<u>CORDERO</u>

By

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DAYTON OHIO - EARLY MORNING 4.26am

Early dawn breaks across downtown city. A coyote slowly prowls the empty road, it stops and notices another coyote watching and begins to guard herself. After a cat and mouse chase across the sunset bridge, both coyote's stop in their tracks. In the distant a transit slowly enters their line of playful sight and both Coyote's disappear into the early morning breeze as the vehicle stretches across the ribbon of the highway.

The vehicle is an inmate transportation system (Van Cell); the driver concentrates on the road ahead as his passenger takes morning comfort with his coffee flask. Inside the vehicles, two other guards sit alongside a single prisoner.

TWO GUARDS INSIDE

Stare at the prisoner... caps, chewing gum, shotguns, side arms, sunglasses; they look like they mean it.

HIGHWAY APPROACHING SUNSET BRIDGE

A V8 Boss Hoc All aluminium 6.0 appears...approaches. Suddenly, it gets closer to the Van Cell.

RODRIGUEZ is the Driver; he watches cautiously at the oncoming bike, and pokes BENNETT beside him, stops sipping his coffee.

RODRIGUEZ
Wonder what this
guy's problem is...?

BENNETT

(leans over)
Goddamn road hog, should
be a law against them?

The prisoner inside is NELSON CREED who hears the V8's roar outside, he looks up with tired eyes, grins at the two guards opposite...

NELSON CREED S'one hell of a wake-up call fellas!

The two guards are non-responsive to CREED as they hear the heavy drumming of the motorcycle. The biker speeds up playfully and passes the Van Cell, heading past the vehicle in a furious rage. RODRIGUEZ looks puzzled while BENNETT mumbles as he reaches for his flask.

BENNETT

Asshole!

The V8 stops way ahead of the oncoming Van Cell and the biker gets off. The hulking figure dressed all head to toe in black leather slowly reaches out and aims a AA12 (Auto Assault 12) directly at the unit.

RODRIGUEZ

You've got to be shittin' me!

BENNETT

(Spills his coffee) Get Down!!

TWO GUARDS INSIDE

Grabbing a hold of there shotguns wondering what the commotion is, as NELSON CREED prepares to cushion himself from a serious impact.

SUNSET BRIDGE

The Biker rapidly fires the AA12 at the unit, the front tires pop like balloons and the vehicle falls onto it's 'knees' RODRIGUEZ applies the breaks and the vehicle comes to a screeching halt as BENNETT smashes through the window, and skids along the tarmac like a dummy. The unit is crumpled and almost begging for forgiveness as the biker stands alone; a horseman of the apocalypse.

RODRIGUEZ is dazed; he tries to focus on his assailant who points the AA12 at him. He is no fit state to do anything and collapses in shock. The biker walks coolly towards the back of the vehicle and fires the back doors clean off. Inside are two shell-shocked guards, one is a death's door while the other is pinned but tries to grapple with a weary CREED.

NELSON CREED

(Shouts at the guard) The KEYS!

GUARD

(trying to get up)
Stand Fast Convict!

CREED grapples with the GUARD and manages to reach for the wounded guard's sidearm lying beside him. He points it directly at the GUARD.

GUARD

(Tries to protect himself)
No no NOO!!

NELSON CREED

(Pulls the trigger and grimaces) So long cop!

SUNSET BRIDGE

A Police unit approaches the scene, the officer DAVENPORT looks on.

DAVENPORT

What the hell is this?

DAVENPORT signals his sirens and reaches for the radio.

DAVENPORT

This is 576 Davenport, we have a situation, over!

As the Police Unit rushes forward, the biker turns like a growling cougar and aims at the Police vehicle, firing rapidly.

DAVENPORT

(Tries to swerve) Holy shit!!

DAVENPORT loses control of his vehicle and smashes into the bridge barrier, he is dazed but looks on through his smashed windscreen as the biker grabs the prisoner and they both jump onto the V8 motorcycle.

INT: Van Cell,

RODRIGUEZ gains consciousness and radios for assistance.

RODRIGUEZ

APO 657, Unit 25 to APO 478 APO 657 Unit 25 to APO 478.

RADIO RESPONSE

Go ahead, Unit 25.

RODRIGUEZ

Escape in progress. Three officers shot off bridge crossing 31. Prisoner escaping.

RADIO RESPONSE

Say again 25, I say repeat?

RODRIGUEZ

Two men, Accomplice is six-two, 200 pounds, in black, the other, Prisoner Nelson Creed, armed and extremely dangerous five-ten...

SUNSET BRIDGE EXT:

Davenport runs over to the wrecked Van Cell, notices the casualties and jumps to safety as Nelson Creed fires a warning shot laughing as he speeds past. Davenport gets up shaken and he looks on he sees the bike speed off into the morning sun. A birds eye view of two wrecked vehicles heaping with smoke and bodies are sprayed across the bridge, the sound of sirens can be heard as well as radio signals for back-up.

SCENE ENDS:

The city lights shine across the evening sky, the streets are vibrant with color and an electric buzz in human activity, the sounds of police sirens and car horns echo through the maze of city streets. Another night in New York.

UNDERPASS

A busy underpass reveals a man walking at a breath neck pace, he is Detective JOHN CORDERO, of the N.Y.P.D. Stoic, street smart and unfussy. He walks through the walkway unfazed by the hectic commuters that rush past; he is like a tiger racing towards his prey.

EXT: Canal Street CHINATOWN

A section has been cordoned off by the Police as curious spectators wonder what the commotion is. All eyes and guns are aimed at a jewellery store.

DET. TEAGUE and DET. OLIN are on the scene, as CORDERO arrives he is greeted with disdain from the two plain clothes detectives.

DET. TEAGUE

Aww shit, here comes trouble!

DET. OLIN

Well if it isn't 'Good Cop Cordero'!

CORDERO ignores the two detectives and turns to OFFICER BRUBAKER.

CORDERO

What have we got?

BRUBAKER

Just another trigger-happy nut job with more bullets then sense!

CORDERO

Commercial robbery?

BRUBAKER

Gone wrong...names Kentral Mendez from the lower east side. Decides to boost this Jewellery store, attacks female customer in the process, unfortunately the owner retaliates and BOOM!!! Poor bastard's thrown to the kerb!

CORDERO

What's the owner's condition?

BRUBAKER

Critical when EMS picked him up. Doesn't look good Lieutenant!

INT: JEWELLERY STORE

Inside the jewellery store is a frizzy-haired Hispanic male sporting an all-in-one tracksuit, gold chains dangling and gold teeth to boot is carrying a pistol, he hides behind the counter with a terrified female hostage. There are other hostages huddled together, scared as the perp sways the weapon around.

KENTRAL MENDEZ
Just nobody move. Nobody!

FEMALE HOSTAGE Please don't kill me.

EXT: CANAL STREET CHINATOWN

CORDERO assesses the situation alongside Brubaker while Teague and Olin exit a police unit and approach the barrier between them and the store.

CORDERO

Assault, possible murder, armed robbery; he's a very bad boy! How many hostages inside?

BRUBAKER

Hard to tell...and we haven't got an I.D. on his partner yet!

CORDERO

There's two of them?

DET. TEAGUE

You catch on pretty quick 'ey John!

CORDERO

Ok, so we got these guys contained, there's no way out. Has anyone made any contact? What about SWAT?

BRUBAKER

SWAT's on their way.

DET.OLIN

(interrupts)

Whattaya' gonna go in and start negotiating now? This isn't your call Cordero!

CORDERO

Well whose call is it? We got ourselves one critical condition. You really wanna add another victim to that list?

DET. OLIN

Yeah, you asshole.

DET. TEAGUE

Hey Olin, ease off a little huh?

CORDERO

Still covering his ass, as always!

DET.OLIN

You wanna start something now? Why don't you do us a favour and get lost!

DET. TEAGUE

Hey Hey fellas, save it for the locker room. Let's just concentrate on the job at hand, this is serious!

BRUBAKER

What's the game-plan Detectives?

CORDERO looks around, pulls a reluctant sigh and turns to $\ensuremath{\mathtt{BRUBAKER}}\xspace.$

CORDERO

Give me a vest, I'm going in!

DET. TEAGUE

What are you nuts! These guys can't bargain for their mothers...You're not thinking this through Cordero! What about the rules!

CORDERO

Rules are for breaking Teague, you know that.

INT. JEWELLERY STORE

Inside the store, Kentral Mendez starts to get agitated by the police presence, he looks over to his partner TOLI, who is just as nervous. TOLI peeps out of the window, watching the street and turning back in a panic. Kentral tightens his grip on the female and looks up at Toli.

KENTRAL MENDEZ

Well? What the hell is going on bro!

TOLI

Oh man its cop central out there! Let's just get this shit over with man...we're totally screwed!

KENTREL MENDEZ

Shut the hell up man...gotta think this one through!

TOLI

There's nothing to think through. You screwed us man!

KENTREL MENDEZ

Oh so it's all my fault now!

FEMALE HOSTAGE Please don't kill me?

KENTRAL MENDEZ

Say it one more time bitch and I WILL kill you!

EXT: STREET

CORDERO zips up his Kevlar vest, equips himself with his Sig Sauer P29 E2 and walks out onto the street. All eyes and aims are on the store, the cops mean business. Det. Olin, Teague and Brubaker watch as CORDERO approaches the store front. Det. Olin disapproves shaking his head.

DET. OLIN

Great, he's gonna get us all killed!!!

DET. TEAGUE

(sighs)

If he doesn't...the Captain will!

CORDERO approaches the entrance, Toli slowly opens the door and points his pistol towards CORDERO as he enters, his arms held high. Kentral surrounds himself close to the hostages, with the female in tow and in tears.

KENTREL MENDEZ

Who the hell are you!

CORDERO

Relax fellas, I am a police Detective and I'm here to talk.

KENTREL MENDEZ

S'funny...you don't look like a cop!

CORDERO

Thanks for the compliment. Here's my badge...and here's my gun, oh and more importantly my iphone. Now, (Pauses)...what'll it be?'

KENTREL MENDEZ

What'll it be? Is that it cop? In case you hadn't noticed, this is a stick-up! I ain't here to order no chicken soup and rice!

CORDERO

Hey look fellas; I'm just laying it on the line.

KENTREL MENDEZ

Will ya' getta' load of this guy! I'm gonna fucking 'lay YOU on the line' cop! BIG TIME!

TOLI

Go easy man, he's a cop!! He's our meal ticket outta here!! Your here to negotiate right!!

CORDERO

(Sarcastically)

Listen to your friend here pal. Let's all be cool and calm. We don't want no breaks, or heartaches. You don't wanna be here and neither do I, so let's do something about it. How's that sound?

TOLI

Sounds good to me cop?

KENTRAL MENDEZ

Sounds like bullshit!

CORDERO

So what do you say fellas...we can do this the easy way or the hard way...now I'll say again,

(pauses and draws a peace sign)

what'll it be?

CORDERO pauses and stares directly at Kentral while feeling Toli's pistol near his neck, Kentrel starts to get infuriated by CORDERO's cold stare and sarcasm, his brow weeps sweat, he licks his lips in confusion. CORDERO's stare taunts the maniac and then he slyly grimaces and winks, switching the peace sign to giving him the finger - catching Kentrel off-guard.

KENTREL

You sonuvabitch....

The taunt is too much, Kentrel begins to aim at CORDERO in defiance. In a flash, Toli is swept to the floor before he can catch a breath by a swift arm block and throw by CORDERO.

The female hostage escapes from her captive and gets to her knees alongside the other scared hostages. CORDERO dives behind a counter as Kentrel fires and returns fire with his P229. He hits the crazed maniac in the forearm, dropping his gun. CORDERO fixes his aim on Kentrel, knowing the game is up. Kentrel is wounded and dazed, he looks over at Toli who is out cold and then to CORDERO, who aims his weapon.

CORDERO

It's check-out time asshole!

Kentral, on his knees accepts defeat; CORDERO acknowledges and holsters

his weapon. Kentrel slowly pulls out a knife and rushes towards CORDERO in an absolute drug-fuelled rage.

KENTREL

Screw you cop!

Kentrel lunges at CORDERO, who turns and grabs his arm and locks it tight, a huge CRACK as CORDERO snaps his arm dropping the knife instantly. Kentral screams in agony like a girl as CORDERO pushes the back of his assailant's neck, hurling him out of the store's glass window. Det. Olin, Teague and Brubaker watch the action unfold outside.

DET. TEAGUE

Oh shit?

Smashing the glass and hitting the kerb in slow-motion. A special discount banner lands on Kentral's chest as his groans in agony. CORDERO leaves the store as the SWAT unit arrive, leaving the cops to secure and assist the hostages. He walks past Det. Olin and Teague who look annoyed at his methods.

DET. OLIN

I see negotiations went well? They ask for anything?

CORDERO

Yeah, an ambulance!

Walks away from the scene. Another night in New York.

SCENE ENDS:

TRANSITION. SOHO GRILLS BAR - NIGHT

HANNA FRY is at the bar having a beer, a beautiful woman who looks alone in a crowd. She looks around as other couples enjoy themselves and glances at the clock by the bar. She looks like she's about to leave when CORDERO enters. She rolls her eyes and takes another swig of her beer and looks up towards the ongoing NBA game on the flat screen.

CORDERO

How'd the Knicks do?

HANNA

Better than you John, I was just about to leave!

CORDERO

(lazily apologetic)
Hey I totally lost track of the
time, I'm sorry!

HANNA

You really know how to impress a girl!

CORDERO

Look, I said I'm sorry. Listen, my treat, anything you want, I'm buying!

HANNA

I lost my appetite about three Beers ago!

CORDERO signals the bartender for two more beers, he takes off his jacket and gets close to HANNA. He plays with her hair and smiles, trying to smooth out his tardiness etiquette. She notices his scratched brow, she smoothes it over.

HANNA

You got a scratch?

CORDERO

Yeah, cut myself shaving.

(continues - changing the subject)
So all those kids at school driving
you crazy?

HANNA

Oh believe me, it's the kids I can handle John?

CORDERO

Oh come on Hanna...You know what I do for a living. Sometimes I lose track, it comes with the job, and I can't help that.

HANNA

You're losing track with me John! I thought we were onto a good thing here?

The NBA break, news update showcases footage of the hostage situation in Chinatown two hours ago. CORDERO looks up and winces.

VOICE OVER

'A hostage situation in Chinatown turned ugly as the owner of this store was critically injured and hostages were held at gun-point during an agonizing hour-long siege. A police detective managed to apprehend the two suspects after negotiations turned sour leaving both assailants seriously hurt....'

CORDERO ignores the news and deflects HANNA from noticing by turning her stool around to face him; his stubbly face pulls a rugged smirk. She stares at him seriously then breaks into a wry smile.

HANNA

God, I really wanna smash your face in!

CORDERO

What...'this face' nah? You do that an' I'll have to lock you up for the night!

HANNA

What? (coy smirk) All night?

CORDERO

All night!

HANNA

You? Last all night. Don't make me laugh!

CORDERO

What?

CORDERO and HANNA share a laugh as they sit by the bar, she hits his chest playfully. They both soak into the atmosphere, their voices vanish into the mix of music and banter.

SCENE ENDS:

TRANSITION. BROOKLYN PIER 1, FULTON FERRY LANDING - EARLY HOURS

Sporting a leather biker's jacket, NELSON CREED is standing by the pier as his co-hort WILSON CRANE sits on a bench gazing hypnotically at the night skyline of the Brooklyn Bridge and downtown Manhattan. He is a huge strange-looking albino, with short white hair. Beside him is a well-built black man, HECTOR BLAINE - slumped and very very dead.

WILSON CRANE

That's one down Nelson...?

NELSON CREED goes through Hector's cell phone, contacts list and scrolls down to a name - RUDY MILLER. CREED smiles with guile.

NELSON CREED

And one more to go?

NELSON CREED pockets the cell, and lights a cigarette. He sucks it all in and exhales, savouring every detail. He looks around and spots two patrol cops far ahead minding their business. CREED turns to CRANE.

NELSON CREED

Hey, we better split.

CRANE responds and turns to the lifeless body and whispers in his ear. As he does so, he taps Hector's thigh.

WILSON CRANE

No hard feeling buddy...so long.

As CREED and CRANE drift off into the city, a bullet lodged in Hector Blaine's forehead weeps blood as his vacant stare watches out over the harbour. His eyes frozen and untainted by the crispy cold winds rushing in.

SCENE ENDS

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