

CRIMINALLY CANDID

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FADE IN:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the alleyway where TWO SEWER RATS scurry between the garbage cans and the discarded debris, nibbling on rotten food as they find it.

(V.O.)

For all of you that think you know
fear... I got a secret to tell ya.
You don't know shit about fear.

The rodents are being watched by a FAT BLACK CAT hunched low behind a trash can situated between two closed doors.

(V.O.)

... Fear is a message. Sent from
your brain to your heart.

One of the rats sniffs it's way into a potato chip bag as the other wanders further ahead.

(V.O.)

... Telling it to skip a beat. Save
a pump. Preserve your blood,

As the cat inches out of it's hiding spot, eyes locked on the errant prey which scours for food - oblivious.

(V.O.)

... Because in the next instant.
You're going to need every,

Suddenly, the wandering rodent stops. Sniffs the air.

(V.O.)

... Single, drop,

Then darts for the closest shadow. The very same shadow of which the alley cat hides/waiting, when -

(V.O.)

... To Survive.

One of the two doors burst open and slams against the wall. Sending the rodents fleeing off in one direction, the cat in the other.

OPEN DOOR

As a MUSCLE NECK BOUNCER tosses a YOUNG MAN out onto the pavement.

MUSCLE NECK

You touch one of the girls again
and the next time it'll be the
ocean.

The young man is JAY, mid-20s, Ed Hardy shoes and clothes. He hits the ground hard. Collects himself as the Bouncer swipes his hands (job well done) then heads back for the door well-pleased with himself.

JAY (O.S.)

You sucker punched me you steroid
chugging fuck.

The Bouncer halts. Turns to see that the young man has made it to his feet.

JAY (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Now lets see if you got the balls
to try that again.

The Bouncer scowls. Takes a step forward then thinks better of it.

MUSCLE NECK

Have a nice night sir. See you next
week.

Turns on his heel and heads once again for the door, when,

JAY (O.S.)

Whattsa matter, scared to fight
without your butt-buddies from
inside?

The Bouncer stops...

MUSCLE NECK

That's it. No mo Mr. Nice Guy.

Turns and charges the young man who goes into a combatant stance.

JAY

Bring it on you big ape!

Throws a mean right hook. Misses. Then is easily maneuvered into a half-nelson by his much bigger opponent.

MUSCLE NECK

Ain't so tough now huh? Ain't so
tough now.

JAY

Let, go of me you big fuck! Fight like a man. You fucking homo! Let go!

MUSCLE NECK

Oh no. You're getting the MVP Asshole Treatment.

Reverses his hold and places the young man into a head lock. Drags him off down the alleyway.

JAY

Where'n the fuck you taking me?! Let go you fucking gorilla!! Let, go!!!

EXT. THE "G" SPOT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

A marquee board advertises: The hottest dancers in West Los Angeles. Group and Bachelor Party discounts.

Beneath the sign, High-end Sports and Luxury automobiles glisten under the post lights scattered throughout the parking lot.

AT THE ENTRANCE DOOR

A second young man, COLIN, early 20s, busted lip, argues with TWO BARREL-CHEST MEN who have obviously just bounced him from the club.

COLIN

This is bullshit! I ain't leaving here without my friend!

BARREL CHEST #1

You can wait out on the sidewalk. Your friend'll be round in a minute.

COLIN

What'da ya mean be round?! And whose gonna pay for my time piece?!

Waves broken designer watch for all to see.

BARREL CHEST #1

You can take it up with management Contact number is on our website. Now if you would please, off the property sir.

COLIN
Hell no. I wanna talk to your supervisor. You just can't --

JAY (O.S.)
... got dammit I said let go. When my dad finds out about this.

MUSCLE NECK (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah, yeah. He's gonna have my job, right?

Colin looks over to the right corner of the building - where the alleyway opens into the front parking lot - and sees his friend's neck locked inside the Bouncer's massive arm.

COLIN
What the--? JaY?

Breaks into a trot, shouting at the Bouncer.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Hey, what the hell man?

Jay, from his compromising position, glimpses his road dog coming to his aide.

JAY
Colin. Good!
(to Muscle Neck)
That's yo ass now!
(to Colin)
C-Dog, drop this fool man.

Colin hesitates. Looks over his shoulder at the two barrel chests back at the entrance door, looking over, ready to assist.

The Bouncer, however, pays Colin no mind as he releases Jay with a hard shove sending him stumbling towards a row parked cars.

MUSCLE NECK
Fuck next week. I don't want to ever see your face round here again.

Jay catches his balance. Spins back to face the Bouncer, a mischievous grin on his face.

JAY
Or what?

Colin moves to his side, also staring with a threatening glare.

COLIN
Yeah, or what?

The Bouncer smiles. Pushes red button on the device clipped to his belt, summoning the two barrel chests, along with others security personnel who comes bursting out from inside.

Jay and Colin exchange a glance.

EXT. LA BREA BOULEVARD - WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

A WHITE RANGE ROVER fishtails out of The "G" Spot's parking lot, onto La Brea Blvd., which hosts an array of Friday night motorists cruising for a good time.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jay is hunched over the steering wheel weaving the high-end SUV in and out of traffic as Colin stares into the side-view mirror watching the strip club slip further and further behind.

COLIN
Okay, okay, okay... you can slow down now.

JAY
Hey whose drivin you or me? And why'n the hell didn't you take that goon out when I told ya?

Colin shoots him a look.

COLIN
Did you see how many of them there were? If I hadda touched that guy we'd both be getting out ass stomped right now.

JAY
Then boo fucking who. We bros. You suppose to have my back no matter what.

COLIN
I did have yo back.

JAY
Yeah... way back.

COLIN

Huh?

JAY

You heard me.

COLIN

Naw, I don't think so.

JAY

You flaked out on me bro. You got scared.

COLIN

Scared. No, I was being smart not scared. There's a big difference between the two. That's what you're gonna learn one day.

JAY

Yeah, let you tell it.

COLIN

And I will. You always getting into shit you can just walk away from. And because my dumb ass is with you, I end up getting caught up in the shit too. Like now, look at my lip. I'm gonna have to call off from work again in the morning. Fuckin round with you. And I can't even fully blame you cause like I said, my dumb ass is always with you.

JAY

Don't try'n change this around. If you was watching my back that muscle-neck fuck would've never been able to sneak up behind me and black my eye.

(twists rear-view to
examine)

And you flexing bout yo job. Now I gotta explain this to Steve?

COLIN

Don't you mean dad?

JAY

Fuck you.

COLIN

Anyway. Tell him the truth. You got drunk and grabbed a stripper so a Bouncer clocked you.

JAY

First off, that steroid fuck sucker-punched me. And second, fuck you. At least I wasn't scared.

Colin lets out an exasperated sigh.

COLIN

I'm telling you Jay. One day--

JAY

What, I'm gonna wake up one morning and find out somebody snipped my balls.

COLIN

I think this full moon is fuckin with yo mind.

JAY

Well if it's fucking with mine it should be fucking with yours. We suppose to be boyz!

COLIN

So what, since I didn't do nuthin stupid I ain't ya boy no mo?

BING, BING, BING, BING.

The eyes of both Jay and Colin look down at the dashboard display where a digital gas pump flashes red.

AUTOMATED VOICE

You have less than one gallon remaining. Refuel as soon as possible.

Jay slams his palm against the steering wheel.

JAY

FUCK!!!

Colin shakes his head side to side.

COLIN

Like I said, this full moon is fuckin with yo mind.

JAY

And like I SAID, if it's fuckin
with mine it should be fuckin with
yourz.

Colin looks off.

COLIN

Yeah whatever.

INT. FUEL & SHOP GAS STATION/MINI MART - NIGHT

Packed. Line of CUSTOMERS waiting at the counter. Others
grabbing beer and drinks out the coolers. Some reaching for
knick knacks off the shelves.

THE ENTRANCE DOORS

Slide apart to reveal Jay entering the store, his black eye
standing out like a sore thumb. He take one look at the line
of customers and throws out his arms.

JAY

You gotta be fucking kidding me!

Stomps up to the register and raps twice on the

BULLET PROOF PLEXIGLAS

Behind which ANGEL - as evident from the name tag pinned to
his Fuel & Shop apron - tends a customer.

JAY (CONT'D)

You can't be the only one working
are you?

Angel, early 30s, shaved head beneath his Fuel & Shop ball
cap, doesn't give Jay the satisfaction of the slightest
glance. Instead, he hands over receipt and change to the
waiting customer.

ANGEL

Next.

JAY

Whassa matter, you no speakie the
English?

Angel continues to disregard the asshole, greeting the next
Patron who steps up to the register.

ANGEL
 Welcome to Fuel & Shop. How may I
 help you?

On this, Jay throws up his hands and heads for the back of
 the line?

JAY
 (under breath)
 Fucking illegal.

EXT. FUEL & SHOP GAS STATION/MINI MART - NIGHT

A yellow mini-cooper turns into the lot, pulls around to the
 left side of the building and parks next to a blue honda
 accord.

EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA.

SARAH, late 40s, steps out of the Cooper, already wearing her
 Fuel & Shop apron, name tag, and ball cap.

INT. FUEL & SHOP GAS STATION/MINI MART - NIGHT

Jay finally makes it to the register.

ANGEL
 Welcome to Fuel & Shop. How may I
 help you.

JAY
 (feigning surprise)
 Oh, so you do speakie the English.

ANGEL
 Man fool whatch you want? I ain't
 got time fo this shit, Essay.

Jay flashes a mischievous grin. Pulls out a wad of cash.
 Peels off a hundred dollar bill and releases it with a
 flourish into the drop tray.

JAY
 Two packs of Marlboro Red and put
 the change on Pump #4.

As Angel removes the money from the trough.

ANGEL
 If you don't slow down homes
 somebody gonna sock you in that
 other eye.

Jay is taken aback.

JAY
Why you little spic muther fucker.
You want a piece of me?!
(Raps on bullet-proof
partition))
Come out from behind that glass!
I'll, kill you!

Angel calmly reaches up and grabs two packs of Marlboro Reds from the cigarette rack and tosses them in the drop tray.

ANGEL
Now get the fuck outta here.

Jay has no choice but to take the smokes and leave. But not before issuing one final insult.

JAY
This ain't East LA, homes. A person
can get fucked up around here.

Angel indicates Jay's blackened eye.

ANGEL
Yeah, I see.

Jay's face flushes RED.

EXT./INT. MINI MART - NIGHT

As Sarah nears the entrance doors, they slide apart to reveal Jay storming out the store, nearly running her over as he passes.

SARAH
Heeyyy. Watch it.

Jay gives her the "Bird" over his shoulder as he goes.

JAY
Fuck You.

Sara enters the store and throws a look at Angel behind the counter.

SARAH
What was that about?

The line of customers answer in reply,

CUSTOMERS
Ass-hole. Deuce-bag. Jerk.

EXT. FUEL DISPENSER #4 - BANK OF GAS PUMPS - NIGHT

Jay side-punches the Super Unleaded Button. Snatches the nozzle off it's cradle and jams it into the tank of the SUV; his index finger flicking the Breakaway Switch to allow machine regulate the flow.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING

Colin surfs the internet on his smart phone. Doesn't look up as the driver's door open and Jay climbs behind the wheel. Tosses over one of the two packs of Marlboros.

JAY
I can't believe this fucking night.
I swear, the next mutherfucker that
gets out of line.

COLIN
What happened now?

JAY
Nothing to worry your smart ass
about.

Lifts arm-rest compartment. Inside is a fifth of Tequila. As Jay pulls the cork and turns up the bottle.

COLIN
I think that's the most intelligent
thing you said all year. Nothing,
to worry, my smart ass about. I
like that.

Jay lowers the bottle, swallows.

JAY
What happened to you C-Dog? You use
to be the first one ready to
rumble. Where's that C-Dog?

COLIN
Grown up. With a job that I like.
One that I'm pretty damn good at. I
can go far with this company and I
ain't gonna screw it up running
around with you.

JAY
 Nobody's holding a gun to your
 head.

Takes another swig from the bottle. Extends it to Colin.

Colin looks up from his cell phone. To the liquor. Then to Jay.

COLIN
 You're right. Nobody's holding a
 gun to my head.

Jay pulls back the bottle.

JAY
 You see, this is what I'm talking
 bout. Who'n the fuck is this guy?

COLIN
 The one that can think for himself.

JAY
 Maybe you oughta get you own ride
 and drive for yo self also.

Takes a third swig...

COLIN
 I got my own ride.

... Lowers the bottle.

JAY
 Yeah, if you wanna call that piece
 of shit American car a ride.

COLIN
 Well not everybody's got a rich
 daddy.

JAY
 Tough, shit.

EXT. FUEL DISPENSER #4 - BANK OF GAS PUMPS

The Electronic Head of the petrol meter tallies the gas as it's pumped though the heavy, spring-coiled hose that hangs between the SUV and the dispenser.

INSERT DIGITAL DISPLAY: \$17.25, \$17.50, \$17.75, \$18.00, etc..

INT. MANGER'S OFFICE - FUEL & SHOP GAS STATION - NIGHT

Angel takes off his company hat and apron. Tosses into locker. Put's on his own ball cap - This one the Los Angeles Dodgers.

He then whips out his cell phone and places a call while exiting out the room.

EXT. MANAGER'S OFFICE

Sarah now works the register. The door to the manger's office open and Angel appears. Waves as he pass...

ANGEL

Later.

SARAH

See you tomorrow Angel.

...from around the counter headed out the store.

EXT. FUEL DISPENSER #4 - NIGHT

The Electronic Head continues to tally the petrol pumping through the hose: \$58.50, \$58.75, \$60.00, 60.25, Etc...

INSIDE THE RANGE ROVER

Jay stares out of the suv smoking on a cigarette while Colin strolls through his smart-phone; each wanting nothing to do with the other.

Suddenly, Jay bolts upright in his seat, eyes fixed across the steering wheel.

JAY

Whoa, whoa, whoaaa. What do we have here?

Colin follow his eyes

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

and spots Angel exiting the mini-mart, talking on his cell.

COLIN

What?

JAY
Lil cholo-boy was running off at
the mouth.

Stubs cigarette in ashtray.

JAY (CONT'D)
Now we're gonna see how tuff you
are when you ain't behind that
counter.

Pops open the door and dashes

OUTSIDE THE RANGE ROVER

Where he snatches the nozzle from the gas tank before the
breakaway switch could sense the back pressure and shut off.

INSIDE THE RANGE ROVER

Colin pockets his smart-phone and rolls his eyes in
disbelief.

COLIN
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Meanwhile, Jay hops back behind the steering wheel.

JAY
Showtime! And this time you better
not flake out on me either.

COLIN
Is this really necessary? We don't
even know if that sucker has a gun.

Jay pushes the engine-start button and puts the truck in
gear.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING - FUEL & SHOP GAS STATION - NIGHT

Angel rounds the building headed for his blue Honda Accord.
As he nears, he digs out his car keys and deactivates the
alarm - Beep.

ANGEL
(into cell)
Did the Laker's win?... What, to
Sacramento?... Ah baby you gotta be
playing with me.

He reaches to open the door when,

High-beam HEAD-LIGHTS washes over the area as Jay's Range Rover screeches to a halt a few feet away.

Angel turns. Squints through the glare to see the ass-hole customer from earlier stepping down from the vehicle.

He lets out an exasperated sigh.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 Baby, let me call you right back. I love you.

Puts phone away before she can respond. Steps forward to meet the ass-hole.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 SIR, could you please move your vehicle?

Jay, grinning mischievously, motions Colin to hang back.

JAY
 Just watch my back. I got this.

As he closes the distance between him and the store-clerk.

JAY (CONT'D)
 Now what was this about you socking me in my other eye?

ANGEL
 SIR, I'm about to back out. Could you please move your truck outta the way.

JAY
 Oh don't back out now. You wasn't backing out when you was in there behind that bullet-proof glass.

ANGEL
 Man, whac u talking bout Essay? You was acting like an asshole.

JAY
 Oh, so I'm an asshole now?

ANGEL
 Man look, if you don't get the fuck outta the way I'mma --
 (MORE)

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 (holds up finger)
 Uno momento.

Opens front door of his car. Reaches under the front seat and pulls out a long steel black flashlight - the kind the police of the 60's used to beat minorities with.

Jay smiles at the store-clerk's choice of weapon.

JAY
 That's fair. Me and my boy against
 you and your flashlight.

Angel steps nose to nose with the grinning asshole.

ANGEL
 Look, I already got two strikes so
 if I beat yo ass with this
 flashlight I'm gonna really beat yo
 ass with this flashlight.

***** rewrite scene below *****

THREE BEATS - As the two sizes one another up. Then -
 Jay abruptly erupts in laughter.

JAY
 Man... I was jus fucking with you
 Essay.... You know, Friday night.
 Full Moon. It's all good.
 (extends hand)
 I'm Jay. Everybody calls me J-Dog.

As Angel contemplates the gesture...

JAY (CONT'D)
 It's all good Essay. What'd you
 say?

... then lowers the flash light.

ANGEL
 Cool. It's all good.

Extends hand out to shake, when -

Jay throws a STRAIGHT JAB into his THROAT.

JAY
 BOO-YA!!!

The flashlight clangs to the ground as Angel staggers back clutching at his neck.

JAY (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talkin bout. A classic sucker-punch. C-Dog, remind me to thank that muscle neck fuck the next time we're at the G Spot.

COLIN

You proved your point now lets go. You know how 5-0 patrol up and down La Brea.

Jay looks back at Colin and holds up a finger.

JAY

Uno momento.

Runs and jumps in the air delivering a flying drop kick which lands flat on Angel's chest knocking him back first to the ground, his head bouncing hard off the concrete.

COLIN

Quickly sees that the store-clerk has lost consciousness, and that Jay doesn't give a damns fore he begins to repeatedly kick the helpless man punctuating each strike with,

JAY (CONT'D)

Don't, you, ever, talk to me, like that, again!

Colin glances at the bystanders starting to take notice, some with cell phones to their ears. Colin sprints over and shoves Jay away the store-clerk.

COLIN

Come on, man. You ever think about letting anything go?
(points at bystanders)
They're calling the cops.

Jay follows his finger across the lot at the Bystanders talking into their cell phones looking their way.

His excitement quickly subsides.

JAY

Let's get the fuck outta here.

DRIVE AROUND - SECONDS LATER

Tires burn rubber as the Range Rover reverses into the drive around, brakes, then lurches forward into first gear headed for the exit. However...

FUEL-PUMP ISLANDS

...Onlookers points it out to a LAPD PATROL CAR that races into the gas station and skids/halts into a half-turn blocking it's escape.

INT. RANGE ROVER

Jay brakes the truck to a stop.

POLICE
(over loud horn)
Cut the engine and put your hands
flat on the dashboard where I can
see them.

Jay pushes the engine-off button then slowly, along with Colin, follows the officer's command.

EXT. LA BREA & PICO INTERSECTION - WEST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Sirens and red strobe-lights force motorists off to the side of the road as an AMBULANCE comes racing down Pico blvd. Slowing. Then turning into the -

EXT. FUEL & SHOP GAS STATION - CONTIINOUS

Where a crowd has gathered around the employee parking area gawking as Sarah and the POLICE OFFICER, that arrived earlier on the scene, perform CPR on Angel who lies unconscious on the pavement.

SARAH
One, two, three, go.
(Officer blows into
Angels's mouth)
One, two, three, go.
(and again)
Come on Angel you can do it.
Breath.

In the b.g. The ambulance slows to a stop. And out jumps a...

EMPLOYEE PARKING AREA

SENIOR and JUNIOR PARAMEDIC, along with the DRIVER of the emergency vehicle, who converge on Sarah and the Officer; stretcher and medical box at the ready.

SENIOR EMT
We got it from here.

SARAH

Thank you. Thank God. Save him
please.

She and the Officer step aside as the medics take over the
resuscitation procedures.

DRIVER

What have we got?

COP

Arrived on the scene a few minutes
ago. Found the victim unconscious.
Immediately engaged in CPR.

The Driver can't help but notice Jay and Colin handcuffed in
the back seat of the patrol car.

DRIVER

Those the assailants?

COP

Witnesses state as such.

DRIVER

Racially motivated?

COP

Your guess is as good as mine. But
the one smells like a distillery.

The older paramedic, listening for a heartbeat and finding
none, signals to his much younger colleague.

SENIOR EMT

Prepare for electric shock.

JUNIOR EMT

Affirmative.

Whips out portable defibrillator as his partner cuts away the
patient's shirt... exposing an upper torso littered with gang
tattoos.

JUNIOR EMT (CONT'D)

What is this guy some kind of gang
banger?

SENIOR EMT

Does it matter?

JUNIOR EMT

Auh, no.

SENIOR EMT
Then lets get him breathing.

JUNIOR EMT
Oh, yeah.
(raises shock paddles)
Clear?

SENIOR EMT
On you hot shot.

The novice drops the paddles which delivers an electrical jolt to the patient's body. After which the senior checks again for a pulse. Finds nothing.

SENIOR EMT (CONT'D)
Again.

For the second time the novice lowers the paddles and delivers an electrical shock.

INT. BACK SEAT OF PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colin and Jay looks on. Colin, with concern in his eyes and Jay, without the slightest care.

COLIN
Man, if that guy dies.

JAY
Then he died cause he tangled with J-dog. Fuck'em.

COLIN
Just make sure you tell the cops that. He tangled with you, not me.

JAY
Relax. That Beaner's prints are all over that flashlight not ours. Classic self defense.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING - CONTINUOUS

For a third time the older paramedic checks and finds no pulse. Looks up at his partner at the same time removing a sharpie from his pocket.

SENIOR EMT
Prepare for an adrenaline injection.

JUNIOR EMT

On it.

Reaches into the medical box and pulls out an EPI-PEN AUTO-INJECTOR, which he pops the Blue Cap off the front of the device revealing a six-inch blunt-tip needle, then the Red Cap off the back to reveal a plunger.

The Police Officer watches on with interest.

COP

What's that?

DRIVER

Adrenaline injector. Hopefully a dose of Epinephrine will jump-start the heart.

COP

Like in that movie Pulp Fiction right?

DRIVER

Exactly.

Tears stream down her face as the lead paramedic SHARPIES a Black Circle over Angel's chest...

SARAH

Just hold on Angel, hold on.

... then pulls back to give the young medic room.

SENIOR EMT

X marks the spot... Now remember, you want to come down hard enough to penetrate the breast plate.

JUNIOR EMT

I know. I've done it at least ten times in class.

SENIOR EMT

Then what are you waiting on?

JUNIOR EMT

(realizes he's wasting
time)

Oh.

Grips the injector with both hands, holds it over the Patient's Heart. Then,

JUNIOR MEDIC

Clear?

SENIOR MEDIC

Go.

THE AUTO-INJECTOR LEAVES FRAME: THRUSTING DOWN HARD, WHEN -
Angel suddenly coughs, his body shifting out of position as
the needle slams home... A full five inches below it's mark.

ANGEL

His eyes POP OPEN and he lets out a HELLISH SCREAM.

ANGEL

EEERRHHHHAAUUUUGHHHHH!!

ROOKIE PARAMEDIC

jumps back, flat on his rear.

JUNIOR EMT

Shit!!!

LEAD PARAMEDIC

Extends one arm to steady his young colleague and the other
to stead the patient.

SENIOR EMT

Easy, easy. Lets keep it nice and
... AAAAHHHHH.

As Angel suddenly bolts upright: grabs the medic's wrist and
SNAPS it to the BONE.

JUNIOR EMT

Fuck, oh fuck!!

As blood gushes this way and that...

The OFFICER

pushes Sarah aside and draws his gun.

COP

LAPD, FREEZE.

INT. BACK SEAT OF PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Colin's mouth drop open.

JAY
Hol-ly, shit.

COLIN
Did that just happen?! Did that
just fucking happen?!!

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING - BACK AT THE SCENE

The DRIVER jumps in front of the Officer's aim,

DRIVER
Nnnoooo. That was the effect of the
adrenaline hitting his central
nervous system.

COP
Outta the way, NOW.

The Driver instead signals to the young/shaken paramedic.

DRIVER
(indicates Senior)
Get him out of here.
(back to Officer)
It's gonna pass, he's okay.
He just went into shock that's all.

BEHIND HIM

Angel yanks the needle out of his side, crazed-eyes
inspecting the object before slinging it aside.

COP
Get outta the got damn way!

DRIVER
But he's unarmed. You can't shoot
an unarmed patient.

Smoothly, the Officer holsters his Nine and draws out a tazor
gun.

COP
MOVE. NOW.

DRIVER
Just give me a second.

Spins to the patient.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It's okay. You went out. We jolted
you back to life that's all.
Everything's gonna be fine.

Angel, however, hops to his feet with surprising speed...
startling the officer who fires the tazer gun. Releasing

TWO ELECTRICAL PRONGS that sail through the air... and
lands/sinks into the back of the Driver.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

The impact propels him forward into Angel's arms, bridging
an electrical contact which sends the current streaking
through both their bodies.

DRIVER, ANGEL

As they spasm erratically for three beats. Then,

The OFFICER

Releases the trigger prompting the electrical wires to go
slack.

The Driver's body collapses. Angel remains standing, yet
seemingly unconscious.

The SPECTATORS

Are stunned. A few take cell-phone pics. Three beats.

Angel snaps awake. Shakes off the effect of the tazer then
beats on his chest.

ANGEL

YEAH. COMPTON MUTHERFUCKERS!
EAST SIDE LOCOS!! WHAT?!!! WHAT?!!!

TAIL GATE OF AMUBLANCE - SAME TIME

As the novice frantically wraps his injured colleague's
bleeding wrist,

SENIOR EMT

What'd you do, inject the whole
vial into em?

JUNIOR EMT

He moved! He moved! You saw that!
He didn't have any vitals!

SENIOR EMT

Well he sure as hell has vitals
now.

BACK AT THE SCENE

The OFFICER

Drops the spent tazor gun and palms the handle of his Nine.

COP

Stop, hold it right there.

Angel's eyes dance from the prospect of a fight. He advances,

ANGEL

OR WHAT? WHAT ESSAY, WHAT U GONNA
DO?

COP

(oh well)
Have it your way.

Draws gun... the barrel barely clearing the holster when

Angel - once again moving with stunning speed - reaches out
and slaps it out of his grip.

ANGEL

YEAH! NOW WHAT?! WHAT?!!

COP

Hey hey it's cool. I'm here to help
you.

Back-peddles as Sarah runs up from behind,

SARAH

Angel it's okay. They caught the
guys that assaulted you.
(points to patrol car)
See, there they are, it's okay.

Angel's focus shifts to the

INT./EXT. BACK SEAT OF PATROL CAR - SAME TIME

...where Jay and Colin SHRIEK when their gaze locks with the
store-clerk's.

Two beats.

Angel clenches his fists. Moves for the patrol car. His pace quickening with each step until his personal velocity has him at a dead run.

SARAH
Angel, stop! Nnoooo!!

The Officer seizes the opportunity and dashes for his gun.

EXT. PATROL CAR

Angel runs up to the back door, draws back a fist, and without hesitation punches the window...

Shattering it to pieces.

INT. BACK SEAT OF PATROL CAR

Jay ducks head in lap as shards of glass rain down.

JAY
What the fuck? What'n the hell they give this guy?

COLIN
(looking this way and that)
Where's 5-0?! What happened to 5-0?!

OUTSIDE THE BUSTED OUT WINDOW

Angel reaches through the broken glass, grabbing for Jay who slides across the rear seat to the opposite side of the car.

ANGEL
You still want some white boy? Huh?

JAY
Fuck you mutherfucker. You psycho fuck.

Angel leans further inside, fingers grasping. Colin is sandwiched between the door and Jay who flips onto his back and kicks at the store-clerk.

JAY (CONT'D)
Back, you cock sucker, back! Get the fuck outta here!

COLIN
Yeah back. Get the fuck away.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING

The Officer makes it to his gun. Picks up the weapon and runs back to accost the store-clerk who is pre-occupied with getting at the assailants in the back of the patrol car.

COP

Don't make me do this.

SARAH

He's unarmed. You can't shoot an unarmed man in the back!

The Officer throws her a look. Holsters the nine-millimeter. Whips out an EXPANDABLE BATON and FLICKS it open.

COP

Last warning. Down on the ground.
NOW.

Angel, oblivious, leans further through the window trying to get a hold of Jay.

COP (CONT'D)

Have it your way.

Swings the baton striking Angel across the middle of his back, repeatedly.

COP (CONT'D)

DOWN, DAMMIT, DOWN.

INSIDE THE PATROL CAR

Colin is getting sandwiched between the door and Jay who writhes/kicks with all his might to ward off the store-clerk.

JAY

Shit! Fuck! Get the hell way from me!

COLIN

Back mutherfucker! BACK.

Angel gets a hold of one of Jay's feet and begins to pull him across the seat.

JAY

Aaaahhhh. Aaaaahhhh. Help C-Dog!!!

Thinking quickly, Colin swings his legs up and down around Jay's waist preventing him from sliding further.

Angel snarls.

ANGEL
Oh you want sum too? You want sum
of this?

Punches the shins of Colin.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Here, take it. Take it. Take it.

COLIN
HHEEEAAYYY. AAAUUUUGGGG.

As he fights through the pain to hold on. Angel starts laughing maniacally.

ANGEL
You like that? Huh, you like that?

COLIN
AAUHH!!! AUHHHH!!! AAUUUHH!!!

JAY
Don't let go! Don't let go!

Colin can take no more...

COLIN
FFFUUCCK!!!!

Releases his scissor lock from around Jay's waist.

JAY
Wha, what're you doing?!

SLOW MOTION: AS COLIN LOOKS ON:

As Angel grabs Jay by the front of his shirt and yanks him across the back seat of the patrol car,

JAY (CONT'D)
C-Dog!!

COLIN (V.O.)
Fear is a message, sent from the
brain to your heart.

OUTSIDE THE PATROL CAR

Angel backs out of the window, pulling Jay head-first out the rear door...

COLIN (V.O.)
 Telling it to skip a beat, save a
 pump, preserve your blood.

... As the Officer continues to strike unsuccessfully with
 the baton.

COLIN (V.O.)
 Because in the next instant.

Angel holds Jay half way out the window with one hand, draws
 back a knuckled fist with the other.

COP
 Got, dammit, get, down!

COLIN (V.O.)
 You're going to need every single
 drop...

Jay freezes in terror at the sight of the store-clerk's fist
 drawn back to deliver what looks like a death blow; the FULL
 MOON glowing bright in the background.

COLIN (V.O.)
 To survive.

JAY
 AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. CEDAR SINAI HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

VOICE (O.C.)
 ... You are the One I turn to in
 moments of weakness and times of
 need. I ask you to be with your
 servant in this illness...

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - CEDAR SINAI HOSPITAL - DAY

An IV and Heart-monitor is hooked up to Jay who sleeps. His
 face battered. His left arm in a sling.

Janet, 40s, Chanel working women's suit, sits bedside reading
 aloud from a bible.

JANET
 ... Psalm 107:20 says that you send
 out your Word and heal.
 (MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)
 So then, please send your healing
 Word to your...

Jay opens his eyes.

JANET (CONT'D)
 ... Servant. In the name of Jesus,
 drive out all of the infirmity and
 sickness from --

JAY
 (stiff jawed)
 What happened?

Mother looks and cries out,

JANET
 Thank You Lord, Father Jesus thank
 you.

Kisses Jay on forehead.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
 You just about killed a man that's
 what happened?

Jay looks past his mother to his FATHER, 50s, Armani jacket
 and blue jeans, who sits on the opposite side of the room
 texting into his iphone; not even bothering to look up.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 And that's not to mention possible
 chargers for assaulting a
 paramedic.

JANET
 Not now Raymond.

RAYMOND
 If not now when? These charges are
 seriously he's looking at jail
 time.

JANET
 Not if he's innocent.

RAYMOND
 Whatever. The point is we've been
 bailing him and that, Colin, out of
 trouble for the last ten years now.
 When is he going to learn?

JAY
 (through wired jaw)
 C-Dog? Where's C-Dog?

JANET
 He's home dear. You've been in a
 coma for the last 32 hours.

RAYMOND
 Sleeping peaceful may I add.
 Meanwhile I had to cancel two
 important meetings today. One of
 which the client flew halfway
 around the world to see me.

Jay shifts for comfort, notices his right wrist handcuffed to
 the bed.

JAY
 What's this?

JANET
 Don't worry. We're going to bail
 you out as soon as they transfer
 you.

RAYMOND
 Janet! Didn't we just agree that
 jail may do him some good?

JANET
 No, you did.

RAYMOND
We, did. Hell, he's lucky I'm even
 here.

JANET
 (accuses)
 You're his father.

RAYMOND
 So says the birth certificate.

Jay, despite the sling, curls his index finger into a "Fuck
 You" bird which he directs at his father.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
 Why you ungrateful bastard.

JANET
 Raymond!

RAYMOND

After all that I provided for you,
fuck me? No, fuck you.

JANET

What is wrong with you? This is our
son.

RAYMOND

And if he thinks I'm forking over
the 50,000 bail money he's got
another thing coming.

JANET

No, we're not abandoning him.

RAYMOND

We're giving him space to be a man.

JANET

You have been giving him space his
whole life. Maybe if you had spent
more time with him we wouldn't be
in this --.

RAYMOND

Oh don't start that crap again. I
gave him everything he --

He stops as the door suddenly swings open and A NURSE ENTERS
making her rounds.

NURSE

Good afternoon, everything's all
right in here?

She notices Jay.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Peterson you're awake, how
marvelous!

Crosses over.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You thirsty? Have anything to drink
yet?

Jay shakes head no. His parents looks off in embarrassment.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Oh, we must get you some water
then.

Grabs pitcher of water off the night stand upon which a telephone, television remote, and paper cups rest.

NURSE (CONT'D)

The Doctor will want to talk to you as soon as possible so I'm going to have to ask your parents to leave. Will you be okay with that?

Jay shakes head yes.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Good. They can return first thing in the morning.

Holds cup for Jay to drink as his parents stand to leave.

JANET

I'll be here the second visiting hours start in the morning.

RAYMOND

(grunts)
See ya. Take care.

NURSE

You have a couple of more minutes before the doctor comes in.

RAYMOND

No. We're on way. No worries.

JANET

Take care of him please.

NURSE

We'll do our best.

Jay drinks until his parents disappears, then releases the straw from his mouth.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Feel better.
(off Jay's nod)
Good.
(place cup back on night stand)
I'll go let doctor know you're awake.

Exits room. After which, Jay inhales a breath of courage and begins to remove his injured arm from the sling: wincing in pain.

His arm pulls free... reaches for the courtesy phone atop the night-stand... fingers grasping for the receiver.

INT. MAILROOM - UNNAMED COMPANY - DAY

Colin sorts and place letters in different mail slots destined for different company employees, his upper lip swollen twice it's normal size.

Few other employees work around him. A cell phone RINGS. It's Colin's.

COLIN

Hello.

JAY (O.C.)

(stiff jawed)

C-Dog, it's me.

COLIN

Jay?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jay awkwardly holding the receiver next to his ear,

JAY

I need, your help.

COLIN

What's wrong with your mouth? I can barely understand you.

JAY

I, need, your help.

COLIN

With what? I'm not getting mixed up with any more of your shit. I got demoted to the mail room cause I had to take yesterday off because that store-clerk you fuck with beat the shit out of my legs.

JAY

I'm, the one laid, up with wires in his mouth.

COLIN

What? I can barely make out what you're saying.

JAY

Bail. I need your help, with bail.

COLIN

Sorry Bro. My parents fronted the loot for my defense lawyer so now I have to turn over every paycheck until I pay them back. What about your peeps?

JAY

That's, why, I'm asking you.

COLIN

Me, the person with the cheap ass American car?

JAY

Don't start. I need, you to come, down here to-morrow.

COLIN

Uhm, I'm not gonna be able to do that. My attorney advised me to stay away from you until after trial. Said I most likely get a few months probation for my part.

JAY

(stiff jaw)

What? Did he, convince, you to turn state? Promise you probation. Is that, what's going on, C-Dog?

COLIN

Jay, Jay, Jay... We really have drifted apart haven't we?

JAY

(sobs)

C-Dog... I need your help. I, I can't go to jail... I can't serve time in prison! Taking showers, with convicts!

COLIN

Then I guess you finally learned the difference between being scared and being smart.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'm just sad you had to find out
the hard way.
(beat)
I gotta get back to work.

Hangs up. Thinks for two beats... Returns to sorting mail.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM

Jay holds the receiver to his ear.

JAY
Colin?

His Heart rate increases off the non-response.

Colin?...

His Heart rate accelerates even faster.

(weakly)
C-Dog?

INSERT: Sound of phone disconnecting - BBBBBOOOOOONNN....

JAY'S FACE FREEZES in TERROR as his HEART BEAT RACES to FULL THROTTLE.

THE END