

KILLER COMA

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT -- DAY

Silence. The silence after a kill. Like being underwater.

A LINE OF POLICE CARS

Uniformed COPS taking cover. Slowly peering over the hoods or around the car doors at...

THREE BODIES

Sprawled out in front of the bank's doors -- their arms and legs twisted in unnatural positions.

Currency blows in the wind...twenties, fifties, and even Franklins.

Two of the bodies clutch handguns, while the third appears unarmed.

The red and blue strobes of the cruisers reflect off the bank's glass doors.

More COPS kneeling -- weapons pointed down range at the motionless bodies.

A black SWAT van nearby -- snipers glued to their rifle scopes.

The sound returns.

Police radios crackle with chatter. One of the Cops barking orders...

COP #1  
Secure the area!

The snipers ease the grip on their rifles.

Slowly the Cops begin to move forward. Purposeful. Cautious.

RAPID TIME CUTS

-- A "Do Not Cross" yellow tape is draped across the parking lot by other COPS.

-- Closer in, we see COP #2 place a small numbered tag next to a bullet casing. Other tags are visible nearby.

-- BANK CUSTOMERS are hustled out of the bank and rushed to safety beyond the line of police cars.

-- The Cop #1 that gave the "all clear" kneels and checks the pulse of the first dead BODY, while Cop #2 carefully removes the weapon still clutched in the hand.

-- The process is repeated for the second ROBBER that now lies dead nearby.

BACK TO

The third BODY, the one with no weapon, lies in a pool of blood. The face is unrecognizable.

The same Cop #1 takes the wrist...

COP #1  
(shouting)  
HEY! THIS ONE'S GOT A PULSE! GET A  
STRETCHER!

RAPID TIME CUTS

-- Two PARAMEDICS rush forward pushing a gurney, intent on saving the MAN's life.

-- The Man is quickly moved to a waiting ambulance. The back doors slammed shut.

-- Sirens and lights. The ambulance accelerates down the street...

BACK TO

Cop #1 kneels down. Something on the ground catches his eye. Two small tubes, about an inch long. One has a yellowish liquid inside, the other is empty.

He walks over to Cop #2.

COP #1  
You got anything?

COP #2  
Looks like a work badge from the  
vic.  
(seeing the small  
tubes)  
What are those?

COP #1  
Not sure. Let's bag 'em and tag  
'em.

COP #2  
I'm on it.

Cop #2 starts to place the items into separate small zip lock like bags.

EXT. BOAT HARBOR - EVENING

The full moon reflects the white caps rippling on the dark ocean.

The sea splashes on rocks nearby. The clang of a buoy.

SUPER: TWELVE HOURS EARLIER

Silhouettes of sailboats and yachts neatly moored side by side at a dock, gently bobbing to the rhythm of the sea. Except for the few lights on some boats the dock is dark.

A PARKING LOT

A few Jaguars, Mercedes Benzs, a Ferrari or two. But mostly dusty sedans with door dings.

Beyond the line of cars is a club house.

Approaching the building the music gets louder. More PEOPLE walking towards the club entrance...

INT. MARINA CLUB - EVENING

Balloons and streamers dangle from the ceiling.

The noisy chatter of overly dressed PEOPLE congregating in groups of four or five.

Sales people in vain search of new contacts. Exchanging business cards. Drinking the free booze like it's -- free.

A few COUPLES trying to find a quiet corner.

Instead we find TONY DORELLA, early forties, slightly pudgy with a bit of gray in his hair. He's casually dressed. Perhaps too casual for this crowd, with khaki pants and a wrinkled white shirt.

Tony nervously tugs at his collar nodding at the occasional couple passing by. Quietly sipping the cheap champagne while he scans the room. Trying to blend in but not being very successful.

He starts for the door and runs full force into CLAUDE CHATEAU, mid-sixties, portly, a Southern Gentleman's white suit, snowy white hair.

Some of Tony's drink spills on Claude, but the host doesn't seem to notice.

Claude brushes off the white suit. Stares blankly back at Tony. The smugness is revolting.

                  CLAUDE  
Easy there partner.

                  TONY  
          (genuinely)  
Sorry about that.

Claude staggers. Grabs the wall to steady himself. One too many drinks.

Leans close into Tony's face. Squinting. Trying to recognize Tony...

                  CLAUDE  
Having a good time buddy?

Tony struggles a smile...

                  TONY  
Sure.

Tony's eyes dart around the room. Looking for a chance to escape.

                  CLAUDE  
          (downing another drink)  
You must be Priscilla's husband?

This catches Tony's attention.

                  TONY  
Yeah. That's me.

Tony holds his hand out.

                  TONY  
Tony Dorella.

It lingers there in mid-air for what seems like hours. He lowers it awkwardly.

Claude fishes around in a pocket. Takes out a Cohiba and lights it. Oblivious of the no smoking signs.

                  CLAUDE  
Name's Claude. I own this meet  
market.

Claude chuckles as he lets out a big billow of smoke at Tony's face, who tries not to cough.

Tony looks away, avoiding eye contact with the big guy, instead scanning the room...

TONY

Nice place.  
(beat)  
You see her?

CLAUDE

Not my turn to keep an eye on that  
train wreck.  
(chuckles)  
Oh. Gotta run.

Claude strides over to another party goer. A smartly dressed JAPANESE MAN clinging on to a glass of champagne.

CLAUDE

Konichiwa, Mr. Yamatzu...

JAPANESE MAN

Ah, mister Claude...

Tony watches the two men talk for a moment, then sneaks out to the...

INT. MARINA CLUB - HALLWAY - EVENING

It's less noisy.

A few more SUITS closing a deal.

Nearby another COUPLE whispering sweet promises in each other's ears. The Woman giggles. Another deal being sealed.

A door opening at the end of the hallway.

RICHARD FERRINGTON, early fifties, impeccably dressed in a black Armani tuxedo, steps out looking like he just stole from the cookie jar.

He spots Tony.

Gleaming teeth. A salesman's smile.

RICHARD

Hey Tony?

TONY

Seen my wife?

RICHARD

Nah.

(shifty eyes)

Hey great party, huh? That Claude sure knows how to party.

TONY

I guess.

RICHARD

He owns the place.

TONY

So I've heard.

Richard grabs a glass of champagne from a passing HOSTESS tray. Smooth.

RICHARD

But that ain't nothing.

(looking around the room)

You should see his boat.

TONY

Terrific.

Richard looks at Tony, licking his teeth clean of the champagne.

RICHARD

That's nasty.

(beat)

You must be real proud of her. Top sales in the state.

TONY

Yeah. Real proud.

RICHARD

(sipping)

Um, well, see you around.

Richard ducks back to the ballroom. Immediately strikes up a conversation with an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

A moment later something catches Tony's eye - the same door down the hall opens.

PRISCILLA DORELLA (37), steps out. She looks like she's in her twenties, or it could be the dim lighting and those ten thousand dollars of silicon.

Priscilla still turns heads as she strolls down the hall.

She runs her hands down the side of her dress smoothing out unseen wrinkles. Straightens out the shoulder straps.

She looks up as she reaches where Tony is standing. Looks right at him. Then walks past with a cynical grin.

Tony's eyes follow her into the ballroom.

She greets Claude and the Japanese Man. Leans over to whisper in Claude's ear, as his hand reaches down and gently squeezes her ass.

Richard looks away, downs the champagne and steps over to the open bar nearby...

TONY  
(to Bartender)  
Gimme a tall Scotch will ya?

He gazes back at the ballroom doors, as the BARTENDER pours the drink.

BARTENDER  
It's going to be a long night.

Tony doesn't hear him. The pounding headache consumes all emotions.

Then he drowns his sorrow.

TONY  
(pointing to his glass)  
Hit me again.

He pinches the bridge of his nose.

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Tony steadies a cup of coffee to his lips. Peers over the lid at his wife.

A half eaten glazed donut at his side.

She is absorbed with the morning paper. A glass of juice in one hand.

He grits his teeth...

PRISCILLA  
(not looking up)  
You shouldn't grind your teeth.

TONY  
(voice cracking)  
You know...  
(clears throat)  
We need to talk.

PRISCILLA  
(still reading)  
About what?

She sips the juice through a straw.

TONY  
That stunt you pulled last night --

PRISCILLA  
(lowering the paper)  
-- you mean me fucking Richard?

A dead silence descends for a split second...

PRISCILLA  
Or me giving big Claude a blow job?

He slams down the cup -- coffee spilling all over the table  
and the donuts.

TONY  
You...you...

PRISCILLA  
(annoyed)  
Don't stutter.

TONY  
Bitch!

She stares him down. Cold. Calculating.

A Mona Lisa smile.

PRISCILLA  
How dare you!  
(slams the paper down)  
You think you can judge me? You  
with your pathetic life --

TONY  
-- This isn't right. Our marriage --

PRISCILLA  
-- marriage?

She looks directly at him for the first time in a long time.  
But all he sees are her beady eyes.

PRISCILLA  
You still don't get it, do you?  
What the fuck do you think me serving  
you divorce papers yesterday meant?

Before Tony can say anything, their daughter, AMBER (17),  
walks in.

AMBER  
Dad, can I borrow the car?

TONY  
No you can't!  
(snapping)  
How the hell am I supposed to get to  
work?

AMBER  
Mom can drive you.

PRISCILLA  
(sipping the juice)  
That'll be a cold day in hell.

AMBER  
That sucks.

TONY  
Life sucks. Get over it.

Amber walks away pissed.

She stops at the kitchen counter. Takes a pack of cigarettes  
out of her mom's purse.

PRISCILLA  
Amber. Leave some for me.

AMBER  
Bitch.

PRISCILLA  
Thank you.

Amber takes a few cigarettes and puts the pack back in the  
purse.

Priscilla turns to Tony.

PRISCILLA  
She wants to stay with me. So don't  
even think about messing that up to.

The front door opens and slams shut.

TONY

That girl has issues.

PRISCILLA

We all have issues. It's how we deal with them that matters.

TONY

You're one to talk.

PRISCILLA

At least I'm open about it.

(beat)

Why don't you try and be honest with yourself for once.

TONY

I don't like her...smoking.

PRISCILLA

She's almost eighteen.

TONY

She's hanging out with the wrong crowd.

(beat)

I don't like that...Dave guy she's been with.

Priscilla leans in towards Tony, like a snake about to strike her venom.

PRISCILLA

I think it pisses you off that everyone around you is having sex except you.

He's momentarily at a loss for words, unable to return the volley. He knows she's right.

TONY

Why are you like this?

PRISCILLA

Maybe I got tired of being the lonely housewife.

TONY

(looking down at the donut)

I should have never got you to take those sales classes.

PRISCILLA

Yeah. Thanks. That's the only thing  
you ever did right.

Priscilla tugs the paper under one arm.

TONY

(calling after her)  
We should get counseling.

She stops. Looks down at him. Smiles.

PRISCILLA

I'm not the one that needs it.

She leaves him sitting at the table. Alone. Bitter.

He takes a bite of the donut.

It's hard to swallow.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Tony sits in a pickup truck.

HIS POV

Stuck in traffic. Several cars between him and the traffic  
light.

BACK TO

Tony inside the truck fumbles for the radio. Crackle and  
static noise is all that comes out of the speakers.

Gripping the steering wheel hard...

TONY

Fucking piece of shit.

He shakes the wheel.

HIS POV

Tony notices the gardener's truck in front of him. Various  
odd tools hanging in the back of the truck. One of them  
catches the sun's reflection and seems to sparkle... The  
long blade of a machete.

He stares at it for what seems like hours.

Everything FIZZLES to black.

INT. SMALL ROOM (DAYDREAM) - DAY

Tony is standing inside a small room with a low ceiling. He is ankle deep in water.

Inside are echoes of groans and more water splashing.

He takes a drag from a cigarette. Looks at it for a second, then flicks it away.

He looks down and smiles. His face changes into an angry rage.

Lifting the machete over his head he begins slashing down.

Blood splashes on his shirt. He continues to slash.

HIS POV

A BODY is tied down by a chain.

The machete slices into the flesh.

The face of Priscilla trying to scream, but no sound is heard. Only the slashing sounds, and Tony's rage, as he brings the blade down over and over.

BACK TO

Tony's rage feels good. It cleanses his mind and soul.

Then suddenly he stops.

Tony's face is covered in blood. He smiles. He wipes some of the blood from his face with the back of his hand.

Then everything begins to FIZZLE again to black...

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Tony shakes his head. Still staring at the machete hanging on the back of the gardener's truck.

He pinches the bridge of his nose. Closes his eyes.

TONY

That would be too good for her.

He opens his eyes, blinks rapidly trying to focus...

The light turns green but the traffic doesn't move.

EXT. TRUCK

Tony jerks his head out the door window...

TONY

C'mon. What the hell are you waiting  
for? An invitation?

INT. TRUCK

He pushes the center of the wheel to honk, but the horn  
doesn't work.

TONY

(punching the wheel)  
Shit.

EXT. MOVAX RESEARCH BUILDING - DAY

A mid-size nondescript glass office building on a busy traffic  
street.

Other similar looking buildings blend in the background.

Tony's pickup truck as it screeches into the driveway passing  
the building's small sign on a patch of green lawn that reads:  
MOVAX Research.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH HALLWAY - DAY

Tony walks quickly through a hallway, trying not to be  
noticed.

The SECURITY GUARD at the end of the hallway sitting at a  
desk looks up and nods. Goes back to reading the newspaper.

Near the Security Guard is a large glass and steel door. A  
scanner next to it.

Tony runs his badge through the scanner. A small green light  
flashes, as the door locks buzz open.

Tony quickly turns the handle and dashes through the door...

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Tony approaches a time clock on the wall. He fingers flip  
through the cards,

TONY

C'mon, c'mon.

Finding his name and punches the card in.

A quick glance at the clock reminds him. Late again.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - OPEN AREA

Tony enters a labyrinth of countless partitioned cubicles.

They are all the same. Beige. U-shaped desk areas. Computers. Papers...and disgruntled workers.

A middle-aged SECRETARY spots him trying to sneak by.

SECRETARY  
(squeaky voice)  
Banker's hours?

Ignoring her, he heads to the middle of the vast office area and unceremoniously ducks behind a partition.

He slides into his chair, avoiding eye contact with the other workers.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - TONY'S DESK

This is Tony's work area. Stacks of papers. Folders. A family picture on his desk that he flips down to avoid the pain.

A co-worker, STEVE WELLS (45), plops down on Tony's desk, catching him off guard.

TONY  
(startled)  
Hey.

STEVE  
Hi Bud. Hey, not sure how to tell you...but...  
(beat)  
That last check you gave me for the car? It bounced.

TONY  
(looking up)  
Bounced?

STEVE  
Yeah. Listen, I know it's for your daughter and all that. But the check was bad.

TONY

That can't be right. I'll check it  
out at lunch, okay?

Steve gets up and slides around the partition.

Tony flips the computer on, and starts going through the  
documents on the desk.

Steve pops his head over the partition...

STEVE

Don't look now but I think the boss  
is looking for you.

TONY

Christ.

STEVE

(looking over his  
shoulder)

Trouble?

Tony runs his hands over his face, pinching the bridge of  
his nose.

TONY

I don't have a good feeling about  
this.

STEVE

You okay, dude?

TONY

Yeah. Just a migraine.

STEVE

I might just have something for  
that...oh, got to go!

TONY

What...

Steve ducks out of sight just as DOUGLAS CLARK, mid thirties,  
walks up. Cheap suit and bow tie, holding a clip board, he  
hovers over Tony.

DOUGLAS

Hi Tony.

TONY

(avoiding eye contact)

Hey.

DOUGLAS  
I'd like to have a word with you in  
my office.

TONY  
(still looking at the  
computer)  
I'm almost finished with this report --

DOUGLAS  
-- it can wait. We need to talk.  
(beat)  
Now?

Tony gets up. Walks behind Douglas. He shoots a quick glance  
back at Steve, who shrugs.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - OPEN AREA

Reaching an office with the door open, Douglas turns and  
waves Tony to go in first.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - DOUGLAS' OFFICE

Douglas walks around the big cherry wood desk and sits down  
in the big leather executive's chair.

There are several achievement awards on the walls, and a  
picture of Douglas and an Army General shaking hands.

DOUGLAS  
Can you get the door?

TONY  
Sure.

Tony closes the door behind him.

Douglas motions Tony to a chair opposite him. Drums the  
desk with a pen. Waits for Tony to sit.

DOUGLAS  
Tony, you've been coming in late for  
weeks.

TONY  
(shifting in the chair)  
I know, I can explain --

The chair squeaks.

DOUGLAS

-- I've given you the benefit of the doubt.

(beat)

It affects productivity.

TONY

I've gotten every report done on time. I'll make up the hours.

DOUGLAS

I know.

(smiling)

But that's what you said the last time.

Tony shifts in the chair, wiping his face with one hand.

TONY

I've really had a rough time lately and I --

DOUGLAS

(putting up one hand)

-- I can't hear anymore excuses.

(beat)

We're going to have to let you go.

TONY

(shocked)

You're going to fire me?

DOUGLAS

I have no choice.

TONY

Sure you do.

Douglas shuffles some papers in front of him. Avoids eye contact.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I've had HR prepare a severance package for you.

TONY

I can't believe this is happening.

DOUGLAS

You can brief Steve on any pending files.

(MORE)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I have to follow protocol. For security. You understand?

Tony slumps deeper into the chair. Defeated. Stares across at Douglas in disbelief.

TONY

Kick them when their down.

DOUGLAS

It's just business. Nothing personal Tony.

Tony looks up...

TONY

Is that what your wife would say about you and that new young secretary --

DOUGLAS

-- I think we're through here.

TONY

Wonder what she'd say about that?

DOUGLAS

Listen you little prick. With a flick of this pen you can forget about any severance package.

Tony leans forward. Intent.

TONY

You think that pen scares me?

DOUGLAS

Like they say, the pen's mightier than the sword.

Tony is already getting up...

TONY

(pointing at Douglas)

Yea, well, what goes around comes around.

He slams the door.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - OPEN AREA

Tony walks toward the end of the floor area, pausing to look at his cubicle as two GEEKS finish unplugging his computer and walk away with it.

Tony reaches the cubicle, looks down. Grabs the family picture.

Steve in the next cubicle puts his head down.

TONY  
(towards Steve)  
You know about this?

Steve looks up.

STEVE  
I just got a call when you went in there. Look, man. I'm really sorry.

TONY  
Yeah, yeah.

Tony starts to turn...

STEVE  
Hey? Try this.

Steve's holding out a couple of small plastic tubes.

Tony stares at the vials.

TONY  
Are you crazy? Is that the Drena X--

STEVE  
--I've been sampling this for a couple of months...and I gotta tell ya, it's some really good shit. No more hangovers, tiredness...even the old stallion is kicking, you know what I mean? Bet it takes care of that headache.

TONY  
I get fired for being late, and you're stealing the lab drugs!

STEVE  
Man, you stress too much.  
(beat)  
Besides, it's not illegal if it ain't supposed to exist yet, right? It's all lab samples.

TONY

You don't even know what it is.

STEVE

It's safe.

(holding up fingers)

Look, I don't have any extra fingers growing or anything, do I?

(beat)

Helps to date the mad scientist chick with the thick glasses. Bruahahahaha.

Steve holds the goods out again.

TONY

(taking them)

I can't believe I'm doing this.

STEVE

You can't get fired for them, right?

(he tries to smile)

Just chug them and you will feel a lot better. Trust me on this.

Tony walks silently passed co-workers, who stare back at him as he heads out...

EXT. BANK - DAY

An old bank building on a street corner. Several shops nearby, and a large parking lot on one side.

Tony walks towards the bank. Looks down at his hands, holding the small tubes. He shakes them in his fist.

TONY

(looking down at the vials)

What am I doing?

He brings one up to his mouth, his teeth tearing the top of the plastic tube. Gulps down the thick goo making a sour face.

TONY

One for the money, two for the show...

He gulps down a second vial.

INT. BANK - DAY

Marble floors. Real polished wood counters. Old fashion teller windows, where you can actually have a conversation with the teller.

A BANK OFFICER sitting at a nearby desk making small talk with a CUSTOMER.

At the counter another Customer is being helped by the only TWO TELLERS visible, while a line of customers stand nearby, waiting their turn.

TONY  
(mumbles)  
Terrific.

He obediently takes his place in line.

More CUSTOMERS enter the bank. Two MEN enter together.

One heads for the ATM machine that looks out of place in the old bank.

In a few moments Tony is at the front of the line.

The teller calls Tony over.

Her name tag reads BETH. Early twenties. Perky. Hair pulled back in a pony tail. Perfect makeup.

The other teller is LOUISE, mid-fifties, stocky, short butch hair, horn rimmed glasses. No need to decipher who the boss is. Her hand glides beneath the counter.

Tony leans in, preferring to look at Beth. Wishing he was twenty years younger.

TONY  
(smiling)  
Hi.

BETH  
Hi there.

TONY  
I...um, need to check my account  
balances.

Beth looks over at Louise, unsure what to do.

LOUISE  
Sure. We'll need to see your bank  
card and driver's license.

Tony brings out the cards. Hands them over, while Louise types into the computer terminal.

He leans into the teller counter.

The Man that was behind Tony shifts. Uneasy.

He's JOE, early twenties, lanky and slightly stooping. Checks his watch.

OLD WOMAN CUSTOMER

(to Joe)

They sure take their time when you want to get your money.

JOE

Yeah, well. That's why I don't bank here.

Joe looks over. Finds the other man, BILLY. He's older, maybe thirties and shorter, with a three day stubble, and nicotine stained teeth. Billy makes a transaction at the ATM machine.

A SECURITY GUARD stands nearby. Yawns. Bored out of his goro.

Tony continues to check out Beth. Smiles at her. She smiles back.

TONY

New here?

BETH

I just started.

TONY

Ah, to start again. That would be awesome. I remember my first --

The moment is interrupted by Louise's staccato voice.

LOUISE

-- Mr. Dorella, the balance in your checking account shows twenty five dollars.

TONY

(still looking at Beth)

That can't be right.

LOUISE

That's what I show --

Tony's gaze moves from Beth to Louise.

TONY

-- What about my savings?

LOUISE

Let me check. It'll just be a minute...

Tony looks at his watch.

BETH

Lunch hour?

TONY

No. I, um.

He's caught off guard.

BETH

People always check their watch when they're in a hurry.

TONY

(chuckles)

It's just a habit. I'm always late for everything.

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - AMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A clock on the wall.

Amber sits on the bed cross legged. The top of her blouse is unbuttoned.

Next to her is DAVE (17), long hair, pierced eyebrow and lip. The typical rebel without a clue.

He reaches over and touches her breast through the blouse.

AMBER

Stop it.

DAVE

Oh, come on. Don't be uptight.

AMBER

Let's wait a bit. Sometimes my dad comes right back.

She gets up and looks out her window. Dave starts to roll a fatty. Then lights it.

DAVE

Do you want to buy some or not?

AMBER

Yeah. I'll get some. How much.

DAVE

That depends on how you want to pay.

Light from the window silhouettes her figure.

He gets up. His face close to hers now. His hands moving up the blouse.

DAVE

You want me to stop?

She turns to him.

AMBER

No.

Another button snaps loose. Her virgin breasts heave.

INT. BANK

Tony stares at Beth's chest. He looks away at his watch again.

Beth smiles.

The silence broken by...

LOUISE

That account has been closed.

TONY

Closed? No way.

She types some more into the computer.

LOUISE

I can see...

AT THE ATM

Billy's hand disappears for a moment in his jacket and whips out a .45 automatic.

RAPID TIME CUTS

-- Stepping forward Billy blows the Guard's head off without saying a word.

-- The Guard's body hits the floor with a thud.

-- Customers panic and scream. Running for the doors.

-- Joe pushes the customers out of the way and leaps over the counter, yelling...

JOE  
LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!

BACK TO

Tony and the tellers raise their hands.

Beth looks terrified.

Billy rushes over to the Bank Officer at the desk and holds the gun to her head.

BILLY  
Don't anybody move! I ain't shitting  
you.

Joe holds open a pillow case in front of the tellers.

JOE  
C'mon. Move. That's right. Gimme  
all your cash.

The tellers stuff cash in it.

Joe pushes the tellers from station to station. Switching bags. Getting more cash.

BILLY  
Hurry up!

Joe's pillow case is filling fast. He jumps back over the counter.

Billy pushes the Bank Officer to the teller counter, grabs one of the cash bags from Joe.

The robbers now head for the door, holding the guns up in the air.

Then suddenly they stop in their tracks.

JOE  
Shit!

HIS POV

Sees a police car screech to a halt in front of the bank building. The officers take cover behind the cruiser.

BACK TO

Billy spins around...

BILLY  
Who pushed the alarm?

Takes a few steps back into the center of the bank...

Billy runs to the tellers.

He pushes the gun in Beth's face. She gasps. Unable to scream. Shaking uncontrollably.

BILLY  
You call the cops?

TONY  
Hey man, take it easy.

Billy points the gun at Tony.

BILLY  
Shut the fuck up!

Then back at Beth. Then back again.

Sirens can be heard outside as more police cars begin to arrive.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
(bullhorn)  
This is the LAPD. The bank is surrounded.

Joe turns to Billy.

JOE  
Man, I don't like this shit. This wasn't supposed to go down like this.

Billy heads toward the door careful to take cover.

He is calmer. Yells at the police outside.

BILLY  
WE GOT HOSTAGES! And we'll kill them unless we get out! So back off and get me a car.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
We can negotiate, but you'll have to let the people out.

The robbers move back from the doorway.

Joe begins to huddle all the bank employees and customers together.

JOE  
Negotiate? What the hell...

BILLY  
Just stay cool, buddy. We can do this.

JOE  
Man, I ain't negotiating nothin'.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT

Several police cars arrive taking up strategic positions at angles from the bank's front entrance.

More cops arrive.

POLICE OFFICERS jump out, drawing their weapons. Training them at the bank's doors.

INT. BANK

Joe grabs Beth by the pony tail causing her to scream. Tears roll down her face. Her perfect makeup no longer perfect.

He drags her forward as Tony looks around.

He needs to do something...

TONY  
Hey, wait.

The robbers stop. They look at him.

TONY  
Why don't you take me?

Joe points his gun at Tony.

JOE  
Man, shut yo mouth.

TONY  
(looking at Beth)  
I'm serious. Take me. Look, I...I'm a government worker.

He holds up his work ID that's pinned to his shirt for the robbers to see.

JOE  
Who gives a shit?

Tony tries to reason with them.

TONY  
She's just a bank employee. I work  
for a big company. They'll let you  
out with me.

The robbers look at each other. Not sure what to make of  
this.

TONY  
They'll talk to you as long as you  
have me.

Billy looks at Tony, then Joe, back again.

JOE  
Oh, don't say it.

BILLY  
Get him over here.

Joe looks at Billy, teeth clenched. Pissed.

BILLY  
Now!

Tony walks past Joe as Beth is set free. She runs back to  
the huddled group of tellers and customers.

Now, Billy grabs Tony with one arm while pointing the gun to  
Tony's head.

JOE  
(at Billy))  
You better be right about this.

They creep up to the bank doorway so that Tony is visible.

BILLY  
(shouting)  
I got a high level government worker  
here! I suggest you back off now or  
he's toast!

COP #1 (O.S.)  
(bullhorn)  
Tell us what you want.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

Outside is complete mayhem. PEDESTRIANS running for cover, COPS taking cover behind their police cruisers.

A Police SWAT van is just arriving. The back doors fly open, as heavily armed COPS in black para military garb jump out.

The SWAT team as they scatter. Taking precise positions along the bank building and behind the SWAT van.

BILLY (O.S.)

Back away. No one's getting out  
until I see the car.

The Cop #1 with the bullhorn.

COP #1

We'll get you a car. How about you  
let some of the people go.

INT. BANK - DAY

Joe moves toward Billy.

BILLY

(shouting toward the  
cops)

Where's the car? I ain't messing  
around.

COP #1 (O.S.)

We're getting you a car now. You'll  
have to trust me, okay?

Billy moves toward the front door holding Tony as a human shield.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT

A car is brought to the front of the bank.

Joe, Billy and Tony inch their way out.

TONY

That's it. See what I mean. They'll  
let...

S-W-I-S-H.

The sniper's bullet finds its mark on Billy's forehead, sending him reeling. Blood exploding everywhere.

Time seems to almost stop.

Everything goes silent -- except for the sound of another gunshot as Billy's trigger finger twitches.

That second shot hits Tony's head. More Blood. Brains. Splatter all over Joe.

JOE

No-o-o-o-o!

His scream echoes...

The tellers and customers scream at the sound of gunshots.

Dropping the cash, Joe makes one last desperate stand. Firing at the cops. It's futile.

A second sniper shot takes Joe out.

SOUND returns.

Time seems to be back to normal.

The three bodies lie sprawled in the doorway in front of the bank.

For a moment nothing happens.

Then the COPS begin to move toward the bank.

RAPID TIME CUTS

-- BANK CUSTOMERS are hustled out of the bank and rushed to safety beyond the line of police cars.

-- A "Do Not Cross" yellow tape is draped across the parking lot by other OFFICERS.

-- The bullhorn Cop #1 kneels and checks the pulse of the unarmed victim...

COP #1

(shouting)

HEY! THIS ONE'S GOT A PULSE! GET A  
STRETCHER!

Two paramedics push forward carrying a stretcher...

EXT. AMBULANCE - STREET - DAY

An ambulance races through the streets, sirens blaring, red lights flashing.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The ambulance pulls into the hospital parking lot and stops in front of the emergency room entrance.

EXT. AMBULANCE - HOSPITAL - DAY

The back doors fly open, and two PARAMEDICS pull the gurney out.

Tony is clinging to life. A respirator mask over his face.

Reaching the emergency room doors Tony's hand suddenly grabs one of the paramedics arm. The paramedic pulls away. Stares at Tony who is still unconscious.

They push the gurney into the...

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

This is a small trauma room, with six beds separated by curtains. Most of the beds are occupied.

The team of DOCTORS and NURSES quickly take over from the PARAMEDICS, putting Tony in a private room away from the other patients.

They plug Tony to various monitors, as he flat lines.

DOCTOR WILSON, mid-thirties, unshaven, looking tired, instinctively reaches over with the defibrillator paddles.

WILSON

Clear!

Tony's body convulses with the shock.

The flat line continues on the monitor.

WILSON

Clear! Get the neurosurgeon in here.

A second shock.

This time Tony's heart reacts. The monitor shows the pulse blip.

DOCTOR LAZARUS (55), tall, slim, white hair, comes into the Emergency Room. He's wearing green scrubs, a face mask dangling around his neck.

LAZARUS

I'm here.

The doctors begin to work on the wound. Moments later Tony is given plasma.

The whole room is alive with Doctors and Nurses rushing to save Tony's life.

Lazarus looks at the head wound. Checks the vitals.

LAZARUS

Let's get him prepped for the O.R.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The parking lot is draped off with the all too familiar yellow DO NOT CROSS tape, while a crowd of onlookers are kept at bay by COPS.

The crime scene is quickly secured. A couple more COPS are interviewing the bank employees and customers off to one side.

A BLUE CROWN VICTORIA pulls up. The doors open and two plain clothes DETECTIVES step out.

The driver is Detective JOHNSON, pushing sixty, slight donut belly, full mustache and wearing an old brown coat gets out. Definitely not concerned about his appearance. He moves quietly. Methodically.

His partner is SPECTOR (35), chain smoking, greased back hair, sporting blue jeans and shirt. No fashion statement either. Shoves a half spent cigarette in the ashtray of the cruiser.

The two detectives scoot under the taped off crime scene area...

JOHNSON

What do we got today?

The bull horn Cop walks over.

COP #1

Robbery gone bad. One guard shot dead inside.

(looking over his shoulder)

Two perps taken out by our sniper team.

Spector kneels looking at the ground.

SPECTOR

Looks like a third body was here.

COP #1  
 Yep. One of the hostages was shot  
 by the robbers. He's at Saint Mary's  
 right now.

SPECTOR  
 He survived?

COP #1  
 Barely.

The crime lab unit arrives. They begin photographing the  
 crime scene and bodies. Collecting forensic evidence.

JOHNSON  
 (leaning over the  
 dead bodies)  
 These guys had cojones. No masks or  
 nothing.

Johnson glances over at Spector. The look tells him  
 everything he needs to know...

SPECTOR  
 (reluctantly)  
 I'll go and get the statements.

Spector heads over to the bank employees leaving Johnson  
 with the forensics team and the bullhorn cop.

COP #1  
 You just missed the suits.

JOHNSON  
 Whatcha mean? The Feds?

COP #1  
 (shrugs)  
 Go figure. They looked around pretty  
 quick and took off.

JOHNSON  
 Huh?

Looking back down at the bloodied sidewalk.

JOHNSON  
 Do we have an ID on the victim?

The Cop hand over the I.D. to Johnson.

COP #1  
 One of the tellers was helping him.  
 Got his license. His name was Tony  
 Dorella.

Johnson gives the Cop #1 a hard look.

JOHNSON

Was? You mean...is. He's still  
alive, right?

COP #1

Right.

(beat)

We also found his work badge. And  
these.

The Cop holds out his hand, holding a small bag containing  
two small tube vials. One of the vials looks empty.

He hands it over to Johnson.

JOHNSON

Drugs?

COP #1

Don't know. Never seen anything  
like it. But the suits were pretty  
up tight about it.

(pointing to a car)

They found another vial inside the  
vic's car over there. Crime scene's  
already cleared it.

JOHNSON

(sly smile)

You didn't offer to give them these?

COP #1

Nah. They were being pricks. Figured  
I'd give you guys first dibs.  
Capiche?

The Cop turns and starts walking away.

JOHNSON

(calling after him)

Hey! Thanks!

The Cop just raises one hand and waves.

Johnson takes a look at the recovered evidence: a driver's  
license, a work badge and two small vials.

He scans the scene, looking towards the victim's car, the  
parking lot, and the bank. He pockets the evidence in his  
coat and starts to head for the bank's entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - LATER

Tony Dorella is lying on a bed surrounded by dozens of machines, monitors and other life saving apparatus.

A YOUNG NURSE, mid-twenties, attends the near lifeless body, securing the catheter and monitoring cables.

A monitoring machine nearby beeps as it records Tony's vital signs. Another machine spews out a steady stream of paper onto the floor.

Doctor Lazarus enters. He looks over the chart and the brain scan monitor.

Then he turns to the Young Nurse.

LAZARUS

He's stable right now but in critical condition.

(tapping the monitor)

Let me know if any unusual activity occurs.

YOUNG NURSE

Yes sir.

The doctor leaves.

The monitor's beeps record the rhythmic body functions of Tony Dorella. The beeps seem to get louder in the otherwise completely quiet room.

She checks the monitors, watches the wiggly lines on the scanner. Then walks over to the bed...

Tony's body lies very still. Bandages around the head. Breathing tubes in his mouth.

And then...

TONY'S FACE

...his eyes pop open. A terrified look. He tries to scream, but the tube in his mouth makes him gag.

The Nurse stumbles back, falling, gasping and unable to speak, hitting her head on the wall. She loses consciousness.

The bleeping sound gets faster. He groans. Agonizing over not being able to scream for help.

IC ROOM

Tony tries to get up, but he's tied down. He gets an arm free, unties the other.

Then he pulls the tube out of his mouth. Choking. Foaming vomit spews out.

He rips the IV out of his arm. The beeping sound gets louder and faster.

Tony sits on the bed. Takes off the monitor cables. He tries to stand, but something holds him back...

The catheter.

Once free from all the medical devices Tony walks over to the Young Nurse.

TONY

Hey!

No response from the nurse. He shakes her by the shoulders...

TONY

(louder)

HEY! Where am I?

The Young Nurse wakes up and sees Tony standing over her.

She jumps back as if it had just electrocuted her. Horrified. Trying to scream.

She pushes away, trying to get up...

TONY

Where the hell am I?

She staggers toward the door. Struggles to get up. Almost falls down. Fumbles with the handle.

TONY

Help me! Please.

She looks back at Tony. Screams...

Tony is standing in the middle of the room, blood dripping down his arm where the IV had been.

TONY

HEY!

The Young Nurse gets the door opened, and runs to the...



They turn the overhead lights on. Walk to the middle of the room.

The Head Nurse waves around.

HEAD NURSE

Well?

YOUNG NURSE

Oh my God. I swear. I saw him  
standing over me!

(pointing)

He stood right there bleeding.

There's no blood on the floor. Only the rhythmic beeps of medical devices keeping Tony alive.

HEAD NURSE

Why don't you take a break.

YOUNG NURSE

I swear I know what I saw --

HEAD NURSE

(snaps)

-- he's a vegetable. He ain't getting  
out of that bed.

(confidently)

Trust me...I've been doing this for  
twenty years.

The Young Nurse leaves mumbling something.

Now the Head Nurse walks over to the monitor with the streaming paper.

The streamer shows wiggly lines.

HEAD NURSE

Just normal activity.

She rolls it up neatly. Sets it in a collection tray.  
Ignoring the streamer's message.

Tony lies very still. Labored breathing.

His eyes open. Then close again...

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION

The Young Nurse stops at the counter, still feeling the shock of the scare. Something catches her eye...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Tony is trying to open a door. He shakes the doorknob hard. Hits it with his fist.

It's a large medicine storage closet with a glass door.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION

The Young Nurse lets out a terrified scream.

                                YOUNG NURSE  
                                It's him! It's him!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Tony's forearm crashes through the glass door, shattering the glass everywhere. He quickly reaches in and grabs several bottles marked: TRANQUILIZERS.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION

The Head Nurse runs up to the Young Nurse, following her look down the hallway. She grabs a telephone, pushing a red button.

                                HEAD NURSE  
                                Security! We have a break-in.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

A BIG GUARD comes running around the corner, pulls his gun out. Cautiously approaches the broken glass on the floor. He steps on a piece that crunches under his weight.

In the distance the two nurse walk slowly towards him. He holds his hand up to t hem to stop.

The Big Guard quickly turns into the medicine storage closet...

Nothing.

                                BIG GUARD  
                                It's all clear.

He puts away the weapon.

                                YOUNG NURSE  
                                He was just there.  
                                (MORE)

YOUNG NURSE (CONT'D)

He broke into the storage.  
(looking to the Head  
Nurse)  
You believe me don't you?

The Head Nurse looks at her younger colleague, then back to the Big Guard.

HEAD NURSE

Someone broke in.

BIG GUARD

I'll call someone to get this cleaned  
up.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The bright sun beams down on a faded neon sign arched across the one story row of small rooms.

Two cars are parked in front of Room 103.

The motel's CLEANING LADY pushing a service cart pauses at the door. She leans in as if to listen. Shakes her head. Then continues to another room.

INT. MOTEL SPYING POV - DAY

A door opens slightly revealing Richard Ferrington lying on the bed straddled by Priscilla in the room.

We hear heavy breathing as we spy on the couple.

Priscilla's hips press and grind on his body. His hands around her.

She moans loudly. Leans on his chest.

PRISCILLA

Harder.

He pushes his hips up at her. She yells out in pleasure.

They continue for some passionate moments.

Finally, collapsing on the bed. Exhausted. Drenched in sweat.

Some moments pass.

RICHARD

Did you tell Tony?

PRISCILLA  
He'll get the divorce papers today.  
What about you?

He's quiet.

PRISCILLA  
You jerk!

RICHARD  
I'll tell her tonight. I promise.  
(beat)  
I just couldn't find the right moment.

She props up on one elbow. Slaps his naked chest.

PRISCILLA  
There's never a right moment.  
Just...Tell her.!

She gets up and walks to the bath room.

RICHARD  
I will...soon.

Richard grabs Priscilla's purse and pulls out her Blackberry, thumbing through some of the contact lists.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
Soon is not good enough!

RICHARD  
With all the work lately I just  
haven't had the time.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
What work? If it wasn't for me you'd  
have no sales.

He smiles. Finds what he's looking for, and puts the device back, just before she walks back into the room.

She smiles at him, slipping back into the bed, teasingly running a finger on his cheek.

PRISCILLA  
Don't you want me?

RICHARD  
Of course.

PRISCILLA  
(coy smile)  
You really want me?

With a giggle, her head disappears under the sheets. His eyes close.

The door from which we were watching closes without a sound.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Tony's lifeless body is brought into the Operating Room, where a dozen people -- SURGEONS and NURSES -- urgently tend to his wounds.

The room is well lit by massive overhead lights. These lights seems to get brighter and brighter until there is only...

A WHITE SPACE

Tony feels like his body is being sucked into this whiteness. Not quite a falling sensation. More like a weightless, numb feeling. All of a sudden his feet are moving, walking in the white space.

A short distance away he see's a small boy being picked on by a group of bigger kids in a school yard. One of the bigger kids knocks the small boy down.

Tony yells at the boys. They don't seem to hear him.

They are laughing at the Small Boy. Teasing him.

One of the bigger kids spit at the Small Boy. He wipes his eye. Then he cries.

Tony walks up to them, but the boys don't see him. As he reaches out to one of the Bigger Kids the image disintegrates into the vast whiteness, leaving him standing by himself.

Farther away he sees another image. An older kid being mugged. He doesn't put up a fight.

The ROBBERS take off with the boy's bike. He turns and walks away without trying to defend himself.

Tony realizes it's the same Small Kid, only older now.

TONY

Why didn't you fight them off?

The boy keeps walking.

TONY

Hey kid? C'mon, I'll help you get your bike back.

The boy just keeps walking.

TONY

Hey. I'm talking to you.

Then the image disintegrates again. Leaving Tony standing in this white space.

Then the whiteness of the space begins to fade. Tony feels air rushing up at him.

He starts to fall, unable to catch himself.

Tony looks down at an...

OPERATING TABLE

...where a man is clinging to life.

Tony is both amazed and disgusted at all the blood everywhere. His blood. He sees the patient, realizing it's himself.

Tubes, monitors and instruments invade the man's body. A doctor is sucking blood out of a hole in Tony's head.

Then a long beep. He's no longer watching...

YOUNG NURSE

He's flat lining.

WILSON

Clear.

The man is given a bolt. The body convulses. Then rhythmic beeps start up again.

The beeps get louder and louder.

Suddenly, Tony is again floating in the empty...

WHITE SPACE

In the distance there is a trail between hills.

Tony walks along the path. Fresh summer air blowing through him.

The trail is marked by chalk, and he follows it. It turns steeply revealing a sandy area half way up the slope.

Tony walks up to the top of the ridge. Below there are hundreds of runners. They are following the chalk lines.

In the lead is a lanky TEENAGER. He is well ahead of the pack. He turns up the steep sandy slope.

About two thirds of the way up the Teenager stops. Out of strength, holding his side. Pain. Gasping.

An angry COACH stands next to the Teenager.

COACH

What the hell are you doing? You're in the lead. C'mon.

Tony approaches the Coach, unnoticed.

TONY

He didn't know. He thought he had fallen behind.

COACH

C'mon. It's all down hill from here.

But the Teenager is tired. The other Runners start up the sandy slope. A few pass him.

The Runners make the descent on the other side. They give it all they got.

Sprinting to the finish line the Teenager passes some of them. But not enough to win the race

Tony reaches the finish line. Spots the Teenager among the other runners.

TONY

You did good. There's over a hundred runners.

(shouting)

You made fifth place!

The teenager just walks away, still holding his side. Taking in deep breaths. Looking defeated. Unaware of Tony.

And then everything disintegrates again into a vast white void.

INT. OFFICES OF MOVAX RESEARCH - DAY

Douglas is urgently stuffing papers into a small packing box. Doesn't notice Steve walking in...

STEVE

Hey, what's up?

DOUGLAS

(startled)

Just packing up some stuff.

STEVE

Man it was bad enough to get the goons to take the computer and all. Can't you wait 'till he comes back from lunch?

DOUGLAS

He ain't coming back.

STEVE

I know he got fired. But...

Douglas looks up from the box at Steve.

DOUGLAS

No, you don't understand. He ain't coming back.

(beat)

Tony's been shot.

STEVE

(incredulous)

You messing with me?

DOUGLAS

The police called. Tony was shot at the bank.

(looking away)

There was a robbery or something.

Douglas finishes putting the items in the box, places the cover over the top.

Steve looks around as if he forgot something.

STEVE

Shit.

DOUGLAS

I'm just putting away his stuff. Security's coming down in a few.

(beat)

Christ, they think he was stealing from the lab.

Douglas stares at Steve...

DOUGLAS

He didn't give you any...

Steve puts his hands up...

STEVE

Oh, hell no! What?

Douglas turns to leave.

DOUGLAS  
One hell of a day, huh?

Steve lets out a heavy sigh.

STEVE  
Yeay...um, right.

Douglas walks back to his office.

INT. MOVAX - DOUGLAS' OFFICE

Closing the door something catches his eye...

TONY

...is standing behind the door in the corner. He's wearing a pimped out pin strip suit. Bright blue. Matching Fedora hat.

Tony steps forward between Douglas and the door.

DOUGLAS  
Shit. You scared me Tony.

Drops the box on the desk, knocking over a pen holder and some other items.

TONY  
You look like you've just seen a ghost.

Douglas slowly sits down in his chair.

DOUGLAS  
How you get in here?  
(motions to the phone)  
The cops said you were shot or something.

TONY  
Well, here I am. Aren't you going to ask me to have a seat?

Douglas stares at Tony for a second.

DOUGLAS  
Sure.  
(stammering)  
Sit down.

Tony drops in the seat.

Sets a machete down on the desk with a thud. Blade pointing at Douglas.

Douglas loosens his tie. Eyes fixed on the machete.

They are silent for a moment.

TONY  
(leaning in)  
Will you reconsider my job?

Douglas doesn't seem to hear the question. Eyes shifting around the room. At the door. Hoping someone will walk in.

He feints a smile.

DOUGLAS  
Is this some kind of TV reality shit?

TONY  
No. This is better than that. This is real life reality shit.

Douglas moves a hand to the box.

DOUGLAS  
I'm sorry about packing --

TONY  
(snaps)  
You're avoiding the question!

Douglas tugs at his collar. The room suddenly feeling warmer.

DOUGLAS  
Please Tony.

TONY  
You know what I said earlier?

DOUGLAS  
(shaking his head)  
No...

TONY  
What goes around *comes around*.

DOUGLAS  
Tony? C'mon? It's just business.  
Nothing personal, you know?

Tony stretches out...

TONY

Here we are. Nothing's changed other than...

(leans in)

...I don't give a shit!

DOUGLAS

You know I'm not the one who makes the decision --

TONY

BULLSHIT!

Tony grabs the machete causing Douglas to put his hands up and cower. The machete slams down on the table.

Douglas manages to get up -- tripping over himself. Panicking. Trying to make his way to the door. Stumbling on the waste basket.

DOUGLAS

Jesus, Tony. Shit! Take it easy.

Tony grabs the machete and pokes at him with the tip of the blade, pushing Douglas back to the other side of the desk.

TONY

Will you reconsider?

His back against the wall Douglas looks around the room.

DOUGLAS

(stutters)

I-I-I can't...

TONY

You know I should have *your* job!

Tony puts the blade down.

TONY

What did you tell me...oh, yeah, the pen is mightier than the sword. You still believe that?

Douglas inches his way over around the other side of the desk.

DOUGLAS

Please, Tony. Just let me out.

Tony raises the machete again.

Douglas lets out a yelp. Eyes shifting to the door and back to the big steel blade slowly swinging just inches in front of his face.

TONY

What do you think now?

Douglas is at the door. Hand reaching for the knob.

The machete comes swinging down.

Douglas' face horrified...

EXT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Excruciating screams can be heard outside the office door.

Several OFFICE WORKERS rush the office. A SECRETARY screams...

HER POV

Stares at the office as red fluid oozes from under the doorway.

Blood. Douglas' blood.

BACK TO

More WORKERS gather.

The screaming coming from inside the office continues. Horrified gasps and scratching at the door.

None of the Workers daring to brave opening the door.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Christ! Help me-e-e-e-e....

Without warning the door swings wide open. Slamming against the hallway wall.

The Workers jump back as...

Tony Dorella stands in the doorway with a bloodied machete casually held resting on his shoulder.

Behind him on the floor is Douglas, holding his bloody stump of what was his hand...

DOUGLAS

(excruciating)

Oh, God. Help! Help me!

Tony looks at the crowd.

TONY  
(quietly)  
I wouldn't go in there if you have a  
weak stomach.

He takes a step forward.

The Workers step back giving Tony plenty of room.

TONY  
You're just not going to be the same.

Douglas looks pale. Holding on to consciousness. Eyes wide open. Gasping.

DOUGLAS  
(managing a growl)  
Please! My hand! Help!  
(groaning)  
Fucking shit!

Tony walks past them. A grin on his face. He stops when he sees Steve who is on the phone...

STEVE  
Security? Hurry, man, he's...

TONY  
(pointing with the  
machete)  
Hey, Steve. You know what? How  
'bout I cut you a check later.

Tony swings the machete in the air, causing Steve to duck for cover...

Steve drops the phone.

TONY  
Deal?

Steve nods...

STEVE  
Sure...buddy.

TONY  
(smiling)  
Great. See you around.

Tony walks through a set of doors leading to a hallway. The Workers stare as the door slams shut.

A second later the door comes crashing open. The workers jump for cover...

A SECURITY GUARD stands in the doorway looking around.

SECURITY GUARD  
What the hell?

He spots Douglas passing out on the floor.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT

Johnson and Spector walk back to their cruiser. Johnson stops near TOMMY CORWIN, a young CSI ba tech.

JOHNSON  
Hey, Tommy?

Tommy stands up and turns, pointing to his vest name patch.

CORWIN  
It's Corwin.

Johnson pulls out the bag with the vials from his coat pocket and holds it out to Corwin.

JOHNSON  
(smiling)  
Right. You can call me Dick.

Corwin grabs the bag. Not looking at it.

CORWIN  
We already do.

Johnson grins.

JOHNSON  
Okay, you win. Corwin.  
(beat)  
I need a big favor.

CORWIN  
Let me guess.

JOHNSON  
Can you let me know what's in those vials.  
(cleaning out an ear)  
I need it pretty quick.

CORWIN  
Sure. Dick.

Johnson starts back to the cruiser.

JOHNSON  
(over his shoulder)  
By the way my name's Steve.

Corwin's already looking away.

CORWIN  
(mumbles)  
I'd rather call you Dick.

EXT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Johnson and Spector look at the driver's license recovered earlier from the bank robbery. Then at the front of the house.

JOHNSON  
This is it.

They walk up to the front door and ring the bell.

They look at each other. Johnson shrugs.

Spector steps up. Bangs on the door with the his fist.

A moment.

The door opens just a crack.

A set of blood shot eyes peers out. It's Amber.

AMBER  
(coughs)  
Can I help you?

They flash their badges.

JOHNSON  
I'm Detective Johnson. This is my partner Detective Spector. Is your mother home?

AMBER  
No. Is there a problem?

JOHNSON  
(smiling)  
We'd like to have a word with your mother. It's about your dad. Is she at work?

AMBER

I don't know. I haven't really seen her in a couple of days.

From the stairs...

DAVE (O.S.)

Hey babe, who's that.

Amber turns. Through the door opening you can see she's wearing only a big shirt, and not much else.

AMBER

I'll be up in a second.

She turns to the door again. Embarrassed. Wanting to close the door.

AMBER

Is that all you need? I'm kinda busy right now.

She begins to close the door, but Spector puts his hand on it. Holding it open he sniffs at the air.

SPECTOR

Is that pot I smell?

AMBER

(nervous)

Uh, no.

She knows she's been caught.

SPECTOR

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's pot.

AMBER

I swear. It's not mine.

JOHNSON

Well you better call your little party off.

(hands her his card)

We'll be back a bit later.

Spector lets go of the door. She closes it.

The two detectives head back to their car grinning at each other.

SPECTOR

God damn teenagers.

JOHNSON  
Whatta you gonna do, eh?

EXT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark except for a light in one of the upstairs windows.

A MAN walks up to the front door. Then rings the doorbell. He stands in the shadows.

A moment later Amber opens the door. Her eyes are blood shot. Her hair's a mess.

AMBER  
Dad?

She opens the door wider. Flicks the porch light on.

The Man is Tony. He's dressed in that same bright blue pin stripe suit.

AMBER  
Some men came by looking for you and mom earlier. I think they were cops.

TONY  
Yeah, I know.

She notices her father's outfit...

AMBER  
What's with the suit?

TONY  
What you think? Styling?

He pirouettes for her.

AMBER  
It looks...great, I guess.

TONY  
(smiling)  
Do I look like a pimp daddy?

AMBER  
It's pretty out there.

He steps into the...

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amber tries to cover up, suddenly aware that she's only wearing the oversized shirt.

Tony shoots a glance up the stairs...

TONY

Is Dave here?

She follows his look...

AMBER

We didn't do nothing.

TONY

It's cool. I got a little surprise for him.

He lights up a cigarette.

AMBER

Since when do you smoke?

TONY

Does it bother you?

AMBER

No. But...

TONY

Good. I'm glad you're okay with it. Do you mind getting me a drink?

She's not sure what to make of her Dad.

AMBER

Ah, I guess.

She starts for the kitchen.

TONY

Maybe a cold beer.

AMBER

Beer? Are you alright?

TONY

Yeah. Haven't felt better in all my life. Beer!

AMBER

You're like weirding me out.

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

She ducks into the kitchen.

TONY (O.S.)  
Make sure's a cold one! Nice and  
frosty.

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A moment later she returns with a beer in her hand, but Tony's gone. She turns her head, looking around the room.

AMBER  
Dad?

She notices that the front door is wide open. The porch light is out.

She tip toes to the door.

It's dark outside.

AMBER  
(looking out)  
Dad?

Flicks the light on again, and slowly peers out into the darkness...

Nothing.

She closes the door, and as she turns, heading for the stairs...

A terrible scream from somewhere in the house. She recognizes it...

AMBER  
Dave?

Instinctively she runs to the stairs. Stops at the landing. Looking up to the second floor.

AMBER  
(scared)  
DAVE!

Without warning Tony grabs her arm from behind. Amber screams.

TONY  
I wouldn't go up there if I were  
you.



They spin around, taking a step back...

AMBER

How -- ?

TONY

-- I think all those drugs are messing  
with your head.

DAVE

Is this some kind of a sick joke?

TONY

I told you no drugs!

They turn and run down the stairs...

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

...heading to the front door.

Tony is standing at the doorway.

AMBER

How the fuck you come down here so  
fast?

TONY

I don't know.  
(musing)  
I'm trying to figure that out too.  
It's been a strange day, you know?

Dave throws his shoe at Tony, but he ducks.

DAVE

Leave us alone!

Tony tosses something back at them...

Dave catches a... severed hand. Dave screams. Drops the  
hand on the floor.

They look up but Tony's gone.

DAVE

Shit!

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

The room is lit by a soft overhead light.

The monitor bleeps. The paper streamer continues to fall.

As the Head Nurse gathers the paper, Doctor Lazarus walks in whistling.

LAZARUS  
Any more sleep walkers?

The Head Nurse struggles with something to say, but only manages a mumble.

LAZARUS  
That's alright. I freaked out the first time I saw brains too. Everything's been normal?

HEAD NURSE  
Depends on what you call normal. Steady breathing patterns. Slight temperature. Not sure about...

Lazarus looks at the monitor scan streamer.

LAZARUS  
Looks like he's had some brain activity a while ago.

HEAD NURSE  
It's been like that. On and off. Is it possible that he could be awake?

LAZARUS  
The most we could hope for now is an eyelid to twitch or a finger to move.

Lazarus looks at Tony's body. Takes his pulse.

LAZARUS  
(rubbing his face)  
I'm beat. Are you on the rest of the night?

HEAD NURSE  
All night.

LAZARUS  
Let me increase the meds. Make sure he stays in a deep coma.

The doctor adds a drug to the IV.

LAZARUS  
Call me if anything changes.

HEAD NURSE  
Will do.

He leaves.

The Head Nurse sits in a chair.

Across the room Tony is lying perfectly still in the hospital bed.

The monitor bleeps on and off.

EXT. CLAUDE'S YACHT - NIGHT

The boat is docked at the end of a row of other similar sized vessels.

The sea splashes nearby. But otherwise it is relatively quiet.

INT. CLAUDE'S YACHT - NIGHT

Claude is bringing a tray of fresh grilled salmon over to the table. He sits, careful to spread out his napkin.

He takes a bite. Savoring...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What? No company tonight?

Claude spins around.

Tony is standing behind him, wearing the blue suit.

CLAUDE

How the f--

TONY

Now, now. Careful big guy. We wouldn't want you to choke, would we?

Claude's eye catches a reflection. The machete.

Tony raises the big blade.

CLAUDE

Wait, WAIT!

TONY

What?

CLAUDE

Please, Tony. Can we talk about this?

TONY

No.

The blade comes down.

EXT. CLAUDE'S YACHT

Two short screams. Muffled by the sound of the waves and the buoy.

The windows of the yacht show blood splashes.

INT. DORELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Blood splattered on the floor.

The house is full of COPS.

Amber sits quietly on a couch with a blanket around her. Dave is also with her. A FEMALE COP is near by.

Johnson and Spector enter the living room.

The Cop from earlier in the day approaches them...

SPECTOR

We gotta stop meeting like this.

COP #1

Yeah, well, sorry to call you up near quitting time. But I heard you had been by here earlier.

JOHNSON

What do we have?

COP #1

(nodding over shoulder)

The girl over there called nine one one. She reported being attacked.

(beat)

Sounded pretty hysterical.

SPECTOR

You've been busy today.

COP #1

(to Spector)

That's an understatement.

(back to Johnson)

Look, I went ahead and secured the area, called for backup and forensics. Figured you'd want to know.

JOHNSON  
Any suits show up?

COP #1  
Not yet.

Spector leans over looking at the trail of blood on the stairs...

COP #1  
(at Spector)  
The hand was severed...

SPECTOR  
The girl's?

COP #1  
No. Not sure who's it is. Forensics  
has it.

The detectives look over at Amber and Dave huddled together. They approach them.

JOHNSON  
Hi Amber.  
(kneels)  
Remember me from earlier?

She curls up, holding her legs, knees up to her chin. She doesn't look up.

AMBER  
I gave that cop your card.

She's shivering.

JOHNSON  
I'm terribly sorry... You want  
something to drink?

She shakes her head no.

He sits down next to her.

JOHNSON  
You want to talk?

She looks at him.

AMBER  
We were just messing around.

JOHNSON  
(looks at Dave)  
Getting high?

DAVE

I swear we were just...

JOHNSON

It's alright. I did too when I was your age. I'm just here to find out what happened. Okay?

She nods. Tries to find the right words...

AMBER

The doorbell rang. I came down. My dad was outside.

DAVE

He was swinging this big battle axe looking thing...and then he...he threw this bloody hand at me!

AMBER

Dad's flipped out.

DAVE

(scared)

He shoved that fucking hand on my face, man!

JOHNSON

Your dad? Tony Dorella, right?

AMBER

Yeah.

JOHNSON

Sweetheart, your dad is at the hospital.

She straightens out. Gets hysterical...

AMBER

You caught him? Oh, shit. He frickin' almost killed Dave. You got to arrest him...

Johnson puts his hand on her shoulder.

JOHNSON

Listen, your dad's... He was not here tonight.

AMBER

I let him in. He cut someone's hand! He could have have chopped us up!

DAVE

Who's hand was that?

She cries uncontrollably. The Female Cop comes back and puts her arm around her, leading her over to paramedics outside.

JOHNSON

Girl said the father came in with a machete.

SPECTOR

The guy in the coma?

JOHNSON

Yep.

Johnson looks to the stairs...

JOHNSON

Have the whole house searched again.  
I don't want to miss anything.

SPECTOR

I'm on it.

Spector walks to some COPS and begins directing them to do a search.

Johnson stares out the window. The red and blue police lights reflect on the glass.

He turns to the sound of Priscilla's voice.

PRISCILLA

What the hell's going on?

JOHNSON

Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to step out.

PRISCILLA

This is my house! Where's Amber?

JOHNSON

Your daughter is outside with an officer.

She turns, spots Amber and Dave with a FEMALE COP and heads out.

JOHNSON'S POV

Johnson watches as Priscilla tries to hug her daughter, but Amber pushes her away.

AMBER  
(to her mom)  
Me and Dave are so out of here.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

The Young Nurse is cautiously checking on Tony Dorella.

She looks at the monitors, checks the chart, and taps the overhead IV drip.

Tony's breathing is labored, but steady. Plugged into tubes and wires, unable to move or speak.

The Young Nurse turns to leave.

Tony's eyes open for a split second. Underneath the medical contraptions, Tony grins.

His eyes close again.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - OPEN AREA - DAY

Detectives Johnson and Spector enter the main office area of the MOVAX Research labs.

At far end there is a yellow taped area, and just beyond there are blood stains on the floor. A SECURITY GUARD stands nearby.

The detectives are met by the MOVAX security chief, TYLER WESTON (40), short cropped hair, athletically built, yet comfortable in a suit and tie.

TYLER  
The police taped off the area  
yesterday.

Spector looks around the big open area.

SPECTOR  
Where's everybody?

TYLER  
Day off. Because of the incident.  
(to Johnson)  
I called his wife. She said you  
were there about the home invasion.

JOHNSON  
News travels fast.

TYLER

The Feds were already here.

JOHNSON

The Feds?

TYLER

We contract with the government.  
Standard procedures.

SPECTOR

So why you want to see us?

Tyler pauses...

TYLER

I understand that you're working on  
the Tony Dorella shooting?

JOHNSON

That's right.

Johnson walks past the yellow police tape, and crouches down looking at the blood on the floor. He opens the office door, which reveals even more blood.

TYLER

Look, I didn't know if I should call  
you guys or not, but... Well this  
(waves at the crime  
scene)

Happened yesterday afternoon. Tony's  
supervisor. Douglas Clark.

SPECTOR

You saying Tony did this?

TYLER

Got nearly a dozen witnesses. Somehow  
Tony got past security with a machete --

JOHNSON

-- a machete?

TYLER

Yeah, that's right. A big ass  
machete. That's what he used to cut  
Douglas' hand off.

Johnson and Spector exchange quick glances.

TYLER

You need to see this.

Tyler leads them to the...

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - SECURITY OFFICE

Where a bank of monitors and other equipment line one wall. Several chairs lined up in front of the monitors.

He sits at the long desk with the monitors, and loads a tape into one of the VHS machines.

TYLER  
Surveillance cameras. Watch.

He hits the play button.

The MONITOR shows the outside of Douglas' office. A man carrying a box enters the office...

TYLER  
(pointing to the  
monitor)  
That's Douglas.

The door remains closed for some moments.

Tyler fast forwards the tape. Hits play again.

Several co-workers rush the office, but stop as the door opens. The co-workers jump back and stare into space.

Moments later a security guard runs up.

Tyler turns the tape off.

TYLER  
The employees all swear that Tony  
walked out of that office carrying a  
machete.

Spector's cell phone rings, and he walks away, listening.

JOHNSON  
I didn't see anyone walk out of there.

TYLER  
Exactly my point.

JOHNSON  
Did the Feds see this?

TYLER  
Not yet. Just started analyzing the  
tapes today.  
(beat)  
Besides, they never asked.

JOHNSON  
So why show us now?

TYLER  
Listen. A crime happens on my watch,  
I'm gonna call the cops first.  
Besides, I liked Tony.

SPECTOR  
We're going to need a copy --

TYLER  
-- I've already got one for you.

Tyler hands the detectives another tape.

TYLER  
I've got to give the Feds a copy of  
the tape. You got a twenty-four  
hour jump start. Capiche?

JOHNSON  
Thanks. We'll stay in touch.

Spector checks his cell phone.

SPECTOR  
That was the hospital. Someone wants  
to see us there.

JOHNSON  
Terrific.

The two detectives leave the offices.

INT. MOVAX RESEARCH - OPEN AREA

Stepping out of the security office, Tyler grabs Johnson's  
arm, pointing...

TYLER  
Hey, wait! There's Tony! That's  
him!

In the middle of the large open cubicle area, Tony is walking  
towards his old desk.

Johnson reaches for his weapon...

JOHNSON  
Just hold it right there Tony!

Tony turns and looks at them, unfazed. Stops at his old  
desk, looks in the drawers.

Walks over to Steve's cubicle, and grabs something out of one of the drawers.

Spector heads to the right, Tyler to the left. Converging on Tony.

JOHNSON

We just want to talk to you.

Tony turns, looking at them.

Suddenly, he bolts through the maze of cubicles.

SPECTOR

Shit!

They chase Tony across the room, slipping and sliding around the many partitions and desks. Tony runs past the time clock, and through the hall doors without looking back.

Spector reaches the door first, pushing it open. Tyler gets there a split second later. They look down the hall.

Spector looks over to Johnson as he gets to the doorway.

SPECTOR

He's gone.

Johnson is a bit out of breath.

They all enter the hallway area. There are two doors on each side, and one at the end of the hall.

TYLER

That one at the end leads out to the security guard.

JOHNSON

Take the right.

They approach the door on the right. Johnson nods, and Spector opens it quickly poking his weapon inside.

It's a small storage area.

SPECTOR

Clear.

Now, Tyler reaches the door on the left. Johnson nods.

Opening it quickly, the two detectives enter a...

INT. MOVAX - SMALL OFFICE

Small office. A desk on the corner, some filing cabinets.

No one inside.

They holster their weapons. The three of them look at each other.

Johnson's cell phone rings.

JOHNSON

Johnson.

CORWIN (O.S.)

It's Corwin. I ran the vials content through some tests. We're not sure what it is yet.

Johnson walks away from Spector and Tyler.

JOHNSON

Any ideas?

CORWIN (O.S.)

There are some things we can isolate, like a muscle relaxer. But there's other chemicals in there that...well we're not sure what they are.

JOHNSON

Get back to me when you have more.

Johnson hangs up.

SPECTOR

What's the word?

JOHNSON

That was Tommy. They're not sure what the vials are.

Tyler suddenly looks worried.

TYLER

You found vials on Tony?

JOHNSON

That's right. Some kind of green slime in them.

TYLER

Those are made by us. They're for the government. We had suspected Tony might be stealing them.

JOHNSON  
It gets better all the time.

SPECTOR  
(to Tyler)  
What are we dealing with here?

TYLER  
I can't tell you. I mean, I really  
have no clue what they are.

JOHNSON  
Terrific.

Johnson and Spector head out.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

A generic hospital waiting room. Small couches flanked by wood tables, a few magazines, and pastel decor.

The door opens and the detectives walk in with Doctor Lazarus.

In the room is JAMES MASON (45), wide shoulders, hard features. He wears a dark suit and conspicuous dark glasses.

MASON  
(raspy voice)  
You must be Johnson and Spector.

Johnson shakes the man's hand. A firm grip. Authoritative.

JOHNSON  
That's right.

Mason removes his glasses. Tucks them into his shirt pocket in one swift move.

MASON  
Special Agent Mason. NSA.  
(turning to Lazarus)  
Thanks. That'll be all for now.

Johnson and Spector watch as Lazarus leaves.

Mason sits on one of the sofas, while Johnson and Spector take another to the side.

Mason leans toward them, whispering, even though they are the only ones in the room.

MASON  
Here's the skinny on this.  
(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

Tony Dorella was working on some sensitive government projects.

JOHNSON

We gathered that much.

MASON

While his condition is...tragic, the NSA needs to ensure that he's protected.

JOHNSON

Protected? From what?

MASON

That's classified.

JOHNSON

I figured you'd say that.

SPECTOR

Look, we're all on the same team here, right?

Mason pauses for a moment, searching for the right words, avoiding Spector's comment. His eyes darting back and forth between the two detectives.

His voice is soft yet carries a certain finality.

MASON

Access to Tony will now be restricted to Federal authority.

SPECTOR

We've got an ongoing investigation...

MASON

Not anymore.

Johnson tries to match Mason's smooth, level voice.

JOHNSON

Tony's a potential witness...

MASON

The NSA will be taking over from this point forward...

Spector gets up. Clicking the lighter.

MASON

...your cooperation will help tremendously.

SPECTOR

You expect us to roll over?

MASON

I'm just following protocol.

(beat)

Did you recover a weapon?

JOHNSON

No. But something tells me you  
already knew that.

MASON

It's important that you know there's  
no way Tony did any of this. You  
understand?

JOHNSON

Is there something you're not telling  
me here? Cause it sounds like you  
want me to cover something up --

SPECTOR

-- I've had enough of this crap.

Spector storms out of the room.

MASON

(calmly)

You feel that way too?

JOHNSON

I ain't particularly happy about it,  
if that's what you mean?

MASON

I'm just following orders. You know  
how it is?

The two men stand up. Mason buttons up his suit. Puts his  
dark glasses back on.

MASON

I'd really appreciate anything else  
you can share with me about the case.

JOHNSON

Look. I'm not sure what's going  
on...

MASON

You want to know how I think it went  
down?

JOHNSON

Shoot.

MASON

Tony's distraught over the fact that his wife is cheating. He gets fired from his job. That can fuck with a man's head.

JOHNSON

The cheating wife or the getting fired?

MASON

Both. Take your pick. It's Friday.  
(beat)  
Anyway, he attacks the boss, then goes to the house.

JOHNSON

The timing's all off.

MASON

Hear me out. After he attacks the boss and attacks the kid, he goes to the bank. Call it bad karma. He gets shot during a robbery. Shit happens.

JOHNSON

And the witnesses?

Mason pauses. Again searching for the right words.

MASON

You're a vet?

JOHNSON

Yeah.

MASON

Seen combat?

JOHNSON

(agitated)  
Is there a point to this?

MASON

Just like in combat, the sequence of events can get fuzzy. Maybe it's stress or the mind shutting things off. Like...shock.

JOHNSON

So now you're a psychologist?

Mason takes his glasses off again, points at Johnson with them.

MASON

I'm just telling you what we think really happened.

(beat)

Do me a favor?

JOHNSON

What's that?

MASON

Leave this one alone.

JOHNSON

Yeah.

Johnson gives Mason a hard look. He's had enough of this bull shit. He turns and walks away.

Mason looks at Johnson leave. Taps the glasses.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Spector is outside the hospital taking deep drags on a cigarette and pacing.

Johnson walks up behind him.

JOHNSON

That shit gives you cancer.

Spector turns, looks at the cigarette, takes another puff as if to spite Johnson.

SPECTOR

Everything gives you cancer these days.

Spector finishes the cigarette and stomps it into the ground, lets out a plume of smoke.

SPECTOR

At least I'm gonna know what killed me.

(beat)

You believe that shit in there?

JOHNSON

I believe we're going to get pulled off this case whether we like it or not. That's just the way things are.

SPECTOR

What are they covering up?

JOHNSON

If the Feds are involved...who knows?  
My bet's on the green slime.

SPECTOR

The vials? Well I say we get things  
wrapped up as soon as we can.

JOHNSON

Easier said than done. All we got  
are fingerprints and witnesses.

SPECTOR

We've got that video tape.

JOHNSON

Tony's not on it.

SPECTOR

Right! That's why we need to get it  
analyzed.

JOHNSON

Why you so bent out of shape?

SPECTOR

That prick in there rubs me the wrong  
way.

JOHNSON

C'mon, Spec. I'm retiring in a couple  
of months. I've been on hundreds of  
cases like these. Some just never  
get solved. That's the way it is.  
You move on.

SPECTOR

You don't walk away from them.

JOHNSON

I'm not going to lose sleep over  
open cases. Not anymore.

(beat)

We stay vigilant. We hope another  
piece of evidence or a lead comes  
in. But that's it.

SPECTOR

This is not just an open case. The  
NSA is closing the case. That's  
just not right.

JOHNSON  
Don't lose sleep over it.

SPECTOR  
We're on the case until told  
otherwise, right?

Spector looks at Johnson for a moment.

JOHNSON  
Such a cowboy.

SPECTOR  
Well?

Johnson looks at Spector for a long time.

JOHNSON  
Ah, hell. Come on. Get in.

Johnson motions to Spector to get into the car. Spector gets into the passenger seat.

SPECTOR  
Now you're talking.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

There are a few cars parked at the motel. Two cars parked in front of Room 103 look familiar, they've been here before.

The sound of a shower running from the bathroom.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Shouldn't we wait a while now that  
Tony's in the hospital?

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 103 SHOWER - DAY

Priscilla is in the shower, steam fogging up the room and mirror. Her clothes draped across the sink.

PRISCILLA  
Are you crazy? It makes it easier  
now.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 103

Richard is laying on the bed. Shirt half open. Hands clasped behind his head.

RICHARD  
(staring at the ceiling)  
I just feel so...bad.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
Are you wimping out on me?

Richard rifles through Priscilla's purse, finds the Blackberry and checks contacts.

He looks over in the direction of the bath room.

RICHARD  
I wish you wouldn't say that to me.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
Then quit being a pussy. Did you give her the divorce papers like I told you?

He makes a mocking face.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
Well?

RICHARD  
She got them.

But he's lying.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
Good. It's about time.

Richard half turns on his side, facing the bath.

RICHARD  
How about we get away this weekend?

The shower stops. He nervously puts the device back in her purse.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 103 BATH

Priscilla reaches out through the shower curtain. Fingers searching. Grabs a towel.

She gently pads her face with it. She looks up from the towel.

PRISCILLA  
(sighing)  
I can't.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Why not?

Priscilla towel dries her body. Then wraps the towel around her. Steps out of the shower.

The room is steaming. Slippery floor.

PRISCILLA

I've got to make arrangements for Tony.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Can't that wait? The guy's not dead yet.

PRISCILLA

He will be soon. Hospital said he's in bad shape.

She slips on a skirt and blouse. No bra.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 103

Richard begins to sit up in bed...

RICHARD

How about --

His voice cut short by a hand that reaches across Richard's face. His mouth covered.

Richard is startled. Scared. Struggles. Starts to turn his face just as a needle is jammed into his neck.

TONY

(whispering)

How about you stop *fucking* my wife?

Richard's eyes bulge out as he tries to scream. Only a muffle.

His body stiffens. Legs flailing.

Staring at the needle dangling in his neck.

Tony relaxes his grip. Lets Richard's limp body fall back on the bed.

Richard stares up at Tony, mouth partially open. Paralyzed.

He struggles to speak. To scream. But instead only ends up choking.

PRISCILLA (O.S.)  
How about what?

Priscilla pushes the bathroom door just a crack.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 103 BATH

Her hand holds the door open.

HER POV

She sees Richard laying on the bed turned away from her.

PRISCILLA  
You fall asleep?

No answer.

Priscilla turns her attention back to the vanity sink...

PRISCILLA  
Unbelievable.

She grabs her lipstick and looks at the mirror. It's fogged up so she wipes it with her hand - a figure of someone standing in the shower can be faintly seen through the mist.

She turns in time to see Tony jump from out of the steam.

He pushes her into the wall, hands on her shoulders. Her body hitting with a thud. Knocking over a perfume bottle.

Her scream is muffled by Tony's powerful hand. His face just inches from hers. Eyes intent. Rage.

TONY  
(foaming at the mouth)  
So this is how it is?

She squirms in his grip.

Her hands racing along the sink and small counter. Reaching. Trying to grab something. Anything.

Makeup drops to the floor.

He loosens his grip. Her lipstick smudged on her face.

PRISCILLA  
What the...  
(struggling)  
How'd you get out of the hospital?

She's panting. Terrified. She tries to hit him with her fist but his reflexes are faster. Catching her hand in mid swing.

TONY

What hospital?

Priscilla kicks at Tony and tries to get away from his grip. She is clawing, kicking, pushing.

He grabs her hair pulling her head back. She screams, struggling. Manages to jab an elbow in his face.

He's unfazed. Only a small trickle of blood on his nose.

TONY

That wasn't very nice.

He wipes his nose with the back of his hand. Stares out her. Wild eyed.

His head moves back. Then thrusts forward.

The head butt throws Priscilla off balance.

PRISCILLA

(screaming)

My nose!

Blood pours out. Runs through her slender fingers.

She tries to hit him again, but he blocks all her efforts.

TONY

Am I suppose to feel bad. This might help.

Her eyes widen as she sees the needle in Tony's hand.

His hand moves up as if to stab her with the needle.

She grabs his wrist, but the needle gets closer to her head. Closer. Aiming right for her eye.

PRISCILLA

You have no idea who you're messing with!

The needle is close to her eye. Any slip and it will be driven into her pupil.

TONY

What do you think now?

PRISCILLA

You're weak! You always were!

She turns her head, just as he runs the needle into her neck.

In a moment her body goes limp, her eyes staring at him and looking at the needle.

He holds her in his arms, staring in curiosity and anger.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 103

Tony drags her to the bed next to Richard.

The two of them stare up at Tony. Conscious but unable to move. Bodies stiff. Like mannequins.

TONY

(smiling)

Wow. Look at you both. You're made for each other.

He starts wrapping silver duct tape around Richard's ankles. Then his wrists.

TONY

Let's see if it's true love.

Richard manages only a gargle.

Then he wraps the duct tape around Priscilla's ankles.

INT. CLAUDE'S YACHT - DAY

There is a clanking noise that reverberates around the main cabin room. The room seems to gently rock back and forth.

Tony is locking up a chain. This long chain loops through a metal ring on the the floor, which in turn is keeping Richard and Priscilla tied up.

There is a few inches of water in the cabin.

Priscilla grunts, moves her hand a bit. Pulls the chain.

TONY

Don't worry. The tranquilizer wears off in a few minutes.

He stands over them. Tears open a candy bar.

TONY

You didn't see this coming did you?

He takes a bite.

TONY  
 Hmmmm. Well, I didn't either.  
 (beat)  
 I've got to admit you had played it  
 well for a long time.

Richard mumbles something.

TONY  
 (looking at Richard)  
 What? Give it a few minutes. You'll  
 be able to talk without drooling.  
 (beat)  
 Oh, this?

Tony raises the machete and leans it on his shoulder. Takes another bite of the candy bar as he looks around the cabin room.

TONY  
 (looking at the machete)  
 You know this really is an amazing  
 tool.  
 (slashing at the air)  
 It can slice and dice pretty good.  
 You should have seen the look on my  
 boss.

Richard struggles, tries to get up but falls back.

RICHARD  
 You...f-f-fuck.

TONY  
 Now, now. No stuttering. Priscilla  
 doesn't like that. Right, hon?

RICHARD  
 (struggling to talk)  
 What do you want from me?

Tony laughs.

TONY  
 From you?  
 (hysterical laugh)  
 I don't want nothing from you. It's  
 what you want from her.

Tony points the machete at Priscilla's head. She manages only a yelp.

TONY  
 (whispering)  
 And she wants from you...

Richard thrashes about slightly, struggling against the chains and the water.

RICHARD  
 I'm sor-ry Tony. Look, can we just forget about it all?

TONY  
 Forget that you fucked my wife?

RICHARD  
 (he starts to cry)  
 I'm sorry.

TONY  
 Well, you're going to have to do better than that.

RICHARD  
 What do you want? Just name it.

Priscilla looks at Richard...

PRISCILLA  
 (slurring)  
 You're pathetic.

TONY  
 Well, hello to you.

PRISCILLA  
 (to Tony)  
 The hell with you. Now untie me.

TONY  
 No way, baby. You're no longer in control.

PRISCILLA  
 Tony, I don't know what game you're playing, but that's--

He points the machete to her head again. She gets the message. Falls silent.

TONY  
 I'll say when it's enough.

Richard looks horrified at Priscilla, but her gaze remains fixed on Tony...and the machete.

TONY

I'm going to leave the machete here.  
It will not cut through the chain so  
don't even bother. The only way to  
get out is... well you get the  
picture?

(beat)

By the way...the boat is sinking.

RICHARD

(panting)

You're insane.

TONY

No. I'm in a coma, remember?

PRISCILLA

You can't just leave us here.

TONY

One of you is going to have to use  
the machete. Kind of a test of true  
love, don't you think?

PRISCILLA

Tony, please?

(mockingly)

We can work this out.

TONY

Got to go now.

Richard looks around the cabin room. Pulls on the chain.

Tony drops the machete in the rising water.

TONY

You'll have a few hours. Plenty of  
time to decide what happens next.

He dashes out through the open hatch. It closes with a clang  
that echoes inside.

PRISCILLA

Tony! Tony!

She pulls and shakes at the chains.

RICHARD

Help!

(crying)

Somebody please help us!

She glares at Richard.

EXT. CAR/HOSPITAL

Detective Johnson's blue Crown Victoria is parked outside of the hospital main entrance.

INT. CAR

Johnson is at the wheel, Spector is in the passenger seat. He stares at the hospital entrance. Looks over to Johnson...

SPECTOR  
So, what's the deal?

JOHNSON  
Simple. When Mason leaves we'll go inside.  
(condescending)  
You know, you've got to learn good old police...

Spector flips off Johnson.

SPECTOR  
What ever.

Johnson chuckles.

They both turn their attention to the hospital entrance.

JOHNSON  
I want to see if this Tony guy's really in a coma.

SPECTOR  
You think he's not?

JOHNSON  
You need to get out more.

Spector ignores him.

SPECTOR  
What about the guard?

JOHNSON  
He won't recognize us.

SPECTOR  
You sure about that?

Johnson looks up. Smiles.

JOHNSON  
I've been doing this a long time.

They are silent for a moment.

SPECTOR  
You want a cup of coffee or something?

JOHNSON  
You're kidding right?

SPECTOR  
I gotta take a piss too.

JOHNSON  
You should get that checked out.  
Hey, look it here, we're at a  
hospital.

Spector flips Johnson off again.

He opens the door.

SPECTOR  
I'll be back, pops.

JOHNSON  
You need to go out on a date!

Johnson just stares at him. Shakes his head.

EXT. CAR/HOSPITAL

Spector gets out and runs across the street to a coffee shop.

Johnson facing the hospital front doors. Waiting.

He fidgets in the seat. Looks back across the street.

INT. CAR

As Johnson turns back to look at the hospital he catches a  
glimpse of something in his rear view mirror --

A MAN sitting in the back seat.

Instinctively he grabs his gun and swirls around all in one  
fluid motion pointing the barrel at --

TONY  
Easy there partner.

Tony is unnerved. He breaks into a smile. Almost pleasant  
to look at.

JOHNSON  
How the f...?

TONY  
(nodding at Johnson's  
gun)  
Pretty quick still, considering your  
age.

JOHNSON  
You're lucky I didn't blow a hole in  
your head.

Tony laughs.

TONY  
You've been wanting to talk to me,  
right? Well...  
(smiling)  
Here I am.

Johnson is all business. Experience taking over his actions  
automatically. Body shifts to keep the gun trained on Tony.

JOHNSON  
Put your hands where I can see them.  
Now!

Tony obliges. Raises his hands to chest height. Palms out.  
Johnson's arm reaches for something...

JOHNSON  
Put these on. Slowly.

He tosses handcuffs at Tony, smacking him in the chest.

Tony snaps them on. Raises his hands up so that Johnson can  
see that the cuffs are on. Jiggles them.

TONY  
(still smiling)  
Satisfied?

JOHNSON  
Not yet.

Tony sighs in disgust.

TONY  
C'mon detective, can't we have a  
civil conversation?

JOHNSON

Sure. I really like talking to serial killers.

TONY

I suppose it wouldn't help if I told you they all deserved what they got.

JOHNSON

You will too. Lethal injection. That should even the score.

TONY

Somehow, I really doubt that.

JOHNSON

Don't be so sure of yourself. I've been around a long time.

Tony looks out the window. A bored expression on his face.

TONY

(staring in the distance)

We'll just have to wait and see.

JOHNSON

How you do it?

Tony lets out a laugh.

TONY

(still staring out the window)

That's the second time you point a gun at me.

Looks back at Johnson.

JOHNSON

I tell you what. When my partner gets back we'll all walk into the hospital and check out your story. Either way you ain't going anywhere.

Tony looks out the other window.

HIS POV

Sees the coffee shop across the street. Spector is at the counter paying for the coffee.

TONY

Your partner's quite a hot head.

Johnson glances over to the street. Sees Spector waiting to cross back across. His eyes back to the back seat --

RAPID CUTS

-- Tony's gone from the back seat

-- Johnson's eyes shift

-- Tony's in the passenger seat

-- Johnson turns in the seat

TONY  
Looking for me?

Johnson sees the handcuffs drop to the car floor.

JOHNSON  
Shit.

His arm comes swinging around, trying to get an aim on Tony. But Tony's reflexes are lightning fast. Grabs the arm with the gun.

Johnson's other hand grabs Tony's. The arm jerks upward and side to side.

The gun goes off.

EXT. STREET

Spector hearing the shot drops the coffee. His gun instantly in his hand.

He starts across the traffic street

HIS POV

Spector sees Johnson struggling with someone in the car.

Spector races across the street --

A car honks, nearly hits him. He darts across the street, avoiding cars.

SPECTOR  
(yelling at Johnson)  
Hey!

A second gunshot inside the car.

Spector reaches the car just as Tony jumps out from the opposite side.

TONY  
Hold it right there!

Spector's weapon is aiming right at Tony.

Tony faces Spector, hands out by his side. He shrugs. Turns and runs through the hospital doors.

EXT. CAR

Spector opens the car door and sees Johnson is slumped over in the seat. Takes his pulse. Dead.

SPECTOR  
Shit!

Spector chases Tony into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Spector's sudden burst into the hospital lobby waiting area catches PEOPLE by surprise.

A WOMAN sees the gun and screams.

Ignoring the people, Spector runs full speed through another set of double doors...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Just in time to catch Tony making the turn at the end of the hallway. Spector sprints after Tony.

As Spector reaches the end of the hallway, the Big Guard comes barreling around the corner blocking his way. A .45 auto pointing right at Spector.

BIG GUARD  
DROP THE GUN!

Spector stops in his tracks.

Beyond where the Guard is standing Tony slips into an elevator.

Tony blows a kiss at Spector with his hand, as the elevator doors begin to close.

SPECTOR  
(looking at the guard)  
It's okay. I'm a --

BIG GUARD  
-- I said... DROP the gun!

SPECTOR  
I'm a cop.

BIG GUARD  
Don't make me repeat myself.

Spector realizing that the Big Guard is not going to budge, starts to lower the gun.

SPECTOR  
Okay, it's cool. I'm putting the  
gun on the floor.

BIG GUARD  
Slowly.

BANG!

A set of double doors suddenly burst open up as a patient on a gurney is wheeled into the hallway by two PARAMEDICS.

In that split second Spector lunges through another door marked "Stairs".

BIG GUARD  
Damn!

The Big Guard runs after Spector...

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL

Spector rushes up the stairwell. Climbing two steps at time.

The Big Guard follows. Crashing through the stair, just as Spector makes the turn on the first landing.

The Guard pauses. Aiming the gun in the stairwell. Unable to get a clear shot.

BIG GUARD  
Shit.

He pulls himself up by the rail and starts after Spector.

Three flights up, Spector runs out of the stairwell...

INT. HOSPITAL - ANOTHER HALLWAY

...and into another hallway.

Looking around Spector ducks into a room.

The Big Guard comes running out through the same stairwell door. Bends over heaving. One hand on his knee.

BIG GUARD

Damn, I need to lay off that fried chicken.

He looks around. Shuffles down the hallway.

Spector's head slowly rises above the door's small window.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

Doctor Lazarus is checking the monitors. Looking at the streaming paper scans.

LAZARUS

Son of a bitch.

He looks back at Tony on the hospital bed, anchored by the tubes and other apparatus. Lazarus approaches. Tony's eyes pop open.

Lazarus jumps back.

Just as suddenly, Tony's eyes are closed again. The beeps from one of the machines increase in speed and seem to get louder.

Lazarus turns to look at the monitor again. The paper scan streams show irregular activity.

LAZARUS

What the --

TONY (O.S.)

-- Surprised?

Lazarus swivels around in shock and disbelief. Tony is standing in front of him.

LAZARUS

How'd you...

Lazarus looks back toward the hospital bed. Sees Tony laying still. Then back at the other Tony standing in front of him.

The beeps from the monitor get faster. Louder.

TONY

Weird huh?

LAZARUS  
Who are you?

TONY  
(nodding at the bed)  
I'm him.

LAZARUS  
What?

Lazarus glances at the monitor again.

The room door burst opens. Agent Mason steps in.

MASON  
Everything okay Doc?

The talking Tony is gone. The monitor beeps are slower.  
More steady.

LAZARUS  
Where did he go?

Mason pretends to look around.

MASON  
Who you talking to?

LAZARUS  
I was...never mind.

MASON  
You alright?

LAZARUS  
Yeah. Just work...

Mason checks the room again. He steps out of the room closing the door behind him.

Lazarus walks to a medical cabinet and grabs a vial. He extracts the drug with a syringe. Walks over to the bed where Tony lies.

LAZARUS  
I'm not going crazy.

He takes the syringe, ready to jab Tony's arm.

Somebody grabs Lazarus' hand. Spinning him around.

Tony is standing in front of him.

TONY  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

LAZARUS

What?

Lazarus struggles trying to get the needle into the patient's arm, but Tony pushes him away.

The door's handle rattles as Mason tries to open the room door.

MASON (O.S.)

You alright Doc?

It's locked from the inside.

MASON (O.S.)

Hey Doc, open up!

Tony and Lazarus lunge for the syringe. Wrestling. The needle drops to the floor. Tony kicks it away.

Lazarus now tries to unplug something from the bed, but Tony grabs at him.

Lazarus turns, holding his throat. Blood spills through his fingers.

CLINK.

A bloodied scalpel falls to the floor.

Lazarus drops to his knees. Struggles to look up at Tony.

LAZARUS

(gargling)

How...

TONY

Sorry Doc, I really liked you.

Lazarus hits the floor with a thud, just as the hospital room door flies open.

Mason and a GUARD rush in.

They see the doctor's body on the floor and Tony laying in bed.

The Young Nurse is at the door. Seeing Lazarus slumped on the floor she lets out a muffled scream.

MASON

Get a doctor! Now!

Mason kneels over the doctor's body. He looks over at Tony in the hospital bed.

MASON  
Son of a bitch!

Another AGENT walks up behind Mason.

AGENT  
Whatcha think?

Mason lets out a deep breath.

MASON  
Looks like we've got another one.  
(beat)  
Call it in.

The Agent leaves the room.

Mason walks over to Tony's bed. Stares at the motionless body.

INT. CLAUDE'S YACHT - DAY

The water is rising ever so slowly. The cabin seems to be tilting. Water sloshing all around Richard and Priscilla, completely soaking their clothes.

The machete floats into view from the limited light above. Just within reach. Richard grabs it with his free hand.

PRISCILLA  
Try to cut the chains!

RICHARD  
It's not going to cut through.

PRISCILLA  
It's not going to if you don't try.

RICHARD  
Didn't you hear what he said!  
(beat)  
You got me into this shit.

PRISCILLA  
I got you into this?

RICHARD  
Just shut up and let me think.

PRISCILLA  
Since when did you do any thinking?

RICHARD  
Shut up or I'll --

PRISCILLA

(daring him)

-- you'll what? What are you going to do Richard?

(beat)

Now try to cut the chains.

Richard swings the machete at the chain, but it only puts a slight chink into it.

RICHARD

It's not going to work.

PRISCILLA

Well keep trying.

They stare at each other. The water rises ever so slowly.

Richard takes another swing at the chains.

Then another.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

A door opens.

Spector walks out of hiding.

Several DOCTORS and NURSES dash past him. He follows them.

At the end of the hallway Spector spots Mason.

Mason also sees Spector. Takes a step forward, holding his hand up.

MASON

Whoa, whoa, hold on cowboy.

SPECTOR

What's going on?

MASON

This is out of your jurisdiction.

SPECTOR

Not anymore! My partner's dead downstairs. Now what the hell is going on?

Mason looks shocked at learning about Johnson.

MASON

Look...I'm sor--

A gurney with a BODY is wheeled out of the room by two ORDERLIES. Spector grabs the sheet...

SPECTOR  
Trying to sneak him out?

...and pulls it back away from the head revealing...

Lazarus?

A shocked look on Spector.

The gurney is wheeled down the hallway and out of sight.

Spector turns back to Mason. Takes a step forward.

MASON  
I can explain.

SPECTOR  
You can explain? You're going to  
have to do better than that.

Spector takes his gun out and points it at Mason.

The guards react just as fast, drawing their guns and pointing at Spector. A sort of Mexican standoff, except Mason is unarmed.

MASON  
(to the guards)  
It's okay. It's okay.  
(to Spector)  
So now you're going to assault a  
Federal agent? What's wrong with  
you? You got a death wish or  
something?

Mason nods at Spector's gun.

MASON  
You want to see what's going on?

SPECTOR  
I want to see what you're hiding.

MASON  
Alright.  
(nodding toward the  
door)  
Let's go in and you can check for  
yourself.

Mason opens the door slowly, as Spector holsters his gun.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

The two men walk into the ICU room, closing the door behind them.

Tony's body is laying in bed. Still plugged into the equipment. Labored breathing. Monitors beeping.

MASON

Not what you expected?

(beat)

That body over there...

(pointing at Tony)

...is part of a Federal protection plan. Now, I'm bending the rules as it is letting you in here.

Spector walks slowly to the edge of the bed. He looks at the medical devices and monitors. Glances back at Tony lying in bed.

SPECTOR

Where are you hiding him?

MASON

Hiding who?

SPECTOR

The guy that ran in here.

MASON

No one's run in here. That's what I'm trying to tell you.

Standing his ground...

SPECTOR

I chased him up here! He shot my partner!

Spector looks around confused. He walks up to the bed, but Mason intercepts him. Puts out his hand...

MASON

I know you believe that.

SPECTOR

I know what I saw.

Mason gets between Spector and the hospital bed.

MASON

The guy's in a coma... Crying out loud.

Spector looks at Mason. Steps away.

SPECTOR  
What happened to Dr. Lazarus?

MASON  
He cut his throat.

SPECTOR  
You expect me to buy that?

Mason shrugs. Fakes a smile.

MASON  
Shit happens.

Spector starts to laugh. In a moment Mason joins him.  
They look at each other laughing, shaking their heads.

SPECTOR  
(wagging his finger)  
I see what you're doing.

MASON  
What's that?

SPECTOR  
Smoke and mirrors. Like a magic  
trick. You keep one guy plugged in  
while the other one goes loose on a  
rampage.

MASON  
Is that what you think?

Spector stops. Looks at Mason coldly.

SPECTOR  
What else could it be? So where's  
the other guy?

MASON  
There is no other guy.

SPECTOR  
(getting serious again)  
C'mon. You can stop fucking with  
me!

MASON  
There is no other guy. There never  
was.

SPECTOR  
You think I'm crazy?

Mason looks at Spector for a moment, searching for the right words.

MASON  
I think you've become...delusional.  
Yeah, that's right. Perhaps from  
work stress, I don't know.

SPECTOR  
So I should take a vacation or  
something?

MASON  
(nodding)  
Might help everyone involved.

SPECTOR  
You think so?  
(beat)  
What's in those green vials?

Mason looks at Spector. Surprised.

MASON  
I'm not sure I know what you mean.

SPECTOR  
Some kind of experiment? Is that  
it?

MASON  
Just leave this one alone. Look,  
hasn't there been enough for one  
day?

SPECTOR  
Well, I've got a different idea.

Spector turns, grabbing a monitor and throwing it on the ground. Another monitor begins to beep rapidly.

Mason grabs Spector and they wrestle to the ground.

The door handle rattles as the GUARD tries to come into the ICU room, but the door will not open.

Spector manages to throw Mason off balance, and dashes for the bed. Grabbing a pillow he puts it over Tony's face.

Mason pushes Spector away, and as they fight, they knock over more equipment. Spector gets his gun out again.

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

Mason stumbles to the wall, and slides down in a sitting position. Shot in the shoulder.

Quickly, Spector turns to the bedridden body. He starts to pull off tubes randomly.

A hand grabs his shoulder roughly and Spector is spun around.

It's Tony!

SPECTOR

What the--?

TONY

Say good-night.

Tony zaps Spector with a taser gun.

Spector convulses for a second, and collapses...

MASON

(to Tony)

You need to go now.

TONY

Go where?

MASON

I think you know.

Mason struggles to his feet. Holding his wounded shoulder. Opens the ICU room door.

MASON

Get a doctor in here.

(louder)

Now!

(beat)

Here we go again.

As Mason staggers out, a DOCTOR rushes in and begins to attend Tony's body on the bed.

The other Tony, the walking one, is no longer in the room.

INT. CLAUDE'S YACHT - DAY

The water is now nearly a foot deep, and Richard and Priscilla struggle to keep their heads above it. They take deep breaths.

Richard is still trying to cut the chains.

PRISCILLA  
Can't you do anything right?

RICHARD  
I'm trying.

PRISCILLA  
Well you're not trying hard enough.

He stops. Glares at her.

RICHARD  
Can you just shut up for one minute?

PRISCILLA  
You weak shit. Give me that thing.

RICHARD  
I suppose you have a better idea?

PRISCILLA  
He said it wouldn't cut through the chains.

RICHARD  
He's a God damned lunatic. You really think I'd believe him?  
(beat)  
Why the hell did I get involved with you?

PRISCILLA  
I can't believe you?

RICHARD  
Me? What about you and your psycho husband.

She struggles in the water.

PRISCILLA  
We got to get out of here.

Richard looks at her. Menacingly. Desperate.

RICHARD  
I'm getting out of here.

PRISCILLA  
What are you doing?

RICHARD  
What I should have done a long time ago.

He swings the machete.

She starts to scream. His free arm moving back and forth, as he tries to cut through bone. Her bone.

Blood gushes out of her wrist. Covers his arm and face, and hers. She screams horrifically.

Priscilla is terrified. Her pain excruciating. Screaming. Gasping.

PRISCILLA

Oh my God! Help!

Her screaming intensifies. Grits her teeth and tilts her head back, fighting to remain conscious.

The water boils red with her blood.

RICHARD

I'm getting...out.

She slumps over. Head bobbing back and forth, fighting to remain awake.

PRISCILLA

Help me! I'll bleed to death!

He's holding her Blackberry.

RICHARD

Screw you! I've got all the contacts I need now!

He throws the machete to the far side of the cabin. He takes one last look at her.

Priscilla yells at him...

PRISCILLA

You bastard! You little f...

She starts to fall over. Gasping for air...

He gets the chain loose and moves. Staggeres to the door. He tries to turn the handle. It's locked.

RICHARD

No. No... NO!!!

She cackles.

Richard turns to go for the machete, but she's holding it.

EXT. TRUCK

Tony's truck pulls away from his house. Several boxes and a suitcase are in the back flatbed.

INT. TRUCK

Amber drives the truck. Dave is at her side in the passenger seat.

DAVE

We can go to my place.

AMBER

I want to get as far away from here as we can. Start over.

DAVE

What about your mom?

She gives him a disgusting look.

AMBER

You got to be kidding, right?

DAVE

I'm just saying.

AMBER

She hasn't even been home in days. Probably ran off with one of her rich boyfriends.

They are silent for a moment.

DAVE

I'm really sorry.

AMBER

For what?

DAVE

Just...shit happens.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

A white van drives along a single lane road in the middle of the Mojave Desert.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

As it follows the road, we see more and more of the vastness of the desert.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
Are the People satisfied with the  
defendant's plea.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (V.O.)  
Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE (V.O.)  
And is the defense satisfied with  
the recommendations of this court?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (V.O.)  
Yes, your Honor. The defense accepts  
the recommendations of the court.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT

Beth heads for a row of parked cars, searches in her purse  
for the remote.

A voice behind her startles her...

TONY  
Hi. Beth, right?

She turns to the voice, momentarily blinded by the sun.

BETH  
Yeah?

TONY  
It's me...Tony. A few days ago?

BETH  
Oh, right. Yeah.  
(beat)  
Wait. Didn't you get shot or  
something?

Tony touches the side of his head.

TONY  
It was nothing. Just a grazing shot.

He lets out a nervous laugh...

TONY  
A scratch. I guess the robbers didn't  
do anything right that day.

BETH  
I thought you were...

TONY

Dead?

She looks down. Embarrassed at having said that.

BETH

I'm sorry...I just --

TONY

I can see why you would. But I'm not. I'm here, ain't I?

BETH

Good. Yeah, I'm glad you're okay.  
(smiling)  
You really stood up to them.

They look at each other for a moment. It's awkward.

TONY

Look...um. I was wondering if you'd like to get a bite to eat?

BETH

(apologetic)  
I'm not supposed to --

TONY

-- yeah, you're right.  
(looking away for a second)  
What the hell was I thinking. It's not like I saved your life or anything.

She looks down...

BETH

I didn't mean that.

TONY

You remember what I said the other day?

BETH

What?

TONY

I said it would be nice to start new again. To really be excited about things...your job. Life. You know? Wake up and really look forward to a new day.

BETH  
I guess. It's my first job.

TONY  
That's what I mean. I've got a chance  
at a new...me. I just wanted to  
tell you that I feel...  
(nervous laugh)  
...liberated. I'm just glad I did  
something right that day.

They laugh.

TONY  
Look, I know you probably think I'm  
some kinda nut job.  
(he touches his head)  
Maybe it's getting shot at...I don't  
know.

She breaks into a smile...

BETH  
You want to take me out...to dinner?

TONY  
You do eat, right?

She digs in her purse.

BETH  
Here's my number.

Takes a note out and scribbles something on it, then hands  
it to him.

BETH  
Call me sometime...  
(flashing another  
smile)  
Tony, right?

TONY  
Yeah. Tony.

She heads to her car. Gets in. Rolls the window down.

BETH  
I'll be waiting...

The engine roars to life, and she drives away.

Tony looks down at the card, taps it on his hand, then pockets  
it. He smiles up at the sun.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION

Empty hallways. White walls. White ceilings. White floors.  
Bright lights.

Echoes of footsteps.

Spector walks along the hallway away from our view, escorted  
by two big STAFF MEMBERS.

He's in a straight jacket. A certified nut.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Then having reviewed all matters in  
the case, the court hereby recommends  
that the defendant be admitted to a  
mental facility where he can obtain  
proper long term psychiatric  
evaluations.

As the Staff Members reach a door, Spector mumbles...

SPECTOR

I'm not crazy. I know what I saw.

The door opens, and Spector walks into a small...

EXT. MENTAL INSTITUTION CELL ROOM - DAY

Not quite a prison.

There is a small desk, a cot, a bookshelf with several books  
and magazines.

And padded walls.

The Staff Members take the straight jacket off of him and  
leave the room.

Spector sits down and watches the overhead TV. There's no  
remote.

A bit of drool on the side of his mouth. His tongue laps at  
it.

SPECTOR

(shaking his head)

I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy.

He gets up. Walks over to the door. Peers out the small  
square window. Rage in his eyes.

SPECTOR  
(yelling)  
I'M NOT CRAZY!

The STAFFER down the hall looks toward Spector's room. Goes back to mopping the floor.

Spector turns away from the door. Paces the tiny room.

A soft knock at the door.

Spector turns to see Mason step inside the room.

MASON  
Hi Spector.

SPECTOR  
I'm not crazy!

MASON  
You're right about that.

Spector resists the urge to grab Mason. Quickly sits down again.

SPECTOR  
Right. Right. Right.

MASON  
And hello to you too.

SPECTOR  
He killed my partner.

MASON  
I didn't want it to turn out that way.

SPECTOR  
How did he do it? How did that freak in a coma kill all those people?

Spector twitches.

MASON  
You won't believe it.

SPECTOR  
I don't know what to believe anymore.

EXT. NSA FACILITY

Aerial view of the desert. In the distance a facility comes into view, like a prison, with guard towers and high chain link fences.

MASON (V.O.)

If it's any comfort, Tony's still in a coma. That's the way the NSA wants it. He's the second person ever to have this...phenomenon. He'll be kept like that...isolated, for as long as possible.

INT. NSA FACILITY - MEDICAL ROOM

This is a big room, like a hospital, with every sort of medical machinery available.

In the center there is a bed. Shining lights from the ceiling.

A body lying in this bed is plugged to tubes and other devices.

MASON (V.O.)

At first it was just a routine investigation due to Tony's work and access to the drug.

Several DOCTORS check the body. Write down notes. Looking over the monitors.

Getting closer to the bed we see it is Tony Dorella.

MASON (V.O.)

When we heard about Tony's unusual brain injuries...We had to check it out.

SPECTOR (V.O.)

He's not dead?

Tony's face is motionless.

MASON (V.O.)

Hardly. He's in a state of come. It's complicated. He can project his alter ego just about anywhere. There are some limitations and we've had a few setbacks. But there you have it.

SPECTOR (V.O.)

Poof. Huh?

We hear a monitor beeping in the background.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION CELL ROOM

Spector is sitting on the cot. Buries his head in his hands. Runs his fingers through his hair.

MASON

Some things are best left unexplained.

SPECTOR

I'm going crazy. I knew it. It's something in the food or the meds they give me. Right?

MASON

You're not crazy. Not entirely. But no one's going to believe you. That's just the way it is. We'd like to keep it that way.

SPECTOR

I must be.

The door opens. A Staffer walks in, looks around.

It's just Spector, alone in the room.

STAFFER

Having a nice chat?

SPECTOR

Yeah, actually I was.  
(chewing his nails)  
Cause you know that's what us crazy people do.

STAFFER

Smart ass.

No sooner does the Staffer leave, then Mason walks to the middle of the room.

MASON

It's a gift.

SPECTOR

What? Being crazy?

MASON

Well, that too I suppose. But I was referring to Tony.

SPECTOR

I am crazy. Nothing's real. Padded walls. Right?

MASON

Like I said it's a phenomenon. Hell the scientists at the NSA are still trying to figure it out. Tony's become their new wonder weapon. He will become the perfect spy or assassin.

Spector looks up at Mason.

Everything seems to be blurry.

SPECTOR

What about you?

MASON

I'm real. Like you. I was here a few days ago. We've already had this conversation. You're hallucinating now.

SPECTOR

But you're here now.

MASON

It's the meds. Distortion of time. You're disoriented. Replaying events in your head. It's better this way.

SPECTOR

Huh? The meds. Better this way. Right.

He runs his fingers back and forth across his lips.

SPECTOR

Why you come here?

MASON

I just wanted to keep an eye on you.

SPECTOR

Why?

MASON

You might become a liability.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

But as long as everyone thinks you're  
crazy...you're going to be okay.

The door opens again. The Staffer looks in. Just Spector  
sitting on the bed, slight drool on the side of his mouth.

SPECTOR

I'm just discussing astral meta  
physical, three dimensional stuff.  
Physics. Comas. Flying like a kite.  
Shit like that...crazy, remember?

STAFFER

Uh, huh.

SPECTOR

You wouldn't understand. You'd have  
to be crazy to understand. Right?

STAFFER

Yep, you're right about that.

The Staffer closes the door as he leaves.

Spector is alone.

He gets up and looks out the small window in the door. It's  
a long hallway.

The Staffers come in and out of rooms. Another Staffer mops  
the floor...

SPECTOR

I'm crazy. I know I'm crazy.

Suddenly, Tony's face jumps in front of the small window on  
the other side of the door.

FADE OUT: