

UNFINISHED BUSINESS  
©  
The Legacy of Blind Angels

by

W. Paul Hughes

Registered WGAw # 1411856

501 Willowbrook Drive  
Yuba City, CA 95993  
530.674.7299  
blindangel@comcast.net

FADE IN:

EXT. MEMORIAL CEMETERY - MEMPHIS, TN - JULY 4, 1972

An ARMY SERGEANT, holding a folded American flag, leans forward to MRS. TERESA CHAMPION and extends the flag in presentation to the dead soldier's wife.

ARMY SERGEANT  
From a grateful nation.

The Sergeant leans closer and whispers something into Teresa's ear.

As Teresa receives the flag the seven man Honor Guard raise their weapons for the first volley of the twenty-one gun salute and fire their rifles, BANG!

The second and third salvo follow immediately, BANG, BANG. As the rifle fire echoes throughout the misty, overcast, afternoon sky, the sound of a thunderous Harley Davidson is heard approaching.

Walking among friends and relatives Teresa reaches the family limousine as a grubby, scar faced biker pulls his chopper in at the rear of the vehicle and kills the engine. Teresa pauses momentarily and stares into the face of the biker. She walks over to the man atop the custom polished motorcycle; they make eye contact.

TERESA  
Hello Solomon.

SOLOMON  
Are you mad?

TERESA  
No! I understand why you didn't show up. I'm sure Jimmy does. Ya know, he talked about you all the time, at least when he was at home.

SOLOMON  
I'm sorry Teri...

TERESA  
You don't have to say anything Solomon.

Teresa's eyes fill with tears.

TERESA (CONT'D)  
When you saved his life in 69, I'd have never thought he'd go back for two more tours; his odds just ran out.

SOLOMON JUSTICE sits quietly, looking into the tear filled eyes of his best friend's wife.

Teresa extends the American flag to Solomon.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Here! Because of you I had him another three years. He'd just started his third tour ya know! How can anybody be so damned patriotic?

Solomon is reluctant to take such a national treasure solely intended for a hurt and mourning widow.

SOLOMON

I can't Teri, please.

Teresa shoves the flag into Solomon's arms, turns, with her head lowered, and walks back to the awaiting funeral limousine, gets into the vehicle and shuts the door.

A CHORUS OF PRE-TEENS (V.O.)

Recite The Pledge of Allegiance to the American flag as scene changes.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Solomon Justice enters his closet clothed only in a towel tucked about his waist. He walks over to a chest-of-drawers where an American flag is displayed, housed in a walnut frame. He pauses and stares at the flag as if transfixed. His earlier years of drug abuse and violence, three decades of post traumatic stress and dark memories, siege his mind.

On the wall behind the flag is a sculptured plaque. It reads: MAN OF THE YEAR - SOLOMON JUSTICE - 2009. Below, in smaller font: The Los Angeles Police Department. Solomon reaches for the in-cased flag and walks back into his bedroom, removes the flag from its case and places it gently inside his opened briefcase atop his desk; he shuts the briefcase and prepares to shower. His wife REBECCA, enters the room with a cup of coffee for her husband of more than two decades.

REBECCA

Hey tough guy. Closing arguments today! The Jury will have it by day's end. Finally!

Rebecca sets the coffee just inside the bathroom, near the vanity, and gives her husband a kiss.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

See ya down stairs. Breakfast in twenty minutes.

Solomon is reticent. As the bathroom envelops in steam from the heated water he drops his towel and steps into the shower. His entire past erupts into a profuse anguish. As if awaiting

the water to camouflage his tears, his mind ruptures with emotion; he sobs profusely.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- HARLEY DAVIDSON SHOP -- DAY

Five mature, hard-faced bikers mingle among their choppers awaiting their leader to make his appearance. HAWK exits the Harley shop. CHARGER cries out;

CHARGER

Fire'em up guys. You know the routine.

Hawk, reaching his chopper, straddles it and brings it to life and rolls out onto the highway. With a brief wave of his hand the others follow. The thunderous roar is deafening.

MONTAGE

The furrowed determination on Hawk's face reveal a life of struggle in hard times as he leads his companions to an old cemetery.

Specific details are featured from chopper to chopper as the bikers possess their turf en route to their destination.

In fearful quick glances pedestrians gawk at the six Blind Angels as they pass through the L.A. streets. A flirtatious group of young women scream out to the bikers as they pass the girls' party site; the bikers offer no response what-so-ever.

BACK TO SCENE

The six biker procession enters a cemetery and snake their way toward the rear of the huge lot to a place indicating some less expensive plots. They stop and kill their engines. Hawk dismounts as he turns to his five associates.

HAWK

Thanks guys. I'll be back in a few minutes.

He walks several yards to a serene corner where few tombstones are. Hawk stops, then looks down and kneels beside a specific headstone.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Judith Hawkins, it's me again; God, I miss you... ten long, lonely years.

He brushes any debris from the stone gently and stares into it as if making a connection with his departed mother.

HAWK (CONT'D)

There never seemed to be a right time to tell you this mom, but...

HAWK (CONT'D)  
remember when I was twelve and we  
lived in that old high rise project...

He glances away and fiddles with a crusty leaf as he ponders into the endless sky. Hawk's eyes mist up.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
Dad was drunk... he stumbled and  
fell from the balcony?

His lips quiver slightly. He lowers his head and stares into the headstone while caressing his mom's name.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
I pushed him Judith... I pushed him.

Tears etch down the handsome, leather-like face of a very hard core man who misses his only sure best friend.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
I couldn't let him hit you any more.  
I just couldn't. I felt like an old  
man mom, and I was only twelve.

Hawk pauses momentarily and brushes the tears from his eyes. He lets go a mammoth sigh and slowly stands.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
I miss you deeply Judith. Happy  
Mother's Day.

Hawk turns and walks slowly back to his awaiting friends.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE -- LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

The hallways convey the appearance of a metropolitan subway walkway during rush hour, bustling with the curious, the politically powerful and hungry, and the frenzy peculiar only to the media, feeding like piranha on a fresh piece of flesh tossed into the Amazon. Law officials bounce from wall to wall looking for a progressing stream of humanity in which to flow.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The District Attorney, TERRENCE CLARK, is wrapping up his closing arguments in the highly publicized murder trial of Frank Randall, CEO of Randall Enterprises, a huge marketing firm in L.A.

Clark scans the twelve jurors, making sure he makes eye contact with each one individually. Solomon Justice has never lost a case and Clark wants this victory badly.

CLARK

You've toured the home where we believe Mrs. Randall was killed. Witnesses have testified that the Randalls had been violent toward each other on numerous occasions.

The District Attorney deliberately points to Mr. Randall as he sits between Solomon Justice and his partner Franklin, at the defense table.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And, Mr. Randall is the sole beneficiary of her two million dollar life insurance policy.

The District Attorney struts back and forth in front of the jury box.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Witnesses have also verified that Randall Enterprises is presently struggling financially. The fact that Mr. Randall's fingerprints were absent from the murder weapon, is irrelevant.

The D.A. walks over to the evidence table and, with his ink pen plugged into the barrel of the stainless steel .357 Magnum, he lifts the pistol into the air, chest high. He waves the weapon slowly before the packed-to-capacity court room, finally facing the jury.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury... hear me, please.

The jury is intensely focused on the District Attorney.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Frank Randall, in a fit of rage and frustration, intentionally shot his wife to death. He's guilty! You know it and I know it.

(pause)

You have no choice but to declare him guilty of murder in the second degree. I know you'll do the right thing. Thank you.

The D.A. returns the pistol to the evidence table, then pivots and walks over to his chair and takes his seat.

JUDGE JILES PATTERSON allows for an intended fifteen second pause, then veers deliberately into the eyes of Solomon Justice.

Solomon, having served under Judge Patterson many times, sits rigidly, awaiting his cue in anticipation of the familiar preceding stare from the veteran, somewhat notorious judge.

JUDGE PATTERSON

Mr. Justice.

SOLOMON

Thank you, Your Honor.

Solomon stands and walks over to the Jury and takes a momentary pause about six feet from the railing and scans the twelve jurors.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, first of all, thank you for the integrity of serving our justice system in such an honorable manner.

Talking along the way, he walks to the nearest wall and pulls a small table out in front of the jury.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I'm about to take a vacation in a few weeks. I'm going to our nation's Capitol to visit the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial...

While getting his briefcase and setting it on top of the table facing the jury, he looks into the eyes of an elder male juror, a war veteran, sitting in the front row.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

A memorial that could have had my name on it. And, in conjunction with this trip I've had endless memories visiting me in the past few months. You could say, I've reevaluated who I am and what I do.

Solomon raises the top of the briefcase while continuing.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I want to close my case to you today by sharing with you a very unique piece of artwork.

With the briefcase sitting open atop the table Solomon paces back and forth very deliberately in front of the jury.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

This master piece was a long time in the making. Picasso would blush at beholding this artistic wonder.

Solomon smiles proudly, excited about the subject matter.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Michelangelo's entire lifetime never created a work of art this extraordinary. You're going to be amazed, I assure you.

Solomon motions for Franklin to come over to his position as he reaches into the briefcase and pulls out an American flag. Cautious to see that it doesn't touch the floor he unfolds it and extends the top stripped corner to his partner.

Franklin takes the corner of the flag and stretches it.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Pull it tight Franklin.

(pause)

I want this entire master piece fully displayed.

Several mild favorable undertones echo from the gallery of people. Solomon's tone is saturated with anticipation as his words etch into the minds of the jury.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Isn't this something! Didn't I tell you! A master piece more valuable than all the gold in Fort Knox.

Terrence Clark, the D.A., is squeamish and renews an old habit of tapping the table with his ball point pen.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

It took longer to create this masterpiece than any other piece of art in the entire history of the world... Don't forget ladies and gentlemen... this is my closing argument.

Even Judge Patterson looks somewhat bewildered, being familiar with Solomon's courtroom antics from past experiences.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Did you know that, since our own Civil War, roughly one million, three hundred thousand lives were given to create this piece of art?

He surveys the jury with a wrinkled brow, a fragment of emotion starts to surface. Franklin stands at the opposite end of the flag almost rigid, frozen to Solomon's every word.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

More than one million, four hundred thousand soldiers wounded in combat, provided the red which graces this masterpiece. The blood of almost three million Americans took part in creating this work of art.

Solomon takes the index finger on his free hand and strokes it down the two inch scar on his right lower cheek.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

That is a number I am personally honored to be among.



SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
I'm proud I was able to serve my  
country on a battlefield, even though  
it was a historical nightmare for  
America, on both fronts.

Like a teacher in a classroom, he points to a particular  
star and calls out the name of one of the states.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
There's Florida,

He points to another at random, then another.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
There's Texas... There's the great  
state of California,

He brims as he points to a star representing his home state.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
And there's my home state, Tennessee,  
the volunteer state.

The Judge, the entire gallery, even Terrence Clark, seem  
caught up in Solomon's mosaic of American history.

Solomon's voice perks briskly.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Fifty kingdoms governed by fifty  
kings, all supervised and represented  
by one virtually sovereign king, as  
controversial as that proves to be  
at times.

Solomon grasp the flag in the center and dismisses his partner  
and takes the huge flag and drapes it across his shoulders  
like a modern day super hero, and begins pacing back and  
forth in front of the jury.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
All this being said, I've never yet  
mentioned the volume of evidence, or  
the lack thereof, connected with my  
client and this trial.

The jury looks enraptured, electrified in expectation of  
what Solomon may do next.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
My reasoning for that is this -  
What do all fifty of these smaller  
kingdoms have in common? What  
connects them as a nation, as a  
culture... the thread that so cleverly  
runs throughout our great country?

Judge Patterson clears his throat rather gruffly, not wanting to interrupt Solomon, yet feeling compelled to.

JUDGE PATTERSON

Mr. Justice... take that masterpiece off your shoulders. I defended it too.

SOLOMON

Yes Your Honor. Sorry!

Solomon removes the flag from his shoulders very carefully, almost in a caressing manner, and neatly folds it over his left arm.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

We are all bound by a single judicial premise; our nation's legacy, genuinely democratic and just.

Slapping the front jury box railing once with every word, he forcefully bellows.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Innocent until proven guilty.

(pause)

Innocent until proven guilty.

He swirls around and points toward his client and for the first time mentions his name.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Mr. Frank Randall has not been proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

He leans in toward the jury with his right hand up about chin high with his fingers held out as if he's measuring.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

If you have so much as a remote, reasonable doubt that Mr. Randall did not commit this crime, three million American casualties from battlefields all over this globe, justly declare him innocent.

In his final appeal before the jury, with the flag draped across his arms like a loving child, just above his waist. He visually connects with the eyes of each juror and deliberately pauses before making his final statement.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Today, you are this flag. My client is innocent, and as representatives of more than two centuries of American history, you must allow him to walk away from these proceedings a free man... thank you.

A hushed awe quells the huge courtroom as Solomon stands quietly before the entire assembly.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JUSTICE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

As the daylight begins creeping through the sheer covering the bay window near Solomon's desk, Solomon lies on his bed wide eyed. He stares at the ceiling fan, as it slowly rotates with a hypnotic rhythm.

Rebecca rolls over toward her husband; her eyes flicker open. She realizes Solomon's glare has a sense of deadness and distance all-to-familiar from their past.

Solomon has battled post traumatic stress since his tour of duty in Vietnam, especially during their early married years, the eighties. Mostly tranquil since the turn of the millennium, this turf is well chartered to Rebecca.

REBECCA  
Where are you honey?

There's no immediate response.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Solomon.

Rebecca gently lays her arm across her husband's lower chest.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Sol!

Her touch seems to awaken Solomon from his trance-like state.

SOLOMON  
Yeah, baby, I'm right here.

REBECCA  
So, what's goin on honey?

SOLOMON  
I'm just thinkin about stuff.

Rebecca begins to caress his chest, realizing Solomon's depth is likely connected with something from the past.

REBECCA  
Yeah. What stuff?

She snuggles closer and Solomon wraps her up with his left arm and pulls her in tightly.

SOLOMON  
Mom, the upcoming trip, Vietnam,  
that damn trial... the whole package.

REBECCA

What brought that on so early in the morning?

SOLOMON

I'm not sure honey. Across country on motorcycles, revisiting the Wall again, I don't know. Every time I go, this happens... there's just something different this trip.

Rebecca tries to take a tranquil approach.

REBECCA

What's different? Reko and that Juicer guy are going with you. You need this honey, a two week love affair with your motorcycle, wow!

(pause)

You've been looking forward to this for months. Unwind, be a kid again. Go for it baby... You'll blow'em away in D.C.

SOLOMON

Reb,

(pronounced with a long "e")

I had a crazy dream last night. I never dream. Do dreams have any meaning, ya think?

REBECCA

Some people think so. I guess it depends on how much pizza you've had.

Rebecca's attempt at humor falls short. Solomon forces a grin in order to patronize his beautiful wife.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Okay, let's hear it Counselor.

Solomon shifts slightly, adjusting his snuggle into more of an intimate embrace.

SOLOMON

There was this huge cargo ship out in the Gulf of Mexico, and an enormous American flag just floated down out of the sky and draped itself over the entire ship. I heard a voice speak out. It said, "Unfinished business". That was it!

REBECCA

Humm. Well...

SOLOMON

It was so clear.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

It like, leapt out at me.

Rebecca snickers.

REBECCA

Leapt! It leapt out at you.

(pause)

How does something "leapt out?"

Solomon slaps Rebecca briskly on the butt.

SOLOMON

Hey, quit trying to mess with my dream... it was really vivid... you know, leapt.

The couple share a unifying chuckle; Rebecca probes into Solomon's early morning disposition.

REBECCA

You miss your mother don't you honey?

SOLOMON

Yeah... I do... I really do.

REBECCA

I know baby. I miss her too.

SOLOMON

I'd never have made it without her. All those drunken step-fathers. She got me through the war. Everybody else jumped ship; not her.

REBECCA

She went through a lot for one lady. You were her favorite, ya know.

SOLOMON

I was just in trouble more than the other two. My criminal record almost kept me out of the Army. Isn't it strange; the only father figure I ever had was the Chief-of-Police.

REBECCA

You were a wild child, that's for sure... and now you're this big shot attorney. They want you to run for District Attorney next term, ya know!

SOLOMON

What do they know? They just want to kiss my ass because I'm successful. But, oddly enough, I'm considering it.

(pause)

The only down side is that I wouldn't make as much money.

Their early morning conversation is interrupted by the telephone. RING, RING. Rebecca catches it prior to the third ring.

REBECCA

Hello.

It's REKO, Solomon's best friend and owner of the Kicker's Klub, a very popular karate fitness center in L.A.. Reko, an African/American, is a veteran of the Persian Gulf War. A native of New York, he moved to L.A. after his military service.

REKO (V.O.)

Hey Rebecca, is Sol up yet?

REBECCA

Uhhh... Yeah he is. Just a moment.

Rebecca extends the phone receiver to Solomon.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It's Reko.

Solomon takes the receiver, still stretched out in bed.

SOLOMON

Hey man. It's a little early for chit-chat, don't you think? What's with the wake up call?

Reko is excited, somewhat giddy.

REKO (V.O.)

Get the paper man, get the paper! They're making you out to be some kinda super hero dude.

Reko, realizing the media's relationship with Solomon from the past, has purchased an early release of the morning newspaper. He cites Solomon the headlines from the front page regarding his recent victory in the Randall case.

REKO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

CAPTAIN AMERICA DOES IT AGAIN! A New Kind of American Justice. Hey brother, you've set a new record for an acquittal on a murder trial.

Solomon's relationship with the local media has been mostly positive, especially in the past few years.

SOLOMON

What? What have they done now? What do you mean, Captain America?

REKO (V.O.)

Just get your paper. I'll see you around twelve.

CLICK. Solomon looks bewildered. He hands the receiver back to his wife. While hanging up the telephone Rebecca quizzes her husband.

REBECCA

What was that all about at six o'clock in the morning?

SOLOMON

I'm not sure. Something about Captain America, a record... a Reko alert. You know the media.

(pause)

When does our paper run?

REBECCA

Generally before eight... I'll go make coffee. Come on down in a few minutes. Aren't you guys going to start preparing for your trip today?

SOLOMON

Yeah, baby. I'll be right down.

INT. KITCHEN -- MINUTES LATER

As Solomon enters the kitchen Rebecca is monitoring televised news coverage of her husband's victory the day prior. The local news is running the story.

NEW'S ANCHOR (O.S.)

The jury, yesterday, in the Frank Randall trial, couldn't have been out for more than thirty minutes when...

Solomon walks over to turn the TV off. As he reaches for the remote a emergency bulletin breaks in; the new's anchor is handed the information.

NEW'S ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, the Pentagon, in conjunction with the CIA and the Federal Bureau of Investigation have just issued the following;

Suddenly, Solomon and Rebecca are all ears.

NEW'S ANCHOR (CONT'D)

A terrorist group calling themselves The Regime, according to a government mole, has entered our country with plans to implement a chemical or biological assault against our nation. They are asking all Americans to be very observant and cautious in the days and weeks ahead. The authorities believe a sleeper may be working for The Regime here in southern California.

SOLOMON

Damn! It just never ends does it?

REBECCA (emphatically)

A sleeper... right here in our area.  
What do you think honey? Have you  
heard anything about this at the  
office?

Solomon walks over to the bar and sits, taking a sip of java.

SOLOMON

Just some grapevine stuff, but nothing  
in particular... nothing solid.

Parental emotions surface immediately. Solomon and Rebecca  
have a daughter, RAVEN, doing post graduate work on her  
Masters in Criminology at Memphis State University, in  
Tennessee.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Honey, when's the last time we've  
heard from Raven?

Rebecca scurries about the kitchen fixing toast and pouring  
two glasses full of orange juice but the new's report realigns  
her focus; she's distant.

REBECCA

Friday. But, I've received e-mail  
since then.

SOLOMON

She'll be flying out for the holidays  
though, right?

REBECCA

Right. Be sure and call her before  
you leave on your trip.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

A beautiful young woman is walking away from the campus  
library as she is approached from the rear by DANE BENJAMIN,  
a handsome European gentleman.

DANE

Miss... oh, Miss.

RAVEN looks back over her right shoulder to see a man closing  
on her rather quickly. She stops and turns toward the  
stranger.

RAVEN

Are you talking to me?



DANE

Yes, yes I am. Forgive me for intruding, but I couldn't help but hear your conversation with the lady in the library. I was distracted for a moment and suddenly you were leaving.

RAVEN

And.

DANE

It seems we're studying the same thing. I didn't think anyone else was interested in the psyche of the criminal mind, especially in regard to different cultures.

RAVEN

And what is it you're researching?

DANE

Oh, I'm a writer working on a novel on international crime.

RAVEN

That sounds interesting. And what is it you want from me?

DANE

Well, nothing really. I was just surprised to find someone working on the same thing I'm writing about.

Raven, because of her upbringing, has been in analytical mode since the first words were spoken. She looks Dane over thoroughly.

RAVEN

It is an unusual field of study. My mother is in criminology.

DANE (smiling)

So it's hereditary.

Raven returns the smile.

RAVEN

I guess. It's certainly intriguing.

DANE

That's putting it mildly.

(pause)

Would it be possible to share a snack or coffee and chat about it? You could really be valuable to my project.

RAVEN

I'm really busy for the next few days. I'll be back in the library Thursday, though. We could chat then maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTER BREAKFAST

Rebecca is standing in the living room with the morning newspaper in her hands. Solomon is in his favorite chair reviewing a map in preparation for his trip to the nation's Capitol.

Rebecca releases a muffled chuckle.

REBECCA

Honey, you gotta hear this. They've made you out to be an artist, not a defense attorney. Listen!

(pause)

Solomon Justice masterfully crafted American history with a brush of jurisprudence as he cleverly...

Solomon interrupts in a raised tone.

SOLOMON

Reb, Reb... Not now honey, we just had breakfast. I'll read it later, okay?

Rebecca, knowing her husband would never permit her to finish the article, fires back.

REBECCA

You're a prude, dude; a handsome, rugged, intelligent prude. Maybe you didn't hang the moon after all.

Solomon sends her a kiss via air mail and winks.

SOLOMON

Reko and Juicer are coming over later. We're gonna clean up our bikes and make some final preparation, okay?

REBECCA

Sure, there's plenty of cold beer. I'll fix some snacks.

INT. GARAGE -- NOON

Solomon is sitting atop his rolling garage seat, polishing his custom chopper. The motorcycle is a flawless mechanical marvel, crafted in minute detail. Soft rock music is playing at three quarter's volume, erupting from the speakers built into the wall beside the work station. As Solomon drifts deep into thought a thunderous sound overwhelms the music.

It's Reko and JUICER. Solomon stands up and heads outside.

EXT. THE JUSTICE'S DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Reko, astraddle his own personal custom Harley chopper, pulls into the Justice's driveway, Juicer following in his custom PT Cruiser. Solomon jokingly guides them into the lengthy drive as though they are airplanes taxiing into a terminal.

Reko, grinning from ear to ear, guns the throttle to a deafening level, then permits the engine to idle.

REKO

It's that sound... that beautiful sound. You know,

(pause)

Like napalm in the morning.

SOLOMON

Okay, Mr. Apocalypse, silence that thing before I have to shoot it.

Solomon greets Reko as JUICER gets out of his Cruiser and walks over to the two men standing beside Reko's bike.

Juicer is from Germany and talks in abstracts regarding his past, always redirecting conversation away from himself. He's highly educated with a warm personality and has been a member of The Kicker's Klub for the past two years.

JUICER (arms outstretched)

Watch out America, here we come.

As always, Rebecca's timing is perfect. She struts from the garage with refreshments. As she nears the trio,

REBECCA

What'll it be guys? The bar is open.

Reko and Juicer greet Rebecca and each man takes a beer. Rebecca, not knowing Juicer very well, jokes about his name.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Mr. Juicer, Reko says you like to hit the bottle. Is that right?

Juicer lightly punches Reko on the shoulder.

JUICER

By-the-way Reko, why did you miss last week's Alcoholic's Anonymous meeting? The guys ask about you.

Juicer turns toward Rebecca with a warm smile.

JUICER (CONT'D)

I love to drink juices Mrs. Justice... Thus, Juicer. But I will also drink a cold beer.

JUICER (CONT'D)

And, thank you very much for this one.

REBECCA

Sure guys. I'll leave you all to your other loves.

With a raised brow Rebecca scans the vehicles as she turns back toward the house.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

There's more inside if needed.

INT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

With the two motorcycles and the PT Cruiser inside the huge custom built garage the evening is spent polishing, cleaning, and preparing. The trio make notes and look over their route to the Wall. For Solomon, this trip is a long awaited pilgrimage; like destiny beckoning.

Reko informs Juicer of his early days with Solomon.

REKO

Juicer, let me tell you about my friend, King Solomon. When I moved out here after the service I didn't have anything but a dream.

JUICER

Dreams are what it's all about Reko.

REKO

I needed an attorney to advise me. I wanted to start my own place, ya know. The military trained me well and that's about all I had... some cash, but I needed help.

SOLOMON

What is this Reko, true confessions? Shut up, Reko, I'm getting misty.

REKO

With Sol's counsel, I now own one of the most popular training centers in the city. You got this celebrity dropping in, that big shot. Living the dream man, living the dream.

Solomon fires back.

SOLOMON

Yeah, and all I get out of it is free membership for life. Some friend, huh Juicer?

JUICER

You crazy Americans.

JUICER (CONT'D)

Your whole country is a dream. Way  
to go Reko.

Solomon walks over to the tool chest for a wrench; Reko follows. Reko throws his arm over Solomon's shoulder.

REKO

King Sol, I owe you big time! You're  
like a brother to me... we're gonna  
roll into D.C. like Captain America  
and Billy did in New Orleans.

SOLOMON

Yeah, but no distractions this time.

CUT TO:

INT. BIKER'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A haze of smoke hovers within the atmosphere as bikers and their old ladies stir about. The juke box, blaring rock music, is almost overcome by the chatter of conversation and laughter; a beer bottle crashes into a wall.

Hawk is sitting at his personal table at the rear of the club with several other Blind Angels seated around him. CRATER, the club's sergeant-at-arms, leaning back on his chair, slurs out;

CRATER

So you're going to The Wall with  
some hot shot attorney from the city  
huh? Some run that's gonna be.

HAWK

Listen lame brain, Solomon Justice  
did good by me. I was looking prison  
in the face; he came through and I'm  
a free man.

REDLINE, a medic during the Vietnam War, can't hold back.

REDLINE

Butt out freak show, what's it to  
you if we de-de across country with  
some attorney? He's paid up so piss  
ants like you can drink til you  
slobber all over yourself.

Crater begins to stand, taking offense at Redline's remark but Hawk grabs his arm. Using his Presidential power as the club's leader Hawk orders Crater down.

HAWK

Set down Crater. Redline's right.  
Justice bled for our country; He's  
planned this trip for years and ask  
if I'd like to make the trip with  
him.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Redline heard about it and wants to tag along. Nuff said!

Crater, shifting in his chair, blurts out.

CRATER

What's His Honor gonna say about Mr. Redline's drug problem?

Redline slings a beer bottle across the table at Crater. Crater quickly shifts and dodges the bottle.

REDLINE

Don't make me break your face, shit head... again!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Rebecca is undressing as Solomon walks through the bedroom door.

SOLOMON

What a day! I'm proud of Reko. He's really a good friend; he's made a good life for himself.

(pause)

Juicer... I don't know.

REBECCA

Honey.

SOLOMON

Yeah, baby...

She pauses and faces her husband.

REBECCA

Reko came in today for a moment; we chatted briefly about the trip and all. He said you guys were talking about Vietnam earlier... did he ask you something about the war?

SOLOMON

Oh... No. Nothing specific. I was telling him about our mad minutes... they were good for releasing tension; military chit-chat, that's all.

(pause)

You know Vietnam... the crazy war.

REBECCA

Is this trip opening old wounds?

SOLOMON

What? No... no way

Rebecca reclines on the bed as Solomon gets undressed. She needs to address his past bouts with post traumatic stress.

REBECCA

Sol, you know I don't want to bring this up...

Solomon knows his wife picked up on something from her conversation with Reko earlier; he attempts to avoid hashing it all out again.

SOLOMON

Come on Reb... please, not now.

REBECCA

Hey Mister. I can't let this go. Talk to me Sol... Solomon.

Rebecca's need to hear him tell her everything is all right... that his past isn't invading his immediate plans for the upcoming trip. He tries to reassure her.

SOLOMON

Rebecca, how can I prepare for this trip to visit the greatest and most sacred place in America and not think about what happened in Vietnam?

He walks over to Rebecca's side of the bed, lays across the foot of the bed and props up on his elbow.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

That screwed up trial, preparing for this trip, very little sleep all week... it's a wonder I'm freakin sane at all. Stop worrying Reb, I'm fine; a little tense maybe, but fine.

REBECCA

I know; I trust your judgment. God knows I'd hate to see you freaking out over the past. God I hate that war... I hate it! It screwed up an entire generation.

(pause)

Now that generation is running the whole program. It's scary, ya know!

Rebecca shifts in the bed jerking at the covers, agitated about what Vietnam put her husband through. She knows first hand the shrewd ability of post traumatic stress disorder from more than two decades of marriage to her soul mate.

Realizing she's getting overly caught up in the dark side of the past Rebecca throws the cover back and gives Solomon a consoling smile. She slides out of the bed and walks over to the bedroom closet.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Well, mister dreamer, your jacket arrived this afternoon.

SOLOMON

What... when... where was I?

REBECCA

You were in the garage talking to your motorcycle... Man, I think you love that big chunk of steel more than you do me, at times.

Solomon gets up from the bed and sits on its edge while Rebecca steps out of the closet with a covered hanger.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

They came to the front door. I wasn't gonna bother you guys.

SOLOMON

Unveil that piece of cow hide lady. Let's see... come on, come on.

She slides the cover upward with the back of the jacket facing Solomon.

REBECCA

Here's looking at you kid.

Solomon sits motionless, beholding this unique masterpiece of leather craftsmanship.

SOLOMON

Is that mine?... wow, Reb.

Rebecca continues to hold the jacket up. The leather is beautifully crafted with the words, Harley Davidson, etched across the bottom, but it's the American flag possessing the entire back of the jacket... so centered, so vibrant, that grabs his attention. It definitely makes a statement.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Easy freakin Rider, man. Wow.

Solomon begins to sing a few words from an old favorite biker tune.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Get your motor running... head out on the highway... lookin for adventure... and whatever comes my way.

REBECCA

Okay Captain America, settle down...get over here and try it on.

Solomon briskly gets to his feet. He's excited.



SOLOMON

Yes sir, drill sergeant. Whatever  
you say drill sergeant.

He puts the jacket on. Its fit is like liquid leather poured gracefully over his upper body. It couldn't fit any better, it's a special mantle adapted specifically for Solomon Justice and his pilgrimage to freedom.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Far freakin out Reb... It's awesome!  
Is this cool or what?

Solomon reviews the front of the jacket in the full length mirror on the closet door. The black ace of spades, their death card, over the heart, a POW/MIA patch just below the right shoulder, and a extraordinary designed etching scrolled across the left shoulder, partially seen from the front and the rear, declaring, Our Cause Was Just.

Solomon takes on a glare of distant reflection.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

What is it about America that pisses  
the world off? Why do so many want  
to destroy us and cripple what we  
stand for? It just doesn't make  
sense. We're good people, Reb.

REBECCA

Who knows honey. It's a crazy world.

SOLOMON

Yeah! Everybody's on the rag! It's  
like a global period.

Solomon removes the jacket and lays it across the bedroom sofa. He walks hungrily over to his wife, strolls his hand down the neckline of her loosely fitting transparent nighty, and caresses her breast with his fingers while escorting her to bed.

INT. GARAGE -- EARLY MORNING

Solomon sits in the corner on the floor staring at his chopper with that thousand yard stare known especially to combat veterans. Tear tracks are still moist on his cheeks as a lone tear collects before dripping from his chin. Rebecca enters from the side door still dressed in her nighty.

REBECCA

Honey... what are you doing out here?  
It's 5:30 in the morning!

As Rebecca gets closer she sees pain and despair in her beloved husband's face; he's hurting deeply.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

No, honey... please God, no... Not  
now, please not now. Dear God!

Solomon looks up at his wife through the dimly lit garage. His weeping revives. It's survivor's guilt. Again!

SOLOMON (almost silently)  
 Reb, why did I make it back and so many others died... Why? Why? I'm sorry David.

The couple tightly embrace on the garage floor as the morning light begins to crest through the garage window. Rebecca rubs her husband as if he's a child; a soulful caress.

Rebecca pulls slightly away from Solomon while peering deep into his eyes; her hand gently stroking his hair.

REBECCA  
 Sol, you've done so much good, you're such a good man. Please baby... please don't go there. Fight it dame it! Fight it!

In a moment of silent embrace Rebecca's eyes mist; she's feeling her husband's pain from decades of struggling with the dark forces of his mind and the torment of past wounds and scars.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 Honey, maybe you shouldn't go to D.C. What if you just waited?

With a slight quiver in his voice, Solomon feels fate is demanding him to make this journey.

SOLOMON  
 Reb, I have to do this. If I back out now I actually fear for my sanity. I'm more afraid of what could happen if I don't go.

REBECCA  
 What would I do if I ever lost my beautiful and gallant warrior? It frightens me when I see you like this; I don't know what to do. I couldn't make it without you Sol.

SOLOMON  
 Baby, don't talk like that. I'll be fine.  
 (pause)  
 For some reason, I know, deep down, that I've gotta do this. Please, trust me and give me your blessing.

EXT. GARAGE -- (12:00 PM)

The PT Cruiser is backed into the drive way at Solomon's home, both motorcycles are sitting side by side just outside the garage.

The PT Cruiser is being loaded with all their necessities and conveniences: food, tools, beer, clothes, Sol's laptop, the works.

Reko and Juicer are at the rear of the Cruiser reviewing the contents; stabilizing the gear for departure. Solomon and Rebecca stand together near the motorcycles.

REBECCA

You'd better call me every day...you got me mister?

Rebecca delicately runs her left hand down the front of her husband's leather pants and gently, but firmly grasp his crotch.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You'd better make sure Private Justice stays in the barracks... all the time.

She pauses, while squeezing tightly, and gives Sol a death stare known only to Rebecca Justice.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I mean it Mister! Do you read me?

Solomon slowly pushes Private Justice into Rebecca's mid section.

SOLOMON

That goes both ways little Mrs. Hot and Heavy. Private Justice belongs to you exclusively... you know that.

Solomon groans hungrily and places his arm around Rebecca and presses her breast into his chest.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss you lady... A lot!

REBECCA

Just how sexually explicit can one be over the telephone?

Rebecca runs her hands down Solomon's back side until she feels something bulky in his belt.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Honey, do you have to take that thing with you?

Solomon pulls the 9 millimeter, stainless steel Ruger, out of his rear waist band.

SOLOMON

Reb, you know I'm not going anywhere, especially across the freakin nation,

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 without a weapon... you know that; I  
 have a permit.

Knowing how her husband feels about the right to bear arms,  
 she looks at Solomon with disappointment, yet understanding.

REBECCA  
 You be careful Solomon Justice...  
 very careful.

Solomon and Rebecca walk arm-in-arm over to the PT Cruiser  
 where Reko and Juicer are finalizing the packing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 At least keep the pistol in the  
 Cruiser, okay?

Solomon hands the pistol to Reko, standing underneath the  
 open tail gate.

SOLOMON  
 Reko, put this in there with your  
 piece.

REBECCA  
 What... what... there's more?

Reko lifts a folded towel in the corner just under the rear  
 seat revealing two more hand guns and a couple of knives.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 Solomon! Oh, you guys. My god,  
 you'd think you're going to meet the  
 enemy. The war is over, okay? Over!

Rebecca curiously and wide eyed reviews the entire content  
 of the small cargo bay.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 Where's the freakin bazooka? Damn!

She comes down to Earth and refocuses on her husband.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 You just make sure you call me at  
 least once a day... okay General  
 Patton?

Making sure he gives his wife a very intimate moment, Solomon  
 pulls her to himself.

SOLOMON  
 I love you honey, God, how I love  
 you. Enjoy your break from me, too.

REBECCA  
 Just be careful Sol... be extra  
 careful... I miss you already.

Hugging his wife tightly, he whispers softly in her ear.

SOLOMON

You've got the route I laid out for you. We're going down to San Bernardino and hit Highway 62, right on up to I-40. We're gonna be fine sweetie. Don't you worry.

Solomon pushes back but maintains the embrace, hesitant to release his genuine better-half.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

It's super slab all the way to D.C... the highway to heaven.

Rebecca kisses Solomon with a very full moist tongue... stops momentarily, then kisses him again. She slowly surveys his face before making eye contact.

REBECCA

Okay Captain America... have fun. Get me something while you're there.

Solomon and Reko walk over to their motorcycles while Juicer crawls behind the wheel of the PT Cruiser. Solomon takes his flashy new leather jacket off the sissy bar of his chopper and throws it over his shoulders while putting both arms into the sleeves; Rebecca stands smiling near her husband.

REKO

If my old friends from Hell's Kitchen could see me now.

Solomon waves to his neighbor and begins to review the immediate surroundings, realizing he'll be gone a while. He releases a sigh, and looking directly into Rebecca's eyes, he cries out his favorite phrase from Cool Hand Luke.

SOLOMON

Crankin em up here boss.

Both motorcycles jar to life and both throttles thrust. The thunderous sound fills the neighborhood while Rebecca struts over one final time for a kiss.

After a departing kiss she steps back as Solomon reads her lips. She utters silently;

REBECCA

I love you. Be careful Captain America.

The trio rumble out the drive way and down the neatly refined upper class neighborhood. Solomon takes the inside position, Reko beside him. In their mirrors they are shadowed by Juicer in the "beer truck."

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SUBURB -- DAY

Hawk and Redline are preparing for the trip, fastening packs to their sissy bars and making a few final checks with their machines before leaving to rendezvous with Solomon and company at a preset location in San Bernardino.

HAWK

I think it's awesome, slicing the country in half on motorcycles to pay tribute to American's guardians.

REDLINE

Hawk, we're guardians too... ain't we? My name should be on that Wall ya know!

Redline is distant; something is bothering him.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

Hawk, is this it?

HAWK

Is what it, Red Man?

REDLINE

Life! If this is it man... is this like basic training for some eternal gig we don't know about? These drugs are killin me. I don't even know who I am any more. I'm just tired of the whole program.

Hawk walks over to Redline and places his arm around Redline's neck and pulls him into himself in a brotherly fashion.

HAWK

Where's this coming from all-of-a-sudden? The stuff you take is legal. You're disabled bro. Don't get on that guilt trip again.

REDLINE

Yeah, yeah... I'm tired Hawk...just plain tired. Maybe after we get back from D.C. I'll pack it in. Man, I feel like, ancient.

HAWK

We're gonna have fun Red Man. This is the trip of a lifetime. Cruisin with the upper crust. We'll probably snort caviar through a silk straw.

Hawk realizes his attempt to humor Redline isn't working.

## REDLINE

We're living in some bad times man.  
There's bad vibes everywhere.  
Something's just not right.

## HAWK

Listen dude, lighten up. Global fanatics have the whole world on edge, but we live in the Promised Land, I'm just not sure what promise.

Hawk yields to Redline's mystical mood, but declares an ultimatum. They prepare to hit the road.

## HAWK (CONT'D)

The whole world's a freak show and I don't give a shit. If people hassle us, we'll blow em away. Nuff said. Let's ride.

## ACT TWO:

## MONTAGE -- LATER -- EN ROUTE TO SAN BERNARDINO

Solomon lead Reko and Juicer out of Los Angeles on Interstate 10. Solomon weaves his motorcycle playfully through the center lines on the pavement.

The beauty of California is portrayed, both man made and natural. The motorcycles are featured with varied road scenes en route to meet Hawk and Redline; a manifest of freedom.

Hawk and Redline are escorted by a company of Blind Angels as they convoy to meet Solomon, Reko, and Juicer, in San Bernardino.

## DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. -- CONTINUOUS -- SAN BERNARDINO

Arriving in San Bernardino, Solomon takes an exit ramp and makes a right turn, pulling into a service station/truck stop about a quarter mile from the Interstate.

Panic strikes Juicer as he sees a half dozen Blind Angels parked off to the side of the station in a paved lot connected to the food and beverage center. The bikers look intimidating.

Solomon leads the trio right up to the other motorcycles, nodding to the other bikers already parked. Reko follows as Juicer intentionally parks the PT Cruiser several yards from the small crowd.

Solomon and Reko kill their engines and get off their motorcycles. Solomon walks over to the leader of the pack and extends his hand.

SOLOMON

Hawk... how's it going man?

Reko and Juicer are shocked, yet somewhat relieved that Solomon seems to know this particular biker.

HAWK

Mr. Justice... you made it... Glad to see you sir.

Reko and Juicer are in awe, not really sure what to make of it all.

HAWK (CONT'D)

You weren't jiving me about your scooter man. Wow... what a looker.

They stroll over to Solomon, realizing it's probably safe to do so. Reko takes the initiative, overcome with curiosity, yet conscious of his tone.

REKO

Hey Sol, you know these brothers?

SOLOMON

Yeah Reko. I meant to tell you earlier but I got caught up in preparing for the trip, that trial... you know, sorry... Hawk and one of his friends are going with us.

Solomon excuses himself and pulls his two companions aside for a brief explanation.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Just before this Frank Randall trial, Hawk was up on an assault and battery charge. His club hired me... I'm sure I mentioned it to you.

REKO

I think I'd remember such a case Sol.

The trio have the appearance of a football team in a huddle.

JUICER

Wow, nobody told me about these guys... what's the deal?

Solomon, realizing from their tones and bewildered looks, they need immediate consolation.

SOLOMON

Hey guys, everything's cool. These dudes are just two veterans wanting to take a trip to visit D.C. and see the memorials and stuff... nothing else... okay? Jeesh... lighten up.



REKO

Sure man, If you say so... I'd already gone into my mental combat mode for crying-out-loud. I didn't climb out of Hell's Kitchen to be killed by the Blind Angels.

JUICER

Hey... I came to have fun. If Solomon thinks these guys are okay, then... that's enough for me.

They break the huddle and walk back over to the Blind Angels.

HAWK

Is everything okay Mr. Justice?

SOLOMON

You know it man. Everything's fine.

Solomon introduces his friends.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hawk... this is Reko, and this guy, driving our beer truck...

Solomon grins, not able to resist the beer truck pun from the old days.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

This is Juicer.

Hawk, about six foot, two inches tall, blue eyes, with raven black hair just over shoulder length, extends his hand.

HAWK

Reko... glad to meet you brother...  
Juicer... you too man.

Hawk calls for Redline to come over. The other Angels are a few yards away, in a small group.

HAWK (CONT'D)

This is Redline. He's the other guy  
I was telling you about Mr. Justice...  
he is...

Solomon doesn't like the title Mister before his name. His southern nature simply won't allow for such personal formalities among friends.

SOLOMON

This Mister Justice crap has gotta stop. I'm just an attorney; not some freakin potentate, okay?

HAWK

You got it.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Hey, man, you really got me out of a big one when you got me off those charges.

Hawk slaps Solomon lightly on the back.

HAWK (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for you I'd probably be doing time with a bunch of outlaw bikers. You've gotta respect that.

Hawk introduces everyone to Redline and the small group begin to communicate, feeling more at ease.

HAWK (CONT'D)

These other dudes just escorted us out. They'll be leaving shortly.

After some mingling and shop talk Solomon finally winds up beside Hawk as they begin to saddle up.

SOLOMON

Hawk... why Redline? Where'd he get that handle?

HAWK

He was a medic in Nam. If ya got hit, he was the dude you needed first and he got there in a hurry.

SOLOMON

I'm impressed.

HAWK

Yeah...well, he's had his share of hard knocks. His wife left him while he was over there, then his second wife left. He had a son that died from an overdose a couple of years ago... He still has nightmares about the war... a few problems, but he's good people.

Hawk looks over at Redline. Redline and Hawk's eyes meet.

HAWK (CONT'D)

A lot of soldiers died in his arms. Survivor's guilt... ya know?

SOLOMON

Yeah... been there, done that. We just got no respect when we returned.

HAWK

You guys were dumped on big time. For what it's worth Sol... I'm sorry.  
(pause)  
You get national rejection and they freakin kill us with parades and

HAWK (CONT'D)  
ceremonies... somebody's got their  
head screwed on backwards.

SOLOMON  
Hey brother, you did a great service  
in the Middle East. You deserved  
what you got. Thank God for it. Be  
proud Hawk.

The four bikers and Juicer, each to their perspective  
machines, prepare for the next leg of the journey. Hawk and  
Redline, realizing the nature of the trip, remove their colors  
and put them in the Cruiser. Solomon nods at Hawk in an  
affirmative manner... it's the smart move.

Hawk realizes Solomon is placing a lot of trust in him by  
asking him to tag along across the breadth of the entire  
nation. His desire is to be Joe Citizen, not an outlaw biker.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Okay guys... we'll push on up to  
Barstow and spend the night there.  
Let's do it.

REKO  
Ya-hoooo!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- BARSTOW, CA. -- MORNING

The five man team is gearing up in the motel parking lot for  
the upcoming trip, giving their machines the once over before  
departure. Solomon walks over to Hawk.

SOLOMON  
Hey bro. I'm sure you guys are  
packing. It'd be better if Juicer  
kept your weapons in the Cruiser...  
they'll be close enough if needed.

HAWK  
Yeah, good idea; the heat may pull  
us over just for the hell of it.

SOLOMON  
Right... gangsters on motorcycles;  
just like the old days. Can ya  
believe it... now I'm the law.

Solomon makes a special effort to rub shoulders with Redline  
before departure and pays a compliment to him about his  
motorcycle.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Nice lookin ride, Redline.  
(pause)  
Hey brother, thanks... and welcome  
home.

Redline looks momentarily shocked.

REDLINE

Thanks... what do you mean... thanks for what?

SOLOMON

In Nam, brother. We were never welcomed home. When I meet a fellow Vietnam veteran I always tell him thanks... even if it is a little late... just something I do.

Redline fights the emotional onslaught of years of rejection, hurt, and loneliness, all of which immediately erupts with a sole word from a fellow soldier of his own nightmarish war.

REDLINE

You're right Sol... no one's even said that to me. Thanks brother; that means more than you know... thanks for letting us tag along... I mean it.

The bikers depart, followed by Juicer. They convoy through Arizona, New Mexico, and into Texas. The beauty of the American west is paramount, bearing credentials of providence and majesty. The free spirit of the journey is dominant as the American landscape speaks with a silent visual of nature's fingerprint; the precision DNA of independence.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROADSIDE REST AREA -- AFTERNOON

As the nomadic bikers pull into a rest stop just inside the Texas border Solomon spots a woman talking on a pay phone near the parking area. As the bikers park and kill their engines it's obvious the lady is frantic and emotional.

Solomon stands in ear shot of her conversation while the other four men walk toward the rest rooms inside the information center.

BRIDGET

No, no... I'm not coming back. I can't take it any more Scott, I just can't... I won't! I want out.

She grasp her forehead with her free hand as she lowers her head, sighing deeply.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I don't care what you do.... you'll just have to find me then...

BRIDGET MONTANA hangs up the receiver and hurriedly walks toward her vehicle with her twelve year old son, Mark. Solomon heads toward the woman to see if she's all right and to offer any assistance possible.

As Bridget sees Solomon getting closer, because of his appearance, she becomes defensive.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Okay mister, that's far enough. I don't know what you want... whatever it is I don't have it. Please just leave me alone... it's been, like, a really bad day.

Bridget reaches into her purse for a small can of mace. Solomon proceeds with caution, aware that his attorney persona is hidden beneath leather, bugs, and hours of road grime.

SOLOMON

Ma'am, I don't want anything. Honest. I'm an attorney and I couldn't help but overhear you.  
(pause)  
Are you in some kinda trouble?

BRIDGET

An attorney... bullshit. You're not no freakin attorney. Get outa here right now... idiot!

Bridget makes a get away motion with her hand.

SOLOMON

Yes ma'am... I am an attorney. I realize I don't look like one at the moment, but... do you need any help?

Solomon steps closer cautiously, not sure what she's reaching for inside her purse.

Bridget pulls a small can of mace from her purse and raises it slowly, but hesitates.

BRIDGET

Whatdaya wanna help me for?

She keeps the mace extended toward Solomon.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I don't need a lawyer...on top of that I'm flat broke... so just get outta here... please.

She begins to weep. From catching the latter part of her side of the conversation, Solomon assumes there is more to this than a mere domestic squabble.

SOLOMON

Are you running from something... or someone? Are you in any danger?

Bridget, hoping Solomon is genuine, opens up slightly.

BRIDGET

If you're a lawyer, then what are you doing in a freakin motorcycle gang, or whatever?

Grasping his jacket collar he senses an open door.

SOLOMON

Oh this... I'm on vacation with some friends. I'm just a motorcycle freak, that's all.

He points to the other motorcycles and grins. The other men are headed back toward Solomon.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

These guys are friends of mine. We're just traveling across country together... headed to Washington.

BRIDGET

An attorney huh? Wow, I guess you're incognito then. Do you mind if I see some identification?

He reaches for his wallet, knowing this total stranger has cause to be suspicious, even frightened.

SOLOMON

Of course not. I guess you could say we're undercover. Yeah.

He extends his driver's license to Bridget in an effort to set her mind at ease. She examines his license, verifying the truth of his identity.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Your little chat didn't sound very pleasant... what's the deal? Are you in a jam?

BRIDGET

Yeah, you could say that... I split from my old man last night. I can't take his crap anymore... I've had it.

Bridget returns his license and puts the mace back into her purse. Her shoulders drop as she relaxes somewhat.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

He was passed out when I left... or overdosed. I just got in the car and drove.

Solomon looks at Mark, Bridget's son, grins and gives him a friendly wink. Mark snuggles closer to his mother, however, a half smile creeps out one side of his mouth.

SOLOMON  
Is he an alcoholic? Drugs... what?

BRIDGET  
That's an understatement... he's a  
freakin idiot... and that's puttin  
it mildly. He's into all kinds of  
crazy stuff.

SOLOMON  
We're just passing through and thought  
we'd take a break. Is there anything  
we can do for you before we move on?

Bridget waves her hand toward the blue Monte Carlo parked  
across the parking lot; one tire is flat.

BRIDGET  
Well... you could start by fixin my  
flat tire... that would help.

Now, only yards away, the others notice Solomon chatting  
with a very attractive female stranger. Reko humorously  
chides;

REKO  
Hey brother, your wife's gonna kick  
your butt. You'd better be cool.

Solomon calls the men over to where he and Bridget are.

SOLOMON  
Hey guys, I want you to meet someone.

Solomon turns toward Bridget.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Your name is...

BRIDGET  
Bridget... Bridget Montana.

They assemble around Solomon and Bridget at a picnic table  
near the phone booth. Solomon directs his hand toward each  
of the other men as he introduces them to Bridget.

SOLOMON  
Bridget, this is Reko, Hawk, Redline,  
and Juicer.

Bridget, fiddling in her purse for a cigarette, muffles her  
remark;

BRIDGET (almost silently)  
A bird, a drunk, and his friends.  
Man, am I ever lucky at meeting men.

Each man greets the beautiful, well developed blonde with a  
smile and a nod.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Glad to meet you guys. You wouldn't happen to have an extra beer would you? I sure could use a cold one just about now.

Juicer goes to the Cruiser as the others gather around the picnic table for a break before fixing Bridget's flat tire. Juicer returns with a cold beer.

JUICER

Here ma'am. Take a load off.

Bridget is less defensive, feeling a bit safer. Although her new acquaintances look rough she senses the men are sincere about their desire to help.

BRIDGET

Thank you very much.

She bottoms-up the beer can, drinking half of it.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I wish I'd had this an hour ago... Pardon me for saying so, but you guys look like a circus act on your way to a carnival.

HAWK

Yes ma'am. Appearances can be misleading.

Solomon, curious, but wanting to help, continues to pry.

SOLOMON

So, Mrs. Bridget Montana, before we fix your flat tire, tell us... what's your story? We can't just leave you and Mr. Handsome there, stranded.

Bridget, desperate for any sense of direction, reaches out to this rugged, grime covered band of strangers.

BRIDGET

I've been married to Scott for the last fourteen years.

She nods toward the pay phone.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

He's really a good guy, but in the past few years he's started acting kinda weird and suspicious... out at all hours. He's become a mystery man that I don't know anymore.

HAWK

What do you mean, suspicious?



BRIDGET

I'm not sure really. He's always sneaking around... odd phone calls in the middle of the night. He has a separate phone line in the basement and keeps the door locked; I'm not even permitted down there.

SOLOMON

Do you have any idea what, or who, he could be involved with?

BRIDGET

No, but it's driving me crazy... he's always edgy and yelling at me for no apparent reason. Screw him, I can't take it anymore. I know he's hiding something, that's for sure. He's probably screwing around.

(pause)

And these weird guys coming around... I never know when they're coming. They're from Europe or somewhere like that.

SOLOMON

Where do you live?

BRIDGET

In Albuquerque, New Mexico.

HAWK

We came through there. You're not very far from home then.

BRIDGET

Not far enough. He kept ranting on and on about the car, "I need that car, I need that car. You're gonna get me in a lot of trouble."

(pause)

What am I supposed to do... walk?

She takes the final swig of her beer and sits the empty can on the table and flicks her cigarette toward the pay phone.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I never drive the damned thing anyway. He's always gone in it, or has it locked up... and he hides the stupid keys so I can't go anywhere?

Juicer volunteers to change the flat tire on Bridget's car. He walks around the table to Bridget.

JUICER

If you'll give me the keys I'll get started changing your tire.

Redline offers his assistance.

REDLINE

I'll give you a hand, Juiceman.

The two men walk about fifteen yards to the Monte Carlo and Juicer sticks the key into the trunk lid; it pops open.

Redline scrambles around inside the trunk looking for the jack. Upon lifting the spare tire cover he notices a folder neatly taped to the underside of the tire cover.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

What's this?

Juicer reaches for the thick folder.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

Hey, me first dude... what's your hang up with juices anyway?

JUICER

So I'm a health nut. Let me see that.

Juicer reaches for the sealed folder but Redline, curious of its content, pulls it away and opens it; the paperwork appears to be some sort of official documents.

Redline turns toward Solomon and Hawk while reviewing the documents inside the folder.

REDLINE

Hey guys, you'd better get over here and check this out.

HAWK

What is it Redline? How many men do you need to change a freakin flat?

REDLINE

It's not that. We've found something. You'd better have a look.

Solomon, Hawk, Reko, and Bridget, walk over to the rear of the car. Mark, Bridget's son, stays at the picnic table. By now Redline has looked through the first few pages, Juicer standing beside him.

As the others reach the car trunk Redline hands the paperwork to Solomon.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

You're the legal mind here, look this stuff over.

SOLOMON

It's some kind of dossier.

Immediately Solomon is suspicious, recalling the things Bridget just shared. He flips through the pages slowly.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Part of it looks like a blueprint or  
a layout of some sort... the documents  
probably explain it.

The content looks familiar to Solomon.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Look at this. Some of this refers  
to engineering; I've seen stuff like  
this before.

Solomon points to some writing at the bottom of one of the  
pages as the others huddle around him.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
The Black Eagle - remodel. That's  
gotta be encoded. It's a diagram of  
some sort... some kinda bird or  
something. Mythology maybe.

JUICER  
It's probably just some project her  
husband is working on.

Solomon reviews the eyes of the others as they're all  
transfixed on the paperwork; Juicer is fidgety.

SOLOMON  
Is there such a thing as a black  
eagle? Sounds like mythology.

REKO  
Everything was encoded during Desert  
Storm, especially special ops. Could  
be a code name.

SOLOMON  
Yeah... possibly. I get bad vibes.

Solomon turns to Bridget.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Do you care if we look through the  
trunk to see if we can find anything  
else?

BRIDGET  
Hey guys, it's not my car. I just  
left in it. I don't care if you  
shred the damn thing... go for it.

SOLOMON  
What does your husband do Bridget?

BRIDGET  
He's an electrical engineer... works  
odd hours too... he does a lot of  
work with computers.

SOLOMON

That explains some of this stuff.  
But what does it mean?

Solomon taps Hawk on the shoulder and they both head back toward the picnic table to further examine the paperwork. Reko follows.

HAWK

Redline, see if you can find anything else in there.

REDLINE

You got it man. Juicer, let's have a look-see.

With the papers spread out across the table's surface the three men, with Bridget sitting close by, attempt to piece together a cryptic puzzle.

REKO

Well, it's obviously a diagram or layout of some kind... we just gotta figure it out.

HAWK

I agree Reko. We need to connect the dots. Hubby has some bad connections, I can feel it.

SOLOMON

Bridget, he may be involved with something heavy... possibly dangerous.

A few minutes into the search of the trunk, Redline makes another discovery.

REDLINE

Guys, I think we've found the mother lode. Get over here, check this out.

They rendezvous at the trunk of the Monte Carlo for the second time.

Redline points to a small black button shaped object stuck in an out-of-the way place on the inner walls of the trunk, just behind one of the metal struts. They also find an aluminum box, tightly sealed and well hidden.

Redline points to the device without making contact with it, and then to the aluminum box.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

What do you make of this?

SOLOMON

Looks like some kind of sensor or tracking device.

Solomon reaches into the trunk and picks up the box. Pulling it out cautiously.

Both Vietnam veterans have etched within their minds the booby-trap syndrome.

REDLINE

Careful King Sol... careful.

HAWK

What is all this? I think I'm rushing.

JUICER

This guy probably works for the Feds, Microsoft, or something hush-hush.

HAWK

Maybe, but hubby wants to keep track of the car.

REKO

Or somebody wants to keep track of hubby!

Solomon opens the box and spies an electronic device, reminiscent of a detonator; possibly an advanced guidance system.

SOLOMON

Look at this! This is one wild lookin gadget... right outa the future.

The others crowd around to see the newly discovered trinket.

HAWK

I've seen stuff like this in the military. Sol, that's a guidance mechanism; advanced too.

Bridget, recalling her last telephone conversation with her husband, Scott;

BRIDGET

He was furious when he realized I'd left in his car. He even threatened to kill me if I didn't bring it back... immediately!

Solomon reviews his road warriors like a SWAT team commander looking over his team prior to any upcoming action; a rush of adrenaline generates throughout his body.

Realizing they've stumbled upon more than the typical damsel in distress scenario, Solomon expounds.

SOLOMON

Let's examine what we do know: a lady on the run, a vehicle that is

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
likely being tracked, loaded with  
secretive papers and a supposed  
guidance device. We can't be sure  
how much time we've got, or just how  
many players may be on hubby's end.

Reko interjects.

REKO  
We've gotta help Bridget, Sol.

HAWK  
Reko's right Sol. We can't leave  
her to deal with some psycho hubby  
alone.

Realizing time to be a factor, Solomon makes a suggestion.

SOLOMON  
If I didn't learn anything else in  
the war I definitely learned one  
thing.

Something learned over thirty years ago suddenly has  
relevance. The others listen attentively.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Ambush!

REKO  
What? Ambush... I don't get it.

Hawk leans in closer, eager for details.

HAWK  
Spit it out Counselor.

SOLOMON  
Okay, somebody's gonna come for this  
vehicle... right?

Redline picks up on the war vibes;

REDLINE  
Right... and we'll be waiting.

Hawk, immediately becomes enlightened.

HAWK  
They'll never know what hit em.

Solomon turns to Bridget and reaches for her hand; with a  
consoling grip he unveils their strategy.

SOLOMON  
Can you call Scott again Bridget and  
feel him out... give us an idea of  
what he may be up to... probe for

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
any information regarding his  
immediate agenda?

Bridget, although bewildered with all that's happening, feels she has no other choice. Feeling caught in the middle, yet wanting to help, she complies.

BRIDGET  
Sure Solomon, I'll...

SOLOMON  
Call me Sol sweetheart.

BRIDGET  
Sure Sol. Just tell me what you  
want me to do.

They gather around the picnic table. The scene takes on the appearance of a high level briefing.

SOLOMON  
Here's what I suggest. Hubby doesn't  
know you've met us, right?

Bridget nods in the affirmative.

BRIDGET  
Right.

SOLOMON  
This gives us the edge. Call and  
tell him you'll leave his car in  
Amarillo at a motel... you'll take a  
bus to...

He doesn't know where Bridget is going; Solomon looks across the table at the beautiful blonde for her destination.

BRIDGET  
I'm going to my mother's... in  
Houston.

SOLOMON  
You're gonna take a bus to Houston,  
to your mom's house. Convince him  
that you're sorry. No hard  
feelings...all that crap... and you'll  
call him in the morning and tell him  
exactly where you've left the car...  
okay?

BRIDGET  
Right. Do you want me to call now?

SOLOMON  
Yeah, make the call. If anyone else  
is involved the less time we give

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 them to get their act together, the  
 better.

An air of excitement invades the veterans in anticipation of any upcoming encounter. Their warrior spirit is revived. The unexpected detour from their vacation plans give birth to a bond of brotherhood; they're a team.

Bridget heads for the phone booth a few yards from the picnic table. Inserting the necessary coins she picks up the receiver and dials ... RING, RING, RING.

SCOTT MONTANA, knowing the trunk's content, realizes the consequences of his missing vehicle could prove deadly.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 Yeah, hello.

BRIDGET  
 Scott... it's me..

Scott is in panic mode;

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 Bridget, where are you woman? You'd better get back here, you hear me? I'm gonna be in a lot of trouble if you don't get that vehicle back... now! I need it a.s.a.p.

Bridget attempts to get a word in, however, Scott is frantic about the vehicle.

SCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 There's more to all this than you know. Just do what I say, dammit.

BRIDGET  
 Okay, okay, Scott. Settle down. Don't freak out. I don't want your precious car, I just want out.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 You don't understand Bridget. That car is important to some very nasty people. If I don't get it back here, they'll hurt me big time... and you too.

BRIDGET  
 Listen Scott! Right now I don't care about you or the car, or for that matter, anything else... just leave me alone and let me go!

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 Where are you anyway?



BRIDGET

That doesn't matter. I'll leave the car at a motel in Amarillo. I'll call you in the morning and tell you which one, all right? I'll take a bus to mom's.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Bridget, you'd better not be jerking my chain. You're gonna get all of us hurt playing your silly little games. What'd you leave for anyway?

The mother in Bridget flares up.

BRIDGET

You haven't even ask about Mark. All you care about is your shit-head friends. Damn you!

(pause)

You're a sorry father Scott. I know you're in some kinda trouble; screw you. I'll be in touch.

Bridget places the receiver back on the telephone, CLICK, and turns back toward Solomon and Hawk, standing near by.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I did it. I'm sure he was alone; he wouldn't have talked that way if anyone else was around. Did I do okay?

SOLOMON

You did great Bridget... just great.

Hawk throws his arm across Bridget's neck in a comforting manner as they walk back to the others.

HAWK

Things are good Bridget, we're here to help. It's gonna be okay.

The ambush is set.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- AMARILLO, TX -- EVENING

The five men, Bridget and her son Mark, are at a motel just off Interstate 40 east of Amarillo.

SOLOMON

Hawk, we've made some good time since we left L.A. Find a bar near by and I'll get us all a room and make sure Bridget and Mark are bed down for the night.

HAWK

Good idea. I could use a little  
down time.

Solomon pulls a business card from the inside jacket pocket  
of his new leather attire and hands it to Hawk.

SOLOMON

Here's my cell number, buzz me when  
you've found a place. I'll take  
care of business on this end.

Solomon rallies the men near the rear of the PT Cruiser.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Listen guys, I don't figure Scott to  
wait for any phone call; he's tracking  
the car now, or whoever he's connected  
with.

REKO

That dude's gonna make his move  
a.s.a.p.; he's probably already on  
the road.

HAWK

And he's not likely to come alone.

SOLOMON

That's the way I see it. We've gotta  
be at least three or four hours ahead  
of him though.

HAWK

Sol, get our rooms on the opposite  
side from Bridget and the kid.

SOLOMON

Good call Hawk. I'll work it out...  
you guys get to a bar and buzz me.

Hawk, Reko, Redline, and Juicer in his Cruiser, pull out  
from the parking lot in search of a nearby bar. Solomon  
walks over to Bridget, still sitting in the Monte Carlo  
awaiting some instructions as to what to do.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hang tight here Bridget and I'll get  
you and Mark a room. We'll help you  
get things worked out for your trip  
tomorrow. Don't worry.

Solomon reaches in and ruffles Mark's hair softly.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hey trooper... you okay?

MARK

Yes sir, I'm okay.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm really tired though.

SOLOMON

We're gonna take care of that son.  
Give me about fifteen minutes and  
I'll have you both in a room and  
ready for a little shut-eye.

Mark grins at Solomon thankfully. Bridget grabs Solomon's arm as he pulls it from the vehicle; she needs any consolation she can get.

BRIDGET

You sure have been nice to us Mister Attorney. Are you my knight in shining armor?

SOLOMON (smiling)

Hey lady, what kind of counselor would I be if I didn't try to help someone in need... especially a beautiful lady with her son... I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bridget and Mark have brought in what few things they have with them and Bridget is moving about in her motherly fashion preparing Mark for bed. Solomon sits in a chair awaiting Hawk's call.

BRIDGET

Well, mister knight, so you're married?

SOLOMON

Yes ma'am, for nearly thirty years.

BRIDGET

Wow, I'm impressed. Some people get all the good fortune and I get a damn sandwich with stale mayo.

SOLOMON

Bridget, your husband is crazy to louse this up. He's blowin it! Something's got into his head.

Bridget shadows her son as Mark crawls into bed.

BRIDGET

It was good once, but for the past few years he's been involved with

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 some weird people and our marriage  
 has fallen apart.

As Bridget walks between Solomon and the bed she intentionally brushes against his leg with her thigh. Mark is falling asleep and Bridget sits on the edge of the bed near the chair Solomon is occupying.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 How can I ever thank you for helping  
 me? I don't know what I would have  
 done if I hadn't run into you guys.

Bridget reaches over and places her hand on Solomon's leg.

SOLOMON  
 Bridget, I'm just glad we...

Solomon's cell phone rings, RING; the conversation is interrupted. Solomon is expecting a call from Hawk.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 I need to get this Bridget.

The caller ID tells Solomon the call is from home.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 Rebecca!

REBECCA (V.O.)  
 Sol, it's me baby. Sorry for the  
 intrusion, but I can't reach Raven.

Solomon detects something awry in her voice, but plays it down with a soothing tone.

SOLOMON  
 Whatdaya mean Reb? I talked with  
 her before we left. She was excited  
 about her research... She's okay...  
 probably out... you know... college.

REBECCA (V.O.)  
 No honey, I've been trying every  
 since you guys left. Her apartment,  
 her cell, her friend Rachel doesn't  
 know anything. Something's not right,  
 I just know it. I'm worried.

Solomon stands and begins to pace slowly. As he sees Mark asleep his fatherhood surfaces.

SOLOMON  
 Keep trying Reb. I'll touch base  
 with you in the A.M. It's okay honey,  
 don't worry, she's fine.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Okay Sol. Are things okay with you guys?

SOLOMON

Things are great Reb. We're in Texas and making some good time... tired as crap. We'll do details later okay? Everything's good baby. Love.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Okay. Bye Sol. Love.

Bridget detects something foreboding from Solomon's end of the conversation with his wife.

BRIDGET

Are things okay Mister Counselor?

The call catches Solomon off guard and arouses suspicion regarding the whereabouts of his daughter, Raven.

SOLOMON

Huh? ... Oh yeah, things are fine. My wife hasn't been able to contact our daughter in the past few days; a little unusual. She's at college.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS STATE UNIVERSITY - HIGHLAND AVENUE - NIGHT

Raven Justice and Dane Benjamin exit an apartment complex near the Memphis State University campus. A black shiny vehicle pulls up to the curb and Dane opens the door. Raven gets abruptly rushed into the automobile.

Dane surveys the area like a lighthouse beacon before getting inside the vehicle behind Raven. He shuts the door and the car drives off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Solomon's cell phone rings again. RING, RING. It's Hawk.

SOLOMON

Yeah! Just a minute.

Solomon muffles the phone and turns to the seductive blond.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

It's Hawk, Bridget. I've gotta go for now. I'll check back in later.

Bridget smiles with thoughtful enticement and walks Solomon to the door. In her best seductive, soft sounding voice;

BRIDGET

Please do... that is, check in later.

Solomon exits the room as Hawk gives directions to the bar; about three quarters of a mile up the same street the motel is on.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BAR -- LATER

As Solomon walks through the door he is invaded by a heavy metal tune reverberating from wall to wall. True to form, Hawk has found what appears to be a typical biker's bar. Most of the patrons look rough, even mean.

Solomon enters as his friends wave to get his attention. Hawk, figuring the need for a strategy meeting, has found a table dimly lit toward the back of the room. The veteran in Hawk picks a corner table, protecting their rear.

As Solomon ambles through the smoke filled atmosphere toward the rest of his team, a couple of women at the bar cast flirtatious glances his way, one strokes his arm gently. He replies only with his half cocked smile as he walks by.

He seats himself, careful to make sure his back isn't openly exposed to the door, his phobia from the war.

Redline scans the room cautiously.

REDLINE

I've got your back brother.

Solomon thanks Redline with eye contact and a nod.

SOLOMON

Okay guys, let's talk strategy.

As the men get settled, the waitress brings a fresh round of brew.

Reko speaks up first. Having climbed out of poverty in New York, serving six year in military intelligence, his mind is computerized with tactics and rampaging with ideas.

REKO

Somebody has got to watch that Monte Carlo every minute of the night. Juicer, can we use the Cruiser for a stake out?

JUICER

Sure, whatever you think guys.

REDLINE

Good idea.

Juicer gets up, surveying the smoke filled room.

JUICER

Yeah...uh, Wow, I forgot to call a business partner about a real estate deal; some unfinished business... I'll be back in a few.

Juicer leaves the table and heads toward the front door of the bar.

Solomon glares at a filthy ashtray at the center of the table momentarily; unfinished business rings a mental bell, however, no immediate connection is made regarding his dream.

From another table a biker eyes Hawk with a furrowed brow. After a moment of analysis he stands up and walks toward Hawk's table.

Walking up between Redline and Hawk the stranger pulls a Bowie knife from beneath his jacket and slams it into the center of the table; the ashtray is shattered and glass scatters in all directions.

BIKER (hostile)

You're the leader of those punks in L.A. ain't ya? Yeah, you're the shithead that beat the crap outa my brother at Sturgis last year.

(pause)

Okay Hawk... It's pay back time.

The biker lunges at Hawk and three of his friends jump in from the rear. Everything erupts.

Instinctively, Reko works his karate magic with one of the bikers, taking him down with a lightning fast move just as the outlaw pulls a pistol from his hidden shoulder holster and fires. BANG. The shot hits a lamp above their table; the biker hits the floor unconscious.

Hawk turns and hits his accuser in the groin with an uppercut; he doubles over in pain and falls to the floor. Redline grabs one biker just as Reko pulls away from his downed opponent.

Reko notices Redline's struggle as they stumble across the table debris, he swirls and kicks the biker across the face with the heel of his boot; the biker drops instantly.

Having pulled the Bowie knife from the center of the table Solomon throws the fourth biker to the floor and presses the knife firmly across his throat. Solomon's violent past has resurfaced; his old Solomon is resurrecting.

SOLOMON

Hawk, who are these bastards?

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
What's the deal, brother? Shit.

Hawk stoops beside his accuser with a broken beer bottle against his temple.

HAWK  
Long story King Sol.

Hawk looks deep into the eyes of his accuser with an ultimatum.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
Leave now and it's over.

He drags the broken bottle's edge down the biker's cheek. Blood runs.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
Otherwise...

Redline looks at the bartender demandingly.

REDLINE  
No law... got it?

The bartender nods in the affirmative.

Juicer appears, as if out of no where.

JUICER  
God! I leave you guys for a minute and things fall apart. What happened?

Solomon looks at Hawk, then at Redline and Reko.

SOLOMON  
Okay guys, let's not forget what's up the road.

Redline holds the rival's pistol on the bikers as Solomon and company collect for departure. Solomon lays two one hundred dollar bills on the counter as they leave, for damages.

Hawk is disgusted.

HAWK  
Sorry Sol... that's the last time I go into a bar unarmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT-- NIGHT -- LATER

The adrenaline is pumping as the team gathers near the Cruiser in a dark corner of the parking lot. The stake out is underway.



SOLOMON

I got two rooms on the opposite side of the motel from Bridget and the kid; the bikes are out of sight.

REKO

Just two?

SOLOMON

Yeah... somebody's gotta stay in the Cruiser. We'll need to double up too, just in case.

HAWK

I'll take first shift then... Redline?

REDLINE

You're on, Hawk.

Solomon clears the air about their detour and wants it understood that no one need participate if they feel uncomfortable about deviating from the initial vacation plans.

SOLOMON

Guys... I didn't expect this. I don't see how we can refuse to help Bridget.

In the same manner Solomon has connected with jurors in the past he feels the need to make eye contact with each man.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Things could get out-of-hand. There's no guarantees. We have no idea what this is all about, or where it could lead.

REKO

Let's make sure Bridget and the kid are clear and see how things go. We can't bail and just leave them here.

Redline looks at Hawk. Hawk nods in the affirmative.

REDLINE

Let's play it out.

HAWK

I'm very curious. I wanna see this through. I'm pissed off anyway. I need to break something, or somebody.

JUICER

It's possible all of this adds up to nothing; just a crazy husband. We can't know anything for sure.

Hawk looks sternly into Solomon's face.

HAWK

The military in me says that dossier spells trouble; I can feel it.

SOLOMON

All right, let's do it. Hawk, Juicer has a phone in the Cruiser. Call me in a couple of hours and I'll come down and relieve you.

REKO

Make sure I'm up. I'll double with you, Sol.

Solomon, uncertain about Juicer, keeps him at arms length.

SOLOMON

Let's get it done. Juicer, rest up; we'll see how things play out.

With anticipation, the men disperse to their perspective assignments.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Wearily, Solomon and Reko shuffle about the room preparing to get as much rest as possible.

SOLOMON

Reko, did you notice a man in the bar seated at a table near the jukebox?

REKO

Those bikers?

Solomon, preparing to brush his teeth, leans over the sink.

SOLOMON

No, this dude was alone. He looked outa place. His clothes were different... you didn't see him?

REKO

No. How was his clothes different?

SOLOMON

I don't know. They just were. He kept looking at me. He reminds me of a guy I've seen at a couple of my trials... It was just odd.

Reko is stretched out on one of the beds.

REKO

Good odd, or bad odd?

Solomon looks at himself in the mirror with a toothbrush full of paste. He notices the stressful lines in his face, the scar from the war. He examines his eyes, as if to find revelation about something beyond himself.

REKO (CONT'D)

Sol...good odd or bad odd?

SOLOMON

Just odd.

(pause)

Reko, do you believe in dreams?

REKO

Hey, I survived poverty; yeah, I believe in dreams. That's what life's all about. You helped me get started in L.A.

SOLOMON

Not that kind of dream; uh, never mind.

REKO

What's going on inside that maze you call a mind? You okay?

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- EARLY MORNING

The PT Cruiser is parked strategically at the rear section of the motel parking lot with a clear view of the Monte Carlo.

Hawk is outside the Cruiser relieving himself while Redline keeps an eye on the car from inside. A black pickup pulls up and kills its lights and sits silently for the next several minutes.

Redline covers the interior light with a towel while Hawk carefully gets back inside the Cruiser.

REDLINE

We've got company.

HAWK

Yeah, I noticed. This could be it Redman... I'd better call Sol.

Hawk dials Solomon's cell number and with a brief statement he hangs up.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Sol... they're here.

Solomon and Reko leave the room with their weapons and head for the back side of the motel down the dark side of the parking lot, near the Cruiser.

The four men assemble. They crouch behind the Cruiser, everyone checks his weapon.

SOLOMON

Let's not forget where we are.  
Whatever you do don't fire your piece.  
We need to get the drop on these  
dudes and find out what they're up  
to.

Suddenly, the truck door opens on the passenger's side. A tall, slim man, gets out slowly. The driver remains stationary, visually scanning the immediate area.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Hawk, take Redline and get behind  
the truck and cover the driver.

HAWK

Done.

SOLOMON

Reko, let's get Mr. Linky.

HAWK

Come on Redline... let's do it.

Hawk and Redline make their way to the rear of the pickup while Solomon and Reko follow the line of parked cars as far as possible, using them for cover.

The exited passenger slithers over to the Monte Carlo and begins to stick a key into the driver's side door lock.

Just as the stranger begins to unlock the Monte Carlo, Solomon, from out of the darkness, comes across the hood of the car with his 9mm Ruger.

SOLOMON (with authority)

Hold it mister.

The driver of the truck gets out to assist his partner. Hawk throws down on him just as he steps clear of the truck; grabbing him from the rear by the collar.

HAWK

Don't even flinch, or I'll drop you.

The man attempting to unlock the car is SCOTT MONTANA, Bridget's husband.

SCOTT

Hey mister, don't shoot. I'm just  
getting my car... honest!

Solomon steps closer, getting in Scott's face.

SOLOMON

Shut up dick-head.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
You're in deep shit, pal.

Scott attempts to further explain,

SCOTT  
I'm...

Solomon hits him across the mouth with an open hand.

SOLOMON  
I'm not in the mood, got it? You've  
screwed up my week and I'm a little  
pissed-off. Just shut up!

Scott, totally caught off guard, rubs his hand across his  
lip and reviews it for blood.

Hawk and Redline walk the other man across the dimly lit  
parking lot to where Solomon and Reko have Scott.

HAWK  
It's your move Sol.

SOLOMON  
Let's take em up to the room and pry  
their minds open. They will talk.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The two men are seated in chairs placed at the rear of the  
room. Solomon visually analyzes the man with Scott.

SOLOMON  
You gotta name dude?

GHETTO looks at Solomon, reviewing his jacket from top to  
bottom; he speaks with an English accent.

GHETTO  
You may call me Sir.

Hawk walks a few paces over to Ghetto and punches him in the  
mouth forcefully.

HAWK  
Do you have a name yet, sir?

Ghetto slumps to one side, nearly falling over. Spitting  
blood, he replies;

GHETTO  
Ghetto.

Hawk hits him again.

SOLOMON

What we got heeer, is a failure to communicate.

SCOTT (emphatically)

That's his name, that's his name... honest.

REKO

That's not a name... it's a place.

GHETTO

I was born in the ghettos in New York City. I couldn't control what I was called; it's a nickname.

SOLOMON

Are you from New York then?

GHETTO

Hell no. I wish they'd blown the whole city up on 9/11.

The first revelation of any anti American sentiment surfaces. Solomon grabs him by his shirt collar and pulls him to his feet and slaps him twice.

SOLOMON

You piece of shit. I'll gouge your freakin eyes out; you sack-a-shit!

Solomon throws him to the floor and turns around where Ghetto can see the flag on the back of his jacket.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Does the art work piss you off?

He reaches for Ghetto again. Reko grabs Solomon by the arm.

REKO

Sol, wait! Wait! Let's get some information outa these sleaze balls first.

Solomon pauses momentarily.

SOLOMON

Okay, Mr. Scott Montana, I'll ask you. Where's this piece of shit from? I want the truth.

Scott looks surprised by the fact that Solomon knows his full name.

SCOTT

He's from Europe.

REDLINE

That explains a lot; Euro-trash.

HAWK

Yeah, don't it though. Maybe he's a French fry or some shit like that.

SOLOMON

We need to think, guys. Let's secure these dudes for now.

Reko and Redline tape the two captives' arms to their chairs securely and stretch a piece of tape across their mouths.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Okay guys, let's talk.

The tension of a hundred trials, restless nights, and bouts with post traumatic stress disorder glare from Solomon's eyes. He's unaware that he's crossing a dangerous line.

Redline is wound tight. He pulls a silencer out of his inside jacket pocket and fastens it to his pistol. Reko observes a darker atmosphere closing in; he's alarmed.

REDLINE

Proceed with caution, yet in silence.

SOLOMON

We need a secure place to take these bastards. They're gonna tell me what this is all about or somebody's gonna bleed... a lot.

HAWK

I can fix that.

Solomon looks at Hawk regarding his comment.

SOLOMON

What? Do you have an angle?

The Blind Angels have a chapter in Texas.

HAWK

Do I have an angle? Counselor, we have a chapter here. Let me make a few calls and I'll see what I can arrange.

SOLOMON

Do it man, do it. The fewer that know anything, the better.

HAWK

Okay, me and the Redman will go next door and make the call from there. This shouldn't take long.

Hawk and Redline leave for the room next door while the two captives remain with Solomon and Reko.

REKO

Sol, wait up man. We can't just run off somewhere with these guys. This could be some dangerous stuff here.

SOLOMON

You wanted to get some info, Reko. Let's get informed before we make any drastic decisions.

REKO

It looks like you've already made one. We don't need to get all up in somebody's business without knowing what we're involved with. Don't get all cross-examination on me, Sol.

Solomon grasp Reko's shoulder attempting to comfort him.

SOLOMON

Chill brother, just chill. We're just taking care of business. Right?

REKO

Unfinished business is trouble dude.

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- NIGHT

The five men, with their two prisoners, set up a temporary outpost in a run down party house just outside of Amarillo, used by a Texas chapter of the Blind Angels; the house is available as long as they need it, no questions ask.

The bikers and Juicer are seated, sipping suds and snacking in the shambled remains of a used-to-be living room. Bullet holes are everywhere. Scott Montana and Ghetto are tied up in an adjacent room with their mouths taped shut.

REKO

Hey Sol, Bridget had a thing for you didn't she?

SOLOMON

No way Reko. She was just lonely. She was a looker though. Wow!

REKO

You got that right.

REDLINE

Amen to that!

Hawk looks at Redline, then glancing toward Reko.

HAWK

Did you guys double check that truck for any hidden bugs or evidence?



REDLINE

Thorough. It was spotless.

JUICER

I'm sure Bridget is glad to finally get that car cleaned out and on the move again.

SOLOMON

It's women like her that deserve a break... She's way overdue too...

Solomon holds up a beer as a toast to Bridget; all the others comply.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Safe passage lady, safe passage.

Eager for information from their captives, Solomon stands and begins to pace back and forth looking at the filthy, tattered floor, speaking softly but to no one in particular.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Unfinished business... unfinished business...

His eyes drift toward Juicer unconsciously only to realize Juicer is staring back.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Okay guys. I'm intending to find out what these creeps are up to. If anybody wants out feel free to split. Things may get nasty.

A moment for contemplating creates complete silence. The hush is broken by Redline opening another beer can, POP.

HAWK

This is our gig. Let's finish what we started. Maybe our vacation has another flavor.

The others stand. Everyone drifts into the next room where the two prisoners are awaiting. As they enter the room Redline bellows out...

REDLINE

Is this the information booth?

Without realizing it the veterans' hunger for action is beginning to come alive. They're opening a door to madness.

Solomon is savoring being unplugged from the halls of justice, the court room drama, the suit and tie world of plastic formality. He is nestling into an outlaw culture that was history, now beckoning for revival.

Solomon walks over to where Ghetto is seated and lays the paperwork found in the trunk of Scott's car on a table and displays the tracking device and the third item, believed to be a guidance mechanism. The two captives are surprised at the discovery of the dossier and the guidance device. They glance at each other fearfully.

SOLOMON

Take that tape off their mouths.  
We'll deal with the Euro first.

Reko removes the tape from both men briskly. Each man rolls his head to one side from the pain.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Okay Mr. Ghetto... Explain this!

Ghetto attempts to rub his mouth on his shoulder.

GHETTO

I've never seen this stuff.

Hawk, eager to inflict pain, takes a couple of steps, then WHAM, he knocks Ghetto to the floor.

HAWK

Maybe that'll help clear your head.

Ghetto, blood dripping from his lip, nods negatively.

Hawk picks him up and hits him again knocking him back to the floor. As he pulls Ghetto up again, Reko interrupts.

REKO

Sol, this is no way to get these  
guys to talk. We can't beat on them.

SOLOMON

What if lives are at stake here,  
Reko? They may be connected to  
something big? Remember the new's  
flash before we left L.A.?

Solomon nods for Hawk to continue. He sets Ghetto up for the third time. WHAM! Again, Ghetto hits the floor.

Redline, watching the action with an approving smirk on his face, pulls his five inch blade, and interjects;

REDLINE

Okay, slum lord, let's hear it.  
What's this crap all about?

Ghetto utters through the blood and pain;

GHETTO

I don't know anything. I can't tell  
you what I don't know.

Redline steps forward with his knife.

REDLINE

Hold him Hawk. I'll make him talk.

Scott Montana has never seen this side of the real world. His facial expressions reveal Ghetto's pain, etched within his own personal fears.

SCOTT

Tell them Ghetto, tell em! They're gonna kill you!

Juicer speaks up for the first time.

JUICER

We can't do this. This is wrong!

Reko, trying to find a degree of sanity within the rage, grabs Solomon by the arm.

REKO

Sol, this isn't our job. Let's let the authorities handle this. Call somebody. Just give em up man.

Solomon, is agitated.

SOLOMON

Definitely not. This could be urgent. It'll take those jerk offs weeks... believe me, I know the system... no way!

As Hawk gets a good grip on Ghetto, Redline waves the knife in Ghetto's face. He proceeds toward his chest.

Reko lifts his arm to stop Redline. Scott caves.

SCOTT

No, no. I'll tell you... I'll tell you all I know. Just don't cut him.

Solomon looks over at Reko and grins.

SOLOMON

See Reko. It pays to work these things through.

The situation is exceeding rational. Reko feels compelled to have a private moment with his best friend.

REKO

Could I speak with you privately for a moment Mr. Hot Shot?

Solomon complies,

SOLOMON

Hey guys, give us a minute.

The two men step into the next room. Reko looks at his friend, perplexed and agitated.

REKO

Have you flipped man? Is Solomon Justice inside that body or has some alien invaded your little tent there?

SOLOMON

Reko, if these assholes are planning something against America, I wanna know about it... that's all. You're military. That's a guidance device... you know it is.

REKO

Yeah, but you're acting like Bonnie and Clyde man. You scare me sometimes, ya know!

SOLOMON

Look bro. If this gets over our heads we'll jump ship. But let's see what they're up to first.

REKO

Over our heads! Man, I've whipped up on a lot of people, but torture, that's something else.

SOLOMON

We haven't tortured anybody... yet.

Solomon smiles at Reko.

REKO

Okay Captain America, let's save the freakin day... just stay sane... simmer.

The two men embrace in a gesture of oneness.

REKO (CONT'D)

I'm with you man. Don't sweat that; are you sure you're okay? That's what matters to me right now. Sometimes I feel like you're a hand grenade with the pin already out.

SOLOMON

I'm fed up Reko. Terrorists are crapping on the entire globe, innocent people gettin dumped on. Body parts and body bags get top billing on the news every freakin day. People being beheaded because some shithead can't have his way. Screw that!

They return to the other room. Solomon wants a one-on-one with Scott, hoping he may spill the beans just to square things.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Your guys care if Scott and myself  
cruise out back for a chat?

HAWK  
Go for it, man. We definitely need  
to know something, a.s.a.p..

EXT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

Solomon and Scott are in the back yard near a clump of trees. It'll be day light soon; everyone's tired and drained from the hectic pace of the past few days.

Solomon glances out toward the front yard where his motorcycle can be seen. He sees a stranger sitting atop his chopper, but convinces himself it's not real, just strain. The thousand yard stare envelops his countenance.

Forcing himself to focus, he addresses Scott.

SOLOMON  
Tired?

SCOTT  
Yeah... Mr. Justice, I don't know  
what you want; I wish I'd never met  
these guys. I just got in over my  
head.  
(pause)  
Then, I wasn't sure how to get out  
of it all. These men are dangerous...  
they're terrorists, plain and simple.

SOLOMON  
Terrorists? Explain.

SCOTT (emphatically)  
They plan to kill people, and lots  
of them.

SOLOMON  
What's all that stuff we found in  
your car trunk? Believe me Scott, I  
can help you... or I can hurt you.  
If this is crucial, you need to come  
clean now.

Solomon walks over to the corner of the house and veers toward the front yard as a precautionary measure. Again his peripheral vision catches the fading glimpse of someone on his chopper; he turns, then looks again. Nothing!

After the past two years of extreme guilt due to so many bad decisions, Scott feels its time for confession. He's frightened; finally, a potential escape route.

SCOTT

Mr. Justice, I love my wife. We had a great marriage once, but out of my desire to upgrade our lifestyle I made some bad decisions.

SOLOMON

You have a beautiful wife and son, Scott. How could a guy flush all that? Who is this prick you're with?  
(pause)  
What's all this about?

SCOTT

It was after the new year of 2005; March maybe... I got this call.

SOLOMON

From who?

SCOTT

A firm wanting me to contract with them on this hush-hush project. It sounded legitimate, it even sounded exciting... after a few phone conversations I felt this could be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity everybody dreams about.

Solomon is not concerned with the long version of Scott's story.

SOLOMON

I'd like to hear all the details Scott, but for now, I need specific information... all that paperwork... the dossier, what does it mean?

Scott hangs his head and leans upon a tree near the corner of the house, his hands still bound behind him. Shamefully, with a low voice he replies.

SCOTT

It's all a detailed plan, Mr. Justice.

Scott slowly lifts his head and looks Solomon right in the eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

They have plans to destroy Washington D.C. with anthrax.

Solomon is shocked! He shortens the distance between himself and Scott. Standing face to face he responds.

SOLOMON

They... who are they?

SCOTT

I'm not privy to everything, but the plan is to drop inhalant anthrax on D.C. and shift the blame onto the Middle East. They're part of an organization called The Regime.

Fear and anger invade Solomon's mind. He's flooded with thoughts of body bags.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

They mean to kill a lot of Americans... and soon. If you'll get the dossier, I'll show you the whole layout as best I can.

INT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Solomon and Scott enter the room where Ghetto and the others are. Reko, Juicer, and Redline are asleep. Hawk is standing vigil over Ghetto, slumped in a chair, moaning.

Scott is seated and secured and silenced for the night. Hawk turns toward Solomon,

HAWK

Well, how was your interrogation?  
Did he open up?

Solomon takes a seat at the table.

SOLOMON

You're not even gonna believe this.  
This guy says the people he works  
for are terrorists. The real McCoy.

Hawk chuckles softly in disbelief, however, Solomon's tone and facial expressions declare otherwise.

HAWK

You for real? How do you know?  
What kinda trip is this?

SOLOMON

According to Scott... you sure we're  
safe here Hawk? No one's gonna drop  
in unexpectedly?

HAWK

No one... not even the local chapter  
is gonna hassle us while we're here.  
I made sure of that. This place  
isn't even on the map.

SOLOMON

Good. Let's make sure everything is  
secured and get a little shut eye.  
I'm beat.

(pause)

Mr. Montana has a lot to tell us.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 We'll see what's what after he spills  
 his gut in the A.M. I'm gonna check  
 on the bikes.

Hawk speaks warily as Solomon leaves the room.

HAWK  
 I guess the vacation is shot to hell.

EXT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Solomon steps onto the front porch, then into the yard where the motorcycles are. Only the bold stars and a full moon illuminate the night. As he steps from the bottom step and into the yard he raises his head, again he sees someone sitting atop his motorcycle, somewhat translucent.

Feeling no threat, Solomon cautiously proceeds, veering from side to side for anything suspicious. The image solidifies as he approaches. Solomon is startled, but unusually calm.

SOLOMON  
 Mister, get off of that chopper...  
 NOW!

PRESENCE replies quite brazenly.

PRESENCE  
 No one is on your machine but you,  
 Solomon Justice.

Solomon gets close enough to touch the stranger.

SOLOMON  
 What, what kinda trip are you on?  
 Who are you and what are you doing  
 here? Get off or suffer!

The presence intentionally remains where he is.

PRESENCE  
 I'm Presence... Your presence.

Solomon grins with a muffled snicker. He reaches out to grab the stranger but his hand passes through him.

SOLOMON  
 Whoa! What the...

He's shocked, even frightened, yet feels a sense of inner peace that's unexplainable.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 It's all mental. God I'm crackin  
 up. Focus Solomon, focus.

PRESENCE  
 No Solomon. You're fine.



PRESENCE (CONT'D)

I assure you I'm as real as you are;  
I am "your" presence.

(pause)

I've been sent from the Other Side  
to help you; your future holds danger.

Solomon and Presence are face to face, eye to eye. He passes his hand through Presence again, still in awe. His knees weaken and buckle slightly.

SOLOMON

Whatdaya mean, from the Other Side,  
to help me do what? What danger?

PRESENCE

Did you think this is all there is  
to life? Why? This is only the  
beginning.

SOLOMON

You're my presence. That's  
ridiculous. I'm right here!

PRESENCE

That's common mortal logic. It's  
always the here and now, isn't it?  
Remember me in the bar, in the court  
room... and the jungle in Vietnam?

Solomon has slowly circled Presence, looking him over thoroughly, wondering about the reality of it all.

PRESENCE (CONT'D)

You're about to fulfill your destiny;  
a major part of it anyway.

(pause)

Remember your dream?

SOLOMON

How do you know about my dream?

Solomon is invaded with disbelief and feels his sanity is being challenged; his fatigue is in overload.

PRESENCE

You're in danger... that's why the  
Other Side has sent me.

SOLOMON

Details dude. What madhouse did you  
escape from? You're freakin me out  
slick.

PRESENCE

No details. One among you will  
fulfill his destiny shortly and be  
taken.

SOLOMON

What? What do you mean, taken?

PRESENCE

I'm not permitted to disclose any thing further. I can only tell you what I'm authorized to... I'll see you on the ship.

SOLOMON

What ship? Okay, shit-for-brains, tell me what this is all about.

Presence begins to fade, becoming invisible. As he disappears his voice faintly echoes;

PRESENCE

The dream Solomon, you have unfinished business.

Solomon stands rigidly, looking at the motorcycles. He rubs his eyes in fatigue and then touches the seat of his bike; it's warm. His body quivers. He shakes his head briskly, to gain composure. A door has mystically opened from beyond.

INT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- MORNING

The two prisoners are slumped in their chairs, half awake. Juicer is asleep on the floor in his sleeping bag.

Redline and Hawk walk through the front door as Solomon sits at the kitchen table looking distant. A ghostly haze permeates the atmosphere as if breeding darkness.

REDLINE

What a night. I feel spent, man.

Hawk walks into the next room and kicks Juicer.

HAWK

Get up man. We have a lot to do today.

Juicer awakes. Redline walks to the corner of the kitchen, at Solomon's back and pulls some pills out of his pocket and washes them down with coffee. He pivots behind Solomon.

REDLINE

Let's get on with it. Let's get those convicts up.

Reko, entering through the back door, turns to Solomon and notices the distant look on his tired friend's face.

REKO

Earth to Solomon, Earth to Solomon.

Solomon jolts back to consciousness.

SOLOMON

Let's get Montana, Redman; he's got  
some explaining to do. Leave Ghetto.

EXT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The five man team stands abreast just off the front porch with the dossier open, laying on the waist high porch. Scott Montana stand slightly to their front.

SOLOMON

Okay Scott, enlighten us.

Scott peers through the broken window above him and sees Ghetto sitting inside, still tied up. He turns back to the dossier and then scans his captors' faces.

Ghetto has worked the tape across his mouth loose with his tongue.

GHETTO

We know where your family lives Scott  
Montana. You talk and they'll all  
die. I swear it!

Redline hops upon the porch and hurries inside. Through the broken window, the men, from the front yard, see Redline pound Ghetto in the face several times.

Redline exits the house.

REDLINE

Get on with it.

Scott flips three pages into the dossier and points to a diagram. It's labeled, The Black Eagle.

SCOTT

That's the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial.  
They've code named it The Black Eagle.

Just below the diagram is the word, remodel.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The date for the strike is Veterans'  
Day of this year.

Juicer reveals agitation.

JUICER

How do you know? What the...

Reko interrupts.

REKO

Shut up Juicer... let him finish.

Scott lowers his head in anguish, then looks at Solomon, then at Hawk.

SCOTT

It's all coming down when the crowd  
is expected to be the largest.

SOLOMON

What's coming down... exactly?

Ghetto hears everything being said through the broken window,  
yet out of fear of another beating, remains quiet.

Hawk steps up to Scott, face to face, and grabs both his  
shoulders then follows up with a slap across the face, POP!

HAWK

If you're lying to us I'll gut you  
like a fish... and enjoy it.

Scott trembles; his eyes mist.

SOLOMON

What kind of strike, from where?

SCOTT

The others are waiting for us to  
arrive. They're on a cargo ship in  
the Gulf of Mexico...

Solomon scratches his brow in disbelief attempting to  
comprehend everything; he remembers his dream. Thoughts of  
his encounter with Presence taunt him, everything seems  
surreal. A quiver surges through his body.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm not sure how they've done it.  
(pause)

I was hired because of my engineering  
abilities with electronics and  
computers... I didn't know they were  
terrorists.

The men look at each other completely stunned, in disbelief.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

They plan to fly a small remote  
controlled aircraft loaded with  
explosives into the Washington  
Monument.

Past terrorists' events and failed attempts rampage within  
each veteran's mind like a p.t.s.d. nightmare.

REKO

From a ship?

SCOTT

The plane's computer is programmed  
to fly into the monument after  
releasing 200 liters of inhalant  
anthrax over the area.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Once the plane turns inland the sensors will begin the release. By the time it crashes and exploded all the anthrax will be dumped.

(pause)

The runway is assembled on board the ship. I don't know... they've planned it all prefab... it's all disassembled. That's how they got it into U.S. waters.

The men look at each other, mesmerized with fear of what such an act would do to the American people, their people, the families they sacrificed to protect.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The plane has a newly developed stealth system and will fly below one thousand feet over the ocean, through the GraveYard of the Atlantic, the Virginia coast. Then it will turn inland...

Redline pulls his .45 army issue pistol from beneath his jacket and blows a hole in the wall, BANG, then another, BANG. One round almost hits Ghetto. Everyone is momentarily startled by the shot, however, Hawk follows suit with his pistol, BANG, BANG, BANG.

REDLINE

I need to kill somebody.

Juicer takes a few steps backward, startled and fearful of the atmosphere's unpredictability.

Solomon steps closer to Scott and pulls his Ruger from beneath his belt and places it to Scott's temple.

SOLOMON

I'll blow your brains out and spit in the bullet hole if you're shitting me.

Solomon looks distant and muses for a moment, then turns back toward Scott.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

That would kill thousands, contaminate the nation's Capital. Our government would be temporarily paralyzed and would have to go underground... US! Damn it, this isn't happening!

Scott trembles, afraid to move. Reko intervenes.

REKO

Okay Sol, cool it man.

Reko steps over and places his hand on top of the barrel of Solomon's pistol and pushes it down while staring into Solomon's eye from beside him.

REKO (CONT'D)

Think brother. Maybe we should make some phone calls. This is all like, really out there, some deep shit.

Solomon is abrupt.

SOLOMON

Screw the phone calls Reko. If you want to call somebody, just do it. I'm supposed to be here, this is all happening for a reason.

As the realization of what's coming down genuinely dawn on each man, tension and anxiety mounts... even fear.

REKO

We gotta do the right thing here man.

Solomon looks at Reko with disdain.

SOLOMON (agitated)

What is the right thing Reko? Call the Feds, the C.I.A., what? Do you have their freakin number?

REKO

You know what I mean Solomon.

SOLOMON

Yeah, yeah! Shit... shit.

Solomon walks away from the others and nods for Redline to keep an eye on Scott. Hawk follows Solomon.

HAWK

Let's play this out King Sol. This is our gig man, let's see where it takes us.

SOLOMON

We gotta get on that ship, Hawk. Somehow, someway.

HAWK

I can get some more troops, more fire power.

Solomon realizes Hawk is talking about more bikers, probably armed to the teeth. He mulls it over briefly.

SOLOMON

Not now. Maybe we can pull this off. Will they come later if needed?

HAWK  
Anytime, anyplace...

The five man team assemble near the front porch. Solomon looks at Scott several yards from the team.

SOLOMON  
Scott, can you get us on board that ship?

Scott, hoping for some degree of redemption, replies;

SCOTT  
We're supposed to call them when we arrive in Galveston. I think so...  
YES!

EXT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE -- LATE EVENING

With a decision to remain at the safe house for the night, everyone is indoors except Solomon. The vacation is becoming a conceivable deadly showdown. Destiny beckons.

Solomon is near the front porch dialing his cell phone, RING, RING. Rebecca answers.

REBECCA (V.O.)  
Hello. Sol is that you baby?

Solomon detects a broken tone in Rebecca's voice.

SOLOMON  
Hello sweetheart, how are things?  
Any word of our daughter?

REBECCA (V.O.)  
I still can't reach Raven, Sol. I'm worried sick... and very lonely.

SOLOMON  
Isn't your sister there?

REBECCA (V.O.)  
Yeah baby, but that's not the same. I have a bad feeling. Where are you guys anyway?

SOLOMON  
We're still in Texas. We head out in the A.M. Some things have change sweetie.

REBECCA (V.O.)  
Whatdaya mean, changed, Solomon?

Solomon slowly paces in the front yard scanning the area as he talks.

SOLOMON

Long story Reb. We may be detoured  
for a while, that's all.

Rebecca becomes more frantic and demanding.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Okay, details mister. I'm freakin  
out here and you're changing your  
plans. What for? Have you not heard  
me Solomon?

Rebecca rarely calls Solomon by his full name.

SOLOMON

We've just gotta go to Galveston to  
help out a friend; it's a long story.  
I'll fill you in later, it's nothing.

Solomon is reluctant to overstate the situation knowing  
Rebecca is upset; he hears nothing from his wife.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Remember the dream I told you about?

REBECCA (V.O.)

Yes. What about it?

SOLOMON

I think it's coming true... trust me  
Reb. I gotta go. Keep trying to  
get Raven. She's okay Reb, don't  
worry. I'll stay in touch. Love.

CLICK. Solomon, for the sake of sanity, reluctantly turns  
his phone off realizing his wife will call back.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JUSTICE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rebecca paces wearily in her kitchen feverishly attempting  
to reconnect to her husband's cell phone.

REBECCA

Sol... Sol... Solomon! I need you  
baby... love.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL ABANDON HOUSE - MORNING

Everyone is packed. Scott and Ghetto are secured in the  
rear of the PT Cruiser; everything appears dark through the  
tinted windows. For security they ride with two bikers in  
front of the cruiser and two at the rear to observe the  
prisoners in transit. Each biker is fully armed.



SOLOMON

Okay guys, we have a hard driving  
six hundred miles... and we gotta  
get it done. Short stops when  
needed... to fuel up and empty out...  
that's it.

Everyone double checks his gear, fearful about their upcoming  
encounter. Adrenaline is high. Preparing for some degree  
of enemy contact, the motorcycles thunder to life.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Gentlemen... let's get it done.

The team of men, with their prisoners, thunder out of the  
secluded area just outside Amarillo. They stream southeast  
toward Dallas/Ft. Worth.

MONTAGE:

The glistening details of each motorcycle and determined,  
tempered faces are captured with the beautiful landscape  
featured from various angles and locations.

Shots of dusk and dawn transition, projecting the imagery of  
a special envoy delivering an invaluable cargo to some  
magistrate at a location yet uncertain.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALVESTON, TEXAS -- STORAGE FACILITY -- DAY

Solomon has rented a van and the motorcycles are stored safely  
in a storage facility. In silence, the men load up the van.

The two prisoners, Solomon, Hawk, and Redline, are in the  
rented van. Reko rides in the PT Cruiser with Juicer. They  
depart.

Solomon leads off, heading for the coast. In the rear view  
mirror he sees Presence sitting in the back seat next to  
Redline. His eyes widen; he shakes his head, trying to stay  
connected with reality.

SOLOMON (excited)

Hawk... who's in the back of the  
van... WHO?

Hawk looks at Solomon.

HAWK

You sound like an owl, brother.  
Whatdaya mean who's in the back seat?  
You know who.

Solomon grabs Hawk by the arm firmly with his free hand and  
with a firm countenance and demanding tone;

SOLOMON  
Count Hawk, hurry! Count... how  
many?

Hawks turns toward the rear, agitated with the request.

HAWK  
Three men! Three! How many do you  
think there are?

Solomon, reviewing the mirror with consistency, sees Presence  
beside Redline. As he utters his reply, Presence fades.

SOLOMON  
Three Hawk. Just three.

Solomon finishes a beer and throws the empty can in the floor  
while attempting to console Hawk;

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Long day bro; tired eyes. Sorry.

Hawk, with a raised brow, makes eye contact with Redline  
wondering about Solomon's state of mind.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

Solomon pulls into a restaurant to an uncluttered isolated  
area and kills the engine. He turns toward Redline in the  
back seat.

SOLOMON  
Redline, get Scott up front. Free  
him up so he can make this call.

They open their doors and step out.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Hawk and I will escort him inside to  
make the call. Watch idiot!

Redline places his hand on his .45 inside his belt.

REDLINE  
Take your time guys. We're on  
schedule. Just be careful.

Reko and Juicer look on from the Cruiser while Redline remains  
with Ghetto in the rented van. They can see the row of  
telephones inside the restaurant and watch as Solomon and  
Hawk hover around Scott as he makes the much anticipated  
telephone call to the awaiting terrorists in the Gulf.

INT. PT CRUISER -- CONTINUOUS

REKO  
I never thought anything like this  
would be coming down. Wild huh,  
Juiceman?

JUICER

Yeah! We need to just drop this whole thing. Maybe these guys are flakes or something; there's no telling what they're up to, or who they are. I doubt they're terrorists.

REKO

We should know soon. Sol is good at picking things apart. He's extreme, but I trust his judgment.

JUICER

We may all be surprised the way things turn out. You guys are peculiar anyway. You're different from the rest of the world. You've got a whole separate thing going on!

Reko looks at Juicer curiously.

REKO

What do you mean... surprised? We're no different. We just believe in what we're all about, that's all.

JUICER

Things aren't always what they appear to be. I don't know... we'll know soon enough... Here they come!

EXT. RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Solomon, Hawk, and Scott, return to the others waiting in the parking lot. Reko, Juicer, and Redline get out of their vehicles; the men huddle briefly.

SOLOMON

Everything's set. They're sending a boat tonight at a launch pier on the coast. Right Scott?

SCOTT

I've got the directions, the password... we're set.

Juicer prods regarding Ghetto.

JUICER

Did they ask about the other guy?

Hawk and Solomon look at Juicer in unison. Scott disregards Juicer's inquiry.

HAWK

I can't believe this is happening. Shit's coming down. Man!

The team hit the road again and find a place to rest in preparation for their rendezvous with the unsuspecting terrorists later that night.

They merge at a secluded coastal location a few miles up the beach from the rendezvous pier. The two vehicles are hidden in a treed area near the beach. There's a brisk, chilled breeze blowing in from the gulf; a storm is brewing, in more ways than one.

Solomon purposely gets alone with Redline. He senses Redline's inner struggle and anguish, certain the same demons that haunt him are also gnawing at his fellow veteran. Sharing the same war has caused the same aftermath. Both men haunted by the past... their hell.

Their brief camp is quiet. Silence and anticipation shroud their isolated transitory domain.

Solomon and Redline stroll quietly down the beach to an old washed out overturned fishing boat. Solomon leans against the boat as Redline paces slowly in a back and forth rhythm, briefly glancing at the water, then, to the sand at his feet.

SOLOMON

Who did you serve with in Nam,  
Redline?

REDLINE

The 173rd Airborne... And you?

SOLOMON

196th Infantry. I was in the  
Highlands.

REDLINE

Bummer huh?

SOLOMON

It wasn't so bad. It was the freakin  
jungle that whipped our ass.

REDLINE

Really! Like the heat wasn't enough,  
not to mention those little Asian  
dudes.

Solomon looks intentionally into Redline's face just as Redline turns and faces him; he stops his pacing.

SOLOMON

Do you ever have trouble with the  
war, man?

REDLINE

You know Solomon, it never goes away.  
It's all about coping, you know that.  
I've broke down a time or two... or  
three.

Solomon, knowing the subject is touchy, wants to console his comrade-in-arms, uncertain about the days ahead. He attempts to open things up with a personal account.

SOLOMON (almost silently)  
 Man! The day that R.P.G. hit David,  
 he was standing right beside me; a  
 couple of yards away. We'd already  
 lost fifteen men that day and the  
 rain was merciless.

Solomon's voice shows emotion. He looks deep into the sand at his feet, then glances to the horizon.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
 He was blown all over me... and I  
 was blown to crap, soaked in blood,  
 his and mine. It was a direct hit.  
 I'd called him over to my position,  
 and I can't even remember why.  
 (pause)  
 That luggage gets heavy too. There's  
 a lot of guilt, ya know? And  
 constantly dealing with injuries.

Redline looks toward the distant waters as if he's looking for a redemption vessel. He sighs heavily but speaks softly.

REDLINE  
 Thanks for letting us tag along Sol.  
 It's good to be with brothers. I  
 really need this right now... even  
 with this crazy twist, there's a  
 peace inside. It's uncanny.

The two men remain quiet for a few moments. Finally, Redline opens up.

REDLINE (CONT'D)  
 I had eight men die in my arms. Two  
 were my closest friends and I was  
 powerless to help them. I beat on  
 their chest, I even threw one down  
 thinking he might get back up. Huh...  
 he didn't.

SOLOMON  
 I'm sorry man. We're not God. You  
 did what you were supposed to. Think  
 about the ones you did save.

REDLINE  
 I wish it was that simple. Scars  
 are more than what's visible.

SOLOMON  
 Yeah, I know... all to well.  
 (pause)  
 My wife almost left me because of  
 the nightmares.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

The eighties were hell. I even suggested she go; at the time it would've been better for her... I'm so glad she didn't.

Redline has finally set down beside Solomon, using the boat as a back rest. Both men look to the distant endless waters.

REDLINE

My wife did leave.

Redline smiles briefly and snickers softly.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

She said I should get over it.

SOLOMON

Yeah! That seems to have been the world's answer for us... hey, just forget about it. Screw that.

REDLINE

In the mid eighties I lost it. I shot up the house, the car, the neighborhood... I snapped. There was just nobody to talk to... who could understand that shit? I went into some kind of emotional coma.

(pause)

My son died from an overdose on his twentieth birthday... I did three years for something I didn't do... screw that too! My name should be on that Memorial... and these pricks plan to blow it up?

SOLOMON

Had I not met Rebecca I'd be dead today. She was my redemption.

Solomon's countenance brightens as he recalls meeting his wife.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

We met at a party our club crashed in Memphis... what was that all about? She pulled me right outa hell. I was mainlining, running stuff all over creation, almost killed in two shoot outs... stateside. Can ya dig that?

REDLINE

I remember when the Angels took me in. The Blind Angels were my own kind, ya know. Wow, did I get drug over the coals on that one.

REDLINE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Did you know they were formed from a bunch of veterans that didn't fit in when they came home from the Nam? Sounds biographical doesn't it?

SOLOMON

Yeah, I did. That's one reason I took Hawk's case a couple of years ago. He's got heart; he's lookin for something.

REDLINE

Aren't we all! He's got some war stories too. He was almost left behind on a mission in Iraq the first go around, it scared him good.

(pause)

He thinks a lot of you Sol. He'd die for a brother in a heartbeat. There was this dude, a few years back, slapping his little kid around in a parking lot. We were cruisin by... Hawk spotted it. We pulled in, there were about eight of us. Hawk beat the crap outa that dude. Told him, "you hit that kid again mister and I'll look you up and do it again".

SOLOMON

Justice has its own way. Strange, huh?

The two men notice Reko headed their way. They stand just as Reko gets to their position. It's almost dark, an hour from rendezvous.

REKO

What's up guys!... Sol, what's the deal here? If this is all legit, we need reinforcements.

SOLOMON

Chill Reko. Let's just see if we can get on the ship.

Solomon throws his arm around Reko's neck as the three men start back toward the vehicles. Not fully convinced the whole package is real, Reko's play-it-safe attitude is obvious, yet unpopular.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

If it gets crazy we'll jump ship and call in the artillery, okay? Let's see what happens.

REKO

Listen, if this is on the up-and-up,  
we're gonna need all the help we can  
get.

(pause)

I don't want my black hide nailed to  
the wall of some freakin ship in the  
middle of the Gulf of Mexico. Jeesh,  
we ain't even suppose to be here.

As the men collect around the vehicles for a last minute  
review of their strategy, a mild rain blows in. Thunder is  
heard rumbling in the distance and lightning flashes through  
the low setting clouds on the ocean's horizon.

Solomon surveys the water, the beach, the sky, while releasing  
a heavy sigh of anticipation; there's no turning back. His  
legal mind and his military mind are locked in an intense  
struggle for control of a patriot very near sanity's edge.

ACT THREE:

CUT TO:

EXT. RENDEZVOUS PIER -- LATER -- NIGHT

The huge freighter sits distant, out in the Gulf; It is  
vast! Redline watches Ghetto, still in the van, while Hawk,  
Reko, and Solomon crouch behind a row of shrubs with Scott.

Hawk looks at Scott, grabbing him by his collar.

HAWK

You'd better watch every word you  
say. You turn on us and I'll kill  
ya, got it?

Scott nods, yes. The tension is immense. Solomon's heart  
is beating with the cadence of a Congo drum, certain the  
others can hear it's pounding.

SOLOMON

Scott, you pull this off and you're  
clear... don't screw this up!

SCOTT

Mr. Justice, I'm with you. I wanted  
out way back, but, now I can help.  
Please... trust me.

A speed boat emerges out of the darkened waters, approaching  
rapidly. An exchanged flash of light confirms their  
prearranged signal. The team's fear, mixed with uncertainty,  
is quelled by their mandate to succeed. This is a must!

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm glad they waited until it got  
dark. That should help us.



SOLOMON

They're hiding too, the same as we are. We really need to pull this off... God, this is insane.

As the boat slips atop the sandy shore a man on board kills the engine; only two men are spotted aboard the vessel. Scott walks toward the boat from out of the shadows, and in a muffled tone calls out the passwords.

SCOTT

The Vikings have sailed.

One of the TERRORIST on board slips over the side of the boat and looks in Scott's direction. He answers back;

TERRORIST

They have anchored in safety.

The terrorist aboard the speed boat surveys the area visually. Hawk is slumped behind a hedge row with his pistol ready while Scott diverts the terrorists' attention. Solomon and Reko slither from the darkness and attack the two men. The terrorist ashore is subdued and silenced by Reko in a blur of sleek karate moves. Solomon jumps the man on board, clubbing him from the rear.

Realizing they are expected to return with two extra men they leave the two unconscious terrorists tied up, on shore with Redline, Juicer, and Ghetto. Scott, Solomon, Hawk, and Reko board the speed boat for the return trip to Unfinished Business.

In route, Solomon undergoes an abrupt, unpredicted, psychological metamorphosis, of sorts. A surreal sense of providence and foreboding so overwhelm him that his body undergoes several moments of spasmodic behavior. It's obvious to Reko something's not right; he fears an eruption.

REKO

Hey Sol, you okay?

Solomon attempts to shake himself into reality.

SOLOMON

Yeah Reko.... stuff's coming down. I hope I'm not wrong about all this.

REKO

So, now ya wanna make a phone call! Hang tuff.

Solomon kills the engine as they near the ship about one hundred yards to their front. The boat's speed drifts them into the ship without incident. To their surprise there's no lookout visible on the deck.

The rain is worsening with each passing moment; the lightning appears as if heaven is taking snapshots of the entire ordeal.

The boat drifts up to the ladder welded down the side of the huge cargo vessel. To the right of the ladder, in bold white letters, are the two haunting words in Solomon's dream, Unfinished Business; he grips his Ruger tightly. Hawk ties off the speed boat to the floating monster as the others ascend the metal ladder.

HAWK

I can't believe these guys. Where is everybody?

SOLOMON

Just be quiet and careful, so far so good.

EXT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- CONTINUOUS

The rain soaked deck is occasionally illuminated by burst of lightning; it's cluttered with crates and ropes.

The men crouch as they creep along the railing looking for an opening that will lead them into the bowels of complete uncertainty. The atmosphere breeds danger.

A bundle of crates, covered with a tarp, lay against a hatch adjacent the door way. Simultaneously, thunder invades the night as a lengthy bolt of celestial electricity illuminate their position. As Solomon's eyes fall across the crates he sees Presence standing next to the cargo. He rubs the water from his face and takes a second look.

Presence utters over the boisterous storm;

PRESENCE

I'll see you on the ship Solomon... remember!

Although the downpour contributes to the potential for optical illusion, something isn't par with Solomon and Reko knows it.

REKO

Sol... Sol...

As Reko's words reach Solomon, Presence fades.

SOLOMON

Quiet Reko... wait!

The four men are aligned along the railing awaiting their leader. Solomon lowers his rain soaked face for a moment, his lips move, yet no vocal expression. He looks back at the team, soaked, chilled, and totally uncertain about anything upcoming. Everyone is armed; the anticipation has reached maximum overdrive.

Solomon grasp the handle and slowly opens the door that leads into the inner sanctuary of Unfinished Business.

CUT TO:

INT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- NIGHT

An evocative odor permeates the atmosphere as they cautiously creep into the vessel's interior; the smell taunts Solomon. His war experiences buried in nightmarish tombs of yesterday, erupt, with flashes of death and burnt corpses.

Solomon backs the hammer on the Ruger and pats his jacket pocket for extra clips of ammunition. He spies a hallway with light creeping under a door way several yards down the metal grated flooring. Voices are detected faintly over the rage of the strengthening storm as it pounds the steel hulled cargo vessel, swaying in the windy downpour. They proceed.

Solomon throws the door open and hastily steps into the room; the others enter immediately. Four terrorists are caught off guard. Realizing the intruders to be strangers, one of the terrorist grabs his pistol from his waistband and frantically fires two shots at Solomon, BANG, BANG.

As the other terrorists reach for their weapons and scramble to their feet Solomon returns fire, BANG, BANG. One bullet hits one of the terrorist in the leg just below the waist.

A haunting stench impacted by the sudden gunfire resurrect Solomon's images of war; he's overtaken with thoughts of dead friends. The severe mental anguish is distorting his focus, logic and perception vanish; he has a flashback.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - EVENING - FLASHBACK

An enemy ambush explodes upon the American patrol; six American soldiers drop dead instantly. The platoon races for cover while returning fire into a tree line about thirty yards to their front, on the outskirts of a small village; the village is in flames.

Blood soaked, dead bodies clutter the ground near Solomon as three enemy rockets hit close by, BOOM, BOOM; the third rocket makes a direct hit on a G.I. as he sprints for cover, BOOM; he disintegrates.

The CAPTAIN frantically barks orders to his radiotelephone operator from behind a rice paddy dike.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

I want gun ships! Get those damn things in here NOW! We need Medevacs a.s.a.p.!

BITTERWEED has taken two rounds in the stomach. He's bleeding profusely; blood gushes from his nose and mouth.

He's barely conscious, while Solomon slumps over him in a protective manner. The CAPTAIN crawls by Solomon's position as he grasp his arm pulling him away.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Let him go Justice; you can't help him now.

Solomon attempts to encourage Bitterweed;

SOLOMON

Hang on man! Choppers are in bound!

He looks around frantically then cries out;

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

MEDIC! MEDIC!

A serene smile overtakes Bitterweed's blood soaked countenance. He grabs Solomon by the arm and pulls him down, nearer to his lips. Bitterweed coughs, as blood spurts from his mouth it his Solomon's face. He struggles to speak.

BITTERWEED

Sol, I see... I see a long, black granite headstone, so beautiful, it has my name on it - James T. Bitter. And, and, Easy Joe... his name's on it too. It's full of names...

Bitterweed's grip releases as his muscles loosen in death; an angelic smile appears chiseled upon his blood soaked face. Solomon sighs deeply, his eyes moisten as he crawls away from another dead friend.

Solomon sprints for better cover as another incoming rocket hits the immediate area, BOOM; the small arms fire is intense. Dust and debris fill the air as he finds a moment of safe haven behind a huge boulder emerging from the ground.

The sound of rotor blades merge with the rifle fire and exploding rockets as Solomon collects himself and prepares to return fire. His peripheral vision catches a glimpse of someone else behind the huge rock beside him.

SOLOMON

You okay man? Are you hit?

There's no reply. Solomon pivots for a better look at his comrade. It's Presence. He quickly returns a burst of fire toward the enemy's position then swings around to check on his comrade; no one's there.

CUT TO:

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Realizing Solomon is struggling Hawk steps up. He fires two shots into some crates near the terrorists: BANG! BANG!

HAWK  
Drop em or die... NOW! DO IT!

All four terrorists drop their weapons immediately.

Solomon demands immediate attention, however, the flashback is a first for Reko; he's in uncharted waters.

Sticking his thumb between the backed hammer and the firing pin on Solomon's Ruger, he steps directly in front of Solomon.

REKO  
Solomon, you okay?

It's obvious Solomon's in a daze. He looks around slowly, staring at Hawk, then at the terrorists; he starts to weep. Reko proceeds.

REKO (CONT'D)  
It's me Solomon, Reko.

Solomon pauses and looks at Reko very wide eyed. He throws one hand up and feels for the closest wall. With a complete look of alienation he leans toward the wall while struggling to squat. Finally, he collapses on his knees and falls against the wall as tears stream down his face.

SOLOMON (emotionally)  
Bitterweed, hang on... hang on.  
Somebody get those damn gun ships in here.

Reko's not sure what to do.

REKO  
Scott, freeze...NOW! Hawk, stay alert. Don't take you eyes off these bastards.

Hawk, fanning his pistol from one terrorist to another,

HAWK  
I've got this end Reko. Just see what's up with Sol.

REKO  
He's having a flash back!

HAWK  
What? That's bad shit. Has that ever happened before?

Reko, bends over, checking on Solomon.

REKO  
Not when I was around.  
(pause)  
He'll be okay, just give us a minute.

Reko pulls Solomon's chin up with his hand.

REKO (CONT'D)  
Hey Solomon, you okay?

Solomon sits quietly for a moment, wipes his eyes, then looks up at Reko; his mind is rampaging, a moment seems eternal. Then... finally;

SOLOMON  
Are we on a ship?

Reko grins, not sure how to respond.

REKO  
Yeah, a freakin freighter!

SOLOMON  
Is it in the Gulf of Mexico?

Reko glances up at Hawk, then back at Solomon. He pats Solomon gently on the shoulder.

REKO  
It is. And the heavens are crying like a muther.

As the huge vessel sways, Solomon smiles at the rain remark, then points to the other men along the wall;

SOLOMON  
Is that the enemy?

Reko snorts somewhat humorously; relieved.

REKO  
Welcome back brother. Are you okay?

Solomon, standing to his feet wiping his eyes.

SOLOMON  
What a trip, WOW! Yeah, I'll be fine. Don't worry. Sorry guys.

Reko and Hawk take a deliberate pause to make sure Solomon is up to par.

Finally, Solomon turns to one of the TERRORIST.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
How many others are aboard this ship?

The terrorist is mute. Solomon fire a shot just over the man's right shoulder, BANG!

The look in Solomon's eyes shows reason for concern; his mood is volatile and unpredictable.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
I'll kill you if you don't answer my question. In fact, don't answer...

Solomon raises his pistol directly toward the terrorist.

REKO  
Sol, easy man. I don't want you checking out again.

With a English accent, the terrorist lies.

TERRORIST  
None. No more, we're all there is.

SOLOMON  
Bullshit! Okay, let's get em tied up and secured.

Solomon walks over to the man behind an old desk and puts his pistol under his chin. The atmosphere is energized with uncertainty, death looms; there are no plans.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
You lie to me and I'll blow your brains out. Understand?

The terrorist is frozen with fear. Solomon points to Scott and ask the terrorist;

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Do you know this man?

The terrorist nods in the affirmative. Attempting to confirm Scott's story Solomon quizzes further. He forces the bore of his Ruger deeper into the man's skin.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
What does he do?

TERRORIST (muffled)  
He built our computer system.

Solomon addresses Scott, referring to the terrorists.

SOLOMON  
You're with these guys for now.

SCOTT  
I understand.

The four terrorists and Scott are secured in the moist, putrid atmosphere of the ship. Hawk interjects.

HAWK  
I'm going back to shore and get Redline, Juicer, and those other creeps. That storms getting worse.

SOLOMON

Good idea. This could be a long night... what is that freakin smell?

The terrorists are secured, sitting on the floor along the wall.

REKO

Sol, will you be okay if I look around the ship?

SOLOMON

I'd rather you not go alone Reko.

REKO

I won't go far, just a look-see.

SOLOMON

Yeah man. Sorry bout earlier. As crazy as it sounds, it cleared my head... I think.

Hawk and Reko leave the room simultaneously. The rain has picked up as the huge vessel rocks rhythmically with the waves. A whistling wind echoes throughout the vessel's corridors like a mysterious perplexed heart beat.

The creaking of the ship's movement, in conjunction with the wind make listening difficult.

The terrorist with the leg wound is loosing blood and moans loudly from the pain. Solomon is edgy.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Shut up!

Reko finally discovers a Captain's Quarters at the far end of the hallway. He grasp the door knob and turns gently; the door is locked but a light is visible beneath the door.

A newspaper is pushed under the door into the hallway. Reko's eyes widen in amazement. It's a copy of the L.A. paper telling of Solomon's courtroom victory with the Randall case. Reko's eyes fall across the very words he shared with Solomon over the phone before they left L.A.; CAPTAIN AMERICA DOES IT AGAIN; A New Kind of American Justice.

BISHOP steps into the hallway from the doorway adjacent Reko's position and puts a pistol into Reko's back.

BISHOP

Lay the gun down mister... very slowly.

Reko complies. The locked door opens with a creak. Dane Benjamin invites Reko to join him.

DANE

Come in! Welcome!



DANE (CONT'D)

Let's see... Reko, isn't it?

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Dumb-founded by the sudden twist, Reko steps inside the room. Dane Benjamin is seated in a chair with a glass of wine in his left hand, his pistol in the right.

Six television monitors align one wall; the entire ship is under surveillance. Reko sees himself on one of the screens, another is focused on the railing where Solomon and company came aboard. On a third he sees Solomon, Scott, and the four terrorists in the room down the corridor.

DANE (arrogantly)

I would have thought you might wait  
until after the storm. You're early!

(pause)

Let's pay a visit to Mr. Justice,  
shall we?

INT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- CONTINUOUS

Dane, Bishop, and Reko, proceed back to the room where the terrorists and Solomon are. Dane raps on the closed door, realizing he has the upper hand.

DANE

Might we come in for a moment, Captain  
America?

Solomon, not recognizing the voice, turns and faces the door. He scans his prisoners; they're all smirking. Reko's voice penetrates the door.

REKO

Sorry Sol. I'm coming in, be cool.  
There's two of them; they're armed.

Reko opens the door and the three men enter the room. Waving his weapon commandingly, Dane motions for Solomon to lay his pistol down. Dane's insolence is belligerent.

DANE

Let's get these men untied... NOW!

Dane introduces his partner, with clarifications.

DANE (CONT'D)

This is Bishop. Since we mingle  
among others we need names. Aren't  
we special? Aliases of course.

As the five men are freed, ONE hits Scott in the face with a furious fist. Scott falls to the floor; the same man kicks him in the chest repeatedly.

ONE

You freak. We should have known better than to trust you... you're disgusting... you're all weak.

Dane interrupts.

DANE

Okay One, that's enough... Two... Four, tie up our friends. I think we're expecting a few more guests, are we not? Three... plug that wound, before you bleed to death.

As Solomon and Reko are being tied up Solomon interjects.

SOLOMON

Who are you?

DANE

You'll find out soon enough.

(pause)

Two... Four, go top side and wait for the others to return! Be sure they get aboard before you reveal yourselves... get back a.s.a.p.

SOLOMON

What's with the numbers game?

Dane walks over, standing face to face with Solomon.

DANE

I'll take numbers over names any day, Mister Attorney; either that or an alias. I chose the name Benjamin very carefully... you figure it out. You can't run down a number on a computer... now can you?

EXT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- NIGHT

The wind and rain are deafening; the rain - horizontal. Lightning burst appear as strobe lights, with each flash the rain captures the forte of millions of shiny silver projectiles falling from the heavens like miniature crystalline bullets. The storm steadily worsens.

From the swaying deck the two drenched awaiting terrorists observe the speed boat returning, hopping from wave to wave.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- LATER

Dane, Bishop, Solomon, and Reko are in the Captain's Quarters, along with Scott, awaiting Hawk's return from shore. Occasionally Dane reviews the monitors for updates. Solomon and Reko sit tied in chairs with their hands behind them. Scott sits bound in an opposite corner.

The other terrorists have relocated to the ship's warehouse; the monitors reveal One, Three, and Five in the huge room assembling a small stealth airplane atop a hydraulic platform; electronic gadgets and computers decorate the area with a spasmodic ambiance.

DANE

When your friends return I have a little surprise for you. It will be quite revealing. You see, you were deliberately brought here. You'll be impressed, I assure you.

Solomon glances at the monitor for the doorway of the quarters they occupy. He sees Presence lurking in the hallway outside the door. Solomon speaks softly, yet warily into the air.

SOLOMON

Do something!

DANE

You Americans, always sticking your noses into other people's business. Somewhat your history isn't it?

Dane walks back and forth in front of the two men as if lecturing to inferiors.

DANE (CONT'D)

Europe is fast becoming an economical giant, you might say, a force to be reckoned with; a global piranha.

(pause)

However, there is this young little rich kid that forever seems to undermine its mommy. Always breaking the rules and aggravating his superiors; messing up the playground.

Solomon keeps his eyes on the monitors, as does Reko. Presence has vanished only to reappear in the corner of the Captain's Quarters.

Dane's pacing has halted. He pivots slowly and faces his two prisoners.

DANE (CONT'D)

The little rich bastard is about to be punished. That young dolt is America. You conceited rascals and your cry of sovereignty; your stopping global progress... and I've been paid handsomely to punish you.

Dane's haughtiness swells.

DANE (CONT'D)

With the United States out of the way, Europe can dominate the globe as we've been destined to do... we'll

DANE (CONT'D)

have to destroy a few other obstacles,  
but, with global hunger and all,  
what's a few million dead foreigners  
among friends? Who'll miss them?

SERIES OF SHOTS

The terrorists are assembling the stealth plane in the bowels of the huge cargo vessel, with a crate laying against the wall behind the aircraft with the top removed; aluminum canisters lay atop the packing content.

Hawk is steering the speedboat as it nears Unfinished Business while Redline stands guard over the two terrorists. Water runs from the men's faces blurring their vision as the storm rages. Juicer looks on from the rear of the vessel.

Rebecca Justice, with a desperate countenance, is standing in her bedroom in L.A. staring at the American flag atop their dresser; the flag her husband used in the Randall case.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- GALLEY -- LATER

Dane, Bishop, Solomon, Reko, and Scott, are assembled in the galley. Hawk, Redline, and Juicer, enter, their hands bound behind them; Two, Four, and Ghetto, follow them in. Ghetto's face is bloody and swollen.

The tilting of the vessel makes standing upright a concentrated effort. Hawk and Redline are seated beside Solomon and Reko. Ghetto stumbles over to Redline and hits him in the face forcefully.

GHETTO

You're going to die on this ship.  
Pay-back's a bitch, Mr. Redline.

Dane interrupts.

DANE

Not now Ghetto, in due season.

Dane looks at Four.

DANE (CONT'D)

Go help with the assembly of the  
plane. We have a deadline to meet.

Dane walks over to Juicer and cuts the rope binding him; Juicer is the Regime's sleeper, planted in L.A. years earlier.

DANE (CONT'D)

Well, Captain America, I think you  
know my friend here.

Solomon is startled; Juicer is a terrorist and can't keep silent any longer. He addresses the Americans.

JUICER

You were coming here, one way or the other. We simply didn't count on Mrs. Montana leaving her husband. That wasn't part of the plan.

(pause)

If Scott had handled his domestic affairs more cautiously...

Five enters the galley from the ship's warehouse to greet his old friend, Juicer; his pistol is protruding from his waist band. Juicer reaches for Five's pistol, then walks over to Scott Montana and looks him in the eyes.

JUICER (CONT'D)

No harm done Scott. Everything worked out. We're here... still undetected. Now your wife is out of the way and we can make some progress.

Juicer throws his arm across Scott's shoulders as he smiles in a forgiving manner. As he surveys the other men, he takes two steps away from Scott, raises the pistol and shoots him in the forehead, BANG! Blood spurts, Scott slumps in death.

Solomon is enraged; he growls like an animal.

SOLOMON

Grrroooo..... aahhhh!

JUICER

We don't need him any more.

Solomon squirms to free himself.

REKO

You bastard. You didn't have to kill him...

JUICER

Even the attorney is speechless. The sleeper is awake, and pissed off.

Dane grabs Solomon by the arm and pulls him to his feet. The storm's effect on the ship causes Dane to momentarily lose his balance; Solomon sways as he stands.

DANE

Come Mr. Justice. We have a surprise for you. You're going to appreciate this.

Dane and Solomon leave the galley, Juicer and Five follow. Bishop and Ghetto guard Reko, Hawk, and Redline.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Upon entering the room Solomon is jolted. His daughter, Raven, is bound to a high back chair and gagged. Her finger is taped through the pin of a hand grenade fastened to a pole with a brace under her elbow for support.

Solomon shifts about attempting to get his hands free.

SOLOMON

I'll rip your face off. If she so much as has a bruise on her I'll beat you into a coma.

Juicer giggles tauntingly. Solomon turns and faces Raven, attempting to get closer.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Are you okay honey? Have they hurt you?

Horrified, Raven nods, attempting to pacify her dad.

Now outed, Juicer is enjoying the moment. Dane's cocky attitude is repulsive.

DANE

It doesn't appear you are in any position to threaten, Counselor. You daughter is fine. She's completely intact, I assure you.

Dane explains.

DANE (CONT'D)

You see, we have a very important partner incarcerated;

Dane snickers at the stupidity of the arrest.

DANE (CONT'D)

For a customs violation. Can you believe that? A terrorist with a customs violation... my, my, my.

Juicer walks over and pulls the brace from beneath Raven's elbow and forces Solomon to leave the room with them. Solomon explodes.

SOLOMON (enraged)

What are you doing? You can't leave her like that. You're insane. If she dies...

Dane slams Solomon against the wall in the hallway.

DANE

That's up to you Mr. Justice.

Solomon screams out as they force him down the corridor.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

SOLOMON

Stiffen your arm Raven... don't drop  
your arm baby... RAVEN!

They prod Solomon further away from the room.

JUICER

She's good for maybe five or ten  
minutes, depending on how athletic  
she is.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Solomon's face is flush, his eyes are maddening. Some documents are in an IN basket atop a desk; Dane picks them up, waving them as he explains.

DANE

Sign these and your daughter is safe.  
Don't, and she dies... as do you and  
your friends... we'll kill thousands  
of Americans, infect your nation's  
Capital, and wreck your economy, fly  
safely back to Europe and live like  
royalty.

SOLOMON

What is it? Sign what?

JUICER

Legal papers. You have to represent  
Napoleon... the one incarcerated.

DANE

Napoleon is a key figure in our  
organization. Should your Feds dig,  
they may uncover a few secrets. We  
need him free at any cost. Having  
you in our pocket will prove  
invaluable.

As the ship sways, Five falls against the wall grabbing a metal strut extending from the ship's wall. Lightning strikes the vessel's exterior. The atmosphere crackles. The interior wall illuminates as thousands of volts of stellar electricity run through Five. The room explodes with illumination. Five cries out violently as he jerks, his hair ignites, one eye pops from the socket; he slumps to the floor dead.

Solomon quickly turns with a kick and hits Dane in the jaw forcefully.

As Dane falls to the floor he fires at Solomon, BANG. Solomon runs into him with a body block. Dane fires again, BANG, and grazes Solomon's shoulder. The shot, with the sway of the vessel, takes Solomon down; Dane straddles him as Juicer rushes over to help.

DANE (threatening) (CONT'D)  
You Americans, always ready to fight.  
If you weren't important to us, I'd  
kill you right now... remember your  
daughter, mister attorney. She could  
blow at any moment.

SOLOMON  
I'll do whatever... I'll sign  
anything, just help Raven.

Dane gets up with the pistol to Solomon's head.

DANE  
Easy... easy.

Solomon gets up, his hands still bound behind him.

DANE (CONT'D)  
Give me your word you'll defend  
Napoleon, if needed.

SOLOMON  
Yes, yes! I defend whoever. Hurry!

DANE  
If you back out, your entire family  
will be killed; believe me, we will  
do it too.

Breathing heavily Solomon swears.

SOLOMON  
If I say I will... I will!

Solomon is untied long enough to sign the legal document. Juicer holds his arm while Dane keeps the pistol pressed against Solomon's temple. He signs.

DANE  
No hurry Captain America. The grenade  
isn't armed... it's a dummy!

Without remorse, Juicer grabs a blanket from a cot and covers Five's smoldering body. Dane completely ignores his dead comrade.

SOLOMON  
How did you get my daughter? Why  
me?



DANE

We've had this planned since the turn of the millennium. Think of it, to infect an entire country, ruin its economy, and make it look like a middle eastern project... brilliant, yes?

As the ship tilts from side to side, Dane points his weapon at a bench.

DANE (CONT'D)

Sit... it's just wisdom to have a good attorney on the payroll. Our organization has watched you for years; no one beats Solomon Justice.

Dane makes hand gestures as he continues.

DANE (CONT'D)

We're Europeans and our attorney is Captain America. Justice represents The Regime... classy.

(pause)

However, we didn't foresee Napoleon getting jailed on a customs charge. And, to make absolutely sure you would take the case, thus, enters Raven Justice; we needed insurance.

Raven is brought in from the storage room, her hands bound behind her. Solomon looks at his daughter with a consoling smile, then at Dane.

SOLOMON

You could have left her out of it.

DANE

It was our ace-in-the-hole Mr. Justice; certainly you can see the value in that. You know, doctor's defense, murder cases; we reviewed your case history. Our Regime is deeply ingrained within your government.

Solomon jostles for any type of opportunity.

SOLOMON

Can I talk to my daughter alone for a minute?

Dane surveys the room for anything Solomon could use to free himself. He commands Raven to set down and removes the tape from her mouth. As he reaches for the door;

DANE

Ten minutes. I'll check on the others. Ten minutes.

Dane and Juicer step out of the room and close the door.  
CLICK; Dane locks it.

Solomon and Raven grasp for understanding of their  
circumstances, encouraged briefly by their union.

SOLOMON

I'm gonna get you outta here baby,  
don't worry. I'm so sorry.

RAVEN

What's goin on daddy? Where are we?  
Who are these people?

Presence appears just inside the door. Raven lets out a  
curdling cry;

RAVEN (CONT'D)

AAAHHHH... who's that?

Solomon sees Presence but, until now, didn't think anyone  
else could. He struggles to explain something he doesn't  
understand.

SOLOMON

Uuh, Raven... this is Presence.

Raven's entire body is frigid in shock and disbelief.

RAVEN

WHO? How'd he get in? The door  
didn't open.

There is no conceivable, rational answer.

SOLOMON

It's a long story Raven. Trust me,  
I'll explain later. It's not  
important now.

RAVEN (frantic)

Not important! A man appears from  
out of thin air! Daddy, what's  
happening, what's going on?

Presence steps in front of Solomon and Raven. Raven examines  
him thoroughly as her eyes widen in amazement; she opens her  
mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

Presence walks over to set down beside Solomon on the bench.  
While doing so the ship tilts briskly and Presence passes  
through Raven's arm. Raven faints.

SOLOMON

Is she okay? I didn't think anyone  
else could see you. Who are you  
anyway?

(pause)

We're in tons of trouble.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me about this?  
Do something. Are you an angel or  
what?

PRESENCE

Those who are attached to you by  
blood are allowed to see me, the  
Other Side allows it.

Solomon is overwhelmed with Presence, yet perturbed.

SOLOMON (frustrated)

There ain't no other side.... the  
other side of what? The wall, the  
door, the ocean, WHAT? Do you realize  
what these idiots are planning to  
do?

PRESENCE

We only have a moment Solomon.  
Listen!

Presence straightens Raven up in the chair, then takes a  
small picture from the manilla folder in the IN basket, atop  
the desk and slides it into Solomon's hip pocket.

PRESENCE (CONT'D)

You'll need this, show it to Reko.  
Raven is fine... global consequences  
are in the balance, powers are  
shifting. Your world will soon  
change.

Presence places one hand on each side of Solomon's wound and  
says some unintelligible gibberish. The wound disappears.

PRESENCE (CONT'D)

You will be needed again.  
(pause)  
Kings are presently plotting to  
dominate the globe. Much blood will  
be shed in the years ahead.

Solomon looks into Presence's eyes, intrigued, and leans  
toward him in examination. Raven remains unconscious.

Presence begins to share regarding the Other Side.

PRESENCE (CONT'D)

The Other Side is eternal... There's  
far more awaiting after this life.

His declaration is interrupted when a key is stuck into the  
locked door. As the door opens Presence fades.

PRESENCE (CONT'D)

I will help you Solomon... trust me.

Ghetto and Bishop come for Solomon and his daughter to take them to the ships laboratory where the other American prisoners have been assembled.

BISHOP

Come Mr. and Miss Justice. Justice is in my hands, I like that; it has a nice ring to it.

Ghetto vents by hitting Solomon in the stomach, POW.

INT. SHIP'S LABORATORY -- LATER

The Americans are tied up and seated along a table. Dane, Bishop, Juicer, and Ghetto, chaperon the Americans while One, Two, Three, and Four finalize assembly of the remote stealth aircraft and launch details in the ship's warehouse.

DANE

I know you're bursting with curiosity. So, I'll share our ingenious, master plan to destroy your economy. Good bye American dollar.

Redline is the oldest among the Americans and a lifestyle of hard living and disappointments birth a challenging question.

REDLINE

Our country has paid dramatically for global democracy; an enormous price in blood and in money. Why do you want to destroy such a powerful partner of independence? What's behind all this?

Ghetto kicks an empty chair.

GHETTO

You just don't get it do you? Your country has meddled against world unification for decades. We're about to change that once and for all! You jerks have pissed a lot of people off... a lot of big, powerful people.

DANE

Let me put it like this Mister Redline... let's just say it's genetic... hereditary; handed down from our ancestors. We were born to kill and destroy, to rule. It's a gift!

Dane looks at Ghetto and smirks. Ghetto's dark comedic tone is overtly revealing.

GHETTO

Let's just say, our parents did it, and their parents did it, and da-da-da-da-da.

Solomon looks at Hawk, then Redline.

SOLOMON

At least now we know... your roots  
are showing. You want tyranny under  
the pretense of democracy.

Ghetto limps over to Raven sitting next to her dad. To  
antagonize Solomon he back hands her across the face, SLAP.

Solomon jolts in his seat.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

You son-of-a-bitch!

He attempts to console Raven with eye contact.

GHETTO

I put up with your crap for days.  
Shut your slimy mouth, Justice.  
Next time...

Hawk responds to Ghetto.

HAWK (threatening)

You freakin lowlife. Untie me so we  
can chit-chat, how about that?

Solomon struggles to get free, stomping the floor repeatedly.  
Raven is in pain; blood trickles from her lip.

An eruption is brewing...

SOLOMON

Damn you to hell! You maggot. I've  
got something for you, Ghetto.

For Solomon's sake, Reko redirects.

REKO

I'd like to know how you pulled it  
all off Juicer... you just moved in  
and lived among us, huh?

GHETTO

Brilliant wasn't it Reko. And, all  
the while we were brewing up a storm.  
We're gonna destroy this damn place,  
finally.

JUICER

I just slept through it all dude.  
The sleeper learned much simply by  
staying out of the way and observing.

REKO

You're all insane. You'll run for  
the rest of your lives.

DANE

No. We'll get millions for this...  
and the perks... wow. Who do you  
think is paying us to do this, anyway?  
If you knew you'd be shocked.

Reko taunts the terrorists, hoping Solomon will pick up the  
vibe.

REKO

What is it Sol, they say about guys  
like these. They're sissies... little  
pussies! No, no...that's not it.

Solomon joins in.

SOLOMON

They're panty waist! Leaches that  
can't make it on their on. They  
have nothing unless they're bleeding  
others to get it. Little rejected,  
abused children.

Juicer rails back.

JUICER

I would have thought better things  
from you men... especially from  
Captain America... childish remarks,  
from supposed warriors. You won't  
have a nation to be proud of much  
longer.

Solomon throws icing on the cake, hoping to antagonize the  
terrorists.

SOLOMON

If you'd only trained him better  
Reko. He could just beat the shit  
outa you and settle it all, huh?

REKO

You know those supremacists; tougher  
than everybody else, til they get a  
nose bleed.

HAWK

They'd never make it in our world.  
Our whole nation is built with blood  
and guts... not juice.

Solomon and Reko laugh out purposefully, hoping Juicer will  
pick up on Reko's challenge. The Americans need a break.

Juicer pulls Dane and Ghetto aside as Bishop stands guard.  
After a few moments huddled together they come to terms.  
Juicer turns and faces Reko, challenging him to a karate  
bout, with stipulations.

JUICER

Since I'm a rookie, you should be able to take me with one arm... right?

REKO

You're a piss ant...

JUICER

Stand up Reko. Let's see.

Reko stands up; he's untied. Dane uses some duct tape to secure Reko's left arm to his side, rapping his body several times.

An area is cleared in the center of the floor. The Americans are slid to one side. Dane and Ghetto stand armed as overseers; Ghetto is anxious to see American blood.

The two men stand center in the clearing. Juicer quickly swirls and kicks at Reko with his right foot. Reko grabs the under side of Juicer's leg with his free arm and flips him over; he hits the floor hard, WHAM.

Lightning strikes the ship for the second time. The sound is reminiscent of a locomotive steaming through the center of the room; a steel beam blast through the side interior wall hitting Ghetto and knocking him down forcefully. His shoulder is torn open.

The chaos terminates the fight. Solomon's chair is upended and he falls into an overturned desk; as the ship tilts, the desk drawer slides open and a box cutter falls out. Dane erupts with commands.

DANE

Okay people, settle down. Reko, sit! Juicer, get the Counselor back up... Ghetto, are you alright?

As Juicer pulls Solomon back up, Solomon grabs the box cutter with his hand and conceals it within his fist.

Ghetto lies still, bleeding and groaning. One and Four rush into the room from down the hallway.

FOUR

What's going on in here? Was that an explosion?

JUICER

It was lightning idiot, lightning! And it nearly killed us... check on Ghetto.

After several minutes of tallying and first aid, One and Four return to the assembly room. Finally, Dane orders the prisoners bed down for the night. Bishop throws a few blankets at their prisoners. No food.

Rest isn't possible. The storm is gaining strength with each passing moment. Raven is sea sick. The ship has lost some electrical power. Dane and Juicer double check the prisoners; only a few hours left until dawn.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- LATER

Dane sits at his desk. Bishop is stretched out on a near by cot. The dimly lit room flickers with each power surge.

Electrical shortage has obstructed the monitors, they flicker on periodically. Two silhouettes are briefly captured boarding the ship as Dane glances at the wall of monitors. He notices a brief blur but disregards it due to the circumstances. The monitors flicker and go blank.

BISHOP

Do you think we'll pull this off?  
We weren't prepared for this storm.  
It's eerie! Like out of nowhere!

DANE

It's only a storm, it'll pass. Our  
destiny supersedes everything else.  
We will get this done.

BISHOP

We've lost two men already and we're  
on a pressing schedule. That's fact!

INT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- MOMENTS LATER

Two men enter the ship feeling their way through dimly lit hallways and corridors until they detect some light coming from the ship's laboratory. They pause outside the door.

INT. SHIP'S LABORATORY -- CONTINUOUS

Solomon has freed himself with the box cutter and, in the faint light, crawls quietly to Hawk's position and cut his ropes. Everyone else appears asleep.

SOLOMON (whispering)

You take Ghetto, I'll get Juicer.

Hawk nods in the affirmative. The two men quietly slither to the other side of the room.

Solomon and Hawk take position. Quickly, Solomon grabs Juicer and slams the box cutter forcefully against his neck. Juicer awakens.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Move an eye brow and I'll slit your  
throat.

Hawk hits Ghetto in the back of the head with a pipe. The noise awakens the others in the room.



As a soft murmur ushers forth, the two men who recently boarded the ship, burst into the room with guns drawn. The ship's power is restored.

CHARGER  
Get your hands up. Everybody! Now,  
Now!

Hawk recognizes the deep voice.

HAWK  
Charger?

CHARGER scans the room filled with prone bodies.

CHARGER  
Hawk? Hawk? Are you okay?

HAWK  
What took you so long? I was startin  
to worry.

Solomon looks at Hawk astonished, ignorant of Hawk's earlier action.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
It's a long story, King Sol. I'll  
fill you in later... the other guy  
is Doc.

Hawk unties Redline. Solomon frees Raven. Ghetto appears unconscious, possibly dead. Charger and DOC tie up Juicer.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
There's some more of these muthers  
around here someplace.

Redline responds to his two old biker friends.

REDLINE  
Never thought I'd be happy to see  
you two creeps.

CHARGER  
I was sure we'd drown before getting  
here. We had trouble finding a boat.  
We had to confiscate one.

As the men prepare for their next move, Ghetto hurls a knife across the room at Solomon; it's blade flickers in the light as it slices through the air. Just as the knife reaches Solomon, it stops in mid air, an inch from his heart. Solomon sees Presence standing in front of him holding the knife by its blade.

PRESENCE  
I told you to trust me. And one  
will be taken.

As Presence lets go of the knife and it hits the floor in front of her father. Raven sees Presence and screams out

RAVEN

Aaahhhhh!

Everyone looks at the knife with astonishment, then at Raven. Charger rushes to Ghetto and beats him furiously, finally stabbing him in the chest with his knife. Ghetto is dead.

SOLOMON

Raven, you okay?

Raven is staggered emotionally.

RAVEN

Who was that? It was the guy from the other room! Dad! Daddy!

Solomon looks at the others, then back at his daughter.

SOLOMON

What guy, where? It was just the light Raven, that's all.

The other men look at Solomon, awed by what they just witnessed. They review each other in disbelief.

Suddenly, a hand grenade tumbles into the room from the corridor. It bounces across the floor; Redline instinctively dives on it. BOOM!

The deafening explosion sends blood and shrapnel into every inch of the room. The blinding glare engulfs the laboratory. Like phantoms, totally other worldly, Raven, Hawk, Reko, Charger, Doc, and Solomon are shielded. As instantly as each Presence appears, it fades from visibility.

Solomon witnesses Raven's Presence, however, not the others. Realizing something protected them all from death they look at each other in total bewilderment. Raven weeps.

Solomon rushes to Redline. He's breathing faintly; his stomach blown open. He grabs Solomon by his jacket and pulls him to his mouth and utters faintly, then stops breathing. Momentarily Solomon is frozen; he thinks of Bitterweed.

DOC

Hey man... how is he?

Solomon glances away briefly.

SOLOMON

He's dead.

Hawk jumps into the hallway and sees a fleeting figure; he fires his pistol, BANG, BANG! One round hits Dane in the leg, dropping him. Hawk drags him back into the laboratory. Still alive, Dane collapses to the floor.

HAWK

I got him in the leg. How's Redline?

SOLOMON

Sorry Hawk. He's gone brother.

Redline's death hits Hawk hard. He takes on a distant stare, his eyes moisten. He pulls Dane to his feet and throws him against the wall; then again. He glares into Dane's face.

HAWK

Before we leave here, I'll kill you.

The raging thunderstorm has muffled the explosion and gunfire. The other terrorists are clueless, slumbering in the warehouse.

Juicer is bleeding from the grenade. Ghetto is dead, but Bishop is unaccounted for. Dane is bleeding profusely.

Solomon walks over to Dane and kicks him in the face, blood gushes out. He places his foot on Dane's injured leg;

DANE

Ahhhhhh!

SOLOMON

You're gonna help us get those other shitheads in here or I'll crush your face til your eyes pop out.

Solomon grabs a piece of steel lying in the floor from the earlier mayhem. He raises it above his head and stares into Dane's eyes.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be?

Juicer interrupts.

JUICER

The warehouse door is locked. There should be a key in Dane's pocket.

Solomon scrounges into Dane's pocket and finds some keys.

SOLOMON

Hawk, will your friends watch these freaks while we get the numbers gang?

Hawk looks at Charger and Doc.

CHARGER

Do what you gotta do.

The terrorists are all secured. Solomon looks at Raven.

SOLOMON

Stay here honey. You'll be safe.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
We gotta do this...

INT. UNFINISHED BUSINESS -- LATER

Solomon, Reko, and Hawk, capture, then escort the terrorists from the warehouse back into the room with the others, recovering all their personal weapons.

All of the terrorists are tightly bound and gagged and seated on the floor along the wall. Solomon paces back and forth in front of them, mumbling and holding his stomach with one hand, his Ruger in the other. Solomon threatens;

SOLOMON  
I'm pissed off, mad... infuriated...  
you know, sorta vindictive! Have  
any of you ever been in actual  
combat... do words live bravery or  
courage ring any bells in that empty  
attic you call a brain?

Solomon continues, like a mother in pain to give birth; his soul painfully opens. The terrorists stare in a blind gaze.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
You desire to destroy a guardian of  
world peace. You have no idea of  
freedom, actually being able to live  
your life the way you desire to live  
it.

He proceeds in a idealistic anger, reminiscent of his many years as a defense attorney. His case is compelling.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
The very word America, means cloth.  
Cloth! We've helped hold this sick,  
traumatized world together since the  
first world war. And you mad men  
want to destroy us...US! You want  
to show your appreciation... is that  
it?

Hawk, Reko, Charger, Doc, even Raven, look on as if in a class room listening to a compelling lecturer.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
Cloth binds wounds. Cloth shelters  
and keeps people warm. Cloth is the  
most used product in the entire world  
for good.

The stress of the past days surface and years of serving his country, militarily and judicially, jet to the threshold of all that Solomon Justice stands for.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)  
What our flag represents you maniacs  
can never know.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

I've watched friends die, their blood on my clothes... trying to help some country we knew little or nothing about, all because we believed in what we were sent to do; a people in need and hurting - we wanted to help... Nuff said!

Solomon removes his jacket and waves the flag on the back in front of the terrorists.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

This cloth has always provided freedom, an armor-bearer for democracy. Now it's gonna judge you and send you to hell. Oops, we win again!

He looks at Redline's body lying across the room in a pool of blood. He visually surveys the immediate area. Everyone is speechless.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Reko, remove any indicators of our presence here.

(pause)

Hawk and I will lock these murderers up in a safe place... Raven, help Reko.

Charger and Doc pitch in and assist Reko and Raven. Solomon and Hawk escort the remaining terrorists to the far end of the ship opposite the anthrax and the satellite aircraft.

Along the way Bishop jumps out into the hallway firing his pistol, BANG, BANG, BANG. Everyone instinctively crouches. Both Hawk and Solomon fire back, three shots each, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG. Bishop, hit four times, falls dead.

With the terrorists secured in a large storage room, Hawk collects some exclusive items needed in order to fulfill their plan for removing the garbage and finalizing their unfinished business.

Solomon and Hawk enter the huge storage room at the far end of the ship, and close the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALVESTON, TEXAS -- MORNING

The storm has vanished as suddenly as it appeared. The sun begins its ascent over some dissipating clouds on the mystically auburn horizon.

Solomon, Reko, and Hawk, are getting their choppers out of storage. Raven sits in the rented van pondering recent events. Solomon calls Hawk aside regarding Redline.

Hawk uses the opportunity to clear the air about Charger and Doc.

HAWK

Sol, when we were at the safe house I made a call... you know, just in case. I told Charger to show up only if they hadn't heard from me by a set time.

SOLOMON

I'm glad someone was thinking straight. It's a good thing you did call. Will your friends get Redline's body back to L.A.?

(pause)

I feel like I've been drug through hell by a stubborn mule.

HAWK

It's all taken care of. We'll send some guys back for his bike later. As for as hell goes, I'm sure I ran outa gas downtown. Nuff said!

The two men close ranks and Solomon whispers to Hawk regarding Redline's dying request.

Reko leaves his bike and walks over to Raven seated in the rented van.

RAVEN

Reko, can you help me understand any of this? Where are the terrorists? Are they dead?

REKO

We'll call the authorities before we leave Raven. Your dad's been through a lot, so give him a break, okay? He's a special man!

RAVEN

Yeah, I know. Sometimes he scares me though... you know, in a good way. He's just so fearless.

Solomon walks over to the van and hands his daughter a credit card and some cash.

SOLOMON

Take the van to Houston and get a flight home. You can turn the van in there. Stay with mom till we get back... after we get to D.C. we'll have the bikes shipped home and fly back to L.A.

RAVEN

Dad, just come home with me.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

You've been through a lot; I'm worried about you.

SOLOMON

We've all been through a lot, honey. I have to finish this. It's about closure, Raven. We owe it to Redline. We need this, okay? I'll call your mom and brief her; she's gonna freak, huh? See ya soon honey.

Raven, feeling some responsibility because of her kidnapping, wants her father to know her side of what's happened.

RAVEN

Daddy, I'm sorry. I thought Dane was legitimate; I studied hard on that project and felt I could get some fresh insight, ya know.

SOLOMON

It's okay Raven. I know you meant well. Hey, I taught you didn't I?  
(pause)  
You did get some fresh insight, don't ya think? Hey, O.J.T.

Raven, smiling, feels consoled somewhat. She gives her dad a kiss and reluctantly rolls forward in the van.

As he looks on Solomon's hand brushes his hip pocket; he remembers the picture Presence placed in it on the ship. He walks over to Reko.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Reko. I found this picture in a file in the Captain's Quarters. He's called Napoleon. I think he's in jail someplace.

Solomon raises the picture. As Reko looks at the crumpled photo, his jaw drops. He becomes emotional and stringent.

REKO

Where'd you get this? This is my dead brother. He's been dead for eight years.

SOLOMON

What? How so?

Reko challenges in an upset tone.

REKO

It's my brother Sol. I'd know my own brother anywhere. That's him!

SOLOMON

Really! How'd he die?

REKO

In a car accident in Europe.

Solomon looks at his friend, then away.

SOLOMON

Did you attend his funeral?

Reko takes on a bewildered distant look. In a quieted tone;

REKO

No! His car plunged into a river.  
They never found his body.

As Raven pulls out for Houston, Hawk makes an anonymous phone call to a local newspaper reporter with details about the terrorists' plans and where to find all the evidence on Unfinished Business.

The three men conclude some last minute preparations for the final leg of their journey; the run to The Wall.

HAWK

King Sol, are you sure the explosion won't hurt any of our guys when they board the ship?

SOLOMON

I double checked it Hawk. It'll get their attention, that's all... then the garbage will be taken out.

REKO

I hope we're making the right move here!

SOLOMON

They'll never be able to connect anything to us. When they find everything, the evidence will tell the whole story... sorry for the distraction guys. Let's saddle up... our business here is finished.

HAWK

Were we distracted? I didn't notice.

The men take a respectful sigh before departing. Their machines are idling like a mechanical heartbeat awaiting its next exercise. Loaded and road ready they drift out onto the highway. Reko cries out;

REKO

REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Solomon, Hawk, and Reko, are cruising down the Interstate atop their chromed chariots.



Each man's face paint its own canvas of the recent ordeal and the death of a close friend and a fellow soldier. Solomon's flag breaths fresh life.

Two reporters and a dozen law enforcement officials board Unfinished Business from a Coast Guard vessel.

The terrorists sit snugly tied to a series of chairs. Each man's index finger is taped through the pin of a hand grenade strapped to a pole in front of him; a brace holding each man's arm in a stable position. A small rope is tied to each brace connected to a single rope rigged to a door a safe distance down the ship's corridor. On the wall opposite the terrorists, in huge bold letters, are painted the words, CAPTAIN AMERICA.

A law enforcement official reaches for the booby trapped door, set to remove the braces from beneath each terrorist's arm when opened. The door is gently pulled open by a federal agent and the braces are removed from beneath each terrorist's arm, jerking the pins from each grenade.

A powerful explosion is heard from a distant part of the huge freighter. The reporters and the authorities scurry toward the sound as smoke billows from the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VIETNAM VETERAN'S MEMORIAL -- AFTERNOON

A current American four star general is addressing the massive crowd on the Mall grounds as the three bikers zigzag about the Capitol streets nearing the memorial festivities.

FOUR STAR GENERAL (V.O.)

Since the turn of the millennium  
America has become a much safer place.  
A place where goodness may flourish  
and love of country is not a martyr's  
cry, but a hand extended to help a  
brother or sister in need. May  
freedom ring... for all people  
globally. Terror must die for the  
free spirit of mankind to prosper...

EXT. THE VIETNAM VETERAN'S MEMORIAL -- LATER

Twilight is settling in and the enormous crowd has thinned. The Memorial serves as a vast blackened mirror arresting the movement of every person within its wing span captured from its embedded location within the Earth.

Solomon, Reko, and Hawk, walk slowly toward the center of the Memorial. Their imagery is seized within the army of names engraved on the black granite. As Solomon looks deeply into the brilliant dark tomb of America's nightmare, as if looking for his soul, he beholds the reflection of Presence standing beside him.

In silence the men walk to a specific panel near the center of the memorial. Solomon takes Redline's colors from a canvas bag and hold them up shoulder high. He hands the jacket to Hawk and he gently displays Redline's jacket, face up, at the base of the Wall, The Black Eagle, fulfilling Redline's death wish.

A prominent patch on the breast of Redline's jacket front speaks volumes. It's the national symbol adopted for American prisoners of war and those regarded as missing in action. It says simply: POW/MIA.

SOLOMON

Welcome home friend. Your cause was just. Rest with your brothers; finally - peace. Tell the guys I said hello.

Solomon looks hard into the Black Eagle, the realization of the recent ordeal and a thousand years of struggle and despair mushroom... his eyes mist... Solomon weeps openly.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Tell Bitterweed and Crazy Joe their Sergeant says hello.

Like an other worldly phenomenon, the presence of over one hundred fifty eight thousand souls are seen housed within the names of the dead etched into the Memorial, from one end of its wingspan to the other, dressed as gallant warriors from the Other Side.

As the phantom soldiers stand, they drift into two groups, making way for a recon patrol. As the patrol emerges from the depths of the tomb, out of the bowels of the Earth, the three bikers stand in awe. Redline is walking point for the recon team. The entombed presence of nobility and sacrifice, once again, utters encouragement and thanks to those who remain outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE JUSTICE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rebecca Justice sits in a chair smiling, gently swaying her head from side to side, while looking at the morning paper. The story of Unfinished Business is front page. The headlines read; The Search for Captain America!

The Anchor Man on the morning news telecast spews forth all the revealing details of the incredible discovery aboard Unfinished Business. As Rebecca sits enthralled in the flood of recent revelation, there is a knock at the front door: KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

THE END

FOR DAVID



