toyota pulls in amongst sporadically parked vehicles. Customers walk briskly through the rain. Nothing suspicious, business as usual.

EXT.PARKING LOT.DAY

Four men in dark clothes sit scoping out the bank entrance. There's no question, we are seeing some real bad-asses.

INT.RED TOYOTA

The men load machine gun pistols and slap a long clip into a AK-47. Each has an Iron Cross tattoo on the neck. They slip on knit masks and pull them down.

FULL SHOT.RED TOYOTA

Three get out and hustle into the bank. They hide their weapons under long, black overcoats.

INT.BANK LOBBY

As rehearsed, they spread out.

ARYAN #1

Everybody down! This is a fuckin' hold-up!

He fires a short burst into the ceiling and wheels around pointing the machine pistol at stunned customers. A young woman screams and faints. A young man, her husband tries to support her.

ARYAN #2

Get down, motherfucka!

He strikes the young man with his pistol. He falls clutching the woman.

INT.CLOSE SHOT.FEMALE BANK EMPLOYEE

Crouching under her desk, she pushes a panic button attached to her bank keys.

EXT.SAN DIEGO POLICE CAR.DAY

Parked under an abandoned gas station's overhang a Hispanic cop, early forties stays dry.

DISPATCH (over radio)

Fifteen-three-charlie-one, copy and follow three-charlie-four to a two-eleven silent at Bank of America... Coast and Fifth. Time of activation ten-thirty-one.

INT.POLICE CAR

The **SAN DIEGO COP** lifts his microphone.

SAN DIEGO COP (into microphone)

Three-charlie-four, ten-four.

He yanks the shift into gear and speeds off.

EXT.DEPARTMENT STORE ROOF TOP.DAY

The **CAMERA** is above **NICK** and **DAVE** who are wearing, black raingear and have black knit caps over headsets.

BINOCULAR VIEW

NICK watches a cop car speed through the parking lot. The unit parks next to the red Toyota, the driver ducks down in the seat. The **SAN DIEGO COP** gets out, doesn't see him. He sneaks up on the bank.

SNIPER SCOPE VIEW

Also watching through his scope, **DAVE** holds his rifle crosshairs steady on the driver.

DAVE (over headphone)

Unbelievable.

NICK moves his binoculars to a second cop car entering the parking lot.

INT.BANK LOBBY

Standing near the door, **ARYAN #1** checks his watch.

ARYAN #1

Three minutes, let's get outta here.

He starts out the door. Carrying moneybags from the vault, the other two bandits jump the counter and follow.

EXT. SAN DIEGO COP

Crouching behind a white truck, he raises his pistol at **ARYAN #1**.

SAN DIEGO COP

Police! Freeze!

FULL SHOT. ARYAN #1

Fires off a burst towards the voice.

SAN DIEGO COP

Fires four times. **ARYAN #1** flinches as if the bullets striking him sting but have no real effect.

EXT. BANK DRIVEWAY

Another unit arrives, skidding on the wet asphalt. Two officers quickly exit.

EXT. FULL SHOT. BANK ENTRANCE

The other two bandits exit unloading a barrage of gunfire at the first cop who dives for cover.

CLOSE SHOT. PICK-UP TRUCK

Bullets chew up the side fender, doors and blow out the glass. The officer is forced to stay down.

CLOSE SHOT. RED TOYOTA

Lying across the seat, **ARYAN #4** winches as a stray bullet strikes his vehicle. He mouths a profanity as he realizes it's time to join the party. When he gets out, we're close enough to SEE he's wearing a lot of body armor. He strafes the closest cop car with a AK-47. He lays down tremendous firepower while covering his buddy's retreat.

SAN DIEGO COP

Pinned down can only shout into his hand radio.

SAN DIEGO COP

Shots fired! Shots fired! Four suspects with heavy weapons.

TWO COPS

Fire at **ARYAN #1**.

FULL SHOT.ARYAN #1

He ignores the return fire from the cops. He swings his Uzi around firing at anything that moves. As he walks to the get-a-way car we now SEE through his open trench coat his body armor. He wheels and fires again.

TWO COPS

One falls wounded in the leg.

MEDIUM SHOT.BANK ARYAN #1

Continues to fire. In the background, his buddies make a run for the get-a-way car. They jump in the back, while **ARYAN #4** covers them.

ARYAN #1 goes after the **TWO COPS**. He snaps in a fresh clip, and moves in.

FULL SHOT.TWO COPS

The uninjured cop drags his wounded partner behind a parked car. He lets go and falls backwards reaching for his holster when **ARYAN #1** appears in front of them.

DAVE (voice-over)
Sights are hot.

CLOSE UP.DAVE

Sighting through the scope, toothpick in mouth.

SCOPE VIEW.DOWN ANGLE

Crosshairs stay on the head of **ARYAN #1**. He points his Uzi at the **TWO COPS**.

CLOSE SHOT.DAVE

He squeezes the trigger.

FULL SHOT.ARYAN #1

Is struck in the head. He jolts, blood splatters and he drops.

DAVE

Flips the bolt back chambering another round. He looks back into the scope.

SCOPE VIEW

ARYAN #4 has crosshairs on him. He backs up to the get-a-way car, climbs in the front seat.

Crosshairs follow the car as it speeds through the parking lot, jumps a curb and slides onto the street.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK AND DAVE

Drenched, **NICK** lowers his binoculars.

NICK (into microphone)
They're coming your way,

EXT.INTERSECTION.ONE BLOCK AWAY

The red Toyota speeds through a red light at sixty plus and gets broadsided by a tan, Volvo, station wagon, crushing the front fender. Both cars spin violently out of control and slide to a stop. The Volvo driver, a woman slumps over the wheel.

Eight to ten vehicles are forced to stop for the accident. One of them is a white Ford, Dually: a plumber's truck with long tool bins on the sides, a rack loaded with metal ladders and plastic pipes.

RED TOYOTA

Our convicts don't waste any time. They bail out and commandeer the plumbing truck. **ARYAN #3** pulls open the door and yanks the stunned driver out at gunpoint. The other two climb in back, **ARYAN #3** slides behind the wheel.

EXT.BLACK AND WHITE

Two cops in a cruiser speed up the street at the CAMERA. They are peppered by automatic gunfire. They crash.

The truck is blocked in. **ARYAN #3** floors it pushing the ladies car in front out of the way. The truck clips another car and speeds off.

TRUCK.DRIVING

ARYAN #2 and **ARYAN #4** hold onto the racks. **ARYAN #3** is hanging out the window, aiming the Uzi one-handed. He strafes a cruiser stopped at the next intersection blocking traffic. Bullets rake the cruiser. Two windows shatter. A headlight explodes. The cop dives for cover.

They speed pass two more cops who unload riot guns. The bullets bounce off the heavy bins. This seems to encourage indiscriminate shooting. They begin to shoot at civilian vehicles as the truck whips onto the freeway on-ramp. Two cars crash into each other at the top of the ramp.

ARYAN #3 guns it. The loaded truck struggles to ninety miles per hour. The freeway traffic is moderate. Slower traffic flashes by.

INT.TRUCK

CAMERA angle over **ARYAN#3's** shoulder, through the windshield as a sheriff's helicopter in the foreground drops in low. Comes at us head-on, and rumbles over the truck.

PILOT (voice-over)
StarOne is over the pursuit.

MEDIUM SHOT.ARYAN #4

Looks up at the source of the sudden roar. CAMERA angle lines up over his right shoulder. In the background the helicopter banks around like a giant clay pigeon. We SEE the AK-47 fire a half-dozen rounds at the chopper.

MEDIUM SHOT.HELICOPTER

One round strikes the landing strut, another punches a hole through the metal skin behind the pilot.

PILOT (voice-over)
JEEZZUS Control! We're taking rounds.

EXT.HELICOPTER

Banks and climbs sharply.

LONG SHOT.HELICOPTER VIEW

The truck races along the highway snaking through traffic. Way back in the distance five cruisers close.

PILOT (voice-over)
StarOne to Control. Suspect vehicle...northbound the I-5 in excess of one hundred.

CONTROL

StarOne, how many units are in the pursuit?

We SEE the truck use the right shoulder to pass a big-rig in the slow lane. It is a flatbed loaded with wooden pallets.

PILOT (voice-over)
Control, we see five units.

TWO SHOT

Both shooters in back unload on the front tire of the semi.

CLOSE UP.TIRE

The tire blows and shreds.

MEDIUM SHOT.ATLAS DRIVER

The driver fights the wheel, loses control. He slides toward the concrete center divider in a 18 wheel skid, rear tires smoking. The rear of the trailer smacks a VW Rabbit tearing the fender and wheel

off. It flies over the embankment. The rig overturns, pallets splinter and sail like wooden Frisbies.

Three cars and a van slam into the trailer. The cruisers get sucked into the pile up like dirt into a vacuum.

FULL SHOT.FREEWAY

ARYAN #4 POV seeing the wreckage, high-fives his brother. All the lanes are blocked.

ARYAN #3 whips down the next off-ramp.

PILOT (voice-over)

Suspect vehicle exiting at Roadrunner Canyon. (pause)
Now eastbound on a dirt road.

TWO SHOT

DAVE driving, **NICK** monitors a police scanner, then uses a walkie-talkie.

NICK (to Scott)

Scott, they're all yours. ETA, two.

HELICOPTER VIEW

The truck barrels down the narrow road. A lone CHP cruiser from the canyon road responds and closes in: SIXTEEN is painted on the roof.

PILOT (voice-over)

Control, we don't have radio contact with the CHP ground unit. Advise unit Sixteen there's a dead end. Suspect vehicle is slowing down.

RIFLE SCOPE.POV.LONG SHOT

From a low angle a rifle scope follows the two vehicles bouncing and skidding down the muddy road. The gunmen hold on tight in back. A circular turn-around carved into the hillside forces the driver to brake. The CHP cruiser gains rapidly.

FULL SHOT WHITE TRUCK

The truck slides to a stop in the circle. The two gunmen in the rear leap out taking combat postures.

PILOT (voice-over)

Tell that Chippie he's too close. Get him outta there. Back off! Back off!

MEDIUM SHOT.CHP

The cruiser slides in behind, way to close. They blast the hell out of it.

FULL SHOT.CRUISER

The driver's door swings open. The Chippie is out in an instant, crouched and shooting back. He unloads fifteen shots. AK rounds chew up front of his car. The front tires go flat. The windshield spits glass.

He scrambles back to the trunk to reload. Bullets raking the cruiser ZING over his head. He points his gun up over the trunk and fires back indiscriminately.

The gun empties again, the slide locks back. He's out. With little hope, he dives facedown. Clawing at the ground as he tries to dig his way under the cruiser. Bullets slam into the metal all around him like demons from hell.

SCOPE VIEW.LOW ANGLE

ARYAN #4 begins to move in. He reloads, braces himself and cranks more AK rounds at the cop.

RIFLE SCOPE.POV

The crosshairs settle on his head. The rifle kicks, silent and accurate. We SEE ARYAN #4 go down.

MEDIUM SHOT ARYAN #3

Seeing this panics and runs to the front of the truck, his partner follows.

Four black-and-whites arrive, cops bail out firing riot shotguns. The gunmen retreat, slipping and sliding down a steep wash surging with floodwaters. Nowhere to go, they drop their weapons to surrender. The cops move in, warily.

MEDIUM SHOT DESERT LANDSCAPE

The CAMERA travels along the desert to a raised hill. The scrub begins to move and we SEE SCOTT camouflaged. He slowly crawls away.

As the chopper circles overhead, we HEAR radio clamor and pilot updates.

CONTROL (voice-over)

StarOne, advise status.

PILOT (voice-over)

Control, officers are taking them into custody.
Standby.

ANOTHER SHOT.LANDSCAPE

SCOTT is gone.

INT.FBI HEADQUARTERS.WHEELER'S OFFICE.DAY

WHEELER stands facing a corkboard, wearing a shirt and tie, loosened at the collar. His sleeves are rolled up. At least 20 black and white and color photographs cover the board. **SHERMAN** looks on.

WHEELER (to the people in the photographs)
Okay assholes; tell me what happened. Just a little hint is all I need. . .something . . . anything. No?

WHEELER taps one of the photographs. It is **JOE RENZI** looking quite dead.

WHEELER
What about you motherfucker. You got something to say?

CLOSE UP.CORKBOARD

We SEE four dead suspects, photographed where they hit the ground. Their faces are familiar and each has a bullet hole under their left eye. Another photograph shows one suspect with a bullet hole in his forehead.

CLOSE UP.SHERMAN

As he steps closer to the board he points.

SHERMAN
Why was this guy shot in the forehead? All of the rest took one under the eye.

WHEELER rolls his cigar in his mouth.

WHEELER
Because he wanted to.

SHERMAN
Wh-what do you mean?

WHEELER
Our shooter shot each one of these dumb fucks right where he wanted to. He waited patiently, smoked a cigarette or maybe chewed a stick of gum . . . relaxed he took a deep breath, and squeezed off the perfect shot.

SHERMAN shakes his head impressed.

SHERMAN
Shee-i-t-t. Cold blooded

CLOSE SHOT.WHEELER

He hands **SHERMAN** a ziplock bag with a toothpick inside.

WHEELER

Our boy may be the same guy who chewed this. Lab boys think the shooter's a male white.

WHEELER rubs his forehead in frustration

WHEELER

You know what fuckin' bothers me? What fuckin' bothers me is . . . every one of these fuckin' hits is so neat. No mistakes, no wits . . . nothin'.

SHERMAN

You think there is more than one shooter.

WHEELER

You betcha ass there is. No one man could pull this off. These creeps all got taken out in front of cops. Cops who are about to be-

SHERMAN (interrupting)

Ya think the cops are doing it? (revelation) The cops are doing it, right?

WHEELER (sarcastically)

Yeah they're letting their buddies get fuckin' shot up, then their putting a well placed kill-shot through the suspect's head blowing out his fuckin' medulla oblongata. Fuckin' instant death.

CLOSE SHOT. WHEELER

He moves away, and sits on the corner of his desk.

WHEELER

I'll tell ya Steve, this ones' got me stumped.

INT. EMBASSEY SUITES. NEW YORK. NIGHT

NICK's room is comfortable, but small. Against his better judgment and no rooms available he has to share it with **DAVE**.

MEDIUM SHOT. NICK

As he sits in one of two chairs at a round table under a brass floor lamp. Before him on the table is his laptop, paperwork and a rough sketch of a building and parking lot titled: 7-11.

He punches at the keyboard and watches a video clip begin one more time.

CLOSE UP. ON SCREEN

Flickering and fuzzy, a almost black and white image starts up. We SEE the same high angle POV. This time of a MAN holding an assault rifle in a market. Haphazardly, he points it at the clerk behind the counter. The MAN appears to be the only one who thinks something is funny. Suddenly the clerk drops behind the counter. The guy scoops up a pack of cigarettes, and heads for the front doors.

MEDIUM SHOT.CCTV

The video monitor records the MAN as he passes under it. He could care less.

CLOSE UP.NICK

His expression is of mild concern.

ON SCREEN

The man exits the market. He sees something (off-screen), shoulders the rifle and fires a short burst at it. The CAMERA angles past him. More and more shots are cut loose. Through the flickering we SEE a police cruiser's windshield being chopped to pieces. Heaven help the occupant.

NICK watches for a moment, until we HEAR the shooting stop. No matter how many times he's watched this clip one thing is clear, it makes him ill.

INT.EMBASSEY SUITES.COCKTAIL LOUNGE

DAVE sits on stool, elbows on the counter. He contemplates a freshly poured beer. He removes his toothpick setting it next to the beer. We get the impression he knows this is the last thing he should be doing, but he is fighting a losing battle.

DAVE.ANOTHER ANGLE

Someone else sees his struggle.

KITTY (off-screen)

You look like I feel.

DAVE looks up. She is gorgeous in a low cut, mini-dress with legs that keep on going. He is surprised by the fact that she is talking to him.

DAVE

Excuse me.

She is twenty-nine and he is almost fifty. So what does that tell you? **DAVE** waits for her to say: -five hundred and I'll fuck you all night. She doesn't, instead.

KITTY (confiding)

I was stood up.

DAVE (understanding)

Sounds like you need a drink. Maybe even get blitzed. I certainly do.

KITTY (cautious)

You don't get mean when you get blitzed, do you?

DAVE

No, no nothing like that. . .My weakness is beer. I like it and don't know when to quit. And I tell lousy jokes.

She laughs and slides up next to him. The bartender appears polishing a glass.

KITTY (to bartender)
I'll have what he's havin'.

He nods and leaves.

KITTY
Well don't you worry, I'll tell you when to quit.

KITTY probably doesn't realize she does it, but she reaches out and touches his arm as she speaks. The bartender appears again, this time sliding a beer in front of her. He jots down the tab and leaves.

DAVE picks up his beer and she follows. He stares at his mug for a second.

KITTY (giving him permission)
Go ahead, I'll drive you home.

DAVE laughs devilishly. He would love to take this one home.

DAVE
In that case, bottoms up.

He taps her glass and they drink. Suddenly she realizes why he is laughing. Embarrassed she gives him a pinch on the arm.

KITTY
You-are-a-dirty old man.

INT.NICK'S MOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

NICK's cellular rings. He answers it.

NICK
Scott, where the hell are you?

INT.SCOTT'S.KITCHEN

Shirtless, **SCOTT** sits at the kitchen table. On the table we SEE a six-pack of beer, a hand-written note on loose-leaf and **SCOTT's** 45 Colt.

SCOTT
Home.

NICK (can't believe it)
Goddammit! What the hell happened?

SCOTT
Patti left me. She packed her shit and left me.

SCOTT

Picks up the Colt and uses the barrel to slide the note. We SEE printed letters- "SCOTT, I CAN'T LIVE LIKE THIS. YOU WIN, IT'S ALL YOURS. PATTI".

NICK

Oh man, I'm really sorry to hear that. (pause) Don't sweat it, Dave and I will handle our little problem. You get your self together and I'll see you later.

NICK flips the phone close and stares at it. Time is running out and **SCOTT** has just been removed from the equation.

FULL SHOT. SCOTT

He stands up. We SEE him naked as he walks away six-pack in one hand, Colt in the other. He opens a walk-in closet door, goes in and the door closes in our face.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE

DAVE and **KITTY** are toasted. Four empty shot glasses set in front of them along with an empty pitcher of beer. **KITTY** has become a lot more friendly as her head leans on his shoulder and her hand rests on the inside of his thigh. They burst out laughing as **DAVE** finishes a joke.

DAVE (busting up)

—because their peckers are on their face.

MEDIUM SHOT. NICK

NICK walks up behind **DAVE**. He can't believe his eyes.

DAVE (to **KITTY**)

How do you circumcise a whale?

NICK (interrupting)

You're shit-faced!

DAVE

Well hello to you too.

Turning, **DAVE** recognizes **NICK**.

DAVE

Ha-a-y-y-y its Nicky Baby. (to **KITTY**) This is my best 'tis friend...Nicky Baby. Nicky, meet—ahhh.

DAVE searches for her name. He's forgotten it.

Disgusted **NICK** walks away. **DAVE** is left looking like a big fool, so he flips **NICK** off.

DAVE (loud and mean)

Fuckin' guy!

He turns back to gorgeous. Who by now is turned-off. She slides her money in her purse. Time to go.

DAVE

Hey baby, how do you circumcise four skin divers?
Shit, that's not how it goes.

EXT.NICK'S MOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

A fist hammers the front door. **DAVE** leans one hand on the frame for support.

DAVE (drunk)

Open up asshole!

NICK pulls the door open. Mad. **DAVE** backs up arms motioning.

DAVE (challenging)

Come on asshole! I'll give you the first shot. Then I'm going to tear you a new asshole.

NICK disgusted, is ready to leave.

NICK

Get the fuck outta my way.

DAVE loses it. Swings on **NICK**, who blocks easily and hammers **DAVE** in the gut. **DAVE** doubles up, stumbles away. He struggles to catch his breath and pukes on his shoes.

DAVE (gagging)

Dammit! That hurts.

DAVE slides slowly down the wall, his anger suddenly gone. He deserved it. He settles on the sidewalk and sags to one side.

NICK drops the motel key on **DAVE**'s lap.

NICK (a little remorseful)

Just look at you.

DAVE wipes drool from the corner of his mouth.

NICK

I gotta go. Go inside and get your shit together.

NICK picks up a travel bag and leaves.

EXT.7-ELEVEN MARKET.YAPHANK.NEW YORK.NIGHT

NICK has decided to stand near the pay phones mounted on the corner of the building. He's dressed in a black windbreaker, black pants and gloves—the thin black racing kind. Turning in from the street, a blue Toyota's headlights illuminates the parking lot. **NICK** steps back out of sight. He cautiously peers around the corner, taking in the empty lot except for the Toyota.

CLOSE SHOT.TOYOTA

We SEE the rear license plate, "RAZNIK"

RAZNIK

A Romanian truck driver climbs out. We SEE him open the trunk. He lifts out an AK-47, slams the trunk and casually strolls into the market.

INT.MARKET

RAZNIK enters mumbling incoherently.

CLOSE UP.RAZNIK

Is a real piece of work. He's late thirties, with dark, sunken features on a drugged out weasel-like frame. He's been jacked up on methamphetamines for three days.

INT.CLERK

RAZNIK approaches a young, chubby Middle-Eastern man in his twenties who stares in dumb disbelief.

RAZNIK notices.

RAZNIK (heavy European accent)
Don't worry, this is not for you. I just don't want those fucking cops harassing me.

RAZNIK grins, sets a couple of bucks on the counter.

RAZNIK
Give me a pack of Camels.

ALBERT reaches nervously behind him and grabs a pack. He slides them on the counter, backs away and motions--No charge.

RAZNIK notices the name tag.

CLOSE SHOT.NAME TAG

On the tag, hand-printed, "ALBERT".

RAZNIK (sarcastic)
Where you from Omar?

ALBERT (hesitating)
Lebanon.

RAZNIK points the AK at **ALBERT**.

ON ALBERT

He waits to be shot. A pair of headlights reflects off the cigarette counter behind him. **RAZNIK** doesn't notice or doesn't care. He is having a little fun with 'OMAR'.

CLOSE SHOT.VIDEO MONITOR

We SEE **RAZNIK** holding the barrel inches from **ALBERT**'s head.

RAZNIK (off-screen)

BANG!

ON ALBERT

He grabs his face in fright, realizes he's not shot and faints.

RAZNIK (laughing and looking down)

I said don't worry Omar.

ON VIDEO MONITOR

We SEE **RAZNIK** exit the front doors.

EXT.ACROSS THE STREET

The CAMERA follows a **COUNTY COP** on patrol in his black-and-white cruiser, a big "SUFFOLK COUNTY POLICE" on the driver's door. He cruises out of an empty parking lot and into the 7-Eleven lot.

INT.CRUISER

Through the windshield we SEE what we would expect to see at a late night 7-Eleven market; bright fluorescent lights illuminating the interior, a close circuit TV hanging over the counter and three video machines flashing and blinking. The manager's van is parked near the dumpster on one corner, two pay phones on the other and a blue Toyota is parked facing the front doors. Perfect time to buy a pack of smokes.

EXT.CRUISER

Rolls slowly through the lot, oblivious of the coming onslaught.

EXT.FRONT.7-ELEVEN

The door opens. **RAZNIK** comes out holding the AK-47. He spots the cruiser and shakes his head. He knew it; everywhere he goes those fuckin' cops are on his ass.

FULL SHOT.NICK

He steps around the corner and rests one hand on the pay phone. Hidden at his side he holds a Heckler & Koch .40 caliber, with about five inches of silencer poised for action. His anxious face says he knows how important his first shot must be.

INT.CRUISER

The **COUNTY COP** is dumbfounded—of course he is—who would be walking out of a 7-Eleven with an AK-47. This is a bedroom community, snooty neighbors, under age rich kids grabbing six-packs of beer and hauling ass. The worst thing in two years was a rape in the woods and that asshole was caught.

CLOSE SHOT.THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The AK-47 comes up and opens fire, spitting long oval flames. The **COUNTY COP**'s earlier hesitation becomes instant reaction. He ducks and grabs the dash-mounted microphone.

COUNTY COP

Eighteen-thirty-one, SHOTS FIRED! SEVEN-ELEVEN!

INSIDE THE CRUISER

We are startled by the terrible NOISE created by the barrage of bullets striking the windshield, seats, dashboard and metal posts. The shots come in short burst of four to five rounds. Controlled fire, the shooter knowing exactly what he's doing. The AK roars, over the NOISE of expended shell casings clanking on the sidewalk.

At least twenty bullets methodically chop the cruiser up. Above the **COUNTY COP** glass and vehicle parts hiss by. The **COUNTY COP** lying across the seats is helpless. He can't duck low enough and raising up to draw his gun would be suicide.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Raises the automatic and fires off a well-aimed, two-handed shot. And just as quickly slides back around the corner out of sight.

INSIDE THE CRUISER

The barrage of bullets suddenly stops.

REAR SHOT.CRUISER

Rolling forward, runs up on a planter and stops. Other than the engine running, there is silence for a long moment. We don't SEE any movement inside or outside the cruiser. Then we HEAR the police radio.

COUNTY SEARGENT (voice-over)

Eighteen-sam-one, I heard the shots, I'm responding.

INT.CRUISER

We SEE the **COUNTY COP** cautiously raises his head.

EXT.CRUISER

The driver's door is pushed open and the **COUNTY COP** slides out backwards. Staying low, he shuffles to the rear of the cruiser.

REVERSE ANGLE.COUNTY COP

A pistol in the extreme foreground and his head pop up twice over the trunk. On the third peek, he stays in VIEW. We SEE blood coming from small cuts on his cheek, forehead and quite a bit of blood coming from his left ear. Otherwise he's in good shape.

His attention focuses on something directly in front. He stands.

REVERSE ANGLE.COUNTY COP

We SEE the dead suspect, crumpled on the sidewalk still holding the AK-47. Blood pools around his head and runs off the curb.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

We SEE only his arm reach around the corner and pick up an expended bullet casing. His arm pulls back (off-screen) and he is gone.

EXT.MOTEL.A DAY LATER.NIGHT

NICK looking like a traveling salesman, calling it quits for the night starts to use his key. He notices **DAVE's** light on.

INT.MOTEL ROOM.

DAVE lies on the bed reading his bible and chewing a toothpick. We HEAR **NICK** knock.

DAVE

Come in.

NICK opens the door. Hesitates. Acts like he's afraid to enter.

DAVE

I said come in. Don't make me feel like a total asshole.

NICK enters. Sets his laptop down.

DAVE

Everything go okay without us?

NICK gives a comforting thumbs up.

NICK

Everything went okay. (pause) Heard from **SCOTT**? Is he okay?

A toilet flushes and **SCOTT** comes out of the bathroom holding a Playboy.

NICK

I guess he's okay.

SCOTT looks at **DAVE**, then to **NICK**.

SCOTT (grinning)

What? (pause) I was reading the articles.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

NICK opens the front door, flips on the light. Exhausted from jetlag he drops his overnight bag and stops at the answer machine. We SEE a white note paper taped on the machine.

CLOSE UP. NOTE.

NICK's hand peels the note off. We now SEE it is a doctor's prescription sheet with "DR. JENNIFER WHITE, PHD" in bold letters at the top. The note READS; "CALL ME IF YOU MISS ME. I HAVE JUST THE PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU. XOXOXO".

INT. CLOSE SHOT. NICK

Smiling. He unstraps his ankle holster and locks it in a desk drawer. The CAMERA follows him as he unbuttons his shirt and picks up a portable phone. Dialing with one hand he enters the bathroom, turns on the shower with the other.

MEDIUM. SHOT. BATHROOM

NOISE; spraying water and lousy singing.

We SEE **NICK** through the steamed glass taking a shower. The nude figure of a woman enters the frame. We SEE her back as she opens, then enters the shower with **NICK**. They face each other and kiss.

MEDIUM. SHOT. NICK. DAWN

Lying in bed, head propped up by pillows. The gray morning light is beginning to filter in.

JENNY rolls over, her arm drapes over his bare chest. She opens her eyes.

JENNY

When are you going to marry me Nicholas? You know there are two doctors in ER that have their eyes on me?

NICK looks into her eyes, then moves a strand of hair out of her face.

NICK (softly)

You might not want me after I tell you what I've been doing.

JENNY (with humor)

There's nothing you could tell me, to make me stop loving you. . .Nothing!

NICK

Don't be so sure. I. . .I didn't want to tell you because I was afraid you wouldn't understand.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK AND JENNY

As she sets up in bed, she covers herself with a sheet. She looks into his eyes.

JENNY (gently)
Try me!

INT.NICK'S SHOP.NIGHT.

SCOTT kills time, walking around looking for something.

SCOTT (calling)
Nick, do you have a radio in this place?

NICK enters the front shop, stopping in front of five TV's, and a few VCR's on display.

NICK (motioning)
Just TV's, VCR's and broken computers.

SCOTT (pointing)
These work?

NICK nods, returns to the workshop. **SCOTT** checks his watch. Turns on a TV.

SCOTT (to himself)
Let's see what Vanna's wearing.

SCOTT sees something on **NICK**'s corkboard. He bends closer, in the low light. Without realizing it, he fumbles around in **NICK**'s candy jar and scoops a handful of Tootsie Rolls.

SCOTT
Hey Nick, where did you get this King of Hearts.

Almost immediately **NICK** and **DAVE** appear. **DAVE** holds his bible. **SCOTT** taps a playing card tacked on the corkboard.

NICK (eyeing **SCOTT**)
I got that from Ron Porter.

SCOTT pulls out his wallet, opens it. He removes a worn playing card. It is the King of Hearts.

SCOTT
Let me fuckin' guess. A card trick where the King of Hearts rises up?

NICK
Yeah, from the middle of the deck.

DAVE opens his bible, to a bookmark. The King of Hearts separates the pages.

DAVE

I got one from Ron too.

They stand there dumbfounded.

NICK

H m-m-m-m-m. I wonder what it all means?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS. SITUATION ROOM. DAY.

WHEELER heads a ten-member task force; law enforcement professionals dressed appropriately. They settle in around a large wooden conference table cluttered with documents. Large crime scene charts and photos cover the walls and two TV monitors hang in front.

WHEELER

Ladies and gentlemen thank you for coming on such short notice. I'm afraid it won't be long before The Guardian strikes again, and frankly I don't think we can stop him.

SHERMAN passes around a stack of documents.

WHEELER

I've never seen anything like this. What he is doing seems impossible. . .yet we have seven unsolved homicides.

Cigar in hand, **WHEELER** rubs his chin.

WHEELER

I've met most of you, but introductions are in order.

He motions to **SHERMAN** who sets up a video presentation.

WHEELER

So far we've had six shootings, that I think we can attribute to "The Guardian". Investigator Brown is here from Richmond, California. (He nods). Detective Sergeant Martinez from El Paso. (He nods) Investigator Powers is from Oakland. (She smiles)

WHEELER scans the faces.

WHEELER

Detective Vollmer is from Detroit. (He waves.) Lieutenant Lee, San Diego. (He smiles) And Sergeant Sterling is from Yaphan, Long Island.

SHERMAN returns, flips on VCR.

WHEELER

Agent Sherman has given you packets with the summaries of each shooting and the psychological profile of the shooter compiled by Doctor Larry Bloom.

BLOOM stands, acknowledges. He's mid-fifties, square-jawed, good shape.

WHEELER

Doctor Bloom is our FBI Criminal Psychologist.

BLOOM

Let me be the first to tell you, this is no ordinary killer. He is highly intelligent, efficient and somewhat cold-blooded. Our society is teaming with killers. In the blink of an eye, you...or I could be a killer...or just as well a victim. Push the right button, give just cause and...WHAM! I don't know where we're going on this guy: mass murderer, serial killer, vigilante, guardian angel. Like I said he's good. And most unusual is his ability to be in the right place at the right time.

BLOOM points to the closest monitor. It shows a color map of the U.S. with the six cities.

We see a list below:

Detroit, MI
Oakland, CA
Richmond, CA
San Diego, CA
El Paso, TX
Yaphank, NY

The viewer might pick up on the first letters of each city.

BLOOM (voice-over)

No ordinary man can waltz into these six cities; blow some scumbags brains out in front of a buncha cops and vanish into thin air. (long pause) I don't think he's acting alone.

MONITOR

Next we SEE a depiction of computer hardware and processing units. "F.R.E.D" is superimposed. Under that "Forensic Research and Evidence Data".

WHEELER moves next to the monitor and takes over.

WHEELER

This is FRED. (pause) Specialist Donna Waters will head the Crime Analysis Team. (She smiles and nods)

WHEELER directs **SHERMAN** to set new laptops in front of each investigator.

WHEELER

These computers are specially designed to interface with FRED. Information can be downloaded through a data communication jack or infrared port. Miss

Waters will handle your training and any problems that arise.

SHERMAN turns off the monitor.

WHEELER

Ladies and gentlemen, your job...check every airline ticket, rental car, credit card, gun purchase, speeding ticket, traffic accident, prowling call...you name it. Start with our six cities. I want the names of all military personnel, cops, crooks, judges and lawyers. . .anyone you think capable of pulling this off.

WHEELER looks around the room.

WHEELER

We've got a lot of catching up to do, so do your jobs and let's find this The Guardian.

FADE OUT

INT.MOTEL ROOM.EVENING

The CAMERA moves in on a full SCREEN shot of a TV revealing late breaking news. We SEE -KSAL Salem News Report- logo on the screen. A male news reporter in the studio faces the CAMERA.

NEWS REPORTER

After a daring escape from Oregon's maximum-security penitentiary where five death row inmates had escaped, authorities have now found number four. Robert Lee Turner was found dead in the wilderness with a bullet wound apparently received during Wednesday's escape.

TV SCREEN

We SEE a map of Oregon. Some of the major cities are located on the map with large black dots; Salem, Portland, Eugene, Bend and Albany. Oregon State Penitentiary has a red star in front of its name.

EXT.HIGH ANGLE.DAY

From a CAMERA in a news helicopter we SEE aerial footage taken earlier of a captured and chained inmate exiting a police vehicle and being escorted into the prison entrance under heavy guard.

NEWS REPORTER (off-screen)

Still outstanding is convicted murderer Douglas Dorsey. Dorsey is considered the most violent of inmates and was scheduled for execution by lethal injection in nine months. Authorities warn, he is considered to be armed and very dangerous.

EXT. FULL SHOT.STRETCH OF HIGHWAY.DAY

More news footage. State police are busy at a roadblock stopping and searching vehicles.

CLOSE UP.POLICE SPOKESMAN

Superimposed beneath the man in police uniform we SEE the name, "LIEUTENANT BROWNING". In the background police continue to search vehicles as a K-9 police dog is held at bay.

BROWNING

Right now we are looking for death row inmate Douglas Dorsey. . .

We SEE a recent prison photograph of **DORSEY**. He is older with thick-frame eyeglasses.

CLOSE UP.BROWNING

Facing CAMERA.

BROWNING (continuing)

. . .who 18 years ago murdered California Police Officer Ronald Porter after killing two other men in Portland.

We SEE an old photograph of a young **PORTER** in his police uniform. CUT back to **BROWNING**.

BROWNING (continuing)

We are using all means possible, but bad weather and the thick wilderness we believed he's hiding in has hampered the search. By now he's cold, he's hungry, he hasn't slept in two nights and he's probably scared.

We HEAR a harsh male voice yell at the TV.

MALE VOICE (off-screen)

BULLSHIT!

NEWS REPORTER (on-screen)

Prison officials are still trying to figure out why security was so lax.

INT.CLOSE SHOT.DORSEY

He lies in bed with a tough looking biker chick, both watching TV. **DORSEY** flicks the TV off with the remote.

DORSEY

Fuckin' pigs! Do I look hungry?

He guzzles a can of beer and slams it down on an end table.

DORSEY

Do I look scared?

MEDIUM SHOT.DORSEY AND WOMAN

He picks up a 22 automatic, the same he used in the homicides. He wipes it down with a bandana, points it at the TV and dry-fires twice. CLICK-CLICK

CLOSE SHOT.DORSEY

He admires the weapon. It has never let him down. The weapon's unique engravings and Grim Reaper handle are familiar.

DORSEY

Fuckin' news! Rosy, call Billy. Those jerks thinkin' I'm hidin' in some fuckin' woods, gives me an idea. Have Billy bring Bear and Cowboy. There's a little job needs finishin'.

MED SHOT.WOMAN

She slips out of bed naked. She has a tattoo of thorns around her right bicep and a rose tattooed on her ass. She slips into an oversized, denim shirt, lights a cigarette and picks up the motel phone on the nightstand.

WHEELER'S OFFICE.NIGHT

WHEELER sits at his desk in front of laptop. It's late, everyone has gone home, he's deep in thought. Something's wrong.

CLOSE SHOT.DESK DRAWER

He opens the top drawer, revealing box of cigars. He lifts the lid. Takes one and prepares it. We HEAR a metal CLINK.

WHEELER holds a metal lighter engraved with the Greater Seal of the FBI. Is he finally going to light up? Nope. Guess not.

He flips the cover closed. CLINK. Open CLINK Closed. Closed CLINK Open. Closed and open. This continues.

INT.NICK'S.SHOP

A sweep of the back room profiles **DAVE** who watches **NICK** anxiously. The laptop is open in front of them.

TWO SHOT

NICK types a few keys and turns a dial on an electronic video enhancer. **DAVE** leans over his shoulder staring at the equipment in silence. He can't see a thing.

LAPTOP

We SEE images, barely visible on the screen fading in and out.

NICK

Adjusts several dials on a meter.

CLOSER ON-SCREEN

White fuzz and wavy lines clear up intermittently. On-screen, two males struggle with each other inside a dining room. Two gunshots are heard.

NICK

Making fine adjustments, pushes a "RECORD" button.

NICK

That's the best I'm gonna get...It just keeps getting worst 'nd worst...I can barely make it out.

NICK AND DAVE

DAVE looks at his watch. Shakes his head.

DAVE

We're running out of time...Can't you get anything off that screen?

NICK

Like I told you ...All I can get is the time and that is blurred. So I'm not even sure about that.

DAVE

What about that part where you saw the two men fighting?...can you tell--

NOISE OFF-SCREEN

Tap, Tap, Tap.

EXT.NICK'S SHOP.NIGHT

SCOTT standing out front uses his keys to tap on the glass door.

INT.SHOP.GLASS DOOR

DAVE opens door for **SCOTT**.

SCOTT

Hey.

SCOTT carrying two heavy, nylon bags drops them in front of **DAVE**. Then brushes pass.

SCOTT

This shit's heavy.

SCOTT sweeps open the curtain and walks to **NICK**.

SCOTT

By my watch, some poor schmuck is goin' to get whacked if we don't—

NICK (annoyed)
Don't you think I fuckin' know that. You tell me!
You tell me where—

DAVE moves quickly behind **SCOTT**.

DAVE
All right! All right! We're not going to figure this out by arguing.

NICK (sighs)
Okay...here's what we know.

NICK looks at his watch.

NICK
In fifty-nine minutes, two men will be struggling and one gets knocked over a chair...seconds later, two gunshots. An, all we got is the time.

SCOTT
You mean the cop gets knocked over the chair?

DAVE
Yeah, you said two men.

THREE SHOT

NICK is still sitting at his workbench.

NICK (staring into space)
Damn! They're both in plain clothes.

SCOTT
A detective then?

NICK
No, more like a Vice...or undercover detective, 'cause one has a beard. Might be a rip-off.

SCOTT ranting and raving.

SCOTT
Holy shit! Fuckin' A, motherfucker!

SCOTT holds his head between his hands.

DAVE
What?

SCOTT
Dorsey! (to **NICK**) Motherfuckin' Dorsey. Did the asshole with the beard look like Dorsey?

SCOTT moves closer to the laptop as if trying to see what's on the screen.

SCOTT

Does one of them look like Dorsey?

NICK

Why Dorsey? He's in prison.

SCOTT

Fuck me he is. He escaped from a Oregon prison yesterday...It's all over the news. Haven't you been watchin'?

NICK

No. No. We've been workin' on this--

SCOTT

Well he's out. The fucker is out.

NICK views the recording with new interest.

NICK

I'm sorry, I-I can't make out a goddamn thing.

DAVE (to **NICK**)

Let's say the guy with the beard is Dorsey. Who would he be ripping-off?

SCOTT

He swore he'd get even with Pat.

MEDIUM SHOT.THREE SHOT

NICK jumps up, heads for cabinet.

NICK

Shit! It's Pat's place. His condo. Dorsey's at Pats.

NICK pulls open the cabinet. He snatches up his Glock 45 automatic and some clips. **SCOTT** and **DAVE** follow him out the door. They jump into **NICK**'s van.

INT.VAN

NICK and **DAVE** in front.

DAVE

My rifle?

NICK checks his watch.

NICK

No time.

SCOTT in rear opens a duffel bag. He pulls out two 45 automatics.

SCOTT

Here try these on for size.

DAVE takes both guns.

NICK (to **DAVE**)
How much time we got?

EXT.CONDO COMPLEX.PARKING LOT.FULLERTON.NIGHT

An old, black and primer, Chevy pick-up rolls to a stop. **DORSEY**, **BILLY** and **COWBOY** climb out. In the rear bed, **BEAR** sits with a pitbull tethered to a metal hook. **BEAR** pats him on the head.

CLOSE SHOT.DORSEY

He lights a cigarette, then looks hard at **BILLY**.

EXT.FULL SHOT.McCALL'S CONDO

An interior light is on.

DORSEY
I've been waitin' a long fuckin' time for this Little Brother.

Armed with handguns, three approach the front door. **BEAR** hangs back, watching.

DORSEY (to **BILLY**)
It's time to take care of business.

DORSEY rings the doorbell and knocks.

INT.VAN.SPEEDING

DAVE and **SCOTT** are holding on.

NICK
How much time?

DAVE
Six-minutes, twenty-seconds.

INT.McCALL'S CONDO.DINING ROOM

McCALL is taped to a wooden chair and gagged. His face is bruised and bloody.

DORSEY stands in front of him waving his favorite gun. **BILLY** watches.

DORSEY (to **McCALL**)
How many years has it been, Officer McCall? (no answer)

DORSEY (angry)
Eighteen-fuckin'-years!

He grabs **McCALL** by the throat and twists the barrel in **McCALL**'s bloodied nostril.

DORSEY

Thought you saw the last of me didn't you?

He lets go. Backs up a bit.

DORSEY

How do you want to die, Pig Shit. Slow?...fast?

CLOSE UP.McCALL

His eyes show more hate than fear.

REVERSE ANGLE.DORSEY

McCALL's POV we SEE **DORSEY** blink. SLOW MOTION FRAME on, 'DD' tattoos on his eyelids. Normal action continues.

CLOSE UP.PAT

Despite the gag, manages to mouthed, 'Fuck you.'

MEDIUM SHOT.DORSEY

Enraged, strikes **McCALL** with the gun knocking him backward off the chair.

DORSEY

Tough guy, huh? Well Pig Shit, I've seen tough guys in the Joint. Do you know what tough guys do when you shoot them in the balls? (to **BILLY**) Do you know what happens to a tough guy shot in the balls?

BILLY

I'm not sure.

DORSEY

Come on-n-n-n Little Brother, either you know or you don't. A tough guy shot in the balls squeals like a little pig. You'd remember that Little Brother. It's a sound you'll never forget. (to **McCALL**) Ever squeal like a pig, Officer **McCall**?

MEDIUM SHOT.McCALL

With his right hand taped to the armrest he flips **DORSEY** the finger.

DORSEY fires twice into the hand.

CLOSE SHOT.McCALL

He screams in anguish. He bucks in the chair to free himself.

EXT.CONDO.ENTRANCE.NIGHT

CAMERA follows **NICK**'s van as it bounces over a speed bump and stops in a stall.

EXT.THREE CONDOS.NIGHT

NICK and **DAVE** stare at condos. They all look the same.

DAVE

Which ones Pats?

NICK

Shit! I'm not sure. I haven't been here in five or six years.

FULL SHOT.VAN.NIGHT

NICK, **SCOTT** and **DAVE** get out. **SCOTT** crouches down besides **DORSEY**'s truck. The pitbull jumps at him and barks viciously.

INT.McCALL'S.CONDO.LIVING ROOM

BEAR and **COWBOY** hear barking. **COWBOY** pulls his gun, starts for the door. **BEAR** draws back a curtain and looks out. He holds a nickel-plated Colt 357 Python.

EXT.TRUCK

The CAMERA pans the truck and lot. The pitbull is facing a cat perched on a blockwall 50 feet away.

INT.BEAR

Shakes his head 'No' at **COWBOY** who waits, hand on knob.

BEAR

Fuckin' cat.

COWBOY relaxes.

EXT.DAVE AND SCOTT

Both rise from behind another car. In the background a living room curtain has two silhouettes behind it.

SCOTT (to **DAVE**)

Fuckin' mutt. Remind me to shoot him later.

NICK raises up from another car. He holds up two fingers and gestures two minutes.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

He racks a round in his Glock automatic.

FULL SHOT.McCALL'S CONDO

NICK, **DAVE** and **SCOTT** approach the front door.

NICK

Dave you kick 'nd go low. Scott go left. I'll cover right.

Guns drawn, they hug the wall.

NICK

No more time, gotta go now.

MEDIUM SHOT.DAVE

DAVE's look says he isn't so sure about this plan. Nothing better.

He backs up a step and kicks the door near the knob. The door gives a little but doesn't open. **DAVE** kicks again and it flies open, however he seriously injures his ankle. He crouches and falls on his first step.

INT.McCALL'S.LIVING ROOM

BEAR and **COWBOY** react, fire at **DAVE** who crawls behind a wooden and glass coffee table. Glass shatters and wood chips fly. **DAVE** fires furiously with both automatics. He is struck twice in the upper body and goes down.

MEDIUM SHOT.SCOTT

Slides in and fires multi-shots into **BEAR**'s chest. Blood flies and **BEAR** drops.

COWBOY fires a shot at **SCOTT** who flinches. But before he can fire again, **NICK** pumps four rounds into him, knocking him though a wall unit.

NICK AND SCOTT

Share looks, then react to **BILLY** who lunges from the dining room blasting away with a huge magnum.

NICK ducks, forced to retreat as bullets punch holes in a wall above him. **NICK** does a forward roll through a doorway. Bullets strike the doorframe as he disappears OFF-CAMERA.

CLOSE SHOT.SCOTT

Lunges through the air, firing two-handed at **BILLY**. Instinct takes over. Two to the body, one to the head.

CLOSE SHOT.BILLY

Jolts as two bullets rip through his chest and a single round hits an artery in his neck. Blood spurts as **BILLY** goes down. He spasms and grabs for his neck. Blood pumps through his fingers.

SCOTT rolls to his feet, covering **BILLY**. **BILLY**'s hand relaxes around the magnum.

MEDIUM SHOT.DORSEY

Shoots **SCOTT** in the back. **SCOTT** is struck in the shoulder and head. He hits the floor hard and doesn't move.

DORSEY emerges from the kitchen and sees **BILLY**.

DORSEY

Billy!

TWO SHOT

DORSEY drops to his knees. He sets down his 22, pulls out a bandana and presses it to **BILLY**'s neck. He shakes him.

DORSEY (ordering him)

Come on Little Brother!

He raises **BILLY**'s head in his bloody hands.

DORSEY (real anguish)

BILLY!

CLOSE UP.BILLY

Barely breathing, coughs up blood and his eyes fix. **BILLY** dies.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Steps behind **DORSEY** who realizes **NICK**'s presence. **DORSEY** tenses, his hand inches away from the 22.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

Holding a Glock, waves it at **DORSEY**.

NICK

Stand up!

REVERSE.CLOSE SHOT.DORSEY

Looks down at his 22. **NICK** is seen in the background.

NICK

Go ahead, motherfucker!

DORSEY's face twist. He begins to shake in controlled anger. He stands.

FULL SHOT.NICK

Backing up, **NICK** waves **DORSEY** from **BILLY**. **NICK** turns and sees a male neighbor just outside the front door.

NICK (shouting)

Call the police! I'm a cop.

NICK looks at **DAVE**. His body is bloody, his arm is folded under him. A few feet away, **SCOTT** is spread-eagle on his back.

NICK (yelling to anyone)
Call the paramedics!

NICK sees **McCALL**'s foot moving and steps into the dining room to make eye contact. We SEE **PAT** on the floor bound to the chair. He winks 'Okay.'

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

NICK hears a NOISE. Turns to front door and is suddenly attacked by the pitbull. Knocked down, he barely protects his neck. His gun goes flying. It takes both hands to grab the pit's collar and chewed up leash.

CLOSE SHOT.NICK

On his back, the dog on top bites at **NICK**'s face. **DORSEY** appears and begins kicking **NICK**.

DORSEY
Another pig.

DORSEY kicks again. This blow catches **NICK** in the temple. Stunned, his grip loosens and the pit twists, biting **NICK**'s forearm.

NICK (clenching teeth)
Argghh!

DORSEY

The CAMERA angles up to see **DORSEY** raise his pistol and point it into the lens.

DORSEY
Fuckin' pig! You think you can kill Billy-

He fires twice.

CLOSE UP.NICK

Blood splatters on **NICK**'s face. The pitbull goes limp in his hands. **NICK** rolls him off.

DORSEY
—and I'm goin' to let this fuckin' dog kill you.
N-o-o-o Fuckin' way! You're mine asshole, you are mine.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK AND DORSEY

DORSEY grabs **NICK** by the shirt and yanks him to his feet.

DORSEY

Get in there pig.

NICK

Pushed, **NICK** staggers into the dining room where **McCALL** lies struggling to get loose.

DORSEY strikes **NICK** across the head with the gun butt. **NICK** grunts and tumbles over a chair.

SLOW MOTION FRAME—

NICK

Falls to the floor. He hits, bounces and rolls on his back. He is disoriented. Looking up he sees **DORSEY**'s snarling lips moving.

DORSEY (his voice slowed)
Both you pigs are goin' to die.

CLOSE UP.NICK

His eyes roll to **McCALL**, then up to **DORSEY**.

FLASH SHOT

NICK's mind flashes back to the computer screen. We SEE the same scene, but now its **NICK** falling over the chair and **DORSEY** is standing over HIM.

NICK'S POV

NICK watches **DORSEY** point the pistol, finger on trigger.

Dazed, **NICK** is helpless to stop him and concedes his own death.

NORMAL MOTION FRAME—

DORSEY

A bullet punches a hole between his eyes. Blood and red matter spray as his head snaps back. **DORSEY** falls.

MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Watching, passes out.

EXT.VEHICLE.OUTSIDE McCALL'S CONDO.NIGHT

We SEE a familiar looking sniper rifle barrel, with silencer sticking out the driver's window. The barrel is slowly pulled in and the tinted window rolls up. We can't SEE the shooter. A dark mid-size sedan drives away.

INTERIOR.HOSPITAL ROOM.DAY

SCOTT and **DAVE** recover in hospital beds. **NICK** seated between them, is handing **DAVE** a cup of water. **SCOTT** is propped up and has a full head bandage. **DAVE**'s leg is elevated in a cast and his arm is strapped to his body in a sling.

NICK (to SCOTT)
You better not have said anything.

DAVE
We're screwed. There's no doubt about it.

NICK
Tell me exactly what you told them.

SCOTT (grimacing)
I can't remember exactly. Two detectives were questionin' me before I could even get outta the fuckin' recovery room. My head was fuckin' killin' me.

NICK stands and walks to the window. The sunlight reveals his battered face. He stares out the window.

NICK
Yeah?

SCOTT
I don't think I told them a fuckin' thing. I know I didn't. Nothin'.

NICK
Yeah, okay!

EXT.MEDICAL CENTER.PARKING LOT.DAY

WHEELER's car drives up and parks. **WHEELER** and **SHERMAN** get out.

WHEELER
Give me ten minutes, then call me on my cell phone.

The CAMERA follows **WHEELER** through the entrance doors. He crosses the lobby and pushes the elevator button. The door opens, he pushes "5".

HOSPITAL.5TH FLOOR.NURSE'S STATION

WHEELER exits the elevator and shows his badge to a **NURSE** stationed behind a counter. He towers over her, and removes his unlit cigar.

WHEELER (pleasantly)
Special Agent Wheeler. I'm here to speak to David Lassiter. Could you direct me to his room?

NURSE (pointing)
Room 508...B. First room on your left.

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM

NICK turns reacting to the knock on the open door. **SCOTT** and **DAVE** fall silent.

MEDIUM SHOT.WHEELER

He walks in, showing his badge to **DAVE**.

WHEELER

Mr. Lassiter, my name is David Wheeler, Special Agent, FBI.

He swings his badge around for all to see.

DAVE (slightly defensive)

Yeah? We already talked to the police.

MEDIUM SHOT.WHEELER

Slips his badge inside his jacket.

WHEELER (to SCOTT)

Are you Scott Green? (to NICK) and Nick Wolfe?

SCOTT grimaces and nods. **NICK** holds out a hand.

NICK

That's right agent Wheeler. Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

NICK

How can we be of service?

WHEELER

I read the police reports. You guys walked into a hell of a firefight.

NICK

Yeah, we're very lucky to be alive.

WHEELER shifts his cigar to the other side of his mouth. **NICK, SCOTT** and **DAVE** watch and wait.

WHEELER (to NICK)

Uh, I understand you are ex-cops from the same department.

NICK (agreeing)

Yeah! Yeah!

WHEELER (laughing)

I'm sure that helped.

NICK

Sure did. We WERE lucky.

WHEELER

Yep.

NICK stands there awkwardly, seconds pass.

NICK

Have a seat.

WHEELER

Oh, thank you.

WHEELER shifts the chair, then sits down facing the guys.

WHEELER (clearing throat)

Uh, the main reason I'm here is not to talk about last night's shooting, but to find out if any of you know anything about the vigilante sniper we've been tracking?

NICK

Yeah, I heard about that. Are you the AIC heading the task force?

WHEELER (sighing)

Yeah, and to be honest with you fellas, It's got me stumped. I've got seven unsolved homicides, all shot at long range.

DAVE

I used to be a police sniper...what caliber?

DAVE looks at **NICK**, sorry he opened his mouth. **WHEELER** catches the exchange.

WHEELER

308 mainly. Six were headshots and one blew out the suspect's heart and spine. (looking at **DAVE**) Real professional jobs.

DAVE

Hmmm.

WHEELER

Our shooter gets around. Probably has help. Always at the right place, at the right time. At the bureau we call him, 'The Guardian'. (to himself) Don't know how he does it.

WHEELER removes his cigar.

WHEELER

Looks like The Guardian took out Douglas Dorsey with the same headshot.

NICK (sighing)

Well I'm sure glad he did... 'cause my ass was grass. I made my peace with God, because I just knew I was a gone-ner.

WHEELER

Yeah, there's been a lot of that going around.
Everyone I've interviewed said the same thing.
(pause) Strange?

NICK

Well to tell you the truth, he has been doing us a
favor savin' cops lives...especially mine and—

DAVE

Mine too!

SCOTT (groaning)

Fuckin A

NICK

He's been eliminating scum seconds before a cop gets
blown-away. (pause) To tell you the truth, If I knew
who saved my bacon...I'd buy him a drink.

WHEELER

I understand but my job is to— (cellular phone rings)

MEDIUM SHOT.WHEELER

On the phone, listens.

WHEELER (nodding his head)

Yeah! I'll be right there.

WHEELER puts the phone away.

WHEELER

Well, gentlemen, the Bureau calls. . .more leads. We
are very close.

He reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Pulls out three cigars
encased in protective tubes. Hands each a cigar.

WHEELER

Great job gentlemen and thanks again. I'm sure that
the next time The Guardian strikes, we'll nail him.

WHEELER leaves.

SCOTT

Fuckin' FBI. Passing out ten-dollar cigars.

SCOTT opens and sniffs his cigar.

SCOTT

Smells expensive too.

DAVE shakes his. A curious THUMP comes from inside the tube. They all
notice it.

NICK

What's that?

DAVE removes the cap. Pours an object into his hand. We SEE a spent .308 casing with blue dye on the head stamp. One of **DAVE**'s.

SCOTT (scared)
Holy shit!

HOSPITAL PARKING LOT.DAY

WHEELER exits, walks to his car, leans on the front fender. He unwraps a cigar, pulls out lighter. In one smooth motion he thumbs the cover back and flicks the flame on.

CLOSE UP.CIGAR

The tip glows as the tobacco catches the flame.

FULL SHOT.SHERMAN

SHERMAN gets out of car, walks up.

SHERMAN
Anything new Boss?

WHEELER
Nope, same story, they didn't see a thing.

SHERMAN (disappointed)
That's a shame...thought we had something.

SHERMAN's eyes settle on the cigar.

SHERMAN
Hey Boss, when did you start smoking?

WHEELER blows a long stream of smoke in the air. He has waited a long time for this cigar.

WHEELER
I promised myself I wouldn't start smoking until I retired.

WHEELER regards the cigar, grins like a Cheshire Cat. He takes another puff.

WHEELER
For thirty two years I've been in this business. Seen a lot of assholes go to prison. (modest) Put some there myself.

WHEELER chuckles, still leaning on the fender smoking his cigar. He points a thumb at the hospital.

WHEELER

Those guys in there? Would be dead right now if not for The Guardian. They're just a bunch of ordinary guys. Seem like good men. Ex-cops you know?.

SHERMAN looks him for a moment, in disbelief. What's he saying.

WHEELER

I can't hunt a man who's saved all those lives.

WHEELER is silent for a moment.

WHEELER

Let me ask you a question Steve? (pause) What if it were your life he saved?

SHERMAN begins to give the standard Bureau bullshit. Thinks better of it. Doesn't answer.

WHEELER (convincingly)

I'm out.

He lifts his head, blows another stream. There's a sense of relief.

WHEELER (smiling to himself)

I'm done.

EXIT.NICK'S TV.DAY

We hear the brass bell jingle, as the front door is pushed open. Eerie music. The CAMERA's POV is the customer. We don't see him.

INT.MEDIUM SHOT.NICK

Enters the front office from the shop. He stops short, as if staring at a masked gunman. Then he steps behind the counter.

NICK

Ah! I see you have come back for your laptop.

NICK places the computer on the counter.

NICK

Very interesting computer you've got here

CLOSE UP.COMPUTER

NICK grips the computer. Doesn't want to see it go.

NICK (chuckling)

I guess you want it back?

The CAMERA moves closer.

NICK

Oh! I almost forgot. . .the CD.

MED SHOT.NICK

NICK slips into the shop and re-appears immediately holding the CD.

NICK

You know you look familiar. Do you-

NICK stops short.

NICK'S POV

The CAMERA swings around the room. The customer is gone and so is the computer. Left behind on the counter is a playing card-the King of Hearts.

NICK looks up at the brass bell, then resigned, shakes his head and smiles. He turns and looks at the corkboard behind him. It has the usual stuff: first dollar bill, business license and resale license. Tacked in the lower corner, the King of Hearts. Tacked in the upper corner, an old newspaper article

CLOSE UP.NICK'S EYES

He smiles again. He knows who just left.

CLOSE UP.NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

The caption reads in bold letters, "POLICE OFFICER KILLED BY GUNMAN IN BAR, FOUR WOUNDED."

WHEELER'S HOME.NIGHT

The CAMERA reveals WHEELER in his den in front of his laptop, cigar in mouth. A jazz album plays quietly in the background.

CLOSE SHOT.LAPTOP

CAMERA angles over his shoulder, moves closer.

ON SCREEN

He types in a password. The computer requests a second password. He types that in. A familiar blue screen appears with white writing at the top: **CRIMEVISION**.

WHEELER leans back, crosses his hands behind his head and watches as a high CAMERA angle follows two police officers in foot pursuit of an armed suspect who has just darted into a dark alley.

FADE OUT

THE END