

MANIAC COP

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Based on characters

created by Larry Cohen

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revisions

1

INT. WAREHOUSE - FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT

1

OFFICER THOMPSON (late 30s) is duct-taped to a chair, as PAVEL (late 20s, Russian Mafia) SLAMS him with a fist covered in rings. Blood spattering, skin tearing.

This beating has been going on a while.

TWO RUSSIAN MOB GUYS sit on tables nearby, drinking beers as they watch Pavel work this cop over.

THOMPSON

Wait... wait... you can't do
this... I'm a cop. Motherfuckers...

Pavel takes Thompson's badge off him, twists the pin around.

PAVEL

You think we don't know who you
are? We know.

(then)

Now stop crying, it will be over
soon... I have to take my daughter
for trick or treat.

And he grabs Thompson's ear, leans in to pierce it...

We deliberately look away, as Thompson SCREAMS, onto the faces of two mob guys. One of them (MOB GUY 1) walks towards the door to a hallway, opens it --

2

INT. WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

2

Enters the hallway, where another YOUNG MOBSTER smokes a cigarette. Mob Guy 1 bums a smoke, as we pull back down the hallway, muffled screams reverberating, panning away and push towards the open window --

3

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 3

Out the window, looking at the street below -- a BLACK AND WHITE PATROL CAR pulls up behind the dumpsters, out of sight.

The trunk pops open. A shadowed figure in UNIFORM climbs out, heads to the open trunk, and pulls out equipment --

ON SHADOWY FIGURE

Putting on RIOT GEAR -- we never get a good look at him. His gloved hands buckle body armor, load a shotgun. Pulling down the face shield on his RIOT HELMET.

He moves with steady determination toward the back door of this five story warehouse building, aiming his shotgun at the lock -- FIRES -- then KICKS the door inward, and we follow...

4 INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 4

(Entire sequence playing in one seemingly-extended take)

...As Riot Cop charges the empty hallway, hands on the shotgun -- the sounds of heavy breathing, booted footsteps echoing off the walls. And then...

The sounds of men yelling to each other in Russian, approaching footsteps. Riot Cop levels his shotgun, still charging at a steady, clip -- his movements purposeful and military in their precision.

A RUSSIAN MOBSTER rounds the corner at the far end of the hallway. Riot cop FIRES THE SHOTGUN -- a BOOMING, skull rattling sound --

BUCKSHOT tears through the Russian mobster's chest, impact lifts him off his feet --

Another RUSSIAN pops out, SHOOTING -- his bullets whizzing past Riot Cop -- who dives, rolls, FIRES TWICE through the Russians side, blood painting the wall. Without breaking stride, Riot Cop pumps another shot into the writhing Russians face, heads through a doorway --

5 INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 5

Moving up stairs -- the sounds of footsteps descending from above. Riot Cop crouches into position, waits -- footsteps grow louder, as RUSSIAN emerges from the floor above. Riot Cop quickly fires at Russian's legs, dropping him down the stairs --

-- waiting, then BLASTING Russian in the face as he rolls past. Riot Cop continues his methodical ascent to...

6 INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - FORTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 6

A wide floor lined with shipping crates. Riot Cop charges through the maze of crates, voices and footsteps surrounding.

GUNSHOTS ring out -- forcing Riot Cop to hit the deck, wood splinters erupting around him. He rolls to his feet, whips around --

To the RUSSIAN approaching from the other direction. Riot Cop fires once, then click...

He gently slides his shotgun across the floor, pulls out a STEEL PLATED NIGHT STICK --

Russian fires again, drilling Riot Cop in the FLACK VEST, dropping him to his knees, as he swings the club at the approaching Russian's knees --

CRACK -- followed by a painful howl. The Russian drops. Riot Cop quickly, and savagely swings the night stick, cracking the Russian's skull. He swings again and again, busting apart his head like a melon. He picks up the shotgun, methodically reloads 2 shells, as...

The next Russian emerges (the SMOKING MOBSTER from earlier) feet away --

BLAM! He goes down, to his knees. BLAM! Riot Cop finishes him off.

And takes off again, breathing hard and ragged, but determined and relentless in his assault.

He heads for metal stairway leading to the top floor -- stops at the bottom step to reload four more shells. We hear the sound of a door opening on the floor above.

A VOICE yells in Russian to Riot Cop. It's MOB GUY 1 (the one who bummed the smoke). He sounds desperate, frantic, begging. He tosses his gun down the stairs. Riot Cop finishes reloading, jogs up the stairs --

Comes upon Mob Guy 1 whimpering -- hands in the air, kneeling, looking away in surrender. Riot Cop doesn't skip a beat -- FIRES -- blowing half his head off. Riot Cop continues through the door...

7 INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 7

Charges through the hallway, reaching the door. Pauses, then boots it open --

8 INT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - FIFTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 8

Revealing battered Thompson in the chair, Pavel -- FIRES a 9MM at Riot Cop, who fires back, charges --

Pavel knocks the shotgun out of the way, as it fires again, narrowly avoiding a headshot. Riot Cop slams his free hand around his throat, takes him DOWN, straddling him.

Pavel struggles, arms flailing, as Riot Cop drives the butt of the shotgun into his face, again, and again...

THOMPSON

Yes! Fuck you, motherfucker! Fuck you!

Thompson tries to watch this, but Riot Cop is behind him... he turns his head as far as he can.

Riot Cop slams the rifle into what's left of Pavel's head too many times, then sits up, catches his breath.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey, man! Get me out of this shit... you okay?

Riot Cop stands, walks over to him, so he can see him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

You okay? You're bleeding, man...

Riot Cop, back to us, lifts his face shield, and Thompson shuts up, his eyes going wide in horror --

9 EXT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE - FIFTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 9

Outside -- as Thompson, still taped in the chair, SMASHES OUT the top floor windows -- screaming as he tumbles through the air --

Until he SPLATS on the pavement far below.

He lies there, head smashed into the concrete, limbs broken, chair partly in pieces, dead.

And up in the shattered windows, the Riot Cop looks out, lowering his face mask again. Off in the distance, police sirens approach. We glide away from the window, turning towards the glimmering lights of downtown Los Angeles.

MANIAC COP

10 INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 10

Continuing the PUSH IN to the MANIAC COP's silhouette...

On the hard face of FRANK MCCRAY - 40s, a tough but worn-down ex-cop --

-- the sound of the police radio cross fading to SOUNDS of FUCKING. Loud fucking.

WIDER ON FRANK -- he wears a suit with his tie hanging loosely - leans on the wall, arms crossed, near a HOTEL ROOM DOOR. The sex is happening in that room and he's just waiting for it to end.

His expression says it all, this is what it's come to. He shuts his eyes. As the sounds build in intensity, Frank's blood boils.

11 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 11

A SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS

TERESA MADISON, early 30s, African-American, suiting up in an LAPD officer's uniform --

It's methodical, ritualistic, presented piece by piece -- the navy blue shirt, the tightly pressed slacks, shoes, belt, gun, and finally the hat --

12 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT 12

AERIAL SHOT -- slowly pushing towards a high floor of the BONAVENTURE HOTEL, it's mirrored glass cylindrical towers a relic of 70s modernism, a stark architectural contrast to rest of the downtown skyline.

13 INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - HALLWAY - LATER 13

The Hotel Room Door is open, and an OLD MAN in a hotel bathrobe presses a cash-filled envelope into Frank's hand. In the room, MONICA - mid-20s, gorgeous high end call girl - is on the edge of the bed, finishing getting dressed.

Frank tucks the money away, and then the Old Man flashes a TWENTY and stuffs it into Frank's breast pocket, sneering, pats his chest.

OLD MAN

Here's a little extra for you, big man. For all the waiting.

Frank's about to say something that he'll regret -- when Monica glides up and cuts the tension, kisses the Old Man's cheek.

MONICA
Night, Judge Ziliax. Happy
Halloween.

She grabs Frank's hand and drags him away down the hall.

At the elevator bank, Monica presses the down button, as Frank looks back at the Judge, who's still in the doorway with a shit-eating grin.

Frank's hands clench into fists. The elevator pings open and they get in.

14 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - DECK - NIGHT 14

ON JULIUS, 50s, back to us, phone to ear -- a white guy who talks like a street hood, dressed in expensive clothes. He stands on the deck of his expensive house in the hills, the sprawl of the San Fernando Valley twinkling behind him.

JULIUS
He said you gave him some attitude.

FRANK (O.C.)
Who?

JULIUS
Who the fuck do you think?

15 EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 15

AERIAL SHOT -- descending towards a TOWN CAR, driving away from the cluster of tall buildings, towards the endless sprawl of the city.

FRANK
I don't know, man, it's been a long
night.

16 INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT 16

Frank drives and Monica sits in the back. She takes a sip from a flask. INTERCUT between Frank and Julius.

JULIUS (O.C.)
The judge, motherfucker.

FRANK
Fuck him, I didn't say a word.

JULIUS
Well, he mentioned it. So you keep
that shit in check.

A long beat.

JULIUS (CONT'D)
You hearing me?

FRANK
Yep.

JULIUS
I'm telling you, man, s'what
happens when you shit where you
eat.

FRANK
All right, all right, I get the
point.

JULIUS
And no more of that cop shit, Frank
-- You ain't a cop no more, stop
givin' everyone cop eyes all the
time. Creepin' motherfuckers out.

FRANK
Jesus... Anything else?

JULIUS
Nah... Go get your gay ass beauty
sleep.
(hangs up)

Frank looks straight ahead. Monica leans forward and offers
the flask to Frank.

FRANK
I'm good.

She nods, stretches on her back across the back seat. She
reaches into her purse, pulls out a little red notebook and
pen.

MONICA
How do you spell Ziliax?

FRANK
Z-I-L...

Monica writes it in the book, along with the time of day,
location.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I-A-X... one L, I'm pretty sure.

MONICA
Thank you...

She finishes writing, puts it back in her purse, takes another tug off the flask.

FRANK
And be careful with that thing.

MONICA
Don't worry. Just a little insurance, you know... Protection.

FRANK
I protect you.

MONICA
Sure you do.

They ride together in relative silence. There's a casual comfort between the two, but also an unspoken tenderness. She closes her eyes.

FRANK
You alright, though?

MONICA
Just tired.

FRANK
Yeah...

MONICA
You stayin' over tonight?

Frank looks at his watch, stares at the lights ahead. He nods.

FRANK
If that's cool.

MONICA
It's very cool.

A NEWS VAN veers in front of him, cutting down a side street, and Frank slams on the brakes. Monica is jostled around in the back.

FRANK
Motherfucker!

MONICA
Jesus!

As he drives down the one way street in a normally desolate, industrial area, he's stopped by a UNIFORM COP -- TERESA holding her hand up. Ahead, the street is blocked by police cars, screaming sirens.

17 EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

17

We realize this is the same Warehouse from before. Frank opens the driver's side door and steps out, holding it open. He surveys the scene -- cordoned off with CRIME SCENE TAPE.

WE TRACK PAST SILHOUETTED UNIFORMED COPS standing around the vehicles and bodies, as a few NEWS VANS set up, REPORTERS being kept back by COPS. ONLOOKERS watch from the sidewalk.

Inside the car, Monica watches him, following his eyes -- seeing how they linger on the cops and the crime scene tape.

As he studies the scene, Frank notices a BLACK AND WHITE PATROL CAR a block away, passing by -- the car pauses, the dark figure inside looks at Frank for a split second, before continuing on its way. Frank watches suspiciously.

He looks behind, sees they're blocked in on all sides. Some of the cars around them in the traffic jam HONK their horns. He sinks back into the car.

18 INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

18

He shuts the door.

MONICA

What's up?

FRANK

I don't know, something major. Lot of uniforms. We're not going anywhere for a while...

He holds out his hand to her --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Gimme that...

She passes him the flask, and he uncaps it.

19

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

19

ON TERESA holding her position as a CROWN VIC rolls up, detectives WESTON, 40s, and NEARY, 30s, step out, walk with purpose towards the crime scene. Teresa walks alongside them, keeping stride.

WESTON

Where are the rest?

TERESA

Inside. Seven bodies. Neighbors heard gunfire, said it sounded like a war for about five minutes.

NEARY

Must've been ambushed by a rival gang. Albanians, I'd bet.

WESTON

(noticing the media vans)
How the fuck did these guys know about this shit before us?

TERESA

Because of this.

Teresa hands Weston her phone. On it, a distant, pixelated image of the Maniac Cop silhouetted in the window.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Posted on Instagram. Happened before we arrived.

NEARY

Why didn't you take it down?

TERESA

We're working on it.

NEARY

Who took it?

Teresa motions with her head. Weston and Neary turn towards...

A group of GANGBANGERS -- standing just off the crime scene, hatred in their eyes.

NEARY (CONT'D)

How the fuck did this happen...

Weston and Neary head to the crime scene as Teresa lifts the yellow tape for them to step underneath. She starts to follow, when Neary turns to her --

NEARY (CONT'D)
We got it from here, Madison.

She drops the tape, nods, watches as they approach the bodies. She turns around as another car pulls up -- out steps LT. RIPLEY (tough, late-50s) who walks towards the scene.

TERESA
(lifting the tape)
Lieutenant.

He passes her, ducks under the tape, consumed with the scene before him. Grim tension hangs around the men as they look at the body.

Teresa turns her back to the scene, standing guard -- though clearly, she'd rather be on the other side of the tape.

20 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM 20

Frank lies awake, with Monica curled up against him naked.

He looks at her, her face so peaceful, her leg draped over him, so smooth and perfect. Then he slowly slips out of bed.

21 INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 21

He walks into the kitchen, opens a cabinet, grabs a glass and bottle of whiskey. He sets them down on the kitchen table, takes a seat.

He pours himself a small glass, downs the whiskey. He pours himself another.

SLOWLY BOOMING UP

Until we can see out the window behind him, down below, across the street, A PATROL CAR -- silhouetted cop inside looking in Frank's direction.

Frank senses something, turns towards the window, sees the car.

He looks intently, trying to make out the officer behind the wheel.

MONICA (O.C.)
Hey...

Frank turns, momentarily startled, to see Monica standing in the doorway.

MONICA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

FRANK
Nothing. Couldn't sleep.

He quickly looks back out the kitchen window and the COP is nowhere to be seen. Weird.

MONICA
Drinking all my whiskey?

FRANK
Yeah.

She walks into the kitchen, sits on Frank's lap.

MONICA
Give me a sip of that.

He hands her his glass, and she sips it.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Don't feel like coming back to bed?

FRANK
In a minute.

MONICA
Okay.

She hands him the glass, and pours a little more. She nuzzles her head on his shoulder, closes her eyes. He wraps his arm around her -- sips from the glass.

22 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

22

AERIAL SHOT -- pushing towards merging freeways, like veins twisting through the endless sprawl of the city. We move in on the BLACK AND WHITE PATROL CAR -- snaking its way down the road, a shark searching for its prey.

We pan off of it, towards the scattered red tail lights up ahead...

23 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - DAY

23

VIEW OUT OF WINDSHIELD --

Traveling East over the 7th St. Bridge, cross the LA river towards Boyle Heights. The low purr of the Dodge Charger engine is interrupted by the squawk of POLICE RADIO.

We slowly pullback to reveal the silhouetted head and shoulder of the UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER driving, hand on steering wheel.

Up ahead, a TRICKED OUT MERCEDES -- rims, spoiler, LED lights -- cruising at a high speed in the left lane.

The patrol car accelerates, pulling up behind the Mercedes but keeping its distance.

The Mercedes pulls into the right lane, stops at a red light -- we slowly roll up next to it, loud music blaring from its open windows.

In the car, two HISPANIC MALES, GANGBANGER TYPES who pretend not to notice the (unseen) cop idling next to them. It's a long drawn out moment, until the light turns green --

They cut a quick right -- we/off camera officer follow. They drive cautiously, but trying to get ahead.

They turn down another street and we follow, then another street --

As we accelerate, taking off after them, get right behind them, chirp the siren -- RIDING THEIR TAIL -- uncomfortably close

The officer reaches for the CB -- we still haven't yet seen his face, as he gets on the PA --

UNIFORM COP
(o.c.)
Pull over.

They keep driving, down the desolate, sun soaked street.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)
(o.c.)
Pull over.

Finally, they oblige, and we pull over behind them.

Wide profile on the two cars -- a long, drawn out beat of the two vehicles in this formation. Silhouette figures inside in a front to back standoff.

ON THE CHARGER DOOR

Opening, Uniform Cop stepping out -- we still haven't seen his face. FOLLOWING as he walks towards the Mercedes, thump of the music growing louder.

We tilt down to his hand resting over the gun in his holster.

As he arrives at the rear of the Mercedes, we'll follow his hand as he places two fingers on the trunk -- leaving his prints. Standard operating procedure.

UNIFORM COP
Turn off the music.

No response.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)
TURN OFF... THE MUSIC!

Again, a long beat. Every response seems to follow too much deliberation. Eventually, the music shuts off.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)
Show me your hands.

GANGBANGER
Qué coño?

UNIFORM COP
Hands! Hable Ingles!

Uniform Cop unholsters his gun, holding it down at his side.

GANGBANGER
Que no hacer nada!

UNIFORM COP
English! Show me your hands, now!

Still holding the gun down low, not wanting to antagonize the situation. We still haven't seen into the car, only know what Uniform Cop knows.

After an excruciating long pause, Hispanic Male 1 holds his hands out the window.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)
Both of you!

Hispanic Male 2 holds his hands out the passenger window. Uniform Cop cautiously holsters his weapon proceeds towards the driver's window, stopping just next to door frame.

Hispanic Male 1 turns back to see Uniform Cop.

COP
Are there any firearms in the
vehicle?

GANGBANGER
No.

COP
If I search this car I'm not gonna
find any firearms or drugs?

GANGBANGER
No, man.

They stare each other down. The guy in the passenger seat
looks straight ahead -- we can only see the silhouetted back
of his head through the rear window.

COP
Driver's license and registration
please.

GANGBANGER
What I do?

COP
Driver's License and registration.

GANGBANGER
What I do?

COP
I'll explain all that to you, sir,
after I run your license.

GANGBANGER
Cuz I wasn't speeding... I was
driving the limit.

COP
Sir...

GANGBANGER
(under his breath)
Fuck... this is harassment, man.

He hands the cop his papers. The cop takes them, looks at the
license.

COP
I'll be right back.

The cop walks back to his patrol car, and we lead, getting our first look at Uniform Cop's face -- a typical, square jawed, military looking LAPD officer in aviator shades.

He, climbs into the Charger --

25 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

25

Sits down, holds the license in one hand while typing in the info into the computer. Beyond the computer, we see the Mercedes through the windshield.

The driver's side Mercedes door opens -- the Gangbanger steps out of the car --

UNIFORM COP
Step back into the vehicle!

GANGBANGER
No tienes nada!

UNIFORM COP
Sir, I'm warning you!...

GANGBANGER
Esto es acoso!

The passenger door opens, Gangbanger 2 steps out.

UNIFORM COP
GET BACK IN THE CAR!

GANGBANGER 2
Esto es una mierda!

The Uniform cop opens his door and stands, keeping the car door as a barrier, unholsters his weapon and points it.

UNIFORM COP
Stop right there!

Both men stop, continue yelling at the cop, incredulous --

We're still watching all of this unfold from over the Uniform Cop's shoulder, not knowing if the two men are armed.

From behind them, another PATROL CAR rounds the corner, heads directly towards them, skids to a stop on the other side of the Mercedes.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)
Back in the car, now! I won't tell you again!

The Gangbangers see the Patrol Car behind them -- they're now boxed in on both sides. Uniform Cop seems relieved backup has arrived.

A COP opens the driver's door and steps out, weapon in hand -- from this distance, with the bright sun at his back, it's impossible to make out features -- he's in pure silhouette.

Gangbanger 1 slowly raises his hands, Gangbanger 2 following suit, as Uniform Cop holsters his weapon...

At that moment...

THE 2ND COP -- THE MANIAC COP -- OPENS FIRE on the gangbangers -- empties his clip --

Bullets tear through both men, shattering the Mercedes' windows, blowing holes through the once immaculate car body.

Uniform Cop is startled -- he's not sure what prompted this reaction.

It's a quick and ruthless assassination. Both men drop to the ground, never knew what hit them. Dust settles.

Uniform Cop stares at the silhouetted Maniac Cop, who drops out his clip, reloads another. A strangely calm, still moment.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)

Hey! What the fuck?! Why di--

Without hesitation the Maniac Cop aims his gun and unloads on Uniform Cop, peppering the open door, windshield, and Uniform cop with a barrage of gunfire --

Blood sprays from his shoulder, neck -- he drops to the ground, stunned, in shock, gun clattering to the pavement.

UNIFORM COP POV

Looking under the car door, at the Maniac Cop's feet, marching towards him --

The critically injured Uniform cop reaches for his gun, just as the Maniac Cop arrives --

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)

What the fuck...?!

The Maniac Cop stands over him -- dust and smoke in the air, sun bright behind him, creating shafts of light surrounding his ominous silhouette. He's a dark void in the hot sun.

He lifts his night stick -- then pull the handle, revealing a long blade inside.

WIDE ON THE CARS

The distant figure of the Maniac Cop standing over the injured officer, as he pounces with the blade -- stabbing multiple times. We're too far away to see the penetration of blade, only the violence of the motion, the body language -- an animal pouncing on injured prey.

He finishes, stands...

BACK ON THE MANIAC COP

WE PUSH IN to the dark nothingness of his visage, as the dispatcher squawks over the radio...

26

INT. DENNY'S - MORNING

26

Behind the lunch counter, a TV is in the middle of a NEWS REPORT, playing a cellphone video, shot from a great distance of the Maniac Cop walking away from the crime scene, getting in his car and driving off.

TV

Police insist the killer is not a member of the LAPD, but rather someone impersonating an officer. Mayor LaRuffa spoke to the press, urging residents to remain calm...

The image cuts to MAYOR LARUFFA speaking to the press.

MAYOR LARUFFA

This is an ongoing investigation, and our people are following every leads. But it's important that we let the LAPD do their job...

The TV fades out as we track across the diner to a booth --

Teresa sits across from her father, THOMAS MADISON, 60s. On the table next to their breakfast is a copy of the LA TIMES -- it's headline: **MANIAC COP ON THE LOOSE?**

THOMAS

They've been working on that road for the last two years. Pretty sure they've got a five year contract with the city, which keeps getting renewed. It's a money grab.

TERESA

Yeah, well, it's added about 20 minutes to my commute. Anytime after 3:30, forget it. Might as well walk.

Teresa looks at the paper, the photo of the silhouetted cop.

TERESA (CONT'D)

You think he's a cop?

Thomas takes a beat.

THOMAS

I never rule anything out. Seen too many things that I never would've believed before I'd seen em. The question is, why? He's going after cops and criminals. What's the pattern?

TERESA

What if there is no pattern... maybe that's the point.

THOMAS

What do you think?

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA

As long as I'm in a uniform, nobody wants to know.

THOMAS

Feeling sorry for yourself?

TERESA

Not at all.

THOMAS

You'll get that shield if you want it. It takes time, that's all.

TERESA

I'm 32. I've put in the time. They don't want me there, that's what it is.

THOMAS

Maybe you gotta play their game a little.

TERESA

I'm trying, Dad... Believe me. I'm ready to give up most days, I swear.

Thomas smiles at her.

THOMAS

No, you're not... You're stubborn, just like your mama was.

Teresa smiles, nods. The mention of her mother hits some deep, emotional place that she's got pretty well hidden.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what... if you can't play the game, then you make yourself undeniable. You hear what I'm saying?

TERESA

Such as what?

THOMAS

I don't know...

Thomas picks up the paper, points to the photo of the Maniac Cop.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why don't you find this motherfucker? That'll get you your shield.

Thomas laughs, as does Teresa.

TERESA

Alright, sure, Dad... consider it done... Just gimme 48 hours.

Teresa checks her watch -- Thomas looks to her plate -- she's barely touched her food.

THOMAS

Eggs are getting cold.

TERESA

Not too hungry.

THOMAS

You want something else?

TERESA

I'm good.

THOMAS
You should eat.

TERESA
I will.

THOMAS
I'll tell you what... I never liked
that guy all that much.

TERESA
You liked him.

THOMAS
No, no, listen, I was cordial, I
was supportive. But I knew it
wouldn't last. He had this kinda
way, like you knew he was gonna
bolt.

TERESA
You shoulda told me then.

THOMAS
You wouldn't have listened.

TERESA
True.

THOMAS
You're better off.

TERESA
Oh, yeah, I know. Fuck him.

THOMAS
Seriously. Fuck that motherfucker.

They share a laugh.

27 EXT. DENNY'S - MORNING

27

On Teresa's patrol car in the parking lot. She sits in the
driver's seat, hands over her face.

28 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

28

Teresa sobs uncontrollably, as the police radio squawks.

29 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - LATER

29

Teresa cruises down the road as dispatch squawks on the radio -- similar to the earlier sequence, only now it's somebody we know.

We're struck by the vulnerability of a lone cop on the prowl.

She weaves through the jagged expanse of Koreatown. Up ahead, a Nissan zips through a red light. Teresa casually accelerates towards the car, cuts a hard right --

Two cars idle slowly in front of her, and she chirps her siren to clear a path.

She swiftly speeds up to the position behind the Nissan, flips on her lights --

No response from the Nissan. She rides its tail, chirps the siren. Still nothing. She grabs the radio --

TERESA

Pull over.

Again, a delayed response but eventually it pulls over. Teresa grabs her citation book, exits the car --

30 EXT. KOREATOWN STREET - DAY

30

We follow as she approaches the car -- this feels eerily similar to the opening sequence. Again, we remain in her POV, no idea what the driver looks like, what he or she might be hiding.

Teresa swipes two fingers on the trunk of the car, stops just behind the window frame, her hand hovering near her holstered gun.

She stands there, waiting for the driver to roll down the window. Nothing.

Teresa knocks on the window. The DRIVER -- MALE, 40s, agitated, looks back --

TERESA

Roll down your window.

No response.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Sir, roll down your window.

The driver shakes his head.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Sir, open the window, now!

DRIVER
No fuckin' way!

Teresa rests her hand on her gun.

TERESA
I pulled you over for running a red light, but if you refuse to comply I'm going to cite you for resisting arrest.

Driver stares, defiant.

TERESA (CONT'D)
You don't want that, trust me. You understand?!

DRIVER
You can do whatever the fuck you want, I'm not rolling down shit.

TERESA
Calm down, sir...

DRIVER
I'm not gonna fucking calm down, you and your department better calm down...

TERESA
Sir, you are resisting arrest...

DRIVER
I want a lawyer! You guys shoot people! I'm not rolling down shit -- not without my lawyer!

As he yells, Teresa looks to the once deserted street -- now, several pedestrians, cell phones in hand, record the incident.

TERESA
Sir, I've got your plate number, you're going to be in some deep trouble here...

DRIVER
Fuck you, you hear me?! I said it! You're all killers, that's what you are! Fuck you!

Teresa sucks it up, hand on gun, de-clawed by the situation. There's a long standoff.

Finally, she walks back to her patrol car, as the Nissan peels out, speeds off. The pedestrians with camera phones yell taunts from the sidewalk. She glares at them.

31 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS 31

She sits down, grabs her radio about to report it --

TIGHT ON

Teresa's face, as we push in...

JULIUS (O.C.)

Same cop was spotted four other places last night.

32 EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY 32

TIGHT ON FRANK walking...

FRANK

It's not a cop.

WIDE ON JULIUS AND FRANK

Tracking with them as they walk through endless aisles of cars, their prices featured boldly on the windshields.

JULIUS

How do you know? Shit, I ain't surprised anymore when I hear about cops jumpin' off... I'm surprised when I don't.

(then)

Motherfucker probably cracked under the pressure. Lost it 'cause he can't just whale on niggas with impunity no more.

FRANK

That was never an official mandate, you know.

JULIUS

You look like shit, Frank. You drinkin' on the clock?

FRANK

No, after.

JULIUS

Well, get yourself straight, cuz
the man tonight is not to be messed
with. I do a lot of business with
these people. Understand?

Frank doesn't answer.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

And I already went over it with
Dahlila, too.

FRANK

Her name is Monica.

JULIUS

Not tonight it's not.

33 EXT. STREET - SUNSET

33

Following the town car cruising down the street.

MONICA (O.C.)

How do I look?

34 INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

34

Frank behind the wheel, listens to the radio -- a DJ talking
about the Maniac Cop story, an edge of paranoia to his RANT.
Monica in the back, looking sexy, touching up her lipstick.

MONICA

Frank?

FRANK

(flicks off radio)

Sorry -- What?

MONICA

I said how do I look?

FRANK

You look good.

Frank checks his FLIP-PHONE for the address.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is this place?

MONICA

Maybe if you had a phone from this
century...

FRANK
This one works fine.
(sees something up ahead)
Oh, what the hell is this?

He pulls over, gets out of the car, already mad.

35 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

35

Frank walks with purpose from his car to a LIMO where SHAN - mid-30s, Chinese Triad - stands smoking a cigarette. Next to him is LING - mid-60s, Chinese Diplomat/Ex-Triad - tonight's customer, near the back door of the limo.

SHAN
Did you bring the girl?

FRANK
She's not getting in a car.

SHAN
She's an escort, my friend wants to be escorted.

FRANK
Tough shit. That's not the deal.

Shan leans in close, talking softly, with murderous intent.

SHAN
Remember who you're speaking with.
(then)
My friend wants an American girl on his arm tonight, and maybe she blows him on the way back to the hotel. It's not up to you.

Frank is simmering, but he knows he can't touch this guy. Monica gets out of the car and he looks back at her.

FRANK
Get back in the car.

MONICA
No, it's fine. I could use a night on the town.

SHAN
See? The girl knows her place.

Shan walks back to the limo. Monica glares at Frank.

MONICA
 Seriously, Frank. Be a
 professional.

FRANK
 Keep your phone on so I can reach
 you.

MONICA
 Alright...

And she gets in the limo. Frank watches them drive away.

36 EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREETS - NIGHT 36

Surveying the landscape -- spotting the distant limo pulling
 to the curb of a busy street.

37 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT 37

Outside a fancy restaurant, Shan holds open the back door as
 Ling and Monica get out.

38 INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT 38

Across the street, Frank is parked, watching them enter the
 restaurant -- Monica on Ling's arm, as they're greeted by
 some BUSINESSMEN, all with blonde escorts of their own.

Frank's phone buzzes, the name DISPATCH on the screen.

FRANK
 What's up?

JULIUS (ON PHONE)
 Where are you right now?

FRANK
 On standby. Your Chinese friends
 want Monica driving all over hell--

39 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - NIGHT 39

Julius, on the phone, stands on his deck.

JULIUS
 Motherfucker, I told you, let them
 be. Guy bought her for 24 hours.
 Don't need you followin' them
 around...

(MORE)

JULIUS (CONT'D)
 (changing the subject)
 Anyway, Davis needs backup. Sounds
 like he got his ass kicked.

FRANK (ON PHONE)
 I'm not leaving Monica. These guys--

JULIUS
 (chuckling)
 Jesus, Frank... Do not be tellin'
 me you're stupid enough to get all
 strung-out over a hooker.

40 INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT 40

Frank scowls at that, lets it sit there a moment.

FRANK
 Where is he?

41 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 41

ON DAVIS - early 30s, mean - standing in the parking lot in a
 torn suit. He's got a handkerchief held up to his broken
 nose, and it's soaked with blood. He sees Frank's car pull
 in.

Frank steps out of the car --

FRANK
 What happened?

From a nearby room, we hear MUSIC and HOLLERING. Davis nods
 toward the noise.

DAVIS
 Broke my fuckin' nose. Think my
 wrist, too. Maybe.
 (then, ashamed)
 They got my gun...

FRANK
 I thought you knew Krav Maga?

DAVIS
 (whining)
 Broke my fuckin' nose, man.

Frank approaches the room door -- inside he HEARS two men
 laughing and yelling, and a scared woman, pleading.

Frank scowls and KICKS OPEN the Hotel Room door -- stomping into the room as the door is still flying open -- taking in the scene inside --

42

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

42

Two HUGE LONG BEACH MEATHEAD types -- one is holding a Glock 9mm on KRISSY - mid-20s - a half-naked escort, who is crying as the other one tries to film her. The one with the gun is trying to force her to blow him.

Frank's eyes dart to Krissy -- her right eye is puffy, her lip cracked and bleeding -- and he goes cold with rage.

MEATHEAD 1 turns the 9mm on Frank as he charges forward, starting to say "who the fuck are you?"

But Frank doesn't pause -- he grabs the barrel of the gun, twisting it back -- fingers break -- Meathead 1 screams --

Frank uses the 9mm like a hammer -- hits Meathead 1 in the face, breaking his nose -- hits him again, breaking some teeth -- the guy goes down and Frank is on him --

Just hammering over and over with the 9mm handle to his face -
- it has been about three seconds since he burst in --

MEATHEAD 2 drops the camera and charges at Frank -- kicking -- Frank rolls with it --

And comes up, pulling his suit jacket up over his head -- using it like a net around Meathead 2's head --

Then slamming the guy into the wall mirror -- glass shards shattering everywhere --

Meathead 2 struggles to get the jacket off his head as Frank smashes his heel into the guy's face a few times -- and Meathead 2 slides down the wall.

Frank grabs his jacket, brushing off the shards of glass. Meathead 2 is barely conscious. Meathead 1's face is so bloody we don't know if he's going to be disfigured. He spits teeth.

Frank goes to Krissy, holds out a hand. Nothing but sympathy in his eyes.

FRANK

It's okay... let's go.

He pulls her up, starts to ease her out of the room.

KRISSY

Wait.

She grabs the camera from the floor, then turns back, focusing the lens on the nearly-unconscious Meathead 1.

KRISSY (CONT'D)

Hey, asshole, smile.

43

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

43

Davis is cleaning off his gun with a handkerchief. Krissy has Frank's coat draped around her shoulders. She leans on the car, hugging herself.

Frank is a few steps away, paying off the MOTEL CLERK. The guy pockets a few \$100s, then walks away.

Frank goes back to Davis and Krissy.

FRANK

You got it from here? Take her to Julius's doc, make sure she's okay?

DAVIS

Think you fucked up my gun.

FRANK

Next time don't lose it.

Krissy nods at Frank, thankful.

KRISSY

I owe you, big time.

FRANK

No, you don't...

(then, awkward)

But, uh, I need to get my jacket back.

She looks down, realizes she's wearing his jacket, almost embarrassed. Frank nods angrily at Davis.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey, give her your fucking jacket, asshole. Be a gentlemen.

Davis takes off his jacket, and starts draping it around her shoulders as she hands Frank his back. She shrugs Davis away.

KRISSY
(to Davis, pissy)
I got it.

Krissy smiles at Frank as he turns and walks away. Davis just stands there, holding a handkerchief to his nose.

Frank pulls on his jacket as he opens his car door. He reaches into his inside jacket pocket, and he pulls out his Flip phone -- it's smashed.

FRANK
Shit.

44 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

44

Shan is behind the wheel: FROM HIS POV -- At the corner ahead are TWO COP CARS with lights flashing. TWO MEN are bent over the back of the cop car, being frisked. The city is getting tense.

Shan shakes his head at this sight, then says something in Chinese to Ling. Then he turns to go down a side street.

In the back seat, Ling is finishing a drink and watching Monica touch up her lipstick. Her cell phone RINGS and she grabs it -- the screen reads: KRISSY

She looks from the phone to Ling, who's scowling at her.

LING
(in Chinese)
Get rid of that.

She lets it go to message, then puts it away. And we get just a glimpse of METAL inside it, as her small purse snaps shut.

45 INT. CHEAP MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

45

Frank next to Davis's car. Davis at the wheel, waiting impatiently. Frank is using Krissy's cell-phone. Monica's voice-mail picks up.

FRANK
Shit.

He hands the phone back to Krissy through the window.

KRISSY
Everything okay?

FRANK
Don't worry about it.

Davis's car drives away, and Frank stands there, frowning.

46 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

46

Ling is all over Monica, his grubby hand sliding up her leg, under her dress, roughly.

MONICA
Whoa, take it easy -- Hey --

He yanks her underwear off, ripping her dress up the side, where the slit is, as he does. She isn't into rough stuff.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Let's just slow it -- You're
damaging the --

Ling tears her dress more, smiling like a perv.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(to Shan)
Hey, tell your friend I don't do
this rape fantasy shit. I'm not
that kind of --

But Shan BUZZES UP the privacy window and hits the automatic LOCK for the back doors -- the locks CLICK and snap down. She's trapped back here with Ling, and she's tired of it.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Enough!

He BACKHANDS her, hard -- but instead of being afraid, she just SLAPS him right back, even harder. He's stunned, tasting blood, scowling. His fingers curl into a fist.

She shakes her head "no" slowly, holding a small SNUB-NOSED .38 -- aimed at him. He's almost shocked, then smiles.

MONICA (CONT'D)
You're doing it wrong, Mr Ling. Now
this is how it's going to go...

She keeps the gun aimed at him, and leans back against the door, starts raising her dress, seductively. She brings up a leg, putting her high-heeled shoe near his face. His eyes go wide. He likes this American girl.

MONICA (CONT'D)
...You just do what I say.

Suddenly, they are illuminated by FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS coming from the rear window.

IN THE FRONT - Shan looks into his rearview mirror -- sees a BLACK AND WHITE PATROL CAR, lights flashing. The siren chirps.

SHAN
(in Chinese)
Shit.

He pulls over to the side of the road.

IN THE BACK -- Ling is licking Monica's shoe as she pretends to enjoy it, pretending to play with herself. Her gun still aimed at him.

IN THE FRONT - Shan looks in the rearview mirror -- the cop steps out of his car, takes a few steps and stops, standing ominously, backlit by the patrol car's headlights.

Shan looks to the activity in the back, then rolls down his window, holds his hands out. The cop doesn't move. Shan slowly opens his door, steps out of the car, approaching the cop. As the door closes, we hear Shan's feet crunching on the pavement, as he starts to talk --

SHAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Hey, my client is from Chinese
Embassy. We have Diplomatic
Immunity...

IN THE BACK - Monica is making Ling suck the barrel of her gun --

MONICA
(fake sexy)
That's right... like that...

AND -- suddenly Shan's head is SMASHED through the rear window -- Ling and Monica both recoil as --

SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER

LING'S face is BLOWN OFF -- as Shan's bloody face is yanked back out the shattered window --

Monica drops the gun, horrified, confused, as the Cop slams Shan to the ground -- bones breaking -- boot STOMPING repeatedly down -- teeth breaking, death scream --

Monica is freaking -- this is all happening really fast -- She looks past the dead body of Ling and sees the Cop -- the MANIAC COP --

She frantically scrambles to find the gun on the floor, in full panic, as the Maniac Cop thrusts his hand through the shattered window, grabbing her hair --

Monica screams, grabs the gun, aims it behind her, FIRES several shots -- he lets go, disappears from view.

She's frantic, struggles with the opposite door handle --

But it's still locked -- the windows won't go down either --

She aims her gun at her side window, BLAM, BLAM -- shatters. Dives out the window --

47 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

47

Lands on the pavement, scratched and bleeding. She climbs to her feet, hysterically looking around, aiming the gun, then turns and takes off, frantically kicking off her heels --

MONICA

Help!

To no one in particular. The street is empty, desolate. The sounds of her bare feet slap on the pavement, against the dull moan of a nearby freeway.

She rounds the corner, looking for somebody, anybody...

MONICA (CONT'D)

Please! Help me!

She runs down the dark, empty street -- nobody in sight. The city seems to extend forever into nothing --

As the silhouetted figure of the Maniac Cop emerges around the corner behind her -- in a full sprint, like a predator tracking its prey --

MONICA (CONT'D)

No!

She aims the gun behind her, still running -- CLICK CLICK. She's out of bullets.

MONICA (CONT'D)

NO!!!

She throws the gun at him, keeps sprinting towards the boulevard, as he speeds closer and closer, expertly twirling his nightstick in hand, rearing back and swinging --

CRACK! Against the back of Monica's skull, dropping her to the pavement in a heap.

She rolls to her back, stunned. A pool of blood forming under her head.

MONICA'S POV

Blurry, strobing in and out of focus -- the blurry lights above -- as the Maniac Cop steps into view, looming over her.

The image goes into sharp focus for an instant -- as he pulls the blade from his night stick --

ON MONICA

Too dazed to fight. Unable to physically register the horror, slowly shaking her head no...

MONICA'S POV

On the Maniac Cop -- raising the blade, then PLUNGING IT DOWN AT US --

48 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

48

An empty glass slams onto the bar, ice rattling.

Franks stares, watching the front entrance, waiting for Ling and Monica to show up. The TV over the bar plays NEWS about the Maniac Cop.

TV

...with the Mayor and the LAPD tonight announcing a one hundred and fifty thousand dollar reward for information...

He checks his watch, scowling.

49 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

49

Frank talks to a FRONT DESK CLERK, who types on her keyboard.

CLERK

I'm still showing Mr Ling out for the evening.

FRANK

You have a contact number for him?

CLERK

I'm afraid I can't give out that information.

(then)

But... you're welcome to wait.

FRANK

That's what I've been doing.

(then)

You got a phone I can use?

CLERK

There's a payphone near the restrooms.

Frank frowns, reaching into his pocket.

FRANK

Can I get some change?

50 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

50

Teresa stands near in front of police tape surrounding the crime scene.

It's been about a half-hour, and the street with the limo and dead bodies is now a cordoned off CRIME SCENE -- COPS, PARAMEDICS, CSI TECHS, all doing their jobs.

Weston shakes his head, recognizing the killer's handiwork. He stands with Neary away from the wreckage, over Monica's corpse.

Then -- From the limo, Teresa hears Monica's cellphone RINGING on the floor in the back. She leans in and picks it up.

51 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

51

Frank on the payphone, not liking the voice on the other end.

TERESA (ON PHONE)

Hello?

Frank listens to her voice, uncertain, then cautious...

FRANK

Who is this?

52

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

52

Teresa on the phone.

WESTON

Officer Teresa Madison, who's --

The other line hangs up. Teresa looks down at the phone, curious. The last number reads: UNKNOWN

Teresa clicks the photo icon, starts scrolling through Monica's pictures. The last is one she took of herself in bed with Frank. She's smiling up at us next to his sleeping form.

She looks to Neary and Weston, then turns to another Uniform Cop nearby.

TERESA

(to Cop)

I'll be right back.

She approaches Neary, standing over Monica's body.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I think I got something...

Neary turns, perturbed.

NEARY

Do you now?

TERESA

Vic's phone rang, male voice on the other end, hung up after I identified myself. Maybe it's this guy?

She shows him the image on the phone.

NEARY

You answered the phone? What the fuck are you thinking?

TERESA

That we might have a --

Neary snatches the phone from her hands.

NEARY

Gimmie that! Get back to your post.

Neary walks towards Weston, shows him the phone. Teresa stares, then turns back, walks away from them towards the police tape.

JULIUS (V.O.)
Who's this?

53 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 53

Frank on the phone again, Julius answering on the other end.

FRANK
It's me, who do you think?

54 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - NIGHT 54

Julius, on the phone, checks his caller ID.

JULIUS
Why you callin' on an unknown
number?

FRANK (ON PHONE)
I'm on a payphone. I think Monica
got arrested.

55 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 55

JULIUS (ON PHONE)
What?

FRANK
I just called her number and some
cop answered.

56 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - NIGHT 56

JULIUS
Naw. Those Chinese motherfuckers do
not get busted.
(thinks about it)
What was the officer's name?

FRANK (ON PHONE)
Madison, I think.

JULIUS
Alright. Call me back in five.

57 INT. POLICE STATION - DISPATCH ROOM - NIGHT 57

We hear phones ringing and civilian employees answering 911
calls -- In one cubicle, a cell phone VIBRATES.

A black woman's hand with long painted nails answers it, pulling it up to her lips. We only see her lips as she talks.

WOMAN

Hey baby, what do you need?

JULIUS (ON PHONE)

One of my girls just got picked up,
by an officer Madison.

Her lips talk into the phone, as she listens and types.

WOMAN

Uh hunh... yeah, hang on...

(then she frowns)

Oh. Oh baby, I'm sorry, but that
girl didn't get arrested.

58 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - NIGHT 58

Julius, as he hears the news, shocked silence, stunned.

59 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 59

Frank on the phone with Julius.

FRANK

So where do I bail her out?

JULIUS(ON PHONE)

Nah, nah, man. Need you to do
something else.

FRANK

What? No.

60 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - NIGHT 60

Julius lies to Frank.

JULIUS

Would you listen... She didn't just
get popped for solicitation, it's
some thing with the Chinese --

FRANK (ON PHONE)

You asshole--

JULIUS
I know, I know. Okay? But I need
you to get to Dahlila's before 5-0
does.

61 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

61

FRANK
The cops aren't gonna search her
place, they don't care about her.

JULIUS (ON PHONE)
Do not be arguin' with me, I told
you, this is some international
shit. Homeland Security or NSA... I
don't know exactly.

Frank just listens, pissed.

JULIUS (CONT'D)
I need you to get something for
me...

62 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

62

Following Frank's town car as it snakes its way through windy
streets.

JULIUS (V.O.)
I need that book she keeps...

FRANK (V.O.)
Monica wouldn't do that.

63 EXT. MONICA'S ECHO PARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Frank's car pulls to the curb --

JULIUS (V.O.)
Bullshit. They all do it. And I
don't want that shit bein' found.

64 INT. MONICA'S ECHO PARK APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

64

Frank climbs the stairs --

JULIUS (V.O.)
We got a big fuckin' problem if
that happens. It's gonna come back
on me, on my clients...
(MORE)

JULIUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
and it's gonna come back on you.
Hear what I'm saying?
(beat)
You know how well ex-cops do in
prison.

65 INT. MONICA'S ECHO PARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

65

Frank opens the door -- looks around.

He pulls open a drawer on a nightstand. He keeps searching until he finds the red notebook under some underwear.

He puts it in his pocket.

FROM THE FRONT ROOM he suddenly HEARS --

COP (O.S.)
LAPD. Is someone here?
(then)
We're entering the premises. If
anyone's here, speak up.

Frank scowls. What the fuck? The cops are here this fast?

FRANK
I'm coming out. Don't shoot.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

TWO COPS stand with guns drawn as Frank slowly walks out, hands raised a bit, to show he's not a threat.

COP
Who are you?

FRANK
Frank McCray. I'm ex-LAPD. My
friend lives here.

COP
Stay right there.

Cop 2 starts patting Frank down as Cop 1 keeps his gun aimed.

FRANK
I've got a Glock, on my belt.

Cop 2 takes Frank's gun and puts it on the table. Cop 1 calls in on his radio, as Cop 2 starts putting the cuffs on Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Hey, seriously, this isn't
 necessary, I'm private
 security, Monica's a client
 and --

COP
 3-3 PDU, we're at the vic's
 address, requesting an 85.
 Possible intruder.

And Frank hears what Cop 1 just said as the first cuff CLINKS
 around his right wrist.

COP
 McCray, first name Frank.

FRANK
 What did you just say?

Cop 2 is trying to get the other cuff locked on as Frank
 pulls away, starting to freak out.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 What the fuck did you just say?

Both Cops aim their guns at him, not fucking around.

COP 2
 Do not resist! Put your hands on
 your head and turn around!

Frank is losing it, though --

FRANK
 Why are you here?

Cop 1 talks into his radio as they both hold him at gunpoint.

COP
 Requesting additional units...
 suspect resisting arrest --

66 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

66

Teresa stands by the police tape, her patrol car nearby --
 the radio CRACKLES --

RADIO
Requesting additional units --
suspect resisting arrest --

She looks to the other uniform officer, nods, then heads to
 her patrol car as he takes her post.

She gets in, flips the siren and tears down the street.

67

INT. MONICA'S ECHO PARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Frank held at gunpoint, tense. His hands are out in front, one cuff dangling from his wrist. The Cops aren't moving.

FRANK

Just tell me why you're here. Are you securing a murder victim's residence?

COP

Turn the fuck around and put your hands on the back of your head.

A third COP casually enters behind them, raises a gun -- COP 1 turns towards him and BLAM!

A SWIFT AND JARRING EXECUTION -- Blood explodes from the back of COP 1's skull --

Frank cowers as Cop 3 (the MANIAC COP) expertly unloads on Cop 2, then fires at Frank, who dives across the room -- lands behind a couch --

SEVERAL MORE SHOTS -- tearing through the cushions -- feathers and debris raining down --

The Maniac Cop (still in shadow) methodically grabs Frank's gun off the table -- unloads several rounds into the dead two Cop's bodies.

Frank is in shock -- no time to think -- he makes the move, charging across the room as the Maniac Cop fires at him -- bullet tearing through Frank's shoulder -- as he launches himself through the kitchen window --

68

EXT. MONICA'S BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

68

-- landing in a heap of glass on the fire escape --

He looks through the shattered window as the dark figure advances, arms outstretched FLYING OUT STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM --

-- Frank recoils, tumbling back off the fire escape -- Falling --

He SMASHES onto a car in the street below -- The car SWERVES, spins a 180, as Frank is launched off the hood, tumbles to the street, just as...

Teresa's patrol car fishtails, narrowly avoiding a wreck, bouncing up on the curb.

Frank lies there, nearly passed out, only adrenalin keeping him awake. He crawls to his feet, starts jogging away.

Teresa quickly climbs out the car. Frank staggers a few steps, then hears --

TERESA (O.C.)

Freeze!

Teresa stands just behind the wrecked car, gun aimed. Frank looks at her, judging whether she'll shoot.

He turns and runs. She follows him with her aim. But he's running towards civilians -- She doesn't take the shot.

Teresa takes off after him, but he's way ahead.

69

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

69

Frank rounds a corner -- running right into a COP, stepping out of his car -- They both stop for a second, then the COP'S RADIO crackles --

POLICE RADIO

All units respond. Multiple officers down at --

And the Cop goes for his gun -- as Frank SMASHES him in the side of the head, knees him in the gut, then one more in the face --

The Cop goes down -- Frank HITS him again -- the guy is dazed -- Frank grabs his gun --

His portable radio crackles --

FRANK

Gimmie the radio!

The Cop lies in a heap, nose broken --

COP

Fuck you...

Frank reaches for the radio on his belt. The officer struggles, Frank hits him again, yanks the radio.

COP (CONT'D)

(whimpering)

You're a dead man...

Frank grabs the officers hat off the ground, hops into his car, slams the door, pulls away, siren blaring.

70 INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS 70

Frank driving, breathing heavily, bleeding, freaking out, throws the hat on. He drives as police cars haul ass in the other direction, lights on.

He drives around a corner, then pulls onto a main road. He's panicked, distraught.

Bright headlights reflect onto Frank's eyes from the rearview, then flashing red. He looks in the mirror.

ON MIRROR

Two PATROL CARS -- sirens on, lights flashing, pulling up behind Frank.

He keeps his gaze forward, keeping a constant speed. The cars speed up, then whip past him. He lets out a breath, heart beating like a machine gun.

71 EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 71

Police LIGHTS flash outside a small apartment building.

A SWAT VAN pulls to the curb, the back door opening and the SWAT TEAM filing out and moving in with military precision, a group of officers following behind -- Teresa among them.

Nearby, Weston and Neary strap on bullet-proof vests.

72 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - STAIRWAY - NIGHT 72

The SWAT TEAM, Cops, Teresa, Weston and Neary glide up the stairs, almost silent.

73 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 73

A fist POUNDS on Frank's apartment door -- Then the SWAT GUY knocking steps aside, and they bring in the battering ram -- The detectives watch, guns at the ready.

They BREAK DOWN Frank's door --

74 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 74

SWAT searching the apartment, assault rifles aimed and ready. Teresa should hang back, but she doesn't.

SWAT LEADER
Let us clear it, officer.

But this place is empty. SWAT TEAM guys shout "clear" a few times, and then exit.

Neary charges through the apartment, frustrated, as SWAT members continue to clear the area. Weston stops in his tracks --

With activity swirling around him, Weston calmly approaches the bedroom door --

75 INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 75

Weston enters the room, as a SWAT member rifles through the bathroom, tearing open shower curtains -- Weston heads for the closet, swings the door open, looks inside --

WESTON
(calmly)
We fuckin' got him.

Neary runs into the room, stares at Weston's discovery.

ON THE OPEN CLOSET

Along with a handful of cheap suits, hangs an OLD LAPD UNIFORM.

Teresa enters the room, clocks the uniform, Neary. It's looking like their guy -- the one she failed to fire upon.

Neary turns to a photo on the wall:

McCray and another cop, both in uniform, the early days. The other cop is bigger than McCray, with a tough smile and mirrored shades, but we pan past him -- to Frank, noticing his confidence and his sharp eyes.

He turns back to her.

NEARY
Is that the scumbag you didn't shoot?

Teresa nods.

WESTON
(staring at the photo)
He was fucking Matt Cordell's partner... figures.

TERESA
Who's Matt Cordell?

Neary walks right up to her, inches from her face.

NEARY
You don't wanna know.

He walks off. Teresa stares at the photo.

LT RIPLEY (V.O.)
Francis McCray. LAPD from 93 to
'08, detective for the last five
years. 3rd grade.

76 INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

76

Lt. Ripley stands before a wall with photos of the Maniac Cop and Frank McCray on them. Crime scene photos. Handwritten intel about McCray.

He's talking to a room full of uniform officers, DETECTIVES, the task force. Teresa sits in the front row.

LT RIPLEY
He was demoted back to uniform in
'08 after IA began investigating
multiple claims of excessive force.
He turned in his badge instead of
riding out his twenty.

77 INT. TERESA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

77

Teresa goes through her morning ritual -- suiting up in her uniform, as we've seen before.

LT RIPLEY (V.O.)
Ballistics from two of the slugs
taken out of Officer Sherrod match
to McCray's Glock.

This time we get a better look at her apartment -- it's sparse, minimalistic -- she's immaculate, possibly some control issues. Clearly lives alone, though some surprisingly soft touches -- fresh flowers in a vase. An old stuffed animal sitting on a chair.

LT RIPLEY (V.O.)
This suspect is not only armed and
extremely dangerous, he is highly
skilled. You should travel in
pairs...

She puts her gun in holster, then turns to...

A BULLETIN BOARD

Much like the one Lt. Ripley stood in front of, with the photo of McCray and the other man, Matt Cordell, at the center -- off of that, crime scene photos, maps -- she's clearly working the case on her own.

LT RIPLEY (V.O.)

Let's be thorough, let's be alert,
and let's be careful out there.

78 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

78

AERIAL SHOT -- surveying the endless sprawl, a living, breathing organism...

STREET PREACHER (PRELAP)

Because God is just, you sons of
bitches...

79 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

79

A crazy STREET PREACHER with matted long hair, and a sloppy beard shouts into a MEGAPHONE on a street corner.

STREET PREACHER

...and this city will pay for its
sins. This city'll get what it
deserves.

80 INT. BANK - DAY

80

A slow day, but -- SUDDENLY -- THREE MEN IN POLICE UNIFORMS burst in, guns drawn. They're disguised as the Maniac Cop.

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

And the murderers and whores will
burn...

We see this in QUICK CUTS -- a TELLER fills their bag with cash -- One of the ROBBERS holds a gun on TWO CUSTOMERS who lie on the floor -- The ROBBERS running out the doors --

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

...And the politicians, the bankers
-- the money-changers -- they will
all burn...

81 EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

81

The Street Preacher is getting into his rant now.

STREET PREACHER

...And the drug addicts and rapists
and terrorists... the sodomites in
West Hollywood...

82 EXT. FRONT STEPS - DAY

82

A WOMAN is being dragged down the steps leading under the front steps of an apartment complex. She's screaming and trying to get away from a CREEPY HOMELESS MAN -- He tears at her clothes as they struggle.

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

...And the pornographers... they
will all burn...

A COP yells "Freeze, police!" then shoots -- BLAM! -- and the HOMELESS guy falls, shot in the back --

The Woman scrambles away, as the COP approaches -- She pulls a PISTOL, scared of the Cop -- She FIRES --

HITS him in the leg -- and as he SCREAMS in pain, he FIRES back -- and puts two in her chest.

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

And the motherfucking police...

Then the Cop slumps on the stairs near her dead body, and the body of the homeless guy, and holds his leg, crying.

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

...masqueraders of sanctity,
perpetrators of mayhem, chaos...

83 EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - MORNING

83

An SUV rolls up the windy road the in the hills, pulls into the driveway and parks.

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

Each and every one of you...

Julius gets out, strolls to the front door -- we follow as he enters --

STREET PREACHER (V.O.)

...will burn!

84

EXT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - MULHOLLAND DR. - NIGHT

84

-- puts his keys in a dish on a shelf. He grabs a tv remote, switches on the television -- a news station.

He turns toward the hallway, as Frank RUSHES out of it -- SLAMS into him --

They both come tumbling into the living room -- A table flips over, and a shot glass goes flying and hits a framed photo on the wall -- shattering the glass --

Frank gets on top and PUNCHES Julius --

JULIUS

Wait! Motherfucker! Hey --

Frank HITS Julius again -- Julius is tough, he HITS back -- But Frank is in a rage -- He HITS Julius in the face and Julius SWINGS WILDLY -- and hits Frank's injured shoulder --

Frank yells in pain -- Julius notices -- HITS him there again -- Frank yells and tumbles off, holding his shoulder --

Julius holds out a hand, trying to get him to calm down.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Calm the fuck down, man... Gonna kill each other.

But Frank is in pain. He leans back against the wall, breathing hard. Julius looks at him, not sure what to do.

Frank digs into his track suit pocket, pulls out Monica's red notebook.

FRANK

This what you wanted?

And he throws the book at Julius -- it hits him in the chest, but he catches it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You lied to me. She was dead and you knew it...

Frank looks away from him, blood seeping through his clothes at his shoulder. He's still pissed, but he's exhausted, too.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You let me walk right into all of this...

JULIUS

Look, man, I did what I had to do.
I needed you steady...

FRANK

They think I killed all those
people... They think I killed
Monica...

Frank looks down, almost numb from just saying that.

JULIUS

I didn't know it was gonna... how
the fuck could I have known that?
I'm sorry, man... I am.

Frank thinks about that.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

C'mon, you need some triage.
Bleedin' all over the damn place...

Julius stands up, righting the table.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

So what do you want from me, man?
What do you need?

FRANK

I just wanna find this
motherfucker...

JULIUS

I hear you, man, but I can't help
you with that.

FRANK

I need a place to... To figure this
shit out...

Frank sits down. He looks exhausted.

JULIUS

Look man... I'll give you today to
get yourself straight. One day.
Tomorrow, your ass is outta here.

Frank nods. Julius motions towards the hallway.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Get some rest. Bedroom on the left.

FRANK

Thanks.

Julius nods.

JULIUS

I'm sorry about her, man. I am.

Frank nods, heads down the hallway. On the tv, a seeing a scroll across the bottom of the screen: **REWARD FOR McCRAY NOW \$250,000.** A NEWS WOMAN speaks to camera.

NEWS WOMAN

...authorities have reason to believe McCray is still in Los Angeles County...

85 EXT. STREETS - BOYLE HEIGHTS - NIGHT

85

A lone PATROL CAR prowls the deserted streets.

NEWS WOMAN (V.O.)

...and advise residents to be vigilant and on the lookout for suspicious behavior...

86 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

86

Teresa scans the streets, her radio playing, along with dispatch coming through on the CB. She stops at a light --

NEWS WOMAN (ON RADIO)

...Also, be aware, during an infraction of any kind and officer is required to identify themselves...

A SHIRTLESS VAGRANT, Hispanic, male with a guitar slung over his shoulder wanders through the crosswalk, staring her down as he crosses.

In the distance she sees a PATROL CAR cruising the streets at a slow speed. Without waiting for the light to turn green she follows.

The patrol car makes a right up ahead -- Teresa accelerates through the turn, making sure to stay on the car's tail.

Up ahead, the patrol car turns on it's FLASHING LIGHTS -- it's pulling an SUV over.

The OFFICER steps out, approaching the SUV. Teresa quickly pulls up behind the patrol car, steps out of her car --

87 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

87

-- hand on her holstered gun. The OFFICER turns around to face Teresa -- not the Maniac Cop.

OFFICER
Everything alright?

TERESA
Yep, good... Just lending some
assistance.

The officer looks to her hand, which she removes from her gun.

OFFICER
I got this.

TERESA
Okay.

She climbs back into her patrol car, drives off.

88 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

88

POV ON a shattered window leading to a fire escape -- slowly pushing towards the window, at the pitch black room inside. All the while we hear the squawk of a police radio.

Just as we're engulfed by the darkness...

THE MANIAC COP

Lurches towards us --

We recoil backwards, off the edge of the fire escape, falling down --

89 INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

89

Frank SNAPS awake, drenched in sweat -- he's in bed at Julius' house, his shoulder freshly bandaged. Next to the bed, the stolen police radio.

There's a NOISE from outside -- like a car door SLAMMING.

Frank grabs his gun, moves out the bedroom door.

90 INT. JULIUS'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

90

Frank aims the gun down, as he moves along the wall.

FRANK
Julius? That you?

BEHIND HIM -- the front door opens -- and he spins around, aiming -- and -- Julius FREEZES in the open doorway.

JULIUS
It's me! Fuck!

Frank lowers the gun. Julius yanks it out of his hands.

JULIUS (CONT'D)
Pull a gun on me in my own house.

FRANK
Thought I heard someone outside...
I'm losing it.

JULIUS
You are, motherfucker...

Frank walks over to the windows.

FRANK
You didn't hear that? A car door?

JULIUS
I didn't hear shit.

HAN (O.C.)
Knock knock.

They turn to see THREE TRIAD ENFORCERS walking in the open front door, the leader, HAN, holding a gun on Frank.

JULIUS
Oh, maybe I did hear something...

Frank spins back to Julius, who is backing away from him now, the gun aimed at Frank's face. Julius shrugs.

JULIUS (CONT'D)
Be cool, man...

FRANK
Motherfucker -- You know I didn't do it!

JULIUS
Naw, Frank... What I know is you're worth way more to the Chinese than you are to the cops.

And Frank dives at Julius -- but the Triad guys grab him -- Han knees him in the solar plexus. Frank goes down and Han kicks him the head --

Frank lies on the floor, struggling to stay conscious.

As he looks up, he sees one of the Triad Guys hand Julius a paper bag full of cash. Han walks down the hallway, hearing the police radio, disappears in the door, re-emerges radio in hand, smiling

JULIUS (CONT'D)
Nice piece of equipment. Cost three grand a pop. I'll give you a good deal.

Frank makes a last effort, reaching for Julius from the floor -- And one of the Triad Guys KICKS him again -- Lights out.

91 INT. CAR TRUNK - DAY

91

Frank wakes up in the trunk of a moving car. As he comes to he begins to struggle, trying to break free. His wrists are duct-taped together, his mouth gagged.

He tries kicking his knees and feet into the trunk hood.

But nothing works. His hands find a crowbar. He slowly tries to wedge it somehow, to pop the trunk open. After a few tries, it's clearly not working.

He lies there, sweating, and hears the Triad in the car, laughing. He can't go out like this.

With a lot of effort, he gets in position with the crowbar to jam it through one of the tail light covers, and pop it out.

OUTSIDE -- The right tail light comes POPPING OUT, bouncing on the ground.

Frank tries to pull himself up, so he can look out the open hole he just made.

There's a car behind them, and he tries to wave out the empty tail light area, but they just turn right, not seeing him.

But -- behind them is a POLICE CAR. Frank pulls his hand back in, heart pounding.

92 EXT. STREET - DAY

92

AERIAL VIEW

The Triad car drives down the street, Police car in tow. The neighborhood is industrial, secluded.

93

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

93

Frank peers out at the police car -- he doesn't have long to decide -- Cops or Triad? Shit. What's he going to do?

Then the police car's turn signal starts flashing. In a few seconds, it'll be gone.

Fuck it -- Frank grabs the crowbar again and shoves it out the empty tail light hole -- And it bounces on the street right in front of the Police Car.

The COP hits his lights, his SIREN quickly blasting.

The car pulls to a stop, and Frank sees the cop car behind them, its red light flashing silently.

The cop car door SLAMS and the COP walks to their car. Frank tries to yell from inside the trunk as the Cop passes, but the Cop doesn't hear him.

Then he listens to the Cop TALKING to the driver, Han. He can't make out what they're saying. Frank is tense.

Then he clearly hears the Cop say "just take a look in the trunk and you can be on your way" and a wave of relief crashes over him.

He hears two sets of heels on the pavement, hears the trunk lock RELEASE with a HISS -- he's about to be freed -- the trunk hood raising -- but --

Han and the Cop just stare down at him. The Cop holds a printout of Frank's picture. Han smiling, not worried.

HAN

See? It's as I said.

COP

Yep. Okay, then.

The Cop stares coldly at Frank behind his mirrored glasses -- Han slams the trunk as Frank SCREAMS under the duct tape.

94

EXT. DENNY'S - DAY

94

Teresa's patrol car pulls into a spot, she exits, heads for the front door of Denny's. She moves with urgency -- we push in towards the door --

TERESA

Matt Cordell... what do you know about him?

95

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

95

ON THOMAS -- taking in Teresa's statement. He looks like he's seen a ghost.

THOMAS

Where'd you hear that name?

TERESA

He was McCray's partner.

THOMAS

I know.

Wider to reveal Teresa sitting across from Thomas in their familiar booth.

TERESA

How come everybody gets real quiet when his name comes up?

THOMAS

Probably cause he reminds us of things we'd rather forget.

TERESA

Such as?

THOMAS

There's nothing to say except... I don't know. Maybe it has something to do with why McCray went off the deep end. Maybe something caught up with him.

TERESA

You're being cryptic... Just like everybody else. Just tell me who Cordell was, what did he do?

THOMAS

Look, he was just a cop working the streets, with McCray. They were both out there, in the same places, doing the same things.

TERESA

Boyle Heights?

THOMAS
That's right. You know how it was --

96 EXT. STREET - BOYLE HEIGHTS - DAY

96

Flash images of mid 90s GANGBANGERS. Unlike the ones we've seen earlier, these men are dressed head to toe in gang colors -- reds, blues, purple --

THOMAS (V.O.)
Mid 90s, gangs were in control of the territory. We needed to take it back... at least keep 'em honest.

BACK TO DENNY'S

THOMAS
This was for the residents, for the people who were trying to live their lives. Innocent people. Children.

TERESA
So, what, were they part of a task force?

THOMAS
Something like that.

97 EXT. STREETS - BOYLE HEIGHTS - DAY

97

ON AN UNMARKED CAR

Cruising the streets, GANGBANGERS staring as it passes --

THOMAS
The commissioner loosened the leash. Let us do our job.

A SERIES OF VIOLENT IMAGES --

So close to the activity they are somewhat obscured and abstract, but violent nonetheless. All involve plain clothes officers beating the shit out of suspects, witnesses, informants...

They are intercut with Thomas's speech, punctuating moments.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
People like McCray, Cordell... they helped take those streets back, one corner at a time.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They were walking a fine line...
Cordell... maybe he stepped too far
over it. Hard to say. Damn sure he
wasn't the only one.

(then)

But when the new commissioner came
in, somebody had to take the fall.
That was Matt Cordell.

TERESA

What happened to him?

THOMAS

IA conducted an investigation, and
he got locked-up.

98

INT. SAN QUENTIN - NIGHT

98

BEHIND CORDELL in prison orange, as he's marched by guards
through a prison cell block --

THOMAS (V.O.)

That's the end of the story.

TERESA (V.O.)

He's in prison?

Hands reach out through the cell bars, mouths with broken
teeth SPIT at him -- Eyes look out with nothing but hate --

THOMAS (V.O.)

No. You put a violent cop in Gen
Pop, he ain't gonna make it. And
Cordell didn't.

TERESA (V.O.)

He's dead?

A cell door SLIDES open -- THREE SCARY PRISONERS appear, ugly
shivs in their hands --

THOMAS (V.O.)

Yeah. They cut him down first day,
way I heard it...

The prisoners attack Cordell mercilessly -- it all plays in
shadow and silhouette -- impossible to make out exactly what
is happening, but it's bad.

BACK TO TERESA AND THOMAS --

TERESA

But you're sure he's dead?

THOMAS
He fuckin' better be.

99 EXT. CONTAINER LOT - DAY

99

Rows of shipping containers extend for as far as the eyes can see. The constant hum of the nearby freeway sounds like a swarm of insects.

The Triad car pulls to a stop in a secluded area. The doors open, Han and his men step out.

100 INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

100

Frank lies there, contorted -- a lone shaft of light from the missing tail light illuminates his sweat drenched eye.

He breathes heavily, awaiting his horrific fate.

FRANK'S POV

Through the hole in the trunk, looking down the path between the containers they just drove through. We hear the voices of the Triad gangsters conversing in Chinese.

Sounds reverberate all around -- footsteps walking from one side of the car to the other, unseen car doors suddenly closing.

It's all about sound, except for the occasional figure that crosses close by the trunk.

We hear the rattle of what sounds like a duffel bag holding heavy metal objects being carried out of the car.

It's dropped on the ground. It's unzipped. Metal tools are extracted.

Another figure walks by -- his face obscured, but his hand holds a pair of pliers.

Another man arrives next to him, then another. Frank can see them fanning out behind the trunk, waiting for him.

Frank contorts himself, trying to pull his legs through his bound hands, to get them in front of his body instead of behind.

It's a struggle, but finally he pulls them loose. Suddenly...

Then the jingle of keys. More conversing. Han says something, and the group bursts into laughter.

Frank sees the men through the hole, doubling over in hysterics. Whatever Han said is the funniest thing they've ever heard.

The keys jingle some more, the key inserted into the trunk. Somebody makes a quick comment -- possibly a tag to Han's joke -- and, again, everyone dies laughing.

The more they laugh, the more they're unable to steady themselves for the job at hand.

Frank frantically picks at the duct tape on his mouth with his bound hands, eventually tears it off.

Frank exhales, then sucks in more air, trying to control his breathing -- the waiting is excruciating. His plans for escape are non-existent.

He closes his eyes for a moment, rapidly whispering a prayer, which is impossible to hear against the laughter, the sound of cars on the freeway --

Frank opens his eyes --

FRANK'S POV

Down the lane between the containers a lone figure marches forward -- the Maniac Cop in full riot gear, twirling his nightstick, approaching at a steady march, unbeknownst to the men, who are still laughing hysterically.

Frank's eyes widen. He can't believe what he's seeing -- the angel of death himself.

The Maniac Cop breaks into a jog, then rears back with the nightstick and swings with fury -- cracking open the skull of the laughing Triad.

In an instant, there's pandemonium. Everything plays from Frank's perspective, inside the trunk looking out.

Figures move in and out of view, much of the action playing off camera, the sound taking precedence.

Before the others can react, the Maniac Cop pounces on another Triad, swings with brutal precision.

The men holler and scream -- shots are fired -- the Maniac Cop quick draws, and returns fire, putting the men down with military efficiency.

He disappears from view, and we hear more beating, more gunfire, bodies slamming against the car, windows exploding.

Bullets tear through the trunk, shafts of light burning through the holes. Frank curls into a ball, trying to avoid crossfire.

The screaming is gradually being replaced by moaning, with fewer voices, until their's only one -- the voice of Han, pleading for his life.

It all plays out over the emptiness of the shipping container alley, until Han breaks into view -- drenched in blood, missing an ear, half of his hand.

He stumbles backwards pleading, then makes a feeble break for it, running down the alley.

The Maniac Cop pursues, blade drawn, tackles Han to the ground, stabbing viciously, repeatedly, 5, 10, 20 times, until there's nothing left.

All we can hear is Frank's breathing, his heartbeat.

The Maniac Cop stands and approaches the car, arriving at the trunk. There's a long, quiet moment, before he turns the key...

The trunk swings open, blinding Frank with a flash of sunlight, backlighting the looming figure of the Maniac Cop, who stares ominously over Frank.

Maniac Cop lifts his face-shield and Frank sees him...

But we don't... or not really. It's a dark void, the hint of features, but perhaps too hard to make it out...

Maybe we see enough to think we can see him -- his death mask of unbridled rage.

FRANK

Cordell... Matt...

The Maniac Cop holds still. An eternity.

He turns and marches in the other direction, down the long alley of shipping containers, until he cuts down another aisle and is gone.

Frank pulls himself out of the trunk, finally seeing the massacre that transpired --

All of the Triad members are splayed out around the car, in pools of their own blood, which streaks the exterior of the car.

Frank stumbles, vomits. He collects himself --

Grabs the keys out of the trunk and makes his way to the driver's door -- he pulls a slumped Triad corpse off of the seat, drops him to the asphalt, climbs in the car.

101 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS 101

Frank sits behind the wheel, his hand shaking as he puts the key into the ignition -- you'd think he'd seen a ghost.

Finally, he gets it in, fires it up.

He covers his nose against the ghastly scent, then looks to the seat next to him -- the police radio he stole still squawking. Frank puts the car in gear and drives away.

102 EXT. LOS ANGELES - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 102

Aerial view of the car exiting the container lot, pulling onto a freeway on-ramp.

Cutting to...

Another aerial view of the city, a wounded animal. Pushing towards SOUTH CENTRAL.

RADIO (V.O.)

Do you understand what I'm saying?
The Police can't even save
themselves from this maniac...

103 EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL STREET - NIGHT 103

The hood -- a group of GANGBANGERS loitering, as a VOLVO SUV pulls up in front of them, and a YUPPY steps out. He beeps his alarm and walks towards GANGBANGER 1, who acts like he was expecting him.

RADIO (V.O.)

...and our Mayor wants to get guns
off the street. That's his pledge,
to give us a safer city...

Gangbanger 1 and 2 lead the Yuppy down the street towards a HOUSE. They enter...

104 INT. SOUTH CENTRAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 104

...and we see it's been set up as an illegal GUN SHOW. Handguns are lined on old card tables, and a few Gangbangers stand around, being salesmen.

Other Yuppies, West Siders, and Beverly Hills types mill about nervously. A boombox on a side table plays the radio:

RADIO (V.O.)
...But let me tell you, Mr. Mayor,
me, and a lot of other Angelinos
are gonna sleep safer tonight...

A Gangbanger shows the Yuppy a pistol.

RADIO (V.O.)
...because we'll be holding our
guns in a death grip until the LAPD
gets their act together.

105 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY 105

Deserted. And we follow the BLACK AND WHITE PATROL CAR as it slowly prowls the streets like the king of the jungle.

RADIO (V.O.)
Don't think you didn't cause this,
Mr Mayor. You reap what you sow.

106 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - DAY 106

Teresa cruising the streets. Up ahead, a PATROL CAR rounds a corner, approaches, slowing down. She slows down as well, pulls out her gun, holds it low.

Teresa instinctively lifts her weapon a bit, ready. The patrol car window rolls down -- revealing two OFFICERS.

OFFICER 1
You lost?

TERESA
No, just checking something out.

OFFICER 1
Madison?

TERESA
Yep.

OFFICER 1
South Bay, right?

TERESA
Yep.

OFFICER 2
What are you doing in Boyle Heights?

TERESA
Like I said...

She starts rolling up the window --

OFFICER 1
You wanna keep your nose out of other people's business... People are starting to talk.

TERESA
People can suck my dick.

She rolls up the window, drives off.

107 EXT. STREET - DAY 107

The Triad car rolls down the street, cardboard where there was once a shattered window. The blood has been cleaned off.

108 INT. TRIAD CAR - CONTINUOUS 108

Frank behind the wheel, wearing sunglasses and a hat pulled low, disguising his identity. The police radio provides a constant play by play of criminal activity in the area. Frank adjusts the volume.

He cruises at a slow speed. Like Teresa, he scans the horizon, hunting for his prey.

He rolls by a group of GANGBANGERS who stare him down -- he's clearly in somebody else's territory.

He turns down another street, sees a police car up ahead. He speeds up, pulls up behind it.

The police car waits at a stop sign, too long perhaps. Frank idles behind it.

A hand reaches out the window, waving him around. Frank pulls around the police car, slowly driving by --

-- looking at the driver as he passes -- a HISPANIC UNIFORM COP in Oakley shades, staring Frank down. Frank slowly pulls around, continues on his way.

109 EXT. STREET - SUNSET

109

AERIAL VIEW

The Triad car traverses the deserted streets -- Frank hiding in plain sight, finding comfort in movement, his mobile safe house.

Teresa's patrol car snakes down the main artery of the neighborhood -- weaving its way through traffic.

110 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

110

Teresa drinks coffee, the police radio providing commentary. She's been at this for days, nights, weeks. She rubs her eyes, fighting to stay awake.

She drives down a run down, deserted street -- car lots, pawn shops, all closed for business. The occasional motel that rents by the hour.

Up ahead, a PATROL CAR flashes its lights, pulling a car over. Teresa pulls up behind it.

111 EXT. RUN DOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

111

The three cars idle in formation -- a quiet, faceless standoff.

112 INT. TERESA'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

112

Teresa waits for an officer to step out. A long drawn out pause...

The Patrol car abruptly speeds off. Teresa hits the gas, follows, attempting to catch up --

She grabs the radio, calling it in --

TERESA

I've got a patrol car fleeing the scene, Eastbound, Atlantic and South Concord. Officer in pursuit...

(This sequence takes place all in, and around, Teresa's car)

She flips on the siren and lights, tears after the other patrol car -- one black and white after another -- constantly accelerating as they go.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Repeat, they are fleeing the scene,
officer in pursuit...

The Patrol car takes an unexpected left down an alley -- she flies past, guns it towards the next intersection, takes a hard left --

As the SHIRTLESS VAGRANT, guitar over shoulder -- walks right in front of her -- Teresa SLAMS THE BRAKES -- the guy stares at her, as she quickly pulls around him --

Charges down the street, searching like mad for the patrol car, makes another hard left, to cut it off at the end of the alley --

But he's gone --

TERESA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She startled by SIRENS BLARING, FLASHING RED LIGHTS behind her --

The MANIAC COP's Patrol car comes flying up behind her, ramming into her bumper -- she's jolted by the impact, but regains control, guns the engine harder.

They haul ass down the narrow street, charging through an intersection. Up ahead, the street comes to a T --

Teresa decelerates, ramming into the Maniac Cop's car -- she tries to turn, but he continues ramming through her --

As the end of the street fast approaches, she slams the breaks, as he drives her into a parked GARBAGE TRUCK --

IMPACT -- airbag inflates, slamming Teresa's face, as glass explodes around her, metal contorting -- a jarring, violent collision --

Glass and debris settle, as Teresa comes to, shaken. She pulls herself back from the airbag -- her face covered in blood.

She grabs her weapon aims it out the broken window -- it's eerily quiet.

113 EXT. RUN DOWN STREET - CONTINUOUS

113

Teresa kicks the door open, rolls out of the wreckage, gun aimed. She looks to the Maniac Cop's Patrol Car -- the door open.

She limps towards it, gun trained on the driver's seat, arrives -- it's empty. She scans the deserted streets.

Not a sound. A resident stares at her from a window across the street. She hears a sound --

Turns towards it -- around the corner ahead, an alley. She walks towards the alley, gun trained --

114 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

114

Blood pours from her nose and mouth, as Teresa creeps through the alley, on full alert -- quickly shifting aim to any sound --

There's a rustle behind the dumpster up ahead -- she breathes heavily, trying to take quiet steps, approaching the edge. Her heart races as...

Teresa wheels around with her gun, as A MALE VOICE GROANS --

A FACE pops into a pool of light -- A HOMELESS MAN, in a refrigerator box, peering out its cut out window.

Teresa shakes with adrenaline. She almost blew this dude away.

TERESA
(under her breath)
Motherfucker...

She continues through the alley, sees an open door moving in the wind. It's the rear of a apartment building, five stories high, no lights on. She enters.

115 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

115

Teresa enters, her footsteps creaking on the misshapen floors.

She makes her way down the dark HALLWAY, up a flight of STAIRS --

-- to another HALLWAY. She approaches an OPEN DOOR --

A JUNKY IN UNDERWEAR steps into view -- needle dangling from his arm. Shit, she almost capped him.

Suddenly, GUNSHOT RINGS OUT -- tears through the guy's head, drops him --

MANIAC COP in flack vest -- positioned at the other end of the hallway -- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM --

Debris explodes around Teresa, as she returns fire, dives into the dead Junky's apartment -- it's a tiny studio, nowhere to run --

She crouches down -- reloads her clip -- aiming at the door, terrified, nearly hyperventilating --

As the heavy footsteps break into a jog, his figure breaking into the doorway --

Teresa unloads, firing at the doorway -- Maniac Cop jumps back, as she peppers the wall surrounding the doorway. Until CLICK-CLICK-CLICK... she's out.

Smoke and dust fill the air, as she fumbles for a new clip --

The Maniac Cop steps back into view, his dark silhouette framed by the doorway. He holsters his gun, grabs his nightstick, twirls it --

Teresa reaches for her pepper spray -- anything she can get her hands on. She knows she's fucked, and looks terrified --

BA-BOOOOM! A SHOTGUN BLAST rings out -- drilling the Maniac Cop in the torso, launching him sideways into the hallway, out of view --

Teresa is shocked -- who the hell?

We hear the quick return of gunfire to the off camera assailant -- followed by two more shotguns blasts, as the hallway strobes with unseen muzzle flashes --

We hear footsteps run, one final shot -- Teresa reloads, charges to the door, wheels around --

Coming face to face with FRANK, smoking gun in hand. She instinctively levels her gun on him, his on her. She trembles with adrenaline.

They stare at each other for a protracted beat -- she lowers her weapon, and he his.

Frank peers down the hallway where the Maniac Cop ran, takes off after him, Teresa right behind him.

The round the corner, charge down another HALLWAY, towards the stairwell leading down -- they sprint down the steps --

Through the lobby, towards the front door, burst through --

116 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

116

Into a group of uniform cops, weapons drawn, surrounded by squad cars --

COP
Drop it!!

TERESA
Don't shoot!!!

Cops tackle Frank to the ground -- Teresa grabs hold of them, trying to intervene -- she's grabbed by another cop, pulled off --

COP
We got him! It's him!

Frank hollers as he struggles with a group of cops, several who draw guns, the others pinning him to the ground --

COP (CONT'D)
Get the fuck down! Hands behind
your head! Hands behind your head!

FRANK
He's getting away, you assholes!!

COP 2
Shut the fuck up!

TERESA
Wait!... Stop!

It's pandemonium -- Frank is getting manhandled, a wall of cars and flashing lights.

Two cops hold onto Teresa, escorting her away from the scene -
-

COP 3
(trying to comfort her)
This way, Madison...

TERESA
You got the wrong guy!

COP 3
It's okay, Teresa, come with me...

Teresa goes with them, in a daze, her adrenaline peaking. She looks delirious, not sure what the hell just happened.

They sit her down in the back seat of a squad car -- she's looks like she's about to pass out, hyperventilating.

Men bark directions at each other -- somebody hands her a small paper bag.

COP 3 (CONT'D)

Breathe...

She holds it to her mouth, breathing in and out.

TERESA'S POV

ALL SOUND CUTS OUT -- looking over the bag to the face of Cop 3, speaking to her, but no sound coming out.

Over his shoulder, she sees the pile of cops pinning Frank to the ground. Frank looks to her -- they lock eyes.

Just beyond him, she sees a loose manhole cover in the middle of the street, a dark hole leading to the bowls of the city.

TERESA

(strained whisper)

He's getting away...

She speaks but nobody can hear her.

Weston motions to several Cops, who together drag the manhole cover back to its hole.

117 INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

117

TIGHT ON A TV SCREEN

Slowly pulling back from the image of Mayor LaRuffa address the media from the steps of CITY HALL...

MAYOR LARUFFA (V.O.)

The investigation is still open, so
I can't get into details, but the
police are confident we have our
man.

Revealing the TV hanging from the ceiling in the squad room, a group officers gather around --

MAYOR LARUFFA

One at a time, please. Angie?

He gestures to a REDHEAD TV REPORTER and she smiles.

REDHEAD

How about an easy one? Is the
Policeman's Ball back on tonight,
Mister Mayor?

MAYOR LARUFFA

Well, there's a lot to celebrate.

(then, more serious)

But understand this -- the LAPD
doesn't let terrorists win. So
tonight we'll celebrate those we
lost, and get back to the business
of being the LAPD...

118 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - CONTINUOUS 118

ON FRANK

Cuffed to the table. His leg is bandaged, and he's been
cleaned up, but he's still not in good shape.

SLOWLY PULLING BACK to reveal...

Weston and Neary in the room. Weston lays back, as Neary sits
in a chair, staring directly at Frank, who refuses to look
his way.

Neary stands and they exit, leaving Frank alone in his
thoughts --

119 INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 119

Pulling back further to reveal that we're in a viewing room,
watching through one-way glass. Lt. Ripley stands with
Teresa.

LT RIPLEY

You're a stubborn woman, Madison.
And I'll be the first to admit that
it's probably held you back. You're
uncompromising.

Teresa listens, but also can't take her eyes off of Frank.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

You remind me of somebody.

TERESA

My dad's not like that. I got it
from my mom.

LT RIPLEY

You'd be surprised. May not know him as well as you think.

TERESA

Probably right... I don't know... I don't know what to think right now.

LT RIPLEY

I know what I think -- you just found the most wanted man in the city. However the hell you did it, and for whatever insubordinate reason you were conducting your own investigation -- bottom line is you found him.

Teresa looks at Frank, not sure what to believe.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

As of today, you've got a bright future, officer Madison.

TERESA

Lieutenant... there was another man there...

LT RIPLEY

What are you talking about?

TERESA

There was another man, a cop. I followed him... Saw him face to face. It wasn't McCray...

LT RIPLEY

Look, you've been through an ordeal...

TERESA

This is not about that, there was somebody else...

LT RIPLEY

...and in a situation like this, I've seen it over and over...

TERESA

I saw him.

LT RIPLEY

Okay. Let's walk through this -- what did you see?

TERESA

I entered the premises, approached an unidentified male in the hallway, shots rang out, he took fire, sustained fatal wounds... I turned to the source, revealing the suspect, who discharged several more shots...

LT RIPLEY

And then...

TERESA

I took cover, reloaded. The suspect approached, revealed himself in the doorway before taking fire from McCray.

LT RIPLEY

What happened to the suspect?

TERESA

He escaped.

LT RIPLEY

After taking fire from McCray?

TERESA

Yes. He was wearing body armor...

LT RIPLEY

Body armor. And a face-shield?

TERESA

Yes.

LT RIPLEY

Is it possible that these two people you think you saw could be the same person? Think about it.

She takes a beat, wishing she could tell him otherwise.

TERESA

No, it's not...

LT RIPLEY

Then who was it?

TERESA

It... I think it was Matt Cordell.

Lt. Ripley laughs.

LT RIPLEY
That's impossible.

TERESA
Why?

LT RIPLEY
Because he's fucking dead! Trust me. You don't want to mention Matt Cordell... That's going to hurt you, Teresa.
(shakes his head at her)
Everything you've been working for will go away real quick. Understand me?

Teresa cannot bring herself to nod in agreement.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
I've been in this department for over 30 years, I've seen a lot. Believe it or not, I've even seen this before. You've experienced trauma... sometimes what you remember isn't what happened. Your mind filling in for what it can't comprehend.

Teresa looks at him, wanting to believe him.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
This man you captured, Frank McCray... He's a smart motherfucker and he's dangerous. He's been manipulating individuals and the system for decades. He is the definition of a psychopath.

Teresa's fragile she is in this moment.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
You did great work out there. Go home, get some rest.

He walks up to her, puts his hands on her shoulder, comforting.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
Then put on a dress on for a change, and come to the ball tonight. Celebrate this victory... It's a big one, and they don't come often enough to ignore.

Lt. Ripley exits, leaving Teresa alone in the dark room, looking at Frank who seems to look directly through the mirror into her eyes.

120 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

120

Lt. Ripley marches down the hallway -- he passes a few OFFICERS.

OFFICER
Congrats, Rip. You got him.

LT RIPLEY
(without breaking stride)
Bet your fuckin' ass we did.

OFFICER
Fuck yeah!

The officers hoot and holler like soldiers in emotional victory --

121 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

121

Frank sits in the chair in handcuffs, staring at the mirror. There's a resigned stillness to him.

The door opens, Teresa enters. She approaches, taking the seat across from him.

TERESA
What the fuck happened out there?

FRANK
Why are you asking me? You saw it yourself.

TERESA
Who did you shoot? Who was that?

FRANK
Matt Cordell.

TERESA
Everyone tells me Matt Cordell is dead.

FRANK
That's what I thought, but we both saw him, didn't we?

TERESA

Why would he be doing this?

FRANK

Why? Well... because we deserve it.
Matt always gave people what they
deserved.

TERESA

I don't understand... Cordell was
your partner, right?

FRANK

Yeah... he was my partner.

TERESA

So what happened between you two?

Frank looks off -- his guilt finally revealing itself.

FRANK

I sold him out. That's the truth.
We were both there, doing what we
had to do... understand? What we
HAD TO DO...

Teresa calmly draws it out of Frank, as he unloads --

FRANK (CONT'D)

...but at some point, someone
decided it had to stop. And one of
us was going down for everybody.
That was Matt. And I let it happen.
I talked... to save my own ass...
like a fuckin' rat... I fed him to
the wolves... Not that it saved me
anyway.

TERESA

But Cordell -- he was killed...
he's dead.

FRANK

No... He was never dead to me... I
see him every night, when I close
my eyes...

Teresa takes it in, not certain of anything anymore.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Only now everyone else sees him,
too...

122 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY 122

The door opens, Teresa exits, walking down the hallway, then through the squad room --

All eyes are on her, appreciative nods. She's finally earned the respect she wanted, but not the way she wanted it.

She continues towards the door. Neary and Weston watch her exit, then head towards...

123 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - LATER 123

The door opens and Neary and Weston enter, with a UNIFORMED COP behind them, Frank still staring ahead.

WESTON

Up. Now.

124 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 124

A nondescript, basement hallway -- Neary, Weston and the uniform Cop march Frank towards a door.

FRANK

I'm not trying to escape... I know that one.

NEARY

Shut up.

They enter, shut the door behind them.

125 INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY 125

Neary unlocks Frank's cuffs, as Weston and the uniformed Cop stand back, looking at him with murder in their eyes. Frank thinks they're going to fuck him up.

FRANK

You guys don't know what you're doing.

Neary shoves him back against the wall, and Frank puts his fists up, ready for a fight.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Then let's do this.

Neary shakes his head. Weston pulls out some folded up clothes.

WESTON
 Oh, we'd love to... but the bosses
 have bigger plans for you tonight.

Weston throws the clothes at McCray, who catches them.

WESTON (CONT'D)
 Time to get changed, inmate.

Frank unfolds the clothes before himself, and sees what they
 are -- an LAPD uniform.

FRANK
 Oh no, fuck this...

Neary nods to the uniformed Cop, who aims a Taser gun at
 Frank.

NEARY
 Do it, or we dress you ourselves.

Frank, knowing he's fucked here. He starts changing, staring
 them down.

126 INT. TERESA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

The morning ritual -- but now she's putting make-up, tying
 her hair up in pins --

Putting on an evening dress. Brand new shoes.

She walks in them across the room -- looks at herself in the
 mirror. It feels strange, but not necessarily bad. She's
 stripped of her usual armor.

She stares at her reflection -- her makeup and clothes barely
 concealing the reality her brain is so desperate to suppress.

She reaches for her clutch -- tries to figure out exactly how
 she's supposed to hold it.

She reaches for the gun on the night stand, checks the clip.
 She places it in the clutch, zips it up.

127 EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - SUNSET

127

The cream of LA society has turned out for this annual
 occasion, in this historic setting.

Lt. Ripley, in his fanciest police uniform, hat and white
 gloves, is near the entrance, welcoming people.

Mayor LaRuffa arrives with his wife, bathed in the strobing light of camera flashes.

128 EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT 128

Neary's car is parked back here, and he and Reg drag Frank from the car to the basement entrance of the hotel.

129 INT. TERESA'S CAR - NIGHT 129

Teresa driving towards the bright lights outside of the hotel. Her modest car looks out of place amongst the limousines.

She pulls to a stop, her door opened by a VALET.

130 EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT 130

Teresa steps out into the scene. She suddenly looks vulnerable in makeup and a dress.

She walks towards the entrance, camera's flashing, passing by fellow cops. One cop, DOYLE, 30s, already a little inebriated, approaches.

DOYLE

You clean up well, Madison.

TERESA

Don't get used to it.

DOYLE

I'm not kidding. You actually look halfway decent.

TERESA

Well, I can die happy now.

He laughs, affectionately grabs her by the bare shoulder.

DOYLE

Nice work out there. Everybody knows what you did.

TERESA

Alright...

DOYLE

Seriously. It means a lot to every man and woman in this department.

(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)
And now that motherfucker is gonna
get what he deserves.

Teresa looks at him, suppressing everything she wants to say. Over Doyle's shoulder, she sees the Mayor, surrounded by a group of people.

Their eyes meet -- he nods his head, in salute. She smiles, nods back.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Let me get you a drink...

TERESA
I'll meet you in there.

DOYLE
Come on...

Teresa pulls away, heading towards the entrance. We follow...

131 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 131

As she walks through the hotel lobby, towards the sound of music. She continues...

132 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 132

...making her way down the long hallway. The music grows louder. She finally arrives...

133 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT 133

Entering the ballroom -- the party is in full swing now. People dancing, others sitting at tables drinking. Food being served by catering crew.

She heads straight towards the bar. The bartender approaches.

TERESA
Can I get a Manhattan.

The bartender nods, goes to make the drink. She scans the crowd, seeing familiar faces, still feeling out of place but finding some inner bravery that her new look has provided.

She looks down the bar, sees Lt. Ripley talking to a few COPS. He looks to Teresa, nods approvingly, raises his glass.

The bartender hands her the drink. She raises it to Lt. Ripley in toast, takes a nice gulp of whiskey.

ON LT. RIPLEY

He takes a sip of his drink, then looks the cops next to him, gestures toward a door. The cops nod and walk that way.

After a beat or two, Lt. Ripley follows them.

We TRACK with the Lt Ripley, following him through the door, away from the MUSIC of the ballroom, and down a flight of STAIRS to the BASEMENT, where he turns down a long hallway.

The distant BEAT of the band upstairs is slowly replaced by the SOUND of a BEATING from a room ahead.

He gets to the door, pushing it open, and enters --

134 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 134

Frank is cuffed to a chair in the middle of the room, and a few COPS stand around, watching Reg punch him. Frank's nose bleeds, his mouth is all bloody, and he spits out a tooth. The cops watching cheer Reg on.

Weston sidles over to the Lieutenant.

WESTON

You gonna take a turn, Rip?

Lt. Ripley looks at Frank, thinking about it.

LT RIPLEY

Maybe later. But make sure they don't kill him, alright? I need something with a pulse to arraign in the morning.

WESTON

Yes sir.

The Lt. Ripley leaves, and Weston turns back to Frank. Frank is dazed, wounded, trying to speak, but not finding words.

WESTON (CONT'D)

You hear that? The boss says we have to go easy on you...

(then, disgusted)

You gotta be the luckiest cop killer alive.

And Weston punches Frank, his head whipping around, blood spraying from his nose. Reg turns to the other cops.

REG
Okay, who's up next?

Frank's dazed eyes look up at these men, as they crack knuckles in fists, faces full of hatred.

Neary steps up, balling his fists. And SMASHES Frank in the face --

135 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

135

The Steel Doors that lead from this tunnel into the Biltmore's basement -- one of the abandoned train tunnels underneath the streets downtown Los Angeles.

A shadow approaches them...

136 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

136

Teresa downs her drink, stares out at the dancefloor. The Mayor dances with his wife on the floor, among the crowd.

She sees a few cops heading towards the patio, cigarettes in hand. She approaches.

TERESA
Nelson!

Nelson stops.

TERESA (CONT'D)
You got another one of those?

He hands her the one in his hand.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Thanks, man.

She heads towards the patio, then looks back towards the door Lt. Ripley had walked through.

ON DOOR

Ripley enters the ballroom, followed by two other cops. One of them straighten's his tie, while the second pulls on his coat.

Teresa stops walking, stares at the door.

Suddenly the lights dim, a voice comes on the PA.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Hey everybody... can you hear me,
okay?

At the podium, the evening's HOST takes the mic.

HOST
Can we all take our seats. We've
got some people who'd like to say a
few things tonight.

Teresa looks to the host, then back to the door. Another Cop
comes through, wiping sweat from his brow.

HOST (CONT'D)
We'll be hearing from Commissioner
Ryan and Mayor LaRuffa, but first I
wanted to say a few things about
this event, and the great work of
the fine people with the Los
Angeles Police Federation...

137 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BASEMENT - NIGHT

137

Weston and Reg walk down the corridor, rolling their sleeves
up. The muffled echo of the host's voice reverberates
throughout the hallway.

Then Reg stops. Is that a breeze he feels?

REG
Hang on.

They go down another hallway -- to find a set of iron doors --
One of which hangs open, leading to the dark tunnel.

They look at each other, like "what the hell?" and then they
turn and -- the Maniac Cop is ten feet behind them. A small
bulb hanging from the ceiling above him.

Weston and Reg rush for their guns -- as Maniac Cop's
nightstick SHATTERS the bulb -- and everything goes black.

GUNSHOTS (muffled by a suppressor) light the next moments --
as we see Maniac Cop cutting down Weston and Reg, almost in
FREEZE FRAME --

138 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

138

Teresa enters the stairwell, descends. We hear the muffled
echo of laughter, then applause. Another voice comes takes
the mic, begins an unintelligible speech.

Teresa makes it to the bottom, looks down...

139 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 139

She can hear grunts and groans, muffled yelling, laughing, violence. It's competing with the sounds of the ceremony upstairs. She makes her way down the hallway.

140 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS 140

Lt. Ripley stands at the podium. Most everyone has taken their seats, listening with proud attention.

LT RIPLEY

...He told me, 'Son, there's a chance you're going to be a damn good cop one day. I'm not sure exactly when that day will be...

The crowd starts laughing --

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

...but I can tell you it won't happen while I'm still a member of this department.'

Uproarious laughter. He's killing.

141 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 141

Teresa continues down the hallway. The sound of the laughter wanes, as the violence ahead gains in volume.

She reaches a door -- the room where Frank is being held, though she doesn't know this. All she can hear is that somebody is getting a beating.

142 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS 142

Lt Ripley is works the warm crowd.

LT RIPLEY

...I always said it's important to marry up, and I certainly did.

Respectful applause.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

The good Lord graced me with Mary...

Bigger applause, even some whistles. He's milking it.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
And on that day she told me, she
said, 'Rip...

143 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

143

Neary stands over Frank, bloody fists, rage in his eyes. A few remaining cops stand behind him, drinking, taking a break. It's a hateful scene.

The door opens, and Teresa enters, taking in the horror show. Frank looks up her -- perhaps his only life raft left.

Neary turns to her, alcohol and rage coursing through his veins.

NEARY
You're a hero, Madison.
Congratulations.

TERESA
What's going on here?

NEARY
What's going on? We're having a
little party... You want to take a
shot? You earned it.

TERESA
No, I don't.

Neary stares at her, his shame giving way to greater rage.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Look... Neary. Why don't you go
upstairs, back to the other party?

NEARY
I'm not going anywhere. I'm just
getting started.

TERESA
Please...

NEARY
Please? What the fuck does that
mean?

TERESA

I don't know what you think you're doing... but it's... it's the wrong idea.

NEARY

So, what you're saying is you got a problem with this. Is that what you're saying?

Teresa knows she's in a dangerous situation, but knows she can't walk away. Still, her fear is palpable.

TERESA

Yeah... I have a problem. We've got a big problem...

Neary punches Frank.

NEARY

Do you have a problem with what he did to Sanchez?

Neary hits him again.

TERESA

Stop it, Neary...

NEARY

What he did to Donnelly?

Hits him again.

TERESA

Stop!

NEARY

To Thompson!?

Hits him again. Teresa pulls out her gun, holds it on Neary, trembling. The other cops quickly draw their weapons, holding them on Teresa.

144

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

144

Lt Ripley still at the podium. The crowd is eating out of the palm of his hand.

LT RIPLEY

...but, look, you didn't come here to listen to my jokes. You came to support the LAPF, which is what this event is all about.

(MORE)

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
And now that I've sufficiently
warmed the crowd up, I'd like to
say a few things about Commissioner
Ryan before he takes the stage.

145 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

145

The standoff continues. Teresa's hands tremble, as do the
cops -- nobody wants to be in this situation.

NEARY
Don't pull it out unless you're
prepared to use it... which we know
you're not. 'Cuz when you had the
shot you didn't have the guts to
take it. You could've put an end to
this... put the sick fuck out of
his misery. Could've saved lives.
But you didn't because you're
weak... Just like you're old man...

TERESA
Put your hands up.

NEARY
Fuck you.

He punches Frank.

TERESA
Step away, now!

NEARY
What the fuck are you going to do?
Huh, Madison?! How do you get out
of this one?

146 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

146

The Commissioner steps the podium, taking in the warm
reception. He taps the mic. Everyone turns to look at him,
all these rich happy people, in their tuxedos and gowns, like
they're from another world.

COMMISSIONER
Thank you, Lt Ripley. That's a
tough act to follow, but I'm going
to try. And to change gears a
little, I'd like to say a few words
tonight, about our fallen
brothers...

POP of a distant gunshot -- WHIIIIIIIIIZZ --
 FFFFFFFTTTTPPP!!!!

THROUGH THE NECK of the Commissioner -- he keeps trying to talk, but no sound comes out -- then a fountain of blood, then he drops to the floor.

Everyone sits there, frozen, as if it didn't just happen -- And then...

POP! POP! POP!

A LIGHTING FIXTURE explodes --

A RANDOM COP in the background drops --

The tuxedoed crowd loses their minds -- more than half the crowd draws their guns, firing wildly at an unseen assailant -- a strobing lightshow of muzzle flashes.

147 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 147

The tension is broken by the sound of gunfire. They all look up -- hear the muffled sounds of screaming, mayhem.

Neary gives one last look to Teresa, before sprinting out of the room, the other cops in tow.

Teresa looks up, then to Frank, bleeding on the chair. She rushes to him, unlocking his cuffs. Frank speaks through the blood.

FRANK

It's Cordell... he's here.

TERESA

We have to get you out of here...

FRANK

I'm not going anywhere... it has to end... Tonight...

Frank struggles to his feet, rubbing his wrists for circulation. The two of them exit the room...

148 INT. BONAVENTURE HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 148

Entering the hallway -- the sounds of mayhem reverberate. There's only two directions to go.

Teresa kicks off her high heeled shoes, looks one way down the hall, then looks to Frank.

TERESA

Good luck.

FRANK

You too.

She goes one way, gun drawn, Frank goes the other.

149 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT 149

PURE CHAOS -- everyone running, hollering, shooting at unseen gunman. Tables overturned. Smoke from gunfire in the air.

Lt. Ripley is behind the bar, and he peers over the top of it. No sign of the Maniac Cop. He stalks slowly out of the room, gun ready.

150 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 150

A HIGH SOCIETY LADY is trying to crawl quietly along the floor, scared to death. Tears stream silently down her face. At the end of the hall, there's a FIRE EXIT sign pointing right. She bites her lip, and gets up to run.

But with the first step around the corner, she FREEZES, gasping too loudly. Hand flying to her mouth.

In front of her -- The Maniac Cop stands. He slowly turns his head her way. She's frozen, terrified.

Then he cocks his head to the side, oddly, like he just heard a distant sound -- and he glides right toward the Lady.

She starts to scream -- but he just rushes past her -- She turns to see where he went, but he's just gone.

151 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 151

Lt. Ripley huddles in a recessed doorway, gun in hand, not moving. He looks to the end of the hallway, sees the figure of the MANIAC COP stalking the hallways. He doesn't follow. Too frozen with fear.

152 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 152

Teresa makes her way down a hallway, making her way through the maze.

153 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - ANOTHER HALLWAY - NIGHT 153

Frank walks towards another hallway, light flickering. He rounds a corner to see...

A DEAD COP -- Frank grabs his assault rifle, heads down the hallway, assault rifle aimed.

He passes by the Lt. Ripley, still hiding.

Lt. Ripley aims at him, but doesn't fire. After Frank gets further ahead, the Lt. Ripley breaks from cover and follows.

154 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT 154

Down another corridor -- Teresa creeps along. She clings to a wall as she rounds a corner --

THE MANIAC COP -- CHARGING WITH HIS NIGHT STICK --

She unloads BLAM! BLAM! -- CONNECTING -- as he SWINGS the Night Stick -- CRACK!

Sending her gun FLYING OUT of her SHATTERED HAND --

They both fall to the ground in pain. Teresa wincing, her wing clipped. The Maniac Cop is back on his feet -- blood dripping off of his dark uniform, pooling on the floor --

He UNSHEATHES the blade --

Teresa scrambles to her feet and sprints, the Maniac Cop in full, predatory pursuit --

BARRELLING down the long hallways -- Teresa calculating the moment --

DIVING to the ground, rolling -- back on her feet aiming her gun --

BLAM! GRAZING HIS FACE -- as his blade RAMS INTO HER SHOULDER -- PINNING her to the wall, his other hand GRIPPING her by the neck -- she's face to face with him, trembling in pain and fear --

It's the closest look she's gotten -- his obscure features -- now bleeding from a bullet wound to the cheek --

He trembles as well -- holding her there -- his rage and torment perhaps even eliciting empathy --

TERESA
(whispering)
Cordell...

He stares, holding her, then quickly draws out the blade,
moves to PLUNGE IT INTO HER FACE...

FRANK
Matt!

He stops -- sees Frank hobble-running toward him --

FRANK (CONT'D)
No!

He drops Teresa, who sinks down the wall, as the Maniac Cop
turns to Frank, who slows as he approaches. Not aiming his
rifle at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's over, Matt...

The Maniac Cop steps slowly towards Frank, as Frank slowly
puts down his rifle. Across the way, Lt. Ripley is watching.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's over,...

The Maniac Cop's eyes struggle, his mouth wants to speak.
Frank looks at him, wondering if he's getting through, when --

Lt. Ripley SHOOTS at them -- Two of his bullets hit the
Maniac Cop -- and since Frank had his hands up, one goes
right into his side, under his arm -- --

But before he can even react to that, the Maniac Cop has
thrust his blade right into Frank's lung -- And he pulls the
blade out and disappears as Frank falls.

Lt. Ripley just keeps shooting until he's out of bullets.

Frank and Teresa are both down, bleeding. Teresa sits against
the wall, her hand over her shoulder wound. Frank struggles
to roll over and get up. His breath is ragged.

TERESA
Frank...

He pushes himself to his feet, coughing some blood. And then
he staggers off toward a stairway.

Teresa lies there, blinking her eyes. She hears VOICES
YELLING from below. She reloads her gun with some effort.

She looks over and sees Lt. Ripley walking toward her.

LT RIPLEY

Madison? Don't move, help's on the way.

She ignores him, just pushes to her feet and follows Frank's trail of blood. Away down the stairs.

155 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 155

Teresa follows the blood to the big steel doors, one still hanging open. She looks down at the train tracks in the tunnel outside the doors, and starts climbing down.

156 INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS 156

Teresa holds her gun as she limps along the tracks. Blood trails down her belly and leg.

Ahead, she hears VOICES ECHOING. She shines the light ahead of her, and catches sight of a man's silhouette, climbing up onto the next SUBWAY PLATFORM -- She moves faster, trying to catch up.

157 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 157

Teresa pulls herself up to the platform, which takes a lot of effort. She's losing blood, and consciousness -- moving forward on sheer will.

Ahead of her -- she sees Frank staggering after Cordell --

FRANK

Cordell!

Cordell stops, only ten feet ahead. Cordell looks back at him.

Frank is bleeding badly, limping. He leans against a support beam. Blood flows down his side, and he's having trouble breathing now.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Matt! Listen to me... You got every right to hate me...

(after a rough cough)

But you shouldn't have killed the girl... She didn't deserve that...

Cordell almost understands that. Almost feels remorse.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 You went too far... You should've
 known I couldn't live with that...

Teresa approaches, aiming her gun at Cordell, trying to
 circle around him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 You should've known...

And suddenly Frank raises his assault rifle, just as Cordell
 raises his gun --

Teresa fires first -- then all three, simultaneously -- BLAM
 BLAM BLAM BLAM --

SLOW MOTION --

Teresa is hit, drops -- Cordell is riddled with bullets,
 staggering backwards, with Frank charging, taking fire --

Frank takes whatever strength he's got left and DIVES at
 Cordell -- TACKLES him back off the platform --

Teresa on her side, emptying her clip -- BLAM BLAM BLAM click
 click click -- As Frank and Cordell go flying off the
 platform, disappearing into the darkness. We never even hear
 them land.

Teresa lies in the darkness -- silence enveloping. She's
 pretty sure she's dying, closes her eyes, as we FADE TO BLACK
 --

158 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

158

Machines BEEP and HISS in rhythm. Teresa slowly opens her
 eyes. She's in a hospital bed.

Lt. Ripley sits in the chair next to her bed, reading a worn
 out copy of Soap Opera Digest someone once left here.

TERESA
 (voice weak, raspy)
 What the hell?

LT RIPLEY
 You're lucky to be alive.

TERESA
 Am I?

She glares at him, glassy eyed and drugged up, unable to
 process where she is.

LT RIPLEY

I know you don't care about these kinds of things, but you're getting a medal, Teresa. The mayor wants to hold a ceremony.

She turns away from him, scowling.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

As I told you before... we need more cops like you. We pushed... I pushed, I know I did. But you pushed back. You didn't quit.

She takes this in.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

So, what do you say... Detective Madison?

She tries to consider what Ripley is saying.

TERESA

What happened to... the bodies?

LT RIPLEY

Let me tell you something, Teresa, about the nature of memory...

TERESA

Are we doing this again?

LT RIPLEY

Yes, we are.

Lt. Ripley nods, tosses today's paper onto her lap. The Front Page is a photo of Frank in uniform, the headline: **KILLER COP KILLED BY COP** and a sub-headline under Frank's picture: **Inside the Mind of Mass Killer Frank McCray**

She's smiles, too exhausted to get mad.

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)

What do we really know about that night?

TERESA

We both know. We were there.

LT RIPLEY

I'll tell you what I know. Frank McCray was held captive, and somehow broke loose.

(MORE)

LT RIPLEY (CONT'D)
I don't know who broke him loose,
but somebody did.

TERESA
Motherfucker...

LT RIPLEY
You may think the people in this
city want to believe what you
believe... but question is, what do
they really need right now? More
fear? More chaos? Do they deserve
that? The officers in this
department... can they do their
jobs with this level of distrust?
Think about it... you've been
there, you know what it's like.
It's all in your hands.

She knows she's fucked either way. The defeat is profound.

TERESA
We're doing the same thing to
McCray that they did to Matt
Cordell...

LT RIPLEY
Whatever happened to Frank McCray
and Matt Cordell, they did to
themselves.

TERESA
This is wrong...

LT RIPLEY
One day you'll see, Madison...
nothing is black and white. It's
all grey. Ask your father.

She doesn't answer, just frowns out the windows.

TERESA
Did you find them?

Ripley stares at her, expression unchanged. Teresa turns back
to him.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Tell me you found them. The bodies.

LT RIPLEY
We found him.

She stares, unable to know whether he's lying or she's lost her mind.

159 INT. TERESA'S APARTMENT - DAY

159

Teresa suiting up, only now it's business attire -- shirt, slacks, shoes, shoulder holster, jacket --

She puts the gun in the holster, her DETECTIVE'S BADGE on her belt.

Over her shoulder, the bulletin board she'd been keeping on the Maniac Cop case. She looks to the board --

We slowly zoom in on the images on the board -- maps, photos of victims, lines leading from one piece of information to another --

All leading to the image in the center, of Matt Cordell and Frank MaCray, smiling.

BACK ON TERESA who registers the image, as if she were being watched...

...as the zoom reaches its final destination, though this time it's not Matt Cordell, it's Frank MaCray.

160 THE END

160