

# ***HALF-COCKED***

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FADE IN:

IN BLACK

The thud of heavy machinery on steel -- the sound echoes in a large empty space.

INT. MTA TUNNEL - NIGHT

UP ON

Four MEN wearing overalls, protective visors and hard hats. HARSH lights illuminate the RAILS they're working on.

Two men use power tools to work on the bolts, while another uses an angle grinder to cut through the securing plates.

LEGEND: 7TH STREET METRO CENTRE

A LIGHT flashes from further down the tunnel.

ANGLE ON

A MAINTENANCE OFFICER heads towards them. He carries a flashlight and a clip board.

MAINTENANCE OFFICER  
Hey! What are you guys doing?

One of the men looks up. Intense eyes, taut muscular build, a man used to making decisions fast. Meet CARLOS RAMON, the leader of this small group.

CARLOS  
Chief said we gotta cut out this section. Been reports of vibration from some of the drivers.

The Maintenance Officer flicks through his paperwork, scratches his head -- reaches for his comms unit.

MAINTENANCE OFFICER  
I 'ain't got jack shit on this.  
I'm gonna have to call it in.

Carlos reaches into his overalls -- pulls out a GUN.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The sound of a GUNSHOT reverberates down the tunnel -- the muzzle flash illuminating the silhouettes of the men. The Officer crumples to the ground.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

A crummy walk up in the cheap rent area of Burbank. The room is cramped, some photos on a chest of drawers -- a man in police uniform holding a baby next to a smiling woman.

A Metro Transit Police cap, and BADGE lie next to a bottle of motion sickness tablets, and some police training manuals. A uniform lies discarded over the bottom of the bed.

A MAN lies slumped on top of the covers -- he wears boxer shorts and it looks like he barely made it before passing out.

Close shaven, mixed race and well muscled, this is MARK CHASE, (20s) he's in a deep sleep, but it won't last because...

Something small hurtles onto the bed -- buries it's cute snout into one of his ears, licking and nibbling ferociously.

Chase snaps awake, tries to push away the wriggling PUG puppy. Meet GUCCI, she's a heartbreaker.

CHASE

Damn! Get outta my ear!

He wrestles the puppy from his ear holding it in front of his face -- the dog lunges forwards tries to lick and chew his nose.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Gucci!

There's a knocking at the door. Chase scoops up the puppy which continues to wriggle in his arms.

MARCI (V.O.)

Hiya, it's me...

Chase drops Gucci onto the bed -- rushes to the sink, squirts toothpaste into his mouth swills it out and wipes his face as he snatches a dressing gown from off the floor.

CHASE

I'm coming!

He goes to the door and opens it. Gucci races past him into the waiting arms of MARCI, (20s) a mane of tousled chestnut hair framing the face of an angel.

MARCI

Gucci! My little cutie pie.

She scoops the furry bundle into her arms and kisses it on the nose. Chase looks on -- waiting for a gap in the proceedings.

MARCI (CONT'D)

Thanks Mark, I hope she wasn't too much trouble...it's just my boss changed shifts on me at the last moment. He's such a jerk.

CHASE

No problem, she's real cute, I had a dog just like her when I was a kid.

He looks sad for a moment -- then smiles.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I think at some primal level little Gucci and me bonded.

Marci smiles at him.

MARCI

She did the ear thing didn't she? She just has to get in there with her little tongue...some people hate it.

CHASE

No, I'm cool. Just glad my shift fitted. I get jerked around all the time, they think they own you, as if.

Marci nods.

MARCI

Yeah, they need us more than we need them huh?

CHASE

You got it. So, we should...

Marci smiles.

MARCI

Yeah, well, gotta go.

Chase smiles.

CHASE

Sure, anytime.

She heads out the door -- halts, turns and gives him a peck on the cheek.

MARCI

Thanks for helping out.

Chase smiles.

CHASE

Protect and serve...that's my job.

She heads across to her apartment. Chase closes the door behind him. Smacks his forehead.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Protect and serve...Jeez.

INT. MTA CARRIAGE - MOVING

Full of passengers -- and they're not wearing pants. Some look good in their underwear -- some not so good.

Two people stand out amongst this odd collection. Chase, who wears his police uniform, and a homeless man who sips from a brown bag. Unkempt, and with a wild shock of silver hair, his eyes have a life of their own.

His name is BURNS (50s) an old fireman's badge is pinned to his dirty overcoat -- looks like it's the only thing he keeps clean. He's mumbling to himself -- out of it.

BURNS

...I know where it is, they don't believe me...think I'm mad, I'll show them, millions right under their noses...

CHANGE OF ANGLE

The passengers are looking at Chase, chanting. Some of them wear "No Pants Day" Tee shirts.

PASSENGERS

Off! Off! Off!

Chase groans, starts to take his pants off.

EXT. SUBWAY - DAY

The train pulls up. Chase hurries through the doors as they slide open -- supporting Burns. He wears his utility belt complete with gun, and pouches round his boxer shorts.

He carefully places Burns on a seat, presses a five dollar bill into his hands and turns. Which is when the doors close. The Polish driver, TEDDY BAJOWSKI, leans out of the driver's cab grinning.

BAJOWSKI

Looking sharp Chase.

The train moves off -- Chase bangs on the doors.

CHASE

You snake Bajowski!

He slows to a walk. Turns to towards a sea of passengers staring at him.

EXT. STREET, OCTOPUS SUSHI RESTAURANT - DAY

A group of four MEN come out. Hard looking individuals, the bulge of concealed weapons beneath their coats. We recognise one of them -- it's Carlos from the maintenance gang.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

CAPTAIN EDDY FLEMING (50s) addresses two Detectives, PALMER (30s), eyes like flint and a compulsive teeth grinder, and ROGERS (40s) seen it all before and ready for it.

They look at MONITORS displaying close and wide angles of the four men outside the restaurant. Fleming taps Carlo's picture on the screen.

FLEMING

Carlos Ramon, used to run the Columbian branch out of Lima, drugs, human traffic and prostitution...got out of there when things went bad for Escobar.

PALMER

And now he's here. Why?

Rogers taps a folder.

ROGERS

Interpol traced him from South America, through Berlin and London. He's been spotted with well known fences and middle men in nearly every capital in Europe.

PALMER

Is he setting up a job or cashing in?

FLEMING

We don't know, but it looks like whatever he's planning it's going down in L.A.

PALMER

Is that why we've got the Limey on attachment?

FLEMING  
Yeah, she's had dealings with  
Carlos before.

ROGERS  
I heard she was a loose canon.

FLEMING  
They do things a little different  
is all.

A W/T crackles. An English accent punches into the van.

TYLER (V.O.)  
You getting this?

Fleming snatches up the handset.

FLEMING  
Stand by Tyler, we're setting up a  
perimeter.

EXT. WEST 7TH STREET - HOT DOG STAND - DAY

JANE TYLER (20s) speaks into a concealed mic -- an earphone  
snaking into her ear.

Her shapeless BEENY hat and rough jacket do nothing to hide  
her beauty or the sensitive grey eyes that miss nothing.

TYLER  
A perimeter? Yes, that's what we  
really need, a perimeter. This  
charmer's planning to fence close  
to a billion dollars and we're  
setting up a perimeter, how about a  
plan?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Fleming looks at Rogers and Palmer.

FLEMING  
They have no idea of protocol.

He keys the mic.

FLEMING (CONT'D)  
We're on it Tyler, just keep Carlos  
in view.

EXT. WEST 7TH STREET - HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Tyler has Carlos in view -- not difficult because he's headed  
straight towards her.

TYLER

Not a problem.

She rips the ear piece out and dumps the receiver into the trash can behind her stand. She doesn't see the earpiece pull free from the handset.

Carlos comes over. When he smiles he looks charming -- the smile doesn't reach his eyes though.

CARLOS

Hi. Sushi huh, it's the new Chinese, you always need a little more. What you got?

TYLER

Er, sausages?

CARLOS

English right?

TYLER

No, I think they're American.

Carlos shakes his head. His smile vanishes as he whips his gun out.

CARLOS

Cut the crap sister. What are you doing here?

Tyler holds up a limp sausage.

TYLER

Just trying to help.

Fleming's voice squawks out of the W/T handset.

FLEMING (V.O.)

Get outta' there Tyler!

TYLER

Ooops.

Carlos swings his gun up -- Tyler zaps him in the eye with a squirt of mustard -- he scrabbles at his eyes, runs off. Tyler snatches up the handset.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Officer in pursuit!

Carlos runs up the street -- police cars screech to halt in front of him, more from the other side -- he's blocked in.

He looks around, the subway entrance is fifty yards away. He looses off a volley of shots. Bullets peppering the police cars. Tyler sprints towards him.

Palmer and Rogers burst out of the surveillance van and race after Tyler.

INT. 7TH STREET METRO - STAIRS

Carlos battles past people -- smashing them out of the way -- he fires into the ceiling, people hit the deck or throw themselves clear.

TYLER

Moving like the wind, legs pumping, hair flying, Beeney long gone -- rips her jacket off, dumps it. Whatever she excels in, running is high on that list, she's phenomenal.

Obstacles are swerved, ducked or just leapt over without a moment's hesitation -- she soon has Carlos in her sights.

She draws her gun -- and then it all goes wrong -- she fires round after round at Carlos's fleeing figure. They miss him by a mile. Lights explode, tiles shatter and people scream.

Behind her Palmer and Rogers are flagging, no way can they catch up.

PALMER

Shouts into his mic.

PALMER

Tyler's up ahead, taking fire, we can't catch her, it's like trying to keep up with Seabiscuit!

They race along the passageways -- passing scenes of devastation, people hobble, others clutch flesh wounds.

TYLER

Fifty feet from Carlos and reloading in mid-air as she clears a mother and pram without breaking stride.

CARLOS

Drenched with sweat -- eyes weeping with mustard burns, jacket soaked with perspiration, he's nearly spent. A hundred feet away a train sits in the platform -- Carlos looks behind him.

BANG! A bullet whistles past his head -- takes out an overhead sign -- debris splatters him, he keeps going.

Fifty-feet and it looks like he might make it when:

CHASE steps into his path. Tyler fires her gun -- CLICK, empty. She sees Chase, takes in the cap, jacket, gun belt...shorts.

TYLER

Stop him!

Chase freezes. Carlos smashes into him, knocks him to the ground, stumbles, struggles to pick himself up.

The doors on the train are...CLOSING.

Carlos lurches towards them -- but Chase is up, he hurls his gun at Carlos. BLAM! The butt hits Carlos on the back of the head -- cold cocks him in mid-air. He hits the deck.

ANGLE ON

The gun as it skids across the platform -- the chamber flips open -- it's EMPTY.

TYLER

Bursts on to the platform -- sees the gun. Chase scoops it up -- holsters it.

INT. 7TH STREET, PLATFORM - DAY

It's a zoo. Para-medics and police swarm the area. C.S.I take photos and ask questions. People are carted off on stretchers statements are taken.

Carlos goes by in handcuffs, his head bandaged. He gives Chase and Tyler a look. He won't forget them.

Captain Fleming looks around him in disbelief. Tyler and Chase sit on a bench -- Chase wears a pair of hi-viz pants.

Fleming gestures with a hand to the platform. Bends down, gets in Tyler's face.

FLEMING

This is why we have perimeters,  
protocol, chain of command, backup.

(beat)

Do they even have those words where  
you come from?

An OFFICER hands him a sheet of paper. He looks at it, snorts.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

Jesus! Twenty-five gunshot wounds,  
what do you have there? A shotgun.  
You're lucky no one was killed.

Tyler mumbles something.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

What?

TYLER

I said that's a pity.

Fleming shakes his head.

FLEMING

Really? You think killing Carlos would've helped our case?

Tyler shrugs.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

Officer of the law...the clue's in the title. I know what sort of scumbag Carlos is, but that's no excuse for going off half-cocked.

He rubs his head, looks at the destruction -- waves a hand.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

I mean this guy doesn't have any pants on for Chrissake...yet he managed to bring Carlos down without shooting anybody.

Chase looks up.

CHASE

It was no pants day, the passengers...they was persistent.

FLEMING

Hey kid, don't sweat it, you done good...but you...

He shakes his head at Tyler.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

You done bad.

TYLER

Done bad? What is with you people, that you have to beat up the English language like you're trying for a confession.

FLEMING

Jeez you got some mouth on you. Report to the station nine a.m. tomorrow, we got some changes to make...Chase, you come with me.

INT. TRAIN CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Men hunch over screens and keyboards -- a large display shows the progress of the trains on the various lines. Fleming leads Chase into a glass office within the main space.

OFFICE

A view out into the main office and a desk, behind which sits supervisor DJANGO MALAWITZ (50s), a white haired bulldog of a man. He gets up to greet Fleming. They hug, old friends.

DJANGO  
Eddy, long time.

FLEMING  
Too long, how's your wife?

DJANGO  
She's great, you should come round for dinner.

FLEMING  
She still cook those great roasts?

DJANGO  
Oh yeah, order yourself a new pair of pants already.

He looks over at Chase.

DJANGO (CONT'D)  
How's my little hero?

He flicks up a picture on the monitor screen -- Chase minus his pants throwing his gun at Carlos.

DJANGO (CONT'D)  
That'll make a great front page, hell I might even make it into a Christmas card.

FLEMING  
Yeah, takes quick thinking to avoid shooting any passengers when they're in the line of fire.

DJANGO  
He's quick alright, and when he's not taking his pants off he's studying...ain't that right Chase?

Chase shift uncomfortably.

CHASE  
Sir.

FLEMING  
You wanna' fill me in about your guy?

Django nods.

DJANGO

Sure.

He pulls out an employees information sheet -- hands it to Fleming, who studies it.

FLEMING

And you don't know what he was doing there?

DJANGO

Naa, he was just doing general inspection duty. I guess he coulda' slipped, knocked himself out and blammo...next train along and he's jello.

Fleming pockets the report.

FLEMING

I'll look into it.

(beat)

So here's the thing, I'm wondering if we can give Chase here a little bit of a lateral transfer opportunity...

Django sucks in his cheeks.

DJANGO

I dunno' Eddy, I'm kinda' stretched here...

FLEMING

It'll only be for a few weeks, it's just I need to get this Limey broad off the chief's radar till things calm down. Chase will appreciate the experience and maybe she'll straighten herself out.

Django shrugs.

DJANGO

Ah, what the hell, I owe you one.

FLEMING

The hell you do, it's not like a took a bullet in the head for you.

He punches him in the gut -- Django mimes pain.

DJANGO

You still got it Eddy.

FLEMING

Yeah I do, I just have trouble remembering where I left it these days.

He looks at Chase.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

Okay, Chase, pick up some pants and lets go get your paperwork sorted.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Tyler sits behind the wheel. She fiddles with the seat adjustment, forwards backwards, up down -- nothing quite right. She starts the engine up, revs it -- sighs, gets out.

EXT. POLICE UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

She goes round to the hood -- opens it, fiddles inside, yanks on the accelerator cable, adjusts something, slams the hood shut and gets back into the car.

Chase trots like an excited puppy towards the car. It accelerates past him, leaving a cloud of smoke. Rockets to the end of the garage -- spins on it's own axis and hurtles back.

Screeches to a halt next to Chase. Tyler looks across at him.

TYLER

Get in.

Chase climbs in.

CHASE

Everything Okay?

Tyler gives him a look -- grey eyes like lasers.

TYLER

Mixture's a little rich, one of the cams is worn, left brake pad's on the way out and the shocks are softer than a jelly doughnut, other than that we're fine.

CHASE

I meant with you.

TYLER

Oh, sweet. I've been demoted down to a patrol car, and teamed up with a man who throws guns at criminals without any pants on. Other than that I'm fine.

CHASE

I don't only throw guns at criminals without any pants on...i'd do the same if they were wearing pants.

Tyler gives him that look.

TYLER

Don't try and get grammatical with me, or I will hurt you in many interesting and painful ways.

She hits the gas and they rocket out of the garage into the...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Chase and Tyler in the patrol car, cruising through downtown Hollywood -- past a few tourists, some bums and a bench full of singing winos.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Chase is like a kid in a candy shop. He's fiddling with the computer and comms systems.

CHASE

This is so cool. They got internet and shit, wonder if they have Tetris?

Tyler looks at him. He fiddles with the radio, a old Bee Gees track comes on "Jive Talking" Chase move with it.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I love this one.

TYLER

Oh God, please don't tell me you ever styled your hair like Tony Manero.

Chase does the Travolta schtick.

CHASE

Hey, don't mess with the hair, I spend a lotta time with the hair...

TYLER

This is going to be a long shift, in fact I think I should kill you now before you start singing...

Which is when Chase joins in the high pitched chorus.

CHASE  
Jive talking...

CLICK. Tyler turns it off.

TYLER  
Please, have some sensitivity here,  
we might miss a despatch.

CHASE  
You wanna know how they came to do  
Jive Talking?

TYLER  
You're going to tell me anyway  
aren't you.

Chase launches in.

CHASE  
The Bee Gees were crossing the  
bridge from Biscayne Bay into Miami  
and the car's tires hitting the  
seams on the road made a sorta'  
"Chicka, Chicka, Chicka," sound,  
which they used for the intro...

He looks at her, no reaction.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Chicka, Chicka, Chicka, Jive  
Talkin' you're telling me lies...

TYLER  
That's great, I'll buy you a pot of  
paint and you can do the Travolta  
walk. Don't you miss anything  
about the metro?

CHASE  
The passengers, it was like reality  
TV but with smellovision.

He swallows a couple of pills.

TYLER  
You got an allergy?

CHASE  
Some sort of inner ear thing, I get  
motion sickness. These help keep it  
under control.

TYLER  
So why'd you pick the metro?

Chase hesitates before answering.

CHASE  
Stupid huh?

TYLER  
No, a job on the big dipper would  
have been dumber.

The dispatch radio SQUAWKS. Tyler reaches out and turns it down.

CHASE  
Isn't that how they let us know  
when a crime's going down?

TYLER  
Yes, but it's so annoying, I can't  
concentrate.

Chase shrugs -- hears something, reaches forwards and eases it back up a notch.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
All units in the vicinity, assault  
in progress at Hollywood and  
Vine...

CHASE  
That's us!

TYLER  
I didn't hear our number.

CHASE  
It's just round the corner...

Tyler sighs.

TYLER  
Take another pill.

CHASE  
Why?

The car rockets forwards -- pinning Chase back into the seat with the acceleration -- he scrabbles for his pills.

EXT. STREET - HOLLYWOOD AND VINE - DAY

THREE thugs are laying into a homeless MAN next to a bench. He's putting up a fight, but the baseball bats are connecting.

Tyler's patrol car comes round the corner -- it's sideways -- smoke pouring from it's tires.

The thugs turn towards the SOUND -- the car's not stopping.

They turn to run, the car slams into one of them, sends him spinning into a wall -- the other one hangs onto the hood, slides off and hits the ground moaning.

Chase forces the door open -- smacks the remaining thug in the guts. He gets out -- sways, struggles to focus.

Tyler gets out of the other side and comes round. The three thugs drag themselves upright.

TYLER

I'm sorry I didn't see you there.  
Brakes are a little spongy.

The thugs react to her accent -- the taller one smiles.

THUG

Hey, we got a tourist.

He moves towards her -- swings the bat menacingly. The other two look at each other.

THUG 2

They're cops.

TYLER

Oh gosh, you must be the leader.  
What was it that gave us away? Was  
it the uniforms, the car or...the  
taser.

THUG 2

What tas...

And in a blur of speed her foot swings up in an arc, smacks him in the crutch -- he grunts and collapses to the floor, eyes bugging, face as red as a prawn in a marathon.

TYLER

Shocking isn't it.

She nods at Chase.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Join in if you like.

Chase holds his hands up.

CHASE

I think you've got it under  
control.

The remaining two thugs rush Tyler -- bats swinging -- slam her against the side of the car.

Chase pivots -- drives the side of his foot into the nearest thug's ribs -- there's a sharp pop, as a bone cracks, the thug drops his bat -- limps away.

Chase snatches the bat up and slams it into the side of the remaining thug's head -- he drops like a sack of potatoes.

TYLER  
You play ball?

CHASE  
Not as hard as you. That guy's gonna' be signing up for the choir.

There's a moan -- a face comes up from behind the bench. It's Burns. Chase helps him on to the bench.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Jeez Burns, whaddaya doing out here?

Burns wheezes, clutches his ribs.

BURNS  
New guy on the train 'ain't as soft as you...he booted me out soon as I showed up. And no hand outs neither.

Tyler handcuffs the two thugs on the ground -- looks around, sees the final thug limping away, he's about a hundred feet away.

She picks up two of the baseball bats -- juggles with them, puts one down.

TYLER  
A little top heavy...

She whirls the bat over her head, takes a hop skip and a jump. Sends it spinning towards the limping thug -- it smashes into the back of his working knee.

THUD!

He buckles, hit's the ground screaming.

BURNS  
Who's the cheerleader?

CHASE  
My new partner, she has low self esteem.

Tyler comes over -- produces a flashlight, shines it into Burn's eyes -- checks for reflex.

TYLER  
How are you feeling?

BURNS  
On a scale of one to ten?

TYLER  
If you like.

BURNS  
I haven't had a drink since this morning so take a wild guess.

Tyler presses his side, burns winces.

TYLER  
You may have a cracked rib or two, we need to get you to hospital.

BURNS  
I don't have no medicare, work's been a little slow recently.

TYLER  
I have a friend over here, he's a doctor, he'll fix you up.

Burns looks to Chase.

BURNS  
You got a keeper here bud.

CHASE  
Oh no, we're partners not "partners".

BURNS  
Whatever.

CHASE  
Why were they beating on you?

BURNS  
No idea, I was just sitting here and they started into me.

TYLER  
Do you think it was a mugging?

They both look at her.

BURNS  
Oh sure, they got my Rolex. You want I should fill in a crime report?

TYLER  
I'm sorry, I was misinformed, you do get irony. C'mon, let's get you fixed up.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Burns sits in a chair. He's been cleaned up, and his ribs have been strapped with bandages. A young Doctor is checking him over, clean shaven, brown eyes sharp and intense, this is MATT JONES, (20s)

He looks at some heavy scarring on Burn's shoulders -- nods to the Fire Dept Badge pinned to the coat on the chair. Like Tyler he has an English accent.

MATT

Four eight three, you in the towers?

Burns looks at him, pain and something else behind his rheumy eyes.

BURNS

Below them.

MATT

You're the one.

BURNS

No I'm not.

Matt looks at him.

MATT

You lost all of your crew...

Burns looks at him -- eyes black holes, a man who's been to hell and probably won't be coming back.

BURNS

I lost more than that.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

Matt walks down towards a drinks machine where Tyler and Chase sip bad coffee from thin plastic cups.

CHASE

How is he?

Matt looks at their cups -- pulls a face.

MATT

You should have your stomachs pumped as soon as possible.

TYLER

Where is he now?

MATT

He's gone...I taped his ribs, gave him a shot for the pain and some Ketamin, which he'll probably sell, that's it.

TYLER

I don't understand.

MATT

He's Burns...

CHASE

I know.

MATT

No you don't.

(beat)

When the towers got hit, a lot of firemen were trying to evacuate the lower levels when building four came down.

TYLER

I remember that.

CHASE

They lost a lot of men.

MATT

He was Captain of four eight three.

Tyler and Chase wait.

MATT (CONT'D)

It didn't get any coverage at the time...too sensitive.

TYLER

Sensitive, what could be more sensitive than the deaths of three thousand people?

MATT

After nine eleven a lot of conspiracy theories started flying around...ten years down the line most of them have gone away.

CHASE

Except?

MATT

Four floors beneath tower four was where they stored the gold bullion, silver and platinum...we're talking upwards of one billion dollars.

Now he really has their attention.

MATT (CONT'D)

A lot of it was never recovered.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Parked up outside the hospital. Tyler and Chase eat noodles out of cardboard boxes.

TYLER

This is good.

CHASE

Mmm, second that.

Tyler takes a slug of coffee.

TYLER

Burns never mentioned anything?  
All that time he was riding the  
subways.

CHASE

He was pretty gone most of the  
time.

TYLER

You think those men we're trying to  
kill him...or find something out?

CHASE

I don't know. But there was another  
thing.

TYLER

What?

CHASE

It may not be connected.

TYLER

A butterfly flaps it's wing in  
Japan and it's connected, whatever  
you've got, spit it out.

CHASE

Last week one of the safety  
engineers on night shift was killed  
by a train.

TYLER

Now that's ironic.

CHASE

Yes. And also pretty unusual.  
Fleming told my boss that he would  
look into it. There's been radio  
silence ever since

TYLER

You think it smells?

CHASE

On the subway, a lot of things  
smell.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Nurses and doctors come and go. Ambulances swoop in and out.  
Nothing out of the ordinary except for one MAN, a man who  
walks like someone balancing the weight of a concealed weapon  
beneath his coat.

INSERT IN A QUICK FLASHBACK

Outside the Octopus restaurant A group of four men come out.  
Hard looking individuals -- one of them is our MAN.

INT. PATROL CAR - VIEW THROUGH SIDE WINDOW - NIGHT

Tyler looks over at the hospital entrance -- catches a  
glimpse of the MAN -- tries to place him.

TYLER (V.O.)

Why are we here?

CHASE

CHASE

When Burns has sold the drugs Matt  
gave him and his ribs start kicking  
off, I'm guessing he might just be  
stupid enough to come back here.

Tyler starts. Spills her coffee. Recognises the MAN.

TYLER

Shit!

CHASE

What?

TYLER

One of the men from the restaurant  
with Carlos...he just went into the  
hospital.

She reaches for the door handle -- as the street is suddenly awash with the noise of sirens as Black and Whites converge on the hospital bubble lights flashing.

INT. HOSPITAL - TRAUMA UNIT - NIGHT

Tyler and Chase sit outside an operating theatre. A DOCTOR comes out -- heads towards them. We don't hear what he says.

TYLER

Shock and hurt in every fibre of her being -- her shoulders slump. Chase puts an arm round her -- she leans into him.

EXT. L.A RIVER - DAWN

Tyler and Chase hold each other as they watch the sun rise over the river -- warming their hands around a cup of steaming coffee.

TYLER

We were at the same university, we always joked about how I'd be shooting them and he'd be sticking them back together.

CHASE

He knew you well.

Tyler gives a tired smile.

TYLER

Better than that. And I just let that man walk in and...

CHASE

You couldn't have known. Only three people knew Burns spoke to Matt, and two of them are in this car.

TYLER

What could Matt possibly know that would make him a target?

CHASE

Carlos...Carlos is the key to all of this, whatever secret they think Burns told your friend that's the reason that Carlos is here, and your friend is dead.

TYLER

What about Burns?

CHASE

Burns will disappear, you'll only find him when he wants to be found.

TYLER

Then we go see Carlos.

A Black and White slows behind them. The window slides down. An OFFICER looks out.

OFFICER

Tyler, the Captain wants you in his office nine o' clock sharp, you too Chase.

Chase looks up.

CHASE

You know what it's about?

The officer shrugs.

OFFICER

Could be something to do with dispatch not being able to raise you on the radio...but whadda' I know.

He smirks and accelerates off.

INT. CAPTAIN FLEMING'S OFFICE - DAY

Chase and Tyler sit opposite Captain Fleming -- he's pacing around the office, they start to follow him with their necks but give up.

FLEMING

You ignore despatch, and sit outside a hospital, at exactly the same time as one of the Doctors is murdered by a suspect you already let escape during a stakeout...

TYLER

It wasn't just me...

Fleming halts, glares at her.

FLEMING

Well if you'd stuck to procedure Miss Oakley...

Tyler nods.

TYLER

Very funny, the whole Annie get your gun thing, but I would never wear suede...it goes against my whole aesthetic, and also...

FLEMING

Shut up...you two were put together in the hope, that like a class full of wise asses and dumb asses you'd balance each other out, produce at worst some kind of useful team.

TYLER

How did you know where we are?

FLEMING

We have Lojack on all our vehicles, we know where you are twenty four seven.

TYLER

That's good, so you weren't really worried about us...

FLEMING

I was worried that you were wasting police time on a case you aren't involved in.

CHASE

We think there's a connection, between Carlos's operation and Burns.

FLEMING

Burns, the bum that was attacked yesterday?

TYLER

I think they're called homeless Captain.

FLEMING

Whatever. What has Carlos got to do with this...Homeless bum?

TYLER

The people Carlos has been meeting with specialize in fencing precious metals...

CHASE

Burns was in 401 brigade, he was at world trade building four on September eleventh.

FLEMING

If this is another one of those  
cockamamie conspiracy theories  
leave me out of it.

TYLER

Burns was in the basement where  
they stored the bullion...he was  
the only survivor in his unit.

FLEMING

Oh, now I see. He has all this  
gold stashed so instead of living  
life on the hog, he'd rather travel  
the subways disguised as a,  
(he does airquotes)  
"Homeless Person", drinking himself  
stupid out of a brown paper bag.

CHASE

It does sound a little flaky.

FLEMING

Flaky? Is that what you think?

TYLER

If we could just have a few moments  
with Carlos...

FLEMING

Oh really. Well if you were part of  
the case that would be no problem,  
but you aren't and you 'ain't...

TYLER

Do you know how much that hurts me  
to hear you say that?

FLEMING

Oh I'm sorry, but it's not your  
case anymore.

TYLER

I was talking about the whole  
'ain't thing, it's just so not fair  
that you don't use isn't...ain't is  
just so...

FLEMING

Shut up! Carlos is being moved to  
a high security prison in the next  
half hour where we will be  
conducting interviews with him.

TYLER

Interviews! That reptile's a murderer. Personally responsible for the death of thousands of drug users, trafficking and organized crime worldwide, and you're going to "interview" him?

CHASE

She's right, you need to let us speak to him, there's something big going down here and Carlos is at the bottom of it...

FLEMING

Oh right, the millions of dollars worth of gold that your friend has stashed in his shopping cart.

TYLER

We're only asking for a few minutes, what harm could it do?

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

A homeless guy wearing a hoodie, wheels a shopping cart piled high with rubbish to the edge of the bridge. Something crackles from the cart.

ANGLE ON

A police SCANNER.

HOMELESS MAN

Tunes the scanner.

SCANNER (V.O.)

Eagle one headed east down sixth street, all clear.

The man produces a brown paper bag from the cart -- tips it over the edge of the bridge. Breadcrumbs scatter onto the road beneath him. Pigeons swoop down for a feeding frenzy.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An armored police truck hurtles past. Approaches the bridge.

INT. EAGLE ONE, TRUCK - DAY

Carlos sits handcuffed in the back. Accompanied by two GUARDS.

CARLOS

You wanna' tell the driver to slow down, I'm feelin' kinda' nauseous.

The guards smile.

GUARD

Maybe you'd like us to let you out for a bit, stretch your legs?

CARLOS

Yeah, I'd appreciate it.

GUARD 2

It ain't happening, you wanna' throw up do it on yourself.

Carlos looks at them, his eyes never wavering.

CARLOS

When I am released I will kill you, but first I give you a lot of pain, yes?

The guards share a look. One of them kicks Carlos hard in the shin. Carlos sucks it up, gives no sign of reacting.

GUARD

Pain, like that you mean?

CARLOS

Worse than that.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The homeless guy pulls something out of his cart -- a stuffed PIGEON. He produces a sealant gun and fills up the chest cavity with a gungy mixture -- attaches the pigeon to a wire.

STREET

The pigeons are fighting over the crumbs -- a TRUCK rumbles towards them. They explode into the air as the truck approaches.

INT. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF EAGLE ONE, TRUCK - DAY

Pigeons flapping through the air, feathers floating towards them.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The homeless guy drops the pigeon on the wire -- it swings through the air in an arc -- smashes onto the windshield of the truck that passes below.

INT. VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - EAGLE ONE, TRUCK - DAY

THUD! The pigeon explodes over the glass -- blood, guts, goo it all smears the windshield, temporally blinding them. The truck brakes. The guard in the passenger seat looks wary.

GUARD

Keep going!

The windshield wipers struggle to clear the debris -- the view is obscured. The truck keeps on going.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The homeless guy pulls out a walkie-talkie. Keys send.

HOMELESS GUY

Eagle one is headed towards you on schedule.

He watches the truck as it heads up the street, moving slower now -- up ahead the river.

EXT. STREET - MISSION STREET JUNCTION - DAY

The truck slows for the lights. A group of kids on skate boards race along side with buckets and squeegees. The truck halts. The kids swarm around it.

INT. EAGLE ONE, TRUCK - DAY

The kids start to clean the windshield. One of the guards starts to complain. The other guard stops him.

GUARD

Let 'em, we ain't gonna pay them  
shit, can't open the windows,  
company policy.

They smile and high five each other smiling. Soap suds cover the windshield -- a scraper wipes it clear revealing:

A TIMER -- suckered to the windshield, counting down from thirty seconds. The kids race off. The guards react.

PANDEMONIUM.

One of the guards hits the intercom.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK

A speaker blares out.

SPEAKER (V.O.)  
Get out, we have an explosive  
device attached, twenty seconds!

Guards 1 and 2 race to secure Carlos and open the back door,  
the seconds tick by. One of the guard 1 unlocks Carlo's  
handcuffs from a steel bar -- snaps it on his wrist.

GUARD 1  
C'mon, get out!

He draws his gun, digs it into Carlos and unlocks the door.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

The atmosphere is tense.

TYLER  
I saw your gun...it was empty.

Chase looks at her -- but before he can reply. The radio  
bursts into life.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
All units, two one one Alpha in  
progress on prison transport unit  
at the corner of Caeser and North  
Main.

Tyler keys the hand mic.

TYLER  
Seven-eight two-zero en route.

CHASE  
Prison transport?

Chase shoots her a look.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The guard and Carlos burst out of the back of the truck. The  
door swings back behind them -- Carlos grabs something  
magnetically clamped to the back of the truck.

A gun and a Walkie-Talkie.

He shoots guard 1 -- he crumples to the ground -- jams his  
gun into the neck of guard 2 who he's cuffed to.

The guards 3 and 4 appear guns drawn -- see Carlos

CARLOS  
Drop your guns!

They look at each other -- hesitate. Carlos cocks his gun.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Do it!

They lay their guns on the ground.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Kick them over here.

The guards kick them towards him. He nods at the back of the truck.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Get in the back.

GUARD 3

But the bomb...

CARLOS

There is no bomb, it was a trick,  
now get in.

The guards climb in nervously -- Carlos slams the door shut. Prods the guard with his gun.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Keys!

The guard reaches into his pocket -- hands them over. Carlos locks the truck door -- throws the keys over the side of the bridge.

Drags the guard away from the truck -- the guard realizing.

GUARD

You bastard.

CARLOS

What, you never told a little white  
lie?

WHUMP! The truck explodes -- flips end over end down the road, flames and black smoke belching into the air. Carlos starts to squeeze the trigger.

GUARD 1

Wait!

The sound of SIRENS approaches.

Carlos thinks. Drags the guard over to the edge of the bridge -- climbs up onto the wall, drags the guard up with him.

Below him a long drop to the railway tracks below.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CARLOS  
What, you don't like heights.

INT. PATROL CAR - VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAY

Tyler and Chase rocket down the road -- black smoke points the way.

TYLER  
We're too late.

CHASE  
Maybe not...look.

Carlos and the Guard stand on the wall of the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The patrol car screeches to a halt. Tyler and Chase get out, Tyler draws her gun -- moves towards Carlos -- Chase comes round from the other side of the car, draws his gun.

TYLER  
Put the gun down Carlos, there's no where to go.

Carlos laughs.

CARLOS  
Always so pessimistic.

Tyler cocks her gun -- moves closer.

TYLER  
Not me, worst case scenario is I only put two bullets in you head before you drop the gun.

Carlos digs the gun into the guards temple, cocks the hammer.

CARLOS  
That's not going to happen, whatever you do, I'll fall, and he'll come with me.

CHASE  
He has a point.

CARLOS  
Just put your guns down, throw me the car keys and I'll let him go.

TYLER  
How about I shoot your hand off, then put a bullet through your head.

Carlos looks worried for a moment, then it's gone.

CARLOS

You can't shoot me, it's against  
the law.

TYLER

Self defence, you have a gun and  
intent.

CARLOS

You won't do it, and you wanna'  
know why?

Chase shakes his head -- sees where things are headed.

CHASE

Oh shit.

CARLOS

Because you want to shoot me so  
bad, but everybody knows what  
happened to your Father, if you  
kill me they'll know it was  
revenge, so you can't can you...you  
just have to live with the memory  
of what I did, how I let him  
die...in the car, his flesh going  
black...the smell...

That's it -- Tyler squeezes the trigger. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!  
There's noise and confusion and yelling, and when the smoke  
clears Carlos and the guard are gone.

The sound of sirens draws closer. Chase looks at Tyler -- her  
arm is locked out -- fingers clenched round the gun, shaking,  
her face staring, reliving the pain.

Chase takes her arm, gently takes the gun from her.

CHASE

Okay, calm down, it's over.

Tyler snaps out of it.

TYLER

I'm sorry.

CHASE

Yeah, me too, I'm guessing the  
guard ain't too pleased either.

Tyler looks at him.

TYLER

Isn't...

CHASE

Sorry?

TYLER

Isn't too pleased.

CHASE

What! You're giving me an English lesson after you just whacked a coupla' guys...

There's a sound from the edge of the bridge.

GUARD (O.S)

Help!

They run to the edge of the bridge.

THEIR POV

Of the guard hanging by one arm from the metalwork of the bridge while dangling from his other arm is Carlos.

BRIDGE

Chase grabs his arm -- tries to heave him back up, he's too heavy. Tyler comes over, tries to help -- Carlos brings his other arm up -- he's still holding the gun.

TYLER

He's got a gun!

Which is when two things happen. There's an explosion of noise as a TRAIN blasts past under the bridge -- and Carlos lets off a fusillade of bullets right at them.

But he's not aiming at them -- chunks of metal explode into pieces as he shoots at the connecting chain of the handcuffs! He plunges down towards the train rumbling beneath them.

Lands sprawling in a truck of sand -- points his gun at Tyler starts shooting -- bullets sending paint and rust flying.

Tyler shoots back, sending up spurts of sand around Carlos who rolls over and over to avoid the bullets. More PATROL CARS screech to a halt alongside them -- officers pour out.

They lay down a withering hail of lead at the disappearing rail truck as -- a white haired GIANT appears behind Carlos.

Lays down a hail of bullets from the 60mm MACHINE GUN he wields in his huge hands. The bridge beside Tyler and Chase comes apart -- officers throw themselves to the ground.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Where the hell did he come from?

They take over behind the wall as the metalwork and bricks are hammered by gunfire.

CHASE

This was all planned, he knew they'd move him to a high security prison...

TYLER

How'd you organise a train?

Off Chase.

INT. FLEMING'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Fleming stands in front of an ANT FARM -- looks like a glass aquarium full of dirt. He drops some flakes of something onto the soil -- he looks at the glass and smiles.

FLEMING

Do you know what this is?

Tyler and Chase look at each other.

TYLER

Are you growing some sort of vegetable?

Fleming turns and glares at her.

FLEMING

Why would I need anymore vegetables, when I have you two.

He comes over to them.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

It's an ant farm. You see they are a very unique and highly evolved species, they can carry more than three times their own weight, and are able to work together, an entire colony in complete harmony, each one communicating with each other for the good of their community.

CHASE

So if they was the same size as a human...

FLEMING

Yes...

CHASE

They could lift tons, they could be really useful as...

TYLER

Skycaps, just imagine how many suitcases they could hold.

FLEMING

You're not getting it are you?

CHASE

We get it, but we didn't know any of this was going to happen.

FLEMING

Right, you just sit outside a hospital and your Doctor friend is murdered 'cos he speaks to some bum...

Tyler goes to say something.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

Don't give me no homeless shit, I ain't...

Tyler mouths the words "I'm not" Fleming glares at her.

FLEMING (CONT'D)

I ain't in the mood for it. Then you want to interview this Carlos douchbag and the next thing we know he's sprung and we have three dead guards, a truck blown up and some guy on a train firing a sixty-millimeter machine gun at my men.

TYLER

Whatever Carlos is doing in L.A it has something to do with Burns...we need to find him before Carlos does.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Tyler and Chase sip coffee from paper cups.

CHASE

They didn't transfer you over here because of Carlos did they?

TYLER

What difference does it make?

CHASE

He's right you know.

TYLER

Who?

CHASE

Fleming and his ant shit. We're partners, we should be able to trust each other, work together.

TYLER

Oh really? So how about you tell me why you carry a gun with no bullets in it?

Chase looks like a man with nowhere to go.

CHASE

My dad was a policeman. One day he left his gun out on the table, I got hold of it...

TYLER

Who did you kill?

CHASE

Oh thanks, how did you jump to that conclusion?

TYLER

Sorry, go on.

CHASE

The gun went off...bullet went through a wall, hit my dog.

(beat)

Her name was Rosie.

TYLER

Oh, that's horrible.

CHASE

My Dad took her to the vets but it was no good. He never wanted me to join the police, he's sick now...doesn't know I'm a cop.

TYLER

How did you pass the range test?

CHASE

I had a little help.

Tyler shakes her head.

TYLER

We make a great team.

CHASE

So?

(beat)

Partner.

TYLER

Okay, I made an error of judgement with my boss back home, there were complications...

CHASE

Complications of the sleeping kind?

TYLER

His wife found out, it became difficult.

CHASE

So he agreed to get you an attachment on the Carlos case out here...to get you out of the way.

TYLER

Yes.

CHASE

No wonder you wanna' shoot everybody.

TYLER

I won't lie, I can get a little moody.

CHASE

A little moody, Jeez, I'd hate to see you angry.

TYLER

What are we going to do?

Chase punches a name into the computer -- information spews out -- BURN'S records fill the screen -- known associates -- flash up, most deceased -- one in particular WADE HEMMINGS.

CHASE

Seems Burns didn't have many friends.

TYLER

He lost most of them in nine eleven.

CHASE

He was picked up for speeding in a rental car headed down the interstate towards Bethlehem two days after nine eleven.

TYLER

That's it?

CHASE

His friend Wade Hemmings worked at the smelting plant of Bethlehem steel...he died of a heart attack on September the 13th.

TYLER

So Burns was headed up to see him, but didn't get there in time?

CHASE

I don't know...it just seems that from then on Burn's life started to unravel, he started drinking, his wife left him and he was unemployed, lived on the streets and ended up travelling the metro.

TYLER

We need to find him.

CHASE

Have you any idea how many homeless people there are in Hollywood?

TYLER

He'll be somewhere he knows.

CHASE

It used to be the subway when I was there.

Tyler thinks.

TYLER

Wait, when we saved him from those thugs, he said something.

INSERT A QUICK FLASHBACK

Burns at Hollywood and Vine after the attack.

BURNS (V.O.)

...now I'm never gonna' know when Oprah's on when I'm in the tunnel...

ON TYLER

TYLER

He mentioned a tunnel.

CHASE

Loads of tunnels all over the city, could be in any of them.

TYLER

I heard there's a hundred thousand homeless in California, they must all go somewhere at night...

CHASE

We need to ask around. For him to just call it the tunnel it must be well known to the homeless.

TYLER

It's the only thing we know and Carlos doesn't.

She starts the car and drives off.

EXT. I-10 - BALDWIN - UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Tyler and Chase cruise beneath the freeway -- Chase operates a handheld spotlight -- swivels it past and over makeshift tarps draped across shopping carts.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Chase plays the spotlight over a hole with a rusty steel plate hanging from it.

TYLER

Where is this?

CHASE

They call it "The Cave" it's a void inside, about the size of two school gymnasiums...the city seals it off, but they always find a way back in.

TYLER

An invisible city.

CHASE

Yeah, for people that want to disappear. They're not gonna' be too happy having us poke around. Cops aren't exactly their favorite people.

TYLER

Why?

CHASE

With all the new developments going on most of the derelict buildings they used to live in have been demolished.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

The city has had to deal with a lot more of them out and about. The police are at the front of that situation.

Something glints in the dark -- a figure slips from the shadows of the hole -- slithers down the concrete support.

TYLER

There's somebody.

They both get out -- head towards the stationary figure.

CHASE

Hey buddy.

The figure becomes a teenager, pale face in the light.

TYLER

We're not going to hurt you, we just need to find someone.

The boy moves into the light. Chains dangle from his neck, bracelets clink on his wrists -- let's call him CHAINS (19)

CHAINS

People come here so they can't be found.

TYLER

If we don't find who we're looking for he'll be killed.

CHASE

You'll be saving his life.

Chains thinks about this.

CHAINS

That sounds like it's worth something.

He holds out his hand.

CHASE

You're kidding?

CHAINS

This way you're helping two people.

TYLER

Smart.

Pulls a five dollar bill out of his wallet -- hands it to Chains. He looks at it.

CHAINS

That what a body's worth, five dollars?

TYLER

He's got a point.

Chase shakes his head.

CHASE

What! You want I should put him through college?

TYLER

Would you?

CHASE

Jeez!

He pulls another five dollars out of his wallet. Hands it over to Chains who pockets it.

CHAINS

You want a receipt?

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Tyler and Chase head through downtown L.A.

CHASE

Ten bucks. Thanks for backing me up there. You know it'll probably go straight to some dealer.

TYLER

We get to Burns it'll be worth it, where's this place anyway?

CHASE

The Belmont tunnel, it was part of the old south pacific red line which closed in the fifties...

TYLER

Is it still open?

CHASE

Part of it. In the sixties the part of the tunnel between Flower and Figueroa was filled in when they put the foundations of the Bonaventure Hotel through it. They built some apartments over the old yards and sealed off the second street entrance.

TYLER

So the other end is still open?

CHASE

Yeah, he could be there.

They head towards an intersection -- traffic light turning to yellow -- Tyler starts to accelerate. Chase yanks the handbrake on. The car slides to a halt.

TYLER

What you doing?

CHASE

You don't jump lights in this country.

TYLER

Oh, that's what makes it so safe out here then.

CHASE

We have three more lanes than your country, that means three semi's could just take you out like a bug. When the light goes green then we can go again, that makes it really safe.

Chase turns to look out the passenger window.

INT. PATROL CAR - VIEW THROUGH SIDE WINDOW

A shape hurtles towards them.

BANG!

A GARBAGE TRUCK slams into the side of them.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Steel prongs scythe through the passenger door, grazing Chases chest and just missing Tyler's stomach -- the car rockets sideways.

CHASE

What the ?!

TYLER

Oh great, really safe.

The car bucks and lurches forwards as the truck floors the pedal and roars down the street wearing the patrol car as a hood ornament.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Do something!

CHASE  
Oh right, now this is my fault!  
What do you want me to do, write  
him a ticket?

Tyler puts on the siren and lights.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
Oh that's good, that'll do it.

TYLER  
Well at least I'm doing something.

Chase gets on the radio.

CHASE  
Chase here we have a two four five  
in progress...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
What weapon is involved?

Chase shrugs at her.

CHASE  
Er, that would be a Garbage Truck.

The whole car swings wildly around as the truck heads over a junction -- Chase drops the radio handset.

TYLER  
Do something!

The truck slams on the brakes -- sends the patrol car shooting from off the prongs -- it slams onto the road, spins around.

INT. PATROL CAR - VIEW THROUGH SIDE WINDOW

The scenery a dizzy blur of cars, buildings and lights.

CHASE  
Shit!

The car slides to a halt.

CHASE (CONT'D)  
C'mon, get outta' here!

Tyler churns away on the starter.

TRUCK

Belches smoke from it's exhaust -- the prongs move into position -- tires screech as the truck heads towards the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Tyler panics.

TYLER

It won't start!

CHASE

Great!

The truck slams into them -- steel prongs skewering through the bodywork -- just missing them. The Truck reverses -- metal screams as the prongs slide past Tyler and Chase.

CRASH! Again the truck rams it's metal prongs into them -- the radio explodes in a burst of sparks.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Try it again!

Tyler hits the starter -- the engine grinds -- it's not happening. The trucks reverses -- ripping a back door off.

Again it comes -- slams into them -- skewers through the seat beneath Chase -- he jumps up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The truck revs up, lifts the patrol car into the air -- accelerates across the intersection.

Headed towards the mesh fencing above the edge of the low concrete bridge wall above the:

FREEWAY - NIGHT

Cars race below them. The truck is headed towards the concrete retaining wall -- it's going to dump them into the path of the speeding traffic.

INT. PATROL CAR - VIEW THROUGH SIDE WINDOW

Tyler looks towards the wall between her, the freeway and certain death. Chase realizes.

CHASE

We gotta' get out.

They struggle to free themselves. It's hopeless, Chase is pinned in by the prongs, and so is Tyler.

The concrete wall rushes towards them...

INT. PRECINCT - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

An OFFICER watches a (VTC) "Vehicle Tracking Computer" -- a LOJACK signal flashing on a street grid display suddenly winks out.

OFFICER

We just lost seven eight, two zero,  
Tyler and Chase...you want us to  
alert dispatch?

Captain Fleming leans down to look at the screen.

FLEMING

No, might just be a bad area, let  
me know if it's still down in an  
hour or so.

The officer shrugs.

OFFICER

Okay, Captain.

INT. PATROL CAR - SAME

The sound of the truck's engine booms through the smashed windows.

Chase looks around, brain racing. He grabs the handheld spotlight -- flicks it on, swings it round. Aims it straight into the eyes of the DRIVER of the truck -- blinding him.

The truck swerves to the right -- the patrol car's trunk scapes along the dividing wall -- swerves across the intersection as the driver tries to get his eyes working.

The truck slams on its brakes -- the patrol car flies off and lands with a bone jarring crash on the concrete.

The truck roars off -- swerves to avoid a car -- slams into the divider -- the driver explodes in a hail of glass through the windshield, lands in a heap on the ground.

Lies motionless.

BLAM! A passing truck makes jello of him.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Tyler winces as she sees the truck speed off -- looks over at the squashed remains of the driver.

TYLER

Ugg!

Chase struggles to get the door open -- it falls off as he fights his way out. He goes round and helps Tyler out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They survey their wrecked vehicle.

CHASE

This is not going to go down well.

TYLER

Well it wasn't exactly our fault was it?

CHASE

No, we didn't jump a yellow light, so that should count in our favor.

TYLER

How do these guys always know where we are?

CHASE

I don't know, but we'd better get to Burns before they find us again.

EXT. BELMONT TUNNEL - WESTLAKE - L.A - NIGHT

A CAB pulls up outside the bricked up tunnel entrance. Tyler and Chase jump out. The cab drives off.

TYLER

Now what?

Chase looks around.

CHASE

Lets pull back a bit. We're not gonna' get people coming up to us and giving us a tour.

They move away from the entrance and take up a position behind some high shrubs back from the entrance.

EXT. BELMONT TUNNEL - WESTLAKE - L.A - TIMECUT

Chase and Tyler rub their hands together trying to keep warm.

CHASE

Over there...

He looks towards the tunnel entrance. A homeless man carrying a shopping bag hovers around the entrance. He looks around. Then squeezes around and through a piece of corrugated metal at one side of the tunnel concealed by shrubs.

TYLER

Great. We could have found that ourselves and not frozen to death.

CHASE

Yes, but then we wouldn't have anybody to question...C'mon.

They hurry after the man.

INT. BELMONT TUNNEL - SAME

DARK. Just the flickering torch of the homeless man as he heads along the tunnel. Chase and Tyler follow him. Stumbling over the debris and rubbish that litters the floor.

Tyler turns on a torch.

CHASE

What are you doing?

TYLER

Not breaking my leg is what I'm doing. Where's he going to run to?

The homeless man turns round and stares.

TYLER (CONT'D)

It's okay, we're not going to hurt you.

The homeless man smiles. Reveals blackened stumps that used to be teeth. Dark SHAPES rise up from behind him -- around fifty people are living down here.

CHASE

I don't think he's the one that should worry.

Tyler raises her hands. Moves slowly towards the homeless man.

TYLER

We just want to ask a few questions.

A Large AFRO AMERICAN towers above them. He sports a mouth full of metal. Let's call him GRILLE.

GRILLE

We live down here to avoid questions.

TYLER

We're looking for a man called Burns. Some very bad people are after him...

GRILLE

Worse than the cops?

A flash of metal as he shoots them a smile.

TYLER

Far worse.

GRILLE

People don't always use their names down here.

Chase holds out a picture of Burn's BADGE.

CHASE

He used to be a fireman...

Grille stares at the picture.

GRILLE

Sticks...

TYLER

Sticks?

GRILLE

Yeah, s'what we used to call him, Sticks, Stickman, Sticky, whatever.

TYLER

Because he was skinny?

GRILLE

Naa, he was always collecting sticks, flowers, stuff like that.

CHASE

Why?

GRILLE

Fuck should I know.

TYLER

Have you seen him recently?

GRILLE

Naa. We thought maybe he'd been picked up.

(MORE)

GRILLE (CONT'D)

You people are always bustin' our asses for trying to get a dime from the rich folk.

TYLER

We saved his "ass" as a matter of fact, but unless we find him pretty quick he's not going to be so lucky next time.

CHASE

Where does he stay when he's down here.

INT. TUNNEL - BURN'S SHELTER - SAME

A piece of corrugated iron acts as a door. A large padlock secures it.

GRILLE

He's pretty tight about his stuff. Keeps sayin' he's rich, but I 'ain't seen diddly squat sign of that.

TYLER

You haven't.

GRILLE

I just said that.

Chase shoots her a warning look.

CHASE

He was always mumbling on about a fortune under his feet when he rode the subway.

Grille looks at him.

GRILLE

You Chase? You worked on the subway.

CHASE

Yes. I used to let him ride on the cars, as long as he didn't start upsetting people.

GRILLE

Yeah, he said you were the only cop he'd give the time of day to. I guess you'll be getting a cut of this golden pie he was always on about.

TYLER  
Can we take a look?

GRILLE  
I dunno man...

TYLER  
If we find where he's gone it could  
save his life...

Grille thinks about this. Shrugs.

GRILLE  
Okay. But I 'ain't gotta a key.

TYLER  
You haven't got a key.

GRILLE  
Is something wrong with you?

CHASE  
She's quite particular.

Tyler produces a couple of picks. Hands a blur of speed.  
CLICK! The padlock opens.

TYLER  
(off Chases look)  
My father was a locksmith. I think  
that skill swung my acceptance into  
the force.

CHASE  
Yeah, that and the other skill.  
(beat)  
Because you can't shoot for shit.

Tyler's not listening. She's shining her torch around Burn's  
living quarters. More accurately at the back wall formed by  
the tunnel.

GRILLE  
The hell...?

ANGLE ON WALL

Covered with TWIGS and BRANCHES -- pieces of STRING  
crisscrossing between strips of wood nailed to the wall. Like  
a one dimensional birds nest..

DRIED FLOWERS in varying states of decay punctuate the  
intersections where branches meet string. A fresh RED ROSE  
glows in the darkness in sharp contrast to the older blooms.

Tyler reaches forwards -- touches the petals of the rose.

TYLER

He's been here, within the last few days...

CHASE

What is this? Decoration, some kind of obsession.

TYLER

It's like a tramps version of the Bayeux tapestry...

CHASE

Bay what?

TYLER

Bayeux. A tapestry showing the events leading up to the Norman conquest. It's over two hundred feet long and centuries old.

Grille goes up to the display and touches some string and pieces of wood.

GRILLE

You sayin' this is that Burns cats diary?

Tyler looks at the wall. Trying to make sense of the design.

TYLER

He's been working on this for years.

CHASE

What does it mean?

GRILLE

Means the cat's wackadoodle.

Tyler takes a picture of the wall with her iPhone.

TYLER

Maybe. Sometimes genius is only a step away from madness.

GRILLE

Trust me, dudes a million steps away from genius.

Chase looks around the room. Picks up some papers from the top of a pile.

CHASE

This is weird.

Tyler goes over. Looks at the papers. Opens out a subway map.

TYLER

Train time tables?

CHASE

Why did he need these? He spent years travelling the subway, he knew the network like the back of his hand.

(CONT'D)

