

FIRST MISTAKE---
LAST MISTAKE

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EXT. HARBOR-NIGHT

MIAMI

INSERT: 15 MONTHS AGO

Shadows and the flap-flap of the water.

EXT. ROOFTOP

A FIGURE, male, fills a clip with bullets, a couple of 9mms sit on the rusted roof of a heating duct. Finishes the load, slaps the clip into the gun, and holsters it. Picks the other one up and does the same.

The sound of cracking wood catches the figure's attention. Head turns to a warehouse in the distance.

A Mercedes pulls up to the building and stops. FOUR MEN climb out.

The figure reaches for a long, black leather jacket and pulls it on.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

One of the four men, AGUSTO PERRINO, a well-dressed Cuban man in his 50s. The other TWO GUARDS and an ASSISTANT.

10:11.

Agusto looks up from his watch, impatient.

AGUSTO

(to assistant)

Where is this bendejo?

ASSISTANT

You forget he is an arrogant man, Agusto. If he says it'll be 10:00, it'll be 10:15.

AGUSTO

He is such a little maricon. Why are we here again?

ASSISTANT

He can make us ten million dollars a year.

AGUSTO

Then I guess we can wait another
four minutes.

Just then, they hear the dock creak. From up the hill a BMW appears and drives down to them.

ERICK BRENNER, late 30s, steps out of the car, a very insincere smile plastered on his face. A small man but carries the ego of the gods.

BRENNER

Agusto! I'm so glad to see you.

AGUSTO

You are late, Brenner. It's not the sign
of a stable partner.

MORRIS STANTON, early 50s, steps out beside Brenner. Stanton carries the means of your destruction and advertised in the eyes. TWO MORE GUARDS follow him.

BRENNER

I'm sorry. It's a bad habit of mine I've
never been able to shake. But let me tell
you.

That smile again.

BRENNER

It's worth the wait. Step inside and
I'll explain.

Brenner gestures inside and everyone follows. The Cuban guards stay outside.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The two men walk down a row of expensive cars, all different makes and models.

BRENNER

This is the tip of the iceberg, Auggie.
We just take the cars off the street
and ship them out. I have buyers all
over Russia, Europe, and central
America waiting for these and more.
The sky's the limit on this one.

AGUSTO

What about inspections, manifests?
How do you solve this?

Brenner flashes a smile at Stanton, no patience for this squid.

BRENNER

Come on, my man. You know my background. Sure, I essentially inherited what I have but that's besides the point. I have six senators in my back pocket and...

Gestures to the lackey.

BRENNER

...a high-ranking FBI agent as my point man. Sure, they don't like it but that's business. And with that kind of pull, you get things done.

Agusto studies the situation.

AGUSTO

If you are such a big shot, why do you need me?

BRENNER

Manpower, amigo. I need men out there picking up and cutting down these babies. It's all volume. Volume is the key to this business. I can't fill the orders that I have.

Agusto nods. Silence.

AGUSTO

What about that man?

Brenner's cool exterior begins to crack.

BRENNER

Man?

AGUSTO

Yes, I know about you and that you've been in four cities in the past two years. Word is you are being stalked but some mystery man. Word is he wants your head.

The boss tries to put on a happy face.

BRENNER

No. Just myths. Rumors.

AGUSTO

(skeptical)
Really.

Brenner finds the face again and steps forward.

BRENNER

Trust me.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

A junction box. BOOM! The lights go out.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A dim glow of emergency lights.

A gun in everyone's hand.

AGUSTO

This had better be a coincidence, gringo!

Brenner rolls his eyes as they start toward the exit. The click of weapons ring out, all going tense, as the door flies open from the hand of the Cuban's men.

AGUSTO

What happened?

CUBAN GUARD

The lights went out.

Agusto takes the few steps out of the building. Brenner and Stanton lag behind.

BRENNER

It's an old place, my friend. It just probably blew a fuse.

Agusto turns and faces his boss, twenty feet away.

AGUSTO

Maybe you are right.

Slow. Stanton's eyes widen. A grenade almost hovers as it drops just behind Agusto. Stanton yanks his boss back.

Boom! Bad guys fly as the blast takes a bite out of the wall. Dust everywhere.

Brenner, Stanton and a guard left. Brenner glances at Agusto's body sprawled over a Lexus.

BRENNER

He's on the roof!

Stanton gives a raised eyebrow.

STANTON

There's a door on the other end.

EXT. ROOF

JOHN BRAY, late 30s, watches Brenner, Stanton and the guard cross the floor of the warehouse from a skylight. Coldness in Bray's eyes.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The three men duck in and out of the rows of crates and equipment. Stop. Stanton pulls out his cel phone.

BRENNER

This isn't really the time to check your messages.

Eyes this little man.

STANTON

We need transportation.

EXT. ROOF

Bray still watches from above. A 9mm, laser sight attached, sits in his hand.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Stanton slaps the phone closed.

STANTON

Let's go.

Start toward the door. The laser dot finds the guard and three shots down him. The bad guys fire toward the skylight and tear it to shreds.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Brenner and Stanton burst out of the building. Stanton grabs the small man and they run into the shadows.

EXT. DOCK

Stanton pulls Brenner behind a corner. A large "21" behind them on the building. The phone appears again. Brenner looks over where they just came from and pulls out a knife. The blade opens. Begins to step away.

STANTON

Where are you going?

BRENNER

I have an idea.

Picks a big paper cup out of a nearby trashcan and walks off.

EXT. BUILDING

Bray, 9mms in both hands, silently runs down the dock. Hesitates, listens. Sees a helicopter in the distance. A wet "squishing" sound filters into his ears.

Bray slowly notices the wet dock. Sees Brenner's knife in one of the drums, the contents all over the dock.

The bad guy throws a lighter on a stream of gasoline.

Bray leaps out of the way as the barrels explode and splash a wall of fire over the dock.

STANTON

(into phone)

Come and get us.

The 'copter appears and hovers over the area. A ladder drops down. Stanton begins to climb up.

Suddenly, Bray leaps through the flames and blasts away as he goes. Brenner ducks, fires back and hits the attacker in the leg.

The pest goes down as Brenner's gun empties out. Tosses it away and begins to climb up. Narrowly makes it into the cabin as Bray appears again as he fires away.

INT. 'COPTER

Bullets fly past the cabin.

STANTON

(to pilot)

Get us out of here!

The craft veers away.

EXT. DOCK

Bray, spent, drops to the ground. A look up, eyes burn as the craft disappears.

INT. COPTER

BRENNER

Geeze, that was close. I guess I shouldn't have killed his wife, huh?

Stanton just looks at him.

BRENNER

Well, I guess we'll have to move. You know, I've always wanted to live in L.A.

No answer for that.

BRENNER

L.A. it is, then.

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

PORTLAND, OREGON

TONIGHT

A light rain drums the outside of the inconspicuous bar, one of a thousand just like it.

INT. BAR

In a side booth, NEIL PARKS, mid-30s, studies an unseen photo that lies against an open wallet with a hollow and empty expression. An FBI ID lies in one of the wallet's windows beside the photo.

Parks finishes the drink, slips the photo back into the wallet and pushes out of the booth.

EXT. BAR

The agent bundles himself in a jacket as the coldness hits and continues to the parking lot.

Stops at a car and lends a slow eye to a MAN and a WOMAN who argue on the other side of the lot. The man blocks the woman from getting into her car, an increasingly frantic glaze in his eye.

WOMAN

It's over. Can't you just leave me alone?

MAN

How can you do this? I love you.

WOMAN

But I don't love you! You have to accept that!

Tries to get in her car one more time.

MAN

I don't have to accept anything!

With that, slaps her hard and she stumbles back.

PARKS

(softly)

That's enough.

The man whips around, fists in a clench.

MAN

Stay out of this, fuck-o!

The agent slowly steps closer but the man pushes the girl away and taunts Parks with her.

MAN

What? You wanna be a good Samaritan?

The man shoves and lightly slaps her a couple of times.

MAN

You want to help this little slut?
This little bitch?

PARKS

Just let her go.

MAN

Let her go? This is good for her.

Hits her another time as the flame of anger begins to ignite behind Parks' eyes.

PARKS

Enough!

Suddenly, the man swings at the agent but he blocks it. Drives a hard fist into the man's side--and another. The flame in his eyes begins to blaze as Parks hammers the man's face. Freshly drawn blood paints his knuckles.

PARKS

Good for her?

As quick as he began, Parks stops and in shock. Looks over at the startled girl for a long moment.

WOMAN

Just go. I won't say anything.

The agent glances down at the man. Blood pours out of several lacerations in his face. The hero climbs inside his car and drives away as the girl runs back to hers.

EXT. COURT HOUSE-DAY

Marble, endless stairs and all the trimmings.

INT. COURT ROOM

A harsh mahogany drapes the courtroom like stiff veins in a weathered old beast, unwilling to change its distorted instincts it held for so long.

In her eyes, JESSICA WILLIS, 20s, silently choked by the confines as she looks up like a scared little child to the JUDGE, 60s, above. A LAWYER sits beside her at the prosecution table.

Across from her, JASON DENNEHY, 30s, waits, too. No fear, just a wicked confidence as he crosses the legs on his thousand-dollar suit. An ATTORNEY beside him.

Out of his fat old eyes, the judge looks down at the woman and over to the man.

JUDGE

Due to insufficient evidence presented
by the prosecution, I have no choice
but to deny a request for trial.
Mister Dennehy, you may go.

A grumbling come up from the audience as Dennehy, all smiles, shakes hands with his attorney.

But Jessica sits motionless. Her expression melts from fear into rage.

JESSICA

No.

The lawyer tries to calm her as she begins to shake.

JESSICA

No! He raped me! This can't happen!

Everyone caught off guard by this outburst. A look at Dennehy, the scared little child returns to Jessica. A tear slowly streams down her cheek.

JESSICA

God, no. It'll happen again.

With stone-cold apathy, Dennehy turns and steps out as the woman held back.

EXT. COURT HOUSE

Jason walks down the steps as--

INT. COURT HOUSE-CORRIDOR

--Jessica pushes the lawyer away and runs out and down the hall. On a side bench, a pot-bellied and rumpled man, BARRY TANNER, 50s, sympathetically watches.

At the end of the hall, she collapses on a bench and painfully cries.

Tanner hesitates, gets to his feet and slowly starts toward her as--

INT. COURTROOM

--with a sigh, the lawyer packs up his briefcase and walks out.

INT. HALL

Tanner stands over the frail woman.

TANNER

Ms. Palmer?

Eyes awash with confusion, she looks up.

TANNER

Can I speak to you for a moment?

The lawyer stops and curiously watches Jessica listen to the strange man, the fear in her eyes gone but now with intense fascination. He continues on.

EXT. MOTEL-DAY

The stark gray building sits alone at the end of a dirt field. The paint chips away like a sun-burned old man.

INT. ROOM

Thin sunlight filters through the dust that hangs in the air as John Bray abruptly awakens in a disheveled bed. Eyes dart across the ceiling for a breath and then settle, well used to the nightmares.

A push up, thin sweat beads off his forehead as he winces slightly at the bad leg. The scar from the bullet stretches down the side.

Absently wipes off the sweat and looks over the grungy room with a dead expression. Eyes settle on a battered cane that rests on a nearby chair.

INT. APARTMENT-DAY

The harsh daggars of the alarm clock poke at Parks' subconscious and he slowly wakes with an instant groan.

With a slap the clock silenced. Stares at the red 8:30 for a long moment--and then the gun and badge that lies beside it.

PARKS

Shit.

Pushes off the bed.

INT. BATHROOM

Parks dries himself after a shower as the T.V. plays CNN in the living room.

Washes his bruised hand and then stops cold. Catches his reflection in the mirror.

EXT. BUILDING-DAY

Fenced in and secure, the building an impressive modern testament to law enforcement.

From a nearby car Bray studies it with a calm intent.

In a ratty '60s convertible Mustang, Parks pulls past Bray and up to the security gate. Shows his ID and enters the compound.

INT. BLDG.-LOBBY

A cold, by the book GUARD (#1) studies Parks' ID. Looks up and then hands back the wallet.

GUARD #1

I'll find the head for you, Mister
Parks. You can wait over there.

A turn to the waiting area as the guard picks up the phone receiver.

EXT. PARK-DAY

Tanner pulls into a tiny parking lot, shuts off the engine of the car and suspiciously scans the near empty area. Pushes open the door and steps out.

On a bench by a lake, John sits and watches a LITTLE GIRL (#1) play on a jungle Jim. MOTHER calls her over to a picnic table and the prepared food as Tanner ambles across the grass and sits down beside him.

TANNER

She wants it.

Looks calmly over to the pudgy man.

BRAY

There is more to this one than I've told you.

THE LITTLE GIRL

glances over to the two strange men on the bench. Bray says something to Tanner as his face slowly registers shock.

TANNER

You can't.

Bray looks back to the lake.

BRAY

I have to.

The fat man realizes no way to convince him and sighs, slumps into the bench.

TANNER

What do you need me to do?

INT. FBI BUILDING-DAY

In a simple and professional office, Parks watches as JIM BELLOW, 50s, reads a file on the desk between them.

BELLOW

You had a very impressive record in Los Angeles. You caught the Greenslave killer personally and assisted in the Hightower kidnapping case and the Tomoyasu racketeering one, too. Why come to a backwoods town like Portland with a record like this?

PARKS

I needed a change.

Parks begins to pull out a pack of cigarettes.

BELLOW

Yes, your wife. Very tragic. I'm sorry.

Crumbles the empty pack and puts it back in the pocket. Bellow looks down to the file and NON-SMOKER. Closes it, stands, and flashes a time-tested smile.

BELLOW

Well, let me show you around.

Parks stands with him.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Tanner stops the car across from a house in a suburban neighborhood. Stares at it for a long time, sighs and then steps out of the car.

Knocks on the door and a smiling, pretty HOUSEWIFE answers.

HOUSEWIFE

Can I help you?

INT. FBI BUILDING-DAY

Bellow leads Parks down a hall to a big office area, just like any other office but everyone has a side arm.

BELLOW

This place will probably bore you to tears. We get the basics: bank robberies, an occasional kidnapping. You'll be working with Jack Drown. He's young but very dedicated.

The boss searches over the sea of suits and ties.

BELLOW

Drown?

Nearby, a fit, energetic JACK DROWN, mid 20s, looks up from a computer. Bellow gestures him over and he approaches.

BELLOW

Jack, this is Neil Parks.

Jack's eyes widen and offers a hand. Parks accepts.

JACK

Oh, good to meet you. I wasn't expecting you 'til Monday.

PARKS

I was impatient.

Grins.

JACK

For this?

BELLOW

(to Jack)

I have a meeting, so I'll leave you in Jack's capable hands.

PARKS

Thank you.

Bellow steps off as Jack leads Parks across the office.

JACK

Well, I'll show you our cubbyhole.

The kid nods as both enter an office, boxes and papers wall-to-wall.

JACK

It's not much, but it's home.

Parks lets out a shallow grin and paces the area.

JACK

We haven't quite gotten organized since the move.

PARKS

Move?

JACK

Yeah. We were in three buildings downtown, several blocks apart. This makes everything easier together, more secure. We even got a witness protection link here. Very hush hush.

Parks turns with a startled expression.

PARKS

For the whole country?

JACK

Yeah, we're apparently break in proof.

PARKS

But is it break out proof?

Jack smiles uneasily, a bit confused.

JACK

Uh, I don't know.

The agent gives him a cocked eyebrow.

PARKS

Something to consider.

JACK

Would you like to start reviewing our current cases?

A look at the kid, sighs and then a nod.

PARKS

Sure.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE-DAY

The sun relents to the night.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Uneasy, Tanner, gun-in-hand, glances at his watch and reads 4:49. Turns toward the housewife and the little girl in her arms. Both sit on the couch.

TANNER

Don't worry. This will be over soon.

On a side table a photo of the woman, the daughter and her husband.

Tanner smiles sincerely.

TANNER
Everything will be all right.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Jason Dennehy walks out to the parking lot of a high profile business building and climbs into a slick Porsche.

Starts the car and hesitates as a VOLUPTUOUS WOMAN catches his eye. Visually caresses her body. A wicked smile cuts across his lips.

The woman gets into her car as Dennehy pulls past her and out of the lot.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

6:02.

Tanner looks up from his watch, startled as the phone rings. The woman glances at the phone and over to him.

Picks up the line and listens for a moment.

TANNER
Okay.

Hangs up as,--

INT. CONDO

--in the darkness, Bray hangs up another phone as he watches the scumbag pull the Porsche into an underneath garage.

Expressionless, turns and enters the shadows of the house.

INT. FBI BUILDING-NIGHT

At a computer screen, Parks wipes his eyes tiredly as Jack looks over.

JACK
How about a beer? On me.

The agent glances over to him and smiles sheepishly.

PARKS

Sure.

Both begin to stand.

JACK

I know this great place.

A phone rings as they start out and Jack answers.

JACK

Federal Bureau of Investigations.

Listens and his eyes widen.

INT. CONDO-NIGHT

The interior awash with shadows.

Bray sighs and closes his eyes as he waits in a corner of the house. Keys rattle in the lock and he calmly opens his eyes. A look, expressionless, in the direction of the noise. Slowly, eyes in a fiery stare as his face pulls back into a smoldering rage.

The a'hole pushes open the door, steps inside and switches on the lights. Closes the door as--

--Bray sees the edge of the light and circles the house's interior in the shadows. Disappears as--

--Jason enters the living room. A remote in hand, switches on the TV and passes through the channels. A porno movie wins out. The sound mutes and he switches on the stereo to a classical piece. Dennehy sets the remote down and crosses to the kitchen.

Bray watches him.

Jason returns with a beer and slips into the couch. Soaks up the sleaziness. With a sip, unconsciously looks to the hall with a puzzled expression. Turns back, relaxes and takes another swig.

After a long moment, Dennehy suddenly looks back to the hall and Bray who stares down at him from the top of the steps.

The man, initially startled, hesitates as he looks into this stranger's cold, calm eyes. A slow push off the couch, sets the beer down and almost spills it.

DENNEHY

Uh, who are you? What're you doing here?

Bray just stares without an answer. The fire flares back into his eyes as he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a 9mm with silencer.

Before Jason can scream, Bray shoots a deep hole into his leg which sends him to the floor.

EXT. STREET

A PEDESTRIAN walks her dog. Hears a faint scream mix with the classical music. Disregards it and continues on.

INT. CONDO

Bray reaches over, grabs the remote and turns up the music.

Blood trails across the light carpet as the a'hole tries to crawl away. Bray slowly steps down to the living room and follows his prey. Raises the gun--

DENNEHEY

Please no!

--and fires into the other leg. This sends a current of agony through Jason's face.

Frantically he reaches into a bureau and begins to pull out a .22 as Bray shoots him in the hand.

Jason's life drains from the eyes. Weakly looks up to this man who calmly stands over.

DENNEHEY

Who are you?

The gunman silent for a moment.

BRAY

Your conscience.

As ruthless as before, raises the gun and fires into Jason's head.

EXT. STREET

A sedan with Christmas lights and siren wail, flies onto the street as--

--a police car comes from the opposite direction.

Both cars screech to a halt in front of Dennehey's house. Parks and Jack jump out of the sedan. TWO COPS from the police unit. Flash their badges, guns in hand.

JACK

F.B.I.

Snaps at one of the officers--

PARKS

Come with me.

(to Jack)

Take the front. We'll take the back.

---everyone goes.

INT. HOUSE

The front door flies open from a kick. Jack and the officer sweep the inside. The house dark and quiet and relaxed. The kid switches on the living room lights and gasps as he sees--
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--Dennehy sprawled on the floor, a horrible bloody mess. The porno continues on the TV.

Quickly whips around as a back door slams shut.

JACK

Come on!

The two rush through the house.

EXT. HOUSE

On the back porch, Bray appears as Parks runs out. A fence blocks the two.

PARKS

FBI! Freeze!

Bray, in a flash, reaches into his jacket, twists around and splatters the area with Mac 10 fire. Parks and the other officer dive behind a car as--

INT. HOUSE

--Jack charges into the kitchen. Instinctively, the killer continues to fire into the house as they leap for cover, too. A blizzard of glass rains down.

EXT. HOUSE

Silence returns. Bray leaps over the steps and down to the garage. Kicks in the door and disappears inside as the officers get their bearings.

PARKS

Jack?

JACK

Yeah! I'm okay! Where is he!

PARKS

In the garage!

INT. GARAGE

Bray inserts Dennehy's keys into the Porsche. The engine fires to life and the sound reaches--

EXT. HOUSE

--Parks' ears.

PARKS

Shit.

The agent breaks toward the street as the officers follow.

As he appears, the Porsche rips through the garage door, backwards and banks off one of the police cars. Bray throws it in gear and flies off.

EXT. STREET

Parks leaps over the hood of the sedan, jumps inside and quickly peels out.

The Porsche careens around a corner with the scream of sirens of the sedan on its tail. The agent gains on him as they snake through traffic. Comes up beside and, for a lingering second, studies the stone-faced killer in the other car.

Abruptly, Parks looks forward as--

--a truck barrels out in front of them both.

The cars split off. The Porsche skids into the side of the truck as the sedan jumps the curb and careens into a pole.

PASSAGE WAY

Parks, dazed, stumbles out of the car as Bray quickly gets out of his and fires a warning shot. Begins to run off through a passage of shops and restaurants as the agent follows.

People scatter as they see the weapon in Bray's hands. Rounds the corner and ducks into a side hallway.

PARKS

Out of the way!

INT. ALLEY/CORRIDOR

Parks comes to the corner and quickly leaps back as Bray strafes the side of the wall with precise gunfire. Another round and the agent pinned at the edge of the wall. Sweat beads off his forehead.

PARKS

This is the FBI! Give it up! You've got no place to go!

No answer as he sighs and looks over to a PEDESTRIAN cower in fear.

BRAY

casually lowers his gun and looks at his watch.

The sound of metal as it strikes concrete hits Parks' ears. A confused expression crosses his face. Cautiously peers around the corner and sees the Mac 10 on the ground. The 9mm flies out, too.

Bray slowly steps out of the shadows, puts his hands on his head and stares out to his pursuer. The agent quickly rushes forward, gets him to the ground and into 'cuffs.

EXT. STREET

Parks hauls Bray along. Both step out to the street and the glut of police and bureau cars as members of each try to sort out the mess.

Jack spots them and runs up as he signals several other men.

PARKS

I want him under heavy guard. Don't let him out of chains for a second.

Several bureau men escort him to a waiting car as Jack turns to Parks. An unsettled expression hits the agent's face as he watches Bray driven away.

JACK

What happened?

PARKS

He gave up.

JACK

He gave up? Just like that?

PARKS

(confused)

Yeah.

The agent turns back to the row of restaurants. The kid follows.

INT. ALLEY

Parks slowly looks over the alley's confines. A dead-end except for a bolted door to the side.

JACK

He really did a job on the guy back at the house. Like a fat man on a bucket of fried chicken.

Tries the door and it doesn't budge.

PARKS

He didn't even try to shoot through the lock.

JACK

Maybe he knew he was cornered.

A blank look at the kid.

PARKS

No. Not this guy.

(pause)

Let's go.

The two men start out of the alley.

EXT. FBI BUILDING-NIGHT

Several cars stream through the gate and into the courtyard.

INT. HALLWAY

Tired and weary, Bellow steps to a doorway and walks inside.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

The boss looks at Bray through a two-way mirror as an agent tries to interrogate. Two others flank the killer.

AGENT

What's your name?

The strange prisoner remains silent and stares above and at the wall. Bellow turns down the intercom and looks to Jack and Parks.

BELLOW

Has he said anything?

JACK

No. He hasn't even asked for a lawyer.

The boss studies him for a moment.

BELLOW

I just heard from the coroner. He really did a job on that guy. God.

Looks back and sees Parks glance to Bray.

BELLOW

Well, you sure pick a time to have your first day.

A shallow grin.

PARKS

Any leads on who called in the tip?

BELLOW

Nothing.

PARKS

Why would they call us and not the local police?

JACK

Too many "Silence of the Lambs" viewings. Maybe he just through serials went to the FBI.

PARKS

Maybe the caller knows our friend.

No one can muster an answer but see the point.

PARKS

Who was the victim?

BELLOW

Jason Dennehy. Stockbroker. He was just acquitted of a rape charge this morning. Looks like he got lucky. Insufficient evidence.

Startled, Parks looks up to him.

PARKS

A rape charge? What about the woman?

BELLOW

We're trying to track her down now.

The agent glances back to Bray as he stares at the two-way mirror, a quick connection in Parks' eyes.

BELLOW

Well, let's get him fingerprinted and in a cell if he isn't going to talk.

PARKS

Can I give it a try?

Unsure, the boss glances at the kid and then back at Parks.

BELLOW

I don't see the harm in it.

The agent nods and exits the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Parks steps in as the other man glances up. A nod and the man stands.

PARKS

(to the other agents)

I'll be okay.

Everyone exits and leaves Bray and Parks alone. Takes a seat across from the strange killer.

PARKS

My name is Neil Parks, Special
Investigator for the FBI.

Sets eyes on Parks but seems taken off-guard by something. Surprise shows in his eyes.

PARKS

I'd like to ask you a few questions.

BRAY

You have it. You have...

The agent, too, looks startled and just stares at the man.

PARKS

What?

Bray thinks for a moment then returns to the agent.

BRAY

My--loss.

The two men study each other before Parks pulls his eyes away and stands, visibly rattled. Knocks on the door as--

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

--Jack and Bellow sense something wrong.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The two bureau men enter the room.

PARKS

I can't get anything. Print him and lock him up.

The men nod and begin to lead Bray out of the room but eyes meet Parks' again.

BRAY

I'm sorry.

They take him out.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack and Bellow join a confused Parks.

JACK

What did he mean by that?

PARKS

Uh, I don't know. I'm going to finish up my report and go home.

The agent begins to walk away toward the office area. The two others watch him go.

INT. CELLS

Bray led into a cell area and passes a GUARD--the man from the photo in the suburban house. Watches spitefully as they put him in a cell.

INT. OFFICE

A couple of lamps illuminate the dark office.

Parks sits behind a desk, shuffles papers around and tries to organize himself for the report. The anxiety catches up and he angrily tosses them aside.

PARKS

Shit.

INT. HALLWAY

The guard cracks open the cellblock door and looks out to the empty confines. Looks back to Bray right beside.

GUARD

If you hurt them, I'll kill you.

The prisoner regretfully looks back to the man.

BRAY

I know.

As the guard begins to turn away, Bray hits him on the back of the head and lays him out.

Removes the 9mm from the man's belt and the wristwatch, too.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bray cautiously looks out again and slips into the hall. Double-steps to a corner, hesitates and looks at the watch. Continues.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Tanner drives down a side road and also glances at his watch.

INT. FBI BUILDING-NIGHT

Bray enters another empty corridor and over to a doorway. Slips inside.

INT. ROOM

Locks the door and crosses over to an air vent. Works on the bolts with the trigger guard of the gun.

INT. OFFICE

Tired, Parks finishes the report on the computer as Jack steps up and sets a cup of coffee down in front. A sigh and sits across from the new guy.

JACK

You look like a cream and sugar guy.

PARKS

Good intuition.

A silence as they nurse the cups. Parks studies the young man.

PARKS

Why'd you join the bureau, Jack?

JACK

My dad. He was an agent for 33 years.

PARKS

Your dad? I thought that was what cops did, not FBI men.

Jack smiles.

JACK

My mom wouldn't let me be a fireman, like her.

Parks smirks.

INT. ROOM

Bray continues to work on the air duct as--

EXT. ROOM

--a security GUARD (#2) steps onto the hallway. Begins to try the doors, quickly reaches--

INT. ROOM

--Bray's door. Head whips around as the door handle rattles, but no movement.

EXT. ROOM

The guard tries again as another GUARD (#3) appears.

GUARD #2

Do you have your keys? This door shouldn't be locked.

The man ambles up and removes keys.

GUARD #3

You should have your keys at all times.

GUARD #2

Yeah, yeah. Just open the Goddamn door.

The guard inserts the key and opens the door. Nothing. A look over the confines for a moment as--

--Bray, the air duct screen in place with one finger, watches them.

GUARD #2

I wonder who locked this.

GUARD #3

It's open now. Let's go have some coffee.

Both close the door as,--

--with his other hand, Bray pushes the screws into place and crawls into the duct.

EXT. ROAD-NIGHT

Tanner drives, sees the FBI building and continues forward.

INT. BLDG.-AIR DUCT-NIGHT

Bray inches down the narrow crawlspace to an opening that overlooks--

--a computer room. Begins to work on the screen.

INT. OFFICE

Parks gets up from his desk.

JACK

How about that beer now?

Studies the kid for a moment then smirks.

PARKS

Sure. Let's go.

Both start out of the office toward the elevators.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

The screen disconnected, Bray brings it back into the duct and starts to climb out.

Hesitates, eyes the electronic beams near the floor. Legs hook on the edge of the opening and hangs out upside down. Twists slightly and faces a tiny numeric keyboard in the wall. A few numbers, the beams disappear and lowers himself to the floor.

Crosses the room and slips behind a console. Begins to access the system.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack and Parks walk to the elevator. The kid pushes the button and turns to the agent.

JACK

I don't mean to pry but why did he rattle you so much?

A long pause.

PARKS

He--was a weird guy.

No sale and it shows in his expression.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Bray digs into a file a moment before a DENIED ACCESS blocks him. Works quickly and in RESTRICTED-RELOCATION FILES.

INT. CELL AREA

Groggy, the guard awakens, checks the clock, stumbles over to an alarm and slaps it on.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack and Parks look up to the noise.

JACK

It's upstairs.

PARKS

The cells.

Guns in hand, both rush into the stairwell.

INT. HALLWAY

Bray calmly crosses to the thick automatic door. With the butt of the 9mm, pops open the faceplate of the keyboard and pulls out a few wires. Sparks spit out as he touches two of them together. A return to the computer.

EXT. CELL AREA

Jack and Parks appear as the guard stumbles out.

PARKS

What happened?

GUARD

He got away.

PARKS

From the cell?

The guard looks up and Parks reads the truth in his eyes. Jack leans over and listens to a walkie-talkie in his hand.

JACK

There's a breach in the computer room.

Both take off down the hall to--

--the two other guards in front of the big door.

GUARD #1

The locking system has been fused shut.

PARKS

Then we get it open another way.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Bray calmly glances at the door then continues on the computer.

EXT. HALL

They try to pry open the door with a crowbar.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Bray finally gets to a file and opens it up. Waits for a moment and glances at his watch.

The bureau men crack the door open and spot the bad guy through the opening.

The file opens as Bray reads. A finger absently brushes past the PRINT SCREEN. The file prints on a nearby machine as Parks begins to squeeze through the opening, gun in hand. Bray quickly tries to close down the file.

PARKS

Don't move!

The two men face off, watch each other.

The hand on Bray's watch hits 10pm as--

--the wall blows out, Parks off his feet from the concussion.

EXT. BLDG.-ROAD

Tanner looks up from the grenade launcher in his hands to the hole he just made in the building.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Parks begins to pick himself up from the floor as--

--he helplessly watches Bray lunge out of the hole.

EXT. BLDG.

The killer flies over the high wall below and lands in a small lake on the other side.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Parks runs over to the gash in the wall as the others get the door open, powerless as the killer climbs out of the lake and crosses to the car.

EXT. GROUNDS

Two agency cars pull out to give chase as he grabs the grenade launcher from Tanner. Fires into the ground before them. The two cars split off and run into a ditch and a tree.

The two men jump into the car and peel off.

INT. BLDG.-NIGHT

Everyone in a furor as investigators and guards swarm over the computer room and--

--the cell.

INT. BELLOW'S OFFICE

Bellow paces as the cell guard watches him, Jack to the side. Parks enters quietly.

BELLOW

Tell me again.

GUARD

Why? I admitted it. If I was in it with him, wouldn't I at least try to make this interesting.

BELLOW

Humor me.

The guard sighs, visibly exhausted.

GUARD

I got a call an hour before he, the murder suspect, was brought in. This male voice was on the line saying that I would have to help him escape or my family would be killed. He said if I tried to stop him or the other guy in any way, they would be killed. What would you do, sir?

The man glares up at his boss and, after a moment, Bellow looks over to the kid.

BELLOW

Is the wife okay?

JACK

Yes. She says the same thing. There was a man with a gun that left shortly after a phone call was placed.

The boss glances back to the guard.

BELLOW

Well, you're going to have to bear with us for awhile.

The man sighs but nods.

GUARD

I understand.

Jack begins to lead him out.

BELLOW

Just a minute.

Stop.

BELLOW

Why did you sound the alarm then? If it would endanger your wife?

GUARD

Instinct, I guess.

Pause. Bellow nods.

BELLOW

Okay.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Bellow and Parks cross to the terminal that the killer was using. A computer TECH works on it.

BELLOW

What do you have?

TECH

Well, he either didn't reach a specific file or tried to shut it down so no one would know who he retrieved. All I can tell is that he was in the west coast files.

BELLOW

Is there any way to find out?

TECH

No way. I don't know how he even got into the system. All I can do is lock it down right now.

VOICE (O.C.)

No, you can step away from it right now!

All turn to the voice's direction and--

--Morris Stanton and ANOTHER TECH beside him. Holds up identification as he approaches.

STANTON

Morris Stanton, Regional Bureau.

BELLOW

What the hell are you doing here?

STANTON

To take over this investigation.
(to Tech #1)
Please step away from that.

BELLOW

This is highly irregular.

STANTON

It may be but I have the authority to
make it whatever I want.

Bellow studies the imposing man and realizes he hit a brick wall.

The tech looks to his boss and he nods. The tech moves away. The other one replaces him.

Parks warily studies the man and glances away as something catches his eye in a print-out dish in a nearby console.

Knocks over a cup of pens and begins to pick them up as he reads the accidental printout: Wes Jelson-name transfer to Jerry Paulson, Los Angeles and an address. The two men glance at him for a moment and return to the matter at hand, unaware of the actions.

With a glare, Bellow turns back to Stanton.

BELLOW

Can I talk to you in my office?

STANTON

Certainly.

Stanton follows him out, trailed by Parks, who copies the address on a scrap of paper.

INT. BELLOW'S OFFICE

Bellow steps behind a desk and glares at the intruder.

BELLOW

I have no choice but to follow your
orders but could you tell me why you
are here so quick? And I have a feeling
you know who our guest was.

EXT. OFFICE

Parks watches the two men through the glass walls. A glance down at the address in his hand and looks back up as Jack approaches.

JACK

Who is this guy?

PARKS

Regional. He just popped up.

JACK

This quick? It's only been two hours.
How'd he know?

PARKS

That's what I said.

Reads the boss' expression as he resigns to his superior's will. Stanton turns and walks out as Bellow follows.

PARKS

Where are we now?

BELLOW

He is shutting us out of the
investigation.

PARKS

On what grounds?

BELLOW

A need to know basis--and we don't need to
know.

JACK

What now?

Stares at the kid.

BELLOW

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Bellow turns and enters his office again as Jack looks to Parks for an answer.

PARKS

Are you a curious guy?

JACK

Yeah, I guess.

PARKS

I was hoping so.

INT. OFFICE

The kid sits behind a computer terminal and switches it on as Parks hovers over. The scrap of paper appears.

JACK

Okay, what are we looking for?

The agent holds the paper in front of him.

PARKS

Look up a Wes Jelson.

JACK

Wait. Did you get that in the computer room?

PARKS

You know something is wrong here. I thought you were a curious guy.

The kid looks up at him and finds the trust in his eyes. Turns back to the keyboard and sighs.

JACK

What's the name?

PARKS

Wes Jelson.

Fingers briefly type. ENTER. After a moment, a picture of a sleazy man in his late 20s and a dossier comes up.

JACK

This ain't a good boy.

(reads)

Extensive juvenile record with a hit parade into the adult years. The last record was in '03. He was a government witness against the Polermo family in New York.

Parks leans into the display.

PARKS

Bring this one up.

Points to one of the latter offenses and Jack obliges.

JACK

He was up for indictment for the gang rape and murder of a Colleen Bray a month before he remember that case. The office out there spent three years bringing them down. Could our friend be a hit man for the Polermos?

PARKS

I don't think so. Bring up the Bray case.

The kid complies and COLLEEN appears, a black-haired girl in her late 20s.

JACK

She was a reporter for the New York Times. Jelson and three others apparently raped and killed her. She was survived by a husband, John Bray.

PARKS

Bring him up.

Jack does and--

--Bray!

PARKS

Bingo.

Jack looks up to him.

JACK

But it says he was killed in a car crash in '04. What the hell's going on?

With a sigh, straightens up and stares past Jack at the screen.

PARKS

I don't wanna know. But I have no choice now.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack and Parks walk along.

PARKS
I'm going to need your help.

JACK
I don't know. This is all out of the ordinary. Maybe we should talk to Bellow.

The agent stops and turns.

PARKS
Can't you feel something is wrong.

JACK
Yes, but--

PARKS
--look, I need you to research this while I'm in Los Angeles. Give it two days. If you or I haven't dug up anything in that time, I come back or you can go to Bellow. It's easier to beg forgiveness than ask permission.

Both continue and stop at the elevator. Jack wrestles with the situation.

JACK
Two days?

The agent nods.

JACK
Yeah, okay?

PARKS
I'll need your direct line.

The kid hands him a card.

JACK
It has my home number written on the back.

The elevator arrives and Parks steps on.

PARKS

I'll call tomorrow.

Jack stops the doors.

JACK

Don't leave me flappin' in the wind.

PARKS

Promise.

Lets the doors go and they close. Rolls his eyes.

JACK

Shit.

EXT. BUILDING

Parks passes a few armed men in the lighted yard and opens his car door. Hesitates and looks up to the gaping hole in the wall as the chill of the air shows in his breath. The engine guns to life.

EXT. AIRPORT-NIGHT

The airport with a few sporadic patrons who leave and arrive.

INT. AIRPORT

5:22

A few bargain flyers mill around the counters as Parks' eyes wander over the white on white marble interior.

Comes across a little GIRL (#2) stare at the arrival / departure screens, eyes alive in awe with everything around her. The young MOTHER steps away from the counter and takes the daughter by the hand. The little girl passes Parks and smiles brightly. He smiles back.

INT. PLANE-NIGHT

Parks steps down the narrow aisle of the dimly-lit plane, many of the passengers already asleep. Slips into an empty seat and closes the window shutter. A stewardess leans over.

STEWARDESS

Would you like something to drink, sir?

PARKS

Bacardi and coke, please.

She steps off.

Rubs his tired eyes and keeps them shut.

FLASHBACK-MONTAGE

Parks, in an upscale bar, looks up and instantly transfixed by AMY MARIE PARKS, a young blonde woman in her late 20s.

In fascination, watches her face, a lively expression like a swirl of cascading colors. Watches her--

--eyes at a restaurant, gems that sparkle with excitement. And, into the doorway--

--of a bedroom, watches as she awakens in the bed and smiles sheepishly.

INT. PLANE-NIGHT

The snapshot of Amy floats to the floor of the airplane as--

--Parks snaps awake with a startled gasp. The stewardess leans over him and hands back the photo.

STEWARDESS

You dropped this, sir.

Gets his bearings and reaches out for the picture.

PARKS

Thank you.

Replaces it in the wallet.

STEWARDESS

We'll be landing soon.

Nods as she steps away.

EXT. AIRPORT-DAY

The new day's sun begins to rise above the city as the plane lands.

INT. AIRPLANE

Parks slowly stands and makes his way off the aircraft.

INT. AIRPORT

The airport escalator carries the agent under the sprawling LOS ANGELES sign above. Eyes wince from the glint of the early-morning sun. Crosses the terminal out to a taxicab.

EXT. CITY

Above, the sun bounces off the sharp corners and highlights the dark ugliness that amounts to Los Angeles.

EXT. MOTEL-DAY

Out of the cab, Parks glances around wearily before he hands the driver a twenty-dollar bill.

INT. ROOM

The agent slips a key into the lock of one of the motel rooms and pushes open the door.

Sleaziness in the form of dust hangs in the air as he drops the duffle bag on the bed and steps into the bathroom.

EXT. FBI BLDG.-PORTLAND-DAY

Rumpled and tired, Jack exits a car as he carries a cup of coffee. Looks up with a sigh at the workers that seal up the gaping hole in the building.

JACK

Shit.

He enters.

INT. MOTEL-L.A.-DAY

In the bathroom, Parks splashes water on his face, a tired but intent look in his eyes.

Dresses, checks his Beretta, holsters it and exits.

EXT. CAR RENTAL-DAY

The agent pulls out of a car rental outlet and joins the nightmare traffic.

INT. FBI BLDG.-DAY

Fingers fly across a computer keyboard. Jack quickly scans several files then suddenly stops as eyes widen. The ring of the phone snaps his shock and a hand shoots out to it.

JACK

Hello?

EXT. STREET-PHONE BOOTH/FBI BLDG.

Coffee in hand, Parks on his cel.

PARKS

It's Neil.

Jack punches a few keys.

JACK

Well, good morning--

Trails off as a BUREAU MAN passes by his open doorway.

BUREAU MAN

Jack, what are you doing here on a Saturday?

JACK

Uh, just catching up.

With a nod, the man continues on as Jack closes the door.

JACK

(to Parks)

Okay.

PARKS

What have you got?

JACK

Well, this John Bray was a computer engineer living with his wife, Colleen, up 'til six years ago in New York.

PARKS

Does this tie together?

JACK

I can't see one right away. She was a reporter and was assigned metro. Nothing special. After she was killed, Bray spent three months in psychiatric counseling.

PARKS

Counseling?

JACK

Yeah. He apparently killed one of the rapists. Brutally, too.

PARKS

What about the others?

JACK

Three others, never ID'd. Bray then had his accident a month later.

PARKS

What about Stanton?

JACK

That's the surprise. He was attached to the Polermo investigation around that time.

PARKS

No, no surprise. Thanks, Jack. Keep digging. I'll keep in touch.

JACK

Right.

Jack hangs up and gets back his old anxiety.

JACK

Shit.

INT. GARAGE-DAY

In a secluded part of a parking garage, Bray climbs out from under the back of a rental sedan. A glance around, slips behind the wheel and starts the engine.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Parks looks out from a deli to a row of upper class apartments. Glances down at the snapshot of Amy between his fingers then slips it back into the wallet.

A new Lincoln slices up to the curb and WES JELSON pops out and enters one of the buildings.

Parks begins to exit the deli but quickly pulls back when--

--he spots Stanton in a nearby car with two other shady bureau men.

INT. CAR

Stanton adjusts a piece of equipment as he listens intently to an earphone. The sharp slam of a door echoes out of the tiny speaker.

INT. APT.

Jelson tosses his keys and wallet on a side table. Crosses the modern, almost tacky, apartment to the kitchen, gets a beer and, cap onto the counter, takes a sip. A turn and freezes when--

--he looks down the barrel of Bray's 9mm. Fingers to his lips, the killer gestures the man into the living room.

INT. CAR

Stanton has a flash of confusion when no sound.

INT. CAR

Bray snatches a compact disk off the stereo, inserts it in the deck, switches it on and--

INT. CAR

--drowns out the mic.

INT. APT.

Bray holds up a photo of Erick Brenner (opening). Jelson glances at the photo then at the intruder. Tries not to show the anxiety in his stare.

JELSON
They said you were dead.

BRAY
Where is he and what is he doing?

JELSON
Fuck you.

Raises the gun between the idiot's eyes--

BRAY
Is he worth dying for?

JELSON
You'll kill me anyways.

--and then lowers it to his crotch.

BRAY
It's all a matter of time.

In a flash, Jelson's foot flies toward the gun and knocks it away.

INT. CAR

Stanton listens intently as the faint "thump" of a fight filters through the music, preceded by a gunshot.

STANTON
He's in!

The men burst out of the car.

EXT. STREET

Parks sees the new participants and spots an open delivery truck.

INT. APT.

The two men in a frantic struggle. Bray pushes Jelson away, who reaches behind his jacket and begins to draw a .44. In a breath, the killer drops him with an upward thrust to the nose. Jelson's eyes go wide, blank and then he falls, stone dead.

The sound of a continuous car horn draws Bray to the window.

EXT. STREET

A CONFUSED DRIVER runs out and finds his delivery van locked, a pipe between the seat and the horn.

INT. APT.

The killer sees Stanton's men and crosses to the door. Scoops up his gun and snatches the dead man's wallet off the table.

INT. BLDG.

Stanton leads the men up the stairs.

STANTON

I want him dead.

Everyone suddenly produces several venomous weapons as they reach the door. One breaks through as--

EXT. BLDG.

--Bray leaps off the fire escape and double steps down the boardwalk.

INT. APT.

The bureau men spray the apartment with gunfire and then stop when they see Jelson's body. Stanton's eyes lock on the open window.

STANTON

He's on the beach! Go!

Gone as quickly as they came.

EXT. STREET

Bray begins to approach a car on a one-way street as a car swerves into view and stops.

Behind the wheel, Parks looks out to him. The killer's eyes flutter uneasily.

PARKS

Bray!

Just then, Bray reaches into his pocket and pulls out a tiny device. Parks spots it and ducks down as the man thumbs the

button. The car ignites into an explosion that splatters it over the street.

The agent pulls himself up and looks through the flames but Bray gone. Throws the car in gear and pulls away, out of sight.

Stanton rounds a corner and absently shields his eyes from the flames. The other men appear from different directions.

STANTON

Let's go.

As they hide their weapons, everyone starts back toward their vehicle as people cautiously stand back.

They reach the car and casually climb in as--

--Parks watches from a few cars behind. Sirens filter in from a distance as Stanton pulls out. The agent follows cautiously.

EXT. CITY-NIGHT

The vehicles travel through the city traffic to--

EXT. HOTEL

--a Century City hotel.

Parks pulls to the curb then watches as Stanton turns into a circular driveway and stops at the front door. The men step out and take a ticket from a VALET. The kid takes the car away as the goons disappear into the lobby.

The agent jumps out of his vehicle and dodges the traffic to the other side.

As he walks up the driveway, eyes follow the car as it disappears into the underground lot. Parks passes the valet who hands out tickets and looks over his shoulders, reads the ticket number. Continues through the front door.

INT. HOTEL

The agent ducks behind a pillar when he sees the other agent at the nearby check-in desk. Glides around the edge of the lobby and keeps one eye on the men as they cross to the elevator.

The goons ride the car to the top floor as--

--Parks watches the numbers change below.

EXT. HOTEL

A glance at the unsuspecting valets, the agent casually snatches Stanton's keys off the board without a second look.

INT. HOTEL-HALL

The men split off to their respective rooms. Stanton enters one alone.

INT. ROOM

The door closes. Freezes when the barrel of a revolver touches the back of his head. Turns around and faces.

STANTON

Brenner?

Erick Brenner, complete with his chilling smile. The THUG with the intrusive weapon reaches under Stanton's coat, takes his gun and steps back. Stanton, a glance at the man, focuses his attention back on the boss.

BRENNER

Sometimes I think you don't like me.

STANTON

What the hell is this?

BRENNER

Just checking up on the Bray situation, Stanton. Did you get him?

Stanton suddenly becomes uneasy.

STANTON

No, he got away. But we eventually catch up, sooner or later.

BRENNER

But you don't kill him, do you?!

STANTON

He can't live forever.

Brenner stops and faces him. Intent eyes slice into his.

BRENNER

But he thinks he can! At least until he kills me. You didn't see him when I blew his leg apart last time. He didn't even feel it. His eyes were burning with one aim--my death. It was a miracle I got out alive.

(smiles)

God must like me.

STANTON

And him.

Brenner glares, then breaks another smile.

BRENNER

Make sure, this time, that he runs out of luck. We can't pick up and go again, especially now. Besides, it's tiresome.

Stanton stares for a moment, then a nod.

BRENNER

Good.

Brenner nods to his man, who tosses Stanton the gun, and they leave.

STANTON

Asshole.

INT. GARAGE

Parks, a glance at the stolen valet ticket, follows the numbers on the garages stalls until he reaches the correlating one--and Stanton's car. Throws a look toward the garage opening and then steps around to the trunk.

An empty, carpeted trunk faces him. Pulls away the carpet and nothing. Replaces the carpet, closes the trunk and--

INT. CAR

--slips behind the wheel. Leans over and opens the glove compartment. Maps, sunglasses, registration--and a UCLA parking permit.

Confused, Parks studies it for a moment before a noise catches his attention. One of the valets run by.

Tosses the permit back, closes the glove compartment and slips out of the car.

EXT. HOTEL

Back at the valet stand, Parks quickly hangs the keys back up and strolls away toward his vehicle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Bray, towel around his neck, steps, stiff-legged, out of the bathroom and crosses to the hotel room desk. Sets a case on the top, opens it up and removes a file.

Inside, the file holds several sheets of paper: financial information, dossiers and one memory stick. Sets it aside and turns to Jelson's stolen wallet.

A pass through several credit cards, a couple of pretentious membership cards and stops when he reaches some business cards. All have the name Wes Jelson but with different titles: Head of Security, Vice President, Project Development, e.t.c. A closer look, notices all the cards have the same address and company, Panther Management.

INT. FBI BLDG.-NIGHT

With a yawn Jack pours himself a cup of coffee as his phone rings across the office. Looks up and, startled, absently spills the cup.

JACK

Aw shit.

The phone rings again and Jack rushes across the floor.

FBI BLDG. AND PHONE BOOTH-L.A.-NIGHT

Parks glances around the street as the phone rings in his ear.

JACK

Hello?

PARKS

It's me.

Jack punches up his computer.

JACK

I was waiting for you. Any luck on our pal?

PARKS

Yes, and no. Do you have anything?

Fingers fly over the keyboard.

JACK

As a matter of fact, I do. Bray had a brother and he lives in Los Angeles.

PARKS

A brother? What does he do?

JACK

An accountant. You want his address?

He gropes for a pen and his small note pad.

PARKS

Okay.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Parks pulls onto the quaint little suburban street, Anywhere USA Drive. He follows the numbers to one house and hesitates. He parks the car, steps out and shuffles up the walkway.

EXT. HOUSE

The agent stands in the doorway for a moment as his eyes settle on a tricycle capsized in the driveway. He breaks out of his daze and knocks.

MICHAEL BRAY, 30s, answers with a Colgate smile and plain, clean-cut looks.

MICHAEL

Can I help you?

PARKS

Michael Bray?

MICHAEL

Uh, yes? Who are you?

Parks holds up his ID.

PARKS

FBI.

INT. LIVING ROOM

He sits on the couch as Michael speaks to his WIFE, his counterpart, in the foyer.

MICHAEL

It's all right. He just wants to talk about John.

LITTLE GIRL (O.C.)

Who is it, daddy?

Parks caught off guard as a LITTLE GIRL (#3) scurries up to Mrs. Bray and locks her eyes, enwrapped, on him. He smiles weakly before she takes the girl away and Michael joins him.

MICHAEL

Okay, we can talk privately.

LATER

The two men sit across each other on the couches. Frustrated, Michael stands and absently paces.

MICHAEL

There is really nothing I can tell you, Mister Parks beyond what you know. My brother died in a car crash. That's all.

Parks sighs.

PARKS

Well, he's alive and killing people. Not very nice people but people all the same. He's mixed up in something I don't understand that may cost him his life. If you know anything, and I think you do, you have to tell me.

The brother, back to Parks, thinks for an agonized moment. He faces the visitor.

MICHAEL

What do you want to know?

PARKS

Do you know where he is?

Michael sighs, too, and finally relaxes.

MICHAEL

No, he's never told me that. He just sends a short letter every so often, just to say he's alive. And those are very--

PARKS

--detached?

His eyes widen.

MICHAEL

Yes.

LATER STILL

Michael returns from another room with a small box of letters and hands them over. He holds up a DVD.

MICHAEL

I have very few pictures of them but I do have this.

He slips it into the player and turns on the TV.

MICHAEL

It's his wedding to Colleen.

The picture comes on and takes Parks off guard. He watches the wedding and the reception in a hotel terrace and open-air hall, his mind and emotions enwrapped.

COLLEEN, beautiful and fiery, takes a piece of wedding cake and smears it over John's mouth. Bray alive and fulfilled in her grasp.

MICHAEL

John said he loved her more than anyone could love another person. But I guess we all feel that way when we're in love.

Silently, Parks has a tremendous pain that shows clearly in his eyes but he cannot turn away from the pictures before him. Slowly, an envelope in his hand manages to muster his attention. He looks it over. Fingers rub the paper. In the corner, he notices a Los Angeles postmark.

PARKS

You just received this?

MICHAEL

Yes. Yesterday.

PARKS

Can I borrow it?

MICHAEL

Uh, yes. Of course.

Parks nods, stands and begins to leave.

PARKS

Thank you, Mister Bray.

They shake and the agent turns.

MICHAEL

Mister Parks?

Parks twists back and sees the concern in Michael's eyes.

MICHAEL

Will you keep me informed?

He smiles weakly.

PARKS

Of course.

He nods and steps out.

EXT. HOUSE-INT. CAR

The door closes. Parks rests his hands on the wheel and sighs. His eyes wander back to the house as his hand turns over the engine.

EXT. CAFÉ-NIGHT

A light rain patters over the grimy but quiet cafe.

INT. CAFE

A pretty young WAITRESS pours a cup of coffee for someone at one end of the counter. She has a smile that sparkles.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Hey, honey.

The smile washes from her face like the coming of a rain cloud on a clear sky. She looks down the counter to a STOCKY MAN who dangles an empty coffee cup from his finger. His BUDDY laughs cockily.

STOCKY MAN

I need a refill.

The waitress, with dread in her eyes, slowly walks down to the men and lifts the pot to his cup. He quickly jerks it in one direction and another as he laughs.

STOCKY MAN

Okay okay.

He holds the cup steady and gives her a leery glance. She studies him for a moment and then begins to pour.

Bray eases out of a booth and steps to the cash register at the counter.

The man begins to lewdly play with the girl's hand.

STOCKY MAN

Whatcha you say you meet me and my buddy after work. Be a fifty in it for ya?

Disgusted, she pulls away as Bray reaches the register. The waitress, in a fluster, quickly turns to him as the two men laugh.

As she rings up his check, Bray's eyes lock on the two men and the one notices as he turns mean.

STOCKY MAN

Somethin' you want?

Bray's stare unwavering and silent.

WAITRESS

It'll be \$6.42.

He turns back and hands her a ten-dollar bill.

BRAY

Keep the change.

The golden smile returns to the girl's face.

WAITRESS

Well, thank you.

Expressionless Bray nods then, without a warning, viscously twists around and plows a fist into the man's face which sends him to the floor. He draws the 9mm and has it in the other man's face before he can even stand. The buddy glances down in shock and sees his friend hold the nose. Blood flows between the fingers.

BRAY

Time to go.

A nervous nod, the man picks up his bloody companion and half-drags him out.

Bray holsters the gun and looks back to the girl, frozen in shock. Startled by her fear. A drop of his eyes, he slowly steps out.

EXT. CITY-DAY

The morning sun crests over the Hollywood Hills and spills its revealing eyes over the stark ugliness of the city.

INT. HOTEL-DAY

The faint heat from a single cup of coffee dissipates into the air as Bray, impeccable in an expensive suit, puts the finishing touches on his tie. He effectively conceals a small, but menacing, .38 under the jacket.

Bray picks up Paulson's wallet and begins to finger through its contents. He removes the picture IDs and replaces them with a fake one of himself. The wallet slips into his breast pocket.

EXT. PRINT SHOP-DAY

The city continues to wake up as Parks steps into a print shop.

INT. PRINT SHOP

The wall clock reads 7:47. Parks approaches the counter as the CLERK does the same.

CLERK

Can I help you?

He holds up the bureau ID.

PARKS

I hope so.

Parks hands him the letter taken from Mike Bray.

EXT. BUSINESS BLDG.-DAY

Bray comes out of the multi-level parking garage and glances around the ghost-town like courtyard of the business complex.

INT. HOTEL-DAY

The lobby's elevator slides open and Stanton steps out. He crosses to the desk and drops the key with the clerk.

DESK CLERK

I have a message for you, sir.

The clerk steps off as a twinge of apprehension grips his senses and he passes a slow and cautious eye across the lobby--but sees nothing. The desk clerk returns with a piece of paper.

DESK CLERK

Your office called early this morning,
sir.

STANTON

Thank you.

EXT. HOTEL

Stanton continues out to the driveway.

From his car across the street, Parks watches Stanton as he hands over their ticket to the valet.

PARKS

Well, good morning.

Stanton's car arrives and he climbs inside. Parks follows.

MONTAGE OF DRIVING

EXT. UCLA-DAY

Parks' eyes show a wary acknowledgement as the cars cruise through the gates of UCLA University.

Stanton's car veers off and pulls to a stop in front of an auditorium, Lankershim Auditorium, and a couple other obvious sedans. Stanton steps out as another BUREAU MAN meets him at the stairs.

On foot, Parks cautiously approaches the building and takes cover beside a public bulletin board covered with tattered flyers. From his vantage point, Parks watches as Stanton speaks with the man and then enters the building.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Stanton walks with the other bureau man as various workmen prepare the auditorium for a speech.

MAN

We've swept the entire building and are doing entire security. Just routine.

STANTON

Good, good. There should be no problem. Did you check out everyone who will be on stage?

The man stops and, with a smirk, turns to Stanton.

MAN

Don't worry, Morry. Just because I'm in California now doesn't mean my brain went soft.

He returns the understanding smile.

STANTON

Just have to be sure.

Stanton begins to leave.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Stanton's car pulls back out into traffic, followed by Parks'.

INT. BUSINESS BLDG.-DAY

Bray steps into the empty lobby and walks up to the security station and a surprised GUARD.

GUARD
Working overtime, huh?

He just nods and hands the man the stolen card, the fake name and the picture perfect. The guard studies it, then Bray then the card again. He hands it back.

GUARD
Thank you, Mister Jones.

Bray continues toward the elevator and steps inside one.

INT. ELEVATOR

The car begins to rise and then stops one floor before the top. Bray removes a key from his pocket and inserts it into the board. The car continues to the top.

INT. TOP FLOOR

Bray steps out and looks up and down the hallway. A camera mounted in a corner. He continues to the end.

INT. LOBBY

The guard watches him on the monitors.

INT. UPPER FLOOR

Bray eyes a second camera then surveys a line of doors. A second key in his hand. He steps toward a specific door and inserts the key. The door--opens.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

He closes the door, slips behind one of the terminals and switches it on.

EXT. STREET-DAY

A half-a-block behind Stanton, Parks quickly eyes the voluptuous display of wealth in the houses on either side.

Stanton turns and pulls through a high gate and into a driveway to an especially big house. His tail stops at the curb and shuts off the engine.

Parks produces a small pair of binoculars from a duffle bag and steps out of the car. He leans over the roof as he looks up to the house.

EXT. HOUSE

Stanton stops the car in front of the valet, climbs out and takes a ticket. He surveys the other numerous party guests and continues into the mansion.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Bray takes out a disk, inserts it and pushes a button. The file copies onto the disk.

INT. LOBBY

The security guard looks up from his magazine as TWO WELL DRESSED GOONS (#1-#2) enter the building. They approach the desk and sign-in on a clipboard as the guard stands.

GOON #1

Hello, John.

GUARD

You guys are busy today.

One of the two casually looks up.

GOON #2

Whatta you mean?

GUARD

One of your computer people is doing some work?

The two sharply surprised.

GOON #1

What?

GUARD

Yeah, he is upstairs right now. Something wrong?

GOON #1

Yeah. There sure is.

Both suddenly rush to the elevator as they reach into their jackets for two big magnums.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Bray pops out the memory stick, slips it in his pocket and stands.

Bray, as he reaches for the door handle, hears the ding of the elevator and freezes.

INT. HALLWAY

The two men cautiously exit the elevator and inch down the hall.

GOON #2

Could it be that Bray guy?

GOON #1

Maybe. Stay here and cover the exits. I'm gonna look around.

GOON #2

Be my guest.

The first man continues down the hall and into the computer room.

INT. OFFICE

From the shadows Bray, gun in hand, watches the man search the office. He studies the goon for a moment then reholsters his 9mm. He moves as the guy enters an adjoining office.

The man slowly passes a row of cubicles and listens. He looks behind himself for a long moment. A turn back, his eyes widen as he sees Bray before him a breath before a punch and laid out cold.

Bray peers out a side door that leads to the other man. The only way out.

Bray steps up to a wall. A tap on it, he takes out a tiny packet of plastique from his pocket and attaches it to the wall. He quickly inserts an even smaller detonator.

INT. HALL

The second man stands tense and ready.

GOON #2

Phil?

The little device explodes and creates a convenient hole that Bray rushes through.

The other man suddenly startled by the sound and instinctively steps forward.

GOON #2

Shit, Phil! What was that?

Bray quietly appears from behind and subdues the man as--

INT. LOBBY

--the security guard watches, shocked, on the monitors. Bray drops the goon and then shoots out all the cameras.

GUARD

Ho-ly shit!

He fumbles for the phone.

EXT. BLDG.-DAY

LATER

Several police cars screech to a stop in front of the building. The OFFICERS rush up the stairs and meet the guard.

GUARD

He's on the top floor. Here's the key.

One of the officers gives him a curious eye as the guard hesitantly steps back.

INT. LOBBY

They rush forward as the elevator dings and then opens. The officers cautiously approach when no one exits. They look down at the two goons, unconscious on the floor of the cab.

INT. PARKING LOT

From a service elevator, Bray walks to a car as he removes a tiny remote from his pocket and pushes the button.

INT. OFFICE

Another explosive rips through the empty computer room.

EXT. BLDG.

On the steps, the guard hears the blast and looks up as one of the windows blow out.

GUARD

I'm gonna get written up for this for sure.

EXT. STREET

Bray slips into his car and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. MANSION-DAY

Through the binoculars, Parks slowly goes over the party guests. He picks up Stanton as he comes out to the huge balcony. Parks watches as he scoops up a drink, steps through the crowd and up to an older, heavy-set man, SENATOR MANSON.

PARKS

Senator Manson?

The men speak as Bray continues to browse the people and settles on Brenner and a few guards, guests and a couple of women. Sees Stanton and Manson and waves them over.

Bray quickly switches the glasses for a high-powered camera and gets a photo of Brenner. Switches back.

The men meet cordially and Brenner begins to lead them into the house as a flunkie rushes up. A whisper into Brenner's ear as his expression changes to rage. They rush off and leave Stanton and Manson behind.

A flash of confusion crosses Parks eyes as he witnesses this.

EXT. HOUSE

Stanton catches up with Brenner in the driveway.

STANTON

What is it?

BRENNER

Some nut blew up part of my office.

The agent startled as Brenner just shakes his head.

BRENNER

It's probably him, the rat bastard.

Stanton joins him in the car.

INT. OFFICE BLDG.-DAY

Brenner watches a video of Bray's earlier visit at the guard's desk. Expression becomes darker.

BRENNER

That's all I need to see.

EXT. BLDG.

Parks looks up to the blown-out window and then down to the lobby. Through the glasses, watches Brenner step up to the two goons.

The boss looks over his shell-shocked dummies.

BRENNER

What happened?

GOON #1

I don't know. He was like a ghost.

GOON #2

Or a fuckin' vampire. I think he came out of the fuckin' wall.

BRENNER

He's just a god-damn man.
Just one man!

Several of the people around look at him. Brenner glares at the men again.

BRENNER

Take care of things here.

A nod as he storms over to the limousine.

INT. LIMO

Climbs inside and looks over to Stanton.

BRENNER

It was him. I want him dead, Stanton.

Takes a moment then turns eyes to the boss.

STANTON

There is a way. But we need bait.

Brenner looks back.

INT. HOTEL-DAY

Bray stares at the ceiling and lays motionless on the bed. After a moment, a sigh with unusual emotion and sits up.

A briefcase on the desk. Opens it to reveal a lap-top computer which he turns on. The memory stick slips inside the drive.

A screen comes up with the caption HOLDINGS that list various businesses. Bray lays a finger under one in the middle of the list: THE STELLAR, upscale nightclub (and then various figures about the property).

EXT. PHONE BOOTH/ INT. PRINT SHOP-NIGHT

Parks on the phone with the print shop manager (earlier).

MANAGER

Well, Mister Parks, the paper you gave me is very fine quality but not rare. I spoke with the company that deals in it and they say three businesses and four hotels are the only ones who order it in the Los Angeles area.

Fumbles for a piece of paper and a pen.

PARKS

Could you give me the names of the hotels?

MANAGER

Sure, and they'll be easy to find. Very upscale.

EXT. STELLAR NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

Sports cars, beautiful woman and rich men blend perfectly into the stunning upscale nightclub.

Parks stops at the curb, watches as Brenner's limo pulls up and out comes Stanton, Brenner and a few of their men. They enter the club.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

At capacity, the club snaps out a deafening beat over the huge dance floor in the middle of the club. A BOUNCER instantly comes up to Brenner and begins to lick boots as he leads the party over to a corner table. A few sleek women begin to gravitate toward him like magnets.

EXT. STREET

Parks steps out of his car and crosses through the busy traffic. As he walks, notices TWO MEN in a sedan when one of them lights a cigarette. A welcome wagon of the worst kind.

Comes upon a pack of people that wait to get into the exclusive club. A detour as he quietly slips down the side of the building; keeps to the shadows.

A few stairs lead him down to a locked door. With a glance, picks the lock and disappears inside--

INT. BLDG.

--a storage room. The muffled thump of the dance music bleeds down from the club. Parks removes the Beretta, checks the clip and then steps out of the room.

INT. CLUB

The agent glances over the throng of people and easily finds Brenner as he holds court. Steps up to the bar and ONE OF THE BARTENDERS.

PARKS

Coors.

The bartender nods and walks off as Parks eyes return to the crowd.

At the end of the bar, picks out a BODYGUARD that also keeps a casual but cautious eye on the scene. The man moves and Parks catches a glimpse of a shoulder-holster and a large Smith and Wesson.

The bartender returns and he pays. A couple of shady characters come over to greet Brenner and then trail off.

Bray, at the other end of the club, talks with a WOMAN as he eyes the boss over her shoulder; gives a faint smile here and there. Turns her head, gives Brenner a glance and then returns eyes to Bray.

Says something to her and then hands over a fifty-dollar bill. The money disappears and she turns and starts to walk toward Brenner, features evident as she goes.

A waitress delivers a drink to Brenner and tips her handsomely as the sleek woman approaches.

Parks casually watches the bodyguard at the end of the bar tense as the woman slips down beside Brenner and give him a deep, sexy kiss.

The a'hole comes out of the kiss all smiles.

BRENNER

Well, thank you. What do I owe the honor?

She playfully fingers the lapels on his coat.

WOMAN

It was a gift.

BRENNER

What? From the tongue fairy? Or was that a bonus?

WOMAN

No. It was from your "good friend".

Brenner turns dark.

BRENNER

What friend?

Grabs her tight and she frightfully reacts.

WOMAN

Your friend at the bar.

Eyes whip toward the bar and a nearby stairwell but doesn't see Bray.

WOMAN

He paid me to come over.

Snaps at one of his two men.

BRENNER

He's up there. Go!

One of the two men along with several that appear out of the crowd swarm over the area and down the stairwell where Bray just was.

The man near Parks leaves, too, as Parks just watches. Notices a baseball cap on the other edge of the bar and snatches it up.

Brenner glares into the woman's eyes.

BRENNER

Who was he, honey?

The single bodyguard watches the boss but doesn't notice as Bray comes up behind and jams a gun against the back of his head as he sets one on Brenner's, too.

BRAY

Let her go, Eric.

Both men frozen. The boss' hand loosens and the woman rushes away, scared.

BRAY

(to guard)

Get on your knees.

The man gets to his knees and Bray summarily knocks him out. His body falls out of sight behind the booth's seats. His eyes slowly turn back to Brenner.

BRAY

Hello, Eric. Miss me?

After a moment, Brenner realizes the man acts like a lunatic. A real pissed-off one at that.

BRENNER

But of course.

Suddenly, a bullet pierces Bray's shoulder; the torrential music covers the sound.

He stumbles back and drops one of the guns. Bray teeters for a moment as Stanton and another man appear behind Brenner. No one notices what goes on due to all the other distractions.

BRENNER

Kill him.

Stanton's man begins to raise a .45 as Parks leaps over a banister, fires and drops the goon.

People begin to notice like dominoes and panic quickly.

Face under the baseball cap, Parks streaks across and scoops up Bray as he runs for another door.

BRENNER

Kill that bastard!

The agent pushes through the crowd, notices more men and quickly changes direction. With the killer, stumbles into an open space as Stanton and the goons corner them.

As they fire, Parks pushes the man and himself over another bar as bullets pummel the area. Parks lets off several wild shots to keep them at bay but driven back again behind the cover.

Bray still dizzy. Parks leans over and shakes the man.

PARKS

Are you with me! I need you!

Slowly, Bray seems to come to life and looks up with mild shock.

BRAY

You?

PARKS

Yeah. Are you with me?

Bray grips the last 9mm.

BRAY

Yes.

He begins to grab bottles of alcohol and a bar rag.

PARKS

We have to get some space between us and them.

The bar empty as Brenner steps up to the row of gunmen.

BRENNER

Finish them.

A breath before the men resume their barrage, Parks appears, lobs a couple of Molotov cocktails near the bastards and creates a wall of flame between. Yanks Bray and the two men run toward a window pane and leap through in a hail of glass.

EXT. CLUB

They tumble out to the parking lot as more people scatter.

INT. CLUB

Stanton pulls out his walkie-talkie as his cohorts retreat from the fire.

STANTON

They're outside!

EXT. STREET

Bray and Parks haphazardly cross the boulevard toward Bray's car as the automobile down the street turns its lights on and peels toward them.

Parks fires twice and misses as Bray weakly lifts his and fires once. The bullet pierces the engine block. The car veers off and plunges through a shop window as Bray collapses into Parks' arms.

The agent carries him to the car and puts him into the back seat.

The car speeds away.

BRENNER,

Stanton and the gunmen, guns hidden, appear on the street. The boss smolders with anger as he surveys the scene.

BRENNER

We had him. Who was that guy, Stanton?
That meddling little fuck.

Stanton gropes for words.

STANTON

I--don't know.

Brenner then glares at him.

BRENNER

Find out!

The men follow the boss to a limousine and a sedan as Stanton just watches them go.

EXT. MOTEL-NIGHT

Parks pulls into the parking lot and drives straight back to a space next to his room. A glance around, steps out and opens the back door.

Bray barely awake. Blood soaks his shirt.

The agent looks up as an elderly couple walk by and curiously glance at the car. Closes Bray's jacket over the blood and pulls him out.

INT. ROOM

Parks sets him on the bed and takes off the jacket. Rips open the shirt to expose the wound.

PARKS

It went straight through.

Into the bathroom, grabs a sheet and begins to rip it apart as he wets a towel in the sink. Parks ruffles through a duffle bag on the counter and removes a flask.

Pours the alcohol over the wound as Bray moans; wipes the area with the wet towel.

BRENNER

You'll be all right.

LATER

Bray, wound dressed, sleeps as Parks wipes the man's forehead.

PARKS

You need some antibiotics.

Starts toward the door but hesitates. Into his duffle bag, removes a pair of handcuffs and locks one of Bray's hands to the bed. Parks studies him for another moment, turns and then leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Parks stands alone in a secluded area of the hospital.

A glance to the side, watches as an INTERN tiredly pushes out a tray of used instruments and vials from the emergency room. The intern shuffles into a nearby lounge and pours himself a cup of coffee as the agent casually steps toward the tray. One specific vial, quickly snatches it up with a syringe and shoves it into a pocket and walks out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Parks returns and Bray still sleeps. Takes the needle and bottle out of the jacket and pulls a chair up to the bed, preps the needle.

PARKS

This'll fix you right up, my friend.

Injects Bray with the solution, sits back and tiredly sighs as he sets the needle on a table.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

A surreal recollection of--

--Amy Marie Parks, face forward in the passenger seat of a car as it waits at a stoplight. She looks over to the driver's seat and--

--Parks stares at her full of love. She returns the smile and playfully slaps his shoulder; gestures to the green light above. Pulls the car through the intersection.

EXT. SHOP

The vehicle drives into a video store parking lot and Amy jumps out, DVD in hand.

She enters the store as Parks' eyes wander and settle on an older car nearby and around several newer ones. Sees the silhouette of a lone person behind the wheel. Eyes instinctively go to the store window--

--and Amy as she looks around the empty store. A look of terror washes over his eyes as one of TWO GUNMEN step-up behind her and shoot her point blank in the head. She collapses to the floor as the two men run out of the store to the vehicle.

PARKS

No!

Automatic out, Parks leaps out as the other car begins to speed away. Two shots from Parks and the car careens into a telephone pole. All three hoods bail out.

Rage spills from his eyes as he lets two of them go and centers in on the shooter.

PARKS

Freeze!

The hood stops in his tracks and puts his hands on his head.

GUNMAN

You got me, man! Don't shoot!

PARKS

Turn around!

The man turns casually and fingers a knife in his sleeve. Suddenly grows tense as he sees the insanity in Parks' face.

PARKS

Yeah, I got you.

Without hesitation, empties the rest of the gun's clip into the man.

INT. MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Parks awakens harshly and instantly looks into the calm eyes of Bray as he sits up but still 'cuffed to the bed. A gasp,

instinctively raises the Beretta to him but realizes where he is and subdues the shock, lowers the gun to his lap.

The two men just stare at each other for a long, tense moment.

BRAY

You don't sleep well.

Parks just nods. More silence. Bray gestures to his shoulder.

BRAY

Thank you for helping me.

PARKS

Don't thank me. You were lucky. I just know how to work a bandage.

He leans forward.

PARKS

But you can tell me what's going on.

Somber, Bray looks away and thinks.

BRAY

I have information about Brenner.
Information that will put him back in
prison--along with four congressmen.

PARKS

Then turn it over and put him in jail.
I know what he did to your wife.

Bray's shoots a fiery gaze to the man.

BRAY

I don't want him in jail! I want him dead!

Another tense moment as Bray folds emotions back into himself. Gestures to the handcuffs.

BRAY

I will give you what you want but you
have to let me finish with Brenner.
Alone.

Calmly looks into Parks eyes.

BRAY

You understand. I can see it in your eyes.
It lives in you as it lives in me.

Parks fidgets slightly but becomes stolid.

PARKS

You have to tell me more.

Bray, a sigh, leans back on the bed and looks away.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT-NIGHT

In a busy fast food joint, Parks looks over the counter to a CLERK.

CLERK

That'll be \$10.65.

The agent hands over money and the clerk hands him a receipt.

CLERK

Your number is twelve. It'll be just a minute.

Parks, expressionless, stands to the side as his eyes wander the busy restaurant. Settles on a YOUNG COUPLE at a table. The girl tries to feed the boy but misses as both laugh.

He smiles faintly and glances away.

INT. MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Food in hand, Parks steps into the draped room and closes the door. A glance over to Bray on the bed, begins to unpack the food.

BRAY

You are looking for something that I cannot give you.

Parks freezes with his back to the killer.

BRAY

Brenner took my life away. Nothing was left. I couldn't help my wife but I help other do what they cannot--but should. The only place I can find my peace is in Brenner's death.

A look to the agent.

BRAY

You have to find your peace with
yourself.

The men look at each other before the agent returns to the food. A tear breaks from his eye.

BRAY (O.C.)

I'm sorry.

Without a warning, Parks struck from behind and collapses, dazed, to the ground. Bray stands over him, the 'cuffs loosely on one wrist. Bray reaches down, grabs Parks shirt and lifts him up.

BRAY

Forgive me.

Sharply slugs Parks which knocks the man out cold.

BLACKNESS

INT. ROOM-NIGHT

LATER:

Slowly and with a groan, Parks wakes and sits up; rubs the fog from his eyes. Stands and looks over the room, conspicuously absent of Bray. Suddenly, he searches himself.

PARKS

Shit. Can't he get his own gun?

A reache over, flings open the door and looks out to an empty space in the parking lot.

PARKS

Shit.

Steps back inside and slams the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM-DAY

From a duffle bag, Parks pulls out another Beretta and a couple of clips and packs it in a holster.

EXT. HOTEL-DAY

A drive up to a hotel, Parks glances at a list of four hotels and their addresses on a sheet of paper (the list given to him by the printer).

Steps out of the car, crosses to the building and slips on a pair of sunglasses as he walks.

INT. HOTEL

A step through the doorway, the agent looks over the vast beauty of the lobby before he approaches the front desk. A young DESK CLERK comes up.

DESK CLERK

Can I help you?

FBI ID and the arrest photo of Bray.

PARKS

FBI. Have you seen this man? He could be a guest? He's probably been here for a couple of days.

The clerk takes the photo and studies it for a moment. Shakes his head.

DESK CLERK

I'm afraid not but I could ask the other guy on the next shift. He's in the back.

Parks nods and the clerk disappears into a back room. Eyes begin to wander the lobby and settle on a LITTLE BOY play by a fountain. The MOTHER steps up and watches him before the two walk toward a restaurant. Somber, the agent turns back as the clerk returns.

DESK CLERK

No, I'm sorry. He hasn't seen him either.

A nod again as he pockets the photo.

PARKS

Thank you.

DESK CLERK

What'd he do?

A look back to the kid.

PARKS

He's a killer.

The clerk not wary but intrigued instead.

CLERK

Geeze.

Parks just turns and walks out.

MONTAGE OF:

The agent to the other three hotels and questions the desk clerks. Everyone shake their heads "NO".

EXT. RESTAURANT-DAY

A truck with a delivery of food unloads by a couple cooks and waiters as SHELI, mid-20s and with a rough prettiness, comes out. She even looks in charge. A FEMALE COOK glances at her.

COOK

We have the prawns here.

SHELI

Okay, get them started right away.

Sheli glares up, half comically, as the burly DRIVER hands her a clipboard, which she signs.

SHELI

About time, Bill. I needed these yesterday.

DRIVER

I just deliver the stuff, darlin'. Maybe you should visit shippin'. They would bust their asses to please you if they knew how pretty you were.

Sheli smiles and shoves the clipboard back into his hands.

SHELI

Aren't you the romantic.

DRIVER

Married 32 years. When you got it you got it.

A smile. She grabs a box and enters the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT

Sheli sets the box on the counter as the others work around her. The female COOK glances at her, leers and tries to hold back a smile as she works on a beautiful cake.

COOK

So, what happened with that guy the other night. What was he, manager of The Beach Club?

Sheli rolls eyes.

SHELI

(agitated)

Yes.

The cook purses her lips.

COOK

Good looking guy.

She looks to a HISPANIC BUS BOY nearby.

COOK

Who did I say that guy looked like?

BUS BOY

(heavy accent)

Seal-veester Ste-lone?

COOK

Yes!

Points a triumphant finger at Sheli as the bus boy walks off with a tray of sugar containers.

COOK

Well, what happened? He seemed nice--and cute.

SHELI

He was a jerk. He basically said that it was nice and all me owning a restaurant but maybe I should think about getting married and starting a family.

The girl frowns for a moment.

COOK

What a shame--do you still have his
number?

Sheli laughs and shakes her head as she walks back out to
the truck.

EXT. RESTAURANT

A lean over, she begins to pick up a box as she glances to
the side. Her eyes catch something and then freeze in shock.

SHELI

Oh my god. John?

She straightens as Bray steps up to her, a faintly smile.

BRAY

Hello Shel.

He just looks at Sheli's dumbfounded eyes, which she shakes
off.

SHELI

Sorry, uh, I--

She falls back into her awe.

SHELI

--I was told you were dead.

Conflict in his eyes, Bray glances away then looks back.

SHELI

I really didn't believe it, though.

BRAY

Can we talk somewhere?

INT. RESTAURANT

They sit alone on the balcony as the bus boys and waiters
prepare the tables around them. A beautiful view of the
ocean by their side.

Bray looks over a photo in his hand of Sheli and Colleen on
a ski trip; they playfully hug each other.

SHELI

Colleen and I never had that sister rivalry garbage. She was always very supportive. If it wasn't for her, I'd be wasting my days married to some salesman or something instead of here.

Bray hands back the photo.

BRAY

She had a way of bringing out the best in people.

A conspicuous silence. Sheli studies him with a sympathetic eye.

SHELI

You were both the perfect couple.

Sheli smiles and he weakly returns it.

SHELI

I know you went through a lot, John. Much more than my parents or I did. That night was more than anyone deserved but you have to let her rest. Let your demons rest.

She reaches out and lays a hand on his. Bray looks into her eyes.

BRAY

You have her heart. Her--kindness.

The smile fondly at each other before he slips his hand out of hers.

BRAY

That's what I came here to tell you.

Bray looks back to her, a stone cold seriousness in his eyes.

BRAY

It will be over soon.

Sheli's eyes flicker in confusion as he stands.

BRAY

I have to go.

Another smile, Bray turns and begins to walk out.

SHELI

John?

He twists back to Sheli. She tries to say something but the confusion just closes up her lips. Expressionless, Bray looks away and disappears into the restaurant.

INT. THE FINAL HOTEL-DAY

The final DESK CLERK (#2) hands back the photo.

DESK CLERK #2

No, I'm sorry.

Parks takes back the photo and begins to walk out as he crumples up the hotel addresses, the doors of a ballroom partially open to the side. He passes a side bar, hesitates, turns and enters the dark nook of the hotel.

INT. BAR

Emotionally exhausted, he slips into a chair at one of the tables as a COCKTAIL WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

Hello.

PARKS

(somber)

Hi.

She sets down a coaster as Parks takes out his wallet and drops it on the table.

WAITRESS

What can I get you?

PARKS

Scotch, please.

She marks it down and turns to the bar.

A finger on the wallet, Parks removes the photo of Amy. He takes out another, their wedding photo. He stares at it wistfully and sadly before a slow realization begins to form behind his eyes. Snapping his eyes up, he hastily collects his wallet and shoves it in his pocket, rushing out to the--

INT. BALLROOM

His eyes take in the beauty of the empty hall splashed with sunlight from the roof of windows.

QUICK FLASHBACK

Parks remembers the DVD at Mike Bray's house and the wedding reception in the same hotel.

INT. BALLROOM-REALITY

Parks smiles faintly and rushes out.

INT. LOBBY

He rambles through his pockets and comes up with Mike Bray's phone number. He dials and waits.

CUT BETWEEN:

HOTEL AND HOUSE-DAY

Mike Bray answers.

MIKE

Hello.

PARKS

Mister Bray?

MIKE

Yes?

PARKS

This is Neil Parks--

MIKE

--oh yes!

PARKS

I was wondering if you could answer a question?

MIKE

Of course.

PARKS

John spent his reception at the Presidio Hotel downtown? Did he spend his honeymoon there, too?

MIKE

How did--

PARKS

--did he!?

A brief moment.

MIKE

Yes.

PARKS

Do you remember which room he was in?

MIKE

Uh--the royal suite.

PARKS

Thank you!

EXT. UPPER FLOOR

Parks steps off the elevator to an empty corridor as the doors close up again. He glances around, pulls out a room key and walks down to the end of the hall and a door marked ROYAL SUITE. Parks, hesitation, pulls out his gun and then slowly slips the key into the lock.

INT. SUITE

The door swings open and Parks enters, ready with the Beretta. He cautiously sweeps the room and then relaxes when nobody appears.

Parks holsters the gun and carefully looks over the made-up room.

He slips behind the desk and studies it for a moment. He finds a pad of paper and feels the texture. Something on the white sheet. A search of his pockets and he finds a pencil. A light shade the sheet, he now reads: STELLAR NIGHTCLUB and the address. He tosses it away and searches the rest of the drawers; finds a UCLA newspaper in the last one.

A thumb through the paper, he hesitates on an announcement of a speaking engagement on International Economics as a flash of uncertainty crosses his brow.

Disregards it. Flips a few more pages before suddenly a stop and then goes back. His finger goes to the announcement and the line: "...in Lankershim Auditorium."

The date of the speech and then checks his watch--the same. The time of the speech 4:00. His watch says 2:17.

INT. PARKING GARAGE-DAY

Bray enters a parking garage and drives up to the roof. He opens the duffle bag at his side and pulls out a pair of binoculars.

Bray, the glasses on the roof, searches his pocket and takes out a parking permit. He pastes it to the car and steps to the edge of the roof that overlooks--

--Lankershim Auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM-DAY

Stanton glances around the swelling crowd and his eyes settle on the spot in the rafters he singled-out previously.

EXT. BLDG.

Parks steps toward the building as he also scans the area and surrounding buildings.

INT. BLDG.

He climbs the steps and enters the big auditorium, the stage sparse except for a podium and an overhead screen. A YOUNG STUDENT holds a stack of programs approaches him at the door.

STUDENT

Hello.

PARKS

Hi.

He hands him a program as he sporadically hands them out to others. It reads "Symposium on International Economics."

STUDENT

You aren't wearing your tag?

Parks absently looks down at his lapel.

PARKS

I, uh, forgot it.

STUDENT

It should be okay. Who would sneak into this if they weren't in the field?

The student smiles and Parks returns.

STUDENT

What school are you from?

PARKS

Uh, Portland.

The student thinks for a moment--and then smiles again.

STUDENT

Good program there.

PARKS

We think so. Thank you.

Parks steps off and sighs.

Cautiously, he enters the hall and takes a seat in the back; flips through the program.

Parks looks over the packed audience and sees Stanton and a couple of his men enter at the front through a side entrance. He directs the men to secure the area and returns outside.

He crosses to a sedan and TRAN, 70's, dignified but with a friendly air.

STANTON

It seems okay, Mister Tran.

TRAN

This is terribly silly just for a professor, Stanton.

Tran steps out of the car.

STANTON

Well, my government didn't think so.
Besides, they promised your country
that we would keep an eye on you.

Stanton smiles and winks, getting a laugh out of Tran as he enters the building. Stanton turns somber as the the man turns his back.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Bray watches through the binoculars.

INT. AUDITORIUM

4:00

Parks looks up from his watch as Tran steps inside and up to the stage. Stanton gestures to a few chairs behind the podium and the two men sit as another PROFESSOR, acting as a haphazard emcee, steps up to the mic.

PROFESSOR

Okay, I think we can start.

The crowd begins to quiet as Parks' eyes search the crowd.

PROFESSOR

We are very lucky. Today, we have the leading authority in his field of Economics and Finance. At twenty-three he developed the plan that eventually launched the Japanese economy as one of the foremost in the world. At twenty-seven, he was appointed Minister of Commerce, a post he has retained for forty-three years, guiding his country's economy every step of the way. Let me introduce to you Professor Minh Tran.

A polite applause as Tran takes the podium from the Professor.

TRAN

Well thank you.

Suddenly, a GUNMAN with a beard stands and fires a revolver that hits Tran squarely in the chest. He drops as the man leaps over the row and lands in the front of the auditorium as the audience explodes in panic.

The gunman bursts through the crowd and out the door as Stanton's men try to give chase.

Stanton rushes over to Tran's body as the Professor joins him. Ignoring the man, Stanton snaps at one of his men.

STANTON

Get an ambulance!

The man nods and rushes off.

EXT. ROOF

Bray calmly watches the gunman run across the grass and out of sight. Stanton's men chase. He returns his attention to the building. People spill out and run in all directions.

INT. CAR

A burst through a hedge, the gunman jumps into a waiting car as the DRIVER speeds away. He begins to peel off the beard.

DRIVER

Well?

GUNMAN

It was beautiful.

EXT. AUDITORIUM

Bray as an ambulance appears; sirens scream.

The paramedics quickly wheel out Tran and load him into the ambulance. A roped-off crowd watches the mid-day show.

Bray as they shut the door. The driver jumps behind the wheel. He wanders to the crowd--and sees Parks eyes Stanton, too.

Bray, surprised, quickly removes the glasses. He hesitates for a moment before rushing back to the car as the ambulance screams off.

EXT. HOSPITAL-DAY

5:42.

Parks, up from an eye on his watch, looks over the sea of news crews as Stanton steps out to them.

STANTON

Mister Tran has died of his wounds--

Parks slowly drowns out the noise of the rattle of reporter questions as he looks down to the program in his hand.

INT. CAR-DAY

Behind the wheel, Parks deep in thought. A twinge of reality hits him and he starts the engine.

EXT. BURGER SHACK-DAY

After he finishes up a burger, Parks dials a pay-phone beside a greasy burger joint. The line rings several times, Parks about ready to hang-up as--

FBI BLDG.-PORTLAND

--Jack answers with day-old beard growth.

JACK

FBI.

PARKS

Jack?

JACK

Neil! Where have you been?

PARKS

Seeing the sights. I need your help.

LATER:

A minute later, Jack behind his computer screen. He brings up a file on Minh Tran.

JACK

Minh Tran. Professor of Economics, Sociology, Finance, Business and a few others. He's on a lecture tour of a few colleges here.

PARKS

I know that. Anything on the personal side?

Jack sighs and flips over the file with the mouse as he reads.

JACK

Apparently he is the little darling of the Japanese government because of his work in Economics. Apparently he is one of a few solely responsible for their dominance today. They didn't want to let him come over here. Huh!

PARKS

What?

JACK

They didn't want him to come here because he doesn't trust the Japanese government. He apparently has a photographic memory and has not written down vital parts about his work because of his distrust.

Parks with a confused look.

PARKS

So he doesn't want them to misuse the work.

JACK

Yeah. Them or anyone else. Maybe the Japanese were worried he would talk to us. Radical guys in their government?

PARKS

It could have been anyone, really. Someone who didn't want anyone to have it.

JACK

Maybe that was the only way. He was under such high security. A kidnapping would have been out of the question.

PARKS

Unless they had inside people.

JACK

Stanton?

PARKS

I'll be in touch.

Parks hangs up the phone as the kid just listens to the dial tone.

JACK
(sarcastic)
Oh great.

EXT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Parks walks up to the hospital and hesitates in the shadows as he surveys the area. He sees a single guard at a desk and begins to circle the building.

Around the side, he comes across a side door cracked open and slips inside; steps into a hallway.

Parks, a glance each way, decides on one and then stops in his tracks when he hears footsteps come his way from a bend. He ducks into a side room as a janitor passes. His foot touches a stack of white medical coats.

INT. FIRST FLOOR

The agent, with one of the coats, makes his way down the hallway and up a flight of stairs. As he peers out to the first floor, he sees the elevators thirty feet away and the guard in clear view but with his back to them.

He tries to casually cross to the elevator. He quickly reads the directory, finds the morgue and pushes the up button. Parks keeps one eye on the guard. The car arrives and he steps on. He pushes one of the mid buttons and the car rises.

The car arrives and Parks cautiously steps off. He eyes a nurses' station in the middle of the floor. Down further the doors to the morgue. A bureau man steps out of a side office.

Parks slips into the shadows as the man steps down to the desk and the young nurse. He pours himself a cup of coffee and overtly smiles as she smiles back.

MAN
How can you do this night after night?
This is my fourth cup of coffee.

NURSE
You get use to it.

Parks looks back to the morgue and notices that the hallway wraps around. He begins to step down the opposite side of the corridor and comes around the other side.

Stanton's man lean over the nurses' desk. The man, with the twist of his head, could see the morgue doors.

NURSE

It seems a little strange, guarding a
dead body.

MAN

This is a VIP. You know how strange
bosses can get.

Slowly, Parks inches out from behind the wall and across to the doors. He quietly slips through the door a breath before the bureau man glances down the hall--

--and sees nothing.

Inside, Parks peers around the dark office.

He slowly inches to the doorway and looks across the wall lined with meat lockers. A small pen light and turns it on. The cold steam from his breath brushes across the beam. Parks notices a clipboard on the wall. The light trails down the names to Minh Tran-gunshots--#132-A.

Parks follows the meat lockers until he comes across #132-A. He quietly un-clicks the handle and pulls out the slab with a draped body. He hesitates before he removes the sheet and points the light down to the naked body of Tran. The gunshots sealed up but still ugly.

He removes the picture of Tran from the program and sets it on the slab next to his face. The same guy. He takes out a fold-up knife and carefully studies the face. Parks leans over and slowly cuts across the side of the cheek but no blood appears. With two fingers, he pulls back a piece of latex.

PARKS

(whispers)
Son of a bitch.

INT. MEAT LOCKER AREA

Slowly, the morgue door opens and the bureau man cautiously enters, gun in hand. He flicks the lights on and continues into the room.

From one of the narrowly cracked open lockers, Parks watches the man as he lies beside another body.

The man drops his shoulders, holsters the gun and steps out as he turns off the lights.

Parks, with a sigh, quietly pulls the locker open and jumps out. He shuts it and turns to the door.

The agents gently open the door and sees that the man back at the nurses' desk as he resumes to flirt.

PARKS

(whispers)

Come on.

Slowly, the bureau man casually wanders behind the desk and out of sight. Parks, quickly but quietly, slips out of the morgue and down the other hall.

The agent disappears down a stairwell.

EXT. BLDG.-PARKING LOT

Parks tosses the medical jacket through the window, climbs into his car and hesitates. He snaps out of it and starts the car.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD-NIGHT

Parks slowly pulls to the curb across from Brenner's house. He looks at it for a moment before he steps out.

Some lights in the house on but no visible activity. Eyes begin to trace the neighborhood and settle on a curving road that goes up a small mountain and right over the house.

EXT. ROAD

On a dirt turnoff that overlooks the house. Bray sits in the car with the binoculars at his side. He lifts a cup of coffee to his lips and takes a weary sip and, as he lowers the cup, the nose of a .45 inches in the window and sets against his head. He freezes as the gun sharply cocks.

Parks steps into view, still with the gun at the ready. Bray just gives him a hard "what now?" look.

BRAY

It's too late for that, Mister Parks.

Parks, unsure and startled, lowers his gun but still holds it in his hand.

PARKS

Then you can tell me what's going on?

Bray looks at him and then nods.

BRAY

You're right.

A couple of minutes later.

Parks looks at the house through the binoculars.

BRAY (O.C.)

Do you see it? Behind the garage?

The glasses jitter and then settle on the backend of an ambulance behind a building.

Parks lowers the binoculars from his eyes and looks at Bray.

PARKS

Then Tran is alive?

Bray nods.

PARKS

What is Brenner going to do with him?

BRAY

Sell him. To who, I don't know.

Parks

Why the assassination?

BRAY

The Japanese won't try to look for a dead man. Besides, it distracts any attention from Stanton's "friends".

PARKS
The senators?

BRAY
(bitter)
Yes.

PARKS
Why didn't you tell someone? Head it off?

BRAY
It was a way to Brenner. The buyers will only deal with him.

PARKS
You risked Tran just for your revenge?!

Bray turns and blankly looks at the agent.

BRAY
I think you know the answer to that. Otherwise, you wouldn't be here alone. I had no choice.

He looks back to Parks like he realizes something.

PARKS
Maybe you're here for other reasons.

Parks eyes show his defensiveness but he still just stares at Bray.

PARKS
What now?

Bray slowly raises the glasses to his eyes.

BRAY
We wait.

LATER:

Parks mildly, but visibly, weary as Bray just sits and stares at the house with a calm intensity.

With a sigh, the agent opens the car door, turns himself out to the empty lot and takes out a pack of cigarettes. The killer glances over as he lights one up.

BRAY (O.C.)

What was her name?

Startled, Parks looks at him.

PARKS

Who?

Bray looks through the glasses again as he speaks.

BRAY

The woman. Your wife, I would guess.

PARKS

How?--

Parks trails off as he thinks. Eyes shows a change of thought.

PARKS

--Amy.

Bray seems distant but smiles faintly as he glances at Parks.

BRAY

It's a nice name. Do you have a picture?

Parks hesitates, shrugs, and reaches into his pocket. He hands Bray the photo.

PARKS

She was so beautiful. I had no idea that life could be so--wonderful.

For a brief moment, the agent has hold of the love until the reality of his pain shows in his eyes.

PARKS

And so horrible.

The killer slowly hands back the photo. Parks studies it. After a moment, he looks over to Bray.

PARKS

Why do you kill those men, Bray?

Parks' question hits a chord with Bray but he quickly buries it.

BRAY

It takes away pain. Pain worse than anything I could do to them.

PARKS

How many will satisfy you?

Surprised, Bray looks to him.

BRAY

Me? It's not for me.

Parks stunned. The cigarette just burns away between his frozen fingers. Bray's attention draws back to the house. He lifts the binoculars up and sees--

--a delivery van as it pulls up to the gates. They open and the van enters.

BRAY

A little late for a delivery.

The van continues up the driveway and to the front door. The driver climbs out and circles to the side door as another man comes out of the house. With a glance, he says a few words to the driver and they enter the house.

PARKS

I'm just curious. How did they fake his shooting? Blood packs?

BRAY

Yes. They lined Tran's jacket. They blew the packets and hit him with a dart from behind as the gunman shot at him with blanks.

The agent nods.

PARKS

Cute.

Parks eyes are drawn back to the house.

PARKS

There!

Bray lifts the glasses again and sees--

--the front door of the house open. The van driver glances around and nods before two other men carry a long, coffin-like crate out.

PARKS

Looks big enough to hold a man.

BRAY

Yes.

The men load the crate into the van. The driver climbs behind the wheel as the two others step over to another car.

BRAY

That has to be Tran.

Bray starts the engine.

EXT. STREET

The van pulls out through the house's gates and onto the street. The car follows behind. They pass through an intersection as Bray waits to pull in behind him. Parks warily watches his driving pace.

PARKS

Don't get too close or they'll make you.

BRAY

I know.

They come to a stoplight, Bray a few cars behind their pray. The driver in the car glances in his rear-view mirror and hesitates on their unknown tail. The light turns green and they continue.

BRAY

Look under the seat.

Parks reaches under the seat and brings out a briefcase. The latches click and reveal a couple elaborate handguns inside.

BRAY

We will probably need them. Brenner likes to arm his men to the hilt.

The agent shakes his head as he picks out one of the weapons and a couple of clips.

The van and the car turn off the main thoroughfare into a shadowy business park. Bray pulls to the side and slips out of the car with the binoculars. He flips a lever on the side of the glasses and--

--looks through infra-red lenses. The two vehicles drive down the deserted road to a warehouse/office. They hesitate as the sliding door opens. They disappear inside.

Parks gets out of the car and looks to the killer.

BRAY

We walk.

Bray leans back into the car and reaches into the briefcase. He takes one of the revolvers and opens up a panel in the case. There lies three small explosives and a remote detonator. He takes those, too.

EXT. BUILDING

The two good guys cautiously cross a dark field to the edge of the business park as they dart through a couple of parking lots and courtyards until they reach the warehouse. Quickly, they vanish behind a wall as another set of headlights appear.

Parks and Bray, as they peer around the edge, watches as a Mercedes and another van pulls up. A couple armed men appear out of the warehouse and cautiously look them over.

The back window of the Mercedes slides down halfway and a chiseled man, MASON, about 40, glares out. One of the men unconsciously steps back from his look and nods to the other. He waves the vehicles inside.

Bray steps out from the building and crosses to the warehouse, Parks close behind. He attaches one of the explosives to a pipe that goes into the wall. He turns to Parks.

BRAY

Emergency exit.

Parks nods but not too confidently.

PARKS

There's a ladder on the side.

Bray leads him to a ladder just around the corner and they begin to climb up to the roof. They cross the roof and enter a doorway into a narrow stairwell.

INT. BLDG.

Bray cracks open a catwalk door and looks down to the warehouse floor as Mason steps out of his car and looks around. The first van cannot be seen but a few men with automatic weapons stand around the floor.

Bray and Parks slip onto the catwalk, partly shrouded by stacked crates.

MASON

(sarcastic)

So where is that son of a bitch Boyd---
I mean Brenner!

VOICE (O.C.)

Hey!

The killer's eyes follow the voice to--

--Brenner as he steps into view. Bray's eyes flare in anger.

BRENNER

My mother may have been a whore--but
she was not a bitch.

The two men stand off for a long moment before Mason breaks out with a laugh, shortly followed by Brenner. The two men approach and embrace.

BRENNER

Good to see you again.

MASON

Let me introduce you to a couple of
my friends.

Mason walks Brenner over to the car as the back door opens again. Two European men in expensive suits step out.

MASON

Klaus Schenker of Germany's Taccorp.

Parks eyes widen.

THE FIRST MAN nods and shakes hands with Brenner.

SCHENKER

(accent)

Good to meet you, Mister Brenner. I have learned a lot of fine things from Mister Mason about you.

Brenner nods.

MASON

And this is Jean Mercer of Besson Corporation.

THE SECOND MAN shakes, too.

BRENNER

Should we get to business, eh?

Mason nods to the Mercedes driver and he opens up the trunk. He and another man lift out two large metal suitcases and set them on a crate. With a flash of a wry smile, Mason turns and opens each combination on the cases. He lifts the top to reveal stacks and stacks of crisp thousand-dollar bills.

MASON

Thirty-million dollars.

Brenner takes a long moment to stare at it in awe. He looks up to Mason and flashes a wry smile of his own.

BRENNER

Who says crime doesn't pay?

MASON

You're turn, Eric.

Brenner nods to one of his men and the van backs out into the center of the floor. The doors open and the crate lifts out. Brenner opens the box that has Tran laid out unconscious inside. Klaus and Jean lean over the container and examine the man.

Klaus

He looks fine.

BRENNER

He'll probably be hungry when you get to England but a Big Mac'll fix that.

They laugh as Jean just stares at Tran.

JEAN

Thirty million for what is in his head?

Jean looks up to Brenner and smiles.

JEAN

We have, how do you say it, "taken you"
Mister Brenner.

BRENNER

Maybe so.

Brenner seals up the case of money.

MASON

Throw in the van, Eric?

BRENNER

Sure, why not. And have a nice flight,
Joe.

The two parties begin to leave.

PARKS

(whispers)

We have to stop them before they take
Tran.

Cold and intent, Bray turns as he reaches into his coat for
the gun.

BRAY

(whispers)

First things first.

The killer opens the door to the stairwell and the two men
look down the barrel of Stanton gun.

STANTON

We got ya, John.

Slowly, Bray and Parks turn their head to see two other men
with guns that flank them.

Stanton lifts a small mic attached to a walkie-talkie.

STANTON

Tell Brenner we have guests.

Stanton glares at Bray.

STANTON

Drop the gun, Bray.

Bray relents and slowly drops the gun. Stanton searches the agent and finds his weapon. Startled, he stops and studies Parks.

STANTON

You? You're the one from the bar. And Portland.

Parks just glares at him.

PARKS

Imagine that.

Stanton waves them into the stairwell, still closely covered by the two other men.

On the floor, the van pulls out.

INT. HALLWAY-WHEREHOUSE-NIGHT

Intently, Brenner barrels down the hall toward an end office with two other men.

INT. OFFICE

Two other men intently have their guns raised to Bray and Parks. The killer just blankly stares them down.

Brenner, cautious but stolid, enters the room and looks upon Bray for a long moment. He smiles wickedly.

BRENNER

Not even in my wildest imagination, can I think how you can get out of this.

He looks to Parks.

BRENNER

Now who is this? His white knight from the club?

Stanton nervously steps up and tries to pull Brenner to the side.

STANTON

He's a bureau man--and not mine.

Brenner glares at him.

BRENNER

What? From where?

STANTON

From Portland. He must have been suspicious and followed us here.

The boss throws an angry look to Parks.

BRENNER

Are you suspicious?

He returns to Stanton.

BRENNER

What does he know?

STANTON

I don't know. He's probably here alone, for some reason, but I don't know.

BRENNER

Well, find out. Then kill them.

He points to Bray.

BRENNER

Kill that son of a bitch twice.

(smiles)

No offense.

Bray quickly glances to a revolver in a shoulder holster of the man that watches him, and then back to Brenner.

With a scowl, the boss turns on his heels and leaves as Stanton faces the two prisoners.

STANTON

Put him down.

The man turns the gun and slams the butt into Bray's stomach. He doubles him over. But Bray quickly rams an elbow into his nose, pulls out the revolver and shoots the other man. Stanton gropes with his gun and narrowly leaps out of the gunfire as Bray shoots at him.

The noise reaches him and Brenner whips around. Stanton scrambles to his feet.

BRENNER

Kill those fuckers!

In the office, the agent grabs the dead man's gun and then Bray as he begins to go after Stanton.

PARKS

Time to go.

Bray snatches up the explosive remote from the desk as the office splinters apart in a hail of gunfire. The two duck through another door to another hallway.

The other men burst into the office and the gunfire continues to rip through the hallway toward our heroes.

They tear around a corner and into the warehouse. More men come at them from a different direction. Bray and Parks fire and push them back as they reach the cover of a few crates near the wall.

Gunfire continues to pummel the crates. The agent fruitlessly tries to return fire. They begin to inch forward as--

--Bray fumbles for the explosive remote. He pushes the button. The wall buckles out and sprays debris over many of the gunmen.

The pair to their feet. They return cover fire as they duck out through the hole.

In a brief breath, Bray sees Brenner in the back of the warehouse before he turns and disappears through the hole.

EXT. BLDG.

The boss' Mercedes sits nearby as they appear outside. The driver turns in shock but Bray has the drop on him--but doesn't fire. From the look in the killer's eyes, the driver hesitates then drops his gun. Bray and Parks jump inside and the car speeds away.

EXT. STREET

The tires squeal as the car whips out to the main thoroughfare and speeds down the boulevard.

INT. CAR

Parks, in the passenger seat, looks over to Bray as he--

EXT. STREET

--slams on the brakes. The Mercedes fishtails to the curb.

INT. CAR

The agent, startled, looks over to the killer again. Anger and indecision swirls in his face. He turns to Parks.

BRAY

The airport.

The car pulls out again and down the boulevard.

EXT. AIRPORT

The Mercedes pulls into Los Angeles Airport and down the row of terminals.

PARKS

Park over there.

Parks points out the window and--

--Bray pulls to the end of the International terminal. The two step out, conceal their guns and cautiously glance around as Parks leads them to a gate.

EXT. BLDG.

They step through the gate and down the side of the terminal. The sound of planes everywhere drown out any other noises.

They step out to the tarmac. Bray notices a private jet nearby and a few men who load a coffin inside. Parks pulls Bray back behind a baggage car as Klaus steps out from a small, private terminal and lights a cigarette. The agent glances over the building.

PARKS

Come on.

The killer follows Parks back down the side to a doorway. Locked.

PARKS

Knock knock.

INT. BLDG.

Parks shoots off the lock and they enter a narrow hallway, a fork at the end. They reach a doorway and crack it open.

The terminal lobby holds about twenty-five people. They see Klaus, Jean, Mason and four goons nearby as they conspicuously hide their guns. Parks sees another door that leads to the far end of the terminal.

PARKS

I'm gonna go in first. Give me a minute then come on in. You take the four and I'll take the suits.

BRAY

A little unfair, don't you think?

Surprise, Parks looks at him and then smiles.

PARKS

Try not to kill them, if you can.

The agent turns and enters the terminal. An eye on his prey, he slowly and casually makes his way through the people. He takes a seat nearby with his back to them and listens.

KLAUS

You're friend Brenner is very resourceful. If this turns out to be rewarding, I would like to forge a relationship with him.

MASON

Eric can be effective. There was this lady reporter who was giving him trouble in New York. Colleen Bray, I think.

Parks eyes widen and start to turn to rage.

MASON

Let's just say we enjoyed solving that problem in every way you can think of.

Klaus lets out a subtle but maniacal smirk with Mason as the agent's eyes overflow with anger.

MASON

One of the perks of this business.

Parks' hands grip the two revolvers and pulls them out as he stands. He whips around--

PARKS

FBI! Don't move!

--gets the drop on all six as the other people rush out of the way. The goons begin to reach into their coats but freeze at the sight of Parks' flaming eyes. He glares at Mason.

PARKS

You're under arrest, asshole.

From behind, another goon comes out of the restroom. The man pulls his gun and points it at Parks as a shot takes him down.

The agent distracted for that crucial moment as he sees the gunman drop and Bray nearby. In that breath, the other three go for their guns. Parks picks off one as he and the killer leap over a ticket counter. They crawl into a side room as the counter shreds apart from gunfire.

No door. No window. No escape.

Parks checks the clip in one gun. Empty. The other clip only has a few bullets.

PARKS

I'm never prepared.

He looks to Bray.

BRAY

Did you ever see Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid?

The agent sighs and grips his gun.

PARKS

Je-sus.

EXT. BLDG.

Mason stops the gunfire.

MASON

Let's get outta here!

EXT. BLDG.

He tries to push Klaus and Jean out to the tarmac as the goons pump out bullets for cover.

INT. BLDG.

Parks can tell that they left.

PARKS

I hate being left behind.

EXT. RUNWAY

The agent rushes out of the room and out to the tarmac. Bray follows as the gunmen return fire. They duck behind one of the baggage cars.

The plane begins to taxi down the private runway. Parks breaks into a sprint. The plane turns a corner to take-off. The agent slow and gasps for air as Mason watches him from the plane window.

MASON

Who are these assholes? Get us off the ground!

The plane begins to accelerate as Parks takes a deep breath and straightens, a stolid look on his face. He raises the gun and lets the nose follow the plane for a moment. A finger gently squeezes the trigger.

One shot explodes the front tire, a second hits part of the landing gear. A sharp swerve, the landing gear buckles and the plane slides off the runway into the dirt.

Bray runs up and blankly looks at him.

BRAY

That's one of my favorites.

He gestures to the gun in Parks hand. The agent glances at it.

PARKS

A man of taste.

INT. PLANE

The cabin begins to smoke as the men scramble to get out as the sound of sirens scream in the distance.

JEAN

What about Tran?

MASON

Fuck him.

The two goons open the door and jump out. Parks and Bray quickly deck 'em and get the drop on the others.

PARKS

Please exit the plane in an orderly fashion, gentlemen.

They file out, hands above their heads, as Mason sets his eyes on Bray. His eyes turn to awe and shock.

MASON

It's you.

Bray slowly recognizes him and--

FLASHBACK

--quickly remembers Mason's maniacal smile as a woman screams horribly in the background.

EXT. FIELD

Back to the plane.

Bray's eyes quickly swell to rage as he unloads a few bullets into Mason and drives him against the plane. His limp body crumples to the ground as the killer just stands there. The others cringe in fear.

PARKS

(to men)

Don't move!

Parks throws his eyes to Bray.

PARKS

Jesus Bray!

The killer's eyes smolder and look to him.

BRAY

I have to finish this.

Bray begins to walk off as Parks tries to grab for him.

PARKS

Hold on!

A pull away, the killer brings his gun the agent's head.

BRAY

Don't.

The men stare each other down for a long moment before Bray lowers his weapon and continues to walk off. Parks lets him go as the wailing vehicles tear down the runway toward the accident.

VOICE (O.C.)

Don't move!

Parks turns his head and looks down the barrels of two airport policemen guns.

POLICEMAN #1

Put the weapon down!

PARKS

Shit.

He drops the gun and his hands go to his head.

PARKS

You guys are gonna love this.

EXT. ROAD

Bray slips through the gate and crosses back to the Mercedes. He pulls out.

INT. HANGER-NIGHT

Parks sits, handcuffed to a big metal chair, in an office and watches investigators on the tarmac and in the hanger as they go about their business.

His eyes wander to the lone OFFICER that watches him and to his open wallet that lies on a desk nearby, Amy's picture

visible. He stares at it for a moment then looks away. He sighs regretfully.

VOICE (O.C.)

Hey there!

The agent turns his head and looks up to:

PARKS

Jack?

He smiles and steps into the room followed by a pudgy plain-clothes INVESTIGATOR.

JACK

I thought you could use some help.

Jack glances at the investigator.

JACK

You can let him go.

With a nod, the investigator unlocks the 'cuffs.

PARKS

I'm so glad to see you.

JACK

Nice shooting out there.

PARKS

Is Tran all right?

Jack stands and rubs his wrist.

JACK

Yeah. Hungry but okay. Who's the stiff? The other one's said Bray shot him unarmed.

PARKS

Yeah.

Parks begins to walk out to the hanger.

PARKS

Do you have a car?

JACK

Uh, yeah? What's going on, Neil?

PARKS

I'll tell you later. Let me borrow your keys.

The kid reluctantly reaches into his pocket.

JACK

I'll go with you.

PARKS

(sharply)

No!

(pause)

Look, I'll tell you everything but you have to let me go alone.

Jack searches his eyes and finds the conflict, the honesty. He drops the keys into his hand.

JACK

It's the blue Caprice outside.

PARKS

Thank you.

Parks runs out of the hanger as the investigator looks at Jack.

INVESTIGATOR

Is there a problem?

JACK

Probably.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

The Mercedes slowly cruises down Brenner's street and pulls to the curb.

Bray pulls out his wallet and removes the photo of Colleen. He gently tucks it beside the speedometer and steps out of the car. He removes his jacket and tosses it back through the window. He checks the clip of the gun. Empty. The gun joins the coat on the seat.

EXT. BLVD.-NIGHT

Parks whips around a corner and accelerates toward Bray's abandoned sedan. He careens to the side of the road and jumps out. Parks reaches inside, pulls the weapons case and

opens it. A few guns remain. He closes it up and returns to his car.

EXT. MANSION-INT. GROUNDS-NIGHT

Bray drops down into the grounds of the house and behind some foliage. He mechanically scans the area before he moves forward.

INT. MANSION

Stanton follows Brenner into a large office, surveillance TVs on the wall. Brenner crosses to the bar and grabs a bottle. The cap flies off and he sloppily pours a glass.

BRENNER

God dammit, Stanton! Why couldn't you kill him when you had the chance!

STANTON

You win some and you lose some.

BRENNER

You're being very fucking callous about this. If I go down, you go down. Is that enough incentive for you?! You know, I might not be able to kill Bray but I can certainly have you killed.

They try to stare each other down, two beasts ready to rip each others' heart out at the drop of a hat.

BRENNER

Now get the fuck out of here. I have packing to do.

Stanton leaves the office and meets one of his men in the hall.

MAN

Are we relocating him again?

STANTON

Yeah, unless Bray does it first.

EXT. MANSION

Bray approaches the house using the brush and shadows as cover. He hesitates and glares at the structure, a

helicopter pad visible to the side. His eyes mechanically lock on a lone guard as he walks the outside of the house.

INT. MANSION

The guard enters the house through a side door and into a dark kitchen. He crosses to the refrigerator and opens it. He chooses a soda. The guard closes the 'fridge, opens the can and then hesitates as he slowly looks around for a noise.

A shrug, he takes a sip of the soda as the blade of a butcher knife presses up against the side of his neck. The guard, motionless, watches Bray.

BRAY

Put it down slowly.

The guard complies stiffly and sets the can on the counter.

BRAY

Goodnight.

Bray swiftly jams an elbow into his head. He drops. He takes the guards revolver and a couple of clips before he drags the man into a closet.

EXT. BLVD.

Parks careens around a corner and speeds down a main thoroughfare.

INT. MANSION

Bray silently glides through a shadowy dining room.

UPSTAIRS

Brenner impatiently looks out to the helicopter pad.

BRENNER

Where is that fucking 'copter?

DOWNSTAIRS

Bray crosses a study and reaches the doors of a foyer. He peers through the crack between the doors. He jerks back as Stanton passes and hesitates for a breath as he almost unconsciously glances around then continues on.

Bray slips out to the bright marbled area and calmly looks in all directions. He settles on the stairwell.

UPSTAIRS

At the top, he sees one of the guards approach from the hallway, the guard unaware. Bray turns and quickly ducks into a narrow nook as the first guard casually approaches. An automatic weapon hangs from his shoulder.

The goon walks right in front of Bray and takes out a cigarette. The glow from the lighter illuminates Bray and the guard turns. He freezes as he looks down the barrel of the intruder's gun.

Bray points his finger and gestures the man toward him. Bray disarms him quickly rams the guard's head into the wall. He drops. Bray glances up and startled when he sees Stanton in the foyer with a gun in his hand. Bullets shear apart the banister as Bray narrowly leaps out of the way and down the hall.

INT. ROOM

Brenner flinches as the sound of the gunfire hits his ears. An angered expression quickly replaces his surprise.

BRENNER

I've had it with this asshole.

He pulls open a desk drawer.

DOWNSTAIRS

Stanton barks into his walkie-talkie.

STANTON

In the house now!

UPSTAIRS

Bray slowly and cautiously steps down the hall as a guard comes into view. Bullets fly by as Bray twists and fires. The guard drops. He continues on without a look back.

Around another corner and he calmly scans several doors in the dead-end hall. Bray settles on one and reaches for the handle.

INT. ROOM

The handle slowly turns as the door pushes open. Bray takes one step inside. He carefully traces the room as--

--Brenner appears, big gun in hand.

BRENNER

Hello, asshole.

Bray leaps back into the hall as bullets shear through the door.

BRENNER

(tauntingly)

You still alive, Bray? How's the leg?
Why don't you come back in here and
we'll chat awhile! We'll talk about that
bitch dead wife of yours!

The heat of Bray's anger and insanity quickly begins to burn off his daze.

BRENNER

We can talk about what a bad lay she
was! After beating the fight out of
her, she just wasn't worth the effort!
I did you a favor killing her!

In the corner of his eye, Bray sees one of Stanton's men peer around the corner. A quick twist and he fires. The man retreats.

Bray looks back to the door as he pops out the spent clip and quickly slaps another inside.

INT. ROOM

Calmly and with a calculated eye, Bray barrels into the office and sprays it with gunfire. The boss narrowly skirts injury in a torrent of bullets and stumbles back and out to the balcony. Brenner fires back wildly and comes very close to his hunter.

EXT. MANSION

The dust settles. Brenner catches his breath on the narrow space of the balcony.

BRENNER

You are a real tense son of a bitch, Bray!

Brenner looks over the edge. With a grimace, he begins to leap to an adjoining roof. The killer notices.

The boss leaps off with bullets at his heels and lands hard on the roof. With a groan, he slowly picks himself up.

INT. HALLWAY

Stanton and two men listen to the gunfire that comes out of the office.

GOON

What do we do, boss?

Stanton mad and short of patience.

STANTON

Fuck this!

INT. ROOM

Bray quickly goes after Brenner as--

--the doors blow off their hinges and knock the killer across the desk and onto the floor. He picks himself up as Stanton appears in the doorway, a very big grenade launcher in his hands. Stanton sees him and turns to fire. Bray runs for his life toward the balcony.

EXT. MANSION

Our hero sails wildly over the balcony as the grenade hits with a ball of fire. He tumbles roughly onto the roof and loses his gun over the side.

EXT. STREET

Parks watches the explosion through the car windshield.

PARKS

He's here.

The agent eyes glance over the high long wall that surrounds the house. He angrily slaps the steering wheel.

PARKS

Shit!

His glare shoots up to the hills behind the house and he speeds away.

EXT. MANSION

With a painful gasp, Bray climbs to his feet and stumbles after Brenner.

The boss, his muscles tense, stops in a corner of the complicated roof. Breath hitches in his throat as Brenner grips the gun as he waits for the bastard to appear.

BRAY (O.C.)

Hello, asshole.

Bray leaps off another edge and catches Brenner off-guard. The gun skirts away as the two men over and crash through the glass roof of a small nursery.

INT. NURSERY

Splinters of glass rain down as they land hard on rows of flowers that break their fall but knock the wind out of both.

Brenner slips off the table and gets his hand around a pair of gardening shears. He lunges for Bray but he side-steps and pushes Brenner away. He quickly turns around as Bray gets his balance. The two men face each other.

BRAY

We both go to Hell.

Teeth clenched, Brenner lunges forward as he mechanically slices back and forth but only hits air. Bray grabs a stick, swings back in an opening and hits Brenner across the face. The two lock in a struggle again. Both back and through the glass wall.

EXT. MANSION

They land out on a grassy hill as Bray gets the upper hand. He slugs Brenner with a bone-crunching force. The fires of rage spill out of Bray's eyes as the blood from Brenner's nose streams down his fist.

The bad guy falls to his knees as he tries to keep conscience. Bray notices a gardening rake nearby. He breaks it in half with his foot as it rests against a wall. He picks up one end and stares at the sharp end he created.

Suddenly, he sees Stanton and about five men come around the end of the house toward them.

BRENNER

Kill him!

Bray tosses himself over a banister as bullets pummel its side. Pieces of the wall shoot out like plaster fireworks as he crawls toward the house and through a pair of French doors.

Stanton and the men run up.

BRENNER

He's not armed. Kill him.

The lackey looks to the house.

STANTON

Let's go.

All seven men face the house, weapons in hand. They begin to spray the long windows and corner Bray inside.

STANTON

No chance now.

As the engine roars, Parks careens the car off the main road and through the middle of a tree. It lands hard in the compound below. The men scatter from the surprise entrance as Parks fires at them out of the window.

The agent jumps the veranda and comes to a stop. He leaps out with two guns in hand. A kick opens one of the French windows and tosses one of the guns inside to Bray.

PARKS

Time to go.

Parks turns and grabs another gun from the seat as the men regroup. Both sides exchange a barrage of fire.

Bray rushes out and picks off two just before the agent catches one in the shoulder. Bray grabs Parks, eases him into the car and then jumps behind the wheel.

The car drops off the veranda and races down the lawn as the tires spit up dirt and grass. The men after them on foot and with guns ablaze.

The car hops the grass to the driveway and approaches the high metal gate. He slams on the brakes and the car skids to a stop.

PARKS

That isn't moving even if a bomb hit it.

Bray glares at him.

BRAY

You didn't think of a way out?

Parks painfully chuckles as the killer throws the car in reverse and then forward. They speed parallel to the wall.

BRAY

Hold on.

Up a steep embankment and the car crashes through a chain-link fence, careens down another embankment and through thick rows of trees.

EXT. STREET

The car side-swipes a couple other vehicles but comes out on a street. Bray turns toward the main thoroughfare. He stops at the corner. His hands just grip the steering wheel.

PARKS

I'm glad it's rental.

Suddenly, the back passenger window blows out. Bray and Parks shoots their eyes to the gate and a Mercedes that speeds toward them. The killer just glares at the car.

PARKS

Bray, let's go.

No movement.

PARKS

Bray!

Suddenly again, Bray slams on the gas and pulls out ahead of their pursuers as they tear through the quiet neighborhood and out to the main thoroughfare.

Parks turns in his seat and returns fire.

PARKS

You really pissed them off.

Sirens scream. A police car flies out and behind them.

Brenner looks at the black and white through the back window as Stanton drives. With an agitated eye, he reaches out the window, fires and hits the car's tires. The rubber flies off the rim and the car skids into another parked one.

BRENNER

Asshole.

Parks takes a deep breath, fires and hits Stanton dead on. Stanton and the other two men try to get hold of the wheel but the car jumps the curb and plows into a storefront.

A few yards away, a mobile home appears before Bray quickly backs out of an alley. The car slices through the cabin, flips over and slides to a stop on its top.

EXT. BAD GUY'S CAR

Brenner weakly lifts his bloodied head up and looks at the dead men in the car. The door pushes open and he steps out to the shop. The weapon hangs loosely in his hand.

EXT. GOOD GUY'S CAR

The agent groans as Bray tries to gently pull him out of the car. The killer lifts him up and starts to help Parks to the curb as the car suddenly explodes. Bray slowly stands over his friend.

PARKS

Just let me bleed in peace.

After a moment, Bray faintly smiles at him. The grin quickly evaporates as he glances to the side and sees the bad guy step out of the shop to the street.

The killer turns, drawn like a magnet as Parks just watches, without a word.

Brenner notices the asshole and the two men face off, motionless, for a long moment. The boss studies him and a wicked smirk cracks the side of his face.

In the blink of an eye, the two men fire their guns where they stand. Blood paints their bodies as the bullets explode

into their skin. As quickly as they began, they are both out of ammo.

Bray, barely conscience, teeters on one knee as Brenner leans against a car in the same shape.

The bad guy fumbles for another clip. He slips the fresh one in and it clicks into place. As he raises the gun, Bray lifts his and squeezes off one shot. Brenner gets it in the head.

Brenner flails back against a car and slumps dead to the ground. Bray sways for a moment, then collapses, too.

PARKS

(weakly)

It's done.

Parks, out of strength, passes out. The faint sound of sirens the last thing to hit his ears as black smoke billows out from the car that burns.

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Parks, with fresh bandages, sits quietly in a chair and solemnly stares out the window. His gaze turns to the bed and Bray as he stirs and awakens.

PARKS

Good morning.

The killer tries to sit up in the bed with a groan.

BRAY

Good morning.

PARKS

How're you feeling?

BRAY

Fabulous.

The agent smiles as he stands and slowly crosses to Bray because of his own wounds.

PARKS

Well, I doubt you'll ever get though a metal detector again.

The killer smiles faintly as Parks reaches into his pocket and hands him--

PARKS

They found this in the Mercedes. I thought you'd want it back.

--Colleen's photo. Bray smiles.

BRAY

Thank you.

Parks nods and turns back to the window as silence overtakes them.

PARKS

The pain. Do you think it ever goes away?

He thinks solemnly.

BRAY

No. It reminds you how much you loved.

Parks smiles, but conflicted.

PARKS

I saw her killed. At that moment I was certain I was insane. I--killed the man who shot her, murdered him. He was unarmed and I could have arrested him but no, I pulled the trigger until the gun was out of bullets and kept on squeezing.

(smirks)

They never even questioned the story I made up. Never. Before that, I would have never killed in cold blood, never even conceived it. But it was easy, never bothered me.

But that fact exactly what torments him. Parks comes down from his tangent and studies Bray for a long moment.

PARKS

Are we crazy?

Solemn, Bray glances away and tries to find the answers.

BRAY

When Colleen was killed, something died inside of me--and something replaced it. I don't know if I'm blessed or damned but it's done. Satisfaction is not a joy, it's a need. A need with a price.

With a painful sigh, Bray eases back into the pillow and closes his eyes.

BRAY

I need to rest. Save my strength for what is coming next.

Parks, in silence, watches him and then turns. He knocks on the door. A panel opens and a guard glances at him. The door opens and Bray exits.

INT. BREAKROOM-DAY

In an empty room, Parks sits at a table. The steam from a hot cup of coffee bats the air beside him as he listens to Jack. A lawyer, DEAN PAUL, stands nearby.

JACK

They're not gonna go for it, Neil. There is too much against him.

PARKS

But what if he turns over what he knows? It's over now, he'll do that.

JACK

Believe me, they know what he has done. I'm on your side. But there are too many killings, they are too brutal. You saw the guy in Portland. This guy could discover the cure for aids and cancer and they still wouldn't let him off for this.

PARKS

(under breath)
But look who he killed.

BRAY

What?

Parks regretfully shakes his head.

PARKS

Nothing.

BRAY

Dean here has been appointed his lawyer.
We have to do an initial interview now.

PARKS

I want to sit in.

Bray nods and leans over the table.

BRAY

Will he turn over the evidence anyways?

Parks weakly looks up to him and thinks.

PARKS

Yeah.

INT. CORRIDOR

The three men step down the hall. As they turn a corner, Parks and Jack hesitate. Dean quizzically looks at them. Jack pulls his gun.

DEAN

What is it?

JACK

The guards are gone. Stay here.

Jack cautiously rushes forward. Parks trails him.

PARKS

Just take it easy, Jack.

The kid inches forward, the door slightly cracked open. He peers inside and sees the two guards unconscious inside.

Jack bursts inside and takes a firing stance. But no one there. He straightens up and steps over to the guards as Parks enters.

JACK

(into radio)

This is Drown. Bray has escaped. Seal
off the building.

PARKS

He isn't in the building.

Jack, confused and surprised, glances up at him before he returns to the guards (awake but groggy).

GUARD #1

What happened?

JACK

I was going to say the same thing.

The guards look around in shock.

GUARD #2

Where is the prisoner?

JACK

Shit!

GUARD #1

One minute, I'm in the hall, the next you're waking me up.

DEAN

I found this in the hall.

Dean steps inside and hands him a small dart.

As they speak, Parks eyes slowly go over the room. They settle on the nightstand and--

--Colleen's photo. He steps over and picks it up. A locker key appears.

JACK

How'd he get a dart gun?

PARKS

Someone else did it. A friend.

Jack glares at him.

JACK

You men can go.

The guards glance warily at the two then leave. Jack steps up to the agent.

JACK

What is between you two?

Parks slips the key and the photo in his pocket.

PARKS

He has done things some people might consider a favor.

He looks away and slowly walks out.

INT. BUS STATION-DAY

A stale, dirty tile interior. A few sporadic passengers wait for their buses. Parks appears glances around and crosses to the row of lockers.

A locker opens. He reaches in and pulls out a padded envelope. He rips open the side and finds a couple of computer sticks inside.

EXT. DINER-DAY

Dust kicks back and forth around the garish diner on side of the lone interstate. Stark flat plains surround it.

A pick-up pulls into the diner's parking lot and around the rows of semis. The car stops and the door opens. Bray steps out with a beard. He glances around, his gaze more human and relaxed now. He enters the diner with a newspaper under his arm.

INT. DINER

A pretty southern WAITRESS notices him and smiles.

WAITRESS

Hi ya, John.

He returns the smile.

BRAY

Hi, Jacky.

WAITRESS

Have a seat, I'll be right there.

With that, she grabs an armload of orders and rushes off to a table at the end as he slips into a booth.

Bray opens the paper and reads the headline: SENATORS INDITED. Below a photo of four senators led into a courthouse by armed guards. He glances up to a TV as the news plays:

NEWSCASTER

--and the Justice Department continued their indictments today with the preliminary hearings of four US senators. This continues their two month activities that began with the startling discovery of information belonging to late New York Times reporter Colleen Bray--

They flash her photo and Bray smiles.

NEWSCASTER

--linking organized crime, factions of the FBI and the senate. The organization apparently ran a secret enterprise of a diversity criminal actions stretching across the globe. According to the Justice Department, despite the power the organization had, it breed distrust in its ranks and was held together by bribery. Tonight on Larry Crane's Talk Back, Larry will be discussing the impact of this on the credibility of government officials.

WAITRESS (O.C.)

Coffee?

Bray looks to the waitress with a coffee pot.

WAITRESS

Coffee, hon?

BRAY

Please.

He turns over his cup and she pours.

WAITRESS

How's the job, going?

BRAY

Good. Comfortable.

WAITRESS

So you'll be sticking around these parts
for a while?

BRAY

I--think so.

Her smile sparkles.

WAITRESS

Good to hear it.

Bray taken and smiles back.

WAITRESS

Ready to order?

BRAY

Oh, just a minute.

WAITRESS

Be right back.

She begins to turn but catches herself.

WAITRESS

Oh, a friend of yours dropped something
off for you.

A slow shock comes over Bray as she hands him an envelope.

BRAY

Who was it?

WAITRESS

I don't know. He came in just before you
did.

She notices his wariness.

WAITRESS

Everything okay?

BRAY

Oh, yes.

She smiles again.

WAITRESS

Okay. I'll be right back.

Bray studies the envelope for a long moment before he opens it. He pulls out a folded piece of paper and opens it to a written message: "Just stay out of trouble". Colleen's photo paper clipped to the top.

Bray looks around the diner and out the window. He spots an obviously out-of-place man as he walks to a sedan. At the car, the man turns and it's Parks.

The men's eyes meet. The agent relents a shallow smile as he half-salutes. Bray smiles and faintly waves back.

Parks looks away, slips behind the wheel and drives off to the interstate.