"CHAOS"

Written by Tony Giglio

SHOOTING SCRIPT: MARCH 15, 2004
"CHAOS"

FADE IN:

BEGIN OPENING CREDITS:

EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON... A BRONZE PLAQUE which reads, “PEARL STREET BRIDGE.”

ON THE BRIDGE... RAIN POURS DOWN. An SUV steers out of control and CRASHES into a STALLED OUT VEHICLE.

It’s quiet NOW, EXCEPT FOR THE INCESSANT pounding rain. IN THE DISTANCE, police lights approach.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

THROUGH A TELEVISION CAMERA... The image is GRAINY and FRENETIC. A HEAVY RAIN POURS DOWN on a MELEE OF ACTIVITY.

POLICE CARS block either end, their LIGHTS ignite the sky in a dizzying RED and BLUE design. The attention centers on...

The SUV and the CRASHED VEHICLE lay in the middle of the bridge. A MAN, 30’s, madness on his face, his right hand holds a HOSTAGE, a woman, 20’s, racked with fear, tight to his body. His left holds a GUN!

Two DETECTIVES, slowly approach the Man. ONLY SEE THE DETECTIVES FROM BEHIND.

A News Reporter, KAREN CROSS, 30’s, blond with energy to burn, shields herself from the rain, steps in front of the camera...

KAREN CROSS

... Police on scene are approaching the suspect. They’re at the center of the Bridge now.

The Man waves his gun wildly, screams at the Detectives. The Hostage, tears streaming down her face, SCREAMS OUT!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUDDENLY... THREE GUN SHOTS, almost simultaneously, RING OUT!
KAREN CROSS (OS)
We have shots fired. Shots have been fired... Both the suspect and his hostage are down... Police are moving in... Oh my God.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A loft apartment, scarcely furnished, except for BOOKS, HUNDREDS OF THEM, fill stacks of shelves. Hearing but not watching the television, METICULOUSLY preparing a GIN AND TONIC, is...

DETECTIVE QUENTIN CONNERS, a grizzled, intense veteran. His charisma, which he has in spades, gets him into as much trouble as it gets him out of. At present a somber mood. The shadows from the rain stream down Conners’s face.

IN THE GLASS’S REFLECTION... The TV Report plays. (NOTE: most of, if not all, of the TV report will in reflection.)

KAREN CROSS (OS)
After a two month investigation, Det. Jason York has been relieved of duty for his role in the Pearl Street Bridge shooting deaths of Lisa ReAnn and John Curtis. Key testimony against York came from Det. Bernard Callo, who was on scene that night. The Seattle Police Department is handing this case over to the King County District Attorney’s office. Criminal charges are expected.

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN--

The IMAGE cuts to an earlier interview with... CAPTAIN MARTIN JENKINS, 50’s, chronically tired and unsympathetic.

JENKINS
In a civilized society, the men and women entrusted with serving and protecting the community are to be held accountable just like everyone else. Simply put... Just because you are a cop, doesn’t mean laws don’t apply to you. This is no longer the wild, wild west.

KAREN CROSS stands on the steps, a PHOTO of Conners appears.
KAREN CROSS
This same review board last week found
Quentin Conners, Det. York’s partner,
“not responsible” for the same
shooting. He remains on suspension
without pay.

3B  INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Conners turns off the TV, lays the remote next to a PHOTO of
Connors and a YOUNG WOMAN (TEDDY) during happy times. He
stares at the photo, finishes his drink.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OPENING CREDITS.

4  EXT. SEATTLE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A COOL, CRISP Pacific Northwestern day. MOUNT RAINIER looms
in the distance. The SPACE NEEDLE overlooks downtown. While
the sun shines now, the OVERCAST SKY on the horizon
FORESHADOWS AN IMPENDING STORM. In the heart of the city...

5  EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

An IMPRESSIVE STRUCTURE on a BUSY CITY CORNER. TRAFFIC,
street and pedestrian, go about their business.

ACROSS THE STREET... A BLACK TRUCK screeches to a stop.

6  INT. BLACK TRUCK - DAY

LORENZ, 40’s, sits behind the steering wheel. His EYES cold,
merciless. He’s joined by FOUR OTHER MEN, ALL BLACK CLAD -
HEAVILY ARMED with BODY ARMOR!

Lorenz stares out at the bank, a last moment of peace.
Simultaneously, ALL FOUR DOORS OPEN and...

7  EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Lorenz and the Black Clad exit, quickly cross the street,
heading for the bank! Each carries a LARGE BLACK BAG.

7A  INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

PATRONS in line, wait impatiently. A SECURITY GUARD in the
corner yawns. TELLERS count out cash, access accounts on
COMPUTERS.

GRAINY SECURITY CAMERA IMAGES depict an average, business
day. THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.
EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Lorenz and the Black Clad arrive at the doors. They RAISE THEIR MASKS and...

INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Off the CROOKED EYEBROW of a BANK TELLER...

AT THE FRONT DOORS--

The BLACK CLAD STORM THE BANK! Four of the Black Clad move into position. Lorenz stands center stage. Gun in hand, he aims at the ceiling, PULLS the trigger... BAM! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT!

LOREN
Drop to the floor! Slowly! No sudden moves!
(to the Tellers)
You! Hands on heads, drop to your knees. Now! Do it!

PATRONS and TELLERS HIT THE GROUND, TERRIFIED! Lorenz is in COMPLETE and UTTER CONTROL.

BLACK CLAD #4 and #3 keep watch on the tellers behind the counters! One on one side, one on the other.

BLACK CLAD #2 ushers people out of side offices, gun-points them into the lobby!

BLACK CLAD #1 races upstairs, gathers people from the 2nd level, forces them downstairs.

From the corner of Lorenz’s eye... The SECURITY GUARD’s hand creeps toward his gun.

LORENZ
That... you don’t want to do.

The Security Guard reluctantly obeys. BLACK CLAD #1 DISARMS the Guard, then GUN BUTTS HIM over the head! The Guard drops, unconscious! CUSTOMERS, EMPLOYEES scream out.

Black Clad #1 rips keys from the Guard’s belt, tosses them to Black Clad #2!

LORENZ
Y’all picked the wrong day not to use the ATM.
(Beat)
You will not be harmed if you do exactly what I say, when I say it. You (MORE)
LORENZ (cont'd)
take your chances if you choose not to listen.

BLACK CLAD #2, keys in hand, flies across the counter, carrying a large duffel bag... Heading to the vaults!

LORENZ
No one will say I didn’t give you a choice.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
Black Clad #2 arrives, drops his bag, unzipping...

BLACK CLAD #2
(into his headset)
I’m in.

INT. THE LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Lorenz gets the message, finds THE BANK MANAGER cowering behind his desk.

LORENZ
You, up.
(the Bank Manager obeys)
You understood what I just said?

BANK MANAGER
Yes.

LORENZ
Your security system, you can electronically lock all entrances...

BANK MANAGER
Yes. Right-right away.

LORENZ
With that attitude, you and I are going to get along famously. Now go.

The Bank Manager nods nervously.

BLACK CLAD #4 holds open his bag. He strides by the CUSTOMERS who deposit CELLPHONES, PAGERS, inside.

INT. BANK MANAGER’S OFFICE

The Bank Manager taps on his computer keyboard.

BANK MANAGER
It’s done. We’re locked down.
Lorenz nods.

10B  INT.  THE LOBBY--
BLACK CLAD #1 flips the “BANK CLOSED” sign around.

11  INT.  MOTEL BEDROOM - DAY
Jenkins fastens his cufflinks. In the bed behind him...

HEATHER “TEDDY” GALLOWAY, 30’s, normally a force to reckon with, appears vulnerable with only a sheet wrapped around her.

JENKINS
Have you seen my watch?

Teddy gestures to the night stand. Jenkins retrieves the watch. He also slides his WEDDING RING back on. This ain’t love, this is a relationship of convenience.

Jenkins slips on his jacket, secures his tie and, after one last check in the mirror...

JENKINS
This was fun. You should get out of bed. You’ll be late for work.

And with that, Jenkins exits. Teddy waits for the door to close, then collapses back onto the bed.

12  INT.  SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES line the walls, connect all the safety deposit boxes together! BLACK CLAD #2, takes cover, readies the detonation device and...

BLACK CLAD #2
(into his headset)
Fire in the hole.

He FLIPS A SWITCH and... KA-BOOM! AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE VAULT!

13  INT.  LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
A PILLOW OF SMOKE BLOWS into the lobby! Lorenz stands UNFLINCHING. The explosion was expected.

BEHIND THE CUSTOMER SERVICE WINDOWS--

An EAGER TELLER, 30’s, seizes the moment. He reaches up and PRESSES THE SILENT ALARM BUTTON!
BLACK CLAD #4 turns just in time to see it, quickly FIRES his weapon! The Eager Teller slumps against the wall, BLEEDS profusely from his neck, not dead yet.

Lorenz hustles over to Black Clad #4.

LORENZ
What do you think you’re doing?

BLACK CLAD #4
Fucker pushed the alarm.

Lorenz GLARES DISGUSTEDLY at his accomplice.

LORENZ
It would’ve made more sense to shoot him before he pushes the fucking alarm. Not after.
(looks at the Eager Teller)
Jesus.

Lorenz levels, very calmly, his weapon at the Eager Teller’s head and...

LORENZ
And... If you’re going to do something. (FIRES his weapon!)
Do it right.

The Eager’s Teller’s body keels over, dead. Lorenz checks his watch... 9:26 a.m.

LORENZ
(into microphone)
Alarm’s tripped. We’re on a clock. (to Black Clad #4)
Get these people out of the way.

A14  EXT.  MOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING  A14

The Four Seasons it ain’t.

14  INT.  SHOWER/ MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY  14

There’s not enough soap on the planet for Teddy to feel clean. Doubt and fear present on her face. She turns off the water, and steps out... when she does HER PAGER, off screen, chimes!

15  INT.  MOTEL BEDROOM - DAY  15

Teddy, a towel wrapped around her, picks up the pager. The number: 911. She picks up the TELEPHONE, dials.
TEDDY
(beat, then)
This is Detective Galloway.

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

SIRENS BLARE... POLICE CARS brake hard, blocking traffic. OFFICERS fly out, shotguns out!

HELICOPTERS circle. NEWS VANS speed onto the scene as the CROWDS builds. Standing in the center of things...

DETECTIVE BERNIE CALLO, 40’s, a stern, by-the-book cop. Not a popular member of the force. TWO OFFICERS, 30’s, follow him.

CALLO
(into his radio)
I want all points of entry identified and covered. We need SWAT here now. Have emergency crews standing by!

OFFICER AT BANK
(re: the Media)
Didn’t take them long.

CALLO
Set a perimeter. Move’em back.

OFFICER AT BANK
How far?

CALLO
Portland.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

A phone cord is YANKED from the wall!

Black Clad #1 and #4 push Customers and Employees inside! They door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL - DAY

POV OF LORENZ - Callo approaches the Tech Van.

Lorenz peeks through the curtains. A phone pressed between his shoulder and ear.

He places a VOICE MODULATOR over the phone’s mouthpiece (this will leave his voice sounding LIFELESS and DISTORTED to those on the receiving end).

INTERCUT WITH:
EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Callo arrives at the POLICE TECH VAN. So state-of-the-art NASA is green with envy.

BRENDAN DAX, 30’s, the techno-wizard, with headphones on, hands Callo a phone. Several other OFFICERS listen in.

DAX
We have them on the line.

Dax presses a series of buttons.

DAX
We’re hot.

CALLO
(into phone)
This is Detective Callo, Seattle P.D. Who am I speaking with?

LORENZ
No questions. It’s time to set the rules. I am in complete control of this facility. No one gets in or out without my say and I will execute every last man, woman and child in here if my needs are not met. Do not test me. Today, I am a man of zero patience.

CALLO
I’m listening.

LORENZ
See if you can’t screw this up, Detective... I have but one demand. One and only demand.

OMIT (COMBINED INTO SC. 17/18)

INT. CONNERS APARTMENT - DAY

Conners wears a T-shirt and some sweats, opens his refrigerator, grabs a bottle of water. When he closes the door... He notices Jenkins and a YOUNG DETECTIVE on his deck.

Conners crosses, opens the door for Jenkins and DETECTIVE SHANE DEKKER, late-20s. Dekker’s all business when it comes to being a cop. Green, but eager to prove himself. After a long beat...

CONNERS
Do you have a warrant?
JENKINS
I need to speak to you, Quentin.

CONNERS
There’s where your shit out of luck because I don’t need to speak to you.

JENKINS
It’s important.


JENKINS
Quentin, this is Detective Shane Dekker.

CONNERS
Huh? You don’t look like much of a Detective.

DEKKER
Funny. I was going to say the same about you.

CONNERS
Charming.

JENKINS
Shane just transferred in from Tacoma. His father...

CONNERS
Save your breath. I really don’t care.

Before Jenkins can respond, from the bedroom, a TALL, BLOND WOMAN, 20s, emerges, COMPLETELY NUDE.

The men WATCH as the Woman, PAYING THEM NO ATTENTION, retrieves a bottle of water from the fridge, then returns to the bedroom. No words spoken at all. After the moment has passed...

CONNERS
Why don’t we can the chit-chat. Get to what’s on your mind.

JENKINS
We’ve got a hostage situation, American National Bank. The sonsabitches said they wouldn’t talk to anyone but you.

CONNERS
No shit?
JENKINS
No shit. I need you to do this.

CONNERS
Why should I?

DEKKER
Because people’s lives are at stake. That takes priority over your ego.

CONNERS
(to Jenkins; re: Dekker)
You may want to put a leash on him.
(beat; thinks)
Saying I did want to help... I’m still suspended or did that slip your mind?

JENKINS
The commissioner’s office has ordered me to reinstate you. As of now, you’re back on the force.

CONNERS
Just like that?

JENKINS
Just like that.
(beat)
I won’t, however, unleash you alone.

CONNERS
Always a catch.

JENKINS
Shane, here, is your new partner. Consider him a younger version of me, looking over your shoulder, watching every move you make.

The idea of a new partner doesn’t sit well with Conners.

JENKINS
Don’t think I endorse this. If it were my call, you’d be with your partner...

CONNERS
You mean ex-partner.

JENKINS
... On the unemployment line with him.

CONNERS
For a moment there, I thought you cared.
JENKINS  
I care about those innocent people down there. I hope to God someone hasn’t made a monumental mistake letting you back in.

CONNERS  
I appreciate the words of encouragement and the confidence you have in me. I look forward to the continuing, positive relationship we’ve shared in the past.

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 10:27 AM - DAY  

POLICE CORRAL the ever-growing group of SPECTATORS.

A SWAT TRUCK pulls up, the BACK DOORS FLY OPEN! SWAT exit in a flurry, race into position.

Amidst the commotion... JENKINS’ CAR navigates the scene, stops next to... KAREN CROSS immediately recognizes Conners, orders her CAMERAMAN to center on him.

Conners, Dekker and Jenkins climb out of the car, head towards the crime scene, when...

KAREN CROSS  
Detective Conners? Detective, can we have a few words?

Conners turns, recognizes Karen. Relishing the moment...

CONNERS  
I’ll give you two...
(pauses for effect)
Blow me. If you need a follow-up comment let me know?
(to Dekker)
Cunt made her career off me.

AT THE POLICE TECH VAN--
Conners, Dekker and Jenkins arrive, FIND Teddy, her hair still wet, with her partner, DET. VINCENT DURANO, 40’s, a middle of the road, never out on a limb type cop.

Callo looks on, the RAGE boiling inside of him.

CONNERS
Teddy, Vincent...
(completely ignores Callo)
... Nice to see you both.

JENKINS
Conners has been reinstated to full active duty. It’s his scene.

This info comes as a surprise. Especially to Callo.

CALLO
The last hostage situation this guy headed, an innocent civilian died.

CONNERS
I was not responsible...

CALLO
You never are. That girl would be alive today if it weren’t for your cowboy antics. You destroy lives.

CONNERS
Fuck you. Look who’s talking about destroying lives.

JENKINS
Decision’s been made, Bernie.

CALLO
I was first on scene and I have seniority.
(pleads)
Don’t do this, Martin.

JENKINS
We’ll talk about it later. Take a hike.

CALLO
(beat)
Fine. I’ll watch this train wreck from home.

Callo exits.

CONNERS
(sarcastic)
I’m going to miss him.
JENKINS
SWAT, because of the special circumstances will defer to Conners. He’s in charge.

VINCENT
First time I’ve heard SWAT defer to anyone.

JENKINS
(pulls aside Conners)
Second chances don’t come around often. Don’t blow it.

Jenkins skeptically eyes Conners before stepping away. He motions for Dekker to walk with him.

JENKINS
Anything questionable happens today, you let me know.

DEKKER
Yes, Captain.

Out of earshot, Conners watches Dekker and Jenkins.

TEDDY
Looks like you got yourself a baby-sitter.

Conners glares at Teddy out the corner of his eye, then dismisses the comment.

TIME CUT TO:

27

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK – DAY

More SPECTATORS, more MEDIA.

Conners, Dekker, Teddy and Vincent hover behind the first barricade. Conners unwraps gum, sticks it in his mouth.

VINCENT
We have approximately four to seven, heavily armed men holding an unspecified number of customers and employees hostage.

CONNERS
You’re just a wealth of knowledge, aren’t you?
TEDDY
Witnesses heard shots fired and some kind of explosion. And their only demand has been to speak with you.

CONNERS
I’m sure it won’t be the last. Get me a line into the bank. Let’s see what they really want.

TIME CUT TO:

28  INT.  PRIVATE OFFICE – AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

A PHONE RINGS...

Lorenz enters, shuts the door and REMOVES HIS MASK. He lets a few rings pass, before ANSWERING.

LORENZ
(into voice modulator)
Detective Conners?

INTERCUT WITH:

29  EXT.  AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK – DAY

Conners and company gather outside of the Police Tech Van. Dekker pulls a pad and a pen, prepares to take notes.

Dax sits, headphones donned, records the entire conversation.

CONNERS
Who am I speaking with?

LORENZ
For now... You can call me Lorenz.

Dekker writes, “Lorenz.”

CONNERS
Okay, Lorenz, how are we doing in there? Can we get you anything? Food, medical supplies. We heard an explosion.

LORENZ
Everyone who matters is fine. Of course, I would’ve preferred not having the authorities involved at all. We weren’t planning to be here this long. But, since Seattle’s finest needs a presence on the scene, I’m glad it’s you.
CONNERS
My fame proceeds me.

LORENZ
Don’t be flattered. I needed someone who’s been through the experience before. Hopefully this time it will go better for all involved. I plan on living a full, long and rich life. I didn’t, however, expect them to find you so quickly. I thought you were suspended.

Dekker writes, “In The Know,” on his pad.

CONNERS
I was, but I’m back. You’re information’s old.

LORENZ
You never get what you pay for.
(back to business)
You want to know about the hostages? How many and are they okay?

Dekker scribbles, “Pro”.

CONNERS
Yes.

LORENZ
Approximately forty, they’re fine, considering. All except one. We had a situation.

CONNERS
Someone’s dead?

LORENZ
Theory... put to practice isn’t always perfect. Can’t expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.
(Conners drifts in thought)
Detective? Are you still with me?

Teddy SNAPS her fingers. That gets Conners attention. There’s a new intensity to his demeanor.

CONNERS
What else will I be looking for?
LORENZ
Demands... Probably too much to ask for you and your colleagues to pack up and go home?

CONNERS
Safe to say.

LORENZ
Stay by the phone. I’ll contact you shortly.

CONNERS
Lorenz...

LORENZ
Don’t worry, I have no plans until sunrise tomorrow, so hunker down. It’s going to be a long one.

CONNERS
Wait, we’re talking here...

LORENZ
Patience, Detective. We don’t want another Pearl Street Bridge, do we?

Conners’s thrown by the mention of Pearl Street Bridge. Lorenz abruptly HANGS UP.

DAX
He’s off.

30  EXT.  AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

THE CROWDS GROW. The MEDIA BUILD UP INTENSIFIES. THROUGH A TELEVISION CAMERA... Karen Cross reports:

KAREN CROSS
This standoff is approaching two hours now. We’ve been told Detectives have made contact with the perpetrators inside the bank. Whether any specific demands have been made, we cannot confirm. As soon as we know something, we’ll pass it on to you. Reporting live, Karen Cross, channel two news.

CAMERAMAN (OS)
We’re clear.

KAREN CROSS
Who the hell writes this shit?
Black Clad #1 and #4 remove from their bag - ropes, pulleys, an iron spike and hammer. #1 also removes... a spear-gun.

#1 connects the rope to a spear. FIRES the spear into the wall above the bank’s front windows! He snags a 2nd spear, repeats.

The Detectives huddle. Impatience level high.

CONNERS
(to Dax)
Try again.

DAX
He’s not picking up.

CONNERS
(stern)
Try again.

Dax, humbled, does as ordered.

CONNERS
(glances about)
Where’s our fearless Captain?

DEKKER
Went uptown to brief the Commissioner.

CONNERS
So you’re here in his place.

Conners fumbles with the wrapper, but eventually sticks another piece of gum in his mouth. Teddy notices.

CONNERS
Nicotine gum.

TEDDY
(shock)
You quit smoking?

CONNERS
Caffeine, too, if you must know. (Another shock)
What? A man’s capable of change.

TEDDY
A man, yes. You... I’m not so sure.
CONNERS
Don’t worry, I still have a vice or two.

DAX
Fifteen rings.  No answer.

CONNERS
Try again in five.

TEDDY
What are they doing in there?

VINCENT
Wasting our time.

Time. The word rings in Conners’s head. He starts to put it together.

CONNERS
Precisely. He knows police protocol, not to mention the shit in our own precinct. He’s disguising his voice, means he’s got a record and has done this before. He’s heavily armed and well-connected. He knows he’s surrounded. He hasn’t asked for a damned thing. He drops that hint about sunrise, prepping us for a long wait. He’s buying time. Why?

VINCENT
(brainstorming)
To figure out his next move. He wasn’t expecting us.

DEKKER
No, he wasn’t expecting you. He said, he thought you were still suspended.

CONNERS
Probably thought it would take the whole day for you to find me. Giving him the time he needs.

TEDDY
He’s stalling.

DEKKER
He almost has what he came for.

Conners nods, eyes Dekker as if for the first time.
CONNERS
Or... he’s got what he came for and he’s waiting for his ticket out of here.
   (the decision)
We’re going in.

TEDDY
What?

CONNERS
The bank has three points of entry. Teddy and Vincent, take a SWAT Team, head to the West side. We’ll have the SWAT Commander take the East. Dekker, you’re with me. Where is the SWAT Commander?

VINCENT
I’ll find him.

Vincent leaves Conners with Dekker and Teddy.

TEDDY
(to Conners; concern)
That’s a big call, Quentin. Thought about what you’re doing?

CONNERS
You questioning me, Teddy?

TEDDY
Unfortunately... yeah.

CONNERS
I question how you can fuck that asshole and still manage to look in the mirror.

TEDDY
I’m not going to get into this now. And you’re one to talk. I hear...

CONNERS
(interrupting)
The hostages are in imminent danger. They’ve confessed to killing someone, an automatic murder one charge - that’s a life sentence, maybe a needle for all of them. So why keep witnesses around to testify? Longer we wait, the greater the risk. We need to go in. Now.
TEDDY
   (beat; then relents)
   Okay.

Even Dekker seems to agree with that theory. Vincent arrives with the SWAT COMMANDER, 40’s, a former Navy SEAL with a “Don’t FUCK with me” attitude.

SWAT COMMANDER
   I got snipers up top and ten soldiers on the ground.

CONNERS
   What’s the best way in?

SWAT COMMANDER
   Tear gas, blow the doors...

CONNERS
   Hold on. No explosives. I got forty civilians in there, too great a chance. Any other way?

SWAT COMMANDER
   There’s no pussy way in. The doors are locked electronically from the inside. We ain’t getting in without force.

CONNERS
   (beat; thinks)
   What if we cut the power? That will disable the system and we can open the locks manually, come in that way?

SWAT COMMANDER
   (thinks; concedes)
   That’ll work.

CONNERS
   So we’ll take the pussy way, Commander. We cut the power and go in at 11:15 sharp!

TIME CUT TO:

32  EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 11:13 AM - DAY

SNIPERS ON ROOFTOPS ready their weapons. SWAT TEAM moves into position, cover all bank entrances.

AT THE TECH VAN--

Conners and Dekker slip into bulletproof vests. Teddy, Vincent and the SWAT Commander arrive.
TEDDY
The bank’s equipped with emergency generators, which once the power’s down, will kick back on in approximately 3-6 minutes.

CONNERS
It will be over before that. Commander, your men in position?

SWAT COMMANDER
Standing by.

CONNERS
I will call for the power to be cut. Once down, wait for my signal and enter. No one moves until I give the “go”, understood?

They all nod. They’re ready.

CONNERS
You have done this before, right? Wait... I don’t want to know.

INT. SIDE OFFICES - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

VARIOUS SHOTS of HOSTAGES. It’s quiet, until... Black Clad #1 and #4 burst, grab TWO RANDOM HOSTAGES, drag them out! They put up some fight, but quickly concede.

The hostages sit shaking, crying... Scared beyond belief.

INT. BEHIND CUSTOMER SERVICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Lorenz watches out the window...

POV OF LORENZ - SWAT, POLICE getting into position.

Lorenz turns from the window.

LORENZ
They’re comin’.

IN THE LOBBY--

Black Clad #1 and #4 drag the TWO RANDOM HOSTAGES, KICKING AND SCREAMING, towards the anchor/pulley!

RANDOM HOSTAGE #1
What are you doing?! Let me go!

#1 & #4 fasten the Hostages to ropes connected to the pulleys!
35 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Behind a barricade, Conners crouches down beside Dekker and his SWAT Team.

CONNERS
(into radio)
Let’s go around the horn.

36 ON THE WEST SIDE--

Teddy, Vincent and a SWAT Team...

TEDDY
One, check.

37 OMIT

38 ON THE EAST SIDE--

The SWAT Commander and his team...

SWAT COMMANDER
Two, check.

39 ROOFTOP #1--

A SNIPER holds his eye to the scope.

SNIPER #1
Three, check.

40 ROOFTOP #2--

SNIPER #2
Four, check.

41 AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE--

Conners glances at his watch...

CONNERS
Here we go... Cut the power.

42 INT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Instantly... EVERYTHING BLACKS OUT! LIGHTS, COMPUTERS, etc.

THE HOSTAGES grab each other TIGHTLY. PANIC evident. Lorenz and the Black Clad calmly react.

43 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Conners makes the call...
CONNERS

Doors!

Each Team makes their move, when...

44

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

LORENZ

(into his headset)

Now!

44A

INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Black Clad #1 PULLS A CORD, instantly... ALL THE CURTAINS DROP!

45

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Conners freezes...

CONNERS

(into radio)

Hold it. What just happened?

45A

INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Black Clad #3 FLIPS A SWITCH. Suddenly, a canister attached to the pulleys race up the ropes! The HOSTAGES have their feet yanked out from under them, then shoot INTO THE AIR!

They SMASH THROUGH A GLASS HANDRAIL ON THE SECOND FLOOR, then...

45B

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

SHOOT to the TOP OF THE WALL-LENGTH WINDOWS! They hang, dangle helplessly! On FULL DISPLAY for the outside to see!

DEKKER

(looking up at the windows)

Holy shit...?!

DEKKER. CONNERS. SWAT. ONLOOKERS. Everyone in the vicinity react in HORROR!

THE NEWS CREWS, led by Karen Cross, race to grab the story.

46

ON THE EAST SIDE--

The SWAT Commander:

SWAT COMMANDER

We’re going in!
At the main entrance—

Officers try to control the situation, but can’t.
Pedestrians racing around. Conners, in the middle of the anarchy...

Conners
No. Do not go in. It’s a trap!

Swat Commander (vo)
Stand down, Detective. This is my show now.

Conners
(flustered)
Sonofabitch!

On the east side—
The Swat Commander makes his own call...

Swat Commander
On my count... One... two... three...

The Swat team bum rushes the bank, just as...

Kaboom! A fireball blasts through the door, blows off its hinges! The Swat guys are blown off their feet! Then...

Ext. American National Bank - Day

The front windows blow out! An explosion! Fire shoots in all directions! A police barricade blows over!

Everyone outside is blown off their feet! Conners, Dekker hit the deck! Shards of glass fly! Smoke floods into the streets!

Simultaneously, an explosions blasts out the west side doors! The detectives and Swat team duck from the blast!

Across the street—
The Black clad’s truck explodes, flips in the air!

It’s a genuine war zone! Smoke, fire and debris litter the area around the bank!

From the bank—
Conners peers up as... The hostages run out, scream in terror!
Conners and Dekker head for the bank, pass two groups of FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS...

DEKKER
(to the first group)
Round up all the hostages, anyone that comes out, grab’em!

Conners glares at Dekker.

CONNERS
(to the second)
The rest of you, come with us.

The OFFICERS rush to protect the HOSTAGES, pull them to safety. CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS pounce on the opportunity.

Conners and Dekker lead the charge inside, guns drawn.

51 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

EMERGENCY LIGHTS BURN! GLASS CRACKLES UNDER FOOT as Conners, Dekker and the Officers move through. Caution with each step.

The lobby’s clear. Conners pulls the Officers close.

CONNERS
(whispers; to Dekker)
We split up.
(whispers; to the officers)
You two with him. You two with me.
(to Dekker)
Check the back.

Dekker nods, leads his group away. Conner proceeds...

52 BEHIND THE COUNTERS--

Nothing. Conners spots a DOOR in the back marked, “Bank Employees Only.”

53 THE VAULT--

Dekker checks it out, but it’s empty. The remnants of the explosion remain. Suddenly... THE GENERATORS ROAR TO LIFE! THE POWER BLINKS BACK ON!

Dekker jumps, startled by the sudden blast of lights.
ALL THE LIGHTS COME UP, as... Conners KICKS IN THE DOOR, but... It’s empty.

Dekker leads his group. His heart POUNDING THROUGH HIS CHEST. His Gun up and ready. Suddenly...

A NOISE up ahead... He bares down, takes a DEEP BREATH, carefully proceeds until... Teddy and Vincent emerge. Teddy EXHALES, lowers her weapon. So does Dekker.

Conners strides out from behind the counters...

CONNERS
(to Vincent)
See anyone come your way?

VINCENT
No. No one went by me.

The SWAT COMMANDER approaches holding a couple of the BLACK MASKS, some BLACK BODY ARMOR.

SWAT COMMANDER
Detectives... We found these.

Conners takes one of the masks in his hands.

CONNERS
We let them walk right past us.

Dekker, Teddy, the SWAT Commander, Officers, Vincent and the SWAT Team stand in the middle of the lobby, STUNNED. Conners, his anger SIMMERS TO A BOIL, until finally...

CONNERS
SHIT!

TIME CUT TO:

An OFFICER unfurls a FRESH ROLL of "POLICE: CAUTION" TAPE around the scene. Still mayhem, but gradually coming under control.

Police interview HOSTAGES, so do REPORTERS. PARAMEDICS administer oxygen. Two CORONERS load the EAGER TELLER’s body into their truck.
57  **INT. LOBBY – AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

Vincent, covered in debris, confers with Conners.

VINCENT
We got the one Teller dead, the two that were strung up are alive, but in critical condition. A few SWAT incurred 2nd degree burns, but that’s the worst of it. Now, depending on who you talk to... there was anywhere from five to nine perps. And nobody got a good look at any of‘em, wore their masks the whole time. Dax is rounding up the security tapes now. That should give us a firm number.

CONNERS
I want background checks on every hostage. They’re all suspects until they’re not.

VINCENT
You don’t think one of them’s still here?

CONNERS
After this, nothing would surprise me.

58  **EXT. TECH VAN – AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK – DAY**

Dax pulls cables, power cords, etc., getting set to go inside with them. Dekker approaches.

DEKKER
Excuse me... I need to listen to the conversation between Lorenz and Conners again?

DAX
It’ll have to wait.

DEKKER
How long?

DAX
Hour. Maybe more.

DEKKER
(too long)
Show me how to play it myself?
DAX

Look, this isn’t how it works. I don’t take orders from you. I don’t know you and NO ONE touches my stuff. You’re going to have to wait.

Dax gets his shit, starts to go. Dekker waits, then proceeds into the van. Dax turns, notices.

INT. TECH VAN

Dekker inspects the equipment, when...

DAX

What the hell are you doing?

DEKKER

Along with whatever they stole and this war zone they left behind... A man’s dead, and the killers are running free. I don’t have time to wait.

(looks at the equipment)

I’ll figure it out. Thanks for your help.

DAX

(relents, demonstrates)

Here. This DAT machine. Play, stop, rewind... It’s just like using a tape player. Headphones are jacked in. Tape’s already inside.

DEKKER

Thank you.

EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

A CAR PULLS UP... Jenkins steps out. Stares out over the scene, the mess. He’s a volcano ready to erupt.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

A SERIES OF EIGHT BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO MONITORS... as we rewind. SEVEN of the eight show recorded images of the bank. The eighth shows only STATIC. Dax sits in front of the monitors. Conners stands nearby.

CONNERS

(re: the eighth monitor)

What’s with this one?

DAX

That’s the camera in the vault. It blew in the first explosion.
The SEVEN DIFFERENT MONITORS all begin in sync.

ON SCREEN... TIMECODE burns in the corner. The HOSTAGES are dragged across the LOBBY, where the Black Clads hook them up to the pulleys. The Black Clads get into position.

Conners CAREFULLY scrutinizes the images.

ON SCREEN... THE TIMECODE CLOCK: Hits “11:15:00 AM” and... STATIC FILLS THE SCREENS!

DAX
That’s when you cut the power.

CONNERS
So we can’t ID them.

DAX
There’s a four minute, fifty-two second gap, before the image returns. But...

CONNERS
They’re long gone by then. (beat; thinks) Go to the head of the tapes, from when they first went in. Document each move they’ve made for the two hours they were inside.

DAX
You got it. Hey... Awful lotta news cameras outside. Maybe one got a look at them coming out?

CONNERS
(good idea)
Have Vincent check it out.

Teddy enters...

TEDDY
Conners, you better come out here.

INT. LOBBY

Conners and Teddy walk in to discover... Captain Jenkins confers with FOUR FBI AGENTS in suits.

CONNERS
(to Teddy)
Shit. Feds.

Jenkins turns to Conners, gestures him over.
JENKINS
Detective Conners, join us, would you?

INT. TECH VAN
Dekker listens through HEADPHONES makes notes as he goes.

CONNERS (VO)
(beat; stern)
What does that mean?

LORENZ (VO)
Theory... put to practice isn’t always perfect. Can’t expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

Dekker, hits STOP, then REWIND. He checks his...

IN HIS NOTEBOOK--

Several words and phrases fill the page. “Lorenz, sunrise, Pro Theory, 40 hostages, Theory, Randomly Revolt, and Chaos.”

DEKKER studies the words intently, figuring something out. He presses PLAY on the DAT machine.

LORENZ (VO)
Theory... put to practice isn’t always perfect. Can’t expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

Dekker presses STOP. Dekker finds a pattern, circles the words, “Lorenz, Chaos, Theory.”

INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
Conners, Jenkins and Teddy converse with AGENT VICTOR DOYLE, 40’s, and the BANK MANAGER still a bit rattled.

AGENT DOYLE
Prince Amar Alle Alban is one of the wealthiest and least popular Arabs in the Middle East. There’s been countless threats on his life and fortune in the past. But for better of worse... he is an ally to the United States. The Prince keeps a safe deposit box in twenty institutions (MORE)
across the country. Along with this bank, he also had a box at Eastern Federal Savings in Charlotte, North Carolina, which was hit last month. Same M.O.

TEDDY
What was in the box?

BANK MANAGER
We don’t keep records. The boxes are private. Since 9/11, we screen for live tissue, viruses or explosives, but if it passes those tests, we don’t ask.

CONNERS
This is all real fascinating shit, but what about the money? Bank robbers still like cash, don’t they?

BANK MANAGER
The cash drawers don’t appear touched. Neither does the cash vault.

TEDDY
So they broke into a bank and didn’t steal any money?

Odd glances all about.

AGENT DOYLE
We believe the Prince’s box was the target. We’re trying to reach him now.

JENKINS
Thank you.

Agent Doyle and the Bank Manager leave.

JENKINS
Helluva come back, Conners. Are you familiar with the term franchise-sized fuck-up...

CONNERS
Depends, are we talking about your sex life? Because I’ve heard shortcomings.

JENKINS
You got played, Quentin. Congratulations, you just topped Pearl Street Bridge.
TEDDY
That’s not fair. It was by the book. Everything was according to standard procedure.

Jenkins ignores Teddy.

CONNERS
You came to me. I didn’t ask for this.

JENKINS
Commissioner's office is scrambling to cover their ass. They need a scapegoat... And I have zero problems serving you up.

CONNERS
You wanted this to happen.

JENKINS
No. But if it had to happen to somebody.

Jenkins exits.

64A  EXT. AT THE TECH VAN - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Conners approaches...

DEKKER
I think this Lorenz was trying to tell us something.

CONNERS
You don’t say.

DEKKER
The way he spoke... he paused before certain words. Have you ever heard of the Chaos Theory?

CONNERS
What?

65  INT. DINNER NEAR THE BANK - DAY

A grade “B” rating, tops. CUSTOMERS dine, choke down coffee.

AT A BOOTH--

Empty plates and crumpled napkins litter the table. Conners finishes a cup of coffee, enjoys a slice of pie. Dekker, all about work, goes over his notes.
DEKKER
Edward Lorenz invented the Chaos Theory in the 1960’s. It’s the study of phenomena that appear random, but in fact have an element of regularity which can be described mathematically.

CONNERS
(confused)
Try that again?

DEKKER
Pretty much... initial state of events may seem unrelated and random, but eventually patterns emerge and in the end all the pieces fit together.

The Waitress refills Conners’ coffee, lays down the check.

WAITRESS
Anything else, officers?

CONNERS
That’ll be all.
(to Dekker)
You’re a College boy. Which one? Someplace I’ve heard of or one of those inbred state schools no one’s heard of?

DEKKER
U Dub.

CONNERS
Not exactly Princeton, but not bad. How did you end up on the force?

DEKKER
It’s kind of the family business.

CONNERS
Family business? What, your Dad, Dad’s Dad and so on and so back?

Dekker squirms when it comes to revealing personal info.

DEKKER
Do we really need all this “get to know you” crap? Couple hours ago you didn’t give a shit.

CONNERS
You’ve grown on me. Besides, I am entrusting my life to you. I should know something about you. I would (MORE)
CONNERS (cont'd)
think you’d like to know a little
something about me.

DEKKER
I know about you, Detective. Everyone
does.

CONNERS
You don’t say that with much
enthusiasm.

DEKKER
Not much to be enthusiastic about.

Conners reaches his limit. Time to put him in place.

CONNERS
Listen, my reputation often proceeds me.
You, however, have no reputation; a fact I
need to deal with. After you’ve been
through the shit I have, then you can judge
me. Now... we can try to work together,
make the best of a bad situation or we can
compare Dick sizes all day... Up to you.
But since this is your first day here...
today... mine’s bigger.

VINCENT (VO)
(over radio)
Conners, come in?

Both men hold steely stares on one another. Until...

CONNERS
(into radio)
Go.

VINCENT (VO)
Got something you’ll want to see.

Conners drops a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the table.

CONNERS
Lastly... I don’t like the Pac-10.
It’s overrated. I’m an Ivy League guy.

Conners gets up, heads for the door.

Dekker, humbled, scoops up Conners’s ten, puts it in his
wallet and drops a twenty down on the table, slides out of
the booth.
EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Conners, Dekker and Teddy approach a NEWS TRUCK. Vincent stands with Karen Cross and her CAMERAMAN who sports TWO BLACK EYES AND A BLOODY NOSE.

KAREN CROSS
(to Conners; w/ a smile)
Detective... Can’t keep away from me, can you?

Conners ignores her, but Dekker doesn’t. He gives her the ONCE OVER. She notices, smiles.

VINCENT
Watch.

He points to a monitor in the van, presses PLAY.

ON SCREEN--

HANDHELD IMAGES of the POST BANK MELEE. HOSTAGES scatter in all directions. COPS race into the bank.

A SHAGGY BROWN HAIRIED MAN, 40’s, with a MOUSTACHE and an ANGRY EXPRESSION, CHARGES TOWARDS THE CAMERA and BARRELS OVER IT! KNOCKS the Camera and the Cameraman DOWN!

CONNERS
(to the Cameraman)
Well, that explains you.

VINCENT
(to Karen)
Rewind it a little bit.
(She does, until...)
Okay. There. Stop.

ON SCREEN... the IMAGE FREEZES on the SHAGGY MAN’S FACE.

VINCENT

DEKKER
What’s he doing back on the street?

VINCENT
He gave up his partners and cut a deal with the D.A.
TEDDY
Gotta love the system.

CONNERS
Got an address?

VINCENT
Only thing on file is in Spokane, but I recall he did have a girlfriend in town. Gina, I believe.

EXT. BIKER BAR - LOWER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - 1:13 PM - DAY

The streets are quiet. A ROW OF HARLEY DAVIDSONS park in front. Above the bar, a small, lower class apartment complex.

INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT

TWO POLICE OFFICERS along with Conners, Dekker, Teddy and VINCENT position themselves by the APARTMENT. Vincent knocks his fist on the door...

VINCENT
Gina, it’s the police. Open up.

There’s no response. But SOUNDS can be heard on the opposite side of the door.

VINCENT
(Pounds louder)
We can hear you.

Again no response. It’s quiet. Too quiet.

CONNERS
(to Vincent; low)
Step back. Clear the door. Now.

Just as Vincent does...

BAM! A GUNSHOT BLOWS APART THE DOOR! Fired from the inside of the apartment!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The BLASTS KEEP COMING! Everyone’s pinned down, on the defensive.

A WOMAN SCREAMS FROM INSIDE THE APARTMENT!

Dekker gathers himself together.

Conners TURNS INTO THE OPEN DOORWAY, FIRES A FULL CLIP INTO THE APARTMENT!
Conners reloads. Everything’s quiet. Conners looks...

69  IN THE APARTMENT--

A THIN LAYER OF SMOKE hovers. But that’s all. Nobody in sight.

70  IN THE APARTMENT HALLWAY--

Conners steps inside, just as he reaches the living room...

BAM! ANOTHER BLAST! This one FROM THE BEDROOM!

Conners DROPS TO THE FLOOR, falls back into the kitchen!

    TEDDY

    QUENTIN!

Dekker enters the apartment.

70A  IN THE HALLWAY--

    TEDDY

    (into radio)

    Shots fired, officer down! Need an ambulance and back up.

70B  APARTMENT HALLWAY/ KITCHEN--

Dekker passes the kitchen door, looks in on Conners.

    DEKKER

    You hit?

    CONNERS

    (in pain)

    I’m fine.

OFF SCREEN: A Window BREAKS... from the bedroom. Dekker heads that way.

71  IN THE BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM

DAMON RICHARDS crawls onto the FIRE ESCAPE!

    DEKKER

    (in the doorway)

    FREEZE!

But Richards doesn’t. He FIRES another shotgun BLAST!

Dekker DUCKS BACK into the living room. He aims his gun into the bedroom without looking... RAPID FIRES!
A bullet HITS Richards IN THE SHOULDER! HE YELPS IN PAIN, but manages to...

**EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT BUILDING**

Richards scrambles out.

**INT. BEDROOM/ LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT**

Dekker looks inside the bedroom, doesn’t see Richards. He takes one step inside when...

GINA, 20’s, Latino, wearing only a pair of red panties with NO BRA, runs up behind Dekker and JUMPS ON HIS BACK, FISTS FLYING!

Dekker pushes her down, aims his gun at her.

DEKKER

Stay down!

Vincent enters, grabs Gina.

DEKKER

Control her!

He does. Dekker runs to the bedroom window, peeks out over...

**OMIT**

**OMIT**

**OMIT**

**OMIT**

**I/E FIRE ESCAPE/ LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY**

Richards... floors below. Clutches his shoulder in pain, yet fearlessly charges downward.

DEKKER

(into radio)

Suspect fleeing on foot. North on Curson. He’s armed and dangerous. I’m in pursuit.

**DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)**

(a beat; over radio)

And who are you?

But he’s already gone.
DEKKER hops onto the fire escape, hoofs down the iron stairs.
Richards... drops to the pavement. Heads for the street.

DEKKER, a flight from the bottom, realizes his disadvantage and HURLS himself over the rail! Hits the ground HARD, WIPES OUT!

Jumps up, shaking it off. STAYS IN PURSUIT!

EXT. BIKER BAR - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY

Dekker races around the corner... A FORD F-350 SPINS the corner. Targeting DEKKER!

Dekker jerks out his Glock. FIRES!

BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE GRILL, SPARKS FLY! Windshield spiderwebs. But this train ain’t slowing down.

The F-350 swerves, clips a Harley.

Dekker JUMPS before impact, bounces off the hood and rolls away.

The truck hits the street, speeds away.

Dekker, grimacing through the pain, scrapes himself off the pavement. Dekker’s eyes dance... spot THE HARLEYS.

DEKKER
I’m a police officer in pursuit of a murder suspect. I need your bike, now!

THE BIKER
(beat; tosses the keys)
It’s all yours.

Dekker picks up the bike, hops on. Fires up the engine.

I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS’ TRUCK/ CITY STREETS - DAY

Richards’ Truck speeds around a SLOW MOVING VEHICLE and whips into an alley.

The Slow Vehicle skids to a stop! Dekker’s hog, cuts inside, between the vehicle and the sidewalk, rips into the alley.

I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS’ TRUCK/ ALLEY #1 - DAY

Richards fishtails down the alley. Barely maintaining control. GARBAGE DUMPSTERS are littered about creating an obstacle course. Dekker pursues.
Richards barrels out of the alley, through the intersection and into another alley. Opposing traffic skids out. ANGRY DRIVERS let him have it.

Dekker skids sideways, steers around the blockage. Catches sight of...

DOWN THE BLOCK... A PATROL CAR speeds down Hastings Street.

Dekker revs the engine, maneuvers around the ANGRY DRIVERS and follows Richards into the SECOND ALLEY!

Conners, behind the wheel, speeds towards the scene.

Richards races, checks the rearview mirror... Dekker’s Hog closing in.

UP AHEAD... The alley exits onto RICHARDS STREET.

Richards approaches the mouth of the alley, just as A STREET CLEANER appears, starts to block the exit.

Richards STAMPS ON THE ACCELERATOR, speeds through the small opening, just past the Street Cleaner!

Dekker’s not so lucky. Sees the Street Cleaner too late... Lays out the hog and rolls just as... The Hog slides into the Street Cleaner!

Dekker gets up, looks down the street, SEES...

Richards getting away, speeds down the street, through another intersection, when...

CRASH! Conners, in a patrol car, plows into the rear of the truck, spinning it around.

Dekker races towards the crash site.

Conners climbs out of the car.

Richards shakes his head, clearing it. Blood squirts from his mouth. He sees, through the windshield, Conners coming for him. He scrambles for his handgun, looks up to see Conners, but he’s not there. Richards turns as...
Conners appears in the Driver’s side window, grabs the back of Richards’ head and SLAMS it into the steering wheel! Again!

Conners reaches inside, grabs the handgun. As Dekker arrives...

RICHARDS
I want... my... lawyer.

His last words before PASSING OUT.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT
A HALF A DOZEN CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS go through the place.

79A INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT
Gina, a cop’s jacket around her, is led away in handcuffs. Dekker smirks.

79B INT. LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT
A PARAMEDIC, 30’s, checks Conners out. Teddy concludes her cellphone conversation.

TEDDY
(to Conners; re: Richards)
He’s unconscious, with a nice knot on his forehead, but stable. Three officers are watching the room.

CONNERS
He wakes, they call.
(to the paramedic)
Hey Quincy, give it a rest, I’m fine.

PARAMEDIC
(beat)
Quincy was a coroner. You may have a cracked rib. You should go to the hospital.

CONNERS
I should do a lot of things.

The Paramedic gives up, exits. Teddy leans down beside Conners.

TEDDY
You sure you’re all right?
CONNERS
I’m fine.

Conners and Teddy share a look, when... Dekker enters.

DEKKER
Girl’s name is Gina Lopez, twenty-eight. Done some time for possession, has two kids... Am I interrupting?

CONNERS
No.

TEDDY
Excuse me.

Teddy exits.

DEKKER
Gina claims she doesn’t know anything about a bank robbery.

CONNERS
Of course she doesn’t. Vincent!

Vincent trudges out of the kitchen.

CONNERS
Have’em put Ms. Lopez in interrogation one and turn the A/C on full. Leave her alone and cold. Let me know when her nipples can cut glass.

VINCENT
Will do.
(To Dekker)
Detective... I didn’t realize when we first met who you were. I worked with your father. It was only for a brief time when I first got outta the academy, but it was an honor.

CONNERS
(surprised)
Your father was Harry Dekker?

VINCENT
I wish it could’ve been for longer.

DEKKER
Thanks.

Vincent exits. Conners looks at Dekker in a new light. Dekker starts away, until...
CONNERS
(new subject)
That was some fancy riding. You have a bike?

DEKKER
Used to, but I sold it.
(shows his scrape on his arm)
They’re dangerous.

MARNIE ROLLINS, 20’s, a CSI OFFICER, wears gloves, pokes her head in the room.

MARNIE
Detectives. Ready for you.

80 THE BEDROOM--

TWO LARGE SUITCASES rest OPEN on the bed. Marnie prepares a report.

CONNERS
Somebody going on a trip?

MARNIE
Looks like it, don’t it?

CONNERS
Marnie, you’re looking well.

MARNIE
Heard you were back, Conners... and keep dreaming.

Marnie gives DEKKER an amorous glance, which he returns.

MARNIE
(to Dekker)
You, on the other hand... I gotta bike myself. Maybe we can go for a ride sometime? Or maybe I can just ride you.

Conners looks at both of them.

CONNERS
Can we get back to work?

MARNIE
We got passports, sun tan lotion, Bermuda shorts, thong bikini, hopefully hers and this...
She opens a LARGE DUFFEL BAG. Conners and Dekker look inside the bag... It’s FULL OF CASH! All denominations.

DEKKER
Must be a fifty large there easy. His cut?

MARNIE
You’d think, right?

DEKKER
It’s not?

MARNIE
Don’t put words in my mouth, but... Two things jump out here. First, each bank branch has their own money bands. This is not American National’s. After a little checking, it belongs to Pacific Savings of Seattle.

DEKKER
That sounds familiar.

MARNIE
It should. Four months ago, a half million dollars was stolen in an armed robbery there. Just a smash-n-grab job. They caught the guys a day later, recovering about $400,000. Those guys have been in lock up since and their trial’s still pending. Which leads us to point number two. Do you smell that?

DEKKER
(smells the bills; grimaces) What is it?

MARNIE
When evidence is taken in, any physical contact might affect the ability to lift prints, so, to mark it, we now spray a scented solution directly on the bill.

CONNERS
Is that new?

MARNIE
Wave of the future. Gotta keep up with the times, Conners.
DEKKER
So this money's not from our bank.

MARNIE
No. This is the money from the Pacific
Savings job and our evidence room.
(smiling; to Dekker)
Now... For a list of things you can
put in my mouth.

INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY
Conners and Dekker confer with Teddy and Vincent.

CONNERS
Do you remember who headed up the
Pacific Savings case?

TEDDY
I think it was Callo. Why?

CONNERS
No reason. Just thinking out loud.

I/E CONNERS’S CAR/ CITY STREETS - DAY
Conners and Dekker head back to the police station. It’s
quiet between these two, until...

CONNERS
When you said it was your “family
business” I didn’t think... I guess I
just didn’t connect the dots.

DEKKER
Don’t worry about it.

CONNERS
Your father was a hero.

DEKKER
Yes he was.

CONNERS
At first I thought maybe you were
related to the Captain.

DEKKER
No. No relation.

CONNERS
The Captain, he just kind of
“discovered” you. Through the academy,
to excellent evaluation reports, while
(MORE)
CONNERS (cont'd)
on the beat, to the high test scores on
the detective’s exam.

DEKKER
Something like that.

CONNERS
That’s how he found me.

This surprises Dekker.

CONNERS
Maybe we’re not as different as you
think.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

A small, cold room with a large mirror along the WEST WALL.

Gina sits at the table, shivering. Her breath visible, so are her nipples through a WHITE, SEATTLE P.D. T-SHIRT. Conners paces around her like a CIRCLING SHARK. Dekker’s in the corner, observing.

CONNERS
We found the money.

GINA
That money was Dwayne’s...

CONNERS
That money came from our evidence room.

GINA
I told you. I don’t know nothing about a bank robbery. Whatever Damon was into, I didn’t know!

CONNERS
So, where were you going?

GINA
Vacation.

CONNERS
This isn’t possession or solicitation, Gina. This is felony-murder one. You could get life.

GINA
Me!? I didn’t do nothing!
CONNERS
(frustrated)
It’s “I didn’t do anything.” “Didn’t do nothing” is a double negative, infers the positive. The grammar in this country sucks.

GINA
Then I didn’t do ANY-thing!

Conners takes a seat next to Gina. His EYES BURN through her.

CONNERS
This isn’t going away. You want to walk out of here, you tell me something... now.

GINA
I swear I don’t know. Now I’m done talking. I want a lawyer.

Dekker lowers his head. Disappointed.

CONNERS
You sure that’s what you want?

GINA
Yeah.

CONNERS
Fine. Then it’s two phone calls I’ll make. The first will be to the public defender’s office. The second to children’s services.

GINA
What?

Suddenly Gina’s bravado disappears. Suddenly a scared and lonely girl.

CONNERS
It’s simple... if you insist on a lawyer, I take your kids.

GINA
No.

CONNERS
Not like you cared about them anyway. You were ready to fly the coop with “Shit-for-brains.”
GINA
No. You can’t do that.

CONNERS
I can and I will.

GINA
Don’t.

CONNERS
Tell me what I want to know!

Dekker stares incredulously at Conners.

GINA
(broken)
I don’t know anything. Please don’t take my kids. Please.

Conners stares into Gina’s eyes. She’s telling the truth. Conners wraps his coat around Gina’s shoulders.

CONNERS
Get her some coffee... Something hot.

INT. BULLPEN – SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT – DAY

Dekker and Conners...

DEKKER
You believe her?

CONNERS
I think for the first time in that girl’s life she’s telling the truth.

DEKKER
You had to know, once she asked for a lawyer anything she told us would have been inadmissible.

CONNERS
Who would’ve known? It would’ve been my word against hers. Who do you think the jury would’ve believed?

DEKKER
Justice by any means. Even if you cross the line.

CONNERS
The only line around here is the ‘blue line’, you cross that one, then you got (MORE)
problems. Ask Callo, he knows what I’m talking about.

Teddy enters, hands Conners a sheet of paper with: “EVIDENCE: ITEM #4958378” scribbled on it.

TEDDY

Those serial numbers Marnie faxed me...

According to our computers, that money should be downstairs.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Occupies almost the entire basement of the police station. A STEEL CAGE protects the contents.

AT THE FRONT COUNTER--

Conners and Dekker wait. No one’s working at present. Dekker peers inside, anxiously looking for someone.

Dekker RINGS the service bell.

Finally... HARRY HUME, 50’s, the cop on watch, limps to the desk. Crotchety, with an overgrown belly, Frank’s seen better days. There’s no love loss between Harry and Conners.

CONNERS

(cold)

Buzz us in.

HARRY

(colder)

You gotta sign first.

Conners and Dekker scribble their signatures down.

HARRY

I heard you were back. Kinda liked not having you around, Conners.

Harry takes the clipboard, examines it until satisfied. Then reluctantly BUZZES them in.

CONNERS

Have another donut, Frankie.

Dekker and Conners proceed inside. They walk ALONG THE VAST ROWS OF EVIDENCE, scan the shelves, checking the number.

CONNERS

That fat fuck is the sole guardian of the city’s biggest source of contraband. Drugs. Weapons. Cash.

(MORE)
All totalled, about $50 million or so just sitting here for the taking.

Finally, finding the right row, they turn in.

DEKKER
You’d have to have some major firepower, not to mention an extra large set of balls to try and knock off a police station.

CONNERS
Not if you were a cop. You could just walk right in and...

AN EMPTY SPACE, marked in tape, “ITEM #4958378.”

CONNERS
... Take whatever you want. Shit.

85A AT THE FRONT DESK--

Dekker and Conners surround Harry as he digs through his filing box. After a few moments, grabs a clipboard.

HARRY
Here is it. Line seventeen.

DEKKER
Bernie Callo.

HARRY
Like I said... No one takes anything out of here, unless they sign for it.

CONNERS
So what... He showed you a warrant? What?

HARRY
He must’ve.

CONNERS
You don’t remember?

HARRY
You know how many times someone signs shit in and out? I see the same guys all the time. I can’t remember one instance two weeks ago. But if his signature’s there, that means he signed for it. Take it up with him!
Jenkins listens as Conners and crew brief the situation.

CONNERS
The money from Richards’s place traced back to the Pacific Savings heist a few months ago, a case Callo headed up.

TEDDY
Cello signed the money out of evidence two weeks ago.

JENKINS
How much?

TEDDY
$433,000.

VINCENT
If it’s Callo, it would explain how they knew police protocol and how our department operates.

TEDDY
Also explains why he was so pissed this morning about being replaced by Conners. He wanted to be the point so everything went according to plan.

CONNERS
He doesn’t need another reason to be pissed at me.

JENKINS
What about motive? Do we have one?

VINCENT
Pressure might’ve been getting to him. He’s been getting the cold shoulder from cops since he testified about Pearl Street Bridge.

JENKINS
No. Don’t buy that.

TEDDY
(beat)
He was also getting divorced.

This is news to everyone.
TEDDY
About a month ago, he told me he and his wife might be splitting. Asked if I knew a lawyer who wouldn’t clean him out. I didn’t think it was this bad.

JENKINS
(conflicted)
Bernie Callo is a first rate cop. A boy scout. This doesn’t make any sense.

CONNERS
They never do, Captain.

JENKINS
Don’t act like you’re not enjoying this, Conners. I know what you think of him.

CONNERS
Doesn’t matter what I think. Facts here speak for themselves.

DEKKER
No they don’t. We haven’t asked the question... Why, if Callo’s involved, don’t they ask for him at the bank?
(points to Conners)
They asked for you.

All eyes find Conners. Then, Jenkins’ PHONE RINGS...

JENKINS
(answering the phone)
Jenkins.

TIME CUT TO:

87  EXT.  BERNIE CALLO’S HOME - 4:18 PM - DAY
87

The small home in a RURAL AREA is now COMPLETELY SURROUNDED by COP CARS.

88  INT.  BERNIE CALLO’S HOME
88

A typical family-themed home. FAMILY PICTURES adorn the walls. Everything in its right place. Except for... MRS. CALLO, 40’s, sits in the kitchen SOBBING. Police encircle her.

In the center of the Living Room... BERNIE CALLO LIES DEAD, a bullet wound right between the eyes.
SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS and CSI OFFICERS muddle through every nook and cranny of the tiny home. Conners, Teddy and Dekker are led around by a UNIFORMED OFFICER...

OFFICER AT CALLO HOUSE
Wife came home approximately forty-five minutes ago. Found him here. None of the neighbors heard anything. There’s no forced entry and no one saw anyone fleeing the scene.

Vincent enters from the basement carrying a LARGE BOX.

VINCENT
Blueprints from the bank, schematics, pictures... Also, about a dozen internet articles on the Saudi Prince. Found it behind the furnace.

Conners nods.

DEKKER
Well, that’s it, right?

Suddenly... THE HOUSE TELEPHONE RINGS! Everyone peers around. After the second ring, the ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP...

CALLO (VO)
You’ve reached the Callo residence. No one can get to the phone right now. Please leave a message.

Then... After the TONE...

LORENZ (VO)
(from the machine)
Detective Conners... Are you there?

Conners and everyone turns, listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

89 INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT 89

Lorenz stares ahead, transfixed by something.

LORENZ
Are you connecting the dots? Are you putting it together? Is the pattern emerging? They wouldn’t punish you, but I will.

Conners GRABS the phone...
LORENZ
Vengeance will be mine, Detective.

CONNERS
Then come and get me you piece of shit.

Lorenz smiles, hangs up. He resumes staring at the wall in front of him.

REVEAL: HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS - ALL OF CONNERS - DECORATE THE WALL!

EXT. BERNIE CALLO’S HOME - DAY

Dekker leans back against the car, Conners approaches...

CONNERS
What they told Callo was the plan and what the plan really was may be two different things. Clearly this wasn’t part of a plan Callo would’ve agreed with.

DEKKER
You’d think a cop would be smarter.

CONNERS
As cops we come across every temptation in the book. Money, drugs, power. We’d all like to think we can resist any urge, but... We’re not saints.

DEKKER
So, Callo was involved and now they’re dragging you into it. Why?

CONNERS
Man said he wanted vengeance.

DEKKER
Piss anyone off lately?

CONNERS
Me?

Both can’t help but smile. Jenkins walks up.

JENKINS
I just got off the phone with Agent Doyle. After the Charlotte break in, the Prince withdrew all his possessions from every safe deposit box in this country.
DEKKER
Let me get this straight, they didn’t touch the cash or the safe deposit boxes. So, they... break into a bank, blow it up, and steal nothing?
(to Conners)
Still make sense to you?

CONNERS
Nothing about today makes sense.

Dekker watches as BERNIE CALLO’s body is loaded into the Coroner’s vehicle. Teddy assists MRS. CALLO into a police car. Vincent carries the box of evidence from the home.

Dekker’s mind works overtime, then...

DEKKER
“Return to the earth now if your mind is troubled and your heart is uncertain. For it is by returning to the beginning that we can clearly see the path.”

Conners and Jenkins share a confused look.

CONNERS
(to Jenkins)
Don’t look at me, he’s your find.

JENKINS
Say that again, Detective?

DEKKER
We go back to where this all started.
We go to the bank.

91 EXT. SEATTLE - 6:08 PM - NIGHT

The sun SINKS below the horizon.

91 A EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT

As night settles, POLICE and EMT workers are still on site.

92 INT. SECURITY ROOM - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Dekker and Conners watch as Dax operates.

DAX
The tapes confirm five bad guys, but since the vault cam blew in the explosion what they did in there was a mystery.
ON A COMPUTER MONITOR - The EIGHT SECURITY CAMERA ANGLES appear.

ON THE MULTIPLE SCREENS... Just as in the opening, Lorenz leads this crew through the bank. Immediately the group splits up. IN THE VAULT... One of the Black Clads arrives and radios in.

DAX
I’ve been through these tapes twenty times already and nothing...

CONNERS
Shutup.

MONITOR #5... IN THE VAULT, Black Clad #2 fires the explosives! The image goes to STATIC.

DEKKER
Wait, hold on a second. Did you see it?

DAX
See what?

DEKKER
Go back a little.

CONNERS
What?

DEKKER
Notice the camera angles, they’re all fixed. They don’t rotate or pan.

Dax rewinds, to before the explosion...

DEKKER
There. Stop. Play it. Look closely, camera five, the vault cam, dominates our attention because of the explosion. But while that’s happening, check out Camera two, customer service.

ON SCREEN... Several BANK EMPLOYEES cower to the Black Clad. Suddenly, another Black Clad DISAPPEARS UNDERNEATH THE SECURITY CAMERA.

DAX
Where’d he go?

ON SCREEN... As the EXPLOSION GOES OFF, CAMERA #2 PANS AWAY FROM THE CUSTOMER SERVICE SECTION, TOWARDS THE LOBBY.
CONNERS
He moved it. Changed the angle. He didn’t want us to see something.

DEKKER
What’s in that corner they didn’t want us to see?

Dax rewinds the tapes again, before the camera was moved and FREEZES FRAME ON: a lone COMPUTER TERMINAL in the corner.

INT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

AT THE COMPUTER TERMINAL... A FORENSICS TECHNICIAN, 30’s, carefully dusts the computer keyboard for fingerprints.

Dekker and Conners look on.

DEKKER
Are you at all concerned that there’s some whacko out there looking to get you?

CONNERS
If I worried about every threat made against me, I’d never leave the house.

The Technician turns on a BLACK LIGHT and... FINGERPRINTS APPEAR ALL OVER THE KEYBOARD!

Conners looks to Dekker, impressed.

CONNERS
(to the technician)
Those are priority one. If he’s got a record, I want an I.D. yesterday.

FORENSICS TECHNICIAN
I’m on my way.

CONNERS
Dax, can you hack in there and find out what they were doing on this machine?

DAX
Hack into a nationwide bank’s central computer system? Love to.

DEKKER
What do we do in the meantime?

CONNERS
You like Italian?
INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The ITALIAN RESTAURANT HOST, 50’s, jolly with a thick accent, greets Conners and Dekker.

ITALIAN HOST
Detective, where you been? Much too long. Sit, sit. I give you best table in house. It’ll just be the two?

CONNERS
No, four. More are coming.

ITALIAN HOST
Wonderful, wonderful. Who’s this young man?

CONNERS
For all intents and purposes... he’s Big Brother.

ITALIAN HOST
(confused)
He’s your brother?

CONNERS
No.

ITALIAN HOST
No matter, no matter... I bring you bottle of house wine!

DEKKER
We’re still on duty. No wine.

ITALIAN HOST
(insulted)
No wine?

CONNERS
A little wine.

ITALIAN HOST
That’s better.

They get to the table, Conners looks at it.

CONNERS
Last time I was here, you said that table in the corner was the “best in the house.”
ITALIAN HOST
It was. Anywhere you sit becomes best
table in house. Now relax, I bring you
food.

LATER, STILL AT THE RESTAURANT--

A PIANO PLAYER recreates the sweet sounds of Italy. PATRONS
sing along. Eating, drinking and being merry.

AT THE DETECTIVE’S TABLE--

Vincent and Teddy have joined Conners and Dekker. A MOUNTAIN
OF FOOD still remains. A COUPLE BOTTLES OF WINE have been
consumed, empty plates and basket rolls spread about. The
mood is happy, light. Not thinking about their day.

Conners tells an anecdote, something that Teddy and Vincent
have heard before, but don’t care. Dekker watches the
Detectives, admires in their closeness.

CONNERS
Shane, what was that thing you said
back at the house about “returning to
the beginning path” or something?

DEKKER
It’s a Buddhist story.

CONNERS
We’re all ears.

DEKKER
One day the Buddha found his heart in
turmoil. So he retreats to the forest,
to the earth, to the base of a great
tree and, I’m paraphrasing, but... this
elephant comes up and tells Buddha he
doesn’t like seeing him discouraged.

TEDDY
He can talk to an elephant?

DEKKER
He’s the Buddha. He’s attained the 6th
level of consciousness. He’s capable
of communicating with plants, trees... even rocks.

VINCENT
Rocks?

DEKKER
You asked.
CONNERS
Continue.

DEKKER
The Buddha was troubled so he went back to where he came from, the beginning, to find the path, the answer. So when you hit a dead end, go back to the beginning to find your way. Or something like that.

CONNERS
We have a genuine philosopher in our midst.

VINCENT
You’re a Buddhist?

DEKKER
No. Just something I picked up along the way.

TEDDY
But you’re religious?

DEKKER
Not particularly.

Conners stares curiously at his new partner. Then excuses himself to go to the men’s room.

DEKKER
You’re all pretty tight.

TEDDY
We’ve been through a lot together.

DEKKER
I guess I just thought... I don’t know. With all the trouble he’s been in lately, coming back from suspension, everyone would treat him differently.

VINCENT
You can’t believe what you read or see on TV. If anything, our tie to Conners is stronger. He’s one of the best. Even when things got pretty wild today—and everyone else panicked, he was in control. That doesn’t just happen. He’s just that good.

TEDDY
Excuse me.
Teddy heads for the ladies room.

VINCENT
What was the Buddha looking for?

DEKKER
The divine in himself.

Art’s confused. Dekker’s cellphone rings.

DEKKER
How long does it usually take to for fingerprints to be ID’d?

VINCENT
Hours, maybe days. We could be waiting a while.

DEKKER
(answering)
Dekker./ Okay.
(Snapping the phone shut...)
They got a match.

INT. BY THE RESTROOMS – ITALIAN RESTAURANT – NIGHT

LONG CURTAINS divide the rooms.

Conners exits the men’s room, Teddy appears and before a word can be spoken... SHE KISSES HIM HARD, PASSIONATELY ON THE LIPS. Conners gives in for just a moment. He breaks the embrace.

CONNERS
What are you doing?

TEDDY
I realized something today. Being around you, all that’s happened... I can’t... I think I made a mistake.

CONNERS
It’s too late. You’ve made your choice. Live with it.

This jab hurts Teddy and Conners knows it. Dekker parts the curtains...

DEKKER
We got a match.

Teddy separates from Conners.
CONNERS
You got a name?

DEKKER
Chris Lei.

CONNERS
(a knowing disgust)
Sonofabitch.

INT. CONNERS’S CAR - NIGHT

Conners drives, Dekker reads Chris Lei's file. On top of the
file is a MUGSHOT PHOTO of, “Lei, CHRIS”. He’s an early-30’s
Chinese-American with a “weasel factor” off the charts.

CONNERS
Prick used to work for some big-time
software company until they caught him
dipping into the company’s slush fund.
They didn’t want the publicity so they
didn’t press charges. Couple years
later, he was busted for looting the
pension plans of retired cops. For a
genius... he’s a fucking moron.

DEKKER
This was your case. You and York. You
made the bust. Why didn’t it stick?

CONNERS
His lawyer put us on trial. Said we
were crooked, abusive, that we planted
evidence... We were in the midst of
the Pearl Street Bridge fallout. Jury
bought it. They let him walk and we
were the scapegoats.

DEKKER
Was it true?

CONNERS
The guy was guilty. He was scum. That
was the truth.
(beat)
There’s something they don’t teach you.
The system breaks down. You have to
compensate to get results.

DEKKER
That gives you the right to break the
rules?
CONNERS
Break, no. Bend... if it means justice... Absolutely.

DEKKER
Another thing they don’t teach you.

EXT. CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Off the main road, sits a DARK, TWO-STORY HOME on a HILLSIDE.

INT. CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

The design is MODERN, FLAWLESS and COLD. Every room is equipped with VIDEO CAMERAS and MONITORS.

ON THE MONITOR... The screen is divided into 16 small boxes showing the actions simultaneously throughout the house. Our concentration settles on BOX #7...

INT. BEDROOM - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRIS LEI, live and in the flesh, quickly stuffs belongings into a suitcase. He’s nervous, tense. From the top drawer of his dresser, he grabs an armful of underwear, socks, dumps them into the suitcase.

What Chris doesn’t see...

IN THE REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER... LORENZ!

EXT. CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Conners pulls the car to the curb. He and Dekker hop out.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

From his second floor window, Chris sees Conners and Dekker.

CHRIS
Shit.

Chris turns, FINDS HIMSELF STARING DOWN A BARREL!

LORENZ
Fare thee well, Chris.

Chris swallows, Lorenz pulls the trigger and...

EXT. CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

BAM! THE GUNSHOT ECHOES OUTSIDE. Conners and Dekker draw their weapons, quickly descend on the house!
INT. FRONT HALL - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE FRONT DOOR KICKS IN! Dekker and Conners cautiously enter. They move the way veteran partners would. No indications that these two just met today.

The House is almost PITCH BLACK.

Conners motions that he’s going up, signals for Dekker to take the back of the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dekker proceeds inside. After a scan, the kitchen’s clean.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Conners emerges from the stairway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dekker steps from the back hallway into the DARKENED living room. Eyes straight ahead and sharp. What he doesn’t see...

LORENZ STEPS FROM THE DARKNESS.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Conners moves from the hall, into the bedroom where he finds... Chris’s dead Body. He checks for a pulse when he notices...

ON THE MONITOR... Conners sees A SHADOWY FIGURE BEHIND Dekker!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dekker, oblivious to Lorenz’s presence, continues on. Heads for the front hallway.

Lorenz raises his gun, narrows his sites on Dekker.

Simultaneously... CONNERS DIVES, TACKLES DEKKER BEHIND the living room wall -- LORENZ OPENS FIRE, UNLOADS A FULL CLIP!

A BULLET GRAZES DEKKER’S SHOULDER! THE REST LITTER THE WALLS, BLOW APART A MIRROR!

Conners and Dekker, behind the wall, regroup. Conners RETALIATES. FIRES FOUR ROUNDS AT LORENZ, but...

OMIT

OMIT
EXT.  BACKYARD - CHRIS’S HOUSE

Lorenz bursts through the back door, down the stairs!

INT.  LIVING ROOM - CHRIS’S HOUSE

Connors and Dekker...

CONNERS
You okay?

DEKKER
Yeah.

EXT.  BACKYARD - CHRIS’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dekker and Conners emerge from the house... Lorenzo, on the other end of the yard, OPENS FIRE!

The Detectives DIVE FOR COVER!

Lorenz exits through the fence’s door...

INT.  ALLEY BEHIND CHRIS LEI’S HOUSE - NIGHT

... and climbs into a BLACK MERCEDES-BENZ, quickly peels away!

EXT.  BACKYARD - CHRIS’S HOUSE

Dekker and Conners bounce up, run out the back fence, but...

EXT.  ALLEY BEHIND CHRIS LEI’S HOUSE - NIGHT

As they get there... Lorenzo’s MERCEDES, turns out of the alley and disappears into the night.

Dekker stares out, deflated.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMIT

OMIT

OMIT

OMIT

OMIT

EXT.  CHRIS LEI’S HOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE AND EMERGENCY CREWS surround the house.
An EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN, 30’s, attends to Dekker’s injured shoulder. Dekker grimaces from the pain. Conners approaches...

CONNERS
First day in the city and you’ve already been shot.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECH
It just grazed him.

DEKKER
Why don’t I “just graze” you with a bullet and see how you feel.

POLICE OFFICER #3
Your Damon Richards is awake.

119  EXT. HOSPITAL – NIGHT

To establish.

120  INT. TRAUMA ROOM – HOSPITAL

HANDCUFFS lock Richards to his bed. Richards is hooked up to an IV and a tube’s up his nose. A HEART RATE MONITOR chimes rhythmically.

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS look on as Conners and Dekker enter.

CONNERS
(to the officers)
Take five, guys.

The officers exit. Conners LOCKS the door, walks to the bed, leans over Richards.

CONNERS
Hiya, Damon. How you feeling?

DEKKER
(taps Conners)
May I?

Conners concedes the floor. Dekker addresses Richards.

DEKKER
You remember me, don’t you?
(Damon gives an EVIL GLARE)
Thought so.

Dekker turns his attention to Richards’ IV, the tubes which carry medication into his body.
From a nearby medicine cabinet, Dekker rummages around.

DEKKER
I was skiing about three years ago. Aspen. Beautiful country. Ever been? Never mind. I hit a mogul, landed on a sheet of ice and slammed into a tree. Broke myself up pretty bad. Kinda like you did today. I was in a hospital bed for three months. Had it not been for... Here it is.
(he finds)
Morphine. Without this stuff, I wouldn’t have made it.

Dekker fills a syringe with the entire bottle.

DEKKER
Now this IV drip administers a small dosage every minute. Makes you feel relaxed and calm. No pain. But...

Dekker sticks the syringe needle tip into the IV bag.

DEKKER
If I were to inject this whole thing... That would be all she wrote for Damon.

RICHARDS
You don’t have the balls.

Dekker PRESSES down on the syringe, just a little, but enough to go into the bag. Richards can’t believe it.

DEKKER
This equipment malfunctions all the time. Overdoses are quite common. Besides, I don’t think the DA’s going to launch a full-scale investigation over a scum like you.

Richards attempts to signal for a nurse, but Dekker pulls the call button away.

DEKKER
You don’t have to tell us a damn thing. Plead the fifth... roll the dice.

Dekker SQUEEZES in some more, until... Richards gives in, signals that he’ll talk.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Conners and Dekker exit, head to their car...
CONNERS
You fuckin’ hypocrite. You give me shit for my interrogating skills... least I don’t threaten them with a lethal overdose.

Dekker holds the empty vile up, hands it to Conners.

DEKKER
There’s never been a single case in recorded medical history of someone overdosing on 200 milliliters of saline.

Conners checks the label, smiles.

DEKKER
Bend, not break. That’s what you said, right?

EXT. SEATTLE SUBURB - NIGHT

Lorenz, AKA SCOTT CURTIS, enters his car.

JENKINS (VO)
Lorenz’s true identity is Scott Curtis. He’s wanted in connection to three other bank robberies, extortion and kidnapping.

INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Jenkins stands before Conners, Dekker, Teddy, Vincent and two new Detectives - DET. TOMMY BRANCH, 40’s and DET. JEROME KNIGHT, 50’s.

JENKINS
He’s also the brother of John Curtis, the perp Conners shot at Pearl Street Bridge.
(Moving on)
Richards testifies that he was hired by Curtis to pull the bank job with a dirty cop on the inside, Bernie Callo. Curtis hoped that Conners would take the fall for American National turning ugly, disgracing him even further. We also have the names of two more accomplices, Lamar Galt and Xander Harrington. Everyone was set to meet tonight at ten and we have that address.
(beat)
After finding Callo and Lei dead today, (MORE)
JENKINS (cont'd)
it doesn’t take a rocket scientist to
know Curtis is eliminating his
accomplices. Doesn’t matter what
Curtis told Galt and Harrington, he’s
going to finish them off tonight.

122  I/E  CONNERS’S CAR/ CITY STREETS – NIGHT – TRAVELLING

Conners drives, Dekker shotgun. Conners more intense than normal.

CONNERS
You never think of the repercussions.
The suspect’s mother, father...
Brother. How your decision affects
them.
(beat)
He had murder in his eyes.

DEKKER
John Curtis.

CONNERS
It was pouring. Lights everywhere. If
he had only done what I said.

CUT TO:

123  EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE – NIGHT – FLASHBACK

Conners, RAIN POUNDING DOWN, aims his gun, MOUTHS THE
WORDS...

CONNERS (VO)
Drop the weapon.

JOHN CURTIS, the kidnapper on the bridge, aims his gun,
FIRES!

CONNERS FIRES! BAM!

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

124  I/E  CONNERS’S CAR/ CITY STREETS – NIGHT – TRAVELLING

CONNERS
But it was not to be.

DEKKER
My father died when I was twelve. He
walked into a liquor store in the
middle of a stick up. Guy just opened
fire. Never even had time to react.
They said he was a hero. Know what
(MORE)
DEKKER (cont’d)
that means to a twelve year old?
(beat)
Because he died on the job, he’s a hero? Never made sense to me.

CONNERS
So why become a cop?

DEKKER
Finish what he started. Every day he went out, trying to do some good. Help the people who couldn’t help themselves, just give’em a chance is what he always said. Didn’t always work out right, but he tried. You tried to help save that girl on the bridge. If you weren’t there, the girl still would’ve died. She had a chance because you were there. That’s all we can do.

EXT. HOUSE – 10:25 PM

A two story house sits on a quiet corner in a quaint neighborhood. CRICKETS CHIRP, break the silence of the night. Two CARS sit in a gravel driveway.

ON THE FRONT PORCH—

Through the open windows... Two men, LAMAR GALT, 40’s, and XANDER HARRINGTON, 30’s, sit in silence. Their patience thinning.

IN CONNERS’S CAR—

IN THE SHADOWS... In various HIDING SPOTS... Conners and Dekker look out at the house.

IN DET. BRANCH’S CAR—

DET. BRANCH, looks at his watch, then to DET. KNIGHT.

BRANCH
(frustrated; into radio)
It’s twenty-five after. How much longer we wait?

IN CONNERS’S CAR—

CONNERS
(into radio)
We go now all we get is Galt and Harrington. We want Curtis. Now relax and keep the line free.
(MORE)
This prick's driving me crazy.

Conners digs into his pocket, realizes...

CONNERS
Shit.

DEKKER
What?

CONNERS
I’m out of gum.

TEDDY (VO)
(over radio)
Head’s up. Car’s coming.

125D EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT
A BROWN CHEVY drives past the house, but KEEPS GOING.

125E IN CONNERS’S CAR--
DEKKER
Shit.

125F ON THE FRONT PORCH--
Galt and Harrington react the same to the car driving by. Harrington CHECKS HIS WATCH, barks at Galt. Heads for his car.

125G IN TEDDY’S CAR--
Teddy and Vincent watch...

TEDDY
(into her radio)
Conners, we got a problem.

125H IN CONNERS’S CAR--
CONNERS
(into radio)
We hold. No one move.

125I IN DET. BRANCH’S CAR--
BRANCH
(into radio)
We can’t let him walk. We have to go now.
125J  CONNERS’S CAR--

CONNERS
    (into radio)
    No. Stand down.

125K  OMIT

125L  TEDDY’S CAR--

VINCENT
    (into radio)
    We’re going to lose’em, Conners.

125M  IN CONNERS’S CAR--

CONNERS
    (into radio)
    No. No go. We wait.

125N  AT THE HOUSE--

Harrington curses at Galt who stands on the front porch. Harrington waits while Galt makes a cellphone call.

125P  IN TEDDY’S CAR--

VINCENT
    (into radio)
    We bust them now, we got something.
    But if they get in that car we don’t have jack squat.

125Q  IN CONNERS’S CAR--

CONNERS
    We have three cars here and uniformed backup in all directions, if they ride, we’ll get them. I want Curtis. We don’t go in that house until I say!

126  AT THE HOUSE--

Galt hangs up. Harrington unlocks his car door.

127  I/E HOUSE AND ALL CARS – NIGHT

TEDDY’S PAGER CHIMES!

Harrington’s the first to hear it. In the dead silence, everyone soon does.

Just as Teddy’s able to silence it... Harrington SPOTS her car, doesn’t think twice, just starts FIRING!
His bullets keep Vincent and Teddy pinned down.
Knight hurries out of the car...
HARRINGTON sees this, FIRES!
The bullet STRIKES KNIGHT IN THE NECK!
GALT FIRES!
Simultaneously... BRANCH FIRES! HARRINGTON FIRES!
THE BULLET RIPS INTO HARRINGTON’S ARM! He’s hit, but not
down. He and Galt duck back inside the house!
Branch takes a bullet in the leg. He goes down.

128 IN CONNERS’S CAR--

CONNERS
Trigger happy, Sons of bitches!

129 AROUND THE HOUSE--

Conners, Dekker, Vincent, Teddy converge on the house.

CONNERS
We take them alive!

DEKKER
(into radio)
All units, all units. Shots fired!
Requesting backup immediately!

They all rush inside...

130 INT. HOUSE

Conners and Dekker make their way up the stairs...

131 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY--

Teddy and Vincent head down the hall...

132 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--

Conners and Dekker move carefully. Conners points for Dekker
to go in the other direction. Dekker obeys, slides down the
other side of the hall.

133 IN THE KITCHEN--

Teddy’s on her toes. She smells something, but keeps moving.
ON THE FLOOR... A trail of BLOOD leads to the DINING ROOM.

Teddy signals to Vincent. "That way."

134  FIRST BEDROOM--
Conners enters, checks it out.

135  SECOND BEDROOM--
Dekker stands outside the closet. He opens it quickly, but it's empty. Except for... On the far wall -- HUNDREDS OF PICTURES of Conners. The same shrine we saw Lorenz in front of earlier.

135A  DINING ROOM--
Vincent swings in from one entrance, Teddy the other. She takes a cautious step out, when...

BAM! A BULLET ZINGS PAST TEDDY - HITS THE WALL BESIDE HER HEAD!

HARRINGTON, from the corner, takes aim again!

VINCENT drops to the floor, aims through the dining room table legs and FIRES!

THE BULLET TEARS INTO HARRINGTON'S SHIN! He SCREAMS IN PAIN, DROPS TO THE FLOOR!

135B  FIRST BEDROOM--
Conners HEARS THE SHOTS, runs out of the room.

136  SECOND BEDROOM--
So does Dekker.

136A  DINING ROOM--
Teddy moves in on Harrington.

TEDDY
Drop the gun!

Harrington holds his gun UP AND OUT towards Teddy. Is he aiming or surrendering?

TEDDY
Drop it now. Last warning.

But he doesn't.
BAM! TEDDY PUTS A HOLE IN HARRINGTON’S CHEST! He slumps down, dead.

137 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--

Conners and Dekker meet by the top of the stairs.

CONNERS
Teddy!? What’s happening?

Vincent appears at the bottom of the stairs.

VINCENT
We got one down. He’s dead.

138 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/ STAIRCASE--

Dekker and Conners share a look, disappointed. But then something catches Conners’s eye.

BEHIND DEKKER... a door OPENS... LAMAR GALT AIMS HIS WEAPON!

CONNERS
GUN!

GALT FIRES!

Conners PUSHES DEKKER OUT OF THE WAY, just in the nick of time!

DEKKER TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Vincent breaks his fall.

GALT FIRES AT CONNERS, until he’s out of bullets. He ducks back behind a door.

Conners FIRES! But did he hit anyone? Conners pursues...

138A AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS--

Dekker grabs his head, in pain, but okay.

138B DINING ROOM--

Teddy leans against the wall, spots A VENT... A FLASH GOES BY!

139 UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--

Conners creeps inside the partially open doorway. It’s quiet, until... LAMAR GALT lunges, tackles Conners! His gun flies from his hands.
DINING ROOM--

Teddy’s EYES fall to...

ON THE FLOOR... next to the base of the door is a FUSE. It runs from the wall into the vent.

She follows it into THE KITCHEN.

    TEDDY
    Gas.
    (loud)
    Get out of here! Get out of here NOW!

FRONT HALLWAY--

Vincent and Dekker get up. Dekker looks upstairs...

    DEKKER
    Conners!

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--

Conners and Galt struggle. Conners PUNCHES Galt, sends him back! He then SLAMS Galt against the wall, Galt KNEES Conners in the gut.

Galt goes for the gun, Conners KICKS out his legs from underneath him! But before Conners can get the upper hand, Galt fights back! The two continue...

INT. KITCHEN

The fuse comes out of the vent... IT’S LIT! THE OVEN... HEAR the gas emission...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Teddy rushes from the house...

    TEDDY
    Everyone get down!

INT. KITCHEN

The spark. The Gas. The EXPLOSION!

INT. FRONT HALLWAY

THE BLAST BLOWS DEKKER AND VINCENT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND OUT OF THE HOUSE!
INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

The EXPLOSION KNOCKS Conners and GALT OFF THEIR FEET! Conners HITS THE FLOOR HARD! Galt’s head slams against the toilet.

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT

Teddy watches as... A COUPLE OF UNIFORMED COPS race to Vincent and Dekker, drag them away.

UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--

Conners leans over Galt, a giant GASH across his forehead, feels for a pulse. He’s dead. Conners looks into the hallway, SEES THE FIRE!

EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT

Dekker looks around...

DEKKER
Where’s Conners?

Dekker and Teddy look to the house, when...

KA-BOOM! A SECOND EXPLOSION! THE ENTIRE HOUSE BLOWS!

DEKKER, VINCENT AND THE TWO OFFICERS DUCK FOR COVER! TEDDY STARES AT THE HOUSE, HORRIFIED!

DEKKER gets up, watches the FLAMES CONSUME THE HOUSE!

TEDDY runs towards the house, when... DEKKER stops her.

TEDDY
No! No, we have to go save him!

DEKKER
We can’t.

TEDDY
We have to.

DEKKER
Teddy...

TEDDY
No!

They both stare at the house. Dekker holds her, she’s a mess.
EXT. A FEW MILES AWAY - NIGHT

Lorenz AKA SCOTT CURTIS watches through a pair of binoculars. No emotion evident.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - 11:10 PM - NIGHT

FIRE TRUCKS, POLICE CARS and EMERGENCY VEHICLES surround the house. The LIGHTS FLASH AN EERIE RED across the scene. FIREFMEN try to extinguish the flames.

Several NEWS TRUCKS have arrived, always after the story.

A CORONER, 40’s, zips shut a body bag. Inside the BADLY BURNT BODY of Detective Conners. The BADGE ON HIS BELT still visible. They load him into the truck.

TEDDY, her face drained of life, stares at the truck. A Fireman walks behind them, back towards the fire truck.

JENKINS huddles with a group of Detectives.

JENKINS

... If it had to be someone...

Teddy and Dekker overhear this.

TEDDY

(To Jenkins)
You sonofabitch.

JENKINS

Teddy...

TEDDY

You’ve always been jealous of him.

JENKINS

Jealous?

TEDDY

It’s because he wasn’t only a better cop... He was a better man.

JENKINS

Detective. Go home.

Teddy really wants to explode, but doesn’t. She walks away. Jenkins digests what she said, then his eyes find Dekker...

JENKINS

You have something you want to say?
DEKKER
No, Captain. She said it perfectly.

CUT TO:

KAREN CROSS finds Teddy, has her Cameraman FOCUS in on her.

KAREN CROSS
Detective Galloway, could you give us a comment?

Teddy looks STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA, but can’t say a thing. That’s when DEKKER grabs the camera, PUSHES it out of her face.

KAREN CROSS
We just wanted a statement.

DEKKER
Shame on you.

KAREN CROSS
This is more than just news for us. American National’s CFO sits on the Board of Channel Two. They have a vested interest in what’s going on.

DEKKER
Find another source.

Karen and her Cameraman leave Teddy and Dekker alone.

TEDDY
Conners was right. We should’ve never gone in. How many more mistakes can we make in one day? He was eliminating his accomplices. We thought he was going to show up. We didn’t even think he could do this... How dumb are we?

INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Quiet, mostly dark. A few fluorescent lights and a desk lamp...

Dekker sits at Conners’ desk. A somber moment, reflecting on the man, his career. He shuts off the lamp, heads for the door.

DAX
Detective?

Dekker turns to find... Dax, cradling a 3,000 PAGE DOCUMENT.
DAX
I know what they were doing inside the bank.

DEKKER AND DAX--

Dax flips through the huge document.

DAX
These are today’s transaction records from the bank. An average day produces about 400 pages, give or take. Today, there were over 3,000 pages.

DEKKER
Meaning?

DAX
We’ve just witnessed the largest heist in history. Somewhere in the neighborhood of a billion dollars.

DEKKER
Come again?

DAX
It’s a computer virus. “The Computer Virus.” It randomly withdraws money from all the accounts and deposits it into the bad guys’ account. If you check the transactions, no two withdrawal amounts are the same and none of’em are over $100. Most security systems work on the size of the money, not number of transactions. Wire out one million from a handful of accounts and red flags go up. Wire out a less than a hundred from ten million accounts, no flags.

DEKKER
Where’s the money now?

DAX
I tried following one of the transactions. It took me an hour and when I finally had it... It went away.

DEKKER
How is that possible?

DAX
The virus created a host of phantom accounts where the money goes

(MORE)
temporarily, then transfers to another account, then to another. It’s never in one place long enough to get an accurate fix.

DEKKER
It’s still moving the money around?

DAX
Yeah. Any deposit or withdrawal from any bank doesn’t usually go into affect until the next business day. So it’s going to keep jumping around until it clears at 9 AM tomorrow.

DEKKER  
(realizes)
Or 6 AM Pacific time. Sunrise. So why break in? If they’re just wiring money? Couldn’t they do that from anywhere?

DAX
That’s the regional manager’s computer terminal. There’s no outside/remote access to it. There you have unlimited entry to the bank’s mainframe. No passwords to work around, no “hacking” in. It’s all nice and clean.

DEKKER
A billion dollars is missing and we’re only discovering this now?

DAX
Ironically, when the power went out, it helped hide the virus and bought it time to work.

DEKKER
So they weren’t trying to make it look like they were robbing a bank, to rip off a Saudi Prince? They were making it look like they ripped off a Saudi Prince to rob a bank.  
(realizes)
The Chaos Theory.
DEKKER
Dekker.

DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)
Detective Dekker, there’s a call for you. Says it’s urgent.

DEKKER
Put it through.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)
Good evening Detective. I just wanted to compliment you on a fine day. You were an unexpected adversary that was most challenging.

DEKKER
It’s not over yet.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)
Wishful thinking.

DEKKER
No. My wish is to catch you. You’re a murderer. A cop killer at that.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)
I didn’t kill anyone who didn’t deserve it. Callo was insignificant and Conners crossed me. In years to come you’ll thank me for getting rid of him before he corrupted you.

DEKKER
I know about the money. You steal a billion dollars... They will find you.

LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)
A risk I’m willing to take. It’s almost sunrise. Fare thee well.

Lorenz hangs up. Dekker surprisingly calm, hangs up the phone, heads back inside the station.

INT. BULLPEN – SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT – NIGHT

Dekker at his desk, piles through mounds of paperwork. Not sure what to look for, he goes through everything.

His notes from the bank. The file on Galt, Harrington, Chris Lei. He even digs through Conners and finally... Callo’s file.

Jenkins heads for the exit.
JENKINS
You’re still here?

DEKKER
(in complete work mode)
Callo’s insignificant.

JENKINS
What?

DEKKER
That’s what he said, Callo’s insignificant. But he wasn’t.

JENKINS
What are you talking about?

DEKKER
Lorenz... Curtis... Called me.

JENKINS
He called you?

DEKKER
He said he didn’t kill anyone who didn’t deserve it. He said Callo was insignificant. But without Callo he wouldn’t have had the knowledge of our department and...
(grabs a clipboard)
... He wouldn’t have had the front money to hire the crew.

JENKINS
He was screwing with your head. Go home, Shane. You did good today. Your Dad would be proud. Get some sleep. There will be more bad guys tomorrow.

Jenkins exits.

Dekker falls back into his chair. Then... discovers...
Callo’s file... The Property Room Sign-Out Sheet. The signatures.

Harry Hume, the evidence room cop, out of uniform, walks inside, sits across from... Dekker, already here, with two DIFFERENT FILES available to him.

HARRY
I was in bed already. This couldn’t wait til morning.
DEKKER
(cold)
How did he come at you, Harry? It’s the only thing that doesn’t make sense.

HARRY
What are you talking about?

DEKKER
All day long we thought Callo was the dirty cop. All day long we were wrong.

Dekker slides some papers in front of Harry.

DEKKER
That’s the sign-out sheet from the evidence room. Here’s one of Callo’s reports. Here’s another one... and another --

The SIGNATURES ARE DIFFERENT, but Harry doesn’t even examine them. He knows.

DEKKER
They’re not the same signature, Harry. They’re not even close.

HARRY
(shrugs it off)
Maybe he had a cramp in his hand. I don’t know.

DEKKER
(re: file #1)
This is your file... You were reprimanded, a month ago after you confronted Callo at the courthouse. You punched him. That ring a bell?

HARRY
And I’d do it again. Cops who testify against cops shouldn’t be breathing the same air I do. There’s a line you don’t cross!

DEKKER
So you set him up! You forged Callo’s signature, you gave him the money and you helped him with his plan because you thought he got a raw deal at Pearl Street Bridge! Don’t deny it, Harry cause I know.
OF COURSE HE GOT A RAW DEAL AT PEARL STREET BRIDGE! EVERYBODY GOT A RAW DEAL!

EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Images FLASH before our eyes...

The RAIN POURS DOWN! An SUV CRASHES into a STALLED-OUT VEHICLE.

JOHN CURTIS (THE KIDNAPPER) crawls out of the SUV! He sees cop’s lights approaching. He drags LISA REANN (THE VICTIM) out of the truck. A BRIGHT LIGHT (from a helicopter) strikes John in the eyes!

LIGHTS! EVERYWHERE BRIGHT! It’s all very BLINDING!

COPS block both sides of the bridge! TV REPORTERS AT EITHER END OF THE BRIDGE!

John holds the gun up to Lisa’s head as... OVER JOHN’S SHOULDER... CONNERS APPROACHES, GUN DRAWN!

Lisa struggles, tears streaming down her face.

A FLASH OF LIGHT ENVELOPS CONNERS!

CLOSE ON... A GUN FIRES!

John DROPS lifeless to the pavement.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Harry pounds the table...

DEKKER
You’re helping a cop killer, Harry.
You’re a year from pension. This is how you want to go out?

HARRY
My conscience is clean.

DEKKER
This has been a very long, trying day.
And I’m tired. We’re chasing a

(MORE)
phantom. Just when we have him... he disappears. He’s been two steps ahead of Conners and me all day.

HARRY
Of course he has. Who knows Conners better than him?

DEKKER
(what?)
How the hell does Curtis know Conners better than anyone?

Harry goes silent. Realizes he just let the cat out of the bag.

DEKKER
(realizes)
We’re not talking about Curtis, are we, Harry?
  (still no response)
Who would know Conners better than anyone? Who would you protect? And who in your mind got the raw deal at Pearl Street Bridge?

EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

IN REVERSE MOTION - JOHN CURTIS GETS UP... THE BULLET RE-ENTERS CONNERS’S GUN... LISA REANN SCREAMS!

REVEAL THE ENTIRE SCENE: LORENZ/ CURTIS STANDS NEXT TO CONNERS ON THE BRIDGE HOLDING A GUN.

LORENZ/CURTIS IS YORK!

NOW RESUME ACTION... Conners and York aim their guns at... John holds Lisa tight.

CONNERS
Drop the weapon. Let the girl go.

John PUSHES the barrel of the gun TIGHTER into Lisa’s temple.

YORK
That, you don’t want to do.

York narrows his aim on John Curtis.

JOHN CURTIS
One step closer and the girl dies.
CONNERS
Think about this... you kill her,
where are you going to...

SIMULTANEOUSLY... YORK FIRES just as Lisa STRUGGLES, MOVES!
The Bullet intended for John Curtis, HITS Lisa, kills her instantly.

Lisa’s body crumples to the ground.

Conners and York look on in horror, knowing York’s bullet felled an innocent.

John turns to fire on the detectives... Conners fires - KILLS John Curtis!

John’s body hits pavement. RAIN POURS DOWN!

160 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM
Dekker puts it together...

DEKKER
It was York who was the bad cop. He assumed Scott Curtis’s identity to throw us off the trail.

161 INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

Dax and Teddy are speechless.

162 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

DEKKER
York plays his old partner, knowing all his moves, frames his enemy for the crime, kills him too and pulls off the biggest robbery in history.

HARRY
Do what you want to me. He called to tell me he was going and he’s gone and you ain’t never going to find him.

DEKKER
Watch me.

163 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Dax and Dekker gather at Dax’s desk. Dax is on the phone.

DAX
The number York used to call Harry Hume is a cellphone number. Ran it through (MORE)
local service providers. Nextel got a match.

DEKKER
Can they get a location on him?

DAX
That particular phone he’s using is equipped with the latest GPS technology. Should be able to trace his location within 100 meters or less.

(into phone)
Yeah?
(to Dekker)
They got him.

INT. DAX’S OFFICE – SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT – NIGHT

Dekker and Dax examine a map.

DAX
The signal’s coming from around 175th street. That’s about fifteen miles north of us.
(deflated)
From the harbor he can take a boat or a sea-plane out. He’s gone.

DEKKER
(beat; thinks)
No. If there’s a signal. Means he’s still here. He’s waiting for something or someone.

DAX
Waiting? Where? Ain’t nothing down there that’s open at this hour.

DEKKER
(thinks)
175th street... There’s is one place.

EXT. PARKING LOT – SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT – NIGHT

Dekker runs to his car and as he gets there, Teddy’s waiting for him.

TEDDY
I’m going with you.

DEKKER
Detective Galloway...
TEDDY
(w/ a steel glare)
It’s not a request.

165 EXT. HARBOR NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

A BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHT FULL MOON hangs in the dark sky. Dozens of COMMERCIAL LINERS, CARGO SHIPS and SEAPLANES line the piers.

166 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

Open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. A handful of cars occupy the spaces out front. Including the MERCEDES.

167 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

A scattering of PATRONS, some at the counter, some in booths. A PRETTY WAITRESS, 20’s, rings up a bill.

    PRETTY WAITRESS
    That’ll be $8.48, please.

YORK AKA LORENZ/CURTIS hands the Cashier a twenty.

    YORK
    Keep the change.

    PRETTY WAITRESS
    Thanks, mister.

A BUS BOY, 19, carries some garbage out the back.

York heads for the exits, opens the door and... STEPS OUTSIDE!

168 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

York hoofs two steps outside when...

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT STRIKES YORK’S FACE! He shields his eyes...

BEHIND THE LIGHTS... Dekker and Teddy aim their pistols.

    DEKKER
    Jason York... this is the police. Put your hands in the air and slowly get on your knees. Do it. Now!

    YORK
    Don’t shoot. You win.

York RAISES HIS HANDS HIGH, takes a small step backwards.
DEKKER
Get down on the pavement!

YORK
I’m cooperating. You win.

York takes another tiny back-step.

DEKKER
GET DOWN NOW! FINAL WARNING!

YORK
I SAID... I... GIVE... UP!

York bends down to ONE KNEE, DRAWS A 9 MM... FIRES!

DEKKER AND TEDDY DUCK FOR COVER!

YORK RUSHES BACK INTO THE RESTAURANT!

DEKKER AND TEDDY RETURN FIRE!

THE GLASS WINDOW DOORS EXPLODE!

DEKKER
(to Teddy)
Take the back!

INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

CUSTOMERS SCREAM AS...

Dekker enters, surveys the restaurant.

A LOUD BANGING FROM THE KITCHEN!

Dekker approaches the kitchen door, pushes it open and...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BULLETS RIP APART THE KITCHEN DOOR!

Dekker spins out of the way. As gunfire stops, Dekker KICKS through the door! Leans in gun first...

THE KITCHEN --

In the center of the room... York neck-holds the Pretty Waitress, gun to her head.

Dekker moves in...

YORK
Was it Harry? It was Harry, right?
That fat fuck!
DEKKER
Let the girl go. It’s over.

York’s EYES BLAZE WITH ACTIVITY! Something brewing.

YORK
Easy for you to say. I’m a plane ride away from a King’s Ransom.

THROUGH A SIDE DOOR... Teddy slides in, unnoticed.

DEKKER
Drop the weapon, let the girl go.

YORK
And spend the rest of my days in a cage? Let me ponder...
(beat)
Don’t think so. If you’re going to stop me... I’m gonna make you earn it.

DEKKER
That you don’t want to do.

YORK
(realizes)
That’s exactly what I said to him. Do you see the irony here? Am I the only one? Two months ago I was in your shoes. Some punk holding a gun to an innocent girl. What should you do?
(beat)
YOU’D DO EXACTLY WHAT I DID!

A GLINT sparkles in his eyes. His teeth grind. His gun GRIP TIGHTENS!

Teddy moves into position from the side! Then...

The BUS BOY enters from the same door Teddy came in. The door BANGS closed behind him.

York spins, FIRES in that direction!

Teddy’s HIT! The Bus Boy retreats out the side door!

YORK TURNS ON DEKKER, FIRES!

Dekker DUCKS away safely.

York drags the Pretty Waitress to the back!

Dekker runs over, checks on Teddy.
DEKKER

Shit.

TEDDY

I’m fine. Go get him.

Dekker looks her in the eyes, then darts away.

EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

Dekker exits the back. Finds the Pretty Waitress. Shook up.

DEKKER

Which way did he go?

PRETTY WAITRESS

That way. Down towards the pier.

EXT. HARBOR NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

York sprints across the street. Dekker follows.

I/E STEEL CONTAINER YARD - NIGHT

HUNDREDS OF GIANT STEEL CARGO CONTAINERS litter the yard... makes the place look and feel like a GIANT MAZE.

York disappears into the steel maze.

Dekker enters, slows to a walk. Carefully proceeds forward. Gun drawn. Second guessing each turn.

YORK (OS)

You’ve really screwed yourself... Jenkins is going to expect these kind of results from you everyday.

DEKKER

FBI’s got a team of 40 computer technicians figuring out Lei's virus. They’ll break it.

Dekker rounds a corner...

YORK

Your conviction would be admirable, if it wasn’t just so sad.

At the far end of the container, York FIRES!

Dekker ducks back.

York takes a look out, doesn’t see Dekker.
YORK
Get it through your head... The calvary ain’t coming. No heroes are coming to save the day. The bad guy gets away at the end of this story.

Dekker peers around the corner... York’s gone.

YORK (OS)
But I’ll give you credit... You turned out to be quite the little thorn, didn’t you?

Dekker speed-walks, continuing the search.

YORK (OS)
I think Conners would be sorry that you died. But not me.

Dekker stops, eyes a full 360. The containers all look alike. Dekker wonders if he’s just going around in circles. Until...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BULLETS RICOCHET ALL AROUND DEKKER! He dive-rolls for cover as...

ON TOP OF A CONTAINER... York UNLEASHES, until... CLICK! Out of ammo.

Dekker, hearing this, pops up, RETURNS FIRE!

York leaps off the backside of the container!

Dekker gives chase. As he circles the container... no York. Instead, he finds a DOCK.

174 EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

A narrow wooden dock. There’s a few small boats, A TUG BOAT and at the end... A SEAPLANE.

Dekker approaches the tug. Each step slow and deliberate. EYES TRANSFIXED on the seaplane.

As he nears the Seaplane... A SHADOW RISES from BEHIND HIM. From on top of the TUG BOAT!

Dekker turns just as...

York throws a fishing net on top of Dekker. As Dekker struggles in the net, HIS GUN DISCHARGES!

York with a PIKE POLE in hand, leaps down, CLUBBING Dekker over the head with the weapon. Dekker goes down!
Dekker’s gun SLIDES off the dock, into the water.

York charges Dekker with the PIKE POLE, ready to stab, when...

At the last second... DEKKER ROLLS AWAY! THE PIKE POLE BREAKS A WOODEN PLANK TO PIECES, sticks into the ground beneath the water.

Dekker, still tangled in the net, KICKS OUT York’s legs. He falls to the planks.

York quickly rebounds. He POUNCES on Dekker, from behind he wraps his arm around Dekker’s throat, CHOKING HIM.

Dekker struggles to breathe. York SQUEEZES harder.

YORK
I have come this far... I will not be denied.

Dekker fights, arms flailing. He REACHES blindly behind York, grabs a hold of the PIKE POLE. The pole SNAPS in two!

Dekker wildly SWINGS at York who dodges easily.

York SLAMS Dekker into the side of the TUG. Still choking.

Dekker, on his last gasp, PUSHES OFF THE TUG!

York stumbles backwards, GETS HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN THE HOLE! He twists, spinning around, falling down onto...

... THE REMAINING PIKE SPEAR! The Pike punches through his chest... POPS out his back!

York, blood and life escaping him, his eyes find Dekker. Then go dead.

Dekker steps close. Holds a cold, remorseless stare at York’s body.

DISSOLVE TO:

175 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - 3:41 AM - NIGHT 175

Lights Flash from the AMBULANCES AND POLICE CARS. A HELICOPTER HOVERS overhead. Karen Cross interviews Jenkins.

176 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT 176

Teddy, arm in sling, and Dekker sip on some already cold coffee.
TEDDY
We used to spend all day Sunday just
reading in bed. I would read the paper
and he would read one of his billion
books. I didn’t deserve him. I knew
that. But I still loved him.

Teddy stares out the window...

POV OF TEDDY – Jenkins speaks to Karen Cross.

TEDDY
He’s the only man I ever loved.
(beat)
Did we all get shot today?

They can’t help but laugh.

DEKKER
They said in the city I’d be busy.
Every day like this?

TEDDY
Pretty much.

DEKKER
Great. I wonder what’s next?

TEDDY
For me... a long vacation.

Teddy excuses herself to the bathroom. Dekker goes to pay
the check.

AT THE CASHIER... Dekker reaches for his wallet, opens it.

DEKKER
How much?

PRETTY WAITRESS
Do you think I’m going to charge you
after all that? Go on.

DEKKER
Thanks.

Dekker notices the tip jar by the register. He removes a TEN
DOLLAR BILL, about to stuff it in the jar...

That’s when THE SMELL hits him. A strange, but familiar ODOR
comes from Dekker’s wallet or more accurately... The TEN
DOLLAR BILL! But what is it?

FLASH BACK TO:
Marnie explains to Dekker and Conners...

MARNIE
Do you smell that?

DEKKER
(smells the bills; grimaces)
What is it?

MARNIE
When evidence is taken in, any physical mark might effect the ability to lift prints, so, to mark it, we spray it with a scented solution.

Off of Conners’ LOOK.

Dekker realizes it’s the same smell, but how did this ten get in his wallet?

Conners and Dekker get to know one another... The Waitress lays down the check.

WAITRESS
Anything else, officers?

Conners drops a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the table.

Dekker SCOOPS UP Conners’s TEN, PUTS IT IN HIS WALLET and drops a twenty down on the table.

Dekker, a million thoughts spiral at once, runs from the diner!

Teddy exits the ladies room, but Dekker is gone.
INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

PAPERS and BOOKS litter the floor.

Dekker trashes the place, looking for a clue of any kind. He rifles through the bookshelves, cabinets. All to no avail.

That’s when he finds... a medium-sized paperback, dog-eared and worn. The title of the book... “CHAOS” by James Gleick.

Dekker flips through the book. Pages are marked, highlighted. Key words we find include, “EDWARD LORENZ, CHAOS THEORY, BIRTH OF A NEW SCIENCE.”

TIME CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - LATER

Dekker holds the “Chaos” book in his hand, paces...

DEKKER
(into phone)
You tried them all?/ Nothing for Conners or Lorenz?/ I don’t know. No, maybe he’s not on a flight.

Dekker then notices - the book. The author’s name.

DEKKER

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE AIRPORT - 6:22 AM DAY - ESTABLISHING

Early morning TRAVELLERS converge.

INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

Dekker scans the line up of people. Nothing.

BY THE MEN’S ROOM--

A MAN, 40’s, in DISGUISE (Brown Wig), SPIES Dekker. He picks up a CELLPHONE, DIALS... DEKKER’S CELLPHONE RINGS. He quickly picks it up.

CONNERS (VO)
There’s a passage in the Surangama Sutra which, roughly translated means: “Things are not what they appear to be: nor are they otherwise.”
DEKKER

Conners?

Dekker again scans the line -- he’s not there. He scans all the faces AGAIN, but still nothing.

CONNERS (VO)
Think about that a minute... Doesn’t that blow your mind?
(beat)
What gave me away?

DEKKER
Ten bucks.

CONNERS (VO)
At the diner. That’s right... Well, to err is human.

Dekker SPOTS A MAN ON A CELLPHONE, he runs up to him, SPINS HIM AROUND, BUT... It’s not Conners.

CONNERS (VO)
Was it Harry that gave him up?

DEKKER
Harry and the phone call. He called me, said Callo was insignificant.
Threw up a red flag.

CONNERS (VO)
That wasn’t him. That was my mistake. I called you.

184  OMIT
185  OMIT
186  INT. CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Conners on his phone, with attached Voice Modulater.

CONNERS
I didn’t kill anyone who didn’t deserve it.

187  EXT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dekker at his car... On the phone, listens. But on this ends it sounds like...
LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)
Callo was insignificant...

BACK TO:

188  INT.  WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY - THE PRESENT  188

CONNERS (VO)
York always thought “the plan” was flawless. He was cocky. I told him you have to leave room for error. You can’t always predict how it’s all going to play out. A random camera catches an image of Richards, the scent on the money... you. You were the biggest wrench of the day. The Chaos Theory... When you got that... I was impressed.

DEKKER
All day long, we were trying to find out who the inside source was... it was you.

CONNERS
The more information you gather, from as many sources as possible, no matter how unpleasant the methods are, the better. And while I’d like to take sole credit it was a team effort.

DEKKER
(beat)
Teddy’s pretty devastated about your death.

CONNERS (VO)
She’ll get over it.

FLASH BACK TO:

189  INT.  UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT  189

Conners PUSHES DEKKER OUT OF THE WAY, just in the nick of time!

DEKKER TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Vincent breaks his fall.

Conners FIRES TOWARDS THE DOOR! After...

Conners takes out a small remote detonator. Pushes the FIRST BUTTON!

A VENT... A FLASH GOES BY!
DINING ROOM--

ON THE FLOOR... next to the base of the door is a FUSE. It runs from the wall into the vent. Teddy follows it into THE KITCHEN.

TEDDY
Gas. Get out of here! Get out of here NOW!

The fuse comes out of the vent... IT’S LIT! THE OVEN...
HEAR the gas emission... The spark. The Gas.

THE FIRST EXPLOSION!

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - HOUSE

Conners leans over Galt, a giant GASH across his head, feels for a pulse. He’s dead. Conners looks into the hallway, SEES THE FIRE!

Conners gets up, and reaches INTO THE BATHTUB, drags out... a CORPSE, HOOKS HIS BADGE ONTO THE CORPSE’S BELT and lays him on the floor.

Conners QUICKLY opens a LAUNDRY SHOOT, SHIMMIES INSIDE AND SLIDES DOWN...

INT. BASEMENT - HOUSE

Conners lands safely on a mattress he left on the floor. Once settled, he pushes the SECOND BUTTON ON THE DETONATOR and...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

KA-BOOM! A SECOND EXPLOSION! THE ENTIRE HOUSE BLOWS!

INT. BASEMENT - HOUSE

Conners opens a trunk, inside is a FIREMAN’S RAIN COAT, HELMET AND VISOR!

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In the aftermath of the fire... SEVERAL FIREMAN, POLICE, REPORTERS, etc. are on scene.
Dekker and Teddy don’t see... A FIREMAN PASSES BEHIND THEM, turns his head slightly, REVEAL THROUGH THE VISOR IT’S CONNERS!

BACK TO:

197

INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

Dekker continues his search for Conners all to no avail. He TURNS HIS BACK, just as... A MAN WALKS RIGHT PAST DEKKER CARRYING A CELLPHONE!

DEKKER

So the corpse in the morgue with your name on its toe...?

CONNERS (VO)

Scott Curtis won’t be bothering anyone again.

DEKKER

You’re a serial killer.

CONNERS (VO)

Who got killed? Curtis? Harrington, Galt, Lei. They’re all hoods. The world’s safer with them gone. The kid at the bank... that was unfortunate. But... you live with your decisions. You choose to take this road... there is no half way. It’s all or nothing. That’s why others fail. They don’t make the commitment. I won’t make that same mistake.

DEKKER

You said they were all hoods... what about, Callo?

CONNERS

Callo deserved his fate. It’s his fault.

DEKKER

This is Callo’s fault?

CONNERS

If it weren’t for him, York and I would’ve never done this. One random act, causes another, causes another, and in the end... the pattern emerges. That’s the Chaos Theory.

(beat)

It’s after six. The money’s cleared. I’m a wealthy man. Lei, for all his (MORE)
CONNERS (cont’d)
evil, was one smart sonofabitch. The
Feds will be tracing false leads for
weeks.

DEKKER
Lei... you tanked his trial on purpose.

CONNERS
They should’ve suspended me after I
testified. What did they expect?

DEKKER
And because the “bitch that made her
career off you” worked for Channel Two,
that’s why American National was the
target.

CONNERS
Everybody who screwed us, got screwed.
Everything in its right place.

DEKKER
Why not kill me? You had plenty of
opportunities.

CONNERS
This wasn’t about killing, Shane. This
was about standing up for what matters.
Besides... you kinda grew on me.

DEKKER
You’re not going to get away.

CONNERS (VO)
I already have. I’m not even here now.
This is a very valuable lesson for you
to learn, and it’s good to have learned
it early.

DEKKER
What’s that?

CONNERS (VO)
You don’t always win.

DEKKER
All your years of service for not.
You’re a hypocrite.

CONNERS (VO)
I’m an opportunist. I would’ve gladly
died in the line of duty, but they took
that away. If they had been as
faithful to me, as I to them none of
(MORE)
this would’ve happened. The system broke down. Good luck, Detective. It would’ve been an interesting partnership, but I have to go now.

As Dekker continues his search, his cellphone CUTS OFF!

DEKKER
Conners? Conners?

Dekker doesn’t notice... THE MAN walks past security and out of the Western Airlines terminal.

198 INT. PRIVATE PLANE TERMINAL - AIRPORT - DAY

CONNERS walks through the small area, proceeds out to...

199 INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Conners walks down the aisle, finds his seat.

STEWARDESS
Good morning, Sir. I’ll let the Captain know we’re ready.

She hands him a glass of champagne.

STEWARDESS
Will there be anything else?

CONNERS
No thank you. I’m fine.

200 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The private plane TAKES OFF!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.

"THE END"