LAPSE

Ву

Ray

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EXT. U.S. MEXICO BORDER CROSSING - DAY

A big-rig truck crosses into the U.S. is then directed to an inspection station. Homeland Security team searches it.

A Homeland Security officer notes another truck's tag number on a handwritten list then allows it to pass into the U.S.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Boxes from that same truck are unloaded into multiple vehicles. They depart.

EXT. USP BEAUMONT - DAY

A vehicle that departed the warehouse parks at the prison.

SUPER: United States Penitentiary, Beaumont, Texas

EXT. USP TUCSON - DAY

A vehicle that departed the warehouse parks at the prison.

SUPER: United States Penitentiary, Tucson, Arizona

EXT. USP MARION - DAY

A vehicle that departed the warehouse parks at the prison.

SUPER: United States Penitentiary, Marion, California

INT. PRISON - DAY

Guard replaces an inmates pocket Bible with a duplicate .

Guard slips a pkg to an inmate during a rough frisk.

Guard zips up his pants, leaves an inmate area. Inmate wipes his mouth, with black balloon in his hand, leaves in the opposite direction.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

Four suited men remain plastered to their seats as the car spins out of control.

Through the windows a dark sedan hurtles by rolling over and over.

The Crown Vic crashes to a bone shattering stop, airbags explode.

CUT TO BLACK:

VERY SLOW FADE IN :

INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

MIKE (V.O.)

Shocking and amazing. Driver didn't make it.

JO (V.O.)

Amazing and shocking. No better down here. Gun!

Survivor's waking POV in rear passenger's seat sees MIKE, 25, paramedic, step back to driver's rear door.

Mike reaches through the broken window feeling driver's side rear passenger for a carotid pulse.

MIKE

Three for three. You win a Kewpie doll.

JO

Yay!

MIKE

Gun back here, too. Cops?

Survivor's POV slowly turns to JO, 25, paramedic, as she looks in his broken door window.

JO

We have another winner! Looks like he knocked out the door window with his head.(to survivor) You're going to be okay, but don't move. (to Mike) Yeah. Sheriffs or Marshals or something. Bring me the box 'round here. MIKE

Ho-lee smokes! This side is Swiss cheese with bullet holes! I think these po-po were dead BEFORE the crash!

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Light fog blankets the early morning road side scene. On the road top their ambulance flashes its strobes. A second ambulance SIREN approaches.

Crown Vic is smashed into a large tree down a low, weeded shoulder.

Mike works his way around through the tall weeds to Jo. Together they place a c-collar on the survivor.

A second ambulance stops at the large sedan resting upside down on road top center line.

Two paramedics jump out of the second ambulance and approach overturned sedan.

Full-auto GUNFIRE erupts from the overturned sedan.

One paramedic crumbles. The other paramedic drops and scurries back to the ambulance.

Two black Crown Vics SCREECH to a tire-smoking stop behind the ambulances, blue dash-lights circling.

Doors pop open, three dark suited men and a pony-tailed woman immediately drop behind the doors and return PISTOL FIRE into the overturned sedan.

Mike and Jo struggle with the survivor up the grassy shoulder, shielded by their ambulance.

MIKE

I do NOT get paid enough for this!

JΟ

Man up and shut up! Push!

They almost drop the survivor onto the collapsed gurney then pull it up into standing position.

Jo grabs open the ambulance's rear gate-doors. As she turns around a couple bullets, shot from the overturned sedan, PING! into the gurney's legs.

The pony-tailed woman, MADISON, 35, darts from her car door to behind the ambulance providing covering PISTOL FIRE into the overturned sedan.

MADISON

Get him in! Get him in! Are there others?! In the car?!

JO

No! Just this guy!

Mike and Jo shove the gurney into the open bay of the ambulance but the bullet damaged legs fail to collapse.

Mike re-shoves as Jo pulls. Legs again fail to collapse.

MADISON

Hurry!

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jo jumps into the loading bay, bends over and dead snatch heaves the gurney's head-end into the ambulance.

JO

Shove!

Mike shoves the gurney up into the loading bay. The gurney's legs then CRASH collapse before Mike jumps into the back.

He moves forward into the cab, crouched. Full auto GUNFIRE rips across the ambulance windshield.

MIKE

Shit!

MADISON

Shit!

Madison jumps into the ambulance, jumps over Jo to the front, fires a single shot, BOOM! over the crouching Mike, through the front window into the overturned sedan.

MADISON (cont'd)

Drive! Drive! Drive!

Mike slides into the driver's seat, GUNS the engine, tires smoke. Madison keeps her pistol trained on the overturned sedan.

Jo has closed the back doors, placed an oxygen mask over the patient's face then rips open a bandage for his head injury.

Running past the overturned sedan, multiple bullets RIDDLE the ambulance's driver's side. All flinch.

Madison jumps over Jo to the back window as the ambulance races away from the scene.

She throws her elbow up in defense as the rear door RATTLES with dents and the small square window glass SHATTERS inward.

Jo throws her body over the patient.

Madison fires shots, BOOM! BOOM! out the window into the overturned sedan shrinking in the distance behind them.

The overturned sedan EXPLODES!

She turns to look down at Jo covering the patient.

MADISON (cont'd)

You can stop hiding now.

Jo snaps her face around to Madison. Mad.

JΩ

I'm not hiding! I'm protecting my patient from glass!

Madison pauses for an adrenaline dumping breath

MADISON

That was very rude of me. Rough morning.

Madison shifts her pistol to her left hand, extends her right hand to Jo.

MADISON (cont'd)

Agent Madison Elliot. FBI.

JO

Jo Parker. Meat wagon co-pilot. Yeah, I think I chipped a nail.

Jo single pump shakes her hand. Madison double takes Jo.

JO (cont'd)

That's Mike Brady up front.

Madison looks to the front.

MADISON

Good morning, Mike!

MIKE

What?!

MADISON

GOOD MORNING, MIKE!

MIKE

Not yet! Maybe later!

JO

You can't hear anything up there.

MADISON

We going to um... North Central Hospital?!

MIKE

Where?

MADISON

North Central?!

MIKE

You want to go elsewhere?!

MADISON.

No. Just get us there ay-sap!

MIKE

Hittin' the dock in five minutes! I won't give you no crap!

Jo laughs. Madison looks confused.

JO

You'll have to forgive the gallows humor on board.

MADISON

Hmm. You two always this... professional?

JO

When you see what we see every day...? Yeah. The absurdity of the job demands it.

MADISON

Hmm.

Madison looks at the patient buried beneath the c-collar and oxygen mask.

MADISON (cont'd)

Who do you have there?

JO

Don't know yet. Haven't had time to ID him.

Jo reaches under the patient's hips, feels around, comes out empty handed. Patient stirs and groans

JO (cont'd)

Nothing. No wallet.

She flips open his suit jacket, searches inside his jacket pockets.

Madison and Jo now see the patient's wrists are handcuffed to a waist-belt chain.

Patient starts to move some more.

MADISON

Shit! Pull off that mask!

Jo hesitates before she slips off the oxygen mask.

PATIENT

Where... am I?

JO

Do you know him?

MADISON

The others in the car were all dead?

JO

Yeah. Who is this?

PATIENT

Dead...? Who...?

Madison looks away with disappointment.

MADISON

Those were Federal Marshals escorting him to the courthouse for his deposition.

Madison turns to Paul

MADISON (cont'd)

This bastard is turning state's witness against the Mexican drug cartel and the American Mafia.

PATIENT

What... ? I --

MADISON

We're shutting down his twenty million dollar a year operation.

PATIENT

What...?

MADISON

I've spent ten years of my career hunting down this S O B after he shot and killed my ex.

PATIENT

What?

MADISON

This is L.A. Mafia consigliere wannabe. Fed bitch snitch. Paul. "Goldie". Rossio.

PAUL, 40, looks at Madison, scared to death.

PAUL

I... I don't remember! I don't
know... anything?!

INT. COUNTY COURTROOM - DAY

A uniformed officer to enters carrying a folded yellow note.

Defense Attorney MARC CRUZ, 55, screws the cap on his bottled water and moves only his eyes to look up.

The officer approaches the District Attorney, hands him the note then whispers in his ear as the D.A. reads it.

District Attorney SAMUEL PARKER, 50, rolls his head to the side. He mutters not quietly enough to go unnoticed.

PARKER

This can't be happening.

EXT. CITY PARKING DECK - DAY

Parked second down from top level, a charcoal SUV's open back gate-doors overlook the Courthouse several blocks away.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

FALCON, 35, takes his hand down from his radio earpiece then calmly looks up from his spotting scope. Courthouse prisoner's entrance ahead.

He powers down his shoulder launched anti-tank missile, sets it back into its case then closes the SUV's gate doors.

Falcon refers to a laptop list of encrypted frequencies, keys in several on a large receiver before stopping on one with busy chatter.

EXT. MARINA PARK - CABIN CRUISER PATIO - DAY

ARTURO, 22, leans over listening intently to the police scanner just inside the sliding glass door.

Naked women lay sleeping face down on the king size bed inside.

He reaches inside and changes frequencies until one sparkles with chatter. Arturo sets down his orange juice and picks up one of several cheap cell phones on the patio table.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Madison glares at Paul.

MADISON

What?! (to Jo) How bad is that head injury?

JO

Pretty bad.

MADISON

Does he have to go to the hospital or can we take him straight to the courthouse?

JO

He needs to get head and neck x-rays and likely a CT. His abdomen appears to be fine. Doesn't look

JO

like any broken extremities. But if he can't remember anything he won't do you any good in court.

MADISON

Is this a ten minute forgetting thing or an hour thing? How long will it take for his memory to return?!

JO

I'm a paramedic, not a doctor, and even they are going to need to see how much swelling or bleeding inside his skull he might have.

MADISON

Great. This is just great.

JO

His memory might but might not come back. But his life depends upon us getting him to the hospital immediately.

MADISON

Lovely. A witness that can't remember. Great. What US penitentiaries are you laundering drug money for, Paul?

PAUL

I... I don't know.

MADISON

What was Big Frankie's dime going to be, Paul?

PAUL

I don't... know.

MADISON

What'd you have for breakfast, Paul?

PAUL

Did... I really kill your husband?

MADISON

Fantastic. Every gang banging, La eMe carnal is coming to kill you. The Mexican drug cartel is coming

MADISON

to kill you. And every resource your two bit Mafia can squeeze is coming to kill you.

JO

Hey!

Paul's eyes look terrified up at Madison.

MADISON

All because you were going to rat 'em out. And now... now you can't remember even if you had eggs for breakfast! Your favorite breakfast is eggs, ass hole!

JO

Hey!

MADISON

And he was my EX husband!

JO

Agent Elliot! Just... ease back.

Madison hefts her brick radio from her hip belt.

PAUL

I'm sorry... agent Elliot.

Madison drops her radio down and looks away from him as Paul looks away from her, distraught.

MADISON

Dammit.

She takes a moment then lifts the radio to speak.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon holds a pencil in hand scribbling notes of police radio transmissions on a legal pad.

MADISON (V.O.)

This is FBI agent Madison Elliot. I have Rossio. I repeat. I have Rossio in my custody aboard an ambulance en route to North Central Hospital.

Falcon writes "FBI Madison Elliot, N Cen H". He keys that into the laptop. Page after page of pop-ups cascade.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

MADISON

E T A of three minutes --

Full auto GUNFIRE bursts through the ambulance back door missing Madison by an inch, but SHATTERING the radio in her hand.

Madison's head jerks back as she drops. She pops back up just as another burst of GUNFIRE shatters the driver's door mirror.

MIKE

SHIIIIIIIIII!!!

Mike cranks the steering wheel hard right.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE - DAY

The ambulance cuts a SCREECHING, tire hopping right as it spins 180 degrees. It's rear broadside-SMACKS the brown sedan in the ambulance's blind spot.

The brown sedan spins out of control, whip-snap RICOCHETS off a concrete bridge column then GRINDS to a stop. Window glass POURS down the street.

The ambulance back doors come to a rest at the front bumper of the sedan.

A moment passes.

The passenger aims a military machine gun with a double can drum magazine from the window and FIRES several shots.

Madison busts out a rear door to the hood, FIRES two shots into the sedan's windshield. Her slide locks back. Empty.

She instantly re-holsters, drops to a kneel-- BAM! Through the windshield, the driver shoots Madison in the chest. She falls off the car's hood.

From the ground she pulls a compact back-up pistol from her ankle holster then FIRES two shots into the passenger's window. The driver slumps.

A blue car BARRELS up to the front of the ambulance, tires SCREECHING, guns FIRING.

Madison ducks to the ground, rolls to the rifle, pulls it from the dead hand and spins to a kneeling position beside the ambulance.

She FIRES two shots into the tires of the blue car. Car collapses on the driver's side.

Madison grabs her back-up from the road, holsters it, jumps to the hood of the car then back through the ambulance door.

She jumps over Jo as she shoulders the rifle.

MADISON

GO! GO! GO! RAM HIM! RAM HIM!

Mike, curved over to side, stomps the accelerator blindly ramming it while Madison sends a HAIL of ammunition into the blue car through the front windshield.

Spent shell casings JANGLE on the ambulance floor as the cabin fills with gun smoke.

MIKE

I think you missed a spot!

The blue car slowly bends to the right as the ambulance wheels smoke. The moment the car's dead weight releases the ambulance jolts forward into spectating traffic.

Mike cranks the wheel again, turns the ambulance around and GUNS it onto the exit ramp.

MIKE (cont'd)

Did FBI teach you to shoot like that?!

MADISON

Yeah... You could say I am a professional. How about you? Where did you learn to drive like that?!

MIKE

Grand Theft Auto!

Madison stares at him almost shaking her head.

EXT. MARINA PARK - CABIN CRUISER PATIO - DAY

Arturo presses the cell phone's button to end the call,

ARTURO

¡Hijo de puta! ¡Mierda!

He scrolls through the contacts list and calls another.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Madison cuff-wipes sweat from her forehead, breathing heavily. Jo hands her a bottled water.

MADISON

American Mafia at the scene. That was La eMe street gang at the bridge. Our location is... totally blown.

She gasps for more air.

MADISON (cont'd)

Everyone knows we're coming. The hospital will be a trap. Mike! Kill the siren! Kill the lights! How far out are we?!

MIKE

We're almost at the ER doorstep.

Through what remains of the windshield, North Central Hospital ER docks approach.

The parking lot teems with black & whites, blue bars strobing. Officers with guns out.

Between the police and the street are a dozen gang cars. La eMe gang members out with guns stalemated against the police, backs to the street.

MADISON

Go! Go! Just keep rolling.

Madison, Mike and Jo silently watch the scene go by.

EXT. HOSPITAL STREET - DAY

The shot-up ambulance rolls by the two small armies on the tense cusp of urban warfare.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Everyone's eyes remain fixed on the parking lot.

MADISON

Where's the next closest hospital?

MIKE

Mercy General.

Madison steps to the back of the ambulance and looks out the broken window at the ER parking lot shrinking from behind.

MADISON

How far is that?

MIKE

Short of any more gun fights, about twenty minutes, Tex.

MADISON

No lights. No sirens. And for God's sake, no radio.

MIKE

Just drop in like unwanted guests.

MADISON

Yeah. Something like that. Let's go.

Mike turns off the radio. Madison looks down at Paul.

MADISON (cont'd)

This had better not be some bullshit stunt.

With her head turned, through the window, a green sedan pulls out into the street far behind them.

INT. COUNTY COURTROOM - DAY

Parker finishes a cell call, eyes closed.

PARKER

They never arrived at North Central. The last FBI heard from their agent on the ambulance was that they were three minutes out. That was fifteen minutes ago. Now... nothing. No one knows where they are.

Cruz leans forward in his seat, smug.

CRUZ

Without the your key witness' deposition to tie together any of the circumstantial evidence your

CRUZ

case will be dismissed and Casinni walks. You have no case. Parker, your case is dead.

Parker bolts from his chair and glares at Cruz.

PARKER

My daughter is on that ambulance! She is NOT dead! And you DON'T know what Rossio's status is!

Two uniformed officers burst through the door, hands thumbing off their pistol snaps as Parker stands over the cowering Cruz.

OFFICER

Sir!

Sam holds his fists a moment, grinds his jaw, releases before composing himself, eyes still boring into Cruz.

PARKER

Marc,... that was... inexcusable. Of me. I apologize.

The officers relax, some. Parker wipes his palms on his pants leg then offers his hand to the still cowering Cruz.

PARKER (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I need to talk to the judge and my daughter.

CRUZ

I need to go to the men's room.

Parker watches Cruz clutch his briefcase and leave. Parker opens his cell phone.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon reviews then closes successive pop-up windows, some pages with "FBI" in the upper left corner, some with agent Madison Elliot's face on them, most of them are all type.

He scans her cell phone account, scribbles down her number then opens another program on the laptop displaying a city roadway map.

He powers up another radio device then keys in her phone number.

A moment later a red dot appears on the map.

Falcon goes to a second laptop, opens a map of city hospitals. He looks back and forth between the two maps.

He gets up and is about to sit down in the driver's seat when he pauses. He looks back at a laptop pop-up window displaying agent Madison Elliot's FBI profile picture.

Slowly Falcon sits back down and clicks on hospitals farthest from North Central.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Madison talks on her Blackberry as her second phone RINGS.

MADISON

Two, maybe three dead... Sir, I had no choice... Never... I understand, sir...

Madison flips open her second phone. The text message reads NO. Madison displays loss, but hides it from her tone.

MADISON (cont'd)

No, sir, it's not that simple...
The Marshals route was
compromised!... Yes!... Well
someone's dirty!... We are rerouted
to Mercy General... Because it's
closest... Yeah, ten minutes...
Understood. I will see you in
several hours, sir. Ten-four. Out.

Madison pinches her face while she violently feigns throwing the blackberry from the broken window.

Jo rips off the BP cuff from Paul's arm.

JO

Other than the head injury he looks to be in great shape. No abdominal tenderness. Vitals are tip top. EKG is fine. How about you, Agent Elliot? You okay?

Madison sits defeated, rubbing her waist where her bullet-proof vest caught the bullet.

MADISON

Yeah. My belly is killing me but no bullet holes or anything. I'm fine.

JTC

Don't forget to call back...

Jo points to Madison's other phone. Madison grinds her jaw.

MADISON

The one man I don't want to see is coming. The one man I do want to see won't.

JO

Work and home?

MADISON

More like work and hell. Are you and...

Madison wags a finger to Mike's back.

JO

Nooo! I'm too busy with work and school. He's busy with his girlfriend and baby girl. Gosh, no.

Madison stuffs her back-up into its ankle holster, reloads a full magazine into her primary pistol then chambers a round.

MADISON

Probably best. Workplace romances suck, from my point of view.

The OBNOXIOUS RING of a cell phone cuts the air jolting all. Jo answers her phone.

JO

Hi, Daddy... I'm okay, we're all okay... Mercy General. North Central had a gunfight waiting on the dock... About ten minutes... Yeah, he has a decent knot on the head, but is otherwise fine...Daddy? He can't remember anything... Nothing... Post-traumatic amnesia... No, sir. I don't think it's a chicken bullshit stunt...

Jo looks at Madison and smiles. Madison half-laughs back.

JO (cont'd)

... Yessir... Yessir... We're safe...

Jo surveys the shot-up state of the ambulance and shakes her head. Madison stifles a laugh. Mike shakes his head.

JO (cont'd)

We're fine... We have an FBI escort with machine guns and everything... Agent Elliot? My father would like to speak with you.

Madison takes the phone and a deep breath. Jo mouths "Sorry! Sorry!"

MADISON

Yessir... Yessir. I will...

She hands the phone back. Shakes her head.

JO

We're pretty busy, Daddy. I gotta go... I love you, too. Bye. Bye.

Jo snaps the phone shut then looks at Madison.

JO

Dads.

MADISON

Dad's the District Attorney?

JO

Yeah. Small world. I think he's having kittens today.

Madison barks a laugh.

MADISON

Yeah. Whattaday.

JO

Of course, dear Dad now has me under pressure to keep mister Rossio alive just so that he can send him to the electric chair.

MADISON

No. After his deposition Mister Rossio's is going into witness relocation. Except... of course... he can't remember anything he witnessed...

ıΤΩ

Nice. Ten years down the toilet?

MADISON

Yeah. My entire career hangs on the names he was going to give your dad this morning and... this is... bad.

Mike tensely squirms in his seat.

INT. COUNTY COURTROOM - DAY

Parker snaps his phone shut while Cruz fidgets.

PARKER

Judge Juarez said we should wait until we hear from officers at the hospital about Rossio's condition.

CRUZ

So what do we do now? Just wait?

Parker stares out the window, thinking.

PARKER

Um-hm. Of course the decent thing to do would be to think about your client, Rossio, or the FBI agent on board, or the driver or my daughter. Maybe even say a prayer for them. But just waiting is good.

Parker's cell phone rings.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

PAUL

Agent Elliot? Madison? What will happen to me?

MADISON

Paul, you really can't remember anything?

JO

Paul, don't nod or shake your head. Keep your neck still. Just talk. I need you to keep talking. Don't go to sleep. Do you understand?

PAUL

Yes.

JO

Agent Elliot, you be nice.

Madison takes a deep breath.

MADISON

Do you remember anything?

PAUL

No. I can't remember anything.

JO

What can you remember. At all. Anything. Childhood? Movies? Car?

PAUL

No. Nothing. Agent Elliot?

MADISON

Yeah... Paul?

PAUL

Do you have kids? Did I kill your kid's father?

Madison shakes her head.

MADISON

No. No, Paul. Brian and I never had children.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

MADISON

It's okay. I seriously considered shooting him several times myself.

PAUL

No. That you don't have children. You're a very pretty girl. Woman.

Jo and Madison look at each other. Mike looks up into the rear view mirror.

MADISON

Thank you, Paul.

PAUL

Did he... hit you?

JO

What? Why would you ask that?!

MADISON

I don't want to talk about it, Paul.

PAUL

'kay.

Madison turns and releases a long exhale while she looks out the shot-up windshield.

Mike looks up from the rear view mirror a few more times. Jo studies Madison a moment.

INT. COUNTY COURTROOM - DAY

Parker closes his cell.

PARKER

LAPD has re-tasked two helicopters to locate their ambulance between North Central and Mercy then provide security escort until their safe arrival at Mercy General.

Cruz nods.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

JO

Where was Paul born?

Madison expresses relief in the change of conversation.

MADISON

Paul and his brother Victor were born in Las Vegas. Moved here twenty years ago.

PAUL

I have a brother?

Madison juts her lower jaw, bites, then looks up at the ceiling. She looks at the bullet holes. Five. In a ring.

MADISON

You did. He was shot and killed just six months ago. Hey, Mike!

MIKE

Yeah?!

MADISON

How far are we from... uh... Mercy. General?!

MIKE

About ten minutes!

MADISON

Slow down! We're changing plans!

MIKE

What?!

MADISON

We can't go there! Jo, what hospital is on the South side of the city?

MIKE

Where are we going, then?!

JO

South Memorial. You're not from around here, are you?

MADISON

How far? Can Rossio make it okay? No. I live in Las Vegas.

MIKE

What are we doing?!

JO

Fifty minutes. Probably. What the hell are you doing in L.A.?

MADISON

Last night RICO surveillance at Las Vegas FBI intercepted a transmission identifying the time and route of the Federal Marshal's transport of Rossio to the county courthouse.

MIKE

Helllloooo?! Earth to ambulance people?! Where are we going?!

JO

You have a leak? A mole?

MADISON

Yeah. Too many people are all over us. Mike! We're rerouting to South Memorial!

MIKE

Well... why not. This day THAT makes sense.

MADISON

Yeah. I don't know if it's FBI, DEA or Federal Marshals, but yeah. We have a leak. A mole. A fat rat snitch bitch.

She looks at Paul

MADISON (cont'd)

Seems to be a lot of those lately. But maybe we can just sneak off quietly, without letting the whole world knowing where we're going, and get Rossio here somewhere safe. Maybe we'll all live til lunchtime.

Madison now glares at Paul.

EXT. HIGHWAY ENTRY RAMP - DAY

The ambulance turns a curve onto the highway entry ramp.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Pilot and co-pilot scan the roads and highways below.

PILOT

Dispatch, this is Ariel Surveillance 24, we've not yet spotted an ambulance in the designated target area between North Central and Mercy General. Suggest a broader search area. Over. RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)

Affirmative. Broaden search area to adjacent hospitals or care facilities. Over.

PILOT

Thank you, dispatch. Out.

The co-pilot pulls out a book of laminated map pages.

EXT. HELICOPTER OVER CITY - DAY

The helicopter banks toward a new heading. The second helicopter does the same in the opposite direction.

INT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

Arturo walks past the still sleeping naked women on the king sized bed while he holds the cell phone to his ear.

ARTURO

¿Qué?...

He enters and closes the bathroom door. Loud PISSING in the toilet obscures his YELLING into the phone.

EXT. HIGHWAY ENTRY RAMP - DAY

The green sedan follows the ambulance several car lengths back. The engine GUNS the car up the ramp past traffic.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon looks up from the laptop map as he turns onto the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The charcoal SUV quickly jockeys past other speeding cars.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

Six older model SUVs move like a speeding train around traffic, Northward into the city up highway 5.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

In the slow moving highway traffic everyone has plenty of time to rubber-neck at the bullet riddled ambulance.

Back doors strafed and little window blown out. Driver's side has a string of holes in it. Driver's side rear view mirror missing. Windshield allowing fresh day smog to blast through the cabin.

Business people, cell phones to ears, whip glances back and forth between driving and gawking.

Grandma passenger stares, mouth agape.

Elementary school kids laugh while they record the ambulance on cell-phone video cameras.

Mike smiles and waves animatedly for the little ghouls.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Mike yells over his shoulder.

MIKE

How does my hair look? I figure I'll be on youtube any minute now and I don't want to hear my mom complain about my hair again.

Madison bolts to the front and looks out his window.

MADISON

What? Oh my God.

JΟ

Can you get us off the highway, Mike?

MIKE

Yeah, but you know it will--

JO

Add some more time. I know. I know. Let me drive.

MIKE

What? NO! No, no, no, no! I thought the general idea was to get the patient and the rest of us there ALIVE! JΟ

You drive like my grandmother without her hearing aids!

MIKE

That's so she can't hear everyone screaming!

JO

Mike, this is important!

MIKE

Me staying alive is important! Besides... you lost!

MADISON

You lost what?

JO

A bet last month that I couldn't go four weeks without causing at least one accident running red lights.

MADISON

Oh.

JO

And stop signs.

MADISON

Mm.

JO

And some other things.

MADISON

Who's the faster driver?

MIKE

I heard that! Don't do it, agent Elliot! Don't put her up here!

Jo takes a moment looking at Paul, then at Mike glancing nervously in the mirror, then at the light wind blowing the bandage wrapper on the ambulance floor. It only flutters.

JO

Help Mike strap him down.

MIKE

No!

Jo moves to the front.

JO

Move, Pokey.

MIKE

If we survive this drive I'm going to have a talk with your grandmother!

With some uncomfortable grunts and groans Mike gets Jo behind the wheel while the ambulance keeps rolling.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Elementary school kids continue recording video on their cell phones the in-flight Chinese fire drill.

Comfortably seated, Jo flashes them a big smile.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Mike works his way back to Madison and Paul. He straps Paul in then looks at Madison.

MIKE

I hope you live to regret this.

JO

Hold on!

The bandage wrapper trash gusts backwards across the floor.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The ambulance bullies it's way through traffic over to the right hand emergency lane.

THUD! onto the grass shoulder it goes parallel to the highway.

INT. GREEN SEDAN - DAY

HECTOR, 22, in the passenger seat, lowers his cell phone as he leans his head out the window watching the ambulance take off through the grass.

HECTOR

There's going to be no mistaking we're here if Edward follows them in the damn grass... Yeah...
Yeah... Crew coming?... Okay.

He looks to EDWARD, 19.

HECTOR

Arturo says a crew is coming East down Kentella two exits up. Follow 'em. We'll hit 'em at the intersection.

Edward smiles. THUD! The green sedan veers into the grass a few hundred yards behind the ambulance.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Without a driver's side rear view mirror Jo doesn't notice.

After a few hundred yards, THUD! the ambulance bounces back onto the exit ramp.

Down the ramp it hurtles, quick WHOOP! WHOOP! siren blast approaching the intersection, creep across then tear up the opposite entry ramp.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

The red dot on the passenger's seat laptop suddenly advances Southward.

Falcon bobs his head left and right to see if he can spot the ambulance ahead. Only sluggish traffic and a green sedan driving in the grass toward exit ramp over the rise.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jo's eyes scan the road ahead, the traffic and the grassy shoulder.

Mike holds onto the gurney looking quite displeased.

Madison braces between the gurney and forward bulkhead somewhat terrified.

MIKE

Happy?

JΟ

Hold on!

Mike shakes his head.

THUD! Back onto the grass the ambulance rattles to the next exit ramp.

INT. COUNTY COURTROOM - DAY

Cruz deletes old messages from his iPhone as Parker finishes making notes in a stack of thick folders.

PARKER

You going to let the meter run here for a while?

CRUZ

Yeah.

PARKER

I'm going to call my daughter and step out to my office. Call me if you hear something.

Parker holds up his Blackberry.

CRUZ

You, too.

PARKER

You got it.

Parker closes the door behind him as Cruz pulls from his briefcase a cheap cell phone.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jo's cell phone rings the OBNOXIOUS RING.

JO

Hi, Daddy... Yeah, we had to go to another facility... Can I tell you a secret...

Jo looks up at Madison in the rear view mirror. Madison nods.

JO

Agent Madison says there's an leak somewhere between the Marshals, FBI or somewhere... Yessir. They knew Rossio's time and route to the courthouse... Yeah, and we think they were going to be waiting for us at Mercy... Yessir... Yessir... I'll call you in thirty minutes. Please don't call me. I love you, too, Daddy. Quit calling.

Jo snaps the phone shut.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The ambulance rattles toward the next exit ramp.

THUD! Back onto the next exit ramp then down.

WOOP! WOOP! to clear the intersection, but the driver of a yellow BASS THUMPIN' Chevy low-rider can't hear it.

Its driver veers to miss the huge ambulance rushing in front of it, BAM! it hits another driver shaving in his black BMW.

INT. RED SEDAN - DAY

The car passes a road sign parallel to the road reading KENTELLA and EXIT HWY 57.

Five young men with a small arsenal in their laps watch the ambulance jet through the intersection four cars ahead and the traffic accident left in its wake.

The green sedan races down the exit ramp as the ambulance races up the entry ramp.

Passenger talks into his cell with angry frustration.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jo's eyes remain fixed on the entry ramp traffic ahead.

JO

Turn that crap down, idiot!

MIKE

That's one!

JO

Actually two.

MIKE

What?!

JO

The car was blue!

MIKE

Liar.

JO

What?!

MIKE

It had sweet tires!

JO

You can't see shit back there.

MIKE

What?!

JO

My mom likes your hair!

MIKE

Your mom likes pears?!

JO

Your head is square! Hold on!

Jo cranks the wheel again. Mike grits his teeth. Madison scowls.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The ambulance swerves around a car on fire in the emergency lane, THUD! it's back in the grass.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Co-pilot points down toward the ambulance ahead.

PILOT

Dispatch, this is Ariel
Surveillance 24, we've just spotted
your lost sheep. Ambulance is
Southbound on highway 57
approaching the interstate 5
intersection. looks like they are
making a run for South Memorial.
Has radio contact been established
yet with the driver? Over.

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.)

Affirmative on the contact. Affirmative on South Memorial as the destination. Negative on the radio. Over.

PILOT

Request permission to drop to a lower altitude to signal our presence as escort. Over.

RADIO DISPATCH (V.O.) Affirmative. You have permission and good luck. Over.

The helicopter descends.

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

Two silver SUVs exit the parking lot of a strip club and enter the street, WEST CHAPMAN.

Ahead of them a EXIT HWY 57 sign approaches.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Mike's cell phone TECHNO RINGS.

MIKE

Hi, Baby... Nothin' much... Yep, just another day at work.

Madison looks at him and shakes her head.

MIKE (cont'd)

How would I know where the wet wipes are? Check under the bathroom sink... Yeah, well, if they were where they were supposed to be they wouldn't be lost, Sweetie... Yeah. I'll wait...

He grits his teeth at the phone and mock pounds it into the floor.

MIKE (cont'd)

... Yeah, still here ...

The South Memorial hospital complex looms just beyond the next overpass marked CHAPMAN.

JC

I can see the top of South Memorial just ahead! We're almost there!

Jo heads down the exit ramp.

MIKE

Hold just a minute, Baby.

Mike holds the phone to his chest, yells to Jo.

MIKE (cont'd)

When we get to the Chapman exit you're going to have to bite the bullet and take the overpass!

JO

What?!

MIKE

Shit! D'ju just turn down that exit ramp?!

JO

Yeah!

MIKE

There's not a cross-through return on it. There's a loopy thing on it!

JO

A what?!

MIKE

A back-loopy return! You gotta loop back around under the bridge!

JO

Great.

MIKE

What?!

JO

You're a little late! Hold on!

MIKE

I HATE IT when she says that.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Pilot has closed the distance to the ambulance below.

PILOT

Dispatch, this is Ariel Surveillance 24. Ambulance is one exit away from South Memorial Hospital just ahead. But it has just turned onto the Southbound Chapman street exit ramp. I thing they zigged when they should have zagged. Over.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jo WHOOP! WHOOP!s the intersection before she pulls the steering wheel left over left entering the intersection then under the highway overpass.

MIKE

Of course we're safe! Baby, I'm real busy. Gotta go! I love you! BYE!

Mike just snaps the phone shut as the whole interior leans too far.

Mike's grip on the bulkhead fails sending her crashing into Madison. Paul groans as he rolls hard against the straps.

Jo looks to cut across traffic to go up the inside loop entry ramp when a silver SUV abruptly stops in front of her.

She locks down on the brakes sending Madison and Mike smashing forward in the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A second silver SUV swerves to a stop just behind them. Four men pour out with pistols and surround the ambulance.

Two men quickly step up to the cab windows.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

RICK, 40, sticks his pistol through the door window into Jo's face.

RICK

I got no truck with you, kid. Let's keep it that way. Now, move over.

Jo eases back out of the seat. Mike looks up almost relieved.

VIN, 35, climbs in the rear gate door door pointing his gun at Madison. Madison and Mike struggle to get up from the floor.

VIN

Who do we have here? No! No! You two lovebirds stay right there. I don't want to be interrupting anything.

Madison and Mike look at each other "AS IF!"

Vin steps over them to look down at Paul. Rick sits in the drivers seat as Jo vacates into the passenger seat.

RICK

Well?

VIN

Got 'im! Let's head for the house!

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

Rick sticks his head out the window and yells to the other men.

RICK

Head back to the house!

The other men load up back into the two silver SUVs.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Rick looks at the ambulance steering wheel and instrument panel. He throws out his hands.

RICK

Screw this!

He points his pistol at Jo.

RICK (cont'd)

Get back in this seat and drive!

Jo looks back at Mike. His demeanor flashes back to defeat as she gets behind the wheel, again.

VIN

Hiya, Goldie. Havin' a rough mornin'? Big Frankie wants to hear you sing for him back at the house.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Failing to exit either side from beneath the bridge, the pilot shifts from the left to right side of the highway to find the ambulance.

After another patient moment the pilot shifts the helicopter back to the other side of the broad bridge as...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

... the SUV/ambulance/SUV/SUV convoy moves in the opposite direction of the helicopter, obscured by the bridge itself.

However, the green sedan follows them several car lengths behind.

The convoy makes the first possible right hand turn onto a side street beneath the cover of trees as...

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

... the pilot carefully lowers the helicopter just low enough to see under the bridge.

CO-PILOT

Maybe they went up the entry ramp?

PILOT

Let's see.

Pilot raises the helicopter. No ambulance.

CO-PILOT

Where the hell...?

PILOT

Dispatch, this is aerial surveillance 24 and the ambulance has disappeared beneath the 57 and Chapman overpass. Please advise all local ground units to be on the lookout for our ambulance. Over.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Through the windshield, Jo can see the top of South Memorial Hospital above the trees and buildings.

Vin spots the machine gun with double-can ammo drum.

VIN

That itn't standard cop issue. You guys been picking up souvenirs? Hey, Rick! Lookit this hardware!

Rick gets Jo's attention with his pistol pointed at her ribs then leans over low to look back in the bay at Vin.

While Rick leans over Jo spots a police cruiser on the passenger side parked in a parking lot. She desperately waves at him with her left hand as they pass.

INT. COP CRUISER - DAY

The OFFICER, 30, lasing plates for speeders notes the ambulance driving quickly past toward the hospital. The driver waves at him. He waves back.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

All units, be advised Ariel Surveillance 24 requests anyone spotting an ambulance West of South Memorial Hospital to call it in as related to the shooting incidents near North Central and Mercy General--

OFFICER

Dispatch, dispatch, this is South-side unit 434. Your ambulance has just passed my twenty headed East on La Veta approaching South Memorial. Looks like the lost sheep made it back in the barn. Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Thank you, 434. Over.

The green sedan driving by is just over the speed limit, but the officer's eyes narrow at the two occupants.

He pulls out into traffic to follow. The officer doesn't notice the red sedan in his rear view mirror or the charcoal SUV behind it.

INT. RED CAR - DAY

Tattooed knuckles tighten on the steering wheel.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon's knuckles tighten on the steering wheel.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The caravan of six older model SUVs enters city limits Northbound on highway 5.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The shot-up ambulance approaches South Memorial Hospital

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Jo's attention divides between traffic and the hospital ER dock. Rick pokes Jo's ribs.

RICK

Don't EVEN think about it, kid. Just keep on going. Let us drop-off our garbage a little ways up and you'll be laughin' by lunch time.

They pass the hospital.

INT. COP CRUISER - DAY

The officer keys in the license plate of the green sedan. Nothing registers on the computer. However, the ambulance now catches his attention.

OFFICER

Dispatch, this is unit 434. Your lost sheep ambulance has just passed the South Memorial's ER dock bearing East on La Veta. Request a second unit to join ahead and Aerial Surveillance 24 to rejoin observation. Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Unit 434, that sounds very peculiar. Routing back-up to your twenty and re-tasking AS 24 to rejoin. Over.

INT. GREEN SEDAN - DAY

Edward fidgets between watching the van ahead and the cop cruiser that has worked its way up to his bumper.

HECTOR ¿Qué quieres que hagamos?

INT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

Arturo rotates one cell phone down to talk into another.

ARTURO

Haz que salirse de la vía. Tito seguirá la ambulancia.

Arturo alternate rotates the two cell phones.

ARTURO

Oscar? Hector is going to bait the cops over then you pass and keep following the ambulance.

INT. GREEN SEDAN - DAY

Hector looks at Edward.

HECTOR

Sí, señor.

Hector points Edward to slow down to talk with a sidewalk pedestrian as he pulls a white napkin from the glove box.

Edward slows down to a stop. Hector reaches a hand out and passes the folded napkin of paper to the pedestrian.

INT. COP CRUISER - DAY

The officer's attention now divides between the green car's passenger passing a small white object to a pedestrian and the ambulance continuing down the street.

The officer momentarily pauses with indecision.

The red sedan and charcoal SUV pass him unnoticed.

INT. GREEN SEDAN - DAY

The confused pedestrian moves to leave.

From the corner of his eye Hector can see the officer hasn't committed to taking his bait. With no enthusiasm...

HECTOR

Mierda.

INT. COP CRUISER - DAY

The green sedan passenger points a pistol at the pedestrian.

The officer flips his lights and siren WHOOP!

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Aerial Surveillance 24 has resumed observation of the ambulance.

The co-pilot points

CO-PILOT

The SUVs in front and behind appear to be escorting the ambulance. I wonder if the ambulance was car-jacked.

PILOT

Who car-jacks an ambulance.

CO-PILOT

Who car-jacks an ambulance with FBI aboard and doesn't get right off?!

PILOT AND CO-PILOT

Mafia.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The caravan pulls into the parking lot of a strip club but continues to the back.

Across the alley they enter a business park of huge metal warehouses with docks for unloading big-rigs.

However, they drive right into an open warehouse bay door, closed immediately after they're in by men in suits.

INT. RED SEDAN - DAY

The sedan parks in a shady spot behind the strip club overlooking the warehouses across the street.

OSCAR, 25, opens his cell then calls.

OSCAR

Arturo. Send everyone to this location...

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon reaches over to adjust a zoom function on the map to pinpoint Madison's cell-phone GPS signal.

He drives up the street past the red sedan parked behind the businesses across the street from the warehouse.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter circles high overhead the office park warehouses.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The six older model SUV caravan turns East on CHAPMAN.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The huge industrial warehouse holds three big-rig trucks parked next to the office.

The ambulance and SUVs park at the far end.

Rick pistol leads Jo from the drivers seat. Vin does the same with Madison and Mike from the rear door, he takes Madison's hip holstered pistol.

Mike's eyes look down at her ankle. Madison shakes her head.

Six other men step out of the SUVs and stand nearby with pistols, rifles and shotguns. Vin nods to Madison.

VIN

Boys, keep an eye on this one. FBI.

Rick and Vin escort Madison, Jo and Mike to a steel support column.

Rick reaches into a large box of zip-ties, pulls a handful, passes half to Vin.

RICK

Okay, here's the deal. We don't wanna hurt you, otherwise you'd be dead already.

Rick lightly pops Madison on the head with the zip-ties.

RICK

Right, fed? Everyone. Grab the pole.

Madison, Jo and Mike reluctantly circle the steel column. Rick and Vin zip-tie them to it.

RICK (cont'd)

Now, I ain't BS' you. You're about to see some scary shit.

Vin ties Madison, pulls her FBI credentials from her pocket then bends down to remove her ankle holster with compact back-up pistol. He drops them on a card table.

Madison glares at the ceiling. Mike releases with defeat.

RICK (cont'd)

Big Frankie's gonna come in here, play twenty questions then let the three of you go. Wail, cry, ham it up for him, I don't care, just don't be stupid or rude.

Rick pulls Jo's cell phones.

RICK (cont'd)

If I hit you with my pistol it's because you're messin' things up and I don't want to have to clean up the mess Big Frankie will make of you. So... Please. Be smart.

Vin pulls Madison and Mike's cell. All four phones are dumped on the card table.

RICK

But we're keeping Goldie, so... just accept that. You three have a sit.

They slide-sit down the pole the best they can. Rick and Vin pull-up plastic lawn chairs, lean back and wait.

The other men hang back listening to street sounds outside.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Strapped to the gurney still, Paul watches the ceiling inside the ambulance. He strains to listen.

INT. RED SEDAN - DAY

Oscar reads the LA Times while the four men with guns watch the warehouse and wait in the shade.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The six older model SUV caravan passes South Memorial Hospital and the cruiser with Hector and Edward cuffed in back seat, officer filling out paperwork.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Parked across the street on the shaded side of the warehouse, Falcon pulls up on the laptop cascading pages of information about the owners and occupants.

He holds up a thermal scope then views a weak display of several figures sitting and standing inside.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker checks his watch. Forty minutes has passed.

Parker holds his cell phone in his hand as he closes the office door behind him.

He opens the phone, redials' his daughter's number, listens for the ring tone then... closes it shut.

INT. KNOXDATA BUILDING - DAY

OWL, 35, enters the front door with his brief case. The clerk, 25, behind the counter, name tag reads NATE, greets him with a smile.

NATE

Good day! How may I help you?

Owl pulls a Taser from his back pocket, BZZZZT! NATE seizes behind the counter then drops. THUD!

Moments later his dragged feet disappear behind an interior door.

Owl pulls from his suitcase computer tools as he stands along a long bank of servers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

BOOM! The cheap office door slams open on a broken piston. Everyone snaps to an informal attention.

BIG FRANKIE, 45, enters the garage. He is indeed big, dressed in a nice suit, revolver butt waggles like a toy beneath his jacket and folded newspaper in hand.

Despite his mass, he walks as brisk as he talks.

FRANKIE

Rick! When the hell are you gonna fix that goddam door?!

RICK

I was on the way to the hardware store when--

Frankie stops and looks in the ambulance.

FRANKIE

Lookie, lookie, lookie at what we have here. Goldie? Is that you in there. What the hell, man?

Frankie's smacks the open ambulance door with the paper then points with it to the men and then at the ambulance.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Get his ass out of there.

Vin and another man climb into the ambulance, inspect and tug at the gurney unable to unlock it.

Frankie walks right past the card table.

He stops to inspect Madison, Jo and Mike zip-tied to the steel column, tapping his thigh with the paper.

Jo and Mike look more scared than tired. Madison looks like a skewered snake.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

And what's this? Happy meal toys. Or are you guys the happy meal?

Frankie spends some time in front of Madison.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

FBI agent "Mad Hatter" Elliot. Small world. Whatsit been? Half a year? A dozen years before that? You wear out that bitch third husband with your big Glock, yet?

VIN

Big Frankie, we can't get this damn thing unlocked.

Frankie's gaze steers over to Jo. She closes her eyes and lowers her head.

Madison's squirming slows down as she watches Frankie concentrate on Jo.

Frankie speaks to Jo in a very soothing, intimate voice.

FRANKIE

Look, I'm not going to hurt you. You look like a smart girl. You in school?

JO

Mm hm. Yes, sir.

FRANKIE

Nurse?

JO

Pre med.

FRANKIE

Smarrrt. But expensive. No trust fund for you though, eh? Just a workin' girl like agent Elliot here. Workin' your way to be a dock-tore.

JO

Yessir.

FRANKIE

Hmm... Workin', workin', workin'. Jobs, jobs, jobs. Well, in this economy everyone needs to be grateful for their jobs. So... Doc, will you please do your job and unlock the... bed... whatever?

Jo keeps her head down.

MIKE

I'll do it.

Frankie ignores Mike. His focus remains on Jo.

FRANKIE

Quit trying so hard. You three are going to be okay. I need to talk to Goldie, but I get all...

Frankie feigns a slight shudder.

FRANKIE

... claustrophobic in those tight little spaces, so I need your help. If I promise not to kill you will you please unlock the goddam... bed... thing?

Jo waits a moment before she slowly nods her head.

FRANKIE

Thank you.

Frankie motions with the paper for someone to free Jo.

Rick comes over, snips her ties with wire cutters. She wrings her wrists to return blood circulation, but still keeps her head down as she walks to the ambulance.

When she reaches to pull herself up Frankie momentarily looks to Mike and speaks loud enough for Jo to hear.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

What on Earth makes you think I wanna look at YOUR ass climbing in there?

Jo freezes a moment. No one else makes a sound.

Frankie's pleased attention returns to the backside of Jo as she climbs into the ambulance.

Vin helps Jo in. She flips a few release catches while the two men watch. She directs them on getting Paul on the gurney out of the ambulance.

She stands beside Paul with a hand on his shoulder. Paul looks up at Jo.

Frankie walks over and looks down at Paul. Paul looks paralyzed with fear at him.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Helluva day, eh, Goldie? I understand the four of you have shot-up half the city. Well,... ONE of you has. Your friends here have been working real hard to save your ass. D'you know that? They'd DIE for you. Let's try not to make that happen this morning, 'kay?

Frankie smacks Paul's arm with the paper as if that seals the deal, he looks at the rest of them then Paul.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Friends like that are... good. They're... great. You and me, we were great friends like that. Until you put together this MONSTER transportation deal. Then you popped your gourd, and...

Frankie shakes his head then makes an animated explosion with his hands and lips. He looks at Jo and then Madison.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Did he tell you guys how much this drug money transportation deal between the prisons and Mexico was worth? Any idea, agent Elliot?

MADISON

NDIC estimates between ten to twenty million a year.

FRANKIE

Ten to twenty million a year they estimate. Hmm... Vin. Open that truck.

Vin pulls back the trailer's door catch on truck two then rolls up the door.

Bundled cash fills the trailer. Taped, plastic bound bricks of cocaine are piled in a corner.

Frankie walks over, picks up a brick and a thick bundle of cash then returns to Madison and waggles the cash.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

How about fifty million. A month. Any idea how many jobs a half billion dollars a year creates?

MADISON

A lot.

Frankie lets loose a short burst of laughter.

FRANKIE

Yeah. A lot. Shell corporations. Front companies. The teamsters. The number of government officials and officers alone I gotta pay off is simply... mind boggling.

Frankie gestures in the air an explosion.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Your straight and narrow crew are about the cheapest turds I employ. Pay peanuts, get monkeys.

He throws his arms out and turns between the group, addressing all then stopping back at Madison.

FRANKIE

Do you have any idea how many people I employ? How many jobs will be lost if you idiots shut down this operation? How many schools will shut down because mommy and daddy can't afford gas? How many kids will go hungry?

MADISON

No.

FRANKIE

No. I suppose not. I bet your little AGENT brain was all a-flutter about stopping a... what was it? A fifty million dollar A YEAR operation?

MADISON

Ten to twenty.

Frankie throws his arms up into the air and spins.

FRANKIE

Twenty million a year is chicken shit! Thousands and thousands of people depend upon the jobs this operation... this BUSINESS provides, FBI agent Elliot!

He jabs a finger in Madison's face.

FRANKIE

In fact, a little birdie tells me your future in the Bureau hangs on Goldie here giving up me and the family.

MADISON

He hasn't given up anyone.

FRANKIE

Well, since I have him now that doesn't sound so good for you, does it? Seems you're about to be looking for a job yourself. D'you wanna work for me? Or will I be seeing you at the local mall working security?

Madison looks at Frankie with stony neutrality. He scoffs then turns to Jo.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

And YOU guys...! You all are killin' America with your sky high health care crap. Gangsters in white! Robbin' us all with stethoscopes and prescription pads.

Frankie lets loose a short burst of laughter that echoes in the cavernous warehouse.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Now, maybe someday when I grow up I'll crack the medical community. But until then... I got my own prescriptions to write.

Frankie looks at the bundled cash in his hand.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

What is this? What are these? Hundreds? A hundred grand? This oughtta pay for your MD education, right, Doc?

He wags the thick cash bundle in Jo's face.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

If I GAVE this stack to you right now and let you walk out that door would you take it? Would you let Big Uncle Frankie pay your way through med school? Jo looks at the thick stack, scared of it.

JΟ

No, sir. I can't.

Frankie gives the cash a baby-rattle shake.

FRANKIE

Y' sure? It's as simple as "Yes".

Jo gently shakes her head.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

You could be makin' a BIG mistake.

Jo gently shakes her head again.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Suit yourself, Doc.

He tosses the cash onto the card table then turns to Paul. Frankie rubs his eyes then looks down at Paul.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I haven't slept for SHIT in months, Goldie. Our business parters don't trust us anymore than we trust them. And your dumb ass just might've ruined this whole deal by singing to the feds and the D.A.

Frankie opens the paper, LA Times, the big front page picture is Paul's. Headline reads MAFIA INFORMANT SINGS TO DA. He shows it to Paul then folds it back up.

Jo's eyes the phones on the table.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

Parker looks at his watch again. Fifty minutes. Then he looks at his phone beside the keyboard. He checks it. Nothing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A muffled cell phone RINGS. Frankie pulls his iPhone. Nope. Drops it back in the pocket.

Muffled cell phone RINGS again. Frankie looks at the cell phone's on the card table. His eyes narrow.

Madison, Jo and Mike become quite alarmed.

Muffled cell phone RINGS again. He looks around then at himself, reaches into his jacket pocket then pulls a cheap cell. It RINGS again clearly. He pushes a button.

FRANKIE

Buenos días, mi amigo! ¿Cómo estás?... Si. We have him... You're almost here. Great.

He pushes another button and drops it back in his pocket.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

I have some friends coming to meet you and I'm pressed for time, so let's quit dickin' around and get to business. I gotta ask you just what all you told the D.A.? How much did you tell Parker?

Jo holds perfectly still but her eyes dart over to her cell phone on the card table.

MADISON

He was going to the deposition. He hasn't told anyone anything.

PAUL

I... I... don't remember...
anything, sir.

FRANKIE

Mmm... You. Don't. Re-mem-ber.
Anything... Sir. Something's not...
right, here. D'you RE-mem-ber who I
am?

PAUL

No. S-sir.

JO

In the accident he hit his head on the window. He can't even remember his name. Post traumatic amnesia.

FRANKIE

Post. Traumatic. Amnesia. So... you haven't told anyone anything and now you don't remember anything, either? This isn't some bullshit stunt, is it? You're kidding me, right?

Paul only stares at Frankie, terrified. Frankie taps Paul's arm with the folded paper while he thinks.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Hmm... Jobs. Jobs. Jobs.

Frankie turns and speaks over his shoulder.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Vin, call Joe and have him send Gina and... whatsername? Sharon, over here.

Frankie looks back at Paul.

FRANKIE

Must've fallen outta bed this day and got some post. Traumatic. Amnesia myself. Anythin' else wrong with your patient here, Doc?

JO

No, sir. Just the head injury and maybe his neck. It could be cracked.

FRANKTE

Shit. That sounds serious. So... I probably shouldn't take off this thing?

Frankie RIPS a c-collar Velcro strap.

Jo's eyes dart over to Paul's. Her trembling hand comes off of his shoulder as she resists stopping Frankie's big hands. Jo's voice cracks.

JO

No, sir. You shouldn't. Please... don't. You can't hurt him if he hasn't told anyone anything!

Frankie stops. He looks back at Madison and Mike then Jo.

FRANKIE

Actually... I can.

ZIP! Down goes another velcro strip

JO

Please, don't --

FRANKIE

Sweetheart, honey pants, Doc. I already promised to not kill you.

FRANKIE

'Kay? You already BEEN good to me. Goldie, here. He's GOING to be good to me. Right, Goldie?

Frankie roughly snatches off the c-collar then flings it across the garage.

Jo and Mike gasp. Madison grits her teeth and squirms.

Frankie motions to the men.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Sit him up. Stand him.

JO

This isn't right!

Two men sit Paul up on the side of the gurney then make him stand, teetering beside it.

Frankie turns to Jo while reaching back to the card table to pick up Madison's pistol by its barrel.

FRANKIE

Lemme see if I got THIS right, Doc. Goldie here OBVIOUSLY has a head injury, CAN'T remember shit and he MIGHT have a cracked neck. So, as long as I don't... SMACK him in the head TOO much he'll PROBABLY be okay. Does THAT sound about right?

Before Jo can answer, Frankie delivers a massive pistol whip into Paul's gut. Paul GRUNTS and doubles.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Uh uh, Goldie! Don't lean over like that. You could break your neck.

Frankie whips out his own revolver, steps over and presses its muzzle hard into the back of Madison's head.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Now walk, Goldie. Walk over here and ASK me to pleeease NOT put a bullet into the skull of agent Elliot.

Madison holds her own breath. Tears begin to well up in Jo's eyes as Paul makes his first slow step.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

If he doesn't balance that melon juuust right he could cut his spinal cord and drop like a sack of taters, right, Doc?

Paul hesitates before taking his next step.

JO

Yessir.

Paul completes the second step.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Through the thermal scope Falcon watches the "laying down man" take a third step.

A dozen red ovals watch him take a fourth Franken-step.

Falcon opens a long case with a 50cal. rifle in foam.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frankie smiles and waves Paul on with the butt of Madison's pistol.

FRANKIE

C'mon, buddy. These friends have been risking their lives all day for your sorry ass. Return the favor. You're almost heeere. Don't puss out on agent Elliot.

Paul moves as if he's balancing a bomb on his head.

BOOM! Through the cheap office door strippers GINA, 20, and SHARON, 20, dressed to go home, enter and walk over to stand near Frankie. They look either tired or drugged.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Just forget it, Goldie. Your too goddam slow. Go back to the bed. Girls. Dance. Take your time. Boy's, cut loose agent Elliot. Watch her.

Frankie whips his pistol back into its holster, pulls a switchblade, FLICK, cuts a line across the cocaine brick.

Sharon clicks her cell phone to play dance music then she and Gina begin their impromptu strip routines.

Two men snip loose Madison. For a moment she glances at her compact back-up pistol on the card table.

Frankie picks up the split brick, thumb-knuckles a large pinch of cocaine, throws a blast of it into the chest of Gina, POOF! one to Sharon, POOF! then Jo then Madison, POOF! POOF!

A light cloud of cocaine holds in the dead air of the warehouse.

Frankie tosses the brick back onto the table then grabs Madison's pistol. He storms over to Mike.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Open up, jail bait!

MTKE

What?

FRANKIE

Open up your goddam mouth!

Frankie grabs a fistful of Mike's hair and slams the pistol barrel into his barely opened mouth then shoves him to his knees.

Mike squirms, still zip-tied to the support column.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Hold still, you little bitch!

Frankie wrangles Mike's head by the hair until it's still. Frankie's men all all take a step closer, hands on their weapons.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Now, suck it! Suck agent Elliot's Glock! Suck her Glock, jail-bait! Suck the bullets out of it! Today the four of you have new JOBS! Elliot and Doc, see Gina and Sharon?! Your new jobs are stripper TRAINEES! Now strip and DANCE!

BOOM! He fires a shot between Madison and Jo. Everyone jumps. They start reaching for buttons. Frankie then points at Paul with the pistol.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Goldie! your job is to remember who you gave up to the DA!

Frankie immediately stuffs the pistol back in Mike's mouth.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Jail bait, your job is to pray to God they give me what I want or so help me I'm gonna paint the floor with your brains!

Jo starts crying as she weakly sways, unbuttoning her uniform shirt. Madison rocks back and forth removing her suit jacket.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Goldie, my guests are gonna be here any minute now! Don't make me a bad host and show them naked girls with jail-bait's brains splattered all over 'em! WHAT did you tell Parker?

PAUL

I... I know... I just woke up an hour ago. I know my name is Paul... Ross something. My only brother is dead, probably because I'm a bad man. And these nice people have been trying real hard to get me to a hospital.

FRANKIE

Oh my God. You really don't remember shit, do you? So... I guess you don't remember your girlfriend here...

With the pistol he points to swaying Madison, unbuttoning her blouse, then stuffs the pistol back in Mike's mouth.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

... shot and killed Victor half a year ago, eh? Now you two are all buddy buddy? All sin's forgiven.

Jo and Mike look at Madison. Jo's tears are rolling. Paul starts choking back tears himself.

PAUL

Madison?

MADISON

Yes, Paul.

PAUL

Did you really kill my brother?

Madison chokes herself, her tears run as she pulls up her blouse tails from her dress pants.

MADISON

Y... yes, I did. I'm sorry. I didn't... didn't want...

PAUL

It's okay.

MADISON

I'm sorry.

Frankie looks to Jo pulling down her pants.

FRANKIE

Hold up, Doc! Lookit Gina and Sharon.

Gina and Sharon still bob and twist with most of their clothes still on.

FRANKIE

You have twice the clothes and are gonna be naked in half the time. Slow down. Take your time. Pull those back up and... start over.

Jo pulls her pants back up and buttons them. Madison slows down at removing her blouse, fully exposing her bullet proof vest. Frankie's eyes linger on it.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Gina. Sharon. You two have GOT to work some of that shit into a routine. It's like a... modern corsage thing. I ain't into that binding shit, but...

Frankie returns to Paul.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Let's keep this family reunion thing going. Maybe it'll jog your memory. Goldie, do you remember shooting Elliot's husband twelve years ago?!

PAUL

No, sir.

FRANKIE

Of course you wouldn't! Know why? And it ain't your post traumatic amnesia bullshit, either!

PAUL

No, sir.

FRANKIE

It's because you never did. You can't shoot shit off your shoe and hit your own foot. You wanna know who made you, Goldie? Who shot FBI agent Brian Thomas?

PAUL

You...?

INT. RED CAR - DAY

Oscar and the other men all sit up when six SUVs rocket past them in the parking lot then enter the industrial park.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Multiple large objects enter the gun mounted, thermal scope's field obscuring the warehouse interior view.

Falcon looks up, sees the six SUVs come to an abrupt stop in the parking lot at the office entrance.

All doors open, two dozen Mexican drug cartel men jump out. Some in casual suits, most look like armed muscle.

On the scope their weapons stand out as dark blue bars.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The cartel men look around, smell the air with disapproval, light new cigarettes then enter the office front door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frankie laughs again.

FRANKIE

Hell no it wasn't me! I know how to shoot! It ain't that goddam' difficult!

Mike tries really hard not to squirm under Frankie's fist full of his hair. Jo and Madison both make direct eye contact with him projecting to "STOP SQUIRMING!"

Rick takes two steps forward, pistol drawn back like a club.

Sweat rolls down his face as Mike starts to panic.

BOOM! The cheap office doors burst open and the entourage of Mexican drug cartel pour into the open warehouse.

Mike faints then slumps on the pistol in his mouth. Frankie scoffs and lets him drop to the floor with a wet SMACK!

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Okay, you freaks have been great. Take a break. Boys, keep an eye on 'em. Gina. Sharon. Go home. You look like shit.

Frankie drops the pistol on the card table, wipes his hands off on the gurney sheets and greets the cartel entourage.

MAX, 50, leads JOEL, 40, and MARIO, 30. A few of the muscle stay nearby. The rest spread out and shake hands with Frankie's men in the warehouse then hang.

Rick and Vin move closer to Frankie.

They all walk over and stand only a few steps away from Paul, Madison, Jo and Mike, still passed out on the floor.

They speak as if talking in front of dogs, starting with Paul.

FRANKIE

Well... Here he is. Wasn't much trouble, really. Um... he claims he can't remember anything. The accident he says.

Frankie waggles his finger at Paul's head injury. Max considers Paul, lowers his head and pulls at his beard.

MAX

Um hmm... But he... MIGHT remember
later?

FRANKIE

I suppose. Let's ask Doc. Hey, Doc. Is his memory gonna come back?

JO

I don't know.

FRANKIE

Guess.

JO

Maybe.

FRANKIE

Quit trying to protect him. He has a short shelf life.

Max rolls his gaze over to Frankie, displeased.

MAX

MAYBE sounds a lot like YES to me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two dozen cars roll into the parking lots around the warehouse.

Paired La eMe gang members begin targeting the armed Mafia guards with rifles. One man sighting. The other on a cell.

The alarmed guards motion to one another then aggressively approach the fence, weapons at the ready.

A four man La eMe group approaches the gate where two guards stop them.

Oscar's hand goes up as a signal to others while his other hand holds a cell to his mouth.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The recent activity alarms the pilot.

PILOT

Dispatch, this is Aerial Surveillance 24. Advise SWAT command there are now what appear to be 100 armed gang members now on the warehouse premises in addition to the twenty men that have recently entered. Looks like we're going to have a small war. Over.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Dozens of police cars, blue strobes flashing, two SWAT trucks and a command big-rig flood along the highway.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon removes his finger from the 50cal. rifle trigger then clicks the safety.

He looks up and grimaces with the increased activity.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Frankie turns to Max.

FRANKIE

Nah. I don't think he's going to remember shit. I know it's a damn disappointment to get all the way here and find out this, but...

MAX

Do want to keep him?

FRANKIE

I'm done with him. But, let me ask our other business partner.

Frankie pulls the cheap cell, calls and waits.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

We have Rossio... say's he can't remember anything... Yeah, it could be a bullshit stunt, but I don't think so... Um, hm... Max wants to take him back to Mexico.

Frankie looks at Max who nods his head in agreement.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

But if you want him first, Max doesn't mind, right?

Max shakes his head in agreement.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Okay, see you after lunch.

Frankie hangs up. Drops the cell in his jacket pocket.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

He says kill him. You're going to torture him first, though. Right?

MAX

Does a nun piss holy water? Hell YES, I'm going to torture him!

They all laugh.

FRANKIE

You going to make a video for... dissuasion purposes?

MAX

For what?

FRANKIE

Dissuasion. To make an example for others.

MAX

Oh! Yeah, yeah, yeah. Oh, yeah! I will use my daughter's high definition Canon XL camera like they use on iCarly and show the video to all my friends on our new home cinema system. It's very expensive. The audio system costs more than the projection TV!

FRANKIE

I know! It's terrible! I almost shot the bastard that installed our system when he laid that bill on us. But you gotta pay good to get good.

MAX

Si. Si. I can't wait to hear his screams on a \$15,000 speaker system!

They all laugh!

MAX

Next week drive down, bring the wife and kids, and we all watch together!

FRANKIE

Yeah! Thanks! But not the kids though. They don't need to watch!

MAX

Si! Si! Probably not. That is funny.

FRANKIE

Can I get a copy? Of the torture?

MAX

Of course! I'll have my son burn a DVD. Sign it myself: DI-rek-tor!

Max splays-out his fingers on both hands.

FRANKIE

Ah, that'd be great. Gracias! Thank you, Max.

JO

He can't testify against you if he doesn't remember anything.

Max gestures towards Madison, Jo and Mike.

MAX

Who... are they?

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

On his desktop computer Parker clicks the case file.

Screen displays FILE NOT FOUND.

He tries again. Same. He picks up the phone, punches a line.

PARKER

Marie, are we having problems with the computer today?

MARIE (V.O.)

No, sir.

He clicks on the file again. Same result.

PARKER

Will you please call I.T. and ask them to check our system. It's urgent.

INT. KNOXDATA BUILDING - DAY

Owl pushes up the acoustic ceiling tile and follows the lobby security camera feed cable from the front desk.

It leads him to a security recording station.

The phone rings. Display reads PARKER, SAMUEL - DA. Owl chuckles then answers with his latex gloved hand.

OWL

Good morning! Knoxdata. How may I help you?

MARIE (V.O.)

Hi. This is the DA's office. We're having difficulty accessing some of our files and wanted to know if you had some computer difficulties going on this morning?

OWL

Hmm... well... that's not good. Let me ask...

He looks down at the name tag on the recovering NATE.

OWL (cont'd)

... Nate if he's running some sort of system check.

He hits Nate with a pocket stun gun, pops open the recorder and removes the DVD+RW.

OWL

Yes. Nate's has a scheduled segment defragmenation of the primary running. Do you have a back up of the document?

Owl reaches into Nate's pockets then pulls his key ring.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

As Parker rummages through a file cabinet his phone RINGS.

MARIE (V.O.)

IT is running some defrag thingie. He's asking if you have a file back up?

Distracted, Parker answers.

PARKER

What kinda crap is that? Yeah. I think it's in a... zip file on my laptop.

INT. KNOXDATA BUILDING - DAY

Owl looks at his watch.

OWL

Mmm hm... yes... if the laptop zip file is encrypted it may need decoding. Is there a hard copy?

INT. DA'S OFFICE - DAY

The phone RINGS, again.

MARIE (V.O.)

Is there a hard copy you can use?

PARKER

What? No... forget it.

INT. KNOXDATA BUILDING - DAY

Owl scribbles a note on copy paper and pulls a strip of tape.

OWL

Okay... You're welcome. Have a nice day.

He tapes the note to inside glass front entry door, locks the door behind him with Nate's keys then leaves in his car.

Note reads DE-BUGGING. POISON GAS. BE BACK TOMORROW.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mike begins to rouse.

FRANKIE

Trainees. How much you think they're worth?

MAX

As what? Horses?

FRANKIE

Whores.

MAX

Horses. Whores. Same thing. I could try putting a saddle on them but,

MAX

eh... my back isn't what it used to be.

FRANKIE

Same here.

MAX

Lemme ask Joel. He's our trafficking and prostitution manager. Joel! How much are these horses worth to you?

JOEL

¿Se han roto?

MAX

He asked if they've been broken?

FRANKIE

No. They're still wild.

MAX

No. (shakes head)

JOEL

Eh... ? \$ 200 para los jóvenes una, \$ 100 para la antigua. \$ 400 si son lesbianas.

MAX

\$200 for the young one. \$100 for the old one. \$400 if they are lesbians.

FRANKIE

You two lesbians?

MADISON AND JO

No.

FRANKIE

Shit. I bet you wish you had taken that \$100,000 earlier, eh, Doc? Don't worry. You two'll spend the rest of your lives doped up on so much coke you won't regret it.(to Max) Yeah, \$400 is fine. Deal. How about him?

Frankie points to Mike, alarm creeping back into his face.

MAX

Usted quiere que el hombre?

JOEL

¿Qué haría yo con él? Nosotros no tenemos caballos machos?

FRANKIE

I dunno. Target practice?

JOEL

Eh... ? Buy me lunch and I'll take him.

MIKE

No!

They all laugh.

FRANKIE

I dunno. We talking Olive Garden or Mickey Dees?

They all laugh. Mike looks horrified.

MIKE

No!

MARIO

I know a guy. He makes movies. Eh... what do you call them...? Bind, rape and torture? I think he could use him. I'll give you \$10.

MIKE

What?! No! You can't...!

FRANKIE

Hmm... \$10 or lunch? I don't know. Joel, you gonna eat more than \$10 for lunch?

JOEL

I hope so!

They all laugh.

MIKE

Please! No!

JOEL

Mario, why would you do that?! Are you going to buy ME lunch, now? That was just plain rude.

MARIO

I am not going to buy you lunch! You didn't want the man! Five minutes ago you were going to buy your own lunch! It just took me a moment to think of something!

JOEL

I am sick of your shit.

Joel pulls his pistol lightning fast and FIRES a shot into Mario's forehead.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hearing the inside shot, one of the mafia guards mistakes it as the beginning of the brewing mafia-gang battle. CRACK!

One of the four La eMe gang members spins backwards. The small group repel from the center drawing their weapons.

Oscar yells into his cell and drops his arm.

OSCAR

:Dispara!

Rifled shooters FIRE in unison, mafia guards drop.

All La eMe gang members rush the warehouse, guns out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

All heads turn to the steel walls as multiple bullets RIP through into the warehouse.

A few mafia and cartel men are hit, others rush to the exits, guns out, the rest head for the office, bosses in the lead.

Jo and Paul drop to the floor.

Madison grabs her primary pistol and FIRES two shots each into the backs of two men running out the side door.

Another series of bullets RIP through the steel walls.

Madison spins and FIRES another two shots into the man turning around at the office door everyone is rushing into.

In the glass office Frankie looks over his shoulder at her. However, the crush of men rushing into the office forces him out to the front, helpless to stop Madison.

FRANKIE

STOP! STOP! STOP! KILL THEM BACK THERE! KILL THEM BACK THERE!

Another volley of GUNFIRE tears into the office. The men panic and dive every which way.

Madison yells at Jo.

MADISON

CAN YOU SHOOT?!

JO

ONLY ON GRAND THEFT AUTO!

Madison double-takes Jo.

She reaches onto the card table, grope-grabs her compact back up pistol and wire cutters, tosses them to Jo.

MADISON

Get them to the ambulance! Shoot everyone else!

Madison spins then runs toward the ambulance back doors.

Someone fires a shot into her vest, POP! she spins but keeps going, leaping into the back.

Jo snips Mike's zip-ties as Paul staggers over to the nearest downed man.

MIKE

What's he doing?!

JO

PAUL! GET IN THE AMBULANCE!

Madison grabs the machine gun then jumps from the ambulance.

Paul drops to his knees, grabs the man's MP5, FIRES two shots into him then staggers back up.

JO (cont'd)

PAUL! GET IN THE AMBULANCE!

Paul looks up at her then at the men in the office.

PAUL

Go. Go! Get Mike in!

He angles his waist-cuffed wrist, FIRES into the office, stands up then staggers toward the ambulance.

Madison leaps from the ambulance back doors carrying the machine gun rifle. She darts behind the big-rig tires.

She FIRES a long strafing chain across the fishbowl office. One man tries to return fire but is shot by staggering Paul.

Madison turns to see Jo and Mike reach the doors as Paul FIRES two more shots into the office. A man drops.

Madison looks back into the office, sees a man sighting up Paul, she FIRES three rounds center mass. He drops.

She looks back at Paul. He grins at her then FIRES another two shots into the office. A man spins back and falls.

Frankie, Max and Joel are pinned between the GUNFIRE of La eMe gang outside and the Madison/Paul duo inside.

Another man sights up Paul, Madison backs up and FIRES three rounds into him as Jo slides into the driver's seat.

Paul grins like a madman as he SHUFFLES to the doors.

PAUL (cont'd)

Go! Get in!

Mike reaches out for Paul, Madison lays another strafing row of cover FIRE into the office.

Mike grabs Paul by the collar and seat of his pants then heaves him into the ambulance like a duffel bag. Madison pulls herself in as Mike SLAMS the doors shut.

JO

Everyone, hold on!

Jo STOMPS the gas, the ambulance wheels smoke, launches in reverse SMASHING into the opposite steel roll up door.

The steel door bends ALMOST all the way out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The roll up door in front of the Mexican Mafia SUVs SMASHES outward into their grills. The SUV's jar backward some, but not enough for the ambulance to escape.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

With Madison not firing at them from the ambulance, the men are able to retreat from the gang outside.

With their guns, the Mafia men sight up the ambulance sitting like a dead duck partially through the roll-up door

Jo sees this, leans away from their muzzles.

JO

HOLD ON!

She shifts into drive then BURNS RUBBER toward a forward roll-up door at the far end of the big-rigs.

The Mafia men FIRE at them SCREECHING across the warehouse.

The side is RIDDLED, the tires BURST and SHRED. Steel wheels GRIND into the concrete floor, sparks are high behind them.

They slide to a GRINDING halt safely behind the third big-rig, ambulance bumper just denting the roll-up door.

MIKE

Ah! Are we here already?!

The Mafia men shooting at at the ambulance allows the La eMe gang to advance on the office. Everyone's attention in the office reverses to the outside.

Mike sorts through his key ring for a universal handcuff key as Paul waits, both snatching glances around for bad guys.

MIKE (cont'd)

Madison, help me get him out of these cuffs. Paul, how's your neck? You seem to be doing okay with it.

PAUL

It, uh... seems okay.

MIKE

Good. Don't get too crazy with it until it's x-rayed. I've seen guys run around a whole day with a cracked neck, take a step off the sidewalk, ECCK! They're dead.

Mike unlocks the first handcuff.

PAUL

Good to know. Hey, Mike, Madison?

They look up at Paul.

MIKE

Yeah?

PAUL

I'm sorry about all this.

Mike unlocks the second cuff allowing Madison to remove the belt chain.

MIKE

Yeah, well. Just don't let it happen again. Okay?

Madison laughs then runs over behind a truck tire to see what's happening in the office.

Over Madison's shoulder, Jo looks at the wide open expanse across the warehouse to the exit door opposite.

JO

It'll be a shooting gallery. Think they were kind enough to leave us keys in the trucks?

MADISON

Can you drive one of these things?

JO

Um hm.

MADISON

Grand Theft Auto?

JO

Ah ha ha! You're so funny. Get them in on this side. I'll get inside.

Jo scurries under the ruck then climbs up into the cab.

No keys. She throws up her hands.

JO (cont'd)

Shit!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

SWAT trucks surround the warehouse.

Ballistic black suits with sub machine guns pour out, surround then FIRE upon the La eMe gang.

The two armies seem nearly matched gun for gun until the flood of police cars rush the scene.

The gang is forced to a GUNFIGHT retreat to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mike pulls the truck door shut behind them.

Frankie sees the cops pour into the scene.

FRANKIE

EVERYONE GET OUTTA HERE! TAKE THE TRUCKS! TAKE THE CASH!

They grab keys off the numbered wall pegs then run for the trucks.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Madison and Jo check for keys over the sun flap visor and around the seat.

JO

Nothing.

MADISON

Nothing. Check the back.

Sitting on the sleeper bed, Paul pats it and looks around.

PAUL

These are... kinda nice.

Jo and Madison both take a slim moment to notice.

JC

Wish we had one of these on the ambulance.

MADISON

Does it have toilet in here?

Mike looks up from under the driver's floor mat.

MIKE

Uh oh! Two guys just climbed into that first truck. Not good. Not good! And more are getting into the second! Definitely not good!

MADISON

Get back here!

Mike darts into the sleeper cab as Madison scoots out low with the machine gun. She levels it at the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two men FIRE-UP truck one.

Madison sees the one man enter truck two's driver's door as two others open its passenger door. She ducks.

As truck two STARTS truck one CRASHES through the roll-up door.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

Madison looks at the passenger door behind her. Then at the driver's door.

MADISON

Guys! I need help!

As truck two's engine turns over truck three's driver's side door unlatches.

BR-BR-BRAM! She shoots through the driver's door. The Mafia men from truck two snap their heads towards her, they lift pistols.

MADISON (cont'd)

GUYS...! Behind me!

She re-sights on the truck two's Mafia men.

Madison sends a hail of GUN FIRE into the truck two cab. The Mafia men slump over as she hears the passenger door open behind her. BOOM! BOOM!

Madison turns to see her smoking compact revolver pointed at the open door. Jo's tendons popping as they grasp it.

Jo looks horrified as the wide eyed, open mouthed Max falls backwards, smoke wafting from his chest.

MADISON
Get into the other truck!

They scramble out, down, up and into truck two, Jo first. She pulls out the two dead men then lets Madison in.

Madison reaches over the dead driver, opens the door and shoves out the dead man then turns to Jo...

MADISON (cont'd)

What can I do to --

...when the door behind her reopens.

She reaches to her hip holster, whips around pulling her pistol - not fast enough.

Frankie face-punches Madison before she can fire. He grabs her hair as she falls backward, pulling him into the cab.

Frankie pulls his revolver, Paul shoves Jo into the sleeper cab and punches Frankie in the head.

Frankie drops the revolver in the cab floor but reels back to attack Paul. They fight. Frankie punches Paul in the face.

A SICKENING CRACK sends Paul crumbling in the back of the sleeper cab.

Madison's eyes open, looks up then kicks Frankie in the jaw, he drops to the cab floor.

Mike pulls her out as Jo climbs over them, sits down to find the engine still running.

JO

Let's see how much muscle you got, big boy. (to everyone) HOLD ON!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

BAM! The truck crashes through the roll-up door.

Cops and La eMe gang are everywhere battling it out.

The truck swerves through the parking lot then out onto the street. Everyone dives out of the way.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

While Jo drives Madison and Mike's attention goes to Paul.

JΟ

Mike, how's Paul doing?

MIKE

He's still breathing.

Madison looks over Mike's shoulder, wipes blood from her face. She doesn't notice Frankie rising behind her.

He body SLAMS Madison into the back of the sleeper cab, knocking Mike down in the floor.

Twice her weight, Frankie's massive PUNCH after PUNCH into Madison's chest and face negate her defenses.

Mike picks up Frankie's revolver from the floor and BOOM! shoots Frankie through the right shoulder blade.

Both Frankie and Madison collapse.

Mike looks horrified.

MIKE (cont'd)

NO!

He pulls at Frankie's huge weight from Madison.

MIKE (cont'd)

No! No! No! --

JO

What happened?!

MIKE

I just shot Madison! No!

Neither Frankie nor Madison move or make a sound. Mike rolls Frankie of of her. Frankie COUGHS blood, eyes roll up at Mike as he reaches for the pistol with limp force.

Mike shoves his hand away and stuffs the pistol to his head.

MIKE (cont'd)

Just... Quit!

Mike looks back at the lifeless Madison. Big metal blob in her bullet proof vest. She GASPS and COUGHS.

MADISON

Ow.

Mike pulls her up onto the sleeper bed.

MIKE

I'm so sorry!

MADISON

Just... don't let it happen again.

Mike smiles at her.

JO

How's Paul.

PAUL

Paul feels like shit.

MIKE

Don't move. Can you feel your hands and feet?

PAUL

Um... yep.

FRANKIE

Can you wiggle your fingers and toes, Goldie?

Mike and Madison look back at Frankie wincing and holding his chest, blood bubbling from his lips.

PAUL

I can move these fingers.

Paul gives Frankie the finger. Frankie laughs and coughs more blood.

MIKE

Paul, if you can tolerate it, just lay there, don't move anything. Jo?

JO

Coming up on La Veta now. Almost there.

MIKE

Hold this.

Mike hands the revolver to Madison, loosens Frankie's tie then rips open his shirt. The exit wound in Frankie's chest is a mess. Mike looks around, pulls a plastic map book from behind a seat, puts it over the gaping hole then puts Frankie's own limp hand over it.

MIKE (cont'd)

Hold this.

Mike quickly looks around the sleeper cab. He grabs Frankie's cheap cell phone from the floor.

MIKE (cont'd)

Perfect.

He slides it behind Frankie then presses it over the entry wound. Frankie takes in his first long deep breath as he looks at Mike like an alien from another planet.

MIKE (cont'd)

Better?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

MIKE

We're almost at South Memorial. You're going to live.

Frankie half grins then COUGHS another bloody mess.

FRANKIE

You tried to kill me and now you're trying to save me. You're sick, kid.

Mike grits his teeth then smirks.

MIKE

You stuck a gun in my mouth and sold me for ten bucks to be raped and tortured. No, sir. YOU'RE sick. I'm professional.

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

The open trailer allows cash to flutter out like a cloud behind them as they pull into the ER dock of the hospital.

INT. ER ROOM - DAY

A rolling x-ray machine leaves an ER room, Jo and Mike dart in. Madison lays on the bed in her tank top T-shirt, suit pants, socks and shoes.

Jo and Mike are all smiles, Madison looks surprised.

JO

How are you?!

MADISON

How am I? How are you?!

JO

Not so good. The police investigators gave us two the third degree. Making me recall shooting Max over and over again. I'm...

Jo's lip quivers as she slump-sits beside Madison.

MADISON

It's okay. I know. Despite what you witnessed today, my career has mostly been sifting through documents, making phone calls and talking to people. But after my first shooting... I, uh... started drinking. Met new friends. Got into some fights. Earned a bad rep. I was pretty messed up. Eventually I took some time off, got a shrink and got it together. I strongly suggest you do the same, Jo.

Jo sniffs and nods her head as she picks at the bed sheets.

MADISON

I know it doesn't matter how much of bad guy he was. A REALLY bad guy...!

Mike laughs, Jo half laughs and nods.

JC

REALLY bad...

MADISON

Okay. Enough Dr. Phil. I'm laying down. Ugh! I haven't felt this bad since...

Mike points at the riddled vest in the chair.

MIKE

Since when? The LAST time you were shot THREE times BEFORE a round with Ali?

Madison smiles with a wince. Stares at the celing lights.

MADISON

Hmph. Once upona time I used to go a full baker's dozen with my ex. No ref. No rules. He beat me so bad I lost any ability to have children for the next two co-workers I thought would make better husbands. Wrong again.

JO

I'm so sorry.

MIKE

You gotta watch out for those co-workers. They're rotten.

Jo elbows him.

JO

Hey...!

MADISON

Maybe so. But you two... you're special. You live in a special world with family and friends that care about you. No one in my workplace has that kind of sincere concern for one another. Everyone is too... on edge. Too sharp. Too defensive.

MIKE

Predators staying on top.

Madison nods.

JO

Culture of necessity?

MADISON

Yeah. I suppose it is. I hope to stay friends with you.

She gasps and puts her hands to her face.

MADISON

What am I saying?! I WANT to be friends with you! You guys are wonderful!

The three hug.

JO

Yeah! Yeah. We are. We will.

MIKE

But you gotta quit goofin' off all the time. Take your job more serious.

MADISON

Be professional?!

MIKE

Yeah! Be professional.

They laugh.

Parker gaits down the hall as he checks room numbers and occupants. He stops and knocks on a door.

PARKER

Jo? Agent Elliot? Mike?

Jo sniffs, breaks huddle as the others compose themselves.

JO

Yes, Daddy. Come in.

PARKER

Heyyy, Angel.

He goes to Jo and gives her a beautiful daddy hug as Mike and Madison smile. He opens arms for Mike and brings him into the family hug.

Madison, sniffs and knuckles an overwhelmed tear. Parker opens his eyes and looks to her.

PARKER (cont'd)

Thank you, agent Elliot --

JO

MADISON!

PARKER

Thank you, Madison for bringing my angel home.

MADISON

You're welcome, sir. Anytime.

PARKER

And this hairy ape, too!

Parker gives Mike a strong, hugging rock across the shoulders. Mike smiles with modesty.

MADISON

Mike here saved my life.

PARKER

That's what I hear!

MADISON

Your girl there, too. Be extra nice to her.

Jo buries her head in Parker's chest as he pats her back.

PARKER

Yeah. I hear you three bagged a big one. Everyone's talking. One helluva trade up. Congratulations. Of sorts.

JO

What do you mean "of sorts"?

She looks up at him. Parker's demeanor visibly shifts, with reluctance, from father to teacher.

PARKER

Well... drug trafficking between US prisons and Mexico represents tens of billions of dollars. Although Rossio and DeSimone's operation facilitated only tiny piece of that pie, Rossio's testimony might have been the seminal event that brings a greater problem to the attention of the Supreme Court: The apparent failure of the US prisons system.

MIKE

The Supreme Court doesn't want to fix that?

PARKER

No. The states DON'T want to fix it. The fifteen hundred state and federal facilities of the US prison

PARKER

system draws in nearly two hundred billion federal tax dollars per year. That's a lot of money going to a lot of states. The business of incarceration is big business and is only the third leg of the beast.

Parker begins counting off on his fingers.

PARKER (cont'd)

Persecution by the police, prosecution by the judiciary system and incarceration of the convicted. Persecution, prosecution, incarceration bring billions of Federal tax dollars to States annually.

JO

And that money supports businesses that service the families of the tens of thousands of guards. Public utilities, school systems and hospitals depend upon that money.

PARKER

Right. Entire state tax revenues and budgets depend upon that money.

MADISON

Rossio's testimony as architect exposes the upper echelons of the product, the transportation, and the muscle. The Mexican drug cartel, the LA American Mafia, the La eMe.

Those organizations alone would be dedicated to preventing Rossio from exposing their alliances.

PARKER

However, Rossio only threatens a tiny fraction of that pie.

MADISON

Big Frankie DeSimone is the mechanic that puts hundreds of names in jeopardy of exposure.

PARKER

Now you're catching on. DeSimone's testimony or even a deposition will

PARKER

surely bring the issue to the doorstep of the US Supreme Court who may be forced to consider an alternative to the...

Parker counts off three fingers, again.

PARKER (cont'd)

... persecution, prosecution and incarceration business model. It's a gigantic jobs program they threaten.

On his other hand, another three fingers go out.

PARKER (cont'd)

Wardens want him silenced.

Senators and Congressmen want him silenced. Governors want him silenced.

ıΤΩ

"Silenced" being legalese for dead?

Parker looks at her thinking of an answer.

MADISON

Yeah. It could.

MIKE

Then why would you bring Paul, Rossio, to trial if you could lose your own job?

Parker smiles, drops his head then takes in a long breath before looking back up at him.

PARKER

Because the right thing to do is to work with the system we have to effect social changes through elections. It is the responsibility of the few to ensure that the many retain the power to choose how they want their government run. It's wrong for a few people to make decisions no one entrusted to them that effect social change of this nature.

Jo leans over and hugs her father.

JO

You're a good man, Daddy.

He hugs her back. Talks sofly to her.

PARKER

Thank you, Angel.

FORSYTH, 65, PIKE, 45, and AMBROSE, 60, finish interrogating Paul. They step out of his ER room, still conversing, hands in pockets.

Mike looks across the way, nods to them and asks Madison.

MIKE

Who are they?

She scowls.

MADISON

On the left is Forsyth with the US Marshal's Service.

She looks at Mike.

MADISON

It's his men you found murdered first thing this morning. However, he would know their route and times, so he could be the inside leak.

Parker clears his throat. Madison looks at him.

MADISON (cont'd)

Yessir. That makes you a candidate, as well.

Parker shakes his head like a lambs tail.

MADISON (cont'd)

I doubted it.

He smiles, she looks back at the three men.

MADISON (cont'd)

The middle aged man on the center is Los Angeles Assistant Director Pike. He's kinda out-ranks my boss, that gentleman twerp on the right, Special Agent in Charge Ambrose. That's who I've been fighting with morning over the phone.

Ambrose speaks to Pike.

AMBROSE

... If he can't provide us with any useful intel I don't see the point in protecting him.

Pike turns to Forsyth.

PIKE

I don't suppose anyone in your Witness Relocation Program comes up missing, do they?

Forsyth nods his head in consideration.

FORSYTH

It's been known to happen.

All laugh as a nurse steps up to Forsyth.

NURSE

Chief Deputy? Franklin DeSimone is out of recovery room on the way to room 612.

FORSYTH

Thank you.

He pulls his brick radio to speak as the others wait.

FORSYTH

Barnes? 612.

They step into Madison's ER room.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon's cell buzzes with a text message: 612.

He references the hospital's floorplan layout on his laptop as Owl walks up to the SUV's front passenger door, enters then sits.

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

The charcoal SUV leaves one parking lot across the street, drives up the street a few hundred yards to another parking lot, Falcon takes a ticket then backs-up into a lot.

A moment later the rear passenger window lowers four inches.

INT. ER - DAY

Forsyth, Pike and Ambrose now stand around Madison's bed joining Parker, Jo and Mike.

AMBROSE

Agent Elliot, I ordered you to not leave Nevada, didn't I?

MADISON

Yessir.

AMBROSE

But you did just that, anyway, right?

MADISON

Um hm.

AMBROSE

Your insubordinance has boxed yourself into a real fine corner, Elliot.

MADISON

I was doing my job.

AMBROSE

Your job is to follow the orders I give you! Did you follow orders agent Elliot?

MADISON

No, sir.

AMBROSE

No, sir is right. I'm placing you on administrative leave until I can figure out how to document your ass out of the Bureau. Surrender your badge and firearm.

MADSION

Badge is still at the warehouse.

Madison glares at him as she hands him her pistol.

MADISON

All of a sudden I'm scared I'll contract something fatal around here.

AMBROSE

Is there any more damage you can do around here?

MADISON

Only if I had caught the mole between FBI and the US Marshals it'd be the cherry on my day.

MIKE

Oh!

Mike pulls from his utility belt bag Frankie's bloody cheap cell inside a rubber glove.

MIKE (cont'd)

Here's Frankie's phone. Just hit redial ask him to turn himself in.

With a big smile he tosses it to Madison.

MADISON

Considering the day I've had I think I will!

Madison hits redial. Pike snarls at Mike then Madison.

PIKE

Whoa! That's evidence! You can't have that!

Pike grabs at the phone at Madison's ear, she veers, Parker blocks Pike's hands.

PARKER

What is wrong with you?!

AMBROSE

Son why didn't you turn this in earlier?

MIKE

Between the machine guns, explosions, car chases, kidnappings, being sold for rape and torture it kinda slipped my mind!

FORSYTH

Settle down, son.

PARKER

You said the last person you saw DeSimone talk to was the inside informant that led to the killing of the US Marshals this morning?

MADISON

Yes, sir.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Through the thermal scope mounted atop the 50cal. rifle Falcon watches two upright blobs enter room 612 manuvering a bed. Occupant remains unclear.

The two blobs align the two beds.

Falcon clicks off the safety as his scope centers on the bed.

Several other blobs move into the room.

INT. ER - DAY

A muffled cell phone rings.

Everyone looks at themselves checking pockets. The muffled cell rings again.

Then they look at each other. The muffled cell rings again. They all look at Pike who has backed off.

FORSYTH

You!

PIKE

No!

Pike pulls his service pistol and points it at them.

FORSYTH

Those were fine young men you got killed, Pike!

AMBROSE

What's wrong with you?

PIKE

You don't understand! We protect Americans! Their families! Their jobs! All of you get down! They get down on the floor. Madison turns her head away. Pike turns and runs.

Madison, Parker, Forsyth and Ambrose run after him but Madison is the only one young enough to pursue him past the ER doors.

EXT. ER PARKING LOT - DAY

Pike thumbs the cheap cell while he dodges around cars. Madison burns a trail behind him.

Pike spins and BOOM! fires a shot at her. She ditches behind a car. Reaches for her pistol.

Gone. Ambrose still has it.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

At the sound of gunfire Owl and Falcon, looking up from the thermal scope, watches Pike evade Madison across the ER parking lot.

Behind them Parker, Forsyth and Ambrose run.

Falcon's phone rings. He doesn't budge, scope still centered on the bed obscured by several blobs moving about. Owl turns around and looks at him.

OWL

Make it quick, if you can.

Falcon grimmaces and looks back into the thermal scope.

EXT. ER PARKING LOT - DAY

Pike yells in the phone, angry.

PIKE

Answer, goddmit!

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon's phone rings again. He reaches over, pushes a button.

PIKE (V.O.)

Priority alpha change! I need a pick up-- BOOM! -- South street of the hospital, ay-sap!

Falcon resights through the thermal scope. His finger tightens on the trigger. Blobs are all over the place. Falcon grits teeth as he thumbs the safety on.

The police scanner inside the SUV crackles.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Attention all units in the vicinity of South Memorial Hospital. An APB has been put out for a suspect in the US Marshals murder this morning. The subject's name is Steven Pike. Caucasian Male. Forty. Brown hair. Athletic build. Wearing a dark grey business suit. Last seen running from the ER parking lot west on La Veta. Be aware, he is armed and considered extremely dangerous.

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

Pike's runs through medium traffic, Madison in pursuit some yards back.

She's nearly hit by a passing car, spinning off the hood.

Falcon's charcoal SUV drives right past Pike, SCREECHES to a stop in mid traffic.

He jumps out then opens the rear driver's side door as Pike rounds the bumper. Owl opens his door.

FALCON

Get in!

Madison races toward the driver's side back of the truck.

Pike points his pistol back at the corner.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Forsyth and Ambrose fire shots into the back of the SUV from the sidewalk.

Pike ducks as Falcon shoves him into the open door.

Madison ducks as Owl rounds from the passenger side, crashes into her, knocks her into the hands of Falcon.

Falcon shoves her into the SUV, jumps into the drivers seat, wheels SCREECH white smoke as Owl jumps in and closes the door behind.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Forsyth and Ambrose fire at the SUV front.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

BZZT! Owl shocks Madison with the stun gun.

FALCON

Bind her!

Owl grabs some zip-ties from the floor and binds her wrists behind her back quick as a spider while Pike watches.

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

Parker, Forsyth and Ambrose watch the truck disappear into traffic ahead.

INT. FALCON'S TRUCK - DAY

Owl climbs into the front passenger's seat as Madison shakes off her stun.

Pike begins to look around inside at Falcon's equipment. Falcon watches Pike in the rear view mirror. Owl turns to Pike.

OWL

Do you have somewhere safe to go?

PIKE

I think so.

Pike calls on his cheap cell.

INT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

Amid the chatter of police scanners, Arturo's phone rings.

ARTURO

Si?

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Pike thumbs off the phone.

PIKE

Go down 22 to Marina Park, pier six.

Falcon considers a moment.

FALCON

We don't have time for that.

OWI

They may be moving DeSimone already.

FALCON

You'll be safe enough up here. Get out.

Falcon pulls the SUV across traffic.

PIKE

NO! Take me to the marina!

FALCON

That's too far off mission.

Pike pulls his pistol and points it at Falcon.

PIKE

I'm changing the mission! Go to the marina! Pier six!

MADISON

It was Pike's calls to hit the car this morning they intercepted.

She looks up at Pike as he looks down at her.

MADISON

You jeopardized your own mission, you idiot.

The moment Pike takes his gun off falcon to shoot Madison Owl pulls his pistol.

BOOM! Pike is faster and shoots Owl. He slumps over. Pike kicks Madison and points the gun back at Falcon.

PTKE

DRIVE!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The charcoal SUV speeds through traffic down highway 22.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Madison kicks Pike, BOOM! his gun fires, Falcon is struck in the leg. The SUV hits another vehicle then slows to a spinning stop against the concrete median.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Pike to jumps from the wrecked SUV, runs to a stopped, red pick-up truck then sticks the pistol in the driver's face.

PIKE

GET OUT!

Pike drives away in the pick-up. Owner wildly gesturing and yelling at him.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon holds his lower leg, limps out his seat, stands over Madison then FLICKS open a large pocketknife.

FALCON

Do you want to stop him?

Madison stops writhing in the floor, still zip-tied.

MADISON

Yes!

FALCON

Then drive.

Falcon cuts the zip ties loose as he points at the pick-up speeding away.

FALCON (cont'd)

Red truck.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Madison backs up the SUV some, tires ${\tt SMOKE}$ as she floors it down the highway.

In moments they've gained on Pike's red pick-up.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Falcon opens the sun roof, leans over then flips open a large canister.

EXT. ROOFTOP FALCON'S SUV - DAY

The length of a Mikor multiple grenade launcher is followed by Falcon. He shoulders it, sighting ahead of the red pick-up.

BOOSH! the round zips a white smoke line over the red pick-up.

The vehicle ahead EXPLODES! The red pick-up swerves to evade.

On the bridge overpass ahead the sign reads MARINA 5 MILES.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

MADISON

HEY! Don't--

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

BOOSH! a second shot into the overhead bridge concrete sends chunks billowing out from the EXPLOSION.

Falling concrete chunks stop traffic to a SCREECHING halt.

Madison CRASHES into the tail of the red pick-up. Airbags EXPLODE. The red pick-up slowly continues through the rubble then speeds away.

INT. FALCON'S SUV - DAY

Madison can't get the engine to turn over.

EXT.HIGHWAY - DAY

She jumps from the door, runs to a fallen motorcyclist, lifts the bike, mounts then continues pursuit of Pike in the red pick-up.

Madison weaves through traffic. She gains on Pike, ...

INT. RED PICK-UP - DAY

... he looks in the rear view mirror then...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

... jams the brakes.

Madison squeezes the bike's front brakes, front wheelies, she jumps midair then CRASHES into truck bed.

She lies dead still. Pike takes off entering the marina gates.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Madison staggers up, reaches into the driver's side window and grabs at Pike.

BOOM! BOOM! Pike fires shots through the rear windshield over his shoulder at her. Misses.

She kicks in the rear window then elbow chokes him. Pike spins the pick-up to a stop at the marina docks, pier six.

Madison is hurled from the truck bed into a side-roll across the grass. Pike staggers from the truck choking and gasping.

He turns to face her rising from the grass, angry. Mano a mano, young female vs middle age man.

Back and forth, volleys of punches, blows and kicks are delivered and deflected.

Pike lunges at Madison, she delivers a rib cracking punch to the chest as he grabs her hair at the scalp. With all his might, Pike hurls her into the roadway.

VROOM! Madison rolls into the wheels of the red-pick-up truck, out of the way of a speeding car.

Seizing the opportunity of distance and delay, Pike turns on his heels and runs down the pier toward Arturo's boat.

Madison leans against the red pick-up, grabs Pike's gun from the floor board then turns to shoot Pike in the back.

SCREECH! Falcon's SUV stops between them.

FALCON

Are you going to allow that unprofessional bastard to escape?

Madison nearly welcomes the excuse for another gasp of air as she lowers the pistol, she shakes her head "No".

Arturo and his three girls walk up to Falcon's SUV. He and Falcon, opening the SUV's rear doors, exchange glances then turn to the dock.

Pike FIRES UP the cabin cruiser's engines then pulls away from the dock.

Falcon shoulders anti-tank missile, aims at the boat then pulls the trigger. An exploding WHOOOOSH! sends the missile on a lightning rod of grey smoke into the boat.

It EXPLODES a million flaming splinters across the harbor.

Arturo's girls cheer, clap and jump up and down. Falcon hands the spent launcher to the girls. They giggle all giddy.

Madison just shakes her head in disbelief.

Arturo lets the girls into the SUV. He and Falcon remove Owl from the passenger seat, place him in the back of the truck then shut the doors.

Seated behind the wheel, Falcon scribbles on a business card. He hands one to Madison.

FALCON

Give this one to Big Frankie.

On the front is simply a red and blue eagle. She flips it over. Falcon's handwriting reads: "Boss says shut up".

As she reads it Falcon scribbles on another card which he hands that to her.

It has a phone number.

FALCON

Gimme the phone.

She looks at him. He looks back cold as steel.

FALCON (cont'd)

Please.

She rolls her eyes as she reaches into her pants pocket producing the phone. She hands it over but pulls it back the moment it touches his fingers.

He smiles as she puts it back in his hand. Police sirens near in the background.

FALCON (cont'd)

See you around.

MADISON

Catch you later.

Falcon, Arturo and the girls drive away as a fiery boat hull slowly sinks in the harbor.

INT. ROOM 450 MERCY GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Frankie, ankle shackled to the bed, chest tube drains hanging into a floor box, watches whatever cop show the two Marshals want to watch.

A light knocking at the door turns their heads. Madison, Jo and Mike enter, all wearing normal street clothes.

FRANKIE

Oh my God. Officers, they're here to kill me.

The Marshals are halfway out of their seats when Forsyth walks in behind them pushing Paul in a wheelchair wearing a neck halo.

MADISON

Just cool your jets, Big Frankie.

With a smile, Mike raises a McDonald's Happy Meal carton to Frankie, shakes it a little.

FRANKIE

Aww. You shouldn't have.

Mike goes to hand it to him when a Marshal stops him. Forsyth shakes his head, the Marshal sits back down.

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Probably poisoned, anyway...

Frankie opens the carton to find only a toy in it.

Madison and Jo introduce themselves to the guards then hand them take-out boxes from Olive Garden. Frankie looks somewhere between perturbed and disapointed. Mike takes the toy from Frankie.

MIKE

I'm keeping this for my little girl.

They all sit and chat.

To no one in particular...

FRANKIE

Nice. Cute. Cute. Nice...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END