

ASSIGNED RISK

FADE IN:

INT.BEDROOM-DAY

It's early morning. It's even earlier if you're hungover, and TERRY RICKER, late 20's -- is very *hungover*.

His room is a mess - like a college dorm. Pants, shirts, beer-cans. He rolls over in his bed, his stubble could sand wood. His eyes move beneath his lids, following a sight that only he can see.

TWO BADGES hang from a lampshade by the bed -- one newer, one older with a noticeable implosion-hole.

HE JOLTS AWAKE. SWEATING. THERE'S A NEAR-SCREAM ON HIS LIPS -- BUT IT DOESN'T COME OUT.

He rubs his face. Looks around. Okay, he's home. This is nothing new. He picks up a half empty beer from the side of his bed, slugs it down. Rinses his mouth onto the floor, and breathes out.

A NOISE -- from outside his room. Rustling.

Even in his weakened state, Ricker's ears pick this up.

His hand reaches under the bed and pulls out a Glock 9 Millimeter pistol. His hand grips the handle like an old friend. Ricker creeps out of his room -- into a narrow hallway. We track him.

He hugs the wall, SWAT-style. One eye on the kitchen in front of him.

THE SOUND grows louder. He's like a shadow. This is reflex.

He clicks back the slide on the 'Nine -- shoves a round into the barrel.

INT.KITCHEN-DAY

Ricker, T-Shirt and underwear AND gun *whips around* into his smaller kitchen, finding:

A GIRL, 18 (hopefully for his sake) stands in front of the refrigerator. She's clad only in bra and panties. If she's an intruder, she's a damn good looking one. She's cooking breakfast on the stove. She turns around -- sees the gun first. Ricker second.

She's startled, but not enough.

GIRL

I surrender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricker exhales, lowers the gun.

RICKER
(easing off)
Jesus.
(beat)
You are...

GIRL
Beth. And I'm making pancakes.

RICKER
(thinking hard)
Right -- Sorry.
(beat)
You should've woke me up.

GIRL
I think I just did...

Ricker puts the Glock on the table next to him and replaces it with a pack of cigs. He pops one into his mouth and lights it.

GIRL
You miss her?

He looks up.

RICKER
What?!

GIRL
The chick in all these pictures -- who is she?

The Girl motions to several polaroids taped to the front of the refrigerator. The woman in them is even prettier than Ricker's 'date' last night. A bit wild-looking but in a good way.

RICKER
Came with the fridge.

GIRL
Seriously...

Ricker takes another drag, decides whether to lie.

Girl ambles closer. Nice body. He doesn't seem to be in the mood for 'breakfast' though.

RICKER
Ex-girlfriend.

GIRL
It didn't work out...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
To say it didn't work out is an
understatement.

There's a BEEPING. Electronic pager. He looks around. It's coming from her. He looks at her chest, reaches for...

A SMALL BEEPER OUT OF HER BRA. Looks at the read-out.

RICKER
I was looking for this.

He springs into action, grabs a pair of pants from a nearby chair.

GIRL
Where are you going?

RICKER
Stay as long as you want, door locks
behind you -- I gotta go to work.

The Girl shoots him a look -- now she's offended.

GIRL
Just 'cuz your a cop doesn't mean you can
just run out on me!

He almost smiles at this as he grabs a crisscross Military-issue holster off a doorknob.

RICKER
If you put two eggs in the batter --
makes the pancakes thicker.

Pauses. He kisses the top of her head. An after-thought.

And like that, *he's gone.*

CUT TO:

A ROLLER COASTER. An old roller coaster. Wooden. Noisy. a coaster comprised of about 8 separate cars linked together. We can't see any people in it. Maybe two. Definitely two.

It's on an incline, uphill...the small window of opportunity before--

THE COASTER reaches the top and FLIES down the winding track at 200 miles per hour...it SCREECHES as it twists around the track, goes through a tunnel and comes out UPSIDE DOWN, it screams around the second corner and goes through another dip...

PASS over the top of the coaster. Two riders. A MAN and a WOMAN, late 30's. The woman is screaming. Not because of the ride though...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE MAN has A GUN to her head.

CUT TO:

INT. E.M.S. TACTICAL TRANSPORT UNIT-DAY

E.M.S. Tactical Units are comprised of seven team members. These guys are the Swiss Army Knives of emergency response divisions. They're Cops, SWAT, Bomb Squad, Anti-Crime, hostage negotiation, Paramedics and poison control all rolled into one. They're first on the scene, last to leave but get none of the glory.

The Crew sits in the back of the van, clad in ninja-style black kevlar body armor so tight it looks fashionable. Headsets are attached to the Adam's apple for maximum audibility. Each team member is equipped with a high powered Silent Scope Semi-Automatic Sniper Rifle sheathed in a back-holster and a standard .45 caliber Desert Eagle strapped to the leg.

All eyes are on the team captain -- VANCE. He's the oldest. 45.

VANCE

We got one hostage. Perps got a gun to her head with instructions not to stop the ride. We stop the ride. He shoots her. We approach the ride, he shoots her...

A voice chimes in from the end of the van. It's Ricker. A little cleaned up but not by much. Just be glad he's on our side.

RICKER

He's gonna kill her.

VANCE

What makes you such an expert?

RICKER

Left us no options.

VANCE

What do you suggest we do Ricker?

RICKER

I think--

VANCE

You stick with me -- I want you in constant communication with Gabe. We're the ground control.

RICKER

Sir, request permission to be on active--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANCE

We need you down below. Gabe and Ramirez are gonna engage.

RICKER

Yes, sir

VANCE

Why do you smell like cheap perfume?

RICKER

It covers up the beer.

Ricker looks down and fingers something in his hand. The damaged BADGE we saw earlier. He puts it on like a necklace. Vance sees this -- his eyes register : "Oh, Christ".

Fellow Police officer GABE leans over at Ricker.

GABE

He's serious. You know that!?

Ricker looks up.

RICKER

Just glad to be part of 'the team'.

Ricker looks at Gabe. Winks.

CUT TO:

EXT.AMUSEMENT PARK

The EMS Team assembles at the foot of the coaster. Cell phones, CB'S, Walkie Talkies buzz all around. Commotion. Panic.

Vance hurtles out of the gate. A TECHNICIAN stands by the base of the coaster. Sweating. End of his rope...

TECHNICIAN

(to VANCE)

Guy comes by, with the gun...says him and his wife getting a divorce--

VANCE

Calm down...can you slow this thing down without him noticing?!!!

TECHNICIAN

It's not possible. Look, this thing was due to be taken apart next week. Fuckin' things not even safe!! Track is stripped! It CAN'T be run!! Three, four more go-rounds that machine is gonna have a heart attack and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANCE

What?

TECHNICIAN

It could fly off the track.

Vance grabs a pair of binoculars off his vest, watches the ever-moving coaster. SPARKS are flying off the track. LOTS OF SPARKS...

VANCE

(to himself)

Nothings easy.

Vance spins around to his men...

VANCE (CONT'D)

Alright!! This is the situation we --

Vance looks around.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Where's Ricker!!??

CUT TO:

EXT.ROLLER COASTER BASE

Ricker shrugs on what looks like a large backpack -- almost like a hiker's rig. He looks around...he's alone.

The entire structure rises into the sky like a dinosaurs skeleton. Individual wooden rafters support the beast all the way to the top. Ricker sucks in his breath and...climbs on. He jumps up -- climbs each wooden rung like a human spider. He's fast, he's done this before.

CUT TO:

EXT.AMUSEMENT PARK-DAY

Vance scans the upper regions of the coaster with the binoculars...he sees a figure...climbing up...

Gabe runs to Vance.

GABE

What's he doing?

VANCE

Dammit...Ricker!!!!!!

(beat)

Get the snipers in position. NOW!!

GABE

I thought it was gonna be me and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANCE
(no time for this shit)
NOW!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INT.ROLLER COASTER

The COASTER makes another DIP, another TWIST. MAN holds the gun to the woman's head. He's screaming...

MAN
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I LOVE
YOU!!!!

WOMAN
PLEASE!!!

MAN
YOU CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND!!!!???

The Roller Coaster turns UPSIDE DOWN...spins...goes through a TUNNEL...comes out.

CUT TO:

EXT.ROLLER COASTER

Ricker jumps to the next rung, he's DIRECTLY UNDER the track now.

THE COASTER passes RIGHT OVER HIM. Ricker rears back for a second as SPARKS shoot out. His ARM is on fire for a moment. Ricker beats it out. Holds tight.

He climbs onto the track. The coaster is making another go-round. He's got maybe 2 minutes.

He stands on the track...looks around...Ricker runs up the track, nearly 500 feet off the ground now, and heads for the TUNNEL.

Inside the tunnel he looks up, a pattern of metal bars and support beams are positioned on the top of the tunnel.

Ricker jumps up, grabs ahold of one and pulls himself onto it. He waits.

EXT.AMUSMENT PARK-DAY

Vance runs to the other side of the park, he can't see Ricker.

VANCE
Where'd he go!?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Technician follows him.

TECHNICIAN
See those sparks? Goddamn tracks wearing
away? One more dip and that bastards
coming off!!!

VANCE
How much time?

TECHNICIAN
Two, maybe three minutes...

VANCE
You have to stop it...

TECHNICIAN
I CAN'T, that thing's not even on the
CHAIN anymore!!!

CUT TO:

INT.TUNNEL

The coaster rumbles through.

Ricker waits on top. Looks down.

The COASTER begins to slow down as it begins to hit the
incline again.

MAN
This is it baby...this is it...

Man cocks back the hammer...

MAN (CONT'D)
You and me forever...

WOMAN
Peter...no...please...

MAN
Where we met...

RICKER DROPS FROM ABOVE. ONTO THE ROLLER COASTER. TWO CARS
BACK.

MAN hears something, SPINS around.

MAN
WHO IS THAT?!! I SAID NO INTERFERENCE!!!!

The coaster emerges from the tunnel, SPEEDS around the bend,
the next dip is close.

SPARKS FLY OUT FROM BELOW.

ANGLE ON:

The WHEELS of the coaster begin to BEND and SEPARATE FROM THE TRACK.

THE DROP approaches. Close. Closer.

Ricker climbs out from behind the seat, CRAWLS over the next cart, and the next, holding on for dear life.

His one hand REACHES for his weapon. MAN spins around again.

SEES RICKER.

MAN (CONT'D)

NO!!!!

MAN fires his gun at Ricker. Ricker drops down again, misses the bullets.

MAN (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

MAN climbs out of his seat, crawls TOWARD Ricker on the moving roller coaster. Ricker braces himself and LEAPS out of his seat, TACKLING THE MAN into the next car.

They grapple. Man fires his gun to no avail. Ricker pulls his .45.

RICKER

You...are...under...ARREST!!!!

MAN

She's MY wife!!!

MAN throws his gun away, POUNDS on Ricker with his fists...

THE ROLLER COASTER SQUEALS UNDER THE STRAIN. NO GOOD.

The coaster sickeningly shifts.

The drop is moments away.

THE END CAR of the COASTER BREAKS OFF AND FLIES AWAY!!!

CUT TO:

EXT.AMUSMENT PARK-DAY

Vance and the Police team are at the very base. An ambulance waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vance holds his breath. He sees the ONE CAR fall away and crash harmlessly on the asphalt below.

VANCE
Dear god...

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER COASTER

Ricker and the man grapple

THE WIFE holds onto the safety bar. Not wanting to look.

Ricker GRABS the MAN by the shoulder. Head-butts him. Ricker pulls his .45 and fires a round into the Man's chest, he grabs himself and --

FALLS OUT OF THE COASTER.

Ricker wastes no time -- he climbs to the first car. To the woman.

WOMAN
(to Ricker)
It's gonna crash!!!!

RICKER
Hold on!!!

Ricker pulls a string from his backpack, wraps it around his fist. He pushes the safety bar UP and grabs ahold of the Woman.

RICKER (CONT'D)
Hold onto my waist. No matter WHAT!!!

The COASTER approaches the drop. Metal FLIES away from the sides, the coaster almost pitches sideways....

RICKER (CONT'D)
Hold ON!!!

The ROLLER COASTER DESCENDS. FAST.

Almost instantaneously, as the coaster drops down, Ricker pulls the CORD.

A PARACHUTE snaps out from his back and Ricker and the Woman are SWEEPED OUT OF THE COASTER and INTO THE SKY ABOVE.

The ROLLER COASTER continues down the slope then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--- just leaves the track, sways to the side and falls completely off the structure. It LANDS on the far, far ground below with a metallic CRASH.

ANGLE ON:

Ricker and the Woman, momentarily airborne drift away from the roller coaster and float over the parking lot below. They drift. Safe.

RICKER (CONT'D)
Just...hold on....

WOMAN
(looking up, holding onto
Ricker's vest)
Thank you.

RICKER
It's nothing. It's nothing.

They fly over the lot, and a few yards later -- land safely away.

CUT TO:

EXT.AMUSEMENT PARK-DAY

Vance watches in amazement. The Police team begins to pile back into the vehicles.

VANCE
(to himself, in awe)
Dammit, Ricker.
(beat, eve more in awe)
Crazy sonofabitch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.BRIDGE-NIGHT

AERIAL

A long suspension bridge -- a mile or so from the city. A long line of cars drive along it.

Pan over to a convoy of Lincoln Town Cars making a turn onto the bridge and begin crossing over the water. Come in on one:

INT.TOWNCAR-NIGHT

Two agents sit in front, DEREK (driving) and HASKELL. Slightly overweight. Veteran agents who have seen it all.

In the back, a woman. Young, mid to late 20's, but a hardened face and a steel stare. She looks familiar -- probably because we saw her picture on Ricker's 'fridge.

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CONTINUED:

Her hair is wildly combed, there may be one or two colors mixed in there -- but since this is Hollywood, she's hot as shit. This is TRACI PIERCE AKA "RISK". She stares out the window. Detached.

We hear the soothing sound of the bridge grates softly bumping against the tires.

Traci pulls out a cigarette, lights it.

THE TOWNCAR COMES to a stop. Heavy traffic.

DEREK
Shit...jam-up.

HASKELL
Radio Deckson, make sure he knows...
(beat)
S'alright -- we got four days.

He takes out his silver-handled Federal standard issue .45 sidearm and slides the clip in and out. Bored.

Haskell turns back around to Traci.

HASKELL
So what's up with your name?

TRACI
(annoyed)
My "handle" you mean?

HASKELL
Yeah, why do you call yourself Risk?

Traci thinks about this, purses her lips. Haskell's eyes travel down her exposed, toned legs...

Traci doesn't answer. *Fuck Off.*

Derek taps his fingers on the edge of the steering wheel. He looks around the traffic. He tries to whistle. Can't do it.

Haskell turns to Derek.

HASKELL (CONT'D)
Derek, tell that joke...

DEREK
Which one?

HASKELL
With the Koala and the hooker.

Derek stares out his window. Tries to whistle again.

DEREK
Yeah...So there's a hooker and koala.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Traci rolls her eyes.

DEREK (CONT'D)

They're both in this brothel and there's an entire Colombian soccer team lined up, all wanting to take their turns on the hooker right? But one guy breaks away from the group and goes "Hey, you know what, I'm gonna go for the koala."

HASKELL

Yeah, this is good...

Haskell raises his eyebrows at Traci.

DEREK

His teammate goes -- "Hey man, are you sick? Why the hell are you going with the koala?" And the koala's sitting there eating the pine leaves or whatever. So the first soccer player goes. "One reason man, while you're having fun with that prostitute, I'm--"

AS A BARREL OF A AR-15 CARBINE RIFLE PRESSES UP AGAINST HIS SIDE WINDOW AND--

HASKELL

SHIT!!!

Derek spins, aims the .45 but Haskell's window, and Haskell's head is blown away in a shower of glass and skull.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(firing back)

Get down!!!!

Traci HITS the floor, hugs the ground.

The Town Car is suddenly RIDDLED with millions of bullets from both sides. The car is literally torn to shreds by the gunfire.

Derek keeps his head down, returns fire and --

A BLAST - straight through the DOOR of the Town Car ends him. His chest explodes.

Traci screams, she POPS the lock on the back door and SCRAMBLES onto the street.

EXT.BRIDGE/TRAFFIC JAM-SIMULTANEOUS

The civilian cars stop honking their horns as they see two black SUV'S firing machine gun rounds into the parade of FBI towncars. Everyone remains inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Traci crawls UNDER the town car.

A TOWNCAR up ahead is filled with AGENTS, they exit, guns drawn --

Cut down in an instant. The other Agents don't even get a shot off.

Traci crawls forward, underneath the next town car.

The doors open on the SUV'S. Several black-suited men. Ski-masks. Large barreled Israeli Issued Akabi's clutched. They look inside the first town car. They're after her.

Traci, like an obstacle course veteran, wiggles her way underneath the next car. She sees booted feet, walking around.

PEOPLE SCREAM in the background. The Honking starts again.

The first Mask looks under the Town Car. Nothing.

MASK 1
Where'd she go!??

MASK 2
Which was her transport??!

MASK 1
She's gotta be in one of 'em!!

Traci hears this, she ROLLS from the side of one of the lead Town Cars and underneath a FAMILY STATION WAGON.

We can see some CRYING KIDS in the window. Traci holds her breath -- a moment later they look under the vehicle she was just under. Whew.

Then -- *The traffic starts up.*

Traci LAYS flat on the ground as the STATION WAGON passes right over her.

Then another car, then another.

The Masks scramble, dodging the suddenly mobile traffic. They scan the area and see --

TRACI has a moment -- she rolls out of the lane of traffic and dashes to the side of the bridge.

The Masks FIRE. Several assassins RUN towards her.

Traci takes to the edge of the bridge. Looks down. Water. Deep, Dark Water. She looks behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Someone takes aim.

MASK 2
NAIL HER!!!! NOW!!!

Traci JUMPS OFF...into the water below.

The Masks follow -- but only to the edge. They look down.
Can't see a thing. She's gone.

MASK 1
(looking over)
She's gotta be dead. She's gotta.

MASK 2 looks at him.

MASK 2
That wasn't the deal. We have to know.
(beat, to Others)
She's still alive!! Let's Move!!

A man, a dark man with a stone face and a hard body steps
behind Mask 2. He grabs the dude. This is BRYCE. Don't fuck
with him.

MASK 1
Bryce!

BRYCE
This...was unfortunate.

MASK 1
Look she...

Bryce puts a finger to his lips. Smiles at Mask 2

BRYCE
Go get her.

MASK 2
What? I--

Bryce PICKS UP MASK 2 and THROWS him RIGHT over the bridge.
THE BODY hits at an awkward angle. Then is limp.

BRYCE
(at Mask 1)
No more unpleasantness. You hear?

Mask 1, trying to remain calm.

MASK 1
Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The MASKS scramble back into their SUV'S and get the HELL out of there.

Bryce is the last to leave.

Below, the water shimmers with the moon's reflection.

EXT.BAY

At first we see nothing on the water's surface. Then --

Traci's head pops out. She's gasping, looks around, treads water.

Above, A HELICOPTER PASSES. The bay vibrates with the sound of the blades. A MIST of water sprays up around Traci as she looks fearfully up at the flying machine.

A SPOTLIGHT hits her.

CUT TO:

INT.VANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ricker sits in front of Vance's large gray desk. Like a kid at the principals office. Police awards adorn the walls. Trophies, statues, along with communication equipment are spread out all over.

Vance is standing up. He's still wearing his uniform from the day before. Ricker flicks and un-flicks a silver lighter.

VANCE

I got good news and bad news --

RICKER

Is *that* a fact?

VANCE

Bad news is that you're fired.

Ricker pauses -- no comment to that one.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Department thinks you got a death wish.
You're a goddamn *armed* liability.

RICKER

She's ALIVE because ---

VANCE

If I THOUGHT for a second that you dying would somehow bring your Dad back, I'd run you over with a fucking car MYSELF
Terry!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
This isn't about my Dad.

VANCE
What you did yesterday, was two steps
away from putting a razor to your wrist.
Yeah, that woman's alive but -- somehow --
I think you're fucking disappointed that
YOU are!!

Vance slams his hands down on the table.

VANCE (CONT'D)
I love you kid, I loved your Dad. I
folded that flag with you. And I cried
just like you -- and I stopped crying.
But--

RICKER
But what?

VANCE
You want some advice?

Ricker exhales, stands up.

RICKER
Last time I took advice, my father ended
up with a 21 Gun salute.

VANCE
You wanna fuck up your life? That'll
happen on It's own. Don't force it.

RICKER
So that's it? I'm going home?

VANCE
Something came down. Something
that...might help you out.

Vance tosses the folder to Ricker. Ricker sees the FBI logo.

VANCE
That's an FBI requisition order.

RICKER
The Bureau?

VANCE
It's a run, fly to Arizona -- accompany a
witness back here. It's a simple job --
impress the Feds and upstairs might look
at things differently.

RICKER
Why me? *I don't babysit.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VANCE

They wouldn't say -- they asked for you by name. They work with our unit regularly. They got pull. Maybe enough for a second chance on the squad.

(beat)

Personally I think they're insane. I tried to talk them out of it.

RICKER

I don't have a choice do I?

VANCE

Yeah, you do. Do it. And then--maybe you show up for work on Monday.

Ricker's NOT happy about this.

RICKER

Who is it?

VANCE

I know as much as you do.

Ricker takes the order, begins walking out.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Hey...

Ricker turns around.

VANCE (CONT'D)

Show up for work on Monday alright?

CUT TO:

INT.CESSNA C-1 TRANSPORT PLANE-DAY

Ricker - clad in a dapper suit. A duffel bag in his lap, he stares out the small oval windows of the FBI issue Cessna. The engine hums.

THREE AGENTS sit opposite Ricker. Eyeing him coldly. They look almost exactly alike. Ricker tries to avoid looking at them, but they stare at him.

The Agents are wearing double sided gun holsters.

Ricker lights another cig. The plane descends.

"NO SMOKING" sign lights up .

EXT.DESERT LAND-DAY

Not sure where we are, somewhere in the desert. Almost the middle of nowhere. The Cessna has landed. Dust drifts in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricker is accompanied by three FBI agents, side by side. Sunglasses everywhere.

They lead him toward a run-down, near-condemned SHACK a few yards away. We can almost see the heat in the air.

The group enters the shack, the door squeaks in the wind.

CUT TO:

INT.SHACK

It's bigger on the inside. Ricker, led by the three agents step in. There's another door far inside. A computer KEYPAD is on the knob. Agent 2 punches in a code, the wooden door, amazingly SLIDES AWAY Star Trek-style.

RICKER
Where ARE we?!

INT.ELEVATOR

The four step into a kind of coal-mine elevator. Agent 1 pulls a screen shut.

RICKER
You people are so shady.

The elevator descends. The cable whines under the strain.

INT.HALLWAY

The group steps out of the elevator -- underground now. Into a darkened hallway, grated floors, TV screens on the wall.

Arriving at another door, this one metal. The Agent leans into a Intercom on the frame.

AGENT 1
(into intercom)
Waller. We have "Assigned Risk".

The intercom BEEPS and the door slides away again. They enter. Ricker is just totally confused.

INT.MAIN RECEPTION

Inside, is what looks like an expensive Pool Table room. In fact, there is a pool table off to the right. Green lights hang overhead. A few reflectometers. There are GREEN METAL CABINETS mounted on the wall -- we can see that there is just a plethora of guns inside them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The three agents enter. Ricker comes from behind. More agents are gathered in this room, standing in front of something or someone. Blocking our view. The Agents are smoking, playing pool or just standing around looking serious as Death.

An older G-Man steps forward. Shirt sleeves rolled up, pinpoint glasses on his face. He looks...sharp. Meet DECKSON.

DECKSON

You don't look like much of an EMS dog. I thought you fuckers were all missing limbs.

RICKER

Half of me is plastic, whaddya want?

DECKSON

I'm Deckson.

RICKER

Terry Ricker. Don't call me Terry.

DECKSON

You know why you're here Ricker?

RICKER

No.

DECKSON

Good.

Deckson eyes some of the Agents standing around.

DECKSON (CONT'D)

Sit down.

Agent 1 grabs Ricker by the shoulders and slams his ass down in a uncomfortable folding chair. Two other Agents stand behind him.

DECKSON (CONT'D)

We caught her two weeks ago hacking into the FBI mainframe trying to erase some "sensitive documents". She called herself 'Risk'. Career cyber-criminal. She was hired by a guy who was hired by a guy who was hired by a guy.

RICKER

Who IS this?

DECKSON

(ignoring)

We nailed and bailed her because she offered her employer on a platter: A tender alliance of three major crime organizations.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DECKSON (CONT'D)

Bureau dubbed them "The Circle". We take them down -- we take everyone down.

(beat)

Even some people -- who may be close to us.

RICKER

You talking about corruption?

DECKSON

(ignoring again)

What she's got is documentation of all their activities from the past five years. Transactions, holdings, infrastructures, names, dates, times...It's like the bad guy bible. It's all catalogued on some sort of on-line "ghost file" Or so she says.

Agent 3 goes over to the CABINET in the corner -- He pulls two multi-muzzled cobalt "Street Sweepers" out of their brass holdings.

RICKER

Look, I don't know why I'm here.

DECKSON

Neither do I.

Deckson nods to Agent 2 -- "Do It".

Agent 2 punches a code into another door on the far side of the compound. It beeps. Whirrs. Then slides open "Battlestar Galactica" style.

Deckson eyes Agent 3 to the right of him.

DECKSON (CONT'D)

(to Agent 3)

You worked with me on the detail three months ago right?

AGENT 3

Yes, sir.

DECKSON

Right. Ok.

RICKER

I still don't understand ---

And Traci walks through. Two-toned hairstyle all over the place and dressed in a tank-top that only barely conceals her ripped arms and washboard abs. She'll kick your ass and you'll still wanna make out with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRACI
(at Ricker)
You dirty Goddamn son of a bitch -- I
wish there was some way I can blame this
on you but I can't!!

Ricker STANDS UP. BLOWN BACK. *This not anything our boy
expected at all...*

His jaw just drops

RICKER
What the fuck is THIS?!!!

Traci and Ricker stalk forward -- ready for war.

TRACI
Oh what's the matter Ricker, you don't
remember me?!! Or did you just forget my
phone number?!!!

RICKER
(off Deckson)
What IS SHE doing here?!!

TRACI
You're an asshole!!

RICKER
You led a double life!

TRACI
I'm surprised you even SHOWED up!!
(to Deckson)
One year anniversary -- this son of a
bitch stands me up at the Rainbow Cafe'
on Calabasas and *that was it!!*

RICKER
Don't act like you understand what kind
of *shit* your in. I wouldn't be here if
they--

TRACI
I requested you.

Ricker is taken back.

DECKSON
It was part of the deal. She doesn't want
agents. She wants you.
(beat)
You two have a prior relationship? Is
THAT what this is about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRACI

You might break my heart, but you won't try to kill me.

(beat)

I'm not even sure if I even trust THESE fucks.

(beat)

The other part of the deal is that I get to break your nose you--

Traci is about to stalk forward --

Deckson steps in front of her. Agent 2 holds her back.

DECKSON

There's a court-date -- Los Angeles. She's gotta produce the evidence there for our warrants to stick. If she's a no-show -- we've got nothing. But all you gotta do is accompany her. We'll take care of the rest -- the transports outside.

(beat, points to some of the surrounding Suits)

It'll be you -- Hanson over there, Agent Garrity and Agent Farmer. You're contact in LA is head of the operation, named Sable. Farmer and Garrity'll will be in contact with the outside team -- Hanson carries the firepower. All you gotta do is be there.

RICKER

No. NO! I am not PART of this!!!

TRACI

That's what I thought!! All about yourself isn't it Ricker?!!

RICKER

HEY! I've got my OWN problems!!

TRACI

God forbid I bring up the 'C' word in ANY context!

RICKER

(off Deckson)

Isn't she clever? She's talking about commitment.

(beat)

I think we're a little beyond *that* fight don't you think?!!

AGENT 2

How'd you two meet?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RICKER
Blind Date.
(eyeing Traci)
Don't go on blind dates.

Traci and Ricker both find themselves being held back by AGENTS. A near-fight.

Agent 2 holds Ricker back by his shoulders. Deckson seems exasperated.

TRACI (CONT'D)
Do you really want me to DIE Ricker,
cause that's what's gonna happen if--

Then -- AGENT 2's HEAD is BLOWN OFF BY A SUDDEN GUNBLAST.

Differences are momentarily forgotten.

Ricker, Traci and Deckson spin to see --

AGENT 3 stands with a smoking Street Sweeper.

AGENT 3
It's the way It's gotta be.

SEVERAL AGENTS grab guns --

THE CONTROLLED DOORS OPEN FROM THE OUTSIDES AS--

A SMALL CREW OF MASKED MEN FLOOD INTO THE ROOM.

DECKSON
GET DOWN!!!

The ROOM explodes in closequarters gunfire. The team of assassins is maybe 10.

Ricker rolls to the right and throws a shot into TWO bad guys, they fall. Ricker puts his body on top of Traci's.

Deckson turns to Ricker.

DECKSON
Follow me and get HER out of here!!!

Deckson STANDS up, pulls a RIOT SHOTGUN from the table holster. Now he's two-fisted. John Woo style. This old guy is quick.

Ricker stands up, pulls Traci with him. They stand behind Deckson, who's like --

BANG BANG BANG, clearing a path with "head-shots".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

He's shot too though. A lot. His vest takes some of the bullets, the rest of the body takes the remainder as they tumble out of the room into the hallway.

INT.HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Ricker chucks a load into his shotgun, nails one bad guy, brings another to his knees. It's a Gauntlet.

Several Agents join the group, laying down covering fire. Ricker spits out round after round, Traci hugs his waist -- her hand inches down toward his crotch to --

RICKER'S SECONDARY HOLSTER. She grabs the Glock 9, cocks back the hammer...

Ricker, in the chaos, grabs her.

RICKER

You don't GET a GUN! Stay close!!

Ricker loads another round. Blam!

Deckson is hit bad, they are almost to the ELEVATOR DOORS. There's no telling who are good or bad guys. Agents fire on agents. It's chaos. They take a bullet and keep on coming. Ricker nails one with the butt of the shotgun, spin kicks another into a TV SCREEN.

His HEAD goes in. His body jerks as he's electrocuted.

Ricker and Traci put their backs to the wall. Inch forward.

Deckson takes another in the shoulder. Empties the .45 into the shooter. Where the fuck are these guys coming from??

DECKSON

I KNEW something was FUCKING WRONG!!!!

RICKER

You THINK?!!

DECKSON

Those fucking agents -- came onto the case AFTER me -- they were NEVER cleared!!!

(beat)

Sable fucked this one up BIG time!

The convoy gets closer.

Agent 2 takes one in the gut falls. Ricker bends down, takes his gun. Empties it at the Masks. Nails two. More to go.

Deckson PUSHES Ricker and Traci to the elevator. Deckson punches in the code and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

is SHOT IN THE NECK.

RICKER
What's the rest of the code!!!

Deckson can't talk.

Ricker turns around, empties his shotgun, at least three more gunmen remain. Coming closer. Reloading.

DECKSON
It's...

Deckson can barely stand. His one hand hangs limply.

The doors won't open. Deckson blinks.

TRACI
We have to get out of here!!!!

Ricker steps in front of Traci. Holds her. His back to the bullets. A human kevlar vest

Deckson desperately tries to type in the code. Too weak to even move...

DECKSON
Keep...her...alive...

Ricker GRABS Deckson's hand, AIMS it toward the control pad. Deckson's fingers twitch.

Deckson punches in the final number. BEEP!

The doors WHOOSH open. Deckson crumples to the ground. Traci runs in, Ricker follows -- looks at Deckson.

RICKER
I will.

The doors SHUT. A VOLLEY OF SHOTS hit a moment later.

INT.ELEVATOR

The elevator ascends. Ricker reloads.

TRACI
Give me a gun.

RICKER
No.

TRACI
You gotta trust me, give me a gun!!

Ricker pulls the Glock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
You can use it?!

TRACI
You don't get on the Bureau's Top Ten
without a few lessons!

Ricker tosses the gun to her.

RICKER
Don't shoot me.
(beat)
I was gonna call you that Saturday.

TRACI
Bullsh--

THE ELEVATOR SUDDENLY STOPS. DEAD.

RICKER
Now what.

Ricker looks up.

RICKER (CONT'D)
(at Traci)
Give me a boost.

Ricker hops up on Traci's hands. Heads for the grate, climbs up--

INT.SHAFT

The cables stopped. Noises from above.

THE LIGHTS go out in the elevator below.

TRACI
Ricker!!!

RICKER
I know, they cut the power! We're gonna
climb up. Before they do.

Ricker bends down, holds out his hand. Traci grabs it, he pulls her up.

The SHAFT almost becomes completely dark. A red tint as they emergency lights click on.

There's a safety ladder on the side of the shaft. Ricker tests it, sturdy.

Traci gets on first, Ricker follows. They climb up. Ricker's face is an inch away from her ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER (CONT'D)
You have been working out.

Traci is fast, Ricker's gotta keep up.

RICKER
You could have done anything Traci.
Anything at all. Christ, you went to
college!

TRACI
Opportunity knocks, I took it.

RICKER
And now this? After five years?!

Ricker and Traci near the top, we can see some sunlight peak
through above, but it still seems so far away. Sweat beads.

TRACI
C'mon, you knew our paths would cross
again.

RICKER
Yeah, I figured I'd be arresting you
someday.

Below, noises. Clattering. Ricker stops.

The LIGHTS come back on! The elevator begins moving again.

The engine kicks back into gear, it comes back up. It
ascends. Towards Ricker and Traci, on the ladder.

TRACI (CONT'D)
We can jump on the top!!

RICKER
Climb.

TRACI
What?

RICKER
CLIMB!!!!

Ricker hits Traci's leg, she scrambles up. Fast. Ricker is
right the hell behind.

We can see the elevator moving up. There's a beeping. We hear
it. It gets louder as the elevator moves up towards us.

Ricker looks down, straight into the roof of the ascending
elevator. Something's wrong. He knows it.

RICKER (CONT'D)
Go!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They're getting closer to the top, but it's slow.

WE LOOK DOWN :

ANGLE ON:

EXT.ELEVATOR

The bottom of the elevator car.

There is a timer. The timer is attached to some wires, the wires are attached to a clay-like substance, which is attached to two pipes. Plastique and Dynamite. A dirty-bomb.

The timer is on :05

That elevator rises fast!

TRACI

What is it!!!

The two climb up. Close to the level.

They reach the doors when :

10 Yards Below the BOMB goes off!

A FIREBALL reaches up the shaft!!

Ricker jams his gun in between the two level doors, PRYS them open.

The ORANGE FLAME right behind.

Ricker and Traci FALL through, into the SHACK entrance.

Six GUNMEN are waiting RIGHT THERE.

Ricker sprays a burst of gunfire at the surprised figures then, PULLS TRACI OUT OF THE WAY.

THE BLAST EXPLODES THROUGH THE ELEVATOR ENTRANCE --
INCINERATING THE REMAINING GUNMEN IMMEDIATELY.

The two JUMP through a window to the outside as the shack is engulfed in sudden flame behind them.

Terry Ricker pulls himself to his feet -- Traci is with him. They back away from the flaming would-be ranch house.

He looks around , sees several vehicles. SUV'S and HUMVEES.

THE CESSNA is gone.

RICKER

Where's the fucking plane?!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Traci picks a set of keys off of the ground. Traci and Ricker spin around in the middle of the whistling, empty desert. Alone. FLAMES lick behind them.

TRACI

It's just you and me...

She eyes him. He eyes back.

TRACI (CONT'D)

What was that about *commitment*?

RICKER

Don't start.

CUT TO:

INT."MAXIMUM Q" NIGHT CLUB-NIGHT

This place is intense. 'Max Q' is some sort of industrial, steel girder, type of hip-as-hell dance club with just the right amount of sweaty bodies and throbbing music. You and I would have trouble getting in but --

Bryce walks right inside. He pushes his way through the gyrating dancers, he doesn't excuse himself when he elbows people out of his way. He arrives at a BOOTH surrounded by several older men. He stands there until he's noticed. The first man -- cold blue eyes and a set of crooked gold teeth turns around. His name's VING.

VING

(annoyed)

I'm at work.

BRYCE

I can see that.

Ving relents and nods to the men at his table.

VING

(to other men)

A moment...

(to Bryce)

Upstairs.

INT.CLUB SURVEILLANCE ROOM-NIGHT

Ving leads Bryce into the "brain" of the elaborate club. There's dozens upon dozens of video screens displaying the activities on the different levels of the dance floor. Behind a desk is a gigantic picture window looking out into the main stage -- the dancers below look like a writhing swarm of well-dressed maggots.

Ving stares at the video screens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VING

Lost 18 men at that compound -- 9 of which were yours...

BRYCE

She's linked up with some cop. Some burn-out. I'll have Roy look into the profile.

VING

The HEART of this organization is stuck up in that head of hers...

BRYCE

...I understand...

VING

...She doesn't make it to LA. Understand THAT?!!

(beat)

Do you know what the Black Network is Bryce?

BRYCE

B.E.T.?

Ving spins to Bryce, pierces him. *That wasn't funny.*

VING

Our world, Our Organization, has It's ways of *getting* information and *giving* it. It's an archaic message system left over from the days when the Russians ran this town. Cops can't tap it, can't penetrate it. I'm not even sure how it's spread. But it works. Tomorrow morning the word will be out that there's a dead-or-alive bounty on that woman's head. There won't be one lowlife, criminal, strung-out crazy motherfucker that won't know that there's a *Ten Million* dollar lotto ticket running around out there.

BRYCE

This doesn't make my job any easier, Ving!

VING

Will it make you work harder?

Ving brushes past Bryce and heads for the door.

VING (CONT'D)

I want her *head*.

Bryce is left, staring at the digital images of the laughing club-goers in front of him.

EXT.ROAD-DAY

Dusty road. Miles of emptiness. A brand-new Hummer kicks it up along the path.

INT.HUMMER

Ricker drives. Traci listens.

RICKER

This another call for attention Traci?!!
Is that it?! Because there is about
hundred better ways to get back at me!

TRACI

You're such a goddamn narcissist

RICKER

What? Did you just call me a fuckin'
narc?

TRACI

(rolling eyes)
I have something that they want -- pure
and simple.

RICKER

Do you?! You're working an angle -- I
know you.

TRACI

You think I'm lying?

RICKER

You were never about cashing out -- not
even in the beginning.

TRACI

You never knew me and you never will. Our
families are DEAD Ricker!! Because of
people like THEM! You lost your Dad, I
lost my whole family.

RICKER

So It's revenge? Play both sides against
the middle. In case you haven't noticed --
we're caught in a serious shitstorm right
now!!

(beat)

How are we supposed to get to LA?!

TRACI

You're the supercop -- you figure it out
(she huffs)
I can't believe you stood me up. I'm not
your Dad, Ricker. I wasn't going
anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
That's five years ago. And stop bringing
up my Dad.

TRACI
You still have that badge?! You do, don't
you?!

RICKER
Hey, You CALLED me!!

That shuts her up -- for a moment.

TRACI
(quiet)
I don't know...

RICKER
What?

TRACI
...I don't know anyone else...

RICKER
I'm so damn flattered.

Traci looks out the window.

TRACI
Just try not to skip out on me this time.
You don't have to pick up the check.

Ricker thinks about this.

He eyes the FUEL GAUGE on the hummer. Near-empty.

Ricker PULLS off the road, heads for the rough desert land.
The Hummer jostles.

A building appears in the distance. A diner. With a gas-pump
in the front. Old. Broken-down but still active with a few
cars in the parking lot.

Ricker rockets into the parking lot, pulls the Hummer to a
stop directly in front of the doors and right next to a VERY
LARGE M-1 HARLEY DAVIDSON motorcycle.

INT. DINER-DAY

Traci and Ricker run in. There's maybe three customers in the
place. One burly guy with no teeth and a BANDANNA tied around
his head. Biker-style. A COUNTERMAN with a stained apron. A
few old men, old women.

COUNTERMAN
Hey!! Where's the fire!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER

Those pumps out there work?!!

Traci perches uneasily on one of the diner stools.

COUNTERMAN

Not unless you wanna fill your car up
with dust!

RICKER

(amazed)

What good is this place?!

COUNTERMAN

Best goddamn grilled cheese and fries in
the state. Don't believe me -- I taped
the article in the front!

BANDANNA

(agreeing toothlessly)

HELL yeah!

HELICOPTERS OVERHEAD can be heard. Traci looks up. There's a
twitch of nervousness in her eyes.

The BUZZING gets louder. And then just...stops. Everyone
notices.

BANDANNA

The fuck is going on here? An air show?

TRACI

(to Bandanna)

Blue Angels.

BANDANNA

Fuckin' A- Cool.

Ricker moves to Traci.

Countermand places his hands on the table.

COUNTERMAN

You two gonna BUY something?!

RICKER

Where's the nearest airport?!

COUNTERMAN

Not around here -- you can catch the
express into the city though. Bout 8
miles down. Hop on the back 'n you can
ride for free.

RICKER

A train?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Noises overhead. On top of the diner.

COUNTERMAN
Fuck is that?!

BANDANNA
Sounds like rats.

COUNTERMAN
I told you, it AIN'T no rats Duffy!!

Bandanna flips Counterman the bird. He turns to Traci.

BANDANNA
You look good. You taken?

Ricker pulls his piece.

RICKER
(to Bandanna)
Back off

Ricker Looks up. His eyes following movement above.

RICKER
(to Traci)
Stay here.

TRACI
Yes, sir.

BANDANNA
(to Traci)
You like hogs?
(beat)
I like hogs. That your man?

TRACI
It's not my man, he's all yours.

Ricker walks out of the diner, into the lot.

A RED DOT appears on the back of his head. He can feel it. He turns around.

We REVEAL, that RICKER is looking directly into the SIGHT of a high powered rifle.

THE HELICOPTER has LANDED on top of the DINER. About several armed MERCS. Headsets. Sunglasses. Black kevlar outfits are lined up on the roof.

A SECOND HELICOPTER RISES FROM BEHIND THE DINER. HOVERING.

Ricker squints his eyes as the beam is right on his cornea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERC 1
Where's the girl?!!!!

Suddenly, BANDANNA crashes out of the diner..

BANDANNA
Don't touch my fucking BIKE, man!!!!

Merc 1 SWINGS the rifle down, distracted by the biker.

Ricker reacts, pulls ANOTHER .45 at his belt and fires a volley of bullets at Merc 1. Nailing him. Merc 1 falls off the roof.

The other Mercs reply in kind, but Ricker is on the run back inside. He pushes Bandanna back in.

INT.DINER-DAY

Ricker runs in, Grabs Traci.

RICKER
We got problems!!
Everyone get down!!

Ricker swings his gun up in the air, the Counterman hits the floor. The old people hit the floor.

BANDANNA
You some kinda fugitive?!

RICKER
Is there a way out the back!?!
(beat, to Traci)
Stay close.

TRACI
That a good idea?! I got the bullseye on me remember?!

RICKER
Stay close!

Ricker goes behind the counter. He looks out the front window.

A TEAM of MERCS are in the parking lot, walking toward the diner.

Ricker and Traci run through the back, through the kitchen.

Bandanna sees the team. One MERC brushes against his BIKE.

BANDANNA
Mother-fuc--

INT.BACK ROOM

Ricker re-loads. Listens. Footsteps.

RICKER
Up top. In front. We're surrounded.

TRACI
That's defeatist thinking.

RICKER
You still reading those self-help books?

TRACI
Self-actualizing.

Ricker looks down. A door in the floor.

RICKER (CONT'D)
Come on...

Ricker pulls the door open, stairs. Ricker and Traci descend.

INT.CELLAR

Stockroom cellar. Cans of food. Bulk cereal, grain. Ricker leads the way through the maze of shelf after shelf of material. The path is tight. The floor is made of dirt. Very little light gets through.

CUT TO:

EXT.PARKING LOT

Bandanna stands in the middle of the lot. The MERCS aren't touching him. He stands amid the crowd.

BANDANNA
Is someone gonna tell me what the fuck is going on here?!!

We see BRYCE, passing by. Bandanna grabs him. Bryce looks even more severe than the first time we saw him.

BRYCE
You don't need to worry about it sir.

BANDANNA
I spend a LOT of good money here, so don't fuck up my hang-out.

Bandanna looks to the road. A entire FLEET of motorcycles are coming down, heading for the diner.

BANDANNA (CONT'D)
My buddies like this place.

INT.CELLAR

They can't find a way out.

RICKER
Shit! This has to come out somewhere?!!

Noises toward the back. Walkie-talkies. Headsets.
Communication. Close.

RICKER (CONT'D)
They're here.

Ricker makes a left, dead end.

RICKER (CONT'D)
Dammit!!

Close quarters -- the whole area is too tight. Too cluttered.
Nowhere to run.

A GUN edges around a side of one of the shelves. Ricker sees
it first. GRABS IT! Pulls the MERC forward, to the ground.

MERC 3 comes around the bend, around a pile of grain bags.

Ricker and Traci hit the floor, dodge a bullet that PASSES
through the wall. Sunlight comes through the hole. Ricker
sees this.

The MERC takes aim --

Ricker pulls out and nails him.

Ricker turns to the shaft of sunlight, pushes the wall in,
the door creaks open. Another set of stairs. They run up.

EXT.PARKING LOT

There's a collection of BIKERS and MERCS now gathering in
front of this diner. it's a strange sight.

Some of the Bikers are arguing with the mercenaries who don't
seem to have orders to fire on anyone else except Ricker and
Traci.

Bryce POUNDS out of the diner. Angry.

BRYCE
Someone give me a fuckin' headset!!!

ANGLE ON:

Side of the diner, two double doors PUSH UP from the ground.
Traci and Ricker climb out. No one sees them at first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They ease around one of the cars. Ricker eyes a MOTORCYCLE.

RICKER
You trust me?!

TRACI
You are NOT getting on that!!

RICKER
How hard can it be?!

TRACI
Look, I can ride a motorcycle. You can't.

RICKER
Yeah, and that always pissed me off so --
get on the back.

Ricker and Traci DASH for the Bike. Ricker jumps on, Traci slides around him. Links her hands around his abdomen.

TRACI
Whoa. Sit ups.

RICKER
Lets avoid the commentary.

TRACI
it's a compliment.

RICKER
Can you reach my gun from there?!!

BIKER 1 turns toward them.

BIKER 1
Son of a bitch!!!! Duffy they got YOUR
bike!!!

The Mercenaries follow suit.

The CHOPPER, hovering over the diner, dips down to the lot.

Ricker revs the handlebars, the bike throws up a cloud of dust and JUMPS forward. Bandanna is lost in the dirt-fog.

Bryce points to the couple -- three MERCS swing their weapons toward the bike.

RICKER
Alright, let's ride.

TRACI
God help me...

Ricker speeds and guides the BIKE --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

--directly into the SIDE OF A DUMPSTER. WHAM!

Ricker and Traci are jolted but stay on -- no time to be embarrassed. Ricker backs up as a BARRAGE OF BULLETS SLAM INTO THE SIDE OF THE DUMPSTER.

RICKER

Shit!!!

Traci reaches around and pulls a nickel-plated .45 from his belt. Ricker kick-starts the bike and ROARS forward into the melee.

Traci clicks back the hammer and lays down ill-aimed suppressing fire at the MERCS. They take cover and the BIKE LEAPS forward between two standing gas-pumps.

Bandanna watches as Ricker flees.

BANDANNA

They're gonna die.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD-DAY

Ricker rides with the wind. Traci hangs on for dear life.

TWO HELICOPTERS climb up behind them. Fast.

Ricker keeps one hand clutched on the .45. Can't be too many bullets left.

Ricker pulls the Motorcycle to the right. Amps up the engine.

CHOPPER 1 Is dead on. A MERC opens the bay door and hangs out of it on a kind of nylon suspension rig. He has a gun, with a sight. He stands on the rung. The Chopper dips down. Aims.

Ricker twists the wheel - a BULLET passes right by. The CHOPPER is RIGHT behind them.

THE BLADES are dangerously close. "Whoosh Whoosh Whoosh"

Ricker drives the bike expertly, he's able to dodge the bullets while on the bike. The MOTORCYCLE SWERVES SIDE TO SIDE.

Traci edges closer to Ricker. The gust from the rotator blades is throwing off the balance.

CHOPPER 2 hangs back. We see Bryce in the bay window.

Bryce watches.

INT.CHOPPER 2-DAY

Bryce sits in the back.

BRYCE
They're heading for the train.
(beat)
Make this one count.

EXT.ROAD-DAY

The GUNMAN in CHOPPER 1 reloads the gun, Perches on the rung of the chopper. The machine moves closer to the much-smaller motorcycle. He takes aim. Dead on target.

RICKER (CONT'D)
(to Traci)
Take the BARS!!!

TRACI
About time!!!

RICKER
Just do it!!! Keep it straight, just keep
it straight!!!

BANG! Another bullet!! Inches away from Traci!!

Ricker begins STANDING UP on the bike itself. He's got the .45. Traci reaches around and takes the handle bars and leans forward. Keeping the wheel straight.

TRACI
God-dammit Ricker!!!!

Ricker balances himself, he turns around.

Facing the CHOPPER dead on.

Traci struggles to maintain the bike. Her face is right in Ricker's crotch. Not a comfortable position.

Ricker struggles to stay upright.

CUT TO:

INT.CHOPPER 2-DAY

BRYCE
The hell is he doing?
(into Headset)
One, pull back, I don't know what he's
doing. PULL BACK!!!
(beat)
Crazy fuck.

EXT.ROAD-DAY

Up ahead -- Train tracks.

There's a whistling in the distance. A train. We hear the rumbling before we see it happen. The onrushing train sticks out in the desert.

ON THE MOTORCYCLE, Ricker is facing down the PILOT of the Chopper. So close he can see his eyes.

The GUNMAN takes aim again, at Traci. This time he's got her.

Ricker blinks. Then, cocks the gun and FIRES right into the GLASS of the Chopper.

THE PILOT IS HIT!!

The Gunman fires the rifle but the trajectory is THROWN off as the first Chopper SPINS and then CRASHES onto the highway.

Chopper 2 PULLS up to avoid the wreck.

Ricker squats back down onto the bike. He reaches around Traci and takes the grips, they ride in tandem.

Ricker points forward to the passing train.

TRACI

How exactly is THAT going to happen?!!

RICKER

I don't know!

Ricker turns the wheel on the bike, they begin riding ALONGSIDE THE TRAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT.TRAIN

The motorcycle is parallel to the train. Ricker looks over at the passing cars -- mostly passenger cars.

The people look out of their windows in amazement.

RICKER

Hold on!!

Ricker slows the bike. Another train car passes by. A service car. An iron locked DOOR is on the side.

Ricker aims his gun at the LOCK on the door. FIRES! The lock explodes off and the BAY DOOR of the car SLIDES open with a rusty squeal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER (CONT'D)

Jump!

TRACI

You first!!!

RICKER

Do it!!!

Traci adjusts herself on the back of bike. Eyes the opening.
Looks at the ground.

Traci braces herself and JUMPS into the car.

She makes it. Barely. She hugs the ground of the train car.

Ricker's next. He balances himself on the bike. Takes a
breath and --

CHOPPER 2 swoops in from above.

Bryce is in the bay door. Uzi in hand. He's wearing wind-
shear sunglasses.

Bryce aims, spreads the bullets at Ricker. Ricker is HIT in
the shoulder. Grabs the wound.

Second bullets hits the bike wheel. The thing SPARKS and
Ricker struggles to maintain.

Bryce fires again. Too close.

Traci watches helplessly

RICKER (CONT'D)

Screw it.

Ricker JUMPS onto the car.

The BIKE swerves, skids on the ground. Exploooooodes.

Ricker misses the opening. He grabs the swinging door. He's
now hanging off the side of the train car.

CHOPPER 2 gets closer again. Bullets trace the air.

INT.CHOPPER 2-DAY

BRYCE

Closer. CLOSER!!!

PILOT

I can't!!

EXT. TRAIN CAR

Ricker can't hold on, he slides down the door, to the speeding ground and the tracks. He's barely got a grip.

HIS LEGS bounce on the ground. Right near the iron wheels. Ricker can feel the heat.

RICKER

Shit!!

Traci leans over the side of the train. Holds out her hand.

TRACI

You can do it! Take my hand!!!!

Ricker struggles, his arm slips. His body is near the underside of the train. Blood on his clothes. Panic sets in. He can SEE the underside of the train. The gears. The crushing wheels.

TRACI

Take MY hand!!! Trust me!!

Ricker twists his body. Grunts. Right by the tracks. Ricker throws his arm up. Traci grabs it.

The Chopper dives closer again -- Another bullet.

RICKER is hit in the SIDE this time. Bad. He SCREAMS.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Come on!!!

Ricker's hands are slick with blood.

The BULLETS hit the side of the train car. Traci peers around the edge, sees Ricker hanging on.

TRACI (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Come on.

Traci holds out her hand. Ricker looks in her eyes and --

just DROPS.

CHOPPER 2 pulls away. Up and away.

TRACI (CONT'D)

NO!!!!!!

He's gone. Traci rears back. Tears in her eyes? Could be.

Then--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BLOODY HAND, like out of a grave, GRABS the underside of the opening. It's followed by a face. Ricker. He PULLS himself onto the surface. Safe. For now.

INT. TRAIN CAR

The TRAIN rumbles along and Traci helps a bloody, battered Ricker onto the floor. She PULLS the door SHUT.

Ricker pulls himself to the wall. Traci looks like she's about to rush to his side but --

BEGINS HITTING HIM WITH HER FISTS.

TRACI

Are you trying to get us killed?! I thought you were dead Ricker, dammit!!! I don't have time to for YOU to DIE!!

Traci brings her hands back, they're covered in blood.

TRACI (CONT'D)

(relenting a bit)
You're hit.

RICKER

(ignoring)
This train takes us directly into the city -- It'll be easier to disappear.

Ricker coughs. He reaches inside his coat -- pulls out his DAD'S BADGE. There's a bloody hole in it -- right next to the old one.

RICKER (CONT'D)

I hate getting shot. You think...something happens to you enough, you get used to it but -- dammit...hurts worse every time.

TRACI

(closer)
How bad--

Ricker holds up the badge.

RICKER

Slowed it down a bit.

He leans against the wall and holds a hand against the wound.

RICKER (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)
I'm sorry you don't have time for me dying. I'll try not to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACI
That's not what I meant.

RICKER
(coughing, trying to stand)
You know -- I never once called you a
bitch. Never. One whole year -- Never
said the word.

TRACI
You want another medal?

RICKER
I'm lobbying the department for one.

Traci helps Ricker stand up.

TRACI
You never said much to me.

RICKER
But you were one.

TRACI
Oh yeah?

RICKER
Big time.

TRACI
I really thought you were dead.

RICKER
Stick around.

Ricker grunts -- they hobble toward a door across the train
car, bolted shut. He stands up, limps.

INT.PASSENGER TRAIN CAR-NIGHT

Middle of an Amtrak-like train car. About half the seats are
filled up with older passengers.

Ricker, held by Traci, stumbled into the aisle. He's bloody,
bruised...she doesn't look much better. Walking wounded.

Everyone turns around, gasps.

TRACI
It's ok. We're police!

INT.KITCHEN CAR-NIGHT

Ricker is propped up in the small kitchen area of the train.
He's taping his wound up, pouring alcohol in the hole. With
his other hand, he's HEATING A FORK over the stove.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Traci talks to a flustered CONDUCTOR.

CONDUCTOR
We can't have you here if there's going
to be some kind of--

TRACI
It's a federal issue.

CONDUCTOR
Our passengers--

TRACI
They're safe.

CONDUCTOR
Fine. I've already contacted the
authorities...they'll be waiting for you
in the station when we pull into Fulton.

Ricker looks up.

RICKER
That's no good.

CONDUCTOR
Excuse me?

RICKER
(at Traci)
We don't know who we're dealing with...

TRACI
He's right. We have to get off of this
before you stop this train.

CONDUCTOR
That's out of the question. This is
express all the way though -- you'll have
to--

Ricker takes the fork, INSERTS IT into this side. He bites
his bottom lip. Twists it and--

A BULLET is forced out of the wound. It PLINKS onto the
counter.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh GOD!!

The Conductor passes right out on the floor.

TRACI
That is absolutely disgusting...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
(looking up)
You wanna do it for me?

EXT.TRAIN-DAY

Dawn. Sunrise again.

The TRAIN moves through slowly descending hills. Getting close to more urban terrain. We see other tracks, other trains spider-webbing out across the landscape.

Ricker and Traci, a momentary pause as they rest near the rear, empty train car. It's completely devoid of passengers.

Ricker has three large bandages wrapped around his arm, and his side. He has a suitcase with him. Pops the lock, opens it up. Pulls out some clothes.

Ricker takes off his bloody suit shirt, throws it to the ground. Shrugs on an old t-shirt.

RICKER
I never really knew what was going to happen to you.

TRACI
But you heard things...

RICKER
In my job, you hear things...

Ricker takes off his bloody, torn pants. Wiggles into a pair of jeans. Laces up his boots.

RICKER (CONT'D)
My Dad used to say -- "Hardest part about being a cop, is never saving someone". He never thought he really did anything heroic. Right up til' the end. That kills me. That he died...thinking that...

TRACI
What about you?

RICKER
I don't think I ever really saved anybody. Firemen save people. Cops...Cops go to trial. Cops get suspended.

TRACI
I'm not a criminal. I did what I had to do.

Ricker looks at her for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
You think you ever saved anybody?

TRACI
I'm working on myself right now.

The TRAIN comes to a slow halt.

Ricker opens the CAR DOOR and looks out. They're in the middle of a train-yard.

Traci turns to him.

TRACI (CONT'D)
Why'd you do it?

RICKER
Do what?

TRACI
Leave me there. Waiting at that table.
Why'd I bring your dinner home in a bag
and never hear from you again??

RICKER
(ignoring)
This is our stop.

TRACI
What WAS it?!

RICKER
(relenting)
We were going down different roads.

TRACI
No...because you knew that. You knew that
going in.

Ricker sighs -- goes to pull out a cigarette -- resists the urge.

RICKER
Because cops die. I'm not putting you
through what I went through. We lost too
many people between us.

TRACI
Pretty empty way to live your life.

RICKER
As long as we live...

A PASSENGER, male, stalks into the empty train car. He sees Ricker and Traci by the seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PASSNEGER

(angry)

Is that my suitcase?!!!

(beat)

That's MY shirt!!!

Ricker unhooks the exit grate on the train.

Ricker grabs her, and JUMPS off the back of the train onto the tracks below, they roll on the ground in the dust.

The Train continues on down the tracks, toward the station, into the tunnel.

Ricker and Traci begin walking along the tracks, toward a large fence on the other side of the yard

TRACI (CONT'D)

I need sleep Ricker -- I'm running on empty here.

RICKER

Get used to it.

TRACI

Oh, you were always so considerate too I remember.

Ricker spins to Traci.

RICKER

I'd rather not take my chances taking a nap. We're in Briggstown. We got a day and a half to get you to that hearing in one piece.

TRACI

All they care about is the information. Not me.

Ricker and Traci reach the fence. Ricker gives her a boost and she scrambles over the top -- Ricker follows over. They find themselves facing a major highway across from a sprawling, yet smoggy urban city.

RICKER

You have it?

TRACI

Not on me -- It's safe though. I'm the only one who can access the documentation on the web.

RICKER

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRACI
Password - protected. Private encryption.

RICKER
What's the code?!

TRACI
No, I trust you with me. But not with me.

She takes off ahead

CUT TO:

EXT.HIGHWAY-DAY

Ricker and Traci walk along the side of a busy, major highway. Cars are only inches from them -- they whizz by causing hair and clothes to whip around in a frenzy.

Ricker grabs her by the arm -- keeps her on the inside of his body.

RICKER
Something doesn't add up with you 'Risk'.
(beat)
How could you work for the people who
killed your family?!

TRACI
(pulling away)
I didn't know -- At First. I was setting
up a dummy account to transfer money for
this cat named Ving. I came across
some...pay statements regarding a hit
back in '99. Two lawyers they had on
retainer, they called it collateral
damage for some old job.
(grim)
My parents were '*collateral damage*'.
Cops said they got the guy -- I never
bought it. I was right. After a while --
they gave me more and more work to do. I
just saved it up. Stored it all on a
fiber-optic delivery drive.
(beat)
That's the Bureau's golden goose. Didn't
realize it went so deep.

RICKER
Why didn't you ever tell me this?

TRACI
(shooting him a look)
We weren't exactly on speaking terms
Ricker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A 2001 MAZDA MIATA slows down by Ricker and Traci on the highway. Uh Oh.

Ricker's hand drifts toward the .45 underneath his shirt. His fingers tense on the handle. Traci sees this. They both shut up.

THE DOOR opens. A man's smiling face leans out.

MIATA
Car trouble?!

Ricker slides the .45 half-in, half-out.

RICKER
We're good.

MIATA
You sure?

TRACI
You ever just feel like taking a walk
down a highway asshole!!
(beat)
Fuck off.

She makes a face, gets back in the car.

MIATA
Bitch!

Drives off with a screech. Ricker eases off the gun.

TRACI (CONT'D)
He was a real threat. Never trust a dude
in a Miata.

RICKER
You got a real way with strangers you
know that?!

TRACI
Oh Yeah? You were two blinks away from
shooting him.

RICKER
But I woulda been *polite*.

She almost smiles but shakes it off.

TRACI
What would you do if you could destroy
the people that ruined your life?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
(thinks about this)
I don't know -- apparently dodge gunfire
for 'em.

Another CAR SLOWS down on the freeway. Ricker and Traci walk faster -- in the opposite direction. They LEAP over the median and off the road -- into the brush by the side.

TRACI
(panting)
How about that rest?

RICKER
Might not be a bad idea.

CUT TO:

INT.TRAIN TUNNEL

The TRAIN that Traci and Ricker were on a moment before cruises through a lengthy, winding tunnel.

INT.ENGINE

The CONDUCTOR sees a BLINKING RED LIGHT in the distance. He slows the train -- the BRAKES squeal.

The machine comes to a grinding halt.

EXT.TUNNEL

Suddenly, A SWARM of black-suited men seemingly come out of the dark.

Bryce is among them.

INT.ENGINE ROOM

The Conductor and the car operator stand, confused at the controls of the train.

Bryce steps into the cab, looks around, eyes the conductor.

BRYCE
You let them off?

CONDUCTOR
Wh-what? No....

A FIST HITS THE CONDUCTOR A MOMENT LATER...

He's out like a light. Again.

EXT.MOTEL PLEASURE-DAY

Sleazy motel. Four stories of get-laid-in-the-dirtiest-place-possible-on-prom-night. Of course half the neon sign is burnt out. Now it's Motel Sure.

INT.MOTEL ROOM-DAY

Amazingly, Traci and Ricker are sharing a bed. Traci is sleeping. Ricker's got one eye open. He's looking at her.

Traci unknowingly squirms in close to him. She breathes out -- a near-moan.

His hand travels over her leg. Past her thigh, up the side of her arm. She stirs again. He stops. Then starts. Up toward her neck -- a light touch. Tender.

SHE WAKES WITH A CHARGE! She GRABS his hand, TWISTS it and SPINS him off the bed like fuckin' Bruce Lee. He LANDS on the floor with a thud. She sticks a FOOT in his chest.

RICKER

OW! Dammit!!

TRACI

This isn't PROM night!!! The HELL was that?!!

RICKER

Get off me.

Traci eases back, Ricker springs up.

RICKER (CONT'D)

Take off your clothes.

TRACI

You got SOME sense of timing!

RICKER

Just do it.

(beat)

They've been ON our ass from the beginning. It didn't occur to me -- it should've. They've known EVERY move we've made like a fucking shadow.

(beat,serious)

You're bugged.

TRACI

How do I know YOU'RE not bugged!

RICKER

Take off your clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACI
You first. Pay the toll.

RICKER
Hey, I'M NOT--

TRACI
Reciprocation Ricker!!!

RICKER
Same time?

TRACI
Ok, same time.

They eye each other -- removing clothes slowly and deliberately. We get a look at their bodies. Both of them have gym memberships. Ricker has many scars. Traci's got some bad-ass tattoos.

Traci glares at half-naked Ricker.

RICKER
You happy?

TRACI
Not really.

RICKER
Let me look at you.

TRACI
This better not be some cheap--

RICKER
I got OTHER things on my mind here!

Ricker goes over to Traci -- looks over her body.

TRACI
You through?

RICKER
Hold on.

His hand slides past her right-thigh. A bump.

RICKER (CONT'D)
What's that?

She looks down -- places a finger in the side of her panty -- she pulls out a black, small CHIP -- looks like the infrared on a remote control.

TRACI
Fuck me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
Proximity Meter. We use them in the unit
for night hunts -- can pin point
something within a hundred yards.

TRACI
How did--

RICKER
Probably while you were sleeping -- back
at the compound.

TRACI
That's fucking creepy.

RICKER
It's FBI tech. But who knows who's
keeping tabs on it.

Ricker pops the CHIP into his mouth and BITES. SNAP.

RICKER (CONT'D)
We gotta run. But first--

She looks at the door, connected to the KNOB is a string, the
string is connected to a CHAIR, the chair is strung up with
some kind of TWINE which wraps around the TRIGGER of a very
LARGE shotgun. A trap. A crude one.

TRACI
(at gun)
Cute. Where'd you learn that one?

Ricker takes something out of a paper bag in the bathroom.

RICKER
Home Alone. Come here. I got a request.

INT. BATHROOM

Ricker has a pair of scissors, he begins cutting his hair. It
falls in thick clumps into the sink.

TRACI
The hell are you doing?

RICKER
They're looking for an attractive guy and
an attractive girl --

TRACI
Yeah...?

RICKER
Let's work on that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ricker tosses a box of black hair dye at Traci. He has "blonde" in his hand.

TRACI
I'm not cutting my hair.

RICKER
You want me to do it?

Traci looks at Ricker's awful, awful sub-Brad Pitt In Se7en haircut.

TRACI
Gimme the scissors.

Traci begins snipping away -- Ricker begins rubbing the dye into his scalp. His hair slowly becomes an ridiculous shade of blonde.

RICKER
This five year gap in your life...

TRACI
Yeah...

RICKER
It wasn't an easy time for me either.

Traci drops the scissors for a moment.

TRACI
I had about three, maybe four boyfriends in that time. I think one of them got blown up in a car actually. But they were all better than you.

RICKER
Criminals.

TRACI
Yeah, but they had direction.

RICKER
BAD direction.

TRACI
Are you questioning my--

RICKER
We're being chased by a team of high-tech, professional killers. I got shot.
(beat)
Because of you.

TRACI
So it's like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
(beat)
Cut your hair. *Risk.*

EXT.BRIGGSTOWN SKYLINE

A helicopter swoops over the landscape of the city. A spotlight gleams down from the cockpit.

INT.HELICOPTER

BRYCE sits in the back with six heavily armed MERCS. He's talking on his headset. Edgy.

BRYCE
(into headset)
We had a saying in the military - It's easier to kill a hundred men than one.

VING
(V.O.)
That doesn't really help me now does it?

BRYCE
We're closing in.

VING
(V.O.)
You've BEEN closing in for two days!!
(beat)
If that girl isn't dead in 24 hours --
you know what you'll have to do.

BRYCE
I can't compromise myself to kill her.

VING
(V.O.)
I think it's time for you to figure whose team your playing for Bryce. She's a walking body-bag. I PAY you because you and your crew are in a position to get this job DONE.

BRYCE
You pay me for my loyalty.

VING
(V.O.)
Then show me.

CUT TO:

INT.VING'S OFFICE

Ving hits the killswitch on the intercom. His office is done up in typical bad-guy style. Immaculate, dark, shadowy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Like he's TRYING to look like Goldfinger. There's a wide, expansive picture window behind him. City lights blink on and off in the distance.

There's a figure sitting in front of Ving's large mahogany desk. It's Shaking.

Ving stands up -- observes, then circles him like a shark.

The figure is older -- dressed in a suit but nervous as hell. Named ROY. He's got a file with him

Two large, imposing BODYGUARDS stand directly behind Roy.

VING
(playful)
Now Roy, where were we?

ROY
Look -- Mr. Ving, this guy is nobody.
Been under psychological watch for two
years. Had a father killed in a robbery
attempt on duty. LAPD shipped him off to
some sort of suicide squad and ever since
then he's--

VING
What does he know Roy?

ROY
I don't think he knows ANYthing.

VING
What's his relation to HER, ROY?!!

ROY
He's--

Roy flips through his notes. Drops a few pages.

ROY (CONT'D)
An ex-boyfriend.

Ving nods.

VING
He sounds...familiar. Why does he sound
familiar, Roy?

ROY
That's it. That's all I have.

VING
You realize her *dating history* is very
inconsequential to me right now.

ROY
I-I-Tried--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VING
What do I pay you for?

Ving nods. He looks up at the Bodyguards.

VING
(to guards)
Toss him somewhere...creative.

Roy panics full on at this. The Guards grab him, pull him up, drag him away into the shadows kicking and screaming.

Roy disappears and fades away. Ving observes the city he controls. He thinks.

VING
(thoughtfully)
Ricker. Ricker.

Ving lights a cigarillo and...

A BODY FALLS DOWN RIGHT PAST THE GLASS. An Instant. Good ol' Roy.

VING (CONT'D)
(offhand)
That wasn't very creative.

EXT.TRUCK STOP-NIGHT

Outside of "Motel Sure"

Traci -- new hair and all waits by a broken phone booth by the truck stop. She flags down a SEMI as it passes. It honks it's horn and stops.

Traci sidles up to the driver window. The DRIVER, old and craggy and horny leans out.

DRIVER
You need a lift honey?!

TRACI
(mock-cute, chewing gum)
Oh yeah -- you know, I just need to go a few miles down. I'd be ever so appreciative if I can just hop in. Is that ok? Don't want to get you in any trouble.

Driver grins.

DRIVER
My pleasure.

Ricker steps out from behind the booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
(at driver)
You're the man.

DRIVER
Hey--

Driver sees the gun-shaped BULGE in Ricker's shirt.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Get in the back. Christ.

TRACI
(referring to Ricker)
He's not with me.

EXT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING

Bad place. Bad neighborhood. Something out of "Escape From New York". Garbage cans house permanent fires. Skeletons of cars everywhere.

A LONE TRACTOR-TRAILER covered in graffiti trundles down the empty street. It stops.

The door opens, the Driver steps out -- circles the length of the truck. The Driver BANGS on the cargo door, and OPENS it up.

Inside, Ricker and Traci. Sitting next to one another.

DRIVER
This is as far as I take you.

RICKER
Where are we?

DRIVER
86th and Douglas. South Town. I go any farther and my insurance goes up.

Ricker and Traci hop out, Ricker hands the driver a fistful of bills.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Good luck.

The trucker jumps into the cab and drives off. With a quickness.

Traci observes the surroundings.

TRACI
This is cute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER

Worked the streets in Briggstown for a while. Used to call this area "The Gun Club".

TRACI

Great.

RICKER

I got friends here.

CUT TO:

INT.ABANDONED GYM-NIGHT

This place used to be one of the most high tech gyms before the area went to shit. Now it's been converted to a haven for a cluster of various urban gangs. It's on the fourth floor of a crumbling high-rise.

The interior is dark, lit only by a few blacklights, halogen lamps. Weight benches, machines adorn the area but mostly it's full of girls, drugs, guns and a grouping of hard-ass dudes who think Boyz N The Hood pulled too many punches.

The INTERCOM buzzes. A IMAGE appears on a screen. Security camera.

Ricker's face appears on the readout.

A face leans in, into the mic. Tough urban male. Named DRAG.

DRAG

(into com)

Who's that?

RICKER

The wrong arm of the law.

DRAG

Motherfuckin' Ricker! Oh Shit!!!!

Drag turns to the rest of his crew who are lounging around in the back, watching TV, listening to music, smoking.

DRAG (CONT'D)

Ricker's up in here!!

The DOOR buzzes in -- It's a dilapidated REVOLVING DOOR - old classy New York hotel style. It spins and Ricker and Traci step in.

CUT TO:

INT.LOBBY

Inside, they're greeted by a group of gang-looking big mofo guards.

TRACI

Do you have any idea what you're doing at this point?

RICKER

Like I had a plan from the beginning...

CUT TO:

INT.GYM-NIGHT

Ricker and Traci are led inside by Drag -- there's several of Drag's crew standing around. Some are cleaning guns, but most are just hanging around. Staring at Ricker and Traci. Drag leads the way -- no one dares touch them.

DRAG

We heard what kinda shit was going down with you. Figured you'd be turning up sooner or later. Asking price is almost Ten Million now.

Ricker stops him.

RICKER

Asking price?

DRAG

Bounty. Circle put the word out that you two are marked. Dead or alive.

TRACI

That's five mil each!

DRAG

(shaking head)

Ten mil for the girl. They just want you dead.

Ricker almost looks offended.

Drag pushes open another door, another set of stairs and dozens of VIDEO CAMERAS track their every move. The cameras whirr and twist as they pass by.

DRAG (CONT'D)

Who is the girl?

RICKER

This is Risk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAG

Good name.

RICKER

Need some assistance getting outta the city -- gotta make it Brighton by tomorrow. But I got a lot people on my tail.

TRACI

OUR tail.

Drag nods.

DRAG

(at Traci)

This motherfucker saved my ass A LOT back in the day. He was just some punk ass beat cop too -- but he kept it real. Never gave me any shit I didn't deserve. Kept my crew out of jail most days.

TRACI

He's a real boy scout like that.

RICKER

(ignoring)

Here's the thing, I need a cover -- a crew of guys to help me get from A to B on this job.

DRAG

You all alone on this?

RICKER

Just me and her.

DRAG

Where's your cop buddies?

RICKER

This is low profile. They can't do a thing without the FBI breathing down their necks.

DRAG

The fuck are you doing then?

RICKER

(shoots a look at Traci)

Getting my ass shot at -- reminiscing about the good ol' days.

Traci cocks an eye at Drag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACI

What is it exactly that you guys do?
Like, Drugs? Meth Labs? A little bit of
Black Tar action?

CUT TO:

INT.COMPUTER HUB ROOM

The DOORS open and Drag ushers in Traci and Ricker into a VERY high-tech yet somewhat still urban control room. In it, about 20 whirring IMAC computers sit on long cafeteria desks. Some of Drag's crew are on them -- pointing and clicking. Visually, it makes no sense. The gang stereotype doesn't apply here. Phones ring off the hook. Crew members answer with mock-sophistication.

TRACI

What the...

A burly Crew member with a tattoo of a bullseye on his bald scalp picks up a phone at his station.

BULLSEYE

(into phone, smooth as silk)
Telecom Wireless Services, how may I help
you?

RICKER

(smiling)
Telemarketing Fraud. Fake Stocks. Dummy
Companies.

DRAG

Been a passion of mine.

TRACI

Damn...

(beat)

You mind if I sit at a hub? I'm legally
not allowed to touch a keyboard.

DRAG

Do yourself right....

Traci sits at a unmanned computer -- her fingers fly over the keys expertly.

Drag takes Ricker aside.

DRAG (CONT'D)

Look, Ricker, you my boy --

RICKER

Right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAG
This ain't your place right now.

RICKER
What's that mean?

Drag looks over Ricker's shoulder -- A few of his crew has gathered in the hallway. They're harder looking than Drag, not as friendly.

DRAG
I can't keep these cats from turning on you forever. Let me get your ass outta here -- and that's it.

RICKER
You saying you can't guarantee my safety?

DRAG
I could never guarantee your safety.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A black Trans-Am, it's headlights off and retracted, trundles across the street. It pauses as it's engine hums.

The HEADLIGHTS pop up from the hood and cast a shine on the front of the building.

The image fragmentizes. It becomes a VIDEO SCREEN. We pull back--

INT. MOBILE COMMUNICATIONS UNIT

Bryce's van. He's looking at the read-out on a small video monitor. The Trans Am is actually a roving camera.

MERC 1 elbows Bryce.

MERC 1
Looks empty.

BRYCE
All these buildings look empty. They're not.

MERC 1
What is this place?

BRYCE
The Wasteland.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Get on the radio -- I want everything
blocked. Anyone who's not YOU, you kill
understand?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The Trans Am pulls back into a narrow alleyway -- In a moment, a seeming horde of black-suited operatives stealthily ooze out of the dark. All brandishing matching German issue Casuls, a Luger like handgun that makes up in stopping power what it lacks in size. They head for Drag's crib

INT.COMPUTER HUB

As Traci taps away on the keyboard, surrounded by several yammering pseudo-telemarketers. Drag tosses Ricker a sawed-off rapid action single-shot shotgun.

DRAG
That'll put a hole in the side of a
building.

Ricker breaks the stock and shoves a round in the housing.
Cocks it.

Bullseye can't take his eyes off of him.

RICKER
(off Bullseye)
You got a problem with me friend?

BULLSEYE
I gotta Ten Million dollar problem with
you. Dog. Dead or alive.

RICKER
You wanna take me in? Me and her? 'Cause
if you do -- it'll be a goddamn relief
from all the shit we been through. It'll
be a vacation dealing with you.

DRAG
(nodding)
I think you gotta go.

BULLSEYE
You're a cop.

RICKER
Yeah, but I ain't any good.

Bullseye turns away from Ricker, exits into the hallway.
There's commotion down below.

DRAG (CONT'D)
What's so important about this chick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACI
Oh boys...

She turns around and points to the screen.

TRACI (CONT'D)
How about this?

ON THE SCREEN: *Is a digital picture of a grinning smiley-face flipping the bird.*

RICKER
The hell is that?

TRACI
That's it.

RICKER
What IS it?

TRACI
You don't know?

RICKER
We really don't have time to--

Bullseye BURSTS back into the room. Everyone starts up and pulls a weapon from underneath their respective stations.

BULLSEYE
We got company!!

Ricker GRABS Traci. They follow Drag and Bullseye into the hallway.

ON THE VIDEO SCREENS: *We see a veritable army of bad guys winding their way up the building steps.*

DRAG
Who that fuck is that?!

RICKER
Her FAN club!

TRACI
Oh God...

RICKER
(to Drag)
You tip them off?

DRAG
No!!

Ricker aims the sawed off at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
You an honest man?

DRAG
Let me get you out of here if you don't
believe me.

BANG! A gunblast hits the side of the wall a second later,
Ricker ducks and pulls Traci down with him.

Six of Drag's crew swarm out of the various rooms *All Guns
Blazing*. They're not professional shooters though, the Mercs
cap them off quick.

Bullseye pulls a pair of six-shooters from his pants and
begins rattling off shots cowboy-style down the hallway. A
bunch of Mercs take cover.

Bullseye takes one in the shoulder and lags behind Ricker.

BULLSEYE
I got you!!

RICKER
(wary)
You sure?!

BULLSEYE
Go!!!

DRAG (CONT'D)
Follow me!!

Drag scuttles down a side hallway, Ricker and Traci crawl
along the floor then hug the wall.

Drag kicks open another door as the Mercs cut down Drag's
crew effortlessly.

BRYCE slides into the hallway -- he's wearing a lighted sight-
set on his head and carrying an infrared equipped Casul with
a triangle muzzle.

Someone moves. He shoots them. He throws up a hand signal
"Hang tight" & "Hold Back".

Bryce leads a team of three into another crumbling hallway --
Ancient exercise equipment lines the wall like rusting
corpses.

Bullseye RISES out from behind a shoulder press and NAILS one
of the Mercs. Then he aims above -- fires -- takes out the
lights and the room is pitched into blackness.

Merc 2 spins around, He catches TRACI in his sights...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICKER lunges from behind, and SLAMS the butt end of a curling bar into Merc 2's stomach.

Ricker's grabbed from behind by another pair of hands -- he kicks back, swings the bar over his head connecting with the third Merc's scalp. SMACK!

DRAG (CONT'D)
COME ON!!!

Ricker and Bullseye turn toward the far end of the room -- several more kevlar-shelled Mercs creep in. Ricker grabs the sawed-off and dashes toward another set of stairs.

Bryce is right behind them, keeping pace.

INT.STAIRWELL-NIGHT

The winding stairwell spins down the far side of the building, doesn't look like anyone's used it in a while.

BULLETS trace the air inches away from Ricker and Traci.

RICKER
Where we going?!!!

DRAG
Ghetto Subway!!

RICKER
What?!!

CUT TO:

BRYCE IS A FEW FLIGHTS ABOVE -- HE RELOADS THE GUN.

BRYCE
(barking)
Find who's alive upstairs!! Get them
outside!! I want all the exits GONE!

Bryce clicks on his walkie-talkie

BRYCE (CONT'D)
(in WT)
Target acquired -- shoot to kill.
(beat)
Extreme Prejudice. Over.
(off WT)
About time.
(to All)
Make Sure you HIT the girl!!!

EXT.BUILDING

The TEAM is lined up on the streets. Weapons ready. Like a steel brigade. Not even a breath comes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTION SENSITIVE INFRARED BEAMS pierce the dark -- dancing on the graffitti'd walls of the old gym.

They wait. And wait.

A VOICE BURSTS OUT OF ONE OF THE TEAM'S RADIOS:

BRYCE

(V.O.)

Where THE FUCK are they!?!!!

INT. SEWER TUNNEL-NIGHT

This is a typical West Coast storm-drain. Wide enough to travel through and wet and nasty enough to be uncomfortable.

Bullseye and Drag help Ricker and Traci down through the manhole. They plunk down in the water.

TRACI

This is the sewer isn't it?

DRAG

Yeah, *ghetto* subway.

(beat)

Back when cops actually came down to this area -- me and the business partners had to temporarily relocate. *Fast*.

Traci and Bullseye do a light jog ahead. Ricker puts his hand on Drag's shoulder.

RICKER

Look, Sorry that I--

DRAG

Hey. I *did* tip them off.

Ricker reacts quickly cocking the shotgun fast, aiming at Drag. Bullseye gets the drop on Ricker though too.

DRAG (CONT'D)

I didn't know it was you. One my boys spotted you up the street.

Ricker lowers the gun.

DRAG (CONT'D)

C'mon. I can take you as far as the subway.

Traci walks next to Bullseye.

BULLSEYE

(eyeing her)

My name's Bullseye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACI
(guarded)
Risk.

BULLSEYE
Cool name.

INT.SUB-BASEMENT / GYM-NIGHT

Bryce and the boys arrive in the darkened basement of the gym. He holds the Casul out in front and steps in cautiously.

Part of the matted floor has been taken up -- Bryce looks down into the hole and sees a river of murky water.

BRYCE
They're in the sewers.

MERC 4 steps around Bryce

MERC 4
We going down there?

BRYCE
Bring the Range Rover around -- storm
drain empties out 20 blocks up from here.
(beat)
They're not getting off that easy.

INT.SEWER

Another tunnel like the other. Drag clicks on his flashlight and negotiates the path. Water trickles in the background. Drag decides between two different sets of tunnels.

DRAG
Right. Left. Right.

RICKER
You better be sure.

DRAG
It's been a while.
(beat, off Traci)
She's cute. You hitting that?

RICKER
No!

Traci hears him.

TRACI
That was quick.

RICKER
It was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRAG
(deciding)
A'ite. *Right* then. We're going *right*.

Traci moves in close to Ricker.

BULLSEYE
I don't know what kinda Ninja mothafuckas
you got after your ass but they be damn
stupid to track you through the rest of
the city.

RICKER
Why's that?

Drag stops. Shoots Bullseye a glance.

DRAG
Where I'm letting you off -- It's a bad
area. A lotta people know how much you
and Smiley Face here are worth. *BAD*
people.

TRACI
What exactly does that mean?

DRAG
It means keep your woman close.
(beat)
Five blocks to the subway. People do it
every day.

There's shouting and commotion from down the pipe. Splashing.
And the distinct sound of SEVERAL VEHICLES.

DRAG (CONT'D)
Oh Shit.

Drag pushes Ricker away.

DRAG (CONT'D)
RUN!!!

THREE SUV'S COME TEARING AROUND THE TURN IN THE SEWER PIPE --

Ricker PULLS TRACI to the side of the wall in an instant as
the car SPEEDS past them--touching their clothes.

Ricker and Traci take off down an adjoining pipe.

DRAG (CONT'D)
I don't know how they got in but they got
in--

Drag pulls .38 from his waist band.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRAG (CONT'D)
(to Ricker)
Stay up.

Ricker holds tight to his sawed-off.

RICKER
Which WAY??!!

DRAG
Right or Left!!!

RICKER
Shit!!

They tear down the LEFT side as another SUV hurdles down the pipe.

MERCS are shouting commands into their walkie talkies and take off in pursuit of Ricker and Traci.

Bullseye and Drag unload their weapons at the grills of the charging cars.

Bullseye takes a bullet in the gut.

Drag runs in the opposite direction -- the Mercs ignore him but he turns around and finds himself--

Looking directly into the cross-hairs of Bryce's gun. There's a pause. Drag smiles.

DRAG
Where's my ten mil?

BANG!

INT.DRAINAGE TUNNEL-NIGHT

Ricker and Traci run for their lives as TWO BLACK SUV'S bear down on them in the confines of the glistening tunnel.

Ricker pulls Traci close to the wall again, they grab ahold of a WORKMAN'S LADDER attached to the side of the pipe and hang on.

THE CAR SCREECHES RIGHT PAST THEM. A HAIR AWAY.

Ricker jumps down.

THE SUV backs up. He cocks the sawed off and--

BLAM! Blows the back off the SUV, the Gas Tank IGNITES in a flash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The second SUV ROARS down the tunnel as the first SUV begins backing up.

Ricker and Traci are caught in the middle. The two cars speed towards each other. Ricker and Traci jump back onto the ladder climb up and--

THE SUV'S CAN'T STOP IN THE WATER -- THEY SMASH INTO ONE ANOTHER BELOW IN A SCREECH OF TWISTING METAL AND FLAMES.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The duo pops out of the manhole, smoke billows from below. Traci hacks up a lung as she scratches her way onto the street.

Ricker SHUTS the manhole behind him.

RICKER
Come on...He said five blocks.

He helps her up.

TRACI
They're close. They're real close.

RICKER
Yeah well, so are we, come on.

Ricker and Traci stand up in the middle of a VERY EMPTY, VERY DANGEROUS LOOKING STREET.

The buildings are hollowed out. Like a bomb hit this section. It's the worse yet. Figures scuttle in the darkness just beyond the reach of the light. They might not be Bryce's team, but they could be deadly just the same.

Ricker keeps his sawed-off ready. He walks in front of Traci.

TRACI
He said...there's others out there.
Looking for us.

RICKER
He said everyone was.

They walk down the middle of the street. Fires burn in garbage cans. There's an audible silence. Like High Noon in a western.

Ricker eyes the windows and catches quick movement.

TRACI
So what do we do?

RICKER
We walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SUBWAY RUMBLES ahead -- an elevated trestle.

INT. SEWER

Bryce steps out of his SUV and looks at the smoking wreck in front of him.

Three MERCS stands behind him

BRYCE
(slow burn)
Go topside. Radio Ving. Tell him what
we're gonna do.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Ricker hunts the buildings around him with his eyes. They're cautious. Trying to be quiet. One hand gripping the sweaty stock of the shotgun. The theme from "Good, Bad and Ugly" plays in our heads.

TRACI
Hey Ricker...

RICKER
Yeah.

TRACI
What was the last thing we did together?

RICKER
I don't know -- Rock Climbing?

TRACI
Really?

RICKER
I think so.

TRACI
That was alright, right?

RICKER
Yeah it was fine.

Something moves in a nearby broken-down storefront. Ricker swings toward it. Tense.

TRACI
So there's this Colombian Soccer Team and
a hooker right...?

There's a distinct *clicking* to Ricker's right. He moves quick.

RICKER
I've heard it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG!! Ricker nails a disheveled looking Lurker about ten paces away.

RICKER (CONT'D)
It's not funny.

A Voice travels from behind. Raspy.

LURKER 2
Hey...

In an instant--

Ricker and Traci turn around and face a HORDE of reeeeeeeallly fucked up looking individuals. These guys aren't a gang, aren't Operatives...they're just BAD.

Ricker and Traci are outnumbered.

LURKER 2 (CONT'D)
Give us the girl -- we'll let you go.

LURKER 3
Yeah -- we'll let you go. Just let 'er over here.

RICKER
Fellas...

Ricker eyes the sawed off in his hand. He looks in his fist. Two shells.

TRACI
Tell me you're not thinking this over.

RICKER
Hold on...

A light strikes through the dark in the sky

A CHOPPER ZOOMS IN FROM ABOVE --
A SPOTLIGHT RAINS DOWN ON THE STREET AND THE LURKERS SUDDENLY SCATTER LIKE ROACHES.

Ricker and Traci take off as the CHOPPER above tracks them from the sky with the piercing light.

They make it under the tressel as the SUBWAY passes overhead.

TRACI
How can they find us!!?!

RICKER
I don't know --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The SUBWAY ROARS past then squeals to a halt. The helicopter noise is deafening.

The DOORS slide open and they jump into the lead subway car. Ricker keeps an eye to the roof.

RICKER (CONT'D)

They're not crazy enough to track us all the way to LA. No way.

The SUBWAY starts up -- The helicopter fades away, replaced by the rumbling of the tracks.

RICKER (CONT'D)

What's the password?

TRACI

For what?

RICKER

Your files.

TRACI

It's a little MORE than a password Ricker. I'm not telling.

RICKER

God dammit Traci -- We got -- 8 hours until we have to be in Brighton. Someone HAS to know besides you.

TRACI

What if I die and they torture you for it?

RICKER

I won't tell.

TRACI

But If I don't tell you, then it guarantees that no matter how much they torture you, YOU'LL never tell.

RICKER

That's very kind of you, but it's not a good idea.

TRACI

If they torture me--

RICKER

Can we stop talking about torture?

The SUBWAY suddenly SCREECHES to a HALT on the middle of the elevated track.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICKER (CONT'D)
Oh--

TRACI
--Shit.

RICKER
This ain't positive.

Ricker stands up, looks out the window of the car. 70 Feet below is the ground. They're stuck high up on the tressel.

Traci POUNDS on the doors of the train.

TRACI
HEY! HEY!! GET THIS THING MOVING!!

RICKER
Wait--

TRACI
I HATE mass transit!

RICKER
This is THEM.

TRACI
How is that possible?

RICKER
I don't know -- but it is.

Ricker pulls the piece from his belt.

RICKER (CONT'D)
I can't pry the doors open.

TRACI (CONT'D)
What do we do?

RICKER
We wait.

TRACI
Wait to die?

Ricker takes aim at the doors connecting the subway cars. He cocks back the hammer as a shadow passes in front of it.

RICKER
Wait and see.

Noises in the other car. Talking. Muffled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TRACI

I think somewhere -- in the back of my mind, I knew I was gonna spend the last few moments of my life with you.

RICKER

Yeah, we woulda killed each other.

The DOOR slides open.

RICKER (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm bluffing.

Ricker's finger tenses on the trigger.

TRACI

How's that?

RICKER

It's empty.

(beat, toward door)

COME IN HERE AND I'LL BLOW YOUR FUCKING BRAINS OUT!!!!

Ricker and Traci back away down the length of the train car.

FOUR MEN IN SUITS, enter the subway car. They're dressed in nearly identical suits. X-Files style. The lead man steps forward. We recognize him -- it's DECKSON.

DECKSON

Mr. Ricker. Risk.

RICKER

This ain't possible. You're dead.

Deckson shrugs.

DECKSON

Me and four other agents made it out of the compound. The first priority was to get you and her out -- we come second. Agents always come second to targets.

Deckson pulls away the collar from his neck. There's a large, red-tinted bandage wrapped around the length of his neck, it seems to stretch down to his shoulder.

RICKER

Ow. I see.

DECKSON

We're bringing you to Sable.

RICKER

Am I supposed to trust you because you got shot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DECKSON
In a word...Yes.

THE SUBWAY starts up again, rumbles forward.

RICKER
I'm with her -- no matter what.

DECKSON
Suit yourself. Sable wants to see both of
you anyway.

Traci and Ricker exchange a look.

RICKER
How'd you know where we were?

DECKSON
We planted a bug.

RICKER
Yeah, I know. I ate it.

DECKSON
You had one too.

Ricker shoots him a "The Hell?" look.

DECKSON (CONT'D)
You're badge. The other one.

Ricker pulls his Dad's badge out of his pocket, flips it
over. Sure enough -- on the back is the same chip they had on
Traci.

RICKER
How--

DECKSON
We know where you live.

CUT TO:

EXT.SUBWAY STOP-NIGHT

Ricker and Traci, surrounded by FBI agents are shuttled out
of the subway. BULLETPROOF VESTS are TOSSED onto TRACI'S
SHOULDERS. No one puts anything on Ricker. In fact, he lags
behind.

There are AGENTS everywhere. Snipers, undercover,
guards...it's like a presidential cavalcade.

CUT TO:

EXT.STREET-NIGHT

A ARMORED CAR, like a bank truck, is parked outside a tall building. The AGENTS push TRACI into the back. Ricker lets himself in. The doors are shut. The truck starts off.

INT.ARMORED CAR-NIGHT

Ricker and Traci sit opposite each other. Traci is strapped to three different KEVLAR VESTS. They almost cover her entire body.

Ricker looks at her, looks at Deckson.

RICKER

Can I get one vest?

DECKSON

We only brought enough for her.

RICKER

That's great.

TRACI

(to Ricker)

I'm high maintenance.

RICKER

Don't start with me...

TRACI

Why are you still here?

Ricker shoots a look at Deckson.

RICKER

I wanna make sure there's a happy ending.
I don't have enough of those in my life.

DECKSON

This is the FBI, there's always happy endings.

EXT.ROAD-DAY

We track the ARMORED CAR from above as it drives down an empty, barren highway toward a secluded airstrip in the distance.

We see a black, FBI-issue CESSNA refueling on the tarmac.

On the side of the road -- every few feet is a different BLACK VAN parked. Tinted windows.

The FIGURES inside watch the armored car as it rides toward it's destination.

INT.ARMORED CAR -DAY

Ricker moves closer to Traci. The Agents remain stock-still.
All business

RICKER

You ok?

TRACI

What are we doing Ricker? *Terry*.

RICKER

Do you want to go through with this?

Traci thinks about this.

TRACI

When I started it, I did.

Deckson stares at Traci.

DECKSON

You're doing a good thing. I read about
your family. How they killed them -- The
Circle.

TRACI

You read about it? In a profile? In Ray-
Ban Academy? You don't know what it's
like do you?

(beat)

Wanting revenge. You can't get one, so
you get 'em all.

DECKSON

it's how we work too.

CUT TO:

EXT.ROAD-DAY

There's a large, looming watertower in the distance --
overlooking the highway. As we pull in close, we can see a
virtual TEAM of SNIPERS positioned around the catwalk of the
tower. They keep a loose aim on the armored car.

A HELICOPTER flies overhead. The SNIPERS duck.

The ARMORED CAR pulls onto the path leading to the small
airstrip.

A CLUSTER of agents greet the car as it pulls almost parallel
to the refueling Cessna.

Deckson opens the back door of the vehicle. Two AGENTS run
up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECKSON
What's the 411?

AGENT 1
We got sharpshooters all around...but we
can't pinpoint all of their positions!!

DECKSON
So how many of them are there out
there?!!

AGENT 2
Could be hundreds. Could be five.

From the PLANE, a automated STAIRWAY winds down from the
door. It's about 20 feet long into the plane. A minute walk
maybe.

DECKSON
We're gonna have to walk her up. Any
volunteers?

Deckson looks back into the truck. The other Agents seem to
pull away.

DECKSON (CONT'D)
Someone's gotta do it. We'll cover you.
Anyone?

No one raises their hand.

TRACI
I feel like I'm alone at the prom here.

RICKER
What the fuck -- what's 20 more feet?

DECKSON
We don't have a vest for you Ricker.

RICKER
You'd be surprised what vests don't
protect.

Ricker takes Traci by the arm. He walks her to the edge of
the truck. The stairway is inches away -- outside : Pure
vulnerability.

Traci pulls the kevlar vests tighter, Ricker covers her head
with his arm and shoulder.

Deckson pulls something out of a duffel bag -- a mask-like
feature. It has a slit for the mouth but looks almost mid-
evil. An iron helmet. He tosses it to Ricker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DECKSON

Put this on her, it'll protect from most headshots.

TRACI

No way.

DECKSON

Do it. Your skull will thank you.

Ricker unsnaps the bottom and places it on her head. She clamps it shut. "The Woman In The Iron Mask"

TRACI

You ready?

Traci pulls the helmet down tighter.

RICKER

Rock n Roll.

Deckson shouts back to the other agents

DECKSON

Full alert!!! We got a runner here!!!

Deckson pulls his piece. The other Agents scattered across the airfield tense up, slam clips into their respective automatic AK-47's.

EXT.AIRSTRIP-DAY

The plane awaits. Ricker and Traci nearly step down.

TRACI

(muffled, through mask)
Mmmf---Mff Mff.

RICKER

That's what I thought.

Once again, they're *running*.

Headed for the stairway ---

The bullets seemingly come out of nowhere.

Ricker keeps his head down -- takes a SHOT in the leg. He stumbles. Keeps his body close to Traci's

Two bullets slam her right in the chest as they HIT the stairs. The scramble up...

DECKSON and another AGENT break out towards the airplane, they RETURN FIRE with unseen targets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT 1 is shot. Dead. Deckson has to jump over his body to get to the stairs.

Ricker PUSHES Traci into the airplane. One look behind --

DECKSON running up. Ricker GRABS his arm and PULLS him aboard.

You can almost feel the bullets whizzing by.

The stairway, now clear, raises back into the Cessna.

The Armored car, on the airstrip, SPEEDS away as bullets ricochet off of it.

As we PULL BACK --

On the landing area, we see maybe Fifty black-suited, ninja-like shadows rise up out of trees, from behind cars and off the ground like bodies from hidden graves.

The Operatives. The Assassins. The Bounty Hunters -- and you can bet Bryce is among them -- Somewhere.

The airplane TAXIS on the runway, speeds up and takes off safely.

INT.CESSNA

Traci RIPS her headgear off -- throws it to the ground.

TRACI

I can't BREATHE in that thing!!

Ricker crawls on the ground. Holding his stomach...

TRACI (CONT'D)

Are you hit?

RICKER

My-my leg...

Ricker coughs -- holds his chest.

TRACI

Oh my god -- your stomach.

Ricker shakes his head.

RICKER

Bad lungs. Don't smoke.

He gets his bearings, pulls Deckson up.

RICKER (CONT'D)

You ain't dead this time right?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deckson opens the cockpit door -- Two PILOTS are at the helm.
FBI flak jackets on

DECKSON (CONT'D)
What's the ETA?

PILOT 1
Two hours. Tops. We'll be landing at
Norfolk. 10 Minutes from Brighton.
Fifteen from the hearing.

DECKSON
Perfect. Sable'll meet us there.

Traci strips off the kevlar vests. She's sweating, she gets
down to a tight tank top.

Ricker rips off a sleeve of his shirt, STUFFS the cotton into
the back of his leg.

RICKER
There's a puddle of blood in my shoe.
(beat)
It's Sunday.

Ricker hobbles onto his seat. Traci and Deckson eye him with
a "So?"

RICKER (CONT'D)
(to Deckson and Traci)
You know what I do on Sundays? Read the
paper -- watch a game -- Do the jumble...

Ricker winces, pulls the cloth out of the wound, holds it
with his hand. Squeezes it...the BULLET slides it's way out
of the wound. Yuck.

TRACI
We used to do something on Sundays. What
was that?

RICKER
(wincing)
Watch stock car
racing...drink...Heineken.

DECKSON
This is bringing a tear to my eye.

Ricker opens his fist, The Bullet, he puts it in his jean
pocket.

RICKER
I got kinda a collection.

CUT TO:

EXT.LOS ANGELES CITY-DAY

Pan over the cityscape.

Highways, byways and roads crisscross over the visual relief map.

We focus on a COURT-HOUSE. It's regal. Seemingly miles of arching stone steps lead up to a pair of double doors.

INT.COURTHOUSE-DAY

The main chambers. Expansive courtroom -- bigger than the one OJ was in. TV Cameras are being set up.

Federal, Government, CIA agents are poised around the room as a team of SLICK LAWYERS enter with briefcase upon briefcase of legal documents.

THE JUDGE, older, wiser enters from his office -- not yet ready for the day. He's sipping coffee.

A government prosecutor -- named BASCOMBE sits on the edge of the table. He watches the LAWYERS on the opposite side.

An Agent named TENNEY leans into his ear.

TENNEY

Who're they?

BASCOMBE

What do you think? Devil's advocates.

TENNEY

When are they gonna be here?

BASCOMBE

They gotta get the girl here in one piece first.

TENNEY

We can't have a hearing with nothing--

BASCOMBE

We got teams positioned all over this city ready to crack down once HE --

Bascombe points to the judge.

BASCOMBE (CONT'D)

--Gives the order. I'm not admitting defeat yet.

One of the LAWYERS looks at Bascombe. Clicks a finger at him.

Reporters flood into the courtroom. It's filling up quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASCOMBE (CONT'D)
She's all we got.

INT.CESSNA-DAY

Deckson, Ricker and Traci huddle together as the Cessna makes it's descent.

DECKSON
Here's the deal -- they may or may not
know where we're landing....
(beat)
The plane is bulletproof. So if something
goes down twisted -- Stay in the plane.

TRACI
How far away is this place?

EXT.AIRPORT

The PLANE touches down on the asphalt. Screech.

Another ARMORED CAR backs up to the opening of the plane. The DOOR opens.

INT.PLANE

Traci is decked out again in bulletproof gear. Ricker -- has nothing of course.

Deckson throws down his AK-47 and replaces it with a Tek-9 Millimeter Semi.

DECKSON
One more gauntlet.

They tense and exit the plane and --

EXT.PLANE

Nothing. Quiet. No bullets. Calmness -- for once.

The three step down the stairs. Cautious. There's no shooting. No snipers. Nothing.

RICKER
I don't know what's worse...

Just the wind.

TRACI
It's like a library.

RICKER
Where's our welcoming committee Deckson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECKSON

Hold tight. Sable must've locked this place down.

The three enter into the back of the armored car. It drives off -- toward a large, empty HANGAR a few yards away from the main port.

INT.HANGAR

Inside, several still planes of varying size.

The truck pulls to a stop inside the hangar. Several AGENTS swarm out of nowhere and surround it.

Double doors open, Ricker, Traci and Deckson hope out of the back.

There's a large, cafeteria-like table set up in the middle of the hanger. A few FIGURES are seated around it.

Deckson shakes hands with some agents.

DECKSON

(to AGENTS)

Are we set up?

AGENT 1

We will be. Sable wants to see you three.

(beat, at Ricker)

You Ricker?

RICKER

Yeah.

AGENT 1

Nice moves, man.

TRACI

Hey. I'm the reason we're all here.

Agent 1 winks.

The TABLE is surrounded by other suited, serious, non-emotive characters. Like Secret Service but without the charisma.

Ricker and Traci are sat down. Deckson stands up behind.

A MAN, tall, stands with his back to us -- hands in his pockets.

DECKSON

Um...Ricker, Traci..."Risk" as she's known by the CCD...this is your point man. Agent John Sable.

Sable turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's BRYCE.

DECKSON (CONT'D)
Hey John.

BRYCE
Deckson.

RICKER
Don't we have somewhere to be Sable?

DECKSON
I told my crew--we'll be escorting them
in.

BRYCE
You didn't tell me.

DECKSON
Need to know Basis. And I don't *know* you.

BRYCE
(smiling)
We're all Bureau here.

DECKSON
I understand--

BRYCE
I been at the Bureau ten years. Know how
much it pays boys and girls?

TRACI
(chiming in)
52 Grand a year. You guys got a 8 year
MetLife pension and shitty life
insurance. No golden parachute unless you
make DEA. Or they give you some
figurehead czar-ship.
(beat)
I've seen your statements.

BRYCE
That's right. It's hard to raise a
family. Live a life on a Federal salary.
It sucks really...

DECKSON
Sable what does this--

Bryce PULLS out a GUN QUICKLY and BLAM! Deckson is shot dead.
For real this time.

Ricker and Traci pull away, instinct.

RICKER
The HELL are you doing!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRYCE
I shot him.
(beat, at Ricker)
Your turn.

Bryce aims at Ricker. Ricker GRABS Traci quickly around the throat and pulls his own .45 from the back of his pants. He places it to her head.

RICKER
Don't kill me if you need what's in this head.

Bryce pauses. Ricker is *holding Traci hostage*.

BRYCE
What the fuck is this now?

RICKER
Everything she ever did for you people is backed up tenfold. You kill her, it just gets released onto the web some other way. You WANT her alive!

BRYCE
Bullshit.

TRACI
Ricker what are you doing?!!!
(beat)
Who IS this?

BRYCE
My name's Bryce. Bureau knows me as Sable.

TRACI
So you're the fucking traitor. All this is about money? Who came to you first?! Was it VING?!

BRYCE
(rolling eyes)
Anyone who hasn't broken the law in their life raise their fucking hand.

A LIMOUSINE pulls into the airplane hanger. The back-door opens and out steps VING. He's dressed nice -- as if for a court date.

Ving pulls his cane out of the backseat and motions to the crowd.

He eyes Ricker and Traci -- stuck in a absurd Gunman/Hostage position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VING
What is this?

BRYCE
We got a problem. The girls smart.

Ricker keeps the gun to her head, he backs away.

RICKER
I give her up to you -- you let me go.
That's the deal?

BRYCE
We don't WANT you Ricker.

RICKER
That's the DEAL!!

Ricker keeps backing away. Ving eyes him.

VING
(off Ricker)
Do I know you?

RICKER
You don't know me.

Ving nods...

VING
Your father. Brian Ricker. A meddlesome
cop.

Ricker blinks.

RICKER
You're fucking lying.

VING
Cracking down on some small time rackets
I had on his beat -- I hired a bunch of
punk kids to stage a robbery. It all went
to plan, didn't know he had a son.

He twitches a bit. Ricker continues to back away with Traci.

TRACI
(quiet)
Don't listen to him.

VING
We all want to be heroes don't we?
(beat, off Bryce)
Ain't that right Bryce?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRYCE
(away from Ving)
Don't talk to me.

VING
You idiot, he's NOT going to shoot her!
He just spent three days absorbing OUR
bullets!!!

RICKER
You don't know what I'm capable of.

TRACI
(quiet)
Are you going to shoot me?

RICKER
(quiet, to Traci)
Stop squirming. Look helpless.

Bryce keeps the gun trained on them.

Ving smiles.

VING
Like father like--

Ricker SPINS to Ving and BLAM!! Fires a shot right into him!
Ving slumps against the limo.

Ricker and Traci dive into the front of the limousine --

A LEAD THUG behind the wheel suddenly finds a gun in his
face.

RICKER
Get out.

The THUG scrambles out of the limousine.

Traci FALLS into the back. Ricker pounds "Reverse"

THE LIMO peels backwards out of the hanger.

Bryce, and the other GUNMEN run into their cars -- right
after it.

INT.LIMO

Going backwards. Ricker keeps his head turned behind him.

TRACI
What now??!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
Never thought much past this!! We need a
way to get you to that courthouse!!!
Streets are gonna be crawling with these
psychos!!

The LIMO swerves around, right side around.

A CONVOY of SUV'S and VANS are in hot pursuit.

RICKER
I need something big.

Ricker eyes the CESSNA, still parked in the middle of the
TARMAC.

RICKER (CONT'D)
(to Traci)
Know how to drive a plane?

TRACI
Maybe if you put a GUN to my head!!!

CUT TO:

EXT.TARMAC-DAY

Ricker and Traci dash out of the door of the limo -- they RUN
up the stairs into the small-engine FBI-issue Cessna.

BULLETS strafe into the side of the craft's body.

Ricker pulls the door shut.

ANGLE ON:

Bryce steps out of his SUV for a moment.

BRYCE
They ain't gonna fly outta here.

He turns to the rest of the men.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
Call the rest of the TEAM!!!

GUNMAN 1
But Ving's dead!!

BRYCE
You think we just gotta worry about
Ving!??? They CANNOT make that
hearing!!!! Call the rest!!!

INT.COCKPIT

Traci slides into the captains chair. She puts on the headset.

TRACI
I used to do 8, 9 flight simulators on line when I was bored but this...control is different.

Ricker leans into the front window.

RICKER
Don't fly it -- just drive it.

TRACI
Are you serious?!

He is. Traci turns the key, cranks down the throttle and the CESSNA begins taxiing down the length of the tarmac.

RICKER
Head for the highway.

EXT.PLANE

The Cessna turns and heads right for Bryce and his crew. Their respective cars scatter around the landing strip -- barely avoiding the oncoming plane.

The AFTER-BURNERS fire on the Cessna, but it doesn't take off -- it crashes through several cars and heads right for the fence separating the tarmac from the main highway.

INT.SUV

Bryce slams on the gas and follows the speeding plane.

BRYCE
Follow it!!!

EXT.PLANE

It SMASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE FENCE and begins taxiing all the way onto the highway.

What civilian cars there are, rapidly move out of the way. Everyone can see this thing coming.

INT.COCKPIT

Traci is struggling to maneuver the reckless plane on the public freeway -- she can barely turn as the Cessna picks up speed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
Keep the wheel down -- we don't wanna
take the sky in this thing.

TRACI
I'm trying!!!

SIRENS begin wailing in the distance.

Outside: Several SUV'S and VANS approach on the side of the plane.

A FIGURE leans out of the window of one of the SUV'S, fires a VOLLEY OF AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE at the side of the plane.

The bullets barely pierce the metal.

Ricker runs back to the center of the Cessna, he looks out the windows as the plane is gradually SURROUNDED by a squadron of similar-looking black and grey trucks.

EXT.PLANE-DAY

Two VANS pull up to the left wing of the Cessna. The double doors open as two GUNMEN are poised at the edge, inches from the wing.

INT.BRYCE'S CAR-NIGHT

Bryce shouts into his walkie-talkie.

BRYCE
DO IT!!!

EXT.PLANE-DAY

The two GUNMEN JUMP onto the wing of the plane. They hold on - experts at this type of thing. They crawl on the wing toward the cockpit door.

INT.PLANE

Ricker checks the clip in his gun. Empty.

RICKER
We got a problem!!!

TRACI
Really?!

RICKER
I'm out! No ammo.

Traci lowers the clutch on the console. A RADIO VOICE comes over the headset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE 1

(V.O.)

Lightwing x-24, this is Los Angeles sky control, exactly what the fuck are you doing?!?!

Traci punches the console.

TRACI

(into headset, making shit up)

Uh...over and out...breaker,breaker!

Ricker jets back into the cockpit.

RICKER

Can you handle this?

TRACI

So far...

RICKER

I thought my gun was empty back in the hanger. When I put it to your head -- I didn't think I had anything left.

TRACI

Good to know...

(beat)

I almost believed you back there.

RICKER

You gotta trust me. No matter what.

MORE BULLETS slam into the side of the plane.

EXT.PLANE-DAY

Several GUNMEN are hanging for dear life on the wing -- One is near the door...

INT.PLANE

Ricker runs to the door -- he sees the operatives on the wing.

WINDOWS are shattered by the sporadic gunblasts. Ricker ducks.

RICKER

(to Traci)

Keep your head down!! Keep it straight!!

The COCKPIT windows are BLOWN inward, Traci ducks -- she's ok.

EXT. PLANE-DAY

The plane HITS a HIGHWAY SIGN, knocking it right down. The plane narrowly misses a careening bus and gets onto the main route -- straight into the city.

A VAN SLAMS into the landing gear of the plane. The plane shakes a bit, jostles but the wheel holds.

BRYCE'S SUV speeds directly underneath the Cessna.

Bryce opens the passenger door --

BRYCE
GET ME CLOSE!!!

Something black is in his hand, a shock grenade of some kind.

BRYCE
CLOSER!!!

INT. COCKPIT

TRACI
They're all over!!!
(beat)
Ricks, the streets are too narrow -- in
the city -- we'll slam --

Ricker looks out. There's a Tunnel ahead.

TRACI (CONT'D)
Crap.

RICKER
Keep going!!

TRACI
What?!!

RICKER
Go faster.

The TUNNEL comes up close.

EXT. PLANE-DAY

The CESSNA leans toward another lane, dead on track with the opening of the tunnel.

The wingspan won't clear the entrance.

INT.BRYCE'S CAR-DAY

BRYCE
They won't clear the bridge!!! Hang
back!!! Pull back!!!

INT.PLANE

The EMERGENCY DOOR is suddenly BLOWN inward as a blast rocks
in the inside of the Cessna.

Two GUNMEN enter into the Plane.

Ricker GRABS them from behind. Grapples with them.

TRACI
(looking back)
RICKER!!

He cold cocks one with his elbow, SLAMS the other guy into
the wall as--

EXT.PLANE-DAY

The Cessna HITS the tunnel.

The WINGS SHEAR OFF in a STORM OF SPARKS!!!

A WING SLAMS one of the pursuing VANS , right in front , it
rides up on it's left wheels and CRASHES.

BRYCE PULLS his car sharply to the left and avoids the
debris.

BRYCE
God DAMMIT!!!

INT.PLANE-DAY

Rocked by the impact, the lead GUNMAN falls out of the plane
as Ricker is thrown back by the sudden shower of sparks.

The PLANE gets dark as it SHOOTs through the tunnel like a
streamlined torpedo.

The landing gear is still attached and the after-burner
lights up the interior of the narrow passageway.

Ricker GRABS onto a chair and *holds on*

TRACI

slams the CLUTCH down and GRIPS the wheel hard as she tries
to navigate the dark field in front of her.

INT.TUNNEL

The wrecked plane generates a whole storm of sparks and fire as it cruises through the urban tunnel.

EXT.TUNNEL

Bryce runs out of his car, shouting into the walkie-talkie...

BRYCE
They're FIVE minutes away!! Get EVERYone
in position!! That plane's gonna come
outta there like a fucking rocket!!!!

INT.TUNNEL

The rolling Cessna ricochets off the left and right sides of the tunnel walls.

A light up ahead, the exit.

Ricker manages to stand up, PULL his way toward the cockpit where Traci is barely hanging on.

EXT.BRIGHTON CITY-DAY

There's a mad scramble of activity on the streets.

A variety of different GUNMEN, MERCS and OPERATIVES swarm out of their respective vehicles and take to the high ground.

Snipers take position on rooftops....

Masked gunmen chuck round after round in wide-barrelled Shorstock shotguns and wait, poised on the edge of billboards, alleyways and store fronts.

Civilians RUN as the sound of oncoming cars and trucks flood the area.

INT.TUNNEL

Bryce is at the helm of his VAN. He's got his head set on. He's dead-on pursuing the wing-less Cessna -- taking a safe distance behind.

BRYCE
I don't know what the hell they think
they're doing but they're about to get a
BIG surprise!!!

Bryce grabs one of the MEN sitting next to him.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
They pull outta here, get ME alongside!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN 1

But--

BRYCE

That's an ORDER!

EXT.TUNNEL

The CESSNA rushes out of the narrow tunnel. The plane looks like a stripped-down missile. Two dark gouges show where it's wings were torn away. Part of the tail is on fire.

The landing gear is still screeching down the city street. The wheels are intact -- The thing looks like some kind of pointy bus.

INT.CESSNA-DAY

Traci twists the wheel.

THE LANDING GEAR slowly turns as the grounded Cessna tries to maintain some kind of connection to the street.

CARS honk and speed out of the way.

Ricker takes the co-pilot seat.

TRACI

This isn't holding together. We're grinding axel...

(beat)

I think we're on FIRE!!!

Traci SLAMS the nose into a telephone pole, the Cessna continues on but the cockpit is jolted.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Main street isn't made for take-offs
Ricker!!!

RICKER

You're doing good, just hold on!!!

Traci glances out of the left-side window.

A GLINT of metal on a roof.

TRACI

Oh no.

EXT.STREET-DAY

Bryce does a complete 180 degree turn onto Main Street --

INT.BRYCE'S VAN

He shouts into his communicator.

BRYCE
Take 'em out. Everybody. Take 'em out.
NOW!!

EXT.CESSNA

As the damaged Cessna shoots through midtown traffic, the GUNMEN seen earlier emerge from their vantage points.

BULLETS are chucked into guns....

ROCKETS are loaded into tubes and

SIGHTS are clicked onto the barrel of rifles.

...And the rain of bullets begins.

The CESSNA is suddenly BOMBARDED as it moves down the street with round after round of piercing lead.

A ANTI-TANK missile SHOOTs from a tall building and misses it's target -- slamming with a fiery blast straight into the ground.

INT.CESSNA-DAY

Ricker and Traci dive into each other as the fury is unleashed.

Ricker keeps his hand on the throttle -- keeping the plane down.

RICKER
Don't look up!!!

The WINDOWS are all blown in -- the body of the plane is ROCKED by the line of gunfire.

TRACI
Where ARE we?!!!

EXT.STREET-DAY

The Cessna is hit again and again and again. Sniper have time to reload. Gunmen throw another round into the barrels. They aim again and fire. Trying to hit anyone. ANYTHING.

The plane makes it's way down one last street.

INT.CESSNA-DAY

Ricker and Traci hold tight. It seemingly never ends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
...Sooner or later...they're gonna get
us....

Traci reaches up, HITS the second FUEL release valve.

THE AFTERBURNER ROARS...

CUT TO:

INT-COURTROOM-DAY

It's Armageddon outside.

BASCOMBE and TENNEY crane their necks out the window.

They see a wing-less A-85 Cessna -- riddled with bullets,
traveling on it's landing gear, making it's way down Grand
Avenue. Straight toward the steps.

BASCOMBE
(slowly)
I think they're here.

Reporters, lawyers, EVERYone in the building is RUSHING
outside to see exactly WHAT IN THE LIVING HELL IS GOING ON.

The JUDGE steps down from the behind the bench.

JUDGE
What--? What is it? What's going on?

EXT.STREET-DAY

The Cessna heads straight for the mountainous steps.

It's RIGHT WHEEL finally gives way under the strain

The fire on the tail is intensified as part of the plane
SCRAPES along the ground.

It begins to slow, only a yard away from the courthouse.

Another SLEW of bullets TEAR into the hull.

INT.CESSNA-DAY

Ricker and Traci cower, he pulls her away from the controls,
to the floor of the damaged plane.

FLAMES tear down the length of the main hull...

EXT.SKY-DAY

A SWARM of SWAT-style helicopters enter from above --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SNIPERS & GUNMEN scatter like roaches as soon as the choppers swoop in.

INT.FIRST HELICOPTER

Police Chopper. In the lead -- It's VANCE and GABE.

Vance points down to the struggling Cessna below.

VANCE

Fifty bucks says that's him.

GABE

He already OWES me fifty bucks!!!

EXT.COURTHOUSE-DAY

The CESSNA finally screeches toward the steps -- almost crashing into the stone staircase leading into the immaculate doors of the building.

The plane's landing gear finally gives out as the machine limply slows to a crawl and eventually, stops, midway up the courthouse steps.

The HELICOPTERS land everywhere around the street. Some remain in the air, laying down COVERING FIRE on the fleeing SNIPERS.

The GUNFIRE directed toward the Cessna comes to a sudden halt.

REPORTERS, COPS, LAWYERS RUN OUT OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE COURTHOUSE TO SEE --

INT.COCKPIT

Ricker and Traci slowly edge up. Flames lick around the far interior. Glass falls somewhere. It sounds like light rain.

SHOUTS come from outside.

They help each other up. Look at each other's scattered, worn faces. It's almost a chance to catch their --

EXT.PLANE-DAY

A VAN SLAMS *into the side of the trashed Cessna.*

The Plane's body almost ROLLS down the length of the courtroom steps on the impact.

INT.PLANE-DAY

Traci and Ricker are thrown around on the inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKER
We gotta get outta here!!

Ricker KICKS open the emergency door to see --

BRYCE, standing right there. In front of everyone.

BRYCE
You and me...we got words.

Bryce SLAMS his fist right into Ricker's face. Ricker falls down, BRYCE jumps on top of him.

TRACI
TERRY!!!!

RICKER
(struggling)
Get outta here!!

Traci hesitates then RUNS out of the plane.

TWO COPS grab her as she exits...Pull her away from the Cessna.

Ricker and Bryce grapple as the plane flames on around them --

BRYCE
(to Ricker)
You...don't understand...they're everywhere!!! They can get you ANYwhere?!

Ricker PUSHES Bryce off of him, kicks him in the ribs -- Bryce rears back.

BRYCE (CONT'D)
She's MINE!!

Bryce spins to the exit door, pulls a .45 from his belt.

TRACI is dead in his sights....The COPS are too slow to cover.

Ricker GETS him from a blind spot, TWISTS the gun and

BANG! It fires...right into Ricker's stomach.

Bryce pants -- Pulls his gun away, struggles toward the outside and

BANG! Head-Shot. Bryce falls to the floor of the plane before he knows he's even dead.

GABE stands, smoking police-issue .38 clutched in his fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ricker struggles to stand up. Gabe and Traci run toward him, pull him out of the totaled Cessna.

Ricker falls to the courthouse steps.

TRACI is pulled away from him by the cops.

TRACI
NO!!! Not yet!!

COP 1
We need you inside....

TRACI
He's HURT!!

Gabe shakes his head.

GABE
No...He's going to be fine.

TRACI
How DO you know?!!

Vance steps into the frame. Shaking his head.

VANCE
Because he's too stupid to die.

Ricker almost laughs -- EMT'S cart him away from the scene.

Helicopters buzz in the distance and firetrucks wail just a few yards down the avenue.

INT.COURTHOUSE-DAY

Things have calmed down a bit.

Traci stands in front of a grouping of judges, prosecutors and lawyers.

A SCREEN is projected by a cluster of Federal Agents.

On the SCREEN...A SMILEY FACE suddenly appears.

BASCOMBE
What IS this?

TRACI
Sorry...there's a password.

From the back, the door opens to the courtroom. Ricker limps in, there's a loose bandage covering his stomach. He glances at Traci as he enters. She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASCOMBE
What's the password?

TRACI
(swallowing)
It's...

She can't take her eyes off Ricker, who can barely stand. Two angry-looking EMT'S stand behind him.

TRACI (CONT'D)
Cantaloupe.

Bascombe types it in.

THE SMILEY FACE becomes a seemingly endless stream of documentation, numbers, accounts, pictures, and paperwork. It plays across the wall of the courtroom like a slideshow.

The OPPOSING LAWYERS rub their faces.

RICKER
(to himself)
Cantaloupe?

JUDGE
Pending review of this...
(beat)
The warrants stay. Full rights granted to
the prosecution.
(beat)
Take 'em down boys.

The Judge goes into his ruling -- the Lawyers look around nervously.

LAWYER
Permission to warn my client your honor?

JUDGE
Permission denied counselor. This ends
NOW.

Traci smiles and some reporters even CLAP. FLASHBULBS go off as the digitized images play against the screen behind her.

Traci moves through the crowd -- Toward Ricker....

TRACI
Shouldn't you be in the hospital?

RICKER
Of course I should.

TRACI
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKER
(shaking his head)
Good job.

TRACI
It's all gonna be different after this...

RICKER
(nodding)
That's a good thing.

Ricker sees Gabe and Vance in the crowd. He holds up a fist.
Vance almost salutes him.

TRACI
Friends of yours?

RICKER
I used to work with them--but I think I'm
gonna quit while I'm ahead?

TRACI
What do you mean?

RICKER
I saved someone. Right?

There's a moment.

Yeah, and then they kiss.

Of Course.

CUT TO:

A REPORTER STANDS IN FRONT OF THE COURTHOUSE -- IN FRONT OF
THE CESSNA THAT LODGED ITSELF IN THE COURTHOUSE STEPS.

REPORTER
(Into camera)
After a day of, what can only be
described as tumultuous events, famed
outlaw hacker Traci "Risk" Pierce's
incrimination was introduced into the
courtroom. Beginning, what some officials
say, is a systematic, vicious breakdown
of most organized criminal groups in the
United States. Arrests have already been
made in more than seven states including
members of the elusive "Circle" regime
which is responsibility for the majority
of the recent activity in our fair
city....

There are flashes of CRIMINALS being led away from buildings,
houses and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHES of police and SWAT congregating in front of a near exodus of presumed "bad guys"....

This fades away...

CUT TO:

INT.RAINBOW CAFE' BAR AND GRILL-DAY

Some time later. Not sure how much, just some time....

Terry Ricker waits at a lone table by one of those vegetation laced waterfalls. He checks his watch. He taps his fingers.

In his left hand is his Dad's badge. The one with the bullet hole in it. He flips it between his knuckles.

His face is still a little bruised but he looks ten times better than the last time we saw him.

Then she shows up. She looks great. Not as freaky as earlier. Her hair has grown back, she's actually wearing a dress.

She smiles, takes a seat.

RICKER
What took you so long?

TRACI
Traffic.

RICKER
I already ordered.

RICKER (CONT'D)
So...what is your new name now? You sticking with Risk even though you got a new identity?

TRACI
They gave me a choice...

RICKER
Is it "cantaloupe"?

TRACI
You making fun of my password?

RICKER
Yup.

TRACI
Asshole.

Traci nods at the badge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACI (CONT'D)
So what's with that?

RICKER
Not sure what to do with it. So here--

He slides it across the table to her. She touches it.

RICKER (CONT'D)
If I ask for it back -- don't give it to me.

Traci slips it into her pocket.

TRACI
I'll keep it close.

RICKER
It doesn't, like, mean we're going steady or anything alright?

Traci looks around --

TRACI (CONT'D)
So...what is this? Like a date?

RICKER
I think we already had our date.

TRACI
That was not a date.
(beat)
Why -- are you just trying to skip to the sex?

RICKER
Maybe.

TRACI
Dammit Ricker....

And on that note...We End.