



WHITE LIGHT WEEKEND

Written for the screen by
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START TITLES:

1992

HIGH ENERGY MUSIC OVER:

INTERIOR - THE IRON BAR DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

This is a night club. Sweat and smoke coat what isn't obscured by candy-coloured neon tubes. The D.J.'s beat mix deafens the all-male clientele - so it's a gay bar. Most are stoned or drunk. All try to show off. They block the aisles to intersect your eye-line. Your physique is scrutinized.

This is the viewpoint of MAX. His deep-set eyes and chiselled beard mark him as a pirate or prophet. He's hungry for something else - the deal about to go down. He's a drug peddler, you see

The men dance, inhale Amyl-Nitrate, and exert themselves to the maximum. Sweat spins off dancers. Cigarette smoke ventilates jealous mouths.

MAX strides along, looking for a buyer. He passes two tall and sturdy men, SYLVAN DEPUIS and RUSSELL WARREN, who have other motives.

MAX meets his rendezvous - two BLONDE men in their mid-twenties. They stand next to a young woman named AMY, who introduces the blondes to MAX. She is the one who makes the contacts. Anxious for the stamina about to kick their veins, the young men circumvent formalities and display their money.

MAX drops a small PACKET of white powder into one of the young men's palms. The BLONDES head off to the dance floor to enjoy their purchase.

SYLVAN was distracted - but RUSS noticed the transaction. The two pry their way through the crowds.

MAX locates JENNIE across the bar. She is a young and beautiful woman. JENNIE motions for MAX and AMY to leave - via the side of the building she is nearest. She then exits the discotheque immediately.

MAX looks in the opposite direction to see SYLVAN approaching. SYLVAN directs RUSS to the dance-floor - but after the BLONDES. The DEALERS intentionally get lost within the crowd and SYLVAN fights his way through the congestion.

RUSS enters the surging dance arena to find the two BLONDES red-faced and disoriented. They suddenly fall to the floor in spastic convulsions. The dance CROWD backs away from the YOUTHS to leave them in the wrath of their own misfortune.

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BOUNCERS come to help and RUSS heads past the dance floor to locate SYLVAN.

RUSS pushes his way through the crowds, shouting into his PORTABLE RADIO.

AMY has made it outside, where JENNIE waits. MAX's path is suddenly blocked by a MAN he has bumped out of the way.

MAN (BRIGHTLY)

Smile!

The MAN'S eyes are half-closed from the effects of narcotics. MAX pushes him away. The MAN then grabs MAX'S neck and throttles it.

MAN (cont'd)

What's...your...fucking...problem!

The MAN releases his grip and MAX backs off, revealing a semi-automatic HANDGUN. MAX pushes the MAN against a wall and empties four bullet jackets into his head.

SYLVAN wields his hand-gun, having gained in the chase through the victim's defiance. RUSS gains in the pursuit.

EXTERIOR - THE IRON BAR DISCOTHEQUE - NIGHT

SYLVAN, now at the rear exit door, has MAX in firing range.

JENNIE turns and recognizes SYLVAN. He recognizes her, and is too confused to fire.

Four police VEHICLES screech into the back-alley behind the night-club. SYLVAN regains his aim and fires at MAX. It is too late. The three have escaped into the CROWDS behind the discotheque. Three POLICEMEN exit their vehicles and begin a chase on foot. SYLVAN lowers his gun in frustration and regret.

RUSS arrives to find him standing, feebly, before the remaining police.

RUSS

He got away?

SYLVAN

Fuck off!

SYLVAN runs to one of the Police VEHICLES. He slams the door and the car screeches off into the night. An officer approaches RUSS.

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POLICE CONSTABLE #1
 Angel of mercy for City Hall. He didn't
 want a murder under his belt tonight.

RUSS
 No, that was something else.

INTERIOR - SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

MAX and AMY have prepared for this emergency. They slip through the toll gate immediately and charge down the subway stairwell.

JENNIE remains stuck by the entry gate as she scrambles frantically for her toll card. She eventually finds the card and runs after her friends.

INTERIOR - SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Three police OFFICERS are in pursuit. They jump the toll gates in unison.

MAX and AMY have just boarded a subway train. JENNIE hops aboard as the train doors close.

INTERIOR - SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

The police OFFICERS arrive at departure level. The subway train has already sped down the tracks. A POLICEMAN radios ahead.

INTERIOR - SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

MAX whispers amidst the oblivious subway passengers.

MAX (TO JENNIE)
 We have to split up. Get off at the next station.

JENNIE
 He saw me there.

MAX
 Wait for a day, then come back to my place. Remember our plan.

MAX embraces her as the subway car begins to slow. He and AMY escort JENNIE out the door.

INTERIOR - SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

JENNIE exits the train, confused and scared, and catches her wits soon enough to transfer to another subway car.

INTERIOR - THE IRON BAR - NIGHT

RUSS is still at the night club. MEDICS prepare to seal the body-bags of the three dead YOUTHS. RUSS is met by PETE, the night club owner.

PETE

I knew there would be blood spilled. I should not have called for the police to get involved.

RUSS

If you hadn't, this still would have happened. And how many more deaths after that?

PETE

This business is over. I should never have tried opening in such a rough spot.

PETE examines the empty, littered floors. In the background, MEDICS tend to the youthful VICTIMS.

PETE (cont'd)

Who is he? Why is he hunting this community?

RUSS

Our team is trying to find that out for you.

A MEDIC approaches RUSS with a small VIAL.

MEDIC

We've isolated a sample.

EXTERIOR - THE IRON BAR - NIGHT

RUSS argues his entry into a security-enveloped police TRUCK while protecting the MEDICAL SAMPLE, holding it high above his head. The object of security is the MOBILE POLICE LABORATORY (MPL), a state-of-the art toxicology department on wheels.

INTERIOR - MOBILE POLICE LABORATORY - NIGHT

RUSS presses his way inside the MPL. It is jam-packed with scientific equipment. DAVE MEDFORD, the toxicologist, identifies RUSS to another DETECTIVE.

DAVE

Detective, this is Constable Russell Warren.

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DETECTIVE

Did you find anything for us?

RUSS

Mucous. Fresh lung mucous, men.

DETECTIVE

They've been checking the lungs at the morgue.

RUSS

You've been checking gastro and blood. I saw those boys suffocating. It must be something with the lungs.

DAVE

Detective's right. We did thorough autopsies. Nothing unusual in the lungs.

RUSS

I got the division to spring for this van. So do me a favour and double check the sample - while whatever's in it's still going.

RUSS heads out of the van, but is stopped by the DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE

Thorough, sir. And I've also heard you've applied for my job.

RUSS ignores the remark and exits the toxicology van.

DETECTIVE (TO HIMSELF) (cont'd)

Well, don't bet on this one getting you in.

EXTERIOR - THE IRON BAR - NIGHT

RUSS walks outside the MPL and into the chaos of on-lookers, media, and police activity. The night's breeze cools him as he stops to rest - sitting himself on a police barricade. The bagged bodies of the dead YOUTHS are being removed from the now-deserted night club.

DETECTIVE BILL HENLEY approaches.

HENLEY

You still don't smoke, do you?

HENLEY lights up a CIGARETTE and hauls a drag.

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HENLEY (cont'd)

The other men just reported they've lost them on the subway. It's better not to mention Sylvan's absence tonight.

RUSS

Giving me this case...and Sylvan...was especially cruel.

HENLEY

Sylvan's your partner now...and he's well respected by the division.

RUSS

He let the suspects escape.

HENLEY

Really? Now, it is your job to draw some conclusions from the details. Who's our target? What does he look like?

RUSS

Ask Sylvan what he looks like. I'd say he's worked this area for a while. He uses the crowds as a shield. And the three are co-dependent - a unit.

HENLEY

You think you can work with me on this?

RUSS (SOMEWHAT SHOCKED)

I'm surprised my application got through screening, sir.

HENLEY

You'll learn a lot more than how to work with Sylvan DePuis.

The DETECTIVE approaches them, interrupting the conversation.

DETECTIVE

Sir, your wanted at the tox van.

HENLEY

I'll be there in a minute.

(to Russ)

Not about the case that came with him. About focus, and letting the chips fall. 'Cause I have read your files. They're impressive. (whispers) Even better than my current trainee's. But there's something sticking out in your evaluations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSS

My father.

HENLEY

No. Asshole.

RUSS

Asshole's good. Bane of the police department's better.

HENLEY

That's it. It's not bad for the department. It's bad for you.

RUSS

I'm sure you read somewhere in my file that my dad was a convict. How would that make you feel with me on your assignments?

HENLEY

Why do you want to work with me, Russ? To laugh at my bad jokes? Apprenticeship isn't adoption papers.

RUSS is burned, but doesn't flinch. HENLEY gets up, drops his cigarette, and heads towards the MPL.

HENLEY (cont'd)

I've hired that friend of yours a few times. He's a portrait artist. Well, your composite sketch will do for tomorrow.

RUSS

Bureaucracy can slow Sylvan down. But it won't make him go away.

HENLEY

Only Sylvan can bring Sylvan down. Like most people. So, if Sylvan wants to promote the police force and defend the institution...then that's his place.

RUSS

You defend the institution when you've fucked up.

HENLEY waves a salute and exits. He then stops halfway to the tox van.

HENLEY

I'd ask you out for a drink. But...you still don't drink, do you Russ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSS nods a "No."

HENLEY (cont'd)
 Russ, you may think you're better than
 the rest. But you're just a little
 better looking.

EXTERIOR - SYLVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIE runs across the lawn to the front door of a lavish
 Victorian home.

INTERIOR - SYLVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIE bolts upstairs and grabs some clothes and money.
 Suddenly, SYLVAN ploughs through the front door. JENNIE
 hears him and starts screaming before she even sees his face.

SYLVAN
 Jennifer!

SYLVAN starts up the stairs but JENNIE jumps down and over
 the railing and onto the hardwood floor. SYLVAN grabs her.

SYLVAN (cont'd)
 Betrayed me!? Again!?

JENNIE
 Daddy, don't!

JENNIE is given a welting slap in the face, then thrown
 against the doorway. She falls as SYLVAN opens the door for
 her to leave. JENNIE runs, crying, outside. SYLVAN then
 kneels, weakened, onto the floor.

FADE TO BLACK:

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - MORNING

CAMERA REVEALS: SEAN FIELD, a man in his early thirties,
 offers his son, JIM, who is about twelve years-old, a small
 tote bag full of clothes, games and toys. JIM is busy
 picking up trading cards from the living room floor.

SEAN
 You never used to like those cards.

JIM
 But they've got holograms, now.

SEAN takes JIM'S chocolate MILK-SHAKE, which is about half-
 consumed, and places it on the kitchen counter.

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JIM (cont'd)
I want you to come tomorrow.

SEAN
I just can't, bug-face. Dad's 'gotta
earn some money.

RUSS opens the glassed front door. He looks exhausted.

RUSS
I'm home.

JIM
Did you shoot anyone?!

SEAN
You look like shit.

RUSS
I've been up all night. Are you two
going out?

JIM
I'm going to cousin Henry's. All
weekend. Dad's 'gotta draw some pictures
and make money.

RUSS looks seriously at SEAN. He sends the glare back to
RUSS.

SEAN
You're 'gonna love it out at uncle
Nick's.

JIM
But I 'wanna watch you draw.

SEAN
Now, c'mon - or you'll miss the bus.
'Have your fare?

JIM
Can I have something to to rent a movie?

SEAN
Sure.

SEAN gives JIM some MONEY. RUSS is unimpressed and begins to
drink the remainder of JIM'S MILK-SHAKE. JIM is led out the
door by SEAN. RUSS watches the two head for the bus stop.

LONG LENS/SHALLOW FOCUS: SEAN and JIM walk to the bus stop,
as seen through the screen door's diffusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE UP: This is stirring something inside of RUSS. His gaze transcends the real - and into memory.

FLASH-DISSOLVE TO RUSS'S POINT OF VIEW:

INTERIOR - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Elevator doors pop open. The silence is broken only by the sound of RUSS'S footsteps on the polished stone floor.

CAMERA TRUCKS: Travelling through the corridor, we pass the suites of various maternity patients.

CAMERA SLOWS: We slowly enter the hospital suite.

RUSS
Sean? Jill?

CAMERA REVEALS: The bed is empty but soaked with BLOOD.

SOUND REVERBERATES INTO:

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - MORNING

The BUS engines past the dusty driveway. SEAN walks back to the kitchen as RUSS stares off into memory - while wearing a milk moustache.

SEAN
What world are you in?

RUSS snaps out of his recollection.

RUSS
I was just thinking...about how much I hate hospitals.

SEAN is puzzled.

RUSS (cont'd)
Someday, you'll be giving your right arm to have his weekend back. I've got tomorrow off - I mean, today. Why didn't you give him to me?

SEAN
Because I want to bring someone home tonight.

RUSS
Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Mary Poppins. I don't know. All I know is that I haven't touched a female body in four months.

RUSS

Three.

SEAN

Four.

RUSS

Now you've got Jim thinking your wallet is your hand...your voice.

SEAN

How do you know these things? I mean, you spend your day on the beat.

RUSS

I know all this recent...sleeping around. You want her back again.

SEAN

I can't understand you, man. You say you care, and you stab me in the back. Can't you understand what I go through?

RUSS

There's a time for pity. Your sex life isn't one of them.

SEAN

Fuck! Will you let Jill rest in peace?! I'm sick of cutting the sorrow with a knife and fork every time I put Jim to sleep at night!

SEAN falls onto the living room couch. He blocks the sun from his eyes with the television's REMOTE CONTROL.

SEAN (cont'd)

I'm sick of you bringing the judgement of your job into the house. Can you actually tell me what you're doing with that badge...except being there! Fuck!

RUSS

You're making yourself alone. As far as kids go, you're a rich man. I'm going to bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

We've got a long weekend. You've got two days off. We can talk it over a few beers. If nothing happens, fine. If it does, I'll throw for a hotel. You can have the place to yourself.

RUSS

I hate night-clubs - even more than hospitals!

SEAN

I'll just get drunk.

RUSS

There's still your hand and that triplets poster.

SEAN

I'm down to two whacks a day and trying to quit.

SEAN anticipates RUSS'S upcoming retort.

RUSS / SEAN

Three.

The mutual thought amuses them both.

RUSS

I just got some more work for you.

SEAN

Thank shit. I'm just broke and Jim's got school coming.

RUSS

It's just one more police composite. Can we do it tonight?

SEAN

We?

RUSS

This time, I'm the witness.

RUSS exits up the stairs, gobbling down the last of the MILK-SHAKE. He throws the empty container back to SEAN.

INTERIOR - METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - DAY

SYLVAN has re-appeared. He enters BILL HENLEY'S OFFICE.

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CONTINUED:

HENLEY

Sylvan?

HENLEY sits, slumped, behind a messy desk of his paperwork.

HENLEY (cont'd)

You vanished last night.

SYLVAN

My daughter ran away again.

HENLEY

Last night?

SYLVAN

Three days ago. I couldn't concentrate with Constable Warren and his...attitude. That's why I lost our man.

HENLEY

Russell Warren says you saw them.

SYLVAN

No, there were crowds. I could have had a better shot.

HENLEY

Russell saw the male. Not his female partners.

SYLVAN

It's irrelevant what the Lieutenant thinks. I never got a look at them.

HENLEY

This is Jennie's third run?

SYLVAN

The division has been invaluable in finding her, sir.

HENLEY

And Lieutenant Warren - I believe that he found Jennie the last time she ran away. You could start giving him some slack.

SYLVAN doesn't respond

HENLEY (cont'd)

I'll give you rolling stock. Martin and Greyson are your team. We'll keep this out of the media eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYLVAN

This would damage my candidacy. Thank
you, Bill.

SYLVAN exits after shaking HENLEY'S hand. HENLEY then picks
up the phone, while still asserting a suspicious eye over
SYLVAN.

INTERIOR - TAVERN - DAY

JENNIE sits, looking in a warped tavern mirror, with a half-
consumed shot of vodka. She looks like she has been awake
all night. A bartender wipes her table.

BARTENDER

Were you working last night?

JENNIE

What?

BARTENDER

Were you working last night - out there?

JENNIE

No, not this time.

She slides a bowl of bar snacks before JENNIE.

BARTENDER

On the house.

JENNIE returns to her self-defeating gaze in the mirror. She
is an intoxicatingly beautiful girl.

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

MAX and AMY have been on the run at least for a day. They
hurriedly patrol the neighbourhood by foot.

MAX

She'll screw us if she runs back to him.

AMY

She won't turn back to him, trust me.

MAX

We need her trust...right to the end.

AMY (CAUTIOUS)

Let's go around again.

MAX

There's no cops. Let's just do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two quickly enter the housing complex.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

MAX unlocks the front door and heads immediately to his VIDEO SECURITY SYSTEM. His home is palatial and modern.

AMY

The alarm's still active?

MAX

The only way to know is with the tapes.

AMY

What?

MAX extracts a VHS cassette from the video recorder for display.

MAX

Twenty-four hours, dated and timed.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S BATHROOM - EVENING

RUSS is taking a bath. SEAN sketches nearby as RUSS dictates.

SEAN (HOLDS UP DRAWING)

Am I getting there?

RUSS

Yeah, but meaner. He's a prick.

SEAN

I'm used to drawing those with your assignments.

RUSS

I don't know if it's good or bad not to be affected any more.

SEAN

I couldn't live that way.

RUSS

Violence exists.

SEAN

Turning people into a plague that way is what puts them back on the streets. Give them a fair chance or kill them. And don't go claiming false compassion.

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CONTINUED:

RUSS

I wanted to be a cop forever. There was a reason for that.

SEAN

Nothing you can do will ever change the balance of good or evil.

RUSS

Because I refuse to believe that keeps it in balance.

RUSS examines the DRAWING in progress. It already bears a strong likeness to MAX.

RUSS (cont'd)

Let's just see it. Just fix his eyes. He looked Latin or Greek.

SEAN

I can't understand what you work towards. I mean - I have my art. When I practice, it gets better. I have some control over my future.

RUSS

I guess I carry an eraser instead of a pencil.

SEAN

Consider a fair trade for the bitterness. 'Cause power will to break you down. Put your energy into something you love.

RUSS

Searching for the ultimate screw - drinking for the ultimate high? Those are unattainable things. It's too easy to lower your goals and think you're winning. Everyone's life is equally shitty, Sean - stoned or not.

SEAN

But that'll come back on you.

RUSS

What?

SEAN

Judgement.

RUSS contemplates. SEAN displays the drawing and RUSS acknowledges that it is accurate. RUSS closes his eyes and rests in the warm bath-water.

EXTERIOR - CITY STREET - EVENING

SYLVAN pins a young male HUSTLER spread-eagle'd against a building. Two police officers, P.C. MARTIN and P.C. GREYSON, stand alert in the background.

SYLVAN

If I found her here the last time, she'll do it again.

HUSTLER

What was her name...Jennie? She was trying to land a rich man. She was welcome to use my corner. That's all. I knew her for a few hours, total! Believe it, man!

SYLVAN

You're lying.

SYLVAN tightens his grip.

HUSTLER

I don't know her, mister!

SYLVAN turns to see a mobile television NEWS TEAM un-packing equipment from a truck. He returns his gaze to the HUSTLER.

SYLVAN

One word and you're jailbait.

The NEWS TEAM approaches, and SYLVAN ensures the young man's silence by locking him inside the rear passenger area of his police vehicle.

REPORTER

Excuse me, Officer. I'm Sally Neil of CXTV news. We're compiling a five-night report on homeless youth. We'd like a...your badge. You're Lieutenant Sylvan Dupuis?

SYLVAN

Yes, ma'am.

SALLY

You've been nominated for city council. Our audience would appreciate watching you doing your job. (to her cameraperson) Greg, get the lights on Mr. DuPuis here.

P.C. GREYSON approaches the crime spectacle at hand.

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SYLVAN (TO SALLY)

Excuse me.

P.C. GREYSON (TO SYLVAN)

Sir, we're not having much luck tonight, then.

SYLVAN

Then we're done for the night. Report back tomorrow at seven a.m. I have to finish this.

The NEWS TEAM readies while the street HUSTLER sits, vexed, in the empty police car.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - DUSK

MAX and AMY view the video security tapes on a television set. They monitor themselves entering the house.

MAX

That's where we came in.

AMY

Finally some relief from those pigs.

MAX then heads straight for a desk-top configuration of chemical devices which facilitate his experiments.

MAX

I'm doing another one tonight.

AMY

You must be a real criminal.

MAX measures table salt into a graded flask.

MAX

Where would the police be without us criminals? They couldn't police anymore.

MAX pours the salt into a beaker of water and stirs until the salt is dissolved.

AMY

Smart.

AMY grabs MAX tight on the buttock. MAX retrieves a WHITE POWDER, which is contained in an air-tight jar.

MAX

Two tests and we're overseas, living the high life.

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CONTINUED:

MAX takes his digital TIMER and, after referencing some written notes, sets it to ten minutes and forty seconds.

AMY

You make it seem so easy. But all we're doing is screwing up - with her, Max.

MAX

One last night together. We keep her trust.

AMY

Leave her in the wings.

MAX dumps the WHITE POWDER into the beaker.

MAX

It'll be wings for you and me. A million wings to freedom.

INTERIOR - TAVERN - NIGHT

It is another wild Saturday night. JENNIE lowers her gaze to reveal SEAN and RUSS, sitting at the other end of the bar. They have had a few beers and are actively in debate.

SEAN

See - you're passing judgement again.

RUSS

No. I see Jim coming to me for things he should be coming to you about. These are questions for his father. You know I love Jim. But I'm backing off. He's got his roles mixed.

SEAN

If Jim were screwed up, I would be the first to know.

RUSS

And how do you know that when you're hardly around?

SEAN

Russ, I am an artist. What makes me an artist? We can hold a pencil just the same, right?

RUSS shrugs. SEAN gulps back some more beer.

SEAN (cont'd)

Because I can see things better than you can.

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CONTINUED:

RUSS (DEFENSIVELY)

You see...differently.

SEAN

If I saw differently I would be drawing trees upside down. So don't try and convince me I'm losing Jim. You really want to know what I see in all this?

RUSS

What do you see, Sean?

SEAN

You...trying to save your old man.

RUSS

Fuck off.

SEAN

You want Jim to have the old man you never had.

RUSS

My father left before I even knew the difference.

SEAN

So...why did you try so hard to be the five-star police man?

RUSS

I'm not getting into a fight, here. I've hit a sensitive area and you know your place with Jim. Next subject.

SEAN

No. You were afraid of turning into a piece of shit like your old man. So you become a cop to clean up the streets. Now you know that cops have to think like the criminal to get the job done. Your fear of becoming your father manifested into reality.

RUSS is pissed at the less-than-sober psychoanalysis.

RUSS

I may have put on the uniform for the wrong reasons - but my job is secure and it pays me fine. We all can't be...professionally unemployed artists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

You conformed and were rewarded. Like a good kid by his father.

RUSS (FURIOUS)

Now, how could I be in this job and not see its inadequacies?! But if that uniform ever offers me one chance to transcend bullshit... and make one actual difference...I've served my purpose. Your son is your chance. And from what these un-gifted eyes are seeing...you've thrown it away this weekend.

SEAN

My art is that chance. I have no control over my son's behaviour. He is free of my judgement...and my neurosis. At least I've learned that parents and children are individuals thrown together by chance. Not lifelong emotional co-dependants.

RUSS

You think Jim was a mistake. I know it.

SEAN

I was the mistake - Jill's. But that's what happens when individuals are thrown together by chance.

RUSS

I guess I was trying to save you, buddy.

RUSS gets up and walks away from the table. SEAN sits, vexed, and waves the BARMAID for another drink.

RUSS exits the bar. He passes by, but does not notice, JENNIE sitting in a secluded area nearby. SEAN does notice her, however, as he watches RUSS pass by the tavern exterior.

SEAN is immediately struck by her beautiful but pained face. JENNIE turns and, noticing SEAN'S gaze, does not resist the admiration. The two exchange looks of longing from across the room.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOME - NIGHT

MAX starts the DIGITAL TIMER'S countdown while watching the white POWDER swirl through the beaker of salt-water. The COUNTDOWN can be seen, diffracted, through the swirling liquid.

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CONTINUED:

AMY

Why don't you try the final batch yourself? Maybe Katagi is setting us up for something bigger than we can handle.

MAX

I'd kill him.

AMY

Your threats excite me, baby.

Restlessly desiring attention, AMY retrieves a small explosive charge and DETONATOR from a nearby shelf. MAX is transfixed by the TIMER countdown.

AMY (cont'd)

You're like a time-bomb. Once triggered, you've gotta fire.

AMY snaps the DETONATOR'S release clutch by MAX'S ear. It sparks and snaps, frightening him. He silently curses.

MAX

That could've been hot.

MAX grabs the small explosive DETONATOR from AMY, storing it in a nearby desk DRAWER beneath his laboratory, and returns his attention to the experiment at hand.

AMY

The cops will be on holidays, but they got close last night. They saw you.

MAX

Sylvan DePuis saw me. He won't spill.

MAX flicks the edge of the BEAKER, making a pinging noise.

INTERIOR - SYLVAN'S HOME - EVENING

SYLVAN sits in an arm chair, watching himself on the television broadcast, "CXTV NEWS".

SALLY (OFF CAMERA)

'Do you believe these procedures will help young men and women?'

TELEVISION SCREEN'S VIDEO IMAGE:

SYLVAN

'It's fundamental to get them off the street and into social programs. And detoxification.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY

'Will you continue your crusade in City Hall, Sergeant?'

SYLVAN

'The more social authority the police are given to control these problems, the quicker we'll have them in check.'

SYLVAN rewards himself with a subtle snort of COCAINE.

SALLY (OFF-CAMERA)

'Thank you. That was Lieutenant Sylvan DePuis of...'

INTERIOR - TAVERN - NIGHT

SEAN leans over JENNIE'S table.

SEAN

I'm Sean.

JENNIE

My name is Jennie.

SEAN

I couldn't help but notice you here, sitting alone. Do you want some company?

INTERIOR - MOBILE POLICE LABORATORY - NIGHT

RUSS huddles over a small ELECTRON MICROSCOPE as DAVE MEDFORD searches through a pile of computer DISKETTES.

DAVE

Bringing in this van was the best thing that happened to this case. See, I've got the sample on disk here...

RUSS

Any new developments?

DAVE points to the laboratory's VIDEO DISPLAY SCREEN.

DAVE

I hope you're not stubborn with new technology.

RUSS

(peering into microscope)
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

They're called microbubbles. They look like white powder, but it's really silicon bubbles. They're made for microbiology. The coroner found them in the victims' lung fluids. Good hunch, there.

DAVE retrieves a computer graphics simulation on a smaller section of the MPL'S VIDEO SCREEN. We view the video simulation as he speaks.

RUSS

What's the point? That's too hi-tech a weapon.

DAVE

No, it's as easy to make as bubble-wrap, but just as suffocating to inhale. Use it like powdered cocaine and you'll suffocate.

RUSS

Why?

DAVE

He's been stalking the gay clubs for...

RUSS

Three kills in four weeks.

DAVE

...must be some right winger.

RUSS

Simplicity...would be...spiking drinks with cyanide. I want you to order re-examination of the lungs of every victim. Compare. Check for this silicon powder or variations.

DAVE

Right.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The DIGITAL TIMER buzzes at zero and MAX quickly dumps the salt-water solution into a table-top CENTRIFUGE. The device begins cycling rapidly, emitting a soft whirring sound. MAX notates the timer count and other conditions in a small notebook, while AMY offers him a new, empty PACKET.

MAX

I don't need you scouting tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

You think the police are looking for all three of us?

MAX

Not that. Last night told me this'll work.

MAX stops the CENTRIFUGE and carefully lifts out the specimen DRUM. AMY begins kissing MAX on the cheek, then lower, and starts biting his neck.

AMY

We'll be alone tonight. The two of us.

MAX lifts and pours the contents of the specimen DRUM into the small, clear PACKET.

AMY (cont'd)

Well, does he live or die?

MAX holds the PACKET before a table lamp, for examination. It now contains WHITE POWDER, much like what was placed into the chemical process to begin with.

MAX

Should live. Testing it's the only way.

INTERIOR - TAVERN - NIGHT

JENNIE'S beauty speaks volumes. SEAN and JENNIE silently acknowledge their uniform lust.

JENNIE

I need someone to hold onto tonight. Can you be that for me?

SEAN is taken with JENNIE'S candour.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RUSS opens the front door to the dark house and empty kitchen area. Instantly, he heads to the refrigerator, making himself chocolate milk with syrup. He then heads upstairs.

INTERIOR - SEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

SEAN peeks through the half-open door to SEAN'S room. He turns on the light and enters, while drinking the last of the chocolate milk. Many pencil DRAWINGS hang on SEAN'S bedroom walls, gallery-style.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS
 (recollecting Sean's words)
 Because...I can see better than you.

RUSS examines the portraits, commercial commissions, and other ARTWORK entitled, "Dream, October fourth, etc.". He stops and sits on the bed, allowing himself some time to absorb these images. The dream drawings have a gloomy beauty, and are intriguing.

Tired and frustrated at SEAN'S irresponsibility, RUSS lapses into memory.

INSERT FLASHBACK:

INTERIOR - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

SEAN can be seen standing, bloodied and sobbing, behind the doors of the hospital emergency room. He opens the doors wide, revealing the surgeons as they cover JILL'S lifeless body.

SEAN stumbles and falls into RUSS'S arms, who embraces him tight. RUSS can see their REFLECTION in a convex MIRROR placed near the ceiling.

SLOW ZOOM: Reflected in this warped sphere of torment, SEAN buries his pain in RUSS'S embrace.

CUT TO BLACK:

INTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL ROOM 417- NIGHT

A slash of moonlight cuts the darkness to illuminate the motel room's DOUBLE-BED.

EXTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL ROOM 417- NIGHT

SEAN struggles to extract the MOTEL ROOM KEY from his pocket. Eventually, he and JENNIE enter the motel suite and re-lock the door on the peaceful country exterior. The lakeside night is calm and inviting.

INTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL ROOM 417- NIGHT

SEAN escorts JENNIE into the room. It is relatively clean and well-decorated with a ROSE MOTIF. The pair remove their jackets.

JENNIE
 You didn't have to do this for me.

SEAN
 It's no problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (cont'd)
Are you hungry? I can order some food.

JENNIE
I'm very tired. Would you like to go to bed?

SEAN
Uh... sure, but...

JENNIE
I feel safe with you, Sean. And I need you to be with me.

MONTAGE:

JENNIE and SEAN kiss. We segue into a montage of their lovemaking. JENNIE rises above SEAN. She is silhouetted against a beautiful print of a RED ROSE, which hangs on the wall behind her. SEAN is in heaven - he's dreamt of an image like this. JENNIE brings herself and SEAN to a passionate climax.

FADE TO:

INTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL ROOM 417 - MORNING

SEAN has used the rose-embossed motel stationary to draw a portrait of JENNIE as she lay asleep. It is a striking illustration and SEAN has clearly spent time on it, unable to sleep beside such a beautiful girl. JENNIE wakes.

JENNIE
You didn't sleep?

SEAN
I couldn't, really.

JENNIE
What are you doing?

SEAN shows her the unfinished portrait.

SEAN
I always draw my dreams.

JENNIE (EMBARRASSED)
No!

SEAN
Lie still.

JENNIE
I've never had this done before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Your portrait? You're beautiful.

JENNIE

What are you going to do with it?

SEAN

I'll frame it and give it to you.

JENNIE

Now I feel naked!

JENNIE pulls the covers over her face and SEAN snuggles with her. They kiss.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - MORNING

RUSS is asleep in a tangled mess of bedclothes. He snores deeply. The TELEPHONE rings and he instinctively picks up the phone.

RUSS

Sean?

DAVE (OVER TELEPHONE)

Is Constable Russell Warren there?

RUSS

Speaking. Dave?

DAVE (OVER TELEPHONE)

Yes. Russ - you said to call if anything new showed up. Well, something new disappeared.

RUSS rises to sitting in his bed. He is still quite drowsy, but manages to reach for a notepad.

RUSS

What?

INTERIOR - MOBILE POLICE LABORATORY - MORNING

DAVE MEDFORD examines micro-matter on one of the MPL'S VIDEO SCREENS.

DAVE

Your sample - the microbubbles - they're gone. And that must be why we couldn't find a sample in any post-mortem. Now I have to find out what's breaking them down.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - MORNING

RUSS finishes taking notes on a notepad.

RUSS

I want you to report this to Detective Bill Henley right away. I'll be there in...by noon anyway.

We hear the downstairs door crash open. SEAN enters, exuberant.

SEAN (OFF CAMERA)

Russ, are you up?!

DAVE (OVER TELEPHONE)

I'll memo the Detective right away and keep you informed.

RUSS

Thanks a lot, Dave. Get some sleep yourself!

DAVE

Right!

RUSS hangs up the phone as he hears SEAN bounding upstairs.

SEAN (OFF-CAMERA)

Russ, wake up!

SEAN busts into RUSS'S room. It is decorated with police emblems and certificates.

SEAN (cont'd)

A fine detective you'll make.

RUSS is drowsy, confused and still angry with SEAN.

RUSS

I heard you! Just shut up!

SEAN

She's outside. Come and meet this girl. She's waiting outside in a taxi.

RUSS

You've been boinged?

SEAN enters his own room to change. RUSS yells loud enough for all to hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS (cont'd)
Do I have to pretend to be Jim's father
this time?!

SEAN (OFF-CAMERA)
She can't hear you! I've gotta run, man!
I'm dropping her off at her place so I
can pick up Jim on time! It's your turn
to take him to the show, right?!

RUSS (UNDER HIS BREATH)
Fine.

SEAN sails down the stairs and out the front door.

SEAN (OFF-CAMERA)
I just left a drawing of her on my
drafting table! Check her out!

SFX: SEAN'S TAXI DRIVING AWAY/CAMERA RETREATS TO REVEAL
SEAN'S ROOM:

INTERIOR - SEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

RUSS, wearing only a sheet, groggily enters the room. He
approaches SEAN'S drafting desk, where the drawing of JENNIE
is placed. Suddenly, RUSS wakes from his sleepy stupor and
recognizes the face.

INSERT RUSS'S FLASHBACK:

INTERIOR - SYLVAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIE stands bruised while SYLVAN glares from behind.

SYLVAN
I told her not to date the asshole.

JENNIE hides her face in shame.

INTERIOR - SEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

RUSS spins out from memory. He checks the drawing. It is
sketched on the stationery from the "Lakeshore Motel".

INSERT - EXTERIOR METRO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

TRAFFIC speeds by the large office building.

INTERIOR - BILL HENLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

RUSS has arrived before the DETECTIVE'S desk. Many police
Division EMPLOYEES bustle about with their administrative
duties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENLEY

I know you live ten minutes from here.
But do you listen to your scanner in your
sleep?

RUSS

I sleep with it. What's going on here?

HENLEY

What toxicology discovered this morning
created some questions. We're briefing
the ETF tonight. Beyond that...Sylvan's
daughter ran away again.

RUSS

My roommate found her - last night. At
least he drew a picture that looks like
her. On stationary from the Lakeshore
Motel.

HENLEY

Where are they now?

RUSS

No ten-twenty.

HENLEY

I'll have to put out an A.P.B. on your
friend's plates. You're friend was a
fast mover.

RUSS

Sylvan and his daughter live alone in a
nice, big house. Tell me what you think
is happening there?

HENLEY

None of my business. But, if your old
man may have sewn some sour grapes, I bet
he was nothing compared to Sylvan DePuis.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - DAY

MAX and AMY stand, exuberant, above three clear PACKETS of
white POWDER arranged upon the laboratory counter-top.

The DOORBELL rings. MAX grabs a SHOTGUN from his nearby gun-
rack and checks the video security MONITOR.

VIDEO IMAGE: It is JENNIE at the door.

AMY waits anxiously at MAX'S side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (YELLS OUTSIDE)
Are you alone?

JENNIE (BEHIND DOOR)
Yeah.

JENNIE enters cautiously, but then embraces MAX. He quickly closes the door.

JENNIE (cont'd)
I was scared for you.

AMY
Yourself? Were you hit?

JENNIE
No. I stayed at the Lakeshore Motel. I had to find someone to stay with.

AMY
I'm sorry, Jennie.

MAX
How did you get here?

JENNIE
My date just dropped me off.

MAX
Date?! No-one can find us here!

AMY
Max, stop. She was scared. I'm sure her date can handle the rejection.

JENNIE
I'm sorry, Max.

MAX
The final test is tonight. If everything went wrong after the work I... shit... Jennie...

MAX embraces her. AMY strokes her hair. They are manipulating JENNIE.

JENNIE
I feel like a criminal with him against me.

MAX
Your father spoiled you to remove your survival skills.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX (CONT'D)

Degraded you - so not to hope for any.
To survive, you must ignore the law.

JENNIE

I'm scared of him.

MAX

We're all virgins now.

INTERIOR - SYLVAN'S PATROL CAR - AFTERNOON

SYLVAN picks up his car radio.

P.C. GREYSON (OVER RADIO)

Something just came over the wire, sir.

Plate Nine-O-Two-CYX. Grey Nineteen-Ninety-One Nissan. Last seen with seventy-percent visual ID of missing person. This morning at the Lakeshore Motel, over.

SYLVAN glares as a lion about to kill. He begins pounding keystrokes into his police cruiser's database COMPUTER.

SYLVAN

Standby for ten-twenty, over.

EXTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CAMERA BOOMS FROM: SEAN'S LICENCE PLATES are 902-CYX.

The AUTOMOBILE stops and SEAN exits, heading around to the other side to undo JIM'S seatbelt. JIM has, however, taken notice of the LAKESHORE MOTEL KEY hanging from the rear view mirror.

JIM

What's that?

SEAN

That's the key to our future.

INTERIOR - BILL HENLEY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

RUSS slams down HENLEY'S office TELEPHONE.

RUSS

Jim is alone at the house. Sean left him there - and he still has the car, too. That A.P.B. will have Sylvan at my house -if he's not there already.

HENLEY

You still haven't bought a car yet, have you Russ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS
(recollecting)
I was supposed to take Jim to a movie.

HENLEY
Well, I'd better take those plates back
off the system.

RUSS (RECOLLECTING)
Did anything else happen at that motel?

HENLEY
Your friend just checked in with Ms.
DePuis and left in the morning. Then he
didn't return his room key. At least,
that's what the manager reported.

RUSS
Why would he do that?

HENLEY
I'd keep it as a souvenir...if I had a
good time. Start collecting some
souvenirs, Russ.

RUSS turns to HENLEY before exiting.

RUSS
Never did need vacations. I move
somewhere to live.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

AMY, MAX, AND JENNIE are high on various chemicals.
Industrial music shakes the house. The three begin entwining
and an accelerated montage ensues; limbs, flesh, drugs,
colour, mouths, breasts, sweaty skin and candle-light.

MAX'S BODY is covered from his chest to groin in BODY ART.
The TATTOOS descend in a pictographic chain, symbolically
illustrating the various stages of his life story. JENNIE
caresses him, following the path of art across his chest.

AMY turns on her side, half-amused, half nauseated in MAX'S
interplay with JENNIE.

INTERIOR - TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

SEAN has had a few shots of hard liquor and broods into his
half-emptied drink. A female PROSTITUTE can be seen
wrestling with a man outside the tavern. SEAN turns to the
sound of her screams.

FLASH-DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR - HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

SEAN'S wife, JILL, is in the torment of labour. SEAN holds her tight as she convulses, moaning. The SURGEON receives the motionless infant body from her womb.

SURGEON
You're doing fine, Mrs. Field. Let's
push for the next boy on three. One...

SEAN is alarmed that the first newborn has not yet cried. A NURSE moves the child into the care of others. JILL is pale, trembling with exhaustion.

JILL
Let me see it!

SEAN
Don't get upset, baby.

SURGEON
..Two...Three.

JILL
Show me!

SURGEON
We'll push for the next...on...

JILL sobs, then begins to convulse spastically. Her eyes roll up into her head. Suddenly, liquid is heard splashing onto the hospital floor.

SURGEON (cont'd)
Haemorrhage. Set up a transfusion.

SEAN supports JILL'S weight as she slumps into the arms of two NURSES.

SEAN
The other boy?!

SURGEON
Muscles have laxated. Infant is trapped.
Prepare to administer Caesarian.

NURSE
Hold transfusion.

CAMERA TRUCKS INTO CLOSE-UP: SEAN embraces his wife.

FLASH-DISSOLVE FROM SEAN'S RECOLLECTION:

INTERIOR - TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

SEAN is now on a pay phone.

MALE VOICE (OVER TELEPHONE)
Who are you trying to reach?

SEAN
Jennie.

MALE VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Jennie? There's nobody here by that name.

SEAN
Thanks.

SEAN slams the phone on the receiver and storms out the tavern door.

EXTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

RUSS starts running home once he sees that SYLVAN has beaten him there. JIM stands behind the front porch door, answering Sylvan's questions eagerly.

SYLVAN
Your father left you alone?

JIM
He said Russ would be back now...and he's here.

RUSS intercepts SYLVAN at the doorway. JIM listens from inside the house.

RUSS
There's nothing here, Sylvan. We're off duty.

SYLVAN
Your friend has seen my daughter.

RUSS
Jennie's an adult woman, now.

SYLVAN
She's my flesh and blood and my business.

RUSS
Business is booming.

SYLVAN
Your pappy's on ice for Murder One, but I can shut your smart-mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS

My friend's licence plates were taken off the bulletin an hour ago. You'd better get going.

SYLVAN throws a complacent look at RUSS.

SYLVAN

When I find him I'll make sure I'm off-duty, then.

(to Jim)

Thanks, son.

JIM

You're not my Dad.

SYLVAN doesn't acknowledge the remark.

RUSS leads JIM back into the kitchen as SYLVAN enters his patrol car and speeds off into the hazy afternoon. RUSS is fuming, but calms himself for JIM'S benefit.

RUSS

I'm sorry, guy. There's a big investigation.

JIM

Tell me.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

RUSS and JIM enter the kitchen.

RUSS

That man hurt his family. His daughter runs away from him.

JIM

I wanna be a good guy.

RUSS

You already are a good guy. And maybe you can tell him that someday.

JIM

Let's go to the movie.

RUSS

Did your dad say when he would be back?

JIM

Tomorrow morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS

We'll have to take the bus. I'm going to leave a message for him to page me. If he calls us in the show, we'll have to leave, O.K.?

JIM

You're gonna get the bad guy?

RUSS

Yep. In real life, do you know what we call bad guys?

JIM

What?

RUSS

Delinquents.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

MAX, JENNIE and AMY lie still in bed. JENNIE and MAX embrace and converse. AMY is still turned away from them, but smiles in relish while listening to MAX'S manipulations.

MAX

What's wrong Jennie?

JENNIE

My father's on to this.

MAX

Jennie, you said he was raised in a boys' school?

JENNIE nods.

MAX (cont'd)

I raised myself on the streets. Your dad studies people like me. His employers live in penthouses, and he keeps them safe.

AMY laughs.

MAX (cont'd)

An errand boy. Anyone can suck information from whores and petty thieves. You pay real dues for real power. Inherited power trips only make us smarter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIE

His parents bought his life for him - and now he wanted to buy mine.

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

SEAN parks and exits his car in front of MAX'S HOUSE.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

MAX coaxes JENNIE.

MAX

So, will you call Sylvan later? We have to know where he'll be tonight.

JENNIE

Yes, I'm secure enough to do that. Thanks to you.

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

SEAN feels like a fool, but he is as angry as hell.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

MAX gently strokes JENNIE'S hair.

MAX

We'll go to a pay phone. At two a.m.

The DOORBELL rings. MAX bolts upright.

MAX (cont'd)

Get back.

MAX jumps out of bed and grabs his trusted shotgun from the wall-mounted gun rack. His bare and muscled body looks primeval as he clutches the gun like a club. MAX checks his security MONITORS - he sees SEAN standing outside.

MAX (cont'd)

Do you know him?

JENNIE

It's the man I spent last night with. But I gave him a wrong phone number - to give him the hint.

MAX

It didn't.

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

SEAN has been looking up at the bedroom window. MAX closes the venetian window blinds. SEAN notices the rejection.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - EVENING

The doorbell rings. SEAN can be seen on the security VIDEO MONITOR. He yells loud enough for the neighbours to hear.

SEAN (OFF CAMERA)
I'm here for Jennie!

MAX
Fuck.

MAX aims his shot gun and defensively opens the front door. He points the barrel to SEAN'S chest.

INSERT: SEAN'S DRAWING of MAX.

INSERT: Reaction shot from SEAN.

MAX (cont'd)
You better be just a loose-end.
Tonight's a big night.

SEAN enters the house. The front door is slammed shut.

EXTERIOR - METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT - DUSK

SYLVAN, haggard-looking, exits his patrol car. He pushes his way into the lobby with forthright drive.

INTERIOR - BILL HENLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SYLVAN bursts into HENLEY's office. HENLEY, who is on the phone, is bemused at Sylvan's arrogance and unkempt appearance.

HENLEY (INTO TELEPHONE)
Can you hold for a minute, John? Thanks.

SYLVAN
That male description we were chasing -
how is he related to my daughter and Russ
Warren?

HENLEY
Name's Sean Field - friend of Russ's.

SYLVAN
How'd you get his I.D.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENLEY

Russ found a drawing. Sean's an artist.
He drew her at the Lakeshore Motel.

SYLVAN

The Lakeshore Motel. The Iron Bar.
What's become of my daughter?

HENLEY silently takes note of Sylvan's mention of the, "Iron Bar".

SYLVAN (cont'd)

I need more time.

HENLEY

She is your daughter but there are still
procedures to follow.

SYLVAN

The law is tight. So, we are tight.
What you've seen in the past is a result
of this job.

HENLEY

We make our own anxieties. Here, and at
home. Let the department handle this
situation, now.

SYLVAN

If the two of them show, I want to be
present at questioning.

HENLEY

When they show, there'll be questions.

SYLVAN is caught off guard at the comment, and leaves
abruptly. HENLEY returns to his phone call.

HENLEY (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)

John. Oh, yeah. There was a connection
with Jennifer DePuis, alright.

INTERIOR - PUBLIC TRANSIT BUS - NIGHT

RUSS and JIM ride home from the cinema. There is an uneasy
quiet as JIM stares outside the vehicle's passenger window.

RUSS

Didn't you like the movie?

JIM

I wish you would both take me to a movie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS

Your father's going through a hard time,
Jim. Your Mom's death is still hurting
him.

JIM

She wouldn't like him leaving the house
so much.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SEAN stands defensively at the end of MAX'S SHOTGUN. AMY
stands to his left, soaking a RAG from a bottle of AMMONIA.
Both she and JENNIE are now fully-dressed.

MAX

One alternative.

SEAN

Fucking coward with your gun.

MAX pushes SEAN to kneeling before the AMMONIA RAG and his
SHOTGUN.

MAX (TO AMY)

Ready?

AMY

Here.

JENNIE is frozen with guilt and fright.

JENNIE

Please! He didn't know!

MAX

It's ammonia.

(to Sean)

Take it and I promise I won't kill you.

SEAN

Mother-fucker.

MAX

Take it! Breathe! Amy?!

AMY stands behind SEAN and smothers his face with the RAG.
SEAN twists and chokes, but soon falls faint onto the floor.

MAX (CONT'D IN WHISPER) (cont'd)

Thanks for the visitor, Jen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY drops the RAG loosely below SEAN'S nostrils. MAX lays down his SHOTGUN and begins to dress from a pile of clothing which he had left on the floor.

AMY

What do we do with him, now?!

MAX

By the time he wakes up, we'll be out of the country. And if he wakes up...

MAX retrieves a small HANDGUN from within the folds of his clothing. He aims it at SEAN'S leg.

MAX (cont'd)

...the shotgun will slow him down. But just to make sure...

MAX fires a shot into SEAN'S leg with the virtually silent HANDGUN. MAX passes the HANDGUN to AMY while he continues to dress. JENNIE is nearly in tears with fright.

MAX (cont'd)

I'll be back in two hours.

AMY

We can't stay with him.

MAX

Well, I'm not taking him with me.

AMY

We're going with you. Just like the plan.

MAX

He changed that plan. Or would you like to test the product yourself?

AMY

You can test it on him. Right here.

MAX

Just one success won't sell me...or Katagi. And if I can't test it here, we'll be on the run again - looking for others. Tonight finishes this job. That was the plan. I told you from the beginning - a million dollars doesn't come easy.

JENNIE

I'll be strong as you want, Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX retrieves the HANDGUN from AMY and hides it in an inner-jacket pocket.

MAX

Good girl. We beta test three subjects, get results, blow this house and destroy the technology.

MAX opens the desk DRAWER under his laboratory and examines the small explosive charge and DETONATOR.

MAX (cont'd)

And our big party ends with a bigger bang.

MAX slams the desk DRAWER shut.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RUSS and JIM have made it home and are playing a video game together on their television set. The TELEPHONE rings in mid-game.

RUSS

Pause that or I'll arrest you.

JIM falls onto the floor in mock death. RUSS runs to the phone.

RUSS (cont'd)

Sean?

HENLEY (OVER PHONE)

Don't call me an Indian giver 'cause you'll have a week off once the smoke clears. Sylvan's got a private lynch mob after your buddy Sean and his date. I want you at their ten-twenty, A-S-A-P.

RUSS

You know Sylvan's going to throw a tantrum once I show up there.

HENLEY

This is your beat. There's a connection with daughter DePuis and these murders.

RUSS

Tell me something I don't know.

HENLEY

I'm getting a team together now. You tell him I sent you. He won't give you any shit. You're his partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS
I've had bigger people on me.

RUSS hangs up. Suddenly, he realises that JIM will be left alone again.

RUSS (cont'd)
I've got to get to work. They just called me in.

JIM
You're just like dad.

RUSS
I don't have time to phone you a sitter.

JIM (QUOTING RUSS)
I've had bigger people on me.

RUSS
Don't say that around your father!

JIM wonders what he said wrong.

RUSS (cont'd)
I'm going to send another officer here to bring you to the division. Just wait there for a while.

JIM
I can stay up late and watch late movies!

RUSS
No. You'll wait at the station with the officers.

RUSS grabs his jacket.

RUSS (cont'd)
I was going to give you this when your dad got back - but here you go.

RUSS hands JIM a SILVER BADGE. It is obviously out of issue, and resembles a silver shield.

JIM
It's real?

RUSS
I was going to ask your dad's permission - because he thinks I'm a fascist. But you now have the power to call the police whenever you're in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIM

Really?

RUSS

You're the man of the house. So you've 'gotta stay here until one of us gets back. And you call my pager number if there's trouble.

JIM

Can you make a milk-shake before you go?

RUSS

Sure.

RUSS starts for the kitchen, but JIM holds onto his leg.

JIM

I'm gonna miss you.

RUSS

I'll miss you too.

This misplaced affection brings out a melancholy in RUSS.

INTERIOR - THE IRON BAR - NIGHT

CROWDS of dancers and club patrons thrive on the beat of the high-energy dance music.

SYLVAN patrols the night-club with P.C. GREYSON. He receives a radio call.

SYLVAN (INTO RADIO)

Sylvan DePuis.

HENLEY (OVER RADIO)

Russ Warren's en-route. What's your location?

SYLVAN delays, but P.C. GREYSON takes the channel.

P.C. GREYSON (INTO RADIO)

Can't you hear the music? We're at the Iron Bar. Martin's outside on street patrol.

HENLEY (OVER RADIO)

Russ will be there in ten minutes.

SYLVAN (INTO RADIO)

We don't need him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENLEY (OVER RADIO)
This is his case and he belongs there if
you are on duty. Are you on duty?

SYLVAN (INTO RADIO)
I'm on duty.

SYLVAN shuts off his radio without a hint of dutiful
acknowledgement.

SYLVAN (TO P.C. GREYSON) (cont'd)
We don't need him.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JENNIE and AMY sit on the kitchen table, awaiting MAX'S
return. SEAN'S blood trickles across the floor below their
feet. JENNIE starts to cry and buries her face in her hands.

AMY
Losing our nerve will kill us. It's only
one more hour of your life.

JENNIE
I've never killed a person before. I
haven't even been to a funeral.

AMY
It's him or us.

JENNIE
I wanted someone to say, 'I love you'.
Max hasn't. Sean didn't.

AMY
Max loves you Jennie.

Suddenly, SEAN moans aloud. JENNIE and AMY freeze.

JENNIE
He's waking up!?

AMY
The ammonia's losing its effect. Get
more.

JENNIE
It will poison him.

AMY
Fuck him, Jennie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIE

Max has given me the strength to deal with this. I brought Sean here. He's my responsibility.

JENNIE walks up to SEAN and kneels before him. She touches his gun-shot wound. SEAN rolls and moans in half-consciousness.

JENNIE (cont'd)

This was only about my father.

She takes her hand from SEAN'S LEG and examines the blood stains. JENNIE then raises her bloodied HAND for AMY'S examination.

JENNIE (cont'd)

I had to gain control in my life.

INTERIOR - THE IRON BAR - NIGHT

RUSS walks through the crowds of DANCERS to find SYLVAN and P.C. GREYSON. Young gay MEN watch the police suspiciously while others coyly tease them from a distance. RUSS approaches the two OFFICERS, to SYLVAN'S chagrin.

SYLVAN

I don't care if Henley sent you here to watch over me. Fuck off!

RUSS

I have jurisdiction here. Detective Henley also wants to know about some other things.

SYLVAN

I will bring you down like a dog to its puke.

RUSS

Just who are these dealers, Sylvan? Is one a relative?

SYLVAN lunges at RUSS. They fall to the floor and a punching match ensues. SYLVAN strikes RUSS a few times. RUSS flips the overweight SYLVAN onto his back and starts slamming his head into a wall. The other officers break them up.

P.C. GREYSON

Get off him, man! You're cops!

RUSS

That felt good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYLVAN

Not the end of the line! City hall ends
your career.

RUSS holds his police BATON over SYLVAN'S head, poised to
strike. He then re-thinks the action.

RUSS

I don't want your respect.

RUSS'S radio squelches. He replaces his BATON.

RUSS (INTO RADIO) (cont'd)

Give it to me.

INTERIOR - HENLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HENLEY has radioed RUSS.

HENLEY

Martin's spotted our suspect at the
Golden Boy Night Club. Three ETF squads
on the way.

RUSS (OVER RADIO)

Over.

INTERIOR - THE IRON BAR - NIGHT

SYLVAN still lies, cowering, on the night-club floor.

RUSS (TO SYLVAN)

You get to a hospital.
(to other officers)
Let's get him.

RUSS and P.C. GREYSON take off outside the bar. A BOUNCER
approaches SYLVAN.

BOUNCER

Sir, I've called you an ambulance.
Please take a seat.

SYLVAN begins to drag himself outside the night club. The
BOUNCER shrugs his shoulders to answer the staring crowd.

BOUNCER (cont'd)

Who do we call? The cops?

INTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY - NIGHT

Hard noise blasts the incensed walls of the all-male night
club. Throbbing light beams briefly unearth moments in this
youthworld.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX hides within the undulating crowds, standing before two young female acid PUNKS. They sample some of his merchandise, some white POWDER in a clear packet, by placing the substance on each other's lips with a cocaine kiss. One of the GIRLS nods her approval. MAX smiles.

RUSS enters the bar with P.C. GREYSON. They split up into the swelling crowds.

MAX approaches another YOUNG MAN, who silently questions him with terms of the deal. MAX clandestinely passes the small packet of white POWDER for sampling, while continuing to check the surrounding area for on-lookers. By the time MAX looks back upon the YOUNG MAN, he is already high and doing fine. MAX smiles, and donates the packet to his acquiescent specimen.

P.C. GREYSON patrols the edges of the dance floor. RUSS lifts his radio at the sound of its squelch, and then turns to see P.C. MARTIN entering through the rear of the bar. P.C. MARTIN signals to RUSS that he is having "no luck" and heads back down the exit's stairwell. RUSS continues scanning the party CROWDS with intensity.

INTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY WASHROOM - NIGHT

MAX offers the last specimen PACKET to a young, leather-clad substance PUSHER.

MAX

It's new.

PUSHER

Better be pure, man.

MAX

It'll be worth it.

The PUSHER deep-snorts the powder. He then reels back, becoming convulsive. MAX is alarmed and starts to head out the door. Suddenly, the PUSHER recovers and lets out a howl of excitement.

PUSHER

Oooooeeehheew! Fuck it, man! Woo! Good fuck-in' sheeit!

MAX backs away, proud of his work, and revels as the young, leather-attired PUSHER'S eyes glaze over. He is high, and there are no ill effects.

PUSHER (cont'd)

That's good. Good. Oh, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

What do you have for me?

PUSHER

There's cops crawling everywhere - out of the floorboards. Lie low. Low! They took the laser pen I won at fetish night...I was just mindin' my own business...

MAX has long since left the washroom. The PUSHER samples more of the drug from the specimen PACKET, which MAX has left behind.

PUSHER (cont'd)

...this makes me see cops everywhere, man.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY WASHROOM - NIGHT

MAX slowly exits the washroom, checking the immediate area. Quickly and efficiently he retrieves and assembles his polycarbonate HANDGUN, and inserts a fresh magazine. MAX aims the handgun in the air. A thin, red laser BEAM cuts the smoke and projects itself onto the ceiling.

RUSS sees the LASER, and he leads P.C. GREYSON to its source - through the bustling crowds.

MAX begins to make his way out of the night club, but only to see a group of police OFFICERS blocking the main exit. MAX then turns around and heads in the opposite direction - into the view of two unsuspecting police CONSTABLES. They are too slow for MAX'S draw and are instantly shot with his HANDGUN. The loud dance music drowns out any sound of gunfire or screaming bystanders.

RUSS continues to follow the red laser BEAM and radios the police whilst in pursuit across the large dance floor. As soon as the club PATRONS notice the POLICE activity, a panic ensues and the crowds frantically head for the exits.

RUSS draws his PISTOL as he gets closer to MAX, who is nearing the EXIT. By now, however, it is jammed with club PATRONS who are trying to escape the building.

P.C. MARTIN has made it back up the stairwell by squeezing through the fleeing YOUTHS. He tries to aim his weapon at MAX, but cannot fire amongst the bystanders. MAX shoots P.C. MARTIN in the side, stunning and falling him.

RUSS attempts to fire back on MAX, but is constantly blocked by a wall of escaping club PATRONS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX turns towards a rear anteroom which leads to an even larger dance bar - even more crowded with club PATRONS. MAX must get through.

HIGH ENERGY MUSIC OVER:

MAX attempts to weave through the YOUNG MEN. GO-GO BOYS and DANCERS whirl metal chains above their heads to the driving music.

RUSS pushes his way through the CROWDS, who are oblivious beneath the deafening beat.

RUSS locates MAX within the crowds but cannot fire. MAX can. A machine of bullets drops many DANCERS, and begins to clear a path out of the night club. Most of the MEN are hit in the head and fall. The gun's silencer keeps the rest of the crowd from noticing, until it is too late. RUSS and P.C. GREYSON are horrified and scramble after MAX.

MAX has now reached another EXIT door as SYLVAN DePUIS appears at the rear entrance.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MAX catches SYLVAN by surprise - much akin to JENNIE catching SYLVAN by surprise, a day before, at the IRON BAR.

MAX shoots. Sylvan dodges the bullet but still gets shot in the shoulder, and falls off the loading plank.

MAX heads around to the front of the club to escape, once again, into the crowds. RUSS and the other police CONSTABLES get out of the club seconds later, but are still too late. Crowds of MEN, escaping the night club, hide any trace of MAX's escape route.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

RUSS and P.C. GREYSON fire GUNSHOTS into the air. The crowds duck and cover to the ground.

RUSS (INTO HIS RADIO)
Fifty-two! Come in! We've got twenty dead
or wounded!

HENLEY (OVER RADIO)
Where is he?!

RUSS (INTO RADIO)
Suspect has disappeared into the crowds.
Close off the subways!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS keeps running with the crowds. P.C. GREYSON tries to catch up and eventually grabs him on the shoulder. Suddenly, RUSS stops.

CAMERA TRUCKS INTO RUSS'S CLOSE UP:

RUSS
Horses?!

Ten mounted police OFFICERS ride into the scene on horseback. They are immediately charged at by hundreds of fleeing YOUTHS.

The HORSES are quickly spooked and about half of the MOUNTED OFFICERS are thrown onto parked cars.

RUSS and P.C. GREYSON back off and head toward the night club in an attempt to avoid the clash.

Soon, three large police VEHICLES drive into view. It is the EMERGENCY TASK FORCE, or ETF.

RUSS (ALOUD) (cont'd)
You're too late!

POLICE VEHICLES swarm the night club district, and clashes quickly develop between the POLICE and GAY MALE YOUTH. SIRENS wail their discorded chorus.

EXTERIOR - CROWDED DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

MAX hails a taxi-cab.

MAX
1405 Great Lake Avenue.

MAX enters the CAB and it speeds out into traffic.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A multitude of police SIRENS can be heard passing by outside.

INSERT: SEAN opens his eyes.

INSERT: SEAN's drawing of JENNIE.

JENNIE stands over SEAN, holding MAX'S SHOTGUN to his face. AMY stands in the background.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY - NIGHT

Emergency Task Force GUARDS raise their plexi-shields against foreign objects hurtled their way by the enraged MALE YOUTH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS is still in shock. Anxiety runs down his face. P.C. GREYSON re-clips RUSS'S fallen police RADIO to his belt.

P.C. GREYSON
Henley will be here in a minute.

RUSS
This fucker will be gone in a minute.
We've got to go!

The ETF COMMANDER, Werner Deppe, approaches Russ.

RUSS (cont'd)
You've got an armed mass murderer running
downtown. Roll it!

ETF COMMANDER
Where did he go?

RUSS
If you were on time, we'd know!

P.C. GREYSON is approached by a BOUNCER from the Golden Boy. They converse in the background.

ETF COMMANDER
We were here in perfect time.

RUSS
For killing!

P.C. GREYSON thanks the BOUNCER and approaches RUSS with the news.

P.C. GREYSON
A buyer of his is still in there. He
might know where he's gone.

RUSS (TO ETF COMMANDER)
You don't like this part of town?

P.C. GREYSON
Russ! Inside!

P.C. GREYSON pulls RUSS away from the ETF COMMANDER'S narrow stare.

INTERIOR - JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JIM is woken by a SOUND. JIM opens his eyes and hugs his pillow, pinned to which is RUSS'S BADGE.

INTERIOR - SEAN AND RUSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

P.C. MARY DELAWARE enters through the front door with another police CONSTABLE.

P.C. DELAWARE
Jim! Jim! Are you home? It's O.K., Russ
sent us for you.

Immediately, JIM scampers downstairs in his pyjamas. He runs towards P.C. DELAWARE and stands before her, frightened and sniffing.

JIM
Where's Dad?

P.C. DELAWARE
He'll be back soon, but we're going to
take you to the station for a while.

JIM
I want Dad!

POLICE CONSTABLE #2
You'll be fine with us, Son.

P.C. DELAWARE
Jim, where does your dad keep his
drawings? Show us. Come, on.

JIM scampers up the stairs, soon followed by P.C. DELAWARE.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY - NIGHT

The CROWDS are slowly coming under the control of the ETF and METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE.

DETECTIVE BILL HENLEY has arrived. He silently evaluates SYLVAN, who is having his shoulder bandaged, and P.C. MARTIN, who has just received treatment on his wounded hip. HENLEY cannot find the words to speak with SYLVAN and simply heads into the carnage of the night club.

INTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY - NIGHT

It is a slaughterhouse. Twenty men have died, and fifteen others are wounded. Moans stand in for the music, now.

In a far corner, RUSS questions the PUSHER with the help of P.C. GREYSON. The PUSHER holds forth the white POWDER contained in MAX'S specimen PACKET. RUSS retrieves it.

RUSS
You got this from...Max?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSHER

Yes.

RUSS

That's a confession.

(to P.C. Greyson)

Get this stuff to the tox van,
immediately.

P.C. GREYSON takes the specimen PACKET. RUSS is now in a state of depression.

RUSS (CONT'D QUIETLY) (cont'd)

Book him. Possession and stupidity.

P.C. GREYSON informs RUSS of someone's presence before exiting.

P.C. GREYSON

Russ. Henley's here.

RUSS turns around to see DETECTIVE HENLEY standing directly behind him.

HENLEY (TO RUSS)

With four policemen things should be four times as safe. But with you and Sylvan, it gets fifty times as ugly.

RUSS

You bet on that horse, sir.

HENLEY

Sylvan's outside - being patched up.

RUSS

He was hit?

RUSS'S voice quivers and he is visibly shaken.

HENLEY

Grant Martin was hit, too.

RUSS

I saw it.

The memory flashes back to RUSS. He swallows the dry, lethal air.

RUSS (cont'd)

He goes by the name of Max.

HENLEY

He really got away again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSS

We had the opportunity to mow people down
with bullets - but we passed.

RUSS wobbles. Henley catches him before he falls over.

HENLEY

Your first mass homicide.

RUSS

First mass apocalypse. I need some time.

RUSS tries to walk to a washroom.

HENLEY

He's still out there.

RUSS halts and confronts HENLEY.

RUSS

He comes in the crowds. He kills. He
leaves in the crowds.

HENLEY

Maybe this 'Max' is doing these guys a
favour.

RUSS is bewildered. HENLEY starts to snack on some PEANUTS,
displayed on a bar counter.

HENLEY (cont'd)

I mean, it's like these peanuts here.
They all want to be peanut trees. But
they can't all reproduce and be peanut
trees. So trim the fat. I mean, their
love life's going nowhere.

HENLEY pops a peanut in his mouth. RUSS is furious.

HENLEY (cont'd)

You're free to take up the slack.

RUSS turns and starts out of the nightclub, but then
comprehends the mind-game conjured-up to get him back on
MAX'S trail.

HENLEY (cont'd)

Get this guy, and I just might sign those
adoption papers.

HENLEY pops another peanut in his mouth. RUSS stares at
HENLEY intensely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RUSS

Focus.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MAX opens the door to his condominium to find JENNIE bearing the SHOTGUN on SEAN. AMY is scrambling to get everyone's belongings together.

MAX

What the hell are you doing with that?!

JENNIE

You were right, Max. We make our destiny.

SEAN is still in half-consciousness, but sways his head to-and-fro in order to wake up.

MAX

Amy, soak another ammonia rag. Jennie, give me the weapon.

JENNIE

You told me I should start taking care of my own problems, Max!

MAX

That isn't a problem - that's an inconvenience.

JENNIE

He was innocent. Tie him up...or...

MAX

Give me the gun!!!

JENNIE quivers at MAX'S bellow, and hands him the SHOTGUN. AMY searches through MAX'S TOTE BAG. It contains some magazines, alternate identification, a box of sugar cubes and a VIAL of ammonia. She finds the RAG and re-soaks it with the heavy chemical.

MAX opens the desk DRAWER beneath his laboratory and retrieves the small explosive charge and DETONATOR. He quickly arms the DEVICE with a few trip switches and whisks it into a large inner POCKET of his leather jacket.

AMY

When do we destroy this place?!

Searching beneath his jacket, MAX practices retrieving the explosive charge and DETONATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX
We can't waste the bomb, here. We could
need it later.
(to Jennie)
Look at me, Jennie.

MAX replaces the detonator back into his jacket. JENNIE
shamefully turns to MAX.

MAX (cont'd)
You're a very smart woman...

AMY reaches around JENNIE's face and shoves the ammonia-
soaked RAG in her mouth.

MAX (cont'd)
But an inconvenience in Greece.
(to Amy)
Help me tie her.

MAX holds JENNIE until she faints to the floor. He pulls
some CORD and ADHESIVE TAPE from the tote bag and reclaims
the AMMONIA RAG.

AMY'S back is now turned to MAX, and he chokes her with the
anaesthetic CLOTH. She struggles violently, cursing his
every word.

MAX (cont'd)
And you're an inconvenience in Tokyo.

AMY collapses to the floor beside JENNIE.

EXTERIOR - MPL - NIGHT

RUSS approaches a vanguard of ETF men.

RUSS
I fought for this fucking truck and I'm
going in!

INTERIOR - MPL - NIGHT

DAVE prepares RUSS and HENLEY for some high-security news.

DAVE
Do you understand? I'm morally obliged to
nab this guy A.S.A.P. That's the only
reason I'm telling you before I tell the
brass.

RUSS
We won't leak, Dave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

This shit, the microbubbles. They're micro-capsules. They're containers for drugs. Any drug you could snort.

HENLEY

Why?

DAVE

We re-examined the other bodies. Minute differences of salt in the lungs. Less in the first cases.

RUSS

Salt?

DAVE

Salt breaks things down. And with the microbubbles, he was testing for the closest thing to complete disintegration. He has to use the human metabolism, you see. And he thought gays would be a low profile murder.

HENLEY

What's the point?

RUSS

Smuggling.

DAVE

Possession charges, too. You expect to have one of these vans with you on every drug raid?

RUSS (TO HENLEY)

Sir, if the drug is manufactured inside those shells, that's all you'll ever detect.

DAVE

Worse. It comes through customs in any powder, like sugar. Or suspended in liquid, like soda pop. Just evaporate the liquid - and there it is.

The simulated drug encapsulation appears on a computer monitor.

HENLEY

But not in salt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

Before, he was testing empties. So we wouldn't catch on and bring in the F.B.I. Tonight, in there, he must have sold the right mix...

RUSS (TO HIMSELF)

The end of border control.

DAVE

...because that kid you questioned is high on cocaine molecules. Until now, he knew he needed more Saline when someone died.

DAVE holds up MAX'S specimen PACKET for everyone's examination.

DAVE (cont'd)

The product works.

RUSS

We've got to find the manufacturer.

DAVE

Nowhere in Canada. But I'd say if he's on the run now, he'll head back to where it's manufactured sooner or later for more supply.

RUSS and HENLEY exchange an anxious glance.

DAVE (cont'd)

It's brilliant. The drugs have already passed through customs.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT: A box of SUGAR CUBES lies inside MAX'S tote bag. MAX is on the phone. AMY and JENNIE lie unconscious, bound by cord and adhesive tape, in the background.

MAX

I've got your prescription, Katagi.

KATAGI (OVER PHONE)

What's the time percentage of Saline?

MAX

You'll know it when I'm at your front door, asking for my million dollars.

KATAGI

Have a nice flight, Max.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX

As long as your visa holds out, Katagi.

MAX hangs up on KATAGI NAN and closes an international VISA'S cover.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY - NIGHT

Outside, it is a disaster: bodies, stretchers and blood smears. RUSS finds SYLVAN on a medical stretcher outside.

RUSS

Stop playing the victim, Sylvan. Martin was in worse shape than you are - and he's waiting for you already.

SYLVAN avoids RUSS'S gaze while receiving first aid on his mild gunshot wound.

RUSS (cont'd)

It's all over, Sylvan. Your old guard, your old money - even your old drugs. And what did you get out of it all?

SYLVAN

I don't do drugs.

RUSS pulls SYLVAN up from the stretcher and onto his feet.

RUSS

Your daughter's the only victim here. Patrol until she's found. Martin and Greyson are waiting for you. Go while you still have the badge.

RUSS pushes SYLVAN off, and heads towards the Emergency Task Force team.

The ETF COMMANDER is close behind RUSS, offering him an ETF UNIFORM AND WEAPONRY to accompany his search.

RUSS (cont'd)

You guys must feel pretty horny - running around in this stuff all the time.

RUSS dons the ammunition belts and bullet-proofed vest while, in the background, DRAG QUEENS taunt the ETF CREW with winks and whips of their dress furls.

ETF COMMANDER (TO ETF CREW)

I've heard female impersonators give good head. Maybe you can give one of them a try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS eludes the ETF COMMANDER'S witticism.

ETF COMMANDER (cont'd)
 We have no plan, people. Lieutenant Warren says this Max is on the run and could be at the airport tonight. That's our only lead. Civies will scream - they will take pictures. Just search and remove this Mad Max - dead, with luck.

P.C. MARY DELAWARE approaches RUSS with a file folder.

P.C. DELAWARE
 Found on your bedroom table, sir.

RUSS
 That's it. Thanks.

RUSS holds up SEAN'S drawing of MAX for the ETF TEAM.

RUSS (cont'd)
 You see this face. It's a six-footer.

P.C. DELAWARE (TO RUSS)
 Here are your house keys, sir. Jim is being taken care of by the Division, presently.

RUSS
 Wasn't his father home? That isn't me.

P.C. DELAWARE
 No, sir.

RUSS (TO P.C. DELAWARE)
 Fax that sketch to the airport, then show it to the crowds. See if they can I.D. him.

As RUSS boards the ETF truck, SYLVAN, P.C. MARTIN and P.C. GREYSON enter another police vehicle. RUSS snaps a look over to SYLVAN, who quickly averts his high-powered gaze.

The EMERGENCY TASK FORCE drives into the clear night, sirens blaring. DRAG QUEENS flutter their oriental fans in a consummate farewell. ETF men are amused, bewildered, shocked, or indifferent.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AMY wakes to MAX's words.

MAX (TO SEAN)
 You know how to breathe, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX holds the ammonia RAG over SEAN'S face. He struggles, resisting any inhalation of the noxious fumes.

AMY (ALoud)
Help! Help!

MAX
No one can hear you, Amy.

SEAN re-inhales through the ammonia RAG and drops to the floor. AMY is practically awake now.

SEAN
(into unconsciousness)
Jennie.

AMY
Jennie, wake up!

MAX
Screaming is useless.

AMY
You only cared for yourself!

MAX
But, look - Jennie found her prince.

MAX selects a SYRINGE and a VIAL of clear liquid from his chemical collection.

AMY
Max! That's Dexedrine!

MAX injects a syringe's worth of the chemical into SEAN'S behind.

AMY (cont'd)
He'll kill us! Don't leave me here!

MAX gives SEAN a very slow injection of the very potent DRUG.

MAX
This stuff did wonders for the guys in Vietnam. Capped lots of trophies - ears, eyes.

Now finished with SEAN, MAX re-soaks the anaesthetic CLOTH.

MAX (cont'd)
I wish I could tap your mind. Watch your journey to the big secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX administers the anaesthetic CLOTH to AMY, who is bound tight and cannot resist.

AMY (INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS)
You'll see it! I gave you Katagi! You're just an errand boy! You'll destroy yourself.

MAX
This stud could eat you alive.

MAX kisses AMY full on the lips.

MAX (cont'd)
And you are tasty.

MAX watches AMY fall to unconsciousness as he re-administers the anaesthetic to JENNIE.

MAX finds his SHOTGUN and wipes his fingerprints from the barrel. He places it in SEAN'S hands a few times, then rests it on his chest.

INSERT: MAX'S IDENTIFICATION

MAX puts his IDENTIFICATION materials in SEAN'S shirt pocket and drops the half-empty clip from his HANDGUN. Pulling the trigger to check the auto-release, he re-loads the GUN and grabs his tote bag. MAX leaves the house and locks the door.

GOD SHOT: AMY, JENNIE and SEAN lie unconscious. MAX's legacy is total.

EXTERIOR - SUPERHIGHWAY - NIGHT

RUSS and the ETF crew speed towards the International Airport. RUSS answers a call on his portable RADIO.

RUSS (INTO RADIO)
Warren, over.

HENLEY (OVER RADIO)
Russ, it's Bill. Some guys here just I.D.'d Max.

RUSS (INTO RADIO)
An address?

HENLEY (OVER RADIO)
Great Lake Avenue. Been dealing there for years.

RUSS (INTO RADIO)
I'm taking 'A' unit, over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ETF VEHICLE burns a U-turn in the middle of the freeway. The surrounding cars squeal to a stop as the VEHICLE races back into the city.

MAX'S TAXICAB passes right by the returning ETF truck.

INTERIOR - TAXICAB - NIGHT

The CABBIE'S attention is on the speeding ETF VEHICLE.

CABBIE

Looks like somebody's pissed them right off.

MAX puts on a pair of mirrored sunglasses and pulls his hair back to change his look.

EXTERIOR - GOLDEN BOY - NIGHT

HENLEY is surrounded by three female impersonators.

DRAG QUEEN #1

What are you going to give us in return for this information?

HENLEY (WARILY)

A state of grace.

DRAG QUEEN #2

I was Grace Kelly last Christmas.

HENLEY

Did Max help you out that night?

DRAG QUEEN #3

You think we'd do this shit sober?

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RUSS and the other ETF men scurry towards MAX'S house, their weapons in plain view. Passers-by run for cover. The house is instantly surrounded by the time an ETF OFFICER yells through his bull-horn.

ETF OFFICER (INTO BULL-HORN)

This is the Metro Toronto Police. Please acknowledge or we will force entry onto your premises.

SILENCE.

ETF OFFICER (INTO BULL-HORN)

I repeat. Please acknowledge or endure forced entry onto your premises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILENCE. RUSS signals the ETF COMMANDER to enter the house.

ETF COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
Let's do it. Standard rank.

ETF OFFICER (INTO BULL-HORN)
Lay down your arms and face the floor!

The ETF CREW align themselves into a weapons-raid position. One man shoots the LOCK off the front door with an automatic rifle. The ETF CREW storm the house.

The only living person in the house is AMY. SEAN and JENNIE are gone.

ETF OFFICER (cont'd)
Report. Report. Alpha one. Alpha two.
Alpha three.

RUSS
He's not here.
(into radio)
Search outside. Basement?

ETF OFFICER #2 (OVER RADIO)
Basement checked. House is secure.

AMY is released from her adhesive tape BINDING, still unconscious. SYLVAN runs to her side. RUSS is bewildered.

INTERIOR - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

MAX is having his TOTE BAG checked by Airport CUSTOMS OFFICERS. Two ETF OFFICERS stand by the CUSTOMS OFFICERS - they are convinced he's the MAX they are after.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Could you remove your glasses and open
the tote bag, please?

MAX
Certainly.

The CUSTOMS OFFICER shows MAX'S IDENTIFICATION to the ETF OFFICERS.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Doctor Katagi Nan. Correct? One
passenger to Greece - stops in Boston -
Paris, correct?

MAX
Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A CUSTOMS OFFICER searches through MAX'S TOTE BAG.

ETF OFFICER #3
Time magazines. Sugar cubes. Hard to
find sugar in Greece, sir?

MAX
Very expensive. Like everything there.

ETF OFFICER #3
We have to verify this identification.
You shouldn't miss your flight.

ETF OFFICER #3 retrieves KATAGI'S VISA and I.D. from the
CUSTOMS OFFICER. MAX is not pleased.

MAX
What's the problem, officer?

ETF OFFICER #3
Routine check, sir.

The two ETF OFFICERS escort MAX and his TOTE BAG to another
area. Two more ETF MEN take their place - one radios the ETF
COMMANDER.

ETF OFFICER #4
Captain Werner Deppe. Come in, over.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The ETF COMMANDER answers his call. AMY is gaining
consciousness with the help of RUSS and other ETF men.
SYLVAN stands above the situation at hand.

ETF COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
Status?

INTERIOR - AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

MAX sees a WOMAN and her two SONS walking towards him. It's
all in the timing now. The ETF OFFICER apprehensively
watches MAX.

ETF OFFICER #4

Positive I.D. for a Katagi Nan. Seventy-five percent visual
to fax I.D. of composite sketch. Request...

The ETF OFFICER freezes as he sees MAX retrieve his HANDGUN
and grabs one of the young BOYS. The BOY is clutched about
the neck and held tight under MAX's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETF OFFICER #4 (cont'd)
Ten-thirty-five. Non-metal issue.
Suspect Max in sight.

MAX holds the gun to the BOY'S head. His MOTHER screams.

MAX
Recoil trigger! Don't fuck with me!

MOTHER
Josh! Let him go!

ETF OFFICERS pull the MOTHER and her other SON back to a safer area. Dozens of airport ATTENDANTS and PASSENGERS drop to the ground.

MAX
Let me on the plane.

ETF OFFICER #5
It's delayed.

MAX
My flight was in ten minutes, make it five!

ETF OFFICER #5
That is impossible.

MAX releases the HANDGUN trigger with lightning precision on the ETF MAN'S face. It ruptures and he falls, dead.

Immediately, the re-cocked HANDGUN is aimed at the CHILD. The motion was too fast for the ETF OFFICERS. JOSH screams.

ETF OFFICER #4 (INTO RADIO)
Weapon is auto-release polycarbonate.

REAR ETF GUARDS pull OFFICER #5'S dead body away from the mayhem.

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Once outside, the ETF COMMANDER barks into his portable radio.

ETF COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
Radio pilot. Passenger exit to intercept surface guard.

The ETF COMMANDER visually relays his instructions for the ETF CREW to prepare for departure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETF COMMANDER (cont'd)
We can be there in minutes.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AMY is awake and RUSS grabs her by the collar.

RUSS
Where is Max?

AMY
I don't know who you're talking about.

RUSS slaps AMY'S face.

RUSS
You think we don't know where all these
dead men are coming from?

AMY
He's at the airport, flight to
Greece...maybe Tokyo after that.

SYLVAN intercepts RUSS before he leaves the house.

SYLVAN
That confession's no good in this
country, Lieutenant.

RUSS
You can do the paperwork. We're going to
the airport.

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RUSS marches up to the ETF COMMANDER. He is still on his
radio to ETF OFFICER #4, however the ETF TEAM is ready to
leave for the airport.

ETF COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
Delay suspect. Snipers at zero, forty-
five, and one-eighty. We're on our way.
E.T.A. six minutes, over.
(to Russ)
He's at the airport.

RUSS
I know.

RUSS and the ETF COMMANDER board the ETF VEHICLE - its engine
revs loudly.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AMY is nauseated from her interrogation and chemical intake. The sirens of ETF VEHICLES fade into the distance. SYLVAN steps close to AMY and whispers in her ear.

SYLVAN

Talk, and I'll have you slit you from crotch to neck in whatever prison you end up in.

AMY closes her eyes in despair.

INTERIOR - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

MAX has made his way down the airport boarding lane. The young boy, JOSH, is crying and screaming under MAX'S firm head-lock.

MAX

Sniper me and the kid is dead!

The ETF men pull back, waiting for MAX'S aim to falter from the boy for one moment. No luck. MAX is focused. He is allowed to pass through the boarding gate.

ETF OFFICER #4

Snipers in position sir.

ETF SNIPER (OVER RADIO)

Target approaching jetliner.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

MAX sees the pilots leaving the 747 JUMBO JET, which is refueling. He runs into the fleeing CROWDS, again using them as a shield.

MAX (TO PILOTS)

Back to that ramp! Cap the fuel and let's go.

Again, the CROWDS block any attempts to fire upon MAX.

EXTERIOR - ROOFTOP OF AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

An ETF SNIPER tries to track MAX on his GUN SCOPE.

ETF SNIPER

Crap! (into radio) No clean shot. Pilots intercepted and returning to hostage plane.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT GATE - NIGHT

RUSS, the ETF COMMANDER and the rest of the ETF TEAM have arrived. The ETF COMMANDER is still talking on the radio to ETF Officer #4.

ETF COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
Don't provoke that gun of his.

JOSH'S MOTHER is in panic - she holds her other SON tight.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - NIGHT

MAX and JOSH have boarded the jet and take their seats. The young boy is hysterical and MAX quiets him.

MAX
Shut up!
(to pilot)
You're fuelled enough to get us off the ground!

PILOT
We're with you, sir. Don't hurt the child.

EXTERIOR - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Outside, ETF SNIPERS are trained on the aircraft.

ETF COMMANDER
He's got us. Get him airborne.

The ETF COMMANDER heads back inside the building to distance himself from the cacophony.

ETF OFFICER #4 (TO RUSS)
You're not ETF.

RUSS
I've tracked this guy.

ETF OFFICER #4
Well, there he is. Flying in five minutes.

INSERT: FUEL TRUCKS move away from the wings of the 747 JUMBO JET.

ETF OFFICER #4 (cont'd)
We'll follow with fighter escort.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS

No badges on the plane?! Did he have any substances? Drugs? Dry powdered anything?

ETF OFFICER #4

Sugar cubes.

RUSS

Give them to me.

ETF OFFICER #4 (RESISTING)

It's evidence.

RUSS

And I need it when we cross the border.
Just get me on the tower's band.

RUSS grabs the SUGAR-CUBES and hands the ETF OFFICER his issue RADIO.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - NIGHT

MAX is being fuelled by anxiety and frustration. The jet's FUEL INDICATORS balance and a PILOT nervously turns to MAX.

PILOT

Ready for take off.

MAX

Do it!

The 747 JET starts its ENGINES and begins a taxi down the airfield.

EXTERIOR - AIRFIELD TARMAC - NIGHT

RUSS stands at the front of a speeding ETF VEHICLE'S crew area. He and the ETF OFFICERS navigate the tarmac in pursuit of the JET PLANE. RUSS questions his DRIVER as the jet-stream whips their hair.

RUSS

My radio's on their frequency, right?

ETF OFFICER #4

I'm not taking responsibility for this.

RUSS (INTO RADIO)

Whoever's listening, I'm a guy on top of a truck that's going after your plane.
Open the cargo doors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ETF OFFICER #4

I'm not accepting responsibility for
this!

We close-up on RUSS atop the speeding ETF vehicle. He is
focused.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET CARGO HOLD (OPTICAL) - NIGHT

Blackness. Suddenly, cargo doors open and runway lights
flash inside. We watch from above as RUSS attempts to grab
onto the cargo door. Exhaust chokes him as he grabs onto a
boarding strap and begins climbing slowly into the cargo
hold. The door continues to lower, smashing the ETF
VEHICLE'S WIND-SHIELD. It veers out of the way and RUSS is
alone now, climbing. The 747 JUMBO JET takes-off, and the
ground recedes behind RUSS at a dizzying rate. He finally
makes it safely inside and drops, exhausted, to retrieve his
wireless radio, yelling against the roaring wind.

RUSS (INTO RADIO)

I'm feeling a draft! Seal this place up
for me!

The cargo doors CLOSE.

EXTERIOR - AIRFIELD TARMAC - NIGHT

The 747 JUMBO JET takes off into the night. The ETF vehicle
screeches to a halt.

ETF OFFICER #4

He is fucking insane!

EXTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The street has been blockaded. Public relations and crowd
control policy has been initiated by the Metropolitan POLICE.
DETECTIVE BILL HENLEY has arrived and walks towards MAX'S
house.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HENLEY wanders into the living room as police OFFICERS
document case-related evidence and secure the area. P.C.
MARTIN and GREYSON approach DETECTIVE HENLEY.

P.C. GREYSON

We've found some security video-
cassettes. Permission to monitor the
contents on premises, sir.

HENLEY

Right on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENLEY approaches SYLVAN.

SYLVAN
She's not talking, Bill.

HENLEY
Would you like a coffee, miss?

AMY sits in a chair - confused, exhausted, bitter and surrounded by P.C. MARTIN, SYLVAN and three other police OFFICERS.

AMY
Fuck you. Get me a lawyer!

HENLEY pulls up a chair before AMY and fans his CASE-NOTEBOOK in her face.

HENLEY
You feel that breeze? It always happens when a case is wrapping up. It's the souls of the dead saying, 'retribution is near'.

HENLEY notices AMY deflecting SYLVAN'S leer.

HENLEY (cont'd)
And gathering of evidence always sounds peaceful 'cause these men are little angels - setting things straight.

AMY meets the STARES of a half-dozen police OFFICERS.

HENLEY (cont'd)
We know where Max is. And we know of another female involved. We don't know where she is.

AMY
I'll speak to only a lawyer.

HENLEY reminds her of the breeze with a wave of his CASE-NOTEBOOK.

AMY (cont'd)
I don't know where they went.

HENLEY
Where would Max take her?

AMY
No, it was a guy she picked up at a motel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENLEY

We know that guy.

AMY

Max gave him Dexedrine.

HENLEY

You peddle that in this city?

AMY

Max uses it a little. The guy yelled at Jennie in a streak - psychotic. He held up a key and said, 'This is the key to our future.' He called for a taxi and left with her.

HENLEY pauses to remember the clue.

HENLEY

A motel key?

AMY has become silent. HENLEY is puzzled momentarily, but turns to see SYLVAN'S glare upon her.

SYLVAN

What did she say?

HENLEY

She thinks Jennie may be at the Lakeshore Motel.

SYLVAN

I want to question her, right now.

HENLEY pauses - SYLVAN'S threat may be useful in revealing some deeper information.

HENLEY

She should respond. You're her friend's father.

AMY

Don't leave me, Mister.

HENLEY

Why?

AMY

I'm fine here!

HENLEY

I'm placing you in the Sergeant's custody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

How do you think Jennie met us?!

SYLVAN sends AMY the look of death.

AMY (TO SYLVAN) (cont'd)

How did you get rich for politics?!

HENLEY turns to SYLVAN, who sternly ignores the insinuation.

AMY (cont'd)

It was Max!

SYLVAN

Miss, you're making more trouble for yourself.

HENLEY

Continue.

AMY

Sylvan's been selling confiscated drugs to Max! Right under your nose.

AMY has broken into tears now. She is exhausted.

AMY (cont'd)

Jennie turned to Max for help.

(points to Sylvan)

From him!

AMY weeps. SYLVAN turns red with embarrassed fury as P.C. MARTIN and GREYSON await their orders.

HENLEY

Grant, Mike - escort Sylvan to the Lakeshore Motel to find his daughter. And, Sylvan, I'll need your gun and badge until this is investigated.

P.C. MARTIN (TO HENLEY)

We'll bring the car to the front, sir.

The two CONSTABLES exit. SYLVAN pauses at the door before leaving.

SYLVAN

This is insanity, Bill. I need your faith.

HENLEY

Ask my ex-wife how faithful I was.

INTERIOR - CARGO BAY - NIGHT

RUSS peers out from below deck to see the jetliner's KITCHENETTE AREA.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - NIGHT

The cabinet door opens as RUSS sticks his head up to passenger level. He sees a STEWARDESS and lightly touches her leg. She is startled, but RUSS holds out his BADGE for her to see. MAX can be heard in the distance.

MAX (OFF-CAMERA)

Get the kid a treat. Make it quick!.

RUSS is on his feet, now. He stands behind the kitchenette's PARTITION, out of MAX'S view.

STEWARDESS (TO MAX)

Yes, sir.

The STEWARDESS looks at RUSS with disarray. RUSS silently acknowledges for her to ready the food. He takes a small spoon and uses it as a convex mirror to monitor MAX.

MAX (YELLING TO PILOTS)

We're going to Boston - non-stop. You radio that to air traffic control.

PILOT (INTO RADIO)

We're en-route to Boston, tower, over.

JET turbulence suddenly shakes the plane. MAX looks outside- so does RUSS. Two CF-18 FIGHTER JETS now flank the JETLINER.

MAX (TO PILOTS)

Take out the passenger lights!

EXTERIOR - (OPTICAL) - NIGHT

Lights are dimmed as the 747 JETLINER flies by, flanked by two FIGHTER JETS.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - NIGHT

JOSH is captivated by the sleek aircraft.

JOSH

Wow!

MAX

Stop your crying, boy. Look at the fancy jets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS and the STEWARDESS whisper as she calmly prepares the meal.

RUSS
Remain calm. You're doing fine.

STEWARDESS
This is my second high-jack. 'Never shot a stewardess I heard of.

RUSS
Well, he's suspicious.

MAX (OFF-CAMERA)
I want coffee!

EXTERIOR - THE LAKESHORE MOTEL - DAWN

A pink sunrise accents this picturesque location.

EXTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL - DAWN

One weary travelling man, possibly a SALESMAN, awaits his much-needed rest. He fumbles for his key and opens the door to room 417.

THE SALESMAN is caught by surprise.

INTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - DAWN

SEAN is awake and disoriented in the motel room.

SALESMAN
What's going on?

The man looks around the room and SEAN appears to be the only person inside.

SEAN sits, drawing a picture on the hotel stationery, near the bedside. He twitches, jaws clenched, having been wired for hours with Dexedrine, which cloaks the pain from his wounded leg.

SALESMAN (OFF-CAMERA) (cont'd)
The desk must have given me the wrong key.

SEAN stares with psychotic penetration.

EXTERIOR - ROOM 417 - DAWN

The SALESMAN stands defensively. He is now quite wary of SEAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN
I'll get the front desk.

SEAN continues staring at the man.

INTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - DAWN

CAMERA TRUCKS BACK TO REVEAL: Inside, JENNIE hangs from the COAT HANGER POST on the inside of the motel room door.

She is suspended by MAX'S CORD BINDINGS, which continue to hold her still and unconscious. She is, ostensibly, unhurt but remains invisible to the inquisitive SALESMAN.

SEAN grabs MAX'S shotgun from behind the door jamb. He slams the DOOR and dead-bolts it.

EXTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL - SUNRISE

The SALESMAN is alarmed and runs back to the motel desk.

SALESMAN (YELLS)
You're in trouble, buddy!

CAMERA BOOMS AWAY TO REVEAL: The LAKESHORE MOTEL sits, picture-perfect, against the vista of a deep-blue lake.

EXTERIOR - (OPTICAL) - NIGHT

The JETLINER screams through the black morning, flanked by two Canadian FIGHTER JETS.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - NIGHT

MAX studies the JET FIGHTERS, by way of the aisle window, and reassures JOSH.

MAX (TO JOSH)
They can't do a thing up here.

JOSH
My mom's 'gonna get you.

The STEWARDESS leaves the kitchenette with a serving tray of food.

MAX
Hand him the goddamn food! Put the tray on his lap!

The STEWARDESS does as MAX wishes. JOSH takes the food.

MAX (cont'd)
Get back to the cockpit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The STEWARDESS walks back up front and glares at RUSS, who hides behind the kitchenette's partition.

MAX (CONT'D TO JOSH) (cont'd)
You eat up. We've got a long ride.

JOSH
I'm not hungry.

MAX
Save it, then.

RUSS ensures that his gun is loaded.

RUSS (WHISPERING)
What's he doing?

STEWARDESS
He's drinking coffee. The gun's still on the kid.

MAX is unsatisfied with his coffee.

MAX
Bitch! I said no sugar!

INSERT: At least ten SUGAR-CUBES have been removed from their container. RUSS replaces the SUGAR-CUBE box inside his jacket.

MAX (cont'd)
You...oh shit.

JOSH
What's wrong, Mister?

MAX fidgets as his blood-pressure sky-rockets.

STEWARDESS (WHISPERING)
He's disoriented.

MAX eyes the escort FIGHTER JET in fear - the jet scream deafens him.

MAX
Get me off this plane now!

MAX covers his ears. His senses are super-conducting.

STEWARDESS
He's away from the kid.

The jet scream drills through MAX'S head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAX

I'm going deaf with this noise! Stop it!

JOSH ducks and runs away from MAX. The STEWARDESS holds the boy tight. RUSS reveals himself at the fore of the aisle.

RUSS

This is the police! Drop your weapon or be fired upon.

MAX stares at the JET FIGHTERS. In his super-consciousness they emit a thousand screams. MAX fires the handgun at the window and is quickly pulled fast against it with the decompressive vacuum. MAX has neutralized himself.

EXTERIOR - (OPTICAL) - SUNRISE

The gunfire has sent one of the ESCORT JETS veering off. It skids against the side of the 747 JUMBO JET, which is shaken by the impact, setting one engine afire. The second escort jet does a barrel roll over the 747 to avoid further catastrophe.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - SUNRISE

As she falls to the cabin floor with the decompressive turbulence, the STEWARDESS retrieves MAX'S gun and tosses it to Russ. MAX spasms, still pinned against the vacuum hole in the vessel's WINDOW.

RUSS (CONT'D TO PILOTS)

Get us back on the ground, now!

EXTERIOR - (OPTICAL)- SUNRISE

In the suburban night sky, two JETS arc towards the airport. The damaged escort FIGHTER continues in its out-of-control decent until it crashes into a forested area.

EXTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL - MORNING

Three Metro Police VEHICLES quietly arrive at the motel.

INTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - MORNING

JENNIE has woken. SEAN leans against the large red rose art PRINT while holding MAX'S shotgun.

JENNIE

Sean?

SEAN

What have I done?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNIE
I won't run away again.

SEAN
My son.

JENNIE
I won't run away, Sean!

SEAN
She died with my child. Like this!

SEAN holds up a DRAWING before JENNIE. It is a picture of her, wrapped in a bleeding rose. She is likewise suspended.

JENNIE becomes horrified as she sees the same PRINT of a rose on the wall before her.

SEAN (cont'd)
I dreamt this. I could take this picture
and this knife...

There is no KNIFE, SEAN wields his empty hand.

SEAN (cont'd)
...and make this dream real.

SEAN trembles and falters. His leg wound weakens him.

SEAN (cont'd)
This was meant to be.

JENNIE
You're in control, Sean!

SEAN
You were perfect. Honest. Pure.

JENNIE
I'm not your picture!

SEAN
Everything ends here.

EXTERIOR - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

The ETF COMMANDER stands outside, silhouetted against the airfield fence at sunrise. The sound of JET ROAR increases.

ETF COMMANDER (INTO RADIO)
They're coming in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The 747 JETLINER passes overhead with a deafening roar. An engine is aflame from the impact of the now-downed escort jet fighter.

EXTERIOR - LAKESHORE MOTEL - MORNING

SYLVAN, P.C. MARTIN and GREYSON, the SALESMAN and the MOTEL MANAGER approach room 417.

MOTEL MANAGER

Just the man in there?

SALESMAN

Yes. And a shotgun.

EXTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - MORNING

SEAN frees JENNIE from the coat hook and she slumps to the floor. Slowly, she rises to her knees and reaches for the door handle. SEAN positions the shotgun BARREL under his own chest.

SEAN

Go!

JENNIE screams.

EXTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - MORNING

SYLVAN hears his DAUGHTER'S SCREAM and yanks P.C. MARTIN'S gun from the holster. SYLVAN shoots the lock and doorknob off the door. The other OFFICERS kick the DOOR open with maximum force.

INTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - MORNING

SEAN holds his hands upright. SYLVAN shoots him in the wielding hand and he falls to the floor.

The three OFFICERS enter the room and, as the door springs back, JENNIE'S LIMP AND BLOODIED BODY is exposed. Rays of sunrise pour through the bullet-holes which SYLVAN shot through the door.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT - MORNING

The 747 JUMBO JET descends closer to the airport tarmac.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - MORNING

RUSS and the STEWARDESS anxiously brace themselves against the turbulence of decompression and the burning engine.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT TARMAC - MORNING

The 747 JUMBO JET screeches onto the tarmac. EMERGENCY FIRE TRUCKS are in pursuit.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - MORNING

The vacuum no longer affixes MAX to the window and he falls to the cabin floor. The STEWARDESS tries her best to cover JOSH. Sirens are now audible under the engine roar.

RUSS (TO PILOTS)
Drop the chute for the fire team!

MAX'S explosive DETONATOR fall out of his coat. He grabs the arming clutch and triggers it. It will explode if he releases it.

STEWARDESS
We've got a bomb!

RUSS (TO PILOTS)
Call the fire team back - back!

The nearby exit DOOR is pushed open by the force of rushing air.

MAX
Nobody leaves!

The STEWARDESS releases the clutch for the "Emergency Escape" hatch.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT TARMAC - MORNING

The escape CHUTE unfolds and scrapes tarmac as the 747 JUMBO JET rolls at high speed. The fire TRUCKS are keeping a safe distance.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - MORNING

The aircraft is going too fast for any escape. The PILOT turns around to eye the flaming turbo-fan ENGINE, seen through his cockpit window.

RUSS (TO PILOTS)
Does this thing have any breaks?!

EXTERIOR - TARMAC - MORNING

The JET ENGINE, which was merely aflame, now erupts into a huge explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Police OFFICERS await their duties by the airport terminal. They duck to the ground when the AIRCRAFT'S LEFT WING explodes, rocketing skyward.

The 747 JUMBO JET arcs sideways with the imbalance of the one remaining wing, and slows immediately with a shriek of burning rubber.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - MORNING

The cabin area shudders violently. RUSS and the others regain their footing.

RUSS
Get out! Now!

The PILOTS leave the cockpit while the AIRPLANE continues to slow-taxi.

THE STEWARDESS has grabbed JOSH. She jumps for the escape CHUTE and slides them both down to the ground below.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT TARMAC - MORNING

Rolling instinctively, the STEWARDESS gets JOSH and herself out of the way of the gigantic rolling landing wheels. The PILOTS do the same, then help the STEWARDESS and JOSH run to safety as the jumbo jet rolls off in the distance.

INTERIOR - 747 JUMBO JET - MORNING

RUSS barks at MAX.

RUSS
Who makes the micro-capsules?!

MAX
You're fucked!

RUSS
No more crowds to hide behind!

MAX retorts by displaying the DETONATOR.

MAX
I let go! We go!

An EXPLOSION rocks the jet and fire swells behind MAX.

MAX (cont'd)
Katagi Nan! You have his visa!

RUSS
Hold onto that bomb, piece of shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, fire plumes from the back of the jet. RUSS is hurled down the emergency CHUTE.

MAX is covered in flames. Screaming, he still must grasp the DETONATOR. Crippled with pain, he tumbles down the emergency CHUTE after RUSS.

EXTERIOR - AIRPORT TARMAC - MORNING

MAX runs after RUSS, who sees MAX in pursuit and aflame with a release detonator.

MAX screams an inhuman scream. He cannot hold the pain or the DETONATOR any longer. It explodes. MAX transforms into a fifty-foot tower of flame.

The 747 JUMBO JET is caught in the explosion and obliterates itself. Its five PASSENGERS run from the rolling airship. We speed into the group with flaming shrapnel as the blast wave passes them quickly. All are safe. RUSS holds JOSH tight with relief.

INTERIOR - MAX'S HOUSE - MORNING

The ETF OFFICERS view one MAX'S security videotapes on a television MONITOR. It shows JENNIE on the floor, touching SEAN'S bloodied leg.

VIDEO IMAGE:

JENNIE

I had to gain control in my life.

INTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM 417 - MORNING

SYLVAN cradles JENNIE in his arms.

JENNIE

Don't hold me now.

JENNIE passes out. DETECTIVE BILL HENLEY stands with his arms folded. The doorway frames him before the picturesque countryside. Red emergency lights oscillate around him, accompanied by many intrusive police sirens.

SYLVAN hides his face in shame. P.C. MARTIN and GREYSON administer First-Aid to SEAN and JENNIE.

SEAN lies wounded on the motel room floor as P.C. MARTIN bandages his forearm. MEDICS enter the room and race to JENNIE'S side.

MEDIC (TO P.C. GREYSON)

She's comatose.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR - HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

JIM waits, bleary-eyed, for RUSS. He sits in the lap of P.C. MARY DELAWARE. Other police OFFICERS are stationed at the hotel - awaiting further orders or case-related developments.

P.C DELAWARE
There's Russ, Jim!

RUSS quickens his pace when he sees JIM, who lifts himself from MARY'S lap for the embrace.

JIM
I missed you.

RUSS
I missed you too, guy.

THEY embrace tight. JIM hangs his arms around RUSS'S neck.

P.C. DELAWARE
Lieutenant Warren - Sylvan is on leave so
I'm your new partner. Hello, I'm
Lieutenant Mary Delaware.

RUSS
Hi. Sean was wounded?

P.C. DELAWARE
One shot to the right hand. One shot to
the right leg.

RUSS (INTERJECTING)
His hands. He's an artist.

RUSS is overwhelmed. JIM becomes concerned as RUSS lifts him back down.

JIM
What's wrong?

P.C. DELAWARE offers a small, flat bundle of fresh clothes to RUSS.

P.C. DELAWARE
Lieutenant, I sent for a change of
uniform.

RUSS
Jim, I have to get changed. Stay with
Ms. Delaware until I get back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSS (CONT'D)
 (to P.C. Delaware)
 Thank you. I...where...

P.C. DELAWARE
 Try the broom closet down there...past
 emergency...just turn...

RUSS
 I'll find it. Thanks.

RUSS now seems visibly shaken, and P.C. DELAWARE expresses her concern.

P.C. DELAWARE
 Lieutenant, is everything alright?

RUSS
 Nothing...I just dislike hospitals.

JIM is led back into the group of OFFICERS stationed in the hospital.

EXTERIOR - EMERGENCY OPERATING ROOM - DAY

RUSS approaches the observation level of the emergency operations area. A few MEDICAL STUDENTS watch the operation - they take notes or just simply observe. The clinical, bleaching light blinds RUSS'S tired eyes. Looking down into the chamber, he watches the MEDICAL TEAM perform surgery on JENNIFER DePUIS. The sounds of the emergency procedure are heard via an intercom, aiding those who share RUSS'S vantage.

SURGEON
 Blood pressure.

NURSING ASSISTANT
 Stabilizing.

SURGEON
 Lets finish closing these wounds.

RUSS examines JENNIE'S pale and helpless face on the operating table. Her life, and consciousness, now remain in the hands of fate.

INTERIOR - HOSPITAL BROOM CLOSET - DAY

RUSS enters the confined area and begins to undress. He slows down while removing his undershirt. His face presses against the outstretched fabric, moulding it into an envelope of grief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR - HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - EVENING

SEAN lies in his hospital bed. His wounded leg is bandaged above the knee.

RUSS approaches the bed. JIM runs to SEAN'S embrace. FATHER and SON hold each other tight.

JIM
Dad's arm looks like a hot dog.

INSERT: SEAN'S LOWER ARM is amputated and tied-off below the elbow.

RUSS
Jim, I have to give your dad some news.
Wait on the couch, outside.

JIM crawls off the hospital bed and leaves the room. RUSS must now tap his police training to speak without a flutter.

RUSS (cont'd)
We have video records of what happened to you. No charges have been pressed. But there'll be questioning.

SEAN
That's all you have to say - business?

RUSS
I could say other things. But I don't want to fall apart in front of your son.

SEAN
Aren't you going to ask me what I've learned - with some all-knowing jargon?

RUSS
I know what you've learned. I hope you can forget it.

SEAN
I spend my adult life trying to save my lost youth - and he was right in front of me.

RUSS
Because someone can draw, doesn't mean they see better. You see more - like an exploding mess of a world. And you try to organize it into something worth looking at.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN
So, we're not that...

They acknowledge this bond, and RUSS completes the thought.

RUSS
...different.

SEAN
Changing hands takes time. I'll need
someone's help.

RUSS
That's why I'm here. And your son. I'll
be back in a few hours.

SLOW MOTION/HIGH ANGLE:

RUSS leaves SEAN's side. JIM runs back to SEAN.

EXTERIOR - HOSPITAL - SUNSET

HENLEY and RUSS walk down the wide, stone steps of the city hospital as an emergency medical helicopter takes off from the rooftop.

RUSS
If you thought Sylvan was selling on the
job, why did you team him with me?

HENLEY
Idealism and corruption don't mix. The
pot always boils over.

RUSS
That's bull. You didn't know anything.
(amused)
But you got what you wanted.

HENLEY
The chips fell the right way. How is
your friend?

RUSS
It'll take time. Won't be wasted time.

HENLEY
We still have to nab this Katagi guy, in
Greece.

RUSS
So, are you going to sign the adoption
papers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENLEY

I don't think I planned on this making
you a Detective, Constable.

HENLEY smiles.

RUSS

I'll bring you back a souvenir from
Greece, then.

RUSS pauses for reflection.

RUSS (cont'd)

Maybe a few for myself.

After a moment of silence, walking beneath the evening's
amber light, HENLEY speaks up.

HENLEY

I see what you mean.

RUSS

About what?

HENLEY

I thought this job was killing you. But
you just needed an opportunity.

RUSS (ANXIOUS)

Did you ever wonder...if this was the
most important day of your life...and now
it's over?

HENLEY lights a cigarette.

HENLEY (PONDERING)

Oh, that was twenty-eight years ago.

RUSS

What?

HENLEY

The day my little girl was born.

RUSS now seems panic-stricken.

HENLEY (cont'd)

Are you O.K.? You look like you need a
drink.

RUSS

Not now. Can you wrap this up, tonight?
I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HENLEY

Where?

RUSS

To get myself laid, I think.

HENLEY

How about buying yourself a vehicle while
you're at it?

RUSS halts before leaving, extending his firm glare to
HENLEY.

RUSS

Vehicles are too much trouble.

SLOW MOTION AND MUSIC OVER: RUSS walks away from the
hospital, and into the congestion of the night's downtown
traffic.

END CREDITS

1992-ERA SONGS:

For the opening sequence at the Iron Bar, use "Elevation (12" club mix" by Xpansions

"Sit and wait (stationary to stationary mix)" by Sydney Youngblood is playing in the pub where Sean meets Jennie

For the Golden Boy sequence, use, "What time is love? (live at Trancentral)" by the KLF for Max's pursuit and shootout, and the build up from "Nu style (claviceps purpurea)" by Datura for music heard outside the Golden Boy

For the end credits use an instrumental, no vocals, version of "Stand back" by Stevie Nicks.

This screenplay was posted to www.opcatalyst.net. E-mail the writer at opcatalyst@bell.net.