

118008

**FULLY AUTOMATIC**

by  
Marc Wolff

Property of:  
Dark Castle  
Warner Bros.

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IRAQ - 2002

Desert night. Full moon. No wind. Concrete bunker-- a lonesome speck in the cold white galaxy of sand.

TWO IRAQI SENTRIES stand outside the bunker. #1 at the front entrance. #2 atop the bunker's watch platform.

Glint of light in the distance. Moonlight reflection? Sentry #2 raises his binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: pinprick flash on a faraway dune.

The sniper's bullet DRILLS HIM BETWEEN THE EYES.  
CUTS THE BINOCULARS IN TWO.  
Sentry #2 crumples soundlessly.  
A lens in each hand.

Phantom streaks.  
Glimpses of a small ASSAULT SQUAD.  
Flying across waves of sand.  
Toward a bunker devoid of live sentries.

INT. IRAQI PRISON BUNKER - NIGHT

Tiny cells line the walls.

Occupants shadow obscured. Behind rusted bars.  
Ragged clothes. Starvation thin.  
The drain in the center of each cell is the toilet.

Iraqi Guards patrol. AK-47s slung.

All is calm.

*FLASH-CRACK!*

Door explosions.  
Stun grenades.  
Guards VAPORIZE.

Silent machinegun fire.  
Turning them to mist.

The ASSAULT SQUAD charges in.  
Faces unseen.  
Just scars.  
Robotic eyes.

The fight is over.

All Iraqi Guards slaughtered wholesale.  
Elapsed battle time: 3.15 seconds.

Silence resumes.

The prisoners inch forward.  
 Some on their knees.  
 Too skeletal to stand.  
 They grip their bars.  
 They are AMERICANS.  
 They see the assault squad.  
 ALSO AMERICANS.  
 Focus on three particular squad members, in the forefront:  
 two massive Comanche Indians-- The Brothers: BILLY and JOHNNY  
 CABLE. And the squad leader: COLONEL FRANCIS REMO.

A prisoner with the strength to speak, slumps his head  
 against bars, says:

PRISONER

Thank G--

A WALL OF BULLETS BLASTS THIS PRISONER TO MULCH.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE EXPLOSION:

**FULLY AUTOMATIC**

INT. LAPD INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY

A cubical room. Six-by-six square. Two-way glass. Bolted  
 down chairs. Wall-mounted video camera.

Detective VIRGIL FROST (29) sits at a metal table that is  
 welded to the floor, addressing a suspect we don't see. His  
 partner, detective REILLY CHAMBERS (29), looms behind him.

FROST

So there's two ways we can do this:  
 we can--

CHAMBERS

--Enough! You better start  
 talkin', asshole!

FROST

Chambers, relax. We're just--

--Chambers pounds his fist on the table. Stares lasers at  
 the suspect. Voice frighteningly calm.

CHAMBERS

Tell us everything, right now, or  
 you're going away. Simple as that.  
 We'll throw the book at you so hard  
 the book will explode.

We now see that there is a 14-year old black girl sitting across from them. TASHA JONES. Annoyed. Polishing off a Hi-C juice box with a protracted, box-collapsing *SLUUUUURRRRRP*.

TASHA  
What book?

CHAMBERS  
What?

TASHA  
What book are you talking about?

CHAMBERS  
Forget it.

TASHA  
I want more juice.

CHAMBERS  
No.

Frost pulls Chambers aside. Whispers:

FROST  
I know this is a living  
nightmare...but we gotta get juice  
if they ask.

Chambers deflates. Walks out.

INT. LAPD/KITCHEN - DAY

Chambers opens the fridge. There is a surplus of Hi-C juice boxes. He grabs an orange one. Starts to walk out. Stops. Looks at the juice box. WHIPS it against the wall. Juice everywhere.

INT. LAPD INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Frost and Tasha. Alone.

FROST  
Okay, listen, Tasha, you seem like  
an intelligent kid. I mean you  
gotta be...takes real smarts to  
organize a shoplifting ring like  
you've done, at your age.

Tasha half smiles. Pleased with herself.

FROST  
Just tell us the names of the other  
kids in your gang...and I promise,  
nothing bad will happen to you.

TASHA

What you gonna do? I'm too young  
for jail.

FROST

True. But you will go to juvenile  
hall.

TASHA

My dad said juvie is like summer  
camp.

FROST

Tasha, your dad is an imbecile.  
Know what we call Juvenile hall?  
Gladiator Academy. Most child  
criminals...they're like animals.  
So unless your idea of summer camp  
is fighting daily for your life,  
armed with a garbage can lid and a  
sock with a bar of soap in it, you  
better tell me everything you know.

Tasha's face falls. Realization begins to sink in. She is  
afraid.

INT. LAPD/KITCHEN - DAY

Chambers finishes loading every Hi-C juice box from the  
fridge into a trash bag. He spins it shut. Walks out, into--

THE HALL

passes a motley line of kids, all waiting to be processed by  
juvie. A TEENAGE BOY eyes Chambers. Says:

TEENAGE BOY

Hey, yo, what's in the bag?

CHAMBERS

(without breaking stride)  
Juice.

TEENAGE BOY

Can I have some?

CHAMBERS

No.

Chambers is at a trash chute in the wall. Dumps the bag down  
it.

INT. LAPD INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Chambers enters. Looks at Tasha and Frost.

CHAMBERS  
We're out of juice.

Tasha has been crying. Frost turns to Chambers. Smiles.

CHAMBERS  
What?

INT. LAPD/CAPTAIN WRIGLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

13-inch TV. On it: playback of Tasha's interrogation. Tears roll down her cheeks.

TASHA  
(on TV)  
...and if I tell you, you won't  
send me away?

FROST  
(on TV)  
Yes.

TASHA  
(on TV)  
I been hearing that the guys who  
run the Rollin' 20s and the 83rd  
Street Gangsters...they've been  
talking. Setting a meeting to call  
a truce.

FROST  
(on TV)  
A gang truce? How do you--

CAPTAIN FRANK WRIGLEY (50s) pauses the tape. He's at his desk. Chambers and Frost sit nervously across from him.

WRIGLEY  
So...a fourteen-year-old sneak  
thief tells you that two of the  
biggest gangs in the city are  
planning to covertly join forces?  
And she knows the time and location  
of their first summit? And she's  
fourteen?

FROST  
Yes, sir.

Wrigley considers this.

WRIGLEY  
There's been chatter of a merger  
like this for months. Her cousin  
is a known Captain in the Rollin'  
20s.

(MORE)

WRIGLEY (cont'd)

(then)

As of now, you two are on loan to Lieutenant Olive's gang unit. Do well, I might make it permanent.

INT. LAPD HALLWAY - DAY

Chambers and Frost carry boxes of stuff for their big move to the Gang Unit.

CHAMBERS

This could be our ticket out of juvie for good. No more of those Goddamn brats. And we get to work with Lieutenant Olive.

Frost gives him a look: So what?

CHAMBERS

You kidding? Olive's famous. The man single-handedly took down L.A.'s biggest heroin smuggling operation in the 80s.

FROST

Yeah. I know. I saw the TV movie.

CHAMBERS

Ken Wahl was great as Olive, don't you think? Really embodied the essence of true police work.

Frost's face puckers like he just bit into a shit sandwich.

FROST

If there was any truth at all to that piece-of-shit movie, Olive should've been arrested for vigilantism.

CHAMBERS

No way.

FROST

The final shoot out in the Galleria? He endangered the lives of hundreds of people.

CHAMBERS

Oh please. He played by his own rules and shut those guys down. And, as a result, got his pick of any unit on the force. That's how we gotta be thinking now that we're in the thick of it. What can we do that will make us legendary?

FROST

I don't know about that.

CHAMBERS

Don't let your "perfect performance record" get in the way, Frost. Don't be afraid to break a rule or two.

FROST

It's not the rule breaking that scares me, Chambers. It's the loss of my job and risk of jail time that comes with it.

INT. LAPD/OLIVE'S GANG UNIT - DAY

Chambers and Frost enter the gang unit. A quadrant of tables in the farthest reaches of the station. Wall decorations: Marine recruitment posters. Fugitive mugs. A *Don't Tread on Me* flag.

Gang cops at work-- urban gunslingers. Men with no names. Customized sidearms. Burned out and battle scarred.

Chambers and Frost are porcelain. Gang cops are volcanic rock. Chambers and Frost stare in awe, Chambers especially. Seeing everything in SLOW MOTION. Until a man approaches, 48 years old, face hard and worn, dark and alert. This is Lieutenant RAYMOND OLIVE. He extends a hand to Chambers, who appears near love struck.

OLIVE

Reilly Chambers. Ray Olive.

CHAMBERS

Yeah...Great to meet you.

Chambers awkwardly shakes hands, trying to hold on to his cardboard box of belongings.

Olive turns to Frost.

OLIVE

That makes you Virgil Frost.

FROST

It's a real honor, sir.

Frost awkwardly shakes too, box balancing.

OLIVE

Welcome to the unit.

CHAMBERS/FROST

Thanks./Thank you.



OLIVE

Okay, organize your desks later.  
There's a ton of work to do before  
tomorrow's surveillance op.

Chambers is so happy he might float away.

INT. FROST'S APT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frost: sound asleep in bed. His cell RINGS. He jolts awake.  
Grabs it off the nightstand. Caller ID: Chambers. Answers:

FROST

What?

INTERCUT- CHAMBERS

Pacing around his TV room. TV droning in the background.  
Coke cans and Chips Ahoy spread across the coffee table.

CHAMBERS

I'm nervous about tomorrow.  
(checks watch)  
Today.

FROST

(groggy)  
Chambers...we talked about this...

CHAMBERS

I thought of something we didn't...  
Should we have better guns? It  
seems like a lot of the guys in the  
unit have their own, non-issue  
guns.

(then)

We need cool guns that define our  
personality, don't you think?

FROST

This is an insane conversation.  
I'm hanging up.

CHAMBERS

No, wait.

FROST

Go to sleep, Chambers.

CHAMBERS

I'm too keyed up. The zero hour of  
our lives could be approaching.  
How can you sleep?

FROST

Splash some water on your face.

CHAMBERS  
Do people really do that?

FROST  
I dunno. Bye.

Click. Frost is gone. Chambers looks at his phone.  
Forlorn. Flips it shut.

INT. CHAMBERS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chambers enters. Hits the light. Hits the cold water knob.  
Fills his hands. Looks in the mirror. SPLASHES his face.  
Once. Twice. Leans close to his reflection. Eyes intense,  
introspective. Then says to himself, out loud--

CHAMBERS  
This does nothing.

INT. LAPD/GARAGE - DAY

3 gray Chevy Suburbans. Gang cops climbing into them. Frost  
standing outside one. Chambers walks up. Black circle eyes.

CHAMBERS  
I got no sleep last night, Frost.  
None.

FROST  
Terrific.

INT. SUBURBAN (MOVING) - DAY

Chambers and Frost sit in the back of the SUV, amid burly  
cops. Olive is in the front passenger seat. He flips his  
cell shut. Turns. Addresses the cops.

OLIVE  
Listen up, boys. Latest intel says  
a third gang faction might be  
planning on taking out this meeting  
by force.  
(looks at Chambers and  
Frost)  
Overwatch teams, keep your eyes  
peeled for anything out of the  
ordinary.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LA - DAY

Olive and the Gang Unit are in hidden positions to surveil  
the gang meeting, which is taking place in the back room of a  
video arcade called Space Paranoids.

Olive has spotters everywhere. They watch as gang members enter the building.

LATER, ACROSS THE STREET

Chambers and Frost are on their own, in a shithole studio apartment, on the fifth floor of an abandoned building.

They've been there a while now. Adrenaline has worn off. Boredom has taken root.

Chambers looks through Steiner Commander III Binoculars. Into the arcade. GANGSTA THUGZ mill suspiciously around the corridors of arcade games.

There is a filthy queen-size MATTRESS in the corner. Huge YELLOW-BROWN stain in the center.

CHAMBERS

Hey, Frost, would you sleep on that mattress for five thousand dollars?

FROST

Are you kidding me?

CHAMBERS

How about for fifty thousand dollars, would you sleep on it, face down on the stain part with your mouth open?

FROST

No.

CHAMBERS

How much would it take?

Frost eyes the mattress. It is a brave new world of disgusting.

FROST

At least a hundred million dollars.

CHAMBERS

That's insane.

FROST

That's my price.

CHAMBERS

For a hundred million dollars, I'd fuck that mattress.

Frost shakes his head. This is an absurd conversation. He looks out the window, watching traffic in front of the arcade.

INT. SPACE PARANOIDS - THAT MOMENT

A glowing maze of arcade machines.

Gang Leaders LARENZ and CHOLO meet before a Gorf machine.  
Each backed by their posse. The summit is about to begin.

INT. SHIT HOLE APT - THAT MOMENT

Chambers stares through binoculars

CHAMBERS  
(very serious)  
They got a Gorf machine in there,  
Frost.

FROST  
So.

CHAMBERS  
It's in better condition than mine.  
(then)  
I should come back later and try to  
buy it off 'em.

FROST  
...uh-huh...

Frost's radio blurps.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Bravo Overwatch, you see that  
Escalade?

Frost sees a Cadillac Escalade slowing down in front of the  
arcade.

FROST  
(into radio)  
Check, I got him.

OLIVE (V.O.)  
Alpha overwatch says this is the  
third time it's been around.  
Possible 107. What do you see?

Frost and Chambers watch the Escalade.

FROST  
(into radio)  
Windows are tinted...can't see in.

## EXT. STREET - DAY

The instant the Escalade rounds the corner, the cops stop it.  
 Move toward it. Guns up.  
 Get to the drivers window.  
 Gun tap it. It rolls down. Revealing--  
 A WHITE WOMAN in her 40s. Kids in back. Clearly lost.

## INT. APARTMENT - DAY

OLIVE (V.O.)  
 False alarm. Driver was just--

A laser line of smoke SHOOTS straight from the rooftop above  
 Chambers and Frost.

WHOOSHING across the entire street.  
 Toward the arcade.  
 PUNCTURE-BLASTING through its windows.

## INT. SPACE PARANOIDS - THAT MOMENT

Smoke everywhere. Gang members running. Shouting.  
 Fire alarm going apeshit haywire.

## INT. APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Chambers and Frost stare at the smoke trail, realize it leads  
 back to the roof of the building they're in.

FROST  
 What the hell...?

Chambers is already gone, running for the stairwell. Frost  
 is right behind him.

## INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Chambers and Frost. Flying up stairs.  
 Two, three at a time.  
 Shopping cart in the way.  
 Vault it. Never slowing.

They reach the door to the roof.  
 Chambers plows through the door.  
 Frost yanks him back into the stairwell--

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE ERUPTS from behind an industrial air  
 conditioning unit. PERFORATES the door.

## INT. SPACE PARANOIDS - THAT MOMENT

The smoke thins a bit inside the arcade.  
 Gang members still on the floor.  
 They see it, embedded in the wall. Their faces drop.

Now everyone sees the missile.  
 No one moves. No one breathes.  
 A smoke alarm chirps.

Then, as if given a signal, everyone stampedes out of the building.

## EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Chambers and Frost crouch behind the doorway.  
 The gunfire stops. They lean out.  
 UNLOADING pistols into the air conditioning unit.

They stop. Silence.  
 Chambers reloads. Runs out.  
 Toward the air conditioning unit.  
 FIRING as he goes.

FROST  
 Chambers!

Frost stays low. Popping off a full clip of cover fire.

## EXT. SPACE PARANOIDS - THAT MOMENT

People spilling out of the arcade.  
 Gang members hunting for enemies.  
 Coming face to face with bewildered gang cops.

## EXT. ROOFTOP - THAT MOMENT

Chambers reaches the site of the missile launch, at the edge of the roof. Frost behind him. Gun ready.

A spent launch tube lies there.  
 Whoever fired it is nowhere to be seen.

## INT. SPACE PARANOIDS - THAT MOMENT

The missile in the wall teeters. It comes loose.  
 It falls to the floor and DETONATES on impact.

## OVERHEAD VIEW OF SPACE PARANOIDS

It IMPLODES.  
 Like the house at the end of *Poltergeist*.  
 Crumpling like a stomped beer can.  
 Sucking the Gang Leaders and their henchmen into it.  
 Sucking every car in front of the building into it.

Building facades PEEL into the vortex.  
 Pipework and electrical wires.  
 Twisting and slithering.  
 RIPPING into the air.  
 Spewing water. Zapping electricity.

Furniture flies.  
 Kitchen appliances and TVs.  
 SMASHING through walls.

A refrigerator collides with a Lexus.  
 In mid air.  
 EXPLODES.

## EXT. ROOFTOP - THAT MOMENT

The implosion force vacuums Chambers and Frost across the roof. Like a skipping stone.

Chambers snags a cable of some sort.

Frost keeps going.  
 Over the edge.  
 BASHING into a fire escape railing.  
 Holds on. Screaming.

## EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - THAT MOMENT

A skinny mushroom cloud rises in the distance.

## EXT. ROOFTOP - THAT MOMENT

The suction dissipates.

Chambers staggers to the edge of the roof. Looks down.  
 Sees Frost, half a floor down, standing safely on a fire escape landing.  
 Sees where Space Paranoids once stood.  
 It looks like the surface of the moon.

Street lights bow toward the epicenter of the implosion.

CHAMBERS  
 Holy. Fucking. Shit.

Frost begins to climb up the ladder.  
 Halfway up-- METAL POPS. BRICK DUST SPRAYS.  
 The fire escape starts to PEEL OFF THE BUILDING.  
 FROM top to bottom.  
 Frost TEETERS BACK WITH THE TOP PART. SLOWLY.  
 Five stories up. Arcing over the street.

FROST  
 Whoa! Whoa! WHOA!!

CHAMBERS  
 Hold on!

Chambers looks around. Frantic.  
 For something to reach Frost with.

The fire escape bends back further,  
 RIPPING WHOLE CHUNKS of building with it.

FROST  
 CHAMBERS!

Frost hangs on.  
 Fingers clawed onto the ladder rung.  
 Metal buckles. The world shakes.

There is nothing Chambers can do.  
 Nothing Frost can do.

The fire escape falls.  
 Cantilevers out. Hinged at the third floor.  
 SLAMS TO A STOP HORIZONTALLY.  
 Three stories over the street.  
 BUCKING Frost loose.

He plummets.

Eyes closed.  
 Wind RUSHING.

He lands.  
 Bounces.  
 Lands again.  
 On something soft.  
 Opens his eyes.  
 Face inches from a big brown and yellow stain.

He is on THE MATTRESS.

It has been sucked into the street.  
 Along with most of the building's innards.

Chambers stands five stories above.  
 Face plastered with awe. Then he screams:

CHAMBERS  
 Frost!



Frost looks up.

Frost rolls.

Out of the way, nanoseconds before--

The ENTIRE FIRE ESCAPE CRUSH-LANDS ON THE MATTRESS.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LAPD/MUSTER ROOM - DAY

Captain Wrigley and Lieutenant Olive stand before a room full of cops. A tall man in a grey suit stands behind them. Chambers and Frost sit in the back row.

WRIGLEY

To fill in the details and answer your questions about what we're up against, this is Special Agent Dwight Hendrix, head of the federal arm of the task force.

Wrigley steps aside. Motions to the man in the grey suit. SPECIAL AGENT HENDRIX takes the stage. 47 years old. Face of chipped concrete.

AGENT HENDRIX

Here's what we know. Somehow somebody got a hold of an M42-A Thermoberic Missile Launcher. It fires a miniaturized version of the Fuel Air bombs used for Afghan cave busting. Each missile contains two explosive devices. The first spreads an aerosol fuel concentrate. The second ignites this aerosol to around 3000 degrees centigrade. The flash combustion burns all the oxygen within the blast cloud instantaneously, creating a vacuum powerful enough to uproot a redwood.

Chambers smiles at a pretty detective named MIMI DUPREE. She smiles back. Frost elbows Chambers. Up front, Olive takes over.

OLIVE

Our investigation will be dual pronged. First: It's likely the shooter is a rival gang member. We're gonna canvass the known gang universe to find him. Door-to-door searches if necessary. Second: the missile. It is built and used exclusively by the US military. They have no idea how it could have fallen into the wrong hands.

(MORE)

OLIVE (cont'd)  
 Regardless, we are going to talk to every Army base and arms manufacturer in the state.

Wrigley takes the mic again.

WRIGLEY  
 There is a shitstorm on the street right now. The Rollin' 20s are blaming the 83rd St. Gangsters for what happened, and vice versa. We need to end it. You all have your assignments. Dismissed.

The cops rise and begin to file out. A woman enters the muster room, walking against the exiting flow. Tall and skinny. Lemon blonde pony tail. CAROLINE HALLMARK, age 29, walks right up to Wrigley, Olive, and Agent Hendrix.

HALLMARK  
 Excuse me.

They all turn.

HALLMARK  
 I think I might know where that missile came from.

EXT. LAPD/HALLWAY - DAY

Vending machine. A 7-year-old girl named DALLAS feeds it a dollar and presses the code for Snickers. The Snickers moves forward. Begins to fall. Then stops. Hung up on the metal spool.

CHAMBERS  
 Uh-oh.

Dallas turns. Chambers is standing behind her. Money in hand. Waiting to buy Strawberry Pop Tarts.

DALLAS  
 Will you please help me?

CHAMBERS  
 Absolutely. I've seen this situation a million times. And there's only one solution.  
 (then)  
 Stand aside.

She does. Chambers PUNCHES vending machine Plexiglas. The snickers jiggles. Doesn't fall. He PUNCHES again. And again. So hard the machine rocks. The Snickers is inert. Dallas is scared.

Frost walks up.

FROST  
The hell are you doing?

CHAMBERS  
Her Snickers is stuck. What else  
you want me to do?

Frost snatches the Pop Tart money from Chambers. Slips it in  
the machine. Hits buttons. Two Snickers fall.

INT. LAPD/MUSTER ROOM - DAY

The muster room is empty. Except for Wrigley, Olive, Agent  
Hendrix, and Caroline Hallmark. They've been talking.

AGENT HENDRIX  
It's an interesting theory, but  
there's no way Francis Remo is  
behind this.

HALLMARK  
His unit was one of the few that  
had access to those weapons.  
Factor that in with the vendetta he  
has against this country and--

AGENT HENDRIX  
--You've been out of the loop, Miss  
Hallmark. Francis Remo is dead.  
Over a year. Car bomb in Karachi.  
I've seen the pictures.

HALLMARK  
And I have a program on my computer  
called Photoshop.

Chambers and Frost enter, leading Dallas. She and Chambers  
munch Snickers bars.

Hallmark sees them approaching.

HALLMARK  
She's not causing trouble, is she?

FROST  
No, no, not at all.

DALLAS  
They think I'm lost.

Hallmark takes the girl's hand.

WRIGLEY

Chambers, Frost...meet Sergeant  
Caroline Hallmark. She's a former  
Delta Force operator.

They shake.

WRIGLEY

She thinks that a covert special  
operations unit, with access to  
those missiles, might be selling  
the weapons to the highest bidder.

HALLMARK

Doesn't look like I'm gonna be much  
good, though.

(eyes Hendrix)

Been out of the loop too long.

WRIGLEY

No, no. We value your candor and  
expertise. If you don't mind  
filling out a statement...anything  
is helpful at this point.

HALLMARK

I don't mind at all. Where do I go  
for that.

WRIGLEY

I'll walk you over.

HALLMARK

(to Chambers and Frost)

Nice meeting you.

Hallmark, Dallas, and Wrigley walk off. Frost turns to  
Olive.

FROST

Excuse me, sir. We didn't get our  
assignment yet.

CHAMBERS

We're on the task force, right?

Olive nods.

INT. LAPD/TASK FORCE HQ - DAY

Task force cops gear up for action. Loading guns. Checking  
hand radio frequencies. Strapping on Kevlar.

Chambers and Frost can see all this through the door window  
of their shoebox office, where they sit at adjoining desks,  
sifting through mountains of paperwork.

CHAMBERS

You know, I don't even know what I'm doing here. I mean literally, I don't know what I'm doing. All this paperwork-- I wasn't meant for this.

(then)

This might be worse than dealing with juvie scum.

FROST

No way. We're on a major task force here. This is where we always wanted to be.

CHAMBERS

Where I want to be is out there, hunting down the shooter, finding out where that missile came from.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A DEAD MAN sits. Naked. Duct taped to a chair in the center of the living room. Newspaper covers the floor beneath him like a drop cloth. There's an open tool box nearby. There's a car battery and jumper cables. The man was KARL.

Two MERCENARIES slice the corpse loose. Lug it into the bathroom and drop it in the tub.

BILLY CABLE stands over the tub. We recognize him at once. From the opening battle scene. As one of the fearsome ASSAULT SQUAD operators.

Billy Cable is six feet six inches of full-blooded Comanche Indian. He's wearing a raincoat. He's wearing rubber gloves and holding an electric chainsaw. The blade HUMMMMS. Dipping toward the body.

A Merc shuts the bathroom door in our face.

A Merc named FRITZ talks on a land line phone.

FRITZ

It's as bad as we thought, Remo. Karl stole the missile while on guard duty. Sold it right out of this room, to some drug dealer in South Central.

REMO (O.S.)

And no one else on our end was involved?

FRITZ

Definitely not. He would have told me.

REMO (O.S.)

If the cops find that drug dealer, they could trace the missile back to us.

FRITZ

What do you want done?

REMO (O.S.)

We're moving the operation ahead of schedule.

FRITZ

How soon?

REMO (O.S.)

We'll talk about it when I get to town.

Fritz looks nervous.

FRITZ

You're coming to L.A. now?

REMO (O.S.)

I'll be on the next flight.

(then)

Find that drug dealer. Put Billy and his little brother in charge of it. I don't want this guy saying anything to anyone.

INT. HOUSE/DEN - THAT MOMENT

A hand hangs up a briefcase satellite phone.

It is FRANCIS REMO. We barely recognize him as the leader of the ASSAULT SQUAD from the opening bloodbath. He might be forty years old. He wears glasses now. He sits at a desk, in what looks like a normal man's den. The windows are open. Green branches and bird chirps. Kids playing tag nearby.

INT. REMO'S HOUSE/VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

Remo descends a spiral staircase. Walks down a hall, enters--

THE KITCHEN

It's a page from *House & Garden*.

Remo's IDENTICAL TWIN DAUGHTERS, maybe nine, sit at a table, eating Fruit Loops and watching Woody Woodpecker on a counter-top TV. REMO'S WIFE butters toast.

TWINS

Daddy!

REMO

Morning, ladies.

Remo's wife turns. He kisses her. She looks concerned.

REMO'S WIFE

What is it? I can tell when something's bothering you.

REMO

I forget sometimes that you can read my mind.

REMO'S WIFE

I know everything you think before you think it.

REMO

After you drop the girls off, I need a ride to the airport.

REMO'S WIFE

What for?

REMO

That thing in Boston.

REMO'S WIFE

Thought that wasn't till next week?

REMO

Me too. But I just got a call... They need those new 680s set up early, so...

REMO'S WIFE

Uh. This always happens.

Remo kisses her once more.

INT. LAPD/TASK FORCE HQ - NIGHT

Chambers and Frost continue going through boxes of files and police reports.

A small TV plays in the background. Local news shows South Central LA in turmoil. Burned out cars, smashed store windows, police in riot gear. KFLW's venerable GAIL WALLENS reports.

GAIL WALLENS

(on TV)

Gang violence escalated as the search continued for the culprit in yesterday's attack. Police still have no leads, and are stretched thin as they deal with...

Frost holds up a report he's been going over.

FROST

Chambers...look at this. This guy was found in his car at the intersection of Hauser and Jefferson, shot twice, stomach and chest. Name is Tyrone Deakins. Nineteen.

He hands him the report.

CHAMBERS

Some guy got carjacked in Baldwin Hills, so what?

FROST

Look at the bullets they pulled out of him at the hospital. Factory rounds. Same as we use.

CHAMBERS

Same ones a lot of people use.

FROST

Right, but what if we hit the perp when we opened fire on the roof?

Chambers reads the report again.

CHAMBERS

You might be right. Let's go check it out.

Chambers grabs his jacket.

FROST

Wait, wait, wait. We have to tell Olive.

CHAMBERS

Why, so he can send somebody else?

Frost gives Chambers a look.

CHAMBERS

Fine.



INT. OLIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Olive paces behind his desk.

Chambers and Frost are in chairs. Nervous. Per usual.

OLIVE

All you have here is a report of a GSW patient in Baldwin Hills, a case local PD already identified as a botched carjacking.

FROST

But what if... The shooter fires the missile, gets shot by us, runs away, tries to drive home, bleeds out, crashes into a pole, winds up in the intensive care unit of St. Joe's.

Olive considers this.

OLIVE

Utterly improbable.

(then)

But... I guess someone could swing by the hospital to check it out...

They look at him expectantly--

OLIVE

Don't fuck it up.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A red Corvette pulls to the curb in front of the hospital. Driver: Billy Cable. Passenger: his little brother-- JOHNNY, dressed in surgeon's scrubs, complete with stethoscope and laminated ID.

Johnny RACKS a Glock 19 pistol. Tucks it in his waist. Then exits the Corvette. Enters the hospital.

Billy stays behind in the idling Corvette.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chambers and Frost walk down a hallway. A DOCTOR walks between them. Leafs through a patient file.

DOCTOR

He just came out of surgery. He's still sedated, so...

A call for the Doctor comes over the loudspeaker.

DOCTOR

Excuse me.

Johnny Cable walks past. Turns a corner.

FROST

Tyrone Deakins is a drug dealer.  
No gang affiliation.

CHAMBERS

So?

FROST

So think about it. Rollin' 20s and the 83rd street gangsters...they control what? Eighty percent of the drug traffic in the city. Tyrone's an industrious independent drug dealer, this merger happens, he's screwed. Somehow he gets his hands on one of those missiles. Knows about the meeting. And he figures: great, I can blow my competition away in a single shot.

CHAMBERS

Except Tyrone's got shitty luck and didn't count on us having the place staked out.

FROST

Correct. And right after Tyrone fires the missile, we're unloading on him--

CHAMBERS

--And then I hit him.

FROST

You? Maybe we both hit him. He was shot twice.

CHAMBERS

I know. I've been thinking, I probably hit him both times.

(soft)

Goddamn Double Tap.

Chambers thinks for a split second, something formulating behind his eyes. Frost notices.

FROST

You want me to call you that, don't you?

CHAMBERS

You gotta admit, Double Tap is a  
sweet-as-hell nickname.

Silence. Frost does Chambers a favor. Pretends the last two  
seconds never happened.

CHAMBERS

Let's question Tyrone then.

FROST

Guy's knocked out, Chambers. Just  
got out of surgery.

CHAMBERS

Well I guess we should wake him up.

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - DAY

Johnny Cable walks down the hall. Gets to a door. Pauses.  
Waits for a Doctor to pass. Then pushes through, into--

TYRONE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

and closes the door silently behind him.

Tyrone is asleep in bed. Hooked to all the usual machines.

Johnny approaches the bed. Soundlessly.

Johnny draws a syringe filled with four milliliters of castor  
oil plant extract. It will cause cardiovascular collapse  
within minutes. Within hours the toxin will dissipate  
totally. No trace.

Johnny lifts Tyrone's blankets. Lifts his leg. Stabs the  
needle into the saphenous vein behind the knee. Thumbs the  
plunger. About to inject.

Doorknob click. Johnny looks up.

The door opens.

Chambers, Frost, and a NURSE stand in the doorway. They look  
at Tyrone's bed. The blankets are strangely pushed aside,  
exposing one leg. But Johnny is gone. They never saw him.

The nurse approaches Tyrone's bed.

Johnny is hiding behind the HALF-DRAWN ROOM PARTITION, which  
is essentially a drape that hangs from ceiling to floor. He  
watches the nurse through the thin space near the wall.

His eyes pan to Chambers and Frost. See the shoulder rig  
under Chamber's windbreaker. Then back to the nurse.

She's squinting at the small, fresh puncture wound on Tyrone's exposed leg. Her face fills with concern. She turns to Chambers and Frost.

FROST  
What's wrong?

NURSE  
Stay here. Don't let anyone in this room until I get back. I'm going to go--

BANG!

One shot. Johnny's Glock.  
Through the partition.  
Center chest.  
Drops the nurse to the floor.

Chambers and Frost dive for cover. Into the hall.

Johnny re-aims.  
Pointblank into Tyrone's unconscious head.  
BLOWS IT OFF.

Machines flat line.  
Alarms go berserk.  
A chorus of SHRILL dead beeps.

Johnny's head swivels. Sees:

An oxygen tank. Against the far wall.  
Johnny crouches behind the bed.  
FIRES.  
TANK EXPLOSION.  
WALL DESTRUCTION.

Johnny lowers a shoulder. Runs.  
BREAKS through the crumbling wall.  
Into another room.  
Wounded patients. Wounded Doctors.  
Johnny zips past.  
Out the door.  
Down the hall.  
Melding into the swarm of medical staff.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

In the hall. Plague of panic.

Doctors dragging the shot nurse away.

Chambers and Frost get to their feet.  
Gun sweep into Tyrone's room.  
Hole in the wall.  
Move through it. More destruction. No Johnny.

CHAMBERS

Where the hell is he?

FROST

Guy's dressed like a doctor.  
He...he could walk right out the  
front door if he wants.

Chambers nods: you're right.  
Takes off running. Frost follows.

INT. HOSPITAL/FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Dr. Johnny Cable walks fast, through the pandemonium, toward  
the big glass doors that lead to the street.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

bound out of a stairwell.  
Into the first floor atrium.

Chambers in the lead.  
Eyes toward the door.  
Searching...  
LOCKED ONTO JOHNNY.

CHAMBERS

There he is!

Frost sees him too.

Chambers aims.

CHAMBERS

DON'T MOVE!

Three uniformed cops tackle Chambers to the floor.

CHAMBERS

I'm a cop! I'm a cop!

Frost keeps running.

Johnny barely looks behind him.  
Barely speeds his pace.  
He cruises through the door. Out, onto the--

SIDEWALK

Sirens wailing in the distance.

Johnny jogging now.  
Ten feet from the Corvette.  
Sees Billy through the windshield  
Smiles. Billy smiles back.

Frost hurdles a bench in front of the hospital.  
Lands in a shooting stance.  
Johnny in the sights.

Billy sees this. HONKS!  
Johnny whirls. FIRING.  
Frost dives. Never got a shot off.  
Lands behind a parked taxi.  
Flat on his stomach.  
Looks up.

Johnny Cable is already there.  
Pistol leveling pointblank.

Johnny Cable's shoulder BLOSSOMS RED.

Chambers is at the hospital doors.  
Pistol BLAZING.  
Rapid fire shots.  
Whole clip worth.  
Bullets pounding the cab to junk.

Johnny returns fire.  
Chambers dips back into the Hospital.  
Huge window wall SHATTERING IN A WAVE behind him.

FROST

doesn't hesitate.  
He rolls onto his back. Aims up.  
Johnny looks down. Just as--  
Frost hits the trigger.

AND BLOWS JOHNNY CABLE'S HEAD OFF.

Billy's body IGNITES.  
Watching his little brother topple.  
Head half gone.

Billy launches out of the Corvette.  
Unloads at Frost.  
Cars in the way. People in the way.  
Fires spastic.  
Totally demolishing the taxi Frost is behind.

A doctor and two cops grab Johnny's body.  
Drag him. Into the hospital.

Billy reloads.  
Moves to retrieve his brother.  
Moves to kill Frost.

Then stops.

Cops approaching in the distance.  
An army of them.

From all directions.  
Overhead in helicopters.

Billy stares.  
Eyes pulsing. Black with insanity.

He gets in his Corvette.  
Stomps the gas.  
PEELS off.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

A Town Car stops in the driveway. Remo gets out. Fritz is there to greet him.

FRITZ  
There was a problem.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Cops and medical personnel are everywhere. Janitors sweep broken glass.

Chambers and Frost stand in the middle of it all with Mimi Dupree, the pretty detective who smiled at Chambers during the missile meeting.

Johnny is zipped up in a body bag. They glimpse the shattered watermelon that used to be Johnny's head. Frost recoils.

MIMI  
His name's John Cable. Got a hit when we ran his prints through the DASR database. He's a former special forces soldier. Most of his records are classified, or even destroyed. Guy's probably killed more people than the flu.

CHAMBERS  
The flu...?

MIMI  
Yeah, the flu pandemic of 1918... Killed almost forty million people. Most devastating plague in recorded history.

CHAMBERS  
(to Frost)  
And you took him down. Your nickname should be The Vaccinator.  
(then)  
(MORE)

CHAMBERS (cont'd)  
Hey, next time you shoot someone,  
right before you pull the trigger,  
you should say, "You're  
vaccinated."

FROST  
That's the dumbest thing I've ever  
heard. Real cops don't have tag  
lines, Chambers. It tends to give  
people an opening to shoot first  
and kill them.

Olive saunters over, points to Johnny Cable's body bag.

OLIVE  
We think this Cable helped supply  
Tyrone with the missile.

CHAMBERS  
He was probably here tying up loose  
ends.

FROST  
But where did Cable get it?

OLIVE  
We don't know. We're still  
checking military bases. So far,  
nothing. No missing inventory.  
We'll keep looking, there's no  
telling how many of those things  
could be on the street.

FROST  
So what's next?

OLIVE  
For you guys, nothing. You're  
under "critical incident"  
investigation. You shoot someone  
in the line of duty, there's a  
mandatory inquiry. You two are on  
field suspension until it's  
determined this was a clean shoot.  
Sorry.

Their faces drop. Olive walks off.

CHAMBERS  
Field suspension?

FROST  
Paperwork.



INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

Billy Cable walks fast, through the living room. Mercs moving out of his way. Remo following close behind the seething Comanche.

REMO

Billy! Billy! I understand how you feel. Just wait till we take down the target. After that, you can tear this city apart. Don't do anything until then. We can't take much more heat.

Gail Wallens reports on a wall mounted 50-inch plasma TV.

GAIL WALLENS

(on TV)

...police announced that ongoing gang violence in South Central is not likely to end until...

Billy RIPS the TV off the wall mount. WHIP-THROWS it. BREAKS it in half against the minibar.

Billy is moving toward the door. Two Mercs stand guard there. They grip gun handles. Remo still playing catch up.

REMO

We all wanna find the cop who killed your brother. But they got Johnny's body. Who knows where that's gonna lead 'em. Last thing we need is you butchering a cop. I mean, come on... You see my point, don't you?

Billy stops a few feet from the door. Thinks. Turns to Remo. Nods once. Just slightly. Remo puts a hand on Billy's shoulder.

REMO

Thanks for keeping a level head, Billy.

Remo looks back at the demolished TV. Thinks.

REMO

I think you're gonna have to go get another TV, though.

Remo takes out massive cash roll. Peels off 4000 in hundreds.

REMO

Go to Best Buy and get the nicest 50-inch set they have.

(MORE)

REMO (cont'd)  
 But whatever you do, don't get the  
 extended warrant. That's the  
 biggest sucker deal on the planet.

Billy takes the cash and leaves.

Fritz walks up behind Remo.

REMO  
 Send a team to his place. Have  
 them wait till he's inside. Take  
 him out with a rifle shot from as  
 far away as possible. Make sure  
 he's dead. Then burn his house to  
 the ground.

(pause)  
 Also, if he actually goes to Best  
 Buy and gets a TV, please move it  
 out of his house before you torch  
 the place.

INT. LAPD/HALLWAY - DAY

Frost walks down the hall. Sipping 7-Eleven coffee. About  
 to enter his small, paper-work cluttered office. The office  
 door flies open. Chambers emerges.

CHAMBERS  
 Stop. Turn around. We're not  
 doing paperwork today.

FROST  
 What time did you get here?

CHAMBERS  
 Come on. I'll explain on the way.

Chambers walks down the hall. Frost follows alongside.

CHAMBERS  
 Last night I got to thinking, maybe  
 that woman knows something.

FROST  
 Chambers, please, when you have a  
 thought, don't just tell me the  
 middle fragments of it.

CHAMBERS  
 Sorry, sorry...that woman, with the  
 little kid...she was in the Delta  
 Force, just like John Cable. So I  
 came in early and looked it up.  
 Had to go through Quantico. They  
 were in the same squadron together.  
 She knows him.

FROST

So.

CHAMBERS

So I called her. We're meeting her today. Soon.

FROST

We're on critical incident suspension. We can't just run around questioning people.

CHAMBERS

Oh, please.

They move through a door, into--

THE PARKING GARAGE

FROST

Chambers... To continue investigating this on our own, even if I wasn't afraid of losing my job... It's completely idiotic. I mean the caliber of criminal we'd be going after... Compared to us, they have super powers.

CHAMBERS

What about when I shot John Cable? From that distance...? Tough thing to do.

FROST

Yeah, but how many shots did you fire?

CHAMBERS

Sixteen.

FROST

You emptied an entire clip and you hit the guy once. In the shoulder. These people, when they fire sixteen bullets, they kill sixteen people.

(then)

We're not ready for this. While these guys have been training to kill, we've been messing around with videogames and DVDs and...God, I don't know what else.

CHAMBERS

Pornography.

FROST  
 And pornography.  
 (then)  
 So let's just let the task force  
 handle it. Follow the chain of  
 command.

CHAMBERS  
 Did Lieutenant Olive follow the  
 stupid chain of command when he  
 annihilated those scumbags and shot  
 up half the Galleria? No. He blew  
 heads off and got promoted.

Frost shakes his head in disgust/disbelief.

CHAMBERS  
 Fine, fine...whatever. You're  
 right, let's just go back inside  
 and sift through paper our whole  
 lives. I guarantee when you're an  
 old man you'll look back and regret  
 this.

FROST  
 I highly doubt either of us will be  
 thinking about this on our  
 deathbeds.

Chambers stops walking. So does Frost.

CHAMBERS  
 (dead serious)  
 You know what, Frost, people like  
 me and Olive, we don't have  
 deathbeds. I'm goin' out like a  
 soldier.

FROST  
 What does that even mean?

CHAMBERS  
 (ignoring Frost)  
 And I'm going to this meeting with  
 or without you.

Chambers starts to walk off. Frost stops him.

FROST  
 Look...I'll go with you, alright.  
 But you gotta promise, this is the  
 end of it, no matter what we find  
 out.

Chambers thinks.

CHAMBERS

I'll consider it.

INT. BILLY CABLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy Cable walks through his kitchen, holding a plate with a triple-decker ham sandwich on it.

His cell rings. He puts the plate down and answers.

PHONE VOICE

It's Noonan. I got the name.

INTERCUT - NOONAN

in a wheelchair in his basement, staring at an LCD monitor. Computer gear covering the room like jungle overgrowth.

NOONAN

It's Virgil Frost. Home address is 126 Hortense, apartment 310, North Hollywood. Even got his current location, tracked his car from a LoJack d-base hack...Drove out to the soccer fields at Balboa Park.

Billy scribbles all this on a refrigerator note pad.

NOONAN

If you want, I got his mom's maiden name, his social security number--

Billy hangs up.

EXT. BILLY CABLE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

There's a Time Warner van parked across the street.

INT. TIME WARNER VAN - THAT MOMENT

Four Mercs. Two in front. Two in back.

The Merc in the front passenger seat assembles a silenced Magnum sniper rifle. Snaps on a bulky, electronic scope.

The driver Merc rolls down his window halfway.

Sniper Merc aims the long gun, across the driver's seat, muzzle resting on the half-down window.

## HEAT VISION SCOPE POV

Thermal images bleed color.

Thermal Billy sits on his couch. He watches TV. He sips a bottle of beer. His mouth pulses from orange to blue. Crosshairs zoom in and settle dead bang on his face.

## INT. BILLY CABLE'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Billy looks from side to side. He looks up and down. He makes a face. Like he left something in the oven too long.

Billy turns.

He stares out the window.  
He sees the Time Warner van  
He knows.  
He makes a move.

FFFFWAAP!

The bullet spider cracks the window.  
Drops Billy instantaneously.  
Like the floor swallowed him whole.

## HEAT VISION SCOPE POV

It tilts down. Thermal Billy has fallen below the window frame. The wall distorts his heat signature.

Thermal Billy is a motionless blob of colors.

## INT. BILLY CABLE'S HOUSE - NEXT MOMENT

The four Mercs enter. Two holding gasoline cans.  
All armed with silenced MP5 sub-machineguns.

The gas can Mercs start drenching the place.  
They drench a wall table with a framed photo on it:

Billy and Johnny Cable, holding fishing poles, standing near a rocky stream, arms around each other, actually smiling.

There is a new 50-inch Sony LCD on the floor near the foyer.  
Merc #1 eyes the massive box.

MERC #1

Hey, the TV...

MERC #2

Forget it. I'm not moving that thing.

MERC #1  
But Remo said...

MERC #2  
What are you, an idiot? Just tell  
him it wasn't here.

Mercs #3 and #4 move into the--

LIVING ROOM

Billy Cable is sprawled face down on the floor.

The Mercs raise their guns. Walk closer.  
Ready to pump a few dozen insurance rounds into the body.

IN THE OTHER ROOM

Mercs #1 and #2 are on a gas spilling free-for-all.

A SCREAM. They freeze. They run into the--

LIVING ROOM

Merc #3 is standing there.  
Grasping at his throat.  
Blood JETTING between his fingers.

The bullet wound on Billy's head is only a scratch.

Billy already has Merc #4 slammed against a wall.  
Feet dangling off the ground.  
Bowie Knife in his chest. PINNING him there.

Mercs #1 and #2 aim their guns.

Billy FIRES his.

The Mercs still hold the gas cans.  
Bullets CHINK through them.

The Mercs are fire bombs.

They burn. ENGULFED.  
Flailing. SCREEEECHING.  
Bumping into walls.

They fall.  
Igniting all that gas they dumped.  
Fire spreads like a biblical plague.

Billy side steps the flames, enters the--

## KITCHEN

grabs his car keys, cell phone, and wallet off the counter. He rips Frost's info off the fridge note pad. Then strolls out of the kitchen, out the front door, and onto the--

## DRIVEWAY

Neighbors run out of their homes.

Gawking at the burning house.  
Gawking at the blood-splattered man who waltzed out of it.

Billy slides behind the wheel of his red Corvette.  
And lays rubber like a motherfucker.

## EXT. BALBOA PARK/SOCCER FIELDS - DAY

Parents stand watching the AYSO game. Some cheer the kids on. Some scream in anger. Caroline Hallmark does neither. She stands in a neutral pose, scanning the field, back and forth. Young, Snickers-loving Dallas is guarding the right goal.

## EXT. BALBOA PARK/PARKING LOT - DAY

Chambers and Frost walk toward the soccer game.

FROST

You know anything about the Delta Force?

CHAMBERS

I've seen the movie like four times.

FROST

Be sure to mention that first thing.

## SIDELINE OF THE SOCCER FIELD

Chambers and Frost walk up.

CHAMBERS

Excuse me...

Hallmark turns. Smiles.

HALLMARK

Detective Chambers. Nice seeing you again.



Chambers extends a hand. Shakes.

Frost does the same.

HALLMARK

Detective Frost.

(then)

Sorry for making you guys come all the way out here. But I had to be here for work, so...

CHAMBERS

What are you, a soccer coach?

HALLMARK

No, no... You know Dallas there...?

Chambers and Frost look at the little girl guarding the right goal.

HALLMARK

Her father is some big shot banker. And some of his former South American clients are dead set on kidnapping her. So he hired me for protection. I'm with her every weekday, from when she goes to school in the morning, to when I drop her off after soccer.

(then)

Last couple weeks, my life has been an endless loop of second grade. I even started to dream in second grade.

FROST

Sounds horrible.

HALLMARK

Actually, I kinda like it.

(then)

I understand you have some questions about one Johnny Cable.

CHAMBERS

Uh-huh.

HALLMARK

Well...if it's Johnny Cable you're interested in, I'd recommend taking an interest in his brother too. Where there's one, there is always the other.

FROST

What brother?

A whistle BLOWS. Game's over. The kids run to the sideline.

HALLMARK

Hold on a sec.

Hallmark moves into the throng of kids. Grabs the young goalie by the hand. Walks her back to Frost and Chambers.

HALLMARK

Dallas, you remember Mr. Chambers and Mr. Frost.

Dallas waves.

DALLAS

Hi.

CHAMBERS/FROST

Hi, Dallas.

HALLMARK

You guys are welcome to ride along while I drop off Dallas. On the way, I can tell you a thing or two about little Johnny Cable and his big bad brother Billy.

INT. MINI VAN (MOVING) - LATER

Hallmark drives. Chambers shotgun. Frost in back, next to Dallas.

HALLMARK

The whole time I knew Johnny, he thought he was hot stuff, 'cause Billy was such a legend in special ops. Johnny thought he was just as good. But that geek was always more talk than walk.

CHAMBERS

So Billy was in Delta Force with you?

HALLMARK

He was and he wasn't. Maybe five years before I got there, he was finishing the Delta Culmination Exercise, when he was recruited into a CIA Special Unit, run by a man named Francis Remo. We worked a lot with Billy's unit, but he never officially became Delta.

FROST

Who is this Francis Remo? You mentioned him in your statement.

HALLMARK

A Frankenstein monster created by Special ops, specializing in counterinsurgency. When oversight committees started sniffing around in '04, the Pentagon scapegoated him, forced him out.

(then)

One of Remo's talents was taking borderline psychopathic soldiers and turning them into expert killers-- like Billy Cable.

CHAMBERS

What's his story?

HALLMARK

He was a Force Recon Marine. In the Gulf War, he was the only sniper, from any country, to maintain a perfect operational record.

CHAMBERS

Just like you, Frost.

HALLMARK

Which is to say, every time Billy squeezed the trigger, someone died. And he squeezed that trigger a shitload. 98 confirmed kills. Guy's a Goddamn cyborg.

FROST

Uh, is it okay to swear around her?

HALLMARK

Dallas? Oh yeah. Her dad curses like a beaten whore. The damage is already done. Right, Dal?

DALLAS

The damage is already done with me.

HALLMARK

Anyway... What was I saying?

CHAMBERS

Something about Billy being a cyborg.

HALLMARK

Oh yeah...

(then)

The thing that really made Billy a psycho-- it's just a rumor, but I believe it --is that he is said to have suffered from Texas Tower Syndrome.

CHAMBERS

What in the world is Texas Tower Syndrome?

HALLMARK

It's named after the Charles Whitman University of Texas bell tower massacre. It's when a sniper starts shooting, and can't stop. The killing just feels too good. The line between legitimate and illegitimate targets disappears.

FLASH TO:

Billy Cable in the desert.

BLASTING from his sniper's nest.

Killing both U.S. and Iraqi soldiers 1000 meters away.

A MARINE RADIO MAN runs up. GRABS him.

Billy whirls.

BLOWS THE MARINE'S HEAD OFF.

BACK TO SCENE

FROST

That can't be true. Someone did that, they'd be court-martialed.

CHAMBERS

Or given the firing squad.

HALLMARK

Not if they're a Billy Cable and it's an isolated incident.

FROST

Is that all you can tell us about...rumors and statistics? I mean, you don't know if they have contacts in the area, places they might have frequented, where the missiles or Billy might be... something...?

HALLMARK

Oh, I know exactly where Billy is.

FROST

Then why didn't you say so before?

HALLMARK

Because, before I couldn't see that it was Billy in the car behind us.

FROST

What...?

HALLMARK

Red corvette. Four cars back. One lane over. Been on us since we left the soccer field.

Frost and Chambers turn. They see the red Corvette.

FROST

I can't even see who's driving it from here.

HALLMARK

Your eyes are weak, Mr. Frosty.

(then)

You guys have any idea why Billy might be back there?

Silence.

HALLMARK

No ideas...?

CHAMBERS

Well... Frost did sorta kill his brother.

Hallmark computes this information. Face darkening.

HALLMARK

You killed Johnny?

CHAMBERS

He shot him in the head.

FROST

You shot him too, Double Tap.

CHAMBERS

Yeah, in the shoulder, Vaccinator.

HALLMARK

Shut the fuck up.

(thinks)

We are in serious trouble.

FROST  
 Goddamn it. I knew this would  
 happen. How'd he even find us?

HALLMARK  
 I dunno. But he must be dying to  
 murder you, Frost

FROST  
 Great. Why you say that?

HALLMARK  
 Why not just stake out your house?  
 Why go through this? I mean any  
 second now he's gonna open fire on  
 us...broad daylight in the middle  
 of the street.

CHAMBERS  
 What're we gonna do?

HALLMARK  
 I say we push Frost out of the car.

Dallas looks at Frost, nodding her approval of this plan.

FROST  
 Seriously, what do we do?

HALLMARK  
 Only thing we can... We send that  
 Comanch to the spirit land.

FROST  
 How?

HALLMARK  
 Well... I'm gonna jump out of this  
 car. Try to draw his fire.  
 (then)  
 Reach under your seat.

Chambers pulls out a plastic briefcase. Lays it on his lap.

HALLMARK  
 Open it.

He does. The HECKLER & KOCH MP7 SUB-MACHINEGUN with a RED  
 DOT SCOPE is form packaged inside. It looks like a  
 futuristic laser gun.

CHAMBERS  
 Why do you have a machinegun in  
 your car?

HALLMARK

Guys who come after my clients...what do you think they're packin', potato guns?

She loads the sub-machinegun with one hand on the wheel.

FROST

Let's just keep driving, we're two minutes from the North Hollywood station.

HALLMARK

We don't have that long.

(then)

Now, do either of you have any tactical driving experience? Like have you guys ever been through a real Dynamic Driving Course or anything? Not that chicken-shit course at cop school.

Silence. They have not.

HALLMARK

Chambers, switch seats with me.

She activates the cruise control. They climb around each other. Now Chambers is at the wheel. Hallmark in the passenger seat.

She removes her windbreaker. There's a .40 Barak pistol in her hip holster. She pulls a Kevlar vest from under the seat and starts strapping it on.

HALLMARK

Get ready to floor it to that police station. But right now, get on your cell and tell 'em to send a cop army to our current position.

Chambers dials his cell and talks in the background.

HALLMARK

Frost, get your gun.

Frost draws his pistol.

HALLMARK

That ready to fire?

He racks the slide.

HALLMARK

Anything cockamamy gets near the car...shoot it in the head.

She grabs four clips. Stuffs them into vest pouches. Puts her windbreaker back on. Zips it halfway up.

HALLMARK  
Everybody ready?

DALLAS  
Ready.

Hallmark hits a button. Power door locks SNAP open.

She shuts her eyes. She mumbles something under her breath. She jerk-twists her head and CRACKS her neck.

HALLMARK  
So long, Dallas.

DALLAS  
Good luck.

HALLMARK  
Slow down, Chambers, just a little.

He does.

She opens the door and jumps from the moving mini van.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - THAT MOMENT

Hallmark lands on her feet.  
Runs a bit. Stops. Spins.  
Sub-machinegun aimed.  
Laser-locked on that red Corvette.

She FIRES a sustained stream.

The Corvette SWERVES.  
Tires in strips.  
Fiberglass body disintegrating.  
A confetti-burst of red.

The Corvette fishtails.  
The Corvette is on fire.  
The Corvette hits a palm tree side first and breaks in half.

Billy Cable SLING-SHOTS free.  
Flying.  
CRASHING through the window of Borders Books.

Police sirens already rising.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - THAT MOMENT

The mini van stops by a pack of police cars. Chambers and Frost jump out. Badges up. A cop rolls down his window.



FROST  
We need your car.

BACK TO HALLMARK AND BILLY

Hallmark charges toward Borders.  
Speed loading her machinegun and dodging traffic.  
People shouting. Fleeing. Cars honking symphonic.

Hallmark jumps through the broken window, into--

BORDERS BOOKS

She lands on a toppled magazine rack.  
Feet skidding on photo gloss.

Billy is running. Past the new paperback table.  
Into the mystery aisle.  
He turns. Aiming his Glock.

Hallmark aims her machinegun.  
Too many panicky bookworms. No shot.

Billy could give a shit.  
He unloads.

Hallmark dives back.  
Toppling a rack of puppy dog calenders.

Billy shoulder-barges through the emergency exit.

Hallmark's up and moving.  
She barrels through the emergency exit and onto the--

SIDEWALK

Billy is half a block ahead.  
Veering on to Moorpark Street.

Hallmark follows.  
Rounds the corner to Moorpark.

Billy across the street.  
Crouched behind an '85 Toyota mini van.  
He fires.  
Once.  
NAILS Hallmark in her Kevlar chest.

She falls.  
Behind a Jeep Cherokee.  
No breath to scream.

Billy aims...aims. FIRES.  
 SKIPS a slug off the pavement under the Jeep.  
 Misses Hallmark by millimeters.

Hallmark rolls.

Billy SKIPS another shot under the car.  
 Misses Hallmark by micrometers.

She pops around the Jeep's rear.  
 Machinegun breathing death.

Billy drops back.  
 Behind the Toyota mini van.  
 Machinegun grinding it to metal mulch.

The Machinegun clicks dry.  
 Hallmark reloads.  
 Sights glued on the van.  
 Waiting for Billy to make a move.

She waits.

Police sirens are an advancing planet of sound.

A LONE SQUAD CAR ROARS AROUND A CORNER DOING FIFTY.

Over a curb. Kicking up grass.

Frost at the wheel. Chambers shotgun.

The squad car BATTER-RAMS the Toyota van.  
 Fucking destroys it.

Hallmark MACHINEGUN SHREDS the wreckage.  
 Sees Billy through the haze.  
 Darting into the backyard of a house.

HALLMARK

Come on, he's getting away!

Hallmark bolts after Billy, into the backyard.

Chambers jumps out of the car and follows Hallmark.

FROST

Chambers!

Frost backs up the squad car from the wreckage.  
 Dragging van scraps on the bumper.  
 Hallmark jumps a chain-link fence without touching it.

Chambers tries to do this and falls on his face.

Hallmark weaves around a Slip N' Slide.  
 Kids in bathing suits. Laughing and pointing.

She hits a front yard. Sees Billy out ahead.  
Crossing Vesper Ave. Running into another backyard.

She follows. She climb-jumps a stockade fence.

Billy a yard away. Behind a brick wall.  
Glock aimed dead at her.

She has no time to raise her gun.

POW!

The brick wall BLOWS DUST.  
Billy drops.  
Hallmark turns. Sees Chambers.  
Aiming over the stockade fence. Pistol smoking.

Billy lands. Behind the wall. And runs.  
Out of the backyards, across a Shell Station lot, and onto--

VAN NUYS BLVD.

An armada of cop cars in the distance, pouring toward him.

A Kawasaki Ninja motorcycle whizzes near Billy.  
He sticks out his arm.  
CLOTHESLINES the driver.

The bike ghost rides into a bus.  
Billy hoists it up.  
Climbs astride and rockets toward the 101 on ramp.

Hallmark and Chambers careen onto Van Nuys.

Billy looks back. Flying away at warp speed.  
He smiles.

Frost's Squad Car whips onto Van Nuys.  
Frost sees Billy speeding away.  
Sees Hallmark and Chambers running after him.

He slows. Pulls along side them.  
Rolls down the window.

Hallmark screams at him. Face fever red.

HALLMARK

What the hell are you doing?!  
Floor it!

CHAMBERS

Yeah. Get him, Frost!

Frost thinks. Nods to himself. Narrows his eyes.  
He stomps the gas pedal into the floor.

Billy sees the approaching squad car.  
FIRES A WHOLE CLIP into it.

Frost ducks.  
Windows dissolve.  
Roof lights FRAGMENT.

Billy reloads his Glock.

Frost floors it.  
PLOWS into Billy's bike.  
Launching him clear.

Billy hits concrete headfirst and rolling.

Finally stops. Face down. Unmoving.

Frost jumps out of the squad car.  
Approaches the motionless Billy. Slow. Gun ready.

HALLMARK (O.S.)  
Kick him!

Frost turns. Hallmark and Chambers running toward him.

HALLMARK  
Kick him in the head!

Billy's hand twitches. Billy's eyelids flutter.

Frost rears back and KICKS Billy's head like a soccer ball.  
Frost drops. Digs a knee in his spine.  
Plants a pistol on the base of his skull.

He cuffs Billy. They barely fit.  
Billy's wrists are tree trunks.

Frost looks up. Amazed by what he just did. Hallmark and  
Chambers standing over him. Hallmark nods: not bad.

Police converge in waves.

HALLMARK  
Now hold up your badges. Let 'em  
know who won.

They do what she says.

INT. LAPD - GANG UNIT - DAY

Frost and Chambers sit inside Olive's office. Olive paces.  
Angry. Wrigley Stands behind him. Arms folded. Frost  
breaks the icy silence.

FROST

With all due respect, sir, we caught the guy who can break this case, which is--

OLIVE

--Which is the single reason you're not presently in a holding cell.

WRIGLEY

I hate to see this happen to you boys. Especially you, Frost. This is a very black mark on an otherwise pristine record.

Frost nods to himself, hits Chambers with a split-second look: *I told you this would happen, you fucking idiot.*

OLIVE

As of now, you're both on full suspension. An inquiry will decide what happens to you next. It's out of my hands.

(looks at Wrigley)

But I'm recommending termination.

(beat)

You're dismissed.

CHAMBERS

Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Wait. What about the Galleria shoot out? You broke all the same rules and you were a hero!

OLIVE

That bullshit was just made up for TV. If you didn't know that...you're dumber than I thought.

Chambers appears gut shot. He and Frost stand. Barely. Totally annihilated. They dump their guns and shields on Olive's desk. Start to shuffle off.

OLIVE

What the hell am I supposed to do with this? Those go to the property desk.

They walk back, even more sheepishly, grab their shit and leave.

INT. LAPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Frost storms down the hall. Chambers after him.

CHAMBERS  
Where you going?

FROST  
I don't know. Home. Update my  
resume. Kill myself.

CHAMBERS  
They're not going to fire us.

FROST  
You kidding? We destroyed most of  
Sherman Oaks. Olive's right. We  
deserve to be in jail.

CHAMBERS  
Oh, fuck that old phony. He's just  
jealous 'cause we're making him  
look bad.  
(then)  
Not only are we better than the  
real-life him. We're better than  
the TV him too.

Frost explodes.

FROST  
TV him? What...? For the love  
of....

Frost chokes on his rage. Chambers is a little scared.

CHAMBERS  
Frost...what...I didn't mean to...

FROST  
(suddenly, eerily calm)  
Jesus Christ, Chambers, you're  
competing with TV characters...

Frost stalks off.

Chambers watches. Considering Frost's words.

INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION ROOM - THAT MOMENT

An observation window. Beyond it: Billy Cable shackled to a  
steel table. Forehead bandaged. Face battered. But not as  
bad as you'd expect.

Two men in black suits sit across from him. One of them, FBI  
SPECIAL AGENT HENDRIX, rises and comes into the observation  
room.

Hallmark is there, standing amid some detectives, one of whom  
turns to Hendrix.

## DETECTIVE

Our guys couldn't get that bastard to say a Goddamn thing.

## AGENT HENDRIX

Of course not. Tomorrow morning we are transferring him to a new location. We've got interrogators there that can make a box of rocks talk.

## HALLMARK

Where are you taking him?

Hendrix looks at her for a second, then away.

## HALLMARK

Let me talk to him. I only need five minutes.

## AGENT HENDRIX

(without looking at her)

And why would I do that?

## HALLMARK

Because there's more going on here. Billy and his brother... They're worker bees. Someone's giving them orders.

Hendrix suppresses a chuckle.

## AGENT HENDRIX

(still not looking at her)

You're not still hung up on Francis Remo? The man's dead.

He turns to walk out. She grabs his shoulder.

## HALLMARK

Agent Hendrix--

He finally turns and faces her.

## AGENT HENDRIX

I've seen your kind before, Miss Hallmark. Sad, really. You served your country well, but now you're so desperate to be involved, to still matter, that you'll do anything to get back in the action.

(beat)

Thank you for your help in apprehending Mr. Cable. Now, isn't it time you got back to babysitting second grade girls?

Hendrix turns. Walks. As he goes...

HALLMARK

Billy Cable is not the end of it.  
You're making a mistake and a lot  
of people are going to die.

Hendrix is gone. Hallmark fumes.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The sun sets. Pink smog ribbons span the sky. Remo stands on the beach. The Merc named Tony approaches, about to say something. Remo holds up a finger, because--

A black Mercedes S550 is approaching. It stops. From the back steps MAHMOUD KANJI, an Iranian brick shithouse. Two Iranian GOONS exit after him.

REMO

Where's Abbas?

Mahmoud dials a cell phone, tosses it to Remo. Remo puts it to his ear.

REMO

Hello?

INTERCUT - ABBAS KANJI

sitting in a photo studio. Watching his young SON, dressed in a suit, getting his picture taken.

ABBAS

Things have gotten out of hand.  
I'm calling it off, Remo. I'm not  
paying you.

REMO

Abbas, we had an agreement. I've  
simply moved up the timetable. I'm  
surveying the target as we speak.  
Everything is going according to  
plan.

ABBAS

Bullshit! Everything has gone  
awry.

REMO

Do you appreciate the difficulty of  
getting those missiles into the  
country? The risk and expense?  
Just so the same weapon used to  
kill your father can be turned on  
its makers.



Abbas' son starts to giggle. Abbas shouts at him in Arabic. The boy ignores him. Abbas turns his attention back to Remo.

ABBAS

You are in no position to dictate terms, my friend. It. Is. Over. Go back to whatever rat hole you crawled out of. Now give the phone back to my cousin.

REMO

Fine. Talk to him.

Remo gives the phone to Mahmoud. Mahmoud puts it to his ear.

Remo's hand blurs.  
Remo's knife *SLICES*.  
Mahmoud's throat *OPENS*.

Two muffled shots.  
Two Iranian goons crumpling.

Merc Tony's pistol smokes.

Abbas hears the gurgling death gasps of his cousin.

Remo grabs the blood-slicked phone. Wipes it clean on Mahmoud's pants. Talks to Abbas.

REMO

Let me translate that: your money will be in my account in one hour.

ABBAS

(calm)  
You just killed yourself, Remo. You think your family is safe? I don't care how long it takes to find them--

REMO

110 Apple Tree Road. Kenilworth, Illinois. Big Tudor house. They're all there. Security code is 3266.

Abbas is stunned. Is Remo serious?

REMO

Try it and see what happens.

Abbas looks at his giggling son.

REMO

So what'll it be?

Abbas thinks a moment.

ABBAS

You'll have the money.

Remo flips the phone shut. Drops it. Turns to Tony.

REMO

Go.

TONY

The cops have the Comanche.

REMO

It doesn't matter now. We're green  
for tomorrow. 1100 hours.

A 747 JUMBO JET howls above them. Lands at LAX. Less than a  
mile away.

INT. LAPD/PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Chambers walks to his car, dejected. Hallmark runs up.

HALLMARK

Wait up.

CHAMBERS

Hey.

HALLMARK

Where's Frost?

CHAMBERS

Went home.

(beat)

He thinks they're going to fire us.

HALLMARK

I think that's pretty much a  
guarantee.

This doesn't help Chambers.

HALLMARK

What are you doing now?

CHAMBERS

Nothing. Why?

HALLMARK

Well, after having a machinegun  
battle in the street, I usually  
like to go out and get a drink.  
It's sort of a tradition. You  
wanna get a drink with me?

## INT. LAPD/CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

A platoon of ARMED GUARDS escorts shackled Billy past the empty cells. Agent Hendrix walks with them.

Billy is wearing clean white boxer shorts and a clean white tank top. Bare feet slapping painted concrete.

Billy enters a cell. Hendrix follows. Pulls out a syringe and injects Billy's shoulder. Billy does not blink.

## AGENT HENDRIX

You don't want this guy conscious in your custody for long. Time he wakes up tomorrow, we'll have transferred him to a cell that would make Harry Houdini shit the bed.

Billy wobbles. Drops to a knee. The room bends. The floor dips. Guard faces scatter kaleidoscopic. Billy blacks out.

## INT. SEULS TAVERN - NIGHT

An off-duty cop bar. The walls are adorned with framed NEWSPAPER ARTICLES of heroic acts by Los Angeles cops. Daring raids. Brave rescues. Olive is featured in several.

A booth in the far corner of the bar. Chambers on one side. Hallmark on the other. They raise shot glasses of tequila.

## HALLMARK

Here's to swimmin' with bow-legged women.

They clink glasses. They down shots. They make faces. Hallmark sips Budweiser.

Chambers fiddles with his shot glass. Still seven eighths full. Hallmark sees this.

## HALLMARK

What the hell, Chambers?

## CHAMBERS

What?

## HALLMARK

You don't finish...?

## CHAMBERS

I'll throw up if I drink too fast.

## HALLMARK

You'll throw up? Jesus, what an embarrassment. How old are you?

CHAMBERS

Twenty nine. How old are you?

HALLMARK

Twenty nine. And I haven't thrown up since I was fifteen years old.

CHAMBERS

I have a weak stomach.

HALLMARK

No shit.

Chambers coughs.

HALLMARK

Bartender! Two more tequilas!

BARTENDER

What kind?

HALLMARK

The cheapest!

CHAMBERS

You're only twenty nine?

HALLMARK

Yeah. Why? Do I look older?

CHAMBERS

No. It's just...we're the same age.

HALLMARK

So?

CHAMBERS

So... You've done so much.

HALLMARK

Really? What have I done?

CHAMBERS

I dunno... I mean like, you were in the Delta Force and everything. That's a lot. You killed people.

She tilts her head a bit, nods.

CHAMBERS

You know, I always thought it would be cool to ruthlessly blow away criminals. But, after the last few days... It's pretty terrifying, isn't it. I don't know if I could kill someone, up close...face to face.

(MORE)

CHAMBERS (cont'd)  
 I think...if it comes down to  
 it...I think I'm scared to do it.

Hallmark can tell Chambers is really speaking from his heart. She feels for him. Leans close. Locks eyes. Matches his tone:

HALLMARK  
 Chambers...

Hallmark thinks carefully about what to say next.

HALLMARK  
 You're the world's biggest pussy.

She smiles. He smiles. They both laugh.

INT. LAX FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

A shooting range near the airport. Empty. Except for--  
 Virgil Frost, in the last booth, pistol in hand. Unloading  
 into a paper target.

Click. The gun is dry. He hits a button. The target comes  
 to him. He pulls it off the hook, examines his handiwork.

INT. LAX FIRING RANGE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Frost retrieves his drivers license form the OWNER, an older  
 Latin gentleman.

FROST  
 Thanks.

OWNER  
 (broken English)  
 How you doing?

Frost stops. Considers this.

FROST  
 You really want to know?

The Owner stares at him.

FROST  
 My life is horrific, to be  
 perfectly honest. Probably lost my  
 job today. And even if I didn't,  
 the guy I have to work with... All  
 he cares about is doing something  
 that will result in a TV movie  
 being made about us. Something  
 that will make us legendary.

(MORE)

FROST (cont'd)  
 He actually uses that word,  
 "legendary." You believe that?

The Owner shrugs.

FROST  
 You didn't understand a thing I've  
 said, did you?

The Owner just smiles.

Another PATRON enters. The Owner regards him.

OWNER  
 How you doing?

Frost sighs, walks out.

INT. FROST'S CAR - NIGHT

Frost slumps into the driver's seat. Keys the ignition.  
 Then, quite suddenly, something blinks behind his face. He  
 sits up. Keys off the car. Flips open his cell. Dials.

INTERCUT-- Mimi Dupree

At her desk in the station. Filling out reports.

MIMI  
 What?

FROST  
 Please tell me you're still at  
 work.

MIMI  
 Sadly, yes.

FROST  
 Great. I need a favor.

MIMI  
 I'm not even supposed to be talking  
 to you. I gotta go.

FROST  
 Wait. Don't hang up. I'll buy you  
 dinner.

MIMI  
 Where?

FROST  
 Anywhere.

MIMI

Do you have to be there?

FROST

What?

MIMI

Do you have to accompany me to the dinner, or can I eat with someone else and you'll pay for it?

FROST

It's up to you.

MIMI

Okay, what do you need?

FROST

I need you to look up an arrest report for me.

MIMI

Name?

FROST

Tasha Jones.

MIMI

Sounds like an arch criminal. What'd she do?

FROST

Shoplifted a lot of Skittles.

INT. SEULS TAVERN - LATER

Chambers studies the tequila in front of him. Tries another sip. Immediately regrets the decision and spits it back in the glass.

HALLMARK

Wow.

CHAMBERS

So how does somebody like you get into your line of work?

HALLMARK

You mean why did a girl go into Delta...?

(beat, wistful)

I grew up on a farm in West Virginia. Had this pet pig, Wilbur. Best friend when I was a kid.

(MORE)

HALLMARK (cont'd)

Well, times got tough, you know...wasn't enough food on the table. So one day my dad takes Wilbur out back. Grabs his axe. I knew what he was doing. I fought him, begged... But he wouldn't stop. So I grabbed Wilbur and just ran. I was only eleven at the time, so... They caught me a few miles from my house and... Sometimes I can still hear Wilbur screaming. At that moment, I promised myself I'd never let an innocent suffer again.

CHAMBERS

Wow...I could see how that would--

FROST (O.S.)

That was from *Silence of the Lambs*, Chambers.

Chambers looks up. Frost is there. Hallmark laughs.

HALLMARK

(to Chambers)

I'm from Chicago. I just wanted to blow things up and see what TV in other countries looked like.

Things between them are still a bit icy between the guys. Hallmark can tell.

HALLMARK

Well...there's a bit of psychotic feeling in the air, so I'm just gonna go stand over there.

She gets up. Stands by the bar.

Chambers nods. Frost sit across from him.

FROST

Chambers, look--

CHAMBERS

--No, Frost, I've been thinking. You were right. I've been playing cowboys and Indians. I'm an idiot. And I'm sorry if I've screwed up your career. Okay?

FROST

No, that's.... Really? Wow.

(glances at Hallmark at the bar)

Did Hallmark put you up to this?



CHAMBERS

No.

Frost nods in grudging respect.

Chambers regards the framed articles on the wall. Takes down one featuring a young Olive. Headline: CRUSADER COP SMASHES HEROIN PIPELINE.

CHAMBERS

(re: the articles)

You know, I always thought we'd have a few of these of our own.

Frost takes the article and examines it.

FROST

It's not like we're dead, you know. We can still annihilate some scumbags...if you want.

CHAMBERS

(smiles)

Did you just say "annihilate scumbags?"

FROST

Yes I did.

They both laugh bit.

HALLMARK

Touching. You guys gonna blow each other now?

Hallmark stands above them. The guys turn away from each other, embarrassed. Hallmark sits next to Frost.

HALLMARK

But it brings up a good point. How far are you willing to go?

FROST

What do you mean?

HALLMARK

Do you really want to solve this thing?

They both think about it, nod.

HALLMARK

The Feds think Billy Cable is their man. I think he's just another link in the chain. I guarantee that the one behind this is Francis Remo.

(MORE)

HALLMARK (cont'd)  
 If Billy is in town, Remo is too.  
 There's no doubt in my mind. And  
 he's here for a reason. We have to  
 find him.

The Waitress arrives. Plunks three shots on the table.

WAITRESS  
 Pepe Lopez. The worst tequila can  
 get and still legally be called  
 tequila.

The waitress leaves. Hallmark raises her shot glass.

HALLMARK  
 Here's to... I can't think of  
 anything.

Frost and Hallmark drink. Chambers doesn't even lift his  
 glass. Hallmark glares at him.

CHAMBERS  
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I can't do  
 it, okay. I can't do it.

HALLMARK  
 I'll give you ten dollars to pound  
 that right now.

CHAMBERS  
 Ten dollars to barf all over  
 myself? It's not worth it to me.

FROST  
 He's not going to do it.

HALLMARK  
 What's worth it, then?

Chambers thinks.

CHAMBERS  
 Tell you what... You teach me how  
 to use a machinegun like you did  
 today, and I'll drink a whole shot  
 of tequila.

HALLMARK  
 That's all?

CHAMBERS  
 That's all. Just name a time.

Hallmark raises an eyebrow.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SEULS TAVERN - NIGHT

Chambers aims the MP7 sub-machinegun. Butt stock extended and pressed to his shoulder. Hallmark stands behind him. Correcting his stance.

HALLMARK

Relax a bit. Very little recoil.  
When you're dry, push this.

Hallmark thumbs a clip release button. The clip falls. She catches it.

HALLMARK

Don't try to catch it like that,  
though. Just let it drop. Then  
grab another real fast.

She hands the clip back to Chambers.

HALLMARK

Slap it in hard like you hate the  
bitch.

Chambers slaps it in.

FROST

Uh...should we really be doing  
this? This is a cop bar.

HALLMARK

You're cops. Sort of.  
(to Chambers)  
Rack the bolt.

He does.

HALLMARK

Check your background for  
friendlies...

He's aiming at a dumpster.

CHAMBERS

Are dumpsters friendly?

HALLMARK

...and when your target's locked,  
just give it a squeeze.

Chambers squeezes, UNLEASHING a FIVE ROUND BURST into the  
dumpster.

Chambers screams. Frost is jumps. Hallmark laughs.

CHAMBERS

You said the safety was on!

HALLMARK

It was. I turned it off.

Hallmark grabs the smoking weapon from Chambers.

The back door of Seuls Tavern flies open. An ape-like BOUNCER steps into the alley.

BOUNCER

What the hell's going on out here?

HALLMARK

We're hunting shaved apes with a machinegun.

BOUNCER

What?

HALLMARK

That means you, Congo Bongo.

She raises the MP7 one-handed and BLOWS the rest of the clip into the dumpster.

The Bouncer flees in stark terror, back into the bar.

FROST

Let's get outta here.

Frost and Chambers run. Hallmark follows, cackling maniacally.

HALLMARK

Chambers did it! Reilly Chambers!

CHAMBERS

Shut up!

INT. TOYOTA CAROLLA (MOVING) - NIGHT

Chambers drives. Frost shotgun. Hallmark in back.

CHAMBERS

Tasha? The little shoplifting girl?

FROST

I figured it was a long shot, but if her cousin knew about the gang merger in advance, maybe he knew something about the missile in advance too. So I called Mimi for his address.

CHAMBERS

Think we should question him?

FROST

I think we should question Tasha.

CHAMBERS

Why?

FROST

Because I don't think her cousin told her anything. I think her brother did.

CHAMBERS

Okay...Let's question him then.

FROST

He's dead.

(then)

Tasha's brother was Tyrone Deakins.  
Half brother.

CHAMBERS

Holy. Shit.

HALLMARK

What are you guys talking about?

FROST

Tyrone Deakins. He's the guy who shot the missile. He's why Tasha knew about the gang merger. She lied to us.

EXT. TASHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chambers' car turns a corner. Stops in front of a single story bungalow in South Central Los Angeles.

Chambers, Frost and Hallmark exit the car. Walk toward the house.

CHAMBERS

Think my car's safe?

HALLMARK

It's a Corolla.

CHAMBERS

So.

HALLMARK

So unless it's spotted by a gang of white nerds, I think it will be just fine.

They knock on the front door. Tasha's cousin, a burly man named BURLY TONY, answers it. Talks to them through the screen door.

BURLY TONY  
Fuck you want?

FROST  
LAPD. Is Tasha home?

BURLY TONY  
Motherfuckin' eleven thirty at night? Break out the badges.

FROST  
Look. We don't exactly have badges. But Tasha knows us. Please. It's important.

The man grumbles and walks off. Chambers and Frost shrug at each other. Hallmark looks at them expectantly. After a moment, Tasha comes to the door.

TASHA  
I'm innocent.

INT. TASHA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chambers and Frost sit with Tasha in her room. It is decorated with posters of a rapper named T.I.

Hallmark stands in the corner. Against a shelf of stuffed animals. Arms crossed. Silent.

TASHA  
I should never have told you anything in the first place. Tyrone...

She chokes up.

FROST  
I'm sorry. Really, I am. Sounds like he was a good big brother to you. But there are things going on... More people might get hurt, Tasha...and you might be able to help stop it. We need you to help us. We need you to team up with us and help us get the bad guys who killed your brother. You understand?

She snuffles. Nods.

Hallmark spots something out the window. Tenses up.

HALLMARK

Hey guys...

CHAMBERS

Just give us a minute.

FROST

We need to know if Tyrone told you anything about where he got the missile...who sold it to him...anything.

TASHA

I think I--

WHAM! Tasha's door busts open. Four Rollin' 20s Crips barrel through the door. Guns up. Chambers and Frost raise their hands. Hallmark smiles, nods, halfheartedly raises her hands slightly above her waist.

FROST

We're cops.

CRIP #1

Let's see some badges.

Silence.

CHAMBERS

We were unceremoniously stripped of them today.

CRIP #2

Shut the fuck up, peckerwood.

CRIP #1

What's going on? My man Burly T out there says three weirdos are hassling his cousin.

HALLMARK

Please don't lump me in with them.

CRIP #1

Who are you? Why you here?

HALLMARK

I'm here because I must be retarded and my parents just kept it a secret from me all these years.

FROST

Listen, we're here because...you know that missile that killed all those people? Tasha might be able to help find out where it came from.

CRIP #1  
Who give a fuck where it come from.

FROST  
Because...a lot of people could die.

CRIP #1  
Tasha, you know what he's talking about?

She nods. Looks at Frost. Glassy eyed.

TASHA  
I don't know who gave Tyrone the missile. But the last time I ever saw him, he gave me something.

FROST  
What?

TASHA  
This...

Tasha pulls a white bathrobe from under her bed. Three words embossed across the left breast: REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE.

FROST  
Thank you, Tasha.

She hugs the bathrobe.

TASHA  
You're not going to take it away, are you?

FROST  
...no...

CRIP #1  
Great. Now...  
(to Hallmark)  
You, get out.  
(to Chambers and Frost)  
You two, prepare to be beat the fuck down.

Crips move toward Chambers and Frost in assault mode.

CHAMBERS  
Whoa, hey...I thought we all became friends just now.

CRIP #1  
What fuckin' planet you livin' on?



FROST

Everyone calm down. We can work something out.

CRIP #1

Better think of something quick, toy cop.

FROST

I'll...I'll... I'll buy you all dinner. Anywhere you want.

The Crips mull this over.

CRIP #1

You don't have to come with us, do you?

EXT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - NIGHT

Chambers' Corolla parks across the street from the Regent Beverly Wilshire. Spray painted across the hood: "White Homos."

INT. COROLLA - THAT MOMENT

HALLMARK

You sure about this? If Francis Remo is staying here it could be big trouble. Guy rates an eight on my danger meter.

FROST

Who rates a ten?

HALLMARK

Godzilla.

CHAMBERS

What does MechaGodzilla rate?

HALLMARK

(rolls eyes, soft)

Oh my God.

(then)

I know it sounds like I'm joking around, but this is serious, Chambers.

CHAMBERS

I know.

HALLMARK

Do you?

(then)

(MORE)

HALLMARK (cont'd)  
 There's something you guys should know, both of you, before we go up there.

Hallmark looks from side to side.

HALLMARK  
 This... You can never tell anyone you know this.

They nod.

HALLMARK  
 You could get killed for knowing what I'm about to tell you.  
 (then)  
 You still wanna know?

They nod, very slightly this time.

HALLMARK  
 Late 2001, a paramilitary operation called Track 6 was formed. All its members handpicked by the Pentagon. Operators from Delta, the SEALs, Grey Fox, CIA Special Units, other things, things with no names... Everyone was given new identities and citizenship... Track 6's dictate was to act with impunity, anywhere on Earth, kidnapping and disappearing terrorists. It was, from what I hear, a smashing success. Then in December 2002-- very few people know about this, alright --the invasion of Iraq was imminent. Saddam knew it. But he had an ace up his sleeve. He had American POWs. An entire paramilitary detachment captured during the Gulf War. He was going to march these men in front of TV cameras unless we backed off. It was Remo's Track 6 unit that was sent into Iraq to get these POWs.

PRISON BUNKER (2002)

THE SCENE FROM THE OPENING.

A THUNDER CLAP OF GUNFIRE.

Iraqi Guards DEMATERIALIZE.  
 Iraqi Guards SPRAAAAAAY RED.

Remo's unit storms the cell block in force.  
Billy and Johnny Cable leading the way.

American POWs behind bars. Bodies like dead leaves.  
They see the Americans standing on a carpet of dead Iraqis.

Remo nods to Billy and Johnny Cable.  
They walk toward the cells.

The POWs look up.

They see the brothers Cable looming above.  
Faces smeared with stealth paint.  
They see the Cable boys raise their guns...at them.

And OPEN FIRE.

Billy and Johnny move from cell to cell.  
Gunning down POWs.

HALLMARK (V.O.)  
Remo knew his orders were to  
eliminate the POWs. But he cooked  
up a false rescue story and fed it  
to most of his team.

The rest of Remo's team stands by him.

Some recognizable as Mercs from his hotel room.  
Blood cascades out of the cells in sheets.  
Washing over their boots.

REVEAL--

Hallmark, standing shoulder to shoulder with Remo.

Her eyes are blue orbs in a mask of black.  
They almost start to tear.  
She wills them to stop.

IRAQI DESERT - NIGHT

Wind howls paranormal. Sand is a flying shroud.

HALLMARK (V.O.)  
If it ever came out that Americans  
were left to rot in some Iraqi pit  
of hell, careers at the highest  
level would be destroyed. No trace  
of those men could remain. Not  
even their ghosts.

Remo's team emerges from a door in the desert floor.

Billy Cable launches a thermobaric missile into the bunker.

The desert VACUUM-FOLDS in on itself.

Remo's team has already vanished.

BACK TO SCENE

FROST

What kind of professional soldier  
kills people from his own country?

Hallmark tilts her head. Looks right at him.

HALLMARK

You gotta understand something,  
Frost: men like Remo have no  
country.

CHAMBERS

Why didn't anyone try to stop him?

She considers this a second. Gets quiet.

HALLMARK

Someone probably should have.  
(beat)  
Alright, enough bullshitting...

Hallmark pops the glove box. Grabs two Glock 19 pistols.  
Two spare clips. Hand them to Chambers and Frost.

HALLMARK

...let's go in there and maybe  
shoot some people.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - NIGHT

Chambers, Frost, and Hallmark approach the lobby's lone desk  
clerk. He smiles warmly at them.

CLERK

Good evening.

CHAMBERS

Hi. We're Los Angeles police  
officers. And we need to look over  
your guest manifest.

CLERK

Certainly. Can I see some  
identification? Just procedure.

Hallmark immediately PUNCHES him in the face. Knocks him  
out.

HALLMARK

If we're right, who's gonna care.

Chambers and Frost nod: good point.

Hallmark hops over the desk. Types on the computer.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They ride up in silence. Do a weapons check. Guys with their new Glocks. Hallmark RACKS her Barak pistol

HALLMARK

Listen, if things get hairy up there, don't go for the shit shot. Shoot for the head. These jerks could be wearing armor.

LITTLE BOY

Are you talking about killing people?

They all turn. In the corner of the elevator, previously unnoticed, is a LITTLE BOY, maybe 8, sucking down a Coke.

FROST

No...uh, we're actors. This is for a movie. We're rehearsing. These are props.

LITTLE BOY

What's the name of the movie?

CHAMBERS

It's called *Mind Your Fuckin' Business, Kid...Part 2...Electric Boogaloo*.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hallmark, then Chambers and Frost round a hallway corner, guns at their sides. Low key but ready.

They reach Remo's suite. She covers the door's peep hole with a finger. Then knocks.

There's a commotion inside. Footsteps approach the door.

Hallmark looks at Frost. Nods. Smiles. Whispers:

HALLMARK

Take off your jacket.

Frost, though confused, starts to do this.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/GOVERNOR SUITE - NEXT MOMENT

Fritz squints through the peephole. Pistol in hand.

*SPLINTER-CRACK!*

Hallmark DEAD BOLT SHOOTS/THRUST KICKS the door.  
WIDE OPEN into Fritz's whole body.

Hallmark's pistol is wrapped in Frost's jacket.  
Makeshift silencer. Smoldering.

Fritz sprawls.  
Hallmark POUNCES.  
Pins Fritz.  
Knocks his pistol clear.

Frost and Chambers burst in. Battle ready

HALLMARK

Put him in the chair!

The guys grab the dazed Merc.  
Dump him on a chair.  
Hallmark flexcuffs his hands behind his back.

Then the three of them fan out.  
Check the suite.  
It's clear.

EXT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - NIGHT

A Town Car pulls up. Remo and four Mercs get out of it.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Chambers guards the door. Frost and Hallmark get in Fritz's face.

FROST

Tell us what's going on! Now!

Nothing.

HALLMARK

Basic rule of interrogation: always  
ask specific questions. For  
instance, where are the missiles?

FRITZ

Eat shit.

HALLMARK

If verbal attempts at coercion  
fail, try physical ones.

(MORE)

HALLMARK (cont'd)

(then)

Frost, dig your thumb into his eyeball. Tell him to tell you everything he knows or you're gonna pop it out and suck it like a Gobstopper.

Frost hooks his thumb next to Fritz's eye.

FRITZ

Blow me.

HALLMARK

Blind him.

Frost's look: are you *serious*?

HALLMARK

You bet your ass.

Frost DIGS. Eye muscles *BENWWD*.

FRITZ

Okay, okay, Jesus Christ, okay--

HALLMARK

Tell him too late.

Fritz shrieks. Chambers winces. Watching from across the room.

FRITZ

Stop! Stop! Please no stop!

Hallmark nods. Frost stops. She points at Fritz: *see, it's working*.

Fritz gulps.

FRITZ

Iranians...paid us...

FROST

To do what?

FRITZ

...attack on L.A....

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - LOBBY - THAT MOMENT

Remo and his men wait for the elevator. It dings open.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/SUITE - THAT MOMENT

FROST

When is the attack?

FRITZ

Soon...I dunno...it keeps changing...

HALLMARK

Where did the missiles come from?

FRITZ

Iraq...Afghanistan...wherever US forces are using 'em in the field--

HALLMARK

What's the target?

Silence.

HALLMARK

What's the target?!

Even more silence.

Chambers rushes into the fray.

CHAMBERS

Tell us, you piece of shit!

He PUNCHES Fritz in the face. Knocks him SLAB COLD.

HALLMARK

Bravo.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - ELEVATOR - THAT MOMENT

Remo and his goons ride up in silence.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Hallmark tries to slap Fritz awake. No luck. Chambers rifles his pockets. Finds a slip of paper. Random numbers and letters scribbled on it.

CHAMBERS

What's this? Is it a code?

Hallmark shakes her head. No idea. Chambers pockets it.

Fritz's radio BLURPS static, then-- a VOICE:



REMO (V.O.)

Fritz, we're on our way up. We've advanced the timetable. Get ready to roll.

They all rush to the door, peer down the hall.

FROST

Shit. The stairs are past the elevator.

HALLMARK

Best case scenario, we make a run for it and they don't see us.

FROST

Yeah, but worst case scenario is they catch us and kill us.

CHAMBERS

No. Worst case scenario is, before they kill us, they strip us nude and lock us in a cage with a male gorilla. And that gorilla rapes us.

HALLMARK

What?

CHAMBERS

Interspecies rape. It's always the worst case scenario.

They elevator DINGS. They duck back into the room.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

Remo and his men arrive at the room. Notice the blasted out door jamb. Pull their guns.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Remo and his men enter the suite. Our heroes are nowhere to be seen.

Remo scans the room. Only swiveling his head. Stares at his reflection in a mirrored closet. Pulls his pistol. SHOOTS his reflection between the eyes.

The closet door swings open.

Fritz flops out. Shot through the face.

Frost and Hallmark stand behind him. Blood splattered. Frost is fucking petrified.

REMO  
Greetings, Hallmark.

HALLMARK  
That one never gets old.

REMO  
Sorry. I just love to say it. I  
think maybe I invented it.  
(eyes Frost)  
New boyfriend?

HALLMARK  
Yeah, right. I'd be better off  
frenching my pillow.

REMO  
(to mercs)  
Sweep the place.

Remo's Mercs spring to action. Combat searching the hotel  
room. Bedrooms. Closets. Bathrooms.

BALCONY

A Merc steps out on to it.

We see something he does not--

FINGERS. Strained red-white. Under the lowest railing.  
Pressed flat against the balcony floor, curving over the  
edge.

Chambers tries to control his breathing.  
Hanging off the balcony.  
Staring into an abyssal trench of LA street light.  
A million miles straight down.

The Merc walks to the balcony's edge.

Chambers hears him coming.

Slowly, INSANELY, Chambers lets go with one hand. Draws his  
Glock. Aims up.

The Merc moves closer.

Chambers' aim tightens.  
He can see the very top of the Merc's head.  
Maybe he can blow it off.  
His aim tightens more.  
A trigger pull starts  
The Merc's head dips away.  
The trigger pull stops.  
Chambers hears footsteps.  
Chambers hears a door shut.

That's all.

The Merc has gone back inside.

Chambers breathes relief, then, in an instant, remembering where he is, mutters:

CHAMBERS  
...shit...

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Remo and three Mercs have Hallmark and Frost at gunpoint.

REMO  
Who you working for, Hallmark?  
Cops? FBI?

Silence.

REMO  
Why you doing this? You're not  
still mad about the desert, are  
you?

She continues to glare at him.

REMO  
That was so long ago.  
(then)  
Forget it. All those questions are  
unimportant. What is important is  
how much Fritz told you before I  
shot him in the face. And who, if  
anyone, you've told.  
(to Frost)  
Did she do the thumb in the eyeball  
thing? I taught her that. She  
never quite got it, though. See,  
here's the real trick: You gotta  
gouge one eye out first,  
immediately, before asking any  
questions, then threaten the  
interrogatee with total blindness.  
Like this...

Remo nods to a Merc behind Frost. The Merc wrenches Frost into a full nelson.

Hallmark twitch-moves. Stops.

Remo's gun in her face. Two more Merc guns trained on her.

REMO  
(to mercs)  
She twitches again, kneecap her.  
(MORE)

REMO (cont'd)  
 (to Frost)  
 I don't much like using my thumb  
 anymore.

Remo whips out his CRKT folding knife. Moves the surgically  
 sharp tip toward Frost's eye.

FROST  
 Hallmark! Help!

HALLMARK  
 Just hold on a second, Remo.

REMO  
 You know there's no point saying  
 anything before the first eye's  
 gone.

The knife tip hits Frost's lower eyelid.  
 Nicks it. Blood trickles.

FROST  
 Wait...wait...

HALLMARK  
 GODDAMNIT, RE--

--A Merc *PISTOL WHACKS* her to a knee.

Remo smiles. Retracts the knife.  
 Pockets it. Looks down at Hallmark.

REMO  
 You really thought I was gonna take  
 his eye out in the middle of a  
 hotel room like this...without  
 gagging him?  
 (shakes his head,  
 disappointed)  
 You've really lost your edge.  
 (to Merces)  
 Take 'em to you know where. Find  
 out what they know, then dissolve  
 the bodies.

EXT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - BALCONY - THAT MOMENT

Chambers, still dangling off the balcony. Pulls himself up.  
 Peeks through window doors. Sees--

Two Merces, gunpoint prodding Hallmark and Frost out of the  
 room and into the hall. Remo and another Merc stay behind.

Chambers thinks for a bit. Then starts to take off his  
 pants.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

Frost and Hallmark step onto the freight elevator. Followed by two Mercs with sub-machineguns.

EXT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - BALCONY - THAT MOMENT

Chambers is hanging off the balcony in his boxer shorts. But this time he is holding onto a pant leg. It's like a rope he has tied around the railing. He descends, hand under hand, to the balcony below.

Kicks through the door. Runs through an empty bedroom, out, into--

THE LIVING ROOM

Little boy from the elevator. Alone. Watching TV and drinking more Coke. Chambers doesn't break stride. Casually says...

CHAMBERS

What's up, buddy?

...and is out the door.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - THAT MOMENT

Frost and Hallmark, at gunpoint. Flanked by two Mercs.

Frost gives her a look: *do something.*

HALLMARK

What do you want me to do? We're done for. Well...you probably more than me.

FROST

What? Why?

HALLMARK

They know I've been trained in interrogation resistant techniques. So they're gonna start with you. Hoping to prey on my sympathy, get us both to talk that way.

FROST

But we don't really even know anything.

HALLMARK

Doesn't matter. In fact, that'll make it worse.

FROST  
(horrificed)  
They're gonna cut my eyes out?

HALLMARK  
They won't waste time with that  
now. They're gonna go right for  
your balls, either with  
electricity, fire, hammer and  
nails...spaghetti sauce and a  
starving pit bull.

A Merc looks at Frost. Nods.

Frost blanches. Looks like he's going to evaporate from  
reality.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE - PARKING GARAGE

The Merc's gun-nudge Hallmark and Frost off the elevator and  
into the parking garage. A Merc keys his radio. Says to it--

MERC  
We're at the freight elevator.

CHAMBERS

Sees this all, from across the parking garage, crouched in  
hiding, behind a Mazda.

He pulls his Glock from the waistband of his boxer shorts.

Creeps. From car to car.  
Low. Advancing toward the Mercs and his friends;  
they all stand waiting by the elevator.

We follow Chambers all the way.

He is behind them now.

Off to the side.  
He ninja walks.  
Out of hiding.  
Into the open.  
Ten feet away.  
Gun cold zeroed on the back of a Merc's head.

Five feet away.

Hallmark's head SNAP-TURNS.  
Like an animal in the woods.  
Sees Chambers. Smiles. He smiles back.  
He hits the trigger.  
PUMPS a round.  
Pointblank into the Merc's back.

KEVLAR THUD.  
 The Merc drops.  
 GASPING.  
 Bulletproof vest under his shirt.

The other Merc tries to raise his sub-machinegun.  
 Hallmark has a hand on it.  
 Her other hand swings out.  
 HAMMER CRUSHING his windpipe.  
 He topples.  
 Hallmark fires.  
 Four HYPER-SPEED SHOTS.  
 Two in the head of each Merc.

FROST  
 (realizing his balls are  
 safe)  
 Yeah!

Hallmark regards the fallen bodies.

HALLMARK  
 Not bad for the world's biggest  
 pussy.  
 (then)  
 But like I said, always, always go  
 for the headshot.

Chambers nods once. Hallmark grabs a spare clip off a dead  
 Merc. Chambers grabs a sub-machinegun and clips. Hands his  
 Glock pistol to Frost.

FROST  
 Where are your pants?

Chambers waves off the question. Too adrenalized to explain.

Tires *SQUEEEEEAL* in the distance. Getting louder.

HALLMARK  
 Come on.

She dives behind a Escalade. They follow. Watch as--

A white GMC conversion van speeds up to the freight elevator.  
 SLAMS to a stop. 6 MERCs fly out. Guns searching.

HALLMARK  
 (whispering)  
 Okay...There's only six of 'em.  
 All you guys have to do is fire one  
 bullet each. I'll fire four.  
 (then)  
 Ready?

FROST  
 No.

HALLMARK

Here we go.

Hallmark springs up.  
OPENS FIRE.  
Way more than four bullets.

Chambers and Frost do the same.

The Mercs never had a chance.  
The Mercs vaporize.

Hallmark and Frost cease fire.

Chambers is still unloading his machinegun.  
Gouging the cinder block wall behind all the bodies.

HALLMARK

WHOA! WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!

Chambers stops. Lowers his sizzling weapon.  
Turns to Hallmark. His eyes slightly crazed.

HALLMARK

Nice shootin', Tex.  
(then)  
Now let's get the hell out of here.

They take off running.

INT. REGENT BEVERLY WILSHIRE/SUITE - THAT MOMENT

Remo's radio buzzes. He answers.

REMO

That better have been the fastest  
interrogation in history.

MERC (V.O.)

There was another one...they got  
away...I'm dying, sir.

REMO

Let me know how that works out for  
you.

Click. He shuts off the radio. Looks pissed.

INT. CHAMBERS' APARTMENT - PRE DAWN

Chambers and Frost enter the apt. Hallmark follows. Blinks.  
Old arcade games, at least 20 of them, line the walls and  
form a circle in the center of the living room. They, and a  
Showbiz Pizza jukebox, are the only source of light.



HALLMARK

What the fuck is this?

CHAMBERS

My living room.

HALLMARK

How can you relax and watch TV in here with all this shit blinking?

CHAMBERS

I said this is my living room, not my TV room.

HALLMARK

Silly me.

Hallmark sees a stack of medical books on the coffee table. Various disciplines. All written by Dr. Jack Chambers, MD. She picks one up: "BREAKTHROUGHS IN RETINAL IMPLANTS." Sets it down next a copy of *Scientific American*, heralding Jack Chambers as their MAN OF THE YEAR.

HALLMARK

What's all this?

CHAMBERS

That's my dad.

HALLMARK

Get out of town. Your dad is an accomplished genius?

CHAMBERS

Uh-huh.

HALLMARK

How'd he produce a son like you?

CHAMBERS

He feels the same way. I think he's embarrassed of me being a cop.

HALLMARK

Why you say that?

CHAMBERS

Last thing he said to me was, "Son, you're a crushing embarrassment." We haven't spoken since.

(looks down at his boxer shorts)

I'm gonna go put some pants on.

LATER

Chambers, now wearing pants, crosses his living room, to Hallmark.

She's on the couch, applying hydrogen peroxide with a q-tip to the cut on Frost's eyelid.

Chambers hands Hallmark a slip of paper from his coat pocket. It's the strange code he found on Fritz.

CHAMBERS

Mimi's running the numbers for us, hopefully she'll get back to us soon, if they mean anything.

HALLMARK

Good work.

Hallmark puts the finishing touches on Frost's eye. Stands.

HALLMARK

Okay, all done...time to go. Let's meet back at the station at nine.

CHAMBERS

You really think telling the cops everything we've done is necessary?

HALLMARK

Yes.

(thinks)

No. Not everything. Let me do the talking. But the cops, everyone has to know...Iranian terrorists are paying Remo to launch a catastrophic attack on LA.

INT. LAPD/CELL BLOCK - MORNING

Billy Cable lies face up and unconscious on the floor of his cell.

A lone guard sits right outside, on a metal folding chair, eyes glued to a 9-inch TV.

Billy's right eye twitches. It opens. It pans to the guard. The guard flips channels

Billy's eye shuts. Billy's jaw flexes. His teeth GRIND. His teeth POP. His lips part. Something held between them-- a dice-sized molar.

Billy's hands move in slow-mo. They grab the tooth. They split it open. The tooth is hollow. The tooth is fake.

The tooth is filled with things. Billy pulls a metal sliver from it. He works the sliver into the keyhole on his cuffs.

The guard laughs at a Rice Krispies commercial.

INT. LAPD - DAY

FBI Special Agent Hendrix enters, holding a Winchell's coffee. Passes a CLASS of 1st-GRADERS touring the station on a field trip.

A few more seconds of calm. Then the ALARM SOUNDS. Cops go apeshit. Hendrix calmly puts his coffee on a desk. Pulls a custom made Kimber automatic pistol. Thumbs back the hammer.

INT. LAPD/SALLY PORT - MORNING

A small airlock before the cell block. Steel doors on either end.

Cops mass in assault gear.

LEAD COP

...masks for gas...masks for gas...

Cops secure gas masks below riot helmets. Cops look like Darth Vader. They load M-16 machineguns. Some hold polycarbonate riot shields, the size of car doors.

Ready. They storm into the--

CELL BLOCK

The guard's TV is on the ground and glitching static.

Every sentry camera on the wall is bullet smashed.

The cell block hall is empty. The door to the farthest cell is open. Billy's cell. Walls are cinder block. Cops can't see in.

Something shoves the guard out of this cell. He falls flat in the corridor. Face bloody. Hip holster empty.

LEAD COP

Hold on, Gary!

Guard Gary gets to his knees, stares back, into Billy's cell.

GARY

No! Plea--

POW-SPLAAP. Gary's head turns to mist.

LEAD COP  
 Holy Christ!  
 (then)  
 Reggie.

A cop with an AUTO-LOADING TEAR GAS LAUNCHER steps up.

Aims. Fires three gas grenades.

The cops wait. The air is cotton-ball thick. Tear gas has filled the room.

LEAD COP  
 Joston. Stoker.

Two cops move up. One holding a riot shield.

The other behind him, M-16 aimed high.

LEAD COP  
 Take him down.

Joston and Stoker move toward Billy, phasing into a dimension of white.

Ten seconds of silence. Twenty.

BOOM! The hallway is a thunderhead.  
 Light ECHO-CRACKING in a poison cloud.

More silence.  
 Cops try to stare through gas.

LEAD COP  
 Stoker! Jos--

A WALL OF GUNFIRE slams them.  
 BLASTING through gas mask visors.  
 SPLINTERING shins below riot shields.

Billy Cable has an M-16 in one hand.  
 A riot shield in the other.  
 Boxer waistband ammo-clip stuffed.  
 Gas mask on his face.

Billy sprint-leaps over dead and dying cops.  
 Scoops up the TEAR GAS LAUNCHER.  
 CHARGES through the sally port.  
 M-16 SHREDDING lock bolts.  
 Hurtles up stairs. Four at a time.  
 Down another cinder block corridor.  
 Around a corner. Sees--

Hendrix. Running at him.  
 Gun up.

Billy fires. Twice. Thunder-bolt fast.  
ZAP! Hendrix hits the floor dead.

Billy snatches a key ring off a Hendrix's belt.  
Reloads his M-16. Shoulder-slings it.  
Keys open the last steel door.  
Sticks just the gas launcher into the--

#### SQUAD ROOM

and SCATTER FIRES gas grenades.

#### IN THE HALL

Billy drops the spent launcher. Adjusts his gas mask.  
Pistol grips his M-16. Raises the riot shield.  
And lunges *FULL-BORE* into the--

#### SQUAD ROOM

It is a primeval swamp. Visibility near zero.  
Alarms CHIRP. Alarm lights strobe through the haze.

Billy runs a desk maze.  
Bullets scuff shield plastic.

Cops fire blind. Cops scream. Cops gag and puke.

Billy picking them off with precision head shots.

#### INT. LAPD/PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Alarms BLAST. Smoke oozes from station doors.

Cops run out. Choking. Bleeding.  
Cops converge on the door. Dragging away wounded.  
Forming a blockade. Aiming guns.

A powder blue mini van in a parking space.  
Hallmark behind the wheel.  
Seeing it all through the windshield.

#### INT. MINI VAN - THAT MOMENT

Hallmark yanks out the kevlar vest.  
Straps it on.  
Hops out of the car.

## INT. LAPD/SQUAD ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Billy runs through the fog.  
Billy sees the 1st-grade field trip,  
cowering near the front desk.  
He snatches up a LITTLE BOY.  
He has a human shield.  
He hits the exit jack-hammer hard, speeding out, into--

## THE PARKING GARAGE

Billy flicks off his gas mask. Body contrailing smoke.

The cop blockade is waiting for him.  
They see the little boy. They freeze.  
Billy unloads. The blockade disappears.

Hallmark is crouched behind a Nissan Maxima.  
She sees Billy and his 1st-grade shield coming toward her.  
She leans around the Nissan. Aims her Barak pistol.

Billy sees her.  
Billy raises his M-16.

BANGS overlap.  
Simultaneous shots.

Hallmark's bullet *SHEARS* Billy's calf.

Billy's bullet *BLOWS THROUGH* Hallmark's forehead.

Billy falls to a knee. Drops the boy.

The boy runs. Rolls under a car. His hands are sticky. His  
hands drip red. He looks over. Hallmark is lying between  
cars. Dead in an expanding pool of blood. The Boy *SCREAMS*.

Billy limp-runs. Out of the garage, onto the--

## STREET

to a Honda Accord stopped at a light.

He shoots windows.  
He yanks the screaming driver out by her hair.  
The car idles forward. Billy catches up.  
Hops in and *BURNS RUBBER*.

## INT. TOYOTA COROLLA (MOVING) - MORNING

Chambers drives. Frost sits shotgun.

Frost sips orange Gatorade.

## CHAMBERS

Oh my God.

Frost looks up. His vision warps. Like his eyes are floating one foot in front of his face.

The Police Station is dead ahead. Windows oozing smoke. Helicopters above it. SWAT teams below it. Fire trucks and ambulances and news vans swarming everywhere.

## EXT. UNION STATION/PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Honda Accord pulls into a parking space. Billy Cable gets out. A T-shirt tied around the bullet wound on his calf. Billy opens the trunk. Grabs a tire iron.

He crosses the lot. Barely limping. A six-foot-six Comanche in his underpants. Blood speckled. Holding a curved metal stick.

## UNION STATION

People stare. Kids tug their mother's dresses and point.

Billy walks to a wall of storage lockers. Finds the one. JAMS the tire iron into the crack by the keyhole. PRY-POPS it open. There is a Samsonite suitcase inside.

## INT. UNION STATION/MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

In a stall. Suitcase flat on a toilet seat. Billy opens it.

The suitcase holds a disassembled Steyr Aug machine rifle. A Glock 17 pistol. 500 rounds of ammo. 50,000 dollars in American cash. 4 passports. 4 driver's licenses. 3 M61 fragmentation grenades. Knives. Clothes. Car keys.

Billy strips off his bloody tank top. His chest is molded rock. Crosshatched with inch-thick scars. Secret wars recorded in bas relief.

## INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Billy, dressed in a suit of grayish black, rips a cover off a red corvette.

## EXT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

The Corvette swings onto the street and--

VROOOOOOM. It's gone.

EXT. LAPD - MORNING

An ad hoc command post. Captain Wrigley tries to marshal the chaos. News crews running wild.

INT. LAPD/PARKING GARAGE - THAT MOMENT

Chambers and Frost stand dazed.

A Medical Examiner zips Hallmark into a body bag.

CHAMBERS

Is this for real? I mean... Is this...? This is crazy.

He looks at Frost. Frost opens his mouth. Has no words. The Medical Examiner loads Hallmark's body into a truck. Comes back over to them with a ziploc bag holding Hallmark's wallet and keys.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

These are her personal effects.

Chambers takes the bag. Holds it like an alien space rock. Unsure what to do with it.

MIMI runs up.

MIMI

Reilly...

Chambers turns.

MIMI

Those numbers you called me about...before all this...I ran them through our liaison at Quantico. He just got back to me. It's a serial number. It's a serial number for a cargo container, down at the Port of Los Angeles, in long-term storage. Been there for two weeks.

CHAMBERS

Thank you, Mimi.

Chambers and Frost look at each other.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A Viking 74 Convertible Yacht pounds across blue-gray chop.



INT. VIKING YACHT - THAT MOMENT

Remo and Tony watch a small TV.

KFLW's GAIL WALLENS covers the *Jailbreak Massacre*. A mug shot of Billy is on screen.

GAIL WALLENS

...and contact authorities at once.  
He is to be considered armed and  
extraordinarily deadly.

REMO

Tony, what's the status on the  
Iranian's wire transfer?

TONY

It cleared.

REMO

Who's guarding the missiles?

TONY

Chung Li.

REMO

Tell him we're coming right now.

EXT. LAPD - DAY

The chaos is falling into order. Chambers and Frost are at the ad hoc command post, talking to Captain Wrigley.

WRIGLEY

What're you two even doing here?

FROST

Listen to me for a second. The  
missiles are being stashed at the  
Port of Los Angeles. If we can get  
to them befo--

WRIGLEY

Jesus Christ, Frost...

FROST

I'm telling you we can help.

WRIGLEY

No offense, but you guys are just  
juvie cops who caught a break. The  
investigators who are actually on  
the case...they found Billy Cable's  
house this morning. Burned to the  
ground.

(MORE)

WRIGLEY (cont'd)

Evidence there shows that the missiles are at a self-storage facility near Victorville. A team's on their way right now.

CHAMBERS

You have to let us check out the port at least.

WRIGLEY

I'll send a unit if I can spare one. But there's a certified psychopath on the loose right now who'd do anything to kill you. Spotted at Union Station less than an hour ago. We're sending every man we got downtown to snare him in a dragnet. Just in case he slips through, there's a SWAT chaperone ready to take you guys to a safe house. We got your families there already.

(then)

Now get out of here. I don't wanna see you guys within a mile of real police business.

EXT. PARK HOTEL - DAY

The Park Hotel is an A-prime shit hole in downtown Los Angeles. Its rooms: heroin shooting galleries and crack whore fuck dens.

INT. PARK HOTEL/ROOM 16/BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

Brown stains. Bare bulbs. Cracked plaster. A whiff of hobo piss. Gail Wallens yammers on a bubble screen TV. Billy Cable's face glowering amidst dynamic scare graphics.

IN THE BATHROOM

A sink full of black hair. An electric trimmer in the soap dish. A bottle of hydrogen peroxide. Billy stands shirtless. Leg wound dressed with a proper bandage. Towel covering his head. Rubbing fast. He drops it.

Billy has a buzz cut. Dyed SHOCK WHITE. Just like his eyebrows. Billy looks like an alien ghost. Billy looks like a well-tanned albino.

EXT. LAPD - DAY

SWAT members escort Chambers and Frost to a Chevy Suburban. Frost and Chambers climb in the back seat.

SWAT MAN #1

Hold tight. Soon as Spinkman gets here, we'll head to the safe house.

Swat Man #1 shuts the door.

INT. SUBURBAN - MOMENTS LATER

They sit in air conditioned silence.

Chambers fiddles with an airline bottle of tequila. Rolling it across his fingers.

FROST

What's that for? Tequila makes you sick.

CHAMBERS

I bought it 'cause of what I said to her last night. That I would take a shot if she helped me work an UZI. I was gonna fill it with apple juice...

INT. PARK HOTEL/BEDROOM - DAY

Billy is getting dressed. He straps on a bullet proof vest. Puts his suit jacket over it. His cell rings. He answers.

INTERCUT - Noonan

in his wheelchair, in his basement, looking at one of his many computer monitors.

NOONAN

He's being taken to a safe house. I'll text you the address. Good news is his whole family will be there. Bad news is the place is massively fortified. It's a suicide mission. You'd need a tank or fighter jet or a--

Billy snaps his phone shut. He flips up the mattress. Grabs the fully assembled Steyr Aug machine rifle from underneath. Grabs a bandolier of clips and three grenades. Stuffs it all in a duffle. Climbs out the window and down the fire escape.

INT. SUBURBAN - LATER

Frost leafs through Hallmark's wallet. Stops on a picture of her and Dallas, taken at a mall photo booth. They are both sticking out their tongues.

FROST  
 What are we doing?  
 (then)  
 If we just sit here...

CHAMBERS  
 Iranians, Mercenaries...all that  
 shit. I remember.  
 (thinks)  
 But Wrigley said the missiles are  
 in Victorville.

FROST  
 So we're probably wrong. Why not  
 go to the port and see what's what?

CHAMBERS  
 What if we're right?

FROST  
 (beat)  
 Then we'll be legendary.

CHAMBERS  
 Also, we could die.

Frost nods toward the door. Chambers opens it. They exit.

EXT. LAPD - DAY

Three SWAT men stand on the driver's side of the Chevy Suburban. The rear passenger-side door opens. Chambers and Frost step out unnoticed and walk into the crowd.

INT. LAPD/PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A Toyota Corolla moves up the ramp. Stops by a powder blue mini van.

Chambers gets out of the Corolla. Opens the van's passenger door. Pulls the MP7 sub-machinegun briefcase from under the seat. Runs back to the Corolla and drives away.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES/SAN PEDRO BAY - DAY

The Viking Yacht accelerates into San Pedro Bay, toward the planetscape of crates that is the Port of Los Angeles.

INT. VIKING YACHT/GALLEY - THAT MOMENT

Mercs nibble sandwiches and sip beer. Mercs watch KFLW news for Billy updates. Remo talks on his cell.

REMO  
...any sign of trouble?

INTERCUT - CHUNG LI

staked out in a tiny crevasse between Conex containers.

CHUNG LI  
Negative. Scanner noise has some  
cop units headed to Victorville.  
They must have picked up the false  
trail we left at Billy's house.

REMO  
Outstanding. Rendezvous at dock 9.

Chung Li flips his phone shut. Leaves his hiding spot.

OVERHEAD SHOT OF PIER 400

Conex containers are bus-size metal boxes. Conex containers  
sprawl labyrinthine.

The Toyota Corolla winds through endless canyons.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA (MOVING) - DAY

Chambers drives. Frost holds his pistol. Wipes sweat off  
the grip.

The MP7 is out of its case. Resting on the seat divide.  
Snug in a cup holder.

EXT. DOCK 9 - DAY

The Viking yacht docks. Chung Li watches. Remo stands on  
the back of the boat with ten Mercs.

REMO  
Tony. Come with me and Chung Li.  
Help us load the missiles into the  
truck.

Tony and Remo jump onto the dock.

EXT. PIER 400 - DAY

The Corolla roams Conex corridors. Turns a corner. Stops.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - DAY

FROST

I think we're close. The container should be right around the corner there somewhere.

CHAMBERS

What if it has missiles in it?

FROST

We call for backup. Kill anything that comes near it.

CHAMBERS

What if like a dock worker comes near it?

FROST

You know what I mean.

Chambers grabs the MP7. They exit the car in stealth mode.

EXT. PIER 400 - THAT MOMENT

Chambers and Frost move low and fast. Speeding between containers. A narrow steel hall. They stop. Poke their heads around a corner. Move on.

MEANWHILE, AT ANOTHER PART OF THE PIER

a black Pacific Courier truck zooms along. Chung Li, Tony, and Remo in the driver's cab.

Chung Li SLAMS on the brakes. Points out the window, to a conex container. Its doors slightly ajar.

CHUNG LI

I didn't leave it like that.

Tony and Chung Li hop out of the truck. Rack their machineguns. Go to the open conex. They step towards the opening. Tony first. He peeks inside. And the second he does...

GUNFIRE WRACKS HIS BODY.  
Launching him backward.

Chung Li takes one in the stomach.  
Screams. Rolls for cover.

A lone figure walks out of the smoking container.  
Machine rifle in one hand.  
Missile crate balanced on a shoulder.

Remo sees Billy Cable step over Tony's corpse.  
Remo pulls a machine pistol. Shoots at Billy.  
Right through the windshield.  
Billy casually walks behind a container.

Remo springs out of the truck.  
Crouches beside it.  
Fires at the container Billy moved behind.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

Are still moving between containers. They hear the gunshots.  
They stop and change direction, moving toward the noise.

BILLY CABLE

is oblivious to Remo's gunfire. Billy has removed the  
hardtop from his Corvette. He drops the missile crate in the  
passenger seat. Seatbelts it in. He hops in next to it. He  
starts the engine and floors it.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

are moving toward the gun blasts. They hear a car speeding  
near. They peek between containers. They see a blonde Billy  
Cable whiz past. Missile launcher in the seat beside him.

Chambers and Frost look at each other: holy fuck.

REMO

is crouched behind the Pacific Courier truck. Firing wildly  
in the area where he last saw Billy. He stops. Reloads.

CHUNG LI

lies in a heap. Clutching his bleeding stomach.

CHUNG LI

Remo!

CHAMBERS AND FROST

are close. They hear Chung Li.

CHUNG LI

I'm shot, Remo!

REMO

pulls out a radio. Keys it.

REMO

Come in, Voodoo one. This is Big  
Duke one.

INTERCUT - Merc named MARCO

on the deck of the Viking yacht.

MARCO  
This is Voodoo one.

REMO  
The Comanche's here. He's stealing  
the missiles.

Marco turns to the Mercs standing on the deck. They heard everything Remo said.

The Mercs fly into action. They open compartments. They grab machineguns. They grab shotguns.

CHUNG LI

lies bleeding on the ground.

CHUNG LI  
Get me outta here, please! The  
Comanche's gone. He drove off with  
a missile.

REMO  
What?

CHUNG LI  
I saw him drive away! Get over here  
and help me!

Remo moves around the side of the Pacific Courier truck. Finds an angle from which he can see Chung Li. Chung Li is about twenty feet away.

Remo stands. Looks from side to side. Everything seems clear. He relaxes. He walks out into the open.

Frost instantly tackles him to the ground. Chambers jumps in. They beat Remo. They disarm him. Chambers tosses Remo's gun. They drag him behind a container.

Frost sits on his chest. Chambers hold his arms down.

FROST  
Tell me, what are the Iranians  
paying you to do with the missiles?

Remo smiles.

Frost rips off Remo's glasses. Digs his thumb next to Remo's eyeball. Pushes. Twists. Remo shows no pain.

FROST  
Remember this? If I have to ask  
again, I'm gonna pop it out and  
chew it like a grape.



REMO

What was the question?

Frost is silent.

REMO

You don't wanna ask it again, do  
you? 'Cause if you do, you'll have  
to take my eye out.

Frost is silent.

REMO

What you gonna do?

Frost digs his thumb deeper.

FROST

I'll do it...I'm--

Remo spits blood. Smack dab on Frost's forehead.

CHAMBERS

Rip his head off, Frost.

Frost's face contorts. Frost PUNCHES Remo. Rapid-fire shots  
to the head. Remo's nose CRUNCHES. Remo's lip splits.  
Frost screams with each punch.

FROST

I'm so sick of this  
shit...following the fucking  
rules...I'M SO GODDAMN SICK OF IT!

Chambers flinches.

Frost plants his pistol. Between Remo's eyes. Cocks the  
hammer. Chambers turns his head. Frost turns his head.  
Holds up a hand to block the splatter.

Now Remo talks. Gurgling blood. Voice strange.

REMO

Fine...fine..wait--

FROST

Too late.

Frost hits the trigger. Chambers swats Frost's hand. The  
bullet blasts concrete an inch from his Remo's head. Frost  
pushes Chambers away. Puts the gun back to Remo's head.

Remo blinks. Sees his Mercs. In the distance. Advancing  
fast behind Chambers and Frost.

REMO

Okay...Okay...You wanna know what  
we're doing with the missiles?

(smiles blood)

I'm gonna park my yacht...just off  
Runway 25...line all my men on the  
deck...have ourselves a little  
airport barbecue. It'll be visible  
from space. We're not gonna stop  
firing until LAX looks like the  
surface of the sun.

CHAMBERS

Frost!

Frost turns. Seven Mercs are running up. BLASTING.

Frost pulls his gun off Remo and FIRES back. Chambers and  
Frost run, through a zigzagging hallway of containers.

Remo stands. Wipes his face on his sleeve. Puts on a pair  
of prescription aviator sunglasses. Remo turns to Marco.

REMO

Marco, come with me.

(to the rest of the mercs)

Cap those two and get back to the  
boat.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

crouch behind a container.

Frost peeks around the corner.  
Sees seven advancing Mercs. Frost ducks back.

CHAMBERS

How many?

FROST

At least seven.

CHAMBERS

Seven?

FROST

That's only three and a half  
bullets each.

CHAMBERS

Okay, here's the plan: you go  
behind--

FROST

Fuck it.

Frost suddenly leans around the container.  
SHOOTS two Mercs.

The five remaining Mercs seek cover.

FROST  
Come on! I already got two of 'em!

Chambers and Frost lean out from behind the Conex.  
Both FIRING.  
Both screaming like demons.

They SLAUGHTER two more Mercs.  
The three who are left run.

Chambers and Frost charge out from behind the container.

Frost drops his pistol.  
Scoops up a dead Merc's machinegun.

Chambers takes a bead on a fleeing Merc.

The Merc darts behind a container.

Chambers sweeps his MP7's red dot sight along the Merc's  
probable trajectory.  
FIRES.

One round.  
BLOWS through the container.  
BLOWS through the Merc's head

Two Mercs remain. Running full speed.

Chambers and Frost reload and pursue.  
They catch up.  
They SHOOT the Mercs in the back. Killing them dead.

REMO AND MARCO

finish loading all the missile crates into the back of the  
Pacific Courier truck. They hop in. Remo at the wheel.

Chung Li is still somewhere on the ground, moaning for help.

MARCO  
Should we help him?

Remo gives him a look: no chance. Remo steps on the gas.  
Drives around a corner. Chambers and Frost are there. In  
the truck's path. Firing.

Marco dies. Remo ducks below the dash. Floors it.

Chambers and Frost run out of the way. The truck whizzes  
past. They run after it. Firing into the back.

The truck veers around a turn. Chambers and Frost follow.

EXT. DOCK 9 - THAT MOMENT

The Pacific Courier truck slams to a stop. Three Mercs start off-loading the missiles on to the boat.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

run toward dock 9.

EXT. VIKING YACHT DECK - DAY

The mercs load the last missile crate on to the deck.

Remo keys a hand radio.

REMO  
Get us to the airport.

The yacht pulls away.

MERC  
What if they call someone...?

Remo kicks open a crate. Hoists up a Thermobaric Missile Launcher. Aims it at the dock.

CHAMBERS AND FROST

run out on the dock.  
They see the Viking yacht already heading out to sea.  
They see Remo on the deck, aiming a missile launcher dead at them.

Chambers and Frost raise their guns and fire.

EXT. VIKING YACHT DECK - THAT MOMENT

Bullets spark everywhere.  
A Merc is blasted overboard.  
Remo's kneecap blows off.  
He falls flat on his back.  
LAUNCHING the missile.  
It flies. Straight up.  
Hundreds of meters over the boat.  
Remo struggles to key his radio.

REMO  
Full throttle!

The yacht leaps forward. Engine ROARING.

The missile stops its upward momentum and begins to fall.

Remo follows the smoke trail with his eyes.

The missile SPLASHES into the water.  
Maybe fifty meters behind the yacht.

And IMPLODES on impact.

VOOOOM!

The yacht keels. Accelerating toward the vortex.

Remo drags his body across the deck.  
Peeks over the side. His eyes pop saucer wide.

Mercs jump overboard and are instantly sucked away.

Remo just slumps over the side, watching.

The yacht hits the implosion.  
The yacht crumples.

This DETONATES EVERY MISSILE ON BOARD.  
A universe of fire collapsing on itself.  
Implosions within implosions.

San Pedro bay splits like the Red Sea.  
Wedged open in a spectral whirl.  
The ocean floor is visible.  
The ocean floor is burning.

Chambers and Frost are slurped backward.  
Scrape-skipping across pavement.  
Then airborne.  
They slam into a railing.  
Snag hold. Bodies horizontal.

Junk from open containers WHIZZING by with shrapnel force.

Toys. Clothes. Glitter confetti. Bicycles. Rowboats.  
Chung Li shoots by. Screaming. Clawing at the ground.  
He flies out to sea amid the storm of debris.

Waves RECOIL. Over the swirling sphere of light.  
HISSING like a galaxy of snakes.

EXT. DOCK 9 - THAT MOMENT

Chambers and Frost land hard. Like the anti-gravity machine  
just shut off. They stand. Barely. They Turn. A lone cop  
car pulls up. A lone cop get out. Face hanging.

Chambers and Frost move to the cop car.

CHAMBERS

(to cop)

We're cops. And we need your car.

COP #1  
Let me see your badge.

Frost punches him flat. Chambers grabs his car keys.

FROST  
Where we going?

CHAMBERS  
Billy Cable... He didn't see us.  
You're supposed to be at that safe  
house right now.  
(then)  
Where you think he's going with  
that missile?

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The safe house is a bungalow. Cops mill about. Olive sits on a couch in the living room. Chambers' MOM and DAD sit there too, on a love seat. Frost's Dad stands. Olive opens a bag of M&Ms. Eats a handful. Looks at the parents.

OLIVE  
Would any of you like something to  
eat?

They all shake their heads. Except Frost's dad.

FROST'S DAD  
I'll have some of those, if it's  
okay.

Olive nods. Pours candy into Frost's dad's hand.

FROST'S DAD  
Thanks.  
(to Chamber's parents)  
So how have you two been? Haven't  
spoken to you since we took the  
boys out to graduation dinner  
five...no six years ago.

Chambers' mom appears to be in the midst of a nervous breakdown, she looks up. Starts bawling.

CHAMBERS' DAD  
I knew something like this was  
bound to happen. I begged Reilly  
not to become a police officer.  
Begged him.

Chambers' mom cries more. Olive tries to calm her. Pats her back.

OLIVE

Shhhh. It's alright. You're in an LAPD safe house. Steel-plated walls. Bullet-proof glass. Cops everywhere.

Olive's cell rings.

OLIVE

Excuse me a moment.

He answers. He listens. He flips his cell shut.

OLIVE

This safe house is no longer safe.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Billy's Corvette veers around the corner. Cruises down a street of bungalows with little green lawns. Kids ride their bikes in gangs. Kids draw on driveways with colored chalk.

Billy slows. Stops. He sees the safe house, a block away. Unmarked cop cars in front.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A squad car tears through traffic. Sirens blaring.

Frost at the wheel. Chambers beside him. They hit an off ramp doing 90.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Billy lifts the missile crate out of the Corvette's passenger seat. Lays it on the sidewalk. Drops to a knee and starts to pry it open by hand. A little girl roller blades past.

A click. Billy turns.

He's staring down the barrel of Olive's .44 Bulldog. Olive's gun hand is trembling, almost imperceptibly.

OLIVE

Don't. Move.

Six cops charge out of the bushes. Guns aimed at Billy.

Olive frisks Billy with one hand. Grabs his Glock. Tosses it. Olive drops a set of cuffs before Billy.

OLIVE

Cuff yourself.

Billy picks up the cuffs. Billy spins.

Olive never gets a shot off.

Billy Cable has his arm.  
 Billy Cable has his gun.  
 Rips it free.  
 Elbow-smashes Olive unconscious.  
 Holds him like a shield.

Billy fires the .44 Bulldog.  
 So fast it sounds like a machinegun.  
 The six surrounding cops fall dead.

Billy drops Olive.

Neighborhood kids run screaming.

Billy aims down at the comatose Olive.  
 CLICK.  
 The six shooter is empty.

A squad car comes fishtailing around the corner.

Billy's eyes ZOOM FOCUS on Frost behind the wheel.

The car RAMS Billy head on.  
 BOUNCES him off the windshield and onto a driveway.

Chambers and Frost jump out of the car.

Billy already limping for a dead cop's gun.

Chambers and Frost unload.  
 Billy's back blows suit fabric.  
 Billy dives into an open two-car garage with no cars in it.

The garage door starts to close.

Chambers and Frost look at each other.

FROST  
 He's got a vest.

CHAMBERS  
 Go for the head shot.

They reload and sprint toward the closing door.  
 Firing into it as they go.

The door is a foot off the ground.  
 They hit the driveway in unison. Rolling into the--

GARAGE

milliseconds before the door SLAMS DOWN.



Billy is nowhere to be seen.

Chambers looks up.  
Billy is hanging from the ceiling, one hand on the garage door rail.  
The other gripping an eight-inch Bowie knife.

Billy drops.  
Chambers and Frost roll.  
No time to aim guns.

Billy SLASHES.  
SLICES Frost across the back.

Frost falls.  
Tries to come around with his pistol.  
Billy kicks it out of his hand.

Chambers raises his MP7.

Billy moves in flashes.  
SMACKS the MP7 clear across the garage.  
STABS the Bowie knife at Chambers' head.

Billy bucks forward. Drops to a knee.

The knife stabs into the concrete floor.  
Actually sticks there.

Frost is on Billy's back.

Like a kid getting a piggyback ride.  
Billy rises off his knee, to his feet, quite swiftly.  
Like there wasn't a full grown man on his back trying to strangle him.

FROST

Chambers!

Chambers goes for his MP7.  
It's on the other side of the garage.

Billy elbows Frost in the ribs.  
Lunges backward.  
SMASHES a wall rack of gardening equipment.  
Frost hangs on.

Billy reaches back.  
Grabs Frost by the hair and neck.

Tears him up and off.  
POWER HEAVES him into a riding mower.

Chambers has his MP7 again.

Billy KICKS him in the face.  
Chambers and the MP7 sail.

Frost HAMMERS an old 27-inch Sony Trinitron.  
Screen down on Billy's head.

*THWONK!*

The screen does not break.  
The impact knocks Billy to his hands and knees.  
He regains his senses. He looks up. Rivers of blood  
streaming out from his hair and over his face.  
Billy blinks. Billy freezes.  
Billy stares, pale-eyed, at Chambers and Frost.

They're both on a knee, aiming dead at him.

Frost a pistol. Chambers a sub-machinegun.

Time stops.

FROST

You're vaccinated, fucker.

Billy *LURCHES FORWARD*.

They DRAIN THEIR GUNS INTO HIS FACE.

Billy hits the floor in pieces.

Chambers and Frost rise to their feet.  
Look at each other. There is nothing to say.

Frost hits the button. The garage door grinds open.

It looks like the entire LAPD is outside. SWAT teams. Cars  
on the lawn. Even Olive. Head bleeding. Gawking at  
Chambers and Frost in total amazement.

Chambers and Frost walk out of the smoking cave. Staggering  
like zombies. Tracking red footprints on a hop scotch game.

Their parents are there too. In the back of a police truck  
that is blocked by cop congestion.

Frost and his dad exchange waves.

Chambers' dad just nods, once, as if to say *well done*.  
Chambers nods back.

Chambers pulls his mini bottle of tequila from his pocket.  
Opens it. Holds it up as if initiating a toast. Tilts his  
head back and pours the entire bottle into his mouth.  
Gagging. Like he might puke. Finally chokes it down.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LAPD/SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Chambers and Frost sit at their desks. The cuts and scratches on their faces are healing nicely. Chambers is fixing something into a scrap book

A FED EX GUY walks into the squad room.

He walks past workmen repairing the damage from the Billy Cable shoot out. He walks past cops going about their business. He stops at the desks of Chambers and Frost.

FED EX GUY  
Reilly Chambers?

Chambers looks up from his scrap book.

CHAMBERS  
That's me.

Chambers signs for the package. The Fed Ex guy leaves.

FROST  
That what I think it is?

CHAMBERS  
Uh-huh.

Chambers tears open the box. Pulls out a black hip holster. He stands and puts it on.

FROST  
How's it feel?

CHAMBERS  
Good. How's it look?

FROST  
It looks cool.

CHAMBERS  
Now for the beta test.

Chambers opens his desk drawer. Grabs the MP7.

FROST  
You were keeping a machine pistol  
in your desk?

CHAMBERS  
Where else should I keep it?

Chambers jams the MP7 into it's new holster.

CHAMBERS  
Perfect.

FROST  
Are you even allowed to carry it  
like that?

Captian Wrigley's door files open.

WRIGLEY  
Chambers! Frost! Get in here!

Chambers removes the MP7 and lays it on his desk.

INT. CAPTAIN WRIGLEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Chambers and Frost enter.

WRIGLEY  
New news. Abbas Kanji, the Iranian  
who bankrolled Remo... We got a  
confirmed tip he's hiding out at  
the Century Plaza. SWAT's on their  
way. This could be a real blood  
bath. I need someone to lead the  
infiltration unit.

(then)  
What do you say?

Chambers and Frost think about it.

CHAMBERS  
Can I carry a sub-machinegun in the  
field?

Wrigley thinks. Nods once.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Chambers and Frost run out of Wrigley's office. Chambers  
grabs his MP7 off the desk.

Next to it is a framed newspaper article. The article's pic:  
Chambers and Frost, beat to shit, at the Billy Cable death  
scene, a field of cops behind them.

Headline: HERO COPS FOIL TERROR!

Sub-headline: Record Damage Estimates.

An engine REVS. Faint at first. Then louder and louder.

EXT. LAPD - DAY

A Chevy Caprice PEEEEELS out of the LAPD garage.  
Cherry light screaming on the dash.  
Frost at the wheel. Chambers loading his MP7.

The car threads traffic.  
Tires SCREECHING.  
ROCKETING right at us.  
Faster and faster until--

It hits us head on with a NUCLEAR POW.

THE END