

FROSTBITE

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FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE, KODIAK, ALASKA - NIGHT

Explosions cause blue powder to be sprayed everywhere. Bullets fly around as COPS and THUGS are in the midst of a shoot-out in an ice-cold room.

A Cop chases a WOMAN carrying a briefcase -- she spins round -- fires a few shots -- the Cop dives to one side -- the Woman runs away.

She is pulled behind a crate by ISAAC (50s) -- muscular -- bushy beard -- he's been shot in the side of his abdomen.

The gunfight continues as Thugs are killed left and right.

The Woman helps Isaac to the end of the warehouse -- shooting at Cops until her bullets run out. She opens the case and gives Isaac some pills.

Isaac places one on his tongue and the rest in his pocket. The pill begins to dissolve.

Isaac smiles at her and runs out of the warehouse -- briefcase in hand -- blood streams from the wound.

The Woman turns around -- launches herself at the Cop who was chasing her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, KODIAK, ALASKA - NIGHT

It's pitch black. Isaac runs as best he can into the distance -- teeth chattering -- his eyes become bloodshot as the pill takes affect.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

Isaac reaches the sea -- he collapses from the blood loss -- drags himself along to the edge where land and water meet -- leaving a bloody trail.

There's a small rowing boat. Isaac gets in. He pushes it into the water and floats off into the distance.

EXT. ROWING BOAT - NIGHT - LATER

Isaac rows away. A light blinks in the distance. He goes towards it.

INT. REGISTRATION ROOM, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

A single-file line of PEOPLE in a gloomy hall. Behind a desk, a REGISTRATION OFFICER ticks off names and hands out uniforms.

AMANDA SMITH (26) youthful -- petite -- casual clothes -- steps forward.

REGISTRATION OFFICER

Name?

SMITH

Amanda Smith.

He ticks her name off on a register.

REGISTRATION OFFICER

Small, medium or large?

SMITH

Small.

The Registration Officer hands her a neatly folded pair of gray sweatpants, a matching sweater and a pair of running shoes.

REGISTRATION OFFICER

Put these on and go to the mess hall.

Smith takes the clothes and walks away.

INT. MESS HALL, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Numerous tables occupied by CADETS. Men and Women huddled together. All of them wearing the same sweatpants and matching sweater with a logo that reads: 'NYPD Academy' underneath.

At one of the seats is Smith -- just as nervous as those around her.

A door bursts open.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Quiet down maggots!

The chatter stops instantly.

The MAIN INSTRUCTOR (55) tall -- broad chest and shoulders -- sweatpants -- T-shirt with the same logo enters. The word: 'INSTRUCTOR' sprawled across the back.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 You're all here because you want to be the future of New York's law enforcement. You will learn everything from filling out paperwork to dealing public incidents.

Some Cadets show interest in that last detail.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
 Now, be upstanding as we welcome the captain of the thirty-fourth precinct, Captain Samuel Lewis. Who has a few words for you all.

The Cadets rise. Smith watches.

LEWIS (65) impeccably-dressed -- tough and imposing demeanor -- strides into the room.

The Main Instructor applauds. Cadets follow suit. Then sit back down.

LEWIS
 Good morning, cadets. In front of me, I see the future of the New York Police Department. Being an officer of the law isn't for everyone, no one is perfect. But if you're willing to put in the effort, you'll take something away with you in the end. Even if you decide this isn't for you, you'll still come out of it stronger, smarter and better than you were before.

Applause from the Cadets.

LEWIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Now get out there cadets. The course isn't going to run itself.

Among the Cadets is Smith who has a huge smile across her face.

EXT. ASSAULT COURSE, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

A gruelling array of obstacles. Muddy CADETS struggle to make their way through.

TIRE RUN: The Main Instructor blows his whistle and the CADET ahead of Smith starts running through.

The Main Instructor turns his attention to Smith.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR

On my mark.

Smith stands poised and ready.

He blows his whistle.

She runs through the tires with some difficulty at first, but makes it to the other side.

CRAWL-UNDER NET: Smith crawls beneath a net and through thick mud.

THE WALL: Smith tightly grasps a rope -- ascends a monolithic brick wall.

She scales it -- jumps down to the ground -- catches her breath -- runs to the next obstacle.

PULL UP BAR: Smith struggles -- her sweat-drenched forehead glistens in the sun as she pulls herself up.

She lowers herself and goes again.

EXT. COURTYARD, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Numerous CADETS are laid out in rows, doing push-ups. The Main Instructor stands at the front, counting.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR

Twenty-five... twenty-six...
twenty-seven...

It's tough for Smith, but she's managing.

The Main Instructor walks around, watching them.

He spots a STRUGGLING CADET. Leans over them.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

twenty-eight... twenty-nine... Get
that nose to the ground! Thirty...
thirty-one...

The Cadets continue doing push-ups.

INT. CLASSROOM, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Cadets are sat at desks taking notes. The FORENSIC INSTRUCTOR talks at the front of the room. She is partway through a slide show.

She changes the slide to photos of dead bodies as well as photos of noted serial killers: *Ed Gein, Ted Bundy and Henry Lee Lucas.*

Some of the Cadets are unnerved by this.

Smith is sat with her head down, writing notes.

INT. GYM, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

A safety mat is on the ground. Cadets are sat around watching two of their PEERS wrestle as they try to pin and subdue each other. The FIGHTING INSTRUCTOR acts as the referee.

After a few failed takedown attempts from both combatants, ONE triumphs over the other.

The Fighting Instructor chooses Smith and another FEMALE CADET. The Fighting Instructor gestures for them to begin.

Smith and the Female Cadet circle each other -- The Female Cadet goes to grab Smith -- Smith dodges.

The Female Cadet goes for a takedown -- succeeds.

As Smith goes down, she turns the tables on her opponent -- putting her in a guillotine chokehold.

The Female Cadet struggles -- arms flailing wildly -- she submits.

The Fighting Instructor calls "Cease."

Smith quickly releases the hold. The Female Cadet coughs as she regains her breath.

INT. MESS HALL, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

There are now tons of desks and chairs as Cadets complete an exam.

The Forensic Instructor stands at the front of the room.

Other INSTRUCTORS wander round acting as invigilators.

Smith stands up. Walks to the front and turns her in paper.

INT. CLASSROOM, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

The Forensic Instructor walks alongside the desks, handing out graded papers left and right. She reaches Smith and puts down the paper -- '100%' is written across the top and an 'A+' is stamped on the front.

FORENSIC INSTRUCTOR
Well done, Smith.

Smith smiles. The Forensic Instructor continues to hand out graded papers.

EXT. DRIVING COURSE, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

CADETS watch as one of their peers parks a cruiser. He steps out the car. The DRIVING INSTRUCTOR looks at her register.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Smith, you're up.

Smith steps forward and gets in the car.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
On my whistle.

The Driving Instructor blows her whistle. Smith starts driving.

INT. CRUISER, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Smith drives round the course, careful not to hit the cones. She completes the course at a very slow pace.

EXT. DRIVING COURSE, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Smith steps out the car. She looks at the Driving Instructor.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Too slow, next!

Smith is disappointed.

EXT. ASSAULT COURSE, POLICE ACADEMY - DUSK

The sky is a mixture of orange and blue as the sun sets. The course is empty. Smith is going through it in an attempt to improve.

She scales the wall -- glances at her stopwatch -- not quick enough -- goes back around -- restarts the stopwatch -- scales it again -- lands on her feet -- checks her time -- huge smile.

Smith makes her way to the next obstacle.

EXT. DRIVING COURSE, POLICE ACADEMY - NIGHT

It's dark, almost pitch black. A cruiser -- headlights beaming -- speeds through -- swerving round each and every turn -- tires screech.

The cruiser comes to the end of the course.

Smith steps out -- stopwatch in hand. She eyes the stopwatch -- pumps her fist in the air -- victorious.

INT. CLASSROOM, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

The Main Instructor stands at the front of the class talking as Cadets take notes. On the board behind him are a series of slides about firearms.

The slide changes to an image of a hunting rifle. Smith looks away from the screen.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Smith sits on the sofa opposite a PSYCHIATRIST.

PSYCHIATRIST

Is there anything that worries you
about Police work?

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

CADETS fire at targets. There are numerous INSTRUCTORS overseeing and assisting them.

Bullets cut through paper targets and ping as they hit the metal sheets behind.

SMITH (V.O.)

I'm not keen on using guns.

Smith's hands tremble as she steadies her pistol. She aims it at the target...

PSYCHIATRIST (V.O.)
And why is that?

SMITH (V.O.)
I used to go hunting with my
father...

...but can't pull the trigger.

INT. DANCE FLOOR, NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

SUPER: *SIX MONTHS LATER -- DAYS BEFORE GRADUATION.*

Lights flashing -- music playing -- it's not very busy.

PETR (25) -- youthful face -- jeans -- polo shirt -- "gettin'
jiggy with it" on the dance floor.

With him is NATALYA (22) -- blonde -- waist like a ballerina
-- barely-there clothing.

She takes out a blue pill with a snowflake engraved on it and
puts it on her tongue. It dissolves. She takes out another
and offers it to Petr.

PETR
No-no. I don't even know what that
thing is.

The 'high' hits Natalya. She starts dancing like crazy.
Grinding against Petr -- their eyes meet -- lights constantly
changing color -- her eyes -- bloodshot.

NATALYA
Open wide.

Petr opens his mouth and Natalya puts the pill on the tip of
his tongue -- she wraps her arms around him -- sticks her
tongue down his throat as they embrace and share a passionate
kiss.

INT. DANCE FLOOR, NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

Petr is at the bar. His face is drenched in sweat and his
lips are dry.

The BARTENDER hands him a glass of water. He downs it.
Natalya comes over.

NATALYA
You don't look so good.

Petr ambles towards the door.

YURI BOKHANOV (40) tall -- slim -- neat suit -- watches from a balcony above.

Natalya follows -- concerned -- confused -- tries to get Petr's attention.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Petr stumbles into an alleyway next to the club.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A dark and dingy passage. Dumpsters and trash bags on either side.

Petr steps on a poster that reads: *"MAKE ANDREA RUSSELL YOUR LOCAL SENATOR! -- VOTE RUSSELL!"*

Petr's movements are sluggish and zombie-like. Natalya follows him, scared and worried.

He stops. Natalya puts her hand on his shoulder.

Petr turns around. Natalya is shocked and repulsed by the haggard -- emotionless face staring back at her.

Petr collapses -- ice-blue vomit escapes his mouth -- followed by a similarly-colored foam.

Natalya is distraught. She slaps Petr's face -- grasps his shoulders -- shakes him vigorously.

Natalya sits on the floor, tears flowing down her cheeks as she desperately tries to wake Petr.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, MANHATTAN - DAY

The area has been cordoned off. POLICE prevent the PUBLIC from looking in. A body bag is zipped up and taken away.

MARK WARNER (60) tall -- well-built -- casual suit -- face as tough as leather -- makes his way to the crime scene. He spots Lewis and makes his way over.

WARNER
What've we got?

LEWIS

Dead male. Twenties. Must've been partying pretty hard last night.

WARNER

Drug case?

LEWIS

We'll see what they come up with before we start making assumptions.

FORENSIC EXAMINER (O.S.)

We've got blue foam and vomit.

Warner and Lewis are confused.

LEWIS

Scoop it up as evidence, get it analyzed.

FORENSIC EXAMINER (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

WARNER

Any idea where this thing came from?

LEWIS

No, but I'm putting you in charge of finding out. Security footage shows he came with a girl. Find out who she is and what she knows.

They make their way to a cruiser.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

Smith is sat opposite the Main Instructor and the Psychiatrist. On the desk are Smith's records and test scores.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR

Your academic work and intelligence far exceeds many other cadets. And your physical prowess and driving skills have slowly progressed. There's just one thing...

Smith frowns.

PSYCHIATRIST

From what you've told me about your aversion to guns, although I admire your pacifism, you need to overcome it, because sometimes, it's the only thing you can do.

The door opens. Lewis enters.

LEWIS

That's why they spoke to me about putting you out in the field just before graduation.

(beat)

They want me to partner you up with one of our most experienced detectives to solve a case that opened up this morning.

Smith is stunned by the offer.

SMITH

I'd-I'd-Yes.

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS

Excellent, be at precinct thirty-four early tomorrow morning so I can introduce you to your partner.

Lewis shakes Smith's hand and leaves. Smith smiles, excited.

EXT. PRECINCT 34, MANHATTAN - DAY

Smith stands amongst the hustle and bustle of PEDESTRIANS pushing past one another on the street. She stares in awe and amazement at the building in front of her.

Smith makes her way inside.

INT. RECEPTION DESK, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

A small, barely-decorated room. There's a corridor to the left.

An OFFICER behind a desk is filling out a crossword. Smith goes up to him.

SMITH

Excuse me?

The Officer glances up at Smith. She smiles at him. He doesn't smile back.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm here to see Captain Lewis.

CROSSWORD OFFICER

Who are you, and why?

SMITH

Amanda Smith, I'm here from the academy.

CROSSWORD OFFICER

Go down the hall. His name's on the door.

SMITH

Thanks.

The Officer's attention is instantly back on the crossword.

As Smith goes down the hall, she peers through the glass of one of the doors.

INT. OFFICE/HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Inside is a mixture of MALE and FEMALE officers, all sat at desks, doing paper work.

Smith's excitement wanes. She reaches a door that reads:
CAPT. SAMUEL LEWIS.

She knocks.

LEWIS (O.S.)

Come in.

Smith enters.

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

There's a desk with a computer on it and a fan in the corner.

Smith is hesitant, but seeing Lewis on one side of the desk calms her. Sitting opposite him is Warner with his back turned to her.

LEWIS

(whispers)

After this case you're retiring and going to live with your family. I guarantee...

Lewis focuses on Smith.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

...good morning Smith, meet your partner.

(Warner turns around)

This is Detective Mark Warner, you can get to know each other while you work. But for now, Smith -- Warner -- Warner -- Smith.

Acquainted? Good. There's a drug going around, causes people to throw up blue vomit, then pass out. That's all we know. So far, Forensics have come up clean with their tests. Warner knows a bit, but not much.

SMITH

Yes, sir.

Smith and Warner are about to leave. The door swings open.

ANDREA RUSSELL (45) robust -- average height -- expensive blazer and matching skirt -- storms in.

The BODYGUARD (50s) tall -- broad chest and shoulders -- dark suit -- sunglasses -- enters after her.

Lewis is taken aback by her sudden appearance.

ANDREA

This city's in big trouble, Sam. That kid dying outside that club is just the spark to start a whole drug epidemic...

Smith and Warner turn around to look at Andrea. She looks back at them, dumbfounded.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

...oh, hello.

Lewis smiles.

LEWIS

Don't worry, I've got one of our veterans and the brightest young cadet looking into it.

Andrea scrutinizes Warner who has the same stone-faced look.

ANDREA

What's your name?

WARNER

Warner.

ANDREA

How long have you been a detective?

WARNER

Twenty years.

ANDREA

Experienced, good.

Smith stands up, nervous as Andrea eyes her up and down.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

What about you?

Smith opens her mouth but is too scared to speak. She's about to say something but quickly stops.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(gives a friendly smile)

I just wanna know about you.

Smith sighs and smiles back.

SMITH

Oh, okay. I'm Amanda Smith. As Lewis said, I've almost graduated from the academy and they want me to get some field experience.

ANDREA

An academy graduate, interesting. You know I'm running for Senate, and want to put more funding into the Police. Particularly the academy. When you solve this case, it'll certainly get me in with the voters.

LEWIS

So the rumors are true. That poster found at the crime scene wasn't fake.

ANDREA

They certainly are.

Andrea is surprised by Lewis' statement. She and the Bodyguard leave. The door closes. Lewis is relieved.

LEWIS

It's just gonna get worse with all these politics. Just remember to put on your biggest and brightest smiles whenever she enters a room. Cause god knows we need that funding.

(beat)

Now go find the source of that drug. I'm counting on you.

SMITH

Yes, sir.

Smith and Warner leave.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner walk through the long passage. Smith is ecstatic.

SMITH

Where to first?

WARNER

Get us a car. How's your driving?

SMITH

Not bad.

WARNER

Can you get us where we need to go in one piece?

(Smith nods)

That'll do.

SMITH

Aren't you excited about solving this case?

Warner shakes his head.

WARNER

Work's work. If you lose focus,
things get difficult.

SMITH

Oh...

WARNER

You wanna look like a cop? Go grab
a uniform and walk the streets. But
that's not what I do.

Smith is puzzled by his remark.

SMITH

Then what do you do?

WARNER

Get shit done.

They reach a door that reads: 'GARAGE'.

Warner opens it and storms in. He closes the door before
Smith has a chance to enter.

Smith shrugs off having the door slammed in her face. Opens
it and runs after Warner.

INT. GARAGE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

A series of parked cruisers. Warner marches past them all.
Smith can be seen jogging in the background to catch up with
him. As Warner walks further, more of the room is revealed.

Rows of cruisers.

SWAT trucks at least four decades old. The windshields have a
thick layer of dust across them. Cobwebs have been formed in
the space between the wheels and the car bodies.

Warner passes a black van.

Smith catches up to him but has to walk quickly to keep pace.

SMITH

Where are you going? There's plenty
of cars here to chose from.

Warner stops at a cruiser that looks no different from the
others. He takes out a set of keys. Tosses them to Smith. She
unlocks the car.

Warner opens the passenger door.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Why this car?

Warner gets in the car.

WARNER
Get in.

Smith gets in the driver's seat.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

There are numerous switches and dials. As well as a radio. A cage separates the front and back.

SMITH
You still haven't told me why you
picked this car.

Warner opens the glove compartment. He pulls out an old map. Smith is astonished. She takes out her phone.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You know these have maps too.

Warner takes out an old brick of a phone. Smith is puzzled.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Okay then... where to first?

Warner puts his phone away. He then pulls out a small notebook and finds his notes.

WARNER
Coroner, then an apartment complex
on Essex Street to visit a Natalya
Fedulov...

SMITH
Who's she, the last person to see
the victim alive?

Warner nods. Smith smiles as she starts the car.

They drive off.

INT/EXT. CRUISER - DAY - MOVING

Warner follows his map. Smith is focused on driving.

They're stuck in traffic.

Smith goes to flick the switch for the siren but Warner stops her. She stares at him, confused. He shakes his head.

SMITH

So... over two decades as a detective. You must've seen tons of people put away over the years.

WARNER

Yeah, so?

SMITH

Seen some pretty grim stuff I imagine.

He ignores her.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Looking forward to teaching me what it takes to be a detective?

He shakes his head.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Then why did you agree to this?

WARNER

I didn't.

SMITH

Come Monday, I'll be an officer.

The lights change.

WARNER

Good for you... lights are green.

Smith smiles and their drive continues.

SMITH

You really are an "I'll do it myself", kinda guy, aren't yah?

WARNER

What gives you that idea?

Smith laughs.

SMITH

Good one.

WARNER

I wasn't trying to be funny.

SMITH

Oh... so, serious and stoic, is that sort of your character or...

WARNER

Just drive.

They sit in silence, a moment passes. Smith starts again with her questions.

SMITH

What about your family? Mine's over in Yonkers.

WARNER

North Shore.

Smith is stunned.

SMITH

Long Island! What, really? You! But you seem so... not... from... there. Did you grow up with loads of fresh sea food and trips to the beach?

WARNER

No. You're from Yonkers, is your family Dutch?

SMITH

No, but...

WARNER

Just because you're from a particular place, doesn't make you a stereotype of it.

Beat.

SMITH

What about a wife, kids? I heard Lewis mention something about you spending more time with your family when I walked into his office.

Warner pauses for a long time before answering.

WARNER

That's none of your business.

SMITH

Come on, we're working together, we should get to know each other...

(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)
(Warner turns on the
radio)
and I can see that you really don't
want to talk. But that's okay,
because...

Warner continues turning the volume up until Smith stops talking.

He turns the radio back down and they sit in silence.

INT. CORONER - DAY

A large, macabre room with numerous metal drawers. There's someone standing over a metal gurney. It is the CORONER (60s) -- scrubs -- surgical gloves -- apron.

To one side is a basin and a plastic glove dispenser.

Upbeat pop music blares from a radio.

Smith and Warner walk in. Smith shudders from the cold temperature. Warner isn't fazed.

The Coroner turns around. He sees Warner and smiles as he turns the radio down.

CORONER
Detective, what brings you here?

He notices Smith.

CORONER (CONT'D)
Is this the daughter you've told me about?

WARNER
No, this is Smith. She's assisting me with a case.

CORONER
I see, and does Smith have a first name?

SMITH
Amanda.

He smiles at her.

WARNER
You get any blue corpses recently?

CORONER

As a matter of fact, I did, and he came from your Forensics team.

The Coroner walks over to one of the metal drawers. Opens it. Inside is Petr's corpse in a clear body bag.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Get some gloves on and have a look.

Smith and Warner put on some gloves and join the Coroner as he opens the bag.

CORONER (CONT'D)

You want me to move him?

WARNER

I'll look at it here.

CORONER

"As you wish."

(Warner looks at him,
perplexed)

It's from a movie.

(No reaction from Warner)

Ah, you're no fun.

Warner inspects the corpse: lifting limbs, checking fingers and nails. He opens the mouth. Looks inside the nostrils. Then looks at the eyes.

WARNER

Anything I should know about this guy, apart from he OD'd outside a club, threw-up blue vomit and died?

CORONER

Well your lab guys looked at him before I did. They give you anything to go by?

WARNER

No, this is the first I've seen.

The Coroner opens a few more drawers, unveiling two corpses in varying states of decay.

Smith and Warner go over to him. Smith is horrified by the corpses. Warner's expression remains the same.

SMITH

What happened to these ones?

CORONER

Looks like this drug's been around for a while. Some cops from another precinct brought'em in a few weeks ago.

The Coroner goes over to a slightly more decayed corpse.

CORONER (CONT'D)

This one's three weeks old, he came from East Harlem.

Warner turns to Smith.

WARNER

Write this down, kid.

Smith takes out her own pad and pen and writes notes as the Coroner talks.

He goes to the next corpse which is even more decayed.

CORONER

And this one came from Lennox Hill about a month ago.

WARNER

Any ID's?

The Coroner shakes his head.

CORONER

Whoever killed them either knew who they were or didn't want anyone else finding out.

The Coroner goes over to the gurney, revealing a burned up husk of a body. Some of the toes are missing.

Warner doesn't react. Smith is holding back vomit.

CORONER (CONT'D)

This pretty picture of health is at least two months old, maybe older. Isn't even a New Yorker. This one's from Alaska.

WARNER

How'd you get hold of him?

CORONER

A fishing boat came in a while back...

EXT. BERING SEA, ALASKA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Isaac rows towards the blinking light. As he gets closer, he sees a fishing boat in the midst of bringing up a net.

EXT. FISHING BOAT, BERING SEA, ALASKA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The two CREW MEMBERS notice the boat coming towards them. They lower a rope ladder.

Isaac climbs aboard.

INT. CABIN, FISHING BOAT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Small and homey living quarters. Isaac is wrapped up warm and drinks some soup.

INT. CABIN, FISHING BOAT - NIGHT - LATER - FLASHBACK

Isaac's condition worsens. He has a pale-blue complexion. The Crew Members turn to each other, concerned.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT - LATER - FLASHBACK

Isaac vomits over the side. One of the Crew Members makes a distress call.

CORONER (PRE-LAP)

The two guys on board said that he held out for a few days, but by the time they made it back, he was gone.

INT. CORONER - DAY

The Coroner talks to Smith and Warner.

WARNER

What do you think causes it?

CORONER

Not sure, must be some sort of reaction.

The Coroner grabs the pinkie finger of the body. He gives it a slight tug. The finger snaps off.

Smith can't take it anymore. She throws the car keys to Warner and launches herself at the basin.

The Coroner goes over to a desk drawer. He takes out a business card and hands it to Warner.

Warner inspects it, '*Old Russia*' is written on the back.

CORONER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I found it in his in his pocket.
Could be useful.

WARNER

(whispers)

Thanks Ben, we'll look into it.

Warner puts the card in his pocket. He watches Smith vomit and chuckles.

WARNER (CONT'D)

After you're done puking, kid, meet
me in the car.

Warner leaves the room.

Smith's head is draped over the basin, vomiting.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Smith and Warner sit in the car. Smith is still queasy.

WARNER

Suck it up kid, he's dead. Can't
hurt ya.

Smith composes herself and starts the car. Warner gets out his notebook.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Okay kid, next stop, Essex Street.
Let's see what this Natalya Fedulov
knows.

They drive into the distance.

EXT. ESSEX STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

A long road consisting of small ethnic shops and residential apartments. The cruiser is parked against the curb outside an apartment complex.

Smith and Warner get out the car and approach the complex.

WARNER

Lewis told me you scored a hundred percent on the investigation exam so I'm gonna let you ask the questions.

Smith is excited.

Warner presses the buzzer for the apartment. Natalya's voice comes on the intercom.

NATALYA (OVER INTERCOM)

Hello?

WARNER

Good morning Ms. Fedulov, I'm Detective Warner. I'm here with Amanda Smith and we're with the NYPD. We'd like to ask you a few questions about the death of Petr Ochevyenko. Do you mind letting us in?

NATALYA (OVER INTERCOM)

Just a moment.

There's a buzz. Warner opens the door and they go inside.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Smith and Warner are stood outside the door of apartment '16'.

Smith knocks on the door. It opens. On the other side is Natalya, a tissue in her hand and tears in her eyes.

Warner gets out his badge.

WARNER

Ms. Fedulov, my deepest sympathies. I'm Detective Warner and this is Smith. She's assisting me with this case. We've got some questions about Petr Ochevyenko's death. May we come in?

NATALYA

Of course.

They step inside.

INT. FRONT ROOM, NATALYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Small, barely decorated, cheap furniture. Smith and Warner are sat either end of a dusty couch

Natalya sits in a chair opposite them. Mascara is smeared around her eyes.

Smith has her notebook in one hand and a pen in the other. Warner observes.

SMITH

Do you want a moment to sort yourself out before we start?

Natalya wipes away a tear running down her cheek.

NATALYA

I'll be okay.

Smith clears her throat.

SMITH

What was your relationship with Petr?

NATALYA

We were lovers.

Smith makes notes as Natalya talks.

SMITH

What was he like?

NATALYA

A nice guy. Very caring, very giving.

SMITH

Was there anything off about him?

Natalya shakes her head.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Was he involved with drugs before the incident that lead to his death?

A tear runs down Natalya's cheek. She wipes it away.

SMITH (CONT'D)

It's okay, take your time.

NATALYA

I don't... I don't think so.

Smith continues writing.

SMITH

Who suggested going to a club?

NATALYA

He did.

(smiles)

He always enjoyed going.

SMITH

Is that where he took the drugs?
Perhaps unintentionally, through a
drink.

NATALYA

He had some water after the drug
kicked in.

SMITH

How did it...

NATALYA

He became very sweaty, tired,
thirsty. He drank the water then
ran out the club and passed out in
the alley.

Natalya fights through the tears...

SMITH

Do you know where he got the drugs?

...but it's too much for her. She breaks down crying.

NATALYA

I gave them to him.

Smith and Warner are interested now.

SMITH

Did you take the drugs too?

Natalya nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)

But it didn't affect you?

NATALYA

No, I've used stuff like that
before.

SMITH

How did you get hold of them?

NATALYA

Someone sold them to me.

SMITH

Who?

NATALYA

I couldn't tell what he looked like. Or at least I think it was a man? He was in the shadows, wore gloves. It was very quick. He said it was just ecstasy, which I've used before.

Warner turns to Smith and whispers something in her ear. Smith puts her notebook and pen away. They stand up. Natalya is confused.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

WARNER

Being questioned so soon is clearly hard on you. Thanks for taking the time to talk to us. Your information will come in very useful to our investigation.

NATALYA

You're not going to arrest me?

WARNER

People do drugs in clubs all the time, and you're clearly distressed. Arresting you won't solve anything, so consider yourself lucky.

Smith and Warner are about to leave.

WARNER (CONT'D)

There is one thing that might help.

Warner shows her the business card and the message written on the back.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Does this look familiar?

Natalya shakes her head.

WARNER (CONT'D)
Thanks for your time, Ms. Fedulov.

Smith and Warner leave.

Natalya sits there, tears in her eyes. She reaches for another tissue and dries her eyes.

INT/EXT. CRUISER - DAY

Smith and Warner leave the apartment complex and make their way towards the cruiser.

They get in the car. Warner flicks through the notes as Smith starts the car.

WARNER
So we're looking for a man who lives in shadows. From her description, it sounds like Batman's become a drug dealer.

SMITH
Are you saying I've got nothing?

Warner nods. Smith is disappointed.

SMITH (CONT'D)
D'you think she was lying?

WARNER
No, she tried to holdback her emotions. People who lie tend to play theirs up, try to get the sympathy vote.

Warner flicks through his pad then takes out the business card.

WARNER (CONT'D)
We'll ask around Lennox and Harlem, see if anyone there knows anything. There's a pool joint in Lennox where a lot of stuff goes down.

SMITH (PRE-LAP)
Where'd you get that business card?

EXT. STREET, LENNOX HILL - DAY

Smith and Warner stand on the street opposite a pool hall. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS take measurements with a theodolite in front of the club.

WARNER

The Coroner gave it to me while you were puking. He found it in the burned up guy's pocket.

Warner goes up to one of the Construction Workers. He shows the man his badge.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Detective Warner, what's going on here?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

We're measuring the land so when we knockdown this here building and start construction on a new one, it can be extended ever so slightly.

WARNER

Mind if we take a look inside?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Sure, there's no one in there, if that's what you're wondering?

Warner makes his way inside. Smith follows.

INT. CLEMENT'S POOL HALL - DAY

A dark and smoky room in dyer need of repair. The roof is burned through and there's a rundown bar to one side.

Smith and Warner walk in, Smith is stunned by the state of the room. No reaction from Warner.

SMITH

I wonder how long it's been like this?

WARNER

Looks like a while.

They search for clues.

Warner runs his finger along the bar. It gets covered in ash and dust.

WARNER (CONT'D)

No one's probably even aware it's closed down. It looked fine from the outside.

Warner finds a cracked photo frame. Inside is a picture of CHARLES CLEMENT (60s) -- tall -- sharp-dresser and PHIL BROWN (60s) -- wrinkled face -- white T-shirt -- jeans -- with their arms on each other's shoulders, smiling.

WARNER (CONT'D)

I guess one of these guys is the owner.

Smith comes over and looks at the photo. She then goes behind the bar.

SMITH (O.S.)

I've got a box of matches.

Smith picks up the matchbox. She opens it. Scribbled on the inside is 'PHIL'S BAR'.

Warner comes over to inspect the matchbox. He steps on something and looks down to see a pile of blue powder.

Warner takes out his phone and calls the precinct.

WARNER (PRE-LAP)

So what is it?

INT. FORENSICS, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

A small, pristine tech-filled room. Smith and Warner stand next to JANE (40s) -- neat blouse -- trousers -- lab coat. In her hands are the results from the pool hall sample.

JANE

Ground up ecstasy.

WARNER

Any DNA?

Jane shakes her head.

JANE

Whoever made this has an untraceable drug.

WARNER

Okay, thanks Jane.

Smith and Warner leave.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner walk down the hallway.

SMITH
Phil's bar?

Warner nods.

WARNER
Hopefully Lester'll be there.

SMITH
Who's he?

WARNER
A friend of mine, but if we're
gonna talk to him, we'll need a
less suspicious car.

SMITH
Why?

WARNER
So we can question him once he's
inside.

Smith looks at Warner, puzzled.

INT. PHIL'S BAR, EAST HARLEM - DAY

A small, local tavern. It's busy and filled with the sounds
of food being eaten and drinks being poured.

Smith and Warner are at a table at the back. Smith looks
around.

SMITH
(whispering)
You have friends that hang around
in places like this?

WARNER
(whispering)
I may have lied a little. He's more
like a guy who knows things.

Warner looks around at all the CUSTOMERS.

SMITH
 (whispering)
 And you think we'll catch him in a
 bar in Harlem in the middle of the
 day?

Warner watches LESTER (55) -- tall -- slim -- casual clothes
 -- walk through a back exit.

WARNER
 (whispering)
 Yeah, because he's right over
 there. C'mon kid, let's go.

They follow Lester.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, EAST HARLEM - DAY

Smith and Warner step into the alley. Warner spots Lester
 talking to a BUYER (20s). Approaches him. As he gets closer,
 he sees a bag filled with something. Skeptical, he makes his
 way over.

WARNER
 Afternoon boys...

LESTER
 Fuck off.

Lester continues talking to the Buyer.

Warner takes out his wallet and starts counting bills.

WARNER
 I'm interested in what you're
 selling.

LESTER
 I'm with a buyer right now. So fuck
 off.

WARNER
 You sure? I'm looking to buy a lot
 of grams.

LESTER
 Did I not make myself clear? I'm
 with a...

Lester turns around. Seeing Warner renders him catatonic. The
 Buyer runs away.

Warner grabs Lester.

WARNER
(to Smith)
Get in the van, kid.

Smith rushes over to the black van. Gets in.

Warner drags a kicking and screaming Lester towards the van.

EXT. STREET, EAST HARLEM - DAY

Smith opens the back doors of the van. Warner throws Lester inside.

INT. VAN - DAY

Smith sits in the driver's seat. Warner is in the back with Lester.

LESTER
That shit's not cool, man.

WARNER
We just wanna ask you if you know about a drug going around? A blue pill of some kind.

LESTER
Yeah I know what it is. It's called Frostbite. It's a street drug, a mix between coke and ecstasy.

WARNER
Know anything about the dealers?

Lester shakes his head.

WARNER (CONT'D)
Ever heard of Clement's Pool Hall over in Lennox Hill?

Lester nods.

LESTER
Used to play against the man himself, Charles Clement. How's he doing?

WARNER
Not good, he's missing, and someone tried to burn his place down with these.

Warner gets the matchbox out and shows Lester what's written on the inside.

LESTER
Well it wasn't me, if that's what you're implying.

WARNER
I just wanna know about the dealers.

LESTER
Like I said, I don't know nothing.

Warner slaps Lester.

LESTER (CONT'D)
What the hell, man?

He slaps him again, harder.

LESTER (CONT'D)
I swear to Christ I'll hit you back. Even if you are a...

Warner slaps him again.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Mothafucka I swear. You hit me one more...

Warner throws Lester to the floor and crouches over him, fist raised and tightly clenched.

Lester is terrified.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. Word is something's coming in on Saturday.

Warner backs off.

WARNER
Where from?

LESTER
Docks, east side.

WARNER
We'll look into it. Now make yourself scarce.

LESTER

What the hell, man? You manhandle me for information and expect me to split with nothing in return. Nah, what do I get out of it?

Warner raises his fist again.

WARNER

You get to leave this van without swallowing any teeth.

Lester scurries away -- falls out the back of the van.

Warner joins Smith in the front of the van. She starts it up and they drive off.

INT. VAN - DAY - LATER

Smith and Warner are once again stuck in traffic. Warner is looking at his notes.

Smith turns to him, isn't happy.

WARNER

What's the matter, kid?

SMITH

Are you some sort of crooked cop!?

WARNER

I just get things done by any means necessary. We can either go about doing police work by the books and get nothing. Or we can do it my way and get results.

(beat)

You're a smart kid. You'll figure it out.

SMITH

What's your deal then?

WARNER

You've got what it takes to make a good detective, kid. I've seen your records from the academy. I'm just trying to get you there. And if that means pushing you over the edge, I'll do it. But that's not enough. You need to be able to let your emotions go.

(beat)

(MORE)

WARNER (CONT'D)

One day, you could be pointing a gun at someone you care about. And sometimes, you have to pull the trigger.

SMITH

This wouldn't have anything to do with your family would it? That stuff Lewis was talking about.

WARNER

No, kid, just something to think about.

As they drive down the street, Smith notices something in the side mirror.

IN THE MIRROR: Behind them is a large black Sedan with tinted windows.

She turns to Warner.

SMITH

What do you make of the car following us?

Warner checks the side mirror. Sees the car.

WARNER

How do you know they're following us?

SMITH

Just a hunch.

WARNER

Test it.

Smith looks at him, confused.

SMITH

How?

WARNER

Turn into another street, see what happens.

She drives down a straight road and takes the first turning. The Sedan follows.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Keep driving. Speed up a bit.

She does -- the Sedan speeds up too.

SMITH
I've got an idea. Hand me your badge.

Warner is skeptical.

WARNER
Why?

SMITH
You'll see.

Warner gets his badge out and gives it to Smith. She opens the window and is about to stick her arm out. Warner realizes. He snatches the badge out of Smith's hand and stuffs it back in his pocket.

WARNER
What the fuck are you doing, kid? That's not a chance worth taking. It'd be like waving a fucking target out the window! You could get us killed!

SMITH
So what do you suggest?

WARNER
We've gotta lose'em, somehow. For now, just keep driving.

Warner spots a road sign at the end of the block.

WARNER (CONT'D)
We're not far from the station, but I'm guessing this guy doesn't care that we're cops. I hope you don't mind taking a detour.

Warner peers in the side mirror again -- pulls out his revolver. Smith notices -- worried look on her face.

SMITH
What are you doing?

WARNER
What's necessary, what's the problem?

SMITH
I'm not a fan of guns.

WARNER

Lewis mentioned it before you came into the office. Why?

SMITH

It's nothing. Let it go.

WARNER

You wanna be a cop you're gonna have to get over it, kid. One day, you firing a gun's gonna be the difference between life and death. Maybe it'll be your life, maybe someone else's. But one thing's certain, it'll be the life of someone you care about.

Warner loads his gun. Smith becomes more and more unnerved with each bullet Warner drops into the cylinder.

She looks ahead. There's a busy intersection.

SMITH

Put your gun away. I've got an idea. This'll either cause a car crash or get us away from this guy. Or both.

Smith drives towards cars waiting to cross. She indicates to go right.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

The lights change -- Smith turns left -- they almost collide with a truck -- horns blast -- people yell -- the Sedan is stuck in the middle of the intersection.

Smith drives away.

INT. VAN - DAY - MOVING

Smith drives back to the precinct.

WARNER

Well done, kid. It was reckless, but it worked.

SMITH

Do whatever's necessary.

Warner smiles as they drive off into the distance.

INT. ARCHIVES, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

A small, drab room with tons of filing cabinets. Smith is going through one of them.

She finds a number of folders related to ecstasy and takes them out. She walks out with a stack of papers and folders.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

A large, dimly-lit room with a table and chair. There's a large window to one side.

The light gets brighter. The door opens. Smith enters with an OFFICER.

INTERROGATION ROOM OFFICER

Sorry we couldn't get you a proper room. This is all we could do.

SMITH

That's okay, at least I won't get distracted.

They smile at each other. The Officer leaves.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - DAY - LATER

Smith is sat at the table, laden with documents and folders. She looks through page after page -- folder after folder.

INT. HALLWAY PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Lewis sits on the other side, looking in. Warner enters. He joins Lewis and they watch Smith as she goes through the files and folders.

WARNER

She got anything?

LEWIS

Not yet. How's she been out there so far?

WARNER

Getting there. She needs to let her emotions go, needs to learn to trust her gut.

LEWIS
(sarcastically)
Yeah, cause that worked out so well
for you.

Warner scowls at him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
You're not ready for retirement,
are you?

WARNER
You're the one who wants me to
spend more time up north.

Lew raises an eyebrow.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith goes through the documents. On the table is a map of
some kind.

She notices something -- quickly flicks through the documents
-- some of them have '*Yuri Bukhanov*' written somewhere. There
is also a mention of '*Anya Romanov*', but Smith's focus is on
Yuri.

Smith goes back to the map -- then to a document -- she's got
something. Smith stands up and goes to the door.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Lewis and Warner stand up as the door opens. Smith steps out.

LEWIS
What is it?

SMITH
Does the name Yuri Bukhanov sound
familiar to you?

Lewis has an anxious expression on his face.

LEWIS
He's a... we've been after him for
a while.

Smith is confused.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
We've gotten close to him before...

SUPER: A photo of Yuri being escorted into the back of a cruiser.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

...but he's always gotten off scot-free.

SUPER: A series of photos show Yuri walking down court steps. There are numerous REPORTERS gathered around.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Why?

SMITH

Because Petr died outside his club.

Smith rushes back into the interrogation room. She comes out holding the map. She unravels it. The map is of Manhattan and has three 'X's' marked at certain locations.

SMITH (CONT'D)

These X's indicate where the victims were found.

LEWIS

Come to my office and we'll look into this further.

They walk to Lewis' office.

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner stand behind Lewis as he searches 'Yuri Bokhanov' on his computer.

LEWIS

Here's an article from a few months ago.

(reading)

"Club owner Yuri Bokhanov recently purchased two of Manhattan's local hot spots: *Phil's*, a bar in East Harlem and *Clement's Pool Hall* in Lennox Hill with plans to create a chain of clubs. *Clement's* recently closed its doors after a fire broke out. The owners of both locations: Phillip Brown and Charles Clement, respectively, had been reported missing just after their businesses were sold, and have been presumed dead. Yuri denied any involvement in their disappearances.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

He stated "I'm just a businessman who wanted to expand his reach." Later testifying in court to prove his innocence."

(he turns to Warner)

What about the girl, what did she say?

Smith gets out her notebook and is about to talk.

WARNER

Nothing.

LEWIS

Do you know how she got hold of the drugs?

SMITH

Said she bought them from someone.

LEWIS

Who?

WARNER

She didn't know. Said he stood in the shadows, wore gloves, had his face obscured.

LEWIS

So it could be anyone in Manhattan?

WARNER

I 'spoke' to a friend on the street. He doesn't know who the suppliers are, but apparently something's coming in on Saturday night.

(he shows Lewis the business card.)

I also got this from the coroner.

LEWIS

Interesting. What does "Old Russia" mean?

WARNER

We don't know.

LEWIS

Anything else?

SMITH

On our way back here, we were tailed by a black Sedan.

LEWIS

By who?

SMITH

No idea, the windows were tinted. I tried speeding away but they kept up. Took side streets but they were still on my tail.

LEWIS

How'd you shake them off?

Smith is reluctant to speak. She sighs -- spills the beans.

SMITH

I had to put both myself and Warner in danger by creating a diversion.

Lewis is curious.

LEWIS

And how did you do that?

SMITH

By... by...

WARNER

By almost causing a crash on an intersection.

LEWIS

Smith, you might be under Warner's guidance, but endangering not only your own lives, but those of civilians as well isn't the way to do it. From now on, I want Warner driving. That okay with you, Mark?

Warner nods. Smith is disappointed.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Use it as a lesson learned. No matter how dangerous your investigation gets, priority number one is always the lives of civilians.

SMITH

Yes, sir.

LEWIS

See what info you can find out about Saturday.

SMITH

Yes, sir.

LEWIS

You've both had a busy morning and
(checks his watch)
it's now two-thirty. You guys had
lunch?

Smith and Warner shake their heads.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Go grab some, take a break, then...
what's the next step in your
investigation?

WARNER

Gonna go and confirm our
suspicions.

Lewis nods. Smith and Warner leave the room.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner walk through the hallway.

WARNER

You a fan of deli sandwiches? You
know, Reubens, Monte Cristos, that
sort of thing?

Smith smiles with relish.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Good, I know this little place.

They continue walking towards the garage.

INT. DELI - DAY

It's small and there's little room to move. To one side is an
OLD MAN standing behind a refrigerated counter filled with a
variety of meats and cheeses. Next to him is a cash register.

There aren't many CUSTOMERS and only two WAITRESSES. There's
music playing from a sound system.

Smith and Warner are sat at a table, partway through their
meal.

SMITH
Why was that guy Lester so scared
of you?

WARNER
You really wanna know?

Smith nods.

EXT. STREET, HARLEM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER: '5 YEARS AGO'

It's pitch black -- a long stretch of road in the heart of Harlem. Cars parked either side -- no one around.

Lester sprints down the street -- sweaty -- tired -- legs buckling -- fighting through it.

His clothes are smeared with blood.

Warner -- gun in hand -- is in hot pursuit. He's calm and collected, as if he's done this thousands of times.

Lester looks behind to see Warner sprinting towards him. He picks up the pace.

WARNER (V.O.)
I was chasing him down one night
after a kid got killed in a drug
deal gone wrong.

Lester is slowing down -- Warner is speeding up -- Lester looks over his shoulder -- Warner's gaining on him.

Lester's scared -- keeps running -- reaches the end of the block -- stops -- turns -- Warner's charging towards him.

Warner points his gun at Lester.

WARNER
Get on the ground! Hands on your
head!

Lester complies.

Warner stands over Lester and cuffs him.

LESTER
I didn't kill that kid.

WARNER
I don't care.

LESTER
You've got the wrong guy.

Warner drags Lester away.

WARNER (PRE-LAP)
He was innocent, but I didn't know
that until after I'd caught him.

INT. DELI, MANHATTAN - DAY

Smith and Warner are sat, talking.

WARNER
It was only after I'd questioned
him and checked the crime scene
that I found out.

SMITH
Then why is he so afraid of you?
You saved him from being wrongly
convicted.

WARNER
My interrogation methods aren't
exactly standard practice.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's dimly-lit. Lester's in cuffs. Sat across is Warner. He shows Lester a picture of a TEENAGE BOY.

Warner undoes Lester's cuffs -- throws him around -- punches him -- kicks him.

Lester's curled up on the floor -- Lewis storms in -- drags Warner away.

EXT. PARK, HARLEM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Warner searches for clues. He finds a blood-stained knife in some nearby bushes and collects it as evidence.

INT. OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY - FLASHBACK

A large room with numerous desks, computers and OFFICERS.

Sitting at one of the desks is Warner. Jane slips a piece of paper onto his desk. He picks it up.

Warner reads it -- shocked -- puts the paper down.

EXT. PRECINCT 34 - DAY - FLASHBACK

Lewis is standing with Lester, just outside the precinct. He shakes his hand.

Lester smiles awkwardly as he walks away.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Warner stands in a drab corridor. In front of him is an apartment door. He knocks.

A SCRUFFY-LOOKING MAN (40s) answers -- Warner throws him against the adjacent wall -- cuffs him. The image freezes.

INT. DELI - DAY

Smith and Warner are sat at the table. Their plates are empty.

SMITH

What about your family then?

Warner stands up and leaves. Smith goes after him.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

Warner is about to get in the cruiser. Smith rushes up to him.

SMITH

Sorry, I shouldn't have asked.

They get in the cruiser.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Smith and Warner are sat in the car. Warner starts it up.

WARNER

Let it go, kid. I'll drop you back at the precinct. Go home and get ready, we're gonna go check out Yuri's place tonight. Meet me in the garage at ten.

They drive off into the distance.

INT. WARNER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Small and simple. No personality to the room.

There are framed pictures on top of the drawers. Most have been turned around. The few that haven't show a happy family of three: MICHELLE (26) WARNER (28) and CHLOE (4).

Warner opens up one of the cupboards. He unlocks a small safe, opens it -- takes out a large revolver.

INT. SMITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Well-furnished and tasteful. The drawers and cupboards are mahogany. On the nightstand next to the bed is a *Raymond Chandler-style* detective novel.

Smith lays in bed looking at a picture of SMITH (10) and FATHER (45). They're both smiling. He's clutching a hunting rifle.

A tear runs down her cheek.

She puts the picture down and wipes away the tears. Smith goes to her wardrobe and opens it.

INT. GARAGE, PRECINCT 34 - NIGHT

Smith, in dark clothes, looks out for Warner. A black Pontiac GTO stops in front of her. The window winds down -- it's Warner.

SMITH

Where'd you get this thing?

WARNER

It's mine. Get in.

Smith gets into the car.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Smith and Warner are sat in the car. Smith sees a duffel bag on the backseat.

SMITH

What's in there?

WARNER

Everything we're gonna need.

He starts the car and they drive off.

INT/EXT. GTO - NIGHT - MOVING

Smith sits next to a determined Warner. She stares out the window at the lack of civilization.

SMITH

Where does Yuri live? It's like we're in another state.

WARNER

On the outskirts, away from everything and everyone.

SMITH

That just seems too easy.

WARNER

Yeah, but if he's connected to the drugs, paying him a visit'll give us some answers.

SMITH

Are we gonna arrest him if he is?

Warner smirks.

WARNER

Not unless you wanna face a lawsuit. You won't win, his lawyer'll find a way to spin it. Always does.

SMITH

So he could be manufacturing and selling drugs, right out in the open and you're just gonna do nothing?

WARNER

Believe me kid, it ain't worth going through the legal system to take this guy down.

SMITH

So what's the logical step, killing him?

WARNER

Wouldn't be the worst idea.

SMITH

Do we have the jurisdiction to...

WARNER

We've been after Yuri enough times for me to not care about the boundaries anymore.

(his tone changes)

Sometimes killing someone is the only way to save the ones we love.

SMITH

Are you okay? We don't have to talk if...

WARNER

Remember kid, don't let your emotions get in the way. It might mean the difference between life and death.

EXT. EMPTY ROAD - NIGHT

The car speeds away into the distance.

EXT. FRONT GATE, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The place is secluded. There's a forest surrounding the estate and a dirt-path leading up to a coded gate.

A GUARD clutching an automatic rifle patrols the area.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A series of trees and bushes with a creek running through. Smith and Warner are crouched behind a tree, just out of the Guard's view.

Smith has large headphones on. They're connected to a parabolic microphone.

Warner stares at the estate through binoculars. On the ground is his duffel bag.

They whisper to each other.

WARNER

Hear anything?

SMITH

No. See anything?

WARNER

An armed guard, a large gate and a brick wall that looks like it stretches all the way round. Seems he's had some work done since my last visit.

Smith starts moving forward. Warner pulls her back.

WARNER (CONT'D)

What are you doing kid? Stay back. If something happens, we'll know from here.

SMITH

So when should we go in for a closer look?

Warner focuses on the Guard by the gate.

WARNER

Best get comfy kid. I don't think we're going anywhere anytime soon.

Beat.

SMITH

You're never gonna open up to me are you?

WARNER

You think if I tell about my family you'll somehow change me?

SMITH

Talking about your problems might help you get over them.

Warner sighs.

EXT. STREET, CONEY ISLAND - DAY - FLASHBACK

It's bright and sunny. KARL (33) -- bowling shirt -- jeans -- sprints away. Sweat drips from his forehead -- a gun in his hand.

He runs through CROWDS -- shoving PEOPLE out the way.

An OLD WOMAN gets pushed to the ground. Her ankle is badly twisted. PEOPLE stop and help her.

SUPER: '30 YEARS AGO'

WARNER (30) -- youthful -- well-built -- blue uniform --
chases Karl through the streets.

WARNER (V.O.)

It was the similar to when I first
encountered Lester...

Karl keeps sprinting but Warner is just as quick.

WARNER (V.O.)

...a guy on the run. This time he
was guilty, no doubt about it.

SMITH (V.O.)

What'd he do?

WARNER (V.O.)

Drug dealer. The neighbor called to
report a domestic disturbance. This
guy had gotten into an argument
with his girlfriend and,
incidentally, his partner in crime.
They had a fight and he beat her to
death.

Warner has almost caught up -- he aims his gun at Karl --
intent on firing.

The CROWD disburses -- shrieks of terror and fear fill the
air.

Warner is overwhelmed by the chaos around him.

WARNER (V.O.)

I was like you kid. Followed the
book. Went by what it says on the
badge. "To protect and serve."

The chase continues -- Karl turns left -- Warner follows.

Karl makes his way towards a park -- Warner pursues him.

EXT. KAISER PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY - FLASHBACK

PEOPLE stroll along the paths and enjoy picnics in the
blistering sun.

Karl runs through it all -- throws everything and everyone
into complete disarray.

Warner runs in -- people in distress all around.

A terrified MOTHER (30s) with a stroller points in the direction Karl went.

Warner runs in that direction.

Karl is getting tired. He runs into a CROWD.

There's a scream.

Warner runs towards it -- sees Karl leave the park.

EXT. STREET, BROOKLYN - DAY - FLASHBACK

PEOPLE clear a space for Warner.

He sees Karl turn a corner -- follows him.

Warner takes out his gun -- aims it at Karl.

WARNER
Stop or I'll shoot.

Karl turns into an alley -- Warner follows.

EXT. ALLEY, BROOKLYN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Karl hits a dead end -- Warner enters -- points his gun at him.

WARNER
Turn around. Show me your hands!

Karl begins to turn around -- he's holding something.

PRE-LAP: A car can be heard driving up the muddy path towards the house.

EXT. FRONT GATE, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The black Sedan is at the gate. The Guard opens the gate to let the car in.

Smith and Warner stare at the car.

SMITH (O.S.)
Is that what I think it is?

WARNER (O.S.)
Same number plate.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Smith and Warner are crouched behind the tree, completely out of sight.

They move closer to the estate. There's a crackle coming from Smith's headphones. They keep moving forward.

Smith steps on some leaves.

PRE-LAP: Leaves crunching.

EXT. FRONT GATE, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The Guard hears it -- goes to check it out.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - NIGHT

The Guard comes ever closer. Smith is scared. Warner watches the Guard.

Smith takes off her headphones and microphone, ready for a fight.

Warner watches the Guard who is almost within arms reach.

Smith is about to approach him -- Warner stops her -- the Guard passes them -- Warner turns to Smith -- nods.

Smith goes behind the Guard -- sleeper hold -- he's out cold.

EXT. FRONT YARD, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A huge mansion surrounded by a brick wall.

Boxes are being loaded into small trucks.

The front gate opens. Two trucks leave the estate.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Smith and Warner look up at the estate ahead of them.

Warner watches the trucks travel down the muddy path.

WARNER

We're gonna have to find a way in without being seen. So the front gate isn't exactly an option.

SMITH

How long do you think we'll have
before they notice the guard is
gone?

WARNER

Not very.

Smith glances down at the body.

SMITH

He looks about your size.

Smith searches the body, finds handcuffs. She twirls them
around her index finger, playfully.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You think these'll get us in? You
put them on me and take me inside.

WARNER

Maybe?

Warner starts unbuttoning the Guard's shirt.

EXT. FRONT GATE, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Warner, now dressed in the Guard's clothing, pulls a
restrained Smith along with him.

WARNER

You ready for this kid?

Smith nods.

Warner puts the key in Smith's hand as they make their way to
the estate.

EXT. YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Warner holds Smith's arm and pulls her along -- she
struggles. GUARD #2 makes his way over.

WARNER

I found her wandering around.
What's protocol?

GUARD #2

Kill any unauthorized personnel
hanging around.

(MORE)

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
 (pulls out pistol and
 points it at Smith)
 I'll do if you're not going to.

He thumbs back the hammer.

WARNER
 No... that's okay... I'll do it
 myself.

Guard #2 hands his gun to Warner. He points it at Smith.

Smith undoes the handcuffs and drops them on the ground.
 Warner notices. Guard #2 is oblivious.

GUARD #2
 What are you waiting for? Kill this
 bitch.

Guard #2 walks up to her -- Steps on the handcuffs -- He
 looks down at them -- then at Smith.

Smith knocks him out with a haymaker.

WARNER
 Okay, kid, let's go see what Yuri's
 up to with those boxes. You stay
 here, I'll get the equipment.

Warner goes back to the car. Smith runs and hides.

EXT. GARDEN, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

It's busy and there are stacks of blank boxes. More armed
 GUARDS patrol the area.

Yuri talks to a WOMAN her back is turned.

YURI
 (In Russian)
 The trucks will be back soon to
 pick up the rest. Don't worry, when
 the equipment comes, we'll start
 production.

WOMAN
 (In Russian)
 Good. Did you run the plate of the
 van I tailed earlier?

YURI
 (In Russian)
 Yes, it was the police.

The Woman slaps Yuri hard across the face.

WOMAN

(In Russian)

The fucking cops! Do we know who they were talking to?

YURI

(In Russian)

His name is Lester...

INT. BATHROOM, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The lights have been dimmed, making it difficult to see into the large, porcelain-filled room.

Smith and Warner stand by the window with their headphones on an microphones out, eavesdropping on the conversation.

SMITH

(whispering)

They just said 'Lester', that can't be good.

YURI (O.S.)

(In Russian)

Some drug dealer. Nothing we can't sort out.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(In Russian)

Good.

YURI (O.S.)

A blizzard will arrive from Old Russia on Saturday. Then we can start supplying the streets.

SMITH

(whispering)

Wasn't that written on the card?

Warner nods.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(In Russian)

Good. This will drive our operation forward.

WARNER

(whispering)

The man is Yuri but who's he with?

SMITH
(whispering)
I don't know? Are you sure they
can't see us?

WARNER
(whispering)
Yeah, we'll be fine up here. Just
be quiet and let me listen.

Smith spots the Bodyguard.

SMITH
(whispering)
Over there by that stack of crates.
He looks familiar.

WARNER
(whispering)
What's he doing here?

The Bodyguard makes his way inside.

The Bodyguard's footsteps can be heard as he makes his way up
the stairs -- they get louder as he gets closer.

His footsteps stop outside the door.

The bathroom lights brighten.

Smith is worried -- Warner doesn't move -- just stares at the
door. He takes off the headset and puts the microphone aside.

The doorknob slowly turns -- Smith is nervous -- no reaction
from Warner -- he's focused on the door.

Warner gets out his gun.

The door opens -- the Bodyguard stands in the doorway --
stares at Warner -- eyes at the gun.

Warner glances up at the light fixture -- shoots it -- the
room goes pitch black -- a loud smack is heard -- followed by
feet pounding on the ground.

The door slams shut.

EXT. YURI'S ESTATE, GARDEN - NIGHT

Yuri glances up at the bathroom window. He turns to a GUARD.

YURI
(re: noise)
Go check it out.

A few GUARDS go inside.

Yuri goes back to talking to the Woman.

INT. BATHROOM/HALLWAY, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The Bodyguard walks out into the hallway. His cheek is red.

INT. BATHROOM, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The door is open. Light from the hallway brightens up the room. Glass all over the floor.

The Bodyguard pushes past Yuri's Guards.

EXT. FRONT GATE, YURI'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Smith and Warner run away -- the equipment in their hands -- the Bodyguard chasing after them.

Smith and Warner make it to the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Smith and Warner reach the car -- Smith opens the door -- throws the equipment in the back -- Warner does the same -- he's about to get in -- the Bodyguard tackles him to the ground.

The two men wrestle -- punching and strangling each other -- both evenly matched -- as one man gets the upper hand, the other counters.

Smith spots Warner's gun -- scoops it up -- points it at the two men -- they're too engaged in their fight to notice.

She thumbs back the hammer -- they both hear it -- stop instantly.

The Bodyguard is on top of Warner. Blood streaming down both of their faces.

WARNER
Take the shot kid.

Smith's hand trembles.

WARNER (CONT'D)
C'mon, pull the trigger.

Warner knocks the Bodyguard out with a single punch. He rolls the body and stands up.

Smith is catatonic.

INT/EXT. GTO - NIGHT

Smith stares at the Bodyguard laid out on the ground as Warner drives away.

INT. GARAGE, PRECINCT 34 - NIGHT

The lights come on. The sound of the car reverberates around the room as Smith and Warner drive in.

Warner parks the car.

INT. GTO - NIGHT

Smith and Warner sit there. Warner turns round and grabs the duffel bag from the back seat.

Warner gets out.

INT. GARAGE, PRECINCT 34/GTO - NIGHT

Warner stands next to the car with the duffel bag on his shoulder. Smith is still sat in the car. She looks up at Warner with puppy dog eyes.

WARNER
What is it kid?

SMITH
I could've saved you, I'm sorry.

WARNER
Let it go. Go home, get some sleep.

Warner opes the door. Smith steps out. She and Warner leave.

INT. STORE ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - NIGHT

A large room filled with old SWAT gear, weapons, equipment and other such items.

Warner empties the bag. He yawns, checks his watch and leaves the room.

Beat.

Footsteps get louder and louder -- the door opens.

INT. STORE ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

The recording equipment sits on the shelf. Warner enters and grabs it.

INT. OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Warner is at his desk with the equipment scattered around his computer. He's angry. OFFICERS avoid him.

Smith enters. She grabs a chair and sits next to Warner.

SMITH

What is it?

WARNER

The conversation from last night,
someone's erased it.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Warner opens a folder. It's empty.

Warner slams his fists down on the desk. People stare at him.

SMITH

It's just a minor setback.
Remember, tomorrow, something's
coming in from "Old Russia." We'll
just have to use what we heard as a
hunch and go on that.

Warner is still enraged, his fists tightly clenched.

SMITH (CONT'D)

What do we do then?

WARNER

Pay someone a visit.

SMITH

Who?

Warner gets up.

WARNER

You'll see. C'mon, kid.

Smith stands up. She and Warner walk out.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner walk through the hallway, talking.

SMITH

Who are we going after this time?
You saw what was going on last
night. Yuri's our guy.

WARNER

We can't go after Yuri directly,
but we can go after the man
protecting him.

SMITH

His lawyer?

WARNER

And I know exactly where to find
him. Get changed and meet me in the
garage in an hour.

Smith goes one way, Warner keeps walking.

INT. ARCHIVES, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Warner enters and goes over to one of the filing cabinets.
He opens it and flicks through until he finds a file labelled
'Govsky, Dmitri'. He picks it up.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

The GTO is parked adjacent to a building with large glass
double doors and a plaque above it.

INT. GTO - DAY

Smith, wearing smart-casual clothes, is in the passenger
seat. She flicks through the file. Warner watches outside the
window at a building across the street.

SMITH

So how many times has this Dmitri
guy gotten in the way?

WARNER

Every time.

SUPER: The same courthouse photos as before, but this time the focus is on DMITRI GOVSKY (35) short -- scrawny -- impeccably-dressed. He and Yuri make their way down the steps.

SMITH

And your plan is to...

WARNER

Go into his office when he leaves for lunch and have a look around.

SMITH

So we're just gonna waltz in and go through every document and file until we find some answers?

Warner smirks.

WARNER

I never said "we".

Warner checks his watch, then looks out the window.

OUTSIDE: Dmitri walks down the stone steps of the building and down the street.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Here he comes.

Smith sighs.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Smith gets out the car. Warner hands her a large bag.

Smith makes her way towards the building. The plaque above the entrance reads: *HARRIS & GOVSKY ASSOCIATES LTD. -- ATTORNEYS AT LAW.*

INT. RECEPTION, HARRIS & GOVSKY - DAY

A small waiting area with a RECEPTIONIST behind a desk. There's leather furniture and a coffee table with some magazines.

To one side is a door.

Smith strolls in and goes to the front desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello and welcome to Govsky and Harris. Do you have an appointment?

Smith smiles as she approaches the Receptionist.

SMITH

Yes, with Mr. Govsky.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm afraid he's just gone to lunch.

Smith glances at her phone.

SMITH

Our meeting was scheduled for one this afternoon. Do you know when he'll be back?

RECEPTIONIST

Not for a while, he had an urgent meeting to go to. Do you think you could come back later today?

SMITH

Not today, perhaps we could reschedule?

RECEPTIONIST

May I ask what this is regarding?

SMITH

Yes, a colleague of mine recommended him to me.

RECEPTIONIST

Is it something Mr. Harris might be able to assist with? He's in the office right now and I'm sure he'd be happy to talk to you if you've got a case.

Smith smiles.

SMITH

That would be great.

The Receptionist picks up the phone and dials a number.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment please... Martin, hello, I've got...

She gestures to Smith to give her name.

SMITH
Amanda Johnson.

RECEPTIONIST
I've got Amanda Johnson here. She has an appointment with Dmitri but she'd be happy to talk to you... yep... okay, I'll send her up.

She puts the phone down.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Okay Mrs. Johnson, go through the door, up the stairs, and it's the first door on your left.

Smith smiles at the Receptionist as she opens the door.

INT. HALLWAY, HARRIS & GOVSKY - DAY

It's short and narrow. There are a number of doors on either side. Smith can be heard coming up the stairs. She enters the hallway and finds the door.

It reads: '*HARRIS & GOVSKY CRIMINAL ATTORNEYS ASC. LTD.*'

She knocks.

HARRIS (O.S.)
Come in.

Smith enters.

INT. OFFICE, GOVSKY & HARRIS - DAY

A large room with two desks, chairs and modern furnishings. There are framed photos on the walls and a bookshelf with an abundance of law books.

Sat at one of the desks is MARTIN HARRIS (67) tall -- wrinkled face -- tailored suit.

HARRIS
Good afternoon Mrs. Johnson, I'm Martin Harris. Please have a seat.

Harris stands up and extends his arm. He and Smith shake hands. Smith sits down.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Care for a drink?

Harris goes to a table with expensive spirits, an ice box and some tumbler glasses.

SMITH

No, that's okay, it's a bit early
for me.

He opens the cabinet underneath to reveal a fridge with soft drinks.

HARRIS

Not to worry, we have soft drinks
if you'd prefer.

SMITH

Actually, some of that apple juice
would be nice.

HARRIS

Ice?

Smith nods.

Harris takes out the bottle. He grabs a glass, drops in a few ice cubes and pours the drink.

He puts the bottle back and closes the fridge. He then pours himself a stiff one.

Harris takes both drinks to the desk, he hands Smith hers.

Harris raises his glass.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Cheers.

(they clink glasses)

Now, what can I do for you?

SMITH

I'm in a difficult situation at the moment. I have this neighbor who's just horrible. No one else's said anything and it's getting worse; so I'm looking to get him evicted from the property.

HARRIS

You are aware that we deal in criminal cases, not tenant disputes?

SMITH

I thought maybe you'd be willing to do something a little different, y'know, help the little guy.

HARRIS

This isn't normally what we do, but I can help as best I can. What's your address?

SMITH

It's sixteen, Essex Apartments.

HARRIS

And your neighbor's name?

SMITH

James... Mason. No relation to...

HARRIS

What's Mr. Mason done that...

Harris' desk phone rings.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Apologies, excuse me a moment...
(he answers the phone)
Hello, Martin Harris here... yes...
yes of course... I'm just with
someone now could you... no?...
Okay, only if it's quick.

He puts the phone down.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Won't be a moment, do you mind
waiting here while I sort this out?

SMITH

Not at all.

Harris rushes out the room.

Once the sound of his footsteps disappear, Smith goes to Dmitri's desk and searches through the drawers. There are numerous papers but nothing related to 'Yuri' or 'Frostbite'.

She searches the room but doesn't find anything.

Smith goes through a few filing cabinets and comes across a folder with Yuri's name on it.

She stuffs the folder in her bag. Then sends Warner a text --
"Got something."

Footsteps can be heard from outside. Smith notices that she's left the drawer open.

The doorknob turns -- Smith rushes over to the cabinet.

The door opens. Harris enters.

HARRIS

Apologies for that, some of our clients are very stressed. As is the nature of the business.

Smith is sat in her chair.

The cabinet drawer is closed.

SMITH

That's quite okay...

Smith's phone bings. She glances down at it. It's a message from Warner. She raises an eyebrow.

HARRIS

Anything important?

SMITH

Oh my! I really must go.
(stands up)
Do you have a number I can call to reschedule.

Harris grabs a business card from a small stack and hands it to her.

HARRIS

Phone this number. If I don't pick up, try the one underneath and schedule something with Tracy downstairs.

SMITH

Absolutely, thank you ever so much for the drink and for seeing me. I'll certainly be in touch.

Harris stands up, walks over to the door and holds it open. Smith leaves. Harris shuts the door behind her.

INT/EXT. GTO - DAY

Smith comes out of the building and rushes down the stairs. She goes over to the car.

Warner rolls down the window.

Smith holds up the folder and hands it to him. She goes round to the passenger's side and gets in.

They sit in the car and go through the folder. Warner stares at it. Inside are documents, maps, names, photos, dates -- the works.

WARNER

Good job, kid. We'll go through it back at the precinct.

(beat)

Who's Anya Romanov?

SMITH

She was mentioned once in the ecstasy files down at the station. Why?

WARNER

Her name's all over these files. Can't be a coincidence.

Warner hands the folder to Smith and starts the car.

EXT/INT. GTO - DAY - MOVING

They drive towards the precinct.

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

There's a knock at the door.

LEWIS

Come in.

Smith and Warner enter and sit opposite him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

What've you got?

Warner hands Lewis the folder.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

My -- my -- what have we here?

WARNER

Everything. People involved, locations, times, dates. The whole shebang.

LEWIS

Great work guys. This is everything we need.
(opens desk drawer)
I'll put this away for safekeeping.

WARNER

No, that's okay, we're gonna go through it to take what we can.

Warner snatches the folder out of Lewis' hand, leaving him speechless. Smith is stunned.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Captain, as soon as we've got what we need, you can have this thing. I swear.

Lewis sighs.

LEWIS

Okay, but remember, just because you're investigating this case, doesn't mean you can mishandle or tamper with evidence. I expect to see everything in this folder when I look at it myself.

SMITH

Yes sir, you can count on us.

Smith and Warner leave.

Warner has the folder under his arm.

INT. HALLWAY, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner walk through to the main office.

WARNER

Let's go grab some food and go through this in private.

SMITH

Why, don't you trust Lewis?

WARNER

No, there's something off about him. It's because of Andrea Russell. He's so far up her ass he can taste what she eats.

SMITH

You think we should see if he's involved in all this too?

WARNER

Might be worth looking into, but first we need to find out what's going on tomorrow night. And before we do, I gotta make a quick phone call.

Warner walks away. Smith heads towards the garage.

INT. GTO - DAY - MOVING

Warner is driving. Smith has the file on her lap.

SMITH

Where are we going?

WARNER

Somewhere quiet.

Smith notices the duffel bag on the backseat.

SMITH

More stakeout equipment?

WARNER

No, just guns.

Smith is curious.

SMITH

What for?

WARNER

Shooting.

SMITH

Who?

WARNER

Not 'who', what.

Smith is confused.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - DAY

They drive off.

INT. DELI, MANHATTAN - DAY

It's as sparsely populated as it was last time. Same WAITSTAFF as before. Same Old Man behind the counter.

Smith and Warner eat lunch. The folder is open on the table.

WARNER

So what have we got here?

SMITH

Some maps of the city. The same location's been circled on a number of documents.

WARNER

Where is it?

SMITH

Looks like a dock.

WARNER

Anything referring to "Old Russia"?

Smith flicks through the folder -- looks through document after document.

SMITH

It's mentioned several times but there was something...

She finds a map with a note attached.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Here,
 (she points to a line)
 "Frostbite coming in on the sixteenth..." that's Saturday, "...from 'Old Russia'"; which, from all these maps looks like somewhere in Alaska.
 (she thinks -- it clicks)
 Hey, that's pretty clever.

WARNER

What?

SMITH

How well do you know your Twentieth Century history?

WARNER

How far back?

SMITH

Late fifties. Alaska became a state after we purchased it from...

WARNER

The Russians. Good job kid. Let's finish up here. I've got a surprise for you. Hopefully Ben's set everything up.

SMITH

What for? And who's Ben?

WARNER

You'll see and he's the coroner.

Warner stands up. Smith throws everything into the folder and stands up.

SMITH

One more question.

WARNER

What?

They wander towards the door.

SMITH

Why d'you like this place so much?

WARNER

Best Reuben in the city.

Smith smirks as they leave.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A large and long-abandoned space. There are numerous CADAVERS on hooks. They are attached to a series of ropes and pulleys.

Smith walks in, astonished. Warner follows, the duffel bag on his shoulder.

SMITH

What is all this?

WARNER

You're gonna learn to throw caution to the wind and fire a gun.

SMITH

Why?

WARNER

Because I've got a feeling that soon, you're gonna have to shoot someone.

SMITH

And you think shooting corpses is the best way to get over it?

WARNER

They're dead, can't hurt yah.

Warner puts the bag down and walks over to a lever. He pulls it and the bodies move around, swaying from side to side on the hooks.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Open the bag.

Smith unzips the bag -- pulls out a pistol and a magazine.

WARNER (CONT'D)

You ready, kid?

She hesitantly loads the gun.

SMITH

I guess.

MONTAGE

--INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - SMITH'S TARGET PRACTICE

Smith runs through the warehouse, dodging the bodies.

She rolls out the way of a body -- turns and squeezes the trigger -- a shot in the cadaver's chest.

--INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - SMITH'S TARGET PRACTICE

A body flies toward Smith.

She aims the gun and fires -- hits it right between the eyes.

--INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - SMITH'S TARGET PRACTICE

The bodies go faster -- Smith dodges them. She's tired -- panting.

A corpses slams into her from behind -- knocks her to the ground.

Warner chuckles.

--INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - SMITH'S TARGET PRACTICE

Warner stands in front of a corpse -- he grabs it's arm -- holds it around his neck -- plays hostage.

Smith aims the gun -- her hand shakes. Warner nods.

She breathes in, exhales slowly -- hand steadies.

Beat.

She squeezes the trigger.

The bullet flies through the air -- whistles past Warner's ear -- hits the corpse in the head.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - LATER

There are numerous bullet-riddled bodies on the ground. Smith and Warner are sat well away, talking.

WARNER

Now I've got a serious question for you.

Smith is curious.

SMITH

Go on.

WARNER

What is it with you and guns anyway?

Smith pauses. A tear runs down her cheek.

EXT. SNOWY FOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

Tons of snow-covered trees fill the area. FATHER (40) -- tall -- full hunting gear -- stands with YOUNG SMITH (10) a bright-faced and innocent-looking girl.

Father has a rifle in his hand.

SUPER: '16 YEARS AGO'

FATHER

You've watched me do this since you were five. Now it's your turn.

He hands her the rifle. They walk through the forest.

Father spots a buck in the distance.

FATHER (CONT'D)

See that, doll?

He points to the buck. Young Smith focuses on where he's pointing.

YOUNG SMITH

Yeah?

FATHER

That's your target.

She aims the rifle.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Keep it steady...

YOUNG SMITH

Breathe in and breathe out as I squeeze. I know, daddy.

Young Smith breathes in. She exhales as she squeezes the trigger.

The shot rings out through the forest. The buck goes down.

FATHER

Good shot, doll. Now go make sure it's dead so I can skin it. We can take it back to the cabin for dinner. Your mom'll be pleased, she loves venison.

Father smiles. Young Smith runs towards the buck.

She reaches the body. It's still alive -- barely breathing.

Young Smith points the rifle at its head -- her hands shake -- she can't bring herself to pull the trigger.

Father rushes over.

FATHER (CONT'D)
What is it, doll?

Young Smith gives him the rifle and runs away.

She hides behind a tree, waiting for the invertible. She puts her fingers in her ears and closes her eyes. A tear runs down her cheek.

A gunshot rings out around the forest.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Smith and Warner are sat chatting.

WARNER
You're a good kid.

Smith smiles.

SMITH
What about the story you were
telling me?

WARNER
Which one?

SMITH
The one about your family.

Warner thinks for a moment, then remembers.

WARNER
Yes, where was I?

SMITH
You'd cornered the guy, then he
turned around.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, BROOKLYN - DAY - FLASHBACK

The image unfreezes. Karl turns. Warner is shocked to see his daughter, Chloe, held hostage. A gun pressed against her head. She screams and cries but Karl covers her mouth.

KARL
Fire the gun -- she dies. Move
forward -- she dies.

Warner points the gun at Karl. Neither man is backing down.

KARL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna do it, I swear.

Chloe bites down hard on Karl's hand -- draws blood -- he screeches in pain -- drops her -- Chloe falls to the ground.

Warner shoots Karl multiple times -- beyond the point of death.

He gets out his radio.

WARNER

We need a few cops. I got the son-of-a-bitch. I'm in an alley on Harway.

Warner scoops up Chloe and holds her tight in his arms.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Smith and Warner sit, chatting.

WARNER

After that, I told my wife to leave. I didn't want them in danger ever again.

SMITH

You didn't consider quitting the force and getting another job?

Warner shakes his head.

WARNER

I'd already been on the force long enough to know that I wasn't gonna give it up. I'd rather Chloe grew up away from me, somewhere safe. Michelle took her to Vancouver and they've lived there ever since.

SMITH

D'you ever visit them?

WARNER

Last time I saw them was... when... Chloe finished her doctorate. I got her a gold necklace as a graduation present.

SMITH

How long ago was that?

Warner thinks for a moment.

WARNER

A few years.

Smith is stunned.

SMITH

You have to go up north after all this and stay with them. Even for a little bit.

WARNER

We'll see. First we've gotta take down Yuri's operation.

SMITH

And how are we gonna do that?

WARNER

By raiding the docks on that map.

SMITH

We'd need a whole team, Captain won't sign off on that.

WARNER

When he reads the file he will.

Warner closes the file.

INT. OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

It's quiet. A lot of empty desks. A few Officers are spread out, working on the computers. There's a humming sound coming from an air con.

Smith and Warner enter. Warner has the folder under his arm.

WARNER

Lewis in?

An OFFICER gives them a thumbs-up.

They walk towards Lewis' office.

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Lewis is sat at his desk, filling out paperwork. There's a knock at the door.

LEWIS

Come in.

The door opens, Smith and Warner enter.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Where've you guys been?

WARNER

Bonding.

Lewis notices the folder under Warner's arm.

LEWIS

Good, you brought Dmitri's folder.
Give it to me.

WARNER

Not yet, we want something from
you.

LEWIS

Name it.

Warner opens the folder and takes out some of the maps and documents.

WARNER

Tomorrow night there's a shipment
coming in, likely from Alaska. Set
up a team to go down to the docks
to put a stop to it. It's likely
that Yuri's gonna be there.

LEWIS

Done. Anything else?

Warner shakes his head. He throws the folder onto Lewis' desk. Smith and Warner leave.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A convoy of SWAT trucks drive along a quiet street.

INT. SWAT VAN - NIGHT

It's spacious but packed with OFFICERS. All of them geared up. Lewis is among them.

LEWIS

This is it. The night we finally arrest Yuri Bukhanov and stop the flow of Frostbite before it can even start.

Lewis holds up a map.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Get a good look. This is where we're heading.

EXT. STREET, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The SWAT trucks continue speeding down the street into the night.

EXT. DOCKS, MANHATTAN - NIGHT

It's windy. Lights illuminate the area. ARMED GUARDS patrol the area.

Some are atop shipping crates.

Dmitri is running the show -- ordering and directing WORKERS carrying boxes.

There's a few open shipping crates filled with the boxes.

DMITRI

(In Russian)

Hurry up, hurry up. We need this out by tonight.

Among the people moving boxes is the Bodyguard. He lifts up his sunglasses to reveal a black eye and swelling round his cheek.

The boxes are being put into the backs of box trucks, similar to the ones that left Yuri's estate.

Dmitri berates a SLACKER and smacks them until they speed up.

He grins as he lights a cigarette.

EXT. SWAT TRUCKS/DOCK - NIGHT

Around the perimeter of the dock, Officers prepare for the raid. Smith and Warner get out of a truck.

WARNER

You ready for this, kid?

Smith nods.

Lewis gestures for a TEAM of Officers to go.

He points to a location and gestures for another TEAM and another TEAM.

Smith, Warner and Lewis are the only ones left.

Lewis heads off, rifle in hand.

Warner hands Smith a pistol. He takes out his revolver.

They head towards the dock.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

The operation is in full swing. The POLICE are closing in. They take out some of the ARMED GUARDS.

The number of Armed Guards diminishes by the second.

Dmitri is oblivious.

An OFFICER goes up behind a Guard -- takes him out. He moves the body out of sight -- makes his way closer to the operation.

Warner goes up to a Guard -- smacks him round the head with his gun -- the Guard drops to the ground -- he moves the body.

Smith goes up to a Guard -- incapacitates him -- struggles to shift the body.

She watches Warner batter a Guard -- he's enjoying it.

There are less and less Guards -- some of the Workers notice. One is about to say something -- Dmitri tells them to get back to work.

The Police are closing in -- creeping up towards the operation.

The Bodyguard sees them approaching and promptly leaves.

A Guard on top of a shipping crate is shot -- he stumbles -- falls off -- crashes through a box -- glass goes everywhere.

A car can be heard driving away.

Pandemonium -- everyone running away -- screams --
a shoot-out ensues.

Dmitri panics -- pulls out a pistol -- fires aimlessly.

Guards drop dead -- Dmitri is terrified.

More Guards are killed -- Workers have split.

Soon it's just Dmitri. A spotlight from a helicopter finds
him. He's calm and collected, grinning as he surrenders.

An OFFICER comes up behind Dmitri and cuffs him. She lifts
Dmitri to his feet and drags him away.

Lewis opens one of the boxes. It's filled with chemistry
equipment.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - NIGHT

Dmitri sits across from Smith and Warner with his hands in
cuffs. From the looks on their faces, they've been at this
for a while.

WARNER

Where are the drugs?

DMITRI

I'm not talking until I get my
phone call.

WARNER

You'll get your phone call, now
spill it.

DMITRI

I have nothing to worry about. I'll
be out of here anytime now.

Dmitri checks his watch, not bothered by his current
situation.

Warner gestures for he and Smith to go outside.

INT. HALLWAY/INTERROGATION ROOM, PRECINCT 34 - NIGHT

Smith takes a seat and watches Dmitri through the two-way
glass. Warner wanders up and down the room, thinking.

On the chair next to Smith is a phone.

SMITH

What are we gonna do about this guy? It doesn't look like he's gonna talk.

WARNER

We'll give him his phone call and see where it gets us.

Warner picks up the phone. He opens the door and storms in.

He puts the phone on the table and leaves Dmitri to his business.

Warner stands next to Smith. They watch Dmitri.

Dmitri dials a number. He puts the phone to his ear, covering his mouth to muffle his voice. He talks to someone then hangs up.

Warner goes inside. He talks to Dmitri, takes the phone away and leaves.

SMITH

What did he say?

WARNER

That he'll be out of here in the morning.

SMITH

So what's the plan?

Warner goes back into the interrogation room. He grabs Dmitri by his shirt and throws him up against the wall.

Smith watches, worried.

EXT. PRECINCT 34 - DAY

A press conference has been set up. Numerous JOURNALISTS stand outside. Cameras and microphones aplenty.

Andrea and Lewis exit the building, followed by two Officers escorting Dmitri.

Andrea goes up to the podium.

ANDREA

This morning I am pleased to announce that with this major arrest as part of a raid made last night...

Smith walks towards the precinct. She joins the CROWD and watches.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
...we've been able to prevent plans to begin the manufacture and distribution of the drug known as Frostbite throughout the city.

Warner joins Smith.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I am also delighted to announce that my campaign for the senate begins now.

Cheers from the crowd as posters rain down from the sky. Much to their surprise and delight. PEOPLE pick them up, intrigued.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Now, you might be wondering why I've chosen to give this conference outside one of the city's many police precincts. It's because my campaign will focus on putting more funding towards the numerous men and women who give their lives to protect our streets. And to the academy that trains them.

Andrea scans the crowd --- spots Smith.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Will Amanda Smith please join me?

The crowd turns to look at Smith. They then make a space for her to walk through.

Smith makes her way to the podium.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Now, Amanda Smith is a cadet who will be graduating very soon. She's currently working with a veteran detective on this case, and without their investigation, I wouldn't be giving this press conference today.

Smith stands next to Andrea. She gives an awkward smile and waves.

More cheers.

Andrea steps away from the podium and gestures for Smith to say a few words.

Smith refuses. Andrea steps back to the podium.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

She's shy.

There's some laughter from the crowd. Andrea grabs a poster and holds it up.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

When you go to the polls, vote
Russell. Not just for a brighter
Manhattan. Not just for a brighter
New York. But for a brighter
America.

Massive cheers as Andrea walks off stage. Journalists start trying to get a statement and asking questions. She walks past all of them.

Warner watches, quizzical.

Smith walks off the stage. Some Journalists try to get a statement but she rushes past and goes back to Warner.

The crowd disburse.

Andrea whispers something to Lewis before joining the Bodyguard. Lewis turns to an OFFICER and whispers something. Dmitri's cuffs are removed.

The Bodyguard throws Dmitri into the back of the black Sedan and drives off.

SMITH

Any ideas where they're headed?

Warner shakes his head. They watch Lewis go inside.

WARNER

Let's go find out. There's
something fishy going on, and I
think Lewis is part of it.

Smith and Warner make their way to the precinct.

INT. LEWIS' OFFICE, PRECINCT 34 - DAY

Smith and Warner are sat across the desk from Lewis.

SMITH
Why did Dmitri get released?

LEWIS
Because we had nothing to charge
him with.

SMITH
There were armed guards that shot
at us and everything!

LEWIS
Dmitri surrendered.

SMITH
Okay, why did he go off with
Andrea?

LEWIS
Because Ms. Russell was kind enough
to drop him home.
(Beat)
I had a look at that file.

Lewis gets it out of the drawer and puts it on the desk.

Smith opens the file, flicks through it. She notices a map of
the docks. As she continues, she picks out the map of the
city. There's an 'X' marking some locations: Lennox Hill,
Harlem and a circle around Yuri's night club.

SMITH
I've seen this map before.

Lewis and Warner are interested.

LEWIS
Go on.

She points to one of marked locations.

SMITH
When I first discovered it was Yuri
who was involved.

She points to another.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Harlem and Lennox Hill, Yuri bought
them, but why? It has something to
do with whatever happened in...
That's it!
(To Lewis)
Can you make a phone call?

LEWIS
To who?

SMITH
Alaskan Police.

LEWIS
Why?

SMITH
See if a drug bust was made within
the last year.

Lewis is confused.

SMITH (CONT'D)
That's why those locations are so
important. Let's go, Warner.

Smith rushes out.

Warner looks at Lewis, surprised. He shrugs and follows
Smith.

Once the sound of their footsteps has disappeared, Lewis
makes a phone call.

LEWIS
They're on their way. Be ready.

He hangs up.

INT/EXT. GTO - DAY

Smith and Warner are sat in the car. Warner drives at quite a
pace.

WARNER
Where to, kid?

SMITH
Yuri's club, it's where they were
gonna manufacture the drugs. Those
locations were possible
manufacturing points; but after the
deaths of Clement and Brown, the
only place they could use without
arousing suspicion was Yuri's own
club.

Warner's confused.

WARNER

So he compromised the pool hall and the bar on purpose?

SMITH

No, I think Clement found out about the drugs so Yuri had him killed and then tried to burn down the pool hall to make it look like an accident and cover his tracks. He then bought the place so it looked like he planned to reopen it.

WARNER

Then why did he buy Phil's bar as well?

SMITH

Because Charles and Phil were friends. They were the two guys in that photo we found at the pool hall. Charles must've told Phil about Yuri's plan.

Warner nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)

And I'm guessing their corpses were the ones the coroner showed us; and d'you know who orchestrated it all?

WARNER

Who?

SMITH

Anya Romanov, the one in charge. She was also the one who sold Natalya the drugs before she went into the club; and was the one who tailed us after we spoke to Lester. That black Sedan is hers. And who is driven around in a black Sedan?

WARNER

Andrea Russell.

SMITH

Exactly. Let's go confirm our suspicions.

Warner speeds up.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - DAY

The car is parked outside the club, which still has police tape around it.

Smith and Warner get out of the car and head towards the club.

INT. DANCE FLOOR, NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Smith and Warner enter. It's quiet. They look at each other.

Warner gestures for Smith to search the upstairs as he searches the ground floor. He points to a door and mouths, "Basement."

Smith and Warner search the club.

They meet at the door. Warner opens it.

A stairwell leads to the basement. Smith and Warner go inside.

INT. STAIRWELL, NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Water drips from an old pipe. Smith and Warner go down the stairs.

They come to a door, voices can be heard on the other side.

DMITRI (O.S.)

I keep telling you, I don't know
how they found out.

YURI (O.S.)

This will all stop once you tell us
why the police knew about the
docks. It's all been seized...

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT CLUB - DAY

A large, dimly-lit room. Dmitri is tied to a chair, his face is bloodied and bruised. The Bodyguard stands back. His knuckles stained with blood. Yuri stands over Dmitri.

There's a radio on the floor.

YURI

...which makes things difficult and
pushes our operation backwards.

DMITRI

It all went missing, I don't know
how. It was in my office and now
it's gone.

Yuri steps back.

YURI

I don't think he's ready to talk.
Persuade him.

He turns the radio back up and nods at the Bodyguard.

The Bodyguard comes back and starts laying into Dmitri with
punch after punch. He steps back as Dmitri spits out blood
and a few teeth.

INT. STAIRWELL, NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Smith and Warner wait by the door.

Warner checks his gun. He nods to the beat of the music.
Smith watches, confused.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT CLUB - DAY

Warner burst in, his gun aimed right at Yuri.

He steps aside. Smith enters, points her gun at the
Bodyguard.

DMITRI

Help me, these people kidnapped me.
I didn't do anything.

WARNER

Shut the fuck up, you're all
guilty.

Yuri, Dmitri and the Bodyguard start laughing. Smith and
Warner are confused.

Andrea comes up from behind and knocks them both out with a
baton.

INT. BASEMENT, NIGHT CLUB - DAY - LATER

Smith and Warner are cuffed to chairs. Their guns, as well as
Warner's badge, are on the table.

Standing in front of them are Yuri, Andrea, the Bodyguard and Dmitri, whose face is unharmed.

Smith wakes up -- looks around -- focuses on Andrea.

SMITH

Why are you doing this? I thought you wanted to support the police.

Andrea smiles.

ANDREA

I do, but it's just that drugs bring in way more money than taxes. I can't help it if my cousin's a dealer. What I can do, is help him distribute the product and use the profits to fund you bastards; as well as my campaign. But every empire needs its foundations. Unfortunately, Mr. Clement found out, so we had to shut him up.

SMITH

But what about Phil Brown?

ANDREA

Buying one man's business and then making him disappear all of a sudden would've created too many problems and we knew about their friendship so he also had to be taken care of. We also bought his business afterwards and planned to turn them into a chain of clubs. We could create the drugs at one location and sell them at the others.

Warner wakes up.

WARNER

Wha... what's going on?

SMITH

Yuri and Andrea are cousins.

Warner nods.

Andrea turns her attention to him.

ANDREA

We've got something extra special for you, detective. Bring him in.

The Bodyguard leaves the room.

Beat.

The door opens. Lester is thrown into the room, battered -- beaten and bound up.

The Bodyguard enters.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

We saw him talking to you a few days ago. Since then, he's been here; and he's told me everything, eventually.

Andrea takes out a gun -- rolls Lester over onto his back -- crouches over him -- pulls him up by his T-shirt -- forces the barrel of the gun down his throat.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I'm glad I kept him alive long enough for you to watch this.

Lester squirms -- Smith turns away -- no reaction from Warner.

The gun goes off.

The Bodyguard drags Lester's lifeless corpse out the room
Andrea stands next to Yuri.

The Bodyguard returns.

WARNER

How'd you wanna get out of this one, kid?

LEWIS (O.S.)

There's no getting out of this, Mark.

Lewis suddenly appears.

SMITH

You're with them, aren't you? You were the one who erased everything we recorded.

Lewis nods.

LEWIS

Only because it'll benefit the precinct. We need that money. We need it to make everything better.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

The public don't trust us anymore.
Especially with the number of
shootings that happen each year.

SMITH

What about everything you said at
the academy? About working your
hardest to be the future of law
enforcement.

Lewis loads a pistol.

LEWIS

You'd make a great detective,
Smith, but unfortunately...

He goes behind her and presses the gun against her head.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

...you won't even live to graduate.

Smith winces.

Lewis pulls the trigger --- nothing happens. He clicks it a
few more times, still nothing.

Everyone is shocked.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Oh god dammit. You see what I mean?
This is why we need new...

He checks the gun.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

...oh, no, wait, the safety was on.

Lewis turns the 'safety' off and points the gun at Smith.
Smith shuts her eyes as Lewis pulls the trigger.

She opens them. Looks around. Everyone is stunned, Lewis shot
the chain of the cuffs.

He points his gun at Andrea.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You think I'd really help you? I'm
a cop. In fact, I'm more than that,
I run the cops. Smith, undo
Warner's cuffs and grab your gun.
You're gonna need it.

Lewis hands Smith a key. She unlocks her cuffs. Then unlocks
Warner's. She grabs their guns. Hands Warner his.

They join Lewis on the other side of the room.

It's a standoff -- no one backing down -- piercing eyes from both sides -- guns aimed and at the ready.

Smith stares at Yuri as she points her gun at him.

YURI

There's four of us and three of
you. Save yourself the trouble and
lower your weapons.

Warner points his gun at Dmitri who lets out a petrified squeal -- Warner tightens the grip on his gun.

Guns are fired left and right. Andrea is hit in the leg -- she fires wildly as she falls to the ground.

Smith and Warner are unharmed -- Lewis is hit in the stomach -- Yuri is down -- the Bodyguard lays motionless on the floor.

Dmitri is dead -- a pool of blood forms around his body.

ANDREA (O.S.)

No! No! This wasn't what was
supposed to happen...

Andrea crawls over to the wall and uses it to lift herself up. She's filled with rage -- tears in her eyes.

She turns to Warner.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

...and it's all your fault.

Andrea ambles towards him. Warner moves to one side and trips her.

Andrea stares up at him -- furious -- leg bloody -- face dirty.

Andrea crawls over to the Bodyguard -- tries to wake him but to no avail. She then crawls to another wall and uses it to lift herself again.

More blood coming from her leg -- tears streaming down her face.

Smith and Warner put their guns away.

SMITH

Give it up. It's over. You've lost.

Andrea wipes the tears.

ANDREA

It'll never be over! Never!

Andrea goes to attack Smith who quickly and easily knocks her down.

More blood -- more dirt -- more tears.

Andrea makes her way over to Lewis' body -- hits him ferociously -- cursing at him -- tears in her eyes -- her blouse now crimson from his blood.

Warner cuffs Andrea.

WARNER

Andrea Russell you're under arrest...

Out of nowhere the Bodyguard has his gun pressed against Warner's head.

Smith points her gun at the Bodyguard. He grins.

Warner pushes Andrea to the floor and steps aside. The Bodyguard helps her up.

Andrea and the Bodyguard rush out the room.

WARNER (CONT'D)

Let's go, kid.

SMITH

But what about Lewis?

Warner goes over to Lewis' body -- checks for a pulse.

WARNER

He'll be fine.

Warner grabs his badge and puts it in his pocket.

A car can be heard leaving. Smith and Warner run out the room.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB, MANHATTAN - DAY

Smith and Warner come running out the club. Warner is on the phone.

WARNER

...So send EMTs, stat.

He hangs up as they get in the car.

INT/EXT. GTO - DAY - MOVING

Warner speeds through the streets. There's a siren on top of the car.

The car races into the distance as other vehicles move aside to let them pass.

INT. SEDAN - DAY - MOVING

It's cosy inside. The Bodyguard drives. Andrea sits in the back. She removes her stockings. Blood still pouring down her leg. Mascara smeared around her eyes.

Andrea covers the wound with a bandage. She gets out her phone and dials a number.

ANDREA

(on phone)

We're on our way, take us home.

(hangs up)

Go to the docks, they're waiting.

EXT. SEDAN - DAY - MOVING

The car zooms through the streets.

EXT. EAST SIDE DOCKS - DAY

A large yacht is noticeable amongst a series of fishing boats.

A THUG checks his watch.

INT. GTO - DAY - MOVING

Warner spots the Sedan ahead of them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The GTO has almost caught up to the Sedan.

INT. SEDAN - DAY - MOVING

Andrea is sat in the back, fixing her makeup. Her clothes are a messy mix of blood and dirt.

The Bodyguard drives towards the dock. He looks in the mirror.

IN THE MIRROR: The GTO in pursuit.

BODYGUARD

We're not far but we've got company.

Andrea loads a gun.

ANDREA

Then step on it. There isn't much time.

Andrea reaches under the seat and takes out a briefcase identical to the one at the beginning. She opens it and takes out a handful of pills.

Andrea ingests some of the pills.

EXT. SEDAN/EAST SIDE DOCKS - DAY

The Sedan stops -- the Bodyguard gets out -- he opens the door for Andrea -- helps her along.

INT. GTO - DAY

Smith and Warner are as far as they can go. Smith loads her gun.

EXT. GTO/EAST SIDE DOCKS - DAY

Smith jumps out and runs towards the docks, gun in hand.

EXT. EAST SIDE DOCKS - DAY

Andrea and the Bodyguard make their way towards the yacht. She turns and sees Smith chasing them.

The drugs begin to take affect, giving Andrea a burst of energy. Her eyes become bloodshot. She fires a few shots.

Smith takes cover behind some crates as the bullets race past.

Beat.

Warner joins Smith.

WARNER
It's your call, kid.

Smith watches Andrea and the Bodyguard run towards the yacht.

SMITH
They're too far for me to get a
clean shot. We can chase them but
we'll be dodging bullets.

WARNER
I've faced worse.

Smith and Warner charge towards Andrea and the Bodyguard.
Andrea fires off some more shots -- Warner gets hit in the
shoulder.

Smith passes Warner -- she chases Andrea and the Bodyguard.

The THUGS on the yacht see Smith -- they open fire -- Smith
runs for cover.

She fires a few shots -- some of the Thugs are killed.

They fall into the water.

Smith continues running -- bullets being fired at her -- none
of them hit.

Warner is sitting behind a crate. He checks his shoulder --
nothing major. He takes out his phone and dials.

WARNER (CONT'D)
This is Detective Mark Warner. Me
and Smith are at the docks on the
lower East Side. Send backup
immediately.

Smith's pursuit continues. The remaining THUG starts the
yacht. Smith shoots him. He stumbles off the end of the yacht
and into the water.

Smith is gaining on Andrea and the Bodyguard who are at the
end of the dock.

Smith stops -- aims her gun -- fires a shot -- it hits the
Bodyguard -- as he falls to the ground, he pulls Andrea down
with him.

Smith squeezes the trigger a few more times -- out of bullets.

Andrea takes a few more pills and crawls away from the Bodyguard's corpse -- she stands up -- uses as much strength as she can muster and leaps onto the yacht -- she is tackled in mid-air by Smith.

They land on the yacht.

EXT. DECK, YACHT - DAY

Andrea and Smith wrestle on the floor -- Andrea claws at Smith's face and strangles her -- Smith manages to throw Andrea off.

Andrea runs inside.

Smith gets up -- follows her.

INT. CABIN, YACHT - DAY

A small all-in-one room. Andrea ambles in. She has a noticeable limp. She goes over to the cooking area and takes a knife out of a drawer.

Smith rushes in -- sees the knife -- sees Andrea's bloodshot eyes.

Andrea lunges at Smith -- swinging the knife wildly -- Smith bobs and weaves -- dodging the attacks.

Smith stumbles backwards and falls onto the bed -- Andrea forces the knife to Smith's throat -- Smith blocks it -- kicks Andrea away.

Smith stands up -- Andrea charges at her again -- Smith counters with a wrist throw -- Andrea crashes onto the bed.

Smith goes to restrain Andrea -- is met with a kick to the face -- Smith is dazed -- Andrea grabs Smith -- forces her head into the basin -- turns on the faucet -- tries to drown her.

Smith elbows Andrea in the bridge of the nose -- Andrea stumbles back -- blood streaming from her nostrils -- eyes still bloodshot.

Smith drops to the floor -- trying to catch her breath -- Andrea is on top of her almost instantly -- punches land with tremendous force.

Smith's face becomes a gruesome combination of blood and swelling.

Andrea screams at Smith as she slugs away with punch after punch. Smith struggles to defend herself.

Smith manages to push Andrea away -- makes it to her feet -- Andrea goes for another attack -- has the wind knocked out of her from a punch to the gut.

Andrea crawls back towards the main deck -- Smith follows.

EXT. DECK, YACHT - DAY

Andrea clings to the side and lifts herself up -- sees Warner step on board -- turns around -- Smith comes out of the cabin.

Smith approaches Andrea -- fists raised -- their fight resumes.

Andrea throws heavy-handed punches at Smith -- Smith blocks them -- grabs Andrea's wrist -- takes her to the ground.

Smith has Andrea in an armbar -- SNAP! -- Andrea shrieks.

Smith releases the hold -- Andrea's wrist begins to swell -- she cradles it.

Warner comes over to Smith and they lift Andrea up.

SMITH

Andrea Russell, you are under arrest for conspiracy to manufacture drugs with intent to distribute. Drug possession with intent to sell; as well as your involvement in the murders of Charles Clement, Phillip Brown, Petr Ochevyenko and the murder of Lester Jones. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you.

Andrea cradles her wrist with her other hand.

Smith and Warner drag Andrea off the yacht. Towards the emerging sound of police sirens.

EXT. COURTYARD, POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

A massive podium. The Main Instructor stands proudly in his military formal attire. A number of medals are pinned to his jacket.

CADETS in formal uniform stand either side. On one side are those who have received their certificates and on the other are those who are yet to be called up.

Chairs have been set up as PARENTS, SIBLINGS, FRIENDS and other RELATIVES watch, excited. At the front are the various Instructors. All in formal uniform.

Among the CADETS is Smith, who smiles through the cuts and bruises on her face.

Lewis is sat in a wheelchair. A bandage around his abdomen is visible through his shirt. Next to him is the always stone-faced Warner.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR

It is now my great honour to call
up Amanda Smith...

There are cheers and applause as Smith walks up to the podium.

MAIN INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

...for whom we have a special
presentation.

Warner stands up and approaches the podium. He takes a small box out of his pocket -- goes up to Smith -- opens the box and takes out a medal.

WARNER

Good job, Smith.

Warner pins it to her uniform.

Smith's Parents stand up and applaud.

FADE TO BLACK.