

Stand Off

by

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**EXT. MARSHALL RESIDENCE - MORNING**

A thin fog wafts on the cool morning air.

A line of POLICE CARS, lights flashing stand arrayed as a barricade across the end of a residential driveway.

An OFFICER is behind the opened door of each car. Each one brandishes a pistol, shotgun or rifle in the gap formed between the door's window and the windshield.

The blaring sirens wail out of time with each other and the shouted commands of the officers combine to form a deafening cacophony.

ROBERT MARSHALL strides confidently down his driveway from his house, his hands partially raised, but clearly not in fear of the force arrayed before him.

SGT EVANS

Get your hands in the air!

Robert speaks in a normal conversational tone, but the officers cannot hear his words over their blaring sirens and shouted demands.

SGT EVANS (CONT'D)

I said, get your goddamned hands  
in the air!

Robert points to his ear and shakes his head to indicate he cannot hear.

Evans reaches inside his vehicle and shuts off the siren. The other officers one by one also shut off their wailing noise makers.

SGT EVANS (CONT'D)

Now! Get your fucking hands in the  
air, I have a warrant for your  
arrest!

ROBERT

Sergeant Evans, I don't think it  
would be wise for you to try to  
arrest me.

SGT EVANS

I said, get your hands in the air  
and turn to face away from me!

ROBERT

(slow & unruffled)

Listen, at this moment, there is a  
50 caliber Barret sniper rifle  
aimed at your head Sergeant Evans

Hearing that, Evans reflexively adjusts his grip on his  
gun. His gaze quickly darts around the area as he shifts  
his stance and searches for any indication of additional  
threats.

Then quickly, he refocuses on Marshall.

SGT EVANS

Quit stalling! I'm here to arrest  
you!

ROBERT

The marksman behind the trigger of  
that Barret routinely pegs golf  
balls at 400 yards Sergeant Evans.  
Now that wouldn't leave a very  
pretty corpse for your wife Janet  
to bury now would it?

Again Evans nervously shifts his stance, hearing his wife's  
name from this perpetrator is highly disconcerting.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

In fact, there's a sniper zeroed  
in on each one of you. One signal  
from me... one false move from any  
of you and all of you go home in  
body bags today,

...

And the same goes for the two  
snipers you have stationed on the  
roofs across the road.

SGT EVANS

You c... c... couldn't!

ROBERT

Oh no Evans, I could  
(Nods confidently)  
Do you need a demonstration to  
prove it?

SGT EVANS

N... no  
(Visibly disconcerted)

You can't win Marshall. I have a warrant for your arrest. We can't just leave you here after what happened last night!

ROBERT

Yes...

Robert's face grows more dire and his brow furrows in anger.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

...last night, let's talk about that, shall we. You invaded my home in the middle of the night. You shot my dog. You had to have known that that old Labrador retriever was no threat to anyone, but you shot a ten year old dog any how. Then you and your yahoos proceeded to shoot up my home!

SGT EVANS

We had a search warrant!

Evans' mind wanders back to what had transpired a few hours before...

MEMORY SEQUENCE:

**EXT. MARSHALL RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

All is routine.

The ASSAULT SQUAD moves on the house in the dark of the night. They prepare to execute a no-knock warrant.

They've done this hundreds of times before.

A silenced pistol shot from across the street takes out the old black dog that sleeps quietly in the yard to prevent it from alerting the home's occupants to the cops' approach.

Then the officers swarm onto the property. A group of them stack up as an entry team outside the front door. The other officers surround the house to prevent any escape.

A battering ram is used to bash open the door and the stack of men surge like a black-clad snake into the home.

That's when everything starts to go horribly awry.

The first two men through the door fall into a pit trap just inside the door's threshold. Their lower legs are skewered on long sharp rods of steel anchored to the bottom of the pit.

The rest of the men, in their haste, clumsily trip over their wounded compatriots and that's when everything REALLY disintegrates.

One of the teams' guns goes off - a wayward finger on a trigger. The shot wounds a third officer.

The sound of the gun shot startles the rest of the men who begin an undisciplined hail of fire into the room in all directions.

Glass from various picture frames and vases sprays in glittering showers as the poorly aimed rounds impact wherever they happen to hit.

Tufts of stuffing are lofted into the air like clouds from the rounds passing through the couch and chairs.

The officers outside hear the shots inside and fire volleys of their own. The hail of bullets shatters the glass out of the windows of the residence and slap into the siding. Small circular holes are seen in the siding.

Panicked shouts of "officer down" crackle over the radio.

In the end Evans does the only thing he can, he retrieves his three wounded men and quickly retreats from the property to get them medical treatment and to regroup.

BACK TO CURRENT  
TIME:

**EXT. MARSHALL RESIDENCE - MORNING**

SGT EVANS

You wounded three of my officers!

ROBERT

No sir, I did not. Your officers,  
to be concise, wounded themselves.

SGT EVANS

(angry, yelling)

You can't just think we're going  
to go away Marshall! We can  
surround the property. Sooner or  
later you and your family will  
need to come out!

ROBERT

(calmly)

No Evans, surrounding my home will do you no good. You see, you too have a family.

...

Your wife, Janet is at the Safeway over on 17th and Alder right this very moment. Like you, I too have my backup and not all of it is on this property. In fact, most of it is not!

...

Oh one other thing, you took my dog from me. So I took yours.

Robert waves his right hand as a signal to those inside.

In response a teenage BOY emerges from the house just far enough to be seen with a small grey SCHNAUZER in his arms.

Evans immediately recognizes the dog as his own.

SGT EVANS

(confused)

Buster?

Robert waves again and the boy with the dog returns to the safety of the house.

Evans is aghast. Clearly someone had found his home, collected his dog and somehow got it through the ring of police security that now encircles the property.

His gaze darts around him. He tries to figure out how this impossible deed had been accomplished.

ROBERT

If I might ask, what was your search warrant for, Sergeant Evans?

SGT EVANS

We had a tip on illegal weapons possession!

ROBERT

You endangered my family for that?  
You shot poor old Sadie for that?  
Jesus Christ, man! If you had simply knocked on the door like a civilized human-being, Sergeant Evans, I would have allowed you to satisfy your curiosity.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
You would have found nothing  
untoward, every weapon here is  
legal!

SGT EVANS  
I had to be concerned about the  
safety of my officers. Guns were  
after-all involved.

ROBERT  
(angrily)  
How did that work out for you?  
(sighs, shakes head)  
No Evans, here's the way it is. I  
am not 'me', I am 'we'. There are  
quite a few of us. You don't know  
who we are, but we know ALL of  
you. We know all of your families  
and all of your "habits".  
...  
Would it surprise you to know that  
one of your men there in your  
little barricade has a bad habit  
of frequenting cross-dressing  
prostitutes?

With that comment the eyes of the officers swivel  
reflexively to their compatriots. Each tries to figure out  
who he's talking about.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
That one over there...  
(pointing)  
He beats his wife and son on a  
fairly regular basis. Did you  
know that?  
...  
No Evans, you need to collect your  
goons and go home. You leave me  
and mine alone and I'll do you the  
same favor.

SGT EVANS  
(impertinently)  
You're bluffing!

ROBERT  
No Evans, I am not

Robert makes a small circle in the air with the pointer  
finger on his raised left hand and then points in Evans'  
general direction.

A buzzing whiz that quickly decreases in pitch is heard. It comes from somewhere behind the line of squad cars.

The buzzing is punctuated by the sound of a round impacting the window glass directly beside Evans. The window disintegrates in a shower of shards.

Then, after a brief pause, comes the echoing sound of a distant shot from somewhere far behind them.

Out of reflex, all of the officers duck, point their weapons and scan the area behind them as they futilely look for the origin of the round.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
I'm not bluffing. No not in the least.

Robert waits for the officers to somewhat regain their composure.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Get this straight, I've broken no laws. You people can't just bust into a man's home unannounced in the dark of night, destroy his property and endanger his family for nothing more than an unsubstantiated tip.

...  
Now understand this, if you come for me, if ANYONE, even from another agency comes for me.

...  
YOU personally, Sergeant Evans will pay.

...  
If anyone makes any sort of move on my family,

...  
YOUR family will pay.

...  
If any of you try to move your family out of the line of fire, you will pay.

...  
We have operatives in your police station and we will know. Do I make myself absolutely clear?

Evans visibly gulps. Uncertainty and bewilderment plays across his face. This is not how he had pictured things going.

His gaze races from face to face among his comrades. He looks for some solace but all he finds on their faces are incredulous stares and slack jaws.

His gaze then falls on Robert's face, there he finds nothing but the cast iron look of certainty, resolution and composure.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
(pausing after each  
word)  
Now, get the fuck off my land...

Then Robert places two fingers in his mouth and whistles loudly.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
...And take your dog with you!

In response to the whistle, the grey schnauzer is released and runs around the corner of the house.

Robert turns to head back into the house, then almost as an after thought, he turns back momentarily...

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Oh and one more thing Evans, I'll  
send your department the repair  
bill, I expect it to be reimbursed  
promptly.

ROLL CREDITS: