

Delta Dog

By

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OVER BLACK:

A car engine ROARS. Emergency SIRENS wail.

A panicked MALE VOICE, soon be revealed as MARC LAAR...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Gunshot, neck. Arterial bleeding!

Tires screech.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Good Sam hospital. Five minutes.

A calm FEMALE VOICE...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Units to assist for traffic?

A deep and powerful BARK.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CRUISER, K9-3 - NIGHT

Detroit Police Officer **MARC** LAAR, 30, races his cop car for all it's worth -- right arm extends to the passenger seat...

so he can apply pressure to the bloody neck of Police Officer **KELLY** CAINE, 27.

MARC
Hang on, almost there.

Kelly, face full of fear, under different circumstances -- *cute as can be*. Her head lowers. Unconsciousness begins.

MARC
You gotta stay awake, you hear me?

Her eyes flutter and then shut.

OUTSIDE - MAIN STREET AND PARK AVE.

Police cars are positioned everywhere. The busy intersection is secured in anticipation of K9-3...

WHICH ARRIVES -- RACES AROUND THE CORNER LIKE AN INDY-CAR

INT. POLICE CRUISER, K9-3 - NIGHT

Marc's hand slips off the wound. A weak pulse of blood pools between his fingers. He re-applies pressure.

Kelly is unconscious.

MARC

Come on, WAKE UP. Damn it!

THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD --

The road is wide open -- a teenage-boy's wet dream. Full speed through red lights. Seconds seem like minutes.

Another high performance turn, this time straight into hospital grounds...

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

K9-3 skids sideways and comes to a stop -- AMBULANCE BAY.

Marc exits, slides across the hood, Dukes of Hazzard style -- arrives at the passenger door...

RUFF, from the darkness of the back seat.

Guided by ORDERLIES, Marc lifts and places Kelly's petite body onto the waiting stretcher. What's left of her life remains with the emergency staff.

SERGEANT **GANZ**, early 30s, bruiser-type, catches Marc's attention -- nods his head in approval. He follows the staff inside the hospital. The doors close behind them.

Marc stands motionless, hands and sleeves still caked in blood, checks the front seat of his cruiser -- plasma drips from everywhere. He deeply inhales -- eyes tightly close.

FLASHBACK TO:**OVER WHITE**

No, make that grey smoke, which now clears.

Distorted callings -- perhaps the SHRIEKING of man?

Sound is restored. Vision quickly returns...

INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - DAWN

Concrete and steel debris litters the interior. U.S. SOLDIERS lay battered and bruised under bone crunching rubble.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE BATTLE OF RAS KAMBONI

Somalia. January, 2007

U.S. Navy SEAL, PETERS, 26, flat on his back, screams for help, looks down at his own mid-section and sees Marc Laar stuffing bloody guts back into a shredded torso cavity.

Marc appears shell-shocked, his own hands completely covered with the blood of his fallen comrade. He pauses to check the status of his disheveled unit...

A SOLDIER races to his ally -- injects Peters with a field drug that immediately provides pain relief.

Yet another soldier, must be the troop's MEDIC, shoves Marc out of his way, opens a trauma pack, surveys the torn abdomen -- where to even start?

Marc reaches for his own left leg, feels a tear in his bloodstained B.D.U. -- extracts a nasty-looking piece of SHRAPNEL from his calf -- tosses it, realizes and looks around...

MARC

Duchess, where are you?

Something's buried under the nearby rubble -- *a dog leash!*

MARC (cont'd)

Duchess...! Noooo!!!

He quickly digs through broken concrete, reveals and cradles the lifeless body of a black and tan BELGIAN MALINOIS.

A BREACHER, 22, perched at a half-destroyed window...

BREACHER

Incoming -- multiple ground!

The unit commander, E7, 30, thick-necked, a year's salary worth of tattoos, slings his rifle to the ready.

E7

Set up a fatal funnel until air support arrives. No one gets in. Engage the enemy at will!

(MORE)

E7 (cont'd)
 Officially, we aren't even supposed
 to be here.

Marc fails to react fast enough for his liking.

E7 (cont'd)
 Laar, get on the Goddamn ready!
 (backs off)
 Sorry about your dog, bro.

He sets the dog gently aside. Prepares to fight.

A FEDERAL AGENT climbs the interior rubble, CHRISTINE, 20s,
 fifty-cal SNIPER RIFLE clinging onto her back.

E7 (cont'd)
 Crissy, don't shoot until you see
 the red in their forehead dots.

Even during a deadly ambush, he still checks out her ass.

CHRISTINE
 They're Somalian, not Indian. Dick!

She climbs up and through an OPENING (corner of the roof)
 contorts herself against a twisted mass of Rebar and
 concrete -- presses the SCOPE-OPTICS tight against her right
 eye.

E7
 (calling up to her)
 Get me a head count, will ya?

THROUGH THE SCOPE OF HER RIFLE

Patches of shrubbery. Mostly dirty fucking sand, and...

NOMADS creeping into striking distance. Armed with AK's and
 RPG's.

One in particular stands out as he gallantly takes point.
 Cross-hair tracks with precision, moves upper body...

FHHHZZIT

"Gallant Nomad's" HEAD easily explodes like a watermelon hit
 by a sledgehammer.

BACK TO SCENE

Christine scoffs, calls down...

CHRISTINE
Head count: *minus one!*

CRACK, PING!

Insurgent-fire randomly peppers the broken concrete...

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
Shit!

She retreats into a sliding descent...

... skids and falls down debris -- comes to a rest back inside the structure. Winces from the pain.

E7 kneels before her, recognizes she's not seriously hurt -- shakes his head in disappointment.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
What...? You said engage at will!

Christine ignores his offer of assistance, rights herself...

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
I hit the fuck'n dot.

Automatic weapon-fire erupts from the SEAL team --

Marc tracks his target, three round bursts -- stops and rolls behind concrete cover. Begins to reload...

MARC
Changing!

E7 positions himself near Marc, begins shooting outward and towards the Nomads -- unable to continue as enemy fire overwhelms. Our heroes take cover for a beat.

Marc resumes aiming, RED DOT OPTIC -- fires into a sternum, then up into an enemy cheek -- chunk of flesh sent flying.

All combat gradually slows. American forces scan for their next targets...

E7 calls towards the Breacher, opposite end of the structure.

E7
The *fuck* is my air support?

BREACHER
U.A.V's, couple minutes out.

E7
Drones! Fuck'n Air Force saving
fuel?!?

A Soldier joins the Breacher, other side of the structure.

EXT. RAS KAMBONI - DAWN

A Nomad emerges from cover -- takes aim with his launcher.

FIRES...

INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - DAWN

Marc tracks the spiraling rocket as it slams into the front of the structure.

MARC
R.P.G!!!

Breacher and Soldier, now ENGULFED into a blasted section of wall. Both battered, they bleed to death.

A gaping hole has been ripped into the front of the building.

Marc gasps for clean air, recovers, withdraws -- stops and moves bits of rubble, exposes the lifeless body of Peters. Checks -- no pulse.

Nomad gun-fire strikes nearby -- our hero dives deeper behind debris, desperately crawls...

E7 joins Christine -- both provide cover-fire for Marc --

CHRISTINE
Marc, stay low... we got you!

... who retreats alongside, rolls behind broken debris. Enemy rounds surge inward, fast and furiously.

The three of them cower. Some pray.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Marc removes bloody towels from the front seat of his cruiser. Clean-up complete. An ORDERLY stands nearby, holds open a Bio-Bag for disposal of the rags and gloves.

MARC

Thanks.

His police radio transmits...

FEMALE VOICE(RADIO)
Available Delta Dog for twelve
sector?

He grabs, squeezes the car microphone...

MARC
K9-3, en route.

EXT. ARCADIA - (FLYOVER) - NIGHT

ARCADIA: a six hundred acre community. The young and in-progress answer for rebuilding a part of Motor City.

SUPERIMPOSE: ARCADIA

RESIDENTIAL UTOPIA

Est. 2010

MAIN HIGHLIGHT: a forty-story, fully occupied TOWER ONE, with a rooftop HELI-PAD. The grounds surrounding the tower are perfectly manicured to an Asian theme.

Next to Tower One is the framework for a SECOND TOWER. Forty stories, few outer walls, and ultimately topped with a large CONSTRUCTION CRANE. All work halted for the holidays.

INT/EXT. ARCADIA - TOWER TWO - NIGHT

Center of Tower Two -- an unfinished elevator core -- a temporary CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR attached to it's inner edge. The service elevator races past floor thirty nine.

TOP FLOOR OF TOWER TWO

Wide open to the chilly night air. Idle construction equipment everywhere. Service elevator arrives and opens...

TAKAO **HIRANO**, 40, Dormeuil-Vanquish suit, steps out of the elevator. Confident as a lion in a den of blind kittens.

Hirano, careful not to get his clothes dirty, scans the floor -- appears disgusted to even be present.

FENG, 30s, Japanese/Chinese, battle scars on his left cheek and eye socket -- kind of guy that roots for the sharks during Shark Week, also steps from the elevator.

He adjusts a black GAUNTLET on his right hand and arm.
Undersized chauffeur hat tilted to one side of his head.

HIRANO

(Japanese)

American Thanksgiving -- quite the
confusing holiday. They reserve one
day to honor a wildfowl, then
decapitate and eat it. Honorless,
if you ask me.

Feng grunts. Does he even understand Hirano? They both
arrive at --

TWO ADULTS sitting in chairs. Their heads covered with black
canvas, hands and feet bound with zip ties.

Flanking the prisoners are two UNIFORMED OFFICERS, both
marked as: ARCADIA POLICE.

Feng removes a head covering -- reveals MAYOR WILLIAMS, 50.
She moans through her gagged mouth.

Hirano sighs, frees her mouth. Work lights irritate the
Mayors' eyes as she regains focus, coughs...

WILLIAMS

Hirano?!? How dare you! Release me
immediately. This is completely
outrageous!

HIRANO

(English)

Outrageous?!? Outrageous is
reneging on a business agreement.

WILLIAMS

What in God's name are you talk...

HIRANO

... Aizuchi! I have made no deal
with God so don't include him in
this negotiation. Consider your
words carefully, and do pay mind to
the individual sitting next to you.

She spots the mystery person -- bound same as her.

WILLIAMS

What negotiation? I don't --

Feng grabs both chair-backs, drags the prisoners to the EDGE
of the elevator shaft -- zero safety measures remain in
place -- forty floors is a very long way down!

WILLIAMS

Wait, wait... STOP! PLEASE!

Both chair legs stop inches away from the edge. Hirano follows, removes the cover from the second prisoner's head...

Chinese male, JIAN, 20s, long hair, face puffy and bruised, eyes swollen shut -- moans through a gag.

Williams recognizes Jian -- immediately looks away.

HIRANO

Mayor Williams, your associate, Jian, been peddling his low grade... *garbage*, on the fine people of my community. No worries, though. Plans for his product are already in motion.

Feng tosses a large bag of weed onto the lap of the Mayor. Hirano lifts, sniffs it and recoils...

HIRANO

Ugh. A pig would not even enjoy the smell of this shit.

WILLIAMS

Listen, I have nothing to do...

Feng takes a wire CUTTER from a nearby toolbox, passes it.

HIRANO

I hate dirt. Blood never bothered me -- just part of doing business.

Hirano looms over Jian, then uses the cutter to sever an INDEX finger. Displays it for all to see...

He screams through the gag. Blood oozes from the stump.

Hirano moves near Williams and points Jian's DIGIT close to her eyes. She looks away in disgust.

HIRANO

You wish to earn with product, you clear it with me. I provide the security, not this... *amateur!*

(smiles, works finger joint)

Jian already gave you up. Do not foul your honor with more lies -- understand, he's been pointing his finger at you the whole night.

... jabs her face with the severed index finger.

HIRANO (cont'd)
Betrayal is eternal.
(to Feng)
Hai!

Feng spin-kicks into Jian's chest, knocks him, still tied to his chair, completely over the edge of the unfinished shaft...

DOWN HE GOES... backwards, plummeting... gone!

Hirano looks over the edge, then drops the finger.

HIRANO
He'll make a solid foundation.

He turns to Williams, forcefully pins her hand onto the arm of the chair. Taps her fingers with the sharp tip from the cutter...

WILLIAMS
Pleeassse, no -- don't! I'll do
whatever you say! I beg...

HIRANO
Look around. Rejoice. Arcadia is
the future. I provide for these
people, the same who elect you on
hope and dreams. You fail. They
lose. Your popularity deteriorates
and another *talking head* takes your
place. Such waste.

The cutter is wide around her index finger. She closes her eyes in anticipation.

WILLIAMS
I'll go back, do anything you want!
Please... don't!

Hirano snips away...

... on the plastic tie that binds her wrist -- then the others. To her surprise, she is now free.

HIRANO
Return to your city. Resume being
my political minion. The next time
I catch you stealing business from
me, I am certain to take something
of yours. I promise, you will miss
(MORE)

HIRANO (cont'd)
it quite dearly. Negotiations are
now... *OVER!*

EXT. SHIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DETROIT - NIGHT

A zombified house. Multiple police units already positioned at the roadside. Spotlights scan the side alley.

K9-3 arrives, skids to a halt. Marc quickly exits the cruiser, opens the rear door for...

SPIRIT, a beautiful black and tan SHEPHERD wearing police body armor. She leaps onto the street curb.

An OFFICER, 30, baggy-eyed, insomniac, approaches the K-9 duo.

OFFICER
Male subject, recognize him as
Maurice Jones. Gotta be close.
Chased him twelve blocks. Skinny
bitch was tossing bags of K-H like
he was the Easter Bunny. Thinking
he's your shooter.

He presents a zip-lock with a neon-colored, cardboard foil inside -- PSYCHEDELIC DRUG K-H. Marc accepts, examines, opens and then introduces the scent to Spirit.

MARC
New craze, huh?

OFFICER
Fuck'n-A. That's about five G's
right there.

MARC
And yet he's giving it away?

Officer tilts his head. The K9 picks up an immediate trail and leads them to yet another cracked-out house. They arrive at a crawlspace-vent. Spirit barks into the darkness...

OFFICER
We checked this already.

Marc beams his flashlight into the narrow opening. The nose of his partner rarely fails.

MARC
Maurice, crawl on out, or else I'm
sending my dog in to get ya. I

(MORE)

MARC (cont'd)
better not have to give her a bath
afterwards. She really hates baths.

Spirit barks again. Marc commands her to stop. Officer appears impatient.

MARC
Maurice, you're so good at this
hide and seek stuff. Ready or not,
here she comes...

Spirit growls. A male voice calls from the vent...

MAURICE (O.S.)
Alright. Alright, man. *SHIT!*

Emerging from the vent, MAURICE, 20s, fits the description of a dirty drug dealer -- probably his own best customer.

MAURICE
I ain't kill no one, pig.

Officer tosses him against the side of the house, deploys an expandable baton, raises it in anger...

OFFICER
Da' fuck you just say? I'll lump
you up, bitch!

MARC
Whoa. Settle down.

Officer thinks twice. Maurice has shiny bracelets. Spirit paws at his pant pockets, scares the shit out the dealer -- actually shows Marc where to search for...

... more bags of K-H. The evidence is now overwhelming.

OFFICER
You're way over the intent to sell,
fuck-nuts!

MARC
He ain't our shooter.

Maurice appears uneasy -- watches every move Spirit makes. The Officer uses a handcuff key to double-lock his cuffs.

MARC
Where's your supplier?

MAURICE

Nigga, I ain't remembering shit. I must got Tunisia.

Officer has heard enough, once again slams Maurice up against the house, displays his key...

OFFICER

You need me to stick this key in your head and start up your fuck'n brain?

Maurice doesn't care about the cops. Spirit, different story.

Marc diffuses the situation, pulls Maurice away from the crowd of COPS tightly circling -- gets a whiff of him...

MARC

Oooff, you must hate baths too.

then sits him down on the curb. Spirit leans close to his face and that's when it's noticeable: *the dog has a single glass eye!*

MARC

Spirit, challenge.

She barks, growls, salivates -- shows razor sharp fangs.

MAURICE

Get it the fuck away!

Sergeant Ganz arrives on scene. Marc calms Spirit.

MARC

That's a lot of product for a *clocker*. Who's your supplier?

Maurice smirks. Spirit is allowed closer. *GRRRRR!*

MAURICE

Okay. Shit, man. I'll give you something... but then I walk.

MARC

Fuck that. Fuck you.

Marc forcibly pulls Maurice to his cruiser. Opens the back door and pushes him into the rear seat...

MARC (cont'd)
Spirit loves company back here.

His other hand ushers Spirit's harness...

MAURICE
Wait! Okay, shit, just... no fuck'n
dog

MARC
Spirit, *SPEAK*.

HOWL. Fangs drip with saliva. Maurice closes his eyes tightly, starts to spill his guts...

MAURICE
Baller stash -- *millions*. Moving
out at three in the morning. Fuck
this nigga-dog!

MARC
Bullshit. No way a skell like you
knows that.

MAURICE
I know what I heard, man. These
chinks are fuck'n big-time.

Marc checks with Ganz. Gets the okay *via* a slight nod.

MARC
Where's the stash?

MAURICE
Industrial strip on sixth and Grand
-- at Arcadia.

OFFICER
Arcadia???

That raises eyebrows. Marc passes the leash to the Officer, retrieves a MAP from the front seat of the cruiser. Begins to unfold it onto the car hood -- huddles up with Ganz...

CHECKING THE MAP... *confirmed*: industrial buildings.

MARC
How is she?

GANZ
Gonna be okay, thanks to your
Andretti driving.

Marc smiles.

GANZ (cont'd)
I'm going for this.

MARC
Into Arcadia?!?

GANZ
Fuck it. I'll assemble a team. I like your style -- need you with us.
(checks his watch)
You got three hours to kill.

MAURICE
Hey, hey! I gave you good shit, what da' fuck do I get?

MARC
Spirit, *kiss*.

Spirit licks Maurice's face. He is appalled. Cops laugh.

INT. GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Marc holds a bouquet of flowers, walks down the hallway -- approaches a recovery room. Out walks...

JUDY CAINE, 32, dressed to go clubbing. Hair and makeup extreme. *Jugs a pop'n* -- she checks out Marc like he's a prime rib...

JUDY
Hey there, *handsome*.

Marc briefly smiles. She spots his shield and last-name tag...

JUDY
You're the dog cop that saved my sister!

She leaps, hugs him big-time, her assets pressed against his torso. He accelerates separation, maintains a smile.

MARC
Glad she's alright. She around?

JUDY
(calling into the room)
Kelly, someone's looking to see you. And looking good doing it!

RECOVERY ROOM

Kelly, lying in bed, left arm in a sling, bandages on her neck -- good shape considering near death only five hours ago. Marc presents the flowers.

MARC

Hi. How you feeling?

Her eyes widen, begin to wander. Crush is full-on-effect. Embarrassed, she attempts to cover her face.

KELLY

Uh, fantastic. Thanks for asking.

JUDY

She's partying the good drugs.

Marc smiles at Kelly.

Behind Marc's back, Judy makes it quite obvious what she thinks of her sister's rescuer -- *he's hot*. Young Kelly isn't about to let older-sis *vag-block*...

KELLY

Don't you have grinding to go do?

JUDY

I can stay a bit...
 (reads Kelly's face)
 Oooh, check the time. Feel better, brat. I'm outta here.
 (to Marc, smiling...)
 Byyeee...

Exit Judy. Marc moves close to her bedside.

MARC

Got some color back. Close call.

KELLY

Ya, *razorish*. I had my lucky...
 (looks around)
 Where's my stuff?

She reaches for a nearby bag -- can't stretch. Marc assists. Kelly removes an old SWITCH-BLADE KNIFE, displays it for Marc to see.

MARC

And here I thought you meant a rabbits foot.

She smiles -- Marc realizes: *it's a great one at that!*

KELLY

My Dad carried this with him on patrol. He was in a high speed chase where he flipped his highway cruiser upside-down. After it caught fire, he had trouble getting out. Used it to cut the seat belt. Swore that if he didn't have it he would have died that night.

He examines the engraved bone handle...

MARC

Oh, it's very... nice.

KELLY

I want you to have it.

MARC

I couldn't take your dad's knife. What if he wants it back?

KELLY

The c-monster got him right before I graduated the academy. I kept leaving this *everywhere* -- takes hours to find it. Please, it's yours.

Marc smiles, obviously likes her, quickly accepts and pockets the knife.

MRS. CAINE, late 50s, enters. Hastily comforts her daughter with hugs and kisses...

MRS. CAINE

My baby!!! I don't want you doing this anymore. It's danger...

KELLY

... ya, Mom, you make that clear every day.

MRS. CAINE

Everyone says "lucky to be alive!"

KELLY

I'm okay, Mom -- been hearing the word *lucky* all night.

MRS. CAINE

That's because you got shot in the neck, sweetheart.

MARC
 (smiling)
 You did, I saw it.

MRS. CAINE
 She thinks she's indestructible.
 Marching around like that rabbit on
 the battery commercial.

KELLY
 Any-who. Mom, meet...
 (embarrassed)
 uh, I don't know your first name?

MARC
 Marc. Marc Laar.

KELLY
 Mom, Marc gave me a ride when I
really-really needed one.

MRS. CAINE
 Thank you. You're a saint.

MARC
 I'm glad she's okay. I gotta get
 going. Good night, Ma'am.

KELLY
 Drop by anytime.

Marc salutes, exits. Kelly hits herself, covers her face...

KELLY
Drop by anytime -- UGH, IDIOT!

MRS. CAINE
 Why can't either of my daughters
 ever meet a nice gentleman like
 that?

KELLY
 I hope I just did -- and he already
 met my Mom!

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

An unmarked BOX TRUCK, parked in front of the...

ARCADIA RIVER DOCKS

Background to the docks, Tower One and the incomplete: Tower Two. A Chinese GUNMAN patrols the rear of the truck.

The Detroit Police Department moves in...

Gunman notices, screams, charges, fires off one round...

Milliseconds later, his face is turned to *Swiss* by an unseen sniper round.

SWAT teams, Emergency Services, and then finally K9-3, advance in unison, each ready for hell incarnated.

Emergency Services breach the corner WAREHOUSE BAY. They pierce the steel roll-up door with heavy equipment.

GUNFIRE FROM WITHIN THE BAY...

SWAT takes position, lobs canisters of GAS inside...

Two Chinese GUNMEN emerge, weapons cycle... then instantly get cut down from a salvo of tax-payer lead -- both fall to the ground, leaking from dozens of holes.

SWAT enters. Beat. The gas clears. They return -- all-clear.

Marc, Spirit, and Ganz all go inside...

INT. WAREHOUSE BAY - ARCADIA RIVER DOCKS - NIGHT

Middle of the bay -- mostly empty area except for a row of metal cabinets along the interior wall.

THE PRIZE: Two shrink-wrapped PALLETS -- WEED and K-H. Millions worth -- a *major SCORE!* Cop-smiles galore.

Marc tears the plastic wrap. Tries to open a sample bag -- uses Kelly's knife to cut into the product -- sets the dulled instrument nearby...

Spirit verifies with her super-nose. Marc nods affirmatively at a jubilant Ganz.

GANZ

Fuck ya!

MARC

I see Captain bars in your future.

Ganz with a celebratory laugh. HOWLS victoriously.

GANZ

Break it down, fellas. Drinks on me, *Pour House* -- tomorrow night.

More happiness. Marc opens the cabinets along the walls -- completely empty. This is a done deal.

Ganz -- with both arms extended towards the drugs...

GANZ (cont'd)
Happy fucking Thanksgiving!

INT. POUR HOUSE - NEXT EVENING

Cop bar. Nothing special. Ganz, Marc, "Officer" and a dozen other *off-duty* with beverages held high -- they salute...

GANZ
For Jimmy Slack! God rest his
beautiful soul.

Blood mixes with alcohol, but not for Marc -- he holds bottled water, wears an open, button-down that covers his uniform.

The end of the bar -- a wooden STOOL covered in crime-scene tape and old handcuffs with a photograph of an almost seventy-year-old, BEARDED MAN -- the late *JIM SLACK*.

GUIDO BRUTUS, 25, called Guido cause he's Italian, Brutus because he body builds. AKA "stupid" because... *you'll see*. Not a cop, rather someone's friend.

GUIDO BRUTUS
Who's Jimmy Slack?

Crowd goes silent -- instantly anticipates what's next...

GANZ
You know that guy on the beer
commercials... the most interesting
man in the world?

GUIDO BRUTUS
Ya. I fuck'n love dat' guy.

GANZ
Well, Slack is the real deal. I got
a TON of stories -- all true.

GUIDO BRUTUS
Like?

GANZ
He comes here one day, right, Ralph
the bartender will tell ya, brings
his pet bull with him...

GUIDO BRUTUS

His what?

GANZ

His bull -- an *actual bull*. Had an old farm property nearby. So, everybody's slipping this bull beers, right, and the bull's getting fucking hammered. Stumbles, starts breaking shit -- ever see a bull *balls-fuck'n* drunk before? So Slack's getting pissed, he's like...

(imitates a cranky voice)

"I told ya's not to get *da'* bull drunk!"

Everybody laughs. Ganz is just warming up...

GANZ (cont'd)

"Now ya's went and done it!" So, he finally gets the bull out of the bar, right. Fuck'n, hundreds of dollars of damage. He's stumbling down Main street with this twelve-hundred pound animal. I don't know who's drunker, him or the fuck'n bull -- traffic's building up a half mile behind them. Sector car pulls alongside, recognizes that he's walking the opposite direction of where he lives -- asks Slack where he's headed. So, Slack points to the bull and replies: "I'm *going* wherever *he's* going!"

The whole bar laughs, including Brutus.

GANZ (cont'd)

Fuck'n guy was a great cop -- could talk a Perp into handcuffing himself in like thirty seconds.

GUIDO BRUTUS

Fuck that, ain't no one gonna handcuff me if I don't let it.

Ganz shoots him a different look -- more serious.

GANZ

Two hundred bucks says I'll get you cuffed in less than a minute?

... removes a set from under his civilian attire and *displays*. The crowd in unison: "ohhh shit" Chairs and tables part. Side wagers exchange hands. Cash everywhere.

GUIDO BRUTUS

Two bills, one minute? No guns?

Ganz removes his off-duty holster and passes it to the Officer. Guido cracks his knuckles...

GUIDO BRUTUS (cont'd)

Easy fuck'n money, bro.

Ganz straightens his arm towards "Stupid's" gut. Makes a fist -- presents his WATCH for verification...

GANZ

Time check?

Guido leans to read the watch --

WHAM -- Ganz drives his fist deep into "Stupid's" BALLS.

"Stupid" squeals -- barrels over in pain. Ganz trips him to the floor, face down, muscles his arms behind his back -- applies the cuffs. Leaps up, reads his watch...

GANZ (cont'd)

Eleven seconds. New best!

Everyone in the bar laughs.

GUIDO BRUTUS

You're a dick!

GANZ

If I were a dick I'd be hang'n out your mouth.

... retrieves his firearm, high fives everyone, downs half a beer -- *pounds his chest like an ape*...

GANZ (cont'd)

Somebody un-cuff this douche.

Front door opens. Kelly and her sister enter. Cops applaud. Kelly smiles. Chants of "Kelly, Kelly..." She takes a bow, excitement settles and then she sees Marc and heads over to him...

KELLY

Hey.

MARC

Hi. I can't believe the hospital released you already?

KELLY

Two days was torrent enough, besides, no way I'm wearing a hospital gown on Thanksgiving Eve. I feel like dancing. Whaddya say, hero?

Marc is weary of the sling on her shoulder and bandages on her neck. She pulls off the sling, raring to go.

MARC

Right this way...

He holds her close, notices Ganz eyeing Judy. Kelly rests her head on his shoulder, stares up at him.

MARC

I gotta say, you're taking the near death experience really well.

KELLY

Life is short. I don't believe in *woe-mes*.

She gently moves his flannel shirt, exposes the last-name tag on his concealed uniform... fondles it...

KELLY

Laar... I like the way it rolls off the tongue. LAAAAAR! What kinda name is it?

MARC

Estonian... was where my Dad was from. Mom was home grown, Detroit.

KELLY

So they're no longer...?

Marc shakes his head, looks down.

KELLY (cont'd)

I'm sorry.
(beat)

Is there a... *better half*?

Another head shake. She smiles: *YES!* Composes herself.

MARC
 There's something, um... you should
 know... about me.

She tippy-toes, then softly kisses him -- the sweet,
 mid-length kind...

MARC (cont'd)
 (smiling)
 What was that for?

KELLY
 For saving my life.
 (realizes)
 I'm coming on too strong, right? I
 do that. I think it's because I
 know what I like when I see it.

GANZ
 (yelling)
 YA, BOYS! Turn that shit up!

Ganz points to a monitor. An earlier INTERVIEW from the
 Arcadia drug-seizure...

ANCHOR MAN (T.V.)
 Detroit Police have rid our streets
 of nearly two million dollars of
 Marijuana, Ecstasy and a new
 synthetic drug called: K-H.

T.V. CUT TO: Dozens of citizens and Takao Hirano.

HIRANO (T.V.)
 I thank the efforts of the Detroit
 Police Department for helping
 Arcadia to maintain a drug-free
 environment. Behind me, soon a
 second tower will be completed and
 together with our own Police force,
 the community will be better and
 safer than ever! Happy
 Thanksgiving-Eve, everyone.

Hirano's backdrop applauds his speech.

BACK TO SCENE

OFFICER
 That fucker has like fifty billion
 bucks. He invented the term: no
 income housing.

Ganz stares at the screen...

GANZ

Yeah.

MUSIC returns -- only louder.

Judy pulls Ganz to the dance floor. They move closer to Marc and Kelly. A bit of dancing, shots, laughter and more beers. Ganz's hands all over Judy's ass.

LATER ON...

GANZ (cont'd)

Let's get outta here.

JUDY

Sis, time to drop you off at home.

Kelly eagerly looks for Marc's reaction...

MARC

I'm still on call, really should check in with the squad.

Wrong answer, Marc -- Kelly was obviously hoping for something more. Judy impatiently tugs at her shirt.

EXT. POUR HOUSE - NIGHT

FROM ACROSS THE STREET -- THROUGH A CAMERA LENS

Judy and Ganz exit the bar, laughing...

CAMERA VIEW SNAPS AWAY ON THEM

Mystery camera operator intent on capturing multiple shots of Ganz. Camera swings...

Marc and Kelly exit the bar... stop, hug each other...

CAMERA VIEW SNAPS AWAY ON THEM

BACK TO NORMAL -- camera operator remains unknown.

KELLY

Call me after the Holidays?

Marc smiles. She tilts her head: *"you better call."*

MARC

I will.

KELLY

Don't make me get shot again just
so I can see you, you hear me?

He laughs. She gives him another hug for the road.

Kelly into Judy's car. Ganz hops inside with them, smiles a
shit-eating grin, then gives the thumbs-up to Marc, who...

watches them leave. He heads to **K9-3**. About to fall inside,
he checks his pockets un-successfully for...

MARC

Kelly's knife. *Shit!*

RUFF!

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

K9-3 arrives and parks rear of the Arcadia River Docks.

Marc exits, hears crickets, opens the door for his partner.

MARC

Spear, stretch your legs, girl.

They walk to the front of the building and crime scene. Marc
pulls yellow tape from the destroyed bay door.

INSIDE THE BAY

No lights. No power. Drugs removed as evidence. Marc,
flashlight in hand, searches the floor for the knife...

... spots something near the row of cabinets. There it is,
must have been kicked around. He retrieves and pockets.

Spirit begins scratching at the middle cabinet...

MARC (cont'd)

What's up, girl? We got what we
came for. Let's get outta here.

She communicates a trail. Will not budge. Marc pulls on the
cabinet -- unhooks it from the others, slides out,
reveals...

A STEEL DOOR

Spirit paws and sniffs at the bottom gap. He confirms --
locked!

MARC (cont'd)
Great work, you found a door. Let's
go home. I'm beat.

He tugs on her leash... she won't give in, continues to paw
at the base of the door.

MARC
Stubborn since day one.

Marc removes a small pouch, opens -- A LOCK PICKING SET --
it pops, door swings open, they both enter...

YET ANOTHER BAY -- CLOSED

His flashlight reveals...

A black BOX TRUCK.

Marc and spirit enter, cautiously study the scene...

SNAP -- door closes behind them. Marc checks... it's locked.
There is no mechanism on this end to re-open!

MARC
Great.

Spirit pulls him to the back of the truck -- rear roll-up
door is open. They see...

MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF DRUGS -- PILED ROOF-HIGH

If the drugs earlier were worth millions, this truck is
worth billions!

MARC
Fuck me!

RUFF!

He immediately silences the dog, *too late!*

VOICES from the other side of the closed bay door...

A standard DOOR, positioned next to the larger roll-up door,
violently kicks open...

The K-9 duo quickly take cover behind a PREP TABLE, rear of
the bay. Ceiling lights activate...

Marc cuddles, holds Spirit's mouth shut -- she complies. He
draws his M&P .40 pistol -- high and ready position. They
sweat it out, hoping to not be discovered...

The shadows of two MERCENARIES approach the rear of the truck. Marc can see them now. These guys are heavily armed and outfitted -- nothing like the earlier Chinese thugs.

MERC #1

I said a fucking dog, okay?

MERC #2

You're hearing shit, bro.

MERC #1 secures the rear door on the truck. Scans, beat, lowers his guard...

MERC #1

After that ugly bastard comes we'll deliver this shit and hit the boss up for another ten-g's.

MERC #2 stares at him in amazement. #1 fake punches him.

MERC #1 (cont'd)

Real men re-negotiate, bro!

They exit the way they came. Marc exhales, re-holsters. Frantically checks all his pockets for...

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

K9-3 remains parked at the rear of the docks...

INSIDE THE CRUISER

Marc's CELL PHONE charges on the dash -- lights up -- a text from Kelly reads: I HAD FUN TONIGHT :)

Also next to the phone is a PORTABLE POLICE RADIO.

BACK OUTSIDE THE VEHICLE...

MERC #2 turns the corner, lights up a CIG. Sees the cop car, drops the smoke and runs back to where he came...

FRONT OF THE BAY

Black LINCOLN LIMO arrives. Feng exits, sees MERC #2...

MERC #2

Cops! Fucking COPS!

Guns aim... SOUND of a diesel engine FIRING up --

SMASH!

Bay door disintegrates into scrap metal as the black truck accelerates outward and onward...

MERC gunfire erupts outward...

... the driver-side window shatters.

Feng pushes the MERC's weapons off target, pursues the truck on foot, fucker is super-fast!

Marc, hands on the wheel, accelerates -- see's Feng climb onto the side running board, clutches onto the mirror's SUPPORT RAILS -- intense look etched onto his face.

INSIDE THE CAB

Marc shifts gears. Through the broken window: Feng reaches inside and grabs onto the wheel with his gloved right hand...

WHACK --

Marc backhands Feng straight across his cheek -- doesn't phase the ugly bastard one bit. The fight for the wheel continues...

Spirit, from the passenger seat, lunges and chomps down on Feng's GAUNTLET -- *no expected reaction.*

Marc reaches and produces a tire-iron, swings away at Feng... who parries each and every strike.

The fight continues, back and forth, brutal exchanges...

OUTSIDE

Truck swerves up and over a curb -- clips a STOP SIGN.

CLANK -- Feng vs. sign -- *ugly bastard loses!*

Feng, tossed onto the side walk, now tumbles to a halt. Rights himself, examines his right arm -- below the elbow -- *it's completely gone!*

Glances and glares at the escaping truck -- turns to leave.

INSIDE THE CAB

Marc pulls Feng's hand and forearm from the wheel -- tosses the limb out the window. Continues to drive...

Scans the streets...

Spots a convenience store within a commercial strip -- only one that has a light on inside. Rest of the strip appears abandoned.

He turns the truck behind the store...

Parks it, back alley. Hopefully, completely out of sight.

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

Private HELICOPTER lands near the RIVER DOCKS.

Another four MERCENARIES arrive by sedan -- now join the original two. Arcadia Police vehicles also arrive.

Hirano exits from the helicopter -- alongside him is...

BLACK COOKIE, 30, think Flavor Flav on crack -- well, *extra crack*. Instead of a clock around his neck, he has a large, double-fudge, chocolate-chip cookie.

Arcadia Police search the K9-3 cruiser. Hirano, Black Cookie, and the additional MERCS approach K9-3...

MERC #1

Cops got the fucking truck. We need to abort.

Hirano examines Marc's cell and portable police radio. His face registers both disappointment and rage.

MERC #1 (cont'd)

Won't be long before this place is crawling with pigs.

In the background, Feng arrives by foot, stops at the trunk of his Lincoln limo. Opens and removes a replacement ARM -- attaches the new limb -- *good to go!*

He removes a coat hanger, walks over to his boss-man.

MERC #1 (cont'd)

Do you slants hear what I'm saying?
Hello, we need to abort!

Hirano removes his suit Jacket -- Feng carefully takes possession -- transfers the expensive fabric to the coat hanger.

Tie removed and sleeves rolled up, Hirano instantly *disarms* MERC #1 with a series of quick martial art moves...

MERC #1 falls face down into the dirt -- fetal position. Hirano kicks the living shit out of the guy's torso...

MERC #2, very careful with his actions -- and well aware that the Arcadia Police are covering him with weaponry, has no choice but to remain motionless, surrender posture.

Black Cookie LAUGHS his balls off...

BLACK COOKIE
Ohhhh shit, dawg!

The brutal beating slows...

BLACK COOKIE
He polishing he *shoowz* on dat' nigga'z ribs!

HIRANO
Every breath you take for the next month you think of tonight, you hear me? Do you *fuck'n* HEAR ME?!?
(stops kicking, to Feng)
Disable all phone and internet communication. Monitor all law enforcement bands. Double the perimeter cars around Arcadia.
(to MERC #2)
Search by air.
(to everyone)
He's still here. If he got a call out to his boys, we'd already know. You have another chance to *FIND HIM!* And get rid of that cop car!

BLACK COOKIE
You feel'n *def* now, bro?

Hirano turns, sees Black Cookie display a switchblade -- cuts a little piece of his "cookie necklace," offers it to Hirano who declines. Cookie eats it instead, *YUMMY!*

HIRANO
Cookie, ride with me. I have someone I need to pick up. Someone who may come in handy in case plan "A" fails.

BLACK COOKIE
And if dat' don't goes well?

HIRANO
I'm the "man" in this city, Cookie. Chill.

BLACK COOKIE

We goes wayyyys back me's and
you's, but I still *needs ta' ax*:
should I be worried about my
nine-mill deh-pahh-ZIT, sushi-dawg?

HIRANO

Think of me as the FDIC, only
richer. You're money is safe, don't
you ever forget that!

BACK OF THE CONVENIENCE STORE --

Marc frantically knocks at the back door -- OLD ASIAN MAN
takes his sweet time answering... cracks the door open...

MARC

Detroit Police. Call 911. Give 'em
the address. Tell them officer
needs assistance, *HURRY!*

OLD ASIAN MAN

(slow as shit)
Detroit Police? Why you here?

MARC

Just... *gimme your damn phone.*

Marc pushes past him and...

INSIDE THE BACK OF THE STORE...

turns off every light he sees...

Finds an old phone on the table. Picks it up -- dials...

INT. JUDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Judy is naked in bed and on all fours -- *loudly moans.*

Ganz, on his knees and behind her, twisted fuck-face, slaps
her ass -- *plows away, deep and dangerously.*

CELL PHONE RINGS. He reluctantly answers...

GANZ (INTO CELL)

Ya...? What the fuck! And where's
the shit at...? Where...? Fuck'n
jerking me sideways or straight
on...? Hang tight, I'll be right
there.

He hangs up. Stops fucking. Pulls out.

GANZ
I gotta go. *Goddamn-mudda-shit!*

He hops to his feet. Judy is pissed...

JUDY
You *kidding* me???
(sees him dressing)
Fuck you, you fucking dick!

... throws a pillow at him.

GAN
Go fuck yourself, cunt.

JUDY
I guess *I* have to now, huh,
ASSHOLE?

He displays his clenched fist -- if only he had time...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Marc examines the phone, turns to Old Asian Man...

MARC
What's with your phone?

... it's gotta be dead.

OLD ASIAN MAN
You shouldn't be here, Police Man.

Marc checks the rear of the store -- sees Spirit who guards the truck from the cab. Then he looks around the store...

... spots a really old rifle that still hangs on the wall -- grabs it, checks the breech -- *empty!*

MARC
You got rounds for this?
(Asian Man blank stare)
BULLETS -- *you have any?*

OLD ASIAN MAN
Hasn't worked in sixty years.

Marc removes the scope, discards the rifle. Braces himself against the COUNTER -- peers into the optic, through and out of the front row of store windows...

THROUGH THE SCOPE -- SCAN LEFT TO RIGHT...

MERCENARIES set up check points throughout the roads.

Multiple Arcadia Police cars canvas the grounds.

BACK TO SCENE

MARC

For fuck's saaa...

He's seen enough, turns to Asian Man...

MARC

Keep trying. You get a dial tone,
you tell 911 to get every cop down
here forthwith...

... then quickly exits through the back of the store.

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

Marc exits the store and almost trips over a GASOLINE CONTAINER -- retrieves and takes it with him -- looks past the row of dilapidated structures and...

Frantically looks around for options.

He finally sees...

a ramp leading down and underneath an old and condemned AUTOMOBILE FACTORY.

Long dead ghost of old Motor-City.

He gets into the truck, drives down the ramp -- stops at the rusted ROLL UP DOOR. Exits the vehicle.

His flashlight shines... examines the twin pad locks...

Marc searches his pockets and produces:

THE LOCK PICKING SET

Goes to work on one of the old locks. Hears...

HELICOPTER ROTORS

MARC

Come on, you... piece of rusted...!

First lock opened. He quickly begins on the second.

Helicopter ROTOR sounds get closer.

Marc pauses... looks up -- tries to calculate how much more time he has. Back to work. Success!

He then pops open the second lock, immediately struggles to slide the rusted door upwards.

Marc leaps into the truck, pulls it inside the old factory -- jumps out and shuts the door behind him.

A search light from the above helicopter scans the ramp and then immediately moves onward.

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

It's dark inside. The only vision is from the truck headlights and Marc's flashlight. Difficult to get a good scope of the layout....

One thing is for sure, this place is huge.

His flashlight pans:

illuminates useless machinery -- gears, busted conveyor belts -- long discarded stuff, old, sad, but still quite a remarkable piece of history.

BACK AT THE CAB...

Spirit greets him --

MARC

MERCS. What the hell we get ourselves into, *Spear*?

He reaches under the steering wheel, finds and pulls an electronic box -- examines... small box reads: FLEET GPS.

He stretches two wires that power the box -- uses Kelly's knife to sever -- tosses the unit out the window.

Examines the knife before closing the blade...

MARC (cont'd)

This knife's gonna get me killed.

Under the seat is a ROADSIDE EMERGENCY KIT. He opens and takes out the two ROAD FLARES -- pockets them...

... sees a DUFFEL BAG and a HARD CASE down in the passenger foot area. Opens the bag...

MARC (cont'd)

Whoa.

Marc sifts through stacks of CASH -- ten's of thousands worth, and then finds a MOTOROLA G-18000 GPS WI-FI hand held radio.

Powers up the two-way digital video screen. He cycles through the menu -- activates the WI-FI...

VIEW SCREEN READS: LOCAL UNIT CONNECTION ONLY
NO INTERNET GATEWAY AVAILABLE

He sighs, looks upwards...

MARC (cont'd)
No fucking breaks today, huh?

... then sets the radio down on the console. Opens the case. Holy shit -- *it's full of HAND GRENADES!*

Marc pants-pockets two, holds and STARES at a third grenade...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - DAWN

THE SEAL TEAM -- CONTINUOUS FROM EARLIER

Marc, Christine and the E7 -- still hunkered down behind debris. Incoming gunfire ricochets on all sides of them.

A primed HAND GRENADE lands at their feet...

Marc snatches it, quickly lobbs it back the way it came, explodes mid air -- a close call!

What's left of the team is forced to remain hunkered down.

SMALL ARMS FIRE FROM A HIGHER ANGLE --

Christine takes a ROUND straight into her right shoulder. She falls backwards...

CHRISTINE
Ahh, shit!

Marc fires upward, hits the rooftop Nomad who then falls onto the rubble -- joins the pile of dead villainy.

He reloads...

MARC
Last mag!

Bullets fly like bats in a belfry.

EXT. RAS KAMBONI - DAWN

DRONES release HELLFIRE missiles into the front area of the concrete structure. Explosions cause advancing Nomads to scatter for cover.

An insurgent aims towards the sky and then...

peppers a low-flying RECON drone with small-arms fire. It nose-dives and spirals out of control...

SMASH -- as it plows into the desert sand. A small fire-ball erupts upward.

INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - DAWN

E7 reloads a magazine into his rifle, snaps and engages the breach...

E7

This is our chance... go, out the back. I'll cover you!

He rises and begins firing...

E7 (cont'd)

Die you fuck'n sand roaches!

... takes OUT one, two, three of the INSURGENTS.

Marc escorts Christine through a back doorway... both about to clear the structure -- they look back at the E7 --

WHO IS BEING RIDDLED WITH DOZENS OF HOLES!

CHRISTINE

Noooo!

The E7 fights to take one last step but falls to the rubble -- completely ventilated. Pulse reduced to zero.

EXT. RAS KAMBONI - DAWN

Marc and Christine quickly run from the concrete building -- pass a dirt road -- pass destroyed huts... both hug an outer wall and stop.

Marc leans his rifle around the corner of a hut --

FIRES A BURST OF LEAD...

Wandering Nomad takes three into the chest, falls dead.

Behind both of them -- Insurgent rounds strike nearby...

Marc drops his ammo-less rifle -- now a piece of useless alloy and plastic...

... squats behind the dead terrorist body -- commandeers the Nomad's AK-47, goes prone -- uses the flesh and bones as cover...

and it works -- because at this range, it's enough to stop the rifle rounds. Marc rises, returns a blanket fire, back to prone as he reloads...

Christine passes him -- continues to run for her life.

Marc pivots, fires a burst into an eye socket, nose and then forehead. Blood splashes.

He spins and takes out another charging INSURGENT.

Once again lays prone behind the cover of the body...

A primed grenade bounces up against the other side of the body...

Marc's eyes open wide -- proof he saw it. Totally can't find where this one landed...

Rolls away, gets up and runs in the direction Christine went. He travels several meters, looks back at the body he just used for cover as it eventually...

EXPLODES INTO BITS

Dust settles. Marc still runs -- high gear, overdrive.

... catches up to Christine...

Did they gain separation from the Nomads?

Both SEALS stop and duck behind the cover of a cement wall. Uncontrollable pants from both -- each desperately in need of a blow.

Christine, OFF-handed, awkwardly checks the mag in her side arm. She takes out two rounds...

... stares straight at Marc as he wraps her shoulder wound with torn cloth.

CHRISTINE

I'm not getting tortured, no
fucking way! You with me? Marc?

She displays and then pockets the two bullets.

MARC

We're not at that point. Rounds
still in your shoulder, gotta stop
the bleeding.

His rush-job packs her shoulder with cloth. Nerves fire...

CHRISTINE

Ahhh, fuck! I need to know?

MARC

Yeah.

CHRISTINE

Promise? Marc, you better promise!

MARC

Yes. What do you got left?

CHRISTINE

Five.

AT THE ROAD --

Waves of Nomads *creep* -- headed right towards the remaining
SEALS's hiding location.

Realistically, her five rounds won't make any damn bit of a
difference.

Advancing Nomads pause in the middle of an road -- all look
upward, (Southwards) -- the last thing any ground unit *EVER*
wants to see...

U.S.A.F. A-10 WARTHOG -- 30mm Gatling gun screams bloody
murder and tears into the whole row of insurgents. Absolute,
no-frills, straight-up, massacre-infused *terror*.

Basically, it's a really big gun with wings!

The dirt road and every insurgent on it erupts into a cloud
of smoke, dust and random body parts.

BACK TO MARC AND CHRISTINE

Their combined hope now has a major second wind...

MARC

YEAH! Come on. Remember protocol in
case we get separated -- South East
L.Z. for extraction. We just gotta
hold out a little longer.

Hobbled, they continue onward...

BACK TO PRESENT**INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT**

The Motorola radio -- audible signal. Marc holds it, examines...

SCREEN READS: INCOMING LOCAL CALL.

He contemplates, taps the unit and then presses ACCEPT.

ON THE SMALL VIDEO SCREEN IS: Hirano

... who appears to be sitting in the back of a car...

HIRANO (VIDEO AND AUDIO)
Officer Marc Laar of the Chicago
Police Department?

MARC
Yeah?

HIRANO
You have something of mine that I
very much would like returned.

A beat.

MARC
Sure, no problem. I'll drive outta
here, meet ya at the precinct --
you can pick up your drugs there.

HIRANO
Hmmm, that's not gonna work for me.

MARC
I'd ask who you are but I already
know. Not yet sure how you fit into
all of this, though.

Hirano smiles, nods his head. Tilts the radio to record a mobile CHESS board...

... moves a piece. Spins the board to the opponent side and then makes the next move as well.

Guy's playing chess against himself!

Spins the board back around again. Camera now back on Hirano.

Marc with a look: *this guy is nutts!*

MARC

Busy? Like me to call you back?

HIRANO

I have all the time in the world.
You play?

MARC

No. Never seen the point.

HIRANO

Simple game, really -- all about thinking several moves ahead. You see, a guy like me doesn't get to where he is without contingency plans. An opponent needs to know as much as possible about the person sitting across, what his limitations are, how he reacts when cornered, his weaknesses. Now, I don't know much about you -- and I *don't* like that one bit. So, what I prefer to do in these cases is to entirely change the game in my favor.

MARC

I prefer anonymity. What the fuck does any of this have to do with chess?

Hirano squints. Holds up and reads from a TABLET DEVICE.

HIRANO

Anonymity. Quite funny. Continue humoring me as I tell you what I do know. Both your parents deceased, no spouse, no siblings, no local kin -- that makes it a bit harder to get leverage on you...

MARC

... so sorry to disappoint, I really, truly am.

HIRANO

... Navy SEAL. Silver Star. Purple Heart. Combat Action Ribbon -- you're a war hero, ain't ya? Looking for a career change? I'll make an immediate opening for someone with your dynamic talents.

Marc's facial clench indicates that Hirano's rhetoric begins to bother him. Our hero shakes it off, ever in control...

MARC

Sorry, I play for team Good-Guy.

HIRANO

Uh oh -- I see right here, you've endured a tragic event, yet you persevered and became a K-9 Police Officer. Where you "thrown-up a bone," so to speak?

MARC

You fuck.

Hirano leans back into his seat, holds the radio camera closer.

HIRANO

What are your people fond of repeating, "risk then reward," is it?

MARC

Risk vs. reward. You done practicing chess and lame-ass sayings?

HIRANO

My version sounds more guaranteed.
(beat, serious)
My men will find you, and when that happens... *they will kill you.*

MARC

Wanna bet, Kasparov?

Hirano fiddles with a chess piece...

HIRANO

My move now. Let's see how you play a round of sacrifice.

He knocks a KING completely off the board. The call terminates.

INT. LINCOLN LIMO - NIGHT

Hirano tosses the radio. Looks at the back of the limo where...

Black Cookie, sits, holds his open switchblade nearby, tauntingly waves the weapon at a gagged and bound --

KELLY CAINE.

She's barefoot, wearing a tiny nightgown, eyes wide and wet -- squirms in the seat, appears quite scared.

Black Cookie cuts a small piece from his COOKIE NECKLACE -- slides over Kelly's gag just enough to force the chunk into her mouth.

Smiles large -- metallic MOUTH-HARDWARE on full display.

BLACK COOKIE
Heehh-heehh-ETT!

Replaces the gag, pulls her close, right up next to his gold teeth -- whispers into her ear...

BLACK COOKIE
Ya looks' stressed. Just *like*
brownies, Cookie's special recipe
will takes 'da edge off.
(to Hirano)
Iz's is starting to have some real
funs now. Heehh-heehh-ETT!

Hirano appears speechless.

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

Marc, outside the truck, aims his tactical flashlight -- more remnants of dead machinery...

He looks up --

A vaulted, cathedral-like ceiling...

... painted like the Vatican, only automobile themed -- faded, neglected, and quite depressed.

He can't help but admire what once was a beautiful and prideful industry. Today, the building awaits a wrecking ball...

He returns to the truck cab, pets Spirit on the head.

MARC
How ya holding out, Spear?

She licks his hand. He looks into her fake eye...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. DOG BREEDING AND TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

COUNTRY VIEW FOR MILES

A responsible breeding operation. As a matter of fact, it is the choice outfit for police K-9 training.

Marc tours a row of kennels alongside a male TRAINER, 50.

TRAINER
I'm tied up on a dog case for the F.B.I. Two more weeks and I hope to be free. Sorry, I know you traveled all the way here for an initial this week.

MARC
Um, I can wait. I prefer to deal only with the best.

The trainer smiles. Compliment completely accepted.

TRAINER
This litter of four should be ready by then.

Marc follows him into the kennel. They arrive at a pack of German Shepherd puppies.

MARC
I count five.

Four puppies play intensely. A fifth, waddles over to Marc's boot -- sniffs, scratches, sits up-right, turns it's head to the left and looks up at him.

TRAINER
That one's unfit to be trained. She had a bad eye infection in the womb, almost killed her. Had to be removed.

Marc pets her. She gently licks his hand.

MARC
She have a name?

TRAINER
Spirit. My wife chose it. Shame --
gonna be a total write-off. No
department will sign off on a
one-eyed dog.

Marc picks up Spirit. Holds her close to his face. He makes
friends with the pup. Spirit almost coos at him.

MARC
Spirit, huh? Her nose works, right?

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

Spirit aggressively growls -- concentrates on...

A DISTANT, "door-closing-sound." Marc draws his weapon.

MARC
Spear, stay. *Stealth.*

He reaches inside the truck, shuts off the lights. Quietly
closes the door and exits the cab...

then immediately hides behind a rack of old, nearby gears.
Sets his tactical light to low-beam RED.

Sees...

A far approaching light -- which passes by empty bays --
closes in on their position...

Marc, crouching behind cover, checks the Motorola -- cycles
into tracking mode...

Whoever is approaching now registers as a blinking DOT on
the computer screen. How is that? *What's going on?*

A beat -- he remains motionless...

A pause in blinking dot movement. He aims his weapon into
the darkness...

GANZ
Laar, you there?

MARC
Sarge???

GANZ
Yeah, it's me. Where are you,
buddy?

MARC
You here alone?

GANZ
Yeah. What the fuck, Laar? You got
yourself all jammed-up or *what?*

Marc's mind races -- remains behind cover -- checks the
screen readout -- DOT has to be an indicator of *exactly*
where Ganz is standing... *but how?*

GANZ (cont'd)
You know I'll do anything I can to
help you work this shit out -- you
understand what I'm saying?

IN THE CAB OF THE TRUCK

Spirit GROWLS --

... she's wants to leap through the broken driver-window --
slightly too high up for her, instead paws at the door
handle.

BACK ON MARC

GANZ
Where the fuck are you? Come out
where I can see you, where we can
talk.

MARC
I don't... don't come any fucking
closer. No lights, okay?

ON THE RADIO L.E.D. SCREEN, Marc sees:

ANOTHER TRACK closes in -- which comes from the rear and
heads straight for Ganz. Now a THIRD TRACK begins to flank
on the left of Marc...

GANZ
Uh... whatever you say, buddy.
(beat)
Still there?

Ganz takes a few steps closer to Marc.

MARC
I said stay the fuck back!

GANZ
Calm the fuck down, bro! You're
getting me a little *agitated* here.

POV: NIGHT VISION --

... from a *SOLDIER*, cautiously, and slowly walks while
aiming an assault rifle -- CLOSING IN ON GANZ'S BACK...

Very close now.

The unknown RIFLEMAN could have easily killed Ganz ten times
by now.

BACK TO SCENE --

GANZ
I came to help you, bro, but I
don't get what's going on, or what
the fuck you doing here?

MARC
I need to figure this shit out.

GANZ
(growing impatient)
What? Talk to me. What do you need
to figure out?

POV: NIGHT VISION --

... arrived at Ganz, a hand taps his shoulder -- Ganz turns,
not at all surprised --

POV HAND MAKES: the shape of a "talking mouth." He must want
Ganz to keep Marc talking...

... and now we can see that Ganz is holding the same brand
of Motorola radio that Marc found!

BACK TO SCENE -- on Marc. His face only partly visible from
the glow of the radio panel...

MARC
Sarge?

GANZ
Yeah?

MARC

How did you know how to find me?

A beat.

GANZ

You gotta be fucking kidding me... for Christ Goddamned sake! Okay, this fucking charade's now officially fuck'n over! Throw me the fuck'n truck keys and I'll let you walk outta here. You don't know these people you're fucking with -- that's the best deal you're gonna get!

MARC

A set up? So, what... our seizure was a plant?!? A decoy? You were in on it the whole time?

GANZ

FUCK'N BINGO, and you legitimately led us right where they wanted us to go! The real shit was next door, just chilling the fuck out.

MARC

How much are they paying you?

GANZ

Nothing -- What kinda cop you fuck'n think I am?

MARC

Um... *a dirty one?*

GANZ

Fuck you, bro. Like I even need to explain myself. Okay, I'll fuck'n explain... I get the bust, they move their shit -- nobody dies, well, except a few worthless drug dealing gooks. Everybody wins -- until you took it upon yourself to shit in the community pool, stupid idiot! Don't you get it? Our job was done here! Why the fuck would you even come back, anyway?

MARC

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

POV: NIGHT VISION --

THIRD TRACK is a MERC, aiming a nasty-looking shotgun -- moves around a corner and sees...

... Marc, crouched and directly in front of him -- who very quickly strikes his ROAD FLARE same time as the MERC's shotgun discharges...

Marc takes a round of BUCKSHOT right into the chest area! If it were a solid-slug, he'd of instantly died of *Kevlar poisoning!*

FLARE DESTROYS NIGHT VISION

BACK TO SCENE

Marc falls onto his side, pre-primed-GRENADE whips from his hand and rolls outwards...

A FLASH OF ORANGE LIGHT THEN A LOUD BANG

Meanwhile...

The SHOTGUN GUY appears partially blinded, yet desperately turns to fire another shot at Marc...

... *Spirit has something to say about that!*

She leaps -- drives the gunman to the ground -- viciously tears into the flesh of his throat area.

Marc recovers and pulls spirit off and away.

Draws and puts two rounds into the MERC's body armor, and then one into his left eye -- immediately scans for more threats...

Marc switches to WHITE light, scans and reveals...

... Ganz and the other MERC -- both down on the ground, incapacitated from the grenade blast...

... blood flows from every orifice.

Marc coughs -- grabs his chest -- reveals his own body armor.

Ganz's eyes can barely track Marc... can't speak because his jaw and upper mouths been blown completely off.

Marc aims his pistol -- directly at Ganz's head...

Contemplates, releases the mag -- checks capacity.
Re-inserts then holsters, decides to save ammo.

MARC (cont'd)
Fuck you, Sarge. Stupid idiot.

He scavenges nearby weaponry. Returns to the truck.

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

Private Helicopter lands on the top of Tower One.

AT THE BASE OF TOWER TWO --

Lincoln limo arrives at the construction site. Feng quickly exits, unlocks and opens a temporary gate...

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

The black box truck slowly and cautiously navigates the dirty maze of rusting equipment. Spirit hangs out of the window, her nose sniffing away like that of a rat.

Headlights illuminate. Walls converge. Our hero appears to be at the end of the line. Marc shuts and exits the truck, scans everywhere with his flashlight...

Sees a narrow stairwell leading up to a RUSTED STORM DOOR which appears to lead outside. Could this be his way out?

He returns to his partner. Her mouth pants, tongue appears faded in color, dried blood soaks the fur around her face and neck.

Marc searches the truck cab. Finds a half-full water bottle. Opens and pours it into his hand for Spirit to slurp from. He tries to clean up her bloody fur.

MARC
Good girl, drink up.

Both hydrated, he slings his newly acquired rifle. Fills his DUFFEL bag with ammunition, leaves the cash -- inserts the battery into the Motorola radio -- powers it up.

MARC (cont'd)
Let's go, Spear.

Marc and his K-9 arrive at the back of the truck -- lifts the door open, stares at the illegal cargo for a few moments, then looks down at the duffel bag...

He's thinking about something alright.

Radio alert!

Marc views the GPS mode...

Screen shows multiple incoming -- headed straight for him!

MARC (cont'd)
 Fuck this shit all-ready. Bad guy's
 always got the armies!

SWITCH TO THE MERCENARIES AND ARCADIA POLICE

Five of them in total approach in cover formation... lights scan -- no need for stealth anymore.

They use Motorola radios to track --

Pace quickens until...

A MERC takes a round into his face. Falls dead. Others scatter for cover -- begin to return blanket-fire...

... a few hundred rounds later.

Bad guys advance on the truck. They search...

Truck cab is completely empty.

Still on high alert, a MERC inspects the stairwell -- storm door has been breached! Signals for the other MERC to help him pursue...

They disappear up the stairs and in pursuit of our hero.

ARCADIA POLICE OFFICER, 27, activates his Motorola and records video at the rear door to the truck -- closed.

ARCADIA POLICE OFFICER
 (Japanese, into radio)
 We have the truck.

INT/EXT. ARCADIA - TOWER TWO - NIGHT

TOP FLOOR OF TOWER TWO --

Hirano, huddled next to Feng and Black Cookie, glued to the feed on his Motorola video screen...

HIRANO
 (Japanese)
 Excellent! Take no chances with my
 merchandise.
 (turns, in English...)
 (MORE)

HIRANO (cont'd)
They found it!

BLACK COOKIE
Heeeh-heeeh-ETT!

He swallows another chunk of fudge. Feng grunts.

Cookie's cookie is more than half gone.

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

Marc and spirit approach another ABANDONED AUTOMOBILE FACTORY.

His Assault Rifle leads/aims everywhere he looks. Is there no end to these factories?

MERC gunfire zeroes in from behind... bullets chunk "material" from the building's walls.

Marc spins and returns fire...

MERCS, now prone, evasively roll and seek cover...

Marc has little choice -- leaps and dives through the already mostly destroyed window...

Spirit easily copies...

INT. ANOTHER AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

Moon light shines through broken windows.

Marc, still rolling on the floor, comes to a stop. He clears glass shards from his bloody forearm -- recoils from the pain, and then rights himself...

... reverse-shuffles, stays low -- scans for a pursuing target as he seeks cover. Finds scrap metal -- dives behind just as...

Enemy machine-gun-fire sparks off the steel. The MERCS are now inside the factory.

Marc checks to make sure Spirit is close -- *good girl*, she's behind cover, right alongside him...

He leans around the scrap -- sends two dozen rounds back at the MERCS. Falls onto his ass and cowers behind cover as he reloads...

Enemy fire skips off the concrete floor. Marc scrambles to keep his legs safe --

... turns and sees a large ramp leading upward -- decides:
this is his destination -- gets up and runs...

Marc is halfway up the ramp, stops and looks for Spirit --
can't find her!

Machine gun fire tracks his feet, which forces him to
continue up -- he stops at the top, drops down onto his side
and begins looking for his partner...

... THERE SHE IS -- running towards the ramp -- bullets pelt
the floor all around her, *she needs help!*

Marc aims, lines up a MERC --

A high-pitched YELP from Spirit as she takes a round into
her side -- somewhere near the yellow POLICE decal.

She's somehow able to continue -- runs up the ramp to her
master, just as even more *gunfire* zeroes in on her...

Marc empties his rifle -- forces both MERCS to seek cover.

MARC
Ahhhhh... SPIRIT!

Breech slides back, he ejects the magazine -- clanks onto
the floor. Instead of reloading, he removes a grenade from
his pants pocket -- primes and rolls it down the ramp...

BOOM

CUT TO:

2ND FLOOR --

Marc runs -- reloads -- finds some cover, stops, aims --
tracks behind him to see zero pursuers...

Spirit alongside...

He feels her side -- finds the damage on her
doggy-body-armor -- checks the rest of her -- *she's okay!*

MARC
Attagirl!

1ST FLOOR --

MERCS advance up the ramp. They will not give up on their
target!

A grenade bounces, begins rolling down towards them --

They leap off the side of the ramp just as the
frag-pineapple --

EXPLODES INTO FLAMES AND SMOKE

2ND FLOOR --

Marc hangs over and halfway out of a BROKEN WINDOW -- at the
end of his arm dangles -- *Spirit...*

He's got hold of her by her harness...

Underneath her, *an old metal AWNING.*

He swings her and lets go -- she lands safely, top of the
awning and then she leaps down to the concrete, finally
looks up and eagerly awaits her master...

Marc then tosses his rifle and bag. Begins to ready himself
to jump --

Gunfire careens past his head -- strikes the window frame...

MARC (cont'd)

Shit!

He turns, tosses a grenade behind him -- quickly leaps --

Down he falls...

... crashes straight through the old awning.

A beat, as the MERCS await the grenade explosion.

Nothing happens.

MERCS cautiously arrive at the window --

One bends over, retrieves the grenade, examines: the pin is
still secured. Marc didn't have time to prime it.

A MERC grunts at their immediate fortune.

At the window...

Then both look down and outside for their targets...
frustratingly find --

NO MOVEMENT AT ALL

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

Arcadia Police Officer carefully drills a small hole into the truck's roll up door -- success!

He inserts a small spy-camera into the hole.

ON THE SMALL SPY SCREEN:

Camera picks up the cargo, pans at the interior lock, door rails, etc. *Anywhere there could possibly be a booby trap.*

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

Marc and Spirit quickly advance on foot through the newly built portion of Arcadia.

He spots an ARCADIA POLICE CAR slowly canvassing -- pulls Spirit behind cover, holds her mouth -- watches the car pass...

MARC

Shhhh.

... then continues on path towards...

TOWER ONE

They hop over a small fence into the courtyard.

BREAK FROM THEM TO...

ANOTHER SIDE OF THE COURTYARD

A beat.

An Arcadia Police Officer at a foot post. He senses a presence off his left flank, spins, draws his weapon...

Sees Spirit!

She growls and displays wet fangs, yet holds position.

Marc surprises and grabs him from his other side... knocks the gun from his hand with a strike from his expandable BATON.

Baton slides up and presses against his carotid artery...

neck is squeezed until lights out, limp body gingerly falls to the ground.

Marc turns, see...

Exterior restaurant -- single floor "SUSHI-SHACK" added onto the base of TOWER ONE. He proceeds...

... checks the doors to the shack -- *locked!*

Cop and K-9 advance to a SIDE DOOR -- carefully check all directions before Marc...

... turns and checks the knob -- it's locked.

He maintains his back to the wall, scans for hostiles...

CLICK -- door opens by a...

SPANISH RESIDENT, 30s, lanky, unlit joint dangles from his mouth.

SPANISH RESIDENT

Got a light?

Marc instantly grabs him, escorts inside -- silently closes the door behind them.

INT. ARCADIA - TOWER ONE - NIGHT

Marc easily pins the Resident against a wall...

Guy is clearly lit on something. Pupils dilated to high hell.

MARC

Gimme your phone. Gimme your damn phone!

He repeats the above instruction in Spanish. Searches him -- finds K-H and... a phone! Marc dials -- no bars!

SPANISH RESIDENT

(slurred)

Speak American, Amigo. That's what we're supposed to do. What's wrong with everyone's phone? You think they'll still be free like the rent. I'm worried. See my worried face? Nice doggy, doggy, doggy.

Marc tracks another resident emerging from the hallway corner -- erratic zombie-like movements, then another who is just sitting against the wall.

MARC

What the fuck is with this place?

He proceeds down the hallway...

SPANISH RESIDENT

Here doggy doggy. Hey, think I can get my phone back?

... Marc grabs another phone from a comatose resident -- *no connection.*

THE LOBBY

Two Arcadia Police guard the entrance -- Asian teenagers -- they both look like "mini-Hiranos," *how can they be cops???*

MARC

Police, let me see your hands!

Marc emerges, uses the corner as cover -- surprises and challenges the both of them with a GREEN LASER from his assault rifle.

They turn, barely able to draw their pistols and take aim...

MARC (cont'd)

Drop the guns! *Drop em!*

They don't move -- both remain trance like. Spirit growls.

MARC (cont'd)

Don't make me fucking kill you!

Marc's breathing accelerates, adrenaline rapidly begins to flow. He's losing his concrete confidence. This is now a classic stand off.

FLASHBACK TO:**EXT. RAS KAMBONI - DAY**

Marc and Christine, both hobbled, both exhausted -- stop behind a previously burnt-out farm house. Christine appears ready to 'mail it in.'

CHRISTINE

I... I can't anymore. I'm slowing you. You go on. Leave me here.

He grabs at his left calf -- the wound area from earlier -- which is still continues to bleed. More importantly, Marc checks on Christine's makeshift bandage.

MARC

We're both hurt. We don't stop. We don't give up. Every second we must improve our chances, no matter what happens, do you understand?

She collects herself. Nods. Appears to be on board.

Marc slowly scans for additional hostiles.

CHRISTINE

That open field over there...

MARC

I know, I seen it earlier. Make a great L.Z.

CHRISTINE

Where the fuck is the Cavalry?

MARC

I don't know.

CHRISTINE

This shit is fucked fantastic. What the hell did we step into back there?

MARC

Some kind of explosive trap where the target should have been. The intel musta been bad, *real bad!*

A SOUND -- the shuffling of feet -- *someone's coming!*

They both roll into a prone, ready position -- weapons hot.

Emerging from around the corner of the farm house is a SOMALIAN BOY, 9, who holds an AK-47 -- immediately sees the wounded SEALS. His face becomes ripe with rage.

Kid is barely strong enough to lift and keep his rifle pointed in their direction.

MARC (cont'd)

Put it down! Put the gun down! Do it now!

The boy is silent, motionless and expressionless -- his eyes -- *a cold, killer-look*. Little doubt he's already seen a lifetime of un-paralleled anguish.

MARC (cont'd)

Drop it -- now! *You hear me?* Do you understand me?

Christine, pistol in her left hand -- begins to uncontrollably shake. She has difficulty keeping her weapon leveled out and on-target. No way she can make an accurate shot.

CLOSE ON MARC'S RIGHT HAND -- his index finger has all available slack already removed from the combat trigger...

MARC (cont'd)
Don't... don't you do it!

... and then those killer eyes squint -- the boy *fires!*

A few rounds strike the dirt behind and to the sides of them.

Marc sends a single shot directly into the middle of the boy's forehead --

CNS -- his little body goes limp, instantly drops to the ground. Twitches like a dying insect.

Marc appears besides himself. Christine stares back.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. ARCADIA - TOWER ONE - NIGHT

Asian *Cop-Boys* still have their guns pointed directly at Marc...

MARC
Put the guns down, NOW! Do you understand? Do you speak English?

They appear scared and confused.

MARC (cont'd)
I have you in a tactical advantage and out-gunned. I'm a real Police Officer, you are not. I'll kill you both if you don't comply.

They don't know what to fuck to do...

Marc motions specifically how he wants them to lower the weapons. They look at each other, turn to Marc, and then...

... *do exactly as he wants them to!*

Marc advances -- kicks the guns away -- shoves the both of them down and onto the floor.

They sniffle. He takes their handcuffs -- cuffs them both together and around a nearby support pole.

Spirit growls as she circles and protects Marc.

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

An Arcadia Police Officer opens the back door to the truck, records the pallets of drugs with the Motorola. Success!

INT/EXT. ARCADIA - TOWER TWO - NIGHT

Hirano smiles as he watches the feed.

HIRANO

(Japanese, into radio)

Perfect. Now put all resources into finding him!

(English, to Cookie)

Only one more tie to loosen now.

Even Black Cookie has zero clue what he's talking about.

INT. AUTOMOBILE FACTORY - NIGHT

An Arcadia Police Officer speaks into a Motorola Radio camera, same time as he walks to the cab of the truck...

ARCADIA POLICE OFFICER

(Japanese)

I'm bringing the truck to the alternate site.

A second Arcadia Officer leaps into the truck rear, about to pull on the roll up door and secure the cargo -- instantly spots the open duffel bag currently resting high and on the top of a gas can...

... CASH BUNDLES stick out from the open zipper of the bag -- the officer suspiciously looks around...

... sees that no one is looking -- removes the bag that had...

... 3 primed GRENADES underneath it!

CLICK TIMES THREE

His eyes are completely open... *ROUND* like beach balls!

INT/EXT. ARCADIA - TOWER TWO - NIGHT

Hirano into the Motorola...

HIRANO

(Japanese)

Good work, *nakama*.

BOOM!

Screen shows a raging ball of flame then goes blank.

Hirano sports an ultra-panicked look!

INT. ARCADIA - TOWER ONE - NIGHT

Intense aftershock shakes the floor of the lobby.

Marc laughs his ass off....

INT/EXT. ARCADIA - TOWER TWO - NIGHT

Hirano stands motionless -- mind races with realism. He closes his eyes, squints and squeezes his forehead.

Motorola signal -- incoming call!

He answers -- *it's Marc!* Who still remains in the tower one lobby.

MARC (VIDEO)

Round of sacrifice complete.

(slight grin)

If the games still afoot, your move, pal!

HIRANO

(raging)

MY MOVE? MY MOVE? *HERE'S MY MOVE!*

Hirano videos the edge of the elevator shaft, takes Cookie's knife from him, opens it and then removes the black canvas from the head of...

KELLY, gagged and tied to the chair -- she ain't looking so good, actually, she's super-panicked.

Hirano places the knife under her right eye...

HIRANO

Watch me cut small pieces from her!

I'll start up high, then work my way down low.

Marc's expression changes to fear -- forces himself to regain control.

MARC (VIDEO)

No, don't! Please. You hurt her and I'll disappear -- I'll then spend the rest of my life hunting you down, do you understand me? No matter where you hide, *I'll find*

(MORE)

MARC (VIDEO) (cont'd)
 you! You know damn well I've been
 trained for it. Do you hear what
 I'm saying? We can deal, work this
 out.

Hirano exhales, completely calms himself.

HIRANO
 You have something in mind?

MARC (VIDEO)
 A trade -- me for her. I'll come
 quietly. No tricks.

HIRANO
 I want that annoying dog too. You
 swear to honor this deal?

MARC (VIDEO)
 I will. Then this game ends.

HIRANO
 You know, you potentially cost me
 tens of billions tonight, but
 tomorrow, I'll barely feel the loss
 -- and then I'll begin again.

Cookie enters frame -- snuggles up to distressed Kelly,
 kisses her cheek and then smiles large.

MARC (VIDEO)
 Who the fuck is that creature?

Hirano closes the knife -- hands it back to Cookie. Bows and
 nods at the recorder...

HIRANO
 Tower two service elevator. I see
 you with a weapon and I stick her.
 Take it to the top floor -- five
 minutes. Any more tricks, I push
 her off the edge and she goes
 split.

Marc with a look "huh?"

MARC (VIDEO)
 Just remember, her for me -- that's
 the deal. I look forward to meeting
 you face to face.

HIRANO
No, you won't.

The screen shuts off.

INT. ARCADIA - TOWER ONE - NIGHT

In a full fit of rage, Marc throws the radio against the wall...

MARC
Fuck-head!

He races to the front doors... checks his emotions, scans the courtyard and identifies his path to the second tower.

He exits... rifle at the ready, moves with a purpose... Spirit flanks alongside him.

RELEASE FROM MARC --

FAST TRAVEL TO FLOOR 38

A MERC walks the length of the hallway, carries an over sized black bag, which dangles from his shoulder. He stops in front of an apartment. Uses an electronic key to enter.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT -- TOWER ONE

A RESIDENT intercepts the MERC --

and gets instantly cut down by silenced gunfire. Drops down into his own pool of blood. R.I.P. Resident.

MERC finds the door to the balcony, slides it open, exits and then finds the perfect place to perch...

Begins unpacking and assembling a rocket launcher.

EXT. ARCADIA - NIGHT

AT THE BASE OF TOWER TWO --

An Arcadia Police Officer patrols the construction fence. Eventually passes an open gate...

... Marc surprises and quickly leaps onto the guy's back -- head lock -- night-night. His body falls to the earth.

Marc takes his pistol, un-loads, un-racks and takes down the weapon -- tosses the parts in different directions.

He now heads to the service elevator, presses the button to call for the CAB. Stares at his K-9 partner...

MARC

End of the line, girl. Final act.

Marc strips himself of his own weaponry, leaves all armament behind. Takes off his body armor. Bends over to pet Spirit...

MARC

If you got any ideas, now's the time? We can't let him push her off the ledge.

(beat as he realizes)

Push her off the ledge?!? *He gave away his next move!*

RUFF! Spirit must agree.

The elevator cab arrives... door opens.

MARC (cont'd)

You're up, partner. I'll follow your lead.

Marc unleashes Spirit who then enters into the elevator. Commands her to sit. Unscrews the interior light bulb.

Exhales, takes an emotional and final look at her.

Presses floor 40 then exits the cab. The door closes...

He leaps onto the side of the cage, clings tightly onto the outer steel-meshing. The elevator accelerates upward...

FOLLOW HIM -- *CLUTCHING ONTO THE ELEVATOR* -- LOOKS UPWARDS

ELEVATOR'S BOOGY'N...

FLOORS 15...

20...

25...

30...

35...

Marc readies himself to leap -- times it well...

Geronimo!

He lands on the...

39TH FLOOR --

WHAM -- *shoulder-rolls* straight into the side of a large welding machine. That's gotta hurt -- no time for pain -- gets up, scans the perimeter of the shaft...

CIRCLES THE EDGE...

Keeps looking up...

Sees the back of a chair at the shaft's edge... gotta be the one Kelly sits in!

But what to do next?

At a pile of equipment -- tools, piping, wires, and then perhaps something useful...

... a steel HOOK with a ROPE attached.

ACROSS AND ON THE 38th FLOOR OF TOWER ONE

ON THE BALCONY

The MERC leans against the railing, switches to his Assault rifle --

THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE

The back of Hirano and Feng on Floor 40, Tower Two --

Looks down, over and onto floor 39 -- catches a glimpse of Marc... *too sudden* -- lost his opportunity to aim and fire...

BACK TO SCENE

TOWER TWO --

FLOOR 40

Cookie at Kelly's side. She's still gagged and bound to the chair. Tears flow down her face.

Hirano stands in front of the elevator rails. His arms crossed behind his back. Feng directly at his side...

ELEVATOR ARRIVES --

Opens -- darkness within...

HIRANO

You're finished! Come on out of there. NOW!

And then...

Spirit emerges from the dark -- fangs dripping with saliva -- a guttural growl. She directs her rage at Black Cookie and charges full speed towards him!

Cookie looks like he just shit his own pants.

FLOOR 39

Marc, balancing at the edge of the elevator shaft, hook and rope draped over his shoulder, jumps up and clutches a steel I-beam -- it's part of the floor support and located *directly* underneath Kelly's chair-back.

He pulls himself up and with a final lunge is able to extend -- *and* -- secure the HOOK to the BACK REST of Kelly's chair.

He falls back to floor 39... rights himself, and then quickly yanks on the end of the dangling rope...

FLOOR 40

Spirit leaps and tackles Cookie, football style.

ON KELLY'S PETRIFIED FACE...

... as she begins falling backwards and over the edge. The entire depths of the shaft directly beneath her...

Vertigo extreme.

Feng watches her fall completely over the edge.

FLOOR 39

Marc pulls on the rope as hard as possible -- guiding the downward momentum from Kelly's chair, over and onto the 39th floor...

WHACK!

Kelly, still tied to the chair, crashes onto the 39th floor.

Marc immediately rights her, removes her gag, cuts the plastic binds...

MARC

You alright? You hurt?

She thrusts herself into the arms of her hero...

KELLY

I just fell off a building!

MARC

You're safe. I got you.

She's kinda crazy enough to laugh a little.

KELLY

Holy shit! Holy shit! What the hell's going on?!? Tell me this ain't your idea of a first date?

MARC

Not in the slightest.

KELLY

Marc, I want my knife back.

MARC

Please, absolutely, *take it!*

SLAM!

Feng jumps onto the floor from above -- stands tall after an acrobatic shoulder roll...

MARC (cont'd)

You again.

Feng grunts -- points at Marc who passes the knife to Kelly.

MARC (cont'd)

Get out of here and get help. Hirano makes it to his chopper and he'll disappear for good.

KELLY

No, I'm not leaving you!

MARC

I'll be fine. I need you to go -- and go NOW!

Kelly moves to the stairwell -- heads upwards.

Marc grabs a large wrench from a stack of tools and slings it over his shoulder -- it's a *SHOWDOWN!*

They both circle close. Ready to engage one another...

Our hero swings the tool -- Feng blocks it with his prosthetic, then he...

... counter swings. Marc dodges, circles, jabs the wrench at Feng's face -- *CLANK!*

A momentary improvement in the ugly bastard's looks.

Another swing by Marc -- blocked by the Nazi-gauntlet, which counter attacks -- violently connects into Marc's shoulder...

... which immediately causes him to drop the wrench.

He switches to expandable baton -- deploys and strikes...

Feng dodges and parries the incoming -- misses one and does take a blow to groin area. *Guy must be made from oak.*

Feng DUCKS another swing -- the baton slices through the air...

FLOOR 40

Hirano enters the service elevator, seals the door behind him, presses floor #1 -- looks out and through the elevator grating...

... Spirit just finished killing Black Cookie -- she sniffs the air and then turns, heads to the stairwell...

FLOOR 39

Marc is knocked to the ground by a Feng left hook.

GUNFIRE strikes the ceiling around them -- even Feng has to duck for cover -- it's coming from...

TOWER ONE -- FLOOR 38

BALCONY

MERC drops the empty assault rifle -- picks up the rocket launcher -- aims at TOWER TWO...

FIRES!

TRACK THE ROCKET AS IT CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR AND THEN...

SLAMS INTO TOWER TWO -- FLOOR 39

Marc stumbles... hits the deck -- his arms cover and protect his head.

MARC (cont'd)
For fuck's sake!

Marc glimpses at the descending elevator -- Hirano peers directly back at him -- *NO*, he can't get away!

ANOTHER ROCKET INCOMING!

EXPLOSION -- splash effect knocks Feng off his feet.

Marc quickly dives behind the cover of a concrete partition. He escapes the bulk of the shock wave, while his face registers utter pain...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. RAS KAMBONI - DAWN

Marc and Christine run into a...

LARGE FIELD

A HUMMING sound builds to a crescendo -- EXPLOSION in the grasses next to them --

MORTAR STRIKES ERUPT --

A distant shock wave knocks them onto their asses.

Desperately, they continue running. Both of them are out in the open, exactly where they don't want to be. The sound of a jet engine attracts their attention.

-- up and over a Southern TREE-LINE emerges...

U.S.A.F. SIKORSKY S-97 RAIDER, double-rotor attack helicopter, quickly unloads ORDINANCE towards the approaching NOMADS...

THE FIELD BEHIND MARC AND CHRISTINE --

-- looks like the FOURTH OF JULY!

NOMAD bodies are blasted upwards and into the air --

The RAIDER advances behind enemy lines. Diligently hunts for the source of the mortars. Engages hostiles at will.

BACK TO OUR HEROES --

Marc clutches the side of his face, regains his senses, checks on Christine -- she's unconscious! He picks her up, tosses her over his shoulder, turns, but...

WHERE TO GO NOW?

He continues South...

ANOTHER MORTAR STRIKE EXPLODES NEARBY

... struggling to increase distance, he stumbles, catches himself, pauses and then continues....

LOOKING OVER THE TREE LINE --

U.S.A.F. UH-60 BLACKHAWK, *ole reliable* -- rises and then hovers, spots and then approaches the SEALS -- begins circling above...

The helicopter pauses, spins and then makes a crazy decision -- an emergency *quick-land* onto the battlefield.

Prop wash assaults our heroes.

Marc takes a wobbly step -- falls down -- he's spent. He barely knows where he's at!

MARC'S POV --

Distorted and concussed. Air Force personnel assist him into the helicopter.

But where's Christine?

He reaches outward and around, searches for her...

VISION BECOMES CLOUDY AND HAZY

ON BOARD THE BLACKHAWK

Turbines SCREAM -- bird ascends upward...

A medic looming above Marc -- works to stabilize just as he fades to total unconsciousness...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

BACK TO PRESENT

INT/EXT. ARCADIA - TOWER TWO - NIGHT

Marc shakes off the effect from the rocket concussion, gets up, charges the elevator shaft -- leaps over the edge and lands...

TOP OF THE ELEVATOR -- DESCENDING

He is barely able to hang on the cage -- braces himself -- sees Hirano looking up at him through the grating...

MARC
Check-mate, *Kasparov!*

FLOOR 39

Feng rubs his face, rises to his feet -- heads to the stairs. Sees --

Spirit, who lowers her center of gravity, fully blocks his way, her fangs dripping with vile venom...

... she charges and leaps through the air --

-- Feng catches her by the throat -- holds, dangles her at the end of his outstretched arms...

Spirit bites into his glove -- quite ineffective. She can't break free from his grasp.

Feng walks her to the outside edge of the floor...

He wants to drop her off the edge of the building!

At the wide-open ledge -- his hands squeeze tightly around her throat -- intensely stares into her eyes...

K-9 gasps for air -- the fight is leaving the poor shepherd.

Bad guy is almost ready to send her packing...

At the edge of the floor, Feng GROWLS at Spirit and then...

... the left half of Feng's face EXPLODES off his head!

He releases Spirit -- she lands safely at the edge.

Feng drops to his knees, leans forward and falls over the edge of the building...

... down the ugly bastard tumbles!

FAST TRAVEL TO THE OTHER END OF ARCADIA -- 1,700 YARDS.

ROOF OF AN OLD FACTORY -- *and the source of the shot...*

... Christine, prone, looking down the scope of her McMillan Tac-50. Reloads another round -- grimaces -- rubs her right shoulder...

CHRISTINE
Fuck! I'm still off to the right.

She stands up, slings her rifle over her back -- hero posture -- gold lettering stenciled across her jacket:

///**D.E.A.**\\

BACK AT TOWER TWO -- FLOOR 40

Kelly looks over and to the roof of Tower One -- the blades of Hirano's helicopter begin to slowly spin-up...

... she then surveys above her --

At the CONSTRUCTION CRANE -- a FIXED LADDER leads up to the OPERATOR'S CAB.

She exhales, bites and holds onto Dad's knife with her teeth -- begins to climb rungs...

... not a bad sight at all considering her tiny nightgown is fluttering in the early morning breeze.

AT THE BASE OF TOWER TWO --

Service elevator stops at the bottom floor.

Hirano bolts out of the elevator, stops -- picks up...

MARC'S ASSAULT RIFLE, *previously abandoned*...

... spins and sloppily fires from the hip until empty -- nobody is there to shoot!

He drops the rifle, continues to run...

ABOVE FLOOR 40 -- CONSTRUCTION CRANE -- DAWN

Kelly's bare feet painfully climb the ladder rungs. She pauses for a breath...

... looks up -- almost at the crane's OPERATOR CAB -- looks down -- holy shit, that was a *really bad idea!*

Eyes closed, she forces another deep breath, then eyes fully open -- continues climbing up... must now be at least 45 stories up!

... she can do it -- she can absolutely make the whole climb!

AT THE BASE OF TOWER TWO

Marc emerges from behind the elevator cab -- retrieves his empty pistol, *previously left behind*. Takes a magazine from his pocket, inserts and racks...

Heads after a distant Hirano who now approaches...

TOWER ONE -- OUTSIDE THE LOBBY ENTRANCE

Hirano arrives and opens the door just as a pistol ROUND shatters the glass... he disappears inside...

BACK ON MARC...

who is about to take another shot -- a wave of RESIDENTS emerge, panic stricken, all *fleeing* from the lobby entrance...

... Marc's done aiming, his backdrop is not safe to fire -- pursues Hirano into the oncoming crowd...

INT. TOWER ONE - LOBBY - DAWN

The two teens handcuffed to the pole see Hirano enter the lobby and continue past them and straight into the hallway.

ASIAN TEENS
(Japanese, in unison)
Father! Help us!

Hirano raises his arms high in the air...

... runs past, ignores his own kids, and then deeper into the hallway.

ASIAN TEENS
(Japanese, in unison)
FATHER! Father, please!

AT THE PRIVATE ELEVATOR BANK

Hirano presses the wall button. The awaiting elevator doors open. He enters...

Presses the ROOF button. The computer screen requires a code -- he provides it.

ELEVATOR DOORS BEGINS TO CLOSE

Marc arrives at the lobby hallway -- catches a glimpse of Hirano, who then *bows* his direction before the doors completely close.

Marc advances to the elevator bank -- presses the wall button -- waits for another car...

MARC
Fuck!

EXT. TOWER TWO ROOF - CONSTRUCTION CRANE - EARLY DAWN

Kelly opens the CRANE CAB DOOR and climbs inside. She sits behind the controls... scratches her head, studies the complex joysticks and pedals -- then spots the...

IGNITION KEY HOLE -- *no bloody key!*

She looks under the control panel -- begins to carefully sort and pull on individual wiring...

KELLY

Who says growing up in Detroit
isn't great, corn dogs, world's
most delicious ice cream soda,
and... best neighborhood to learn
how to hot wire shit!

She uses the bone-handled knife to strip two wires...

... twists them together and -- *IGNITION* -- the crane growls to life.

KELLY (cont'd)

Whooo! Yessss!

She closes the knife, smiles at the carved handle...

KELLY (cont'd)

Luv ya dad.

Kelly clutches the crane JOYSTICK. Manipulates...

CRANE JOLTS AND BEGINS TO SPIN --

Which scares the shit out of her!

She looks through the glass -- begins lining up the crane BOOM with the roof of TOWER ONE.

Nothing smooth about her operating skills at all.

INT. TOWER ONE - ELEVATOR - DAWN

Hirano impatiently taps his foot...

... watches the floor readout tick up -- 20's plus...

looks at his wrist and then reads the hands on his Patek Phillippe...

HIRANO

Not to worry. I'll be in Tokyo
eating sushi within seventeen
hours.

LOBBY

An elevator arrives. Marc enters...

INSIDE ANOTHER ELEVATOR

Marc presses the ROOF button. Computer screen requires a
code...

MARC

Damn it!

He punches the control panel -- settles for activating the
FLOOR 40 button.

EXT. TOWER TWO ROOF - CONSTRUCTION CRANE - DAWN

Kelly, visible inside the CAB -- works the controls...

The BOOM of the crane begins to lower and extend towards the
top of...

TOWER ONE

... where the helicopter blades are now fully spinning!

The crane rocks again as she extends the JIB outward,
further reaching across the sky line...

INT. ANOTHER ELEVATOR - DAWN

Marc impatiently rides the elevator. Watches the floors tick
up. Exhales.

MARC

Never again take the over-time,
Marc. Never freak'n again.

EXT. TOWER ONE ROOF - DAWN

Roof-top elevator opens. Hirano emerges -- straightens his
tie, brushes off his lapel -- now calmly walks towards the
waiting helicopter.

Something above him catches his attention, *looks up*...

The JIB from the crane descends...

CRASHES down onto the top of the helicopter --

ROTORS crack off and continue to spin away --

Hirano hits the deck just as a piece dislodges, cascades outward, *high above his head*, and then careens off the roof top, ultimately sent spiraling over the edge...

The helicopter turbine emits a SICK sound as it immediately powers down. The weight of the crane jib crushes the top of the cockpit. Poor pilot remains trapped inside.

Hirano, hunched over -- the look on his face says it all -- his ride, his escape, is now completely done for!

EXT. TOWER TWO ROOF - CONSTRUCTION CRANE - DAWN

IN THE CAB OF THE CRANE

Kelly, celebrates -- goes from hands clapping to arms above her head...

KELLY

Your flights been cancelled,
douche-nozzle!

She exits the cab.

EXT. TOWER ONE ROOF - DAWN

Hirano, hands clenched over his head, *can't believe it!*

He spins in place. Searches around for another option.

Marc emerges from the stairwell near the roof-top elevator.

He aims his pistol at Hirano -- sees the crane arm resting on top of the destroyed helicopter...

MARC

Fuck me!
(to Hirano)
Put your hands on top of your head.

HIRANO

I give up. Arrest me, officer.

Marc carefully advances. Circles to the rear of Hirano.

MARC

Get down on your knees. Hands
behind your back.

Hirano complies. Marc within melee range.

MARC (cont'd)
Helicopter problems?

HIRANO
Get this over with so I can be out
by lunch.

MARC
Not this time, pal. You're going
down for kidnapping of a police
officer and attempted murder, add
on the largest narcotic
distribution recognized in a
long-ass time.

Marc holsters, cuffs Hirano's left wrist and reaches for his
other hand...

... Hirano does a twisted ACROBATIC move -- falls backwards
and sweeps Marc out from under his feet...

... does a flip, drop-kicks Marc in the head, which sends
him reeling downwards and onto his side.

Somehow, Marc rights himself -- throws a right cross that
is...

... quickly ducked, countered by a double jab from Hirano --
flailed cuffs also whip across Marc's face.

Our hero falls backwards, knees buckle. He's down again...

Hirano gently knuckles his nostril, then snorts: *Bruce Lee*
style -- dances on his tip-toes like a svelte Ali...

HIRANO
Wwwwhaaaa...

... circles his adversary.

Marc stands up, wobbles a bit on his feet -- wipes away a
bloody nose and lip, spits red phlegm...

Hirano bows before him and then skips his feet like a
welterweight. He's warmed up and ready for the K.O.

Marc loudly SCREAMS, *CHARGES* at Hirano -- full speed!

Hirano attempts a fancy kick but fails -- becomes prey to
the freight train that is Marc --

Who then lifts and carries Hirano straight to the edge of
the roof...

... both slam into the small railing, flip over and then slide down the pitched edge -- Hirano completely vanishes off the side of the building!

Marc's momentum stops at a lightening rod...

... he desperately clings to the small device, then peers over and down forty stories...

... immediately sees Hirano clutching onto the edge. He didn't actually fall!

Marc uses both hands to hold onto the steel rod. He attempts to get a better foothold just at the edge of a forty story drop.

MARC

Grab onto my leg! Do it or you
gonna fall!

Hirano, still dangles, appears panic stricken -- looks down -- *what a long drop*, looks up -- desperately reaches...

and is able to grab onto Marc's left foot, but then...

he pulls himself slightly upwards and attaches the other end of his handcuff to Marc's left ankle.

CLICK

They are now both inseparable.

HIRANO

If I'm going down, you're coming
with!

Hirano wants to pull Marc to a forty-story free fall! He aggressively tugs on our hero...

... grimacing, Marc reaches down and pulls up his left pant-leg, revealing...

HIS ALLOY-PROSTHETIC LOWER SHIN AND FOOT!

He begins to disengage the suction system...

MARC

Not all of me!

... the prosthetic separates -- Hirano falls!

ON HIRANO -- IMMEDIATELY FALLS TO HIS DEATH -- HANDCUFFED TO, AND CLUTCHING: HALF OF A FAKE LEG!

HOLD ON HIRANO -- DOWN HE GOES...

THIRTY NINE GLORIOUS STORIES...

LANDS ON TOP AND STRAIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF of the *SUSHI SHACK!*

MAKE THAT FORTY GLORIOUS STORIES.

Hirano got his sushi after all.

TOP OF TOWER ONE --

BACK ON MARC --

He slowly pulls himself up the ROOF-SLANT and back to the safety-rail where he is then able to roll back on the flat roof-top.

He remains on his back. Looks up at the sky.

He's spent, exhausted, tries to regain his breath --

FLASHBACK TO:

OVER WHITE

NOT WHITE -- how about that view you get after recovering from surgery -- when everything's BRIGHT and then you slowly return to unknown reality...

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Marc lays in a hospital bed. A white-clad DOCTOR waits near his bed side...

DOCTOR

Marc, can you hear me? Marc, wake up. Marc?

He focuses, looks around -- see's Christine -- arm in a sling, sits in a wheelchair, I.V. drips fluids directly into her body.

DOCTOR

Marc?

Christine moves directly next to him, tears begin rolling down her cheeks...

MARC

(voice low, harsh)
Yeah, yeah, I hear ya.

DOCTOR
You're recovering from a grade
three concussion and serious
dehydration.

MARC
(disoriented)
Okay.

Christine grabs his left hand. He smiles at her...

MARC (cont'd)
How's your shoulder feel, Crissy?

She cries. Marc coughs, tries to clear his harsh throat. He doesn't seem able to comprehend her immense despair whatsoever.

DOCTOR
When the helicopter finally got you
back here, you had a laceration in
your left calf. There was an
extremely aggressive infection
within your lower leg. We've never
seen anything like it before.

MARC
Ahh, it hurts like hell.

Marc begins to reach downward -- pulls the blanket from his left leg...

DOCTOR
Marc, I'm sorry... we had no choice
but to amputate in order to halt
the infectious spread.

MARC
... you what???

He looks down, blanket now removed -- hip moves and then he plainly sees his bandaged leg stump. Eyes wide...

... tears begin to stream down his cheeks.

He cries out.

Christine grabs his hand -- squeezes tightly...

DOCTOR
Once again, I'm very sorry.

MARC

I can *feel* it, like it's still there! *Ahhh*, it hurts so much!

DOCTOR

That's called Phantom Limb Syndrome -- It'll go away with time. Marc, this isn't the end of the world -- hardly at all. With today's advanced prosthetics, and considering the area of cut, you'll be able to do everything you once could, some even better.

Marc looks at the far side of the recovery room where another SOLDIER gingerly leaves his bed. He is missing an entire leg and has difficulty balancing himself on crutches...

DOCTOR (cont'd)

I'll send another specialist over. You need anything, you call me, *anytime*. Oh, and *SIR* -- from what I hear, this lady wouldn't be alive today if it wasn't for you. You're a hero, don't you ever forget that.

Doc leaves. Christine kisses and then hugs Marc's hand. Rests her head on his arm, whispers...

CHRISTINE

We're getting second chances at life. Both me and you.

MARC

After I did my time in the service, I wanted to be a cop -- what the hell am I gonna do now?

CHRISTINE

Be a cop.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. TOWER ONE - LOBBY - DAWN

Elevator opens -- Marc emerges, hops on one leg -- continues a frantic pace through the lobby and then...

OUTSIDE...

... where a large crowd of residents, safely in the courtyard, all stare intently back at him.

BLACK CHEVROLET TAHOE ARRIVES AND SKIDS TO A STOP...

Christine leaps out of the vehicle -- heads over to assist Marc -- supports him.

He leans on her shoulder and smiles...

MARC

Thanks for dropping by, Crissy.

CHRISTINE

Hey, you called and needed help, I came. End of story.

Additional AGENTS begin to arrive...

Crowd parts -- Kelly and Spirit quickly join...

Kelly notices his leg -- *stops and stares*...

Marc sees her -- a worried look in his face -- maybe shame? He looks down.

She bolts to his other side, supports him so much that Christine: no longer needs to help Marc.

Kelly takes him completely away from the D.E.A. agent.

Spirit, on hind legs, kisses them both.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

He's a great guy, don't let him go.

Marc looks directly up the side of the tower, then at Kelly...

MARC

That was you're handy-work?

KELLY

I'm a jack of all trades -- well, except cooking, and laundry, so don't ask.

(laughs)

and... what was it you been wanted to tell me about yourself?

He smiles at her...

MARC

I guess... *nothing*.

KELLY

Good. Bout time we have a real
date. How about dinner, a movie and
then a very long dance?

Marc smiles -- nods his head in agreement.

Spirit barks.

A beautiful sunrise catches their attention....

MARC

Ya, I'd like that.
(looks around)
Has anyone seen my leg?

FADE OUT

THE END