

**R5**

by

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FADE IN:

Darkness. Voices. Computers clacking.

MALE VOICE  
(*English accent*)  
... I was hoping to transfer some  
money. The versateller outside  
won't seem to take my card.

INT. BANK - DAY

Money machines counting twenties. Computers logging in  
finance information.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Not a problem. Just give me your  
account number and I can try to see  
what's wrong.

A masculine hand writes down a number. Carefully slides it  
under the window.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Your name is Wendy.

CLOSE ON the bank teller's nametag.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Yup.  
(*nervous laugh*)  
That's what my parents named me.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You look awfully familiar, Wendy.

WENDY's in her early thirties. Attractive. Dressed in a  
conservative skirt suit. Tight-fitting.

WENDY  
I probably just have one of those  
faces.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
No, no... I definitely know you  
from somewhere.

WENDY  
Um, sir. Your account isn't coming  
up. Are you sure you wrote down  
your number correctly? What's your  
name, maybe I can--

The CUSTOMER glances down at the paper. Late 30s. Dark hair. Pitted eyes. Face unshaven. His breathing has grown heavy. Raspy.

UNSHAVEN MAN

Oh, my mistake. That 9 - 2  
should've been a 2 - 9.

WENDY

*(smiles)*

Okay. Let's try it again.

UNSHAVEN MAN

I feel like I know you from a TV  
show or something. Have you been  
in any commercials?

WENDY

*(bashfully)*

Me? No...

UNSHAVEN MAN

Wait, it's coming to me. Yes, yes.  
That's where I know you from. You  
used to live in L.A., didn't you?!

WENDY

Yeah, actually I... I did.

UNSHAVEN MAN

The Valley?

WENDY

*(uncomfortable)*

Glendale. But, yeah, close enough.

*(then)*

Um, sir. Your account number just  
isn't registering.

UNSHAVEN MAN

*(snapping his fingers)*

That's it! Three years ago. That  
bank robbery down in L.A.! I saw  
it on the news--

WENDY

Sir, do you have some sort of ID?  
Maybe I can look up your account  
another way.

The unshaven man stares at Wendy. Making her extremely uncomfortable.

UNSHAVEN MAN  
What's it like to have a gun  
pointed at your head, Wendy?

Wendy stares at him in shock.

UNSHAVEN MAN  
Is it like they say? Does your  
life flash before your eyes?

He smiles. Winks at her.

WENDY  
Um, I...

He's gone. Wendy gazes at the doorway as the strange customer vanishes into the crowds outside.

EXT. VAN NESS - EVENING

Wendy stands on the edge of the trolley as it climbs to the top of Knob Hill.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

A thick mist blankets the hill. Thin. Dying.

Wendy takes a quick glance down the street before entering her apartment. Still a little shaken from this afternoon's encounter.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

She nervously walks up the stairs.

Continues down the hallway. Half-expecting someone to jump out at her from behind every corner.

Takes out the keys to her apartment.

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Goes through her apartment. Turns on all the lights. The TV. Checks the closets, one by one. Picks up her mail.

The phone RINGS--

Wendy jumps. Drops the mail. Slowly picks up the cordless phone...

WENDY  
Hello...?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

*(phone)*

Wendy? It's me. Mike. Wha'ch'ya  
up to?

Wendy SIGHS. Obviously relieved. She kicks off her high  
heels.

WENDY

Oh, nothing. Just sorting through  
the mail.

She picks up her mail and walks to her desk. Facing the  
window.

MIKE (O.S.)

You maybe wanna grab a drink  
tonight?

WENDY

Nah. I think I'm gonna stay in  
tonight. Wait, hold on a sec.

She takes out her earrings. Untucks her blouse. Begins to  
unbutton it. The phone still cradled against her ear.

MIKE (O.S.)

Well, how 'bout renting a movie  
then? We can order in some  
Chinese.

Wendy stares out the window at the darkness. A couple lit  
windows across the street. The light casting strange shadows  
against the mist-enshrouded street. Wendy's mesmerized.

MIKE (O.S.)

Wendy...?

WENDY

Yeah. Yeah, maybe that'd be a good  
idea. I could use some company  
tonight.

MIKE (O.S.)

Okay, I'll be there in half-an-  
hour.

Wendy sees a DARK SHAPE in one of the windows across the  
street. An open window...

WENDY

Mike?

MIKE (O.S.)

Yeah?

CRASH!!

The sound of glass --

Wendy's neck buckles back from the impact --

The phone drops from her limp hand.

MIKE (O.S.)

Wendy...? You there? Hello?

We slowly move from the phone receiver to the window...

A small hole in the glass. The size of a bullet.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - MORNING

An old VW van. Bumper stickers plastered all over the back. Anti-guns. Anti-violence.

INT. VAN

The unshaven customer from the bank drives. Music blasting. On the seat beside him a camera with TELEPHOTO LENS.

EXT. INTERSTATE

The van passes a sign that reads: Los Angeles 275 miles.

CUT TO:

INT. EUROPA DELI - EVENING

FOUR PLAIN-CLOTHED COPS eat Deli sandwiches. One of them's a woman...

LIEUTENANT SAMANTHA J. HUNT (31). LAPD Robbery-Homicide Division (RHD), Homicide Special Section II. She's a refreshing change from the acne-scarred, mustached faces of the other three cops. Not to say that her face is by any means dainty. Eight years of hard experience in Robbery-Homicide takes all the innocence out of any bright-eyed, pretty-faced Police Academy graduate.

HUNT

So Harry asks me what the hell I'm doing there and I say: You've got a guy with a bullet through the back of the throat and you're askin' me what homicide is doin' here?

(MORE)

HUNT(cont'd)

He says: Young lady, it's a suicide. Plain as can be. Young lady, my ass. So I say: And that's why the revolver was found fifteen feet away from the body, by the front door? What'd he do, swallow a bullet, then chuck the gun across the room? You gotta be kiddin' me!

The others LAUGH.

COP #1

What'd Pachowsky have to say about it?

HUNT

Nothin'.

COP #2

He's too busy stickin' his nose up the Mayor's asshole to worry about some two-bit murder in Watts.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Hunt steps out of the Europa Deli. Gazes up at the towering skyscrapers of Downtown.

She walks down the deserted street. Scattered with the occasional bum or crack addict. A certain sense of empowerment in her eyes. As if she gets a certain rush from walking down these deserted streets alone.

CUT TO:

SIRENS. FLASHING LIGHTS. Three police cars tear down the street.

We are:

EXT. INTERSECTION - HYDE PARK - NIGHT

Chaos. A police barricade at the Slauson-Figueroa intersection. A helicopter flies overhead. A dozen LAPD police cars. Policemen aiming their guns. Using the car doors as shields.

All attention focused on a brightly lit gas station.

GAS STATION

The gas station appears empty. A Mazda sits at one of the pumps.

A POLICE OFFICER lies dead on the ground. A pool of blood beneath him.

The commotion seems to be coming from within the mini-mart.

INTERSECTION

A SWAT van pulls up. FIVE MEN leap out of the back. Each wearing flak jackets. Carrying long-range sniper rifles with high-powered scopes. LAPD's elite group of Sharpshooters. They scatter.

The SWAT Commander, LIEUTENANT GIBBONS crouches down with one of the POLICE OFFICERS. Glances back at the rooftops...

ROOFTOP

Two of the sharpshooters run across the roof. Dive down to take their positions. Aim their rifles at the mini-mart.

ETHAN HAWLEY (33). Military trained. Specialty: Long-range assault weapons. Keeps mostly to himself. Quiet. Stubborn. Won't get personal. Not with his victims. Not with the people he saves. He's patient. Often too patient.

DANNY TAYLOR, his Spotter. Taylor gazes through high-powered binoculars at the mini-mart.

Hawley plants his eye behind the Pentax 16x8 scope of his Winchester Sharpshooter.

SCOPE POV:

Through the four post crosshairs of the rifle scope, we see the ROBBER within the mini-mart. He has a middle-aged WOMAN held hostage. Big glasses. Middle-class.

TAYLOR (O.S.)  
Hundred eighty meters. We got a  
slight breeze comin' from the  
south.

Hawley adjusts his scope. Tries to get the robber in the crosshairs...

Too much advertising in the windows. Obstructing his view.

ROOFTOP

Taylor watches through his binoculars.

TAYLOR  
Can you make him?

HAWLEY

Not yet.

TAYLOR

Well, I'll be damned. Looks like he's about to come to us.

GAS STATION

The mini-mart doors burst open --

THE ROBBER inches forward with one arm carrying a handgun and the other wrapped around his hostage. Using her as a shield, he makes his way towards her Mazda.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

Let the hostage go. Nobody has to get hurt.

The robber's eyes dart nervously from left to right. Assessing the situation.

BINOCULARS POV:

Taylor has his sights on the gas pumps behind the robber.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Jesus, Hawley. One of those gas pumps gets hit and we're gonna have ourselves one helluva barbecue.

INTERSECTION

The policemen tense their triggers. Sweat beading up on their foreheads.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Hold your fire, boys...

Behind them, the SNIPER RIFLES point out over the edges of the rooftops.

ROOFTOP

Taylor holds up a device to measure the windspeed. His radio erupts in static --

GIBBONS (O.S.)

*(radio)*

All right, guys. If you can get a clean shot, take the asshole out.

TAYLOR

Hawley?

SCOPE POV:

Hawley watches the robber through his scope. He has the guy's head in the cross-hairs, but the hostage's face keeps bobbing up and down in the way. And the gas pump's right behind them.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hundred seventy-five meters. One seventy. One sixty-five. Watch those gas pumps...

Beat. Nothing seems to be happening. Stalemate. A seeming eternity.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

The wind's picking up, Hawley. We're gonna lose our window.

Hawley stays motionless.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Come on, Hawley... It's now or never...

Still nothing from Hawley. His breathing grows measured. His heart beat slows.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hawley, goddamnit -

The robber turns to look down at the dead policeman. His head fully exposed. And--

CLICK. Hawley fires.

GAS STATION

The gunman receives a bullet straight between the eyes. The woman SCREAMS.

Policemen run to help. One goes to make sure the robber's dead. A bullet hole punctured neatly straight between his eyebrows.

ROOFTOP

Taylor lowers his binoculars. Looks over at Hawley. Hawley's eyes still locked on his rifle scope.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

The sound of someone vomiting into the toilet.

INT. HALLWAY

Taylor stands outside the bathroom. Flak jacket still on. Rifle on his back. More vomiting. Taylor lights a cigarette.

INT. BATHROOM

Hawley walks out of the stall. A little pale. Washes his hands. Glances at himself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY

A barbecue. Members of the SWAT team mill about the picnic tables. Taylor, Gibbons, BAKER, MARULLO. Their WIVES gossiping over potato salad. Their CHILDREN running around with toy guns.

Hawley appears through the trees. Hands in his pockets.

BAKER  
Can't believe he showed.

MARULLO  
*(shrugs)*  
Throw on an extra burger.

Taylor watches his partner. Hawley stands alone. On the outskirts of the row of picnic benches. Drinking a beer. Gazing away from the people. Out at the trees.

TAYLOR  
Hey, guys, I'll be right back.  
*(then calls out)*  
Hawley...?

HAWLEY

Turns. Slow. Fluid. Never a sudden movement.

HAWLEY  
Taylor.

One of the wives comes over, too. A cute little brunette in a summer dress. JENNY TAYLOR.

JENNY  
 Danny, there any hotdogs on the grill yet?

TAYLOR  
 Hawley, you've met my wife, right?

JENNY  
 How are you, Ethan?

Hawley looks extremely uncomfortable. He can't find words.

CHILD  
 Bang! Bang!

A SIX-YEAR-OLD KID points a gun at Hawley. He raises his hands above his head. The kid LAUGHS.

JENNY  
 Matthew, stop that! What did I tell you about pointing guns at people?!

MATTHEW  
*(fiending)*  
 I wanna hotdog!

JENNY  
 I know, sweetie. Danny?

TAYLOR  
 Yeah, yeah. Hold up. Hey, Hawley, you want cheese on your burger?

HAWLEY  
 Um, no... Thanks.

He gazes at his team members over by the barbecue. Then over at the cluster of wives.

EXT. METRO RAIL - EVENING

Hawley stands on the platform. The sign above flashes: LONG BEACH.

EXT. SAN PEDRO - NIGHT

Towering cranes. Shipyards. Oil refineries.

EXT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small run-down house nestled at the base of the hills. TWO LARGE DOGS greet Hawley through the backyard fence.

HAWLEY

Okay, guys. I'm comin', I'm  
comin'...

He opens the gate. The dogs come charging through, but  
Hawley's not in the mood to play.

He stops at the front door. Gazes down the street. A certain  
sense of paranoia.

Then follows his dogs into the house.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Hawley scoops out dog food. Feeds his dogs out the back  
door.

The house is quiet again. He takes a swig from a bottle of  
Peptobismol. Gazes thoughtfully at the picture on the  
refrigerator door:

A snapshot of HAWLEY AND HUNT together at the dog park with  
their two dogs Tuco and Blondie.

EXT. FREEWAY - NEXT DAY

Downtown. Rush hour.

INT. BMW - MORNING

LOUIS BECKER. Corporate lawyer.

LOUIS

*(into cell phone)*

Would you tell Larry I need the  
motion on my desk now? Pronto.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

*(phone)*

Yes, sir, Mr. Becker.

LOUIS

Oh, and will you tell that intern,  
what's his name -

Suddenly, a van cuts him off -

He slams on his brakes.

LOUIS

Goddamnit!

A VW van. The back plastered with anti-violence bumper stickers. The van slows down.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
Mr. Becker? Everything okay?

LOUIS  
Yeah, just got an asshole in front of me. Hold on...

He changes lanes. Passes the van. Through the window we see the unshaven man. Staring straight ahead. Louis gives him the finger. Continues on.

LOUIS  
Okay, so anyway, Charlotte. You need to tell that intern -

CHARLOTTE  
Matthew.

LOUIS  
Matthew?

CHARLOTTE  
Our summer associate's name is Matthew.

LOUIS  
Yeah, right. Whatever. Anyway -

He gets cut off again. The same VW van. Louis lays on his HORN -

LOUIS  
For fuck's sake!  
(then)  
Charlotte, I'll call you right back.

He slams on the accelerator. Aggressively swerves into the next lane come up beside the van.

Rolls down his window--

LOUIS  
Goddamn asshole!

We see the unshaven man again. Doesn't even look at Louis.

Louis accelerates forward. Moving onto the offramp. He glances in the rearview mirror. Sees that the van is also changing lanes to exit...

EXT. BROADWAY - LATER

Louis's BMW crawls through the Downtown Financial District, the VW van a few cars behind.

INT. BMW

Louis keeps checking the rearview mirror.

LOUIS' WIFE (O.S.)

*(phone)*

Honey, I've got a million things to do today. You think you could call the Stevensons?

LOUIS

*(distracted)*

Yeah, sure thing, hon.

LOUIS' WIFE (O.S.)

Tell them we can't do dinner. Tell 'em Andrew's sick or something.

LOUIS

Yup. Got it.

Louis watches the rearview mirror. The van still following him.

LOUIS' WIFE (O.S.)

If I think of anything else, I'll call.

LOUIS

Okay. Sounds great. Gotta go. I love you.

LOUIS' WIFE (O.S.)

Love you, too, sweetheart. See you tonight.

Louis hangs up. Looks in the rearview again...

No sign of the van.

INT. LAW FIRM - EVENING

Louis leaves the office, briefcase in hand.

LOUIS

Charlotte, can you make sure the Rubenstein report is filed before you leave here tonight?

CHARLOTTE  
Yes, sir, Mr. Becker.

LOUIS  
Great. I'll call you from the car.

INT. ELEVATOR

Louis steps into the elevator. Alone. The doors close. He descends. But only one floor...

The doors open again. There's nobody there. The hallway is empty. Louis waits. Looks at his watch. Impatient. Presses the CLOSE DOOR button repeatedly. The door begins to close --

But someone jabs their hand in just in the nick of time. Another man in a business suit.

BUSINESS MAN  
Thanks.

Louis lets out a deep breath in relief.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

The unshaven man stands over a tray of developer. His face bathed in red light. An image bleeding clear...

An image of LOUIS driving down the freeway.

The unshaven man hangs the photo of Louis up to dry next to a photo of WENDY. Images of her walking out of the bank. Sitting at the desk of her apartment.

He then picks something up from a corner of the room... A large SNIPER RIFLE fitted with scope.

FADE OUT:

DARKNESS.

The sound of SCREECHING BREAKS. SHATTERING GLASS. CAR HORNS. HUMAN SCREAMS. The CRASH of metal slamming into metal.

CUT TO:

AN ALARM BEEPING--

We are:

INT. HUNT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Hunt rolls over in bed. Hits the alarm off.

Looks out the window at the view. Downtown Los Angeles. She's right at the top of Bunker Hill. The sun rises up behind MOCA.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Traffic jammed. A major accident where the Interstate 5 passes through the industrial Warehouse District. Louis' BMW has flipped. Upside down on the embankment.

California Highway Patrol. An ambulance. CHP OFFICERS direct traffic past the gruesome site. Hunt pulls up in an unmarked homicide car.

Walks over to the attending CHP officer.

HUNT

Homicide. What's going on here?

She peers in to see the medics laying a tarp over the body of a dead man. The rest of the car is completely mangled.

CHP OFFICER

Car flipped.

HUNT

I can see that. But why'd you boys call Metro?

The officer lifts up the tarp to reveal the bloody torso. Louis Becker. There's an unmistakable BULLET HOLE through his rib cage.

CHP OFFICER

He was shot. Long distance.

HUNT

Jesus...

She looks up at the freeway overpass overhead. A crowd of ONLOOKERS have gathered to check out the scene.

HUNT

Make sure the media doesn't catch wind of this, okay? As far as they're concerned, this was just a normal car accident.

CHP OFFICER

You got it.

Hunt looks again at the freeway overpass.

INT. TARGET PRACTICE - DAY

Taylor shreds the target about 500 meters away. He reloads.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Taylor?

Taylor turns to see Detective Hunt standing behind him.

AMMUNITION TABLE

Hunt lays out still shots from the autopsy report. Close-ups of the entry wound in Becker's chest.

HUNT

Forensics says the bullet was a  
7.62x51mm NATO. 53.5 grains.

TAYLOR

Fifty-three five? That's damn  
light.

HUNT

I was told it probably came from an  
AK-47.

TAYLOR

An assault rifle? How far away was  
the shooter?

HUNT

Not sure. Maybe 800 yards.

TAYLOR

That'd be one helluva shot with an  
assault rifle.

*(scratches his head)*

I'll tell you what. There's  
somebody who knows more about this  
than I do.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Taylor takes Hunt down to the basement.

TAYLOR

Ethan Hawley. Ex-marine. He spent  
a couple years in -

HUNT  
Somalia. Yeah, I know.

TAYLOR  
You know Hawley?

The elevator doors DING open.

HUNT  
I was married to him for three  
years.

INT. SWAT ARSENAL - DAY

Taylor leads Hunt into the arsenal room. Rows and rows of  
Winchester Sharpshooters. Pentax 6-18 scopes. Harris  
bipods.

And sitting on a bench is Hunt's ex-husband. Crouched over a  
disassembled rifle he's cleaning.

HUNT  
Hey, Hawley...

Hawley glances up from his rifle.

TAYLOR  
(uncomfortable)  
I, um, got somebody from homicide  
wants to ask you a few questions.

Hawley looks at Hunt. Hunt holds her gaze on Hawley.  
Steadfast. Already tension in the air.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Hunt and Hawley stand on the ivy-covered freeway embankment.  
Hawley gazes up at the overpass.

HAWLEY  
A sniper, huh?

HUNT  
800 yards away. The entry wound  
levels down so I figure he must've  
shot him from above.

Beat. HONKING of car horns. Hunt gazes at Hawley. He  
squints his eyes. Stays focused on the overpass.

HAWLEY  
Fifty-three five grains...

Beat. Hunt just looks at her ex-husband.

HUNT  
(*carefully*)  
Yeah... So what do you make of it?

HAWLEY  
Too light a cartridge for a hunting  
rifle.

HUNT  
So I'm told. Probably an AK-47.

HAWLEY  
Could be. Or a version of one.

HUNT  
Wha'd'ya mean?

HAWLEY  
Israel. Finland. South Africa.  
They all got their own versions of  
the AK. All use the same kind of  
cartridge.

HUNT  
Oh, yeah?

HAWLEY  
Sure. R4s. R5s. Israel's got the  
Galil. There's even a sniper  
version of the Galil, but I guess  
with the right modifications, any  
of those rifles could be fit as a  
sharpshooter.

HUNT  
So where does that leave me?

HAWLEY  
You got any suspects?

HUNT  
Rounded up a few, but nothing  
panned out.

Hawley glances back up at the overpass. Silent.

HUNT  
It's been a long time, Hawley.

HAWLEY  
Yeah. I guess it has.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PLAZA - DAY

Top of Bunker hill. An amphitheatre of fountains, tables, and chairs.

Hunt sits with her father JAMES HUNT (54), old beyond his years. Chain-smoking. HACKS a lot. An ex-cop.

JAMES

You didn't need to go to SWAT and go dragging him into this.

HUNT

Dad, this has nothing to do with him.

JAMES

That's not what he's thinking right now.

HUNT

How do you know what he's thinking?

JAMES

I'm a cop. I've got a sixth sense about these things. The guy's a creep.

HUNT

Dad.

JAMES

Come on, Sam. Wake up... The guy was a Marine. He should've joined the CIA. The FBI. Protecting politicians or something!

He starts HACKING. Hunt passes him a glass of water.

JAMES

But instead he joins the Police Academy. And then out of all the Departments in the country, he chooses this one. Coincidentally, the one his ex-wife has been a part of for ten years!

HUNT

What? You saying he's stalking me?

JAMES

He's a sniper. That's what they do.

HUNT

*(laughs)*

He's been here three years, Dad.  
He hasn't even tried contacting me.  
You think he's just waiting?

JAMES

I wouldn't put it past him. The  
guy's weird.

He starts HACKING again.

HUNT

Dad, you gotta stop it.

JAMES

*(red in the face)*

Stop what?

HUNT

The smoking. The coffee...  
*(pointing to his food)*  
The greasy Chinese food. You're  
gonna kill yourself.

JAMES

I've been shot three times, Sam,  
and -

HUNT

*(rolling her eyes)*

And you've outlived it all. Yeah,  
I know.

JAMES

You think I'm gonna let something  
like nicotine or cholesterol rule  
my life?

Hunt SIGHS. Fidgets with her own food.

HUNT

So how's Mom?

JAMES

*(no eye contact)*

She's okay.

HUNT

She still got her bridge night?

JAMES

Oh, yeah. Yeah... That's on Tuesdays. Your brother bought her one of those electronic poker games, too.

Hunt's doing everything she can to control her frustration.

HUNT

That's... That's great, Dad.

JAMES

So you gonna keep away from that lunatic?

HUNT

I was married to him for three years. I really wish you wouldn't call him that.

James is silent.

HUNT

But, yes. I'll try to keep away from him.

CUT TO:

A BLACK HAND slides a WHITE BISHOP across a chess board to take a BLACK PAWN.

VOICE (O.S.)

Check!

We are:

EXT. POINT FERMIN PARK - DAY

The black hand belongs to OMAR DJIBOUTI (26). A Somali with Eritrean features. He hits the chess clock.

OMAR

*(East African accent)*

What's your Fianchetto's gonna do about that?!

Hawley sits across from him staring at the chess board.

Another East African, MAHFOUZ HANNI-ALI, sits watching the game. Much older than the other two. A tightly wrinkled face. A gnarled wooden cane. A pen-filled pocket protector.

HAWLEY

I dunno, Omar. You're forcin' me to stay on the defensive.

OMAR

My friend, I believe you are always staying on the defensive.

HAWLEY

It's called patience.

He slowly, methodically moves one of his pawns forward. Taps the chess clock.

OMAR

Patience. Hah.

He moves his Queen out. Takes Hawley's knight. Hawley makes his counter. Sweeps one of his bishops from the back line across the board to take one of Omar's pawns. Omar goes to take Hawley's bishop with his queen, but then stops--

OMAR

Ah, ah, ah... I see the trap you be settin'.

He takes his hand back. Gazes at the board.

A dog starts BARKING. Hawley sees that one of his dogs is playing with the dog of a couple passing ROLLERBLADERS.

HAWLEY

*(calling out)*

Come on, Tuco! Get back over here.

Tuco runs back to his owner. Hawley rubs the top of his head. Glances cautiously at the parking lot...

At a VW VAN.

OMAR

*(muttering)*

Goddamn long-range bishops.

HAWLEY

And the Counter Gambit begins to take its toll.

MAHFOUZ

"A serious weapon in the hands of the daring versus the timid soul."

HAWLEY  
Grandmaster Stasch Mlotkowski,  
1919.

OMAR  
(to Mahfouz)  
Are you calling me timid, old man?

HAWLEY  
(smiles)  
Just make your move.

Omar moves one of his knights. Then follows Hawley's gaze.  
Turns to look behind him. At the parking lot.

OMAR  
What are you looking at, anyway?

HAWLEY  
Nothing. Just a feeling.

OMAR  
A feeling?

HAWLEY  
Like I'm being watched.

He castles. Protecting his king.

OMAR  
Have I ever told you the story of  
the man on the beach?

HAWLEY  
I don't think so.

OMAR  
He looked behind him. Saw that he  
was being followed by his  
footprints and his shadow. He  
decided to outrun them. But no  
matter how fast he ran, the  
footprints and shadow stayed right  
there behind him. Finally, he ran  
so hard, he collapsed and died of  
exhaustion. The thing is...

He moves a Rook over from the corner.

OMAR  
If the man had stopped, there would  
have been no more footprints.  
(MORE)

OMAR(cont'd)

And if he had rested in the shade  
of a tree, then his shadow would  
have disappeared.

HAWLEY

Who told you that story?

Hawley pushes another pawn forward. Threatening Omar's  
Queen.

OMAR

My uncle. Back in Somalia.  
*(then with a smile)*  
But all my town knew my uncle was a  
lazy son-of-a-bitch.

He slides his Queen out of the way. Hawley glances at the  
parking lot again.

OMAR

Stop looking over there. You make  
me nervous.

HAWLEY

I'm sorry, it's just...

OMAR

*(sarcastic)*  
Maybe it's your ex-wife.

HAWLEY

Very funny.

SCOPE POV:

On the head of one of Hawley's dogs. Hovers there for a  
moment. Then moves back over to Hawley.

PARKING LOT

We close in on the VW van. Covered in dirt and grime.  
Through moldy curtains, we see a telephoto lens.

INT. VAN - DAY

The unshaven man sits with a camera pointed out the car  
window. CLICKING AWAY. He's BREATHING HARD. Every breath  
like a saw grinding against wood.

He rolls over to reload more film. He has his shirt off. A  
LARGE PINK SCAR running down one side of his chest.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Hawley slides his other long-range bishop out.

OMAR  
Oh, my friend... Now you're in  
trouble.

HAWLEY  
Checkmate.

OMAR  
What?!

HAWLEY  
You don't have anywhere to go.

OMAR  
Ana Mish Fahem...

HAWLEY  
Hey, Mahfouz? Your past ever come  
back to haunt you?

MAHFOUZ  
At my age, there are more ghosts  
than real people.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

A strange distorted image of Hawley's face. Glazed with sweat. Perched in the high branches of the jungle canopy. One eye locked to the scope of his sniper rifle. A rifle wrapped in tattered, wet bandages.

WE MOVE IN on his other eye. Blood shot. Veins creasing through his cornea. Stinging. Insects crawling across his face. Drinking the sweat from the pores of his skin.

He remains perfectly still. Waits.

CUT TO:

A PHONE RINGING--

We are:

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hawley's eyes shoot open. He's fallen asleep on the chair. The lamp still on. The Koran lying open on his lap. He lets the phone ring. Once, twice, three times...

And then it stops. Beat. The FAX MACHINE turns on. The soft dull grinding of a piece of paper threading through the system. Hawley looks down at the fax as it continues to feed through...

It's a photo. Telephoto lens. Hawley and Omar playing chess. Hawley picks up the receiver--

All he gets is the static BEEPING of a fax machine. Then a dial tone. He glances back down at the fax...

Someone has taken a felt-tip marker and drawn a SNIPER'S TARGET on Hawley's head.

Fax in hand, Hawley dials a number...

HUNT (O.S.)  
*(sleepy)*  
 This is Sam.

Hawley is silent.

HUNT (O.S.)  
 Hello...? Who is this?

Hawley hangs up. Opens a drawer...

A pile of photos. All faxes of him with the target over his face. In most of them, he's right outside his own home. He throws the new fax in with the others. Yanks the phone out of the wall.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunt sits at her desk. Pouring over paperwork.

HAWLEY (O.S.)  
 Hey, Hunt -

She jolts up. Hawley is standing right next to her -

HUNT  
 Goddamnit... I hate it when you do that. Can't you just walk up to somebody like anyone else? Like a normal person?

Hawley glances down at the San Francisco file.

HAWLEY  
 What's that?

HUNT  
(hostile)  
Nothing. Why are you here?

HAWLEY  
There's something I need to show  
you.

HUNT  
Oh, yeah?

HAWLEY  
I need a ride back to my house.

Hunt looks at him skeptically.

INT. HUNT'S CAR - EVENING

Hunt drives Hawley back to his house. Hunt is silent. Taps  
on the steering wheel, annoyed.

HUNT  
I can't believe you still don't  
drive.

Hawley is silent. Hunt SIGHS.

HUNT  
Okay, so talk to me. How's Tuco  
doin'?

HAWLEY  
Good.

HUNT  
And Blondie? He still makin' mince-  
meat of his tennis balls?

She pulls into his driveway. Hawley is silent. Gets out of  
the car.

HUNT  
I'm just coming in for a couple  
minutes, okay?

Hawley's already on his way to the front door. Hunt takes a  
deep breath and gets out of the car.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Hunt sits with the various faxes of Hawley with the SNIPER  
TARGET over his face strewn out on the table in front of her.

HUNT

Jesus...

HAWLEY

He's been sending them to me for a couple weeks now.

HUNT

And you haven't told anybody?!

HAWLEY

Why? Because a police officer is receiving death threats? I just figured... I don't know. But then, yesterday. You coming to me with that freeway shooting...

Hunt continues to flip through the various photos. CLOSE ON the photo of Hawley playing chess.

HAWLEY

He's taunting me. Making sure I know he's watching. That he could take me out at any moment.

HUNT

Have you tried tracing the call?

HAWLEY

The phone number's blocked.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Hunt watches as a POLICE TECHNICIAN installs a wire-tap to Hawley's phone. She walks into the...

KITCHEN

Sees the Peptobismol on the counter. Looks at the fridge. The photo of the two of them with the dogs.

She shakes her head. Moves out the back door --

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Hawley throws a tennis ball back and forth to his dogs. Hunt walks out with the Pepto --

HUNT

Still got those ulcers, huh?

Hawley just keeps throwing the tennis ball.

HUNT

So you made any enemies in the past ten years I should know about?

HAWLEY

In L.A.? Not that I know of.

HUNT

What about your victims?

HAWLEY

Victims?

HUNT

You know what I mean. People you shot. Maybe it's a friend of one of them. A family member out for revenge. Something like that.

HAWLEY

Could be. I don't know.

HUNT

What's it like, anyway?

HAWLEY

What's what like?

HUNT

Is it like a video game? To be so removed from your victim?

Hawley is silent. Hunt presses him on. Desperately trying to solicit some kind of reaction.

HUNT

You ever have to make it personal? I mean, are you always half a mile away? Or have you ever had to hold a gun right up to someone's head and pull the trigger?

Hawley stops throwing the ball. Gazes at Hunt.

HUNT

Hello...? Anybody in there? Okay, well, I guess not.

*(deep breath)*

How 'bout the lawyer on the freeway. Any connection? His name was Louis Becker.

Hawley shakes his head "no."

HUNT  
 Would you by any chance know who a  
 Wendy Clark is?

HAWLEY  
 Who?

EXT. HAWLEY'S FRONTYARD - A MOMENT LATER

She pulls out something from her car. FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHS.  
 Still shots of the bank teller, WENDY, on the floor of her  
 apartment. A bullet-hole through her forehead.

HUNT  
 Her name was Wendy Clark. She was  
 shot with the same exact bullet as  
 the guy on the freeway.

HAWLEY  
 When?

HUNT  
 Five days ago. Up in San  
 Francisco.

The Police Technician walks out the front door--

TECHNICIAN  
 All right, it's done. If the guy  
 sends another fax, we can trace it.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunt looks up to see LIEUTENANT PESTANO enter. A co-worker.

PESTANO  
 Hey, Hunt. Found something on the  
 Becker case. Thought you might  
 find it interesting.

He throws her a photocopied newspaper article:

"Ex-con Fernandez takes law office hostage. Fernandez shot  
 dead after two hour showdown with LAPD."

PESTANO  
 Three years ago. That Becker guy  
 was one of the lawyers taken  
 hostage. Back when he was a public  
 defender. Kind of weird, right?  
 Gotta be worth something.

HUNT

Yeah... Hey, thanks, Pestano. I'll look into it.

PESTANO

Let me know.

Pestano leaves. Hunt picks up the phone.

HUNT

*(into phone)*

Yeah, Harry. Can you do me a favor and find out who the officer was that shot and killed Enrique Fernandez back in... December '97. Yeah, thanks. ASAP.

She hangs up. Dials another number.

HUNT

Yes, hello, this is Lieutenant Hunt again from down in L.A. Can you put me through to the detective in charge of the Wendy Clark investigation?

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

Rollercoaster. Bumper cars. Merry-go-round. A familiar figure stands against the wooden railing. The killer. He stuffs popcorn into his unshaven face. A backpack slung over his shoulder...

He's watching two women throw softballs at milk jugs. They are: AMBER and MONICA. Early twenties. Amber's a Culver City WASP. Dressed a little trashy. Monica's Hispanic.

Amber knocks down the jugs. SIRENS go off --

MONICA

Amber! Oh my God!

VENDOR

We have a winner, ladies and gentlemen! The pretty lady right in front of me! We have a winner!

Nobody cares. People just continue to pass by. Amber points to a large white polar bear with a big pink ribbon around his neck.

AMBER

I'll take that one.

THE UNSHAVEN MAN

Looks on from a distance.

UNSHAVEN MAN

*(mumbling to himself)*

Amber, Amber... What on earth are  
we going to do with you?

AMBER AND MONICA

Pass a booth where kids shoot fake rifles at plastic ducks.

BOY

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Monica and Amber, her arms full of polar bear, walk down the  
steps to the beach...

EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DAY

The unshaven man makes his way from the pier to an office  
building under construction right on the cliffs.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - STAIRWAY

He climbs the metal stairs of the emergency exit.

EXT. ROOFTOP

The roof is high enough that it overlooks the Santa Monica  
beach far down below...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Amber and Monica lay down their beach towels. Amber prepares  
a special place for her polar bear.

Then looks up at the massive cliffs...

MONICA

What the hell you lookin' at?

AMBER

Nothin'.

MONICA

Sometimes I think you're losin' it,  
you know that?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOFTOP

The unshaven man sits on the ground next to the edge of the roof. He opens his backpack. His breathing grows heavy.

He pulls out the first piece of his SNIPER RIFLE.

EXT. BEACH

Monica lays sunbathing in her bikini. Amber slips out of her cut-off jean shorts...

EXT. ROOFTOP

The unshaven man checks his scope. Gazes through it at the beach below. He stretches out on the ground. Secures the rifle against his shoulder. Looks through the scope again.

SCOPE POV:

Through the four post crosshairs we see Amber and Monica. We can hear the unshaven man's RASPY BREATHING. Amber is rubbing suntan lotion on herself.

EXT. BEACH

Monica lies with her eyes closed. Sunglasses on.

MONICA

Man, Amber. You don't gotta get every fuckin' piece of skin.

AMBER

You're one to talk. Look at you with your Latina skin.

MONICA

So?

AMBER

So, I'm white. I don't want no cancer, okay?

MONICA

Yeah, yeah.

Amber continues to lather herself with lotion...

BAM! The bottle of suntan lotion explodes --

Amber looks down in shock at the crimson welling up in the palm of her hand...

BAM!! A shot to the back of her shoulder knocks her forward...

Monica jolts up on her towel--

And SCREAMS--

Another SCREAM from someone nearby--

BAM!! A third bullet goes straight through Amber's back--

But she's still sitting up. Looking down in shock at the bullet hole in her hand. Monica gazes at her friend in shock.

Everyone around is running. Calling for help. Yet Amber's the only one who's been hit. She tries to stand up. Stumbles. Her body fighting to stay alive...

But then Monica can only watch helplessly as Amber falls back onto her towel. Dead.

BAM!! A fourth bullet pierces her chest...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Rows of Media vans line Main Street in front of the LAPD building.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT

Chaos. A complete media frenzy. Reporters push and shove outside the doors. No one can work. Tension fills the air. LIEUTENANT McALLISTER pushes through to the Captain's office.

INT. PACHOWSKY'S OFFICE

McAllister enters to find CAPTAIN PACHOWSKY in the middle of yelling at another police officer. Pachowsky's the Commanding Officer of the Robber-Homicide Division (RHD). A large man, his once muscular body turned to fat.

PACHOWSKY

I don't give a shit what the Santa Monica Police Department thinks, I can't be expected to look over every fucking report in the precinct!

MCALLISTER

Um, sir...?

PACHOWSKY  
What is it, McAllister?!

MCALLISTER  
It's the Mayor, sir. He wants to  
have a word with you.

Pachowsky goes silent. His gaze moves across the room to two figures standing silently at the side. Men in suits...

FBI AGENTS. He marches to the door--

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Pachowsky erupts into the chaos --

PACHOWSKY  
Goddamnit, where's HUNT?!!!

CUT TO:

VIDEOTAPE:

Two gunmen erupt from a bank with their semi-automatic weapons blazing. One of them holds Wendy Clark hostage.

We are:

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunt sits in darkness, going over the tape of the bank robbery five years ago over and over again.

CLOSE ON the grainy image of Wendy as she stands with the gunman's rifle pressed up against the side of her head. Her eyes look terrified. Then--

CRACK!

The gunman gets shot in the head. A small spray of blood shoots forth from his temple. Wendy ducks down for cover.

INT. POLICE ARCHIVES

Hunt searches the aisles of the file she needs.

AT A TABLE

She pours through a report of the incident:

The gunman from the bank robbery shot by an LAPD sniper. Then she comes to the paperwork submitted by the officer who shot the gunman... Ethan Hawley.

BACK IN THE AISLES

Hunt grabs another file. Then another.

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - DAY

She pours through all the file reports submitted by Hawley...

HUNT  
(realizing)  
Jesus Christ...

She picks up the phone. Dials. The line's busy. She tries again. Still busy.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hunt rushes down the hallway. Pestano appears from around the corner...

PESTANO  
Hey, Hunt! Pachowsky's lookin' for you.

HUNT  
No time.

PESTANO  
He sounds pretty pissed.

HUNT  
You never saw me, okay?

PESTANO  
Alright, sure. But you better get your ass up there soon.

Hunt's already gone. Racing down the hallway.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Darkness. Jungle. Deep greens. Crusted mud browns. That same vague image of Hawley. Perched in the insect-infested branches of a massive tree.

Eye trained on his rifle sight. Trying to make out something in the trees a 1000 meters away...

EXT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hunt BANGS on Hawley's front door. His dogs are BARKING. The front door opens a crack. Chain still attached.

HAWLEY  
What the - ?

HUNT  
Hawley!

HAWLEY  
(groggy)  
Jesus Christ, Sam.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE

Hawley unlatches the chain. Hunt pushes through the door.

HUNT  
I tried to call you, but -

HAWLEY  
I was sleeping. I unplugged the  
phone.

HUNT  
Louis Becker, Wendy Clark. Those  
names don't ring any bells, huh?  
Goddamn you, Hawley!

HAWLEY  
Slow down. What're you talking  
about?

HUNT  
I figured it out.

HAWLEY  
Figured what out?

HUNT  
The pattern. What links all the  
sniper's victims!

Hawley is silent.

HUNT  
Wendy Clark, Louis Becker, and now  
this poor girl Amber Wilson.

HAWLEY  
Amber Wilson? That was the girl  
who's stepfather went nuts last  
year.

HUNT

Oh, so you remember her, huh?  
Well, too fuckin' late! She just  
got killed today. Picked off by a  
sniper while lying on the beach.

HAWLEY

What?

HUNT

Whoever's sending you those faxes  
is taking out everyone you've ever  
saved. Amber, Wendy, Louis. Every  
one of them were previously  
hostages that you saved the life  
of. And now somebody's goddamn  
picking them off!

Hawley's in shock. He can't find words.

HUNT

Goddamnit! Who the hell hates you  
that much?!

Hawley just looks at her.

HUNT

Well, it's not me!

Hunt is frantically pacing up and down.

HUNT

Are there any other hostages?

HAWLEY

What?

HUNT

Hostages, goddamnit! Hostages  
you've saved!

HAWLEY

I... I don't know.

HUNT

You don't know?!

HAWLEY

Christ, Sam, why would I have any  
idea what the names of the hostages  
are? Amber Wilson, sure. It was  
last year, but--

HUNT

What do you mean?! Don't you ever fill out reports?! Receive commendations? Engage in any goddamn after-action analysis?!

Hawley gazes at her blankly.

HUNT

Don't you remember the names of the people you shot, for Christ's sake!

HAWLEY

Maybe. Sometimes. It's just a job. Like anything else.

HUNT

Oh, don't give me that bullshit.

HAWLEY

Look, Sam. Maybe I remember the names of a couple of the people I've shot over the years, but what does that have to do with anything? You wanna know the names of the people they were holding hostage, right? And, no. I don't remember all their names.

Hunt's furious. Trembling.

HAWLEY

Goddamnit, Sam, you went through all the reports, right?

HUNT

Yeah, but -

HAWLEY

*(realizing)*  
Oh, God.

HUNT

Oh, God, what?

HAWLEY

There's one report that probably hasn't been filed yet.

HUNT

What?! Who?

CUT TO:

A MIDDLE-CLASS WOMAN WITH BIG GLASSES. The same woman who was taken hostage at the gas station. MARY WATERFORD.

We are:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Mary locks her car.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Excuse me, Miss?

Mary turns to see the UNSHAVEN MAN. Wearing a sweat suit. Wool-knit gloves. Backpack slung over his shoulder.

UNSHAVEN MAN  
Can I get your windows for you?

MARY  
Um, no, thank you.

She walks away. Towards the Supermarket. He calmly walks away. Across the street. Into an apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL

He climbs the stairs. Breathing heavy.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Emerges onto the roof. Puts up the hood of his sweat suit. Looks out over the supermarket parking lot...

INT. HUNT'S CAR - DAY

Hunt and Hawley race down the streets of L.A. Hunt's knuckles white from gripping the steering wheel.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE

They SCREECH up before a small house in Culver City. The familiar Mazda from the gas station parked in the driveway.

An ELDERLY NEIGHBOR waters his garden next door. Looks up at them.

INT. HUNT'S CAR

Hunt slams a clip into her pistol.

HUNT  
*(sarcastic)*  
 You know how to use a shotgun,  
 right?

Hawley just looks at her. He unclasps the LAPD-issued  
 shotgun from it's holder.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE

Hunt sprints to the front door. POUNDS on it --

Hawley stands by the car. Shotgun in hand. Gazes around at  
 the neighborhood. Smiles at the neighbor.

Hunt continues to pound at the door. A couple cats come to  
 rub against her ankles. She steps over them. Looks in the  
 window. More cats. She turns to Hawley--

HUNT  
 Damn it! She isn't home!

NEIGHBOR  
 You lookin' for Mary?

HUNT  
 Yeah! You know where she is?!

NEIGHBOR  
 She said she was going to the  
 market. Not even half an hour ago.

HUNT  
 Market? Where?!

NEIGHBOR  
 Just down the street.

Hunt turns back to Hawley.

HUNT  
 Shit...

They both leap into the car. Hunt SCREECHES into a U-turn.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The bagger piles cans and cans of cat food into a paper bag  
 for Mary. Mary signs her receipt. Smiles thanks to the  
 bagger. And heads for the sliding doors.

EXT. SUPERMARKET

Mary walks out the front doors of the supermarket. Looks up at the beautiful day unfolding. And--

HUNT (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
MARY...!!

IN SLOW MOTION:

Mary turns her head to see Hunt's car skidding to a stop...

The side of her cheek gets sliced open by a passing bullet.

CRASH!! The Supermarket window behind her shatters with the impact.

BACK TO REAL TIME:

Hunt leaps out of the car. Dives at Mary. Knocks them both behind the cover of a parked car --

BAM!! BAM!!

One bullet hits the sidewalk. The next rips through Hunt's left arm.

ALL THE SHOPPERS

In the parking lot fall to the ground. Hands on top of their heads.

HAWLEY

Emerges from the car. Shotgun in hand. Gazes straight up at where the shooting came from...

The apartment across the street.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP

The killer rolls away from the edge of the roof. Hood still up. Makes a run for it. Leaves the rifle behind.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Hawley catches a split-second glimpse of the killer's head. He runs across the street. Dodges an oncoming car. Other cars SCREECH on their brakes. HONK at him.

PARKING LOT

Hunt sees Hawley run into the apartment building. But she's too busy trying to help Mary.

She looks up at the Supermarket SECURITY GUARD --

HUNT

For Christ's sake! Get help!

The Security Guard runs to a pay phone. She turns to a terrified Mary --

HUNT

Say here! Don't move!

She then makes a run after Hawley. Towards the apartment --

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL

The killer races down the stairs. Hears the front door burst open. Stops. Takes a handgun from his belt.

1ST FLOOR

Hawley runs up the stairs.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Hawley ducks out of the way. The killer is shooting at him from up above.

4TH FLOOR

The killer makes a run for it.

1ST FLOOR

Hawley runs up the stairs. Makes it up to the

4TH FLOOR

Sees the silhouette of the killer at the end of the hall. Breaking through a door to the fire escape outside.

The killer SLAMS the door behind him --

Hawley shoots--

The door gets shredded. Riddled with shotgun pellets--

Hawley hears the front door burst open--

HUNT (O.S.)

Hawley!

HAWLEY

He went out the back!

And he runs down the hallway after him--

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

The killer sprints down the metal steps. Jumps over the railing. Onto the top of a dumpster.

HAWLEY

Bursts through into the sunlight. Sees the killer running down the alley. A man in a sweat suit.

Hawley raises the shotgun, but there's no way he can get a good shot off. Not with a shotgun.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Hunt runs around to the back alley --

HAWLEY (O.S.)

He went that way!

Hunt looks up. Sees Hawley on the fire escape. Pointing at the other end of the alleyway.

Hunt makes a run for it --

Hawley clatters down the rest of the fire escape--

EXT. STREET

Hunt runs out into the street. THREE POLICE CARS skid to a halt in front of her.

POLICE OFFICER

Drop your weapon! Hands in the air!

Hunt continues to scope the street for the killer. He's nowhere to be seen.

HUNT

*(defeated)*

We're all on the same side, guys.

Her left arm is bright crimson with blood. She turns to see Hawley walk out from the alleyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Hunt and Hawley stand with AGENT LISKEN amidst a dozen police cars and SPECTATORS. Mary gets loaded into an ambulance.

HUNT

What are you gonna do with her?

LISKEN

She'll be under our protection.

BROWN

We found this on the roof.

Agent Brown walks up with the killer's rifle in hand. Scope still attached.

LISKEN

AK-47?

HAWLEY

R5.

Lisken looks suspiciously at Hawley.

HUNT

I think there's a few things we need to fill you in on.

INT. PACHOWSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Hunt's in a meeting with Pachowsky, Pestano, and the FBI. Agents Lisken and BROWN. Her arm's in a sling.

Pachowsky peruses her report.

HUNT

I just needed more time.

PACHOWSKY

You didn't have time.

HUNT

I know that, sir.

LISKEN

A young girl is dead now because of you and -

HUNT

Bullshit. How could I know he'd strike again so fuckin' fast?!

PACHOWSKY

Okay, Hunt. That's enough.

He turns to the FBI--

PACHOWSKY

Just remember that Mary Waterford is alive today because of her.

Lisken is silenced.

PACHOWSKY

Okay, so what about this lead with our guy Hawley?

LISKEN

We're looking into it. But we're also keeping our eye on him.

HUNT

What?! You think *he's* a suspect now?! That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever -

PESTANO

Sam, stop. It ain't gonna do any good.

LISKEN

You were married to him, correct?

Hunt is silent. Brown gazes down at a report in his lap.

BROWN

Samantha J. Hawley. The two of you lived at Camp Pendleton for two years and Twenty-Nine Palms for one. Then you filed for divorce. A year later, he left for Somalia. You guys still talk much?

PACHOWSKY

Okay, enough. You can put our whole Police Department under surveillance if that's what it's gonna take to get this asshole off my streets, but I won't have you badgering my detectives.

Lisken and Brown are silent. Pachowsky SIGHS.

PACHOWSKY

So what now?

LISKEN

We're putting together a profile.  
Together with the forensic evidence  
we've collected, we're hoping to be  
able to predict his next move.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Hawley perched in his tree. Eye locked onto his sight.

SCOPE POV:

1000 meters away. That same dark shape. Then suddenly a  
flicker. A tiny, tiny flame. The sound of the flicker like  
the DEAFENING ROAR OF A BONFIRE.

Hawley takes a deep breath. The sound like a GUST OF WIND  
GETTING SUCKED DOWN A CHIMNEY.

The flame is gone. The flicker lasting just for a split-  
second. But that's all the time Hawley needs.

He fires. The sound like a MASSIVE EXPLOSION --

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hawley wakes up in deep sweat. His sheets soaked. His hands  
clenched into fists. He's trembling.

He gets up and walks over to the window. Glances out at TWO  
FBI AGENTS sitting in a car across the street. Trying  
desperately to be inconspicuous.

EXT. LONG BEACH MARINA - DAY

Hawley stands on the docks with his two dogs. Omar works on  
his boat. Chipping away at the barnacles.

HAWLEY

Hey, Omar, you ever see any R5s in  
'dishu?

OMAR

Mostly AK-47s. Cheaper. But,  
sure. Some of the mercenaries from  
South Africa carried them.

HAWLEY

You don't see a whole lot of them  
in America.

OMAR

No, I suppose you wouldn't. Why?  
What's going on, my friend?

Beat. Hawley looks lost in thought.

HAWLEY

You believe in ghosts, Omar?

Omar stops working. Gazes at Hawley...

OMAR

I suppose that depends what kind of  
ghosts you be speaking about.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF HAWLEY talking to Omar at the marina.

We are:

INT. KILLER'S HOME - NIGHT

We pull out to reveal an entire wall covered in photographs.  
The killer paces back and forth.

The room is dark. Only a single red light bulb hanging from  
the ceiling. Swaying back and forth. We slowly move across  
the wall of pictures...

A multitude of newspaper articles about America's involvement  
in Central Africa. Special Forces training troops in Uganda.  
CIA operations in Sudan. Tribal genocide in Rwanda. Marines  
trapped in Mogadishu.

As we move away from the wall, we realize the room is a  
bedroom and a dark room. A simple army cot in the corner. A  
table covered in photo developers in another. Half-exposed  
shots of Hawley.

The killer continues to pace back and forth. Muttering to  
himself. Surrounded by photos. Images of Hawley.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HUNT'S OFFICE - EVENING

Hunt's crouched down, filing away some paper work with her  
good arm. She turns to see Hawley standing behind her --

HUNT  
(startled)  
Jesus Christ! Would you stop doing that?!

HAWLEY  
How're things coming along?

HUNT  
Just great. I just spent all afternoon being reprimanded by my Captain and the FBI won't let me near the case anymore.

HAWLEY  
Lisken's still pissed?

HUNT  
If he had his way, the LAPD'd be off the case all together. As it is, Pachowsky had to reassign the case to some goddamn paper pusher.

HAWLEY  
You think they'll find the guy?

HUNT  
The FBI? Hell if I know. They're probably still busy drawing up a psychological profile of the bastard.

HAWLEY  
Well, there is one piece of good news.

HUNT  
Oh, yeah? What's that?

HAWLEY  
There shouldn't be any more murders.

HUNT  
No?

HAWLEY  
The guy's taken out every hostage I've ever saved.

HUNT

That's good news? You got a strange way of looking at things, sweetheart.

She SIGHS. Dumps the rest of her paperwork on her desk.

HUNT

I guess when you've got a guy with a gun to a hostage's head, and all you've got in your scope is half a piece of the gunman's forehead, you learn to be optimistic, huh?

Hawley is silent.

HUNT

So what're you doing right now?

No answer.

INT. BILTMORE - BAR - NIGHT

Hunt and Hawley sit at the bar. Hunt's drunk. Smoking a cigarette. Hawley doesn't drink.

HUNT

So I told the asshole to fuck off!  
My husband's in Moga... Moga...  
dishu!

She leans in --

HUNT

*(whispering)*

I didn't tell him we were divorced already.

Hawley smiles.

HUNT

Do you know why I divorced you?  
I'll bet you don't. You were never any fun. I mean you were smarter than the rest, sure, but...

*(she sucks in a long drag)*

Have you ever taken a chance? I mean, like, did you ever play any Russian Roulette over in Africa?

HAWLEY

You've been watching too much Deer Hunter.

HUNT

That was Vietnam, dumb ass. But, no, I'm serious. Six chambers. One bullet. The odds are in your favor, right?

Hawley just stares at her for a moment.

HUNT

*(defensively)*

What? You think I'm drunk, don't you? How come you aren't drinking? Oh, yeah. It's a religious thing, huh? That whole Islam thing you been doin' lately.

HAWLEY

Five years. Yes.

HUNT

You and that Moonshadow guy, right? Five years. Hell, is that how long we've been apart?

HAWLEY

Longer than that. How're things with the family?

HUNT

The family? I dunno. Just had lunch with my Dad a few days ago. He still hates you.

Hawley smiles again. He knows she's trying to ruffle his feathers.

HUNT

And let's see... My mom's as stagnant and unhappy as always. It's like my Dad keeps her locked up in that house. She goes out once a week for her game of bridge. And now my brother just bought her an electronic poker game.

She tries to light another cigarette. Has trouble with one arm and ends up shrugging out of the sling.

HUNT

Goddamnit...

Hawley takes the lighter and lights her cigarette for her.

HUNT  
(cigarette dangling from  
her lips)  
Appreciate it.

She balls up the sling and throws it behind the bar.

HUNT  
She used to be so fuckin' alive.  
She had everything going for her.  
And now...

HAWLEY  
You still blame your Dad?

HUNT  
And why shouldn't I?!

HAWLEY  
It was just as much her decision to  
give up the restaurant.

HUNT  
You think so? I'm not so sure  
about that.

She smokes some more. Sees Hawley look at the cigarette  
pack. She slides it over to him.

HUNT  
You want one?

HAWLEY  
(declines)  
Thanks.

HUNT  
Don't smoke anymore, huh? "Don't  
smoke, don't drink, what do you  
do?" Don't talk nearly as much  
either, do you? You've changed a  
lot, Hawley.

Hawley is silent.

HUNT  
No, I mean it's a good thing.  
Can't be a Varsity all-star pitcher  
forever now, can we?

She shakes her head and LAUGHS to herself.

HUNT  
Those were the days, weren't they,  
Hawley? Hey, do you mind that I  
call you that?

HAWLEY  
What?

HUNT  
Hawley.

HAWLEY  
You've always called me Hawley.

HUNT  
Yeah, I know.

She looks him up and down. Assessing him.

HUNT  
I mean don't get me wrong. You  
probably haven't changed that much.  
I still don't trust you any more  
than I can throw you.

HAWLEY  
Throw me?

HUNT  
Whatever. You know what I mean.

HAWLEY  
So why don't you trust me?

HUNT  
Never have. You don't talk enough.  
Always gotta be suspicious of the  
silent types. They got too much  
time to think. Anybody takes that  
much time to think about what  
they're gonna say... You know  
they've got time to be slippery  
with their words. Plus you were in  
the Marines. That means you got a  
couple screws loose.

HAWLEY  
Is that right?

HUNT  
Yep. A bunch of slippery screws.  
That's what you are. And what's up  
with all this Islam bullshit?

Hawley shrugs.

HUNT

Oh, right. Africa. So why'd you come back, anyway?

HAWLEY

To the U.S.?

HUNT

To L.A. To the LAPD. Out of all the police departments in the country... I know what you're gonna say. This is your home. This is where you grew up. But ever since I first met you, all you talked about is wanting to get out of here. Wanting to see the world. That's why you joined the Marines, right? And now...?

*(she ashes)*

For Christ's sake, you don't even drive.

HAWLEY

A lot happened in those three years, Sam.

HUNT

So you just decided out of the blue you wanted to be a cop?

HAWLEY

I'm a sniper. It's what I'm good at.

HUNT

Yeah, but aren't there diplomats that need to be protected back in D.C. or something?

HAWLEY

Okay, okay... It's my turn.

HUNT

Your turn what?

HAWLEY

My turn to ask a question. How come you took back your old name?

HUNT

Hunt?

*(shrugs)*

I don't know. Guess I figured:  
give back the ring, give back the  
name. Never really wanted the last  
name Hawley in the first place.

HAWLEY

Thanks.

HUNT

Just being honest.

EXT. BILTMORE - NIGHT

Hunt and Hawley leave the bar. Hawley searches the streets  
for any sign of his watcher. Looks up at the skyscrapers.

HUNT

They're beautiful, aren't they?

Hawley is silent.

HUNT

Hawley...?

HAWLEY

Yeah?

HUNT

I hated the base. I hated the  
other wives.

HAWLEY

*(softly)*

Yeah... Yeah, I know.

They gaze at each other. Their lips only inches apart.

HAWLEY

*(echoing her words)*

You felt locked up. Stagnant and  
unhappy.

Hunt smiles at him sadly.

HUNT

Exactly.

They look at each other for a moment...

Hunt leans in and kisses Hawley. He's completely taken by surprise. Then--

HUNT  
 Okay, shit.  
*(deep breath)*  
 I gotta go.

She gives Hawley a quick peck on the cheek, then hurries off up the hill. Back to her apartment.

Hawley stands in front of the Biltmore for a moment. Watching his ex-wife climb up the hill. Hoping she'll look back at him.

Beat. She never looks back. Hawley turns to the Metro Station. Every abandoned building seems to have shadows moving across the windows. A thousand sniper perches surrounding Hawley from all angles...

CUT TO:

A SOLDIER wearing goggles and a helmet. A rifle held up to his eye.

SOLDIER  
 Hold it!

BAM!

Another soldier, trying to make a run for it, gets tagged in the back. Blue paint all over the back of his red vest.

We are:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

This is the San Bernardino War Games Center. Red team. Blue team. Hunting each other through the forest. Trying to annihilate each other with paint guns.

One SOLDIER has the red flag in sight. He moves from the cover of one tree to the cover of another. His eyes dart back and forth. It looks like he's about to reach the flag, when --

BAM!

He gets hit in the back of the helmet. The man that fired the shot moves up from his crouching position and runs to the cover of some nearby bushes.

It's Hawley. Barely recognizable under his helmet and goggles.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Paint war soldiers. Hawley takes out at least five single-handedly. Then a voice booms out of the P.A. system--

P.A.

Okay, guys! There's only two of you left. One red team. One blue team. You have five minutes to get the flag!

HAWLEY

Glances around. The forest seems empty. Red and blue paint splattered among the trees.

He spots the battleground's ABANDONED CAR through the trees. Rusty. Covered in paint. He moves towards it. And suddenly sees another figure moving behind it...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Hawley dives behind a large tree log. Paint splatters against the tree behind him.

LOG

Hawley breathes hard. Glances at his paint gun. Such a crude piece of machinery. He looks over the log at the abandoned car.

CAR

There's definitely somebody there. Helmet. Goggles. Paintgun rifle.

LOG

Hawley sets up his own rifle on top of the log.

P.A.

Two more minutes, guys! You need to get the flag!

HAWLEY

*(to himself)*

Fuck the flag...

He squints his eye. Tries to get a clear shot of the soldier behind the car.

HAWLEY  
Come on... Come on...

BAM!

Hawley gets hit straight between the eyes. His goggles splatter with paint.

HAWLEY  
Shit!

He wipes away the paint.

INT. GAME ROOM - LATER

Hawley gives in his rifle to the clerk behind the desk.

CLERK  
Wow, Hawley. That's the first time  
I've seen you take it in the face.

HAWLEY  
Yeah, yeah...

The side door opens up and a man with goggles and a helmet walks through. Everyone in the room ERUPTS with congratulations. "The man who beat Hawley!"

Hawley shakes his head and leaves.

EXT. PARKING LOT

He fiddles with his car keys. Obviously a little rattled. When his eyes glaze over. Like he's just seen a ghost...

INT. GAME ROOM

Hawley bursts in --

HAWLEY  
Where is he?!

CLERK  
Jesus, Hawley...

HAWLEY  
Where the fuck did he go?!

CLERK  
Out the back.

Hawley sprints to the back door--

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Hawley bursts through the door. It's all forest. No sign of anybody.

Off Hawley. Sweating. Paranoid.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door bell RINGS. Hawley opens the front door to reveal Hunt standing on his porch. No more sling. Just a bandage.

HUNT

Ethan? You okay?

Hawley turns away from her. Walks back into the house. Hunt follows.

HUNT

If this is about last night... I mean if you're sorry it happened, I understand. We can forget about it. It wasn't very professional. I mean I was drunk. We were both drunk. We don't have to -

HAWLEY

It's not about last night.

Hunt stops short. Stares at Hawley. This is serious.

HAWLEY

His name's Joe Morphy.

HUNT

What are you talking about?

HAWLEY

I think this all goes back to Africa.

Hunt slowly sits down on his couch.

HAWLEY

You ever heard of Executive Outcomes?

HUNT

Executive Outcomes?

HAWLEY

Mercenaries. Recruited out of the South African military.

(MORE)

HAWLEY(cont'd)

Generally hired to help protect diamond fields. They were heavily involved in getting DeBeers out of Sierra Leone a few years back.

HUNT

Okay...?

HAWLEY

Well, word has it, some of them had been getting hired by various Somalian warlords.

HUNT

Where you goin' with this, Hawley?

Hawley is silent. He paces back and forth.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Deep in the jungle. The flames from an oil refinery blazing in the darkness. Dark figures move across the foreground.

HAWLEY (V.O.)

General Aidid had taken over an oil refinery. We were supposed to help take it back. The Somalian army kept sending guys in, but nobody ever came out. There was a sniper picking soldiers off. Word had it Aidid had hired Morphy into the ranks.

A CROUCHED FIGURE. Smoking a cigarette. Emptying shells from his sniper rifle.

HAWLEY (V.O.)

Joseph Morphy. The best sniper Executive Outcomes had on the pay roll. I was assigned to breach enemy lines and take him out.

ANOTHER FIGURE. Hawley. In camouflage fatigues. Crawling up a tree. Sniper rifle strapped to his back.

HAWLEY (V.O.)

Morphy and I spent six days hiding in trees, waiting to flush each other out. A game of chess. Which one would crack first? Which one would blow their cover?

The same images Hawley's been dreaming. Up in the tree. Eye trained on his scope. Watching the darkness out in front of him.

HAWLEY (V.O.)

And on the sixth day... I won.  
Morphy lit a cigarette and I took  
him out.

The flicker of Morphy's match. Hawley squeezing the trigger.  
The explosion of the gunshot.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HAWLEY

...or so I thought.

HUNT

You think he survived?

HAWLEY

This morning I was practicing War  
Games.

HUNT

Practicing what?

HAWLEY

War Games. Paint ball. I go there  
on the week-ends sometimes.

HUNT

You're obsessive. You know that,  
right?

HAWLEY

Yeah, well, I got shot.

HUNT

*(laughs nervously)*

First time?

HAWLEY

Yes. First time. The guys out  
there aren't exactly professional  
soldiers. That is, usually. It  
wasn't until afterwards that it  
dawned on me.

HUNT

What?

HAWLEY

Either I jsut saw a ghost, or that  
guy was Morphy.

HUNT

The R5 rifle... It's South African.

HAWLEY

Exactly. If he's here, he's here  
for revenge. A personal vendetta  
against me.

He gazes out his window. Nervously.

HAWLEY

But the sick mother likes to play  
games. Killing me would be too  
easy.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Downtown. Morning rush hour.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

Hunt and Hawley sit in an FBI conference room with Pachowsky,  
Agent Lisken, Agent Brown, and three other FBI agents.

LISKEN

We're working in tandem with the  
CIA. They've got contacts at both  
Executive Outcomes and the South  
African military that'll send us  
info on our suspect.

PACHOWSKY

What about Morphy's involvement  
with General Aidid? Can we get any  
info there?

Lisken smiles. Shakes his head.

LISKEN

Not a chance. Aidid was killed in  
'96. His son, Hussein Aidid, runs  
the local War there now. We also  
have a profile.

PACHOWSKY

And?

LISKEN

Morphy's a showman. Likes to taunt his victims. Over-confident and paranoid. Believes everyone is out to get him. Which is part of what makes him a great mercenary. You must believe you're indestructible, and at the same time be wary of everyone and everything.

HUNT

So what about the rifle?

LISKEN

No prints on the rifle. But we've got checks out on every R5 sold within the United States in the last three years.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

Orange County. Conservative capital of California. NRA banners everywhere. Avid hunters and other assorted gun owners milling about the large convention hall. Handguns, hunting rifles, semi-automatic assault rifles...

JOE MORPHY, our killer, stands at one of the booths speaking with the gun salesman. The salesman has a hunting rifle laid out between them.

SALESMAN

Well, here we got the Kimber Big Game Rifle. Bolt action. Repeating. Combines some of the best features of the pre-'64 Winchesters and the Mauser 98's. Perfect for bringing down a whitetail buck in one shot.

MORPHY

I'm actually looking for something with a little more kick.

We realize that Morphy's "English" accent is actually a SOUTH AFRICAN accent.

SALESMAN

All right, Bill. You asked for it...

The salesman goes back and pulls out a massive rifle with a hinged buttstock.

SALESMAN

This baby's a McMillan's M-93 50-caliber bolt-action sniper rifle. They call it the Dragon-slayer.

He hands the massive rifle to Morphy.

SALESMAN

52 inches, my friend. 21 pounds. Same weight as the M60 machinegun. Morphy unfolds the buttstock, revealing it's true size.

SALESMAN

The hinged buttstock makes it perfect for easier transportation.

MORPHY

50 BMG cartridge?

SALESMAN

You got it. 660 grain boattail bullet. It's got one helluva bark. Kinda like shooting a 30-06 on steroids. Hammers out rounds right on target.

Morphy examines the rifle.

SALESMAN

First year, McMillan only built eighteen of these suckers, but they saw tactical use in both Bosnia and Somalia.

MORPHY

I know.

SALESMAN

Oh, yeah? You in the Service?

Morphy looks through the scope. Aims it at the salesman.

MORPHY

Ever have a human target in your sight?

SALESMAN

*(chuckles nervously)*

Excuse me?

MORPHY

Have you ever *been* a human target?

He still has the rifle pointed at the salesman.

SALESMAN

Um, sir...

MORPHY

The blood fills your lungs. You feel like you can't breath. The warm salt wetness oozes up in your throat. You're left to die while the insects feed on your open wound.

*(his breathing grows raspy)*

Three years in a POW camp. Starved. Tortured. You know what that's like?

The salesman stands paralyzed. Morphy lowers the gun.

MORPHY

How much for the rifle?

CUT TO:

SCOPE POV:

A rabbit eating some wild clover in the middle of the forest. He looks straight at us. Nose twitching.

BAM!

The rabbit gets nailed. Somersaults backwards. Leaves only a piece of blood-stained fur floating gently down onto the clover.

We are:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

The forested slopes of the Angeles Crest mountains.

Morphy reloads his M-93. The thing is huge. The recoil relentless. Morphy gazes through the sight. Adjusts the setting on the scope to counter the windspeed.

SCOPE POV:

A whitetail deer. A young doe. Oblivious to the fact that it's being watched. Suddenly --

It gets shredded by a semi-automatic assault rifle. It tries to run but it has now chance. These bullets didn't come from Morphy.

The scope swivels round to see TWO HUNTERS with semi-automatic assault rifles LAUGHING as they run up to the deer they just killed.

MORPHY

Watches. Rotates his neck. CRACK. Puts his eye back on the scope.

THE TWO HUNTERS

Run up to the dead whitetail. Shoot it some more. Take out some rope to tie up the deer's legs. One breaks out a can of beer and hands it to the other --

BAM!

The beer explodes as a bullet rifles through it, penetrating the hunter's chest.

The other hunter turns. Frightened. Realizing what just happened. His friend and the deer lie dead at his feet.

He makes a run for it--

BAM!

The back of his head shatters with the impact of a second bullet and his body flies face first into the ground.

FOREST GROVE - WIDE

The deer and both hunters. Dead. The forest is silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POINT FERMIN PARK - EVENING

The murky harbor water is glistening silver as the sun recedes behind the Palos Verdes hills. The sound of boat horns returning from their day of fishing.

Hawley plays Mahfouz chess at their usual spot. Omar sits watching. Mahfouz moves a knight...

MAHFOUZ

Checkmate.

Beat. Hawley stares at the board.

OMAR

Game over, my friend. Should have moved your Queen to Rook 5.

HAWLEY

Queen to R5. Damn it.

OMAR

Oh, well. Too bad for you. My turn now.

Hawley and Omar switch seats. Hawley watches as Omar and Mahfouz set up their pieces.

OMAR

The Dutch Counter Gambit is only efficient if you are prepared to move your Queen out.

HAWLEY

Too dangerous.

OMAR

Dangerous, yes. But it's a careful balance, my friend. You must keep your Queen seated on the back line until your opponent makes his attack. But then you must move her out. Use her strength to dominate the board.

MAHFOUZ

You're patience is what makes you so lethal, my friend. But you must also know when to take action. To utilize the element of surprise.

Mahfouz opens by moving his Queen's pawn out two squares. Omar immediately responds with the Queen's Gambit.

INT. MORPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Morphy sits in the darkness of his room. A simple work light illuminating the pieces of rifle strewn across his work bench. Bullets. Cartridges. Scopes. Silencers.

He's in the midst of custom-fitting a Pentax laser scope to the M-93 he just bought. He has his shirt off. The LARGE PINK SCAR running down the left side of his chest. His breathing grows RASPIER and RASPIER as he makes the final adjustments on his scope.

He points the scope at the wall. The laser casts a small red dot over Hawley's forehead...

CUT TO:

A PHONE RINGING --

We are:

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HAWLEY

Hello?

HUNT (O.S.)

*(phone)*

Hawley, we got it!

HAWLEY

Hunt...?

INT. HUNT'S OFFICE

Hawley walks in to find Hunt pushing past him on the way out.

HUNT

They located a gun sale that fit the description. A Steven Sanders bought an R5 two months ago. The background check came out identical to that of a Bill Smith who just bought a McMillan M-93 three days ago.

HAWLEY (O.S.)

*(phone)*

An M-93? Jesus...

HUNT

We got an address.

EXT. MORPHY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Lancaster County. Out beyond the San Fernando Valley. Wedged between the Angeles National Forest and the Mojave Desert.

Morphy's house is small. It looks abandoned.

Half-a-dozen FBI cars pull up in front of the house. FBI AGENTS in flak jackets, carrying M-16 assault rifles. Everyone takes positions --

The front door gets busted in--

Agent Lisken leads the charge into the house--

INT. MORPHY'S HOUSE

M-16s. Flashlights. Streaming through the dust.

LISKEN

Morphy, you're under arrest! Put  
your hands in the air!

But there's nobody. The flashlights stream across the army cot. The table covered with photography developers.

Hunt and Hawley follow the others in. Hunt has her gun ready.

HUNT

Morphy...?

Lisken turns on the light --

Red light floods the room. The photographs can now be seen...

Hawley's whole life laid out before them. Somalia. LAPD. Articles of every time Hawley has saved someone strewn about the walls and floor. Red targets over each of their faces.

EXT. MORPHY'S HOUSE - DAY

BINOCULARS POV:

Silence. Through the voyeuristic lens, we can see Hunt and Hawley. FBI agents go to and fro, taking evidence from the house. Agent Lisken barks out unheard orders to his men.

EXT. HILLSIDE

From the nearby forested hillside, we see Joe Morphy gazing through a pair of high-powered army binoculars at his own house a few miles away. He doesn't look happy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hawley watches television. Both his dogs lay at his feet. He pets them.

Suddenly, the phone RINGS... Once, twice, three times... The dogs BARK.

Hawley approaches the phone. Waits. Gazes out the window at the FBI agents sitting in the unmarked car outside.

The phone RINGS again. Once, twice--

Hawley picks it up...

HAWLEY

Hello?

Silence. Then --

VOICE (O.S.)

*(South African)*

It's been a long time, Hawley.

HAWLEY

Morphy.

MORPHY (O.S.)

You shouldn't've sent the FBI after me.

HAWLEY

You've killed innocent people.

MORPHY (O.S.)

Innocent? What's innocent? What's the real reason one girl gets to go to the beach in California while half-way around the world another girl gets to have her leg blown off as she steps on a landmine on her way to school. You can call it innocence, Hawley, if that's what it takes to ease your conscience.

Beat. Hawley gazes at his rifle.

HAWLEY

It was a war, Morphy. It was nothing personal.

MORPHY (O.S.)

You hunted me. For six days. Like a goddam animal. So, please, don't tell me it wasn't fuckin' personal.

HAWLEY

What do you want from me?

MORPHY

I want you to come alone next time.  
No Spotter. No FBI. Just you and  
me.

CLICK. Morphy hangs up. The phone immediately RINGS again.  
Hawley picks up--

HAWLEY

Yeah?

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Pay phone in Downtown.

EXT. BILTMORE - NIGHT

Three FBI cars SCREECH up to a PAY PHONE in the square in  
front of the hotel. Right where Hawley and Hunt kissed a few  
nights before.

SAME PLACE - LATER

More cops. Hawley walks up to find Agent Lisken speaking to  
Hunt. Lisken calls out to him --

LISKEN

What the hell are you doing here,  
Hawley? Go home. Get some sleep.

Hawley looks around at the surrounding area. The thousand  
sniper perches. A traffic light blinking red...

EXT. MORPHY'S HOUSE - DAY

Yellow tape around the house. A couple squad cars.

INT. MORPHY'S HOUSE

All the evidence has been sorted. The photographs neatly  
stacked.

Hunt sits at the table sorting through the pictures. Picture  
after picture of the assassinated hostages. Picture after  
picture of Hawley...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Through the towering skyscrapers, Angel's Flight moves slowly  
up side of Hill Street.

EXT. 3RD STREET

Hunt walks past the Bradbury building towards Grand Central Market. Stops to look at a little knick-knack store on the corner of 3rd and Broadway.

CLOSE ON the assortment of Virgin Mary candles. Plaster knick- knacks imported from Tijuana. Angels with spears and helmets.

INT. ANGEL'S FLIGHT

Hunt sits in the tram, gazing out over the rest of downtown. Lost in thought.

INT. HUNT'S APARTMENT

She walks into her apartment. Turns on the TV. Picks up her mail. The scene is reminiscent of Wendy Clark's death. The phone RINGS --

Hunt picks up...

HUNT

Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Samantha, sweetheart...?

HUNT

Mom?

MRS. HUNT (O.S.)

Samantha, it's your father.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Hunt runs through the hospital corridor. A small lady with gray hair stops her. Hunt's mother. MRS. HUNT.

MRS. HUNT

He had another heart attack, sweetheart. He's... He's in surgery.

Hunt looks like she wants to bust right into the operating room. But she stops herself. Begins pacing. Agitated. Not able to take any action. It's out of her hands now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

James Hunt lies unconscious in his bed. Oxygen tubes in his nose. Hunt stands over him. Her BROTHER in the b.g. Her mother holding the old man's hand. Crying.

DARKNESS.

All we hear is James's HEARTBEAT. The melodic rhythm of his staggered BREATHING. Then the breathing gets choked up. Stops. The heartbeat flatlines. And finally... Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Hunt marches down the hallway. Her face expressionless. She reaches a pay phone. Checks her BEEPER. Makes a phone call...

HUNT

This is Lieutenant Hunt.

PESTANO (O.S.)

*(phone)*

Hunt! Where've you been?!

HUNT

What's going on?

PESTANO (O.S.)

You haven't heard?

HUNT

Haven't heard what?

PESTANO (O.S.)

The gunman. Out in Sherman Oaks.

HUNT

What?!

PESTANO (O.S.)

Some wacked-out business man has a whole restaurant at gunpoint.

HUNT

Right now?

PESTANO (O.S.)

Yeah. Right now.

HUNT

Oh, God...

EXT. SHERMAN OAKS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Helicopters circle the intersection at Ventura and Sepulveda. Police cars scattered in the streets. LAPD snipers set up on the roof of the Sherman Oaks Galleria.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

Hawley, Taylor, and the other members of the LAPD sniper squad take their positions on the roof.

Taylor has his binoculars out. Hawley aims his rifle down at the large glass windows of the Italian restaurant across the street.

BINOCULARS POV:

The mid-day clientele are all lying on the restaurant floor. Hiding under tables. Some of them shot.

THE CRAZED BUSINESS MAN nervously marches up and down. His arm around a waitress's throat. A shotgun to her head.

HAWLEY AND TAYLOR

TAYLOR

Can you get a shot?

HAWLEY

Too many people. He's gotta stop moving.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Hunt races up in her car. Looks around at all the chaos. The police. SWAT teams. Media. Everyone keeping a safe distance from the restaurant entrance.

GIBBONS

Where the fuck's the negotiator?!

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The crazed business man walks up to the window, waitress in tow. Looks out at all the media attention. His eyes dart back and forth.

He walks back over to the dining counter. Hears WHIMPERING from one of the WAITRESSES beneath a table. Then a voice --

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, man...

The crazed business man swivels round to see a BUSBOY in the kitchen. His arms raised in the air. He points the shotgun at the busboy's face.

BUSINESS MAN

Shut the fuck up.

The busboy is staring straight down the shaft of the shotgun.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD.

Hunt sidesteps towards a police officer she knows. FRANK PARK.

HUNT

What's the story, Frank?

FRANK

Looks like some nine to fiver had a nervous breakdown.

HUNT

He's been identified?

FRANK

Bob Lampett. Works in commercial real estate. Twenty years.

HUNT

Twenty years, huh? No indication he's working with someone else?

The police officer looks at her strangely.

FRANK

What are you tryin' to get at, Sam?

HUNT

Nothin'. Just being paranoid.

Hunt gazes up at the surrounding rooftops. Knows that one of the rifles poking out over the edge belongs to Hawley.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

Hawley gazes through the scope of his Winchester Sharp-shooter.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

All six of the snipers gazing through their scopes. Hawley, Baker, Marullo...

EXT. SHERMAN OAKS - NIGHT

Hours later. The crowds of police and media have continued to grow. The situation has yet to be resolved.

BINOCULARS POV:

Within the restaurant it hasn't gotten any better. Lampett yells at some of his hostages. Jams the shotgun into the waitress's throat.

TAYLOR (O.S.)  
This intersection is like a fuckin'  
wind tunnel. We gotta do  
something, Hawley. Soon.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

The snipers' fingers tense. Sweat building on their foreheads. Each of them has their sight aimed carefully at the commotion within the restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY

Hunt stands with some other policemen at the edge of the back alley.

SWAT team members have their backs pressed up against the walls. Inching towards the back kitchen entrance.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

The snipers hold their positions. Hawley, Baker, Marullo...

TAYLOR  
Come on, Hawley... What are you  
waiting for. If we don't get this  
shot off now...

HAWLEY  
(gritted teeth)  
I hear you, I hear you.

TAYLOR  
Then fuckin' take the shot, man.

Hawley keeps silent. Concentrating.

TAYLOR  
Hawley, what the fuck are you  
waiting for...?

HAWLEY  
I can't get it...

CLOSE ON TAYLOR

Frustrated, he keeps looking through the binoculars. Using the device to test the wind speed. Then suddenly--

A little RED LASER DOT appears on his forehead...

HAWLEY looks up.

HAWLEY  
Taylor...!!

But in that split-second --

BAM! Taylor gets a bullet between the eyes --

Hawley dives down over Taylor's body, covering it from any other shots. But it's no use. Taylor's already dead.

Hawley feels for his partner's pulse. Nothing. Taylor's eyes staring vacant at the night sky.

NEARBY - ROOFTOP

Marullo has his eye locked through his scope at the restaurant down below.

BAM! He gets a bullet through the forehead --

BAM! BAM! His Spotter gets nailed. Once in the shoulder. A second time in the chest.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD.

Down below on the street, everyone hears the gunshots. Chaos erupts as policemen take cover. Aiming their guns up at the building above.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

Hawley realizes that his whole team is being taken out one by one by a sniper in the Cal Fed building opposite.

HAWLEY  
Take cover!

Baker and his Spotter move away from the side of the building. Confused. Thinking the shooting's coming from down below.

Hawley crawls towards them.

HAWLEY  
No, it's coming from above!

Baker looks up at the Cal Fed building across the street --

A red laser appears on his forehead --

Baker jumps out of the way--

BAM! He gets a bullet through the neck--

BAM! His Spotter gets it through the back--

BAM! BAM! Both Baker and his Spotter get shot again. The invisible sniper is ruthlessly taking out the entire Sniper squad.

HAWLEY  
Goddamnit, STOP!!

INT. RESTAURANT

Lampett runs to the window, the waitress hostage still in tow. Gazes up with everyone else at the gunfire erupting above.

He tosses the waitress aside. Runs for the kitchen.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

From behind the cover of a cement block, Hawley looks back through the scope of his rifle at the building across the street...

SCOPE POV:

The scope sweeps over the building, but it's impossible to tell where exactly the gunfire came from.

HAWLEY  
Morphy... Where the hell are you hiding?

EXT. RESTAURANT

Lampett bursts out the back entrance. Open fires with his shotgun. Everyone takes cover. Too much confusion.

He grabs the nearest person to him hostage... HUNT. Pushes the shotgun up against her throat --

LAMPETT  
Don't fuckin' move!

Hunt is silent. She just closes her eyes. Too emotionally tired to put up any kind of struggle.

Lampett takes the gun from her holster. Throws it on the ground. Moves Hunt with him out to the street...

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

The shooting's stopped. Hawley looks over the edge of the roof to see Hunt down below. In Lampett's clutches.

EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD.

Everyone turns from the gunfire above to point their guns at Lampett. But he's using Hunt as a shield.

He backs into an EMPTY NEWS VAN and pulls her in with him.

EXT. GALLERIA - ROOFTOP

HAWLEY  
SAM...!!

He stands helpless as the news van takes off. Hawley looks back over at the building across the street. Glances at Taylor's corpse. He has to make a decision. Does he try to chase Morphy or try to save Hunt?

He goes after Hunt--

EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD. - A MOMENT LATER

The news van speeds down the street. Running stoplights. Near misses with other cars.

It speeds the wrong way up a freeway offramp.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY

Once on the freeway, Lampett turns the news van the right way in traffic. Narrowly missing other cars. Sideswiping a couple cars.

He accelerates uphill over the Sepulveda Pass.

INT. POLICE CAR

Hawley drives a police car down the freeway after the news van. He's flanked by half-a-dozen other police cars.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY

A high-speed freeway chase has ensued. The televised kind. You know the drill...

News helicopters gathering like mosquitoes. Following the action from above. Down on the freeway, a dozen police cars following Lampett and Hunt in the hijacked news van.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

We have word that Lampett has taken a female police officer hostage. Police believe he's armed and dangerous.

INT. POLICE CAR

Hawley's knuckles are white with tension as he grips the steering wheel. The police CB wails in his ear--

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

All units keep a safe distance.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY

The hijacked newsvan passes the 10 Freeway and continues South on the 405 towards LAX. The cavalcade of police cars follow.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- a) News helicopters up in the sky.
- b) On the freeway, commuters pull out of the way to let the out-of-control newsvan pass.
- c) Police hound the van from a hundred yards behind.

EXT. 105 OVERPASS

The newsvan looks like it's going to continue South on the 405, but at the last minute --

He crosses across the divider and heads onto the 105 West towards the airport. His driving is completely erratic.

EXT. 105 FREEWAY

The newsvan is alone on the small stretch of 105 freeway between the 405 and the airport. The police already have it blockaded off.

Lampett gets hemmed in. He slows down. A squad car reverses into him, knocking him into the side of the freeway. A dozen police cars surround the news van.

Hawley leaps out of his police car and aims his rifle at the van...

SCOPE POV:

Hawley can make out Lampett holding Hunt in front of him. Shotgun to her head.

FREEWAY

One of the police officers speaks through the squad car megaphone --

GIBBONS (O.S.)  
Okay, Lampett! Let the hostage go!

Beat. Everything is silent except for the CONSTANT HUM of the helicopters overhead. Then--

LAMPETT (O.S.)  
*(from within the van)*  
Fuck you!

The police all tense their fingers on their triggers. This guy has one of their own in there.

GIBBONS (O.S.)  
*(megaphone)*  
What do you want, Lampett?! What will it take for you to give us your hostage?!

Nothing. No answer. Stalemate. Everyone concentrates on the newsvan, half-expecting to hear a shot ring out.

Hawley has his gun trained on the side window...

SCOPE POV:

Hawley's sight is right on Lampett's head...

He takes a deep breath. Listens for his own pulse. Keeps the gun steady. And--

BAM!

INT. NEWSVAN

Glass shatters --

Hunt flinches --

And Lampett ends up with a bullet through his eye...

Hunt peels away from him. A ghastly sight as the blood begins to well up within his eye socket. She pulls the shotgun from his hand and tosses it out the van window.

EXT. 105 FREEWAY

Police officers rush over. Run to Hunt's aid.

Hawley takes his face away from the scope. Adjusts his eyes. Lets out a deep breath. He then lays the rifle carefully on the roof of the car. Bends over. And throws up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Hawley walks down the hospital corridor towards a room with police standing outside of it.

GUARD

Sir, you can't go in there.

HAWLEY

I'm her husband. Get the hell out of my way.

HOSPITAL ROOM

Hawley walks in to find Hunt standing by an empty bed, arguing with a DOCTOR.

HUNT

Look, I'm fine. A little bruise to the neck ain't gonna kill me.

She notices Hawley. The guard marches in behind him. Grabs his arm.

GUARD

I'm sorry, Detective. This guy says he's your -

HUNT

It's all right, Pete.

*(to the doctor)*

Look, I gotta talk to this man for a moment. You mind leaving us alone?

DOCTOR

Okay, but get some rest, Miss Hunt. I'll be back in an hour.

And the policeman follows him out. Hunt sits down on the bed. Hawley walks over to the window.

HAWLEY

He's forced us into that game of Russian Roulette you were talking about.

Hunt looks at him, confused.

HAWLEY

Every picture he's taken. Every fax he's sent. Every time he's had me in his sight, I've been staring into the empty chamber of a revolver. It's just a matter of time before there's a bullet in one of those chambers.

He gazes out the window. There's an uncomfortable pause.

HAWLEY

The way I see it, we still have two major problems.

Beat. Hunt stares at Hawley.

HAWLEY

Number one... Morphy's still out there.

HUNT

And number two?

HAWLEY

I shouldn't've killed him.

HUNT

What do you mean? You saved my life.

HAWLEY

I've done exactly the opposite. I should've let someone else shoot him.

HUNT

Why? You're not making any sense.

HAWLEY

Because number one: Morphy's still out there. And number two...

He gazes out the window at the buildings all around...

HAWLEY

You've just become a hostage that I've saved.

A moment of tension as he stands totally exposed to a sniper's bullet...

He gently pulls the shades down.

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA

Hawley and Hunt pick over a tray of hospital food. They sit in silence.

HUNT

*(quietly)*

As soon as I heard about my father, the first thing that came into my head was that he'd been shot by Morphy.

She smiles sadly. Shakes her head.

HUNT

But it was just a heart attack. A stupid old heart attack.

Hawley realizes that she's crying.

HAWLEY

Sam, I...

She turns away from him. Trying to hide her tears.

Hawley puts his arm around her. At first she resists, but then she collapses into his arms.

HUNT  
*(through tears)*  
 Goddamnit.

HAWLEY  
 It's okay, Sam... Shhh.

Beat. The two of them stand holding each other.

INT. SWAT ARSENAL - DAY

Hawley walks in to the old sniper arsenal where his team would get equipped. He looks at the row of photographs on the wall. Five men. Five friends. Dead.

WE MOVE IN on the picture of Taylor.

INT. HUNT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hunt and Hawley sit over a cup of tea at the table. All the blinds are drawn.

HUNT  
 With all his other victims, he waited, right? Attacked them while they were in the midst of routine. Louis Becker was on his normal commute to work. Mary Waterford went to the market every Monday afternoon. Amber had gone to that same beach for the last five weekends.

HAWLEY  
 So you're gonna have to stay at home for awhile.

HUNT  
 For how long? The rest of my life? Plus the woman up in San Francisco. Wendy Clark. She was killed in her own living room.

Hawley walks over to the window. Looks past the drawn blinds at the surrounding buildings.

HAWLEY  
 That's the problem with this place. You've got this Wells Fargo building right outside your window. The Tokai Bank next door.

(MORE)

HAWLEY(cont'd)

Across the street, you've got MOCA,  
the Hotel Inter-Continental and  
what are those over there?

HUNT

*(sighs)*

The Grand Promenade apartments.

HAWLEY

Exactly. You've got fuckin' sniper  
perches everywhere.

HUNT

So what am I supposed to do? Flee  
to Canada?

Hawley takes a deep breath. Stares out at the buildings.

HAWLEY

So far, Morphy's been dictating  
every move. I think it's time to  
take back control of the game.

HUNT

What are you gonna do?

HAWLEY

Come up with a strategy. A Counter  
Gambit.

Off Hunt, confused, we

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S FLIGHT - DUSK

Hawley walks down Angel's Flight from Bunker Hill. Towards  
the Jewelry District.

EXT. BROADWAY

The place is like a ghost town. Nobody in downtown on the  
weekends. Hawley continues down 5th towards Spring and Main.

EXT. 5TH STREET

Hawley stops. Glances up at the old hotel towering above.  
The Frontier. One of the hotels left over from Downtown's  
glory days in the 1920's and 30's.

He stares up at the old windows. Then he glances across the  
street. An empty parking lot.

And beyond that the back of another hotel. The Hotel King Edward. Air conditioning units hanging out the backs. More windows. About 500 yards away from the first hotel.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Hawley sits drinking a glass of scotch. Thinking.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

Hawley walks back to 5th and Main.

INT. HOTEL KING EDWARD - NIGHT

Hawley walks into the stale old hotel. It looks more like a crack house. Wallpaper peeling from the walls. Junkies and convicts hanging out in the lobby.

The HOTEL MANAGER sits behind behind bullet-proof glass.

HAWLEY

How much for a room?

HOTEL MANAGER

Depends how long you're plannin' on staying?

Hawley is silent. He glances at the room register.

INT. FBI OFFICES - DAY

Agent Lisken sits staring up at Hawley.

LISKEN

What you're asking me to do is against Bureau policy. You know that, right?

Hawley is silent.

LISKEN

If something goes wrong, it's on your head.

HAWLEY

I'll take full responsibility.

Lisken takes a deep breath.

LISKEN

You really think it'll work?

Hawley is silent. They stare at each other for a moment.  
Tension thick.

HAWLEY  
How badly do you want this guy,  
Agent Lisken?

EXT. LONG BEACH MARINA - DAY

Hawley's dogs run ahead. Omar stands next to small boat.

OMAR  
Tuco! Blondie! Sabah el kheer!

Tuco leaps up at Omar, wagging his tail. Blondie follows.

HAWLEY  
You sure you're gonna be okay with  
this?

OMAR  
Of course, my friend. My boat is  
their boat. You know that.

The dogs rush past them and run onto the boat.

OMAR  
*(laughs)*  
They know that, too.

HAWLEY  
I don't know when I'll be back.

OMAR  
Go. Disappear. I know you'll  
return. We still have a chess  
match to finish. And I believe I  
was winning.

He smiles. Hawley hugs him.

HAWLEY  
Shukran.

OMAR  
Afwan. Ma'a salaama.

EXT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - DUSK

The FBI car sits parked down the street. The house is dark.  
Maybe one light on in the whole place.

INT. HAWLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hawley is alone. He reaches into the back shelf of his closet. Pulls out a folded uniform. He lays it carefully on the bed. Marines. 1st Division. Scout/Sniper.

Next he takes out a few assorted pieces of memorabilia from Africa. A miniature African mask. An ivory figure. He pulls out an old REVOLVER. Tosses it onto the bed.

And finally he takes out his old rifle. An M40A1 SNIPER RIFLE. 173-grain special ball cartridge.

LATER

Hawley wears his old Marine uniform. The revolver in a holster on his belt.

He cleans his M40A1 piece by piece. Adjusts the Pentax 8-16 scope. Bores the rifle shaft.

INT. TARGET PRACTICE - NIGHT

A TARGET POPPING UP --

BAM!!

A single hole through the paper man's forehead...

Hawley is alone. Still wearing his old Marines uniform. Another target pops up --

Hawley calmly gazes at it through his scope. Takes a deep breath. Fires --

BAM!

Another perfect hit.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Three more targets. Three more bullets. Hawley is calm and collect. Coolly patient as he walks through the range taking out every target in sight. His eyes are intense. Focused.

CUT TO:

FIRE CRACKERS EXPLODING. CHEERING and LAUGHING --

We are:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Fiesta Broadway. All of Broadway Blvd. is closed to traffic. Jam-packed with people. Ablaze with Mexican nationalism.

A series of shots show vendors selling everything from jewelry to T-shirts to Mexican Wedding dresses. Full of people partying. Throwing fire crackers.

INT. HUNT'S APARTMENT

Hunt sits in her apartment listening to the festivities down below. She's going crazy locked up in the dark room.

She stands. Straps her gun holster on. Grabs her gun from the top drawer.

EXT. BROADWAY

Hunt walks down the street. Immersed in the crowds. Tourists. Gang members. Homeless drunks. Families celebrating. Little Mexican babies in pink ruffled dresses.

Hunt scans the buildings above for any signs of a sniper...

BAM!! A fire cracker explodes behind her --

She flinches. Reaches for her gun. Turns to see a couple Hispanic boys running away, LAUGHING.

Hunt keeps walking. Ducks into one of the old movie palaces.

INT. MOVIE PALACE

Past the popcorn stand. Through the tattered doors. Into the vast dark space of the theatre.

The movie is half-over. Some Hollywood blockbuster with Mexican sub-titles. The old balconies arching up above. The theatre practically empty.

Hunt takes a seat. Slouches. Watches the massive screen...

LATER

She wakes up, having fallen asleep. She checks her gun. Still there. The movie's still playing. She stands up and walks out.

WE MOVE IN on another familiar face...

Joseph Morphy. Sitting in the back. He watches Hunt leave. Picks up his backpack. Follows her out.

EXT. BROADWAY - DUSK

Hunt moves through the crowds. Pushing through celebrating drunks.

A FEW YARDS BEHIND

Morphy keeps on her tail. Always keeping a keen eye on the back of Hunt's head.

BROADWAY - WIDE

We pull back to see the stalker and his prey. Hunt oblivious to the fact that she's being followed. She turns off Broadway. Away from the throngs of people.

EXT. HOTEL KING EDWARD

She walks into the same 30's hotel Hawley had scoped out a few days before.

Morphy stops. Waits for a moment. Gazes at the hotel.

INT. HOTEL KING EDWARD - LOBBY

Morphy walks into the crackhouse lobby. Buys a pack of cigarettes at the newspaper stand. Walks up to the manager's desk. The manager's nowhere to be seen.

Morphy reaches under the bullet-proof glass and slides over the registrar. Finds one of the guest names: Samantha Hunt. Room 612.

He flips through and sees that her name appears here for the past few days.

EXT. HOTEL KING EDWARD

Morphy walks out again. Lights a cigarette. Gazes up at the hotel across the street. Beyond the parking lot. The Frontier Hotel...

INT. FRONTIER HOTEL - LOBBY

The Frontier Hotel's lobby is much larger than the King Edward. Large and empty. The grand balustrade now in ruins. A couple arcade games shoved up against the far wall. A WOMAN that looks like a bag lady pushes a stroller across the cracked tile floor.

Morphy grabs a room key from the HOTEL CLERK. Enters one of the old, rusty elevators. The Hotel Clerk watches him.

Then picks up a walkie-talkie...

HOTEL CLERK  
*(into walkie-talkie)*  
 Room 841.

INT. ELEVATOR

Morphy continues to smoke his cigarette as the elevator takes him up. The bag lady with the stroller is next to him. An old electric fan strapped into the babyseat.

MORPHY  
 Nice fan.

The bag lady looks at him like he's crazy.

INT. HALLWAY

Walks down the hallway. Takes the big clunky brass key out and unlocks one of the doors.

CHILD (O.S.)  
 Bzzzzzz... pachaw!

Morphy looks to see a 2-YEAR-OLD CHILD aiming a toy laser gun at him from down the hallway. His MOTHER has an armful of groceries as she pushes into their apartment.

MOTHER  
 Come on, honey. Inside.  
*(looks to Morphy)*  
 Sorry...

The boy races inside. The mother follows her in.

Morphy continues to stare at where they were for a moment, then pushes into his own room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Enters into the dimly-lit hotel room. Keeps the lights off. Looks out the window at the Hotel King Edward a couple hundred yards away.

He opens his backpack. Takes out pieces of his McMillan's M-93 Sniper Rifle. Begins piecing them together.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Morphy has the massive rifle assembled. He sets it up on a bipod at the window. Gazes through the scope...

SCOPE POV:

Morphy slowly, methodically sweeps his scope over the crackheads and junkies out on the street. Taking great pleasure in training the sight on various human targets.

EXT. 5TH STREET

People are oblivious to the RED LASER DOT that moves slowly across their chests and heads.

A little boy in front of the old Triple X Porn Theatre sees it. Points at it. LAUGHS. But then it's gone again.

SCOPE POV:

Morphy moves the scope up to the Hotel King Edward.

MORPHY (O.S.)  
 Okay, Room 612, where the hell are  
 you...

MORPHY

Takes his eye away from the scope. Takes a few long breaths. Heavy. Rough. Tries to bring down his pulse. Relax. Puts his eye back on the scope.

SCOPE POV:

We can still hear Morphy's RASPY BREATHING as he looks back at the Hotel King Edward. Sweeps his scope over the various windows of the 6th floor. The top floor.

An old woman watering her plants --

Two old men playing checkers --

A rifle scope --

MORPHY

Only has a split-second to realize that the sniper rifle is pointed right at him...

SCOPE POV:

Someone's got Morphy's head right in their cross-hairs. The sound of a DEEP BREATH being sucked in and --

BAM!!

INT. HOTEL KING EDWARD - ROOM 612

Hawley fires --

Hunt stands behind him. Pressed up against the wall. She brings a walkie-talkie up to her mouth.

HUNT  
(into walkie-talkie)  
We got him.

Hawley takes his eye away from the scope.

INT. FRONTIER HOTEL - LOBBY

The Hotel Clerk gets the word from Hunt through the walkie-talkie. Nods to the man standing next to the lobby stairs.

AGENT BROWN.

Brown is surrounded by half-a-dozen FBI AGENTS. All wearing flak jackets. Carrying M-16s.

BROWN  
(into walkie-talkie)  
They got him.

INT. HALLWAY

AGENT LISKEN lowers the walkie-talkie. Raises his handgun. Leads FOUR OTHER AGENTS with M-16s down the hallway. Approaching the same door Morphy used.

Lisken motions for the others to stop. He presses his hand up against the door. One of the other agents gets ready to kick it down.

INT. HOTEL KING EDWARD - ROOM 612

Hawley looks through the scope...

SCOPE POV:

Morphy's M-93 still sits propped up on its bi-pod, aiming straight back at him. But Morphy's nowhere to be seen.

INT. ROOM 841

The door crashes down. An FBI agent bursts in. Gun pointed at the window...

But there's nobody there. Just the M-93 assault rifle.

Lisken walks in behind. The door swings closed behind him, revealing...

MORPHY. The right side of his face mutilated by Hawley's bullet. His ear severed. The side of his skull grazed.

All of Morphy's years as a hired mercenary go into full effect. He moves through the steps like a machine. In a fluid choreographed motion:

Morphy grabs Lisken from behind --

Throws a HUNTING KNIFE at the other FBI agent --

The knife goes straight through the agent's chest --

Morphy twists Lisken's neck. Breaks it. As Lisken's dead body drops to the floor, Morphy pulls the handgun from his hand --

Turns to fire at the agent charging in --

BAM! BAM!

The agent receives two bullets through the chest.

INT. ROOM 612

Hawley sees the gunfire erupt from within the room, but none of the action is close enough to the window for him to get an angle on it.

HUNT

What the fuck is going on over there?!

Beat. Hawley keeps his eyes on the scope.

HAWLEY

Morphy's still alive.

HUNT

Fuck... Cover me!

And she runs out of the room.

HAWLEY

Sam! Goddamnit...

INT. FRONTIER HOTEL - HALLWAY

The two remaining FBI agents are backing away from the door. Keeping their rifles aimed at it...

Beat. Nothing happens.

The elevator DINGS, and the woman with the fan in the pushchair walks out. And --

CRASH!! The door to Room 841 busts open --

Morphy dive rolls out into the middle of the hallway--

Shoots--

BAM! One FBI agent goes down --

The other returns fire--

BAM!BAM!BAM! Morphy gets nailed in the left shoulder --

Flies back, but still gets off a shot --

BAM! The other FBI agent gets nailed in the face --

The woman with the fan stares in shock at Morphy. Leaning up against the wall. Bleeding. Trying to catch his breath. Every breath like the saw grinding against wood.

The woman turns and walks back into the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

A POUNDING on the door --

The mother and child from the hallway are huddled together at the kitchen table. NAOMI and her son REGGIE. Naomi has her hands over Reggie's ears to block out the gunfire. Reggie clasps his laser gun tightly.

BAM!BAM!BAM! The door lock shatters. The whole door gets kicked in. Reggie hides his face in his mother's shoulder. Naomi sits frozen in shock as the grisly sight of Morphy steps into her apartment.

INT. ROOM 612

Hawley sits crouched at the window as he spots Hunt emerge from the hotel down below. Running towards the Frontier.

INT. FRONTIER HOTEL - LOBBY

Hunt sprints into the lobby --

BROWN

Stop!

Hunt freezes. Takes in the scene before her...

All the FBI agents have their rifles aimed at the grand staircase that wraps down into the lobby. Everything is frozen. Not a single sound. A BABY'S CRY echoes through the hall...

Morphy steps off the staircase. His arm wrapped around a woman's throat. Naomi. Her 2-year-old son clutched to his mother's breast. Morphy's using Naomi as a human shield while he has his gun pointed at Reggie's head...

MORPHY

Make another move and I kill them both.

He moves slowly towards the lobby doors. The agents keep their guns trained on him.

MORPHY

Drop your weapons.

MORPHY

Goddamnit, drop your fucking weapons!

Reggie's face is buried in his mother's shoulder. Nobody does anything.

HUNT

Morphy, it doesn't have to be this way.

Morphy eyes her. His face bloody and mangled.

HUNT

Let the hostages go.

Beat. Morphy moves closer to the door.

HUNT

At least let the child go.

Silence. Brown looks nervously at Hunt.

HUNT

Please... Morphy...

MORPHY

Drop your fucking weapons.

Hunt looks to Brown. He nods.

HUNT

Okay, Morphy. You've got it.

The gun falls from Hunt's hand. The rest of the FBI agents do the same. The echo of guns CLATTERING onto the tile floor.

Beat.

Morphy WHISPERS into Naomi's ear...

MORPHY

Let the kid go.

Morphy keeps the gun to her head as she lifts Reggie off of her. Places him on the ground.

NAOMI

*(to her son)*

Come on, baby. Go see the nice police men.

Reggie glances at the FBI agents. Hunt crouches down. Opens her arms to him.

Beat. Reggie considers. Then--

Runs over. Into Hunt's arms. Hunt grabs him. Lifts him up and brings him back into safety.

Morphy puts one arm around Naomi's throat and pulls her back towards the front entrance.

MORPHY

If I see any of you come after me,  
I'll put a bullet through this  
woman's skull.

INT. ROOM 612 - NIGHT

Hawley sits with his eye on the scope. Gazing at Morphy's window. Still no sign of anybody.

HAWLEY

Come on, Sam... Where the hell are  
you?

Then suddenly he sees Morphy--

SCOPE POV:

Morphy pulls the mother out of the hotel onto 5th Street. Into the throngs of people.

HUNT (O.S.)  
(walkie-talkie)  
Hawley...!!

HAWLEY  
Hunt?!

INT. FRONTIER HOTEL - LOBBY

Hunt stands with the walkie-talkie.

HUNT  
Hawley, we can't fuckin' step foot  
out this hotel. Can you make him?

INT. ROOM 612

Hawley gazes through his scope--

SCOPE POV:

Morphy drags Naomi the opposite way from the Hotel King Edward. Back towards the festivities on Broadway. Hawley tries to get Morphy's head in his sights.

HAWLEY  
Come on... Come on...

It's too difficult with all the trees and Naomi right in front of him.

HAWLEY  
Goddamnit...

He grabs the walkie-talkie.

HAWLEY  
(into walkie-talkie)  
No.

INT. FRONTIER HOTEL - LOBBY

Hunt paces back and forth.

HUNT  
We have to do something...

INT. ROOM 612

Hawley is thinking. He needs to take action. Frustrated, he goes back to the scope.

EXT. 5TH STREET - NIGHT

It takes a moment for people to realize that Morphy has a gun to this woman's head...

But then SCREAMS erupt. People begin running. Clearing a space for him. Morphy tries to stay with the crowds. Glances nervously back at the Hotel King Edward. He knows Hawley's up there.

We flash between Morphy's mutilated face --

Naomi struggling as she gets yanked further and further away from the Hotel King Edward --

Police SIRENS. Whistles.

POLICEMAN  
Hold it! Stop right there!

Morphy sees the police pushing their way through the crowds.

MORPHY  
Stand back! Or I blow her fuckin'  
head off!

Morphy's less concerned about the police, and more concerned about Hawley. They're standing in the middle of the Broadway and 5th intersection.

Morphy glances back at the hotel again. Two and a half blocks away. Covered by trees.

EXT. 5TH / BROADWAY INTERSECTION

Morphy tries to drag Naomi off of 5th. Down Broadway. Into the crowds. Cut off completely from Hawley's sights. Then --

HAWLEY (O.S.)  
Pssst...

We move into SLOW MOTION:

Morphy swivels round to see HAWLEY standing right next to him.

CLOSE ON Hawley's REVOLVER as he SPINS the chamber.

Morphy's eyes widen with horror as he realizes Hawley is no longer in the window of the hotel like he thought.

Morphy turns his gun on him --

Hawley raises his revolver first. Straight up to Morphy's head and --

BAM!!

BACK TO REAL TIME:

Morphy's head recoils from the bullet fired point blank at his temple --

Naomi SCREAMS. Lurches away. As Morphy's whole body just drops to the ground.

Naomi looks up in shock at Hawley standing over Morphy. Revolver still in his hand. Morphy lies motionless on the ground. His eyes lifeless.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

A final vague image of Hawley perched in the tree. Having just fired the shot that he thought killed Morphy.

He lowers the rifle. Takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

COFFEE CUPS CLATTERING...

PESTANO (O.S.)

So I hear Hawley took the asshole  
out point blank. Bullet to the  
brain.

We are:

INT. EUROPA DELI - NIGHT

We're back with the four plain-clothed cops. The television is blaring the news. Scenes from the shoot-out in downtown. One of the cops is Pestano. One is Hunt.

PESTANO

Hey, Sam, I hear they're gonna send  
you over to Special Ops. Turn you  
into a Negotiator.

Everyone LAUGHS.

HUNT

Very funny, Pestano. Very funny.  
Look, I gotta go, guys. I'll see  
you tomorrow morning, huh?

PESTANO  
You gonna be okay, Sam?

Beat. Hunt is silent for a moment. Then--

HUNT  
Yeah, I'll be fine. All part of  
the job.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Hunt steps out of the Europa Deli. Gazes up at the towering  
skyscrapers of Downtown.

A car pulls up beside her. A Jeep. The window rolls down.

HAWLEY  
Need a ride?

Hunt looks to see Hawley in the driver's seat. His dogs are  
in the backseat. Wagging their tails. Scraping to get up  
front.

HAWLEY  
Okay, guys. Relax.

Hunt smiles. Shakes her head.

HUNT  
Nah. Think I'm gonna walk. It's a  
nice night.

HAWLEY  
How 'bout a quick drink then?

Beat. Hunt is silent.

Hawley prompts her. Opens the passenger door. Lets it swing  
open. Offers out his hand to her.

HUNT  
Yeah, all right.

She takes his hand and steps into the car.

Hawley drives off and we move out to reveal all of Downtown  
lit up like an island amidst the darkness of Los Angeles.

FADE OUT:

THE END