

UNREASONABLE FORCE

by
William C. Martell

William C. Martell
11012 Ventura Blvd #103
Studio City, CA 91604
(818)497-2707
wcmartell@ScriptSecrets.Net

"UNREASONABLE FORCE"

INT. SEASIDE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

PENNY WALKER, fresh-faced freckled hostess, weaves through the crowded restaurant to an empty table. A middle aged couple in evening wear try to keep up with her youthful pace.

JAMES MENDOLSON is chief of the Harbor Patrol, more at home with the boys at the station house, than with his wife PATTY.

AT THE TABLE

Penny hands the Mendolsons their menus.

PENNY

Will this be alright?

MENDOLSON

Yes, fine.

When Patty opens her menu, Penny realizes she gave her the one with the prices.

PENNY

Opps. Sorry about that.

Penny switches the menus.

PENNY

My first day. I hope you don't mind.

MENDOLSON

Not at all, dear. You're doing fine.

PENNY

Thank you. It's a little hectic.
Your waiter will be here in a minute.
Enjoy your meal.

Penny smiles, weaves though the restaurant to the front desk.

AT THE PODIUM

Penny signals a passing WAITER.

PENNY

Roger, I just dropped a duce at 16.

WAITER

Penny... You're not at Denny's
anymore.

Penny laughs, the Waiter leaves.

A lock of hair falls over Penny's eyes. She sweeps it away, accidentally un-clipping one of her ear rings.

THE EAR RING falls to the floor.

Penny bends to pick it up, hears the front door open.

Changing angles, she sees three sets of men's shoes enter the restaurant.

Clipping on the ear ring, she pulls menus from the bin.

PENNY

Table for three?

The three men wear ski masks over their faces.

The one in the YELLOW MASK aims an Uzi at her.

RED MASK holds a sawed off shotgun.

BLUE MASK (Zucker) holds a Mac-10 'burp gun'.

ZUCKER

I don't think we'll be staying for dinner. But thank you, darlin'.

Penny lets go of the menus, raising her hands.

Zucker prods Penny deeper into the restaurant.

Zucker, Yellow, and Red move to the center of the restaurant.

Red fires his gun into the ceiling.

BLAM!

A frightened hush falls over the restaurant. Zucker jumps up onto a table, like a crazed master of ceremonies.

ZUCKER

Alright! Now that we have your attention, this is a robbery! Everybody sit still! Hands on the table! No sudden moves!
(grins)
Anyone moves, we shoot!

PATRONS carefully put their hands, palms down, on the tables.

When Mendolson puts his hands on the table, his coat opens, briefly exposing a Smith and Wesson 38 in a shoulder rig.

ZUCKER

Now! With a crowd this big, there's liable to be a couple of people who own guns! This is a special message to YOU. Pull a gun, we kill you! For every shot you fire, we kill one innocent person! No kidding!

Patty looks at Mendolson's hand, inching towards his gun.

ZUCKER

The only heroes in this room are going to be dead heroes! All we want is your money and your jewelry! If you cooperate with us, no one will get hurt, and tomorrow you'll be the life of the party telling everyone how you spent your evening.

Patty's hand covers her husband's, stops it from grabbing the gun. Shakes her head no.

Yellow points the Uzi from face to face, keeps everybody covered.

ZUCKER

My friends will be making the rounds with the donation bag! So remember to give, and give generously!

Zucker snaps his fingers.
Red pulls out plastic bag, moves from table to table.

CUSTOMERS drop wallets, watches, rings and jewelry into it.

Zucker watches from his vantage point atop the table.
Occasionally, he has to prompt a patron with a suggestion.

ZUCKER

(to an Old Man)

The whole wallet, sir, not just the cash. That's better.

To an OLIVE COMPLETED WOMAN:

ZUCKER

Don't forget those ear rings, darling.

To a SOCIETY WOMAN:

ZUCKER

Lady, I know it's your wedding ring, but it has a rock the size of Alcatraz on it. Your hubby can afford another one, and if not, well, it's the thought that counts. Right?

Red finally comes to millionaire ALAN WOODBRIDGE, who refuses to surrender his wallet.

Zucker smiles at Woodbridge.

ZUCKER

Well? Come to see the show?

Woodbridge stares him down.

Zucker aims his MAC-10 directly at Woodbridge.

ZUCKER

You still have to pay the admission.

Woodbridge studies Zucker's eyes, behind the mask.
Tension as they stare each other down.

Zucker's finger TIGHTENS on the trigger.
Ready to fire.

Finally Woodbridge drops his wallet into the bag.

Red to the next table.

ZUCKER

Darlin', what about the pearl
necklace? Yeah! In the bag!

Red comes to Mendolson's table with the bag.

Patty drops her ear rings, wedding ring into the bag.
Mendolson carefully reaches inside his suit jacket.

Patty looks from the shotgun, to her husband's hand under
his lapel... Going for his gun?

Zucker watches Mendolson's hand.

Patty closes her eyes...
As if not seeing her husband draw his gun will save him.

Mendolson's hand comes out...
With his wallet.
Drops it in the bag, places his hands back on the table.

Patty opens her eyes and smiles.

The bag comes to Penny. She drops in her ear rings, looking
up at Zucker. She notices a mark on his arm. A tattoo.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN from the five dollar bill.

Zucker notices her staring, and she quickly looks away.

Red hits the last two tables, filling the bag.

RED

That's everyone.

He ties the bag, hands it up to Zucker.

ZUCKER

Thank you one and all! You've been
a very cooperative group! We'll be
leaving, now. If any one follows
us... Show`em what will happen.

Red aims his shotgun at Patty Mendolson.
BLAM!

Patty flies backwards from the force of the blast, slamming into the wall, leaving a huge red smear as she hits the floor.

THE THREE ROBBERS run out of the restaurant.

Penny grabs the phone, dials 911.

PENNY
Emergency! Emergency! A woman's
been shot. Seaside Restaurant.

Woodbridge looks shocked.

Mendolson bends down over his dead wife, screaming and crying.

MENDOLSON
No! No! Patty! Talk to me Patty!
Oh, God! Oh, help me, God....

INT. SEASIDE RESTAURANT -- LATER

The police have arrived.

Patrons have been dismissed, to be questioned later, except for Mendolson, who sits in a back booth with a police officer.

The TECH CREW has photographed the corpse, chalked the outline, and is dusting the table Zucker was standing on.

HOMICIDE SERGEANT'S POV

Moving through the restaurant. A UNIFORM cop salutes.

UNIFORM
Sergeant.

The PHOTOGRAPHER stops short of saluting, total respect.

PHOTOGRAPHER
She's all yours. Pictures in about
an hour. Medical examiner's over
there.

He wipes sweat from his brow.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Jeez. Hot enough for you?

The Photographer walks away.

The FINGERPRINT man looks away from his work.

FINGERPRINT

Nothing here, Sarge. Just a bunch of smears, and a little Hollandaise sauce.

(joking)

The sauce is pretty good, if you want to try some.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER bends over the sheet covered body.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Cause of death: shotgun, close range. Looks like a 12 gauge.

(frowns)

Not a pretty picture.

He pulls back the sheet, exposing the bloody corpse. We may feel queasy, but the Homicide Sergeant has seen it all before.

A UNIFORM cop moves in with his report.

UNIFORM

Sergeant. Here goes: Three men, caucasians, wearing ski-masks over their faces, pull a hold up.

(beat)

Well, they get wallets and some jewelry, no scuffles, no hang ups. Then they shoot the woman and leave.

(beat)

We've got thirty witnesses. I got their names and numbers. Set up interviews, here, tomorrow, then released them. Okay?

WE SWING AROUND to see the Homicide Sergeant's face.

KELLY BROOKS is an attractive woman in her early thirties, dressed in a sharp, tailored suit. Her revolver sits in a clip holster under her left arm. She's not at all what we expect to see as a homicide cop.

BROOKS

Couldn't these people get killed at a reasonable hour? Do you know what I'm paying for a baby sitter?

UNIFORM

No, mam.

(beat)

Victim's husband's over there.

He points to Mendolson in the booth.

UNIFORM

Name's Mendolson.

BROOKS
James Mendolson?

UNIFORM
Yeah.

BROOKS
The Chief of Harbor Patrol?

Brooks looks at the crying man in the booth.

UNIFORM
Yeah. Biggest mistake those three
low lifes ever made. They blew away
a cop's wife. The guy's a wreck.
(beat)
Let me tell you, the harbor's aren't
gonna be safe tonight....

Brooks crosses to where Mendolson sits.

EXT. THE MARINA -- NIGHT

A warm summer night on the marina.

A half dozen piers, like fingers, point across the bay.
On each pier, slips occupied by sailboats or power cruisers.

The man under the lamp turns when he hears the footsteps.

HARRY KEATON is a big man, rough looking, dressed in a
Hawaiian print shirt, khaki shorts, black socks. A full
duffle bag at his feet. He takes a puff on his cigarette,
tosses it into the water as the man approaches him.

KEATON
Hot enough for you?

When the man walks into the light, Keaton frowns.

KEATON
Who the hell are you?

RAOUL MENDEZ is a compact Mexican with sparkling eyes, dressed
in a white cotton suit, carrying a briefcase.

MENDEZ
Manny couldn't make it. I'm Raoul.

KEATON
You aren't a cop, are you? Harbor
Patrol? If you are and you don't
tell me, it's entrapment and I'll
sue your ass.

MENDEZ
I'm not a cop.

KEATON
What happened to Manny?

MENDEZ
You have the coke?

KEATON
Yeah.

Keaton taps the duffle bag with his foot.

MENDEZ
Manny said you have over fifty grams.

KEATON
One thousand four hundred and forty
ounces.

Keaton kicks the duffel bag again.

KEATON
Smuggled it in on my boat...

MENDEZ
Manny says your price is two million.

KEATON
My deal is with Manny. Where is he?

MENDEZ
Dead.

KEATON
(shocked)
What happened?

MENDEZ
I killed him.

KEATON
You what?

MENDEZ
I killed him. To take over his deal.
I have the two million dollars.

KEATON
What'd you kill him with? Like a...
a knife?

MENDEZ
With this gun.

Mendez shows him the Llama 9mm automatic.

KEATON
Jesus. Who'd you say you were again?

MENDEZ

Raoul Mendez. I killed Manny. I
take his place. Do we deal?

KEATON

Let's see the money.

Mendez lowers the briefcase to the pier, opens it.

INSIDE THE BRIEFCASE are neat stacks of hundred dollar bills.

Keaton looks at the money in awe.

KEATON

You really aren't a cop.

MENDEZ

Now let me sample the coke.

KEATON

Wow. Two million buckaroos.

Keaton reaches inside the duffle bag.
Pulls out a container and tosses it to Mendez.

Mendez catches it with one hand.
Frowns.
He's caught a can of Coca-Cola.

MENDEZ

What is this?

KEATON

Coke. I got Diet and Caffeine Free,
too. Whatever you want.

Dropping the can, Mendez closes the briefcase so Keaton can't
admire the money.

MENDEZ

You're a lunatic!

KEATON

And you're under arrest for the murder
of Manny Lopez.

Keaton pulls out his badge, grabs his 44 Magnum.

KEATON

We got it all on tape. The whole
confession. Smile. You've been on
'Candid Camera'.

Keaton nods to the boat docked at the closest slip.

ON THE BOAT

Another cop, LONNIE, stands up, showing his badge.
A Camcorder in Lonnie's left hand has recorded everything.

Mendez starts running, briefcase swinging at his side.

KEATON

Shit!

Keaton fires. The shot goes wild, slamming into a sailboat.

Mendez twists and fires.

BLAM!

The bullet tears into the deck at Keaton's feet.

Lonnie jumps off the boat.

LONNIE

Keaton! It's a dead end!

KEATON

Cover me.

Keaton chases after Mendez.

Mendez RUNS, briefcase swinging back and forth. Gun ready.

Keaton chases.

After only a minute of running, his breath is ragged wheezes.

Mendez is only twenty feet ahead of him... Rapidly coming to the end of the pier.

Lonnie, in good shape, catches up with Keaton by the sixth boat.

Keaton sees him, would like to make a funny remark, but can only wheeze.

KEATON

Lonnie...

Mendez passes the ninth slip, end of the pier ahead of him.
A dead end.

He spins and fires a shot.

BLAM!

Keaton hits the deck, rolls onto his feet, gun ready.

Gunfire follows him across the pier.

Mendez jumps onto the tenth boat and runs from bow to stern.

KEATON

He's on the boat!

Lonnie jumps onto the bow of the boat, continuing the chase.

Steam rises from a vent halfway across the boat, creating a blanket of fog over the boat deck. In the moonlight, it looks like some surrealist's depiction of hell.

Mendez reaches the stern of the boat, jumps to the stern of the boat in the ninth slip.

KEATON

Stay on him!

LONNIE

I'm glue.

Lonnie jumps from boat to boat. Keaton chasing on the pier.

Mendez jumps from boat nine to boat eight, aims at Keaton.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

MENDEZ

You loco! Crazy!

Bullets splinter the deck at Keaton's feet.
He aims at Mendez, squeezing off a shot.

Lonnie jumps from boat nine to boat eight.

Mendez hears Lonnie RIGHT BEHIND HIM, spins and fires.

Lonnie rolls across the boat in the wake of the bullet.
By the time he pops to his feet and re-aims, Mendez is gone.

LONNIE

I lost him.

KEATON

Gotta be here somewhere.

LONNIE

Unless he took a dive.

Keaton runs along the pier, towards the sixth boat.
Both cops spot him at the same time.

LONNIE

Coming at ya!

Mendez runs across the deck of the fourth boat, to the pier.

Lonnie jumps over the four foot gap onto the next boat.

Mendez fires at Keaton.
BLAM!

It goes wild, shattering the window of a Chris Craft.

Keaton takes careful aim, returns fire.
BLAM!

Mendez dives.
The bullet shatters a yacht window next to Lonnie.

LONNIE
Watch it!

KEATON
Sorry.

Mendez return fire.
BLAM!

The bullet rips into Keaton's shirt but misses his flesh.

Keaton thinks he's been hit.
Lowers his gun to examines the bullet hole.

KEATON
Hey! This is my favorite shirt!

Mendez re-aims: ready to kill him.
Then sees Lonnie running towards him.

MENDEZ
Shit.

Mendez turns and bolts.
At the edge of the boat Mendez jumps the ten foot gap onto
the deck of the next boat.

KEATON
You better run. You owe me a shirt,
asshole.

Lonnie gives chase. But when he tries to jump the ten foot
gap between boats, loses his footing at the last minute.
Breaking his leg.

LONNIE
Shit!

Terror covers his face as Lonnie slides off the boat.
Twisting at the last minute, fingers find purchase on the
railing. Holding on for his life, dangling over the water.

LONNIE
KEATON!

KEATON
Just hang in there, Lonnie.

Keaton doesn't help his partner.
Instead, he fires at Mendez.
BLAM!

Mendez is HIT in the shoulder, throwing him into a spin.
Almost knocking him off boat number three.

Mendez regains balance, twists, firing at Keaton.

THE BULLET whistles past Keaton's head, ripping a vent to tin shreds.

LONNIE
I'm loosing my grip!

KEATON
Be there in a minute.

Keaton ignores Lonnie, concentrates on Mendez.

LONNIE
KEATON!

Mendez jumps from boat number three to boat number two.
If he can get to the first boat, he can escape.

Keaton runs along the pier, trying to spot Mendez.

Lonnie is losing his grip... about to fall into the ocean.

LONNIE
Keaton! I'm falling!

Keaton spots Mendez on the first boat. Takes aim.

Mendez also aims.

A moment.
Two gunslingers at high noon...
Except it's midnight and they're on either end of a boat.
BLAM!
BLAM!

Mendez's shot whizzes past Keaton's ear, barely missing him.

Keaton's bullet hits Mendez.
Slamming him back against the boat's stern railing.

Mendez hits the rail, loses balance, falls into the water.
SPLASH!

THE BRIEFCASE opens up, showering the top of the water with
hundred dollar bills. The money is ruined.

Keaton jogs to the stern of the boat and looks down at dead
Mendez, floating in the water surrounded by wet money.

LONNIE

KEATON!

KEATON

Okay! Okay! I'm coming.

Keaton jogs to his wounded partner, grabbing his arm and pulling him on deck SECONDS before he would have fallen.

KEATON

Lonnie. It's gone. The entire two million. Wet! We could've been millionaires. Quit the force. Been crawling with bimbos! All gone!

Lonnie is motionless. Eyes closed. Dead?

KEATON

Lonnie? You okay?

Keaton bends over his partner, cradling his head.

Lonnie's eyes pop open.

LONNIE

Get a fucking ambulance before I kill you.

KEATON

Sure. Sure. Shit. Some people have no gratitude.

LONNIE

You're a psycho, Keaton.

Keaton holds his thumb and finger an inch apart.

KEATON

But I came that close to being a rich psycho.

Keaton goes to call for an ambulance.

INT. KELLY BROOKS APARTMENT -- DAY

IN THE BEDROOM

Brooks is getting dressed for work.

The apartment's front door is kicked open.

She finishes zipping her skirt, steps into the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

LISA, Brooks' five year old daughter, kicks the door shut behind her. Her arms filled with library books.

BROOKS

What'd I tell you about kicking the door?

LISA

Mom.... My arms are busy.

Lisa drops the stack of books on the couch.

BROOKS

How was day care today?

LISA

Icky. I want to go back to kindergarten.

BROOKS

Lisa, you're never going to go back to kindergarten again. It'll be first grade then high school, then Mom goes to the old folks home and YOU'LL be the one who's be late for work.

Brooks returns to the bedroom to finish dressing.

LISA

What's for snack?

BROOKS (O.S.)

Brussels sprouts.

LISA

I think I'd rather have a cookie.

BROOKS (O.S.)

Okay. Just this once.

Lisa smiles, goes into the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Lisa opens a cookie jar shaped like a pig. Takes out a cookie, makes sure Mom isn't watching, and takes another.

Someone knocks at the front door.

LISA

Mom? Someone's at the door.

BROOKS (O.S.)

Could you get it for me, honey, I'm putting on my gun.

LISA

Okay, Mom.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Lisa finishes her cookies, opens the front door.
It's HEATHER, the baby sitter.

LISA
Hey, Mom, it's Heather.

HEATHER
Hello, Miss Brooks.

IN THE BEDROOM

Brooks puts on a blazer, covering her 38 Smith & Wesson.

BROOKS
Hello, Heather.

Checks herself in the mirror.

BROOKS
Acceptable.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

BROOKS
Okay, Heather. There's pizza in the
fridge. Ice cream for later, and
bed time is EIGHT o'clock. Right,
Lisa?

LISA
Mom? Can you stay for dinner?

Brooks hugs her daughter.

BROOKS
No, honey. I've got to go out and
catch bad guys. Monday I go back to
days, and we can have dinner every
night. Okay?

LISA
Okay.

BROOKS
Now give me a kiss.

Lisa gives her Mom a kiss, complete with smacking sounds.
Brooks tries to pull away, but Lisa holds her a little longer.

LISA
Be careful, Mom.

BROOKS
I will, honey.

Brooks gives her daughter another kiss, turns back to Heather.

BROOKS
If you need me I'll be interviewing
witnesses. You can beep me. Okay?

Heather nods.

Brooks waves goodbye to Lisa, leaves.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

A semi-modern tower of glass and concrete, built in the 50s.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Harry Keaton follows RORY CHAPLIN, the steel haired Chief Of
Detectives, down the hallway, getting chewed out.

CHAPLIN
We don't beat people, we don't
intimidate witnesses, and we don't
shoot suspects.

KEATON
Sorry, sir.

CHAPLIN
Keaton, you're a dinosaur.

KEATON
Sir, are you accusing me of being
some kind of reptile?

Chaplin stops and turns to Keaton.

CHAPLIN
I'm accusing you of being a cold
blooded, unthinking, uncaring,
hothead. Lonnie is in the hospital,
Internal Affairs wants your badge,
and you're cracking jokes.

KEATON
I'll be serious from now on.

Keaton tries on several serious expressions. None work.

They come to a door with VICE painted on the window, Keaton
moves to open it, but Chaplin continues down the hall.

CHAPLIN
How many partner's has it been?

KEATON
This year, sir?

Keaton lets go of the door, catches up with his boss.

CHAPLIN

There's no place in this department for a gunslinger. No one wants to work with you.

KEATON

I'll go solo.

CHAPLIN

No. I'm pulling you from Vice and putting you in Robbery Homicide.

Chaplin opens the door with ROBBERY HOMICIDE painted on the window, gestures for Keaton to enter.

INT. ROBBERY HOMICIDE ROOM -- DAY

Like a converted warehouse. A dozen desks, cluttered with papers, are spread out over the room. Five cork boards display everything from maps of the city, current wanteds, to newspaper cartoons about Cops.

A half dozen detectives mill around the room, some talking to suspects, some talking to witnesses.

Keaton spots a sexy woman sitting on top of a desk, talking on the phone, and yells at a DETECTIVE typing up a report.

KEATON

Hey? Who's the hooker?

Chaplin brings Keaton to the desk with the woman, and we see her face for the first time.

CHAPLIN

Harry Keaton, meet Kelly Brooks, your new partner.

Keaton looks at her.

KEATON

You're a girl.

BROOKS

And you're a boy.

Brooks turns to Chaplin, talking as if Keaton weren't there.

BROOKS

Is he going to be identifying everybody by sex? Because that's going to really get on my nerves.

Chaplin in the same tone used for scolding a naughty child:

CHAPLIN

From now on, Miss Brooks is your boss. You're going to do everything she says. Do you know why?

KEATON

`Cause she'll whip me if I don't?

Keaton turns to Brooks and raises his eyebrows a couple of times like Grouch Marx.

Chaplin doesn't find it funny.

CHAPLIN

No. Because she's going to write an evaluation on you. Then the department is going to decide what you are going to wear...

Chaplin gestures from Keaton's Hawaiian print shirt.

CHAPLIN

Elegant apparel like this...

...to the blue uniform of a passing PATROLMAN.

CHAPLIN

Or drab blue uniforms, like that.

Chaplin is talking demotion. Keaton gets serious.

KEATON

Yes, sir.

Chaplin looks from Brooks to Keaton then turns and leaves.

Keaton looks at his new partner again. A sexy woman. He turns on his lounge lizard charm.

KEATON

So. How did you get to be a cop?

BROOKS

I passed the test. How did YOU get to be one?

Brooks' sarcasm is thick enough to shut Keaton up.

INT. SEASIDE RESTAURANT -- DAY

The restaurant looks vacant. No table clothes, no candles, no plates, and no customers. It's a crime scene.

A pair of UNIFORMED COPS by the door, admitting witnesses from the list.

On one side of the room, Brooks sits at a table, questioning one of the WITNESSES, the OLD MAN who asked Penny for coffee.

BROOKS

What color were these masks?

OLD MAN

Yellow, red, and the leader wore blue.

BROOKS

What kind of clothes were they wearing? Suits?

OLD MAN

No. No. Jeans and shirts.

BROOKS

Long sleeves? Short?

OLD MAN

Short.

BROOKS

What kind of pattern?

Brooks turns away from the witness for a moment to check on:

KEATON, who is questioning a BLOND haired guy with an easy grin on the other side of the room.

BLOND

Solid colors. Like a dress shirt.

KEATON

Sure, so the one in blue jumps up on the table and starts yelling. What'd his voice sound like?

BROOKS is with another witness, a blue haired SOCIETY woman.

SOCIETY

Just a normal voice.

BROOKS

No trace of accent?

SOCIETY

Maybe a touch of drawl.... Especially when he said "darling."

BROOKS

Texas? Arizona? Colorado?

KEATON is questioning a POMPOUS businessman.

POMPOUS

He was from Kentucky. I had a girl in my office from Kentucky once. Terrible work habits. I had to let her go.

KEATON

Right. Back to the robbers. Did any of the others speak? Or just the leader?

BROOKS is questioning ROGER, the waiter.

ROGER

The other two were quiet the whole time. Never said a word.

BROOKS

When it...

ROGER

No. Wait a minute. The one with the bag said something like "We're finished" when the bag was full.

KEATON looks at his witness, an OLIVE complexioned woman.

KEATON

Then what happened?

OLIVE

The leader thanked us.

KEATON

He thanked you? Individually?

OLIVE

No. As a group. One of them fired his gun at that poor woman, they left.

BROOKS looks at her witness: a GREY haired businessman.

BROOKS

She didn't provoke them in any way? Make a strange move?

GREY

Nope. They just killed her.

BROOKS

Why would they do that?

The Grey haired man shakes his head.

GREY

I don't know. Everyone cooperated with them. A few people complained, but not much. I'd say it was going pretty well. No reason for the violence.

BROOKS

Strange.

BROOKS AND KEATON stand in the middle of the room, exchanging information between interviews.

KEATON

I thought so too. They got their money, no one was screwing around with `em, so why kill the broad?

BROOKS

Maybe she recognized them?

KEATON

There's a thought. The Harbor Patrol's wife hanging around with criminals.

BROOKS

Doesn't seem likely, does it?

KEATON

Maybe the heat got to 'em? It's been ninety plus for five days running. Enough to drive anyone over the edge.

BROOKS

We're down to the last two. Maybe they saw something no one else did.

Brooks looks over to her table.

PENNY the hostess is sitting there, waiting to be interviewed.

Brooks looks over to Keaton's booth, grabs him.

Sitting in the booth is Alan Woodbridge

BROOKS

Wait a minute. You know who that is?

KEATON

Some old fart, why?

BROOKS

That's Alan Woodbridge. He ran for Mayor last year.

KEATON

He lost, right? So he's just an old fart.

BROOKS

Look, I don't think you should question this guy.

KEATON

Why not?

BROOKS

Because you have no couth.

KEATON

So couth me...

BROOKS

Tell you what: You take mine, I'll take yours. Okay?

KEATON

Yeah. Fine. What the hell do I care.

Keaton goes to question Penny.
Brooks goes to question Woodbridge.

BROOKS sits down across from Woodbridge.

BROOKS

Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Woodbridge. I won't take too much of your time.

WOODBIDGE

I would appreciate that.

BROOKS

Why don't you just tell me what you remember about last night's incident. From the beginning.

KEATON smiles at Penny.
She's dressed in a T shirt and blue jeans. It's obvious she isn't wearing a bra.

PENNY

One of my ear rings fell off, so I bent over to pick it up.

KEATON

Yeah?

PENNY

Well. First all I saw were their feet, you know? These six shoes.

KEATON

What kind of shoes?

PENNY

They were all hard shoes, but I don't know what kind. Boots. The one who talked wore cowboy boots.

WOODBIDGE turns to Brooks. He wins the award for pomposity.

WOODBIDGE

He was very insulting.

BROOKS

How so? What did he say?

WOODBIDGE

It's not WHAT he said, it's HOW he said it. Like we were his inferiors. Instead of the other way around.

BROOKS

What did he say to you?

WOODBIDGE

I was hesitant in handing over my wallet, and he said "If you are going to watch the show you must pay the admission".

BROOKS

Those exact words?

WOODBIDGE

Something like that.

BROOKS

And then what happened?

PENNY leans forward to speak, and Keaton smiles at the outline of her breast against the T shirt.

PENNY

I took off my ear rings and dropped them in the bag.

KEATON

And then?

PENNY

He just kept looking at me.

KEATON

Yeah? Well, I can see why he'd do that. You're a pretty girl.

PENNY

You think so?

KEATON

Oh, yeah. I was gonna ask you if you ever modeled? You know? That face, that body, those perky little tits.

PENNY

Well, I thought about it...

WOODBIDGE sits back, looking across the table at Brooks.

WOODBIDGE

And I decided I wanted him killed.

BROOKS

Pardon me?

WOODBIDGE

He insulted me. In public. I want him killed.

BROOKS

I'm afraid the Police Department doesn't provide that service.

PENNY smiles at Keaton. He returns the smile.

KEATON

Do you remember anything else?

PENNY

No... Wait. He had a tattoo.

KEATON

What? A naked woman? An eagle?

PENNY

No. Nothing like that. It was Abraham Lincoln.

KEATON

Really?

PENNY

Yeah. Like on the five dollar bill.

BROOKS AND KEATON in the middle of the empty restaurant, comparing notes.

BROOKS

Interesting.

KEATON

Yeah. I mean, how many guys get tattoos of Lincoln. What'd you get?

BROOKS

Maybe a job for you.

KEATON

Yeah?

BROOKS

Woodbridge wants somebody to gun down the robbers. They insulted him.

Keaton shrugs. They walk to the front doors and Brooks talks to the Uniform cop.

BROOKS

How'd we do?

UNIFORM

Only one no-show, Sarge.

BROOKS

Who?

UNIFORM

Guy named Enriquez.

KEATON

PEDRO Enriquez?

UNIFORM

Yeah.

BROOKS

Friend of yours?

KEATON

He's a Colombian. Big time ounce dealer. Has a violent streak.

BROOKS

Let's drop in on him.

KEATON

Hey, why don't we save it for tomorrow. Okay?

BROOKS

What's the matter, Keaton? Got a date tonight?

KEATON

Well... Yeah.

Brooks looks out the doors and sees:

EXT. SEASIDE RESTAURANT PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Penny the hostess bundled up in her coat, waiting for Keaton.

INT. SEASIDE RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Brooks looks back at Keaton, who gets defensive.

KEATON

Hey. She might remember something
later on, you know?

BROOKS

And you'll be right on top of it.

Keaton leers a little. Brooks rolls her eyes and leaves.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

A warehouse on the waterfront, a lighted window near the front of the building.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

IN THE GLASS WALLED OFFICE, two men and a woman sit facing the desk.

Mr. WILDER is a huge, musclebound man with a mohawk haircut. An ear ring shaped like a chain saw dangles from his ear.

ASHLEY ABRAMS is an overly busty woman. Her figure is all the more accentuated in her skin tight dress.

The other man is Mr. Zucker. Without the ski mask his hair is dusky red and covered by a cowboy hat.

We only see the silver hair of the man behind the desk, who is obviously their LEADER. We do not see his face.

LEADER

Mister Zucker. Report.

ZUCKER

Made the front page of The Chronicle,
thanks to you. The restaurant robbery
went like clockwork. Made a fair
amount of money...

LEADER

Mr. Zucker...

ZUCKER

No one caught on to our real purpose.

LEADER
The assassination?

ZUCKER
Almost blew her straight out the
back wall of the place.

LEADER
Very good. The police suspect no
other motive than robbery.

The silver hair turns to the woman.

LEADER
Ashley?

Ashley moves to her feet and reports.

ASHLEY
You were right, sir. After the ban
on assault rifles, prices skyrocketed.
(beat)
We have a strong market. We've asked
around and we can make a thousand
per item. Sell the entire shipment
within a week.

LEADER
Mr. Wilder?

Ashley returns to her seat, Wilder stands and sets a metal
case on the table.

WILDER
Wanna take a look at the merchandise?

Wilder pops open the case.

INSIDE THE CASE is a Glock P-100 9mm machine pistol. Only
eight inches long, weighing under two pounds.

Wilder lifts the gun and displays it for the Leader.

WILDER
The Glock P-100. Seventeen round
clip, full auto. Weighs less than
two pounds.
(smiles)
And it's one hundred percent high
impact plastic. Take it through any
metal detector in the world without
a hitch.

Wilder runs a hand held metal detector wand over the gun.
It doesn't even beep.

WILDER

Airports, courtrooms, police stations,
you name it.

(smiles)

Another NASA invention finds its way
into everyday life...

The Leader grabs the weapon from Wilder, examines it.

LEADER

What do you think?

WILDER

Hey, man, I think it's a go. We
float a few tons of guns in and we're
millionaires.

LEADER

Good. Very good.

ASHLEY

So when are they coming in?

Seeing the leader's face for the first time.
Recognizing him right away.

WOODBIDGE

Wednesday, July fourth.

Alan Woodbridge is the Leader of the badguys!

WOODBIDGE

I can't wait for the fireworks to
begin.

He smiles wickedly, points the plastic gun at the wall.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

BANG!

Keaton tosses a clipboard with the yellow sheet for their no-
show (Pedro Enriquez) onto the dashboard.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

The unmarked car enters a low rent residential area.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

As Brooks twists the wheel, Keaton looks down her blouse.

BROOKS

What are you looking at?

KEATON

You always wear a bullet proof vest?

BROOKS
It's regulation.

KEATON
You always follow regulations?

BROOKS
If I can help it. You always try to
look down your partner's shirts?

KEATON
Only the female ones.

Keaton grabs the clipboard, looks from the address on the
printout to the street numbers, and nods towards an apartment.

KEATON
That ugly yellow one.

Brooks pulls the Dodge to the side of the street.

THE APARTMENT BUILDING

Is a typical stucco two story building.

Keaton looks at Brooks.

KEATON
Where do you hide your gun?

BROOKS
It's here. Don't worry about it.

Brooks pats her shoulder rig.

KEATON
What do you carry?

BROOKS
Smith and Wesson 38. Regulation.

KEATON
Got a 32 in my sock. A jungle knife,
and this...

He reaches under his shirt and pulls out a HUGE 44 Magnum.

BROOKS
What's that for? Going Elephant
hunting?

KEATON
Shot a couple of rats with it.

Keaton climbs and begins strolling down the sidewalk to the:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Keaton stops at the entrance and waits for Brooks.

KEATON

You'd think a big time drug dealer
could afford a better place.

Brooks ignores him and climbs the staircase.
Keaton takes the steps two at a time, catches up.

EXT. APARTMENT WALKWAY -- DAY

They stroll along a railed walkway to number 313.
Disco music drifts from within.

Keaton and Brooks standing on either side of the front door.
Draw their guns. Keaton reaches out and rings the doorbell.

Music stops, but nobody answers the door.
Silence.

KEATON

Police, Enriquez! Open up!

A barrage of bullets fly through the door, splintering it.

Both detectives pull back from the door, neither gets nicked.

KEATON

We just want to talk.

BROOKS

Better call for back up....

Keaton grabs her before she goes to the car.

KEATON

By the time back up gets here he'll
be gone. We'll never find him.

Keaton takes a few steps and plows into the door.

BROOKS

You're crazy.

Keaton bounces off the door... it's SOLID.

BROOKS

Watch. Advanced police techniques.

She twists the knob, opening the door in front of them.
Wasn't locked.

BROOKS

After you.

KEATON

No... After you.

Brooks continues with the Heckle & Jeckle routine.

BROOKS

You first, I insist.

KEATON

No.... Ladies first.

BROOKS

Age before beauty.

KEATON

Pearls before swine.

BROOKS

Emotion before reason.

KEATON

Death before dishon... Aw, hell.

Keaton flips inside, 44 Magnum ready.

Brooks waits. When there's no gunfire, she enters.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Brooks takes cover behind a sofa.

Keaton inches through the living room.

In the next room: Polaroids of guns on the dining room table near a pair of melting daiquiris and two glasses of scotch.

KEATON

Hey? Anybody home?

BROOKS

Keaton...

Keaton continues into the dining room.

Brooks rolls from behind the sofa to the next piece of cover. Going by the book.

THE DINING ROOM

Keaton picks up one of scotch glasses and sniffs.

KEATON

Single malt.

Drinks the scotch, puts the glass back on the table.

KEATON

Pedro? It's me. Harry Keaton.
Come out here where I can see you.

Stripes of shadow stretch into corners where Enriquez might be hiding. A noise behind Keaton.

KEATON

This isn't a bust. We just want to talk.

Keaton looks into the kitchen.

The kitchen looks empty.... Is it?

KEATON

Pedro?

No answer.

Keaton turns to the hallway and the bedrooms.

A HUGE COLOMBIAN with a 357 Magnum pops out of the kitchen.

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

Keaton spins and fires.

Blasting the Colombian back into the kitchen.

He rebounds off the refrigerator and splashes into the sink.

Water begins dripping on the linoleum.

Drip.

Drip.

Brooks swings into the dining room, gun ready.

THE HALLWAY

Two bedroom doors.

Keaton moves to the first and kicks it open, magnum ready.

THE FIRST BEDROOM

Seems empty.

A mirrored ceiling.

Posters of cars and women.

Keaton scans the room.

Gun ready.

Nothing happens.

THE HALLWAY

Brooks moves behind Keaton.

Keaton backs out of the bedroom...
Hears breathing behind him...
Spins, leveling the magnum...

AT BROOKS.

Keaton's magnum aims perfectly at her face.

BROOKS

If you shoot me, it won't look good
on your evaluation.

Keaton lowers his gun.

KEATON

What are you doing sneaking up on me
like that?

BROOKS

I've been here the whole time.
(condescending)
Here's an idea: Let's work as a
team. That way you don't end up
shooting me by mistake.

KEATON

Sure. I'll open doors, you cover
me.

BROOKS

By the book.

Keaton edges to the second bedroom door, gun ready.

Brooks moves to the opposite side of the door.

From the kitchen:

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Keaton finds his calm, then kicks the door open.

THE SECOND BEDROOM

PACHUKO #1, a tattooed gang member, is ready with a chrome
45 in each hand. The minute he sees Keaton, he opens fire...
Blasting away with both guns.

Keaton fires at Pachuko #1, missing, but shattering the
bedroom window to pieces.

THE HALLWAY

Keaton rolls out of the line of fire as bullets fly.

PACHUKO #2, a weight lifter gang-banger spins out of the
first bedroom holding a sawed off pump shotgun.

He aims at Keaton and fires.
BLAAAM!

Keaton hits the dirt as the wall where his head once was
EXPLODES!

Pachucko #2 pumps and re-aims.

Brooks spins and fires at Pachucko #2.

Pachucko #2 is hit in the chest, knocking him onto his butt.
BLAAAM!
The shotgun discharges into the ceiling.

Pachucko #1 rolls into the hall, firing both 45s at Brooks.

PLASTER EXPLODES next to Brooks' head, showering her with
powder, fogging the hallway.

KEATON
Holy shit...

Keaton scrambles out of the way.

Brooks fires two shots at the Pachuko.
Both miss.

Pachucko #1 re-aims at Brooks.

Brooks takes careful aim at the tattooed man's chest.
Click. Click. Click. Time to reload.

Pachucko #1 laughs, tightens his finger on the trigger.

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
Keaton hits Pachuko #1 in the chest with all four rounds.

Pachuko #1 flies backwards, skidding to the end of the hall.

BROOKS
Thanks.

KEATON
Don't mention it.

Brooks backs into the Dining Room to reload.

FROM THE CLOSET AT THE END OF THE HALL

Enriquez rolls out, pops to his feet, fires his 357 at Keaton.

KEATON
Enriquez! No!

Keaton hits the dirt.
Bullets ricochet around him.

ENRIQUEZ
Son of a puta cop!

Enriquez rushes Keaton.

Keaton aims up at the running man and pulls the trigger.
Click.
Out of shells.

Enriquez SLAMS his gun barrel into Keaton's face, knocking him down. Runs into the dining room to escape.

Keaton grabs the 32 from his sock holster, staggers to his feet, bolts after him.

THE DINING ROOM

Brooks closes the cylinder of her 38, reloaded and ready.

Enriquez KNOCKS HER DOWN on his way to the living room.

Before she can get up, Keaton jumps over her, giving chase.

THE LIVING ROOM

Keaton fires cover shots, rolls in, ducking behind the sofa.

Enriquez blasts at the sofa, spraying stuffing into the air.
Then continues to the front window.

Keaton pops up and fires twice.
Missing.

Enriquez fires at the window as he runs towards it.
He hits the glass, shards sparing onto the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT WALKWAY -- DAY

Enriquez rolls to his feet, jumps up onto the railing.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Keaton has a perfect shot: Enriquez balancing on the rail.

KEATON
Enriquez! We just want to...

EXT. APARTMENT WALKWAY -- DAY

But Enriquez jumps off the railing...
Three storeys down to the pool.

Turning in a graceful dive into the pool below.
SPLASH!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Keaton gets to the window in time to see Enriquez surface and swim to the ladder.

KEATON
Enriquez!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Enriquez waves before climbing out of the pool...
And running to the exit.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Brooks runs to the window.

KEATON
Brooks! Your gun. COME ON!

Keaton grabs the 38 from Brooks.
Aims at the running Enriquez, squeezes the trigger.
BLAM!
BLAM!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Enriquez is hit.
Flips backwards into the pool.
The shots echo through the apartment complex.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Keaton notices Brooks is angry.

KEATON
You okay?

BROOKS
Anyone ever tell you you're a dick?

KEATON
Yeah. But I figured they were talking
about my job.

BROOKS
You were wrong.

She yanks the gun from his hands, goes the phone.

BROOKS
This is Detective Kelly Brooks, number
seven one four seven. Requesting an
MCSU truck at...

Keaton hears no more: he's out the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

POOL SIDE

Keaton bends over Enriquez, who is still breathing.

KEATON

Hey! He's still alive!

Brooks races down the stairs to Keaton's side.

Enriquez regains consciousness.

Blood dribbles from his lips.

He whispers something.

Keaton puts his head to the dying man's lips.

BROOKS

What's he saying?

KEATON

Shhh!

Enriquez's voice is only a whisper.

KEATON

He says Senior Largo was at the restaurant.

BROOKS

Senior Largo?

KEATON

Yeah. Mister Big.

(thinks)

Maybe John Holmes? No. He's dead.

Keaton turns back to Enriquez.

KEATON

Who? Who is it you saw at the restaurant? Who is Mr. Big?

Enriquez opens his mouth to speak, blood comes out, he dies.

Keaton drops him and moves away. The smell is awful.

KEATON

Oh, jeeze. What the hell did he eat?

BROOKS

Mister Big?

KEATON

Yeah. Senior Largo.

Police sirens in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

A body bag zipped up, covering the face of Pachuko #2.

Keaton looks out the broken window, smoking a cigarette.

Brooks looks at the gun polaroids on the Dining Room table. She flips one over, sees a price per hundred.

BROOKS

Bulk rate. Interesting.

She scoots the photos into a zip lock baggie with her pencil.

THE BODY BAG is taken out of the room, the rest of the CRIME SCENE TECHS follow, leaving Brooks and Keaton.

Keaton looks out the broken window.

BROOKS

Can I disturb you for a minute?

Keaton doesn't turn around, but nods.

BROOKS

What the hell were you thinking?

(explodes)

You lead me in here, guns blazing, no back up. We were completely outnumbered. It's a fucking miracle we're alive. Do you know that?

KEATON

Yes.

BROOKS

I don't know about you. Maybe you don't have a family, maybe you don't have friends... But I have a five year old daughter at home. I am her SOLE parent. If I die, she has NO ONE. Do you understand? No one.

(beat)

Are you hearing any of this?

A long silence.

Keaton looks out the window. Can't face her.

KEATON

I'm not perfect, you know. I do my best.

(MORE)

KEATON (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm a little rough, but so's the job.

(beat)

Some of the guys, they got it figured out. Play it cool, never get scared, never draw their piece.

(beat)

I'm not like that. Maybe it's bad luck, I don't know. Trouble follows me. I always end up in gunplay situations.

(beat)

I had four partners wounded, two killed. Every time... it could've been me in that body bag.

He turns to her. Guilt and regret on his face.

KEATON

But I'm always the survivor.

(beat)

I'm sorry you got partnered with me. I hope I don't screw up your life.

Brooks touches his shoulder.

BROOKS

Come on. We've put in our eight hours, let's ten-ten for the day, look into that tattoo tomorrow.

KEATON

Sure. But I gotta meeting with IAD in the morning.

(beat)

Wanna get some food?

BROOKS

I've had enough excitement for one day.

They leave.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR -- EVENING

Brooks pulls to the curb in front of Keaton's building.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- EVENING

Keaton climbs out.

KEATON

Sure you don't want to come up for some grub? I got pot pies.

BROOKS

No.

KEATON

Come on. Pot pies. That's practically gourmet food.

BROOKS

Goodnight, Keaton.

KEATON

Sure. Maybe some other time.

Keaton closes the door.

Brooks watches him enter his building, then drives off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

The glass and concrete tower in the morning light.

INT. ROBBERY HOMICIDE ROOM -- DAY

Brooks sits at a computer terminal, frowning at the flash spewing out of the printer.

Two dozen pages are piled on the floor.
Columns of names, addresses, phone numbers.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN asks her to describe the tattoo.
She types in "Abraham Lincoln".
The screen says "Searching".
"57 in Los Angeles Area. Print?"

BROOKS

Fifty seven?

Brooks prints. A new pile of flash spews from the computer.

Keaton enters.

BROOKS

Have you any idea how many scumbags have Lincoln tattoos?

KEATON

Skip it. We got a better lead.

BROOKS

We do?

KEATON

Somebody pawned Mrs. Mendolson's wedding ring this morning in the Mission District.

She tears off the list of 57 suspects.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Brooks looks over the list while Keaton drives.

BROOKS

How'd you do with Internal Affairs?

KEATON

Apaches are on the war path. They
want to give me a vacation...
A permanent one.

Brooks looks at him. This is SERIOUS.

BROOKS

Was there a complaint?

KEATON

They're making an example out of me.
Last of the gunslinger cops.
(beat)
You going to write me a good
evaluation?

Brooks dodges by pulling a polaroid out of her pocket.

BROOKS

You're the gun expert, Keaton.
What's the Make & Model on this?

Keaton takes the Poloroid, steering with one hand.
Brooks worries about his driving.

KEATON

Looks like a Glock.
(looks at Brooks)
Where'd this come from?

BROOKS

Your buddy Enriquez. Looks like he
had a shipment coming in.

She grabs the Poloroid just in time for Keaton to turn.

BROOKS

Think guns are the connection between
Enriquez and Mr. Big?

INT. PAWNSHOP -- DAY

Keaton looks at Patty Mendolson's necklace, ear rings, wedding
band... Identifying them.

KEATON

Sure. That's them.

Brooks reads the print out. Keaton questions the PAWNBROKER.

The Pawnbroker is a fat, friendly looking man in a frayed cardigan sweater and thick glasses.

CATS climb over the pawned goods in the cage behind him, purring, scuffling, and sleeping atop the huge upright safe.

KEATON

The guy that sold this: Remember what he looks like?

PAWNBROKER

It was a regular customer.

KEATON

Yeah?

PAWNBROKER

The Butcher.

Brooks looks up from the print out.

Keaton frowns. The guy must be some kind of hired killer or something, to get that nickname.

KEATON

The Butcher?

PAWNBROKER

Yes.

BROOKS

Why do you call him that?

PAWNBROKER

The Butcher?

BROOKS

Yes.

The Pawnbroker shrugs.

PAWNBROKER

`Cause it's what he does. He used to be a butcher at the meat processing plant... `Till they laid him off.

Keaton smiles at the explanation.

KEATON

Know where we could find this Butcher?

PAWNBROKER

Try Torchy's down the street.

BROOKS
Torchy's?

PAWNBROKER
It's a bar.

BROOKS
Thanks.

Brooks and Keaton leave.

EXT. TORCHY'S BAR -- DAY

The kind of place you wouldn't go in for a million dollars.
Windows covered with peeling black paint, the smell of stale
beer and vomit.

A broken neon sign reads: LIVE NUDE GIRLS.

Keaton smiles at the sign.

KEATON
My kinda place.

BROOKS
Who would have guessed?

They enter the bar.

INT. TORCHY'S BAR -- DAY

A PAIR OF DANCERS in G-strings gyrate on a make-shift stage,
while waitresses in skimpy outfits circulate the room.

A HALF DOZEN CUSTOMERS, most of them out of work, hang around.

A pair of SAILORS in the back, have a dancer at their table.

Brooks looks the place over.

BROOKS
Swell.

Keaton flags down the BARTENDER.

Brooks feels totally out of place, watches Keaton whisper
something to the Bartender.

The Bartender nods to a booth in the back.

Keaton smiles, gestures to Brooks.

IN THE BACK BOOTH

The BUTCHER, an acne scarred man with a twitching left eye,
talks with a COWBOY in jeans and a beat up hat.

ON THE TABLE: a red bandana with a bindle of heroin inside.

Butcher pushes twenties across the table, takes the bandana.
Carefully pockets it.

COWBOY

Pleasure doing business with you.

Cowboy takes the money, stands up to leave, noticing...

BROOKS AND KEATON heading across the bar towards them.

Cowboy smells cop and moves away from the booth.
Takes a chair near the stage where the two strippers dance.

Butcher sees Keaton and Brooks.
Searches for the nearest exit, attempts escape.

But Keaton puts a hand on Butcher's shoulder, pushes him
back into the booth.

KEATON

Sit back. Enjoy the show.

Brooks flips open her Police ID.

BROOKS

We just want to talk.

KEATON

You the one they call Butcher?

AT THE STAGE

Cowboy turns to watch Keaton and Brooks.
The only head turned AWAY from the gyrating nude women.

IN THE BACK BOOTH

BUTCHER

(snears)

What if I am?

KEATON

You're under arrest for section 437
of the penal code: having a wacky
nickname.

BROOKS

Plus robbery and murder.

Butcher's hand moves to his waist.
Keaton gestures for him to stop.

KEATON

We don't want any gunplay, okay?

Butcher's hand pauses.

Brooks looks relieved, Mirandizes the Butcher.

BROOKS

Okay. You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford one...

AT THE STAGE

Cowboy watches Brooks read the Butcher his rights. Butcher turns, looks right at him.

IN THE BACK BOOTH

Keaton notices, looks at Cowboy...

Cowboy is the only guy not looking at the strippers.

AT THE STAGE

Cowboy grabs his 357 Magnum, drawing on Keaton.

IN THE BACK BOOTH

KEATON

Brooks!

Keaton hits the dirt and draws his gun.

Cowboy fires a couple of shots which ROAR through the bar.

A GLASS on the table in front of Brooks EXPLODES into shards. Brooks hits the dirt, drawing her gun, hiding under the table.

Butcher starts running, unholstering his gun along the way.

SCREAMS ERUPT from the topless dancers and waitresses. PATRONS hit the dirt.

Bartender pulls a shotgun from behind the bar, aims at Cowboy.

BARTENDER

Drop it!

Cowboy spins and fires.
BLAM!

THE BULLET hits the Bartender, flipping him over the bar into a table of Japanese Businessmen.

THE SHOTGUN discharges into the ceiling twice.
BLAM!
BLAM!

ABSOLUTE PANIC in the bar.
Topless dancers scream and run.
Businessmen trip over each other and fall to the floor.

Drunks stagger in indecision.

BROOKS
I got the cowboy!

Brooks begins firing at Cowboy.

Keaton trades shots with Butcher.

Cowboy knocks a table over for cover, fires at Brooks.
Blowing a mirror behind her right off the wall.

Brooks takes aim at Cowboy, but Patrons keep getting in the way of a clean shot.

A PATRON caught in the cross fire: Cowboy blows him away.

A DIRTY OLD MAN steps in front of Cowboy, gets shot.

A DRUNK dodges bullets, moving back and forth...
In perfect rhythm to the strip music.
He's dancing!

People are screaming all around Cowboy.

NEAR THE DOORS

Butcher runs to the front doors of the bar.

Keaton in hot pursuit.

Butcher spins, fires at Keaton.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

Keaton jumps over the bar, bullets chasing him.
Splinters and sawdust fly.

Butcher laughs and heads out the doors.

BUTCHER
Adios, assholes.

AT THE STAGE

Cowboy sees Butcher getting away.
Turns his gun from Brooks and fires.
BLAM!

NEAR THE DOORS

Butcher is LIFTED off his feet and SLAMMED against the wall.
He slides slowly down to the floor.

AT THE STAGE

Cowboy spins and fires at Brooks.
The shot misses by an inch, killing a man behind her.

Brooks pops out of the booth to fire at Cowboy, but the
DANCING DRUNK gets in her way.

Everyone is screaming.

Brooks aims the 38 at Cowboy, takes a deep breath, goes into
a trance state. Concentrating on Cowboy.

Cowboy sees Brooks' head is fully exposed.
A clear shot.
Cowboy laughs and fires at Brooks.

BLAM!
The shot splinters a chair near Brooks into wood debris.

Brooks doesn't even flinch.

Cowboy corrects aim... Finger squeezing the trigger.

A sudden calm as Brooks sights down her gun at Cowboy's chest.

Cowboy fires.
Brooks fires.

Cowboy's shot shatters a glass near Brooks' shoulder.

Brooks' shot kicks Cowboy backwards.

Cowboy SLAMS the stage railing, flipping onto the center of
the stage... dead. Lights from the disco ball add to his
final performance.

Brooks lowers her gun, breathes again.
The shootout is over.

Keaton raises from behind the bar, looks at the dead Cowboy
on stage... Starts humming "Staying Alive".

KEATON
Staying alive, staying alive.

Brooks is still dazed by the sudden violence.

Keeping her gun on the corpse, Brooks climbs onto the stage.
She kicks Cowboy's gun away from his hand.

Keaton jumps onto the stage, feels Butcher's neck for a pulse.

KEATON
Don't think we'll get any answers
from this guy.

Brooks still seems dazed.

BROOKS
I've shot two people in two days.

KEATON
You're doing good.

BROOKS
I never killed anyone before.

KEATON
Look, it was him or you. You rather
be the dead one?

Brooks looks over the bar: Dead and wounded surrounding her.

SIRENS can be heard coming down the street.

Brooks keeps looking at the dead Butcher.

PATROLMEN AND AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS enter the bar.

KEATON
Meat wagon for the Butcher.
(thinks)
Gimme that computer print out.

Brooks hands the print out to Keaton.

Keaton looks over the flash.

THE PRINT OUT: Current information, including residential
address, current employers, past arrests and convictions.

KEATON
Look at this one. He was born in
Kentucky. Didn't one of the witnesses
say he had a southern accent?

BROOKS
I think so.

KEATON
You know where he works?
(smiles)
The meat packing house out on Division
Street. He's a butcher too.

Brooks pulls the print out away from Keaton. Studies it.

BROOKS
Let's go.

EXT. MEAT PACKING HOUSE -- DAY

The unmarked car parks in front of the huge corrugated metal
building. Brooks and Keaton step out.

KEATON
Smells like my refrigerator.

BROOKS
Maybe you should clean it.

INT. MEAT PACKING HOUSE -- DAY

A band saw cuts into a beef shank, spewing blood over a CUTTER in protective goggles.

An assembly line of power tools and MEAT CUTTERS turning sides of beef into supermarket cuts.

Brooks yells over the saws at the FOREMAN with a clipboard.

BROOKS
Police. Where's Zucker?

FOREMAN
What?

BROOKS
Zucker?

FOREMAN
Huh?

Keaton pulls the earmuff away from the Foreman's left ear.

KEATON
Abraham J. Zucker, dickhead! Where is he?

FOREMAN
Zucker? In the walk in box.

Foreman points at the steel door to the walk in refrigerator.

BROOKS
Thank you.

FOREMAN
Huh?

Brooks and Keaton cross the cutting room to the walk in box.

INT. WALK IN BOX -- DAY

Filled with hanging sides of beef. Overhead fluorescents make shadows creep from every carcass.

Brooks looks from one carcass to another in the dim light.

On the back wall a ladder climbs to a huge cooling duct.

Keaton immediately looks to Brook's shirt front.

BROOKS
Still wearing my vest.

KEATON
I don't get it, Brooks.

BROOKS
Get what?

KEATON
If you feel I'm beneath you, why are you so concerned about my looking down your shirt?

Brooks ignores him. Keaton laughs, punches a side of beef.

KEATON
Look! I'm Rocky!

BROOKS
Quit beating your meat.

Brooks walks deeper into the shadows.
Sides of beefs surround her.

BROOKS
Zucker!

ZUCKER (O.S.)
Right behind you, darlin'.

Brooks spins, searching the forest of beef.

One side of beef moves towards her... Alive!

Zucker's shadowed face comes from behind the side of beef.

ZUCKER
I scared you? Yeah?

Keaton puts his gun behind Zucker's ear.

KEATON
Not at all. Police officers. Don't mind if we pat you down, do you?

ZUCKER
She gonna do it?

KEATON
She's gonna watch. Make sure you behave yourself.

ZUCKER
You like to watch, darlin'?

Keaton pats down Zucker, finds no gun.

KEATON

Clean.

Brooks holsters her gun.

BROOKS

We'd like to ask you a few questions.

ZUCKER

I been a good boy since I got out of Q. Ask anyone.

BROOKS

Where were you Friday night?

Zucker turns on the charm, showing all of his pearly whites.

ZUCKER

Anyone ever told you you're too pretty to be a cop?

KEATON

Answer the question, lowlife, before we run you through a band saw.

ZUCKER

(gestures to Keaton)

This guy ain't your old man, is he? 'Cause you can do better than that.

KEATON

What are you saying, pisshead?

BROOKS

He's saying you're ugly, Keaton.

ZUCKER

Right, darlin'. He dresses funny too.

KEATON

I paid ten bucks for this shirt...

BROOKS

We have a witness who IDed your tattoo at the scene of a crime.

ZUCKER

My tattoo? Has it been pulling jobs while I been a good boy?

KEATON

Let's just run him through a band saw. Get some answers.

Zucker looks from one side of beef to another.

ZUCKER
You want answers?

BROOKS
Pretend it's Jeopardy.

KEATON
Better yet: You Bet Your Life.

Keaton unholsters his gun, cocks it, aims at Zucker.

Zucker hears a sound from the back of the cold box.
He hears nothing else, turns back to the two cops.

ZUCKER
I'll tell you this much, that robbery
was going smooth as silk panties
until those losers shot that bitch.

BROOKS
Sounds like you were there.

ZUCKER
Read about it in the paper.

Brooks and Keaton look at each other.

BROOKS
Read him his rights. We're taking
him downtown.

ZUCKER
We gonna play with your handcuffs?

A gunshot ROARS.
A side of beef behind Zucker explodes in a shower of blood.

Brooks and Keaton dive to the floor, covering their heads.

Zucker just crouches a little, searching the sides of beef.

ZUCKER
Can't you aim better than that? You
almost got ME.

Keaton searches the cold box, 44 Magnum ready.
Sides of beef spin around on hooks.

ZUCKER
Wilder? Ashley? You gonna shot
these little piggies or what?

The answer is gunfire.

ZUCKER IS HIT high in the chest, throwing him backwards.
He knocks over a side of beef and begins a domino run.
Sides of beef falling all over the place.

KEATON

Zucker?

Brooks crawls to Zucker, feels his neck for a pulse.
None.
A dozen sides of beef around Zucker, mimicking him in death.

BROOKS

Dead.

Another shot slams into a side of beef to Brooks' left.
Cuts it in half, sending the flank crashing down on Brooks.

Brooks scrambles through the forest of beef, pulls her 38.

BROOKS

See anything?

KEATON

Nada.

Another shot splatters a side of beef inches from Brooks.

Brooks crawls through the beef, deeper into the room.
Fear pumps adrenaline through her.
Tension builds.

Keaton sees the way Zucker fell, plots the trajectory.

KEATON

He's in the duct!

Keaton creeps up to his feet; joining the sides of beef.
Trying to blend into his surroundings.

Brooks loses sight of him.

BROOKS

Keaton?

A shot rings, the beef next to Brooks explodes into blood.

Keaton spots the muzzle flash in the darkness, fires twice.
Bang! Bang!

Sounds of the gunman scrambling for cover.

KEATON

Told you it was the air duct.

Brooks moves her gun with the sound traveling along the duct.

KEATON

Guys gotta be freezing his nuts off.

A side of beef next to Keaton explodes.

Brooks and Keaton hit the dirt into the forest of meat.

Feet on the ladder.

BROOKS
He's on the ladder.

KEATON
Can't see him...

Footsteps echo: the gunman runs from the ladder to the door.

KEATON
Coming at ya!

Brooks pops to her feet, aims the 38 and fires.
Click.
Click.
Click.
Out of ammo.

KEATON
Got him.

Keaton chases the silhouette out the steel door.

INT. MEAT PACKING HOUSE -- DAY

THE MEAT CUTTERS go crazy as the armed killer runs out of the cold box, chased by Keaton.
It's WILDER, the mohawked bad guy.

KEATON
Stop! I'll shoot damnit!

Wilder fires a cover shot.
Keaton hits the dirt, lands in a trim basket full of fat.

KEATON
Shit.

Wilder knocks down CUTTERS, runs out of the packing house.
Keaton (covered with fat) only a hundred yards behind him.

EXT. MEAT PACKING HOUSE -- DAY

Keaton hears a car engine growl to life.
Scans the parking lot.

Tires squeal on asphalt.
A '57 Chevy blasts around the corner, heading right at him.

KEATON
Stop! Stop!

The 57 Chevy SPEEDS at him.
Closer. CLOSER!

Keaton aims 44 Magnum and fires.
Misses.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder, the Mohawked maniac aims the car at Keaton.
Guns it.

WILDER
Splat goes the copper.

EXT. MEAT PACKING HOUSE -- DAY

Keaton lowers his gun and runs.

Behind him, the 57 Chevy increases speed.
Coming right at him.

In front of Keaton: a parking lamp post.
The Chevy only a few feet behind him.
Closer.
CLOSER!

Keaton runs like hell for the lamp post.

The Chevy bumper almost touching his legs!

Keaton DIVES for the lamp post.
The Chevy roars by, missing him by an inch.

As skids away, Keaton lifts the pistol and fires.

THE BULLET hits the tail end of the Chevy, shredding steel.
The Chevy roars away.

Keaton catches his breath, walks back to the packing house.

INT. MEAT PACKING HOUSE -- DAY

The saws are silent.
MEAT CUTTERS stand around, smoking cigarettes and talking.

Brooks on the telephone to headquarters:

BROOKS
We're going to need an MCSU team and
the ME. No ambulance.
(beat)
No, sir. Keaton had nothing to do
with it. He DID return fire, but it
was a clear cut deadly force
situation.

Keaton holsters his 44 and enters the walk in box.

INT. WALK IN BOX -- DAY

Keaton bends over Zucker, feeling for his pulse.

BROOKS

Only singing he's gonna do is with a choir of angels.

KEATON

Thanks for covering with Chaplin.

BROOKS

I told him the truth. Deadly force was called for. The shooter got away?

Keaton nods, starts searching the body.

BROOKS

Shouldn't you wait for the MCSU boys?

KEATON

This isn't some mystery where ballistics and trajectory matter. We SAW him get shot. We KNOW the angle of entry.

(beat)

Hell, we even know who capped him.

Keaton continues searching the corpse.

BROOKS

Who?

KEATON

Some guy with a mohawk.

Keaton pulls the wallet from Zucker's back pocket.

BROOKS

I can see that on the arrest warrant: Some Guy With A Mohawk.

Keaton flips through the wallet.

KEATON

Well... Hello, hello.

Brooks hears excitement in Keaton's voice, moves in.

BROOKS

What have you got?

KEATON

Nude pictures of some girl. Wanna a peek?

Brooks pulls the wallet from Keaton's hands, leaves him with the nude pictures... He's happy.

She searches the wallet: ID, minor credit cards, two hundred dollars in cash.

In a secret compartment, she finds a ribbed condom, and a cocktail napkin. Written on the napkin: "HILL KLIEGS"

BROOKS

Keaton.

Keaton looks up from the photos. Brooks shows him the contents of the wallet's secret compartment.

BROOKS

What do you make of this?

KEATON

It's a rubber. You know? Safe sex?

BROOKS

The napkin.

KEATON

Hill Kliegs? What's that? A ski resort?

BROOKS

I don't know.

She looks at the words.

INT. KELLY BROOKS APARTMENT -- DAY

IN THE KITCHEN

Kelly Brooks packs a picnic lunch. A wicker basket filled with cold fried chicken and fruit.

Lisa yells from the living room.

LISA (O.S.)

After the picnic, can we go to the zoo?

BROOKS

Maybe.

Brooks looks at a Xerox copy of the napkin: "Hill Kliegs". What does it mean?

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Knock on the front door.

LISA
Someone's at the door.

BROOKS (O.S.)
Could you get it for me, honey?

LISA
Okay.

Lisa opens the front door, exposing....

Keaton looks down at Lisa.

KEATON
My God! It's a midget! Did you
escape from the circus?

LISA
I'm not a midget.

KEATON
Are you a dwarf? An elf? A pigmy?
A gnome?

LISA
I'm a little girl.

KEATON
Could have fooled me. Your mom home?

LISA
Who are you?

KEATON
I'm her boss. Wondering why she
isn't at work.

LISA
It's her day off. We're going on a
picnic... And you're NOT her boss.
Uncle Rory is.

Lisa yells towards the kitchen.

LISA
Mommy, some strange man is here!

Brooks comes out of the kitchen, drying her hands on a towel.

BROOKS
It's okay, Lisa. You can let him
in.

LISA
But he lied, Mommy.

BROOKS

We'll wash his mouth out with soap
later, okay?

LISA

You hear that, mister? My Mom's
gonna wash your mouth out with soap.
Yech!

Lisa wanders off, Keaton closes the door.

KEATON

Figure it out yet?

Brooks shakes her head.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK -- DAY

Lisa runs up and down hills, laughing.
Brooks and Keaton walk through the trees nearby.

KEATON

"Hill Kliegs". I looked it up in
the dictionary. Klieg is as type of
light used in movies. But there's
no special Hill type. It's not a
brand name, or anything.

BROOKS

It's not a ski resort in the Swiss
Alps, either.

KEATON

Maybe it's a code.

BROOKS

And maybe the guy with the mohawk
was James Bond.

KEATON

It's possible.... But not probable.

Lisa runs in front of them, Keaton smiles at her.

KEATON

Race ya.

Lisa points to the Windmill at the edge of the park.

LISA

To the Windmill.

KEATON

Sure.

LISA

On your mark, get-set-go.

Brooks watches Lisa dart off before she finishes.

Keaton takes a deep breath, starts running.

KEATON

Here I come... The pigmy's in the lead, but the champ is closing fast.

Keaton and Lisa run next to each other.

As they get closer to the Windmill, Keaton does an exaggerated run, looking totally ridiculous, letting Lisa beat him.

Keaton hits the Windmill, slides into a sitting position.

KEATON

You beat me, kid.

Lisa goes off to play, Brooks walks up.

BROOKS

Maybe we're looking at this from the wrong angle.

KEATON

What do ya mean?

BROOKS

So far, we've assumed that the intent was robbery, and it went wrong.

(beat)

What if the intent was to kill Mrs. Mendolson, and the robbery was just a smoke screen?

KEATON

Who'd want to kill her?

BROOKS

Somebody out to hurt Mendolson?

KEATON

Then why not just kill Mendolson?

BROOKS

Maybe they need him alive. So he can help them....

KEATON

I don't buy it.

Keaton shakes his head and stands up.

INT. KELLY BROOKS APARTMENT -- DAY

Keaton and Brooks sit in the living room, drinking beer.

BROOKS

Do you want another one?

KEATON

Sure.

Brooks goes into the kitchen.

BROOKS (O.S.)

Why don't you buy it?

She comes back with two beers, hands one to Keaton.

KEATON

A murder's a murder and a robbery's
a robbery. That's a rule.

BROOKS

A rule Keaton believes in?

KEATON

The only one.

BROOKS

What's wrong with rules?

KEATON

Look at it this way: A cop has to
follow all of these rules & regs:
Miranda, Escobito, entrapment, illegal
searches, all the damned amendments.

(sips his beer)

We break a rule, the case gets thrown
out of court and the creepo walks.

(another sip)

But the Creepo has no rules. He can
lie, steal, shoot us dead, and
worse... And it's all part of his
game.

BROOKS

You sound like Dirty Harry.

KEATON

Dirty Harry's an okay guy.

BROOKS

He's FICTION.

KEATON

Sure. A couple of fink writers made
him up. But he's still got the right
idea. When somebody shoots at you,
you shoot back.

BROOKS

You make it sound like a game...
Cops And Robbers.

KEATON

It's not. You know how many times I
been hiding in some doorway, scared
out of my shorts, hoping the scumbag
will run out of bullets before he
hits me?

(beat)

You know how many times I've lost
partners, knowing it could have been
me?

(beat)

It's a sick feeling: Being relieved
because your buddy got killed, not
you. If that's the game, I don't
want to play it.

Both finish their beers.

Lisa enters the living room, dressed in her pajamas.

BROOKS

Hey, kid. Time for bed.

LISA

I want to see Uncle Harry get his
mouth washed out with soap first.

BROOKS

Lisa...

Keaton moves to his feet.

KEATON

Come on, pigmy. A man's gotta do
what a man's gotta do.

Keaton and Lisa go into the bathroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

Keaton turns on the water, lathers up the soap, gives his
mouth a good washing out. Foam hangs all over his face.

KEATON

Look out! I'm rabid! Look out!

He makes a fool out of himself, Lisa giggles.

Keaton rinses out his mouth, turns to Lisa and Brooks.

KEATON

There. No more lies.

BROOKS
NOW it's time for bed.

Brooks escorts Lisa into her bedroom.

IN LISA'S BEDROOM

Brooks puts Lisa to bed and tucks her in, giving her a kiss.

LISA
Goodnight, Mommy.

BROOKS
`Night, munchkin.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Keaton is leaving.

KEATON
Hey, thanks for the brews.

BROOKS
You're okay, Keaton.

Keaton shrugs, unaccustomed to tenderness, and leaves.

Brooks picks up the Xerox of the napkin: "HILL KLIEGS".
What does it mean?

INT. ROBBERY HOMICIDE ROOM -- DAY

Brooks looks at the napkin Xerox, tries to figure it out.

BROOKS
Hill Klieg. Mountain light.
Valley...

At the next desk, Keaton on the phone.

KEATON
Sure, sure. Thanks.

He hangs up, looks at the Xerox.
Figures it out.

KEATON
How could we be so stupid?

BROOKS
What are you talking about?

KEATON
Ten letters. Ten digits. It's a
phone number and area code.

Keaton sets the Xerox next to the telephone, fills in numbers for letters.

KEATON
Well, hello, hello.

Hands her the phone number.

BROOKS
Five Fifty five is the dockside exchange.

Keaton pushes the phone to her.

KEATON
Give 'er a spin.

Brooks dials. It rings twice before the voice says:

VOICE (V.O.)
Harbor Patrol, chief Mendolson's office, can I help you?

BROOKS
Hold on.

She covers the mouth piece.

BROOKS
It's Mendolson's office.

KEATON
Okay. Sometimes a robbery IS a murder.

Brooks takes her hand from the mouth piece.

BROOKS
James Mendolson, please.

MENDOLSON (V.O.)
Mendolson. Can I help you?

BROOKS
This is Kelly Brooks of Robbery-Homicide.

MENDOLSON (V.O.)
Yes?

BROOKS
Mister Mendolson, we're changing the classification of you're wife's shooting from robbery to homicide.

MENDOLSON (V.O.)
What?

BROOKS

We know Mrs. Mendolson was murdered.
What we want to know is why.

MENDOLSON (V.O.)

I don't know.

BROOKS

We think you do. We're going to
send a car out to pick you up...

MENDOLSON (V.O.)

No police cars. Maybe we can meet...

BROOKS

Where?

MENDOLSON (V.O.)

Someplace where we won't be seen.

She covers the mouth piece.

BROOKS

He wants to meet someplace neutral.

KEATON

How about Switzerland?

(beat)

Let me talk to him.

Brooks shakes her head no.

BROOKS

Union Square garage. Third Floor.
In an hour.

She hangs up before Mendolson can argue.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- DAY

Brooks alone on the third floor of the underground garage.
She looks at her watch. It's 3:01.

BROOKS

He's late.

Footsteps echo around her.
She looks to the left.
Nothing but shadowed darkness.
She looks to the right.
More shadows.

BROOKS

Mendolson?

Brooks puts her hand on her gun.

BROOKS

Mendolson?

Echoes.

Brooks tries to separate one echo from another.
It is impossible.

Where is this guy? Sneaking up on her?

BROOKS

Mendolson?

Voices on another level of the garage.
Echoed laughter of teenagers.

A voice right behind her.
She draws her gun, spins, and almost fires.

MENDOLSON

What do you want from me? Money? I
don't have any money.

Eyes sunken, voice wavering, Mendolson is coming apart at
the seams.

Brooks holsters her gun.
Feeling like Keaton.
Like a gunslinger.

MENDOLSON

What do you want?

KEATON

Just a couple of answers.

Mendolson spins.
Keaton leans against a pillar behind him. Relaxed.

Tires squeal on asphalt someplace in the garage...

BROOKS

They murdered your wife, didn't they?

MENDOLSON

I'm the one who should be dead...

KEATON

Why'd they kill her?

MENDOLSON

They're bringing in guns. Tons of
them. Glock P-100s, made of plastic.
They won't trigger metal detectors.

KEATON

Who is?

MENDOLSON
 Bringing them by boat. Right into
 the Harbor.

BROOKS
 Who?

MENDOLSON
 They tried to bribed me. I refused.
 Told them I was going to the F.B.I.

KEATON
 Who?

MENDOLSON
 They killed Patty. Told me my
 daughter was next... Unless I
 cooperated.

KEATON
 You should have gone to the Feebies.

MENDOLSON
 I couldn't. Don't you see? He'd
 kill me.

Tires skid on the second level, echoing through the garage.

KEATON
 Give me a name.

MENDOLSON
 Woodbridge.

Mendolson turns his head towards the skidding.
 Closer.

The 1957 Chevy blasts around a pillar, right at him.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Behind the wheel of the Chevy, the mohawked WILDER.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- DAY

Keaton and Brooks dive for cover behind parked cars.

Mendolson pleads with the oncoming car.

MENDOLSON
 I didn't tell them anything!

The Chevy hits Mendolson head on, throwing him over the roof.
 Ricochets off the ceiling, SPLATS behind the car.
 Dead.

Brooks moves to check Mendelson...
Realizes she's stepped from behind cover...
The Chevy ROARS at her!

KEATON

Brooks!

Brooks runs like a lunatic.
 Behind her, the Chevy increases speed.
 Coming right at her.

Brooks wants to look back.
 See how close the Chevy is to her.

But she can HEAR the car only a few feet behind her.
 Closing fast!

SUDDENLY Keaton leaps from the shadows, aiming his guns at
 the front tires of the Chevy.
 BLAM!
 BLAM!

Misses.
 But the Chevy twists away from the gunfire.

Brooks dives over a parked car, barely escaping the Chevy.

The Chevy skids into a 180 turn.
 Heading back at Keaton!

KEATON

Oh shit...

Keaton fires two more shots.
 BLAM!
 BLAM!

One hits the windshield, shattering it.
 The other goes wild.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

WILDER

This little piggy cried Weee Weee
 Weee all the way to the morgue.

Speeds to hit Keaton.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- DAY

Keaton dives behind a beat up Pinto.

The Chevy shoots past him, running over Mendolson's corpse
 on its way to the exit ramp.

Keaton pops from behind the Pinto and fires at the Chevy...
 But it's gone.

Keaton holsters his gun, jumps over the Pinto.

KEATON
He's getting away!

Keaton jumps into the Unmarked Car, starts it.

Brooks dives into the passengers seat as Keaton ROARS OFF after the 57 Chevy.

EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- DAY

The Unmarked car FLIES out of the parking garage.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

THE 57 CHEVY shoots across an intersection, tires squealing.

The Unmarked car blasts across a half minute later.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton pulls the seat belt and shoulder harness down.

KEATON
Buckle up.

Brooks grabs the wheel, swerve around a slow moving Volvo.

Keaton finishes adjusting the seat belt, grabs the wheel.

KEATON
Thanks.

Brooks grabs the radio mike.

BROOKS
This is Cobra Two. We are in pursuit of a blue 1957 Chevrolet. No visible license number, on 3rd and Kingsley.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Back up requested?

She looks at Keaton, who shakes his head.

BROOKS
The car was involved in a code 480 and shooting incident at Union Street Garage. MCSU unit and the Coroner.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Ambulance?

BROOKS
DOA. Harbor Patrol Chief Mendolson.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Shit...

BROOKS

We WILL need back up. We're heading
north on Columbus. In pursuit.

Brooks hooks the mike.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder skids around a corner onto a side street.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Unmarked car slides around the corner behind the Chevy.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder speed dials his cell phone.

WILDER

Wilder here. Mendolson blabbed.
Had to waste him. Don't know what
he said, but they're following me.

(beat)

Yeah, I know the alley.

(beat)

Okay. I'll bring them with me.

Wilder pats his assault rifle.

WILDER

You guys just be ready on your end.

Wilder hangs up, looks in the rear view mirror.
The unmarked car is still behind him.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Wilder skids the Chevy left against the light.
Two cars hit their brakes to avoid hitting him.
A VW slams into a row of parked cars, flipping on its side.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton speeds past the flipped car.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Chevy twists into a narrow alley.
The sides of the car skid along the walls, throwing sparks.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

KEATON

Hang on!

Keaton twists the wheel, following the Chevy.

The Unmarked police car is a few inches wider than the Chevy:
Fenders spark against the alley walls.

POP!

CRASH!

Brooks ducks as the side view mirrors are sheared off.

BROOKS

Watch out! Watch out!

Garbage cans flip over the roof, clatter on the trunk lid.

Keaton slams down on the gas... Trying to counteract friction.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder hits the gas, zooming out of the alley.

WILDER

Still behind me little piggies?

Looks in the rear view mirror:

The Unmarked car is right behind him, coming out of the alley.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton twists out of the alley, zooming after the Chevy.
Both sides of the unmarked car are scraped to pieces.

KEATON

Still here, scumbucket.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Unmarked car twists around a slow moving Volkswagen,
flying after the Chevy.

THE NEXT INTERSECTION: traffic has come to a stop.
All lanes are blocked.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder twists the wheel, sends the car onto the sidewalk.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton jumps the unmarked Dodge onto the curb.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Chevy slams through a stack of crates, sending splinters and
boards overhead...

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Brooks covers her head, as crates rain over the car.

Keaton looks like he's on a sunday drive.

Through the spider webbed window Brooks sees the Chevy sheer the door off a deli, frightening customers back inside.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The sidewalk in front of the Chevy is filled with pedestrians.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder twists through them like pylons, tires going on and off the sidewalk.

WILDER

Here we go round the mulberry bush.
The mulberry bush. The mulberry
bush.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Pedestrians SCREAM as the 1957 Chevy WEAVES THROUGH THEM, missing some by less than an inch. Amazing driving.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

KEATON

No way, Jose.

Keaton skids off the sidewalk to avoid the pedestrians.

Maneuvers in and out of traffic, keeping sight of the Chevy.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The two cars run neck and neck, then...

The Chevy flies to the street RIGHT IN FRONT OF the Unmarked car... Roars away.

INT. 1957 CHEVY -- DAY

Wilder pulls the Chevy into an alley between two buildings.

WILDER

Here we come.

THE UNMARKED CAR skids around the corner, following Wilder.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

No more than twenty feet wide. Each building is five stories tall and has a pair of closed back doors.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

Wilder skids the Chevy around, blocking the exit.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton jams the brakes, fish-tailing towards the wall until he gets control.

KEATON
It's a frigging trap.

Brooks looks at the exit blocked by Wilder's Chevy.

Wilder steps out car, smiling, pulls out his machine pistol.

BROOKS
Back up! Back up!

Keaton throws the car into reverse and burns rubber backwards.

A PLYMOUTH STATION WAGON pulls across the mouth of the alley, blocking them in.

KEATON
Get out of the way! Out of the way!

Keaton jams the brakes, honks the horn.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

THE STATION WAGON doesn't move.

But Ashley Abrams, dressed in another skin tight dress, steps out holding a MAC-10.

RONALDO, a huge zoot-suited Hispanic, also carrying a MAC-10, rolls from the back of the station wagon. Ronaldo makes Schwarzenegger look like a wimp.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton sees guns and jams the gas, speeding the down the alley, skidding to a stop. Halfway between the two cars.

KEATON
Get down!

Wilder opens fire at the Dodge.

Brooks and Keaton duck as bullets shatter the front window, sending shards of glass flying through the car.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Ashley and Ronaldo open fire.
Machine guns roar, echoing through the alley.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton and Brooks are caught in cross fire, hugging the floor.

Brooks grabs the radio.

BROOKS

Dispatch! Dispatch! This is Cobra
two. Cobra two. Where's back up?
Ten-13! Ten-13!

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten-5, Cobra two?

Keaton grabs the mike from Brooks.

KEATON

She said: "Get some damned help out
here, NOW!" You copy?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten-4. Location?

KEATON

A God Damned alley at...

BROOKS

Tenth and Parker.

KEATON

Tenth and Parker.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten-4.

Keaton hooks the mike.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Bullets riddle the sedan, punching big holes in the body.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Wilder amuses himself by poking holes in the radiator.

Green fluid erupts from the Unmarked car like blood, spurting
across the alley.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Brooks and Keaton pull their guns, but neither wants to raise
their head to fire.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Ashley sights the rear of the car and fires at the gas tank.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Six bullets puncture the gas tank, spraying fluid.

A gush of gas begins flowing from the back of the Dodge, turning into a stream headed towards Ronaldo.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Ronaldo sees the stream of gasoline, smiles, pulls a lighter from his pocket. Waiting for the gas to travel to him.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Bullets fly overhead. Keaton and Brooks hug the floor. Finally Keaton raises his head a little.

KEATON

Screw this. Let's ram 'em.

He twists ignition. The engine doesn't start. Too many holes.

KEATON

We're REALLY trapped.

Brooks looks over the door, sees a possible avenue of escape.

BROOKS

The doors.

KEATON

Morrison was a god, but this is no time to talk music.

BROOKS

I mean THOSE doors.

Keaton looks out what is left of the window at the two doors on his side of the car.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

GASOLINE continues flowing to Ronaldo, only thirty feet away.

He flicks his lighter, flipping it around like a gunslinger.

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Keaton cocks his gun, turns to Brooks.

KEATON

Make a break for it?

BROOKS

Sure. What do you want?

She points to doors, going clockwise from her side.

BROOKS

Door number one, door number two,
door number three, door number four?

KEATON

Or what's behind Carol Merrill's skirt.
I'd take the skirt right about now.

BROOKS

Not an option.

KEATON

Then I'll take number four.

The door on his side closest to Wilder.

BROOKS

Okay. I'll try door number two.

The door closest to Ronaldo.

BULLETS CONTINUE TO PUMMEL THE CAR.
They have to get out.

Brooks and Keaton, guns ready, hands on door handles.

KEATON

On three.

Brooks nods, taking a breath.

KEATON

Three!

Keaton and Brooks scramble out of the unmarked car.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Keaton aims his 44 Magnum at Wilder, fires.
BLAM!
BLAM!

Wilder hits the dirt.
Bullets fly overhead, one of them shredding a garbage can.
Wilder looks at the can.

WILDER

This little piggy has Dum-dums.

Wilder gets his MAC-10 ready for action.

Keaton runs like a madman to door number four.

Wilder pokes from behind the Chevy, aiming the MAC-10.

Keaton fires before Wilder can aim.
BLAM!

Wilder ducks. The bullet whizzes past his head.

Brooks has double trouble on her way to door number two.
Both Ronaldo and Ashley fire at her.

Brooks fires at Ashley, then at Ronaldo.
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

Ronaldo dives behind the station wagon. Pockets his lighter,
and sprays the wall behind Brooks with MAC-10 bullets.

PLASTER flies over Brooks as she runs to the recessed doorway.

Ashley fire in front of her, stopping Brooks in her tracks.

Brooks returns fire, forcing Ashley behind the station wagon.
BLAM!
BLAM!

Brooks reaches the recessed door, takes cover.
Bullets spray the wall, turning brick into dust.

Keaton gets to his door, Wilder sprays the wall with gunfire.

Brooks grabs the door knob.
Locked.
She tries tugging/kicking it... gets nothing.

BROOKS
Mine's locked!

Keaton's door is locked, too.
He aims his 44, turns his head away as he pulls the trigger.
BLAM!

KEATON
Mine's open!

Brooks looks down the alley, past the car, to Keaton's door.
A long way, but she can make it.

Keaton reloads as Wilder riddles the walls around him.
Bullets ricochet, sending plaster dust flying.

KEATON
Okay. On five.

Keaton loosens up his shoulders, gets ready.

KEATON
One... Two... FIVE!

Keaton rolls out of the doorway, blasting at Wilder's head.
Forcing him behind the car.
Then Keaton fires a shots at Ronaldo and Ashley.

Brooks runs at full speed.

Wilder pops up from behind the Chevy.
Keaton fires at him.

KEATON
Down Scumbo!

Turns back to Brooks in time to see Ashley raise up.
MAC-10 aiming.

KEATON
Behind you!

Brooks spins, aiming her 38 at the killer babe.
Click!
Click!
Click!
Out of shells!

Keaton watches in horror...
.....Ashley raises up, smiling...
.....fires the MAC-10 at Brooks.

Brooks is hit in the chest.
Slamming her against the brick wall.

KEATON
You BITCH!

Keaton runs to Brooks.

Ronaldo aims his MAC-10 at Keaton and squeezes the trigger.

Keaton rolls.
Bullets fly past him.
Asphalt divots kick up around him.
He dives behind the unmarked police car, using it as cover.

Crawling halfway inside the car, he picks up the microphone.

KEATON
Cobra two! Officer down! Officer
down! Where the hell's are backup!

He sees Ashley walking to Brooks' body.

Ashley looks down at Brooks's body.
Huge bullet holes in her shirt.
Eyes closed, blood dribbles from her mouth.

ASHLEY
Ding dong the bitch is dead.

Legs spread for balance, Ashley aims at Brooks' face.

ASHLEY

How about a closed casket service?

Keaton sees Ashley about to fire the MAC-10 at Brooks' face.

KEATON

No! No!

Keaton pops from behind the car and fires at Ashley.

BLAM! BLAM!

Both shots hit Ashley's chest, spinning her into a graceful pirouette. Then she slams to the asphalt, dead.

Keaton tries to get to Brooks' body.

KEATON

Brooks...

Ronaldo blasts his MAC-10, pinning Keaton behind the car.

Keaton, shaking with fear, pinned inside the car.

All four tires are shot out.

Keaton looks at Brooks's body, then looks to the door.

He makes a decision, grabs the microphone.

KEATON

Dispatch! This is Keaton in Cobra two. Officer Brooks is down!

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten one?

KEATON

I repeat: DOWN. I am practicing Tactical Retreat. Over!

Keaton drops the microphone, readies his 44 Magnum, bolts to the door.

BULLETS splatter around him as he runs to door number four.

He fires at Ronaldo and Wilder, who duck for cover.

Keaton runs like crazy.

He dives to the door.

Bullets chip the brick all around him.

Takes a final look at Brooks' lifeless body, swings open the door and gets the hell out of there.

INT. OLD MOVIE THEATER -- DAY

Keaton runs through the dark, empty theater, trying to escape.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Ronaldo bends over Ashley.

RONALDO
She's dead.

Sirens in the distance.

Ronaldo and Wilder look at each other for a second.

WILDER
Take the wagon and get out of here.

RONALDO
What about the cop?

Wilder looks down at Brooks' body, then to the Unmarked car.

WILDER
I got an idea. Throw me your lighter.

Ronaldo tosses it to Wilder, who plucks it from the air.

The sirens get closer.

INT. OLD MOVIE THEATER -- DAY

Keaton gets to the lobby.
No one is chasing him.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- DAY

Ronaldo walks from the Unmarked, wiping blood off his suit.

WILDER
She in the car?

RONALDO
Seat belt and everything.

WILDER
This little piggy got fried.

Wilder touches the lighter to the stream of gasoline.

He sings "Disco Inferno" as flames race down the stream to the Unmarked car.

WILDER
Burn baby, burn! Burn baby, BURN!

Wilder and Ronaldo turn away as the car bursts into flames.
BLAAAAAAM!

They get into the Chevy, drive away, police sirens get closer.

THE UNMARKED CAR EXPLODES when flames reach the gas tank.
 BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!
 Flames race to the heavens.

INT. CHAPLIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Harry Keaton getting chewed out by Rory Chaplin.

CHAPLIN

What were you thinking, Keaton? Or
 were you thinking at all?

Keaton says nothing.
 He's hit rock bottom.

CHAPLIN

She was burned beyond recognition.
 The Coroner says that one of the
 bullets punched clean through her.
 You abandoned her and ran.

KEATON

I exercised Tactical Retreat, sir.

CHAPLIN

You ran. You got scared and you
 ran.

Keaton looks at his shoes, it's true.
 He still tries to justify his actions.

KEATON

She was dead. I saw her get hit.
 Saw her go down.

CHAPLIN

And you ran. You know the rule: We
 always bring out our dead. Always.
 (beat)
 Back up was on the way.

KEATON

I did my best.

CHAPLIN

I should never have teamed her up
 with you. My mistake.
 (beat)
 You're a dangerous man, Keaton.

Keaton studies his shoes.

CHAPLIN

You're suspended pending further
 investigation. Internal Affairs
 wants you off the force. I need
 your badge and gun.

Keaton hands the badge and the gun over.

KEATON
Has anyone told the kid?

CHAPLIN
We sent a child welfare officer over
this morning.

KEATON
What about the father? Does he know?

CHAPLIN
We don't know who the father is.
Brooks had the kid on her own.

KEATON
Grand parents?

CHAPLIN
Dead.

KEATON
So the kid is all alone, now?

CHAPLIN
All alone.

Keaton realizes the extent of his actions.

INT. ROBBERY HOMICIDE ROOM -- DAY

Keaton sits at Brooks' desk, looking through her life.
The photo of Lisa, the paperwork on the Mendolson case.

Keaton looks at the photo of Lisa.

KEATON
Alone.

INT. KELLY BROOKS APARTMENT -- DAY

Keaton looks up from his shoes at Lisa, curled on the couch
next to him, hugging a teddy bear and wiping tears.

KEATON
I know what it's like to be alone.
(beat)
When I was a kid, I was alone. Mom
and dad got divorced when I was six.
My dad was a drunk, but he loved me.

He looks at Lisa, who holds the teddy bear close.

KEATON
My mom.
(MORE)

KEATON (CONT'D)

She thought I got in the way of her life. She had to pay baby sitters while she worked. She had to work to pay for me. She couldn't go out dancing on saturday nights. Couldn't have boyfriends.

(beat)

Hell, kid, she hated me.

(beat)

So I was alone. I didn't have any friends. I only had myself.

Lisa hugs the teddy bear closer.

KEATON

Being alone. That's what makes you afraid. You close yourself off. Pretend that what you do doesn't matter. It doesn't touch anyone.

(beat)

So I did whatever I wanted. Now, I realize I was wrong. Everything I did touched other people. I just didn't notice it.

Keaton looks at obituary page with Brook's photo and obit on the coffee table.

KEATON

I just never thought about it.

THE OBITUARY PAGE FILLS THE SCREEN.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The obituary pulls away, Woodbridge smiles.

IN THE GLASS WALLED OFFICE, Woodbridge talks with someone sitting in one of the chairs. We don't know who.

WOODBIDGE

But here it is. You are one of the privileged.

Sets the obituary down, smiles at the occupant of the chair.

WOODBIDGE

How many people can make that claim?
How many of us can say:

We roll around to look at the occupant of the chair.

WOODBIDGE

"I read my own obituary."

Kelly Brooks.

Tied to a chair, clothes ripped up and bloody, she is alive.

WOODBIDGE

Everyone thinks you are dead. No one is coming to rescue you, and no one cares if I kill you.

(smiles)

Wilder exercised good judgement when he put poor Ashley's corpse in your car and torched it.

(beat)

He removed one of our casualties, and also made it possible for me to question you without fear.

Woodbridge strokes her face.

WOODBIDGE

You see, we have a rather large shipment coming in tomorrow. I need to know how much Mr. Mendolson told you before his unfortunate death.

(beat)

And whether you have set a trap.

BROOKS

Screw you.

WOODBIDGE

What did you say?

BROOKS

I said: SCREW YOU.

WOODBIDGE

Is that any way for a corpse to talk? Don't you understand? You are DEAD. I can do ANYTHING to you. ANYTHING.

He goes to the door, yelling across the warehouse to Wilder.

IN THE WAREHOUSE

Wilder supervises SIX DOCK WORKERS using a pair of FORKLIFTS to clear the warehouse in preparation for the shipment.

WOODBIDGE (O.S.)

Wilder! I need a pair of pliers.

Wilder gets the pliers.

He hands them to Woodbridge, gets back to work.

IN THE OFFICE

Woodbridge snaps the pliers open and shut in his hand.

WOODBIDGE

Is it a trap? Or is it safe?

BROOKS

You'll find out tomorrow.

WOODBIDGE

No, I'll find out tonight.

He advances with the pliers.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY -- NIGHT/MORNING

Harry Keaton smokes a cigarette and looks at the sooty, charred area where the unmarked car once was.

Black smudges rise up the walls of the two buildings. He smokes his cigarette and waits for the sun to rise.

Echoes of dialogue from the past.

CHAPLIN (V.O.)

One of the bullets punched clean through her.

BROOKS (V.O.)

You always try to look down your partner's shirts?

CHAPLIN (V.O.)

Keaton, you're a dinosaur.

BROOKS (V.O.)

You make it sound like a game.

CHAPLIN (V.O.)

You got scared and you ran.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I have a five year old daughter at home. If I die, she has no one. No one.

CHAPLIN (V.O.)

She was burned beyond recognition.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I'm still wearing my vest. It's regulation.

Keaton pulls the cigarette out of his mouth. It's morning.

Looks at the charred area of the alley. Then suddenly stops.

KEATON

If she was wearing the vest, how
could the bullet punch through her?

Keaton smiles.

KEATON

She's alive.

INT. KEATON'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Keaton opens the closet door.

THE CLOSET

Is filled with weapons. Enough to wage a small war.

KEATON

Hmmm. Now what shall I wear?

Keaton pulls out a Remington shotgun, a 9mm Browning automatic with a wrist spring, a pair of 44 Magnums and holsters, a pair of throwing knives, and ammo.

After holstering the 44 Magnums, one under each arm, he fills his pockets with spare shells.

Keaton straps on the 9mm automatic and the spring release.

He gives it a try.

Twists his wrist.

The 9mm zips into his palm, ready for use.

He pulls the throwing knives out of the box and pockets them.

Keaton almost closes the door.

Then notices something, smiles.

KEATON

Hell. It IS the fourth of July.

Pulls out a string of firecrackers.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Harry Keaton's old Mustang parks in front of the Warehouse.

Woodbridge's Mercedes is parked on the side of the Warehouse.

Keaton sits in his car, looks at the place, then climbs out.

KEATON

You've been a great car. I'm sorry
to do this to you.

Pulls the string of firecrackers out of his pocket.

Lighting the gang-fuse, he drops it behind his car.

Turning to the warehouse, yells:

KEATON
Woodbridge! This is Harry Keaton!
Come on out and fight like a man!

Aims one of his 44s at the office window and fires.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

IN THE OFFICE

BLAAAAM!
The window blows out behind Woodbridge's head.
He hits the dirt.

No further shots follow, yells to Wilder and the Dock workers:

WOODBIDGE
Get that asshole!

IN THE WAREHOUSE

Dock workers grab guns, run to the metal rolling door in front of the warehouse.

The door rolls up, exposing Keaton's Mustang.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Shots BLAST from behind the car.
Dock workers hit the dirt.

DOCKWORKER #1 and #3 take aim, firing a stream of machine gun bullets into the Mustang.

Gunfire continues from behind the car.

Ronaldo gives hand signals to the Dock workers.

DOCKWORKER #2 and #4 split to the left, circling the Mustang.

DOCKWORKER #5 and #6 split to the right, circling the car.

DOCKWORKER #1, and #3 provide cover fire from the steel door.

Gunfire continues from behind the Mustang.
The car is ripped to shreds by gunfire, but that doesn't seem to slow down the shooting.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Woodbridge runs out of the office, keeping low, to where Wilder and Ronaldo, watch the gun battle behind a forklift.

WOODBIDGE
Has the ship docked, yet?

WILDER

No, sir.

WOODBIDGE

Have the ship stay outside the three mile limit until we find out whether it's safe.

WILDER

It's only one guy out there. Not the whole Police Department.

WOODBIDGE

He may have radioed for help. We don't know until we capture him.

WILDER

Or kill him.

Woodbridge smiles at Wilder.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Dockworker #2 and #4 start closing the vice from the left as #5 and #6 start closing from the right. All four move in on the Mustang, guns ready.

Gunfire stops.
No one is behind the Mustang.

The four Dock workers close in, guns aimed inside the car. No one inside. Who was shooting the gun?

Dockworker #5 picks up the string of spent firecrackers. Shows it to the others.

DOCKWORKER #5

Firecrackers.

DOCKWORKER #2

It was a fucking diversion.

The Dockworkers look at the spent firecrackers

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

IN THE OFFICE

Brooks hears a noise behind her. Tries to turn her head, but she's tied to the chair.

The figure creeping up behind her has a knife in his hand!

The knife moves around Brooks, heading to her chest!

Brooks settles her feet on the concrete, then spins herself around to face her assailant.

KEATON
Watch it. I could of cut you.

BROOKS
Keaton.

Keaton cuts the ropes binding Brooks to the chair.
Brooks rubs wrists and ankles to get the circulation back.

Keaton hands her a 44 Magnum.

KEATON
Here. Don't say I never gave you
nothing.

BROOKS
It's huge!

KEATON
We'll exchange it for the proper
size when we get out of here.

BROOKS
Let's go.

They move out of the office into the Warehouse.

IN THE WAREHOUSE

The Dockworkers have returned from the parking lot.

Dockworker #5 holds up the firecrackers like a dead mouse
and shows it to Woodbridge.

RONALDO
Firecrackers?

WOODBIDGE
He's smarter then I thought.

Keaton pulls out his 44 Magnum, aiming at Dockworker #1.
Fires.

The bullet slams into the crate to Dockworker #1's right,
spraying sawdust.

Dockworker #1 counters with a stream of machine gun fire
into the darkness where Keaton and Brooks hide.

Ronaldo blasts coverfire.
Woodbridge runs behind a stack of crates.

Keaton aims at the crates and fires.

KEATON
Peek-a-boo. I see you.

The bullet blows a huge hole in the crate but misses Woodbridge. Woodbridge scrambles to the next stack of crates.

Dockworker #1 begins scaling a stack of crates, MAC-10 slung over his shoulder. He stairsteps up the crates, climbing from one to another, until he is ten feet off the ground.

Dockworker #2 and Dockworker #3 run at Keaton and Brooks, firing off short bursts of machinegun fire.

Ronaldo retains his position behind a pillar, next to Dockworker #5 and #6.

Keaton aims his Magnum at the two and squeezes off a shot. A bullet hits Dockworker #4 in the neck, he screams but doesn't die.

DOCKWORKER #4
Help! Arghhh! I'm shot!

ON TOP OF THE CRATES

Dockworker #1 aims down at the two, fires his machine gun. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets spray the asphalt in front of Brooks and Keaton, forcing them back towards the office.

Ronaldo, #5 and #6 provide cover fire as Woodbridge runs to the door.

Dockworker #1 sprays another burst of fire, covering Dockworker #2 and #3 who are only forty feet away from where Keaton and Brooks are hiding.

Brooks sees the two men running at them and aims the 44. BLAM!

DOCKWORKER #4
Help!! I been hit!

Dockworker #4 runs around like a spastic in the center of the Warehouse, bullets flying right and left past his head.

KEATON
Woodbridge. Got him?

Keaton nods to his left.

Brooks returns the nod.

They move into action, firing a few rounds to keep Dockworker #3 and Dockworker #2 in place as they run around the perimeter of the Warehouse.

Woodbridge sees them running at him, runs faster.

Dockworker #1 aims down from his vantage point and shoots a stream of bullets.

Dockworker #5, #6, and Wilder chime in.

Keaton and Brooks run, bullets kick dust inches behind them.

Dockworker #3 and #2 get to the entrance of the Warehouse and stop, raising their weapons at the running couple.

Dockworker #1 increases the speed of his arc, twisting the MAC-10 to the right.

Wilder's MAC-10 tags Keaton in the leg.
His thigh is yanked out from under him.

KEATON
I'm hit! I'm hit!

Brooks goes back for him.

Dockworker #1 smiles, takes aim at Keaton, pulls the trigger.
Nothing happens.
His clip is empty.
Dockworker #1 pulls another clip from his pocket and reloads.

Brooks grabs Keaton under the arms and hoists him to his feet, dragging him to the second forklift.

Wilder jumps from behind his pillar and sends a spray of machine gun fire in their direction.

Woodbridge gets to the rolling doors guarded by Dockworker #3 and Dockworker #2.

WOODBIDGE
Kill them!

Brooks gets Keaton to the second forklift.
They crouch down out of the line of fire.
Bullets whiz all around them, sparking off the machinery.

Brooks examines his wounded thigh, ripping away the leg of his pants. Spitting on her palm, she wipes away the blood to better examine the wound.

KEATON
Damn, that hurts.

A stream of bullets rip into the forklift.
Keaton looks at the torn flesh.

KEATON
Missed the bone. I can walk.

Keaton uses part of his pant leg to bandage it.

For a moment, there is silence.
No one is firing.
The silence is deafening.

Dockworker #1 drops to the ground, runs from pillar to pillar, to Keaton and Brooks. Silently moves behind them, gun ready.

Keaton and Brooks are unaware Dockworker #1 is behind them.

Woodbridge looks from Dockworker #2 to #3.

WOODBIDGE

Finish them.

They raise machine guns to their shoulders, sighting Keaton and Brooks.

Brooks hears the click of the hammer and spins, firing at Dockworker #1.

Dockworker #1 goes down, dead, and ALL HELL BREAKS LOSE.

Dockworker #2 and #3 open fire, sending rounds whizzing. Bullets ricochet. Hitting crates and sending clouds of sawdust into the air.

Keaton sees Woodbridge at the doors and fires.

KEATON

Woodbridge is getting away!

Woodbridge and Keaton exchange shots, missing each other.

Keaton fires a round at Dockworker #5, hitting him in the chest, spinning him like a top.

Brooks turns back to the pillars, spots a head and machine gun raising up. She fires. The head ducks down.

Twisting quickly around the edge of the forklift, Keaton aims his Magnum at Dockworker #3 and pulls the trigger. Click. Click. Click.

KEATON

Yikes!

Pulling back quickly, Keaton breaks open the gun and reloads.

Woodbridge starts pulling the chain which opens the door. The chain jams in the gears.

WOODBIDGE

Damnit!

He shakes the chain a couple of times, back onto the track.

Dockworker #6 charges through the center of the Warehouse, blasting away.

Brooks fires twice, hitting Dockworker #6 with both shots.

BROOKS
You back on the clock?

Magnum loaded again, Keaton looks at Brooks.

KEATON
Ready when you are.

Brooks blasts at Dockworker #3, shatters the edge of a crate into fragments, but misses the gunman.

Dockworker #3 sends a burst of machine gun fire down at Brooks, pitting the ground only an inch away from her.

Keaton pops from behind the forklift, fires at Dockworker#3.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

All three bullets hit him.
He spins around on the crates before falling to the ground.
Lands with a wicked sounding splat.

Dockworker #2 sees Brooks' only a few feet away, and sights in on her head. Finger squeezing the trigger.

Keaton twists, aiming at Dockworker #2 and fires.

Dockworker #2 flies backwards with the force of the shot, landing on his butt before he can even squeeze off a shot.

Brooks smiles at Keaton

BROOKS
Thanks.

KEATON
Any time.

Then Wilder opens fire.

The two dive behind the forklift.
Keaton hands Brooks the last of his shells, and she reloads.

Keaton looks from Wilder to Ronaldo.

KEATON
Only two left.

BROOKS
Plus Woody wood pecker.

Woodbridge gets the dockside door open and runs out.

KEATON

Can you handle them? I don't want
that scumbag to get away.

BROOKS

Take it.

Keaton limps across the Warehouse chasing Woodbridge.

Bullets chase him, kicking up dirt behind his feet and
ricocheting off pillars.

Wilder climbs into the other forklift, starts it, and roars
across the warehouse to where Brooks hides.

WHEN KEATON gets halfway across the warehouse, Ronaldo swings
out from behind a pillar, aiming his machine gun at his head.

RONALDO

Are you ready to die?

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Woodbridge at his Mercedes, searching for his keys.

WOODBIDGE

Shit.

He tries his pants pockets.
Nothing.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Brooks hears an engine roaring towards her and looks up over
the top of the forklift.

Wilder's forklift is roaring at her at top speed.
She breaks away from the parked forklift.

Wilder corrects course, heading right at her.

Brooks dives behind the forklift, just as Wilder shoots past.

The giant forks pierce a crate where she was standing.

Brooks jumps onto the parked forklift, looking for the keys.
Not there.

Wilder circles his forklift around, moving the forks level
with Brooks's head.

Takes another run at her.

AT THE DOOR

Keaton looks at Ronaldo.
The guy's as big as a house.

RONALDO
Drop it, senior.

Keaton drops the magnum and holds his hands up.

Ronaldo laughs.
The weight lifter aims Keaton's head.

RONALDO
Any last requests?

KEATON
Just one.

Keaton looks down the gun barrel.

KEATON
Get the fuck out of my way.

He moves his right hand down and springs the Browning into his palm, firing off two shots at Ronaldo.

Both shots hit the Hispanic in the chest.
He drops the machinegun and falls to the ground.

Keaton blows imaginary smoke from his gun, turns to see how Brooks is doing.

Behind him, Ronaldo moves to his feet, dazed and angry.

AT THE FORKLIFT

Brooks finds the keys on the floor, jams them into the ignition. She puts the forklift in reverse, backing up at top speed as Wilder shoots towards her.

Wilder backs her into a corner.

WILDER
This little piggy gets skewered.

Brooks twists the wheel, turning the forklift slightly.
Her forks deflect Wilders.
Clang!

Wilder backs the forklift up for another run at her.

This time, Brooks puts her forklift in foreword.

They rush across the warehouse floor at each other.

WILDER
Ready or not, here I come!

Wilder moves his forks up a little, away from the other forks.

Brooks adjusts her forks to hit Wilder's.
The two forklifts get closer.

Wilder lowers his forks.

Brooks spins out of the way, and the two forklifts scrape sides as they pass.

Wilder twists into a 180 and heads back towards Brooks.

Brooks spins into a 180.

It's like jousting: The forks as the lances and the forklifts as the horses.

Brooks and Wilder take four more passes at each other.
Each time they adjust the forks to kill or to deflect.

CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!

Each time they spin out of the way at the last minute and scrape sides.

One of the times, the forks pierce over the cab, almost cutting off Brooks's head.

BROOKS

Woah!

She throws the forklift into reverse and spins away.

AT THE DOOR

Keaton hears a noise behind him and turns.
Ronaldo charging.

He jumps on Ronaldo's back, one arm around his throat and the other gouging at his eyes.

The brute shakes his head so Keaton's fingers can't find purchase. One of his meaty hands reaches back, trying to pull him off, but Keaton is just outside of his reach.

RONALDO

Get. Off. My. Back.

Roaring, Ronaldo slams his body backwards against the wall, smashing Keaton. He lets go and slides down the brick.

Ronaldo twists, fist flying to Keaton's face.

Keaton moves his head quickly and the fist slams into the wall only inches from his ear. Keaton kicks up with both feet, slamming them into the giant's groin.

Ronaldo's face turns white, he pulls his fist away from the wall and takes a step backwards.

Keaton rolls to his feet and butts his head into Ronaldo's bloody chest.

Ronaldo doesn't even move.

Keaton bounces off.

Ronaldo reaches down for his neck, ready to strangle him.

Keaton gives him a right/left combination punch to the face, but he doesn't flinch.

The hands grab his neck, fingers tightening on his throat.

THE FORKLIFTS

Wilder turns a 180, aims his forklift at Brooks.

WILDER

Get ready to die, little piggy.

He revvs the engine a couple of times, then charges her.

Brooks sees the forklift charging her, forks raising and lowering, and puts her forklift into gear. Charging Wilder for another joust.

EXT. DOCK BEHIND THE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Woodbridge jogs from his car down the dock to a Cigar Boat.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Keaton's face is turning blue.

Ronaldo tightens his hand on the cop's neck, smiling. Keaton gives the right/left combination to Ronaldo's groin. This gets a reaction.

Ronaldo lets go of his neck and covers his testicles.

Keaton joins his hands into one fist and slams them across his face, giving Ronaldo a little spin.

Keaton jumps up onto his back again, one arm squeezing his neck while the other goes for his eyes.

Ronaldo slams backwards against the wall.

This time, Keaton holds tight.

Ronaldo does it again, knocking the wind out of him.

Keaton's grip loosens on his throat, and almost falls off.

Ronaldo takes five steps away from the wall, then moves backwards at top speed to smash him.

Keaton realizes he can't take another hit against the wall. He sticks two fingers up Ronaldo's nostrils and pulls.

Ronaldo screams as Keaton rips his nose off, stops.

Keaton slams a fist against Ronaldo's damaged nose.

This makes Ronaldo lose his temper. Bowing down quickly, he flips Keaton over his head, sending him crashing against the brick wall.

Before he can pull himself to his feet, Ronaldo charges him.

Keaton staggers up, using the wall for balance, sees Ronaldo coming towards him. No escape.

THE FORKLIFTS

Brooks sees the forks heading right at her. No escape.

Brooks keeps the wheel straight as she heads at Wilder in a deadly game of chicken.

AT THE DOOR

Ronaldo charges towards Keaton.

Keaton waits until he is inches away. Pops the gun into his hand. Presses it against Ronaldo's chest.

The gunshot is muffled by his bulk.

Ronaldo stops, his eyes roll up, he dies, drops to the floor.

THE FORKLIFTS

Wilder charges at Brooks.

At the last minute, Brooks rolls off the forklift. The forks cut through the cab where her head was.

Before Wilder can throw his forklift into reverse... Brooks raises her gun and fires. BLAM!

Blowing Wilder off the top of the forklift. Wilder splats on the floor and dies.

EXT. CIGAR BOAT -- DAY

Woodbridge casts off the lines and hits the ignition switch. The Cigar Boar ROARS to life.

INT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Brooks and Keaton hear the speed boat start up.

KEATON

Woodbridge!

They run out of the warehouse to the dock.

EXT. DOCK BEHIND THE WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Keaton and Brooks run out of the warehouse in time to see:

Woodbridge's sleek black Cigar Boat speed out of the marina behind the warehouse towards the Pacific.

KEATON

Shit!

Brooks looks down the pier at a tethered Cruiser.

INT. CABIN CRUISER -- DAY

Brooks can see the keys in the boat's ignition.

BROOKS

Let's go.

Keaton and Brooks jump into the Cabin Cruiser.

Keaton starts the engine.

Brooks untethers the boat from the pier.

They back the Cabin Cruiser out of the slip, and with Keaton at the wheel, move out of the Marina. Chasing Woodbridge.

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

THE CABIN CRUISER skims over the surface of the Pacific towards the Cigar Boat. Rippling wake reflecting the orange sun on the horizon.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge shoots across a wave, water splashing. Behind him, the Cabin Cruiser gives chase.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton looks at the black Cigar Boat a hundred yards in front of him. He gives the Cabin Cruiser full throttle, speeding.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge twists the wheel, splashing the boat over another wave and pulling the bow out of the water.

Behind him, the Cabin Cruiser shoots over the waves.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton has the boat at full power.

When they get within a hundred yards of the Cigar Boat, Brooks pulls out the 44 Magnum and takes aim at the boat.

Spreading her legs to stabilize herself, she fires three shots at the Cigar Boat.

The bullets ricochet off, sending Woodbridge into a panicked zig-zag.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge gives the boat more fuel, splashing the Cigar Boat to the left against the waves.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton shoots the wave, speeds in hot pursuit.
But the Cigar boat is twice as fast.

KEATON

Brooks! I got something to tell
you!

BROOKS

What's that?

KEATON

You got shit taste in boats.

Brooks re-aims the pistol at the rear of the Cigar Boat and fires, ripping a hole in the steel.

THE CIGAR BOAT

THE BULLET hits the gas tank.

A spray of orange fuel shoots out the back of the Cigar Boat.

Woodbridge ducks as Brooks's bullets whiz over his head.
When he looks back in front of the Cigar Boat, he sees:

THE FOUR BARGES

Floating on the horizon.

All loaded with crates of guns.

Dozens of crates of Glock P-100 plastic guns.

ALSO: crates marked "AMMUNITION".

ON EACH BARGE, an ARMED MAN.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton twists the wheel of the Cabin Cruiser, following the black Cigar Boat.

Brooks takes aim again and fires.
Click!
Out of shells.

BROOKS

Keaton! I need more rounds!

KEATON

All out.

Brooks looks at the gun.
It's no good.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge hits the fuel, zooming the Cigar Boat away from the Cabin Cruiser; flying across the water towards the barges. Throwing a HUGE wake.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Brooks ducks as waves shoot over the bow of the Cabin Cruiser.

Keaton is almost swept off his feet, but his hands clamp onto the steering wheel.

Water crashes over the roof and splashes on the rear deck.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge gives the Cigar Boat more fuel, pulling away from the Cabin Cruiser.

Then the fuel gauge reads empty, and the Cigar Boat sputters and coughs as it slows down.

THE CABIN CRUISER

BROOKS

We can't let him get away. He'll take the barges into international waters and wait for us to leave.

Keaton springs the 9mm into his palm and hands it to Brooks.

KEATON

Should be two shots left.

Brooks takes the gun.

BROOKS

I better not miss.

The Cabin Cruiser flies through the water at the Cigar Boat.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge looks at the Cabin Cruiser, closing in!

WOODBIDGE

Damn them to hell....

He hits the button for the auxiliary fuel tank.

The Cigar Boat comes back to life and speeds up.

THE TWO BOATS speed towards the three mile limit.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Hits full speed, bow climbing up out of the water.
Every little wave they hit launches the boat through the
air, bringing it down with a crunch into the water.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge presses the throttle all the way into the red.
The Cabin Cruiser is right behind him, also increasing speed.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton pushes the throttle all the way to the metal.

KEATON

She won't go any faster!

Brooks gets into stance and takes aim.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge gives the boat more fuel, speeding away.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Brooks almost falls over as they hit a wave, turns to face
the Cigar Boat.

KEATON

We're going too fast! Get down!

She doesn't listen to him.

Keeping her legs spread apart for maximum balance, Brooks
pulls the pistol once more and aims it at the Cigar Boat.

THE CIGAR BOAT is less than forty feet away.

THE CABIN CRUISER is running at full speed.

Brooks steadies her hands and aims at the Cigar Boat.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge gives more fuel.
Trying to get the hell away from the Cabin Cruiser.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Brooks takes aim and fires.

THE CIGAR BOAT

The bullet hits the Cigar Boat's front window, cracking the plexiglass into a milk-white crystal.

The bullet lodges in the empty passenger seat.
Woodbridge speeds, leaving the Cabin Cruiser in his wake.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Brooks is almost knocked from her feet by the wake.
She regains balance, aims again.

The Cigar Boat is speeding away.
Shooting towards the horizon at high speed.

KEATON

It's now or never.

Brooks pulls the trigger on the 9mm.
Click.

She drops the gun and turns to Keaton.

BROOKS

Anything else?

KEATON

Got a knife.

Keaton pulls the knife from his ankle, handing it to Brooks.

Brooks shakes her head and lets go of the knife.
It hits the deck and quivers.

Cigar Boat five hundred yards away, moving farther every minute.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge sees the barges only a few hundred feet away.
The Cigar Boat picks up speed.

THE CABIN CRUISER

BROOKS

We've got to stop him!

KEATON

How? He's twice as fast as us.

The Cigar Boat is almost to the barges.

BROOKS

We've got to stop him. We've got to stop him. We've got to...

KEATON

This isn't getting us very far.

BROOKS

VERY!

She looks below decks, comes back with the Very Signal Pistol.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge speeds towards the gun and ammo barges on the horizon, leaving the Cabin Cruiser far behind.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Brooks takes aim with the Very Pistol. She pulls the trigger.

THE FLARE fires towards the Cigar Boat.

THE CIGAR BOAT

Woodbridge cuts speed as he closes in on the Barges.

He doesn't want his wake to tip them over. The Cigar Boat taps the side of the first barge.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton and Brooks watch the flare land on the Cigar Boat... Hits the ruptured fuel tank and explodes!
BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

DEBRIS flies over the Pacific.

THE GUN BARGES CATCH FIRE.

The high impact plastic burns HOT, spewing ugly black smoke.

SUDDENLY, the ammo catches fire.

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMM!

A giant explosion, sending debris and flames over the horizon.

THE CABIN CRUISER

Keaton slows the boat, stopping it just inside the three mile limit. A cloud of smoke washes over the Cabin Cruiser.

KEATON

Don't you hate the smell of burning plastic?

Brooks laughs.

Keaton and Brooks relax.

It's over.

Brooks slides down the wall of the boat and sits on the deck. She turns and looks at the deep blue of the Pacific.

SUDDENLY, Woodbridge lunges out of the water at her. Grabs her by the hair and begins pulling himself onto the boat.

Brooks screams.

Keaton turns, sees what's happening.

Woodbridge pulls himself out of the water by her hair.

Brooks' hand searches around the deck and finds the knife.

Grabbing it, she pulls it out of the deck and jams it into Woodbridge's neck.

Woodbridge screams and let's go of Brooks, grabbing the knife, trying to pull it from his neck.

He bobs on the surface of the water.

Keaton pulls the Cabin Cruiser away from Woodbridge, leaving him alone in the Pacific.

As they pull away from Woodbridge, a shark fin breaks the surface. Keaton looks at it.

KEATON

Guess there's no such thing as professional courtesy anymore.

Then the boat roars away across the Pacific. Heading home.

INT. KELLY BROOKS APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The front door opens and Keaton enters.

KEATON

Hey! Pigmy! Where are you?

Lisa comes out of her room. She's been crying.

KEATON

Listen, Pigmy. I got a little
surprise for you.

The door opens behind him, and brooks enters.

LISA

Mommy! Mommy!

Lisa runs across the room and they hug and kiss.
Keaton fights back tears, doesn't win.

Lisa takes her mother by the hand and they sit in front of
the window, watching the fireworks outside.

Keaton crosses the room to join them.
Like a family.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
Fireworks explode outside.

THE END.