

**CHAOS**

Written by  
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Shooting script  
March 15th, 2004

**FADE IN:**

**BEGIN OPENING CREDITS:**

**A1 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE- NIGHT**  
**A1**

CLOSE ON... A BRONZE PLAQUE which reads, "PEARL STREET  
**BRIDGE."**

ON THE BRIDGE... RAIN POURS DOWN. An SUV steers out of  
control and CRASHES into a STALLED OUT VEHICLE.

It's quiet NOW, EXCEPT FOR THE INCESSANT pounding rain. IN  
THE DISTANCE, police lights approach.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**1 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT 1**

THROUGH A TELEVISION CAMERA... The image is GRAINY and  
FRENETIC. A HEAVY RAIN POURS DOWN on a MELEE OF ACTIVITY.

POLICE CARS block either end, their LIGHTS ignite the sky in  
a dizzying RED and BLUE design. The attention centers on...

The SUV and the CRASHED VEHICLE lay in the middle of the  
bridge. A MAN, 30's, madness on his face, his right hand  
holds a HOSTAGE, a woman, 20's, racked with fear, tight to  
his body. His left holds a GUN!

Two DETECTIVES, slowly approach the Man. ONLY SEE THE  
**DETECTIVES FROM BEHIND.**

A News Reporter, KAREN CROSS, 30's, blond with energy to  
burn, shields herself from the rain, steps in front of the

camera...

**KAREN CROSS**

... Police on scene are approaching the suspect. They're at the center of the Bridge now.

The Man waves his gun wildly, screams at the Detectives. The Hostage, tears streaming down her face, SCREAMS OUT!

**FADE TO BLACK.**

SUDDENLY... THREE GUN SHOTS, almost simultaneously, RING OUT!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**2.**

**KAREN CROSS (OS)**

We have shots fired. Shots have been fired... Both the suspect and his hostage are down... Police are moving in... Oh my God.

**FADE IN:**

**2 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**2**

A loft apartment, scarcely furnished, except for BOOKS, HUNDREDS OF THEM, fill stacks of shelves. Hearing but not watching the television, METICULOUSLY preparing a GIN AND TONIC, is...

DETECTIVE QUENTIN CONNERS, a grizzled, intense veteran. His charisma, which he has in spades, gets him into as much trouble as it gets him out of. At present a somber mood. The shadows from the rain stream down Connors's face.

IN THE GLASS'S REFLECTION... The TV Report plays. (NOTE: most of, if not all, of the TV report will in reflection.)

**KAREN CROSS (OS)**

After a two month investigation, Det. Jason York has been relieved of duty for his role in the Pearl Street Bridge shooting deaths of Lisa ReAnn and John Curtis. Key testimony against York came from Det. Bernard Callo, who was on scene that night. The Seattle Police Department is handing this case over to the King County District Attorney's office. Criminal charges

are expected.

**3 ON A TELEVISION SCREEN--**

**3**

The IMAGE cuts to an earlier interview with... CAPTAIN MARTIN JENKINS, 50's, chronically tired and unsympathetic.

**JENKINS**

In a civilized society, the men and women entrusted with serving and protecting the community are to be held accountable just like everyone else. Simply put... Just because you are a cop, doesn't mean laws don't apply to you. This is no longer the wild, wild west.

**3A EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY (THROUGH TV CAMERA)**

**3A**

KAREN CROSS stands on the steps, a PHOTO of Connors appears.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**3.**

**KAREN CROSS**

This same review board last week found Quentin Connors, Det. York's partner, "not responsible" for the same shooting. He remains on suspension without pay.

**3B INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**3B**

Connors turns off the TV, lays the remote next to a PHOTO of Connors and a YOUNG WOMAN (TEDDY) during happy times. He stares at the photo, finishes his drink.

**FADE TO**

**BLACK.**

**END OPENING CREDITS.**

**4 EXT. SEATTLE - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

**4**

A COOL, CRISP Pacific Northwestern day. MOUNT RAINIER looms in the distance. The SPACE NEEDLE overlooks downtown. While the sun shines now, the OVERCAST SKY on the horizon FORESHADOWS AN IMPENDING STORM. In the heart of the city...

5     **EXT.     AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
5

An IMPRESSIVE STRUCTURE on a BUSY CITY CORNER. TRAFFIC,  
street and pedestrian, go about their business.

ACROSS THE STREET...     A BLACK TRUCK screeches to a stop.

6     **INT.     BLACK TRUCK - DAY**  
6

LORENZ, 40's, sits behind the steering wheel. His EYES cold,  
merciless. He's joined by FOUR OTHER MEN, ALL BLACK CLAD -  
HEAVILY ARMED with BODY ARMOR!

Lorenz stares out at the bank, a last moment of peace.  
Simultaneously, ALL FOUR DOORS OPEN and...

7     **EXT.     AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
7

Lorenz and the Black Clad exit, quickly cross the street,  
heading for the bank! Each carries a LARGE BLACK BAG.

7A    **INT.     LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
7A

PATRONS in line, wait impatiently. A SECURITY GUARD in the  
corner yawns. TELLERS count out cash, access accounts on  
**COMPUTERS.**

GRAINY SECURITY CAMERA IMAGES depict an average, business  
day. THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**4.**

7B    **EXT.     AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
7B

Lorenz and the Black Clad arrive at the doors.     They RAISE  
THEIR MASKS and...

8     **INT.     LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
8

Off the CROOKED EYEBROW of a BANK TELLER...

**AT THE FRONT DOORS--**

The BLACK CLAD STORM THE BANK! Four of the Black Clad move  
into position. Lorenz stands center stage. Gun in hand, he

aims at the ceiling, PULLS the trigger... BAM! A GUNSHOT  
**RINGS OUT!**

**LOREN**

Drop to the floor! Slowly! No sudden  
moves!

(to the Tellers)

You! Hands on heads, drop to your  
knees. Now! Do it!

PATRONS and TELLERS HIT THE GROUND, TERRIFIED! Lorenz is in  
COMPLETE and UTTER CONTROL.

BLACK CLAD #4 and #3 keep watch on the tellers behind the  
counters! One on one side, one on the other.

BLACK CLAD #2 ushers people out of side offices, gun-points  
them into the lobby!

BLACK CLAD #1 races upstairs, gathers people from the 2nd  
level, forces them downstairs.

From the corner of Lorenz's eye... The SECURITY GUARD's hand  
creeps toward his gun.

**LORENZ**

That... you don't want to do.

The Security Guard reluctantly obeys. BLACK CLAD #1 DISARMS  
the Guard, then GUN BUTTS HIM over the head! The Guard  
drops, unconscious! CUSTOMERS, EMPLOYEES scream out.

Black Clad #1 rips keys from the Guard's belt, tosses them to  
Black Clad #2!

**LORENZ**

Y'all picked the wrong day not to use  
the ATM.

(Beat)

You will not be harmed if you do  
exactly what I say, when I say it. You

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**5.**

LORENZ (cont'd)

take your chances if you choose not to  
listen.

BLACK CLAD #2, keys in hand, flies across the counter,  
carrying a large duffel bag... Heading to the vaults!

**LORENZ**

No one will say I didn't give you a choice.

9     **INT.     SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
9

Black Clad #2 arrives, drops his bag, unzipping...

**BLACK CLAD #2**

(into his headset)

I'm in.

10    **INT.     THE LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
10

Lorenz gets the message, finds THE BANK MANAGER cowering behind his desk.

**LORENZ**

You, up.

(the Bank Manager obeys)

You understood what I just said?

**BANK MANAGER**

Yes.

**LORENZ**

Your security system, you can electronically lock all entrances...

**BANK MANAGER**

Yes. Right-right away.

**LORENZ**

With that attitude, you and I are going to get along famously. Now go.

The Bank Manager nods nervously.

BLACK CLAD #4 holds open his bag. He strides by the CUSTOMERS who deposit CELLPHONES, PAGERS, inside.

10A   **INT.     BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE**

10A

The Bank Manager taps on his computer keyboard.

**BANK MANAGER**

It's done.        We're locked down.

Lorenz nods.

**10B INT. THE LOBBY--**

**10B**

BLACK CLAD #1 flips the "BANK CLOSED" sign around.

**11 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - DAY**

**11**

Jenkins fastens his cufflinks. In the bed behind him...

HEATHER "TEDDY" GALLOWAY, 30's, normally a force to reckon with, appears vulnerable with only a sheet wrapped around her.

**JENKINS**

Have you seen my watch?

Teddy gestures to the night stand. Jenkins retrieves the watch. He also slides his WEDDING RING back on. This ain't love, this is a relationship of convenience.

Jenkins slips on his jacket, secures his tie and, after one last check in the mirror...

**JENKINS**

This was fun. You should get out of bed. You'll be late for work.

And with that, Jenkins exits. Teddy waits for the door to close, then collapses back onto the bed.

**12 INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**12**

PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES line the walls, connect all the safety deposit boxes together! BLACK CLAD #2, takes cover, readies the detonation device and...

**BLACK CLAD #2**

(into his headset)

Fire in the hole.

He FLIPS A SWITCH and... KA-BOOM! AN EXPLOSION RIPS THROUGH THE VAULT!

**13 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**13**

A PILLOW OF SMOKE BLOWS into the lobby! Lorenz stands UNFLINCHING. The explosion was expected.

**BEHIND THE CUSTOMER SERVICE WINDOWS--**

An EAGER TELLER, 30's, seizes the moment. He reaches up and  
**PRESSES THE SILENT ALARM BUTTON!**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**7.**

BLACK CLAD #4 turns just in time to see it, quickly FIRES his  
weapon! The Eager Teller slumps against the wall, BLEEDS  
profusely from his neck, not dead yet.

Lorenz hustles over to Black Clad #4.

**LORENZ**

What do you think you're doing?

**BLACK CLAD #4**

Fucker pushed the alarm.

Lorenz GLARES DISGUSTEDLY at his accomplice.

**LORENZ**

It would've made more sense to shoot  
him before he pushes the fucking alarm.  
Not after.  
(looks at the Eager Teller)  
Jesus.

Lorenz levels, very calmly, his weapon at the Eager Teller's  
head and...

**LORENZ**

And... If you're going to do something.  
(FIRES his weapon!)  
Do it right.

The Eager's Teller's body keels over, dead. Lorenz checks  
his watch... 9:26 a.m.

**LORENZ**

(into microphone)  
Alarm's tripped. We're on a clock.  
(to Black Clad #4)  
Get these people out of the way.

**A14 EXT. MOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING**  
**A14**

The Four Seasons it ain't.



14 INT. SHOWER/ MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY  
14

There's not enough soap on the planet for Teddy to feel clean. Doubt and fear present on her face. She turns off the water, and steps out... when she does HER PAGER, off screen, chimes!

15 INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - DAY  
15

Teddy, a towel wrapped around her, picks up the pager. The number: 911. She picks up the TELEPHONE, dials.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

MARCH 15, 2004

8.

**TEDDY**

(beat, then)

This is Detective Galloway.

16 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY  
16

SIRENS BLARE... POLICE CARS brake hard, blocking traffic. OFFICERS fly out, shotguns out!

HELICOPTERS circle. NEWS VANS speed onto the scene as the CROWDS builds. Standing in the center of things...

DETECTIVE BERNIE CALLO, 40's, a stern, by-the-book cop. Not a popular member of the force. TWO OFFICERS, 30's, follow him.

**CALLO**

(into his radio)

I want all points of entry identified and covered. We need SWAT here now. Have emergency crews standing by!

**OFFICER AT BANK**

(re: the Media)

Didn't take them long.

**CALLO**

Set a perimeter. Move'em back.

**OFFICER AT BANK**

How far?

**CALLO**

Portland.

**A17 INT. SMALL OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**A17**

A phone cord is YANKED from the wall!

Black Clad #1 and #4 push Customers and Employees inside!  
They door SLAMS SHUT.

**17 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL - DAY**  
**17**

POV OF LORENZ - Callo approaches the Tech Van.

Lorenz peeks through the curtains. A phone pressed between  
his shoulder and ear.

He places a VOICE MODULATOR over the phone's mouthpiece (this  
will leave his voice sounding LIFELESS and DISTORTED to those  
on the receiving end).

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**9.**

**18 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**18**

Callo arrives at the POLICE TECH VAN. So state-of-the-art  
NASA is green with envy.

BRENDAN DAX, 30's, the techno-wizard, with headphones on,  
hands Callo a phone. Several other OFFICERS listen in.

**DAX**

We have them on the line.

Dax presses a series of buttons.

**DAX**

We're hot.

**CALLO**

(into phone)

This is Detective Callo, Seattle P.D.  
Who am I speaking with?

**LORENZ**

No questions. It's time to set the  
rules. I am in complete control of  
this facility. No one gets in or out

without my say and I will execute every last man, woman and child in here if my needs are not met. Do not test me. Today, I am a man of zero patience.

**CALLO**

I'm listening.

**LORENZ**

See if you can't screw this up, Detective... I have but one demand. One and only demand.

19 **OMIT (COMBINED INTO SC. 17/18)**

19

20 **INT. CONNERS APARTMENT - DAY**

20

Connors wears a T-shirt and some sweats, opens his refrigerator, grabs a bottle of water. When he closes the door... He notices Jenkins and a YOUNG DETECTIVE on his deck.

Connors crosses, opens the door for Jenkins and DETECTIVE SHANE DEKKER, late-20s. Dekker's all business when it comes to being a cop. Green, but eager to prove himself. After a long beat...

**CONNERS**

Do you have a warrant?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**10.**

**JENKINS**

I need to speak to you, Quentin.

**CONNERS**

There's where your shit out of luck because I don't need to speak to you.

**JENKINS**

It's important.

Connors and Jenkins trade serious stares. Connors finally relents. Jenkins and Dekker enter. Dekker notices - **THE STACKS AND STACKS OF BOOKS.**

**JENKINS**

Quentin, this is Detective Shane Dekker.

**CONNERS**

Huh? You don't look like much of a Detective.

**DEKKER**

Funny. I was going to say the same about you.

**CONNERS**

Charming.

**JENKINS**

Shane just transferred in from Tacoma. His father...

**CONNERS**

Save your breath. I really don't care.

Before Jenkins can respond, from the bedroom, a TALL, BLOND WOMAN, 20s, emerges, COMPLETELY NUDE.

The men WATCH as the Woman, PAYING THEM NO ATTENTION, retrieves a bottle of water from the fridge, then returns to the bedroom. No words spoken at all. After the moment has passed...

**CONNERS**

Why don't we can the chit-chat. Get to what's on your mind.

**JENKINS**

We've got a hostage situation, American National Bank. The sonsabitches said they wouldn't talk to anyone but you.

**CONNERS**

No shit?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**11.**

**JENKINS**

No shit. I need you to do this.

**CONNERS**

Why should I?

**DEKKER**

Because people's lives are at stake. That takes priority over your ego.

**CONNERS**

(to Jenkins; re: Dekker)  
You may want to put a leash on him.  
(beat; thinks)  
Saying I did want to help... I'm still  
suspended or did that slip your mind?

**JENKINS**

The commissioner's office has ordered  
me to reinstate you. As of now, you're  
back on the force.

**CONNERS**

Just like that?

**JENKINS**

Just like that.  
(beat)  
I won't, however, unleash you alone.

**CONNERS**

Always a catch.

**JENKINS**

Shane, here, is your new partner.  
Consider him a younger version of me,  
looking over your shoulder, watching  
every move you make.

The idea of a new partner doesn't sit well with Conners.

**JENKINS**

Don't think I endorse this. If it were  
my call, you'd be with your partner...

**CONNERS**

You mean ex-partner.

**JENKINS**

... On the unemployment line with him.

**CONNERS**

For a moment there, I thought you  
cared.

**JENKINS**

I care about those innocent people down  
there. I hope to God someone hasn't  
made a monumental mistake letting you  
back in.

**CONNERS**

I appreciate the words of encouragement  
and the confidence you have in me. I  
look forward to the continuing,  
positive relationship we've shared in  
the past.

21 OMIT (COMBINED INTO SC. 20)  
21

22 OMIT  
22

23 OMIT  
23

24 OMIT  
24

25 OMIT  
25

26 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 10:27 AM - DAY  
26

POLICE CORRAL the ever-growing group of SPECTATORS.

A SWAT TRUCK pulls up, the BACK DOORS FLY OPEN! SWAT exit in  
a flurry, race into position.

Amidst the commotion... JENKINS' CAR navigates the scene,  
stops next to... KAREN CROSS immediately recognizes Conners,  
orders her CAMERAMAN to center on him.

Conners, Dekker and Jenkins climb out of the car, head  
towards the crime scene, when...

**KAREN CROSS**

Detective Conners? Detective, can we  
have a few words?

Conners turns, recognizes Karen. Relishing the moment...

**CONNERS**

I'll give you two...  
(pauses for effect)  
Blow me. If you need a follow-up  
comment let me know?  
(to Dekker)  
Cunt made her career off me.

**AT THE POLICE TECH VAN--**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**13.**

Conners, Dekker and Jenkins arrive, FIND Teddy, her hair still wet, with her partner, DET. VINCENT DURANO, 40's, a middle of the road, never out on a limb type cop.

Callo looks on, the RAGE boiling inside of him.

**CONNERS**

Teddy, Vincent...  
(completely ignores Callo)  
... Nice to see you both.

**JENKINS**

Conners has been reinstated to full active duty. It's his scene.

This info comes as a surprise. Especially to Callo.

**CALLO**

The last hostage situation this guy headed, an innocent civilian died.

**CONNERS**

I was not responsible...

**CALLO**

You never are. That girl would be alive today if it weren't for your cowboy antics. You destroy lives.

**CONNERS**

Fuck you. Look who's talking about destroying lives.

**JENKINS**

Decision's been made, Bernie.

**CALLO**

I was first on scene and I have seniority.  
(pleads)  
Don't do this, Martin.

**JENKINS**

We'll talk about it later. Take a hike.

**CALLO**

(beat)  
Fine. I'll watch this train wreck from

home.

Callo exits.

**CONNERS**

(sarcastic)

I'm going to miss him.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**14.**

**JENKINS**

SWAT, because of the special circumstances will defer to Conners. He's in charge.

**VINCENT**

First time I've heard SWAT defer to anyone.

**JENKINS**

(pulls aside Conners)

Second chances don't come around often. Don't blow it.

Jenkins skeptically eyes Conners before stepping away. He motions for Dekker to walk with him.

**JENKINS**

Anything questionable happens today, you let me know.

**DEKKER**

Yes, Captain.

Out of earshot, Conners watches Dekker and Jenkins.

**TEDDY**

Looks like you got yourself a baby-sitter.

Conners glares at Teddy out the corner of his eye, then dismisses the comment.

**TIME CUT TO:**

**27 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**27**

More SPECTATORS, more MEDIA.

Conners, Dekker, Teddy and Vincent hover behind the first



barricade. Conners unwraps gum, sticks it in his mouth.

**VINCENT**

We have approximately four to seven, heavily armed men holding an unspecified number of customers and employees hostage.

**CONNERS**

You're just a wealth of knowledge, aren't you?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**15.**

**TEDDY**

Witnesses heard shots fired and some kind of explosion. And their only demand has been to speak with you.

**CONNERS**

I'm sure it won't be the last. Get me a line into the bank. Let's see what they really want.

**TIME CUT TO:**

**28 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
**28**

**A PHONE RINGS...**

Lorenz enters, shuts the door and REMOVES HIS MASK. He lets a few rings pass, before ANSWERING.

**LORENZ**

(into voice modulator)  
Detective Conners?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**29 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**29**

Conners and company gather outside of the Police Tech Van. Dekker pulls a pad and a pen, prepares to take notes.

Dax sits, headphones donned, records the entire conversation.

**CONNERS**

Who am I speaking with?

**LORENZ**

For now... You can call me Lorenz.

Dekker writes, "Lorenz."

**CONNERS**

Okay, Lorenz, how are we doing in there?  
Can we get you anything? Food, medical  
supplies. We heard an explosion.

**LORENZ**

Everyone who matters is fine. Of course,  
I would've preferred not having the  
authorities involved at all. We weren't  
planning to be here this long. But, since  
Seattle's finest needs a presence on the  
scene, I'm glad it's you.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**16.**

**CONNERS**

My fame proceeds me.

**LORENZ**

Don't be flattered. I needed someone  
who's been through the experience  
before. Hopefully this time it will go  
better for all involved. I plan on  
living a full, long and rich life. I  
didn't, however, expect them to find  
you so quickly. I thought you were  
suspended.

Dekker writes, "In The Know," on his pad.

**CONNERS**

I was, but I'm back. You're  
information's old.

**LORENZ**

You never get what you pay for.  
(back to business)  
You want to know about the hostages?  
How many and are they okay?

Dekker scribbles, "Pro".

**CONNERS**

Yes.

**LORENZ**

Approximately forty, they're fine, considering. All except one. We had a situation.

**CONNERS**

Someone's dead?

**LORENZ**

Theory... put to practice isn't always perfect. Can't expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

(Connors drifts in thought)

Detective? Are you still with me?

Teddy SNAPS her fingers. That gets Connors attention. There's a new intensity to his demeanor.

**CONNERS**

What else will I be looking for?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**17.**

**LORENZ**

Demands... Probably too much to ask for you and your colleagues to pack up and go home?

**CONNERS**

Safe to say.

**LORENZ**

Stay by the phone. I'll contact you shortly.

**CONNERS**

Lorenz...

**LORENZ**

Don't worry, I have no plans until sunrise tomorrow, so hunker down. It's going to be a long one.

**CONNERS**

Wait, we're talking here...

**LORENZ**

Patience, Detective. We don't want another Pearl Street Bridge, do we?

Conners's thrown by the mention of Pearl Street Bridge.  
Lorenz abruptly HANGS UP.

**DAX**

He's off.

**30 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**30**

THE CROWDS GROW. The MEDIA BUILD UP INTENSIFIES. THROUGH A  
TELEVISION CAMERA... Karen Cross reports:

**KAREN CROSS**

This standoff is approaching two hours  
now. We've been told Detectives have  
made contact with the perpetrators  
inside the bank. Whether any specific  
demands have been made, we cannot  
confirm. As soon as we know something,  
we'll pass it on to you. Reporting  
live, Karen Cross, channel two news.

**CAMERAMAN (OS)**

We're clear.

**KAREN CROSS**

Who the hell writes this shit?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**18.**

**30A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**30A**

Black Clad #1 and #4 remove from their bag - ropes, pulleys,  
an iron spike and hammer. #1 also removes... a spear-gun.

#1 connects the rope to a spear. FIRES the spear into the  
wall above the bank's front windows! He snags a 2nd spear,  
repeats.

**31 POLICE TECH VAN--**  
**31**

The Detectives huddle. Impatience level high.

**CONNERS**

(to Dax)  
Try again.

**DAX**

He's not picking up.

**CONNERS**

(stern)  
Try again.

Dax, humbled, does as ordered.

**CONNERS**

(glances about)  
Where's our fearless Captain?

**DEKKER**

Went uptown to brief the Commissioner.

**CONNERS**

So you're here in his place.

Connors fumbles with the wrapper, but eventually sticks another piece of gum in his mouth. Teddy notices.

**CONNERS**

Nicotine gum.

**TEDDY**

(shock)  
You quit smoking?

**CONNERS**

Caffeine, too, if you must know.  
(Another shock)  
What? A man's capable of change.

**TEDDY**

A man, yes. You... I'm not so sure.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**19.**

**CONNERS**

Don't worry, I still have a vice or two.

**DAX**

Fifteen rings. No answer.

**CONNERS**

Try again in five.

**TEDDY**

What are they doing in there?

**VINCENT**

Wasting our time.

Time. The word rings in Conners's head. He starts to put it together.

**CONNERS**

Precisely. He knows police protocol, not to mention the shit in our own precinct. He's disguising his voice, means he's got a record and has done this before. He's heavily armed and well-connected. He knows he's surrounded. He hasn't asked for a damned thing. He drops that hint about sunrise, prepping us for a long wait. He's buying time. Why?

**VINCENT**

(brainstorming)

To figure out his next move. He wasn't expecting us.

**DEKKER**

No, he wasn't expecting you. He said, he thought you were still suspended.

**CONNERS**

Probably thought it would take the whole day for you to find me. Giving him the time he needs.

**TEDDY**

He's stalling.

**DEKKER**

He almost has what he came for.

Conners nods, eyes Dekker as if for the first time.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**20.**

**CONNERS**

Or... he's got what he came for and he's waiting for his ticket out of here.

(the decision)

We're going in.

**TEDDY**

What?

**CONNERS**

The bank has three points of entry.

Teddy and Vincent, take a SWAT Team, head to the West side. We'll have the SWAT Commander take the East. Dekker, you're with me. Where is the SWAT Commander?

**VINCENT**

I'll find him.

Vincent leaves Conners with Dekker and Teddy.

**TEDDY**

(to Conners; concern)

That's a big call, Quentin. Thought about what you're doing?

**CONNERS**

You questioning me, Teddy?

**TEDDY**

Unfortunately... yeah.

**CONNERS**

I question how you can fuck that asshole and still manage to look in the mirror.

**TEDDY**

I'm not going to get into this now. And you're one to talk. I hear...

**CONNERS**

(interrupting)

The hostages are in imminent danger. They've confessed to killing someone, an automatic murder one charge - that's a life sentence, maybe a needle for all of them. So why keep witnesses around to testify? Longer we wait, the greater the risk. We need to go in. Now.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**21.**

**TEDDY**

(beat; then relents)

Okay.

Even Dekker seems to agree with that theory. Vincent arrives with the SWAT COMMANDER, 40's, a former Navy SEAL with a "Don't FUCK with me" attitude.

**SWAT COMMANDER**

I got snipers up top and ten soldiers on the ground.

**CONNERS**

What's the best way in?

**SWAT COMMANDER**

Tear gas, blow the doors...

**CONNERS**

Hold on. No explosives. I got forty civilians in there, too great a chance. Any other way?

**SWAT COMMANDER**

There's no pussy way in. The doors are locked electronically from the inside. We ain't getting in without force.

**CONNERS**

(beat; thinks)

What if we cut the power? That will disable the system and we can open the locks manually, come in that way?

**SWAT COMMANDER**

(thinks; concedes)

That'll work.

**CONNERS**

So we'll take the pussy way, Commander. We cut the power and go in at 11:15 sharp!

**TIME CUT TO:**

32 **EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 11:13 AM - DAY**

32

SNIPERS ON ROOFTOPS ready their weapons. SWAT TEAM moves into position, cover all bank entrances.

**AT THE TECH VAN--**

Connors and Dekker slip into bulletproof vests. Teddy, Vincent and the SWAT Commander arrive.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**22.**

**TEDDY**



The bank's equipped with emergency generators, which once the power's down, will kick back on in approximately 3-6 minutes.

**CONNERS**

It will be over before that.  
Commander, your men in position?

**SWAT COMMANDER**

Standing by.

**CONNERS**

I will call for the power to be cut.  
Once down, wait for my signal and enter. No one moves until I give the "go", understood?

They all nod. They're ready.

**CONNERS**

You have done this before, right?  
Wait... I don't want to know.

**33 INT. SIDE OFFICES - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
**33**

VARIOUS SHOTS of HOSTAGES. It's quiet, until... Black Clad #1 and #4 burst, grab TWO RANDOM HOSTAGES, drag them out! They put up some fight, but quickly concede.

The hostages sit shaking, crying... Scared beyond belief.

**34 INT. BEHIND CUSTOMER SERVICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
**34**

Lorenz watches out the window...

POV OF LORENZ - SWAT, POLICE getting into position.

Lorenz turns from the window.

**LORENZ**

They're comin'.

**34 A IN THE LOBBY--**  
**34 A**

Black Clad #1 and #4 drag the TWO RANDOM HOSTAGES, KICKING AND SCREAMING, towards the anchor/pulley!

**RANDOM HOSTAGE #1**

What are you doing?! Let me go!

#1 & #4 fasten the Hostages to ropes connected to the pulleys!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**23.**

**35 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**35**

Behind a barricade, Connors crouches down beside Dekker and his SWAT Team.

**CONNORS**

(into radio)

Let's go around the horn.

**36 ON THE WEST SIDE--**  
**36**

Teddy, Vincent and a SWAT Team...

**TEDDY**

One, check.

**37 OMIT**  
**37**

**38 ON THE EAST SIDE--**  
**38**

The SWAT Commander and his team...

**SWAT COMMANDER**

Two, check.

**39 ROOFTOP #1--**  
**39**

A SNIPER holds his eye to the scope.

**SNIPER #1**

Three, check.

**40 ROOFTOP #2--**  
**40**

**SNIPER #2**

Four, check.

41 AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE--  
41

Conners glances at his watch...

**CONNERS**

Here we go... Cut the power.

42 INT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK  
42

Instantly... EVERYTHING BLACKS OUT! LIGHTS, COMPUTERS, etc.

THE HOSTAGES grab each other TIGHTLY. PANIC evident. Lorenz  
and the Black Clad calmly react.

43 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK  
43

Conners makes the call...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**24.**

**CONNERS**

Doors!

Each Team makes their move, when...

44 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK  
44

**LORENZ**

(into his headset)

Now!

44A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK  
44A

Black Clad #1 PULLS A CORD, instantly... ALL THE CURTAINS  
DROP!

45 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK  
45

Conners freezes...

**CONNERS**

(into radio)

Hold it. What just happened?

45A INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK  
45A

Black Clad #3 FLIPS A SWITCH. Suddenly, a canister attached to the pulleys race up the ropes! The HOSTAGES have their feet yanked out from under them, then shoot INTO THE AIR!

They SMASH THROUGH A GLASS HANDRAIL ON THE SECOND FLOOR, then...

45B EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY  
45B

SHOOT to the TOP OF THE WALL-LENGTH WINDOWS! They hang, dangle helplessly! On FULL DISPLAY for the outside to see!

**DEKKER**

(looking up at the windows)  
Holy shit...?!

DEKKER. CONNERS. SWAT. ONLOOKERS. Everyone in the vicinity react in HORROR!

THE NEWS CREWS, led by Karen Cross, race to grab the story.

46 ON THE EAST SIDE--  
46

The SWAT Commander:

**SWAT COMMANDER**

We're going in!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**25.**

47 AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE--  
47

Officers try to control the situation, but can't. Pedestrians racing around. Connors, in the middle of the anarchy...

**CONNERS**

No. Do not go in. It's a trap!

**SWAT COMMANDER (VO)**

Stand down, Detective. This is my show now.

**CONNERS**

(flustered)

**SONOFABITCH!**

**48 ON THE EAST SIDE--**  
**48**

The SWAT Commander makes his own call...

**SWAT COMMANDER**

On my count... One... two... three...

The SWAT TEAM bum rushes the bank, just as...

KABOOM! A FIREBALL BLASTS through the door, BLOWS off its hinges! The SWAT guys are blown off their feet! Then...

**48A EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**  
**48A**

**THE FRONT WINDOWS BLOW OUT! AN EXPLOSION! FIRE SHOOTS IN ALL DIRECTIONS! A POLICE BARRICADE BLOWS OVER!**

Everyone outside is BLOWN OFF THEIR FEET! Conners, Dekker **HIT THE DECK! SHARDS OF GLASS FLY! SMOKE FLOODS INTO THE STREETS!**

Simultaneously, An EXPLOSIONS BLASTS OUT THE WEST SIDE DOORS! **THE DETECTIVES AND SWAT TEAM DUCK FROM THE BLAST!**

**49 ACROSS THE STREET--**  
**49**

**THE BLACK CLAD'S TRUCK EXPLODES, FLIPS IN THE AIR!**

It's a genuine WAR ZONE! SMOKE, FIRE AND DEBRIS LITTER THE **AREA AROUND THE BANK!**

**50 FROM THE BANK--**  
**50**

Conners peers up as... The HOSTAGES RUN OUT, SCREAM IN **TERROR!**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**26.**

Conners and Dekker head for the bank, pass two groups of **FOUR UNIFORMED OFFICERS...**

**DEKKER**

(to the first group)

Round up all the hostages, anyone that comes out, grab'em!

Conners glares at Dekker.

**CONNERS**

(to the second)

The rest of you, come with us.

The OFFICERS rush to protect the HOSTAGES, pull them to safety. CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS pounce on the opportunity.

Conners and Dekker lead the charge inside, guns drawn.

**51 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**51**

EMERGENCY LIGHTS BURN! GLASS CRACKLES UNDER FOOT as Conners, Dekker and the Officers move through. Caution with each step.

The lobby's clear. Conners pulls the Officers close.

**CONNERS**

(whispers; to Dekker)

We split up.

(whispers; to the officers)

You two with him. You two with me.

(to Dekker)

Check the back.

Dekker nods, leads his group away. Conner proceeds...

**52 BEHIND THE COUNTERS--**

**52**

Nothing. Conners spots a DOOR in the back marked, "Bank Employees Only."

**53 THE VAULT--**

**53**

Dekker checks it out, but it's empty. The remnants of the explosion remain. Suddenly... **THE GENERATORS ROAR TO LIFE! THE POWER BLINKS BACK ON!**

Dekker jumps, startled by the sudden blast of lights.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**27.**

**54 EMPLOYEE'S ONLY OFFICE--**

**54**

ALL THE LIGHTS COME UP, as... Connors KICKS IN THE DOOR,  
but... It's empty.

55 **A BANK CORRIDOR--**  
55

Dekker leads his group. His heart POUNDING THROUGH HIS  
CHEST. His Gun up and ready. Suddenly...

A NOISE up ahead... He bares down, takes a DEEP BREATH,  
carefully proceeds until... Teddy and Vincent emerge. Teddy  
EXHALES, lowers her weapon. So does Dekker.

55A **INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK** 55A

Connors strides out from behind the counters...

**CONNERS**

(to Vincent)

See anyone come your way?

**VINCENT**

No. No one went by me.

The SWAT COMMANDER approaches holding a couple of the BLACK  
MASKS, some BLACK BODY ARMOR.

**SWAT COMMANDER**

Detectives... We found these.

Connors takes one of the masks in his hands.

**CONNERS**

We let them walk right past us.

Dekker, Teddy, the SWAT Commander, Officers, Vincent and the  
SWAT Team stand in the middle of the lobby, STUNNED.  
Connors, his anger SIMMERS TO A BOIL, until finally...

**CONNERS**

**SHIT!**

**TIME CUT TO:**

56 **EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - 11:48 AM - DAY**  
56

An OFFICER unfurls a FRESH ROLL of "POLICE: CAUTION" TAPE  
around the scene. Still mayhem, but gradually coming under  
control.

Police interview HOSTAGES, so do REPORTERS. PARAMEDICS administer oxygen. Two CORONERS load the EAGER TELLER's body into their truck.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**28.**

**57 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**57**

Vincent, covered in debris, confers with Conners.

**VINCENT**

We got the one Teller dead, the two that were strung up are alive, but in critical condition. A few SWAT incurred 2nd degree burns, but that's the worst of it. Now, depending on who you talk to... there was anywhere from five to nine perps. And nobody got a good look at any of'em, wore their masks the whole time. Dax is rounding up the security tapes now. That should give us a firm number.

**CONNERS**

I want background checks on every hostage. They're all suspects until they're not.

**VINCENT**

You don't think one of them's still here?

**CONNERS**

After this, nothing would surprise me.

**58 EXT. TECH VAN - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

**58**

Dax pulls cables, power cords, etc., getting set to go inside with them. Dekker approaches.

**DEKKER**

Excuse me... I need to listen to the conversation between Lorenz and Conners again?

**DAX**

It'll have to wait.

**DEKKER**

How long?



**DAX**

Hour. Maybe more.

**DEKKER**

(too long)

Show me how to play it myself?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**29.**

**DAX**

Look, this isn't how it works. I don't take orders from you. I don't know you and NO ONE touches my stuff. You're going to have to wait.

Dax gets his shit, starts to go. Dekker waits, then proceeds into the van. Dax turns, notices.

**59 INT. TECH VAN**

**59**

Dekker inspects the equipment, when...

**DAX**

What the hell are you doing?

**DEKKER**

Along with whatever they stole and this war zone they left behind... A man's dead, and the killers are running free. I don't have time to wait.

(looks at the equipment)

I'll figure it out. Thanks for your help.

**DAX**

(relents, demonstrates)

Here. This DAT machine. Play, stop, rewind... It's just like using a tape player. Headphones are jacked in. Tape's already inside.

**DEKKER**

Thank you.

**60 EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

**60**

A CAR PULLS UP... Jenkins steps out. Stares out over the scene, the mess. He's a volcano ready to erupt.

**61 INT. SECURITY ROOM - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**61**

A SERIES OF EIGHT BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO MONITORS... as we rewind. SEVEN of the eight show recorded images of the bank. The eighth shows only STATIC. Dax sits in front of the monitors. Conners stands nearby.

**CONNERS**

(re: the eighth monitor)  
What's with this one?

**DAX**

That's the camera in the vault. It  
blew in the first explosion.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**30.**

The SEVEN DIFFERENT MONITORS all begin in sync.

ON SCREEN... TIMECODE burns in the corner. The HOSTAGES are dragged across the LOBBY, where the Black Clads hook them up to the pulleys. The Black Clads get into position.

Conners CAREFULLY scrutinizes the images.

ON SCREEN... THE TIMECODE CLOCK: Hits "11:15:00 AM" and...  
**STATIC FILLS THE SCREENS!**

**DAX**

That's when you cut the power.

**CONNERS**

So we can't ID them.

**DAX**

There's a four minute, fifty-two second gap, before the image returns. But...

**CONNERS**

They're long gone by then.

(beat; thinks)

Go to the head of the tapes, from when they first went in. Document each move they've made for the two hours they were inside.

**DAX**

You got it. Hey... Awful lotta news cameras outside. Maybe one got a look at them coming out?

**CONNERS**

(good idea)

Have Vincent check it out.

Teddy enters...

**TEDDY**

Conners, you better come out here.

62 INT. LOBBY  
62

Conners and Teddy walk in to discover... Captain Jenkins confers with FOUR FBI AGENTS in suits.

**CONNERS**

(to Teddy)

Shit. Feds.

Jenkins turns to Conners, gestures him over.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**31.**

**JENKINS**

Detective Conners, join us, would you?

63 INT. TECH VAN

63

Dekker listens through HEADPHONES makes notes as he goes.

**CONNERS (VO)**

(beat; stern)

What does that mean?

**LORENZ (VO)**

Theory... put to practice isn't always perfect. Can't expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

Dekker, hits STOP, then REWIND. He checks his...

**IN HIS NOTEBOOK--**

Several words and phrases fill the page. "Lorenz, sunrise, Pro Theory, 40 hostages, Theory, Randomly Revolt, and Chaos."

DEKKER studies the words intently, figuring something out. He presses PLAY on the DAT machine.

**LORENZ (VO)**

Theory... put to practice isn't always perfect. Can't expect to keep the hostages in check if a bad deed goes unpunished or they may... randomly decide to revolt. Chaos... has some order to it.

Dekker presses STOP. Dekker finds a pattern, circles the words, "Lorenz, Chaos, Theory."

**64 INT. LOBBY - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**64**

Conners, Jenkins and Teddy converse with AGENT VICTOR DOYLE, 40's, and the BANK MANAGER still a bit rattled.

**AGENT DOYLE**

Prince Amar Alle Alban is one of the wealthiest and least popular Arabs in the Middle East. There's been countless threats on his life and fortune in the past. But for better or worse... he is an ally to the United States. The Prince keeps a safe deposit box in twenty institutions

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**32.**

AGENT DOYLE (cont'd)  
across the country. Along with this bank, he also had a box at Eastern Federal Savings in Charlotte, North Carolina, which was hit last month. Same M.O.

**TEDDY**

What was in the box?

**BANK MANAGER**

We don't keep records. The boxes are private. Since 9/11, we screen for live tissue, viruses or explosives, but if it passes those tests, we don't ask.

**CONNERS**

This is all real fascinating shit, but what about the money? Bank robbers still like cash, don't they?

**BANK MANAGER**

The cash drawers don't appear touched. Neither does the cash vault.

**TEDDY**

So they broke into a bank and didn't steal any money?

Odd glances all about.

**AGENT DOYLE**

We believe the Prince's box was the target. We're trying to reach him now.

**JENKINS**

Thank you.

Agent Doyle and the Bank Manager leave.

**JENKINS**

Helluva come back, Conners. Are you familiar with the term franchise-sized fuck-up...

**CONNERS**

Depends, are we talking about your sex life? Because I've heard shortcomings.

**JENKINS**

You got played, Quentin. Congratulations, you just topped Pearl Street Bridge.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**33.**

**TEDDY**

That's not fair. It was by the book. Everything was according to standard procedure.

Jenkins ignores Teddy.

**CONNERS**

You came to me. I didn't ask for this.

**JENKINS**

Commissioner's office is scrambling to cover their ass. They need a scapegoat... And I have zero problems serving you up.

**CONNERS**

You wanted this to happen.

**JENKINS**

No. But if it had to happen to somebody.

Jenkins exits.

**64A EXT. AT THE TECH VAN - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - DAY 64A**

Connors approaches...

**DEKKER**

I think this Lorenz was trying to tell us something.

**CONNERS**

You don't say.

**DEKKER**

The way he spoke... he paused before certain words. Have you ever heard of the Chaos Theory?

**CONNERS**

What?

**65 INT. DINER NEAR THE BANK - DAY  
65**

A grade "B" rating, tops. CUSTOMERS dine, choke down coffee.

**AT A BOOTH--**

Empty plates and crumpled napkins litter the table. Connors finishes a cup of coffee, enjoys a slice of pie. Dekker, all about work, goes over his notes.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**34.**

**DEKKER**

Edward Lorenz invented the Chaos Theory in the 1960's. It's the study of phenomena that appear random, but in fact have an element of regularity which can be described mathematically.

**CONNERS**

(confused)  
Try that again?

**DEKKER**

Pretty much... initial state of events

may seem unrelated and random, but eventually patterns emerge and in the end all the pieces fit together.

The Waitress refills Conners' coffee, lays down the check.

**WAITRESS**

Anything else, officers?

**CONNERS**

That'll be all.

(to Dekker)

You're a College boy. Which one?  
Someplace I've heard of or one of those  
inbred state schools no one's heard of?

**DEKKER**

U Dub.

**CONNERS**

Not exactly Princeton, but not bad.  
How did you end up on the force?

**DEKKER**

It's kind of the family business.

**CONNERS**

Family business? What, your Dad, Dad's  
Dad and so on and so back?

Dekker squirms when it comes to revealing personal info.

**DEKKER**

Do we really need all this "get to know  
you" crap? Couple hours ago you didn't  
give a shit.

**CONNERS**

You've grown on me. Besides, I am  
entrusting my life to you. I should  
know something about you. I would

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**35.**

**CONNERS (cont'd)**

think you'd like to know a little  
something about me.

**DEKKER**

I know about you, Detective.            Everyone  
does.

**CONNERS**

You don't say that with much  
enthusiasm.

**DEKKER**

Not much to be enthusiastic about.

Connors reaches his limit.            Time to put him in place.

**CONNERS**

Listen, my reputation often proceeds me.  
You, however, have no reputation; a fact I  
need to deal with. After you've been  
through the shit I have, then you can judge  
me. Now... we can try to work together,  
make the best of a bad situation or we can  
compare Dick sizes all day... Up to you.  
But since this is your first day here...  
today... mine's bigger.

**VINCENT (VO)**

(over radio)

Connors, come in?

Both men hold steely stares on one another.            Until...

**CONNERS**

(into radio)

Go.

**VINCENT (VO)**

Got something you'll want to see.

Connors drops a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the table.

**CONNERS**

Lastly... I don't like the Pac-10.  
It's overrated. I'm an Ivy League guy.

Connors gets up, heads for the door.

Dekker, humbled, scoops up Connors's ten, puts it in his  
wallet and drops a twenty down on the table, slides out of  
the booth.



Conners, Dekker and Teddy approach a NEWS TRUCK. Vincent stands with Karen Cross and her CAMERAMAN who sports TWO **BLACK EYES AND A BLOODY NOSE.**

**KAREN CROSS**

(to Conners; w/ a smile)  
Detective... Can't keep away from me,  
can you?

Conners ignores her, but Dekker doesn't. He gives her the ONCE OVER. She notices, smiles.

**VINCENT**

Watch.

He points to a monitor in the van, presses PLAY.

**66A ON SCREEN--**  
**66A**

HANDHELD IMAGES of the POST BANK MELEE. HOSTAGES scatter in all directions. COPS race into the bank.

A SHAGGY BROWN HAired MAN, 40's, with a MOUSTACHE and an ANGRY EXPRESSION, CHARGES TOWARDS THE CAMERA and BARRELS OVER IT! KNOCKS the Camera and the Cameraman DOWN!

**CONNERS**

(to the Cameraman)  
Well, that explains you.

**VINCENT**

(to Karen)  
Rewind it a little bit.  
(She does, until...)  
Okay. There. Stop.

ON SCREEN... the IMAGE FREEZES on the SHAGGY MAN'S FACE.

**VINCENT**

Damon Richards. Career loser. Busted him two years ago on attempted robbery of the Western Federal Bank. Stupid bastard. Never learns.

**DEKKER**

What's he doing back on the street?

**VINCENT**

He gave up his partners and cut a deal with the D.A.

**TEDDY**

Gotta love the system.

**CONNERS**

Got an address?

**VINCENT**

Only thing on file is in Spokane, but I recall he did have a girlfriend in town. Gina, I believe.

67 **EXT. BIKER BAR - LOWER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - 1:13 PM - DAY**  
67

The streets are quiet. A ROW OF HARLEY DAVIDSONS park in front. Above the bar, a small, lower class apartment complex.

68 **INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT**  
68

TWO POLICE OFFICERS along with Conners, Dekker, Teddy and VINCENT position themselves by the APARTMENT. Vincent knocks his fist on the door...

**VINCENT**

Gina, it's the police. Open up.

There's no response. But SOUNDS can be heard on the opposite side of the door.

**VINCENT**

(Pounds louder)  
We can hear you.

Again no response. It's quiet. Too quiet.

**CONNERS**

(to Vincent; low)  
Step back. Clear the door. Now.

Just as Vincent does...

BAM! A GUNSHOT BLOWS APART THE DOOR! Fired from the inside of the apartment!

BAM! BAM! BAM! The BLASTS KEEP COMING! Everyone's pinned down, on the defensive.

**A WOMAN SCREAMS FROM INSIDE THE APARTMENT!**

Dekker gathers himself together.

Conners **URNS INTO THE OPEN DOORWAY, FIRES A FULL CLIP INTO THE APARTMENT!**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

38.

Conners reloads. Everything's quiet. Conners looks...

69 **IN THE APARTMENT--**

69

A THIN LAYER OF SMOKE hovers. But that's all. Nobody in sight.

70 **IN THE APARTMENT HALLWAY--**

70

Conners steps inside, just as he reaches the living room...

BAM! ANOTHER BLAST! This one FROM THE BEDROOM!

Conners DROPS TO THE FLOOR, falls back into the kitchen!

**TEDDY**

**QUENTIN!**

Dekker enters the apartment.

70A **IN THE HALLWAY--**

70A

**TEDDY**

(into radio)

Shots fired, officer down! Need an ambulance and back up.

70B **APARTMENT HALLWAY/ KITCHEN--**

70B

Dekker passes the kitchen door, looks in on Conners.

**DEKKER**

You hit?

**CONNERS**

(in pain)

I'm fine.

OFF SCREEN: A Window BREAKS... from the bedroom. Dekker heads that way.

71 **IN THE BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM**  
71

DAMON RICHARDS crawls onto the FIRE ESCAPE!

**DEKKER**  
(in the doorway)  
**FREEZE!**

But Richards doesn't. He FIRES another shotgun BLAST!

Dekker DUCKS BACK into the living room. He aims his gun into the bedroom without looking... RAPID FIRES!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT** **MARCH 15, 2004** **39.**

A bullet HITS Richards IN THE SHOULDER! HE YELPS IN PAIN, but manages to...

71A **EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT BUILDING**  
71A

Richards scrambles out.

71B **INT. BEDROOM/ LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT**  
71B

Dekker looks inside the bedroom, doesn't see Richards. He takes one step inside when...

GINA, 20's, Latino, wearing only a pair of red panties with NO BRA, runs up behind Dekker and JUMPS ON HIS BACK, FISTS **FLYING!**

Dekker pushes her down, aims his gun at her.

**DEKKER**  
Stay down!

Vincent enters, grabs Gina.

**DEKKER**  
Control her!

He does. Dekker runs to the bedroom window, peeks out over...

72 OMIT  
72

73 OMIT  
73

74 OMIT  
74

75 OMIT  
75

76 I/E FIRE ESCAPE/ LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY  
76

Richards... floors below. Clutches his shoulder in pain, yet fearlessly charges downward.

**DEKKER**

(into radio)

Suspect fleeing on foot. North on Curson. He's armed and dangerous. I'm in pursuit.

**DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)**

(a beat; over radio)

And who are you?

But he's already gone.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT** **MARCH 15, 2004**  
40.

DEKKER hops onto the fire escape, hoofs down the iron stairs.

Richards... drops to the pavement. Heads for the street.

DEKKER, a flight from the bottom, realizes his disadvantage and HURLS himself over the rail! Hits the ground HARD, **WIPES OUT!**

Jumps up, shaking it off. STAYS IN PURSUIT!

77 **EXT. BIKER BAR - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY**  
77

Dekker races around the corner... A FORD F-350 SPINS the corner. Targeting DEKKER!

Dekker jerks out his Glock. FIRES!

BULLETS RICOCHET OFF THE GRILL, SPARKS FLY! Windshield spiderwebs. But this train ain't slowing down.

The F-350 swerves, clips a Harley.

Dekker JUMPS before impact, bounces off the hood and rolls away.

The truck hits the street, speeds away.

Dekker, grimacing through the pain, scrapes himself off the pavement. Dekker's eyes dance... spot THE HARLEYS.

**DEKKER**

I'm a police officer in pursuit of a murder suspect. I need your bike, now!

**THE BIKER**

(beat; tosses the keys)  
It's all yours.

Dekker picks up the bike, hops on. Fires up the engine.

**78 I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS'S TRUCK/ CITY STREETS - DAY**  
**78**

Richards' Truck speeds around a SLOW MOVING VEHICLE and whips into an alley.

The Slow Vehicle skids to a stop! Dekker's hog, cuts inside, between the vehicle and the sidewalk, rips into the alley.

**78A I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS' TRUCK/ ALLEY #1 - DAY**  
**78A**

Richards fishtails down the alley. Barely maintaining control. GARBAGE DUMPSTERS are littered about creating an obstacle course. Dekker pursues.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**41.**

**78B I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS'S FORD TRUCK/ INTERSECTION - DAY**  
**78B**

Richards barrels out of the alley, through the intersection and into another alley. Opposing traffic skids out. ANGRY DRIVERS let him have it.

Dekker skids sideways, steers around the blockage. Catches sight of...

DOWN THE BLOCK... A PATROL CAR speeds down Hastings Street.

Dekker revs the engine, maneuvers around the ANGRY DRIVERS and follows Richards into the SECOND ALLEY!

**78C I/E PATROL CAR/ HASTINGS STREET - DAY**

**78C**

Conners, behind the wheel, speeds towards the scene.

**78D I/E HARLEY-RICHARDS'S TRUCK/ ALLEY #2 - DAY**

**78D**

Richards races, checks the rearview mirror... Dekker's Hog closing in.

UP AHEAD... The alley exits onto RICHARDS STREET.

Richards approaches the mouth of the alley, just as A STREET CLEANER appears, starts to block the exit.

Richards STAMPS ON THE ACCELERATOR, speeds through the small opening, just past the Street Cleaner!

Dekker's not so lucky. Sees the Street Cleaner too late... Lays out the hog and rolls just as... The Hog slides into the Street Cleaner!

**78E I/E RICHARDS' TRUCK/ STREET INTERSECTION/ PATROL CAR - DAY 78E**

Dekker gets up, looks down the street, SEES...

Richards getting away, speeds down the street, through another intersection, when...

CRASH! Conners, in a patrol car, plows into the rear of the truck, spinning it around.

Dekker races towards the crash site.

Conners climbs out of the car.

Richards shakes his head, clearing it. Blood squirts from his mouth. He sees, through the windshield, Conners coming for him. He scrambles for his handgun, looks up to see Conners, but he's not there. Richards turns as...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**42.**

Conners appears in the Driver's side window, grabs the back of Richards' head and SLAMS it into the steering wheel!

Again!

Conners reaches inside, grabs the handgun. As Dekker arrives...

**RICHARDS**

I want... my... lawyer.

His last words before PASSING OUT.

**79 INT. LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT**  
**79**

A HALF A DOZEN CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS go through the place.

**79A INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT** **79A**

Gina, a cop's jacket around her, is led away in handcuffs. Dekker smirks.

**79B INT. LIVING ROOM - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT** **79B**

A PARAMEDIC, 30's, checks Conners out. Teddy concludes her cellphone conversation.

**TEDDY**

(to Conners; re: Richards)  
He's unconscious, with a nice knot on his forehead, but stable. Three officers are watching the room.

**CONNERS**

He wakes, they call.  
(to the paramedic)  
Hey Quincy, give it a rest, I'm fine.

**PARAMEDIC**

(beat)  
Quincy was a coroner. You may have a cracked rib. You should go to the hospital.

**CONNERS**

I should do a lot of things.

The Paramedic gives up, exits. Teddy leans down beside Conners.

**TEDDY**

You sure you're all right?



**CONNERS**

I'm fine.

Connors and Teddy share a look, when... Dekker enters.

**DEKKER**

Girl's name is Gina Lopez, twenty-eight. Done some time for possession, has two kids... Am I interrupting?

**CONNERS**

No.

**TEDDY**

Excuse me.

Teddy exits.

**DEKKER**

Gina claims she doesn't know anything about a bank robbery.

**CONNERS**

Of course she doesn't. Vincent!

Vincent trudges out of the kitchen.

**CONNERS**

Have'em put Ms. Lopez in interrogation one and turn the A/C on full. Leave her alone and cold. Let me know when her nipples can cut glass.

**VINCENT**

Will do.

(To Dekker)

Detective... I didn't realize when we first met who you were. I worked with your father. It was only for a brief time when I first got outta the academy, but it was an honor.

**CONNERS**

(surprised)

Your father was Harry Dekker?

**VINCENT**

I wish it could've been for longer.

**DEKKER**

Thanks.

Vincent exits. Conners looks at Dekker in a new light.  
Dekker starts away, until...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**44.**

**CONNERS**

(new subject)

That was some fancy riding. You have a  
bike?

**DEKKER**

Used to, but I sold it.

(shows his scrape on his arm)

They're dangerous.

MARNIE ROLLINS, 20's, a CSI OFFICER, wears gloves, pokes her  
head in the room.

**MARNIE**

Detectives. Ready for you.

**80 THE BEDROOM--**

**80**

TWO LARGE SUITCASES rest OPEN on the bed. Marnie prepares a  
report.

**CONNERS**

Somebody going on a trip?

**MARNIE**

Looks like it, don't it?

**CONNERS**

Marnie, you're looking well.

**MARNIE**

Heard you were back, Conners... and  
keep dreaming.

Marnie gives DEKKER an amorous glance, which he returns.

**MARNIE**

(to Dekker)

You, on the other hand... I gotta bike  
myself. Maybe we can go for a ride  
sometime? Or maybe I can just ride  
you.

Conners looks at both of them.

**CONNERS**

Can we get back to work?

**MARNIE**

We got passports, sun tan lotion,  
Bermuda shorts, thong bikini, hopefully  
hers and this...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**45.**

She opens a LARGE DUFFEL BAG. Conners and Dekker look inside the bag... It's FULL OF CASH! All denominations.

**DEKKER**

Must be a fifty large there easy. His  
cut?

**MARNIE**

You'd think, right?

**DEKKER**

It's not?

**MARNIE**

Don't put words in my mouth, but...  
Two things jump out here. First, each  
bank branch has their own money bands.  
This is not American National's. After  
a little checking, it belongs to  
Pacific Savings of Seattle.

**DEKKER**

That sounds familiar.

**MARNIE**

It should. Four months ago, a half  
million dollars was stolen in an armed  
robbery there. Just a smash-n-grab  
job. They caught the guys a day later,  
recovering about \$400,000. Those guys  
have been in lock up since and their  
trial's still pending. Which leads us  
to point number two. Do you smell  
that?

**DEKKER**

(smells the bills; grimaces)  
What is it?

**MARNIE**

When evidence is taken in, any physical contact might affect the ability to lift prints, so, to mark it, we now spray a scented solution directly on the bill.

**CONNERS**

Is that new?

**MARNIE**

Wave of the future. Gotta keep up with the times, Conners.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**46.**

**DEKKER**

So this money's not from our bank.

**MARNIE**

No. This is the money from the Pacific Savings job and our evidence room.

(smiling; to Dekker)

Now... For a list of things you can put in my mouth.

**81 INT. HALLWAY - LOWER CLASS APARTMENT - DAY**

**81**

Conners and Dekker confer with Teddy and Vincent.

**CONNERS**

Do you remember who headed up the Pacific Savings case?

**TEDDY**

I think it was Callo. Why?

**CONNERS**

No reason. Just thinking out loud.

**82 I/E CONNERS'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - DAY**

**82**

Conners and Dekker head back to the police station. It's quiet between these two, until...

**CONNERS**

When you said it was your "family business" I didn't think... I guess I just didn't connect the dots.

**DEKKER**

Don't worry about it.

**CONNERS**

Your father was a hero.

**DEKKER**

Yes he was.

**CONNERS**

At first I thought maybe you were related to the Captain.

**DEKKER**

No. No relation.

**CONNERS**

The Captain, he just kind of "discovered" you. Through the academy, to excellent evaluation reports, while

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**47.**

CONNERS (cont'd)

on the beat, to the high test scores on the detective's exam.

**DEKKER**

Something like that.

**CONNERS**

That's how he found me.

This surprises Dekker.

**CONNERS**

Maybe we're not as different as you think.

**83 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT**

**83**

A small, cold room with a large mirror along the WEST WALL.

Gina sits at the table, shivering. Her breath visible, so are her nipples through a WHITE, SEATTLE P.D. T-SHIRT. Conners paces around her like a CIRCLING SHARK. Dekker's in the corner, observing.

**CONNERS**

We found the money.

**GINA**

That money was Dwayne's...

**CONNERS**

That money came from our evidence room.

**GINA**

I told you. I don't know nothing about a bank robbery. Whatever Damon was into, I didn't know!

**CONNERS**

So, where were you going?

**GINA**

Vacation.

**CONNERS**

This isn't possession or solicitation, Gina. This is felony-murder one. You could get life.

**GINA**

Me!? I didn't do nothing!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**48.**

**CONNERS**

(frustrated)

It's "I didn't do anything." "Didn't do nothing" is a double negative, infers the positive. The grammar in this country sucks.

**GINA**

Then I didn't do ANY-thing!

Conners takes a seat next to Gina. His EYES BURN through her.

**CONNERS**

This isn't going away. You want to walk out of here, you tell me something... now.

**GINA**

I swear I don't know. Now I'm done talking. I want a lawyer.

Dekker lowers his head. Disappointed.

**CONNERS**

You sure that's what you want?

**GINA**

Yeah.

**CONNERS**

Fine. Then it's two phone calls I'll make. The first will be to the public defender's office. The second to children's services.

**GINA**

What?

Suddenly Gina's bravado disappears. Suddenly a scared and lonely girl.

**CONNERS**

It's simple... if you insist on a lawyer, I take your kids.

**GINA**

No.

**CONNERS**

Not like you cared about them anyway. You were ready to fly the coop with "Shit-for-brains."

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**49.**

**GINA**

No. You can't do that.

**CONNERS**

I can and I will.

**GINA**

Don't.

**CONNERS**

Tell me what I want to know!

Dekker stares incredulously at Connors.

**GINA**

(broken)

I don't know anything. Please don't take my kids. Please.

Conners stares into Gina's eyes. She's telling the truth.  
Conners wraps his coat around Gina's shoulders.

**CONNERS**

Get her some coffee...           Something hot.

**84 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY**

**84**

Dekker and Conners...

**DEKKER**

You believe her?

**CONNERS**

I think for the first time in that  
girl's life she's telling the truth.

**DEKKER**

You had to know, once she asked for a  
lawyer anything she told us would have  
been inadmissable.

**CONNERS**

Who would've known? It would've been  
my word against hers. Who do you think  
the jury would've believed?

**DEKKER**

Justice by any means.       Even if you  
cross the line.

**CONNERS**

The only line around here is the `blue  
line', you cross that one, then you got  
**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**50.**

CONNERS (cont'd)  
problems. Ask Callo, he knows what I'm  
talking about.

Teddy enters, hands Conners a sheet of paper with: "EVIDENCE:  
ITEM #4958378" scribbled on it.

**TEDDY**

Those serial numbers Marnie faxed me...  
According to our computers, that money  
should be downstairs.

**85 INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT**

**85**



Occupies almost the entire basement of the police station. A  
STEEL CAGE protects the contents.

**AT THE FRONT COUNTER--**

Conners and Dekker wait. No one's working at present.  
Dekker peers inside, anxiously looking for someone.

Dekker RINGS the service bell.

Finally... HARRY HUME, 50's, the cop on watch, limps to the  
desk. Crotchety, with an overgrown belly, Frank's seen  
better days. There's no love loss between Harry and Conners.

**CONNERS**

(cold)  
Buzz us in.

**HARRY**

(colder)  
You gotta sign first.

Conners and Dekker scribble their signatures down.

**HARRY**

I heard you were back. Kinda liked not  
having you around, Conners.

Harry takes the clipboard, examines it until satisfied. Then  
reluctantly BUZZES them in.

**CONNERS**

Have another donut, Frankie.

Dekker and Conners proceed inside. They walk ALONG THE VAST  
ROWS OF EVIDENCE, scan the shelves, checking the number.

**CONNERS**

That fat fuck is the sole guardian of  
the city's biggest source of  
contraband. Drugs. Weapons. Cash.

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**51.**

CONNERS (cont'd)

All totalled, about \$50 million or so  
just sitting here for the taking.

Finally, finding the right row, they turn in.

**DEKKER**

You'd have to have some major  
firepower, not to mention an extra  
large set of balls to try and knock off  
a police station.

**CONNERS**

Not if you were a cop. You could just  
walk right in and...

AN EMPTY SPACE, marked in tape, "ITEM #4958378."

**CONNERS**

... Take whatever you want. Shit.

**85A AT THE FRONT DESK--**

**85A**

Dekker and Conners surround Harry as he digs through his file  
box. After a few moments, grabs a clipboard.

**HARRY**

Here is it. Line seventeen.

**DEKKER**

Bernie Callo.

**HARRY**

Like I said... No one takes anything  
out of here, unless they sign for it.

**CONNERS**

So what... He showed you a warrant?  
What?

**HARRY**

He must've.

**CONNERS**

You don't remember?

**HARRY**

You know how many times someone signs  
shit in and out? I see the same guys  
all the time. I can't remember one  
instance two weeks ago. But if his  
signature's there, that means he signed  
for it. Take it up with him!

86 INT. CAPTAIN JENKINS'S OFFICE - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT  
86

Jenkins listens as Conners and crew brief the situation.

**CONNERS**

The money from Richards's place traced back to the Pacific Savings heist a few months ago, a case Callo headed up.

**TEDDY**

Callo signed the money out of evidence two weeks ago.

**JENKINS**

How much?

**TEDDY**

\$433,000.

**VINCENT**

If it's Callo, it would explain how they knew police protocol and how our department operates.

**TEDDY**

Also explains why he was so pissed this morning about being replaced by Conners. He wanted to be the point so everything went according to plan.

**CONNERS**

He doesn't need another reason to be pissed at me.

**JENKINS**

What about motive? Do we have one?

**VINCENT**

Pressure might've been getting to him. He's been getting the cold shoulder from cops since he testified about Pearl Street Bridge.

**JENKINS**

No. Don't buy that.

**TEDDY**

(beat)

He was also getting divorced.

This is news to everyone.

**TEDDY**

About a month ago, he told me he and his wife might be splitting. Asked if I knew a lawyer who wouldn't clean him out. I didn't think it was this bad.

**JENKINS**

(conflicted)

Bernie Callo is a first rate cop. A boy scout. This doesn't make any sense.

**CONNERS**

They never do, Captain.

**JENKINS**

Don't act like you're not enjoying this, Conners. I know what you think of him.

**CONNERS**

Doesn't matter what I think. Facts here speak for themselves.

**DEKKER**

No they don't. We haven't asked the question... Why, if Callo's involved, don't they ask for him at the bank?

(points to Conners)

They asked for you.

All eyes find Conners. Then, Jenkins' PHONE RINGS...

**JENKINS**

(answering the phone)

Jenkins.

**TIME CUT TO:**

87 **EXT. BERNIE CALLO'S HOME - 4:18 PM - DAY**  
87

The small home in a RURAL AREA is now COMPLETELY SURROUNDED by COP CARS.

88 **INT. BERNIE CALLO'S HOME**  
88

A typical family-themed home. FAMILY PICTURES adorn the walls. Everything in its right place. Except for... MRS. CALLO, 40's, sits in the kitchen SOBBING. Police encircle her.

In the center of the Living Room... BERNIE CALLO LIES DEAD, a bullet wound right between the eyes.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**54.**

SEVERAL UNIFORMED OFFICERS and CSI OFFICERS muddle through every nook and cranny of the tiny home. Conners, Teddy and Dekker are led around by a UNIFORMED OFFICER...

**OFFICER AT CALLO HOUSE**

Wife came home approximately forty-five minutes ago. Found him here. None of the neighbors heard anything. There's no forced entry and no one saw anyone fleeing the scene.

Vincent enters from the basement carrying a LARGE BOX.

**VINCENT**

Blueprints from the bank, schematics, pictures... Also, about a dozen internet articles on the Saudi Prince. Found it behind the furnace.

Conners nods.

**DEKKER**

Well, that's it, right?

Suddenly... THE HOUSE TELEPHONE RINGS! Everyone peers around. After the second ring, the ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP...

**CALLO (VO)**

You've reached the Callo residence. No one can get to the phone right now. Please leave a message.

Then... After the TONE...

**LORENZ (VO)**

(from the machine)  
Detective Conners... Are you there?

Conners and everyone turns, listens.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**89 INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**89**

Lorenz stares ahead, transfixed by something.

**LORENZ**

Are you connecting the dots? Are you putting it together? Is the pattern emerging? They wouldn't punish you, but I will.

Connors GRABS the phone...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**55.**

**LORENZ**

Vengeance will be mine, Detective.

**CONNERS**

Then come and get me you piece of shit.

Lorenz smiles, hangs up. He resumes staring at the wall in front of him.

**REVEAL: HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS - ALL OF CONNERS - DECORATE THE WALL!**

**90 EXT. BERNIE CALLO'S HOME - DAY**

**90**

Dekker leans back against the car, Connors approaches...

**CONNERS**

What they told Callo was the plan and what the plan really was may be two different things. Clearly this wasn't part of a plan Callo would've agreed with.

**DEKKER**

You'd think a cop would be smarter.

**CONNERS**

As cops we come across every temptation in the book. Money, drugs, power. We'd all like to think we can resist any urge, but... We're not saints.

**DEKKER**

So, Callo was involved and now they're dragging you into it. Why?

**CONNERS**

Man said he wanted vengeance.

**DEKKER**

Piss anyone off lately?

**CONNERS**

Me?

Both can't help but smile.            Jenkins walks up.

**JENKINS**

I just got off the phone with Agent Doyle. After the Charlotte break in, the Prince withdrew all his possessions from every safe deposit box in this country.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**56.**

**DEKKER**

Let me get this straight, they didn't touch the cash or the safe deposit boxes. So, they... break into a bank, blow it up, and steal nothing?

(to Conners)

Still make sense to you?

**CONNERS**

Nothing about today makes sense.

Dekker watches as BERNIE CALLO's body is loaded into the Coroner's vehicle. Teddy assists MRS. CALLO into a police car. Vincent carries the box of evidence from the home.

Dekker's mind works overtime, then...

**DEKKER**

"Return to the earth now if your mind is troubled and your heart is uncertain. For it is by returning to the beginning that we can clearly see the path."

Conners and Jenkins share a confused look.

**CONNERS**

(to Jenkins)

Don't look at me, he's your find.

**JENKINS**

Say that again, Detective?

**DEKKER**

We go back to where this all started.  
We go to the bank.

**91 EXT. SEATTLE - 6:08 PM - NIGHT**  
**91**

The sun SINKS below the horizon.

**91 A EXT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK - NIGHT 91**  
**A**

As night settles, POLICE and EMT workers are still on site.

**92 INT. SECURITY ROOM - AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**  
**92**

Dekker and Connors watch as Dax operates.

**DAX**

The tapes confirm five bad guys, but  
since the vault cam blew in the  
explosion what they did in there was a  
mystery.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**57.**

ON A COMPUTER MONITOR - The EIGHT SECURITY CAMERA ANGLES  
appear.

ON THE MULTIPLE SCREENS... Just as in the opening, Lorenz  
leads this crew through the bank. Immediately the group  
splits up. IN THE VAULT... One of the Black Clads arrives  
and radios in.

**DAX**

I've been through these tapes twenty  
times already and nothing...

**CONNORS**

Shutup.

MONITOR #5... IN THE VAULT, Black Clad #2 fires the  
explosives! The image goes to STATIC.

**DEKKER**

Wait, hold on a second. Did you see it?



**DAX**

See what?

**DEKKER**

Go back a little.

**CONNERS**

What?

**DEKKER**

Notice the camera angles, they're all fixed. They don't rotate or pan.

Dax rewinds, to before the explosion...

**DEKKER**

There. Stop. Play it. Look closely, camera five, the vault cam, dominates our attention because of the explosion. But while that's happening, check out Camera two, customer service.

ON SCREEN... Several BANK EMPLOYEES cower to the Black Clad. Suddenly, another Black Clad **DISAPPEARS UNDERNEATH THE SECURITY CAMERA.**

**DAX**

Where'd he go?

ON SCREEN... As the **EXPLOSION GOES OFF, CAMERA #2 PANS AWAY FROM THE CUSTOMER SERVICE SECTION, TOWARDS THE LOBBY.**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**58.**

**CONNERS**

He moved it. Changed the angle. He didn't want us to see something.

**DEKKER**

What's in that corner they didn't want us to see?

Dax rewinds the tapes again, before the camera was moved and **FREEZES FRAME ON: a lone COMPUTER TERMINAL in the corner.**

**93 INT. AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK**

**93**

AT THE COMPUTER TERMINAL... A FORENSICS TECHNICIAN, 30's, carefully dusts the computer keyboard for fingerprints.

Dekker and Connors look on.

**DEKKER**

Are you at all concerned that there's some whacko out there looking to get you?

**CONNERS**

If I worried about every threat made against me, I'd never leave the house.

The Technician turns on a BLACK LIGHT and... FINGERPRINTS  
**APPEAR ALL OVER THE KEYBOARD!**

Connors looks to Dekker, impressed.

**CONNERS**

(to the technician)

Those are priority one. If he's got a record, I want an I.D. yesterday.

**FORENSICS TECHNICIAN**

I'm on my way.

**CONNERS**

Dax, can you hack in there and find out what they were doing on this machine?

**DAX**

Hack into a nationwide bank's central computer system? Love to.

**DEKKER**

What do we do in the meantime?

**CONNERS**

You like Italian?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**59.**

**94 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**94**

The ITALIAN RESTAURANT HOST, 50's, jolly with a thick accent, greets Connors and Dekker.

**ITALIAN HOST**

Detective, where you been? Much too long. Sit, sit. I give you best table in house. It'll just be the two?

**CONNERS**

No, four. More are coming.

**ITALIAN HOST**

Wonderful, wonderful. Who's this young man?

**CONNERS**

For all intents and purposes... he's Big Brother.

**ITALIAN HOST**

(confused)  
He's your brother?

**CONNERS**

No.

**ITALIAN HOST**

No matter, no matter... I bring you  
bottle of house wine!

**DEKKER**

We're still on duty. No wine.

**ITALIAN HOST**

(insulted)  
No wine?

**CONNERS**

A little wine.

**ITALIAN HOST**

That's better.

They get to the table, Conners looks at it.

**CONNERS**

Last time I was here, you said that table in the corner was the "best in the house."

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**60.**

**ITALIAN HOST**

It was. Anywhere you sit becomes best table in house. Now relax, I bring you food.

**95 LATER, STILL AT THE RESTAURANT--**

**95**

A PIANO PLAYER recreates the sweet sounds of Italy. PATRONS  
sing along. Eating, drinking and being merry.

**AT THE DETECTIVE'S TABLE--**

Vincent and Teddy have joined Conners and Dekker. A MOUNTAIN OF FOOD still remains. A COUPLE BOTTLES OF WINE have been consumed, empty plates and basket rolls spread about. The mood is happy, light. Not thinking about their day.

Conners tells an anecdote, something that Teddy and Vincent have heard before, but don't care. Dekker watches the Detectives, admires in their closeness.

**CONNERS**

Shane, what was that thing you said back at the house about "returning to the beginning path" or something?

**DEKKER**

It's a Buddhist story.

**CONNERS**

We're all ears.

**DEKKER**

One day the Buddha found his heart in turmoil. So he retreats to the forest, to the earth, to the base of a great tree and, I'm paraphrasing, but... this elephant comes up and tells Buddha he doesn't like seeing him discouraged.

**TEDDY**

He can talk to an elephant?

**DEKKER**

He's the Buddha. He's attained the 6th level of consciousness. He's capable of communicating with plants, trees... even rocks.

**VINCENT**

Rocks?

**DEKKER**

You asked.

**CONNERS**

Continue.

**DEKKER**

The Buddha was troubled so he went back to where he came from, the beginning, to find the path, the answer. So when you hit a dead end, go back to the beginning to find your way. Or something like that.

**CONNERS**

We have a genuine philosopher in our midst.

**VINCENT**

You're a Buddhist?

**DEKKER**

No. Just something I picked up along the way.

**TEDDY**

But you're religious?

**DEKKER**

Not particularly.

Conners stares curiously at his new partner. Then excuses himself to go to the men's room.

**DEKKER**

You're all pretty tight.

**TEDDY**

We've been through a lot together.

**DEKKER**

I guess I just thought... I don't know. With all the trouble he's been in lately, coming back from suspension, everyone would treat him differently.

**VINCENT**

You can't believe what you read or see on TV. If anything, our tie to Conners is stronger. He's one of the best. Even when things got pretty wild today and everyone else panicked, he was in control. That doesn't just happen. He's just that good.

**TEDDY**

Excuse me.

Teddy heads for the ladies room.

**VINCENT**

What was the Buddha looking for?

**DEKKER**

The divine in himself.

Art's confused. Dekker's cellphone rings.

**DEKKER**

How long does it usually take to for fingerprints to be ID'd?

**VINCENT**

Hours, maybe days. We could be waiting a while.

**DEKKER**

(answering)  
Dekker./ Okay.  
(Snapping the phone shut...)  
They got a match.

96 **INT. BY THE RESTROOMS - ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**  
96

LONG CURTAINS divide the rooms.

Conners exits the men's room, Teddy appears and before a word can be spoken... SHE KISSES HIM HARD, PASSIONATELY ON THE LIPS. Conners gives in for just a moment. He breaks the embrace.

**CONNERS**

What are you doing?

**TEDDY**

I realized something today. Being around you, all that's happened... I can't... I think I made a mistake.

**CONNERS**

It's too late. You've made your choice. Live with it.

This jab hurts Teddy and Conners knows it. Dekker parts the curtains...

**DEKKER**

We got a match.

Teddy separates from Conners.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**63.**

**CONNERS**

You got a name?

**DEKKER**

Chris Lei.

**CONNERS**

(a knowing disgust)  
Sonofabitch.

**97 INT. CONNERS'S CAR - NIGHT**

**97**

Conners drives, Dekker reads Chris Lei's file. On top of the file is a MUGSHOT PHOTO of, "Lei, CHRIS". He's an early-30's Chinese-American with a "weasel factor" off the charts.

**CONNERS**

Prick used to work for some big-time software company until they caught him dipping into the company's slush fund. They didn't want the publicity so they didn't press charges. Couple years later, he was busted for looting the pension plans of retired cops. For a genius... he's a fucking moron.

**DEKKER**

This was your case. You and York. You made the bust. Why didn't it stick?

**CONNERS**

His lawyer put us on trial. Said we were crooked, abusive, that we planted evidence... We were in the midst of the Pearl Street Bridge fallout. Jury bought it. They let him walk and we were the scapegoats.

**DEKKER**

Was it true?

**CONNERS**

The guy was guilty. He was scum. That was the truth.

(beat)  
There's something they don't teach you.  
The system breaks down. You have to  
compensate to get results.

**DEKKER**

That gives you the right to break the  
rules?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**64.**

**CONNERS**

Break, no. Bend... if it means  
justice... Absolutely.

**DEKKER**

Another thing they don't teach you.

**98 EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**98**

Off the main road, sits a DARK, TWO-STORY HOME on a HILLSIDE.

**99 INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**99**

The design is MODERN, FLAWLESS and COLD. Every room is  
equipped with VIDEO CAMERAS and MONITORS.

ON THE MONITOR... The screen is divided into 16 small boxes  
showing the actions simultaneously throughout the house. Our  
concentration settles on BOX #7...

**100 INT. BEDROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**100**

CHRIS LEI, live and in the flesh, quickly stuffs belongings  
into a suitcase. He's nervous, tense. From the top drawer  
of his dresser, he grabs an armful of underwear, socks, dumps  
them into the suitcase.

What Chris doesn't see...

**IN THE REFLECTION OF THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSER... LORENZ!**

**101 EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**101**

Connors pulls the car to the curb. He and Dekker hop out.



102 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
102

From his second floor window, Chris sees Connors and Dekker.

**CHRIS**

Shit.

Chris turns, FINDS HIMSELF STARING DOWN A BARREL!

**LORENZ**

Fare thee well, Chris.

Chris swallows, Lorenz pulls the trigger and...

103 EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
103

BAM! THE GUNSHOT ECHOES OUTSIDE. Connors and Dekker draw their weapons, quickly descend on the house!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**65.**

104 INT. FRONT HALL - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
104

THE FRONT DOOR KICKS IN! Dekker and Connors cautiously enter. They move the way veteran partners would. No indications that these two just met today.

The House is almost PITCH BLACK.

Connors motions that he's going up, signals for Dekker to take the back of the house.

105 INT. KITCHEN - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
105

Dekker proceeds inside. After a scan, the kitchen's clean.

106 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
106

Connors emerges from the stairway.

107 INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
107

Dekker steps from the back hallway into the DARKENED living room. Eyes straight ahead and sharp. What he doesn't see...

**LORENZ STEPS FROM THE DARKNESS.**

108 **INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
108

Connors moves from the hall, into the bedroom where he finds... Chris's dead Body. He checks for a pulse when he notices...

ON THE MONITOR... Connors sees A SHADOWY FIGURE BEHIND Dekker!

109 **INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
109

Dekker, oblivious to Lorenz's presence, continues on. Heads for the front hallway.

Lorenz raises his gun, narrows his sites on Dekker.

Simultaneously... CONNERS DIVES, TACKLES DEKKER BEHIND the living room wall -- LORENZ OPENS FIRE, UNLOADS A FULL CLIP!

**A BULLET GRAZES DEKKER'S SHOULDER! THE REST LITTER THE WALLS, BLOW APART A MIRROR!**

Connors and Dekker, behind the wall, regroup. Connors RETALIATES. FIRES FOUR ROUNDS AT LORENZ, but...

110 **OMIT**  
110

111 **OMIT**  
111

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**66.**

112 **EXT. BACKYARD - CHRIS'S HOUSE**  
112

Lorenz bursts through the back door, down the stairs!

113 **INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE**  
113

Connors and Dekker...

**CONNERS**

You okay?

**DEKKER**

Yeah.

114 EXT. BACKYARD - CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
114

Dekker and Connors emerge from the house... LORENZ, on the other end of the yard, OPENS FIRE!

The Detectives DIVE FOR COVER!

Lorenz exits through the fence's door...

114A INT. ALLEY BEHIND CHRIS LEI'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
114A

... and climbs into a BLACK MERCEDES-BENZ, quickly peels away!

114B EXT. BACKYARD - CHRIS'S HOUSE  
114B

Dekker and Connors bounce up, run out the back fence, but...

114C EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CHRIS LEI'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
114C

As they get there... LORENZ'S MERCEDES, turns out of the alley and disappears into the night.

Dekker stares out, deflated.

DISSOLVE

TO:

115 OMIT  
115

116 OMIT  
116

116A OMIT  
116A

116B OMIT  
116B

117 OMIT  
117

118 EXT. CHRIS LEI'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
118

POLICE AND EMERGENCY CREWS surround the house.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**67.**

An EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN, 30's, attends to Dekker's injured shoulder. Dekker grimaces from the pain. Connors approaches...

**CONNERS**

First day in the city and you've already been shot.

**EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECH**

It just grazed him.

**DEKKER**

Why don't I "just graze" you with a bullet and see how you feel.

**POLICE OFFICER #3**

Your Damon Richards is awake.

**119 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**  
**119**

To establish.

**120 INT. TRAUMA ROOM - HOSPITAL**  
**120**

HANDCUFFS lock Richards to his bed. Richards is hooked up to an IV and a tube's up his nose. A HEART RATE MONITOR chimes rhythmically.

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS look on as Connors and Dekker enter.

**CONNERS**

(to the officers)  
Take five, guys.

The officers exit. Connors LOCKS the door, walks to the bed, leans over Richards.

**CONNERS**

Hiya, Damon. How you feeling?

**DEKKER**

(taps Connors)  
May I?

Connors concedes the floor. Dekker addresses Richards.

**DEKKER**

You remember me, don't you?  
(Damon gives an EVIL GLARE)  
Thought so.

Dekker turns his attention to Richards' IV, the tubes which carry medication into his body.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**68.**

From a nearby medicine cabinet, Dekker rummages around.

**DEKKER**

I was skiing about three years ago.  
Aspen. Beautiful country. Ever been?  
Never mind. I hit a mogul, landed on a  
sheet of ice and slammed into a tree.  
Broke myself up pretty bad. Kinda like  
you did today. I was in a hospital bed  
for three months. Had it not been  
for... Here it is.

(he finds)

Morphine. Without this stuff, I  
wouldn't have made it.

Dekker fills a syringe with the entire bottle.

**DEKKER**

Now this IV drip administers a small  
dosage every minute. Makes you feel  
relaxed and calm. No pain. But...

Dekker sticks the syringe needle tip into the IV bag.

**DEKKER**

If I were to inject this whole thing...  
That would be all she wrote for Damon.

**RICHARDS**

You don't have the balls.

Dekker PRESSES down on the syringe, just a little, but enough to go into the bag. Richards can't believe it.

**DEKKER**

This equipment malfunctions all the  
time. Overdoses are quite common.  
Besides, I don't think the DA's going  
to launch a full-scale investigation  
over a scum like you.

Richards attempts to signal for a nurse, but Dekker pulls the call button away.

**DEKKER**

You don't have to tell us a damn thing.  
Plead the fifth... roll the dice.

Dekker SQUEEZES in some more, until... Richards gives in, signals that he'll talk.

**120A EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 120A**

Connors and Dekker exit, head to their car...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT MARCH 15, 2004 69.**

**CONNERS**

You fuckin' hypocrite. You give me  
shit for my interrogating skills...  
least I don't threaten them with a  
lethal overdose.

Dekker holds the empty vile up, hands it to Connors.

**DEKKER**

There's never been a single case in  
recorded medical history of someone  
overdosing on 200 milliliters of  
saline.

Connors checks the label, smiles.

**DEKKER**

Bend, not break. That's what you said,  
right?

**A121 EXT. SEATTLE SUBURB - NIGHT A121**

Lorenz, AKA SCOTT CURTIS, enters his car.

**JENKINS (VO)**

Lorenz's true identity is Scott Curtis.  
He's wanted in connection to three  
other bank robberies, extortion and  
kidnapping.

**121 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 121**

Jenkins stands before Connors, Dekker, Teddy, Vincent and two  
new Detectives - DET. TOMMY BRANCH, 40's and DET. JEROME

KNIGHT, 50's.

**JENKINS**

He's also the brother of John Curtis, the perp Connors shot at Pearl Street Bridge.

(Moving on)

Richards testifies that he was hired by Curtis to pull the bank job with a dirty cop on the inside, Bernie Callo. Curtis hoped that Connors would take the fall for American National turning ugly, disgracing him even further. We also have the names of two more accomplices, Lamar Galt and Xander Harrington. Everyone was set to meet tonight at ten and we have that address.

(beat)

After finding Callo and Lei dead today,

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**70.**

JENKINS (cont'd)

it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know Curtis is eliminating his accomplices. Doesn't matter what Curtis told Galt and Harrington, he's going to finish them off tonight.

122 I/E CONNERS'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - NIGHT - TRAVELLING  
122

Connors drives, Dekker shotgun. Connors more intense than normal.

**CONNERS**

You never think of the repercussions. The suspect's mother, father... Brother. How your decision affects them.

(beat)

He had murder in his eyes.

**DEKKER**

John Curtis.

**CONNERS**

It was pouring. Lights everywhere. If he had only done what I said.

CUT

TO:

123 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK  
123

Conners, RAIN POUNDING DOWN, aims his gun, MOUTHS THE WORDS...

CONNERS (VO)

Drop the weapon.

JOHN CURTIS, the kidnapper on the bridge, aims his gun, FIRES!

CONNERS FIRES! BAM!

SMASH CUT BACK

TO:

124 I/E CONNERS'S CAR/ CITY STREETS - NIGHT - TRAVELLING  
124

CONNERS

But it was not to be.

DEKKER

My father died when I was twelve. He walked into a liquor store in the middle of a stick up. Guy just opened fire. Never even had time to react. They said he was a hero. Know what

(MORE)

SHOOTING SCRIPT

MARCH 15, 2004

71.

DEKKER (cont'd)

that means to a twelve year old?

(beat)

Because he died on the job, he's a hero? Never made sense to me.

CONNERS

So why become a cop?

DEKKER

Finish what he started. Every day he went out, trying to do some good. Help the people who couldn't help themselves, just give'em a chance is what he always said. Didn't always



work out right, but he tried. You tried to help save that girl on the bridge. If you weren't there, the girl still would've died. She had a chance because you were there. That's all we can do.

**125 EXT. HOUSE - 10:25 PM**  
**125**

A two story house sits on a quiet corner in a quaint neighborhood. CRICKETS CHIRP, break the silence of the night. Two CARS sit in a gravel driveway.

**125A ON THE FRONT PORCH--**  
**125A**

Through the open windows... Two men, LAMAR GALT, 40's, and XANDER HARRINGTON, 30's, sit in silence. Their patience thinning.

**A125A IN CONNERS'S CAR--**  
**A125A**

IN THE SHADOWS... In various HIDING SPOTS... Connors and Dekker look out at the house.

**125B IN DET. BRANCH'S CAR--**  
**125B**

DET. BRANCH, looks at his watch, then to DET. KNIGHT.

**BRANCH**  
(frustrated; into radio)  
It's twenty-five after. How much longer we wait?

**125C IN CONNERS'S CAR--**  
**125C**

**CONNERS**  
(into radio)  
We go now all we get is Galt and Harrington. We want Curtis. Now relax and keep the line free.  
**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**72.**

CONNERS (cont'd)  
(to Dekker)  
This prick's driving me crazy.

Conners digs into his pocket, realizes...

**CONNERS**

Shit.

**DEKKER**

What?

**CONNERS**

I'm out of gum.

**TEDDY (VO)**

(over radio)

Head's up. Car's coming.

**125D EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 125D**

A BROWN CHEVY drives past the house, but KEEPS GOING.

**125E IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125E**

**DEKKER**

Shit.

**125F ON THE FRONT PORCH-- 125F**

Galt and Harrington react the same to the car driving by. Harrington CHECKS HIS WATCH, barks at Galt. Heads for his car.

**125G IN TEDDY'S CAR-- 125G**

Teddy and Vincent watch...

**TEDDY**

(into her radio)

Conners, we got a problem.

**125H IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 125H**

**CONNERS**

(into radio)

We hold. No one move.

**125I IN DET. BRANCH'S CAR-- 125I**

**BRANCH**

(into radio)

We can't let him walk. We have to go now.

73.

125J CONNERS'S CAR--  
125J

CONNERS  
(into radio)  
No. Stand down.

125K OMIT  
125K

125L TEDDY'S CAR--  
125L

VINCENT  
(into radio)  
We're going to lose'em, Conners.

125M IN CONNERS'S CAR--  
125M

CONNERS  
(into radio)  
No. No go. We wait.

125N AT THE HOUSE--  
125N

Harrington curses at Galt who stands on the front porch.  
Harrington waits while Galt he makes a cellphone call.

125P IN TEDDY'S CAR--  
125P

VINCENT  
(into radio)  
We bust them now, we got something.  
But if they get in that car we don't  
have jack squat.

125Q IN CONNERS'S CAR--  
125Q

CONNERS  
We have three cars here and uniformed  
backup in all directions, if they ride,  
we'll get them. I want Curtis. We  
don't go in that house until I say!

126 AT THE HOUSE--  
126

Galt hangs up. Harrington unlocks his car door.

127 I/E HOUSE AND ALL CARS - NIGHT  
127

**TEDDY'S PAGER CHIMES!**

Harrington's the first to hear it. In the dead silence,  
everyone soon does.

Just as Teddy's able to silence it... Harrington SPOTS her  
car, doesn't think twice, just starts FIRING!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT** **MARCH 15, 2004** **74.**

His bullets keep Vincent and Teddy pinned down.

Knight hurries out of the car...

HARRINGTON sees this, FIRES!

The bullet STRIKES KNIGHT IN THE NECK!

**GALT FIRES!**

Simultaneously... BRANCH FIRES! HARRINGTON FIRES!

THE BULLET RIPS INTO HARRINGTON'S ARM! He's hit, but not  
down. He and Galt duck back inside the house!

Branch takes a bullet in the leg. He goes down.

128 IN CONNERS'S CAR-- 128

**CONNERS**

Trigger happy, Sons of bitches!

129 AROUND THE HOUSE-- 129

Connors, Dekker, Vincent, Teddy converge on the house.

**CONNERS**

We take them alive!

**DEKKER**

(into radio)

All units, all units. Shots fired!  
Requesting backup immediately!

They all rush inside...

130 INT. HOUSE 130

Conners and Dekker make their way up the stairs...

131 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY-- 131

Teddy and Vincent head down the hall...

132 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY-- 132

Conners and Dekker move carefully. Conners points for Dekker to go in the other direction. Dekker obeys, slides down the other side of the hall.

133 IN THE KITCHEN-- 133

Teddy's on her toes. She smells something, but keeps moving.

SHOOTING SCRIPT MARCH 15, 2004 75.

ON THE FLOOR... A trail of BLOOD leads to the DINING ROOM.

Teddy signals to Vincent. "That way."

134 FIRST BEDROOM--

134

Conners enters, checks it out.

135 SECOND BEDROOM--

135

Dekker stands outside the closet. He opens it quickly, but it's empty. Except for... On the far wall -- HUNDREDS OF PICTURES of Conners. The same shrine we saw Lorenz in front of earlier.

135A DINING ROOM--

135A

Vincent swings in from one entrance, Teddy the other. She takes a cautious step out, when...

**BAM! A BULLET ZINGS PAST TEDDY - HITS THE WALL BESIDE HER HEAD!**

HARRINGTON, from the corner, takes aim again!

VINCENT drops to the floor, aims through the dining room table legs and FIRES!

THE BULLET TEARS INTO HARRINGTON'S SHIN! He SCREAMS IN PAIN, DROPS TO THE FLOOR!

135B FIRST BEDROOM--  
135B

Conners HEARS THE SHOTS, runs out of the room.

136 SECOND BEDROOM--  
136

So does Dekker.

136A DINING ROOM--  
136A

Teddy moves in on Harrington.

**TEDDY**

Drop the gun!

Harrington holds his gun UP AND OUT towards Teddy. Is he aiming or surrendering?

**TEDDY**

Drop it now. Last warning.

But he doesn't.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

76.

BAM! TEDDY PUTS A HOLE IN HARRINGTON'S CHEST! He slumps down, dead.

137 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--  
137

Conners and Dekker meet by the top of the stairs.

**CONNERS**

Teddy!? What's happening?

Vincent appears at the bottom of the stairs.

**VINCENT**

We got one down. He's dead.

138 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/ STAIRCASE--  
138

Dekker and Conners share a look, disappointed. But then something catches Conners's eye.

BEHIND DEKKER... a door OPENS... LAMAR GALT AIMS HIS WEAPON!

CONNERS

GUN!

GALT FIRES!

Conners PUSHES DEKKER OUT OF THE WAY, just in the nick of time!

DEKKER TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Vincent breaks his fall.

GALT FIRES AT CONNERS, until he's out of bullets. He ducks back behind a door.

Conners FIRES! But did he hit anyone? Conners pursues...

138A AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS--  
138A

Dekker grabs his head, in pain, but okay.

138B DINING ROOM--  
138B

Teddy leans against the wall, spots A VENT... A FLASH GOES BY!

139 UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--  
139

Conners creeps inside the partially open doorway. It's quiet, until... LAMAR GALT lunges, tackles Conners! His gun flies from his hands.

77. SHOOTING SCRIPT MARCH 15, 2004

140 DINING ROOM--  
140

Teddy's EYES fall to...

ON THE FLOOR... next to the base of the door is a FUSE.  
It runs from the wall into the vent.  
She follows it into THE KITCHEN.

**TEDDY**

Gas.  
(loud)  
Get out of here! Get out of here NOW!

**141 FRONT HALLWAY--**  
**141**

Vincent and Dekker get up. Dekker looks upstairs...

**DEKKER**

Conners!

**142 UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--**  
**142**

Conners and Galt struggle. Conners PUNCHES Galt, sends him back! He then SLAMS Galt against the wall, Galt KNEES Conners in the gut.

Galt goes for the gun, Conners KICKS out his legs from underneath him! But before Conners can get the upper hand, Galt fights back! The two continue...

**143 INT. KITCHEN**  
**143**

The fuse comes out of the vent... IT'S LIT! THE OVEN...  
HEAR the gas emission...

**144 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**144**

Teddy rushes from the house...

**TEDDY**

Everyone get down!

**145 INT. KITCHEN**  
**145**

The spark. The Gas. The EXPLOSION!

**146 INT. FRONT HALLWAY**  
**146**



**THE BLAST BLOWS DEKKER AND VINCENT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND  
OUT OF THE HOUSE!**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

78.

**147 INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM**  
**147**

The EXPLOSION KNOCKS Conners and GALT OFF THEIR FEET!  
Conners HITS THE FLOOR HARD! Galt's head slams against the  
toilet.

**148 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**148**

Teddy watches as... A COUPLE OF UNIFORMED COPS race to  
Vincent and Dekker, drag them away.

**148A UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--**  
**148A**

Conners leans over Galt, a giant GASH across his forehead,  
feels for a pulse. He's dead. Conners looks into the  
hallway, SEES THE FIRE!

**148B EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**  
**148B**

Dekker looks around...

**DEKKER**

Where's Conners?

Dekker and Teddy look to the house, when...

**KA-BOOM! A SECOND EXPLOSION! THE ENTIRE HOUSE BLOWS!**

**DEKKER, VINCENT AND THE TWO OFFICERS DUCK FOR COVER! TEDDY  
STARES AT THE HOUSE, HORRIFIED!**

DEKKER gets up, watches the FLAMES CONSUME THE HOUSE!

TEDDY runs towards the house, when... DEKKER stops her.

**TEDDY**

No! No, we have to go save him!

**DEKKER**

We can't.

**TEDDY**

We have to.

**DEKKER**

Teddy...

**TEDDY**

No!

They both stare at the house. Dekker holds her, she's a mess.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**79.**

**149 EXT. A FEW MILES AWAY - NIGHT**  
**149**

Lorenz AKA SCOTT CURTIS watches through a pair of binoculars.  
No emotion evident.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**150 EXT. HOUSE - 11:10 PM - NIGHT**  
**150**

FIRE TRUCKS, POLICE CARS and EMERGENCY VEHICLES surround the house. The LIGHTS FLASH AN EERIE RED across the scene. FIREMEN try to extinguish the flames.

Several NEWS TRUCKS have arrived, always after the story.

A CORONER, 40's, zips shut a body bag. Inside the BADLY BURNT BODY of Detective Connors. The BADGE ON HIS BELT still visible. They load him into the truck.

TEDDY, her face drained of life, stares at the truck. A Fireman walks behind them, back towards the fire truck.

JENKINS huddles with a group of Detectives.

**JENKINS**

... If it had to be someone...

Teddy and Dekker overhear this.

**TEDDY**

(To Jenkins)  
You sonofabitch.

**JENKINS**

Teddy...

**TEDDY**

You've always been jealous of him.

**JENKINS**

Jealous?

**TEDDY**

It's because he wasn't only a better cop... He was a better man.

**JENKINS**

Detective. Go home.

Teddy really wants to explode, but doesn't. She walks away. Jenkins digests what she said, then his eyes find Dekker...

**JENKINS**

You have something you want to say?

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

80.

**DEKKER**

No, Captain. She said it perfectly.

**CUT**

**TO:**

KAREN CROSS finds Teddy, has her Cameraman FOCUS in on her.

**KAREN CROSS**

Detective Galloway, could you give us a comment?

Teddy looks STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA, but can't say a thing. That's when DEKKER grabs the camera, PUSHES it out of her face.

**KAREN CROSS**

We just wanted a statement.

**DEKKER**

Shame on you.

**KAREN CROSS**

This is more than just news for us. American National's CFO sits on the Board of Channel Two. They have a vested interest in what's going on.

**DEKKER**

Find another source.

Karen and her Cameraman leave Teddy and Dekker alone.

**TEDDY**

Conners was right. We should've never gone in. How many more mistakes can we make in one day? He was eliminating his accomplices. We thought he was going to show up? We didn't even think he could do this... How dumb are we?

**151 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT**

**151**

Quiet, mostly dark. A few fluorescent lights and a desk lamp...

Dekker sits at Conners' desk. A somber moment, reflecting on the man, his career. He shuts off the lamp, heads for the door.

**DAX**

Detective?

Dekker turns to find... Dax, cradling a 3,000 PAGE DOCUMENT.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004 81.**

**DAX**

I know what they were doing inside the bank.

**DEKKER AND DAX--**

Dax flips through the huge document.

**DAX**

These are today's transaction records from the bank. An average day produces about 400 pages, give or take. Today, there were over 3,000 pages.

**DEKKER**

Meaning?

**DAX**

We've just witnessed the largest heist

in history. Somewhere in the neighborhood of a billion dollars.

**DEKKER**

Come again?

**DAX**

It's a computer virus. "The Computer Virus." It randomly withdraws money from all the accounts and deposits it into the bad guys' account. If you check the transactions, no two withdrawal amounts are the same and none of'em are over \$100. Most security systems work on the size of the money, not number of transactions. Wire out one million from a handful of accounts and red flags go up. Wire out a less than a hundred from ten million accounts, no flags.

**DEKKER**

Where's the money now?

**DAX**

I tried following one of the transactions. It took me an hour and when I finally had it... It went away.

**DEKKER**

How is that possible?

**DAX**

The virus created a host of phantom accounts where the money goes

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**82.**

DAX (cont'd)

temporarily, then transfers to another account, then to another. It's never in one place long enough to get an accurate fix.

**DEKKER**

It's still moving the money around?

**DAX**

Yeah. Any deposit or withdrawal from any bank doesn't usually go into affect until the next business day. So it's

going to keep jumping around until it  
clears at 9 AM tomorrow.

**DEKKER**

(realizes)

Or 6 AM Pacific time. Sunrise. So why  
break in? If they're just wiring  
money? Couldn't they do that from  
anywhere?

**DAX**

That's the regional manager's computer  
terminal. There's no outside/remote  
access to it. There you have unlimited  
entry to the bank's mainframe. No  
passwords to work around, no "hacking"  
in. It's all nice and clean.

**DEKKER**

A billion dollars is missing and we're  
only discovering this now?

**DAX**

Ironically, when the power went out, it  
helped hide the virus and bought it  
time to work.

**DEKKER**

So they weren't trying to make it look  
like they were robbing a bank, to rip  
off a Saudi Prince? They were making  
it look like they ripped off a Saudi  
Prince to rob a bank.

(realizes)

The Chaos Theory.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**152 EXT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**  
**152**

Dekker shuffles to his car, his cellphone rings.  
Answering...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**83.**

**DEKKER**

Dekker.

**DISPATCH OFFICER (VO)**

Detective Dekker, there's a call for you. Says it's urgent.

**DEKKER**

Put it through.

**LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)**

Good evening Detective. I just wanted to compliment you on a fine day. You were an unexpected adversary that was most challenging.

**DEKKER**

It's not over yet.

**LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)**

Wishful thinking.

**DEKKER**

No. My wish is to catch you. You're a murderer. A cop killer at that.

**LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)**

I didn't kill anyone who didn't deserve it. Callo was insignificant and Conners crossed me. In years to come you'll thank me for getting rid of him before he corrupted you.

**DEKKER**

I know about the money. You steal a billion dollars... They will find you.

**LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)**

A risk I'm willing to take. It's almost sunrise. Fare thee well.

Lorenz hangs up. Dekker surprisingly calm, hangs up the phone, heads back inside the station.

**153 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 153**

Dekker at his desk, piles through mounds of paperwork. Not sure what to look for, he goes through everything.

His notes from the bank. The file on Galt, Harrington, Chris Lei. He even digs through Conners and finally... Callo's file.

Jenkins heads for the exit.

**JENKINS**

You're still here?

**DEKKER**

(in complete work mode)  
Callo's insignificant.

**JENKINS**

What?

**DEKKER**

That's what he said, Callo's insignificant. But he wasn't.

**JENKINS**

What are you talking about?

**DEKKER**

Lorenz... Curtis... Called me.

**JENKINS**

He called you?

**DEKKER**

He said he didn't kill anyone who didn't deserve it. He said Callo was insignificant. But without Callo he wouldn't have had the knowledge of our department and...

(grabs a clipboard)

... He wouldn't have had the front money to hire the crew.

**JENKINS**

He was screwing with your head. Go home, Shane. You did good today. Your Dad would be proud. Get some sleep. There will be more bad guys tomorrow.

Jenkins exits.

Dekker falls back into his chair. Then... discovers... Callo's file... The Property Room Sign-Out Sheet. The signatures.

**154 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE P. D. - 1:43 AM**

**154**

Harry Hume, the evidence room cop, out of uniform, walks inside, sits across from... Dekker, already here, with two DIFFERENT FILES available to him.



**HARRY**

I was in bed already. This couldn't  
wait til morning.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**85.**

**DEKKER**

(cold)

How did he come at you, Harry? It's  
the only thing that doesn't make sense.

**HARRY**

What are you talking about?

**DEKKER**

All day long we thought Callo was the  
dirty cop. All day long we were wrong.

Dekker slides some papers in front of Harry.

**DEKKER**

That's the sign-out sheet from the  
evidence room. Here's one of Callo's  
reports. Here's another one... and  
another --

The SIGNATURES ARE DIFFERENT, but Harry doesn't even examine  
them. He knows.

**DEKKER**

They're not the same signature, Harry.  
They're not even close.

**HARRY**

(shrugs it off)

Maybe he had a cramp in his hand. I  
don't know.

**DEKKER**

(re: file #1)

This is your file... You were  
reprimanded, a month ago after you  
confronted Callo at the courthouse.  
You punched him. That ring a bell?

**HARRY**

And I'd do it again. Cops who testify  
against cops shouldn't be breathing the  
same air I do. There's a line you  
don't cross!

**DEKKER**

So you set him up! You forged Callo's signature, you gave him the money and you helped him with his plan because you thought he got a raw deal at Pearl Street Bridge! Don't deny it, Harry cause I know.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**86.**

**HARRY**

**OF COURSE HE GOT A RAW DEAL AT PEARL STREET BRIDGE! EVERYBODY GOT A RAW DEAL!**

155 OMIT  
155

156 OMIT  
156

157 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK  
157

Images FLASH before our eyes...

The RAIN POURS DOWN! An SUV CRASHES into a STALLED-OUT VEHICLE.

JOHN CURTIS (THE KIDNAPPER) crawls out of the SUV! He sees cop's lights approaching. He drags LISA REANN (THE VICTIM) out of the truck. A BRIGHT LIGHT (from a helicopter) strikes John in the eyes!

LIGHTS! EVERYWHERE BRIGHT! It's all very BLINDING!

COPS block both sides of the bridge! TV REPORTERS AT EITHER END OF THE BRIDGE!

John holds the gun up to Lisa's head as... OVER JOHN'S SHOULDER... CONNERS APPROACHES, GUN DRAWN!

Lisa struggles, tears streaming down her face.

**A FLASH OF LIGHT ENVELOPS CONNERS!**

**CLOSE ON... A GUN FIRES!**

John DROPS lifeless to the pavement.

BACK

TO:

158 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT  
158

Harry pounds the table...

DEKKER

You're helping a cop killer, Harry.  
You're a year from pension. This is  
how you want to go out?

HARRY

My conscience is clean.

DEKKER

This has been a very long, trying day.  
And I'm tired. We're chasing a

(MORE)

SHOOTING SCRIPT

MARCH 15, 2004

87.

DEKKER (cont'd)

phantom. Just when we have him... he  
disappears. He's been two steps ahead  
of Connors and me all day.

HARRY

Of course he has. Who knows Connors  
better than him?

DEKKER

(what?)

How the hell does Curtis know Connors  
better than anyone?

Harry goes silent. Realizes he just let the cat out of the  
bag.

DEKKER

(realizes)

We're not talking about Curtis, are we,  
Harry?

(still no response)

Who would know Connors better than  
anyone? Who would you protect? And  
who in your mind got the raw deal at  
Pearl Street Bridge?

159 EXT. PEARL STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

159

**IN REVERSE MOTION - JOHN CURTIS GETS UP... THE BULLET RE-ENTERS CONNERS'S GUN... LISA REANN SCREAMS!**

**REVEAL THE ENTIRE SCENE: LORENZ/ CURTIS STANDS NEXT TO CONNERS ON THE BRIDGE HOLDING A GUN.**

**LORENZ/CURTIS IS YORK!**

NOW RESUME ACTION... Connors and York aim their guns at... John holds Lisa tight.

**CONNERS**

Drop the weapon. Let the girl go.

John PUSHES the barrel of the gun TIGHTER into Lisa's temple.

**YORK**

That, you don't want to do.

York narrows his aim on John Curtis.

**JOHN CURTIS**

One step closer and the girl dies.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

88.

**CONNERS**

Think about this... you kill her,  
where are you going to...

SIMULTANEOUSLY... YORK FIRES just as Lisa STRUGGLES, MOVES!  
The Bullet intended for John Curtis, HITS Lisa, kills her instantly.

Lisa's body crumples to the ground.

Connors and York look on in horror, knowing York's bullet felled an innocent.

John turns to fire on the detectives... Connors fires -  
KILLS John Curtis!

John's body hits pavement. RAIN POURS DOWN!

160 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM  
160

Dekker puts it together...

**DEKKER**

It was York who was the bad cop. He assumed Scott Curtis's identity to throw us off the trail.

161 INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS  
161

Dax and Teddy are speechless.

162 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM  
162

**DEKKER**

York plays his old partner, knowing all his moves, frames his enemy for the crime, kills him too and pulls off the biggest robbery in history.

**HARRY**

Do what you want to me. He called to tell me he was going and he's gone and you ain't never going to find him.

**DEKKER**

Watch me.

163 INT. BULLPEN - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT  
163

Dax and Dekker gather at Dax's desk. Dax is on the phone.

**DAX**

The number York used to call Harry Hume is a cellphone number. Ran it through  
(MORE)

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**89.**

DAX (cont'd)  
local service providers. Nextel got a match.

**DEKKER**

Can they get a location on him?

**DAX**

That particular phone he's using is equipped with the latest GPS technology. Should be able to trace his location within 100 meters or less.  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

(to Dekker)  
They got him.

163A INT. DAX'S OFFICE - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 163A

Dekker and Dax examine a map.

**DAX**

The signal's coming from around 175th street. That's about fifteen miles north of us.

(deflated)

From the harbor he can take a boat or a sea-plane out. He's gone.

**DEKKER**

(beat; thinks)

No. If there's a signal. Means he's still here. He's waiting for something or someone.

**DAX**

Waiting? Where? Ain't nothing down there that's open at this hour.

**DEKKER**

(thinks)

175th street... There's is one place.

164 EXT. PARKING LOT - SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 164

Dekker runs to his car and as he gets there, Teddy's waiting for him.

**TEDDY**

I'm going with you.

**DEKKER**

Detective Galloway...

SHOOTING SCRIPT

MARCH 15, 2004

90.

**TEDDY**

(w/ a steel glare)

It's not a request.

165 EXT. HARBOR NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT 165

A BEAUTIFUL, BRIGHT FULL MOON hangs in the dark sky. Dozens of COMMERCIAL LINERS, CARGO SHIPS and SEAPLANES line the piers.

166 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT 166

Open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. A handful of cars occupy the spaces out front. Including the MERCEDES.

167 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT 167

A scattering of PATRONS, some at the counter, some in booths. A PRETTY WAITRESS, 20's, rings up a bill.

**PRETTY WAITRESS**

That'll be \$8.48, please.

YORK AKA LORENZ/CURTIS hands the Cashier a twenty.

**YORK**

Keep the change.

**PRETTY WAITRESS**

Thanks, mister.

A BUS BOY, 19, carries some garbage out the back.

York heads for the exits, opens the door and... STEPS  
**OUTSIDE!**

168 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT 168

York hoofs two steps outside when...

A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT STRIKES YORK'S FACE! He shields his eyes...

BEHIND THE LIGHTS... Dekker and Teddy aim their pistols.

**DEKKER**

Jason York... this is the police. Put your hands in the air and slowly get on your knees. Do it. Now!

**YORK**

Don't shoot. You win.

York RAISES HIS HANDS HIGH, takes a small step backwards.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**91.**

**DEKKER**

Get down on the pavement!

**YORK**

I'm cooperating. You win.

York takes another tiny back-step.

**DEKKER**

**GET DOWN NOW! FINAL WARNING!**

**YORK**

**I SAID... I... GIVE... UP!**

York bends down to ONE KNEE, DRAWS A 9 MM... FIRES!

**DEKKER AND TEDDY DUCK FOR COVER!**

**YORK RUSHES BACK INTO THE RESTAURANT!**

**DEKKER AND TEDDY RETURN FIRE!**

**THE GLASS WINDOW DOORS EXPLODE!**

**DEKKER**

(to Teddy)

Take the back!

169 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT  
169

**CUSTOMERS SCREAM AS...**

Dekker enters, surveys the restaurant.

**A LOUD BANGING FROM THE KITCHEN!**

Dekker approaches the kitchen door, pushes it open and...

**BAM! BAM! BAM! BULLETS RIP APART THE KITCHEN DOOR!**

Dekker spins out of the way. As gunfire stops, Dekker KICKS through the door! Leans in gun first...

170 **THE KITCHEN --**  
170

In the center of the room... York neck-holds the Pretty Waitress, gun to her head.

Dekker moves in...

**YORK**

Was it Harry? It was Harry, right?  
That fat fuck!



**DEKKER**

Let the girl go. It's over.

York's EYES BLAZE WITH ACTIVITY!      Something brewing.

**YORK**

Easy for you to say. I'm a plane ride  
away from a King's Ransom.

THROUGH A SIDE DOOR... Teddy slides in, unnoticed.

**DEKKER**

Drop the weapon, let the girl go.

**YORK**

And spend the rest of my days in a  
cage? Let me ponder...

(beat)

Don't think so. If you're going to  
stop me... I'm gonna make you earn it.

**DEKKER**

That you don't want to do.

**YORK**

(realizes)

That's exactly what I said to him. Do  
you see the irony here? Am I the only  
one? Two months ago I was in your  
shoes. Some punk holding a gun to an  
innocent girl. What should you do?

(beat)

**YOU'D DO EXACTLY WHAT I DID!**

A GLINT sparkles in his eyes.      His teeth grind.      His gun GRIP  
**TIGHTENS!**

Teddy moves into position from the side!      Then...

The BUS BOY enters from the same door Teddy came in.      The  
door BANGS closed behind him.

York spins, FIRES in that direction!

Teddy's HIT!      The Bus Boy retreats out the side door!

**YORK TURNS ON DEKKER, FIRES!**

Dekker DUCKS away safely.

York drags the Pretty Waitress to the back!

Dekker runs over, checks on Teddy.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**93.**

**DEKKER**

Shit.

**TEDDY**

I'm fine. Go get him.

Dekker looks her in the eyes, then darts away.

**171 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT**

**171**

Dekker exits the back. Finds the Pretty Waitress. Shook up.

**DEKKER**

Which way did he go?

**PRETTY WAITRESS**

That way. Down towards the pier.

**172 EXT. HARBOR NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT**

**172**

York sprints across the street. Dekker follows.

**173 I/E STEEL CONTAINER YARD - NIGHT**

**173**

HUNDREDS OF GIANT STEEL CARGO CONTAINERS litter the yard... makes the place look and feel like a GIANT MAZE.

York disappears into the steel maze.

Dekker enters, slows to a walk. Carefully proceeds forward. Gun drawn. Second guessing each turn.

**YORK (OS)**

You've really screwed yourself...  
Jenkins is going to expect these kind  
of results from you everyday.

**DEKKER**

FBI's got a team of 40 computer

technicians figuring out Lei's virus.  
They'll break it.

Dekker rounds a corner...

**YORK**

Your conviction would be admirable, if  
it wasn't just so sad.

At the far end of the container, York FIRES!

Dekker ducks back.

York takes a look out, doesn't see Dekker.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**94.**

**YORK**

Get it through your head... The  
calvary ain't coming. No heroes are  
coming to save the day. The bad guy  
gets away at the end of this story.

Dekker peers around the corner... York's gone.

**YORK (OS)**

But I'll give you credit... You turned  
out to be quite the little thorn,  
didn't you?

Dekker speed-walks, continuing the search.

**YORK (OS)**

I think Connors would be sorry that you  
died. But not me.

Dekker stops, eyes a full 360. The containers all look  
alike. Dekker wonders if he's just going around in circles.  
Until...

BAM! BAM! BAM! BULLETS RICOCHET ALL AROUND DEKKER! He  
dive-rolls for cover as...

Out ON TOP OF A CONTAINER... York UNLEASHES, until... CLICK!  
of ammo.

Dekker, hearing this, pops up, RETURNS FIRE!

York leaps off the backside of the container!

Dekker gives chase. As he circles the container... no York. Instead, he finds a DOCK.

174 **EXT. DOCK - NIGHT**  
174

A narrow wooden dock. There's a few small boats, A TUG BOAT and at the end... A SEAPLANE.

Dekker approaches the tug. Each step slow and deliberate. EYES TRANSFIXED on the seaplane.

As he nears the Seaplane... A SHADOW RISES from BEHIND HIM. From on top of the TUG BOAT!

Dekker turns just as...

York throws a fishing net on top of Dekker. As Dekker struggles in the net, HIS GUN DISCHARGES!

York with a PIKE POLE in hand, leaps down, CLUBBING Dekker over the head with the weapon. Dekker goes down!

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

95.

Dekker's gun SLIDES off the dock, into the water.

York charges Dekker with the PIKE POLE, ready to stab, when...

At the last second... DEKKER ROLLS AWAY! THE PIKE POLE BREAKS A WOODEN PLANK TO PIECES, sticks into the ground beneath the water.

He Dekker, still tangled in the net, KICKS OUT York's legs.  
falls to the planks.

York quickly rebounds. He POUNCES on Dekker, from behind he wraps his arm around Dekker's throat, CHOKING HIM.

Dekker struggles to breathe. York SQUEEZES harder.

**YORK**

I have come this far... I will not be denied.

Dekker fights, arms flailing. He REACHES blindly behind York, grabs a hold of the PIKE POLE. The pole SNAPS in two!

Dekker wildly SWINGS at York who dodges easily.

York SLAMS Dekker into the side of the TUG. Still choking.

Dekker, on his last gasp, PUSHES OFF THE TUG!

York stumbles backwards, GETS HIS FOOT CAUGHT IN THE HOLE!  
He twists, spinning around, falling down onto...

... THE REMAINING PIKE SPEAR! The Pike punches through his  
chest... POPS out his back!

York, blood and life escaping him, his eyes find Dekker.  
Then go dead.

Dekker steps close. Holds a cold, remorseless stare at  
York's body.

**DISSOLVE**

**TO:**

**175 EXT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - 3:41 AM - NIGHT**  
**175**

Lights Flash from the AMBULANCES AND POLICE CARS. A  
HELICOPTER HOVERS overhead. Karen Cross interviews Jenkins.

**176 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT**  
**176**

Teddy, arm in sling, and Dekker sip on some already cold  
coffee.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**96.**

**TEDDY**

We used to spend all day	Sunday just
reading in bed. I would	read the paper
and he would read one of	his billion
books. I didn't deserve	him. I knew
that. But I still loved	him.

Teddy stares out the window...

POV OF TEDDY - Jenkins speaks to Karen Cross.

**TEDDY**

He's the only man I ever loved.  
(beat)  
Did we all get shot today?

They can't help but laugh.

**DEKKER**

They said in the city I'd be busy.  
Every day like this?

**TEDDY**

Pretty much.

**DEKKER**

Great. I wonder what's next?

**TEDDY**

For me... a long vacation.

Teddy excuses herself to the bathroom. Dekker goes to pay  
the check.

AT THE CASHIER... Dekker reaches for his wallet, opens it.

**DEKKER**

How much?

**PRETTY WAITRESS**

Do you think I'm going to charge you  
after all that? Go on.

**DEKKER**

Thanks.

Dekker notices the tip jar by the register. He removes a TEN  
DOLLAR BILL, about to stuff it in the jar...

That's when THE SMELL hits him. A strange, but familiar ODOR  
comes from Dekker's wallet or more accurately... The TEN  
DOLLAR BILL! But what is it?

**FLASH BACK TO:**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**97.**

177 **INT. BEDROOM - RICHARDS'S APARTMENT - DAY**  
177

Marnie explains to Dekker and Conners...

**MARNIE**

Do you smell that?

**DEKKER**

(smells the bills; grimaces)

What is it?

**MARNIE**

When evidence is taken in, any physical mark might effect the ability to lift prints, so, to mark it, we spray it with a scented solution.

Off of Conners' LOOK.

**BACK**

**TO:**

**178 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT - THE PRESENT**  
**178**

Dekker realizes it's the same smell, but how did this ten get in his wallet?

**FLASH BACK**

**TO:**

**179 INT. DINER - DAY**  
**179**

Conners and Dekker get to know one another... The Waitress lays down the check.

**WAITRESS**

Anything else, officers?

**JUMP CUT**

**TO:**

Conners drops a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the table.

**JUMP CUT**

**TO:**

Dekker SCOOPS UP Conners's TEN, PUTS IT IN HIS WALLET and drops a twenty down on the table.

**BACK**

**TO:**

**180 INT. DINER NEAR PUGET SOUND - NIGHT**  
**180**

Dekker, a million thoughts spiral at once, runs from the diner!

Teddy exits the ladies room, but Dekker is gone.

98.

181 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

181

PAPERS and BOOKS litter the floor.

Dekker trashes the place, looking for a clue of any kind. He rifles through the bookshelves, cabinets. All to no avail.

That's when he finds... a medium-sized paperback, dog-eared and worn. The title of the book... "CHAOS" by James Gleick.

Dekker flips through the book. Pages are marked, highlighted. Key words we find include, "EDWARD LORENZ, CHAOS THEORY, BIRTH OF A NEW SCIENCE."

TIME

CUT TO:

181A INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNERS APARTMENT - LATER

181A

Dekker holds the "Chaos" book in his hand, paces...

DEKKER

(into phone)

You tried them all?/ Nothing for  
Connors or Lorenz?/ I don't know. No,  
maybe he's not on a flight.

Dekker then notices - the book. The author's name.

DEKKER

Try again. But try Gleick. James  
Gleick.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. SEATTLE AIRPORT - 6:22 AM DAY - ESTABLISHING

182

Early morning TRAVELLERS converge.

183 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY

183

Dekker scans the line up of people. Nothing.



**BY THE MEN'S ROOM--**

picks A MAN, 40's, in DISGUISE (Brown Wig), SPIES Dekker. He  
up a CELLPHONE, DIALS... DEKKER'S CELLPHONE RINGS. He  
quickly picks it up.

**CONNERS (VO)**

There's a passage in the Surangama  
Sutra which, roughly translated means:  
"Things are not what they appear to be:  
nor are they otherwise."

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

99.

**DEKKER**

Connors?

all Dekker again scans the line -- he's not there. He scans  
the faces AGAIN, but still nothing.

**CONNERS (VO)**

Think about that a minute... Doesn't  
that blow your mind?  
(beat)  
What gave me away?

**DEKKER**

Ten bucks.

**CONNERS (VO)**

At the diner. That's right... Well,  
to err is human.

Dekker SPOTS A MAN ON A CELLPHONE, he runs up to him, SPINS  
HIM AROUND, BUT... It's not Connors.

**CONNERS (VO)**

Was it Harry that gave him up?

**DEKKER**

Harry and the phone call. He called  
me, said Callo was insignificant.  
Threw up a red flag.

**CONNERS (VO)**

That wasn't him. That was my mistake.  
I called you.

184 OMIT  
184

185 OMIT  
185

186 INT. CONNERS APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)  
186

Connors on his phone, with attached Voice Modulator.

**CONNERS**

I didn't kill anyone who didn't deserve  
it.

187 EXT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)  
187

Dekker at his car... On the phone, listens. But on this  
ends it sounds like...

**SHOOTING SCRIPT** **MARCH 15, 2004** **100.**

**LORENZ/ CURTIS (VO)**

Callo was insignificant...

**BACK**

**TO:**

188 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY - THE PRESENT  
188

**CONNERS (VO)**

York always thought "the plan" was  
flawless. He was cocky. I told him  
you have to leave room for error. You  
can't always predict how it's all going  
to play out. A random camera catches  
an image of Richards, the scent on the  
money... you. You were the biggest  
wrench of the day. The Chaos Theory...  
When you got that... I was impressed.

**DEKKER**

All day long, we were trying to find  
out who the inside source was... it  
was you.

**CONNERS**

The more information you gather, from

as many sources as possible, no matter how unpleasant the methods are, the better. And while I'd like to take sole credit it was a team effort.

**DEKKER**

(beat)

Teddy's pretty devastated about your death.

**CONNERS (VO)**

She'll get over it.

**FLASH BACK**

TO:

189 **INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT**  
189

Connors PUSHES DEKKER OUT OF THE WAY, just in the nick of time!

DEKKER TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS! Vincent breaks his fall.

Connors FIRES TOWARDS THE DOOR! After...

Connors takes out a small remote detonator. Pushes the **FIRST BUTTON!**

**A VENT... A FLASH GOES BY!**

101. **SHOOTING SCRIPT** **MARCH 15, 2004**

190 **OMIT**  
190

191 **DINING ROOM--**  
191

ON THE FLOOR... next to the base of the door is a FUSE. It runs from the wall into the vent. Teddy follows it into **THE KITCHEN.**

**TEDDY**

Gas. Get out of here! Get out of here  
**NOW!**

The fuse comes out of the vent... **IT'S LIT! THE OVEN...**  
HEAR the gas emission... The spark. The Gas.

**THE FIRST EXPLOSION!**

192 INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - HOUSE  
192

Conners leans over Galt, a giant GASH across his head, feels for a pulse. He's dead. Conners looks into the hallway,  
**SEES THE FIRE!**

Conners gets up, and reaches INTO THE BATHTUB, drags out... a CORPSE, HOOKS HIS BADGE ONTO THE CORPSE'S BELT and lays him on the floor.

Conners QUICKLY opens a LAUNDRY SHOOT, SHIMMIES INSIDE AND **SLIDES DOWN...**

193 INT. BASEMENT - HOUSE  
193

Conners lands safely on a mattress he left on the floor. Once settled, he pushes the SECOND BUTTON ON THE DETONATOR and...

194 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT  
194

**KA-BOOM! A SECOND EXPLOSION! THE ENTIRE HOUSE BLOWS!**

195 INT. BASEMENT - HOUSE  
195

Conners opens a trunk, inside is a FIREMAN'S RAIN COAT, **HELMET AND VISOR!**

**FLASH CUT**

TO:

196 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT  
196

In the aftermath of the fire... SEVERAL FIREMAN, POLICE, REPORTERS, etc. are on scene.

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**102.**

Dekker and Teddy don't see... A FIREMAN PASSES BEHIND THEM, turns his head slightly, REVEAL THROUGH THE VISOR IT'S **CONNERS!**

**BACK**

TO:

197 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - DAY  
197

Dekker continues his search for Connors all to no avail. He  
TURNS HIS BACK, just as... A MAN WALKS RIGHT PAST DEKKER  
CARRYING A CELLPHONE!

**DEKKER**

So the corpse in the morgue with your  
name on its toe...?

**CONNERS (VO)**

Scott Curtis won't be bothering anyone  
again.

**DEKKER**

You're a serial killer.

**CONNERS (VO)**

Who got killed? Curtis? Harrington,  
Galt, Lei. They're all hoods. The  
world's safer with them gone. The kid  
at the bank... that was unfortunate.  
But... you live with your decisions.  
You choose to take this road... there  
is no half way. It's all or nothing.  
That's why others fail. They don't  
make the commitment. I won't make that  
same mistake.

**DEKKER**

You said they were all hoods... what  
about, Callo?

**CONNERS**

Callo deserved his fate. It's his fault.

**DEKKER**

This is Callo's fault?

**CONNERS**

If it weren't for him, York and I  
would've never done this. One random  
act, causes another, causes another,  
and in the end... the pattern emerges.  
That's the Chaos Theory.

(beat)

It's after six. The money's cleared.  
I'm a wealthy man. Lei, for all his

**(MORE)**

CONNERS (cont'd)  
evil, was one smart sonofabitch. The  
Feds will be tracing false leads for  
weeks.

**DEKKER**

Lei... you tanked his trial on purpose.

**CONNERS**

They should've suspended me after I  
testified. What did they expect?

**DEKKER**

And because the "bitch that made her  
career off you" worked for Channel Two,  
that's why American National was the  
target.

**CONNERS**

Everybody who screwed us, got screwed.  
Everything in its right place.

**DEKKER**

Why not kill me? You had plenty of  
opportunities.

**CONNERS**

This wasn't about killing, Shane. This  
was about standing up for what matters.  
Besides... you kinda grew on me.

**DEKKER**

You're not going to get away.

**CONNERS (VO)**

I already have. I'm not even here now.  
This is a very valuable lesson for you  
to learn, and it's good to have learned  
it early.

**DEKKER**

What's that?

**CONNERS (VO)**

You don't always win.

**DEKKER**

All your years of service for not.  
You're a hypocrite.

**CONNERS (VO)**

I'm an opportunist. I would've gladly died in the line of duty, but they took that away. If they had been as faithful to me, as I to them none of

**(MORE)**

**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**MARCH 15, 2004**

**104.**

CONNERS (VO) (cont'd)  
this would've happened. The system broke down. Good luck, Detective. It would've been an interesting partnership, but I have to go now.

As Dekker continues his search, his cellphone CUTS OFF!

**DEKKER**

Connors? Connors?

Dekker doesn't notice... THE MAN walks past security and out of the Western Airlines terminal.

**198 INT. PRIVATE PLANE TERMINAL - AIRPORT - DAY 198**

CONNERS walks through the small area, proceeds out to...

**199 INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY 199**

Connors walks down the aisle, finds his seat.

**STEWARDESS**

Good morning, Sir. I'll let the Captain know we're ready.

She hands him a glass of champagne.

**STEWARDESS**

Will there be anything else?

**CONNERS**

No thank you. I'm fine.

**200 EXT. RUNWAY - DAY 200**

The private plane TAKES OFF!

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**

