

# Gideon's Law

by  
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Abstract Entertainment  
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A RUSH OF NOISE!

ROARING V6. SCREECHING TIRES.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEEDING CAR - DAY

THE DRIVER white-knuckles the wheel. Fights to keep control.  
Fights just to breathe --

He's drenched in blood. Chest and gut-shot. WET CRIMSON  
saturates his shirt, his jacket, his jeans.

Excruciating pain racks his body... he spasms... his foot nails  
the gas... his agonized scream buried by --

THE ENGINE HOWLING TO THE REDLINE.

EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The car swerves violently. Cuts in front of a delivery truck.

AN AIR-HORN BLASTS. The trucker hits the brakes. Lights up  
the tires. Spews a curtain of smoke.

The car hurtles past. We glimpse the driver's door. Three  
bullet holes drilled clean through the sheet metal.

Somewhere up ahead, A POLICE CRUISER.

INT. SPEEDING CAR - CONTINUOUS

The driver aims directly toward the police unit.

EXPRESSWAY

The car slices across the lanes... catches the rear of the  
police cruiser, spins it out, before SLAMMING into the median.

The steel barrier takes the hit. Does its job and forces the  
careening vehicle straight --

SPARKS FLY. A PAINED SHRIEK OF METAL!

Other drivers swerve around the accident. Brake to a halt.

TWO OFFICERS bail from the patrol unit. Hustle back toward  
the crashed car --

OFFICER DELAVAN, wrenches the passenger door open.

INT. CRASHED CAR - CONTINUOUS

He sees the slumped, bloodied driver. Crawls inside. Checks the man's carotid artery... finds a pulse --

OFFICER DELAVAN  
(shouts to partner)  
-- multiple GSW, call it in!

He struggles to staunch the flow of blood.

Notices *something* clenched in the driver's hand...

... a small plastic casing.

EXT. CRASHED CAR - DAY

The cop's partner gestures for folks to remain in their cars.

He keys the radio mic pinned to his shoulder. Calls it in.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

SHANE GIDEON, 25, stands at the mirror. He straightens his police officer's uniform. It looks good on him, but the cop in the mirror stares back as if regarding a usurper.

Shane turns away and crosses to the bed, where his GIRLFRIEND is still sleeping, buried under the sheet. He playfully pats her shapely behind, then reaches under the bed.

Pulls out a leather utility belt. Pouches for cuffs, mace, radio, his .40 cal Smith & Wesson and a spare magazine.

He straps on the belt. Feels its weight.

OPEN LIVING / KITCHEN AREA

Messy like it gets when you both work long hours.

A half-finished chess game waits on the coffee table. A Post-It informs -- *CHECK*. A smudged lipstick kiss below.

Shane analyzes the board. Slides his rook into position and scribbles a note in reply -- *MATE IN 3 xox*.

EXT. SHANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shane unlocks a gracefully aging Mustang parked at the curb.

INT. SHANE'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

He twists the mirror so he can see himself.

SHANE  
 You know how much I love you?  
 (pauses, tries again)  
 Alicia, you know I... I... crap.

He passes a mini-mall. Glimpses a Hallmark store.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Shane's Mustang crawls through bumper-to-bumper traffic.

INT. SHANE'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

Romantic cards lie strewn on the passenger seat. Shane holds one in his hand, reading,

SHANE  
 I'm so lucky I found you, my dearest.

He tosses that crappy card. Plucks another off the seat.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 You make my world complete... You  
 complete my world --

He passes the brick edifice of the 17th Precinct. Pulls into,

INT. POLICE PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Lowering his window, Shane enters the numeric security code. Ahead, an electric gate swings open.

Shane drives up the dimly lit ramp and finds a space.

Locking the Mustang, he strolls toward the precinct entrance, passing a demarcation line, beyond which PATROL CARS are parked. The vehicles regimented. Ready to roll.

Shane pushes through the double doors, into the precinct.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

OFFICER MAHONE, 22, strides out the locker room into the corridor, blocks Shane's path.

A beat, then Mahone steps aside, but instead of holding the door for Shane, he lets it go, a shit-eating grin on his face.

MAHONE

My bad. Thought you'd be quicker.

Shane doesn't condescend to reply as Mahone walks away.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Thirty lockers which have seen better days. Gunmetal gray. Names written on duct-tape stuck across most doors.

OFFICER CORTEZ shuts his locker. Sees Shane.

CORTEZ

You hanging in, man?

SHANE

Sure.

CORTEZ

Everyone makes mistakes, you know?

Cortez heads for the door.

SHANE

Hey, Cortez. Thanks.

Cortez glances back with a nod, leaves Shane alone in the room.

Shane reaches inside his locker. Takes a small box down from the top shelf. Opens it.

The contents as scary looking as the barrel of a loaded gun --  
-- a diamond engagement ring.

OFFICER DELAVAN (O.S.)

... goddamn guy came --

Shane returns the box. Snaps his locker shut as TWO COPS enter.

OFFICER DELAVAN (CONT'D)

-- out of nowhere. Wham!

SECOND COP

Heard he took two in the chest.

OFFICER DELAVAN

Seriously messed up. Tough bastard was still breathing when the bus got on scene --

They fall silent when Shane steps into view. Nothing but contempt on their faces as they watch him leave.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A couple of EAGER ROOKIES already in their chairs at the front of the room. Notebooks on standby.

MORE OFFICERS amble in. Sitting according to the unwritten rule; Old Hands to the back.

Shane takes his seat in the second row. A YOUNG OFFICER offers a brusque nod -- then a smile twitches his lips.

Off the guy's look, Shane sees a red laser dot on his chest.

Shane jerks sideways. Good reflexes -- but he bumps into another cop.

COP

Hey.

Shane mutters an apology. He looks toward the doorway. Finds Mahone, standing nonchalantly, wearing that cheesy-ass grin.

Mahone lowers his Taser gun. Holsters it on his hip.

MAHONE

Kinda skittish there.

Shane bites back a retort, refusing to be baited.

Mahone steps toward him, expecting Shane to move aside -- only Shane holds his ground.

A beat, then Mahone smirks and strolls on by, heading to the back of the room.

He's warmly welcomed by the seasoned hands despite his youth. OFFICER WATKINS glances up. Gives Mahone an atta-boy pat on the shoulder.

OFFICER WATKINS

Heard 'bout that vertical you guys rode on. That's good work.

Mahone nods thanks.

The room grows quiet as SGT. JACK CAULDER, 40's, steps to the podium.

Caulder opens his briefing folder.

SGT. CAULDER

We have an update on yesterday's Expressway shooting.

A few cops glance in Officer Delavan's direction.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)

The doctors at Commonwealth are telling us the vic, a Michael Palmer, should make it. Guy's in an induced coma, so we don't know; maybe the attack was personal, or maybe we've got a shooter thinks it's open season on the 71. Be vigilant.

(beat)

'Kay, we've got a report outta RHD...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Pedestrians crowd the sidewalk. An occasional HORN barks in protest as the traffic lurches in fits and starts.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY

An attractive CITY GIRL, 20's, checks her watch. Strums her glossy crimson nails on the steering wheel.

The traffic inches forward. A gap opens... but the stop light ahead turns red. She brakes --

A LOUD BANG!!

Her head whiplashes as some idiot rear-ends her car.

She massages her neck. Hurts like hell but nothing's broken.

She glares at the rearview mirror. A gray Suburban's planted on her bumper.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

She pulls over to the curb. The SUV follows.

Its DRIVER, a businessman, climbs out.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - DAY

The young woman fishes through her purse, finds her insurance card and a pen.

She steps out, leaving the keys in the ignition.

EXT. TOYOTA CAMRY - DAY

She checks the damage. The Camry's bumper's crumpled.

The SUV driver strolls over. Offers a casual shrug, not about to admit it was his fault.

CITY GIRL

What? You didn't see the light?

The steady flow of pedestrians continues past.

ACROSS THE STREET

A STRANGER stands in the shadows of a storefront. Watching events play out.

STRANGER'S VANTAGE POINT

The young woman jots a note in her pad. She doesn't see the driver taking something out of his pocket --

A split-second later, with a flicker of movement, he jabs it into her wrist -- she jerks away. Sends the object flying into the middle of the street.

Anger and confusion suffuse her face.

A few pedestrians stop and stare. Uncertain what's going on. But no one wanting to get involved --

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

The woman sways. Her legs suddenly like rubber... the driver catching her as she falls.

Lightheaded, she doesn't seem to realize what's happening.

He leads her toward his vehicle. Her eyes roll up and she passes out as he dumps her inside the back seat.

PASSERBY

Hey? What are you doing?

The SUV driver gets behind the wheel. Shoots a look at the guy; back off, pal.

PASSERBY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm talking to --

The SUV speeds away. The passerby lucky not to become roadkill.

A tire crunches over the object in the street -- a hypodermic syringe.

The crowd finally galvanized into action. People dialing 911.

But, with everyone's attention focused on the departing SUV, no one notices the stranger who drives the Camry away.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

As Caulder concludes the briefing, a clerk brings in an additional report.

SGT. CAULDER

Hey, hey. Settle. Last, we've got a possible abduction on Belmont. Female, early, mid-20's, maybe 110, dark hair. Vic was involved in a TC. She gets out, gets hustled into a light gray SUV.

CORTEZ

Anything on her vehicle, Sarge?

SGT. CAULDER

Gone before we arrived on scene... Blue, possibly black Japanese compact.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

CAPTAIN TOM BARNES, 50's, strides down the corridor. Moves like a force of nature.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Caulder closes the file. Chairs scrape the floor. Officers heading out. Shane one of the last to leave.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Gideon.

Shane turns around as the Captain enters the room.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

Need your help this morning.

Sgt. Caulder suppresses a grin behind Shane's back.

SHANE

Cap?

CAPTAIN BARNES

The ride-along you conducted for the Mayor's office last week. Scored high marks. We've got someone asking for you again.

Shane's jaw tightens.

SHANE

Sir, I don't really --

CAPTAIN BARNES

I don't really care. The guy's waiting out at the desk. Take him with you. Just make sure he signs the waiver before you roll.

SHANE

Yes, sir.

Shane gets going, leaving Tom and Caulder alone in the room. Caulder's smile fades.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Something on your mind, Jack?

SGT. CAULDER

You know what I think.

CAPTAIN BARNES

I know he let you down --

SGT. CAULDER

I went through the door. He froze. Left me in the wind.

CAPTAIN BARNES

I read your report. But it's time to let it rest. He'll come right.

SGT. CAULDER

Anyone else would'a been gone.

A beat.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Leaking that report, that was a low blow. Turned him into a damn pariah.

Caulder shrugs. Shit happens.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

So as you know, I know, Sergeant.

SGT. CAULDER  
 Cop got no confidence in himself,  
 he's a danger to every real cop on  
 the street, Captain. So you know.

He squares his shoulders, expecting a rebuke.

Instead, Tom looks worn down. Knows Caulder's right.

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - DAY

A civilian loiters near the bronze memorial plaque. Names of those who worked the 17th and paid the ultimate price.

RICHARD SOMERSET, 30's, beard and designer glasses. A 'VISITOR' badge stuck to his jacket lapel.

SHANE (O.S.)  
 Mr. Somerset?

Richard startles. Takes a second to recover. When he talks it's with an undertone of Ivy League superiority.

RICHARD  
 Officer Gideon?

He extends a hand and they shake.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Richard, please. I really can't  
 thank you enough.

SHANE  
 Captain said you're writing a book?

RICHARD  
 Thriller. My detective finds himself  
 out of his depth. Oh...  
 (hands Shane the waiver)  
 ... they told me to give you this.

SHANE  
 I need to file it, then we can roll.  
 Anyone give you the tour?

RICHARD  
 No, but that would be appreciated.  
 Thank you.

Shane heads across the bullpen. A gray cube farm.

Richard watches him go, then returns his attention to the names on the plaque.

INSERT MEMORIAL PLAQUE

1991 - Officer FRANK GIDEON

Richard notes the name, then moves along the wall, to where a WANTED PINBOARD is littered with mugshots, FBI pictures of felons and a couple of work ups.

He looks around as Shane returns.

SHANE

Any questions before we get started?

Richard glances again at the name beside 1991.

SHANE (CONT'D)

My father. I was six.

RICHARD

I'm sorry.

A burst of STATIC from Shane's radio. He squelches the volume.

SHANE

What is it you wanted to see?

Richard pulls a small pad and pen from his pocket.

RICHARD

Where you hold your briefings, where you keep evidence. Those would be most relevant.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Shane's in mid-conversation, at the podium, leafing through a folder.

SHANE

... if there's time, the Sergeant'll go through a training scenario.

Richard scribbles notes.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They reach the door to the evidence room.

Shane punches a code on the keypad. Opens the door for Richard.

SHANE

I'm afraid, we can't let you inside the secured area.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - UNSECURED AREA - DAY

A small workspace, where officers can prep items to be logged into evidence.

Shane KNOCKS on the inner door. It's locked by a physical key. A matronly EVIDENCE OFFICER opens the door. Appraises Richard.

SHANE

This gentleman's researching a book.

EVIDENCE OFFICER

Hmmm?

She resolutely blocks the doorway. Doesn't return Richard's limp smile. A long beat, then she moves aside so he can look.

SHANE

Room's always crammed.

Indeed it is. Floor to ceiling. Everything labeled, bagged and tagged. A cluster of confiscated firearms in one corner.

RICHARD

Certainly looks like you have everything squared away.

SHANE

Guns. Drugs. Cash. Gangbanger's aisles of smiles.

Richard eyes a half dozen laptops and high-tech gizmos.

EVIDENCE OFFICER

(off Richard's glance)

Data-crimes. Fastest growing business.

RICHARD

This room's staffed around the clock?

SHANE

Daywatch and mid since the cutbacks.

EVIDENCE OFFICER

(humorless)

We close at lunch.

Richard manufactures a smile.

The Evidence Officer shows him a pass-through lock-box.

EVIDENCE OFFICER (CONT'D)

When no one's here, they can bag it and tag it. Post small items through. Then we log everything to keep the chain of custody.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Shane and Richard return to the corridor.

RICHARD

I imagine only your Evidence Officers  
have keys to that room?

SHANE

And the Captain.

(beat)

I'll pull the car around front and  
meet you.

He happens to look down. Notices Richard's shoelace is untied.  
Gestures to it.

RICHARD

What? Oh. Thank you.

Richard kneels and ties his lace as Shane strolls away.

Shane takes a set of keys off the vehicle board and pushes  
through the double doors to the parking structure.

A clock above the doors shows 9:15am.

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAY

Richard's waiting as Shane pulls up at the foot of the station  
house steps.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Shane checks the dash-mounted laptop computer. He motions for  
Richard to climb in the front passenger seat, then keys the  
car's radio transceiver.

SHANE

(into mic)

Adam Two-one. We're 10-8.

DISPATCH (over radio)

Two-one.

Richard glances at the black mesh cage dividing the front and  
rear compartments. Eyes the two guns mounted vertically between  
the front seats.

SHANE

That's an AR-15 semi and a twelve  
gauge.

Shane tugs on the rifle. It's held securely in place by a  
heavy-duty electromagnetic lock.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 We have buttons hidden inside to  
 release the electro-lock.

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAY

They pull away. Joining traffic.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Shane scrolls through the incident reports listed on the laptop.

RICHARD  
 Was she joking about lunch?

SHANE  
 Lynsky? Joke?

Richard cracks a smile.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 Noon till one, set your watch by it.

He glances at the dashboard clock.

Richard gazes out at the street.

STREET PEOPLE. Borrowed shopping carts loaded with their  
 worldly possessions. Drifting like third-world refugees.

RICHARD  
 I don't imagine this is the most  
 popular job?  
 (off Shane's frown)  
 Ride-alongs. I hope you didn't get  
 the messy end of the stick.

CUT TO:

ALL TERRAIN TIRES ROLLING ACROSS DRY, RUTTED MUD.

INT. SUV - DAY

THE CITY GIRL lies face down on the back seat. Hands tied.  
 Blindfolded.

A severe jolt jars her awake. Her panic heard in the way her  
 breath catches.

IMAGES glimpsed from her P.O.V. -- a thin thread of light  
 penetrates beneath the blindfold: *the sky. A derelict building.*

-- the SUV pulls inside the building.

And seconds later, the daylight vanishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Shane's black & white cruises past.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Do you ever get scared?

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

SHANE  
First times by yourself, after you've been with your T.O. -- Training Officer. But what they drill into you at the academy. It's there. A lot's gauging the situation, trying to think three or four steps ahead.

A rancid HOOKER plagues a corner seeking early morning wood.

Shane slows enough for her to get the message and move on.

RICHARD  
You make it sound like chess.

SHANE  
It is. You play?

A nod from Richard.

RICHARD  
Opening's always interesting.

SHANE  
For me it's the endgame. I'm trying to teach my girlfriend.

RICHARD  
Then you should tell her, your first moves determine the outcome. Else you're always playing catch up.

They drive in silence for a moment.

SHANE  
Your detective, the guy in your story.

RICHARD  
My protagonist.

SHANE

What's he like? I mean, how do you do that?

RICHARD

I'm still working out what makes him tick.

SHANE

Sounds like a challenge.

RICHARD

Every time. Avoiding clichés, the policeman whose marriage is on the rocks.

SHANE

Not all cops are divorced.

RICHARD

That's my point. But it can't be easy, that relationship.

SHANE

People manage.

RICHARD

Of course. Nothing more important than love and honor. I would've done anything for my wife --

Ahead, a cheaply modified Acura is beached, its front tire pancake flat.

A YOUTH steps out. Looks totally pissed off. His day complete when he sees the approaching cop car.

Shane blips the siren and pulls to the side of the road.

SHANE

You want to wait on the sidewalk.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Richard hangs near the patrol car while Shane talks to the Acura driver. Although we can't hear what's said from this distance, the conversation appears benign.

Richard sees a couple of PASSENGERS inside the car.

Shane walks back while radioing in. We catch the tail end of the transmission,

SHANE

(into mic)  
Ramirez, Carlos G. 486a Dove Street.

He pops the trunk. It's crammed with supplies: First aid kit. Flares. Duct tape. Tool box.

He lifts out a wheel jack.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You okay?

RICHARD

Yes.

DISPATCH (over radio)

Two-one. No warrants, but his parole officer logged a failure to appear yesterday.

SHANE

(into mic)

Two-one.

Richard notes the furtive looks the driver, RAMIREZ, keeps giving Shane.

RICHARD

What will you do?

SHANE

Give him a warning. Tell him to check in with his PO, today.

Carrying the jack, he walks back to the Acura.

Richard returns to the patrol car to wait.

EXT. ACURA - DAY

As Shane approaches, the driver leans inside. Speaks to his passengers; HIS GIRLFRIEND and a guy in his early-20's.

SHANE

Sir.

Shane eases the jack to his left hand. Rests his right on his holstered gun.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Keep away from the car.

Ramirez saunters a couple of steps -- suddenly breaks into a run.

THE PASSENGER DOOR FLIES OPEN -- and the passenger bolts too. Both men sprinting toward a narrow service alley.

Shane drops the jack. Takes off after them... keys his radio --

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 (into mic)  
 Two-one --

The girlfriend leaps out of the car --

She pounces onto Shane's back. Clawing at his face.

Shane spins like a dervish.

The girl clings on until he performs a jujitsu throw... she hits the pavement.

He snaps a pair of cuffs on her wrists. She moans incoherently.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Richard watches the stunning speed of events.

Sees the suspects sprint into the alley.

Sees Shane rush across the sidewalk... then hesitate... edging closer to the entrance.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - DAY

Graffiti-tagged walls. Strewn trash. Garbage cans and dumpsters overflowing.

RAPID FOOTSTEPS echo.

Shane cautiously checks the alley... glimpses Ramirez cutting left, down another alley. No sign of the passenger.

Shane steps forward. Gun sweeping. Takes a few cautious steps.

He reaches for his radio --

BEHIND HIS BACK --

The passenger ERUPTS from his hiding place. Wields a knife --

Shane spins around... the blade flashes past his face. Shane stumbles backward, off balance... falls... his gun clattering on the ground!

He scrambles for it.

PASSENGER  
 CARLOS!

At that same moment RICHARD --

-- steps into the alley. He looks scared. Grips the police issue shotgun. RACKS THE WEAPON with a loud KRRRACK!

The passenger freezes.

Shane snatches his gun off the ground --

BANG!

The shot, fired from down the alley by Ramirez, BLASTS the wall. Misses Shane by inches.

Shane torques around... rapid fires... BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

Ramirez jack-hammered off his feet. Sent crashing into the garbage cans. His torso torn apart.

Shane arcs his gun around in one continuous motion --

The passenger tosses his knife aside like it's molten metal.

AN INSTANT LATER -- the passenger is slammed to the ground by Shane. His hands cuffed tight behind his back.

RAMIREZ

lying in the trash. Bled out. Dead.

POLICE RADIO CHATTER OVERLAPS --

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Patrol cars logjam the street.

A cop pulls the girlfriend to her feet. She spouts a tirade of Spanish obscenities as the cop drags her away.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - DAY

Shane and a number of OFFICERS linger near the body.

SGT. CAULDER (O.S.)  
Who the hell went to war?

Sgt. Caulder strides toward them. He casts his gaze. Stunned to see Shane, in the middle of this chaos, holding the 12 gauge.

The CORONER arrives, carrying a body bag that needs filling.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Shane gets some air. We see it in his eyes. He's shaken but keeping it together. He walks over to Richard.

SHANE

I owe you. How you doing?

RICHARD

I'm... okay. Might need to change my boxers.

SHANE

Yeah, I should've put some spare pairs in the car.

Caulder marches out of the alley. Approaches Shane.

SGT. CAULDER

I want you gone before any cameras show. Phil can handle the press. Don't talk to anyone. We clear?  
(turns to Richard)  
Going to need your statement too.

Richard nods, yes, of course.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)

(to Shane)

I'll see you in the room.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Shane locks the shotgun back in its cradle as Richard climbs in the passenger seat.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Back on the streets. Police radio at low volume.

SHANE

You make your statement. Tell them what you saw. You're okay. You didn't fire a shot. No one's going to blame you for what went down.

Shane stares out the windshield, wondering how this will play out for him. They're near the 17th.

Richard bends down to retie his shoelace.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Time to face the music.

That's when he feels the cold barrel of a gun against his neck.

RICHARD  
Time for that later.

Shane doesn't move. Doesn't twitch.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Good. Keep them on the wheel.  
(beat)  
Don't slow down.

Shane eases back on the gas and they pass the entrance to the parking structure.

Richard holds a compact pistol. No sign of nerves now.

Shane risks turning his head a fraction. Chilled by the calculating look in Richard's eyes.

SHANE  
Hey, let's just --

RICHARD  
What? Relax? Officer Gideon, do I  
look stressed?

He calmly removes a pair of cuffs from Shane's belt.

CLICK.

Richard snaps one loop around Shane's right hand. Cuffs him to the steering wheel.

SHANE  
Wait, how am I supposed to --

RICHARD  
Ah. Quiet... turn right.

He removes Shane's service weapon from its holster.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You carry another weapon?

SHANE  
No.

Shane manages to negotiate the turn.

RICHARD  
Fair enough. But if I see you reach,  
I won't ask again.

SHANE  
I said no.

RICHARD  
 And you wouldn't lie to me.  
 (no reply)  
 Your cell.

A beat.

SHANE  
 Top pocket.

Richard dips his hand into Shane's shirt pocket. Removes Shane's cell. Tosses it out the window --

SHANE (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing?

Richard doesn't bother to reply. Instead he switches off the radio. Rips the wires out the back of the laptop.

ON THE SCREEN - the error message, LOST NETWORK CONNECTION.

RICHARD  
 Keep driving around the block.  
 (checks the time)  
 We have a few minutes to kill.

Tight-lipped, Shane does as he's told. His eyes scan the dashboard, his mind racing --

He glances outside -- sees a BEAT COP.

The cop flashes a hand-sign to Shane. Four fingers.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 We're copacetic.

Shane hesitates then signals the same; everything's good.

Richard types on his cell phone's display.

Opens a VIDEO FILE, as Shane takes the next turn.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Pull in. Here.

Shane stops the car.

Richard holds up the phone so Shane can see the display.

INSERT PHONE DISPLAY -

BULLETS being loaded into a magazine.

The mag's slotted into a lethal COLT PISTOL.

INTERCUT WITH SHANE AS NEEDED.

A SOLID CLACK as the first round's chambered.

Someone picks up the weapon. The viewpoint shifts. Comes to rest --

ULTRA-TIGHT on a woman's mouth --

The next moment, THE GUN'S FORCED BETWEEN HER TEETH.

The camera wavers, then moves back... revealing the woman's terrified face. A woman we recognize.

She's the young woman who was snatched off the street.

Dry tear tracks streak her cheeks.

SHANE

Alicia...

His girlfriend stares into the camera. Her eyes pleading.

SHANE (CONT'D)

NO!

Shane yanks on the cuffs. A desperate, futile attempt. Lunging and twisting, trying to strike at Richard --

Richard reacts with inhuman speed. Blocks the ineffective blow --

He slams Shane's head forward against the steering wheel.

His gun instantly in Shane's face.

RICHARD

Do I have your attention, Officer Gideon?

Shane's heart pounds. He stares into the gun barrel only an inch from his eye.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Your undivided attention?

Richard releases his hold on Shane.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Drive.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - DAY

ALICIA'S wrists and ankles are bound tight to a wooden chair.

Her red-rimmed eyes plead. Helpless.

She chokes back a plaintive sob.

The SUV driver dispassionately lowers the camera pointed at her.

Alicia strains against her bonds. Twisting her wrists, trying to work them free, only she can't.

Her eyes go wide when she sees him pick up an ugly, S&M ball gag.

He approaches.

ALICIA  
Please -- don't.

He pushes the gag hard and deep into her mouth. She struggles not to choke.

The man turns his back on her and walks out. Closing the door with the ominous finality of a coffin lid.

Leaving Alicia in the dark. Alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Richard pockets his cell.

SHANE  
If you hurt --

RICHARD  
If she gets hurt you have no one to blame but yourself.

Shane's mind spins at a thousand miles an hour.

SHANE  
What do you want?

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAY

Captain Tom Barnes and Sgt. Caulder hold an urgent conversation in a quiet corridor. Their voices low.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 ... Then what are you saying? You  
 think it was a bad shoot?

Sgt. Caulder weighs it.

SGT. CAULDER  
 I'm saying, it didn't feel right.  
 (pause)  
 If there's anyone would'a squealed  
 for back up, I'd put money on --

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 Hey. He did okay. And the good  
 guys walked out whole. That's all I  
 care about. I need to know. Have  
 you got Gideon's back on this?

SGT. CAULDER  
 You have to ask?

Tom nods, that's good enough for him.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 Where is he? I want a word.

SGT. CAULDER  
 You got me.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 Why? Where's his unit?

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Shane stares at Richard as if he's certifiable.

SHANE  
 You want to go back to the precinct?

A frown corrugates Shane's brow, can't figure this guy out.

Richard ignores the question. He holds up Shane's gun.

RICHARD  
 I believe they might ask you for  
 this.

He calmly places the loaded gun back into Shane's holster.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 I suggest you resist any temptations.

He slides his own weapon into a concealed ankle holster, before  
 removing it and tucking it beneath the passenger seat.

Ahead lies the 17th.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 I need to make a phone call in exactly  
 one hour. If I don't, well, how  
 creative's your imagination?

Richard takes the handcuff key from Shane's belt. Poised to  
 unlock the cuffs.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 When we get inside, your mind's going  
 to be screaming to warn somebody, to  
 tell them what's happening. But you  
 don't want to sacrifice your queen,  
 do you?  
 (pause)  
 For her sake, I suggest you control  
 your impulses.

Shane ratchets down his emotions.

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The gate swings inward and Shane's car drives through.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 "The gates of Hell are open night  
 and day..."

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

They drive up the ramp.

RICHARD  
 "... Smooth the descent, and easy is  
 the way."

Shane gives his passenger a look. His contempt like bile.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Virgil, one token benefit of a private  
 education.

SHANE  
 What is it you want?

RICHARD  
 Call it restitution. There's an  
 item in your evidence room someone  
 needs returned. And time, shall we  
 say, is of the essence. We collect  
 (MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 the item. We deliver it. And your  
 lady walks free with nothing worse  
 than a graze.

SHANE  
 What item?

Richard takes a MEMORY STICK from his pocket. The storage  
 device is readily identifiable by an embossed silver logo.

RICHARD  
 Less than ten hours, and this is all  
 over. I'll be satisfied and you'll  
 have a story to tell the grandkids,  
 or I'll be disappointed and you'll  
 be the wrong side of dead.

He hands it to Shane.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 All you have to do is swap them.

SHANE  
 We can't just stroll in...

INT. 17TH PRECINCT CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

They stroll in through the double doors.

The clock above shows it's 12:07.

OFFICER SANCHEZ, 30's, hurries toward them.

OFFICER SANCHEZ  
 Christ, Caulder's busting a nut.  
 Where you been?

RICHARD  
 It was my fault.

Richard looks queasy. He rubs his stomach as if fighting a  
 bout of nausea.

OFFICER SANCHEZ  
 You need something?  
 (to Shane)  
 Come on.

They continue down the corridor. Officer Sanchez leads the  
 way.

Shane slows fractionally as they pass the Evidence Room.

Richard nudges him subtly, the meaning clear -- keep moving,  
 don't draw attention.

HOLD ON THE EVIDENCE ROOM DOOR --

A moment longer, then the matronly Evidence Officer, Lynsky, steps out, presumably heading to lunch.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Officer Sanchez opens the door, motions Richard to enter.

RICHARD  
Do you think I might have a glass of  
water?

He looks like he might puke his guts at any moment.

SANCHEZ  
I'll get it. Take a seat.

Captain Tom Barnes marches toward them.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
(re: Richard)  
I got this one.

Officer Sanchez looks surprised, but says nothing. Wanders off to get that water.

Tom appraises Richard.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)  
Hanging in there?

Richard offers a meek shrug.

RICHARD  
Will this... be long?

The Captain regards him. It takes as long as it takes.

Sgt. Caulder arrives. Eyes zeroed on his target -- Shane.

SGT. CAULDER  
In two.

Silent, Shane follows Caulder across the corridor, into Room 2.

Shane can't help glancing back at Richard.

Richard looks deliberately at his wristwatch.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)  
(to Shane)  
You comin'?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Richard sits, hunched. He scallops a Styrofoam cup with his thumbnail. The lip jagged with cusps.

A police tape recorder rolls.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
... but you never physically entered  
the alley at any time?

RICHARD  
No. No. I tried using the radio  
but it wouldn't... I don't know.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
That's when you took the shotgun.

RICHARD  
Yes.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Officer Gideon left the rack unlocked?

RICHARD  
No, but he'd explained about it  
earlier for my research.

Tom's jaw hardens, but he lets that slide.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
You're familiar with firearms, Mr.  
Somerset?

RICHARD  
En passant. A little hunting in my  
formative years.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
So you took the gun.

RICHARD  
I didn't know what else to do...

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Do you own a cell phone?

RICHARD  
Yes.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
But you didn't think to call 911?

RICHARD  
You're right, I wasn't thinking.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY

Shane shuffles in his chair. Eyes darting to the wall clock.  
12:20pm.

Sgt. Caulder scribbles notes on a legal pad.

Shane's firearm sits on the table next to the tape recorder.  
It's already been bagged.

SGT. CAULDER  
... that's when you pursued the  
suspects into the alley.

SHANE  
I already said -- yes.

SGT. CAULDER  
And you didn't see a weapon prior?

SHANE  
No.

SGT. CAULDER  
Nobody's looking to score points on  
this, boot.

He halts the recorder.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)  
You did the job this time.

Shane glances at the clock again.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)  
You got some other appointment?

SHANE  
I just want to get this done.

A LOUD GUNSHOT (OVERLAPS).

INT. INDOOR PISTOL RANGE - DAY

Evidence Officer Lynsky lowers her handgun. Wolfs down a packet  
of potato chips. Talking with her mouth full.

EVIDENCE OFFICER  
I tell you, he's such a slob these  
days.

She's standing alongside another POLICEWOMAN of indeterminate middle-age.

She raises her gun. Squeezes one off.

BANG!

POLICEWOMAN  
Maybe you shouldn't have married  
him?

EVIDENCE OFFICER  
Puh-leeze.

She aims at the target -- a cutout of a felon.

BANG! BANG!

Nails 'him' through the balls.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Richard's scalloped cup sits on the table.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
When you reached the alley?

RICHARD  
The driver shot at Officer Gideon.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Ramirez. He fired first.

RICHARD  
Absolutely. No question.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
And Officer Gideon?

RICHARD  
He shot back. Three, yes, three  
times.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Anything further?

RICHARD  
He arrested the other passenger and  
radioed in... I gave him the shotgun.  
That's everything.

Tom leans back. Satisfied. Stops the recorder.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
I'll have this typed for your  
signature.

RICHARD  
I should've thought. Should've  
phoned, or something...

CAPTAIN BARNES  
We're trained for this. Not something  
you face every day.

He removes the tape from the machine. Goes to the door.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)  
Do you need anything?

RICHARD  
The bathroom.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Left at the end of the hall, door's  
on your right.  
(re: recorder transcript)  
This shouldn't take more than a few  
minutes.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Captain Barnes strolls away, leaving Richard to linger a moment.

He glances toward interview room 2 --

The door remains closed.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Shane runs his fingers through his hair. Perspiration moistens  
his upper lip.

His agitation's not lost on Sgt. Caulder.

SGT. CAULDER  
You just charged into the alley.  
Didn't hesitate.

SHANE  
I already told you what --

SGT. CAULDER  
Yeah. I guess that makes you a hero.

He slides his chair back, legs scraping like nails on a chalkboard.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)  
Be back here in five, boot.

With that he marches out, taking Shane's gun with him.  
Shane glances at the wall clock. Time's ticking...

INT. PRECINCT LOBBY - DAY

Richard fills a fresh cup from the cooler.

His eyes wander over the fugitives' faces on the Wanted Board.

Middle Eastern countenances predominate. The enigmatic threat of terror demoting child molesters, serial killers and sundry criminals to the foot of the board.

One of the faces momentarily catches Richard's attention; a half-moon scar arcs across the man's cheek.

Richard sips his water and moves on.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom Barnes sits behind a monolithic desk that's witnessed the passing of a dozen predecessors.

He looks up when Sgt. Caulder pokes his head inside the door.

Tom beckons him to a chair.

Caulder enters but doesn't sit.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Problem?

SGT. CAULDER  
I'm trying real hard to picture Gideon solo, with that result.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Maybe what happened before... maybe that taught him what he needed today.

SGT. CAULDER  
(no way)  
Maybe.

A KNOCK at the door.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Come.

A CLERK carries in a clipboard and transcript papers. She hands them to the Captain.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(to Caulder)

I'll get this signed, then we'll talk to Gideon.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY

No sign of Shane. The room's empty.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The nearby briefing room door stands ajar.

The clerk ambles past, heels CLICK-CLACKING down the hall.

Shane's eye appears. He's inside the briefing room, staring through the crack. Watching the Captain's office door.

Tom and Caulder walk out, concluding their discussion.

CAPTAIN BARNES

... what he has to say.

Shane watches them leave. Waits a beat then emerges.

A couple of UNIFORMS standing around at the far end of the corridor -- too busy jawing to notice Shane.

He moves swiftly to the Captain's door. Tries the handle. It's not locked.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Shane steps inside. Hurries over to the massive desk.

Searches the drawers.

Removes the set of keys he finds there -- its a keychain with a laser-pointer and half a dozen keys.

INSERT - A DOOR OPENING...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

... Tom Barnes steps into the room, holding the transcript.

Richard sits quietly. A picture of virtue and patience.

Tom lays the clipboard and a pen on the table.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
If you could make sure it's correct.  
Initial any errors or changes.

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

As Shane nears the door, Officer Watkins strolls toward him.

OFFICER WATKINS  
Yo, Gideon.

Shane offers a nod of acknowledgment. Surprised that Watkins addressed him.

OFFICER WATKINS (CONT'D)  
Heard what went down. That's solid.

SHANE  
Thanks.

Watkins continues past.

Shane takes a breath. Stops outside the evidence room. Then keys the security code.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - UNSECURED AREA - DAY

The lock BUZZES and Shane enters the unoccupied room.

He takes out the stolen key and approaches the inner door.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

12:45pm on the clock.

Richard reads the transcript. He's in no hurry.

Captain Barnes waits patiently.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Shane scours the crammed shelves. Various items with seemingly little connection to any conceivable crime.

A couple of high-end laptops are stacked in one corner. Shane confines his search to this area.

Hard disc drives, sealed in Ziploc bags.

Shane pushes these aside. Snatches down a cardboard box labeled USBs.

He flicks through half a dozen small, clear packets. Inside each is a memory stick.

INT. INDOOR PISTOL RANGE - DAY

Evidence Officer Lynsky holsters her gun. She walks out with the other policewoman, both looking pleased with themselves -- Leaving behind two emasculated paper targets.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Shane snatches a distinctive stick from the box. It's a match for the one Richard gave him -- only this one has a smear of dry blood on the plastic casing.

Shane peels open the bag. Swaps the sticks. Shoves the genuine article in his pocket then returns the box to the shelf.

He turns -- coming face-to-face with the wall of weapons which have been entered into evidence.

A compact Glock catches his eye. But a trigger guard is secured in place rendering this, like the other weapons, worthless.

Shane glances at his watch. Shit!

He hurries. Searches the shelves for something he might use --

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Officer Lynsky strolls down the corridor.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Shane stops abruptly.

He moves to the door. Listens. Then inches it open --

MAHONE (O.S.)

Gideon?

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - UNSECURED AREA - DAY

Mahone's standing there, bagging a knife for evidence. He stares at the door as Shane steps into the room.

MAHONE (CONT'D)

Lynsky back?

(louder)

Hey, Lynsky? We're outta COE's.

No reply.

SHANE

She's not.

MAHONE

So, what're you doing?

SHANE

Cap sent me down to get something.

Shane holds out the Captain's keys as if that's proof.

MAHONE

Yeah? What?

Shane's reply is a second too long in coming.

MAHONE (CONT'D)

Bullshit.

A standoff. The two cops eye-to-eye. Shane running out of time and options.

MAHONE (CONT'D)

What're you doing, Gid --

THWACK!

A roundhouse punch. Shane's fist slams into Mahone's jaw.

Mahone lurches backward... stunned --

Shane swings again. Mahone able to partially block the blow.

The two cops grapple. A down-n-dirty flurry of limbs as Mahone kicks at Shane, and Shane gets in a couple of blows --

OOF!

The air sucked from Shane's lungs as Mahone delivers a sucker punch --

Shane goes down... takes Mahone's legs out from under him --

MAHONE (CONT'D)

(yelling for help)

HEY!

He hits the floor --

Shane's on him. Grabbing the Taser from Mahone's belt.

MAHONE (CONT'D)

HEY --

Shane rolls clear. FIRES.

Ozone crackles. Mahone spasms -- knocking the Taser from Shane's grasp.

Mahone lies motionless. Stunned. Manages a weak groan.

Shane snatches a roll of parcel tape off the workbench.

He unceremoniously wraps the tape tight around Mahone's head. Covering his mouth to shut him up.

Relieving Mahone of his handcuffs, Shane secures the cop's hands. Keeps the second pair. Drags Mahone into,

THE SECURE AREA.

Shane dumps him there. And exits.

HOLD ON MAHONE

His face and ego equally bruised.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - UNSECURED AREA - DAY

Shane locks the inner door just as --

BZZZZZT -- someone unlocks the door from the corridor.

Shoving the Captain's keychain into his pocket, Shane steps to the workbench. Kicks the Taser underneath and out of sight.

Officer Lynsky enters --

Shane drops the knife into an evidence bag, glances casually over his shoulder.

Lynsky eyes his disheveled uniform.

EVIDENCE OFFICER

You all right?

SHANE

I'm fine.

Lynsky steps past him, her keys rattling as she reaches the inner door --

SHANE (CONT'D)

Did Caulder find you?

EVIDENCE OFFICER

What?

SHANE

He came looking for you a minute ago.

EVIDENCE OFFICER

Why?

SHANE

(shrugs, no clue)

You're wanted upstairs. All I know.

Cussing to herself, Lynsky heads back the way she came.

Shane breathes again as the door shuts.

He rips open the bag. Takes the knife.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 1 - DAY

Richard checks the clock. Then skims through the remaining pages of the transcript. Uncaps his pen.

A touch of irritation flickers on Tom Barnes's face.

CAPTAIN BARNES

So long as you're sure it's correct.  
Wouldn't want a mistake to creep in.

Richard looks up.

RICHARD

No mistakes.

He signs on the dotted line with a flourish.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOMS - DAY

Richard steps into the corridor.

Tom accompanies him to the door, carrying the transcript.

CAPTAIN BARNES

You drive safe.

Richard nods, absolutely.

He walks away, seen casually checking his wristwatch.

Tom crosses to Room 2.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Caulder at the desk. His impatience growing.

SGT. CAULDER  
Where the fu--

He sees it's the Captain at the door, not Shane.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Quickening his stride, Shane exits through the double doors to the parking structure. Breaks into a run.

The clock above the door ticks; it's nearly one o'clock.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM 2 - DAY

Captain Barnes lays Richard's transcript on the table.

SGT. CAULDER  
I told him five minutes. I don't  
know, there's something...

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAY

Richard tosses his glasses into a trash can. Jogs down the concrete steps just as Shane's patrol car pulls to the curb.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Richard climbs in and pulls the door shut.

SHANE  
Here. Take it.

He pushes the memory stick into Richard's palm.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Now call.

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAY

Shane's patrol car pulls away from the sidewalk.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

SHANE  
Call!

Richard lets the clock run until Shane backs the fuck down.

RICHARD

A lot of toys in that room. Do I  
have to waste my time searching you?

SHANE

I got what you wanted.

RICHARD

It's appreciated. Now, you can empty  
your pockets, or simply hand it over.  
I'm thinking a .22 snub nose? Is it  
really worth playing games with her  
life?

Shane hands over the knife.

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAY

The knife falls from the car window and into the gutter.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Shane clutches the steering wheel.

It's all he can do to keep them there and not strangle Richard.

SHANE

Will you call?

Richard cuffs Shane to the wheel once more. Dials his cell.

Relief palpable on Shane's face.

RICHARD

(into phone)  
Time for a lesson.

SHANE

What?!

INT. CLOSET - DAY

The SUV driver advances on Alicia.

She struggles. Her eyes beseeching. Desperate for this  
nightmare to end.

The man tugs the ball-gag from her mouth.

He grips her pinkie finger --

Alicia CRIES OUT as he levers it back, hard against the joint.  
The slightest increase in pressure and her finger will break...

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR- DAY

Richard presses the phone to Shane's ear.

... WE HEAR A SNAP!

Alicia's SCREAM goes off the RICHTER SCALE.

SHANE

ALICIA!

He wheels on Richard.

SHANE (CONT'D)

NO! Jesus, you son of a bitch.

Richard regards him. Enigmatic.

A moment, then Alicia's frail, gasping voice is heard.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Shane?

SHANE

Alicia --

ALICIA

Please, do what they say --

CLICK. The line goes dead.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

The ball-gag is wedged harshly back into Alicia's mouth.

Her eyes swim with pain.

The SUV driver exits the room.

As he opens the door, we hear the buzz of a generator and glimpse --

-- inside some kind of factory, illuminated by sparse pools of artificial light.

There's a carbon black HUMVEE parked inside the building.

An original hard-core Hummer not some wanna-be -- in fact it's an ex-military vehicle.

Nearby, a guy with a severe crewcut is field stripping a potent .50 cal rifle. His name's YORK and he's built like a brick shit house.

He glances in Alicia's direction as the closet door swings shut.  
Blows her a kiss.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Shane silent. Impotent.

Richard takes back the phone. Clamshells it shut.

RICHARD  
You cost me five minutes. That's  
something I can not abide and she  
can not afford.

Richard opens the car's laptop -- it's still working, even  
though it's disconnected from the outside world.

He pushes the memory stick into an empty USB port.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Let's see...

The screen blanks to a system window. Cursor flashing:

> NO FILES FOUND

SHANE  
No, that has to be it.

Richard checks his cell phone's display -- on it is a text  
message to access a hidden file.

He types the same message into the computer. Hits *enter*.

A MAP OF THE CITY appears on the monitor.

INSERT LAPTOP

A handful of WAYPOINTS are marked on an east-west route through  
the city.

Shane glances at the display -- only has a scant second before  
Richard blanks the screen and removes the memory stick.

Dials his cell.

RICHARD  
(into phone)  
One o'clock and all's well.

He hangs up.

SHANE

Touch her again, I'll kill you.

RICHARD

I believe you might. Love is a fearsome motivator.

(pause)

Unless you're only the man your fellow officers believe? Did a cold hand grip your gut when you stepped into that alley? Is that why you hesitated?

Shane meets Richard's mocking gaze.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Lucky you had an angel watching over you.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Richard watches Shane snap the cuffs on the manic woman before approaching the alley entrance.

Shane pauses...

From his vantage point, Richard has a limited view of the alley. He sees Ramirez fleeing -- but no sign of the passenger!

EXT. STREET, NEAR ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Richard, carrying the pump-action, races to the alley.

Every action conveys professionalism. His movements like a combat vet not some frightened scribe.

He steps into the alley. Doesn't hesitate.

RACKS THE SHOTGUN.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Richard holds the memory stick.

SHANE

I got what you wanted. Let her go.

RICHARD

I told you, I need your help to deliver this -- take a right on Wicker.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Lynsky glances through the glass partition into Sgt. Caulder's office.

There's no sign of Caulder.

She turns to an officer working nearby.

EVIDENCE OFFICER  
Have you seen the Sarge?

OFFICER  
Try dispatch.

With a frustrated sigh, Lynsky walks off.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Static on the radio, then,

DISPATCH (over radio)  
Adam Two-one.

Shane reaches for the mic.

Richard stops him.

DISPATCH (over radio) (CONT'D)  
Adam Two-one, what's your twenty?  
(pause)  
Two-one?

SHANE  
I don't answer they're going to put  
out a search. Every cop in the city's  
going to be looking for this car.

Richard weighs that.

SGT. CAULDER (over radio)  
Two-one? Respond. Gideon, you read  
this? What d'you think you're --

Richard snaps off the radio.

Shane notices a line of parked vehicles. His mind racing --

Suddenly he floors the gas... swerves toward the parked cars.

Richard's hands fly up instinctively to protect his face --

Shane wrenches the wheel at the last possible instant... sends them skidding sideways into a parked Jaguar.

WHAM!!!!

Richard's side of the car takes the full IMPACT. The door pillar buckles with a horrendous SCREECH.

AIRBAGS POP!

The windshield cracks. Richard's window SHATTERS. Granules of glass shower over him.

The car rocks heavily on its suspension.

RICHARD'S HEAD SLAMS against the damaged door, knocking him unconscious.

SILENCE.

That momentary stillness in the wake of an accident.

Shaken, Shane looks at Richard. Sees the shallow rise and fall of the man's chest. He's still alive.

Shane strains to reach Richard's gun. He tugs hard on the cuffs -- but there's no way he can stretch that far while secured to the wheel.

SHANE

C'mon...

Using his left hand Shane searches Richard's pockets --

-- finds Richard's cell phone.

A beat. Then Shane flips it open.

INSERT - RICHARD'S PHONE

The last number dialed.

Richard groans.

Shane snaps the phone shut. Drops it back into Richard's pocket.

That's when he sees the memory stick, lying on the floor.

EXT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

A concerned SENIOR citizen approaches the crashed car.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Hurrying, Shane shoves the memory stick into the laptop's port and COPIES THE FILE ONTO THE COMPUTER'S HARD DRIVE.

Richard stirs.

SENIOR (O.S.)

Officer?

Shane grips the stick. About to pull it free --

-- but instead, ERASES THE HIDDEN FILE FROM THE MEMORY STICK.

EXT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

SENIOR

Officer? Are you all right?

Shane tosses the memory stick back on the floor.

He faces the old man, while hiding his cuffed wrist so far as possible.

SHANE

You need to move back. Back!

Shane reverses. A painful graunching of metal.

SENIOR

Wait, wait... what about my car?

Only Shane isn't waiting. He drops the shift. Hits the gas.

Leaving the bemused old gent staring at his Jag. His pride and joy. Ruined.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Richard glares at Shane.

He raises his right hand. He's still holding the gun.

He shoves it in Shane's face.

RICHARD

Your JV shit is going to get her killed. There are ways to die... ways you could not conjure from your darkest nightmare working these streets. Try me again and she'll find that death can be a blessed relief.

He catches sight of a street sign ahead.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Do you copy that? Do you?!

His anger burning, Shane acknowledges with a nod.

Richard finally moves the gun away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
We're here.

Shane glances at the sign: COMMONWEALTH HOSPITAL.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - DISPATCH - DAY

RADIO CALLS are heard and answered in the background.

Sgt. Caulder glowers. Hands the mic back to the DISPATCHER.

Captain Tom Barnes is standing near by.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Jack?

SGT. CAULDER  
He's off the grid.

They move to a corner of the room, out of earshot of the dispatchers.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Anyone see him leave?

SGT. CAULDER  
Watkins, maybe ten, fifteen minutes ago.

Evidence Officer Lynsky enters. Sees Captain Barnes and Sgt. Caulder.

She crosses to them.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)  
Yes?

EVIDENCE OFFICER  
You wanted to see me, sir?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

(AERIAL SHOT) -- The bold, black numerals **21** on Shane's patrol car roof.

The car pulls into the hospital parking lot.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING AREA - DAY

Shane parks alongside a van, effectively hiding the patrol car's damaged door.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Richard holsters his gun.

Shane surveys the hospital.

SHANE

Here?

Ignoring him, Richard dials his phone again.

RICHARD

(into phone)

Thirty minutes.

Hanging up he regards Shane as if he's an errant child.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You understand what happens if I don't call back in time.

SHANE

I understand.

RICHARD

Good. We walk inside. Find Palmer --

Shane reacts to the name.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

-- and make the delivery. Simple, so long as you keep your mind right and let clear heads prevail.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

Shane approaches the desk. Struggles to keep the strain of events from showing on his face.

A RECEPTIONIST looks up. Offers a pretty smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you, officer?

SHANE

I'm looking for Michael Palmer.

She checks the computer.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Richard searches the shelves. Takes a couple of ampules off a shelf. Pockets them together with a hypodermic syringe.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

The Receptionist reads off the computer.

RECEPTIONIST  
Three-oh-seven.

SHANE  
Thanks.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY

Shane marches across the lobby to a waiting elevator.

ELEVATOR

Richard's inside, holding the door.

Shane enters.

SHANE  
Three.

Shane and Richard stand apart as the elevator ascends.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
What's Palmer have to do with this?

Richard doesn't answer.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
You shoot him?

PING. The doors glide open.

RICHARD  
If I had, he'd be dead.

INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Exiting the elevator, they walk down the corridor to a 'T' junction.

Richard signals Shane to halt.

RICHARD'S P.O.V - CORRIDOR

TWO POLICE OFFICERS stand a loose watch outside 307.

A FEMALE SERGEANT in her 30's, ELSEN.

The other cop is Officer Cortez. He's flirting with her good-naturedly.

SERGEANT ELSEN  
Cortez. I'm good.

CORTEZ  
Sarge...

His boyish grin wins.

SERGEANT ELSEN  
Cream, no sugar.

Pleased as punch, Cortez sets off, walking away from us.

SCENE

Richard eases back.

RICHARD  
You need to talk us inside that room.

SHANE  
How?

RICHARD  
Use your charm.

Shane puts out his hand.

SHANE  
I'll give it to Palmer.

RICHARD  
It doesn't work like that. Just get her out of my way. Tick-tock.

Indecision reflects in Shane's eyes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You're already in... you stepped through the looking glass the moment we walked in the precinct and you said nothing.  
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(pause)

Only way is to play to the end.

CUT TO:

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Lying on the floor, Mahone's eyes bulge with fury.

He's about to kick at the door, when he hears it unlock.

It swings opens --

Lynsky and her superiors stare down at Mahone.

SGT. CAULDER

The hell?

He yanks the adhesive tape from Mahone's mouth; with an eye-watering RRRRIP.

MAHONE

Gideon. I caught him in here. Hit me when I wasn't looking.

Caulder looks to the Captain.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Put out a citywide on Two-one.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PALMER'S ROOM - DAY

Elsen sees Shane the moment he enters the corridor.

SERGEANT ELSEN

Shane?

He waves a pleasant salute.

SERGEANT ELSEN (CONT'D)

Whatch'a doing here?

SHANE

Captain sent me. I need to talk to Palmer.

SERGEANT ELSEN

He's still out. Why? What's going on?

She glances down the corridor. Sees a DOCTOR ambling toward them, head bowed, reviewing a patient's chart.

SHANE

Told me to be here when he wakes up.

The doctor walks past.

ELSEN

I don't --

Shane turns slightly -- sees it's Richard wearing a white physician's coat. Carrying a patient's clipboard --

-- a flash of metal glimpsed beneath the chart.

Everything happens in a blur.

Richard's clipboard falling... his gun held waist high...

Elsen oblivious to the danger behind her.

Shane grabs her... hurls her clear of the line of fire.

Elsen's face HITS the wall... blood explodes from her broken nose... her head jolts back... her knees buckle... she collapses to the floor...

INT. SIDE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Carrying the coffees, Cortez strolls toward the main corridor. His two-way CRACKLES, then,

DISPATCH (over radio)

All units advise, BOLO --

INT. OUTSIDE PALMER'S ROOM - DAY

The message continues, heard over Elsen's radio,

DISPATCH (over radio)

-- Officer Shane Gideon. Detain and --

Cortez steps into the corridor --

CORTEZ

Hey!

Richard pivots toward the new threat.

SHANE

**NO!!**

Cortez drops both cups... goes for his gun... knows he's too late.

Coffee showers the floor... the cups bouncing...

RICHARD FIRES.

A DIME-SIZE HOLE BLOOMS IN CORTEZ'S FOREHEAD.

Cortez sails backward --

-- dead before his head SMACKS the tile floor with the SICKENING CRACK OF BONE.

Shane races to the fallen Officer.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Cortez! Cortez...

Behind him, Richard kicks open the door to Palmer's room.

INT. PALMER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Palmer, comatose, cocooned by wires.

Richard rips the IV from Palmer's wrist... pulls the loaded syringe from his pocket... shoots adrenaline directly into Palmer's heart.

The monitor accelerates.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PALMER'S ROOM

Shane. Helpless. Nothing he can do for Cortez.

CONCERNED SHOUTS from a side corridor.

Shane twists around. Launches toward room 307 --

INT. PALMER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Palmer's on the verge of consciousness. His heart rate ratcheting higher. An electronic alarm SQUEALS.

Richard leans close.

RICHARD  
"Always Faithful."

There's a tattoo on Palmer's arm. Eagle and Globe. The words, *Semper Fi*.

Palmer, barely able to register what's happening.

Richard slaps him awake --

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Who knows about Clayton? Who'd you  
tell --

Shane runs into the room. Charges at Richard.

Richard moves. A fluid blur of instinct and training. Puts  
Shane down hard and fast.

Shane on the floor. Dazed --

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
(to Palmer)  
You betrayed your own.

BLAM!

A GUNSHOT RIPS THE AIR in the confined space.

PANICKED YELLS in the corridor. A RUSH OF FLEEING FOOTSTEPS.

Blood soaks Palmer's pillow. His EKG FLATLINES.

Richard's already turning. Aiming at Shane. Finger on the  
trigger --

**CLACK.**

Surprise registers on Richard's face as --

Shane snaps a handcuff around Richard's wrist. Shane's already  
wearing the other cuff -- manacling the two men together.

A feral growl escapes Richard's lips.

His gun presses into the soft tissue under Shane's chin.

Shane doesn't blink. Doesn't say a word. Stalemate.

Richard shoves Shane across the room. Slams him against the  
doorframe.

Richard FIRES BLIND into the corridor. His gun instantly re-  
trained on Shane.

MORE SCREAMS and COMMOTION O.S.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PALMER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Keeping his gun on Shane, Richard advances down the corridor.  
Walks past Elsen.

Shane can't help but stare at Cortez. The crimson puddle around  
his head spreading ever wider.

Then Shane notices *something* --

He steps in Cortez's blood. Slips.

RICHARD

Up!

Shane puts down a hand as if to prevent his fall, but we see  
him palm Cortez's cell phone.

Richard hauls Shane back to his feet.

He propels Shane toward a stairwell EXIT.

They push through the door. It glides shut in their wake.

Moments later an anxious hospital SECURITY GUARD pokes his  
head into the corridor --

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus.

The guard stares in shock at the two cops on the floor.

A DOCTOR pushes past. Hurries to Elsen's aid.

The guard eyes the emergency exit. Then tugs his two-way radio  
from his belt.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Handcuffed together, Shane and Richard race down the steps.

They reach the landing.

Richard's self-control snaps --

He hurls Shane up against the wall. Presses the gun to Shane's  
temple. His hand shakes with fury.

RICHARD

You just put a bullet in her head,  
you stupid prick. You want to see  
what a hollow-point does to her face?  
Do you?!

SHANE

You would've killed her --

Richard drills a punch into Shane's gut. Shoves his gun in his waistband. Pulls out the key he used earlier on Shane's cuffs.

As Shane sucks air, Richard inserts the key into the cuff's lock...

... only the key doesn't work. Not on these cuffs.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Not.. mine.

Above them, the stairwell door opens.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

An emergency exit flies open. Richard and Shane charge outside.

SIRENS CLAMOR.

Police cars converge from every direction.

Shane and Richard race toward,

SHANE'S PATROL CAR

A moment's confusion as they're forced to clamber in one after the other through the driver's door.

Shane starts the engine... drops the shifter, Richard's hand mimicking the action... floors the gas.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Black & whites SCREECH to a halt.

Officers bail out and tool up.

Panicked staff and patients flee the building as a swarm of blue uniforms floods inside.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Shane's patrol car cuts across town.

INT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Sgt. Elsen lies on a stretcher. The doctor treating her.

Her face is swollen as if she just went ten rounds.

Elsen's eyes open. Her voice rasps.

SERGEANT ELSEN

Cortez?

She tries to see, but the doctor blocks her view.

Sgt. Caulder marches down the corridor flanked by uniformed officers.

On-lookers part.

Caulder reaches the slain officer. Someone has covered Cortez.

He lifts the bloody sheet.

A rich burgundy halo surrounds the dead officer's head.

An ugly hole stares back at Caulder like a vacant third eye.

He lets the sheet fall with a wet slap. Moves to the stretcher.

DOCTOR

She shouldn't...

Caulder brushes past.

SGT. CAULDER

What happened? Elsen?

She struggles to focus.

SERGEANT ELSEN

... it was Shane.

Sgt. Caulder looks down at Cortez. Then back at Elsen.

SGT. CAULDER

Gideon did this?

A pained nod, yes.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)

Alone?

SERGEANT ELSEN

Yes.

DOCTOR

We have to move her --

Caulder grabs the stretcher. Stops it going anywhere.

SGT. CAULDER  
(to Elsen)  
No doubt?

A beat, then Elsen shakes her head; no doubt.

Sgt. Caulder's grip falls away. His hand hangs limp. Can't believe it.

A long beat, then he takes out his phone. Moves away from the crowd. Away from the cops. Dials.

It feels like a lifetime before the call's answered.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Cap. You need to get down here.

He stares at the activity outside room 307. Homicide and CSI.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - DAY

They're monitoring the POLICE BAND. Unit Two-one on every cop's radar.

Richard takes out his cell.

SHANE  
I told you, I don't have the key. I  
don't have it --

He's interrupted by a LOW, POUNDING THROB.

The sound REVERBERATES through the car.

A POLICE HELICOPTER overflies the street.

RICHARD  
In there. Go!

Off his look:

EXT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large building resembling an old, metal-clad aircraft hangar.

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Shane speeds through an open delivery door,

INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

-- into the cavernous space.

He slams on the brakes.

The concrete floor is cracked and caked with grime. Patches of the corrugated siding are peeled away like flesh off a carcass. Holes in the roof where sunlight leaks through.

The THUNDEROUS STROP of the helicopter fills the building.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Shane and Richard watch its shadow pass overhead like a massive hawk circling its prey.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sgt. Caulder walks outside.

Myriad red and blue lights strobe. Police are everywhere.

A large, black van rolls into the lot. SWAT's arrived.

A command car overtakes the van. SCREECHES to a stop only yards from Caulder.

Tom Barnes throws open his door. Marches forth.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Jack?

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Richard leads Shane around to the trunk and pops the lid.

There's a tool kit inside.

Richard opens it. Finds a small screwdriver. Probes the handcuff lock with it.

SHANE

Won't work. It's a double pawl.

SNAP. The screwdriver jerks free, the tip broken.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I told you --

Richard spins on Shane --

-- stabs the screwdriver into the meat of Shane's shoulder.

ONCE... TWICE...

The tool laced with blood.

Shane yells... tries to raise his cuffed hand to ward off another blow. But Richard savagely drives the screwdriver in again.

TWISTS THE BLADE DEEPER INTO SHANE'S FLESH.

Shane reels against the fender. His sleeve glistens with blood.

Richard hurls the useless tool into the trunk.

He takes a breath. Regains a measure of self-control.

RICHARD

When I want your advice, I'll ask.

The faint RUMBLE is heard again. The chopper's still out there. Still hunting.

Richard scours the trunk. Thinking. He reaches in...

... pulls out the roll of black duct tape.

EXT. ABOVE THE CITY - DAY

The police helicopter executes a search pattern.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The PILOT levels the cyclic control stick.

The SPOTTER beside him checks the video feed showing the streets directly below.

He adjusts the controls. ZOOMING and PANNING the eye-in-the-sky.

SPOTTER

(into radio mic)

... we're negative on Adam Two-one.  
Moving to sector seven.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Air Three-nine.

EXT. ABOVE THE CITY - DAY

The helo banks, turning east. Departing the warehouse district.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The LOUD THROB of rotor-blades returns -- only now the sound belongs to a NEWS HELICOPTER hovering over the hospital.

Tom and Caulder talk over the noise.

SGT. CAULDER  
... Elsen gave us a positive. There's  
no doubt here.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Why would Gideon do this? What's  
his connection to Palmer?

Caulder shakes his head. No clue.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)  
We're talking about Frank's son.

A NEWS TRUCK pulls into the lot.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)  
I want him brought in, Jack. Safe.

Beat.

SGT. CAULDER  
Yes, sir.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Richard tears off an eighteen-inch strip of black tape.

He's standing on the door sill. He leans over the car's roof. Shane has no choice but to move with him. Wincing as he bumps his wounded shoulder.

Now we see what Richard's doing. He's already stuck one strip of tape on the roof --

He's changing the car's number; from 21 to **27**.

He sticks the second piece in place.

Good enough.

He steps down. Regards the damn handcuffs...

RICHARD  
Drive.

He yanks on the cuffs, sends Shane stumbling into the car again.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Shane's patrol car emerges from the dilapidated building.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Paralleling an elevated freeway.

RICHARD  
Get on the freeway.

EXT. CITY STREET / FREEWAY - DAY

Shane takes the on-ramp, joins the onslaught of traffic clogging the lanes.

EXT. ABOVE THE CITY - DAY

The police chopper passes high over the mid-rise rooftops.

In the distance, a fender-bender on the freeway is causing a major backup --

EXT. SHANE'S CAR - DAY

The very same traffic which forces Shane to a crawl.

INT. SHANE'S CAR - DAY

Shane's left hand drifts slowly from the wheel. Slips into his pocket.

INSIDE SHANE'S POCKET -

The cool glow of Cortez's cell phone as Shane feels the keypad. Dials 9... 1... 1...

Meanwhile, Richard flips opens his phone.

SHANE  
I said I'll take you where you want.

Shane removes his hand from his pocket.

RICHARD  
I know you will.  
(into phone)  
One hour.

He hangs up.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Tick-tock, motherfucker.

Shane glances at the dashboard clock. It's just after 5pm.

SHANE  
Where are we going?

RICHARD  
East.

That's the only information Shane's getting.

INT. EMERGENCY CALL CENTER - DAY

Decade-old decor. Half a dozen terminals and 911 OPERATORS.

911 OPERATOR  
... I can't hear you, sir?

She checks the number on the call screen.

911 OPERATOR (CONT'D)  
Officer Cortez?

She strains to hear more.

RED FLAGS the system --

INT. SHANE'S CAR - DAY

Traffic continues to crawl.

SHANE  
You want me to exit at Rockwell?

RICHARD  
What?

SHANE  
Rockwell Street. It was on your map --

RICHARD  
I want you to shut up.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Captain Barnes' phone RINGS.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
(on phone)  
Barnes.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)  
 (listens)  
 When did it come in?  
 (pause)  
 No, just play the tape.

INT. EMERGENCY CALL CENTER - DAY

The 911 operator keys up the digital recording on the computer.

SHANE'S MUFFLED VOICE  
 ... exit at Rock...

Richard's reply is unintelligible.

INTERCUT WITH CAPTAIN BARNES' REACTION.

SHANE'S MUFFLED VOICE  
 ...on... map...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 (into phone)  
 Stay on it, I want to know exactly  
 what he said.

As he speaks, the Captain gazes up at a security camera mounted high above the parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL SECURITY OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Lit only by a MONITOR SCREEN replaying time-coded footage from that same camera.

The security guard operates the equipment as Tom peers over the man's shoulder.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 No cameras inside the hospital?

SECURITY GUARD  
 No, sir. Patients' privacy, we had  
 to take 'em out.

A ROTATING OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE PARKING LOT -

Shane's patrol car seen pulling in and parking, partially obscured by the van.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 What's he waiting for?

Shane's door can be seen, but he's not getting out --

-- until the camera's POV arcs past.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

Damn it.

The guard fast-forwards the tape. An ambulance zips away at 4x speed.

By the time the camera sweeps back to Shane's vehicle it's empty.

SECURITY GUARD

We don't see him again till he comes out.

He accelerates through the recording. Returns to normal speed as Shane appears on foot -- dragging some *doctor* toward the police car.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Who's with him?

The doctor's looking down at the ground. Holding onto Shane or vice versa. From this angle it's hard to tell that they're cuffed together.

SECURITY GUARD

Um, some sorta hostage?

Tom peers at the stranger.

CAPTAIN BARNES

You have anyone unaccounted for? A doctor? Maybe an orderly?

SECURITY GUARD

(no clue)  
We're checking.

The *doctor* and Shane both move around the car to the driver's side --

CAPTAIN BARNES

What're they doing now?

-- but the camera rotates, and the car again slides from frame.

The guard stops the recording.

SECURITY GUARD

That's all we got.

Sgt. Caulder steps forward.

SGT. CAULDER

That's enough.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Shane's patrol car inches forward. Hemmed in by the EASTBOUND quagmire.

The helicopter returns. Hovers above the freeway only a mile ahead.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The spotter pans the eye-in-the-sky, right then left.

Spies a black & white traveling west.

He zooms in for a closer look; it's car 27.

The pilot banks, circling over the lanes stalled by the accident.

There's another patrol car down there --

The spotter adjusts the controls.

SPOTTER

Whoa.

PILOT

What we got?

The spotter tightens focus on the black and white mired in the eastbound traffic.

SPOTTER

Son of a bitch.

Looking straight down it's impossible to see the damage to the passenger side, but we can clearly see --

-- the number on the car's roof; 27.

INT. SHANE'S CAR - DAY

Richard stares up at the helicopter.

RICHARD

Get us out of here.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

Shane's car and the genuine 27 are directly below, actually passing one another, heading in opposite directions.

SPOTTER  
 (into radio mic)  
 Air Three-niner, dispatch.

DISPATCH (over radio)  
 Three-nine.

SPOTTER  
 I need a twenty on Adam Two-seven.

A beat.

DISPATCH (over radio)  
 Two-seven, on the 14... westbound.

On the video display; a target reticle moves over Shane's eastbound patrol car.

Flashes; LOCK ON.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shane's car pulls around a city bus. Accelerates onto the shoulder -- lightbar flashing.

SPOTTER (O.S.)  
 (into mic)  
 Suspect vehicle in sight...

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The pilot tracking the car below.

SPOTTER  
 ... eastbound 14. He's gone code 3.  
 Exiting at Hoover.

Shane speeds off the freeway at the next ramp. Disappears under a raised section of freeway.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 All units...

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING AREA - DAY

Captain Barnes and Sgt. Caulder hustle across the pavement to where Caulder's parked.

The Captain arrives out of breath, face florid, speaking into his radio at a mile a minute.

CAPTAIN BARNES

(into mic)

I want that area locked down. He  
does not get back on the freeway.  
He goes nowhere.

Caulder fires up the car as Tom jumps in.

They race out of there like shit off a shovel.

Followed by a squad of black & whites.

EXT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

The helo banks, searching for any sign of Shane.

UNDER THE FREEWAY

Shane nails the gas to the floor. Kills the rooflights.

CITY STREET

A pair of patrol cars tear from a cross street to give pursuit.

SHANE'S CAR

Richard twists around in his seat.

Sees the two police cruisers only a few cars behind them.

RICHARD

Lose them!

Shane swerves around a slow moving truck... nearly takes out a  
motorcycle.

ABOVE THE FREEWAY

The helicopter weaves over the raised section, unable to descend  
low enough to see beneath the concrete overpass.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

Shane's car glimpsed when he's forced wide, onto a strip of  
wasteland --

-- disappears again the next second,

BACK UNDER THE FREEWAY

A long stretch of broken blacktop.

Shane swerves in and out of traffic.

Steers frantically. Hampered by being cuffed to Richard and the injury to his shoulder.

Suddenly, a car THUMPING BASS pulls in front of them. The driver oblivious.

Shane hauls on the wheel. Tires scrabbling for grip... but not finding any --

He T-bones the car.

SLAMS the vehicle into a reinforced concrete support.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

The laminated windshield spiderwebs.

Steam billows from the ruptured engine.

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - DAY

The vehicles behind; SKIDDING, SWERVING, HORNS BLARING --

Somehow managing to avoid piling into each other. Blocking the road like a steel dam.

POLICE OFFICERS, forced to abandon their cars, race forward on foot. Shouting at people to stay in their vehicles.

It's mayhem.

Sgt. Caulder bails out. Charges into the melee.

Tom Barnes steps out. Can't believe the devastation Shane has wrought.

INT. SHANE'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Shane's eyes are closed. He moans as if groggy from the impact.

Only he's faking it. He surreptitiously dips his free hand into his pocket.

Richard tries to open his mangled door. Not happening.

RICHARD

Hey!

Shane opens his eyes. Groans again.

Richard kicks at the shattered windshield.

Shane pulls out Cortez's phone. Keeps it hidden from Richard's sight. Has only a moment to type something.

Richard kicks out the glass.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Out!

He drags Shane with him. The two men clambering across the buckled hood.

The dazed driver of the wrecked car looks at them, dumbfounded.

WE HOLD ON THE PATROL CAR'S LAPTOP FOR A BEAT.

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - DAY

Richard and Shane climb over the knee-high median barrier.

Looky-loo traffic is at a standstill on this side of the road.

Richard glances around -- for the first time he doesn't appear sure of his next move.

He tugs on the cuffs.

RICHARD

Move.

They cut between the stationary cars --

Then take off down an embankment.

SGT. CAULDER

reaches Shane's abandoned car.

He looks around. Regards the stalled traffic beyond the median.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Outdated shops and failing businesses line the street.

A pizza delivery BOY leaves his ancient Honda Civic running and trots toward the pizza parlor.

Shane and Richard round the corner as the kid disappears inside.

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - DAY

Sgt. Caulder stands at the top of the embankment. Scopes out the streets below.

There's no sign of Gideon.

He sets off down the slope --

INT. SHANE'S CAR - DAY

A COP checks inside the wrecked patrol car.

Finds a cell phone on the driver's seat. Its display glowing.

EXT. SHANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom Barnes arrives as the cop exits the vehicle with the phone.

COP

Sir -- a message on here.

CAPTAIN BARNES

What's it say?

INSERT CELL PHONE with an unsent text message: **"11-99"**

COP (O.S.)

Officer needs assistance.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Pizza Boy steps out, arms laden with boxes, only to find his car gone.

He looks up and down the street. Can't believe it. Who'd steal that junker?

A moment later, Sgt. Caulder hurries around the end of the block.

PIZZA BOY

Hey, hey!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - DUSK

Long shadows of buildings shroud the streets.

A police cruiser passes by and we overhear the radio chatter,

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
... all units... blue Honda Civic.  
License...

EXT. STRIP MALL - DUSK

The stolen Honda pulls into the lot. Passes a ubiquitous Starbucks and KFC. Parks near a hardware store.

INT. STOLEN HONDA - DAY

Richard regards the handcuffs.

SHANE  
Need a locksmith to spring --

RICHARD  
They can drill it.

SHANE  
And ask questions.

Richard lifts the gun from his lap.

RICHARD  
Yeah? Here's the answer.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK

They march into the store.

Shane searching for a way out of this...

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK

The aisles are quiet.

SALES ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
We're closing --

A SALES ASSISTANT in a quaint red vest, and a quainter 'CAN I HELP U?' pin, appears.

SALES ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Oh. You need somethin', officer?

In reply, Shane raises his chained hand.

The assistant raises his eyebrows. You gotta be kidding me.

SHANE  
Double pawl lock.  
(re: Richard)  
And this jerk swallowed the key.

The assistant appraises Richard uncertainly.

Richard smiles. His free hand remains hidden behind his back.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
I can't walk in the station like  
this. Think you can do something?

SALES ASSISTANT  
I can try.

Shane and Richard follow the helpful lad down the aisle.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

The police cruiser we just saw swings into the parking lot.

Prowls along an aisle of parked cars.

AN EAR-PIERCING SCREECH OVERLAPS --

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK

-- it's the sound of a bench DRILL armed with a diamond-tip.

The assistant turns the guide wheel and the drill inches toward the handcuff lock.

Richard and Shane stand on opposite sides of the drill.  
Motionless. Like gunfighters at the corral.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DUSK

The police cruiser turns onto the next aisle --

Only a matter of seconds before the officer spots the stolen Honda parked a dozen cars away.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK

THE DRILL WHIRS, biting into metal.

Outside the window -- the police cruiser appears.

Off the assistant's reaction; Richard glances around --

CRACK!

The lock breaks apart --

Richard yanks his hand free... brings his gun arcing up.

The assistant squeals.

Shane knocks the weapon aside as Richard pulls the trigger.

BLAM!

THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW at the front of the store EXPLODES.

The cruiser brakes sharply.

SHANE

RUN!

He grabs the assistant, shoves him down an aisle --

Richard levels his gun at the police car. Squeezes off a round as the cop's door flies open --

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

-- the officer spasms as if hit by 10,000 volts. Arterial blood spurts from his torn neck.

He collapses across the front seats, groping weakly for his radio.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK

Richard pivots. Aiming for Shane --

But Shane and the assistant reach the far end of the aisle.

Gone before Richard has a chance to shoot.

STOREROOM DOOR

Shane grabs the handle --

-- IT'S LOCKED.

The sales assistant fumbles the keys from his pocket, all fingers and thumbs.

SHANE

Come on, come on...

Shane checks over his shoulder.

They're running out of time.

The assistant drops the keys.

AISLE

Richard nears the end of the aisle. His gun rock steady.

He checks the reflections in a glass display cabinet ahead.  
No one's lying in ambush.

He pivots right --

-- just as Shane drags the assistant inside the storeroom and  
slams the door.

Richard FIRES. BLAM!

Shane's really pissing him off.

INT. STOREROOM - DUSK

BLAM!

A second shot tears through the wood. Misses Shane and the  
assistant by inches.

Shane grabs hold of a stacked shelf.

Levers it away from the wall -- brings it CRASHING down.  
Slanted. Blocking the door.

SHANE

Move!

He propels the assistant forward.

They race toward the exit. Shane grabs a screwdriver off a  
shelf. Keeps running.

EXT. REAR OF STORE - DUSK

SIRENS. Speeding this way.

The rear door crashes open.

The assistant flees in the opposite direction to Shane.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DUSK

Richard steps through the broken window. Shoes crunching glass.

His cool demeanor equally shattered.

Shoppers run for cover as he waves the gun in their direction.  
FIRES A COUPLE OF SHOTS TO ADD TO THE MADNESS.

COP CARS SCREAM toward the mall.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

His strength waning, the injured officer struggles to draw his service weapon.

A shadow looms over him. He looks up --

-- the FLASH from RICHARD'S GUN the last thing he sees.

Richard drags the dead cop out of his way.

EXT. STRIP MALL, DELIVERY ALLEY - DUSK

Shane sprints down the alley.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING) - DUSK

Richard driving.

The sales assistant steps from the behind the last building --  
into Richard's path.

The assistant waves his hands frantically. Too late he realizes his mistake.

ON RICHARD

AN ENIGMATIC THUD.

Richard never lifts off the gas. Never even blinks.

EXT. DELIVERY ALLEY - DUSK

Shane running. Breath ragged.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

PEDESTRIANS -- transfixed by the spectacle as police cars tear into the strip mall.

Shane emerges from the alley.

SHANE

Sir.

He startles a business EXEC. The man turns abruptly.

EXEC  
What --

SHANE  
I need your phone.

EXEC  
... course. Yes.

He hands over his iPhone. Expecting Shane to dial.

Instead, Shane marches into the street, where the cars have pulled to the curbside in response to the emergency vehicles.

He moves to the door of a Buick with only one occupant.

SHANE  
Ma'am...

CUT TO:

INT. BUICK (MOVING) - DUSK

Shane dials the phone. Drives one-handed.

SHANE (on phone)  
This is Gideon --

Silence. But someone's listening.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
I've got the information you want.

SUV DRIVER (O.S.)  
Is that right?

SHANE  
The map. The only way you get it is if you deal with me. And you don't hurt her again.

Beat.

SUV DRIVER (O.S.)  
Five minutes.

The line clicks dead.

Shane's hand tremors as he hangs up. He's about to place the phone on the dash, but studies its display.

He eases to the side of the road.

INSERT PHONE DISPLAY

Shane taps the web browser icon.

Googles a name... **MICHAEL PALMER** <

Then adds... **MARINE CORPS** <

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DUSK

The SUV driver makes a call.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Kent?

SUV DRIVER / KENT (on phone)

We may have an issue, sir.

INT. BUICK - DUSK

Shane studies the iPhone.

ON ITS DISPLAY - pictures of Michael Palmer:

A headshot taken five or six years ago. He's in his 20's, Dressed in desert cammo gear, posed with a small group of gung-ho Force Recon Marines. All grins and guns.

A caption beneath their photo reveals their unit was the first to infiltrate Iraq.

Standing shoulder-to-shoulder with Palmer is a man we know as Richard Somerset -- who is identified here as 'R. Caine'.

There are three other soldiers in the picture, including the driver of the SUV, Kent, and the big crewcut, York.

Shane moves to the next web page -- a news report, headlined:

*ELITE RECON FORCE SECURES TIKRIT*

A brief CNN video from an entrenched reporter.

CNN REPORTER

... utilizing shock troop tactics, this Baathist stronghold was taken in less than 48 hours. Another victory for Colonel Warren Clayton who lead his Marine...

Shane scans the related news articles --

He finds a thread which mentions the name Clayton.

He opens a more recent BBC WORLDSERVICE REPORT --

PICTURES OF COLONEL CLAYTON, are followed by stock footage of a bombed-out city in Iraq.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)  
Colonel Clayton becomes the highest ranking commander detained by Iraqi authorities. His arrest follows the raid by US forces on a house believed to be an insurgent front. A raid which resulted in six civilian casualties...

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY AIRBASE - NIGHT

BBC REPORTER (OVERLAPS)  
... and the alleged disappearance of over thirty million dollars...

A C-130 cargo plane sits on the apron. The rear deployment ramp already lowered.

A hive of activity surrounds the aircraft.

SOLDIERS off-load the freight, under the capable direction of a FIRST LIEUTENANT. They carry packages to a waiting Armored Personnel Carrier (APC).

EXT. APC - NIGHT

Soldiers carry the packages to the rear of the APC. Handing them through the hatchway to the men inside.

INT. REAR OF APC - CONTINUOUS

TWO PFC's, KELSO and PEARCE, stack it along one wall in the confined space usually reserved for troops and REVEAL --

The packages contain crisp, uncirculated \$100 bills. A fortune.

PFC KELSO  
If I'd ever found anything like this,  
I'd'a kept my mouth shut.

The LT. appears at the hatchway.

LT.  
Stow that, Kelso.

PFC KELSO

Sir.

The LT. checks the last of the money as it's loaded inside.

EXT. APC - NIGHT

He makes a notation on his clip board, then his gaze shifts to the plane as a figure appears at the top of the ramp --

INT. C-130 AIRCRAFT - RAMP - NIGHT

TIGHT ON THE FACE OF COLONEL CLAYTON as he steps into the light.

A warrior's face. Battle-scarred. The blood of a Spartan in this man's veins.

With his back to us, Col. Clayton marches down the ramp and crosses the tarmac to the waiting APC.

INT. REAR OF APC - NIGHT

PFC Kelso glances up as the Colonel appears at the hatch.

EXT. APC - CONTINUOUS

The LT. walks around the rugged six-wheeled vehicle to the cab. Opens the passenger door.

INT. APC FRONT CAB - NIGHT

The APC DRIVER glances questioningly as the LT. climbs inside.

LT.

*(we're on the move)*

We're Oscar Mike.

He accesses the vehicle's GPS.

Their planned route through the city appears on the display.

The exact same route we saw earlier.

INT. REAR OF APC - NIGHT

PFC Kelso secures the rear hatch as the vehicle rumbles to life.

He takes his seat and regards the Colonel for a moment.

Col. Clayton says nothing. Deflects Kelso's inquisitive glance with silent authority. With eyes which chill you to the quick.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Ancient hurricane fencing. In places the supporting poles are buckled and bent.

Car headlights outline the building as a solitary vehicle approaches.

EXT. REAR OF FACTORY - NIGHT

No lights outside the foreboding building. The place appears deserted.

The car pulls around back... it's a police cruiser.

York stands hidden in the the shadows. He unloops the semi-automatic from his shoulder. Aims directly at the patrol car as it pulls to a stop.

The door opens and Richard climbs out.

York lowers his weapon and steps from the alcove.

Richard strides toward him. A nod of acknowledgement.

RICHARD  
Specialist.

SPECIALIST YORK  
Sir.

Richard glances at the night sky. Moon and stars shine bright.

RICHARD  
To view the cheerful skies; in this,  
the task and mighty labor fucking  
lies.

York stares at him; WTF?

Richard touches his cheek, then peels away his fake beard. A long-healed scar is faintly visible.

As he walks, he pops out a pair of contact lenses; his eyes no longer brown... they're now ice blue.

He pulls the memory stick from his pocket.

The expression on his face as lethal as a viper.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Where's Dorsett?

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Another of Richard's men, DORSETT, is busy loading supplies into the Hummer. (He's the last man in that picture we saw).

There's enough firepower here to wage a small war.

Richard strides past long dead machines illuminated by pools of light from the worklamps. Narrow windows near the exposed ceiling are blacked-out.

York hurries to keep pace.

RICHARD  
(to York)  
Tell Kent to get the girl.  
(louder)  
Dorsett.

Dorsett steps from behind the vehicle.

Richard tosses him the memory stick.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Check it.

Dorsett moves to a ruggedized laptop sitting atop a trestle table among an assortment of grenades and flashbangs.

He slides the memory stick into the USB slot.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Kent pulls a switch-blade from his pocket.

Alicia flinches as the knife slices her bonds.

His rough hands grip her bare arms. Lifting her bodily from the chair.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Kent leads Alicia toward Richard.

Alicia struggles, wincing as Kent's crushing grasp intensifies.

Dorsett stands over the laptop...

DORSETT  
We're SOL. File's not here, sir.

Richard's penetrating glare focuses on Alicia. The fight ebbs from her body.

RICHARD  
Do you truly believe he loves you?

INT. BUICK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The phone sitting on the dashboard RINGS.

INTERCUT WITH RICHARD AS NEEDED --

RICHARD  
Gideon.

SHANE  
Let me speak to Alicia.

Richard holds the phone up as Kent brusquely yanks the gag from Alicia's mouth.

ALICIA  
... Shane... God, Shane, what's --

SHANE  
Alicia. Are you okay?

But Alicia can't answer --

Kent forces the gag back into her mouth.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
Alicia?! I said I want to speak to her.

RICHARD  
I don't give a shit what you want.  
I'll carve her eyes out and leave her crawling on the floor.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

Shane slows as he drives alongside a chain-link fence --

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Do you hear me? Now, where's my goddamn file?

SHANE  
Safe.

-- and now we see where Shane is,

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND YARD - NIGHT

The Buick passes the yard and turns down an unlit side street.  
Brake lights flare and go dark as the car pulls to stop.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

RICHARD (on phone)  
... the boatyard.

SHANE (O.S.)  
I know it.

RICHARD (on phone)  
Pier 6. Twenty minutes.

He breaks connection. Turns to Kent.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Put her in the back.

Kent leads Alicia over to the gray Suburban.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Ready up.

Dorsett picks up the laptop.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
We secure that data. And find out  
if he's spoken to anyone.

The Suburban's tailgate slams shut.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Then kill them.

He gears up. Puts on a spare headset and throat mic.

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND YARD - NIGHT

Floodlights beam down on rows of sequestered vehicles.

Among the civilian cars and SUVs, there's one police unit.  
The side and front smashed like the aftermath of a Demolition  
Derby.

Movement -- Shane edges along a line of cars.

He skirts a double-wide portable which serves as the yard's office. A GUARD visible through the window.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The guard kicks back in his chair. Picks up a skin magazine.

INT. SHANE'S DAMAGED PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Shane slides in through the window. Drops into the passenger seat.

He reaches outside and angles the cracked mirror so he can see the office.

The laptop computer is secured to a stand. Two clamps locking it in place.

Shane unscrews the first clamp.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The guard tosses the magazine on the desk.

INT. SHANE'S DAMAGED PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Shane finishes removing the clamps.

Checks the side mirror. The office door's still shut.

He switches on the laptop.

Ignoring the NETWORK CONNECTION LOST message which appears, he opens the hidden file.

THE MAP appears on screen.

Shane's attention remains focused on the laptop, so he doesn't see a swatch of light in the side mirror as the office door opens. The guard momentarily silhouetted.

EXT. IMPOUND YARD - NIGHT

The guard plods along a row of vehicles.

INT. SHANE'S DAMAGED PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Shane studies the route. Multiple waypoints which connect a remote airfield to a location on the opposite side of the city.

EXT. IMPOUND YARD - NIGHT

The guard reaches the end of the row...

... now he's heading down the same aisle as Shane's black and white.

A faint noise. The guard stops. He holds up his MagLite, the beam washing over car hoods. Suddenly drops lower --

There! Crouched under a Mercedes... a scrawny, furtive cat.

The guard picks up a stone.

SECURITY GUARD

Go on. Git.

SHANE'S DAMAGED PATROL CAR

The LOUD TING of a stone striking expensive bodywork.

Shane's head jerks up. Sees the flashlight beam.

EXT. SHANE'S DAMAGED PATROL CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The guard casts a look inside the patrol car as he passes.

No sign of Shane... or the laptop.

The guard keeps walking.

EXT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Shane edges around the side of the portable, the laptop tucked under his arm.

He waits a moment, then makes a dash for the entrance... ducks under the barrier arm and sprints across the street.

IMPOUND YARD

The guard hears the sudden flurry of footsteps.

He hurries over to the fence to see what's happening -- but all he finds is an EMPTY STREET.

INT. BUICK (MOVING) - NIGHT

The laptop rests on the passenger seat.

Shane makes a phone call.

SHANE (on phone)  
 I need to speak with Captain Barnes.  
 (beat)  
 Tell him it's Gideon.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

The Hummer's inside the factory. Engine running. York behind the wheel.

Richard climbs in.

Ahead, the automatic rollup door starts to rise.

RICHARD  
 Time to get back in the fight.

YORK  
 Fuckin' A, sir.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The Hummer and SUV race out. Both vehicles hauling ass.

CUT TO:

INT. BUICK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Shane talking rapidly.

SHANE (on phone)  
 ... his name's not Somerset, it's  
 Caine. Captain, I know how --

CAPTAIN BARNES (O.S.)  
 You have to come in. That's the  
 only way. There's no choice here.

SHANE  
 I know how it looks, but that's not  
 the way things are --

CAPTAIN BARNES (O.S.)  
 You're not listening. You have to  
 come in. Now. You do that, no one  
 gets trigger happy.

SHANE  
 I can't.

CAPTAIN BARNES  
 Shane --

SHANE

It's going down tonight. On Rockwell,  
I don't know where, between Arlington  
and 32nd.

THE DRONE OF A RAUCOUS DIESEL ENGINE OVERLAPS --

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Headlights crest a rise --

The military convoy comes into view.

A light-armored HumVee leads the APC, with a second HumVee  
acting as rear guard.

The three vehicles THUNDER PAST, heading toward the amber haze  
of city lights on the horizon.

INT. REAR OF APC (MOVING) - NIGHT

PFC Pearce checks and re-checks his M-16 carbine.

PFC KELSO

We're not in Ramadi, Pearce.

PFC PEARCE

Like you'd know. You was in the  
Green Zone your whole tour.

PFC KELSO

Because of my condition.

PFC PEARCE

What condition?

Kelso examines his middle finger closely.

He raises his finger so Pearce can take a look.

PFC KELSO

Shrapnel... see?

It dawns on Pearce that he's just been flipped off.

Col. Clayton appraises both men. Finds them wanting.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Captain Barnes reviews a map of the city, together with a number of high ranking cops.

SGT. CAULDER  
... we're talkin' forty blocks.  
Tying up half the force, based on  
what? What if that's exactly what  
he wants?

CAPTAIN BARNES  
For what?

He turns to his SWAT LEADER for any intel.

SWAT LEADER  
We already checked with the armored  
transits. No one's got anything  
moving tonight. I don't know Gideon's  
game, but he's playing us, sir.

The Captain ponders; they're probably right, but...

CAPTAIN BARNES  
Have nightwatch put two units on  
Rockwell, rolling surveillance. If  
they see anything suspicious...

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 6 - BOATYARD - NIGHT

At this time of night the docks are quiet.

The gray SUV is already parked near the pier.

EXT. STREET, NEAR BOATYARD - NIGHT

The Buick's headlights extinguish and Shane exits the car  
carrying the laptop.

He scurries across the street.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT

Shane scales the flimsy fence. Drops down and hurries toward  
the dry-docked boats.

He moves silently past a power boat beached on woodpiles.

Crosses an aisle between the vessels.

The curvaceous hull of a sloop rises above him. A ladder leads up to its transom.

Shane pauses. Glances up --

EXT. PIER 6 - NIGHT

Kent stands beside Alicia. Keeps his gun trained on her even though she's bound and gagged.

Richard and Dorsett are close by.

RICHARD  
(into throat mic)  
Eyes?

EXT. YORK'S HIDING PLACE - BOATYARD - NIGHT

York's lying, sniper-style, atop scaffolding surrounding a decrepit trawler.

He scopes the dockyard using nightvision gear.

YORK  
(into mic)  
Negative -- wait, we've got movement.  
Your nine o'clock.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT

Richard turns with calculated measure.

A beat, then Shane steps from the darkest recess between two boats. He raises his empty hands high above his head.

RICHARD  
Where is it?

SHANE  
It's here. You let her go, I'll  
take you to it.

Silence.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
She doesn't know anything. Let her  
go and you get the map. That's the  
deal. Tick-tock.

Kent glances at Richard. Waits on his command.

Richard nods.

Dorsett pulls a knife... then cuts Alicia loose.

SHANE (CONT'D)

There's a car on the street.

ALICIA

Shane --

Shane gives her the car key.

SHANE

Go.

Dorsett shoves Alicia to get her moving.

Alicia moves away from her captors... hesitates for a wrenching beat, then breaks into a run.

EXT. BETWEEN THE BOATS - CONTINUOUS

Alicia can't help but glance back.

EXT. SLOOP - NIGHT

Shane leads Richard, Kent and Dorsett to the base of the ladder.

RICHARD

Go fetch.

Shane starts up the ladder.

Richard signals for Kent to follow.

EXT. BOATYARD ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Alicia looks around. Sees the Buick.

YORK'S HIDING PLACE

York puts down the NV scope. Raises his large caliber rifle.

He targets Alicia.

YORK

(into throat mic)

Eyes on.

He's ready to pull the trigger the moment Richard gives the word.

EXT. SLOOP - NIGHT

Shane scales the ladder. Swings his leg over the transom and drops onto the boat's partially refurbished deck. A few planks are missing.

Kneeling down, he searches under the planks... hears someone behind him.

Kent finishes climbing the ladder --

KENT

Real slow.

Shane lifts out... the laptop. Hands it to Kent.

KENT (CONT'D)

(to Dorsett, below)

It's here.

EXT. STOLEN BUICK - NIGHT

Alicia opens the door.

Hesitates. Still torn. Then she climbs in. Slides the key into the ignition.

EXT. SLOOP DECK - NIGHT

Shane eases his hand from the space where he'd concealed the laptop --

In the distance we hear THE BUICK ENGINE START.

-- a pinpoint of red light strikes Kent's jacket. Rising rapidly to dazzle his eyes.

SHANE

Drop it!

Shane grips the Captain's key ring / laser-pointer in his hand, mimicking a handgun.

Kent's only fooled for a second --

But that second is all Shane needs to make his move... he closes the distance between them... light glints on the screwdriver in Shane's other hand as it arcs upward.

STABS KENT THROUGH THE NECK.

Kent stumbles backward. Shane grappling for the man's gun -- as Kent flails and falls over the edge --

EXT. SLOOP - NIGHT

A TRAUMATIC THUD --

Kent IMPACTS the concrete at Dorsett's feet.

He lands on his back. The force shattering his spine. The laptop spilling from his lifeless grasp.

Dorsett snatches up the computer. It looks undamaged.

BLAM!

A bullet smacks the ground only inches away.

SLOOP DECK

Gripping Kent's gun, Shane ducks down --

EXT. SLOOP - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD FIRES at the transom as Dorsett takes cover.

Richard spares a glance for Kent -- but there's no way he survived that fall.

EXT. SLOOP DECK - NIGHT

Bullets tear through the wooden hull...

Shane rolls clear... BLINDLY RETURNS FIRE.

INT. STOLEN BUICK - NIGHT

Alicia hears the shots. Drops the shift into drive.

YORK STEPS INTO THE STREET and levels his powerful rifle.

Alicia stomps on the gas --

York FIRES.

The round punches through the engine header. Chewing metal like confetti.

The car lurches to a halt. Spewing oil.

York advances.

EXT. SLOOP - MOMENTS LATER

Shane checks the gun's clip. Only one round left --

ALICIA (O.S.)

SHANE.

He freezes. The anguish at hearing her shout is like a knife through his heart.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Throw it down, Gideon.

Shane tosses the weapon over the side. Hears it clatter on the ground.

EXT. BOATYARD - NIGHT

Richard grips Alicia's arm. Tight.

RICHARD

Maybe I should put her out of my misery.

(beat)

Get down.

Shane climbs down the ladder.

York gazes at Kent's broken body.

YORK

We got no one to run decoy.

Off that remark --

Shane reaches the foot of the ladder.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

The tailgate swings up. Shane's shoved inside, his hands zip-tied behind his back.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Alicia falls heavily beside him. She gasps as her injured hand smacks the floor.

York slams the tailgate shut.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Dorsett perches the laptop on the hood.

The map appears on screen. The route highlighted and time-coded.

DORSETT  
 Transport's already in the city.

Richard studies the map. He zooms in on a location: *Rockwell and 5th*.

RICHARD  
 Our flashpoint's here.

It's showtime.

EXT. ROCKWELL STREET - COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

OFFICER GORMAN ambles outside carrying a fresh brew.

He strolls over to his patrol car.

His straight-laced partner, rookie officer GARCIA, waits patiently in the passenger seat.

INT. POLICE UNIT 32 - NIGHT

Gorman clambers inside. Takes the lid off the steaming java.

He eyes the quiet street. Only the dregs of traffic.

OFFICER GORMAN  
 Eight hours cruising Rockwell. This makes a lot of sense.

Gorman sips his coffee. Settles in for one long night.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The military convoy rolls through downtown.

INT. REAR OF APC (MOVING) - NIGHT

PFC Kelso gazes wistfully at all those cellophane-wrapped bundles of cash.

PFC KELSO  
 What a waste, man. Think of the good thirty million could do.

Pearce gives Kelso a look; his bullshit's ripe.

PFC KELSO (CONT'D)  
 Hey, I'm a philanderist.

PFC PEARCE  
 Philanthropist.

PFC KELSO

Whatever.

Kelso glances toward Col. Clayton,

REVEALING only now that the Colonel's hands are cuffed.

PFC KELSO (CONT'D)

Nine months, and you didn't get to spend a dime. That sucks, sir.

A trace of dark humor in the Colonel's eyes.

COLONEL CLAYTON

Not much to buy in a Haji prison cell.

PFC KELSO

Hey, you gave the money back, that should'a counted for something.

COLONEL CLAYTON

It did. The next ten years, in Leavenworth.

PFC Pearce regards Kelso, can't believe he's chatting amicably with their prisoner.

PFC KELSO

(to Pearce)

What?

INT. SUV (MOVING) - NIGHT

Shane lies face-to-face with Alicia. He whispers to her,

SHANE

I'm sorry.

Emotion shines in her eyes.

INT. HUMVEE (MOVING) - NIGHT

York turns onto Rockwell Street.

YORK

Goddamn Palmer.

We glimpse Kevlar body armor under his jacket -- like Richard, he's wearing Special Forces gear.

RICHARD  
(re: the GPS route)  
Without him we wouldn't have the  
intel.

YORK  
Yeah, then he turns yellow --

RICHARD  
He paid the price.

YORK  
Damn right.

EXT. ROCKWELL STREET - NIGHT

Tenement housing undergoing renovation. This block is poorly-lit and all but deserted save for a few parked wrecks.

The SUV pulls to a stop.

The Hummer cuts a U-turn. Stops on the opposite side of the street. Richard steps out and marches over to the SUV.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Dorsett hauls Shane out, while Alicia struggles to see what's happening.

ACROSS THE STREET

One of the few working streetlights suddenly SHATTERS.

In the shadows, York aims a silenced pistol at the next light.

PHHTTT!

Darkness engulfs the entire block.

EXT. ELSEWHERE ON ROCKWELL STREET - NIGHT

A few blocks away, Officers Gorman and Garcia remain parked at the curb.

INT. POLICE UNIT 32 - CONTINUOUS

Officer Gorman's still bitching and moaning.

OFFICER GORMAN  
Told'ya this was BS.

He reaches for his coffee --

RIPPLES APPEAR on the surface.

OFFICER GORMAN (CONT'D)

What the...

Lights blind his eyes -- headlights reflected in the side mirror.

EXT. ROCKWELL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The military convoy RUMBLES down the street.

INT. APC FRONT CAB (MOVING) - NIGHT

The lieutenant checks the GPS. They're on time and on track.

INT. POLICE UNIT 32 - CONTINUOUS

Officer Garcia stares at the passing convoy.

OFFICER GARCIA

Do you think that counts?

INT. SECOND HUMVEE - NIGHT

The HumVee driver can't believe it --

-- the patrol car pulls alongside. Rooflights flashing.

INT. POLICE UNIT 32 - NIGHT

Officer Gorman lowers his window. Tries to shout over the noise.

OFFICER GORMAN

Hey. Where are you...

The HumVee driver lifts his radio mic --

INT. APC FRONT CAB - NIGHT

The LT. picks up his two-way, speaks into the mic.

LT.

Copy that, tell them to back off,  
we're on a Red Ball.

EXT. CONVOY - NIGHT

The rear HumVee and the patrol car both slow to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Dorsett drags Alicia from the vehicle.

RICHARD  
(to Shane)  
Maybe she can walk away. You play  
your part, maybe she still can.

Shane tries to read the truth.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Or it all ends now.

He racks his pistol in one swift, well-oiled motion. The barrel aimed at Alicia's forehead.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Your choice.

SHANE  
I'll do it.

RICHARD  
(to Dorsett)  
Put her in the HumVee.

EXT. ROCKWELL AND 11TH - NIGHT

The military HumVee on point crosses 11th Street.

It's followed a moment later by the APC.

EXT. ROCKWELL AND 5TH (AMBUSH SITE) - NIGHT

Dorsett hustles Alicia across the street.

Shane watches helplessly as Alicia's forced into the back of the black Hummer.

CLICK. Richard's flick-knife snaps opens and slices through the zip-tie securing Shane's wrists.

York appears at Richard's side.

YORK  
We're set.

EXT. ROCKWELL STREET - NIGHT

The APC thunders down the street.

Crosses the intersection at 8th...

EXT. ELSEWHERE ON ROCKWELL STREET - NIGHT

Officer Gorman's standing next to the second Army HumVee.

He raises his hands in mock surrender and backs off.

OFFICER GORMAN

'Scuse us.

INT. POLICE UNIT 32 - NIGHT

Garcia watches the HumVee pull away from the curb.

He glances at Officer Gorman who climbs back in the car.

OFFICER GORMAN

Ain't no one messing with those boys.

EXT. AMBUSH SITE - NIGHT

Shane sits behind the wheel of the stationary SUV.

Richard's in the passenger seat --

INT. SUV - NIGHT

SHANE

... it's all about the money --

RICHARD

It's about duty, loyalty; that's all there is. There's nothing else, not when the fight comes. Just you and the men you stand with. Men of honor like the Colonel, men who believe in God, the code, the Corps.

SHANE

Really? I heard your Colonel was a murdering thief.

Richard wheels on Shane --

RICHARD

You dumb shit. Colonel Clayton's the bravest soldier I ever served under. It didn't matter what the mission, he led the way. Never hid behind his rank. Never. You have no conception of what it means to be in battle. That's why you can't understand, you don't leave a man like that behind.

In the side mirror; glaring headlights approach.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Do not fuck this up.

He throws open his door. Leaps out. Vanishes. Becoming one with the darkness.

Only seconds to go...

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

Alicia, in the rear seat, glares at the man behind the wheel.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Shane drops the shift into drive --

EXT. 5TH STREET

The SUV's tires SCREECH as they gain traction.

INT. ARMY HUMVEE - NIGHT

A soldier sees the SUV pull out -- no warning.

SOLDIER

LOOK OUT!

The driver nails the brakes --

EXT. AMBUSH SITE

Shane pulls directly in front of the lead HumVee. Leaps from the SUV a moment before --

**AN ALMIGHTY CRASH!!**

Shane tumbles across the pavement, arms pin-wheeling.

The HumVee hurtles onto the sidewalk. PLOWS into an abandoned building.

The SUV spins wildly, crushed by the devastating impact.

INT. APC FRONT CAB - CONTINUOUS

The APC's driver's foot lifts off the gas --

LT.

Go, go, go!

The APC accelerates around the crippled Suburban.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Shane, bloodied and battered, staggers to his feet. Focuses on Richard's black Hummer parked a half block away.

He starts toward it. Halted by --

An AGONIZED CRY which escapes the crashed Army Humvee.

Shane stops. Turns around. Torn.

Then he hears the anguished sound again. He scrambles over the debris surrounding the wreckage.

Behind him, the APC blasts through a red light.

The black Hummer peels away from the curb in pursuit.

INT. ARMY HUMVEE - NIGHT

Shane forces open the door.

The soldier riding shotgun groans. Mercifully he's only semiconscious.

But the driver's pinned. In agony. A bloody piece of twisted metal speared through his thigh.

Confusion on the driver's face when he sees a cop standing there.

Shane reaches for the radio set --

EXT. A BLOCK AWAY - NIGHT

The APC accelerates down the well lit, seemingly safer, block.

INT. APC FRONT CAB - CONTINUOUS

The LT. peers out the 'windshield slit'.

LT.

Next left!

WHITE NOISE BLEEDS OVER THE RADIO SET, then,

SHANE (over radio)

... trap! Do you copy? It's --

A CAR BOMB DETONATES a few yards ahead of the speeding APC.

**KABOOOOOOOOM!**

The APC swerves across the median --

**KABOOOOOOOOM!**

A SECOND, MORE VIOLENT EXPLOSION.

The perfectly timed I.E.D BLAST sends five tons of steel CAREENING onto its side... THE APC SLAMS DOWN... SPARKS FLYING as the armored vehicle skids twenty yards.

INT. POLICE UNIT 32 - NIGHT

The blast heard six blocks away!

OFFICER GORMAN

Oh, shit.

EXT. AMBUSH SITE - NIGHT

TWO FIGURES DART from opposite sides of the street. Converging on the APC. Richard and York, moving in rapid cover formation, reach the tail-hatch in seconds.

The black Hummer speeds down the street toward them... skids to a halt.

INT. BLACK HUMMER - CONTINUOUS

Alicia's tossed around violently. She's slammed against the door. Left stunned as Dorsett bails.

INT. THE CRASHED ARMY HUMVEE - NIGHT

The injured driver grips his M-16. Forces it into Shane's hands.

HUMVEE DRIVER

H-Help them...

EXT. AMBUSH SITE - NIGHT

The APC hatch clangs open --

Kelso, blood streaking his face, clambers into sight... sees the ARMED MEN... goes for his weapon --

RICHARD

Don't!!

-- but Kelso doesn't listen.

BLAM!

Kelso takes a bullet through the shoulder. He slumps forward, falling out of the hatch.

ON RICHARD -

Zero reaction to shooting a fellow soldier.

INT. REAR OF APC - NIGHT

Men and money piled on the 'floor'.

PFC PEARCE

KELSO!

He grabs his weapon as a canister flips in through the hatchway --

Col. Clayton reacts instantly. Lunges forward. Slams into Pearce. Using him as a human shield --

EXT. APC - NIGHT

THE FLASHBANG detonates inside the APC.

Dazed, his face bloodied, PFC Pearce is dragged out at gunpoint. Forced to kneel on the street beside the wounded Kelso.

INT. REAR OF APC - NIGHT

Richard enters the smoke-filled interior.

RICHARD  
Colonel.

Col. Clayton, his head ringing from the concussive blast, lets Richard help him to his feet.

Clayton casts a glance at the money, it's burning and scattered thanks to the flashbang.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
No time, sir.

No argument from the Colonel.

EXT. APC - CONTINUOUS

Dorsett pulls the keychain from PFC Pearce's belt. Unlocks the Colonel's handcuffs the moment he emerges.

York moves toward the hatch. Looks inside at the money.

RICHARD  
Time to exfil. Specialist!

YORK  
We ain't leaving this. No way --

RICHARD  
We have the Colonel! Stay on mission!

Richard's gun shifts toward his subordinate. York meets his eyes. Knows Richard isn't bluffing.

EXT. TWO BLOCKS AWAY - NIGHT

The second Army HumVee races toward the ambush site.

INT. SECOND HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

A SOLDIER in the passenger seat readies his rifle.

HUMVEE DRIVER  
(into radio)  
... Lieutenant, respond?

HORN BLARING, they rocket through the next intersection.

An instant later, a police car responding code 3 races onto Rockwell --

INT. APC FRONT CAB - NIGHT

STATIC on the damaged radio.

The LT. moves. Groggy. His world kiltered 90 degrees.

LT.  
(to driver)  
You okay? Keller?

The driver nods, yeah.

LT. grabs his weapon. Clammers up the seats to reach the door above them. Thrusts it open.

EXT. APC - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS in distance.

GUNFIRE suddenly rains down from atop the overturned APC.

Bullets send York staggering backward. Spastic. His body topples to the ground.

Richard returns fire.

The LT. ducks down for cover.

PFC Pearce scampers around the far side of the armored vehicle.

EXT. 5TH STREET - NIGHT

Shane rushes down the sidewalk clutching the M-16 machine gun.

Sees the black Hummer, but no sign of Alicia.

Dorsett appears. Gun in hand. Drawing a bead on Shane --

Shane levels the M-16 and OPENS FIRE. Bullets cascade off the APC.

Dorsett gets hit. Drops to one knee. It's only a flesh wound.

A FIERCE GUN BATTLE ERUPTS in the street.

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

Alicia manages to curl her knees to her chest and lever her bound hands from behind her back. She scoots her legs through, so her hands are now in front of her.

She reaches for the door lock --

-- BULLETS PING off the side of the Hummer.

She recoils instinctively -- takes a second to realize the Hummer's armor plated.

She's safe in here for the moment but she's also trapped.

EXT. AMBUSH SITE - NIGHT

Bullets pockmark the APC in A DEAFENING FUSILLADE.

TIGHT ON DORSETT as he opens up on full auto. Sprays lead in Shane's direction -- lovin' it... until --

AT THE END OF THE BLOCK

Black & whites SCREECH onto Rockwell.

A phalanx of cop cars. LIGHTS ABLAZE. SIRENS SCREAMING.

They're accompanied by the second military Hummer --

EXT. CRASHED APC - NIGHT

DORSETT  
(yelling to Richard)  
Inbound!

He lays down SUPPRESSING FIRE as he backs into the cover of the APC.

Richard stops before he's halfway to the Hummer.

RICHARD  
(to Col. Clayton)  
Go!

The Colonel's not about to flee the fight, but he's unarmed and still suffering from that blast.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
GO!

Richard strafes the leading police car... it swerves violently --

-- SLAMS INTO THE MILITARY HUMVEE. Both vehicles skid and spin to a halt a hundred yards away.

Dorsett turns and looks down the other end of the street.

More goddamn Tommy Tacticals responding -- a dozen police units racing into view. Forming a roadblock.

The SWAT van helping to cordon the street.

Dorsett sees the LT. reappear. Raises his weapon to shoot --

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM

Shane's bullets tear into Dorsett's body. Each hit like a visceral punch.

ATOP THE APC -

The LT. sees Colonel Clayton making a run to the Hummer. FIRES A TIGHT GROUP OF SHOTS, chewing the pavement and forcing the Colonel to change course.

Shane turns and targets -- RICHARD.

Richard SHOOTS BACK, then dashes for the Hummer.

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

Raging gunfire outside.

Alicia glances into the rear. The tailgate's open -- it's her only chance of escape.

Grenades and ammo lie everywhere.

She starts to clamber over the rear seat --

When the front door whips open.

Richard can't believe it -- the Colonel's not here.

He looks every which way. No sign of Col. Clayton in the street.

He glares at Alicia, caught trying to escape.

Bullets ricochet off the Hummer -- if Richard exits he'll get cut down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Colonel's pinned down behind a parked car. Bullets SPARK off the metal.

He grits his teeth -- one of the LT's rounds went clean through his thigh. He tries to stem the flow of blood with his bare hands.

He can see the rear of the black Hummer -- he tries crawling toward the vehicle. Pain lances through his leg. No way he's going to make it...

INT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

Bitter regret in Richard's eyes. His mission turned to shit. The enemy closing in from every direction --

He floors the gas. Sends Alicia tumbling over the seat and sprawling into the cargo space.

She lands heavily. Her face only an inch from a grenade.

Written on the compact cylinder is; CTS FLASHBANG.

EXT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

The Hummer accelerates down the center of the street --

EXT. 5TH STREET - NIGHT

Shane races from the shadows... charging after the Hummer --

His heart leaps into his throat when he glimpses Alicia still in the rear of the vehicle.

SHANE

NO!

INT. BLACK HUMMER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Wind whistles inside through the open tailgate. They're traveling too fast for Alicia to jump. Instead she picks up a grenade.

Richard's eyes flit to the rearview mirror --

Alicia pulls the pin. Hurls the grenade forward.

IT LANDS IN THE FRONT PASSENGER FOOTWELL.

Richard has only a split-second to shield his face --

HE PUNCHES THE BRAKES.

Alicia spills forward. Slams into the back of the seats.

THE FLASHBANG EXPLODES!

EXT. 5TH STREET

Shane's losing ground with every stride.

Until the concussive BLAST and the brilliant FLASH inside the Hummer.

EXT. BLACK HUMMER - NIGHT

The vehicle swerves as it nears the police roadblock. Lurches to a halt for a beat, then accelerates.

Shane sprints. Gives it everything he's got --

Leaps for the tailgate --

INT. BLACK HUMMER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Richard struggles to see. Nails the gas again.

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

COPS dive for cover AS THE HUMMER SMASHES THROUGH.

INT. BLACK HUMMER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alicia's sent crashing around in the rear.

STARTLED TO SEE SHANE clinging to the tailgate --

EXT. POLICE ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

A PAIR OF COPS leap aside as the manic Hummer slams their patrol car aside.

One of the cops raises his gun --

OTHER COP

WAIT!

Shane's hanging on for dear life!

INT. BLACK HUMMER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Alicia hauls Shane inside as the Hummer races forward.

Richard, still half-blind, blinks, trying to clear his eyes.

He snatches his gun off the passenger seat.

RICHARD

BITCH!!

That's when he feels the barrel of Shane's gun against his neck.

Shane looms behind Richard's seat. Ready to pull the trigger.

SHANE

Drop it!

RICHARD

FUCK YOU!

HE RAMS THE GAS TO THE FLOOR.

Shane thrown off balance... the Hummer swerves... Alicia SCREAMS!

Shane whips his gun up. CRACKS IT ACROSS RICHARD'S HEAD.

RICHARD slumps forward.

SHANE lunges for the steering wheel.

Grabs it with one hand --

EXT. STREET

The Hummer sideswipes a parked delivery van... whiplashes back across the street --

INT. BLACK HUMMER

-- the wheel rips from Shane's grasp.

The Hummer skids. TIRES SHRIEKING IN PROTEST.

EXT. STREET

The Hummer trashes a parked motorbike... wildly out of control... wheels leaving the ground --

Three tons of metal BARREL ROLL WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH.

The Hummer SLAMS BACK DOWN ONTO ITS WHEELS -- its sides and roof dented, windows blown out.

INT. BLACK HUMMER - TRUNK - NIGHT

Alicia dazed, but conscious.

ALICIA

Shane?

Shane struggles and sits up. A look passes between them.

EXT. AMBUSH SITE - NIGHT

Wary cops close in on the crashed APC and surround the wrecked Army Hummer.

Ambulances and a fire truck race on scene.

Someone's already administering aid to Kelso.

Two shredded bodies lie on the ground; Dorsett and York.

EXT. PARKED CAR

The LT forces Col. Clayton to his feet despite his injury.  
Shoves him up against the vehicle.

They're quickly surrounded by a group of police officers.

One of the cops talks on his radio,

COP  
... black HumVee, no plates...

A RUMBLING NOISE BEGINS O.S.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

First light haloes the city, the sky still dark in the west.

The source of the RUMBLING sound is revealed -- a municipal  
street-sweeper clearing away the trash.

Keeping the city clean.

The ruined Hummer turns onto the street and passes the sweeper  
truck.

EXT. 17TH PRECINCT - DAWN

Shane pulls to an abrupt halt near the precinct's main entrance.

His arrival draws the attention of a passing BEAT COP.

Shane clambers out. He's beyond the ragged edge.

The beat cop stares at the battered, bullet-scarred Hummer.  
Sees the blood on Shane's ruined uniform -- although he hasn't  
recognized Shane yet.

BEAT COP  
Christ.

Without turning, Shane flashes four fingers; he's good.

He throws open the rear door. Drags Richard out.

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - LOBBY - DAWN

A hubbub of noise. The lobby garishly bright.

Shane keeps a vice-like grip on Richard's arm. Forces him forward.

Around them, all motion and sound gradually cease.

Sergeant Caulder, talking with a ROOKIE, sees Shane.

Caulder's jaw slackens.

Shane shoves Richard against the WANTED board -- that's a cue for EVERY COP in the lobby to converge.

They swarm around him. Someone disarms Shane.

CLICK. A gun RACKS close to Shane's ear.

Mahone presses close. Looks ready to do some serious damage --

MAHONE

You bastard.

-- the next second Shane's slammed hard against the wall, alongside Richard. Both of them getting patted down.

Shane doesn't resist.

SGT. CAULDER

Stand down. Mahone. Stand down.

Mahone releases Shane. Reluctantly backs up a pace. Turns to argue --

Caulder steps front and center.

Mahone thinks better of it and shuts the fuck up.

Caulder's gaze travels from Shane to Richard, then to a photo at the foot of the Wanted Board --

IT'S RICHARD'S PHOTO. The one Richard glanced at earlier. That same half-moon scar. Paled by the years, but still visible. Richard recognizable now, without his disguise.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)

Get some cuffs on the suspect...

(regards Shane)

... this officer just brought in.

Officer Sanchez cuffs Richard.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)

We got him from here.

Shane. Tense. Meets the questioning eyes of his fellow officers as their antagonism fades.

SGT. CAULDER (CONT'D)

Long day.

A nod from Shane. The longest.

Off Shane's look, Caulder glances toward the main door as Alicia enters, escorted by the beat cop.

BEAT COP

(to a female cop)

Lady needs some assistance.

Alicia looks at Shane as the FEMALE COP heads her way.

Shane nods reassuringly.

SGT. CAULDER

(to Shane)

I'll see you in the room.

SHANE

Something I need to do first.

Caulder nods. Whatever it is, go do it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Shane alone in the room. At the sink. Washing his face.

He stares in the mirror at his disheveled reflection.

Finally able to look himself in the eye.

MOMENTS LATER -

Shane opens his locker and reaches inside.

Takes the engagement ring box from the top shelf --

INT. 17TH PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Shane walks down the corridor.

At the far end, a door stands open into the room where the Female Officer finishes bandaging Alicia's broken finger.

Alicia thanks her and the officer leaves.

Seeing Shane, Alicia gets to her feet. Smiles.

Shane steps inside the room.

He closes the door behind his back as we...

FADE OUT: