

Too Late For Good Deeds

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Rain falls on the city. The streets are lined with traffic. Away from the crowd down a --

BACK ALLEY

A black FORD CROWN VICTORIA idles.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - CONTINUOUS

A DJ gives his opinions on the world over the radio.

KARL DAWKINS, 50s, thinning hair and rounded belly. He bites his nails, peeks at the clock on the dash -- 8:21.

DAWKINS
How long we waitin'?

Beside him, DEREK HAYWOOD, 30s, well dressed and trim. He stares ahead, focused but relaxed.

HAYWOOD
You want your retirement money,
right?

Dawkins glares at his young counterpart.

DAWKINS
This better be worth it. We're
taking a big risk.

HAYWOOD
Big risks mean big rewards.

DAWKINS
Also means a big sentence if we're--

An ALARM sounds.

HAYWOOD
Go time. You ready?

DAWKINS
Son, I was doing this sort of thing
when you were jerkin' off to Playboy
in senior year.

Haywood smiles and retrieves two PISTOLS and CLOWN MASKS from the glove box. He throws one of each to Dawkins.

HAYWOOD
Untraceable.

They strap on the masks and step out the vehicle into the --

ALLEY

As three CROOKS in balaclava's exit a side door, the larger one carries a black duffel.

The Crooks stop at the sight of Dawkins and Haywood, their pistols trained on them.

HAYWOOD

I'm gonna make this very simple
for you, gentlemen. Drop the bag
and take a very long walk.

Confused, the Crooks gawk at one another.

HAYWOOD

(re: alarm)
Time isn't on our side here.

The larger Crook drops the bag and they march away.

Haywood moves quick, grabs the bag and rushes to the Vic.

HAYWOOD

Let's move.

Dawkins stays vigilant on the Crooks, but approaching SIRENS break his stance.

Haywood dives into the passenger seat, duffel on his lap. He winds down his window.

HAYWOOD

I'm not getting caught for your
fat ass, Dawkins. Move it!

Dawkins races back and jumps into the --

CROWN VICTORIA

He hands his pistol to Haywood and guns it out of the alley.

They both rip off their masks. Haywood unzips the bag, smiles at the sight of sparkling DIAMONDS.

HAYWOOD

Now that's what I'm talking about.

Haywood shows off the loot. Dawkins peeks over at his retirement plan, lets a smile appear...

HAYWOOD

Holy shit!

Dawkins spins back to the road -- a FIGURE -- too late as he strikes the hood and hits the windshield. It spider webs.

Dawkins brakes hard. Tires SCREECH!

The Figure slides off the wet steel and hits the asphalt with a deafening THUD.

The oncoming SIRENS and heavy rain break the silence.

Dawkins takes a deep breath, peeks out his window at the --
ROAD

The crumbled and bloodied Figure lies still, one leg in an unnatural position. A scratched face visible for the first time... a TEENAGER.

DAWKINS

Springs into action: pulls out his cell and dials, opens his door -- CLICK! He knows that sound.

He looks back to Haywood and the pistol aiming at his head.

DAWKINS

It's a kid.

HAYWOOD

You know we can't.

The cell remains against Dawkins ear.

EMERGENCY DESPATCH (V.O.)

9-1-1, what is your emergency?

Dawkins pleads to Haywood with his eyes but to no avail.

EMERGENCY DESPATCH (V.O.)

Hello? Are you there?

The SIRENS are just about on them. Dawkins makes his decision... and flips the phone shut, closes his door.

EXT. MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The Crown Vic accelerates away, leaving the injured Teenager alone on the cold pavement.

INT. DAWKINS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights flick on. Dawkins paces to a near empty drinks cabinet and fills a dirty glass with cheap whiskey.

He takes off his weathered jacket, revealing a shoulder HOLSTER and REVOLVER underneath.

Dawkins slumps into a seat with the drink, exhaustion taking over. He takes out his wallet, opens it and studies --

A BADGE -- N.Y.P.D -- DETECTIVE.

He throws the wallet on a coffee table and downs his drink.

INT. HAYWOOD'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Haywood stuffs the duffel and pistols into a floor safe.

ANNE (O.S.)

Derek?

He quickens his pace, closes the safe and slides a cover over the top as --

ANNE WELLS, 30s, short hair and pale, opens the door.

Haywood smiles at the sight of Anne.

HAYWOOD

Hey honey.

KITCHEN - LATER

Haywood sits at a breakfast bar. He discerns orange paint on Anne's shirt as she places a cup of coffee down.

HAYWOOD

How's it looking?

ANNE

Not bad, I'm not Rembrandt or anything.

HAYWOOD

He was overrated.

ANNE

Like you know art.

HAYWOOD

Can I see it?

A stern look from Anne gives him the answer.

He nods and gazes at a letter attached to the fridge, its heading reads.

"Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center"

Haywood rubs his face, despondent. Anne understands and takes his hand.

ANNE

It's gonna be okay, Derek.

He stares back at her, determined.

HAYWOOD

Nothing's more important to me than you. I'm gonna make sure you get everything you need.

INT. DAWKINS APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Grimy tiles and used towels for a floor.

Dawkins buttons up yesterdays shirt, pantless.

He gawks at himself in a full length mirror -- gray stubble and red eyes -- but something else catches his gaze.

A bruise running up the side of his calf.

Interest piqued, Dawkins rubs it.

A BUZZING from his cell distracts him, he steps into the --
BEDROOM

And grabs his cell off the bed, brings it up to his ear.

DAWKINS

Yeah?

HAYWOOD (V.O.)

Where the fuck have you been? I've been trying to get a hold of you all night.

INT. N.Y.P.D - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY

The Crown Victoria's windshield fixed. Haywood leans against it, arms folded.

An old CHEVY pulls up and Dawkins stumbles out.

Haywood steps closer and sighs at his partners appearance.

HAYWOOD

Shit, Dawkins. You smell like you just left a brewery.

Dawkins rubs his tired eyes, nonchalant.

DAWKINS

What do ya want?

HAYWOOD

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I keeping you awake?!

Haywood gestures back to the car, his frustration rising.

HAYWOOD

How about a little gratitude!
 "Thanks for getting my car sorted,
 partner, while I drink myself to
 death" We're not out of the woods
 just yet. I need you back in the
 game here, Dawkins... I've got too
 much to lose here. Why don't you
 go and get yourself cleaned up.
 I'm gonna see what leads they're
 chasing.

DAWKINS

Yeah, you've got it all to lose...

Dawkins flings the Chevy door open and starts the engine.

DAWKINS

I haven't lost nothin' have I?

He slams his door shut and speeds away.

INT. N.Y.P.D - HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT - DAY

CAPTAIN MACLEOD, 40s, gives a meeting to a room of waiting
 DETECTIVES.

MACLEOD

...approximately three mil was
 taken in diamonds but the perps
 were ambushed by another group
 before they had a chance to enjoy
 it. Unfortunately, and as expected,
 nobody's talking...

Haywood stands at the back of the room and examines a CARD.

CLOSE ON CARD: ONCOLOGIST - ANDREW HAMPSON M.D.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

...a male, sixteen years of age,
 was found dead a short distance
 from the scene... Are you with us,
 Detective Haywood?

Haywood looks up, slides the card into his pocket and nods --
 he's listening. MacLeod frowns back at him.

MACLEOD

Where's Dawkins?

HAYWOOD

Not sure, Captain.

MacLeod shakes his head, addresses the group again.

MACLEOD

I don't have to tell you the implications here... one dead kid and no leads. That changes by the end of the day. Get out on the street and find whoever did this. This is our top priority--

OFFICER (O.S.)

Captain MacLeod!

An eager OFFICER, 20s, brandishes a piece of paper and a grin of satisfaction as he races towards MacLeod.

OFFICER

An ATM surveillance cam picked up the car from across the street.

He hands the printout to MacLeod, who squints at the image.

OFFICER

Forensics are trying to get us a clearer image now, maybe we'll get the license plate, sir.

Haywood watches them and knows it's only a matter of time.

INT. THE HANGDOG BAR - DAY

HANK WILLIAMS plays on a dirty jukebox. Dawkins slouches at the bar as a BARTENDER pours him a drink.

He chugs the drink and points to the empty glass.

DAWKINS

Keep 'em com--

Dawkins cringes in pain and grasps his leg.

DAWKINS

What the...?

He limps away from the bemused Bartender, enters the --

TOILETS

Once the door closes, Dawkins SCREAMS and clings on to one of the sinks for balance.

He leans down and slowly lifts his pant leg -- revealing -- massive contusion around his lower leg.

Dawkins frowns at the injury, scared. He takes a few deep breaths and attempts to bear weight on it --

-- CRUNCH! -- as his TIBIA SNAPS under the weight --

-- and Dawkins collapses to the floor, WEeping.

He stares at the open fracture: bone protrudes through soft tissue and skin.

Dawkins removes his cell. He struggles to dial as his hands shake uncontrollably.

The toilet door opens.

DAWKINS
Please... I need help.

Dawkins painfully rolls over to see Haywood.

Haywood crouches down and examines his partner. He looks into Dawkins eyes: What happened?

The cell falls from Dawkins grasp.

INT. DAWKINS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Haywood carries Dawkins in a firemen's lift. He carefully lays Dawkins on the floor, inspects bruises on his back.

HAYWOOD
Do you have any painkillers?

DAWKINS
Lean me up.

HAYWOOD
But your back--

DAWKINS
I don't give a shit! As we're not talkin' at a hospital right now, I take it you've decided to cut ties. Don't blame ya but can I at least ask you to get me drink before ya leave?

Haywood helps Dawkins sit up through the pain. He paces over to the drinks cabinet and searches among the bottles.

HAYWOOD
What's your poison?

Dawkins coughs into his hand, and smiles at the blood in his palm.

DAWKINS
Did I ever tell you why I became a cop, Haywood?

Haywood chooses a bottle and grabs a couple of glasses.

Dawkins reminiscences as small blisters begin to appear on his cheek and chin, seemingly from nowhere.

DAWKINS

It was to impress a girl... Jenny.

A tired chuckle from Dawkins.

DAWKINS

I would have done anythin' to be with her, thought she was destined to be the love of my life. I was told by my best friend that she liked a man in uniform... a man who commanded respect.

Haywood hands Dawkins a glass of whiskey and notes the deepening marks on his face. Dawkins takes a gulp.

DAWKINS

I wasn't gonna join the military, that looked like hard work while being a fireman didn't appeal so I signed up for the police academy.

Dawkins holds up his empty glass. Haywood nods and takes it back to the drinks cabinet.

DAWKINS

I've never cared about the job. Being a cop, catchin' bad guys... helping people. Who gives a fuck if some drug dealers blood money goes into my back pocket instead of the states? I'm the one puttin' my life on the line.

Haywood passes Dawkins another full glass and sits down.

DAWKINS

I took my cut and stayed quiet.

Dawkins touches the worsening scratches on his face, now expanding around his eye and temple.

DAWKINS

I cared for the first time last night, Haywood. I wanted to be a cop and help that kid.

Both men let that linger for a moment. Dawkins rests his head back -- even that hurts -- and closes his eyes.

HAYWOOD

Let me guess, you ended up marrying Jenny, right?

DAWKINS

No. She fucked that said best friend. She actually liked men who played football.

Haywood laughs. Dawkins in too much pain to even move, yet alone join in with the laughter.

Noticing Dawkins condition, Haywood places his drink on the table and takes out the CARD from earlier...

He ponders over it as Dawkins takes shallow breaths.

INT. HAYWOOD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Haywood's eyes are red from tears. He beholds Anne's --

PAINTING

Lovers hold hands by the Hudson River in Autumn. The orange glow of the leafs stand out, encircling the couple.

A fond memory made even more beautiful.

BACK TO SCENE

Haywood's transfixed on the painting.

ANNE (O.S.)

Derek.

Caught out, he rubs his eyes and turns to Anne.

HAYWOOD

I couldn't resist a peek... sorry.
Is this what I think it is?

Anne smiles, steps over and wraps an arm around Haywood.

ANNE

You promised me a great time and roses, but I ended up with a cold and dead flowers.

HAYWOOD

I remember. I brought you soup everyday for a week.

Haywood turns to Anne and takes her hand.

ANNE

Are you okay, honey?

HAYWOOD

I will be. Listen, I've got you an appointment with one of the best oncologists in the country next week. I know he's gonna help you--

ANNE

Us.

HAYWOOD

Right, help us. I need you to be strong for me and yourself.

ANNE

What are you talking about?

Haywood gulps, his eyes watering -- this is hard.

HAYWOOD

I need to leave.

ANNE

Leave?

HAYWOOD

The police will be here soon. They'll have search warrants and everything... you just let them go about their business, it's nothing for you to worry about.

Anne tears up and shakes her head, scared.

ANNE

No... no. You're not going anywhere. I'm not letting you.

HAYWOOD

I'm sorry, but... I won't let you see what's about to happen to me.

He kisses her on the forehead, lovingly.

HAYWOOD

Remember... be strong.

Haywood smiles weakly, turns and HOBBLER away. He stops at the door, one pant leg bloodied.

HAYWOOD

I love you more than you'll ever know.

ANNE

Derek! You can't go... Derek!

Anne looks back to the painting --

Two young lovers ready for the rest of their lives.

FADE OUT: