

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

Loaded Weapon

revised draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. MINI-MALL - NIGHT

Half a dozen seedy stores: Dry cleaners, adult book store, Winchells, 7 -11. Cheap, unattractive Christmas decorations in the shop windows.

A battered, big-finned, 57 Caddy with bullet holes in the windshield, pulls into the lot leaking radiator fluid. TYLER REED drives. A burned-out case: Long hair, cigarette dangling from lower lip, green fatigue jacket, Levis, boots and the weight of the world on his shoulders. And the eyes: Flint hard and a touch of madness.

He parks the car. Turns it off. The engine keeps bucking and chugging as Reed gets out.

INT. 7 - 11 - NIGHT

The car ENGINE COUGHS O.S. as Reed enters the store. Typical mini-mart -- glass cases full of soda and beer and unnatural colored cheeses, shelves of Twinkies, beef jerky at the cash register and TWO JABBERING HINDUS behind the counter. A MAN stands between them wearing a TRANSLATOR button.

The Hindus jabber. Reed looks to the Translator.

TRANSLATOR

Hello. Hello. How are you?
Happy Holidays.

REED

Happy Holidays? You're wishing me
Happy Holidays? I guess you
didn't lose the only one who meant
anything in your life. I guess
you don't feel burned out by the
anguish, the human misery and
despair perpetrated by the
criminal vermin that infests every
pore of this decaying city forcing
you to guzzle cheap wine and
cheaper whisky to dull the pain
that shatters your heart and tears
at your soul.

(beat)

What flavor Slurpies you got
today?

HINDU #1

Kiwi Cherry.

REED

Uckkkk!

Reed takes a bacon burger out of a cooler and pops it into a microwave oven. Punches a couple of buttons, saunters over to the magazine rack. Thumbs through a magazine. Advertising cards slide out. He turns the magazine sideways to open out the centerfold. It cascades to the floor. A ridiculous number of those pain in the butt cards float out.

REED

(contented)

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

ANOTHER ANGLE

It's a centerfold of a massive new assault rifle. The heading reads: GUN OF THE MONTH.

TWO PUNKS enter. Trouble. They cross to the counter.

PUNK #1

Excuse me, where would I find the Huggies disposable diapers?

HINDU #1

No Huggies... no Huggies. Beef Jerky.

PUNK #1

No Huggies! You call this a convenience store? Open the cash register or I splatter your brains.

He produces a sawed-off shotgun from under his coat. Punk #2 does the same. Hindus and Translator start YAMMERING.

ON REED

Puts back the magazine. As he moves towards the counter we see he is knee deep in magazine advertising cards.

REED

Excuse me...

And now everyone looks at Reed. He smiles.

REED

You scuzzballs mind if I join in?

Reed produces his own gun. The Two Punks jump behind one row of food and Reed behind another.

And what happens next happens very quickly and with a cacophony of gunfire and shattering glass and splintering wood.

REED

jumps out from behind the row, GUN BLAZING. Jumps back.

LEGG'S PANTY HOSE DISPLAY

Punk #2 leaps out. Pumps his shotgun. BLAM! BLAM! Leaps back.

CASES OF COKE

Reed spins through FRAME like a pirouetting ballerina firing a submachine gun.

TWINKIE DISPLAY

Punk #2 springs out and lets BLAST a grenade launcher.

PET FOOD AISLE

Reed jumps out with two German W.W. II, "Potato Masher" hand grenades. Flings them. Jumps back.

THE COUNTER

The Hindus pop up with a FLAME THROWER. One wears the tank, the other manipulates the nozzle. A tongue of flame shoots out. They drop back behind the counter.

REED AND PUNK #2

leap into FRAME from opposite directions. Side-by-side they FIRE. Notice they're next to each other. Leap away from each other and out of FRAME.

POTATO CHIP DISPLAY

Reed jumps out with a bag of chips in hand. Munches a few. Jumps back behind the display.

CANNED SOUP DISPLAY

Punk #1 bounds out with a sling-shot. Lets loose a stone. O.S. "AHHHH" and GOLIATH, complete with breast plate and helmet, drops through FRAME. Punk #1 bounds back behind the row.

WIDE

so we can SEE the Punks and Reed leaping out, firing and jumping back. But they're nowhere near each other. In fact, they have their backs to each other. They're BLASTING away at shelves of food. The store is in shambles.

COMIC BOOK RACK

Reed rolls out from behind the rack, dives behind bags of dry dog food stacked sand bag like. He leaps up, a "Rambo rifle" in each hand, belts of finger-sized bullets crisscrossing his chest. BLASTING away.

The Punks tumble through FRAME in a SLOW MOTION choreographed, Greg Lougainis flight. They fly through the plate glass window. An excess amount of glass rains down -- like it was being dumped out of a truck.

Punk #1 tries to crawl away. Reed stands over him. Takes dead aim.

REED

I know what you're thinking, punk.
You're thinking, "Did he fire 173
times or a 174?" Well, do you
feel lucky, punk?

The Punk collapses. Glass is still falling. The 7 - 11 has been obliterated. Nothing's left in one piece except the microwave. Reed crosses to it.

The Hindus leap up, jabbering away, pointing frantically at the charred remains of their store. Reed holds up a silencing hand.

REED

I know. I know. You don't have
to thank me. Hey, I'm just a cop
doing his job.

The microwave timer bell goes off. Reed pops open the door. The burger is burned to a crisp.

REED

Guys, you gotta get this thing
fixed.

Reed saunters out. Hindus screeching at him.

EXT. MINI- MALL

SOUNDS of SIRENS in the distance. Reed crosses to his Caddy. The ENGINE is still running on.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Reed drives off. And we're into titles now as the CAMERA SWEEPS over....

LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

It lies beneath us, iridescent and inviting. We know it's Los Angeles because we SUPER: LOS ANGELES.

And now the CAMERA SOARS, DIPS, spiraling slowly DOWN... over the city.

SUPER: TUESDAY, DEC. 19

MUSIC now. "Jingle Bell Rock," or some other commercial neo-rock and roll Christmas tune.

SUPER: 9:53

The three rolls out of FRAME and CLICK... it's 9:54.

Now the CAMERA floats, almost languidly, toward a high-rise, high-price, apartment complex. Close enough to read "NO LOITERING" stenciled on the building, fifteen stories above the street.

SUPER: CLEAR AND 67 DEGREES

MOVING in on a tenth floor apartment window, through billowing curtains into the apartment.

SUPER: AN APARTMENT

There in the bed, in a tangle of silk sheets, lie a THE COUPLE FROM THE FOLGERS COFFEE COMMERCIALS. An Electric coffee pot sits between. They are drinking coffee.

SUPER: COUPLE IN BED

She looks up, directly into CAMERA... and SCREAMS. She grabs things off her nightstand and hurls them at the CAMERA. He joins in.

A glass... SUPER: A GLASS.

A lamp... SUPER: A LAMP.

COUPLE

(to CAMERA)

Out! Get out of here! You have some nerve!

The CAMERA retreats out the window and resumes its DESCENT...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

L.A. Bungalow community. The sailing CAMERA knocks a plastic Santa and Reindeer off a roof, jars loose a few bricks from the neighboring house's chimney, then drifts towards the only undecorated home on the block.

The CAMERA heads straight for the front door. BAM! Hits it. The door doesn't budge. The CAMERA staggers back a few feet and turns for a window.

A closed window.

GLASS SHATTERS as the CAMERA heads into...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The CAMERA drifts past the T.V. set and WAYNE NEWTON'S CHRISTMAS FROM THE MALL special. Wayne sings while the ROCKETTES kick and dance their way into a Tom Mc Ann's Shoe Store.

INT. BEDROOM

Now the CAMERA floats over to the bed and a rumpled pile of sheets. From this pile emerges BILL YORK. Early fifties. Complexion like overboiled rice. Muscle tone of a clam.

He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs. Checks his wristwatch. Jiggles it. Holds it to his ear. It's not working. Checks the time on his nightstand clock. It's stopped too.

YORK

Damn!

He tosses it aside in disgust.

SUPER: 9:57

York glances in the direction of the SUPERED time. Jumps up.

YORK

(alarmed)

Nine-fifty-seven!

Frantically, he punches out a phone number. It RINGS. York taps his foot nervously.

MAN'S VOICE

(answering phone)

You've reached the desk of
Sergeant Wes Olsen. Please leave
a message after the beep.

YORK

Wes, it's Bill again. I think...

MAN'S VOICE

(irritated)

I said after the beep.

YORK

Yeah, right. Sorry.

(he HEARS a BEEP)

I think it's too dangerous to wait here. I'm getting out. Meet me at the Squealer's Hotel downtown. I've got a contact there.

York SLAMS the receiver back in the cradle.

EXT. YORK'S HOUSE

A VAN pulls up in front of the house -- "WILDERNESS GIRLS OF America" painted on the side. Headlights blink out.

INT. YORK HOUSE - BEDROOM

An open suitcase plops down on the bed. York frantically tosses things into it: shirts, socks, a pistol, brass knuckles, a bear trap, a set of false teeth, a pizza, a glass of water, a puppy.

EXT. YORK HOUSE

The rear doors of the van SLAM shut. A large cardboard box is placed on a dolly.

Little girl feet appear wearing little girl shoes. They hop and skip merrily up the walkway pushing the dolly.

The feet stop. A Camel cigarette hits the ground and the feet grind it out, then continue their hop and skip up the walkway.

INT. YORK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

York enters carrying the suitcase. The DOOR BELL RINGS. York freezes. Looks around. Crosses to a wall of photos and takes one down. It's a picture of York and a man we'll meet later -- WES OLSEN.

The DOOR BELL RINGS again. York gropes under the coffee table for something. He's got it. A piece of chewing gum. York sticks the gum on the back of the photo. And now that damn DOORBELL RINGS incessantly. Olsen takes a film cannister out of his pocket. Produces a strip of microfilm. Sticks the microfilm onto the gum. Hangs the picture back on the wall.

York crosses to the door and peers through the peephole.

WHAT HE SEES: Distorted, fish-eye view of a WILDERNESS GIRL: A Schwarzenegger body squeezed into an ill fitting uniform dress. Scar across cheek. Five day stubble on the chin. One ugly Wilderness Girl.

YORK

Who is it?

WILDERNESS GIRL

(Schwarzenegger
accent)

Wilderness Girls.

York unlocks several locks and opens the door opens to reveal another lock laden door. He opens the second door to reveal a vault door. He enters the combination, spins the huge metal wheel, swings it open to reveal hanging beads. He parts the hanging beads and peers down at the Wilderness Girl.

WILDERNESS GIRL

(sing-songy)

We've baked these cookies just for
you with love and much sincerity.
Won't you buy a box today and help
our push for charity?

YORK

Little late to be selling cookies.

WILDERNESS GIRL

Troop leader says we're not
meeting our quota.

York sighs. Leads her into the house.

YORK

(digging for his
wallet)

Give me a couple of boxes.

He turns around to face the barrel of a .44 magnum.

YORK

Make that a case.

WILDERNESS GIRL

That won't be necessary, Mr. York.

The Wilderness Girl pulls off her wig, revealing a short brown hair. York immediately pulls off his hair revealing he's bald. York smiles. Wilderness girl pulls off brown hair revealing a blond crew-cut. Meet MR. JIGSAW, midget merc and all-around hostile bad guy. York's beaten.

YORK

I gotta be honest, you look a lot better with the wig on.

Jigsaw presses the gun against York's nose.

JIGSAW

My hairstyle is the least of your concerns.

YORK

Wilderness Girls. So that's how the drugs are being shipped.

JIGSAW

Brilliant, Mr. York. Now, if you please, the microfilm?

YORK

I don't know what you're talking about.

JIGSAW

You insult my intelligence. Now, give it to me.

YORK

I... I haven't got it.

JIGSAW

Who does?

York doesn't answer. Jigsaw screws a silencer onto the barrel of his gun.

JIGSAW

In a little while you will beg to tell me, Mr. York. So, why not save yourself unnecessary pain and tell me now?

York's nervous. Bites his lower lip. Jigsaw sticks the gun under his chin.

YORK

McCracken.

Jigsaw smiles.

JIGSAW

Thank you, Mr. York.

And PIFF... PIFF... he fires at York. York drops out of FRAME. THUD. Jigsaw turns to go. Thinks of something. Turns back.

JIGSAW
Is that Dan McCracken or Phil
McCracken?

YORK
(gasping)
P... Phil.

Jigsaw nods. PIFFF... shoots York again. Takes a few steps.
Turns back.

YORK
Is he on Alpine or Oak?

YORK
(barely holding on)
Al... Alpine.

Jigsaw nods. Shoots him again. Almost makes the door when...

YORK(O.S.)
You... you better park on Third
... You'll never find a spot on
Alpine.

JIGSAW
Thank you, you've been most
cooperative.

YORK
Don't mention it.

Jigsaw fires again. There's a THUD and a CRASH then silence.
Jigsaw exits.

EXT. WES OLSEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

A pleasant two story house on a palm tree lined street. Heavy
on the Christmas decorations. A CONSTRUCTION CREW works on the
neighbor's home adding an addition.

Over shot we HEAR a KNOCK on a DOOR and...

OLSEN(V.O.)
Debbie, honey, time to get up.
Rise and shine.

Immediately, a rope ladder flies out a second story window and
a MAN IN LAKER UNIFORM climbs down. In fact it is a LAKER. A
SECOND LAKER follows close behind.

INT. HALLWAY

WES OLSEN knocks on the bedroom door. He's edging past fifty and maybe fighting it a little, but hey -- he's got this great family so how bad can things be?

OLSEN

Debbie, up and at 'em.

Olsen opens the door.

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM

DEBBIE, Olsen's knockout teenage daughter, is in bed with the blanket up to her chin. Beside her, SOMEONE has a blanket over their head. A pair of bare legs wearing sweat socks and hi-top sneakers poke out from under the blanket. Olsen peeks into the room.

DEBBIE

I'll be right there, Daddy.

OLSEN

Okay, sugar.

Olsen closes the door. The THIRD LAKER throws off the blanket and bolts for the window.

INT. HALLWAY

Whistling happily to himself, Olsen moves on to another door. KNOCKS.

OLSEN

Ben? You up son?

BEN is Olsen's nine year old son. Olsen opens the door.

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM

Ben is in bed with the blanket up to his chin. A pair of long legs in sweat socks and sneakers stick out from under the covers of his bed too.

OLSEN

Rise and shine.

BEN

Be right down, Dad.

Olsen closes the door.

INT. OLSEN'S DEN - MORNING

Lots of photos on the wall. Olsen with fellow officers. Olsen on his BOAT. Olsen standing proudly beside a large marlin.

He removes one of a dozen fishing rods from a wall rack. Whips it back and forth, relishing it's action. He talks to it as if it were a woman.

OLSEN

A few more days and it's just you,
me and our worms dangling in the
water. I love the way you tease
me and fight me and toy with me...
is it a bite or just a nibble? I
love holding you in my hands and
feeling every tremble and quiver
pulsating along your willowy body.

(beat)

I'd better check my messages.

There's an answering machine on his desk. He checks it.

YORK

(on machine)

Wes? Bill York. Long time, I
know. But I gotta see you. I'm
onto something that could blow the
lid off this city.

CRASH! Distracted by the message, Olsen casts a lure through the den window.

YORK

(continuing)

Cocaine's being pipelined into the
country through L.A.. I need your
help, Wes. I think they're onto
me. Call as soon as you get this
message.

The message BEEPS to an end. During this Olsen has been trying to reel in the line. He's playing it like he's battling a fish. BEEP a second message.

YORK

Wes, it's Bill again. It's too
dangerous to wait here. I'm
getting out. Meet me at the
Squealers' Hotel downtown. I've
got a contact there.

Grappling with the fishing rod, Olsen reaches to rewind the message.

YORK
Wait, I'm not done.

OLSEN
Sorry.

YORK
Remember, Wes, you owe me.

OLSEN
For what?

YORK
Remember in 'Nam, I took a bayonet
for you.

OLSEN
We weren't in 'nam.

YORK
Well we could have been.

OLSEN
Is that it?

YORK
Yeah.

Message BEEPS off. The fishing rod suddenly bucks violently in Olsen's hand. Outside, a WOMAN SCREAMS. Olsen jerks on the rod. The fishing line snaps back into the room, a large bra dangling from the lure. He examines it.

OLSEN
(to self)
Yup, that's a keeper.

He tosses it in a desk drawer with a lot of other ladies underwear.

INT. KITCHEN

Olsen enters. His wife, DORIS, is pouring orange juice for a MAN in his early thirties. Doris is late forties and fighting it. They both wear fashionable arobics tights.

OLSEN
Morning, honey.

DORIS
Oh, Wes, this is Ken Luckman.
He's an astrophysicist with a
doctorate in fluids. We met
jogging this...

OLSEN

Hi, Ken. Hon, you'll never guess
who called me.

A pause while Olsen waits for a response. Silence.

OLSEN

Bill York! My old partner. How
about that?

He opens the refrigerator door peers in.

OLSEN

Anything to eat? I'm famished.
(as he looks for food
he muses)

Two more days and it's over. Boy
those twenty years went fast.

As Olsen drones on his wife is hand feeding Ken pieces of
toast, a grape maybe a strip of bacon. They nuzzle. Caress.
It gets pretty heavy.

OLSEN

First, pounding the beat, then
riding a desk, finally making
detective. And all the time you
know what kept me going? Can you
guess? That's right, Honey Buns,
my family. That's why retirement's
going to be so great. More time
for us to share.

(beat)

Well, I'll get something on the
way. See you tonight, Hon.

He pulls his head from inside the refrigerator. It's covered
with frost. An icicle dangles from his nose. Olsen looks
around. His wife and Ken have disappeared.

EXT. OLSEN HOUSE

Olsen crosses to his car. As he drives away, the Construction
Workers drop their tools, hotfoot it over to his house and
start up the rope ladder to his daughter's room.

EXT. STREET - OLSEN'S CAR

Stopping for a light. A Jag convertible pulls up beside him.
The DRIVER answers his car phone. The Driver HONKS and motions
for Olsen's attention.

JAG DRIVER

You Sergeant Olsen?

OLSEN

Yeah.

JAG DRIVER

It's for you.

The Jag Driver leans across the seat stretching the phone cord. Hands Olsen the phone.

OLSEN

(into phone)

This is Sergeant Olsen.

(a beat; Olsen reacts
to some bad news)

You sure?! I was on my way
downtown to meet him. Damn! I'll
be right there.

Olsen tosses the phone into his backseat. Flips on his SIREN and takes off. The car phone line stretches out behind him until Olsen tows the Jag through FRAME.

EXT. YORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Pretty crowded out front: Couple of Police cars, an ambulance, a fire truck, an ice cream truck, a lunch wagon truck, a push-cart hot dog stand, a trailer truck hauling a stack of six cars, a cement truck and a wild west stagecoach.

Olsen arrives. Parks. Leads us past all of this. Yellow streamers cordon off the walkway. A POLICE LAB CREW takes plaster casts under the windows. Olsen approaches a LAB MAN.

OLSEN

Any footprints?

LAB MAN

We're just pulling out the first
casting.

He indicates Three Lab Men hoisting a plaster cast out of the ground. It's a perfect reproduction of the "Venus Di Milo".

OLSEN

Well let me know if you find any
footprints.

Lab Man nods. Olsen heads for the house.

INT. YORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Olsen surveys the living room. Half a dozen COPS mill about. Olsen takes a deep breath: This is going to be tough for him. He approaches IRV, a Plains Clothes Officer who's scratching his head and checking a note pad.

OLSEN

What have you got, Irv?

Irv looks up. Still scratching. In the b.g., COPS are going through York's tape collection, taking what they want.

IRV

Beats me, Sarge. Dandruff, seborrhea or maybe just dry, itchy, scalp.

OLSEN

Have you tried this, Irv?
(producing a bottle
of "Head and
Shoulders")
It's what I use.

IRV

(taking shampoo)
Head and Shoulders? But you don't
have dandruff.

OLSEN

(smugly)
I know.

Olsen moves on. Squats down beside a pale man in a black suit. This is DOC, the coroner. He's examining York's body. We can't see York's face.

As Olsen and Doc talk, TWO COPS cordon off the area with yellow tape.

OLSEN

What are you looking at, Doc?

DOC

The worst dressed stiff I've ever
seen.

During the conversation, COPS dance the limbo under the yellow streamer. They cheer each other on as the streamer is lowered.

OLSEN

That stiff and I pounded a beat
together, so show a little
respect.

DOC

I thought he was a private dick.

OLSEN

No, he was just a little irascible at times. York left the force five years ago. But he'd been one hell of a cop.

DOC

Sorry, Wes. I see so much of this senseless mayhem I sometimes get a little insensitive.

(pats Olsen on the back)

Anyway, this loser took the chicken shit way out and punched his own ticket. .44 slug to the forehead. Gun in the stiff's hand. Still smoking.

OLSEN

Cigarettes will kill you.

DOC

No, the gun was still smoking.

OLSEN

Suicide, huh? Must have caught himself by surprise.

And now we see York's face. It is frozen in a wide-eyed, open-mouthed look of surprise.

Doc hands Olsen a box of cookies.

DOC

Found these on the floor beside him.

OLSEN

Wilderness Girl cookies.

Olsen notices a piece of cardboard projecting from York's clenched fist. Tries to pull it out. Can't -- York's hand is clenched in a vise grip.

OLSEN

Give me a little help here, Doc.

Doc tries prying the fist open. Olsen grimaces at the CRACKING of BONES. Stands. We PLAY this on him reacting to CRACKS... SNAPS and O.S. GRUNTS from Doc. Doc stands and though we can't see it, his body movement and the SOUND effects tell us he's stomping down on York's hand: SOUNDS like he's CRACKING WALNUTS under foot. Olsen grimaces.

Doc bends down, comes up with a book of matches. Hands them to Olsen.

DOC

Should have asked. Could have used my lighter.

Olsen studies the match book: SQUEALER'S HOTEL -- ASK ABOUT OUR DISCOUNT RATE FOR FEDERAL STOOLIES. Olsen turns it over: LEARN TO DRAW AT HOME in bold letters above a crude police composite of some serial killer.

Olsen pockets the matches. Takes a step and is stuck like a fly in a web of yellow streamers. He hacks his way through. Crosses to the wall of photographs. Takes down one of him and York: The two of them as younger men at the Police Academy. Olsen's head has been pasted on the body of a much younger man.

IRV(O.S.)

You knew him, Sarge?

OLSEN

I knew him.

(turning to Irv)

He was my partner.

Irv, still fully clothed, is shampooing his hair. His head is a mass of suds. He's vigorously messaging.

IRV

Sorry, Sarge.

Olsen pats Irv's shoulder: He appreciates the sentiment. He heads for the door.

IRV

(calling out)

Hey, I can feel it tingling.

Olsen, from the door... Giving Irv a thumbs up.

OLSEN

Good, that means it's working.

Olsen exits.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

A red orb of sun slips into the ocean. Reed steps into FRAME. Watches the sunset. Placid. He's knee-deep in the water -- pant legs rolled up. A TRUCK RUMBLES O.S.. Reed turns to the SOUND.

A garbage truck with ACME MEDICAL WASTE stenciled on its side, backs down the beach to the water's edge. It begins dumping its load into the surf: bottles, old casts, syringes, body bags and objects we'd prefer not to identify.

Reed turns and walks out of the water. He is wearing his socks and shoes. The water has left an oil slick on his legs. A couple of hypodermic needles, a plastic six pack ring, and a Styrofoam fast-food container cling to this oil.

Reed heads towards a small battered trailer home squatting on the beach.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Reed enters. It's palatial. And massive. Marble floor. Arched ceilings. Sweeping staircase. Chandeliers. Overstuffed designer furniture.

Reed takes a crumpled cigarette from a crumpled pack. Sticks it in his mouth. Pushes a button and a well-stocked bar glides out of the wall.

He mixes a drink. He pours a bottle of Myers 151 Rum into a huge glass followed by a bottle of Jack Daniels, followed by a bottle of Stolichnaya and topped off with a bottle of Guinness Stout. Reed sips this concoction gingerly. Hm... something's missing. He adds a drop of Creme De Menthe. Sips again. Ah! That's it. He gulps the whole drink down. Picks up a framed photo. Drops onto the sofa. Gazes numbly at the photo.

REED

Claire... Claire... oh, God... I miss you...

He sobs. Brings the picture to his face and smothers it with kisses.

REED

I'm trying, Claire... God knows I am... but it's too hard without you.

He chokes back tears. Breathes deeply, fighting the torment: It's a losing battle. He lifts a pistol to his head. Holds it in front of his face. Trembles. The intensity in his eyes chilling as he pulls back the hammer.

Squeezes the trigger.

Slowly.

All sound...

All movement but the slow squeezing of that trigger...

Suspended.

CLICK. A flame pops out of the nose of the gun. Reed lights his cigarette. Looks down at...

THE PICTURE

A Rottweiller.

REED(O.S.)

I'll find them, Claire. I'll find
the bastards that got you.

A tear PLOPS onto the photo... followed by cigarette ashes.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

Vulgar excess of Christmas decorations. We Rap version of "here comes Santa Clause" escapes from the house.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Three teddy-clad BIMBOS drape themselves around a sleazy man in a sleazy smoking jacket sitting at a white baby grand piano. This is PHIL MCCRACKEN.

In b.g. on Big Screen T.V., a RAP SINGER dressed as Santa performs along with his attractive SANTA'S HELPERS.

Phil drowns him out, plays piano and he and his Bimbos sing...

THE FOUR OF THEM

Silent Night, Holy Night...

All is calm, All is bright...

CRAAAAACK... the front door is smashed open. Jigsaw stands in the door frame. Revos. Little Armani suit. Big attitude.

Phil jumps up. Bimbos cower.

PHIL

What the hell...

The appearance of a second man in the doorway stops him cold. GENERAL CURTS MORTARS. Tall. Lean. Hard. Retired Army. He exudes covert missions.

PHIL

(humbled)

General.

MORTARS

Phil. Ladies.

Mortars calmly surveys the room. Crosses to a large aquarium. Bends. Instead of a diver decoration there is a plastic EXXON gas pump and attendant. Mortar's taps on the glass.

MORTARS

Scallops?

PHIL

(uneasy)

No. Piranha.

Mortars smiles.

MORTARS

Their lives exude a beautiful simplicity. Savage. Ruthless. Existing only to devour and destroy. To taste blood. To rend flesh. Sort of like me, right, Phil?

Phil is too busy going pale to respond. Mortars smiles at Phil then, in case we still had any doubts about him being a psycho, Mortars suddenly thrusts his head into the tank.

The tank explodes in a cloud of gravel and churning water. Mortars removes his head. Unscathed. In his mouth a piranha. Flapping helplessly. He spits it out.

MORTARS

In it's own environment the piranha is a ferocious killer. In mine, just a helpless little fish. There's a lesson to be learned from that, don't you think?

Phil has that Linda Blair about to puke green crap, look. Mortars plugs in a hair dryer -- blow dries his hair.

MORTARS

Phil, I have a concern that's inhibiting my Yuletide spirit. It seems certain information was shared with an individual who might have jeopardized our cookie operation. While we've eliminated this individual, we have yet to recover a very important item.

PHIL
(panicked)
General, I didn't know York was an
ex-cop, I swear...

MORTARS
Where's the microfilm, Phil?

PHIL
I don't know. When I gave it to
him I thought he was one of your
men.

MORTARS
Act in haste repent in leisure.

PHIL
But.. but... he who hesitates is
lost.

MORTARS
Never judge a book by it's cover.

PHIL
(quickly)
What you see is what you get.

A beat. Mortars is irked. Then he smiles... he's got one.

MORTARS
Loose lips sink ships.

Phil panics.

PHIL
Ah... life is very short and
there's no time for fussing and
fighting, my friend.

Mortars looks to Jigsaw who pulls out a copy of "Bartlett's
Familiar Quotations". Checks it. Looks up. Shakes his head -
- "No." Mortars smiles. It's chilling. Phil starts weeping.

MORTARS
Sorry, Phil. No good. You've
been careless. Sloppy. We just
can't have that. Now, where's the
microfilm?

PHIL
(on his knees,
sobbing)
I don't know. I swear.

A Bimbo hands Phil a tissue. Mortars turns to Jigsaw.

MORTARS

Mr. Jigsaw.

Jigsaw produces a massive weapon.

MORTARS

Good-bye, Phil. Sorry I can't stay. Other parties, other obligations. You know how it is this time of year.

Mortars turns and exits. Jigsaw screws the silencer onto the barrel of his pistol.

Phil, up to his waist in spent tissue, tries to back away. Stumbles. The Bimbos scatter. Screaming.

ON JIGSAW

He fires. PIFF... PIFF.

ON T.V. SET

Rap Singer and Helpers in Sleigh. Over this we hear GUNSHOTS, SHATTERING GLASS, AN INCOMING MISSILE, BARNYARD NOISES.

Then, silence.

Then, MACHINE GUN FIRE.

Silence.

CHAINSAW.

Silence.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Through the clearing smoke we see the room is totally destroyed. The Rap Singer is draped over his sleigh. Dead. But Phil and his Bimbos stand in the middle of the room, untouched.

PHIL

Man, you are really a bad shot.

JIGSAW

shoves an old fashioned pirate ship cannon into FRAME. Lights the fuse. BIG EXPLOSION followed by a series of THUDS.

JIGSAW

Practise makes perfect.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

It looks more like an ad agency than a Police Department: Immaculate and Hi-tech.

AT THE BOOKING DESK

A sign: "Express Lane: Ten Misdemeanors or Less." And beneath the sign, a line of YUPPIE OFFENDERS. Cellular phones. Sunglasses. Beepers.

Olsen saunters by on the way to...

THE SQUADROOM

He passes a COUPLE talking with a POLICE ARTIST.

HUSBAND

No, he had fuller lips.

The Artist makes the changes. And now we see he is working with a Mr. Potato Head. He substitutes wide red lips for narrow pink lips.

HUSBAND

Perfect.

ANOTHER PART OF THE SQUADROOM

Olsen joins a group of ARMANIED OFFICERS who watch a cop named DOOLEY struggling to free himself from a straight jacket. Dooley is beet red and sweating profusely. Some of the cops watching are being fitted by TAILORS...

TAILOR

We make it very tight to show off manhood. Do you dress to the right or to the left?

ARMANIED COP #1

Give it up, Dooley.

Dooley shakes his head -- never.

OLSEN

What's going on?

ARMANIED COP #2

Dooley here bet us he'd escape in fifteen minutes.

OLSEN

How long's it been?

ARMANIED COP #1

Hour and a half.

OLSEN

Better step on it, Dooley.

MAN(O.S.)
 (bellowing)
 What the hell is this some kind of goddam
 country club you think we're running her
 e? I'll have all your asses pounding a bea
 t before you can kiss my ass!

If this is more loud than intelligible that's fine because this
 is CAPTAIN MURPHY, the Department's resident SCREAMER. He makes
 the Detroit Captain in "Beverly Hills Cop" seem 'luded out.

MURPHY
 You think crime is taking a
 holiday? Think again.

The Officers scatter for their desks. Even Dooley. Olsen
 falls in beside Murphy.

MURPHY
 What the hell do you want, Olsen?

OLSEN
 I want the York case.

MURPHY
 There is no York case. It was a
 suicide.

They stop by a coffee machine.

MURPHY
 (he yells even this)
 Coffee?

OLSEN
 No thanks.

Murphy takes another step to his right, revealing a restaurant
 size cappucino/expreso machine.

MURPHY
 Cappucino? Expreso?

Olsen shakes his head, no.

MURPHY
 Well, what the hell do you want?
 You think we're running a goddamn
 restaurant here, well think again!

Murphy takes a couple of more steps revealing a buffet table
 laid out with everything from croissants to sushi. He starts
 loading a plate.

OLSEN

I don't believe it was a suicide.
York was on to something.

MURPHY

On something is more like it.
Those Wilderness Girl cookies were
laced with cocaine.

OLSEN

That figures. York left me a
message. He'd uncovered a drug
running operation. I think that's
what got him killed.

They enter Murphy's office.

INT. MURPHY'S OFFICE

Country pine trendy. A picture of Dan Quayle hangs on the
wall. A FAX spews out wanted photos that look like actors'
head shots.

MURPHY

You're days from retirement. Let
it go.

OLSEN

(yelling)

Let it go?! Bill York was a
partner. A friend. I owe it to
him. I owe it to every cop who
ever walked a beat, who ever made
a bust, who ever put his life on
the line.

(pounds desk)

MURPHY

(interrupts; shouts)

Wait a minute! I'm the Captain.
I do all the yelling! But if it
means that much to you, take the
damn case.

OLSEN

Thanks, Chief.

MURPHY

(heated)

Don't be so fast to thank me, Olsen, because you're going to be naked on this one. It's all on the line for you. People are going to be watching. Blow it and you're going down. Screw up and you'll be hung out to dry. Drop the ball and you'll be left twisting in the wind. Fuck up and you can kiss your pension good-bye. Embarrass the department and your pants will be dancing with figs. Is that clear?

OLSEN

Everything but the pants, fig thing. How much time have I got?

Hard stare from Murphy, then...

MURPHY

That's up to you.

A "Price is Right," type GAME SHOW HOSTESS appears from O.S. pushing a game show wheel. Instead of numbers it has times -- hours, minutes, blink of an eye.

Olsen swallows hard. The smiling HOSTESS leads Olsen to the wheel. He gives it a spin. WHIRRR....

ON OLSEN

nervously watching the spinning wheel.

ON MURPHY

intent. Sweat pouring into his eyes.

THE WHEEL

Numbers WHIRRING PAST: six hours, nine hours, three hours.

THE HOSTESS

sweat pouring into her eyes, streaking her mascara.

IN DOORWAY

Cops squeezed together -- Dooley still in the straight jacket. Watching. Sweat pouring into their eyes.

PHOTO OF DAN QUAYLE

watching the wheel, sweat pouring into his eyes.

ON OLSEN

eyes closed. On his eyelids are drawn two crude eyes.

THE WHEEL

slowing... slowing. Past "Nine and a Half Weeks". Past "High Noon". Past "3:10 to Yuma". Closing in on... YES! "Forty-eight hours".

The Cops go wild. CHEER. Olsen lets out a big sigh of relief. The Hostess hugs him. Murphy shakes his hand. The Cops disperse.

MURPHY

Nice spin.

OLSEN

Thanks, chief.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

A racetrack like TOTE BOARD posts odds on various police activity. OLSEN - YORK CASE - 3-1 flashes on the board.

PAN DOWN from the board to Murphy and Olsen exiting Murphy's office.

MURPHY

One other thing. Narco's sending over one of their burnt out psychos to look into those Wilderness Girl cookies. I'm teaming him with you.

OLSEN

Captain, you know I work alone.

MURPHY

You get the case you get Tyler Reed.

Suddenly, Olsen freezes. He's seen something unnerving. Starts to bolt across the room.

REED

who has just wandered into the squad room, cigarette dangling from his mouth. He has a lighter out. Flame to tip as Olsen is on him. But Reed's quick. He flips Olsen. Lights his cigarette.

COPS

(in unison; to Reed)

Put that thing out! Can't you read? No smoking. Think of my lungs. Don't be so self-centered. That's a disgusting habit!

Reed shrugs. Stands. Officers rush forward. Grab Reed. Pull the cigarette from his mouth.

MURPHY

Back off.

(beat)

That's Olsen's new partner.

Silence. Then all the Officers race to a bank of pari-mutuel betting windows.

THE TOTE BOARD

where the odds on Olsen quickly change from 3-1 to 100-1. Olsen shakes his head in total disgust.

MURPHY

You know there's someone you should talk to if this case involves cookies.

Olsen and Reed both react: This is something you don't want to hear.

OLSEN

No. Not him.

Murphy nods -- yes him.

INT. CELL AREA

Bleak. "Silence of the Lambs" bleak. In fact if we can get that set, all the better. An ATTENDANT dressed in white holds a metal door open for Olsen and Reed.

As they pass...

ATTENDANT #1

You know the rules. Do not touch the glass. Do not pass him any sharp instruments. Make sure you stay to the left when you walk down the hall. He's in the last cell.

Reed and Olsen enter the main cell area. Attendant closes door. Something dawns on him. Something that panics him. He swings the door open and SHOUTS...

ATTENDANT

THE RIGHT! I MEANT STAY TO THE
RIGHT!

INT. CELL AREA

Too late. Olsen is being strangled by a pair of hairy hands reaching out from between bars. Reed pounds on them with a gun butt and they release Olsen. They walk on... on the right.

In dimly lit cells with obvious nameplates they pass: Mike Tyson, Leona Helmsley, Charles Keating, Mike Milkin, Danny Bonaduce.

THE LAST CELL

Glass front. Two chairs outside. Hannibal Lecter look in terms of room and prisoner. Same somewhat oddly-aloof meets toying prissiness in attitude and posture. Name HAROLD LECTER.

Reed and Olsen stand uncomfortably against the far wall. Piercing look.

LECTER

Please, sit.

Slowly they sit.

OLSEN

I need to ask you some questions.

LECTER

There's someone out there again
isn't there? A bad boy with
cookies.

OLSEN

Yes, he...

Lecter halts him with a raised hand. Sniffs the air.

LECTER

Old Spice. You wear that
sometimes don't you? But not
today... today it's mentholatum
deep heat rub, and your third
grade teacher was Miss Dobbins,
and you suffer from gastritis, and
that mole on your right shoulder
has been bothering you, your
herpes is acting...

OLSEN

(hot)
We're here to talk about the
cookies.

Lecter smiles.

LECTER

Perhaps Mr. Reed holds the key.

Reed registers surprise.

LECTER

Surprised, I know your name.
Don't be. I know all about you.
Know that you must look into
yourself for an answer to the
cookie concern. Look to a man you
were involved with.

Reed cocks his head in a puzzled, let me think about this, sort
of way.

A FLASHBACK

A beautiful stretch of sun drenched beach. Pounding turquoise
surf. Frolicking Beach goers. And at the surf line, running
along holding hands, comes Reed and A MAN who looks like he's
served some hard time.

LECTER(V.O.)

No. No. Not him.

Reed snaps out of his FLASHBACK.

LECTER

It was in Vietnam.

A FLASHBACK

A beautiful stretch of sun drenched beach. Pounding surf.
Bombs bursting in air. Running at water's edge is Reed,
holding hands with a VIETNAMESE MAN. They frolic out of FRAME.

LECTER(V.O.)

No. No. I'm disappointed in you.
It was Mortars. Gen. Mortars.

Again, Reed snaps out of the FLASHBACK

REED

M... Mortars?

A FLASHBACK

The same beautiful beach we saw a moment ago. And here comes Reed running hand and hand through the surf with Mortars.

REED(V.O.)

Wait a minute! I never...

OUT OF FLASHBACK

LECTER

I didn't mean that kind of involvement.

REED

Oh.

LECTER

You were under his command.

Reed nods. Jaw tight.

LECTER

Look to him, and when you find him...

(comes close to
glass)

I would love to eat his cookies...
with some fava beans and a nice
chilled Fresca.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

VALETS drive up Patrol Cars for waiting Officers. Olsen and Reed exit the building. On the way out they pass a SUSPECT escorted by TWO OFFICERS. The Suspect is a living "Mr. Potato Head", complete with plastic features. An exact match for the police rendering we saw earlier. Olsen hands a parking stub to a VALET.

As they wait...

REED

(tight)

We gonna see Mortars?

OLSEN

Follow the lead of some sadistic,
mind twisting, jumpsuit wearing,
sociopath? No, I have a better
lead than that.

REED

You're making a mistake.

OLSEN
Let's get one thing straight.
I've got 48 hours...

A PASSING VALET interrupts...

PASSING VALET
Forty-seven hours, thirty-nine
minutes, Sarge.

OLSEN
(shouts to Valet)
Like I don't have enough pressure.
(to Reed)
I'm out to find my ex-partner's
killer. The only leads I have are
a matchbook from the Squealer's
Hotel and a box of bad cookies.
So, I don't need some hotshot
cowboy from Narco getting in my
way.

Olsen's struck a nerve.

REED
You're not the only one who's lost
a partner.
(off Olsen's
reaction)
Claire and I rode together for
seven years.

The Valet arrives with Olsen's car. Olsen tips him. As they
get in the car...

OLSEN
Bill York and I started at the
Academy together. Partnered for
five years. Before that we dodged
the draft together. Before that
we played High School Football
together. Before that we were in
grade school together. Before
that we breast-fed together.

INT. OLSEN'S CAR

Reed reacts, then tosses the dry cleaning on the passenger seat
out of the car.

OLSEN
What happened to your partner?

REED

The hell of it is, I don't know.
I came home one night and she was
gone.

OLSEN

She was living with you?

REED

(nods)

Hell, she used to sleep at my feet
and lick my toes.

OLSEN

I guess some people are into that
kind of stuff. Me, I think it's a
mistake -- getting involved with a
partner like that.

Olsen starts driving.

REED

Hey, you try not getting involved
with a partner who saves your life
one minute and nuzzles your crotch
the next.

Olsen reacts. Clears his throat.

OLSEN

Well, Bill and I didn't have that
kind of relationship. Though we
did hold hands at the movies once.

Now Reed reacts.

OLSEN

After he quit the force we didn't
get together that much. Though
when we did, Bill was always
excited to see me.

REED

When Claire was excited to see me
she'd pee on my shoes.

OLSEN

(trying not to sound
shocked)

Sounds stress related.

(beat)

What do you think happened to her?

REED

Maybe she just took off. I hadn't been paying enough attention to her. I realized how neglected she felt the night she shit in my shoes.

Olsen shoots Reed a quick look.

OLSEN

Guess I'm lucky. My wife just throws things.

REED

But my gut tells me we were getting too close to someone.

(Reed goes ominous)

And whoever it was -- they're going to pay.

Reed has fished a crumpled cigarette out of his crumpled pack.

REED

Mind if I smoke?

OLSEN

Yes.

Guess Reed doesn't care. He lights the cigarette with the car lighter. Shakes the lighter as if he were putting out a match and tosses it into the back seat.

EXT. OLSEN'S CAR - MOVING

The back seat bursts into flames.

EXT. SQUEALERS' HOTEL - DAY

What a dump! On a street of dumps. Bars. Flophouses. Olsen's car pulls to the curb. Backseat still smoldering. Roof singed. Reed and Olsen hop out.

INT. SQUEALER'S HOTEL - DAY

Dark. Dank. A couple of chairs spilling their stuffing. Reed and Olsen head for front desk.

OLSEN

I'm handling this, Reed, and I do things one way and that's by the book. You don't like it get off the bus.

REED
(muttered)
Tight ass.

Olsen spins around.

OLSEN
Did you say something?

Reed shakes his head, "No." Olsen turns around. Reed mutters...

REED
Pencil neck.

Olsen spins around. Glares. Reed shrugs. Olsen turns around.

REED
(muttered)
Butt head.

Olsen spins around again. Wags a warning finger at Reed, turns and heads for the registration desk.

A FAT MAN in a dirty T - shirt stands behind the desk. As soon as he sees Olsen and Reed...

FAT MAN
What is it with you guys? I run a respectable place. What are you rousting me for? I got friends downtown. I don't know what you're talking about.

OLSEN
We haven't said anything yet.

FAT MAN
What's the beef? Why hassle me? You cops are all alike. Can't give an ex-con a break. Always busting our chops. I don't have to tell you a thing.

REED
Park the tongue, fat stuff. I'm Sergeant Reed, this is Sergeant Olsen.

The Fat Man appraises Reed: Doesn't think much of what he sees. Turns to Olsen.

FAT MAN

You look like a sensible, sensitive, by-the-book, hardworking guy. It must be difficult coping with this burned out, reckless husk of a man, constantly having to engage in frivolous word play and witty banter. Explain to your associate that I'm an innocent.

REED

Yeah, like Jessica Hahn's an innocent.

OLSEN

Do you know a man named Bill York?

Olsen searches for something in an inside jacket pocket: he removes three or four video tapes, a couple of reels of 35mm film, a couple of large oil paintings and finally a half dozen framed 8 x 10 photos. He selects an 8x10. Lays it on the counter. It's another phoney looking pasted on head, airbrush job of him and York in uniform.

The Fat Man points to York in the photo.

FAT MAN

That him?

OLSEN

No. That's his picture.

FAT MAN

Never seen him before.

REED

(to Olsen)

We're not getting anywhere like this. Let me accidentally beat the crap out of him.

GUNSHOTS from upstairs. Reed and Olsen exchange concerned looks. Head for the stairs.

ON THE STAIRS

Reed and Olsen start up. A THUG races down the stairs, fires a few shots over his shoulder at a pursuing COP.

As the Cop runs past...

OLSEN

He know anything about the Bill York murder?

COP
(shouts back)
Nah. Try the second floor.

THUG
Wait, I can sell you info on the
Faducci gang. Cheap. Or how about
a little taste on the Barbara
Bush, Dan Quayle thing?

They shake him off as more COPS and THUGS run past exchanging
gun fire.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Two UNIFORMED COPS, pistols out, are pressed against the wall.
TWO PLAIN CLOTHES COPS, badges dangling from their jacket
pockets, move cautiously towards a door.

As Olsen and Reed approach, all hell breaks loose. TWO PUNKS
leap from another room and open fire on the Cops. Chaos.

Reed and Olsen approach a Uniformed Cop.

OLSEN
Excuse me, is this the Bill York
informant shoot out?

COP
(still shooting)
I just got here. Wait a sec.
(shouts to another
cop)
Larry! Hey Larry!

LARRY can't hear him over the GUNFIRE. The Cop fires a shot at
Larry that whistles past his ear. He spins around.

COP
Larry, is this the Bill York
informant shoot out?

LARRY
Nah, check three.

Olsen and Reed nod their thanks.

INT. THIRD FLOOR

As Olsen and Reed arrive they are greeted by an FBI agent in a
dark suit. Gun in hand.

FBI AGENT
Beat it. This is an FBI case.
(into walkie talkie)
Bring them on out.

A door opens and TWO FBI AGENTS lead out THREE INFORMANTS. The Informants' faces are concealed by those little video squares used to conceal identities on T.V. news shows.

REED
They the Bill York informants?

FBI
(contemptuous)
Get your act together. That's
Becker, 403.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR

Dimly lit. Olsen and Reed pass a Cop kicking in a door. A MAN ducks out of a doorway and races down the hall.

OLSEN
Hey, you! Not so fast!

The Man slows to a walk.

OLSEN
That's better.

They reach 403. Reed draws his gun. POUNDS on door..

REED
Open up Becker! Police!

Becker answers with a hail of gunfire. Light streams through the bullet holes arranged in the shape of F.U..

OLSEN
(to Reed)
We tried it your way, now we'll
try it mine.

Olsen knocks gently on the door.

OLSEN
Room service.

A beat.

BECKER(O.S.)
Just a second.

Locks are unlocked. The door inches open a crack. Reed puts his shoulder to it, propelling Becker back into the room.

INT. BECKER'S ROOM

Small. Green walls. Unmade bed. Bare lightbulb dangling from ceiling. Becker is all angst and a bad blond toupee. An elusive SLUSHING SOUND creeps into the room.

BECKER

What...what...I don't know
nothin'. I didn't see nothin'. I
ain't saying nothin'.

OLSEN

The word is nothing. Not nothin'.
There's an "ing" on the end.
Nothing.

BECKER

(trying)

Nothiiiing. Nothiiiing. Nothiiiing.
Okay? All right?

OLSEN

That's better. Now, that's not
what you told Bill York.

Fear flickers in Becker's eyes.

BECKER

I don't know no Bill York. So you
guys aren't room service.

Olsen sighs.

OLSEN

No, and please, no double
negatives.

BECKER

Sorry, I don't know any Bill York.

OLSEN

(flashes matchbook)

These matches say you're lying.

Becker takes the book of matches. Opens it. "You're lying" is
written inside the cover. Becker shifts uncomfortably.

BECKER

York? Oh, yeah, right. Okay, got
'em, yeah.

. REED

The night he died he was going to
meet you here. Why?

BECKER
It's where I live.

REED
Yeah, but why you?

BECKER
The other guy couldn't come up
with his security deposit.

OLSEN
(hard)
What did you know about the case
he was working on?

BECKER
Case? What case?

Reed suddenly opens a closet door revealing the source of the
NOISE. A WASHING MACHINE in which churns gobs of money.
Becker squirms. Sweats. Gulps. Hyperventilates.

BECKER
Okay, all right, okay, you see I
did some money laundering for your
standard ex-military psycho types.

Reed shoots Olsen a look.

REED
Give us a name.

BECKER
Yeah, okay, sure but you gotta
understand. It's big. Real big.
Bigger than a bread box. There's
nothing you can do about it.
They're too powerful. Too strong.
Too je ne sais quoi!

OLSEN
We can protect you.

The instant Olsen utters those words, gunfire SHATTERS the
window.

BECKER
(strangled)
La commedia e fini!

Becker topples over.

REED
 Guess that's the last time he'll
 trust a cop.

And now Reeds on the move. He leans out the window. Fires at a HELICOPTER that banks away. Reed's intense. Totally focused. Then...

REED,
 Oops...

The helicopter sweeps from FRAME, revealing a piper cub, rear end smoking, spiraling to earth. Reed clears, whistles innocently as he steps away from the window.

EXT. SQUEALERS' HOTEL - DAY

Becker looking up at Olsen. Tight on Becker's head.

BECKER
 Be straight with me... is this it?
 The big checkout? How bad is it?
 Level with me.

OLSEN
 It's not bad. You'll be fine.
 Back on your feet in no time.

Olsen nods O.S.. A hand reaches in and pulls up a zipper, covering Becker's face. We discover as they hoist him up he's in a body bag. They load Becker into a waiting Hearse.

EXT. STREET - OLSEN'S CAR

Olsen drives. Reed does not look happy.

INT. OLSEN'S CAR - MOVING

REED
 You know like it or not, I'm your
 partner. You're supposed to back
 me up. In case you didn't notice,
 we were being shot at.

Olsen smolders. Reed's hit a nerve. He gestures to Olsen's empty shoulder holster.

REED
 Where's your piece?

OLSEN
 She's home.

REED

Not that one. I mean your standard six incher. You one of those cops who keeps it holstered around his ankle?

OLSEN

No, but sometimes I hold it at night when I feel lonely.

Reed gives Olsen a sideways glance.

REED

I'm talking about your gun.

OLSEN

I don't believe in them. What's with this traffic?

It's at a bumper to bumper, HORN HONKING standstill.

REED

Well, when you decide you want to be a real cop...

And Reed lifts up both pants legs revealing a veritable arsenal taped to his ankles and calves -- some still with the price tags on. Olsen just shakes his head. Reed lowers the pant legs. RADIO SQUAWKS.

RADIO VOICE

Olsen, this is One Adam Twelve...

INT. ANOTHER POLICE CAR

MARTIN MILLNER and KENT MCCORD in blue. Kent on the mike.

KENT

One Adam 12, One Adam 12, do you read me... ?

INT. OLSEN'S CAR

Olsen on the radio.

OLSEN

I read you.

INT. ONE ADAM TWELVE

KENT

We have a...

Martin jerks the mike away.

MARTIN
Mind if I have a little dialogue?
(into mike)
We have a code 11, corner of 10th
and 9th. Do you copy?

INT. OLSEN'S CAR

Olsen turns to a copy machine occupying the back seat. Runs a copy. Removes a piece of paper with the Dispatcher's dialogue on it.

OLSEN
(on radio mike)
One Adam 12. We copy.
(to Reed)
Let's go.

Reed puts the dome light on the roof. Olsen turns on the SIREN. He swerves up on the sidewalk to maneuver around traffic.

They swing around the corner passing the source of the traffic jam: A PIPER CUB is nose down in the middle of the intersection. The PILOT is arguing with a COP, gesturing to the heavens. The Cop ignores him as he writes up a ticket.

EXT. PHIL MCCrackEN'S HOUSE - DAY

A Police Barricade restrains GAWKERS. VENDORS work the crowd, selling beer, popcorn and programs. VALETS park the police cars. Olsen and Reed drive up. Turn the car over to a Valet.

OLSEN
(shouts to Valet)
Don't bury me. I'm only going to
be a few minutes.

INT. HOUSE

Lots of activity. COPS milling about. Olsen and Reed enter. Police Photographers snap pictures.

REED
Looks like those two tried to make
a getaway.

Two of the bodies lie on the floor covered by sheets. Two others are also covered by sheets but they're upright, posed statue-like in running positions.

Dooley, still in the straight jacket, hops over to them.

DOOLEY
(indicating Reed).
New partner?

OLSEN
No thanks. Already have one.

DOOLEY
Me too.

Dooley whistles. A huge SLOBBERING DOG spraying snot all over Los Angeles, bounds up to Dooley.

DOOLEY
This is Sport.

Sport leaps up on Reed. Front paws on his shoulders. Slobbering face nose to nose with Reed.

DOOLEY
She likes you.

REED
I've done worse.

OLSEN
What are we looking at here?

DOOLEY
A mixed breed. Rotwieller and Chihuahua. I guess they used some kind of lubricant.

OLSEN
I mean the case.

DOOLEY
Oh. Male Caucasian, 32, 33.
Bullet to the forehead. Three females, 36, 24, 36.

OLSEN
(taking notes)
And their ages?

REED
(and it catches in his throat)
Sport reminds me of a girl I once knew.

DOOLEY
A real dog, huh.

REED
(wistful)
I loved that bitch.

DOOLEY
Don't go getting misty. Sport's
very sensitive. Down Sport.
(Sport doesn't budge)
Sit Sport.
(no deal)
Heel Sport.

On "Heel," Sport spins away from Reed, clamps his jaws around the heel of Dooley's right foot and drags him out of FRAME.

Reed crosses to the white baby grand piano and Olsen crosses to Irv, the Plains Clothes Cop who sits on the arm of a sofa checking his note book.

OLSEN
What have you got, Irv?

IRV
Not sure, Sarge.

Irv slips off a shoe. His right foot bursts into flame.

IRV
It's a nagging, itching, burning
sensation.

OLSEN
What the hell do you expect?!
Your foot's on fire.

Olsen moves on.

ANGLE - REED

at the piano. He taps a few keys. Sits. Now Reed really gets into his piano playing. He looks down at the

KEY BOARD

and a pair of hands playing. We've probably suspected that when actors sit down to play the piano, they're not really playing. This confirms those suspicions because these are definitely not Reed's hands -- if Liberacci were alive they'd be his. Multi-ringed, frilly cuffs, sequin sleeves.

ON REED

Body swaying. Eyes closed. Pounding out an overbearing, over arranged, Phil Spector type intro.

ON HANDS

dancing along the keyboard in a direction that has nothing to do with Reed's body movement.

REED

sings. A gut-wrenching, teen tragedy type SONG that is sure to include lyrics something like...

REED

Oh, Claire can you see me...
Oh, Claire can you hear me...
Are you somewhere up above...
And am I still your one true love?

Everyone has crowded around the piano providing an "Ooooh waaa" background chorus.

OLSEN

I hate these cornball songs, don't
you?

He turns to a UNIFORMED OFFICER beside him. The guy's crying like a baby. Olsen shakes his head, moves off to...

IRV

who stands beside the wide screen T.V.. A chalk outline of the Rap Singer sprawled across his sleigh has been drawn over the screen.

OLSEN

Have we got anything else?

IRV

Nothing solid. Found a half key
of coke. Looks like they were
having a little party.

In the b.g., Officers carry-out a rack of Wilderness Girl Uniforms. Olsen and Irv cross to a wall of paintings: Monets, Manets, Cezannes, Cougarts.

OLSEN

Any prints?

IRV

No. Those are originals.

OLSEN

Not much to go on. Any theories?

IRV

E=MC2

OLSEN
Any of your own?

An Officer passes in front of them carrying a bloodied chain saw.

The SOUNDS of "UH HUH, uh, huh". turn them around.

AT THE PIANO

Reed is surrounded by Ray Charles' "UH HUH" girls. They sing that refrain. Reed sips from a Pepsi sitting on the piano. Room is getting into this.

OLSEN

shakes his head in disbelief.

Reed finishes playing. Nods to a YOUNG COUPLE. The MAN stuffs a couple of bucks into a tip filled glass on the piano. The Couple wanders off. Reed empties the glass of tips into a pocket. Looks around. Frowns. Something has caught his attention.

Reed crosses to the fish tank. Bends down. Picks up a half eaten box of Wilderness Girl cookies. Slips it under his jacket. Now, Reed spots something in the tank. A ring. Half buried in the sand. Insignia of a face.

Reed finds a fish net. Dips it into the tank. The piranha converge. Water churns. Reed pulls out the net: It's been devoured down to half a stem.

Reed thinks for a beat. Spots a YOUNG OFFICER. Motions him over.

REED
Could you give me a hand?

The Young Officer eagerly crosses to Reed.

ON OLSEN AND IRV

walking across the room together -- past Reed and the Eager Young Officer. In the b.g. we see the Officer tentatively put his hand into the tank. He is suddenly jerked forward, slamming into the top of the tank.

IRV
Gun was found in the stiff's hand.
Also found a suicide note.

OLSEN

But you've found nothing to make
you suspect foul play?

IRV

Pretty much ruled it out. Looks
like another suicide.

They reach the bodies. Stop walking.

OLSEN

I don't know. Sure, it looks like
a suicide but my gut tells me
there's something else going on.

During this, a puzzled Irv has been counting the O.S. bodies.
Mouthing, one, two, three...

IRV

Weren't there four stiff?
(off Olsen's nod)
Damn! McCracken's missing!

Irv takes off, shouting to the room in general...

IRV

Hey! Hey! Anyone see McCracken's
body?

Reed approaches Olsen.

REED

Come with me, I've got something
to show you, Partner.

As they start for the door they pass the Eager Young Officer.
The tattered right sleeve of his uniform is soaking wet and
stuck into the waist of his pants suggesting his right arm is
missing.

REED

(in passing)
Thanks for the help, Lefty.

The Young Officer gives Reed the thumbs up.

EXT. HOUSE

Olsen and Reed descend the stairs. On the front lawn, SPORT
frantically digs a huge hole. McCracken's body sprawls beside
the hole. Sport starts to bury it.

OLSEN

So what's the big news?

REED

This'll put a whole new light on this case.

Reed produces the ring. A beam of light, as if sent from the heavens, hi-lights it.

REED

This ring was given out to a CIA front in 'Nam run by a General Mortars. When the VC tried financing the war with cocaine they went in and burned it. After the war, some guys went into the drug business for themselves. I always suspected Mortars was behind it but couldn't prove it.

A Valet races up and takes Olsen's parking ticket. Runs off for the car. We'll track him in the b.g..

OLSEN

Where'd you get that?

REED

Inside.

OLSEN

You took evidence from the scene of a criminal investigation?

REED

Look, you want to crack this case or not?

OLSEN

Not by making up the rules as I go.

REED

Sometimes, pal, those are the only rules that work.

The Valet starts Olsen's car and... KABOOOOM! It explodes.

A beat.

REED

Good thing we used Valet parking.

There's a line of TAXIS across the street. Drivers lean against them. Talk. Reed WHISTLES for a Driver's attention. The Driver of the first cab hops into his taxi. Starts it and... KABOOOOM! It explodes.

REED

Guess we're making somebody nervous. Well, it'll take more than a couple of car bombs to get us off this case.

OLSEN

Not a hell of a lot more.

Reed and Olsen start walking. In the b.g., Cops chase Sport who's zigzagging across the lawn dragging McCracken by the leg.

INT. MORTARS' OFFICE DAY

Not your typical office: Desk in front of a huge wall fan through which pour cylinders of light, exposed pipe, dripping water, smoke... an over-atmosphered set piece.

Mortars stands at his desk. In the shadows ANOTHER MAN... streaks of light barely illuminating his face. Across the desk stand THREE DRUG DEALERS wearing matching shades. Plastic bags of white powder lay on the desk.

MORTARS

Understand, gentleman, if you wish to do business with us you must take the entire shipment.

DRUG DEALER

(to Dealer #2)

Test the merchandise.

Dealer #2 takes out a knife, slits open a bag to test the drugs.

ON MORTARS

MORTARS

The shipment will be prepared and boxed on Friday night. It will be ready for shipping Saturday morning. Please have payment ready.

(to Dealer #3)

The merchandise is satisfactory, yes?

ON DRUG DEALERS

Dealer #3 nods his head. Only now it is a skeleton head with smoke coming out of what used to be his ears. He still wears the shades.

MORTARS

Then we can do business.

EXT. MORTARS OFFICE BUILDING

Looks like a normal office building from the exterior. Reed and Olsen enter. Hold the door for the Three Drug Dealers. Don't react to Mr. Skeleton head.

As they enter...

OLSEN

Step out of line here Reed, and I'm walking.

INT. MORTARS OFFICE

Mortars stands as Reed and Olsen are led in by Jigsaw.

MORTARS

Well, Tyler, long time no see. You wish to ask me some questions, yes?

REED

What I wish is to put you away for so freakin' long you'll be painting landscapes with your teeth.

A beat.

MORTARS

I don't know what that means but it resonates of police harassment.

OLSEN

It sure does and frankly, I'm as appalled as you are, General.

REED

I bet not as appalled as York and McCracken when they woke up dead.

MORTARS

Should I know those names?

REED

You or one of the psycho, loose cannons you've got working for you turned them into mulch.

MORTARS

Loose cannons? Hardly, Mr. Reed.
My people are disciplined and
fiercely loyal.

(snaps fingers)

Mr. Jerricho.

The large man in the shadows steps forward -- MR. JERRICHO.
And now we see the slashes of light and dark across his face
are not the product of the window blinds -- Jerricho has a
striped face. He also has a heavily bandaged left hand.

MORTARS

Do you like cookouts, Mr. Reed?

FLASHBACK

Reed and Claire on the beach by a hibachi. Claire holds a can
of starter fluid in her mouth. Squirts some on the charcoal
briquettes. Reed tosses a match on the charcoal. POOF! Big
ball of flame. Smoke clears and both Reed and Claire have had
their eyebrows and hair singed off. They both wear bald caps.

OUT OF FLASHBACK

REED

I can take them or leave them.

MORTARS

Give me your hibachi.

Reed frowns, shrugs, reaches out of FRAME and lifts up an
hibachi filled with glowing red coals. Places it on the desk.

MORTARS

Your hand Mr. Jerricho.

Without flinching, Jerricho places his right hand on the hot
grill. It SIZZLES. Olsen flinches.

Mortars takes a couple of hamburger patties out of a desk
drawer and drops them on the grill. They SIZZLE too. Olsen
looks ill.

During this...

MORTARS

Is the loyalty and discipline of
my people still in doubt, Mr.
Reed?

Olsen swoons. Faints. THUD!

MORTARS

If memory serves me, discipline
and loyalty are unfamiliar
attributes to you.

Mortars cocks his head...

FLASHBACK

Vietnam jungle. Driving rain. Mortars in army fatigues and
armed to the teeth pushes through the foliage. Two equally
armed SOLDIERS trail behind.

Mortars stops. A look of contempt crosses his face.

MORTARS

I thought I'd find you here.

And now we see the object of his scorn: Tyler Reed, dressed
exactly as he is now, hiding up in a tree. The ground below
him is littered with empty bottles of booze and fast food
containers. Reed and Mortars both wear very bad toupees to
make them appear younger.

REED(V.O.)

Bullshit!

OUT OF FLASHBACK

Reed's clothes are soaking wet. He's wearing the bad toupee.
It's wet too. Jerricho's face is turning bright red. His eyes
are beginning to bulge.

MORTARS

It's my flashback, Tyler, I'll
remember it anyway I want.

Mortars turns the hamburgers.

REED

REED

You can deny the past but you
can't deny this.

(shows ring)

It was found at the scene of the
McCracken murder.

Mortars munches on a hamburger with the works. From somewhere
O.S. he's getting french fries. Olsen struggles up.

MORTARS

Oh, yes. I lost that a few months
ago, didn't I, Mr. Jerricho?

Jerricho nods frantically. Smoke curls out from under his shirt collar.

MORTARS

And now, gentlemen, I'm bored.

Mortars pushes a button under his desk. Instantly, a small army of men file in: First, MEN IN SUITS and dark glasses, then NINJAS, SUMO WRESTLERS, LAKERS, PRIZE FIGHTERS, HULK HOGAN, FOOTBALL PLAYERS in full gear, and toothless HOCKEY PLAYERS wearing skates.

MORTARS

Would you please show Mr. Reed out.

EXT. MORTARS'S BUILDING - DAY

Reed flies through a wall of lobby glass. Hits the sidewalk hard. Two Lakers peer down at him.

REED

Olsen, how about a little help here?

OLSEN

You wanted to do things your own way. You wanted to break all the rules. Well, this is what happens.

LAKER #1

Olsen? You the Olsen on Akron?

Olsen nods, "yes." The Lakers smile at each other. Leave. Olsen looks puzzled. Reed pulls himself up. Olsen steps off the curb and starts to hitchhike. Reed joins him.

REED

I tell you, Mortars is in on this. First Lecter fingers him and now you saw first hand, he's nuts.

OLSEN

Not as nuts as Jerricho.

A car passes. Stops. HONKS.

REED AND OLSEN

jog towards it. O.S. EXPLOSION. A car hood drops at their feet. A beat. They turn around and resume hitchhiking.

INT. OLSEN'S OFFICE

The squadroom is visible through the glass wall. Reed is alone. He places a box of Wilderness Girl Cookies on the desk.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

Olsen enters. Watches Reed for a beat.

OLSEN

What do you think you're doing?

REED

Running a little test.

WIDE

The office now looks like Dr. Frankenstein's lab: Test tubes, Bunsen burners, bubbling vats, flasks of colored liquids, and tubes running all over the place. A couple of white coated LAB ASSISTANTS toy with tubing and gauges.

OLSEN

Give me those cookies, Reed.
They're evidence.

Reed crumbles cookies into a test tube of clear liquid.

REED

I give you these cookies and
they'll wind up in some property
room never to be seen again.

OLSEN

You're playing out some personal
vendetta here Reed, and saying to
hell with the rules. Well it's no
good. If everybody did that this
country would be in anarchy.

REED

Beats bureaucratic fossilization.

OLSEN

Are you challenging the tenets of
a pluralistic society based on the
precepts of democratic principles?

REED

No, I'm saying that due process
and self-determination have been
sacrificed on the altar of a
bureaucratic monolith arrested in
a state of total systemic
lassitude.

OLSEN
(truly pissed)
Take that back, Reed!

REED
Over my dead body, Ace!

Olsen leaps on Reed and the two of them CRASH through the door.

INT. SQUADROOM

Major fight ensues. Cops gather around. Bets are placed. Money exchanged. There is a distinct breakdown of the crowd: Neat, "By the Book" Cops cheering Olsen on and "Play By His Own Rules" Cops in faded jeans and baseball jackets, smoking cigarettes and egging on Reed.

Olsen slugs Reed. Reed rolls over the top of a desk. Then he's up, tumbling over another desk. Then another. In fact, he tumbles over a row of ten desks before smashing into the wall.

"By the Book" Cops cheer. Rebel Cops grimace. Hand over money.

Reed rips the breast pocket off Olsen's jacket. A BELL RINGS. Reed and Olsen drop into chairs at opposite sides of the room. They are immediately surrounded by Cops shouting advice. SLOBBERING DOGS BARK advice at Reed too.

The BELL RINGS and DON KING in referee stripes, motions the fighters to the center of the office. Crowd cheers as the two combatants charge each other. Reed drives Olsen across the room towards... that's right... the WINDOW.

CRASH, they fly through the window in a hail of glass. The Cops race for the stairs.

EXT. POLICE STATION - A POOL

COPS eat lunch and sun themselves around the pool. Some Cops, wearing bathing suits and shoulder holsters, take target practice. Captain Murphy looks up from a buffet table to see two flailing bodies dropping in slow motion towards the pool.

MURPHY
Damn!

OLSEN AND REED

slugging each other as they drop, wrapped in the window curtain.

INT. STAIRWELL

The entire Squadroom races down the stairs.

EXT. THE POOL

Now everyone is looking up. Shocked.

OLSEN AND REED

falling. Fighting. The pool a puddle of water below them.

THE POOL

Cops race out of the building. They surround Murphy who's ready to explode. Look up. Two obvious DUMMIES fall. Hair pieces come off as they continue their slow motion flight... turning, twisting.

IRV

(winded; to Murphy)

Good thing they're falling in slow motion or we'd have never made it.

Murphy glares at him.

OLSEN AND REED

and they're not in slow motion now as they hurtle towards the pool and... hit the diving board. They BOUNCE back up.

THE COPS

heads tilt up. Tilt down. Tilt up again as they follow the bouncing bodies and then they're hit by a wave of water as Reed and Olsen finally SPLASH into the pool.

OLSEN AND REED

go under entrapped in the window curtains. Reed pops up. He's got a tight grip on Olsen who has the window curtain wrapped around his head. Reed pounds on him. Olsen stops resisting. Reed unwraps the curtain and discovers a YOUNG WOMAN with strawberry blond hair and a seashell bra. Startled, Reed releases her. She dives under water, her fish fishtail making a big SPLASH. Reed's been beating the crap out of the Little Mermaid.

REED

Damn!

Reed turns to see Olsen climbing out of the pool.

INT. OLSEN'S OFFICE

Reed and Olsen enter, dripping wet. Cross to the FAX. Olsen removes his shirt as he talks.

OLSEN

I'm requesting a new partner,
Reed.

The Fax spits out a freshly laundered and pressed shirt. Olsen slips it on.

REED

What about that buddy bonding
fight we just had? Didn't it mean
anything to you?

OLSEN

Reed, I'm no rookie. I've had
twelve of them and now I'm too old
for that shit.

Reed is at the lab table.

REED

Then maybe this will mean
something.

He holds up the test tube into which he crumbled the cookies.
The liquid has turned blue.

OLSEN

(startled)
You're pregnant!

REED

No. It's another batch of cocaine
laced cookies.

OLSEN

What are you saying? There's a
connection to York's murder?

REED

Give the man a cigar.

A HAND juts into FRAME with a cigar. Gives it to Olsen.

OLSEN

You're grasping at straws. What
possible connection could there be
between Bill York and a sleeze
like McCracken?

REED

Same M.O.. Same calibre weapon.
Same brand of cookies. You tell
me?

OLSEN

You're not playing with a full
deck. That's what I'm telling you.

REED

Meaning... ?

OLSEN

The cheese slid off your pizza.

REED

Suggesting... ?

OLSEN

You're a couple of bricks shy of a
full load.

REED

Implying... ?

OLSEN

A few tiles slid off your roof.

REED

Insinuating... ?

OLSEN

(points to his head)
Elvis has left the building.

During this Olsen puts the cigar in his mouth and pats down his
pockets looking for a match.

REED

Indicating... ?

OLSEN

(searching)
Your... your cart's before your
horse.

REED

How the hell am I supposed to
understand you when you mix
metaphors like that?!

Reed starts to leave.

REED

Let's go... we have some
Wilderness Girls to talk to.

As Olsen reaches the door, an ARM juts into FRAME again and
lights Olsen's cigar. He takes one puff and it explodes.

REED(O.S.)

I can't believe you fell for that
old gag.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Century City. Glass and steel. Big Cookie sign announces,
"Wilderness Girls of America". Reed and Olsen enter the
building.

INT. BUILDING - ELEVATOR BANK

A half dozen elevators. Reed and Olsen wait.

OLSEN

There's something else going on
here isn't there, Reed? This
isn't just about cookies and
cocaine, there's something between
you and this Mortars.

REED

I was investigating a drug
operation. Cocaine sold on the
streets disguised as pastries:
Danish, bear claws, strudel. All
laced with coke. Users turning up
stoned and fat. Mortars was behind
it.

During this a JANITOR mops the lobby floor. Since he's wearing
a dark suit and tie, dark glasses and a radio mike wire in his
ear we suspect Janitor is not his full time occupation.

OLSEN

How do you know?

REED

He was my C.O. in 'Nam. C.I.A.
said he was M.I.A. but the V.A.
I.D.'d his M.O. and we put out an
APB.

OLSEN

Oh, I see.

The elevator arrives. Reed, Olsen try to get on but the doors start to close instantly. Olsen thrusts his right arm between the closing doors to force them open. No dice. They shut on his arm. Olsen is slowly lifted off the ground. Everyone looks up.

REED

We'll wait for the next one.

INT. ELEVATOR

Olsen's right jacket and shirt sleeve are missing. The Janitor is beside Reed. Still mopping. Still listening.

OLSEN

So what happened?

REED

(bitter)

Busted the operation in three days but couldn't nail Mortars.

(a beat)

Next day, Claire disappeared. Coincidence? Maybe. Or maybe Mortars's revenge. It won't be over between us until I nail the bastard.

JANITOR

Jeeze, lighten up, man. You carry around all that anger, all that repressed hostility, and it'll eat you up inside. You have to just let it go.

OLSEN

He's right. Listen to him.

INT. TENTH FLOOR - RECEPTION AREA

Elevator doors open. Olsen, Reed, and the Janitor get out. The Janitor is trying to hold a glass to Reed's head as if it were a hotel room wall. Olsen and Reed's pants are soaked up to the knees from his mopping. He trails behind them as they cross to the RECEPTIONIST still mopping. Suddenly, Reed turns on the guy. Grabs him by the front of the jacket and slams him into the wall.

REED

Think I didn't notice you scuzzball? Think I don't know who sent you to spy on us.

Reed picks him up and hurls him across the office. The Janitor's wallet goes flying out. Olsen picks it up. Examines the contents. Reed's demolition of the Janitor is played out in the b.g. or OUT OF FRAME.

REED(O.S.)

Think I don't know Mortars sent you?

The Janitor goes tumbling through FRAME. Olsen slides some cards out of the wallet. O.S. CRASHES. SCREAM. GLASS SHATTERS.

Reed saunters over to Olsen.

REED

Took care of that slime bucket.

OLSEN

(flashing the I.D's)
Looks like he wasn't with Mortars.
He's with Internal Affairs.

Reed looks nervously over his shoulder. The Reception area's window overlooking the city has been shattered in the form of a human body.

Reed looks away. As they walk...

OLSEN

Internal Affairs after you?

REED

Ah, some crap about excessive force.

AT THE RECEPTIONIST DESK

We're seeing the receptionist from a low angle and from behind. She's all woman. Great legs. Great body. Olsen and Reed arrive.

RECEPTIONIST

(a voice to melt ice)
May I help you?

Reed's eye widen.

REED

It can't be! Not Mary O'Brien,
that freckled faced, bucktoothed,
pigtailed little girl I knew in
fifth grade?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Yes, she is. Or at least she's got an ocean of freckles, Bugs Bunny buckteeth and ponytails.

RECEPTIONIST

No, I'm not. May I help you?

OLSEN

L.A.P.D.. We'd like to speak to
whomever's in charge.

Olsen flips open his wallet. His badge flies away like a Ninja star. There's an O.S. SCREAM followed by a THUD.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

The Receptionist ushers Reed and Olsen into a spacious office. It has a rustic cabin via Ralph Lauren look. Bowls of cookies everywhere. A wall of cookie boxes.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Jones will be right with you,
gentlemen. Help yourselves to
some cookies.

She exits.

OLSEN

Let me do the talking. I've eaten
these cookies.

REED

You're the boss.

A side door opens. DESTINY JONES makes her entrance. Attractive? Maybe. Drop dead gorgeous? No. A tad plump. Pleasant face made a little severe by the glasses and tightly pulled back hair. But we sense a smouldering sexiness as she crosses the room to greet Reed and Olsen.

DESTINY

Detectives Reed and Olsen.

They shake hands. She shakes with Reed. Their eyes lock. Linger. Chemistry?

DESTINY

(distracted; to
Olsen)
Have a seat, Detective.

OLSEN

Yes, but we're not here to discuss that.

DESTINY

I mean take a chair.

OLSEN

Thanks, but I have plenty at home.

DESTINY

Why don't you sit down and tell me what you want? Can I get either of you something to drink?

Olsen sinks into a chair. Knees nearly above his head. Reed wanders around in the b.g..

OLSEN

Water's fine.

She crosses to a door.

OLSEN

We're investigating a felony, Miss Jones.

DESTINY

A felony?

She throws the door open revealing a huge block of ice.

DESTINY

Sounds violent. I hate violence.

She picks up an ice pick and savagely attacks the block of ice. CLOSE on the ice pick. Slashing.

Reed and Olsen exchange a look.

ON DESTINY

she turns smiling... two snow cones in her hand.

DESTINY

Who's for snow cones?

She steps forward to reveal a beautifully formed SWAN ICE SCULPTURE. Reed and Olsen both take a cone.

OLSEN

Thank you. In the course of investigating two homicides, we found boxes of Wilderness Girl cookies. The cookies were laced with cocaine.

DESTINY

Oh, my... that's... that's horrible. But surely you can't suspect the Wilderness Girls of somehow being responsible.

REED

I can.

Reed removes one box of cookies from the stack and the entire wall of cookie boxes topples. Scatters. Reed ignores this.

REED

(beat)

Would you mind coming downtown to answer a few questions?

DESTINY

This is downtown.

REED

Headquarters. You can have your attorney present.

Moving towards Reed...

DESTINY

Why would I need an attorney?

Reed starts to sweat. Looks at her chest. It heaves, nipples pressing against the fabric of her blouse. Reed trembles. Nickle size sweat beads on his upper lip. Destiny's eyes gaze passionately. Her glasses fog up. Lips part seductively. Spinach between the teeth. Toothpick pries it out. Reed hyperventilates. Pants. Pours the ice cone over his head to cool down. Destiny's nostrils flare.

REED

(indicating boxes of cookies)

Sorry about messing up all your bosoms.

(beat)

Boxes.

DESTINY

My pleasure. May I change before I go?

REED

Sure.

Destiny removes her glasses. Tosses them aside. Bends her head. Lets down her hair. Shakes it so it cascades over her face.

ON REED

reacting.

WIDE

Destiny shakes her head. Her hair swings away revealing... a DIFFERENT WOMAN (and obviously a different actress) -- a knockout. She's wearing the same dress, stands in the same spot so we know it's Destiny but what a change.

REED

You should always wear your hair down.

DESTINY

For you I always will.

OLSEN

You two know each other?

They both shake their heads. Exit. Olsen follows them.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

No sense being shy about it, this is the interrogation room from "Basic Instinct". Destiny sits on a chair in the middle of this hi-tech, self-consciously lit room.

Six Men question her, among them Irv, Reed and Olsen. Reed stands. The rest sit at tables. Everyone but Reed is neatly dressed. Destiny is cool. The man in the dark suit is the D.A.. Behind them is a bleacher full of MEN there to watch.

OLSEN

Do you run Wilderness Girls?

DESTINY

Yes.

OLSEN

Is your money raised selling cookies?

DESTINY

Yes.

OLSEN

Do you know a General Mortars?

DESTINY

No.

IRV

That's one down, nine to go.

Irv flips of a cardboard card with the number "1" as in the old quiz shows. Becker wanders into the interrogation room with a cup of coffee. Everyone turns to look.

BECKER

Hey, don't mind me, really do what you're doing, really, I'm fine...

(indicating Reed and Olsen)

... we're working together. A team.

D.A.

Miss Jones, this is not a good time to lie.

BECKER

If this isn't a good time when is?

DESTINY

I don't know the meaning of the word "lie".

MAN IN STANDS

How about ubiquitous?

DESTINY

Don't know that one either.

This is all very fast. One question right after the other.

ANOTHER MAN

Who was the last man to bat .400?

DESTINY

Ted Williams.

MAN #3

Translate the Greek phrase, "Et sectum di ast".

DESTINY

Into what?

ANOTHER MAN

Would you like a Bud Light?

MAN #3
That's not it.

OLSEN
Come on, cut her a break.

DESTINY

smiles.

ALL THE MEN

have started to wilt. They all have their ties pulled down from their collars and their jackets off.

IRV
Do you know Bill York?

BECKER
Who cares. Do you sleep in the nude?

ON DESTINY

DESTINY
(smiles)
Only when I'm naked.

THE MEN

They've wilted down to their T-shirts and briefs. Sweat pouring off them. All except Reed who keeps up steady eye contact.

REED
How do you feel about the designated hitter rule?

DESTINY

angles towards Reed, uncrosses her legs as she answers...

DESTINY
I hate it. It undermines the purity of the game.

THE MEN

some passed out in the stands. Obvious wide-eyed reaction...

DESTINY(O.S.)
I like pure things. They give me pleasure.

DESTINY

only it's no longer Destiny sitting so calmly in the chair it's a BEAVER, legs crossed, cigarette in one hand.

MEN

BECKER

I think we should delve into
astroturf.

WIDE

OLSEN

(standing)

We've detained Miss Jones long
enough. You can go now. Sorry to
have troubled you.

DESTINY

No trouble Detective. But I'll
need a ride back.

A half dozen men in RACE CAR DRIVER'S attire complete with
helmets, race out of the stands. Destiny takes Reed's arm.
All the cops react.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS BUILDING

Olsen drives up. Reed and Destiny get out and enter the
building.

INT. DESTINY'S OFFICE

Reed and Destiny enter. Palpable tension in the air.

DESTINY

Well, Detective, thank you for
bringing me back. It was nice
meeting you.

Reed takes her hand. Glances at her breasts then quickly looks
away. Destiny is puzzled.

REED

Nice meeting you too.

He backs out. Closes the door. The moment they're gone Jigsaw
and Mortars enter from another door.

MORTARS

Well my dear, I hope you gave a
convincing performance.

DESTINY

Except for that ubiquitous thing,
yeah.

MORTARS

Good, I believe we may have
stumbled on the whereabouts of the
microfilm.

(Mortar's smiles)

Mr. Jigsaw perhaps might converse
with our two police friends. Use
your powers of persuasion to see
if Bill York left them a memento.

Jigsaw smiles. Destiny appears concerned.

INT. WILDERNESS GIRL BUILDING - ELEVATORS

Reed pushes the button. Waits. A MAINTAINENCE MAN places a
sign in front of the elevator. It reads: OUT OF ORDER REED,
YOU BETTER TAKE THE STAIRS. Reed calls after the man:

REED

Thanks, I'll take the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL

Reed going down.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS BUILDING

Olsen looks at his wristwatch. Impatient. He gets out of the
car.

INT. SERVICE BASEMENT SERVICE AREA

Reed comes down the stairs. Jigsaw leaps out of the shadows.
Reed spins around hand reaching for his gun, and looks down the
barrel of Jigsaw's massive weapon.

JIGSAW

Drop your gun, Mr. Reed.

Reed's weapon rattles to the floor.

REED

Who the hell are you?

JIGSAW

I'm your worst nightmare.

Reed digests this for a beat. We DISSOLVE into his THOUGHTS.

IN A BEDROOM

Reed sleeps. Shafts of moonlight illuminate room. There's a sound. Reed looks up. Someone's there. Moving in the shadows. Reed sits up. Eyes go wide... There, dressed in flimsy negligee and crawling across the bed towards him is... ROSANNE BARR.

Reed SCREAMS.

ON JIGSAW

In the hallway. He SCREAMS.

REED

breathes deeply, trying to compose himself.

JIGSAW

Okay, alright, so I'm not your worst nightmare but I'm right up there. Where is the microfilm?

REED

What microfilm?

JIGSAW

You insult me.

REED

Nah, that's no insult. You're a slimy, half-pint bucket of worthless oozing monkey puss with a kisser that'd scare starving dogs off a meat truck -- that's an insult.

(beat)

Hope I'm not turning you on.

Olsen bursts through the service doors.

OLSEN

What's going on here?

REED

Meet Bill York's killer, Coach.

Olsen looks at Jigsaw.

OLSEN

York was killed by a hideous three year old named Coach?

JIGSAW

Drop your gun, Olsen.

OLSEN
I'm not carrying one.

JIGSAW
You're not carrying a weapon?

OLSEN
I don't believe in them.

Jigsaw kicks Reed's gun over to Olsen.

JIGSAW
Pick up the gun.

Olsen picks up the gun.

JIGSAW
Drop the gun, Olsen.

REED
Don't listen to him.

JIGSAW
Drop it or I shoot your partner.

REED
He's gonna shoot me anyway. If
you drop it we'll both be dead.

Olsen, shaking, tries to steady the gun. Levels it at Jigsaw.

FLASHBACK:

A YOUNGER OLSEN wearing a bad hairpiece, faces a CRAZED MIME, who holds an invisible gun to Bill York's head in an identical stand-off situation. York's wearing an equally bad hairpiece.

YORK
Shoot him, Wes! Shoot him!
SHOOT HIM!

Olsen panics. Closes his eyes, turns his head and fires. An AGONIZED SCREAM reverberates in the blackness.

OUT OF FLASHBACK

Reed and Jigsaw look at each other then spin back to Olsen.

REED & JIGSAW
(in unison)
DROP THE GUN!!!

Olsen blinks the sweat out of his eyes. Drops the gun. It DISCHARGES. The ricocheting bullet knocks the gun out of Jigsaw's hand. Jigsaw shoves Reed into Olsen and races away.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS BUILDING - STREET

Jigsaw cuts across a four lane street. Reed and Olsen race out the building's service entrance.

REED

Stop!

Jigsaw spins around. Fires at them. Reed drops to the ground, draws his weapon, and starts rolling. Shoots as he rolls. And rolls. And rolls. Out into the middle of the street. BLASTING away. Blowing out car tires. Drivers hit brakes. HONK. Swerve out of the way. Lots of O.S. CRASHES and SHATTERING GLASS.

Reed rolls to a stop on the other side of the street. Hops up. Sees the Jigsaw on the opposite side.

REED

Damn!

Quickly, he shoves a fresh clip into his gun, drops to the ground and rolls and shoots his way back across the street. He looks up to see Olsen pursuing Jigsaw.

AN ALLEY

Jigsaw enters the alley. Olsen follows. Jigsaw throws garbage cans in Olsen's path to slow him. Two, three, four garbage cans.

ON OLSEN

trying to avoid a now endless barrage of garbage cans. Fifteen, twenty, fifty -- they just keep coming. Now a huge green dumpster rolls toward him. Olsen presses against the building as it rumbles past.

WIDE

as Jigsaw ducks into a door. Olsen races to the door. Races to mouth of the alley. Olsen races up as Jigsaw drives out of a garage.

Reed does the only logical thing; he pursues on foot. Runs over trunks and roofs and hoods. Races beside a MOTORCYCLE RIDER. Keeps up with him. Gestures for a cigarette, Gets one. Nods thanks and accelerates away.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Jigsaw's car speeding along the highway.

Reed running in the middle of the street. He wears a MARATHON RACER'S TAG and number.

Jigsaw's car racing across the desert.

Reed takes water from someone in the CROWD that now lines the sidewalks. Drinks. Sprays some over his head. Crowd cheers him on.

Jigsaw's car driving on some snowy, winding mountain road. The Alps come to mind.

Reed stopping for a coke and hotdog at a pull cart.

Jigsaw going through a McDonald's drive thru.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Reed's on an overpass. Glances down. Sees Jigsaw's car. Times it and... leaps. And misses. Does a spread eagle on the highway. A Pancake. Jigsaw speeds away. Olsen drives up.

OLSEN

Let him get away, huh?

Reed glares at him.

POLICE RADIO(V.O.)

We have a witness to the York suicide. Oscar Brown at 112 Maple, Called and said he saw the whole thing.

Reed hops up.

REED

Step on it.

Olsen nods, speeds away leaving Reed in the middle of the highway.

EXT. BROWN HOUSE - DAY

Nice, quiet suburban "Leave it to Beaver," type neighborhood. Reed and Olsen swing open the gate on the white picket fence. Head for the front door. In the b.g., ED MACMAHON exits a "PUBLISHERS CLEARINGHOUSE" truck. Strolls up neighbor's walkway carrying a bag with a big dollar sign on it. Two CROOKS jump out of the bushes and start to rob him.

OLSEN
Let me do the talking, Reed.

REED
You're the boss.

Olsen knocks on the door. It's answered by an innocent looking ten year old.

OLSEN
Hello, son. Is Oscar Brown home?

BOY
Who wants to know?

They hold up their wallets.

OLSEN
Sergeant Olsen. Beverly Hills
Police Department. This is
Sergeant Reed. These are our
wallets. Now can we speak with
Oscar.

BOY
I'm Oscar.

OSCAR throws the door open, gestures them in. Reed and Olsen exchange a glance.

OLSEN
(sotto)
I've got kids, so let me handle
Oscar.

INT. LIVING ROOM

A mess. Like there was just a ten year old living there.

OLSEN
Are your parents home, Oscar?

OSCAR
Nope.

OLSEN
Where are they?

Oscar shrugs. Sits on the sofa.

OSCAR
About a month ago they said they
were going to the corner for a
loaf of bread. Haven't seen 'em
since.

Olsen's playing the "good natured, take it all in stride, aren't kids a hoot," adult. He tousles Oscar's hair. It's so full of grease that his hand gets stuck.

OLSEN

Ha, ha, ha. Don't worry, I'm sure they'll be back soon. Ha, ha, ha.

Olsen jerks his hand out of Oscar's hair.

OSCAR

Oooooow!!!

OLSEN

Say, how old are you Oscar?

OSCAR

Ten... that a crime?

OLSEN

Ten. Wow. Bet you saw Dick Tracy, didn't you?

OSCAR

Yeah... It was visually interesting but I thought the story was weak and that Beatty was miscast.

OLSEN

But the Kid was great. Remember how he helped him solve the crime? Sort of a junior detective. Would you like to be a junior detective and help us?

Oscar turns to Reed.

OSCAR

Has this guy got a point?

REED

What we want to know is...

Olsen cuts him off.

OLSEN

Would you like some ice cream, Oscar?

Olsen produces a double dip ice cream cone.

OSCAR

Pass. Guess you're really sweating it, huh, Olsen?

Olsen slips the cone into a pocket.

OLSEN

What do you mean?

With a smirk, Oscar uses a remote control to snap on a big screen T.V.. REGIS and KATHIE LEE appear on screen with an "Election Night" type backdrop.

REGIS

I tell you Cathy, you're waaaay off the mark on this one... Sergeant Wes Olsen is clearly losing ground in the "Bill York Murder Case."

KATHIE LEE

Oooow, I hope not, it would be a career disgracing defeat. I think he'll pull it out.

Reed grabs the remote and turns the volume down. Regis and Cathy are clearly arguing.

REED

The night Bill York died, did you see anyone at his house?

OSCAR

(sly)
Maybe. Maybe I saw a man.

OLSEN

Would you like your very own junior detective badge?

Olsen produces a plastic badge stamped with "Junior Detective." Oscar rolls his eyes. In the b.g., on the T.V. Regis and Cathy are rolling around in a fight to the death. They'll continue like that during the rest of the scene.

REED

Can you describe him?

OSCAR

Maybe. Maybe he was short and creepy lookin'. Maybe he had a scar across his face and was wearing a dress.

REED

Sounds like someone we've just met.

OLSEN

How about a puppy dog? Every boy loves a dog.

Olsen lifts a cocker spaniel pup from out of FRAME. There's a red bow around its neck. Oscar ignores him. Olsen tosses the dog over his shoulder. O.S. HOWL. Olsen exits FRAME.

OSCAR

And maybe he was wearing this real ugly ring.

REED

Can you describe it?

Olsen returns with a pony wearing a rhinestone studded saddle.

OLSEN

Hey, Oscar, how about your very own pony with your very own Roy Rogers saddle?

OSCAR

Maybe I don't have to describe it. Maybe he dropped it.

Reed's trying to remain cool.

REED

Can we see it?

OSCAR

Got a warrant?

REED

No.

OSCAR

Got three hundred bucks?

REED

No. But I got a gun, kid. And just maybe it'll accidentally shoot off one of your nuts.

OSCAR

Yeah, and maybe the tape I'm making of this conversation will accidentally end up on the D.A.'s desk.

Olsen steers Reed towards the door.

OLSEN
We'll be back, Oscar. Hold onto
that ring.

As they exit, Regis and Cathy CRASH through the T.V. screen.
Roll around on the floor. Oscar puts his hands to his cheeks
in a "Home Alone" gesture.

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE

Olsen hustles Reed out the front door.

OLSEN
That's an all time low, Reed.
Threatening a child like that.

REED
I once threatened an 84 year old
nun confined to a wheelchair. I
consider that my all time low.

OLSEN
That's disgusting.

REED
Hey, the broad confessed.
(beat)
What is it with you, Olsen?
You're more hung up on going by
the book than solving the case.

Olsen grimaces. Silence, then we're into...

FLASHBACK MODE

A SCHOOL CROSSING

A YOUNG OLSEN -- his name tag reads "WES OLSEN AT 12 YEARS OLD"
-- stands in the middle of a crosswalk. He wears an arm band
and banner across his chest that proclaim -- "SAFETY GUARD".
He holds a small "Stop/Go" sign. His book bag is at his feet.

Official. Decisive. Young Olsen motions some school children
through the crosswalk. Now the coast seems clear. Young Olsen
reaches into his book bag. Plucks out a bag of Fritos.
Doesn't notice the ELDERLY WOMAN using her walker to make it
through the crosswalk. Munches away. The woman passes Young
Olsen. He glances at her. Bends to see what else is in his
bag. Freezes as the sound of -- well, it SOUNDS like a TRAIN.
WHISTLE. WARNING HORN. Young Olsen's eyes go wide. The earth
rumbles. Light flashes by. Big WIND. SCREECHING OF BRAKES.
O.S. CRASH. A SCREAM. A beat, then the walker falls at Young
Olsen's feet.

He drops to the ground. Pounds his head on the roadway.

YOUNG OLSEN

Oh, no! By failing to follow the
Safety Guard's Manual, look what
I've done!

(pounds head)

I'm to blame. I didn't go by the
rules.

(pounds head)

It's my fault. I violated page 3,
section E., paragraph 9.

A sudden calm. A new found determination.

YOUNG OLSEN

From this day forward I will
always go by the book.

OUT OF FLASHBACK

Old Olsen has the same determined look on his face. There's
also a name tag on his jacket that reads: WES OLSEN IN THE
PRESENT.

A beat.

REED

You were a crossing guard? You
guys were all nerds.

In the b.g. a MAN IN BLACK wearing a ski mask, slinks to the
side of the Brown's home. Begins to attach something ominous
looking to the building.

OLSEN

And what's your problem? You got
some kind of death wish?

Reed's jaw tightens. He looks grim.

REED

It's hard for a guy like you to
understand. You've got a family.
Me, I only had Claire.

A FLASHBACK

Memories in muted color:

- On the beach... Reed holds out a stick. Throws it. Looks
down at Claire with smiling anticipation. Claire sleeps.

- Smiling, Reed holds out a dog biscuit.

REED
Come on, Claire. Jump, girl.
Jump!

Claire sleeps.

- Reed is bound and gagged as Burglars ransack his trailer.
Claire sleeps.

- Reed sleeps as his trailer burns. Claire wakes up,
immediately goes to her doggie door and escapes.

END FLASHBACK

Reed frowns.

REED
Of course there's a lot to be said
for goldfish.

Reed starts walking towards the car. In b.g. the Man in Black
races away from the house.

REED
Something like that happens and
suddenly your world's turned
upside down. You live only for
the job. To inflict pain on the
greasy-haired streptococcus...

KABOOOOOM! The Brown's house BLOWS UP behind them. Reed and
Olsen hit the ground. Debris rains down on them. A RHINESTONE
SADDLE drops in front of them.

REED
(continues unfazed)
...who poison this city, all in an
effort to quell the feverish
demons that tear at your soul.

A Special Forces ring like the one Reed found in McCracken's
fish tank drops beside him. Reed picks it up.

REED
Now things are starting to make
sense.

OLSEN
Maybe to you.

He holds up the ring.

REED

I'd say this pretty well connects
Mortars to the York and McCracken
killings.

OLSEN

(grudgingly)

Maybe you're on to something but
doing everything wrong to get
there.

OSCAR(O.S.)

Oh, excuse me, Mr. Perfect!

They turn around to see a very singed Oscar.

OSCAR

Aren't we forgetting something?

He reaches out of FRAME and lifts up the mangled walker. Olsen
grimaces.

REED

Thanks kid.

They get in their car. Start it. KABOOOM! It blows up. A
toasted Reed and Olsen stumble out of the car. They see two
bikes leaning against the fence. Hop on them, pedal a few feet
and... KABOOM! The two bikes blow up. Reed and Olsen go
flying.

INT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reed sits at the kitchen table. Olsen's daughter, Debbie and
son, Ben, sit opposite him with their Golden Retriever between
them drooling all over the table. Olsen sits to his right
serving pizza from Dominos Pizza.

OLSEN.

I can't imagine where Doris is.
She always likes to check out my
new partners.

Ben and Debbie look at each other. Snicker.

DEBBIE

Guess you forgot, Daddy, this is
Mom's "Bowling with the Teamsters"
night.

OLSEN

Oh. Yeah.

Reed makes small talk. The Retriever has drooled a puddle
halfway across the table.

REED

So, Debbie, how do you like school?

UNDER THE TABLE

Debbie starts playing footsie with Reed.

DEBBIE(O.S.)

How do you think I like it? It sucks.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Reed reacts.

REED

So, Ben, any hobbies?

BEN

You mean, do I fish like my dweeb Dad?

Ben indicates a poster size picture on a wall: Olsen standing proudly beside a huge Marlin.

UNDER THE TABLE

REED(O.S.)

I didn't know your father was such a sportsman.

Debbie is still playing footsie with Reed and now Ben joins in.

BEN(O.S.)

Dad's the one in the cap.

The Retriever's paw starts rubbing against Reed's leg.

ABOVE THE TABLE

Reed jumps up.

REED

I should be going.

OLSEN

No. Stay. Here's Doris now.

Doris enters on the arm of a 18 year old in a Vons uniform and apron. Olsen stands.

OLSEN

Hon, I want you to meet Tyler Reed. We've been working together today.

DORIS

Charmed, I'm sure.

(indicating teen)

This is Ted Polanski. Ted's a Produce Manager...

TED

Assistant Produce Manager. Mr. Brubaker's the Manager.

DORIS

Ted was very helpful with some of my produce selections and I thought I should extend him a special courtesy.

She squeezes his arm. Pinches his butt. Olsen's oblivious, preparing coffee at the sideboard.

OLSEN

Coffee, Ted?

DORIS

Ted comes from a dysfunctional family.

OLSEN

So, no coffee.

DORIS

I thought it might be nice if he spent some time with us. I was even thinking of taking him to Mother's for the weekend.

OLSEN

Hon, I know you're just trying to blot the memory out but... well, your Mother's been dead for six months.

Stunned silence. Something dawns on Olsen.

OLSEN

(softly -- oh, oh)

Didn't I give you that message?

A beat. Doris SCREAMS.

OLSEN

Does that mean you want me to
spend the night on my boat docked
in the La Playa Marina Boat Basin
slip number 76?

Doris SCREAMS again. Reed jumps up.

REED

I'll pass on coffee.

Reed bolts for the door.

EXT. REED'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Reed trudges across the sand to his trailer. Hesitates when he
sees the open door. Draws his pistol. Eases into the trailer.

INT. REED'S TRAILER

Reed is a silhouette at the door. Only candles illuminate the
room.

DESTINY

Don't shoot cowboy. It's only me.
(as Reed moves from
doorway)
I love candlelight, don't you?

REED

Only on birthday cakes. You
should be more careful, I might
have blasted off your eyeshadow.

Destiny shudders at the thought. She's wearing a revealing
strapless red dress.

DESTINY

Interesting place. Much bigger
than it looks from the outside.

REED

I chose light colors to make it
look bigger. What are you doing
here?

DESTINY

I wasn't totally honest with you
and Detective Loogie.

REED

No one ever is.

DESTINY

But I can't live with it anymore.
I know who's responsible for those
cookies.

(off Reed's reaction)

It's the man I fell in love with.
A man who betrayed me. A man you
know. Worked with.

(beat)

General Mortars.

REED

(bitter)

You've got strange taste in men.

DESTINY

There's no accounting for taste
when love is involved. Love isn't
some math equation with an easy
answer. No, it's something wild.
Delirious. Intoxicating...

She looks at Reed. Places a cigarette in her mouth. Lights it
and sucks it down to a long ash with one inhale. She exhales
through her nose -- a cloud of cigarette smoke envelopes her.

DESTINY

(inside the cloud)

Something hot.

REED

Why are you telling me this?

DESTINY

Because I'm ashamed. Because
Mortars is psychotic.

REED

You can't arrest a man for his
religious beliefs.

DESTINY

You don't understand, he's using
the Wilderness Girls of America
to... to sell cocaine. He can
ship them anywhere... everyone
trusts a Wilderness Girl cookie.

(MORE)

DESTINY (CONT'D)
(overcome with
relief)
Oh, my! I... I feel as though an
incredible weight has been lifted
off my chest.

She moves to Reed. Draws him down on the sofa. Places his
hand on her chest.

DESTINY
Can you feel it?

REED
(sweating profusely)
Yes. Yes, I can.

DESTINY
Isn't it wonderful?

REED
Yes.

DESTINY
And there's more.

REED
(falsetto)
There is?

DESTINY
Yes.

Steam rises from Reed's body.

DESTINY
Tomorrow at midnight. A big drug
deal at the Wilderness Girls
Cookie Factory. You and Olsen
must stop it.

REED
Yeah. Okay.

DESTINY
But not until after...

REED
After what?

She wraps her arms around Reed and draws him to her on the
sofa. He's very tense.

DESTINY

Relax, Reed. I'll talk you through it. Squeeze me. Squeeze me like I was a Smith & Wesson 347 double action Magnum with an extended chrome 8 inch barrel that was just begging for a few squirts of gun oil...

Reed squeezes her.

DESTINY

Now blow in my ear like you were blowing away the metallic blue discharge wafting from your barrel after you've spent your full load.

Reed blows in her right ear. The candle directly beside her left ear goes out. Reed reacts. Destiny stands. Draws Reed up.

They fall onto Reed's bed. The bed collapses. They don't seem to notice.

PAN discreetly to a clock. 12:10.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME CLOCK

12:11.

PAN back to the bed. They are leaning back against the pillows smoking cigarettes, sheet covering their chests.

DESTINY

That was magic, Reed.

Then, softly, gently, she begins to cry. She rests her head against his chest.

REED

I guess you're crying because you know it's wrong to get mixed up with a guy like me. A guy who lives on the edge and plays by his own rules. A guy who can only spell heartache and loneliness for a woman like you.

DESTINY

(through the tears)

No. I'm crying because now that we've had these moments together and I'm so intricately involved with the villain, I know I'm going to die.

REED

Something's are worth dying for.

He gets up. Walks across the room, back to us, his butt exaggerated, overly muscled, and greased up to flash in the moon beams.

DESTINY

Reed, where are you going?

REED

Nowhere. I'm just taking an unmotivated, butt in the moon beams walk.

EXT. THE BEACH

Still. Moon on the sea. And then...

HELICOPTERS. Bells. Fierce and moving fast. Three of them coming in low, shattering the silence with TURBO-THROB. Lights sweep the beach.

INT. REED'S TRAILER

Destiny reacts to the HELICOPTERS.

DESTINY

Do you hear something?

REED

(shouts above TURBOS)

Nah!

EXT. TRAILER

Welcome to hell. GUNFIRE ERUPTS from the helicopters, lacerating the trailer's metal sides. The BARRAGE collapses the roof. The trailer trembles.

IN A HELICOPTER

Jigsaw. Smiling.

EXT. TRAILER

A final BARRAGE of GUNFIRE, the trailer shudders and collapses. The gunfire stops. A white flag waved at the end of a broom handle appears from a pile of rubble.

JIGSAW
(on megaphone)
Hold your fire.

Now a MAN appears. Hair and clothes singed and smoking. And when he looks up we see... it is BRUCE WILLIS waving the white flag and wearing a DIE HARD I T-shirt.

JIGSAW
Excuse me but is this 1014 Pacific
Coast Highway?

Bruce shakes his head. Points up the beach.

BRUCE
This is 914. 1014 is a half a
mile up the beach.

JIGSAW
Oh. My mistake.

The Helicopters bank south.

INT. REED'S TRAILER

Destiny appears at the window. Searches the sky. Spots something in the distance.

DESTINY
Reed! Look!

Reed joins her at the window. Sees them too. TANKS bouncing along the sand.

DESTINY
It's Mortars. I know it.

REED
Damn!

They dash from the window. We HEAR them THUMPING around in the dark. HEAR a few OOOWS and OUCHES.

EXT. REED'S TRAILER

Destiny and Reed race out. Destiny's wearing Reed's boxer shorts and T-shirt. Reed's wearing Destiny's shoes, garter belt, stockings, panties and bra. They stop short. Look at each other. Run back into the trailer.

EXT. REED'S CAR

Reed and Destiny hop in. Look nervously back over their shoulders. The Tanks lumber towards them.

REED

Hang on!

Reed guns the car onto PCH.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Caddy SQUEALS to a stop in front of an apartment building. Reed and Destiny hustle out. Stop at the front door.

REED

Take care, babe.

DESTINY

Reed, next time instead of just smoking cigarettes in bed could we actually make love?

REED

Maybe.

Destiny grabs Reed passionately as he turns to leave.

DESTINY

Please, Reed. I want you. I'm burning for you. I'm on fire...

REED

I'm late.

DESTINY

It will only take a minute.

REED

(defensively)
Who told you that?

Destiny pulls him close. Plants a wet one on him.

ANGLE - THEIR LEGS

In unison, Reed and Destiny bend one leg up off the ground. Reed's still wearing her pumps. A beat and they both lift the second leg up so they're suspended in mid-air.

ANGLE DESTINY AND REED

Reed pulls away.

DESTINY

Reed, please. Don't you find me desirable?

REED

Sure. But I've got a partner to warn.

Reed exits FRAME. Linger on Destiny. Fighting tears. Reed steps back into FRAME. Bends down. Stands back up with Destiny's pumps in hand. Hands them to her and leaves.

EXT. MARINA - DOCK

Thick rolling fog. Somewhere a sea FOG HORN MOANS. Reed slouches out of the gray mist. He's wearing a peacoat and a knitted navy cap. Collar up. Cigarette a red glow at the corner of his mouth. The fog rolls away behind him revealing POPEYE being held up at gunpoint.

Near the end of the dock a SAILOR leans against a pylon operating a fog machine. Reed nods as he passes. Flicks his cigarette into the water. There's a flash of fire as the cigarette hits an oil slick.

OLSEN'S BOAT

All the lights are on. Reed hops onto the deck.

REED

(shots)

Olsen! Olsen, where are you?

No answer. He HEARS TICKING. Goes to a cabinet at the bow. Opens it. There it is: A timer rigged to six sticks of dynamite. Four different colored wires run from the timer to the dynamite. Thirty seconds from detonation.

Reed produces a pair of wire clippers. Hesitates over which wire to cut. Takes a deep breath. Places the clippers over the red wire...

BECKER(O.S.)

Are you crazy! Not the red wire!

Reed spins around. Becker's behind him in a peacoat and sailor's cap.

REED

What the hell are you doing here?

BECKER

It's where the cab dropped me off.

REED

Oh.

He turns back to the job. Snips the red wire. All the lights on boat go out. Time running down.

BECKER

Nah, nah, na, nah, na...

Without looking, Reed swings his right arm back. We HEAR an O.S. GRUNT and a SPLASH. Reed cuts the yellow wire. All the lights in the Marina go out. TICK... TICK... TICK. Sweat coming off Reed in buckets. He snips the black wire... a beat. In the b.g., the city skyline goes black. Timer still TICKING. Five seconds left. Reed snips the last wire. Timer stops.

Reed sighs. Stands. Tosses the wire clippers aside. Takes a step, the... TICK... TICK. Reed spins around. Grabs the timer and hurls it into the water. A beat. An explosion of water. The water goes still. A beat...

100 of those little plastic wind up divers float to the water, belly up. Reed reacts, turns and walks briskly away.

EXT. OLSEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Reed parks in front of the house. Crosses to the front door. It's open. Reed doesn't like the looks of this. He draws his pistol. Presses close to the door. Eases it open some more.

INT. OLSEN'S HOUSE

CLOSE on Reed. Head peeking around the door. Early morning sun squeezing through the blinds is the only light.

Still peeking around door in C.U., Reed creeps forward. Creeping... creeping... always peeking around the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The front door is off its hinges. Reed stands in the middle of the living room holding it upright.

REED

Olsen?! Olsen!!!

No response. Reed tosses the door aside. MEEEEOOOOOW! He's startled a CAT and the Cat's startled him. Reed swings around as the Cat scurries out the door.

Reed takes a deep breath. Relaxes a little. Presses forward carefully. Stumbles over a DOG sleeping by the sofa. Both of them are scared. Dog scurries away.

Reed lets out a sigh of relief. Eases around the sofa and steps into the middle of a FLOCK OF CHICKENS. The startled birds flutter up in his face.

Reed backs away and almost falls over a PIG that lumbers its way towards the front door. Reed puts his hand over his heart. Tries to regain his composure.

REED
(shouting)
Olsen! Olsen, where are you?

OLSEN(O.S.)
Here! I'm up here!

And there's an urgency in his voice.

REED
Where?

OLSEN
Upstairs!

Reed leans against the wall separating living room from stairs. Takes a deep breath. Readies the pistol. Swings around the wall to the foot of the stairs and is almost trampled by a HERD OF CATTLE. He presses against the wall as they rush past.

INT. HALLWAY

Reed appears at the head of the stairs.

REED
Olsen. Where are you?

OLSEN(O.S.)
Bathroom at the end of the hallway.

Reed heads down the hallway. Tight grip on the pistol. Reaches the bathroom door.

REED
Olsen... ?

OLSEN(O.S.)
Yeah... I'm in here.

Reed steps back. Kicks the door open. Leaps into the bathroom, pistol poised to blow off someone's head.

Olsen sits on the toilet, magazine in his lap.

REED
What's wrong?

OLSEN

Nothing. I'm taking a shit.

Reed clears his throat. Backs out of the room.

INT. REED'S CAR - DAY- MOVING

OLSEN

A bust at a cookie factory. I don't know about this. Can you trust this woman?

REED

Yes.

OLSEN

How do you know? Did you kiss her?

REED

No.

OLSEN

Give her a hickey?

Reed shakes his head, "No."

OLSEN

Handle her hooters?

No again.

OLSEN

Slide her the salami?

Head shake -- no.

OLSEN

Then what can you possibly know about her?

REED

I know we wear the same size pumps.

OLSEN

Are you one of those macho guys who just hates woman, Reed?

REED

If I tell you something do you swear it'll just stay between us?

OLSEN

Your secret's safe with me, Reed.
Whatever you tell me doesn't leave
this car. You have my word on
that.

REED

My... my mother didn't breast-feed
me.

INT. PATROL CAR

Parked outside a "Winchell's Donuts." Reed's voice is heard
over the main frequency. TWO COPS spit their coffee on the
dash. Listen.

REED

(over radio)

She'd tease me with it, then give
me the bottle. Went on for years.

INT. FIRE STATION

FIREMAN gather around the PA and listen, oblivious to the fact
that the station is on fire.

REED

(over PA)

By the time I hit thirteen I'd
developed this love/hate thing
with breasts and a distrust of
woman. I just don't understand
them.

INT. REED'S CAR

Stopped now. HORN HONKING going on. Reed HONKS too.

OLSEN

I breast-fed until I was sixteen
and I sure don't understand woman.

INT. A 747

The PILOTS listen over their headphones, so absorbed they're
oblivious to the fact they're buzzing buildings, sweeping under
a suspension bridge.

IN THE CABIN

Passengers listen over their headphones, oblivious to the
STEWARDESSES being tossed around like rag dolls.

OLSEN
(over headphones)
There's an old Chinese proverb:
"Trust love and it will slaughter
many Huns". I have no idea what
it means but I feel more secure
just knowing it.

INT. REED'S CAR

OLSEN
And while we're sharing so openly,
I want you to know that I
appreciate what you did. Coming
to warn me... not many people I
know would have done that.

REED
That's the advantage of working
with strangers.

OLSEN
Actually what I meant was most of
them would have just called.

New York City quality HORN HONKING. Reed turns around in his
seat and yells.

REED
How about a little patience!

And now we see the traffic jam. Worst in history. Goes on for
ever. Reed turns back. A TEEN finishes washing the Caddy's
windshield. The car squats in the middle of the street, the
cause of this massive backup.

INT. CAPT. MURPHY'S OFFICE

Reed and Olsen stand in front of an inflamed Murphy. He's
shouting...

MURPHY
You're telling me a midget with a
scar and a German accent...

REED
Austrian, Captain.

Murphy's eyes churn.

MURPHY

... an Austrian accent and dressed like a Wilderness Girl killed York then tried to kill you two! And that tonight there's a drug deal at the cookie factory. Do I have it straight?!

OLSEN

I know it sounds crazy but...

MURPHY

Sounds crazy. No. It is crazy. Consider this investigation closed.

OLSEN

But Captain...

MURPHY

Stop it there Olsen. You're putting a pension on the line. Now, get the hell out of my office.

Reed and Olsen back out of the office.

INT. SQUADROOM

Olsen and Reed head for the exit.

OLSEN

Well, it was almost nice working with you.

Reed stops in his tracks.

REED

We can't quit now, we've come too far. Gotten too close. Invested too much time. Burned too many bridges. Climbed too many mountains. Followed too many...

OLSEN

You heard the Captain, we're off the case.

OFFICER(O.S.)

I heard him.

IRV

Me too.

Reed looks around. Everyone is nodding in agreement. Reed turns to Olsen.

REED

I thought maybe I was getting through to you -- sometimes you can't play by the rules. Well, I'm going after them alone and by myself.

Olsen grimaces. Reed heads for the door. Passes Dooley who sits with his back to us, tied in the straight jacket. Reed slaps Dooley on the back as he passes.

REED

Hope you get out of that thing.

As Reed goes out the door, Dooley crumbles to the floor -- a skeleton with a hunk of hair.

INT. REED'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Only we don't know that at first because we are tight on a pistol and it is being jammed into a shoulder holster. Then IN QUICK CUTS: A knife is slid into an ankle holster; a belt of pickle sized bullets is thrown over a shoulder; grenades are clipped onto a belt; a blow gun is velcroed onto an ankle; a slave bracelet is clipped onto a woman's ankle; a bazooka is slid down a pant leg; bow and arrows are slung across a back; a boy Scout knife is slid into a pocket, then...

WIDE

to discover Reed armed to the teeth and ready for battle. He takes a step, totters, then collapses under the weight of his weaponry.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS' COOKIE FACTORY - NIGHT

Sprawling waterfront factory. Chimneys spewing smoke. Boat HORNS HONKING in the distance. Barbed wire fence.

Reed darts across the street. Presses against the fence. Cuts an opening with wire clippers. While he's doing this, ELDERLY WOMEN coming off their shift, walk through an open gate two feet away. Reed squeezes through the opening, darts across the yard to...

MASSIVE DOORS

Reed slips out a lock picking kit. An ELDERLY WOMAN walks past the crouching Reed and opens the door.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Coming in, dear?

REED

Ah... yeah. Thanks.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, just a moment.

Reed freezes. She takes a tissue from her coat pocket and begins wiping away the grease paint from under his eyes.

ELDERLY WOMAN

We can't have you going around like that, can we?

REED

Guess not. Thanks.

She smiles. Nods. Enters the building.

INT. WILDERNESS GIRLS FACTORY - LOBBY

Employees check in. The Elderly Woman punches a time clock. Exits through a set of swinging doors. Reed follows.

INT. MANUFACTURING ROOM

Row upon row of conveyer belts carrying Wilderness Girl cookies. Grandmotherly types sit along the belts packaging the cookies. Reed climbs a set of metal stairs leading to a catwalk above the massive factory floor.

ON THE CATWALK

Stops, listens. The Elderly Women are SINGING and WHISTLING...

ELDERLY WOMEN

Whistle while we work... We,
whistle while we work.

Reed gets caught up in the music. Starts WHISTLING. Skips happily down the catwalk. Slows as he reaches a storage area. Below him cases of cookies, and in a open area, Mortars sits at a table. He is flanked by a couple of thugs, the large "Hibachi" man who now has bandages on both hands and his crotch, and Destiny. A gun barrel presses against Reed's head.

JIGSAW

I've been waiting for this moment,
Mr. Reed.

A beat. Then Reed spins around and knocks the pistol away. Jigsaw dives on Reed, knife in hand. Reed blocks the blow. Knocks the knife away. Jigsaw pulls a sword from out of FRAME. Reed knocks it away. Jigsaw produces a meat cleaver. Reed knocks it away. Jigsaw pulls out an electric carving knife. It WHINES. Blades slicing.

ON MORTARS

He looks up at the WHIRRING SOUND. Smiles.

MORTARS

That's the end of Mr. Reed.

Destiny grimaces.

ON THE CATWALK

The WHIRRING knife blade's at Reed's throat. Reed reaches out of FRAME. Yanks on something. The knife blade stops. Jigsaw frowns. Reed dangles the cord and plug. Jigsaw goes for Reed's throat. Reed flips Jigsaw over the railing. Jigsaw's SCREAM ends with a sickening THUD.

ON MORTARS

He looks up again.

MORTARS

The end of Reed.

Destiny shudders. Pulls a gun out of her purse.

DESTINY

This has gone far enough. First you use me to sell drugs through the Wilderness Girls, then you make me wear that leather demi-cup, underwire bra with matching panties and garter belt, then...

MORTARS

The bra with the metal studs?

DESTINY

That's the red one. I'm talking about the black set with the gold thread piping.

MORTARS

I always liked that one.

DESTINY

I hate it. But most of all I hate the fact you made me lure Reed here. The man I've come to love.

MORTARS

Don't be foolish. You're letting morality cloud your judgement.

REED(O.S.)

Playtime's over, General.

Everyone turns. Reed walks out of the shadows, Uzi trained on Mortars.

DESTINY

Reed!

REED

Destiny. I want you to know I was moved by what you said.

DESTINY

I meant it. I do love you.

REED

Not that. The stuff about that black leather outfit. Now General, tell your goons to drop their guns.

MORTARS

Maybe you should take a look at this first.

Mortars nods to a Goon who flicks on a wall switch. It illuminates a spot on the wall where a dog is chained like a prisoner in the dungeon. There's a low budget metal electrode hat on the dog's head.

REED

CLLLLLAAAAAIIIIIRRRRRREEEEE!!!!!!

Mortars gloats.

REED

Let her go.

MORTARS

Why should I?

REED

Because you want this.

He holds up a small strip of microfilm.

MORTARS

I underestimated you, son.

JIGSAW(O.S.)

I'll take that.

Reed freezes. Gun against his spine. A battered Jigsaw takes the microfilm. Mortars draws his weapon.

MORTARS

The game's up, Mr. Reed. Put down your gun.

DESTINY

Put down yours, General.

MORTARS

You won't shoot me, angle buns.
You don't have the guts.

BAM! Destiny shoots him. Mortars hits the floor. Jigsaw is distracted. Reed turns on him. Jigsaw raises his pistol. Reed blows him away with the Uzi. He flies through a pane of glass that is suddenly there just to provide a visual.

DESTINY(O.S.)

Reed, look out!

He spins and is confronted with a line up of THUGS. Reed goes through a series of Bruce Lee maneuvers to take these guys out. All of them fly through panes of glass that are hurriedly carried into place by TWO OTHER THUGS.

PAN the line of Thugs waiting their turn to get a shot at Reed. Some read newspapers, some do loosening up exercises. They take numbers from the type of dispenser you'd find in a bakery.

MORTARS

crawls to Jigsaw's prostrate body. Tries prying the microfilm out of his clenched fist. No go. Mortars slaps Jigsaw. Nothing. Punches him in the solar plexus. Still can't unclench the fist.

REED

finishes off the last bad guy. Gives a thankful pat on the back to the Thugs who held the glass. Goes to Claire and frees her.

MORTARS

bites Jigsaw's hand. Nothing. Tickles him under the right armpit. That does it. Mortars grabs the microfilm then turns his gun on Reed.

Destiny sees this. Dives at Reed and Claire, knocking them out of the line of fire. She takes Mortars's bullet. Mortars makes his escape. Reed goes to Destiny. Cradles her head.

DESTINY

Reed... I'm so sorry. Can you forgive me?

REED

Hush. Be quiet. Lie still. Don't move. Take it easy. Get some rest. Drink plenty of liquids.

DESTINY

Reed, I'm cold. I'm so cold.

Reed reaches over and removes bags of party ice off her legs.

DESTINY

Thanks. Reed?

She coughs. Blood foams at the corner of her mouth.

DESTINY

Kiss me.

She coughs again. More blood foaming. Reed doesn't look too sure about this. He pulls out a handkerchief and dabs the corners of her mouth. Kisses her. Destiny clutches hold of him.

DESTINY

Get Mortars for me, Reed.

Reed gives her another kiss, then takes off.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FACTORY

Huge vats churn cookie dough. Reed enters, follows a trail of red drops on the floor. Turns a corner. An empty ketchup bottle lies on the ground. A bullet RICOCHETS off a vat near Reed. He leaps away. Bullets eat up the ground around him. One of them hits a tank labeled "Gasoline". It begins to leak.

REED

Give it up, Mortars. It's over.
This place will be crawling with
cops in a minute. Make it easy on
yourself. You're only making
things worse. Quit while you're...

A gun barrel presses against Reed's head.

MORTARS

Getting sloppy, son.

REED

Well, it was still sound advice.
(standing)
How could you have sunk so low?

MORTARS

Look around you, Reed. A billion
dollars worth of pure, uncut
cocaine. This microfilm is the
key. On it is a recipe for mixing
cookie batter with cocaine.

REED

Actually, if you hold that to the
light you'll see it's the episode
of Rocky and Bullwinkle where....

Mortars does hold it to the light. He's enraged.

MORTARS

Where's my microfilm, Reed?

OLSEN(O.S.)

I believe this is it.

Everyone turns there's Olsen. Holding a gun. Behind him the
gasoline inches towards a FURNACE marked FIRE.

REED

You showed.

OLSEN

Couldn't let my partner face this
alone.

MORTARS

You had the microfilm all along.

OLSEN

Not exactly. But obviously you didn't. I knew Reed and I didn't. So the only place it could still be was York's. Took some digging, but I found it. Now, drop the gun, General.

MORTARS

(smug; laughing)

Or what, Sergeant? You'll shoot me?

Olsen takes aim. Hand trembles.

THE GASOLINE

inches closer to the furnace.

REED

Shoot him partner.

Olsen shivers. He looks at Reed. Mortars. Reed. Mortars.

MORTARS

(sneers)

You can't shoot me, Sergeant. You're a cop. You have to play it by the book.

Suddenly, Olsen becomes completely composed. He looks at Mortars. Hard. Smiles.

OLSEN

Sometimes, General, you have to make the rules up as you go.

Mortars's sneer vanishes. Olsen fires. Reed screams. Covers his face in anguish. Olsen's jaw drops. Reed laughs.

REED

Hey, just kidding.

Mortars drops dead.

JIGSAW(O.S.)

But I'm not.

They spin around to see Jigsaw on the catwalk. Jigsaw fires. Reed goes down. Olsen fires. Jigsaw topples over the railing into a vat of cookie dough.

Olsen goes to Reed. He cradles his head.

REED

Good going, partner. You got all the bad guys.

OLSEN

Save your strength, buddy.

REED

This is it. The big checkout. Yet I feel strangely restful. At peace with myself. One with the universe. Resigned and unafraid. Embracing death...

OLSEN

You're delirious.

(Olsen shakes him)

Snap out of it!

(he smacks Reed)

You're not going to die on me.

(he slugs Reed)

You're going to hang in there.

(He does a knee drop into Reed's gut)

You're going to tough it out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Someone's point of view. We don't know who at first. Olsen continues to beat the crap out of Reed's now lifeless body. Reed steps into FRAME: The Ghost of Reed. He's watching Olsen pound on him. He doesn't quite get it. Looks at his hands in a "Patrick Swayze -- what the hell is going on here," kind of way. Sees through them. Now he gets it. He turns and confronts "THEM". The BLACK ANGELS OF DEATH ascending from the bowels of hell -- or at least through the factory floor. Coming for him. Reed looks at them. Looks at his lifeless form. Back at them. Shakes a finger at them.

REED

You can forget that crap, man.

Reed races to his body and jumps back in. The BLACK ANGELS shake their heads, snap their fingers in defeat. Slouch away.

ON REED AND OLSEN

Reed's eyes pop open.

OLSEN

I... I thought you were done.

REED

Nah, it takes more than twelve rounds from an Uzi to kill Tyler Reed.

As Olsen helps him up, the gasoline hits the furnace. Big EXPLOSION. Olsen and Reed are propelled out of FRAME.

EXT. WILDERNESS GIRLS FACTORY - NIGHT

Reed and Olsen stumble out of the building. Lots of SIRENS now. Firemen and Policemen rush past. It's getting crowded. Murphy races up to Reed and Olsen.

REED

Looks like you missed the fireworks.

MURPHY

Wrong. Looks like I'm just in time for them.

He indicates an incredible 4th of July style firework display going on over the building. Cops, Firemen, Reporters have all stopped to admire it.

MURPHY

So you two are a couple of Superheroes, huh? Wild west vigilantes.

OLSEN

We got the bad guys, Captain.

MURPHY

And you almost got yourselves killed.

(beat; a smile)

Wish I had more men like you.

He shakes their hands. Addresses Olsen.

MURPHY

I'd like you to reconsider that retirement.

OLSEN

Only if Reed's my partner.

MURPHY

I think that can be arranged.

Murphy pats them on the shoulder. Turns to a YOUNG OFFICER.

MURPHY

Okay, lets move this crowd of gawkers out of here.

And for the first time we reveal the crowd. Massive. Bleachers full of people. Buses arriving. Every rooftop and window jammed with gawkers: obvious MATTE PAINTING STUFF.

Olsen's wife runs up to him.

DORIS

Wes, you were wonderful. I'm very proud of you and I want you to be the first to meet someone very special.

She tugs Becker into FRAME.

BECKER

Okay, all right, you're not comfortable with this at first. But you'll get used to it. I grow on you.

DORIS

I know you'll be happy for us.

OLSEN

Your father will be happy. He never liked me. If he comes out of his coma tell him.

Olsen moves away. Doris looks stunned. Calls after him.

DORIS(O.S.)

Coma! What coma?! Wes!

Claire comes through the smoke. Destiny clings to her neck. Claire drags Destiny to the fence. Reed and Olsen race over.

REED

Claire, Destiny... you're alright. You're alive.

Reed pets Claire. Moves to Destiny. Claire GROWLS. Snaps. Won't let Reed near Destiny.

DESTINY

We found magic in there, Reed. A love pure and unsullied.

Destiny Hugs Claire.

REED

Yeah, well just don't let her see
you with your hair up.

Reed and Olsen press through the crowd. Past autograph
seekers, reporters. Get into Reed's car and...

PULL AWAY

They sigh. Reed snaps on the radio... QUEEN... "We Are the
Champions". Maybe a little... "Scaramouche, Scaramouche... "

They grimace. Reed turns the dial. From the back seat...

BECKER(O.S.)

Hey, I love that song. It talks
to me.

He pops up. Off Olsen's glare...

BECKER

Look, she got on my nerves... I
don't know how you took her...
what a pest!

Olsen turns back. CLASSICAL MUSIC on the radio now. Something
rousing. Maybe Wagner. A beat. Reed, Olsen and Becker look
at each other then in unison start head banging in time with
the music. Stay with this for a moment, then...

EXT. CAR

As it speeds away... MUSIC drifting back to us as we...

FADE OUT: