

"CHAOS"

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SHOOTING SCRIPT: MARCH 15, 2004

"CHAOS"

FADE IN:

BEGIN OPENING CREDITS:

A1 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE- NIGHT A1

CLOSE ON... A BRONZE PLAQUE which reads, "PEARL STREET BRIDGE."

ON THE BRIDGE... RAIN POURS DOWN. An SUV steers out of control and CRASHES into a STALLED OUT VEHICLE.

It's quiet NOW, EXCEPT FOR THE INCESSANT pounding rain. IN THE DISTANCE, police lights approach.

SMASH CUT TO:

1 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT 1

THROUGH A TELEVISION CAMERA... The image is GRAINY and FRENETIC. A HEAVY RAIN POURS DOWN on a MELEE OF ACTIVITY.

POLICE CARS block either end, their LIGHTS ignite the sky in a dizzying RED and BLUE design. The attention centers on...

The SUV and the CRASHED VEHICLE lay in the middle of the bridge. A MAN, 30's, madness on his face, his right hand holds a HOSTAGE, a woman, 20's, racked with fear, tight to his body. His left holds a GUN!

Two DETECTIVES, slowly approach the Man. ONLY SEE THE DETECTIVES FROM BEHIND.

A News Reporter, KAREN CROSS, 30's, blond with energy to burn, shields herself from the rain, steps in front of the camera...

KAREN CROSS

... Police on scene are approaching the suspect. They're at the center of the Bridge now.

The Man waves his gun wildly, screams at the Detectives. The Hostage, tears streaming down her face, SCREAMS OUT!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUDDENLY... THREE GUN SHOTS, almost simultaneously, RING OUT!

KAREN CROSS (OS)

We have shots fired. Shots have been fired... Both the suspect and his hostage are down... Police are moving in... Oh my God.

FADE IN:

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

A loft apartment, scarcely furnished, except for BOOKS, HUNDREDS OF THEM, fill stacks of shelves. Hearing but not watching the television, METICULOUSLY preparing a GIN AND TONIC, is...

DETECTIVE QUENTIN CONNERS, a grizzled, intense veteran. His charisma, which he has in spades, gets him into as much trouble as it gets him out of. At present a somber mood. The shadows from the rain stream down Connors's face.

IN THE GLASS'S REFLECTION... The TV Report plays. (NOTE: most of, if not all, of the TV report will in reflection.)

KAREN CROSS (OS)

After a two month investigation, Det. Jason York has been relieved of duty for his role in the Pearl Street Bridge shooting deaths of Lisa ReAnn and John Curtis. Key testimony against York came from Det. Bernard Callo, who was on scene that night. The Seattle Police Department is handing this case over to the King County District Attorney's office. Criminal charges are expected.

3 ON A TELEVISION SCREEN-- 3

The IMAGE cuts to an earlier interview with... CAPTAIN MARTIN JENKINS, 50's, chronically tired and unsympathetic.

JENKINS

In a civilized society, the men and women entrusted with serving and protecting the community are to be held accountable just like everyone else. Simply put... Just because you are a cop, doesn't mean laws don't apply to you. This is no longer the wild, wild west.

3 A EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY (THROUGH TV CAMERA) 3 A

KAREN CROSS stands on the steps, a PHOTO of Connors appears.

KAREN CROSS

This same review board last week found Quentin Conners, Det. York's partner, "not responsible" for the same shooting. He remains on suspension without pay.

3B INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT 3B

Conners turns off the TV, lays the remote next to a PHOTO of Conners and a YOUNG WOMAN (TEDDY) during happy times. He stares at the photo, finishes his drink.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OPENING CREDITS.

4 EXT. SEATTLE - DAY - ESTABLISHING 4

A COOL, CRISP Pacific Northwestern day. MOUNT RAINIER looms in the distance. The SPACE NEEDLE overlooks downtown. While the sun shines now, the OVERCAST SKY on the horizon FORESHADOWS AN IMPENDING STORM. In the heart of the city...

5 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY 5

An IMPRESSIVE STRUCTURE on a BUSY CITY CORNER. TRAFFIC, street and pedestrian, go about their business.

ACROSS THE STREET... A BLACK TRUCK screeches to a stop.

6 INT. BLACK TRUCK - DAY 6

LORENZ, 40's, sits behind the steering wheel. His EYES cold, merciless. He's joined by FOUR OTHER MEN, ALL BLACK CLAD - HEAVILY ARMED with BODY ARMOR!

Lorenz stares out at the bank, a last moment of peace. Simultaneously, ALL FOUR DOORS OPEN and...

7 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY 7

Lorenz and the Black Clad exit, quickly cross the street, heading for the bank! Each carries a LARGE BLACK BAG.

7A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 7A

PATRONS in line, wait impatiently. A SECURITY GUARD in the corner yawns. TELLERS count ~~out~~ cash, access accounts on COMPUTERS.

GRAINY SECURITY CAMERA IMAGES depict an average, business day. THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

7B EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

7B

Lorenz and the Black Clad arrive at the doors. They RAISE THEIR MASKS and...

8 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

8

Off the CROOKED EYEBROW of a BANK TELLER...

AT THE FRONT DOORS--

The BLACK CLAD STORM THE BANK! Four of the Black Clad move into position. Lorenz stands center stage. Gun in hand, he aims at the ceiling, PULLS the trigger... BAM! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT!

LORENZ

Drop to the floor! Slowly! No sudden moves!

(to the Tellers)

You! Hands on heads, drop to your knees. Now! Do it!

PATRONS and TELLERS HIT THE GROUND, TERRIFIED! Lorenz is in COMPLETE and UTTER CONTROL.

BLACK CLAD #4 and #3 keep watch on the tellers behind the counters! One on one side, one on the other.

BLACK CLAD #2 ushers people out of side offices, gun-points them into the lobby!

BLACK CLAD #1 races upstairs, gathers people from the 2nd level, forces them downstairs.

From the corner of Lorenz's eye... The SECURITY GUARD's hand creeps toward his gun.

LORENZ

That... you don't want to do.

The Security Guard reluctantly obeys. BLACK CLAD #1 DISARMS the Guard, then GUN BUTTS HIM over the head! The Guard drops, unconscious! CUSTOMERS, EMPLOYEES scream out.

Black Clad #1 rips keys from the Guard's belt, tosses them to Black Clad #2!

LORENZ

Y'all picked the wrong day not to use the ATM.

(Beat)

You will not be harmed if you do exactly what I say, when I say it. You

(MORE)

LORENZ (cont'd)
take your chances if you choose not to
listen.

BLACK CLAD #2, keys in hand, flies across the counter,
carrying a large duffel bag... Heading to the vaults!

LORENZ
No one will say I didn't give you a
choice.

9 INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 9

Black Clad #2 arrives, drops his bag, unzipping...

BLACK CLAD #2
(into his headset)
I'm in.

10 INT. THE LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 10

Lorenz gets the message, finds THE BANK MANAGER cowering
behind his desk.

LORENZ
You, up.
(the Bank Manager obeys)
You understood what I just said?

BANK MANAGER
Yes.

LORENZ
Your security system, you can
electronically lock all entrances...

BANK MANAGER
Yes. Right-right away.

LORENZ
With that attitude, you and I are going
to get along famously. Now go.

The Bank Manager nods nervously.

BLACK CLAD #4 holds open his bag. He strides by the
CUSTOMERS who deposit CELLPHONES, PAGERS, inside.

10A INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE 10A

The Bank Manager taps on his computer keyboard.

BANK MANAGER
It's done. We're locked down.

Lorenz nods.

10B INT. THE LOBBY-- 10B

BLACK CLAD #1 flips the "BANK CLOSED" sign around.

11 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - DAY 11

Jenkins fastens his cufflinks. In the bed behind him...

HEATHER "TEDDY" GALLOWAY, 30's, normally a force to reckon with, appears vulnerable with only a sheet wrapped around her.

JENKINS

Have you seen my watch?

Teddy gestures to the night stand. Jenkins retrieves the watch. He also slides his WEDDING RING back on. This ain't love, this is a relationship of convenience.

Jenkins slips on his jacket, secures his tie and, after one last check in the mirror...

JENKINS

This was fun. You should get out of bed. You'll be late for work.

And with that, Jenkins exits. Teddy waits for the door to close, then collapses back onto the bed.

12 INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 12

PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES line the walls, connect all the safety deposit boxes together! BLACK CLAD #2, takes cover, readies the detonation device and...

BLACK CLAD #2

(into his headset)

Fire in the hole.

He FLIPS A SWITCH and... KA-BOOM! AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE VAULT!

13 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 13

A PILLOW OF SMOKE BLOWS into the lobby! Lorenz stands UNFLINCHING. The explosion was expected.

BEHIND THE CUSTOMER SERVICE WINDOWS--

An EAGER TELLER, 30's, seizes the moment. He reaches up and PRESSES THE SILENT ALARM BUTTON!

BLACK CLAD #4 turns just in time to see it, quickly FIRES his weapon! The Eager Teller slumps against the wall, BLEEDS profusely from his neck, not dead yet.

Lorenz hustles over to Black Clad #4.

LORENZ

What do you think you're doing?

BLACK CLAD #4

Fucker pushed the alarm.

Lorenz GLARES DISGUSTEDLY at his accomplice.

LORENZ

It would've made more sense to shoot him before he pushes the fucking alarm. Not after.

(looks at the Eager Teller)

Jesus.

Lorenz levels, very calmly, his weapon at the Eager Teller's head and...

LORENZ

And... If you're going to do something.

(FIRES his weapon!)

Do it right.

The Eager's Teller's body keels over, dead. Lorenz checks his watch... 9:26 a.m.

LORENZ

(into microphone)

Alarm's tripped. We're on a clock.

(to Black Clad #4)

Get these people out of the way.

A14 EXT. MOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING A14

The *Four Seasons* it ain't.

14 INT. SHOWER/ MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY 14

There's not enough soap on the planet for Teddy to feel clean. Doubt and fear present on her face. She turns off the water, and steps out... when she does HER PAGER, off screen, chimes!

15 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - DAY 15

Teddy, a towel wrapped around her, picks up the pager. The number: 911. She picks up the TELEPHONE, dials.

18 **EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

18

Callo arrives at the POLICE TECH VAN. So state-of-the-art NASA is green with envy.

BRENDAN DAX, 30's, the techno-wizard, with headphones on, hands Callo a phone. Several other OFFICERS listen in.

DAX

We have them on the line.

Dax presses a series of buttons.

DAX

We're hot.

CALLO

(into phone)

This is Detective Callo, Seattle P.D.
Who am I speaking with?

LORENZ

No questions. It's time to set the rules. I am in complete control of this facility. No one gets in or out without my say and I will execute every last man, woman and child in here if my needs are not met. Do not test me. Today, I am a man of zero patience.

CALLO

I'm listening.

LORENZ

See if you can't screw this up,
Detective... I have but one demand.
One and only demand.

19 **OMIT (COMBINED INTO SC. 17/18)**

19

20 **INT. CONNERS APARTMENT - DAY**

20

Connors wears a T-shirt and some sweats, opens his refrigerator, grabs a bottle of water. When he closes the door... He notices Jenkins and a YOUNG DETECTIVE on his deck.

Connors crosses, opens the door for Jenkins and DETECTIVE SHANE DEKKER, late-20s. Dekker's all business when it comes to being a cop. Green, but eager to prove himself. After a long beat...

CONNERS

Do you have a warrant?

JENKINS

I need to speak to you, Quentin.

CONNERS

There's where your shit out of luck because I don't need to speak to you.

JENKINS

It's important.

Connors and Jenkins trade serious stares. Connors finally relents. Jenkins and Dekker enter. Dekker notices - THE STACKS AND STACKS OF BOOKS.

JENKINS

Quentin, this is Detective Shane Dekker.

CONNERS

Huh? You don't look like much of a Detective.

DEKKER

Funny. I was going to say the same about you.

CONNERS

Charming.

JENKINS

Shane just transferred in from Tacoma. His father...

CONNERS

Save your breath. I really don't care.

Before Jenkins can respond, from the bedroom, a TALL, BLOND WOMAN, 20s, emerges, COMPLETELY NUDE.

The men WATCH as the Woman, PAYING THEM NO ATTENTION, retrieves a bottle of water from the fridge, then returns to the bedroom. No words spoken at all. After the moment has passed...

CONNERS

Why don't we can the chit-chat. Get to what's on your mind.

JENKINS

We've got a hostage situation, American National Bank. The sonsabitches said they wouldn't talk to anyone but you.

CONNERS

No shit?

JENKINS

No shit. I need you to do this.

CONNERS

Why should I?

DEKKER

Because people's lives are at stake.
That takes priority over your ego.

CONNERS

(to Jenkins; re: Dekker)

You may want to put a leash on him.

(beat; thinks)

Saying I did want to help... I'm still
suspended or did that slip your mind?

JENKINS

The commissioner's office has ordered
me to reinstate you. As of now, you're
back on the force.

CONNERS

Just like that?

JENKINS

Just like that.

(beat)

I won't, however, unleash you alone.

CONNERS

Always a catch.

JENKINS

Shane, here, is your new partner.
Consider him a younger version of me,
looking over your shoulder, watching
every move you make.

The idea of a new partner doesn't sit well with Conners.

JENKINS

Don't think I endorse this. If it were
my call, you'd be with your partner...

CONNERS

You mean ex-partner.

JENKINS

... On the unemployment line with him.

CONNERS

For a moment there, I thought you
cared.

JENKINS

I care about those innocent people down there. I hope to God someone hasn't made a monumental mistake letting you back in.

CONNERS

I appreciate the words of encouragement and the confidence you have in me. I look forward to the continuing, positive relationship we've shared in the past.

21	OMIT (COMBINED INTO SC. 20)	21
22	OMIT	22
23	OMIT	23
24	OMIT	24
25	OMIT	25
26	EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 10:27 AM - DAY	26

POLICE CORRAL the ever-growing group of SPECTATORS.

A SWAT TRUCK pulls up, the BACK DOORS FLY OPEN! SWAT exit in a flurry, race into position.

Amidst the commotion... JENKINS' CAR navigates the scene, stops next to... KAREN CROSS immediately recognizes Conners, orders her CAMERAMAN to center on him.

Conners, Dekker and Jenkins climb out of the car, head towards the crime scene, when...

KAREN CROSS

Detective Conners? Detective, can we have a few words?

Conners turns, recognizes Karen. Relishing the moment...

CONNERS

I'll give you two...
 (pauses for effect)
 Blow me. If you need a follow-up comment let me know?
 (to Dekker)
 Cunt made her career off me.

AT THE POLICE TECH VAN--

Connors, Dekker and Jenkins arrive, FIND Teddy, her hair still wet, with her partner, DET. VINCENT DURANO, 40's, a middle of the road, never out on a limb type cop.

Callo looks on, the RAGE boiling inside of him.

CONNERS

Teddy, Vincent...
(completely ignores Callo)
... Nice to see you both.

JENKINS

Connors has been reinstated to full active duty. It's his scene.

This info comes as a surprise. Especially to Callo.

CALLO

The last hostage situation this guy headed, an innocent civilian died.

CONNERS

I was not responsible...

CALLO

You never are. That girl would be alive today if it weren't for your cowboy antics. You destroy lives.

CONNERS

Fuck you. Look who's talking about destroying lives.

JENKINS

Decision's been made, Bernie.

CALLO

I was first on scene and I have seniority.
(pleads)
Don't do this, Martin.

JENKINS

We'll talk about it later. Take a hike.

CALLO

(beat)
Fine. I'll watch this train wreck from home.

Callo exits.

CONNERS

(sarcastic)
I'm going to miss him.

JENKINS

SWAT, because of the special circumstances will defer to Conners. He's in charge.

VINCENT

First time I've heard SWAT defer to anyone.

JENKINS

(pulls aside Conners)
Second chances don't come around often.
Don't blow it.

Jenkins skeptically eyes Conners before stepping away. He motions for Dekker to walk with him.

JENKINS

Anything questionable happens today, you let me know.

DEKKER

Yes, Captain.

Out of earshot, Conners watches Dekker and Jenkins.

TEDDY

Looks like you got yourself a baby-sitter.

Conners glares at Teddy out the corner of his eye, then dismisses the comment.

TIME CUT TO:

27

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

27

More SPECTATORS, more MEDIA.

Conners, Dekker, Teddy and Vincent hover behind the first barricade. Conners unwraps gum, sticks it in his mouth.

VINCENT

We have approximately four to seven, heavily armed men holding an unspecified number of customers and employees hostage.

CONNERS

You're just a wealth of knowledge, aren't you?

CONNERS

My fame proceeds me.

LORENZ

Don't be flattered. I needed someone who's been through the experience before. Hopefully this time it will go better for all involved. I plan on living a full, long and rich life. I didn't, however, expect them to find you so quickly. I thought you were suspended.

Dekker writes, "In The Know," on his pad.

CONNERS

I was, but I'm back. You're information's old.

LORENZ

You never get what you pay for.
(back to business)
You want to know about the hostages?
How many and are they okay?

Dekker scribbles, "Pro".

CONNERS

Yes.

LORENZ

Approximately forty, they're fine, considering. All except one. We had a situation.

CONNERS

Someone's dead?

LORENZ

Theory... put to practice isn't always perfect. Can't expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

(Connors drifts in thought)

Detective? Are you still with me?

Teddy SNAPS her fingers. That gets Connors attention. There's a new intensity to his demeanor.

CONNERS

What else will I be looking for?

LORENZ

Demands... Probably too much to ask for you and your colleagues to pack up and go home?

CONNERS

Safe to say.

LORENZ

Stay by the phone. I'll contact you shortly.

CONNERS

Lorenz...

LORENZ

Don't worry, I have no plans until sunrise tomorrow, so hunker down. It's going to be a long one.

CONNERS

Wait, we're talking here...

LORENZ

Patience, Detective. We don't want another Pearl Street Bridge, do we?

Connors's thrown by the mention of Pearl Street Bridge. Lorenz abruptly HANGS UP.

DAX

He's off.

30

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

30

THE CROWDS GROW. The MEDIA BUILD UP INTENSIFIES. THROUGH A TELEVISION CAMERA... Karen Cross reports:

KAREN CROSS

This standoff is approaching two hours now. We've been told Detectives have made contact with the perpetrators inside the bank. Whether any specific demands have been made, we cannot confirm. As soon as we know something, we'll pass it on to you. Reporting live, Karen Cross, channel two news.

CAMERAMAN (OS)

We're clear.

KAREN CROSS

Who the hell writes this shit?

30A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

30A

Black Clad #1 and #4 remove from their bag - ropes, pulleys, an iron spike and hammer. #1 also removes... a spear-gun.

#1 connects the rope to a spear. FIRES the spear into the wall above the bank's front windows! He snags a 2nd spear, repeats.

31 POLICE TECH VAN--

31

The Detectives huddle. Impatience level high.

CONNERS

(to Dax)

Try again.

DAX

He's not picking up.

CONNERS

(stern)

Try again.

Dax, humbled, does as ordered.

CONNERS

(glances about)

Where's our fearless Captain?

DEKKER

Went uptown to brief the Commissioner.

CONNERS

So you're here in his place.

Connors fumbles with the wrapper, but eventually sticks another piece of gum in his mouth. Teddy notices.

CONNERS

Nicotine gum.

TEDDY

(shock)

You quit smoking?

CONNERS

Caffeine, too, if you must know.

(Another shock)

What? A man's capable of change.

TEDDY

A man, yes. You... I'm not so sure.

CONNERS

Don't worry, I still have a vice or two.

DAX

Fifteen rings. No answer.

CONNERS

Try again in five.

TEDDY

What are they doing in there?

VINCENT

Wasting our time.

Time. The word rings in Conners's head. He starts to put it together.

CONNERS

Precisely. He knows police protocol, not to mention the shit in our own precinct. He's disguising his voice, means he's got a record and has done this before. He's heavily armed and well-connected. He knows he's surrounded. He hasn't asked for a damned thing. He drops that hint about sunrise, prepping us for a long wait. He's buying time. Why?

VINCENT

(brainstorming)

To figure out his next move. He wasn't expecting us.

DEKKER

No, he wasn't expecting you. He said, he thought you were still suspended.

CONNERS

Probably thought it would take the whole day for you to find me. Giving him the time he needs.

TEDDY

He's stalling.

DEKKER

He almost has what he came for.

Conners nods, eyes Dekker as if for the first time.

CONNERS

Or... he's got what he came for and he's waiting for his ticket out of here.

(the decision)

We're going in.

TEDDY

What?

CONNERS

The bank has three points of entry. Teddy and Vincent, take a SWAT Team, head to the West side. We'll have the SWAT Commander take the East. Dekker, you're with me. Where is the SWAT Commander?

VINCENT

I'll find him.

Vincent leaves Conners with Dekker and Teddy.

TEDDY

(to Conners; concern)

That's a big call, Quentin. Thought about what you're doing?

CONNERS

You questioning me, Teddy?

TEDDY

Unfortunately... yeah.

CONNERS

I question how you can fuck that asshole and still manage to look in the mirror.

TEDDY

I'm not going to get into this now. And you're one to talk. I hear...

CONNERS

(interrupting)

The hostages are in imminent danger. They've confessed to killing someone, an automatic murder one charge - that's a life sentence, maybe a needle for all of them. So why keep witnesses around to testify? Longer we wait, the greater the risk. We need to go in. Now.

TEDDY

(beat; then relents)

Okay.

Even Dekker seems to agree with that theory. Vincent arrives with the SWAT COMMANDER, 40's, a former Navy SEAL with a "Don't FUCK with me" attitude.

SWAT COMMANDER

I got snipers up top and ten soldiers on the ground.

CONNERS

What's the best way in?

SWAT COMMANDER

Tear gas, blow the doors...

CONNERS

Hold on. No explosives. I got forty civilians in there, too great a chance. Any other way?

SWAT COMMANDER

There's no pussy way in. The doors are locked electronically from the inside. We ain't getting in without force.

CONNERS

(beat; thinks)

What if we cut the power? That will disable the system and we can open the locks manually, come in that way?

SWAT COMMANDER

(thinks; concedes)

That'll work.

CONNERS

So we'll take the pussy way, Commander. We cut the power and go in at 11:15 sharp!

TIME CUT TO:

32

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 11:13 AM - DAY

32

SNIPERS ON ROOFTOPS ready their weapons. SWAT TEAM moves into position, cover all bank entrances.

AT THE TECH VAN--

Connors and Dekker slip into bulletproof vests. Teddy, Vincent and the SWAT Commander arrive.

TEDDY

The bank's equipped with emergency generators, which once the power's down, will kick back on in approximately 3-6 minutes.

CONNERS

It will be over before that.
Commander, your men in position?

SWAT COMMANDER

Standing by.

CONNERS

I will call for the power to be cut.
Once down, wait for my signal and enter. No one moves until I give the "go", understood?

They all nod. They're ready.

CONNERS

You have done this before, right?
Wait... I don't want to know.

33 INT. SIDE OFFICES - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 33

VARIOUS SHOTS of HOSTAGES. It's quiet, until... Black Clad #1 and #4 burst, grab TWO RANDOM HOSTAGES, drag them out! They put up some fight, but quickly concede.

The hostages sit shaking, crying... Scared beyond belief.

34 INT. BEHIND CUSTOMER SERVICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 34

Lorenz watches out the window...

POV OF LORENZ - SWAT, POLICE getting into position.

Lorenz turns from the window.

LORENZ

They're comin'.

34 A IN THE LOBBY-- 34 A

Black Clad #1 and #4 drag the TWO RANDOM HOSTAGES, KICKING AND SCREAMING, towards the anchor/pulley!

RANDOM HOSTAGE #1

What are you doing?! Let me go!

#1 & #4 fasten the Hostages to ropes connected to the pulleys!

CONNERS

Doors!

Each Team makes their move, when...

44 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 44

LORENZ
(into his headset)
Now!

44A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 44A

Black Clad #1 PULLS A CORD, instantly... ALL THE CURTAINS DROP!

45 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 45

Connors freezes...

CONNERS
(into radio)
Hold it. What just happened?

45A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 45A

Black Clad #3 FLIPS A SWITCH. Suddenly, a canister attached to the pulleys race up the ropes! The HOSTAGES have their feet yanked out from under them, then shoot INTO THE AIR!

They SMASH THROUGH A GLASS HANDRAIL ON THE SECOND FLOOR, then...

45B EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY 45B

SHOOT to the TOP OF THE WALL-LENGTH WINDOWS! They hang, dangle helplessly! On FULL DISPLAY for the outside to see!

DEKKER
(looking up at the windows)
Holy shit...?!

DEKKER. CONNERS. SWAT. ONLOOKERS. Everyone in the vicinity react in HORROR!

THE NEWS CREWS, led by Karen Cross, race to grab the story.

46 ON THE EAST SIDE-- 46

The SWAT Commander:

SWAT COMMANDER
We're going in!

47 AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE--**47**

Officers try to control the situation, but can't. Pedestrians racing around. Conners, in the middle of the anarchy...

CONNERS

No. Do not go in. It's a trap!

SWAT COMMANDER (VO)

Stand down, Detective. This is my show now.

CONNERS

(flustered)

SONOFABITCH!

48 ON THE EAST SIDE--**48**

The SWAT Commander makes his own call...

SWAT COMMANDER

On my count... One... two... three...

The SWAT TEAM bum rushes the bank, just as...

KABOOM! A FIREBALL BLASTS through the door, BLOWS off its hinges! The SWAT guys are blown off their feet! Then...

48A EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**48A**

THE FRONT WINDOWS BLOW OUT! AN EXPLOSION! FIRE SHOOTS IN ALL DIRECTIONS! A POLICE BARRICADE BLOWS OVER!

Everyone outside is BLOWN OFF THEIR FEET! Conners, Dekker HIT THE DECK! SHARDS OF GLASS FLY! SMOKE FLOODS INTO THE STREETS!

Simultaneously, An EXPLOSIONS BLASTS OUT THE WEST SIDE DOORS! THE DETECTIVES AND SWAT TEAM DUCK FROM THE BLAST!

49 ACROSS THE STREET--**49**

THE BLACK CLAD'S TRUCK EXPLODES, FLIPS IN THE AIR!

It's a genuine WAR ZONE! SMOKE, FIRE AND DEBRIS LITTER THE AREA AROUND THE BANK!

50 FROM THE BANK--**50**

Conners peers up as... The HOSTAGES RUN OUT, SCREAM IN TERROR!

Conners and Dekker head for the bank, pass two groups of FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS...

DEKKER
(to the first group)
Round up all the hostages, anyone that comes out, grab'em!

Conners glares at Dekker.

CONNERS
(to the second)
The rest of you, come with us.

The OFFICERS rush to protect the HOSTAGES, pull them to safety. CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS pounce on the opportunity.

Conners and Dekker lead the charge inside, guns drawn.

51 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK 51

EMERGENCY LIGHTS BURN! GLASS CRACKLES UNDER FOOT as Conners, Dekker and the Officers move through. Caution with each step.

The lobby's clear. Conners pulls the Officers close.

CONNERS
(whispers; to Dekker)
We split up.
(whispers; to the officers)
You two with him. You two with me.
(to Dekker)
Check the back.

Dekker nods, leads his group away. Conner proceeds...

52 BEHIND THE COUNTERS-- 52

Nothing. Conners spots a DOOR in the back marked, "Bank Employees Only."

53 THE VAULT-- 53

Dekker checks it out, but it's empty. The remnants of the explosion remain. Suddenly... THE GENERATORS ROAR TO LIFE! THE POWER BLINKS BACK ON!

Dekker jumps, startled by the sudden blast of lights.

57 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

57

Vincent, covered in debris, confers with Connors.

VINCENT

We got the one Teller dead, the two that were strung up are alive, but in critical condition. A few SWAT incurred 2nd degree burns, but that's the worst of it. Now, depending on who you talk to... there was anywhere from five to nine perps. And nobody got a good look at any of'em, wore their masks the whole time. Dax is rounding up the security tapes now. That should give us a firm number.

CONNERS

I want background checks on every hostage. They're all suspects until they're not.

VINCENT

You don't think one of them's still here?

CONNERS

After this, nothing would surprise me.

58 EXT. TECH VAN - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

58

Dax pulls cables, power cords, etc., getting set to go inside with them. Dekker approaches.

DEKKER

Excuse me... I need to listen to the conversation between Lorenz and Connors again?

DAX

It'll have to wait.

DEKKER

How long?

DAX

Hour. Maybe more.

DEKKER

(too long)
Show me how to play it myself?

DAX

Look, this isn't how it works. I don't take orders from you. I don't know you and NO ONE touches my stuff. You're going to have to wait.

Dax gets his shit, starts to go. Dekker waits, then proceeds into the van. Dax turns, notices.

59

INT. TECH VAN

59

Dekker inspects the equipment, when...

DAX

What the hell are you doing?

DEKKER

Along with whatever they stole and this war zone they left behind... A man's dead, and the killers are running free. I don't have time to wait.

(looks at the equipment)

I'll figure it out. Thanks for your help.

DAX

(relents, demonstrates)

Here. This DAT machine. Play, stop, rewind... It's just like using a tape player. Headphones are jacked in. Tape's already inside.

DEKKER

Thank you.

60

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

60

A CAR PULLS UP... Jenkins steps out. Stares out over the scene, the mess. He's a volcano ready to erupt.

61

INT. SECURITY ROOM - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

61

A SERIES OF EIGHT BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO MONITORS... as we rewind. SEVEN of the eight show recorded images of the bank. The eighth shows only STATIC. Dax sits in front of the monitors. Conners stands nearby.

CONNERS

(re: the eighth monitor)

What's with this one?

DAX

That's the camera in the vault. It blew in the first explosion.

The SEVEN DIFFERENT MONITORS all begin in sync.

ON SCREEN... TIMECODE burns in the corner. The HOSTAGES are dragged across the LOBBY, where the Black Clads hook them up to the pulleys. The Black Clads get into position.

Conners CAREFULLY scrutinizes the images.

ON SCREEN... THE TIMECODE CLOCK: Hits "11:15:00 AM" and...
STATIC FILLS THE SCREENS!

DAX

That's when you cut the power.

CONNERS

So we can't ID them.

DAX

There's a four minute, fifty-two second gap, before the image returns. But...

CONNERS

They're long gone by then.

(beat; thinks)

Go to the head of the tapes, from when they first went in. Document each move they've made for the two hours they were inside.

DAX

You got it. Hey... Awful lotta news cameras outside. Maybe one got a look at them coming out?

CONNERS

(good idea)

Have Vincent check it out.

Teddy enters...

TEDDY

Conners, you better come out here.

62

INT. LOBBY

62

Conners and Teddy walk in to discover... Captain Jenkins confers with FOUR FBI AGENTS in suits.

CONNERS

(to Teddy)

Shit. Feds.

Jenkins turns to Conners, gestures him over.

JENKINS

Detective Conners, join us, would you?

63

INT. TECH VAN

63

Dekker listens through HEADPHONES makes notes as he goes.

CONNERS (VO)

(beat; stern)

What does that mean?

LORENZ (VO)

Theory... put to practice isn't always perfect. Can't expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

Dekker, hits STOP, then REWIND. He checks his...

IN HIS NOTEBOOK--

Several words and phrases fill the page. *"Lorenz, sunrise, Pro Theory, 40 hostages, Theory, Randomly Revolt, and Chaos."*

DEKKER studies the words intently, figuring something out. He presses PLAY on the DAT machine.

LORENZ (VO)

Theory... put to practice isn't always perfect. Can't expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

Dekker presses STOP. Dekker finds a pattern, circles the words, *"Lorenz, Chaos, Theory."*

64

INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

64

Conners, Jenkins and Teddy converse with AGENT VICTOR DOYLE, 40's, and the BANK MANAGER still a bit rattled.

AGENT DOYLE

Prince Amar Alle Alban is one of the wealthiest and least popular Arabs in the Middle East. There's been countless threats on his life and fortune in the past. But for better or worse... he is an ally to the United States. The Prince keeps a safe deposit box in twenty institutions

(MORE)

AGENT DOYLE (cont'd)

across the country. Along with this bank, he also had a box at Eastern Federal Savings in Charlotte, North Carolina, which was hit last month. Same M.O.

TEDDY

What was in the box?

BANK MANAGER

We don't keep records. The boxes are private. Since 9/11, we screen for live tissue, viruses or explosives, but if it passes those tests, we don't ask.

CONNERS

This is all real fascinating shit, but what about the money? Bank robbers still like cash, don't they?

BANK MANAGER

The cash drawers don't appear touched. Neither does the cash vault.

TEDDY

So they broke into a bank and didn't steal any money?

Odd glances all about.

AGENT DOYLE

We believe the Prince's box was the target. We're trying to reach him now.

JENKINS

Thank you.

Agent Doyle and the Bank Manager leave.

JENKINS

Helluva come back, Conners. Are you familiar with the term franchise-sized fuck-up...

CONNERS

Depends, are we talking about your sex life? Because I've heard shortcomings.

JENKINS

You got played, Quentin. Congratulations, you just topped Pearl Street Bridge.

TEDDY

That's not fair. It was by the book.
Everything was according to standard
procedure.

Jenkins ignores Teddy.

CONNERS

You came to me. I didn't ask for this.

JENKINS

Commissioner's office is scrambling to
cover their ass. They need a
scapegoat... And I have zero problems
serving you up.

CONNERS

You wanted this to happen.

JENKINS

No. But if it had to happen to
somebody.

Jenkins exits.

64A EXT. AT THE TECH VAN - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

64A

Connors approaches...

DEKKER

I think this Lorenz was trying to tell
us something.

CONNERS

You don't say.

DEKKER

The way he spoke... he paused before
certain words. Have you ever heard of
the Chaos Theory?

CONNERS

What?

65 INT. DINER NEAR THE BANK - DAY

65

A grade "B" rating, tops. CUSTOMERS dine, choke down coffee.

AT A BOOTH--

Empty plates and crumpled napkins litter the table. Connors
finishes a cup of coffee, enjoys a slice of pie. Dekker, all
about work, goes over his notes.

DEKKER

Edward Lorenz invented the Chaos Theory in the 1960's. It's the study of phenomena that appear random, but in fact have an element of regularity which can be described mathematically.

CONNERS

(confused)
Try that again?

DEKKER

Pretty much... initial state of events may seem unrelated and random, but eventually patterns emerge and in the end all the pieces fit together.

The Waitress refills Conners' coffee, lays down the check.

WAITRESS

Anything else, officers?

CONNERS

That'll be all.
(to Dekker)
You're a College boy. Which one?
Someplace I've heard of or one of those
inbred state schools no one's heard of?

DEKKER

U Dub.

CONNERS

Not exactly Princeton, but not bad.
How did you end up on the force?

DEKKER

It's kind of the family business.

CONNERS

Family business? What, your Dad, Dad's
Dad and so on and so back?

Dekker squirms when it comes to revealing personal info.

DEKKER

Do we really need all this "get to know
you" crap? Couple hours ago you didn't
give a shit.

CONNERS

You've grown on me. Besides, I am
entrusting my life to you. I should
know something about you. I would
(MORE)

CONNERS (cont'd)
think you'd like to know a little
something about me.

DEKKER
I know about you, Detective. Everyone
does.

CONNERS
You don't say that with much
enthusiasm.

DEKKER
Not much to be enthusiastic about.

Connors reaches his limit. Time to put him in place.

CONNERS
Listen, my reputation often proceeds me.
You, however, have no reputation; a fact I
need to deal with. After you've been
through the shit I have, then you can judge
me. Now... we can try to work together,
make the best of a bad situation or we can
compare Dick sizes all day... Up to you.
But since this is your first day here...
today... mine's bigger.

VINCENT (VO)
(over radio)
Connors, come in?

Both men hold steely stares on one another. Until...

CONNERS
(into radio)
Go.

VINCENT (VO)
Got something you'll want to see.

Connors drops a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the table.

CONNERS
Lastly... I don't like the Pac-10.
It's overrated. I'm an Ivy League guy.

Connors gets up, heads for the door.

Dekker, humbled, scoops up Connors's ten, puts it in his
wallet and drops a twenty down on the table, slides out of
the booth.

66 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

66

Conners, Dekker and Teddy approach a NEWS TRUCK. Vincent stands with Karen Cross and her CAMERAMAN who sports TWO BLACK EYES AND A BLOODY NOSE.

KAREN CROSS
(to Conners; w/ a smile)
Detective... Can't keep away from me,
can you?

Conners ignores her, but Dekker doesn't. He gives her the ONCE OVER. She notices, smiles.

VINCENT
Watch.

He points to a monitor in the van, presses PLAY.

66A ON SCREEN--

66A

HANDHELD IMAGES of the POST BANK MELEE. HOSTAGES scatter in all directions. COPS race into the bank.

A SHAGGY BROWN HAired MAN, 40's, with a MOUSTACHE and an ANGRY EXPRESSION, CHARGES TOWARDS THE CAMERA and BARRELS OVER IT! KNOCKS the Camera and the Cameraman DOWN!

CONNERS
(to the Cameraman)
Well, that explains you.

VINCENT
(to Karen)
Rewind it a little bit.
(She does, until...)
Okay. There. Stop.

ON SCREEN... the IMAGE FREEZES on the SHAGGY MAN'S FACE.

VINCENT
Damon Richards. Career loser. Busted him two years ago on attempted robbery of the Western Federal Bank. Stupid bastard. Never learns.

DEKKER
What's he doing back on the street?

VINCENT
He gave up his partners and cut a deal with the D.A.

TEDDY

Gotta love the system.

CONNERS

Got an address?

VINCENT

Only thing on file is in Spokane, but I recall he did have a girlfriend in town. Gina, I believe.

67 **EXT. BIKER BAR - LOWER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - 1:13 PM - DAY** 67

The streets are quiet. A ROW OF HARLEY DAVIDSONS park in front. Above the bar, a small, lower class apartment complex.

68 **INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT** 68

TWO POLICE OFFICERS along with Conners, Dekker, Teddy and VINCENT position themselves by the APARTMENT. Vincent knocks his fist on the door...

VINCENT

Gina, it's the police. Open up.

There's no response. But SOUNDS can be heard on the opposite side of the door.

VINCENT

(Pounds louder)

We can hear you.

Again no response. It's quiet. Too quiet.

CONNERS

(to Vincent; low)

Step back. Clear the door. Now.

Just as Vincent does...

BAM! A GUNSHOT BLOWS APART THE DOOR! Fired from the inside of the apartment!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The BLASTS KEEP COMING! Everyone's pinned down, on the defensive.

A WOMAN SCREAMS FROM INSIDE THE APARTMENT!

Dekker gathers himself together.

Conners TURNS INTO THE OPEN DOORWAY, FIRES A FULL CLIP INTO THE APARTMENT!

Connors reloads. Everything's quiet. Connors looks...

69 IN THE APARTMENT-- 69

A THIN LAYER OF SMOKE hovers. But that's all. Nobody in sight.

70 IN THE APARTMENT HALLWAY-- 70

Connors steps inside, just as he reaches the living room...

BAM! ANOTHER BLAST! This one FROM THE BEDROOM!

Connors DROPS TO THE FLOOR, falls back into the kitchen!

TEDDY

QUENTIN!

Dekker enters the apartment.

70A IN THE HALLWAY-- 70A

TEDDY

(into radio)

Shots fired, officer down! Need an ambulance and back up.

70B APARTMENT HALLWAY/ KITCHEN-- 70B

Dekker passes the kitchen door, looks in on Connors.

DEKKER

You hit?

CONNERS

(in pain)

I'm fine.

OFF SCREEN: A Window BREAKS... from the bedroom. Dekker heads that way.

71 IN THE BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM 71

DAMON RICHARDS crawls onto the FIRE ESCAPE!

DEKKER

(in the doorway)

FREEZE!

But Richards doesn't. He FIRES another shotgun BLAST!

Dekker DUCKS BACK into the living room. He aims his gun into the bedroom without looking... RAPID FIRES!

A bullet HITS Richards IN THE SHOULDER! HE YELPS IN PAIN, but manages to...

71A **EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT BUILDING** 71A

Richards scrambles out.

71B **INT. BEDROOM/ LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT** 71B

Dekker looks inside the bedroom, doesn't see Richards. He takes one step inside when...

GINA, 20's, Latino, wearing only a pair of red panties with NO BRA, runs up behind Dekker and JUMPS ON HIS BACK, FISTS FLYING!

Dekker pushes her down, aims his gun at her.

DEKKER

Stay down!

Vincent enters, grabs Gina.

DEKKER

Control her!

He does. Dekker runs to the bedroom window, peeks out over...

72 **OMIT** 72

73 **OMIT** 73

74 **OMIT** 74

75 **OMIT** 75

76 **I/E FIRE ESCAPE/ LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY** 76

Richards... floors below. Clutches his shoulder in pain, yet ~~fearlessly~~ charges downward.

DEKKER

(into radio)

Suspect fleeing on foot. North on Curson. He's armed and dangerous. I'm in pursuit.

DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)

(a beat; over radio)

And who are you?

But he's already gone.

DEKKER hops onto the fire escape, hoofs down the iron stairs.

Richards... drops to the pavement. Heads for the street.

DEKKER, a flight from the bottom, realizes his disadvantage and HURLS himself over the rail! Hits the ground HARD, WIPES OUT!

Jumps up, shaking it off. STAYS IN PURSUIT!

77

EXT. BIKER BAR - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY

77

Dekker races around the corner... A FORD F-350 SPINS the corner. Targeting DEKKER!

Dekker jerks out his Glock. FIRES!

BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE GRILL, SPARKS FLY! Windshield spiderwebs. But this train ain't slowing down.

The F-350 swerves, clips a Harley.

Dekker JUMPS before impact, bounces off the hood and rolls away.

The truck hits the street, speeds away.

Dekker, grimacing through the pain, scrapes himself off the pavement. Dekker's eyes dance... spot THE HARLEYS.

DEKKER

I'm a police officer in pursuit of a murder suspect. I need your bike, now!

THE BIKER

(beat; tosses the keys)
It's all yours.

Dekker picks up the bike, hops on. Fires up the engine.

78

I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS'S TRUCK/ CITY STREETS - DAY

78

Richards' Truck speeds around a SLOW MOVING VEHICLE and whips into an alley.

The Slow Vehicle skids to a stop! Dekker's hog, cuts inside, between the vehicle and the sidewalk, rips into the alley.

78A

I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS' TRUCK/ ALLEY #1 - DAY

78A

Richards fishtails down the alley. Barely maintaining control. GARBAGE DUMPSTERS are littered about creating an obstacle course. Dekker pursues.

78B I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS'S FORD TRUCK/ INTERSECTION - DAY 78B

Richards barrels out of the alley, through the intersection and into another alley. Opposing traffic skids out. ANGRY DRIVERS let him have it.

Dekker skids sideways, steers around the blockage. Catches sight of...

DOWN THE BLOCK... A PATROL CAR speeds down Hastings Street.

Dekker revs the engine, maneuvers around the ANGRY DRIVERS and follows Richards into the SECOND ALLEY!

78C I/E PATROL CAR/ HASTINGS STREET - DAY 78C

Connors, behind the wheel, speeds towards the scene.

78D I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS'S TRUCK/ ALLEY #2 - DAY 78D

Richards races, checks the rearview mirror... Dekker's Hog closing in.

UP AHEAD... The alley exits onto RICHARDS STREET.

Richards approaches the mouth of the alley, just as A STREET CLEANER appears, starts to block the exit.

Richards STAMPS ON THE ACCELERATOR, speeds through the small opening, just past the Street Cleaner!

Dekker's not so lucky. Sees the Street Cleaner too late... Lays out the hog and rolls just as... The Hog slides into the Street Cleaner!

78E I/E RICHARDS' TRUCK/ STREET INTERSECTION/ PATROL CAR - DAY 78E

Dekker gets up, looks down the street, SEES...

Richards getting away, speeds down the street, through another intersection, when...

CRASH! Connors, in a patrol car, plows into the rear of the truck, spinning it around.

Dekker races towards the crash site.

Connors climbs out of the car.

Richards shakes his head, clearing it. Blood squirts from his mouth. He sees, through the windshield, Connors coming for him. He scrambles for his handgun, looks up to see Connors, but he's not there. Richards turns as...

Connors appears in the Driver's side window, grabs the back of Richards' head and SLAMS it into the steering wheel! Again!

Connors reaches inside, grabs the handgun. As Dekker arrives...

RICHARDS
I want... my... lawyer.

His last words before PASSING OUT.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT 79

A HALF A DOZEN CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS go through the place.

79A INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT 79A

Gina, a cop's jacket around her, is led away in handcuffs. Dekker smirks.

79B INT. LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT 79B

A PARAMEDIC, 30's, checks Connors out. Teddy concludes her cellphone conversation.

TEDDY
(to Connors; re: Richards)
He's unconscious, with a nice knot on his forehead, but stable. Three officers are watching the room.

CONNERS
He wakes, they call.
(to the paramedic)
Hey Quincy, give it a rest, I'm fine.

PARAMEDIC
(beat)
Quincy was a coroner. You may have a cracked rib. You should go to the hospital.

CONNERS
I should do a lot of things.

The Paramedic gives up, exits. Teddy leans down beside Connors.

TEDDY
You sure you're all right?

CONNERS

I'm fine.

Connors and Teddy share a look, when... Dekker enters.

DEKKER

Girl's name is Gina Lopez, twenty-eight. Done some time for possession, has two kids... Am I interrupting?

CONNERS

No.

TEDDY

Excuse me.

Teddy exits.

DEKKER

Gina claims she doesn't know anything about a bank robbery.

CONNERS

Of course she doesn't. Vincent!

Vincent trudges out of the kitchen.

CONNERS

Have'em put Ms. Lopez in interrogation one and turn the A/C on full. Leave her alone and cold. Let me know when her nipples can cut glass.

VINCENT

Will do.

(To Dekker)

Detective... I didn't realize when we first met who you were. I worked with your father. It was only for a brief time when I first got outta the academy, but it was an honor.

CONNERS

(surprised)

Your father was Harry Dekker?

VINCENT

I wish it could've been for longer.

DEKKER

Thanks.

Vincent exits. Connors looks at Dekker in a new light. Dekker starts away, until...

CONNERS

(new subject)

That was some fancy riding. You have a bike?

DEKKER

Used to, but I sold it.

(shows his scrape on his arm)

They're dangerous.

MARNIE ROLLINS, 20's, a CSI OFFICER, wears gloves, pokes her head in the room.

MARNIE

Detectives. Ready for you.

80

THE BEDROOM--

80

TWO LARGE SUITCASES rest OPEN on the bed. Marnie prepares a report.

CONNERS

Somebody going on a trip?

MARNIE

Looks like it, don't it?

CONNERS

Marnie, you're looking well.

MARNIE

Heard you were back, Conners... and keep dreaming.

Marnie gives DEKKER an amorous glance, which he returns.

MARNIE

(to Dekker)

You, on the other hand... I gotta bike myself. Maybe we can go for a ride sometime? Or maybe I can just ride you.

Conners looks at both of them.

CONNERS

Can we get back to work?

MARNIE

We got passports, sun tan lotion, Bermuda shorts, thong bikini, hopefully hers and this...

She opens a LARGE DUFFEL BAG. Conners and Dekker look inside the bag... It's FULL OF CASH! All denominations.

DEKKER

Must be a fifty large there easy. His cut?

MARNIE

You'd think, right?

DEKKER

It's not?

MARNIE

Don't put words in my mouth, but... Two things jump out here. First, each bank branch has their own money bands. This is not American National's. After a little checking, it belongs to Pacific Savings of Seattle.

DEKKER

That sounds familiar.

MARNIE

It should. Four months ago, a half million dollars was stolen in an armed robbery there. Just a smash-n-grab job. They caught the guys a day later, recovering about \$400,000. Those guys have been in lock up since and their trial's still pending. Which leads us to point number two. Do you smell that?

DEKKER

(smells the bills; grimaces)
What is it?

MARNIE

When evidence is taken in, any physical contact might affect the ability to lift prints, so, to mark it, we now spray a scented solution directly on the bill.

CONNERS

Is that new?

MARNIE

Wave of the future. Gotta keep up with the times, Conners.

DEKKER

So this money's not from our bank.

MARNIE

No. This is the money from the Pacific Savings job and our evidence room.

(smiling; to Dekker)

Now... For a list of things you can put in my mouth.

81 INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY

81

Connors and Dekker confer with Teddy and Vincent.

CONNERS

Do you remember who headed up the Pacific Savings case?

TEDDY

I think it was Callo. Why?

CONNERS

No reason. Just thinking out loud.

82 I/E CONNERS'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - DAY

82

Connors and Dekker head back to the police station. It's quiet between these two, until...

CONNERS

When you said it was your "family business" I didn't think... I guess I just didn't connect the dots.

DEKKER

Don't worry about it.

CONNERS

Your father was a hero.

DEKKER

Yes he was.

CONNERS

At first I thought maybe you were related to the Captain.

DEKKER

No. No relation.

CONNERS

The Captain, he just kind of "discovered" you. Through the academy, to excellent evaluation reports, while

(MORE)

CONNERS (cont'd)
on the beat, to the high test scores on
the detective's exam.

DEKKER
Something like that.

CONNERS
That's how he found me.

This surprises Dekker.

CONNERS
Maybe we're not as different as you
think.

83

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

83

A small, cold room with a large mirror along the WEST WALL.

Gina sits at the table, shivering. Her breath visible, so
are her nipples through a WHITE, SEATTLE P.D. T-SHIRT.
Connors paces around her like a CIRCLING SHARK. Dekker's in
the corner, observing.

CONNERS
We found the money.

GINA
That money was Dwayne's...

CONNERS
That money came from our evidence room.

GINA
I told you. I don't know nothing about
a bank robbery. Whatever Damon was
into, I didn't know!

CONNERS
So, where were you going?

GINA
Vacation.

CONNERS
This isn't possession or solicitation,
Gina. This is felony-murder one. You
could get life.

GINA
Me!? I didn't do nothing!

CONNERS

(frustrated)

It's "I didn't do anything." "Didn't do nothing" is a double negative, infers the positive. The grammar in this country sucks.

GINA

Then I didn't do ANY-thing!

Connors takes a seat next to Gina. His EYES BURN through her.

CONNERS

This isn't going away. You want to walk out of here, you tell me something... now.

GINA

I swear I don't know. Now I'm done talking. I want a lawyer.

Dekker lowers his head. Disappointed.

CONNERS

You sure that's what you want?

GINA

Yeah.

CONNERS

Fine. Then it's two phone calls I'll make. The first will be to the public defender's office. The second to children's services.

GINA

What?

Suddenly Gina's bravado disappears. Suddenly a scared and lonely girl.

CONNERS

It's simple... if you insist on a lawyer, I take your kids.

GINA

No.

CONNERS

Not like you cared about them anyway. You were ready to fly the coop with "Shit-for-brains."

GINA

No. You can't do that.

CONNERS

I can and I will.

GINA

Don't.

CONNERS

Tell me what I want to know!

Dekker stares incredulously at Conners.

GINA

(broken)

I don't know anything. Please don't
take my kids. Please.

Conners stares into Gina's eyes. She's telling the truth.
Conners wraps his coat around Gina's shoulders.

CONNERS

Get her some coffee... Something hot.

84

INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

84

Dekker and Conners...

DEKKER

You believe her?

CONNERS

I think for the first time in that
girl's life she's telling the truth.

DEKKER

You had to know, once she asked for a
lawyer anything she told us would have
been inadmissible.

CONNERS

Who would've known? It would've been
my word against hers. Who do you think
the jury would've believed?

DEKKER

Justice by any means. Even if you
cross the line.

CONNERS

The only line around here is the 'blue
line', you cross that one, then you got
(MORE)

CONNERS (cont'd)
problems. Ask Callo, he knows what I'm
talking about.

Teddy enters, hands Conners a sheet of paper with: "EVIDENCE:
ITEM #4958378" scribbled on it.

TEDDY
Those serial numbers Marnie faxed me...
According to our computers, that money
should be downstairs.

85 INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT 85

Occupies almost the entire basement of the police station. A
STEEL CAGE protects the contents.

AT THE FRONT COUNTER--

Conners and Dekker wait. No one's working at present.
Dekker peers inside, anxiously looking for someone.

Dekker RINGS the service bell.

Finally... HARRY HUME, 50's, the cop on watch, limps to the
desk. Crotchety, with an overgrown belly, Frank's seen
better days. There's no love loss between Harry and Conners.

CONNERS
(cold)
Buzz us in.

HARRY
(colder)
You gotta sign first.

Conners and Dekker scribble their signatures ~~down~~.

HARRY
I heard you were back. Kinda liked not
having you around, Conners.

Harry takes the clipboard, examines it until satisfied. Then
reluctantly BUZZES them in.

CONNERS
Have another donut, Frankie.

Dekker and Conners proceed inside. They walk ALONG THE VAST
ROWS OF EVIDENCE, scan the shelves, checking the number.

CONNERS
That fat fuck is the sole guardian of
the city's biggest source of
contraband. Drugs. Weapons. Cash.
(MORE)

CONNERS (cont'd)

All totalled, about \$50 million or so
just sitting here for the taking.

Finally, finding the right row, they turn in.

DEKKER

You'd have to have some major
firepower, not to mention an extra
large set of balls to try and knock off
a police station.

CONNERS

Not if you were a cop. You could just
walk right in and...

AN EMPTY SPACE, marked in tape, "ITEM #4958378."

CONNERS

... Take whatever you want. Shit.

85A AT THE FRONT DESK--

85A

Dekker and Conners surround Harry as he digs through his file
box. After a few moments, grabs a clipboard.

HARRY

Here is it. Line seventeen.

DEKKER

Bernie Callo.

HARRY

Like I said... No one takes anything
out of here, unless they sign for it.

CONNERS

So what... He showed you a warrant?
What?

HARRY

He must've.

CONNERS

You don't remember?

HARRY

You know how many times someone signs
shit in and out? I see the same guys
all the time. I can't remember one
instance two weeks ago. But if his
signature's there, that means he signed
for it. Take it up with him!

86

INT. CAPTAIN JENKINS'S OFFICE - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

86

Jenkins listens as Conners and crew brief the situation.

CONNERS

The money from Richards's place traced back to the Pacific Savings heist a few months ago, a case Callo headed up.

TEDDY

Callo signed the money out of evidence two weeks ago.

JENKINS

How much?

TEDDY

\$433,000.

VINCENT

If it's Callo, it would explain how they knew police protocol and how our department operates.

TEDDY

Also explains why he was so pissed this morning about being replaced by Conners. He wanted to be the point so everything went according to plan.

CONNERS

He doesn't need another reason to be pissed at me.

JENKINS

What about motive? Do we have one?

VINCENT

Pressure might've been getting to him. He's been getting the cold shoulder from cops since he testified about Pearl Street Bridge.

JENKINS

No. Don't buy that.

TEDDY

(beat)

He was also getting divorced.

This is news to everyone.

TEDDY

About a month ago, he told me he and his wife might be splitting. Asked if I knew a lawyer who wouldn't clean him out. I didn't think it was this bad.

JENKINS

(conflicted)

Bernie Callo is a first rate cop. A boy scout. This doesn't make any sense.

CONNERS

They never do, Captain.

JENKINS

Don't act like you're not enjoying this, Conners. I know what you think of him.

CONNERS

Doesn't matter what I think. Facts here speak for themselves.

DEKKER

No they don't. We haven't asked the question... Why, if Callo's involved, don't they ask for him at the bank?
(points to Conners)
They asked for you.

All eyes find Conners. Then, Jenkins' PHONE RINGS...

JENKINS

(answering the phone)

Jenkins.

TIME CUT TO:

87 **EXT. BERNIE CALLO'S HOME - 4:18 PM - DAY** 87

The small home in a RURAL AREA is now COMPLETELY SURROUNDED by COP CARS.

88 **INT. BERNIE CALLO'S HOME** 88

A typical family-themed home. FAMILY PICTURES adorn the walls. Everything in its right place. Except for... MRS. CALLO, 40's, sits in the kitchen SOBBING. Police encircle her.

In the center of the Living Room... BERNIE CALLO LIES DEAD, a bullet wound right between the eyes.

SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS and CSI OFFICERS muddle through every nook and cranny of the tiny home. Conners, Teddy and Dekker are led around by a UNIFORMED OFFICER...

OFFICER AT CALLO HOUSE

Wife came home approximately forty-five minutes ago. Found him here. None of the neighbors heard anything. There's no forced entry and no one saw anyone fleeing the scene.

Vincent enters from the basement carrying a LARGE BOX.

VINCENT

Blueprints from the bank, schematics, pictures... Also, about a dozen internet articles on the Saudi Prince. Found it behind the furnace.

Conners nods.

DEKKER

Well, that's it, right?

Suddenly... THE HOUSE TELEPHONE RINGS! Everyone peers around. After the second ring, the ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP...

CALLO (VO)

You've reached the Callo residence. No one can get to the phone right now. Please leave a message.

Then... After the TONE...

LORENZ (VO)

(from the machine)

Detective Conners... Are you there?

Conners and everyone turns, listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

89

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

89

Lorenz stares ahead, transfixed by something.

LORENZ

Are you connecting the dots? Are you putting it together? Is the pattern emerging? They wouldn't punish you, but I will.

Conners GRABS the phone...

LORENZ

Vengeance will be mine, Detective.

CONNERS

Then come and get me you piece of shit.

Lorenz smiles, hangs up. He resumes staring at the wall in front of him.

REVEAL: HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS - ALL OF CONNERS - DECORATE THE WALL!

90

EXT. BERNIE CALLO'S HOME - DAY

90

Dekker leans back against the car, Conners approaches...

CONNERS

What they told Callo was the plan and what the plan really was may be two different things. Clearly this wasn't part of a plan Callo would've agreed with.

DEKKER

You'd think a cop would be smarter.

CONNERS

As cops we come across every temptation in the book. Money, drugs, power. We'd all like to think we can resist any urge, but... We're not saints.

DEKKER

So, Callo was involved and now they're dragging you into it. Why?

CONNERS

Man said he wanted vengeance.

DEKKER

Piss anyone off lately?

CONNERS

Me?

Both can't help but smile. Jenkins walks up.

JENKINS

I just got off the phone with Agent Doyle. After the Charlotte break in, the Prince withdrew all his possessions from every safe deposit box in this country.

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR - The EIGHT SECURITY CAMERA ANGLES appear.

ON THE MULTIPLE SCREENS... Just as in the opening, Lorenz leads this crew through the bank. Immediately the group splits up. IN THE VAULT... One of the Black Clads arrives and radios in.

DAX

I've been through these tapes twenty times already and nothing...

CONNERS

Shutup.

MONITOR #5... IN THE VAULT, Black Clad #2 fires the explosives! The image goes to STATIC.

DEKKER

Wait, hold on a second. Did you see it?

DAX

See what?

DEKKER

Go back a little.

CONNERS

What?

DEKKER

Notice the camera angles, they're all fixed. They don't rotate or pan.

Dax rewinds, to before the explosion...

DEKKER

There. Stop. Play it. Look closely, camera five, the vault cam, dominates our attention because of the explosion. But while that's happening, check out Camera two, customer service.

ON SCREEN... Several BANK EMPLOYEES cower to the Black Clad. Suddenly, another Black Clad DISAPPEARS UNDERNEATH THE SECURITY CAMERA.

DAX

Where'd he go?

ON SCREEN... As the EXPLOSION GOES OFF, CAMERA #2 PANS AWAY FROM THE CUSTOMER SERVICE SECTION, TOWARDS THE LOBBY.

CONNERS

He moved it. Changed the angle. He didn't want us to see something.

DEKKER

What's in that corner they didn't want us to see?

Dax rewinds the tapes again, before the camera was moved and FREEZES FRAME ON: a lone COMPUTER TERMINAL in the corner.

93

INT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

93

AT THE COMPUTER TERMINAL... A FORENSICS TECHNICIAN, 30's, carefully dusts the computer keyboard for fingerprints.

Dekker and Conners look on.

DEKKER

Are you at all concerned that there's some whacko out there looking to get you?

CONNERS

If I worried about every threat made against me, I'd never leave the house.

The Technician turns on a BLACK LIGHT and... FINGERPRINTS APPEAR ALL OVER THE KEYBOARD!

Conners looks to Dekker, impressed.

CONNERS

(to the technician)

Those are priority one. If he's got a record, I want an I.D. yesterday.

FORENSICS TECHNICIAN

I'm on my way.

CONNERS

Dax, can you hack in there and find out what they were doing on this machine?

DAX

Hack into a nationwide bank's central computer system? Love to.

DEKKER

What do we do in the meantime?

CONNERS

You like Italian?

94

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

94

The ITALIAN RESTAURANT HOST, 50's, jolly with a thick accent, greets Conners and Dekker.

ITALIAN HOST

Detective, where you been? Much too long. Sit, sit. I give you best table in house. It'll just be the two?

CONNERS

No, four. More are coming.

ITALIAN HOST

Wonderful, wonderful. Who's this young man?

CONNERS

For all intents and purposes... he's Big Brother.

ITALIAN HOST

(confused)
He's your brother?

CONNERS

No.

ITALIAN HOST

No matter, no matter... I bring you bottle of house wine!

DEKKER

We're still on duty. No wine.

ITALIAN HOST

(insulted)
No wine?

CONNERS

A little wine.

ITALIAN HOST

That's better.

They get to the table, Conners looks at it.

CONNERS

Last time I was here, you said that table in the corner was the "best in the house."

ITALIAN HOST

It was. Anywhere you sit becomes best table in house. Now relax, I bring you food.

95 LATER, STILL AT THE RESTAURANT--

95

A PIANO PLAYER recreates the sweet sounds of Italy. PATRONS sing along. Eating, drinking and being merry.

AT THE DETECTIVE'S TABLE--

Vincent and Teddy have joined Conners and Dekker. A MOUNTAIN OF FOOD still remains. A COUPLE BOTTLES OF WINE have been consumed, empty plates and basket rolls spread about. The mood is happy, light. Not thinking about their day.

Conners tells an anecdote, something that Teddy and Vincent have heard before, but don't care. Dekker watches the Detectives, admires in their closeness.

CONNERS

Shane, what was that thing you said back at the house about "returning to the beginning path" or something?

DEKKER

It's a Buddhist story.

CONNERS

We're all ears.

DEKKER

One day the Buddha found his heart in turmoil. So he retreats to the forest, to the earth, to the base of a great tree and, I'm paraphrasing, but... this elephant comes up and tells Buddha he doesn't like seeing him discouraged.

TEDDY

He can talk to an elephant?

DEKKER

He's the Buddha. He's attained the 6th level of consciousness. He's capable of communicating with plants, trees... even rocks.

VINCENT

Rocks?

DEKKER

You asked.

CONNERS

Continue.

DEKKER

The Buddha was troubled so he went back to where he came from, the beginning, to find the path, the answer. So when you hit a dead end, go back to the beginning to find your way. Or something like that.

CONNERS

We have a genuine philosopher in our midst.

VINCENT

You're a Buddhist?

DEKKER

No. Just something I picked up along the way.

TEDDY

But you're religious?

DEKKER

Not particularly.

Connors stares curiously at his new partner. Then excuses himself to go to the men's room.

DEKKER

You're all pretty tight.

TEDDY

We've been through a lot together.

DEKKER

I guess I just thought... I don't know. With all the trouble he's been in lately, coming back from suspension, everyone would treat him differently.

VINCENT

You can't believe what you read or see on TV. If anything, our tie to Connors is stronger. He's one of the best. Even when things got pretty wild today--and everyone else panicked, he was in control. That doesn't just happen. He's just that good.

TEDDY

Excuse me.

Teddy heads for the ladies room.

VINCENT
What was the Buddha looking for?

DEKKER
The divine in himself.

Art's confused. Dekker's cellphone rings.

DEKKER
How long does it usually take to for fingerprints to be ID'd?

VINCENT
Hours, maybe days. We could be waiting a while.

DEKKER
(answering)
Dekker./ Okay.
(Snapping the phone shut...)
They got a match.

96

INT. BY THE RESTROOMS - ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

96

LONG CURTAINS divide the rooms.

Connors exits the men's room, Teddy appears and before a word can be spoken... SHE KISSES HIM HARD, PASSIONATELY ON THE LIPS. Connors gives in for just a moment. He breaks the embrace.

CONNERS
What are you doing?

TEDDY
I realized something today. Being around you, all that's happened... I can't... I think I made a mistake.

CONNERS
It's too late. You've made your choice. Live with it.

This jab hurts Teddy and Connors knows it. Dekker parts the curtains...

DEKKER
We got a match.

Teddy separates from Connors.

CONNERS

You got a name?

DEKKER

Chris Lei.

CONNERS

(a knowing disgust)
Sonofabitch.

97

INT. CONNERS'S CAR - NIGHT

97

Connors drives, Dekker reads Chris Lei's file. On top of the file is a MUGSHOT PHOTO of, "Lei, CHRIS". He's an early-30's Chinese-American with a "weasel factor" off the charts.

CONNERS

Prick used to work for some big-time software company until they caught him dipping into the company's slush fund. They didn't want the publicity so they didn't press charges. Couple years later, he was busted for looting the pension plans of retired cops. For a genius... he's a fucking moron.

DEKKER

This was your case. You and York. You made the bust. Why didn't it stick?

CONNERS

His lawyer put us on trial. Said we were crooked, abusive, that we planted evidence... We were in the midst of the Pearl Street Bridge fallout. Jury bought it. They let him walk and we were the scapegoats.

DEKKER

Was it true?

CONNERS

The guy was guilty. He was scum. That was the truth.

(beat)

There's something they don't teach you. The system breaks down. You have to compensate to get results.

DEKKER

That gives you the right to break the rules?

An EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN, 30's, attends to Dekker's injured shoulder. Dekker grimaces from the pain. Conners approaches...

CONNERS

First day in the city and you've already been shot.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECH

It just grazed him.

DEKKER

Why don't I "just graze" you with a bullet and see how you feel.

POLICE OFFICER #3

Your Damon Richards is awake.

119 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

119

To establish.

120 INT. TRAUMA ROOM - HOSPITAL

120

HANDCUFFS lock Richards to his bed. Richards is hooked up to an IV and a tube's up his nose. A HEART RATE MONITOR chimes rhythmically.

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS look on as Conners and Dekker enter.

CONNERS

(to the officers)

Take five, guys.

The officers exit. Conners LOCKS the door, walks to the bed, leans over Richards.

CONNERS

Hiya, Damon. How you feeling?

DEKKER

(taps Conners)

May I?

Conners concedes the floor. Dekker addresses Richards.

DEKKER

You remember me, don't you?

(Damon gives an EVIL GLARE)

Thought so.

Dekker turns his attention to Richards' IV, the tubes which carry medication into his body.

From a nearby medicine cabinet, Dekker rummages around.

DEKKER

I was skiing about three years ago.
Aspen. Beautiful country. Ever been?
Never mind. I hit a mogul, landed on a
sheet of ice and slammed into a tree.
Broke myself up pretty bad. Kinda like
you did today. I was in a hospital bed
for three months. Had it not been
for... Here it is.

(he finds)

Morphine. Without this stuff, I
wouldn't have made it.

Dekker fills a syringe with the entire bottle.

DEKKER

Now this IV drip administers a small
dosage every minute. Makes you feel
relaxed and calm. No pain. But...

Dekker sticks the syringe needle tip into the IV bag.

DEKKER

If I were to inject this whole thing...
That would be all she wrote for Damon.

RICHARDS

You don't have the balls.

Dekker PRESSES down on the syringe, just a little, but enough
to go into the bag. Richards can't believe it.

DEKKER

This equipment malfunctions all the
time. Overdoses are quite common.
Besides, I don't think the DA's going
to launch a full-scale investigation
over a scum like you.

Richards attempts to signal for a nurse, but Dekker pulls the
call button away.

DEKKER

You don't have to tell us a damn thing.
Plead the fifth... roll the dice.

Dekker SQUEEZES in some more, until... Richards gives in,
signals that he'll talk.

120A EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

120A

Connors and Dekker exit, head to their car...

CONNERS

You fuckin' hypocrite. You give me
shit for my interrogating skills...
least I don't threaten them with a
lethal overdose.

Dekker holds the empty vile up, hands it to Conners.

DEKKER

There's never been a single case in
recorded medical history of someone
overdosing on 200 milliliters of
saline.

Conners checks the label, smiles.

DEKKER

Bend, not break. That's what you said,
right?

A121 EXT. SEATTLE SUBURB - NIGHT

A121

Lorenz, AKA SCOTT CURTIS, enters his car.

JENKINS (VO)

Lorenz's true identity is Scott Curtis.
He's wanted in connection to three
other bank robberies, extortion and
kidnapping.

121 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

121

Jenkins stands before Conners, Dekker, Teddy, Vincent and two
new Detectives - DET. TOMMY BRANCH, 40's and DET. JEROME
KNIGHT, 50's.

JENKINS

He's also the brother of John Curtis,
the perp Conners shot at Pearl Street
Bridge.

(Moving on)

Richards testifies that he was hired by
Curtis to pull the bank job with a
dirty cop on the inside, Bernie Callo.
Curtis hoped that Conners would take
the fall for American National turning
ugly, disgracing him even further. We
also have the names of two more
accomplices, Lamar Galt and Xander
Harrington. Everyone was set to meet
tonight at ten and we have that
address.

(beat)

After finding Callo and Lei dead today,

(MORE)

JENKINS (cont'd)

it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know Curtis is eliminating his accomplices. Doesn't matter what Curtis told Galt and Harrington, he's going to finish them off tonight.

122 I/E CONNERS'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - NIGHT - TRAVELLING 122

Connors drives, Dekker shotgun. Connors more intense than normal.

CONNERS

You never think of the repercussions. The suspect's mother, father... Brother. How your decision affects them.

(beat)

He had murder in his eyes.

DEKKER

John Curtis.

CONNERS

It was pouring. Lights everywhere. If he had only done what I said.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 123

Connors, RAIN POUNDING DOWN, aims his gun, MOUTHS THE WORDS...

CONNERS (VO)

Drop the weapon.

JOHN CURTIS, the kidnapper on the bridge, aims his gun, FIRES!

CONNERS FIRES! BAM!

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

124 I/E CONNERS'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - NIGHT - TRAVELLING 124

CONNERS

But it was not to be.

DEKKER

My father died when I was twelve. He walked into a liquor store in the middle of a stick up. Guy just opened fire. Never even had time to react. They said he was a hero. Know what

(MORE)

DEKKER (cont'd)
 that means to a twelve year old?
 (beat)
 Because he died on the job, he's a
 hero? Never made sense to me.

CONNERS
 So why become a cop?

DEKKER
 Finish what he started. Every day he
 went out, trying to do some good. Help
 the people who couldn't help
 themselves, just give'em a chance is
 what he always said. Didn't always
 work out right, but he tried. You
 tried to help save that girl on the
 bridge. If you weren't there, the girl
 still would've died. She had a chance
 because you were there. That's all we
 can do.

125 EXT. HOUSE - 10:25 PM 125

A two story house sits on a quiet corner in a quaint
 neighborhood. CRICKETS CHIRP, break the silence of the
 night. Two CARS sit in a gravel driveway.

125A ON THE FRONT PORCH-- 125A

Through the open windows... Two men, LAMAR GALT, 40's, and
 XANDER HARRINGTON, 30's, sit in silence. Their patience
 thinning.

A125A IN CONNERS'S CAR-- A125A

IN THE SHADOWS... In various HIDING SPOTS... Connors and
 Dekker look out at the house.

125B IN DET. BRANCH'S CAR-- 125B

DET. BRANCH, looks at his watch, then to DET. KNIGHT.

BRANCH
 (frustrated; into radio)
 It's twenty-five after. How much
 longer we wait?

125C IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125C

CONNERS
 (into radio)
 We go now all we get is Galt and
 Harrington. We want Curtis. Now relax
 and keep the line free.
 (MORE)

CONNERS (cont'd)
 (to Dekker)
 This prick's driving me crazy.

Connors digs into his pocket, realizes...

CONNERS
 Shit.

DEKKER
 What?

CONNERS
 I'm out of gum.

TEDDY (VO)
 (over radio)
 Head's up. Car's coming.

125D EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 125D

A BROWN CHEVY drives past the house, but KEEPS GOING.

125E IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125E

DEKKER
 Shit.

125F ON THE FRONT PORCH-- 125F

Galt and Harrington react the same to the car driving by.
 Harrington CHECKS HIS WATCH, barks at Galt. Heads for his car.

125G IN TEDDY'S CAR-- 125G

Teddy and Vincent watch...

TEDDY
 (into ~~her~~ radio)
 Connors, we got a problem.

125H IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125H

CONNERS
 (into radio)
 We hold. No one move.

125I IN DET. BRANCH'S CAR-- 125I

BRANCH
 (into radio)
 We can't let him walk. We have to go now.

125J CONNERS'S CAR-- 125J

CONNERS
(into radio)
No. Stand down.

125K OMIT 125K

125L TEDDY'S CAR-- 125L

VINCENT
(into radio)
We're going to lose'em, Connors.

125M IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125M

CONNERS
(into radio)
No. No go. We wait.

125N AT THE HOUSE-- 125N

Harrington curses at Galt who stands on the front porch.
Harrington waits while Galt ~~he~~ makes a cellphone call.

125P IN TEDDY'S CAR-- 125P

VINCENT
(into radio)
We bust them now, we got something.
But if they get in that car we don't
have jack squat.

125Q IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125Q

CONNERS
We have three cars here and uniformed
backup in all directions, if they ride,
we'll get them. I want Curtis. We
don't go in that house until I say!

126 AT THE HOUSE-- 126

Galt hangs up. Harrington unlocks his car door.

127 I/E HOUSE AND ALL CARS - NIGHT 127

TEDDY'S PAGER CHIMES!

Harrington's the first to hear it. In the dead silence,
everyone soon does.

Just as Teddy's able to silence it... Harrington SPOTS her
car, doesn't think twice, just starts FIRING!

His bullets keep Vincent and Teddy pinned down.

Knight hurries out of the car...

HARRINGTON sees this, FIRES!

The bullet STRIKES KNIGHT IN THE NECK!

GALT FIRES!

Simultaneously... BRANCH FIRES! HARRINGTON FIRES!

THE BULLET RIPS INTO HARRINGTON'S ARM! He's hit, but not down. He and Galt duck back inside the house!

Branch takes a bullet in the leg. He goes down.

128 IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 128

CONNERS
Trigger happy, Sons of bitches!

129 AROUND THE HOUSE-- 129

Connors, Dekker, Vincent, Teddy converge on the house.

CONNERS
We take them alive!

DEKKER
(into radio)
All units, all units. Shots fired!
Requesting backup immediately!

They all rush inside...

130 INT. HOUSE 130

Connors and Dekker make their way up the stairs...

131 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY-- 131

Teddy and Vincent head down the hall...

132 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-- 132

Connors and Dekker move carefully. Connors points for Dekker to go in the other direction. Dekker obeys, slides down the other side of the hall.

133 IN THE KITCHEN-- 133

Teddy's on her toes. She smells something, but keeps moving.

ON THE FLOOR... A trail of BLOOD leads to the DINING ROOM.

Teddy signals to Vincent. "That way."

134 FIRST BEDROOM-- 134

Conners enters, checks it out.

135 SECOND BEDROOM-- 135

Dekker stands outside the closet. He opens it quickly, but it's empty. Except for... On the far wall -- HUNDREDS OF PICTURES of Conners. The same shrine we saw Lorenz in front of earlier.

135A DINING ROOM-- 135A

Vincent swings in from one entrance, Teddy the other. She takes a cautious step out, when...

BAM! A BULLET ZINGS PAST TEDDY - HITS THE WALL BESIDE HER HEAD!

HARRINGTON, from the corner, takes aim again!

VINCENT drops to the floor, aims through the dining room table legs and FIRES!

THE BULLET TEARS INTO HARRINGTON'S SHIN! He SCREAMS IN PAIN, DROPS TO THE FLOOR!

135B FIRST BEDROOM-- 135B

Conners HEARS THE SHOTS, runs out of the room.

136 SECOND BEDROOM-- 136

So does Dekker.

136A DINING ROOM-- 136A

Teddy moves in on Harrington.

TEDDY

Drop the gun!

Harrington holds his gun UP AND OUT towards Teddy. *Is he aiming or surrendering?*

TEDDY

Drop it now. Last warning.

But he doesn't.

BAM! TEDDY PUTS A HOLE IN HARRINGTON'S CHEST! He slumps down, dead.

137 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-- 137

Conners and Dekker meet by the top of the stairs.

CONNERS
Teddy!? What's happening?

Vincent appears at the bottom of the stairs.

VINCENT
We got one down. He's dead.

138 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/ STAIRCASE-- 138

Dekker and Conners share a look, disappointed. But then something catches Conners's eye.

BEHIND DEKKER... a door OPENS... LAMAR GALT AIMS HIS WEAPON!

CONNERS
GUN!

GALT FIRES!

Conners PUSHES DEKKER OUT OF THE WAY, just in the nick of time!

DEKKER TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Vincent breaks his fall.

GALT FIRES AT CONNERS, until he's out of bullets. He ducks back behind a door.

Conners FIRES! *But did he hit anyone?* Conners pursues...

138A AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS-- 138A

Dekker grabs his head, in pain, but okay.

138B DINING ROOM-- 138B

Teddy leans against the wall, spots A VENT... A FLASH GOES BY!

139 UPSTAIRS BATHROOM-- 139

Conners creeps inside the partially open doorway. It's quiet, until... LAMAR GALT lunges, tackles Conners! His gun flies from his hands.

- 140 DINING ROOM-- 140**
- Teddy's EYES fall to...
- ON THE FLOOR... next to the base of the door is a FUSE. It runs from the wall into the vent.
- She follows it into THE KITCHEN.
- TEDDY
- Gas.
(loud)
Get out of here! Get out of here NOW!
- 141 FRONT HALLWAY-- 141**
- Vincent and Dekker get up. Dekker looks upstairs...
- DEKKER
- Conners!
- 142 UPSTAIRS BATHROOM-- 142**
- Conners and Galt struggle. Conners PUNCHES Galt, sends him back! He then SLAMS Galt against the wall, Galt KNEES Conners in the gut.
- Galt goes for the gun, Conners KICKS out his legs from underneath him! But before Conners can get the upper hand, Galt fights back! The two continue...
- 143 INT. KITCHEN 143**
- The fuse comes out of the vent... IT'S LIT! THE OVEN... HEAR the gas emission...
- 144 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 144**
- Teddy rushes from the house...
- TEDDY
- Everyone get down!
- 145 INT. KITCHEN 145**
- The spark. The Gas. The EXPLOSION!
- 146 INT. FRONT HALLWAY 146**
- THE BLAST BLOWS DEKKER AND VINCENT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND OUT OF THE HOUSE!

147 INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM 147

The EXPLOSION KNOCKS Conners and GALT OFF THEIR FEET!
Conners HITS THE FLOOR HARD! Galt's head slams against the
toilet.

148 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 148

Teddy watches as... A COUPLE OF UNIFORMED COPS race to
Vincent and Dekker, drag them away.

148A UPSTAIRS BATHROOM-- 148A

Conners leans over Galt, a giant GASH across his forehead,
feels for a pulse. He's dead. Conners looks into the
hallway, SEES THE FIRE!

148B EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 148B

Dekker looks around...

DEKKER
Where's Conners?

Dekker and Teddy look to the house, when...

KA-BOOM! A SECOND EXPLOSION! THE ENTIRE HOUSE BLOWS!

DEKKER, VINCENT AND THE TWO OFFICERS DUCK FOR COVER! TEDDY
STARES AT THE HOUSE, HORRIFIED!

DEKKER gets up, watches the FLAMES CONSUME THE HOUSE!

TEDDY runs towards the house, when... DEKKER stops her.

TEDDY
No! No, we have to go save him!

DEKKER
We can't.

TEDDY
We have to.

DEKKER
Teddy...

TEDDY
No!

They both stare at the house. Dekker holds her, she's a
mess.

DEKKER

No, Captain. She said it perfectly.

CUT TO:

KAREN CROSS finds Teddy, has her Cameraman FOCUS in on her.

KAREN CROSS

Detective Galloway, could you give us a comment?

Teddy looks STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA, but can't say a thing. That's when DEKKER grabs the camera, PUSHES it out of her face.

KAREN CROSS

We just wanted a statement.

DEKKER

Shame on you.

KAREN CROSS

This is more than just news for us. American National's CFO sits on the Board of Channel Two. They have a vested interest in what's going on.

DEKKER

Find another source.

Karen and her Cameraman leave Teddy and Dekker alone.

TEDDY

Connors was right. We should've never gone in. How many more mistakes can we make in one day? He was eliminating his accomplices. We thought he was going to show up? We didn't even think he could do this... How dumb are we?

151 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

151

Quiet, mostly dark. A few fluorescent lights and a desk lamp...

Dekker sits at Connors' desk. A somber moment, reflecting on the man, his career. He shuts off the lamp, heads for the door.

DAX

Detective?

Dekker turns to find... Dax, cradling a 3,000 PAGE DOCUMENT.

DAX

I know what they were doing inside the bank.

DEKKER AND DAX--

Dax flips through the huge document.

DAX

These are today's transaction records from the bank. An average day produces about 400 pages, give or take. Today, there were over 3,000 pages.

DEKKER

Meaning?

DAX

We've just witnessed the largest heist in history. Somewhere in the neighborhood of a billion dollars.

DEKKER

Come again?

DAX

It's a computer virus. "The Computer Virus." It randomly withdraws money from all the accounts and deposits it into the bad guys' account. If you check the transactions, no two withdrawal amounts are the same and none of'em are over \$100. Most security systems work on the size of the money, not number of transactions. Wire out one million from a handful of accounts and red flags go up. Wire out a less than a hundred from ten million accounts, no flags.

DEKKER

Where's the money now?

DAX

I tried following one of the transactions. It took me an hour and when I finally had it... It went away.

DEKKER

How is that possible?

DAX

The virus created a host of phantom accounts where the money goes

(MORE)

DAX (cont'd)
temporarily, then transfers to another account, then to another. It's never in one place long enough to get an accurate fix.

DEKKER
It's still moving the money around?

DAX
Yeah. Any deposit or withdrawal from any bank doesn't usually go into affect until the next business day. So it's going to keep jumping around until it clears at 9 AM tomorrow.

DEKKER
(realizes)
Or 6 AM Pacific time. Sunrise. So why break in? If they're just wiring money? Couldn't they do that from anywhere?

DAX
That's the regional manager's computer terminal. There's no outside/remote access to it. There you have unlimited entry to the bank's mainframe. No passwords to work around, no "hacking" in. It's all nice and clean.

DEKKER
A billion dollars is missing and we're only discovering this now?

DAX
Ironically, when the power went out, it helped hide the virus and bought it time to work.

DEKKER
So they weren't trying to make it look like they were robbing a bank, to rip off a Saudi Prince? They were making it look like they ripped off a Saudi Prince to rob a bank.
(realizes)
The Chaos Theory.

DISSOLVE TO:

152 EXT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

152

Dekker shuffles to his car, his cellphone rings.
Answering...

DEKKER

Dekker.

DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)

Detective Dekker, there's a call for you. Says it's urgent.

DEKKER

Put it through.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)

Good evening Detective. I just wanted to compliment you on a fine day. You were an unexpected adversary that was most challenging.

DEKKER

It's not over yet.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)

Wishful thinking.

DEKKER

No. My wish is to catch you. You're a murderer. A cop killer at that.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)

I didn't kill anyone who didn't deserve it. Callo was insignificant and Connors crossed me. In years to come you'll thank me for getting rid of him before he corrupted you.

DEKKER

I know about the money. You steal a billion dollars... They will find you.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)

A risk I'm willing to take. It's almost sunrise. Fare thee well.

Lorenz hangs up. Dekker surprisingly calm, hangs up the phone, heads back inside the station.

153

INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

153

Dekker at his desk, piles through mounds of paperwork. Not sure what to look for, he goes through everything.

His notes from the bank. The file on Galt, Harrington, Chris Lei. He even digs through Connors and finally... Callo's file.

Jenkins heads for the exit.

JENKINS
You're still here?

DEKKER
(in complete work mode)
Callo's insignificant.

JENKINS
What?

DEKKER
That's what he said, Callo's
insignificant. But he wasn't.

JENKINS
What are you talking about?

DEKKER
Lorenz... Curtis... Called me.

JENKINS
He called you?

DEKKER
He said he didn't kill anyone who
didn't deserve it. He said Callo was
insignificant. But without Callo he
wouldn't have had the knowledge of our
department and...
(grabs a clipboard)
... He wouldn't have had the front
money to hire the crew.

JENKINS
He was screwing with your head. Go
home, Shane. You did good today. Your
Dad would be proud. Get some sleep.
There will be more bad guys tomorrow.

Jenkins exits.

Dekker falls back into his chair. Then... discovers...
Callo's file... The Property Room Sign-Out Sheet. The
signatures.

154

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE P. D. - 1:43 AM

154

Harry Hume, the evidence room cop, out of uniform, walks
inside, sits across from... Dekker, already here, with two
DIFFERENT FILES available to him.

HARRY
I was in bed already. This couldn't
wait til morning.

DEKKER

(cold)

How did he come at you, Harry? It's the only thing that doesn't make sense.

HARRY

What are you talking about?

DEKKER

All day long we thought Callo was the dirty cop. All day long we were wrong.

Dekker slides some papers in front of Harry.

DEKKER

That's the sign-out sheet from the evidence room. Here's one of Callo's reports. Here's another one... and another --

The SIGNATURES ARE DIFFERENT, but Harry doesn't even examine them. He knows.

DEKKER

They're not the same signature, Harry. They're not even close.

HARRY

(shrugs it off)

Maybe he had a cramp in his hand. I don't know.

DEKKER

(re: file #1)

This is your file... You were reprimanded, a month ago after you confronted Callo at the courthouse. You punched him. That ring a bell?

HARRY

And I'd do it again. Cops who testify against cops shouldn't be breathing the same air I do. There's a line you don't cross!

DEKKER

So you set him up! You forged Callo's signature, you gave him the money and you helped him with his plan because you thought he got a raw deal at Pearl Street Bridge! Don't deny it, Harry cause I know.

HARRY

OF COURSE HE GOT A RAW DEAL AT PEARL
STREET BRIDGE! EVERYBODY GOT A RAW
DEAL!

155 **OMIT** 155

156 **OMIT** 156

157 **EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 157

Images FLASH before our eyes...

The RAIN POURS DOWN! An SUV CRASHES into a STALLED-OUT
VEHICLE.

JOHN CURTIS (THE KIDNAPPER) crawls out of the SUV! He sees
cop's lights approaching. He drags LISA REANN (THE VICTIM)
out of the truck. A BRIGHT LIGHT (from a helicopter) strikes
John in the eyes!

LIGHTS! EVERYWHERE BRIGHT! It's all very BLINDING!

COPS block both sides of the bridge! TV REPORTERS AT EITHER
END OF THE BRIDGE!

John holds the gun up to Lisa's head as... OVER JOHN'S
SHOULDER... CONNERS APPROACHES, GUN DRAWN!

Lisa struggles, tears streaming down her face.

A FLASH OF LIGHT ENVELOPS CONNERS!

CLOSE ON... A GUN FIRES!

John DROPS lifeless to the pavement.

BACK TO:

158 **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT** 158

Harry pounds the table...

DEKKER

You're helping a cop killer, Harry.
You're a year from pension. This is
how you want to go out?

HARRY

My conscience is clean.

DEKKER

This has been a very long, trying day.
And I'm tired. We're chasing a

(MORE)

DEKKER (cont'd)
phantom. Just when we have him... he disappears. He's been two steps ahead of Conners and me all day.

HARRY
Of course he has. Who knows Conners better than him?

DEKKER
(what?)
How the hell does Curtis know Conners better than anyone?

Harry goes silent. Realizes he just let the cat out of the bag.

DEKKER
(realizes)
We're not talking about Curtis, are we, Harry?
(still no response)
Who would know Conners better than anyone? Who would you protect? And who in your mind got the raw deal at Pearl Street Bridge?

159 **EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

159

IN REVERSE MOTION - JOHN CURTIS GETS UP... THE BULLET RE-ENTERS CONNERS'S GUN... LISA REANN SCREAMS!

REVEAL THE ENTIRE SCENE: LORENZ/ CURTIS STANDS NEXT TO CONNERS ON THE BRIDGE HOLDING A GUN.

LORENZ/CURTIS IS YORK!

NOW RESUME ACTION... Conners and York aim their guns at... John holds Lisa tight.

CONNERS
Drop the weapon. Let the girl go.

John PUSHES the barrel of the gun TIGHTER into Lisa's temple.

YORK
That, you don't want to do.

York narrows his aim on John Curtis.

JOHN CURTIS
One step closer and the girl dies.

CONNERS

Think about this... you kill her,
where are you going to...

SIMULTANEOUSLY... YORK FIRES just as Lisa STRUGGLES, MOVES!
The Bullet intended for John Curtis, HITS Lisa, kills her
instantly.

Lisa's body crumples to the ground.

Connors and York look on in horror, knowing York's bullet
felled an innocent.

John turns to fire on the detectives... Connors fires -
KILLS John Curtis!

John's body hits pavement. RAIN POURS DOWN!

160 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 160

Dekker puts it together...

DEKKER

It was York who was the bad cop. He
assumed Scott Curtis's identity to
throw us off the trail.

161 INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS 161

Dax and Teddy are speechless.

162 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 162

DEKKER

York plays his old partner, knowing all
his moves, frames his enemy for the
crime, kills him too and pulls off the
biggest robbery in history.

HARRY

Do what you want to me. He called to
tell me he was going and he's gone and
you ain't never going to find him.

DEKKER

Watch me.

163 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT 163

Dax and Dekker gather at Dax's desk. Dax is on the phone.

DAX

The number York used to call Harry Hume
is a cellphone number. Ran it through
(MORE)

DAX (cont'd)
local service providers. Nextel got a
match.

DEKKER
Can they get a location on him?

DAX
That particular phone he's using is
equipped with the latest GPS
technology. Should be able to trace
his location within 100 meters or less.
(into phone)
Yeah?
(to Dekker)
They got him.

163A INT. DAX'S OFFICE - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 163A

Dekker and Dax examine a map.

DAX
The signal's coming from around 175th
street. That's about fifteen miles
north of us.
(deflated)
From the harbor he can take a boat or a
sea-plane out. He's gone.

DEKKER
(beat; thinks)
No. If there's a signal. Means he's
still here. He's waiting for something
or someone.

DAX
Waiting? Where? Ain't nothing down
there that's open at this hour.

DEKKER
(thinks)
175th street... There's is one place.

164 EXT. PARKING LOT - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 164

Dekker runs to his car and as he gets there, Teddy's waiting
for him.

TEDDY
I'm going with you.

DEKKER
Detective Galloway...

TEDDY
(w/ a steel glare)
It's not a request.

165 **EXT. HARBOR NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 165

A BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHT FULL MOON hangs in the dark sky. Dozens of COMMERCIAL LINERS, CARGO SHIPS and SEAPLANES line the piers.

166 **EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 166

Open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. A handful of cars occupy the spaces out front. Including the MERCEDES.

167 **INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 167

A scattering of PATRONS, some at the counter, some in booths. A PRETTY WAITRESS, 20's, rings up a bill.

PRETTY WAITRESS
That'll be \$8.48, please.

YORK AKA LORENZ/CURTIS hands the Cashier a twenty.

YORK
Keep the change.

PRETTY WAITRESS
Thanks, mister.

A BUS BOY, 19, carries some garbage out the back.

York heads for the exits, opens the door and... STEPS OUTSIDE!

168 **EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 168

York hoofs two steps outside when...

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT STRIKES YORK'S FACE! He shields his eyes...

BEHIND THE LIGHTS... Dekker and Teddy aim their pistols.

DEKKER
Jason York... this is the police. Put your hands in the air and slowly get on your knees. Do it. Now!

YORK
Don't shoot. You win.

York RAISES HIS HANDS HIGH, takes a small step backwards.

DEKKER

Get down on the pavement!

YORK

I'm cooperating. You win.

York takes another tiny back-step.

DEKKER

GET DOWN NOW! FINAL WARNING!

YORK

I SAID... I... GIVE... UP!

York bends down to ONE KNEE, DRAWS A 9 MM... FIRES!

DEKKER AND TEDDY DUCK FOR COVER!

YORK RUSHES BACK INTO THE RESTAURANT!

DEKKER AND TEDDY RETURN FIRE!

THE GLASS WINDOW DOORS EXPLODE!

DEKKER

(to Teddy)

Take the back!

169 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

169

CUSTOMERS SCREAM AS...

Dekker enters, surveys the restaurant.

A LOUD BANGING FROM THE KITCHEN!

Dekker approaches the kitchen door, pushes it open and...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BULLETS RIP APART THE KITCHEN DOOR!

Dekker spins out of the way. As gunfire stops, Dekker KICKS through the door! Leans in gun first...

170 THE KITCHEN --

170

In the center of the room... York neck-holds the Pretty Waitress, gun to her head.

Dekker moves in...

YORK

Was it Harry? It was Harry, right?
That fat fuck!

DEKKER

Let the girl go. It's over.

York's EYES BLAZE WITH ACTIVITY! Something brewing.

YORK

Easy for you to say. I'm a plane ride away from a King's Ransom.

THROUGH A SIDE DOOR... Teddy slides in, unnoticed.

DEKKER

Drop the weapon, let the girl go.

YORK

And spend the rest of my days in a cage? Let me ponder...

(beat)

Don't think so. If you're going to stop me... I'm gonna make you earn it.

DEKKER

That you don't want to do.

YORK

(realizes)

That's exactly what I said to him. Do you see the irony here? Am I the only one? Two months ago I was in your shoes. Some punk holding a gun to an innocent girl. What should you do?

(beat)

YOU'D DO EXACTLY WHAT I DID!

A GLINT sparkles in his eyes. His teeth grind. His gun GRIP TIGHTENS!

Teddy moves into position from the side! Then...

The BUS BOY enters from the same door Teddy came in. The door BANGS closed behind him.

York spins, FIRES in that direction!

Teddy's HIT! The Bus Boy retreats out the side door!

YORK TURNS ON DEKKER, FIRES!

Dekker DUCKS away safely.

York drags the Pretty Waitress to the back!

Dekker runs over, checks on Teddy.

DEKKER

Shit.

TEDDY

I'm fine. Go get him.

Dekker looks her in the eyes, then darts away.

171 **EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 171

Dekker exits the back. Finds the Pretty Waitress. Shook up.

DEKKER

Which way did he go?

PRETTY WAITRESS

That way. Down towards the pier.

172 **EXT. HARBOR NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 172

York sprints across the street. Dekker follows.

173 **I/E STEEL CONTAINER YARD - NIGHT** 173

HUNDREDS OF GIANT STEEL CARGO CONTAINERS litter the yard... makes the place look and feel like a GIANT MAZE.

York disappears into the steel maze.

Dekker enters, slows to a walk. Carefully proceeds forward. Gun drawn. Second guessing each turn.

YORK (OS)

You've really screwed yourself...
Jenkins is going to expect these kind
of results from you everyday.

DEKKER

FBI's got a team of 40 computer
technicians figuring out Lei's virus.
They'll break it.

Dekker rounds a corner...

YORK

Your conviction would be admirable, if
it wasn't just so sad.

At the far end of the container, York FIRES!

Dekker ducks back.

York takes a look out, doesn't see Dekker.

YORK

Get it through your head... The calvary ain't coming. No heroes are coming to save the day. The bad guy gets away at the end of this story.

Dekker peers around the corner... York's gone.

YORK (OS)

But I'll give you credit... You turned out to be quite the little thorn, didn't you?

Dekker speed-walks, continuing the search.

YORK (OS)

I think Connors would be sorry that you died. But not me.

Dekker stops, eyes a full 360. The containers all look alike. Dekker wonders if he's just going around in circles. Until...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BULLETS RICOCHET ALL AROUND DEKKER! He dive-rolls for cover as...

ON TOP OF A CONTAINER... York UNLEASHES, until... CLICK! Out of ammo.

Dekker, hearing this, pops up, RETURNS FIRE!

York leaps off the backside of the container!

Dekker gives chase. As he circles the container... no York. Instead, he finds a DOCK.

174 **EXT. DOCK - NIGHT**

174

A narrow wooden dock. There's a few small boats, A TUG BOAT and at the end... A SEAPLANE.

Dekker approaches the tug. Each step slow and deliberate. EYES TRANSFIXED on the seaplane.

As he nears the Seaplane... A SHADOW RISES from BEHIND HIM. From on top of the TUG BOAT!

Dekker turns just as...

York throws a fishing net on top of Dekker. As Dekker struggles in the net, HIS GUN DISCHARGES!

York with a PIKE POLE in hand, leaps down, CLUBBING Dekker over the head with the weapon. Dekker goes down!

Dekker's gun SLIDES off the dock, into the water.

York charges Dekker with the PIKE POLE, ready to stab, when...

At the last second... DEKKER ROLLS AWAY! THE PIKE POLE BREAKS A WOODEN PLANK TO PIECES, sticks into the ground beneath the water.

Dekker, still tangled in the net, KICKS OUT York's legs. He falls to the planks.

York quickly rebounds. He POUNCES on Dekker, from behind he wraps his arm around Dekker's throat, CHOKING HIM.

Dekker struggles to breathe. York SQUEEZES harder.

YORK

I have come this far... I will not be denied.

Dekker fights, arms flailing. He REACHES blindly behind York, grabs a hold of the PIKE POLE. The pole SNAPS in two!

Dekker wildly SWINGS at York who dodges easily.

York SLAMS Dekker into the side of the TUG. Still choking.

Dekker, on his last gasp, PUSHES OFF THE TUG!

York stumbles backwards, GETS HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN THE HOLE! He twists, spinning around, falling down onto...

... THE REMAINING PIKE SPEAR! The Pike punches through his chest... POPS out his back!

York, blood and life escaping him, his eyes find Dekker. Then go dead.

Dekker steps close. Holds a cold, remorseless stare at York's body.

DISSOLVE TO:

175 **EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - 3:41 AM - NIGHT** 175

Lights Flash from the AMBULANCES AND POLICE CARS. A HELICOPTER HOVERS overhead. Karen Cross interviews Jenkins.

176 **INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT** 176

Teddy, arm in sling, and Dekker sip on some already cold coffee.

TEDDY

We used to spend all day Sunday just reading in bed. I would read the paper and he would read one of his billion books. I didn't deserve him. I knew that. But I still loved him.

Teddy stares out the window...

POV OF TEDDY - Jenkins speaks to Karen Cross.

TEDDY

He's the only man I ever loved.
(beat)
Did we all get shot today?

They can't help but laugh.

DEKKER

They said in the city I'd be busy.
Every day like this?

TEDDY

Pretty much.

DEKKER

Great. I wonder what's next?

TEDDY

For me... a long vacation.

Teddy excuses herself to the bathroom. Dekker goes to pay the check.

AT THE CASHIER... Dekker reaches for his wallet, opens it.

DEKKER

How much?

PRETTY WAITRESS

Do you think I'm going to charge you after all that? Go on.

DEKKER

Thanks.

Dekker notices the tip jar by the register. He removes a TEN DOLLAR BILL, about to stuff it in the jar...

That's when THE SMELL hits him. A strange, but familiar ODOR comes from Dekker's wallet or more accurately... The TEN DOLLAR BILL! But what is it?

FLASH BACK TO:

177 INT. BEDROOM - RICHARDS'S APARTMENT - DAY 177

Marnie explains to Dekker and Conners...

MARNIE

Do you smell that?

DEKKER

(smells the bills; grimaces)
What is it?

MARNIE

When evidence is taken in, any physical mark might effect the ability to lift prints, so, to mark it, we spray it with a scented solution.

Off of Conners' LOOK.

BACK TO:

178 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT - THE PRESENT 178

Dekker realizes it's the same smell, but how did this ten get in his wallet?

FLASH BACK TO:

179 INT. DINER - DAY 179

Conners and Dekker get to know one another... The Waitress lays down the check.

WAITRESS

Anything else, officers?

JUMP CUT TO:

Conners drops a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the table.

JUMP CUT TO:

Dekker SCOOPS UP Conners's TEN, PUTS IT IN HIS WALLET and drops a twenty down on the table.

BACK TO:

180 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT 180

Dekker, a million thoughts spiral at once, runs from the diner!

Teddy exits the ladies room, but Dekker is gone.

181 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT 181

PAPERS and BOOKS litter the floor.

Dekker trashes the place, looking for a clue of any kind. He rifles through the bookshelves, cabinets. All to no avail.

That's when he finds... a medium-sized paperback, dog-eared and worn. The title of the book... "CHAOS" by James Gleick.

Dekker flips through the book. Pages are marked, highlighted. Key words we find include, "EDWARD LORENZ, CHAOS THEORY, BIRTH OF A NEW SCIENCE."

TIME CUT TO:

181A INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - LATER 181A

Dekker holds the "Chaos" book in his hand, paces...

DEKKER
(into phone)
You tried them all?/ Nothing for
Connors or Lorenz?/ I don't know. No,
maybe he's not on a flight.

Dekker then notices - the book. The author's name.

DEKKER
Try again. But try Gleick. James
Gleick.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. SEATTLE AIRPORT - 6:22 AM DAY - ESTABLISHING 182

Early morning TRAVELLERS converge.

183 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY 183

Dekker scans the line up of people. Nothing.

BY THE MEN'S ROOM--

A MAN, 40's, in DISGUISE (Brown Wig), SPIES Dekker. He picks up a CELLPHONE, DIALS... DEKKER'S CELLPHONE RINGS. He quickly picks it up.

CONNERS (VO)
There's a passage in the Surangama
Sutra which, roughly translated means:
"Things are not what they appear to be:
nor are they otherwise."

DEKKER

Conners?

Dekker again scans the line -- he's not there. He scans all the faces AGAIN, but still nothing.

CONNERS (VO)

Think about that a minute... Doesn't that blow your mind?

(beat)

What gave me away?

DEKKER

Ten bucks.

CONNERS (VO)

At the diner. That's right... Well, to err is human.

Dekker SPOTS A MAN ON A CELLPHONE, he runs up to him, SPINS HIM AROUND, BUT... It's not Conners.

CONNERS (VO)

Was it Harry that gave him up?

DEKKER

Harry and the phone call. He called me, said Callo was insignificant. Threw up a red flag.

CONNERS (VO)

That wasn't him. That was my mistake. I called you.

184	OMIT	184
185	OMIT	185
186	INT. CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)	186

Conners on his phone, with attached Voice Modulator.

CONNERS

I didn't kill anyone who didn't deserve it.

187	EXT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)	187
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Dekker at his car... On the phone, listens. But on this ends it sounds like...

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)
Callo was insignificant...

BACK TO:

188 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY - THE PRESENT

188

CONNERS (VO)
York always thought "the plan" was flawless. He was cocky. I told him you have to leave room for error. You can't always predict how it's all going to play out. A random camera catches an image of Richards, the scent on the money... you. You were the biggest wrench of the day. The Chaos Theory... When you got that... I was impressed.

DEKKER
All day long, we were trying to find out who the inside source was... it was you.

CONNERS
The more information you gather, from as many sources as possible, no matter how unpleasant the methods are, the better. And while I'd like to take sole credit it was a *team* effort.

DEKKER
(beat)
Teddy's pretty devastated about your death.

CONNERS (VO)
She'll get over it.

FLASH BACK TO:

189 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT

189

Connors PUSHES DEKKER OUT OF THE WAY, just in the nick of time!

DEKKER TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Vincent breaks his fall.

Connors FIRES TOWARDS THE DOOR! After...

Connors takes out a small remote detonator. Pushes the FIRST BUTTON!

A VENT... A FLASH GOES BY!

Dekker and Teddy don't see... A FIREMAN PASSES BEHIND THEM, turns his head slightly, REVEAL THROUGH THE VISOR IT'S CONNERS!

BACK TO:

197 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

197

Dekker continues his search for Connors all to no avail. He TURNS HIS BACK, just as... A MAN WALKS RIGHT PAST DEKKER CARRYING A CELLPHONE!

DEKKER

So the corpse in the morgue with your name on its toe...?

CONNERS (VO)

Scott Curtis won't be bothering anyone again.

DEKKER

You're a serial killer.

CONNERS (VO)

Who got killed? Curtis? Harrington, Galt, Lei. They're all hoods. The world's safer with them gone. The kid at the bank... that was unfortunate. But... you live with your decisions. You choose to take this road... there is no half way. It's all or nothing. That's why others fail. They don't make the commitment. I won't make that same mistake.

DEKKER

You said they were all hoods... what about, Callo?

CONNERS

Callo deserved his fate. It's his fault.

DEKKER

This is Callo's fault?

CONNERS

If it weren't for him, York and I would've never done this. One random act, causes another, causes another, and in the end... the pattern emerges. That's the Chaos Theory.

(beat)

It's after six. The money's cleared. I'm a wealthy man. Lei, for all his

(MORE)

CONNERS (cont'd)

evil, was one smart sonofabitch. The
Feds will be tracing false leads for
weeks.

DEKKER

Lei... you tanked his trial on purpose.

CONNERS

They should've suspended me after I
testified. What did they expect?

DEKKER

And because the "bitch that made her
career off you" worked for Channel Two,
that's why American National was the
target.

CONNERS

Everybody who screwed us, got screwed.
Everything in its right place.

DEKKER

Why not kill me? You had plenty of
opportunities.

CONNERS

This wasn't about killing, Shane. This
was about standing up for what matters.
Besides... you kinda grew on me.

DEKKER

You're not going to get away.

CONNERS (VO)

I already have. I'm not even here now.
This is a very valuable lesson for you
to learn, and it's good to have learned
it early.

DEKKER

What's that?

CONNERS (VO)

You don't always win.

DEKKER

All your years of service for not.
You're a hypocrite.

CONNERS (VO)

I'm an opportunist. I would've gladly
died in the line of duty, but they took
that away. If they had been as
faithful to me, as I to them none of

(MORE)

CONNERS (VO) (cont'd)
this would've happened. The system
broke down. Good luck, Detective. It
would've been an interesting
partnership, but I have to go now.

As Dekker continues his search, his cellphone CUTS OFF!

DEKKER
Connors? Connors?

Dekker doesn't notice... THE MAN walks past security and out
of the Western Airlines terminal.

198 INT. PRIVATE PLANE TERMINAL - AIRPORT - DAY 198

CONNERS walks through the small area, proceeds out to...

199 INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY 199

Connors walks down the aisle, finds his seat.

STEWARDESS
Good morning, Sir. I'll let the
Captain know we're ready.

She hands him a glass of champagne.

STEWARDESS
Will there be anything else?

CONNERS
No thank you. I'm fine.

200 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 200

The private plane TAKES OFF!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

"THE END"