

JACKED

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

TWO SEWER RATS scurry between the shadows cast by the FULL MOON hanging in the clear night sky, nibbling on what discarded debris they could,

(V.O.)

For all of you that think you know
fear... I got a secret to tell ya.
You don't know shit about fear.

The Rodents are being watched by a fat black ALLEY-CAT hunched low behind a trash can - a few yards away, in between two closed doors that open into the alleyway.

(V.O.)

Fear is a message. Sent from your
brain to your heart...

As one of the Rats sniffs its way into a discarded potato-chip bag and the other wanders further ahead -

(V.O.)

Telling it to skip a beat. Save a
pump. Preserve your blood.

The Feline inches forward out of its hiding place.

(V.O.)

Because in the next instance.
You're gonna need every,

Suddenly, the wandering RODENT pauses. Sniffs something in the air.

(V.O.)

Single, drop...

Recognizes the scent and DARTS for the closest shadow. The very same shadow in which the ALLEY-CAT waits, when -

(V.O.)

To Survive.

One of the doors BURST open and SLAMS against the wall, sending both the RODENTS and CAT fleeing in opposite directions.

DOORWAY

COLIN, early 20s, black-eye, emerges with one arm wrenched behind his back/held by a MUSCLE NECK BOUNCER in a tight T-shirt and headset.

Upon clearing the doorway, the Bouncer releases the young man with a hard shove sending him tumbling onto the pavement.

MUSCLE NECK

You touch one of the girls again
and the next time it'll be the
ocean.

Jay slowly picks himself up off the ground,

JAY

You sucker-punched me you steroid-
chugging fuck.
(faces off)
Now lets see if you got the balls
to try that again.

A MISCHIEVOUS GRIN. The Bouncer smiles in return.

MUSCLE NECK

Have a nice night Sir. See you next
week.

Turns. Heads back inside the club when the young man calls out from behind.

JAY

Whassa matter, Scared to fight
without your other butt-buddies
from inside?

The Bouncer halts mid-step. Whirls, his smile replaced by a deep scowl.

MUSCLE NECK

That's it. No more Mr. Nice guy.

Advances, vein throbbing beneath the skin of his forehead as Jay throws up his fists for combat.

JAY

Bring it on Big boy.

However - being out weighed by at least sixty pounds - the Bouncer easily grabs the much smaller opponent and maneuvers him into a headlock.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hey, what the fuck? Fight like a
man!

As Muscle Neck drags him down the alleyway.

JAY (CONT'D)

Let go of me you freaking ape. You
fucking homo.

EXT. THE "G" SPOT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

A MARQUEE BOARD advertises: The hottest dancers in West Los Angeles. Group and Bachelor Party discounts.

Beneath the sign, High-end Sports and Luxury automobiles glisten under the post lights scattered throughout the parking lot.

AT THE ENTRANCE DOOR

COLIN, early 20's, busted lip, argues with TWO BARREL-CHEST MEN who have obviously just bounced him from inside.

COLIN

This is bullshit! I ain't leaving
here without my friend!!

BARREL CHEST #1

You can wait out on the sidewalk.
Your friend'll be round in a
minute.

COLIN

What'da ya mean be round? And whose
gonna pay for my time-piece?

Waves the designer watch in the air; hanging from one end of its wrist band.

BARREL CHEST #1

You can take it up with management.
Contact number is on our website.

Gestures to move off the property when,

JAY (O.S.)

Got dammit I said let go. When my
dad find out about this -

MUSCLE NECK (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah. He's gonna have
my job, right?

Colin looks back over his shoulder, sees...

RIGHT CORNER OF THE BUILDING

...His friend's head locked in the bouncer's arm, being drugged out of the alleyway into the Front Parking Lot.

COLIN
Jay? Is that you?

Breaks into a run. Shouting at Muscle Neck,

COLIN (CONT'D)
Hey, what the fuck man?

EXT. MOUTH OF ALLEYWAY/FRONT PARKING LOT

Jay, from his compromising position, glimpses Colin running to his aide.

JAY
Colin! Good!
(to Muscle Neck)
That's yo ass now. C-Dog, drop this fool.

Colin stops short of the two. Hesitates, glancing back over his shoulder at the two Barrel Chests guarding the Entrance, then back at Muscle Neck who once again releases Jay with a shove.

MUSCLE NECK
Fuck next week. I don't want to ever see your face around here again.

Jay catches his balance. Spins. Fists clenched.

JAY
Or what?

Colin moves side by side.

COLIN
Yeah, or what?

Muscle Neck smiles. Reaches down and touches red button on the device clipped to his belt. After which, the two Barrel Chests guarding the Entrance Door gets the signal, tear up the pavement headed their way, along with additional club bouncers who rush out to assist.

Jay and Colin exchange a glance.

EXT. LA BREA BOULEVARD - WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

A WHITE RANGE ROVER fishtails out of the parking lot of The G Spot, onto La Brea Blvd., which hosts an array of Friday night motorists out cruising for a good time.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jay is hunched over the steering wheel maneuvering the High-end SUV in and out of traffic as . . .

Colin stares into the side-view mirror watching the strip club slip further and further behind.

COLIN

Okay, okay, okay... you can slow down now.

Jay shoots him a look.

JAY

Hey whose driving you or me? And why'n the hell didn't you take that goon out when I told ya?

Colin jerks around.

COLIN

Did you see how many of them fucks were back there? If I hadda touched that guy we'd both be getting our ass stomped right now.

JAY

Then boo fucking who. We boyz. You suppose to have my back no matter what.

COLIN

I did have yo back.

JAY

Yeah... way back.

COLIN

Huh?

JAY

You heard me.

COLIN

Naw, I don't think so.

JAY

You flaked out on me bro. You got scared.

COLIN

Scared? Scared had nuthin to do with it. That's what you gonna learn one day C-Dog. There's a big difference between being smart and being scared.

JAY

Yeah, let you tell it.

COLIN

And I will. You always getting into shit you can just walk away from. And you get me mixed up in the shit. Like now, look at my lip There's no way I can go to work in the morning looking like this. I'm gonna have to call off again. Fucking around with you. And I can't even blame you because I'm stupid enough to keep hanging round you.

JAY

Don't try'n change this around If you were standing behind me, how'n the hell did that fuck sneak up behind me and black my eye.

(twists rear-view to
examine eye)

And you flexing bout your job, how'n the hell I'm gonna explain this to my pop?

COLIN

Tell him the truth. You went to a strip club. Got drunk and grabbed on one of the dancers. And the bouncer clocked you.

JAY

First off, that fat fuck sucker-punched me. And second, fuck you, at least I wasn't scared.

Colin SIGHS.

COLIN

I'm telling you Jay. One day --

JAY

What, I'm gonna wake up one morning
and find out that somebody snipped
my balls?

COLIN

You know, I think this full moon is
fucking with yo mind.

JAY

Well if it's fucking with mine it
should be fucking with yours. We
suppose to be boyz!

COLIN

So what, since I didn't do nuthin
stupid I ain't ya boy no mo?

BING, BING, BING, BING.

Both Jay and Colin look down at the DASHBOARD DISPLAY where a
digital Gas Pump flashes RED.

AUTOMATED VOICE

You have less than one gallon
remaining. Refuel as soon as
possible.

Jay punches the ceiling.

JAY

FUCK.

Colin sadly shakes his head.

COLIN

Like I said, I think this full moon
is fucking with yo mind.

JAY

And like I said, if it's fucking
with mine it should be fucking with
yourz.

COLIN

Yeah, whatever.

INT. FUEL&SHOP GAS STATION/MINI MART - NIGHT

Packed. CUSTOMERS waiting at the register. Grabbing beer and
drinks out the coolers. Knick knacks off the shelves.

THE ENTRANCE DOORS

Slide apart to reveal Jay entering the store. He takes one look at the crowd and throws out his arms.

JAY

You gotta be fucking kidding me!

This draws looks from all around. Jay doesn't care. Stomps up to the counter and RAPS on the -

BULLET-PROOF WINDOW

Behind which ANGEL - as evident from the name tag pinned to his Fuel&Shop apron - works the register.

JAY (CONT'D)

You can't be the only one working
are you?

Angel, early 30s, shaved head beneath his Fuel&Shop ball cap, doesn't give Jay the satisfaction of even a glance. Hands over receipt and change to the waiting customer.

ANGEL

NEXT.

As the next patron steps up to the counter,

JAY

Whassa matter, you no speakie the
English?

ANGEL

(to patron)

Welcome to Fuel&Shop. How may I
help you?

On this, Jay throws up his hands. Turns on his heels and heads for the back of the line.

CUSTOMER #2

What was up with that guy?

ANGEL

Just some buster. I get that all
the time on this side of town.

CUSTOMER #2

Lucky you.

ANGEL

(shrugs)

Hey, gotta feed the kids.

CUSTOMER #2

Yeah I hear you. Forty on pump 6 please.

EXT. FUEL&SHOP GAS STATION/MINI MART - NIGHT

A YELLOW MINI-COOPER pulls off La Brea Blvd onto the property... Cruises along the Drive Around, pass the multiple banks of fuel dispensers before turning into the - -

EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA

Located off the right exterior wall of the Mini-Mart. Three parking spaces: One occupied by a BLUE HONDA ACCORD with chrome rims, tinted windows, and a big LA DODGERS LOGO on the back of the Rear Windshield.

The Mini Cooper slows into the far empty parking lane. The driver's side door opens and SARAH, late 40s, steps out of the car already wearing her Fuel&Shop ball cap and apron; Name tag: SARAH.

As she makes her way around the front of the Mini Mart, the brand new all WHITE RANGE ROVER parked at fuel dispenser #4 catches her eye; mainly COLIN in the passenger's seat fiddling with his smart phone, his upper lip noticeably swollen, the collar of his shirt torn.

INT. FUEL&SHOP - NIGHT

Jay finally makes it to the register.

ANGEL

Welcome to Fuel&Shop. How may I help you.

JAY

(feigning surprise)
Oh, so you do speakie the English.

ANGEL

Man, fool, whatch you want? I ain't got time for this shit.

Jay flashes his infamous mischievous grin. Pulls out a wad of cash. Peels off a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL and releases it with a flourish into the drop tray.

JAY

Two packs of Marlboro Reds and put the change on number #4.

The move gets under Angel's skin.

ANGEL

If you don't slow down homes
somebody gonna knock you in that
other eye.

JAY

You little spic, muther, fucker.
You want a piece of me!
(Raps on bullet-proof
partition)
Come out from behind that glass.
I'll kill you.

Angel calmly reaches up and grabs two packs of Marlboro Reds
out the cigarette rack, tosses them in the drop tray.

ANGEL

Now get the fuck outta here.

Jay has no choice but to take the smokes and leave. But not
before issuing out one final insult,

JAY

This ain't East LA, homes. A person
can get fucked up around here.

Angel nods indicating Jay's blacked eye.

ANGEL

Yeah, I see.

Jay's face flushes RED.

EXT./INT. DOUBLE ENTRANCE DOORS/MINI MART - NIGHT

They slide apart as Sarah nears and Jay come storming out
from inside, shouldering her aside as he passes.

SARAH

Heey. Watch it.

Jay gives her the finger as he goes.

JAY

FUCK YOU.

Sarah enters the store and immediately throws Angel a look.

SARAH

What was that about?

The LINE OF CUSTOMERS answer before he can speak,

CUSTOMERS
Ass-hole. Deuce-bag. Idiot.

EXT. FUEL DISPENSER #4 - BANK OF GAS PUMPS - NIGHT

Jay stomps up and side punches the Super Unleaded Button. Snatches the nozzle off its cradle and jams it into the tank of the SUV; his index finger flicking the Breakaway Switch to allow the machine to regulate the flow.

INT. RANGE ROVER

Colin is still fiddling with his smart phone when the driver's side door opens and Jay climbs into the SUV. Throws over one of the two packs of Marlboros.

JAY
I can't believe this fucking night
I swear, the next mutherfucker that
--

COLIN
What happened now?

JAY
Nothing to worry your smart ass
about.

As Jay lifts the top on the arm rest to reveal a fifth of Tequila "Reposado" inside.

COLIN
I think that's the most intelligent
thing you said all year. Nothing,
to worry, my smart ass about.

Jay pulls the cork out of the blue bottle of liquor. Takes a deep swig. EXHALES.

JAY
What happened to you C-Dog? Where's
the old mad dog Colin that was
always ready to take on a hundred
muther fuckers at the drop of a
dime.

COLIN
That's not me anymore. I got a good
fucking job. One that I actually
like.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

I gonna try and go as far as I can with this company and I ain't gonna fuck it off raising hell every night in these streets with you.

JAY

Nobody's holding a gun to your head.

Takes a second swig then passes the bottle over to Colin, who finally looks up from his cell.

COLIN

You're right. Nobody's holding a gun to my head.

JAY

You see, this is what I'm talking bout. Who'n the fuck is this guy?

COLIN

Just thinking fo myself now that's all.

JAY

Maybe you oughta get your own ride and drive for yourself also.

COLIN

I got my own ride.

JAY

Yeah, if you wanna call that piece of shit American car a ride.

COLIN

Well not everybody's got a rich daddy.

Jay takes a third, longer swig of the Tequila Reposado then re-corks the bottle.

JAY

Tough, shit.

EXT. FUEL DISPENSER 4 - BANK OF GAS PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

THE ELECTRONIC HEAD of the petrol meter tallies the gas as it's pumped through the heavy, spring-coiled hose that hangs between the SUV and the dispenser.

INSERT DIGITAL DISPLAY: \$17.25, \$17.50, \$17.75, \$18.00, etc...

INT. FUEL&SHOP - NIGHT

Angel steps back from the register as Sarah moves in to take his place.

SARAH
See you tomorrow Angel.

ANGEL
Later.

Takes Cash Drawer along with the shift's earnings receipt into the - -

SMALL MANAGER'S OFFICE

Where he places the Drawer and receipt inside of a safe. Pulls off Fuel&Shop apron and hat. Tosses them into a locker and retrieves out a blue LA DODGERS fitted cap. Cellphone. Heads for the door.

EXT. FUEL DISPENSER 4 - BANK OF GAS PUMPS - NIGHT

THE ELECTRONIC HEAD continues to tally the petrol being pumped through the hose: \$58.50, \$58.75, \$60.00, \$60,25, etc...

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Colin keep to themselves. Jay, now smoking on a Marlboro, Colin, checking his E-mail and text messages.

Suddenly, Jay jerks upright, eyes narrowed ahead.

JAY
Whoa, whoa, whoaaa. What do we have here?

COLIN
What?

Follows Jay's line of vision to the Double Entrance Doors of the Mini Mart where the store clerk/Angel exits the store talking on his cell.

JAY
Fucking Cholo-Boy was running off at the mouth.

Stubs cigarette in ashtray.

(more to himself)
(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

Now we're gonna see how tuff you are when you ain't behind that glass.

Hops...

OUTSIDE THE RANGE ROVER

And snatches the nozzle from the gas tank before the Break Away switch can sense the back pressure and shut off.

BACK INSIDE THE RANGE ROVER

Jay climbs behind the wheel. Hits the Engine start BUTTON.

JAY (CONT'D)

Showtime. And this time you better not flake out on me either.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA - FUEL&SHOP GAS STATION - NIGHT

The glow of the FULL MOON in conjunction with the facilities LOT LIGHTS brightens the night air as...

Angel rounds the building, headed for the blue Honda Accord.

ANGEL

(into cell)

Did the Laker's win?... What? To Sacramento?... Ah baby, you gotta be playing with me.

Pull keys from pocket and deactivates alarm on the Honda - BEEP.

He arrives at the driver's side door...

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(into cell)

I don't know probably like thirty minutes. You know how Friday night traffic is.

Reaches for the door handle when -

HIGH-BEAM HEADLIGHTS suddenly engulf the parking area in a sea of bright light as the white Range Rover SKIDS to a halt.

Angel holds a hand over his eyes, stares into the glare as the doors of the SUV flies open and out steps an unidentified young man/Colin and the ass hole customer from earlier.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(into cell)
Baby, let me call you right back.
(teasingly/lovingly)
I love you.

Puts phone away not giving his girlfriend a chance to respond. Steps forward,

ANGEL (CONT'D)
SIR, could you please move your vehicle?

Jay motions Colin to hang back...

JAY
Just watch my back, I got this.

Then swaggers forth.

JAY (CONT'D)
Now what was this about you socking me in my other eye?

ANGEL
SIR, I'm bout to back out. Could you please, move your truck outta the way?

JAY
Oh, don't back out now. You wasn't backing out when you was behind that bullet-proof glass.

Angel sighs. Then holds up a finger,

ANGEL
Uno momento.

Runs over to his car, reaches under the front seat and extracts a long black flashlight - the kind policemen of the sixties used to beat minorities with.

Jay smiles when he sees the store-clerk's choice of weapon.

JAY
That's a fair fight. You and your flashlight against me and my boy.

Angel once again comes face to face with the young punk.

ANGEL

Look, I already got two strikes so
if I beat your ass with this
flashlight I'm gonna beat your ass
with this flashlight.

Jay holds him in a long, hard, assessing stare. Then, his
body goes slack, a smile sweeping over his face.

JAY

Man, I was jus fucking with you
Essay. You know, Friday night, full
moon.

(extends hand)

Hi, I'm Jay.

Angel, regarding the new demeanor, looks down from the young
punk's softened eyes to his extended hand when suddenly -

THE HAND CLOSES INTO A FIST AND JABS HIM SQUARE IN THE NECK.

JAY (CONT'D)

BOO-YAO!!!

The flashlight clangs to the ground as Angel staggers back
clutching at his throat.

JAY (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talking bout. A
classic sucker-punch. C-Dog, remind
me to thank that Muscle Neck fuck
the next time we're at the G spot.

COLIN

Man lets get outta here. You proved
your point. You know how 5-0 patrol
up and down La Brea.

Jay turns to his friend, one finger held in the air to mimic
the store-clerk.

JAY

Uno momento.

Breaks into a trot. Leaps in the air and delivers a solid
kick to the defenseless store-clerk's chest, knocking him
flat on his back; head hitting hard off the concrete -
unconscious.

Undeterred, Jay skips forth and begins stomping Angel,
punctuating each kick with,

JAY (CONT'D)
 Don't, you, ever, talk to me, like
 that, again!

COLIN looks back over his shoulder at the onlookers at the fuel pumps, some already on the phone to the police.

COLIN
 Come on man, we gotta get outta
 here. They're already calling the
 po po's.

Jay notices the bystanders on their cell, looking at him.

JAY
 Fucking snitches.

EXT. DRIVE AROUND - SECONDS LATER

As the Range Rover reverses out of the Employee Parking area. Lurches into first gear, headed for the La Brea access point when -

A LAPD PATROL CAR zips into the drive, blocking their escape.

EXT./INT. WINDSHIELD OF THE RANGE ROVER

As Jay brakes the vehicle to a halt... Cuts the Engine. Both him and Colin slowly raise their hands and places them in plain view on the dashboard.

EXT. INTERSECTION AT LA BREA & PICO - MINUTES LATER

A SIREN is close. Motorists pulls off to the side of the road as an emergency vehicle emerges, blowing through the intersection onto the lot of the --

FUEL&SHOP GAS STATION

Where Sarah and the PATROL OFFICER performs CPR on Angel.

The ambulance stops a few feet away. The DRIVER and TWO PARAMEDICS jump out. Rolls a large gurney with medical equipment on top.

COP
 One, two, three, go.
 (Sarah blows)
 One, two, three, go.

SARAH

Come on Angel open your eyes.
Breath.

The First Responders kneel beside them: Rookie and Senior taking over the procedures as the Driver gets the run down from the policeman.

COP

I arrived on the scene a few minutes ago. Found the victim unconscious. Contained the perps then immediately engaged in resuscitation efforts.

DRIVER looks across the Drive Around at the --

LAPD PATROL CAR

With COLIN and JAY handcuffed in the back seat, their heads hanging low.

DRIVER

Racially motivated?

COP

Your guess is as good as mine. But the one smells like a distillery.

SENIOR MEDIC removes his finger from the Patient's Neck, signals to the Younger.

SENIOR

Prepare for electric shock.

JUNIOR

Gotch'you.

Reaches into the MEDICAL BOX and pulls out a Portable Defibrillator as the Senior Medic whips out a pair of scissors and cuts Angel's shirt from the bottom to the top, revealing a Torso that contain:

MULTIPLE GANG TATTOOS... KNIFE SCAR... BULLET WOUNDS.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

What is this guy some kind of gang banger?

SENIOR

Does it matter?

Junior pauses, Shock Paddles in hand.

JUNIOR
Uh, no.

SENIOR
Then what are you waiting on?

JUNIOR
Oh.

Raises the shock paddles...

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
CLEAR?

Brings them down and ZAPS the patient's body...

THE EKG CONTINUES TO REGISTER A FLAT LINE.

The Junior medic hoists the paddles again...

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
CLEAR?

SENIOR
Go.

Then drops them a second time... Then third. However, the EKG continues to register a Flat Line.

SENIOR (CONT'D)
Prepare for an adrenaline
injection.

Takes Black Sharpie out of front pocket as the Junior Paramedic reaches into the Medical Box for the -

ADRENALINE AUTO-INJECTOR.

Six inch plastic tube with a Blue Cap on one end, a Red Cap on the other.

INT. BACKSEAT OF SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Colin looks out at the scene, hands cuffed behind them, heads low, save for Jay who holds his head high.

COLIN
If that guy dies, man --

JAY
Then he died cause he tangled with
J-dog.

COLIN

Hey I ain't got a rich daddy to get
me a decent lawyer.
They're gonna give me a public
defender.

JAY

Relax, it's his fingerprints that's
all over that flashlight. Not ours.
We just say that the Beaner
attacked us and we'll be fine.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA - CONTINUOUS

JUNIOR MEDICAL TECHNICIAN - injector firmly grasp with on
hand, uses the other to yank off the Blue Cap to reveal a
blunt-tip needle. Then the Red Cap to reveal the plunger as
the Senior Medic draws a black circle on the patient's chest
over his heart.

SENIOR

X marks the spot.
(draws back)
Now remember, you want to come down
hard enough to penetrate the breast
plate.

JUNIOR

I know. I've done this at least ten
times in class.

SENIOR

Then why haven't you injected him
yet?

Junior thinks quickly, then,

JUNIOR

Oh.

Lifts the auto-injector with a firm grip, zeroes the blunt-
tip needle in on the center of the Black Circle...

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

CLEAR?

SENIOR

On you hot shot.

THE ADRENALINE AUTO-INJECTOR LEAVES THE FRAME: THRUSTING DOWN
HARD: WHEN,

Angel coughs; his body shifting out of position as the needle Slams Home...

A full five inches BELOW THE CIRCLE.

ANGEL

Lets out a HELLISH CRY - his eyes popping open to reveal IRISES ROLLED BACK into the top of his head - that startles the Rookie back flat on his rear.

ROOKIE
Shit! He moved, he moved!!

SENIOR

Extending both arms to steady his young colleague with one hand and the patient with the other.

SENIOR MEDIC
Easy, easy. Let's keep it nice and -

Angel, though eyes rolled back in his head, senses the medic's extended hand, snatches it and SNAPS it at the WRIST; BLOOD exploding like a geyser.

SENIOR MEDIC (CONT'D)
AAAGGGHHHH!!!!!!

INT. BACKSEAT OF SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Colin's mouth drop open.

JAY
Ho-ly, shit!

COLIN
Did that just happen?! Did that just, fucking happen?!!

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA

The Patrolman DRAWS his TASER GUN.

OFFICER
FREEZE.

Sarah SCREAMS. From beside her, the Driver lurches out flailing his arms directly into the Officer's LINE OF VISION.

DRIVER

NO. That was the effect of the Adrenaline hitting his central nervous system.

OFFICER

Get out of the way!

DRIVER

His just body went into the fight-or-flight response. It'll pass.

ON THE PAVEMENT

As Angel's eyes roll from the top of his head, the Junior Medic scrambles to his colleague's aide, grabbing the Senior Medic by the shoulders and rushes him off to the side.

The Driver spins back first to the Officer and kneels at the head of the patient.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It's okay. We're here to help you.

Angel, oblivious, un expectantly fast, shoots up into a sitting position...

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Remain still. You was unconscious but you're okay now.

Angel looks down at the needle stuck in his side. Yanks it out. Meets the Driver's glance: Tosses the injector aside. Grins. Then jumps with surprising speed to his feet.

OFFICER

Get down! Get down, now!

SARAH

Angel relax. They're here to help you.

Angel lock eyes with the Patrolman. Attempts a step forward when...

The DRIVER springs up and envelopes him in a bear hug, just as the OFFICER squeezes the trigger of the Taser: Launching TWO SHARP PROJECTILE POINTS that zips through the air...

SINKS INTO THE DRIVER'S BACK: 20,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY FOLLOWING ALONG WITHIN THE ATTACHED ELECTRICAL WIRES...

BOLTING THROUGH BOTH THE DRIVER AND THE PATIENT CAUSING UNCONTROLLABLE BODY SPASMS/GYRATIONS.

EXT. BANK OF FUEL PUMPS/DRIVE AROUND

The Onlookers GASP, mouth open/eyes wide.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA

The Patrolman realizes the situation, releases the Taser trigger prompting the ELECTRICAL WIRES to GO SLACK.

ANGEL, DRIVER:

Motionless for TWO BEATS: Then, the Driver's body collapses at the feet of Angel, who remains standing. Slowly coming back to his senses.

EXT. AMBULANCE - A FEW FEET AWAY

The Junior Medic guides the Senior to/sits him on the tailgate, all while applying pressure to stave off the rapid FLOW OF BLOOD.

SENIOR

What'n the hell you do, hit him in the adrenal gland?

JUNIOR

He moved. You saw that.

Grabs box of bandages from back shelf of the emergency vehicle.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

He didn't have any vitals.

Wraps the open wound where the snapped bone protrudes out soaking the white bandages Red.

SENIOR

Well he sure as hell has vitals now!

JUNIOR

OKAY, I think I may have hit him in an adrenal gland.

SENIOR

FUCK.

EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA

The Patrolman flicks the useless Taser aside. Palms handle of the nine- millimeter in it's holster.

OFFICER
Lie down, on, the ground.

ANGEL, however, seems oblivious. He's in his own world, throws back his head and unleashes a WARRIOR YELL, FISTS pounding on his chest purposely over the Gang Tattoos.

ANGEL
YEAH. COMPTON MUTHERFUCKER. EAST
SIDE LOCOS!!!!

OFFICER
Last warning.

Makes to draw his weapon at the same time that Angel is quick succession: Recognizes the move. Moves once again with unexplicable quickness in a sprint that closes the distance just as the barrel of the nine millimeter raises to fire... and slaps the gun out of the Patrolman's hand.

ANGEL
YEAH. NOW WHAT?

The Patrolman back peddles, palms up.

OFFICER
Hey hey easy. I need you to calm
down.

Sarah runs up from behind.

SARAH
Angel, stop, it's okay.
(points)
They caught the guys that assaulted
you.

Angel follows his finger to the LAPD PATROL CAR parked across the Drive Around.

INT. BACKSEAT OF POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colin and Jay SHRIEK as their eyes lock with the store-clerk's.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA

With the patient's attention diverted, the Officer seizes the opportunity and RUNS for his GUN. Angel allows him to go and starts for the squad car, his pace quickening with each step until his personal velocity has him at a dead run.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Jay ducks as the store clerk runs up to the side-rear window, draws back his fist and....

Punches at Jay's face, his knuckles smashing into the glass instead. Colin jumps back against the opposite side door as Jay ducks head between his legs.

JAY

What the fuck?! What'n the hell
they give this guy?!

COLIN

Where's 5-0?! What happened to 5-
0?!

SIDE-REAR WINDOW

Smatterings of BLOOD smears the glass as Angel punches away,

ANGEL

You still want some white boy? Huh?
You still want some of me?

SMASH. SMASH. SMASH: a deep depression forming in the window.

Meanwhile - the officer makes it to his gun. Clicks off the safety and runs back to the action, ready to fire.

SARAH

He's unarmed. You can't shoot an
unarmed man in the back!

The Patrolman throws her a look. Reluctantly holsters the gun. Snaps from his utility belt an EXPANDABLE BATON with a 16" STEEL ROD that springs out from it's metal casing.

COP

(to Angel)

Alright Buddy, party's over. Get
down, flat on the ground.

EXT. DRIVE AROUND

The ambulance's RED STROBE-LIGHTS bounce off faces of YOUNG SPECTATORS moving closer and closer, snapping off cell phone pics.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR

Jay squirms across the seat as far away from the store clerk as he could, sandwiching Colin between the opposite side door.

JAY
Shit, fuck, do something C-Dog!

COLIN
Me do something?! You're the one that got us into this shit.

Angel's fists smashes through the window.

ANGEL
Oh yeah. That's yo ass now white boy.

As he reaches though emitting a MANIC LAUGHTER as his BATTERED and BLOODIED HAND claw to get a hold of Jay.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Come'ere. Get over here white boy.

Jay twists and lies back-first on the seat, kicking at the enraged Hispanic.

JAY
Auuuh! Auuuhh! Get back!! Back!!!

ANGEL
Don't get scared now. Oh no don't get scared.

Easily grabs Jay by an ankle. Starts to pull him across the seat.

As Jay starts to slide,

JAY
Auugghhh, let go! C-Dog help!!

Colin, thinking quickly, twists and swings his legs up and down over Jay's head, locking them around his waist.

JAY (CONT'D)
Don't let go. I swear, if you let me go...

COLIN
You'll what, KICK MY ASS?

OUTSIDE THE PATROL CAR

The PATROLMAN reeves back the expandable baton.

OFFICER

Last warning. Step away from the
vehicle NOW.

Off the patient's refusal to stop, the Patrolman swings:
THWACK. THWACK. THWACK... striking the back of the legs of -

Angel who doesn't buckle. Reaching further and further
through the window grasping to get hold of Jay, every inch of
him wanting to RIP THE MUTHERFUCKER APART.

COLIN

NO MO. THIS IT. I'M NEVER GOING OUT
WITH YOU AGAIN.

As Jay kicks at the store-clerk with his free foot.

JAY

Stop screaming like a bitch and
help me kick.

COLIN

What?

JAY

Kick you little fuck, kick!!

Colin does. Only to have his feet and lower legs assaulted in
a series of FURIOUS JABS from Angel.

ANGEL

You want sum too white boy? You
want sum to?

Colin throws his head back in pain,

COLIN

AAAUHHH, AAUUHH... Fuck this.
(to Jay)
You got us into this shit. You get
us out.

Pulls legs back/from around his friend's waist.

JAY

Wha, What are you doing?!

Angel sees this.

SLOW MOTION: AS COLIN LOOKS ON:

COLIN (V.O.)
 Fear is a message sent from your
 brain to your heart.

ANGEL yanks Jay far enough to grabs him by the collar...

COLIN (V.O.)
 Telling it to skip a beat, save a
 pump, preserve your blood...

Drags him head first to/through the glass of the -
 EXT. SIDE-REAR WINDOW OF LAPD SQUAD CAR - NIGHT
 Halfway out the window, his hands cuffed behind him.

SARAH
 ANGEL, NO, STOP.

OFFICER
 LAPD, FREEZE GOT DAMMIT.

Ineffectively, swings and swings as a slew of LAPD POLICE
 CARS zip into the gas station, SIRENS blaring.

COLIN (V.O.)
 ... Because in the next instant,
 you're gonna need every, single,
 drop...

Angel maintains the grip on Jay's collar with one hand, DRAWS
 BACK A FIST WITH THE OTHER.

COLIN (V.O.)
 To survive.

JAY'S POV:

Angel's face in a SNARL that's somewhere between Jack
 Nicholson and Heath Ledger's rendition of the JOKER; the FULL
 MOON glowing bright in the b.g..

JAY
 AAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!

FADE IN ON:

EXT. CEDAR SINAI HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

8700 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood, CA.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eyes OPEN ON: IV DRIP posted off the side of a

HOSPITAL BED

In which JAY lies, half his face wrapped in bandages.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Holy mother of Mary, you're AWAKE.

Jay's eyes dart over to RACHEL, mid-forties, sitting in a chair beside him, clutching onto a thick GOLD CROSS NECKLACE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jesus.

Leans over railing of the adjustable recovery bed and gently embraces Jay in a hug, kissing him on the top of his forehead.

JAY

What happened?

JASON (O.S.)

Let's see...

Jay looks around his mother to where his JASON, mid-forties, Armani Sports Jacket and Jeans, stands in the middle of the floor leafing through the multiple page Police Report.

JASON (CONT'D)

... You were intoxicated two times over the limit. Nearly killed a store-clerk. And oh yeah, once again made me and your mother look like idiots.

RACHEL

This isn't the time Jason.

JASON

Then when will that time be Rachel?
What is he 22,23?

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

We've been bailing him and that
freaking Colin in and out of
trouble since he was 12.

JAY

C-Dog. Where's C-Dog?

RACHEL

Probably bailed out of jail and
home by now. You've been a coma for
the last eighteen hours.

JASON

Sleeping peacefully may I add.
Meanwhile, I had to cancel a
meeting with a client that flew
fourteen hours to see me.

(beat)

You should be lucky I'm even here.

RACHEL

Don't you dare. We adopted him he
didn't adopt us.

JASON

You adopted him. I just went along
for the ride.

As the fingers on Jay's IV HAND curls into a "Fuck You" bird,
pointedly for Jason to see,

RACHEL

Well I sure ass hell couldn't have
kids. And we should be lucky we
have him... What other reason would
we have to even be together?

JASON

That's not true.

JAY

(labored)

You know something, *dad*? I'm tired,
of always trying to live, up to
your damn standards. You, along
with the world, can kiss my lily
white ass.

JASON

Why you little fucker.

RACHEL

Don't, Jason.

JASON
 Don't? He's the one that assaulted
 a store-clerk.

RACHEL
 We haven't even got his side of
 things.

THE HEART MONITOR goes from a moderate to a RAPID BEAT.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Oh, look what you've done now.

JASON
 I've done?

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

And a NURSE rushes in... to Jay's bedside.

JAY
 My head. The pain.

NURSE
 On a scale of one-to-ten how bad
 does it hurt?

JAY
 Fifty.

Rachel, Jason, moves out way as the Nurse hurries to a
 Medicine Cabinet.

NURSE
 I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.
 Visting Hours will start back at
 9am.

As she opens the cabinet doors to a host of general
 anesthesia, pills/pain relievers, and needles.

RACHEL
 What about the policeman outside
 the door?

Grabs vial of Morphine, needle from shelf that also contains
 box with writing that Jay recalls

NURSE
 If they decide to transport him to
 County we'll notify you
 immediately.

JAY

Where?

Suddenly notices his right hand cuffed to the bed rail. Nurse returns to his side as his parents exit the door.

NURSE

Okay deep breaths. Relief is on the way.

Injects the pain reliever in the IV as his parents heads for the door.

RACHEL

Don't worry. We'll get you the best lawyer in the city.

Husband grabs her by the elbow.

JASON

Lets go. You can come back in the morning.

Rachel jerks her arm free,

RACHEL

If you hadda paid more attention to him we wouldn't be in this situation.

JASON

We're not in it, he is.

As they exit...

Jay feels the medication taking effect as the EKG BEEPS slower and slower.

NURSE

That should do it. You'll be fast asleep in no time.

(adjusts pillow under his head)

I'll update the doctor and check back on you in about 15.

Leaves. The door swinging open giving Jay a glimpse of the -
SLEEVE AND PANTS LEG OF THE POLICE OFFICER standing guard on the opposite side.

Jay shakes his head to try and clear it. Repeatedly blinks his eyes, breaths quick breaths, trying to stay alert.

He lifts his right arm and the handcuffed wrist RATTLES off the bed rail...

His eyes drift over to his CLOTHES folded neatly in a chair... Then to the

MEDICINE CABINET

On the opposite side of the room.

RECOVERY BED

Jay ...to swing his IV hand over to his cuffed wrist and using that hand to pull out the needle.

He twists side to side until he picks up enough momentum to roll off the side of the bed.

Catches his BREATH.

The wheels of the hospital bed SQUEAKS as Jay pushes it across the floor, to the...

MEDICINE CABINET.

Leans against the sink to again catch his BREATH.

Opens the cabinet doors: Eyes passing over multiple bottles of pain relievers, anesthesia vials, needles and cotton swabs, before falling on a

Box of EPI- PEN ADRENALINE INJECTORS.

Jay pulls back the cardboard box, grabs on of the Adrenaline Injectors.

On the tube is a warning: "Caution: Avoid injection into the Adrenal Glands."

Jay looks up at the -

HUMAN ANATOMY CHART on the wall. Spots the two adrenal glands, feels out the organs on his side.

Rams the needle in. Jolts back against the sink, his eyes rolling back in his head.

INVOLUNTARY BODY SPASMS gyrate his restrained hand, RATTLES the HANDCUFF CHAIN with so much force that the POST SNAPS FROM THE FRAME, the sound reverberating across the -

INT. RECOVERY ROOM

TWO BEATS, then

The DOOR ABRUPTLY OPENS to reveal a uniformed COP peeking into the room, his eyes growing wide at the sight of the prisoner standing free.

The Cop CHARGES,

COP
FREEZE. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

JAY

His eyes roll from the top of his head, falling on the charging Police Officer; activating his inner fight-or-flight response that

JAY'S EYES drop from the top of his head, falling on the Officer; activating his inner fight-or-flight response that INSTINCTIVELY PROPELS him into a FORWARD KICK that TOPPLES THE COP with so much force that...

Jay stumbles hard into the closed door. Bounces back on his rear end. Then just as quickly springs off the floor to his feet. Notices the unconscious Cop...

Grabs clothes off the chair, races over to the --

MEDICINE CABINET

and grabs the entire box of adrenaline off the sink. Flees out the room, naked under the hospital gown, his...

BUTTOCKS sticking out as if saying "Kiss My Ass" to the world.

THE END

