

EXT. BEACH -- AFTERNOON

DAN WILSON (DW) is Rollerblading along at the beach.

DW
(voice over)
They say marriage changes your life. I
didn't think mine would change that much
so fast.

EXT. BEACH WEDDING -- THE DAY BEFORE -- SUNSET

DW and HEATHER WILLS are in the midst of the reception.
Friends and family are everywhere.

DW
(voice over)
After two years of dating she agreed to
be my wife. Heather was my dream woman.

INT. BEACH RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON -- ONE DAY LATER

He's leaving a pier side restaurant, after lunch and a few
drinks. He skates outside.

EXT. PIER -- AFTERNOON

DW s got an alcohol glow to him as he skates out to the end
of the pier. He's got his Walkman on. PATRICIA HAWKINS, a
police woman, yells at him to stop. He doesn't hear her and
she runs after him, grabbing him and pushing him to the
ground. His headphones fall off.

PATRICIA
I said stop.

His arm is badly scraped and bleeding. A small crowd
gathers.

DW
Why'd you tackle me?

PATRICIA
You fell.

The crowd murmurs, "he didn't fall..."

DW
What do you want?

PATRICIA
You're not allowed to skate here.

(CONTINUED)

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DW
We can't skate at the beach?

PATRICIA
On the pier, asshole. Sign's behind you.

DW
No there isn't.

She starts writing a ticket.

DW (cont'd)
Seriously, where's the sign?

PATRICIA
It's there.

She points out a medium sized sign, and sure enough, there's an emblem for a roller-skate with the red circle and line through it.

DW
Never seen it before.

PATRICIA
I need some information.

She continues writing the ticket.

EXT. LA STREET -- DAY

KARL BORICH is in a black government sedan surrounded by three federal marshals. He's a cop in protective custody.

KARL
Guys, we're close by Paisanos. Let's stop and get some chicken Parmesan, on me. You've had me in that safe house for three months now, I deserve some real food.

HUTCHINS
Sorry, that's not on the schedule today. Ames would have our asses.

NATE
I agree.

HUTCHINS
Right, we can't go on food runs.

(CONTINUED)

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NATE

No, I agree with Borich. We've been hidden in El Segundo for weeks. It's next block over, let's go. Come on Hutch.

HUTCHINS

You taking full responsibility?

NATE

Sure.

KARL

Yes!

HUTCHINS

Borich, no funny stuff

KARL

None, I swear.

EXT. PIER -- AFTERNOON

Patricia keeps writing the ticket.

PATRICIA

Name?

DW

Look, I leave on my honeymoon tomorrow, can't we just drop this?

EXT. PAISANOS RESTAURANT -- DAY

The owner opens his arms to Karl.

ANTHONY

Karl, it's been too long.

KARL

I've been laying low.

ANTHONY

We heard. We have Calamari steaks today. One has your name on it.

EXT. PIER -- AFTERNOON

DW

Come on. I just bought a house here. Give me a break. Haven't I spent enough money on this city for this year?

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PATRICIA

Can't, I started to write the ticket.

DW

You sure don't give a shit about the people that pay your salary, do you?

INT. PAISANOS RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Their party is getting a lot of attention and service.

KARL

They promise stuff, then I get frozen dinners. Take your time and entertain an old friend.

ANTHONY

I have a Chianti you will sing the praises of.

KARL

And a Minestrone to die for.

HUTCHINS

Make sure he doesn't.

EXT. PIER -- AFTERNOON

PATRICIA

What's your name?

DW

I forget.

PATRICIA

(into walkie-talkie)
Beach 16, I need a car to P5. Code 2.

WALKIE-TALKIE

Roger Beach 16, they're on the way. What did you do this time?

INT. PAISANOS RESTAURANT - DAY

Even the bread boy recognizes Karl and says hello. The Marshals are nervous.

HUTCHINS

I change my mind, I don't like this place, for you. You're too well known here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

Yeah.

HUTCHINS

Something don't feel right.

NATE

We're gone.

Amidst Karl's protests the three marshals hustle him out to the car. They're looking back at the restaurant, so don't notice one of the car doors is ajar. They all get into the car, Karl swearing.

KARL

One fucking decent meal and you have to blow it all out of proportion. What is it with you guys?

The car blows up. Shattering windows for a block.

EXT. PIER -- AFTERNOON

A pair of cops walk up.

COP 1

Problem?

DW

Yes. She tackled me and now she's writing me up for a stupid ticket.

PATRICIA

That's not how it happened.

There's a murmur in the crowd. "That IS how it happened" is shouted out several times.

COP 2

Patricia, talk to me now. Did you tackle him?

HOMELESS GUY

She's always throwing her weight around. Only this time there's a crowd seen it.

The Second cop grabs DW's arm and walks him away.

COP 2

Do you want to press charges?

DW

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

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COP 2
She's pretty well connected. That's why
she pulls stunts like this.

DW
I don't care.

The cop starts writing a report. He calls for a Supervisor.

EXT. LA POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

POLICE CHIEF HESS steps out of his car as his cell phone
rings. He always has two bodyguards with him.

CHIEF HESS
What?

CALLER ON THE PHONE
One message has been delivered, one to
go.

He moves off to the side to get away from the bodyguards.
They are, after all, cops.

CHIEF HESS
I didn't know there was a second message?

CALLER ON THE PHONE
We don't clear everything with you.

Hess closes the phone, ending the call. It rings just as he
drops it into his pocket.

CHIEF HESS
The fuck do you want?

PATRICIA
Cock, but I'll be late.

CHIEF HESS
Sorry, some asshole has my cell number.

PATRICIA
I'll make sure you forget that asshole.

CHIEF HESS
Fine, I'll be ready. Room 1202

He closes the phone, once again ending the call.

EXT. PIER -- AFTERNOON

Patricia closes her cell phone, and starts writing again.

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PATRICIA

Guys, I just need you for backup. I can write him up.

COP 2

He's filing a report himself.

Patricia gives them all a very pissed off look.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS FRONT STEPS - DAY

As the Chief nears the front door, DALE BAINUM, a local news reporter, steps into his path.

DALE BAINUM

Chief, any comment about Detective Borich and three Federal Marshals being blown up in front of Paisanos an hour ago?

CHIEF HESS

That's horrible if it's true.

DALE BAINUM

Can you confirm it?

CHIEF HESS

No I can't. I've been in a meeting and just got here. Karl was a loyal and trusted detective on this force. We will investigate fully.

DALE BAINUM

Does that mean you think there's something to investigate, something illegal happening, involving detective Borich?

CHIEF HESS

That's not what I mean at all. Ever wonder why you're not allowed in Police Headquarters, Bainum?

DALE BAINUM

I like to dig for the truth?

The entourage ducks into the building amidst a flurry of reporter questions.

INT. CAR - REDONDO BEACH STREET -- EVENING

DW is in the car. He has several bags on the passenger seat with honeymoon trip stuff. He's tapping out a tune on the steering wheel.

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He takes a short cut. He smiles as he sees the house they almost bought. Too small, but cute. As he drives along he sees two black guys punching something on the sidewalk.

He pulls up the street and jumps out dialing 911 on his cell phone. The two black men are raping a white woman.

He puts the phone to his ear and hears the recording, 911 telling him that he'll have to wait to have an emergency. Just then one of the rapists walks up behind DW and presses a gun to his right ear.

BANES

Walk slow and you don't get hurt. Move it.

DW

What are you guys doing?

BANES

Meter maid fucked with our car. We're paying the ticket.

Patricia looks up through bloodied and bruised eyes and sees it's DW from that afternoon.

FURMAN

You got a ticket you want to pay?

DW

Not this way.

FURMAN

You here, you play by our rules.

BANES

Suck his cock, bitch.

They push DW onto Patricia.

DW

Fuck you.

Banes and Furman and place their guns to his head. She struggles.

FURMAN

She blows you or we shoot you both.

He grabs DW by the balls and squeezes. Then he puts his gun in his belt and starts to rip DW's pants off him.

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DW
What the fuck are you doing.

Banes clips him on the lip with his gun. It draws a lot of blood.

BANES
You get your dick in her now or else we fuck you both up.

DW pulls his boxers down. He doesn't move. The phone in his hand squawks with the voice of the 911 operator finally coming online.

Furman grabs the phone and puts it to his ear.

FURMAN
What? We don't need nothin' from you, Bitch. Dialed the wrong fuckin' number.

He tosses the phone away. DW is struggling on top of Patricia.

BANES
Suck his cock, bitch.

DW
I can't do this.

FURMAN
Then we shoot one of you.

BANES
Which one of you is going to die today?

DW
Don't do this. Fine, I'll do it.

BANES
Too late, you had a chance. We gonna do one of you. Which one?

DW
Shoot her, she's a bitch.

PATRICIA
NO!

Banes and Furman both point their guns at Patricia. Banes fires a round into her head, followed quickly by another shot to her heart. Just as 4 patrol cars drive up and cops swarm onto the scene.