

BLOOD RUNS COLD

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

SUBTITLE: ST. GEORGE HOSPITAL, HONG KONG, CHINA

AN ELDERLY CHINESE MAN (80's, frail) is sleeping in a hospital bed in an expensive private room. Dozens of tubes and wires run from him to various medical machines stacked around his bed.

TIM YUN (30's, Chinese, well-dressed) watches the man from the foot of the bed.

The door opens and a NURSE (20's, Chinese) bows and beckons him to follow her.

NURSE

(in Chinese)

SUBTITLE: Mr. Yun? The doctor wishes to see you.

Yun ignores the nurse, she slips back out bowing again.

Yun bows deeply to the elderly man and leaves.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR BERTER (50's, plump, white) rises to greet Yun. The Doctor greets him in halting Chinese.

DR. BERTER

(in Chinese)

SUBTITLE: Good Day, Mr. Yun. It is most fortunate to meet with you.

Yun ignores the offer to shake hands and sits in the chair in front of the Doctor's desk.

TIM YUN

Doctor Berter, your English is worse than your Chinese. However, I would be less offended if we spoke English for this meeting.

Yun pulls a gold cigarette case from his jacket and lights one.

The Doctor raises a warning finger, smiling condescendingly and speaks English with a thick German accent.

DR. BERTER  
English, yes. There is not to be  
smoking in this building.

Yun blows the smoke toward the ceiling.

TIM YUN  
If you raise your hand to me once  
more, I shall have it removed. Sit.

Dr. Berter sits quickly.

DR. BERTER  
Yes, of course. My very apologies.

TIM YUN  
My father.

DR. BERTER  
I am most sorry to tell you he is  
very ill. His heart is the most  
immediate problem, but there is  
also the liver.

TIM YUN  
How long does he have?

DR. BERTER  
If he doesn't have a new heart in  
48 hours, he will die. The liver  
too must be replaced.

Tim Yun moves toward the door, thumbing a PDA.

TIM YUN  
Give the necessary information to  
my associate, Mr. Han. You will  
have the replacement organs within  
24 hours. I expect you to be ready  
to perform the transplant operation  
as soon as they arrive.

The door opens and a large CHINESE BODYGUARD (20's  
intimidating) in a dark suit and sunglasses steps in. He is  
followed by HAN (40's, well-dressed, bookish). Two more  
BODYGUARDS wait in the hallway.

DR. BERTER  
Replacements? But from where? Our  
facility has been unable to find  
suitable matches for your father.

TIM YUN

You are paid to provide answers,  
not questions. Be ready when they  
arrive.

Tim Yun steps out into the hallway, the two bodyguards follow him. Mr. Han waits in front of Dr. Berter's desk.

DR. BERTER

Yes, one moment please.

With shaking hands, he pulls a bottle of scotch from a desk drawer and pours himself a shot.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER DAY ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A collection of big, soft chairs, boardgames and various activities fill the large space. A TV drones on. Various, SLEEPY-LOOKING TEENS AND ADULTS lounge around, staring. Some stare out the barred windows at the setting sun, some at the TV, some at the wall, some just stare into space. Everyone looks lethargic and drugged.

Except TERRY CLEARY (20's, skinny, pretty), who is nervously smoking a cigarette and pacing around the room. Her eyes are blood-shot and have dark rings around them.

TERRY

This is fucked up, okay? Seriously.  
Something's not right. I feel like  
shit.

Terry is speaking to RINDA (20's, goth female) who is curled up lazily in a big beanbag chair. Terry paces nervously in front of her.

RINDA

Maybe you just need your meds  
adjusted. Or maybe it's just taking  
awhile for you to get the shit out  
of your system.

TERRY

No, this is wrong. I've been in  
rehab before. This is wrong. I feel  
sick. The methadone isn't working.  
(shouting)  
It's not working! Something is  
wrong!

NURSE GALINA (40's, female, fat) looks up from her desk inside a mesh covered glass booth. She speaks into an intercom and her voice is heard in the day room.

NURSE GALINA  
 (thick Russian accent)  
 Shut up, Cleary! You are upsetting  
 everyone with your crybaby  
 bullshit!

Terry glares hatefully at Nurse Galina, but lowers her voice.

TERRY  
 I'm telling you, Rinda, something  
 is wrong. I feel like my head is  
 going to bust open!

RINDA  
 Just calm down, Terry. You need to  
 take it easy or Galina will put you  
 in lockdown.

TERRY  
 Fuck her. I can't take this!  
 (shouting)  
 I can't take this! Why won't you  
 help me? I'm sick. I need help, you  
 fat bitch!

Nurse Galina stands and picks up a thick phone book. She  
 unlocks the door and steps into the day room, carrying the  
 phone book in both hands.

NURSE GALINA  
 You want help? I help you calm  
 down. Huh? That what you want?

She walks menacingly toward Terry. The other patients make  
 sure they're out of her way.

TERRY  
 What's wrong with you? I'm sick!  
 Why won't you help me? The  
 methadone isn't working!  
 Something's wrong! Stay away from  
 me, bitch!

Nurse Galina backs Terry against the wall, Terry looks like  
 she is going to fight back. Rinda jumps up and stands between  
 the two.

RINDA  
 No! Nurse Galina, please don't!  
 She's just new. She needs to relax.  
 I'll watch over her. I'll keep her  
 quiet. Please. We're sorry, okay?  
 Really sorry.

Nurse Galina looks at them both. Then slams the phone book into the side of Rinda's head, knocking her down.

When Terry starts to move at her, Galina threatens to hit her too. Terry backs down and kneels by Rinda.

NURSE GALINA

Keep it quiet in here or when I  
come back, you both go into  
lockdown. Yes?

Terry glares angrily at the big woman. Rinda has a small trickle of blood coming from her mouth.

RINDA

Okay, okay. I'm sorry, that was my  
fault. We're cool. Really. We're  
cool, okay?

Nurse Galina stomps back to her booth and goes back to reading her magazine, glancing at the two occasionally.

Terry helps Rinda back into the beanbag chair.

TERRY

Shit, Rinda. I'm sorry. I didn't  
mean for you to get a smack. You  
okay?

RINDA

My mom hits harder than that cow.  
I'm fine. Did you call your Dad?

TERRY

They took away my phone privileges  
yesterday. It wouldn't make any  
difference. He put me in here, he's  
not going to want to hear from me  
until I kick this shit.

RINDA

My dad's a hard-ass too.

TERRY

My dad is the original hard-ass.  
This is my third trip to rehab. I'm  
telling you, Rinda, something's  
wrong. I'm sick. It's not just the  
withdrawal. It's something else. My  
heart is racing, I'm thirsty, I  
can't think straight. I feel like  
I'm dying.

RINDA

Maybe you should get out of here.  
You know, just walk.

TERRY

I got caught holding. It's either  
here or prison and I can't do time.

RINDA

No. I mean, you should get out of  
here.

TERRY

What are you talking about? Busting  
out?

RINDA

I shouldn't be telling you this,  
but my boyfriend is going to have  
his car parked by the baseball  
field fence tonight at 6. When  
everyone is at dinner, you and I  
can make a run for it. Just say  
you're too sick to eat. I'll come  
and get you.

TERRY

I don't know.

RINDA

Maybe you're just not ready to get  
clean yet, you know? I'm not. I'm  
going to get fucked up tonight. I  
just need a break, you know? Get  
high for awhile, then I'll try this  
rehab shit again. You need a break  
too. My boyfriends kind of the  
nervous type, you know. He's been  
inside, so he won't want to share,  
but we can drop you someplace.

Terry glances over at Nurse Galina, who is picking her teeth  
with a tooth-pick.

TERRY

Shit. Okay. Six o'clock. I know  
where I can go.

Rinda smiles and winks at Terry.

RINDA

Don't worry, girl. By 8, I bet  
you'll be floating, high and happy.

Terry smiles nervously and lights another cigarette.

INT. A LOFT-STYLE APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

SUBTITLE: LOS ANGELES, CA, USA

The apartment is sparse; there's more workout equipment than furniture.

MICK CLEARY (early 30's, muscular) is sitting on the edge of his bed staring at the LA skyline. The usual sounds of a busy city street filter in through the open window.

The bedside clock turns to "6:00 PM" and the alarm chimes, he shuts it off.

He rises as if in pain and starts stretching. He's thickly muscled like an MMA fighter. He crosses to the heavy-bag in the corner and tosses a few light jabs, slowly warming up.

Soon, he's throwing powerful combinations, pounding the heavy bag with fast, hard blows.

The door buzzes. He presses the intercom.

MICK

Candice?

CANDICE (FROM THE INTERCOM)

Yeah, baby.

He buzzes her up, unlocks his door and goes back to working on the heavy-bag.

CANDICE (late 20's, female bodybuilder) enters carrying two coffees and a small, white pastry bag.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

I brought breakfast.

MICK

You're my hero.

He takes one of the coffees and lowers his sweatpants on one side, exposing a butt-check. Candice pulls a syringe from the white paper bag.

CANDICE

Thought we were working out this afternoon? Where were you?

MICK

I worked last night. I needed the sleep. I'm working tonight too. John's short a man at Disharmony, so I'm helping out.

She jabs him with the syringe.

CANDICE

How's the shoulder?

MICK

All good. You're the best.

CANDICE

I told you, Candy's candy is the sweetest.

She slaps his ass-check. He turns and she kisses him roughly, pulling him to the bed.

MICK

You need to quit referring to yourself in the third person, baby. It's creepy.

They tumble into the bed, pulling their clothes off between kisses.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rinda is standing in front of a desk. Nurse Galina is standing next to her. Behind the desk is DOCTOR SULLIMAN (60', bald) who leers at the young Rinda.

RINDA

We're all set. We're going to jump the fence at 6 tonight. She's buzzing so hard on the speed you gave her, she'd probably run all the way to the city.

DR. SULLIMAN

Good work. You are okay?

NURSE GALINA

I'm sorry I hit you so hard.

RINDA

Don't worry about it. I'm expecting a bonus though.

DR. SULLIMAN

Of course. Yes, you have earned it. Maybe we could have a late dinner and discuss it, da? I like what you are wearing. You look like a little vampire girl. Come dressed like that tonight.

RINDA

Sure, whatever.

DR. SULLIMAN

Smart girl.  
(to Nurse Galina)  
Uri and Vanya are ready?

NURSE GALINA

Yes, Doctor. They will follow and pick her up once she has been seen.

DR. SULLIMAN

Good. Have the bitch back here before 10, we are on a tight schedule.

RINDA

Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN

And tell Uri and Vanya to make sure she doesn't score. We have very little time and this is not a client we can fail.

NURSE GALINA

Yes, Doctor.

Dr. Sulliman dials his phone.

DR. SULLIMAN

Now I need to give Mr. Cleary the bad news about his daughter.

INT. A VAN - LATE AFTERNOON

A van with dark windows is parked across the street from the Grady Rehab Center. Inside, THREE MEN are crammed in with various computers and monitoring equipment.

One of the computer monitors displays the out-going call Dr. Sulliman is making. The computers look up the number and the Interpol logo is displayed while it searches the database for the owner of the phone being called.

AGENT BAUDIN (30's, male, unshaven, cheap suit) listens to the call on a pair of headphones.

AGENT BAUDIN  
 (in French)  
 SUBTITLE: Deputy Director! Sir! He is calling the father. He's telling him the girl has escaped.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT (50's, male, slim, expensive suit) joins him. They watch the transcript of the conversation on the computer screen.

The computer search ends and the police file of Captain Angus Cleary, LAPD, is displayed. Deputy Director Durant reads the file carefully.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
 (in French)  
 SUBTITLE: Impressive. We need to find this man.

INT. A LARGE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

It's a large, crowded nightclub full of flashing lights, smoke and mirrors with a blinking neon sign over the stage which reads "Disharmony". The PATRONS are young, rowdy and drunk.

Mick enters from behind the bar, nodding at one of the BARTENDERS. Mick is wearing a black T-shirt with "Security" on the front and back.

MICK  
 How we doing?

BARTENDER  
 Not good, Mick. Full house and the act is a no-show.

A DRUNK WOMAN at the bar shouts at the bartender.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
 (to drunk)  
 Chill out, will ya?  
 (to Mick)  
 I gotta go. Hook up, John's looking for you.

Mick moves out through the crowd, hooking an earpiece into his ear.

BOUNCER #1 (FROM THE EARPIECE)  
Yo, northwest corner, in the blue  
jacket.

JOHN (FROM THE EARPIECE)  
Yeah, that's him. Get him out.  
Anybody seen Mick yet?

MICK  
(into headset)  
I'm here, John.

JOHN (FROM THE EARPIECE)  
About time, you lazy shit.

MICK  
(into headset)  
Where are you?

JOHN (FROM THE EARPIECE)  
Eyes to heaven, my son.

Mick looks up, squinting into the bright disco lights until he sees a DARK FIGURE standing on the walkway above the lights which runs around the edges of the large dance floor.

A wave of angry shouting sweeps by Mick as TWO LARGE BOUNCERS bum-rush a SKINNY MAN IN A BLUE JACKET (20's, "Jersey Shore", sleazy) toward the exit doors. One of the bouncers, LEON (20's, big) smiles when he passes Mick, ignoring the skinny man's GIRLFRIEND (20's, "Jersey Shore", skanky) who is screaming at his back.

LEON  
Hey Mick, how's it going? John's  
looking for you.

MICK  
Hi, Leon. Yeah, I know.

JOHN (FROM THE EARPIECE)  
Meet me in the green room. We've  
got a problem.

MICK  
(into headset)  
I heard. On my way, boss.

FRANKIE (FROM THE EARPIECE)  
Hey Mick. You on?

MICK  
(into headset)  
Yeah Frankie. What's up?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - NIGHT

The velvet rope screens off a long line of people waiting to get inside. FRANKIE THE DOORMAN (30's, expensive suit) and two other BOUNCERS stand at the entrance.

Terry stands on the sidewalk, nervously smoking a cigarette.

FRANKIE  
 (into wrist microphone)  
 There's a chick out here says she's  
 your sister. Want me to let her in?

INT. INSIDE THE CLUB

A fight breaks out on the dance floor, Mick moves toward it, but two other BOUNCERS beat him to it.

MICK  
 This is going to be one shit night.  
 (into headset)  
 Frankie, tell her to wait.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - NIGHT

FRANKIE  
 Hey sweetheart, he'll be out as  
 soon as he can, okay?

Terry nods, looking up and down the street.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 (quietly to bouncer)  
 Freaking junkie, right? Poor Mick.  
 Watch the door for a minute, okay?  
 (to Terry)  
 Hey, hon. Come over here a second.  
 I think I can help you out while  
 you're waiting for Mick.

Terry smiles nervously but walks with Frankie as they step away from the crowded entrance to the club.

Parked down the block, a private ambulance starts up and follows Frankie and Terry.

INT. INSIDE THE CLUB

Mick has made his way through the packed club to the stairs leading up to the overhead walkway. TONY (20's, muscular) opens the "VIP Only" gate for him.

MICK  
Keep your head down tonight, okay  
Tony?

TONY  
You know it, chief.

JOHN (40's, big, tattooed) is waiting at the top of the stairs.

JOHN  
Welcome to the party, brother.

MICK  
Better late than never.

JOHN  
You might wish you missed this one.  
We're all getting bloody tonight.

They walk along the walkway, looking down at the crowd. The sound of a bottle breaking is heard above the yelling and thumping music. The crowd parts as three bouncers hustle another customer to the exit doors.

MICK  
No chance of a show?

They've reached a door with a star on it. John pauses before opening the door to the green room.

JOHN  
See for yourself.

INT. THE GREEN ROOM

The room has been wrecked. The mirrors cracked, lamps overturned, furniture tossed. In the center of it all is BELINDA B GOODE (20's, wasted) throwing up into a trash-can. She's in the same condition as the room: her tight-fitting outfit is torn, her make-up is smeared and her hair extensions are falling out.

JOHN  
Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you  
the Diva of Dance, the baddest of  
the bad, the goodest of the good,  
you know her, you know you want  
her: Belinda B Gooooode!

Belinda dry-heaves while trying to curse at John. WINSTON (50's, fat), her manager, tries to help her to a chair.

WINSTON

This is your fault! I told you to keep an eye on her!

JOHN

Kiss my ass, fat boy. That's your job.

MICK

So there's no chance she's going on tonight?

Belinda dry-heaves again while giving him the finger.

MICK (CONT'D)

Okay, give me a break, I just got here.

Another bottle crashes.

WINSTON

You got to get us out of here. That crowd is losing it, man!

MICK

Yeah and thanks for that, by the way. Stay in here, you'll be fine.

WINSTON

We're still getting paid. You tell Bobby!

JOHN

Right, you tell him and clean this damn place up while you're in here hiding.

He and Mick move back out onto the walk-way over the club.

MICK

I bet Bobby's shitting blood over this.

JOHN

Are you kidding? He grabbed the receipts and bounced over an hour ago.

MICK

Good for him. How you want to play this, boss?

JOHN

Cattle drive?

MICK

I don't see any other way. How many bangers we got?

JOHN

A dozen. Fourteen if we bring in those two big bartenders.

MICK

Let's get them. We're going to need all the knuckles we can get.

John slips a boxer's mouth-guard into his mouth and smiles broadly. Writing on the mouth-guard says, "Thank You and Good Night!". Mick laughs.

INT. IN FRONT OF THE STAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The bouncers have lined up. Many customers have left, but a large number of trouble-makers are getting themselves worked up and ready for a fight.

The bouncers look like a solid line of riot police; cool and professional but armed with nothing more than their fists.

Mick is at the center, next to Tony.

MICK

(to Tony)

Listen to me, rookie. You stay with me, don't get behind, don't get ahead. I step, you step. No grappling. Just throw hands. Put'em down, step over. You got me?

TONY

Don't worry about me, Mick.

MICK

I don't have time to worry about you, rook. You watch your ass. You'll be fine.

Some of the bigger, drunker men in the crowd are taking off their shirts and egging the bouncers on.

Mick looks down the line. John is at the end, smiling broadly like a Viking in berserk mode.

Mick looks over his shoulder at the DJ booth and nods. The CLUB DJ (20's, male) switches all the flashing dance lights off and only bright spotlights from the stage remain on.

The bright lights swivel around directly in the eyes of the crowd.

The exit doors in the back of the nightclub open.

DJ

Ladies and Gentlemen, due to circumstances beyond our control, the club is closing. If you will quickly and quietly make your way...

A bottle smashes against the wall next to his head.

DJ (CONT'D)

Aw, to hell with this! Ya'll get the fuck out!

He abandons his booth, racing backstage as the music continues to play loudly.

The bouncers push the barricades aside and wade into the crowd, punching and kicking. The crowd starts moving back, many panicking and racing for the exits. The ones in the front are fighting with the bouncers.

It's chaos, but the bouncers stay in line, moving forward one step at a time.

Tony is grappling with a large customer and another man punches him hard. He goes down to one knee.

Mick pulls him up again, also taking a hard punch as he does. They go back to work, tossing punches, stepping over fallen foes, moving the crowd slowly back toward the doors in the back.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd is now retreating, pouring out the exits. Many are drunkenly yelling, promising to return with friends, threatening, cursing, but generally dispersing into the night.

The bouncers are battered and bruised and loving it. They laugh and joke with each other. Some cat-calling back to the retreating customers, but mostly ignoring them.

Sirens can be heard down the street. The sound causes the remaining customers to move away quickly.

JOHN

Alright, listen up. Turn your shirts inside out, get going before five-oh gets here. Come back tomorrow, you'll all get paid for tonight, plus a bonus.

The bouncers laugh as they remove their shirts, turning them inside out to hide the "Security" logo.

MICK

Come on, move your big asses, you apes! Don't stop for autographs, get out of sight fast! Let's go!

The bouncers move off quickly, congratulating each other, thanking John and Mick, until it's only John and Mick standing on the side-walk.

The sirens are getting closer. John removes his mouth-piece and spits out a bloody tooth.

JOHN

Piece of shit. Did you talk to Terry?

MICK

Damn it. No. She probably left when it kicked off.

JOHN

She out of rehab?

MICK

Guess she checked herself out early. She just wants money.

An LAPD squad car pulls up and TWO UNIFORMED COPS get out. OFFICER HARRIS (male, late 20's) is talking on his radio. OFFICER FENSTER (male, 30's, chunky) laughs when he sees Mick.

OFFICER FENSTER

Well, well, well. Look what we have here, Officer Harris. Mick Cleary the douche-bag. You bouncing here, Mick? Or you just blowing guys in the john for tips?

JOHN

No bouncers here, officer. My friend and I were just walking by.

OFFICER FENSTER

Anybody talking to you, bigfoot?  
Shut the fuck up. I'm talking to my  
buddy here.

MICK

Hiya Fenster. I can't believe you  
haven't made Sergeant yet. If only  
the exam didn't have all those big  
words.

OFFICER HARRIS

You know this guy, Fenster?

OFFICER FENSTER

Oh sure, Harris. This is Mick  
Cleary, formerly Officer Cleary out  
of Central.

OFFICER HARRIS

You're that guy? No shit? You're an  
asshole.

JOHN

Officer, we really didn't see  
anything, so we should be going.

OFFICER FENSTER

One more word from you, tough guy  
and you go for a ride with your  
boyfriend here.

(to Harris)

Cuff him.

MICK

What the hell, Fenster?

Mick doesn't resist as Harris pushes him against the wall and  
gives him a quick pat-down.

OFFICER FENSTER

We got a call about some bouncers  
assaulting some customers here.  
You're the only bouncer I see, so  
you're elected.

JOHN

That's bull-shit! I'm the head of  
security for this club and he  
doesn't work here. I'm the only one  
who was working tonight.

OFFICER HARRIS

Oh yeah, a minute ago you were just walking by.

MICK

Let it go, John. I'll make bail and we'll meet up for breakfast at Vince's.

Mick is cuffed and shoved roughly to the back of the car.

JOHN

Where you taking him?

OFFICER FENSTER

We're going the harbor to get some oysters, a couple of hookers, you know, make a night of it.

The cops are laughing as the squad car pulls away.

JOHN

God damn cops.

He hits a speed-dial number on his cellphone.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

OFFICER HARRIS

So your old man is Captain Zeus Cleary?

MICK

"Zeus". I can't believe you suckasses still call him that.

OFFICER FENSTER

Captain Cleary is a hero. He don't deserve a shit-stain like you for a son. A fucking disgrace. That's what you are.

MICK

Don't try to talk and drive, Fenster. It's not safe.

OFFICER FENSTER

That's right. Keep running your mouth, tough guy.

Fenster pulls into an alley.

MICK

Shit.

The squad car stops in the dark.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Fenster pull the still hand-cuffed Mick out and throws him against the wall.

OFFICER HARRIS

Hey Fenster, you sure?

OFFICER FENSTER

Hold him. I owe this prick.

Harris holds Mick from behind as Fenster punches Mick in the face.

MICK

Step into it! I got cuffs on!  
You'll never have another shot like  
this!

Fenster pulls his night-stick and goes to work.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER

Terry is in a wheelchair, her eyes unfocused as if drugged. She moans weakly as URI and VANYA (Male, 30's, rough looking) push her by the admittance desk. Both men are wearing jackets with "Emergency Medical Technician" and large red crosses on the back.

Nurse Galina looks up from her magazine.

NURSE GALINA

(in Russian)

SUBTITLE: Where did she go? Brother  
or father?

URI

(in Russian)

SUBTITLE: The brother.

NURSE GALINA

(in Russian)

SUBTITLE: I told you so. You owe me  
\$50. Doctor Sulliman wants to see  
her. Take her to room 12.

Nurse Galina pushes a button, opening two large doors behind her.

Terry protests incoherently as the attendants push her wheelchair through the doors.

INT. POLICE STATION

Mick is being hustled down the hallway of the police station by Fenster and Harris, his hands still cuffed behind his back. He's obviously had a serious beatdown.

A UNIFORMED LIEUTENANT (40's) passes them.

LIEUTENANT

Where are you taking this man?

OFFICER FENSTER

Admin Holding, sir. He resisted arrest.

LIEUTENANT

(to Mick)

Do you require medical attention?

Mick smiles, a trickle of blood runs down his chin.

MICK

Kiss my ass.

LIEUTENANT

Cleary? Mick Cleary? Holy Shit.

(to Fenster)

Get him out of my sight. Good work, Fenster.

OFFICER FENSTER

Yes, sir.

Fenster and Harris continue pushing Mick down the hallway.

MICK

That's sweet. How long you two been dating?

Fenster gives Mick a hard punch in the kidney.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE HOLDING CELL

The large Admin Holding Cell holds a dozen HARD-LOOKING MEN.

Fenster and Harris open the cell door and toss Mick inside roughly. His hands still cuffed behind his back, he falls to the floor.

MICK

Hey, what about the cuffs?

OFFICER FENSTER

I'm sorry, ex-Police Officer Cleary, I seem to have lost my key. Officer Harris, do you have an extra cuff key I could use to remove the handcuffs from former Officer Cleary's wrists?

OFFICER HARRIS

Gee, sorry Officer Fenster. I seem to have misplaced my cuff key as well.

MICK

Assholes.

OFFICER FENSTER

Seeing as how you used to be a member of the LAPD, this is really embarrassing. Officer Harris and I are going to go back to the front desk and see if we can find a key. Until then, I'm sure these gentlemen would love to hear all about your days on the force.

He and Harris walk away laughing. The door at the end of the hallway closes with a loud bang.

Mick sits up and looks around at all the angry-looking men as they move toward him.

MICK

Well, after I graduated from the Academy...

One of the men kicks him in the face. He's kicked several more times before they drag him to his feet and slam him against the bars. The men crowd around, each wanting a shot at him.

A loud police whistle cuts through the air. Everyone turns to see CAPTAIN "ZEUS" CLEARY (50's, big, mean, hard) standing outside the bars. He's in full dress uniform, right down to the white gloves.

He stares angrily at Mick, pulls out a key and opens the cell door.

The men back away and Mick stumbles forward.

MICK (CONT'D)

Shit. I don't need this. I don't need this, okay? Just get these cuffs off me and go back to dinner with the mayor or whatever.

Capt. Cleary waits by the open door. Mick stumbles out into the hallway. After locking the cell door, he grabs Mick by the arm and pushes him down the hallway. Mick jerks his arm free and walks ahead.

Capt. Cleary gives the men in the cell a hard look. They all turn away like whipped dogs.

INT. HALLWAY

Capt. Cleary grabs Mick's arm again, guiding him toward an interview room. Mick tries to shake it off, but Capt. Cleary's grip is too strong.

MICK

What is this? You want a shot at me too?

Capt. Cleary shoves him inside the interview room and unlocks the cuffs. He leaves the room with the cuffs.

Fenster and Harris join Capt. Cleary outside the interview room. Both are smiling broadly.

OFFICER FENSTER

Evening, Capt. Cleary. Officers Fenster and Harris. We're the ones who brought your boy in.

Fenster gives Capt. Cleary a wink.

OFFICER FENSTER (CONT'D)

He resisted just a bit, if you get me.

Capt. Cleary holds up the handcuffs.

OFFICER FENSTER (CONT'D)

Yes, sir, Captain, he was cuffed but he's a pretty big boy.

(MORE)

OFFICER FENSTER (CONT'D)

He kind of got away from us, just for a second, and we had to, you know, take him down.

Capt. Cleary looks at Harris.

OFFICER HARRIS

Yes, sir. That's what happened.

Capt. Cleary hands the handcuffs back to Fenster.

CAPT. CLEARY

Officers Fenster and Harris. I'll be sure to remember your names.

Capt. Cleary gives them both another hard look and goes into the interview room.

OFFICER HARRIS

That didn't sound like a good thing.

INT. THE INTERVIEW ROOM

Mick is checking his cut face in the mirror when Capt. Cleary enters.

MICK

Sons of bitches. Cheap ass, sucker punching sons of bitches. You must be really proud of your boys.

CAPT. CLEARY

Don't talk to me about pride. You don't know the meaning of the word. Look at you. Scrapping in the gutter like a dog.

MICK

We done here? I've taken about all the shots I'm going to take for one night.

CAPT. CLEARY

Sit down.

MICK

Why should I? What the hell do you want from me anyway?

CAPT. CLEARY

I said sit down!

MICK  
Go to hell!

Capt. Cleary raises his fist back.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Come on! Do it, old man. You want  
to throw hands with me? Come on!

Capt. Cleary backs down, staring at Mick with disgust.

CAPT. CLEARY  
When I think what you could've  
been, what you both could've been.  
My children. It just tears the  
heart out of me.

MICK  
Your heart was gone long before  
either of us came on the scene.  
This is bullshit. I'm leaving.

Capt. Cleary sits down at the interview table as Mick goes to  
the door.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I need your help.

MICK  
I took a few shots to the ear. I  
must be hearing things.

CAPT. CLEARY  
It's your sister. She's  
disappeared.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER ROOM 12 - NIGHT

Dr. Sulliman enters the room with a NURSE (30's female).

Terry is restrained in a small hospital bed, an IV in her  
arm. She tries to focus her eyes on the two, but seems barely  
awake.

The doctor does a cursory examination of Terry as he speaks  
to the nurse.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Pupils responsive, pulse normal.  
Continue the drip until we're ready  
for the transfusion.

NURSE  
Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Where did she go?

The nurse consults her clipboard.

NURSE  
The brother.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Shit. I bet on the father.

He slaps Terry across the face. She groans weakly.

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
Junkie whore! Respect your parents!

He storms out, the nurse follows. Terry's eyes seem to focus on the room briefly before she passes out.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Mick and Capt. Cleary are walking out of the police station. TWO POLICE OFFICERS greet Capt. Cleary and mutter something after they pass about Mick.

MICK  
Look, I don't know where Terry is.  
I told you, she came by the club,  
but she must've left when the shit  
started.

CAPT. CLEARY  
You know the kinds of places she'd  
go. You can help me find her or you  
can get back to dancing with your  
new friends in the cell. There's  
also the assault and resisting  
charges.

MICK  
Jesus, you just can't talk unless  
you're threatening someone, can  
you? Why can't you just ask for my  
help?

CAPT. CLEARY  
What's it going to be?

MICK

I know a few guys who might know a few places.

CAPT. CLEARY

I thought so.

MICK

Aren't you a little overdressed for the eastside crack house tour? Why are you so dressed up anyway?

CAPT. CLEARY

Dinner with the Mayor. I got civvies in the car. Where we going?

MICK

My place. I've got to get cleaned up.

CAPT. CLEARY

We don't have time for that.

MICK

I'll make some calls on the way.

INT. A VAN - NIGHT

The same dark van which was parked outside of the Grady Rehabilitation Center is across the street from the Police Station. The three men inside are watching Capt. Cleary and Mick as they leave.

AGENT BAUDIN

(in French)

SUBTITLE: The father and the brother are going after the girl?

Deputy Director Durant is reading Mick's police file.

AGENT BAUDIN (CONT'D)

Deputy Director? Should I have them stopped?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT

(in French)

SUBTITLE: No. They may be useful. Go back to Grady Rehab.

Deputy Director Durant heads to the rear doors of the van. The driver starts the van.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT (CONT'D)  
 I have to speak to the ambassador.  
 I'll catch up with you later.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Capt. Cleary's car pulls away from the curb and heads down the street. After a beat, the van leaves. Deputy Director Durant hails a cab and goes in the other direction.

INT. A VIDEO CONFERENCE MEETING ROOM

Doctor Sulliman and ALEXI TARKEN (40's, expensive suit) sit in front of a large video screen. The screen contains the video links of SEVERAL WELL-DRESSED EXECUTIVES and DOCTORS each in their own window on the large screen.

Alexi consults a computing tablet device as he speaks. Terry's picture and medical information appear in a window on the video screen.

ALEXI  
 This brings us to Lot 5. Female,  
 29, Caucasian. Excellent condition,  
 despite a brief history of drug  
 abuse. All major organs are  
 available. As you can see, she is a  
 prime resource.

Tim Yun's associate, Han, speaks in Chinese from one of the video windows. His words are translated by a woman's voice.

WOMAN TRANSLATOR  
 When can harvesting begin?

DR. SULLIMAN  
 Due to the drugs still in her  
 system, we will require 12 hours to  
 purge her with a complete blood  
 transfusion.

WOMAN TRANSLATOR  
 Acceptable.

A large sum of money appears in the Chinese man's video window with the listings "heart" and "liver".

ALEXI  
 We have a bid for the heart and  
 liver. Are there any other bids?

Sums appear under several of the video windows for various organs.

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Mick and Capt. Cleary enter. Candice greets Mick wearing only a thong, but yells and covers herself when she sees Mick isn't alone.

CANDICE

Oh shit!

Capt. Cleary looks shocked as Candice runs into the bathroom.

CAPT. CLEARY

I don't believe it. After everything else I've had to put up with from you, now this? God damn it.

MICK

(yelling to Candice)  
Sorry baby. I didn't know you were here. This is...nevermind.  
(to Capt. Cleary)  
What are you talking about?

CAPT. CLEARY

You've gone fag?

MICK

What? That's Candice. She's a bodybuilder, but she's all woman.

CAPT. CLEARY

That's a woman? Jesus, Mother Mary and Joseph she's built like a horse.

MICK

Watch it, old man. She's a friend of mine.

CAPT. CLEARY

Whatever you say.

Candice comes out of the bathroom wearing a T-shirt and jeans, hopping as she puts on her boot.

CANDICE

Hi, sorry. I thought I'd surprise you. Oh my god, baby! What happened?

MICK  
Rough night at the club. I'm fine.

CANDICE  
I hope you got a bonus. Damn. You  
got worked.  
(to Capt. Cleary)  
Hi. I'm Candice.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Good evening, ma'am. Miss. I'm  
Angus Cleary. Captain Cleary.  
Angus. I gotta change.

He goes into the bathroom. Quickly.

CANDICE  
Wow, that's your dad? You get  
arrested or something?

MICK  
It's a long story. I got some  
business. I'll call you.

She gives him a quick kiss.

CANDICE  
Sure, baby.  
(whispering)  
You need me to carry anything out  
of here for you?

MICK  
No, it's all good. We're not being  
raided or anything.

CANDICE  
Cool. Call me, lover.

She blows him a kiss as she leaves.

INT. MICK'S BATHROOM

Capt. Cleary opens the bathroom cabinet and examines the  
contents, scowling at a small bottle labeled "Winstrol-D" and  
a package of syringes.

INT. MICK'S KITCHEN

Mick has taken off his bloody shirt and is washing his face  
in the kitchen sink.

CAPT. CLEARY

You got a prescription for this?

Capt. Cleary puts the steroid bottle on the kitchen table. He's changed into khakis, button-down shirt and a windbreaker.

MICK

Always on duty, aren't you?

CAPT. CLEARY

Just didn't know both my kids were junkies.

MICK

Give it a rest already. I knew lots of guys on the force who juiced. My line of work requires a little bulk, okay? Hey, that reminds me, where's your flask, old man? Need me to fill it up for you?

CAPT. CLEARY

You can't compare a shot of Irish every now and then to putting a needle in your arm.

MICK

We going to sit here all night comparing bad habits or we going out to find Terry?

CAPT. CLEARY

I'm waiting for you.

MICK

And that's what you're wearing?

CAPT. CLEARY

What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

MICK

You'd look less like a cop if you were still in the uniform. Hold on. I got just the thing.

Mick goes into the living room and tosses a T-shirt to his father. Capt. Cleary holds it up, it reads "Fuck Me, I'm Irish!". Capt. Cleary throws it back at him.

CAPT. CLEARY

You think you're funny?

Mick puts on a black T-shirt. He jams an automatic pistol in a holster and tucks it in the back of his jeans.

MICK

Let's go.

CAPT. CLEARY

You got a conceal carry permit for that?

Mick pulls on a leather jacket as he heads to the door.

MICK

I keep it with my prescriptions.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER ROOM 12

Dr. Sulliman is speaking to NURSE BILAK (20's, female, thin, nervous) as they stand over Terry's bed.

DR. SULLIMAN

You are Ukrainian, yes?

NURSE BILAK

Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN

I will speak English, yes?

NURSE BILAK

Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN

The procedure is not new, but can be tricky. We will remove the patient's blood, replacing it with a plasma substitute. This flushes the toxins from all the organs. Then, we replace her blood with fresh, oxygenated blood from donor supply, yes?

NURSE BILAK

Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN

It is less effective in the treatment of addiction, since the patient will still have the cravings for the drug of choice, even if the physical symptoms are gone.

(MORE)

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
 Still, for our purposes, it works quite well. After all, it's not her brain we care about, yes?

NURSE BILAK  
 Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN  
 I like you. You are smart girl.

He pats her on the ass, she moves away.

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
 Maybe not so smart. You will monitor her blood pressure, heart rate and pulse. Any change, you will alert the duty nurse, yes?

NURSE BILAK  
 Yes, Doctor.

DR. SULLIMAN  
 We begin.

He and the nurse attach large IV tubes to both arms and both legs. The doctor starts a machine which begins to draw blood from two of the IV tubes as a thick, dark liquid is pumped into Terry from the other two tubes.

Dr. Sulliman watches for a beat, then heads to the door, checking out the young nurse's ass as he leaves. She catches him and smiles shyly.

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
 Smart girl.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Capt. Cleary pulls up to the curb in a warehouse district. Lots of trash, lots of graffiti. He and Mick get out of the car.

CAPT. CLEARY  
 My car going to be okay here?

MICK  
 Not yet.

Mick whistles to a YOUNG KID (12, skinny, street-wise) who was sitting on a stoop. The kid runs over.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 Hey, chief. How much?

KID  
Fifty.

MICK  
(to Capt. Cleary)  
Pay the man.

CAPT. CLEARY  
For what?

MICK  
Valet parking.

The kid grins and holds out his hand. Capt. Cleary hands him a crisp \$50.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Don't you have school tomorrow?

The kid rolls his eyes and looks at Mick.

KID  
They ain't gonna let you bring no  
cop in there.

MICK  
Let me worry about that. Keep an  
eye on our ride, okay?

The kid is already heading back to his spot on the stoop.

KID  
Whatever.

Mick leads the way to a small alley. He stops at a dark, beat-up door.

MICK  
The guy we need is probably in  
here. It's a pretty rough place, so  
let me do the talking. Okay?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Don't talk to me like I'm some kind  
of punk. This isn't my first rodeo.  
I've been in plenty of after-hours  
clubs.

MICK  
Whatever you say, old man.

Mick bangs on the door. A MAN'S VOICE answers over the intercom.

VOICE

You got the wrong place. Fuck off.

MICK

I'm a friend of Bobby's.

VOICE

Bobby who? Lot's of "Bobbys" in here.

MICK

"Bobby Open-the-God-Damn-Door-Already".

VOICE

Mick? Oh hey, sorry. Haven't seen you in awhile. Who's your friend?

MICK

He's not a friend. He's just along for the ride.

VOICE

Kinky.

The door buzzes.

INT. LOBBY

The door opens to a small lobby area, lots of red wallpaper. A cushioned door leads to the club. GERALD (40's), the voice on the intercom, greets Mick warmly. He is flanked by two HUGE BOUNCERS (20's, big, wearing tuxedos).

GERALD

Mick, my dear, it's been ages. You look so buff, I'm all aquiver. How are you? You must tell me everything. But first, gentlemen, please check all firearms.

Mick pulls his pistol and hands it to one of the bouncers, who gives him a claim ticket.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Adorable. And you, studly?

CAPT. CLEARY

Not a chance, sweetheart.

The first bouncer steps forward and grabs Capt. Cleary's jacket. In a flash, Capt.

Cleary drops him with a punch to the ribs. Before the other bouncer can react, Capt. Cleary has his pistol jammed into Gerald's neck.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
I'd feel naked without it.

GERALD  
We can't have that. Not without a few drinks first anyway, right studly?

Gerald waves at the bouncers to stand down.

MICK  
Sorry, Gerald. He doesn't get out much.

Capt. Cleary holsters his weapon.

GERALD  
My heart is beating like a schoolboy getting his first whipping. I think I'm in love.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Oh Jesus. Let's just get this over with.

He and Mick head to the entrance to the club.

INT. THE BAR NONE CLUB

It's an S&M club, filled with a variety of sadomasochistic activity, leather and loud music.

The name of the club, "The Bar None", is spray-painted in the mirror behind the bar.

As Mick and Capt. Cleary enter, they are confronted by a small man riding another man like a horse, complete with saddle and whip. The "horse" has a horse head mask on, he whinnies and bucks causing his rider to squeal with delight. Capt. Cleary stares in disgust.

MICK  
First rodeo, huh?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Why are we here?

Mick sees BOBBY (60's, fat) tied to the bar as several other PATRONS ridicule him. Bobby has a ball-gag in his mouth.

MICK  
There's our guy. Come on. Watch  
your step.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I know what I'm doing.

MICK  
No seriously, watch where you step.

Capt. Cleary looks down and almost trips over a MAN IN A  
STRAIGHT-JACKET (40's, sweating) struggling on the floor.

STRAIGHT-JACKET MAN  
Hi. What's your name?

Capt. Cleary steps over the man and follows Mick to the bar.

INT. AT THE BAR

Mick pushes several of the LEATHER-WEARING MEN aside who are  
yelling at bobby.

LEATHERMAN  
Hey asshole, wait your turn.

Bobby, ball-gag still in place, gurgles something. The  
Leatherman takes out the gag.

BOBBY  
It's okay, Carl.

The men move away, giving Mick and Capt. Cleary angry looks.

MICK  
How you doing, Bobby. Want me to  
untie you?

BOBBY  
Huh? Why?

MICK  
Good point. Sorry things got out of  
control at the club.

BOBBY  
Price of doing business. John said  
we got away with minor damage, some  
cuts and bruises. It happens. What  
do you want?

MICK

My sister came by the club tonight.  
She's using. Chases the tiger last  
I heard.

BOBBY

Smokes H? Ugh, that's gross.

MICK

We've all got our kinks right?

BOBBY

Good point.

MICK

You know any place near the club  
she could score? She probably  
didn't have any money so someplace  
she'd work out a trade.

CAPT. CLEARY

She wouldn't do that.

MICK

Yeah, she probably just checked in  
to a hotel and ordered a pizza. So,  
Bobby, what do you think?

BOBBY

(eyeing Capt. Cleary  
suspiciously)

I don't know. I'm no rat.

MICK

It's not about the badge. He's her  
father.

BOBBY

Oh yeah? So, you're Mick's dad,  
huh? I don't know. It still feels  
like I'm being a rat.

MICK

All we want is Terry. We want to  
grab her up, take her back to  
rehab. No collateral damage. You  
have my word.

BOBBY

You aren't going to like this.

CAPT. CLEARY

You spill what you know or I'm  
going to hit you so hard Elton  
John's going to have a headache.

Bobby laughs. The bartender standing nearby also laughs.

MICK

Seriously? Do you not get where you  
are? Why don't you threaten NOT to  
beat him instead?

(to Bobby)

I'm sorry for that. He's just  
anxious to find his daughter, you  
know?

BOBBY

Don't worry about it. It's Frankie,  
the doorman. He deals. I get my  
cut, he keeps it out of the club.  
I'm thinking he probably hooked her  
up.

MICK

Frankie? Frankie sold to my sister?

BOBBY

I don't know for sure, I'm just  
saying it's likely. You know  
Frankie, he doesn't give a shit.  
He'd sell to his own mother.  
Actually, he does sell to his  
mother.

MICK

Thanks, Bobby. I owe you.

BOBBY

You mad at me, Mick?

MICK

Forget about it. We're good.

BOBBY

You mad at Frankie?

MICK

Little bit.

BOBBY

What about John?

MICK

John? He knew about this?

BOBBY

He knew Frankie was dealing. He got a cut too. Head of Security, you know?

MICK

I'll talk to John later. Have a good night.

Mick heads to the door.

BOBBY

(to Capt. Cleary)

Hey big guy, how about stuffing the gag back in?

Capt. Cleary ignores him and follows Mick.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh come on, you big tease!

Capt. Cleary looks back at Bobby struggling on the bar as his friends come back. He stumbles over the straight-jacket man.

STRAIGHT-JACKET MAN

Oof! Thank you! Can I have another?

Capt. Cleary heads out quickly.

INT. CAPT. CLEARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick is on his cellphone.

CAPT. CLEARY

I need a shower. Where's this Frankie asshole live?

MICK

Head to North Hollywood.

JOHN'S VOICEMAIL GREETING (V.O.)

This is John. Leave a message and don't be stupid about it.

MICK

It's Mick. Call me. We need to talk.

He hangs up his phone and stares out the window.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mick and Capt. Cleary stop at Frankie's door. Mick pounds on it.

Capt. Cleary hears a CLICK. He yanks Mick out of the way just as a shotgun blasts a hole through the door.

MICK

Shit! Frankie! What the fuck? It's  
Mick!

Capt. Cleary draws his weapon and looks quickly through the hole in the door. He sees Frankie running down the hallway of the apartment toward the back.

CAPT. CLEARY

Halt! Police Officer!

Frankie spins and fires again. Capt. Cleary ducks as another hole is blasted in the door.

Capt. Cleary returns fire through the hole in the door, but Frankie has ducked into the back room.

Mick has also drawn his weapon.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

You stay here!

MICK

No way, old man! Just don't shoot  
me by mistake!

Capt. Cleary kicks the door in with one solid kick. He and Mick duck into the apartment, covering each other as they move swiftly after Frankie.

MICK (CONT'D)

Frankie! It's Mick! What the fuck  
are you doing?

The sound of shattering glass is heard from the back. Mick and Capt. Cleary stay to either side of the bedroom door as Mick tries the handle. Locked!

MICK (CONT'D)

My turn.

He kicks the door down and both men jump into the room.

INT. FRANKIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, but light from the street shines through the broken window. Mick runs to the window and sees Frankie running across the rooftop below.

MICK

I'm going after him! Get the car!

Mick jumps through the window as Capt. Cleary runs back the way they came.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mick is chasing Frankie over the rooftops.

Frankie just makes the jump to the next building. He fires at Mick again with the shotgun. Mick ducks behind a doorway, the blast blows an exhaust fan apart next to him.

MAN'S VOICE

Shut the hell up, you assholes!

Mick continues the chase, leaping over the space between the buildings.

Frankie tries to jump over the next space, but trips and falls screaming the two floors to the pavement.

Mick reaches the edge and looks down. Capt. Cleary's car roars down the alley and stops near the body.

Mick starts coming down the fire-escape as Capt. Cleary checks the body.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

CAPT. CLEARY

You okay?

MICK

Yeah.

Sirens are heard in the distance.

CAPT. CLEARY

He's still breathing.

Mick starts going through Frankie's pockets, removing his cellphone.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
Put that back.

MICK  
I'm not robbing him, I just want to  
know what the hell is going on.

An ambulance pulls into the alley. Uri and Vanya get out,  
using the doors of the ambulance to hide their AK-47's.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Hurry up, will you? He's hurt bad.

Just as Uri and Vanya are about to open fire, another siren  
is heard.

Two police cars roar up and come to a screeching halt in the  
street behind the ambulance. Uri and Vanya quickly dump their  
rifles under the seats.

The POLICE OFFICERS run by the two ambulance drivers as they  
rush to Mick and Capt. Cleary.

Capt. Cleary has his badge out for the officers to see.

CAPT. CLEARY  
(to Mick)  
Let me do the talking.

MICK  
Not my first rodeo.

OFFICER GERRIS (20's young, nervous) leads the other officers  
to the scene.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Capt. Cleary, Central Division. I  
was the first on the scene. What's  
your name?

OFFICER GERRIS  
Gerris, sir.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Who's the duty Sergeant tonight?  
Milton or Banks?

OFFICER GERRIS  
Banks, sir. I mean, Sergeant Banks.

Uri and Vanya join them pushing a stretcher.

URI  
 (thick Russian accent)  
 One side please, Polices.

The men move aside as Uri and Vanya make a show of checking over Frankie before moving him to the stretcher. Capt. Cleary talks with the officers, but stares at Uri and Vanya as they pass.

Frankie coughs up a splash of blood as he tries to speak. Vanya quickly covers his mouth with an oxygen mask.

MICK  
 He's got blood in his airway.  
 Aren't you going to trach him?

URI  
 Da, sure, in route. You buddy?  
 Don't worry for buddy.

They strap him to the stretcher and hurry back to the ambulance.

MICK  
 Where you taking him?

URI  
 (in Russian)  
 SUBTITLE: What do I tell him?

VANYA  
 (in Russian)  
 SUBTITLE: Anything. Hurry up. We need to go!

URI  
 We go to St. Paul's. We go now. We must hurry.

Uri and Vanya jump in the ambulance.

MICK  
 Wait, I'm coming with you!

URI  
 No riders. Is rule. We go to St. Paul's. You meet us there, da?

Vanya hits the siren and they back out of the alley quickly.

Mick rushes over to Capt. Cleary and grabs his arm.

MICK

We've got to go. Something's not right about those two.

OFFICER GERRIS

Take it easy. We'll get to you in a minute.

CAPT. CLEARY

What is it?

MICK

I don't know. Something about those two EMT's. They should have trached Frankie before moving him. And how'd they get here so fast?

CAPT. CLEARY

I've seen one of them somewhere. I can't remember where.

OFFICER GERRIS

Capt? Sgt. Banks is on his way. He wants to talk to you.

Capt. Cleary and Mick are already moving to their car.

CAPT. CLEARY

Tell Banks I had to go.

OFFICER GERRIS

Sir? I don't think I can let you leave.

CAPT. CLEARY

I'm not asking for your permission, Officer.

Mick smirks and waves as they roar backwards out of the alley and with smoking tires they go off after the ambulance.

ANOTHER OFFICER joins Officer Gerris, shaking his head.

OFFICER #1

Damn Gerris, Banks is going to tear you a new one.

OFFICER GERRIS

That was Zeus Cleary. What do you think he'd have done to me? Just shut-up and let me think.

OFFICER #1

Good luck, buddy.

INT. CAPT. CLEARY'S CAR - NIGHT

The ambulance, no flashing lights or siren, can be seen far ahead waiting at a red light.

CAPT. CLEARY  
They don't look like they're in  
much of a hurry.

MICK  
They were in a hurry to get Frankie  
out of there.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Let's see how he's doing.

He speeds up and hits the siren and lights.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Uri is in the back working on Frankie. He connects a breathing tube to the tracheotomy incision he's just made.

URI  
(in Russian)  
SUBTITLE: Hey, the muscle-head was  
right. He needed a tracheotomy.  
(in English)  
Frankie! Wake up, you stupid shit!

He slaps Frankie in the face. Frankie's eyes flutter open and stares fearfully at Uri.

URI (CONT'D)  
You doing okay? Don't worry. We  
keep you alive. You're pretty  
busted up, but I think you have  
plenty parts we can use.

Uri and Vanya laugh as Frankie tries to scream.

Uri stops laughing when he sees the unmarked police car's flashing lights coming up quickly behind them.

URI (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
SUBTITLE: Son of a bitch! Shit!  
Vanya! Behind us!

VANYA  
(in Russian)  
SUBTITLE: I see them! Hang on!

Vanya steps on the accelerator, hits the flashing lights and siren and makes a left turn going the wrong way down a one-way street. A delivery van swerves out of the way and runs up the side-walk.

Capt. Cleary races after them, lights blazing, siren blasting.

CAPT. CLEARY  
St. Paul's is the other way.

MICK  
Yeah, maybe they're lost.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I think they're trying to lose us.

MICK  
Now I can see how you made Captain.

They chase the ambulance, swerving to avoid other late-night drivers.

INT. THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Despite desperate and reckless driving, the ambulance can't shake their pursuers.

Uri pulls his AK-47 from under the seat. Vanya nods.

INT. CAPT. CLEARY'S CAR - NIGHT

CAPT. CLEARY  
Call it in.

MICK  
Really? You're going to let me play with the radio? Thanks!

CAPT. CLEARY  
Just call it in. We're Four-Eighteen. You remember how, don't you?

MICK  
(into microphone)  
Dispatch, this is Unit Four-Eighteen. We have a 10-88 at...Look out, Dad!

Uri kicks the back door of the ambulance open and begins firing at the pursuing vehicle.

Bullets shatter across the windshield, tear up the hood and puncture the grill as Capt. Cleary wrenches the wheel. Their car spins and slams into a light-post.

Mick and Capt. Cleary scramble out of the car, both firing their weapons at the retreating ambulance. Uri can be seen laughing and grabbing his crotch as the ambulance speeds away.

Capt. Cleary pulls out a flask and raises an Irish toast before taking a healthy swig.

CAPT. CLEARY

Slainte.

He offers it to Mick.

MICK

Sure. Slainte.

Mick takes a good swig too.

MICK (CONT'D)

And thanks. I didn't get a chance before. Pulling me out of the way of the shotgun.

CAPT. CLEARY

I heard the hammer click. It was instinct. Don't make a big deal out of it. I just hate to lose a partner.

MICK

That what we are now? Partners?

CAPT. CLEARY

I don't know what we are.

Sirens can be heard approaching.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

I don't think we should wait around this time.

MICK

Yeah, I'm with you.

They run off down an alleyway.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER ROOM 12 - NIGHT

Nurse Bilak sings quietly as she strokes Terry's hair.

Nurse Galina watches from the doorway.

NURSE GALINA

You are idiot. You should not look at their faces, you should not know their names, you should not treat them like pets. They are meat. They are cash. Nothing more.

NURSE BILAK

She is pretty. She reminds me of my sister.

NURSE GALINA

Idiot.

She leaves. Nurse Bilak continues to stroke Terry's hair and singing softly as the machines continue to replace her blood.

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

The small diner has half a dozen or so CUSTOMERS. Mick and Capt. Cleary are sitting in a booth by a window which looks out onto the dark street.

Mick is working with Frankie's phone.

CAPT. CLEARY

What are you doing?

MICK

I want to see if his voice-mail can tell us anything.

FRANKIE'S PHONE (O.C.)

Please enter your pin number and press pound.

Mick punches several keys on the keypad.

CAPT. CLEARY

You just going to guess?

FRANKIE'S PHONE (O.C.)

Thank you, you have no new messages.

MICK

One, two, three, four.

CAPT. CLEARY

You're kidding.

FRANKIE'S PHONE (O.C.)  
Press two for saved messages.

MICK  
Frankie's not the brightest bulb on  
the tree.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Guess not. Still, good work.

MICK  
Thanks.

FRANKIE'S PHONE (O.C.)  
You have no saved messages.

MICK  
Shit.

CAPT. CLEARY  
What about the incoming or outgoing  
calls?

MICK  
Hold on. No fucking way.

CAPT. CLEARY  
What is it?

Mick holds up the phone. The screen shows a text message.  
*From: 555-221-5858: Get out. They're coming for you.*

MICK  
Somebody tipped Frankie he was  
going to be hit. He must've thought  
we were the shooters.

CAPT. CLEARY  
You recognize the number?

MICK  
No, but maybe Frankie's guardian  
angel will call us back.

Mick is thumbing the keypad.

MICK (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
*I'm safe. Call me.*

CAPT. CLEARY  
Worth a shot.

Mick presses "send".

MICK  
Speaking of shots.

Capt. Cleary pulls his flask and dumps a shot in each of their coffees.

CAPT. CLEARY  
You know, in the car, when the shit started, you called me "Dad".

MICK  
Instinct. Don't make a big deal about it.

They both laugh.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I won't. Tell me something. That night.

MICK  
I don't want to talk about it.

CAPT. CLEARY  
That night. Did you go there to kill Kendall?

MICK  
I said I don't want to talk about it!

CAPT. CLEARY  
And I don't give a rat's ass what you want! You owe me!

The WAITRESS (50's, attractive) refills their coffee mugs.

WAITRESS  
You two keep it sweet over here or you can get the hell out.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Sorry, ma'am. Family argument.  
(quietly)  
You owe me.

Mick stares at his father for a beat before dropping his eyes and staring at his coffee.

EXT. OUTSIDE IRISH BAR - NIGHT

Mick is in his police officer uniform in his own car watching the front of an Irish pub. Loud Celtic rock music and laughter blasts whenever the door opens.

SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE YEARS AGO.

MICK (V.O.)

I sat outside of Doyle's for over an hour trying to decide what to do. I was mad, really pissed.

When a couple enters the pub, one LOUD MAN'S LAUGH seems to overpower all the other noise.

MICK (V.O.)

I swear to God, I could hear him laughing.

Two men leave. The same man's laugh is much louder.

MICK

Then, everything got quiet. I felt calm. Cool. No. I felt cold.

INT. INSIDE DOYLE'S

Mick shoulders his way through the packed bar. Some call out his name or slap him drunkenly on the back. He ignores them all and moves toward the back table.

One laugh floats above all the rowdy singing, the music, the loud conversations.

OFFICER JIMMY KENDALL (late 20's) is seated at a table in the back, surrounded by ASSORTED MEN AND WOMEN.

Kendall throws his head back and roars with laughter along with the rest of the party at his table. He grabs the man next to him and puts him in a head-lock, still laughing loudly.

He looks surprised when he sees Mick heading his way.

KENDALL

Hey, Mickey! Holy Shit! Check it out everybody! Mickey! Get your ass over here!

Mick stands in front of the booth staring at Kendall while the group cheers him drunkenly.

KENDALL (CONT'D)  
 Mickey, no shit. I'm not cheating  
 on your sister with this mook. He's  
 just a pal! Right, Fenster?

Kendall releases the man next to him from the headlock, it's  
 Officer Fenster.

OFFICER FENSTER  
 Mick! What you still doing in  
 uniform? Come on, have a beer!

MICK  
 Jimmy, got a minute?

He nods toward the back.

KENDALL  
 Yeah, sure, Mickey. Officer  
 Fenster, guard my beer. All these  
 cops are thieving drunks!

Kendall is pelted by napkins and jeers as he follows Mick.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DOYLE'S - NIGHT

Mick stands in the dark alley waiting as Kendall stumbles  
 out.

KENDALL  
 What the hell's up your ass? You're  
 starting to look like your old man,  
 for Christ's sake. Lighten up.  
 Whatever it is, we can fix it,  
 buddy.

MICK  
 Terry's in the hospital.

KENDALL  
 What? No shit? I didn't know. I  
 just got off my shift. Nobody  
 called me. What is it? What  
 happened?

Mick punches Kendall in the face, knocking him to the ground.

MICK  
 She almost OD'd on that shit you  
 gave her.

KENDALL

Take it easy. I don't know what she told you. That's bullshit.

Kendall gets up, Mick punches him in the stomach knocking him down again.

MICK

Officer James Kendall, I'm arresting you for the possession and distribution of illegal drugs.

KENDALL

(coughing)

You don't want to do that. Let's talk, okay?

MICK

Jimmy, you got my sister hooked on heroin. My sister. She's in the hospital right now, almost dead because of you!

Kendall struggles to his feet.

KENDALL

Now, just take it easy, Mickey, okay? Sure, you know I do a little blow every now and then, but H? Come on.

Mick takes out his handcuffs.

MICK

I'm going to take you in, Jimmy.

KENDALL

Let me take a piss first, huh? Shit, you just knocked me on my ass twice, I'm gonna piss my pants here.

Kendall turns to the wall and fumbles with his zipper.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

You're really serious, aren't you? You're really gonna do this?

Mick pulls a sandwich bag from his pocket. It's full of smaller baggies of white powder. He tosses it on the trashcan next to Kendall. Kendall's hand moves toward the gun in his belt.

MICK  
Found that in your car.

KENDALL  
You're not here to take me in, are  
you, Mickey?

Mick pulls his revolver as Kendall spins around with his gun drawn. Mick shoots Kendall twice in the chest.

Kendall slams against the wall, staring in shock at Mick. He slides to the ground, next to his bag of heroin.

Mick shoots him a third time. This time in the head.

Mick takes his cap off and puts his shield and revolver inside it. He places the cap on the ground and, placing his hands behind his head, he sinks to his knees.

Fenster bursts through the door with the other men from the table, all with their guns drawn.

OFFICER FENSTER  
You stupid son-of-a-bitch.

Fenster cuffs Mick.

OFFICER FENSTER (CONT'D)  
You have the right to remain  
silent...

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

Mick is still staring at his coffee.

MICK  
I got charged with murder two, they  
knocked it down to involuntary  
manslaughter when Kendall's drug  
dealing came out. I do 18 months on  
a five year bitch and Terry's still  
a junkie.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Son, we'll find her.

MICK  
Don't call me that.

Frankie's phone rings.

MICK (CONT'D)  
(coughing loudly)  
Yeah?

JOHN  
(from phone)  
Frankie? Where are you?

MICK  
Shit. John?

JOHN  
(from phone)  
Mick. What the hell are you doing  
with Frankie's phone? Where's that  
stupid prick?

MICK  
Hi John, Frankie's in a little  
trouble. So's my sister. How about  
we get together and talk about it?  
John? Shit. He hung up.

Capt. Cleary is dialing his cellphone.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Give me his full name, address,  
description, anything you know  
about him. We'll see if the LAPD  
can track this skell for us.

MICK  
Not going to happen, old man. He's  
a friend of mine. I'm not turning  
him over to your goon squad.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Don't be an idiot. He knows where  
Terry is.

MICK  
All we know is that he warned  
Frankie.

CAPT. CLEARY  
How else would he know Frankie was  
a target if he wasn't involved?

MICK  
Why would he warn Frankie if he was  
involved? I don't care what you  
say, old man, I'm not giving John  
up. I'll find him on my own.

CAPT. CLEARY  
How're you going to do that? You're  
being a damn fool.

MICK  
It's a life-style choice.

Mick rises to leave.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I'll make you a deal.

Mick sits.

MICK  
Yeah?

CAPT. CLEARY  
I'll call in a favor and put a  
trace on his cellphone. We'll get  
his 20, just us, nobody else, then  
we'll go find him.

MICK  
And you can keep it off the grid?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Yes.

Mick pauses for a beat. He brings up his contact list and  
shows it to Capt. Cleary.

MICK  
Alright.

Capt. Cleary is dialing his phone.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Got it. You're doing the right  
thing.

Mick hits speed-dial on his phone.

MICK  
Doing the right thing never seems  
to work out for me.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Who you calling?

MICK  
My turn to drive.

CAPT. CLEARY  
 (to phone)  
 Tom? This is Cleary.

MICK  
 (to phone)  
 Come on, baby, pick up.

INT. CANDICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candice is sleeping when her phone on the nightstand buzzes. She moans and rolls over, still half-asleep when she answers.

CANDICE  
 Where are you and why aren't you  
 here on top of me?

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

MICK  
 I wish, believe me. I've got a  
 problem.

CANDICE (FROM THE PHONE)  
 Mmmm, so do I.

MICK  
 Candy, I need you to do something  
 for me. Grab the spare set of keys  
 I gave you and head over to my  
 place.

His phone beeps. He looks at it and his eyes go wide with surprise.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 Holy shit!

CAPT. CLEARY  
 Yes, I understand, but I wouldn't  
 ask if it wasn't important. Hold  
 on.  
 (to Mick)  
 What is it?

Capt. Cleary almost chokes in surprise when Mick shows him the picture on his phone.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
 Holy Shit!  
 (to phone)  
 I'm sorry Tom, hold on.

He covers the phone's mouthpiece.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
How does she do that without  
pulling a muscle or something?

MICK  
I don't know, she's triple-jointed  
or something.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I wouldn't have bet a woman could  
do that.  
(to phone)  
Tom? Sorry.

MICK  
(to phone)  
You're a very bad girl and I love  
that about you, but right now, I  
need you to untangle yourself, put  
some clothes on and bring me my  
car.

CAPT. CLEARY  
You should marry that girl.  
(to phone)  
Tom? Thanks. I really need this one  
to stay off the books. I'll explain  
later.

INT. POLICE STATION INSPECTOR TOM HAMMOND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INSPECTOR TOM HAMMOND (60's, slightly pudgy) is on his phone. The desk nameplate says "Inspector Tom Hammond". His wall is covered with awards and photos of himself posing with various officials and politicians.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
(to phone)  
Sure, I understand. I'll take care  
of it. Good hunting.

He hangs up and addresses Deputy Director Durant, who sits in front of the Inspector's desk wearing an ID badge which reads "Interpol".

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Busy night.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
(thick French accent)  
It's nothing. I'm interrupting your  
time only because I have to.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
The Mayor's office said to offer  
you every courtesy, so I won't  
offend you by offering you any of  
our shit coffee.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Thank you.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
How can the LAPD assist Interpol  
this evening?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
I am looking for one of your  
Captains as part of an ongoing  
investigation. Captain Angus  
Cleary? I believe he's one of  
yours, oui?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Yes. He's off-duty right now, but I  
can try to reach him. What's this  
all about?

Inspector Hammond dials a number on his desk phone.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
I'm unable to reveal the details.  
We would just like to know his  
location. And his son, too.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Mick? Those two haven't spoken in  
years.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
I think maybe they have. Where are  
they, Inspector?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
No idea. Hold on. Voice-mail.  
(to phone)  
Angus? Tom. Call me. It's  
important.

As the inspector hangs up the receiver, the faint sound of a  
busy signal can be heard. He shrugs at Deputy Directory  
Durant.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Would you attempt to find him for  
me? For Interpol? For your Mayor's  
office?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
I would really like to know what  
this is about.

Deputy Director Durant smiles. He sighs and pulls out his  
cellphone and begins dialing.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay. Hold your horses. I'm  
just trying to watch out for my  
people here, alright? Jesus.  
(shouts)  
Banks! Sgt. Banks!

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS (20's, glasses) carrying an armload of  
paperwork runs up to the doorway.

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS  
Sir?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Where the hell is Sgt. Banks?

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS  
He went out on a call, sir. Did you  
hear about...?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Thank you, Timmons. Let me know as  
soon as Sgt. Banks gets back. In  
fact, radio his car and ask him if  
he's seen Capt. Cleary.

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS  
Sir? But Sgt. Banks is...

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Thank you, Timmons. Get those  
arrest records entered right away.

Police Officer Timmons looks confused, but scurries away.  
Inspector Hammond smiles warmly at Deputy Director Durant.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
Coffee?

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER LOBBY - NIGHT

Uri and Vanya are wheeling the stretcher with Frankie still strapped to it by Nurse Galina's desk.

Frankie is weakly struggling against the straps.

NURSE GALINA

(in Russian)

SUBTITLE: Who the hell is that?

URI

(in Russian)

SUBTITLE: It's Frankie! You know Frankie. He loves us so much he's decided to come for a visit. Right, buddy?

NURSE GALINA

(in English)

Hello Frankie. We're going to send you on a trip. Well, some of you anyway.

(in Russian)

SUBTITLE: Take him to Room 14. I'll call Dr. Sulliman.

A MAN and WOMAN (40's well-dressed, worried looking) and a TEENAGE BOY (burn-out, druggie) come in the front doors. Nurse Galina gives them a big smile.

NURSE GALINA (CONT'D)

(in English)

Good evening. You must be Mr. and Mrs. Porter. I'm Nurse Galina, we've been expecting you. And you must be Thomas.

THOMAS PORTER

(mumbles thickly)

T-Mass. Call me T-Mass.

Mr. Porter slaps his arm angrily. His wife cringes.

MR. PORTER

Don't you dare start that gangster-wigger-rap shit here, Thomas!

Thomas stares blankly at the wall. Mrs. Porter tries not to cry.

NURSE GALINA

Please, everyone be calm. Everything will be fine.

(MORE)

NURSE GALINA (CONT'D)

If you would like to have a seat,  
fill some paperwork out, we'll have  
your son admitted right away.

She hands Mr. Porter a clipboard and the family moves to some chairs in the waiting room.

Nurse Galina picks up the phone on her desk.

NURSE GALINA (CONT'D)

Dr. Sulliman? The Porters are here  
with Thomas. Yes. And Uri and Vanya  
took a friend to Room 14. Yes,  
Doctor.

(to the Porters)

Dr. Sulliman will be with you  
shortly. We're so happy you're  
here, Thomas.

She smiles at Thomas who ignores her. Mrs. Porter returns her smile while Mr. Porter grumbles as he fills out the paperwork.

INT. ALL-NIGHT DINER - NIGHT

Mick and Capt. Cleary sit in front of empty breakfast plates. The waitress clears the dishes as the two men wait.

MICK

How long are we going to have  
to wait?

CAPT. CLEARY

How long are we going to have  
to wait?

They grin awkwardly.

MICK

Candy's on her way. She's not much  
of a driver.

CAPT. CLEARY

Neither was your mom.

Capt. Cleary checks his phone.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

I'm calling in a lot of markers  
here to keep this off the books, so  
it's going to take as long as it  
takes.

A METH-HEAD (40's, male, scrawny, nervous) enters the diner. He scans the customers quickly, locking eyes with Capt. Cleary briefly before he takes a seat at the counter.

Mick notices a car pull up outside. The DRIVER (40's, woman, skinny) leaves the motor running while staring at the diner and nervously smoking a cigarette.

Mick turns to see what Capt. Cleary is looking at and Capt. Cleary looks out the window at the car.

MICK

How you want to play this?

Capt. Cleary doesn't answer. He shifts his eyes back to the meth-head sitting at the counter.

The meth-head takes a deep breath and reaches for something inside his jacket.

The meth-head freezes as Capt. Cleary sits down on the stool next to him.

CAPT. CLEARY

(quietly)

I don't have time for this.

Capt. Cleary pulls a \$5 from his wallet, showing his badge to the meth-head as he does.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

(to waitress)

Two coffees, plenty of sugar, to go.

METH-HEAD

Fuck off, old man. I got no fear.  
No fear.

CAPT. CLEARY

You don't want to do this. I'm not alone.

The meth-head looks at Capt. Cleary with crazy eyes.

His meth-head girlfriend blows the horn. Mick can see her talking to herself angrily.

METH-HEAD

(laughing)

Me neither, old man.

Mick waves at the meth-head girlfriend, she stares at him. He makes a pistol gesture pointing at her and mimicking pulling the trigger.

She freaks, gives him the finger and roars away.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Yes you are.

Meth-Head starts shaking all over as he sees her leave.

METH-HEAD  
Fucking bitch!

The waitress puts two coffees down in front of Meth-Head.

WAITRESS  
On the house. Just go, okay?

Meth-Head snarls, snatches the five dollar bill and the two coffees and scurries out the door.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Capt. Cleary winks at her and sits back down with Mick.

MICK  
You're looking pretty pleased with yourself. You know that's not the end of it, right?

CAPT. CLEARY  
What are you talking about?

MICK  
He's out there waiting for us.

CAPT. CLEARY  
He's miles away by now.

The waitress puts the check on the table, winking at Capt. Cleary as she moves on to other tables.

Capt. Cleary picks up the check smiling.

MICK  
Wow, you'd think she'd at least comp our breakfast.

CAPT. CLEARY  
She did. It's her phone number.

MICK  
Good for you. Still...

CAPT. CLEARY  
You get the plates?

Mick pushes a napkin with the license plate written on it across the table.

Bright lights shine through the window. Mick and Capt. Cleary dive out of the way just as Meth-Head and his girlfriend's car plow through the front of the diner, destroying the table where they were sitting.

The car slams into the counter, the engine still racing.

Meth-head Girlfriend is crumpled over the wheel, dead eyes staring from a face covered in blood and glass.

Meth-head stumbles from the passenger seat, gun in hand, screaming incoherently. His face is bleeding and he drags his left leg.

Capt. Cleary points his gun and badge at him.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
Police! Drop it! Do it now!

Meth-head freezes. His gun hand twitches.

A gunshot explodes behind Meth-head and the front of his head bursts apart in a shower of blood and brains. His corpse falls to the debris-covered floor in front of Capt. Cleary.

Mick is standing on the other side of the car, behind Meth-head. His gun still smoking in his hand.

Capt. Cleary stares at Mick for a beat.

The waitress starts screaming.

Mick moves, pushing Capt. Cleary out of the diner.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
Why did you do that? He was  
surrendering!

MICK  
Come on! We've got to go!

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE DINER - NIGHT

Mick and Capt. Cleary stumble over the debris in the street, Mick pushing him down the sidewalk. Mick is on his phone.

MICK  
(to phone)  
Candy, meet us two blocks over on  
Goodland. How long? Okay. Hurry.

He hangs up and pushes Capt. Cleary into an alley. Capt. Cleary jerks his arm free and confronts Mick.

MICK (CONT'D)

Let's go, old man. Candy's on her way.

Capt. Cleary backhands Mick across the face.

CAPT. CLEARY

You shot that man from behind!

MICK

He was about to shoot you, you stupid...

Capt. Cleary backhands Mick again.

CAPT. CLEARY

You're a coward!

MICK

You think I should've challenged him to a duel?

CAPT. CLEARY

I had him and he knew it.

MICK

He didn't even know his own name! He wasn't a man, he was an animal and I put him down.

CAPT. CLEARY

Like you did with Kendall?

MICK

Exactly like I did with Kendall.

CAPT. CLEARY

You don't have the right to do this. What's wrong with you?

MICK

What's wrong with you? You're still talking about right? There is no right or wrong and if you want to get through this night and find Terry, you'd better get that in your head, old man.

Capt. Cleary punches Mick hard in the gut, Mick doubles over.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I'm tired of you calling me that,  
you punk bastard.

Mick charges, plowing into Capt. Cleary. They fall to the ground wrestling wildly, cursing each other loudly.

They struggle to their feet; dirty, bleeding and circling each other like two jungle cats.

MICK  
So you can fight dirty when you  
need to, huh?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Why do you hate me so much? I did  
my best with both of you. After  
your mother died, I did what I  
could.

MICK  
Don't bring Mom into this. She  
never would've turned her back on  
me.

CAPT. CLEARY  
You never gave me the chance to  
help you! What did you think I was  
going to do? You wouldn't even give  
any testimony on your own behalf.  
You gave up!

MICK  
No. I stood up. I did something!

CAPT. CLEARY  
You shot a cop! You didn't even try  
to get away with it. You didn't  
just end his life, you ended your  
own.

MICK  
Get away with it? That's what this  
is about?

CAPT. CLEARY  
If you'd have come to me, it  
would've been handled.

MICK  
I did come to you! All you did was  
lecture me about due process,  
evidence, probable cause!

CAPT. CLEARY  
You were out of your head, ranting  
like a psycho! I wanted you to  
think like a cop!

MICK  
I didn't need you to be a cop, I  
needed you to be a father!

CAPT. CLEARY  
I never stopped being a father to  
either of you. Ever.

MICK  
Bullshit! Your own daughter was in  
a hospital bed and the son-of-a-  
bitch that put her there was  
laughing about it.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Kendall didn't put her there. She  
did it to herself. You druggies  
just can't take responsibility for  
anything!

MICK  
You son-of-a-bitch!

Mick charges again, Capt. Cleary takes the punch and delivers  
a few of his own. The fight goes back and forth until both  
men collapse to the ground exhausted.

Capt. Cleary's phone rings. He spits out a tooth and answers  
it.

CAPT. CLEARY  
What? Yeah, okay. I got it. Thanks.  
(to Mick)  
We done here? I got a 20 on your  
pal.

They climb painfully to their feet.

MICK  
We find Terry, then we're done.

Sirens can be heard coming their way. They start stumbling  
down the alley to the next street.

CAPT. CLEARY  
I notice you're not calling me "old  
man" any more.

MICK

I notice you got one less tooth.

CAPT. CLEARY

It was loose anyway.

They continue stumbling down the alley, muttering and bitching at each other. Capt. Cleary offers Mick another shot from his flask and he accepts.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER NURSE'S BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Nurse Bilak is sitting with several NURSES in a small break room. Some are eating snacks from the vending machines or drinking coffee. They are all laughing raucously over a story Nurse Bilak is telling.

NURSE BILAK

No! I'm am serious! It was the smallest I've ever seen. He was like a little boy down there! And then he says to me...

(imitating Dr. Sulliman)

"Nurse Bilak, do you know what to do with this?" I wanted to say, "Yes, Doctor. I should water it to see if it will grow!"

The loud laughter dies out as they realize Nurse Galina is standing in the doorway scowling at them.

NURSE GALINA

But what you did was to get down on your knees and do what he told you, didn't you?

Nurse Bilak stares at the floor.

NURSE GALINA (CONT'D)

You have so much time to laugh and tell funny stories, then go down to the lab and get the latest blood work results. Now!

NURSE BILAK

Yes, ma'am.

She hurries away.

NURSE GALINA

The rest of you, get back to work!

The other nurses hurry out of the break room.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Mick and Capt. Cleary are sitting on the curb as the low rumble of a powerful engine is heard approaching them. Candice pulls up next to them in a sleek-looking classic Mustang.

She revs the engine, it growls like a jungle animal. Candice smiles at the two men from the driver's side window.

CANDICE

Damn, but I love this ride! Now I know why you never let me drive. I might just run away with it!

She gets out of the car as Mick and Capt. Cleary approach.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Baby, again? Why is it every time I see you tonight you've got your ass kicked?

(to Capt. Cleary)

You too? What is it with you Cleary men? Is it an Irish thing or something?

MICK

We're in a hurry, Candy. There's a diner around the corner. Call a cab and wait for it there.

CANDICE

I saw it on the way over. You know some fool drove a car into the front of it?

MICK

We know. There'll be plenty of cops around, so you should be fine while you wait.

CANDICE

Aw, you're worried about me?

(to Capt. Cleary)

He's so sweet. You raised a good boy, Mr. Cleary.

CAPT. CLEARY

Not sure I can take any credit or blame for that, but you watch yourself, okay?

She flexes her arm showing off her powerful biceps.

CANDICE

Don't worry about me, old man.  
These aren't just for show.

CAPT. CLEARY

Damn, that's scary. No offense.  
Just watch your back, young lady.

MICK

How come she gets to call you "old  
man"?

CAPT. CLEARY

Because she could kick my ass.

CANDICE

Oh! I almost forgot. I brought  
Little Elvis and Jessie.

MICK

You are the best. Thanks.

CANDICE

I'm not going to waste my time  
telling you to be careful, but how  
about you two watch out for each  
other, okay?

CAPT. CLEARY

We're working on it, dear.

Mick and Candice kiss briefly and Candice smiles at Capt.  
Cleary as she leaves.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

Little Elvis and Jessie?

MICK

I'll introduce you later.

Capt. Cleary checks his phone.

CAPT. CLEARY

Your boy is holding still, but we'd  
better move.

MICK

Don't worry, we're gonna move.

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick revs the engine and peels out, the car rockets down the street, tires smoking.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Try to keep it under a hundred,  
okay?

MICK  
Only in school zones.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nurse Galina is walking quickly down the hallway carrying a manila folder. She stops at a patient room door and listens. The sound of bedsprings creaking and a man grunting can be heard. She knocks loudly.

NURSE GALINA  
Dr. Sulliman? Are you there?

Cursing in Russian and stumbling can be heard. Nurse Galina nervously looks at a file in the folder.

Dr. Sulliman opens the door just wide enough to see out. He's sweating, his hair messed and his shirt is half out of his trousers.

DR. SULLIMAN  
What is it? What do you want? I  
left orders not to be disturbed  
when I am examining this patient!

NURSE GALINA  
Put your examination back in your  
trousers, Doctor. We have a  
problem.

Nurse Galina holds out the file folder. Dr. Sulliman opens the door wider, behind him a FEMALE PATIENT (20's, unconscious) is on the bed, the sheets pulled to her feet. A breathing tube runs from her mouth.

DR. SULLIMAN  
What is this?

NURSE GALINA  
The blood test results from Patient  
12.

Dr. Sulliman looks shocked as he reads the report.

## INT. A SMALL ONE-ROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT

The small apartment is dark. The only light coming from the bathroom. John is washing his face. He looks at his reflection in the mirror briefly before drying his face. He pulls a bloody wad of cotton out of his mouth from where his tooth had been knocked out earlier and tosses it in the sink.

He pulls his passport from a small suitcase and stuffs it in his back pocket. Grabbing the suitcase, he steps out into the apartment, moving quietly toward the door.

The light next to the bed comes on. MINDY (18 and 10 minutes, pretty) has turned on the light from the bed. She's wearing a teddy and a worried expression.

MINDY

John? You leaving?

JOHN

Yeah, sorry. I didn't want to wake you. I've got to go. Thanks.

MINDY

Don't you want some coffee or something?

JOHN

No. I've really got to go. I'll call you.

MINDY

Hey, baby. I'm not feeling too good. You got something for me? Please?

JOHN

I told you. I'm not giving you any more junk. You've got to get cleaned up.

MINDY

I will, really, I promise, but I just need something to get me by for now. Please, baby, I'm hurting.

She sits up, the sheet falls away.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Come on, big man. I took care of you, now how about you take care of me?

John sits on the bed and picks up a business card from the nightstand.

JOHN

Mindy, I'm serious. You've got to get your shit together. You call these people and they'll take care of you, okay? My name is on the back, give them this card.

MINDY

Oh John, don't make me do rehab, please. I'm not ready now. I'll do it, I promise, but not now. Just give me a taste.

JOHN

God damn it, Mindy! What's your fucking deal? You want to be a junkie your whole life? You want to live in this dump forever? What's next? Putting your ass on the street like your mom?

MINDY

Please, don't be mad at me.

JOHN

You don't want my help? Fuck you. Go ahead, blow dudes in alleys just like your mom then. I'm done.

He gets up to leave, Mindy begins to cry.

MINDY

Okay, okay! I'm sorry. Please, don't leave. I'll go to rehab. I'll go today! Okay? I mean it! Just don't be mad at me! Please!

John holds her as she calms down.

JOHN

Good girl. You're a good girl. Now, take this card. Call them. Make sure you tell them you're a friend of mine. That's important. Make sure you give them my name and they'll treat you like my little princess.

She takes the card.

MINDY

Can't you take me there?

JOHN

No, I told you I've got to go out of town for a few days. I'll visit you and when you get out, we'll get you a nice apartment. A nicer place than this shit-hole, okay?

MINDY

I want to live with you.

JOHN

Sure, okay, that'd be great. You get cleaned up and we'll move in together. Okay?

MINDY

Oh John! You mean it? You promise?

She hugs him gleefully, he checks the clock on the nightstand next to the bed.

JOHN

Absolutely, princess. But you've got to get cleaned up first. Promise?

MINDY

Yes! I promise!

She tries to pull him back down into the bed.

JOHN

No, I've got to go. I told you. I'll be back in a few days.

MINDY

Can I have some money? I'm hungry and there's nothing in the fridge.

JOHN

I'm not giving you any money. You'll just spend it on junk.

MINDY

But I promised!

JOHN

You're a junkie and I know what happens to cash in a junkie's hands.

MINDY

But I'm starving! I just want to get some breakfast before I call the rehab place.

JOHN

Call them, use my name and they'll send a car out for you. You can eat there. You'll love it, it'll be like being on a cruise ship.

MINDY

Okay, okay, shit. I'll call right now. Grady Rehabilitation Center.

JOHN

Good.

John gets up and heads to the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Almost forgot. Look for a girl named "Rinda". She's about your age. You'll like her. She's a friend of a friend.

MINDY

Grady Rehab. Breakfast. Rinda. Friend. Anything else?

JOHN

Be a good girl. Do what they tell you and I'll see you soon.

As he leaves, Mindy calls out to him.

MINDY

I love you!

John closes the door behind him.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

John hurries down the steps of the apartment building with his small suitcase. He moves quickly down the sidewalk, nervously looking around. He pulls a set of keys from his pocket as he approaches his car parked on the street.

Mick's car is double-parked next to it, blocking him in.

JOHN

Shit.

Mick steps out of the shadows behind John, his pistol drawn.

MICK

Hi, John. Need me to move my car?

John glances in the other direction and sees an armed Capt. Cleary blocking his escape.

JOHN

Hi, Mick. Yeah, you mind?

CAPT. CLEARY

Hands.

John slowly raises his hands. Mick pulls a pistol from John's belt and backs away again.

JOHN

Mick, this is complicated.

MICK

We'll take notes and hold our questions until the end.

CAPT. CLEARY

Where's Terry?

JOHN

You don't understand. I was trying to help her.

CAPT. CLEARY

What are you talking about, shit-head?

JOHN

A guy came to me with an offer. The money was too good. People disappear all the time in this city. Losers, junkies, people who owe, you know what I mean, Mick. Why shouldn't I make the city a better place and make a little scratch on the side? My hand to God, Mick, as soon as I found out she got scooped up in this thing, I tried to get her out. Frankie was in on it too. But he got stupid. He screwed up and sold her some H when she came looking for you. They grabbed her up before she used, but that's why they came for him. He was a loser anyway.

MICK

You're not making any sense, John.  
What are you saying? You sold her  
to a pimp?

Capt. Cleary takes a step toward John.

CAPT. CLEARY

You bastard.

JOHN

No, Jesus, you don't get it. She's  
gone, okay? I'm sorry. I tried, but  
I'm just telling you this so you  
don't try to find her. She's gone.

CAPT. CLEARY

Who took her, punk? Start making  
sense or I start breaking bones.

JOHN

Terry's gone. You two can't go up  
against these guys. They're ex-  
Russian military and men with the  
money to make things happen and  
people disappear. It's huge. Just  
walk away.

MICK

Walk away from what, John?

JOHN

It's a black market organ  
trafficking ring. Terry was a match  
for a client. I didn't have  
anything to do with Terry. She was  
already in their program. She's  
gone by now. I'm really sorry.

Capt. Cleary pistol whips him in the side of the head,  
knocking him to the ground. Mick joins in and they both start  
kicking John.

They are so engrossed in the payback beating, they don't  
notice Vanya and Uri's ambulance slide quietly down the  
street and stop in the street next to them.

URI

Hello, polices.

Mick and Capt. Cleary turn to see Uri standing in the side-  
door of the ambulance pointing an AK-47 at them. Vanya is at  
the wheel holding another AK-47 out the window.

MICK

This fucking night just gets better  
and better.

He gives John another kick.

URI

Hands up, guns down, okay polices?

MICK

I'm not a cop. He is.

URI

Whatever. Guns down to ground.

Mick and Capt. Cleary drop their pistols and put their hands  
up.

URI (CONT'D)

Okay, good. Hey John! Want to ride?  
Come on, man. We take you someplace  
nice and quiet. Get you fixed up,  
buddy. Get over here, you stupid  
shit!

John staggers to his feet.

JOHN

Mick, please. Help me. They're  
going to cut me up. I swear I did  
what I could to help Terry. I  
didn't give her over to them.

Capt. Cleary punches him to the ground.

CAPT. CLEARY

You're getting off easy.

URI

(laughing loudly)

Hey, none of that, you! Don't  
damage. Get over here, stupid John.

John stumbles toward the ambulance, begging for his life.  
Vanya pulls his AK back through the window and puts it on the  
seat next to him, putting the ambulance in gear.

MICK

Hey, Laughing Boy. Know why they  
call him "Zeus"?

URI

Huh? What you saying?

CAPT. CLEARY  
You'll get a kick out this.

Capt. Cleary drops his right arm and a small taser flips into his hand. He fires it and two spikes on a wire shoot into Uri's chest. The electricity slams into him like a truck, his whole body locks up, the AK-47 firing wildly into the air.

John tries to dive out of the way, but Uri's shots rake him across the chest, tossing him over the hood of his car.

Mick scoops up his gun and fires at Vanya just as he's grabbing for his AK-47. Mick puts three bullets into the driver's side door and one into Vanya's head. Vanya falls sideways and the ambulance rolls forward down the street.

Mick runs to John, but he's already dead.

MICK  
You still got off easy, brother.

The ambulance hits a parked car, setting off the car alarm. Capt. Cleary runs to it and sees Uri choking.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Son-of-a-bitch! Don't you die on me!

Kicking the AK-47 away, Capt. Cleary tries to clear Uri's airway. Uri's eyes are bulging as he struggles to breathe.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
Mick! Get over here!

Mick joins Capt. Cleary.

MICK  
What's happening?

CAPT. CLEARY  
I think he swallowed his tongue.  
Wait, now I remember you.

Uri is turning blue and shaking. Capt. Cleary sits back, staring at Uri.

MICK  
Come on, we've got to do something!  
He's the only one who knows where Terry is.

Uri is grabbing frantically at Capt. Cleary as he chokes to death.

CAPT. CLEARY

I know where I saw you, you son-of-a-bitch! Don't I? Huh? You were there, weren't you?

Mick jumps in and starts to clear Uri's airway. Capt. Cleary shoves him away angrily.

MICK

What are you doing? We need him alive!

CAPT. CLEARY

Fuck him. We don't need him.

(to Uri)

Choke, you bastard. Think this hurts? Wait until the Devil gets hold of your ass!

Uri frantically claws at Capt. Cleary as he convulses. Capt. Cleary just slaps his hands away as he and Mick watch Uri die.

The squealing car alarm stops.

MICK

Now what are we going to do?

CAPT. CLEARY

I know where Terry is. God help me, but I know.

He starts to pick up Uri's AK-47.

MICK

Leave it for the cops. It's the gun that shot John. Besides, we've got better.

EXT. REAR OF MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick opens the trunk and pulls out a large combat shotgun.

MICK

This is Little Elvis. The AA-12 Automatic Shotgun. Gas operated, semi or full auto, it fires 300 rounds per minute and comes with this handy 100 round ammo drum.

CAPT. CLEARY

You really think we're going to need that?

MICK

From what John said, we're going in light.

CAPT. CLEARY

I can't believe you drive around with one of those in your trunk.

MICK

I don't. I drive around with two of them.

Mick pulls out another AA-12.

MICK (CONT'D)

This is his twin brother, Jessie.

CAPT. CLEARY

Give it here.

Capt. Cleary looks the heavy shotgun over briefly and nods his approval. They both slap the ammo drums on and chamber the first round.

MICK

Where to?

CAPT. CLEARY

The Grady Rehab Center.

Mick stares at Capt. Cleary's face for a beat before slamming the trunk lid shut. Both men get in Mick's car and they speed away from the scene.

INT. ALEXI'S OFFICE AT THE GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER

Alexi is shaking his head as he looks at the file on the desk in front of him. Terry's picture is on the corner of the file. Dr. Sulliman stands in front of his desk looking like a guilty schoolboy.

ALEXI

How could this happen? Tell me who fucked up!

DR. SULLIMAN

I don't know! The lab ran a full blood test when she was admitted. There was no sign of hepatitis. The symptoms may have only recently presented or it may have been a mistake in the lab. Maybe.

Alexi tosses the file across the desk.

ALEXI

Run the test again!

DR. SULLIMAN

We have no time! Even without complications, we will be pressed to deliver the heart and liver to Hong Kong by the deadline!

ALEXI

And the organs are useless? Can we extract them anyway?

DR. SULLIMAN

If the client finds out we sold him diseased organs, this client, no. No. We cannot do this. I will not do this.

ALEXI

Damn it to Hell! There must be another candidate in our system!

DR. SULLIMAN

There is not! We looked. This is why she was so valuable. She's the best genetic match to the client and had the best chance of organ acceptance.

ALEXI

(smiling)

Then we must use someone with the same genes, yes?

DR. SULLIMAN

Which? The father or the brother?

ALEXI

Try to get them both. Might as well have a complete set.

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick and Capt. Cleary sit quietly as Mick races his car down the freeway.

CAPT. CLEARY

I put her there. I walked her right in the front door.

MICK

It's not your fault. You couldn't have known. It's sick. The whole thing is sick. A rehab center as a front for organ trafficking. Sick bastards.

CAPT. CLEARY

If he's right and Terry's gone, I'll never forgive myself.

MICK

If he's right and Terry's gone, I'll make them pay.

CAPT. CLEARY

No. We're in this together. Right to the bloody end.

MICK

That's what John said when I first saw him tonight.

CAPT. CLEARY

What?

MICK

We're all getting bloody tonight.

Capt. Cleary's phone rings.

CAPT. CLEARY

Guess who? The Grady Rehab Center.

MICK

No shit.

CAPT. CLEARY

(to phone)

This is Cleary.

INT. ALEXI'S OFFICE AT THE GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER

Dr. Sulliman has Capt. Cleary on speaker phone.

DR. SULLIMAN

Ah, Mr. Cleary. Hello. This is Dr. Sulliman of the Grady Rehabilitation Center. I'm sorry to disturb you, but I have excellent news. Your daughter Terry has returned to us. She is fine, but very upset.

(MORE)

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
She has been asking for you and  
your son, Mick. I think the best  
thing is for both of you to come  
here as soon as you can. Can you  
call your son and meet me here?

There's a short pause, then Capt. Cleary's answers in a cold,  
hard voice.

CAPT. CLEARY  
(from speaker)  
We're on our way.

The line goes dead.

Dr. Sulliman and Alexi exchange a confused glance.

ALEXI  
Okay, good. Yes?

DR. SULLIMAN  
He sounded angry to you?

ALEXI  
You probably woke him up. He's an  
old man.

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Capt. Cleary puts his phone away and both men stare ahead as  
Mick speeds up.

CAPT. CLEARY  
The whole thing is a set-up. When  
they find one of the rehab patients  
is a match for an organ customer,  
they fake an escape or let them  
escape.

MICK  
I don't get it. Why take the risk?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Think like a cop for a second.

Mick drives in silence for a beat.

MICK

Because once the patient is seen outside by a friend or family member, the bastards can report an escape and nobody will suspect they've snatched the patient back to the rehab center.

CAPT. CLEARY

Then they cut them up. Twisted sons-of-bitches.

Capt. Cleary pulls out his badge and stares at it. He rolls down his window.

MICK

Sure you want to do that?

CAPT. CLEARY

My children don't need a cop tonight. They need a father.

He throws the badge out the window.

MICK

Thanks, Dad.

CAPT. CLEARY

You're welcome, son.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER NURSE'S BREAK ROOM

Nurse Bilak is getting a soft-drink from the vending machine. She is startled to see Nurse Galina staring at her from the doorway.

NURSE GALINA

So, you heard about Lot 12? Your little friend Terry? Hep-B. Shame, isn't it?

NURSE BILAK

What difference does it make? They're just meat, just cash, like you said, yes?

NURSE GALINA

Of course they are, but you're not fooling me. You switched the lab results, didn't you?

NURSE BILAK

No! Never! I would never do that!

NURSE GALINA

Then I suppose Lot 14, Mr. Frank Mallone, is a medical miracle. He's 6 weeks pregnant.

NURSE BILAK

What?

Nurse Galina slaps Nurse Bilak.

NURSE GALINA

You idiot! Why did you do this? Did you think you would save her? It will make no difference. She will go under the knife anyway!

NURSE BILAK

No! You can't! No! Please!

NURSE GALINA

Even if she had hepatitis, we could find a buyer who's in worse shape. There are always buyers, you little fool!

NURSE BILAK

I'm begging you. She's is going to be a mother. You must have a heart. Please help her.

NURSE GALINA

You are right, I have a heart. And if I ever need a new one, I know how to get it. But you, once I tell Dr. Sulliman what you did, it will be your turn under the knife!

Nurse Galina grabs Nurse Bilak by the hair and punches her hard in the face, then tosses her across the room.

Nurse Bilak shakes her head to clear it, then jumps to her feet. Her face is twisted into a mask of rage. Nurse Galina looks shocked as Nurse Bilak spins and kicks the larger woman solidly in the jaw.

NURSE GALINA (CONT'D)

You little bitch!

The two women fight, Nurse Bilak displaying serious martial arts skills, Nurse Galina attempting to use her weight and strength advantage. The small break room is completely wrecked by the time Nurse Bilak finally knocks Nurse Galina unconscious with a vicious elbow to the temple.

Nurse Galina slumps to the floor.

Nurse Bilak dials her cellphone.

NURSE (ON PHONE)  
This is Agent Bilak. Give me the  
Deputy Director.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER SURGERY PREP ROOM

Dr. Sulliman is in surgery scrubs, washing his hands. A NURSE (20's, female, attractive) is waiting to help him with his gloves. Through the observation window a surgical team waits, grouped around the patient on the table.

Dr. Sulliman nods to the intercom button and the nurse presses it for him.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Is the resource ready for  
harvesting?

The ANESTHESIOLOGIST (40's, male) stands.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
(from intercom)  
The resource is under the  
anesthetic. Pulse, breathing and  
heart rate acceptable, Dr.  
Sulliman. We can begin as soon as  
you are ready.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Good. Good. Be with you all  
shortly.

He nods again to the nurse. She turns off the intercom. He holds his hands in the air.

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
Nurse. Now that I am sterile, I  
must not use my hands. Assist me.

NURSE  
Yes, Doctor.

She pulls his surgical mask up for him, then drops to her knees in front of him, reaching under his surgical gown.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Smart girl.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER LOBBY - NIGHT

Alexi is speaking to four MALE NURSES (30's, tough). All the men are hiding pistols behind their backs.

ALEXI

An old man and his son. When I give you the signal, pull your guns on them while I put the cuffs on. The old man is cop, so he will be carrying a revolver. It will be a little .38 like all cops carry, probably in his belt. I do not want them shot, they are both valuable, but threaten them as though you will shoot, understand? Yes?

The men all nod in agreement.

ALEXI (CONT'D)

Good. Good. Now smile, damn you. We are a happy place.

They wait. Alexi nervously checks his watch.

ALEXI (CONT'D)

Where is that fat bitch who usually sits up here? Huh?

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick and Capt. Cleary are sitting in Mick's car, the engine running, the headlights off. They can see Alexi and the other men standing in the lobby.

MICK

How you want to play this?

CAPT. CLEARY

Remember the diner?

MICK

I was hoping you were going to say that.

He revs the heavy engine, dropping into first gear, but holding down the brake. The rear tires spin and smoke, he pops the brake and the car lurches forward, building up speed as he shifts quickly, heading straight toward the big double doors leading to the lobby.

CAPT. CLEARY

I thought you said this thing was fast! Drop the hammer, you pussy!

Mick laughs and shoves the engine into fifth gear; the car lurches forward like a rocket.

MICK

Hang on to the rest of your teeth!

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER LOBBY - NIGHT

Alexi paces, his back to the double-doors.

ALEXI

Come on already. When are they going to get here?

Two of the men facing the double doors point behind Alexi, eyes wide with shock.

ALEXI (CONT'D)

What is it, you idiots? Are they here?

Alexi turns toward the doors just as Mick's car comes crashing through sending a deadly barrage of glass and steel flying. Alexi is hit by the front of the car and flattened.

Mick's car tears through the lobby as the four men dive for cover. The car slams into the doors leading to the rehab center, knocking the heavy security doors open.

The four guards take cover behind the furniture and begin firing.

Mick crawls painfully out of the driver's side, his left arm hanging limply. Capt. Cleary kicks his door open. They return fire with their heavy automatic shotguns.

Three more guards enter the lobby, armed with AK-47's and wearing bullet-proof vests.

The lobby furniture offers zero protection and Mick and Capt. Cleary soon take down all seven of the guards.

CAPT. CLEARY

You okay?

MICK

Arms busted. Hurts like hell, but I'm good to go. You?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Do you hear church bells?

MICK  
No.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Then I've got a concussion, but  
it's not a show-stopper. Let's go  
find your sister.

MICK  
Hold on a second.

Mick reaches into the smoking remains of his car and pulls out a crucifix from the glove compartment. He puts it around his neck.

MICK (CONT'D)  
I've just rediscovered my Catholic roots.

Capt. Cleary pulls an identical crucifix from inside his shirt.

The two men genuflect and say a quick prayer.

CAPT. CLEARY	MICK
In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen	In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen

They kick the doors aside and head into the rehab center.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER SURGERY

The fire-alarm is squealing loudly as Dr. Sulliman works on the "resource". The belly is open and he has removed several organs, which have been placed in transport boxes. The surgical staff is crowded around the table, nervously looking for the source of the alarm.

NURSE  
Doctor? Is there a fire?

DR. SULLIMAN  
How the hell should I know? Ignore it. We must not be interrupted. Damn! Pay attention, you stupid bitch!

A spray of blood arcs up, splattering Dr. Sulliman and a nurse next to him.

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
 Clamp! There! Another! Hurry! You,  
 pack it now! What are you waiting  
 for?

NURSE  
 Yes, doctor.

The staff work quickly to stop the blood flow.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST  
 Blood pressure dropping. Breathing  
 shallow.

DR. SULLIMAN  
 Damn it! Hang another unit of  
 plasma and hand me the chest saw. I  
 want the heart now! Get the  
 transport unit ready! Move your  
 asses!

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER HALLWAY

Mick and Capt. Cleary are moving down the hallway, kicking  
 open doors and freeing patients. The men and women run back  
 down the hallway toward the front entrance.

Mick kicks one door open and sees Thomas "T-Mass" Porter,  
 looking at his cellphone while masturbating under the  
 bedsheet. He's wearing headphones, so he hasn't heard any of  
 the gunfire.

THOMAS PORTER  
 Oh shit, yo! What the fuck? Shut  
 the damn door!

MICK  
 Sorry.

Mick ducks back out into the hallway.

CAPT. CLEARY  
 Anybody in there?

MICK  
 He's fine. Leave him.

CAPT. CLEARY  
 What?

Capt. Cleary goes to the door.

MICK

You don't want to do that.

Capt. Cleary opens the door and sees T-Mass back at it. He shouts angrily and threatens him with his shotgun.

CAPT. CLEARY

Get out of here, you little  
pervert!

Mick laughs as T-Mass stumbles out, trying to hold his baggy pants up. Capt. Cleary gives him a swift kick in the butt to send him on his way.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

And try wearing a belt, you idiot!

MICK

Kids today, huh?

CAPT. CLEARY

I seem to remember you sporting a  
Flock of Seagulls haircut for a  
while back in the 80's.

MICK

If you ever tell anyone about that  
I will end you.

CAPT. CLEARY

Don't worry, it's just as  
embarrassing for me. Come on, let's  
keep going.

INT. GRADY REHABILITATION CENTER SURGERY

Dr. Sulliman removes the heart and places it carefully into the transport device. The device is activated and the heart starts beating again. The nurse closes the lid.

The monitoring equipment makes the continuous tone which indicates the patient has died.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Time of death is...

DR. SULLIMAN

Shut up, who cares?

Loud gunfire is heard in the room beyond the surgery. A guard is thrown into the room through the doors. He hits the floor, his chest is blown apart.

The surgical staff screams in terror.

DR. SULLIMAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell is going on?

Mick and Capt. Cleary step in to the surgery. They see the body on the table.

MICK  
Oh my God. Terry?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Nobody move! Hands up!

Everyone freezes. The only sound is the monitor's flat tone.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)  
No. No. Terry.

MICK  
You sons-of-bitches. Back away!  
Now!

The surgical staff edge away from the table. Mick moves to the table while he and Capt. Cleary cover the staff.

As the anesthesiologist steps away, the gas mask slips from the patient's face.

It's not Terry. It's Frankie.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Oh thank God.

MICK  
Shit, Frankie?

Dr. Sulliman uses the distraction, grabbing the "smart" nurse and holding a scalpel to her throat, he uses her as a shield.

The rest of the staff hit the floor.

DR. SULLIMAN  
Don't shoot! I will cut her! I will!

Mick and Capt. Cleary keep their shotguns aimed at them both.

NURSE  
No, please! Please!

CAPT. CLEARY  
Where's my daughter?

DR. SULLIMAN

She is fine. She was next. In prep room. I am going. Lower your weapons. Now!

Neither of the Cleary men move.

MICK

How you want to play this, Dad?

Before Capt. Cleary can answer, a SWAT TEAM appears in the doorway behind them. A flash-bang is tossed into the room and explodes with a deafening bang and blinding flash. Mick and Capt. Cleary stumble and almost fall.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Drop your weapons! Do it now! Drop them!

Mick and Capt. Cleary slowly put their shotguns on the ground. Dr. Sulliman glances behind him at the door.

CAPT. CLEARY

You'll never run far enough or fast enough.

Dr. Sulliman laughs and back through the door way, tossing the nurse forward as he runs away.

The SWAT Team swarm into the surgery and grab Mick and Capt. Cleary.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

I'm Capt. Cleary of the LAPD! That man is wanted for...

SWAT TEAM LEADER

We know you are, old man. Now shut your fucking...

That's as far as he gets. Capt. Cleary spins around and punches the SWAT Team Leader in the side of the head, cracking his faceplate and knocking him to the ground. Mick throws a punch at his nearest SWAT Team Member and he and Capt. Cleary get in a few good smacks before they are overwhelmed by the SWAT Team Members.

Capt. Cleary and Mick are forced to the ground and handcuffed. Several members of the team drag them away.

One SWAT team member helps the SWAT Team Leader to his feet. Several other SWAT Team Members get painfully to their feet.

SWAT TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)  
Damn, those guys are tough.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE HOLDING CELL - A SHORT TIME LATER

Mick and Capt. Cleary are sitting on a bench in the same Admin Holding cell Mick was in earlier. Mick's arm is in a cast, Capt. Cleary has a bandage on his head.

They stare menacingly across the cell.

On the other side, all bunched together as far away from the two Cleary men as possible, is the same group of thugs that jumped Mick when he was there alone. Three men lie unconscious on the floor, several other men are bleeding from various wounds.

INT. POLICE STATION - INSPECTOR TOM HAMMOND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inspector Hammond checks his wristwatch.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
(shouting)  
Timmons! Get in here!

Officer Timmons appears at the door, again with an armload of paperwork.

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS  
Yessir?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
You do the 619's for tonight yet?

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS  
No sir, you told me to start on  
the...

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Bring them to me. I'll take care of  
them.

POLICE OFFICER TIMMONS  
Yessir!

He scurries away.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
Fenster! Harris! Get in here!

Fenster and Harris appear, eager as ever to suck up to the boss.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
Close the door. I want you two to give the Cleary's a ride down to Central booking. Timmons screwed up the server again, so they'll need to be processed downtown.

OFFICER FENSTER  
Whatever you need, sir.

OFFICER HARRIS  
Right away, Chief.

Inspector Hammond gives them a sly grin.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
I heard you two gave Mick Cleary a tune-up on the way in earlier tonight.

Fenster and Harris grin back.

OFFICER FENSTER  
He resisted.

OFFICER HARRIS  
You know how it is, Chief.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
I do. Make sure they both "resist" on the way over to Central. There's no paper on them yet, so take the scenic route.

OFFICER FENSTER  
Understood, sir.

OFFICER HARRIS  
You can depend on us, sir.

They exit grinning like world-class brown-nosers.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
(muttering to himself)  
Assholes.

Timmons dumps a couple of dozen folders on the Inspectors desk and runs out again.

Inspector Hammond dials his cellphone. As he speaks, he leafs through the pile of folders Timmons put on his desk.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
 (to cellphone)  
 It's done. Car 12. They'll be  
 leaving from the south entrance in  
 a few minutes. No, thank you and  
 good luck.

He pulls the two Cleary men's folders from the pile.

INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

SUBTITLE: ST. GEORGE HOSPITAL, HONG KONG, CHINA

Tim Yun stands at the foot of an empty hospital bed. Han enters, bowing deeply.

TIM YUN  
 (in Chinese)  
 SUBTITLE: Dr. Berter owes me a  
 heart and a liver. Go collect them.

Han bows deeply again.

HAN  
 (in Chinese)  
 SUBTITLE: At once, sir.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Captain Cleary and Mick are handcuffed in the back, Fenster and Harris in the front, still grinning like it's Christmas morning.

MICK  
 Fenster. Damnit, what is this?

Harris pulls the squad car down another dark alley and stops.

Fenster and Harris put their gunbelts on the hood of the squad car and pull their night-sticks.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 Fenster! This is between me and  
 you.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Fenster yanks Capt. Cleary's side open and drags him out.

MICK

You shit! Leave my dad out of this.  
You want me? Bring it!

FENSTER

You just sit tight, Junior. We'll  
get to you in just a minute.

Mick rages as Harris and Fenster drag Capt. Cleary out and  
slam him against the wall.

HARRIS

I always wanted to see if he's as  
tough as his rep.

FENSTER

What say we dance, old man?

CAPT. CLEARY

Take these cuffs off, you cowards,  
you both can keep the sticks.

He head-butts Fenster.

FENSTER

Sucker punching bastard! Hold him  
up!

Fenster is about to go to work when they all hear the sound  
of high-heels echoing down the alley.

They all look back down the alley and see the figure of a  
WOMAN, silhouetted by the street lamp, walking slowly toward  
them. The face can't be seen, but the outfit consists of  
thigh-high boots, short skirt and long hair.

HARRIS

Hey, check it out.

FENSTER

Hooker.

(loudly)

Hey sweetheart. Hang around. I'm  
always up for a party after a good  
beatdown.

HARRIS

(quietly to Fenster)

She's probably got some cash on  
her, you know?

FENSTER

(quietly)

That's what I'm thinking.

CAPT. CLEARY  
LAPD's finest couple of assholes.

Fenster raises his stick back then realizes the woman is still walking toward him.

FENSTER  
That's far enough, sweetheart. We got some work to do here, then we'll have a party. Hey! You hear me, bitch?

The woman walks quickly up to Fenster and throws a whistling right cross into his jaw. He stumbles back and falls.

FENSTER (CONT'D)  
You whore!

Harris starts to say something, but finds the woman has a gun jammed in his mouth.

It's Deputy Director Durant in drag.

OFFICER FENSTER  
Who...?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Hush. Keys.

Harris nods, eyes wide and pulls the handcuff keys out of his pocket.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT (CONT'D)  
Unlock his cuffs.

Deputy Director Durant steps back, removing the gun from Harris' mouth, but covering both of the dirty cops, and lets Mick out of the squad car.

MICK  
Who...?

Capt. Cleary unlocks Mick's cuffs while Deputy Directory Durant tosses the cops guns in a dumpster.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Hush.

Deputy Director Durant pistol whips Harris knocking him to the ground next to Fenster. The two bleeding cops look terrified.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Fenster and Harris are handcuffed in the back of the squad car, its siren's blasting.

The black Interpol van roars away down the street.

INT. POLICE STATION - INSPECTOR TOM HAMMOND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inspector Hammond closes the files on Capt. Angus Cleary and Michael Cleary.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND  
(to himself)  
Good luck, boys.

He drops both folders in a large paper shredder.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
Oops.

He takes a sip of coffee and grimaces.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (CONT'D)  
At least the coffee will taste  
better than this shit.  
(loudly)  
Timmons! Get in here and get these  
619's off my desk!

The shredder finishes grinding.

INT. PRIVATE JET - AIRBORNE - DAWN - LATER

Capt. Cleary and Mick are sitting comfortably and sipping coffee in luxury aboard an expensive private jet.

MICK  
Damn, that's good.

CAPT. CLEARY  
So, let me get this straight. You  
want us to come to work for you? At  
Interpol?

Deputy Director Durant sits across from them, still in drag, smoking a cigarette.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Oui. You two men are exactly what  
we need for a group I've been asked  
to organize.  
(MORE)

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT (CONT'D)  
Men who value justice over law. You will be given French citizenship, passports, new lives. I can promise the hours will be long, the money insignificant but I think you'll find the work to be most rewarding.

CAPT. CLEARY  
What about Terry?

Terry is sleeping on a reclined seat, an IV tube in her arm as Agent Bilak watches over her. Bilak is now wearing a dark business suit with an Interpol badge/ID pinned to the lapel and a large handgun on her hip.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Terry, too. She will be given the finest medical care. After the baby is born, when she's ready, we will find work for her as well.

The Cleary's sip their excellent coffee.

CAPT. CLEARY  
Aren't you going to change out of your disguise?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
(laughing)  
Disguise? No. Don't I look nice?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Kind of slutty for me, but you make it work.

Mick stares at his father in shock.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Merci.

MICK  
(to Capt. Cleary)  
Really? Who are you? What have you done with my father?

CAPT. CLEARY  
Whatever floats your boat. That's my motto.

MICK  
No it's not. Your motto, if you ever had a motto, would be something like...  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)  
(imitates Capt Cleary)  
What the hell are you looking at?

CAPT. CLEARY  
(laughing)  
It's been a long night.

MICK  
(smiling)  
You got that right, sir.

Capt. Cleary looks surprised.

CAPT. CLEARY  
"Sir"?

MICK  
Like you said. Long night.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Do we have an agreement?

Capt. Cleary looks at his son.

MICK  
Candy's always wanted to see Paris.

CAPT. CLEARY  
We're in.

He raises his coffee mug. Mick and Deputy Director Durant clink their mugs with his in a toast.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DURANT  
Excellent! Welcome to Interpol!

EXT. SKY - DAWN

The sleek, private jet flies toward the brilliant rising sun.

INT. POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE INSPECTOR TOM HAMMOND'S OFFICE -  
DAWN

Police officers around the squad offices are pretending to work, but actually quietly laughing at the shouted voice of Inspector Hammond echoing loudly from the open door of his office.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND (O.C.)  
Are you two assholes trying to tell  
me the prisoners escaped while a  
hooker kicked your asses!?!

INT. POLICE STATION - INSPECTOR TOM HAMMOND'S OFFICE - DAWN

Fenster and Harris are standing in front of Inspector Hammond's desk, both have bloody papertowels pressed to their faces.

OFFICER HARRIS

Actually, sir, we suspect it was a male dressed as a female prostitute, sir.

INSPECTOR HAMMOND

A tranny hooker kicked your asses!?!

A chorus of loud, hysterical laughter erupts from the outer office.

OFFICER FENSTER

(sheepishly)

Sir? Can we close your door?

INSPECTOR HAMMOND

NO!

INT. A CROWDED DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUBTITLE: SEOUL, SOUTH KOREA - 10 MONTHS LATER.

Terry Cleary is sitting in a chair holding a newborn baby in the waiting room of a medical office. She looks healthier now and much happier. She plays with the sleeping infant. There is a small number of VARIOUS PATIENTS waiting to see the doctor.

Dr. Sulliman, now sporting a toupee and beard, enters the waiting room reading from a clipboard.

DR. SULLIMAN

Miss Paybuck? Paybuck, is that right?

Terry looks at Dr. Sulliman.

TERRY

It's "Payback", you shit.

DR. SULLIMAN

What are you doing here?

Capt. Cleary drops the newspaper which was covering his face and stands, pointing a large pistol at Dr. Sulliman.

Dr. Sulliman turns to run and Mick steps out from the office behind him with a gun pointed at the Doctor's face.

MICK

Hold it, Doc. We've got an appointment.

Mick and Capt. Cleary wave Interpol badges at the frightened people in the waiting room.

CAPT. CLEARY

(in Korean)

SUBTITLE: Interpol Agents! All citizens will leave for exiting swift as can happen!

The people in the waiting room are stunned, but get the meaning. They run quickly out of the room.

MICK

Your Korean must be getting better. I think they understood you.

CAPT. CLEARY

Men waving guns is an international language.

TERRY

Isn't he something? Never even woke up.

She stands and walks to the door, carrying the sleeping child.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I made room in the trunk for Doctor Shithead here. You two better get all the paperwork done before 6 or Bilak will have your asses. And don't forget, we're meeting Candy for dinner at the hotel tonight.

MICK

Yes, ma'am.

CAPT. CLEARY

We'll be down in a few minutes.

Terry smiles at Dr. Sulliman and leaves.

CAPT. CLEARY (CONT'D)

I told you, you could never run far enough or fast enough.

DR. SULLIMAN

Wait, please, listen to me. I have money. I know things. I will testify. I will tell you everything.

CAPT. CLEARY

We know.

MICK

Hey Dad, how about you tell him how you got the nickname "Zeus"?

Capt. Cleary smiles.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE OF THE MEDICAL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Terry is loading the infant into a child safety-seat in a car parked on the street. In the window of the office building behind her, there's a flash of light, a crackling of electricity and a man's scream is heard.

She sings softly to her child, who sleeps the sleep of the innocent.

FADE TO BLACK.