

W A L K E R

by

Brett Alan Bentman

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - VARIOUS - DAY

The sky pours down cold, unforgiving rain over a canyon of dead buildings.

The streets are filled with pained, defunct individuals. Umbrellas and rubber raincoats fill the thin open air, stretching as far as the eye can see.

JESSUP (VO)

In Altar City, there are three hundred sixty-five days in a year. Two-hundred of those are spent in darkness and pouring rain.

Businessmen look mundane and dire. Women dress in dark colors and host the same bland expressions.

JESSUP (VO)

The other hundred and sixty or so are spent battling deep depression and living with the understanding that God does not compromise.

Long lines filter into struggling food banks. Children have little comfort in this place.

JESSUP (VO)

They say that at the rapture, he'll banish the devil into a bottomless pit of darkness, claiming his victory over transgression.

Desolate parks, trees with bare limbs, dead grass and gravel. Relentless rain.

JESSUP (VO)

My only hope is that I am there to see him tossed in.

Barricades are set up around a broken police headquarters and schools sport spray painted, boarded up windows. Empty playgrounds, moss grows on headstones nearby --

JESSUP (VO)

I hope the things I've done don't send me to the center of the Earth along with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CROWN VICTORIA/ FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

SUPER: SOME YEARS AGO...

JESSUP (VO)

I was born on a rainy night, a son
of this city.

The windshield wipers furiously attempt to keep the streams
of water from building up on the glass. Thunder ROARS in the
distance.

Driving this deathtrap is DETECTIVE WILLIAMS (25), clean
cut, an up-and-comer and a real bright spot in an otherwise
heavily redacted police system.

He slows the vehicle as he approaches red lights and yellow
police tape --

WILLIAMS (VO)

I always liked to check out the
crime scene for myself. Partly,
because I couldn't trust most of
the cops in this town, but mostly
because I believed it kept me
sharp.

EXT. CRASH SCENE - NIGHT

Williams exits the driver's seat and makes his way under the
police tape and through a group of useless patrolmen,
standing in the cold rain.

Crowds of nosey spectators watch the happenings from across
the street.

WILLIAMS (VO)

It keeps you coming back for more.
One night it might be a newborn
baby stuffed in a dumpster, the
next night it's a fatal hit and
run. I'm never short of a
conversation starter.

THE CAR

An absolute monstrosity. Tangled hot metal and burnt rubber,
a heap of shredded fiberglass and sockets.

His eyes cannot pull away from the sight and smoke --

YOUNG EMT
(from behind)
Detective!

Williams finally breaks away and spins around.

WILLIAMS
What is it?

YOUNG EMT
They took a body over to Regional.

WILLIAMS
When?

YOUNG EMT
Just about ten minutes ago.

WILLIAMS
Alive?

YOUNG EMT
Barely. You might wanna get down
there. She was in real bad shape.

WILLIAMS
I will. What happened to the guy
that hit her?

YOUNG EMT
He didn't hang around.

He watches the young EMT pack up his things and hop into the
back of an ambulance.

WILLIAMS (VO)
I've seen some things. Like this
one time, I saw a kid fall twenty
stories to the blacktop and
survive. He pissed in a plastic
bag for the rest of his life, but
he lived.

(pauses)
But one thing I aint never seen,
is someone survive something like
this...

His eyes scan the heap of car, unbelieving.

INT. ALTAR CITY REGIONAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Williams stands with his hands on his waste line, his shiny gold badge on his belt. He calmly stares through the thick glass window in front of him.

INSIDE THE HOSPITAL ROOM

A battered young woman lay strapped to breathing tubes, heart monitors and slow IV drips. Her eyes are swollen shut and her skin is a sick pale.

The heart monitor BEEPS. Shortly after, the room is flooded with nurses and doctors --

WILLIAMS (VO)

I didn't know who you were, but
goodbye and travel well.

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

It's late. The waiting room is stark white and empty. Williams stands, staring out at the rain as it SMACKS against the window, sipping some stale generic coffee.

A short, stocky DOCTOR approaches him. He looks exhausted --

DOCTOR

You must be officer Williams?

Williams politely corrects him --

WILLIAMS

It's detective Williams.

DOCTOR

Sorry about that --

WILLIAMS

-- no problem. What do you have
for me?

DOCTOR

I have some bad news. The victim
suffered some severe internal
injuries, causing her lungs to
collapse and some other vital
organs to shut down shortly after.

WILLIAMS

What was the time of death?

DOCTOR
About an hour ago, but we were
able to save the child.

Williams is out of the loop --

WILLIAMS
Child?

DOCTOR
She was pregnant. We performed an
emergency cesarean as soon as she
was brought in.

WILLIAMS
Where's the baby now?

DOCTOR
He's in the intensive care unit --

WILLIAMS
-- what's wrong?

DOCTOR
(remorsefully)
He was born with an incurable
condition that has left him
paralyzed from the waste down.

Williams lets the news sink in, then shakes the doctor's
hand.

WILLIAMS
Thank you, doctor.

DOCTOR
There's some paperwork I'll need
you to take a look at. Please let
my staff know if you need anything
else on your way out.

WILLIAMS
You got it.

The doctor walks away, leaving Williams behind in the
sanitary room.

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

SUPER: THIRTEEN YEARS LATER...

Jessup, now thirteen, peers out of an iron barred window while nestled in his wheelchair. He longs to be out in the rain, far away from this place.

The home is under-staffed and overpopulated. There aren't enough toys to go around and the decor is as grim as the world outside.

JESSUP (VO)

I spent thirteen years of my life bouncing in and out of government funded foster homes, and not once did my name come up in the search for a child. That is, before the doctor and his wife came to see me.

A fat, less than welcoming FOSTER MOTHER enters the room with a professional couple at her side --

DR. BENGAL (40), hip glasses, balding and sharp, holds a damp umbrella in one hand and his wife's hand in the other.

Her name is LINDA (29), she is younger, pretty and pleasant.

FOSTER MOTHER

(to Linda)

There he is, by the window.

Linda smiles --

FOSTER MOTHER

Jessup Walker, these nice people would like to have a word with you.

He continues to gaze out the window --

JESSUP

Coming...

Jessup turns to them and looks them over. He is reluctant to trust in his new found luck.

INT. BENGAL MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessup lay tucked in bed, alone and lost. Tree branches SCRATCH up against the window -- spooky.

Linda, cracks open the bedroom door --

LINDA

Is everything alright? Do you need anything?

JESSUP

No ma'm. I'm just trying to fall sleep.

LINDA

I know it must be hard, being the first night in your new room and all.

JESSUP

A little.

LINDA

Well, there's nothing to be afraid of. We're just down the hall. Get some rest.

She seems genuine, but Jessup has been so tainted by life that he cannot let his guard down.

JESSUP

Okay.

DINNER TABLE - THE NEXT DAY

The doctor, Jessup and Linda sit around the table.

Classical music plays in the background. Turnips, red meat, green beans -- it's all very bland, like the conversation and the china.

DR. BENGAL

(to Jessup)

How was your day today?

He offers very little --

JESSUP

Good.

DR. BENGAL

You know, I've been talking to some friends of mine that want to help you.

Jessup is confused by the comment --

LINDA

What he means is, some friends of his want to treat you. Help you try to walk again.

DR. BENGAL

Wouldn't that be great?

JESSUP

Yes, sir.

DR. BENGAL

You can call me father now, if you want to...

Jessup glances at Linda, who urges him to do so --

JESSUP

(unsure)

Yes, father.

He is the unhappiest little boy.

EXT. BENGAL MANSION - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER...

Jessup, now a teenager, spins his chair down the rangy, slick driveway, leaving the Bengal's utopia behind him.

Just before slithering past the front gate, he looks back to the life he has chosen to leave --

JESSUP (VO)

No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't do it. I couldn't live a normal life, no matter how great it might have been. There was still something missing.

He disappears into the shadowy night.

EXT. BUSY FOOD MARKET - DAY

JESSUP (VO)

So I left the system behind for a life on the streets.

Jessup picks up an apple from a stack and looks it over. At the same time he uses his free hand to slide an orange into his pocket.

JESSUP (VO)
I started stealing just to eat,
just to survive.

EXT. ALLEY, DOWNTOWN - DAY

It pours. Jessup, growing older and grimy, sits in his wheelchair, eating some old food and reading a book through the rain.

JESSUP (VO)
I studied what others said about
my condition, hoping someone knew
how to cure it.

A small child walks by, homeless and alone, soaking in the rain. Jessup offers him a bite.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Jessup, filthy, watches a mugging of a MIDDLE-AGED MAN --

JESSUP (VO)
I felt my heart rate rise as I
watched crime unfold before my
eyes.

The middle-aged man is surrounded by shadowy mob figures, they cut off his path, force him to the ground, and pummel him while on the concrete. Naturally, they remove his wallet --

JESSUP (VO)
I saw the rise of the mob.

One of the dark figures unloads the cash and credit cards. The rest of the mobsters slowly file out, leaving the victim to bleed on the frigid ground.

Jessup is frozen in his seat --

JESSUP (VO)
Even then, I knew there was no one
who could stop it.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

White vans mixed with squad cars. There's a drug deal going down under the supervision of the cops. Baggies, cash, and cautious glances are exchanged. When finished, the men disperse.

WILLIAMS (VO)

The good guys were no longer any good.

INT. SMOKED-FILLED BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A poker game being played. Mob bosses and drab company drink, smoke, and flaunt their money.

WILLIAMS (VO)

I have to look into someone's eyes a few times just to know if I'm supposed to shake their hand or cut it off.

EXT. ALLEY - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Jessup, now a young adult, uses the short awning to shield himself from the rain. He stares out into the street, hearing SCREAMS and SIRENS throughout the cold, damp air.

JESSUP (VO)

Law and justice can't be the same thing because we have so much law without any justice. Maybe the only way to change that is by breaking the law?

Thunder ROARS, he looks so frail, so broken --

JESSUP (VO)

I became another nameless bystander. But I had already honed my excuses, I was stuck in this damn chair.

INT. / EXT. CROWN VICTORIA/ SECURITY TRUCK - NIGHT

Across town, Williams is busy investigating. His eyes are fixated past the windshield and on a security truck parked on the other side of the street. The rain falls in sheets.

THE SECURITY TRUCK

Two foggy offenders emerge from the hidden side of the truck. A third anonymous criminal wanders into view.

Suddenly, an innocent SECURITY OFFICER totes two large bags of money to the back. He is met by the shadowy men, abruptly hit over the head with a crowbar, and falls to the ground with a THUMP.

CROWN VICTORIA

Williams' eyes illuminate, he turns into John Wayne --

THE SECURITY TRUCK

Williams emanates out of the black rain, gun in hand, and spitting out demands --

WILLIAMS

Hands up! Do it now!

The crooks, having the numbers, just laugh him off.

Williams POPS off two warning shots into the sky --

WILLIAMS

Take one step and the next one
lands in your skull! Hands up!

The FIRST OFFENDER tries to make off with the cash. Williams squeezes the trigger back and FIRES, hitting him square in the back. It rains twenty dollar bills.

The SECOND OFFENDER goes for his piece --

Williams doesn't hesitate, BAM! Right between the eyes. Then, he turns his attention to the third guy, PITTMAN --

WILLIAMS

Care to press your luck?

He is unfazed by his threats --

PITTMAN

You have no idea what you're
getting into --

WILLIAMS

-- shut up and put your hands
where I can see them!

PITTMAN

(sly)
Didn't they teach you anything
back in officer's training?

WILLIAMS

They taught me how to rough up
little pricks like you.

Williams flips him around, spreads him up against the truck,
and empties his pockets... finding --

A POLICE BADGE!

Williams is taken back, reaches for his radio and calls into
dispatch --

WILLIAMS

(into radio)
This is Williams, I need backup at
Fifth and Rowe. I have three men
down and one in custody, do you
copy?

DISPATCH

(through static)
Copy that.

Williams places the police badge in his jacket pocket. Then
he SLAPS cuffs on his corrupt counterpart and leads him back
to his car.

CROWN VICTORIA

They argue through the rain --

PITTMAN

You're gonna be sorry, detective.

WILLIAMS

Why's that?

PITTMAN

This will never stick --

WILLIAMS

-- is that right?

PITTMAN

Yea, that's right!

WILLIAMS

You know what happens to cops when they go to jail?

PITTMAN

I'm not going anywhere --

WILLIAMS

-- yeah? Looks to me like you were taking part in a robbery, coupled with assault using a deadly weapon. The chips are stacked against you partner --

PITTMAN

-- do you know who I work for?

WILLIAMS

I couldn't tell you. But, I'll tell you what happens to cops in the can, they end up doin' the dutch or back door parole, you know what that is right?

Williams tosses him the backseat, SLAMMING the door behind him. The crook mouths "F- you"

INT. CHIEF SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF SULLIVAN (40), is a paper champion, only holding his position because the poor schmuck before him got clipped. He is overweight and overworked. His desk is a mountain of backlogged cases.

Williams stands in front of him, irate, and tosses the corrupt officer's badge down on the desk --

WILLIAMS

(angered)

How could you let him go?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Letting him go was the easy part.

WILLIAMS

That's his badge.

(pointing to it)

He was an Altar City police officer attempting to commit a crime!

CHIEF SULLIVAN
A crime that you ultimately
prevented. What else do you want?

WILLIAMS
I want you to do what's right. I
want you to lock him up --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
-- lock him up? And then what...
throw away the key? This isn't a
children's book for God's sake.

WILLIAMS
Look, all I'm saying is that if we
go down this road, where does it
end?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
What road are you talking about,
Harvey? You need to realize that
not every cop in this department
feels as strongly about the good
old days as you do. Times have
changed, people have changed.
Hell, this whole city has changed!

WILLIAMS
So where does that leave us?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
The guy you tagged in the back
goes to county without bail. That,
I can promise. The other scumbag
was pronounced dead on the scene.
No money was stolen and the
security guard gets to go home to
his family. Everybody wins.

WILLIAMS
And Pittman?

Sullivan takes a deep breath --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
I need every uniform to be filled,
everyday.

WILLIAMS
What good does it do if you can't
trust them?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

I may not be able to trust them,
but I sure as hell need them. You
have to try to see this from my
point of view.

WILLIAMS

Right now, I'm having a hard time
seeing what side you're on!

Williams gives up the argument and heads for the door --

WILLIAMS

When I booked him, he asked me if
I knew who he worked for. I take
it that you aren't who he was
talking about?

He lowers his voice, ashamed --

CHIEF SULLIVAN

The mob's retirement plan is
second to none.

WILLIAMS

Then we've already lost, haven't
we?

Williams storms out, the door SLAMS behind him.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Williams walks inside from the rain. The bar is tinted pink,
the club is murky and salacious.

He glides through the congregations of horny businessmen,
despondent laborers, and snide government officials on his
way to settling into the corner booth.

WILLIAMS (VO)

I never understood why grown men
spent their time and money in
clubs like these.

Scantily clad women dance on stage, men drool and squawk at
them. Williams can only grin at their feeble attempts for
attention.

WILLIAMS (VO)

Until, I saw her again.
(pauses)
My ANGEL was there that night.

The lights dim as she takes the stage. She instantly demands the entire room's attention. She dances --

WILLIAMS (VO)
Statuesque. She's perfectly
symmetrical, perfectly formed.

Her hips sway and captivate the room. She digs in, paying no attention to the clamour of the crowd.

She spots William through the corner of her eye and shoots him a secretive wink.

He smiles back at her, watching --

WILLIAMS (VO)
The kind of woman that can save
you with her amorous eyes, and
kill your dreams with her doleful
half smile. Such a pretty girl
stuck in such an ugly place.
(he eyes her up)
For reasons unknown, she was mine.
And she never took her clothes off
for anyone but me.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Flashing neon lights filter in through the windows --

Williams sits shirtless on the edge of the bed. Behind him, lay Angel's immaculate body, half covered by silky red sheets. He glances back at her.

Her eyes flutter, then open --

ANGEL
Leaving so soon?

WILLIAMS
(smooth)
You know how it is, baby.

She sits up, covering her bare body --

ANGEL
You're still trying to save the
world?

WILLIAMS
The bad guys win if the good
people do nothing.

ANGEL

But if you can't save everyone,
what's the point?

WILLIAMS

First, you have to catch the fish,
then you can worry about cleaning
them.

He kisses her on the forehead --

ANGEL

(joking)

You better have have a damn good
net.

He smiles at her --

WILLIAMS

See you soon?

ANGEL

Maybe I should commit a crime?

WILLIAMS

Why's that?

ANGEL

Then we can use your handcuffs...

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Through the rain, we see indistinguishable buildings. Across
the room: a flat-screen television turns on.

Williams watches from his desk --

ON TV: A female reporter reads the news. Divided streets
with police aimlessly patrolling. Angry and scared civilians
walk briskly through the distortion.

TV VOICE

... with crime rates up and
hundreds of families being thrust
onto the streets, many citizens
are calling for an investigation
into the so-called alliance
between the Mafia and the Altar
City Police Department. Since the
signing of the controversial
Stronghold Agreement, the city has
seen a steady increase in all

(MORE)

TV VOICE (cont'd)
forms of organized crime...

Williams flings the remote across the office, his head cloudier than the sky outside.

He walks to the window, looking down on the only home he has ever known.

WILLIAMS (VO)
It's all our faults. We signed an agreement. An agreement to look the other way in exchange for a little cash. When the ink dried, that was it. End of the line.

STREET BELOW

Through the wetness, two police officers slam a young man to the pavement. They search him and force him inside of a squad car.

Further down the block, a gang of men drink and toss bottles at innocent people. Dressed to the nines, they are the mob. They have nothing to lose and no one to answer to.

WILLIAMS (VO)
Last week a rookie went into a mob safe house, unknowingly of course. The kid was outnumbered seven to one.

(pauses)
When I found the body, he was missing every single tooth in his mouth and his face was spread out all over the floor. Come to think of it, I never did find those teeth...

Some cops exchange pills for cash --

WILLIAMS (VO)
They have the numbers and the politicians in their corner, but what they don't have is a conscience. That's what sets me apart. That's why I can never be like them, I'm much more complicated. Money isn't enough for me.

INT. MAIN STREET - DAY

SUPER: YEARS LATER...

Jessup makes his way through the crowd. He is now creeping up into his mid twenties, unkempt, bearded, isolated and losing hope faster than most people. He is a realist.

NEWSSTAND

Jessup slides his way up to the counter.

JESSUP
Paper, please.

He takes the paper, lays down some change and starts to make his way back down the street.

MAIN STREET

Children crying, police gossiping and sipping coffee.

Jessup faces the harsh elements. People move around him, trying to keep warm and dodging his wheelchair. It's cold, wet, and sorrowful.

JESSUP (VO)
It wasn't until I became a victim
of this place, that I really knew
what it felt like to be normal.

Jessup stops at a crosswalk, reading the headlines. A doubledecker bus stops just in front of him. On it's side, a billboard reads: "Keep Our City Safe, Support Law Enforcement!"

Jessup can't help but find the slogan humorous.

Suddenly, a mysterious YOUNG MAN rushes past Jessup and boards the idle bus, then --

KA-BOOM! A bomb EXPLODES inside, BLOWING out the windows and sending Jessup flying backward out of his chair.

Jessup is disoriented, laying on the wet pavement, bleeding.

Fire fills the air around the hull of the bus. People nearby SCREAM in pain, ash covers the survivors, and smoke fills the air.

Next, the UNRELENTING WHALE of police sirens and FIRE ALARMS. Jessup covers his ears, unable to move and hearing only the POUNDING of his ear drums.

JESSUP (VO)
 I think about the rest of the
 world and wonder if it looks like
 this... I wonder if this is hell?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. / INT. DEB'S FLOWER SHOP - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT DAY...

More rain.

Jessup (30), wiser, glasses, and obviously studious, stops his wheelchair just beyond the front door. He peers in to see --

DEB (27), attending to her customers. Although the city has worn her down bit by bit, she still holds onto hope. A vivid smile and striking eyes.

JESSUP (VO)
 Only an angel would want to open up
 a flower shop in a place this
 dark.

He watches her spread joy to the others through her vibrant colorful flowers.

JESSUP

He daydreams --

JESSUP (VO)
 I had a dream about she and I. The
 buildings fell down around us and
 the police did nothing. The sky
 rained fire that night and we were
 holding each other, kissing
 deeply. Tears of joy stream down
 our cheeks, I could taste
 them...the salt.

(pauses)

And we fell in love in the midst
 of the end. The kind of love that
 stands strong when all else fails.
 A real kind of love.

A WOMAN bumps into his chair, breaking his train of thought. This sort of thing is nothing new, so he reluctantly continues down the street.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - DAY

Polished. Sanitary and modern. The room doubles as Jessup's work area and living quarters.

He sits at his desk, looking over some charts, when the phone RINGS --

It automatically triggers the speakerphone and a screen slowly lowers from the ceiling -- real futuristic type stuff.

Seconds later, a Japanese scientist appears on line. His name is DR. LYNN --

JESSUP

Good afternoon, Doctor.

DR. LYNN

How's the weather?

JESSUP

Cold and damp, the usual. You should visit sometime.

DR. LYNN

Is that an invitation?

JESSUP

Trust me, you're not missing much. How's the family?

DR. LYNN

Thank you for asking. Did you receive my package?

JESSUP

I did.

DR. LYNN

And?

JESSUP

Are you asking me if I opened it?

DR. LYNN

I hope you have.

JESSUP

Why is that?

DR. LYNN
(smiles)
There's been a breakthrough in our
research.

Jessup perks up --

JESSUP
What kind of breakthrough?

DR. LYNN
Do you have a clean needle ready?

LATER THAT EVENING

The package has been ripped open on Jessup's desk, bubble wrap and cardboard everywhere.

Jessup sits in his wheelchair, staring at a translucent red vial filled with a foreign serum. He questions the doctor --

JESSUP
What is it?

DR. LYNN
It's a neuromuscular- electrical-
stimulant.

JESSUP
Tested?

DR. LYNN
Tediously and on several subjects.
Most of them with lesser paralysis
than you, but all with similar
results.

JESSUP
What results?

DR. LYNN
The kind that you are looking for.

JESSUP
How does it work?

DR. LYNN
Once injected into the
bloodstream, electrical pulses
stimulate the paralyzed muscles
into what I call a "swing phase."
Allowing stable, controlled
movement of otherwise dead muscle
(MORE)

DR. LYNN (cont'd)
tissue.

JESSUP
Nerve endings conversing with
dormant muscles? Will I be able to
walk?

DR. LYNN
In perfect theory, yes.

JESSUP
How confident are you that it will
work?

DR. LYNN
It's a temporary solution. The
serum will cause your blood
pressure and heart rate will rise
drastically. Once lowered to a
normal rate, you'll lose the
sensation and become --

JESSUP
-- crippled again.

DR. LYNN
Precisely.

Jessup holds his cure up to the light, THUNDER ROARS --

JESSUP
Well, there's no point in looking
back, is there?

Jessup fills a large syringe with the caustic-looking serum.
He resists for a brief moment --

JESSUP
(jokes)
If I grow a third limb, I'm coming
for you, Doctor.

He readies his arm, then sinks the needle into his thin
flesh and depresses the plunger. There is PAIN...

His arms convulse as if acid flows through his veins.
Lightning strikes, and he YELLS in agony. His body begins to
jolt and flinch uncontrollably, his nails dig into the
wheelchair arms followed by intense spasms.

Minutes later, his left foot clumsily SLAMS to the
floor...then the right foot --

DR. LYNN
 (utter shock)
 Remarkable...

Jessup gutturally GROWLS and Dr. Lynn's screen goes black.

INT. IRISH BAR - DAY

Slimy and dilapidated, the only bar in town that opens at ten in the morning. If you're allowed inside anytime before five, it's through the backdoor and you must know someone inside.

Williams, now older, wiser to the game, and a bit more grizzled, brushes out the cold and makes his way in from the back.

THE BAR

BEAVER (36), a junkie, broke, and good for little besides being a great informant, sits alone at the bar with a beer in hand.

Williams pulls up a stool and orders --

WILLIAMS
 (to the bartender)
 Two.

BEAVER
 You expecting company?

WILLIAMS
 Maybe.

The frothy beers arrive. Williams unloads his gun and badge, resting them on the bar --

BEAVER
 Shouldn't you be out chasing bad guys or something?

WILLIAMS
 Shouldn't you be out selling that chopped up crack to kids?

BEAVER
 (sips)
 Touche, Detective.

Williams slides Beaver one of the beers --

BEAVER

For what?

WILLIAMS

The bank job last week, I need a name.

BEAVER

I dunno anything about that --

WILLIAMS

-- I know that you know, so cut the crap. Give me a name.

BEAVER

Paul. Jeff. Rosie, shit knows.

WILLIAMS

You got jokes, huh?

BEAVER

I don't know anything about it. What do you want from me?

WILLIAMS

Okay. Since you're in the mood to tell jokes, you ever heard the one about the crack dealer that went to the brown house? --

BEAVER

-- c'mon, I told you already --

WILLIAMS

-- you do know why they call it the brown house right?

BEAVER

Yeah, yeah. I know.

WILLIAMS

Then give me a name.

BEAVER

What's in it for me?

WILLIAMS

Have I come to your place looking for you yet?

BEAVER

No --

WILLIAMS

-- why not keep it that way?
Gimmie a name.

Williams slides him the second beer --

BEAVER

You're gonna get me killed, you
know that?

WILLIAMS

We all gotta go sometime.

Beaver writes a name down on a cocktail napkin and slides it to Williams. He gives it a look, folds, and wipes his mouth with it.

WILLIAMS

Enjoy your drinks.

BEAVER

Try to stay out of the rain.

EXT. QUINCY MARKET - DAY

The only place to get fresh food in the city. The sheer number of outstretched hands topples the amount of food available. You either can't afford it or you can't find any.

Rain falls on the hungry faces, gray awnings, and puddles of motor oil. Typical Altar City.

Jessup, normal, wheels his chair through the pleading masses, searching for whatever he can get his hands on.

ACROSS THE MARKET

A vacant building, torn and discarded. An angry mob forms around the scene, but is held back by countless officers. It's a good, old fashioned police raid.

Williams escorts a slick-haired, greasy mobster from the front door to the back of a squad car. He then conveys his orders to a short patrolman --

WILLIAMS

Take him straight to Judge Fallon,
and don't stop for anything. Once
he's there, make sure he gets in
front of the judge and tell him I
sent you. Go.

JESSUP

From across the street, unconsciously staring directly at Williams. Hard and intent.

WILLIAMS

His eyes lock with Jessup's, awkward yet unyielding. He makes his way across the street.

JESSUP

WILLIAMS

Do I know you?

JESSUP

Why would you know me?

WILLIAMS

I've been around this city long enough to know that if someone is staring at you from across the street, they either know you or wanna kill you.

JESSUP

So?

WILLIAMS

So, which is it?

JESSUP

Neither.

WILLIAMS

Well alright then. There's no use in standing out in the rain --

JESSUP

-- you're a police officer, right?

WILLIAMS

I'm a detective --

JESSUP

-- you had a case years ago --

WILLIAMS

-- if there's a case that you feel you should discuss with me, my office door is always open.

JESSUP
It's been closed for years.

Now he's too interested --

WILLIAMS
What was it? The case.

JESSUP
Hit and run.

WILLIAMS
I've seen a lot of those. We catch
the guy?

JESSUP
No.

WILLIAMS
Then who told you the case was
closed?

JESSUP
I haven't heard from a member of
your office in over ten years. To
me, that sounds pretty damn
closed.

WILLIAMS
I can assure that we are doing
everything that we can to --

JESSUP
-- I get it. The real crime is
faking it.

Jessup turns and wheels himself into the masses of dark
colored coats.

INT. DEB'S FLOWER SHOP - NIGHT

Jessup carefully peers into the window, not to be mistaken
for a stalker. Deb is closing up, counting the register.

JESSUP (VO)
I'd never spoken to her, but I
could imagine what our
conversation would sound like.

Police cars ROAR down the street behind him --

JESSUP (VO)

(more)

She'd ask my about my day, I'd ask her about her favorite flower. She'd tell me about some nut job customer that's always trying to get her number, and I'd joke with her about how I'd break his legs.

Two pick-pocket thieves rumble down the sidewalk behind him, bumping into his wheelchair -- it doesn't phase him.

JESSUP (VO)

And because she is who she is, she would joke back about how my legs were already broken and how breaking someone else's would give me a friend to hang out with...I'd let her get away with that.

Deb locks up the cash and flips off the front lights.

JESSUP (VO)

Goodnight, my love.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - LATER - NIGHT

As soon as Jessup enters his place, he can sense something is not right --

The room is dark, stale, and possesses an eerie feeling that someone is watching.

He wheels himself to the light switch -- CLICK -- nothing.

JESSUP (VO)

I used to have this fear when I was younger. Every time I'd wash my face I would be afraid to lift my head again and look in the mirror...

A CRASH in the shadows behind him --

JESSUP

Hello?

Silence. Jessup gazes into the corner of the room as if he sees something or someone.

JESSUP (VO)

(loud)

... I was always afraid that when I looked up, I'd see someone standing behind me, waiting for me to notice.

He creeps closer to the dark corner, then closer... inch by inch growing more tense --

JESSUP

(loud)

I don't have any money here, if that's what you want, you've come to the wrong place!

He reaches the empty edge, there's nothing there, just the same strange silence. Then, FOOTSTEPS coming up fast behind him -- he spins -- someone is right on him now -- THWACK! Everything goes black...

THE NEXT MORNING

As the morning light filters in, the damage is done -- broken glass and paperwork riddle the floor -- busted computer screens -- the work space rampaged and desolate.

Jessup's body lay ten feet from his wheelchair, in the fetal position, routed and broken. The side of his face is smashed against the unforgiving concrete floor, blood runs down from the side of his head.

Beside him, lay a sawed off piano leg.

JESSUP (VO)

This was the second time this city had tried to kill me. Third time's the charm.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

Williams pounds on the speed bag, then the heavy bag, and finishes up with the slip ball. He sweats, breathing stoutly.

Chief Sullivan emerges from the shadows and looks around at the unused equipment --

CHIEF SULLIVAN

We're not getting much use out of this place, are we?

WILLIAMS

As fat as you are, I didn't think you knew where it was.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

I just never saw the point of it. When you die, no one cares about how big your muscles are.

WILLIAMS

That's one way to look at it.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You finished here?

WILLIAMS

Sort of. Why? What do you need?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

The Quincy Market bust. How'd you know where to find him?

WILLIAMS

I'm a detective. That's what I'm paid to do.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Bullshit. I know you have a source. Who is it?

WILLIAMS

Do you even know what a source is, sir?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

I know that there's someone giving you information, and that the information is leading to arrests that are making someone's pockets a little lighter.

WILLIAMS

Anyone I know?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Look, cut the crap alright? I need the name of your source.

WILLIAMS

I can't give it to you. I'm sorry.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
(aggravated)
You can't give it to me?

WILLIAMS
No. Besides, why would it be so
important to you now?

He shoots Williams a concerned frown --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
You haven't been to your office
today, have you?

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

An explosion has blown out the windows and covered the floor
in glass and wood.

Williams peruses the inside. Smoke. Shattered furniture and
staggered lights. Residue covers everything.

WILLIAMS
Was anyone hurt?

CHIEF SULLIVAN (OS)
A girl coming in to drop off a
file. She lost an arm.

Williams dusts off his chair --

WILLIAMS
Any ideas on who it was?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Not on the record.

WILLIAMS
Okay, then off the record?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Whoever your source is, he trimmed
a little too deep into the nail.
Someone didn't like getting their
hand slapped.

WILLIAMS
You think it was an internal job?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Who knows...

William, finished here, heads for the door --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Where are you going?

WILLIAMS
To work --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
-- I need the name of your source,
it's for your own protection --

WILLIAMS
-- protection?

Sullivan grows impatient --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Yes, protection! This wasn't an
accident and whoever did this will
try again until you're dead. Just
give me his name!

WILLIAMS
How do I know I can trust you --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
-- what the hell is that supposed
to mean?

WILLIAMS
How do I know it wasn't your hand
being slapped?

They size each other up --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
(intense)
Give me the name, Harvey.

WILLIAMS
I'll find out who blew up my
office. Maybe my source can help
me find him.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - DAY

Jessup's eyes shoot open. He's still shell-shocked and trying to regain his balance. There is a small puddle of blood next to him. His fuzzy vision can't make out the extent of the damage.

DEB (OS)
Hello? Anyone here?

He scrambles to get to his wheelchair, not wanting anyone to see him in his current condition. His voice is hoarse --

JESSUP
(yells)
Don't come in here! Go away!

DEB (OS)
Hello?

His feeble attempts to pick himself up and sit in his wheelchair fail miserably and he is back on the floor --

JESSUP
I don't care what you want. Just go away!

It's too late. Deb spots him hiding behind the wheels, she is uncertain --

DEB
Are you okay?

Seeing it is his secret love, Jessup shields his face --

JESSUP
I'm fine. Just please leave.

Deb surveys the vandalized lab, her eyes big and bright --

DEB
What happened?

JESSUP
Since you won't leave, just tell me what you want.

She inches closer to him --

DEB
I own the flower shop on Main. I was just doing some door-to-door marketing.

JESSUP
Well as you can see, flowers wouldn't do me much good right now.

DEB
Do you need me to call the police
or an ambulance?

She reaches Jessup, he leans helplessly against his
wheelchair, desperately attempting not to make eye contact
with her... but it is futile.

DEB
Oh my God! Are you alright? Who
did this to you?

He has no choice but to ask for her help --

JESSUP
(sheepishly)
Please help me up.

She grabs him beneath his arm and leads him into his seat.
He is ashamed to be seen by her --

JESSUP
Now go.

DEB
Are you sure?

JESSUP
Yes. Please.

DEB
I can call a doctor --

JESSUP
-- I don't need a doctor.

DEB
You're bleeding pretty bad --

JESSUP
-- I don't need a doctor.

DEB
-- just let me help you get--

JESSUP
(angry)
-- I don't need a doctor! I am a
doctor! I just need you to leave!
Just get out of here!

She is puzzled, cowering back, awkwardly walking to the
door.

JESSUP
 (calmer)
 I'm sorry.

DEB
 I was only trying to help.

JESSUP
 I'm just not used to needing
 anyone.

DEB
 Are you sure there's nothing I can
 do?

JESSUP
 I'll be fine.

She hesitantly takes her final steps out, leaving Jessup with his ruined life. His life's work -- gone, his love -- scolded. What a mess.

EXT. ALTAR CITY STREET - NIGHT

Williams walks without purpose, soaking in the midnight rain. Steady, cold, bone-chilling. People move around him, but all is quiet. He stares straight ahead, numb, ignoring the filth around him.

WILLIAMS (VO)
 I've spent my whole life doing
 what I thought was the right
 thing. Despite my best efforts,
 this place will never change. It
 will never turn away from evil.

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

The park is chock full of the homeless. Forlorn, trapped, underfed. Every street corner is filthy, hungry, pitiful.

WILLIAMS (VO)
 Life is now full of disappointment
 and greed. Lies and deceit. You
 give them your blood and in return
 they shove a pipe bomb up your
 ass. It just doesn't make sense.

EXT. BALCONY- THAT MOMENT - NIGHT

Jessup sits out in the same storm, soaked and wallowing. His tear filled eyes glance past the city lights --

JESSUP (VO)
 Those who sit back and watch are
 the true guilty. The worst crime
 is doing nothing.

EXT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

Dark paths and jury-rigged homes line the sidewalks. People burn anything they can to keep warm.

JESSUP (VO)
 It's time to stand up, time to be
 an example.

EXT. SQUARE - NIGHT

Protesters. Trash piled high and police dogs threatening the boycott. GUNSHOTS fill the deep black sky. Babies cry.

JESSUP (VO)
 To sin is to be human. Forgiving
 our sins is up to God, and
 justifying them is the devil's
 job. No one is more frightened by
 justice than the devil. Well,
 tonight he has a new reason to be
 afraid.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Jessup's hard work and research -- devastated, lining the floor.

Abundant THUNDER and lightning. Jessup scrambles to find a land line, checks for a tone, then dials. His eyes have changed from frail to tenacious and steadfast. It RINGS --

JESSUP
 (into phone)
 Lynn? It's Walker.

INT. DR. LYNN'S BEDROOM - JAPAN - NIGHT

Dr. Lynn sits up in bed, trying not wake his sleeping wife next to him.

DR. LYNN
(into phone)
Walker? It's late, what's the
matter?

INT. JW LABORATORIES - NIGHT

INTERCUT: PHONE CONVERSATION

JESSUP
How quickly can send me more of
the cure?

DR. LYNN
I thought we agreed to wait until
all the kinks were worked out?

JESSUP
(insists)
How quickly can you send more?

DR. LYNN
It depends, how much do you need?

JESSUP
A lot. Enough to last at least a
few months.

DR. LYNN
Why do you need so much?

JESSUP
Please don't ask questions.

DR. LYNN
It shouldn't take too long, but
it's an expensive process.

JESSUP
Send as much as you can. I'll wire
you the money in the morning.

DR. LYNN
Is everything alright?

JESSUP

Just keep making more until I tell
you to stop... no matter how much
it costs.

Jessup hangs up, having set his plan in motion. he takes
measure of his loss, everything he has worked so hard to
accomplish -- so many years. Anger fills his face.

He sinks a syringe into his arm and down goes the plunger.
"Torment" is the best way to describe the transformation.

His body rejects and accepts the serum at the same time,
sending him into a series of exceptional throes. Like Jekyll
turning into Hide.

Minutes later, the front door violently swings open and the
beast is lose.

All is quiet in the lab. Vivid lightening strikes, revealing
an abandoned wheelchair resting in the center of the room.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

A hot spot for elite mob figures. Full bar, vibrant, loud
and threadbare.

THE DANCE FLOOR

Packed with sexy bodies, skirts, and expensive Armani dress
shirts. The MUSIC THUMPS -- loud and unrelenting.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Watches from the front door. Black lab coat and gloves --
utter discontent on his face, he SNARLS at the crowd in
front of him.

It is Jessup, on his own two feet, not the man he used to
be. He's something...scarier.

MUSIC BOOTH

He presents himself to the DJ and reveals the familiar sawed
off piano leg from earlier, PLANTING in on the turntables.
The music skips --

JESSUP

(growls)

Do you mind?

DJ
What the Fu --

The DJ is terrified, recoils but --

Jessup annihilates his face with the piano leg, then -- all hell breaks lose.

JESSUP

A drunk MOBSTER charges him as fast as possible, but Jessup is faster. WHAM! Jessup greets him with a hard fist to the face -- he's so strong -- Superman strength.

Two LARGE MEN rush forward -- Jessup swings the piano leg above his head -- pummelling both men with ease and looking for more.

He relieves them of their pistols, moving like grease lightning -- tearing his way through an onslaught of MAFIOSOS. He's too hard to catch, and even harder to shoot.

Jessup begins EMPTYING CLIPS of bullets into the unknown crowd -- innocent, guilty, it makes no difference. Girls tumble for cover, diving over tables, gunning for the door.

A FAT MOBSTER, covered in tribal tattoos, grabs Jessup from behind -- Jessup wrestles with him and lands an elbow to the fat man's throat -- a CHOP to the temple -- and FLIPS him to the floor.

He points, CLICKS, and FIRES!

The club is a mess -- SCREAMING women, cops and crooks running for their lives, but there is one more thing to do...

Jessup attacks the bar, popping open bottles of liquor and dumping them over the booths, the dance floor, and leaving a trail of liquid to the back door.

BACK DOOR

Jessup removes his Zippo, FLICKS it twice and -- BOOM!

He moves on, leaving the club engulfed in flames and smoke. Glancing back at his creation, the thick haze reaching up to the rainy clouds. Satisfied, he disappears into the smoky air.

SIRENS in the distance...

INT. JW LABORATORIES - NIGHT

With his blood pressure falling, Jessup collapses back into his wheelchair, his legs rendered useless once again. He hangs his head, exhaustion setting in. A tired and unknown hero back from war.

He can still hear police SIRENS SCREAMING through the rain, undoubtedly headed to the towering inferno down the street.

INT. CLUB - DAY

Taped off and desolate. Williams bends down to examine the rubble. A short detective names RAMSEY stands behind him, dumbfounded by the destruction around them.

RAMSEY

Looks like someone's doing your job for you.

WILLIAMS

Yes, but some of these bodies are cops.

RAMSEY

Maybe they did us a favor?

WILLIAMS

That's the thing. Who would do something like this? This has consequences on both sides.

RAMSEY

Junkies?

WILLIAMS

They're not that stupid. And it couldn't have been the mob, they own the place.

RAMSEY

Owned.

WILLIAMS

Can't be the cops either. They'd never eat their own like this.

They are lost --

RAMSEY

So then who?

WILLIAMS
How many bodies were there?

RAMSEY
Ten.

WILLIAMS
Shot?

RAMSEY
I got a look at them, whoever did
this wasn't hiding how he killed
them.

Firemen arrive on the scene --

WILLIAMS
Something doesn't add up. Keep
digging, I'll call you later.

RAMSEY
Where ya going?

WILLIAMS
To see an old friend.

INT. IRISH BAR - DAY

Williams appears from the back, brushing off the ceaseless
rain. As he struts to the bar, someone is missing --

He questions the BARTENDER --

WILLIAMS
Where's Beaver?

BARTENDER
He ain't here.

WILLIAMS
I see that. Where's he at?

The bartender is apprehensively ignoring the question.

WILLIAMS
Hey! Where is he?

BARTENDER
If I tell you, you didn't hear
nothin' from me, capeesh?

WILLIAMS

Fine, whatever.

He leans in close, as if he's revealing the location of Hoffa's body --

BARTENDER

Some guys came for him this morning.

WILLIAMS

What guys?

BARTENDER

Your kind of guys.

WILLIAMS

Police? Which ones?

BARTENDER

I dunno. I never seen them before, but they busted in like they owned the joint.

WILLIAMS

Did they say where they were taking him?

BARTENDER

Not to me.

Williams has cause for alarm --

WILLIAMS

What time did they show up?

BARTENDER

(suggestive)

Earlier. Look, if you wanna find Beaver, you might wanna start looking somewhere west of the city.

Williams's frown shows he's been out west before.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - FRONT SEAT - NIGHT

The rain subsides enough to dial down the wiper speed. Williams drives, fast, his hands grinding the leather steering wheel.

WILLIAMS (VO)

Usually, when someone tells you to look for a friend in the West Valley, it's not a good thing. This time was no exception. I just hoped they hadn't sprayed poor Beaver out...

He continues riding through --

WEST VALLEY

A wasteland. An old industrial park that bent to the dark side way before Williams was even born. Once bustling with textile factories, the Valley is now a place to bury secrets and for people who share an affinity for villainy.

WILLIAMS (VO)

I hated the anticipation.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Williams leans against the hood, staring up at a telephone poll, a lifeless body hanging from it. It is Beaver.

Beaver is covered in bloody clothing and was sadly beaten prior to being strung up.

WILLIAMS (VO)

When they spray you out, they shoot you full of holes and tie you to a telephone poll.

His eyes fixated on Beaver's corpse -- he's been dead for hours now.

WILLIAMS (VO)

Sure he sold crack to kids, but he was just a lost soul, wanting to do what was right, but built to attract trouble.

(turns away)

The worst part of all this was that deep down I knew that only one group of guys tortured in that way... and they all wear shiny badges given to you by the Mayor.

INT. CHIEF SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sullivan is under a mountain of paperwork. His bottle of Scotch is helping him through the night when --

Williams, looking disheveled, BURSTS into the room --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Harvey, what the hell are you
doing here?

WILLIAMS
I just spent three hours driving
back from the Valley --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
-- what the hell were you doing
all the way out there?

WILLIAMS
Seeing an old friend. Maybe you
know him?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
You have friends that live out in
the Valley?

WILLIAMS
Cut the shit! You had him killed
didn't you?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
(playing dumb)
Who?

WILLIAMS
My source.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
You wouldn't give him up,
remember?

WILLIAMS
So you found him on your own and
you had your boys spray him out!

Sullivan stands up --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
You should have just told us his
name, Harvey!

WILLIAMS

Did you get it before he died?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You need to calm down.

WILLIAMS

Or maybe you never really wanted his name. Maybe you just wanted him to stop giving up made guys. Is that it?

Sullivan shuts the office door and digs in for a battle --

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You're towing a very fine line, Detective.

WILLIAMS

Am I?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Yes! Why don't you ask me what's really on your mind?

WILLIAMS

Yours was the hand being slapped wasn't it?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You wanna know the truth?

WILLIAMS

(demands)

Yeah, I wanna know!

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You already know the answer --

WILLIAMS

-- I wanna hear you say it.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

In this city, you're either in or you're out. There is no in between! I haven't given twenty years of my life to this department to not come out on top.

WILLIAMS

So you try to kill me?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

It was a scare tactic! You know all about these games, you've played them before.

WILLIAMS

And the girl who lost her arm?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Collateral damage, who gives a shit anyway? You?

WILLIAMS

I care... I cared!

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You can still care about the things you can control. Everything else that goes on behind your back is somebody else's business.

WILLIAMS

Is there anything I can control?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

When you get my desk, you can try to clean this city up however the hell you want. Until then, you still answer to me, Detective. Don't forget that.

WILLIAMS

With all do respect, If having your job means selling my soul, I'll pass.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Idealist. See where that gets you.

Williams, disgusted, stumbles to the door and remembers --

WILLIAMS

When they swore you in, what did they have you place your right hand on?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

(dejected)
The Bible.

Williams adds insult to injury --

WILLIAMS
Good luck with that, sir.

INT. DR. LYNN'S OFFICE - DAY

Half-way across the globe, the sun shines. Tree branches bloom and birds chirp. A much happier place.

Dr. Lynn sits behind his mahogany desk, reading a letter to himself --

JESSUP (VO)
"Doctor Lynn. I hope this letter finds you and your family well. I am sorry for being so discrete, but from now on, our relationship must remain... distant. For reasons I cannot disclose at this time, I no longer find it safe to call or discuss our partnership face-to-face. I wish I could say more."

He glances down at a small manila envelope --

JESSUP (VO)
"Along with this letter, you will find a receipt for a wire transfer in the amount of one-hundred thousand dollars. It should cover the costs of the delivery we spoke of earlier. I want to thank you for all of your help in finding what we have always been searching for... a cure. Your discovery has changed my life forever and I will always be indebted to you. I hope to speak to you again someday. Best of luck and warm regards, Jessup Walker."

He lights a flame beneath the letter and places it in the wastebasket.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Williams is reclined in the corner booth, stirring his drink, as flat as the table itself. He ignores the rowdiness around him --

STAGE

Angel, older but seductive as ever, provocatively twists and dips, the room spins into heat. She can see Williams is off in la-la land.

SUDDENLY:

An UNKNOWN DRUNK MAN springs out of the VIP, flailing his arms, hysterical --

UNKNOWN DRUNK MAN

Get out of here! Everyone get out
of here --

Without any further warning --

BLAM! The flames extend across the length of the floor. Williams ducks under the table, surviving the fireball by the skin of his teeth.

Patrons flee for to the doors-- smoke filling the room -- covering the EXIT signs -- a confused frenzy.

Some try to salvage personal belongings, others SCREAM in the darkness while covered in God knows what.

WILLIAMS

Seeing the carnage, begins tossing people aside as he breaks for the stage --

WILLIAMS

(yelling)

Angel! Angel! Where are you!

No answer -- he grabs a fire extinguisher, spraying the flames, but it's no use. They grow higher and higher as he searches for his love.

WILLIAMS

Angel! Tell me where you are!

As the remaining free air is overtaken by thick black smoke, he sees: bar fixtures, cash registers, liquor stock, and stage lights. It all flashes before his eyes, so fast.

Just before he fades out, he hears Angel's FAINT YELL for help, but there is little he can do. His eyelids fight to stay open, but cannot win this battle.

EXT. STREET- LATER - NIGHT

All the rain in the world wouldn't be able to extinguish the club's angry blaze.

It ROARS through the wood and stucco, followed by frequent tiny EXPLOSIONS as whiskey bottles and beer cans BURST open. The club, now reduced to several charred bricks and a debris-filled hole in the ground, is unrecognizable.

Williams rests on the sidewalk, soaked through and through, breathing through an oxygen mask. Chief Sullivan stands beside him, stoic --

CHIEF SULLIVAN

You gonna be alright?

No answer.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

I warned you. Finding the truth can be messy.

He leaves Williams' side and is bombarded by television crews and reporters.

Williams is enraged, saturated and broken --

WILLIAMS (VO)

Life is hard. Death is easy. But not Angel's death. She was everything I'm not, and now she's gone...forever. They took her from me. My sweet Angel.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Jessup meticulously sets up his station, bordering on OCD: a vial of his precious cure, several chrome syringes, gloves and a raincoat. A 9mm rests on the edge of his desk.

These are his tools.

JESSUP (VO)

I've seen how our conscience has become our biggest excuse. We're no longer held accountable for our actions.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - JUST THEN - NIGHT

He reaches into the fridge and pulls out a fresh bottle of Jameson. He breaks the seal and unscrews the cap.

One shot, two shots, a third...

He removes his 9mm from it's holster, POPS out the shell from it's breach, and watches it foolishly fall to the floor.

WILLIAMS (VO)

I've seen how rotten this place
has become. I've learned that
instead of bending the rules...

INT. JW LABORATORIES - NIGHT

All is quiet. Jessup is gone. His wheelchair sits unaccompanied near the doorway, a used syringe lay across the seat --

JESSUP (VO)

.. they have to be broken. Maybe
to save life...

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

He drinks yet again, loading the magazine, chambers a round again and again...heavy in thought.

WILLIAMS (VO)

... you have to take it. Maybe to
not be overcome by evil...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jessup is in full superhero mode. Stomping a band of thieves in the rain, -- an exhibition-- moving through them like a wildcat stalking it's prey, offering no mercy --

JESSUP (VO)

... You must overcome evil with
good.

He steps over the torn bodies, he is unstoppable.

INT. WILLIAMS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

He stares a hole through his badge.

Suddenly, he presses the barrel to his forehead, hesitates, then pulls the trigger... CLICK! No gunshot, no brain matter splattered on the wall behind him, no THUMP of his body hitting the floor. Failure to fire.

WILLIAMS (VO)
Maybe to stop the inevitable...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Having made quick work of the thieves, Jessup tears down the busy street, lurking in the shadowy rain...a silent protector, watching for his next assignment.

JESSUP (VO)
... you have to become it.

INT. MAFIA CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Six aggressive mafia heads play. They are all important and all acting REBELLIOUS -- like they own the world.

Suddenly, the lights to the room are cut off. The men stand at attention, arming themselves --

Before they know what has hit 'em -- Jessup SLAMS through the window, ready to roll.

They all rush him at once -- Jessup catches their fists in mid-air, kicking his way through them -- then SLAMS his boot into their ribs on the way down.

They SHOOT, but Jessup is hard to find and too skillful. FLIPPING one man right into another -- making mincemeat out of them -- their clips come up empty -- but it's pointless to reload.

Not one man is left standing. Jessup purposely drops a JW vial on his way out the door.

INT. DEB'S FLOWER SHOP - DAY

For some strange reason, the sun is out and the rain is subdued.

An empty store. Jessup wheels himself to the counter and RINGS THE BELL.

Deb rushes from the back, looking confident and beautiful, a combination that would send most men running.

DEB
Can I help --

Shocked to see Jessup again...

JESSUP
Hello.

DEB
How are you?

JESSUP
Great. Never better.

DEB
What are you doing here?

JESSUP
I don't think I had a chance to tell you my name. I'm Jessup.

DEB
I'm Deb.

JESSUP
I take it this is your shop?

DEB
Thus the name.

They're playful --

JESSUP
Good point.

DEB
Are you looking for some flowers?

JESSUP
No.

DEB
Then why are you here?

Jessup smiles, it's been a long time since he's been bold --

JESSUP

To apologize. I didn't mean to --

DEB

-- it's okay, you don't have to.

JESSUP

Yes, I do.

DEB

I accept your appology.

JESSUP

Good, because lunch was gonna be very awkward if you were still mad at me.

INT. DINER - DAY

Coffee and pie. In mid-conversation --

JESSUP

I bounced around a lot. Foster homes and different families, but nothing ever stuck.

(drinks)

So I guess to answer your question, I don't have the slightest idea why I'm still stuck in this city. Nowhere else to turn I suppose.

DEB

And you're a doctor?

JESSUP

I am.

DEB

You're so young. What kind?

JESSUP

I spent my time reading books while other kids did...whatever normal kids do with their time.

DEB

Seriously?

JESSUP
(grins)
Probably because I was the kind
that couldn't walk.

Semi-serious --

JESSUP
I study the human body. I mostly
test dead muscle tissue.

DEB
Are you searching for a cure?

He catches her eye, and uncomfortably smiles at her --

JESSUP
All the time.

DEB
You seem to get around pretty
well.

JESSUP
(offers nothing)
Walking would be better.

DEB
Is it hard?

JESSUP
Sometimes.

DEB
I'm glad your handicap doesn't
prevent you from living your life.

JESSUP
What about you?

DEB
What about me?

JESSUP
How did you end up here?

She's cute when she teases --

DEB
You ever heard of the immaculate
conception? I guess I just
happened.

JESSUP

You just... appeared out of nowhere? I find that hard to imagine.

DEB

I don't have a good answer --

JESSUP

-- let me be the judge.

He pushes, and she likes that --

DEB

I moved here after college. I wanted to start my own business.

JESSUP

That's not what I meant.

DEB

Then, what did you mean?

He leans in --

JESSUP

I mean, why are you really here?

DEB

(opens up)

My father was my best friend. He volunteered at our church, coached little league, he even worked two jobs when my mother passed away. I know he missed her all the time, even more than I did. Despite the pain, he was so bright...his smile shined no matter what the circumstances were.

(pauses)

My brother has Downs syndrome and one Sunday, after lunch, he wandered off and fell into the septic tank in the backyard. My father didn't even think twice. He just jumped right in and saved him.

JESSUP

How old was your brother?

DEB

He had just turned sixteen. My dad made sure my brother was completely out of the tank before he worried about himself. I ran back inside to call the police.

(fingers tremble)

By the time I got back to them, it was too late.

JESSUP

I'm sorry.

DEB

Ever since then, I've been searching for something as bright as his smile. The only thing that comes close is --

JESSUP

-- flowers.

DEB

Yeah.

They smile like teenagers falling in love.

JESSUP

Now that's a good answer.

INT. MAFIA CARD ROOM - DAY

Chalk outlines of bodies and blood stains on the carpet. Bright lights illuminate the scene.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE stands dazed, her hands on her hips, thinking this through -- Williams shows up late --

WILLIAMS

They called you in on this one?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Sullivan called me directly.

Sawhorses label the scene "Crime Area."

WILLIAMS

Someone had some fun. Witnesses?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Nope. No one has come forward.

He points to the lines --

WILLIAMS

When they ran ID's on the bodies,
who'd they find?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Cops, mob guys, all of the above.

WILLIAMS

Any ideas on the perp? One guy,
three guys, a bunch of guys?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

No prints, no sign of a struggle.
Forensics couldn't even find a
single hair.

WILLIAMS

Okay. So, let's run anything we
have on the departed. If we don't
have anything, then we need to
find something. Call it a hunch,
but I think our recent mystical
mob murders might be connected to
this one. The question is, who has
the balls to go up against the mob
and the police all at once?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

You know, I could always hand this
one off to you if you'd like.

WILLIAMS

You want off?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Between you and me, I dunno if we
should arrest the guys who did
this or give them a medal.

He's dying for the action --

WILLIAMS

Tell Sullivan. Get forensics on
the line while you'reay it, I need
them back here to comb the room a
second time.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

They've already been in twice --

WILLIAMS
 -- then a third time.
 (to himself)
 I need to know who's doing this.

She gets on the horn.

WILLIAMS

Searches the scene with his eyes, rapidly scrutinizing. He settles on --

The JW vial. During the forensic search, it must have been kicked under the jukebox.

Williams snatches it up, holding it up to the light.

FEMALE DETECTIVE (OS)
 They're on their way. What's that?

He hides it in his jacket pocket --

WILLIAMS
 (unsure)
 It's nothing. I'll wait for them.

INT. PUBLIC ARCHIVES - DAY

A library of deep browns and bookcases. Silence, except for the rain, of course. The ultimate spot to pull an all-nighter if you aspire to geekdom.

Various people focus on work that demands tedious attention, an atmosphere that boosts the mind's thinking ability.

MICROFICHE ROOM

JESSUP (VO)
 Injustice is like a cancer. It spreads without remorse. The only way to prevent it from poisoning the rest of the world is to destroy it's source.

Jessup nervously searches through archived newspaper articles. He shouldn't be inside this room.

We catch glimpses of text :

-- "... law enforcement has established new ties with the Altar City-based crime family..."

-- "...such ties would enable both parties to profit from increased drug trafficking through legitimate, civil business plans."

-- "A high-ranking member of the city government recently set up operations within the Mafia's ranks..."

-- "...with an agreement in place, signed and sealed by both parties."

He makes copies.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Far from sober, he stares at the JW vial on his desk. His eyes move from this piece of evidence to his poster-board of suspects -- a disaster of criminal photos and sticky notes.

A KNOCK at his door --

CHIEF SULLIVAN (OS)

Can I come in?

Williams hides the vial --

WILLIAMS

Come in.

Sullivan stands at the door, uneasy --

CHIEF SULLIVAN

I heard you took over the mob card room?

WILLIAMS

Is that a problem?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

It's fine.

WILLIAMS

To be honest, I don't expect to find any answers anyway.

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Look, the real reason I came down here was to tell you that I'm sorry about your girl. I just heard. It's a damn shame.

WILLIAMS
(unwavering)
Did you know anything about it?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
The club? No. Some things are
still above my paygrade.

WILLIAMS
(fake)
Thank you for your concern.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
You're a good person. If you want
out, I can make sure you're not
touched.

WILLIAMS
Why would I want out?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Because no matter how deep you go,
the only grave you'll be digging
is your own.

WILLIAMS
I guess that means I better have a
damn good shovel.

Sullivan is frustrated with his strong resolve --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
You know what makes you different,
Harvey? You actually are the good
guy, while the rest of us just
appear to be.

WILLIAMS
(sarcastically)
Thank you for the compliment, sir.

EXT. DEB'S FLOWER SHOP/ BUS STOP - NIGHT

It is ominously quiet. The perfect atmosphere for danger to
lurk in the shadows. Deb is closing up, locking the doors
and double checking the bolt.

STREET

She treads softly to the nearest bus stop, keeping her head
down, trying not to make eye contact with anyone she passes.

BUS STOP

She is alone and waiting for what seems like an eternity, seeing her breath in the frigid air -- afraid to look anywhere but straight ahead.

A GRIMY BUM positions himself next to her, his teeth yellow and rotten, his face sunken in from malnourishment.

GRIMY BUM
Waiting for the bus?

She does not answer --

GRIMY BUM
Got somewhere important to go?
Somewhere warm maybe?

She clenches her keys tight, leaving one of them protruding out from between her middle and index fingers --

GRIMY BUM
Maybe, you got someone warm to go home to?

He runs his dirty fingers down her back, making his way to her hips --

DEB
(terrified)
Get your hands off of me.

GRIMY BUM
Oh, come on baby. I'm just trying to keep you warm. Don't you want me to keep you warm?

She pulls away from him, insulting his ego --

DEB
Back off.

GRIMY BUM
Or what?

FLIP -- he pulls out a switchblade --

GRIMY BUM
How about you come back to my place and we start a fire?

He advances -- she draws her fist back and SLAMS the key into his adams apple -- he clenches his throat in pain -- GAGGING -- WHEEZING.

But she isn't very strong, before she can run off -- he is right on her -- tackling her to the ground and forcing her against the pavement, trying to have his way with her.

They struggle until --

A GUNSHOT -- right next to them.

The bum gets up, peering up at -- WILLIAMS! -- gun in hand and ready to fire again if necessary. Deb rushes to her feet, collecting her things --

WILLIAMS

(to her)

Get out of here.

DEB

But I should call the police...

WILLIAMS

I'm a detective. There's another bus stop a block away. Go.

She obliges, leaving Williams to do whatever he pleases. He kneels down to the injured fawn --

WILLIAMS

Wrong night to be horny.

GRIMY BUM

(breathing heavy)

What are you gonna do?

Williams reaches into his jacket, feeling around, causing a new rush of pain. When he brings his hand back out, there is blood on his fingertips --

WILLIAMS

Guess what? The bullet went right through.

GRIMY BUM

(fading)

What does that mean?

WILLIAMS

It means, that if at first you don't succeed...

He stands, points his gun right at the bum and --

WILLIAMS
...try, try again.

BAM!

INT. JW LABORATORIES - DAY

Drizzle BEATS against the metal roof, symphonic like. There is a calmness inside. Jessup is nowhere to be found.

Williams rattles off the wetness as he appears in the doorway.

WILLIAMS
Anyone home?

Silence. He continues inward, eyeing up the lab.

WILLIAMS
(offers)
I let myself in. The front door
was open.

Still not a peep.

WILLIAMS
I must be in the right place. The
sign outside matches the engraving
on this...

He holds up the JW vial --

JESSUP (OS)
I was beginning to wonder if you
found it.

Williams snaps around, seeing Jessup rolling toward him.

WILLIAMS
Who are you?

JESSUP
My name is Jessup Walker.

WILLIAMS
Is this your place?

JESSUP

It is. This is my lab and that vial you're holding has my initials on it.

WILLIAMS

You said you were wondering if I had found it? Have you been expecting me?

JESSUP

Yes. Are you gonna arrest me?

WILLIAMS

Depends. Have you done something wrong?

JESSUP

Wrong? No.

He recognizes Jessup --

WILLIAMS

Quincy Market. The day of the bank bust, you were there. We talked.

JESSUP

I think we should talk, again.

JESSUP'S OFFICE

They've obviously been chatting for a while --

WILLIAMS

Your mother's case was never solved. We never found the driver.

JESSUP

I'm sure it just landed at the bottom of the unsolved mysteries pile.

WILLIAMS

I remember waiting at the hospital. They told me about you.

JESSUP

And here we are.

Williams lays the vial out --

WILLIAMS

So, what's the deal with this?

JESSUP

You've been chasing a ghost.

WILLIAMS

Have I?

JESSUP

Someone that's been tearing up mob establishments, rattling cop cages, and setting things straight.

WILLIAMS

And how do you know I'm not next on the ghost's list?

JESSUP

Two reasons. First, I'm a scientist and I do my research. You're a good cop, probably the last one. Second, I know who you're after.

WILLIAMS

You know who I'm after?

Jessup is dead serious --

JESSUP

I'm able to do what no one else in this city can... get close enough to the mob to make a difference.

Williams wants to understand, but fights it --

WILLIAMS

What are you talking about? You can't walk.

JESSUP

The vial. It was a clue. I wanted you to come here and find me. We can work on this together --

WILLIAMS

-- you expect me to believe that you're able go out in a wheelchair and bust up the mob?

JESSUP

(dead serious)

Believe it. It's called a neuromuscular- electrical- stimulant. It allows me the

(MORE)

JESSUP (cont'd)
temporary use of my legs while my
heart rate remains at an unusually
high level --

WILLIAMS
-- and when it falls?

JESSUP
I fall.

WILLIAMS
So you've discovered a cure?

JESSUP
It's more than that. It also
changes my molecular structure,
making me faster, stronger, able
to take down more men than a few
bullets could.

Jessup's face is overwhelmingly convincing --

WILLIAMS
And instead of going public with
this, you're gonna use it fight
crime?

JESSUP
Yes.

WILLIAMS
How?

JESSUP
The agreement. I'm going to put an
end to it.

WILLIAMS
Good luck.

JESSUP
You're going to help me --

WILLIAMS
-- there is no stopping it. The
mob has such a choke-hold over the
cops and politicians in this town
that there is no way to break it
up --

JESSUP

-- then we get rid of the mob all together.

WILLIAMS

You'd still be left with hundreds crooked cops.

JESSUP

We get rid of them too.

WILLIAMS

And then, who's in charge?

JESSUP

People like you.

Williams is both weary and inspired by Jessup's bravery --

WILLIAMS

You're serious?

JESSUP

You've seen what I've been able to do. You've been to the crime scenes and you've seen how much of a change I can make. If you're not going to arrest me, the only thing left for you to do is ask yourself if you're on my side, or just in my way.

Williams thinks it over, needing more --

WILLIAMS

Show me how it works.

LAB ROOM

Jessup sits in a restraint chair. Williams assists in making sure it's securely bolted to the ground. Jessup raises a gas-powered injector, loaded with the cure --

JESSUP

I'd stand back if I were you.

Williams nods, taking a few steps back. Jessup presses the tip into his ulnar artery.

He shakes violently, his teeth clenching inside of his mouth, his veins cord all the way up to his neck.

Williams stands in awe as the hellish transformation occurs.

After another strained second, lightning strikes and THUNDER POUNDS.

Jessup stands, undaunted and resolute.

Williams steps forward, knowing he's just witnessed a miracle of modern science, but unsure of it's legitimacy. He looks deep into Jessup's eyes -- now convinced --

WILLIAMS

What do you need from me?

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

The blinds are shut. Williams and Jessup whisper like boys playing war, scheming.

Williams hands him a radio --

WILLIAMS

All the calls I receive funnel in through channel four. Keep it turned on at all times and I'll make sure the air is clear.

JESSUP

No one can know we're working together.

WILLIAMS

I made sure it was scrubbed. I had a janitor sign for it and everything. It's clean.

A cell phone is next --

WILLIAMS

Only call me on this phone. There's a number programmed in it's memory. It's mine. If I don't answer, you never leave me a message, got it?

JESSUP

Who'd you have sign for this?

WILLIAMS

I know a couple of guys in research. It's amazing what doubling a week's pay can get you.

JESSUP

My idea was to start at the top
and only hit the guys that matter.
I need you to get me a list. Start
with narcotics.

WILLIAMS

When?

JESSUP

We start tonight.

WILLIAMS

I'll get right on it.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

It's dark in the stacks. SHADOWY MEN load boxes into an open container -- sleepy street lights BUZZ above them.

One of the men, taking a break, sneaks behind the cargo and begins to urinate into the river when -- WHAM! A dark figure reaches out for him -- his eyes go wide before being RIPPED into the darkness.

THE CONTAINER

Meticulously being loaded when --

SHADOWY THUG

Hey, where the hell is the other
guy?

No one knows. He decides to check it out.

THE RIVER EDGE

Nothing but darkness.

SHADOWY THUG

Hey man, this hour-long break shit
ain't gonna fly!

A low THUMP -- the thug draws his gun -- staring into the abyss ahead of him.

SHADOWY THUG

(nervous)
Stop messin' around...

A gloved hand swiftly reaches around from behind, SNAPPING his neck.

THE CONTAINER

The remaining thugs stand around, smoking, laughing until --

Jessup jumps from atop the container and lands in the middle of them --

Thugs PANIC, YELL, one draws a gun, another a blade --

Jessup kicks the gun barrel -- sending it to the ground -- he ducks the knife-wielder's SWIPES and dislocates the thug's knee with his foot --

He's a tornado, a whirlwind of movements and short glimpses.

Another thug gets it in the face -- TOSSED aside like a rag doll -- BULLETS fly incoherently -- they FUMBLE to fight the darkness.

After a few more broken bones and shattered jaws, they are all unconscious or gone.

Jessup stands there, reveling in his masterpiece --

JESSUP (VO)

Cowards. He who makes himself a
sheep shall be eaten by the
wolves.

EXT. THE DOCKS- LATER - NIGHT

A much different scene: helicopters, television crews, cops reading Miranda Rights to the surviving thugs.

Chief Sullivan stands in the middle of all this, scratching his head. Williams is fashionably late --

WILLIAMS

Think this'll make the morning
news?

CHIEF SULLIVAN

Are you kidding? Two dead, four
wounded, it's a logistical
nightmare.

WILLIAMS

You can't forget about the
container of coke, completely
untouched.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Meaning whoever did this wasn't
after drugs or money.

WILLIAMS
Then what would they be after?

Sullivan looks tired, on his last leg --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
That's your job, detective.

INT. DINER - DAY

Deb sits across from Jessup, their breakfast platters arrive. They both go for the salt at the same time -- they laugh it off -- then he lets her have it first.

JESSUP
So how have you been?

DEB
Busy. Scared.

JESSUP
Scared?

DEB
The other night after work, this
homeless guy tried to attack me at
my bus stop.

JESSUP
What happened?

DEB
He was all over me and then this
detective came out of nowhere and
scared him off.

JESSUP
Did he get him?

DEB
(small)
I think the detective shot him.

JESSUP
Sounds like the punishment fits
the crime.

He salts his eggs --

DEB

So I've been thinking a lot about
the last time we talked.

JESSUP

You have?

DEB

About why I'm here and what I'm
searching for.

JESSUP

And?

DEB

And, I've made a decision.

JESSUP

A decision about what?

DEB

I'm gonna close the shop and move
away.

His heart stops --

JESSUP

Any ideas on where you might go?

DEB

My brother is out west. I thought
I might spend some time with him.
Maybe breathe the fresh air for a
while.

JESSUP

Is he alone?

DEB

He's in a group for people with
his condition. He met a girl there
recently.

He can't fake a smile --

JESSUP

That's great.

DEB

What about you? Are you gonna
stick around?

JESSUP

I wouldn't have anywhere else to go.

DEB

Well, don't you have family outside the city?

His face drops --

JESSUP

My family died when I was born.

She backtracks --

DEB

I'm sorry.

JESSUP

It's fine. Every time I turn on the television I hear ten stories worse than mine.

DEB

Do you want to tell me about it?

JESSUP

(recalls)

It was an accident. It was raining and a car hit her on the driver's side and then took off.

DEB

How old were you?

JESSUP

She was pregnant with me at the time. I'm sure she would have taken care of me, but they saved me by letting her die.

DEB

I had no idea. I'm so sorry, I shouldn't have asked --

He lays it on the line --

JESSUP

-- I don't think you should go.

DEB

(surprised)

What?

JESSUP

I don't think you should leave.

DEB

Why's that?

JESSUP

Because this place needs people like you.

DEB

But you hardly know me.

JESSUP

I know who you are, deep down.

DEB

You sure about that?

JESSUP

Positive.

DEB

Fine. Give me a good answer and I'll reconsider. I'll stay.

His words reflect his own inner feelings --

JESSUP

You're fragile. You used to love the rain, the sound of it, the smell...but now you're so used to it that you hide that love so deep, you can't even find it anymore.

She is enamoured, fighting back tears --

JESSUP

(more)

And sometimes you're scared to get close to people. You think that it leaves you vulnerable to being hurt. You think it's easier to be hurt by the one you love than by a total stranger.

DEB

How do you know these things? You barely know me.

JESSUP
I know that you're exactly like
me.

Tender --

DEB
Now, that's a good answer.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - NIGHT

A metal table is covered in blue prints, photographs and
newspaper clippings.

JESSUP
How did things turn out the other
night?

WILLIAMS
Perfect. My team was able to
confiscate the entire shipment.

JESSUP
Can we trust them?

WILLIAMS
Somewhat. I had the drugs locked
up as evidence in a secured
location. I'm the only one who
knows the entry code.

JESSUP
Then we're making progress.

WILLIAMS
For now.

Jessup raises his eyebrow --

WILLIAMS
Look, we've stopped the mob's flow
of cocaine for what, six months?
They'll find another way to
smuggle the drugs in. They always
do.

JESSUP
Then, we do the best we can with
the time we have.

WILLIAMS
I have a better idea.

JESSUP

Such as?

WILLIAMS

We hit them so hard that they can't get back up.

JESSUP

I'm listening.

He pulls out a picture of a HOUSE --

WILLIAMS

Every two years, a group of men come together to review the city's alliance. I'm talking cops, the mayor's office, mafia... it's a complete who's who of self-admiration. The next meeting is coming up in just three days... here.

JESSUP

A safe house?

WILLIAMS

Exactly. Now, they're gonna be discussing a bunch of different topics, including why some of their drugs and cronies are suddenly coming up missing.

JESSUP

I should be a hot topic. How do we get in?

WILLIAMS

Sullivan.

JESSUP

He'll be there?

WILLIAMS

I'll follow him in as one of his security team members, then I'll be able to surveil the floor and relay information back to you from inside.

JESSUP

You're positive you can pull that off?

WILLIAMS

I still know how to force my way
into tight spaces when I need to.

Jessup glances at the picture --

JESSUP

When this is over, when the city
is safe, I have to stop.

WILLIAMS

Stop what?

JESSUP

Being the vigilante.

WILLIAMS

And start being what?

JESSUP

The man I used to be.

WILLIAMS

This could go on forever. They're
not just going to lay down their
guns and surrender.

JESSUP

I have to stop.

Williams becomes unsettled --

WILLIAMS

You can't stop this. You can't
stop what we've started.

JESSUP

I've found someone.

WILLIAMS

It doesn't work that way. You've
read the comic books and seen the
movies. The hero's life is always
his curse. They never let
themselves get too close to anyone
because the world will always need
them. Justice will never be strong
enough to hold its own.

JESSUP

(small)

I'm not a hero. Heroes don't have
a choice. I do.

Seeing no way of changing his mind, Williams just lets out an uncomfortable grin --

WILLIAMS
(joking)
She better be worth it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

An utterly dismal day, downpour and thunder caps.

A posse of no-good punks, ages 16-18, jive down the overflowing sidewalk. ONE of them stupidly tosses a firecracker into a post office drop box, ANOTHER keys along the side of a gorgeous luxury car. A reminder of the hatred bellowing from even this city's youth.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jessup and Deb drink coffee beneath a canopy. The rain doesn't seem to dampen their spirits --

JESSUP
Can I ask you something? And I need you to be completely honest.

DEB
Sure.

JESSUP
When you look at me, what do you see?

DEB
I see... you.

JESSUP
Do you see me, or do you see me in this chair?

DEB
I just see you. It's like the chair isn't even there.

JESSUP
Do you think you could ever live that kind of life?

DEB
What kind of life are you talking about?

JESSUP

My life.

DEB

I think that sometimes, being stuck is exactly what we need. If we went through life always on our feet, we wouldn't know how to sit back and learn. Then, we'd really be crippled.

His mind is running somewhere off in the distance.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - DAY

Jessup and Williams, like Batman and Robin, are busy putting the finishing touches on their plan.

Williams hands him a Ruger P89 --

WILLIAMS

It holds thirty rounds in the mag. That way, if you get into a sticky situation, you won't have to carry a bunch of clips.

JESSUP

Custom?

WILLIAMS

You guessed it.

Jessup feels the grips, likes it --

JESSUP

I was thinking about having a faster way of injection, in case I need an extra jolt.

WILLIAMS

This isn't enough action for you?

JESSUP

I'm only human.

WILLIAMS

What did you have in mind?

JESSUP

(smiles)

Have you ever seen Taxi Driver?

CUT TO:

INT. METAL SHOP- LATER - DAY

The two of them work with metal scraps and pieces. Jessup has worked out a system of gliders, strapping them to his forearm. An empty syringe is then placed into the glider and a spring below the wrist.

Jessup squeezes the spring and FLING! -- a syringe slides down his arm and rests in his palm -- ready to inject.

Williams gathers a black raincoat --

WILLIAMS

This should make it harder for
them to find you --

JESSUP

-- inside?

WILLIAMS

(suggestive)

Who knows, a storm could knock the
lights out.

Jessup presents him with a clear vial --

JESSUP

This is for the security guard.
Stick it right into his neck.

WILLIAMS

How long will he be out?

JESSUP

An hour, maybe more.

WILLIAMS

Gotcha.

Williams realizes the risk in what they're embarking upon --

WILLIAMS

There's a chance neither of us
walk out of that house alive.

JESSUP

There's a chance we're the only
two men that do.

WILLIAMS
So, tonight then?

JESSUP
Tonight.

EXT. MOB SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Williams is in the weeds, wearing all black, and his eyes steady on --

THE HOUSE

A massive brick colonial. Black limousines and Towncars fill the gravel driveway. Two large men at the door, MOB MUSCLE for sure. Then --

CROWN VICTORIA

It pulls in and the headlights cut off. All four doors open, the DRIVER is a cop, as are the TWO MEN from the backseat. Sullivan exits the passenger side.

WILLIAMS

Watching intently --

WILLIAMS
(into radio)
Sullivan just arrived.

JESSUP (OS)
(through the radio)
I'm in position.

THE DRIVER

He stays behind, leaning against the hood of the car with his arms crossed -- unaware.

SULLIVAN

Greets the mob muscle at the door -- is hand searched for weapons -- as are the others -- and is finally allowed to enter.

THE DRIVER

Smoking, still spacey. Williams creeping up behind him, carrying the heat --

CLICK! He points the barrel right on the back of the driver's head --

WILLIAMS

(whisper)

Don't turn around. Make a sound
and I blow you're head off. Act
natural and walk to the trees.

The driver slithers to the trees -- unnoticed -- WHUMP!
Williams introduces him to the butt of the gun -- the body
hits the deck, then Williams plunges the needle into his
skin.

WILLIAMS - MINUTES LATER

Now has the driver's clothing and hat, takes his position on
the hood of the car.

WILLIAMS

(into radio)

I'm the driver. I'll be inside in
five minutes.

INT. MOB SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Deep golds and reds, antique furniture, furs and leather.

Everyone greets one another with hand shakes and hugs. There
is a clear understanding of who is connected and who is a
cop, who takes orders and who gives them.

Most of the men here are holding drinks, dressed in suits,
unrecognizable.

A large round table in the center of the living room.

EXT. MOB SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

WILLIAMS

Still up against the car, glances at his watch and begins to
suavely make his way to the front porch.

THE PORCH

The mob muscle stares him down.

WILLIAMS

(slick accent)

How ya doin' fellas?

MOB MUSCLE 1
Can I help you?

WILLIAMS
I'm Chief Sullivan's driver.

MOB MUSCLE 1
So what's that got to do with us?

WILLIAMS
I gotta use da bathroom. Ya know?

MOB MUSCLE 1
Piss in the woods.

WILLIAMS
Thing is, I gotta take a shit.

They men look at one another, not convinced --

MOB MUSCLE 1
You aint allowed inside, sorry
pal.

WILLIAMS
You kiddin' me?

MOB MUSCLE 1
(stern)
No. I aint.

WILLIAMS
What if it were one of you's two?
They'd let you inside for that
right?

MOB MUSCLE 1
Go in your pants.

WILLIAMS
Look, get on the phone or walk
inside and tell Sullivan that his
driver has to take a shit. He'll
tell you to let me in. Go 'head,
ask him.

Another glance at one another, one of irritation --

MOB MUSCLE 1
Make it fast.

The second man searches him for weapons, Williams is clean.

INT. MOB SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Williams mouses his way to the staircase, up the steps, and into the hall bathroom. Along the way, passing shady gents who are not overly interested in who he is or what he's doing.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Locks himself in, removes a slim device from his underwear elastic, and a detonator from his crotch.

WILLIAMS

(into radio)

I'm in. This place is crawling.

JESSUP (OS)

(through the radio)

How many?

WILLIAMS

At least ten, and that's just on my way upstairs. Hold on, I'm setting up.

He pops off the toilet tank, removes a Beretta from a plastic bag, and places the device inside -- a bomb -- a few SNAPS later and a timer appears: 00:35:00.

WILLIAMS

(into radio)

We have a half hour. I'll wait for your signal.

JESSUP (OS)

When the lights go out, we move.

EXT. / INT. ROOFTOP / BATHROOM - NIGHT

A power box. Jessup sits with wire cutters in hand, waiting to cut the cord. Soaking up the rain -- psyching himself up.

JESSUP (VO)

I will not be afraid. You are my shield, and your reward shall be great...

BATHROOM/ WILLIAMS

He looks himself over in the mirror --

WILLIAMS (VO)

The devil is a liar and the father
of lies.

He readies himself, stout.

ROOFTOP/ JESSUP

He places a syringe at the base of his skin --

JESSUP (VO)

Sit at my right hand, until I make
your enemies a footstool.

BATHROOM/ WILLIAMS

He takes a long, deep breath -- finding his game face.

WILLIAMS (VO)

I am the Good Shepherd.

ROOFTOP/ JESSUP

CUTS the power cord --

JESSUP (VO)

Let the evildoer still do evil...

BATHROOM/ WILLIAMS

Still in the mirror --

WILLIAMS (VO)

...and the filthy still be
filthy...

ROOFTOP/ JESSUP

The needle DIVES into Jessup's skin -- transforming him --
paining him.

He rises to his feet!

JESSUP (VO)

... and the righteous still do
right.

INT. MOB SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Panic over the darkness, flashlights and candles are brought out. Crooked police probe every corner of the room, as -- a noise -- a CREAK.

Jessup BURSTS through the glass ceiling above! Landing in the center of their circle.

He is in their faces with horrific speed -- an unmerciful dervish -- fists of fury and bullets of asperity -- no one can touch him.

Bullets WHIZ past him -- his sharp, clean attacks rendering flesh -- his coat spinning angelically in the flashlight as he abolishes his foes.

Cowards run to the door --

FRONT DOOR

They are met with SLUGS, Williams picking them off from the second story balcony -- no one makes it to the gold door handle.

Williams makes his way down the steps, hearing the clamour in the other room, keeping an eye on his watch, POPPING anyone he comes in contact with.

LIVING ROOM

SCREAMS. More GUNFIRE, lighting up the darkness for a brief second then... nothing.

Williams, late as usual, grabs a flashlight off the ground and checks it out: bodies and fonts of blood. Jessup lay in the center of the room, having taken a decent beating in the process. Laboring.

WILLIAMS

Push down on the spring!

Jessup does -- the syringe shoots into his palm, then he slams it into his thigh -- and he's back on his feet.

BOMB: 00:02:33

WILLIAMS

Two minutes, we have to go!

Jessup and Williams make for the front, side stepping injured or dead corrupt cops and mafia heads. A job well done.

FRONT PORCH

They stumble across Sullivan, shot in the arm and bleeding, crawling to the driveway. Williams raises his gun to him --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
(shock)
Harvey?

WILLIAMS
Don't look so surprised.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
How did you --?

Williams grabs him by the leg, then drags him a safe distance away from the house. Jessup in tow, injured a bit.

ACROSS THE STREET

Williams stands in anticipation, Jessup leaning against him. Both men exhausted from the battle.

WILLIAMS
We did it.

JESSUP
Not yet.

Seconds later...

The home EXPLODES! A star-burst of debris, fire, and smoke. Euphoric fireworks, a legion of fire petals, lighting up the rain filled sky. Then, the explosion slowly dies.

JESSUP
Now it's done.

FADE TO:

INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: 7 DAYS LATER...

Sullivan is banged up, his arm in a sling, walking with crutches. A KNOCK at his door --

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Come in.

RIVERA (40), a clean cut, Hispanic agent, stands at the door.

RIVERA
Police Chief Sullivan?

CHIEF SULLIVAN
And who are you?

Flashing credentials --

RIVERA
Agent Rivera, I'm with the
governor's office. More
specifically, Internal Affairs.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
So?

RIVERA
I think we should find a good
place to talk.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
About what?

RIVERA
We can start with the corruption
stemming from this office. That
would be a good place to start.

CHIEF SULLIVAN
Is this a joke?

RIVERA
Do I look like I'm laughing?

Sullivan senses the jig is up, hangs his head in shame.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Rivera and other agents lead a dejected and frail Sullivan to the back seat of a squad car. No television crews and no crowds. It is all very unglamorous, as it should be.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

Jammed to the rafters. Every network is there, cameras, anchors, the newspapers, magazines - you name it. A pretty, blonde SPOKESWOMAN is at the microphone --

SPOKESWOMAN
Ladies and gentleman, without
further adieu, it is my esteemed
pleasure to introduce to you, our
(MORE)

SPOKESWOMAN (cont'd)
new Altar City Police Chief...
Harvey Williams.

The room ERUPTS in applause. Williams, looking dapper and tucked, steps to the podium.

WILLIAMS

Thank you very much. It is an honor and a privilege to be standing before you today, accepting the role of Chief of Police.

(pauses)

In light of recent events, the alliance between corrupt police officials and well-known criminal factions has ended. Truly, today is a day I never dreamt I would see in my lifetime.

(searching)

So, the job is now all of ours. Public safety cannot be maintained by the few, but by all of us working together. If you wear a uniform, then you are a leader, and I trust you to uphold the highest standards. The rest of the citizens of this great city are the soldiers that will forge our efforts forward. Look at your children before you close your eyes tonight, think of what we can accomplish together. It's nothing less than extraordinary. Enforcing the law is only a small part of the plan, the rest of the job consists of standing up and being good families, friends, and neighbors in the communities that you serve.

(remembering)

In closing, I'll ask that you not be afraid, do not be discouraged, but be strong and courageous...because that is what I will be as work to fight off our enemies now and as long as I hold this office. Thank you very much.

He is showered with praise.

INT. CHIEF WILLIAMS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Williams is getting acclimated to his new, larger office.
Jessup wheels himself inside the doorway --

JESSUP
Saw your speech.

WILLIAMS
And?

JESSUP
Sappy.

WILLIAMS
(smirks)
I thought it was alright, for me.

JESSUP
It was.

They both think of the right words to say --

WILLIAMS
You know I --

JESSUP
-- don't thank me.

WILLIAMS
I wasn't going to. I was gonna ask
if you had given it anymore
thought?

JESSUP
What am I supposed to be thinking
about?

WILLIAMS
About not being more than the man
you used to be.

JESSUP
You don't need me now.

WILLIAMS
How do you know?

JESSUP
You have a whole city in your
corner.

WILLIAMS

For now.

JESSUP

Have a little faith.

WILLIAMS

It just would have been nice to
have you standing next to me.

JESSUP

Or in the shadows?

WILLIAMS

Within striking distance.

Jessup rolls to him, extends his hand --

JESSUP

It's been an honor, Chief.

They shake.

WILLIAMS

My pleasure, Doctor.

Just before Jessup can make it out of the office, Williams
adds --

WILLIAMS

JW laboratories isn't closing it's
doors any time soon, is it?

JESSUP

Stop by anytime. Meet the better
half.

WILLIAMS

Just when I thought I had seen
both of your halves.

They laugh.

JESSUP

See ya 'round, Harvey.

INT. JW LABORATORIES - DAY

Jessup lays on his side in bed, staring across at him is
Deb. She looks extra cute in the morning. They say nothing,
just gaze into each others eyes.

JESSUP
Do you have to?

DEB
Yes, I have to.

JESSUP
You could spend the whole day with me?

DEB
I did that yesterday remember?
Besides, I like to work.

She kisses him, then JOLTS out of bed and proceeds to get dressed. He watches her --

JESSUP
Have you ever been to Toyko?

DEB
What?

JESSUP
Japan. I have a friend there. I owe him a visit, would you come with me?

DEB
Sure. After I go to work.

She smiles at him, plants one more kiss, and she's out the door.

LAB ROOM - LATER

The television is on -- morning news.

Jessup sips coffee and rolls himself to his desk. A RED FLASHING LIGHT lets him know he has a video message to review. He enters his code --

Dr. Lynn appears on the screen, disheveled, urgent and frightened --

DR. LYNN
(chilling)
Jessup, you have to help me! I accidentally gave one of my patients too large of a dose and now he's out of control. Jessup, please help me!

Just before the feed cuts out, a hazy figure flashes by and Dr. Lynn is heard SCREAMING. Then FUZZ.

The tone of the morning has changed, drastically --

Jessup is alarmed. His head spinning with thoughts of what he should do, what he could do.

Around him, lay memories of a double life: syringes, vials, the metal contraption for his arm, a black rain coat, his gloves and a hat.

On the tube: reports of a bank robbery -- business as usual.

JESSUP (VO)

Maybe Williams was right all along. Maybe this isn't how it works. Maybe I don't have a choice. I am what I am.

He grabs an unused vial of his precious cure, coming to the realization that he may not be able to turn away --

JESSUP (VO)

There's nothing I can say. Nothing I can do but keep on going.

STICKS himself one more time -- closes his eyes, breathes, knowing his purpose, seeing his path -- able to control his body for the first time -- calm.

JESSUP (VO)

And so, I'll keep walking. Realizing that as bad as I may want out, there is no other way.

He stands, triumphantly marching to the balcony.

BALCONY

It rains on his body, sharp, piercing drops. He lifts his arms to each side, offering himself up to the city as a sacrifice.

JESSUP (VO)

My flesh and bones are yours now. Justice walks among you. I will carry your fallen, running through the flames. Hearing your cries, I will lift you from the depths.

Lightening CRASHES! The mad scientist has risen! Cleansing himself in the cold water, lashing out at the THUNDER --

JESSUP (VO)
I will ensure you live unafraid,
making sure the right people
suffer.

He glances back at the wheelchair --

JESSUP (VO)
Imperfect by day, flawless by
night...

Right on cue, the clouds surrender to beams of sunlight, a
glorious display of vividness.

Shadows retreat to the gutter, hiding from the beauty of it.
Umbrellas close, people look up to the sky, unfamiliar, able
to smile again.

Life has returned, life is hopeful, life is waiting to
begin.

The End