

Brute Force

by
ZR Adams

Citizenmagnificent.com
Zradams76@gmail.com
617-275-6038

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A white exterminating company VAN sits in a parking lot in view of an ominous urban area warehouse.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Three police on a sting sit before a battery of video displays, computer readouts and audio sine wave receivers. Wearing headphones and monitoring audio is DETECTIVE VANESSA FOX; drop dead gorgeous, the buttons on her blouse straining to contain her heaving chest. Beside her is DETECTIVE SPARKS, goofy and dorky. Standing behind them in a supervisory stance is gruff, taciturn CAPTAIN HUNZGAARD. Two MONITORS display shaky images of the INSIDE OF THE WAREHOUSE. On ANOTHER MONITOR displaying the WAREHOUSE FRONT-- TWO BLACK SUV'S pull up.

SPARKS

The subjects have arrived, sir.

Hunzgaard keys his WALKIE...

HUNZGAARD

Gentlemen, we're live.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

In a cavernous space full of stacked wooden crates and shelves are two men in suits-- handsome, rugged DETECTIVE JAMES "SMASH" SMASHETTI and his older, greyer partner, SGT. JETT MUSKET. Smash holds a briefcase. He raises his wrist up to his face and speaks.

SMASH

Copy, Captain.

(to Musket)

Okay. They're coming. You ready, chief? Need to do some stretching? Get those old bones going?

Musket does a chamber check on his BARETTA and then slips it in between some crates. He cocks his head, takes a few breaths and smiles.

MUSKET

I'm gonna be around to see you in *your* old age.

SMASH

Come'ere. I'll crack your back for you.

MUSKET

I'm gonna be cracking your skull in a minute. We'll see how nimble and beautiful you are in JUST a few years. You wait.

(a beat)

How much you wanna wager?

SMASH

Ahh?!...I'm not betting with you anymore.

MUSKET

I didn't even say what it is yet.

SMASH

It doesn't matter. I'm done betting with your crooked ass. You'll change the rules.

MUSKET

Change the rules?

SMASH

Yeah. The bet always changes when I win.

MUSKET

What?! What a bunch of horseshit.

SMASH

Two weeks ago, when we took down Icehorn, you bet that we wouldn't find our stolen van.

MUSKET

I said we wouldn't recover the van.

SMASH

You said find. You said recover after we found it in a scrap heap.

HUNZGAARD (IN RADIO)

Cut the chatter. Now.

The two stand straighter, speak quieter.

SMASH

What about getting a confession out of Smoove B?

MUSKET

From what I remember, he did--

SMASH

Confessing to the judge at your
civil suit, doesn't count.

MUSKET

Was that not a confession?

The warehouse door opens. The TWO BLACK SUV'S enter.

SMASH

That's it. No more bets with you.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Hunzgaard looks stern.

HUNZGAARD

Is traffic duty sounding
appealing!?!?

Fox rolls her eyes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUED

The SUVs come to rest before them.

SMASH

(beat)

Okay, fine. What's the wager?

MUSKET

Nevermind.

SMASH

What's the wager before I slap you
upside the head?

MUSKET

(a beat)

Okay. Three or more?

SMASH

Bodyguards?

MUSKET

Yeah.

SMASH

Since it makes you so fucking
happy, I'll take that action. Three
or more.

Bad ass, clean cut SUITED TOUGHS exit the driver side of each SUV armed with MACHINE GUNS. Out of the passenger side of the left SUV, steps a tall, militant man with a nicely coiffed goatee-- IMPOSING LACKEY. Out of the other steps CARAVAGGIO in a flashy, light grey pin stripe suit and blood red sun glasses. He runs a hand over his slicked back hair, a shock of silver down the side. Smash leans into Musket.

SMASH (CONT'D)

You owe me, bro.

MUSKET

Wait. Goatee, there, is a lieutenant.

SMASH

What?

MUSKET

Doesn't count.

SMASH

Bullshit artist.

The criminals approach. Musket steps forward.

MUSKET

What's with the sentries?

CARAVAGGIO

I apologize. Call it a necessary by-product of a more paranoid time.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Hunzgaard pours over the information on the monitors. Fox is growing suspicious of the Imposing Lackey.

FOX

Something's not right about the tall one. I've seen him before. Sparks, see if you--

SPARKS

I'm on it.

Sparks wakes up the laptop and starts keying away.

HUNZGAARD

Okay, everyone. Stand tight until Smash gives the signal.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Atop the warehouse in cover positions, SWAT. JOHNSON, crew cut and scruffy, looks through NIGHTSITE BINOCULARS while SWAT. MCGUGGENHEIM, long hair in a pony tail, raises his WALKIE.

MCGUGGENHEIM
Copy, chief.

JOHNSON'S POV-- NIGHTSITE GREEN: the street below. A raggy, homeless man is lying on a bench, covered in newspaper.

JOHNSON (O.C.)
How we doing, Tagwood?

EXT. REAR WAREHOUSE/STREET LEVEL - SAME TIME

The homeless man on the bench, DET. TAGWOOD, grabs his HIP FLASK and speaks into the MICROPHONE concealed inside.

TAGWOOD
Oh, just great. Next time you're
the bum.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUED

Musket and Smash are in mid discussion with Caravaggio. He motions to the Two Suited Toughs and they walk to the back of the SUV's. Imposing Lackey eyes the cops suspiciously.

CARAVAGGIO
What do you plan to do with these?
No...forget it. Best that I don't
know.

SMASH
Best that you don't know. We try to
stay out of our client's business
as well. Helps us sleep better at
night.

The Two Suited Toughs start back with a large THERMODYNE CRATE carried between them.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

Sparks has a match on his laptop.

SPARKS
Chief?

He turns with concern to Hunzgaard, who steps in for a look.

EXT. REAR WAREHOUSE/STREET LEVEL - SAME TIME

Tagwood looks up with alarm as TWO BLUE VANS pull up at the rear loading dock of the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Johnson and McGuggenheim quickly hit the deck. Each readies an AK-47.

TAGWOOD (ON RADIO)
Guys, I think the shits about to
hit the fan.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

On the laptop screen before Sparks is a picture of Imposing Lackey with a rap sheet a mile long. IMPOSING LACKEY is revealed to be "DON RADIUS".

HUNZGAARD
(in radio)
What's going on back there?

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Johnson takes a cautious peek over the side.

JOHNSON'S POV OF LOADING DOCKS BELOW: The TWO BLUE VANS open and TWELVE ARMED SUPER THUGS with advanced PROTOTYPE MACHINE GUNS pour out.

Johnson raises his walkie.

JOHNSON
Guys! You're about to have a shit
load of company!

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUED

Smash and Musket exchange a shorthand look between them, both ready for anything.

RADIUS
(russian accent)
Put the case down. These men are
cops.

DON RADIUS, no longer undercover as Imposing Lackey, approaches Caravaggio.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

FOX
They've been made!

HUNZGAARD
(in radio)
Everyone stay put! Wait for Smash's signal!

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUED

Smash's free hand slowly moves to the briefcase.

CU. SMASH'S HAND sliding open a hidden compartment in the briefcase.

He shoots a look Musket's way. He's already backing up towards the crates...

CARAVAGGIO
What do you mean? They checked out...

RADIUS
Your sources are as incompetent as you are. I've put up with it long enough.

Radius pulls out a GUN. Smash whips the secret briefcase compartment open and pulls out his 1911 PISTOL. Musket snatches his Baretta from the crates.

SMASH
LAPD! Drop the gun!

Radius jumps behind Caravaggio, gun to his head. The Suited Toughs raise their HK UMPS in a threatening manner.

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

HUNZGAARD
Alright! Go! Go!

Fox and Sparks kick out the back of the van, followed by Hunzgaard. All three move in.

EXT. REAR WAREHOUSE/STREET LEVEL - SAME TIME

Tagwood pulls his AK out of his long coat, brings the hip flask up...

TAGWOOD

Okay, move in! Now!

A SWAT TEAM of EIGHT hidden in the surrounding buildings emerge. The Twelve Super Thugs turn and engage the Swats. They split into two fire teams, one advancing towards the building while the other covers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUED

RADIUS

Kill them.

The Suited Toughs open fire as Radius drags his human shield towards the exit. Smash hits the deck and rolls, gun blazing; Martin Riggs style...

MUSKET-- dives behind the boxes and crates as they EXPLODE, SPLINTER and SPARK all around him...

SMASH-- maneuvers in behind a steel shelf unit.

INT. REAR WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Six of the twelve Super Thugs enter from the rear bay door. From the rafters above, two ropes quietly drop. Johnson and McGuggenheim slide down, right on top of the Super Thugs position, muzzle flashes lighting up the shadows...

INT. FRONT WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Suited Tough 1 has Musket pinned down. Splinters of wood and debris rain down on him as he changes mags...

SMASH-- Suited Tough 2 fires and ducks behind the SUV as Smash leaps up and returns fire; sidling up to the opposite side of the SUV. As Suited Tough 2 changes mags, Smash drops to the ground and fires underneath the SUV. Tough 2's feet and ankles EXPLODE in a BLOODY MESS. He screams and drops to the ground. Smash comes around and finishes him off...

RADIUS-- and Caravaggio are about 30 feet from the front bay door as they back pedal. Fox arrives, gun drawn.

FOX

LAPD! Freeze!

Without a moments hesitation, Radius swings himself and Caravaggio around, gun aimed squarely at her heart...

SPARKS

Fox!

Sparks jumps in front of her, taking several in the torso. He falls on top of Fox. Hunzgaard emerges, returning fire.

CARAVAGGIO

No! No! I'm not armed!

Radius backs them away, firing on Hunzgaard and Fox as they drag Sparks to cover. She takes his pulse.

FOX

Sparks! Stay with me!

HUNZGAARD

(in radio)

Officer down! Officer down!

MUSKET-- A Super Thug closes in on his position. He blind fires in his direction over the top of the crate. Super Thug drops on his back and tosses a GRENADE; which bounces right into Musket's lap. He pauses for a second, eyes comically wide, then hauls ass over the crates as they EXPLODE behind him. The blast tosses him off of his feet into a bale of packing material. He checks himself over...

MUSKET

Not a scratch. You gotta be kidd--

Suited Tough 1 leaps onto him, brandishing a mean HUNTING KNIFE. They begin struggling...

SMASH-- Caravaggio's body is now lying on the ground with one in the temple. Smash runs up and checks his vitals.

INT. REAR WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Radius runs towards the back bay doors and the waiting Super Thugs. Smash jumps into pursuit. Hunzgaard joins him.

EXT. REAR WAREHOUSE/STREET LEVEL - SAME TIME

Tagwood and his Swats have been dwindled down to him and four others. Several CRUISERS and UNI's have arrived on the scene and have taken HEAVY damage. The remaining Super Thugs maintain position at the rear loading dock as A BLACKHAWK HELICOPTER approaches.

INT. REAR WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Two Super Thugs form up in front of Radius to shield him...

INT. FRONT WAREHOUSE - MUSKET

Suited Tough 1 lunges at him with the hunting knife. Musket side steps, snatches the knife hand, snaps Suited Tough 1's arm at the elbow and twists the arm, plunging the knife into the back of Toughs head...

INT. REAR WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Smash and Hunzgaard duck in behind some crates as Four Super Thugs cover Radius. Right behind Smash; an ominous CLICK-CLICK! of a gun being cocked. Smash turns around just in time to see Two More Super Thugs who had flanked their position get VENTILATED. Musket stands in their wake, smoking gun in hand. He dives in next to Smash.

MUSKET

That brings us up to 34.

SMASH

I'm good for it.

To the far left of their position, Johnson and McGuggenheim SHOOT APART two Super Thugs who were attempting to flank from that side. Arrogantly stepping through the smoke and carnage is a tall, lethal looking man in Russian Army fatigues, OLAF. He activates a HIGH TECH CLUSTER BOMB and nonchalantly tosses it in the direction of Johnson and McGuggenheim.

SMASH (CONT'D)

JOHNSON! MCGUGGEN--

The Cluster Bomb EXPLODES in dramatic fashion, incinerating McGuggenheim where he stands and launching Johnson about 20 feet where he lands in an awkward, bloody mess. Smash's face fills with rage as he hops the covering crate and runs, GUN BLAZING in Johnson's direction.

HUNZGAARD

Smash! Get back here you crazy son of a bitch!

MUSKET

I got him.

Musket hops the crate, Hunzgaard lays some cover fire...

SMASH-- reaches Johnson, alive but barely.

MUSKET-- nails one of the Super Thug protecting Radius. The rest turn their fire in his direction. Musket dives behind a random industrial machine...

SMASH-- Johnson hands him his SIDEARM.

JOHNSON

Get that mutherfucker.

Smash nods and charges up a stack of crates. The Super Thugs unload in his direction. He climbs higher and higher, launching TWO FISTED death their way, the CRATES SPLINTERING and POPPING around him. Musket sidles around and gets a bead... Smash reaches the top of the crates and leaps out onto a nearby crane. He slowly drops downward, FIRING continuously while Musket unleashes a BULLET STORM from the opposite direction. By the time Smash hits the ground, all three remaining Super Thugs are bloody corpses. Olaf moves in and helps Radius to his feet. Smash rushes forward. Olaf flips the switch, tosses another CLUSTER BOMB.

MUSKET

Smash, no. GO BACK!

He rushes at Smash full speed as Olaf and Radius double time it for the door. Musket throws his whole weight into Smash, knocking him off his feet and into the cover of a steel industrial container. The bomb DETONATES. Musket is LAUNCHED, arms and legs flailing, as the FIREBALL singes and scorches all in it's path.

EXT. REAR WAREHOUSE/STREET LEVEL - SAME TIME

Tagwood and the Uni's are pinned down behind their comically SHOT UP VEHICLES by an M60 aboard the landed Blackhawk. Olaf, Radius and the two remaining Super Thugs get aboard. As the Blackhawk ascends, Olaf leans out, tosses two CLUSTERS and slams the door shut.

TAGWOOD

Move! Move! Move!

Tagwood and the Unis haul ass-- KABOOM! The cruisers are launched skyward, CRASHING back down in a FIREY MESS. Radius looks down on the carnage with a smug, all business nonchalance.

INT. REAR WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Smash gets to his feet and pushes, coughing and disoriented, through the smoke.

SMASH

Jett! Jett! Where are you!

Before him is a body, blackened and smoking. Hunzgaard reaches them.

HUNZGAARD

Oh my God. Smash...

Smash turns the body over. It's Musket. He opens his eyes wide--

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Smash violently awakes, eyes wide, breathing heavy. He slowly gets his bearings and control of himself-- he's on his fold out couch bed. The smokey Tony Scott haze of morning light streams through the blinds. Disheveled clothes cover the floor. He rubs his head and reaches for his watch on the coffee table, knocking over an empty whiskey bottle in the process. He checks the time and gets out of bed wearing only boxer briefs; chiseled personal trainer physique on full display.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Smash stands in the shower. The water pours down his back. He turns his face into it, soothing his aching head.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Smash looks wearily at a CALENDER. There's a line through the entire month up to the current date with "vacation?" written above it. Smash is now in a fashionable grey suit; LAPD BADGE adorning his belt. He checks his 1911 and replaces it in it's SHOULDER HOLSTER. He pours himself a bowl of stale cereal and goes into the refrigerator for a carton of milk. He picks it up, it's nearly empty. He places it down in frustration. The only other things in the fridge are one can of beer, plastic six-pack rings still on it, and a pizza box. He places them on the counter. One slice left in the pizza box. He cracks open the beer and takes a swig.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

THE BULLPEN-- PLAIN CLOTHES COPS at desks type away on reports, UNI'S tote about rough looking THUGS, PIMPS and CHOLOS. PHONES RING, cops are berated by angry felons and vice versa. A pretty SECRETARY carries a bunch of FILE FOLDERS over to a FILE CABINET...

A WINDOWED OFFICE-- sits in the center of all the chaos, blinds drawn inside. Shouting can be heard. Stenciled on the frosted window on the door: "Captain Albert Hunzgaard". DET. DASH SUMMERS, young, clean cut, sharply dressed, is waiting outside. He listens with stoic professionalism to the shouting.

HUNZGAARD (FROM INSIDE OFFICE)

It's too soon to set him up with a partner. It's his first day back, for Chrissake!

INT. HUNZGAARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

COMMISSIONER HELMS and MILNER, a bureaucratic, insufferable white bread type, stand before Hunzgaard, seated behind his sparse, orderly desk.

MILNER

The mayor is not interested in what's best for him. He's interested in what's best for this city.

HUNZGAARD

Commissioner, you can't be serious.

HELMS

My hands are tied on this one. Part of me agrees with the Mayor here.

MILNER

Detective Smashetti is a liability. Until he can prove that he can operate without endangering the lives of his fellow officers...

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

A hush falls over the room. Eyes draw towards the entrance as a weary but heroic Smash strides through; serious gaze fixed on Hunzgaard's office. He gets supportive nods as he passes. Summers sees him and stands to greet him, but Smash walks right by.

INT. HUNZGAARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HELMS

It's my ass that the Mayor chews out, not yours, Al!

Smash busts in on them.

HUNZGAARD

Jesus, Smash.

SMASH

Captain, I may have a lead on Radius' location. I'd like to get right...Who is this?

HELMS

Captain? Handle this.

Helms takes his leave.

MILNER

Detective Smashetti, I'm Edward Milner, special investigative liaison for the Mayor's office. If you want back in the field there's gonna be some conditions for now.

SMASH

Conditions?

MILNER

Believe it or not, there are people in your corner. Albert, here, swears by you. "The best detective I have", he says. But the Mayor is a little concerned with the way people seem to end up dead around you. There is the issue of your botched mess the last time you went after Radius--

SMASH

Botched?! With all due respect sir, the Mayor doesn't know police work from the hole in his ass! That went as by the numbers as it could--

MILNER

Tell that to Sparks family!

SMASH

Sparks was a cop! A good cop! He knew what could happen! You don't know the first thing about that!

HUNZGAARD

Smash, it's not the first case of yours to end a bloodbath.

SMASH

You siding with this pompous prick!?

HUNZGAARD

If you showed a little more discipline and restraint I would have an argument to stand on!

(to Milner)

Smashetti has an arrest record unlike anyone else in this department. He's taken more scum off the streets than anyone. He's hard headed. He's rude. He's a colossal pain in the ass. But we need him back. The public needs him back.

MILNER

But the public *doesn't* need the tax hike this department causes--

SMASH

When crime goes up, so does the cost of fighting it.

HUNZGAARD

There's only one offer on the table, kid. I can't suspend you, you'll just disobey it like last time.

SMASH

Yeah, and handed the department Handsome Jennings on a platter. Case closed after decades.

HUNZGAARD

That's just it, Smashetti! I can't keep justifying your insubordination!

Hunzgaard goes to the door and opens it.

HUNZGAARD (CONT'D)

Summers?! Get in here!

Summers walks in, Hunzgaard shuts the door behind them.

HUNZGAARD (CONT'D)

Jim, this is Detective Summers.

Summers extends his hand and a smile.

SUMMERS

Dash...Summers.

Smash glares at Hunzgaard.

SMASH

This is fucking baby-sitting duty.

SUMMERS

With all due respect, sir. I've been in the field for three years now.

SMASH

Really? I never seen you before.

SUMMERS

Los Angeles is a big city.

MILNER

This is not negotiable!

SUMMERS

No. It's okay.

(to Smash)

Look. You haven't seen me because I've been IA for two and three quarters of that time. But I want to do real police work.

SMASH

The rat squad...figures.

SUMMERS

Listen, after the whole Radius debacle, no one wants to work with you. You're a loose cannon. You're overzealous--

SMASH

I have a big problem with criminals. If that makes me overzealous--

SUMMERS

If you still want Radius, you have to go through me. I've read your jacket. One of the cleanest I've seen. But we all know you cut corners.

SMASH

Fuck you.

SUMMERS

I'm not naive. It has to be done.
And you perfected the art of taking
it as far as it can go. But Radius
is too important. I'm here to make
sure this goes by the book. I've
seen too many scum bags go free
because some hotshot got
overzealous.

SMASH

(to Hunzgaard)
I have a partner.

HUNZGAARD

And I'm not going to set you loose
on the man who put him in the ER
with--

SMASH

That's right. He's in the ER. Right
now I could be out there kicking
over rocks instead of haggling over
procedure.

HUNZGAARD

Well, you're gonna follow procedure
on this one. To the letter.

SUMMERS

(to Smash)
We're gonna get along famously.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Smash charges out of Hunzgaard's office. Summers shuts the
door and double times after him.

SUMMERS

Smash. I hope you don't mind. I've
taken the liberty of checking the
case file you and Musket have
going. I wonder if--

The two reach the desk of Det. Vanessa Fox.

SMASH

Fox, any thing turn up?

FOX

Nothing. They cleaned the place out
and bolted before we got there. No
prints, no trace.

SMASH

No one's heard anything on the street?

FOX

Not a word. Radius has basically vanished.

Summers reaches out his hand.

SUMMERS

Detective Dash Summers. I'll be working this case with Smashetti.

SMASH

Former IA.

His glad handy expression disappears.

FOX

Got some big shoes to fill.

SUMMERS

I'm not trying to fill anyone's shoes. I just want to put Radius behind bars.

SMASH

Thank you, Fox.

They start to walk away.

FOX

Jim?

They stop.

FOX (CONT'D)

It's good to have you back. We're all behind you.

SMASH

Thank you.

Fox watches them leave, looking as if she has more to say.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/GARAGE - DAY

POLICE BLUES peel out in various directions, sirens blaring. Smash and Summers pass through UNI'S and PLAIN CLOTHES off in various states of intensity to go fight crime. Summers is thumbing enthusiastically through a file folder.

SUMMERS

I heard you served in the Gulf?
Airborne, right?

SMASH

We playing "This Is Your Life"?

SUMMERS

No. Just, you know. I admire that.
It's where you met Musket, right?

SMASH

What's with the twenty questions?
You're worse then the fucking
press.

The two approach Smash's car, an old 64' IMPALA. Summers keeps going. He takes his keys out-- "CHEEP! CHEEP!" comes from a spritzed up BLACK HUMMER a few cars down. Smash shakes his head and gets in his Impala. Summers "chirps" his car off and gets in the passenger side.

SUMMERS

Guess you're driving.

Smash peruses a map.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Don't know your way around yet?

Summers pulls out a BLACKBERRY.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

What's the address? I'll get
directions.

SMASH

What the fuck is that? Put your
little Barbie phone away. I got
this.

SUMMERS

Smash, where are we going?

SMASH

The name Rodney Filmore mean
anything to you?

SUMMERS

(looking through file)
No. Is he in the file?

SMASH

The cluster bombs used in the Warehouse deal were high tech military stuff. Filmore knows people on the inside. They steal it and he sells it on the street. My source tells me he's back in town. You won't read about it in the file. It's stuff you only know from doing this for years and knowing the street. You wanna learn?

Smash snatches the file and tosses it in the back seat.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Throw the book away.

Smash starts the car.

SUMMERS

Let's go pay him a visit.

EXT. HIGH ROLLER CRIMINAL HOME - DAY

The Impala pulls up to an art deco house sticking out of the Hollywood Hills. The front is enshrouded in ornate shrubbery. Smash and Summers get out of the car.

SUMMERS

Guess I picked the wrong profession.

SMASH

Filmore comes from money. Filmore Airlines ring a bell?

(a beat)

And you drive a Hummer. What are you complaining about? How do you even afford that on a cop's salary? The gas alone--

SUMMERS

I have a rich uncle. Left me a sweet inheritance.

SMASH

Yeah? Does IA have an IA?

EXT. HIGH ROLLER CRIMINAL BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Smash and Summers come upon an ORNATE SWIMMING POOL. TWO BIKINI CLAD MODELS in pool side chairs are doing COKE off each other. They eye the two men with a mixture of suspiciousness and coquettishness. Smash flashes the badge.

SMASH

LAPD. Go get the man of the house.
Tell him if he cooperates we'll
overlook the nose powdering.

The Models huddle together and make their way around the corner, somewhat hurried and nervous. Smash catches Summers smiling and gives him a snarl.

SUMMERS

What?

Smash shakes his head and then he sees-- a HOODED MAN has emerged on the balcony with an UZI. Smash immediately shoves Summers out of the way and dives to the ground, drawing his 1911. They roll behind a planter as it SPLINTERS and POPS from gunfire. CONCRETE and DUST FLIES everywhere. Summers draws his GLOCK as he covers his head. Smash waits for Hooded Man to reload, then marches towards him, FIRING continuously. Hooded Man locks, loads and returns fire. The ground all around Smash as well as the balcony around Hooded Man gets OBLITERATED. After a furious back and forth, the Hooded Man is RIDDLED with bullets, body flailing and SPRAYING BLOOD everywhere. The MAGAZINE drops out of Smash's weapon. He slaps a new one in as he ascends the stairs to the balcony. Summers emerges from behind the planter

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Is he dead?

Summers runs to join him. Smash reaches the Hooded Man, kicks his gun away and removes his hood. Thuggish dead eyes stare back up. Smash checks his pulse and searches him.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

(petulant)

I guess we can't ask him where
Filmore is now!

SMASH

I don't have to ask him.

SUMMERS

Is one of your brilliant short
cuts?

Smash tosses Hood's WALLET to Summers. He checks the DRIVER'S LICENSE-- Rodney Filmore.

EXT. HIGH ROLLER CRIMINAL HOME - MOMENTS LATER

BLACK & WHITES, CSI and PARAMEDICS are on scene.

EXT. HIGH ROLLER CRIMINAL BACKYARD - SAME TIME

CSIS are dusting things, taking pictures and picking things up with tweezers and putting them in little bags. Summers finishes instructing two UNI's and joins Fox and Tagwood. Smash stands with his back to everyone. Hunzgaard approaches him.

HUNZGAARD

Jim? You alright?

SMASH

He wasn't in a very talkative mood.
Such a waste.

HUNZGAARD

Dash says it was a clean shooting.

He pats him on the shoulder.

SMASH

(tentative)

They always are, aren't they?

HUNZGAARD

Don't worry about Milner. I'll handle him.

SMASH

What was worth dying over?

Fox approaches with a SHIPPING MANIFEST.

FOX

Jim. Take a look.

SMASH

A shipping manifest.

FOX

They ordered a Taiwanese freighter.
That's a lot of cargo.

SUMMERS

Someone's shipping a lot of shipment.

SMASH

Thursday night, eh?

TAGWOOD

(hanging up CELL PHONE)
Nothing's scheduled on late Thursday.

There's a pause. Smash is staring at the manifest, stuck in a moment. He looks up.

SUMMERS

What do you think it is?

SMASH

Radius is moving the weapons.

HUNZGAARD

Don't go getting spooked, Smash. Stay on it, people. This sounds like it could lead to something.

SUMMERS

Right after I eat. I'm starving. Hey, Smash, hungry? Reached your midday dead guy quota?

Smash glares as Summers takes him aside.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

That's exactly the kind of thing that will sink this investigation. We can't bring a dead guy into court.

SMASH

Are you still standing? How many shots did you fire to save your own ass? I'll tell you what. Don't tell me how to do my job and we'll "get along famously".

Smash storms off to the car.

INT. TOP FLOOR OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - DAY

Olaf, wearing a slick suit, steps out of the elevator. He finishes a phone conversation as he walks down a sleek hallway.

At the end is a guest lounge with a big PLASMA screen playing an industrial video praising the virtuous work of ALGO CO. He enters a SET OF BIG, OAK DOUBLE DOORS.

INT. RADIUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's a sinister, dark, windowless room, lit mostly by the HUGE TROPICAL AQUARIUM mounted in the wall. Radius sits at his desk, face raked by the light of a fancy, brass desk lamp. Olaf enters the room.

OLAF

Our Mr. Filmore is not late. He's dead.

RADIUS

Dead?

OLAF

Police shot him at his house, sir.

RADIUS

Our cargo is in jeopardy. These police are becoming a nuisance.

OLAF

How do you wish me to handle this?

RADIUS

Find out who's in charge and what they know. I would like to avoid an all out war with the LAPD...if we can.

OLAF

Very well, sir.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Musket lays unconscious in his hospital bed, right leg and left arm in casts and breathing by a RESPIRATOR. Smash sits in a chair next to the bed, looking at the shipping manifest from Filmore.

SMASH

This could be something.

(a beat)

Well, if it is, they're gonna know we have it soon enough. And then it won't be something.

Musket responds with mechanized breathing.

SMASH (CONT'D)

(hollow)

If we were together on this, you and me? This would be in the bag already.

Smash looks at the manifest then Musket's unconscious face. A look of sorrow comes over him.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Who am I kidding? If I had you up and about right now, I'd keep my reckless ass the hell away from you. How did I get this way? It's like I'm on auto pilot or something. Same old antics. I always thought the ends justified the means. But if I hadn't killed Filmore, we may have been able to use him to get to Radius. But I went in, guns blazing.

(beat)

It's what got you here, isn't it?

(clutching Musket's hand)

I'm sorry, pal. Maybe it's time I re-thought how I do things.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

The Impala sits parked at a picturesque Venice Beach boardwalk cafe. Smash sits on the hood, arms folded, thoughtful. Summers hands him his coffee and donut.

SUMMERS

Cream, two sugars, right?

SMASH

Just how I like it. Thanks, man.

SUMMERS

So I was thinking, if you are a betting man that is, what do think are the odds that the shipment has been scrapped?

SMASH

Unfortunately, very good. And that's on me.

SUMMERS

What do you mean?

SMASH

You're right about yesterday. With Filmore. That's the kind of crap that I always do.

SUMMERS

Wow...I had let it go. You know, turn lemons into lemonade...

SMASH

Shut up for a second. Listen, we should have backed off, held him there and called for back-up. That's what we're supposed to do. By the book.

SUMMERS

What's going on with you? You told me to throw the book out.

SMASH

I know. Listen, we got off on the wrong foot. The attitude yesterday was totally unnecessary.
(extends hand)
I'm sorry.

SUMMERS

(reluctantly taking it)
It's okay.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

All units in the vicinity of 3rd and Exposition, please respond. Hostage situation at Reggie's Supermarket. Confirmation shots fired. Suspect considered armed and extremely dangerous.

Smash leans in the window and takes the radio.

SMASH

Twenty William Fifteen responding.

He hangs up the receiver. Both get in the car.

SUMMERS

Starting off bright and early today.

SMASH

I should have been a plumber.

They speed away.

INT. REGGIE'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

The supermarket seems vacant at the moment. As we move through, we start to see things awry-- food scattered on the floor, packages ripped open-- a DEAD BODY laying in a pool of blood.

FROZEN FOODS-- All the frightened CASHIERS and SHOPPERS have been corralled. Among them, a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MOTHER and her beyond adorable LITTLE GIRL; huge doe-eyes taking it all in. There is angry shouting...

CANNED FOOD AISLE-- the middle-aged, doughy MANAGER, is arranging cans, pulling them all flush with the shelf. Towering over him is ANGEL, greasy, long black trench coat, pointing an ASSAULT RIFLE at him.

ANGEL

That's it. Break those cans down
mutherfucker! Break 'em down!

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The crowded parking lot is further congested by the battery of CRUISERS and UNI'S securing the area. They set up a perimeter, holding back a large CROWD OF ONLOOKERS and the few MEDIA TYPES who self-importantly try muscling through. The SWAT van arrives. Johnson, with superficial face scars and eye-patch, gets out and approaches Tagwood.

TAGWOOD

We don't won't to spook him. This
is premature.

JOHNSON

Anyone find out what he wants?

TAGWOOD

Still waiting on the negotiator.

The Impala comes tearing up, causing several NEWS PEOPLE to take evasive action. Tagwood rolls his eyes as the car comes to a stop beside them.

TAGWOOD (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Someone, get me an ETA on
that negotiator.

Smash gets out and is already in motion before Summers has opened his door. Smash stops short.

SMASH

That was rude, wasn't it?

SUMMERS

What? Uh...Yeah. I'd guarantee those reporters are not too happy with you.

They continue on.

SMASH

Got it. Thank you.
(to Tagwood)
What do we got?

TAGWOOD

Recently fired employee, positively identified as Angel Torres, tore in here with an assault rifle about twenty minutes ago. We have one hostage confirmed dead
(emphasizing)
There are women and children in there...

SMASH

Just one man?

TAGWOOD

Yes. And the negotiator is en route. We don't need any of your Bruckheimerian antics here.

Smash scans the troops.

SMASH

It looks like this is under control. Let's get back to our investigation.

SUMMERS

Damn it, Smash! We have a case...
(a beat)
And you wanna...?

SMASH

We have a case. I totally agree. Let's go. Unless Tagwood needs assistance?

Tagwood and Johnson look at each other confusedly.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Negotiator's on the way. Right?

Smash starts to walk back to the car.

TAGWOOD

Well, now that you mention it, he's notorious for accidentally taking the longest possible route to every scene.

JOHNSON

I don't know if I've ever actually met the negotiator.

TAGWOOD

Yeah....what's his fucking name--

SUMMERS

Smash, I think we gotta take this.

SMASH

Do you see all of these cops? I think they got it.

An OFFICER approaches.

OFFICER

Negotiator's stuck on the 405.

SUMMERS

Smash?

SMASH

What? What about by the book?

SUMMERS

We took the call. We're the ranking officers on the scene.

SMASH

Alright. But we bring this guy in alive.

SUMMERS

After you.

INT. REGGIE'S SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

CANNED FOOD AISLE-- The Manager has broken down into a simpering mound on the floor. Angel cocks his assault rifle.

ANGEL

Old man, I'm gonna give you to the count of three. One...TWO!...

TAGWOOD (ON BULLHORN OUTSIDE)

Mr. Angel Torres. This is the LAPD.
The building is surrounded. Why
don't you come on out here and
discuss this before this gets any
worse?

ANGEL

Get up! Fat man.

The Manager gets to his feet. Angel holds him firmly around the throat, barrel pressed against the back of his head. He scans the hostages...

REAR OF STORE-- Smash and Summers emerge from the stock room. Smash peeks around the corner into frozen foods and quickly ducks back.

SUMMERS

Any sign of him?

SMASH

No. But there's about twenty
hostages.

SUMMERS

Yeah. What are you gonna do?

SMASH

What am I gonna do? I'm shouldn't
do anything. There's way too many
innocent people here.

FROZEN FOODS-- Angel points towards a female SEXY HOSTAGE, dressed for the beach.

ANGEL

You, get up!

Sexy Hostage gets up apprehensively.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Move your ass...come on. Go see
what they want.

A muscle bound JOCKMAN starts to get panicky. He gets up and starts running full blast for the front.

REAR OF STORE-- Smash watches, face grim, as the Jockman tears by up ahead.

FROZEN FOODS-- Angel turns and FIRES at him, knocking him clear off his feet and sailing into a display of cereal boxes which BURST and shower the floor. Sexy Hostage turns and sees this and starts screaming and pulling at her hair.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

TAGWOOD
(into radio)
Shots fired.

BUSTLING breaks out amongst the Police.

INT. REGGIE'S SUPERMARKET - CONTINUED

SUMMERS
Shit. This is breaking down. We
gotta do something.

Smash shakes his head and pulls his gun out.

SMASH
(whispering)
Go back and cover those hostages.

SUMMERS
What are you gonna do?

He looks towards that first dead body over by frozen foods.

SMASH
Try and subdue the gunman.

Smash slinks towards the cereal aisle while Summers inches his way towards the Hostages. Some see him coming. He silences them.

ANGEL (O.C.)
Stay out of here! I'll kill them!

The Little Girl looks about to cry...

SMASH-- works his way to the far end of frozen foods, grimly regarding Jockman's bloody corpse as he passes it...

SUMMERS-- motions Beautiful Young Mother to keep Little Girl quiet. This catches Angel's attention.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Hey! Who are you!?

Angel seems panicked and disoriented, on the verge of tears.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Get away from them!

Smash rounds the corner and approaches Angel from behind, gun raised.

SMASH
Angel Torres, drop that gun and put your hands--

BLAM! Angel's head EXPLODES in a messy mass of brains and matter. Summers and Beautiful Young Mother shield Little Girl from the sight. Smash looks at his gun with disdain. Summers gets up, fire in his eyes.

SUMMERS
I thought you said take him alive!

SMASH
I didn't pull the trigger!

MANAGER
You saved all of our lives.

The Beautiful Young Mother hugs LITTLE GIRL

SMASH (O.C.)
(really annoyed)
I didn't pull the fucking trigger!

INT. REGGIE'S SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

CSIS are dusting things, taking pictures and picking things up with tweezers and putting them in little bags. UNIS lurk about Angel's body while PARAMEDICS tend to the hostages and Little Girl does something really cute. Police shrink, DR. STEPHANIE WOODS (Google her), comforts Sexy Hostage. Summers stands with a steaming mad Smash.

SUMMERS
I appreciate that you saved my life. But it doesn't change the fact that you violated--

SMASH
I didn't even want to come in here! This is your fault!

SUMMERS
I'm not the one with the itchy trigger finger.

SMASH

Oh, the safety was on! Back off!

Tagwood, consulting with Johnson, finishes and approaches.

TAGWOOD

Well, I gotta hand it to ya.
Textbook Smash. Brought this one in
with minimal--

SMASH

Minimal? I'm sure the families of
the two dead hostages share that
sentiment. What about Angel Torres'
family?

TAGWOOD

Just like the Lynngrove Drive
incident.

SUMMERS

I don't remember that one.

JOHNSON

Oh yeah! That was legendary!
Old Smash here was a media
darling...and, and Musket too.

TAGWOOD

Can't forget Musket.
(to Summers)
No offense.

Summers smiles and shrugs it off. Smash stands up, angry.

SMASH

There's nothing heroic about
shooting someone.
(to Summers)
I'm done with that. This was not
clean police work. Don't listen to
them.

Smash storms off, Summers follows.

SUMMERS

Smash! Smash, buddy. Calm down.

He puts his arm around him in a manly assuring fashion.

SMASH

What are you doing? Get off of me.

Summers waves off Dr. Stephanie Woods who's now looking in their direction with her arms folded.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I'm just going outside. Will you stop touching me?

SUMMERS

Okay. Fresh air. We'll go back and write our reports, get a bite.

SMASH

That's right! We are going to write our reports this time.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Fox runs up to meet Smash as Tagwood pulls Summers aside.

FOX

James! Are you alright?

SMASH

No. I tried to do this right and look what happened.

FOX

Come, let's go for a walk. I'm so glad you're not hurt.

They start through the crowd, MEDIA TYPES run up with microphones, shouting out questions. Smash wears an angry scowl as he pushes people.

FOX (CONT'D)

What has you so spooked?

SMASH

Why does everyone think I'm spooked? I'm just not having this whole gunning down perps thing anymore. Most cops don't celebrate shooting people.

FOX

This doesn't sound like you at all.

SMASH

That's kind of fucked up. Do you think I'm some sort of sadist?

FOX

Well, no. You're--

REPORTER (O.C.)
Sargent Smash, do you have anything
to say?

A REPORTER and CAMERA CREW are stuck in his face.

SMASH
About what?

REPORTER
About the heroic end to the hostage
situation.

SMASH
What the fuck is wrong with
everyone?

The Reporter recoils at the profanity. Summers comes towards
him.

SUMMERS
Okay. You done basking in the
glory?

SMASH
Shut the fuck up, man! I didn't ask
for this!

The outburst grabs everyone's attention and is caught on live
TV.

SMASH (CONT'D)
You know what, I will say a few
words. I'd like to extend my
deepest, most heartfelt sympathies
to the families of the victims
here. Including the man I
unfortunately gunned down. This is
never how we want these things to
end. Ever.

Summers is trying to pull him away.

SMASH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

SUMMERS
Thank you, everyone. He's obviously
very exhausted after his ordeal.

IN A FAR CORNER OF THE CROWD-- Olaf stands, watching Smash
and Summers as they head to the Impala. He takes out a cell
phone...

Smash stops, his "policey sense" tingling. He looks into the crowd just as Olaf disappears into the gulf of people.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

What is it?

SMASH

Thought I saw someone.

Tagwood has been watching Olaf, trying to keep track of him, his face hardening.

I/E. IMPALA - LA FREEWAY - DAY

Smash and Summers are cruising through midday traffic on the 10.

SUMMERS

If you really thought it was the guy from the warehouse, we could have set up a perimeter or something.

SMASH

I wasn't positive and there were too many innocent people nearby. It would've just started a panic. You can't endanger the public on a hunch.

SUMMERS

He put Musket in the hospital.

SMASH

(beat)

I'll worry about that when the time comes. Personal feelings have gotten me in trouble before. You should know that.

SUMMERS

Copy that. Hey, Tagwood got a line on a guy who purchased a whole bunch of RPG's and such. He was gonna check that out, see what turns up.

SMASH

You know, I don't say it to him often enough. He's good police. Just a good solid policeman.

SUMMERS

You are not at all what they told me to expect.

SMASH

What did they tell you to expect?

SUMMERS

A massive hard-assed prick.

SMASH

(beat)

I have a lot to live down, I guess.

Summers catches a glimpse in his side mirror and whips around to see a big BLACK VAN tearing towards them. The side door slides open and A GUNMAN with an UZI appears.

SUMMERS

Smash!?

SMASH

What is it?

(looking)

Dammit. It's like the world is conspiring against me here. I've reached my dead guy quota today!!

SUMMERS

Can you maybe get evasive!? He's coming right at us!

The Black Van taps a CIVILIAN CAR into the side of A SECOND CAR, causing a BIG COLLISION. Smash starts to slow down.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

What the fuck! Are you slowing down?!

Smash comes up along the DRIVER of the Black Van. He holds his badge up.

SMASH

I'm not playing with this guy. Put the siren up. It's standard procedure to announce ourselves as police.

The Driver of the Black Van looks with hostile disdain at Smash as he matches speed with him.

SMASH (CONT'D)

LAPD! Pull your vehicle over!

The Black Van sideswipes them, then the Driver points a HANDCANNON right at them. Smash slams on the brakes, the Driver misses, UNLOADING his Handcannon into a COCA-COLA TRUCK on the opposite side. Several holes are PUNCTURED, spilling delicious soft drink on the freeway. With barely enough time to register, Smash catches the sight of a BLACK PICK-UP TRUCK barreling down on them in his REARVIEW. He slams the gas, TIRES SCREECH, WHITE SMOKE kicks up. The Impala lurches forward avoiding collision with the Black Pick-Up, and screams on past the Black Van.

SMASH (CONT'D)

We gotta get off this freeway.
There's too many innocent people
around. Call it in, we're gonna
need back up to do this right.

Summers reaches for the radio.

SUMMERS

(voice squeaky with fear)
This is Twenty William Fifteen!
Officers need assistance--

The RADIO ANTENNA gets shot right off the top of the car and cracks off the windshield. Smash rolls his eyes.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

What now?!

SMASH

Next exit ramp you see. There,
Fairfax. I'm going for it.

SUMMERS

You think that'll be safer than the
freeway?!

SMASH

We need back up! Get on your big
toy phone and get in touch with
dispatch! Man up, dammit!

Smash cuts the wheel to get off and SLAMS right into the Black Pick-Up Truck; now right along side them, matching their speed perfectly.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Now wait just a minute...

The driver, a bald thug with a big FACE SCAR, rolls down the window and points an MP5 right at them.

SUMMERS

Smash! Starboard!

Smash sees him. He slams the brakes, the Black Pick-Up stays perfectly with them.

SMASH

You gotta be kidding!

He guns it, the Black Pick-Up guns it, FACE SCAR trying to get a bead every time.

SUMMERS

Shoot this sonofabitch!

SMASH

Then who's gonna drive the speeding pick-up truck?! I will not endanger the public! We gotta disable his vehicle! Try and take his tire out! Just the tire! Carefully!

SUMMERS

Why don't you!?

SMASH

You're closer!

FACE SCAR is growing more and more frustrated, as he waves his gun around.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Is he going for style points?

(to Face Scar)

Pull your vehicle over! Right now!

And then a mere split second later, Face Scar finds himself TORPEDOING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD as the Black Pick-Up SLAMS a bunch of Jersey Barriers around a construction site. It's rear flips up 90 degrees and back down, front crushed like an accordion. Face Scar's body lands on the freeway. CARS swerve to miss him, ONE SPEED BUMPS over him...

SMASH (CONT'D)

Whoa!

SUMMERS

I should call a bus while I'm at it, huh?

SMASH

I don't think there's enough of him left. Get back up, now!

The rear windshield of the Impala explodes, showering glass everywhere. Summers ducks and covers, Smash doesn't flinch. The Black Van is on them again, Gunman hanging out the side, blazing away in their direction.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I know for a fact that at least half of these people are on their phones, right now! How has nobody called this in yet!?

The back of the Impala is getting SWISS CHEESED--

SUMMERS

Do something!

SMASH

Any bright ideas, feel free to speak up! Civilian lives are at stake! There's property damage to consider!

The trunk of the Impala BUSTS open--

SUMMERS

Holy shit!

The La Cienega off-ramp sign whooshes by.

SMASH

La Cienega. Call it in, have them set up a roadblock, we're heading--
(off Summers look)
Are you getting this?!

SUMMERS

I've got no bars!

He slams the brakes and let's the Black Van run right into them.

I/E. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

The Driver gets his bell rung. The Gunman gets knocked to the floor, dropping his Uzi out the door.

I/E. IMPALA - LA FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Uzi BOUNCES along, DISCHARGING into surrounding vehicles and POUNDING the ENGINE BLOCK of an 18 WHEELER. The front end billows SMOKE as the brakes lock up. The TRAILER FISH TAILS out across the freeway.

SEVERAL CIVILIAN VEHICLES become inexplicably AIRBORNE and PLOW THROUGH the TRAILER at various angles. A big CHAIN REACTION of CAR WRECKAGE ensues.

SMASH

Oh...I had NOTHING to do with that!
That's not on me!

The Black Van comes up on the drivers side, Gunman with AK-47 trained right on them. Smash hits the brake and downshifts just as the Gunman UNLOADS. The HOOD of the Impala FLIES OFF as Smash ducks in behind the Black Van. Behind them, the hood CARTWHEELS along, wreaking HAVOC. Smash grimaces angrily at his rearview. The La Cienega off ramp sign whizzes by.

SMASH (CONT'D)

The off ramp's coming up.

Smash guns it to come up along the Black Van's driver side.

SMASH (CONT'D)

(cocking his 1911)
Take the wheel.

SUMMERS

Wait, what!?

Smash opens his door and wraps his left arm in the seat belt several times. Summers grabs the wheel.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

Smash drops out the door, hanging inches off the freeway and swings his gun arm underneath the Impala; the bottom of the Black Van in his sights...

SMASH

Just the tire.

He plugs the rear driver side tire of the Black Van. It erupts in FLAMES.

SUMMERS

SMASH!!

Smash pulls himself up into the car, just as a BRAKING DELIVERY VAN takes the Impala's door CLEAN OFF. Behind them, the now ENGULFED Black Van flips over, and over, and over across traffic. COMMUTER VEHICLES collide with each other trying to avoid it...

SMASH

Oh, you gotta be kidding me!

The Black Van SLAMS the guardrail, EXPLODES and bounces up over the side. A fireball emits from where it lands, out of view. Smash heads full speed for the La Cienega off ramp.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I hit the rear tire! That's it! You saw it! That was text book! Whatever the fuck he did after was his fault!

The OFF RAMP ahead is blocked by CONES, JERSEY BARRIERS, A DUMP TRUCK, A CRANE, A FORK LIFT.

SMASH (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

SUMMERS

I've been trying to tell you. The La Cienega ramp has been under construction.

SMASH

Oh, you've been trying to tell me!

As they merge back onto the freeway, a BLACK SUV pops out of nowhere on the drivers side and shoots up the engine block. The brake pedal fails.

SUMMERS

What?! Did they get the brakes?!

SMASH

Oh, like you're surprised! Come on!

Smash floors it instead. The Black SUV maneuvers into their path and pops its back door. A sinister HEPCHAT manning a MINIGUN slides into view. He spits out some chaw and trains his sights on them.

SMASH (CONT'D)

This is just not our day!

Smash and Summers simultaneously duck as Hepcat unloads. The MINIGUN cuts clean through the windshield, the back window and SEVERAL VEHICLES behind them. Smash and Summers get back up in their now ROOFLESS vehicle

SMASH (CONT'D)

We're sitting ducks here! I'm going to get along side of them! You take that guy out!

As Summers gets his druthers, Hepcat gets a bead and UNLEASHES full MINIGUN FURY.

Smash cuts it, Hepcat follows them, tearing up the freeway behind them as they zip past. Summers gets in a FEW QUICK SHOTS, Hepcat takes one right in the forehead. Summers briefly admires his marksmanship. Hepcat slumps over on the controls, triggering the MINIGUN and rotating it into the Black SUV itself. It cuts right through, SEVERING the roof and the upper body of the SUV DRIVER. It comes to a stop TEARING the shit out of the engine which drops out completely. Smash watches in horror as the Black SUV EXPLODES behind them, SOMERSAULTING thirty feet into the air. As the Impala drives on, a MAJOR traffic jam forms around the smoking wreckage of the bad guys behind them.

SMASH (CONT'D)

That was all you! You did that! I don't want to hear shit about what I did when the Captain gets a hold of us!

Summers bursts into hysterical, uncontrollable laughter. Smash grimaces in response.

I/E. TAGWOOD'S CAR- PARKING LOT - DAY

Tagwood sits in his car, dialing his phone.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

In the middle of the bustle of UNI'S, SECRETARIES, PERPS, CHOLOS, HOOKERS, PIMPS, etc, is MARV, dorky, messy/spiky hair and glasses. He wears a Matrix T-shirt under a flannel. He sits at a COMPUTER CONSOLE like something the NSA would use. He answers his phone.

MARV

This is Marv.

I/E. TAGWOOD'S CAR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUED

TAGWOOD

Marv, It's Tagwood. I need to send you a photo and have you check the database. You ready?

MARV (IN PHONE)

Shoot.

Tagwood hits the send button on his cell.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUED

Marv hooks his phone up to some crazy device that uploads the picture.

MARV

I got you on speaker, bro. Can you hear me?

TAGWOOD (IN PHONE)

I hear ya.

OLAF'S PICTURE pops up on screen. Marv works his magic for a beat, then an FBI FILE PHOTO OF OLAF shows up. Marv's cocky demeanor drops slightly.

MARV

Oh, this isn't good.

I/E. TAGWOOD'S CAR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUED

TAGWOOD

What isn't good?

EXT. I10 FREEWAY/LA - DAY

The freeway in the distance resembles the "Highway Of Death". Smash sits on the back of an ambulance as a PARAMEDIC tends to him. Summers stands by, smoking his first cigarette, hugging himself. Hunzgaard comes by with Johnson.

JOHNSON

Well, there's a shitload of cuts and bruises, a pregnant lady's water broke and an old man's--

SMASH

(to Hunzgaard)

I did everything humanly possible to safely apprehend our suspect. No matter what I did...shit blew up.

HUNZGAARD

I've seen your version of safely apprehending a suspect.

JOHNSON

Yeah, there's a classic example right out here. Heh, heh, heh!

SMASH

Shut the fuck up, Johnson!

SUMMERS

No. He's not kidding. We announced ourselves, tried to disable the vehicle. I think we only fired, what, three shots between us.

Fox comes running up.

HUNZGAARD

What did you come up with, Vanessa?

FOX

There aren't enough teeth left to make a positive ID on anyone.

(turning to SMASH)

But we did find these.

She hands him a pack of RUSSIAN CIGARETTES.

SUMMERS

Guess you were right about the guy at the supermarket. Scoping us out?

SMASH

And usually I'd go right to Radius and ask him about it.

Hunzgaard gnashes his teeth.

SMASH (CONT'D)

But that would be improper. We need more.

HUNZGAARD

That's right. You *do* need more.

SUMMERS

(re: highway of death)

Was this proper?

SMASH

(beat)

This is not the way I planned for this day to go. I wanted to start over today. Start some settle down, have a family, kind of police work.

Fox catches herself melting. Two men approach-- AGENT JACKSON, 30's, black, looks like he might be jacked under that suit, and AGENT STRYKER, 40's, short spiky salt and pepper hair. They flash ID's.

JACKSON

I'm Agent Jackson, this is Special Agent Stryker. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

Smash and Summers look at each other.

SMASH

(grunted)
About what?

EXT. ALGO CO. BUILDING - DAY

A LONG BLACK CADILLAC pulls into the UNDERGROUND PARKING entrance of the sleek, Downtown LA office building. As it disappears from sight, Tagwood's Car follows suit.

I/E. TAGWOOD'S CAR/PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tagwood stares at the Cadillac several car lengths ahead as it pulls into a "reserved" spot. Olaf steps out.

TAGWOOD

I'm gonna follow him.

MARV (ON SPEAKER PHONE)

I wouldn't do that, he's got immunity. You know the drill.

TAGWOOD

He was casing Smash. I just want to know what he knows.

(a beat)

Smash'd do it for me.

Tagwood exits his vehicle, watches Olaf enter the building and scampers to catch up.

INT. ALGO PARKING ENTRANCE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tagwood hangs back as Olaf rounds a corner. He looks around, the place is deserted. There's an elevator DING. He picks up the pace, rounds the corner-- CLICK!! A GUN is pointed right at his head...

INT. POLICE INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

It's a plain room with a two-way mirror on the far wall. A table sits in the center. On one side is Smash, uncomfortable and coiled, and Summers, thrilled to be alive.

Hunzgaard looms over them with Stryker and Jackson opposite them. Manila folders are laid out all over the table. Jackson throws down a RECON PHOTO of Don Radius.

JACKSON

I understand you've met this man?

SMASH

Don Radius? Yeah.

STRYKER

What do you know about him?

SMASH

Come on. You know everything I know. You're feds. You got fucking satellites and shit.

HUNZGAARD

Smashetti...

SMASH

They're feds and they always pull this mysterious routine.

(to the feds)

Just stop with the questions you already know the answer to.

JACKSON

(beat)

Detective Summers?

SUMMERS

I'm somewhat up to speed. Don Radius heads an organization that recently obtained through illegal means, a cache of prototype military technology.

JACKSON

And the Defense Department is anxious to get it back, if you can imagine.

SMASH

Cut to the chase. Where does the LAPD come in to this?

HUNZGAARD

Watch it, Smashetti.

JACKSON

(beat)

It's a delicate matter.

STRYKER

We're going to need your
cooperation on a certain--

SMASH

Spit it out! You're here to pull
jurisdiction, right? Why else would
you be here?

(sighing)

And we can't go after the guy who
put my partner in the hospital.
Right? It's not the first time!

HUNZGAARD

Smash, check your tone!

SMASH

Am I right?!

JACKSON

Yes. That is precisely correct.

Smash leans back, disappointment washing over him.

SMASH

Fine.

Everyone seems dumbfounded.

STRYKER

So...you'll cooperate?

SMASH

It's not up to me. Jurisdiction is
jurisdiction. I don't make the law.
Let me know if there's anything I
can do to help.

Summers stares, slack jawed.

SUMMERS

Hold on a second. We've got some
solid leads going. What happens to
those?

SMASH

We don't have anything going.

SUMMERS

What about today?! On the freeway?!

HUNZGAARD

Summers?! You will cooperate here!

SMASH

Do you need anything else?

JACKSON

Uh...No. No that will be all.

STRYKER

I have to say, they told me horror stories about you. At the bureau. We were bracing for war.

Smash stands, shortly joined by a livid Summers.

SMASH

I swore to uphold the law. Not upstage it.

They leave. Hunzgaard shakes his head in disbelief. Stryker and Jackson gather their stuff, exchanging weary looks between them.

INT- POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Smash and Summers enter the swarming UNI'S, PERPS, HOOKERS, CHOLOS, PIMPS, ETC. Summers heads off Smash, getting in his face.

SUMMERS

What are you doing?

SMASH

I'm gonna go get lunch.

SUMMERS

No. What the fuck was that? You just gonna waffle over and let them take our case?

SMASH

The LAPD must cede jurisdiction to the federal government in matters of federal cases. Come on. You know that. You've bagged people on it before.

SUMMERS

No, no, no. Don't just shrug this off. I can't believe James Smashetti is going to just let someone else walk in and collar the man who put his partner in the hospital.

SMASH

I have to. It's out of our hands.

SUMMERS

It's our case! What happened to you?!

Marv approaches.

MARV

Hey, Smash.

SMASH

Marv. What can I do for you?

MARV

Well, it's about Tagwood. He was checking on a lead, someone was casing you guys at the Reggie's?

SUMMERS

Yes. Radius' guy. Has he found anything--

SMASH

It's not our case anymore.

MARV

He's Radius' guy alright. Tagwood followed the subject to a building downtown. I've lost contact with him.

Smash looks conflicted.

SMASH

How long ago?

MARV

About two hours ago. I'm starting to get concerned.

SMASH

Did you phone his house? It's his kid's seventh birthday--

SUMMERS

Oh come on! He was investigating the people who just tried to kill us on the freeway!

Smash paces, frustration building...

SMASH

I just picked the wrong day.
Unbelievable...FUCK!

Smash sweeps the desk before him, knocking everything on the floor. The FEMALE COP sitting at the desk is not happy. Smash immediately begins to pick things up.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I got it. Just sit down.

(to Summers)

Alright, Dash Summers! We'll check it out, but we're looking for Tagwood! It ends there! We're off the investigation. We do this absolutely by the numbers!

EXT. ALGO CO. BUILDING - DAY

Summers' Black Hummer enters the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Hummer pulls up along side Tagwood's Car.

SUMMERS (O.C.)

There's Tagwood's car. No sign of Tagwood.

I/E. SUMMERS' HUMMER/PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

On the DASHBOARD COMPUTER DISPLAY is the database image of Olaf. Accompanying the image are BIG RED WORDS: DIPLOMAT

SMASH

I don't like this. We should call Stryker and Jackson.

SUMMERS

There's no time. Tagwood could be in trouble.

SMASH

(re: "DIPLOMAT")

There are procedures here. Laws?

Summers slams the door behind him. Smash calmly follows.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Radius has diplomatic immunity.

SUMMERS

We're allowed to be on the premises. There's no law against that.

SMASH

Except for trespassing.

Summers shakes his head in disgust as they enter the building.

INT. ALGO PARKING ENTRANCE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Smash and Summers make their way down the hall.

SUMMERS

What is that smell?

SMASH

Bleach.

They follow their noses around the corner to the elevators.

SUMMERS

It gets stronger over here.

Smash takes a look around the elevator area. There's a VERY clean spot on the floor.

SMASH

It's been cleaned very recently.

Smash reaches into his pocket and pulls out his CSI FLASHLIGHT. It's BLUE BEAM shines on the wall, picking up a GHOSTLY WHITE RESIDUE of blood spray.

SUMMERS

Oh no.

Smash tilts down to the floor. The BLUE BEAM picks up a big GLOWING WHITE TRAIL leading up to the elevator.

SMASH

Oh, Tagwood. On his kid's seventh birthday, too.

Summers calls the elevator to which the trail led. Smash grabs his radio.

SMASH (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SUMMERS

I gonna follow the trail.

SMASH

No you're not. We have enough to get a warrant. We're gonna call this in, get Stryker and Jackson down here.

SUMMERS

We have just cause. Tagwood may still be alive.

SMASH

That's a lot of blood--

SUMMERS

Dammit, I want the old Smash back! This is bullshit! That's blood residue! We have every right to search this place further!

SMASH

You of all people! A former rat squad, you know what happens if we don't go the proper channels!

DING!-- the elevator arrives.

SUMMERS

Give me the light.

SMASH

No.

SUMMERS

Give me the damn light! I'm gonna shine it in here!

SMASH

No. You calm down and start thinking straight.

The stair well door opposite the elevator doors busts open and a SLICK, mustachioed Freddy Mercury looking assassin, BLASTS out with an M-16 M4. Summers dives into a roll as he returns fire. Smash glares and whips out his 1911 as BULLET HITS go off all around him. Slick ducks back into the stair well.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Hit a shooting range, asshole!

Summers rushes after him.

SMASH (CONT'D)
You're gonna get hurt! Wait!

INT. ALGO CO. BLDG. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The concrete and steel stairwell rises as far as the eye can see. Slick leans over from several stories up and PEPPERS the area. Summers returns fire, as Smash advances past him.

SMASH
DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Slick turns the barrage in Smash's direction. SPARKS and high pitched PINGS ring out as the steel railings take bullets.

SMASH (CONT'D)
LAPD! DROP YOUR WEAPON NOW!

Smash pins himself against the wall with his Radio.

SMASH (CONT'D)
(into radio)
This is Twenty William Fifteen.
Requesting back up. Figueroa and
15th. Shots fired.

SLICK
Die, coppers!

Summers runs past Smash--

SUMMERS
Tell him we're cops again! I don't
think he heard you!

--and continues upward. Slick retreats higher as both cops pursue.

SMASH
(to Summers)
You stop and wait for back up!
Right now!
(to Slick)
Surrender now! You are under
arrest!

Slick slaps in a new magazine and UNLEASHES. Summers raises his gun to return fire-- it jams. The walls around him DISINTEGRATE from gunfire.

SLICK
(firing)
YEEAAHHHHHHHHH!

Smash passes Summers, BLAZING at Slick, impervious to even the debris flying off the splintering walls.

SMASH

This is what happens when you DON'T
LISTEN! Go back and wait for back
up!

Slick and Smash trade BARRAGES as Smash gets closer and closer.

SMASH (CONT'D)

You are leaving me no choice!

Slick high tails upward, firing blind over his shoulders. Three stories above, TWO EASTERN BLOC TOUGHS appear, AK's slung across their backs. One takes aim with a small TUBE WEAPON-- SPLOT!!, a STICKY BOMB hits the staircase just ahead of Smash. It counts down it's 3 seconds. The stairs EXPLODE and DROP AWAY. Smash's momentum makes stopping impossible so he throws himself across the freshly made chasm... Below Smash, the weight of the CONCRETE STAIRS takes out EACH STAIRCASE below it, one by one, a large growing mass of concrete death.

SUMMERS-- looks up to see SEVERAL STAIRCASES WORTH OF CONCRETE STAIR DEBRIS coming right for him...

THE EASTERN BLOC TOUGHS-- repel over the side...

SMASH-- clings desperately to the floor as his body dangles over the newly formed chasm...

SUMMERS-- dives forward, as the CONCRETE MASS DESTROYS the staircase behind him. Slick stops firing.

SLICK (O.C.)

Die, coppers!

The Eastern Bloc Toughs drop in on Summers position as he desperately fumbles to unjam his weapon. Smash looks down, quickly estimates distance and timing and lets go, plummeting through the air...

EASTERN BLOC ONE-- stops in front of Summers, cocks his gun, points it-- BAM! Smash lands on his back and directs his gun at Eastern Bloc Two, turning him into a BLOODY, SINEWY mess until he plummets to his death. Smash grabs the rope and pulls himself up until his legs are even with Eastern Bloc One's head. He wraps his legs around his neck, twists his hips...SNAP! He too plummets to his death.

SMASH
 (swinging to the stairs)
 This is your fault!

Summers grabs him and helps him over. Smash slaps a new mag in his 1911, and charges up the stairs once again.

SMASH (CONT'D)
 You wanna arrest that man so bad,
 let's go! Let's go arrest him!

INT. TOP FLOOR OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Slick busts through the door, turns around to train his weapon back towards the staircase. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! His body explodes repeatedly from bullet hits showering the surrounding walls and floor with a "Pollockesque" masterpiece of red. Smash steps in, 1911 in hand. Slick slumps over dead. Smash looks around dumbfounded, then at his gun.

SMASH
 (re: gun)
 What the fuck is wrong with this thing?!

Summers pops in.

SUMMERS
 Nice shooting.

SMASH
 (annoyed)
 I was just shooting to incapacitate! I didn't--

SUMMERS
 Well, he is incapacitated.

SMASH
 Fuck you!

SUMMERS
 It was a good shooting!

SMASH
 I said wait for back up!

SUMMERS
 News flash. Three of the three corpses here are your doing.

SMASH

Because I once again had to save
your reckless ass! Why the fuck
can't you follow procedure?!

SUMMERS

Self preservation is following
procedure!

SMASH

(beat, intense)
You need to learn a more delicate
approach.

SUMMERS

Aren't you the one who once blew a
protection detail when you punched
out the President of Austria for
grabbing a female officer's ass?

Summers storms down the hall. Smash follows. They reach the
little guest lounge with the plasma screen playing the ALGO
CO. video.

SMASH

I'll remind you again. He has
diplomatic immunity. You can't
enter that office. Let's turn back
before we break some laws people
will notice.

SUMMERS

We were attacked without
provocation!

SMASH

He has diplomatic immunity. And he
can disavow all of it. We were here
without a warrant.

SUMMERS

You find a judge who will uphold
that.

Summers busts through the oak double doors.

INT. RADIUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Radius sits at his desk, very still. Smash and Summers
approach slowly.

SMASH

Don Radius?

They look at each other and move closer in the dim light. There's A BULLET HOLE in the middle of his forehead. Much of his brains are ON THE WALL and CHAIR behind him.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

Smash glares at Summers with a heat that rivals the sun.

SMASH (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you get us into?!

Henchmen KARL and HENRIK burst in from behind, brandishing MP5'S. Summers immediately draws his Glock. Smash shakes his head in disbelief and slowly takes his 1911 out.

KARL

You killed him!

SMASH

He was like this when we got here.
Everyone, just calm down.

SUMMERS

Drop your weapons!

Olaf slowly walks in from the back entrance, horrified at what he sees.

SMASH

Are you fucking kidding me!?

OLAF

I don't believe this.

SUMMERS

What's that? That we're alive? Your hit squad failed. You can find them all over the 10 freeway.

SMASH

What's wrong with you? Shut up.

SUMMERS

I don't like this. This is too convenient.

(to Olaf)

Where's Tagwood?

OLAF

You presume to be asking *me* questions? I'm within my right to kill you right here.

He brandishes his GLOCK, points it at Summers. Summers points his right back while Smash covers Henrik and Karl.

SMASH

When will this bullshit stop!?
Everyone just hold on!

SUMMERS

(sarcastic)
Killing two police officers. Or should I say three. They'll just gloss right over that, right?

SMASH

(bringing his gun down)
No one is killing anyone. Everyone just calm down. We'll all--

BLAM!! Smash's 1911 goes off into the floor. Olaf unleashes GLOCK FURY in Smash's direction. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!, Summers quickly dispatches Olaf and the BOOKCASE FULL OF RARE VASES behind him. Karl and Henrik unleash their MP5'S as Smash drops to his knees and turns both Goons, the COUCH by the door, a few CERAMIC WALL DECORATIONS and LIGHT FIXTURES into a confetti cannon of COUCH STUFFING, MEAT, BLOOD and CERAMIC BITS. In the process, the WALL SIZED AQUARIUM is hit. The DELUGE washes across the floor, soaking the expensive carpeting. COLORFUL FISH flip-flop about on the ground. Smash springs into action, trying to pick up a particularly slippery LION FISH.

SMASH (CONT'D)

(daggers at Summers)
Oh, this is stunning! Could this have gone any worse, you prick?!

Hunzgaard, Fox, Stryker, Jackson and several UNIS burst into the room. Smash is oblivious to their presence.

SMASH (CONT'D)

(to Summers)
Pick them up with your hands!

INT. HUNZGAARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Smash and Summers sit in the "hot seats" at the side of the door. Hunzgaard stews at his desk as Milner dresses him down. Jackson and Stryker stand, shadowy and mysterious, in the corner.

MILNER

We may now be facing a big, fat lawsuit from the family of Angel Torres with that outburst on live TV earlier! And now?! A fucking international incident!? I want him off the street! He's a menace!

(to Smash)

You're a menace! This city has had enough of the Jim Smashetti show!

(turning to Summers)

And you!--

Summers starts to cower.

SMASH

We can go over it again if you like. Don Radius was dead when we got there. Detective Summers will verify this.

Summers has a "leave me out of this" look on his face.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look!

SUMMERS

What look?! What do you want me to say?

JACKSON

You both just caused a huge diplomatic incident!

SMASH

No. Once again, we *stumbled upon* a huge diplomatic incident.

STRYKER

(to Hunzgaard)

There's gonna be hell to pay here!

SUMMERS

For doing our jobs?!

JACKSON

You had no business being there!

SUMMERS

We were following up on a report of a missing cop, who's still missing by the way. We came across blood residue. A whole lot of it.

SMASH

I was about to call it in.

SUMMERS

That's right. He was, but then we were attacked. We pursued, and our pursuit led us into the stairwell...and up one-hundred flights...

SMASH

Stop talking, man.

SUMMERS

I know how this sounds. Just get a team down to there and--

MILNER

I don't care what your excuse is! You're both done!

HUNZGAARD

Jim? Dash? Thank you. It's not every police captain who gets to look forward to a presidential chastising.

JACKSON

No doubt about it. There'll be a federal investigation here. You can count on it.

STRYKER

The justice department will be in touch.

Jackson and Stryker file out.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The Feds walk closely.

JACKSON

The heat will be off now.

STRYKER

Our new guy couldn't have executed this better. This is extraordinary. We can move forward.

INT. HUNZGAARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

SUMMERS

Is anyone remotely concerned about
Tagwood!?

Milner seems like he's about to have a coronary.

MILNER

(through clenched teeth)
Handle this or it's your badge too!

Milner storms out.

HUNZGAARD

Both of you. Your guns and badges
immediately. And, Smash, I can't
stress this enough. If you continue
to pursue this--

SMASH

I'll be lucky to find work as a
mall security guard. You say that
every time.

HUNZGAARD

I mean it, this time!

SMASH

You said that last time too. But
point taken.

SUMMERS

Shut up, man.

HUNZGAARD

If either of you violate your
suspensions I will bring pain down
upon you--

SUMMERS

Chief! Something ain't right here!
You've gotta put us back on this!
Radius' killer is still out there!

HUNZGAARD

I should have you arrested! ENOUGH!
Guns! Badges! NOW!

They do as they're told.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Smash moves briskly through the UNIS, CLERKS, PERPS, CHOLOS, HOOKERS, PIMPS, ETC. Summers chases him down.

SUMMERS

Smash! Hey!

Smash stops.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Okay. What now?

SMASH

What now? What do you mean, what now? You heard the Captain. You go home, get drunk and wait until your court date.

SUMMERS

Oh come on. I've read your damn file. You solved 70 percent of your cases while on suspension.

SMASH

You know, I'm getting really tired of hearing that shit. I want to be a normal policeman. I done with shooting everyone and bending the rules.

SUMMERS

If it works, it works.

SMASH

What about it has worked today?! What have we learned?! We're both the main suspects in the murder of a diplomat and unfortunately, we killed all the witnesses. I hated Radius for what he did. But it's my duty to put personal feelings aside so I can wear this badge with honor. We didn't solve anything. We just went and killed all the bad guys. And if there is any sort of justice, *real* justice, we *will* lose our badges and go to jail. For someone who's supposed to be keeping me in line, you do an absolutely piss poor job of it.

SUMMERS

Okay. Fine. But we didn't kill Radius. And the person who did is still out there and getting away with it.

Smash gets right up in his face.

SMASH

I'm going to honor my suspension. I'm not going to act like I'm above the law. I suggest you do the same.

Smash storms off. Fox runs up with a COMPUTER PRINTOUT.

FOX

Jim?

(to Summers, accusatory)
What did you do?

She chases after Smash.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Fox chases down Smash with the printout.

FOX

Jim, wait. Jim!

SMASH

I've been suspended, Vanessa.

FOX

I know, but we found the van. From the initial robbery.

SMASH

I'm sorry. I've been suspended.

FOX

Smash, I'm not going to let you go down for this. Someone's taking over Radius' territory.

SMASH

The feds have this now. I'm suspended, Fox.

FOX

Come on. We both know that doesn't mean anything when it comes to you.

SMASH

No...listen. I'm not doing that anymore. I've done enough damage. It's time to face the consequences.

He walks away. Summers comes up behind her.

SUMMERS

Do you have proof that someone is taking over?

FOX

What do you care? What did you say to him?

SUMMERS

I didn't do or say anything. But this isn't over.

FOX

Haven't you been suspended too?

SUMMERS

Would that stop James Smashetti--I mean back in the day?...Look, I don't like this one bit. Tagwood is missing and I don't intend on going down for something I didn't do. And if Smash doesn't want to save himself...I'll do it for him.

FOX

Why should I trust you? The rat squad?

SUMMERS

I was intrigued when I was told my first real police beat was going to be with the "great James Smash". But I was ready to see the emperor's new clothes.

(beat)

I see through this charade he's doing. He might be the greatest pure police man I've ever seen. And he's about to throw it all away. He's saved my life about seven times today. The least I can do is save his career. I'm not rat squad anymore. I'm James Smashetti's partner. What can I do to help?

EXT. MARSH IN MARINA DEL REY - DAY

A CARGO VAN sits entrenched in the marsh land off the road by the Electronic Arts building. UNIS secure the area. CSIS shine blue flashlights, dust things, take pictures, and pick things up with tweezers and put them in little bags. Summer's Hummer pulls up. A UNI lifts the POLICE TAPE to let them in.

FOX

I had a Forensics team sent down.
We'll see if they turn up anything.

Summers and Fox exit the vehicle.

SUMMERS

What exactly are we looking at here?

FOX

This van matches the description of the vehicle seen in security footage leaving Westus Military Incorporated the night of the robbery.

SUMMERS

Stealing the prototype weapons?

FOX

Very likely.
(beat)
Does he really think his old ways put Musket in the hospital? We all take responsibility for that night. He has to know that.

They reach the plain, white, completely non-descript Cargo Van.

FOX (CONT'D)

There it is.

An OFFICER meets them, glaring at Summers. CSI TERRANCE is lifting a print from the dashboard.

TERRANCE

Got a print for ya.

OFFICER

We're lucky at that. It's been wiped pretty clean.

CSI SULLIVAN is mixing chemicals in the back. Fox gets in the van. There is a big CYLINDRICAL DEVICE with tubes and wires attached.

SULLIVAN
Fox, afternoon. Where's Smash?

FOX
Suspension.

Sullivan nods and shakes his head.

SUMMERS
What is that you're doing?

SULLIVAN
Well, we've got a compound associated with sulfuric acid. This here is a phosphorus bomb. It never went off. The firing trigger failed. It would have incinerated any trace evidence.

FOX
Whoever left this for us is going to be in for it.

SUMMERS
Can I see that print?

TERRANCE
I gotta take it back to the lab and run it.

SUMMERS
I can do that here.

TERRANCE
What? Who is this guy?

SUMMERS
Give me the fucking print!

Summers grabs the PRINT STRIP and storms off towards his Hummer. Everyone seems annoyed.

FOX
He's Smash's new partner.

Everyone around immediately understands.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Marv is staring at the fingerprint on his COMPUTER MONITOR while fancy algorithms search the data base...

MARV

We got a match.

INT. SUMMERS' HUMMER - MARINA DEL REY MARSH - SAME TIME

The fingerprint adorns the DASH BOARD MONITOR along with a MUGSHOT of CARMINE CURTIS, early 20's, David Cook hair.

SUMMERS

Outstanding Marv.

MARV (FROM PHONE)

Roger that. Over and out.

Fox watches Summers getting charged up.

FOX

You know him?

SUMMERS

I've had a few run-ins.

FOX

How do we find him?

SUMMERS

Well, he never does anything without his partner, Clearance Price.

FOX

Clearance?

SUMMERS

Yeah. Clearance and I have...an understanding. Listen, we could really blow this open. But I don't want to act without Smash.

FOX

(smiling)

Only your second day and you seem really taken by your new partner.

SUMMERS

Fox, he listens to you. I see how he gets around you.

Fox blushes a bit and laughs nervously.

FOX
What do you mean...?

SUMMERS
Get him back into this.

FOX
What are you gonna do?

SUMMERS
I'm going to visit Clearance. He frequents the Booty Club. I'm sure you're familiar enough to not want to join me.

FOX
How are you familiar?

SUMMERS
Not how you think. IA investigations almost always lead me there at some point.

FOX
What is it that dirty cops do there?

SUMMERS
Well, about ninety percent of the time, they're legitimately working on a case.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A serene Stryker gazes at the smoggy afternoon skyline, arms folded behind his back. Jackson emerges from the stairwell just beyond a HELIPAD and a LARGE INDUSTRIAL CRANE. He is followed close behind by CARMINE CURTIS, twitchy and confused.

JACKSON
Colonel?

Stryker turns slowly, dramatically.

STRYKER
Carmine...How did it go?

CARMINE
Uh, it went off like clockwork, sir.

STRYKER

Clockwork...For the police, you mean?

CARMINE

I'm sorry, sir?

STRYKER

Yes. As well you should be. Our friends in the LAPD have found our little van. Intact.

CARMINE

What? That's impossible! I've never had a failed detonation.

STRYKER

You're lucky it's now me you're answering to. The concept of mercy is not foreign to me, unlike your former employer.

CARMINE

I know. I understand--

STRYKER

I don't need your understanding, soldier, nor did I ask for it. I *demand*ed competence.

Carmine's gaze drifts downward. Stryker turns back towards the LA evening.

CARMINE

I'm sorry...There's no excuse...

STRYKER

Apology excepted.

Carmine is about to say "thank you", when Jackson's GUN comes up-- BLAM! BLOOD SPLATTERS the concrete roof. Carmine's body drops. Jackson lowers his smoking gun and raises his cell phone.

JACKSON

(in cell)

We need a cleaning crew on the roof.

STRYKER

We have a trail to cover now. You and our new man will take care of it?

JACKSON
Already in place, Colonel.

STRYKER
Thank you, Lieutenant. His
familiarity could be a plus.

INT. DIVEBAR - EVENING

Smash leans on the bar, bottle of JACK and upturned shot glasses in front of him. He turns and sees Fox approaching, dressed to the nines, tight outfit flaunting every gym toned womanly inch. Smash stares at her, slack jawed.

SMASH
Wow.

FOX
What? Wow good, right?

An old-tymie BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER
Ma'am?

FOX
I'll have what he's having.

SMASH
Bring her a glass. We'll drink to
my mess of a career.

He brings her a glass. Smash pours her. She picks it up.

FOX
I'd rather drink to a great cop.

She casually downs it and motions for another. He ignores it.

FOX (CONT'D)
To Jett Musket.

SMASH
Jett Musket, huh? He *is* a great
cop.

FOX
And I hope he never has to see you
drowning in a bottle like this.

She pours herself and downs it as if challenging him.

FOX (CONT'D)

Letting the people who ended his
career end yours.

SMASH

Those people are dead. I personally
shot a bunch of them.

(staring ahead)

A week ago I would have called that
justice. But Radius being subjected
to the law, that's true justice.

FOX

We both know he would have gotten
off. People like him always do.

SMASH

Then so be it. You go home.

(turning to Fox)

To your loving wife. To your
family. Like everyone else.

FOX

You're not everyone else. What you
do, I don't think this city could
survive without it. You keep it's
citizens safe. If you weren't here
to do what you do...I would have no
reason to do what I do.

SMASH

You are a good cop, Vanessa.

FOX

And someday maybe a great cop.

(looking into his eyes)

Like you. Everyone seems to know
this but you. Your new partner is
at this very moment violating his
suspension to crack this case open
and clear you. Radius is no longer
in charge. It's someone new. Likely
the person who murdered him. No one
in this city is safe until they're
stopped. We need you.

(beat)

I need you.

Smash stares into her eyes. He leans in and they kiss.

INT. BOOTY CLUB - EVENING

It's the cleanest, most attractively lit and decorated strip club ever. NEON and expensive MOVING LIGHTS bounce all over. The DANCERS are all early twenties and genetically gifted in every way. Summers makes his way through the rabble of BUSINESS MEN, REGULARS and assorted UGLY MOOKS. He stops at CLEARANCE PRICE, a low level gang banger, macking on a couple YOUNG LADIES. Summers gets in his space.

CLEARANCE

Yo, you best back off mutha--

He turns and sees Summers.

INT. BOOTY CLUB KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Clearance crashes through the dutch door and into the wall beyond it. A BOOKIE counting money in a small eating area takes notice and stands up.

BOOKIE

What the fuck?!

Summers flashes the badge.

BOOKIE (CONT'D)

Oh, you done fucked up now,
Clearance. You bring the police up
in here?

SUMMERS

Make yourself scarce.

Bookie backs away, shooting daggers at Clearance.

CLEARANCE

(all smiles and glee)
Summers, man. I didn't recognize
you. It's kind of dark in there.
You know--

SUMMERS

When did you last talk to your
buddy Carmine?

CLEARANCE

Carmine? That loser? Look, man. I
ain't been mixing with any
unsightly--

SUMMERS

I hope you were nice when you last spoke to him. He's probably waving up to us from under the Santa Monica pier as we speak.

CLEARANCE

What you saying man?

SUMMERS

I'm saying he left Radius' van, gift wrapped for us. Whoever's now in charge won't be standing for that for too long. And *probably* they will come after Carmine's known accomplices next. I can bring you right to them--

CLEARANCE

(nervous laughing)

Hey, no, man. That won't be necessary. I'm always here to help out law enforcement. You know that, man.

SUMMERS

Start singing. Who's in charge now?

CLEARANCE

Aww, man...

SUMMERS

(turning to walk away)

I'll make sure to say hello to your Parole officer. Vasquez, is it? I think I saw him out there. Oh, and don't be surprised if those stolen property charges come right back. The up side is you probably won't be alive to see your court date.

CLEARANCE

Wait! Wait, okay man. Look they know what you're up to. They're one step ahead. Feds, man. More efficient and meaner than Radius ever was.

Summers face goes grave.

SUMMERS

Feds...

CLEARANCE

Two of them, man. Former special ops, or something. Man, don't let nobody know I was taking to you.

Summers pats Clearance on the shoulder and departs.

CLEARANCE (CONT'D)

So we cool?

SUMMERS

Freezing.

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Smash and Fox burst through the front door, liplocked. They paw at each other as they move to the couch. Smash trips over the arm and they tumble backwards, Fox landing on top of him, passionately kissing him.

FOX

Oh, James.

SMASH

Why didn't we do this sooner?

She starts kissing his neck. She rips open his shirt and starts overzealously slobbering down his manly chest.

FOX

I've wanted you for so long.

SMASH

Me too.

His face begins to look pained. He gently pushes her off.

SMASH (CONT'D)

But I can't do this. It's against department policy to fraternize with fellow officers.

Fox sits back, disappointed and annoyed.

FOX

Jim, you've dated someone in every department. Your ex-wives include an assistant DA and a former Captain.

SMASH

I'm sorry, Vanessa. But that's the kind of thing I need to change. Look how those all went.

FOX

I've loved you since the day we met.

They start kissing again. They each take off their GUNS and drop them to the floor.

EXT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Smash's house sticks out of the hills overlooking the PCH (cinematic but well out of range for a policeman's salary ala Mickey Rourke's pad in Year Of the Dragon). A BLACK SUV pulls up. The doors open, FOUR SPECIAL FORCES MERCS in black lycra suits step out. They check their ASSAULT RIFLES and don ski masks. The LEADER does a bunch of hand gesticulations and they split up, TWO going to the front of the house, TWO to the back. As they move out, TWO MORE BLACK SUVS pull up, both decked out with PLASMA CANNONS.

I/E. SUMMERS' HUMMER - URBAN STREET - NIGHT

Summers speeds down an urban area street, Blackberry out.

SUMMERS

Fox...answer your phone.

(a beat)

Why don't you ever answer your phone?

He hangs up. The dash board Monitor turns on-- Marv appears.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Marv? What have you got for me?

MARV (FROM MONITOR)

Not good news. I checked out the communications habits of our new friend Carmine. Are you ready for this?

SUMMERS

Spit it out, Marv.

MARV

There's a number that repeatedly shows up on his cell. I called it.

(MORE)

MARV (CONT'D)

Stryker, who was standing in the next room, suddenly got a phone call. And then I heard him in stereo.

SUMMERS

I love being right. Did he know it was you?

MARV

Come on. Am I a rank amateur? I used a Jersey number.

SUMMERS

Stupid question. Has Fox been by? I can't get a hold her.

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

FOX'S CELLPHONE sits on her PURSE in "airplane mode". Smash's muscular arms lower Fox onto the couches' fold out bed, lips locked. Smash is now shirtless, Fox is in a sexy red bra and panties. They kiss for a time, then Smash starts kissing slowly down her neck, her chest, her stomach. She breathlessly grabs at his head with anticipation--

SMASH

(abruptly getting up)
Nope. This is not a good idea.

She sits up and grabs his face.

FOX

(annoyed)
Shut the fuck up and fuck me!

Smash calmly takes her hands away.

SMASH

That's not what I mean. I mean, every time I've consummated a departmental or judicial relationship...

FOX

What!?

SMASH

It has always coincided with an attempt on my life.

FOX

Are you serious?!

SMASH

I know it sounds stupid. But it's fucking uncanny. Let's just hold off for a few minutes and see what happens.

FOX

I've held off for five years. I've watched you with the other women, wondering if it would ever be me.

She starts to get dressed in a huff.

EXT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Two Special Forces Mercs advance quickly to the front door, then brake off to either side. The Merc door knob side inserts a key device.

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Smash stands shirtless as Fox, now dressed, heads for the front door.

SMASH

Vanessa, I'm not making this up.

EXT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Special Forces Merc 1 unlocks the front door.

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Special Forces Mercs 1 and 2 bust in, ASSAULT RIFLES trained forward. Fox stops in her tracks as Smash grabs her and dives to the floor with her. The Mercs OPEN FIRE, just missing them and DEMOLISHING the kitchen cabinets. Smash and Fox dive over the couch.

SMASH

See?!

FOX

(shaky)

Uhhh. Yeah. I was wrong.

Smash reaches under the couch and pulls out a 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN. As the Mercs shoot the stuffing and feathers out of the couch, Smash pops out the side, PUMPING. He BLASTS Merc 2's legs out from under him.

BLOOD and CARNAGE SPRAY as he tumbles to the ground. Smash PUMPS again and BLASTS Merc 1 square in the chest, launching him through the air and EMBEDDING him in the far wall. Smash gets up and walks to Merc 2 and CRACKS him with the butt, knocking him out. Fox looks at him quizzically.

SMASH

He's unarmed.

FOX

More like unlegged.

Smash rushes to his PICTURE WINDOW, overlooking the PCH...

SMASH

They always try to get in this window.

Fox grabs her gun.

FOX

This has happened before?

SMASH

I've had to replace the damn thing nine times.

I/E. SUMMERS' HUMMER - URBAN STREET - CONTINUED

SUMMERS

Have you told anyone else?

MARV (FROM MONITOR)

No, kept it between us like you asked.

SUMMERS

Have you heard from Smash?

MARV

No, I haven't, but listen. There's more. This is important. I also checked the phone records of--

The signal goes dead. Summers taps the screen.

SUMMERS

Marv?

A CHAFF DART is stuck in the roof's SATELLITE ANTENNA.

Summers takes out his Blackberry when he notices lights in his rearview getting VERY BIG and VERY BRIGHT. He floors it and dampens the impact as the PURSUING VEHICLE SLAMS him.

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

The picture window SHATTERS, shot from below. Smash cautiously leans out, gun extended as Special Forces Mercs 3 and 4 are showered with glass as they climb the long stone wall that drops into the canyon below.

SMASH

You're under arrest! Climb back
down or I will open fire--

Fox leans out with her GUN. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Their bullet riddled bodies drop silently into the brush below.

FOX

I think we're past that.

SMASH

That is not how we do things!

She runs to the front door.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I'm getting bullet proof glass this
time.

Fox stares out the peep hole. She turns to him with wide eyes.

FOX

Can you get a bullet proof house?

EXT. SMASH'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The other Two Black SUVs have their PLAMSA CANNONS aimed at the house. A masked MYSTERY TOUGH stands between the vehicles, looking through INFRARED BINOCULARS.

POV THROUGH MYSTERY TOUGH'S BINOCULARS: Through the front door, the HEAT SIGNATURE of Fox looks towards the HEAT SIGNATURE of Smash.

Mystery Tough brings the BINOCULARS down and smirks under his fancy ski mask.

I/E. SUMMERS' HUMMER - URBAN STREET - CONTINUED

Summers tries his police CB RADIO.

SUMMERS

Dispatch, do you read me, over?

Silence.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Dammit!

The lights in the rearview mirror are growing again. Summers searches his dashboard console, SOUNDS of ENGINE REVVING baring down. He finds a SWITCH-- Nitrous Oxide. He flips it.

WHITE JETS shoot out of pipes along the underside launching the Hummer forward. The Black Pick-Up is left in the dust. Summers laughs out loud. Up ahead, ANOTHER BLACK PICK-UP noses into Summers' path. An ELITE SOLDIER climbs out the passenger window, leans across the roof with an AIR CANNON and fires a LARGE CIRCULAR DEVICE full of flashing lights. The device attaches itself to the roof of the Hummer.

All electrical systems shut down. The nitrous system fails. Summers' face goes grim as the vehicle starts slowing down.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

EMP...

The Hummer grinds to a halt several yards from the second Black Pick-Up. From out of a side street, a PLOW TRUCK screams out, RAMMING the Hummer and tossing it onto it's roof.

AIRBAGS deploy from all directions cushioning Summers completely. The Plow starts to push the Hummer towards the buildings, sparks spraying everywhere. Summers detaches his seatbelt and drops to the ceiling-- The building is coming up fast. He scampers into the cargo area, grabs a SHOTGUN from a floor mount, shoots out the back window and rolls out just as the Hummer is CRUSHED like a tin can against the concrete wall.

EXT. URBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The First Pick-Up screams right towards Summers. He FIRES into the engine block, turning the Pick-Up into a FIRE BALL. The FLAMING Pick-Up slams into the wreckage of his Hummer. The Plow feverishly backs up to avoid catching fire. Summers sees an alley ahead and starts for it, when he gets winged in the shoulder. He winces and turns with the Shotgun. The SLAP!

of a second bullet screaming past his head by mere inches stops him cold. Moving in to surround him are FIVE ELITE SOLDIERS, state of the art body armor over their fatigues, black ball caps adorned with a strange logo. They carry the latest in military weaponry.

JACKSON (O.C.)
 Detective Summers. You're
 surrounded. Don't be stupid.

Jackson emerges from the darkness in DIGITAL CAMOUFLAGE fatigues and BARET. Summers defiantly drops his Shotgun and slowly raises his hands, scowling.

INT. SMASH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

Smash shoots the padlock off and opens a trapdoor in his kitchen floor. He helps Fox down the ladder and then follows right behind.

SMASH
 Go! Go! Go!

EXT. SMASH'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Mystery Tough raises his hand and points forward...

MYSTERY TOUGH
 Fire.

The Black SUVs bombard the house with PLASMA ROUNDS, searing through it with ease until the whole house goes KABOOM!!! The giant fireball lights up the night. The blast wave, smoke and debris, whoosh past the SUVs and Mystery Tough as he stands casually. When the dust settles he takes out his binoculars and takes one last look.

MYSTERY TOUGH (CONT'D)
 Sorry, old friend.

He removes his ski mask revealing himself to be-- TAGWOOD. He gets into one of the SUVs. They all leave the smoldering mess burning in the night. As the coast clears, banging comes from a corner of the wreckage. Debris bounces, then the TRAPDOOR underneath it busts open. Smash rises out, gun raised, face blackened with soot and smoke. He comes out of the hole, reaches in and helps Fox out. Her hair is slightly messed, her face smattered with the same soot and smoke.

SMASH
 We need to call this in.

Fox takes her phone out and sees the missed call message.

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Summers is tied to a chair, his face cut and bloody. Unmarked DRUM CANS and MACHINERY of no discernible purpose lay about. Before him stands MANKO, an imposing, Al Leong type (Google him). Jackson paces around the room.

JACKSON

It's very important to us that this goes off without a hitch. Lots of money will be changing hands with very important people who stand to be very disappointed if something goes wrong. So, Detective Summers, I'll ask you once more. Who else on the force knows?

SUMMERS

Fuck you.

Manko slugs him in the face.

JACKSON

Mr. Summers. This will get you no where.

SUMMERS

Everyone knows. They all do. You'll have to kill them all.

Manko slugs him in the stomach.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Hhhuuuuhhhh!!!

STRYKER (O.C.)

Alright, enough.

Stryker steps in, dressed in his casual wear and bomber jacket.

STRYKER (CONT'D)

We can beat this man all we want. He won't tell. And it's okay. The Bureau has tied this one off. Federal investigation.

JACKSON

(smiling)

I love this jurisdictional stuff.

STRYKER

And Smashetti is dead. He was the loose cannon that could undo this.

SUMMERS

(face grim)

You son of a bitch! They don't even have a name yet for what I'm going to do to you!

STRYKER

Please. You're tied to a chair. Know your limitations, son.

SUMMERS

Chair or no chair--

Jackson nods at Manko, who cracks Summers a few times.

STRYKER

The transfer has been moved to tonight. The Radical Front paid us quicker than we thought.

Summers face drops.

SUMMERS

The Radical Front?! You're selling weapons to terrorists?!

JACKSON

Well funded terrorists.

STRYKER

Is the location still secure?

JACKSON

Diplomatic territory. It's all ours.

STRYKER

Excellent. Get rid of him. Let's not keep the Radical Front waiting.

JACKSON

Very well, sir. After I have a little fun with him.

I/E. CAVALIER/OUTSIDE BOOTY CLUB - NIGHT

Smash and Fox sit in the car across from the glitzy, neon Booty Club.

SMASH

How do I do this? I have no warrant. I'm suspended. How do I do this and still uphold the law?

FOX

He's the only one who knows their operations. He's the only one who knows where your partner is.

SMASH

But it's...My way doesn't work.

(beat)

I'm trying to be a good cop. Like we were trained. Not bend the rules all the time. Not put my friends in danger. Like Sparks. And McGuggenhiem...Musket...

Smash's lip starts to quiver. Fox takes his hand.

FOX

That night was not your fault. Things just go bad sometimes. You can second guess every moment until the day you die, it won't change the outcome. It was never under your control.

(beat)

We all know when we go to work in the morning, we may not go home that night. All of those men would gladly give their lives for you all over again if they could. They believed in you.

She lovingly touches his face and brings him to look at her.

FOX (CONT'D)

I believe in you. You've just stopped trusting your instincts and I need you to trust them again. And know that if you ever start to go too far, I will always be there to bring you back.

Smash looks into her eyes. She looks back, both hypnotised. He kisses her. She kisses back. Smash seems lighter.

SMASH

Thank you. Thank you, Vanessa Fox.

INT. BOOTY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Clearance stands with a HOLLYWOOD STRIPPER in the corner.

CLEARANCE

Damn, girl. You looking fine
tonight. What do you say me--

He turns and sees Smash and Fox looking really serious.

EXT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY - NIGHT

It's industrial facade greys up the night. Smoke stacks and chimneys stretch upwards, billowing smoke. The CHEVY CAVALIER pulls up, lights off.

I/E. CAVALIER - CONTINUOUS

In the driver's seat, Smash. Shotgun, Fox. Backseat, Clearance.

SMASH

You sure about this?

CLEARANCE

Yeah, man. I've made countless
deliveries for them out here.
Although they never really let me
wander around too far. So...are we
cool?

Smash pulls Clearance into the front seat and cuffs him to the steering wheel.

SMASH

Now we cool.

CLEARANCE

Hey, come on, man. I'm a sitting
duck!

SMASH

Don't go anywhere.

Smash and Fox leave.

CLEARANCE

Yeah, no problem! I'll be dead,
fool!

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Jackson watches with glee as Manko wheels a cart of MEAN LOOKING TORTURE DEVICES over to Summers.

JACKSON

Manko here specializes in pain.
He's found ways to extract
information that the Geneva
Convention can scarcely conceive.

SUMMERS

What information do you think you
can get from me?

JACKSON

We're past that. I just want to
hear you scream.

Manko picks up a BLOWTORCH and a FLINT IGNITOR. He makes some sparks. The blow torch comes on with a HISSSSSS...

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY - SAME TIME

Smash and Fox are in a tomb of cinematic orange glowing factory works. Catwalks span in every direction above. Steam pipes with gauges and valves line the walls. Jets of steam rise from the grated floor. Sparks rain down at random. Chains hang from unseen mounts. Cranes with mean looking hooks are scattered about. An Elite Soldier, RIFLE in hand, patrols the catwalk above. Smash and Fox pin themselves against the wall.

FOX

How many?

SMASH

Just the one. For now. There'll be
more.

In the distance-- SUMMERS SCREAMS.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Summers. What on earth are they
doing to him?

Smash scans the environment. Underneath the catwalk, at the far end, is A HUGE PROPANE TANK. The Elite Soldier is almost in place...Smash raises his gun.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Watch your ears...

BLAM! KABOOOOOM!!! goes the propane tank. The fireball takes out the CATWALK and incinerates the Elite Soldier. Smash grabs Fox's hand and they head towards Summer's scream.

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY STORAGE ROOM - SAME TIME

Jackson and Manko react to the explosion. Summers is breathing hard, eyes down.

JACKSON

Finish this now. We need to leave.

He steps out, leaving Manko alone with Summers.

SUMMERS

(exhausted)

No more.

MANKO

Sorry, man. Just not your day.

Manko grabs what looks like a large POTATO PEELER, plugged into the wall. He flips a switch, ELECTRICITY BUZZES through it. He moves in. Summers struggles with what little strength he has against his bindings. The buzzing turns to a HISS, searing the air around it. It gets closer and louder. Summers eyes widen; he can feel it's heat. Closer, louder, BRIGHTER...

SMASH

Drop it right now, asshole.

Manko stops in his tracks, eyeballing Smash in the doorway, then his torture cart. Fox comes in...

SUMMERS

He's got a gun!

Manko lunges for the cart, and swings around with a PISTOL. BL-BLAM! BLAM! BL-BLAM! Both Smash and Fox light him up. Manko spins around violently, flinging BLOOD everywhere and drops. Fox covers the doorway while Smash tends to Summers. He kneels down behind the chair. Amidst the ropes are some ominous looking CABLES. He follows them under the chair...

SMASH

Hey, Summers?

FOX

Hurry up! They're coming!

SUMMERS

What are you doing? Untie me.

SMASH

It's not gonna be as simple as that.

Underneath the chair is a STACK OF C4, and a slew of MULTI COLORED WIRES.

SUMMERS

What the fuck? Never a boy scout? Just cut the ropes if you can't--

SMASH

You're sitting on plastique...don't panic.

SUMMERS

What?!

FOX

What?!

SHOTS ARE FIRED at the entrance. Fox ducks and returns fire.

FOX (CONT'D)

How much time do you need? I'll draw them away.

SMASH

I don't know.

Fox leaps into action and out of the room...

SUMMERS

Is she crazy?

SMASH

She can handle herself, you sexist son of a bitch.

Smash takes a closer look at the bomb...

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Fox enters an area full of CONSOLES full of buttons and switches and levers whose purpose is not clear-- a STEEL ROD knocks FOX'S GUN out of her hand. Elite Soldier 2 emerges. He's joined by three more Elite Soldiers. Fox clenches her fists as they surround her.

FOX

Four on one? Do you really need the guns?

They promptly throw their weapons.

ELITE 2
 (cracking knuckles)
 Challenge accepted. We're gonna
 teach you a lesson.

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUED

SMASH
 There's no blue wire.

SUMMERS
 What do you mean?

SMASH
 You always cut the blue wire and
 everything's fine. It's worked at
 least twice before for me.

SUMMERS
 What colors are there?

Smash moves the wires around...

SMASH
 We got green...red...black...

As he sorts through the wires...

SMASH (CONT'D)
 Uh, oh...

SUMMERS
 What, uh, oh?!

Smash is looking at a DIGITAL READOUT counting down; :59,
 :58, :57...

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY - CONTINUED

ELITE 4
 Mom always told me it wasn't polite
 to hit a lady.

FOX
 Mom was smart.

ELITE 4
 Mom was a bitch.

Elite Soldier 4 LUNGES at her and meets a perfectly executed ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the face.

FOX

So am I.

Fox then proceeds to completely dominate a multiple opponent fight ala Rene Russo in Lethal Weapon 3. There is never a moment when she is in any danger. They never lay a hand on her.

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUED

SUMMERS

How much time?!

SMASH

When you shout like that, it makes me nervous. Knock it off.

The counter reads :30, :29, :28...

SMASH (CONT'D)

I don't know. Which wire do I cut?

SUMMERS

You're asking me?

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY - CONTINUED

Fox finishes thrashing the Elite Assassins, then turns around to find her own gun pointed at her head by Elite Soldier 6. BLAM! His head EXPLODES, splattering blood on her clothes. She turns to see who just saved her life. Her eyes go wide, jaw drops...

INT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUED

SMASH

Shit...

SUMMERS

Smash, get out of here.

SMASH

I'm not leaving you.

SUMMERS

Don't worry about me! It's stupid for us both to go down!

SMASH

I'm not losing another partner!
 (beat)
 I'm going to cut the red.

He puts his MULTI TOOL SNIPS onto the red wire. The counter continues; :15, :14, :13...BLUESY GUITAR WITH JAZZY SAX FLOURISHES GARNISH THE KAMENESQUE STRINGS...

SMASH (CONT'D)

Dash, I wish I'd met you sooner.
 It's been an honor to work with you.

SUMMERS

No, man. The honor has been all mine...I mean it.

Smash smiles a grim smile: :05, :04...he takes a deep breath...:03, :02,...quickly moves his SNIPS to the BLACK WIRE and SNIP!!!!...the Digital readout freezes at :01. Smash erupts in nervous hysterical laughter. Summers joins in.

SMASH

That was fucking close! For a moment I was tempted to follow procedure and wait for the bomb squad!

SUMMERS

You asshole! Okay man, untie me.

INT. FIRE AND STEAM FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Smash and Summers walk cautiously towards the loading bay doors.

SMASH

Fox?

SUMMERS

Quiet, man. The others will hear us.

SMASH

Where could she be?

Up ahead, the BAY DOOR starts to open. TWO SETS OF FEET step out, one being slightly dragged. Smash and Summers train their weapons...It's Fox, gripped firmly by her arm, a GUN to her head--

SMASH (CONT'D)

Fox!

--held by Tagwood in a black leather trench coat. The door continues to open revealing a BLACK LIMO waiting.

SMASH (CONT'D)

What?!

SUMMERS

Holy shit! That's the new guy they were talking about!

TAGWOOD

You should throw down your guns now if you don't want the lady to get hurt.

FOX

Tagwood, you son of a bitch.

SMASH

What the hell's gotten into you, Tagwood?! What's going on!?

TAGWOOD

Just looking out for my future. The shipment *will* go out tonight, and since you can't seem to break your annoying habit of not dying when you should, I'm taking her as a little insurance measure. You guys sit this one out like your suspended asses are supposed to and maybe tomorrow you get her back, no worse for wear. That's if she behaves.

SMASH

Vanessa, it's alright. Everything's gonna be alright.

TAGWOOD

Shut up!

SMASH

This isn't you, Tagwood! I've known you for ten years! We've bled together!

Tagwood opens the limo door, motions Fox inside. She refuses. He cocks the gun in her face, she winces.

TAGWOOD

Get in there. Or I shoot you and your friends right here.

SMASH

Think you're fast enough? That was never your strength.

She puts her hands up.

FOX

It's okay, Jim.
(to Tagwood)
Alright.

He shoves her in then gets in himself--

TAGWOOD

Stay out of this, Smash! I mean it.

The limo screeches away. Smash watches, fury welling up.

SUMMERS

I know where the shipment is leaving from. They talked about it right in front of me.

Smash seems conflicted.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Those weapons are going to be in the hands of Terrorists by this time tomorrow.

Smash looks at him grimly. He chamber checks his 1911.

SMASH

Let's get my girlfriend back.

EXT. FIRE & STEAM FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Clearance stands by himself, despondent. Smash rolls the Cavalier window down and tosses him some money.

SMASH

Call yourself a cab. Hey, I owe you one, buddy.

The Cavalier peels out into the night. Clearance picks up the cash.

CLEARANCE

Man. This just isn't my week.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - NIGHT

Stryker stands in his casual/bomber jacket ensemble along side Jackson in his digital camouflage and baret. Their clothes begin to flap as TWO BLACKHAWK HELICOPTERS, one with M60 cover emplacement, make their final approach. SEVERAL HENCHMEN busy themselves guiding them in.

I/E. CAVALIER - LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

Smash drives, Summers checks/loads their weapons.

SUMMERS

You sure you're okay with this?

SMASH

Why wouldn't I be?

SUMMERS

Well, it's certainly violating our suspensions, not to mention breaking trespassing laws again, and whatever else we're about to do.

SMASH

There are bigger things than petty suspensions and trespassing laws.

Summers looks relieved to finally be hearing some sense from Smash.

SUMMERS

Yeah? What's that?

SMASH

Love.

SUMMERS

(confused, disappointed)
...oh...

SMASH

What? What do you mean "oh"? Never been in love?

Summers listens on, really uncomfortable.

SMASH (CONT'D)

For the first time. I really opened up. And it felt great.

(MORE)

SMASH (CONT'D)

Just knowing she has my back, I
feel like I can take on the world.
I'm not afraid to say it. I love
Vanessa Fox--

SUMMERS

Jesus Christ. Alright, man.

SMASH

What?!

SUMMERS

I'm very happy for you.
(beat)
You do this gushy shit now?

SMASH

Right, you're happy for me.

SUMMERS

I was just hoping for something a
little more rousing. You know? I
don't think Patton got the troops
ready by talking about flowers and
puppies--

SMASH

Yeah. Hey, I'm sorry. You know, we
could die tonight. How's about
now's not the time to be an
insensitive jerk friend?

SUMMERS

(beat)
Really, dude?

INT. ALGO CO. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

A night WATCHMAN sits before the surveillance monitors. An
UZI rests in an alcove, out of sight from visitors. A DRUNK
appears at the glass doors, holding a bottle in a paper bag,
stumbling about, raincoat hood covering his head.

DRUNK

Hey! Hey buddy! I need to use the
bathroom!

The Watchman ignores him. The Drunk starts singing loudly
until the Watchman loses it and approaches.

WATCHMAN

(opening the door)

Take a hike, buddy, or I'm calling
the cops.

A DART hits the Watchman in the neck. He makes clenched screaming noises as sparks shoot out, then he collapses. The Drunk takes the raincoat off. It's Smash. He holds the door for Summers, who's holding a DARTGUN.

SMASH

You know, we used to just come up
and smack people in the head when
we wanted them unconscious.

SUMMERS

Too many lawsuits that way.

Summers searches the Watchman, finds his SECURITY CARD, then hops the security desk and starts perusing the monitors. He accesses the COMPUTER KIOSK.

SMASH

What are you doing?

SUMMERS

I can get into the security system
from here. Scan of the floors
before we get to the roof. See what
we're up against.

(off Smash's look)

I minored in computer science at
U.S.C.

SMASH

Or you've been hanging around Marv
too long.

ON THE KIOSK MONITOR: upwards of 10 or so THUGS on various patrols, stations, smoke brakes on the top floor.

SUMMERS

Smoking in a smoke free building.

They get up. Smash grabs the UZI on the way in.

SMASH

We'd better cite them for that.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A THUG parks a PROPANE FORK LIFT, carrying TWO BIG THERMODYNE CRATES. Stryker pops one open and shows Jackson the LIGHTWEIGHT PLASMA RIFLE inside.

STRYKER
Latest in military weaponry.

JACKSON
The worlds first fully working
plasma rifle.

Stryker shuts the crate. The Thug forks it into the nearest Blackhawk with the rest of the crates. HEAD THUG approaches.

HEAD THUG
Sir. Stewart and Grant haven't
checked in.

Stryker shoots Jackson a disdainful look before jumping aboard to check on the cargo.

JACKSON
Go see what's going on.

Head Thug goes to the stairwell door-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT!, bullets rip him apart. The door opens
and Smash and Summers emerge.

SMASH
Agent Jackson. You are under arrest
for the attempted sale of illegal
arms to terrorists.

SUMMERS
And being a traitorous asshole to
the United States of America.

Jackson reaches into the Blackhawk, pulls out Fox and puts
his SIDEARM to her head.

JACKSON
Explain to me why I won't shoot
your friend right now. Tagwood
assured me we had a deal. Drop the
weapons please.

FOX
James, don't worry about me. Just--

JACKSON
(cocking the gun)
Shut up!

Smash tosses the UZI. Summers tosses his Glock.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
All of them, Smashetti.

Smash scans his surroundings-- THREE ARMED THUGS stand by the PROPANE FORK LIFT under the LARGE INDUSTRIAL CRANE, THREE THUGS by the far M60 Blackhawk. Smash locks eyes with Fox, lovers telepathy exchanged.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Smashetti!?

SMASH
Okay. You win.

Smash throws his 1911 down.

JACKSON
Never fails, does it? Never give up
your weapon, Smashetti.

He aims at Smash. Smash's eyes go wide. Fox HIGH KICKS Jackson's arm, knocking his weapon loose and launching it towards Smash, then stuns him with an ELBOW to the face. Smash snatches Jackson's Glock out of the air and quickly aims-- BLAM!

The WINCH MECHANISM at the top of the CRANE ARM shatters. The heavy HOOK plummets downward, smashing the FORK LIFT and igniting the PROPANE TANK. It EXPLODES, LAUNCHING the FLAMING bodies of the three nearby Thugs high into the air.

Smash turns the gun towards Jackson,...CLICK!

SMASH
Firing pin's jammed. Cheap piece of
shit Glock!

FOX
James!

She starts running towards Smash. Stryker pops out of the Blackhawk, GUN raised. He unloads into Fox, hitting her shoulder, her arm, her left thigh, then her other shoulder. She cries out as she falls to the ground. Stryker is empty.

SMASH
Fox!

He runs to her, kneels down beside her and cradles her head.

SMASH (CONT'D)
Just hang on, baby. I got you.

JACKSON

(to Stryker)

Get the shipment to safety. I'll
get out on the other Blackhawk. Go.

Stryker disappears inside. Summers is by Smash's side as Jackson steps forward.

INT. STRYKER'S BLACKHAWK COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Stryker gets seated, puts the HEADPHONES on and starts flipping switches on the ceiling.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Blackhawk's engines start, beginning the slow rotation of it's propeller. Jackson takes his coat off revealing his shirtless, absolutely RIPPED upper body. Special forces tattoos cover his arms. He adjusts his Baret and assumes a fighting stance. The Three remaining Thugs start to move in but he waves them down.

FOX

Get that son of a bitch.

SMASH

Okay. You just hang on, baby.

SUMMERS

Look, just staunch the bleeding. He missed absolutely anything vital--

JACKSON

Come on! Let's settle this like men!

SMASH

(to Summers)

You got Jackson? I gotta teach Stryker a lesson in manners.

Smash and Summers charge Jackson. Smash breaks to the side, drops into a roll, grabbing both the UZI and his 1911 off the ground and dives into the Blackhawk. Summers nails the distracted Jackson squarely in the face. He barely flinches. Summers follows up with a FRONT KICK that Jackson simply catches and uses to toss him ten feet.

INT. STRYKER'S BLACKHAWK - SAME TIME

Smash heads towards the cockpit and finds Stryker's GUN staring back at him. He tries to evade as Stryker unloads but he catches a flesh wound in his side. He hits the deck and rolls out the opposite bay door...

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...and lands in a heap, clutching his side. Panic immediately sets in as he looks towards the far M60 Blackhawk. A CIGAR CHOMPING THUG has just manned the M60. He smiles... RATATATATATATAT!!! Smash is on his feet and on the run...

SUMMERS-- swings a massive LEFT HOOK at Jackson, who dodges and counters with a knee to Summers' stomach, doubling him over, then a knee to the face, launching him onto his back, rolling around in pain...The propeller gathers speed above him...

SMASH-- sidles up in front of Stryker's Blackhawk, out of the M60 Blackhawk's view. The remaining Three Thugs are closing in, M-16's at the ready. The cockpit's side window opens-- Stryker UNLOADS. Smash launches off, straight at the Thugs as Stryker fires. Cigar Chomping Thug across the way gets a bead again and UNLEASHES.

SUMMERS-- catches a ROUNDHOUSE, BACK KICK combo to the head, knocking him off his feet. As Jackson moves in, Summers charges him, throwing his whole weight into him. Jackson's deflection fails and Summers wraps him and pins him against the Stryker's Blackhawk, peppering him with a John McClane hissy fit BARRAGE OF BLOWS.

SUMMERS

I'm gonna fucking cook ya and I'm gonna fucking eat ya!

The propeller is reaching full power...

SMASH-- is in full stride as the M60 tears the ground apart behind him. He empties the UZI into the First Thug and tosses it. As the remaining Two Thugs unleash LEAD FURY, Smash drops into a "base stealing slide", right through the still standing First Thug's legs and empties the 1911 into the Second Thug. While the Third Thug peppers the air, Smash uses the Second Thug's body for cover while he wraps the M-16 under his arm, turns 180 degrees aiming the M-16 at the Third Thug and pulls the trigger with his thumb, lighting him up.

SUMMERS-- A BLOODIED Jackson has him in a bear hug, squeezing the life out of him. Summers manages to get an arm free and jams his thumb into Jackson's eye.

He screams and lets go, clutching his bloodied eye. Summers crawls towards the rear of Stryker's Blackhawk, the tail rudder at full power now. Jackson yanks him off the ground. Summers throws desperate, exhausted punches that Jackson blocks and counters with a DOUBLE CHOP to the shoulders which brings Summers to his knees...

SMASH-- desperately runs his ass across the landing pad towards the M60 Blackhawk as Cigar Chomping Thug TEARS UP THE CONCRETE. Smash leaps past the front, plugging away through the windshield with the M-16 as he passes by--

INT. M60 BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS

THWAK! THWAK! THWAK! Cigar Chomping Thug takes several in the chest. His hand locks on the M60's trigger as he drops to his knees, shooting the crap out of the cabin and catching himself in the head, which SPLATTERS all over.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The M60 turns the BLACKHAWK into swiss cheese until the whole thing EXPLODES! Smash dives and rolls to avoid flaming debris.

SUMMERS-- With Jackson distracted by the explosion, Summers sees his chance. He takes a look at the TAIL RUDDER, now at full power. He gathers his strength and charges Jackson, who gets ready to counter. Summers jumps up and lands a two legged FLYING TORPEDO KICK into Jackson's chest, knocking him backwards. He turns to stop his travel, but the only thing in front of him is THE TAIL RUDDER-- Jackson screams as his FACE IS HACKED TO SHREDS and then his body is sucked up into the PROPELLER where it explodes in a CRIMSON STORM, raining MEAT BITS and VISCERA down everywhere.

INT. STRYKER'S BLACKHAWK COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Stryker watches Jackson SPLASH against the side windshield.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Stryker's Blackhawk slowly raises off the ground, the immense force of the propeller flattening everything. Smash desperately looks around-- THE LARGE INDUSTRIAL CRANE. He breaks into a sprint-- the HOOK. He snatches it's heavy weight in his arms as the Blackhawk rises, four feet, five feet...

SMASH

You ain't getting off the hook that easy.

He leaps up with all his might, HOOK in the air-- CLINK!!! He catches it on the LANDING WHEEL as the Blackhawk gets airborne. Smash and Summers carry Fox to the far edge. The CRANE'S CABLE is reaching it's end.

INT. STRYKER'S BLACKHAWK COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Stryker looks out the window, sees the cable. Panic immediately sets in.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The CABLE stops, the Blackhawk is YANKED HARD in the air. The CRANE is ripped out of it's mounting and starts dragging across the roof as the Blackhawk struggles to regain control. The CRANE tumbles over the side, it's immense weight YANKING THE BLACKHAWK DOWN HARD and CRUSHING the COCKPIT on the edge of the roof. The rear SWINGS DOWN FORCEFULLY into the side of the BUILDING and the BLACKHAWK EXPLODES. It's huge propeller slows to a halt.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The FLAMING industrial mess hurtles to the ground where it CRASHES in a deafening THUD, and then EXPLODES again.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Summers watches over the side. He looks back at Smash and Fox and laughs. Then Smash starts laughing-- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Summers is hit in the shoulder, the leg, the arm-- Smash is on his feet-- BLAM! Summers takes one last one in the stomach. He falls to the ground.

SMASH

Summers!

From out of the flaming chaos on the roof steps Tagwood. He turns his gun on Smash and gets him in the leg and shoulder. Smash drops to the ground.

TAGWOOD

The great James Smashetti, brought to his knees.

Tagwood stands over him, aiming at his head.

SMASH

Is this how it's gonna go down? You gonna kill us all when we're defenseless?

TAGWOOD

Since when are YOU defenseless? You're getting soft, buddy.

SMASH

Just give it up. The weapons are melting on the street below along with your future.

TAGWOOD

I've already been paid handsomely for my services. You've just prevented me from getting a nice bonus.

SMASH

How much did they pay you to take out Radius?

TAGWOOD

I did that for free. What? Jealous that I got to do what you wanted to do? Yeah, I knew Marv would worry and send someone to look for me. I'd then have to figure out how to pin it on whoever that SOB was. But never in my wildest dreams did I expect you two yahoos to go and shoot the place up. You did my job for me. I honestly figured you'd be dead by then. Things just seemed to fall into place for me the first time in a long time. But no matter. Enough talk.

He cocks the GUN. Summers searches in vain for a solution.

SMASH

Just one thing, Tagwood...Why?

TAGWOOD

Why, Smash?! Why?! Some of us don't have it as easy as you do. Some of us actually have some red up on the board. Some of us actually have to DO PAPERWORK!

Summers sees his gun...ten feet away.

SMASH

Now that's not fair! I fully intended to fill out a report--

TAGWOOD

Shut up! Some of us actually have to investigate, hit the streets! Turn the evidence over and over, getting nowhere! Told by the DA that we have no case and guilty people are going to go free! We all can't just solve the problem by shooting everyone. It takes long hours. Slaving. Banging your head against the wall. FOR NOTHING!!! What else did I have to look forward to, huh!? A shitty pension when I retire after an completely undistinguished career?! Coming home to a wife who resents me for never being there?

Summers starts to black out.

SMASH

What about Billy? What about your boy?

TAGWOOD

He's not mine! He's hers! The kid fucking hates me.

SMASH

So you turn your back on your brothers!?

TAGWOOD

Are you calling yourself my brother, Smash? The darling of the force? The guy who gets to break all the rules and get away with it?! I break a rule and a serial killer, murderer of women and children, goes free. Where is the brotherhood then?! There's no justice.

(beat)

I saw my opportunity and I took it. It's been a long time coming. Something broke in me long ago.

INT. TAGWOOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Tagwood stands in his kitchen, leaning on a chair. His irate WIFE stands at the other end. There's a plate of food smashed on the wall.

WIFE

What about us, Henry?! What about us?! When do we get some of your precious time?!

TAGWOOD

Honey, please. We're so close to breaking this wide open. As soon as we do, I promise, I *promise*, the three of us will go away somewhere. Far away from here.

WIFE

You've said that before! I'm tired of feeling guilty about just wanting my marriage to work. But you don't let me in. You never let me in!

TAGWOOD

What am I supposed to say? Do you want to hear that we're dealing with a child killer?! Do you really want to hear about what I come up against?! Believe me! You don't want to hear about the things I've seen! I just want to forget. But I can't. I can't!

BILLY shows up in the doorway.

BILLY

Why are you guys fighting again?

TAGWOOD

I'm sorry, Billy. I'll come in and read you a story--

BILLY

You're not my Daddy!!

Billy runs back to his room. Wife glares at him and get's ready to unleash her next verbal fusillade--

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER (O.C.)
 Throw down your weapon and put your
 hands up!

SMASH CUT:

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. - NIGHT - CONTINUED

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS flood the roof, weapons trained on Tagwood. Hunzgaard stands in the center of them all with a megaphone.

HUNZGAARD (MEGAPHONED)
 Detective Tagwood, surrender. You
 are surrounded.

A POLICE CHOPPER rises up. A SNIPER with a BIG, LONG RIFLE hangs out the side. Tagwood looks at Smash. Smash smirks back at him.

TAGWOOD
 You son of a bitch!

He points his gun. The Sniper FIRES, Tagwood's head POPS! The Officers open fire. Tagwood's body is riddled and pushed towards the edge and over the side. His SCREAM trails off...then nothing.

EXT. ROOF OF ALGO CO. BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Fox is on a gurney. Smash is by her side, her hand in his.

SMASH
 Can you hear me, baby?

FOX
 Yes. James...I

SMASH
 Just rest. I'll be with you,
 shortly.

He kisses her.

SMASH (CONT'D)
 I love you.

Fox smiles, beaming. Smash hobbles over to Summers. PARAMEDICS are prepping him to be moved.

SUMMERS

How many times has that worked for you?

SMASH

More than enough. Bad guys like to talk.

They clasp hands, a big "MAN HAND CLASP".

SMASH (CONT'D)

I'll see you at the hospital.

The MEDIVAC chopper approaches. Hunzgaard comes over.

HUNZGAARD

You defied me once again, Smashetti. What am I gonna do with you?

SMASH

I'm sorry, Chief. I really tried to do it differently this time. I will fully accept whatever disciplinary action this calls for.

Hunzgaard puts his hand on his shoulder.

HUNZGAARD

If you didn't defy me, who would?
(he smiles)
Get out of here. Get yourself to the hospital.

Milner arrives, accompanied by a couple BUREAUCRATS.

MILNER

Where the fuck is he?! Where the fuck is Smashetti?! Summers?!

Hunzgaard goes to meet him.

HUNZGAARD

Mr. Milner, everything is under control.

MILNER

You are to fire Smashetti and Summers IMMEDIATELY!!

Smash approaches.

MILNER (CONT'D)

You're over! Finished! Both of
you!! I--

Smash decks him. Milner drops like a sack of dirt.

SMASH

That's the last time I punch a
suit, Chief. I promise.

Hunzgaard rolls his eyes.

HUNZGAARD

I need a medic over here.

Smash rejoins Fox in the MEDIVAC CHOPPER. He holds her hand
as they rise into the air.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Musket sits up in bed, conscious and in good spirits. His
beautiful wife PENNY and Smash are by his side.

MUSKET

It's time.

(taking Penny's hand)

I can't do this to Penny anymore.
And for the record, I got jammed up
all by myself. I don't need you
taking credit for that. You're a
wild man. But not *that* wild.

Smash forces a smile.

MUSKET (CONT'D)

I wouldn't trade one minute working
with you. For anything.

SMASH

It's gonna be very different around
here.

MUSKET

I taught you everything I can.
Besides, it sounds like there's a
new team in town, Sargent Smash.

SMASH

I think he just might work out
after all.

MUSKET

Sargent Smashetti and Sargent Summers.

SMASH

It's only a sequel. There's no remaking Musket and Smashetti.

(beat)

So what's next?

MUSKET

Key West. We bought a bar and grill.

PENNY

Beautiful little place. You must come and visit as soon as you can.

MUSKET

Just don't bring the mayhem with you.

SMASH

It was you who always brought the mayhem.

They clasp hands.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I'll be there. You can count on it.

INT. HUNZGAARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hunzgaard stews at his desk. Smash and Summers walk in and quickly drop their reports on his desk.

HUNZGAARD

(picking up reports)

What the hell is this?

SMASH

Our reports, sir.

SUMMERS

By nine A.M. the next day, just like you asked.

HUNZGAARD

(suspicious)

Are you serious?

SMASH

Is there a problem?

HUNZGAARD

(beat)

Get the hell out of my office!

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/GARAGE - DAY

Smash and Summers walk.

SUMMERS

What do you feel like?

SMASH

No burritos. I've had it with
fucking breakfast burritos.

SUMMERS

Pink's?

SMASH

Are you trying to get on my bad
side at such an early hour?

SUMMERS

We'll drive around, you point at
what you want. Like a little kid.
That suit you?

SMASH

Yes. You're starting to get it.

I/E. CAVALIER - CONTINUOUS

He gets in the passenger side, Summers driver's side.

SUMMERS

How's Vanessa?

SMASH

She's doing great. Coming back to
work next week.

SUMMERS

How's living together working out?

SMASH

Love it. It's a good thing because
I'm kind of between houses right
now.

INT. CAVALIER - 101 FREEWAY - DAY

Smash and Summers ride along.

DISPATCHER (FROM RADIO)
Attention all units in the vicinity
of East 1st street. 211 silent in
progress.

Smash takes the radio.

SMASH
(into radio)
Dispatch, this is Twenty William
Fifteen, responding.

SUMMERS
Start off the day right.

SMASH
We do this by the book. Got it?

SUMMERS
(smirking)
Yeah. Make sure my partner gets the
memo.

Smash throws on the BLUES, hits the SIREN. Summers FLOORS it.
The CAVALIER screams down the freeway...

SMASH CUT BLACK