

MANHUNT

written by

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EXT COASTAL ROAD - NIGHT

OPEN on a highway road in a remote coastal town. We see CAR HEADLIGHTS approach, and we see it's a CONVERTIBLE with the top down, an old 60's sportscar, beat-up but cool.

The driver is JIM TRUDELL; he winds his way down the road. He's in good shape, and carries the look of a man who has seen and done much in his 32 years.

The road is desolate, except for a lone ROADHOUSE BAR up in the distance. Jim sees it and heads toward it -

CUT TO
EXT ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

As Jim approaches it we see the lot littered with bikers and Harleys - regulars.

Jim slows down and pulls up into the driveway -

We see two large men, LURCH and WEENER, stagger out the front door. They are very drunk and looking for trouble.

Jim gets out of his car, and coolly surveys the rowdy bar.

Lurch stops and looks ahead - he sees Jim approach the front door. He slaps Weener on the arm -

LURCH

How much you give me to fuck with this guy?

WEENER

How about nothin'?

LURCH

You're on.

Jim approaches the front door. Lurch greets him gregariously -

LURCH

A hearty good evening to ya. There's a \$50 dollar cover charge tonight.

Jim nods, realizing they're drunk. He heads toward the front door, but Lurch stands in front of him, blocking his access.

Jim smiles weakly at the idiot, simply wanting to get by.

JIM

Funny.

LURCH

Didn't you hear what I said?

Jim goes to head in, but Lurch stops him by jamming his HAND into Jim's CHEST -
Lurch smiles at him -

LURCH

Fifty bucks.

Weener muffles a laugh. Jim smiles, and calmly moves Lurch's hand away -

JIM

Yeah I remember when I had my first beer - goodnight, guys.

Lurch grabs Jim by the arm and yanks him back outside--he shoves his palm into Jim's chest again--HARD--knocking Jim backwards--

LURCH
You should watch your attitude
around here...

In a flash Jim grabs the mans's hand, twisting the wrist backwards, sending
Lurch
to his knees--

JIM
Thanks for the advice...

CUT TO:
INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is smoky, loud, and crowded. He winds his way through the unruly
crowd to
the bar.

He sees a SKELETAL, LEATHER-FACED BARTENDER, pouring whiskies and beers.
He is at
the other end of the bar, serving a customer.

Jim scans the bar: POOL PLAYERS, BIKER MUSIC, a rowdy crowd.

Then, suddenly, something catches Jim's eye - he tracks it across the room.

We see a sexy WOMAN enter--the head of every local patron turns in her
direction.
She's clearly out of place in this establishment as she heads through the
crowd,
arrives at a payphone, and makes a call.

Jim eyes her, as the bartender approaches him. She hangs up, apparently
frustrated.
She seems apprehensive about something.

BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

JIM
You know the nearest place to stay
around here?

BARTENDER
(shrugs)
South of here. I dunno.

JIM
You know about how far down?

BARTENDER
(irritated)
What do I look like, a travel
agent? Now you want to order or
what?

Jim reacts to the non-information he just received. He'd just as soon leave, but he sees the woman make her way toward the bar, not really noticing Jim.

Jim gestures to the tap -

JIM
Give me a beer.

The bartender pours the shot, and plunks down the beer.

BARTENDER
Three.

Jim pays and the bartender goes to the cash register.

The woman waits for the bartender, and looks over at Jim then scans the room, before looking up at the TV behind the bar.

Jim takes this opportunity to inconspicuously glance at the woman - she takes note of Jim - she is very sexy, a mysterious air about her.

She looks forward, at the TV -

The bartender looks over the girl as he approaches her.

BARTENDER
What will it be, darlin'?

WOMAN
Stoli and tonic.

BARTENDER
(stone-faced)
We don't have - "Stoli" - and
I just ran out of tonic.

She looks at him -

WOMAN
How about a glass of water. Or are
you out of glasses?

The bartender smirks and gets her some water. Jim and the woman exchange looks -

JIM
It's that kinda service that'll
keep me comin' here...

The woman smiles faintly and looks ahead, preoccupied--

LURCH(O.S.)

Hey! Hot dog!

The woman turns around to see the group surrounding them. WEENER, LURCH, and three big, mean BIKERS. Lurch stares at Jim. The others ogle the woman -

The bartender scowls at the two men -

BARTENDER

I told you two to get outta here!

Lurch stares down the bartender with hostile eyes.

LURCH

Make us, ya old fart...

The bartender grabs a sawed-off bat under the bar, but one of the bikers slams the bartender's hand to the counter -

Lurch then directs his attention to Jim, and the woman...

LURCH

Hot dog thinks he owns the place!

Jim shakes his head to himself, as if he knows what's gonna happen - it's routine to him.

The woman senses real trouble but turns away, and plays it cool.

LURCH

What's your name, sweet thing?

(gestures to Jim)

Are you with chickenshit here? Huh?

Weener cackles along with the three other goons surrounding them. Jim keeps his cool.

LURCH

Huh?

Lurch staggers, then gains his footing.

WEENER

I think she's ignoring you, Lurch.

LURCH

Excuse me, but I'm talking to you.

Are you ignoring me?

Then, finally, the woman slowly turns and looks Lurch up and down.

WOMAN

Now why would I want to ignore a fat, drunken slob like you?

Lurch's buddies go "Oooooohhh," and laugh at this affront, but Lurch is not amused.

LURCH

You know, I ought to teach you
some manners...

Lurch grabs the woman by the arm and YANKS her close to him.

Jim moves, yanking Lurch's hand off the girl and staring him down -

JIM

That's it. Show's over.

Lurch SWINGS - Jim DEFLECTS the punch and SMASHES Lurch across the face -

Lurch crashes to the ground -

Lurch staggers up and whips out a SWITCHBLADE, people back up -

The woman looks at Jim, fearing the worst -

Lurch takes a furious drunken SWING at Jim -

Jim DUCKS and POW!! - grabs Lurch's wrist -

Jim SLAMS the blade down into the felt of a POOL TABLE before delivering a COMBINATION that sends Lurch spinning and crashing into a table of drinks -

BIKER 1 SWINGS his mallet fist at Jim's face but Jim SLAPS it to a stop,
twists it
hard - tendons SNAP as Jim flips him on his ass -

Weener LUNGES and GRABS Jim around the waist, sending them to the ground -

Jim FLIPS Weener off of him and rolls to his feet - as Weener staggers up and
Jim
lands a DEVASTATING ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the skull which DROPS him -

BIKER 2 approaches from behind but Jim BACKHANDS his face -
BIKER 3 CONNECTS with Jim across the jaw - Jim LASHES INTO HIM with a
combination
that SHATTERS his nose -

Lurch SPRINGS to life brandishing a POOL CUE - people clear-

Lurch charges Jim, SWINGING the cue furiously - we hear it WHIPPING through
the air
-

Jim waits for the right time before GRABBING the cue and wrenching it out of
Lurch's hands -

Weener approaches from behind and Jim JUTS the back of the cue into his ribs
- we
hear a bone CRACK - Jim SMASHES him to the ground turning around just as
Biker 2

CHARGES -

Jim STABS the back of the cue into the biker's face and a LIGHTNING FAST kick sends him colliding into the barstools -

Lurch makes a final charge and WHAM!!! Jim SHATTERS the pool cue over Lurch's skull, ending the melee.

Jim holds the broken cue, looking for anyone else who wants to start up - no one does.

Then Jim looks toward the woman - she stares hard at him -

He surveys the destruction - throws the pool cue to the ground -

The bartender runs around the bar...

BARTENDER

Goddammit look at this! Look at this!

JIM

Are you OK?

WOMAN

Yeah...thank you.

Jim nods, and takes off toward the door -

The woman watches him leave.

EXT ROADHOUSE BAR - NIGHT

Jim gets into his car.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey. Wait!

The woman approaches the car. Jim looks at her.

WOMAN

Where are you going?

JIM

(Beat)

Well I've kind of had my fill of the place, you know what I mean?

WOMAN

You must be going somewhere.

JIM

I don't have any real destination.
I'm just going South.

WOMAN

Mind if I come along for the ride?

He scrutinizes her for a second.

WOMAN

I'm stranded out here.

JIM

(Beat)

Hop in.

The woman climbs in, and the car peels out onto the highway-

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The convertible books down the road -

CUT TO:

EXT CAR - NIGHT

Jim drives - the woman sits in the passenger seat.

WOMAN

Where did you learn to fight like
that?

JIM

(Beat)

I read a book.

WOMAN

Well, you saved me from a bad situation.
Thanks.

(Beat)

I admit this is...unusual.

JIM

Are you a regular there?

WOMAN

Are you serious?

(Beat)

My boyfriend ditched me...

JIM

Ditched you?

WOMAN

We were fighting - I told
him to let me out.

(Beat)

So where are you headed?

JIM
Bartender said there are motels
south of here.

The woman looks out and then back at Jim.

WOMAN
Would you be into...getting a room?

Jim looks at her, then looks ahead, as if this is too good to be true:

JIM
What would your - boyfriend - think?

WOMAN
Screw him!

They drive silently for a beat; Jim is amused by the strangeness of the situation.

JIM
You don't seem afraid of much.

WOMAN
Not with this...

At that point she looks at Jim and pulls a 9mm semi-automatic out of her purse - she pulls back the chamber - Jim sees it, and smiles -

JIM
You should have told me ahead of
time, saved me the trouble.

There is a pause. Neither says anything. Then Jim extends his hand in friendship.

JIM
My name's Jim...

She looks at him, and shakes his hand.

WOMAN
Stephanie...

The convertible heads down the dark road -

DISSOLVE

TO:
EXT HOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of blazing neon, pulling back to reveal the
ROADSIDE MOTEL sign buzzing in the night air -

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

We follow the neon glare through the windows of the cheap room.

We see two double beds. Jim is lying on one, looking out the window, hands behind his head.

We see Stephanie looking out the window, neon light reflecting on her face. There is a distant, preoccupied look in her eyes...

JIM
Afraid your boyfriend will show up?

Stephanie pauses, then looks at Jim:

STEPHANIE
You never know. He can be...psychotic
some times.

Jim senses she's lying but says nothing.

Stephanie changes the subject -

STEPHANIE
So where are you from?

JIM
Up north.

STEPHANIE
Where up north?

JIM
Seattle.

STEPHANIE
(Beat)
You got any family?

Jim looks out the window for a pause, reflecting.

JIM
No...

STEPHANIE
You're the mysterious type, right?

Jim looks at her and decides to play quid pro quo -

JIM
I'm running from my psychotic
girlfriend.

The two exchange knowing looks.

STEPHANIE
OK, no more questions...

Stephanie heads over to the light.

STEPHANIE
Mind if I turn out the light?

JIM
No...

She flips out the light and begins to undress. Jim watches her.

STEPHANIE
You know, you don't seem afraid
of much either. How do you know
I'm not going to try to rape you?

JIM
Figure you would have tried it already.

The woman looks at him, continues to undress. The neon light illuminates her
body
in the dark room...

JIM
You always carry a gun with you?

STEPHANIE
No.

JIM
Only on dates?

The woman slides under the covers, her back facing Jim.

STEPHANIE
I just listen to my instincts.

Jim rolls over; he looks at her bare shoulders -

JIM
What are your instincts telling
you now?

We see the woman looking at the wall, a preoccupied look on her face -

STEPHANIE
Stay out of trouble...

Jim looks at her for a beat, then looks out the window...

SLOW DISSOLVE

TO
INT MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Jim's eyes open slowly to the morning light -

He discovers he's alone.

He gets up, checks the bathroom, checks the hallway, looks around - no sign of the woman.

He stops, stands there, thinks, and laughs at how strange it was. Then suddenly something catches his eye -

A KEY on the dresser, apparently to a BMW:

Jim inspects the key, then looks up - something DAWNS ON HIM--

CUT TO
EXT PARKING LOT - DAY

Jim runs out to find an EMPTY SPACE where his car once was -

JIM
Son of a bitch!

Angered at his stupidity, Jim looks around, then looks at the key.

Jim thinks for a second, then heads off.

CUT TO
EXT ROADHOUSE BAR - DAY

We see a TRUCK drive down the road. It slows and pulls over on the shoulder.

Jim exits the passenger side -

JIM
Thanks.

The driver pulls away. Jim crosses the street and looks around - the place is closed up, desolate.

But lo and behold, around the corner...

There is a SHINY NEW BMW in the back parking lot. He approaches the vehicle and slips the key into the driver's door - it slips right in and the door opens.

JIM
(under his breath)
Goddamn...

Jim climbs in -

CUT TO
INT BMW - DAY

Jim sits down and inspects the car. He opens the glove compartment. Finds the registration.

The registration has a name - "Sarah Williams," and an address the Hollywood hills.

CUT TO
EXT ROADHOUSE BAR - DAY

Jim heads to the payphone, carrying the registration.

He dials information, waits...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Operator four nine, what city please?

JIM
Yes, Hollywood. Sarah Williams.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Checking Hollywood...I'm not showing a listing for a Sarah Williams.

JIM
Thanks...

Jim hangs up, and looks back at the car.

CUT TO
INT BMW - DAY

Jim gets in, thinks for a second, then smiles faintly to himself, then becomes serious again...

He then closes the door, starts up the car -

EXT ROADHOUSE BAR - DAY

Jim peels out in the BMW and heads down the road...

CUT TO
EXT ROUTE 1 - DAY

Jim drives the Beemer down the highway -

We see signs indicating that he is headed to Los Angeles, 50 miles south -

MONTAGE of Jim making his way down Route one -

DISSOLVE

TO:
EXT CANYON ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Jim pulls up a road leading to an exclusive canyon road, scattered with upscale homes.

He slows down, looking for street addresses - a WOMAN driving an expensive car approaches and passes Jim -

CUT TO:
INT WOMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The woman inspects Jim suspiciously through her rearview mirror and drives on--

CUT TO:
INT BMW - LATE AFTERNOON

Jim continues to look for street numbers.

CUT TO:
EXT. HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jim pulls up and turns off the lights, parking in front of the house. He looks at it -

It's a nice, remote house - shades drawn, no sign of life.

Jim gets out of the car, and heads to the door.

At first he hesitates, then he knocks lightly...no answer. He looks around and tries the door - it's locked.

He looks around again and heads to the back of the house, hopping the wooden gate.

CUT TO
EXT BACK DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

He knocks again, this time a little harder. This time the door CREAKS OPEN, as if pulled open by a light wind, inviting trouble.

Jim hesitates again, then pokes his head inside -

JIM
Hello? Is anyone here?

Jim looks around - something catches his eye that causes him to go in...

CUT TO
INT HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jim walks in and looks at the strange shapes in the dark -

Soon we see the shapes are FURNITURE, drawers opened and dumped on the ground -

Jim looks around - everywhere there is furniture stuffing, broken wood, emptied drawers -

Suddenly a LAMP CORD is wrapped tight around Jim's neck by a MAN behind him -

The man is a formidable opponent - Jim struggles to break free - the man yanks HARD, tightening the cord with all his might -

In a surge of energy Jim WRENCHES free and FLIPS the man, who crashes into a BOOKCASE -

The man staggers up and CHARGES Jim - the two SLAM against a wall -

Jim doubles the man over with a blow to the RIBS, and sends him FLYING BACKWARDS with a blow to the FACE -

WHAM! Jim lands a shattering kick to the head, breaking the man's neck -

He spins and crashes into a glass COFFEE TABLE - DEAD.

Jim looks at the unconscious man for a beat before seeing if he's still alive -

He feels for a pulse - the face is frozen as Jim checks for signs of life -

He flips open the man's coat, and finds his WALLET...

But soon the lights from POLICE CARS begin to cut red streaks of light through the room -

Jim opens the wallet -

And sees a POLICE BADGE...Lieutenant Tom Fleming LAPD.

JIM

Oh shit...

Jim reacts to this discovery as we hear tires SCREECHING out at the front door -

Jim whips around and looks toward the front door -

BANG! The door flies open and we see two UNIFORMED OFFICERS burst in, guns aimed -

One of them whips around the corner and sees Jim -

COPI

Freeze - lemme see your hands!! Now!

Jim puts his hands up -

The other cop bursts in, and heads to the dead body -

COP1
Hands!! Put 'em up or you
will be shot!! Turn around!

Jim puts his hands up and turns around -

Cop2 approaches the man on the ground, feels his pulse - then picks up the
wallet,
sees the ID -

COP2
Shit...he's a goddamn lieutenant -

Jim starts to turn around -

JIM
He was trying to kill me!

COP1
I said don't move you son-of
a-bitch! You wanna die right here?!

COP2
I'm calling it in -

Jim looks at the wall, the awful circumstances sinking in...

CUT TO:
EXT HOUSE - NIGHT

We see an ambulance, other patrol cars, and onlooking neighbors.

An unmarked car pulls up and out steps CAPTAIN RAYMOND DOYLE, a tough,
street-
wise
black officer in his 40's. He is followed by JOHNNY MARVOSA, a well-muscled
but
haggard-looking detective in his mid thirties, with a grim expression on his
face.

They get out and are approached by one of the original uniformed officers on
the
scene as he heads toward the front door.

DOYLE
What do we have?

Cop2 produces a wallet and hands it to Doyle, who opens it with a sober
expression
on his face.

COP1

Detective Tom Fleming, from Central division. He was dead before we got here.

DOYLE

Shit...what the hell was he doing up here?

COP2

Off duty? Who knows. The house is trashed, and the suspect isn't saying much.

DOYLE

Where is this - suspect?

COP2

Inside.

CUT TO

INT HOUSE - NIGHT

Doyle and Marvosa head in to see the wrecked room, and the suspect, Jim Trudell, getting handcuffed by Cop1.

DOYLE

Who lives here?

COP2

Car's registered to a Sarah Williams. The neighbor across the street saw the suspect driving the car, and hopping the fence to the backyard.

Doyle looks at Cop1.

DOYLE

Did you read him his rights?

COP2

Yeah...

Doyle goes over to Jim and looks at him; Doyle immediately dislikes and suspects Jim, and he cuts through the bullshit.

DOYLE

Alright, where is she?

JIM

And who are you?

DOYLE

Who am I? I'm gonna be your worst fucking nightmare until you start

breaking it down for me. You understand? Where did you get the car!

JIM

I'm done talking until I get a lawyer.

The two men stare hard at each other--

DISSOLVE

TO

INT INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

We see Jim, distraught and deep in reflection over the situation...

Sheriff Doyle grills Jim, along with MARVOSA. An inexperienced pencil-necked

PUBLIC DEFENDER shuffles papers.

JIM

No - that's not it! She said her boyfriend stranded her up there! I didn't ask her to come with me!

MARVOSA

Did you have sex with her?

JIM

What?

MARVOSA

Did you have sexual intercourse with the woman in question?

JIM

No. It wasn't like that!

MARVOSA

Then what did you do, play canasta?

DEFENDER

I - uh, believe my client has answered that question sufficiently...

Jim looks over at his lamebrain lawyer with apprehension -

DOYLE

(Beat)

Anyhow... you wake up and she's gone. But--

(to Marvosa)

--this is my favorite part--

(to Jim)

she leaves you the keys to a brand new Beemer.

JIM

She stole my car!!

MARVOSA

Bullshit...

DOYLE

Did you report it stolen?

In response, Jim says nothing. It doesn't look good for him.

Doyle stares long and hard at Jim, convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt he is guilty. Jim realizes his story is sketchy at best.

DOYLE

So...

(to Marvosa)

to get the car back, you break into
her house.

JIM

I didn't break in - the back door
was open!

DOYLE

Yeah, it was opened -
(shouting in Jim's face)
with a goddamn screwdriver!!!

Doyle steps back, gains composure -

DOYLE

I gotta tell you something, son.
I think you're trying to make a
fool of me. You're driving a stolen car,
the owner is missing, her house is
ransacked, and a police officer's dead!

Doyle gets up -

Jim looks at the men -

JIM

I told you it was self-defense!
He was trying to kill me!

Doyle looks back at him in disgust -

MARVOSA

You can cut the shit, asshole--

DOYLE

we've got kidnapping, grand theft
auto, burglary, and two counts of
murder on you, and I'm gonna see to
it personally that it sticks!

He looks at Marvosa -

DOYLE
Take him down to C.J. Get him
out of my sight.

CUT TO:

EXT HALLWAY

A door bursts open as Jim and Marvosa head down the hall - Marvosa shoves him forward -

They are approached by STANTON, a long-faced plainclothes detective who joins them.

He and Marvosa exchange knowing looks.

EXT POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Stanton and Marvosa lead Jim into an unmarked car -

JIM
Where am I going?

MARVOSA
County jail - get in.

They shove him in the backseat and get in.

CUT TO
EXT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The unmarked car makes its way down the road -

CUT TO
INT UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Stanton and Marvosa seem preoccupied; they say nothing, looking cautiously out the windows.

Jim looks out the window. They're heading into strange territory - turning off toward an INDUSTRIAL ROAD -

Jim does not know why he's going there. He wants to say something, but hesitates.

The cops say nothing, looking out the window.

CUT TO
EXT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The unmarked car pulls up to the warehouse.
They take Jim out of the car...

JIM
What the hell is this?

Suddenly, Stanton clenches his jaw and SQUEEZES the cuffs tight around Jim's wrists

-

Jim winces in pain as the metal tears into his wrists -

JIM

Aaah - Jesus! -

Brandishing a NIGHTSTICK, Marvosa looks around and hastily unlocks the door as they drag JIM into the warehouse -

CUT TO

INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Marvosa and Stanton shove Jim into the warehouse -

JIM

What are you, crazy!!

Jim skids to the floor - as he goes to get up Marvosa SMASHES him with the nightstick - Stanton stands on the back of Jim's knees and ties up his feet with rope -

Marvosa relents and Jim writhes on the ground, unable to protect himself.

STANTON

Now...

They drag Jim toward a WATER TROUGH (serving some industrial purpose) -

STANTON

...you're going to tell us everything.
You're gonna tell us where the whore
is heading, what she told you - everything.

JIM

I don't know anything about her -
what the hell do you

want????!!!

They grab him by the throat and SHOVE his face in the dirty water - Jim struggles but the two cops are clearly in charge-

They use all their force and keep him down for a while - Marvosa BASHES Jim in the ribs, causing him to exhale, and swallow water - after a nerve-racking length, they pull his head up -

MARVOSA

This is nothing, man! Now you're going to die tonight, understand? You just have to decide how you want to do it. The easy way or the -

SPLASH!!! His head is angrily slammed back into the water -

MARVOSA

- hard way!!!

Stanton chokes Jim hard - Marvosa JAMS the club into his ribs -

Jim coughs underwater - BLOOD runs from his mouth as he exhales hard and swallows another mouthful of water -

The two men hold him down, then pull his head - he coughs and gasps for air -

STANTON

What's it gonna be hard ass?
Start talking -

Jim struggles to catch his breath - long enough to SPIT hard in Stanton's face -

JIM

Fuck you!

CUT TO

INT WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see Jim's handcuffed HANDS being hoisted up on an industrial hook - his shirt is ripped off -

Jim swings in the air as Marvosa CLUBS HIM HARD with the billy club -

Stanton heats an IRON ROD with an ACETYLENE TORCH -

MARVOSA

You know, I'd really like to believe you because I got better things to do with my night, understand? I got a c-note on the Colts Dolphins game and I'm sitting here with a scumbag that's lying to me!!!

Jim appears out of it -

JIM

You're...crazy...

STANTON

No...

Stanton STABS the RED HOT IRON into Jim's chest - he SCREAMS, instantly coming to life -

STANTON

...you're stupid!

Stanton pulls the iron away - Jim grimaces in agony on the hook - Stanton looks up at him -

STANTON
Now where...is...the whore?

JIM
I told you...I don't know...
anything...

Marvosa SMASHES Jim hard with the club - the blows rain down as his body swings from the hook -

STANTON
Then this is going to be a very long
night for you -

BAM!!! In an unexpected surge of energy Jim KICKS Stanton HARD in the face and his head SMASHES into the concrete wall, bone SMACKING LOUDLY as he collapses - two teeth are SMASHED OUT and blood spatters his lips -

Jim THROTTLES Marvosa by the neck as he reaches for his gun, HOISTING himself off the HOOK - the two men collapse to the ground as Marvosa's gun RATTLES across the floor -

JIM SMASHES Marvosa with a kick that leaves his ears ringing

Jim frantically rips the ropes off his feet and takes off running as a dazed Stanton staggers slowly to his footing -

The officers go for their guns -

Jim is up and running -

POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW!!! They fire at Jim as he takes off through the warehouse - bullets rip whole chunks of concrete off the walls -

The officers race toward him -

CUT TO
EXT HALLWAY

Jim can go one of two ways - goes left - BAM! Through the stairway door -

CUT TO
INT STAIRWELL -

Jim LEAPS up the stairs in threes -

INT HALLWAY -

Marvosa and Stanton follow in hot pursuit -

MARVOSA

Take the stairs!

Stanton heads left -

INT STAIRWELL -

Jim gets to the top - but the ROOF DOOR IS LOCKED with a padlock -

He grabs the FIRE EXTINGUISHER OFF THE WALL, BASHES the lock - no luck -

BAM! Stanton CRASHES through the door and speeds up the steps, hearing Jim desperately try to open the door -

Stanton whips up the stairs, holding out his GUN -

As he rounds last corner -

Jim SMASHES Stanton in the FACE with the EXTINGUISHER -
Stanton SMACKS into the wall -

Jim drops the extinguisher and GRABS for Stanton's gun -

The two struggle with it - Stanton FIRES REPEATEDLY -
EXT HALLWAY

Marvosa hears the GUNSHOTS and tears in the direction of the stairs -

INT STAIRWELL

Jim and Stanton STRUGGLE for control of the gun - Stanton PUNCHES Jim in the face
with his free hand -

Jim SLAMS Stanton's hand against the handrail -

The gun DROPS - Jim SMASHES Stanton in the face with his cuffed hands -

Stanton retaliates, the two men exchange punches -

Jim LOOPS the handcuffs around Stanton's neck, and YANKS his neck - hard -

There is a CRUNCH and Stanton falls to the ground - neck broken.

Jim has no time to waste - his wrists bleed from the sharp metal ripping lacerations -

He RIFLES through Stanton's pockets -

Jim fumbles for Stanton's KEYS - finds them -

BAM!!! Marvosa speeds up the stairs -

Jim hears him, and scrambles for the gun with his free hand-

Marvosa gets closer -

Jim FIRES at the LOCK till the gun clicks EMPTY - the last bullet OPENS the lock -

he KICKS the door open -

Jim RACES out as Marvosa gets to the last corner -

CUT TO

EXT ROOF - NIGHT

Jim runs to the EDGE and looks below him -

It is a CAR JUNKYARD, rows of densely packed junkers three stories below him -

Marvosa CRASHES through the door - begins to AIM -
Jim JUMPS -

CUT TO

EXT JUNKYARD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jim lands on the roof of a jalopy with a THUD - he scrambles to his feet and starts running -

CUT TO

EXT ROOF - NIGHT

Marvosa reaches the edge of the roof, sees Jim -
He FIRES - misses -

EXT CAR JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Jim RUNS over the hoods and roofs of densely parked cars -

Marvosa FIRES -

BLAM! A bullet RIPS through Jim's arm -

Jim STAGGERS, but regains his footing -

CLICK! CLICK! Marvosa's out of bullets -

Marvosa JUMPS, SLAMS on top of a car, gets his footing,

Jim jumps high on a WIRE FENCE, his cuffed hands STRUGGLING-

Jim STRADDLES the fence before -

WHAM!! He crashes to the ground, HARD -

Stanton's KEYS SKID across the asphalt - Jim grabs them up -

Marvosa stomps over the cars -

He SLIPS and FALLS -

He CRASHES, busting a WINDSHIELD with his shoulder -

Jim scrambles to his feet, and heads off -

Marvosa gets his footing, to see Jim running to freedom -

Having no choice Marvosa continues his pursuit -

CUT TO

EXT DESOLATE STREET - NIGHT

Marvosa runs down the streets until he gets to an intersection -

No sign of Jim - in any direction.

Marvosa looks around, desperate and out of breath:

MARVOSA

Shit...shit!

CUT TO:

EXT WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marvosa runs back to his car and gets on his radio:

MARVOSA

(out of breath)

6A15 we have an officer down -
1400 North Baldwin...

Marvosa slumps to the pavement, holding the radio -

OPERATOR (V.O.)

All units stand by - 6A65 respond,
code three 1400 North Baldwin...

Marvosa thinks as fast as he can about the situation.

He opens the back trunk, produces a TIRE IRON -

-- and proceeds to SMASH OUT a rear passenger window from the inside.

CUT TO:

EXT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Tight on Jim opening the handcuffs - he throws them on the ground and rubs
his torn
wrists -

He checks his arm wound -

SIRENS begin to wail in the distance -

He looks around, and takes off down the alley -

CUT TO -

EXT WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - LATER

Police lights illuminate the scene.

We see EMS technicians pulling up in an AMBULANCE.

CAMERA TRACKS as we see MARVOSA, and other officers.

DOYLE arrives and quickly heads over to Marvosa - behind him a K-9 OFFICER (or officers) leads the German shepherd out of the back of a patrol car -

An agitated Doyle approaches Marvosa -

DOYLE

What the hell happened?

MARVOSA

He busted the back window with his feet, and fled on foot. We pursued him into this warehouse - but he's - gone, south - maybe a couple of miles if he's fast -

DOYLE

Why didn't you call for back-up!
What were you thinking, Jesus!!!

MARVOSA

It happened too fast. He was in the back, quiet and calm and boom! He was out - and gone.

(Beat)

We...we fanned out...Stanton must have let his guard down!

Doyle seems disgusted by this.

DOYLE

I don't know how you're used to doing things, Marvosa, but it sounds like some damn sloppy work to me!

MARVOSA

Oh for Chrissakes it could have happened to anyone of--

DOYLE

Bullshit! Another officer dead?! There's no excuse for this! Now I want this son-of-a-bitch back in custody tonight, you understand?

Doyle looks at the other officers around him -

DOYLE

Does everyone understand?! We have a cop killer on the loose. I want to set a wider perimeter - three miles - units at Baldwin, Temple, Nelson and Austin. No vehicles come in or out! We're looking for a man in his 30's six feet, one eighty-five, dark hair, black jacket, wounded, and cuffed.

Doyle turns to another officer -

DOYLE

And get me two air units down here now! If the body's still warm there's nowhere he can run.

CUT TO

EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

Bleeding and shirtless, Jim runs down the alley as fast as he can -

At the end of the alley there is an old, bearded HOMELESS MAN asleep and wrapped in a blue plastic tarp. Next to him is a shopping cart full of broken junk and grungy clothes.

Jim approaches the cart and gingerly digs through it - he finds a small, old ripped FLANNEL SHIRT which he takes out - he also finds a DIRTY SOCK (or rag) - he ties the sock tight above his wound - the man STIRS...suddenly we hear the sound of ROTORS -

Jim DIVES back in a dangerously narrow hiding spot - the INSTANT a HELICOPTER ROARS overhead, beaming a powerful and precise WHITE LIGHT through the narrow alleyway -

The bum stirs, and Jim freezes in place -

The helicopter light then falls DIRECTLY onto the sleeping man and stays there -

POV HELICOPTER - NIGHT

It peers down on the bum, who wakes up to the blinding light engulfing him -
and
angrily FLIPS THE BIRD to the helicopter -

EXT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

BUM
Fuck off! Pigs!

The helicopter light SLOWLY heads down the alley and disappears over a rooftop -

The bum's head drops back to sleep -

Jim cautiously steps out and makes his way down the alley -

CUT TO
EXT ALLEY

An officer approaches Doyle and Marvosa -

OFFICER
Well, the dogs found a blood trail, so
we know he's wounded.

MARVOSA
I clipped him pretty good.

Doyle heads over to a cell phone in an unmarked car -

DOYLE
So...either we find his stiff ass in
an alley or we nail him at a hospital.
Helps the odds a little.

Just then we see SHELLEY ZYDOWSKI, a skinny, bespectacled no-nonsense
fingerprint
specialist approach Doyle as Doyle heads toward a police car - Marvosa
listens
attentively -

DOYLE
Zydowski. It's about time.

ZYDOWSKI
You won't like this. I ran the prints
from the house. No police record on
your suspect--at least not in our files.
But there is a match on the girl.

DOYLE
Yeah?

ZYDOWSKI
Her prints belong to Stephanie Field,

convicted for soliciting two years ago.

DOYLE
What? Wait a minute -

ZYDOWSKI
That's not all. According to the
computer - she died of a drug
overdose last year.

DOYLE
(sarcastically)
That's great Zydowski, you tech guys
are really on the ball.
(to another officer)
Harding - call the print lab at the FBI,
run the prints through their library, see
if it's less screwed-up than ours...

OFFICER'S VOICE (O.S.)
Captain!

An officer runs over to Doyle - then holds up the HANDCUFFS-

OFFICER
We found these in the alley.

Doyle sees this and snatches them out of his hand -

DOYLE
What the hell is this Marvosa!!

MARVOSA
He must have got the keys... off Stanton.

DOYLE
Great. Well that changes a lot...

Marvosa looks around, this is getting bad for him -

MARVOSA
I'm going to look for him on my own.
Fuck this.

DOYLE
We're all gonna fan out!
(to an officer)
C'mon, let's do a sweep of the
alleys -

As Marvosa heads off, Doyle slaps a new cartridge into his gun -

DOYLE
And Marvosa!

Marvosa stops, looks at him - Doyle approaches him -

DOYLE
Don't take any chances. Call for
back-up this time!

MARVOSA
Don't worry -

Marvosa does the same with his weapon, before heading away -

MARVOSA
He's a dead man...

Marvosa heads into an UNMARKED CAR and drives off -
He turns the corner -

CUT TO
INT UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

When the coast is clear Marvosa picks up his CELLULAR phone-

Marvosa dials the cellular phone while he drives, looking around nervously -

CUT TO
EXT VENICE STREET - NIGHT

A MERCEDES BENZ decked out with gold, and darkened windows, slowly cruises
down the
street, passing all the bungalows, blaring rap music out of an unnecessarily
amped
stereo -

CUT TO
INT BENZ - NIGHT

We see the driver D.T., a ruthless-looking thug - a girl sits in the
passenger seat
-

The CAR PHONE rings, and D.T. picks it up and turns the music down, doesn't
say
anything -

VOICE (O.S.)
D.T.?
D.T.
Yeah?...

CUT TO
INT UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

We see Marvosa on the phone.

MARVOSA
It's Marvosa -

D.T. (V.O.)

What do you need?

MARVOSA

The shit just hit the fan, brother.
That bitch has a partner and he got
away from me.

INT BENZ - NIGHT

D.T. listens -

MARVOSA (V.O.)

He walked in on Fleming and took
him out.

D.T.

So what?

INT UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

MARVOSA

So what is they have enough to shut
us down!

D.T. (V.O.)

You mean shut your ass down!

MARVOSA

(unhinged)

No I mean ours, motherfucker!
If I go down everyone's going
with me - you and your crew
especially! You won't get protection,
you won't get the trucks - nothing!

D.T. (V.O.)

(Beat)

So what do you want me to do about
it man?

Marvosa sticks Jim's enlarged DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO into the car fax and
dials a
number -

INT BENZ - NIGHT

MARVOSA (V.O.)

I'm in Rosemead now, when I get
information I want everyone ready
to roll. We gotta get to him first.
I'm faxing you his picture now.

SNAP

Man, I got plans tonight...

MARVOSA (V.O.)

Change them.

Marvosa hangs up.

DISSOLVE

TO
EXT FBI BUILDING -NIGHT

Establish the Los Angeles division headquarters.

CUT TO
INT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

We see the place is pretty empty as the CAMERA TRACKS the hall to see a glass door reading IDENTIFICATION LAB.

We see DONOVAN, a middle-aged federal agent as he sits down at his desk, with a high-tech computer in front of him.

An ASSISTANT walks in and addresses Donovan--

ASSISTANT
You got LAPD on line four.

Donovan looks at his watch as if it's a little late for this, then nods at the assistant..

He picks up the phone -

DONOVAN
Lab, agent Donovan...

Donovan listens for a while, then flips a switch on his computer--

DONOVAN
Well, I'll see what we've got,
send the prints over.

The prints start to come over the computer--we see the prints begin to emerge on the screen as the computer scans it's files--soon a completed fingerprint emerges.

The computer beeps and reads "MATCH VERIFIED."

DONOVAN
Bingo.

Donovan executes another command to bring up the information on the print, when suddenly a window appears over the screen reading "IDENTITY CONTROL - CODE 11A."

At the bottom of the screen we see a message reading "ACCESS RESTRICTED - DISCLOSE NO INFORMATION."

Donovan has a look of concern--

DONOVAN
Uh, we're coming up blank here...
yeah...I'll have to get back to you...
right.

Donovan hangs up and looks at the assistant.

DONOVAN
We better Craig on the line...
this one's his.

CUT TO

EXT STREET - NIGHT

Jim makes his way quickly and stealthily down the street -
As CARS drive by, Jim ducks down into the shadows -

CUT TO
EXT STREETCORNER - NIGHT

Jim runs over to a PAYPHONE - dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Nine one one...

Jim grabs up a phone book and flips through it frantically.

JIM
Yeah, uh, I think my father's
having a heart attack.

He comes to a name, JESSE TUBBS. He tears out the page.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What is your location sir?

Jim looks at an apartment building across the street -

JIM
11040 Barman avenue. Hurry!

Jim clicks the switchhook, dials "0"- and looks over his shoulder -

CUT TO
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Doyle and an officer ride in a POLICE CAR --

DOYLE
Make a left down that alley,

and kill the lights --

They come upon someone hiding in a cramped doorway.

Doyle shines the car's FLOODLIGHT on him.

It's a DRUNKEN MAN pissing. He turns around and hastily does up his pants.

Doyle turns the light out, and the car continues on.

CUT TO
EXT STREETCORNER - NIGHT

Jim is on the phone as the operator comes on -

JIM
Operator I'd like to make a collect
call...

CUT TO
INT. TUBBS APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS to see a cluttered room filled with COMPUTER HARDWARE,
SODA CANS,
PIZZA BOXES, and articles on the wall ranging from JFK assassination theories
to UFO
cover-ups.

A PHONE rings as we see TUBBS, 40, a burly man asleep in his WHEELCHAIR, in
front
of a computer displaying some kind of weird game. He slowly stirs and picks
up the
phone -

TUBBS
Yeah...hello?...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
GTE Operator, will you accept a
collect call from, caller state your
name.

EXT PAYPHONE - NIGHT

JIM
Jim Trudell.

There is an uncomfortable pause, Jim looks around -

TUBBS (V.O.)
(groggy)
What?

JIM
Jim Trudell! Bravo company!

INT TUBBS APT. - NIGHT

Tubbs seems half asleep and somewhat annoyed...there is a pause...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Will you accept the charges?

TUBBS

(Beat)

Yeah...

Tubbs sits up straight.

EXT PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Jim realizes this is going to be a tough conversation.

JIM

Tubbs, it's me.

TUBBS (V.O.)

Well where are ya, what are ya,
drunk?

JIM

No...I'm in some trouble...

INT TUBBS APT - NIGHT

TUBBS

(Beat)

Well...whatsamatter? Run in with the
law?

JIM (V.O.)

Yeah...

EXT PAYPHONE - NIGHT

JIM

...they're trying to kill me.

INT TUBBS APT - NIGHT

Tubbs comes to attention.

TUBBS

You are drunk. You know, it's been
a long time and I'd love to catch up,
but I really got to -

INT PAYPHONE - NIGHT

JIM

Tubbs listen! I don't know
anywhere else to go! I need
your help!

TUBBS (V.O.)

(Beat)

Just what did you get yourself into,
Jimmy?

JIM

It's...it's a long story. Can
we meet somewhere?

TUBBS (V.O.)

Jesus, man...

JIM

Please...

INT TUBBS APT - NIGHT

Tubbs' sense of loyalty compels him to help his friend.

TUBBS

Where are you?

EXT STREETCORNER - NIGHT

We hear a SIREN approach as Jim looks around--

Soon we see the AMBULANCE make its way down the road--

JIM

I have to call you back.

INT TUBBS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tubbs hangs up the phone, a puzzled look on his face. The computer then
BEEPS and
prompts him to play the game. He shuts it off.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The ambulance pulls up to the apartment across the street. Two paramedics
head up
to the doorway, as Jim makes his way
to the back of the vehicle and moves inside.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Jim silently digs for whatever supplies he can find -

He finds a syringe - shoves it in his pocket -

The ambulance workers are knocking on the door. We hear mumbled
voices...it's
obvious there's no emergency here.

Jim reads a vial of something, tosses it aside -

Suddenly -

DRIVER (O.S.)

Man, I'm gettin' too old for this stuff.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

You're telling me.

Jim continues to dig for supplies as the technician's voice draw closer. He finds

SURGICAL THREAD and SUPPLIES for stitching up a wound - he takes some SCISSORS -

shoves all of this in his different pockets -

He finds a vial of something he needs, shoves all of it in his pocket and cracks

the back door just as the EMS Technician opens the front door.

They both get inside as Jim slips out the back.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As the ambulance pulls away, Jim moves down the street. He turns the corner, breathing a sigh of relief until he notices a CAR pull out of an alley and head

towards him - DOYLE'S CAR -

Jim quickly does an about-face, walking back where he came from, turning his face

away from the car that is approaching him.

Jim begins to walk faster.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Doyle sits up.

DOYLE

Move!!! That's him!!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jim picks his pace up even further. The lights on the patrol car suddenly go on,

and Jim TAKES OFF.

EXT POLICE CAR

Doyle bursts out of the car in hot pursuit as the driver keys his radio -

OFFICER

6A15 suspect spotted Barman and Wayland, request back-up!

The car PEELS OUT and heads down the road, hoping to intercept Jim -

CUT TO
EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

Jim TEARS down the street as Doyle runs after him, wielding his gun - Jim turns the corner -

CUT TO
EXT NEW STREET - NIGHT

Jim whips around the corner and runs down the street-

We see Doyle follow on foot, and the SQUAD CAR screeches around the corner, speeding toward Jim -

We see Jim run as fast as he can -

The engine ACCELERATES on the car -

Doyle is pushing his 45-year-old body to the limit to catch Jim, who gains a lead -

Jim heads toward a RESIDENTIAL block and hits a small cluster of bushes and trees -

We see Jim CUTTING through the brush, running for his life -

He jumps a FENCE into a backyard -

Doyle runs up to bushes and trees, and struggles through them -

Doyle gets to the fence and climbs it - he SLIPS, curses, and goes over -

CUT TO
EXT BACKYARD - NIGHT

An old man emerges from his back door as Doyle checks the backyard -

OLD MAN
What the hell is going on?

DOYLE
Get back in the house!

Doyle looks around - no sign of Jim - he runs to the other side of the fence -

He pulls himself up enough to see Jim running through some bushes behind the fence -

Doyle tries to aim at him as Jim runs into the darkness -

OFFICER
Freeze!!!

He FIRES and misses - Jim goes over another fence -

Doyle keys his walkie -

DOYLE

Squad! He's over the fence - I'm
going through the yard!

OPERATOR (V.O.)

What yard?

DOYLE

I don't know - by Marshfield -

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Six-One Charlie you have the air, go.
All units stay off the air -

EXT STREET - NIGHT

Jim runs and soon we see MARVOSA'S car coming head-on toward Jim -

Doyle follows on foot -

Jim looks around and sees a SUBWAY STATION down the road -

Jim makes a run for it as Doyle gets closer -

CUT TO

EXT SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Jim bursts into the entrance -

CUT TO

INT SUBWAY STAIRS - NIGHT

Jim jumps down the stairs -

INT SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

We see Jim jump a turnstile -

EXT SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Doyle heads into the station as Marvosa's car and a SQUAD CAR screech to a
stop -

INT SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Doyle heads down the stairs and jumps the turnstile -

He looks around - there is no sign of Jim anywhere -

Marvosa and other officers make it down the stairs -

DOYLE

Light, lets get some light in here!

Doyle grabs a flashlight from one of the officers and jumps down onto the tracks -

INT TRACKS/TUNNEL - NIGHT

Doyle aims the light down the tunnel - a swath of light cuts across Jim taking off in the distance -

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!!! Doyle fires, but can't see if he hit anything - the shots echo through the cavernous tunnel -

We see the GERMAN SHEPHERDS dragging their way down the track in pursuit of Jim
-

Marvosa sees Doyle head down the track with a concerned look - he runs to catch up -

Doyle has stopped running -

MARVOSA

Did you hit him?

DOYLE

(out of breath)

I didn't hit shit!

Doyle looks around - turns and addresses some officers -

DOYLE

I want someone from City Maintenance down here. I want to know every place this damn thing leads to. And get backup at every station it runs through!

FINISH THIS

Officers shine flashlights in the dark tunnel

EXT STREET - NIGHT

We see a MANHOLE in the center of the road - the camera gets closer to it and we see the cover start to move -

Jim lifts the cover and looks down the road -

POV A CAR IS APPROACHING -

Jim quickly lowers the cover as the car drives away -

When the coast is clear Jim shoves the cover off and exits the manhole, looking around and putting the lid back on before heading down the road -

EXT BOULEVARD - NIGHT

JIM HAS TO GET OUT OF THERE SOMEHOW

CUT TO

EXT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Sandwiched between a dumpster and some boxes, Jim finishes stitching up his own wound - it's a grisly, painful procedure.

When he's done, he leans back against the wall, exhausted...
Close in on Jim, who slowly closes his eyes and thinks -

Jim's eyes OPEN with a start at the sound of a SIREN, but it turns into the horn of a FIRETRUCK in the distance.

Jim literally sags from exhaustion, and falls asleep by a dumpster, covering himself in newspapers...

CUT TO

INT MALIBU HOUSE - NIGHT

We see FLASHBACKS of Jim fighting with Fleming,

Jim killing him,

Jim getting the ID - seeing the badge, the name FLEMING,

INT INTERROGATION ROOM

Jim's FLASHBACK of Doyle and Marvosa talking to him -

INT WAREHOUSE

Flashbacks of the torture, the escape,

INT MOTEL -

FLASHBACK of Stephanie lying in bed -

STEPHANIE
Stay out of trouble...

CUT TO

EXT ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Jim is KICKED AWAKE by an irate, barrel-chested store owner chomping on a fat cigar

-

STORE OWNER

Get the hell outta here!! What do you think this is, some kind of charity house! Beat it now or I'll get my dobermans!!!

Jim jumps to alertness, ignoring the man and sizing up where he is. The sun is bright, and his dishevelled appearance and bloodstained shirt make him stick out like a sore thumb.

STORE OWNER

What are you deaf! I said take off!

Jim gets up and heads out, looking around carefully -

The store owner sees the syringe on the ground -

STORE OWNER

Damn junkies...

The store owner then heads inside - grabbing up a bundle of the days newspapers -

He looks down at the papers - something catches his eye on the front page -

INSERT NEWSPAPER - Jim's FACE is on the front page with the headline "COP KILLER ELUDES POLICE" -

The store owner puts it together - he looks back, but Jim is gone -

CUT TO

EXT VENICE STREET/STOREFRONT - DAY

Carrying a bag from a store, Jim looks around and inconspicuously heads down the street -

Jim heads calmly to a PUBLIC MEN'S ROOM on the beach -

CUT TO

INT MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Jim walks in and changes into a new LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT he bought. he also slides on a pair of cheap SHADES -

DISSOLVE

TO
INT INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Doyle and another uniformed officer cross-examine a BANDAGED LURCH and WEENER.

LURCH

The guy was looking for trouble, shoving people around, being an asshole...

DOYLE

And he took a swing at you?

LURCH

Yeah...the guy was psycho - I was just trying to protect the girl...

DOYLE

Did he harm the girl?

LURCH

Hell, he probably raped her in the lot, dumped the body somewhere. That's what he was like - a real wacko.

DOYLE

Mm-hmm...that's not what the bartender told us.

Doyle stands up and SMACKS Lurch upside his head bandage - Lurch grabs his head in pain and cowers as Doyle stares him down -

DOYLE

Now you listen to me hay-seed! If you don't want to spend a year in jail for making a false report you'll start giving me straight answers, you got that!!

LURCH

Alright, alright! We were just fucking with him..you know?

WEENER

Yeah...he was fucking with him!

Weener points at Lurch -

LURCH

I was just having a little fun -

DOYLE

And what did he do to the girl?

LURCH

Nothing! He didn't do nothing!

WEENER

He just left - she went after him!

DOYLE

She went after him??

LURCH

Don't ask me. I didn't see it.

WEENER

He was out cold by then.

Doyle backs off in disgust, and gestures to a uniformed officer -

DOYLE

Get their statement and get them
out of here!

CUT TO

INT POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

We see Marvosa head over to a SODA MACHINE, with a preoccupied look hanging
heavy
on his face -

Another PLAINCLOTHES COP approaches Marvosa as he puts some change in the
machine -

PLAINCLOTHES

Hey man...

He pats Marvosa shoulder -

PLAINCLOTHES

I'm sorry. I heard about last night.

MARVOSA

Yeah...

PLAINCLOTHES

I heard Doyle went off on you. I don't
know if I like that some-bitch too
much.

MARVOSA

He's not used to the way we do things.
Well, you know, he's from the 77th.

Coming here, trying to be a hard-ass,
trying to prove himself.

DOYLE (O.S.)

Marvosa!

We see Doyle making his way down the hall -

DOYLE

Come with me!

The plainclothes cop looks at Marvosa, who bangs the button on the machine
and gets
his soda -

PLAINCLOTHES

Don't you take any shit from him.

MARVOSA

I don't take shit from anyone, Meadows.
You know that.

Marvosa catches up with Doyle -

MARVOSA

What did the six-toes have to say?

DOYLE

Sarah Williams left the bar with
Trudell on her own.

MARVOSA

So? Girls left bars with Ted Bundy too.
It doesn't rule out foul play.

DOYLE

But what was a hair dresser from Malibu
doing 60 miles away in some dive bar?

MARVOSA

I don't know, shit. Maybe she was
looking for love...

Doyle glares at Marvosa -

DOYLE

Yeah - funny.

(Beat)

There's something else I don't
understand...I still wanna know
why Fleming was up in Malibu last night.

Marvosa nods in fake agreement.

DOYLE

Find out for me.

MARVOSA

Fine...

Just then an officer approaches the two men--

OFFICER

Captain there's someone here to see
you - he's waiting in your office.

DOYLE

Who is it?

OFFICER

I don't know - but he's from the FBI.

CUT TO

INT DOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Doyle opens the door to his office, Marvosa behind him.

We see SPECIAL AGENT CRAIG, a trim man in his 40's with graying temples. He
stands
and introduces himself--

CRAIG

Captain Doyle?

DOYLE

Yeah?

Craig shows his credentials and shakes Doyle's hand.

CRAIG

Special Agent Craig, FBI.

Doyle inspects the credentials and looks up at Craig, unimpressed.

DOYLE

What can I do for you?

CRAIG

Your department contacted our agency
regarding information on Sarah Williams.

DOYLE

Yeah - I heard - nothing came up.

CRAIG

Not on her. But as for Jim Trudell...
do you mind if I close the door?

Doyle waves his hand at the door and Craig closes it.

CRAIG

We did a little digging on Jim Trudell at Sergeant Zydowski's request. He's 31, no priors, and he's been working for the military for ten years.

DOYLE

We ran the i.d. I could have told you that.

CRAIG

I don't think you understand. I don't mean shuffling papers in an office, I mean Jim Trudell worked classified assignments, special forces...sabotage...until last year. He was brought up on charges of espionage, but the charges were later dropped, and he sprang the service.

DOYLE

(surprised)

Yeah?..well what are you getting at? You saying he has an agenda down here?

CRAIG

Our agency monitors all threats very carefully, and there's good reason to believe Jim Trudell has the training, the connections, and the experience to present a clear threat to the public if he remains at large.

DOYLE

If what you're saying is true, then why would he have killed two police officers? A man like that would want to lay low, if he was planning some kind of damn sabotage mission!

CRAIG

That's the point. He slipped up, and he's desperate now. And that means he's all the more dangerous.

The two men look at each other.

CRAIG

I'm sure if our departments cooperate we can find out the truth.

DOYLE

Cooperate?

CRAIG

Every step of the way.

DOYLE

If you guys want in, fine. Just remember this is our jurisdiction.

Doyle gets up, looks out the window -

Just then a uniformed officer enters the room -

OFFICER

Captain we got a store owner in Venice, made a stone-cold ID of Trudell about fifteen minutes ago.

Doyle and Marvosa look at each other -

DOYLE

Goddamn he made it into Venice!
OK we're back on the road!
Notify all units, tell them we're on our way.

Doyle and the men get up to leave -

DOYLE

(to Marvosa)
Let's roll -

MARVOSA

Right behind you.

As Doyle leaves Marvosa heads to a phone and quickly dials -

MARVOSA

It's Marvosa - get down to Venice.

CUT TO

EXT VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

Tourists crowd the walkway and browse at the makeshift shops - we see the usual entertainers and freaks.

Jim goes to a PAYPHONE adjacent to a market -

Jim picks up the phone and dials, reading off the torn out page from the phone book.

JIM

Operator, I'd like to make a collect call - 213-467-0972...

TUBBS (V.0.)

This is Tubbs. Sorry I can't answer the phone, I'm out square dancing. Leave a message--

CLICK!

OPERATOR (V.0.)

I'm sorry but I'm getting an answering machine -

JIM

Thank you...

He hangs up - suddenly - BWEEEP!! We hear the single BLIP of a POLICE SIREN -

Jim JUMPS, and casually turns around -

The COP is admonishing a BIKE RIDER -

COP

Walk the bike.

Jim turns around and displays clear signs of relief as he waits.

Jim heads off down the boardwalk.

CUT TO

EXT VENICE STREET - DAY

Doyle, Craig, and Marvosa pull up into a Venice alley, and are met by FOOT PATROL, BIKE PATROL, and other UNIFORMED OFFICERS -

The men get out of the car and Doyle addresses them -

DOYLE

Alright, we know who we're looking for. Play it cool until the time is right to make a move. Let's not pull any gangbusters shit or we'll lose him again.

CRAIG

Or worse, we'll have a hostage situation on our hands.

Doyle slaps a new cartridge in his gun, looks at some of the bike patrol cops -

DOYLE

If you can trail him to a remote area do it. We all want a piece of him but let's keep our heads and stay within the law - we got people everywhere out here.

MARVOSA

These crowds are going to make it a bitch!

DOYLE

I'm sure you can handle it. Now I want to do an alley-to alley sweep beginning at the north and south ends from Marine

to 30th. Foot beat units continue on the boardwalk.

Marvosa heads over to Doyle and Craig-

MARVOSA
I'll take the south end -

DOYLE
Fine -

CRAIG
You mind if I ride with you?

DOYLE
Yeah, stick around, you might learn something.

Marvosa watches the two men walk away, then heads over to his car.

CUT TO
EXT STREET - DAY

The BENZ drives down the road -

CUT TO
INT BENZ - DAY

We see D.T. drive with DROOPY, ANGLO, and RAKIM, four mean-ass dudes. D.T. picks up the phone -

D.T.
Yeah?

MARVOSA (V.O.)
Where are you?

D.T.
We're by Ozone...

MARVOSA (V.O.)
You set to go -

D.T.
What do you think?

MARVOSA (V.O.)
Alright, stay on the phone.

ANGLO
So what are we supposed to do, drive around all fucking day?

D.T.
(covering the phone)

Look man, I don't like this motherfucker
Marvosa any more than you but we got to
do what he says.

DROOPY

Or else what?

D.T.

Man he'll get up our ass is what.
(back into the phone)
Whatever - we're here.

CUT TO
EXT BOARDWALK - DAY

Jim walks through the crowds inconspicuously. In doing so, he bumps into a
SKATEBOARDER -

JIM

Excuse me...sorry...

He keeps walking, but the skateboarder turns back and sees him-

Jim keeps walking away -

The skateboarder recognizes him -

SKATEBOARDER

Hey - you're the dude on the TV -

Jim casually looks behind his shoulder, and his worst fears are confirmed -

The skateboarder is clearly HONING IN on him -

Jim realizes this and looks ahead, walking a little faster -

The skateboarder picks up the pace - soon he points, certain of who it is -

SKATEBOARDER

That's him...that's him...

Jim looks back and sees this - turns ahead quickly
A PATROL CAR makes his way down the boardwalk -
The skateboarder sees him, rushes over to him and points -

SKATEBOARDER

Hey man - that guy's wanted!

OFFICER

Where!

SKATEBOARDER

(pointing frantically)
There! There!

People start noticing the commotion and looking in the general direction -

The officer picks up his radio as he heads out -

OFFICER
All units! Suspect heading
northbound on 23rd! Wearing a
black long-sleeved shirt -

INT POLICE CAR

Doyle is driving -

OFFICER (V.O.)
Request back-up! Suspect northbound
on 23rd -

CUT TO
EXT STREET -

Doyle makes a SCREECHING U-TURN and speeds to the scene -

EXT BOARDWALK- DAY

The officers run toward Jim -

Jim sees this and TAKES OFF -

INT MARVOSA'S CAR - DAY

Marvosa yells into the phone -

MARVOSA
He's on 23rd! Get over there!!

INT BENZ - DAY

D.T. hangs up the phone as they others draw their WEAPONS -
EXT STREET- DAY

The Benz PEELS OUT -

EXT STREET - DAY

We see the unmarked car speed toward the area -

INT ALLEY - DAY

Jim grabs a DELIVERY BIKE near a Chinese restaurant and TAKES OFF -
the store owner comes out yelling as the foot officer approaches him -

EXT SPEEDWAY - DAY

Jim BOOKS down the speedway, heads east, away from the beach

EXT STREET - DAY

We see the thugs in the Benz spot Jim heading out of the speedway -

INT BENZ

DROOPY

Shit that's him man - that's him!!

D.T.

(on the phone)

We got him -

D.T. throws down the phone -

EXT STREET - DAY

The Benz accelerates toward Jim -

Jim DARTS over a HILL and tears toward an industrial-looking area -

The Benz pursues -

ANGLO lowers his window - we see Rakim pop up around the other side, aiming his

WEAPON -

They FIRE at Jim -

POW POW POW POW POW POW! Bullets tear a ragged path across the alley wall, as

Jim barely escapes -

An INNOCENT BYSTANDER is shot in the commotion - a WOMAN witness screams and dives for cover -

EXT STREET - DAY

The bike cop hears the gunfire as he is followed by a few citizens -

He looks at them, and pulls out his REVOLVER -

OFFICER

Get back!!!

The officer pursues on foot -

EXT DEAD END ALLEY - DAY

Jim turns into the alley - notices it's a dead end -

EXT STREET - DAY

The Benz speeds down the street, screeching and turning into the alley -

EXT DEAD END ALLEY - DAY

The Benz screeches to a halt and the four men get out, all armed -

They notice something -

We see the BICYCLE on the ground, back tire SPINNING -

INSERT of the car phone sitting on the car seat -

INT MARVOSA'S CAR - DAY

Marvosa is on the phone -

MARVOSA

D.T. what's your twenty? D.T.
what's your - where the hell
are you?!!

INT ALLEY

The gangsters slowly make their way around the alley -

Rakim approaches a doorway, WHIPS HIS GUN around -

SMACK!! Jim's hand catches it by the barrel - TWISTS IT HARD -

Jim SMASHES Rakim with the weapon, an uppercut to the chin -

His skull smacks loudly against the brick wall as Jim AIMS at DROOPY -

Jim FIRES, tearing up Droopy, who crashes to the ground -

ANGLO extends his arm at Jim and fires at him at POINT BLANK range - Jim
ducks

back

in the nick of time -

Anglo and D.T. make it closer to the doorway, firing -

Jim fires back - hitting D.T. in the shoulder - he falls back, drops his gun

-

D.T.

Aaaahhh - shit!!

Anglo looks at him for a SPLIT SECOND -

Jim LUNGES and GRABS Anglo's wrist - Jim delivers a lightning series of
damaging

blows to Anglo, leaving him a bloody mess on the ground -

D.T. scrambles for his gun - Jim STOMPS on his wrist, breaking it -

D.T. howls in pain as Rakim jumps Jim from behind -

Jim smashes him with a combination and FLIPS him onto a metal GARBAGE CAN
which

crashes to the ground -

D.T. staggers up - Jim DESTROYS HIM with a lethal combination -

Jim looks around...looks at the car - gets an idea - he gets in the car.
He rolls up all the tinted windows and backs out, turning up the MUSIC -
INT STREET - DAY

The bike officer runs to an intersection as Doyle pulls up alongside him -

DOYLE
Where is he?!!

OFFICER
(out of breath)
I lost him - I heard shots -
that way!!

Doyle and Craig head away - PASSING Jim in the Benz, driving slow and
blasting
music -

INT BENZ

Jim watches all the commotion through the tinted windows,
fitting in perfectly to his surroundings:

Citizens, officers, everyone...

As he drives in the opposite direction, he notices the PHONE lying on the
passenger
seat -

CUT TO
INT MARVOSA'S CAR -

Marvosa is on the phone -

MARVOSA
Where are you! Can anyone hear me?
D.T.!!!

CUT TO
INT BENZ - DAY

We see Jim pick up the phone and listen to Marvosa trying to reach anyone -

MARVOSA (V.O.)
Hello hello hello!!! Goddamn it!

CUT TO
EXT STREET - DAY

We see the Benz calmly heading out of Venice, picking up speed -

EXT DEAD END ALLEY - DAY

The unmarked car pulls up and Doyle and Craig get out -

We see the four gangsters on the ground - Doyle is disappointed by this -

DOYLE

Shit! What the hell is this?

Doyle looks around - The officer sees the bike -

A neighbor pokes his head out - of the doorway -

NEIGHBOR

Carjacker carjacker! He took
the car!!!

DOYLE

What car?

NEIGHBOR

Black Mercedes Benz - all jazzed up
and shit! The guy's crazy!!!

DOYLE

Son of a bitch!!!

Doyle rushes to his car, peels out -

Craig watches this -

CRAIG

Hey!!!

INT UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Doyle is on the radio -

DOYLE

6A11 we have a code 37 black
Mercedes Benz request air unit -
last seen -

(looks for a sign)

Shell Court - request backup -

EXT STREET - DAY

The unmarked car zooms down the road -

EXT MALL PARKING LOT -

We see the Mercedes head toward it -

INT BENZ

Jim looks around, checking that the coast is clear -

INT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

We see the black Mercedes screech into a space.

Jim calmly gets out and looks around.

Jim turns off the car, takes out the key and opens the door-

The CAR ALARM begins to WAIL -

A chumpy-looking PARKING LOT SECURITY MAN watches from a distance, more irritated than anything else -

Jim fiddles with the keychain and we hear the siren end abruptly with three TWEETS -

The guard looks away, and Jim heads out -

EXT STREET - DAY

Jim exits the parking garage, looks up in the air -

A POLICE CHOPPER hovers in the air, inspecting the surface streets for the black car -

Jim looks around sees a BUS has pulled up at a stop.

Jim feels his pockets - no money.

He sees a bum holding up a cup of change - he hastily approaches him -

He holds the keys up to the bum -

JIM
I'll trade you a Mercedes for the
change!

BUM
Wha -

Jim snatches up the cup and hands the bum the keys -

JIM
Thanks - in there, row 3-C.

Jim takes off toward the bus - the bum looks at the keys for a pause -

Jim makes it onto the bus in the Nick of time, as DOYLE'S unmarked car soars right past.

INT BUS - DAY

Jim puts the change in the machine, and sits in the back.

INT UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Doyle drives around, looking around frantically - hitting the steering wheel,

cursing to himself -

EXT STREET - DAY

The bus makes its way down the road.

INT BUS - DAY

Jim breathes a deep sigh of relief...he then thinks of something, and pulls something out of his pocket -
It's the WHITE PAGES - with Tubbs' address -

CUT TO

INT TUBBS APARTMENT - DAY

We see the living room - a workspace has a complicated mass of COMPUTER EQUIPMENT sprawled over a desk - printers, modems, etc.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Tubbs nearly has a heart attack and fanatically logs out on the computer before heading over to the door in his WHEELCHAIR and opening it -

We see Jim Trudell - Tubbs reacts in shock -

TUBBS

Holy shit -

JIM

Hello Tubbs. Can I come in?

TUBBS

Yeah, c'mon in...you scared the hell out of me!

INT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jim heads inside - Tubbs follows, glad to see his old friend-

TUBBS

Man I thought I dreamt that call last night. What the hell are you up to buddy?

(Beat, losing smile)

You look like shit - are you OK?

Jim heads to the windows and draws the blinds -

TUBBS

Jimmy, are you flipping out on me?
What's going on?

Jim looks out the window nervously -

JIM

I don't know...

Tubbs looks at Jim, then back at the road -

TUBBS

You don't know?

Jim is searching for police of any kind, laying low -

JIM

No...

TUBBS

(Beat)

Look, Jimmy, you know, I haven't seen you in eight years, you show up to my door like you're on drugs - now the least you could do is tell me what the fuck is going on!

Jim turns and looks at him.

JIM

Two cops are dead.

Tubbs gets pale -

TUBBS

And?...

JIM

I killed them.

TUBBS

Oh, shit, shit, shit - I don't know about all this! You sure?!

JIM

Yeah I'm sure! I did it with my own hands!

Tubbs gets paler -

TUBBS

Jimmy, do you realize what you did? Man that's like death penalty shit -

JIM

It was self-defense, Tubbs! They're dirty!

(Beat)

I walked in on something, I don't know what -

TUBBS

(Beat)

You gotta turn yourself in.

Before it's too late -

JIM

They're inside the department,
they're everywhere - it's not
safe.

TUBBS

Shit, you know what happens to me
if I'm harboring a fugitive? I
already think they're on to me!
I thought you were the phone police
for Chrissake!

JIM

I have nowhere else to go, Tubbs,
I need your help!

Tubbs and Jim look hard at each other - Tubbs' look eases, and he realizes he
has
to help his friend - he nods his head in reluctant conciliation -

TUBBS

Oh man...what happened?

JIM

I don't know. But I'm in trouble.
I'm all over the papers. I have to
figure out what's going on.

TUBBS

Alright...alright...you've saved my
ass enough times. What do you
want to do?

Jim heads over to the computer equipment, scans it -

JIM

I hope you haven't lost your touch with
this stuff.

TUBBS

Shit, what I have now made our
setup in Angola look like Tinker
Toys. I've been skipping through
Internal Revenue records all day.
I even have video strip poker.
You want to check it out?

Jim looks at Tubbs then back at the computer equipment -

JIM

I've got a better idea...

TUBBS

OK...where do you want to start?

JIM
With a girl named Sarah Williams...

DISSOLVE

TO

INT TUBBS APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Tubbs is in front of the computer -

Jim emerges from the bedroom buttoning up a new flannel shirt.

TUBBS
OK, I'm logged on to the municipal network. I'm showing sixteen people with the name Sarah Williams in L.A. county. None of them live in Hollywood. Do you remember the address?

JIM
1490...Breckinridge...

TUBBS
Let's see what we got...

Tubbs types on the computer - taking a CHOCOLATE DONUT out of a box and takes a bite -

TUBBS
Donut?

JIM
No thanks. How do you know they can't catch you on this thing?

TUBBS
I don't, but I'm pretty sure. It's a long story but I cloned a cellular linkup with a binary code scrambler and sent it through the phone network mainframe. If they start a trace it will be to a Pic'n'Save on Pico.

JIM
I knew I could count on you.

TUBBS
I got a lot of free time, you know what I mean?

Tubbs has accessed something on his computer -

JIM

OK...county tax records...they're saying 1490 Breckinridge is owned by... an Atlantic Trust Corporation...they have a P.O. box in D.C.

JIM

How about Marvosa and the others?

TUBBS

I'll access the LAPD mainframe, but we gotta be careful - that one's kind of tricky -

Tubbs types diligently on the computer -

TUBBS

So...what happened to you, Jimmy? I figure you'd be in some far off place somewhere, living on the edge like the good old days.

JIM

I gave all that up. I got tired of the lies. They wanted to stuff me in Levenworth to cover their asses on a botched assignment. It got so I didn't know who to trust anymore...

(laughs cynically)

...some things never change, I guess.

Tubbs looks at Jim -

TUBBS

You know this time, there's nobody that's gonna cover your ass. You're over your head this time.

JIM

What else is new?

He begins typing again - the computer beeps -

TUBBS

OK--I've got something here...personnel records...on Fleming, Stanton, and Marvosa. Addresses, phone numbers... I'll cross reference them, see what we can find.

CUT TO

INT POLICE STATION - DAY

Zydowski approaches Doyle holding a newspaper -

ZYDOWSKI

Did you read today's paper?

DOYLE

No Zydowski I didn't read today's paper - it's just going to irritate the hell out of me.

ZYDOWSKI

Well read this -

Zydowski hands Doyle the paper and points to an article containing the Academy graduation photos of Stanton and Fleming. Doyle reads it, half-heartedly.

DOYLE

Something I don't already know?

ZYDOWSKI

Well it's just kind of a coincidence, isn't it? Stanton and Fleming, both started in '83, both in area six...both in Vice?

As INSERT on the article, containing his record. He began as an AREA SIX VICE OFFICER in 1983. This causes Doyle to recall something...

Doyle reads the article -

DOYLE

Vice...you think they had something to do with this dead hooker?

ZYDOWSKI

Could explain why Fleming was there.

Suddenly Doyle changes his mind -

DOYLE

Forget it. This hooker's a red herring. Even the FBI came up short -

Doyle reacts as Craig approaches them -

DOYLE

Speak of the devil.

OFFICER

They found the getaway Mercedes a parking garage north of Venice. It checks out.

DOYLE

Good! We'll get it to the nearest outlying station and hold it for prints - we're on our way -

(to Craig)

You coming?

Craig sips a cup of coffee -

CRAIG
I'll let you two handle it...

Doyle gives him a look, then heads out -

DOYLE
(to the officer)
And where the hell is Marvosa?

ZYDOWSKI
He said he was following up
some lead.

DOYLE
Well let's get his ass to the garage!
(Beat - irritated)
Some lead...

CUT TO
INT DESOLATE PARKING LOT - DAY

Marvosa sits in his car, wearing sunglasses and chewing gum. He looks around...

dragging hard on a CIGARETTE. He puts it away and looks around.

Soon a man turns the corner - ULYSSES, a mean-looking thug with a scar on his face.

He struts over to Marvosa's car before looking around and getting in.

INT CAR - DAY

The men talk without looking at one another -

ULYSSES
What happened with D.T?

MARVOSA
D.T's shit-canned. So's Droopy.
The other two will live.

ULYSSES
Who is this guy?

MARVOSA
I don't know if she hired him or what -
he's damn good. And he's already fucking
everything up, we could chop enough Benzes
tonight to pick up half a million. To add
to it I got this gung-ho son-of-a-bitch
captain outta Compton snooping around -
nothing's good!!! We got to get rid of this guy!

ULYSSES

We will - are you willing to take it
all the way? If you want pros it's
gonna cost...

MARVOSA

It's gonna cost everybody if we're
shut down! It's just the price of doing
business...

Marvosa's RADIO crackles to life -

OPERATOR (V.O.)

6A13 report to Burtell's Tow impound
lot 401 North Magnolia -

MARVOSA

Burtell's?

Marvosa doesn't like what he hears -

MARVOSA

Shit...what do they want now?...

CUT TO

INT BURTELL'S IMPOUND LOT - DAY

Camera tracks as we see the official police garage, housing various
confiscated and
towed vehicles.

Marvosa walks into the garage - stops dead in his tracks.

We see the Mercedes in the lot - a sticker on the windshield reads "HOLD FOR
PRINTS" -

Zydowsky dusts for prints as Craig and Doyle watch Marvosa come in. Doyle
addresses Zydowsky inside the car -

DOYLE

What do we have in there?

ZYDOWSKY

What don't we have in here? We
have CD player, radar detector,
cell phone -

Zydowsky digs through the car and pulls out a HANDGUN using a pencil through
the
trigger -

ZYDOWSKY

Automatic weapons...

Marvosa heads over -

MARVOSA

What's this?

DOYLE

Our getaway car.
(to Zydowsky)
You said a cell phone?

ZYDOWSKY

Yeah...

DOYLE

That might just be our ticket.

MARVOSA

What do you mean?

ZYDOWSKI

Maybe Jim Trudell called someone from
the car.

MARVOSA

He'd have to be really stupid to
pull that. I mean - he must have
known we would find the car.

ZYDOWSKI

Maybe...but it would be even stupider
not to check it out.

Doyle turns to Marvosa -

DOYLE

Get the information for us. Call the
phone company, find out what calls
were made on this extension over the
last 48 hours.

Marvosa plays it cool -

MARVOSA

You got it.

Doyle considers something else -

DOYLE

It's safe to assume that this guy
has some kind of weapon on him...

ZYDOWSKY

Well he had quite a selection to
choose from.

(Beat)

The question is - who's his next
target?

Marvosa eyes the car. He seems nervous about something.

DOYLE
Marvosa--when did you join the force?

This question catches Marvosa off-guard - he looks and sees Doyle examining Marvosa's reaction to the question carefully-

MARVOSA
What?

DOYLE
When did you join the force? You know,
the police force, the place you work...

MARVOSA
(Beat)
Nineteen eighty four. What fucking
difference does it make?

DOYLE
Did you start out area six?

MARVOSA
Yeah...

The two look at each other -

DOYLE
So you must have known Fleming...
and Stanton -

MARVOSA
Yeah I saw 'em around. They worked
vice.

DOYLE
Well don't you think that's odd?

MARVOSA
What?

DOYLE
It's kind of a funny coincidence,
isn't it?

MARVOSA
Gotta come from somewhere...

DOYLE
Where do you come from, Marvosa?

Marvosa looks hard at him -

MARVOSA
Traffic...

Doyle nods, looking at him...

DOYLE

Just wondering if maybe they had a thing going with this hooker, you know, some connection.

MARVOSA

Hey what they did on their time was their business, you know? I just want to catch this scumbag, wherever he is.

Suddenly an officer pops his head in--

OFFICER

Captain?

DOYLE

Yeah?

OFFICER

LAPD data center reports a breach on the system. An outside hacker has accessed files on Detectives Fleming and Stanton...and yours too, Marvosa.

MARVOSA

Outside hacker? What the fuck are you talking about?

DOYLE

That's got to our secret agent man! Do we have an address?

OFFICER

Yeah -

DOYLE

Alright, I want SWAT on that building right away. Let's get down there and find out what the hell is going on.

Doyle, Marvosa, and Zydowski head out--

Marvosa starts to move as well. Doyle turns to him.

DOYLE

Something wrong with you Marvosa?

MARVOSA

(sighs, exhausted)

It's just...catching up with me, you know?

DOYLE

Well why don't you sit this one

and get some rest...you look like shit.

CUT TO
INT TUBBS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tubbs and Jim are going over the numbers from Marvosa's phone extension - a few have been crossed off -

TUBBS
OK...Marvosa makes calls to this fax number overseas. And that's Switzerland's country code.

JIM
A bank?

TUBBS
Who knows? Maybe he's ordering army knives. I can't access that, but look what we have here...these are the account records for Fleming and Marvosa.

JIM
Both at the same bank...

TUBBS
And look at the balances...these aren't police salaries...

INSERT on the screen, which displays balances of well over half a million dollars...

JIM
Where are they getting all this money?...

Tubbs meets resistance as he tries to enter in further -

TUBBS
Ahh, shit. We're pretty much tapped out. I'm getting denied access all over the place...

JIM
It's not very much to go on...is there anything else we can check?

TUBBS
Shit, we just started. But I better log out of this.

Suddenly the PHONE RINGS -

Jim and Tubbs look at one another -

Tubbs puts it on speakerphone - and after a few rings, answers -

TUBBS

Hello?

There is a pause before we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE - the voice of STEPHANIE -

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

I want to speak to Jim Trudell...

Tubbs and Jim look at each other - Jim reacts with surprise

TUBBS

I think you got the wrong number -

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

I know he's there. If you want to live,
you'll listen to me.

Tubbs and Jim are taken aback by this -

TUBBS

Who is this! How the hell did you...

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

There are five squad cars on the way
to you right now. You've got to get out
of there...I'll meet you at the
brick building on the corner of
Silverbay and Hoyt Park as soon as
you can get there.

JIM

What's going on here?

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

You'll find out - soon enough.

There is a CLICK and the caller hangs up -

TUBBS

Oh - man! Now they've gone and
done it!

Tubbs begins grabbing up floppy disks and crumbling up pieces of paper -

TUBBS

Man they're going to skin me alive!
How the hell did they find out?!!

Jim gets up -

JIM

That was her - the girl...
We have to go.

TUBBS

I'm not going anywhere!

JIM
Tubbs, these people mean business.

TUBBS
I told you I'm not going anywhere!
I got my whole life in this place!
(Beat, thinking)
I'll just destroy the evidence and
play dumb.

Tubbs pulls out a HANDGUN from a drawer and checks to see it's loaded -

TUBBS
I can't help you anymore, Jimmy.
I'm sorry.

JIM
I'm going to need a way to get there.

Tubbs pulls a set of KEYS out of a drawer and tosses them to Jim -

TUBBS
There's a Harley in the garage I
don't exactly use anymore. Take
it.

Jim goes to head out, and looks back at Tubbs -

JIM
Are you going to be alright?

TUBBS
Don't worry about me...
(gesturing to a helmet
on the wall)
...and don't forget your helmet.
You don't want to get a ticket.

Jim grabs the helmet off the wall -

CUT TO
EXT ROAD - NIGHTFALL

We see a SWAT VEHICLE make its way down the road, accompanied by two police cars -

EXT POLICE CAR -

We see Doyle ridin in one car with Zydowski -

EXT NEW ROAD - NIGHTFALL

We see Jim peeling out and tearing down the road on the Harley -

CUT TO
INT TUBBS' APARTMENT - NIGHTFALL

We see Tubbs continue to destroy evidence of his numerous hacking scams, breaking open disks and cutting up the contents over a garbage can -

Suddenly - BAMMM!!!

We see a foot CRASH OPEN the apartment door -

Tubbs checks his gun tucked into the side flap of the wheelchair - he turns around -

and see MARVOSA enter the room -

TUBBS

Don't you guys ever knock?

MARVOSA

Where is he?

TUBBS

(Beat)

Long gone...

MARVOSA

Well you won't mind if I don't take your word for it, right?

TUBBS

Look around all you want. But walk lightly. I have a cake in the oven.

Marvosa glares at him, then takes a look around -

Tubbs watches him apprehensively -

CUT TO

EXT STREETCORNER - NIGHTFALL

We see Doyle's car heading down the road -

INT POLICE CAR - NIGHTFALL

RADIO (V.O.)

Six A fifteen, do you copy?

Doyle keys the radio -

DOYLE

Six A fifteen - go.

RADIO (V.O.)

We've got a unit on the scene, reporting this address is coming up short. Looks like a Pic'n'Save - over?

DOYLE
A Pic'n'Save!!

Doyle looks at Zydowski, irritated -

DOYLE
(in Radio)
Am I hearing correctly?

RADIO (V.O.)
That is correct -

Doyle thinks for a second -

DOYLE
(in radio)
We're on our way anyhow. I want
to see it with my own eyes!
(puts radio down)
Jesus...

CUT TO
INT TUBBS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marvosa has completed looking around the apartment -

MARVOSA
Long gone, huh?

TUBBS
I asked him not to tell me where
he was going. I told him I don't
want any part of it.

MARVOSA
(looking around)
Oh yeah? You're a smart man?...

TUBBS
Yeah, and that's all I'm going to say.
If you want to arrest me, go ahead...

MARVOSA
Nahhh...

Marvosa WHIPS out his gun - Tubbs goes for his -

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!!! Marvosa WASTES tubbs, who crashes into his
computer
table, sending the hardware crashing to the ground -

Marvosa puts his gun away -

MARVOSA
I got better things to do...

CUT TO
EXT DESOLATE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jim pulls up in front of the warehouse -
He takes off his helmet and looks at the uninviting building-

CUT TO
INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Camera tracks as Jim opens the warehouse door and goes in -
He turns a corner into the main room - he find the elevator and press the
button -

The elevator opens and he gets in -

INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The elevator door opens - Jim gets out and looks up-
Stephanie is there.

STEPHANIE
Hello, Jim.

Jim moves toward her, but immediately feels a gun is at his neck.

CRAIG
Hands in the air.

Agent Craig is there, he begins frisking Jim -
Jim stares at Stephanie. She returns his gaze.

STEPHANIE
I understand there's a lot of people
looking for you. I know how that
can feel.

CUT TO:

INT DIFFERENT PART OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jim, Craig, and Stephanie are seated in a room -

JIM
Why did you set me up?

STEPHANIE
I didn't. I figured you leave it well
enough alone.

JIM
Well you figured wrong! And now I'm
public enemy number one. You have an

answer for that?

STEPHANIE

I had to get away! My life was in danger!

JIM

Look what are you anyway? Some kind of spy?

STEPHANIE

No. A witness.

JIM

(Beat)

What exactly did you see?

STEPHANIE

Six months ago, a police lieutenant named Charles Fletcher was found dead in a hotel room - he blew his brains out - left no note, you may have heard of it...

JIM

No, but I'm listening.

STEPHANIE

I was there, and it was no suicide. He was killed by professionals.

(to Tubbs)

I was in the bathroom when it happened.

JIM

Didn't these - professionals - figure he had a girl in the room?

STEPHANIE

Yeah...they did. One girl...

DISSOLVE

TO

INT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Camera TRACKS as we see the hotel room, scattered with lingerie, a pair of men's pants, etc.

We then see Stephanie, naked, in bed with state prosecutor CHARLES FLETCHER and another naked woman. They look as if they've just finished a sex marathon.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

Charlie Fletcher liked to move around a lot, but he was a regular. And he paid for the kink.

Stephanie seductively wraps a sheet around her, gets out of bed and heads to the bathroom, as Fletcher starts up again with the other girl.

INT HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie heads into the bathroom, closes the door, and pulls a cellular phone out of her purse.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
I had to call another appointment and cancel. Fletcher wanted to party all night, and he made it worth my while. But then I heard the front door open...and I heard voices...

We see Stephanie listen and react to what she hears -

FLETCHER (V.O.)
What the hell are you doing here!

MARVOSA (V.O.)
Stomping a pigeon.

STANTON (V.O.)
You're done rocking the boat Fletcher.

POP! We hear the sound of a silenced shot -

FLETCHER (V.O.)
Jesus!!! Don't kill me - please!!

MARVOSA
You're gonna take care of that!

Stephanie hears THUMPING and STRUGGLING -

FLETCHER (V.O.)
Let go! Aaaahhh--

POP! another shot, then silence - and the door closes.

EXT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie slowly exits the bathroom.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
It seemed like I waited for ever before coming out, and when I did I saw them.

We see Fletcher and the other girl, with bullet holes in the head.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
They were dead. No struggle, no commotion - just dead.

INT WAREHOUSE

Stephanie has a distant look on her face, recalling the night's events -

JIM
And what did you do?

STEPHANIE
I got out of there. I just grabbed
up my stuff, and then I found it.

JIM
Found what?

INT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie crawls around, frantically picking up her things off the ground.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
I was grabbing up everything I had
when I noticed something behind the
curtain.

Stephanie scrutinizes the curtain and stands up, approaching it-

She gets closer and YANKS the curtain open -

We see a small VIDEO CAMERA perched on the window sill, pointed straight at
the bed
looking through the break in the two curtains -

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
It seems Charlie liked to watch. Over
and over.

Stephanie picks up the VIDEO CAMERA and holds it up to her eye -

She rewinds - then plays the tape -

POV EYEPiece -

We see the GRAINY VIDEO IMAGES of the three in bed, having sex - she fast
forwards
and plays - they have changed positions - she fast forwards and plays - and
we see
Stephanie get out of bed.

We see Stephanie react to this -

POV TAPE -

We see Fletcher and the other girl getting busy when two men walk in -
STANTON and
MARVOSA -

Fletcher and the woman have enough time to sit up before Marvosa fires at the woman
in bed -

Stephanie reacts -

POV TAPE -

We then see Stanton and Marvosa force Fletcher to grab the gun and POW! blow his
brains out against the headboard -
When it's done, Marvosa and Stanton quickly and quietly leave.

Stephanie turns off the tape - and ejects the cassette -

STEPHANIE (V.O.)

I had it all on tape...

INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

JIM

What did you do then?

STEPHANIE

I didn't know what to do - but I
knew I had something somebody
would want.

(gestures to Craig)

That's where I met him - told him
what I had. The FBI set me up with
a new place...but the cops found me
somehow. So I ran...and met you.

JIM

What happened with the tape?

STEPHANIE

I took it with me. It's in a safe
place.

JIM

(to Craig)

So you know about Marvosa, and
Stanton, and all of them.

CRAIG

Yes. They were using the city
resources to steal and fence luxury cars,
then making sure the thefts weren't
followed up. It's a very lucrative
business nowadays.

JIM

And you just did nothing?

CRAIG

At first I didn't know.

We were waiting for the right time to act. Fortunately Stephanie had the good sense to do the right thing.

(pulling out his gun)
Unfortunately for you, I received a better offer.

STEPHANIE

What?

Craig turns and SHOOTS Tubbs at point blank range. Then he spins and points the gun on Jim. Jim can barely restrain himself.

CRAIG

Like I said...it's a very lucrative business.

At that point, Marvosa emerges from behind them - carrying a MACHINE GUN - Jim looks ready to spring into action - waiting for the right moment -

CRAIG

You want to make your best move?
Go ahead...just give me a reason...

Jim says nothing. Marvosa sneers.

MARVOSA

Before you try anything, you better look out the window. Go ahead!

Jim looks out the window -

CUT TO
EXT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

JIM'S POV - In the back alley we see a VAN, flanked by a number of thugs -- CONNOR, DAVIS, EDGAR, and ULYSSES -

Jim then looks back at Craig, and Marvosa -

CRAIG

Lets get our hands in the air, and let's move it. And remember, I'm a jumpy kind of guy, so try not to make any sudden moves.

Jim and Stephanie put their hands up -

CRAIG

Now you are going to come with us. I know a smart girl like you made copies of that tape, and we're going to find out what you did with each and

every one of them.

Marvosa approaches Jim and Stephanie - he leers at Stephanie -

MARVOSA

I'm gonna enjoy this -

WHAM!! Marvosa SMASHES Jim in the chin with the butt of the gun - Jim staggers back

-

In the split-second that follows -

Jim LUNGES for Marvosa's gun - they STRUGGLE - Craig whips around and aims -

Jim aims the gun at Craig -

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!! - Craig is TORN UP in a hail of gunfire - the force of the bullets sends him STAGGERING BACK-

He CRASHES POINT BLANK into the WINDOW -

EXT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

We see Craig FALL -

At ground level Ulysses and the others watch Craig SMASH into the roof of the van in a SHOWER of broken glass before sliding to the ground -

Stunned, Ulysses pulls out his weapon and the men STORM the building -

ULYSSES

Shit! Let's go!

CUT TO

INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jim and Marvosa struggle -

BOOM! Foley bursts out of the door with a MACHINE GUN -

Stephanie grabs Craig's automatic and FIRES at Foley -

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM - Foley is blown away - he flies back dropping the machine gun -

Jim WRENCHES the machine gun from Marvosa - and delivers a SERIES OF BLOWS that send him crashing to the ground -

Jim grabs the girl -

JIM

Come on -

CUT TO

INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Stephanie step over Foley and run down the hall -
just as they hit the stairwell we see Ulysses burst through another stairwell
-

CUT TO
INT STAIRWELL

We see Connor and Davis charge up the stairs -

As they round the corner and charge up the stairs they are met by Jim -

He fires POINT BLANK at the hit men -

Connor is WASTED as Davis fires back - Jim backs up as the bullets TEAR into
the
wall -

When the moment is right Jim FIRES BACK in a ferocious blast of gunfire -
bullets
rip through Davis' chest as he tumbles down the stairs - Jim is out of ammo -

INT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ULYSSES pulls Marvosa to his feet - more pissed than ever, Marvosa grabs up
Foley's
machine gun and the two men head off -

He looks ahead at the hallway and they cautiously make their way towards the
stairwell -

EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

EDGAR stands outside the door - weapons poised to fire at anything that comes
out -

INT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jim KICKS OPEN the door -

EXT ALLEY - NIGHT

Edgar starts FIRING in a blaze of MACHINE GUN FIRE -

INT STAIRWELL

Jim and Stephanie back up against the cinder-block wall in the nick of time
as
gunfire mercilessly RIDDLES THE STEEL DOOR -

INT UPPER STAIRWELL

Marvosa and Ulysses hear this and run toward it -

EXT ALLEY

Edgar stops after a long spell -

The torn-up door creaks, slightly ajar -

Edgar decides to check it out - opens the door with his gun

INT STAIRWELL

Jim YANKS the barrel of the gun and SLAMS Edgar against the wall -

Jim and Edgar exchange a series of FACE-CRUNCHING BLOWS before Jim gets Edgar in a headlock and BREAKS HIS NECK -

The lifeless body drops to the ground -

Stephanie grabs up the gun -

EXT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jim and Stephanie get into the Van -

INT VAN - NIGHT

Jim realizes there are no KEYS -

He BUSTS OPEN the ignition with the gun and HOT-WIRES the car -

The van PEELS OUT as Marvosa and Ulysses bust through the door -
MARVOSA

Shit!

EXT STREET - NIGHT

The van screeches around the corner as Marvosa and Ulysses fire at it -

Marvosa and Ulysses run over to a CAR driving by - Marvosa stands in front of it -

The hapless passenger, a 98-pound WEAKLING, stops as Ulysses rips open the door -

ULYSSES

Get out!

The WEAKLING, in a burst of urban survival, sprays a can of MACE into Ulysses' face -

ULYSSES

Aaaahh!

Marvosa COLD COCKS the weakling and shoves a grimacing Ulysses into the car -

MARVOSA

Get the fuck in!!

They get in and PEEL OUT -

EXT ROAD - NIGHT

The van TEARS down the road -

INT VAN - NIGHT

Jim looks in his rearview mirror -

STEPHANIE

Did we lose them?

POV REARVIEW MIRROR

We see Marvosa and Ulysses SCREECH around the corner in the stolen vehicle -

JIM

No! Hang on!

Jim PUNCHES IT and the van accelerates at high speed -

INT STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Marvosa punches it also as Ulysses wipes his eyes, grimacing in pain -

MARVOSA

Gimme the gun! Now!

Ulysses scrambles for the gun on the floor of the car -

EXT STREET - NIGHT

The van speeds down the road - the stolen car follows in hot pursuit -

We see Marvosa pick up the gun and stick his arm out the window - He FIRES at the vehicle -

The van is HIT by scattered gunfire -

INT VAN

Jim realizes what is happening -

JIM

Shit!!

Stephanie picks up her gun - sticks her arm out the window -

EXT STREET - NIGHT

POW POW POW POW! Return fire hits the stolen car as the WINDSHIELD is BLOWN OUT -

INT STOLEN CAR -

Marvosa can't see the road through the fragmented glass - he PUNCHES IT OUT with his fist and FIRES straight out -

EXT STREET - NIGHT

GUNFIRE hits the rear TIRE Of the VAN - the blowout causes the van to SWERVE WILDLY -

INT VAN

Jim struggles for control of the vehicle -

JIM

Hold on!

Jim makes a HARD LEFT TURN -

EXT STREET - NIGHT

The van CAREENS over the grass MEDIAN and stabs directly into the OTHER LANE - heading the WRONG DIRECTION -

Barely missing oncoming traffic, the van DARTS INTO AN ALLEY

Marvosa sends the stolen car the same way, but in a frantic miscalculation an oncoming CAR SMASHES INTO THEM BROADSIDE-

The two vehicles SKID a ways, metal SPARKS FLYING from scraping metal -

They SLAM HARD into the curb -

CUT TO

INT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The van can go no further. Jim and Stephanie get out -

Jim looks around, grabs Stephanie by the hand -

The two run down the alley -

CUT TO

INT STOLEN CAR - NIGHT

Uninjured, Marvosa and Ulysses get their bearings and jump out -

CUT TO

EXT STREET - NIGHT

The dazed and injured DRIVER of the trashed vehicle gets out

DRIVER

Hey!

Marvosa and Ulysses get out with their guns, ignoring the driver and running in the direction of the van -

CUT TO

EXT ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Marvosa and Ulysses run into the alley - sizing it up carefully --

They proceed with caution, nearing the VAN -

Marvosa waits for the optimum angle before FIRING into the side of the van - Ulysses follows suit -

But the van is EMPTY.

The two men look around, and proceed with caution - Marvosa gestures to Ulysses to split up - they do so -

EXT NEW ALLEY - NIGHT

Ulysses makes his way around a corner...

He looks ahead, sees Stephanie -

He leers at her, raises his machine gun -

Suddenly Jim JUMPS off a roof and POUNCES on Ulysses -

The two men fall to the ground - the gun rattles across the ground -

Ulysses literally PICKS JIM UP and SLAMS HIM into a row of GARBAGE CANS -

Jim SPRINGS BACK before Ulysses can get his gun -

Jim lets him have it - a LETHAL ATTACK that causes Ulysses to reel back -

-- but he gets his footing - CHARGES Jim -

Ulysses takes furious swings - we hear the BONES COLLIDE as Jim hits the wall -

Jim gets a SURGE of energy - he SMASHES Ulysses over and over again - until Ulysses is so punch drunk he staggers back -

Jim FINISHES HIM OFF with a kick that sends him crashing to the ground - dead -

Jim sizes up the situation - grabs up the gun -

STEPHANIE

Jim!!!

Marvosa is at the end of the alley, holding a machine gun -

Jim and Stephanie jump behind a DUMPSTER as Marvosa starts to fire -

Jim and Stephanie huddle as bullets TEAR into the dumpster -

Jim FIRES BACK - Marvosa ducks back -

CLICK! CLICK! Jim is out of ammo -

With a psychotic gaze in his eye, Marvosa continues the relentless assault, PEPPERING the dumpster with ROUND AFTER ROUND of ammo -

Jim and Stephanie have nowhere to run -

Marvosa goes to reload - Jim JUMPS OUT -

Marvosa RELOADS - Jim jumps back in the nick of time -

Marvosa CONTINUES TO FIRE - when he is done, he pulls out a .45 semi automatic

and

FIRES it point blank - he is getting closer - and CLOSER - he pauses to make a final statement -

MARVOSA

Where you gonna run now!!

Suddenly Marvosa's gun JAMS - he frantically pulls at the chamber as Jim jumps out -

Enraged - Marvosa throws the gun and CHARGES Jim -

The two CRASH against the wall - Marvosa WAILS on Jim like a crazed maniac - vicious UPPERCUTS, SUCKER PUNCHES -

Jim STRIKES BACK HARD, deflecting the blows and returning a lightning fast combination that STUNS Marvosa -

Meanwhile Stephanie grabs for Marvosa's .45 -

Marvosa grabs a GARBAGE CAN and HURLS it at Jim -

Jim deflects it as Marvosa pulls out a SWITCHBLADE -

He takes violent swings at Jim, SLASHING his chest -

At the right moment Jim STOPS the blade in mid-swing and SMASHES Marvosa in the face - hard -

The blade RATTLES across the ground -

Marvosa CHARGES Jim - the two fall to the ground -

They struggle as Marvosa goes for the switchblade - grabs it up - Marvosa forces the knife closer to Jim's face as Jim fights it back -

Marvosa PUNCHES Jim hard in the face - he WRENCHES the switchblade free - as he lifts it up in the air -

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!!!! Marvosa is riddled in the back with bullets - by Stephanie, who lowers the gun -

Jim shoves the body off of him - gets up and looks at Stephanie -

Suddenly we hear the chamber of a .45 pull back -

Jim and Stephanie look over -

and see DOYLE, flanked by a team of armed SWAT officers -

DOYLE

Drop it or we take you out right here -

Stephanie listens -

DOYLE

Alright c'mon out! Hands in the air!

Jim and Stephanie comply -

STEPHANIE

He was trying to kill us - it was -

DOYLE

I know I know - it was self defense.

Doyle approaches the two, looking hard at Jim, then looking at Stephanie -

DOYLE

You must be Sarah...

STEPHANIE

Stephanie.

DOYLE

(Beat)

Whatever...

(Beat)

Let's go...you got a lot of 'splaining to do...

CUT TO
EXT ALLEYWAY - DAY

We see Stephanie's HAND pull a tape out of her purse.

Pull back to see Doyle -

Stephanie hands the tape to Doyle -

STEPHANIE
There's plenty more where this
came from...here...

DOYLE
What is it?

STEPHANIE
(Beat)
I don't want to ruin the surprise.

Doyle looks at her and puts the tape in his pocket -

DOYLE
More surprises, that's all I need...
I tell you, retirement's looking better
everyday...

Doyle looks at Jim -

DOYLE
Are you alright?

JIM
(nods)
I'll live...

Doyle looks at him, then laughs -

DOYLE
I tell you one thing Trudell -
you'd make a hell of a cop...

JIM
It wasn't in the cards.

Jim and Doyle exchange looks of mutual respect -

DOYLE
We better get going...

Camera tracks as Doyle leads Jim and Stephanie away -

JIM
There's something I've been meaning
to ask you, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE
Yeah.

JIM

(Beat)

Where the hell is my car?

Stephanie reluctantly answers -

STEPHANIE

Have you ever heard of the Live
Oak River?

JIM

No -

STEPHANIE

Neither did I.

(Beat)

I'll make it up to you, I
promise...

Camera pulls back as Doyle, Jim and Stephanie head back to the car.

THE END