

HIGH PROFILE

Written by

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Made for TV Pilot about
Officer Involved Shootings

First Draft 6-16-2012
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HIGH PROFILE

"Pardon My French"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA - LATE NIGHT

From high ABOVE the CITY we see...light rain and familiar landmarks. The CAMERA flashes to the Queen Mary, San Pedro Harbor, Vincent Thomas Bridge, Long Beach Airport, Long Beach Convention Center, Terminal Island.

EXT. SOUTH DISTRICT - NIGHT

A narrow alley parallels a main boulevard separating the rear yards of single-story homes; built in the thirties from the rear parking lots of twelve or so small businesses and the HUMDINGER bar. A derelict TOYOTA CAMRY, tires flat, rusted hood and a broken driver's window is not worth a second glance unless you need a place to sleep.

A black and white, POLICE CAR turns into the alley and cruises slowly past the strip club. Cinder-block WALLS are spray painted with "CRIMINAL TOWN" gang graffiti and the members names.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Officer PAULA FRENCH, (23), attractive, with short blond pony-tail sticking out of a police issue BASEBALL CAP peers out the windshield of her POLICE CAR from the inside.

A BEAT. The WIPERS sweep intermittently.

We hear a POLICE RADIO as background NOISE; a female dispatcher talking to "THREE-ADAM SIX" - trying to stop a drunk driver who is failing to yield.

French's headlights ILLUMINATE a make-shift CARDBOARD TENT partially covered by a blue TARP and a BICYCLE with a plastic MILK CASE fashioned to the rear. The weight of large black TRASH BAGS have made the bike topple over, blocking the alley.

At first French seems pissed - then realizes who the bike belongs to.

FRENCH
(softening to self)
Annie, Annie. What am I going to
do with you?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

French aims the spotlight at the tent, and stops the car. Her hand reaches for the DASH MOUNTED MICROPHONE, then she changes her mind. Three-Adam Six is still following the DUI and has priority on the radio.

She exits the unit FLASHLIGHT in left hand, right hand resting on service WEAPON. The light rain has turned into heavy mist.

A BEAT. French checks her surroundings. Nothing is moving at this hour. Sounds like Three-Adam Six's driver is finally pulling over.

The wind has increased, she pulls cap down - walks toward the bicycle leaving the driver's door OPEN.

French's POV - inside the tent is the outline of a person in a soggy SLEEPING BAG. We see beat-up tennis SHOES airing out, smaller plastic BAGS of Clothes and a empty metal CAT BOWL.

A METALLIC NOISE startles her for a second and we see a BLACK CAT jumping from a DUMPSTER and scrambling over a block wall into a residential yard. She releases a shudder - looks back at the tent.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

French walks toward the tent. Now the spotlight and headlights are very bright on her back. Something passes between her and the vehicle lights creating a sudden and eerie shadow. We sense some creep or drunk has come up behind her. She turns only to be blinded by the INTENSE LIGHTS of her police vehicle.

CLOSE on French's face caught in the glare. She raises her hand to shield her eyes, a hard searching look.

FRENCH
(firm warning)
Police Officer! Who's there?

WE SEE...a BLURRED SHAPE, broad shoulders, a raised HOODED SWEATSHIRT, no facial features - nothing identifiable standing there facing her.

Without warning a RAISED HANDGUN comes into view.

From behind the handgun's front sight we see French's face, revealing the gravity of the situation.

A long beat - French tries to quick draw.

The handgun fires, the SOUND of COMPRESSED AIR and ELECTRONIC SHOCK. TWO TASER DARTS strike her; one in the upper chest, the other embeds in her face.

French VIOLENTLY stiffens and DROPS out of CAMERA FRAME.

CAMERA catches her flashlight FALLING in SLOW MOTION. All is very SILENT as we hear a amplified metal of the flashlight hitting the ground. CAMERA follows the flashlight as it rolls to a stop in the GUTTER, it's light SHINING on the wet CURB.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - DAWN

POLICE CARS and EMERGENCY LIGHTS fill both ends of the alley. OFFICERS, a K-9 UNIT and CSI TECHS move about. A couple of early riser LOOKIE LOOS gawk. The alley perimeter is blocked off by CRIME SCENE TAPE.

We see French's police unit, the center of attraction, door open, headlights and spotlight on, ambers flashing, wipers running on a dry windshield.

A BLACK CROWN VICTORIA pulls up and stops behind a POLICE CAR with flashing lights. Sergeant ALEXANDER (ALEX) FORTUNE, (50's); dress shirt, no tie, slightly gray, very fit with rugged good looks and a well maintained appearance. With him Detective SEV GOGOS, (late 30's), shoulder length brown hair in a tight pony-tail and armed with a Masters Degree in Psychology.

ALEX

He's thirty-three and they enjoy each others company... and they both are saving a lot of money.

SEV

But living at home with mom. That's just not... not right at all.

(teasing)

Is he a momma's boy?

ALEX

I'm not even going to...

The COPS outside are waiting, Alex notices. He points a finger at Sev.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We're not done...
(chuckling)
... is he a momma's boy.

They climb out, walk to the scene. Their BADGES and GUNS hooked on their BELTS.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Is that your brother?

SEV
(sarcastic)
Yeah, that's my... little brother.

Officer GEORGE PAPPAS, (30's), large, barrel chested, in uniform stands waiting just inside the police tape.

He lifts the tape, they duck under.

PAPPAS
Sergeant.

ALEX
Hey George.

Sev and George are brother and sister. They barely acknowledge each other. Alex takes out her NOTE BOOK. FW

PAPPAS
(pointing)
The truck driver called it in when he thought the unoccupied unit looked a little suspicious.

Sev's POV - Inside the perimeter a UNIFORMED OFFICER stands next to the driver and his white BAKERY TRUCK. There is a dumpster with graffiti, the junker Toyota has spider webs underneath, a RUSTY SIGN attached to the BAR DOOR reads "NO LOITERING". A black cat sits a top a block wall. FW

The DRIVER of the bakery truck starts to light a CIGARETTE but the officer stops him. A few feet away another OFFICER stands by a weathered BAG LADY, (60), arms folded in defense, eyes looking downward.

ALEX
And her?

PAPPAS
We got nothin' from the bag lady. She was asleep in that tent when the primary arrived. He had to pull her out. She won't talk to anyone.

Alex looks at his CELL PHONE for a brief moment, walks to tent..

ALEX
Time of dispatch?

Alex gets on his hands and knees and crawls into the tent. PAPPAS is wierded out, as Alex lays on his back the WORN SOLES of his shoes near the cat bowl.

PAPPAS

Zero-five-forty. First unit on scene, zero-five-forty-six. The driver said he waited for ten minutes before calling 9-1-1.

SEV

When did she last call in?

Pappas pulls out a leather field NOTEBOOK, flips to a folded page of notes, but can barely read them - distracted by the Sergeant. Alex is closing his eyes and smelling some old clothes.

PAPPAS

She cleared a car stop at zero-three-fifteen. That's about two hours and fifteen minutes unaccounted for.

Sev gives Pappas a discouraging look, but he's watching Fortune.

CLOSE-UP on Alex as he SNIFFS an open can of CAT FOOD.

INT. FRENCH'S POLICE UNIT

Alex and Sev look in through the front passenger side window. Pappas leans in on the driver's side. The ENGINE is running. French's open BRIEFCASE is on the passenger seat, her FANNY - BAG is on the floorboard below.

PAPPAS

Nothing looks touched. That's her personal bag.

ALEX

You know her?

PAPPAS

Yeah, seen her on a few calls.

(thinking)

Rookie, but she's good. You know... she can handle her self.

Alex comes around, SQUEEZES behind the wheel. Takes a long moment to look around. a COMPUTER MONITOR and KEYBOARD hide any FM RADIO the car might have. Pappas and Sev watch. Alex turns the engine off.

Alex's POV - he sniffs the air. "No one has been smoking in this unit". We see him TOUCHING and TURNING things;

opens ashtray it's factory clean, lowers and raises both sun visors as if a clue was going to fall into his lap.

Not familiar with the new emergency buttons and switches: lights, siren, radio and computer his hand hovers over the equipment. He pushes a FLASHING YELLOW BUTTON and the REAR AMBER LIGHTS go out.

ALEX
(to Pappas)
Where's the dash camera?

PAPPAS
There isn't one in this unit. We have sixty-four patrol units and the city only installed six dash-cams... budget cuts.

Alex makes a - "sure would have been nice" face and gets out.

ALLEY - CONTINUED

Sev and Alex begin to interview Bag lady. The woman stares off. Sev gives her the once over - the two layers of clothes she's wearing seem clean enough.

SEV
What's your name?

She continues to stare, moving her lower jaw side-to-side. Blood-shot eyes refusing to blink. A real mental case.

A FEMALE CSI holding a CAMERA interrupts.

FEMALE CSI
Sergeant, we found the officer's flashlight. Looks like the bread truck ran over it.

ALEX
Thanks. I'll be right there.

Alex attempts to get the old lady to talk.

SEV
Will you tell me your name?

She stares at Sev as if she's not even there. She starts walking away like a zombie. Sev follows her.

ALEX
Just tell my partner your name.

SEV

What's your name, sweetheart?

Alex motions for Pappas to stop her - who motions to a nearby POLICE OFFICER...who grabs the woman's arm. She stops. The Police Officer looks to Alex.

ALEX

(concedes)

I don't think she saw what happened... but she may have seen something. Book her 5150 and we'll interview her later... I'll call the Captain and let him know what we've got so far.

(thinks out loud)

... and book all her stuff into Property and Evidence.

Alex finds a secluded spot, stands with his hands in his pockets. Zen-like he absorbs everything in the crime scene: eyes, ears, nose working diligently... soaking up every detail. CSI TECHS finish picking up, the K-9 throws a CHEW TOY into the back seat and a POLICE DOG jumps in after it. The first NEWS REPORTER on scene fixes her SKIRT and runs toward the yellow tape, CAMERA MAN in tow. Distant Mexican MUSIC from a residence can be heard. CARS race by on the boulevard, a BIG RIG rumbles by as:

Alex flips open his CELL PHONE and speed dials a number.

Pappas and Sev remain behind. For a long moment they don't say anything.

PAPPAS

(reluctantly)

How's pops?

SEV

He's fine. He said you were going to stop by and watch the play-offs with him.

PAPPAS

(a little evasive)

Yeah, I got side tracked.

Sev is tired of his excuses.

SEV

So much you couldn't even call him?

She holds up a CELL PHONE.

SEV (CONT'D)

He was very disappointed. What's your problem? You didn't take him to his doctor's appointment, you haven't been by and you don't call.

Sev stares waiting for an answer.

PAPPAS

Me and Gloria are having problems again.

SEV

So big you can't pick up the phone.

PAPPAS

Yeah, I guess so.

Sev's never ending stare sparks a response.

PAPPAS (CONT'D)

We're getting a divorce. We both agreed... it's over.

SEV

Oh! George. I'm really sorry to hear that.

ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Alex hangs up - heads over to the CSI who found the flashlight. On the way Sev and Pappas join him.

ALEX

(to Sev)

Have officers canvass the neighborhood... I hear music at that res...

(points)

... and they may have been awake. Oh... and have CSI take aerial photographs. I'll want to go up with them.

SEV

Okay.

ALEX

George... have officers check all the dumpster within a half mile... and check for exterior security cameras on the businesses. We might get lucky. Oh...

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

...and have Animal Control snatch a black cat that's been hanging around the dumpster... I believe it belongs to the 5150.

They stop, look down at a flashlight - now we see it has moved and is under Pappas' police car having been run over.

PAPPAS

Shit!

ALEX

Happens all the time.

Sev gives Pappas a look. Alex bends down.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(re: the flashlight)

Okay?

The CSI nods. He picks it up. The black indestructible finish is scratched to hell.

CLOSE ON FLASHLIGHT: "PARDON MY FRENCH" is professionally engraved on the side. He depresses the switch several times. Nothing, the battery is dead.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A black cat beside the dumpster watches.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

A COUPLE HOURS LATER: The detective bureau is buzzing with PLAINCLOTHES in cubicles, UNIFORMS escort a HANDCUFFED GANG BANGER, a RECORDS CLERK drops off a file.

Desks back-to-back, Alex looks across to Sev.

ALEX

Sev, I need you to pull French's Star-log. I want to know everything she did last night. Might as well pull the logs on all the officers working graves.

SEV

How do you want to dispo this? Missing? Assault...?

ALEX

What's your gut tell you?

She leans back in her chair.

SEV

I think she's northbound in the alley when she sees the bike toppled over. No big deal... no one's going to radio that in so she gets out to move it. While she's on foot the suspect walks up drunk or on drugs or some crap and he gets the upper hand... maybe he sucker punches her before she can call for back-up. A short fight, he wins, cuffs her and carries her off. I don't know what went down... but I'd bet my pay check she didn't go willingly.

Alex rolls the story around in his head.

ALEX

We'll handle this one like a homicide.

Sev stares at him, not wanting to believe this case could end up with a dead cop.

INT. CAPT'S OFFICE - NOON

Captain WAYNE HOLDER, (48), athletic, running shorts, sweat-soaked, fitted T-shirt, just finish his five miles for lunch. He sucks down a bottled water and tears into a protein bar before hitting the showers. Behind him, pictures and photographs of wolves in the wild on the walls. Alex enters.

ALEX

Captain.

Holder sits on the corner of his desk.

HOLDER

Sit down Alex.

ALEX

My report will be on your desk in...

HOLDER

That's not why I wanted to see you, Alex. I want you to handle the press on this...

Holder digs out a bath towel from his gym bag.

ALEX

Uh Captain...

HOLDER

Hold on. Sergeant Torres is out sick and you've done a thousand of these. This is your missing person's case from start to finish and I want it done by the book.

ALEX

Missing persons? This is no missing persons case, our officer was attacked and kidnapped.

HOLDER

We don't know that.

ALEX

Officer French didn't just decide to end her watch in the middle of that alley. I'm handling this like a worst case scenario.

HOLDER

I understand, I understand.

(pointing)

But don't turn this thing into a three-ring circus either. The news will go ape shit. Wait until we have some evidence or at least a good witness.

(a tone change)

Do you understand me Sergeant?

ALEX

(not happy)

Yes sir.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Sev drops a handful of officer's logs on FORTUNE'S desk. He's slipping on his suit jacket. An American flag on the lapel.

ALEX

Gotta run. Holder wants me to do the press release. They are out front.

At the same time a CSI TECH holds out the preliminary CSI report. Sev reaches for it but, FORTUNE grabs it on the run.

INT. HALLWAY - NOON

Sev hoofs alongside Alex. He slides the photos and evidence report out. Flipping through them, TWO PHOTOS attract their attention.

SEV

What is that?

We see a color 8 by 10, showing a yellow piece of plastic and a white CSI RULER, on the ground. They are marked and labeled as "EVID. #46".

ALEX

It's a Blast Door from a TASER cartridge.

SEV

A what?

Alex flips to the next photograph to confirm his suspicion. They head down the stairs. He hands her the folder.

ALEX

A plastic Blast Door flies off when a TASER gun is fired. Something like a small shotgun wad.

The next photo shows, EVID. #47, a confetti-like tag the size of a pin head, with numbers. A magnification of the tag, displays the identification number "A83552" imprinted.

SEV

A-8-3-5-5-2

ALEX

That's the Anti-Felon Identification, or AFID tag. Whenever the gun is deployed, 20-30 of these tags go flying. Most people never see them unless you are looking for them.

Sev reads the evidence report.

SEV

Sez here 21 tags were collected. And both blast doors. Yellow doors means the cartridge has a fifteen-foot range and is sold to law enforcement and consumers.

EXT. LONG BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT - NOON

FORTUNE and Sev push open the front door - a waiting ABC NEWS REPORTER, late twenties, attractive, blonde, and her CAMERAMAN move in.

ALEX

(quietly to Sev)

I knew she was over-powered.

The News Reporter sticks a microphone Alex's face.

INT. TERMINAL ISLAND RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

A PATRON points to the TV SCREEN above the bar with his beer bottle. Motioning the bartender.

PATRON

Hey Max, turn that up.

The bartender aims the remote. EYEWITNESS NEWS REPORTER MELINDA PRICE is LIVE at Long Beach Police Headquarters.

PRICE

Long Beach Police Department officials are saying that 23 year-old Paula French was attacked and kidnapped while on routine patrol in an area known as South District. Investigators say that the new officer had just four months on the department before going missing last night.

FLASH GRAPHIC showing TITLE "POLICE OFFICER MISSING" and the South District MAP.

CLOSE-UP on PRICE:

PRICE (CONT'D)

Officer French is five-foot-six, and one-hundred and twenty pounds.

"SERGEANT ALEXANDER FORTUNE, LONG BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT" pops up on the screen. Price holds a microphone for the interview.

ALEX

At about 5:40 a.m. dispatch received a call that one of our police units was abandoned in an alley behind the Humdinger Bar.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Officers responded to the scene to find Officer Paula French missing. Our investigation showed that she was assaulted and kidnapped.

FLASH PHOTO of French in uniform in front of an AMERICAN FLAG.

PRICE (O.S.)

Long Beach Police Department asks that if you have any information regarding this case...

The Patron turns to a MAN at the bar with his back to us. He wears a brown HOODED SWEATSHIRT, the hood over his head and black DICKIES. We see he is overweight around the middle, age and race undetermined.

PATRON

Hey! I know that officer. I went to high school with her. My best friend dated her.

The Patron downs his beer, turns back to the TV.

PATRON (CONT'D)

What a small world.

EXT. MOTOR POOL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Graveyard shift briefing ends, UNIFORM OFFICERS carrying bags, briefcases and equipment move to assigned beat units. FORTUNE stops, Master Officer LARRY DAVIS, early (40's), stocky, carrying a black nylon, long-rifle case by the handle, "DAVIS" and "SWAT" embroidered in white on the side.

ALEX

Hey Larry, got a minute.

DAVIS

Sure. Heard you caught Paula's case.

A ROOKIE pauses overloaded with his equipment bags and DAVIS' bags.

ROOKIE

Sir, what unit?

DAVIS

Unit fifty-six, you're driving tonight. Check the tires, trunk and under the seats.

The ROOKIE heads off. They both watch him - remembering their rookie days. DAVIS leans the rifle against the building wall.

ALEX

Did you train French?

DAVIS

Yeah, had her for the first three months. She liked this shift. Fast learner.

ALEX

Know anything about her personal life? Family problems, department problems, who she's dating.

DAVIS doesn't like the last part of the question.

DAVIS

She complained that she made the mistake of dating one of our traffic officers. She likes to flirt, so when she dumped him he started trash talking in the locker room. Started calling her "French Kiss".

(reflecting)

Have you seen her in jeans? She looks like some Calvin Klein model. All the young guys would hit on her, but she just blew them off.

ALEX

Did you hit on her?

DAVIS

I probably would have if I wasn't happily married.

(grinning)

I had her flashlight engrave and the guys started busting my chops.

ALEX

I saw that engraving, what's the story.

DAVIS reflects, laughs.

DAVIS

We were working drunks coming out of the sports bars and this big Raider's fan takes a swing at her.

(demonstrates swing)

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

And Wham! She side steps and drops him with her flashlight to the melon. Poor son-of-a-bitch.

FORTUNE and DAVIS exchange looks. Strikes to the head are frowned upon.

ALEX

And?

DAVIS

The guy bled like a stuffed pig. Blood was everywhere and she cleaned and dressed the wound before the medics could even arrive.

Davis breaks out a pack of Marlboro cigarettes, offers one to Alex who refuses.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

She kept apologizing to guy. Sir, are you okay? Now look what you've done to yourself. The guy looked at me like I hit him. I just shrugged.

DAVIS raises his hands like I don't know what happened but, it wasn't me.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

She comes off cute and innocent, then suddenly, your lights go out. Actually I rated her high on officer safety that night.

He swings his flashlight downward, hitting an imaginary dirtbag.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

It was like, PARDON my FLASHLIGHT!
(enjoying the pun)
Thus... "Pardon My French".

FORTUNE changes the subject.

ALEX

See you made SWAT.

DAVIS pats his belly.

DAVIS

Lost forty pounds.

He flicks the cigarette, then looks at it in guilty disgust.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Haven't quit these yet.

ALEX
You been in the alley behind the
Humdinger lately?

DAVIS
I hit that alley every night. So
does French. That's probably why
she was there. I taught her to
check the bars for drunks and drug
activity.

ALEX
Every seen a bag lady with a
bicycle in the alley?

DAVIS
You mean Annie? Was she there?

ALEX
She was there but she won't talk.
We had to book her 5150.

DAVIS leans in close, whispers.

DAVIS
Give her a kiss, she'll talk.

FLASH OF ANNIE smiling without teeth.

ALEX
(making a face)
Oh Larry, now that's disgusting.

DAVIS
(laughing)
What I meant to say was, give her a
Hershey's Kiss... she likes
chocolate.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Alex reads from a stack of reports, Sev is on her cell phone at her desk across from him, while PLAINCLOTHES type reports and answer calls at desks. Alex's desk phone rings.

ALEX
Investigations, Sergeant Fortune.

He holds the phone to his ear - motions to Sev.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What!?
(loud)
French is on... YouTube?

Everyone hears and stops what they are doing.

SEV
Gotta go.

Sev hangs up, fingers fly over her computer keyboard. Alex rolls his chair next to her, leans in and everyone gathers behind to watch the screen.

SEV (CONT'D)
This is it.

Sev uses the mouse, CLICKS the play button on her 22" LCD COMPUTER SCREEN... We see a video clip begin: It is low-light, grainy in appearance and in black and white like some Middle East hostage film.

FRENCH sits on a bed, wearing a 6XL, white dress shirt large enough to be a night gown, apparently unaware of the hidden camera filming her. The room is small like a prison cell from Alcatraz.

ALEX
Can you record this? Is this live?

SEV
Don't worry, this is recorded and about a million viewers are watching as we speak.

Behind FRENCH, a small toilet, a single-drawer night stand with lamp and a three-drawer chest.

ALEX

She looks okay. Clean and fed.

SEV

Yeah, that's a bowl of fresh fruit and a wash basin.

ALEX

What's that taped on the wall behind her?

SEV

I recognize that... That's yesterday's news article from the Sunday's Register.

There is a brief silence.

ALEX

That means she is someplace near by...at least in Orange County.

SEV

I would have to agree.

The camera moves in close as we get a closer look at French's eyes. There is SUDDENLY...a click of a gun being cocked. Her eyes look to the her left as she starts to breathe harder. There is an eerie VOICE off screen on the video.

VOICE

(O.S) Shhhhhh!

ALEX

Did you hear that?

Everyone is intensely focused on the screen.

Then a CLICK of a automatic handgun being cocked.

ALEX (CONT'D)

SHIT! That sounded like a hand gun.

All faces turn to worry.

French begins to squirm and tears roll down her face as she seems to be panicked. She begins to scream underneath the duct tape. The sound brings great fear to those gathered around watching the video.

SEV

That son of a bitch is going to kill her!

ALEX

We don't know that. He's just
toying with us...tying to freak us
out.

SEV

He's doing that alright!

From the fight side of the screen we see a barrell of a gun
come into screen. It slowly moves towards French's head as
the camera closes in on the fear in her eyes. The gun
reaches her temple. We hear the voice again.

VOICE

(O.S.) Shhhhhhhh!

The screen goes dark.

SMASH CUT TO:

ONE YEAR LATER

INT. CONVENTION CENTER/PRIVATE ROOM - NOON

CHANGE: PLAINCLOTHES, UNIFORMS, BRASS, CIVILIANS celebrate
FORTUNE'S retirement party.

GIANT PHOTOGRAPHS OF FORTUNE twenty pounds thinner, as a
rookie, in helmet and boots working radar and working crime
scenes are posted every where. A moment alone, he looks at
the assortment of gag and party gifts on a reception table.
Sev walks up holding a beer, hands him a velvet box. Inside
a gold Rolex.

ALEX

(surprised)

A Rolex!... Sev this is too
expensive. How'd...

SEV

Don't get too excited... it's used.
There's a place in Newport Beach
that sells Happy Meals... and the
watch comes in every box.

ALEX

(shaking head)

No W-a-ay... a Rolex... I can't...

Sev holds up a hand.

SEV
Alex... say thank you.

ALEX
(beaming)
Thank you.

He slips it on; he hasn't worn a watch in years and she had noticed.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Ahh... come here.

He gives her a big hug that lifts her off her feet and pulls her blouse up, exposing a little belly fat.

CHANGE: Sometimes Alex can be a big teddy bear and she liked that. This time he caught her off-guard, being a work environment, with peers just waiting to spread some juicy gossip. Self conscious, she looks around, but nobody is watching.

SEV
(tucking in her blouse)
Did you invite your brother?

ALEX
Yeah... he probably had to work.

INTERCUT:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

CHANGE: ANDY FORTUNE, (40's) is on a couch smoking weed with a butt-ugly, white-trash hooker, who smokes a little pot when she can't get Meth. She waits for him to pass the bong. Judge Judy is scolding someone on TV. When he takes another hit, she grabs the bong... he reacts, ready to slap the shit out of her.

FORTUNE
(angry man)
What the hell you doin' bitch. I oughta...

BACK TO FORTUNE

ALEX
(not going to happen)
You'll have to meet him some time.

Sev forces a smile. The guys at the station mentioned that he's a real loser. She's not sure why she brought him up.

SEV

You selling your house?

ALEX

Renting... why?

SEV

I like your house... you've done so much. I'll buy it, if you're not asking too much.

ALEX

Well actually it's owned by...

A department PHOTOGRAPHER interrupts, pointing a digital camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Smile!

FLASH!

Captain HOLDER quickly steps in, the three pose. Another FLASH. Satisfied with the photo, she walks away.

HOLDER

Can I borrow him a sec.

Sev gestures, he's all yours, they watch her walk away. Holder winks his approval. Alex ignores that.

ALEX

Thanks for the party Wayne. It's a nice send off.

HOLDER

Thirty years on this department is a long time... Got any more years left in you?

Holder gets to the point, hands FORTUNE a Memorandum envelope.

ALEX

What's this?

HOLDER

Open it.

Alex removes a sheet of paper.

HOLDER (CONT'D)

I received this Memo two days ago. The governor's office is putting together a Special Investigations Unit to handle officer-involved shootings. They are looking for senior investigators, either retired or looking for career advancement. You are retired... and I've already put in a good word.

Alex starts shaking head, but enjoys the compliment.

ALEX

Captain... I've got my eye on a little house in Big Bear...

In his mind, he can see it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

... imagine... a one-hundred and eighty degree view on the lake... a dock and I hear the fish just give up... jump right into the boat.

Holder puts a - I can't see you retiring yet - hand on Alex's shoulder.

HOLDER

I hear you... but... think about it Alex. I'm not posting this memo for a couple days.

CUT TO:

405 FREEWAY - LATE NOON

An off-ramp sign reads, "Seal Beach Blvd." TILT DOWN to Alex's Hummer. He signals and exits.

INT. ALEX'S HUMMER

Alex inserts a Dale Brown, audio book on CD into the disc player. The party gifts are on the seat next to him. He rolls his wrist and checks out the new watch - all the time listening intently to the CD. In the BG we hear; an American pilot asking Strategic Air Command to engage a Iranian F-14 that has entered U.S. Air space.

EXT. STREET - ALEX'S HOUSE

Older community, single-story homes, beautiful front porches, big lawns and detached garages. The Hummer pulls into a long driveway with short neatly trimmed hedges and two Liquid Ambers. The house is mint green with white trim and shutters - a wooden swing hangs from the porch.

NEXT DOOR

Two females in tight Harley Davidson tops, wash a black F-150 pick-up. WENDY is mid-to-late twenties, short, blonde; a 'Born to be Wild' biker chick with a winged tattoo across her upper back. Squirting a hose; SARAH, is younger, much taller, black ponytail, heavy eye make-up, lots of chains, bracelets and is not bad looking.

SARAH

(excited)

Hi Alex.

WENDY

(sponging hood)

Hey dude... thought you worked days?

ALEX

Hi Sarah... Wendy. As of today I'm retired.

(satisfied)

Thirty years and still not crazy.

NINA (32) exits the house, in white short-shorts and red bikini top. Warm and sexy - a former model for "Easy Rider Magazine" with long brown hair.

NINA

Hey y-o-u-u...want a beer?

Alex is at the front door, keys in hand.

ALEX

You bet. Just a minute, I've got to let Taurus out.

Alex opens the front door and a German Shepard runs out to the Hummer. He sees the girls and playfully runs towards Wendy sniffing her. Then heads for Sarah who squirts him, keeping him at bay.

ON Nina bending over a ice chest grabbing a can of beer. We see a lot and so does Alex now at their driveway.

ALEX'S POV - A BOOB JOB is pushing Nina's string top to the limits. We see a full-body tan, a silver stud pin through her navel and a tattoo of a heart below that. Wendy has a cigarette burning on top of a can of car wax, Taurus is peeing on their hedges, the mail box flag is up - the mail hasn't come, the truck is flawless except for a small yellow paint transfer on the left rear bumper that won't buff out and SARAH is at least an inch taller than everyone else.

NOISE OF POP TOP as Nina hands Alex a cold beer.

NINA

Here you go.

SARAH

Hey, don't I get one.

Sarah runs over, tits wet and bouncing, grabs Nina's beer before she can open it.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Thanks Nina.
(to Alex)
Cheers.

She chugs half a can letting beer spill from her mouth and run down her wet T-shirt. Alex watches the inter-action, takes it in and downs a couple of gulps. Nina is not amused, gives Sarah a look.

ALEX

Thanks Nina.

Sarah runs her hand along his arm and in her sexiest voice:

SARAH

Gotta go... the truck needs a hand washing. See you later Alex.

Alex raises the beer.

ALEX

Okay Sarah.
(re: Nina)
I'm going to miss you guys.

NINA

What do you mean...?

Alex motions to the "FOR RENT" sign on his front lawn. Nina touches his arm.

NINA (CONT'D)

When?

Alex shrugs.

ALEX

Not sure. I've got an agent
looking in the Big Bear area.

NINA

(relieved)

Oh... that's not so far... are you
busy...

SARAH (O.S.)

Hey you little Shit. Alex!!!

That is exactly what Taurus is doing... and it's clear SARAH is not going to pick it up. Alex reacts, moves towards Taurus who walks off sniffing the air. Nina's arm stops him. Wendy and Sarah watch Nina in action, they smile knowingly... a warm caress and now we can begin to figure out what they're smiling about.

EXT. ALEX'S RESIDENCE - EVENING

Alex blocks the dog from running out the front door with his leg.

ALEX

Stay!

He walks to the mailbox, pulls out and sorts junk mail from several white envelopes.

CLOSE on HAND PRINTED envelope addressed to: ALEX FORTUNE. No return address. Once opened we see inside, and barely visible to the human eye is a single, AFID confetti tag.

A moment later Alex walks across his front lawn and yanks out the "FOR RENT" sign.

EXT/INT. LONG BEACH - CIVIC CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

A ten-story, STATE OFFICE BUILDING looms over green lawns, walkways and waterfalls. Alex spots the STATE POLICE OFFICERS working the front lobby metal detector. No gun and badge to worry about, he passes through without incident.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator only goes to the 8th floor. Down the hallway OFFICER ADAMS stops him.

ADAMS

Good morning, may I help you?

ALEX

I am Alex Fortune, I have a eight o'clock appointment with Commander Franks.

Adams checks wrist watch, checks log, then hands over a temporary pass card.

ADAMS

You're right on time... I see your name right here Inspector. Use this card on the elevator. Ninth floor.

Walking to elevator CLOSE ON Alex who mouths the word, Inspector to himself.

INT. FRANKS' OFFICE

Commander WILLIAM FRANKS, (56), fit, short, gray hair, intelligent eyes, wearing a two-thousand dollar silk suit and a Rolex worth 10 G's. In the BG, wall trophies, awards and diplomas expose his future political aspirations. We see different photographs of Franks at functions with George and Laura Bush, the Governator, Clint Eastwood, and L.A. Mayor Villaraigosa flanked by city council.

They shake hands.

FRANKS

Welcome to S-I-U.

ALEX

Thanks, I look forward to working with you.

Franks stares into Alex's eyes.

FRANKS

I've heard you are a hard worker and getting this unit off the ground is going to be hard work. I look forward to working with you, Alex. Sit down.

Alex sits, Franks pulls out a GLOCK .40 caliber service weapon, a gold shield, and a thick, CALIFORNIA STATE SEAL general orders manual.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

Before you work for me, I guess I should swear you in..."Inspector".

INT. TENTH FLOOR - SIU - DAY

Alex and Franks walk down SIU hallway, passing interview rooms, crime labs and Information Technology, then enter squad room. Inspectors MARIO CISNEROS (56), SEAN HIGHTOWER, 42, built lean and mean, short afro, LARRY LUNDELL, 41, sleeves rolled up, stand behind I/T TECH CHARLES JACKSON, 50, a black man who must be a midget. They all look up from a 42" plasma screen, showing a video from a police dash camera. Captivated, they are compelled to watch the screen.

WE SEE a sheriff's deputy who has made a car stop on a country road in San Bernardino. The deputy pepper sprays the driver behind the wheel. Pissed-off, the deputy walks away (off-camera) and the suspect immediately produces a gun and fires 8-10 times. The suspect speeds away.

Jackson hits pause.

JACKSON

(almost apologetic)

Just showing the San Bernardino shooting. I just got it today.

FRANKS

Is the deputy still in critical?

HIGHTOWER

I just spoke to them, he didn't make it.

Alex figures out they must be talking about the shooting three days ago. Everyone stands in silence, until Mario Cisneros, sharp suit, extends a hand to Alex.

CISNEROS

I'm your new partner, Mario Cisneros. These jokers are Sean Hightower and Larry Lundell. And this is Jacks.

Arms cross in handshakes. Jacks reaches up.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Establishing SHOT. Low income neighborhood, two identical, two-story apartment complexes face each other separated by a dried, grass courtyard.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A LOUD family disturbance above. SCREAMING and YELLING shatter the peace. BANGS, THUMPS and POUNDING vibrate the ceiling and walls. ALONZO SANCHEZ, gang tattoos, white T-shirt, watching soccer on TV turns up the volume. MARIA SANCHEZ, short, fat, walks in frustrated.

MARIA

ALONZO!

ALONZO

Goddamn Ringo! I bet he's been doin' Meth all night. They're going to kill each other.

MARIA

Alonzooo, go up there and tell them to shut up... The baby is...

ALONZO

Bitch, are you crazy? I'm not going up there. You remember all the pigs the last time Ringo got crazy.

Alanzo stands, listens a while. All is suddenly quiet.

ALONZO (CONT'D)

Cool! They've knocked it off.

A moment later, a knock at the front door. Maria opens the door. A BLOODY Samoan woman, deep gashes on her arms and body topples in.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

POLICE CARS with yellow tape and barricades cordon the area. A FIRE TRUCK and AMBULANCE wait down the street. TV CREWS, ONLOOKERS with kids try to get a peek, as LAPD SWAT deploy around the complex.

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND POST- DAY

S.W.A.T LIEUTENANT DYKES and Hostage Negotiator WILSON come to the same conclusion, time for a dynamic entry. Entry TEAM ALPHA will breach the front door.

WILSON

We've got to go in. The wife is in critical condition, but confirms that there is a toddler inside with the husband.

Dykes isn't happy. A small child means no flashbangs.

DYKES

Alpha, move up. Be aware, there's a child inside... no flashbangs.

Four man Alpha Team move up the stairs to the walkway. A NEWS CAMERAMAN has slipped inside the police tape and ZOOMS in. We see the S.W.A.T team through his view finder.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX/REAR

The POINT-MAN of TEAM BRAVO aims a 9mm sub-machine gun at upstairs apartment window. A TV flies through the window, hits the alley.

POINT-MAN

(into radio)

Suspect is still active. Just through a TV out the window.

DYKES

Copy, Bravo. Alpha move to entry. Go when ready. All units, Alpha is clear for entry. Standby.

Alpha Team slides along the wall to a heavy-gauge, steel screen door. A couple of UNIFORMS and a Sergeant crouch, guns drawn by the second set of stairs.

EXT. SCREEN DOOR - DAY

CLOSE on first S.W.A.T OFFICER - we see his name tag, "WALKER", as he tries the door knob. Walker signals the team, it is locked. He reaches back for a pry bar.

EXT. WALKWAY/DOOR - DAY

WHAM! The door flies off it's hinges, over the wrought-iron rail, lands in the courtyard. A giant SAMOAN emerges, grabs Walker and flings him to the other side of the door.

EXT. APARTMENT WINDOW

The S.W.A.T officer's back, helmet and assault rifle crash into the living room window, glass goes everywhere. He crumbles dazed. The SAMOAN raises a sharp, wooden fish club, with a nasty looking hook. He swings downward, the stunned officer FIRES two shots upward. The SAMOAN takes both in the chest. He falls, to the courtyard, his mere size bending the iron hand rail. Behind him the second SWAT officer slumps to the ground, struck in the chest and neck by the same bullets. Blood pumps through his fingers as he spasms on the walkway. On NEWS CAMERAMAN, camera swinging left and right but filming everything.

EXT. LAPD COMMAND POST - EVENING

A black, 2009 Dodge Charger pulls up to the S.W.A.T van. Cisneros gets out of the driver's side as Alex slides out on the other. They head toward a POLICE CAPTAIN, Lieutenant Dykes and Wilson who exchange glances with two, LAPD internal affairs detectives. A few feet away, a body lies under a body bag in the courtyard.

CISNEROS

I know how these L.A. guys operate. They won't be willing to turn over their crime scene. Especially when they've lost an officer.

ALEX

I know the feeling.

INT. CISNEROS' VEHICLE - NIGHT - (MOVING)

Cisneros driving, Alex sits shotgun.

CISNEROS

That went well.

ALEX

Went well... As in the F-bomb being dropped twenty or thirty times?
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

And let's not forget the three phone calls to the watch commander, Deputy Chief and the Mayor's office... Is that the...went well, you're talking about?

CISNEROS

I get ya man. I'm just glad were not caught up in all the crazy ass politics. Those guys wouldn't last five minutes on our streets.

ALEX

You're probably right.

Alex points at a house.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That one right there.

Cisneros pulls in the driveway.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Crap!

CISNEROS

What..wrong house?

ALEX

No...I got so wrapped up in this whole night and riding with you...I forgot my damn car at the precinct!

CISNEROS

No problem.

Cisneros starts to put the car in reverse.

CISNEROS (CONT'D)

I'll just take to back.

ALEX

No. Its okay. Ill just get one of my neighbors to drop me off on her way to work.

CISNEROS

You sure. It's really no problem.

ALEX

No it's late...just go home and get some rest and enjoy the family. We have a big day on Monday.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Besides, if you saw my neighbor
you'd want her to drive you to work
too!

CISNEROS

I got ya man. No worries.

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex gets out. Cisneros drives away. Alex waves as the car
heads off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex walks in the door. A soft glow of a desk lamp lights
the living room. He removes his gun and badge and places
them on a table on a side table. He walks into his bedroom
and turns on the light.

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From the POV of a camera, we are looking at Alex's house as
it appears to be someone watching as the camera is not steady
and s moving slightly. The bedroom light turns off.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a beautiful sunny morning and is quiet.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - MORNING

The faint sound of singing is heard as the CAMERA moves
slowly in the front door and it follows the sound. From the
camera POV we follow it as it approaches the bathroom as he
shower just shuts off and the singing stops.

Alex emerges from the bathroom in wrapped in a towel and wet
hair...now whistling.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sound of footsteps break the silence of this Saturday morning. A MAN in a delivery uniform approaches Alex's front door with a package. We can only see him from the back. He places the package on the ground in front of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE

The sound of a doorbell catches Alex's attention. He stops whistling and heads toward the front door.

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE

The delivery man steps into his unmarked delivery truck. We still only see him from behind.

From the delivery mans POV we see Alex's front door.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE

Alex opens the front door and sees nothing until he looks down and sees the package. He reaches down and picks it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE

From the POV of the delivery driver Alex looks up and waves. We cut back to Alex's POV as the driver, who is wearing sun glasses. The driver waves back shoots and eerie smile, waves and drives off. Alex, watches as he drives off. The truck turns a corner and is out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE

He looks over the package and there is no return address. Today is his Birthday so here is no reason to be suspicious. Alex walks to the kitchen, puts the box on the counter, opens a drawer and pulls out a small knife. He cuts the tape off and opens the package. On top there is a card. He excitedly opens it. The Camera PUSHES on the the card as Alex removes it from the envelope.

The card reads "PARDON MY FRENCH"... "Joyeux Anniversaire!" Which means "Happy Birthday" in French. There is no signature. He opens the wrapped package it REVEALS a hand held TAZER. He removes it from the box.

ALEX

What the...

Alex looks at the box again and notices there is no postage either. He immediately goes to get his gun and badge off the table where he left it last night. They are not there. Now he stops, looks around and to see if he sees someplace else he may have laid them. He desperately tries to retrace his steps in his mind.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to himself) I know I was tired...but I am certain I left them here.

He runs one of his hands through his hair and taps his fingers rapidly on his forehead trying to remember.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Think...think! I came in...Ummm!
(pause) Yup...RIGHT FRIKIN' THERE!

Alex makes a B-line for his bedroom to get dressed. He stops as he sees the gun and badge on his night stand by his bed. He second-guesses himself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ok. Maybe I was that tired.

He takes a sigh of relief and he resigns that he was wrong about where he left his badge and gun last night.

CUT TO:

INT. SUI OFFICE - MORNING

Alex walks into the office with the delivered box and places it on a desk. SEV is already there.

SEV

I was here before you. I saw your car in the parking lot where were you.

ALEX

I got a ride from my neighbor.

Sev looks puzzled.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's a long story. I'll explain later.

Just then Cisneros and Commander Franks walk in.

CISNEROS

Hey Alex. I thought today was your birthday?

SEV

Why didn't you say something.

ALEX

It no big deal.

FRANKS

(pointing) That the birthday present you called us about.

ALEX

That's the one.

Alex hands the card in a plastic bag to Franks. Franks holds it up and Frank reads it through the plastic.

FRANKS

So this person knows where you live?

Alex pulls out a very small plastic bag and hands it to Franks.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

What is this?

ALEX

I got this last year after French went missing. It too came to my house. That is why I decided to take the offer to join SIU.

FRANKS

And you thought it was a good idea to keep this information...more importantly this evidence to yourself?

ALEX

I figured the son of a bitch would come after me, so I waited and nothing happened. After about 3 months, I figured it was just a one time scare tactic.

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Besides, when it came I had already signed my exit papers. So technically I was retired.

SEV

But now he's back!

ALEX

Sure looks that way. I ran the serial and it is definitely French's. No prints of course.

CISNEROS

Of course not..this guy is damn good.

FRANKS

Yeah maybe. But everyone makes a mistake sooner or later. This just might make the trail warm again. I mean who knows, I jut get this feeling he is playing us, but he is not a killer.

ALEX

I feel that same thing.

SEV

If that's the case then French may still be alive and perhaps close.

Just then the Franks cell phone rings.

FRANKS

Yeah. Franks.

He listens and the room is silent.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

Yep. I'll fill them in.

He hangs up the phone.

FRANKS (CONT'D)

IA just cleared Walker. It was a clean shoot with bad results. There may be a shit-storm from the community when the news hits. PR is getting the media updated.

Alex, Sev and Cisneros shake their heads slightly as relief and pain hit at once. One officer clear...one officer dead.

FRANKS (CONT'D)
(Referring to the package) I will
get the printed and processed.

ALEX
What next captain?

FRANKS
Get out of here and enjoy your
birthday.

ALEX
Hardly. Not much for celebrating.

SEV
Yeah. Me neither.

CISNEROS
Amen to that!

FRANKS
(stern)Then get the hell out of
here and be back in my office
Monday ready to hit the road
running with the French case.

Sev, Cisneros and Alex start to leave.

CISNEROS
Later captain!

SEV
See you Monday Captain.

FRANKS
Okay you two. Fortune! You stay!

Alex stops.

FRANKS (CONT'D)
(quietly) Alex...you ever keep
evidence for an investigation
again. You and I will have a
serious problem...Understood?

ALEX
Understood!

FRANKS
Now get out of here.

ALEX
Yes Captain.

Alex exits. Franks sits back in his chair as he stares at the package Alex brought in.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The room is lit up only by the light of the television. We hear the newscaster as the CAMERA slowly PANS the room.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

(faint not loud)

Officials have release an official statement that shooting in Los Angles yesterday which claimed the life or the assailant was justified. An officer was also shot and killed by the same bullet as he was...

INTERCUTS: We see Alex asleep on the couch with a bottle of beer on the coffee table. We CUT TO: His eyes which are closed and moving slowly as he dreams.

CUT TO: There there is darkness as the newscast fades away. The sound of footsteps are heard as we hear a clicking sound of metal. From Alex's POV 'inside his dream', we see all darkness and the we can hear the SOUND of rusty metal on metal.

CUT BACK TO: Alex's eyes closed in rapid movement!

CUT BACK TO: A sound of a heavy rusty medal door being slowly opened. There is a sliver of light in the middle of the screen. From Alex's POV we a dimly lit face of a woman. It's French. WE HEAR a faint buzzing or vibrating like sound.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Alex wakes abruptly from his sleep. He is breathing heavy and a little disoriented. We see a vibrating CELL PHONE on the coffee table near the beer bottle. "BLOCKED CALL" is on the phones screen.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A man is seen from behind sitting at the bar counter. He is watching the news. The police shooting is recapped in the background. The man is wearing a glove and has a cell phone in his hand. He hangs it up and places it back in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE

Alex picks up his phone as it stops ringing. He starts to put it down...it rings again. He clicks the answer button. He doesn't say anything.

FRANKS

Alex!

ALEX

Ummm...Captain?

FRANKS

Yeah. (pause) Listen. I just got a phone call from dispatch saying they got an incoming call from...I can't believe I'm saying this...from French's cell phone.

ALEX

How's that even possible?

FRANKS

It is. We contacted the cell company and someone has been paying the cell bill ever since she disappeared.

ALEX

I'll head to the office now.

FRANKS

I'm already here.

ALEX

Do you have French's cell number?

FRANKS

No not yet. I should any second. I am going to try to call it when I do. And also try to get a GPS location.

ALEX

Okay. I'm on my way.

Alex hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF LONG BEACH CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

AERIAL CAMERA SHOT: As we see a wide shot of a hustling and bustling Long Beach Port. Trucks, people and forklifts are milling around. The area is lit by lights. The camera approaches a group of TRUCK CONTAINERS. It ABRUPTLY STOPS in front of an individual container. The door is slightly ajar a few inches. SUDDENLY we hear the sound of heavy metal doors rustily SCHREEEECHING sound as it starts to open.

WE SEE a FIGURE start to come out and it is revealed that is Officer French. She is disoriented and wearing a oversized white dress and a hooded sweatshirt. She shields her eyes from the bright lights. Still slowly walking a FORKLIFT startles her as the driver swerves to miss hitting her.

The driver is oblivious to her situation. He comments as he drives on.

FORKLIFT DRIVER

Watch where you're going lady!

French stops. She puts her hands in the pockets of the sweatshirt. She feels something and pulls it out. It's a CELL PHONE with a note attached to it. WE SEE the note close up which reads "HIT SPEED DIAL # 1". She complies.

We hear as she dials and it starts to ring.

FRENCH

(Crying) PLEEEASSE answer!!

But just then the call is dropped. She looks at the phone and there is only 1 small reception bar. She also notices that there is only 9% battery power left. She takes time to think.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

Man at the counter removes his cell phone from his pocket again.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANKS OFFICE - NIGHT

Franks gets a text message. He looks at his phone and it is French's cell phone number. He writes in on a piece of paper.

INTERCUT TO Franks and The BAR PATRON:

Bar Patron starts to dial his phone...

...back to Franks, hold the paper in on hand and starts to dial with the other.

Back to Bar Patron hitting last number and putting phone to his ear...we HEAR ringing...

...Franks hits last button and puts phone to his ear...it RINGS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S CAR - NIGHT

Alex's cell phone rings. He has an earpiece he forgot to put it in. He reaches for it and struggles to place it in his ear...

...back to French as her cell phone rings. She is shaking so much it slips from her hand and it falls in SLOW MOTION toward the ground...

...back to Alex as he gets his ear piece in.

...back to French as the phone is inches from the hard ground...she slips her foot in to break the fall of the cell phone...she reaches down as it is still ringing.

...back to Alex...he presses the earpiece...

ALEX

...HELLO!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. LONG BEACH PORT - NIGHT

French answers the phone.

FRENCH

HELLO!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END!