

HARD TO KILL

Revised Screenplay by
Steven Pressfield & Ronald Shusett & Steven Seagal

Story by
Steven Seagal & Ronald Shusett
& Steven Pressfield & Bruce Malmuth

Based on an Original Screenplay by
Steven McKay

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A modest but handsome home in the foothills above Gower.

SUPERIMPOSE: "1983"

A young boy, SONNY STORM, rushes out -- excited but pouty and a little peeved. He glowers at a 1981 Mercury, parked at the curb -- then turns back toward the house.

SONNY
(calls back to
house)
Daddy! I don't want you to go!

MASON STORM

emerges from the house -- wearing a dark Gianni Versace sport coat with a black vest underneath, carrying some kind of case in his hand. He looks great -- a man of action, not dandified at all by the snappy attire. He squints down toward Sonny, proudly -- very much the family man.

Mason's pretty wife, FELICIA, appears in the doorway.

FELICIA
(calls to Sonny)
Your father has work to do, Sonny
... but he'll be home soon. And
we'll all watch it together.

SONNY
You promise, Dad?

STORM
I promise.

Storm and Felicia come down to car, his arm around her. Sonny grabs his father's shirtsleeve.

SONNY
Daddy ...
(very serious)
Daddy, is E.T. gonna win?

STORM
He's got my vote.

Storm laughs and ruffles his son's hair.

FELICIA
(tight to Storm)
I want you back early. Tonight's
the night those little starlets are
crawling all over town.

STORM
Don't worry. I'll beat 'em off
with a stick.

He kisses Felicia, ready to leave.

SONNY
Daddy
(wants him to
stay)
What about my joke?

Storm lifts Sonny up into his arms. He gives the boy
100% of his attention, speaks just for him.

STORM
Knock knock.

SONNY
Who's there?

STORM
Old lady.

SONNY
Old lady who?

STORM
I didn't know you could yodel.

Sonny may not get the joke, but he laughs delightedly --
just because it's his dad telling it. Storm kisses him
and sets him down.

FELICIA
(to Storm)
Take my advice: Don't give up your
day job.

TITLES BEGIN.

INT. STORM'S CAR - MOVING - POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD NIGHT

Freeway traffic. Smoke in the sky ... flames ... the oil
refineries south of Torrance. A police RADIO is on, LOW,
and we can hear the SQUAWKING COMMUNIQUES in the b.g.

We become aware of a black limousine, ahead in the traffic.

REVERSE ANGLE - STORM

as he drives. Intense now -- mind focused. Radio handset in his hand.

STORM
(into handset)
Karl ... wake up.

INTERCUT POLICE STATION - DETECTIVES ROOM - NIGHT

KARL BECKER, Storm's partner, a nice guy in shirtsleeves with a huge nautical-type wristwatch. He's wide awake all right -- eager for this call.

KARL
(into radio)
I'm here, Mase. Where are you

EXT. HARBOR FREEWAY - NIGHT

Storm's Mercury moves discreetly, tailing the limo.

STORM
On the Harbor ... south of Torrance.
I got Calabrese right in my
gunsights.

WITH STORM

STORM
If I had a Sidewinder missile, I
could save the taxpayers a lot of
money.

Suddenly he is more alert, slowing the car.

LIMO

veers toward an upcoming exit ramp.

STORM (V.O.)
Here he goes. I'm shutting down
the radio, partner.

ANGLE ON SIGN

PORT OF LOS ANGELES
SAN PEDRO TERMINAL
PIER 65

As the limo passes and, moments later, Storm's car.

KARL (V.O.)
Keep off the skyline, amigo.
(by the way)
Lou Gossett just won Best Supporting.

TITLES END.

EXT. COMMERCIAL PIER - NIGHT

The limousine slowly moves up beside a stand-alone shack near the edge of the wharf. The shack is an open shelter with a broad overhang, and various kinds of equipment stored inside it. A single bulb illuminates it. The limo comes to rest, engine off, no apparent activity in or out of the vehicle.

STORM'S CAR

pulls up at a distance, deep in shadow.

INT. STORM'S CAR - NIGHT

He switches OFF the RADIO, twists a telephoto night lens onto a specially silenced 8mm surveillance film camera; he primes a portable sound deck in the case he's been carrying. A quick check of the .45 in his shoulder holster, then he exits the car.

ON STORM

Moving carefully onto the wharf, keeping to shadow, using cover.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Stacks of huge shipping crates and Sea-Land containers from a long wall along the cluttered dock. The towering hulks of several ships loom close by. Storm finds a slot between bulk containers: a good surveillance point.

STORM
Let's go, boys. I'm missing the
Oscars.

He is less than forty yards away, looking lengthwise down the car from its rear. A beat, as Storm picks up the sound before we do.

STORM'S POV - STATION WAGON

A paneled, expensive model approaches. The wagon pulls up, a short distance from the limo. A man gets out from the wagon. A beat later, the driver exits the limo. Both are armed. They check out the area, in all directions.

SHACK

One man crosses under the eave of the shack -- reaches up, SMASHES the single LIGHT BULB. The spot goes dark.

WITH STORM

Seeing the doors open on both cars. A mature man, CALABRESE, and his stocky confederate, VITALE, step from the limo. TWO other MEN -- one wearing a stylish hat, the other bareheaded -- step from the wagon. They cross to the shadowed, shack area.

STORM (O.S.)
(to himself,
softly)
I know you, Calabrese. But who are
these mystery guests?

The two Shadow Men are obscured by the shack and the position of Calabrese and Vitale.

STORM

Starts his camera soundlessly whirring. He positions his high-tech directional mike, slipping on earphones.

WHARF - CONSPIRATORS

There is NOISE from various wharf MACHINERY on adjacent piers, but the high-tech listening equipment still brings in the sound with acceptable clarity.

CALABRESE
-- Murder is a serious business, my
friend. And an expensive one.

SHADOW MAN WITH HAT
You'll be well compensated,
Calabrese. Money now -- and a lot
more when I get into that office.
You can take that to the bank.

THROUGH TELEPHOTO LENS

Despite the shadows, it's plain the Man With The Hat is in his prime, full of vigor and impatience. Calabrese, by contrast, is clearly older, more circumspect.

CALABRESE

Slowly ... slowly. Always with caution.

SHADOW MAN WITH HAT

I'm up to here with caution! That fuck lives on bean curd and alfalfa sprouts -- he ain't gonna die of natural causes.

CALABRESE

All I'm counseling is a little patience. The man is public. He's in the paper every day.

SHADOW MAN WITH HAT

Yeah? Well, the next time I read about him, it better be in the obituaries.

ON STORM

He squints over the camera, straining to see with the naked eye Frustration

ANGLE - CALABRESE AND VITALE

Glancing to each other. They're tough guys, but in some hard-to-define way, the two Shadow Men are tougher.

BAREHEADED SHADOW MAN

Enough bullshit. Can you do the job or not? If you can't -

VITALE

We'll do it.

STORM

Knowing he's on to something super hot.

STORM

(to himself,
soft but intense)

Who are you? Get out of those shadows --

It's driving him crazy that he can't make out the Shadow Men's faces. He peers around the wharf, looking for some better vantage point.

SHACK - CONSPIRATORS

keep talking.

ANGLE - STORM

Darting closer, using the row of bulk containers for cover. He takes up a new position, nearer the shack re-aims the camera.

LOOKOUT #1 (MIKEY)

hears something -- peers directly at the spot where Storm is hiding.

STORM

ducks quickly back out of sight. As he does this, his earphone cord catches on something. yanking the phone off Storm's head. He cannot hear what the conspirators say next -- but the audience can.

CONSPIRATORS

SHADOW MAN WITH HAT

The job is a light plane ... a Lear P61. We want it to take off -- we don't want it to land.

Calabrese becomes aware of Mikey checking out the noise; he motions the conspirators to shut up, then signals Mikey to proceed. Mikey cocks his pistol, moves swiftly toward the line of containers.

SHADOW MAN WITH HAT

steps forward into the light. His face comes clearly into view. Well dressed, magnetic, Bobby Kennedy-ish -- he is L.A. Assemblyman VERNON TRENT.

TRENT (SHADOW MAN WITH HAT)

(to Calabrese,
with menace)

You told us this dock was clean --

STORM'S HIDING PLACE - MIKEY

steps around one container (out of view of the other men) to the exact spot where Storm was. But Storm isn't there. Mikey is about to check farther, when out of nowhere:

Storm lashes out with a savage punch to the face. The blow is so devastating it knocks Mikey's feet out from under him so that he topples face-forward into Storm's arms, out cold. Storm soundlessly lowers the lookout to the ground.

Storm shakes a sore hand and notices it's cut. Kneeling down to the outstretched heap, he finds the cause of his injury -- one of Mikey's teeth wiggles freely in his fingers. Storm plucks the tooth and folds it inside the big guy's hand.

STORM

(re: the fairy)

A quarter's a quarter.

WHARF - SHACK

Calabrese and Vitale are getting uneasy.

CALABRESE

Mikey! Quit playing with yourself back there.

(no response)

Mikey --

Guns come out. Calabrese and Vitale start this way --

STORM

bolts back up the wharf, toward his car.

CALABRESE AND VITALE

hurry up to their fallen comrade. They see Storm 50 yards back up the pier, fleeing. Vitale takes off after him at a dead run. At that instant:

TRENT

moves INTO FRAME beside Calabrese. The Bareheaded Shadow Man with him is Police Captain DAN HOLLAND (in civilian business suit) -- 21 years on the force, hard as nails.

CONSPIRATORS' POV

They see Vitale pull up, on foot, as Storm's CAR ROARS OFF into the darkness. Vitale seems close enough to pick out the license number.

BACK TO TRENT

As his face moves into the light. Merciless, implacable.

TRENT

(to Calabrese)

Whoever that sonofabitch is, I don't want him to get an hour older.

CALABRESE

He won't, Mr. Assemblyman.

CALABRESE'S LIMO

speeds up beside the conspirators. Calabrese gets in, the limo whips off down the wharf to pick up Vitale and take off after Storm.

TRENT AND HOLLAND

stand watching -- grim, furious.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVES ROOM - NIGHT

A burly plainclothesman, MAX DUNNE, waves his phone receiver at Karl, Storm's partner, who's still at the desk where we last saw him. A TV across the room tuned to the ACADEMY AWARDS.

DUNNE

Karl -- Storm on three.

INTERCUT:

MINI-MALL PHONE BOOTH

Storm in a phone booth, crummy neighborhood near Torrance. Karl punches line three, picks up his phone.

KARL

You throwing away dimes now?

STORM

This doesn't go out over the air, pal. For your ears only.

KARL
(getting out
note pad)
What's going down?

STORM
Calabrese. I just got his ass --
on candid camera.

KARL
You're full of shit!

STORM
Him and his gorilla Vitale. I got
film and audio on both of them,
laying out a hit. Two other guys I
couldn't make out, but I'm sure
they'll come up on the film. This
is a big one, Carlito. Our own
academy award. You ready?

KARL
(taking notes)
Shoot.

STORM
I want you to track down Morgensteen
right now. If he's with that meter
maid from Pico, crank her legs apart
and pry him out of there.

KARL
He ain't gonna be happy.

STORM
Screw his happiness. Tell him I
want the lab open at six-thirty
tomorrow morning. I want this film
pushed to the max, and nobody but
us to know about it. I know we got
something here.

KARL
You bringing it in tonight?

STORM
I promised my kid I'd be home.
I'll be at the lab before dawn.

Storm hangs up.

EXT. MINI-MALL - NIGHT

A crummy mini-mall around Torrance. Storm exits the phone booth -- crosses toward a liquor store, which is still open this late at night.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Storm enters. A grimy, high-crime booze store. Not exactly the place to find Mumm's '36.

STORM

How ya doing?
(looking around)
Got any champagne?

The grizzled MAN behind the counter checks out Storm's Versace threads.

COUNTER MAN

Right next to the caviar.
(winks; points)
There's some in the big cooler.

Storm likes the guy. He notes the man's MINI-TV tuned to WRESTLING.

STORM

You're not watching the Oscars?

COUNTER MAN

The Oscars? I hate the Oscars.

Storm crosses to the cooler.

COUNTER MAN

Who needs the goddam movies? I get
it all in here every night.
(indicates his
view from behind
counter)
Horror. Sex. Freaks. Violence.
And I ain't gotta pay no four bucks.

Storm pulls a bottle from the cooler. He notices, on a high shelf, a big stuffed toy. Something for Sonny. Storm stretches up, grabs it. Suddenly:

He notices something in the big convex shoplifting mirror. Something approaching from outside.

STORM

(to Counter Man)
You got a phone back there?

COUNTER MAN

Why ?

STORM

(orders him)

Punch nine-one-one.

The Man hesitates, letting a few precious seconds pass. Three Latino PUNKS enter the store. One of them carries a long-barreled shotgun.

COUNTER MAN

Sonsofbitches! You creeps ripped me off two weeks ago!

SHOTGUN PUNK

Shut up.

He gestures to the register.

COUNTER MAN

Take it, man. Take my life's savings.

He scoops bills from the cash drawer (about twenty bucks) shoves them to the Shotgun Punk. The Punk scowls --

COUNTER MAN

Where is a cop when you goddam need one?

(to Punks,
threatening)

I got half a mind to come out there and teach you sonofabitch --

Shotgun Punk FIRES without warning -- point blank into the counter display and the Man! The Counter Man is BLOWN backwards -- cabinets crash; he crumples, groaning and bloody onto the floor!

SHOTGUN PUNK

Now you got half a mind, old man.

Punk #2 scoops up the money. The three Punks saunter up and surround Storm.

Storm looks down at their feet, then to their faces and smiles. Shotgun Punk points the gun at Storm's face.

SHOTGUN PUNK

What are you grinning at, pindejo?

STORM

We ... ell ... there's only three of you and you only got one shot left.

The Punks don't know whether to laugh or just shoot him, but it is too late for either option, as Storm suddenly spins between the Punks and behind the gun.

The SHOTGUN GOES OFF and BLOWS away part of the back WALL -- BOTTLES EXPLODE -- Storm locks the Punk's fingers into the gun, rotates the gun as a bar, breaking the Punk's arm.

The others make their move -- but now Storm has the shotgun and is using it as a sword or staff. He looks like a true master conductor in an almost magical manipulation. These poor stupid Punks have become the instruments in his spontaneous orchestra.

Punk #2 takes a vicious swipe at Storm with his long knife. Storm ducks, goes to his knees, and uses the gun to foot-sweep the Punk. The Punk's legs fly skyward and his head slams against the floor. As soon as he hits, the shotgun is slammed through his teeth.

The last Punk has produced an icepick and is staring at his compadres in disbelief. He and Storm square off.

STORM

(to Punk, calmly)

I know what you're thinking. I have this big shotgun and all you have is that little icepick. Mine's bigger than yours. It's not fair.

Storm sets the gun down. Punk #3 is still frozen.

STORM

Still not fair?

Storm gets down on his knees.

STORM

Don't wait for the blindfold, maricon.

PUNK #3

(clutching the
ice pick tightly)

Chinga tu madre!

The Punk lunges, thrusting the ice pick with lightning speed at Storm's face.

Storm makes a slight movement, parries the thrust and slides his body behind the Punk, simultaneously slamming his forearm into the rear knee joint.

The Punk buckles and Storm now has one of his legs in both arms and pins the other leg with his left knee.

We see the leg held in Storm's arms begin to twist ... and with a blood-curdling scream we hear a LOUD SNAP.

SIRENS are heard approaching outside.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Black and whites pack the parking lot. Police ambulances make ready to haul off the three Punks. The Counter Man, bandaged on a gurney, is wheeled out by paramedics. One medic catches Storm's eye -- flashes a gesture indicating the Counter Man will be okay.

Storm finishes with two other DETECTIVES, obviously buddies, as they complete their on-site notes. The champagne bottle rests on the hood of their car.

DETECTIVE #1

You were armed, Storm -- why didn't you just use your gun?

STORM

I just got these new glazer bullets. You know they're almost a buck a pop now?

He grabs the champagne, takes off for his car.

INT. STORM'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Chuck Mangione's "Feels So Good" PLAYS in the TAPE DECK. Storm listens for a few beats, as if letting the horn cool him out after the liquor store action. Then he ejects the tape decisively -- reaches into his camera case, pulls out the surveillance tape from tonight. He punches this tape into the deck.

Storm listens. The part where the Shadow Man with the hat (Trent) says, "You'll be well compensated. Money now -- and more when I get into that office. You can take that to the bank." Storm CRANKS UP the VOLUME.

STORM

I know that voice.

Who the hell is it? He rewinds the tape --

EXT. STREET - STORM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Storm's car turns into the block, slows approaching his house.

INT. STORM'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Still listening. Can't place the voice. Punches " eject," the tape pops half-out. Into the driveway, Storm activates the garage door remote.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Storm's car stops, headlights go out. The garage door closes. Storm gets out, carrying his camera case, champagne and the big stuffed toy. He takes a couple of steps toward the door to the house, then stops, remembering -

He leans back into the car, yanks the surveillance tape from the deck. Hands full, he tucks the tape into a inside pocket of his Versace vest.

INT. STORM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's late; just a courtesy lamp left on for Storm. He pulls the tapes and recorder from his case, stashes the case out of sight. He grabs a couple of champagne glasses --

INT. STORM'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - STORM

tiptoes toward the bedroom. Felicia appears at the top of the stairs, wearing panties and a teddy top. She smiles seeing the big toy, shooshes Storm --

ANGLE FROM SONNY'S ROOM

Storm stops outside his boy's room, looking in. Felicia tiptoes up beside him. Sonny sprawls loose-limbed on the bed in his Woody Woodpecker pajamas.

STORM

Wish I could sleep like that.

FELICIA

Maybe I can help you.

She tugs Storm sexily toward the bedroom --

SONNY

Is that for me, Dad?

Storm stops, toy in hand --

STORM

You faker.

He comes into the room, sits on the edge of Sonny's bed -- tousling his son's hair with great affection. Sonny takes the stuffed toy sleepily, pulls it into bed beside him.

SONNY

E.T. lost.

Storm knows E.T. is not just a movie character to Sonny; he's a real person.

STORM

Who won?

SONNY

I dunno. Candy.

STORM

Candy?

FELICIA

(from doorway)

Mahatma Candy. He was a great man.

Storm moves closer to his son. He sees how much E.T.'s loss has hurt his son, and wants to make it better.

STORM

(very gently)

You know why E.T. lost?

SONNY

Why?

STORM

Cause they only let grownups vote.
If kids had voted --

SONNY

(cheered by
this)

-- We would have gave E.T.
everything!

STORM

We would have given him everything.

SONNY

Yeah.

Storm starts to rise.

SONNY

(wants him to
stay)

Daddy -- tell me a knock-knock.

STORM

A couple of things crossed my mind,
in the car coming home.

Another kiss. They get their glasses out of the way, Storm lowers his wife languidly onto the bed. They begin kissing more deeply. Storm helps Felicia slide out of her teddy top; her beautiful breasts rise into the light. Storm begins to kiss them, she moans with pleasure. The lovemaking increases in intensity, Felicia's hand groping to open Storm's pants. He begins to help her, guiding her legs apart --

FELICIA

(in mid-kiss)

Door's open.

Not missing a beat, Storm grabs a heavy pillow, heaves it -- without looking -- at the door.

ANGLE FROM HALLWAY - BEDROOM DOOR

The pillow strikes it, starting it swinging closed. Storm and Felicia's forms, on the bed, are eclipsed. Sound from the "CARSON SHOW" DROPS DOWN -

INT. STORM'S HOUSE - ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT

TWO MEN -- carrying shotguns, faces hidden by masks -- move soundlessly down a hall. A terrible alien presence within this normal American household. The men turn a corner into a different hallway --

MEN'S POV - MOVING - HAND-HELD

At the end of this new hall: the bedroom door.

ANGLE - TWO MEN

creeping closer.

BEDROOM - STORM AND FELICIA

Their passion highly aroused now. Felicia's legs wrapped tight around Storm... their breathing, combined with the TV sound, seems like it would obscure the men's silent movement out in the hall. But:

Storm suddenly freezes. Listening.

FELICIA
(frightened)

What?

Storm lunges for his .45 on the nightstand. Suddenly LOUD and VIOLENT CRASH and the bedroom door is kicked in. Two dark figures with shotguns leveled fill the door.

There is an eruption of GUNFIRE and blinding muzzle blast and smoke. In the dim light for a moment we do not know what has happened, then:

STORM'S POV

We see one of the assassins thrown backward, jacket blown open at the shoulder.

SWITCH TO:

ASSASSIN'S PARTNER'S POV

We see Storm hit badly at close range. He takes it in the right center mass. It looks like his right arm is torn off as his .45 is literally blown across the room. Felicia is now hysterically screaming -- but not for long -- as she is mortally wounded. We are sure Storm will collapse and this horror will be over, but Storm rushes the remaining assailant, and tilting his body sideways as he enters, he avoids one more ferocious BLAST.

The momentum of Storm's quick spin catches the assailant perfectly, and like a fast spinning top slammed against another, Storm has the puppet by the strings. He clamps down with his left and only good hand on the assailant's right hand, and uses it against the gun as a tool for more torque. Spinning him around until he is at the peak of his circle, Storm with all his might spins his whole body in the opposite direction quickly, using the whipping effect of his shoulder and hip to snap the assailant's wrist and flip him violently.

There is a LOUD CRACK and scream as he lands on his head and neck, and then -- from the side, point-blank -- another ferocious SHOTGUN BLAST -- Storm is blown into the air and back onto the bed from which he came.

QUICK CUTAWAY TO:

INT. KARL BECKER'S BEDROOM - ANGLE ON DIFFERENT SHOTGUNS

BOOMING! Karl (Storm's partner) being BLASTED. No chance at all as he takes the full brunt of MULTIPLE BLASTS.

We recognize the large nautical wristwatch he wears as he falls to the floor --

BACK TO:

INT. STORM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The scene of slaughter we just left. Now in perfect stillness and quiet we HIGH ANGLE PAN DOWN the room in ...

SLOW MOTION:

Down feathers slowly float down toward the terribly sad and lifeless bodies of Storm and Felicia. Holes pepper walls; lamps obliterated; beds and pillows not even a semblance of their original form; crimson red and white smoke.

BEDROOM - NORMAL SPEED

The two assassins recover themselves. Bigger Man's shoulder: limp and bloody.

LITTLE MAN
(re: Big Man's
wound)

Man.

BIG MAN
(he's tough)
Get to work.

They do. Big Man collects tapes and camera from the bedside table, replacing them with large lumps of cocaine and cash. Then lie coolly places something on the night stand directly in front of the lifeless cop's face -- it is a tooth.

Little Man rifles Storm's pockets, including the Versace jacket beside the bed.

LITTLE MAN
(patting Storm's
pants pockets)
You got the tapes?

BIG MAN
(re: what he
grabbed from
the table)
I got a shitload of 'em.

Little Man is just about to search Storm's vest when he looks up and sees:

BEDROOM DOORWAY - SONNY

Storm's little boy stands there, in his Woody Woodpecker pajamas, holding the stuffed toy. He stares in numb horror.

LITTLE MAN (FORD)

without hesitation pumps his SHOTGUN, aims at the boy. Sonny dashes from the bedroom as the BLAST rips the door behind him!

SONNY'S ROOM - SONNY

streaks to the window, heaves against the sash --

HALLWAY - TWO MEN

Big Man (Dunne) boots Sonny's door open, crashes in --

SONNY'S ROOM - WINDOW

Sonny plunges out just as both men OPEN FIRE. They pound ROUND after ROUND into and through the window, blowing GLASS everywhere and ripping the windowframe and half the wall to shreds. An ALARM begins BLARING. The men glance to each other, flee.

EXT. STORM'S HOUSE - FRONT WALK - NIGHT

ALARM CONTINUING. The men emerge walking swiftly but not running, shotguns tight to their sides. They cross the street to a sedan parked in shadows. Up goes the trunk: in go shotguns, plastic bag with tapes -- and their masks, which they have just torn off.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Little Man whips behind the wheel. He is Jack Ford, an extremely bad hombre we've never seen before. He STARTS the CAR. Big Man in the passenger seat. We recognize him! He is Max Dunne -- the burly man who took Storm's phone call in the police station and passed the receiver to Karl.

DUNNE (BIG MAN)

Punch it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sedan speeds away.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TRACKING SHOT - LIEUTENANT
O'MALLEY - NIGHT

A tall and heavy Irishman, built like a tank, with
beautiful baby-blue eyes.

He hurries down the corridor, radiating intensity. Several
cops with him. They turn a corner into a second corridor.

O'MALLEY

Jesus Christ.

O'MALLEYS POV - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY ROOM

Jammed with cops, officials, newspeople. A circus.

O'MALLEY

strides forward into the crush.

ASSEMBLYMAN TRENT AND CAPTAIN HOLLAND

side by side in the mob scene. We recognize the two Shadow
Men from the wharf -- the ones who ordered Storm's murder.
Under the glare of a mini-cam lamp, a female TV reporter
tries to get Trent to talk.

TRENT

(emotional)

knew Storm from when I was City
Attorney ... and he was a young
homicide detective -

(choking back
tears)

We worked on... cases ... together

...

(can't go on)

I'm sorry ... sorry --

Trent's grief is so sincere, he himself almost believes
it; his aides shield him from the camera, steer him away,
in the direction of where O'Malley is. Holland goes the
opposite way. The reporter picks up her V.O.:

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

That was Assemblyman Vernon Trent,
deeply moved by the loss of an
officer he knew, (etc.).

Medics wheel Felicia's body past, one bloody forearm
visible beneath the sheet.

TRENT

What makes people do this?
(in tears, agony)
Will you tell me? Will someone please
tell me?!!

O'Malley watches Trent pass, weeping, escorted out by
police and aides.

Across the crowd O'Malley spots Captain Holland, who
apparently is the man he's searching for.

O'MALLEY

(calls)
Holland! Captain Holland!

In the general hubbub, Holland doesn't hear -- conferring
with some other officers.

ANGLE PAST HOLLAND - EMERGENCY ROOM

THROUGH the glass partition, we see doctors and nurses
going about their examination of Storm's body.

O'MALLEY

pushes his way toward Holland. Two uniformed cops in the
crush along the way. O'Malley comes up beside Holland.

HOLLAND (BAREHEADED SHADOW)

They always said Storm was
superhuman. Now we know why he was
always jacked up on coke!

O'Malley grabs Holland, slams him against the glass wall.

O'MALLEY

(whisper, full
of menace)
Let me tell you something, you piss-
ant. That man in there was the
cleanest I ever knew -- with more
honor and guts than this whole
department put together. If I ever
hear you say fuck all like that
again, I'll lose my shield to put
you where you belong.

O'Malley releases Holland, backs off, calming himself. The men stare at each other.

HOLLAND

(hostile)

What the hell's I.A. doing up at this hour?

O'MALLEY

Taking over the show.

HOLLAND

This is Homicide, not Internal Affairs.

O'Malley tugs out a letter on official stationery.

O'MALLEY

We got two cops down, with money and drugs all over the place. This is straight from the commissioner.

Holland is clearly upset by this, but knows he can't argue with a letter from the commissioner. Reluctantly he yields. He turns his gaze back to the stretcher in the ER.

Now he and O'Malley are just two officers, sharing a loss.

HOLLAND

You and Storm were tight, O'Malley. I'm sorry.

O'MALLEY

He was the most unstoppable sonofabitch I ever knew.

HOLLAND

Well.

He got stopped tonight.

Holland breaks his stare at Storm's body and drags away, signaling his own cops to vacate. They exit. No farewells between Holland and O'Malley. O'Malley waits silently, watching Holland and his men clear the corridor and disappear.

DOCTOR

emerges from the emergency room.

E.R. DOCTOR

Excuse me, are you with the police?

O'MALLEY
(dully, showing
ID)
Lieutenant O'Malley. What've you
got, Doc?

E.R. DOCTOR
I've got a live cop, is what I've
got.

INT. E.R. TRAUMA ROOM

O'Malley stares at Storm's body, stunned. The Doctor
stands beside him -- at the side of the room, away from
the medics.

E.R. DOCTOR
The paramedics called it wrong, so
did my people at first. Look... it
happens. The man had no vital signs.
With all the blood and excitement,
I almost missed it myself. But we
have a pulse now. Your man is alive,
Lieutenant.

O'Malley's eyes flash from Storm (over whom the medics
are now working) to the corridor outside, at the end of
which he can see several straggling cops and news people.
His mind is racing --

He spots something on a stainless steel medical table:
Storm's blood-soaked vest, apparently tossed there when
the medics stripped Storm to work on him. O'Malley picks
the vest up. He studies it -

INSERT - VEST

The surveillance tape Storm stashed is still there!

O'MALLEY

slips the cassette into his pocket. O'Malley makes a
decision. Turns intensely toward the Doctor.

O'MALLEY
Who else knows he isn't dead?

E.R. DOCTOR
No one ... just the people in her.
But --

O'MALLEY

I want to see each one of them before they leave the room. No one else comes in as of right now.

E.R. DOCTOR

Hold on. I don't think you --

O'Malley steers the Doctor into a corner.

O'MALLEY

(eyeball to
eyeball)

Mason Storm is going to vanish, Doctor -- and you're gonna help make it happen. Until he can give us some answers, the deader he is, the safer he is.

CLOSE - STORM

The man could be dead, but the reality is he has survived and still lives.

QUICK FADE TO:

MONTAGE - WITH SCORE

A) L.A. TIMES FRONT PAGE

"SENATOR CALDWELL KILLED IN SIERRA PLANE CRASH. Photo of Senator Caldwell, photo of light plane crash in mountains.

B) CLOSE - TV - LOCAL NEWS

Photo of Trent, with capitol in b.g.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

-- The governor today appointed dashing L.A. Assemblyman Vernon Trent to the Senate seat vacated by the tragic death of --

C) INT. COMA WARD - NIGHT

Scene of still sadness, motionless bodies in beds. An elderly nurse tends to patients ... one of them is Storm.

D) SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE FRONT PAGE

"TRENT WINS SECOND TERM." Subhead: "POPULAR SENATOR TOUTED FOR VP SLOT IN '92." Photo of Trent with wife and kids.

E) INT. COMA WARD - NIGHT

Storm in a different bed, different side of the ward. Different nurse. Monitors depict EEG, etc. MUSIC DOWN, sequence ends --

EXT. NIGHT SKY - THUNDERSTORM (STOCK)

A THUNDERBOLT CRACKS -- lightning, rain sheeting down.

SUPER: "SEVEN YEARS LATER"

INT. (UCI) MEDICAL FACILITY - COMA WARD - NIGHT

We hear RAIN O.S. as two hallway swinging doors open and --

ANDREA SIMPSON ("ANDY")

strides through. Raincoat, wet hair ... carrying a small clothing bag, armload of books and notes. Andy is serious and businesslike but underneath it all, she is the most sensuous and beautiful woman you have ever seen.

ANGLE - NURSES' STATION

MARTHA COE, an attractive black nurse about Andy's age, finishes her shift report. She barely pays attention as Andy comes up, starts unloading her stuff.

MARTHA

You're early again.

ANDY

(deadpan)

You won't report me, will you?

Andy gulps from Martha's coffee cup. We see they're good friends, who've split shifts on this ward for many moons.

ANDY

(re: shift report)

Inquiring minds want to know --

INT. COMA WARD - NIGHT

Martha and Andy, with the shift report.

MARTHA

-- Dr. Cannon ordered a glucose drip on Jimmy See. Mack's E.E.G. monitor's developing a nice electronic hiccup -- and your boyfriend...

(indicating Storm)

... turned his head.

ANDY

(electrified)

He did?

In a coma ward, this is headline news.

MARTHA

(excited too)

I thought he was going to sit up. I almost shit!

The nurses laugh. But Andy's glance toward Storm's bed is full of deep care and hope.

INT. COMA WARD - CLOSE ON STORM - LATER

Changed in seven years, softer. His shaggy hair is manicured in a sleeker, longer length and he wears a smartly short, perfectly trimmed beard. We glimpse, on Storm's chart, the identifying label: "JOHN DOE 461Z."

ANGLE - BEDS OF OTHER PATIENTS

trapped between sleep and death. A spectral, haunting scene, full of pathos.

BESIDE STORM'S BED - ANDY

works, full of beauty and youth -- like a beacon of life and hope in this silent still world. She runs a physical therapy regimen on Storm and seems quite expert at this delicate work. The "workouts" are electronically induced by sophisticated impulse equipment.

ANDY

(gently, with compassion and hope)

-- Can you hear me, John Doe? I don't care what the doctors say, I know my words are reaching you somehow.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm going to talk to you tonight...
and tomorrow night ... and the night
after that. I'm going to keep talking
to you till you come back --

On the shelf behind his head is a framed photo of Yogi Berra, with the quote: "IT AIN'T OVER TILL IT'S OVER. Andy lifts it and sets it an the pillow beside Storm's head.

ANDY

Yogi said it ain't over till it's
over. Till the fat lady sings.
There's life in you, J.D., I feel
it. I'll never give up on you, and
you'll never give up on yourself --

She finishes working out Storm's muscles, beginning disconnecting the contact points. She stops, lifts the robe off Storm so that she can see his lower body, naked, underneath.

ANDY

Besides ... you've got so much to
live for.

As Andy replaces the sheet, her WRISTWATCH ALARM BEEPS a reminder. Checking the watch, she leans over and smooths Storm's sheet, touching him tenderly.

ANDY

Sorry. I won't be long.

She exits.

INT. EMPLOYEE SNACK KITCHEN - NIGHT

Martha pouring herself a cup of coffee. Andy comes in.

MARTHA

How's the sleeping prince?

Andy crosses to the counter, starts pouring herself a cup too.

ANDY

Still sleeping.
(serious)
It's bad enough when it's old people.
But a young handsome guy --

Her voice trails off.

MARTHA

Don't let this job get you, honey.
It's eight hours, not twenty-four.
Get out, meet somebody ... get laid --

ANDY

(with a grin)
You can have my orgasms, Martha.
I'll make up for 'em later.

INT. COMA WARD - CLOSE ON STORM - NIGHT

His hand moves! A beat ... then another. Something's happening. Another beat, and then we see him draw several sharp intake breaths, then a very deep breath. Suddenly he shudders intensely --

MONTAGE - SUBLIMINAL SEQUENCE

Storm's return to consciousness. Like a disjointed dream sequence, we meld OPTICALLY DISTORTED FOOTAGE of scenes into a quick sequence depicting Storm's journey up the "tunnel" from unconsciousness and back to life:

A) Storm emerging from the door of his house, the night of the Oscars. Felicia smiling, taking his arm --

B) Sonny's bedroom, the night of the Oscars. Sonny with, the stuffed toy, embracing Storm --

C) The masked assassins. SHOTGUN BLASTS detonating point blank into Storm and Felicia --

INT. COMA WARD - STORM

His eyes open. He grimaces with pain, as if even the dim illumination of the ward blinds him. His eyes keep blinking and squeezing, his tongue working for saliva --

INT. NURSES' STATION - ANDY

Alone, doing paperwork, concentrating totally on her work.

INT. COMA WARD - STORM

His hand slowly rises, finds his face. He discovers the electrodes, pausing to determine what they are, everything a slow painful effort.

JONES

Internal affairs. Detective Sergeant Jones.

ANDY

My name is Andrea Simpson. I'm calling from U.C.I. Medical Center. I'd like to speak with
(reads from card)
Captain O'Malley.

Wheels start to turn in Jones' head.

JONES

What is this in regard to, please?

ANDY

I have a John Doe coma patient, code access 461 zebra, with instructions to notify upon any change in condition.

JONES

What is the change?

ANDY

(with enthusiasm)
The patient has regained consciousness.

Jones reacts -- puts his hand over the receiver, turns to a leather-faced plainclothesman (NOLAN) at the next desk.

JONES

(urgent)
Nolan. Get Holland at home ... right now.
(back to Andy on phone)
I'm sorry, Ms. Simpson. Captain O'Malley is no longer with this division. Let me take your information. Please ... contact no one else on this matter.

INT. COMA WARD - NIGHT

Storm back in bed. A knot of doctors finishes returning him from their emergency resuscitation work. "We'll leave him here for tonight, where they've got the full support setup." The team wraps up and begins to move off.

The TEAM LEADER instructs Andy in Storm's immediate condition and care.

DOCTOR (TEAM LEADER)

-- Clip him with 50 cc of Thorazine if he gives you any trouble. I'm afraid he's very disoriented and quite paranoid. He thinks people are trying to kill him.

The team exits. Andy is alone in the ward with the immobile patients -- and Storm. Storm groans and tries to lift himself onto an elbow.

STORM

Miss ... please ... they won't tell me ... think I'm too disorient --

ANDY

This is U.C.I. Medical Center. You've been in a coma. Your charts go back for seven years.

STORM

(staggered)

Seven... years?

He can't absorb this. It's too much. His mind reels.

STORM

Who ... who knows I'm awake?

ANDY

(innocent
enthusiasm)

It's all over the hospital. You're the first one that's come out of a coma of this duration. You'll probably be on the news!

(beat)

You'll be famous!

STORM

(struggles to
sit up; fails)

Listen to me carefully --

(reads her name
tag)

-- Andy. I don't have the strength to talk much. I'm a cop. My wife ... family ... murdered. That's how I got here. If you don't get me out ... you and I ... good chance ... both be dead.

ANDY

Please -- you're in no danger here.

She touches him kindly -- but Storm sees that she doesn't believe him, thinks he's paranoid.

STORM

Goddamit --
(urgent but
weak)
can't stay here. Listen to me -

ANDY

I'll have one of the aides take you
down the hall for hydrotherapy.
It'll help you relax.

STORM

No --

ANDY

Listen... I've got work to do.
You're my cutest patient, but you're
not my only one.

She leaves. Storm blows a sigh of frustration. His body won't do what his brain tells it! In half-paralyzed rage he struggles to move his limbs, open and close his hands --

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

An accident case being hurried in from an ambulance. Paramedics, E.R. personnel and patients fill the scene. A bespectacled doctor in a white coat casually emerges from the crush and continues on into a hallway.

ANGLE - DOCTOR

This is no doctor; it's Jack Ford, one of the killers who shotgunned Storm seven years ago!

INT. HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

DANNY, an aide, has Storm harnessed in a frothing whirlpool.

INT. FIRST FLOOR/MAIN DIRECTORY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Several nurses chat and drink coffee at a clerical station. Ford comes up - nameplate, stethoscope, looking the part perfectly. We see him exchange a greeting, ask a question. One of the nurses hands him a clipboard with some papers on it. As the killer scans the clipboard -RUSS, the security man, approaches.

Ford averts his face subtly, continuing to study the list. Russ passes, with a greeting for the nurses -- and a (slightly unsure) nod for the killer. The killer nods back.

SECOND FLOOR SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Andy arrives and goes about business.

INT. THIRD FLOOR ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A set of DOORS DINGS open. Ford steps out.

INT. COMA WARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Eerie ultraviolet; motionless forms; steady HUM of monitoring EQUIPMENT -- and the shuffle of the killer's shoes ... moving purposefully from bed to bed checking each chart for the right name.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR NORTH CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Danny helps Storm out of the tub.

INT. COMA WARD - CLOSE ON FORD - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Checking the chart in the dim blue when -- a flashlight ray suddenly hits his face ...

RUSS

Excuse me, Doctor. I have to check everyone on the upper floors.

(comes forward,
no suspicion)

Can I just get your I.D. --

PHHT! Russ takes the SILENCED SHOT right between the eyes. His body collapses in a heap there in the entry.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR

Danny wheels Storm through the big swinging doors. Suddenly -- he freezes.

DANNY'S POV

He sees Russ's partial body in the doorway up the hall recognizable because of its security uniform trousers.

DANNY

reacts as if fearing Russ has had a heart attack. He leaves Storm, rushes forward to investigate. Storm strains to see.

INT. DOORWAY TO COMA WARD

DANNY

(dashes up)

Russ! Russ, are you --

PHHT! PHHT! Danny sprawls onto the floor, dead.

INT. CLOSE ON STORM

Doesn't need to see to recognize that sound. He gropes at once for the wall corner, trying to propel his litter back through the swinging doors and out of sight.

Storm strains for it, his limbs maddeningly uncooperative ... stretching, pawing ... until -- he claws far enough to reach where the janitor's mop rests against the wall.

COMA WARD - HALLWAY - FORD

steps into the hallway, peering up and down -- just as Storm slides out of view. The killer grabs Danny's body by the ankles, to drag it back out of sight. Just then:

ANDY

backs through the double doors at the other end of the hall, trying to balance an overloaded tray of supplies she's carrying. She and Ford are momentarily in full view of each other ... but backs turned. Suddenly -- Ford hears Andy! He spins ... gun ready.

Andy carefully heads that way -- the two corpses visible ahead and the killer poised to waste her. But she's concentrating on the overloaded tray, traveling closer ... closer ... until -- she turns off into the medicine room.

Ford swiftly hauls both corpses out of sight.

AT ELEVATORS

Storm weakly, awkwardly "rows" himself toward the elevators with the mop handle. Then using his hands, trying to grasp the wall and push himself along.

He makes it within reach of the call button and stabs at it with the mop handle. Misses. Again. Then: bull's-eye! The light comes on!

INT. COMA WARD

Ford has found the last (Storm's) medical chart -- and the empty bed. He's heading back -- frustrated, angry out toward the hall when... the elevator BELL DINGS.

AT ELEVATORS

Storm struggles to push himself inside. Everything an excruciating effort. The doors slap into his litter, trying to close. Reopen. Close. Reopen. Hindering him as he throws a look toward --

INT. CORRIDOR - FORD

stalks this way, ears tuned to the SLAPPING DOORS ahead around the corner. He breaks into a trot --

ELEVATORS - STORM

makes it all the way in with a final heave. FOOTSTEPS nearing. The doors not yet closed and --

INT. CORRIDOR - FORD

rounds the corner just as they shut. Races forward --

INT. ELEVATOR

Storm jabs at the panel for the lobby button -- but the shaky mop handle hits 7TH FLOOR instead.

STORM

Sonofabitch!

THIRD-FLOOR CORRIDOR - AT ELEVATORS

The killer hears this -- hears the ELEVATOR START UP. He punches the call button. The other elevator opens. He plunges in just as:

SOUTH CORRIDOR - ANDY

comes out of the medicine room and spots blood on the floor, hurries forward -- sees Russ and Danny's bodies!

She backs off in horror.

Andy rushes to the ward station, lunges for the phone -- finds it's been cut. Her view into the coma room suddenly brings the realization that Storm's bed is still gone.

STORM'S ELEVATOR

The doors open -- revealing a dark, deserted seventh floor still under construction. He registers the opposing elevator rising his way -- jabbing again at the control panel ... exposed there ... doors wide open. Wild stabs. Any button will do -- just close the goddam door!

DING! Ford's ELEVATOR arrives. Doors open. We make out the killer's form -- just as Storm's doors close.

Storm blows huge relief. Looks to see what he finally pushed ... Shit! -- the 3RD FLOOR button. He puts the mop to the side wall and shoves himself with all he's got. The gurney wheels around and places him right next to the control panel. Storm twists onto his side and slams a hand over the EMERGENCY STOP button. But the button jams! And Storm's thrusting hand has pushed his gurney even farther away! He can't reach it!

He feels the elevator about to stop at a floor ... claws at the mop, as a weapon ... raises it with all his feeble strength. The doors open and --

Andy crashes into him!

ANDY

My God!

STORM

(hoarse, weak)

-- Help me ...

INT. STAIRWELL - FORD

Pounding down the steps three at a time. Gun in hand.

INT. LOBBY

Andy hauls Storm's litter full tilt out of the elevator. A night janitor is waxing the floor, his long power cord snaking down the corridor. He stares in astonishment at this nurse racing down the corridor with a gurney --

ANGLE - GURNEY

As its wheels hit the buffing machine cord. The gurney bucks, almost capsizes.

ANDY

I'm sorry! Sorry --

She heaves the gurney, despite all its weight, past the power cord, just as:

FORD

hurtles from the stairwell. In one beat, he takes in the janitor; in the next, Andy and Storm -- down the hall. Ford takes off after them. He's going to catch them!

JANITOR

jerks up on the power cord! It whipsnakes down the hall, flaring up, tripping Ford! He sprawls face-first as:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Andy blasts through the exit doors with Storm on the gurney. She hauls ass with him into the parking lot --

BACK TO FORD

He spins, on the floor, drills TWO SILENCED SHOTS into the janitor's chest. The janitor drops.

EXT. HOSPITAL EXIT - FORD

highballs from the doors, in time to see:

FORD'S POV - ACROSS PARKING LOT

A dark-colored CAR, its make indistinguishable in the dark lot, SCREECHES into an exit lane and races out of the lot.

PARKING LOT - FORD

hurries after it on foot. Too late. He pulls up.

EMPTY GURNEY

rolls randomly INTO VIEW across the lot.

HIGH ANGLE - WIDE SHOT - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAWN

Andy's car speeds up the PCH. Majestic Malibu Mountains visible -- dawn sun shimmering the ocean with early light.

INT. ANDY'S CAR - MOVING - DAWN

Storm sprawled, asleep, exhausted, in the passenger seat. Andy windblown at the wheel. A pair of fugitives, on the run. The car pulls off the highway, past a sign for "OJAI."

INT. L.A. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

OPENING ON a big table, covered with weapons confiscated from gangs -- pistols, knives, assault rifles. Reporters crowd around Senator Trent at the table. A large sign reads: "GANG WEAPONS SEIZED IN ONE WEEK!"

TRENT

(to group,
finishing up)

Six gang-related murders in one week. We're going to put a stop to it -- and we're going to start right here!

Trent picks an AK-47 off the table and stuffs it theatrically into a huge TRASH CAN. News cameras record this juicy nugget for the nightly news.

TRENT

I'll be talking with the mayor.
We'll have a statement shortly --

He raises a fist in a "power salute," moves off --

SIDE OF ROOM - TRENT

Waving and beaming, edges away to the "wings," where Ford and Dunne wait, along with Holland -- proper and official in their plainclothes suits.

TRENT

(to Holland,
furious)

How much dirt do I have to shovel into this goddam Storm's grave?

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

(turns to Ford)

The man is flat out on a stretcher
and you still can't kill him!

Reporters and bystanders continue to approach and congratulate Trent. He handles them easily, shaking hands -- then ducking back, aside, to his thugs.

TRENT

Holland -- plaster his ass with
slime in the press. Put a tail on
every person he knows --

HOLLAND

We know how to do our job, Senator.

TRENT

Then start showing it.

(to Ford, Dunne)

I'm starring in that sonofabitch's
home movie -- and the Oscar is thirty
years in the slammer. He's toast,
understand?

The assassins nod grimly. Trent turns, hands raised triumphantly, to the crowd.

TRENT

(to crowd)

We're going to end violence in this
state -- and you can take that to
the bank!

EXT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - DAY

A horse in sunshine. Pretty oaks on a hillside beyond.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - BEDROOM DAY

Storm blinks his eyes -- groggy, disoriented. He is in bed, just waking up. Outside his window: this postcard-perfect ranch scene. Has he died and gone to heaven? He can barely absorb it: nature, sunshine, life.

Storm peers around. He is alone in a pretty room, with Western and Oriental furnishings. He's safe; someone has apparently put him to bed, seen that he's comfortable. He remembers: the nurse ... Andy.

A TV is on at the foot of the bed. Storm squints at the digital clock beside him: 4:17 PM. Storm closes his eyes.

STORM

Seven years.

He struggles to sit. It takes all his strength simply to get half-propped on pillows. Something jabs him. It's a TV remote, on the sheet beside him. Storm picks it up.

After a beat, he manages to focus on the TV --

TV SCREEN - "GERALDO SHOW" (FILE TAPE)

Heated argument in progress. Suddenly Roy Innis leaps from his chair, starts strangling a white supremacist across from him. Melee. The stage flooded with shooting, fist-fighting men. Geraldo's nose is broken!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(from TV)

-- Stay tuned for more of: Best of Geraldo!

BACK TO STORM

Dumbstruck.

STORM

Geraldo?

Outside the HORSE WHINNIES loudly and rears up on its hind legs. Storm turns toward the horse --

When Storm is turned away from the TV, a 10-second ad comes on. Senator Trent waving and smiling to a crowd.

AD (V.O.)

(from TV)

Senator Vernon Trent promises: No new taxes!

TRENT (V.O.)

(from TV)

And you can take that to the bank!

Storm misses this. He turns back to:

TV SCREEN

An attractive female spokesperson speaks directly and sincerely into camera.

FEMALE SPOKESPERSON (V.O.)

(from TV)

-- If you want to sleep with me ... you better wear a Pharoah.

A "product shot" of condom packages appears.

MALE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(from TV)
Pharoah condoms. The only safer
sex is no sex at all!

STORM

Certain the world has gone insane.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Andy at the wall phone.

ANDY
(into phone)
can't come in to work, are you
crazy?! I can't even go to my
apartment! People are dead, Martha
... no, I can't tell you where I am
... you're better off not knowing --

Mini-TV on countertop. On TV: a photo of Storm. Jack
Esposito reporting --

ANDY
(into phone)
I am freaking A.W.O.L. I mean, what
am I gonna do with this guy --
(pacing, anxious)
I want to help him... my God, he
needs it ... but it's all over the
T.V., he's some kind of crooked cop
with drugs and murder and --

CLICK. Andy turns to see Storm standing there, glowering --
his hand on the PHONE hang-up bar.

For half a beat, Andy is frightened: unsure what this man
will do. Then Storm starts to collapse.

Andy rushes to him, supports him.

ANDY
It's okay -- I'm here, I'm with
you.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Storm on the couch, phone in hand -- Andy across from
him. The day's newspapers before them... TV ON in b.g.

STORM

(into phone)

Yeah, that Esposito. The ignorant fuck who's broadcasting the news right now.

(listens)

Tell him it's Storm. Mason Storm.

Storm cups the receiver -- steaming -- waiting to be put through. His eyes flash to the room, the house...

STORM

(to Andy)

I can't stay here. They'll trace you from the hospital in two --

ANDY

(cuts him off)

I told you -- no one knows I'm here! I'm house-sitting...

(out of patience,
frustrated and
frightened)

This place belongs to a doctor friend of my parents. He's in China now, on research... won't be back for six months. The medical center only has my apartment address. Even my friends don't have this number.

(beat)

Will you believe me?! We're safe here.

Storm studies her for a long beat. Then: a voice comes onto the phone line.

STORM

(into phone)

Esposito?

(furious)

Listen, you sonofabitch --

EXT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE (OJAI) - EVENING

We see a little more of where we are: a pretty little retreat, nestled amid rolling hills. With the evening light, the mood seems softer.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Storm on a different couch -- very tired. Looking terrible. Andy sits on the floor at the coffee table --a

phone beside her, the table covered with notepads, scribbled pages.

ANDY

We'll find your friend O'Malley.
We'll just keep phoning ...

STORM

Listen. I'm getting out of here.

He grabs for a cane resting against the sofa.

ANDY

(knows he has
no chance)
I'll buy tickets to that.

STORM

I just need some food -- and a few
days to get my strength.

ANDY

Days? Try a few weeks.

Storm braces against the cane, ready to try to stand.
Andy gets up, to catch him. This infuriates Storm's pride.

STORM

You helped me, okay? I'm grateful.
But every day you keep helping puts
you in more danger.

ANDY

(deadpan)
Danger is my middle name.

This is no joke to Storm.

STORM

I've been dead, Andy. You wouldn't
like it.

He tries to get up. Andy stops him.

ANDY

Hey, hey -- I don't think you get
the picture here. Your muscles
have been getting electronic
stimulation at the hospital, but
it's not like actually being up and
bearing weight.

STORM

You're the one who doesn't get the
picture.

(MORE)

STORM (CONT'D)

First of all, I ain't no fucking
invalid! And second, I don't have
time --

He makes it upright, shaking, with a "See, I told you"
look.

He starts toward the kitchen. Andy looks very worried
but doesn't try to stop him. First step -- okay. Second --
okay. Third -- blam! The cane slips and he falls flat on
his face. Too weak to break the fall.

LOW ANGLE - STORM

We see his face on the carpet and a mean desperate
conviction in these eyes not to fail and not to give up.
He struggles to rise -- it is pitiful. He's on his knees
growling with effort. Cane propped up, he manages to
somehow stand again. One step ... two steps ... three,
four ... he's absolutely exhausted. Boom! Falls flat
again.

ANOTHER LOW ANGLE

Storm's face on the floor.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

Fury, frustration, despair --

ANDY

grabs his arm and helps him back onto the couch. She
exits the room and comes back momentarily with a bowl of
rice and begins to try to feed him. Of course he takes
the fork away and tries it himself, but by now his arms
are so fatigued from the previous strain that they shake,
his hand trembles and he misses his mouth -- getting the
rice all down his beard. Spilling a little too much to
ignore and at first it looks like he's going to explode.
He looks up at Andy, who looks so sad.

Storm breaks out laughing and so does Andy. They howl
together for a while and then settle down. Now Andy begins
to "help" feed Storm.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - STORM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Storm is in bed -- writing something on a note pad.

ANDY
(next to bed)
Mata Hari -- at your service.

She looks at what Storm is writing: Chinese characters.
Storm writes from top to bottom, straight up and down.

STORM
Just some herbs I need for my
recovery.

She takes the list, studies it.

ANDY
No problem. This is on my list for
Safeway every day.

EXT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - DAY

Andy's car drives up to the house, pulls into the garage.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Andy enters, carrying a folder, and stares in surprise.
Storm has shaved and cut his hair. She obviously approves.
She watches for several moments as Storm, weak but on his
feet, holds on to the kitchen counter. He steps out, in
wobbly balance. Not too good at first, he tries again.
This time he does better, but not by much. He turns to
look at Andy, conscious of her look of sympathy.

STORM
(re: himself)
That bad ... huh?

She silently hands him a set of newspaper photocopies.
He glances at them... at her ... and understands.

ANDY
I'll be in the other room.

Storm slowly seats himself and begins to read.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER PHOTOCOPIES

One headline:

OFFICER SLAIN IN ALLEGED SCANDAL
DRUG DEAL FALLOUT SUSPECTED

Second headline with photos of Storm, Felicia, Sonny:

POLICEMAN, FAMILY SLAUGHTERED

CLOSE - STORM

Battling his sorry and grief.

LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN - ANGLE - ANDY

She can see Storm in this moment of agony.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN - JACK ESPOSITO

A well-known L.A. anchorman, Jack Esposito "whom we glimpsed earlier in the mini-TV in the Armstead kitchen scene), delivers the news.

A graphic behind him has a photo of Storm, captioned:
"COMA COP. "

ESPOSITO (V.O.)

(on TV)

-- This reporter was contacted personally by the now-infamous 'Coma Cop'... fugitive officer Mason Storm -- who until days ago had languished in a seven-year coma.

WIDEN SHOT

TO REVEAL Trent's office. Trent, Holland and several of Trent's security aides glued to the tube.

ESPOSITO (V.O.)

(from TV)

Storm gave me his word that he is innocent of all charges preferred against him in the press -- and that he has access to indisputable proof of this. Battling the atrophy caused by seven years of hospitalization, Storm is struggling even now to regain the strength that will enable him to come forward with this evidence. He has promised me and the K.A.B.C. audience a first look at his alleged proof.

TRENT

turns to his men and to Holland.

TRENT
(indicates
Esposito on TV)
I want 24-hour surveillance on this
sonofabitch.

EXT. WESTWOOD APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

A WOMAN in a nurse's uniform comes INTO VIEW on the sidewalk, trots up the steps toward the second floor of the apartment building.

ANGLE - DUNNE AND FORD

REVEALING that they are watching this from a parked car from across the street. They get out, glance around furtively --

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The nurse is Martha -- Andy's friend from the hospital. She holds a cat in her arms.

MARTHA (WOMAN)
(responds to
interrogation)
I told you -- Andy's out of town.
I just came by to pick up her cat.

DUNNE
Where out of town is Andy?

MARTHA
I don't know.
(losing patience)
Look, I've been questioned by you
cops half a dozen times since
Tuesday. I'm getting a little tired
of it.

(beat)
You need a warrant to walk in on
someone like this. Get the hell
out.

The cops don't budge. It's getting a little scary.

MARTHA
Then I'll get out.

Clutching the cat, she strides for the door. Ford's foot slides the door shut. He and Dunne block Martha.

FORD

We'll ask you again, Martha: Where is Miss Simpson?

Martha backs away -- toward a telephone.

MARTHA

I'm calling your superior officers to report this. I want both your names and shield numbers.

She picks up the phone. Dunne's enormous hand engulfs her wrist, forces her to put the phone back in the cradle. The two cops stare at her penetratingly.

Martha knows this is it -- life or death.

She hurls the cat into Ford's face; the CAT claws him, SHRIEKING. Martha knees Dunne in the balls, bolts --

EXT. APARTMENT - WALKWAY - EVENING

Martha sprints from the door, toward the stairs, screaming.

MARTHA

Help? Help me!

Ford appears in the apartment doorway, his face scratched and bleeding. He aims his silencer-mounted .45 --

ANGLE - TOP OF STAIRS - MARTHA

The front of her white uniform erupts in a bloody gush; she plunges face-first down the flight of stairs.

ANGLE - BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Martha's crumpled form. Ford and Dunne hurry swiftly down -- pick up her body, drag it a few feet to a smackadjacent steep hillside covered with thick brush. They peer around swiftly to be sure no one has seen them, then slide the body under the brush, down the hill. In three seconds it has slithered ten feet down, out of sight.

The killers take off.

INT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - NIGHT

Storm has found a zabutone meditation pillow and is sitting on his knees in formal Japanese posture with black Dugi pants and no shirt. He unravels a package with Oriental characters handwritten on the outside.

In one section: what looks like an old wax Baggie full of Chinese herbs. In the other, Storm unfolds a pouch containing an assortment of needles: long, short, skinny, fat.

Storm fingers the needles and finds a spot in his shoulder with very bad scar tissue and quickly and coldly sticks it in deep. He then twirls and adjusts it.

It is apparent that he knows what he's doing. We STAY CLOSE ON the needles, noting the amount in the package has greatly diminished.

PULL UP to reveal Storm, with at least 50 needles sticking out of him.

He is now frozen deep in meditation. CAMERA CIRCLES AROUND him 360 DEGREES -- he is like a Japanese statue.

MONTAGE

WITH SCORE.

A) INT. ARMSTEAD GYM - NIGHT

An impressive home facility with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, Nautilus equipment, etc. Storm ignores the machines and tentatively selects from an old set of weights, hefting them to test his own strength, then begins a slow workout.

B) EXT. ARMSTEAD YARD - DAY

Storm performs a series of Eastern exercises: stick, Aikido, and meditation. He's obviously pushing himself beyond exhaustion; Andy watches, growing more and more concerned.

ANDY

That's enough! I don't care how many needles you stick in yourself or how much ginseng root you eat ... you have to sleep if you're going to recover.

STORM

I slept for seven years?

ANDY

That's an order!

Storm, dripping sweat, glowers at her for a long beat, then... relents. She snatches the stick from his hand, hauls him toward the house.

ANDY

Jesus -- what a patient!

C) EXT. FIRE ROAD - DAY

Storm tries to run up a dirt hill. He's still too weak -- struggles, sweating, straining with fierce determination.

D) INT. ARMSTEAD - GYM - NIGHT

Storm at the "sticking point" in a Scott-bench curl. His biceps bulge, veins pop as he strains with all his strength. He ... can't ... quite -- then: he Makes it! Exhausted. Lets the bar crash metal-to-metal" into its cradle.

E) EXT. ARMSTEAD POOL - DAY

Storm swims, slowly gaining power.

F) EXT. WOODED CLEARING (ARMSTEAD'S) - DAY

Storm with two long pieces of cut oak. As Andy watches, he lays them side-by-side on the ground and begins to dig a deep narrow hole. He tests the hole for depth. When it's deep enough, he places the boards down into the hole and begins to fill it in, packing the earth tightly. He goes to the top of the boards and around them wraps a length of old hemp rope. Around and around. The boards stand up about six feet high. Storm steps back, observes the height, taps it lightly testing the recoil tension. Now he begins to punch it, harder and harder. Over and over again. Andy, preparing his lunch, can't keep her eyes off him. She is awed by his fire and perseverance.

G) EXT. ARMSTEAD POOL - DAY

Andy and Storm churn up the water in a splashy race. She wins but not by much. She smiles. He doesn't. She splashes water on him, but he's not in a playful mood.

END MONTAGE. MUSIC DOWN --

INT. ARMSTEAD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Storm in frustration at the table.

Medical charts... a scribbled mess of medication dosages, reading, etc

ANDY

-- You can't compare blood pressure readings now with when you were in a coma. It's not going to give a true measure --

STORM

What's this reading? 555 over four digits --

ANDY

That's crazy --

She snatches the chart, stares at it.

ANDY

It's Martha's chicken scratches. Even she can't read 'em.

STORM

I'll tell you what it is. It's a phone number.

NEW ANGLE - KITCHEN - LATER

Andy on the wall phone, Storm listening on an extension. We hear the PHONE RINGING on the other end, then someone picking it up.

OLD LADY (V.O.)

(on phone)

Redondo Beach Retirement Villa

INTERCUT:

INT. NURSING HOME - OLD LADY AT DESK

ANDY

(into phone) I'm. sorry ... maybe I have the wrong number. I'm looking for Kevin O'Malley.

OLD LADY

O'Malley? There's no O'Malley here.

ANDY

My name is Phyllis O'Connor. I'm with the pension board of the Los Angeles Police Department. We have a misplaced check here for Captain O'Malley ...

OLD LADY

A check?

(pause)

Well, listen... there's a big turnover here, people are dying all the time, I never know who's in what bed. Can you leave me your number?

Andy glances to Storm, he shakes his head: hang up. He hangs up his receiver in disgust.

ANDY

(into phone)

I'm sorry, we're not allowed to do that.

Andy hangs up. Thinking.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME (REDONDO BEACH) - DAY

Andy gets out of her car in a sunny parking lot. She's wearing dark glasses and a big floppy hat, so we can barely see her face. She passes a sign: "REDONDO BEACH RETIREMENT VILLA."

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Andy sits across from the Old Lady from the phone call. A plaque on the desk reads: "HENRIETTA WADE." Both she and Andy look frustrated, irritated.

ANDY

Mrs. Wade, I'll be honest with you -- I'm not from the police pension board. My name is Andrea Simpson, I'm a nurse from U.C.I. Medical Center.

The Lady listens skeptically, revealing nothing. We see that she is in a wheelchair.

ANDY

You probably have no connection to this, and what I'm about to say
(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

will sound completely absurd to you.

(beat)

My patient is a police officer named Mason Storm. He's in trouble and needs desperately to contact his friend, Captain O'Malley. If you have any idea how to contact Captain O'Malley, please help me.

MRS. WADE (OLD LADY)

As I've said, Miss Simpson, I've already asked everybody in the home. There is no O'Malley here. But it's possible O'Malley could be a relative of somebody living here. Sunday is family day. Why don't you leave your phone number and I'll contact you if I learn anything.

ANDY

I can't do that.

Crestfallen. Andy gets up.

ANDY

Can I phone you?

MRS. WADE

(pleasant;
innocuous)

Of course, my dear.

CLOSET

Andy opens the door, reaches in for her jacket. Suddenly she pauses.

She sees on the closet shelf, amid other clothing: policeman's cap with a gold shield.

Andy makes a decision -- finds a pad on a table, scrawls a phone number. She holds out the paper.

ANDY

(pointedly)

This is my number, Mrs. O'Malley.

The Old Lady never bats an eye.

MRS. WADE

(correcting her)

You mean Mrs. Wade. O'Malley is the person you're looking for.

Andy meets her gaze.

ANDY

Yes ... you're right. I'm sorry.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - DAY

Storm again approaches the Makiwara.

This time it is almost as if no walls can contain him nothing in his mind can represent a barrier. He has a sense of total domination before he has begun.

He begins much harder and faster, continues driving his fist deeper and faster and harder, until even those twelve inches of solid oak are not enough for him.

With one lightning blow the OAK SPLINTERS and flies in half. Storm walks away with a frightening calm -- stalks straight inside toward the gym...

INT. ARMSTEAD GYM - NIGHT

Storm has just finished a major aerobic workout and is now doing some strange martial aerobic-type movements. He is sweating profusely and is dressed in a tiny black tank top and black sweat pants.

CAMERA PANS OVER TO a corner mirror and we see Andy peeking through a crack in the door. She is enjoying this immensely. She seems to be fighting her feelings, and finally she puffs up her courage. Having made some decision, she enters.

ANDY

Oh, I'm sorry ... I didn't mean to interrupt. I, ah, well, I was just passing by and ...

They stare at each other in quite a different way. This time it's obvious what Andy wants, and Storm probably wants the same thing. But he tries very hard to maintain his "one objective" in life -- to get very strong and win the upcoming battle.

He looks at this woman who now 'Looks more beautiful than anyone he has ever seen. Storm throws down the light weights in his hands and walks up to her.

He gently grabs the back of her head and pulls her hair back and kisses her on the mouth. She seems to explode with passion as she falls to the floor, pulling him on top of her.

They roll in passion growing stronger and stronger. The CAMERA PANS TO the mirror and we see Andy's feet moving in delight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GYM. - STORM - LATER

Alone, sitting up -- bare-chested, glistening with sweat from the lovemaking. He glances across at his reflection in the floor-to-ceiling mirror.

MIRROR - STORM

Seeing himself, just after making love. His wedding ring.

ANDY

appears in the doorway, returning from the kitchen with a tray and glasses. She wears a robe and has that mussed, after-lovemaking glow.

She takes one look at Storm and her heart sinks.

She crosses to him -- lowers herself gracefully to kneel beside him, setting down the tray and glasses.

STORM

(dead)

Thanks.

She looks at him. She has a good idea what's tormenting his mind. She reaches her hand, gently touches his shoulder ...

Storm pulls back.

STORM

Please.

He gets up, backing slowly away from her -- seeing the pain in her eyes, feeling his own pain. In frustration, he slams an elbow punch into a piece of gym equipment -- furiously venting rage! Andy flinches at the sound, the violence.

STORM

I'm sorry --

(wracked with
emotion)

Sorry. I --

(MORE)

STORM (CONT'D)

(another furious
punch)

Why am I still in this fucking cage?!
What's wrong with my body? Why
won't it heal faster?!!

He slams another furious punch. Andy gets up, tries to approach Storm.

ANDY

Mason, please
(wants to ease
his pain)
I love you.

STORM

Don't say that!

ANDY

Why not?!

STORM

Because I can't love you! Don't
you see? It's seven years to anyone
else. But it's only days for me.

Andy draws a sharp, pained breath.

STORM

How can I be with you ... how can
I want you and take you, when --

He can't finish, torn by guilt. He stares at Andy. Suddenly his tone becomes harsh, accusatory.

STORM

You seduced me. You came in here,
looking that way, knowing just what
the hell you were doing --

ANDY

(defiant)
Yeah, I knew. What of it? I wanted
you --

STORM

You have no right to want me!

ANDY

Then who does?! I've risked my
life for you --

STORM

Who asked you to? Not me!

ANDY

You haven't stopped me!

STORM

Then don't risk it! Don't do shit
for me! I don't need you!

For a second it look's like he's going to strike her.
Instead he kicks the tray and GLASSES -- which smashes
into the floor-to-ceiling MIRROR, SHATTERING like a bomb?

Andy glares at him, stalks for the door --

EXT. APUMSTEAD DRIVE - IRON GATE - NIGHT

Andy's CAR ROARS out the dirt drive past the iron gate.

INT. ARMSTEAD BEDRRROM - NIGHT

Storm stalks in, slamming the door behind him -- crosses
in fury and despair to the desk. On the desktop: the
news photo of Felicia, Sonny and himself.

Storm stares at the photo in agony for a moment, then
rips the desk drawer open, rummages fiercely. He finds:
keys!

INT. ARMSTEAD GARAGE - NIGHT

Storm strides in, punches the garage door button; the
door starts to open. He grabs the corner of a dusty canvas
cover -- jerks it off an Army-style Jeep.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Jeep speeds out into the night.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Jeep parked at the edge of a cemetery road.

STORM

stands in the midst of the graveyard, staring at --

THREE TOMBSTONES

In the light from the road lamp, we read the names: FELICIA
STORM... MASON STORM ... JEREMY "SONNY" STORM.

EXT. ALL-NIGHT COFFEE SHOP - PHONE BOOTH - DAWN

Ethnic neighborhood, Dodger Stadium visible in b.g.

Andy looks exhausted, from a night of black coffee and anxiety. Now: frustrated by a BUSY SIGNAL.

ANDY
(into phone)
Pick up, Martha ... Pick up.

No luck. Andy hangs up.

EXT. CHAVEZ RAVINE STREET AND ALLEY - DAWN

Andy's car pulls past tiered hillside apartment units, enters an alley behind a row of multi-family dwellings.

Andy at the wheel: cautious, peering around.

She parks in an out-of-sight spot, TURNS OFF the ENGINE.

INT. CAR - ANDY

The emotion of the parting with Mason catches up with her.

ANDY
Get a hold of yourself, Andy.

She wipes her eyes, cranks the mirror around, tries to fix her face. She looks like hell.

ANDY
(into mirror,
sarcastic)
You're really beautiful.

She puts on shades, pulls up the hood of her sweatshirt.

EXT. ALLEY - ANDY

gets out... wary. She's barefoot, just in the jeans she threw on before bolting from Armstead's.

EXT. TWO-FAMILY DWELLING - DAWN

Andy pads quickly up to a weathered wooden door, knocks. No answer. She rings the BELL.

ANDY
(calling out)
Martha! Martha, it's me --

A NEIGHBOR sticks his head out next-door. A rough-looking youth in a T-shirt, with his hair mussed up from bed.

NEIGHBOR
(tentatively)
You looking for Martha Coe?

ANDY
Yes... yes --

do you know if she's home?

The boy gets a funny look on his face.

NEIGHBOR
You haven't seen the news?
(beat)
She's dead. They shot her in the
back... over in Westwood.

Andy reacts in shock and horror.

NEIGHBOR
(staring at her)
You look like the woman's picture
on T.V... the one whose house they
shot her at --

Andy turns, flees into the alley.

ANGLE - ALLEY - ANDY'S CAR

pulls out swiftly into the street. It passes:

AT CURB - UNMARKED CAR - FORD

The killer lets Andy's car pass.

FORD
(into two-way
mike)
You called it right, Max. The bitch
showed. I'm on her ass right now --
(pulls out to
follow her)
Mount up, boys. Two to one she
leads us right to our boy Storm.

EXT. AMRSTEAD HOUSE - MORNING

Storm's Jeep enters the drive, pulls into the garage. Storm SHUTS OFF the MOTOR. As he steps to the floor, a man's silhouette MOVES INTO FRAME behind him.

MAN

That's grand theft, auto.

Storm spins. For a second he is ready for anything. Then his face softens --

STORM

(with emotion)

O'Malley.

In the garage doorway stands the friend Storm feared was dead.

STORM AND O'MALLEY

bear hug each other affectionately.

INT. ARMSTEAD KITCHEN - OPENING CLOSE ON SNAPSHOTS - DAY

of Sonny -- now aged 12 -- in a school environment, athletic fields, etc. O'Malley is with Sonny in some of the shots, beaming, arm around the boy.

O'MALLEY (O.S.)

-- It's Sonny, all right. Believe how big he got? He can throw a football forty yards --

PULL BACK to reveal -- Storm looks up at his friend, too moved to speak.

O'MALLEY

He made it to my house, the night you got shot. I hid him, played it out like he was dead -- even staged a funeral, along with Felicia's and yours. They bought it. Everyone believed he was dead.

STORM

Where is he now? Is he safe?

O'MALLEY

Trinity School in Ventura. Under my mother's maiden name, Wade. No one has any idea he's your son.

STORM
(trying to absorb
it all)
Then that was your mother. The one
Andy found.

O'MALLEY
Your nurse friend? Yeah. She left
your number, I traced you to here.

Storm gazes with great tenderness at the snapshots of
Sonny.

STORM
O'Mal ... I can never thank you.

O'MALLEY
Just seeing your ugly ass alive,
that's enough for me.
(beat)
You wouldn't happen to have a beer
around this joint --

Storm indicates the fridge. O'Malley helps himself brings
one for Storm.

STORM
I'd give my left arm to see Sonny,
just for two minutes. But we can't
risk it -- not yet. Not till I get
Calabrese.

O'MALLEY
Calabrese? Calabrese's dead.

Storm reacts.

O'MALLEY
Someone blew the shit out of his
Cadillac -- six months after you
'died.'

STORM
(understands)
He did his thing -- then they waxed
him.

Storm's wheels are turning.

STORM
The two guys at the pier. They
ordered the hit on me too.
(beat)
And I've got 'em on film. Still in
the camera, right where I left it.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Andy's car drives north, back to the Armstead house.

Ford in his car keeps a discreet distance back.

ANGLE - FORD'S CAR

as another car carrying three men (including Jones, the cop we remember who answered Andy's phone call from the coma ward) pulls up alongside. Ford points ahead, toward Andy's car. The new car slips in behind Ford's, tailing Andy.

INT. ARMSTEAD LIVING ROOM - DAY

Coffee table piled with the news clippings Storm has been studying these past days.

O'MALLEY

-- That night in the hospital, I found the audiotape ... in your vest. I must've listened to it a thousand times -- looking for little quirks in the voices, phrases they repeat ...

His look shows he came up with nothing.

STORM

Where is the tape?

O'MALLEY

I turned it in for evidence.

Storm scowls.

O'MALLEY

Don't worry, I made a duve. I'll get it for you. Meanwhile maybe this'll cheer you up.

From O'Malley's briefcase comes .45 automatic, three empty clips and a box of Glazer ammo.

Storm takes the weapon with pleasure. Checks the action, hefts it for weight. He glances at O'Malley -- two old comrades, ready to get back in action. Suddenly a bit of sadness crosses Storm's face.

STORM

What happened, O'Mal? To you?

O'Malley begins loading the clips: grim, almost heartbroken.

O'MALLEY

I was on the case, trying to find who pulled the trigger on you. But it was like swimming through shit. People kept telling me to back off. Then one morning, the phone rings. Immaculate Heart Emergency: someone ran my mother off the road, her back's broken, she's paralyzed.

STORM

(painful, emotion)

I'm sorry, O'Mal.

O'MALLEY

That night there's a note in my locker -- letting me know it's not an accident.

He looks at Storm, tormented.

O'MALLEY

You know me, Storm. I never would've backed off. But there was Sonny to worry about too. What if they found him? What if they found you?

STORM

You did the right thing, O'Mal.

Storm takes a loaded clip from his friend, slams it into the butt of the .45. He jacks the slide back and lets it slam home -- chambering a round.

STORM

We'll get 'em, buddy. Every fucking one of them.

EXT. ARMSTEAD DRIVEWAY - DAY

O'Malley in his car, in gear. Storm by the driver's door.

STORM

Get Sonny out of that school, O'Mal. Right now. With me alive and making a stink, whoever's on that film is going to be looking harder than ever for Sonny -- just to get to me. Get him someplace safe ... three thousand miles away if you have to.

O'MALLEY

Consider it done.

STORM

I'm going straight to get that film. When you've got Sonny safe, bring me the audiotape. We'll put 'em together and get 'em to Esposito for the T.V. news. That should be quite a show.

O'MALLEY

You got it, partner.

(starts to back out)

You can always reach me through my mother.

(pauses, shifting to forward)

What about that nurse? She still in this?

STORM

Gone.

(with pain)

For the best. For her best.

O'MALLEY

Thanks for the brew!

He speeds off. Storm stands, thinking --

INT. ARMSTEAD BEDROOM - DAY

Storm enters, still deep in thought. Racking his brain --

SUBLIMINAL FLASH - EXT. DOCK - NIGHT (FOOTAGE FROM PREVIOUSLY SHOT SCENE)

The two Shadow Men. Obscure... in darkness --

BACK TO ARMSTEAD BEDROOM - STORM

moving to the bed. The TV set edges INTO FRAME --

SUBLIMINAL FLASH - EXT. DOCK - NIGHT (FOOTAGE FROM PREVIOUSLY SHOT SCENE)

The tall Shadow Man, starting to edge into the light. Almost, but not ... quite --

BACK TO ARIMSTEAD BEDROOM - STORM

sits on bed -- identical angle including TV to when he half heard the TV ad for Trent's campaign.

STORM
(it all comes
together)
I'm gonna take you to the bank,
Senator Trent. The blood bank.

Storm's vengeance look. Suddenly O.S. -- a CAR!

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Storm poised inside the front door -- .45 in hand. In walks ... Andy!

She nearly faints at the sight of the pistol leveled between her eyes. Storm instantly jerks the weapon back. They stand there staring at each other.

ANDY
Martha's dead.

Storm takes Andy in his arms. She weeps, sobbing. Feeling all the tension and terror of the past days -- yet somehow knowing she's safe in the arms of this man she loves.

ANDY
I won't leave you. Not ever again.

STORM
I won't let you.

Storm holds her, knowing he loves her.

STORM
O'Malley was here.

ANDY
Here? How did you find him?

STORM
You found him. The old lady was his mother.
(beat)
And Andy ... my son's alive.

Andy raises her face to Storm's, her eyes welling with emotion. He kisses her. They are standing there, just inside the front door, which has a wood bottom-half and a frosted-glass top-half. Suddenly:

Storm jerks Andy sideways into the room with all his strength! He dives with her as -

The TOP of the FRONT DOOR EXPLODES inward in a SHOWER of flying GLASS! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Three more point-blank SHOTGUN BLASTS BLOW the rest of the DOOR to hell.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Storm hurls Andy so hard and fast it looks like she will land in pieces. He somehow ends up in front of her on the floor as a masked man plunges through the front door into the hallway, shotgun spinning to cover his advance. Too late.

We hear TWO LOUD ROUNDS and the masked man's head snaps violently back and he falls into a pile.

EXT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - DAY

Jones and Ford pull masks over their faces and sprint for the other doors. Both carry assault rifles. An enormous powerful third man (Joe Bear), his mask already in place, vaults to low balcony, hauls himself up to a second story window -- his huge Bowie knife glinting in the sun.

INT. HALLWAY - STORM AND ANDY

hurry toward a staircase, their attention focused behind them -- on the first floor.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - INTERIOR BALCONY

Joe Bear waits concealed at the top of the stairs, on an interior balcony overlooking the living room, atrium-style. Through the mouth opening of his ski mask, we see he is smiling a sick smile -- and sensually stroking his Bowie knife.

ANGLE - TRACKING - STORM

Storm and Andy scramble up the staircase onto the atrium balcony and out steps Joe Bear with his knife and his smile.

Joe Bear, for the first time in his life, is surprised when Storm smiles too. Joe Bear screams like an animal and lunges with his knife.

Storm stabs out his left arm like a spear and tilts his body ever so slightly, then clamps Joe Bear's wrist with his right hand.

Allowing his tremendous momentum to culminate like a hurricane, Storm manipulates him in a full circle, catapulting Joe Bear unbelievably into a tall T'ang Dynasty cabinet filled with priceless Oriental artifacts!

LIVING ROOM

Ford and Jones, masked, hurtle into the living room, just below the atrium balcony. They raise their automatic weapons, but before they can fire --

STORM

hurls Joe Bear's massive body down upon the attackers! Jones takes the tonnage head-on and is crushed beneath it! Ford dodges, unleashes a burst of AUTOMATIC FIRE straight up at the balcony. Storm shoves Andy to safety onto the exterior balcony and dives there himself, just as the whole interior balcony is RIDDLED by Ford's BULLETS!

Ford bolts for the staircase, coming after Storm. Storm, crouched around the corner on the exterior balcony, waits till Ford hurtles INTO VIEW at the top of the staircase. Storm FIRES his .45 furiously ... Ford springs back, Storm's BULLETS BLAST the staircase WALL to ribbons. His .45 CLICKS empty!

EXT. BALCONY - STORM

rips a magazine from his pocket, slams it into the butt of his .45, reloading. He has it half-raised when:

Ford appears -- right in his face, assault rifle leveled at Storm's guts. Storm strikes an instantaneous blow, sending the rifle flying. In one motion, he pinwheels Ford over his head, sending him flying off the exterior balcony and crashing down into the Oriental fountain below!

EXT. ARMSTEAD HOUSE - BALCONY AND FOUNTAIN

Storm swings down to the ground. Andy leaps into his arms, he breaks her fall and helps her alight safely.

He reaches to Ford in the fountain, rips the mask off his face.

He recognizes the man.

STORM

I know this fuck. He's a cop!

FRONT SIDE OF HOUSE - STORM AND ANDY

race INTO VIEW, leap aboard the JEEP, FIRE it UP and fly.

TWO MORE MASKED MEN

appear running down the drive -- SHOTGUN and assault RIFLE trained on Storm and Andy. They begin to FIRE.

Andy can't shoot and Storm can't drive and shoot at the same time, so he does what is logical for him -- he keeps the pedal to the metal and chases them.

BULLETS from the two men OBLITERATE the Jeep's WINDSHIELD. BUCKSHOT RIDDLES the VEHICLE everywhere. Andy is on the floor of the Jeep. Storm is periodically ducking. He is bleeding we don't know from what or how bad -- and then blam! -- masked man #1's body is airborne. This makes #2 think... and run very fast.

EXT. TEAHOUSE - DAY

He is sprinting the 100 in 5 flat -- racing for the tea house. He makes it inside and dives for a good position to resume firing, but there isn't enough time. Storm just drives right through the front of the tea house and over the assassin's body! The JEEP ROARS out of the flattened tea house and keeps on hauling!

EXT. ARMSTEAD GROUNDS - JEEP

ROARS across the terrain... past the horses, ostriches, etc.

JEEP'S POV

The heavy iron gate straight ahead.

STORM

SLAMS THROUGH the metal GATE with JEEP BLASTING it.

ONCOMING VEHICLE

Captain Holland! -- in the car as a passenger, with another plainclothes cop. The flying gate sends glass in all directions, as Storm swerves in his Jeep to avoid the car.

Storm freaks, seeing Holland as Holland's car is forced off the road. Storm SKIDS into a wild 180 --

STORM
(gun in hand,
heading back)
Holland! The other man on the dock --

ANDY
Are you crazy?! Get us outa here --

Holland and the driver are out of their car, guns drawn.
Ford races up, reinforcing them. He has an assault rifle --

STORM'S JEEP

swerves as BULLETS SMACK into it! Protecting Andy with
his body, he races off down the mountain road at high
speed.

INT. O'MALLEY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

The unmistakable sound of a TIRE BLOWING OUT.

O'MALLEY
Shit!

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - DAY

O'Malley's car limps to the roadside, in view of a sign:
"VENTURA 21." O'Malley gets out in frustration --

EXT. TRINITY BOYS' PREP (VENTURA) - SOCCER FIELD - LONG
LENS - SONNY STORM - (SLOW MOTION) - DAY

Our first live look at Storm's son as a twelve-year-old.
Wearing colorful soccer duds and TRINITY PREP athletic
shirt. He looks terrific, like a young colt -- free and
fearless -- his shiny hair flying as lie runs down a soccer
ball in the pell-mell action of an eighth-grade game.

The feel of this SLOW MOTION portrait is diametrically
opposite to the corruption and duplicity in the world of
the movie so far. In contrast, Sonny's world seems pure
and unsullied -- youthful and untouched by the harsh
realities of the world. We watch Sonny and his teammates
long enough to absorb his vigorous, full-of-life energy.
Then:

BACK FOCUS TO:

MAX DUNNE AND NOLAN

Striding swiftly. Toward Sonny. Their dark plainclothes suits in grim contrast to the colorful soccer uniforms --

SONNY (SLOW MOTION)

He falls! The rush of soccer action sweeps past him, down the field. Sonny -- all attention focused on the game -- scrambles to his feet, legs churning to take off in pursuit of his friends. Just as he gets his traction:

MAX DUNNE (NORMAL SPEED)

Out of nowhere scoops Sonny up in his brawny, brutal arms! Sonny cries out and tries to resist, but --

DOWNFIELD - SOCCER PLAYERS

They don't hear, lost in their own action and cheering.

BACK TO SONNY

Dunne and Nolan hustle him swiftly toward their car. Already they're well away from the field, moving fast

DOWNFIELD SIDELINES

The soccer coach turns back. We see him shout, his arm raised in a gesture of urgency --

DOWNFIELD - SOCCER PLAYERS

They turn back, too.

LONG ANGLE - SONNY, DUNNE AND NOLAN

Into Dunne's car. The car speeds off.

EXT. STORM'S OLD HOUSE - POV THROUGH JEEP WINDSHIELD - MOVING - DAY

As the house whips INTO VIEW and the JEEP BRAKES HARD to stop. This is the house from the film's opening -- the one Storm, Felicia and Sonny lived in seven years ago. It is undergoing a remodeling now. Carpenter's and plasterers' trucks in the driveway --

INT. JEEP - ACROSS STREET - STORM AND ANDY

Storm yanks up the brake, full of urgency -- pulls out his gun.

ANDY

What the hell are you doing?!

STORM

We just made the top of the chart, Andy. Every cop in the city thinks we shot our way out of a legitimate bust --

ANDY

There are no cops here!

STORM

Only 'cause they're too stupid.
(cocks the slide,
ready to go)
We need that film and we don't need any bullshit --

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT WALK - DAY

Andy making Storm put the gun away.

ANDY

Goddamit ... for once, do something the non-violent way!

Storm is reacting to the sight of his old home -- the first time he's seen it since the slaughter seven years ago. He struggles with his pain and rage.

Andy, aware of his turmoil, takes his hand. Her hair is done up in a businesslike style; she wears a jacket and carries a briefcase. They cross to the front door --

INT. STORM'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

A pleasant, chatty (and very pregnant) HOUSEWIFE speaks through the open door to Storm and Andy. Sounds of HAMMERING, ETC. in other rooms O.S.

HOUSEWIFE

-- Gee, my husband and I aren't really thinking about selling. In fact, we're adding a nursery --

ANDY

Oh, that's the best time for us to see it! Then when you do come to sell, our office will know the upgrades you've made and we can market your home more effectively.

Two plasterers troop past, a carpenter with them.

HOUSEWIFE

Hell, come on in. Everyone else does.

Storm and Andy enter. Andy immediately begins to steer the Housewife away from the kitchen, into the living room. "Oh what a cute place!

I'd love to see what you're doing with the nursery..."

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Storm casually lingers behind, drifting into the kitchen. He crosses immediately to the alcove where, seven years earlier, he stashed the camera case.

But the spot has been remodeled! There's a new wall there!

STORM

New wall ... fucking yuppies!

Without hesitation, he slams his fist through --

WALL

Bang! Gypsum wallboard splinters, revealing a fake panel of brick adjacent to a real brick wall, six inches behind the new wallboard. Storm reaches into the hole, yanks out the camera case. He shakes his sore knuckles from the blow as:

HOUSEWIFE AND ANDY

arrive from the living room. The Housewife stares in shock at this strange man -- with his hand halfway through her new wall.

HOUSEWIFE

(very cool)

Just checking for termites He tucks the camera case under his arm -- takes Andy by the elbow.

STORM
(to Housewife)
Better have this place fumigated --
quick.

He leads Andy out -- crisply, businesslike. Housewife stands there dumbfounded.

ACROSS FROM CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Storm pauses in mid-conversation, drops the phone receiver from his ear. Thinking fast, troubled. Andy beside him... both of them keeping their faces obscured as moviegoers and business people pass.

STORM
(to Andy)
O'Malley left his mother's place
three hours ago -- with the tape.
He should be at the school by now,
but she hasn't heard back from him.

Several people pass, glancing curiously at Storm. He averts his face, getting even more antsy. The camera case under his arm.

ANDY
(re: people
staring)
Fuck the tape. We gotta get this
film to Esposito or I'm gonna have
a nervous breakdown.

Storm knows this, too -- puts the receiver back to his ear.

STORM
(into phone)
Mrs. O'Malley. Sorry ... listen.
We're outside the Century Plaza now
... the hotel. Right, right. The
one in Century City. Okay, listen
closely ...
(makes this
very clear)
Tell O'Mal to leave a message for
us at the hotel desk. Leave it for
Andy ... Andrea Smith. We're not
gonna check in, it's too dangerous --
but the desk will hold the message
if you tell them we're coming in
this afternoon. Got it? Great.
You're a champ, Mrs. '0.'

Storm hangs up, peering around uneasily -- takes Andy by the elbow...

STORM

You're gonna call Esposito. But not from this phone.

ANGLE - PLAZA

Storm and Andy hurry off.

MONTAGE

WITH SCORE. Tension, urgency increasing --

A) INT. REDONDO BEACH RETIREMENT - VILLA - OFFICE -DAY

Mrs. O'Malley hangs up her phone, finishes scribbling the notes she took from Storm. CAMERA MOVES IN ON the office window. THROUGH the window, outside DOWN the block, we see ... a nondescript sedan --

B) EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RETIREMENT VILLA - SEDAN - DAY

Two men inside. One wears earphones. He takes them off -- shoots a look of satisfaction to the other man.

C) EXT. TRINITY PREP (VENTURA) - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

O'Malley hurrying from his car in the lot toward the school's main administration building.

D) ANGLE - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

A priest and the soccer coach hurry from the building, toward O'Malley.

We see the three men confer urgently. O'Malley reacts with extreme alarm. He hurries, with the two others, into the building --

E) INT. JEEP - MOVING - ANGLE ON STORM - DAY

Scowling, as a car passes and its occupants seem to stare at the Jeep.

F) EXT. SILVER LAKE STREET - DAY

Storm's JEEP BRAKES HARD at a stoplight, next to four bad-looking LATINO YOUTHS in a ragged Camaro. The dudes check Andy out lasciviously.

STORM

Hey, hermano! You want this Jeep?

He pulls the keys from the ignition, holds them up.

YOUTH #1

How hot is it?

STORM

Fuckin' smoking.

The youths look to each other. Then to the piece of shit they're driving. In their heads, they've already got the Jeep stripped, repainted, etc.

YOUTH #1

We got it, my man.

In ten seconds, everyone has switched cars -- BOTH VEHICLES ROAR OFF in different directions.

MONTAGE ENDS, MUSIC DOWN --

EXT. L.A. ZOO - PARKING LOT - DAY

Storm's Camaro parked discreetly. Storm gets out -- wary, camera case on a strap from his shoulder. Kids and moms, other zoo-goers coming and going.

ANGLE - CAMARO - STORM AND ANDY

Andy moves uneasily behind the wheel.

ANDY

(checking watch,
nervous)

Esposito won't be here yet. He said three-thirty.

STORM

He'll be there.

Storm adjusts his jacket to conceal his .45. Peering around. He passes the camera case back in to Andy.

STORM

Try O'Malley one more time.
(ready to go)
If you hear any lions roaring, haul
ass.

Andy looks at him with fearful concern.

STORM

Don't worry. I'm a big boy.

A grin. A touch --

EXT. ZOO - ATMOSPHERE SHOTS - DAY

A lion. Elephants. Kids chomping candy apples. Etc.

EXT. ZOO PATH - STORM

moving through the scene. Tense, but casual ... blending
in.

EXT. ANOTHER ZOO WALKWAY - STORM

So far so good. Zoo goers more interested in chimps and
boa constrictors.

EXT. PLAZA OUTSIDE GORILLA COMPOUND - ESPOSITO

The TV reporter we remember from earlier in the film, the
one Storm is now going to meet. He stands nervously
outside, smoking. We hear one of the great APES BELLOW -

ANGLE - GORILLA COMPOUND - STORM

enters the plaza. He spots Esposito. Starts forward.
Suddenly Storm slows --

ANGLE ON ESPOSITO

as Max Dunne moves INTO FRAME seizing Esposito -- subtly,
not drawing any attention. Another man in a suit
reinforces Dunne from the other side. Esposito shows
terror, but no surprise. Clearly the men have had the
drop on him for several minutes -- but there was nothing
he could do about it. Dunne's posture indicates he has a
concealed gun pressed to Esposito's ribs.

Dunne and Storm make eye contact. The message is clear:
Try anything and Esposito dies.

As Dunne and the other man hustle Esposito from the plaza --

ANOTHER SECURITY-TYPE IN SUIT

moves into Storm's peripheral vision. Coat over his arm, concealing a short-barreled automatic weapon.

SECURITY-TYPE

Someone wants to talk to you, Storm.

The man gestures with his coat arm. Storm's eyes follow to:

STORM'S POV - PARK BENCH - TRENT

The Senator himself. Big, as life and cool as a cucumber. Alone and unrecognized on a bench, shelling and munching from a bag of peanuts. Behind him: a caged vulture.

ANGLE - PARK BENCH

as Storm MOVES INTO FRAME. He stops, standing above Trent.

TRENT

What a day, huh? Beautiful!
(squints up at
Storm, offers
bag of nuts)
Want some nuts?

Storm makes no move.

STORM

I haven't got the film on me.

TRENT

(breezily)
I didn't think you would.
(clears space
beside him)
Sit down. Take a load off.

Storm glances to the coat-over-the-arm-man, who has taken up a subtle position about twenty feet away.

After a beat ... Storm sits.

TRENT

You do have the film somewhere, I assume?

Storm's hard look says yes.

TRENT

Developed yet?

STORM

Still in the camera.

TRENT

Good. Very good. That way I know you haven't duplicated it.

Storm inches slightly closer.

STORM

You know, Trent ... I could rip your fucking throat out before that sonofabitch over there could find the spit to sneeze.

TRENT

Oh, I'm sure you could, Storm.

(keeps munching
peanuts)

But not before one of those other gentlemen, across the way, could put a fifty-caliber slug through your brainpan.

ANGLE - NEARBY ROOFTOP - TWO SNIPERS

Nicely concealed atop one of the zoo buildings -- their guns zeroed on Storm's skull.

BACK TO BENCH - STORM AND TRENT

STORM

Very well placed, Trent. But did you know that human reaction time -- even the fastest -- is between half and three-quarters of second? And in that time, I could easily --

Like lightning, Storm lunges for Trent... whips behind him, seizing his throat and hauling Trent's body into the line of fire -- as a shield protecting Storm!

TRENT

You could kill me now, Storm -- but you'll die two seconds later.

STORM

You think I care, motherfucker? Just so I get you -- one way or the other.

Then, a voice from O.S.

DUNNE (O.S.)
Maybe you care about this, asshole.

MAX DUNNE

Twenty feet away -- both hands up -- holding a bay's athletic shirt... "TRINITY VENTURA."

STORM AND TRENT

Storm: stunned.

TRENT
Reach into my jacket pocket.
(when Storm
hesitates)
Reach in!

Storm pulls out a Polaroid snapshot. Stares at it.

INSERT - POLAROID SNAPSHOT

It's Sonny, looking terrified, in some murky environment -- Dunne and another man (Nolan) smiling with their arms around the boy.

BACK TO SCENE

Storm releases Trent. The Senator straightens his tie and jacket.

TRENT
I want that film and the tape.
I'll give you three hours.

Storm stands. Dunne facing him. The snipers behind him.

STORM
(to Trent)
Just tell me one thing. Who pulled
the trigger on me and my wife?

TRENT
(sadistic irony)
Hate poisons people. Let go of it.

Storm glares at Trent. Dunne takes a step forward.

DUNNE

(to Storm)

I missed your kid seven years ago.
But I won't miss tonight.

Storm glowers with fury. Trent hands Storm a business card.

TRENT

Bring that film, Mr. Storm. Three hours.

EXT. PLAYA VISTA POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Towering smokestacks silhouetted against black sky. Deep RUMBLE of DYNAMOS, TURBINES --

INT. POWER PLANT - EQUIPMENT ROOM - NIGHT

A mesh-enclosed space above the main dynamo room. Deafening DIN of TURBINE GENERATORS below. A bulb illuminates Sonny sitting rigidly on a metal chair. Nolan, a cop we saw earlier in the film, and TURNER (whom we haven't seen before) play cards, making sure Sonny goes nowhere.

NOLAN

(re: power plant)

It's fun, huh, kid? Kinda like a field trip.

Sonny glowers. There's a lot of his father in him.

SONNY

I'm remembering both of you. And when my dad gets here --

TURNER

He's gonna have a long trip, kid -- starting from Forest Lawn.

They both laugh derisively.

NOLAN

By the time this night's over, your old man'll have a use for that phony grave of his.

A wall-mounted PHONE RINGS. Nolan picks it up. He listens seriously for a long beat.

NOLAN

Yeah... yeah -- we'll be right down.

He hangs up, stands. So does Turner. They exit the wire-mesh space, re-close the door on Sonny.

NOLAN

(to Sonny)

We'll come back with your French fries.

(padlocks the door)

Don't leave home without us.

ANGLE - STAIRWAY DOWN FROM EQUIPMENT ROOM

Nolan and Turner clump down and away, laughing and making wisecracks.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - SONNY

He waits till they're out of sight, then swiftly mounts a tall equipment box that reaches almost to the ceiling. He shoves a few boxes out of his way, revealing --

WIRE MESH HATCH

in the mesh ceiling of the room. Sonny flops onto his back atop the tall equipment box, kicks up hard -- the hatch pops open!

ANGLE - ROOF OF EQUIPMENT ROOM - SONNY

climbs out onto the "roof" of the room. He sees a short catwalk leading to the huge, high wall of the dynamo room. Against the wall are big windows.

Sonny scoots to the windows, which are cracked open awning style. He peers out and down.

SONNY'S POV

A 30-foot drop to the pavement below.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Sonny shins down a pipe as niftily as a spider monkey!

EXT. POWER PLANT - LOT - NIGHT

Sonny scampers across the darkened lot, heading for the traffic and headlights on the PCH.

EXT. REDONDO BEACH RETIREMENT VILLA - NIGHT

A cab pulls into the curb outside Mrs. O'Malley's place, Sonny springs out. We see the cabbie shouting after him -- and Sonny arguing, gesturing toward the nursing home.

Mrs. O'Malley emerges from the nursing home wheelchair. Sonny rushes to her ... they embrace joyfully.

O'Malley comes out too, more cautiously than his mother. He is armed. He also hurries to Sonny, hugs him tight.

SONNY

Malley!

O'MALLEY

It's okay, sport. It's okay...
it's okay --

Still hugging Sonny, O'Malley shoves a bill at the cabbie. Whatever it is, the cabbie is thrilled. He boogies off ecstatically.

INT. CAMARO - MOVING - NIGHT

Storm wheels the car at high speed -- super-intense, clutching a tiny chain-link "low-rider" steering wheel.

ANDY

Is that a steering wheel -- or a
Winchell's donut?

Storm has no time for humor -- he twists the wheel, flooring the accelerator.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Camaro ROARS through a hairy turn.

EXT. REDONDO RETIREMENT VILLA - OFFICE WINDOW - NIGHT

Through the window we see O'Malley on the phone, speaking urgently. He finishes, hangs up -

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR OF NURSING HOME

O'Malley emerges with Sonny, carrying a travel bag. The boy and O'Malley quickly hug Mrs. O'Malley, then stride swiftly out toward O'Malley's car.

UP BLOCK FROM NURSING HOME - SEDAN

The car with the two surveillance men we saw before, waits, hidden in shadow. The men watch --

O'MALLEY'S CAR

with Sonny aboard, pulls out.

SEDAN

pulls out after it.

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Two unmarked sedans whip in and stop ... doors open... out come Ford, Jones and two plainclothesmen. They give curt instructions to the valets and hurry inside --

INT. CENTURY PLAZA - LOBBY - NIGHT

The men fan out nonchalantly. Jones approaches the --

MESSAGE DESK

JONES
(displays badge
and warrant)
I need to check any messages for a
Miss Andrea Smith.

The DESK CLERK quickly scans the message slots.

DESK CLERK
I'm sorry. I see no slot for that
name --

JONES
She hasn't checked in yet. But
she's due here. Someone might have
left a message for her.

The Clerk finds the slot.

DESK CLERK
Here it is. There's just one message.

Jones takes the message slip. Ford and one of the plainclothesmen join him -- the three move aside, confer briefly. Ford and the cop move off. Jones crosses back to the Desk Clerk, hands the message slip back to him.

JONES
You can put this back now.
(significantly)
You never saw me.
(indicates other
cops)
You never saw these guys.

The Clerk nervously replaces the message slip.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

OPENING ON: FORD

in a subtle position near the lobby entrance.

JONES

half-hidden at a corner of the cocktail pit..

TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN

dispersed at angles across from the message desk.

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA - ENTRY DRIVE - NIGHT

Storm's Camaro pulls and parks. Storm and Andy, very wary, step out.

INT. CENTURY PLAZA - LOBBY - NIGHT

Andy enters first, Storm half a step behind her like a bodyguard. His eyes move everywhere --

FORD

slips back out of sight.

JONES

does the same.

MESSAGE DESK AND ALCOVE

Storm drops away from Andy, about ten feet from the desk, slips subtly toward an alcove.

Andy crosses to the desk -- we see her speak to the Clerk and the Clerk hands her the message slip. She scans it hastily, excited by what she reads -- moves quickly back to Storm.

ANDY

Sonny got away! He's with O'Malley!
O'Malley's got the tape -- they're
heading for Union Station.

Storm: . ecstatic. He grabs Andy, ready to exit. Suddenly, he freezes --

STORM'S POV

He spots Ford!

STORM

his eyes flash across the lobby. He spots:

JONES

STORM

shields Andy. Plainclothesman #1 steps out, whipping out his badge. Suddenly Storm grabs the cop with the badge in front of his face and uses him as a human battering ram for him and Andy to escape, plunging the man through two layers of glass windows of the adjoining Hertz rental office and out into the street in front of the hotel! Andy follows through the newly formed exit. People scream. Chaos. The other cops react in pursuit of Storm and Andy.

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Storm dumps his "battering ram body" and he and Andy sprint toward the valet booth at the main entrance of the hotel, where numerous cars are coining and going.

VALET AREA

The valet is a big fat man in a red Beefeater costume. He is presently handing keys to a large "good old boy" -- boots, ten-gallon hat and all. Tex is just laying a bill in the Beefeater's hand, and starting to stuff his too-large frame into a sleek Gullwing speedster with its doors popped up. Before he can, we see him take a flying seat on the road as Storm and Andy shove in and --

AVENUE OF THE STARS

Instantly the Gullwing is in flight -- SCREECHING away from the hotel entrance, across the median and the decorative fountain that separates the Avenue of the Stars. But almost equally as fast, two cop cars start to close in on him. It looks like Storm is trapped! But he slams the pedal to the metal and blasts between them, escaping. As the two cop cars crash into each other --

FORD AND JONES

on foot, catch up to the scene. Too late.

FORD

Get the goddam cars!

They run off. A crowd of theatergoers stare in bewilderment at the scene of chaos.

EXT. AVENUE OF THE STARS - NIGHT

The Gullwing thunders off into the night.

INT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

O'Malley scans the monitor above the ticket seller's window. The 11:10 to Albuquerque leaves on track 12.

The waiting area is quiet at this time of night except for a few travelers and stragglers.

Sonny Storm, quiet and apprehensive, focuses on tearing open the packet of mustard for his hot dog. He sits on top of a battered suitcase.

O'Malley returns with the tickets and sits next to Sonny on a bench.

O'MALLEY

Be careful you don't get any of that guck on your sweater ... let me comb your hair before your old man gets here, it's stinking up in the back.

O'Malley takes a comb out of his jacket pocket.

SONNY

Quit it, will you ... you're making me more nervous than I am already. My father's going to be more interested in seeing the real me.

Nevertheless O'Malley tries to comb Sonny's hair. Sonny pushes the comb aside.

O'MALLEY

I think I'm more nervous than you are, kid. We got out of my mother's place about two shakes ahead of the landlord ... know what I mean?

SONNY

My dad'll get 'em. You guys'll nail them all.

(beat,
thoughtful;
then)

You think he's gonna like me?

O'MALLEY

Does a bear dump in the woods? Are you kidding -- he's gonna love you.

SONNY

Let me see the tickets. Did you get us one of those sleeping cars? What time is he getting here anyway?

O'MALLEY

Soon...

Just then, O'Malley becomes aware of a bad vibe in the air. A foreign presence. Nolan, and Turner have followed him and Sonny from Mrs. O'Malley's house. Now they approach --

NOLAN

(calling out)

Hey, O'Malley! Long time no see.

(approaching)

Taking a trip somewhere?

O'Malley slip the tape from his pocket, placing it under Sonny's Jacket on the bench without missing a beat, as he calmly starts to rise.

O'MALLEY

(to Sonny, under
his breath)

Make sure your father gets this ...

(to Nolan)

Yeah. Me and my son are visiting my mother in New Mexico.

O'Malley gets up, starts to move toward the men.

NOLAN

Your son, huh? That's funny. He
doesn't look much like you --
(to his partner)
Does he, Turner?

They both laugh.

TURNER

Looks a lot like Mason Storm.

O'Malley and the men come to face-off point, staring at each other.

NOLAN

Enough of this fucking around. We
want the tape.

CLUNK! O.S. we hear a CLATTERING ECHO.

Sonny has picked up his jacket. The tape has fallen onto the marble floor!

O'MALLEY

Sonny -- run!

Sonny snatches up the tape and leaps over the bench, racing toward the rear doorway heading for the street.

Nolan and Turner start to run after him. O'Malley throws a fierce body block on both men, sending all three crashing into a big, loaded luggage cart. O'Malley finds his feet first as all three struggle to get up. Nolan starts to pull his gun. O'Malley grabs a heavy metallic suitcase and smashes Nolan in the face with all his strength. Nolan crashes backward against Turner, toppling them both into a huge 25-foot lighting installer's ladder -- which now starts -- to cave over, pulling a string of dozens of big industrial GLOBES plummeting to the floor and EXPLODING into thousands of tiny shards! People scream. O'Malley shoves the luggage cart at the men and races for the door --

EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

Sonny has made his way into the parking area, amidst dozens of cars, but he has stopped -- looking back fearfully, worried about O'Malley. O'Malley bursts from the exit.

O'MALLEY

(shouts)

Go! Sonny -- get outta here!

In front of the station, a cab is jacked up; the driver replacing a flat. O'Malley starts to run toward Sonny past the cab, when suddenly:

He is SHOT in the back by Nolan! His lurching bulk crashes into cab, knocking it off its jack to the ground. The tire iron (that's used as a jack handle) springs loose, onto the ground near O'Malley.

Seeing the gunmen, Sonny in horror crawls under a car.

The cab driver flees for his life. O'Malley spins back, draws and tries to fire at the oncoming Nolan and Turner -- but he is SHOT TWICE in the stomach. Turner kicks O'Malley in the hand, sending the gun flying off under the cab!

NOLAN

Get the kid! He's under the cars!

Nolan and Turner sprint off after Sonny. Sonny rolls from under one to another.

Nolan and Turner try to trap him, peering under the cars -- but Sonny is too agile and cat-like. Turner crouches down, spots Sonny.

TURNER

Give us the tape, kid -- and we'll take you home.

SONNY

Fuck you, Jack!

Turner aims his gun. Suddenly:

His head turns to squash as: a bloody O'Malley stands over him, bashing him with a tire iron!

A crowd of bystanders scream in horror at this horrendous sight.

EXT. ALAMEDA STREET - NIGHT

A block from Union Station, the GULLWING SCREECHES into view.

EXT. UNION STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nolan comes around the end of the car, sees O'Malley -- standing over the dead Turner with a tire iron in his hand. It is clear O'Malley is about to die. But still he staggers toward Nolan, raising the tire iron.

Nolan, gun in hand, watches incredulously. O'Malley staggers another step. Sonny has crawled out from under the car; he sees this. O'Malley staggers another step.

O'MALLEY

(to Nolan, dying)

You don't deserve to wear your badge.
with his last failing strength,
O'Malley raises the tire iron.
Nolan PUMPS him once, square in the
chest, killing him.

Sonny screams and flees in fear for his life. Nolan races after him. Between the maze of parked cars. Sonny, dodging, in between the endless rows.

Meanwhile a small crowd has gathered around the mortally wounded O'Malley.

Suddenly, O.S. we hear the SCREECHING of TIRES. The crowd reacts as the Gullwing blasts into the lot, ROARING straight toward Nolan and the terrorized Sonny. Finally, unable to get any closer, Storm leaps out of the Gullwing, onto the hood of a car and races across the rooftops of one vehicle after another, closing in on Nolan and Sonny.

Andy stops in horror beside the deathly stricken O'Malley.

ON SONNY

unaware of Storm -- trying to escape from his pursuer.

NOLAN

cursing and unable to gain ground on the fleet-footed -- now actually raising his gun. Suddenly:

STORM

from the roof of the next-to-last car roof in a line of parked vehicles soars through the air like a night eagle-- setting what looks like a new world record in the long jump -- surprising Nolan from the rear! Slamming the cop to the ground in instant death. Cracking his neck.

SONNY

stops. Gasping, breathless -- seeing the father he hasn't seen in seven years.

STORM

relieved and overwhelmed, grabs his son and lifts him off the ground in a moment of salvation and triumph. They hold each other with all their strength.

However their moment is incomplete, as Sonny is visibly distraught about the stricken O'Malley, beginning to sob at the loss of his surrogate father. Storm turns and starts to move toward --

O'MALLEY - ON GROUND

Andy ... the crowd around O'Malley. Sonny breaks through, with Storm half a pace behind. Sonny kneels, embracing his fallen friend. Storm joins his son, kneels alongside him, both mourning the loss of their dearest comrade.

ANDY

watching them. Touched deeply. Then: O.S. SIRENS!

EXT. ALAMEDA STREET - NIGHT

Two police CARS ROAR into view, racing for the station.

BACK TO PARKING LOT

Storm jumps up -- turns Sonny over to Andy, hurrying them into a nearby cab. The cab takes off.

INT. CAB - MOVING

Andy and Sonny topple into the back seat. The DRIVER picks up on all the frenzy.

DRIVER

Where to?

ANDY

That's a good question. Out of here for sure.

ANDY

turns with Sonny to see Storm, through the back window of the cab, looking after them protective -- full of emotion.

SONNY

(to Andy)

Where are we going? Who are you?

ANDY

thinks for a moment.

ANDY

It's a long story. You got a few minutes?

EXT. PARKING LOT - STORM

leaps aboard the Gullwing, ROARS out of the lot --

THUNDERSTORM - NIGHT (STOCK)

Forked lightning blazes above Los Angeles, THUNDER BOOMS --

STAND OF PALMS

illuminated by lightning

... RAIN sheeting past... WIND RIPPING the fronds in a RATTLING MAELSTROM --

EXT. TRENT MANSION - RAIN - NIGHT

No sentries, no dogs. Only a high gate and fence surrounding the fort-like mansion.

STORM

swiftly sliding through the shadows, he moves around the perimeter, pausing to examine things, searching for something. He finds an old storm gate to what would probably be a cellar or basement.

INT. TRENT MANSION - SPORTING ROOM - NIGHT

RAIN LOUD outside. Holland, Dunne, Ford and Jones. Half-tanked, shooting pool to pass the time and cool their raw nerves. No one armed.

DUNNE

(angry, defending himself)

What do we have to do, Holland drive a fucking stake through his heart?

HOLLAND

I'll settle for a bullet.

Holland and Dunne exchange furious glares.

HOLLAND

You had him point-blank seven years ago, and he's still walking!

FORD

He won't be for long. Not with his picture on every T.V. in --

HOLLAND

Fuck his picture! Get off your asses --

(waves them to
get out of
here)

Start earning your money!

Holland grabs his shoulder holster off the back of a chair, stalks angrily toward a rear door.

The others glower as Holland pounds off into the rear of the house. Dunne slings a cue ball the length of the table, breaking the rack with a crack like a pistol shot.

The balls ricochet into each other and the cushions in a futile expression of rage and frustration. Suddenly:

STORM

Out of nowhere appears at the door opposite the one Holland just left by. He is dripping from the rain and has a .45 pointed at them with one hand, while with the other he holds a finger to his lips as if to say, "Shhh, don't wake the baby."

DUNNE, FORD AND JONES

don't know whether to shit or go blind.

STORM

How's the action, boys? Mind if I play?

Glances from the men toward the couch at the rear of the room, on which rest their jackets and shoulder holsters. Storm: totally aware of every aspect of the situation.

STORM

I know what you guys are thinking. You're thinking I couldn't play with this gun in my hand. Right?

Pause as the men stand in extreme anticipation. Then: Storm holsters his gun.

STORM

Well? Somebody hand me a cue.

There is a brief moment of hesitation and a look of disbelief between the boys and then, BOOM! Ford tries to hand Storm a pool cue as if Storm's head is a baseball and the cue is a bat. This doesn't work very well, as Storm enters and simultaneously grabs Ford's cue, using his momentum to slam his head down onto the edge of the pool table. We hear Ford's SKULL CRACK and he goes down.

Almost instantly another pool cue in Jones's hands slashes toward Storm's head. This time Storm has his own tool -- and takes his cue to intercept the one about to connect with his head.

He again uses the power of the attacker's momentum and as soon as his cue goes down, so does Storm's, onto the back of Jones's skull with so much force we hear the NECK SNAP at the same time the cue splinters in half! Storm is left with the jagged tip of the skinny end.

Dunne, knowing he'll never make it in time to the couch at the rear of the room, lunges at Storm with a butcher knife he seizes from a tray of cold cuts on a side table. Storm traps the knife, and quickly guides it into Dunne's midsection. With the other hand he raises the sharpened end of the pool stick and slams it down Dunne's throat via the windpipe!

STORM

That's for my wife. Fuck you and die.

Dunne falls to his knees and just stares. Storm does a flying kick to his chin, breaking his neck. The room now finished, he turns and exits.

INDOOR POOL

Holland pours himself a nervous drink. He paces, tracking Trent who's doing a gentle breaststroke.

TRENT

I want Dunne and the others here. That goddamn Storm is nuts enough to come after me --

HOLLAND

He's nuts -- but not that nuts.

Holland watches Trent swim a few more strokes, then turns and heads away down a short hallway.

INT. BATHROOM - HOLLAND

as he lifts the toilet seat to pee, he finds a handwritten note on the seat. Shocked, he nervously looks around. Seeing nothing, he picks up the note and reads it.

INSERT - NOTE

Anticipation of death is worse than death itself.

HOLLAND

A faint smile comes to his face with great confidence. As he backs out of the toilet, he pulls his pistol from his shoulder holster, cocking it. He cautiously exits.

TRACKING

Holland as he moves toward the sporting room and his support team. He enters the area of carnage and the smug confidence on his face starts to change to a slight worry. He then starts carefully making his way back to the indoor pool to inform Trent.

INDOOR POOL

Holland enters the area and finds no one. Now the look on his face is one of fear and confusion.

HOLLAND

Sonofabitch.

But he has a plan. His plan is to try to make it out of the house in one piece. What was once careful stalking has turned into panicked blundering.

CONTINUE TRACKING Holland as he bumps into things, knocking them over, retreating wildly. He passes a raging fireplace and suddenly out of the shadows comes a voice:

STORM (O.S.)

How does it feel to know you're about to die?

Holland FIRES in the direction of the voice, and Storm comes out of the shadows standing in plain view -- his .45 pointed at Holland.

STORM

I'll give you more time than you and Trent gave my wife.

Holland changes the point of his aim and FIRES again. As he fires, Storm EMPTIES his GUN straight at Holland.

WALL BEHIND HOLLAND

A Louis XIII portrait -- where a silver dollar-sized group of holes has just appeared, two inches above Holland's head. They are both out of ammo.

STORM'S POV

Holland picks up a fireplace poker. He's swinging like maniac and we hear the sound of the poker SLASHING the AIR.

But he gets too close to Storm, who snatches the poker away from him.

They are like two vicious cats whirling. We see Holland gasping in agony and hear the sound of BONES BREAKING.

Storm then begins the search for Trent. He casually strolls through the house calling as if he's playing hide and seek with a childhood friend.

STORM

Vernon, oh, Verrrrrrnon, where are you?

Storm opens closets, looks in drawers, under the toilet seat, and then proceeds into --

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

STORM

(loud enough
for Trent to
hear)

Let's see ... where could that bad boy be?

From the tragic violent rage to what almost seems like a kiddie game, we are not sure if: Storm has gone mad or what. He approaches the master closet as he continues the taunting melody.

MASTER CLOSET

Storm enters and begins pushing the clothes of the racks aside -- looking for something that's probably not there. Trent is too smart for this shit ... he's probably on a jet to the Bahamas by now.

One more rack of clothes in the farthest-back section. Storm reaches to shove it aside when, with shocking and deafening suddenness: a SHOTGUN BLAST erupts point-blank ... shredding \$10,000 worth of suit jackets and barely missing Storm's head. Instantly a figure leaps out. Storm gently disarms him, and the two men are for a moment frozen eye to eye.

STORM AND TRENT

Storm seems to drift off somewhere far away, and then violently slams Trent up against the wall, pinning his chest with the left hand. Storm takes the sawed-off shotgun by the handle and punches the barrel straight into Trent's mouth. The barrel simply goes through the teeth and in his mouth. It appears Storm has made up his mind about what to do. Trent's eyes bug out of his head.

Storm now takes Trent by the hair and leads him through the house, shotgun still in his mouth.

STORM

You know, Trent, I want to kill you so bad I can barely contain myself. But I keep thinking that death is far too merciful a fate for you, and that a nice petite white-bread boy like you in a federal penitentiary ...

(pause)

-- let me put it this way -- I doubt whether you could remain anal retentive for very long. Yeah... I think that's best for you --

Trent is now so fucking scared he looks like he is about to go out of his mind. About this time in their journey through the house, Storm has stopped before Holland's mangled and lifeless body. If you think Trent was scared before, you should see him now.

Storm curiously turns his back on Trent for a moment, to pick up handcuffs off the floor. Trent sees his last chance.

Trent seizes the poker and does his most mighty Babe Ruth impression. Just as Storm stands up, the poker comes flying. It looks like Storm is dead but somehow he steps inside the arc and does shihonage, which disarms Trent and flips him backwards head-first into the fire.

Trent's neck is impaled by one of the decorative iron arrows of the fireplace. He is stuck -- struggling to free himself from the arrow as his head catches fire ... a fate somewhat worse than prison.

Storm turns away --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - LONG SHOT - DAY

We are not sure where we are yet. In the distance, we see a procession of marching men, all wearing kilts, and all the accoutrements of traditional Scottish garb. In the front, several paces ahead of the neatly marching lines of men, is a single BAGPIPER. Behind all of them is a hearse, being nobly escorted by mounted police.

FULL SHOT

Now we see them fully: the colors, the feeling, the emotion of caring men marching in the funeral parade of a fallen comrade.

CAMERA PAN'S OVER to reveal a section of mourners -- mostly police but with some civilians. The CAMERA MOVES CLOSER and PANS TO the front row, where we see Storm in full police regalia, a medal of valor around his neck. Andy and Sonny are standing near at sober attention.

The procession stops and the lone bagpiper continues to play the dirge as he walks up and takes his position on a section of lawn. The pallbearers remove the flag from the casket and present it to the Chief of Police, who now slowly approaches the group of mourners and stops directly in front of Sonny Storm. He presents the flag and salutes Sonny. The lone bagpiper stops and an officer on TRUMPET begins playing "Taps." The coffin is slowly lowered.

FULL SCREEN - TV MONITOR

Finally: the film that Storm shot that night seven years ago on the wharf. Spliced with the audiotape -- with subtitles including each speaker's name to make every word and identity clear. We see:

The two Shadow Men step from the station wagon. The "pushed" film clearly reveals them to be Trent and Holland. We see them conspire with Calabrese and Vitale.

CALABRESE (V.O.)

Murder is a serious business, my friend. And an expensive one.

TRENT (V.O.)

I'm up to here with caution! This
(bleep) lives on alfalfa sprouts
and bean curd, he ain't gonna die
of natural cause.

Our SHOT starts to WIDEN, revealing that the TV monitor is in a news studio. The nightly news is being broadcast: what we see on this monitor is simultaneously going out over the air.

As the SHOT WIDENS and TRAVERSES, we begin to see the actual news set -- including Esposito who got his well-deserved scoop -- and other anchorpeople, crewmen, etc.

CALABRESE (V.O.)

All I'm counseling is a little
patience. The man is public. He's
in the paper every day.

TRENT (V.O.)

Yeah? Well, the next time I read
about him, it better be in the
obituaries.

CONTINUE MOVE as the wharf scene keeps playing. The TV monitor passes OUT OF FRAME, SOUND goes DOWN, we're MOVING PAST the news set and its occupants (who are readying to go back on-camera as soon as the wharf tape ends) and on UP TOWARD --

LIGHTS ABOVE NEWS SET

which now FILL the FRAME -- bright and blinding. The screen starts to bleach out ... it goes white and

MATCH CUT - SUN (MARINA DEL REY)

above a perfect peaceful sea. A small powerboat (the kind that you rent from the dock) moves INTO FRAME. Storm steers it, standing up. Andy and Sonny in the back cockpit seat.

IN ANDY'S LAP - PORTABLE TV

She switches a channel: up comes the same footage we just saw on the news set.

ANDY

It takes a beat before she realizes what it is. Then:

ANDY

Hey ... Seven year Storm!

(indicates TV)

I told you you'd be famous.

Storm takes a step so he can see the screen. Views it for a short beat, then --

STORM

picks the TV up from Andy's lap and, while it's still playing, heaves it over the side and into the drink!

OCEAN SURFACE - TV

splashes ... bobs for a few moments... then sinks beneath the surface.

ANDY

(laughing)

Hey! Why'd you do that?

STORM

watching the last ripples from the sinking set. A moment between him and himself -- when the past is allowed to slip away, sink out of sight, making way for the future.

Storm turns back from the water surface, to his son and to the woman he loves. He sits (letting the boat drift wherever it wants to) and tugs Andy down beside him.

Then he reaches across to his son, pulls the boy to him with a playful headlock.

For a moment both Andy and Sonny are held in suspension, wondering what Storm will do or say.

Finally:

STORM

(to Sonny)

Knock, knock.

For a beat, the boy is taken aback. Then he break's into a broad smile.

SONNY

Who's there?

Storm glances to Andy, pulling her tighter to him.

