SOFT TARGET

(aka CROOKED)

By William C. Martell

TWO COPS...

ONE WITNESS...

A THOUSAND HIT MEN...

YOU DO THE MATH

William C. Martell
FIRST STRIKE PRODUCTIONS
11012 Ventura Blvd #103
Studio City, CA 91604
www.ScriptSecrets.Net
www.First-Strike-Productions.com

"SOFT TARGET"

FADE IN:

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

A upscale bar in the good part of town. Lawyers, Doctors, Businessmen, after hours having a good time.

LYNN SHANNON sits at the bar, fending off passes. Even her fashionable business clothes can't hide Lynn's pure animal sexuality. Sipping her martini, she's the most beautiful woman in the bar.

A BUSINESSMAN whispers something in her ear and she laughs.

LYNN

Sounds like fun.

THE PHONE behind the bar rings, and the BARTENDER answers. After a moment, he hands Lynn the handset.

LYNN smiles at the Businessman as she takes the phone.

LYNN

Sorry, love. Business.

(into the phone)

Lynn Shannon's office. Yes.

(beat)

What was that address again?

She writes the address on a cocktail napkin.

LYNN

Can he afford me? Okay. Give me half an hour.

She hands the phone back to the bartender, collects her purse, then turns to the Businessman.

LYNN

Sorry, love. Duty calls.

When she walks out of the bar, every man watches her.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN -- NIGHT

Establishing shot of a typical downtown Holiday Inn.

INT. HOLIDAY INN SUITE -- NIGHT

Two detectives, JACK PAXTON and SID BOEHM, play penny poker on the living room table. Both are in shirt sleeves, shoulder rigs and side arms showing.

PAXTON

Raise you a quarter.

Paxton tosses in his quarter. He has the rugged good looks of an ex-football player. Paxton is the type of tough guy we'd like to have on our side.

Boehm studies his cards for a moment before tossing in his money. Boehm is Charles Barkley to Paxton's Michael Jordan: a mean looking cop who shoots first, reads the Miranda card later.

BOEHM

I'm in.

BEHIND THEM, MEL DINELLI, a mid-level member of the Faustino Crime Family paces back and forth.

PAXTON

Will you quit with the pacing. It's getting on my fucking nerves.

DINELLI

Your fucking nerves? What about MY nerves? I'm the one ratting him out.

BOEHM

Made a hell of a deal, Dinelli. Here you are, a fucking mob scumbag since the day you were born, and 'cause you know the ID of some fucking hitman, they're gonna give you a Get Out Of Jail Free card.

DINELLI

Just play your cards and leave me the fuck alone. Okay?

Paxton shakes his head and turns to Boehm.

PAXTON

What do you have?

Boehm smiles and lays his card on the table: Three Kings and a pair of Twos.

PAXTON

Shit. Is that the best you can do?

Paxton lays down HIS cards.

PAXTON

Three Aces, two Queens.

Paxton begins wiping the quarters towards him.

PAXTON

Now I can do laundry.

Before Boehm can respond, there's a knock at the door.

BOEHM's gun is instantly in his hand.

PAXTON

Maybe it's take out.

Dinelli takes no chances. He ducks into the bedroom, closing the door all but an inch.

PAXTON moves to answer the door, and Boehm covers him.

TENSION BUILDS as Paxton takes off the chain and slowly opens the door. Boehm's gun is ready.

On the other side of the threshold is.... Lynn.

PAXTON

What do you want?

LYNN

Is this room two seventeen?

PAXTON

Who are you looking for?

LYNN

A man. I don't know his name. My service didn't have it.

PAXTON

Your service?

Dinelli comes out of the bedroom.

DINELLI

It's okay. I called her.

PAXTON

Shit. Couldn't you have gone one night without getting laid?

DINELLI

Hey, I'm tense. I gotta testify next week.

Lynn tries to come further into the room, but Paxton stops her roughly. Boehm keeps his gun on her.

BOEHM

Hold it, sister. We've got to pat you down.

LYNN

Does it look like I'm carrying a gun?

DINELLI

No. You just look happy to see me.

BOEHM

Shut up, scumbag.

Paxton closes the door and turns to Lynn.

PAXTON

Put your hands up against the wall, feet back, and spread 'em.

LYNN

You touch me, it's going to cost you fifty bucks.

Paxton rolls his eyes and moves to search her, but she pushes him away.

LYNN

I'm not kidding.

DINELLI

Shit, I'll pay the fifty bucks if we can get this thing rolling. I ain't getting any younger, here.

Lynn waits until she sees fifty bucks in Dinelli's hand before she allows Paxton to search her. When Paxton begins feeling up her legs for a weapon, she says:

LYNN

Getting your money's worth?

DINELLI

MY money's worth. Knock it off, Paxton. She's from the service, she's not carrying.

Paxton finishes his search without checking the area between her breasts.

PAXTON

Okay. But keep the bedroom door open.

LYNN

It's going to cost you extra if these monkeys are going to watch.

PAXTON

Close the fucking door. See if I care. We're out of here at shift change, anyway.

Lynn and Dinelli go into the bedroom and close the door. Boehm and Paxton holster guns and go back to the poker game.

INT. HOLIDAY INN BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dinelli sits on the bed.

DINELLI

Hey, sorry about those guys.

LYNN

No problem. Do you have the five?

Dinelli pulls five hundred dollars out of his wallet and hands it to Lynn.

Lynn puts the money in her purse, then kisses Dinelli.

LYNN

Let's see what we can do about that tension.

LYNN does a slow, sexy, strip down to bra, panties, garters, and nylons. She slowly rolls the nylons down her legs. Dinelli likes this.

In bra and panties, Lynn kisses Dinelli again, and they fall back onto the bed.

INT. HOLIDAY INN SUITE -- NIGHT

A knock at the door sends Boehm and Paxton after their guns.

PAXTON

Who is it?

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Shift change.

Paxton opens the door and a DETECTIVE enters (we don't see his face).

PAXTON

How'd you end up doing this shit work?

DETECTIVE

Just lucky, I guess.

PAXTON

Boehm, here, is itching to go home. Put it to his wife. I could stick around for a while, win some money off you.

DETECTIVE

Where's Dinelli?

BOEHM

In the bedroom... Relaxing.

DETECTIVE

Good.

The Detective quick draws his gun and blasts Paxton right off his feet.

BOEHM draws his gun and fires a couple of shots at the Detective. But the Detective rolls away, popping up next to Boehm and blowing a pair of huge holes in his chest.

BOEHM drops to the floor, blood still pumping. Both cops are stone cold dead.

INT. HOLIDAY INN BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Dinelli opens the window, but there are bars on the outside to prevent burglary.

LYNN scrambles for the closet, hiding inside and pulling the door closed JUST AS the bedroom door SLAMS inwards.

LYNN watches through a gap in the closet doors as:

DINELLI turns away from the barred window, pleading.

DINELLI

Look. I didn't tell them nothing. You gotta believe me.
(MORE)

DINELLI (CONT'D)

I didn't even say your name. They had me keep it for the trial. Nobody knows who you are. Nobody.

DETECTIVE

Good.

DINELLI

Just let me walk, okay? I SWEAR you'll never see me again.

DETECTIVE

I'll never see you again?

DINELLI

Never.

DETECTIVE

You're right.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Detective blows Dinelli to pieces.

When the Detective turns around, Lynn gets a good look at his face (but we DON'T!). The Detective takes a few steps, leaving the bedroom... Then stops.

WHAM! He runs to the closet doors, yanking them open.

LYNN tries backing away, but there's no place to go in the empty closet.

THE DETECTIVE presses the barrel of his gun RIGHT ON LYNN'S FOREHEAD and pulls the trigger twice.

Click. Click. Out of shells.

LYNN kicks up with all of her strength, knocking the Detective backwards. He flips over the bed, landing on the floor near Dinelli's corpse.

LYNN scrambles out of the closet and takes off running.

DETECTIVE

You bitch!

INT. HOLIDAY INN SUITE -- NIGHT

Lynn hears the Detective yelling as she jumps over Paxton's corpse and out the door.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN -- NIGHT

Lynn tears out the front doors of the Holiday Inn, dressed only in bra and panties.

PEOPLE on the sidewalk laugh as she runs down the street.

THE DETECTIVE, gun holstered, presses through the crowd. Not running, but following Lynn. He doesn't want to call attention to himself, and be IDed by another witness.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

A quiet, empty, urban street. Lynn runs down the sidewalk, looking for an open shop. Someplace to hide. All the windows are dark.

LYNN

Help me! Somebody help me!

Silence. Then the sound of running feet behind her. BLAM!

A gunshot blasts the night, crashing a window near Lynn.

LYNN takes off, spinning the corner into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Running for her life. She looks over her shoulder and sees:

THE DETECTIVE SILHOUETTED at the mouth of the alley. His gun glittering as he raises it and fires.

BLAM!

A garbage can near Lynn sparks and crashes to the pavement, rolling and spilling trash.

LYNN speeds past the trash, careful not to slip.

THE DETECTIVE lowers his gun and gives chase.

Lynn sees him running toward her and pours on the speed... Until she breaks a heel and goes sprawling to the pavement.

LYNN

Shit. Oh shit.

She scrambles upright, knees skinned.

THE DETECTIVE continues running toward her.

LYNN breaks the heel off her other shoe, puts it on, and scrambles away. But the Detective is VERY close behind her.

Lynn knocks over garbage cans, hoping to slow him down.

But it has little effect.

The Detective hurdles the garbage cans and keeps running.

Then Lynn sees the DEAD END SIGN at the end of the alley.

T'YNN

No, please no.

A cyclone fence and guard rail block her path. No where to run, no where to hide.

THE DETECTIVE closes in on her, slowing to a walk.

LYNN

Screw this.

Lynn begins climbing the fence to the alley on the other side. She uses the guard rail to get a hand hold on the top, then digs in and starts climbing.

THE DETECTIVE fires a couple of shots, which spark off the fence next to Lynn's hands, but miss.

Lynn gets to the top of the fence, silhouetted.

The Detective has a clean shot at her. He aims. Fires.

BLAM!

But Lynn jumps to the pavement, the bullet whizzing overhead. She rolls to her feet, and takes off. Running to the mouth of the alley.

THE DETECTIVE gets to the fence, aiming through at Lynn. Fires.

LYNN spins out of the alley onto the street seconds before the bullet would have hit her.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Lynn bolts across the street, almost hit by a car.

LYNN

Help me! Please!

The car zooms off.

Lynn runs up to a house with a lighted doorway. She begins POUNDING on the door.

LYNN

Open the door! Please open the door!

The porch light goes out suddenly. Lynn runs to another house.

As she passes in front of a dark doorway, the light SUDDENLY goes on. She stops and pounds on the door.

LYNN

Help me! Help! Just open the door!

No response.

She looks at the porch light, reading the label:

"Automatic Lighting Systems". It's sensory.

LYNN

Shit!

She runs to the next lighted doorway. As soon as she's away from the sensory porch light, it goes out.

A CAR FILLED WITH KIDS cruises down the street.

Lynn runs out to the street, waving her hands.

LYNN

Stop! Help me!

The car slows down. The KIDS (all boys) laugh when they see she's only dressed in bra and panties.

KIDS

Hey baby! Wanna party! Do the wild thing? Your man boot you out?

Then the car zooms away, leaving Lynn alone on the street... Except for the Detective.
BLAM!

LYNN

Shit.

Lynn takes off running again, turning a corner onto a BUSINESS STREET. She can hear the Detective's laughter and footfalls.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Lynn runs like hell.

No one to help her, here. Just businesses closed for the night. She's out of breath, tired.

She spots a recessed doorway, and squeezes into it SECONDS before the Detective rounds the corner onto the street.

THE DETECTIVE sees only the empty street. Gun up, he creeps down the street, eyes searching for some sign of her.

LYNN holds her breath as the Detective passes a few feet from her, then continues down the street.

THE DETECTIVE gets to the end of the street and looks around. He's lost her. He holsters his qun.

STANDING UNDER A STREET LIGHT, he pulls Lynn's purse out of his coat pocket and pops it open, searching for the wallet.

He finds Lynn's Drivers License. Studies the PHOTO and ADDRESS. He laughs, pockets the license and Lynn's phone book, then tosses the rest of the purse in a trash can and walks off into the darkness.

Knowing he can find her.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN -- NIGHT

Red and blue light strobes across the face of a pretty TV News REPORTER standing in front of the hotel. When the camera operator points to her, she begins her live remote.

REPORTER

This quiet downtown hotel behind me was the scene of three vicious murders less than an hour ago.

(beat)

When police responded to a routine 'shots fired' call, nothing could have prepared them for the carnage in room two seventeen.

ON VIDEO:

Shaky hand held footage of the Mobile Crime Scene Unit pulling up outside of the hotel, filmed earlier.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Three men, including two police
detectives, killed in what has been
described as a 'gangland style slaying'.

The pretty Reporter smiles with every gory detail.

REPORTER

Though police officials will not confirm or deny this, an inside source tells us that one of the victims was a prosecution witness against the Teflon Don himself, Franco Nugentti, of the Faustino Crime Family, seen here outside Superior Court last month.

ON VIDEO:

"File footage". DON FRANCO NUGENTTI is mobbed by reporters as he leaves the court room. Microphones are thrust into his face. He bats them away, pushing through the crowd.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

Mr. Nugentti... Is it true that your crime family controls the heroin distribution for...

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

This is the fifth witness who has....

REPORTER #3 (V.O.)

How many policemen do you have on your payroll, Mr. Nugentti?

Nugentti's lawyer, MAX KANTOR, pushes reporters out of the way and hustles Nugentti to a waiting limousine.

KANTOR

No comment. My client has no comment. He was an innocent man, falsely accused by an over zealous District Attorney.

When the limousine doors close behind Kantor and Nugentti, we cut from file footage to the live REPORTER.

The pretty Reporter smiles again.

REPORTER

This is the sixth witness killed before testifying against Nugentti. So far, it looks like there are no clues or leads on this case as well.

ON VIDEO:

File footage of bodies in oil drums, the trunks of cars at the airport, police tape around a motel, policemen outside a suburban house as a body is carried out on a stretcher. REPORTER (V.O.)

No matter how well hidden, or how well protected the witnesses are, Nugentti's alleged hitman has found them and killed them. Like a ghost, he can sneak past police completely unseen, and kill without leaving even the most minute of clues.

Back to the pretty Reporter, as she spots Chief Of Detectives JOHN ROUSE headed towards the hotel's front doors.

REPORTER

Detective Rouse? Trisha Sanders of KNTV. Is it true that....

ROUSE

No comment.

She tries to gracefully recover after being pushed away...

INT. HOLIDAY INN BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Cops on the scene.

The CORONER zips Dinelli into a bag. An MCSU Team collects hair, fiber, and fingerprint evidence.

ROUSE

Don't forget to print under the bed. We don't want to miss anything.

The PRINTMAN nods and scoots under the bed.

Chief Of Detectives JOHN ROUSE is the oldest of the four plainclothes men in the room, and the one you'd go to first if you were in trouble. Grey haired and fatherly, he wears his wedding band proudly. He exudes paternal kindness.

ROUSE

What've you got, Yordan?

YORDAN

Women's clothes. Skirt, blouse, blazer, slip, nylons and garter belt. No shoes, no purse.

PHIL YORDAN is the last one you'd go to if you were in trouble. A hard nosed cop wearing too much gold jewelry and a diamond pinky ring, he looks more like a thug in a suit than a cop. He has a non-regulation back up gun hidden in an ankle holster.

YORDAN

You think our boy Dinelli was a cross dresser?

ROUSE

Either that or he had company. Keep your eye out for small fingered prints. The kind a lady might leave.

YORDAN

If she left here without her clothes, she probably ain't much of a lady.

INT. HOLIDAY INN SUITE

Rouse moves into the Living Room area, where a pair of Plainclothes cops work.

ROUSE

Buzz, Danny-boy, what have you got for me?

"BUZZ" BEZZERIDES and DANNY LATIMER are long time partners from Robbery division and old friends. BUZZ is an aging high school football player with a butch haircut and pig nose. He wears his High School Championship ring on the only finger it still fits: his pinky.

LATIMER is the best detective on the force. Strictly by the book, a team player. Second generation detective, he carries his late father's badge and medal of honor in is wallet. A sharp dressed man who usually wears a knowing smile... But Boehm was a friend.

Latimer watches his buddy get zipped up in the body bag.

BUZZ

No shell casings. Hitter probably used a revolver.

LATIMER

From the size of the entry wounds, it looks like a 38. Maybe a police special.

YORDAN

You think that's how he got in?

Rouse turns as Yordan enters.

ROUSE

What's that?

YORDAN

How the hitter got in? He had this hooker give these guys a police special. While she's blowing them, the killer walks in and wastes Dinelli.

LATIMER

You're talking about a friend of mine, here. Boehm was a family man, happily married...

YORDAN

You saying he never traded for head?

Latimer gets angry, and takes a step towards Yordan, but Rouse holds him back.

LATIMER

You son of a bitch...

YORDAN

Come on, Latimer, take a swing.

LATIMER

Fuck you.

Latimer relaxes, but Buzz nods slightly.

BUZZ

The door was locked from the inside. No sign of forced entry. Boehm and Paxton had to let the killer into the room. If it was a woman...

LATIMER

How'd she know Dinelli was here in the first place?

ROUSE

Right. We're the only people who knew he was here.

YORDAN

You saying someone on the force?

ROUSE

I'm saying it's possible. We won't know 'till we pick this woman up. See what she has to say.

YORDAN

Well Murph got two clean sets of prints from inside the closet door. We should get a match on her by this afternoon. ROUSE

Good work. Have him run the prints under a bogus case number. If it IS an inside job, we don't want the killer to find our only witness before we do.

Yordan nods.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Establishing of the police department.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Latimer and Buzz weave through the busy Detective Room to Rouse's Office. Yordan is on the phone in the background.

INT. ROUSE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Buzz hands Rouse the file on Lynn Shannon.

BUZZ

She's been printed before. A couple dozen times. Here's her yellow sheet.

Rouse flips through the file, Latimer gives the high points.

LATIMER

Her name's Lynn Shannon. Call girl. Expensive. A couple of early busts for street walking, then she got respectable and moved up town.

ROUSE

Any idea how to track her down?

LATIMER

Dinelli made a call from the hotel to an "Escort Service".

BUZZ

The escort service hasn't given us any information, but then, we haven't applied any pressure, yet.

LATIMER

You think she's the hitter, or a witness?

ROUSE

Either way, we've got to reel her in.
 (beat)

Buzz, can you excuse us for a minute?

Buzz looks confused, but nods and leaves.

LATIMER

What's up?

ROUSE

Let's say for a minute this is an inside job. The hitter's a dirty cop. We've got to keep that cop as far away from the witness as possible.

LATIMER

Okay?

ROUSE

So I'm hand picking two people I can trust for this. The two cleanest cops on the force.

(beat)

Danny, I've known you since you were a kid. You're like a son to me. But Buzz.... Buzz has had some problems.

LATIMER

Sir, that man's my partner. I trust my life to him every day. If you have a problem with him, you have a problem with me.

ROUSE

Danny, this isn't personal. This is business.

Rouse hits his intercom button.

ROUSE

Send him in.

(to Latimer)

I'm hooking you up with a new partner. Guy from Homicide. Clean. You can trust him....

The door opens and Phil Yordan enters. Instant tension as Latimer sees him. These guys are vinegar and water.

LATIMER

No way.

YORDAN

What? Like you're a freaking prize?

ROUSE

You two are the most trustworthy detectives on the force. You're going to work together... That's an order, not open to debate.

Latimer and Yordan look at each other. Neither happy.

ROUSE

You're going to find this girl, this hooker. Take her to a hotel, motel, trailer park, somewhere. Don't tell me or anyone else where.

Rouse pulls a beeper from his drawer and tosses it to Latimer.

ROUSE

When it's time for her deposition, I'll beep you. Then all you've got to do is get her to the Courthouse in one piece.

Latimer looks at the beeper, then pockets it.

YORDAN

What if we need to contact you?

ROUSE

You don't. The less communication between us, the less chance of a fuckup. If the hitter is a cop, we don't want him snagging the caller ID and finding you.

Yordan nods slowly.

LATIMER

How do we find her?

ROUSE

You look. You two are the best in your departments. That's the other reason you're on this. If anyone can find her, you can.

Yordan nods.

ROUSE

Once you get her, don't let her out of your sight. For all we know, SHE'S the hitter.

Latimer's turn to nod.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Rouse's Office door opens and Latimer and Yordan exit, uncomfortable with each other.

BUZZ Bezzerides watches the two of them exit, frowning. He breaks the pencil in his hands. He starts to his feet, but pauses when he sees another detective, JJ DRATLER, flag down the pair. Dratler is a throwback to the sixties, a hippy-cop with long hair, an ear ring, an WILD clothes.

JJ DRATLER

So what's the brouha? Why's the chief playing secret squirrel all of the sudden?

YORDAN

Special assignment, JJ.

JJ DRATLER

Cool. Going outta state? Pick up a fugitive or something?

YORDAN

No. Nothing like that.

JJ DRATLER

It's the Dinelli murder, isn't it? Man, I knew it! That's why you guys are so zip-lipped....

LATIMER

Look, Dratler, this really isn't any of your business, okay? You take care of your cases, we'll take care of ours.

JJ DRATLER

No reason to go hostile, man. We're all on the same side, right?

LATIMER

Right.

But Buzz is on the outside, looking in. And NOT happy about it at all.

JJ DRATLER

Hasta.

YORDAN

Later, JJ.

Buzz watches Latimer and Yordan leave the detective room together... waits a beat, then follows them. He checks his gun before leaving. It's loaded and ready.

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- EVENING

An unmarked police car pulls away from the POLICE STATION and cruises through the city...

Another unmarked car not far behind them.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- EVENING

Latimer drives, Yordan is shotgun.

LATIMER

So how do we find her?

YORDAN

Find the people she trusts... Then turn them. They'll talk. They always do... Sometimes you gotta apply a little extra pressure.

LATIMER

We do this thing by the book. No bending the rules.

YORDAN

Yeah? So how do we do it?

LATIMER

Her escort service. Get permission to put a tracer on the phone. When she calls in, we nab her.

YORDAN

What if they won't give us permission for the phone trap? We just walk away?

LATIMER

We GET permission. Understood?

Yordan doesn't nod, but he doesn't argue, either. He sits quietly in the shotgun seat, trying to control his temper.

Latimer glances over at him. They will never be friends.

EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- EVENING

The unmarked car cruises past, followed a minute later by another car... an unmarked police car? Maybe.

INT. ESCORT SERVICE -- NIGHT

A caller ID box has been installed on the Escort Service lines. Yordan and Latimer sit next to the MADAME, watching the phone.

It rings.

MADAME

Millionaire's Club Escort Service, how
can I help you?
 (beat)

Yes...

She looks at Latimer and nods slowly. Yordan and Latimer trace the call.

MADAME

No calls. (beat)

Right.

(beat)

Take care of yourself, okay?

She hangs up the phone. Yordan looks across to Latimer.

YORDAN

Pay phone on College Avenue.

LATIMER

Let's go.

They exit, leaving the Madame to feel like Judas....

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

The pay phone. Latimer and Yordan scope the neighborhood.

LATIMER

She's within walking distance. A few blocks away, she wouldn't chose the payphone nearest to her hiding place.

YORDAN

Staying with a friend...

LATIMER

But not someone from her current life.

YORDAN

The file says she's a college grad...

Latimer smiles.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

The list of tenants next to the door buzzer.

LATIMER

Here we go. Professor Denise Hecht.

Yordan hits another unit's buzzer.

LATIMER

What are you doing?

YORDAN

Getting us in.

A voice squawks from the tiny speaker.

VOICE

Yes?

YORDAN

Dominos...

The door is buzzed open for them. Yordan smiles and holds it open for Latimer, who doesn't seem happy.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Yordan knocks on Professor Hecht's door.

VOICE

Yes?

LATIMER

Professor Hecht? It's about one of your students... Lynn Shannon...

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

Lynn is dressed up in clothes borrowed from her ex-professor. Yordan is driving, Latimer and Lynn are in the back seat.

YORDAN

Look at her. All dressed up, and no one to blow.

LYNN

How'd you find me?

YORDAN

I still think we ought to cuff her. What if she's the hitter?

LYNN

Because we both know the truth... The killer was a cop... like you.

Latimer and Yordan exchange looks in the rearview mirror.

LATIMER

Uniform cop?

LYNN

No. A detective.

LATIMER

Can you give us a description?

LYNN

Why? Think it's a friend of yours? (beat)

I'm not saying anything until I get to court. For all I know, you two are in on it... Covering for your buddy.

Latimer and Yordan look at each other again, this time with a trace of suspicion.

EXT. WILD 1950S MOTEL -- NIGHT

The unmarked car pulls up in front of a neon and pastel two storey motel.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

Yordan starts to get out.

YORDAN

What do you want? Two rooms?

LATIMER

One room, two beds. Back of the building, near the fire escape.

YORDAN

Right.

(beat)

Probably the first time she ever checked into a motel without being somebody's "Mrs. Smith".

Lynn gives him a dirty look. She does not like Yordan.

Yordan climbs out, closing the door. Lynn and Latimer are alone in the back seat. A certain amount of uncomfortable sexual tension between them.

LYNN

I'm not staying in the same room with you two...

LATIMER

You want a separate room? So you can wait 'till we're asleep and take the back door?

Lynn looks away for a moment, providing the answer.

LYNN

What's with the two beds? You and scuzball sleep together?

LATIMER

One of us keeps watch.

LYNN

Just don't get any ideas.

LATIMER

Look, this is business. My job. I don't care if they kill you or not, as long as we keep you alive long enough to ID the hitter.

Before Lynn can reply, Yordan opens the door.

YORDAN

Got us the biggest room in the joint, in the back, right next to the fire escape.

Latimer nods.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The door opens and Latimer hits the lights. The room looks like something out of an Elvis movie.

Large, wildly decorated in Hawaiian prints. Big enough to be two rooms, almost a suite.

Yordan and Latimer have small overnight bags. Lynn has a Thrifty Drug bag with toothbrush and panties.

YORDAN

Shoulda worn my blue suede shoes.

LATIMER

Sweep the room.

YORDAN

We just checked in...

But Latimer cuts him off with a look. Both detectives draw their guns and check every window, door, closet and corner.

YORDAN

Clear.

LATIMER

Fire escape is right out those windows. Mickey mouse lock, but we can hear them coming.

YORDAN

Front door's gotta dead bolt, a chain, and the key lock.

Lynn looks from cop to cop.

LYNN

What do we do now?

YORDAN

We wait.

Yordan sits on the couch, putting his gun on the table (leaving it in the belt holster is painful).

LATIMER

When they beep us, we take you to the courthouse. You give a deposition. ID the hitter.

LYNN

Until then I'm just a kidnap victim.

LATIMER

You think you've been kidnapped? You're in protective custody...

LYNN

Right. Cops protecting me from cops. (beat)

How do I know you two aren't part of the deal? Keeping me here until the hitman comes?

YORDAN

Listen to her. We ought to toss her out on her ass.

LYNN

How many cops know I'm here?

LATIMER

Only the two of us.

LYNN

So you guys are the best they've got? I find that hard to believe.

Yordan is off the couch and in her face.

YORDAN

You gotta hell of a mouth. Who the fuck do you think you are? You're just a sperm depository for bankers...

LYNN

Listen, asshole, I didn't ask to be here...

YORDAN

Just a freakin' high class slut...

Latimer slides between them before it comes to blows.

LATIMER

You guys want to fight each other, fine. But do it on your own time. After this thing's over.

(beat)

We're stuck together until that beeper goes off. Let's try to get along.

YORDAN

Or what? You'll send me to my room?

Yordan grabs his bag and heads into the bedroom area. Leaving his gun on the table. Lynn notices the gun.

LYNN

How'd you get partnered with this bonehead?

Latimer looks at Yordan, but doesn't answer. She whispers.

LYNN

I mean, you can do better than that, can't you? You seem competent, pretty well organized. Why aren't you his boss?

She touches Latimer, and he reluctantly pulls away.

LYNN

I'd be better off on my own.

She moves closer to the table, and the gun.

LATIMER

You think I want to be here with you? One of my best friends was killed in that hotel room. Sid Boehm. We were in the academy together. Nice guy, family man. I introduced him to his wife. Was best man at his wedding. Sid was the kind of guy you could trust to help you out of a bad situation. Now he's dead. Maybe even because of you.

LYNN

I don't have to take this. I want out.

Yordan re-enters.

YORDAN

You want out? Tell us who the killer cop is. Give us a name.

LYNN

No. That's the only reason why I'm still alive. I give you the name, you call him to confirm it, and BAM! End of Lynn Shannon.

YORDAN

You're gonna have to give it up sooner or later. Why not now? Put an end to it.

LYNN

Put an end to it?

WHAM! She dives to the table and comes up with the gun in her hands. She aims the gun at Yordan.

LYNN

I'll put an end to it. I'm getting out of here. You going to stop me?

Yordan laughs and takes a step towards her.

YORDAN

You gonna shoot me? Huh?

He takes another step.

Another.

Closer.

Closer.

Lynn's finger tightens on the trigger.

Will she shoot him? Another step.

Yordan fakes left, moves right and yanks the gun from her hand. She moves back in panic as Yordan aims at her.

YORDAN

You want to play tough? You want the gun? Huh? You want it?

He corners her, pressing the gun right up to her forehead (like the hitter did). She completely breaks down.

Latimer moves in and pushes Yordan's gun away from her.

LATIMER

What the fuck are you doing? We're here to protect her, asshole.

As soon as Latimer has pushed Yordan away from her, Lynn bolts to the bathroom, closing the door and locking it.

YORDAN

Back off. What'd you think? I was gonna shoot her? Gotta be kidding.

Yordan tries to pull away, but Latimer holds on to him.

LATIMER

I don't know what to think, Yordan. I don't know you, and you don't know me. But I do know the rules, and the rules say if you aim a gun at someone, you better shoot them, and if you shoot them, you better make damn sure they're dead. Are we gonna understand each other on this point?

YORDAN

Sure. Why the fuck not.

(beat)

Next time, I kill her.

LATIMER

You collecting goats? Is that what this is all about? You got hers and now you want mine?

(beat)

Just do your job. Do your job and we'll get along.

IN THE BEDROOM AREA

Latimer crosses to the bathroom door, knocking gently.

LATIMER

Ms. Shannon? Ms. Shannon?

(beat)

Please unlock the door.

(knocks stronger)

Lynn, come on. Open the door.

(more knocking)

I don't want to break it down, so just unlock it. Please?

Yordan laughs.

YORDAN

Great. Now we're doing the hooker version of "Plaza Suite".

Latimer tries to silence him with a look. Doesn't work.

YORDAN

Look, I'm going to go out and get us some grub. What do you want?

LATIMER

I don't care.

YORDAN

Then it's my choice... I figure she'll eat anything...

LATIMER

Just get out of here.

Yordan laughs and leaves. Latimer locks the door behind him, then returns to the bathroom door.

LYNN (O.S.)

Is he gone?

LATIMER

Yeah.

Lynn comes out looking like hell. Tears still wet. She moves into his arms, but he's uncomfortable holding her.

LYNN

I thought he was going to kill me.

LATIMER

No...

Lynn is close to Latimer... and close to his holstered gun.

LYNN

I never saw anything like that before. Three people were killed... Murdered, right in front of me. Blood. Dinelli's blood was all over the place.

(beat)

He was under me, touching my breasts, then he was dead.

Holding her is uncomfortable. Slightly sexual.

LYNN

I've never seen anyone killed before. He was still screaming. Blood was coming out of his mouth, and he was still screaming.

LATIMER

Lynn. It's over. You're here. You're safe.

LYNN

Am I? It feels like a set up. You two take me to a motel room, register under a false name, and then kill me.

LATIMER

I'm here to make sure you don't get killed...

She moves out of his arms, studying his eyes.

LYNN

You're part of it, aren't you?

LATIMER

What do you mean?

LYNN

You're holding me until HE comes. The hitter. The bad cop. That's what this is all about. You're not here to protect me, you're here to keep me from escaping...

He grabs her by the arms.

LATIMER

Lynn... Listen to me. Look at me. You've got to trust me. (MORE)

LATIMER (CONT'D)

There are eight million people in this city you can't trust, and only two you can. That's Yordan and me.

(beat)

If you fight us, if you try to escape, they'll find you.

(beat)

We're your only chance at survival.

Lynn falls into his arms again, this time he holds her tight.

EXT. PRIVATE BAR -- NIGHT

A street in little Italy. Windows painted black from the inside. A couple of BIG GUYS sit in metal chairs near the doors, doormen to the Mob.

INT. PRIVATE BAR -- NIGHT

In a back booth, DON FRANCO NUGENTTI drinks Barolo and holds court, BODYGUARDS nearby. Nugentti's legal counsel, MAX KANTOR, sits by his side, drinking coffee silently.

THE DARK SILHOUETTE of the Detective approaches the booth.

DETECTIVE

Don Nugentti.

NUGENTTI

You let the witness get away.

DETECTIVE

I had no choice.

NUGENTTI

You had no choice?

DETECTIVE

There were people on the street. They would have become more witnesses. Soon I'd have to kill the whole city.

NUGENTTI

She knows who you are? You must find her. Kill her before she talks.

DETECTIVE

The police have found her, but she hasn't talked.

NUGENTTI

You know where she is?

DETECTIVE

Yes. The Aloha Inn, on West Olive.

NUGENTTI

Then what are you waiting for?

DETECTIVE

Too much heat if I take her out. If I'm exposed, I'm no longer of any value to you. Or the Organization.

NUGENTTI

We wait until she dies of old age?

DETECTIVE

Send in some second stringers. I found her, all they have to do is kill her.

NUGENTTI

There are police guarding her.

DETECTIVE

Two men. Only one you have to worry about.

Don Nugentti studies the Detective for a moment.

NUGENTTI

This is your mistake. You should have to pay for it.

DETECTIVE

Put it on my tab.

The Detective walks away, and Nugentti looks at Kantor.

NUGENTTI

What do you think?

KANTOR

I don't trust him. He's a cop.

NUGENTTI

He's our key hitter. He must be protected.

KANTOR

Any man who would turn against his people, will turn against you. It's only a matter of time.

Nugentti sips his wine and smiles.

NUGENTTI

When that time comes, we send in the second stringers.

Kantor nods.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

A knock at the door.

Latimer and Lynn pull apart, tension building.

Latimer grabs his gun and gestures for Lynn to hide in the bathroom.

Lynn goes into the bathroom and locks the door.

LATIMER

Who is it?

No answer. knocking.

More

IN THE LIVING AREA

Latimer moves to the front door, gun ready.

LATIMER

Who is it?

Silence.

Tension builds.

LATIMER

Identify yourself. Now!

VOICE (O.S.)

'Sme. Open up.

Garbled. Impossible to understand or identify. More knocking.

Latimer, gun ready, unbolts the door.

Taking cover, he opens the door quickly, gun aimed at the MAN IN THE HALL, ready to fire.

The MAN has something in his right hand.... Pointing at Latimer!

A french fry.

Yordan stands in the hall holding bags of fast food in one hand and a half eaten french fry in the other.

He gives Latimer's gun a look before squeezing into the room.

YORDAN

Shit. It's not like I didn't leave some for you.

Latimer locks the door behind Yordan, relaxing.

YORDAN

Where's the pop tart? Still locked in the crapper?

LATIMER

(to Lynn)

It's Yordan.

Lynn exits the bathroom, looking scared. Yordan puts the food on the table.

LATIMER

What took you so long?

YORDAN

There was a line. Damned kid behind the register didn't know how to count. (eating fries)

When we were kids, you had a counter job, you had to do all the math in your head. These days, kids just push the cheeseburger button. The part of their brains that did math... it's

gone. Dried up. Poof.

Lynn and Latimer eat, while Yordan eats AND talks (yech!).

YORDAN

You believe in that Darwin guy? I mean, if what he says is true, then when these fast food kids have babies, they're all gonna be born without the math part of their brains. No geography part, either. And manners?

(beat)

Shit, their brains are gonna be the size of this all beef patty.

(he eats the patty)

Unless the skateboard part adds to the brain size. You think that's possible? I could never ride a skate-board. Not enough balance.

Yordan belches loudly and pushes back from the table.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Yordan is trying to find something on television.

YORDAN

You'd think they'd have the Spice Channel or something. Just network crap.

Latimer steps between Yordan and the TV.

LATIMER

You taking first watch or second?

YORDAN

When's the shift change?

LATIMER

Five AM. Seven hours from now. You want the sleep?

YORDAN

If you're gonna give it to me.

LATIMER

Yordan, you and I don't now each other, so let's get something straight, here. We do the job right. No sleeping on your shift.

YORDAN

Just make sure you do yours.

LATIMER

What do you mean?

YORDAN

(whispers)

While you're watching the doors, don't forget to keep an eye on the girl.

LATIMER

She's not the hitter.

(beat)

Hell, she had a gun pointed right at you and she couldn't pull the trigger.

YORDAN

She doesn't have to be the hitter. She could be the Trojan Whore.

Latimer glances at Lynn, getting ready for bed.

LATIMER

You're crazy.

YORDAN

Am I? We still don't know how the hitter got into the room. What if she let him in.

LATIMER

Sid would have stopped her...

YORDAN

Not if she was good. Let's say she does Dinelli, gives Boehm and Paxton a "police special" and pops open the door while they're pulling up their pants...

Latimer stops him before he further insults his dead friend.

LATIMER

Sid had a wife and kids. He wouldn't leave his post for some... hooker.

YORDAN

Who's kidding who. Sid had a dick, right? You've seen her. You telling me you don't want to tear off a piece of that? Check out the love styles of the rich and famous?

Latimer tries not to look at Lynn, dressed only in a long T shirt. But can't help himself. She catches him looking and smiles.

Yordan puts a hand on his shoulder.

YORDAN

Just keep your eye on her, okay?

IN THE BEDROOM AREA

Yordan leers at Lynn as she gets into bed.

YORDAN

Ready to hit the sack? I am.

LYNN

Keep away from me.

YORDAN

I love it when they play hard to get.

Yordan winks at her, then strips down to his boxers. Giving her a show she doesn't want to see. Lynn rolls over.

Yordan puts his gun under his pillow and flips off the lights.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Latimer puts his chair next to the door, cradling a shotgun from his bag. He watches the back windows, and listens to sounds in the hallway. Every once in a while, he looks at Lynn, making sure she hasn't stolen Yordan's gun again.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BAR -- NIGHT

A beer and a shot place frequented by off duty detectives.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

JJ Dratler weaves through the crowd of HARD DRINKERS, keeping time to the MoTown hits on the jukebox, takes a seat at a booth in back across from Buzz.

JJ DRATLER

Hey, man, I came as soon as I got your message.

BUZZ

Can I get you something? It's on the cuff, the bartender knows me.

JJ DRATLER

I'll take a Martell Cordon Blue if it's free.

Buzz gestures to a WAITRESS.

BUZZ

Get my friend, here, a Cognac.

JJ DRATLER

Martell Cordon Blue.

BUZZ

Right. And I'll have another Jack and a beer back.

The Waitress goes for the drinks. From the empty glasses on the table, it's obvious that Buzz has had a few.

JJ DRATLER

What's the brouha?

BUZZ

I saw you talking with Phil Yordan.

JJ DRATLER

(very cautious)

Yeah. So?

Buzz waits until the Waitress has served their drinks and left before continuing.

BUZZ

You know, Danny Latimer is more than a partner to me, he's my friend.

JJ DRATLER

Yeah?

BUZZ

This whole situation worries me, you know? I'm not there to back him up. Nothing against Phil. I'd just feel better if I were there to help.

JJ DRATLER

I can dig it.

BUZZ

I'm just wondering if Phil gave you some idea of where they were going to take her.

JJ DRATLER

Take who?

BUZZ

The witness... Come on. It's no secret, JJ. They got the babysitting job on the Hotel hit witness.

JJ Dratler finishes his drink, holds the glass up to Buzz.

JJ DRATLER

How much does a Martell Cordon Blue cost in this place?

BUZZ

I don't know. Five bucks. Why?

JJ DRATLER

You're trying to bribe me to spill information, right? I want to know how much I'm getting.

BUZZ

Look, JJ, you got the wrong idea...

JJ DRATLER

Do I?

BUZZ

I'm trying to help my partner, that's all. I just want to make sure he doesn't get hurt...

JJ DRATLER

Phil didn't tell me where they were going to hide the chicky. The Chief may know, but he's not telling.

The Waitress has seen JJ's empty glass, and brings him another snifter of Cognac. JJ laughs, waits until she's left.

JJ DRATLER

You think I'm a burn out, huh? Too much time undercover making buys and taking sample snorts.

(empties the snifter)
Truth is, Buzz, I'm something else entirely...

JJ Dratler moves to his feet, looking cool and confident, and leaves the bar.

Buzz is still in shock. Who is this Dratler guy in reality? Not a doper detective....

Maybe the hitter?

EXT. WILD 1950S MOTEL -- NIGHT

Quiet. Three AM.

Drunks are asleep and the morning shift hasn't started, yet.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Latimer cradles the shotgun. Wide awake. He hears a noise outside. People moving.

Latimer pops to his feet, kicks the chair out of the way, unlocks and yanks open the front door. Gun ready.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Latimer sees two people in the hallway and aims the shotgun...

But doesn't fire. It's a YOUNG COUPLE making out. They see the shotgun and raise their hands.

LATIMER

Sorry. Thought you were someone else.

Latimer lowers the gun.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Latimer relocks and bolts the front doors, settling back into his chair. Yordan slept through all of it. Snoring.

EXT. WILD 1950S MOTEL -- MORNING

First light of dawn, but still dark.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Latimer shakes Yordan awake.

YORDAN

Yuzz? What iz it?

LATIMER

Your shift.

Yordan mumbles something, then gets out of bed.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Yordan, dressed, cradles the shotgun. Not fully awake.

IN THE BEDROOM

Latimer takes a final look at Lynn, sleeping in the next bed, then his eyes close in sleep.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Yordan keeps blinking himself awake. A minute later, his eyes close in sleep. All three are sleeping.

EXT. WILD 1950S MOTEL -- DAY

Almost noon. People coming and going. Pool filled with kids.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Latimer wakes up as the shower shuts off. He rubs sleep from his eyes, looking into the fogged bathroom.

The fog clears, exposing Lynn, naked and glistening.

Latimer can't help but look. She's beautiful.

Lynn catches him looking and smiles. A moment between them. Then she slowly closes the bathroom door, obscuring her body an inch at a time.

Latimer gets up, sees Yordan at the front door sipping a styro of coffee, shotgun by his side.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Yordan hands Latimer a styro of coffee.

LATIMER

Where'd you get the coffee?

YORDAN

I sent the hooker out to Denny's.

LATIMER

You what?!

YORDAN

Give me a break. There's a restaurant downstairs. I had a waitress bring it up. Tipped her a fiver.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'll slush it onto the expense account.

LATIMER

You opened the door to a stranger?

YORDAN

She wasn't a stranger, she was a waitress. In a uniform. And not bad looking.

(beat)

Geeze you're grumpy in the morning.

LATIMER

You should have waited until I was awake.

YORDAN

Let me get this straight: You're complaining about me getting the coffee, while you drink it.

LATIMER

That's not the point.

YORDAN

No. The point is, you're paranoid.

LATIMER

Listen. This is going to be boring, monotonous work. But we can't get lazy. We get lazy, we get killed.

YORDAN

Nobody knows we're here, Latimer. We got nothing to worry about.

LATIMER

We have EVERYTHING to worry about. You're going to get us killed if you keep...

LYNN

Boys.

Lynn moves between them before it comes to blows.

Latimer takes a step away from Lynn... she's too close. Yordan notices the sexual tension between Lynn and Latimer.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Somebody pounds on the door.

Both Latimer and Yordan grab their guns.

YORDAN

Expecting anyone?

Latimer and Yordan move to either side of the door, guns ready. Lynn retreats into the bathroom.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

LATIMER

Who is it?

VOICE

Housekeeping.

Latimer looks at Yordan, Yordan peeks out the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A uniformed MAID with a cleaning cart in the hallway.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Yordan nods to Latimer, and both men lower their guns slightly. Latimer begins unlocking the door.

THE MAID pulls her cart into the room. Yordan gives her an appraisal: Late twenties, Hispanic, too lean and sinewy for his tastes. Thick arms from flipping mattresses.

MAID

You want me to come back later?

YORDAN

No. It's okay.

LATIMER

Think we should pat her down?

YORDAN

Look at her. She's a maid.

LATIMER

Do it anyway.

Yordan shakes his head and holsters his gun, coming out with his shield and showing it to the Maid.

YORDAN

Sorry, miss. Police. I've got to search you for weapons.

MATD

What? I don't understand.

YORDAN

No biggie. Just take a minute.

Yordan gives her a quick pat down... Finding nothing.

YORDAN

She's clean.

Latimer holsters his gun, and Lynn comes out of the bathroom. The Maid looks VERY confused by all of this.

MAID

Do you want to wait outside while I change the sheets?

LATIMER

We'll stay.

Now the Maid is even more confused. They want to stay and watch her work? She goes to her rolling cart, reaches into the stack of sheets....

And comes out with a silenced automatic!

She swings and fires two shots at Lynn. PFFT! PFFT!

Lynn dives to the floor just in time.

One shot takes out the TV, showering her with glass, the other shot blasts a divot into the top of the dresser.

YORDAN jumps for the Maid, forcing the gun down before she can fire again. The Maid struggles.

Yordan wraps his arms around her from behind... pinning her gun arm to her side. Yordan pounds her arm against the cart. She drop the gun.

Latimer gets his gun out, aiming at her.

The Maid ducks, flips Yordan across the room. He lands HARD.

Latimer moves closer, and the Maid swings into action: kicking out at his gun hand. Whack! The gun flies across the room.

Latimer and the Maid engage in a SAVAGE hand to hand fight.

Lynn sees the fallen automatic, begins crawling towards it.

YORDAN, groggy, reaches into his holster... but it's empty. His gun is lost somewhere in the room. He looks under the bed, but it's not there. The gun is gone.

THE MAID kicks at Latimer's face. He blocks with his arm, and she almost breaks it. When Latimer takes a step back, the Maid goes for the fallen gun.

Latimer gets there first, kicking it across the room.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Latimer takes three direct hits to the head and chest. The Maid laughs.

MAID

Who do you think I am, cop?

Whack! Whack!

MATD

I'm the cleaner. Here to get rid of this mess.

She swings her foot at Latimer, who ducks under it and punches her in the nose. The Maid falls against the cart.

Lynn changes course, crawling to where the gun ended up.

YORDAN gives up looking for his gun, starts looking for another weapon. He tries to pick up the shattered TV. Bolted down. He reaches for a table lamp. Bolted down. Every possible weapon in the room is BOLTED DOWN!

YORDAN

Shit.

LATIMER moves in to take the Maid... But she swings a towel off her cart and SNAPS it at Latimer's face.

Snap! Snap! Snap!
takes three direct hits to the face.

Latimer

The next time the Maid snaps the towel, Latimer grabs it. For a moment they play tug of war, then the Maid lets go. Latimer falls back, but catches balance.

Lynn finally makes it to the fallen automatic. She holds it up, aiming at the Maid... but she's too close to Latimer.

Yordan sees the gun in Lynn's hand and goes to grab it.

YORDAN

Gimme that!

He yanks it out of her hand, hurting her.

LATIMER tosses the towel aside and dives back into the fight. But the Maid is ready. She grabs a bottle of cleaning fluid and SPRAYS it in Latimer's eyes.

Latimer covers his eyes a moment too late.

The Maid grabs a plastic garbage bag from the cart and shoves it over Latimer's head... suffocating him. Uses an adhesive "sanitized" band to tie it around his neck.

As Latimer tries to tear off the bag, the Maid grabs the shotgun from beside the door.

Lynn scurries into the bathroom, closes and locks the door.

YORDAN brings up the automatic.

YORDAN

Drop it.

The Maid lowers the shotgun, then swings it around like a club, batting the automatic out of Yordan's hand. Yordan goes down, too.

The Maid gets to the bathroom door, and KICKS it open. The door splinters under her foot. She's awesome.

LATIMER rips open the garbage bag, taking in wheezing deep breaths. Eyes watering, in pain, but alive.

IN THE BATHROOM

Lynn hides in the shower, curtain closed, holding her breath and trying not to shake.

The Maid sweeps the shotgun around, almost firing at her reflection in the mirror. No one in the toilet alcove. Only one place left to hide....

Lynn sees the Maid's silhouette turn slowly. The shotgun barrel presses against the shower curtain. Pushes in, until the only thing between Lynn's chest and the shotgun barrel is .02 centimeters of plastic....

Not the shotgun. The Maid slamming into the wall.

The Maid slides down the wall, dead, leaving a trail of blood. In the bathroom doorway, Yordan holds the silenced automatic. He's fired three shots, all of them direct hits.

Latimer moves behind him, wiping his eyes with a towel.

YORDAN

NOW we need a maid.

Latimer moves past him, pulling the shotgun out of the dead Maid's hands and setting it on the counter, before opening the shower curtain.

Lynn screams at first, then calms down, almost falling into his arms. She's a wreck.

Latimer waits for Lynn to come to him, but she doesn't. After leaving the bathroom, she moves directly to one of the beds and sits down. Latimer almost goes to her, but Yordan says:

YORDAN

Let's see what we've got.

Latimer nods and helps Yordan search the corpse.

LATIMER

No wallet. No ID.

YORDAN

What's this?

Yordan pulls a piece of paper from the Maid's pocket, hands it to Latimer.

ON THE PAPER

The Motel, address, room number.

YORDAN

Looks like JJ's writing, doesn't it?

LATIMER

Don't know. Never worked with Dratler.

Latimer pockets the note.

A LOUD KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

Both detectives search for their guns.

YORDAN

Just a minute.

MORE KNOCKING.

Yordan and Latimer stand on either side of the door.

LATIMER

Who is it?

VOICE

Housekeeping.

Yordan looks at the messy room... Completely trashed.

LATIMER

Thanks, we're fine.

VOICE

Pardon?

YORDAN

We already had maid service. Go away.

VOICE

I don't understand....

LATIMER

We don't need new sheets or towels.

A beat, then Latimer and Yordan hear the cart being pushed to the next room. They lower their guns.

YORDAN

So who's gonna clean this mess up?

IN THE BATHROOM

Yordan and Latimer wrap the dead Maid in the shower curtain and put her in the tub.

Lynn watches from the doorway.

LYNN

You can't just leave her there.

YORDAN

Want me to call the cops? Get a meat wagon down here? Didn't think so.

Latimer brushes past Lynn on his way to the living area to check on the Maid's gun. Yordan gestures for Lynn to enter the bathroom, then whispers:

YORDAN

When I was gone last night, did Latimer use the phone?

LYNN

I don't think so.

Yordan nods, and they exit the bathroom.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Latimer is studying the note with their address.

LATIMER

One of us ratted.

YORDAN

You're accusing someone in this room? The girl, maybe?

LATIMER

You're the only one that left. Last night when you bought dinner.

YORDAN

You could have called while we were sleeping. Gone downstairs and called from the payphone.

Latimer puts his hand on his gun, ready to draw.

LATIMER

What are you accusing me of?

YORDAN

You gonna pull that thing?

Yordan grabs his gun. Both on the verge of drawing them.

LATIMER

Maybe you didn't have to call.

YORDAN

Yeah. Psychic hotline.

LATIMER

Who picked this place? You were driving. And you went in to rent the room. Kind of a coincidence, huh?

Latimer draws his gun, and so does Yordan. They're only standing a yard apart, guns almost pressed into each others heads. Tension builds as they circle each other.

YORDAN

Put the gun down, man.

LATIMER

Someone told them where to find us.

YORDAN

You did.

LATIMER

No opportunity.

YORDAN

Bullshit. You had plenty of chances, and all you needed was one.

They keep the guns aimed at each other...

LATIMER

Let's just talk this out. Put the gun down.

YORDAN

You first.

LATIMER

If I wanted to kill you I would have done it already.

YORDAN

How do you figure that, Quick Draw? Come on. Put it down. I don't want to have to shoot you.

LATIMER

You first. Seniority.

YORDAN

Just put it down. Then I'll put mine down...

Neither gun lowers.

Latimer and Yordan's fingers remain on the trigger... ready to fire at the slightest wrong move.

LYNN

Couldn't you guys just measure dicks? Something a little less dangerous?

Yordan stops circling and looks at Lynn.

YORDAN

What if it's the pop tart? What if she's the one who called?

Latimer looks at Lynn, gun straying from Yordan.

Lynn sees both guns swiveling towards her.

LYNN

Right. I called the hit man to come kill me. Get serious for a minute.

Yordan looks from Lynn to Latimer, wondering who to aim at.

YORDAN

Somebody called for Maid Service. I know it wasn't me.

(beat)

That means it's one of you two.

LYNN

Sure. This whole thing is my suicide plan. Dr. Kervorkian was busy, so I hired the cleaning lady...

LATIMER

This is bullshit, Yordan.

Α

Latimer lowers his gun and reholsters it.

LATIMER

There. Shoot me if you have to. If not, why not put the gun away?

Yordan studies Latimer, looking for signs of a trap.

LATIMER

Come on. You're making me nervous.

Yordan reluctantly lowers and holsters his gun.

LYNN

You know, if they found us once, they can find us again.

LATIMER

We'd better clear out.

YORDAN

Wait a minute....

LATIMER

I don't think we have time to discuss this. Let's go.

Lynn starts towards the door.

LATIMER

There could be somebody out there.

Yordan looks through the curtains.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY -- DAY

Ouiet.

pair of TOURISTS in Hawaiian print shirts stroll down the hall, engaged in tourist conversation. Probably a husband and wife from Ohio on their way to Universal...

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

YORDAN lets the curtains fall closed.

YORDAN

Couple of tourists.

Latimer and Lynn begin collecting their things...

BLAM! The front door BURSTS open and the two TOURISTS in Hawaiian print

shirts blast into the room... The HUSBAND carries an Uzi and the WIFE has a Magnum pump shotgun with pistol grip.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The Wife blasts the shotgun at them.

YORDAN

Down!

Yordan tackles Lynn to the floor as pellets flare overhead.

Latimer hugs the wall, pulling a pair of 45 autos from his gun bag and filling his pockets with clips. The gun bag goes over his shoulder.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Husband sprays machinegun fire down at Yordan and Lynn.

Yordan drags Lynn across the floor, only inches in front of the machinegun fire. Scrambling to the fire escape.

YORDAN

I hate tourists.

Latimer swings away from the wall, firing both gun as he flips backwards over the first bed.

The Husband and Wife dive away from Latimer's gunfire... But come up with guns blazing!

Yordan and Lynn make it to the window overlooking the fire escape. Yordan tries to open the window...

BLAM!

A shotgun blast shatters the window. Yordan covers Lynn as glass shatters around them.

Latimer pops up from behind the bed, guns blazing. He flips over the second bed, landing on the floor near Yordan.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE advance, firing.
Laying everything in the room to waste.
If it wasn't destroyed before, it gets destroyed now.

Latimer waits until they get into the bedroom section then pops up and opens fire... forcing them to hit the dirt.

LATIMER

Go! Go!

Yordan and Lynn climb out the jagged window, careful not to cut themselves... But Yordan gets nicked in the arm.

The Husband and Wife nod to each other, then spring up and start blasting away.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE -- DAY

Yordan and Lynn scramble to the stairs as Latimer comes flying out what's left of the window, crashing onto the landing.

On the fire escape, it's every man for himself.

Yordan forgets about Lynn, aiming his gun at the window.

YORDAN

What's the matter? Lines too long at Disneyland?

He fires a couple of shots.

Lynn scrambles down the first flight of stairs.

Latimer pops to his feet and fires two shots into the room... Then runs out of ammo and has to reload.

Tourist Husband aims at Latimer and squeezes the trigger.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bullets spark in front of Latimer. He drops one gun and clip (they fall through the floor to the next landing), grabs a fire escape support and SLIDES down to the next level.

LATIMER

Shit!

Bullets sweep to follow him down. Sparking off steel.

Lynn starts down the second flight of stairs, trips, and goes tumbling down the steps... Into the sparking gunfire.

Yordan pops a couple of shots at the Tourist Husband, forcing him to duck back inside...

Just as Lynn crashes onto the landing where bullets were sparking a moment ago.

The Tourist Wife swings out, blasting and pumping her shotgun.

Yordan dives out of the way of the shotgun blasts, sliding down the stairs face first until he can grab hold of the railing to right himself.

Pellets spark off steel behind Yordan.

Latimer continues sliding down the support bar, stopping at the landing under Lynn. He slaps a clip into his other 45 and aims up at the Tourist Wife... firing past Lynn.

The Tourist wife ducks inside as bullets spark around her.

The Tourist Husband swings out: Machine gun blazing!

Bullets spark around Lynn. She's caught in the cross fire.

LYNN

Help! Help me!

Yordan and Latimer ignore her, concentrate on returning fire.

Latimer fires up through the landing only inches away from Lynn, trying to force the Husband back inside. But he stands firm, sending a volley past Lynn at Latimer.

Latimer tries to pull out of the way, but the gun bag gets caught on the fire escape. Bullets get closer. A choice.

Latimer flicks the clasp on the gun bag, releasing it. The gun bag (with clips and back up guns) falls to the alley.

Latimer rolls out of the way of the sparking bullets.

Yordan swings up and fires, forcing the Husband back.

YORDAN

Go back to Ohio, scumbags!

Then Yordan runs out of bullets. He quickly searches his pockets for a speedloader... as the shotgun Wife pops out.

BLAM! BLAM!

She fires and pumps, fires and pumps.

Yordan jumps back as pellets rain around him....
Too far back. He falls off the edge of the landing!

Yordan catches the edge of the landing. Hanging on.

Tourist Wife corrects aim, gets ready to fire.

Lynn scoops up Latimer's fallen automatic, clicks the clip in, and starts firing.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Forcing Tourist Wife back inside with expert marksmanship.

LYNN

Yordan? Latimer?

Latimer sees Lynn alone on the landing. Sees Yordan hanging off the ledge. He offers cover fire for both of them.

Yordan pulls himself up onto the landing, looking from Latimer to Lynn as he makes sure he's okay.

YORDAN

Thanks.

Both nod at him. They have begin working as a team.

Then Tourist Husband swings out with his machinegun, strafing the trio. Lynn and Latimer try to force him back...

But Lynn's automatic clicks dry.

The Husband's machinegun fire arcs towards Lynn.

Yordan scrambles up the stairs, grabbing Lynn moments before the bullets would have hit her. Latimer blasts at the Tourist, forcing him back inside the room.

Yordan and Lynn join Latimer on the lower landing...

LATIMER

Okay?

Yordan and Lynn nod....

Then the Tourist Couple spring onto the fire escape, firing down at the trio.

Bullets spark all around them, ricocheting off steel.

Latimer roll across the landing, popping to his feet, firing.

Hitting the Tourist Husband, who FALLS off the fire escape. SPLAT!

Latimer continues firing as Yordan and Lynn lower the ladder and climb down to the street.

The three scramble down the ladder to the alley...

But Tourist Wife begins blasting her shotgun at them.

Latimer, Yordan, and Lynn take cover under the stairs as divots of concrete spray plaster dust around them.

LYNN

How do we get out of here?

YORDAN

Blast our way out?

LATIMER

She's got the high ground. And I'm down to my last round.

YORDAN

Where's the gun bag?

Latimer nods to the fallen gun bag... out in the open.

BLAM! A shotgun blast comes between the trio and the bag.

YORDAN

What's the plan? Wait here, maybe send out for pizza? She's probably calling for back up...

LATIMER

I'm going to go for the bag. That'll draw fire. You two break for the car... Hopefully I'll be right behind you.

LYNN

Latimer...

Yordan pulls her away, and gets ready to run.

LATIMER

On three?

YORDAN

Sure. One.... Three!

Latimer rolls out to grab the gun bag. Shotgun blasts follow him across the pavement.

Yordan and Lynn run down the alley... But when they pass the Tourist's Husband's body, his hand darts out to grab Lynn.

Latimer makes it to the gun bag, slaps in a clip, fires. Latimer and the Tourist Wife exchange fire.

LYNN

Yordan!

Yordan sees the Tourist Husband's death grip on Lynn's leg, aims, and BLASTS the Tourist Husband.

Yordan and Lynn run down the alley to the parking lot.

Latimer fires up at the Tourist Wife, forcing her back inside. Then he grabs the gun bag and runs.

EXT. WILD 1950S MOTEL -- DAY

When Latimer gets to the car, Yordan is still trying to get the door unlocked. Blood from his cut arm has made his hand slick... hard to hold the keys.

LYNN

Let me do that...

YORDAN

I got it. I got it.

He gets the door unlocked, pops all the other doors open, and they pile inside.

Yordan gets the car moving before all the doors are closed. Burning rubber out of the parking lot.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

They speed down the street a couple of blocks before Yordan looks into the rear view mirror.

YORDAN

Shit. Someone's following.

LATIMER

Get rid of them. Get rid of them.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

When Yordan fishtails around a corner in the Unmarked Car, a BLACK CAR with tinted windows squeals after it.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Yordan takes another turn at high speed, steering wheel difficult to manage, now slick with blood.

YORDAN

Shit.... Hold on.

Yordan speeds up, running a stop light at a busy intersection.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Unmarked Car barely squeezing between two cars, horns blaring, brakes squealing....

The Black Car can't break through the wall of traffic...

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Yordan smiles at the image in the rear view mirror, then takes a couple of turns until he ends up at...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- DAY

A beautiful suburban park near a small lake. Kids play, new moms push strollers, a push cart vendor sells snowcones. Nothing bad ever happens in places like this.

The Unmarked Car pulls into the only empty parking space.

It's one of a hundred cars parked in the lot. Hidden.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Yordan kills the ignition and relaxes, careful of his cut.

LYNN

You're hurt...

YORDAN

Just a cut from the window.

Latimer watches Lynn tend to Yordan's wound. Spit cleaning it and making a bandage out of a strip of her skirt.

Latimer waits until she's finished before aiming his gun over the top of the seat at Yordan.

LATIMER

How did they find us?

YORDAN

I don't know.

(beat.)

You sure that's loaded? You did a hell of a lot of shooting back there.

LATIMER

I count my shells. Always save one for myself. I don't want to live on life support. Depend on machines... (aiming at Yordan's

face)

What about you?

YORDAN

Do you have to aim that thing at me?

LATIMER

Can I depend on you? Or are you part of the hit team?

Yordan keeps his head still as he secretly draws his gun and shoves it into the seat... aimed at Latimer.

LATIMER

One of us is. You. Or me. Or the girl.

LYNN

Wait a minute....

LATIMER

You could be the shooter. This could all be a smoke screen.

YORDAN

She hasn't been shot yet. And not for lack of trying.

Lynn suddenly laughs and opens the car door.

LATIMER

Where are you going?

LYNN

If you guys are going to shoot each other, I'm going to go get a snowcone.

The tension is broken, and Latimer lowers his gun. Yordan pulls his gun away from the seat and reholsters it.

YORDAN

Get one for me. Cherry.

But Latimer grabs her arm and pulls her back inside the car.

LATIMER

Someone's coming.

She gets the door closed and the three duck, just as...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- DAY

The Black Car enters the far end of the parking lot, cruising slowly past a row of cars, before finding a parking spot.

TWO GIANT BLOND WEIGHT LIFTERS exit the car. Both carry flashlights and hand guns. They begin combing the park.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Policemen with flashlights and handguns climb the steps to the Police Station.

INT. ROUSE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rouse on the phone, taking notes; Dratler and Buzz eavesdrop.

ROUSE

Right. What about Yordan and Latimer? (beat)

Okay. How many killed?

(beat)

Right. I'll get somebody out there.

Rouse hangs up, and JJ Dratler enters the office, Buzz steps into the doorway behind him.

JJ DRATLER

What's the brouha?

ROUSE

The motel where Latimer and Yordan took the girl got hit. Lots of shooting. Two dead.

BUZZ

Danny?

ROUSE

He's okay.

JJ DRATLER

Did they get the girl?

ROUSE

One female down, but we don't think it's her.

(beat)

Somebody found them. The room they were in was shot to hell. Two dead. Blood all over the place.

Rouse takes a moment before looking at Buzz.

ROUSE

You haven't talked to Latimer, have you?

BUZZ

No.

Rouse studies him: is he telling the truth?

ROUSE

Because if you did, it wouldn't mean you were the turn... Somebody could have tapped the phone...

BUZZ

I didn't talk to him, boss.

(beat)

Look, I want to catch this one. Where is this motel?

ROUSE

I'm going to handle this myself.

While Rouse and Buzz dance around their suspicions, JJ Dratler moves closer to the desk, reading the motel's address.

BUZZ

If you think that's best.

ROUSE

The less people involved in this, the better their chances of staying alive. (beat)

It's nothing personal, Buzz.

BUZZ

Danny's my partner. I trust my life to him. That makes it personal.

ROUSE

But if the killer IS a dirty cop, I don't want to lose Danny and Phil because someone accidentally left a report open and the hitter saw it.

BUZZ

Okay.

ROUSE

This'll be over in a couple of days...

JJ DRATLER

Taking this thing at Warp Drive, huh?

ROUSE

If you guys will excuse me.

JJ Dratler and Buzz nod and leave Rouse's office.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Buzz goes immediately to the pay phone and dials a number. He makes sure no one is listening before he talks....

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- DAY

The Two Giant Blond Weight Lifters move from car to car, shining their flashlights inside... guns hidden, but ready.

A casual observer might think they had forgotten where they parked. Each car brings them CLOSER to the Unmarked Car.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Lynn, Yordan, and Latimer keep their heads down. Yordan uses the rear view mirror to keep an eye on the Lifters.

LYNN

How big is this thing?

YORDAN

What do you mean?

LYNN

Is it all cops? Most cops? How did they find us?

LATIMER

I don't know...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- DAY

The Two Weight Lifters continue their car to car search, getting closer to the unmarked car.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

LATIMER

... But hiding's no good if they keep finding us.

YORDAN

What if it's the car?

They begin looking at the car differently... as a betrayer.

LATIMER

Shit.

(MORE)

LATIMER (CONT'D)

Someone could have dropped a homer on it while we were at the station. JJ?

YORDAN

Maybe even Buzz.

Latimer considers this without rejecting it.

LATIMER

Maybe. Could have been anybody.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- DAY

The Two Weight Lifters are a couple of cars away.

Guns ready, they shine their flashlights inside a car, searching... blinding anyone inside... Empty.

They move on to the next car.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Lynn can HEAR them walking to the car in front of them.

YORDAN

Get ready.

Yordan, head still below the sight line, grabs the car keys.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK -- DAY

The minute the car starts, the two Weight Lifters spin and raise their guns...

But the Unmarked Car appears empty. No targets.

WEIGHT #1

Shit!

The Unmarked Car roars backwards at high speed, barely in control. Narrowly missing the next row of cars as it turns and speeds out of the parking lot at 60 mph....

Backwards.

The Two Weight Lifters fire at the engine and tires, no hits.

WEIGHT #1

Get the car! Get the fucking car!

As the second Weight Lifter runs to the Black sedan, Weight #1 continues firing at the Unmarked Car...

Bullets spark off the hood.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Unmarked car slams onto the street backwards, causing fender benders as traffic scrambles.

With a screeching of tires, the car pulls a 180 and begins speeding FORWARD down the street.

A moment later, the Weight Lifters in their Black sedan scream out of the parking lot after them.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Yordan spins through traffic at top speed. Narrowly missing other cars. He looks in the rear view mirror.

YORDAN

They're right behind us.

LATIMER

Shit.

Latimer unzips the gun bag and slams a fresh clip into his automatic, then looks at Lynn in the front seat.

LATIMER

My gun.

She hands it over. He slams in a new clip. Just in time.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Weight Lifter #1 blasts out the passenger window at the Unmarked car. Bullets spark steel, shatter the back window.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Bullets and shards of glass scatter through the car. Latimer and Lynn duck, but Yordan gets SLICED by glass and screams.

Latimer crashes the rest of the back window out and returns fire with both guns. Bullets spark off the Black sedan.

YORDAN

I'm hit. Think it's just glass.

LYNN

Let me drive.

YORDAN

Pull over and switch places?

Not what Lynn had in mind.

LATIMER

They're coming around!

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Latimer continues blasting with both guns as the Black sedan makes a run for their car...

Coming up beside it and RAMMING them repeatedly. Yordan has trouble controlling the steering wheel.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Lynn grabs the steering wheel before the car goes out of control, then looks across Yordan...

In the barrel of Weight Lifter #1's gun!

LYNN

Down!

Lynn and Yordan duck, as the bullet zooms over them, shattering the passenger window.

Latimer begins firing both guns at the Black sedan.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Black sedan hits the breaks, gunfire sparking off the right fender. When it tries to come around the other side, they are rammed by the Unmarked car.

The Black sedan speeds back around the driver's side, ready to ram the Unmarked car again...

Latimer and Weight Lifter #1 exchange gunfire, bullets sparking around them.

WHAM! The Black Car hits the Unmarked Car.

Weight Lifter #2 pulls away for another ram....

But Lynn YANKS hard right on the wheel, skidding them onto an industrial side street...

The Black car continues forward.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Lynn presses down on Yordan's foot, ZOOMING them down the street at an insane speed.

LYNN

Slide underneath me.

YORDAN

What?

LYNN

I'm driving.

Yordan reluctantly tries sliding underneath Lynn as she keeps control of the steering wheel and gas pedal.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Black sedan FLIES down the industrial street after them... Gaining on them as Yordan and Lynn switch places.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Latimer fires out the back window.

Runs dry.

Ejects his clips and slams in two new clips.

Continues firing.

LATIMER

Getting closer!

Yordan continues sliding under Lynn, accidentally grabbing a breast for leverage.

YORDAN

Sorry.

(beat)

Hey! That's not a gear shift!

Lynn finally slides all the way over him and takes the driver's seat. She FLOORS it, swerving into a yard filled with towers of metal shipping containers.

EXT. CONTAINER YARD -- DAY

Lynn swerves the Unmarked car through the maze of shipping containers at 75 mph. Driving like an expert.

The Black sedan speeds on a parallel row, trying to keep up.

Latimer and Weight Lifter #1 exchange gunfire whenever they see each other... but the containers come between them.

WEIGHT #1

Faster!

Weight Lifter #2 increases speed, but at the next gap between containers... no sign of the Unmarked car. Disappeared.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Lynn turns left, then right, hiding in the rows of containers.

EXT. CONTAINER YARD -- DAY

The Black sedan begins searching for the Unmarked car. A deadly game of hide and seek.

WEIGHT #1

They're here someplace.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Parked between two containers. Lynn keeps the car idling.

LATIMER

They'll find us.

Yordan clamps a hand over his cut, slowing the blood flow.

YORDAN

We gotta get rid of the car.

LYNN

Can we get rid of them first?

LATIMER

How do you plan on doing that?

No time to plan. The Black sedan spots them!

LYNN

Shit!

Lynn blasts out from between the containers. 0-90 in seconds.

EXT. CONTAINER YARD -- DAY

The Black sedan, engine screaming, only a few feet behind the Unmarked car... Closer... Closer...

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Latimer fires out the back window. The Black car zigs, avoiding the shots, pulling parallel to the Unmarked car.

Weight Lifter #1 aims at Lynn's head.

Lynn increases speed, pulling ahead, as he fires.

Latimer hits the floor as the bullet shatters the window.

EXT. CONTAINER YARD -- DAY

The Black car speeds next to the Unmarked car. Neck and neck.
Weight #1 aiming at Lynn again.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR -- DAY

Latimer aims out the shattered side window... at the Black car's tire... only a foot away.

Bang! BLAAM!

EXT. CONTAINER YARD -- DAY

The rear tire of the Black car EXPLODES, flipping the car at 90 mph through the air at a stack of containers.

Lynn hits the brakes before hitting a wall of containers.

Neither Weight Lifter could have survived the crash.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

The Unmarked car is parked in front of a hydrant. Broken glass, bullet scarred, dented... a mess.

Two hundred feet away: Lynn, Yordan, and Latimer wait at a bus stop. They are also a mess.

YORDAN

Only thing I know: You gotta have exact change. Buck thirty five.

LYNN

Why the bus? Couldn't we get a cab?

LATIMER

They'll be checking the cabs.

YORDAN

We've got to get as far away from that car as possible. Bus is the best way.

LATIMER

While they're running down all of the cabs, we'll be.... We'll be wherever the bus goes.

A METRO BUS comes down the street... with a Police Car right behind it. Latimer waves down the bus.

The Police Car pulls up next to the Unmarked Car, a PATROLMAN steps out, examining the car.

THE METRO BUS stops next to Yordan, doors opening.

The Patrolman looks down at Lynn, Latimer, and Yordan.

YORDAN

Where does this bus go?

BUS DRIVER

Where are you headed?

YORDAN

Downtown.

BUS DRIVER

Only go as far as Chinatown. But you can get a transfer onto the 91....

Lynn, Yordan and Latimer get onto the bus. No transfers.

When the Metro Bus pulls away, the Patrolman goes back to examining the abandoned car.

EXT. CHINATOWN -- EVENING

Bright neon and garish colors, idiograms flash in the night.

An urban hotel, residential, with a mock Pagoda roof.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- EVENING

Latimer, Yordan, and Lynn walk down a LONG hallway. Bright red doors on either side with room numbers.

They find the number which matches their key and enter.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

A two room suite in a shotgun arrangement, brightly decorated in Chinese colors and furnished in black lacquer and paper lanterns. Latimer recons the living area.

IN THE BATHROOM

Lynn washes and dresses Yordan's cuts. Taking care of him.

LYNN

You okay?

YORDAN

I'm completely under caffeinated for this kind of shit. The whole freakin' day on one cup of coffee.

LYNN

Want me to make a coffee run?

YORDAN

(laughs)

You're okay. Sorry I'm such a jerk.

LYNN

I'm sure you're just doing your job.

IN THE LIVING AREA

Latimer is sitting by the door inventorying the gun bag when Lynn and Yordan enter.

LYNN

Think they'll find us again?

LATIMER

The car was our last connection to the department. We left everything else behind.

LYNN

Including our toothbrushes and clean clothes.

YORDAN

So we could get a little ripe before we get the call. Big deal.

LYNN

So there's no way they can find us without the car?

YORDAN

No way for us to make a quick exit, either. I'm all outta bus change.

LYNN

We could hitch hike.

YORDAN

They won't find us.

TATTMER

Unless one of us is in on it.

YORDAN

You still don't trust me?

Yordan's hand moves to his gun, so does Latimer's.

Lynn steps between them before they can draw their guns.

LYNN

This is stupid. We can fight each other or we can fight them.

(beat)

We're going to end up dead if we don't start trusting one another.

Yordan gives a slow nod, moves his gun hand out to shake.

YORDAN

Partners?

LATIMER

I've already got a partner.

YORDAN

Buzz? For all you know he's the hitter.

LATIMER

What are you saying?

Yordan tries to calm Latimer, whose hand is on his gun.

YORDAN

You been shot at. I been shot at. She's been shot at. They've tried to kill all three of us. We KNOW it's not us. But we don't know about Buzz, or JJ, or any of the other guys down at the stationhouse. They could ALL be dirty.

(beat)

So let's start with what we do know.

He holds out his hand again.

YORDAN

I'm a stand up guy. I'm all for partner loyalty. I just think it's time for a new partnership.

Lynn takes Yordan's hand and Latimer's hand, joining the three of them together. A team.

LATIMER

Who takes first watch?

YORDAN

If you get me some coffee, I will.
 (beat)

How we doing on guns and ammo?

LATIMER

Down to the nubs.

(beat)

That beeper better go off soon, or we're going to be in trouble.

YORDAN

Don't know how to fight hand to hand?

LATIMER

Not against machine guns.

(beat)

Let's see if we can get some coffee and food delivered. Chinese?

Latimer moves to the phone.

EXT. PRIVATE BAR -- NIGHT

The two Bodyguards stand at the front doors to the Mob Bar.

An unmarked police car pulls up across the street and parks. It's dark. We can't see who is behind the wheel.

Then headlight from an oncoming car flash across the detective's face: It's Buzz Bezzerides.

EXT. CHINATOWN -- NIGHT

Neon glows in strange languages.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Yordan sits by the door. No shotgun, just his 38 Police Special. He sips coffee and cracks open fortune cookies.

IN THE BEDROOM

The bathroom door opens and Lynn exits dressed in a T shirt.

LYNN

Your turn.

Latimer nods and enters the bathroom, closing the door.

IN THE BATHROOM

Latimer washes up and wipes his teeth with a kleenex. He notes Lynn's panties, washed and hanging on the shower rod.

He touches the panties. She's naked under her T shirt.

IN THE BEDROOM

When Latimer exits, he tries not to look at Lynn. She is pulling back the sheets on one of the beds.

LATIMER

Lights?

LYNN

Go ahead.

Latimer turns out the lights. He lays his guns on the night stand and begins undressing.

LYNN

You knew one of the cops who got killed, didn't you?

LATIMER

Sid Boehm. Know his wife and kids, too.

LYNN

I'm sorry.

LATIMER

Met him in the academy...

Latimer sits on the edge of his bed, turned away from her.

LYNN

How'd you get to be a cop?

LATIMER

Runs in the family. My dad was one.

LYNN

Is he still on the force?

LATIMER

He's dead. Ate his gun.

(beat)

IAD was coming after him.

(beat)

He started out okay. By the book. Then took a couple of meals on the cuff. Couldn't stop. Ended up on the pad. He'd lost his honor. So he killed himself. I was seventeen years old. My mother never got over it.

Latimer feels her hand on his shoulder and turns.

In the moonlight, their faces are only an inch apart. They kiss.

Passion ignites, and they begin making love in the moonlight. Latimer pulls the T shirt over hear head.

AFTERWARDS

They lay entwined in each other.

LYNN

You're a sweet man, Danny.

(beat)

Most men are turnips. But, then, I only see them at their worst. Drunk and horny. Thinking because they pay for your services, they own you.

(beat)

But you're...

She realizes Latimer has fallen asleep. Smiles.

Lynn puts her head on Latimer's chest and closes her eyes. Soon, she's sleeping, too.

EXT. PRIVATE BAR -- NIGHT

The BIG GUYS sit in their metal chairs outside the bar.

INT. PRIVATE BAR -- NIGHT

Don Nugentti and Max Kantor look up at the silhouette of the Detective standing next to their booth.

NUGENTTI

We're running out of room on your tab. Four dead triggers, and she's still alive.

DETECTIVE

Not for long.

NUGENTTI

What? She has some medical condition I'm unaware of? Come on. We don't even know where they are...

DETECTIVE

Don't worry, Frank, they're in Chinatown.

KANTOR

How do you know that?

DETECTIVE

I have a source. But that's none of your concern.

NUGENTTI

You're telling me what's my concern?

The Detective hands a slip of paper to Nugentti.

DETECTIVE

Here's the address and room number.

NUGENTTI

This is the last time. If they live through this, it's all your problem. The tab comes due.

DETECTIVE

Understood.

NUGENTTI

I'll OWN your ass.

DETECTIVE

I said I understood.

NUGENTTI

Good. Now get the hell out of here.

The Detective walks away. Nugentti is not happy.

NUGENTTI

Who do we know in Chinatown?

EXT. CHINATOWN -- NIGHT

Bright neon and pagoda roofs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Yordan awakens with a start. A noise from outside?

He moves to the door, gun ready. Looks out the peep hole.

A DISTORTED VIEW OF THE EMPTY HALLWAY.

But is it REALLY empty? Strange shadows flicker.

Yordan unlocks and unbolts the front door. Gun ready, he springs into the hallway.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Yordan aims north: The long hallway is filled with shadows. Seems empty.

A noise behind him.

Yordan spins, aiming south: Just shadows in the hallway.

YORDAN

Hello?

No answer. Yordan creeps down the hall examining the shadows. Leaving the hotel room door open behind him.

He gets to the end of the hallway, finding only shadows.

YORDAN

Shit.

Lowering his gun, he walks back down the long hallway to their room. Taking a final look before backing inside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

WHAM!

Something hits Yordan in the back. He spins, gun ready.

He's aiming at his chair. He holsters the gun, relocks and bolts the front door, and goes to wake Latimer.

IN THE BEDROOM

Yordan moves in the darkness to the first bed. It's empty.

YORDAN

Latimer?

LATIMER

Hmmm?

Yordan looks a the second bed. Latimer and Lynn entangled in each other.

YORDAN

Jesus... It's your watch.

Yordan storms into the living room before he loses his temper.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Yordan is sitting in his chair, gun out, when Latimer enters.

YORDAN

What the hell were you doing in there?

LATIMER

Sleeping.

YORDAN

And before that?

LATIMER

You got a problem?

YORDAN

No. You're the one with the fucking problem.

LATIMER

A fucking problem?

YORDAN

She's still a suspect.

LATIMER

You still don't trust her?

YORDAN

Trust? That's a gray area.

(beat)

I like her. I don't think she's the hitter. Heck, I don't even think she was the freakin' Trojan whore... But do I TRUST her?

(beat)

There's not a lot of people I trust in this world. She hasn't made the list yet... Neither have you.

LATIMER

What I do on my time is my business.

YORDAN

Let's get something straight, here. We do our job right. I don't care if you two get married and start popping kids, as long as we keep her alive long enough to ID the hitter.

(beat)

I'm not going to let you take me down.

LATIMER

You think that was on the cuff? A "police special"?

Latimer reaches for his gun...

YORDAN

No. Just you thinking with your dick, instead of your brain... And that could get us both killed.

His hand stops.

LATIMER

You're right. That was a bonehead thing to do.

Latimer's hand moves to shake.

LATIMER

Truce?

Yordan nods and shakes the hand. Both men at ease, guns holstered. Not a hint of aggression or defensiveness.

WHAM!

The door SPLINTERS open and FOUR TONG GANGSTERS armed with guns and swords (for silent killing) break in.

Yordan and Latimer reach for guns, but aren't fast enough.

Three of the Tongs attack them with swords.

TONG #1 swings at Latimer's head. He ducks, sword whizzing overhead, and pulls out his gun.

Before he can aim, he has to jump over Tong #1's sword as it swings down at his legs.

Alternately ducking and jumping, like some deadly game of jump rope, Latimer never gets a chance to fire... The sword knocks the gun from his hand!

TONG #2 and #3 attack Yordan, who uses a wooden chair as a shield, deflecting the swords.

TONG #4 goes to the bedroom door to get Lynn.

LATIMER sees his gun slide to a stop of the other side of the room, the DUCKS as the sword slices over his head.

LATIMER

Shit. Lynn...

YORDAN uses the chair to parry the two swords, twisting it right and left, bringing a chair leg up to poke Tong #3 in the face and force him back.

YORDAN

Who ordered Chinese?

IN THE BEDROOM

Lynn is moving to the door... when it begins opening! Tong #4 trying to get in!

She hits the door, trying to press it closed.

Tong #4 pushes on the other side, squeezing it open an inch at a time. It's a tug-of-war with the door!

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Latimer pops up and SLAMS a fist into Tong #1's face. As the Tong staggers back, Latimer breaks for his gun.

Tong #1 swings down at Latimer... Blade glittering...

Latimer dives to the floor, the blade missing by a centimeter. He grabs his gun. When Tong #1 pulls the sword up to strike...

Latimer shoots him in the chest. BANG!

YORDAN

One down, three to go.

He swings the chair around, connecting with Tong #2's sword hard... Forcing him to drop the blade.

But Tong #3 intensifies his attack, hacking at the chair.

Tong #2 grabs his sword and goes after Latimer. Latimer manages one shot before the swordsman is swinging at him. No way to aim the gun AND get out of the blade's path.

IN THE BEDROOM

Lynn pushes on the door, but Tong #4 is stronger. He muscles it open enough to get an arm inside, and begins yanking on her hair.

LYNN

Let go of me, you son of a...

She rams the door closed, pinning his arm in the jamb.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

TONG #4

Bitch!

Tong #4 pulls out his gun, presses it against the door, and starts firing.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

IN THE BEDROOM

Lynn lets go of the door as HOLES are punched through wood.

She dives behind a bed, but light streams from the holes in the door seem to find her.

Tong #4 kicks the door open and moves to grab her.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Latimer uses his gun to deflect the sword. Sparks.

He drops the gun and grabs Tong #2's hands, wrestling for control of the blade, pushing the cutting edge away.

YORDAN gets a face full of sawdust as Tong #3 hacks the chair.

YORDAN

Enough of this shit.

Yordan rams the chair back against the wall, pinning Tong #3 with the legs. Spinning the chair, he knocks away the sword.

So Tong #3 grabs his gun and starts shooting.

IN THE BEDROOM

Tong #4 grabs Lynn, who bites him and tries to get away.

She gets halfway to the door... To freedom....

But Tong #4 catches her leg and drags her back. He puts his gun to her head, grabs her around the waist.

TONG #4

Move and I'll kill you.

Lynn stops struggling. Eyes wide with fear.

Tong #4 drags her out of the bedroom.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Yordan hits the dirt behind the sofa, as Tong #3 opens fire. Bullets send tufts of sofa flying.

LATIMER sees the sword blade pushing closer to his face. Tong #2 is stronger than he is.

TONG #4 pulls Lynn past all this, out of the room.

LYNN

Danny! Yordan!

LATIMER swivels around until the Tong is against an end table. Then pushes.

Tong #2 flips over the end table, dropping the sword. Before he can reclaim it, Latimer grabs a lamp and KOs him.

TONG #3 fires another shot at Latimer, then exits the room.

YORDAN

They got her... Come on!

Latimer and Yordan grab 45s and clips from the gun bag and race out...

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Tong #3 and #4 have drug Lynn to the end of the long hall.

YORDAN

Hold it, scumbos!

The Tongs (and Lynn) turns to see Yordan and Latimer at the other end of the hall. Guns raised and ready.

Tong #4 jambs the gun against Lynn's head.

TONG #4

Drop the guns, daddy-o, or I waste her.

Latimer glances at Yordan.

LYNN

Don't do it, Danny.

Tong #4 gives her a love tap with the gun to shut her up.

TONG #4

Drop them! Now!

Yordan begins lowering his gun.

LATIMER

Phil?

YORDAN

They're gonna kill her.

LYNN

Don't do it. Don't do it.

Yordan sets his gun down on top of his right shoe.

Latimer hesitates.

Ιf

he lowers his gun, they'll kill them all. builds.

Tension

LATIMER

Phil?

YORDAN

Put it down.

Lynn watches Latimer set his gun down. Knows they are all going to die.

LYNN

Oh my God.

TONG #4

(laughs)

Who goes first? The pretty boy.

Tong #4 takes his gun from Lynn's head and aims at Latimer. Ready to fire.

Yordan kicks his gun up into his hands, quick aims, and fires three shots at Tong #4.

Lynn stomps down on Tong #4s foot, forcing him to let go of her. She dives to the hallway, as bullets rain.

Latimer dives for his gun, popping to his feet and firing.

Tong #3 and #4 blast away at Yordan and Latimer, filling the hallway with ricochets and hot lead.

Yordan takes cover in a doorway as bullets splinter the walls. He sights in on Tong #3 and blasts until his clip runs dry.

Tong #3 rolls across the hall one step ahead of the bullets, popping to his feet gracefully and returning fire.

Advancing. Tearing the door frame around Yordan to shreds.

YORDAN

Throw me a clip!

Yordan ejects his clip, holding the gun butt out.

Latimer blasts a couple of cover shots, then pulls out a clip and lets it rip.

THE CLIP flies across the hallway and SNICKS into the butt of Yordan's 45.

Just in time.

Tong #3 is advancing.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Yordan Blows Tong #3 right off his feet.

LYNN tries crawling across the floor as Latimer and Tong #4's gunfire blasts over her.

A bullet splinters next to Lynn's hand, and she flattens.

Bullets kick up sawdust all around her. She's trapped.

LATIMER and Tong #4 blast away at each other. A noise behind Latimer. He spins.

TONG #2 rolls out of the hotel room blasting with Yordan's fallen revolver.

Latimer has to hit the dirt.

Yordan spins, facing Tong #2. Both aiming at each other. Studying each other's eyes.

BLAM! BLAM!

Both fire simultaneously.

Yordan falls to the floor.

LATIMER

Phil!

Before Latimer can go to him, Tong #4 has reloaded and begins firing down at Latimer.

Latimer rolls to his feet and BLASTS at Tong #4. Forcing him to retreat down the hall into a door marked "Stairs".

Latimer turns to Tong #2. They face each other.

Then Tong #2 falls over dead. No shots fired.

Yordan gets up off the floor, dusts off his clothes. Unhurt.

YORDAN

Geeze, I thought I missed.

Latimer helps Lynn to her feet, and they catch their breath.

LYNN

They found us again.

Yordan and Latimer look at each other with suspicion. Guns raising slightly.

YORDAN

No way they could've known we were here. Unless you told them.

LATIMER

I didn't tell them. You didn't tell them. The girl didn't tell them.

Latimer holsters his gun and goes back into the hotel room.

Yordan and Lynn look at each other for a moment, then follow.

WHEN ALL THREE ARE GONE, a few doors in the hallway open and scared Chinese faces peer out. Hard to sleep through these Tong wars.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Latimer moves through the wrecked room into the bedroom, returning with the beeper. Holds it up for Lynn and Yordan.

LATIMER

This is how they found us.

FULL SHOT

Latimer uses a pen knife blade to unscrew the casing on the beeper, opening it up. Inside: a homing bug.

YORDAN

Shit. A freakin' homer.

LYNN

Can we take it out? Leave it here and run?

LATIMER

There's nowhere left to go.

LYNN

What do we do?

Yordan aims his gun at Lynn's face. Finger on the trigger.

YORDAN

Call the hitter. Tell him where we are. Let him come for you.

Lynn tries backing away, but Latimer grabs her. Holding her in place. She struggles, but can't escape...

LATIMER

Sorry. I don't see any choice.

Lynn looks at Yordan's gun.

YORDAN

It's over.

She closes her eyes, expecting to be killed.

But Yordan holsters the gun and goes to the phone.

YORDAN

It's Yordan. We're here in Chinatown at the Red Dragon Hotel.

(beat)

We just been hit. Four Tongs....

(beat) Look, the girl took a round, she's in

bad shape. You better come get us.

LATIMER

Tell him we'll be on the roof.

YORDAN

Too many dead guys here. (beat)

We'll be waiting on the roof.

Yordan hangs up the phone and looks at Latimer.

INT. ROUSE'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Rouse hangs up the phone and grabs his coat. He checks his police special, fills his pockets with extra rounds from a box in his desk drawer.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT -- MORNING

As Rouse crosses the detective's room, he bumps into BUZZ.

BUZZ

What's up?

ROUSE

Nothing.

BUZZ

Is Phil in trouble? Look, I'll come along....

ROUSE

No. Nothing like that... Just stay here. Keep an eye on Dratler.

Buzz glances over to JJ Dratler, drinking coffee at his desk and pretending not to watch Buzz and Rouse.

BUZZ

Is JJ the...?

ROUSE

Just don't let him out of your sight for the next hour. If he leaves the station, I want you right behind him.

BUZZ

Sure thing.

Rouse bolts out of the detective room, and Buzz goes to his desk. Keeping his eye on Dratler. Watching his every move.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Yordan hands Latimer his 45 automatic. Latimer lets go of Lynn to accept it. She steps away, but doesn't run. These two are up to something...

LATIMER

How much time?

YORDAN

He said half an hour.

LATIMER

That gives us, what? Fifteen minutes?

YORDAN

Maybe less.

Yordan and Latimer head to the gun bag and start gearing up for battle. Loading clips, pocketing back up guns.

Lynn seems to have been forgotten...

Until Latimer tosses her a gun.

LATIMER

Know how to use that?

She catches it in one hand, studies the blued steel.

LYNN

I.... I don't know.

YORDAN

She did okay at the Aloha.

(to Lynn)

Just point and shoot. Same as a camera.

Lynn realizes she's only wearing a T shirt. No place to tuck the gun. She heads into the bedroom.

LYNN

Excuse me.

Latimer nods to her.

YORDAN

How many you think there's gonna be?

LATIMER

Hard to tell. Maybe just the hitter.

YORDAN

No. He'll have back up.

Yordan and Latimer have checked and divided all of the guns from the bag: Shotguns, a burp gun, a half dozen pistols.

Yordan notices the gun in Tong #1's belt, takes it.

LYNN exits the bedroom, dressed for battle. The revolver in the waist band of her jeans.

LATIMER

Ready?

LYNN

No.

YORDAN

Good. Come on.

Yordan begins singing "Up On The Roof" as the three leave the room.... and the destruction... behind.

EXT. HOTEL ROOF -- MORNING

Dawn.

red-purple sunrise seems to match the neon and brightly colored roofs of Chinatown.

The Hotel has a flat roof with red tile Pagoda facade.

Lynn, Yordan, and Latimer exit the roof door and wait.

They don't wait for long.

A HELICOPTER zooms over the city towards them.

LATIMER

Was hoping it'd be a department chopper. We could turn any uniforms he brought against him...

YORDAN

You bet on the lotto, too?

(beat)

He's not a cop anymore, Danny. The Mob provides his rides.

The helicopter lands on the far end of the roof. Away from the neon sign, the billboard, and the elevator housing.

Four people exit the helicopter: TONG #4, armed with a pair of Uzis. TOURIST WIFE, armed with her shotgun and a back up pistol.

BAD ACTOR, past his prime with dyed blond hair showing brown at the roots, armed with a pair of pistols and a knife.

And the Hitter.

The bad Detective.

The Mob's #1 triggerman.

LYNN

That's.... That's him. The Hitter.

LATIMER

I know.

JOHN ROUSE, armed with a 12 gauge 'Street Sweeper' machinegun.

Seeing his mentor for the first time as a bad guy takes Latimer's breath away. As if punched in the stomach.

As the helicopter lifts off, Rouse takes a position on the far end of the roof... the other three spread out.

ROUSE

Danny! We don't have to do this! You can give up the girl! Walk away!

LATIMER

Can't walk away. Neither can you.

ROUSE

It doesn't have to end this way!

LATIMER

Sure it does. You went over the line. Too far to come back.

The other three continue to spread out, advancing on them.

ROUSE

Danny, without me, you'd still be on the street.

(MORE)

ROUSE (CONT'D)

I recommended you for promotion. You wouldn't be a detective if I hadn't Rabbied for you.

(beat)

You OWE me.

LATIMER

I owe you nothing.

ROUSE

If that's how you feel about it...

Rouse opens fire.

The Street Sweep is a master-blaster: designed not to kill people, but to kill CROWDS of people... all at the same time.

As shotgun blasts tear the rooftop to shreds, shattering neon and steel; Lynn, Yordan and Latimer dive away, putting the elevator housing between Rouse and them.

The elevator housing sparks under the massive blasts.

When Lynn, Yordan, and Latimer roll to their feet, the three killers have advanced, and the helicopter is making a pass behind them.

Back to back, the three form a wheel with guns for spokes: Yordan trading gunfire with Tong #4, holding him back. Latimer blasting both guns at the Bad Actor. Lynn firing at the helicopter, forcing it away.

When Yordan needs to re-load, they rotate: Latimer taking Tong #4 and Lynn firing at the Bad Actor.

They do a full rotation, Latimer reloading, ending with Lynn facing the safety of the stair housing.

TATTMER

Take cover behind the stairs.

LYNN

I can fight...

LATIMER

You can die, too. We all can. But you're the only one who's supposed to testify in court. You've got to make it out of this, even if we don't.

(beat)

Now get out of here!

They manage a kiss between gunshots, then Lynn runs to safety behind the stair housing.

YORDAN

Hey! Don't I get a kiss?

She's gone. Yordan has to settle for blasting at Tong #4.

They do one final spin: Yordan blasting at Bad Actor while Latimer re-loads, then vice versa, before nodding to each other and splitting up.

LATIMER

Go!

YORDAN goes after Tong #4, taking cover behind one of the big steaming vent pipes.

LATIMER rolls across the roof to the elevator housing, popping to his feet and blasting both guns at Bad Actor.

LYNN hides behind the stair housing. When the Helicopter tries another pass at her, she sends a spray of gunfire.

TONG #4 takes cover behind a vent near the center of the roof and blasts at Yordan with both machine guns.

TONG #4

Hey! This time I use two guns, daddyoh! Can't hide from a bullet!

Bullets pierce the vent, spraying hot steam over Yordan. He hits the dirt, enveloped in a cloud of fog. Returns fire.

BAD ACTOR runs to the opposite side of the elevator housing, both guns ready. He spins out from the left side, exchanging gunfire with Latimer.

LATIMER

Son of a bitch!

Four guns blazing. Then Latimer clicks dry on one gun and has to dive back behind the elevator housing.

LYNN's gunfire turns the helicopter away. It zooms over the city, back to wherever it came from. Lynn sighs, relieved.

LYNN

Hope he isn't going for back up.

She climbs a ladder to the top of the stair housing, laying on the roof to watch the gunfight and act as sniper.

But TOURIST WIFE grabs her leg, yanking her off the roof!

YORDAN uses the fog for cover as he runs to the next vent pipe... machinegun bullets from Tong #4 chase him!

TONG #4

Can't out run hot lead.

But Yordan rolls behind the vent just as the bullets catch up with him... Sparks as the vent is pummeled.

Tong #4 runs to the next vent pipe, fifty feet from where Yordan hides. Yordan comes out of the fog, firing at Tong #4 as he runs, almost hitting him!

Tong #4 takes cover behind the roof vent and returns fire.

LATIMER slaps in fresh clips and edges to the right side of the elevator housing, sneaking up behind Bad Actor.

Both guns read, he spins around the corner....

Face almost touching one of Bad Actor's guns.

Bad Actor had anticipated the move and was waiting for him.

BAD ACTOR

You lose.

Latimer drops as Bad Actor fires. Rolls right past Bad Actor, pops to his feet, and fires. Bad Actor, firing, dives behind the elevator housing.

LYNN tries to fire at Tourist Wife, but she's too close. She SLAMS the Tourist with her gun butt and takes off running.

Tourist Wife chases Lynn around the stair housing, blasting with her shotgun... almost hitting Lynn twice!

Sawdust and plaster spray over Lynn as she dives for cover.

T₁YNN

Go back to Ohio, bitch!

Wen Tourist Wife rounds the corner, Lynn opens fire.

Holding her back until she runs out of shells.

Opps!

Time to reload!

Tourist Wife laughs, aims her shotgun at Lynn's face.

YORDAN's vent cuts cut to pieces by Tong #4's machinegun fire. Hot steam sprays. Yordan gets burned and screams.

YORDAN

That's it. No more Mr. Nice Guy.

Yordan raises up and opens fire. Advancing towards Tong #4.

No

Tong #4 takes cover behind the vent as Yordan keeps coming. A juggernaut with a gun.

Closer...

Closer...

Then Yordan's guns click dry! Tong #4 laughs and opens fire.

LATIMER rolls to the corner of the elevator housing, swinging around with both guns ready.

No Bad Actor.

He advances to the next corner, swings around.

Bad Actor

At the last corner, Latimer spins, guns ready. No Bad Actor. He's disappeared.

Confused, Latimer surveys the rooftop. Where did he go?

BAD ACTOR stands on the roof of the elevator housing, aiming both of his guns down at Latimer... squeezing the triggers!

LYNN looks down the barrel of the shotgun. Rolls away just as it discharges.
BLAAAAAAAAAM!

She takes off running around the stair housing, with Tourist Wife in hot pursuit.
Not enough head start for Lynn to reload.

TOURIST WIFE catches sight of Lynn and fires again. BLAAAM!

Tearing a hole in the side of the housing but missing Lynn.

She pumps a new shell into the shotgun, rounds the corner ready to fire... But Lynn has disappeared!

YORDAN tries to outrun Tong #4's machinegun fire... But he's running to the edge of the roof! No cover to hide behind.

He slams in his last clip, spins and fires at Tong #4... But is COMPLETELY out gunned. Then his clip runs dry... And he runs out of roof!

YORDAN

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Bullets chase him to the edge of the roof, and momentum sends him over... Yordan screams as he falls!

Tong #4 runs to the roof's edge, looking down at Yordan.

LATIMER hears Bad Actor behind him and SPINS. Guns raised.

Both men fire at each other. Four guns EXPLODING.

Bad Actor is hit a dozen times, falls off the elevator housing and dies on the roof. Latimer gets nicked in the shoulder. Bloody, but okay. He kicks the guns away from Bad Actor.

TOURIST WIFE hears the stairway door slam open behind her seconds before Lynn begins firing.
Tourist Wife spins, firing her shotgun.

Bullets and shotgun blasts fill the air.... Then Tourist Wife falls over dead.

LYNN

Go to hell.

Lynn blows smoke off her gun, kicks the shotgun away from the dead Tourist Wife.

TONG #4 gets to the edge of the roof and looks down...

At Yordan laying on a fire escape landing aiming Tong #1's pistol up at him.

YORDAN

Smile, asshole, you're dead.

Before he can raise his Uzi, Yordan empties the revolver into Tong #4.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Click.

Hit in the chest, Tong #4 falls off the roof... Right at Yordan!

Yordan rolls away just as Tong #4 SPLATS on the fire escape.

LATIMER looks over to see if Lynn is alright. She gives him a thumbs up.

YORDAN climbs up the ladder from the top of the fire escape. He sees Latimer and gives him a thumbs up. Latimer smiles.

Then Rouse fires his street sweeper, cutting Yordan in half.

Yordan screams, hit twice in the upper chest.

LATIMER

N0000000!

Latimer fires at Rouse as he races to Yordan.

Bullets spatter at Rouse.

He takes one in the thigh and dives for cover behind the billboard.

LATIMER tries to stop the bleeding from Yordan's chest. Too much blood. He can't even slow it down.

LATIMER

Hang in there, you're gonna make it.

YORDAN

No. I'm not.

Yordan coughs up a mouthful of blood, almost choking.

YORDAN

Can't move my arms. Can't feel my legs. It hurts. Man, it hurts... (beat)

Shit... You could put a bowling ball in that hole...

LATIMER

Just hold on....

YORDAN

Danny....

LATIMER

What?

YORDAN

I forgot to count my bullets. Gun's dry. Empty. Danny....

LATIMER

I'm right here.

YORDAN

Can I borrow your gun.

LATIMER

We can get you to a doctor...

YORDAN

No. I know you've got a bullet left. You always count...

LATIMER

Phil....

YORDAN

I gotta stop this pain. Too much freakin' pain for me.

Latimer realizes Yordan's right: he isn't going to make it. He places his gun in Yordan's right hand. Placing his finger inside the trigger guard.

LATIMER

Here.

YORDAN

Thanks, Danny. You're a pal.

Latimer stands up and turns away. BANG!

Yordan shoots himself in the head... ending the pain.

A quiet moment as Lynn and Latimer look at each other.

Then Latimer ejects clips from his guns and reloads them. Ready for action.

ROUSE steps from behind the billboard, street sweeper aimed across the roof at Latimer and Lynn.

ROUSE

Step away from her.

LATIMER

Put the gun down, John. It's over.

ROUSE

Not yet.

LATIMER

Yes it is.

ROUSE

There's still time to cut a deal.

(beat)

You may even get out of this alive.

That stops Latimer cold.

ROUSE

Look, I've always treated you like my own son. There's room for you over here, Danny.

LATIMER

On the pad? I'm not for sale.

ROUSE

Everyone's for sale. Just gotta find the right price.

LATIMER

Bet you were a real police special.

ROUSE

Yeah. I was.

(beat)

See, you think there's some big black line separating you from me.

(beat)

There's no line.

(beat)

Peggy had just died. I was up to my ass in medical bills. Had to find a way to pay them.

(beat)

Mr. Nugentti made me an offer. If I'd help him, he'd get rid of the Tongs in Chinatown. End the heroin traffic in L.A.

(beat)

Where's the line on that? Everybody wins.

LATIMER

No.

ROUSE

Danny, there's plenty of room in this deal for you. Think about it. Make a few extra bucks on the side. You can't survive on a cop's salary.

LATIMER

Yes I can.

ROUSE

No. You can't.

He levels the gun at Latimer.

LATIMER

You'd kill your only son?

ROUSE

Gotta know when it's time to let go. (beat)

Come on. Gimme the girl.

Latimer just shakes his head, hand on his gun.

Rouse studies him for a moment, accepting the decision, then slowly nods his head. Sad that he must kill Latimer.

ROUSE

Okay.

Rouse lowers the street sweeper to his side. A moment of silence between the two. They look into each others eyes.

Then Rouse flips the gun into his hands and pulls the trigger.

Latimer rolls out of the way, drawing both of his guns simultaneously and firing.

Lynn hits the dirt as a section of the elevator housing EXPLODES into sparks and fragments!

Latimer rolls onto his feet and races at Rouse, firing both guns. Rouse gets off a shot which misses before Latimer tackles him to the roof.

They fight, the street sweeper discharging between them. Exploding right between their faces. Blinding them as they roll...

Right off the edge of the roof!

Latimer catches the pagoda tiles with his shoes, keeping himself teetering on the edge.

Rouse grabs Latimer's arm at the last moment, dangling over the edge, the street sweeper still in his other hand.

LATIMER

Hang on.

Latimer starts pulling Rouse up.

LATIMER

Let go of the gun. Grab my other hand.

Rouse doesn't let go of the gun. Instead he raises it up at Latimer. Aiming at him.

ROUSE

Pull me up.

LATIMER

Drop the gun.

ROUSE

Now.

Rouse prepares to fire.

LATIMER

You're right.

Latimer releases Rouse's arm, and he falls to the street, firing a couple of shots on the way down and crashing neon.

LATIMER

Gotta know when it's time to let go.

Rouse SPLATS in the alley below.

Rouse moves to his feet, checks for damage, and finds Lynn rushing into his arms. They hold each other for a moment.

EXT. PRIVATE BAR -- DAY

No muscle guys guarding the door today.

INT. PRIVATE BAR -- DAY

In the back booth, Don Nugentti and Max Kantor look up when they hear the commotion.

The dark silhouette of a Detective approaches the booth.

DETECTIVE

Don Nugentti?

NUGENTTI

Yes?

We see the Detective's face: Danny Latimer.

LATIMER

You're under arrest.

KANTOR

Come on. What are the charges?

LATIMER

First degree murder. Murder for hire...

KANTOR

Wait a minute, wait a minute...

LATIMER

There's more. But we can take care of that down at the station house.

(MORE)

LATIMER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Mr. Nugentti, you have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. If you are unable to afford an attorney, the court...

KANTOR

I'm his attorney. You can't arrest this man, he's a model citizen...

Latimer gestures to JJ and Buzz who come forward and cuff Nugentti, dragging him out of the bar. Kantor yells after them as they get to the door.

KANTOR

Don't worry, Franco. I'll be down to make your bail...

LATIMER

I don't think so.

Latimer pulls a paper and a pair of cuffs from his pocket.

LATIMER

I've got a warrant for you, too.

KANTOR

No. No. I got a family.....

Latimer snaps on the cuffs, and leads him out of the bar.

EXT. PRIVATE BAR -- DAY

Nugentti and Kantor and placed in the back of POLICE CARS which zoom away, leaving the street quiet.

Kids come out and play, riding bicycles, throwing baseballs.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Copyright by William C. Martell