

"PERFECT JUSTICE"

Written by:

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FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL - LOS ANGELES - DAWN

From the sprawling skyline splendor of L.A ...pausing, in our aerial movement, hovering this imposing edifice, we proceed forward, in a calm downward spiral...towards same edifice...

EXT/INT. TIM COCKEREL'S MANSION - WINDOWS - STAGE

Through the windows of the mansion block...we find him here... TIM COCKEREL (40's), burly...tough...ruthless...aggressive... blowing and boogying hard on a tenor saxophone, like there's no tomorrow, warming it up. The stage is all his own...under a spotlight like there's an audience to watch his act. Just him alone...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MULTIPLEX

A multi-facet metal mansion, the height of which reaches the skies, interconnected by many stairs and aisles, its wings, sprawling many yards.

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD - DAWN

The convoy, a makeup of four Mercedes, rounds a bend and pulls into the prevailing shadows, disposes the five gang members of the HOROSCOPE mob (The Scopes), at the base. As the cars exit, the mob seem to converge at a spot...in a huddle. All looking cool, but with some undertone of meanness. They seem to be waiting for something and, just then...a cab rounds the bend... from the very direction they came from...

INT. TIM'S MANSION - BATHROOM

Tim, with both hands, quickly washing off his soap loaded body.

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD

The cab pulls up and out pops the Capo himself, MOSES LUTH (50's), with the look of a wounded lion, looks furious from since heaven knows. He steps up to the hood and briefly looks into the faces of gang members. Then he looks high up at the building, suggestive, heads them up into the multiplex...

INT. TIM'S MANSION - BEDROOM

Adorned in the shadows of a badly lit room stands Tim before a giant mirror, groomly dressed, hastily knotting his tie, seems he's got some time to beat. On his side...at his waist level desk lay an array of dismembered handguns...On the bed behind is his wife, JANIS MITCHELL COCKEREL, fast asleep.

INT. THE MULTIPLEX

The Scopes, trekking their way up the stairs, from floor to floor.

INT. TIM'S MANSION - BEDROOM

Tim now assembles the handguns quickly, keeping pace with the TICKING clock overhead at each reassembled frame, has to be quick. He completes his assembling, tucks them on himself and quickly sneaks out of...no, stops in the doorway, takes a deep look at his wife, proceeds...

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - MAKESHIFT ROOM

The Scopes, sitting around some table. Everyone of them has their hands on the table, like a cult going through a moment of rituals. It's dark and silent except for the shaded bulb which hangs in the middle of the table...just shows their hands.

Gangster #1, a less patient one, JIMMY, he's called, chews on a gum. He takes out gum, flicks it towards bulb and hits target, bulb pendulums across table, showing a face at each passing swing...Moses Luth...Jimmy...EDDIE FOG... TEDDY... GILBERT NILE...then to the last of the bandits...WROTH BARBER ...bulb keeps swinging on...

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD

Another cab pulls into the yard, shows Tim behind the wheels. He doesn't immediately come out; his demeanor is one who fears the worse presently...studies the yard. He decides to step out, immediately approached by a YOUTH, out of nowhere, offers him the keys...

TIM

Hey kid, you take the keys and just keep waiting around. Whatever happens, until I instruct you, don't move...

YOUTH

I'm gonna do just that, promise.

Tim leaves him behind, enters the metal plant...

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - AISLES

Supposing to find Tim walking his way up the plant, instead, we find him here...in the aisles...gasping like one who's just done a marathon...midway through this mischievous enterprise... fixing an explosive device to a frame, looking over his shoulders each step of the way, beads of sweats massed up on his face...He completes the job of planting the device and logs in the keys, begins numerical countdown to explosion. He continues through the maze of the metal mansion...

A closer look reveals a series of explosive devices planted the place over...the countdown is on...

AISLE

Ambling another aisle Tim hit a metal rod he has in hand thrice around. Metallic SOUND RESONATE the place over...

INT. MAKESHIFT ROOM - SAME TIME

The Scopes get the signal, passes looks around. Their fury has hit hundred degrees...boiling point.

Suddenly...the conclave door opens showing a silhouetted Tim. He walks more into the room. Stops before Luth's desk. The faces of fellow hoodlums stay hidden behind the thick veil of darkness, only Luth is clear on spot, from the shaded bulb. He's watching him. A quick scan of the room reveals a broken chair to his right, the very one he should have sat on, confirms his suspicion, but keeps his composure, the trail of sweats all cleared up, plainly innocent.

Luth looks up into his face, with a wryly grin.

LUTH

Wow Tim, dressed like a groom, impressive, but I'm not impressed you decided to be late, kept us waiting and hurt our ass...

TIM

Breaks no law...

LUTH

It does, costs you your position with the Scopes...we just axed you off...

TIM

Everybody makes late sometimes...

LUTH

You don't play no games with me, Tim, you know we know it's about your niggling rat delinquencies, cheating, stealing and diverting our deals for yourself, that's what I'm talking about, it always happened, and we always warned you, but you just did that...where's our money...?

In the heat of things the other Scope guys start coming from the dead, faces and bodies becoming more visible...

TIM

Somebody took my chair...

LUTH

Broke it, not taken, I ordered it, decision was by the council of the Scopes, that's your death wish...

TIM

Should have met to decide this...

LUTH

Another word from you and you're a dead man. Bring out those two million bucks now, bring the fucking money! You don't belong to us no more.

Tim lock looks a beat with Luth. He takes a couple of steps backwards, retracing steps. Luth takes notice, protests strongly...

LUTH

(rising in his fury)
You stay there! You stay there and don't try anything silly.

TIM

You sit there, Luth, you fucking sit there. I'm not trying to do anything silly, I brought the bucks this place, only trying to get it for you...

LUTH

Then make it quick and don't try any fucking move.

Luth's eyes seem to glow and pounce on him, like some ravenous wolf, out of the darkness. For the first time Tim sees his supposedly ex hood guys appear to make some moves, but what he doesn't see is the multiples of ammunitions passed below deck. As he steps to the wall, far end of the room, he feels a lump in throat. The perspiration is back, quadrupled with vengeance.

As he looks behind, finds daylight quickly replacing dawn. His broken chair now intermingled with a couple of daylight streaks.

Tim steps to the wall, the Scopes watching his move intently, their weapons virtually drawn, from various locations...two Scopes stand from their chairs, take positions. Death is imminent and Tim is not unaware, needs a miracle to vaporize. A helipad-like marking that hasn't been of any concern to anyone over the years suddenly spurs a doubt with Luth when Tim stops by...

Tim turns to Luth...their eyes meet together...suddenly Luth is sure this guy's just got to his escape route...

LUTH

Jesus, shit, stop the kid...

Tim, by hitting a knob with a foot to open the hatch, makes Luth's words and projectiles arrive too late...gone in a sec...

INT. AISLES - CONTINUOUS

Tim lands on both hands and knees, from such astronomical height, in a moment shoots into the labyrinth of the metal mansion with lightening speed, mercilessly zigzags the aisles through, heading northward. He leaps to a railing, jumps from one railing to another, then plunges into wall with his back, gasping...

His eyes, in tight perspective, scan everywhere, the whole of the inner perimeter of this monstrous metal kingdom, if peradventure a Scope is...up the horizon...not an inkling...

Tim looks left, from where as everywhere, giant pipes are erupting from the bottomless pit supporting railings and million stairs, and finds nothing of a human soul. Decides to walk over the aisle, but he stops midway, something dawning, he looks left and what he finds baffles him...The Scopes...the whole pack, like they've been there since, in a phalanx behind Luth, already observing him...

One of them just readies his handgun.

Tim reacts, turns on his heels, whirls around and skip over a railing, embraces a huge pipe. He jumps from pipes and railings with amazing dexterity. Lands series of floors below, hands and knees, and there...before him in the far end stands the Scopes. They never moved. Never. The picture is the same.

Tim lifts himself up, like he's seen some ghosts, doesn't understand this one.

LUTH
(slanting his head
on Tim)
Any problem with the picture
Mr. Tim Cockerel?

Before Tim's bulging eyes can retrieve into his head, the Scopes, under Luth's tutelage, has began spreading its tentacles...Nile is up in the air, shrouding the frames...Wroth and Jimmy, to a left aisle, whiles Eddie goes right.

And before Teddy's instruction to do anything will come Tim starts backwards, keeping perspective on...

TOP FRAMES

Nile, walking the planks, balancing close...

AISLES

Wroth and Jimmy, he can make their figures out, churning hard on him, thick and fast...then back to...

...Luth. His eyes, transfixed on him, as if to put the fear of God in him, about unleashing his last weapon...

LUTH

Teddy, you go get this idiot...

Teddy charges forward, draws closer. Tim nears a pipe, grabs it, swivels into the aisles. Immediately engaged with open gunfire, from Scopes everywhere. He meets their match. The metals suffer. Dented. Holed. Chipped. Filed. And mangled by...

TOP FRAMES

...a scud missile from Wroth, follows it up, obliterating any object within eye-scope. One such vibration...

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - CAR

...SHUDDERS Youth out of his slumber...sit up, kid.

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - FRAMES

Explosive device...The countdown figures are beating quickly near down to the zeroes...

INT. AISLES - TOP FRAMES/AISLES

...Wroth's firepower is on, coming off in rippled destruction, yet it's like a drop in the ocean impact on these heavy steels, as the man within eye-scope is too fast too record...

IN THE AISLES...Tim is bouncing off the walls...like a ball furiously hurled between an alley...running and balancing on poles and railings like an Olympic gymnast displaying his artistic maneuver...charges down on Jimmy and Nile, forces them to retreat, diverts into different path. But before Tim finally skids out of his aisle, already has foreknowledge on Teddy, charging out another direction, throws himself midair...

...runs the wall in a 360 degree turn around and fires double shots, into just out of the corner Teddy's pharynx, disappears down a long and unending chute, Scopes in pursuit, with their knowledge of the damage he's just done, adds to their madness, jumping from one damaged hanging iron to another, like monkeys in a balancing act in a jungle, both landing and crash landing, tracks him down, along chute, bullets gone berserk...

AISLE/CHUTE

Tim siphons out of the chute, already rolling and tumbling with open gunfire, vanishes in the aisles...

INT. AISLES - EXPLOSIVE DEVICE

Suddenly, there is a high pitch alarm sounds, coming off an explosive device, in quick rapidity ever imagined. Jimmy comes out of one aisle, top speed running, stops abruptly, hit by the high pitch beeping sound, he knows what that means. Next comes Nile, whipping past him. Jimmy grapples him to the floor...

JIMMY

Nooo...it's a bomb, get down!

The explosions tear through the heart of the metal structure like a piece of wood. The whole building is rattled from the base, numerous loosed metals come off adding to the chaos. Some heavy fireballs roll the aisles through and Scope guys dive for cover. Then we hear it...the high screech sound of a car from the yard says it all...Tim's finally escaped...

AISLES

The sweat drenched hard breathing Scopes start finding their feet, out of their nightmarish jolt. They converge by the dying Eddie. He's managed to survive all the explosions, but obvious to fellow hoodlums that's the only miracle he got.

Luth starts off briskly towards them. Shadowed by beams. Draws closer, a drawn out gun in hand. He comes closer and delivers two rounds of shots into Eddie. None react anyway. Luth just looks incensed, madly disappointed. And whiles he's yet taken his eyes away from the just dead comrade...

WROTH

Tim guy just caught a cab...

LUTH

(snaps)

He's not done yet, we've got this cab down there.

With the menacing look in his eyes Luth leads the charge down the stairs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The taxi which escaped with Tim shows up on the T-junction. Tim's house is meters to their right. Youth raving on...

YOUTH

...those guys shot everywhere 'cause guys kinda wan' shoot your ass and...

Tim places a hand over driver's shoulder, cuts him off, as taxi nears junction, moves at a cruising pace, stops. Tim observes a serene atmosphere, steps off. He takes to the sidewalk which goes a long way in the direction of his mansion.

YOUTH

Hey, you gotta take this advice from me Mr. Cockerel...

Tim inserts two buds into his ears, turns on his iPod...

YOUTH (cont'd)

...just stay outta trouble, alright?

Tim walks on, still on the musical relief...but he's just ignorant of one thing...this game is not over yet.

Suddenly, a taxi appears from the very direction Tim appeared. It contains the Scope guys. Four of them. It is a squealing speed. The driver applies brakes quickly. But it fails. Taxi heads towards the lamppost which stands some meters ahead by the sidewalk. The driver, Jimmy, immediately realizes something is gone wrong; controls steering wheel quickly, the car turns, broadsided now to the lamppost.

But by reason of the high speed with which it came and the reactive force to resist the sudden change in momentum the taxi sways off road, into some more complex squeals, till it finally slams into lamppost.

Tim doesn't hear anything at all, strides on in iPod relief...

Jimmy drives car. Beside him sit Nile. Teddy is right behind Jimmy in the backseat, Wroth by his side.

The four disorientated guys quickly come around. The brakes and everything about the car is jammed. Jimmy is suddenly down there with the gears, trying to pull it off...now on the brakes, now trying to pull off a crowbar, shows desperation.

Nile lifts a sawed-off shotgun, with Tim inches away on target, but before he can aim Teddy grabs it from behind. A struggle ensues starting some worthless drivel exchanges between them...

TEDDY

Let me do this shit...

NILE

Oh shit, what you think you trying to do, kid is walking off...

TEDDY

I'm the best gunner in here...

And Wroth agrees with that, joins Teddy against Nile...

WROTH

You better let Ted do this shit, Nile, you messed up first time already, bullshit...

YARDS AWAY...A cab carefully rolls dead. Janis steps off, her shopping bags after her, juggling looks between her distance walking husband and that cab that looks in trouble. A pump action comes out, goes back in, confirms her suspicion.

In a moment Janis is running towards her husband...

JANIS

Oh my God...get down Tim. They've got a gun get down...

INSIDE THE CAB the Scopes continue to struggle with gun. Teddy turns, he's just seen someone fire past their cab, recognizes Janis...

TEDDY

Oh shit!

Teddy dives across Wroth, punches through a window, a gun in hand, in the process fires a shot into Janis' back, didn't seem to have affected her, keeps on. Teddy follows up with six quick shots in succession, each shot embedding into her back. Doesn't affect the enchanted lady. Annoys Teddy...he sends one more powerful shot...with all his might...

TEDDY

Take that!

This one seems to have affected her more. It destabilizes Janis for a moment. She wobbles on both legs and tilts from her top body down. Janis uses her hands to stabilize her balance, but within seconds she is up and running again...

TEDDY

Oh shit, Wroth, watch what this bitch gonn' do next...

WROTH

I'll pull this off.

Wroth finally wrenches sawed-off shotgun from Nile, and jumping in the same breath breaks into back windshield and appears there. Teddy's gun rains behind Janis' back, but she just run on, can't tell how she's been able to pull through, but she just did. Nile joins in with a powerful gun.

Wroth cocks and fires the sawed-off shotgun into the right shoulder to send Janis sprawling to the grounds. The other two run out of shots and quickly opens up guns to reload. But before they can do it again or Wroth can fire another round...Janis is up and running.

Jimmy suddenly undo jam. The gears come off and car runs in the reverse throwing everyone off.

JIMMY

Shit, I'll curse myself if we miss this opportunity to venge these guys...

Jimmy switches gears and car heaves forward. With their reloaded guns they fire Janis more because she stands between them and Tim, who just walks on, doesn't seem to hear anything at all. Taxi comes up close to Janis. She is few meters from Tim now. The sawed-off shotgun comes off for the second time and settles between her left hip, flies Janis off onto Tim's back.

JANIS
 (gasping)
 Get down...

Tim, suddenly conscious of what's happening now, quickly pulls himself free from under Janis, fires in the same breath, splits Nile's head in two, jumps in a turn around, on all fours, to behind a lamppost. Several bullets instantly settle into lamppost.

Tim fires once, from behind lamppost, shot opens hood, blocks view of the Scopes. Scopes see opportunity to reload guns. Tim sees it, charges forward. Jimmy looks down from the direction of dashboard, the opening under the hood, sees Tim coming. Raises alarm.

JIMMY
 Oh shit! Oh shit. Kid comes our way!

Tim opens a succession of gunshots toward them. With their reloads suddenly complete they fire back. Hot gunshot exchanges. Realizing Tim is up close Jimmy puts car into reverse. Wroth urges him on...

WROTH
 Go, go, go, go. Kid's up too close,
 Jim. Turn around.

Tim charges on, like a cheetah hard on a gazelle. He shoots, bullets whistle past him, runs broadside few times, trying to dodge bullets while running on. Some shots hit the hood, flies it off.

A wailing siren sound we hear from the distance draws closer. Jimmy quickly turns cab around, disappears down a slope. Tim arrives just to look the direction the car went, turns away. He looks briefly, the direction where his wife lies motionless, with some burning look in his eyes, turns, walks away.

EXT. STREET - LATER

There is already a crowd at crime scene. Cops talk to witnesses...dust around. The place is cordoned. Janis' body has already been lifted off scene, leaves trace of chalk mark.

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

The hard pushed gurney burst through the hospital doors, medics bringing the badly wounded Janis into lobby, shouting guys to get out of the way, they take her into operating room.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Surgeons frantically start working on her right on entering, scissoring her clothes off, fixing oxygen gas to nose, running tubes through her body and applying the defibrillators to the blood drenched body to quicken her...

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

They look restless. The Scope guys. Only Jim faces Luth. The others walk about. A dead body lies inches away.

LUTH
You guys gotta pick some wings and
do some flying.

JIMMY
Where do we go?

LUTH
Anywhere! For God's sake don't Goddamn
ask questions. We're talking about Tim
Cockerel. Just vanish, anywhere. Just
can't understand how you guys couldn't
hit him, twice...just today alone.

JIMMY
But we got his wife.

LUTH
What happened to her, did she die?

JIMMY
She should. Got an arsenal of shots in
her ass.

Luth turns away. Teddy follows him on. Wroth helps Jimmy roll
dead body into river, with their feet. They pace away.

EXT. STREET - AIRPORT - DUSK

A cab pulls up. Jimmy hastily steps out, nervous mannerism,
dashes into lobby...

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Two FBI agents, WEXLER and SULLIVAN, with some curious
approach, press through into their boss' room, stop by the
director's desk. An unmarked file in Wexler's hands.

The scowling expression of their boss, BARRY CROFT (60s),
welcomes them. Barry steps away from the blinds, meets the two
half way as Wexler delivers the file to his boss...

WEXLER
From forensic guys, sir, two blood
samples, both unknown in links with
previous crime records, countless
shells, extraordinary caliber types,
Scopes related, all. But we have no
faces, no names, nothing clear.

Mr. Croft opens into file, studies documents.

MR. CROFT

Tim was clear, wasn't he?

WEXLER

Speculatively, witness...

Mr. Croft angrily drops file on desk, goes behind desk...

MR. CROFT

Not speculatively, get your facts right.

(to Sullivan)

We had a video shot, didn't we? You tell me something, Sullivan.

SULLIVAN

Botched by the sun, nothing is clear sir. Any attempt about that will amount to picture tampering and a pure case of falsely trying to implicate somebody. Tim Cockerel. The only guy clear in there. The attack victim, gives him good defense.

MR. CROFT

Next move. I want to know his next move.

WEXLER

Willard place...see wounded wife.

MR. CROFT

Vigil that. I want some clues.

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The operation on the heavily wounded Janis, hot in progress. A team of surgical doctors, other assistants, working desperately to save blood and life.

Tubes and oxygen mask, clasped down on her nose and mouth. VDU indicating irregular heartbeat and a study respirator beating rhythmically. The receptacle with SCRUB NURSE is laden with bullets, still counting, every second.

The operation is headed by DR. SPRUCE, a gangster alumna.

One SURGEON pulls something of a huge lump, out of her hipbone, with some glowing eyes of surprise, lifts it up with forceps.

SURGEON

Jesus Christ, look at this, Spruce.

Spruce pauses, looks up his mask...everyone's attention drawn.

SPRUCE

What's that...? Where did you get that thing from?

SURGEON

The left hipbone. A hard rock metal from a pump action. Swear it gonna cause her some problem even if she survives this.

The team keep staring the metal piece...drops with some sound in the receptacle...

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD - NIGHT

Tim turns the corner, pulls his GMC Truck into the yard, waits. His daughter, Nina (5), by his side, keeps waiting.

NINA

Is this where you said you gonna take me to mommy?

TIM

Said some bad guys shot her, she's gonna be fine...

NINA

That's not what you told me.

Tim isn't in the arguing mood. Just watch as tears well up in her eyes. Dabs with her hanky. Tim steps out, walks around the car, looking deep into the night...the whole surrounding place. It's all dark, flickering lights, off in the distance.

Tim picks a heavy flashlight from the trunk, carries his daughter on his shoulders, he walks into the building structure going away from their usual Scope conclave place...away from the makeshift room...away from everything...

INT. SMELTER ARENA - HUGE PIPES - MONTAGE

We see Tim here, making his way on some huge pipes, preceded by some unstable flashlight beams. Huge pipes and heavy chains, hanging the place over...Tim making his way in and out of a number of pipes...hurdling pipes...slithering down chains...

Finally, Tim stops here...a boiling pond, or what appears to be a boiling pond in a smelter. But this is Tim's own doing, a collection of some water raging their way out of a cauldron underneath, a touch of personal manipulation, this one. The current is so strong an ignorant person will only see a scary boiling pot of a smelter.

Tim looks around, finds one heavy hanging chain, he grabs it with a hand and slithers into "boiling pond." The waters are only knee-deep. He opens a grating which in effect serves as a door of some sort in the pond's enclosure, steps out, continues his way in the aisles, stops behind a door, goes through...

INT. TIM'S HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Tim comes down some stairs, turns on a switch to a stunning revelation of a living place. It's got all one might need to exist. Nina is awestruck, her mouth goes: Wow.

INT. TIM'S HIDEOUT - LATER

Tim behind some computer. In the b.g. is his daughter, Nina, fast asleep, in a couch.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: We see the names and profile of fellow hoodlums continuing to flow down the screen. Tim absorbs the details, then deletes the dead from the living.

INT. LAPD - OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP on a part of his face...LAPD Chief, gloomily staring down at something we don't see yet. Pulling back a bit we see him shuffling some ten-by-eight shots of the previous day's Scopes shootout. The down region of a plain cop in the b.g...

A full view of the man before his desk and we see...guess who? Moses Luth. The one we know from the Scopes, astonishing. Suddenly he's done with pictures, doesn't interest him, shoves them over to the man overhead, LARSON. Moves to the blinds...

LUTH

Put them in the trash.

LARSON

(bemused)

Hey sir, but this is some stuff...

LUTH

You call that some stuff, Larson? What stuff, those botched up snapshots?

LARSON

But it's those Horoscope guys, entangled in this shootout snaps...

LUTH

The snaps are bad, nothing clear, can't put a name to anyone in there...

LARSON

Tim Cockerel, he's part of these guys...

Luth steps away a little from the blinds, exasperated...

LUTH

Jesus Christ, for God's sake that's just some speculation from a cop, alright?

LARSON

Okay, alright. I get your point.

Luth walks to his desk. Bothered. The ironic situation. Larson, somehow sympathetic to his boss' grief, only keeps looking at Luth and the pictures in hand, exits.

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - HALL - NIGHT

Wexler with partner Sullivan chats away with some hospital staff, far end of the hall, huddled in silent conversation...

The elevator opens up and out steps a combat boot quietly into the hall...out steps the man himself, Tim. Looks both ways of the hall and waits some moment.

FAR END OF THE HALL: Sullivan takes notice, alerts his partner.

SULLIVAN

See what we've got.

Both wait tentatively, watches him.

Tim turns to the hall, walks left, eyes scanning the rooms either side of him if he can find his wife in anyone of them. But the rooms are either empty or with patients who aren't his wife. Few rooms away Tim finds this one...a room with many patients, stops over, scans if his wife is among.

Spruce comes out of a room, walks the long hall, opposite Tim's direction. Tim sees something at the corner of his eyes, his attention drawn to it, sees Spruce, falls into step behind him. Spruce nears the door to Janis' room, attempts going through...

TIM

SPRUCE...!

Spruce stops in his tracks, turns to the voice, sees Tim coming strongly towards him.

WEXLER

What's he gonna do, should we move in?

SULLIVAN

No, we wait. Probably got the news bitch is in some coma. See what he gonna do.

Tim stops by...

TIM (cont'd)

I've never been this death scared moment I learnt you're in charge of my wife's operation, Spruce.

SPRUCE

You don't trust me, Tim, do you...?

TIM

And I've got good reasons, don't I? Back then you killed two of my pals, didn't

you...?

SPRUCE

(sounding incensed)

Oh come'n, Tim, you give me some respect here, some goddamn respect. I didn't do what you're trying to imply. Besides that was back then when I was in that gangster thing, but now I'm a doctor saving lives, like what I just did for your wife...

TIM

No I don't fucking trust anyone. Either you, or the FBI, because I know they are around, lot of them, as always, looking to get at me.

Spruce looks around, despondent, he looks at his watch for some reason as Tim moves closer, stops by the blinds, finds Janis in a ward, all alone, observes her quietly. The drips and tubes are on. Respirator beating steadily. And the VDU display functioning perfectly.

WEXLER

Hey Sullivan, seems kid's on way out, what do we do?

SULLIVAN

Kid doesn't do no hitch...guess you give him candy for good behavior.

Tim turns, walks away, the long corridor, angrily bangs himself through the double door and out into the street...

EXT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tim walks away...as quickly as one with an appointment to make.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - JANIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Appears on the screen: 3 MONTHS LATER

Janis is just lying there. Seems to be sleeping, as in a normal day life, motionless, breathes constantly, playing to the respirator's balanced movements. Two blood pints hang by her bed. Almost ran out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - JANIS' ROOM - DAY

Appears on the screen: 6 MONTHS LATER

Same spot and scene as the previous, but now the bed is raised, she appears half sitting. There is a constant beat of BEEPS

coming from the VDU. The blood pints are up on scale. Janis gives a heavy SIGH and scratches her face, continues to lie down, sleeping. Still in the coma condition.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DUSK

Appears on screen: 7 MONTHS LATER

Tim walks away, along a line of parked cars. Doesn't seem to have stopped since last he left his wife. His bearings not yet recovered. The gun in hand and the briskly pace tells a tale... desperate...hunting...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - JANIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Appears on the screen: 8 MONTHS LATER

The settings about the room don't seem to have changed a dime since last visited. The two blood pints that hang about her bed, at the same level...The drips that are constantly dropping into tubes...The VDU display of a heartbeat that's regular... and a respirator that keeps HUMMING away...

The door opens and Spruce walks into the room. He takes inventory of his patient, her condition, hangs around.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

FBI agent, Sullivan, sitting beside his boss in the fast moving car quickly opens into the file in hand and pulls some pictures out, offers them to Mr. Croft.

SULLIVAN

You look at these, sir.

Mr. Croft observes the pictures of both dead Scope members.

MR. CROFT

Who are these guys?

SULLIVAN

We just learnt of these guys, sir.
Eddie Fog. Gilbert Nile. Scope guys.
Shot the very day Tim's wife got shot.

MR. CROFT

How would you find them?

Sullivan takes some more pictures from the file, offers them out. These are clean shots of both Fog and Nile, normal day life shots mixed up with some police booking shots.

SULLIVAN

Nile washed up a river. Seems to have been dumped in there. Fog was found in some forest. Some quail hunters.

MR. CROFT

What do you know about them now, any details?

SULLIVAN

Very little, except that both did time in the L.A. Central Male Prison. Part of the entourage of inmate boss, Sniper.

MR. CROFT

Sniper?

SULLIVAN

Yep.

Sullivan tries to find his picture among his file, realizes he's sitting on it in back pocket, go bonkers. He pulls it out.

SULLIVAN

Oh shit, shit, I sat on this thing. Look at it, sir. Aaron Cook, 47, white, Sonoma County.

MR. CROFT

Where's that?

SULLIVAN

West Coast, California.

MR. CROFT

You tried hitting him on? Some deal to snitch. He could have something up the sleeves.

SULLIVAN

Just did and failed, 'cause kid just provided little or nothing. Said only knew of kids being part of his entourage nothing more.

MR. CROFT

I'm thinking of getting somebody to testify against this Tim Cockerel guy with a very strong case that could put a hold on his ass once and for all.

SULLIVAN

That would be difficult, sir, we've tried everybody, any means. This childhood friend he's got, close as teeth. Sean Spencer, 49, TRENDLE LAW FIRM, 25TH

STREET. A mixture of races, mulatto, black and white. But looks white and claims that. Not a lot of guys know this. The FBI tried him once and failed. Threatened to sue for citing him as an accomplice.

Car whips down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - JANIS' ROOM - DAY

Appears on the screen: 10 MONTHS LATER

Janis, just as she has been, motionless, sleeping, in her coma condition. Suddenly, her left index finger with an electronic monitoring device attached trembles endlessly. The device comes off setting off a long EAR-PIERCING sound.

A female DUTY NURSE quickly rushes into the room to re-fix device. She touches something on the VDU, stops sound, observes Janis with a sigh.

INT. A RUINED HOUSE - FOGGY ATMOSPHERE - DAY

Appears on screen: ONE YEAR THREE MONTHS LATER

A moving cage...touches down with a gasping fog, opens up, and Tim sturdily steps out. He walks through the network of empty foggy hallways with the telling look of one who's obviously searching to welcome his victim with his .45 Colt rounder.

FLASHBACK

TIM'S POV...revelers dancing the place he walk, mixed up with the present as if it's happening now as he walks through the hallways, party goes. Then there is Jimmy, binging on some drinks, a half naked girl after him to another room, both ecstatic, then Jimmy turns around, towards us...Tim...

JIMMY

Hey Tim, when I'm lost in town this is where I come...

BACK TO SCENE

The surreal revelers are gone; the present is real as Tim continues through the hallway, opens the door to one huge empty room, stops in the middle. He looks around, but the only thing he finds is a manhole. He pulls off the cover, goes through.

INT. UNDERGROUND - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Tim comes down the manhole into the underground, cautiously makes his way through a series of walls and pipes, wire mesh and train tracks, all over, foggy scenario. He keeps probing forward, on the lookout, gun hefted up the shoulders to go

off any moment...Then, we see the advancing Tim putting brakes on his moves, the cloud of fog dissolve before him and we see him looking straight on, with lethal suspicion, at the ragged brick wall some distance off...

ANOTHER SECTION/BRICK WALL (EITHER SIDE)

Jimmy is here, backup against the wall, he's shed his shirt and man, we've never seen a man this soggy with sweats. And what is he doing...? HUFFING, PUFFING and banging his back to the wall with vigor, injecting some coke substance into his tied-up forearm, taut veins poking through his skin...

Tim, cautious, trying as much not to disturb the dead, steps on something that creates some sound...

The sound startles Jimmy. Makes him jump out of his skin, suddenly suspicious, wipes his desk clean where he was doing some minor brewing and hides all in a niche, comes up with a double flintlocks, plants his back to the wall...

Jimmy will negotiate his way out of his hideout, and like Tim who has the lingering movements of the figure on his radar meet...face to face, eyeball to eyeball, engage each other in the fiercest gun battle ever imagined. And when they both run out of shots entangle in the wildest catfight ever known to them both...

But Tim will have the edge, the dominant edge, gives him the opportunity to rough up Jim like rag doll. But Jimmy isn't done yet, has one more trick up his sleeve, a deadly horse kick that sends Tim tumbling through a chain of brittle walls.

Jimmy grabs a pipe, slithers down to the basement before Tim comes up with his barrage of shots, moves in a swooping jump after Jim, lands, but suddenly Jimmy is nowhere, runs out of underground tunnel...along train tracks...

EXT. CITY LANDSCAPE - HILL - DUSK

Tim is up the edge, supervising the goings-on. A fast moving train is way off. Suddenly, he sees Jimmy jumping onto fast moving train, escapes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - JANIS' ROOM - NIGHT

Appears on screen: ONE YEAR SIX MONTHS LATER

The Duty Nurse walks to Janis' bed and makes sure all the life sustaining equipments are alright. A BEEP sound draws her attention, to a run out drip. She changes drip...

DUTY NURSE

I'll change this thing for you and just see if your temperature is right, baby.

She checks Janis' temperature, just to make sure, walks to the far end of the room, to some set of closets. She pulls a clipboard, runs a hand on listed items, ticks few and waits. The BEEP sound again, millisecond. Duty Nurse turns, looks Janis, briefly, back to the clipboard. The BEEP sound comes on, incessant. Duty Nurse quickly walks back to Janis.

DUTY NURSE

Hey girl, I just checked everything on you, you're supposed to be alright.

Janis moves a hand, touches her face. Her eyes come on, begins breathing heavily, oxygen mask comes off, eyes looking wild.

DUTY NURSE

Oh my God, you're back...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

BANG! Janis' bed, pushed hard by Duty Nurse and Spruce, knocks into the corridor wall. They rush her into another room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Janis, in a room with some top medical facility, from her just recovered coma condition, head up on the adjusted bed, appears sitting, weak all over, everything looks hazy. Suddenly, the door opens, Spruce comes into the room, stops in the middle, he has his attention on something else, keeps gazing elsewhere...

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - STAGE - NIGHT

Tim, obvious, disorientated, trademark ready-to-charge bull anger, pace up the room. He gulps and empties bottle after bottle on some liquor, throws all into fireplace. Some flickering flame in the hearth...

INT. PROSTHETIC UNIT - DAY

Spruce stands before the ray of x-ray shots both adjusting the pen in breast pocket and watching the displays intensely.

Behind Spruce, Tim's well known best friend, SEAN SPENCER, a podgy figure, with his wife, LOUISA, in close consolation by Janis who has a crutch in her armpit, it's a somber mood. Spruce pulls one x-ray film. He walks to the trio behind him and all give him their attention.

SPRUCE

Yep...this is the scar, guys.

Showing them where he thinks is responsible for Janis' disability. Which's just about being made known to us.

SPRUCE

This is our shot on the left hipbone,

...the damage on this part, caused by a pump action bullet, is responsible for her inability to walk properly again as in her former condition...That's better than a worst scenario where she may have to be amputated or never walk again. Makes me one of the happiest guys around, if I should recall the condition she was in when she was brought in...

Sean and wife, soaking in the lecture, Janis, at a zenith point of despair.

SPRUCE

...more than two dozen hard bullets went into her body...now you ask yourself how many guys take just one bullet shot and survive...?

SEAN

Yeah...yeah...you're right.

SPRUCE

I can understand her despondency, but she'd later understand my joy, why I'm just excited, it's because she's alive.

SEAN

(shakes hands with Spruce)

You're right, Doc, thank you so much.

SPRUCE

No problem, ever welcome.

Spruce shakes Louisa's hands and hugs Janis, a long moment. But Janis can't easily take in the news; whining in tears, the others join in Spruce's consolation, holding and patting.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Tim...his back towards us, at some waist level ledge, a badly lit room, hunching into what he's doing. Then we see what he's got before him, fitting a heavy handgun into a book. The wall phone RINGS, keeps RINGING. Tim only looks it once. Hastens to finish his undertaking, dislodges receiver to his ears...

TIM

Yeah?

Spruce is at the end.

SPRUCE (O.S.)

Hi, Mr. Cockerel, this is me, Spruce, got some news for you.

TIM

What news?

SPRUCE (O.S.)

A good news for you, Tim. Your wife's been out of her coma for some...

Tim quickly hangs up. That's all he needed to hear. Gives off a heavy sigh, retrieves the gun from the hollowed book...

INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Tim comes off the elevator and walks the hallway, sees Spruce coming off another hall, some x-ray shots in hands. Spruce jams close...

SPRUCE

Hey, Mr. Cockerel, right on time. Come around, I've got something to show you.

Spruce continues into Prosthetic Unit. Tim follows him through.

INT. PROSTHETIC UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Some doctors are already there, busy. Spruce stops at the x-ray films at the display board, Tim shows up behind. Spruce does some explanations motioning to the x-ray shots.

SPRUCE

I've just got these x-ray shots on your wife, on her left pelvis which caused this last problem.

TIM

(sounding surprised)
And what's this last problem you're talking about?

SPRUCE

Up there, can see it for yourself. The left hipbone, just did our last x-ray, see if there was a chance we could to let her walk better. Couldn't do that, gotta stick to the crutch. And, and... that's it. Gave it our best shot.

TIM

So you did me again, Spruce...!

SPRUCE

Stop blaming me for all your problems and all your string of mess...! Anything goes wrong in your life and it's me, me, me!

TIM

I knew something was gonna go wrong moment I realized you were in charge, saw the FBI, knew it! That's what you've

always done to me, isn't it?

Tim quickly turns, takes few steps away, tries exiting.

SPRUCE

(unrelenting anger)

Hey, what do you take me for? Some phony
guy or something? Remember who called for
this shit. Stop shifting blame on me...

Tim, enraged, stops abruptly and quickly produces a heavy
SILVERY HOOK from under his sleeve, attacks Spruce. Several
striking attempts to smash it down Spruce's head, but misses
all. Spruce stops Tim's hand with the hook, but Tim grabs
Spruce's neck with his free hand, slams him into some glass
closets, leaves him virtually helpless at the mercy of another
impending whack from the hook, but a closer COLLEAGUE hauls him
away...

COLLEAGUE

Watch out, watch this one, Spruce.

Helps him dodge thrice. Several dodges follow.

SPRUCE

Hey, what you trying to do?

A frustrated Tim turns, to the glass closets all around,
granulates everything out with the hook. Damage completed.

TIM

Fuck you! Swear I ain't done yet!

He throws down the hook, bangs himself through the door. Exits.

A relieved Spruce massages his neck, nervously looking in the
faces of is colleagues. Terrified, all!

INT. JANIS' ROOM

Janis is sitting on the edge of her bed, Spruce comes into the
room.

JANIS

Hey Doc, said my husband's gonna come
here right now.

Spruce stops inches from the door, touches forehead. Appears
edgy.

SPRUCE

Yeah, I did, but...

JANIS

What? Thought something's gone wrong?

SPRUCE

Let's see what happens. Just thought
he gonna come.

EXT. BAR - DAY

Tim takes a wicked turn and pulls his car into bar, still
brewing with rage.

INT. BAR

Tim enters the bar and in a moment empties two bottles of hard
liquor, drops some bucks and turns to go...BARTENDER draws his
attention...

BARTENDER
Your change, sir...

Tim turns instantly, looks Bartender with some terrible pin
pointing eyes that makes Bartender cringe, draws hand back
with a gasp...Tim exits.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

...Sean...on the edge of his bed...a huge hamburger and popcorn
in either hand, chewing and spilling popcorn all over, heaving
and laughing hysterically to the daytime sitcom.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE

Tim turns his car from the street, pulls at the house. He walks
to the house, bangs the door...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sean is startled...looks the door's direction. Cautiously steps
out, finds the excessively enraged Tim pacing up the hall.

SEAN
Oh that's bullshit. I knew that will
be you, what the hell are you doing
here? What's your beef this time?

After a period of watching Tim pace around...Sean comes again.

SEAN
Hey, are you gonna talk to me, big boy?

TIM
Been to the hospital place since girl
came around and seen her?

SEAN
Yeah...yeah...yeah, I've been there,
couple or more, Louisa has always.
She's got a crutch, yeah sad, but,
hey calm down, calm down, Tim.

TIM

That's what the FBI and Spruce did to her. They rigged that leg 'cause all they've been trying to do is get at me, it's been years. Immediately I saw those guys at that place I knew something's gonna go wrong! I knew it!

SEAN

Hey Tim, I understand how you feel, but just cool down, we talk about this blame thing another time...

TIM

I've got no goddamn bullshit to talk another time...just filed for divorce ...don't wanna be a victim to what they gonna think of getting at me.

SEAN

Filed for divorce? Hey, you kidding me or something?

Tim immediately pulls divorce documents and shoves them off with Sean.

TIM

You look at them yourself and tell me if I'm kidding you. Or tell me if I've ever lied to you about anything I ever did. Never! I don't do that! That's not my style.

SEAN

No Tim, you can't do this, she got shot and everything that happened was because she saved your life, she saved you, remember that.

TIM

I just want those FBI guys and Spruce to know from here on this is their problem, not my problem, I'm too smart for their ploys, just too good for that.

(beat)

I just closed all my bank accounts... if those guys realize they've failed to get at me they gonna try my bank account, hit me with some huge alimony. So I avoid that, I've just put it all in your bank account, when the divorce is over I'm just gonna get it all back. Some twenty six million bucks.

SEAN

I just wanna help you, Tim, we've been friends since childhood, you're getting

yourself in some quagmire 'cause this could prove disastrous, they gonna jail you for evading alimony...

TIM

Of course it could happen to me because I'm not the son of a politician. A fucked up son of a teacher when all through history I've not read nor known of anybody being jailed for being a pauper and having no dime to pay for alimony, and that's what I'm gonna prove. I don't, have, no, money!

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE

Louisa brings her car around a bend towards the house. She observes as Tim angrily pops out of the house into his car. He turns the car in reverse, rams into a parked car, he's not bothered, turns around, steers away. Louisa arrives, pulls her car, quickly walks into the house, concerned.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Louisa enters, finds her husband apparently upset, walks the hall. Sean furiously kicks something...the documents, on the floor, bangs his hand in a door.

Louisa picks the documents from the floor, scrutinizes through.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The two married couple, like they've been hit by a stun gun, or a taser. Even more appropriate...a dumb bomb. They don't move, they don't talk. Seems been doing it for hours. Louisa manages to make a speech.

LOUISA

Doctors give her clear, can leave tomorrow.

SEAN

I know, we gotta try bring her around.

Back to the silence game...

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - LAW FIRM - DAY

A TINKLING bell sounds, the elevator door opens, and out steps Sean, among few others. He walks the hall, approaches a door. Almost immediately the door opens and somebody steps out with a file in hand, Sean snatches the file from his colleague and friend, DEAN JACOBS, turns away.

JACOBS

(laughing)

I was bringing it, Sean, thanks anyway.

SEAN

You keep that, Jake.

JACOBS

I hate you.

SEAN

Thanks...

(stops suddenly, faces
Jacobs)

...Jacobs, bet you wouldn't like to
hear this stuff.

JACOBS

Hey, you sure about this one?

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacobs, his back towards us, half turning from the coffee
maker, finally turns away, a coffee mug in hand, comes towards
Sean who stands before his desk, awaiting Jacobs' return...

JACOBS

Sean...

SEAN

What?

JACOBS

I think this is what you gonna do, you
blow the lid off.

SEAN

Blow lid off? Come'n Jake, are you
crazy or something? Do you want that
kid to kill me or what?

JACOBS

So what you gonna do? How'd he know
about your account?

SEAN

Don't know how he did that, but I'm
just gonna change it right now. But
hey, Jake, you're the only guy I've
discussed this with, so keep the lid
on, don't blow it off.

JACOBS

(simulates lips zipped)

Of course I'm not a kid to go spilling
guts.

SEAN

Dean, what do you think gonna happen?
Think he gonna pull it off? Hiding his

money, evading alimony?

JACOBS

Of course. This is an implementation of a mapped out scheme, and he's gonna pull through. A case of the burden of proof. But that's a mean thing to do, don't you think so? Divorce the lady who saved your life with her body, wow? Then you hide your money, evade alimony.

SEAN

That's Tim Cockerel for you. Always wanna have his way. Some twenty six million bucks.

Jake is taken aback, we can see from his glowing eyes.

JACOBS

Wow, gangster with money, this could only happen in the United States.

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DUSK

Sean steps out of his office, some files in hand, takes notice of another colleague, NADINE, yards away, catches up alongside.

SEAN

Here, Nadine, you give this to Jake, left them in my office this morning. And, one thing...

NADINE

What?

SEAN

You look crazily sexy.

Both laugh. Nadine takes careful look at the documents. Heads towards elevator with Sean, chats on...

EXT. PARKING LOT

Sean comes out of the grounds, all alone, picks his car, drives out.

EXT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sean pulls the car and steps out. He ignores the elevator and leisurely walks the stairs.

INT. JANIS' ROOM

Janis is already dressed up and waiting when Sean walks into her room.

SEAN

Time to go h-o-m-e, girl. What have you got to pick up?

JANIS

Hey Sean, you kept me waiting, you pick my bag over there for me, can't wait to go home.

Sean lifts Janis' bag from the end of the room as Janis props up on her crutch to follow him out. The two head out of the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Sean drops the bag in the trunk, helps Janis into the car, hops behind the wheels, alongside Janis, moves the car away.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean brings the car around and pulls at the house, stays for a moment.

JANIS

I thought you were taking me to my house.

SEAN

Yeah, the police are still doing some investigations over there...yeah Jenny, have I told you this? We've just planned some big time party for you for your survival and recovery from coma, myself and Louisa planned it.

JANIS

Wow, that's gonna be fantastic, I think I'm gonna like it. Are you gonna invite all my friends over?

SEAN

Of course, including that go-go dancer, what do you call her, Taneka?

JANIS

No, that's Tameka, Tameka Crisp. You in love with her already, Sean? Louisa gonna kill you.

SEAN

Hey no, that girl even scares me with her boobs.

Both laugh. The two step out of the car, walk towards the house. Louisa comes to the door, hugs Janis, both giggling wild. Sean passes on.

LOUISA

Uhhh, girl, you're here, welcome home.

JANIS

Thanks, where is everybody? I miss my husband, and my daughter.

LOUISA

I'm everybody, believe me. Jenny guess what I've got for you. Some real food stuff, gonna eat till you drop.

JANIS

(beaming with excitement)

Wow, I'm already hungry. Hey Louisa, where is Tim, my husband? I miss him.

Louisa stops dead in her tracks, a changed mood. Stares Janis.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sean comes off the hall, embracing some fully loaded boxes. He just walks past Louisa in the hallway.

SEAN

Honey, can you help me bring these stuff out of the junk room, they're stuck loaded in there...hey, where's Jenny?

LOUISA

Jenny's before her door, reading the documents...

SEAN

What documents?

LOUISA

The documents on her divorce of course.

Sean drops the boxes, infuriated.

SEAN

Oh shit, what did you do that for?

LOUISA

I thought she's got to know.

Sean charges towards Janis' room, finds her by the door, her back facing us, hunching over something, documents.

SEAN

Oh no, honey, don't read that stuff. Don't think it's time you...

But, just as Sean gets closer to her, Janis turns around,

angrily shoves documents into him, tears in both eyes.

JANIS

You lied to me.

SEAN

I was only trying to...

JANIS

Said the house over there is being investigated. You lied to me!

Janis hobbles away, tears streaming down her face. Leaves Sean bemused, he rushes back towards Louisa, finds her in the hall.

SEAN

What did you do that for, are you out of your mind?

LOUISA

Oh my God, Sean, why did you say that? I was only trying to help...

SEAN

Is that how you help, bullshit! The girl needs some time to recover, she just came around from hell!

LOUISA

I don't care! She got to know the truth and here isn't a recovery center, okay?

Louisa angrily walks off, doesn't show remorse, stuns Sean.

EXT. FLOWERPOTS - DEEP NIGHT

Janis sits by some flowerpots, gulping on some drink and sobbing. She gulps the last of the liquid and throws the bottle down the lawn, disconsolate.

INT. COUPLE'S BEDROOM

Sean and Louisa, both in bed, staring and blinking silently at the ceiling. The lights are out, dark. Louisa turns to Sean.

LOUISA

Wished I hadn't done what I did, Sean.

Sean, expectedly silent...keeps staring the ceiling.

EXT. BACK TO THE FLOWERPOTS

Janis picks another bottle beside her, she moves to one parked car, gulps some more, walks from end to end. She turns to the car, furiously kicks into it many times, crying and cursing... Noise seems to have jolted some few in their rooms, as lights come on in the houses around.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

The JUDGE, a mid-sixty Supreme Court type, grey hair, near the skull crop, beardless, and over the top mustache...looks intently at the documents before him.

The gallery, a fully packed courtroom...Janis, on some cap and dark glasses, hangs on her crutch at the wall, seemingly not concerned at the details of proceedings. The Defense Counsel, PENNY GAMBLES, stands right before his client, Tim Cockerel, at the defense bench. A female Prosecutor, MISS POSHARD, at the opposite position, worlds apart.

Judge PHILIP DIXON lifts up his head from the documents, looks across the room, focuses on Gambles and clears his throat.

JUDGE DIXON

Mr. Gambles, I just looked it one more time, these documents, your client has gone through divorce with ex wife. We decide this on alimony, guess you wan' make a deal.

Gambles stumbles closer to the bench.

GAMBLES

Your Honor, we haven't got any alimony deal to make. My client has gone through divorce with ex wife...

JUDGE DIXON

Excuse me, Mr. Gambles, so what do you want?

GAMBLES

Your Honor, we don't want anything, it's about his ex and her camp who want something of a jail term for my client because he hasn't got the money for the alimony demand they're asking for. We've gone through this issue in four other court trials, my client has been proven clean in all. We've all jilted a lover or somebody in our lives before, so if Mr. Cockerel has just divorced his, for reasons best known to him, I don't think he deserves the punishment of being dragged through hell. He lost his money in a Stock Exchange deal, and he's done more than enough to prove it. Hasn't got anything to hide, Your Honor. Hope this closes it all.

Judge Dixon snaps a look at Janis at the far end of the room...

JUDGE DIXON

Ms. Poshard, you want Mr. Cockerel...
to suffer for what you call the "crime
of not paying for his alimony" with a
jail sentence? Is that it?

Ms. Poshard steps up.

MS. POSHARD

Yes Your Honor, for denying his ex wife,
Miss Janis Mitchell a share of assets
and finance...

JUDGE DIXON

That was some 26 million bucks. His
bank account shows he hasn't got that
amount, proves he's lost it all.

MS. POSHARD

We have reasons to believe Mr. Cockerel
deliberately took everything out of his
account. No lost Stock Exchange deal.
He's hidden the money, just wanna avoid
alimony, Your Honor.

JUDGE DIXON

Have you got some evidence?

MS. POSHARD

We just believe he's...

JUDGE DIXON

Speculation! Throughout our history
we've never worked on that. Evidence,
and that's what you couldn't provide
in four court trials, and don't think
you've got it now...

(hitting gavel down)

...sorry!

Judge Dixon rises, almost immediately, to murmuring chaos,
courtroom over, exits.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In a virtually empty courtroom we see Janis and Ms. Poshard...
hugging, consoling each other, tears down both faces.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Tim and Defense Counsel, Gambles, pop out of courthouse,
immediately attacked by reporters...mikes...tape recorders...
shoving...voices...questions...chaotic...a waiting car...

EXT. PALM AVENUE - JEEP - DAY

Appears on screen: TWO MONTHS LATER

An open top Jeep, dashing along this virtually empty street, oozing laughs, hysterical...from two women, obvious. Then we see Janis and Louisa, the one driving...They have the world to themselves, ecstatic.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE

The Jeep turns off the street and pulls instantly at the house. The two women, still in the humor mood, laughing out hysterically. They step out to their shopping bags.

LOUISA

Stop it, stop it bitch! No jokes about that.

(posing serious)

Okay, I'm gonna ask you this. Considering what you've been through, are you, ever, gonna get married again?

JANIS

With the right guy, why not? Some kids more.

Louisa is stunned, she heaves two shopping bags and heads to the house, Janis hobbles along.

LOUISA

See why I thought you're crazy, understandably crazy, you've just been to hell with what that guy did to you and...

(finds note on the door)

...hey honey, look...

JANIS

What?

LOUISA

Sean's gone out of town, Santa Monica.

JANIS

He went with my baby?

LOUISA

Of course...She's gonna be ok.

INT. CAR - DAY

The beaming smiles of two ecstatic friends, Sean and Jake, Nina is strapped in the backseat. The undertone conversation is sexual...

JACOBS

...wow, huge boobs, curvy hips, sexy...

(eyes fall on a picture,

black lady, between the

seats, picks it up)

...Sean, who's this bitch?

SEAN

Hey, where did you pick that...? Can you keep a secret, Jake?

JACOBS

Sure. Why not, who is she?

SEAN

Mulatto, black mom...we share both parents. Not a lot of guys know this. Not even Louisa.

JACOBS

Wow, didn't know that about you, what's her name?

SEAN

Charlotte. Already in love?

Both burst out strongly.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The car swings out of the street, pulls into parking lot. Sean picks Nina on a shoulder, head into restaurant. Right on entering Sean notices HIM...out of the transparent glasses all around...from the corner of his eyes...Tim...in his trademark overcoat outfit, with some baseball cap to conceal his face.

Appears to be standing there for some moments now, just pretending his attention is actually elsewhere, like one before his property, just to keep guard and stretch legs. A language all too familiar for Sean to understand what it means, quickly hands Nina over to Jacobs.

SEAN

Take care of kid, Jake, I'm coming.

JACOBS

Where are you going?

SEAN

Got a problem to deal with.

Sean reaches Tim and is immediately shoved through another entrance door to some glass wall, a secluded position, by his nervous looking friend who keeps looking around.

SEAN

Hey Tim, hold it. You don't handle me this way.

TIM

Sean pal, I get my money back.

SEAN

Chill up...

TIM

(harangues Sean)

I don't have no chilling up to do!
FBI could be trailing. You know I get
uncomfortable without my money!

SEAN

Are you gonna see your kid?

TIM

No! Didn't come here for that...
changed your account.

SEAN

Security. I needed to protect my account.

The seemingly abandoned Jacobs, keeps sneaking peeks on Sean
and friend. Nina has some ice cream in hand now. Enjoying it.

TIM

Now listen to me! I want you to meet me
at the bay, in the west coast, we've
been there before. Just some transfer
deal to haul it over. I need my money!

Tim hastily leaves Sean.

SEAN

What about...?

TIM

(stops briefly, hisses,
eyes crimsoned)

Keep that to yourself!

Scares Sean to the bones...Tim turns, vanishes.

SEAN

Wow.

Sean walks back to Jacobs, looking over his shoulders, the
direction Tim went, several times over. His mood is changed.

SEAN

Jake, let's go.

Sean hastily leads them through the exit, looks both upset and
confused.

JACOBS

What's wrong?

SEAN

Said let's go! Everything is changed.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The rains beat down softly, wipers swinging. Sean has the phone to his ears, looks out seriously, someone's at the end.

MAN (O.S.)

...hey you wanna talk to Judge Monica Ryan? Do you know what you asking for?

SEAN

Please I'm sorry, I know that, security implications and all, but this is urgent, I'm Tim Cockerel's friend, there's something she want to know.

MAN (O.S.)

Can't meet you at her home, can't risk that, security...SLEEK...

SEAN

I know that. SLEEK will be fine.

EXT. SLEEK RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Behind the dark alley of the restaurant we see the cursive display of the name SLEEK, written boldly on the building. A LINCOLN MARK VIII arrives and pulls into the parking lot. Out steps JUDGE MONICA RYAN, (50s), black, heads in...

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

...the tough skin Judge, Monica Ryan, locked in some serious conversation at a table with her host, Sean. He has his glasses off, dabbing tears from his face.

JUDGE RYAN

...I blame you for everything that Tim Cockerel guy turned out to be...

SEAN

You can't blame me, Your Honor, I was doing my best, trying to let my best influence have impact on him. It just didn't work.

JUDGE RYAN

All we needed from you was for you to testify against that guy...What happened to his money, lost it in...?

SEAN

No, he gave everything to me.

No better news to her than this, she reacts, almost instantly.

JUDGE RYAN

Good grief.

SEAN

26 million bucks. But we make a deal.

JUDGE RYAN

What?

SEAN

I know my friend with his attitude to money, if he doesn't get his money back he's gonna attack me raging like a bull, and that's where you guys have to take the advantage and charge him for extortion and keep him out behind bars forever, which gonna give me the security I'm gonna need, else everyone is dead.

The idea strike home with Judge Ryan, excited about it.

JUDGE RYAN

Agreed.

EXT/INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - DAWN

Sean pulls the car, steps off and carries the fast sleeping Nina to her bed.

INT. COUPLE'S BEDROOM

Sean walks into their bedroom, collapses on the bed, wakes Louisa in the process.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER - DAY

Sean, still on the bed, the same position he collapsed moments ago, snores across room. Louisa isn't there in the room.

INT. KITCHEN

Louisa and Janis, busily cooking in the kitchen. Suddenly, Nina comes into the kitchen, excited beyond the roof.

NINA

Mommy, I want you to come and see something in my room, please hurry.

Janis and Louisa share a look, surprised. She washes her hands and quickly follow Nina out of the room.

Laughter from both Janis and daughter, can be heard all over.

Sean walks into the kitchen, looks sleepy, fresh out of bed, but he munches an apple. Finds Louisa there alone, pecks a cheek, continues to hang around.

SEAN

Good morning.

LOUISA

Morning. Thought you'd always brush your teeth each morning before you'd eat anything.

SEAN

Of course. Just did that before I came home. Been up throughout the night.

LOUISA

You've been up all night...? Doing what?

Sean takes question with some grimace, looks around to be sure.

SEAN

Where's she?

LOUISA

Kid's room.

SEAN

Do you know something? Tim's money wasn't lost as he claimed. He gave it to me to hide it for him. And I just gave it to Judge Monica Ryan.

LOUISA

WOW! I'm concerned now, scared. You know this guy's a human monster, he gonna come knocking.

SEAN

Sure, but on first attempt to do anything silly and the cops hold him for extortion, and that's some 24 years or more. That should be enough safety.

Louisa stares Sean and continues to, "I'm concerned" tells from her gaping lips. Sean kisses lower lip once, pulls off, looking to get her reaction. Louisa kisses back. Both snuggle. Sean drops a hand down her panties, gets nasty.

Janis unexpectedly walks into kitchen, finds the two snuggling, shocked and disgusted by the scene, storms out of the kitchen slamming the door, frightens couple off. Sean notices her.

LOUISA

Hey, who was that?

SEAN

I'll take care of that.

EXT. FLOWERPOTS

Janis, all alone, on the edge of the flowers, can't explain her reaction. But maybe it's a fit of jealousy. Two streaming tears, down to her lips. Sean walks next to her side. Coils his arm around her shoulders.

SEAN

Sorry...maybe we just played stupid.

JANIS

No, that's okay. I just reacted badly.

SEAN

When I went on the trip I had a call from Judge Monica Ryan, told me to ask you to see her, first thing tomorrow, right? At her office.

JANIS

Okay, I'm gonna do that.

Louisa comes out of the house...

LOUISA

Guys, the food is ready, let's go inside.

INT. KITCHEN

The four, we see, eating together on one large table somewhere in the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM

Sean BELCHES into the room with some can drink, looks sleepy, dumps the can somewhere, collapses on the bed.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Janis pulls her car few meters from school. Nina hugs her mom and jumps down into school among some excited friends.

JANIS

Be a good girl, learn harder, alright?

NINA

Yes mommy, good bye.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY/OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Janis steps out of the elevator, she walks the hall and goes through a door into Judge Ryan's office, finds her looking through a book at the far end of her office.

Judge Ryan drops the book down on seeing Janis, sits into her chair, beaming. Obviously surprised she's responded this quick.

JUDGE RYAN

Hi Ms. Mitchell, sit down. Been a long time. How are you doing?

JANIS

Just doing great, Your Honor. I need to be happy anyway.

JUDGE RYAN

I just wanted us, um, to talk something, about your ex husband...

Janis' good mood is suddenly thrown overboard, reacts badly.

JANIS

No...! Thanks for your concern, Your Honor. You know that's something you shouldn't touch.

Janis picks up her crutch and stands to leave.

JUDGE RYAN

No, please wait, I only wanted to know this...

Janis stops in the door, some tears down her cheeks.

JUDGE RYAN

I'm asking if you believe the guy hid his money or he really lost it in some Stock Exchange deal...

JANIS

He didn't lose nothing! He hid everything. I know him.

JUDGE RYAN

That's an attempt to take everything... So, supposing you're given the chance to take everything...can you do the same?

JANIS

Why not, even though that wouldn't be enough to compensate for all the pains inside me, I would do that, take it all! And I mean it.

Judge Ryan walks up to Janis with some envelope she picks from her desk, she put it in Janis' hands.

JUDGE RYAN

Everything about his wealth is in there, some 26 million bucks. Prove you can really take it all.

Janis is stunned, keeps staring Judge Ryan. She stares back.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Tim walks his way to the beach. He walks to the far end of the bay, to some palm trees. He keeps walking from end to end in hopeless wonder. Now with hands in pockets, now with hands behind him, now looking at the time, now stopping to see if he can see anybody around. Keeps saying to himself...

TIM

He will come. I know Sean is gonna come.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - TOTAL DARKNESS

The same spot as before, but now Tim is completely restless. Within seconds two liquor bottles will be gone in the midst of some noisy breaths that spits liquids from the nostrils. Next moment and Tim pulls a cell phone from inside breast pocket, punches some digits. Line goes through. Sean's at the end.

SEAN (O.S.)

Hello? Spencer residence.

TIM

Sean pal, this is me, Tim, your buddy.
I've been coming here for weeks, but...

SEAN (O.S.)

Hello, who's speaking?

TIM

This is...

Sean quickly hangs up at his end. Tim, quickly re-feeds cell phone with number again, doesn't seem to understand the horror of what is happening. The line goes through, but, nobody picks up. Tim angrily brisk away, eyes burning with terror.

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Nadine is in Sean's office, all alone, with some binoculars attached to her eyes, enjoying the feast of the sky view of L.A. She brings her view down, scrutinizing the people who walk the streets. Almost immediately she sees Tim emerge out of a car. He looks right up to her place. Nadine's binoculars fall on his face, like staring right into the eyes of the man before her eyes. That's trouble spelt out.

NADINE

Jesus Christ, this guy is coming here.

Nadine places the binoculars somewhere, pounces on the phone like some ravenous wolf.

INT. HALLWAY

The elevator opens up. Tim steps out of it, walks the hallway, majestically. His ready-to-pounce eyes, flipping through office rooms, either side of him.

INT. HUGE COMMON OFFICE

Tim opens the door and quietly walks into the room. His presence casts a shadow on the eight man team around to a dead stop, except for one of them...still busy behind the computer, ignorant of it all.

And that is the one Tim stops behind, but the man is too busy with himself, tap-typing his fingers on the keyboard like a playful thing. Tim changes position, trying to let guy see him and be terrified, but Sean...conscious of his presence now, only glances up into his face, ignores him, keeps typing on. Tim is incensed, reacts with a deep growl voice...

TIM

What happened to my money?

Tim grasps Sean's neck with the lapels so that he almost chokes, sweeping off almost everything on the desk in the process. Sean's legs dangle in the empty air, his hands trying desperately to cleave off the assailant's hands, while the colleagues watch on in helpless horror and wonder. Can't understand what is going on...these guys are friends.

Tim pulls Sean close up so that their faces almost touch, snarls...

TIM

Where, is, my, money, pal!

Sean hisses, to let go of his clothes.

EXT/INT. CORPORATE HOUSE/HALLWAY

The LAPD patrol cars stop abruptly and police officers come out within seconds of cars stopping, popping into the building, cocking up guns.

IN THE HALLWAY...There is varied anxiety the whole building through. More people become curious as heads and bodies come out of doors and windows.

WOMAN (O.S.)

That room there, four doors on.

The police go the direction quickly, break into the room, flashing off guns and riffles on everyone before finding the real target where their weapons settle without a word. Tim reluctantly loses his grip as Sean pulls himself off angrily, like his own won triumph, the Forces walk more into the room. They drop closer to Tim.

LEADING COP

Mr. Cockerel, I think you need to come with us to clarify the situation.

TIM

And what's my charge? I just came for my money! Some 26 million bucks. I gave it to him.

LEADING COP

(to Sean)

Got his money, Mister?

Sean speaks bravely, still massaging his neck, choky voice.

SEAN

Don't know what you talking about.

Response sends Tim into rage, almost grabs Sean's neck again, cops intervene.

TIM

I need my money, fool. I need my goddamn money I gave to you.

LEADING COP

Hold it there, sir, my job isn't about asking who owns who, you've got to do that explanation to those who do that.

And with that the Forces bravely pull Tim's hands and cuffs him. Two strong guys hold each arm of him, leads him out while guarding the way out with their weapons. Tim is enraged, but helpless. His mind basically set on losing all his wealth.

EXT. CORPORATE HOUSE

Two strong guys hold each arm of Tim as he's shoved into a patrol car. There is a REPORTER on the scene amidst the murmuring chaos, announcing her doubt over the extortion claim between the two well known friends. The patrols clear out...

INT. LAPD - LOCKUP - NIGHT

Tim has shed his top and done this several times over, pacing up the room. Sweats glisten on his body, eyes glowing with rage. The mood is enough to keep his lawyer at the door from the moment he entered. Gambles manages to step up to him.

GAMBLES

If what I'm hearing is true, I can tell you Tim, you're dead, unless we manage to pull a rabbit out of the hat.

Tim turns to him in his rage, harangues Gambles.

TIM

I gave him that money. I swear I gave

it to him, some 26 million bucks, and that's all I worked for all my life.

GAMBLES

This is not the time for this, playing rage, can't swim against the tide when it's up against you carrying you off, Tim, you gotta swim along, soften up.

TIM

I swear I should have killed that guy before they rescued him, I should have.

GAMBLES

Listen up, I know what I've heard. Those guys have already got you in their grips. Listen they've already marked Judge Monica Ryan to take you on, we've met that bitch in court twice before, she's not a buddy, so listen up.

TIM

This is not what I wanna hear, Gambles, get me some bail, get me out now...!

He knocks off a chair in his rage, Gambles dart a move, just lucky to escape the airborne object which knocks and dents the wall.

GAMBLES

Stop it, Tim. Stop this shit! Those guys are saying they ain't gonna allow that. This is a double way trouble, you either go to jail for the extortion claim, or you go to jail for lying to court that you lost your money in a Stock Exchange deal. Even if you get this money back, I swear to God, some ninety nine percent of it is gonna go to your ex for alimony and you just get a scanty, then afterwards sent to jail because you lied to the court. Give it all up, Tim, can't fight it. They've just planned to nail you.

Tim stops in his face, heart pounding the chest with fury.

TIM

Penny.

GAMBLES

What?

TIM

(unusually calm)
You leave before I decide to kill you...I mean it.

Gambles is stunned, stares him quietly.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Tim is led into the packed courtroom, like a cow to the slaughter, in the company of two police officers. Penny is few meters ahead. The Judge is already seated, but Tim hasn't seen her yet, neither have we, just a glimpse. Few meters away from the bench the gavel ANNOUNCES its authority. Tim looks up, sees presiding Judge and stops dead in his tracks. Judge Monica Ryan. Prophetic. Tim takes a quick look of courtroom...shares a look with his lawyer, Gambles.

Sean is already seated, alongside his lawyer and friend, Jacobs. The two police officers leave him there with Gambles.

JUDGE RYAN

Mr. Gambles, is this your client?

GAMBLES

Yes Your Honor.

JUDGE RYAN

Then I can assure you, Mr. Gambles, both of you are not new in my court, but this is on a different issue, and I hope your client is aware of the extortion charges against him. He hasn't got that money he was trying to take from Mr. Spencer, has he? He's already proven to all he's lost all his money in a Stock Exchange deal.

GAMBLES

He's aware of the extortion charges, Your Honor, but that's not true, and I can explain. Unless anybody would be living in another planet to deny that Mr. Spencer has been Mr. Cockerel's best friend from childhood, through thick and thin, hail and hell. It wasn't an extortion attempt or anything...

A pinpoint gaze by Tim into the face of Jude Ryan...

GAMBLES (cont'd)

Just some pranks friends play. If it is that Mr. Spencer doesn't want anything to do with Mr. Cockerel anymore that's going to be observed from here on.

Judge Ryan waits some moment, takes a sneak view of Sean, appears not bothered.

JUDGE RYAN

Prank trying to strangle?

GAMBLES

Some happens by the gun.

JUDGE RYAN

Do you know something, Mr. Gambles?
I'm going to use my own discretion and
allow your client to go, but...

Tim turns, angrily begins to walk off. Judge Ryan angrily hits
gavel down, stops him there...!

JUDGE RYAN

You stop there and listen to me Mr.
Cockerel...!

Tim stops, half looking Judge Ryan, some terrible looks.

JUDGE RYAN

You keep your feet five hundred meters
or more away from Mr. Spencer or you
find yourself in jail for the next
24 years.

Judge Ryan hits the gavel down instantly, simultaneously
coinciding with Tim turning out of courtroom.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

Tim comes out of courthouse, quickly charges down Federal
stairs, burning with fury, his arms, up about the shoulders
like a bird lent some wind in the wings, a ready-to-charge
bull posture. He opens into a black sedan across the street,
flies off with some smoking tires.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Tim, still driving on...with all the seriousness he can muster.
Just looks straight on.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - COUPLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Spencers in bed, heads in hands, blinking silently at the
ceiling, total disbelief. A "what's next?" picture. Saying
nothing. The TV is on, muted. Then Sean picks the remote, turns
it off.

INT. JANIS' ROOM

Janis has her eyes on, in the dark corner of her room, appears
as anyone should expect, scared. Tears run down her face. Then,
the phone RINGS suddenly, frightens her off her skin. She
snatches receiver off cradle. Tim is on the other end, doesn't
know yet.

JANIS

Yeah?

TIM (O.S.)

I know you've got my money, bitch, I get it or I kill you. Choose one...

Janis quickly clutches the receiver, tries to reach a trailing tear with her tongue, serious gasps.

INT. COUPLE'S BEDROOM

It's still dark and silent, but more silent now since the TV is turned off. Louisa turns to her husband.

LOUISA

What do you think Tim gonna do, Sean?

SEAN

I'm disappointed with Judge Ryan, honey.

LOUISA

Why? Don't you like her already?

SEAN

No, that's not what we talked about. The deal was that on first attempt of guy trying to get his money and they jail him for extortion, so that myself, everyone's gonna be safe.

Back to the ceiling stares, more silence.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

The tide is high up and rough, sea waves BOOM hard on the rocks and the pier. Tim's trench coat is drenched from wave whips, the waves keep thrashing him as much as it is the rocks and pier. He keeps walking from end to end gulping and swinging bottles out to sea.

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Sean looks through some files in the files closet, hears somebody ENTERING and turns, Jacobs. A somber facial, apologetic.

JACOBS

Sorry, Sean. She just didn't give me chance to say anything at all.

SEAN

This is confusing, don't get what you trying to talk about.

JACOBS

The trial with Tim, she just...

SEAN

Oh come'n, what are you trying to apologize for? Within the context of her discretionary powers there was nothing you could have done. One thing...who's your next girl, Jake?

Jacobs smiles to Sean's wild beam.

JACOBS

This one is Miss Jamaica...

Both burst out, laughing, hysterical.

INT. FBI BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Wexler holds some files, Sullivan by his side, the two briskly walk the hallway, stop behind Barry's door. Wexler knocks the door, waits some moment before the two walk into the room...

INT. OFFICE ROOM

Mr. Croft is at his desk, solely. Hunched with interlocked fingers, expected their entry, anyway. They stop meters at his desk, Wexler delivers the file.

MR. CROFT

Anything serious, what would she tell you?

WEXLER

Terribly serious, sir. Spoke at length with Judge Ryan. She told us Tim had his money given to his buddy to hide it, directly putting it into his account.

MR. CROFT

That's felony, should've jailed that kid, lying under oath, hiding money, evading alimony.

WEXLER

Explained that as discretional judgment.

MR. CROFT

That! To let lose of that guy, comes bothering everybody. Bullshit...! What's the chance of him getting back soon?

SULLIVAN

Guy's volatile, sir. He's got eyes for money. Passionate spilling blood. A ruffian record all being held out in allegations. Money means a lot to him more than anything in this world, now he's just lost it all.

Mr. Croft rises, stops in their face, stern in expression.

MR. CROFT

The number one guys we've got to be tracking was the Scope guys, they've done one good job, evaporated, good job, this one, but they left a string, Tim Cockerel. A suspicious agent of his own. Don't lose your stalk. Caused enough trouble, always escapes by the burden of proof. Let's try one more time.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - DUSK

Sean turns his car off the street, pulls at the house. He goes in and returns in a moment, his clothes changed, from office into casual, T-shirt and baggy. He takes his newspapers to the flowers.

Janis shows up in the door, watches Sean by the flowers, cozy, hobbles to his side, excited. Engages him in a chat, jovial... eventually hysterical...endless...

MOMENTS ON...Louisa brings her car around, turns from the street and pulls. She observes the two at the flowers, still laughs and fun. She steps out of the car and picks her shopping bags, stops for a moment observing the two before she proceeds inside. The two doesn't see her, but Louisa, absolutely exploding with envy.

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - TIM'S HIDEOUT - DUSK

Tim pace up the place. A VIDEO CAMERA set at an angle records his movements. He's shed his top and sweats glimmer on his body. His anger is at a hundred degree boiling point, heart pound hard against his chest. A cell phone to the ears...

TIM

...Shavix I die, I die, it's my decision to do that and nobody's gonna stop me!

SHAVIX (MAN) (O.S.)

Are you gonna put a gun to your head, shoot yourself dead like Teddy did at the graves today?

TIM

I don't know about that. But I'm gonna go that hospital there, got a score to settle. And when you see me come out of there I want you to shoot me dead.

SHAVIX (O.S.)

Shoot you dead? What you talking about?

TIM

You do that or you expect me behind your back with a gun. Call it suicide, and that's my style, you can choose otherwise. I don't need this fucked up world. It's the world that needs me.

SHAVIX (O.S.)

Why don't you give life one more shot, Tim? Please do that.

TIM

You listen to me, Shavix, 26 million bucks is what those guys took from me! 26 million bucks, you get that? And look I'm gonna pay you for that...

SHAVIX (O.S.)

Are you paying me to kill you?

TIM

Others pay others to snipe, Shavix. I'd be leaving bucks at the graves, thirteen thousand bucks, it's all I've got in the world. Few moments from here I'll be there at the hospital. Time's not on your side. You better hurry up.

SHAVIX (O.S.)

Are you saying...?

TIM

Just do that!

And by that statement Tim SNAPS the cell phone, throws it somewhere, then tries to relax by rotating his neck. The crimsoned wild eyes look around.

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Tim walks away in the distance, in the shadows of the sunset. He turns off the street, walks to the cemetery, uncharacteristically calm. He walks between the rows of gravesites, eyes searching. Then he finds the freshly shot dead body of Scope member, Teddy. Tim kneels beside the body, searches him out, doesn't look amused, deliberately dropping the documents he finds one after another like some leaves in the fall.

TIM

Coming soon old pal...I'm gonna do that.

Tim walks between graves, reading epitaphs.

TIM

Perfect justice. That's the one for me.

Tim leaves a parcel in some popcorn paper bag at a tombstone.

He pulls off his gloves, looks about, taking in the scene.
Walks away.

A FIGURE appears out of where heaven knows behind Tim at the graves...A shadow of obscurity. He picks the popcorn bag, looks the contents, then looks at the distant walking Tim.

EXT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The stage is set for action, like a nightmare prepared to happen, the gunners, hiding in their cars, waiting, an uneasy calm hanging about them. One gunner takes a quick gulp from his Johnny Walker liquor canister, quickly recaps it into pocket, gasps on. The exit point of the hospital in target view and each exiting person is given a parting shot from the cars. Lots of them around.

The few seconds inactive doorway suddenly comes alive again when a YOUTH shows out. Right behind him comes Tim...An aura of invisibility in his strides, spotting blood stains. Suggesting mission accomplished. He approaches his car in the lot. The picture hits home with gunners.

GUNNER #1

Shavix!

The alarm is on, others alerted!

SHAVIX

What we gonna do? Let's seize the moment! Everybody, grab your guns!

Tim walks coolly towards some parked cars in the lot. Some cars start off. They move quietly behind him. He doesn't see them. They appear to have formed a semicircle behind him. Tim stops by his truck, pulls out some keys and fumbles with them.

Some guns are pulled, sawed-off shot guns...sniper shots...rifles...pistols...double barrel...pump action, etc.

Tim inserts key into latchet, tries to open door.

The cars close in on Tim, in a semicircle, then the first of the flurry of gunshots SETTLE into his back thighs, arching knees into car. With a touching SCREAM, and a deadly puzzle, Tim quickly reaches out for his guns, but both guns are nailed out of his hands with some powerful gunshots, the first of what is to follow, a barrage of gunshots, ripping through every facet of his body till he remains motionless on the ground. Dead.

A hand appears out of one of the cars, with a video cassette, throws it towards the lifeless body and rolls window up.

A TOUGH GUY, with some dark glasses on, cocks his double barrel pump action gun to discharge some shells, pulls gun back into car. Another gunner on dark glasses pulls cigar from the

tip-end of his mouth, spits out the quid before pulling back into car. Windows roll up. Cars begin to move away quietly. Leaves Tim. Lifeless. There he lies.

EXT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

The lifeless body of Tim, as it is, beside his bullet ridden truck, now swarmed by the press, behind some cordoned lines and blazing patrols. Cops and bureau guys, up and about. A Police Officer on some surgical gloves, searches the lifeless Tim. Larson enters the cordoned zone, a video cassette in hand, stops behind a colleague.

LARSON

Those press guys are almost through,
gonna do something about that shit?

COP #1, a passive look around, to be cautious of the press... beyond earshot.

COP #1

Can't believe the blood mess Tim guy
caused in there, some Docs.

Report hits Larson, like a blow, his eyes sink into head in reaction, scurries away.

INT. HALLWAY

Larson enters hallway, horror-stricken. Sees medical personnel frantically popping in and out of one room. Larson stops by the blinds, looks through...horrified...never seen such carnage his whole cop life. Defibrillators chanting, but, conjuring nothing. He closes his eyes in despair, turns away.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - COUPLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Spencers are in bed, quietly staring the TV screen. It's the death scene that involves Tim, inconceivable news, to both of them.

INT. JANIS' ROOM

Janis is up in the corner of her bed, sheet pulled up to her neck. The TV is on, same pictures of death scene, tears down her face. Didn't expect this one.

INT. LAPD - DAY

Larson turns from the hallway, a popcorn paper bag package sways by his side. He enters Luth's office.

INT. LUTH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Larson closes the door behind him, finds Luth on the phone. But he soon hangs up on seeing Larson there, faces Larson, radiant in approach.

LUTH

It's a bingo, Larson. The devil's got his wish.

Larson walks more into room, doesn't share Luth's sentiments.

LARSON

I don't think so.

LUTH

The menace is out of the way. Tim Cockerel, died without a fuss, guy's been playing pinch ass with everybody.

LARSON

The death of the three medical doctors, one night, under such heinous circumstance gives me no reason to glory.

Luth passes off to the blinds.

LUTH

Well, with my criminal philosophy being that a crime is a cross puzzle made for the cops to solve, I'm just glad we solved this one. The death of Tim Cockerel solves many other crimes.

LARSON

We didn't solve this one.

Larson lifts popcorn package up, swaps looks with Luth, he steps away from the blinds...stops dead, inches away.

LUTH

What's that?

Luth juggles looks between Larson and parcel. Larson snuggles up beside his boss.

LARSON

Caught on tape. Tim guy himself asked those guys to shoot him.

Luth is stunned, doesn't understand this one.

LUTH

Why? Why would he do that for?

Larson passes package on...Luth stares package, strangely.

LARSON

That's a puzzle, beats my mind. Does it in style, as always.

Larson exits, leaves Luth, yet to recover from the shock...

INT. FBI BUILDING - HALLWAY/OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Croft brisk towards his office. Sullivan trails behind, alongside Wexler, who briefs the boss out of a file...

WEXLER

...bullet wounds, fractured skull,
broken ribs, ripped skin, every part
of the body. Died on spot.

MR. CROFT

Got any suspect yet, guys could have
Scope link?

WEXLER

Don't have a rat yet. Seems Tim guy
paid the price for his grave.

MR. CROFT

Paid the price for his grave?

WEXLER

Asked those guys to shoot him, pays them.

Mr. Croft stops, briefly, surprised, the two oblige.

MR. CROFT

How amazing this could be!

Train continues, along hallway.

WEXLER

Yeah, beats everyone's mind. And he
puts it on tape, doesn't need this
world, it's the world that need him.

Wexler requests for tape from partner, over his shoulders...
They stop behind Mr. Croft's door. A brief wait, a BUZZ entry,
and Mr. Croft quickly goes behind his desk.

MR. CROFT

That's weird, we've heard all sorts of
assassinations of guys paying others to
kill others. Not this one. Kid could be
up to some trick. We better watch out.

Wexler hands tape over.

WEXLER

That's suicide reason, gives him time
for vengeance, shoots a long time feud
rival, Spruce, two others. Spruce the
target, mainly.

Mr. Croft stands up, pace around, pensive.

MR. CROFT

What happens to his body now, think somebody gonna claim it? Family? Friends?

SULLIVAN

Don't think so, all hands off now, it's Tim Cockerel.

Mr. Croft stops pacing for a moment, rushes back into chair.

MR. CROFT

Let's make a deal, buddy, check this out. Listen to me, if nobody's gonna claim the body, we give him a great burial ourselves, hype it through the media that a friend decided to do it for Tim, as last respect, and we use the occasion looking, who knows? These Scope guys could be there disguised, in pretense of paying a last respect.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Tim Cockerel...in an opened casket, watched by the disguised Moses Luth. He turns away, sits in the company of two guys.

EXT. CHURCH

Two BUREAU GUYS watch around as the requiem ends and everyone comes out of church house. They watch Luth sneak into his car.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Janis, in a wiper swinging car, tearing along the street, tears down her face. She turns from the street, pulls to the graves. Janis steps into the drizzling rain, walks between tombstones and finds Tim's graves, hangs around sobbing.

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE ROOM - DAY

The files tumble out of Sullivan's hands onto Mr. Croft's desk.

SULLIVAN

Moses Luth. The most notable guest in your predictable disguise. Sits in the company of two strangers. Only speaks with one.

MR. CROFT

Do you know about this one?

WEXLER

Yep, Wroth Barber. 48, white. Santa Monica, beach house. Other guy melts in the crowd.

MR. CROFT

Moses Luth. Falls right to Judge Ryan's
info from Sean Spencer's spilt gut.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Sean at his study, peruses through some documents. He takes off his glasses, touches tired eyes. Then he closes the documents up and turns off the study lamp, appears tired. He strolls to the hallway, picks a drinking glass and pours himself some fruit drink from the refrigerator.

A WHIMPERING sound startles him. He trails it, finds Janis by a column...sobbing...

INT. COUPLE'S BEDROOM

Sean quickly enters the bedroom, jumps behind the fast sleeping Louisa. She faces wall. He pulls Louisa around, frightens her...

SEAN

Honey...sorry, didn't mean to scare you.
It's Jenny, been crying for weeks, why?

LOUISA

Lost her ex. Thought he was gonna come
back to her.

Sean is enraged.

SEAN

That's bullshit. That guy ruined her
life. Treated her like a piece of shit.

Louisa is provoked, throws off beddings; sits up.

LOUISA

Honey, that's her life, leave her alone,
okay?

SEAN

I'm gonna talk to her, about the
party, the one we wanted to throw for
her after she got back from the hospital.

Sean is already on his way out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean comes out of the bedroom. He walks to Janis, sits by her side. He coils an arm around her, tries to console.

SEAN

Honey, I can understand you. But I also
know you're a strong woman, so I know
you gonna pull through...

Louisa quietly comes up in the doorway. She can see both of them, by the columns, strains her ears to hear...suspicious.

SEAN (cont'd)

Louisa and I just talked about your party. It gonna help you and Nina...

Janis reacts instantly. Doesn't think that's a good idea.

JANIS

My baby doesn't know her father is dead, and I don't want anybody to talk to her about it, alright?

SEAN

Okay. Alright, understood.

Janis stands up. She hobbles some steps ahead.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sean, busily knotting his tie, enters bedroom, finds Louisa on the phone.

LOUISA

...oh honey, you're not gonna believe... yeah Jenny's putting in some million... fine, let's just meet there...right...bye.

As Louisa hangs up...

SEAN

You've gotta be kidding me, what did I just hear you say? Some million what into that party thing?

LOUISA

Well, that's what Jenny wanna put into her party, right? I was kinda inviting all those guys over.

Sean slips into his jacket, quickly picks his file.

SEAN

I'm off. You just take care of the rest.

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - HALLWAY/OFFICE - DAY

Some TINKLING bell sound, elevator opens up, Sean pops out. Lively pleasantries with everyone. He enters his office, settles behind his desk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT/INT. AERIAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

The skyline of corporate high-rises...phone ringing, keeps

ringing. Sean appears busy behind his desk, not picking. Finally picks up. Louisa's at the other end.

LOUISA (O.S.)

Hi Sean, we're off, the party is on.

SEAN

I'm right behind you, look at that.

Sean hangs up. Then, something dawns on him. He looks around and finds he is all alone. He realizes the truth with a shudder, quietly stands up. He walks to the door, finds the hallways abandoned. Suddenly Sean hears it...the FOOTSTEPS of a lonely person walking around...

SEAN

Who's there!

No response. He tries to find out from some rooms around. But they're all empty. Keeps hearing FOOTSTEPS, someone walking around, PULLING things and SHUTTING doors. Scares him. Heart almost flying out of his mouth.

INT. ELEVATOR

Sean quickly enters the elevator. But soon finds the aura of someone's presence all around. He's already gasping, like hell.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean turns the car from street, pulls instantly at the house.

INT. BATHROOM

The FOOTSTEPS of someone walking around hit Sean again, he pokes some scary eyes through the door to see if he can see anyone there. Doubles up.

BEDROOM

Sean hastily puts on his jacket, dashes out of the room into his car.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS - NIGHT

Sean pulls his car, behind some packed street of cars, jammed bumper to bumper, climbs lawn into hotel gardens and enters the thick population of heavy party goers and ecstatic friends, females all, whose jovial mood immediately hit the roof on seeing Sean around.

EXT. STREET - THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Down across the street...SOMEBODY whose legs only show... crosses the street. Apparently a male. He walks to the Spencers' house, brings some instruments out of the pocket and works the doorknob, enters the house.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS - DIM LIGHTS - NIGHT

Sean stands with Louisa, but his straying eyes looks around, at all the sexy ladies...thick boobs and strong butts, everywhere.

TWO FEMALE VOICES scream: "You don't know what you've been missing, Sean." "Sean, you gonna like some sexy boobs?"

Laughter, all...hysterical...

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The STRANGER walks into Janis' room, shreds all the clothes to ashes, then writes something quickly, with a red ink.

EXT. HOTEL GARDENS - NIGHT

Sean chats away with colleague and friend, Nadine.

SEAN

...the footsteps were everywhere, but I just couldn't see anyone, scares me.

Nadine moves from a serious listener to banter.

NADINE

Don't you think it's the ghost of Tim who wanted to cut your balls for some barbecues?

Nadine laughs. Sean obliges. The two stroll away. Chat on...

EXT/INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

The stranger comes out of the house, crosses the street, barely disappears when Janis and friends return from the party. Their cars, almost at the heels of the disappearing stranger.

As the cars pull, Sean carries the fast sleeping Nina inside. Janis and Louisa stop before the door, hands around each other, talking indistinctly, between themselves, intoxicated talk, then they'll laugh quietly. They part company in the hallway, each one to her room.

INT. JANIS' BEDROOM

Right inside her room Janis realizes instantly something is wrong. She wipes her face several times over, thinking it's alcoholic illusion, but she doesn't see any change in what she's seeing around. Everything in her room is ripped apart, including all her clothes. She searches through her clothes, grabs one clothe and comes out crying.

INT. HALLWAY

Louisa is already on her way out of her room with one same

story. They meet in the hallway. Sean is caught between.

JANIS

Look Louisa, what somebody did to my clothes...

LOUISA

Sean look, all our clothes are ripped.

Sean observes one dress with the words: TIM COCKEREL STILL LIVES ON.

SEAN

Tim Cockerel still lives on...Who the jerk could have done this?

Sean grabs the hallway phone. He dials the 911. The ladies around him. A Female Operator picks up from the other end.

OPERATOR (FEMALE) (O.S.)

Hello, LAPD, emergency room, how may I help you?

SEAN

Please I think we've got some problem.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

And what's your problem?

SEAN

Our clothes have been ripped and death threats written all around with one significant message.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

And what's this significant message?

SEAN

It says Tim Cockerel still lives on.

Silence...Both ends.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Alright. The police will be right there, but please can I have your name, street code, county...?

FADE OUT:

INT. COUPLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The spencers are in bed, blinking silently at the ceiling. Horrified. Fear hanging over them like thunder cloud about to explode.

INT. JANIS' BEDROOM

Janis is in her bed, blinking silently at the ceiling, equally shocked. Then, the phone RINGS...Janis waits some moment, picks it up.

JANIS

Hello?

The mysterious voice of...Tim Cockerel...at the other end...

MALE (TIM) (O.S.)

I'm watching you. Right behind you.

JANIS

Who are you? What do you want?

MALE (O.S.)

My money now or it's death for you!

Janis quickly hangs up, tries to look through the windows behind her, across the street, terrified. Panting...the room over.

INT. LAPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Larson stands in the hallway, head buried deep into file, a passerby skims shoulder with him, he looks up quickly. Finds Luth busying down the hall.

LARSON

Hey boss, heard the buzz around?

Luth turns around, bridges gap.

LUTH

Give me a break, buzz on what?

LARSON

Tim Cockerel, seems out of casket, shreds everything in the ex's room.

LUTH

You don't talk to me like a rookie cop believing phantoms, Larson. When a bad guy dies every loony kid wanna pick his garb and use that as scare crow extorting and all. You should know that. Tracking down whoever did that shred crime should've been your concern.

LARSON

Okay, you're right. I'm gonna do that, go to the house, check things up myself.

LUTH

No! You don't do that. I'm your boss, haven't given you that order. You do that and you'll have to answer to me.

Larson is stunned. The looks in Luth's eyes say it all. He means it. He watches Luth glide down the hall.

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

A terribly upset Sean sits behind his desk, pondering, when Jacobs pops through into the room, looks upset himself.

JACOBS

Sean, what is it that I am hearing?

Sean walks off his desk, pace up the room.

SEAN

True whatever you heard, Jake. Shredded clothes, death threats, all around.

JACOBS

Wow, who the jerk might have done that?

SEAN

That isn't the bug, Jake, the death threats. Whoever did that means it.

Jake is dumbfounded, watches Sean stroll to the windows, a picture of distress.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A SILHOUETTE FIGURE hovers right outside the door. The gloved hand pushes doorbell, disappears. Janis comes to the door, doesn't find anyone as she looks around. Just a tinted car across the street, stares it. She sees a letter on the floor. She's surprised to find it there, but even horrified to see it addressed to her, she carries it indoors.

INT. JANIS' BEDROOM

Janis enters the bedroom and opens the letter. It carries a simple death threat: FOUR GUYS ALREADY KILLED...YOU'RE NEXT!

Janis' heart begins to pound harder against her chest as she looks behind her...figures through the windows...at the car across the street...realizes through the curtains the car's windows coming down and something protruding out...The sound is a rip piercing noise that SHATTERS her windows as the hot metal grazes her hand. She is THUMPED to the wall like thunder and stays there, gasping, like she's done a marathon, as sweats suddenly drenches her.

Then...the phone RINGS, startles her, adding to the scare. She looks at it as it just keeps ringing. The phone line cuts... RINGS again...

INT. LAPD - OFFICE - DAY

...the terror-stricken Janis, behind a large desk across Larson and another LADY, pouring out her grievances and sobbing.

JANIS

...he calls every time. Tim calls me,
I hear his voice.

LADY

Miss, I'm sorry we've done our checks,
your late ex took almost two hundred
hard metals of bullets and died...

Janis is irritated, stands up yelling.

JANIS

I don't care about that. What I care is
somebody's been trying to kill me and
I want you guys to get up on your
responsibility to protect me. Twenty
six times this has happened in two
months and you guys don't care. He
even shot me once. He wants to kill me!

Janis angrily picks her crutch, hobbles out, the two stares his trail, shocked, speechless.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - STREET - NIGHT

The black tinted truck quietly pulls along the train of cars, the windows come down and up shows...guess who...? TIM COCKEREL, the man that means meanness, with the face that rules ruthless. Nobody sees him. Nobody knows it, nor do we know why he is not...dead?...out of the graves? Or is he...somebody else? He pulls out a cell phone, dials a number...waiting...

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - JANIS' ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

The phone keeps ringing...Janis is pulled up in the corner of her bed, with her beddings, sobbing. Too scared to touch the phone, it keeps ringing...

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - STREET

Tim continues to sit cool. Yards away in his perspective are the three remnant Scope guys, at the curb. Over anxiety has gotten the better side of all, but jimmy is worst off, can't seem to keep his cool. Blows his top on Luth...

JIMMY

...now everybody's dying. Don't seem
to know what's going on. Knife jabs
and gunshots, neck breaks and noose
tights. Can't get anybody to explain
this shit!

LUTH

Relax, relax, Jim. I'm still in control

of things...

JIMMY

You don't fucking shit ask me to relax.
I don't wanna be the next victim. You
get rid of whoever this Tim guy out
before I do that.

Jimmy storms into his car, flattens accelerator to the deck.
Tim's windows go up, quietly steps up on accelerator, stalking.

EXT. CAR - SUBURBAN STREET

Jimmy rolls car to a stop, takes brief moment observing his
mansion, to his left. Tim isn't far off in the distance.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - JANIS' BEDROOM

Janis, hastily dressing up, she has managed to summon her inner
strength, looks headstrong in attitude now. She steps out of
the house, flags down a taxi, hops in.

EXT. STREET/JIMMY'S MANSION

Assured by the serene atmosphere Jimmy rounds the car and pulls
into the remote controlled garage.

INT. STAIRWELL

Jimmy steps out of the car, goes up some stairs in his garage.
From here Jimmy uses the remote control to put on all the
lights in the house, and in the same playful mood pushes a
button to send some MUSIC zooming out of the living room.
Distinguished security gadgets scans and clears him before he
reaches landing.

INT. BEDROOM

Jimmy enters the bedroom tearing his attire from himself. But
...somewhere, somehow...HE is already around...watching his
every move intently.

EXT. TAXI - DOWNTOWN

Cab pulls by a curb, Janis steps out with an already fixed gaze
on the dilapidated building to her left, emitting vaporous
gasps. She looks around, takes in the nature of her
surroundings. Alone in the world.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Janis and Tim, in a good mood, making their way into building,
both of them, ecstatic. Party goes all around.

TIM

My favorite place here is room 99.

JANIS

Why? You crazy about that place?

TIM

We all like it. Got stuffs in there.

BACK TO SCENE

Janis stops at the house, overgrown hedges, all over. Suddenly, a GUY briskly walks her way, hands into windbreakers, she braces up for some attack. Guy comes close enough, near touching her, but he just walks past her, steps into the street and walks off. Janis sighs, in the process looks behind, at the fast pacing Guy, he disappears in the fog.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Janis continues to the door studded mansion and covers some spiral stairs to the top. She finds ROOM 99, an obsolete door without a handle. She breaks her way in with ease, in a moment ransacks the room in her desperate attempts to find some clue throwing closets open, breaking into file closets and looking through documents with a flashlight. Not a beautifully arranged place, but obviously showing traces somebody stays here.

INT. JIMMY'S MANSION - ROOM

Jimmy picks up an alcoholic beverage, out of his collection of liquor archives, almost pours his first drink when he gets the edge, somebody is around. He turns instantly around, incensed in his look, quickly contacts security scan, receives clean bill, but Jim isn't sure. His conscience holding him in check. He quickly jumps into the wardrobe and returns with a powerful gun, burst out of the room.

INT. STAIRWELL/GARAGE

Jimmy descends the stairs in seconds into garage waving the weapon, wildly looks through the cars around, searches the place through and climbs back into the house.

INT. HALLWAY

Jimmy looks around, holds weapon casually, but his eyes look wild, he bangs doors open pointing in his weapon.

INT. KITCHEN

Jimmy moves into the kitchen, opens every closet there. He begins to leave out when...suddenly, the pounce of an angry wolf, knocks his weapon out of his hands...The gun falls off, skids away. Tim is quick to react, attacker did not use a lethal weapon, Jimmy understands, means equal opportunity, for all, quickly entangle him, their arms locked around each other's neck, within moments rough up the place, terrible

interpersonal torture in wild head butt trades and punches.

EXT. THE HOUSE ACROSS STREET - WINDOWS

A LADY watches them with her binoculars from her windows.

INT. HALLWAY

The two tumble down the stairs into the hallway in a deadly entangle, a long drawn blade in Cockerel's hand, which Jimmy's managed to hold off. Then, an unexpected head butt by Tim, causes Jimmy to lose his bearing. Tim seizes the moment, pummels him to pulp, drives the blade into his head. He watches the last drop drain on Jimmy, clumsily cleans his track, escapes. A distant wailing siren draws closer.

INT. JIMMY'S MANSION - LATER

The cops are all over. Crime scene under review.

INT. JANIS - AT THE DILAPIDATED HOUSE

Janis, in her escapade has succeeded in ruining the house. But providence, as will have it, has opened to her a stack of documents and photographs of the hoodlum lot. She looks through. Now she knows why...understands why they all like room 99. She finds a collection of pictures which has Spruce and Tim together, baffles her, including a not so long taken photographs of the two long known sworn enemies, varying events, hoodlum acts included. The flashlight keeps swinging from one picture to the other. She turns the flashlight on the room, studies it.

EXT. STREET - CAR

Tim comes through the streets, like he's coming on the devil.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE/ROOM/HALLWAY

Janis studies the room with flashlight, finds another picture of Tim and Spruce together. She decides to step over when...she hears somebody stepping around, freezes in her position, eyes poking. She quickly turns off the flashlight and looks through the slightly opened door, tries to see the one there. Left eye replaces right eye, vice versa, trying to put the person in perspective.

Tim stands in the hallway, colored in darkness, she doesn't know it, can only see his long overcoat that reaches his ankles. Doesn't know who he is, but knowing the place she is, with its criminal list of cronies, hiding is just prudent.

Tim stands before a door, trying to force his way in. He walks some distance away. Janis sees the gap and tries to open the door a bit, but no, the door CREAKS terribly. Tim hears it, stops abruptly pulling out his gun in the process. Tim comes her way, stops between journey and tries some few doors if they

are locked. Locked, unlocked, unlocked, locked, tries the unlocked doors if they'll creak, keeps coming.

Janis realizes the man is catching up on her. She clutches hard on her crutch and with her back tight-up on the wall tries to move through the door, the space is just a slit.

JANIS

Oh my God, oh my God...

Her body shakes, crutch touches the door, CREAKS terribly. Janis stiffens between the tiny doorway, but Tim's already looking her direction...Janis, still chanting the Omnipotent... poised to do rocket out.

Tim moves, just a step towards Janis...she dashes out, on full steam, escaping a flurry of gunshots, almost foot to foot with assailant. She turns to the spirals, hurtles down, misses her footing and tumbles headlong, snowball to the base...into a mass of water, quickly escapes through a metal door and bolts. Within seconds Tim arrives, but some rounds of shots into metal door won't budge it. Too heavy to comply.

INT. BASEMENT CONDUITS/MANHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Janis still stands here, in the water, just as she'd entered. It's all murky in here. Cascading waters adds to her apprehension. Visual flips on numerous conduits, deciding where to go. Suddenly, some aggressive legs begin SLOSHING through the waters. Janis scans the conduits again, trying to know where he's coming from, doesn't see it anywhere, must act quick, dashes into conduits, but her thudding escape draws the thug on her trail and soon finds herself in the eye of the storm.

Tim tries to pull the trigger and slips...Janis slips along. The hot chase continues on all fours, various conduits. Tim catches up, tries to open gun several times over, but gun and hands both wet and slippery. He manages to grab her legs, drags her back, but Janis hangs on, fighting, making shrieking sounds of fear and pain. Then she gets an idea, knocks him senseless, with her crutch, disappears another way. It's hide and seek now.

Eventually, in the ensuing hide and seek game, Janis finds the manhole, escapes through, but not without attention, catches a taxi that SCREECHES stop right up in her face, quickly jumps in, escapes. Janis looks behind, watches the man emerge out of the manhole...he stares her direction.

INT. LUTH'S HOUSE - DAY

Luth appears poised to step out of the house for job, the phone RINGS, quickly snatches it up, apathetic. Wroth is at the end.

WROTH (O.S.)

Boss, somebody killed Jimmy, happens

last night.

LUTH

What! Jesus Christ, haven't heard that.

Wroth quickly hangs up. Receiver is stuck up in Luth's hands, looks around, horror-stricken.

INT. LAPD - OFFICE - CLOSE ON FAX MACHINE - DAY

A fax message arrives on a cubbyhole desk. The message is a bomb scare. In a moment the info hit the place like a deadly virus, sends everyone moving haphazardly. Police officers clutching weapons and making frantic phone calls. The target point is a high-rise corporate place.

Larson quickly spreads out a map before his face with his colleagues. Bomb squad quickly assembles under a Cop's command.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Over a dozen police cars glide down the street, lights blazing, sirens blurring, choppers surging overhead.

EXT/INT. HIGH-RISE CORPORATE HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

A GENTLEMAN looks through a file at the office windows. He looks up for some reason, alerted by a coming distant holler, sees the distant coming choppers...then the over a dozen police cruisers that suddenly round the street and surge their direction. He is alarmed.

A COP is charging ahead of the convoy, seems he's yelling something to him.

GENTLEMAN

What is he saying?

(to a colleague behind)

Brent, has the cops got some arrest to make around?

BRENT

No...

BRENT curiously peers out, stares colleague back, shocked, both of them, then they hear it, the rapid beating sound of a timer.

GENTLEMAN/BRENT

IT'S A BOMB!

The dash out is too late...the engulfing EXPLOSION starts out at the base, like a squib, entangling the building in one gulp, dispersing cars and debris in a ripple while cops dive for cover...

EXPLOSION AFTERMATH - MESS AND CONFUSION

Waters gushing out of hoses in the blazing fire, paramedics and cops scavenging for lives. Four bodies are bagged. More ambulances arrive. A TV camera is already on the scene. Luth steps out of a car which just arrives with a grimace. He scans the blazing scene, moves through.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Luth is driving his unmarked police car. His mind reeling from the carnage he's just witnessed from the explosion. FLASHBACKS of the bloody scene, enters Santa Monica. He drives along the coastline, towards some beach house.

As he pulls at the far end, by a huddle of palm trees, Wroth emerges from his hiding position, meets Luth up, leads him quickly into the house, passing cautious glances over shoulders.

INT. SKYSCRAPER CORPORATE HOUSE - NIGHT

In Tim's POV; from his hiding position, watches a limousine spiral up the building and pulls in a parking lot. SIX YOUTHS emerge teetering two pregnant suit bags, enters a door.

INT. OFFICE

In Tim's POV, from a slightly opened door...The Six Youth guys, around a huge desk, sharing loads of bucks among themselves. They seem to be in a good humor mood, smoking cigars and slurping gums. The desk is strewn with both bucks and cokes. The two suitcases...far away from them...now as they lay opened, loaded with their frisked-out guns.

Tim pulls back from the door, looks high up to the roof and quickly makes a swift tiger climbing movement to the roof, where everything is clear like jewels in a crystal, waits some moment...

As Tim stays in the shadows, cocks up his sawed-off shot gun then...he jumps through the glasses, lands on both feet, in showers of TINKLING glasses and...there he stands...Tim Cockerel...

The guys freeze seconds before Tim lands, but right on landing, five of them quickly makes a dash for their guns. But within seconds, Tim tears them apart, like a cat among partridges, and the gun put to another's neck, stops him in his tracks, walks the nervous looking hoodlum around, the gun to his neck, squinting to keep an eye on a near dead one.

GANGSTER

Hey, don't do this shit, alright? I didn't do nothing shit, okay?

Death is here, Gangster knows that, keeps looking at the guns,

touching his pockets if by luck he's got a gun left, but he's left to rue their frisks, watches as the sawed-off slowly descends to his midsection...BLASTS him through the roof...

EXT. SKYSCRAPER CORPORATE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The FBI, all over, just completes cleaning up crime scene mess.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. CAR - DAY

A fast moving FBI car pulls suddenly, A BUREAU AGENT opens door, quickly sits down, hands over the picture pile of the previous night's killings to his boss. Mr. Croft looks them up as car moves again.

FBI AGENT

Those dead guys were Scope kids once, gives reason to believe guy could be a Scope insider. Perhaps one disgruntled kid going nut on everyone.

MR. CROFT

What sort of bug is that? A psychopath or a serial killer we've got out there? What's the theory?

FBI AGENT

Theory is another guy, claiming Tim Cockerel ID, conceals his personal ID, makes it hard for us all to track him down. A psycho would be just right.

MR. CROFT

Supposing Tim Cockerel isn't dead, as he is, what do you think he'll do, relative to what is happening now?

FBI AGENT

Possibly hide himself, kill each of his enemies before anyone's aware he's around. This guy keeps saying he's Tim, contradictory by common logic.

MR. CROFT

Perfect! Means needs to work fast on this virus before it spreads out. One explosion and twelve killings is enough crime.

EXT. SPRUCE'S MANSION - DAY

The cab pulls up and Janis steps up to the heavily hedged mansion. She looks around, sees a clear coast, vaults the wall into the house.

INT. HALLWAY

Janis stands here in the hall, perplexed, gazing the numerous Roman numeral labeled doors around. It is a house where opaque glass walls meet an array of opulence, some roof to floor curtains, empty hallways...A VOICE BOOMS behind her...

HALL

You're not supposed to be here.

Janis quickly whirls around, sees resident security, ERNIE HALL, coming towards her. A giant figure...

HALL (cont'd)

I'm Ernie Hall. This place is shut up, security breach, you must leave.

Janis stares him, then ignores him, her free hand, still running the Roman numeral tags around, doors sag into doors.

JANIS

Ninety nine? Please help me, you know what I'm going through, help me...

HALL

I don't know much about Roman figures, but I know XC is 90 and IX is nine, for ninety nine try XCIX.

INT. ROOM XCIX - A HALL OF CLOSETS

Janis is confused, in this hall of closets, on where to start, scan her eyes over. Does some random tests, pulling closets open to some boots...medical tools...clothing...a stack of, PHOTOGRAPHS...Janis stops here, her curiosity hit running. She scans through; it's Spruce with his medical guys, altered by his family's photographs...then the gangster staff begins...

OUTSIDE ROOM XCIX - HALLWAY

Hall steps closer to the room, agitated. He can see her figure in the opaque enclosure, can't conclude what she's doing in there.

INT. ROOM XCIX

Janis' eyes have ravined into her head, she stares the photographs of two TIM COCKERELS, or so to speak. Two Tim guys that look like each other it will be hard to differentiate one from the other. Like some identical twins. She is stunned, mouth gaped out in wonder. More of them together, other ones that involve Spruce or the gangster clan, flips through.

Suddenly, a hard KICK of Hall's boot on the door, throws it open, flies everything out of her hands...

HALL

Step out quickly! A suspicious figure

is approaching us.

Janis quickly obliges, to her own safety. Hall ushers her another direction as the two keep watching the obscured FIGURE emerging from another direction in the hall. The two frantically make it down the hall.

HALL

This way...

Hall quickly ushers Janis through a door, but almost immediately, the Figure, Tim, emerges out of the corner, in full flight, opens into some barrage of gunshots. Hall responds, heated exchanges. Then a gunshot BLAST, on a glass wall, forces Hall through. Hall comes around, catches up behind Janis, playing the human shield as Janis keeps unyoking doors and leading them through, but the two come stuck this hallway. It's a bunch of keys, doesn't know which is the right one to pick. She's trying it all, Tim is coming around...

HALL

Open it up quickly, guy's coming...

JANIS

I'm trying. Tell me, what was Spruce doing underworld?

HALL

Did a lot, let's get out of here first.

The door opens, just when Tim comes charging out, he takes some rounds, doesn't budge him, but a shot from him BLASTS Hall on Janis' trail. Janis looks behind her, finds Hall...damaged beyond repairs...tries to reach him anyway, but another BLAST tumbles her through a number of walls, like dominos...

Janis picks herself up, quickly hides behind a column, injured, bleeding, gasping, a shrapnel has cut through her hand. Tim comes around, and Janis, like us, sees him as a shadow, not being able to make him out, her tracking eyes, watching him walk the empty hallways, starts strolling away.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - COUPLE'S BEDROOM - DARK

Sean turns a few times in bed, appears restless. A SOUND from the kitchen turns his head to the clock: 5:30 a.m.

SEAN

Gosh, it's already day, didn't know that.

INT. KITCHEN

Sean walks into the kitchen. Finds Janis humping over some documents, a coffee mug on hand, he stops in the doorway... Janis lifts her head up and sees him.

JANIS

(a quick look around)
 Sean, what do you know about Spruce,
 the one we know from Willard?

Sean steps closer, sits in the chair across Janis.

SEAN
 I've ever known Spruce. He was once
 part of the gangster race before he
 discarded the gun and got serious with
 his books, but it is thought he still
 hanged out with some old pals.

JANIS
 Did Tim have a twin brother, sibs? I have
 seen pictures, two Tim Cockerel guys.

SEAN
 No! Tim was a loner, he...wait...

INT. COUPLE'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY

Louisa wakes up, Sean is not around, but she can hear VOICES,
 saunters in the direction, waits behind the kitchen door,
 eavesdropping, suspiciously.

INT. KITCHEN

SEAN (cont'd)
 ...there is this kid that looked like
 Tim. Danny Fleming. Fleming is a carbon
 copy of Tim. But not a whole lot of guys
 have seen him in the face, even some
 guys in his hood haven't seen him before.

JANIS
 Do you know where he's staying? I want
 to know his address. I'm beginning to
 think...which one of them died, Fleming
 or Tim?

SEAN
 Wow, this is some serious question. But
 I think I can help you with the address,
 but, I think I'll do that later.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Louisa and Janis, both busy in the kitchen, cooking.

EXT. LAWN

Sean and Nina, playing soccer...Sean's having it all, seriously
 dribbling her, like some soccer ace, disgusts Nina. She pulls
 out, squats sullen somewhere. Mr. Soccer realizes her protest

and stops along, stoops, gasping.

In his summer break Sean observes a limousine, emerging from one end of the street. Limo pulls up, right down the house, the back door opens and a sexy thigh emerges, out of a skirt.

The full figure of a BLACK LADY finally emerges, and Sean, inadvertently swallows, twice. That's sexy at the highest peak. The lady walks his direction, stops inches away, then Sean recognizes her. Her little sister, CHARLOTE, Nina walks up, out of her reclusive mood.

SEAN

Hey Charlotte, that's you. I didn't know that. Been a long time.

CHARLOTTE

Of course that's what it's always been, isn't it? Playing white. Wolf in sheep clothing. Just stopped by to let you know I've changed my address. And since you've decided to get yourself busy in this gangster thing I think calling would have been against my security.

NINA

Uncle Sean, who's she? She's so dark.

CHARLOTTE

I'm his girlfriend, problem with that?

SEAN

I'm not into any gangster stuff. We haven't met since I got married, why don't we go in there and meet my wife?

CHARLOTTE

That's not what I came here for.

She pulls a business card from her purse, offers it to Sean.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)

Remember you've only got a month to hand over those properties I got from dad, I just don't want any legal issues, see ya.

Charlotte quickly walks into limo, drives off. Sean takes a last view of the limo as it turns the corner. He stands there for a moment, observing the card quietly, fascinated. He looks behind him, at the house, back at the card, at Nina, then he takes Nina's hand, leads her in.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean finds Louisa at the door, right on entering, an expression of contempt all drawn on her face. A terrible fracas ensues.

LOUISA

Oh yeah, that's her right? That sleazy, stinking, slut, frumpy, bitch, whore...

SEAN

Hey, who the hell do you think she is? She's my sister...

LOUISA

Oh give me a break, will you? That's some black ass, are you blind, Mr. Lover?

Janis watches on, helpless, holds her daughter before her.

SEAN

Oh shit, you go to hell. I don't understand why you just get freaky any time you see any women around, I don't get this...

NINA

But Uncle Sean, she said she's your girlfriend.

Janis tries to stop her, but the words were already out, quickly matches her away.

LOUISA

I knew it! Kid was right there with you...

SEAN

What the fuck do you know? Kid doesn't know nothing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - COLUMN - NIGHT

Janis, leaning by the columns, continues to hear the voices of the angry couple. Looks the direction of the voices and laughs once. The whole thing seems comical, on the other hand unfortunate, though.

She passes a hand over her face, wipes some tears off and walks away, across the lawn, tries avoiding the noise. Argument continues. She can still hear it, flimsily. She strolls some distance away from the house and stops by the sidewalk, thumbs a taxi down and hops downtown.

EXT/INT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR/HALLWAY/ROOM - NIGHT

Taxi pulls up at the curb and out steps Janis, walks through the main entrance. She takes the elevator up, walk the hallway and stops behind the files room blinds watching a FEMALE STAFF in the process, shutting everything down and locking closets.

As the lady exits, Janis pretends to be strolling away, then quickly sneaks into the unlocked room. She turns on the light

and opens file closets till she finds Dr. Spruce's file documents. Stuff spurs her curiosity...just loaded medical intrigue. Her attention suddenly turns to the computer...

OUTSIDE THE FILES ROOM

The fast fading hospital staffs have all left to its barest minimum when the sudden combat boot of...Tim...appears in the hallway. Nobody sees him. Tim stands there, looks around, with an eerie look of the devil.

INT. FILES ROOM - CLOSE ON COMPUTER

The procession of Spruce's underworld friends appear on screen. Janis types in another XCIX code along the Danny Fleming name and out pours the pix and profile of Danny Fleming. Janis cranes her neck to read when, something hit her...she looks over her shoulder, with a puzzling scare at the door.

Janis walks to the door, carefully opens it and sees his back, in a moment she knows who's there, yards away, raised lapels, can't make him out. Janis backs in, waits, unsure of what to do, but first thing first, she turns off the light, which incidentally affects the computer, shuts it down. Mumbling curses. She looks out one more time, finds a clear coast, waits some moment, then quietly steps out.

INT. HALLWAY/SPIRAL STAIRCASE/ELEVATOR

Janis descends the stairs to the hallway, cautiously, her eyes, poking out in both fear and wonder, heads towards the elevator, needs to get away fast. But few meters to the elevator Janis realizes somebody is in it, puts some wait in her treads.

The elevator stops on the floor, begins to cleave up, Janis takes some steps back, cautiously...waits, watching...then a step back...a black combat shoe emerges...Janis instantly bolts away...

Tim fully steps out, finds he's never been presented with such an easy opportunity, the fugitive is only yards away, effortlessly strolls forward, squirting gunshots all over. Just when Tim steps up the gear to amend the widening gap Janis tumbles through a door, on a trail of gunshots, but soon finds the thug tugging at her heels. She whiz down the spiral stairs with calculated acceleration. The succession of gunshots are missing her head only by inches, helped by the winding stairs.

Against the scheme of things, the crutch comes between her legs, topples her faster down to the floor, creating some gap, but Janis manages to hang on to her crutch. She picks herself up, heads towards the elevator, a lady steps off, Janis enters, partly knocking her off, already has her fingers on the buttons, punching to a floor below.

Tim, next to tumble to the floor, hits the floor flying, squeezing it all out of handgun. Before the elevator finally

closes up, Tim drops, one fly short...then, one jump, with his outstretched left hand and...he has her neck in a clamp. Though his head stays out Tim manages to knock her head around. Janis is whining, trying desperately to pull his hand off. She gets an idea, grabs her crutch hard, knocks him off, elevator heads down.

Tim stands up, sees the elevator heading down and charges downstairs.

INT/EXT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY/PARKING LOT

Janis is already working the buttons like mad before the elevator will stop, it does anyway, briefly opens up and shuts. But before it fully does...like the previous, the outstretched hand of the thug unexpectedly jumps in, grabs her by the neck, trying to knock the air out of her, knocks her head a few times around. Janis grabs her crutch again, knocks him off, the door shuts and heads up.

Tim stands up, dashes up, reaches up and finds the elevator heading some few floors down and dashes in time to wait. The elevator comes around, but even before it opens, Tim jumps in, grabs her by the hair, fires some rounds into her, nudges his knees along into her body and sees her drop headlong, dead. But. No. Tim doesn't see her around. It's a hallucination. He wipes his face many times over. Sees nothing. He's been deceived. He pops out, full speed.

A different elevator reaches grounds carrying Janis. She pops out and reaches parking lot in seconds, tries in vain to open some cars, finally opens into one car, but no keys. She pulls and begins touching some wires when...

Tim pops out of the main door. He comes her way, top speed. Janis quickly manages to spark the car. She turns to the road and speeds off. Tim fires some rounds, BREAKS the back windshield and one window, continues to chase on. Janis manages to put some distance between them, but she can still see the man coming, on top speed...

EXT. STREET/AROUND SOME HILLS/BETWEEN HILLS

Approaching the street between some hills Janis looks to her right and sees the man, close up, at top speed running, on the field to her right. She quickly turns to the street between the hills and lost him.

Tim appears going up and down the hills behind some trees at the hills. He quickly moves down a hill and jumps down into mid-street, skating along like a skateboarder, faces the street ahead. Suddenly, Janis comes around a bend, in the hills, Tim turns, faces her, with open arms. Janis knocks him off, the gun leaves the hand, drops on the street, impact knocks Tim off to behind the car...

Tim crash-lands to the backside of car, manages to grab back

tire along, tries to pull car back with some strength. Janis steps hard on accelerator, to make sure she's not part of the haul, appears stuck. Tim manages to lift car off the street a bit, with some heaving strength, tries to pull car back. Tires SCREECHING...

Janis changes gears quickly, appears going on the reverse, knocks Tim off, but Tim is able to throw car off in the process before he falls off himself, dashes towards the gun. The car rolls over, lands perfectly on all fours with a bump as Janis hit her head to the roof, but she soon regains her bearings and quickly changes gears.

Tim comes up with the gun. Janis steers the car and dash off just as Tim opens shots all over car, chasing. Janis manages to come out of the hills and steers a straight course. She sees him coming, on top speed, far in the distance, doesn't look like he's given up yet.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE

Janis arrives home, pulls the car and dashes inside.

INT. JANIS' BEDROOM

Janis enters her room. She hears Sean's voice behind her, doesn't know yet.

SEAN

Where you coming from?

Frightens Janis. She turns SCREAMING, falls on the bed, holding head in both hands...then she realizes it's Sean, cools down, gasping. Louisa pops into the room...

LOUISA

What's wrong? What's going on?

JANIS

Met him, guy threatening our lives,
he's coming this way.

(impatiently emptying
her handbag on the bed)

We gotta go somewhere.

The sting of fear draws up in the couple's faces. Message hits home.

SEAN

Louisa, you get our bags to the truck,
quickly.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE

Louisa quickly carries two fully loaded traveling bags, drops them in the GMC truck, jumps in. Janis is already seated, sobbing, tears her face over. Sean drops in with a fast

sleeping Nina on her mom.

SEAN

Where are we...?

LOUISA

Just go anywhere, our new house, go.

Sean pulls car into street, cruising pace. Janis casually looks behind. Suddenly, the MAN pops out of a corner, running.

JANIS

Look!

The couple turns around with some terrified looks. He comes faster. Sean steps on accelerator. Tim opens two rounds, hit the car, some way off. Car disappears in the distance. Louisa has a hand to her busts, gasping. They share looks, just lucky.

Tim slows down right at the house, down there in the street. He stops in the midsection, stares the house, walks briskly away.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' EXQUISITE NEW HOME - NIGHT

Sean turns the car off the street, pulls at their new home. They step out, each to a room, weary eyes...nothing said.

INT. JANIS' ROOM - DAWN

Janis' eyes suddenly come on, woken out of sleep by some romantic GRUNTS. She comes out of her room and stops by her daughter's room if she's been woken by the sexual interruption, walks off in the hall.

INT. THE SPENCERS' BEDROOM

The couple...engaged in some steamy sex act.

INT. HALLWAY

Janis is squatting by some columns, looks out, choking on tears, legacy from the previous night event. She turns inside, sees the couple making their way back into the bedroom from bathroom. Sean is the first to, Louisa lags behind, sees Janis and stops, briefly, looks deep into her eyes, some meaning to it, a despicable one, ties her robe line before proceeding.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sean, Louisa, and Nina, just the three of them at the dining desk...Sean looks through some documents, chats along with Nina. In the b.g. we see Janis busying down the hall. Then, Janis walks into the kitchen, carries her daughter down...

JANIS

(choky voice)

Honey let's go. Gonna be late.

Sean is surprised. Louisa is not.

SEAN

Jenny...are you okay?

Janis lies, grief in her throat, grief in her face, grief all around her.

JANIS

Yeah I'm fine.

She turns to leave...one more of Sean's curiosity stops her.

SEAN

Jenny, can I ask you this? Do you have any idea who was chasing us last night?

JANIS

No, went to the hospital place and he came around chasing me with a gun, couldn't even see his face.

Janis exits. Sean looks Louisa who only shrugs, life goes on.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator opens up and Janis steps into hallway, her attention is immediately drawn to Judge Ryan in her office doorway, she talks to a SEXY LADY. Her back faces her. Janis shuffles behind and almost immediately Judge Ryan parts with lady. Judge Ryan is turning inside when...her eyes meets Janis'. Doesn't seem to like the idea of seeing her around, a somber expression quickly replaces her radiance.

JANIS

You abandoned us, Your Honor.

JUDGE RYAN

What?

JANIS

Said you were going to protect us from Tim Cockerel, but you guys failed to...

JUDGE RYAN

We did just that till Tim Cockerel was dead! This is a different subject, I can't do it all.

JANIS

But you guys...

Judge Ryan walks off, into her office, a blatant snub, leaves Janis staring her trail, tries to hold back her tears.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Louisa enters the house, walks the hallway, carrying a stack of documents in a baskets, a trail of their just moved in items in the b.g. She observes as Janis steps out of her room, her back towards her, hasn't seen her yet. Louisa quickly dumps the basket on a table, strolls behind Janis.

LOUISA

Jenny...

Janis turns around, traces of grief, their eyes meet, surprised to find Louisa there.

LOUISA (cont'd)

Jenny this is our new home. I think you can see that for yourself. But in this place I just hope you do your best to keep your distance from my husband.

Louisa concludes, turns to walk away.

JANIS

What...? Ridiculous, what did you say?

Louisa turns, incensed.

LOUISA

Oh, my, God, I said fuck you, bitch, ridiculous my ass! I've been watching you for a long time, and you know I'm talking about you trying to steal your best friend's man. I hate you, you're awful, and you just stink in my face.

Louisa ends it, walks away. Janis collapses to the wall, sobs terribly.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DUSK

Judge Ryan, in a mid chat with some colleagues. Her Lincoln Mark VIII arrives with a CHAUFFEUR whose face we do not see, concealed behind some farm boy cap. Judge Ryan quickly hops into the rear and soon opens into her bag, begins sparring on her makeup kit as the car roll away, doesn't take notice of the Chauffeur.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT/INT. LINCOLN MARK VIII - NIGHT

The Lincoln Mark charges down the street. Judge Ryan thinks that's so fast, warns the Chauffeur.

JUDGE RYAN

Hasely you slow down, moving so fast.

But in spite of her concern she's still more into her makeup,

the handheld mirror in her face, than the MAN behind the wheels...

The car flashes off down a steep road, fast rate, compels Judge Ryan to take away the handheld mirror from her face wondering, about the speed, concentration still elsewhere.

Way down some isolated street the 'Chauffeur' pulls the car, instantly, furiously emerges from the car. The farm boy cap comes off, and Judge Ryan sees him...Tim, horrified. He comes to her end of the car, rudely pulls her out with a hand and with no time wasting presses her head to the roof, shoots through. He throws her off, quickly drives away.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The Lincoln Mark VIII turns from the weedy road, pulls by a cottage, a murky world here. The lights go off and Tim emerges out, slowly walks into cottage, he can see very little.

INT. COTTAGE

Tim sees a dartboard at the wall, walks to it, gathers some darts then walks to the rocking chair by some supportive pole in the middle of the house. He throws the darts, sequentially, in the direction of dartboard, can't see very much, but understandably they've all been going the right direction. The darts finish in his hands, keeps rocking on...then it stops... fast asleep.

MOMENTS ON...something moves on the end of the house. In a sec Tim's eyes exposes, touches his gun, just to be sure, then remains calm. Tim stands up, gropes around to hold on to something, manages to make it out through the back door, pulls his gun, then pace up the squeaky planks, just to be sure he's safe from any intruder. It's just about nothing.

Tim finds an old hammock and jumps in, gun ready.

INT. FBI BUILDING - TV - FLASHES OF NEWS - DAY

Various reports on the death of Judge Monica Ryan...

INT. THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Mr. Croft angrily kicks something around. His entourage is around.

MR. CROFT

Shit! Where the hell was her chauffeur?

SULLIVAN

Guy kills him, dumps his body at a construction site.

MR. CROFT

Wake up call. Time for some action.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - COP INVASION/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

Clubbers giggling on the dance floor...Undercover cops walk through. Some cops open inside jackets up showing their badges. With some head motion gestures they lead guys out by the hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE DOWNTOWN

Some police cruisers pull by a street, heavily armed cops step out, approaches a house cautiously. LEADING COP urges his men over...police choppers dash across the skies.

INT. UNDERGROUND CONDUITS

Some cops, cautiously moving through some underground conduits, guns pointing out, searching their way through.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCHYARD - MORNING

The casket is thrown open, against the Tim Cockerel tombstone. The four cops jump back, with caution, secretly summons their religious artifacts before regaining courage to peer over. And, there...at the bottom of the casket...the last remains of the decomposed body of the presumed vampire, maggots all over. One cop holds his nose, one turns away, disgusted, spews out.

COP

Gees, this couldn't be any shit vampire.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim sneaks into Wroth's beach house via vaulting a wire mesh, finds Wroth there. In Tim's POV - Wroth is there...up and about. Tim trails his move, picks a pool cue along the hallway. Wroth settles behind a TV set, some fruit drink in hand, enjoying the moment.

Behind him, Wroth suddenly hears...a SNAP sound, react quickly, but only stands to find the cue stick slashing through his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

The elevator opens, and out steps Mr. Croft, charges down the hall, in one of his worst moods ever, his boys around him. He stops suddenly, turns on his boys.

MR. CROFT

This is the most outrageous story I've ever heard from you, Sullivan. That

guy at the beach house was our only prospect, and you knew you weren't supposed to lose him. You knew it!

Mr. Croft proceeds towards his office, leaves team observing his trail, like as many sheep. Few steps to his office a MARINE approaches him, speaks into his ears. He finishes and pulls back. Mr. Croft nods, agreed. Combatant quickly moves away. Holds radio over his mouth.

INT. UNDERGROUND - EXTENSIVELY HUGE PIPELINES - NIGHT

Tim strolls inside a pipeline, walks lackadaisically to the end, sits down. Almost immediately, a powerful chopper darts overhead, suddenly makes him suspicious, runs to the opposite end and stays there, looks out...he finds three LASER lights pulsing on a pipe. And in another direction counts seven dotted laser lights pounding aimlessly around.

Tim looks up and, there in view, a cluster of heavy uncountable laser strobes approaching. He's been invaded. Without a moment's hesitation he grabs one heavy chain, slithers down into another pipe and looks out. Laser lights all over...men behind guns crouching cautiously forward

CAPT. LENNON, the leader of the pack, sees the swaying chains, stops in his tracks raising a hand to stop his advancing boys. A radio message arrives in Lennon's earpiece drawing his attention to the swaying chains.

Lennon gets the idea of their target standing at the edge of one pipe, taking peeks on them, addresses him.

CAPT. LENNON

Listen up, guy. I'm Captain Lennon, Chief In Command of Operations of the United States Armed Forces. I've got this place covered up, and I promise there's no way escaping that. Give yourself in and let's talk this up.

Tim stands there, watching on, gasping like he's done some sprint when...a BEAM suddenly falls on him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Look Captain! He's stuck up there!

Tim grips a chain, quickly slips out then back into a pipe in seconds, dashes away. Lennon is incensed in his command...

CAPT. LENNON

Boys, get the kid down, now!

The chorus of gunshots has already begun singing their praises, up on Tim, from everywhere. Tim dashes away, towards the end of the pipeline. Within meters of reaching the other end a heavy Mi-26 type CHOPPER drops in. In a split second move Tim dashes

back as a SECOND CHOPPER steps in behind the first.

INSIDE HELICOPTER: A booming VOICE from the First Chopper:

PILOT

United States Armed Forces, freeze.

But Tim is nearly flying out of sight. Helicopter zooms hard on him, opens a barrage of gunshots on each side of chopper, misses by inches, either side of Tim. Then, a double explosive fire, simultaneously. The projectiles whistle past both sides of Tim, lands into one end of a sealed pipeline, unleashing some ocean of water that drops in one bulk...

INSIDE FIRST CHOPPER

Pilot suddenly sees it.

PILOT

Oh my God...

(to Copilot)

Rudolph, look at that!

Copilot, RUDOLPH by name, sees the powerful ocean of water current surging their way, warns the chopper behind.

RUDOLPH

Pull out! Osborne. It's a Mayday.

INSIDE SECOND CHOPPER

OSBORNE, from the second chopper, quickly sees the water.

OSBORNE

Oh shit!

IN THE TUNNELS

The water quickly catches Tim in the current, sweeps him off his feet. Osborne capsizes his chopper, turns back, dashes out. The first Pilot lifts his chopper up and turns upside down, powers his chopper towards exiting. Current boiling under him.

The heavy current gushes out of pipeline, brings Tim along, far ahead of the first chopper, slaps him on a beam, right out of the pipeline, almost immediately goes down, quickly grabs a heavy chain, manages to hang on, his staggering feet in the bubbling current.

Almost immediately the First Chopper arrives, dashing out of pipeline, but Tim is unyielding, moves across the face of pipeline, gets the heavy chain in the rotors, but the powerful blades shreds the chain, like papers. Tim falls off...

INSIDE THE CHOPPER

PILOT

Lennon, kid's got some weapon, repeat,
 kid's got some weapon, looks deadly...

OUTSIDE/INSIDE TUNNELS

As the Forces run all over, Tim lands and slides down into a pipeline, struggles up a chain, to the top of another pipeline, jumps to an adjacent pipe, lands on his stomach, series, at the rim, finally climbs inside one and dashes away. He is almost out of the pipeline when the First Chopper drops before him again, sends Tim dashing the opposite direction in split seconds.

The chopper bears hard on Tim, it comes inches to touching him. Tim looks over his shoulders, briefly, takes some three heavy leaping jumps like a triple jumper's, jumps in the air, twist-turning several times over, pulls a double powerful handgun from behind him in the process, then with legs over top-body, butt-side facing the chopper in the opposite direction... swaying off, airborne...delivers some powerful shots under him.

Seconds before he lands Tim rolls his legs over head, and with frontal body directly towards inside pipeline he fires on, the powerful chopper is not affected by the gunshots, but keeps it in the distance anyway.

Tim lands, slides out, guns leave his hands. He holds the tip end of pipe and spectacularly manages to haul himself back a little inside, legs and body hanging out, legs swimming midair. Whilst he did this he moves both hands to grab both guns...

But Tim only grabs a gun, misses the other, quickly fixing gun into a pocket within same instant, clumsily holds some iron rods at one side of the pipeline, tries bouncing back to reach the second gun when someone opens shots...on both hands and gun.

Tim loses grip...has nothing to hold on to, falls meters down...down, and deep down the ravine into the arms of the waiting giant, NASH, who waits midway on a huge mound way below the ends of the network of pipelines all around.

CAPT. LENNON

D-o-w-n! Dude is dropped way below.
 Nash just clasps kid on the mound.

The Forces...jumping onto pipelines...sliding down pipelines. Laser lights, flashing all around in millions. The legs, guns and laser lights of the Forces stop out at the end of the network of pipelines overlooking the huge mound way below, where Tim is being firmly grabbed in the arms of Nash and lifted off the ground in exchange of fiery head butts.

CAPT. LENNON

Hold on, don't fire! Let Nash do his
 own thing!

It's a game of torture here, Nash and Tim, each one of them trying to gain the brow of the mound because any slip and the way down hill is extensively huge. Dotted laser lights, trying to focus on them all the time.

Nash and Tim on each other's throat, trying to squeeze the air out of each other. Tim head butts Nash, Nash drops him for a moment, taking some steps back, cautiously. The two entangle again, in an exchange of fist trades and head butts.

INSIDE A TUNNEL...An agitated MARINE aims his sniper shot furiously towards the two down there. Tim still hangs on Nash, the two torturing each other, moving wildly about. The Marine sees Tim's back...and within seconds fires sniper shot into a shoulder blade...

DOWN THE RAVINE...Tim goes wild. His bout with Nash, now more serious and furious. Tim gets an opportunity and quickly grabs a powerful handgun from behind Nash and turns it on his head, but Nash stops the hand midair as Tim pulls the trigger. The explosive fires off, towards a batch in one pipe. MARINE #1 dashes off, to push the guys out of the path of explosion.

MARINE #1

Watch out!

Explosion hits inside pipeline, fireball from explosion hisses out. Nash terribly crashes Tim down, kicks and lunges his elbow into his back. Tim struggles up the mound, on all fours. Nash grabs Tim's head, strongly crashes it down.

In an instant Tim turns around, quickly grabs Nash and throws both of them midair...it's a free fall...and down the ravine they go. The free fall is eternal. The faces of the Forces are stunned. The sound of them landing way below RESONATES all around. Then, a deadly SCREAM. A quick dashing movement of the Forces all-round as Lennon YELLS on...

CAPT. LENNON

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go...!

DEEP DOWN THE RAVINE

The first of the Forces appear out of an opening where Tim and Nash had fallen. Just as he appears...Tim is there...waiting... ..kicks him off, with the underside of his foot, shooting him along, almost simultaneously, sends him flying.

Three more Forces arrive, Tim shoots them off, in a left right combination, quickly cocks their three guns and throws them up...leaves the scene. The guns hit down and somersault, spraying gunshots all around. MARINE #2 arrives the scene. He is quick to see the somersaulting and spraying gunshots. More Forces arrive at once. But Marine #2 is quick to help.

MARINE #2

Get down, get down, get down...

Marine #2 makes a series after series of desperate runs to push down quite a number of guys. The guns settle down. The last of them smoking out. Marine #2 makes his last save, lands on his face, breathing desperately, head up the ground, considering the extent of his help.

Tim disappears down a manhole, only parts of his head and hand showing as he pulls the manhole lid over. Marine #2 puts his head down, gasping.

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Mr. Croft is excessively angry. He walks some hall, towards his office, in the company of six of his nervous looking boys who stride along him, for fear of reprimand, peeking the devil's looks in his eyes. Mr. Croft suddenly turns on his boys, expected, blurts out...

MR. CROFT

I wish somebody could explain to me, and I mean now, how you could let that guy slip out of your hands! You saw him, engaged him, he manages to get away with four of you dead, and one terribly wounded in the body he can't even talk now.

WEXLER

No sir, it was some ordinary police guys who died.

MR. CROFT

You went there together as a team. Could have been any of you guys as well. You're getting down there again now! No resting till this shit is over. Put up roadblocks. Send thousand County Sheriffs right away and contact country farmers. Now! Everybody is involved.

EXT. AERIAL - STREET - DAY

A Police chopper, slowly across the sky, its rotor sounds, dies off slowly in the distance. Down in the street, over a thousand cars, going through intense checkpoints. Dozens of police officers, on their intense car searches, checking IDs, looking through trunks, and sneaking peeks inside cars...the thousand police cruisers, the choppers above...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - COUPLE'S BEDROOM - TV - NIGHT

ON TV...A REPORTER'S voice details events O.S. The search continues - every part of society - Police officers, searching through cars, with flashlights and police dogs. The police

going from door to door...Choppers flying overhead. Choppers flying over a vast area of woodland. Choppers flying over mountains. Choppers down on rivers and lakes...

Louisa grabs the remote control, mutes TV's volume. Sean is at the headboard, reading into some documents, he looks up at Louisa, from his file, trying to find some meaning to her action.

LOUISA

Have you thought of this guy, Sean?
Tim or whoever he is?

SEAN

Nope...very little.

LOUISA

Is Tim Cockerel dead, Sean, I wanna know?

SEAN

No, I don't think Tim is dead. He's the most intelligent guy I've ever known. Trust me, Louisa. I strongly believe that guy is still around.

Louisa is shocked, stares Sean.

LOUISA

The police DNA test proves he's dead.
Else who is the Tim guy who died?

SEAN

I don't know about that guy who died, nor about any police DNA, but I swear he is not dead. Trust me, that Tim guy isn't dead.

LOUISA

Uh, give me a break, at least we both saw it when Tim died...

SEAN

Could be a trick, he's good at that.

Sean throws off the bedspread, picks some juice drink from the refrigerator. A stunned Louisa stares him.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The loaded elevator opens up. Sean, among many, steps out, walks through into his office.

INT. OFFICE

Sean steps into his office, he dumps his file on the desk just to find a business card slip out. He picks it to the eyes, surprised to find it. Realizes it's his sister Charlotte's.

SEAN

Gosh, Charlotte. This girl's gonna kill me.

INT. CAR

Sean, set on a different agenda, has the phone to his mouth.

SEAN

Hi Jake, just left my office. I'm going to pick some check for my sister back home. Expect me back soon.

JACOBS (O.S.)

Alright, I see you when you're back.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Janis, on a baseball cap, comes into garage. A better mood. She picks a car from the garage and moves out.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - ROAD/GARAGE

As Janis pulls the car onto the road, Sean comes up in his car, behind her, on the same road, but she goes up the road, in another direction, their path doesn't cross.

GARAGE...Sean pulls the car into garage, picks his pocket-size diary and walks up a private stairs into the house. There is a refrigerator few inches away from landing, Sean puts his diary on it and opens it for some juice drink.

INT. STAIRWELL/HALLWAY

SOMEBODY starts up the private stairs from the garage quietly. Long overcoat...black gloves...pump action gun...heavy shoes. Sean gets the feeling of someone coming up behind, turns and finds...Tim...looking deep into his face...his gun, already pointing out.

TIM

Why seek ye the living among the dead?

As Tim inches closer...Sean quickly grabs the gun with some terrible head butt into Cockerel's face before he can decide to pull the trigger, the two entangle. In their entanglement Sean stretches out to reach the wall phone...he knows he can reach it...almost close. He's got Tim in his grips...he does...dials 911...

INT. LAPD - MEDIA ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER storms out of the Media Room strapping a

holster, a summoning call to some colleagues...

POLICE OFFICER

Charlie, we're heading to the Spencers,
suspect's been spotted in there.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - LAW FIRM - OFFICE ROOM - DAY

We see Louisa, both angry and puzzled, bangs the phone,
quickly picks her handbag, heads for the door. She bumps
into colleague, TONI, entering...

TONI

Hey girl, you upset about something?

LOUISA

Toni girl, I've been trying to reach
my husband on the line for the past
four hours at his office, but he's not
there. He left before I did. I'm going
home to check things up. I suspect
something.

TONI

Wow, I suggest you cool down, might
not even be what you think.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - DAY

The police patrol cars are here, hundreds of them. Louisa
approaches from behind, puzzled by their presence.

LOUISA

What's going on?

Janis pulls and steps out of her car, hastily, moves into the
house.

INT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - HALLWAY

Louisa heard towards their bedroom, inadvertently pushing cops
from her way, so many of them here...

LOUISA

What's going on, somebody tell me?
Officer tell me, I want to know.

Some police officers try to stop her.

POLICE #1

Hey Miss, you better stop there...

LOUISA

This is my house, I want to know
what's going on.

Louisa is knocking hands and bodies off by the hundreds...

towards her bedroom...the doorway is opened so we begin to see in there, by the snippet, through the forest of legs, but we can see clearly, somehow, a pool of blood. A motionless body. A dead body. Yes that's what Louisa just finds...she SCREAMS... the world spins around in her eyes, falls backwards.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Louisa, sitting in a living room couch, head on some wet pad in hands. Tears down her face, doesn't seem to understand what's just happened. The police are still around, doing some talking among themselves. Suddenly, a VOICE overhead...

POLICE #2

Found this around your late husband.

Louisa lifts her head up, finds POLICE #2 holding a .45 caliber up, with some bullet shells...

INT. JANIS' BEDROOM - JANIS' POV

Janis looks on, from her slightly opened door, two shopping bags to the door. The gloom is back. She can see out of the slit two cops talking to Louisa, no harm meant, keeps pointing in the direction of her room. Finally she sees the cops leading Louisa away, by a hand.

INT. JANIS' BEDROOM - JANIS' POV

Janis watches on, her eyes locked on Louisa's, through the windows of a police patrol, car rolls away.

INT. EROTIC PARLOR - COSMETICS ROOM - DAY

Janis, with her lap dancer friend, TAMEKA. The two on a chaise lounge, coffees in hand, but none seem to be drinking, nor even seem to have the appetite for it. Grief control. Janis mainly. Continues to look on her lap. Tameka stares her.

TAMEKA

Heard it on the news, Sean's death...
Any suspect yet?

JANIS

No. Guess it's the usual suspect.

Janis deposits her mug on the shelf, stands to leave.

JANIS

Gotta go. Doing some investigations.

TAMEKA

Any lead, headway or found something?
It's still not safe out there, Jenny.

JANIS

I've got leads everywhere, and if I

don't get it done it's obvious whoever
is out there is gonna come for me just
like it happened to Sean. All I need
is another piece of the jigsaw, and
I'm going for it...Luth...

TAMEKA

Luth...? He comes here. I can help you.
(to a colleague)
Virgin, when is LAPD Chief, Luth,
coming around...?

INT. EROTIC PARLOR - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - REDLY LIT

She is scantily dressed, sensual, casual, innocent...Tameka...
wiggling, like a catfish, to the ogling satisfaction of Luth,
his four cohorts, watching on, smirking like their boss...

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Janis punches into some codes on the door panel, MELODIC SOUNDS
beat off, the steel door HUMS away with a THUD.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janis steps into the room, awed by the different settings. Not
an inkling of an apartment thing here...A round room, studded
with huge closet-like sectors all round. The conference table
in the middle is huddled by a huge swivel chair supervising a
dozen others. But this conference spot is sealed by a roof to
floor glass.

Janis is stuck in the middle, quietly spinning around, trying
to understand the situation here. The reality of fear has set
in and her heart is already flying.

JANIS (V.O.)

Wow...how do I start this thing off?
Maybe another XCIX can work magic.

Janis quickly steps to the closet modeled sectors, eyes
darting, hands scanning and skipping over the numerous...

JANIS

Got it, it's here.

Janis pushes into the keyhole button on the XCIX closet only
for the glass around the conference desk to fold away and stand
like a crescent, behind one swivel, beaming a light on the
conference desk highlighting the various functions of something
on each closet.

INT. EROTIC PARLOR - COCKTAIL LOUNGE - LATER

Luth, still on his erotic pleasure with colleagues, but now
they've got a pie of cherry...more of the erotic hands...

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - LATER

Janis is in the huge swivel, playing God, touching and setting off the network of computers alive, equipments coming out of the walls and touching them back in, movie slides, pool games, etc. Janis is wowed, watching the beauty of how it all works.

INT. EROTIC PARLOR - COCKTAIL LOUNGE

The ALARM on a handheld gadget Luth's got on the nightstand goes off. He jumps off, picks the gadget close up to his eyes, horrified, like his boys.

LUTH

Jesus Christ, security breach.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Luth, in a serious pose, jetting through the street with his boys, another car along.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tameka, alongside VIRGIN, shooting her hands through her dress while she talks on the phone...

TAMEKA

Jenny, Luth is coming with his guys, you better get out of there quickly, I'm coming with Virgin to come get you. Listen don't ever let anyone see your crutch...

INT. HIGH-RISE - LATER

Janis, bounded by an amphitheater of documents, agile as a monkey, gasps and sweats, incomprehensible, scrambling stacks of files under twines...embraces one stack and shoots through the door...

INT. ELEVATOR

...Janis, up a barstool, quickly struggling through the roof and tumbling the documents into the shaft.

EXT. HIGH-RISE

The cars pull, Luth, with Scope boys, quick dash, towards the door.

INT. ELEVATOR

Janis is up on the roof, drops the last of the documents down the shaft. And as it drops, we see stacks of other documents, sleeping on the shaft bed.

INT. HIGH-RISE - HALLWAY - ELEVATOR

The Scopes, crumpled at the door, waiting for the door to open, one Scope guy pushing the buttons in like crazy, impatient, a waiting second is like eternity.

INT. ELEVATOR

Janis is hanging onto the roof, like a gymnast, contemplating dropping in, when suddenly, the elevator starts up, heads down. Conscious of the imminent appearance of Luth and his Scope guys, Janis, more alarmed than before, starts heaving herself back to the roof, but this one seems impossible, an arduous task for a woman with such disability...keeps struggling up...

EXT. HIGH-RISE - CAR

Tameka arrives with Virgin, in their MR-2 Turbo, waits anxiously.

INT. HIGH-RISE - ELEVATOR

The elevator arrives, opens up. Luth and cohorts pour in. As they did, we see a figure, on some hood, stuck in the back, Janis, but we don't know yet, just concerned with the apple she keeps taking to her lips, biting by a pinch, she's seen it all, from the rim of her hood, what these guys have already done, as within seconds of entering pull out their guns, from various locations, cocked and silencer readied. None seem to have noticed her...not just yet. Her crutch, perfectly out of view.

But, as the journey wears on, Luth, the leader of the pack, appears to have some urge. Quietly looks behind him, at the figure in the back. Turns back. Repeats, several times over.

Janis meets his eyes, partly, just to alter his suspicion. Other Scope guys, infected by the curious bug, attempts to look behind...just, the vehicle pulls, all surge out with rage. Luth included, but he lags behind. Suspicion weighing down on him like a boulder. Stops. Walks back to the elevator, observes the floor indicator quietly, if they are reading, an indication to mean it's moving, but, it's static.

The other Scopes, conscious of their boss' suspicion, stop. Approaches. Thunderous curiosity. Luth opens the elevator just to find it empty with a freshly staggering apple.

LUTH

Shit! I knew it, where did that bitch go?

The others peer in. Suddenly alerted by a SCREECHING car, they pull their guns, dart down the stairs, like enchanted beats...

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT

Luth with his boys...damage assessment...

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE/HALLWAYS - DAY

Janis steps out of a cab and walks to the cordoned house. A normal mood, appears not to be sad this time.

IN THE HALLWAYS...the settings around, the same as she last saw it, just some added incentive of markings on the floors by the lab guys, nothing unusual, tours it anyway, walks the house through and finds herself in the garage.

INT. GARAGE/HALLWAY

GARAGE...Janis walks around, looking, finally comes off the garage, walks up the private stairs into the house, appears to be tracing Sean's last steps. She steps onto landing, tries to pick a drink from the refrigerator when...she sees Sean's diary, at the same place as he left it, on the refrigerator, seems to have been missed by the lab guys.

Janis stays in the place, studies it. Then she sees some information. The name Danny Fleming is everywhere...then some address to Danny Fleming's place, sinks her eyes in...a spur to more adventure.

EXT. THE SPENCERS' HOUSE - SIDEWALK

Janis is on the phone, by the sidewalk, leaves message on an answering machine...

JANIS

Hi Tameka, it's me Jenny, I came to my Spencers home, just found an address of one guy who looks exactly like Tim, he was his friend too. I'm going over to find things out. I'll call when I get back.

Janis hangs up, stands by the curb, pondering her next line of action.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DILAPIDATED HIGH-RISE BUILDING - DUSK

Janis takes some few steps forward, through the thick fog, staring and gaping the dilapidated high-rise building few meters before her eyes. Some few fogs dissipate. Janis sees the building better. She stops suddenly...seems to remember Tim's old identical friend...Danny Fleming.

JANIS

(mutters)

Dee Fleming, yes it's Dee Fleming...I know Dee. I know him.

FLASHBACK: EXT. HIGH-RISE - NIGHT

The place where Janis stands now, at the time when it was a classic building and buzzing with Fleming's underworld

activities. A limousine arrives and a strong VOICE that shouts to everyone to disappear. People scurry to clear the scene as DANNY FLEMING steps out to a deserted place. Janis watches on from a top window. Fleming walks into building...

INT. HALLWAY

Fleming steps out of the elevator and walks the hallway, meets up with the Cockerels, Tim and Janis, hugs and fun, hysterical.

BACK TO SCENE

Janis at the scene...still gaping the ruined building. A bit of her memory lapse brought on by her gunshot attack seems ended and she gets snippets of FLASHBACKS...

Danny Fleming with the Cockerels at a private dinner...at that old house, the first on Janis' adventure radar...Fleming with the Cockerels on a private yacht...on a private plane...at this high-rise...at...

SHARP CUT TO SCENE:

Janis is there, in the fog, gaping out, gasping, shocking revelation.

JANIS

Dee Fleming. What happened to this place?

Janis moves into the building.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS - MONTAGE

Janis walks the hallways, finds the cage and takes it to the top, continues the empty rooms and hallway treks...

INT. ROOM/HALLWAY

Janis finds herself in one room, finds a tiny fire flickering in the fireplace, sinks in somebody is around, keeps observing things around...

A video cassette on a table labeled "Tim Cockerel-The Real McCoy" draws her attention...attempt touching it when...she hears a THUD sound, she pokes some eyes, looks up in time to find Tim Cockerel's double barrel gun quietly descending on her, but...she only takes a step to run when the trigger is pulled knocking off the crutch from her hands.

She falls in the doorway and out of sight of the gunman. Janis hears the FOOTSTEPS of the guy somewhere, quickly dash back on all fours for her crutch and video cassette and back planting her back to the wall. She's gasping, real quick.

But since the whole place is holed up to some ruins, the gunman can still see Janis almost at every position that she'll hide,

takes the advantage to pound her on, making her to dive, almost every time, to other positions, in a mixture of tears, sweats, and a dripping nose.

RUBBLE OF RUINS...In this hiding position Janis clearly sees Tim now. The first since this adventure of cat and mouse started. The Real McCoy indeed. Then, Tim sees her...from the distance, her back to some wall, an explosion of gunshot sends her flying with a scream. Janis picks back her crutch, with a trail of two successive gunshots, before another explosive shot sends her flying again, but still just around, within reach of the thug...backup to some doorpost.

Janis hears his FOOTSTEPS, coming in her direction, quickly moves another direction, but she is hit inches away by an explosion. It sends her flying and landing somewhere. Tim runs the direction quickly, doesn't see her. Janis is close by, hurt and badly wounded, panting. Tim hears a huge SOUND and quickly runs the direction. He fires some few rounds there. A pipe is hit and some fumes come out complicating vision. Janis picks another object...throws it in another direction. Tim runs the direction quickly, fires some more rounds...at nothing really.

Then Tim sees it...the cage's cables moving. He runs towards it, it's virtually reached ground floor, jumps way down in a swooping move, lands on cage then down before it quickly. Finds the cage opened and empty.

EXT. HIGH-RISE

Tim dashes out into the street, hears footsteps of someone running away, doesn't see anyone. Atmosphere obscured by the heavy fog.

INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Janis is in the showers, sobbing, keeps mopping tears and water from her face. Tim is not dead. Shocker. She turns off the shower, wipes the foggy mirror, takes some moment looking herself in the mirror.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Janis, all alone, sitting on the edge of the bed, her legs crossed, quietly swinging them, just waiting, her hands, either side of her, on the bed. Her mood is neither gay nor gloom. She has a baseball cap on, which she has folded in a great deal of her hair. Behind her, on the bed, the stack of documents taken from the Scopes haven.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - TOPMOST ROOM - DAY

Mr. Croft keeps looking through the windows. His men are around him. Mr. Croft moves from the windows, walks from end to end, aggressively nervous, stops, gives Sullivan a nod. Approving his master's gesture Sullivan attends to the phone immediately.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - ROOM

The bedside phone RINGS furiously, Janis quickly snatches it out of cradle, first time. Sullivan's on the end...

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

Hello, is this Ms. Janis Mitchell?

JANIS

Yeah.

SULLIVAN (O.S.)

We can guarantee your safety. Just come over. The rest will be taken care of.

JANIS

Alright.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - HALL

Janis comes off the elevator, where Mr. Croft's men, the place over, playing their clandestine roles, pointing directions to go. She keeps turning corners, goes one direction and...Wexler approaches her, stops in her face, leads her into a room.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Janis enters the room, finds herself staring into the eyes of an old rugged face, behind some massive desk. Mr. Croft. He stands up, walks closer. Stares down into her face, makes her edgy.

JANIS

I've been, I've, I know something sir.

Mr. Croft gestures to a chair.

MR. CROFT

Sit on that chair there.

Janis duly obliges. Mr. Croft walks to behind desk, a hand into a pocket, unrelenting scowling expression.

MR. CROFT

You want to talk to me about something you know, lady?

JANIS

Yes sir. Tim isn't...he's not dead.

Mr. Croft shakes his head looking a few of his boys around who show some gestures of approval with their boss.

MR. CROFT

No, Tim died. I'd have believed your story whatsoever, but our DNA proved

he's the man in the graves...

JANIS

It was all faked up, listen to me. Tim had a friend, Danny Fleming...

MR. CROFT/WEXLER

CLEMENT GRAY!

JANIS

Who's that?

MR. CROFT

That was Danny Fleming's real name. Fleming was a terrible guy, equal as Tim, only did crimes undercover, but Tim came out. We only heard of Gray, nobody saw him actually, and even if we did, who knows if the one was thinking he's Tim? What have you got on Fleming?

JANIS

What I found was that, he's the one who really died not Tim.

MR. CROFT

(still not certain)

Why then did Tim say on the video recordings he wanted to die? Lost money, Willard Hospital, everything, that's exactly what happened!

JANIS

That wasn't all on the video. He hid the truth, the one which he deliberately did was part of the scheme. This is the other part of the jigsaw.

Janis pulls out the video cassette she found at Fleming's place. Mr. Croft takes it up, shaken what the underlying truth could hold.

JANIS

I had this memory lapse since my gunshot injuries, that made me lose my mind on lot of things and Fleming. Tim set Fleming and Spruce up. Spruce was a long time associate to the underworld.

Mr. Croft moves closer to Wexler, speaks into him. Janis hears it, a bit of what they talked.

MR. CROFT

What's the possibility of different guys having one kind of a DNA?

WEXLER

We only know that in twins, not others, don't know about that.

JANIS

(getting their attention)
Please sir...I have no trouble with your DNA philosophy if it should be only one person to have one kind of a DNA or not. But I can tell you too that the guy is not stupid, he surely might have done something about it, and only he himself can tell how.

Mr. Croft mumbles, with some gritted teeth, and a slight punch to the desk, angry.

MR. CROFT

Dammit.

He walks past Wexler and up the room, stops by Sullivan, at one end of the room, speaks quietly into Sullivan.

MR. CROFT

So, that sonoffabitch guy ain't no dead, right? Clement Gray, Cockerel double. None of us had thought about it. Did you, Sullivan?

SULLIVAN

No, never crossed me mind once. Only the ever romantic thought of somebody out there playing Tim double. Never knew of this Danny Fleming guy, did we?

MR. CROFT

Heard of him, but never saw anything of him. Nobody sees him.

Mr. Croft walks back. Stops behind Janis.

MR. CROFT

How would you know about all these, Ms. Mitchell?

JANIS

The first call of death threat I had after our clothes were shredded got me thinking. The voice was perfectly his as I knew it. It was at the time we all knew he was dead, led me to find lot of things, the Scopes and all the guys they'd eve used. The rogue cops who helped them, and...

(looks at some faces
around...careful)
...the rogue FBI guys...

One of Croft's boys immediately steps forward, interrupting.

FBI AGENT

Are you trying to look impressive,
Ms. Mitchell?

JANIS

I swear sir I won't lie to you, I have
proof, some documents to prove it
all. I...

Mr. Croft immediately places a hand on her shoulder, keeps her
quiet. "I believe you, woman", "everything you've said".

MR. CROFT

(to Janis, quietly)
Can you please let me have the
documents, my dear lady?

JANIS

Yes of course sir. Can I have some pen?

Using a pen from the FBI boss Janis writes down some
information for Mr. Croft. He looks at the paper, carefully,
folds it into pocket. Mr. Croft touches her shoulders...just
short of words...

INT. GRAND HOTEL - HALL - DAY

A number of FBI guys, dashing along hall. LEAD MAN flashing
badge at hotel officials...

FBI LEAD MAN

FBI, FBI...

They continue into a room and in a moment come out, holding
stacks of documents.

INT. HIGH-RISE - SCOPES' APARTMENT - DAY

The door is thrown open...flock of the bureau guys stream into
the room, amazed by what they find around, surprise
assessment...

INT. JANIS' CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Tameka is in the kitchen, cooking, BUZZER SOUNDS. She opens the
door, welcomes Jenny in, looks haggard.

TAMEKA

You look tired. Can I get you something
to drink?

Janis walks past her, sits on the bed, keeps looking down on
her thighs. Tamy walks closer.

JANIS

I'm fine...just do something else.

TAMEKA

Alright, I'm doing some cooking in the kitchen, gonna like it, going French?

Janis doesn't respond, still looks down. Tamy walks away. Janis changes her clothes into gown, strolls to the kitchen, stays beside Tamy. Tamy looks at her, tries to chuckle looking Jenny admire her clothe.

TAMEKA

How are you doing?

JANIS

Fine.

TAMEKA

Do you think it's over with the guy impersonating Tim Cockerel, who's he?

JANIS

Nobody is impersonating Tim. That guy is simply not dead. It was all faked up. He set up a friend who looked like him to be killed and pretended he was dead.

TAMEKA

Wow, can't believe it. So where does he live?

JANIS

Nobody knows, but knowing the disease is half the cure, just did what I needed to do, duty over with me.

Janis walks to the worktop, tries to help with cooking. Moments on, the security system BUZZES. Both ladies share a look. Tamy washes her hands, walks to the door. Larson is at the door.

Janis walks to the refrigerator, fetches an orange juice. She can hear some TALKING, curiously strolls out of kitchen. She sees Larson there. Offensively surprised, but tries to keep her cool.

INT. CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Janis and Larson, sitting across one big table, over her juice drink...passively engaging Larson...

JANIS

Thought Tim was a hell of a nuisance to all of you cop guys, the reason you decided never to help me right?

LARSON

No...there was more to it than meet

the eye. Tim...didn't die, right?

JANIS

Yep.

LARSON

Got any idea where he might be staying?

JANIS

Nope, just done enough on my part,
left it all to you security guys...
alright, I'm going to get my kid from
school.

LARSON

Can I give you a lift, please?

EXT. CONDO

Tamy, watching from the window above, sees Janis adjusting her bag around her shoulders, enters Larson's car...

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Larson brings the car at a cruising pace, rolls to a stop at the curb. Both step out. Suddenly, school session is over and Nina and mates pop out of school. She runs to her mom, excited, some candies in hands. Janis carries her giggling daughter to the car...

JANIS

That's my baby girl. Why do you look so excited?

NINA

Look mommy, lot of candies, daddy gave them to me...

Janis and Larson, share looks, surprised and confused.

NINA (cont'd)

I gave lot of it to my friends. But my friend Bernice just wanted more than four, but that was enough, right?

JANIS

Honey, did you say your daddy gave you these candies?

NINA

Yeah, don't you like it?

JANIS

I like it, but can you tell me where your daddy is gone to?

NINA

He's gone to his house, that big old scruffy place there, it's creepy, you wouldn't like to go there, alright?

JANIS

Do you know the direction to his home?

NINA

Yes of course, he took me there lot of times when some bad guys shot you and you got injured. He's got lot of video games there, I can show you, it's easy.

Tempting. For the two curious adults to object, isn't it? And without a word all jump into the car.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Larson turns the car, few times, through some streets, fuming, casting some furious looks at the corner of his eyes...at the two in the back. Frustration and skepticism has already set in. Janis stares him, surprised, holds her daughter's shoulders, a little consolation for her vision of the horror from hell.

NINA

Mommy we went that place.

JANIS

Where the Coke drink signpost is?

NINA

Yeah, around the McDonald restaurant.

Larson is exploding. Janis studies him surprisingly.

LARSON

(mutters to himself)

We went here, went that, shit! Ain't this kid only trying to make a fool of all of us?

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - PARTLY DARK

Larson brings the car around a bend, pulls before the building structure and comes out. Janis and daughter follow suit. Before them...the building structure that stares them down silly like some dwarfs. Larson fumes on...

LARSON

This thing is shit. Hey, does this place make some meaning to you? Who gonna stay here, it's insane?

JANIS

Don't talk to her like that, she's just a kid...Okay, honey, where do we go from here?

NINA

We go in there, mommy. There is a way we gonna go, I know it.

Larson looks her once, some dark looks, then walks away, cautiously. The two follow him in...into multiplex.

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - SMELTER ARENA

We follow the trio making their way along some pipelines. Nina, unconsciously marks her trail with a colorful marker in hand. The fuming Larson is in the lead. At the end of each pipeline he will jump down and help carry Nina down as he did for most of their walk through the place, but there is a sinister way how he does it, he'll lift her up and put her down very hard. Janis has taken notice. Never ceases to amaze her.

LARSON

(mutters to himself)
Dammit.

Larson jumps down a pipeline, decides to carry Nina, this time Janis refuses. She's seen enough, her looks says it all.

JANIS

That's okay, I'll do it myself.

Doesn't pinch him anyway. Journey continues, from tunnels and along many pipes, as Nina directed them. Larson finally jumps down a pipeline, tries to move, realizes blind alley. Then he sees the scary 'boiling' pond...way below them...

LARSON

Hey, don't tell me we go into that boiling thing!

NINA

Yes, we went there.

Larson holds his head in hands, like he's developed a migraine of some sort, turns around screaming...

LARSON

Oooh, holy shit! Will somebody stop this kid from letting me go insane?

A shocked Janis kneels beside Nina.

JANIS

Nina, please look at me, honey. Are you sure of where you went with your daddy when you came here?

NINA

Yes mommy, I'm sure, we went there.

JANIS

Okay, we're going home. You can think of it some other time, okay?

Janis stands up, slips off the edge of the pipeline, quickly holds on to something, hangs on. Larson quickly comes to her aid, takes her crutch and hands it to Nina, helps Janis over. Furiously snatches the crutch from Nina, shoves it into Janis' hands, yells on Nina...

LARSON

Enough of your lies, kid! Enough!
We're going home!

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX

All three, sitting quietly in the car. Larson, trying to concentrate on something, quietly taps his fingers on steering wheel, keeps gazing out of the windshield. Janis and daughter stare him quietly. After a while, the car moves out, quietly.

INT. JANIS' CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Janis is at the sinks, washing dishes with her daughter. Sharing inaudible jokes between them and laughing quietly.

INT. BEDROOM

Janis jumps into bed beside her daughter, pulls the sheet, amidst some tickling giggling fun with her girl. The light goes off. But fun continues under-sheet.

INT. LUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With a blur of vision...a very slow carousel-like movement around...on a soundtrack of GASPS...now, we get a clear view of the bullet riddled place, like a war zone...the aftertaste of a fierce gun battle, not an object around hasn't been skewered by a bullet. We keep hearing the gasps...somebody searching...

Then we see the searching man, Tim Cockerel, busily searching the place, drenched in sweats. On the floor lies Luth, on his face, in a pool of blood. Life cut short by his long time nemesis.

Tim comes up with a patch of documents, multiple handguns, then disappears into the dark, the rains are on, heavily.

INT/EXT. LUTH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Paramedics and police officers, ambulances and patrol cars, among whom stands Larson and police officials...all in a crime scene jumble. Enduring rainfall.

The gurney, loaded with a body bag, is hoisted into ambulance, the double breasted doors violently SLAM shut, shows cops in full rage, the passing away of their boss, more doors SLAM,

then the cars, everyone, all starts out, amidst SHOUTS...

INT. JANIS' CONDO - BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

The flash of a SCREAMING THUNDER across the skies...Janis' eyes come on, wide eyes. She is gasping, sweating. She stays for a moment before she sits up, her handbag is on the nightstand, she reaches it for some tabs, still keeps the lamp off, master handedly takes a glass down with a hand, fills glass up to the brim, from the ready to deploy water bottle, swallows tabs up and pushes them down with the water. She cleans her mouth with her backhand, tries to remain calm.

She waits some moment, thinking, FLASHBACK of where NINA took them the previous day...

JANIS (O.S.)

She's just a kid, can't make it up...
Boiling pond? Huh. But...that guy, he
could do anything.

Janis rolls back on the bed, beside her daughter, pulls the covers. As she lays there her eyes strays deep...blurs into...

EXT. DANNY FLEMING'S PLACE - CLASSIC THEN - NIGHT

...A foggy atmosphere. A car pulls up, opens up and Fleming, a perfect carbon copy of Tim Cockerel, steps out with entourage towards mansion. The cell phone RINGS and Fleming quickly listens up...Tim is on the end.

FLEMING

Hello this is D.F., over.

INTERCUT WITH:

TIM'S HIDEOUT - EXACT MOMENT HE ASKED SHAVIX TO KILL HIM

TIM

Dee, this is buddy, Tim. There's something I've always wanted to tell you, gave your money to Spruce, said he was strapped, promised he pays back when he comes around, but kid deceived me. Insider tells me Spruce flies out this night, goes missing with family, got one last operation to do, you do this on your own...it's yours...

Fleming clasps up cell phone, fiery in looks, enters his car alone.

FLEMING

Spruce sidesteps me. I settle this one myself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. WILLARD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PROSTHETICS - NIGHT

Fleming's underfoot knocks open the prosthetic door, draws instant attention of the three man team that includes Spruce, Fleming's heavy weaponry is already out on Spruce.

FLEMING

Fly off to the graves, asshole...

He pulls the trigger creating a huge hole in Spruce's chest as he's knocked across the room, then turns the weapon on the already pant pissing colleagues...bloodies them.

Fleming completes mission and walks through the door, the hallway, out of the hospital door...then towards his car, where Shavix and his men take off in style...and the barrage of gunshots attack on the man we all knew all along was Tim Cockerel. But, this is Danny Fleming. The perfect Tim Cockerel look-alike...

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - TIM'S HIDEOUT - TV

Tim stands, watching the death scene of Danny Fleming on TV. A remote control in hand. A REPORTER suddenly pops on the screen.

REPORTER

A very confirmed report not long ago is that Tim Cockerel, the most notorious gangster to have ever walked planet earth has just been shot dead...

TIM

(suddenly presses remote control, turns TV off)
Not yet, not yet.

He put on a fedora, strolls out of hideout.

CUT TO:

INT. JANIS' CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

An intense sunbeam pierces through into Janis' face on her bed. She sits up quickly, wakes Nina in the process. Janis realizes how deep the time is gone. The reality hits her to the roof...

JANIS

Oh my God!

EXT. JANIS' CONDO

Janis quickly rushes out of condo with daughter. The two move into an open top jeep across the street, Screeches off.

EXT. STREET - SCHOOL - DAY

Janis brings the jeep from one end of the street, pulls, opens the door for Nina to hop out, she runs to join some ecstatic friends.

Janis steps out, trying to gather herself. She walks around the car, holds a little book, the size of her two palms. Appears worried about something. Janis slips on some dark glasses, sits back into her car, turns on the radio and drive off.

On her side is the morning's L.A. Times. Some headlines read: Police Chief Moses Luth killed. The Horoscope's main network busted by the FBI. Tim Cockerel Still Lives On Indeed!

The radio blurts out same info as the L.A. Times headshots.

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - DAY

Janis brings the jeep around, carefully pulls the car. Following Nina's colorful marker Janis finds herself looking down the 'boiling' pond again, the second time in as many hours, a dizzy thing to look into, quickly looks away. Seems impossible that anybody could go down this place.

JANIS

Wow, this thing, seems impossible.

EXT. LAPD - DAY

A heavy fleet of police patrols, ready to roll. Choppers hovering above, cops making frantic moves, mixed up with a dose of FBI guys visible by their distinct blazers. Larson just brings his car around, pulls, dashes out towards the building. A SENIOR OFFICER, incensed with Larson, pops out of another direction, berates him...

SENIOR OFFICER

You know it's you everybody's waiting for, you don't screw this one up, Larson! Kid just killed your boss...

LARSON

Do you understand what I'm doing?

SENIOR OFFICER

I don't need to, and that's bullshit asking me that, let's get going.

Larson heads into building, in a moment comes out, dashes into his car...

LARSON

Everybody we're moving. Get hold on your guns, gonna be some rough ride!

INT. THE MULTIPLEX - MOCK SMELTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Janis looks around, few times, the heavy hanging chain, down on

one side of the pond, some distance off. Janis straddles her legs over a pipeline, uses the crutch to hook up with the chain, cautiously slithers down. Janis gradually inches closer to where the water appears boiling. Eyes poking wild, terrified. Eventually, her legs touch the water and Janis is surprised to find the water cool and fun.

JANIS

Wow. It's so cool. My baby's right.

Janis lands in the water, which is high up to her knees, gradually leaves the chain, with a sigh. She follows a path and opens a door to an astonishing revelation of a makeshift living place. Tim's hideout. It has everything anybody would need to live by. Her mouth goes: Wow.

INT. TIM'S HIDEOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Janis finds the remote control that does everything magical, on a desk, begins relishing the moment as each button she'll touch does another magical thing...from a door that opens showing Tim's wardrobe...to the washroom...computer settings...workout gym...movie slide...then...a WHINING SOUND. "What's that?" Janis quizzes, not knowing where it came from.

INT. SMELTER HEARTLAND - RIPPLED ARENA

Tim, his back towards us, his very haven, hears it...the WHINING SOUND, he knows what that means. He looks the direction to find the pipe-like elevator going back in. He pulls his gun and steps over.

INT. TIM'S HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Janis pushes the button again only to find the huge pipe lifting up into the place. Elevator to the grounds, she gets the idea, steps into the pipe encasing staircase, out of curiosity, conveys herself down...

INT. RIPPLED ARENA - CONTINUOUS

As the elevator drops...Janis observes some rippled arrangements of some wire mesh, cut in many arcs which lay the aisles between, like the seating arrangement of an amphitheater. A virtually leveled setting, this one. Just as the elevator touches grounds...a booming voice behind her...

TIM

Welcome to hell...

Janis turns in time, just to find Tim's hand tong her throat with a THUD to a wall of steel, in a moment thrashes her around, like a rag doll, on everything...beams, steel bars, iron rods, benders...anything. Janis is whining...desperately trying to unclasp the killer's hand. Tim knocks her on a rail and Janis holds onto it, won't come off, setting in a tug of war. He pummels her, to let go of her hold, but she hangs in.

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD

The cops are here...their patrol cars pulling abruptly and cops rushing in there with their heavy load of weaponry packing the place up at every space possible. A chopper hovers above. One COP steps out of his car quickly, leading the charge in.

COP

I know this place, let's go in there!

And in there they go, flooding the aisle place like bees provoked out of their hives, knocking off steels out of their path like unruly kids. Some cops with steel cutters in hand chunk off steel works.

The place is like a metal plant, with some manipulated effect on it. The numerous hanging chains, walls of wire mesh, the scary boiling plant with its amphitheater special effects etc., are all of the Scopes and Cockerel's manipulation to own a safe haven.

INT. RIPPLED ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Tim continues the ruthless pummel against the woman he once loved when a SOUND attracts his attention. He looks over his shoulders just to understand he's been invaded, by the cops, yards away, to his right, observes a line of cops has only got this imposing steel to overcome to get over his edge.

Tim hurls Janis into a girder, half dead, pulls up a lever, opening a huge chasm that set out his place like an island... like a rig mid-sea, but this is some hot molten steel that surrounds them. He pulls an iron pole and makes ready. Hot steams HISSES out of the chasm...

But there is a leeway...a narrow gap which allows the cops to jump over, to where he stands. But when they do, Tim is there, awaiting their meteoric drop, with his long pole, sweeping them off their feet and knocking them ruthlessly around both dead and unconscious and dissolving as many in the molten steel till the line runs out.

Tim stands there, looking wild like some ravenous wolf, anticipating the next line of attack when suddenly, a huge wire mesh is disposed of its position streaming another line of cops his direction. He quickly reaches another lever, jerks it off.

INT. AISLES

The place shakes off, the grounds, ROARING with a RESOUNDING noise, the repercussions of Tim pulling the lever. Red hot lava jets out, showing tremendous anger out of the cracks in the plant bed. The riot running cops now do so with caution, just to avoid falling through.

INT. RIPPLED AISLES

Janis is there, on the floor, trying to pull herself up from the giddy condition. She can hardly see clearly, vision blurred, environment hazy, somewhat smoked filled. The sporadic gunshot-sparks lights up the place, seems aimed in her direction. Then Janis begins to understand why. Before her, not far away stands the man Tim Cockerel, his back towards us, her, on the lookout for the next line of attack.

The gunshots are on, can hardly reach them, due to the heavy fort of metal works the place over. Suddenly, a successful incision by the steel cutters, opens up the floodgate of... misfired gunshots, behind Tim. That's enough caution to him. He quickly pulls on a hanging chain...pulleys himself through the roof, an almost missed by the eyes action...

INT. AISLES - CONTINUOUS

...Tim drops in among the cops; they didn't expect this one, lightening speed, slaps off two with his feet into molten cracks, runs the wall with opened gunshots deleting the first line of cops with lethal precision, then plants his back to some wall, playing caution, just as another line of cops burst into the aisle...

Tim steps out of his position, in direct confrontation, but while the cops fight with caution, Tim is all out in the open, as if the gunshots which dig deep into his body doesn't impact him. He eliminates all and goes along the aisles draining his guns out, one after the other, into as many cops who are jewel studded with their struggle of cutting through their wall of steel mesh.

EXT. HELICOPTER

In the cautiously hovering helicopter over the building, the Copilot has some binoculars in hands, trying to figure something down there.

INT. AISLES - CONTINUOUS

Tim, close to eliminating this batch of intruders when...the heavens crack up above him in the roof, a SPECIAL POLICE UNIT drops in, with some heavy fleet of firepower. That's when Tim understands the scope of the invasion and determination of the cops in this hot fire exchanges. Pound for pound. Tooth for tooth. They die, Tim lives on, his whole body almost holed and warped by the firepower.

The firepower is so much for Tim to abide, yet hangs in. A shot hit his left arm, blows it off his body. A burst of gunshots, all on him, dancing him on like an eel, yet in the firepower of gun torture he's holding on in response. Finally, Tim realizes he can't bear it any longer, stages a last gasp feat, a hanging chain to his rescue, pulleys out of sight...

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD

A helicopter touches down, a COP GURU steps out, studies his environment, more patrol cars to the arena, cops charging into multiplex, like raging bulls, heavy weaponry, all.

INT. THE SMELTER ISLAND

Janis staggers to her feet, her head is hurting, vision still blur. The heat is intense she doesn't know why. She gains her composure, the haziness clears and Janis sees the red hot molten steel that surrounds her. Her eyes widen, and her heart skips, a bit. Then, to add to her apprehension Janis quickly realizes a bit of the hot molten steel climbing over the edge, to her unstable island, quickly dawns on her the place is sinking in.

A new strength suddenly finds way into her as she quickly looks around, looking to hold on to something, but there's just the standing pipe structure that stands in the middle cut halfway with some staircase which doesn't lead anywhere. The stairs from Tim's haven severed from the top when Tim pulled the lever to set the island.

Janis moves some flight up just to escape the quickly catching up molten steel, but each step she takes is quickly replaced by some hot molten steel. Suddenly, the encasing pipe crumples away in the searing heat, like a piece of wood shave, giving way to the heat to reach the stairs which begins to collapse into the smelter that surrounds her.

A mixture of good and bad news...good news in that it will fall to bridge across the smelter, but anything short and she's part of the smelter broth.

ABOVE:

The badly bruised and almost half dead Tim quietly comes down a chain, on his escape from the cops' firepower, from the battle of Armageddon, towards where Janis is...to coincide with her escape.

DOWN:

Janis, horrified as she may be, manages to play caution in the midst of her hastiness to escape the stairs meltdown, taking a step by step approach each move of the way to escape to the other end...just when the tortured face, badly bruised body of the android look-alike Tim comes down the chain.

TIM

Guess game still on.

Janis turns around, sees the face, tries to flee, but, Tim bundles her into steelworks. She tries to fend him off, but he's all over him, only this time Tim realizes on he's met his match. Fast and furious...fist fights and head butts.

The cops cut deep into the arena, raise their weapons, take aim, but any shot in this rough and tumble cat fight could prove counter productive. A SENIOR COP thought wise, raises his arm...

SENIOR OFFICER

Cease fire, all. This is not good...

They watch on, a pigeonhole view, like a cage fight, behind their not so distant fences...

Tim's gun falls from him, skids beneath some heavily arranged steel rods, both take notice, Janis is closer, dashes towards it, on all fours. But Tim will try to stop her. He grabs both legs forcefully, with his sole hand, rudely tries to drag her back, any means to hurt her. Janis manages to get her head and hands through, feels some few areas, in her effort to reach the weapon, distracted constantly, by the man at her feet.

Now, as Tim realizes Janis is closer than anything to grabbing the gun, in a sec, decides on what to do, uses the last of his strength, opens up two rods, forces himself halfway through, almost over Janis.

INT. AISLES

A COP, along many others, web running in faster, trips, accidentally pushes something that quickly sends...

INT. RIPPLED AISLES - SAME TIME - CONTINUOUS

...shots of iron rods, piercing through Tim's legs and hand. Tim reacts with a SCREAM. His hand and legs are stuck, but, Tim will pull the hand free, off the rods, through his skin, tries desperately to claw Janis back.

Janis stuns him, with an iron rod, goes ahead to grab the gun. Tim comes around, the visionary blur clears, and, he's looking through the bore of his own gun. He sees the inscriptions on the gun, PERFECT JUSTICE, laughs softly. Janis, nervous looking. Tears streaming down her face, poised to shoot, both hands on trigger and breech, strongly.

TIM

The bible says the just don't die, girl.
I'm gonna come around if you shoot, so
why waste your slugs anyway. You put it
off, girl, we live ever after...

Then, Tim laughs, sarcastic, his facial contour, changes suddenly, seems to remember something...a gun he's got...behind him...eases solitary hand towards it.

The cops see the nefarious move, but screams and thunderbolt shots means distant drops, horror watching.

Janis almost drops the gun...seems his convincing words makes

sense, sunk home...almost drops the gun...as...Tim finally pulls out his gun...as, a thick blood lump to Janis' forehead swings her head backwards, at the SOUND of a gunshot.

Janis reacts, YELPS, as...the second blood gush appears behind Tim's head, continues, at each powerful crackup of the gun till all the bullets are done, yet the trigger is pulled and, the hammer just CLICKS, in Janis' hands, drained out.

The cops watch on in horror as...Tim's head, takes its last blow, makes a last comeback, to relax on her busts, with his whole body. Janis is instantly struggling to push him off from herself.

The cops have suddenly broken into the arena and are helping Janis away, from the dead, leading her away.

EXT. THE MULTIPLEX - YARD - GLOOMY WEATHER

Janis is led away in the arms of two cops...on an improvised crutch, holds her face in her lapels. The two cops drive their colleagues away, from the path of the new heroine in town.

A police sedan arrives the scene, behind all others, Larson steps out, walks through. He stops before Janis, smiling, compels two accompanying cops to stop along, steps forward, attempts to hold her. Janis is incensed, explodes...

JANIS

Get the fuck out of my face. I hate you, I h-a-t-e you!

Larson is stunned. The two lead Janis on. People rush out of their way. Reporters all over, flashbulbs popping. They come face to face with another pair of black shoes. This one won't rush out of the way, like the others. Janis looks up quietly, from the shoes to the face of...Mr. Croft. They lock eyes, he's all shocked, Mr. Croft. He steps closer, gives her a big hug, then a kiss, to her forehead.

MR. CROFT

Perfect justice. Can't believe you did this, Ms. Mitchell, thank you, thanks.

Behind Mr. Croft is an ambulance, but on the other hand stands Mr. Croft's limo. Classic. But Janis' eyes, constantly on the ambulance. Yeah, agrees, Mr. Croft, has to do the right thing, did just that. Reluctantly let go of her.

Janis climbs into the ambulance, all alone. The doors close and ambulance moves away. Mr. Croft is elated, he's all smiles.

Huge press at the scene. Tim's body, carried in a body bag is weighed into an ambulance. In a moment it seems the game is over and all begin to leave...But the press, still seems to have a job around. Like this REPORTER from MWCTV...

REPORTER

As we are all coming to terms with the shock of finding out that Tim Cockerel is really not dead, he has just been shot dead by his own ex wife. But the question everyone will be asking is, are we going to wake up one morning to the situation of déjà vu...that the man Tim Cockerel is still alive...?

EXT. BURIAL GROUNDS - LAWN - GLOOMY WEATHER

Crowd in a cluster in the drizzle. The VOICE of a PREACHER, in their midst, eulogizing the men who gave their lives for God and country. Janis is in the background...hobbles a few times around, craning her neck to find some space. Nobody appears to notice her presence.

A car approaches them from behind, slowly pulls behind the crowd. A backdoor opens, some black outfit, lady apparently, emerges...we don't see her yet, she walks her way in, stops behind Janis. Janis suddenly feels the presence of somebody around and turns, finds Louisa, she's already staring her. A sorry face...

LOUISA

Hi.

Janis reluctantly nods.

LOUISA

I know what you thinking, girl. I was wrong, I'm sorry. I know this is going to be hard for you to accept since I wasn't around when you needed me most...

JANIS

Tameka was around...

LOUISA

I know.

The two hold each other's look. Louisa, the first to initiate the move, with opened arms. Janis is cooperative. They hug, for a long moment, slack away...then they walk away from there.

EXT. BURIAL GROUNDS - STREET

The burial ceremony is over and everyone walks away. Janis and Louisa turn another direction, they appear excited as they walk down the street, LAUGHING.

LOUISA

Remember the last time you stood in the rain, Jenny?

JANIS

Yeah!

LOUISA

When?

JANIS

Now!

Both LAUGH, hysterical, arms around each other. A passing car slows by. A window comes down. A MAN tries to talk to them from the car. The two look down into car.

MAN

Wan' some free ride?

JANIS/LOUISA

No!

Both pull away from the car, LAUGHING hysterically, they walk on. Car rolls on, in full swing of its wipers. Man waves them from the car.

LOUISA

Jenny, said you gonna get married again, have some kids more. Still holds that idea?

Janis exclaims.

JANIS

No! Got changed me mind long time. Those stupid guys, it's over with me and their peanut dicks.

Both laugh, hysterical. The two continue to walk away, still with arms around each other, walking down the street.

It begins to rain harder now. Way ahead are the two ladies, holding hands...then, blurred from view by the pelting rain.

FADE OUT:

THE END