

# **PLAY**

screenplay by

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EXT. LOS ANGELES - ESTABLISHING

Picturesque rose-colored dawn. A Sky Nine news chopper streaks over the Hollywood sign headed for the city of L.A.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - CUBICLE - DAWN

Violet florescent lights illuminate video game accessories. 3D enhanced bifocals. M-16 machine gun. Steering wheel.

A custom built recliner encased in steel bars resembles a fighter pilot's cockpit.

A disheveled man in his 30's, RAYMOND BURNS, takes a seat. He straps himself into the chair's harness. Presses a button.

An enormous flat screen television reflects a digital city.  
Raymond Burns is about to escape into another world...

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

A white cargo van pulls curb side. Lights dim.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAWN

Six masked ASSASSINS in black army fatigues lock and load automatic weapons -- All business.

INT. BURN'S HOME- MASTER BEDROOM - DAWN

A beautiful woman, ANGELA BURNS, lies asleep on a king sized canopy-bed. Transparent curtains from the open balcony rustle in the wind. The door knob turns slowly...

GIRLS BEDROOM

Little JASMINE BURNS, 6, and her older sister KAYA, 10, sleep face to face.

Suddenly, black gloves are placed over their mouths...

MIKE'S BEDROOM

MICHAEL BURNS, 14, curled up on his bed in a fetal position. A pillow is placed over his face. A muffled **SCREAM**.

EXT. SKYLINE - SUNRISE

The sun slowly creeps over the indigo horizon.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Ray's in REM sleep, his eyeballs move rapidly under the lids. Alarm clock BLARES.

His body jerks awake with one swift motion. Now upright, pebbled with sweat, he looks around. Climbs out of bed.

*SERIES OF IMAGES*

Ray in front of the bathroom mirror applying deodorant to his arm pits several times on both sides.

Ray fastens buttons on his green military suit.

Ray flicks a light switch on and off.

Ray shuts his apartment door repeatedly.

Ray counts steps under his breath on his way to his beat up Chevy Caprice.

INT. PETCO SUPERMARKET - OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits in front of a bookish STORE MANAGER twiddling his thumbs nervously as the manager skims over his resume.

Without hesitation Ray slams his latex covered hand over a fly on the manager's desk. The Manager's not impressed.

INT. SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A hot sticky office. Ray waits for his number to be called amongst a large crowd of disgruntled senior citizens.

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S.)  
Fifty seven.

AT THE WINDOW - MINUTES LATER

The gaudy SOCIAL WORKER, an Alabama girl with big hair and horn rimmed glasses, punches Ray's info into a computer.

SOCIAL WORKER  
Shows here the check was sent to  
your address on the third.

RAY  
Yes, but I haven't received it.

SOCIAL WORKER  
You check with the post office.

She pops her chewing gum, looking burdened. Ray's annoyed.

RAY

I did.

SOCIAL WORKER

I'm afraid there's nothing more we can do about that sir. Now I would suggest that you-

RAY

Can you issue me a replacement?

SOCIAL WORKER

We've sent you a replacement the last two months sir.

RAY

Mam I'm late on my rent. I need my check.

SOCIAL WORKER

*Sir.*

RAY

I'm asking you calmly for my check. And I'd appreciate your cooperation in dealing with this matter. Now, my check.

SOCIAL WORKER

*Sir there is nothing more I can do for you at this time. If you would like to speak to my supervisor I-*

RAY

*I need my damn check bitch!*

A SECURITY GUARD strolls over.

SECURTIY GUARD

Is there a problem here?

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Ray counts steps to his car. A rusted Coupe de Ville sputters into the parking space in front of him.

A feeble old MAN steps out of the Coupe as a Sky Nine news chopper streaks above.

Suddenly, as if struck by some other worldly force, Ray looks at the old man in a TRANCE.

He runs full speed toward the man, tackles him. Mounts. Cocks his fist. The man looks up at Ray, dazed.

RAY  
Name and rank officer?

OLD MAN  
What?

Ray grabs the man by the neck.

RAY  
We just lost five men. We got sheets all over this place. Now what's it gonna be?

OLD MAN  
It's okay son. You're home now.

The old man points to a couple horrified SHOPPERS watching the assault unfold.

A WOMAN on her cell phone gives a detailed police report of Ray's physic. Ray snaps back into reality, stares down at the old man with remorseful eyes.

OLD MAN  
Fourth battalion, ninth infantry regiment in Nam. Still don't sleep a lick.

Ray lets go of his neck.

OLD MAN  
Don't worry. I won't press charges.

INT. DIZZY'S ARCADE - NIGHT

Ray feverishly plays an arcade game. A pimple faced TEENAGER addresses his gawky friends.

TEENAGE BOY  
He's been playing for ten hours straight.

Ray's cell phone RINGS. He ignores it.

TEENAGE BOY  
You gonna get that?

RAY  
Stick your hand in my pocket.

TEENAGE BOY  
What are you queer?

RAY  
Just do it.

The teenager reaches into Ray's pants pocket. Pulls out his cell phone.

RAY  
What's it say?

TEENAGE BOY  
ID blocked.

RAY  
Take over for me.

The teenager grabs the controllers. Ray steps away from the crowd, cell phone to his ear.

RAY  
Hello.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
(Middle Eastern Accent)  
Good evening Raymond. We're going to play a game.

RAY  
Who is this?

GAMEKEEPER  
You can call me the Gamekeeper. I see you like video games.

Ray searches the arcade.

RAY  
What is this, some type of sick joke?

GAMEKEEPER  
This is no joke Guinea Pig, this is your life.

Ray hangs up. Phone rings again, he picks up.

GAMEKEEPER  
Do you know who I'm staring at?

RAY  
Yeah, my nutsack.

GAMEKEEPER

You have a sense of humor, good.  
Your going to need it. I'm staring  
at your ex wife Angela, and your  
three children.

RAY

Okay who is this?

GAMEKEEPER

Listen carefully, your family's  
life depends on what you do from  
this moment on....

EXT. HIKING TRAIL/WEEDS - DAY

President of Activision gaming, HERMAN COBB, jogs by himself  
on a desolate dusty trail.

Ray crouches in the weeds at the top of the hill. His latex  
gloves clutch the grip of a Walther P99 pistol.

Herman jogs past, breathing heavily. Ray Steps out on to the  
trail. Raises the Walther, BANG. Herman slumps to the floor.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - LATER

Detective HARRY SMITS, 50's, a man's man, examines the dead  
body. His fingers move back hair follicles.

HARRY

Name?

KAREEM JAFFAR, a middle eastern playboy in his 30's glances  
at his notepad.

KAREEM

Herman Cobb. Wife, no kids,  
president of Activision. Has a  
house in Bel Air. Media's all over  
it.

HARRY

High profile.

Harry stands.

HARRY

Right up your alley.

INT. COBB HOME - DAY

Herman's wife, SALLY COBB, cries her eyes out on a couch in front of Kareem. She's focused on the TV.

NEWS REPORTER

Authorities are confirming it's the body of fifty-two year old Herman Cobb. Cobb was CEO of the video game company Activision-

Kareem shuts off the TV.

KAREEM

Did he have any enemies. Anyone who'd want to hurt him?

SALLY

Herman wouldn't hurt a fly.

Harry enters.

HARRY

Found this in his coat pocket.

Harry hands Sally a small piece of paper.

HARRY

Who's Tamika?

SALLY

His secretary.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT- INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

TAMIKA REYES, well endowed and sexy, seductively smokes a cigarette in front of Harry and Kareem.

TAMIKA

We would meet once a week. Hotel off Sunset. I gave him what he wanted, got something extra in my check.

HARRY

Company funds?

TAMIKA

He called it gratuity.

HARRY

How long?

TAMIKA  
About three months.

HARRY  
Why'd it end?

TAMIKA  
IRS started snooping. Audits or something.

Kareem slides a file across the desk.

HARRY  
Funny how white collar crimes work. Former prostitute gets a job at a prestigious law firm. Limited experience. Two months later her boss is found dead in a public pool

TAMIKA  
If you want a lead detectives you should be concentrating on Burns.

HARRY  
Burns?

TAMIKA  
Raymond Burns. He was fired a month ago. Used to come in wearing latex gloves on his hands, mumbling about germs. Scared the shit out of half the people in the office.

KAREEM  
What about you?

TAMIKA  
I ain't scared of nobody Aladdin. Can I go now?

INT. BURN'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Framed pictures line a dresser. Ray picks up a photo of his three children smiling happily.

*A tear trickles down his cheek.*

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - DAY

A line of cops sit behind a counter busily answering phones and taking the day's complaints.

Ray's eyes flicker toward the Middle Eastern OFFICER motioning him forward.

OFFICER

Next.

Ray weighs the pros and cons. He turns, heads for the exit.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Ray sits in front of a computer. Police web site on the monitor. A young ARABIC GIRL takes a seat next to him.

ARABIC GIRL

Hi.

Ray stands, walks out of the room.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Ray splashes water on his face. He moves to the toilet to regurgitate his thoughts.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ray's doing crunches. He glances at the game booth sectioned off in the corner of the room by yellow caution tape.

It's calling him. He moves to the booth, enters...

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

A dark room. Match is lit. Cigarette lifted to a masked face. Smoke escapes lips then dissolves into thin air.

A figure, the GAMEKEEPER, sits in the middle of a dilapidated room. Cell phone to his ear.

GAMEKEEPER

Well done Guinea Pig. You killed the cat. How does it feel?

RAY (V.O.)

Stop this. Stop it now.

GAMEKEEPER

You know the rules.

RAY (V.O.)

Release my family.

The Gamekeeper moves towards Angela and her children now withered and beaten on a grimy floor.

Two ASSASSINS stand in the room with AK-47's.

ASSASSIN 1  
(Arabic)  
Ever been with a black woman?

ASSASSIN 2  
(Arabic)  
No. But I've seen porno. Big butt  
smash down, number two.

They laugh. The Gamekeeper approaches. Removes the tape from Jasmine's mouth. The phone placed next to her ear.

GAMEKEEPER  
Say hi to daddy.

JASMINE  
Daddy?

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray steps out of the booth. Crumbles to the couch.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Complete the missions and you will  
see them again yes.

RAY  
What do you want?

GAMEKEEPER  
Seven Eleven two blocks around the  
corner.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - DAY

Two middle eastern CLERKS argue behind the counter. One of them, obviously frustrated, dips into a stock room.

Ray glances at the remaining clerk. Strolls down the aisle.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
There is a man operating under the  
name Hassaan Adams. His real name  
is Abu Hejal.

Ray moves toward the sodas, pulls down a can. He notices Abu's eyes fixed on him as he heads toward the counter.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

...He is a traitor to the cause. In exchange for secrets, FBI placed him in witness protection. He is related to wolves and foxes. Exterminate him.

CLERK

That's it.

RAY

Yes.

Abu rings him up. Ray steals a glance at his name tag which says "HASSAAN".

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

He works double shift on Tuesdays. Empties the trash at midnight. The gun will be placed in a brown bag underneath the dumpster. Complete the mission and your daughters will live. And remember, Guinea Pig, we are watching you.

INT. RAY'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Harry knocks on Ray's door. Ray opens.

HARRY

Raymond Burns.

RAY

Yes.

HARRY

Detective Harry Smits.

Flashes his badge.

HARRY

My partner, Detective Jaffar. We need you to come down to the station. Got a couple questions to ask you.

Ray gives Kareem the hairy eyeball.

RAY

What's this about?

KAREEM

A case we're investigating.

RAY  
Am I a suspect?

HARRY  
Not yet.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ray, restless, sits in front of Kareem and Harry. Kareem eyes the latex gloves. He smirks.

KAREEM  
Doing prostate checks?

RAY  
Does he have to be here?

Harry nods Kareem out. Ray waits for the door to shut, then leans across the desk.

RAY  
He might be one of them.

HARRY  
Excuse me?

RAY  
A terrorist.

The two play eye chess.

HARRY  
What are you talking about?

RAY  
I was stationed in Fallujah. I've seen our men open up on ambulances, women, babies. Not because they were callous. They didn't know who to trust. The suits in Washington took that from them. You take away a man's trust, it's easier for him to convince himself he's doing the right thing.

HARRY  
You can trust me Ray.

Ray notices the small camera mounted to the ceiling in the corner of the room.

RAY  
Can they hear us?

HARRY

Yes. Standard procedure. Something you want to tell me?

Ray goes over it in his head.

RAY

I didn't murder Herman Cobb. Now if you're not charging me, I'd like to go home.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Harry and Kareem sit in front of police captain THOMAS FORD.

THOMAS

Forty eight hours gentlemen. No gun, no witnesses, no case.

HARRY

I'd like another shot at Burns.

THOMAS

Anything solid?

HARRY

He's got a motive.

THOMAS

Being racist and crazy is normal in this town.

Thomas moves to his coat stand, wiggles into his jacket.

THOMAS

Have something by five tomorrow.

EXT. KCAL9 TV STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

News reporter STEVE TASKER heads to his black BMW. Ray approaches from behind.

RAY

Mr. Tasker.

Tasker turns. Gives him a once over.

RAY

Raymond Burns.

TASKER

Can I help you?

RAY

My name is Raymond Burns. I know this is going to sound crazy. But just hear me out-

TASKER

Listen, I'm late for an appointment-

RAY

My family's been kidnapped by terrorists. This guy, calls himself the Gamekeeper, he's been forcing me to do crazy things.

Tasker checks his Rolex. Ray's unkempt appearance doesn't help the situation.

TASKER

Call the police.

RAY

I can't.

TASKER

Why not?

RAY

They're involved.

TASKER

Sure buddy.

Tasker unlocks the car door.

RAY

Herman Cobb.

This grabs Tasker's attention.

TASKER

What about him?

RAY

He was...I swear to God I'm telling the truth. They've got my wife and kids.

Tasker hops in the BMW. Backs up nearly running Ray over. Ray notices his bumper sticker "JESUS FORGIVES".

INT. FAITH CATHOLIC CHURCH - BOOTH - NIGHT

Ray cloaked in darkness. Small door slides open. A trickle of light leaks across his face.

RAY  
I'm in trouble.

VOICE (O.S.)  
What kind?

RAY  
I murdered someone.

Silence.

VOICE  
Repent.

RAY  
I can't.

VOICE  
Why not?

RAY  
No choice.

VOICE  
Life is full of choices. Some  
harder than others.

RAY  
You don't understand.

VOICE  
Tell me?

RAY  
They took my family. I have to kill  
to keep them alive.

VOICE  
They?

RAY  
The terrorists.

VOICE  
Did you go to the police?

RAY  
I tried. I can't trust anyone at  
this point.

VOICE  
Where there's a will there's a way.

Ray thinks.

RAY  
Help me father. Tell me what to do.

VOICE  
Only one thing you can do. Kill the  
dog Raymond.

Ray shudders. The window shuts.

CHURCH HALL

Ray steps out slowly. Tugs on the door handle to the adjacent  
booth. It's locked. He pulls at it furiously.

RAY  
*Come out. Come out you coward!*

An old couple in the bleachers stares at Ray as if he's lost  
his mind.

RAY  
He's in there. There's a terrorist  
in there.

OLD MAN  
He's crazy. Call the police.

The Old Woman takes out her cell phone. Begins to punch  
numbers. Ray's out the front doors like a bat out of hell.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - NIGHT

Harry and Kareem watch Ray speak with a JANITOR.

HARRY  
He still has access to the  
building.

KAREEM  
I say we crash the party.

HARRY  
No. He's paranoid enough. Just sit  
tight.

EXT. ACTIVISION BUILDING - NIGHT

Ray flashes a badge, follows the janitor inside.

INT. ACTIVISION BUILDING - NIGHT

The janitor unlocks an office door.

JANITOR

Cinco.

RAY

Okay.

Ray steps inside.

OFFICE

Ray sits in front of a computer. On the monitor the cursor moves to Internet explorer.

Types in: Federal Bureau of Investigations. FBI website pops up on the screen.

The cursor moves to "Contact". An e-mail screen.

Ray types: *"My name is Raymond Burns. My family's being held hostage by terrorists."*

JANITOR (O.S.)

One minute my friend.

RAY

Almost done.

Ray's words: *"My wife's address is 1147 Gateway Trail. Culver City. Angela Burns. Please hurry. Matter of life and death."*

The arrow moves to send. Click. An error message appears.

RAY

No.

Cell phone RINGS. Ray stares at it. Puts it to his ear.

RAY

Hello.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

Maybe you have forgotten the rules  
Raymond. I am your ally, the police  
are your enemy.

(MORE)

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 It is your family's best interest  
 that you remember this. Am I making  
 myself clear?

Ray drops the phone.

JANITOR (O.S.)  
 Time to go my friend.

INT. CROWN VITORIA - NIGHT

Kareem focused on Ray as he heads to his car counting steps.

KAREEM  
 What's he doing?

HARRY  
 Counting steps.

HARRY  
 Why?

HARRY  
 That's what you do when you're  
 nuts.

INT. DIZZY'S ARCADE - NIGHT

Rows of game machines. Ray stands in front of a boxing game,  
 covered in sweat. He pushes the controllers extra hard.

A young boy, LEONARD SKIZZO, 8, wide eyed and full of gusto  
 approaches. He tugs on Ray's overcoat.

LEONARD  
 Can I play?

RAY  
 No.

LEONARD  
 Use your jab.

The opposing character delivers a knock out blow. Ray's out  
 cold. Leonard smiles at the loss.

LEONARD  
 Best of three.

RAY  
 Not in the mood.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT - LATER

Ray moves with a purpose, careful not to step on the cracks in between the sidewalk. Leonard catches up.

LEONARD  
I know you.

RAY  
No you don't.

LEONARD  
You were in Gamepro magazine.

RAY  
What do you want?

LEONARD  
A pass to the E convention.

RAY  
Can't help you.

LEONARD  
Why not?

RAY  
I got fired. Anything else?

LEONARD  
What's with the gloves.

Ray stops.

RAY  
I'm gonna kill someone. Maybe you.

INT. CROWN VITORIA - NIGHT

Kareem passes gas while enjoying a turkey sandwich. Harry roles down the window.

KAREEM  
Looks like chester the molester  
found a new friend.

HARRY  
Could you do me a favor?

KAREEM  
What?

HARRY

Next time we grab dinner, don't eat.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Ray picks up his pace. The kid right next to him.

RAY

You Arabic?

LEONARD

Italian.

RAY

Thank God.

LEONARD

You racist?

RAY

Yeah. I hate Arabs, cops, and little Italian boys with no life of their own.

LEONARD

You know what I hate?

RAY

Don't care.

LEONARD

OCD.

RAY

What?

LEONARD

Obsessive compulsive disorder. My mom had it, that's why I live with my dad.

Their eyes lock.

RAY

I don't have that.

LEONARD

Yes you do. That's why you wear those. Germs right?

Ray stops again.

LEONARD  
You'd be counting steps if I wasn't  
talking to you.

RAY  
Do you have a home?

LEONARD  
I live across the hall from you.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray and Leonard mash controllers in front of the TV. Leonard  
looks over at the booth.

LEONARD  
What's in there?

RAY  
Why you want to know. You a  
terrorist?

LEONARD  
Yeah I'm a terrorist. And you  
probably like chicken.

Phone RINGS.

LEONARD  
Got a bathroom?

Ray stares at the phone.

LEONARD  
Earth to psycho. Bathroom?

RAY  
Round the corner to the right.

Leonard disappears.

RAY  
Don't touch anything.

Ray's eyes dart back to the phone. He picks up.

RAY  
Hello.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Kill the dog Raymond.

RAY  
Now's not a good time.

GAMEKEEPER  
Should I leave a message?

RAY  
I have company.

BATHROOM

The bathrooms spotless. Leonard scans, opens the cabinet. Everything in the cabinet faces the same direction.

He notices three prescription pill bottles on the bottom shelf. The labels read: LUVOX, ANAFRANIL, MIRAPEX.

LEONARD  
Nutcase.

Leonard moves to the toilet. Relieves himself.

LIVING ROOM

Ray can hear the sound of urine splashing against the water.

RAY  
Let's make a deal.

GAMEKEEPER  
No deals.

RAY  
I kill the dog in exchange for my family.

GAMEKEEPER  
You're in no position to negotiate. Midnight. The dog lives, your daughters die.

Click. Leonard walks into the room.

LEONARD  
Nice bathroom.

RAY  
You have to go.

Ray ushers Leonard out.

LEONARD  
But we haven't finished-

RAY  
 Bad enough you're in my apartment.  
 People might start thinking things.

LEONARD  
 Like what?

RAY  
 Like my name's Pee Wee you're my  
 play toy for the evening.

They stand in the doorway.

LEONARD  
 I'm in Three A if you want to get  
 your game on.

RAY  
 Yeah, thanks.

Ray begins to shut the door.

LEONARD  
 What's your gamer tag?

RAY  
 Sanity.

LEONARD  
 What does that mean?

RAY  
 It's the state of being sane.

The door slams in Leonard's face, twice.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Ray paces back and forth in his room. Eyes focused on the  
 alarm clock. Decision time.

INT. CROWN VITORIA - NIGHT

Harry laid back in the seat still awake. Kareem knocked out  
 next to him. Harry spots Ray on the sidewalk.

HARRY  
 Hey. Our man's on the move.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Ray counts his steps as he briskly scoots past the front  
 entrance of the 7-11.

THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW

Abu's at the counter reading a magazine.

SIDEWALK

Ray dips into the alley.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ray pushes the dumpster away from the wall. A small brown bag lies on the floor. He grabs it, opens. Pulls out a Smith and Wesson .45 ACP.

Harry and Kareem hidden behind rusty metal trash cans watch from the high rise above the lot.

KAREEM

What the hell is he up to?

HARRY

Can't see. Dumpsters in the way.

The back door swings open. Abu with two trash bags in his hands heads for the dumpster.

ALLEY

Ray steps around the corner. Checks his watch. Takes out the .45. Cell phone rings. Ray fumbles the gun, drops it.

RAY

Shit.

PARKING LOT

Abu hears the clamor. Moves in Ray's direction cautiously.

ALLEY

Ray places the phone to his ear.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

Get rid of the gun. Pigs are watching.

Ray looks around. He sticks the gun back in the bag just as Abu appears around the corner.

ABU

Hey you. What are you doing? You go, get out of here.

Ray lifts the bag slowly, points the .45 at Abu. Abu freezes. He tries to say something, but nothing comes out.

Ray grimaces, closes his eyes. Abu dips around the corner. Ray FIRES, opens his eyes, Abu's gone.

HIGH RISE

The cops take off, guns drawn.

ALLEY

Ray notices the cops running down the sloped high rise.

RAY  
Hell with this.

Ray bolts for the street.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ray sprints down the sidewalk like a world class track star. The cops appear behind him. The chase is on.

Ray zips past two transexual PROSTITUTES. Cuts across the street. Cars HONK. Traffic skids to a stop.

Harry races past the prostitutes. Kareem crashes into them. One of the prostitutes falls to the ground, loses her wig. The cops continue across the street.

A garbage truck backs out of a small alley obstructing Ray's path. Bus on the left, Tai restaurant to the right.

The cops gaining ground. Ray runs through the open door.

INT. TAI RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Ray weaves his way past tables. A server drops a tray full of food as he races by.

The cops hot on his trail. People look on, appalled.

KITCHEN

A cook pushes a hanger full of skinned chickens. Ray barrels through like an all-pro running back.

Ray makes his way to the back door. Pulls on the handle, locked. He rushes up a stairway.

The cops splatter face first into the hanger. Chickens all over the floor.

They shake themselves off. Head up the stairs.

INT. VIP ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A half-naked woman lies on a colorful bed of palm leaves. An Asian man plucks sushi off her breast.

He turns to his WIFE, smiling with anticipation.

Ray bursts through the paper wall. The lady SCREAMS as Ray hurdles the couple.

RAY

Sorry.

Another door in sight. Ray pushes, this one's open. The cops rush through.

ASIAN WOMAN

This is where you take me for anniversary. I want a divorce.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Ray moves down the stairwell into the alley. A BUM paces.

BUM

Spare some change.

Ray tosses the bum the bag as he rushes past. The back door bangs open. The cops rush down the stairs, race past the bum.

Ray ducks around the corner. **BOOM**. A Bag lady hits him with her shopping cart. He squirms on the ground in pain.

The cops catch up, panting hard.

HARRY

Give it up Ray...Game over.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT- ROOM - LATER

Kareem watches Harry and Ray on a small monitor.

INTERROGATION ROOM

HARRY

...What I don't understand is why you would be looking behind a dumpster at midnight?

RAY

I told you, I thought I lost my watch.

HARRY

In a dark alley. *Right*. And the gun shot?

RAY

Is it legal for you guys to follow me? Isn't that a violation of my rights?

HARRY

Not when you're the lead suspect in a homicide. You better give me something relevant or I'll book your ass on evasion.

RAY

Do that and I'll sue.

HARRY

On what terms?

RAY

Discrimination.

Harry smirks.

HARRY

Okay Burns. Let's cut the shit. What are you hiding?

RAY

I'm not talking without a lawyer.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harry watches Ray walk down the hall counting steps as Kareem approaches from behind.

KAREEM

The guys obviously sick. We just need the evidence to prove he's killer.

HARRY

Since when does having OCD classify you as a killer?

KAREEM

You serious. Terrorist kidnapped his family. Give me a break. He's a racist nutcase. Probably thinks I'm a member of Al Qaeda.

HARRY

Are you?

KAREEM

*Funny.*

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - ROOFTOP- NIGHT

Ray teeters on the rooftop ledge. A sixty foot drop below. Just as he's about to fall to his death his cell phone RINGS.

RAY

Yeah.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

You failed Guinea Pig.

RAY

Wasn't my fault.

GAMEKEEPER

A shame your daughters won't live to see the light of day.

Two SHOTS blare over the phone. Ray crumbles to the ground. The life sucked out of him.

GAMEKEEPER

Just kidding.

RAY

You son of a bitch. I swear to god I'm going to kill you.

GAMEKEEPER

We'll take care of the dog later. The garter snakes are next.

Ray moves back to the ledge.

RAY

Tell me why you're doing this. Tell me now or...I'll kill myself.

GAMEKEEPER

Next time jump.

A HELICOPTER streaks above.

Like clock work, Ray stares up at it, snaps into a TRANCE. He glances at the windows of the building across the drop.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A heavy set man, the WATCHER, stands next to a window in a darkly lit apartment. Binoculars focused on Ray.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The Gamekeeper stands in front of Angela, phone to his ear. Their eyes glued on each other.

GAMEKEEPER

That's the least of your concerns.  
Listen carefully. Tomorrow morning  
a van will pick you up. Eight am  
sharp. You will be driven downtown.  
Many American lives are at stake.  
Do your job and your family will  
live. Fail again, and their bodies  
will be on the six o clock news.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NEXT DAY

A police helicopter buzzes over the city.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The hustle and bustle of Korea Town. Traffic cops. Beggars. Everyone moves with an individual purpose.

Large banners line sidewalks which say E Convention.

INT. LOS ANGELES CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Video game booths at every nook and cranny. The flow of traffic similar to that of ants on a wall.

Gamers dressed as their favorite virtual heroes. Live shows with huge flat at screens project animations.

A sexy HOSTESS maneuvers through the crowd with a platter full of energy drinks.

The hostess ducks behind a kiosk to relieve the corns on her crusty feet. Sets the platter on top of a game console box.

One box follows another creating a chain of boxes...

INSIDE BOX

A wiry maze dips and turns. One strand, thicker than the others, weaves it's way through clumps of fiber optic metal.

The wire descends into a small black box. On the top of the box two LED lights on red switch to green.

INT. CARGO VAN - ALLEY - DAY

Ray's nervous hands clutch a large remote control. His eyes focused on a lonely RED BUTTON.

The tip of an automatic weapon placed against his temple.

A GUNMEN stares at Ray, like a shark before a kill. Ray Lifts his hand, it hovers over the button for a bit as he shakes...

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - SECONDS LATER

A huge BOOM. Glass windows shatter. Smoke. Screams. Madness. Patrons on the street scramble for cover...

***It's 911 all over again.***

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY - LATER

FBI. CIA. DEA. Military soldiers swarm the building like an army of bees. News crews at the edges of the perimeter.

Helicopters patrol the air. Harry scans the surroundings. Slips past the police barricade.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Harry wanders slowly, takes it all in. Everything's black. Ashy. Looks like he's in Beirut. Something catches his eye.

A burnt to shit doll, half the face missing.

Harry picks up the doll. Rage takes hold of him as he glances up at the large gaping hole in the roof.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ray flips channels on the TV.

TASKER

Authorities are calling it the  
worst attack since nine eleven...

Another channel, another reporter.

FEMALE REPORTER

...At the Los Angeles Convention Center.

CNN. MSNBC. FOX NEWS. Ray shuts off the TV. A large butcher knife lies on the coffee table. He picks it up, places it under his neck.

A KNOCK at the door. Ray doesn't move. The knocking continues. He drops the knife, moves to the door.

INT./EXT. DOOR/HALLWAY

Ray watches Leonard through the peep hole.

RAY

What do you want?

LEONARD

Can you believe it? I could of been there.

Ray thinks, opens. Leonard cruises past him. Ray notices the large purple welt under Leonard's eye.

RAY

What happened to your eye?

LEONARD

Spider bite. Who would do something like that. All those people.

RAY

Shoes.

Leonard kicks off his sneakers as he opens the refrigerator. Items in the fridge perfectly aligned in GROUPS OF THREE.

Leonard removes a carton of juice, grabs a glass.

LEONARD

It's crazy. They raised the threat level to red. Whole city's on high alert.

Leonard moves to the couch. Ray watches impatiently. Leonard rests the glass on the table as he turns on the TV.

RAY

No.

LEONARD

What?

RAY  
The glass.

Ray tosses Leonard a coaster. Leonard notices the butcher knife. He shoots Ray a curious look.

LEONARD  
Jesus. Get a grip man.

RAY  
You can't stay I'm busy.

LEONARD  
Yeah, right. You got no job, no family-

Leonard catches himself.

LEONARD  
Sorry.

LEONARD  
Time to go.

Ray picks Leonard up by the arm and leads him to the door.

LEONARD  
What is it with you anyway?

RAY  
What do you mean?

LEONARD  
You a terrorist?

RAY  
Do I look like a terrorist.

LEONARD  
I don't know. What does a terrorist look like?

RAY  
Good question.

The door slams shut in Leonard's face, *twice*.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - CUBICLE - DAY

Ray stares at the flat screen with 3D goggles on his face. Cell phone to his ear. He lifts the M-16 controller to the TV. Unloads a series of shots.

RAY

Fuck Allah and fuck you.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

Civil Raymond. Let's be civil.

RAY

Civil. You call what you're doing civil.

GAMEKEEPER

I didn't do anything. You did.

RAY

Yeah. Well I swear to Allah I'm going to kill you. I'm going to find you and kill you. Do you hear me.

GAMEKEEPER

How can you kill what doesn't exist?

RAY

You're real, I'm talking to right asshole!

Ray slings the phone against the wall.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - OFFICE - DAY

Harry and Kareem sit in front of Thomas.

THOMAS

I just got off the phone with the secretary of defense. The governor has his cigar shoved ten inches up my ass. Now unless you've got something solid, get out on the street and arrest a real criminal.

HARRY

He does two years in Irag and gets discharged due to a medical disability. A year later his son drowns in the backyard. Now he's walking around wearing gloves and inviting little boys into his house for tea parties.

THOMAS

I don't give a shit if he's got every disability known to man and fondling half the kids on his block. The point is you got nothin'.

KAREEM

He said his family's been kidnapped by terrorists. He thinks I'm one of them.

THOMAS

Are you?

KAREEM

*Funny.* You guys share jokes.

Thomas thinks.

THOMAS

Alright look, no leaks to the media. No ties to the Cobb murder. Now get out of here and get the warrant.

EXT. BURN'S HOME - DAY

Harry and Kareem at the front door. Kareem knocks.

KAREEM

Do I look like a terrorist?

HARRY

Yeah. Dial the number.

INT. BURN'S HOME - DAY

The phone next to a small white answering machine. It kicks in after several rings.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Hi, you've reached the Burns home. We're on vacation for the holidays and won't be back for several weeks. Please leave a message at the beep.

BEEP.

EXT. BURN'S HOME - DAY

Kareem probes his crotch. Harry stares at him, disgusted.

KAREEM

Answering machine. Says she took  
the kids on vacation.

HARRY

Alright.

SWAT moves in with the battering ram.

KAREEM

Man, I got an itch.

HARRY

Preparation H. Works wonders.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY MEDICAL - DAY

A pudgy RN leads Ray to his room down a long corridor. Ray carries a towel and linens. They move past a CRAZY PATIENT being restrained by several ORDERLIES.

PATIENT

They're after me. Get off, they're  
coming to get me.

RN

Here's your room.

The RN sticks the key in the door.

RN

You'll be staying with Howard. He's  
a bit of a religious nut. Good  
luck.

The RN leaves as Ray enters.

ROOM

HOWARD BRIMLEY, excessively thin and angular, with long mangled hair is doing a serious Tai Chi.

HOWARD

I knew you would come. My name is  
Peter, I will follow you into  
darkness.

RAY

Excuse me?

Howard stops. Bows.

HOWARD

No need to pretend, I know who you are.

RAY

Who am I?

HOWARD

You're the Messiah. Jesus of Nazareth.

INT. BURN'S HOME - DAY

ATF and SWAT comb over Angela's home. Harry moves up the stairs towards the master bedroom.

MASTER BEDROOM

Harry takes down a family photo off the wall. Brushes his hand gently over the picture.

INT. PINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Steve Tasker having lunch with members of his news team.

TASKER

...CEO of one of the game companies gets murdered. Raymond Burns was fired. Next day someone blows up a game convention.

CAMERA MAN

Makes sense if you connect the dots.

TASKER

He said his family was kidnapped by terrorists. Then he said Herman Cobb.

MAKEUP ARTIST

It doesn't make any sense. Why would they target a video game convention? Why not the White House? Something with more significance...What about the wife?

TASKER

Nowhere to be found. So I say we-

Tasker's interrupted by a fleet of squad cars flying by the window. SWAT van, sirens BLARING.

TASKER

Hey, hey...

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door CRASHES open from the force of the battering ram. SWAT moves in, automatic weapons pointed in every direction.

SWAT MEMBER opens Ray's game cubicle. Sticks his firearm through, steps inside.

STEEL CUBICLE

The SWAT member flips the switch, black lights come to life.

SWAT MEMBER

Might want to take a look at this.

Harry enters. Scans, notices a note tacked above the flat screen.

Reads: "LIFE IS LIKE A VIDEO GAME. NONE OF THIS IS REAL."

BEDROOM

Kareem and two ATF agents scan Ray's bedroom. Kareem opens the closet. Ray's military suit hangs in the center, it's eerie looking.

Five pairs of black steel toe combat boots are neatly stacked together on the floor.

ATF AGENT (O.S.)

Clear.

Harry walks in.

HARRY

Found these in the bathroom.

Harry hands Kareem the pill bottles.

KAREEM

It's only a matter of time before this nut starts hacking up half the city.

HARRY

Luvox can also be used in treating premature ejaculation problems as well as insomnia.

KAREEM

Yeah well tell that to the media  
after victim number six. Let's get  
out of here, this place gives me  
the creeps.

Kareem walks out.

HARRY

Pussy.

EXT. RAY'S BUILDING - DAY

Harry and Kareem are met by Tasker's news team.

TASKER

Detective Smits could you tell us  
why you raided Raymond Burns  
apartment?

HARRY

Get a real job Steve.

Harry moves past them.

TASKER

Is it true terrorists have  
kidnapped his family?

HARRY

Now where did you hear that?

TASKER

He told me.

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY MEDICAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Ray lies in bed counting the small white stucco dots on the  
ceiling. Howard, full of bloody scratch marks, is doing  
jumping jacks naked.

HOWARD

All those pictures of you on tv are  
totally distorted. I knew you were  
black all along.

RAY

Could you please put some clothes  
on.

HOWARD

How did you get down from that cross. That's what I can't figure out.

RAY

I flew.

Howard stops, puts his hands on his hips.

HOWARD

You can fly too?

An RN opens the door.

RN

Shit. Code ten. We got a code ten in here!

More nurses enter. Tackle Howard to the ground as he screams in pain.

HOWARD

Jesus. Jesus help me! Punish them, for they know not what they do!

The RN's stand Howard upright. Place a gown over him. Howard's pushed towards the door.

RN

Put him in iso.

HOWARD

I'll wait for you Jesus of Nazareth. I know you'll protect me.

Howard's out the door.

RN

You okay?

RAY

I'm fine.

The RN heads out. Ray takes a minute to enjoy his new found solitude. He notices a manila ENVELOPE on the corner table.

He stands, moves toward the table. Begins to pick up the envelope, then stops. This wasn't here a minute ago.

He walks to the door. Opens. Scans.

HALL

Two male RN's joke loudly down the hall. A SECURITY OFFICER smooth talks a female STAFFER behind the check-in counter.

Ray steps back into the room, shuts the door. He stares at the envelope. His face full of doubt, as if it's filled with some sort of cryptic message that could ruin in his life.

EXT. SKY - SOMEWHERE IN IRAQ - FLASHBACK

The WHIR of helicopter blades. A 40 MI-17 helicopter circles the city below.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Ray posted against the wall with an MP 5 submachine gun. He's a mess. He glances up at the chopper.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

A SOLDIER moves around the room, M-16 in his hands. He notices a DOLL on a small table. Begins to pick it up.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Ray glances around the corner.

RAY  
Don't touch that!

BOOM.

INT. COUNTY MEDICAL - NIGHT

Ray studies the envelope. He picks it up, opens.

Reads: *"You can run but you can't hide. Kill the dog Guinea Pig. Or youngest cub dies tonight."*

Ray steps back from the table, drops the envelope. He sits on the edge of the bed. Thinking. Tick...tick...

INT. ABU'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A NAKED WOMAN mounted on top of Abu. They go at it hard.

Ray steps out of the shadows, .45 in his hand. Abu notices, pushes the woman off him.

She looks back and sees Ray with the gun raised. She SCREAMS.

ABU  
Oh my god. Oh god, what are you  
doing?

RAY  
Please. I don't want to hurt you.

ABU  
Who are you? What are you doing  
this for? You want money. I get  
money for you.

Abu reaches for his wallet on the night stand.

RAY  
Stop.

Abu freezes.

RAY  
Are you Abu Hejal?

ABU  
Me. No, no my name is Hasaan.  
Hasaan Adams. I show you-

RAY  
You work at the 7-11. The one on  
twenty third street.

ABU  
Yes. But please, you are mistaken.  
I-

RAY  
Shhh. It's not real. None of this  
is real.

ABU  
What?

RAY  
You see, life is like a video game.  
If I shoot you, you won't really  
die.

WOMAN  
(Arabic)  
He's crazy.

RAY  
Once it's over. God will press  
reset and you'll come back to life.

Ray clicks the safety on and off trying hard to believe his own words.

ABU  
Mister. Please....

**BANG.** Abu's head falls back against the headrest. The woman screams again. **BANG.** She slumps, motionless. Ray paces back and forth nervously.

INT. SMIT'S HOME - NIGHT

Harry and his wife CATHERINE sit at opposite ends of the dinner table eating in silence.

CATHERINE  
I'm taking pottery classes.

HARRY  
When you start that?

CATHERINE  
Six months ago.

Harry cuts into his dry chicken breast.

CATHERINE  
I want another baby.

Catherine knocks back a full glass of wine.

HARRY  
Now hun, we've been over this.

CATHERINE  
While you're out saving the world, our marriage is falling apart. You haven't been to one of Jason's games. Not one.

HARRY  
Last case. After this, I'm all yours.

CATHERINE  
You just don't get it do you. A marriage isn't like some sports star's contract. You don't sign on the dotted line and get bonuses when you score a touchdown or hit the game winning shot. You-

Harry's cell phone RINGS. He stares at the caller ID.

HARRY

Just give me *one* second.

Catherine storms away from the table.

INT. ABU'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A police PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture of the couple's lifeless bodies. Harry peels back the bed sheets.

HARRY

You recognize this guy?

KAREEM

Sure, all Arabs know each other.

HARRY

It's the clerk from the 7-11.

Kareem takes a closer look.

KAREEM

Bingo. Victim's two and three. Just curious, how many bodies does it take to be classified as a serial killer?

INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - ROLLING - NIGHT

Ray on the phone.

RAY

You know what this is doing to me? I'm all messed up in the head.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

Funny you say that. Tomorrow I've arranged for you to see a vet.

RAY

Vet?

GAMEKEEPER

Doctor Evelyn Chow.

RAY

You kidnap my family. Force me to kill innocent people. And now you want me to see a psychiatrist.

GAMEKEEPER

It's all part of the game Guinea Pig.

RAY

Game, what game? *What the hell is wrong you!*

Click.

INT. FAITH CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Ray opens the door to the confession booth. A PREACHER looks up at him with a stunned expression on his face.

PREACHER

Can I help you, son?

CHURCH HALL - LATER

A grandiose altar decorated with hundreds of beautiful votive candles. Ray's on his knees in prayer.

Harry strolls up behind him.

HARRY

Think he hears you?

Ray turns.

HARRY

Faith's a funny thing. Kind of like a lover that comes and goes.

RAY

What do you want detective?

HARRY

Obsessive compulsive disorder. Recurrent and persistent thoughts that cause marked anxiety or distress. That's what the luvox is for right?

RAY

You don't know me.

HARRY

The person eventually thinks things are happening that are not really happening.

RAY  
You don't know anything.

HARRY  
Maybe you're right. So why don't  
you tell me?

A scholarly MAN takes his place in the back row. Ray notices,  
speaks softly.

RAY  
I already told you. I didn't kill  
anyone.

Harry kneels next to him.

HARRY  
I arrested a guy once, he was an  
ordained minister. Burnt his whole  
family. Wife. Two kids. Even the  
dog. When we brought him in for  
questioning you know what he said?

RAY  
What?

HARRY  
The voice in my head made me do it.  
What is that inner voice telling  
you, Ray?

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

Ray and his PUBLIC DEFENDER sit in front of Harry and Kareem.

KAREEM  
That's three murders in three days.

HARRY  
Not to mention an act of terrorism  
that killed hundreds.

Ray and the cops battle with their eyes.

HARRY  
Seen your wife and kids lately Ray?

PUBLIC DEFENDER  
You don't have one single piece of  
solid evidence.

HARRY

What we have are three dead bodies,  
and a guy running around accusing  
people of being terrorists.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

My client's delusional. I have the  
medical records to prove it.

The PD slaps a file on the desk.

KAREEM

He evaded police.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

He ran because he was scared. He's  
scared of a lot of things.

PD focuses on Kareem.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Including a cop looking for a  
promotion in a high profile murder  
case.

KAREEM

That's not what this is about.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

I know your father. Worked with him  
on the Jones case. He's an arrogant  
prick just like you. Let's go.

The Public Defender and Ray head for the door. The PD turns  
back to the cops as Ray walks out.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

(To Kareem)

I wonder if internal affairs knows  
about your escapades with high  
profile prostitutes.

KAREEM

Tell your hubby I said hi.

Ray and PD walk out. Harry shoots Kareem an annoyed look.

KAREEM

What?

HARRY

No wonder you got an itch.

INT. UCLA - OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits in front of doctor EVELYN CHOW. She's attractive in a naughty secretary sort of way.

Ray pushes his eyeglasses up on his face as he begins to heave. Evelyn hands him a small cup of water.

EVELYN

What are you afraid of Raymond?

RAY

Needles.

EVELYN

I meant why are you afraid of the voice in your head?

Ray gulps down the water.

RAY

Horrible things.

EVELYN

The voice is telling you to do horrible things?

RAY

Yes.

EVELYN

Like what?

RAY

Murders.

EVELYN

Have you acted on these impulses?

Ray fidgets.

RAY

No. I could never do something like that.

EVELYN

Sometimes the circumstances of a person's life cause them to act irrational. Maybe even violently. Do you think your divorce is causing these feelings?

RAY  
In a way, yes.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY - LATER

Ray looks through a pair of binoculars. Evelyn feeds her bull dog in the back yard. Ray lifts his cell phone to his ear.

RAY  
I can't do this.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Then your family will die.

RAY  
I'm going to the police. I'll tell them everything.

GAMEKEEPER  
Maybe you've forgotten we don't exist. We are a figment of your imagination. You pulled the trigger. So it is you who will spend the rest of your life in jail.

RAY  
They're not animals. They're people.

GAMEKEEPER  
The definition of an animal is that which is lower than human in the natural order. That is what I think of Americans.

RAY  
You know what a killjoy is?

GAMEKEEPER  
Enlighten me.

RAY  
A killjoy is one that spoils the pleasure of others. That's what I'm going to do to you. Spoil your pleasure.

GAMEKEEPER  
I'm looking forward to it.

RAY  
Go fuck yourself.

GAMEKEEPER

I'd rather fuck your wife.

EXT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Ray drops over a large brick wall.

He places a ski mask over his face as he hustles towards the glass doors on the patio entrance.

Suddenly, a muscular bull dog rears its ugly head from a small dog house.

It **GROWLS**, eyes on Ray. Ray's stuck between the door and the dog. The bull dog rushes him.

Ray scrambles for the glass doors. The dog leaps in the air, splatters face first against the glass.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Another low **GROWL**. Ray turns.

A small Pomeranian itches for a fight.

BATHROOM

Evelyn under the shower. She shuts off the water.

INT. EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Evelyn moves through the house in a bath robe blotting her wet hair with a towel.

She stops when she notices mud tracks on the custom tiles.

EVELYN

Tiny?

She cautiously moves toward a closet. Pulls out a long metal golf club.

EVELYN

Here girl.

BIG BEN CLOCK

Ray watches Evelyn from inside the clock. Tiny cradled in his arms with her mouth held shut.

Evelyn inches towards the mobile phone on a small desk.

LIVING ROOM

Ray steps out of the clock. Evelyn **screams**.

RAY  
Evelyn it's me.

He removes the ski mask.

RAY  
It's me Ray.

EVELYN  
Raymond? What are you doing in my house?

RAY  
I know the way it looks. You have to listen. Just trust me.

EVELYN  
No. No, I'm calling the police.

Evelyn reaches for the phone. Ray takes out his .45 Colt.

He fumbles the gun out of his hands, picks it up and aims it at Evelyn. She's frozen with fear.

RAY  
Don't make this harder than it has to be.

EVELYN  
Oh my god.

RAY  
I need you to be calm. I don't want to hurt you.

EVELYN  
Why, why are you doing this?

RAY  
I was sent here to kill you. This guy, calls himself the Gamekeeper's got my family.

EVELYN  
What does that have to do with me?

RAY

He wouldn't tell me. All I know is  
he wants you dead, and if I don't  
deliver he's going to kill my wife.

Evelyn eyes the phone.

EVELYN

I don't want to die.

RAY

You won't.

EVELYN

I don't understand.

RAY

I want you to leave. Go somewhere,  
out of state. When you get  
someplace safe you call the FBI.  
Give them my name. Tell them my  
family's been kidnapped by  
terrorists and a member of the LAPD  
may be involved.

EVELYN

Ray I-

RAY

Tell them I was the one that blew  
up the Convention Center.

EVELYN

What?

RAY

I didn't have a choice.

EVELYN

Jesus.

RAY

Get dressed. I'll take you to the  
bus station.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - HOMICIDE - DAY

Thomas tosses an envelope on Harry's desk.

HARRY

What's this?

THOMAS  
Restraining order.

HARRY  
From who?

THOMAS  
Guess.

Harry opens. Flips through to back page.

CLAIMANT-RAYMOND BURNS. DEFENDANT-HARRY SMITS.

INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY

Ray and Evelyn hop in the car. Like a skilled magician the Watcher pops up in the back seat with lightning quickness.

A syringe injects into Evelyn's neck. The Watcher's Jericho .9mm placed against the back of Ray's head.

WATCHER  
You have gun?

Ray, panicked, hands over his .45.

WATCHER  
Drive, nice and slow.

EXT. STREET - TRAFFIC LIGHT - DAY

The traffic signal changes from green to red. Ray's Chevy creeps to a stop behind an SUV.

A police patrol car pulls into the adjacent lane. The OFFICER in the passenger seat glances over.

INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY

WATCHER  
No funny business.

They wait for the light. Ray notices the sticker on the bumper of the SUV.

TWO CARTOON CHARACTERS: ONE STRANGLES THE OTHER. THE CAPTION SAYS "HELP".

The red and blue lights on the patrol car FLASH. Ray tenses up, ready for action. The officers take off down the street.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A loud KNOCK on the door. It's repeated several times. The door is pushed open. Leonard stands in the hallway with a video game in his hand.

LEONARD

Ray?

Leonard steps inside, looks around.

LEONARD

Hey Ray. I got Grand Theft Auto four. The explicit version.

Leonard pushes open the bedroom door.

LEONARD

It's got sex in it. Prostitutes, car chases, all the good stuff. Ray?

Leonard eyes the cubicle. He moves towards it, steps inside.

STEEL CUBICLE

Leonard flips a switch on the wall. The room comes to life. He scans, this is a gamers paradise.

LEONARD

Holy shit.

He picks up 3D goggles. Straps himself into the chair. Presses a button on the chair pad.

*Leonard escapes into another world...*

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Ray and Evelyn are chained, blindfolded, to a thick metal rail. Rain drops from the leaky roof drip down on to them.

The Gamekeeper and three armed gunmen enter in ski masks.

GAMEKEEPER

Good evening Guinea Pig. Nice to finally meet you.

The Gamekeeper removes Ray's blindfold.

GAMEKEEPER

How are you feeling?

Ray struggles to his feet. Anger in his eyes.

GAMEKEEPER

Ah, angry. You should be. You have probably thought of a thousand ways to kill me yes.

RAY

More than you know.

GAMEKEEPER

Tell me something. How valuable is Angela's life to you?

RAY

Touch one hair on her head and I'll slit your throat.

The Gamekeeper nods to one of the gunmen. He turns on a small television.

ON THE MONITOR

Angela sits on the floor of a tiny room blindfolded. Feet and hands tied together with a chain.

RAY

Angie?

GAMEKEEPER

Your wife stuck with you through your illness. But when you cheated she had enough, yes?

RAY

She told you that?

GAMEKEEPER

I know many things.

The Gamekeeper places the tip of his uzi to Ray's temple.

GAMEKEEPER

Let's not get too emotional. Time for you to complete the mission.

A gunmen places an uzi in Ray's hand.

GAMEKEEPER

You will kill the vet. Or my associate will shed Angela's blood.

RAY  
Don't do this.

GAMEKEEPER  
You will fire on my count. Kill the  
vet, or we kill your wife. On five.  
One...

RAY  
No.

GAMEKEEPER  
You are a killer. Two.

RAY  
Please.

GAMEKEEPER  
You have killed many. Three.

RAY  
I can't. I can't.

GAMEKEEPER  
Kill the vet Raymond. Four.

RAY  
No! Your not real. None of this is  
happening right now.

Ray closes his eyes.

GAMEKEEPER  
On the screen Raymond.

Ray opens his eyes.

ON THE SCREEN

The Gunmen with an automatic weapon placed against Angela's  
head. She's in distress.

EVELYN  
Don't.

RAY  
I'm sorry.

Ray FIRES multiple rounds into Evelyn. Angela lets out a  
piercing **scream**.

ANGELA  
*Raymond!*

The Gamekeeper injects a syringe into Ray's neck.

OVER BLACK.

RAY (V.O.)  
It's not real. None of this is  
real.

INT. AA MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A small cramped room full of AA members. Ray amongst them in the same street clothes he had on at the warehouse.

RAY  
My name is Raymond, and I'm an  
addict.

MEMBERS  
*Hi Ray.*

RAY  
I um...

Ray's lost in his thoughts.

LEAD COUNSELOR (O.S)  
We're all addicts here Ray. No  
secrets.

RAY  
Um...I've been addicted to video  
games for a while now. They kind,  
they kind of allow me to escape to  
another world.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - STEEL CUBICLE - NIGHT

Ray's playing NBA LIVE on his flat screen. His cell phone RINGS. He pauses the game. Stares at his phone.

His eyes wander over to the sign tacked above his flat screen. LIFE IS LIKE A VIDEO GAME, NONE OF THIS IS REAL.

ON THE SCREEN

Caller ID blocked.

Ray's latex fingers tap the screen, picks up.

RAY  
Yeah...

No answer. He hangs up. The Gamekeeper's distorted voice BLARES through speakers in the room.

Ray looks around, he's losing it.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Flip your channel setting to video.

RAY  
How are you talking through my speakers?

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
I'm not. I'm in your head Ray. Now open your chair pad.

He does.

RAY  
This is bullshit.

ON THE SCREEN

IT'S SHOWTIME. TWO TICKETS TO THE LAKE SHOW. ENJOY WATCHING KOBE AND THE LAKERS TAKE ON KING JAMES.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Thought I would reward you for your hard work and dedication.

RAY  
*I want you out of my head. Get out of my head!*

Ray pounds his fist against the side of his head.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Look on top of your flat screen. You'll find two tickets. Thought you could bring a friend.

Ray stands, walks over to the flat screen. Feels his way on top. Pulls down two Laker tickets.

RAY  
You're sick.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
No Raymond. I'm afraid you're the sick one.

INT. SMIT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry with a bowl of chips and beer in front of the TV dressed in his Kobe Jersey.

ON THE TV...Shots of the Laker crowd at Staples.

Harry spots Ray sitting with Leonard.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

Ray and Leonard sit amongst the crowd. Leonard stuffs his face with candy.

LEONARD  
Kobe speaks Italian.

RAY  
I know.

LEONARD  
Think he's better than Michael?

RAY  
Good question.

They watch the game. Leonard looks at Ray checking his cell phone. His legs twitch nervously.

LEONARD  
Why are you always checking that thing?

Ray's cell phone rings. He puts it to his ear slowly, staring at Leonard.

RAY  
Yeah.

WATCHER (V.O.)  
You're being watched.

Ray scans the crowd.

RAY  
Tell me something I don't know.

WATCHER  
Undercover agents. Walk to the bathroom. I distract them.

Ray hangs up.

RAY  
I'm gonna head to the bathroom.  
Stay here.

Ray moves up the stairs, drink in his hand. Past the under cover AGENT at the edge of the aisle.

AGENT  
(Into jacket)  
He's moving.

INT. ARENA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Harry munches on a bag of popcorn at the concession counter.

HARRY  
Let's do this nice and quiet. Try  
not to cause a scene.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The agent follows Ray up the stairs. Ray moves through the arena gates, past another AGENT dressed as a security guard.

Ray bounces down the steps counting under his breath. Picks up his pace as the agents tail him.

Ray heads for the restroom. Kareem mops the floor in a janitors outfit. Baseball cap covers his face.

KAREEM  
He's headed for the restrooms.

HARRY (V.O.)  
Don't let him out of your sight.

Ray takes his place in a long line. His eyes dart in every direction. He freezes, stares up at the big screen.

ON THE MONITOR

Previews of a video game. A helicopter BUZZES over a holographic jungle.

RAY'S STUCK IN HIS TRANCE.

ON THE MONITOR

Screen blacks out. Unexpectedly, a face covered by a ski mask appears. The face motions as if it's watching Ray.

The face removes the ski mask, it's Ray's wife ANGELA.

ARENA

The agents move forward, closing in. All of a sudden A beefy TUFF GUY bumps into Ray. Soda spills all over the tuff guy.

TUFF GUY  
What the fuck is your problem?

RAY  
Hey man, I'm sorry.

The Watcher stands behind them.

WATCHER  
What you talking? You bump him.

TUFF GUY  
I bump him. Why don't you learn english asshole.

WATCHER  
Fuck you buddy.

TUFF GUY  
What?

WATCHER  
Go fuck yourself.

The Tuff Guy balls his fists. The Watcher pulls out a .357 magnum. People in the line scramble for cover.

Kareem tries to look past all the madness. He can't get a clear view of what's going on. The crowd disperses.

KAREEM  
Nutcass just pulled out a gun.

The Watcher and Ray blend into the crowd.

AGENT 1  
Where is he?

KAREEM  
I can't see anything. There's people all over the place.

Harry runs toward the action. Removes his .22 Ruger. A WOMAN in the crowd notices.

WOMAN

*He's got a gun!*

HARRY

So much for quietly.

Pandemonium. Harry scans the crowd, spots Ray bolting for the stadium doors.

HARRY

(Into walkie)

He's headed for the parking lot.

INT. STAPLE'S CENTER - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Ray and the Watcher push aside a FAN, taking his Chevy Impala decked out in Laker colors. Ray takes the drivers side.

The cops pile into a series of Crown Victorias. The Impala slams into a Mercedes. Ray keeps driving. The Impala rams the ticket gate. Five Crown Victorias in hot pursuit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Impala weaves through traffic. Through a red light, a four way intersection. One car crashes into another like bumper cars. The Crown Victorias still giving chase.

Three cop cars make it through the intersection, two blind sided by oncoming traffic.

The Impala speeds up the highway ramp.

EXT. FOUR LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Four big rigs run side by side. The Impala cuts across the lane directly in front of them.

The trucks BLAST air horns. The Crown Victorias enter the highway. Caught behind the big rigs.

INT. CROWN VITORIA - ROLLING - NIGHT

Kareem drives with Harry in the passenger seat.

HARRY

You're losing him, you're losing him.

KAREEM

Can't get around these damn trucks.

HARRY

(Into walkie)

Air one, this is Detective Smits.  
We're in pursuit of a suspect in a  
yellow Chevy Impala heading east  
bound on the 405. I need air  
support.

INT. AIR ONE CHOPPER - NIGHT

HELICOPTER PILOT

This is Air One. I'm heading over  
now.

HIGHWAY

The Impala jumps from lane to lane, clips cars along the way.

BIG RIG

The TRUCK DRIVER looks in his side mirror. Notices the red  
cop lights flashing.

The Trucker moves to the side to allow the cops to pass.

CHEVY

Ray glances through the front window, spots Air One heading  
straight for them.

WATCHER

They sending in chopper. Veer off.

RAY

I got this.

WATCHER

You don't tell me, I'm  
professional.

The Watcher grabs the steering wheel as the two men struggle.  
The Impala swerves, clips the side of a Dodge Charger.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Charger SPINS out of control. Two of the Crown Victorias  
SLAM into it. The last remaining Victoria skids to a halt  
avoiding the collision. Cars behind skid, pile up.

Through the window, Kareem sees the four big rigs baring down  
on them. As the they are about to deliver a death blow, the  
trucks screech to a stop, inches from the passenger door.

The Impala peels off an exit ramp.

EXT. LA RIVER UNDERPASS - MINUTES LATER

The Impala sits in the dry LA river, under a bridge.

IMPALA

WATCHER

I told you. I'm professional.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - INTERROGATION - NIGHT

Leonard in front of Harry and Kareem. Candy wrappers on the table. Chocolate smeared over his mouth.

LEONARD

You can't interrogate me. I'm only eight.

KAREEM

We're not interrogating you. We just want-

LEONARD

He doesn't like cops, Arabs, and Italians. Can I go home now?

COMPUTER ROOM

Harry and Kareem hover over a geeky COMPUTER TECH. The Tech scrolls over a video machine.

HARRY

We need to find out who pulled out that gun. Keep going.

KAREEM

You kidding me. He did.

HARRY

If he pulled it then how'd he get it past security.

TECHIE

Problem is it's a rotating camera. We see him standing in line.

ON THE MONITOR

The screen shrinks into a close up of Ray's face. He's staring up at something.

Camera pans away to the rest room entrance. Back to where Ray was standing right after people started scrambling.

TECHIE

Then we've got a bunch of people running from an unseen gunmen.

HARRY

Rewind it.

ON THE MONITOR...Tape back tracks to Ray frozen stiff. Harry looks at it, thinks.

KAREEM

What's he staring at?

HARRY

The big screen. Something on it had his attention.

KAREEM

Yeah, his delusions.

INT. IMPALA - MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Watcher hands Ray a wad of cash.

WATCHER

Money for motel. I pick you up in the morning. Tomorrow you kill the rat.

INT. MOTEL - OFFICE - NIGHT

The European NIGHT MANAGER watches Michael Douglas in, "FALLING DOWN" on TV. Ray enters, the Night Manager notices the latex gloves.

NIGHT MANAGER

What you need?

RAY

I'd like a room, please.

NIGHT MANAGER

Ninety nine.

Ray forks over the cash. The Night Manager pulls a key.

NIGHT MANAGER

You in three A. No drug or prostitute.

(MORE)

NIGHT MANAGER (cont'd)  
 I have experience with weirdos like  
 you. You make trouble, I get  
 Sheila.

RAY  
 Sheila?

The Night Manager ducks behind the counter. Pulls out a long  
 sleek double barrel shotgun.

NIGHT MANAGER  
 Sheila.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Ray stands in the middle of a mangy room with black walls and  
 dirty sheets. He moves toward a small coffee table, picks up  
 the remote, turns on the TV.

ON THE TV

THOMAS holds a press conference in front of NEWS REPORTERS.

THOMAS  
 ...We believe Mister Burns to be  
 armed and dangerous. Questions?

The reporters slam Thomas with questions.

MOTEL ROOM

Ray's cell phone RINGS. He stares at it, picks up.

RAY  
 Hello.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
 You've become quite the celebrity.

RAY  
 Thanks to you.

GAMEKEEPER  
 There is a warehouse at 1475  
 Strathern. You will see a man by  
 the name of Bob. Ask mister Bob to  
 make you a face.

RAY  
 I don't have a car.

GAMEKEEPER

My associate is waiting outside for you.

Click. A loud KNOCK at the door. Ray moves towards the curtains. The Night Manager stands at the door.

Ray begins to open, hesitates.

RAY

Yes.

NIGHT MANAGER (O.S.)

You forgot to sign paper work.

RAY

What are you talking about?

NIGHT MANAGER

For check in.

RAY

Can I do it in the morning? I'm not feeling well.

NIGHT MANAGER

No paper work. No stay.

RAY

Okay. Just give me a minute.

He looks around. Darts into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Ray pushes open the small window above the toilet several times before climbing through.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ray drops out the window. He quickly moves to the side of the Motel, peers around the corner.

He notices the Night Manager with "*SHEILA*" in his hands.

Headlights from the Watcher's SUV FLASH across the street. Ray dashes across the parking lot.

The Night Manager notices, unloads two SHOTS. Ray runs in a zig zag motion, bullets WHIZZ by his head.

NIGHT MANAGER

You fucking terrorist. Try to stay  
at my motel.

The Night Manager reloads, in a drunken crazed rage.

NIGHT MANAGER

I kill you myself.

Ray jumps in the passengers seat of the SUV just as a bullet  
BLOWS out the rear window.

The bullet hits the Watcher in the shoulder.

Ray sees he's in pain. He hops out and pushes the Watcher  
into the passenger seat. He takes the wheel as a bullet blows  
out the front windshield.

RAY

Where to?

WATCHER

Just drive. I tell you.

The SUV speeds off down the street.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE OF WAX - NIGHT - LATER

MR. BOB, an over the hill rocker covered in tats, works on  
Ray in the middle of creepy wax figures.

Bob applies the finishing touches to Ray's face. Rotates the  
chair so that Ray faces the mirror.

Ray's WHITE. BALD. CLEAN SHAVEN. He looks like the video game  
character "THE HITMAN".

BOB

How's that?

The Watcher enters with a sling around his shoulder.

WATCHER

You look like new person.

BOB

You have something for me?

Ray hands Bob some cash.

WATCHER

Good. Here is fake ID. Thank Bob  
for this.

The Watcher hands Ray his fake license. Ray stares at it for a beat. He looks around, scratches his head.

RAY  
Where am I sleeping?

BOB  
You can stay here.

RAY  
Here.

Bob's cell phone rings. He picks up.

BOB  
(Into cell phone)  
Yeah...okay...

Ray looks at the wax figurines. They are strikingly life like. King Kong. Robert Dinero. Michael Jackson.

The Watcher pulls out his .357 Magnum.

WATCHER  
Yes here. You have problem with that?

RAY  
No. What about him?

BOB  
(Into cell phone)  
Hang on a second.

Bob shoots Ray a don't fuck with me look.

BOB  
What about me?

WATCHER  
(To Bob in Russian)  
This faggot asks too many questions.

The Watcher lights a cigarette.

WATCHER  
He's friend of mine. Russian. Did favor for my family long time ago. I trust him like brother.

Mr. Bob leaves. Ray plops on a small worn down love seat.

WATCHER

That is mine. You sleep on the floor. In the morning I take you to the college. Then you kill rat.

Ray moves to the dirty floor.

RAY

Who is this rat you keep talking about?

WATCHER

My boss will tell you in the morning.

INT. UCLA - AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium's filled with college students. White Ray takes a seat. Professor NEFRIM BALI, a dapper man in his 50's, stands at the podium.

BALI

Welcome to politics of the middle east. My name is Professor Nefrim Bali...

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

The rat, Nefrim Bali. In the mid nineties the good doctor funded various terrorist organizations through money laundering and illegal arms dealing. These groups did not see eye to eye with our practices. In two thousand three the FBI arrested him. Due to his political connections he was released on bail.

RAY (V.O.)

Why is he on the list?

GAMEKEEPER

He later cooperated with authorities. He implicated my brother in plans to blow up a college campus.

RAY

Wait a second. Your brother? That's what this is about?

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Ray stands on the corner outside of the WET WELL BAR. He nervously looks back at the Watcher sitting in a black ESCALADE. The Watcher nods.

Ray pushes his spectacles up on his face, steps inside.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

No more questions Guinea Pig. You will follow the rat to his favorite bar.

INT. WET WELL BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Bali is seated at the bar. Ray eats peanuts in the corner of the room.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

He prefers the company of men. You will make yourself available to him yes. Or I will slit your wife's throat ear to ear.

Bali glances quickly at a lonely PATRON on the other end of the bar. The two men flirt with their eyes.

The man moves toward Bali, before he can sit Ray takes the seat next to Bali.

RAY

What you drinking?

BALI

Bourbon.

RAY

(To bartender)  
Two shots of Bourbon.

BALI

Nefrim Bali.

RAY

Ted.

Bali extends his hand. Ray takes it.

BALI

Just Ted?

RAY

Ted White.

The BARTENDER places drinks in front of them. The men toast. Drink. Ray glances up at the TV.

ON THE TV...Steve Tasker broadcasts behind his news desk.

White Ray stares at a DRIVERS LICENSE PHOTO of Black Ray in the corner of the screen.

RAY  
Whole thing's crazy. You think he did it?

BALI  
Wouldn't surprise me.

RAY  
Why's that?

Bali lights a cigar. Ray takes out a handkerchief and wipes the brim of his empty shot glass.

BALI  
Such acts are usually done by a single person. It's easy to point the finger at organizations like Al Qaeda and Hamas. The truth is it's probably some nut whose life has gone to shit.

INT. BALI'S HOME - LATER

Nefrim sits in front of a baby grand piano. He's playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata". Ray stands next to him.

He slowly reaches for his waist, then stops.

RAY  
This is beautiful Nefrim. Where is your bathroom?

BALI  
What?

RAY  
Your bathroom.

BALI  
Round the corner to the right.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ray heaves in front of the bathroom mirror. A Beretta 93R in his hand. He stares at himself, disgusted at what he's become. A stone cold killer. He splashes water on his face.

RAY

Ted. My name is Ted. Ted White.

INT. BALI'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bali undresses in front of the window.

RAY (O.S.)

Nefrim?

BALI

I'm in the bedroom.

Ray enters, Bali's back is toward him. He lifts the Beretta.

RAY

What are you doing?

BALI

I thought we could-

Bali turns. Shocked.

BALI

What...what is this?

RAY

You thought I was going to sleep with you?

BALI

Maybe it was inappropriate. I didn't realize you had a gun.

RAY

I'm not gay.

BALI

I don't understand. I thought-

Ray fumbles with the safety.

RAY

You thought wrong.

Ray FIRES. The bullet lands square in Bali's forehead. Blood squirts. Nefrim drops to the floor. Ray paces.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - HALLWAY - DAY

Harry and Thomas walk together.

HARRY

...What if he's telling the truth.  
That means we've got terrorist  
cells operating right under our  
nose.

Thomas stops.

THOMAS

The city's on lockdown Harry. It's  
an election year and I'm pushing  
fifty. This guy's a ghost, and your  
going on hunches.

HARRY

I need more time.

THOMAS

It's the FBI's problem now.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - HOMICIDE - DAY

Harry is seated behind his desk staring at Ray's photo on the  
computer as Kareem approaches.

KAREEM

Angela's friend said they divorced  
due to Ray's infidelity.

HARRY

So he cheats on her with a woman at  
his job. Two months later he comes  
home and finds her in bed with some  
guy.

KAREEM

Guess who he cheated with?

HARRY

Who?

KAREEM

Tamika Reyes.

INT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tamika Reyes sits in front of Harry. She's dressed scantily,  
in a bath robe that exposes her bra and panties.

TAMIKA

Who I choose to fuck is none of your business.

HARRY

We're talking about a mass murderer.

TAMIKA

And?

HARRY

Maybe he'll come after you next.

Tamika sparks a cigarette.

TAMIKA

There was no money involved.

HARRY

He was a married man with three kids.

TAMIKA

What does that have to do with me. I ain't killed nobody.

HARRY

You talked to his wife, right?

TAMIKA

We had lunch together. She said she didn't have any animosity towards me. She seemed nervous. You know he beat her once.

HARRY

She say why?

TAMIKA

She pawned his playstation. Said it was affecting his job. He would call in to work sick just so he could stay home and play video games all day.

Harry's cell phone rings.

HARRY

Excuse me.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - PIER - DAY

Ray stares at a group of surfers in the water. Cell phone to his ear. The Watcher stands next to him.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
You're a professional.

RAY  
Just tell me who's next asshole.

GAMEKEEPER  
This one's special.

RAY  
Why's that?

GAMEKEEPER  
We'll call him the cub. You know his father. Detective Smits.

RAY  
No kids.

GAMEKEEPER  
His son has a game tonight. Kill the cub and your son will live yes. Fail, you know the rest.

RAY  
What kind of sick people are you?

Ray turns to the Watcher, he's gone.

INT. BALI'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Harry examines the wound in Bali's head.

HARRY  
Single shot. No sign of a struggle.

KAREEM  
Neighbor says she saw him walk in with a bald white male. Bout six one.

HARRY  
Oh, now that helps.

KAREEM

Hangs out at a fruit bar called the Wet Well in the valley. He ran numbers for the Russians in the eighties. Gave them a shit load of guns.

HARRY

And?

KAREEM

Then he switched sides. It's our man Harry.

HARRY

We're off the case.

Harry storms out of the room.

KAREEM

Where you going?

HARRY

My kid's basketball game.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HIGH - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

JASON SMITS knocks down a jump shot. The crowd goes wild. Harry is seated in the stands with Catherine.

**White Ray** behind them in a baseball cap and glasses.

HARRY

That a boy, Jason.

Ray leans over Harry's shoulder.

RAY

That your son?

HARRY

Yeah.

RAY

He's good.

Harry glances back quickly.

HARRY

Thanks.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two CHEERLEADERS walk together in the parking lot giggling.

CHEERLEADER 1  
...I don't even think he likes me.

She stops looking at the empty parking space.

CHEERLEADER 1  
Hey, where's my car!

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Ray sits in the corner of the pizza parlor keeping a watchful eye on Jason and his friends.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jason's Ford Mustang races along a dark road. Ray not far behind in the Cheerleader's VOLKSWAGON BEETLE.

MUSTANG

The Beetle races past the driver's side, turns up ahead.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jason's Mustang turns. He SLAMS on the brakes. Ray stands in the middle of the road. Jason has no choice but to stop. Ray approaches the window doing his best Caucasian impersonation.

RAY  
Hey bud. Didn't mean to scare ya  
but my car ran out of gas. Think  
you could give me a ride to the gas  
station?

Jason hesitates. Ray's a bit nutty looking.

JASON  
Umm...sure, hop in.

INT. FORD MUSTANG- ROLLING - NIGHT

Jason drives with Ray in the passenger seat. Ray glances at the emblems on Jason's jacket.

RAY  
You go to Hollywood high?

JASON  
Oh the jacket, yeah.

RAY  
My son goes there.

JASON  
Really. What's his name?

RAY  
Michael.

JASON  
I know a Michael. Michael Burns,  
he's black though.

RAY  
Oh.

JASON  
His dad's the guy the cops are  
looking for.

RAY  
The terrorist?

JASON  
Yeah my dad interrogated him, he's  
a cop. I should give him a call.  
They were expecting me home over an  
hour ago.

Jason reaches into his pocket. Pulls out his cell phone.

RAY  
No need, they're probably sleeping  
anyway.

JASON  
Yeah well my dad's a little  
paranoid.

RAY  
*Aren't we all.*

Ray's staring right at him. Something isn't right and Jason knows it.

JASON  
You know what, I'm sorry I'm gonna  
have to drop you-

Ray reaches into his pants pocket. Pulls out a bottle of  
ETHER and a handkerchief.

He dumps the contents of the bottle into the handkerchief.

JASON  
What are you doing?

RAY  
I want you to know this wasn't by  
choice.

Ray places the handkerchief over Jason's mouth. Jason  
struggles for air, his foot steps on the gas.

The car races for a bit, Ray's hand on the steering wheel.

Jason's eyes shut slowly. The car creeps to a stop.

Ray's cell phone RINGS.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Have you completed the mission?

RAY  
Change of plans. I've got a cop's  
son. I pull some strings, get them  
to give you whatever it is you need  
to make this thing end.

GAMEKEEPER  
I've got an uzi to Michael's head.  
Would you like me to pull the  
trigger?

RAY  
*What the hell do you want from me!*

Ray slams his fist on the dashboard.

GAMEKEEPER  
If this were about money I could  
have robbed a bank. Bring me the  
kid.

RAY  
I won't sacrifice his life.

GAMEKEEPER  
So you're willing to risk your  
son's?

RAY  
Without me none of this is  
possible. Meet me in the park on  
Slausen in an hour. *Bring my son.*

EXT. SLAUSEN PARK - NIGHT

Ray counts his steps in front of the Mustang. Jason knocked out in the passenger seat.

The Watcher's Toyota Camry pulls into the parking lot. As the Watcher steps out Ray trains his .45 on him.

RAY  
Where's Michael?

WATCHER  
I take you to get him.

RAY  
Wasn't part of the deal.

WATCHER  
Change of plans.

RAY  
Bring me my son.

The Watcher slowly places his hand in his coat pocket. Pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Lights up. Ray fingers the trigger.

WATCHER  
Take it easy Raymond. I can assure you, you will get your son. No more trouble.

RAY  
I'll shoot you in the head right now.

WATCHER  
You do that, then your family is as good as dead.

RAY  
Take me to them.

WATCHER  
I can't.

Ray approaches the Watcher slowly. Places the tip of the gun to the Watcher's head.

WATCHER  
This no good for you. You better lower gun. Beside, what choice you have?

RAY  
Shut up and get in the car. I'll  
drive.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The MUSTANG pulls to the side of the road followed by a  
police patrol car.

MUSTANG

The Watcher reaches for his gun on the side of the passenger  
seat. Ray has his .45 aimed at the Watcher.

RAY  
(Whispering)  
What are you crazy?

WATCHER  
He's running plate.

RAY  
Put that away. I'll deal with it.

Both men slip their guns under the seat.

STREET

The OFFICER steps out, strolls up the car.

OFFICER  
License and registration.

Ray reaches for his wallet as the Officer bounces the  
flashlight around the interior.

OFFICER  
Any weapons in the vehicle sir?

RAY  
No.

The Officer notices Jason knocked out in the back seat.

OFFICER  
Plate is registered to a Jason  
Smit's.

RAY  
That's my son.

Ray hands him the fake license. The cop stares at it, assess  
the situation.

OFFICER  
Ted White?

RAY  
Divorced. Took her last name.

OFFICER  
I'm going to need you to step out  
of the vehicle for me sir. Arms out  
to your sides.

RAY  
What's this about officer?

OFFICER  
Just step out for me.

Ray steps out. The Officer pats him down. A voice CRACKLES  
over his APB unit.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Got a 320 at the corner of Slausen  
and Porter. Suspects in route,  
heading east bound. Officers need  
assistance.

OFFICER  
This is Brigs. Copy that, I'm on my  
way.

The Officer flashes his light in the car on the Watcher.

OFFICER  
Slow down your speed.

RAY  
Thank you officer.

INT. MUSTANG - ROLLING - NIGHT

Ray behind the wheel. The Watcher pulls a syringe out of his  
pocket.

WATCHER  
I have to drug you.

RAY  
Over my dead body.

Ray sticks his .45 in the Watcher's waistline.

RAY  
How does it feel?

WATCHER  
You're making big mistake.

RAY  
I'm a professional.

INT. MUSTANG - FACTORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Watcher points through the front windshield.

Two small video cameras are mounted to the sides of the factory rooftop.

WATCHER  
My boss know we're here. I take you  
to police station now, they leave.

RAY  
Yeah but I got you.

WATCHER  
I kill a lot of people in my  
lifetime. Never been caught. You  
take me to station, I tell them who  
you are. Then you and your family  
are fucked.

Ray pounds his fist on the dashboard.

RAY  
Damnit.

WATCHER  
I thought you were professional.

RAY  
Alright. Alright let's go.

WATCHER  
Where?

RAY  
Inside.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The factory is dark and musty. Rats race back and forth on the ratty floor between rusty metal drums.

Ray follows the Watcher up a flight of stairs with Jason slung over his shoulder. They stop in front of a door.

RAY  
Hold it. What's in there?

WATCHER  
Your family.

RAY  
Walk in front of me. Nice and slow.

Ray jams his .45 in to the Watcher's back.

The Watcher opens the door.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MACHINERY ROOM - NIGHT

Ray and the Watcher move past old rotted out machinery. Ray pulls a flashlight out of his pocket.

They turn a corner to find the Gamekeeper seated in the middle of the room with Michael at a small table.

Mike's strapped to a chair, tape over his mouth. He's scared out of his mind.

GAMEKEEPER  
Not a smart move Guinea Pig.

Ray turns his .45 on the Gamekeeper. He rests Jason on the floor. Paces back and forth.

RAY  
I got what you wanted, now give me my son.

GAMEKEEPER  
Do you think his father cares as much about his boys life as you do yours?

RAY  
I got a bullet with your name on it.

GAMEKEEPER  
I doubt that.

A bright light flashes above them.

Ray looks up to the catwalk and sees Angela and his daughters surrounded by six HENCHMEN.

GAMEKEEPER

Did you really think you could just walk in here and save the day like some super hero?

RAY

Whatever it takes.

The Gamekeeper holds up a small metal object.

GAMEKEEPER

This is a detonator. You are familiar yes. Strapped to the bottom of Michael's chair is a bomb. Kill the cop's kid or we all die.

RAY

I'm no martyr.

GAMEKEEPER

Then death it is.

RAY

Okay. Okay, hold on. I'll do it.

GAMEKEEPER

What?

RAY

I said I'll do it.

Ray drops his .45 on the floor. The watcher spins toward him, injects a syringe into Ray's neck.

FADE TO BLACK.

RAY (V.O.)

It's not real. None of this is real. God will press reset, and they'll all come back to life.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - OFFICE - LATER

Ray opens his eyes slowly. He's secured by a thick metal chain to a wooden crate.

Jason stands in front of him, feet and hands bound together. A paper bag over his face.

GAMEKEEPER (O.S.)

Remember this.

The Gamekeeper places an uzi in Ray's hand.

GAMEKEEPER

It is difficult to be a father now  
a days. To teach your son right  
from wrong. But you made a choice,  
on three. One...

Urine leaks from under Jason's pants onto his sneakers.

GAMEKEEPER

Two...

Ray tries to aim the gun at himself. The Gamekeeper gently  
guides his hand back to Jason.

*A tear rolls slowly down Ray's face.*

RAY

It's not real. It's not real.

GAMEKEEPER (O.S.)

Yes it is. You're one of us now  
Raymond. Three.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - MACHINERY ROOM - LATER

FBI agents cover the perimeter. Harry moves past the yellow  
crime scene tape. Kareem stops him.

KAREEM

The call came in an hour ago.  
Harry, I'm sorry.

HARRY

What are you talking about?

KAREEM

I can't let you go in there.

HARRY

I've seen more than my fair share  
of dead bodies.

KAREEM

This one's different.

Kareem hugs him.

KAREEM

I'm sorry buddy. He's gone.

HARRY  
Who's gone? Is it a cop?

KAREEM  
It's Jason. He's gone Harry-

Harry breaks free. Two ATF agents try to restrain him.

KAREEM  
Let him go.

Harry turns the corner. Blood spackled over the wall. Harry runs toward his son.

He bends down, cradles Jason's head in his arms as he cries.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Thomas watches Harry rest his gun and badge on his desk.

THOMAS  
Have a seat.

Harry plops down, totally dejected. Thomas leans back in his chair, trying to be careful with his words.

THOMAS  
You and Burns have history?

HARRY  
This isn't about me and him. It's about the people who are making him do this.

THOMAS  
He's doing this Harry.

HARRY  
What if he's not. The guy never had a criminal record. Graduated top of his class at Howard. People who knew him say-

THOMAS  
Listen Harry I'm sorry for your loss. But-

HARRY  
Fuck off.

Harry stands. Slams the door shut on his way out.

THOMAS  
Never liked you anyway.

EXT. PARK - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

BAGPIPES. A casket is lowered into the ground. Harry stands next to Catherine and Kareem.

A line of uniformed CADETS FIRE their rifles. Catherine wheezes. Harry hugs her tight.

She takes refuge in his arms, then pushes him away as she pummels him with her fists.

EXT. SMIT'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY - LATER

Catherine rocks on a swing set. Harry joins her. Catherine gets up and walks inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Harry and Kareem seated at the bar knocking back shots.

HARRY  
She wants a divorce.

KAREEM  
Sorry to hear that.

HARRY  
Should have retired years ago.

KAREEM  
You were doing your job.

Harry downs a shot. Kareem guzzles his beer. Harry pulls a pack of cigarette's out of his pocket, lights up.

KAREEM  
Didn't know you smoked.

HARRY  
Just started.

KAREEM  
This about him or you?

HARRY  
I should be asking you that.

KAREEM  
I believe in justice. You pull the trigger, you do the time.

HARRY  
That simple huh. What if terrorists  
had your wife and kids. What would  
you do?

Karim thinks.

KAREEM  
Depends.

HARRY  
On what?

KAREEM  
On what my wife looks like.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Ray sits behind the wheel watching Kareem stumble out of his car into his house.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
Two more victims.

RAY  
Who?

GAMEKEEPER  
Detectives Jaffar and Smits.

RAY  
Then?

GAMEKEEPER  
Then you get your family back.

INT. KAREEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray moves through the house with a ski mask on his face. A .357 Magnum in his hands.

He can hear the sound of water running in the bathroom.

The bathroom door is open, STEAM escapes the empty shower. Ray feels a .22 placed against his temple.

KAREEM (O.S.)  
Drop it. Nice and slow.

Ray drops his gun on the floor. Skillfully, he punches Kareem between the legs. The .22 flies out of Kareem's hands.

Ray tackles Kareem, punches him in the face.

Kareem digs his fingers into Ray's eyes. Ray lunges for the gun, Kareem trips him. Ray surges forward, picks up his .357 just as Kareem picks up his .22.

Ray gets off first, Kareem dives into the bathroom as the bullets tear into the bedroom door.

Ray dashes through the front door.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Kareem flies out the front door as Ray's Jeep speeds down the street. Kareem lets off a round, but it's too late.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM -NIGHT

Ray watches TV in bed, ice pack to his eye. The dirty bed sheets curled up in the corner of the room.

He's on his cell phone.

RAY  
I can't do this.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
You going soft on me Guinea Pig?

RAY  
I think it's time you tell me what this is all about. I've earned it.

INT. UCLA - AUDITORIUM - 6 YEARS EARLIER

The Gamekeeper's BROTHER, a handsome kid in his 20's, sits in the audience. NEFRIM BALI stands at the podium.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
I told you of my brother's plans.

INT. UCLA HALL - DORM ROOM - DAY

The brother plays a video game.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
What I did not tell you is that he was an addict. Video games took control of his life. He was consumed with them.

INT. UCLA - EVELYN'S OFFICE - DAY

The brother sits in front of EVELYN. She hands him a prescription slip.

GAMEKEEPER V (V.O.)

He began sessions with the vet. She gave him medications that only made him more sick.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - HALLWAY - DAY

The brother eyes a .40 caliber glock in an OFFICER'S holster.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

He was arrested for stealing a police car. When they brought him in for questioning he lost it.

The Gamekeeper's brother lunges at the officer. Grabs the gun, shoots the officer in the head.

The brother runs down the hallway.

Kareem jumps in front of him, gun raised. The brother gets off first. The bullet tears into Kareem's shoulder.

The brother pushes on. As he turns the corner to the front entrance, Harry appears behind him. The brother whirls, Harry unloads a SHOT. The boy drops to the ground.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

He died on the way to the hospital.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Ray stares at his mug shot on the TV.

RAY

What about Cobb and Abu?

GAMEKEEEPER (V.O.)

Compulsive video gaming has the ability to destroy lives. I blame Cobb's company for my brothers illness. As for Abu, he cracked under FBI investigation. So did Bali.

RAY

So you wanted revenge. And you needed a Guinea Pig.

GAMEKEEPER

Yes. You take one of ours, we take hundreds of yours. We will have revenge on all of you worthless American filth.

INT. W. HOLLYWOOD PRECINCT - OFFICE - DAY

Harry stands in front of Thomas.

THOMAS

Go home. You're not in the right state of mind.

HARRY

My son's dead. My wife wants a divorce. And my partner was nearly killed last night. What state of mind would you be in captain?

INT. RAY'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Harry knocks on Leonard's door. A grimy man in a dirty wife beater, PATRICK SKIZZO, opens.

PATRICK

Help you?

HARRY

Detective Smits, L.A.-

PATRICK

I know who you are. My son's not available.

KAREEM

It's regarding a case sir. It's extremely important that we speak with him.

PATRICK

I don't want him involved.

LEONARD (O.S.)

Is that the cop's dad?

PATRICK

Go back to your room.

Patrick steps into the hallway.

PATRICK

I want you to stay away from my son.

KAREEM

(To Harry)

We could always take him in on battery.

HARRY  
Sounds good to me.

PATRICK  
Hold on a sec I'll get him.

Patrick dips back into the apartment. Leonard opens the door. Kareem notices the bruise on the side of Leonard's face.

KAREEM  
What happened to you bud?

PATRICK (O.S.)  
He got into a fight at school.

HARRY  
You know why we're here.

LEONARD  
I already told you, I don't know where he is.

Kareem stoops to his level.

KAREEM  
Listen Leonard, Ray's done some bad things. Hurt a lot of people. All we want to do is talk to him.

LEONARD  
You want to arrest him and charge him with murder. I watch CSI.

HARRY  
Could you at least tell us where he would hang out?

LEONARD  
Did he really kill your son?

Harry tries not to lose his cool.

HARRY  
Yes.

LEONARD  
The arcade up the street. That's all I know.

INT. DIZZY'S ARCADE - DAY

Harry and Kareem scan the arcade filled with teenage kids.

KAREEM

We got a better chance of finding  
Bin Laden.

HARRY

It's a start.

Ray looks up from a machine. Harry's questioning the kids in the aisle. Ray heads for the bathroom.

RESTROOM

Ray dips into one of the bathroom stalls, it's filthy. Harry takes the stall next to him.

HARRY'S STALL

Harry drops his pants, sits on the toilet.

RAY'S STALL

Ray tries to calm his nerves, but the mess around him is agitating. OCD takes over, both men exit.

BATHROOM

They wash their hands in the sink simultaneously. Harry glances in the mirror, not recognizing *White Ray*.

They shut off the water at the same time. Ray begins to turn the water on again, then stops himself.

Both reach for the paper towel.

RAY

Sorry.

HARRY

No go head.

Ray dries his hands.

HARRY

Do I know you?

RAY

I don't think so.

Ray heads for the door as Harry rips off a paper towel.

ARCADE

Ray's halfway to the front doors. Harry runs out of the bathroom. He looks around, spots Ray.

HARRY  
Ray Burns!

Ray bolts for the doors. Harry and Kareem fly after him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ray sprints for the Camry. The cops give chase, but Ray's too far ahead. They double back to the Crown Victoria.

INT. VICTORIA - DAY

Kareem's behind the wheel of the Crown Victoria.

Harry's on the APB.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two street cops hop in a squad car.

Red and blue lights flash.

AIR

Chopper hits a hard left.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Ray's Toyota speeds through rush hour traffic, turns off an exit ramp.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Construction crew blocks the road ahead. The Camry swerves on to the sidewalk, back to the road. Cuts across oncoming traffic. A small army of squad cars join the chase.

Ray turns the wrong way down a one way street. Cars part like the Red Sea. He CRASHES through the barricade.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mud and dirt fly as the Camry veers through a soccer game.

Squad cars follow. A couple sits on a blanket having a Sunday picnic. The Man pushes his companion out of the way as Ray's Camry races through.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ray cuts hard. He weaves through traffic like a Formula One driver, runs a series of red lights.

CHOPPER

The PILOT spots the Toyota pulling into a covered structure.

PILOT  
He's in the Ikea garage.

INT. IKEA PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ray races up the stairs of a covered tunnel. Squad cars peel inside. Cops swarm the parking structure.

INT. IKEA - CAFETERIA - DAY

Ray watches the SWAT unit pile out of an armored vehicle from the cafeteria window.

INT. IKEA - STORE FLOOR - DAY

Harry and Kareem move through the crowd.

HALLWAY

Harry opens the door to a marked manager's office.

LOCKER ROOM

Ray approaches a young SALES ASSOCIATE.

RAY  
Where do we get our uniforms?

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Storage room down the hall. You new?

RAY  
Yeah.

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Chris.

Ray's out the door.

INT. IKEA - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry, Kareem, SWAT commander RICHARD ROUNDTREE and the STORE MANAGER view store security monitors.

ROUNDTREE

We need to evacuate as quickly as possible. We don't want him taking hostages, or worse.

STORE FLOOR

Various departments in Ikea. People shopping.

STORE MANAGER

(Over the speaker)

Your attention please. This is not a drill. Please head for the ground floor exits. Leave your shopping carts and purchases and exit immediately.

INT. IKEA - STORE FLOOR - DAY

Ray dressed in an Ikea sweater and baseball cap, follows people surging towards the exits.

EXT. COMMAND POST - DAY

A section of the parking lot has been transformed into a command post. A feed from security cameras wired into a police van's monitors.

INT. IKEA - DAY

Ray breaks from the crowd. Slips through a side door.

EXT. IKEA PARKING LOT - DAY

Tasker and his camera crew among a crowd of local REPORTERS. News choppers circle over head.

TASKER

...Police aren't releasing details. All we know is they're evacuating the entire store...

INT. IKEA - DUCT SYSTEM - DAY

Ray pulls himself up into the duct. Peels the white skin off his face. Cell phone rings.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

Maybe you should give up.

RAY

Two more targets. Then you release my family.

GAMEKEEPER

How you planning to get out of this one?

RAY

I'll figure it out. Just keep your end of the bargain.

Ray inches his way along the duct.

KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Ray lowers himself into the empty kitchen. He moves to the double doors. Ducks behind the door as a SWAT officer enters. Ray drops him with the but of his .22.

INT. IKEA - TOOL ROOM - DAY

Harry stares up into the duct.

DUCT SYSTEM

Harry crawls into the duct, picks up Ray's wig.

INT. IKEA - CAFETERIA - DAY

Ray dressed in SWAT gear moves past a group of officers. He keeps his head down, closes his eyes, counts steps.

INT. IKEA - KITCHEN - DAY

Harry drops into the kitchen. Hears a MUFFLED cry.

INT. IKEA - FREEZER - DAY

Harry removes a screwdriver used to lock the doors. He opens, the SWAT shivers like a human icicle.

INT. IKEA - SHOW ROOM - DAY

Floor is cleared. SWAT. ROBOTS. K-9 UNIT.

EXT. COMMAND POST - DAY

Kareem looks over a blueprint of the store. Ray steps outside, spots Kareem.

IKEA

Harry surveys the SWAT officers at the stores perimeter.

HARRY

Take off your masks.

SWAT MEMBER

Why?

HARRY

Just do it.

They unmask.

EXT. COMMAND POST - DAY

Ray approaches Kareem.

RAY

(To Kareem)

Your partner wants you to follow me.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Kareem walks with Ray behind him.

RAY

Up ahead.

KAREEM

Why didn't he just call me?

Ray lifts his automatic, jams it into Kareem's back.

RAY

Let's go to your car. Nice and easy.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Kareem sits on top of a wooden crate hands tied behind his back blindfolded. Ray paces, agitated.

KAREEM

We'll get you a plea bargain.

RAY

Your partner's son is dead, and I pulled the trigger.

KAREEM

You're sick Ray, you need help.

RAY

The facts are simple. I kill you they live. I don't they die.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Harry. Thomas. FBI Agents.

THOMAS  
They've got jurisdiction now.

HARRY  
They don't know him like I do.

Harry answers his cell.

HARRY  
Smits.

RAY (V.O.)  
Meet me at 4747 Wilshire lane.  
Midnight.

Harry scribbles info on a notepad.

RAY (V.O.)  
I'll be on the roof. Come alone.

CLICK.

INT. WAREHOUSE - ANOTHER PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

A squeaky door CREAKS open. Angela and the Burns kids huddled together. Two GUNMEN approach, hand them Happy Meals.

The Gamekeeper stands in the doorway on his phone.

GAMEKEEPER  
Very clever Guinea Pig.

RAY (V.O.)  
I told you, I'm a professional.

GAMEKEEPER  
So what's your next move?

EXT. ROOF ACROSS FROM FACTORY - NIGHT

Two SWAT SNIPERS move into position.

ROUNDTREE (V.O.)  
Mango and Nectar are positioned on  
the roof. The TRT unit will respond  
on my orders.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ray watches Harry's car pull into the parking lot. Ray's poking his gun in the back of Kareem's neck.

KAREEM

Think about your family. Your wife and kids.

RAY

I am.

KAREEM

Don't you want to live to see them grow up?

EXT. BUILDING - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

In MANGO's scope...A clear view of Ray and Kareem. NECTAR is positioned on the other side of the roof.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Harry makes his way up a long flight of stairs. He stops in front of the rooftop door.

FACTORY FLOOR

SWAT GROUP huddles together.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

FBI Agents sit in front of tape recorders and tracking devices. FBI LEAD files his nails.

FBI LEAD

Negative. Too dangerous.

HARRY (V.O.)

He spots my wire this thing's over.

Disconnected.

FBI LEAD

Smits...shit!

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ray stands near the rooftop ledge with a firm grip around Kareem's neck. Ray's .22 pointed at Kareem's temple.

Harry steps out on to the roof.

RAY  
Right there's good.

HARRY  
(Hands Raised)  
I'm unarmed.

RAY  
Take off your clothes.

Harry strips to his T-shirt and BVD's.

HARRY  
How's it going to end, Ray?

RAY  
Only one way to go.

HARRY  
I take you in. Do your time.

RAY  
I'm a gamer, not a criminal.

HARRY  
Come again?

RAY  
We live in a virtual world  
detective. Game consoles, cell  
phones, dvd's. There's a difference  
between reality and perception.

HARRY  
My son is dead, Ray. And he's not  
coming back. That's reality.

Ray grimaces.

RAY  
It's not real. None of this is  
real.

SERIES OF IMAGES

RAY SITS IN THE CUBICLE, VIRTUAL GOGGLES ON HIS HEAD STARING  
AT THE FLAT SCREEN.

RAY IN THE VAN BY **HIMSELF**, PRESSES THE BUTTON, CONVENTION  
CENTER EXPLODES.

COP FLASHES HIS LIGHT AROUND THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR. **THE PASSENGER SEAT WHERE THE WATCHER WAS SEATED IS EMPTY.** JASON KNOCKED OUT IN THE BACK.

RAY DRIVES FROM THE STAPLE'S CENTER, **THE WATCHER IN THE PASSENGER SEAT DISAPPEARS.** RAY'S TALKING TO HIMSELF.

RAY TALKS TO MR. BOB IN WAX WAREHOUSE, **THE WATCHER IS NOT THERE.**

**RAY INJECTS** A SYRINGE INTO EVELYN'S NECK IN THE CAR.

RAY LIFTS THE UZI TO JASON. **THE GAMEKEEPER VANISHES.**

HARRY

You're real, I'm real. It's all real Ray.

RAY

(Crying)

No it's not. God's gonna press reset, they'll all come back to life.

HARRY

Reset. This isn't a video game. You killed those people.

RAY

No! No I didn't, the terrorist's are real I swear to God.

Ray dials Kareem's cell phone. Puts it to his ear.

RAY

I can prove it.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A news van pulls into the parking lot. Tasker and his team hop out. Tasker spots Ray. His cell phone rings.

TASKER

I see you Ray.

Tasker raises another cell phone to his ear.

TASKER

You getting this?

INT. SKY NINE NEWS HELICOPTER - NIGHT

CAMERA MAN

Got it.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

FBI LEAD

What the hell is going on?

MANGO

Looks like a news crew sir.

FBI LEAD

God damn police scanners. Get em  
out a there.

VARIOUS BARS

People in bars across the country watch the action unfold.

SMIT'S HOME

Catherine sits in the living room, watches the news on TV.

STREET

Leonard in front of a electronics store stares at a cluster  
of monitors.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Harry eyes the chopper overhead.

HARRY

Whole country's watching Ray.  
I'm on your side.

RAY

There are no sides. There's just  
you, me, and your partner.

HARRY

Okay, hear me out...let's say these  
terrorists are real. What's it  
gonna take for me to get you back  
to the station.

RAY

He's gonna call. He's somewhere  
watching this right now. You have  
to believe me.

HARRY  
I really want to Ray.

TENSION.

Both men ready to pull the trigger. Ray's cell phone RINGS.  
He picks up, puts to his ear.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)  
You never cease to amaze me, Guinea  
Pig.

Ray looks around nervously.

RAY  
The pig dies, you release my  
family.

GAMEKEEPER  
Kill them both.

RAY  
I will sacrifice my life for my  
family's. I'm the pig.

GAMEKEEPER  
So you are a martyr.

RAY  
The pig dies you release my family,  
say yes.

GAMEKEEPER  
I told you-

RAY  
*Say it! Say it you son of a bitch,  
say yes!*

HARRY  
Calm down, Ray.

Harry inches toward Ray as he backs on to the ledge.

GAMEKEEPER  
Yes. But there's something I should  
tell you.

INT. BURN'S HOME - FLASHBACK - TWO YEARS EARLIER

Ray walks slowly up the stairs to his bedroom. He loosens his  
tie, then stops.

He can hear the SOUND OF PEOPLE HAVING SEX. He continues.

GAMEKEEPER (V.O.)

The day you came home from work and  
caught your wife in bed with  
another man...

Ray pushes open the door. Angela is mounted on top of a  
boyish looking Middle Eastern man...It's the GAMEKEEPER.

She turns and stares back at Ray with a shocked expression on  
her face. Ray drops his briefcase on the floor.

GAMEKEEPER

That man was me, Raymond. I met her  
at a Starbucks. I met her, and then  
I fucked her.

Ray turns, heads for the staircase.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ray looks sick. It's worst than he could have imagined.

RAY

You're lying.

GAMEKEEPER

There's a reason you were chosen.  
The time you spent in Iraq. Your  
illness, your addiction. You were  
the perfect target.

Ray's losing it.

RAY

Stop...just stop.

GAMEKEEPER

Better you than me Guinea Pig.

RAY

Go to hell!

GAMEKEEPER

Not only did I enjoy her. She bears  
my child. That's why she divorced  
you. She couldn't face what she had  
done.

RAY

No. No!

The phone drops slowly out of Ray's hand.

HARRY

Come on Ray, let's go to the station. We'll get this guy for you.

RAY

Tell my wife I love her.

Ray pushes Kareem away from him.

ROOFTOP

Mango aims his rifle.

MANGO

I've got the shot.

WAREHOUSE

Roundtree lifts his walkie.

ROUNDTREE

Take it.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ROOFTOP

HARRY

Take it easy Ray, take it easy.

As Ray is about to pull the trigger, a sniper's bullet blows his gun into pieces.

Harry lunges forward, but he's a split second too late. Ray FALLS BACKWARDS off the roof.

*As Ray free falls*

RAY (V.O.)

My name is Raymond Burns. I'm just an ordinary guy, caught in a bad situation.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY

Federal Agents escort Angela and her children from the building. Harry walks over to Angela, embraces her.

RAY (V.O.)

Funny the hand that life deals you sometimes.

(MORE)

RAY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
My father used to say, Gods got a  
funny sense of humor. Not so sure  
about that.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Ray's casket being lowered into the ground. Harry and Kareem  
stand with Ray's family.

RAY  
If there's one thing I know it's  
this.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - DAY

The Gamekeeper, wearing dark sunglasses, stands in line. He  
holds a TRAVEL GUIDE with the words JAPAN on the front.

EXT. SMIT'S HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Harry, Catherine, Angela, and Kareem sit on a wooden bench  
eating together. Ray's kids rock on a swing set.

FADE TO BLACK.

RAY (V.O.)  
Life is like a video game.  
Everybody has to die sometime.

THE END