

FORGOTTEN

By

Kyle Wiseman

WGA/w Registered

221 Anspach Street
St. John's, NL A1E-4L2
709/699-7836
kyle_wiseman@live.ca

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

THE BROKEN PICTURE FRAME rests on the floor: A bride and groom on a joyous wedding day.

The walls are mundane with a depressing paint color and are brightened with the dim lighting from the lamps spread around the room.

Other broken picture frames, clothes and liquor bottles are littered about.

SOBBING can be heard from the kitchen. The light from the room is much brighter in there, revealing the silhouette of a seated man.

The window nearby displays the night. A streetlight reveals an approaching FIGURE outside, though the shadows hide him too well...

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER BAUER, a broken man in his late thirties with an average build and long, unkempt hair, finishes a signature on his will and drops the pen.

His beard is very scruffy, and a scar rests on the side of his chin. His left ear is missing a small piece of flesh.

On any other given day, he would look smashingly handsome; Today, his features don't seem to shine.

A Glock pistol lays on the table next to the will. A few loose rounds slide on the paper as he pushes it away.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Mistakes. Everyone makes them. A natural part of the human character... Though the ones I've made seem to be far from natural.

He picks up a full glass of vodka and chugs it back quickly. His eyes squint with disgust as he swallows. He SLAMS the glass down.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sometimes the drinks help you forget. And I need to forget... At least for a little while.

Chris grabs the bottle next, chugging it back. Most of the remaining vodka is drained quickly.

A tear drifts down into his beard as he places it back on the table. It's close to empty.

CHRIS (V.O.)

But it doesn't make the pain go away... You have to be dead for that.

He then picks the gun up off the table and places it to the side of his head.

His finger trembles on the trigger...

More tears stream down onto his cheeks.

The weapon shaking, he slowly places it back down.

CHRIS (V.O.)

It's not so much that I'd like to change what happened. Even if I could, I'm sure I'd just mess it up again. It's more about trying to forget.

His eyes rest on the table before him. He is still sobbing.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Two years later, and it seems to be the only thing I can remember...

FADE TO BLACK.

The words

"TWO YEARS EARLIER"

FADE IN AND OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH -- DAY (JUST AFTER DAWN)

Rocky cliffs lie along the edge of the empty beach, shown from above with two boats close-by. They seem to slowly glide across the water.

THE RUNABOUT BOAT

Has two RUSSIAN MEN on board. They are speaking, but we can't hear them over the SPUTTERING ENGINE. An aluminum case lies on the backseat.

THE CIGARETTE BOAT

nearby suddenly stops. The runabout stops moments after.

The RUSSIAN BODYGUARD onboard gets up and pulls a machine pistol from his jacket as he turns towards the back of the boat.

RUSSIAN BODYGUARD
(Russian accent)
Keep on driving. I'll take care of
this.

Another runabout coming towards him... It stops within mere meters from his boat.

The four masked people aboard stand up and stare at him. One is KATE WATERS, a slender woman with a piercing gaze; another is VINCENT REDMAN, a somewhat built man with terrifying eyes; the third is WILLIAM, a seemingly average man.

RUSSIAN BODYGUARD
I said drive!

The runabout ahead takes off.

The people that remain all raise their weapons. Waiting...

The Russian bodyguard holds down the trigger, FIRING several rounds --

The masked driver falls backwards, splashing heavily into the water --

Kate is the first to FIRE back, Vincent and William a moment afterwards --

EXT. DOCKS -- DAY (JUST AFTER DAWN)

The Russians pull up near the docks as their boat goes slower and slower until the engine SPUTTERS and gives out.

They climb frantically out of the boat.

They don't even bother to moor it as they race up the docks and hide behind the nearby wall. One of the men holds the aluminum case. He offers it up.

RUSSIAN MAN
(Russian accent)
Destroy it only if he doesn't make
it.

THE CIGARETTE BOAT

pulls up next to theirs as it starts to drift away. The bodyguard can be seen grasping the steering wheel.

The Russian man runs down the docks, his DRIVER following behind him.

RUSSIAN MAN

Yuri! Have they been dealt with?

The Russian bodyguard has several bullet wounds lining his chest and stomach!

THE MASKED HITTERS

arrive in their runabout. All three point their weapons at the two Russian men.

The driver pulls out a grenade --

KATE

(British accent)

Drop the bloody grenade!

He reaches to pull out the pin before --

BAM. A headshot from the masked woman's Sig pistol drops him.

RUSSIAN MAN (O.S.)

Aleksei!

THE GRENADE

Slowly rolls from his hand into the water below.

KATE

Give me the case and I swear no harm will come to you!

Trembling, the man looks from the case to Kate.

KATE

Do you understand English?

RUSSIAN MAN

Yes...

(nervously)

Will you let me go?

KATE

(nodding)

I give you my word.

He hesitates as he looks towards the masked men onboard...

He hands the case to Kate. He watches her as she starts to open it.

Slowly backing up, he makes a run for it, leaping over his friend's body --

More FIRE ECHOES through the air and he stops.

His eyes, wide-eyed...

He drops to his knees, and then onto the ground. Blood oozes from his back.

Vincent, William and Kate walk along the docks, stepping around the bodies as she clasps shut the case.

INT. HOSPITAL -- EMERGENCY ROOM -- DAY

Chris awakens with a sudden jump. He lies in a hospital bed, wearing a gown, cleanly shaven, and with short hair.

He appears to be good-looking, unlike before. Sweat lines his face. He seems disoriented.

THE DOOR

swings open and the nurse, AMY, enters wearing scrubs. Two men step in behind her.

STEVEN MYERS is the first, a man around the same age as Chris with dark hair and an average build;

JAMIE KENNEDY is the second, a man with at least ten years on Chris, dark skin and a strong build.

Both have Glock pistols and badges on their belts. Each walks to either side of his bed, slightly bending over.

STEVEN

Glad you're awake, buddy.

JAMIE

How are you feeling, Chris?

He looks back and forth between them, puzzled.

CHRIS

Do I know you?

They both straighten up and look down at him, confused. A moment passes in silence. Only the INCESSANT BEEPING from the monitor can be heard.

AMY
(to Chris)
This might not be easy to hear...
(after deep breath)
...we believe that you have
dissociative amnesia.

Beat. Chris places his hand on his forehead.

CHRIS
How long have I been out?

STEVEN
Only about two days... What exactly
can you remember?

CHRIS
About what?

STEVEN
The docks --

Chris stares at him carefully as his voice starts to trail off.

CHRIS
The docks?

STEVEN
(nodding)
Said you heard gunfire.

EXT. DOCKS -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

SHOTS from a SMG sound into the air as

CHRIS'S SEDAN

reaches the docks and pulls up to the curb.

Kate, William and Vincent see the vehicle and carefully move towards it as the ENGINE STOPS.

Chris steps out of the car with his gun drawn.

He walks carefully up to the docking area and, holding his gun to his waist, sees the three masked hitters and --

INT. HOSPITAL -- EMERGENCY ROOM -- DAY

Chris doesn't move as he stares down at the bed, oblivious to his surroundings.

Steven waves his hand in front of Chris's face. With no response, he gives up and sits down next to the bed.

STEVEN
You okay, Chris?

Chris snaps out of it and looks towards him.

CHRIS
I think I just remembered something... I saw two people, maybe three... Not sure who...

JAMIE
That's a good start. Anything else?

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS
(to Amy)
What might provoke more?

AMY
There aren't any easy answers...

He frowns at her.

STEVEN
(reacting to Chris)
What if we brought him to areas he frequents?

AMY
There are no certainties, but it's definitely worth a try...

Chris gets up out of the bed, pulling off the I.V. line attached to his arm. Amy tries to ease Chris back down. Chris struggles. Steven gets up to help her.

AMY	CHRIS
Please lie down. You need your rest!	I'm fine! I don't need to be in bed!

After Chris's anger subsides:

CHRIS
(softly)
I just need to get to the docks.

STEVEN
And where exactly do you think we're headed?

Steven smiles and reaches out his hand. Chris calms momentarily, looking down at it. Eventually he shakes it.

STEVEN

Steven Myers. We both work in homicide.

Chris regards Jamie across from him. His arm is outstretched over the bed. They shake hands.

JAMIE

Jamie Kennedy. I'm in homicide, as well.

CHRIS

And you're partners, I'm guessing?

STEVEN

Actually, you're my partner. He's just an asshole who likes to hang around for some reason...

Jamie rolls his eyes, shaking his head in the background. Chris smiles and a comfortable silence follows.

STEVEN

Oh, we brought a change of clothes for you. For whenever you got up, I mean...

Steven hands him a duffel bag.

Chris unzips it and looks in, pulling out casual clothing.

JAMIE

We'll be outside.

They both leave with Amy as Chris pulls a pair of jeans from the bag.

EXT. DOCKS -- DAY

Chris and Steven exit a blue civic. A few police officers surround the area, interviewing potential witnesses. Another man stands in front of the police tape...

He is CAPTAIN CHARLES WEBB, a man in his fifties with thick, gray hair and a mustache, rolling up his sleeves as the three approach him.

WEBB

Chris!

Webb wraps his arm around Chris' shoulder and pats him on the back, hard.

WEBB
How you feeling?

CHRIS
(shrugs)
I'd like to say that I've had better days, except I wouldn't know...

WEBB
(quizzically)
What do you mean by that?

Jamie pulls Webb aside, speaking as they go, leaving Steven and Chris with the scene before them.

Chris looks around in silence, enjoying the serenity of the area: The sunlight blocked by huge clouds, the boats around the docks, the open water lightly SWISHING against them, and...

TWO OUTLINED BODIES. Three detectives hover around them, scanning for evidence.

CHRIS
It feels so... familiar.

Webb walks back with Jamie. Another man approaches from behind them.

WEBB
I'd like to introduce you to someone you should know quite well...

Detective IAN MILLER, a lean man in his early twenties, walks up and stands before Chris.

He hugs Chris tightly, surprisingly strong for his size.

CHRIS
Um... Do I know you?

IAN
(extending hand)
Ian Miller. I'm Jamie's partner.

Chris shakes his hand, unsure of the young man before him.

WEBB

(beat, sternly)

Ian. I want you and Jamie at the beach right now... We've found another body.

CHRIS

What about me?

WEBB

I want you to stay here and look around carefully. Steven can bring you to the beach later.

JAMIE

Let's go.

Ian and Jamie walk past them back to the cars. Neither looks back.

Chris crouches under the tape and walks towards the detectives on the docks. He walks up to the first outlined body, mere steps away from the shoreline.

The chalked outline is all that remains as the body has already been taken away. Another outline is close-by. He peers back and forth between them --

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- an instant flash of each of the two dead bodies that were here before, each with gruesome wounds --

BACK TO THE DOCKS

And the chalked outlines.

Chris looks away quickly, obviously disturbed by the image as Steven appears behind him. Chris doesn't turn around.

He looks back at the outlines, this time more calmly. His brow furrows.

CHRIS

I saw the bodies...

STEVEN

You saw...? You recognize them?

CHRIS

Not really... Have they been identified?

STEVEN
Yeah, two brothers, uh... Ivanov.
Adrian and Aleksei.

Chris turns around.

CHRIS
These men were Russian? Shouldn't
this be a Federal case?

Steven raises an eyebrow and regards him strangely.

STEVEN
For someone with amnesia, you sure
seem to remember a lot...

CHRIS
Just the small stuff. Little quirky
details seem to just pop in my head
randomly...

A beat passes. Steven seems almost hesitant to answer.

STEVEN
F.B.I. wants nothing to do with
this, if you can believe that.
Scared out of their fucking
minds...
(beat)
There was a third Russian body,
too.

Steven points towards a boat tied to the docks. As Chris
walks closer, he sees the dried blood stains that line it.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Yuri Egorov.

CHRIS
Nothing from this one...

Steven walks towards Chris.

STEVEN
You probably didn't see it.

CHRIS
Why would someone want them dead?

STEVEN
We know that all three are
connected to the C.I.A., but they
won't freely give up information...
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)
(frowning)
We're on our own.

Chris turns his head around to face Steven.

CHRIS
Let's go.

Chris and Steven pass the three detectives and head towards the vehicles.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

The sun is now high in the sky, scorching the earth below. Few clouds are present. The beach looks even more beautiful than before.

Many people are lying on their towels or sitting on their fold-out chairs. Others are running along the tide line, preparing to enter the water.

Webb walks through the sand but doesn't have the time to enjoy it. He's wearing sunglasses and he looks a little grumpy. He wipes his forehead:

WEBB
(aside)
Fucking heat...

Chris and Steven appear behind him as he walks up to the COAST GUARD.

Nearby are Ian and Jamie, as well as two forensic investigators leaning over an unmasked, motionless body.

WEBB
So who do we have here?

COAST GUARD
We're not exactly sure...

Chris and Steven move towards the body. Behind them, we can still hear Webb and the coast guard speak indistinctly.

Chris and Steven stand near the masked body, Ian and Jamie on the opposite side of it.

The two forensic investigators are still bent over the body collecting anything that could be relevant to the case.

STEVEN
This is different... The guy looks
like he's ready to rob a bank.
(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Yet here he is, basking in the
sunshine.

The two eye him scornfully. He frowns at them and quickly
turns away. They mutter to one another.

Chris eyes the body carefully.

CHRIS

What do you have so far?

JAMIE

Not much. There was no form of I.D.
on him. We do, however, have his
fingerprints and a blood sample.

(beat)

We believe he was killed by the
Russians at the docks.

STEVEN

And why is that?

IAN

The bullet caliber of the machine
pistol found on our boater matches
the wounds on the vic. Just need to
figure out when the weapon was last
fired.

STEVEN

Was there a weapon found on the
body?

JAMIE

(smiling)

Not yet...

CHRIS

Time of death?

JAMIE

Initial estimates place it within
the last two days.

Chris gives him a look of realization -- Two days since he
was discovered unconscious at the docks.

JAMIE

Any theories?

CHRIS

(watching body)

Since this man's already dead, then
I doubt he killed the Russians...

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Which leads to two important
questions.

STEVEN
Who did?

CHRIS
And why?

Webb walks over, the coast guard standing behind him.

WEBB
So, do you remember being here?

CHRIS
No... I'll try the docks again.

WEBB
All right. We'll finish up.

WILLIAM

is hidden quite well along the rocky cliffs nearby, lying in
prone position, breathing slowly with his eye to the scope.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: Heavy breaths as the scope bounces. Looking
down onto the beach, it's aim focuses on Chris and a few
other cops nearby.

The breathing steadies and the scope magnifies, always
trained on Chris as he moves off the beach towards the
vehicles...

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- PORCH -- DAY (FLASHBACK/DREAM)

Chris opens the door to his house and walks inside. He shuts
the door and then locks it. In

THE HALLWAY

he hangs his coat on the rack in the corner. Then he
continues inside... BLOOD. It leads in towards the living
room. He steps forward, drawing his weapon --

A POOL OF BLOOD on the floor, mostly hidden behind the living
room wall.

He rushes forward --

CHRIS
Jessica?!

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

RING!!

Chris awakens to a ringing phone outside. His seat is adjusted all the way back. So is Steven's. Both must have slept here.

Chris glances over at Steven sound asleep. RING!! He looks out of his window and sees the source.

EXT. DOCKS -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

He exits the vehicle as it RINGS again. He closes the door slowly as to not wake up his partner.

As he curiously makes his way towards the pay phone, it RINGS one more time. He picks it up to his ear.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

EDDIE LYNCH is hidden behind the dark shadows of his apartment. He sits on the couch, relying on only the light outside his balcony window.

EDDIE
(into phone)
Hello, Detective.

INTERCUT with Docks.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Who's this?

EDDIE
(into phone)
Never mind that... I know what
you're looking for.

CHRIS
(into phone)
What are you...?

EDDIE
(into phone)
NuDawn Apartments, number 404. Come
alone.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Listen! You've got the wrong
number...

EDDIE
(into phone)
NuDawn --

A SILENT SHOT destroys the phone from Chris's hand --

Chris jumps, falling over as he scrambles back to the car --
another SHOT flies overhead --

He crouches as he opens the door --

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

A SHOT SHATTERS through both front windows --

Chris starts the car, the ENGINE IGNITING to life, and sounds
the HORN --

A BULLET grazes his ear and he hisses with pain.

Steven awakens, startled -- looking out the windshield...

JAMIE AND IAN,

their vehicle just ahead, also awakening.

CHRIS
Don't just sit there! We're being
shot at!!

EXT. STEVEN'S CAR/DOCKS -- NIGHT

Steven pulls out of the lot in a hurry.

A poorly aimed SHOT STRIKES the rear of the vehicle and the
HORN sounds again.

He starts driving, building speed quickly...

Jamie tries to follow -- a final SHOT SHATTERS his rear
window. He starts picking up speed and soon both vehicles
turn left and disappear.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

William drops his rifle and picks up his TWITTERING cell
phone.

WILLIAM
 (British accent, into
 phone)
 I didn't get them. They moved too
 quickly.
 (beat)
 Don't worry! They'll be dead soon
 enough...

INT/EXT. STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Both Chris and Steven adjust their seats appropriately. Chris immediately buckles up his belt.

There are very few vehicles on the road. Steven speeds up the vehicle and doesn't stop at the intersection.

Chris looks frightened. Steven, seeing his facial expression, slows down a little.

CHRIS
 NuDawn Apartments.

STEVEN
 (eyes ahead)
 What?

CHRIS
 Drive to the NuDawn Apartments!

STEVEN
 All right, man... Just calm down --

Chris cups his right ear.

CHRIS
 Calm down?! I almost lost my
fucking ear!
 (beat)
 You drive like a lunatic...

Steven glances in the rearview mirror --

EXT. JAMIE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Jamie is driving behind him. Both front seats have been readjusted. Jamie SOUNDS the HORN.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

STEVEN
 (glancing back)
 What the hell happened back there?

CHRIS

You mean the part in which we were shot at?

STEVEN

Well, who the fuck was shooting?

CHRIS

The pay phone outside rang and I answered... Thought it was the wrong number... I was given the location and that's when the shots came about.

STEVEN

Who was on the...?

He notices Chris's ear.

STEVEN

You're bleeding.

Steven turns right and then hands Chris a napkin.

He applies it to his ear for a few seconds and, feeling satisfied, wipes his hand and then places it into his pocket.

STEVEN

You okay?

CHRIS

Yeah... Just a nick. Thought it was worse.

STEVEN

Who was on the other line?

CHRIS

He didn't say.

STEVEN

Probably tried to have you killed...

CHRIS

I don't think so. Why would he give me a location to meet him if he wanted me dead? Besides, the call wasn't over when the bullets started flying.

They slow down and take a right into the parking lot.

STEVEN
(nervously)
Here we are...

Chris and Steven glance around anxiously in several directions outside.

EXT. PARKING LOT/STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Steven's car goes slowly through the parking lot, Jamie's just behind. A sign can be seen. It's nothing flashy, as it doesn't light up: "NuDawn Apartments".

A few vehicles line the parking lot as the headlights fall upon them. All seem to be possible points for an ambush...

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Steven carefully chooses a parking spot,

HIS HAND

on the holster of his weapon. He parks the car and pulls the weapon to shoulder height.

EXT. NUDAWN APARTMENTS -- NIGHT

Chris and Steven exit the vehicle. Steven aims around.

Jamie's vehicle disappears to the left as he prepares to park.

Steven approaches the trunk of his car and unlocks it.

Chris looks behind him, insecure about his surroundings...

Steven lifts the trunk and pulls out a bullet-proof vest and a Glock pistol like his own. He hands them to Chris.

Chris pulls off his sweatshirt and puts on the vest. He then puts it back on. He fiddles with the gun in his hand.

STEVEN
Think you can handle that?

CHRIS
We're about to find out.

STEVEN
Hey...
(sternly)
Fire only if you have to.

Jamie and Ian approach with their weapons lowered.

JAMIE

What the hell was that about?

STEVEN

Jamie, you stay out here with Ian.
I want you to report in that
there's a sniper at the docks and --

CHRIS

He said to come alone.

JAMIE

Who said?

CHRIS

(cocking his gun)
We'll explain later.

IAN

You might need back-up. Let us help
you out --

STEVEN

No, we need you to tell us if
something goes wrong out here.
(gesturing Chris to
follow)
C'mon, Chris.

Chris and Steven approach the main entrance of the building.

INT. NUDAWN APARTMENTS -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Both enter quietly, guns raised --

At the main desk, a man instantly raises his hands.

Chris and Steven quietly shuffle past him through the narrow
corridor and hit the button for the elevator -- DING.

Chris aims up the nearby stairs as the elevator arrives, the
doors opening.

THE ELEVATOR

as the two back into it. Chris hits the button for the fourth
floor and the elevator starts to lift. He looks uneasy.

INT. NUDAWN APARTMENTS -- FOURTH FLOOR -- NIGHT

THE DOORS OPEN

and Chris and Steven cover each other as they look out on
either side.

Steven heads left and Chris follows, covering his back. They approach the door to room 404.

Chris puts his back to the wall on the left side of the door. Steven quietly attempts to open it -- unlocked. They both enter slowly.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Chris enters the kitchen as Steven continues off-screen behind the wall.

Chris searches around -- the kitchen's clear.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Chris joins Steven in the living room. A lamp flickers on --

They turn instantly to Eddie on the couch. The shadows play with him as they can't see his face. He raises his hand to reveal... A HANDGUN.

They both aim at his head --

STEVEN

Drop the fucking weapon!

A CHUBBY MAN approaches from behind --

Steven attempts to turn around -- CRACK -- The butt of a handgun knocks him out.

It's now pointed to the back of Chris's head.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Please drop the weapon, Detective.

Chris watches the figure on the couch nervously. He surrenders instantly, panicking as his hands lift into the air, his pistol POUNDING the floor.

Eddie extends his arms along the top of the couch. Only his face is unseen at this point, his strong build apparent in the weak light.

EDDIE

Sit.

Chris sits on an identical couch opposite Eddie. The man behind Chris places Steven's motionless body beside him.

Chris notices that

HIS WEAPON

is still on the floor, almost within arm's reach...

EDDIE
I'm sure you're wondering many
things. But first...

He leans forward and his face reveals his cropped hair and thin beard. He looks to be in his forties.

EDDIE
... Did I not say to come alone?

CHRIS
There's only two of us --

EDDIE
Don't insult my intelligence.

CHRIS
No one else is involved! We didn't
radio for back-up.

Steven starts to wake up.

EDDIE
(leaning back)
Your friend's coming around.

STEVEN
(groggily)
The... fuck?

EDDIE
What are your names?

CHRIS
You don't need to know...

Eddie cocks his gun.

EDDIE
I won't ask again.

CHRIS
Chris.

STEVEN
(still groggy)
Steven...

EDDIE
Eddie. Now that we're acquainted...
Do you normally hang up on people?

CHRIS
 (pointing to ear)
 Do you not see my ear, you...?

The chubby man behind him COCKS his gun. Chris swallows.

EDDIE
 And you think it was me?

STEVEN
 Give us a reason not to...

EDDIE
 Would I be sitting here with you
 right now if I intended to kill
 you? Trust me, if I wanted you
 dead, I'd be taking care of your
 bodies right now.
 (beat)
 Now, I have some information about
 your case. My colleagues and I want
 only one thing in return.

CHRIS
 What do you have?

EDDIE
 First, let's establish what I
 need... Protection.

CHRIS
 From who?

EDDIE
 Those same Russians that you've
 found work for the C.I.A.. They're
 looking for us...

A BURLY MAN emerges from the bedroom nearby. It is almost impossible to see him as he leans in the doorway.

EDDIE (O.S.)
All of us. That's where you come
 in.

Chris and Steven regard the man and then back to Eddie as he continues:

EDDIE
 But they are the least of our
 worries at the moment. Another
 group hunts us, and they won't stop
 until we're dead.

STEVEN

Who?

EDDIE

I'm not exactly sure, but they are well-trained... Agents or assassins, probably. They would be the ones responsible for those bodies on the docks.

They both give him a look of realization.

STEVEN

And why exactly do they want you dead?

EDDIE

Because I have the case.

They both stare at Eddie, puzzled.

EDDIE

A case filled with invaluable information... Information I'm not at liberty to discuss.

STEVEN

How exactly are you involved with this... case?

EDDIE

We've stolen it.

Chris and Steven sit forward, eager to hear more.

EDDIE

We were hired to.

CHRIS

And how exactly did you steal it?

EDDIE

That's not important.

CHRIS

Why can't you tell us what's in --

EDDIE

Information is costly...

Chris glances back uncomfortably towards the man behind him. He still wields a gun aimed towards the back of his head.

Eddie reaches out and picks up a cell phone off of the table. He holds it close to his face.

EDDIE

(almost a whisper)

I'm allowing you to work with those detectives out there, but no one else. Once they start winding up dead, or in custody, or however the fuck you want to deal with them, I'll call you.

HIS GLOVED HAND

drops the cell phone in to Chris's.

STEVEN

You want us to work for you? Fuck that. And fuck you.

EDDIE

Then go wherever the evidence takes you, Detective. Just remember, once I die, so does your case.

(beat)

Now goodbye.

CHRIS

You didn't even give us anything useful --

EDDIE

I said goodbye.

Chris and Steven stand up and start for the door.

EDDIE

(to chubby man)

Give them their weapons.

Chris looks back with a raised eyebrow...

EDDIE

(smiling)

As proof of our mutual trust.

Chris starts to leave as the chubby man tosses the handguns to him. He gives one to Steven who just peers back, almost intending to use it...

They holster their weapons as they open the door and vanish behind it.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT (JUST BEFORE DAWN)

It's not as dark as it was before, the sky now less purple.

The four detectives talk in the surrounding parking lot.

STEVEN

We were called here for
information, and what the fuck did
we get?! Jack shit!

They meet up with Jamie and Ian and approach their vehicles --

A BLACK VAN

blocks the entrance to the parking lot as a few objects roll
slightly past it...

SMOKE GRENADES! The gas quickly fills the air, the grenades
HISSING as it is released.

STEVEN

Shit...

Jamie and Ian are out in the open at this point, while Chris
and Steven are behind a hatchback parked in the middle of the
lot.

Jamie runs back a few steps and jumps over the hood of a
nearby sedan just as a CARBINE RIFLE FIRES, BULLETS
PENETRATING its opposite side.

Ian takes a few steps to the side, drawing his pistol. He
FIRES twice --

A hitter emerging from the smoke lets out a cry as he falls --

Ian takes cover behind a pickup truck. Leaning out, he FIRES
several more SHOTS at a hitter speeding to the right, all
missing --

Another hitter runs behind an SUV several yards to Ian's
left. He leans out, determined to flank --

BAM! -- a SHOT to the head brings him down --

It was Jamie, looking out for his partner.

Chris reloads.

STEVEN

Who the fuck is shooting at us?!

He FIRES somewhere ahead and then crouches back down.

CHRIS

Think back to what Eddie said!
These bastards are masked!

Jamie speeds to the far left and RIFLE FIRE HACKS at the ground a few paces behind him. He hides behind a truck --

Chris and Steven behind the hatchback, both BLIND-FIRING as shots REFLECT off of it --

Steven aims and FIRES three rounds into a hitter emerging from the left of the van ahead.

Ian bolts to the right out of cover FIRING carelessly as SHOTS whiz around him --

The white minivan in sight, getting closer and closer to it --

A hitter closes in and aims his rifle --

Ian reaches the minivan... AND TAKES A BULLET IN THE NECK. He FIRES once into the air harmlessly and screams as he hits the ground --

JAMIE

(yelling, wide-eyed)
Ian!

The hitter signals for back-up, and another joins him. They quickly start in on Ian's position in an attempt to finish him off --

CHRIS

as sweat lines his face. He's obviously scared. He closes his eyes...

And scampers to the far right, hiding behind a compact vehicle behind Ian. He aims over the hood carefully --

One of the two hitters emerges from the right of the van and aims at Ian -- BAM. He falls to the ground, a bullet buried in his forehead.

Chris charges forward and skids to Ian's side --

Another hitter emerges on the left side of the minivan -- Chris without the time to aim --

The GUNFIRE pierces the hitter's lungs while the rest PUNCTURE THE VEHICLE -- just in the nick of time.

Steven as he reloads his smoking gun.

The quiet scene allows Steven the time needed to make his way to his car. He opens the door and reaches for his radio:

STEVEN
 (into radio)
 Shots fired at the NuDawn
 Apartments, several hostiles down.
 We have an officer down as well.
 Requesting an ambulance.

Jamie rushes across the parking lot towards Chris and Ian.

SLOW MOTION - TWO MORE HITTERS

-- Two more hitters exit from the left side of the Apartment building, aiming towards Jamie -- ready to fire --

-- Steven FIRES round after round, Chris doing the same --

-- Both hitters can't even fire back as the rounds collide with their chests --

BACK TO THE PARKING LOT

Jamie hastens to Ian's side, down on his knees.

Steven confirms that the area is clear as he joins his companions.

JAMIE
 (teary eyed)
 C'mon buddy, you're going to be
 fine...

Ian's head is trapped between Jamie's bloodied hands as blood continues to gush out of his neck... he doesn't move; HE CAN'T.

JAMIE
 Ian?

A tear flows down Jamie's cheek...

STEVEN (O.S.)
 He's gone, Jamie.

Jamie stands up and steps towards the black van. His fist SHATTERS through the window.

A beat passes and he leans on it. Chris and Steven place a hand on either of his shoulders.

Steven and Chris unmask the bodies nearby. They search through the pockets, hoping to find identification... Nothing. They return to Jamie.

CHRIS

They're all just like the body from the beach.

STEVEN

Who the hell are they?

All three stand around Ian's body as SIRENS sound in the distance.

JAMIE'S EYES

full of anger...

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT -- DAY (DAWN)

THE FRONT DOOR

before -- CRASH! -- the three detectives storm into the apartment, weapons raised; no invitation, no warrant.

Jamie turns right into the kitchen while Chris and Steven head into

THE LIVING ROOM,

no different than before, but Eddie and his partners are no longer present.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Clear!

The two continue into

THE BEDROOM,

also vacant. Then back into

THE LIVING ROOM,

holstering their weapons.

Jamie stares out onto the balcony angrily.

STEVEN

makes sure Jamie's weapon is holstered. He continues to watch him...

STEVEN
The bedroom's also clear.

CHRIS
Just missed him.

Jamie raises his clenched fist.

JAMIE
(scowling)
Fuck.

STEVEN
(to Chris)
Don't worry about it. If they're
still in the building, we'll find
them. We should have a perimeter --

Jamie starts thrashing about, aimlessly striking the couch
and tearing apart one of the cushions.

He darts towards a shelf and pushes everything off of it, the
fragile items BREAKING into small pieces.

Chris and Steven try to restrain him, but his power
overwhelms them as they are thrust to the ground.

He pulls out his gun and FIRES once at the TV SCREEN.

They get back up and just stare at him apprehensively.
Preparing to restrain him again...

He tries to calm down, his breathing uncontrollable.
Eventually it becomes more stable and he holsters his weapon.

Steven looks around the room, his hand on his forehead. He
looks to Jamie as if he wants to say something. Instead he
holds his tongue.

Chris is baffled at the scene before him, gaping and without
a word.

Jamie just looks at them apologetically and makes his way out
of the apartment.

STEVEN
He knew we didn't have a warrant...
Shit.

CHRIS
Is he going to be all right?

Steven glances outside in the corridor; Jamie's nowhere to be
seen.

STEVEN
Give him some space.
(beat)
Well, might as well search around
while we're here. Look for some
prints or anything else that looks
incriminating...

Chris stares at him without a word, an uneasy look on his face.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY (MORNING)

Steven looks pissed as he drives down the road. He turns to Chris.

STEVEN
Three hours and not one fucking
print!!

CHRIS
He cleaned out quite well...

A beat. As his anger starts to subside:

STEVEN
How does breakfast sound?

CHRIS
Fine.

STEVEN
And after that we can go to your
house.

Chris seems interested at this point but keeps quiet. Steven keeps his eyes on the road. The two sit in comfortable silence.

EXT. WACO DINER -- DAY

They exit the vehicle and walk up and enter the restaurant and we see the sign flickering on the rundown building:

"Waco Diner".

INT. WACO DINER -- DAY

The restaurant appears to be unsanitary, dirt and grease seemingly everywhere. It's also quite small.

A few customers are eating, though most of the booths are empty.

Steven shows Chris to one in the corner. He leaves for a moment before sitting on the opposite side of Chris.

STEVEN
I ordered our usual.

CHRIS
Our usual?

STEVEN
You'll see.

Chris glances out the window as a car passes by and then back to Steven.

CHRIS
Where did Jamie go after?

STEVEN
(shrugs)
He acted the same way when he lost his last partner... Trust me, it's wise that I didn't call him.

His eyes stare down onto the table.

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Imagine how happy he'll be once he finds out that we no longer have a lead.

STEVEN
You're probably right. Then again, we do have more bodies...

The WAITRESS arrives with two mugs of coffee.

WAITRESS
Here you...
(laying them on table)
... go.

STEVEN
Thank you, Lily.

She smiles at him and turns to Chris.

WAITRESS
I heard what happened... How you holding up, sweetie?

CHRIS
I've been better -- Wait, how d'you
know I lost my memory...?

WAITRESS
What? No, I mean --

STEVEN
Thank you, Lily...

She slowly leaves towards another table, ready with her notepad.

CHRIS
You didn't have to be so ru --

Steven's cell RINGS and he answers swiftly, waving a finger for Chris to wait.

STEVEN
This is Myers.
(beat)
Oh, good. Who?
(beat, with surprise)
All right. Thanks.

He places the phone back into his pocket.

STEVEN
Captain's identified the body from
the beach -- David Porter. Former
member of the British Special Air
Service. Went MIA seven months ago.

CHRIS
(sipping coffee)
British?

STEVEN
I have a feeling the guys from the
parking lot are also SAS. Maybe
Eddie is, too.
(beat)
Hey, give me your cell.

Chris pulls the phone from his pocket and hands it to him.

Steven starts messing with the buttons and then, satisfied, hands it back to Chris.

STEVEN
There. My number's in the contact
list in case you need me.

Chris raises an eyebrow with a smirk on his face.

STEVEN
Hey, it's not our cell...
(grinning)
Free minutes.

The waitress returns again with their food; a bagel and a carrot muffin for Steven, bacon and eggs for Chris.

CHRIS
That was fast.

He stares at Steven's food.

CHRIS
A muffin?

STEVEN
(with his mouth full)
Every morning.

Chris, obviously enjoying the food, eats as quickly as he can.

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- DAY

Steven heads up the stairs leading up to the door.

He JIGGLES the doorknob, and, discovering that it's locked, prepares to kick it in --

CHRIS (O.S.)
Wait!

Chris rushes up the stairs towards the door. He picks up a large stone on the doorstep and takes the key from underneath.

STEVEN
Howja know that was there?

Chris just grins at him as he unlocks the door.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- DAY

The door CREAKS open as the two step inside. They make their way to the only room in sight:

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The room is organized with a wall full of pictures and furniture turned at precise angles.

It looks a lot cleaner than what we've seen before, though still recognizable. It seems to have been arranged by a perfectionist.

STEVEN

Do you recognize anything?

Chris's hand sweeps over the furniture, trying to get a feel for it.

He looks towards the table with the alarm clock on it, the cordless phone on another, and towards the pictures lining the whole wall.

STEVEN

I'll take that as a yes...

Something catches Chris's eye. He looks down towards the floor next to the cordless phone. Staring at it with sorrow...

He gazes longingly at the wall filled with pictures as they make their way to the room on the left.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Chris stops.

SUDDENLY

FLASHBACK! -- A sexy, slender woman known as JESSICA does the dishes at the sink. A slightly younger Chris without the scars sneaks up behind her... he hugs her... she embraces him...

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

Chris shakes his head, unsure of what just happened. Then:

CHRIS

(aside)

Jessica.

Steven is startled to hear the name and struggles with a response.

STEVEN

Your wife, before... she...

(clearing throat)

You saw her?

Chris's eyes are fixed on the sink.

STEVEN

Chris?

Chris leaves the kitchen.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The living room and the kitchen doorway are shown to be next to the stairs. Chris starts up them with Steven close behind.

THE UPPER HALLWAY

Chris grabs on to the door frame of the bathroom.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

The bath with the shower curtain pulled to one side --

FLASHBACK! -- The shower is on, the bright light on the curtain casting silhouettes of Chris and Jessica... he washes her body and she laughs... she turns around, flinging her arms around his shoulders and they kiss...

BACK TO THE BATHROOM

THE UPPER HALLWAY

As Chris continues towards the bedroom.

The door is closed. He opens it slowly and enters. Steven follows him in.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

He looks around the room, focusing on the bed before him --

FLASHBACK! -- Chris lying naked under the covers, Jessica on top of him... she bounces up and down... her chin raises up in the air with pleasure and she cries out...

He moans and then stops bouncing... she leans over his body, the two breathing swiftly...

He pulls her off of him to his right side with one arm wrapped around her... He would never let go if he could... holding her close, almost protectively --

BACK TO THE MASTER BEDROOM

The bed is made neatly as if no one was ever there. In fact, we see that the entire house is now completely spotless.

CHRIS
The way I'm seeing her... It's as
if...

Chris pauses and looks back with raised eyebrows, a hopeful look on his face.

CHRIS
Where is she now?

Steven scratches his cheek... his eyes shifting about...

STEVEN
Come on. We should be on our way to
the station.

Chris observes his weird behavior with an arched eyebrow...

His cell phone suddenly TWEETS. Unsure, he pulls it out of his pocket and turns on Speakerphone.

EDDIE (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Hello, Detective.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Did you set us up?!

EDDIE (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
You mean at my apartment? They came
for me, just like I thought they
would.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Then where were you?

EDDIE (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
I see your point. But you have to
think of it from my point of view.
What if you didn't survive?

CHRIS
(into phone, sternly)
We lost a cop out there.

EDDIE (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
I'm sorry to hear that.

A silence fills the room momentarily.

EDDIE (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Meet me in the alleyway at the
 corner of Forbes Street in ten
 minutes. You'll get some answers
 there.

Chris snaps the phone shut. A beat.

STEVEN
 I know this might seem bad, but
 he's our best lead.

Chris nods reluctantly.

EXT. ALLEYWAY/EDDIE'S CAR -- DAY

The clouds are heavy in the sky, darkened in preparation for
 the rain.

Eddie is parked in reverse to the alley's exit in his silver
 volvo. He leans out of the window.

MARK, the chubby man, packs large boxes into its massive
 trunk while RYAN, the burly man, keeps a look-out on the
 exit, watching as cars quickly pass by.

A few civilians walk past the alley but none look in.

EDDIE
 (leaning out)
 Hurry up, Mark. They'll be here
 within a few minutes.

Mark places another box in the back. He struggles with the
 final one.

MARK
 There's not enough space!

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Ryan, help him out, will you?

Ryan turns around and heads towards the car.

A black TRUCK slowly and quietly enters the alleyway, its
 headlights off. The driver inside cannot be seen.

Mark and Ryan shove the final box in with their combined
 strength. They close the trunk door.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR -- DAY

Eddie, no longer leaning out of the window, looks in the rearview mirror.

The boxes in the backseat are piled high enough to be a hazard -- He can't see through the rear window.

EXT. ALLEYWAY/EDDIE'S CAR -- DAY

Mark walks to the passenger seat of the vehicle and looks back at the approaching truck.

MARK

Ryan!

Ryan turns around only to be BLINDED by the headlights! Disoriented, he doesn't have a chance.

THE TRUCK

picks up enough speed to CRIPPLE him to the ground, his legs trapped underneath, his screams alone enough to show the extent of his pain --

The truck is mere inches away from Eddie's car at this point. Ryan struggles to pull his legs out.

Mark raises his weapon -- Vincent jumping out of the truck quickly -- BAMBAMBAM --

None of the shots connect. Vincent raises a long, silenced handgun and FIRES twice from behind the door --

The first CLIPS his shoulder while the second strikes straight between the eyes -- Mark falls.

Eddie tries to aim his gun out of the window -- The weapon is knocked from his hand by another SHOT.

EDDIE

Shit!

Vincent leaps on top of the HOOD of his truck, aiming down at Ryan.

He has one leg free. If only he can get the other...

VINCENT

just stares down at him. Another silent SHOT is heard, but not seen... RYAN'S DEAD.

Eddie seems to be trapped between a dead end and Vincent... Except that there is another path to the left, too narrow for the truck --

He turns left just as three SHOTS PENETRATE the rear of the vehicle -- He's gone.

Frustrated, Vincent returns to his vehicle and puts it in reverse.

EXT. NEARBY STREET -- DAY

Eddie emerges from the alleyway and heads down the street at TOP SPEED.

Seconds pass... the truck appears from around the left corner and heads after him, determined to catch up.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

Outside the passenger window, there are two dead bodies in the alleyway.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Dispatch was right about the
shots... There's two dead bodies.

Steven starts speeding up.

CHRIS
Where the hell are you going?

STEVEN
The truck!

EXT. NEARBY STREETS -- DAY

Eddie races on to the wrong side of the road and takes a sharp left -- Vincent not far behind him --

He weaves in and out of traffic, barely dodging the incoming vehicles --

Vincent easily follows, obviously a capable driver.

Steven is not too far behind as he swiftly builds up speed on the right side of the road. He has to pass several vehicles along the way.

Eddie takes a sudden right through the next intersection, Vincent on his tail --

INSERT -- THE TRAFFIC LIGHT

turns red -- Heavy traffic from the left --

Steven can't turn right -- He speeds through it anyway. A vehicle passing him swerves and CRASHES into another.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

Chris is terrified as he looks from Steven to the speedometer. He clutches his seatbelt, holding on for dear life.

EXT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

Two black vehicles appear behind Steven's. They speed up enough to close in on either side -- The civic trapped in between --

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

Steven looks out his left window.

The vehicle to the left pulls up beside his -- The window rolls down and a hand protrudes with an SMG --

STEVEN

Fuck!

Steven and Chris pull out their handguns.

EXT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

They both SHATTER THEIR WINDOWS in unison and aim out --

THE VEHICLE ON THE RIGHT

The MP5 points towards them -- TOO LATE as Chris FIRES several shots into his body --

The vehicle careers off the road and CANNONS against the wall.

THE VEHICLE ON THE LEFT

Steven FIRES several shots into the side of the car as it slows momentarily and then keeps up with his rear --

THE MP5 FIRES RAPIDLY

into the back of his car --

INT./EXT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

Steven and Chris duck as the shots SMASH through the rear windows and TEAR through the head rests, barely sparing their lives --

Chris leans towards Steven and aims out of the rear window -- BAMBAMBAM -- three shots in quick succession --

The hitter is pumped with the three rounds and he drops his weapon along the street --

BAM! Another shot WHIPS through the windshield, allowing the shards to CRASH down on the hood -- The driver involuntarily flies to the left, another vehicle COLLIDING with his --

Steven speeds even faster, trying to catch up to Vincent... Reaching 80 KM/H...

Chris holds his gun in one hand and clings to his seatbelt once more as they pass more vehicles.

EXT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

Steven closing in on the truck -- He gets ready to change lanes -- Shit. An intersection lies ahead --

The light shifts to yellow... He has just enough time to --

CRASH! They COLLIDE with the rear of a black vehicle, totaling both cars. The black vehicle almost spins into a truck.

INT/EXT. STEVEN'S CAR -- DAY

THE FRONT OF THE CAR

shows the extent of the damage it endured -- and of the injuries of those inside.

Steven is unconscious, leaning back on what's left of the headrest; Chris is conscious with a few scrapes on his forehead and a bloody cut on the side of his chin.

Chris painfully looks towards his partner -- not good. His eyes focus ahead -- He has to get out.

He opens the door, stepping out quickly --

A BLACK CONVERTIBLE

approaches and blocks incoming traffic, the angry drivers around SOUNDING THEIR HORNS.

Two women step out with SMGS, and the scene goes silent. One would have to be stupid to interfere... They approach Chris --

BAMBAM -- He shoots over the hood of his car --

The totaled black car no longer protects its driver; he's dead before he can even step out of the vehicle.

The passenger is already out, jumping over the hood towards Chris --

Chris FIRES once more. A bullet through his heart is all it takes.

Chris concentrates on the women --

SHORT BURSTS OF FIRE spread towards him -- He takes cover behind the car as bullets fly overhead --

Both women closing in on him --

AUTOMATIC HANDGUN FIRE is continuously drilled into their bodies until both fall.

Steven inside the vehicle, his pistol releasing the empty clip.

STEVEN

Fuckin' hell of a day...

He starts coughing up blood. Chris walks over the bodies of the women.

CHRIS

Tell me about it.

EXT. VINCENT'S TRUCK -- DAY

The truck is tailing Eddie, getting closer --

A police car not far behind them, it's SIREN WAILING as they fly up the road --

Vincent swerves to avoid a collision -- flying on to the sidewalk -- people leaping to avoid him -- SPARKS as he SCRAPES off the wall -- he hangs in and skids back behind Eddie --

A TUNNEL

up ahead -- Eddie starts down it and Vincent follows suit --
The cop car gaining -- turning RIGHT?!

EXT. TUNNEL/VINCENT'S TRUCK -- DAY

Four lanes are split apart with two on each side.

Eddie easily passes the slower cars... Vincent roaring behind him --

His passenger window down -- He FIRES several shots out towards Eddie --

Eddie's car as the rear window SHATTERS, but the shots become imbedded in the boxes --

A car swerves to the left, speeding -- he must've seen the shots -- He passes Vincent and drives into the lanes of oncoming traffic.

Nearing the end of the tunnel... Eddie disappears over the small hill -- Vincent still following --

EXT/INT. VINCENT'S TRUCK -- DAY

Outside of the tunnel now -- He attempts to reload his silent weapon, his eyes off the road for merely a second --

SMASH! A collision with the police car from earlier!

One moment is all it takes as he flies out through his window -- thrown several feet onto a parked car --

EXT. PARKED CAR/VINCENT'S TRUCK -- DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Vincent almost breaks through the windshield as he is sprawled on top of it. He doesn't move -- but he's not dead.

He thrusts himself upwards and off of the car, grasping his arm... blood runs down from his elbow to his fingers, drops falling to the ground.

VINCENT

Ah, shit. Shit. Shit!

EDDIE'S CAR

makes a turn around the corner -- too far to be caught up with.

Vincent moves towards his truck.

VINCENT
 (muttering)
 Kate's going to kill me.

Two officers exit the damaged squad car unscathed.

He turns around and looks at them.

We can see the degree of his injuries from the crash, as blood covers the right side of his face while a few small shards of glass imbed themselves in the same area. His eye is completely swollen. Gazing towards his truck:

INT. VINCENT'S TRUCK -- DAY

THE SILENCED HANDGUN

lies on the seat, the clip beside it.

EXT. VINCENT'S TRUCK -- DAY

He has no time to collect them. The police close in on him... 15 feet away... now less than 10...

Luckily, he's prepared -- He immediately reaches into his overcoat and pulls out a long silver automatic, pointing with his good arm --

The police hesitate before they can fire -- BAMBAM -- two powerful shots in quick succession, one through each of their chests.

He places the weapon back into his overcoat, looking back towards his vehicle.

He reaches for the gun and clip inside. He takes them both out through the window.

He loads the gun and winces in pain. He then places it into his overcoat, pulling out a cell phone instead. Dialing the digits in slowly, he places it to his ear.

VINCENT
 (into phone)
 Hello, Kate.
 (beat)
 Don't worry. I'll be back soon.
 (beat)
 They're dead. One of them got away.
 (beat)
 Yes, I'm... hurt.
 (beat)
 Just a scratch! Don't worry! I'll be there soon.
 (MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 (beat, muttering)
 Love you too.

He snaps the cell phone shut and places it into his pocket.

He heads down the street and disappears from around the corner, glancing back at the sound of more SIRENS.

EXT. AMBULANCE/ALLEYWAY -- DAY

The sun is setting in the sky, leaving a mixture of blue and orange. It's much clearer out now.

An ambulance awaits outside the alleyway, Chris and Steven sitting in the back as two PARAMEDICS deal with minor injuries on their faces.

Webb paces around as he speaks to them:

WEBB
 Make sure that there are no signs
 of concussions...

PARAMEDIC #1
 They seem to be fine. Nothing
 serious... I'd suggest giving them
 a day off, just to make sure.

WEBB
 Sure, whatever they need.
 (with concern)
 Hell, I'm worried about both of
 you. You're two of my best.

STEVEN
 (grinning)
 Now don't get all mushy on us,
 Captain...

He stops pacing around.

WEBB
 I'm serious.
 (beat)
 Outstanding work out there by the
 way.

CHRIS
 Not really...

Chris winces in pain momentarily. PARAMEDIC #1 lightly dabs a cotton swab on his chin.

CHRIS
Anything on the bodies?

WEBB
We know that both are American.
Both have mercenary backgrounds,
taking various jobs around the
world: Canada, Germany, Italy,
Russia... Hell, they've even
worked...

His arms extend outwards.

WEBB
... here.

CHRIS
(dispirited)
Not anymore...

WEBB
We're still trying to find out
more, but we know they've been in
contact with a convicted felon, an
'Eddie Hayward'...

Both Chris and Steven arch their eyebrows.

WEBB
(wary)
What? You know this guy?

Steven's eyes make a nervous, almost unnoticeable shift:

STEVEN
No more than you do, Captain.

Webb accepts the response but looks back and forth
suspiciously between the two.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

The moonlight and the few lampposts in the area illuminate
the station. Several vehicles are parked nearby.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHRIS'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Chris is at his desk, writing up reports. Steven enters and
stands beside the chair opposite him.

STEVEN
Almost done?

He glances at his watch, looking around the room anxiously.

STEVEN
It's getting late.

Chris nods and closes the folder.

CHRIS
I'll finish up later.

STEVEN
I'm surprised you remember how to
fill one out.

CHRIS
After the hell we've been
through, ...
(patting folder)
... this is nothing.

He stands up and they exit the office.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

They walk through the vacant lobby towards the exit. The clock on the wall reveals it to be just after two-thirty. They seem to be the only ones here at this hour.

STEVEN
Any word from Eddie?

Chris's fist clenches at the name...

CHRIS
No...

Steven gives a slight nod, his eyes downcast.

STEVEN
Have you... remembered anything?

CHRIS
(dejected)
Not really.

Steven grabs two jackets from the wall and gives one to Chris. Putting them on, they both continue for the doors.

STEVEN
I'll drop you off.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

THE BATHROOM DOOR

reveals a crack of light into the darkened hallway, steam drifting out. The shower jet can be heard inside.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Chris applies body wash as the hot water sprays over his closed eyes. He slicks his hair back and allows the water to rinse him off.

He looks distant, however, as if not actually there, instead in deep thought.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Chris is seated in the living room, his hair still wet. The lights are dimmed as he stares at the wall opposite him.

Several picture frames line the wall while smaller frames rest on the fireplace. Most of them are of vacations or outings, mostly just of Chris and Jessica. Others are of Steven and Chris, some of which Jamie and Ian are part of.

A much larger picture sits above the rest: The two lovers on their wedding day.

Chris gets up and turns off the light. He sits down and starts to close his eyes...

He opens them again briefly, looking back at the wedding photo. He eyes finally shut again as he falls asleep...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Jessica?!

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Chris rushes into the living room, around the pool of blood. He gazes down.

The blood getting thicker and thicker as he moves around the couch --

CHRIS

Jess??!!

JESSICA'S BODY

lying beside the coffee table. Her neck is slashed and blood covers her forehead; she's dead.

He falls to his knees beside her. They become drenched in the blood, but he doesn't care --

His arms around her, one cupping her head. He lifts her on top of his knees, supporting her with his shoulder.

CHRIS
C'mon, honey...

His cheek rests on the top of her head -- Blood on his cheek, yet he still doesn't care -- He sheds some tears.

He starts rocking her back and forth, slowly and gently...

CHRIS
(with misty eyes)
Come back to me.

His arm around her face flexes, his veins almost popping out -- Holding her more tightly --

His eyes, so angry and cold. More tears drift down his cheeks.

CREAKING FLOORBOARDS -- He spins around --

An indistinct glimpse of a man before a fist SLAMS against his jaw --

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

With a quick start, Chris awakens. Sweat lies along his brow and he breathes swiftly.

He glances down to the left of his chair. The floor is clear of the blood, yet it sets him on edge.

THE STAIRWAY

as he walks up the stairs without looking back.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

THE HALLWAY

as we move towards the open door of Chris's bedroom...

CHRIS (O.S.)
When did this happen?

Getting closer to the door...

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Inside of the room we see Chris sitting up in bed, clothed and on top of the blanket as if ready to go out. He's using Eddie's cell.

Now closer to him:

CHRIS
(into phone)
And you didn't bother to tell me?

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Steven's lying underneath the covers without a shirt on.

STEVEN
(into phone)
I thought that it'd be better if I
told you after we finished the
case. I didn't intend to --

INTERCUT with Chris's master bedroom.

Chris falls back, now lying on the bed. He appears angry.

CHRIS
(into phone)
Who did it?

Steven scratches his head.

STEVEN
(into phone)
We didn't find out. Had a suspect,
but we didn't have enough
evidence...

CHRIS
(into phone)
Who?

STEVEN
(into phone)
Don't go after him, Chris! For all
we know he could --

CHRIS
(into phone)
Who?!

STEVEN
 (into phone)
 Something... Redman -- Listen, let
 me give you some advice.

Chris's nostrils flare but he doesn't respond.

STEVEN
 (into phone)
 Continue with the case... Help us
 with this and I'll help you find
 out who killed her. And that's a
 promise.

Still no response as Chris listens intently.

STEVEN (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 I've been going through her
 records, and I'm beginning to think
 that her death was organized by a
 professional... Like an agent, or
 an assassin.

Chris opens his mouth but no words come out, as if his life
 has been put on hold.

EXT. SUBWAY -- NIGHT

The moon is a thin crescent, the stars giving off a much
 stronger light.

The stairway to the subway lies a short way ahead --

TWO AGENTS

exit a green HARDTOP COUPE. They prowl towards the stairs,
 yet don't look very suspicious. Each has a hand stuck to
 their side, hidden behind their backs.

A thin object protrudes from behind their legs as it's not
 hidden that well.

Another agent enters from around the corner and follows them.

A fourth enters seemingly out of nowhere as the other three
 grow closer to the stairs. All four have casual clothes on,
 but it's quite obvious that they're anything but.

They rendezvous at the top and all four pull the objects
 hidden from behind their backs -- HEAVY, SUPPRESSED RIFLES.

Dropping them, they peel off their clothes, revealing tight,
 dark green clothing. They all pick up their weapons.

None wear headgear.

The driver of the coupe, SERGEI, seems to be in charge, the other three ready for his command. His words are almost a whisper:

SERGEI

(Russian accent)

All right. Now that we're all here... Intel suggests that a Vincent Redman is present in this subway. We have to intercept him at 0320 hours and take him out. Orders are to leave no witnesses, so it would be better if he doesn't make it onboard. Any questions?

VLADIMIR, the passenger from the coupe, is the only one to respond.

VLADIMIR

(Russian accent)

We have to kill civilians?

SERGEI

Only if there are witnesses.

VLADIMIR

But they're --

SERGEI

(sternly)

Our orders are clear. Understood?

The other two men nod. Looking towards them, Vladimir nods reluctantly. The four crouch their way along the stairs into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY -- NIGHT

Darkness fills the vast lower levels of the station, illuminated only by the occasional lights that lead all the way down to the tunnels. It seems that there's no one down here.

Two of the agents are split apart on the opposite side of the tracks in their search. Vladimir and Sergei also split up in their hunt.

Vladimir looks around carefully, but there's not enough light. Although scared, he also looks relieved, probably due to the lack of civilians.

A distinct sound, the CRACKING OF BONE --

He looks across the tracks but sees nothing.

SERGEI (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
Everyone, come in.

Vladimir pulls out his radio and responds:

VLADIMIR
(into radio)
This is Vlad.

He looks back across the tracks and sees a shadow pass by. He points his weapon, but it's already gone --

SERGEI (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
Victor, Grigori, come in.

Vladimir's forehead is covered with sweat, his weapon shaking...

VLADIMIR
(into radio)
Sir. I think I saw something across
the tracks --

VICTOR (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
This is Victor. Sir, I can't see
Grigori. I'm going to check it out.

SERGEI (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
Victor! Where are you? Wait for --

VICTOR (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
Something just passed --

VICTOR'S agonizing screams can be heard over the radio but they are cut short within seconds. It goes silent.

Vladimir makes his way towards the stairs as quickly as he can --

SERGEI (O.S.)
(over radio, filtered)
Vladimir, come in. Vladimir?!

Vladimir rushes up the steps as the subway SCREECHES towards the station. The cries of Sergei are muffled as it reaches its destination.

EXT. SUBWAY/HARDTOP COUPE -- NIGHT

Vladimir races towards the coupe --

He gets inside, STARTS the engine, and backs up --

VINCENT

at the top of the stairs, his injured arm slung around his neck, a silent pistol in his free hand. He watches as the coupe pulls around a corner -- and smiles grimly.

William walks up the stairs beside him.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The coupe speeds down the highway. There's little traffic besides the station wagon a short way back.

INT. HARDTOP COUPE -- NIGHT

Vladimir scrambles through his bag, glancing at the road every few seconds -- He pulls out a phone, his trembling fingers pounding in each digit -- someone picks up --

VLADIMIR

(into phone)

They're dead! I myself barely escaped.

The phone slides in between his ear and his shoulder. His free hand grasps the steering wheel.

VLADIMIR

(into phone)

I think I'm being followed.

He glances at his rearview mirror...

VLADIMIR

(into phone)

I can lose him at the next exit.

He listens intently and his eyes widen --

VLADIMIR

(into phone)

Wait! We need to meet. It's too dangerous over the phone... Meet me at the Abandoned Hospital at eight-thirty. I have some things to clear up.

He hangs up, slipping the cell phone back into the bag. He looks to his rearview mirror --

A black sports car edges out behind the wagon momentarily and then disappears again --

Vladimir keeps his eyes straight ahead.

HIS HAND

fidgets on the dashboard...

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

The clock on the table reveals it to be eight-oh-five.

The sun shines through the window, a gentle breeze blowing the curtains.

Chris wakes up and rubs his eyes.

He stretches as he stands up. Although he's only wearing boxers, a T-shirt and socks, he pulls on some jeans and an dress shirt from the closet.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

He wanders down the stairs and looks towards

THE FRONT DOOR

opened a little, enough for someone to fit through --

Chris anxiously reaches for the gun on the coffee table --

EDDIE (O.S.)
Don't even try it.

A pistol is aiming at the back of his head. Chris doesn't move. His breathing starts to become erratic.

CHRIS
What are you doing here?

EDDIE
I'm going to be blunt... I need your help.

CHRIS
You need me?

EDDIE
A... friend needs some help.

CHRIS
And why should I help you?

EDDIE
I've been informed that more
Russians have wound up dead. More
C.I.A. Agents. The authorities will
find the bodies soon enough...

Chris spins around:

CHRIS
Where?

Eddie lowers his gun, backing up a few steps.

EDDIE
The subway. There were four of
them; Only one escaped. I'm about
to meet him.

CHRIS
Who is he?

EDDIE
(sternly)
Are you in or out?

CHRIS
(shaking head)
I'm going to need more details...

Eddie's eyes wander around momentarily. He inhales deeply:

EDDIE
I'm supposed to meet him at eight-
thirty, but I'm a little... nervous
to go alone.

CHRIS
All right. What's in it for me?

EDDIE
I'm your only shot at solving this
case, Detective. You'll never see
me again if I...
(pointing towards front
door)
... walk out that door.

Chris starts to pace around the living room. As he draws
closer to the gun, Eddie points his weapon.

FOOTSTEPS approaching from the door outside. Eddie shifts focus --

Steven steps inside. He sees the gun and raises his hands up.

EDDIE
Keep them up!

Chris leaps to his weapon and sweeps it off the table, quickly aiming at Eddie -- He tries to follow suit, but he's not swift enough --

CHRIS
Don't make me shoot!

EDDIE
I'm your only shot! Don't blow it...

Steven springs on Eddie, struggling to remove the weapon from his hands --

He holds Eddie's hand down, Eddie trying to shoot -- He drops it --

EDDIE
Shit!

Steven sits on Eddie's back and reaches around his belt, taking out a pair of handcuffs.

STEVEN
You have the right to remain --

CHRIS
Are you out of your damn mind? Let him up!

STEVEN
He tried to kill us!

CHRIS
Let him up!

Steven reluctantly lets Eddie up, stepping back with his gun at his hip.

EDDIE
(brushing shirt)
I assume this means that you're in?

A beat. Chris really seems to be in deep thought...

CHRIS
Lead the way.

He watches Eddie slowly pick up his weapon and holster it.
Eddie walks outside, Chris and Steven cautiously following.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- DAY

Chris and Steven are across the street, watching Eddie as he gets out of his car.

He doesn't look back at them as he enters the building.

Chris and Steven slowly cross the street inconspicuously.
They approach the side of the building and, drawing their weapons, disappear silently inside.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

They walk down the corridor, neither letting their guard down even for a moment...

Chris sees a room to the left and signals for Steven to continue without him. He enters the room --

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Eddie makes his way through the entrance, carefully looking around -- it seems to be safe. He looks perplexed -- Where's Vladimir?

On edge, he continues through the room towards a nearby corridor -- Glances up towards the stairs behind him -- a SILHOUETTE on the ceiling vanishes -- Astounded, he hurries into the corridor --

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

Chris looks around the room -- Nothing. The room appears to be clear, besides the debris scattered around...

A FOOTSTEP. Chris spins around --

The PAUNCHY MAN'S knife whips across his face! He barely dodges --

Chris grabs hold of his arm -- the two men struggling -- The knife edge drawing closer to Chris -- He's barely able to resist --

He punches his adversary in the face with his free hand, pushing him back -- The paunchy man charges at him --

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

Steven has his back to the wall as he steps down the corridor anxiously --

VOICES FROM THE WAITING ROOM.

Steven peers in through

THE DOORWAY

Vincent is with two ROBUST MEN, both armed with machine guns. He finishes with them and leaves the hospital quietly.

One of the men walks towards the corridor while the other stays in place.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

Chris kicks him in the stomach -- an opening -- the man lunges with the knife overhead --

Chris grabs his arm with both hands, pointing the knife towards its owner -- It draws closer to the man... closer and closer --

The knife PLUNGES into a lung and he falls to his knees -- his breaths are short and he coughs continuously -- veins on his neck protruding --

Chris can't bear to see it... He draws his handgun and prepares to finish him off -- No... he can't shoot. Everything will be for nothing if he does.

A hitter draws out of the darkness... a pistol in his hand --

Chris drops on his side and aims. The figure is already aiming back...

It's anyone's game.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- EMERGENCY ROOM -- DAY

Eddie pushes open the door. It flows back and forth as his gaze shifts upon the floor. He lowers his weapon.

VLADIMIR'S BODY

lies face-up, a mark around his neck. It's apparent that he was killed with a thin wire of some kind.

Whatever he had, it died with him...

A SHOT RINGS OUT, MUFFLED --

Eddie spins around -- the muscular man outside of the window, reacting to the shot -- SHATTERING GLASS as Eddie empties his clip into him --

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Eddie's SHOTS ECHO -- The second man points his weapon towards the source --

Steven aims around the corner, FIRING once --

ONLY A GRAZE

as his weapon clumsily directs towards Steven --

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

Steven falls to the floor as RAPID-FIRE TEARS through the wall above him, dust flying about --

INTERCUT with the waiting room.

Crouching, he FIRES two more rounds --

One through the chest, another through the head.

CHRIS

darts to his friend's side.

CHRIS
You all right?!

Steven whips around.

STEVEN
Jesus! Don't scare me like that!

CHRIS
Well?

STEVEN
I'm fine. That's one down...

CHRIS
Make that three.

EXT. VINCENT'S CAR/STREETS -- DAY

Vincent, now driving a black hatchback, makes various turns down short streets...

INT. VINCENT'S CAR -- DAY

He's talking on his cell phone:

VINCENT
(into phone)
Have you been able to contact them?
(beat)
All right. Be ready for whoever
comes out then.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL -- DAY

Chris, Steven and Eddie exit through the front entrance --

A SILENT SHOT burrows into Eddie's side -- He lurches over onto the ground --

Chris takes cover behind the nearby vehicle, pulling Eddie down towards him --

Steven hides behind a pillar... two more SHOTS at the front of it --

Chris scans the nearby rooftops across the street for... WILLIAM.

Chris makes his move as he crouches along the left side of the vehicle, FIRING upwards twice --

William drops down as the shots RICOCHET slightly below the roof. So close --

Chris races across the street.

William aims towards him once more --

Steven twirls around the pillar --

BAMBAM. The first shot misses entirely, but the second takes the rifle from William's hands. He retreats...

EXT. VEHICLE GARAGE ROOFTOP -- DAY

He abandons the rifle and rushes towards the door --

THE STAIRWELL DOOR

as Chris starts to emerge --

William, unarmed, forces him back and slams the door. He runs towards the edge of the building --

He leaps off the edge towards the next building --

Chris reemerging from the door -- He aims at William, jumping from building to building -- farther and farther away... too far.

He prepares to make the jump across to pursue, but --

Looking down inside of the dumpsters below...

Beads of sweat streaming down his face... He can't do it.

Chris slowly walks towards the door, the crushing burden of failure on his shoulders.

EXT. EDDIE'S GRAND PRIX -- DAY

Eddie sits in the driver's seat of a silver grand prix. Chris and Steven are just outside of the window.

CHRIS

You should really get that checked out...

EDDIE

No thanks, detective. I know a few things about stitching up wounds... I'm better off alone.

(beat)

Thanks for the help.

His eyes close tightly at the surge of pain from the wound... SIRENS sound in the background. Startled, he looks back at the detectives:

EDDIE

Now if you'll excuse me...

Eddie drives away, leaving Chris and Steven standing alone out in the street.

CHRIS

He didn't give us anything useful.

STEVEN

He never does.

(beat)

We need a break from this shit.

EXT. YELLOW TAXI -- NIGHT

A yellow taxi is driving down the blackened streets. Very few cars pass by, giving an idea of how late it actually is.

INT. YELLOW TAXI -- NIGHT

Chris, Steven, and Jamie are inside with the TAXI DRIVER. All three are roaring with laughter.

The driver rarely even looks back. He must get customers like this all the time. As the laughter dies down:

STEVEN

How about some pool, next?

JAMIE

I don't know. Laurie's expecting me...

STEVEN

I'm sure she can spare you for the night.

JAMIE

(shrugs)
Ah, what the hell.

Steven looks back at them:

STEVEN

So pool then?

JAMIE

I'm okay with it.

Chris raises an eyebrow towards Jamie.

JAMIE

(smiling)
Don't worry, I'll teach you...

STEVEN

(to driver)
All right. Drop us off at the bar.

The driver just nods at him before turning his attention back to the road.

Steven looks out his window and his expression quickly changes, astonished by what he sees:

STEVEN

Stop the car.

The driver hits the brakes and the taxi comes to a stop.

Steven steps out of the car --

EXT. YELLOW TAXI/CHATTERS COFFEE SHOP -- NIGHT

And up to the glass. The name of the coffee shop is written on the glass. Steven leans beside it and peers in.

INT. CHATTERS COFFEE SHOP -- NIGHT

It's dark inside, with no one around. Steven is still leaning on the opposite side of the glass...

INT. CHATTERS COFFEE SHOP -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

He's no longer there and it is now day. People sit with others, drinking coffee, eating sweets, and chatting.

Moving around the room until we find the table with Steven and Jessica. Both have coffee cups in their hands.

Steven's hair is messed up, as if he has just waken up. He appears to be uncomfortable with her, sipping his coffee in awkward silence. He also looks tired and even a little sick.

HIS FINGERS

twitch restlessly on the cup.

JESSICA

I thought it was important that we talk, but...

(eyeing him)

... maybe now isn't a good time.

STEVEN

What did you expect?

JESSICA

You were drinking last night, weren't you? And with one of your little whores, like usual...

STEVEN

(laughing)

Yeah... so?

JESSICA

With Chris?

STEVEN

Why does it matter?

JESSICA

Because I don't want him off getting wasted while I'm home worried sick!

Several people from other tables look over at them. Jessica gives them dirty looks. Eventually, they look away.

Steven's smile is far from genuine:

STEVEN

Why am I here if all you're going to do is bitch at me?

JESSICA

You've been with Chris over the last few days. I want to know about what's going on, Why he hasn't been home, Why he hasn't even the decency to tell me where he is...

(coldly)

Why else would I ask you here?

He glares at her:

STEVEN

Fuck this.

His chair shuffles back and he starts to put on his jacket. She reaches across the table and grabs his arm.

JESSICA

Wait... I'm sorry.

She gestures for him to sit again.

JESSICA

Please?

He returns her cold look from earlier, as if ready to walk away. Instead he sets his coat on the back of the chair and sits again.

STEVEN

Chris told me about some of the... stress he was under and I thought this might help him out.

JESSICA

(worrying)

Well, I left several messages on your answering machine, but he hasn't gotten back --

STEVEN

Jess. Listen... He's fine.

She covers her face with one hand out of frustration. Her fingers are quite delicate, a woman probably afraid to break a nail. Taking her hand away:

JESSICA

So he hasn't been avoiding me?

STEVEN

Are you kidding? All he seems to talk about is you. If there's anyone you should blame, it's me for giving him the idea to --

JESSICA

So it was your idea.

She looks as though she's going to become angry. Instead, all she can do is blush, probably from his first comment.

STEVEN

All right, I'll make sure that tonight's the last night --

JESSICA

Steven.

STEVEN

I'll talk to him.

JESSICA

Thank you.

(beat)

So what exactly was he saying about me?

STEVEN

(smiling)

Oh, let's not play that game...

He looks a lot more comfortable now.

Jessica's luscious lips slowly wind into a smile.

He finishes off the coffee and sets it back on the table. He gets up --

JESSICA

I want you to promise that you'll take care of him. That you'll watch out for him.

STEVEN

He's fine --

JESSICA

Promise me.

He smiles for a second as if it's a joke... But she's serious. His smiles fades.

STEVEN

(sternly)

I promise that I'll take care of Chris.

JESSICA

(sighing with relief)

Thank you.

He makes his way from the table and then spins around.

STEVEN

If you want to find out how he's doing, I suggest you talk to him next time.

Her concerned look vanishes and a smile appears as he heads outside.

EXT. CHATTERS COFFEE SHOP -- NIGHT

Steven stops looking in through the window and turns around. Chris is standing close-by.

CHRIS

You okay?

STEVEN

Yeah.

(beat)

I think we should call it a night.

CHRIS

What about pool?

STEVEN

Maybe some other time.

Chris shrugs and heads back for the car.

Steven smiles as he glances back through the window.

STEVEN

(aside)

I promise.

EXT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The sky is darkening, though it's obviously not that late.

The sizable warehouse has several vehicles parked outside, most of them black. There are a few commercial trucks outside of the open cargo doors.

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The warehouse is filled with workers, most carrying several duffel bags as they shuffle around. Others are packing the bags with small boxes. A few are even tossing the bags into the back of the trucks outside the loading doors.

Kate stands at the top of the stairs, watching over all of the workers below. Vincent appears and walks to her side.

The wounds on his face have mostly healed up since we last saw him, leaving behind ugly scars and small scabs.

KATE

(smiling)

Finally awake, sleepyhead?

The two embrace and kiss passionately.

He looks over towards the trucks:

VINCENT

What's going on? I thought we weren't leaving until tomorrow?

KATE

We are. We're just preparing.

(beat)

I have Will on our trouble with the case.

VINCENT

(sneering)

The man is incompetent. Give him a sniper rifle and he fucks up -- twice.

KATE

He won't fail again.

(beat)

And if he does, I'll kill him myself.

Vincent gives her a grim smile.

KATE
I'll see how he's doing. If he
can't kill one man, then perhaps
you can.

Kate picks up her cell phone and punches in a number. The
TONE continues for a moment before someone picks up.

KATE
William?

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- BAR COUNTER -- NIGHT

William, the phone to his ear, shifts away from the counter
and makes his way through the crowd. LOUD TECHNO MUSIC plays
in the background. It's quite dark inside due to the lack of
windows, though the flashy lights brighten the room a little.

WILLIAM
(into phone)
Yes, Kate.

INTERCUT with the warehouse.

KATE
(into phone)
Where are we with the case?

William pushes his way through the crowd.

EDDIE

is in

THE HALLWAY

to the bathroom. He pushes open the door and walks inside,
the door slowly flowing back.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
(into phone)
I've tracked him to a nightclub.
He's in the restroom.

KATE
(into phone)
Does he have the case?

He edges past two more people at the end of the crowd.

WILLIAM
(into phone)
I'm not sure... Listen, I'll have
to get back to you.

THE HALLWAY

He hangs up the phone. He looks back into the crowd, and, assured that no one's looking, pulls out a silenced 9MM pistol. He walks into the men's bathroom.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- MEN'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Quietly making his way towards the urinals -- No one's there.

He turns his attention towards the stalls -- Most of them are open and empty, but two are next to each other, locked.

He points towards the first one, ready to fire... a shadow behind him -- He tries to turn around --

A thin wire is forced around his neck by Eddie's gloved hands --

William struggles with one hand not to be strangled, gasping for breath -- His other hand aims the pistol back at Eddie -- It's knocked out of his hand --

It slides across the room under a stall --

Eddie pulls harder on the wire -- William grappling with it, sweat flowing down his face -- he blinks rapidly, gasping for air in an attempt to stay conscious -- his eyes rolling back --

Eddie lowers him to the floor. The man is dead. He searches the body, finding very little but the cell phone and an MP5 SUB-MACHINE GUN.

He gets up and slips the weapon into his overcoat. He pulls the body up beside him, tossing one of the arms around his shoulder. He opens the collar of William's dress shirt and covers up the mark around his neck.

A DRUNK enters and eyes the body leaning on Eddie. As suspicion rises --

EDDIE

My friend here has had too much to
drink...

The drunk accepts the vindication and continues to the urinals.

Eddie glances back at him and heads out the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

It's less cloudy at this point. It's raining, the runoff splashing the sidewalk. Many squad cars fill the parking lot on the right side.

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHRIS'S OFFICE -- DAY

Chris sits at his desk, going through the drawers looking for something. Papers are scattered everywhere.

He pulls out several sheets from one drawer and pushes the papers on his desk aside. He spreads the sheets onto the desk, glancing swiftly through them.

He mutters the headlines on certain pages, though they're not the ones he's looking for. Angrily, he tosses them up into the air and they fly all around the desk.

A beat passes.

Calming down, he starts cleaning up the sheets on the desk. Underneath some lies a picture frame. He holds it close to his face.

INSERT -- PHOTOGRAPH

Jessica and Chris (both a few years younger) stand in front of a nice MUSTANG in the driveway to their house. Both look as happy as newlyweds; her arm around his shoulders, his on her hip.

VOICE (V.O.)

Smile now...

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A flash as the picture is taken. Jessica kisses Chris gently and then makes her way towards the ELDERLY COUPLE ahead.

The woman known as DORIS holds the camera to her waist, smiling as she gives the camera back to Jessica.

DORIS (VOICE)

Perfect. You're both going to love that one.

JESSICA

Yeah? Thank you so much!

DORIS

That's what neighbors do, sweetie.

The couple slowly walk back towards the house next door, Doris supporting her husband along the way. She waves to Jessica.

Jessica waves back with a genuine smile and walks up to Chris. Grabbing his hand, she pulls him towards the front door --

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Chris is all over her, ripping off her clothes, their mouths locked. He tosses her on the bed and jumps on top of her --

His arm brushes down her leg and underneath her thigh. He holds it upwards --

He enters her then and there and she cries out... he cups her breasts... drilling her roughly... she moans over and over --

His hand moves from underneath her thigh -- his fingers outspread momentarily in the air --

HIS WEDDING RING

on his ring finger --

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHRIS'S OFFICE -- DAY

His hand still in the air, without the ring.

WEBB (O.S.)

Chris?

The picture lies on his desk where he must have dropped it.

Webb stands before him as he slowly regains his posture.

WEBB

You all right?

Chris nods at him, scratching his ear.

WEBB

We've identified the victims at the crash site.

CHRIS

The ones near the intersection?

WEBB

(nodding)

Listen to this: They're all former members of the British Special Air Service, or SAS.

(MORE)

WEBB (CONT'D)

All were presumed dead... Just like Porter from the beach.

CHRIS

So they worked for the Government...

WEBB

SAS files are classified, but for the sake of the investigation, we were given limited access.

CHRIS

And?

WEBB

Seven months ago, they were sent out in several teams to India to eliminate a terrorist cell.

EXT. ABANDONED TEMPLE -- JAMMU AND KASHMIR, INDIA -- DAY
(FLASHBACK)

A FLASH

of Vincent leading Kate and several camouflaged men through the snow towards the temple -- All are heavily armed --

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHRIS'S OFFICE -- DAY

WEBB

The terrorists were given anonymous info --

CHRIS

Anonymous?

WEBB

From an unknown ally. Though speculations all point to someone in the Russian Government... Or their C.I.A..

Chris just looks at him, astonished.

INT. ABANDONED TEMPLE -- JAMMU AND KASHMIR, INDIA -- DAY
(FLASHBACK)

MORE IMAGES

as Vincent and his men quietly creep through the temple -- An ambush --

BULLETS flying everywhere, Vincent's men don't even stand a chance -- They're instantly slaughtered.

WEBB (V.O.)

They used the information for an ambush.

Vincent darts for

THE RESERVOIR ROOM

with Kate and his surviving men. An exit point to the left -- They take it and escape outside.

WEBB (V.O.)

Several members of the teams were reported dead, while the rest went dark...

INT. POLICE STATION -- CHRIS'S OFFICE -- DAY

Webb continues.

WEBB

They were all eventually presumed dead. Afterwards, another mission was led to eliminate the terrorists, this one successful... The bodies of those that went missing were never found.

Chris's face is filled with a look of realization.

CHRIS

So if we know the members who went dark...

WEBB

... Then we know the names of our killers here.

(smiling)

You got it.

CHRIS

(with a slight nod)

What do you want me to do?

WEBB

I've already informed Steven and Jamie. As one of the lead investigators, I want you to help them with whatever they find.

Chris nods at him.

WEBB
 Well, I'll let you get back to...
 (puzzled, aside)
 ... whatever.

He turns and leaves the room, shutting the door behind him.

Devoid of the ring, Chris gazes at his hand and frowns.

INT. POLICE STATION -- JAMIE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT (DUSK)

Jamie's office is much larger than Chris's, making it the obvious choice for group work. The three detectives sit around the desk: Jamie does research on the computer; Chris and Steven write in their notebooks.

Chris's cell phone TWITTERS. He answers.

CHRIS
 (into phone)
 What is it?
 (beat)
 Why? What do you have?
 (beat)
 Yeah, we'll be there.

He hangs up the phone and slips it into his pocket.

STEVEN
 Well?

Chris gets up and pulls on the coat from the back of his chair.

CHRIS
 Eddie's given us another location.

JAMIE
 (without looking up)
 I'll finish up here. You think the two of you can handle this without me?

CHRIS
 Of course.
 (to Steven)
 Remember what we've talked about.

Steven slips on his coat.

STEVEN
 I know.

INT. MOTEL ROOM 34 -- NIGHT (EVENING)

Blinds cover the windows of the wall next to the door. A KNOCK is heard from outside.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Come in!

Chris and Steven enter the room and close the door. They walk forwards slowly, horrified by what they see ahead.

CHRIS
What... the...?

Steven turns his head towards the wall, away from whatever lies ahead.

On the table lies several white sheets holding the mutilated body of William. Most of his body has been severed into smaller pieces, allowing only the head to reveal his identification. There's no blood and the body is pale. It looks like it's been there for a couple of days.

Eddie enters from the bathroom, zipping up his jeans. He wears ONE ear plug and Vapor Rub is present underneath his nostrils. His wound appears to have healed considerably.

EDDIE
Lock the door.

STEVEN
Why the fuck is their a body on the table?!

CHRIS
That's the sniper from the hospital...

EDIIE
Lock the door.

Steven walks back towards the door.

EDDIE
This is one of the men involved with the murders at the docks.

STEVEN
Why is it here?

EDDIE
That's not important.

CHRIS
(sighing)
What do you want?

EDDIE
Not what I want... It's what you
want.

Eddie starts tying up the sheets, hiding the body parts. He stuffs them into a garbage bag nearby. Over this:

EDDIE
As you probably know, I have the
location of the rest of our
enemies.

He ties the bag and pulls it off the table.

EDDIE
I need this body dumped. After
that, you can have --

Eddie turns around just to be staring down the barrel of Chris's handgun, merely feet away. He looks over to Steven.

Steven pulls something out from underneath the bed -- THE
CASE.

STEVEN
Pretty stupid, Eddie...

EDDIE
Let go of it. Now.

STEVEN
(smiling)
I think it'll be much safer in our
hands.

EDDIE
Put it down!

The safety catch of Chris's weapon CLICKS off.

Eddie starts walking slowly around him, his aim never shifting as he follows suit... He would shoot without hesitation.

EDDIE
How did you know?

CHRIS
You told me not to insult your
intelligence.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So I thought that a smart man like you would realize that in order to hold power, you could never let the case out of your sight. You would always be the one in control.

Steven starts heading to the right around Chris; the case in one hand, his own gun in the other.

CHRIS

Of course, we had to assume that you did actually have the case in the first place, that it did exist. After that, it was just a matter of finding it.

STEVEN

You thought you were playing us, but in reality, we were playing you.

EDDIE'S HANDS

One with the other ear plug, the other at his back as he slyly shifts out a FLASHBANG --

EDDIE

Maybe...

Eddie stops moving with his back parallel to the door --

EDDIE

... Or maybe I anticipated this, as well.

Steven looks down and sees Eddie's hand. His eyes widen --

STEVEN

Flashbang!

Eddie shoves in the earplug and shuts his eyes just before it goes off --

A blinding flash of light followed by a HIGH-PITCHED WAIL -- Chris and Steven disoriented, stumbling around --

Someone quickly grabbing the garbage bag and running towards the door --

A blind SHOT from Steven's pistol is burrowed into the wall -- Chris drops at the sound, his gun sliding out of his hand --

Chris regaining his vision as he rapidly blinks -- looking towards the door --

It's open -- Eddie's escaped!

Chris heads for the door as Steven starts to regain his vision. Steven follows him quickly outside --

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT (EVENING)

Eddie's ENGINE revving up as he accelerates immediately over the curb of the parking lot. He veers left --

Chris heads for Steven's vehicle and then stops. Steven passes him:

STEVEN
Come on! Let's go!

CHRIS
We've already lost him.

STEVEN
We can still catch up!

CHRIS
There's no need -- We have the case.

Chris enters the vehicle on the opposite side. Steven takes the wheel.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR -- NIGHT (EVENING)

Steven opens up the case, Chris watching curiously.

There are several papers inside, but little else. Steven goes through them.

STEVEN
This is what everyone was after...?

Most of them are marked as "CLASSIFIED". Most of it is in Russian, though some of it is in English. They're all marked under the "CIA", some of which are addressed letters.

Steven hands Chris some of the papers in English. They both start reading them. After a beat:

STEVEN
Holy... shit.
(to Chris)
Assassination targets, allied treaties with India,... This is fucked!

CHRIS

The Russian C.I.A.'s in London. No wonder these guys want the case...

STEVEN

I still don't understand. Why are they all here?

CHRIS

We need to have this analyzed. It sounds like the C.I.A. is hunting the same guys we are... though for different reasons.

STEVEN

I'll give it to the Captain.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

Chris and Steven enter through the police station. Steven has the case in his hand.

They wander past the main desk, waving to the GRUMPY COP sitting there.

Webb appears out of nowhere, holding up a sheet --

WEBB

We've done it! We've got a warrant!

STEVEN

For...?

WEBB

That fucking warehouse...

Steven stares at him with no idea of what he's talking about, let alone Chris.

Webb makes quick circular motions with his wrists, trying to clarify himself:

WEBB

You know...

(pondering)

Hammond-weir... something... That's it. Someone dropped by an envelope right before you left. Never caught his name... Anyway, it had the location, so we weren't sure what to make of it --

CHRIS

So how did you get a warrant?

WEBB

An MP5 was also in the envelope.
The prints matched to a former
member of the SAS... Kate Waters.
If you recall, a similar weapon was
used to kill our victim from the
boat --

CHRIS

Yuri.

WEBB

Right... Well, Jamie ran the tests
and sure enough, we've made a link
between the MP5 and the victim.
With a suspect and a location, the
warrant came through quite quickly.

CHRIS

At a warehouse? Sounds like a
trap...

WEBB

Which is why I have two assault
teams standing by. I'm putting you
both in charge with Jamie.

CHRIS

Where is he?

WEBB

Locker room.

He glances down at the case. He looks back at them
quizzically as they hand it to him.

STEVEN

Sensitive information, Captain.

WEBB

How sensitive?

CHRIS

C.I.A..

Webb stares at them sternly:

WEBB

Go suit up.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

The three detectives are getting ready, applying body armor
over their T-shirts.

Chris looks uneasy as he attaches the straps.

STEVEN

Chris?

Chris looks back, fastening the last one.

STEVEN

You don't have to do this if you
don't want to. There's no pressure.

Chris looks towards the lockers filled with weapons. He seems to contemplate the options. Grabbing an M5 carbine rifle off the table, he turns towards Jamie:

CHRIS

I'm in.

Jamie nods at him and loads his M1 shotgun.

JAMIE

(sternly)
For Ian.

EXT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

A full moon shines brightly in the starry sky above. The parking lot is filled with several black vehicles like before. The trucks look ready to leave outside the docking doors, some of the engines already STARTED.

A five-member SWAT tactical team awaits in an alleyway nearby with Jamie -- full black assault gear, gloved and masked, M5S --

Another team awaits across the street behind the wall. Chris and Steven are there too.

The team leader peeks out from behind the wall and then sticks his head back in.

LARGE ROOFTOP NEARBY

A sniper flat on his belly points his COLT RIFLE towards the warehouse's main entrance. Another to the far right of him is on his knee, pointing his weapon towards the side entrance.

Chris sits awkwardly with Steven holding a radio between them. It is completely quiet until it BUZZES. They stand:

WEBB (V.O.)

(over radio, filtered)
All teams, you're clear to go. Move
in now.

Jamie emerges from the alleyway moving towards the front entrance with his shotgun. The SWAT team follows behind him --

Chris, Steven and their team are already across the street, moving towards the side entrance --

A PADLOCK

is chained on to the doors to the front entrance.

A team member steps forward with heavy bolt cutters. He cuts the chain and then puts them away, drawing his weapon.

The team on the side door start slipping in, one-by-one --

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

THE FRONT ENTRANCE DOORS

Thrust inward and Jamie leads them in -- They immediately take whatever cover they can find --

A guard passes the side door and sees the team leader -- three SHOTS in quick succession bring him down --

The rest of the team enter with Steven and Chris following behind.

Hitters start assembling in the main room towards the side door, towards the front doors, and on the stairwell, rushing down the stairs.

Two SWAT cops at the front doors aim out from cover and FIRE RAPIDLY into three approaching hitters --

All three drop to the floor, dead.

Chris takes cover as another guard SHOOTS over his head... The SMG completely inaccurate --

Chris leans over the cover and FIRES three shots into him --

A hitter's MP5 brings down a SWAT cop -- moving in to finish him off --

A SHELL is pumped into his body by Jamie -- He races towards the wounded officer and pulls him behind cover.

Another hitter tries to flank, slowly moving along the cover... He attempts to shift around the corner --

CRACK! He is dropped by another cop. The cop rolls him onto his stomach and cuffs him.

A cop takes cover from incoming SHOTS -- He attempts to lean out...

Two hitters emerge behind him -- They FIRE RAPIDLY, enough shots for overkill --

The team leader FIRES two sets of automatic shots in quick succession -- Each set marks their chests, instantly killing the two hitters.

ABOVE THE GROUND FLOOR

Several bodies can be seen in various areas... The aforementioned leader tries to resuscitate a downed officer... Some of the remaining hitters are FIRING, while others are taking cover; the same can be said of the SWAT teams...

A hitter heading towards the front drops his weapon and surrenders to a SWAT cop.

Chris and Steven race towards the stairwell --

A hitter sees them and aims -- only to be SHOT by a member of their SWAT team. He gestures for them to continue on.

They continue forward and ascend the staircase with little resistance. All they have to do is step around both of the bodies. Or so it would seem...

At the top a guard aims -- CRACK -- The butt of Jamie's gun flings him over the railing.

Jamie reloads his shotgun and places his back to the wall just to the left of the doorway. There appears to be no door. Chris takes the right side.

Steven crouches with his back to the guardrail, aiming inwards to the left. He starts strafing left towards the center of the doorway, almost in sight from within --

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT

Most of the equipment has already been shot up inside.

A guard hides behind a thin wall.

Another kicks over a desk towards the doorway and aims over it. He FIRES both of his sub-machine guns --

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The door frame is littered with INACCURATE SHOTS on both sides --

Steven jumps back, waiting for the shots to subside.
Silence...

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT

The guard, out of ammo, EJECTS both clips from his weapons --

Steven FIRES INWARD from the doorway --

The rounds collide with his neck and the guard drops.

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

All three wait for a moment, Steven still aiming steadily through the doorway.

Jamie peeks in:

JAMIE

Let's move!

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- TECH ROOM -- NIGHT

They storm through the room, Jamie leading them in -- immediately taking whatever cover they can find... They lean out --

The remaining guard sees all of them and takes cover.

They all FIRE simultaneously through the wall --

The guard, lined with wounds, slumps slowly down the wall until he falls on his side, his head visible to them.

They push forward and carefully enter into the next room.

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- BARRACKS -- NIGHT

The few, distant SHOTS are muffled inside.

The room is long and the light subdued. It's organized with several bunk beds on either side, lining each wall all the way to the other end. The room appears to be vacant.

They make their way through the room, checking under the beds to confirm that no one's there.

Chris checks underneath the final bed on the left -- clear. He lets out a sigh of relief and lowers his weapon.

Jamie checks under the last bed on the opposite side --

A wardrobe lies against the left wall, Chris standing merely a meter in front of it. His guard is down --

It BURSTS open and a hitter jumps out -- Chris tries to turn around -- the hitter on his back, yelling maniacally --

CHRIS

Shit!

The hitter reaches for his handgun --

Chris rushes back, SMASHING the doors on his back --

Steven and Jamie now with their pistols, looking for an appropriate shot --

The hitter has his weapon -- it drifts up towards Chris's head --

Chris, his arms caught by the hitter, defenseless -- He thrusts his head back sharply --

CRACK -- It breaks the hitter's nose, blood running down -- he falls off of Chris -- Disoriented momentarily, trying to regain his footing --

SLOW MOTION - JAMIE IS SHOT

-- The hitter accidentally FIRES.

-- The bullet penetrates through Jamie's vest, thrusting him back onto the ground --

BACK TO THE BARRACKS

STEVEN

No!!

Steven takes aim, careful and precise -- his watery eyes full of hatred -- BAM.

The hitter lingers, a bullet in between his eyes, before eventually falling backwards into the wardrobe.

Chris is still frightened, indicated by his sweat and heavy breaths. He looks from the dead body back to Steven.

STEVEN (O.S.)

Medic!!

Steven bends down over Jamie as Chris skids to his side.

STEVEN

(towards door)

We need a fucking medic!!

INT. HOSPITAL -- WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Chris and Steven are sitting down in the waiting room, Webb just across from them. No one else is there.

Steven fidgets on one of his armrests; He seems anxious.

Chris fiddles around with his clasped hands.

Amy walks up to them:

AMY

You can see him now.

The three stand and follow her.

INT. HOSPITAL -- EMERGENCY ROOM -- NIGHT

They stand around Jamie's bed. Amy flashes five fingers towards them, indicating the amount of time they have as she leaves.

Jamie is unconscious, the heart monitor the only indication that he's still alive.

All three look sorrowfully down at Jamie.

STEVEN

(softly)

How could this happen?

WEBB

Armor piercing round.

The three look uncomfortable, like they want to say more but can't.

STEVEN

Does his family know?

WEBB

I think it would be best left for tomorrow.

Jamie looks peaceful, and the atmosphere reflects around the room -- The three cops return the same serene look back at him. It looks as though all of their problems just melt away, at least for a moment.

Steven slowly leaves the room, Chris following behind him.

Webb takes a seat next to Jamie's bedside, leaning forwards.

EXT. LONDON -- DAY

The sky is gray and heavily clouded, blocking out the sun.

From above, several streets and various areas below can be seen through the fog. Royal Parks, street markets, Trafalgar Square,... It all just screams London.

Above there are several skyscrapers and other tall buildings, most notably the Tower Of London.

Moving around them --

EXT. ABNEY PARK CEMETERY -- DAY

A DISFIGURED MAN walks with his back arched, passing a young couple up towards the cemetery. They look back at him, disgusted.

He looks out of the corner of his eye, though he doesn't turn around. He knows that they're watching him. It doesn't matter; What he wants lies ahead.

INSIDE THE CEMETERY

as he walks up the trail and looks to the right.

An old woman lays flowers in front of a large grave.

He continues up on the trail and then crosses through the thick grass, walking around various graves.

He looks up ahead and then stops.

A BALDING MAN kneels in front of the grave, his fingers interlocked in prayer. He's completely unaware of his surroundings. His beige coat looks old and worn.

The disfigured man pulls out a silenced pistol -- An agent!

He walks up towards his target --

British police appear from every which way, surrounding him. He's trapped --

He prepares to shoot -- not going down without a fight --

The weapon's knocked from his hand and he's roughly cuffed.

The balding man stands before him and smiles. He waves his badge in front of his face:

BALDING COP
 (British accent)
 Don't worry. Your target is already
 in custody...

The disfigured man sneers before two cops pull him away.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL/BELSIZE PARK -- DAY

ZOOMING

down from the hill overlooking the park --

It appears to be empty, possibly because of the weather. Rain showers have begun.

A JOGGER in a brightly colored jumpsuit jogs along the trail.

A CONSPICUOUS MAN

sits on the bench, wearing rounded glasses and a long, black overcoat. It's wrapped tightly around him and he looks cold.

He sees the jogger approaching --

And pulls a knife hidden at his side. Standing up --

FIGURES IN THE FOG --

A cop lunges onto the jogger and they roll into the grass. On top, the officer holds a gun to his head.

Two more officers point their weapons towards the man with the knife. His hands are already in the air, defenseless. One cuffs him.

EXT. LOMBARD STREET/C.I.A. VAN -- DAY

Parked off next to the curb is a C.I.A. van. Its windows are tinted, but it looks quite normal for the most part.

INT. C.I.A. VAN -- DAY

Two AGENTS sit in the back, one quite large. Both are wearing headsets, their hands moving about the high-tech equipment.

The PORTLY AGENT listens to CHATTER over the headset and his eyes widen:

PORTLY AGENT
 (Russian accent, into mic)
 We've been compromised! Abort --

The doors BURST OPEN, police standing around all aiming inside the van --

The agents inside offer no resistance.

EXT. LONDON CITY AIRPORT -- DAY

A TANNED MAN racing past a multitude of people -- trying to reach the front doors --

He is swiftly pinned down by two detectives.

EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD MARKET -- DAY

The market is filled with tourists.

A VIGOROUS MAN

races through, knocking over one of the stalls. He continues swiftly, pushing anyone out of his way.

Glancing around, he notices that he's surrounded by a tactical SWAT team. Two of them leap on top of him --

INT. POLICE STATION -- BREAK ROOM -- DAY

ON THE TELEVISION:

PULLING BACK

from the monitor as he is shown being arrested...

ANCHORPERSON (V.O.)

...Russian C.I.A. has been implicated in several attempted murders... Keep on watching. You won't see this footage anywhere else...

Several detectives from homicide sit in the break room. Chris, Steven and Webb are among them. Most of them appear to be cheering; others offer applause.

WEBB

Great job, guys! Drinks are on me tonight!

More cheering comes from the detectives.

Webb, smiling, glances over to Chris and Steven; Steven appears to be happy, but Chris seems depressed.

Webb pats him on the back.

WEBB

That case you brought in really paid off! Looks like it's finally over!

CHRIS

That's the problem...

STEVEN

(concerned)

What is it?

Chris doesn't respond.

Steven and Webb share melancholy looks. They want to help him, but what can they do? No words can comfort him. So they say nothing.

CHRIS'S EYES

are downcast onto the floor.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY (MORNING)

Chris lies asleep in bed, a bright light shining in from his window. The sound of SAFETY SHIFTING from a gun awakens him.

He sits up, watching a silhouette move across the room...

Eddie points his weapon towards Chris.

CHRIS

I was sure I locked the door...

EDDIE

You did.

Chris glares at him. We can see that he no longer fears Eddie.

CHRIS

What do you want?

EDDIE

(lowering weapon)

Do you really have to ask that?

CHRIS

The case, then.

EDDIE

(smiling)

Of course... How was my tip? I gave you exactly what you wanted...

CHRIS
You gave us exactly what you
wanted.

EDDIE
And yet we both benefit.
(beat)
Now give me the case.

CHRIS
Haven't you been watching the news?
It's over because of the case.

Eddie raises his weapon again, his anger apparent in his eyes.

CHRIS
Don't do it, Eddie... Walk away --

EDDIE
We had a deal --

CHRIS
And I kept it. The case wasn't
involved in our deal...

EDDIE
I can't go back empty-handed!

Eddie trains his eyes on Chris for a moment. Taking a deep breath, he lowers the gun once more.

EDDIE
(aside)
I can't go back at all.

Placing it into its holster, he starts to walk towards the doorway --

CHRIS
Were you working for the Russians
this whole time?

Eddie stops in the doorway, turning his head back.

EDDIE
Not anymore, it would seem.

He looks out into the hallway before continuing, arms grasping the door frame:

EDDIE
Good luck with your wife,
Detective.

Chris raises his eyebrow in inquiry, but Eddie's already gone. He listens to the FADING FOOTSTEPS...

EXT. BALDWIN-MCLEAN FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

The area is heavily lit, even though the clouds block out most of the sun. There's a narrow pathway leading to the front of the funeral home, and a small parking lot to the right filled with cars.

INT. BALDWIN-MCLEAN FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Almost all of the seats are filled by friends, family, and police. Many are wearing black clothing.

A MINISTER

stands at the podium, reading the poem, "Miss me, But let me go". A piano is to his left, though no one is there to play. Behind him to his right lies an altar with six frames on top.

INSERT -- SIX PICTURES

of the three SWAT officers who were killed at the warehouse, the two cops killed by Vincent, and of Ian.

Chris and Steven are on the right side in the second row. Both focus on the pictures ahead.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Eddie is packing a suitcase. Clothes are lain out in a messy fashion all across his bed. He rushes around as he stuffs them into the suitcase.

He zips it up and places it next to another one on the floor in the corner of the room.

INT. BALDWIN-MCLEAN FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Webb walks swiftly down the aisle to the front rows.

He edges past the people in the second row on the right, excusing himself along the way. He reaches Chris and Steven and stops in front of the man next to them.

They are both already looking up at him as he gestures for them to follow. They edge their way out into the center of the rows and follow Webb out into the:

INT. BALDWIN-MCLEAN FUNERAL HOME ENTRANCE -- DAY

They stop near the front doors.

Webb points inward towards the opposite doors:

WEBB

(quietly)

I don't want to alarm any of them,
but I thought I should tell you.

(beat, sternly)

We have a problem.

CHRIS

What kind of problem?

WEBB

The case is going to have to
reopen.

Chris appears to be eager, almost excited.

STEVEN

Why?

WEBB

The bodies at the warehouse checked
out as former SAS --

STEVEN

Well, that was obvious --

WEBB

...Except that not all of the
missing members are accounted for.

STEVEN

So what are you saying?

CHRIS'S EYES

widen with realization:

CHRIS

It's not over yet.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Eddie's house has a porch that leads up to the doors. It also
has an exquisite garden full of beautiful flowers.

A BLACK COUPE

pulls up to the curb.

Four hitters get out simultaneously. All of them are armed
heavily: A man and woman wield carbine rifles; the other two
men wield M60 machine guns.

INT. NEARBY HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A teenage girl lies on the couch, reading a magazine. By the way she's dressed, she looks like she's about to go out, probably waiting for someone to pick her up. She hears a car DOOR CLOSE.

She gets up and looks out of the window, watching the hitters as they make their way towards Eddie's doorstep, crossing past the lawn. Their weapons aren't hidden, flung about the way an amateur would wield one.

She steps back from the window and opens her cell.

INT. BALDWIN-MCLEAN FUNERAL HOME ENTRANCE -- DAY

Webb's radio BUZZES:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(over radio, filtered)
We have a breaking and entering on
Cochrane Street, Number twenty-
four. Four suspects, heavily
armed... Please respond.

The three just stare at the radio attached to Webb's shirt. Webb looks back at them.

WEBB
I want you boys down there! I'll
get you some back-up!

STEVEN
We both know who this is, Captain.
Let us deal with them.

Webb looks back and forth between the two:

WEBB
All right, but at the slightest
sign of trouble, I want you --

He doesn't get to finish as they race out the front doors.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

The four hitters are just outside of the door. The two armed with the rifles prepare to move in.

The woman tries to open the door. It's unlocked, foolishly. She enters inside with the man just behind her. Neither closes the door.

The hitters with the machine guns keep watch to the left and right, waiting to deal with any opposition. Both are robust, like the men at the hospital.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Eddie is startled by a DISTANT CREAK from downstairs...

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The woman searches around the room. Behind the couch first... Then behind each curtain... And underneath the long coffee table.

Satisfied that no one's there, she continues into the kitchen.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- STAIRWELL -- DAY

The man makes his way up the stairs slowly... A CREAK appears to give him away.

He stops and listens for movement, looking through the guardrail -- continuing upward --

At the top, he walks into the nearby bathroom.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- DAY

It's quite small, the only place to hide is... BEHIND THE CURTAIN -- No one's there.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- UPPER HALLWAY -- DAY

Out of the bathroom, he continues to the right towards the master bedroom.

Eddie, with his back to the wall, approaches from the right side of the bathroom door --

He grabs the man quietly, one hand over his mouth to muffle his screams as the knife PENETRATES his body --

Eddie eases the motionless body to the floor with a quiet THUD and drags it into the bathroom, leaving a trail of blood along the floor.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

The woman looks upward for a moment and walks to

THE STAIRWELL

Eddie's waiting for her at the top! He FIRES his handgun twice --

Back down the few stairs she managed to climb, she hits the wall behind her. She slumps over, dead, leaving a trail of smeared blood.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

The men outside look towards the open door.

TOWARDS THE ROAD

Another black coupe pulls up and parks beside the first.

Four more people get out; one is instantly recognized as Kate; another is Vincent. They wield Sig Sauer pistols while the others wield assault rifles.

VINCENT

is scarred badly on the right side of his face, though the scabs are completely gone.

He has a grim smile on as he looks around the house, as if knowing things are finally going to end here.

The four hitters walk up towards the two men on the doorstep.

VINCENT

Are they already inside?

MUSCULAR MAN

(nodding)

We just heard some shots, though.

VINCENT

I want you inside. Take a position from...

He points to the living room.

VINCENT

... behind the window. If it's not one of us, you can kill them.

(to other man)

I want you defending out here.

He looks back at the two hitters who came with him.

VINCENT
I want you both inside looking for
the bloody bastard.

Kate watches him longingly. He turns to her, smiling:

VINCENT
(with arched eyebrows)
And I want you with me.

They all go inside single-file, leaving only one man outside. He crouches on one knee and aims his weapon towards the street.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- UPPER HALLWAY -- DAY

Kate leads her bodyguard through the hallway at the top of the stairs. They see the body in the bathroom and move past it cautiously...

EDDIE

as he does a SWAT turn across the bedroom doorway --

Her bodyguard FIRES multiple bursts at the door frame --

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- EMPTY BEDROOM -- DAY

Missing by a merely an inch as the frame is SPLINTERED --
Eddie returns FIRE with his victim's assault rifle --

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- UPPER HALLWAY -- DAY

The man dodges as he leaps through the doorway to the master bedroom --

Kate concentrating her aim... She FIRES once --

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- EMPTY BEDROOM -- DAY

It HITS his shoulder. He recoils in pain, dropping the rifle to clutch it -- His back to the wall, still holding on to his shoulder --

BAM.

He looks down at his chest -- BLOOD; The bullet had penetrated the wall. He looks forward thoughtfully as if his life is passing before his eyes --

And falls suddenly to his knees.

He tries to keep his composure, his eyes rolling to the back of his head before he catches them. Within seconds, he falls face down onto the floor.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Steven's car pulls up beside the black coupes. Both Chris and Steven get out, weapons drawn --

MACHINE GUN FIRE RATTLES towards them, the bullets lining the side --

Chris leaps back over the car -- taking cover beside Steven --

THE DOORSTEP

The man continues to FIRE over his knee --

THE WINDOW

of the living room SHATTERS and GUNFIRE is now coming from two different directions --

Chris and Steven have to yell in order to hear each other over the SHOTS.

STEVEN

Shit!

CHRIS

Fire blindly to the left!

STEVEN

I can aim --

CHRIS

It's too risky!

Steven reaches over the hood and FIRES to the left --

The shots miss their mark completely, but they scare the man in the window --

Chris peers around the right side of the car and aims, easier with shots coming from only one direction. He EMPTIES HIS CLIP --

All into the hitter on the right -- Only three shots strike, the rest flowing into the wooden boards of the house.

The few that hit are lethal as they send the man careening backwards, rounds from his weapon FIRING harmlessly into the air.

The hitter in the window FIRES again --

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- EMPTY BEDROOM -- DAY

Kate kicks Eddie's body over:

KATE

He's dead.

The bodyguard with her just stares down at it.

She looks around the room. The wall is primed, ready for a fresh coat of paint. Naturally, the room is empty besides a few paintbrushes of various sizes, paint thinner, and several cans of paint. Now it's littered with bullet holes.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The hitter stops FIRING and takes cover below the window. Random SHOTS make their way over his head, but they're spaced out.

Vincent arrives in from the right with a bodyguard, stopping at the sound of another GUNSHOT.

VINCENT

What the fuck is going on out there?!

MUSCULAR MAN

(British accent)

They're gaining ground! I can't hold them back!

VINCENT

"Them"?

MUSCULAR MAN

Cops.

Scowling, Vincent peeks outside the window as the SHOTS stop.

VINCENT

I only see two of them...

The MUSCULAR MAN'S expression is grim as he aims out of cover:

MUSCULAR MAN

That's all there is.

VINCENT

Then hold them off.

He shifts back towards the stairwell.

VINCENT
Kate! Matt! Come on!

THE STAIRWELL

as Kate rushes down with her bodyguard just behind her.

Vincent is already at the bottom of the stairs, careful of the open crack of the front door.

Spaced out MACHINE GUN FIRE starts up again.

VINCENT
Is he dead?

KATE
Yes.

VINCENT
Then it's time for us to leave.

KATE
Aren't you going to ask me if I found the case?

VINCENT
The minute the Russians were dealt with, I stopped caring. It'd be useless to us anyway.

He points back towards the door.

VINCENT
I'm not losing to two motherfuckers!
(beat, calmly to Kate)
Now let's go.

KATE
But what about --

VINCENT
Do you not hear any shots? We're covered. Now come on.

KATE
I'm staying.

VINCENT
Kate. Let's go.

KATE
I'm staying. You should go.

VINCENT
(genuine concern)
Kate --

KATE
Go. There's no point in both of us
dying here.

He stares at her longingly, before pulling her down the last few steps and

KISSING HER GENTLY...

Then it becomes more raw, more passionate... She pulls away.

He leaves her behind, his bodyguard following after him, heading towards the back door.

KATE

as a single tear flows down her face. The back door OPENS and then SLAMS off-screen.

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Chris and Steven close in on the hitter, Chris on the left and Steven on the right. Cowering under the window, he's out of sight.

VINCENT

and his bodyguard rushing towards the left fence... They scale it --

Chris sprints forward in a hope to catch up with them -- completely forgetting about the man aiming directly at him --

BAM. A shot through the hitter's heart.

Steven looks back towards Chris, lowering his weapon.

STEVEN
Go! I'll finish up here!

Chris nods and continues behind the house, disappearing from sight.

Steven makes his way towards the doorstep and eyes the machine gun next to the body outside. He decides against it and puts his back to the wall.

EXT. NEARBY BACKYARD -- DAY

Vincent and his bodyguard sprint through the yard --

It's filled with children's toys and a large swimming pool.

Chris leaps over the fence next, hot on their tail --

The bodyguard slips over a miniature fire truck --

Chris closing in...

Back on his feet, the bodyguard picks up his assault rifle and aims -- killed by four SHOTS in quick succession.

All the shots push him back just a little -- SPLASH! He falls backwards into the pool.

Vincent FIRES several rounds with little aim, still running -- They all miss as Chris presses on --

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Kate's bodyguard turns around from the kitchen...

He faces Steven, pointing directly at him -- BAM. We don't even see the trajectory as he falls too swiftly.

Steven goes up the stairs slowly...

At the top, he sees the blood before the bathroom and moves cautiously...

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- EMPTY BEDROOM -- DAY

Kate FIRES two shots into

THE HALLWAY

that whiz by his head -- He slides into the nearest bedroom --

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

He eyes the sawed-off shotgun on the bed. Picking it up, he checks that it's loaded and then cocks it, ready for use.

THE HALLWAY

as Kate silently creeps through --

Steven strafes out of the room and FIRES, startled --

She's thrown backwards before the empty bedroom, though she doesn't let go of her gun. Her shoulder looks like it has serious damage done to it.

Steven starts walking closer, now holding the shotgun at shoulder level.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- EMPTY BEDROOM -- MORNING

She slowly backs up into the room, up to the rear window.

Steven now stands in the doorway.

STEVEN

I don't want to have to shoot. Give
up and we can try to help you...

He gestures repulsed at her shoulder:

STEVEN

... with that.

KATE

glowers at him with intense hatred.

Her hand tightens its grip around her weapon. It shakes with the amount of pressure applied... She raises it --

Steven FIRES the last shell towards her --

EXT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

She flies out of the window with the SHATTERED GLASS and flips before hitting the ground.

INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE -- EMPTY BEDROOM -- DAY

Steven looks at the shotgun with disgust, regret for using such a terrible weapon.

He drops it and it CLATTERS off the floor.

EXT. NEARBY FIELD -- DAY

Vincent runs towards a barb-wired fence across the field. He prepares to climb it and then looks back.

Chris is quickly gaining ground. But he's concentrating on running through the thick grass; his guard is down --

Vincent lines up a shot...

Chris notices and tries to do the same --

BAM -- grazed by a bullet to his side -- He drops to one knee and quickly tries to get up --

CRACK -- struck in the face with the butt of the gun. He falls. He's back onto his knees, looking up at the weapon aimed towards his head.

Vincent angrily prepares to shoot, and then stops, dumbstruck.

VINCENT
Christopher?

Chris is surprised that the man knows him. He doesn't say a word.

VINCENT
Why, it is you... I didn't believe
Will when he said he saw you...

Vincent presses the gun closer to his head.

VINCENT
I actually enjoyed working with
you... Now look at you -- Traitor.

Chris looks completely puzzled.

VINCENT
Don't play dumb with me, Chris...
You fucking cock-up.

Chris's expression doesn't change.

Vincent eases the weapon back a little, but he doesn't shift its direction.

VINCENT
You really don't remember? You
don't remember what happened at the
docks?

"THE DOCKS". The words ECHO several times as Chris's eyes widen.

EXT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Chris, maybe a year or two younger, stands in the vast room with Vincent, Kate, and several other hitters.

VINCENT
I know why you're here.

Chris doesn't say a word.

VINCENT
I know where he is.

CHRIS
Then tell me.

VINCENT
Understand that you now owe me a
favour. One I can call you on at
any time.
(beat)
He works with the Russian C.I.A..
Are you okay with that?

Chris's eyes, downcast at the floor. Beat. He nods.

CHRIS
(sternly)
Whatever it takes.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

FROM THE DOORWAY

The SWEATY AGENT is asleep in bed, wearing only his boxers. Not even half of his body is under the covers. A silhouette snakes past the doorway and onto the bed...

CHRIS

wears all dark clothing. His sleeves are rolled up, he has dark gloves, but he wears nothing on his head. He walks up towards the man sleeping in bed --

He's pulled up by his hair and he's startled, instantly awake. He gapes in pain just before the other fist collides with his cheek. He spits out two teeth with the blood --

He's yanked up out of bed and thrown against the wall -- turning around -- another fist hammers into his face --

Chris kicks him towards the dresser, knocking over the alarm clock and the car keys. The agent falls down --

HE'S NEVER FELT SO SCARED IN HIS LIFE -- Trying to crawl away -- Chris grabs him by the hair again and pulls up a little.

Chris flashes a picture in front of his face: Jessica in casual clothing, seemingly happy.

CHRIS (O.S.)
The same way you killed her.

Yanking on the hair, his head goes upright --

A KNIFE

on the right side of his neck -- wide-eyed --

CHRIS'S EYES

full of hatred as we hear the distinct sound of blade CUTTING through flesh -- thin droplets of blood appear all around his face -- His eyes now watery --

INT. CHRIS'S CAR -- DAY (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Chris is driving down the road, Steven in the passenger seat. Chris looks as if he's contemplating his actions.

Steven notices his expression:

STEVEN
You okay, buddy?

Chris snaps out of it and concentrates on the road ahead.

CHRIS
Just fine.

STEVEN
You look a little... lost in your thoughts.

Chris doesn't say a word. A melancholy look takes over him.

Steven looks like he's about to say something but doesn't.

INT. HAMMOND-WEIR WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Vincent stands with Kate and William. Chris is a short way across from them. Other hitters are loading things on to trucks in the background.

VINCENT
Glad you're here... Thought you had forgotten about our deal.
(beat)
I've gotten some Intel that the Russians are now putting out hits on us. Some of them are here, one of which seems to have an aluminum case... I want it.

CHRIS
Why would the Russians want you dead?

VINCENT
(ignoring him)
We know where some of them will be
tomorrow morning, but it's probably
going to be messy.

Vincent smiles grimly.

VINCENT
That's where you come in.

Chris stares at him, puzzled.

VINCENT
You're going to be close by, so
when the police call it in, you can
be the one to investigate.

CHRIS
You want me to hold off the entire
Department?

VINCENT
All you have to do is report in
that the docks are clear and that
you don't need back-up.

CHRIS
I still don't understand...

VINCENT
You don't need to.

A beat passes.

CHRIS
Where?

VINCENT
The docks.

EXT. DOCKS -- DAY (FLASHBACK SEQUENCE)

Chris steps out of his car with his gun drawn. He walks
carefully up the docking area holding his gun to his waist --
sees the three masked figures and --

He lowers the weapon.

They take off their masks. Only now do we see that it's
William, Kate and Vincent. They start towards him.

Kate hands her MP5 to William, who tucks it under his belt.

Chris gives a look of disgust towards the bodies.

VINCENT

I told you it was going to be
messy.

He waits a second before:

VINCENT

Well? What are you waiting for?
Report it in.

Chris nods and heads back towards his car. He stops before
the door.

HIS GUN WAVERS

before he tries to holster it. He looks back towards them and
raises it -- He knows it's the right thing to do --

Looking back -- Or maybe calling it in is the right thing to
do...

He stops himself and throws the weapon away. His hands clasp
either side of his head and he falls to his knees.

HIS EYES

squeeze tightly shut as beads of sweat flow down his face --

He suddenly falls limp and drops to his side, unconscious.

EXT. NEARBY FIELD -- DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Vincent is still pointing the gun at his head. Chris's eyes
are widened with realization.

CHRIS

I almost helped you get away with
murder...

VINCENT

Of course you'd call us
murderers... Look at yourself.
We're alike, you and I. The thrill
of the kill. Don't tell me you
didn't like killing my men... I
know the truth.

Chris stares at the ground before him. It's as if he's
wondering if Vincent is right...

Vincent starts laughing maniacally.

CHRIS

What?

VINCENT

The worst part about it is that you
killed an innocent man.

Chris's brows furrow and he rubs his chin.

VINCENT

We needed someone on the inside, a
cop... You. So we set everything
up, including the "innocent" C.I.A.
Agent you killed... He didn't kill
her.

CHRIS

Then who did?!

VINCENT

(smiling grimly)
I did.

Chris, filled with rage... He swiftly pushes the gun away
from his face and it GOES OFF --

He wrestles with Vincent, one hand on his wrist to prevent
him from shooting again -- He pushes him towards the fence
and another SHOT goes off --

Vincent tries to punch him with his free hand -- Chris grabs
it in midair, forcing it back --

Instead he head-butts Chris, knocking him back mere inches.
Chris doesn't let go, but his grip loosens --

Vincent aims at Chris,

ALMOST PULLING THE TRIGGER --

Chris tightens his grip again on both of Vincent's wrists
just in time:

The SHOT passes between Chris's underarm and chest.

The tightened grip forces the weapon down towards their
feet... Another SHOT straight through Vincent's foot --

He cries out and the struggle ends as the pain directs his
attention towards his foot.

Chris grabs hold of the gun and walks back a few feet,
picking up his own; Now he wields one in each hand.

Vincent sits uncomfortably on the ground, gripping his injured foot. He then looks up to Chris --

VINCENT
(fearful)
All right! You can arrest me!
Happy?!

Chris gives him a dirty look and aims the weapons at him.

VINCENT
(scowling)
You mother --

Both guns trained on him, Chris FIRES only his own -- Two shots into his chest instantly kill Vincent.

Chris just watches him for a moment. He slowly turns around and stops, startled.

STEVEN

is standing right in front of him. His weapon is in hand, but it's lowered to his side.

CHRIS
So you were successful?

Steven nods. Chris continues past him.

CHRIS
So now it's over...
(beat)
I don't know about you, but I need
a drink --

Chris stops. In the background, Steven turns around and takes aim with both hands.

STEVEN
Drop the weapons.

CHRIS
All right.

Chris drops Vincent's gun and attempts to holster his own.

STEVEN
I said drop them.

Chris drops his weapon.

CHRIS
He killed my wife. I had to...

STEVEN
Hands behind your back.

CHRIS
Ste --

STEVEN
I heard everything, Chris. The
first gunshot led me here...
(beat)
Hands behind your fucking back.

Chris does so and then starts backing up towards Steven.

STEVEN
Hey! Stop moving, or I'll --

Chris spins around suddenly and punches Steven in the face,
his gun flying to the ground -- Now they are both unarmed.

Steven charges towards him. Chris fails to counter and the
two roll down the small hill --

Steven is on top and starts with a ground-and-pound. He
hammers punch after punch into Chris's face, some of which
Chris blocks --

Chris reaches for a rock, trying to block consecutive strikes
with one arm --

It swipes across Steven's face and he falls over --

Quickly recovering -- A large slash now rests on the right
side of his face. His fury starts to build...

He charges at Chris again with a swift blow to the stomach --
Chris, lurching back, tosses the rock towards him --

It bounces off Steven's leg, tearing a small hole in the
jeans. Blood flows down from inside of them...

He ignores the pain.

Chris lunges towards him -- collapsed on the ground,
wrestling... Steven is overpowered --

HIS HAND, PUSHED DOWN

as it grabs a fistful of dirt. He tosses it upward --

Chris is blinded and Steven kicks him off. As he tries to get
up --

Steven kicks him in the face.

Steven looks towards the top of the hill. He staggers his way up, limping on his injured leg --

Chris stands and chases after him... He jumps on Steven's legs, forcing him face down onto the ground.

Steven reaches forward with one hand, a trickle of blood on his forehead -- If only he could reach the top of the hill --

Chris turns him around. Face to face, Chris punches him --

Steven grabs on to the wrist with both hands and pulls it closer to his mouth. He bites down hard below the knuckles --

Chris yells and looks angrily towards him.

He still grasps Chris's wrist with both of his hands...

Chris pulls out

HIS BADGE

with his free hand and flicks out the pin with his thumb -- He jabs it into Steven's abdomen, quickly drawing it back out, ready to strike again --

Steven kicks him under his arm, SNAPPING it out of place. A sharp cry of pain -- Steven gets back up and finishes his journey up the hill.

Chris bellows towards the sky as he pushes it back into its socket...

Gasping, he continues up the hill as fast as he can go.

Steven picks up the nearest weapon -- VINCENT'S PISTOL. He whizzes around --

Chris already there -- they grapple once more --

The two press together, the weapon hidden in between them --

BAM.

The shot RINGS OUT like an echo. The two, still pressed together, just stare at each other.

Each look's into the other's eyes, the animal hatred between them now gone. BUT IT'S TOO LATE AND BOTH FINALLY REALIZE THIS.

THE GUN DROPS.

Steven steps back. He teeters backwards as if he's drunk.

BLOOD ON HIS UPPER CHEST just above the protection of the vest. He looks down at the gaping wound and then back to Chris.

His back against the fence, he falls on his ass close to Vincent's body.

He breathes heavily, never shifting his gaze from Chris.

Chris picks up the gun with his good arm and aims at Steven's head. A clean headshot to finish him off... Although the hate is gone, IT'S HIS ONLY OPTION... biting his lip...

Steven continues to watch him. His eyes roll back momentarily.

Chris's aim doesn't falter. He attempts to pull the trigger -- hesitating --

Steven's eyes roll back again for much longer this time. He finally catches himself and looks back at Chris.

Chris hesitates again, a look of self-loathing and regret intertwined on his face as he lowers his weapon: WHAT HAS HE DONE?

He walks over to Vincent's body and bends down. He reaches into his pocket and finds a handkerchief. He wipes the gun and carefully plants it into Vincent's hand.

He takes another good look at Steven, his eyes misty.

STEVEN'S EYES,

lifeless and glazed.

Several cops emerge on the field with Webb. They rush up before Chris.

WEBB

We heard the gunshots! Is everything okay?!

Chris gets up and places a hand on his shoulder. Each now facing in opposite directions:

CHRIS

(quietly, with dread)
Take a look for yourself.

Webb looks down and shakes his head.

WEBB

Ah, shit...

Chris walks away from the scene, the police all gathered around the bodies. Tears are flowing down his cheeks as he goes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Chris, sobbing, stares down at the table.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Two years later, and it seems to be
the only thing I can remember...

INSERT -- THE WILL

Some of the writing can be seen. We see that he's left all of his money and possessions to Jessica's family in the event of his death. It becomes apparent that he has no family of his own. Not anymore, anyway.

CHRIS (V.O.)
With memories, I've learned that
you're better off not knowing.
Anything I remembered just made me
bitter inside...

He pours up another glass of liquor and gulps it down. He throws it angrily at the WALL, though his tears can still be seen.

CHRIS (V.O.)
I go over it again and again in my
head... Steven should still be --

He hears a CREAK and turns his head towards the living room.

STEVEN

stands in the doorway, aiming his weapon directly at him.

Neither says a word.

Chris's breaths are heavy, yet controlled. He doesn't seem to fear death anymore. Then again, he probably hasn't for the last two years.

Steven stares at him nervously. Little anger is present on his face, surprisingly.

CHRIS
You're... alive...

Steven doesn't respond. Instead he pulls down the collar of his shirt with one hand, revealing the scar of the bullet wound. Letting go, both hands clutch the weapon again.

Chris slaps his hand on the will:

CHRIS
Her family gets everything.

Steven lowers his weapon. His eyes start to mist up.

STEVEN
I told her I'd take care of you,
Chris.

A final tear flows down Chris's face...

CHRIS
(sternly)
Then do it.

Steven takes aim again:

CHRIS (V.O.)
Sometimes the past...

CUT TO BLACK.

CHRIS (V.O.)
... is better off forgotten.

BAM.

CREDITS.

END.