

"I Come In Peace"
DARK ANGEL

by

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(Rewrite by David Koepp)

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"DARK ANGEL"

EXT. DESERT NIGHT

WE HEAR the steady rhythmic pounding of approaching footsteps... breathing.
Over the top of a sand dune, a FIGURE appears, clad in a tight black body suit.
Slowly, it comes INTO FOCUS.

This is no ordinary figure-- TALEC is almost seven feet tall

Looks human. Huge and beautiful. Carries a thin silver briefcase.

He stops at the top of the dune and sizes up his surroundings. Looks past Camera and SEES:

In the distance, the outline of a small town--
BAKER, TEXAS.

For the record. A tiny, post Depression silver mining community squatting in the Texas desert.

Once a boom town, now virtually deserted, boarded up windows, dusty streets.

Only a small gas station, a general store and trailer park show any signs of life...

A Highway lies just beyond the town.

WE SUPER:

BAKER, TEXAS
DECEMBER 21st, 8:45 pm.

Talec heads for it.

2 EXT. GAS STATION 2

Christmas decorations twinkle from the windows.

Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" plays on a scratchy phonograph.

3 INT. STATION 3

An OLD MAN is trimming a small Christmas tree. Humming and singing along with Bing in Spanish.
A ceiling fan slowly turning.

BING
I'm dreaming of a
white Christmas...

OLD MAN
Estoy sonando una
clara Navidad...

A dog begins to growl and bark outside.

OLD MAN
Goddam dog.

He grabs his coat and heads outside.

4 EXT. PORCH. 4

The old man emerges. The barking has stopped, the dog is nowhere to be seen.

OLD MAN
Kaiser?

He steps off the porch.

OLD MAN
(whistles)
Come on boy, time to eat.

Still nothing. The old man shakes his head. Lights a cigarette. After a pause the phone rings inside.

5 INT. STATION. 5

The old man snaps up the phone.

OLD MAN
Hello?!

CUT TO :

6 EXT. STATION. 6

A hand grips the power lines in the fuse box and rips them out.

CUT TO:

7 INT. STATION. 7

The lights and power go out. The phone line goes dead. Shafts of light punctuate the deep shadows. Bing winds down to silence.

OLD MAN
Okay, I get it. I'm supposed
to be scared now, right?

NOT THIS OLD MAN-- He pulls a double barrel saw'd-off shotgun out from under the counter.

OLD MAN

Well, FUCK YOU!

The old man catches something moving in his peripheral vision, spins and FIRES-- Say goodbye to the T.V. and the front window. Silence. NOTHING.

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT followed by a SWISH OF AIR.

The old man grabs his throat, Blood seeps from between his fingers, he turns, SEES:

The silhouette of TALEC standing in the doorway.

The old man chokes out some words.

OLD MAN
Why? Who are you?

Falls to the floor. DEAD.

8 EXT. HIGHWAY

8

Talec stands impassively, dressed in the old man's ill-fitting clothes, waiting as the car approaches. He steps into the middle of the road and raises one hand. The car SQUEALS to a stop in front of him.

The DRIVER, a YOUNG MAN of about seventeen, leans out the window.

DRIVER
Where you headed, pal?

Talec walks around to the drivers door.

TALEC
I come in peace.

Talec reaches down and rips the door off. The young man's face in shock, realizes he is about to die, lunges for the passenger door-- Talec climbs in.

9 EXT. ANGLE

9

The driver's body IMPACTS OUT the back windshield--

IN A SHOWER OF SAFETY GLASS, the body lands in the street. DEAD.

Talec slams the car into gear and pulls away.

CUT TO:

10 THE SCREEN IS BLACK.

WE SUPER:

HOUSTON, TEXAS
DECEMBER 22nd, 10:00 pm.

The grid above is removed.
A FIGURE, in black ski-mask appears. The beam of a flashlight slices down through the blackness.

An Air-conditioning Shaft.
Endless. Bottomless.
A rope is dropped down past Camera. The FIGURE climbs down into the building.

CUT TO:

11 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING

DOLLY behind RAY DOMAQUE, mid-thirties, as he walks through a crowded corridor, turns into an inner office. Stops in front of a desk, glances around. He's alone. Picks up the phone and punches in a number.

DOMAQUE
Yes, could you page Sgt. Hawkins and have him report to room J38, please.

CUT TO:

12 ANGLE EXTREME CLOSE UP.

Compact portable cutting torch. Sparks fly as the FIGURE in black finishes up.

13 INT. ROOM J38 STORAGE ROOM.

BANG! An air conditioning grate crashes to the floor. THE FIGURE drops into the room. Pulls off the ski-mask. MAURICE JOHNSON, early twenties, black.

CUT TO:

14 INT. DOLLY LEADING Sgt. Hawkins, early twenties, black, as he continues through the crowded corridor, turns the corner as WE FOLLOW HIM INTO ROOM J38.

15 INT. ROOM J38/ STORAGE ROOM.

Hawkins slowly walks past several rows of storage racks, stops. CLICK! behind him.

He turns back, TOO LATE! SWISH. A brutal thunk. Hawkins looks down at his chest-- a stiletto. He drops to the floor DEAD.

Maurice quickly kneels down beside him. Minus the black coveralls, wearing the same uniform as Hawkins. An instant later he has removed the knife and Hawkin's I.D. tag.

MAURICE
Sleep tight, brother.

Turns back to his bag, quickly sets the timer on an explosive device.

16 INT. DOLLY behind Maurice Johnson walking through the crowded corridor. 16

Ahead WE SEE: Domaque trying to get some candy out of a vending machine.

A briefcase on the ground beside him.

Maurice stops beside him.

DOMAQUE
Hawkins?

MAURICE
Sleeping like a baby.

DOMAQUE
Let's do it.

Domaque leaves. Maurice picks up the briefcase and follows.

17 INT. LOBBY 17

Domaque stands in front of a security station, signs a requisition slip.

Maurice steps up, opens the briefcase, and watches the officer count the plastic bags of heroin.

18 EXT. STREET 18

A Cadillac sits parked at the curb.

Inside are Lenny and Marvin Johnson.

Marvin has the Cadillac running, but he's edgy.

Domaque climbs into the back seat followed by Maurice.

The Cadillac pulls away from the curb.

19 INT. CADILLAC 19

MARVIN

I don't have the patience for
this shit. Everything smooth?

MAURICE

No problem.

Suddenly the front of the Federal building is ripped apart
by the EXPLOSION.

BALLS OF FLAMES mushroom out into the street-- Filling the
Background.

DOMAQUE

Jesus Christ, what was that?!
(looks at Maurice)

MAURICE

A little insurance.

(smiles)

No witnesses.

Domaque is visibly shaken.

20 EXT. STREETS.

20

The Cadillac cuts through the city. A siren is heard
rapidly approaching in the background.

A strobing red light fills FRAME for a split second--
A black and white bursts into FRAME.

CUT TO:

- 21 JACK CAINE sits behind the wheel of a late model sedan,
keeping an eye on the front of a run-down nightclub.
Faded neon highlights a hand painted sign which reads:
JOHNSON'S VELVET ROOM.

21

We sense a mental toughness that accompanies his muscular
body. A quiet presence more calculating than most.

Strobing red lights wash Caine's face.
His eyes remain focused on the nightclub as the black and
white roars by.

22 EXT. STREETS.

22

Seedy neighborhood.

The black and white comes into view, rounds the corner,
skids to maintain control.

Lights and siren wailing.

The Cadillac passes, traveling in the opposite direction.

Hookers, drug peddlers, bums, societies lower echelon appear oblivious to the everyday occurrence.

CUT TO:

23 Caine looks over as the Cadillac pulls up to the curb in front of the nightclub. The Johnson brothers and Domaque get out.

23

Caine puts a tiny receiver in his ear.

Domaque glances over at Caine as they pass the car parked in front of the Cadillac.

A dented late model.

24 INT. DENTED LATE MODEL.

24

Hands load several shotgun shells into the chamber. The shotgun is primed with a snap of the elbow.

Tip up to REVEAL your everyday society-hating-psycho, waiting, rigid, watching the liquor store Caine is parked in front of.

25 INT. SEDAN.

25

Caine watches Domaque and the Johnsons enter the club.

The psycho gets out and calmly crosses the street. Caine catches a glimpse of the shotgun under his coat.

CAINE

(to himself)

Perfect.

CUT TO:

26 INT. NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

26

VERNON JOHNSON, a huge, mean-looking black man, lands a solid right to the jaw of a not so cooperative drunk customer, knocking him hard to the floor.

VERNON

I told you, mutha fucker, dis joint is closed!

The man scrambles across the floor, Vernon follows, kicking him in the ass.

VERNON

Now get yo' smelly ass outta here!

The man stumbles out of the club to the boisterous laughter of the other three black men, Marvin, Lenny, and Maurice.

Seated at a table is Victor Manning, a gray-haired, evenly tanned man in his forties, flanked by Jonathan, a huge, perfectly attired member of the wealthy, elitist "White Boy" gang. Two other WHITE BOYS stand nearby.

Seated across from Manning is RAY DOMAQUE.

He watches Manning count out packets of white powder from the briefcase in front of him.

MANNING

--but I realized even then that MBA's were becoming devalued, so I went back for a second masters in international banking.

(he chuckles)

Which I guess is what I've ended up in, isn't it?

He looks at the White Boys, who laugh.

Domaque looks nervously at the Heroin, which Manning has finished stacking.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SEDAN

27

Caine listening, trying to gauge what's going on. But his instincts take over, turns and looks at the Liquor store. Time is standing still. A moment of extreme tension.

CUT TO:

28 INT. NIGHTCLUB

28

VERNON

100 per cent pure Horse. Straight from the Feds own evidence warehouse.

Vernon and his brothers all break into laughter. Vernon pats Domaque on the back.

VERNON

This boy's gon'a make us all rich.

Manning ignores Domaque, taking a drink from a bottle of Perrier.

MANNING

Education is so important, don't you agree, Mr. Johnson?

Jonathan opens up a briefcase and turns it towards Vernon and his brothers--
A half a million dollars.

VERNON

Sure. Me and my brothers went to the University of Suck My Dick. Is this deal going down or not?

Manning slowly turns to Domaque.

MANNING

What about, you, Mr. -- ?

DOMAQUE

D-O-M-A-Q-U-E, Domang-

MANNING

Yes, that's it, Domang. Cajun, isn't it?

Domaque is silent.

MANNING

What University did you attend?

DOMAQUE

Look, I don't need this bullshit.
I did my part. Are-

MANNING

(cuts in)

No college education? That's unwise.
Makes it so hard to get a good job
these days.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIQUOR STORE

29

The overweight owner glances up from a portable television. His eyes go wide as the Psycho whips back his coat and yanks out the short pistol grip pump-shotgun and aims it directly at him.

OWNER

(under his breath)

Aw, shit.

The psycho looks at the owner.

PSYCHO

Closing time. Turn off the lights.

The owner hesitates.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
The psycho does it his way.
Darkness.

The neon from the various beer signs lend an eerie setting as the smoke hangs in the air. The Psycho pumps another shell into the chamber.

PSYCHO

Now.

The Owner quickly opens the register and begins filling a paper bag with cash.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SEDAN

35

Caine reacts to the gunfire.

CAINE

Son-of-a-bitch!

Climbs out.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NIGHTCLUB

31

Manning leans forward.

MANNING

You know, Mr Demang, without a college degree, one could get desperate. Join the Army-- turn to a life of crime--
(suddenly cold)
or become a Cop.

Two of the White Boys produce semi-automatic handguns from their suitcoats.

VERNON

What the fuck's going on?!

Manning doesn't reply.

Turns back to Domaque, looks him in the eye.

MANNING

You're good. In fact, you're very good. But I'm afraid that some of your peers don't take their jobs quite so seriously.

Manning calmly pulls out a 9mm H & K automatic.

31

31

MANNING

My informant sold you out for a thousand dollars and a couple of Oiler tickets- Mr Turner.

Mr. Turner is in deep shit.

BLAM! BLAM!

The impact blows Domaque/Turner straight back over, to the floor. DEAD.

MANNING

My dear, Vernon,

(gets up)

You really should be more selective in your choice of business associates. Rule number one, never deal with a cop. Our business is over. Maybe another time.

He disappears down a back hallway followed by Jonathan and the White Boys.

CUT TO:

32 INT. LIQUOR STORE.

32

The front door is flung open.

The Psycho turns and FIRES. The shotgun BLAST disintegrates the door and a liquor display, showering glass and liquor everywhere.
NOTHING.

The Psycho is sweating now. Starting to freak spins around, his eyes widening--

BAM!! He's drilled in the face by a tremendous punch.

CUT TO:

33 INT. NIGHTCLUB

33

VERNON

Fuck 'em. We're gon'a make some serious money.

The Johnsons break into laughter, as they examine the packages.

The front door hinge squeaks behind them. The laughter stops as Vernon curses and turns from the briefcase.

VERNON

I thought I told you-

A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT followed by a SWISH OF AIR. Vernon grabs his throat, pulls his bloody hand away. His head all but severed.

Marvin and Lenny watch in terror, shielding their eyes from the bright light as the swishing sound whizzes past them. Both drop to the ground, DEAD.

The ground begins to rumble.

Maurice draws a weapon, but before he can fire, there is a much larger flash of red light-- which blows him right through the back wall of the club.

Then all is still. The white light gone.

The front door hinge SQUEAKS again.... but there is nothing.

The briefcase, open-- - EMPTY. The Heroin is gone.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. LIQUOR STORE.

The Psycho is hurled through the front window, landing hard on the sidewalk. Chards of plate glass dance off the sidewalk into the street.

The Psycho's breathing is erratic, heavy. With a groan he strains to turn back, Caine picks him up, slaps a pair of handcuffs on.

CAINE

You have the right to remain silent,
asshole.

Looks up-- THE NIGHTCLUB. Something's wrong.
The front door is wide open.
He puts the tiny receiver back in his ear.
NOTHING.

CAINE

Shit.

Takes off running with the Psycho in tow.

35 INT. NIGHTCLUB

Caine comes in the front door. REACTS.

The place is a mess. Bodies everywhere.
A dying neon sign bleeds through the smoke filled room.

35

35 Maurice's charred body is visible through the gaping hole in the back wall.

Finally, his partner-- RAY TURNER.
Caine looks down at the body.
We can see the pain in his eyes--

CUT TO :

36 EXT. NIGHTCLUB

Police barricades. Cruisers. Flashing lights, reporters, onlookers. Ambulance attendants rush several gurneys in as the Coroner's wagon pulls up.

Met by Detective Sanchez, CAPTAIN CHARLIE MALONE, who wears hornrimmed glasses, and prematurely graying hair, makes his way through the barricades. Malone looks tired and resigned-- Like a parent who's waited up all night for their kid to come home with the car.

MALONE

Where is he?

SANCHEZ

Inside, sir.

MALONE

I want a lid on this. Nothing leaks to the press.

37 INT. NIGHTCLUB

Malone walks in amidst a fury of activity. Everything is being measured and photographed.

MALONE

(to himself)

Jesus...

SANCHEZ

Nobody saw or heard anything.
Caine discovered the bodies around 11:30. He didn't see anything either.

The Psycho is cuffed to a pipe.

PSYCHO

It's getting so walking the streets at night isn't safe. You cops gotta do something about that.

MALONE

How the hell did he get in here?!

27

37

SANCHEZ

You'd better talk to Caine.

Malone looks up-- Caine is seated at the bar.

MALONE

So, I got a mass murder here.
Tell me about it.

CAINE

We almost had Manning.

Malone's expression changes, a touch of irritation creeps in.

MALONE

MANNING? So that's what this is
all about? Don't tell me about
almosts, Caine. Your partner's
dead.

CAINE

Someone sold us out.

MALONE

That's bullshit.

CAINE

They knew he was a cop.

MALONE

Don't fuck with me, Jack. You and
Turner disappear for eight days--
not a week, which maybe I could
understand, but eight fucking
days. Then, when I catch up with
the two of you, one's dead and
the other is surrounded by corpses.
And I've got half a million in
uncut Heroin missing.

(pauses)

You wouldn't happen to know anything
about that, would you?

Caine remains silent. Malone stares at him, torn between
duty and friendship.

No? Well "Mr. to hell with the rules",
you're suspended until I find out what
the hell is going on here!

A patrolman taps Malone on the shoulder.

PATROLMAN

Someone to see you, Captain.

Malone looks across the bar. COMMANDER SWITZER, mid-forties, a graying corporate type, stands in the doorway, looking things over with an eye that misses nothing. He is flanked by two MEN IN SUITS.

MALONE

Terrific. Feds. How did they get here so quick.

(back to Caine)

Indulge me. Stick around, this time, huh?

He goes over to Switzer.

Caine looks across the bar at DR. DIANE POLONE.

A pretty woman in her early thirties, who is helping zip a corpse into a body bag.

Their eyes meet briefly, then she looks away.

MALONE

Caine, this is Commander Switzer of the F.B.I. He wants to ask you a few questions.

SWITZER

In private.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY MENS ROOM

38

The doors SLAM SHUT as Caine walks in followed by Switzer. Tensions are high.

SWITZER

Tell me what you saw, what you heard.

CAINE

I've been over all this with Malone. If you're just going to ask the same--

SWITZER

(softly, with power)
You had a wire.

CAINE

I wasn't wearing it.

Switzer takes a cigarette from a silver case and lights it. He offers one to Caine, who refuses. The tension eases.

SWITZER

Do you know what I do, Detective?

Caine shakes his head.

SWITZER

I know things. That's all. That's my whole job. To know things before anyone else.

CAINE

You must clean up at the track.

SWITZER

Don't try to find humor in everything, Detective. It's a defense. A neurotic one.

Caine is silent.

SWITZER

Is there anything you can tell me?

Caine responds without blinking.

CAINE

My partner is dead.

SWITZER

I believe I overheard Captain Malone suspend you from this case.

CAINE

A technicality.

Switzer throws down his cigarette and steps on it.

SWITZER

I'll ask you a thousand times if I have to, Caine. We'll sleep in this shithouse for a week together if that's what it takes. Now, let's try it again, shall we?

CAINE

Get Malone to put me back on the case and I'll close it.

A pause. Switzer smiles.

SWITZER

I'm impressed. You scratch my back,
I'll scratch yours.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NIGHTCLUB

39

Caine and Switzer come out of the men's room. Switzer breezes past Malone.

SWITZER

Captain, I want Detective Caine back on this case.

MALONE

Sir?

SWITZER

You heard me.

Switzer continues on ahead. Caine looks over at Malone. Malone nods. No friendliness. Just an acknowledgement of the facts.

Switzer calls back over his shoulder.

SWITZER

I'll send his partner over from the Bureau in the morning.

CAINE

Partner?!

CUT TO:

40 INT. MALONE'S OFFICE DAY

40

Malone and Caine are in Malone's office. Also with them is AGENT LAURENCE SMITH, a young man of about twenty-six in a blue blazer and perfect tie.

Smith is incredibly wholesome-- He could almost be one of the White Boys.

Caine is now dressed in what will turn out to be his "uniform"-- jeans, t-shirt, leather jacket, and cowboy boots.

MALONE

Caine, meet Agent Laurence Smith of the F.B.I.

Caine nods.

CAINE

Yeah, How ya doin'?

(to Malone)

Charlie, I don't think this is going to work.

SMITH

Excuse me, Mr. Caine. I have a masters degree in criminology from Berkley. I am the youngest man ever to reach my rank at the Bureau and I have the best conviction record in my sector.

CAINE

Great. If Manning cheats on his taxes I'll send him to you.

MALONE

Manning? You've got nothing-- You had a wire, but you weren't listening. And where's the murder weapon?

(pause)

You've got nothing.

Caine tries to keep his voice to a whisper, but he's steamed.

CAINE

Except the truth.

SMITH

Let's just get on with this. Detective Caine, you may not be accustomed to working on a case under Federal Jurisdiction. Commander Switzer asked me to lay out some parameters for your cooperation.

CAINE

(furious)

Parameters?

SMITH

(kindly, as to a child)
Yes, "parameters" are sort of guildlines, general--

CAINE

I know what the word means!

SMITH

We will report to Commander

Switzer daily on all of our investigative activities. There will be no strange disappearances-- not for a week--

MALONE

Eight days.

SMITH

--not for a minute. This investigation will be run by the book. Are we in agreement on that, Detective?

The door to the office opens and Diane comes in.

MALONE

Ah, Diane.

She nods to him and ignores Caine.

MALONE

What's ballistics got on the gun that killed Ray?

Diane doesn't miss a beat.

DIANE

Ray Turner was killed with a 9 mm H&K automatic. Point blank, two rounds through the heart-- neat and clean.

MALONE

And the others?

DIANE

Whatever it was, it cut right through three of them without losing speed or trajectory. It was razor thin and razor sharp. It made a deep, straight incision I'd have trouble making. The fourth was literally blown through the rear of the building.

MALONE

How do you explain all that?

DIANE

I can't.

Smith and Caine walk out of the office, followed by Diane. Caine stops and confronts her.

CAINE

Listen, I'm sorry. I can explain.

DIANE

I don't want to hear it.

He steps closer and tries to look her in the eye, but she looks away immediately.

DIANE

Don't look at me like that. It's not going to work anymore.

She turns and stalks off.

SMITH

Not a very healthy relationship you've got there.

CAINE

. Tell me about it.

42 EXT. STATION DAY

42

Caine walks out followed by Smith.

Smith is busy making entries in a small ledger.

SMITH

I'd like to see the Coroner's report.

(quoting)

"Exploit experts. Their expertise is essential"

CAINE

What?

SMITH

A quote. Page thirty-five of the Switzer manual.

CAINE

I see.

SMITH

He's a brilliant man, Commander Switzer. You could learn a lot from him.

CAINE

Right. Can we go look for the

murder weapon now or does the Switzer manual have some grooming tips for me?

SMITH

Now that you mention it, you could do with some grooming tips. You're in a position of authority. You should try for a different look.

CAINE

It's not a "look", okay? I'm comfortable this way.

SMITH

Well, you may know that, but anybody else would think you're into some Village People macho act or something. External things are important. They tell people who you think you are and how you expect them to treat you.

CAINE

Right. Well I expect you to let me do my job. Can we take your car? Mine's in the shop.

SMITH

Yeah-- sure.

He stops beside a blue, four door clunker of a Chevy Impala parked at the curb.

Caine gives it the once over, grins.

Smith snaps the ledger shut, caps his pen, and climbs in. Glances over as Caine gets in.

SMITH

(embarrassed)

Uh-- it's a company car.

CAINE

Sure it is.

SMITH

I swear! I'd never drive this off duty!

CAINE

I think it's you.

Smith starts the car and pulls out.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DESERT DUSK

42

Similar to the place where we first saw TALEC.
Early evening creeps in.

The area is desolate.

A coyote steps into FRAME. Begins to bark.

Abruptly, the animal freezes, it's ears perking to--

Up in the sky, a red glow appears faintly, accompanied by a distinctive WHINING sound. Moving fast, the glow grows in size, the WHINE becomes a deafening scream and--

BOOM!!

A geyser of sand shoots up into the air. Something has slammed into the desert floor-- Hard-- and has completely buried itself in the sand.

A sinkhole of sand forms around the second objects point of entry.

All is quiet for a moment as sand rains down softly around the sinkhole.

Suddenly A HAND! shoots up through the sand. Then an arm, clad in black.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. HILLTOP NIGHT

44

A silhouette appears, laying down a long shadow down on the ground. Backlit by moonlight.

Slowly comes INTO FOCUS-- AZECK, also about seven feet tall. Clad in a tight black body suit.

We hear the squawk and static of a police radio.

Azeck looks past Camera and SEES:

BAKER, TEXAS. A single patrol car sits in front of the gas station. RED light flashing.

Heat lightning dances in the clouds. Crackles on the horizon, warning of an approaching storm.

A FLASH of lightning illuminates Azeck. Tall. Silent. Deadly.

CUT TO:

45 INT. JOHNSONS VELVET ROOM 45

The place is irregularly lit by the few lights that still work.

Caine stands silently in the doorway taking everything in, sensing things, letting them sink in. Smith walks around the room writing in his ledger.

CAINE

What the hell are you writing?

SMITH

I observe. I take notes, then Commander Switzer and I go over them later. The problem with most police work is you become emotionally involved. Can't think rationally. This way I can be objective-- achieve a little distance.

CAINE

Do me a favor-- achieve a little distance and go stand over there.

Caine points to the chalked outline of the victim nearest the door. Smith walks over and stands next to it.

CAINE

So it's all deductive, huh? All scientific? What about instinct?

SMITH

No such thing. What you call instinct is just a learned response to situations that have already occurred many times in your career. The more you study them the more familiar they become. The more familiar they become the more quickly you respond. It just feels like instinct.

CAINE

(pointing)

Now over there.

Smith goes to the next chalk mark.
Caine is thinking deeply.

CAINE

So what page of the Switzer manual are we on now?

SMITH

You know, you make fun of me, but this is why I moved up the ladder so quickly. This is why I have a Gold card, you know what I mean? I've studied what to do in almost any situation. When it happens, I'm ready. I don't have to learn the hard way.

CAINE

Now go to the one in the back.

Smith moves to the chalk mark in the rear of the room.

CAINE

What happens when you run into something completely new? When you get stuck?

SMITH

It hasn't happened yet.

CAINE

Are you stuck now?

SMITH

(pause)

Maybe. What about you?

CAINE

You bet I am.

SMITH

So what do you do?

CAINE

(smiles)

Follow my instincts.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. DORIS'S NIGHT

46

A Dive. A neon sign reads "Doris's Slow Hand", below a smaller one reads "Pool"

The Impala pulls up to the curb. Caine climbs out followed by Smith.

47 INT. DORIS'S

47

Caine and Smith sit down in a red naugahyde booth.

SMITH

Jesus, did you see the white
wine behind the bar? I
wouldn't put that on a salad.

Caine is distracted. Across the bar are BONER and LESTER.
The neighborhood drug dealers, shooting a game of pool.

Caine gets up.

CAINE

I'll be right back.

Walks over and stands behind Boner smashes a pool cue down
on the table. It breaks. Boner jumps three feet in the
air.

CAINE

Hey, Boner. Long time
no harass.

BONER

Fuck off, Caine, I'm having
a bad day.

CAINE

Geez, I guess. You look like
you could use a stiff one, Boner.

BONER

Don't start with the dick jokes!

CAINE

Who did the Johnson Brothers?

BONER

Who gives a shit?

CAINE

My partner. He's dead.

Lester freaks. Flips open a switchblade.
Smith jumps up.

BONER

Hold it!

Boner glares at Lester. Lester lowers the knife. Boner,
then carefully looks down at his groin where Caine has
shoved his revolver.

CAINE

I hear they can sometimes sew
it back on if you're lucky and
have a lot of money. Now, who

did my partner and the Johnsons?

BONER

My fairy god mother.

Caine cocks the revolver.

CAINE

Where's the shit, Boner?
Who's got it?

BONER

The fuckin' Martians, man, 'cause
it aint on the streets.

CAINE

How can you be so sure?

BONER

'cause every dealer's closed
up figurin' they'll be next.

SMITH

Manning must have it.

Caine glances toward Smith.

CAINE

If Manning had it, it
would be on the streets.
(back to Boner)
Beat it, Boner.

Boner recovers his composure. He and Lester back away.

SMITH

Nice technique.

CAINE

Thanks.

SMITH

So we came here to pump Boner for
information. Now what?

CAINE

Nah, it wasn't Boner. I came here
to-- came here to--

His voice trails off as he watches a pool game on the other
side of the room. Caine squints.

CAINE

--think.

A POOL PLAYER smoothly strokes a four cushion bank-- the ball caroms off one cushion, then another, then a third, then gently taps the object ball into the pocket.

Caine's eyes light up.

CAINE

Got it!

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNSON'S VELVET ROOM

48

SMITH and CAINE come into the bar.

CAINE

You heard what Diane said. Whatever killed the Johnson brothers did it without losing speed or trajectory.

SMITH

Yeah. So?

CAINE

So what if-- what if there was only one projectile? Like the pool game. Watch.

He walks from the door to the first chalk outline.

CAINE

It cuts this guy.

He continues on in a straight line to the wall. He looks around, then finds a chunk of cement missing.

CAINE

Hits here--

He looks across the room to the next outline, and walks in a straight line to it.

CAINE

Cuts this guy--

He finds a similar chunk out of that wall, then goes in a straight line to the third victim's outline.

CAINE

Goes off the wall again, cuts this third guy, and ends up--

Both of them look across the room. A stereo speaker stands in the corner in a straight line with the victims. Caine and Smith go to it. They remove the cover.

Inside the speaker, a thin silver disc about four inches across quivers next to the woofer magnet.

SMITH

That's a murder weapon?

He reaches out and grabs the disc by the edge.

SMITH

Ahh!

He recoils and looks at his finger-- the tip is sliced open.

CAINE

Jesus.

He reaches out and takes the disc by the flat side. He tugs, but it won't come loose.

CAINE

It's stuck to the magnet.

He tugs harder, and all at once the disc flies out of the speaker at incredible speed, slicing through the fabric of Caine's sleeve, drawing blood.

Both of them instinctively dive to the floor as the disc zips across the room, smashing through anything in its way, caroming off the three walls and finally coming to a stop with a soft CLICK-- stuck again to the speaker magnet, fluttering gently.

Smith and Caine get to their feet, astonished.

CAINE

THAT'S a murder weapon.

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN PLAYGROUND BASKETBALL COURT

49

Storefront lights outline the silhouette of a lone teenager shooting hoops with the help of a dim spotlight.

A Hard RAP song BLARES from a ghetto-blaster.

This kid's got moves. He's his own sportscaster, giving a play by play, to the beat of the music. (should be a classic sequence)

Suddenly the spotlight goes out.

TEENAGER
(annoyed)

Ah, shit...

Turns around, FACE TO FACE with a shadowy figure, seven feet tall-- TALEC.

TALEC
I come in peace.

Talec moves like lightning, knocking the kid flat on his back.

Upon impact the images come fast, almost a blur-- the Teenager's sleeve is ripped by something sharp, a silver thread is shot into the flesh of his arm.

Headlights from late night traffic ILLUMINATE the two figures.

Something hard CRACKS against the Teenager's forehead, and a short slurping sound is heard.

And then, TALEC is gone. We catch only a fleeting glimpse as the shadow disappears in the night.

The Teenager lies dead, eyes open. Blood drips from a small hole in the center of his forehead.

CUT TO:

SO INT. SMITH'S CAR NIGHT

SO

CAINE

Right here. The brown one.

Smith pulls over to the curb in front of an apartment building.

The Speaker is on the seat between them.

Caine picks up the Speaker and starts to climb out.

SMITH

Where do you think you're going with that?

CAINE

Home. Where else?

SMITH

Switzer manual, page eleven. "Evidence

must be presented within--"

CAINE

(cuts in)

Yeah, great, but I've got a friend
I want to show it to first.

SMITH

If he's not authorized personnel,
I can't allow it. I'm taking the
disc to Switzer.

CAINE

Wrong. I'm not going to wait months for
some dickhead like Switzer to finish
a hundred page report on it.

SMITH

(abruptly)

Okay. Fine. What Switzer doesn't
know won't hurt him, right?

CAINE

Hey, I'm sorry about the dickhead
thing.

SMITH

Don't worry about it. Pick you up
at eight, partner?

CAINE

(puzzled by this guy)

Yeah, sure.

Caine grabs the Speaker and gets out. Smith pulls away.
Caine enters the building.
Smith turns the car around down the street and parks.
Waiting.

CUT TO:

51 INT. CAINE'S APARTMENT

51

The door opens and Caine enters. He is illuminated by the
neon sign on the adjacent building as it blinks on and off.

He sets the Speaker down and flicks the light on. The place
is small, untidy; everything we'd expect-- depressing as
hell.

Using the remote, he flips on the T.V. The picture, doesn't
come in very well, so he smacks the T.V. a couple of times,
hard. It clears. "High Noon" is on-- the showdown.

51

51

He looks back at the Speaker, thinks, then goes into the kitchen--

Takes a beer out of the refrigerator and opens it, still thinking. He closes the door, then stops, looking at a picture stuck to the front of the door with a magnet. The picture is of DIANE.

Caine stares at the picture.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HALLWAY

52

A door opens a crack and DIANE'S face looks out. Caine stands there, just looking at her. She's pissed-- SLAMS the door in his face.

The chain on the door is unlatched from the inside. The door opens.

53 INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT

53

Caine walks in past Diane, as she closes the door, locks it and stands with her back to it.

Before he can speak-- Diane hauls off and slaps him across the face- hard.

DIANE

Eight days, Jack. Don't you listen to your messages? I've been calling for a week.

CAINE

I can explain-

DIANE

Forget it. It's over. I already hate my job. I don't need a lover I hate too.

CAINE

Diane, come on.

DIANE

It's not fair okay. You spend every second fixating on murders and low life drug dealers. I don't need it! I can take abuse as much as the next girl, but this time you had me wondering if you were dead or alive.

CAINE

I never dated a coroner before. Is that

53

53

normal?

Diane slaps him across the face again-- Caine says nothing, just looks at her, hard, deep into her eyes.

DIANE

I can't decide who pisses me off more. You, for doing this--

He stares, moving closer.

DIANE

--or me, for letting you.

They kiss, like two people who don't want to, but know they have no choice in the matter.

CUT TO:

54 INT. THE SHOWDOWN A TOPLESS BAR

51

The front door is SLAMMED OPEN violently.. A silhouette appears in the door frame-- TALEC.

Pools of light and neon slice through the blackness. Talec looks up to the stage.

Several exotic dancers. Waitresses are topless, wear sixguns and cowboy hats.

We can barely make out Houston's finest seated in the darkness. Some of the exotic dancers appear to be companions.

A Hostess greets him.

HOSTESS

Well hello, big guy. I think I know what you need, what with the sacrifices you've made for being such a successful man.

TALEC

I come in peace...

In her eyes HE SEES:

The reflection of AZECK, weapon leveled.

Talec SPINS around--

The plate glass partition in front of him is shattered. The wall behind him is ripped apart by the blast.

54

54

AZECK stands in the doorway, holding an awesome looking handgun.

Their eyes meet. Both, rock steady, positively unnerving, a deadly CERTAINTY that one will die.

Without warning Talec sends a DISC--
The Disc runs amok inside the bar. Cutting and slashing everything in its wake.

Talec raises his hand, it comes back with a soft CLICK.
Azeck is nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly Azeck appears and FIRES three times in rapid succession-- Talec dives clear.
The entire bar is literally blown apart-- Chaos. Debris showers the room. The bar is destroyed.

Azeck turns back. Completely unfazed. Spots Talec-- escaping through the front door.

55 EXT. STREET

55

Sidewalks jammed with holiday shoppers.
Blinking Christmas lights. Yuletide MUSIC.
"Merry Christmas"-- Huge banners drape across the street.

Azeck steps out into view. Looks down at a small device in his hand. It has a horizontal line of five LEDS. The furthest right is blinking red.

--looks right. Catches sight of Talec as he disappears in the crowd-- Takes off quickly cranking up to full speed.

Talec runs down the sidewalk, legs pumping.
The first to fall-- a Santa ringing a bell for Vietnam vets is knocked to the ground. Talec caroms off three more pedestrians, continuing on into the street. Cutting off cars. SCREECH. HONK. Talec doesn't even look.

Azeck in pursuit. Obsession in his eyes, legs pumping furiously. Feet a blur.
LEAPS over the Santa like he's a crack in the sidewalk.

56 EXT. WILTON HOTEL

56

Talec SAILS over the hood of a parked car, stops. Turns back, SEES:

Azeck standing on the opposite side of the street. Weapon leveled-- RAPID FIRES!

A couple stop in the revolving door and look back as:

SL

Talec turns, runs head-on into three plate glass windows--
SHATTERING THEM one after another, as he disappears into the
lobby. The parked car behind him is repeatedly hit--
literally shredded apart.

The gas tank BLOWS. Blowing the vehicle up and over--

Talec continues into the lobby, backlit by the fire and
explosion as the car SLAMS down.

57 INT. WILTON

57

Azeck runs across the street, past the twisted burning
wreckage into the lobby-- TALEC is gone.

CUT TO:

58 INT. SEWER

58

Talec's hands move smoothly as he turns a small metal
clamp-like device upside down over a long narrow tube.

A quick suck sound is heard. The container he holds, which
was empty, is now about half full of a whitish/brown liquid.
The Flash of a laser seals it.

CUT TO:

59 INT. DIANE'S KITCHEN MORNING

59

Caine is cooking breakfast. Diane comes into the kitchen.

DIANE

I have to go to work.

CAINE

What about breakfast?

DIANE

I don't have time.

CAINE

Okay. I'll call you later.

DIANE

No. No, I don't want you to.
I mean it.

Caine looks up.

DIANE

I think last night was a mistake.
I don't want you to call me and I'm
not going to call you.

59

Pause.

CAINE

Any body ever tell you that you
have sex like a man?

She doesn't smile.

CAINE

Sorry. Come on Diane, we're good
you and me.

DIANE

Yeah? Then promise me something.
Promise me you'll be there when I
need you. Promise me you'll re-
member my birthday...I don't really
give a shit what it is, Jack, just
promise me something like you do for
everybody else.

Caine doesn't answer. Diane leaves.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. CAINE'S APARTMENT DAY

60

A taxi pulls up in front.
Caine climbs out and goes inside.

61 INT. HALLWAY

61

Caine gets to within a few steps of his apartment and stops
short, suspicious. His door is open a few inches and he can
hear someone inside.

He draws his gun. Pushes the door open.

62 INT. APARTMENT

62

The place has been trashed. Books have been pulled off the
shelves, dresser drawers emptied, television and stereo
components trashed or missing.

Caine's eyes lock on- A shadow on the wall from the other
room. Caine creeps quietly across the floor, his gun in
front of him.

Hears something, stops. Listens hard. His eyes lock on A
SHADOW moving across the wall in the other room. Caine
quickly crosses the room.

The Shadow moves, coming toward him. Caine backs up against
the wall.

A MAN comes around the corner, a faceless silhouette-- Caine grabs him around the neck and shoves the barrel of his gun against the base of his skull.

It's Smith.

SMITH

It's me! It's me! Don't shoot.

Caine lowers his gun.

CAINE

You were almost dead. What the fuck are you doing?

SMITH

I called this morning and you didn't answer. I got worried and came over. The door was open. Shit-- you live like a pig.

CAINE

I was robbed!

SMITH

How can you tell? Where's the disc?

CAINE

It's safe.

SMITH.

Thank God.

Caine shrugs his shoulders and walks past Smith.

SMITH

(after Caine)

Where are you going?

CAINE

To see a friend.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB

BRUCE, A short, desperately pale man of about thirty stands next to a large flask of bubbling brown liquid which is being heated by a Bunsen burner. He pours some into a styroform cup.

BRUCE

I gotta relax. Coffee, guys?

62

CAINE

63

Sure.

Bruce hands him a cup, then drinks from his own immediately. It helps. He looks at Smith, as if for the first time.

BRUCE

(to Smith)

You don't look so good.

CAINE

Be nice to him, Bruce. You'd never guess that he's a federal agent, would you?

BRUCE

A federal-- Caine are you crazy?! You know what I keep around here!

SMITH

Relax, That's not why I here.

BRUCE

Yeah, yeah-- sure. That's what the feds always say. They're like that tribe in Africa that always says the opposite of what they mean.

SMITH

Could we please get on with this?

Bruce takes a deep breath and puts his cup down.

BRUCE

Okay. In simplest terms, it's a magnet.

He leads them to a table where the DISC stands hovering in the middle of a circle of tall, thin electromagnets. Smith pulls out his notebook and starts writing.

BRUCE

The most powerful, self-contained electromagnet I've ever seen. It uses other magnetic fields as a means of propulsion. It can be programmed to select varying magnetic forces by way of that ring circling the disc's perimeter.

Caine and Smith exchange a look.

CAINE

(to Smith)

Don't say it.

BRUCE

See, in a field completely void of charge, like I've created, it simply hovers. But, if it picks up the degree of variation in polarity it's been programmed for, it takes off. The outside ring can be adjusted to whatever electronic frequency you want.

CAINE

So how can it be used as a weapon?

SMITH

The human body carries a small electrical charge. Tune the ring to that charge, and--

He draws his finger across his throat. Caine looks at Smith impressed.

CAINE

Very good.

BRUCE

Flathead's right. Like turning your radio to "kill". When it's attracted, it returns flat. But when it's repelled, it spins edge first. This is one very lethal CD.

Caine finishes his coffee.

BRUCE

So, tell me one thing. Where the hell did you get it?

CAINE

A murder case.

BRUCE

Bullshit. Nobody on this planet knows how to make something like this.

CAINE

Looks to me like they just figured it out.

Smith leans down looking at the disc.

SMITH

We have to give it to Commander Switzer.

BRUCE

You don't know what you're saying! The goddamn thing almost took my head off twice.

CAINE

(to Smith)

Let him finish. Then you can give it to your precious commander.

Smith reluctantly walks out of the room. Caine pulls Bruce aside.

CAINE

Hide it.

BRUCE

Gotcha.

CUT TO:

64 INT: SWITZER'S OFFICE

COMMANDER SWITZER sits in a heavy leather chair in his well-appointed office. He speaks on the phone.

SWITZER

I understand. Thank you. We'll take care of it from here.

He hangs up the phone. Thinks. Picks up the phone again and dials.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MORGUE

The face of the dead Teenager killed the night before stares, eyes still open. A HAND reaches out and closes them.

DIANE

I hate it when they stare at me-- like I'm suppose to bring 'em back or something.

Caine and Smith stand next to her, looking down at the corpse.

DIANE

Twelve more early this morning.

CAINE

What makes you think they're related?

DIANE

Nine of them had the same type of incisions.
This one came in earlier. Different.
A massive heroin overdose.

Smith glances at Caine.

DIANE

The potency of the stuff was incredible.
Like nothing else on the street. It had
to be yours. And he was no addict--
look.

She shows the needle hole in the Teenagers arm.

DIANE

A virgin. First timer. Somebody
killed him.

CAINE

What about the bullet hole in his
head?

An assistant has pulled a cart up next to the gurney the
corpse is on. Diane is pulling on a pair of gloves.

DIANE

It's not a bullet hole.

SMITH

What is it?

DIANE

I'm about to find out.

She picks up a small tool that resembles an electric
toothbrush with a small circular blade on the end.

DIANE

You want to stick around and find
out.

She hits the power switch, making the drill give a little
BUZZ for effect.

SMITH

Not me, thanks.

He heads for the door. Caine remains, looking at Diane.

CAINE

Cute.

Their eyes meet momentarily.

DIANE

(softly)

Sorry. I guess we still have to work together.

CAINE

Yeah.

DIANE

Oh, Jack..

He stops. She wants to say something, but points to an envelope on the table instead.

DIANE

Somebody from the station dropped that off for you.

Caine sees a Federal Express package and picks it up without saying anything and leaves.

Diane, frustrated, flips on the drill.

CUT TO:

66 INT. SMITH'S CAR

MOVING

SMITH

What's with you two, anyway?
Kind of a love-hate thing?

Caine doesn't answer. Opens the Federal Express package and finds an 8 by 10 glossy photograph.

SMITH

What's that?

Caine looks at it. It's a shot of VICTOR MANNING standing naked on one of the most stunning beaches in the world with a beautiful naked woman hanging on each arm. He's waving.

CAINE

That son-of-a-bitch.

A note is attached to the picture.

CAINE

(reads)

"Caine-- I win. You lose. That simple. Love Victor Manning. P.S. I asked Warren to look you up. I knew you wouldn't mind!"

SMITH

Who the hell's Warren?

CAINE

You don't want to know.

SMITH

Who is he?

CAINE

A very unpleasant piece of yuppie trash. I'm sure Manning wants him to kill me.

(pause)

The country of origin was Brazil. Like I thought. Rio. He went to Rio.

SMITH

Okay, so he went to Rio.

(pause)

Where to now?

CAINE

The airport.

SMITH

Are you out of your fucking mind? We're in the middle of a case.

CAINE

He killed my partner. I made a promise to myself. I don't expect you to understand.

SMITH

Caine, you can't just leave.

Caine looks down at the picture.

CAINE

Look at the son-of-a-bitch. He's smiling.

(pause)

Who said anything about leaving. Let's head downtown.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. DORIS'S

Smith and Caine pull up in front. the parking lot is filled with an assortment of cars. A lot of activity, the neighborhood hangout-- A couple of Homeboys are selling crack.

A DEALER is showing off his new convertible Mercedes to several of his friends. Lester is among them. The music blares from the radio--

They glare with antagonism as Smith and Caine climb out.

SMITH

How do you know he's here?

CAINE

He's here.

SMITH

How do you know?

Caine

Instinct.

(to the dealers)

Excuse me, gentlemen, which one shitheads know where Boner is?

DEALER

Who wants to know?

Lester wishes he were invisible. He starts to edge away.

CAINE

Hi, Lester. Long time no see.

LESTER

(to himself)

Shit...

CAINE

Listen pal, I'll kickstart that brain of yours if I have to.

Time to go.

Lester springs into action, knocks Smith flat on his ass. Spins toward Caine--

CLICK! A switchblade.

A razor sharp blade slices cleanly through Caine's jacket.

CAINE REACTS. Two explosive moves-- what the hell make it three, CRACK!

67

LESTER

Ahhh!! Fucker broke my arm!

CAINE

(smiles)

Got to work on your memory, Lester.

Lester looks in the direction of a brand new Cadillac. Caine walks over and taps on the window. Boner is huddling across the front seat glaring up at Caine

CAINE

Rise and shine, pukeface. I've got some hard questions for you!

Boner climbs out.

BONER

Don't start, Caine.

(looks over at Lester)

What the hell did you do to him?

Caine stops abruptly and becomes very serious. Stares over Boner's shoulder.

CAINE

How well do you know this neighborhood?

SMITH

Last night was it, why?

CAINE

There are two card-carrying members of the White Boys parked across the street.

Sure enough, a yellow Ferrari is parked across the street. Smith crams his neck to see--

CAINE

I said not to--

The Ferrari blasts away from the curb.

CAINE

Give me the keys!!

SMITH

Why?

The White Boys roar by and unleash a barrage of automatic weapons fire, blowing out the windows of Smith's car.

67

67

CAINE

That's why.

Shaken, Smith picks himself up and tosses the keys to Caine.

SMITH

It's the square one.

Caine opens the trunk and slings Boner inside.

BONER

(screaming)

What the hell are you doing?

You can't do this!

CAINE

Nothing to get excited about. You
have the right to remain silent..

Say goodbye to Boner as Caine slams the lid shut.

The Ferrari locks up the brakes, turns around and heads
back.

Caine and Smith jump in. MUFFLED SCREAMS of protest and
pounding echo from the trunk as Caine starts the engine.

CAINE

How we gonna out run a Ferrari
in this piece of shit?

Instead of heading in the other direction, he turns the car
around and heads straight for the oncoming car.

SMITH

(wide eyed)

Uh-- Uh--

CAINE

(surprised)

Good pick-up.

SMITH

--Uh--

CAINE

Must be a V-8.

The cars draw closer, a head on crash imminent.

CAINE

Only one thing in the world that's
important to a White Boy...

The Ferrari swerves out of the way at the last second.

CAINE

His car.

INT. EXT. INTERSECTION

Smith's sedan BLOWS INTO FRAME sideways.
Caine looks back over his shoulder--
The Ferrari has turned around and is already gaining.
Muffled screams continue to come from the trunk.

CAINE

Get on the radio. We need help.

SMITH

There is no radio. This is an
F.B.I vehicle. We solve our own
problems.

Smith ducks down, reaches under the seat and hauls out a
truely impressive looking automatic pistol.

CAINE

What the hell is that?

The White Boys open fire. The assend of Smith's car is
peppered-- QUICK INTERCUT Boner inside the trunk. He SREAMS
as shafts of light crisscross past his face.

SMITH

A modified M 11 Ingram Automatic
pistol. Fires 40 rounds per second.
I wouldn't travel without it.

CAINE

Is that standard F.B.I. issue?

SMITH

(smiles)

No fucking way!

Smith hops into the back seat.

Traveling at a tremendous speed, Caine brakes-- SLINGSHOTS
through another turn. The Ferrari continues to gain.

Smith unleashes his Ingram on the Ferrari.
The barrage ATOMIZES the front windshield of the Ferrari.
It almost disappears from view under the onslaught. It's
literally shredded apart-- The Ferrari swerves
out-of-control and snap rolls. It continues to BARRELROLL
like a spinning top finally coming to rest, upside-down in
the middle of the street...

66 A TWISTED WADDLED-UP CHUNK OF STEEL.

Smith WHOOPS in delight, then catches himself.

SMITH
What about Boner?

CUT TO:

69 INT. SMITH'S SEDAN

69

On what's left of it. Boner sits in the front seat flanked by Caine and Smith. He appears almost catatonic, in shock.

CAINE
--so what's the word on the street?

BONER
(shifts uncomfortably)
White Boys had another deal turn sour. Some huge fucker showed up. Killed everybody and split with the H. Left the money.

Smith looks over at Caine.

SMITH
Where are we going now?

CAINE
(to himself)
To see Warren.

BONER
My ears are still ringing, I must be deaf. I thought you said to see Warren.

SMITH
I thought I didn't want to meet Warren.

CAINE
So wait in the car.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. HIGH RISE DAY

70

Smith's car parks in front. CAINE gets out, SMITH opens his door. He and Boner climb out.

CAINE

70

70

I'm serious. Wait in the car.
(to Boner)
Say hello to Lester.

Boner can't believe they're letting him go. Takes off.

SMITH
I'll back you up.

CAINE
(shouting)
If I wanted backup, I'd ask for it,
okay? I don't need somebody else to
watch out for. Now stay put.

Smith slams the door shut.

SMITH
How do you know where they are?

CAINE
I've been here before. I just
never had a warrant.

SMITH
You've got one now?

CAINE
Now I don't care.

Caine turns and goes up the steps to the building.

71 INT. ELEVATOR DAY

71

Caine rides up in the elevator. He checks the clip on his
pistol and SNAPS it back into place.

72 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

72

This room has a spectacular view of Houston and is dominated
by a huge wooden conference table, around which FIVE or SIX
WHITE BOYS are seated.

At the head of the table near the door is WARREN, the
quintessential yuppie worm-- Perfect Haircut, trendy
glasses, red suspenders, yellow power tie.

WARREN
All right-- next. Martin, what's
the latest on the LBO of Trans--

Suddenly the door CRACKS open with one vicious kick,
revealing CAINE. Caine takes two steps into the room and
points his gun at the back of Warren's head.

72

72

Two WHITE BOY GUARDS who are standing on the other side of the room produce guns.

WARREN
(to the guards)
Hey, hey-- not here!

CAINE
The guns. Drop 'em or you got a dead CEO.

The guards look to Warren, who nods. They drop their weapons.

Caine backs away a bit, his gun still trained on Warren.

WARREN
Ah-- you must be Caine. I got a six page fax from Victor about you.

He looks at a ledger in front of him.

WARREN
You were supposed to be dead by the close of business today.

Warren takes his glasses off, gets up, and goes across the room to a wet bar.

WARREN
(with a sigh)
Victor's not going to like this at all. And I even had you crossed off in my day-at-a-glance. God, I hate overtime.

73 EXT. HIGH RISE DAY

73

SMITH is on the telephone in a booth next to the car.

SMITH
I told you, he's in there with them. I'm going in.
(pause)
That's murder.
(pause)
I'll take that risk. I'm going in.

He slams the phone down and is about to turn around when the glass SMASHES next to his face.

Smith recoils, his hand going to the side of his face, which is now bleeding.

A HAND reaches into the phone booth and grabs him by the throat.

CUT TO:

74 INT. BOARD ROOM DAY

74

Caine still has his gun trained on Warren.

WARREN

You shouldn't have come here, Caine. Victor's very pissed off. He didn't want to go to Rio until next month. The place is a carnival. He had to fly coach.

CAINE

Crime doesn't pay.

WARREN

You and your partner made a big mistake. And what the fuck is with this drug war you cops are calling. Did we forget a payment or something? Our sales in the last three days have gone straight into the crapper. Victor just bought a shopping mall in Tucson and he has to come up with six point four mil by the end of the month. If he can't raise the capital, we're all in some serious shit. We could be talking no bonuses this quarter.

CAINE

What drug war.

WARREN

Really? A few hours ago. Some guy shows up, guns everybody down and splits with the merchandise, leaves the money. It's sick-- it's un-American. You cops must've trained some maniac to--

Warren looks at Caine realizing the absurdity of the position.

WARREN (cont.)

Why, why, why am I being nice to this man?!

GUARD 1

Because you're going to kill him.

74

WARREN

Right.
(to Caine)
Nothing personal.

CAINE

And just how do you intend to
do that when I have the gun?

WARREN

Oh, I'm sure we can come up with
some-- leverage.

He gestures behind Caine. TWO MORE WHITE BOYS appear in the
doorway, holding SMITH between them. The side of Smith's
face is bloody.

WARREN (cont.)

How is it you cops say these things?
"Drop the piece or he buys it."

SMITH

I'm sorry, Jack.

Caine reluctantly drops his gun. The disarmed White Boys
re-arm themselves.

WARREN

Okay. Victor wants you dead. But
I have something more constructive
in mind. We have a drop. Things
being the way they are, I ought to
call it off, but we're starting to
have a serious cash flow problem.
So I want you to do it for me. Pick up
and delivery. And if your lunatic
shows up he'll kill another cop instead
of an educated man with a masters in
Business Administration.

CAINE

What makes you think I would do a
Heroin drop for you?

WARREN

(a look at Smith)
You'll do it. Or you'll get a
very bad reputation for losing
partners.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. HOUSTON AIRPORT NIGHT

75

People, planes, cars.

75 INT. LIMOUSINE NIGHT

7.

CAINE and SMITH ride in the back of a limousine, sandwiched between two gun-toting WHITE BOYS. Another WHITE BOY drives.

The car pulls to a stop at the curb in front of a baggage claim area.

CAINE.

Give it to me.

FIRST WHITE BOY

Do you understand the drill?

CAINE

Just give it to me.

The First White Boy hands him a small suitcase. Caine gets out of the car.

Inside, Smith wipes some blood from his cheek and looks up at Caine. He shrugs, as if to apologize.

77 INT./EXT. AIRPORT NIGHT

77

With the limousine hovering at the curb, Caine walks toward the baggage claim area, holding the suitcase.

He takes position at one end of the baggage claim carousel. A flight has just deplaned and about a hundred people are clustered around the carousel, waiting for their luggage.

Suitcases tumble down the ramp and onto the moving belt. Caine looks around warily.

He catches the eye of a RASTAFARIAN standing at the exact opposite point on the other side of the carousel, holding a similar suitcase.

The Rastafarian looks Caine over, sizing him up. Caine turns the suitcase and points surreptitiously to a sticker that says "Visit Aruba."

The Rastafarian nods and holds his suitcase over the carousel.

Caine does the same.

77

77

They slowly lower their bags at the same time and set them down on the moving belt.

The bags move around the carousel.

Caine and the Rastafarian link eyes, neither moving, both trying to see the bags approaching out of the corner of their eyes. The bag with the Heroin, the one headed toward Caine, disappears briefly behind the baggage ramp, which blocks Caine's vision.

A loud BUZZ breaks the air and the carousel lurches to a halt.

Passengers GROAN. Caine and the Rastafarian look at each other suspiciously.

Another BUZZ and the carousel starts again.

On the other side the Rastafarian reaches out, the bag with the money only about ten yards away.

Caine looks down the carousel. The Rasta's bag is nowhere in sight.

CAINE
(panicky)

Oh, shit Shit!

The Rasta covers the last few feet to Caine's bag with a few strides, picks it up, and falls back into the crowd.

Caine runs around the carousel, looking for the Rasta's bag.

It's nowhere.

He jumps up on the carousel. Looking over the heads of the crowd, he sees the Rastafarian meeting up with a SECOND RASTAFARIAN-- who is holding Caine's bag!

Both of them disappear through a set of swinging doors marked "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY".

Caine leaps off the carousel and heads for the doors.

78 EXT. AIRPORT NIGHT

78

Two White Boys, who had been watching through the car window with Smith pressed between them, lean forward.

FIRST WHITE BOY
He's running for it! Come on!

77

He opens the door of the car, dragging Smith behind him. As soon as Smith gets half out of the car, he plants one foot and viciously kicks the First White Boy in the crotch. He doubles over.

Not losing a second, Smith SLAMS the door on the Second White Boy, who is just climbing out.

Smith disappears into the airport.

The Second White Boy starts into the airport, but the First White boy stops him.

FIRST WHITE BOY
No! Around back!

CUT TO:

79 INT. AIRPORT SECURITY AREA NIGHT

CAINE bursts through the double doors into a warehouse-like baggage area. SLAMMING into a SECURITY GUARD and knocking him to the ground.

Caine catches a glimpse of the two RASTAFARIANS running around a corner.

He takes off.

The Security Guard calls after him.

GUARD
Hey!

Caine keeps running full tilt.

80 INT. BAGGAGE AREA NIGHT

As Caine rounds the corner, the First Rasta sails through the air past him and SMASHES headfirst into the wall.

Caine ducks.

The Rastafarian slides down the wall, crumpling to the ground, his head cracked open and bleeding profusely.

About twenty yards away, Caine sees the Second Rastafarian lifted up off his feet, his head held securely in the firm grasp of

--TALEC.

Caine freezes, staring at this seven foot horror dressed head to toe in black. As Caine watches, Talc flicks his

81

wrists gracefully, twisting the Second Rasta's head all the way around.

Caine gulps.

Talec hears the sound and turns to Caine, letting the Second Rasta's body drop to the ground.

Talec stares at Caine for a moment, decides he is harmless, and goes to the suitcases. He rips the first one open, sees the money, and leaves it.

He goes to the second one, opens it, sees the Heroin, closes it, and picks it up.

81 INT. SECURITY AREA NIGHT

81

SMITH comes bursting through the doors, knocking into the Security Guard again. The Guard tries to stop him but Smith flashes his badge.

SMITH
F.B.I.

GUARD
That way!

They take off in the direction Caine went.

82 INT. BAGGAGE AREA NIGHT

82

Caine pulls himself from his trance and aims his gun at Talec. Before he can shoot, Talec is on him. He grabs Caine by the neck and lifts him up.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE OPEN AREA,

the two WHITE BOYS skid around a corner. They stop dead in their tracks, staring in disbelief at the bazarre scene. They hide behind a pillar, still watching.

Talec HISSES at Caine and tightens his grip, preparing to do him in. Blood begins to ooze out from Caine's neck, running over Talec's fingers. Caine winces.

A SWISH cuts the air.

Talec's eyes go wide and he looks down at his chest, which has been sliced open and now flows with dark red blood.

In pain, he releases his hold on Caine, who drops to the ground.

82

82

About thirty yards away, another metal disc returns to its weapon with a soft CLICK! Holding the weapon is AZECK.

Caine lies on the ground at Talec's feet. Some of Talec's blood drips off his chest and onto Caine's hand. Caine pulls his hand away in pain, wiping the blood off.

Talec falls back, injured, SCREAMS. He picks up the suitcase of Heroin and runs, at enormous speed, vanishing into the depths of the airport.

Caine, dazed, looks up at AZECK in wonder. He notices a ten pointed star pinned to Azeck's body suit.

He thinks he understands.

CAINE
(weakly)

Get him.

Azeck takes off after Talec.

The White Boys step out from their hiding place, scoop up the money, and disappear in the other direction.

SMITH and the SECURITY GUARD burst around the corner as Caine gets to his feet.

SMITH
Don't anybody move!

CUT TO:

83 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

83

Caine and Smith enter. Caine favors his hand.

SMITH
Don't you want to have them
take a look at that?

CAINE
No, it's fine.

SMITH
Looks like a nasty burn.
(pause)
How's your neck?

CAINE
Sore. That bastard was almost seven
feet tall and stronger than anything
I've ever seen before.

82

83

SMITH
I'm listening. And?

CAINE
And, I think we're dealing with aliens.
And they're not from Mexico.

SMITH
They?

CAINE
There were two of them. I have the
feeling one is on our side, but the
other one is serious trouble.

SMITH
Jesus. That's a lot to swallow. Besides
we don't have any proof.

CAINE
What the hell do you call the disc?
--when I finish with Diane, we go to
Bruce's for the disc. Are you with me?

SMITH
(uneasy)
Yeah, sure, fine. Listen, I'll wait
out here for you okay?

Caine smiles, continues down another corridor.

84 INT. SMITH

84

Agitated, goes to a pay phone. He picks it up and dials.
There's a pause, then it's picked up at the other end.

SMITH
4311
(pause)
Removals.

CUT TO:

85 INT. MORGUE

85

Caine pokes his head in the door.

DIANE
I always thought I'd be the one
to wring your neck.

CAINE

You still can.

Diane hardens.

DIANE

No thanks.

She produces a clipboard and refers to it.

DIANE

I found out what your suspect is after. Endorphins.

CAINE

What?

DIANE

Endorphins. Hormones secreted by the pituitary gland-- They produce feelings of well-being, ecstasy, extreme lucidity. Increase brainpower almost ten times.

CAINE

Then what does he want with the heroin?

DIANE

Some drugs also stimulate the pituitary, and therefore, produce endorphins. Heroin is the most effective. When he attacked that teenager, he shot him up first-- an incredible dosage-- then bore some type of drill into his skull and sucked the pituitary dry. Some good craftsmanship, actually.

CAINE

Spare me the home improvements. Why would he want endorphins?

DIANE

Well, think, Jack. If you had access to a naturally secreted drug that increased brain and body power and had no addictive properties, don't you think you'd have a few customers?

Caine whistles.

DIANE (cont.)

Trouble is, we don't have the technology to preserve or administer the stuff. Not, in this country, anyway. The guys wasting his time.

85

85

Caine stares, the picture becoming clearer.

CAINE

I don't think so.

DIANE

I have to get back to work. Promise me
you'll take care of yourself, okay?

(no answer)

Hello?

CAINE

Hmmm? Oh, sure. Listen, I gotta go.

He hurries out of the room.

86 INT. HALLWAY

86

Caine comes out of the room and sees SMITH standing near the phone.

CAINE

Hey! Let's go!

SMITH

Right!

They leave.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. A STREET NIGHT

87

STEAM ESCAPES from a sewer cap set into a rain-soaked street.

WE SLOWLY DROP DOWN INTO:

88 INT. SEWER NIGHT

88

The dark catacombs of the city sewer, TALEC sits in a bazarre, hastily built "nest", his thin silver case open next to him. When open, the case reveals an amber video screen with a variety of strange symbols printing out across it.

Talec holds a long silver needle with little blue sparks coming from the end of it. He draws the needle carefully across the slash wound in his midsection. As the sparks touch his flesh, the wound is cauterized, coming together in a thin black scar.

The container he began to fill earlier is now nearly one-third full.

Open heroin packets are all around Talec. There is a row of small clamps, a needle protruding from the center of each and its "payload" area is filled with a murky liquid.

Talec, now healed, scoops them up and puts them in his pocket.

He glances over at a weapon, the same type of weapon Azeck used earlier. Then down at the small video screen, an amber curser flashes.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ALLEY NIGHT

CLOSE ON another amber curser, this one on the video screen from AZECK'S silver case.

Azeck punches in a few commands and a map of the city comes up on his screen. The amber curser moves to a certain area and stops.

Azeck studies the screen for directions, then closes the case and hurries off.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE BUILDING

Caine and Smith react--

The door at the end of the corridor is open. Bruce's lab is dark inside. They exchange a look and draw their weapons. Caine pushes the door open.

INT. LAB

It's completely dark. Caine flicks the light switch, NOTHING.

CAINE

Bruce?

CLICK! A small table lamp comes on. Bruce is seated-- He's been severely beaten, the lab is completely trashed.

BRUCE

I tried to lie, but they knew I had it. The bastards stole the disc.

CAINE

Are you all right?

BRUCE

Hell no, I feel like I look.

91

91

CAINE

Who were they?

BRUCE

I don't know. Troglodytes with bad haircuts. They looked like Smith here.

Caine looks at Smith, who gives Bruce a scathing look.

SMITH

That's terrific. Our one piece of evidence gone. Malone will never believe us now.

CAINE

Let's go.

Caine helps Bruce up.

SMITH

Where?

CAINE

We're gonna tell him, anyway.

SMITH

Are you nuts?

CUT TO:

92 EXT. 7-11 NIGHT

92

A FIGURE IN BLACK stands across the street, watching PEOPLE come and go.

93 INT. 7-11

93

A FAT GUY who looks Teddy Roosevelt stands in front of the counter, buying a carton of cigarettes, hostess cupcakes, potato chips and a six pack of diet coke.

He is conversing passionately with the counter guy, an IRANIAN, who bears a faint resemblance to Mahatma Ghandi.

A SKINNY SECURITY GUARD, a dead ringer for Barney Fife, stands by the magazine rack reading "Muscle and Fitness" magazine.

ROOSEVELT

I'm just sayin' there ain't no reason for Jim Morrison to show up at a 7-11 even if he was alive-- which he ain't.

95

GHANDI

The hell he ain't! He's a revolutionary,
he can't even die.

(turns to Barney Fife)

You were here. You saw him, was that
Morrison or what?

FIFE

Yeah, it was him. Different haircut,
a few years older, but definately--

Abruptly, the lights in the 7-11 go out.
NO PROBLEM.

FIFE

Everyone stay cool.

The emergency lights flash, throwing a harsh white glare
across the store.

TALEC looms up in front and pushes through the swinging
doors.

NO PROBLEM.

Fife pretends to look at the magazine.
Keeps one eye on Talc.

Talc keeps coming.

Roosevelt and Ghadi try to act nonchalant, but Talc is
heading towards them. Ghadi looks over at Fife.

Fife glares back, sighs, unclips his gun and steps out in
front of Talc.

FIFE

Okay. It's real simple. Hold it
right there. Nobody move until we
find out what's going on.

With startling quickness Talc GRIPS Fife by the neck.
Roosevelt and Ghadi react-- FLASH! Roosevelt opens his
mouth in a silent scream, as the disc slices through both
their throats.

Fife stares with disbelief. The Disc returns with a soft
CLICK!

Talc slams Fife to the ground. Fife looks up in horror as
his sleeve is ripped up--

Suddenly the front window shatters. The hostess display
next to Talc EXPLODES.

93

93

Talec moves quickly, rolling down an aisle out of the line of fire.

The doors burst open and Azeck enters. Quickly moves through the maze of displays and partitions.

Talec draws his weapon and RAPID FIRES. Azeck dives to the floor as everything in the immediate area is BLOWN APART. The dead body of Roosevelt lies face down beside him.

His hand grasps his side as he struggles to pull himself up. SILENCE.

His eyes narrow, mind racing. Pivots. And the two square off. Weapons aimed. Talec laughs, and is gone.

Badly wounded Azeck heads for the front. No sign of strain or emotion.

CUT TO:

94 INT. BUS

94

Idles at a red light.
A couple of passengers disembark as Talec steps in. The Driver, a black man glances back as Talec walks past. The doors close. The bus pulls away--

DRIVER

You can pay now or later, it doesn't make any difference to me.

Talec sits down behind the remaining passengers. Turns back. His lifeless eyes stare at--

The demolished front of the 7-11. Steam sprays from broken heating ducts. Lights flicker.
Azeck comes into view...
He's definitely seen better days. Keeps walking like a bloodhound on the scent.

CUT TO:

95 INT. MALONE'S OFFICE NIGHT

95

Malone sits at his desk, wide eyed. Caine is seated opposite, obviously just having spilled his story.

Smith is on the other side of the room.

MALONE

Say what?!

SMITH

25
I'm with you, sir. I think Detective
Caine is jumping to conclusions.
Commander Switzer says--

Caine turns and looks at Smith in disbelief. Malone buries
his head in his hands.

CAINE

(to Smith)

You son of a bitch. You saw the disc.
You heard what Bruce said.

(back to Malone)

Listen Captain, a friend of mine is in
the hospital becau-

MALONE

(cuts in)

You do this to test me, Jack. Is that
it?

CAINE

It's true, goddam it!

MALONE

Then bring me some proof. What about
this disc you claim you found?

CAINE

It's gone... Come to think of it,
somebody's been fucking me up at
every turn on this one.

MALONE

Am I sensing a bit of paranoia here?

CAINE

You're goddam right.

MALONE

(tired, sarcastic)

Okay-- It's all a conspiracy, Caine.
Everybody's in on it. There's a big
meeting tonight. I'm in on it, Smith's
in on it.

The phone RINGS. Caine turns in disgust and goes to the
coffee pot to pour a cup.

MALONE

That's cold.

Caine pours it and drinks it anyway.
Malone answers the phone.

95

MALONE

Yeah. What? Where?

Caine grimaces from the cold coffee. He looks daggers across the room at Smith, who avoids his glance.

MALONE

How many? Yeah.

He hangs up the phone and gets up.

MALONE

Your boy just killed two more people at a 7-11. But this time we got a break- an eyewitness. Let's go.

96 INT. POLICE STATION

96

Utter mayhem. Reporters, cops, the usual round up of Houston's finest, phones ringing off the hook.

Captain Malone goes ahead. Fights his way past reporters as they shout questions.

Caine pulls Smith aside. Smith speaks first.

SMITH

That wasn't fair to me. I've got a career to think about. Your career's over, you're stuck here in hell. But I happen to be on my way up!

(restrained)

I can't afford to start telling stories about space men. Not without real proof--

CAINE

Look asshole, you're not very bright and you're not very brave. If you are not going to help, just stay out of my way.

Smith starts to reply, but Caine stops him.

CAINE

Don't start with that Switzer crap, either.

CUT TO :

97 EXT. 7-11

97

The battle zone is cordoned off. Spectators watch from behind police barricades. Flashing lights.

97

97

Malone races up in his car, Caine and Smith in theirs right behind him.

Malone shows his badge at the perimeter and is allowed to pass.

Caine and Smith, behind him, are stopped-- not by a uniformed officer, but by two men in suits.

FIRST MAN

Sorry. Authorized personnel only.

Caine shows his badge.

CAINE

Detective Sergeant Caine. I'm--

FIRST MAN

Sorry.

CAINE

What do you mean sorry?

FIRST MAN

Read my lips.

He remains in Caine's way. Smith shows his badge.

SMITH

Agent Lawrence Smith, F.B.I.

The First Man shrugs and looks the other way, still denying them access.

CAINE

What the fuck is this?

He gets no answer.

Caine and Smith look up and into the store. Through the windows, they see that MALONE has been pulled aside by SWITZER, Smith's superior. Switzer is doing most of the talking.

CAINE

Hey, isn't that your boss?

No answer from Smith. Malone nods to Switzer and they both come back outside.

Switzer draws Smith to one side and they confer in quiet whispers.

Malone takes Caine by the arm and pulls him a few feet away.

CAINE

97

97

What's going on?

MALONE

The case is closed.

CAINE

What!?

MALONE

(shifts uncomfortably)

Go home Caine.

CAINE

What the hell are you talking about closed? Where are the bodies?

MALONE

Downtown.

CAINE

I want to see them.

MALONE

You can't. For once in your life back off! The case is closed.

CAINE

Case closed, my ass! I want to see the bodies.

MALONE

Caine, drop it! It's over and as of this moment, you're officially on vacation. Now beat it.

He turns and walks away.

Caine watches him go, dumbfounded. He looks over at Smith, who is shaking hands with Switzer.

Caine walks away. Smith quickly catches up and slaps him on the back.

SMITH

Well, I guess that's it. Nice working with you. Strange, but informative.

Caine suddenly snatches him off the sidewalk, into an alley, and slams him up against the wall.

CAINE

I'm getting tired of being fucked with and being lied to! Now give me some straight answers-- What did Switzer say?

97

97

SMITH

Let go of me.

CAINE

What did he tell you?

SMITH

I-- I--

Caine studies Smith's face carefully, realizing something.
He suddenly lets go of Smith.

CAINE

You don't know anything, do you?
He didn't tell you shit either.

SMITH

(his dignity ruffled)
I know what I need to know, okay?

CAINE

Bullshit. They're fucking with you
just like they are me.

SMITH

Believe whatever you want. I do my
job. I do what I'm asked, and I do
it well. I respect my superiors.
That's the difference between you and
me.

CAINE

No. The difference between you and me
is that- you don't care. You don't want
to know. You just want to please. You
know, you really are an asshole...

Caine turns and walks away.
Smith straightens his jacket.

CUT TO:

98 INT. MORGUE CORRIDOR

98

Doors burst open. A FEDERAL AGENT complete with earplug and
radio, appears followed by Diane.

DIANE

Because I'm the goddam CORONER, that's
why! If I don't count as Authorized
Personnel, I don't know who does!

AGENT

I'm sorry. I can't help you.

98

98

DIANE

I don't want you to help me. I want
you and your-- Jesus, look at you!
Get the hell out of my way!

AGENT

There's no reason to get personal.

Caine appears from around the corner.

CAINE

What's going on?

DIANE

Jack! Thank God. This-- this--

CAINE

Asshole?

DIANE

--this asshole won't let me into
my own morgue. Two corpses just
came in and reports are being made
out and signed with my name on them,
even as we speak, and I've been
forbidden from seeing the bodies!

CAINE

(showing his badge)

Is that true?

AGENT

I'm sorry, sir. Like I explained
to the doctor, the morgue has been
sealed. I'm just following orders.

CAINE

Who sealed it?

AGENT

I wouldn't know, sir.

Caine has heard enough.

Frustrated he takes Diane by the arm.

CAINE

Come on.

And leaves.

99 EXT. HOSPITAL

99

Caine and Diane walk out.

99

99

DIANE

And that's not all. Somebody stole
the records from last night's victims.
The bodies, the files-- everything. Gone.
I swear to God, I ought to quit this job.

They stop at Caine's car.

CAINE

You know what? You should.

DIANE

What's wrong with you?

CAINE

It's a new me. Listen, I'm officially
on vacation. I've got eight weeks
coming. Let's go on a trip. A long
one. You and me.

DIANE

Are you serious?

CAINE

Why not?

Caine opens the door. She climbs in.
He jumps in and starts the engine.

CAINE (cont.)

Let's go somewhere we've never heard
of.

Pulls away.

DIANE

What about my job?

CAINE

Quit. You hate it anyway. You've
a medical degree and more money in
your checking account than anyone
I know. Just quit.

DIANE

Don't tempt me, Jack,
(smiles)
because I'll do it.

THE RADIO CRACKLES

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Units W 26, 16 and 9 please respond to
the scene of a possible 187 at 2nd and Powell.

Meet 1 L 20 at that location.

CAINE

1 L 20. That's Malone, something big's going down.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. DIANE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

100

Caine's car pulls up to the curb.

CAINE

I promise. Vacation starts tomorrow.

DIANE

Right.

She smiles, kisses him, and then gets out.

CAINE

I'll see you tomorrow. Get some sleep.

DIANE

Hey, Jack?

JACK

Yeah?

DIANE

Mess with me on this one and I'll have your lungs filled with water.

He steps on the gas and pulls away.

Diane watches him go and smiles, then goes into the building.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. 2ND AND POWELL

101

THE FIFTH WARD. A ghetto. Empty burned out tenement buildings line the street. The area is virtually deserted.

A POLICE HELICOPTER circles around in the sky, its powerful searchlight piercing the darkness, shining down on...

THE BUS. The perimeter around it is cordoned off. Flashing red lights wash the walls of the surrounding buildings.

102 INSIDE. Malone's flashlight finally comes to rest on the dead body of the driver-- blood drips from a small hole in his forehead.

102

102

CLICK! The interior lights come on. Malone spins around.

SWITZER

Captain. You forgot to call me.

Malone glares at Switzer.

MALONE

Look around Switzer. It's no secret people are dying. You can strut your pompous ass around all day--

SWITZER

(cuts in)

Let's not let our emotions interfere with this investigation, Captain. I suggest you stop before this conversation becomes any more unpleasant. I want these bodies removed immediately and taken to the morgue.

Malone looks him dead in the eye.

MALONE

I don't fucking believe you.

SWITZER

You should. It would make this a more pleasant.

(smiles)

103 EXT. STREET

103

Caine pulls up. A sparse crowd is beginning to gather-- mostly homeless.

Smith is talking to another agent, spots Caine and walks over as Caine get out.

SMITH

Got your car back? How was your vacation?

CAINE

Where's Malone?

Smith looks over at the bus.

SMITH

Inside with Commander Switzer.

Caine glances around. His eye is taken to a figure. A HUGE FIGURE standing in the shadows. AZECK. Their eyes meet. Caine recognizes him.

103

103

SMITH

You know I'm very sorry about what happened. I really--

CAINE

(cuts in)

Blow it out your ass.

Caine walks away. Smith looks stunned for a moment, gives a little smile, then walks back to the agent.

Caine slowly walks through the crowd of spectators. Azeck holds up one hand in weak surrender.

His hand drops.

Caine takes a few steps closer to him. Azeck's eyes are glazed. Then WE SEE the side of his black body suit, soaked with blood. He must lean against the wall to stay standing.

CAINE

Who are you?

AZECK

A cop. Just like you. He must be stopped, Talec--

Azeck winces.

CAINE

Why is he here?

AZECK

They call it BARCI. A drug--
Rare and illegal on my planet.
When he gets enough to make his
trip profitable, he'll go back.
If he makes it, he'll bring
others here. Many others. They'll
kill your people by the thousands.
We are not what we appear to be--

He grimaces in pain.

CAINE

Will your people send others like
you to stop him?

Azeck shakes his head.

AZECK

I am the only one. They don't
believe me, or they don't care what

103

103

happens on your world. Help me. I've chased him-- forever, it seems. He killed a friend. My partner...

CAINE

I understand.

Azeck holds up the TRACKER.

AZECK

This will track him. Will you help me?

Azeck suddenly looks up over Caine's shoulder.

SMITH (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, I don't believe it.

Caine turns back. A very awkward moment.

CUT TO:

104 INT. SEWER

104

Hollow wind. DARKNESS. Echoing water drops.

Everything is Pitch Black. Except for the circle of dim light from above.

Caine, Smith and Azeck climb down the ladder. Reach bottom. Smith snaps on a quartz hallogen flashlight. The beam splits the blackness.

SMITH

Whatever you think of me, you've got to know I'm good at my job.

Caine helps Azeck continue. Smith glances back.

SMITH (cont.)

You have a hard time understanding that, don't you?

CAINE

No. I have a shitty time swallowing it. The only thing we have left to do is kill Talec.

SMITH

Who?

Smith looks at Azeck.

AZECK

104

104

It's not murder. It's justice.

Their eyes meet. Smith tries to read Azeck, studies him.
Both understand.
Caine looks up ahead.

105 INT. ANOTHER TUNNEL

105

THE HALLOGEN BEAM shines from a distance. FOOTSTEPS wade through water as the light draws closer.

CLOSE tracker screen-- Three LEDS are flashing.

SMITH (V.O.)

This doesn't make any sense.

CAINE (V.O.)

What?

Steam curls up across Smith's face as he looks down at the tracker-- Four of the Five LEDS are flashing.

SMITH

According to this we're sitting right on top of him. Where the hell is he?

Azeck points ahead.

CAINE

(to Smith)

Lead on.

SMITH

I'd like a gun please.

CAINE

You've got one.

Smith glances back at Azeck's weapon.

SMITH

One of those...

CUT TO:

106 INT. EXTREME CLOSE UP

106

WEAPON. Rack to Talec's face, as he slowly lowers the Weapon, then looks down at the tracker-- Amber cursor flashing. Next to it is his storage container, which is now three-quarters full.

He remains motionless, sniffing the air.

CUT TO:

(07 INT. TUNNEL JUNCTION

Smith shines the flashlight down one off-shoot.
Dim shafts of light shine down at intervals on the wet
streaked walls, receding into blackness.

AZECK
(whispering)
He's here...

SILENCE.

Smith speaks out, his voice bounces off the walls.

SMITH
(looking around desperately)
Where the hell--

Suddenly A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION of Light, Steam, and Cement
rip through the walls of the sewer. All three are nearly
knocked off their feet by the blast.

As the smoke clears WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of a figure-- Talec.

Azeck licks the sweat from his lip, barely breathing and
RAPID FIRES. The tunnel is ripped apart by the blasts.
Chunks of concrete fall from the ceiling.

Azeck's eyes widen-- A FLASH OF WHITE LIGHT followed by that
familiar SWISH OF AIR.

AZECK
Get down!

The disc caroms off the walls. A sickening scream. Caine
looks back as Smith falls to the ground clutching his
shoulder. The disc disappears into blackness.

Azeck grabs Caine, looks him in the eye.

AZECK
Go. Take your friend and the
tracker. If I fail--

CAINE
(cuts in)
You won't. You're a good cop.

Azeck smiles. Caine nods, then makes a run for it.

Azeck turns back. The Final showdown.

108

108 INT. TUNNEL

Caine with Smith in tow run like hell.
Behind them the tunnels are ripped apart by explosions-
BALLS OF FIRE MUSHROOM towards them.

The ground shakes from the explosions, dust and debris rain
down from the ceiling.

109 INT. ANGLE

109

Caine comes to the ladder.
The open manhole above. He quickly scrambles up pulling
Smith up behind.

110 EXT. STREET

110

Caine appears. Smith rises from the manhole, sweating in
extreme pain.

Caine helps him up. Looks down the shaft. Smith looks at
the tracker-- THREE LEDS, then TWO.

SMITH
He's still alive.

CAINE
Come on.

SMITH
Sorry.

Caine looks up. Smith has his gun leveled, chest high.

SMITH
I'll use it.

Caine looks at him, breathing hard, the expression on his
face a mixture of disappointment and contempt.

CAINE
I was hoping it wouldn't be you.
You were supposed to be my partner,
for Christ's sake.

Smith holds up the tracker.

SMITH
I'm taking this to Switzer.

CAINE
You may be an asshole, Smith, but
at least I thought I could trust you.

110

SMITH

110

I'm sorry.

Smith heads off into the night. Caine glances down at the manhole and then back at Smith, HOLD.

||| EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING

|||

Switzer paces outside the building, near a large fountain. He checks his watch.

He looks around and sees Smith approaching. Reacts to his shoulder.

SWITZER

Jesus Larry, you all right?

Smith says nothing.

SWITZER

Don't worry. You did the right thing. You did a fantastic job, as usual. And your record will reflect that. We have the disc and now this.

Takes the tracker.

SMITH

Why are they so important?

SWITZER

I told you what you need to know. I'm surprise at you, Larry, asking so many questions. You've been with Caine too long. Suffice it to say that they would be of great value to our national security.

SMITH

National security?

SWITZER

Trust us, Larry. We're the good guys, remember?

SMITH

Sure.

SWITZER

Good. I won't ask you to remove Caine yourself. You've done enough work on this one.

SMITH
Remove?

SWITZER
Don't be naive, Larry. You knew it would come to this. The military benefits of making a successful contact with this alien are enormous. Caine just wants to kill the alien.

SMITH
Successful contact? That alien is killing people.

SWITZER
You have to break eggs to make an omelette. Unfortunately there is one unpleasant detail left.

Smith sits down with his back to Switzer. Says nothing. Finally--

SMITH
(to himself)
My god...

Switzer quickly pulls out a handgun with a silencer on the end. Puts the barrel an inch from the top of Smith's head.

SWITZER
I'm sorry, Larry.

BANG!

A shot rings out. But it's Switzer, not Smith who's hit-- BLOWN straight back into the fountain, DEAD.

Caine steps into view, holding a gun.

Smith looks up and realizes what was about to happen.

CAINE
"Never trust nobody", Caine's manual page one, chapter one.

SMITH
(to Caine)
He was going to kill me?

Caine nods.

Smith stands, shocked. Pulls something out of his jacket-- The case notebook he so diligently kept.

SMITH

He was like a father to me.

He pauses, then tosses the notebook into the fountain.

SMITH

You saved my life. Thanks.

CAINE

Partners?

SMITH

Yeah.

CUT TO:

112 INT. CAINE'S APARTMENT

112

Caine administers to Smith, who is sitting at the kitchen table, downs a shot of Tequila.

Caine has tied a sling for Smith, whose right arm appears inoperative.

CAINE

That okay?

SMITH

Yeah.

CAINE

You wanna quit?

SMITH

Hell no. I didn't even think that was an option.

CAINE

It's not. Just testing you.

SMITH

Did I pass?

CAINE

Flying colors.

Smith grins. The tracker sits on the table.

SMITH

This is very wierd, Caine.

Caine takes the bottle from Smith, is about to take a drink from it when-- Smith holds his hand up for Caine to be quiet.

112

Caine looks at him.

112

Then he hears it-- a scraping coming from the front door of the apartment.

Caine and Smith look at each other, grab their weapons, and move to cover the door. They wait on either side.

The locks are undone one by one.

The door opens a crack.

Smith, behind the door, takes hold of the knob. Acting on a signal from Caine, he RIPS the door open as Caine levels his pistol at--

DIANE standing in the doorway with two suitcases.

DIANE

Surprise?

CAINE

(remembering)

Oh, God-- Diane.

Caine grabs her and pulls her into the apartment.

CAINE

Diane, you know I love you very much, right?

DIANE

(hard as hell)

Why?

(pause)

Jack, I just quit my JOB. Do you understand that?

CAINE

Diane, listen, I'm sorry but--

DIANE

Sorry? You're--

She breaks off frustrated. She goes to slap Caine across the face, but stops herself, trying to keep control.

SMITH

Careful, Caine. Don't let her get the upper hand here.

Diane turns and SLAPS Smith across the face. Caine sighs.

SMITH

Uh-- excuse me...

112

112

He leaves the living room, wishing to avoid the fight in progress.

Sits in the kitchen and picks up the tracker.

DIANE

(restrained)

What the hell did you think you were doing, Jack? Just seeing how many times you could jerk me around?

SMITH (O. S.)

(studying the tracker)

Hey Jack. What's to keep this guy from tracking us?

DIANE

What's he talking about?

CUT TO:

113 EXT. STREET

113

A figure in black stands by a window display, fake snow, twinkling lights, etc.

Stares at a PATROL CAR parked further up the block. A Deputy is giving a ticket to a Yuppie in a BMW. A Christmas tree is tied to the roof.

TALEC.

The strobing red lights wash his face. He turns back, WE follow his look up to CAINE'S APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

114 INT. CAINE'S APARTMENT

114

Caine yanks open the closet door.

CAINE

Come on, we're leaving.

Diane watches him from the middle of the room, confused. Yet hoping.

DIANE

My bags are packed.

Caine pulls out a riot gun. Smith looks over from the kitchen.

SMITH

(shouting)

I got four, shit, five, he's here!

114

114

Caine looks past Diane, in a mirror he sees the reflection of Talec's silhouette outside the window.

CAINE

(under his breath)

Oh, Jesus.

At that moment, TALEC explodes in through the window-- a maelstrom of glass showers the room.

With one fluid motion he grabs Diane by the throat and pins her against the wall. THEN ALMOST A BLUR-- connects with a tremendous blow sending Caine across the room straight back into the wall.

Talec turns to the kitchen. Smith steps into the doorway holding the tracker.

SMITH

Looking for this?

Smith throws it to him. Talec makes the catch. Smiles.

Then raises his weapon.

SMITH

(to himself)

Shit.

--RAPID FIRES

Smith dives as the kitchen literally disappears under the onslaught of firepower.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. DEPUTY

115

Standing next to the Patrol car clutching a radio mic. Flames appear from Caine's apartment.

DEPUTY

17 L 23, Code 6 at Hawthorn and Grand. Possible shots fired, and possible explosion, roll fire units. Will check for possible victims. Out.

Turns back. Reacts to--

Talec, dragging Diane along. Marching across the street, coming toward him. The yuppie rolls up his window.

DEPUTY

Hold it right there.

115

115

Talec keeps coming.

Backing away, the Deputy pulls out his service revolver. A
MISTAKE--

The BLAST from Talec's weapon picks the Deputy up and flings
him backwards, crashing through the windshield of the Patrol
car.

CUT TO:

116 INT. CAINE'S APARTMENT

116

Fighting the smoke and flames Caine picks himself up.
Adrenaline high. A man possessed.

CAINE

Diane?! Smith?!!

Coughing from the kitchen.

CAINE

Smith!

Smith appears through the smoke. He's certainly seen better
days.

SMITH

I can't take much more of this
shit.

CAINE

He's got Diane.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. STREET

117

Talec looks back at the BMW.

The yuppie shifts. Talec is moving again, this time, towards
him. The yuppie, scared shitless, jumps out and runs.

As Caine and Smith come out of the building the BMW roars
by. They quickly run over to Caine's car and jump in.
Caine burns rubber up the street in pursuit of the BMW.

118 INT. SEDAN

118

Caine grabs the radio mic.

CAINE

17 W 9. Officer down. In pursuit of
A WHITE BMW, it's got a Christmas tree
on the top! Proceeding north on Grand.

112

118

The Dispatcher's voice blares. Harsh and static.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Roger. All units, officer down.
Runaway going north on Grand. A
white BMW with a Christmas TREE on top...
Proceed with caution.

119 EXT. STREETS

119

Talec swerves crazily into the next lane, grinning like a child at play, weaving through N.D. traffic. Diane caught in the oncoming headlights looks over-- the speedometer is at sixty-five and climbing.

Talec looks behind him and sees Caine gaining.

CAINE

Put on your seat belt.

SMITH

Why?

CAINE

It's the law.

The BMW slingshots across an intersection A MISTAKE-- Four lanes of one way traffic, opposing traffic.

Talec swerves violently in and out of the one way traffic. Followed by Caine. Smith scrambles frantically for his seat belt.

Suddenly Two Patrol Cars, gumballs flashing, fill foreground converging on the BMW.

With no options left...Talec swerves, leaving the street-- CRASHING through the front of a Department store. So much for the Holiday spirit.

Complete chaos erupts as the BMW roars through, followed by Caine.

Talec accelerates out through the opposite side of the store showering glass and debris everywhere. It SLAMS Back onto the street, cutting across through the normal flow of traffic. Horns blare. The BMW once again leaves the street, this time cutting through a Christmas tree lot.

The BMW approaches fast. Talec brakes, spinning the wheel brutally to the side as the BMW bursts onto the highway.

119

119

Caine's car turns, almost taking it on two wheels, and shoots off onto the highway after them.

SMITH

Are we gaining.

CAINE

A little. He's headed east towards the desert.

120 INT. BMW

120

The speedometer is at ninety.

Suddenly a SIREN pierces the air. Talec looks behind him and sees a Patrol Car that has fallen in behind, giving chase.

Caine and Smith react.

The Patrol Car pulls up alongside the passenger side of the BMW.

A Deputy gestures for Talec to pull over.

Talec accelerates. Diane is terrified pounding on the side window.

The Patrol Car pulls up again, this time on the driver's side. The Deputy pulls his gun out and displays it.

Talec smiles. FIRES a disc into the Patrol car.

The Patrol Car veers violently as the disc runs amok inside. Blood splatters up against the windows. The car swerves-- SLAMS into a concrete overpass and explodes..

121 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY

121

Silhouetted by the burning wreckage, both vehicles roar by, doing well over a hundred.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. BAKER, TEXAS

122

Caine's sedan rolls into view. It slowly cruises the main street. Not much has changed as the wind whips through the dusty streets.

His headlights silhouette the white BMW which is parked in front of the gas station. EMPTY. The Sedan rolls to a stop in front of the market, which is dark. A couple neon signs bleed through the front windows.

122

122

Caine and Smith climb out. Caine looks across the street at the BMW and pumps a round into the riot gun.

SMITH

I want the big gun this time.

CAINE

Next time.

Smith pulls out his pistol, checks the chamber.

They exchange knowing looks.... Caine walks over to the BMW, looks inside. NOTHING. Then looks back to Smith.

Caine nods.... Then wordlessly they move out, each on opposite sides of the street.

Caine continues. Comes to a door. It slowly eases open, slightly wider. Caine sets himself, then spins and kicks the door all the way. NOTHING. The wind howls through the deserted building.

Caine looks back. SMITH IS GONE.

CUT TO:

123 INT. WAREHOUSE

123

Smith slowly moves into DARKNESS. The silhouettes of rusting frameworks and skeletal remains of catwalks span the building. Once overworked refining equipment rise up from view.

Smith stops. Looks up. An overhead ventilation fan slowly turns.... A shaft of hard white moonlight strobes across his face.

FOOTSTEPS echo above.

Smith looks up-- The top of the staircase, it's PITCH BLACK. He adjusts the grip on his pistol, slowly starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. ANGLE

124

Caine cautiously walks across the street. Ears cocked and alert. Listening.

INT. WAREHOUSE

124

Smith stops at the top of the staircase.
Behind him WE GLIMPSE movement. A FIGURE slowly moving
toward him. BACKLIT. It fills FRAME behind him.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. STREET

125

Caine FREEZES. Cocks his head. Looks up sharply.

Smith EXPLODES out through a second story window. Glass and
debris rain down.

CAINE'S SEDAN:

Caine looks down in horror as Smith SLAMS down. The front
windshield shatters as the roof collapses under the impact.

Caine looks up. Talec restraining Diane looks down. Makes
eye contact, then is gone.

Smith is still alive. His eyes are glazed, he coughs up
some blood as Caine helps him down.

SMITH

That's it, I quit.

Caine smiles, helps him down.

CAINE

You know something, Smith, I like
you. But you're still an asshole-

Suddenly Diane is thrown to the ground BEHIND THEM!

Caine turns back.

Talec snatches Caine and hurls him fifteen feet into the
air, then whirls back-- SENDS Smith through the front door
of the market.

Caine lands hard. Pulls himself up. Spins back, but it's
too late. SWISH-- The disc slices through his shoulder and
sticks into the wall behind him.

Caine looks down at the riot gun lying on the ground. Turns
back.

TALEC stands motionless. Senses something behind him....
Smith stumbles forward against Caine's sedan, wildly, brings
up his pistol, and FIRES--

Two rounds rip through Talec.

Talec SCREAMS. Recovers from the jolt of the bullet's
impact. Spins back, weapon leveled.

CAINE

SMITH!

Smith tries to run, but the sedan is hit repeatedly-- It EXPLODES sending him flying, cartwheeling to the ground. Badly hurt, nearly unconscious.

BACKLIT by the burning wreckage Talec whirls and fires again as Caine dives for cover. The building behind him is shredded apart by the blasts.

The burning wreckage lights up the street. Caine on the ground next to Smith.

CAINE

(to himself)

Aw shit, Jesus...

Smith's eyes open, coughs up more blood.

SMITH

(whispers)

I- I missed. Sorry.

CAINE

Forget it.

Caine looks across at Diane who has taken cover. Pause. We can hear the sound of approaching footsteps. Caine looks around frustrated, unable to tell exactly where they're coming from.

SMITH

(whispers)

You can't let him (cough) get away.

CAINE

Yeah. I've got him right where I want him.

Caine makes a break for it. Talec REACTS. Turns and FIRES:

The front of the Market is ripped apart as Caine disappears inside.

Diane catches sight of Talec through the burning wreckage as he continues after Caine. She stands.

DIANE

(shouting at Talec)

Hey!

Talec continues walking.

125

125

DIANE (cont.)
I'm talking to you, Goddam it!

Talec continues.

DIANE (cont.)
What's the matter? Afraid of a fair fight?

Talec stops in his tracks, turns back. Weapon leveled at Diane. A moment of extreme tension. Talec looks her dead in the eye, as she tries to remain composed... He doesn't fire. He just tosses his weapon aside, then slowly turns back.

CUT TO:

126 INT. MARKET

126

The silhouette of Talec stands in the doorway.

Caine charges through the market, holding his shoulder, breathing hard, frantically looking around for any sign of Talec.

He stops. Tries to control his breathing so he can hear. NOTHING. Continues on.

He reaches the back door. Yanks it open-- TALEC. Close enough to reach out and touch him. POINT BLANK RANGE- Talec BACKHANDS HIM so hard you can feel it.

Caine struggles to his feet. Accepts the challenge--

They exchange blows most of which would be fatal by human standards.

It's frightening to watch. Talec hits him again, and again...

Eye's INSANE.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Diane runs over to Smith, kneels down. One glance is enough. Smith dazed, struggles to rise. She restrains him.

SMITH
I'm all right. Where's Caine?

DIANE
Relax. He's doing fine.

126

Caine is hurled out the door onto the porch. He manages to pull himself up again. Talec grins, but is on him again.

Talec is taking his time toying with Caine. But enough is enough-- he picks Caine up over his head and flings him over the BMW.

Caine fighting for consciousness, face bathed in sweat, realizes the riot gun is no more than inches away, turns back.... His eyes wild and unfocused.

127 CAINE'S P.O.V.

His eyes focus. Talec slowly comes around the BMW. A smile. In his hand a disc. END OF CONTEST.

128 ANGLE

With his last bit of strength Caine grabs the riot gun, spins back and FIRES--

Talec's eyes go wide as he's hit ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE TIMES. With each blast his body CONTINUES TO RISE OFF THE GROUND- LIFTED and VIOLENTLY IMPALED on a tire rack. The pipe rips outward through his chest.

Talec's eyes are wide open, looks down in horror at the pipe sticking out of his chest.

Caine slowly picks himself up, bent over in pain, walks over and picks up Talec's weapon. Looks over at Diane and Smith. Talec HOWLS IN AGONY.

Suddenly Talec's body begins to shake. The skin begins to STRETCH and TEAR.

Like a telescopic ratchet- The ARMS, LEGS, AND BODY EXTEND. A HORRIBLE TRANSFORMATION. The skin of the creature is grey. There is still intelligence behind the eyes- Red-rimmed, yellow eyes.

THE CREATURE SCREAMS as it rises up--

TALEC
I COME IN PEACE!

Caine stumbles back several steps, brings up Talec's weapon.

CAINE
You mean pieces. Asshole.

And RAPID FIRES:

TALEC and the GAS STATION are ripped apart by the WEAPON--

THE GAS PUMPS BLOW sending huge bulldozing BALLS OF FLAME into the night. The EXPLOSION continues to rip through the station.
The BMW is blown over by the concussion the BLAST generates.
TALEC IS GONE FOREVER.

Caine walks over to Smith and Diane as the sun begins to rise.

SMITH

Shit. Do I look as bad as you?

CAINE

Worse.

Diane glances down at Smith, then back to Caine.

DIANE

So, where are WE going on our vacation?

CAINE

Well, I was thinking about RIO.

Smith stifles a laugh.

Caine gives him a dirty look, then flashes a broad grin at Diane.

CAINE

Helluva night, Huh?

Diane looks over at the sunrise. Turns back. Smiles...

DIANE

Yeah, Merry Christmas, Guys.....

FADE OUT: