THE CHANGER

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The sound of FOOTSTEPS ascending the stairs.

HARRIS (O.S.)

So, what they call this dude?

KENNEDY (O.S.)

The Changer.

HARRIS (O.S.)

What kind of a lame ass name is that?

KENNEDY (O.S.)

I didn't come up with it.

HARRIS (O.S.)

What about Morphman? That's cool.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

You read too many comic books.

KENNEDY, 40s, Caucasian, cheap suit with clashing tie, rounds the stairs. Behind him is HARRIS, 30s, African-American, poster boy for Reebok.

HARRIS

Just sayin'. It's a stupid ass name.

KENNEDY

It's better than The Black Cop Who Runs Fast Because He's Black.

Harris chuckles as they reach the landing.

HARRIS

Who's that? Stevens?

KENNEDY

No, that's what we called you when you were a rookie.

Kennedy and Harris walk over to--

EXT. APARTMENT 4D

Kennedy draws his revolver, his badge hangs from a chain. Motions to Harris to be quiet. Harris mouths "You racist motherfucker" as he draws his gun and pulls out his badge.

Kennedy nods three times, kicks in the door. They rush into--

INT. APARTMENT 4D - CONTINUOUS

PETUNIA, 30s, a hideous Latina hooker, sits on the sofa, screams. Kennedy and Harris hold their guns on her.

KENNEDY

Police! Where is he?

PETUNIA

In the bathroom.

HARRIS

I got it, man.

Harris moves down the hall to the--

BATHROOM

The door is ajar. Harris nudges it open with his foot. He searches the room with his gun held in front of him, sneaks over to the shower, moves the shower curtain to one side.

A CAT sits in the tub, MEOWS.

Harris smirks, turns, holsters his weapon, walks back to the--

LIVING ROOM

Kennedy holds his gun on Petunia who yells at him in Spanish.

HARRIS

Hey, man, it's clear. Just a cat.

KENNEDY

Then this must be him.

PETUNIA

What cat?

Kennedy and Harris exchange glances. Harris runs back to--

BATHROOM

Empty. He notices a small, open window, runs over to it, looks out. A DARK FIGURE scurries down the fire escape.

Harris bolts back to the--

LIVING ROOM

HARRIS

I'm going after him.

Harris runs full speed out of the apartment, down the--

STAIRWAY

Harris ricochets off the walls as he speeds down four flights, out the front door and onto--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Harris looks left, right, spies THE CHANGER, a tall figure in a trench coat, running across the street.

Harris chases The Changer half a block down the sidewalk, then into a busy intersection.

Harris dodges cars as he crosses the intersection, then dashes down the sidewalk, chases The Changer into an--

ALLEY

Out of breath, Harris draws his gun, turns 360 degrees. Nothing. His eyes widen, he spins, comes face to face with--

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, tall, beard, big hat, points down to the end of the alley.

HARRIS

Thanks, man.

Harris runs a few yards then stops short.

HARRIS

Shit.

He turns to see The Changer run out of the alley. Harris jumps into pursuit, runs out of the alley and back on the--

STREET

Harris spots The Changer's trench coat down the street, chases after him. The Changer turns the corner in front of Harris.

As Harris rounds the street corner, he almost trips over--

ELDERLY WOMAN, 80s, wool coat, cane, lies on the sidewalk.

WOMAN

Help me. This crazy man knocked me down. He ran right into me.

Harris holsters his weapon, walks over to her.

HARRIS

Are you okay? How bad are you hurt?

Harris lifts her off the ground slowly.

WOMAN

Oh, thank you so much, young man.

HARRIS

You're very welcome.

As the Woman stands, Harris grabs her arms, cuffs her.

WOMAN

What are you doing?

HARRIS

You think you're slick, man? I'll show you slick.

Kennedy rounds the corner out of breath, sizes up the scene.

WOMAN

Let me go. You're hurting me.

HARRIS

Kennedy, man, where were you?

KENNEDY

I was questioning the hooker-- I mean witness.

Harris notices Kennedy's shorts protruding from his open fly. He taps Kennedy's groin with his gun, Kennedy zips up.

HARRIS

Man, this is some whacked out shit. Check this out. First the dude was running, then-bam-he turns into Abraham Lincoln. The beard, the hat, everything, man. Then I think, shit, man, didn't Abraham Lincoln get shot, or some shit?

WOMAN

Please, I think my arm is broken.

Harris gives the Woman a knee to the groin, she doubles over.

HARRIS

Shut up!

KENNEDY

So, this is him? You're positive?

HARRIS

Yeah, man, this is definitely him.

An ESKIMO, fur coat, fuzzy hat, spear, walks up behind them, nods hello.

ESKIMO

Nookie, nookie.

Harris looks up, nods back.

HARRIS

Yeah, man. Nookie, nookie.

The Eskimo walks on down the alley.

Harris grabs the Woman by the arm, turns her around.

HARRIS

You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to -- shit!

Harris takes off after the Eskimo. Kennedy grabs the Woman as she moans in pain. He lowers her softly to the ground.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry. I'll be right back.

Kennedy jogs after Harris, stands on the street, looks left and right. He lost them.

KENNEDY

Harris! Harris, where are you?

HARRIS (O.S.)

Kennedy, man, get your ass over here!

Kennedy turns, follows Harris' voice.

HARRIS (O.S.)

Shut up, man. Kennedy, get your fat, white, Krispie Kreme eatin' ass over here now, man!

Kennedy draws his gun, follows the voice into another--

ALLEY

Kennedy stops short, his eyes widen.

KENNEDY

Holy shit.

Kennedy inches closer, his gun out in front, into a--

STANDOFF

The Changer has morphed into an exact twin of Harris. They stand toe to toe with their guns drawn on each other.

KENNEDY

Harris?

HARRIS

Kennedy, listen. It's me, man. Slap the cuffs on him.

THE CHANGER

Don't listen to him, man. As soon as you cuff me, he'll get away.

KENNEDY

Okay, I seen this in a movie once. I'm gonna ask you both a question. The one who answers correctly is Harris.

THE CHANGER

Good idea, man.

HARRIS

Okay, man. Do it up.

KENNEDY

Okay. What is the capitol of Kansas?

HARRIS

What the hell? This ain't fucking Jeopardy, man.

THE CHANGER

Kansas City.

KENNEDY

That's right.

Kennedy points his gun at Harris.

KENNEDY

Drop the gun.

HARRIS

Kennedy, you're supposed to ask a question only I know the answer to. Not some stupid ass geology question.

THE CHANGER

Go ahead, man. Slap the cuffs on him.

HARRIS

Your middle name is Jerome. You live with your mother.

THE CHANGER

You're flat-footed, you weigh over two hundred pounds, and you love jelly doughnuts.

HARRIS

You seen the jelly on his tie, man!

KENNEDY

Oh, fuck this shit.

Kennedy aims and shoots at The Changer, he falls.

HARRIS

Alright, Kennedy. Good work.

Harris lowers his gun. Kennedy spins, shoots Harris in the chest, he falls. Kennedy holsters his weapon.

Kennedy looks down at The Changer. Steam rises from a puddle of green ooze.

Kennedy looks down at Harris. He lies on the ground motionless.

KENNEDY

Oh, shit!

Harris opens one eye, coughs, and moans.

HARRIS

That shit hurts like a motherfu--

Kennedy offers his hand, helps Harris to his feet. They both stand and observe the puddle of steaming ooze.

HARRIS

What's that shit?

KENNEDY

It's gonna be tough slapping the cuffs on him now. I got a sandwich bag back in my car.

Kennedy turns and walks back down the alley. Harris follows, steps gingerly.

HARRIS

Hey, wait up, man.

KENNEDY

You okay?

HARRIS

Yeah, I just got the wind knocked out of my ass. Hey, that was good thinking, man.

KENNEDY

Thanks.

Kennedy and Harris round the corner.

HARRIS (O.S.)

How you know I was wearing a vest?

KENNEDY (O.S.)

What do you mean?

HARRIS (O.S.)

You did know I was wearing a vest, right? Tell me you knew I was wearing a vest. Don't lie to me, man.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

Of course, I knew.

HARRIS (O.S.)

You fucking lying piece of shit. You shot me, motherfucker.

KENNEDY (O.S.)

It would have gone straight through your shoulder. You probably would have regained maybe ninety percent use of your arm. Seventy-five at the very least.

Police sirens wail over their conversation.

HARRIS (O.S.)

How about I kick one hundred percent of your ass, motherfucker?

FADE OUT.