

IN AN INSANE SOCIETY,... PART 1

By

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The opening scene is a SERIES OF SHOTS which follow criminal activities taking place in New York City. The NEWSCAST is heard as one scene runs into the next.

A) EXT. STREETS - LATE NIGHT

A scene of absolute decadence: hookers, junkies, pimps, and dealers line the streets.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
Tonight, on the Upper West Side, a
man, 68, was found dead, stabbed 27
times...

B) EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A man in a ragged tee-shirt bolts out of an alleyway carrying a purse. A siren BLASTS as police give chase only to lose him over a chain link fence.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...taxes are expected to rise along
with the crime rate...

C) INT. CONDEMNED BUILDING

A man in boxer shorts, with razor in hand, hunches over and cuts a plate of crack cocaine. A junkie wearing a shirt that reads `JUST SAY NO' trades in food stamps for a half dozen vials.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...overcrowding and rising costs of
hospitals attributed to the
widening use of illegal drugs in
the city...

D) EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A junkie with the shakes makes a buy. The dealer spits out a tiny balloon and trades it for the junkie's cash. Three police officers just stand on the opposite corner and watch.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
...city officials get the go ahead
for New York's clean needle
program...

E) INT. CONDEMNED APARTMENT - NIGHT

A torn window shade allows a street light to flicker on the lifeless body of a girl. A hypodermic needle in her arm.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
 ...family of four, including an
 infant, die as a Meth lab explodes
 in Brooklyn...

F) INT. SHOOTING GALLERY - EVENING

Mother hands over her crying pre-teenage daughter for a fix. Dealer hands over a few packets and takes the daughter into the next room while the mother ties a rubber tube around her arm.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
 ...In Washington today, the House
 Judiciary Committee puts together a
 new Crime Bill package. They
 promise things will change.

EXT. BRYAN MULLER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

The silhouette of JERRY JURICHIK, late 20's, thin and muscular, examines the strength of a down spout. He gracefully scales the wall and comes to rest on the second floor ledge.

He checks and finds the screen window locked. Rhythmically he TAPS on the window screen as he WHISPERS,

JERRY
 Bryan, wake up.

After a moment, Jerry takes out a pen knife and slices the edge of the screen and lets himself into the room.

INT. BRYAN MULLER'S APARTMENT

It's a small efficiency with just the necessities and a few pieces of furniture. The room is dark.

BRYAN MULLER, late 20s, poor eyesight, hair always perfect, is Jerry's childhood friend. Over the years he has come to accept his friend's lunacy. Bryan lies on his bed hoping Jerry will just leave.

Jerry walks to the other side of the room.

BRYAN(O.S.)
You owe me a new screen.

Jerry fumbles around in the dark for the light switch.

JERRY
You should have opened the window.

BRYAN(O.S.)
I was hoping you'd go away.
(beat)
What the hell you looking for?

Jerry CLICKS THE LIGHT SWITCH on.

JERRY
Found it.

The room illuminates. Blinded, Bryan quickly yanks the pillow over his head.

BRYAN
Son-of-a-bitch!

A moment passes and Bryan slowly takes the pillow away. He rubs his eyes to focus.

Bryan tosses the pillow at Jerry who rummages through Bryan's chest of drawers.

The pillow hits Jerry in the back. He ignores it and keeps searching. A few pieces of clothing fall to the floor as Jerry digs through the drawers.

BRYAN (O.S.)
Anything I can help you with?

Jerry turns to face Bryan. His face and clothes are a bloody mess. A gash by his right eye has swollen it shut.

JERRY
Yeah, I need a...

BRYAN
(disgusted)
What the hell!

Bryan grabs his glasses from the night stand, throws them on, and gets out of bed as though this is nothing out of the ordinary.

BRYAN

What were you doing this time?

Jerry looks at Bryan incredulously as Bryan walks passed him and into the bathroom. The WATER RUNS FROM THE SINK (O.S.)

JERRY

Didn't you see the news last night?

Bryan emerges from the bathroom with a steaming towel.

BRYAN

You and the goddamned news.

Bryan pushes Jerry into the chair next to the dresser.

BRYAN

Sit down.

Bryan slaps the steaming towel on the bloody face.

BRYAN

Blood's all dried up. How long ago
you get hit?

Jerry moves the towel aside and looks for a clock. Bryan sees one over Jerry's head.

BRYAN

It's 4:45.

JERRY

I left the park about three.

Jerry replaces the towel. Bryan goes back into the bathroom.

BRYAN(O.S.)

(clipped tones)

Goddamned news.

(normal)

So, what the hell happened?

INT. BRYAN MULLER'S APARTMENT - JERRY'S EYES

There's a concentrated stare in his good eye. The right eye is covered by the towel. The area surrounding the eyes darken as they flashback to Central Park.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. NYC'S CENTRAL PARK - JERRY'S EYES - FLASHBACK

The eyes appear again in Central Park. It's dark. The stare remains. His right eye is in the shadows.

The SOBBING AND CRYING of a young girl fills the quiet night.

Jerry turns to the sound. Both eyes are piercing.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - WOODED AREA

Jerry sprints through the park following the CRYING.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CLEARING

The scene of the crime is a small clearing surrounded by trees and shrubs. A narrow wooden bench is at one of the edges of the clearing.

The CRYING girl's boyfriend lies unconscious. Attacker #1 is going through the boyfriend's pockets. #1 has a gun in his hand.

Attacker #2 is slowly undressing. He smiles devilishly at the CRYING girl he has pinned on the bench between his legs.

A third, unseen, is thirty feet away in the shadows as a lookout.

Jerry runs through the bushes and leaps at them. He snaps the knee of attacker #2 causing him to SCREAM. #2 reels in pain.

Attacker #1, startled, looks up and wheels around with the gun. Jerry punts attacker #1's face, out cold.

Jerry lands a straight right hand on #2's temple, knocking him out. Jerry walks to the girl.

JERRY
You alright?

The girl continues to SOB and hugs him. Jerry doesn't hug her back.

Attacker #3, the lookout, comes up from behind carrying a piece of pipe.

The girl spots the lookout, pulls away from Jerry and points.

Jerry turns and tries to roll with the blow. The pipe catches the corner of his eye. Jerry stops his roll on one knee and shakes cobwebs from his head.

JERRY
Son of a, . . .!

The pipe wielding attacker charges.

Jerry springs up and drives a spinning back kick into the mid section followed by a series of round kicks to the face.

The third attacker drops, his face shredded.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - JERRY'S EYES

The piercing stare returns. Blood is running down the side of his face. He reaches up and dabs at the cut.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BRYAN MULLER'S APARTMENT - JERRY'S EYES

FLASHBACK ENDS

The concentrated stare remains in his good eye. Blood trickles slightly from the other.

BRYAN (O.S.)
(disgusted)
Shredded? How the hell did his face
get shredded?

Jerry dabs at the eye with the towel.

INT. BRYAN MULLER'S APARTMENT

Jerry lifts his foot toward Bryan to show him his sneaker.

Bryan pulls back a bit to get a better look at an old ratty white sneaker smeared with blood. Thumbtacks come up through the laces with tiny chunks of flesh on them.

Disgusted, Bryan shakes his head.

BRYAN
Don't you think that's going a
little too far?

Jerry scowls and snaps a kick within an inch of Bryan's face.

A CHUNK OF FLESH flies from the thumbtack hitting Bryan in the face. It sticks.

Jerry's foot floats to the floor.

JERRY
 (slow, incredulous)
 They were going to rape her.
 (beat)
 Something's got to be done!

Bryan FLICKS the piece of flesh from his face.

BRYAN
 Why do you have to be the one who
 always does it?

Jerry shrugs.

JERRY
 Okay, next time you go.

BRYAN
 Yeah, I don't think so.

Bryan pours anti-septic on the towel and digs into the gash. He looks back down at the sneakers.

BRYAN
 Where'd you get the idea for the
 thumbtacks? That nutcase from Viet
 Nam?

JERRY (O.S.)
 No, this one is mine.
 (as an afterthought)
 And he's not a nutcase.

Bryan nods sarcastically, "Yeah, right."

Bryan tosses the towel into the bathroom.

BRYAN
 Well, that's about as clean as I
 can get it. You're going to need a
 tetanus shot.

One towel remains hanging on Jerry's leg. Jerry shakes his head, disagreeing, as he yanks his short sleeve up showing a stab wound on the back of his shoulder.

BRYAN
 Oh right, forgot about that one.

JERRY

Got any ice? I've got to get the swelling down so I can close this thing.

Jerry looks toward the kitchen, squints his good eye.

JERRY

Where's your fridge?
(thinking he's going nuts)
You had a fridge, didn't you?

Bryan turns to the wall.

BRYAN

(yelling next door)
Damn landlady took it out. Used too much electricity!

LANDLADY (O.S.)

I'll take the TV next!

BRYAN

Nosey bitch, I knew she'd be awake....
(beat)
Oh, wait a minute...

Bryan walks to the kitchen and starts picking through the trash can.

BRYAN

I went to Taco Bell tonight and got a large iced tea.

JERRY

God, you live an exciting life!

Jerry's leaning on the wall balanced on two legs of the chair. He wipes more blood from his eye.

Bryan takes his hand out of the trash and gives Jerry the finger.

BRYAN

I hope your eye falls out.

Bryan keeps digging and finds the iced tea cup. He holds it up in victory.

JERRY

Any left?

Bryan goes into the bathroom with the cup and returns with a small towel with a tiny bit of ice in it.

Bryan trades towels with Jerry.

Jerry presses the small ice pack on his eye.

JERRY

Better than nothing. You mind if I stay here a while? Haven't found an apartment yet.

BRYAN

Stay as long as you like. How's the new school?

Jerry removes the compress and looks at Bryan. The front legs of the chair land quietly.

JERRY

(disgusted)

I got fired again? They didn't agree with my methods either.

Bryan crawls back into bed.

BRYAN

(sarcastic)

Nooooo! I'm shocked. A teacher throws half his students out, threatens the other half, and they don't agree with that?

Jerry takes an ice cube from the pack and throws it at Bryan.

JERRY

I can't see it either.

BRYAN

You keep getting hit in the head like that, ...you're not going to be able to see much of anything.

Bryan crawls back to bed as Jerry leans his head back onto the wall and puts the ice pack on his eye.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Typical squad room ACTIVITIES: pimps, hookers, dealers, junkies, officers taking reports, and answering phones.

A pimp smashes one of his girls in the face. Two officers secure them.

A junkie having convulsions is ignored by the surrounding officers. A moment later, the junkie lies dead.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN COLTMAN'S OFFICE

typical police office contents. Windows make up the walls of the office. Files and papers scattered. Desktop a mess.

CAPTAIN JOHN COLTMAN, mostly a quiet man, part laid back, part tough guy, late 40s, ruggedly handsome. His feet are atop the desk as he reads the morning paper.

There's SUDDEN SILENCE in the outer squad room. Coltman peers over his paper to investigate.

SQUAD ROOM

POLICE CHIEF DOMINIC FINILLI, a short, balding, fat man with a beet red face, moves quickly toward the office shoving people and things out of his way.

INT. CAPTAINS COLTMAN'S OFFICE

The chief burst through the door.

Coltman continues reading the paper.

COLTMAN

Morning Chief. How's the diet coming?

The chief rips the paper out of Coltman's hand and throws it on the floor.

CHIEF

Screw you, Coltman. Have you seen this morning's paper?

Coltman looks up at the chief, down at the paper on the floor, then back at the chief.

The chief pulls out a handkerchief and mops his brow.

CHIEF

Goddamn you, Coltman. You know what the hell I'm talking about. There was another. . .

COLTMAN

...one of those attacks, I know,
got the report right here.

Coltman takes his feet from the desk and fishes for the report on his desk. Finding it, he holds it up, then tosses it down again.

CHIEF

This guy with the eyes, and right
behind City Hall. This crap's got
to stop!

COLTMAN

I've got every available man on it.

Chief pounds his fist on the desk.

CHIEF

Double it. The mayor is jumping
down my throat!

Coltman bends to pick up the newspaper.

COLTMAN

(mumbling under breath)
There goes your diet.

CHIEF

What's that?

Coltman quickly shoots an accommodating smile.

COLTMAN

I said I guess we can try it.

Coltman sits back. The chief looks at him suspiciously as he mops his brow.

CHIEF

You'd better do something. The
Mayor's concerned.

COLTMAN

Why, he give his bodyguards the
week off?

CHIEF

Coltman!...

Coltman tosses the newspaper on his desk, leans toward the chief, and glares.

COLTMAN

You think this is the only case I
have right now?

(beat)

And even if it were, you think I
give a good goddamned about some
maggot getting his eyes ripped out?

The chief stands and points a finger at Coltman. The
handkerchief hangs from his hand.

CHIEF

Captain Coltman, if you don't...

Coltman scowls, then screams out to the squad room, keeping
his eyes on the Chief.

COLTMAN

Sergeant Phelps! In my office!

In the squad room, Phelps heads to Coltman's office.

Coltman forces a quick smile and escorts the chief to the
door.

COLTMAN

It'll be taken care of, Chief.

Coltman pats the chief on the back shoving him out of the
office.

The chief mops his brow, smiles and leaves past the
approaching sergeant.

DESK SERGEANT TOMMY PHELPS, a giant of a middle-aged man with
fatherly overtones toward Coltman, ducks into the office.

PHELPS

Captain?

Coltman looks over Phelps' shoulder and watches the chief
leave the squad room.

COLTMAN

Nothing Tommy. Just wondering if we
were still on for racket ball
tomorrow?

PHELPS

Sure, Captain, 6 a.m..

Phelps looks back to the leaving Chief. Then back to Coltman.

PHELPS
Captain, how long you think you can
stonewall these investigations?

Coltman hints a smile then turns and walks back to his desk.

COLTMAN
That's all, Tommy.

Phelps, not wanting to bring bad news, hesitantly warns
Coltman.

SAMUAL WEISSTRUM, Public Defender, a pasty skinned meek man
heads into the office.

PHELPS
Captain, Mr. Weisstrum is here.

Coltman, with his back to Phelps and Weisstrum, freezes.

COLTMAN
Not that asshole. Not today.

Weisstrum CLEARS his throat.

WEISSTRUM
And good morning to you, Captain
Coltman.

Phelps scowls a disgusted brow at Weisstrum as he goes back
to the squad room.

Coltman shakes his head, turns, and sits at his desk.

COLTMAN
What is it, Weisscum?

WEISSTRUM
That's Weisstrum.

Coltman hand motions to get on with it.

WEISSTRUM
Your little drug bust up on the
West side won't hold.

Coltman raises slowly and walks toward Weisstrum. Coltman
towers over him, glaring.

Weisstrum starts to tremble.

COLTMAN

Little! That was 10 keys, you piece of shit. Why won't it hold?

WEISSTRUM

(a bit nervous)

Well Captain, it was the wrong number on the warrant. You went into 821A. The warrant read 821.

Weisstrum's hand slips onto the doorknob. He starts to open the door trying to sneak out.

Coltman SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT before it opens a few inches.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM

A few officers give notice. Phelps ruefully shakes his head.

INT. POLICE STATION - COLTMAN'S OFFICE

COLTMAN

Do you know what your putting back on the streets?

Coltman trembles himself, fighting to remain calm.

Phelps KNOCKS on the door then opens it.

Weisstrum quickly ducks out past Phelps.

PHELPS

Captain, line 2, it's your wife.

EXT. NYC - SIDEWALK CAFE TABLE - NOON

It's a sunny day. The cafe is on a side street and the traffic is light. DEVON COLTMAN, attractive, mid-thirties, still very much in love with her husband, checks her watch. Her dress is casual. A newspaper is folded on the table.

Waiter approaches. He's very proper.

WAITER

Are you ready to order, Ma'am?

DEVON

No, Jack, I'll wait a while.

Coltman approaches from behind, kisses Devon's neck.

Coltman shakes the waiter's hand then takes his seat.

COLTMAN
Hi Jack, how have you been?

WAITER
Fine. But it has been too long.

COLTMAN
Work keeps me busy.

WAITER
Things are getting crazy out there.

Coltman takes Devon's hand in his.

COLTMAN
Speaking of crazy, how are you
doing today, Devon?

Devon smiles.

DEVON
Just fine, Captain.

WAITER
I'll give you a couple minutes.

The waiter excuses himself.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - STREET

A FLAMING DRAG QUEEN crosses the street and skips by being
pulled by six poodles.

Coltman and Devon stare at the little parade as it
approaches.

EXT. NYC - SIDEWALK CAFE TABLE

COLTMAN
Sorry I'm late.

DEVON
I understand. Things are getting
crazy out there.

Devon squeezes Coltman's hand as she cast a questionable look
to the poodle parade as it passes.

Coltman waves the parade off.

COLTMAN

Out there doesn't bother me. It's the Chief and the goddamned Public Defenders.

Devon opens the newspaper on the table.

DEVON

Let me guess. The Chief's upset about this morning's headlines?

Coltman turns the paper toward himself, glances at the headlines and smacks the paper.

COLTMAN

Scumbag gets his eyes ripped out and Finilli and the mayor want me to cry for him.

Coltman picks up the newspaper, shaking his head.

COLTMAN

I ran the punk's record. 39 arrests.

(beat)

There's a great loss to society.

DEVON

So, what's the problem?

A MIME walks up to them and starts his show. They try to ignore him. Coltman waves him on. The mime continues. A moment passes. Coltman threatens him with the paper, swatting at him but missing. The mime takes off up the street.

COLTMAN

People who think they're running the city are getting embarrassed. It wasn't too bad when it first started; 1 or 2 a month. But now it's at least that every week.

Devon leans forward and squeezes Coltman's hand.

COLTMAN

And that one the other night, right behind City Hall. The Mayor's taking it as a slap in the face.

DEVON

What are you going to do?

COLTMAN

I don't know, it's a tough choice.
Every time they print one of these
attacks, the crime rate drops.

Coltman is visibly frustrated. Devon takes her hand from his hand and slips it down onto his lower thigh.

DEVON

Can't Finilli see that?

Coltman laughs but tension is obviously building.

COLTMAN

That eyeless creep over in General
would have a better chance seeing
it.

DEVON

You think it'll last?

Coltman nods very slowly.

COLTMAN

I think it will. I have looked at
the file and, . . .

DEVON

(excited)
Anything strike a cord?

COLTMAN

Oh yeah. Someone's been trained
well, that's for sure.

EXT. NYC - FRANK MARTIN'S MMA SCHOOL - ALLEYWAY - 9:00PM

The alleyway leading to the Mixed Martial Arts school is
pretty dark and trashy.

Jerry, bare chested, with duffle bag in hand, walks down the
alley to the school and waits outside the door.

INT. FRANK MARTIN'S MMA SCHOOL

The school is full of students, workout equipment, and two
heavy bags hanging from the ceiling. The students are sitting
in a circle, surrounding FRANK MARTIN, early 50s, a black
Vietnam vet, and the instructor.

Frank tosses a man twice his size to the mat, controls the arm and applies an arm bar. The man TAPS and Frank lets him up.

Frank spots Jerry standing at the door. Frank smiles an exaggerated smile.

A number of students look toward Jerry as he enters.

Frank's smile disappears.

FRANK
Eyes forward! I am your only
concern at this moment!

CLASS
Yes, Sir!

Frank barks out to the class.

FRANK
Dismissed!

The class files out. A few turn and watch Jerry as he approaches Frank.

Frank and Jerry greet each other with a simple handshake.

FRANK
Glad to see you're not dead.

Jerry throws his small duffle bag down on the floor then casts back a look at some of the gazing students.

JERRY
Your students have a problem with
me?

Frank looks to the few remaining onlookers.

The onlookers hurry out the door. Frank waves them off.

FRANK
They've just wondering who the hell
you are? Fear of the unknown and
all that bravo sierra. You know.

Jerry cocks his brow.

JERRY
Then why don't they just ask me?
Make the unknown known. Common
sense, right?

FRANK

Common sense ain't that common
anymore, my friend.

(beat)

Ready to work?

Frank walks toward a heavy bag, cocks a right hand and drives it into the heavy bag.

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - HEAVY BAG

Gets jolted back from the punch.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - HEAVY BAG

Is rattled with punches and kicks.

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - HOUR LATER

Frank, dressed in street clothes, leans on the wall. He watches Jerry, gloved up and feet taped, working out driving hands and feet into the heavy bag. He's sweating profusely.

FRANK

So, where ya' been the last couple
weeks?

Jerry leans his head on the bag. Continues to tap the bag.

JERRY

Had to let my eye heal. Some guy
hit me with a pipe.

Jerry drives a few more kicks into the bag.

FRANK

I was wonderin' if you got that
scar teachin'?

Jerry flurries a combination of hands and feet into the bag. Rests his head on it again, turns to look at Frank sideways.

JERRY

Rat bastards fired me again.

Jerry walks from the heavy bag to his water bottle. He yanks his gloves off, squirts water in his mouth.

FRANK

You gotta stop throwin' all your students out.

Jerry towels off as he walks to his little duffle bag. He stuffs his equipment into it and puts on a pair of ratty red sneakers.

Jerry digs out a small wad of cash from the bag.

JERRY

Classrooms need to be cleaned up,... just like the streets.

Jerry walks to Frank and tries to stuff the bills in his shirt.

Frank smacks the hand away in protest.

FRANK

Save your money and buy yourself a real pair of shoes.

Jerry looks down at his sneakers.

JERRY

These are just in case I leave a bloody footprint somewhere. C'mon,

Jerry insists with the money, then hikes his thumb to the alleyway.

JERRY

...you're keeping me alive out there. It's not like you're showing me that karate kata bullshit. This Special Forces stuff works.

Frank scowls as Jerry stuffs the money in Frank's pocket.

Frank pushes himself off the wall and shuts the lights off.

FRANK

C'mon. I've got a date.

EXT. NYC - FRANK'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Frank and Jerry walk down a trash covered street. It's a crime ridden neighborhood with not much light.

Three black punks, a block away, approach Frank and Jerry. Jerry nonchalantly puts a pair of thin gloves on.

JERRY
Is she of age?

FRANK
Who!?

JERRY
Your date.

Frank throws a left hook at Jerry.

Jerry weaves it and laughs.

JERRY
Relax Frank, just...

Jerry's voice softens. The punks are within small talk range.

JERRY
...busting you're ass.

The punks TALK MOS amongst themselves. Punk #1 reaches behind his back.

Frank whispers to Jerry out of the corner of his mouth.

FRANK
Just keep moving.

The punks stop.

PUNK IN MIDDLE
Yous got the time?

Frank's eyes look skyward as he keeps walking.

FRANK
(mumbling)
Just keep moving.

JERRY
Time? No, I don't have the time.
Frank, yous got the time?

Frank stops, his eyes spring wide open.

Frank looks to his side to see Jerry's not there. He continues to turn until he sees Jerry, eyes piercing, in the middle of the punks.

FRANK
(to himself)
Here we go.

Frank turns and walks toward the group.

Punk #1 raises a knife over his head. Brings it down in a stabbing motion toward Frank.

Frank blocks and puts #1's arm in a figure four arm bar and SNAPS THE ELBOW. Frank followed up with a back fist to the back of #1's head. #1 is out.

Jerry kicks punk #2 in the groin. #2 drops, reeling.

Jerry hits punk #3 with left hooks to the body. #3 doubles over. Jerry grabs the back of #3's head and smashes it over his knee. #3 is out.

Punk #2 reels on the ground.

FRANK

Whatta we do with him?

Jerry looks over the situation, seemingly in deep thought.

JERRY

Show me that carotid artery trick.

FRANK

The clock choke?

Jerry nods quickly like a child at Christmas.

Frank walks to #2, kneels down, grabs #2's shirt collar, pulls it across #2's neck and drives down. #2 struggles for a few seconds. A moment later #2 is unconscious.

Jerry smiles, his eyes calm as he goes through the pockets of 1 and 3.

Frank stares incredulously at him.

Jerry walks past Frank to get to the pockets of #2.

Frank, still kneeling, continues watching Jerry.

JERRY

I like that carotid thing.

FRANK

Whatta you doing?

Jerry kneels by punk #2.

JERRY

Maggots were going to take our stuff. People fight back, they should be rewarded.

Jerry counts cash and gives half to Frank.

Jerry yanks the sneaker off #2 and sizes it up to his foot. Takes the other off, ties them together and hands them to Frank.

JERRY

Besides, where you think I get the money to give you.

(beat)

Can't seem to hold a job.

Jerry drags the punks into the street, face up with only their heels on the sidewalk creating a trestle.

Frank's eyes widen.

FRANK

What the hell...

Jerry stands over the punks then jumps up and lands on the knees of the first one.

FRANK

... you doin'!?

Jerry jumps on all the knees leaving them smashed into the street. Heels remain on the sidewalk.

Jerry walks to Frank, takes the sneakers from him, puts his arm around him and starts him walking.

JERRY

It's called justice, Frank.

INT. NYC - JERRY'S NEW APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The apartment is on the smaller side. It's a living room with a pull-down bed, sofa, and a few miscellaneous pieces of furniture. The adjoining kitchen has a table and chair set, fridge, stove, and miscellaneous items. Under the window is a hot water radiator. The bed is up. Jerry has just moved in. Unpacked boxes and bags clutter the place.

Jerry and an INTERVIEWER from the C.I.A. sit facing each other at the kitchen table.

The Interviewer, a nondescript man, searches his briefcase.
Jerry chews on a pencil, studying the 'Times' crossword puzzle.

INTERVIEWER
...Just a few more questions, Mr.
Jurichik.

JERRY
You said that an hour ago. But take
your time, I've got all day.

Jerry taps his head with the pencil, stuck on the puzzle.
Interviewer closes his briefcase.

INTERVIEWER
I'll try and be succinct.

Jerry smacks the paper with his pencil.

The Interviewer gives Jerry a sideways look as Jerry writes
in a word.

Jerry looks up and sees the interviewer staring.

JERRY
Eight letter word for laconic.

The interviewer stoically asks the next question.

INTERVIEWER
How long have you known Mr.
Mueller?

JERRY
How old is he?

INTERVIEWER
Twenty-eight.

Jerry points the pencil at the interviewer.

JERRY
Twenty-eight years. We grew up
together.

The interviewer shuffles through more papers.

INTERVIEWER
Then you know him pretty well.

Jerry cocks his left eyebrow.

INTERVIEWER
Of course.

Jerry starts on the crossword puzzle again.

INTERVIEWER
If the situation ever came up,
would Mr. Mueller be able to draw
his weapon and fire at someone?

JERRY
Without hesitation.

INTERVIEWER
How can you be so sure?

JERRY
Twenty-eight years.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Jerry's pencil fills in a few more squares.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Thank you once again. You have been
most helpful.

MATCH CUT:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CROSSWORD PUZZLE - LATE NIGHT

Appears again with most of the squares filled in.

The PHONE RINGS.

INT. JERRY'S NEW APARTMENT

The phone has a long cord on it and is usually in different
places in the apartment. It's on the kitchen table.

Jerry, in bed studying the crossword puzzle, gets up carrying
the puzzle then realizes he doesn't know where the phone is.
He searches a second and finds the phone. He picks up the
receiver, kicks an empty box out of his way, and sits at the
kitchen table.

JERRY
It went fine, Bryan.

BRYAN (V.O.)

It did?

(beat)

How'd you know it was me?

JERRY

My number's unlisted. You're one of the few who's got it.

Jerry looks at the clock radio reading 3:00 A.M.

JERRY

And you're the only ignorant bastard who calls me in the middle of the night.

BRYAN (V.O.)

Shit! Were you asleep?

Jerry kicks up on two legs of the chair, and studies the crossword puzzle.

JERRY

Like you care.

BRYAN (V.O.)

So the interview went alright?

JERRY

How the hell should I know, I was doing the 'Times' crossword puzzle. You know how hard they are. I had to concentrate.

BRYAN (V.O.)

Don't mess with me, Jer.

Jerry plants the chair down, fills in more of the puzzle, then erases. A few seconds pass.

BRYAN (V.O.)

(impatient)

Jurichik!

JERRY

What's a nine letter word for ambiguous?

BRYAN

Equivocal. Jerry, what about the interview?

Jerry writes in the word.

JERRY
It went fine, Bryan, really.

Jerry tosses down his pencil.

JERRY
So, you want to work for the
C.I.A.? Anything left to do?

BRYAN (V.O.)
Orals board. If I make it through
that, it's on to training camp.

JERRY
Why don't you come train with me.
We'll both hit the streets.

BRYAN (V.O.)
I'd rather not waste my time.

JERRY
(choking and laughing)
You're going to work for the
government and you're talking to me
about wasting time?

BRYAN (V.O.)
Good night, Jer.

INT. FRANK MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Typical middle class home. Frank and STACY ADAMS, a gorgeous, twentyfive year old, enter. Frank walks out of sight into the bedroom. Stacy stays in the living room and takes off her jacket.

Answering machine BEEEEEEP.

JERRY (V.O.)
(out of breath)
Frank, it's me. It's... where the
hell's my watch? ...
(beat)
Damn, don't own one. Hell, I'll be
at the 'Saloon', 85th and 3rd.

Frank, head down like a spoiled brat, stomps out of the bedroom mumbling MOS.

Stacy innocently plays with the top button of her blouse.

STACY

What wrong?

Frank looks up, sees Stacy unbutton her blouse. Frustrated, he rubs his hands over his eyes and head.

FRANK

Look baby, I've got to go out for a little bit, I shouldn't be long. Make yourself comfortable.

Stacy smiles, unzips her jeans and starts to wiggle them off.

Frank heads for the door. He bumps into the coffee table as he stares at her. He CURSES to himself, clutching at his shin as he MUMBLES and leaves.

INT. NYC - SALOON GO-GO BAR - 30 MINUTES LATER.

It's a typical go-go bar. Half naked girls on stage, loud music, noise, but an all white crowd. There's a mirror behind the bar, the length of the bar.

Frank walks with a slight limp into the bar. He pauses and scans the place. He heads toward the bar. His scan stops at Jerry talking to two girls; DANIELLE, a cute brunette, is massaging his shoulders. DIAMOND, a busty blonde is facing him. Jerry's back is to Frank. Frank gets closer.

Jerry continues to talk. It appears he doesn't see Frank.

INT. BAR

Frank stealthily approaches Jerry from behind. Within a few feet, Jerry introduces him,

JERRY

Ladies, that man sneaking up behind us is Frank.

Jerry and the girls turn to face Frank. Frank stomps his foot,

FRANK

Damn, how'd you see me. You got eyes in the back of your head?

Frank watches a pair of naked breasts as they pass by.

JERRY
I heard your drool hitting the
floor.

Once the breasts pass by Frank scowls at Jerry.

Jerry points to the mirror behind the bar.

Frank's glance follows Jerry's finger. Frank smiles in the mirror then focuses on the dancer in front of it.

JERRY
You weren't too hard to spot.

Frank's head gyrates, keeping rhythm with the G-stringed ass on the stage.

FRANK
Huh?

JERRY
Frank, look around.

INT. SALOON GO-GO BAR - BAR CROWD

It's an all white crowd, but no one gives notice to Frank.

INT. SALOON GO-GO BAR - BAR

Frank focuses then eyes widen. Jerry smiles a devilish smile.

JERRY
(calmly)
Everybody's white.

FRANK
(panicked)
Everybody's white!

JERRY
Don't worry Frank, there's almost
never any problems here.

FRANK
Almost never?

Frank looks around the bar. Jerry slaps him on the back.

JERRY
Sure. The last time there was a
problem here was when some black
guy strolled in.

Frank's eyes widen a little more.

JERRY

Yeah, that was ugly. But you...

Jerry picks up Frank's arm and compares skin color with his.

JERRY

Oh, that's right.

FRANK

What are you, nuts? Callin' me to a goddamned redneck bar!

The girls leave laughing.

Frank sits, nervously scanning the bar.

FRANK

What the hell you want? I thought you was in trouble or somethin' the way you left that message, all outta breath.

Jerry squints a second, then realizes,

JERRY

Oh, that. No, just finished a workout. Nothing important. Start a new school tomorrow.

Frank looks at him a brief moment then his head drops, remembering what he has waiting for him at home.

Frank raises to leave. As Frank gets farther away, Jerry calls out,

JERRY

Which one is it?

Frank stops.

JERRY

At your apartment, who's there?

Frank starts walking.

JERRY

(laughing)

Is she of age?

DANIELLE approaches Jerry.

DANIELLE

Your friend leave already?

JERRY
Yeah, I'm heading out too. We still
on for tomorrow night?

Danielle picks up his hand and licks the tip of a finger.

EXT. SALOON GO-GO BAR - SIDEWALK

Jerry leaves the bar and hears SCREAMING.

Jerry sees ALEX CHEKOV, a 17 year old punk who always wears a pug cap, screaming at Frank. Alex is also wearing a small hoop earring.

ALEX
...next time you come 'round here,
I'll kick your black ass all over
the street!

Frank walks away down the street.

Jerry slips his thin gloves on and walks up behind Alex.

ALEX
You better keep walking, you moley,
spear chu...

Jerry chokes off the rest of the sentence with his hand at Alex's throat.

Alex drives his elbow into Jerry's stomach.

Jerry smiles, rips the earring out and tightens his grip.

JERRY
You hit me again, I'll take the
throat out next.
(beat)
Understand?

Alex grabs his ear and nods.

Jerry releases Alex, spins him around to get a look at him.

JERRY
What the hell is your problem?

ALEX
(choking)
What are you, nuts. That's a white
man's bar.

Jerry looks up at the sign for a moment, then back to Alex. Jerry smacks the pug cap down to get a look at Alex's face.

JERRY

You're not even old enough to go into a bar. And you think you have the right to tell someone to stay out?

Alex quickly reaches around his back.

Jerry grabs the throat.

ALEX

(choked off)

My wallet.

Jerry puts his hand out for the wallet.

Alex hands it to him.

Jerry flips it open and bites out the ID. He drops the wallet and reads the ID.

JERRY

Alex Chekov, 22 years old.

Jerry's left eyebrow raises.

JERRY

You're 22?

Alex closes his eyes and nods slowly.

Jerry tightens his grip.

Alex holds up a hand, as to maybe stop the choking.

ALEX

(barely audible)

17.

Jerry releases him.

JERRY

17, huh?

Alex rubs his neck then holds out his hand.

ALEX

Almost. Can I have my ID back?

Jerry's left eyebrow raises.

INT. JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LUNCHTIME

Typical inner-city high school activities. Kid's dumping their trays, returning their plates, TALKING, throwing trash away. Jerry sits, studying his food, wondering what it might be?

The BELL RINGS.

Jerry looks up at the clock on the wall - 12:45 - and rises to leave along with the RUMBLING of the students.

INT. JHS HALLWAY

outside the cafeteria. The hallway is lined with a sea of kids, some lingering and others rushing to their next class.

Jerry fights his way through the crowd.

JOSEPHINE CAMPBELL, a little short of 5 foot, an innocent face with blue gray hair, hurries behind him.

JOSEPHINE

Mr. Jurichik, may I have a word with you?

Jerry turns and sees nothing. Then he looks down.

Students bump them as they pass. She is looking up at him.

JOSEPHINE

Mr. Jurichik, I'm right across from you. I've been listening to your classes. I like what I've been hearing.

JERRY

You, my lady, are one of the few.

Jerry takes her hand, puts it on his forearm and starts walking her to her classroom.

JOSEPHINE

You must be careful though,...

Josephine looks from side to side.

JOSEPHINE

..some won't like your methods.

Josephine taps Jerry's arm and motions for him to look outside his classroom.

INT. OUTSIDE JERRY'S CLASSROOM

DAVID ROMANO, Vice-principal, a greasy haired little man lurks outside Jerry's classroom. Romano's personality is that of a whining coward.

INT. HALLWAY

JERRY
And who might that be?

Josephine's demeanor turns ugly.

JOSEPHINE
Vice-principal. Watch out for him.

Jerry drops Josephine off at her door and heads for his.

Jerry gets into a staring contest with Romano.

Romano quickly looks away and scurries down the hall.

Jerry enters his classroom.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM

is a very noisy room. Half the students are seated. Alex Chekov, class tough guy with a tiny bandage on his ear, sits with his back to Jerry and talks MOS to the other students forming a half circle around him.

Jerry takes a wooden pointer and CRACKS it down on the desk.

JERRY
Shut up and take your seats.

Class looks up at the teacher. After hesitation, Alex turns.

Jerry squints, recognizing the face, but can't place it.

ALEX

shakes his head arrogantly and turns back to his listeners.

When he turns, the PUG CAP drops out of his back pocket.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM

Alex picks up his cap and replaces it in his back pocket.

Jerry smiles and CRACKS the pointer down.

JERRY

Shut up!

(beat)

That goes for you as well, Mr.
Chekov.

The class goes silent. Alex slowly looks over his shoulder and studies Jerry. Not a clue.

JERRY

Mr. Chekov, I understand you're 22
going on 17 but have no ID to prove
it.

Alex's hand shoots to his throat, then to his ear. He turns in his seat to face forward.

JERRY

Thank you for attention, Mr.
Chekov.

ALEX

(humbly)

Yes, Sir.

His classmates, completely in shock, turn quickly to Alex. A quiet RUMBLE erupts. Then silence. The half circle disperses, sits, and faces forward.

JERRY

Undivided attention, a rarity. I
think it's safe to say we have Mr.
Chekov to thank for it.

Alex closes his eyes.

JERRY

I am here to teach you. I assure
you, you will learn.

The class looks to Alex then study Jerry.

A few punks start TALKING.

JERRY

And for the smart-ass losers in this class, I will not compete with you. You may leave.

Immediate silence. They stare at him curiously.

A MUMBLED discussion starts. When a moment passes, a huge black student gets up and starts to leave, then hesitates.

Jerry points the pointer to the door.

JERRY

I'm serious, leave. I don't want you here.

The black student leaves. A half dozen others follow.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM - ALEX

stands up and starts toward the door.

The pointer CRACKS. Alex freezes.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM

JERRY

Mr. Chekov, please be seated. I'm surprised you consider yourself a loser. Stay and learn. We'll build your ego.

Alex sits.

JERRY

Glad to see you decided to stay.

Alex nods. His cockiness returning.

ALEX

Yes, Sir. I'm proud to be part of your class.

Jerry's left eyebrow arches.

JERRY

I see you're well on your way to recovery.

Jerry walks up and down the isles. Studies the eyes of the students. Some bloodshot and glassy.

Satisfied with the info he gathered, Jerry returns to his desk.

JERRY

People who use drugs do so for primarily one reason. They wish to avoid life.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM - FEW STONED STUDENTS

stare up at Jerry.

JERRY(O.S.)

For all intent and purposes, they are dead. I am not here to waste my time, especially on dead people.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM

Jerry walks up and down the isles again.

JERRY

The fact that you breath air, consume the basic needs to sustain your worthless lives, . . .

Jerry points with his pointer to the students he wants to leave. The pointer arcs from the students to the door.

JERRY

while careening off the walls of the world, does not give me cause to believe you are alive.

The selected students march out the door. Jerry returns to his desk and studies the remaining dozen students.

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM - BLACKBOARD

Jerry turns to the blackboard and starts to write.

JERRY

Quality, not quantity.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE JERRY'S ROOM - DAY'S END

The hallways are deserted. Josephine waits by her door.

Jerry leaves his room, briefcase in hand, notices Josephine and smiles.

JERRY
May I walk you to your car?

INT. HALLWAY BY PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

PRINCIPAL CHARLIE RUSSELL, middle aged, physically fit, with cold eyes, and Romano stand outside Russell's office.

Jerry and Josephine approach.

Romano looks at Jerry and whispers MOS to Russell.

Jerry stares coldly back at Romano.

Romano cowers away. Jerry stares switches to Russell.

Russell holds his stare.

As Jerry and Josephine pass Russell, Jerry half smiles and nods to Russell.

EXT. JHS PARKING LOT - JOSEPHINE'S CAR

Jerry unlocks Josephine's car door and helps her in, closes the door, then kneels by her car.

JERRY
What's the principal's story?

Josephine starts her car, smiles, and shrugs.

Jerry stands back.

JOSEPHINE
He used to be a radical.

Josephine waves and pulls away.

Jerry looks back at the school.

INT. NYC - FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - AFTER SCHOOL

The gym is empty except for Jerry. The light by the heavy bag is the only light on.

Jerry wraps his hands and tapes his feet. He warms up slowly with hands and feet on heavy bag.

The pace of the workout on the bag quickens.

The following SERIES OF SHOTS continue with INTERCUTTING from heavy bag work and applying that work to the street situations.

- A) Jerry hits the heavy bag with a right hand, left hook, spinning back kick combination.
- B) Jerry hits a drug dealer with the same combination.
- C) Coltman investigates a crime scene. The Chief SCREAMS.
- D) Jerry hits the heavy bag with spinning back fist, round kick, elbow smash combination.
- E) Street scene of Jerry hitting rapist with same combination. Helps victim walk away.
- F) Coltman investigates crime scene. Chief SCREAMS.
- G) Jerry drives palm heel into the bag as it swings toward him, follows with knee, then a guillotine choke.
- H) Street scene of Jerry using same technique on purse snatcher running toward him. Jerry returns purse to victim.
- I) Coltman investigates. Chief SCREAMS

SERIES OF SHOTS ENDS

INT. FRANK MARTIN'S MMA SCHOOL

Frank enters the school wearing sweats. He walks to the wall, grabs a jump rope and starts jumping slowly.

Jerry sweats profusely. His pace on the bag slows as he keeps time with Frank's jumping. Frank jumps twice, Jerry kicks once.

Frank smiles his exaggerated smile and picks up the pace.

Jerry keeps up for a while, then collapses on the floor.

Frank slows his pace down.

Jerry, winded, takes off a glove and tosses it.

FRANK

What's the matter, teachin' tirin'
you out?

Jerry walks to his water bottle and takes a drink.

JERRY
Late night is all.

Frank reflects on his night before and smiles devilishly.

FRANK
Love those late nights.

JERRY
I knew you had a girl back at your
place.

Jerry throws the other glove and hits Frank's rope. Frank
kicks the glove away.

JERRY
That's why you didn't shut that
punk up outside the bar last night.
(beat)
He's in one of my classes.

Frank snaps to as he starts jumping the rope again.

FRANK
Huh?

JERRY
That kid last night. He's in one of
my classes.

Frank, still jumping, scowls, trying to understand.

FRANK
I thought your policy was to get
rid of the scum.

JERRY
He's got potential.

Frank's jump rope hits him in the ankles.

FRANK
Ouch! Potential for what!?

JERRY
I'm not sure. I get mixed signals.

FRANK
The signals I got certainly weren't
mixed. No Sir, clear as a bell!

Jerry walks back to the heavy bag and kicks it for each reason he gives Frank.

JERRY

He's got guts, some common sense,
and an attitude that works.

Frank puts his rope back on the wall. Jerry walks to him and put a hand on his shoulder.

JERRY

If we can redirect his energies,
he'll come in handy one of these
days.

Frank turns slowly, looking down at the hand.

FRANK

What's this `WE' bullshit, white
man?

JERRY

You and me all the way, Franklin.

INT. JHS - PRINCIPAL RUSSELL'S OFFICE - NOON

Stacks of papers line the desk. On the wall are diplomas and photographs of college sports Russell played.

Russell sits and listens politely, almost bored, as Romano rants and raves.

ROMANO

You've got to do something! This
guy Jurichik has thrown most of his
students out.

Russell checks some files while Romano continues.

ROMANO

He only wants the ones that want to
learn.

Romano looks around the office suspiciously, then whispers.

ROMANO

I even heard him speak against our
government. He doesn't like the way
they do things.

RUSSELL
 (huffs a laugh)
 Who does?... Listen, he's only been
 here a month. Give him a chance.

Romano stomps and pouts.

Russell pulls back, not believing what he sees.

RUSSELL
 What would you like me to do?

ROMANO
 Get rid of him.

Russell closes a file and shakes his head incredulously.

RUSSELL
 What!?

ROMANO
 Listen for yourself!

Romano starts fumbling with the intercom system.

Russell smacks the hand away from the box.

Romano cradles his hand.

Russell scowls at Romano, plays with the system a while, then
 hits a button.

INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE - SPEAKER BOX ON DESK

JERRY (V.O.)
 ...Washington loves it when the
 sheep of America think they get
 their rights from government.

MATCH CUT:

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM- SPEAKER ON WALL

JERRY(O.S.)
 We hold these truths to be self
 evident, that all men are created
 equal, that they are endowed by
 their Creator...

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM

Jerry sits on his desk, knee pulled to his chest, pointer in hand.

JERRY
...with certain unalienable rights.

Jerry CRACKS the pointer down on his desk and stands. Just shy of screaming, he continues,

JERRY
By their Creator! It says nothing about congress or any civil rights organization. Not a word about those clowns in the black robes.

Jerry walks up and down the rows. Students stare attentively.

JERRY
That among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights,...

INT. JERRY'S CLASSROOM - SPEAKER ON WALL

MATCH CUT:

INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE - SPEAKER BOX ON DESK

JERRY(V.O.)
...governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.
(beat)
That's you! You are the governed.

ROMANO(O.S.)
Did you hear that?

INT. JHS - RUSSELL'S OFFICE

Russell hits the button on the box, turning it off.

RUSSELL
That's the Declaration of Independence, you idiot.

Romano mouths the words `Declaration of Independence' MOS.

Russell hits a button on his intercom.

RUSSELL
Pam, send a note down to D123, I
want to speak to the teacher.

INT. JHS - JERRY'S CLASSROOM

A student enters carrying a note. He hands it to Jerry.

Jerry reads it and sighs, expecting to be fired again.

JERRY
Mr. Chekov, stay and watch my next
class?

Alex shrugs.

INT. JHS - RUSSELL'S OUTER OFFICE

A simple outer office with a secretary's desk in the center of the room. PAM, a secretary with posture too tight and a hair bun to match, sits, doing her nails.

Jerry enters.

PAM
May I help you?

JERRY
Mr. Jurichik to see Mr. Russell.

Pam carefully pushes a button with the painted nail.

PAM
Mr. Russell, a Mr. Jur, Juri...

RUSSELL (V.O.)
Send him in.

INT. JHS - RUSSELL'S OFFICE

Russell stands and offers his hand as Jerry enters.

RUSSELL
Mr. Jurichik, I've heard a lot
about you.

Jerry shakes Russell's hand but looks back at Romano standing in the corner.

JERRY

I hope it was objective.

Russell LAUGHS and presents Romano.

RUSSELL

Ah yes, may I present our vice-principal, David Romano.

Jerry ignores Romano's offered hand. Romano withdraws his hand and sits back down.

JERRY

Mr. Russell, I ask my students to be on time to class and they expect the same of me.

Russell ignores him.

RUSSELL

I listened to your last class. Actually I've listened to quite a few of your classes.

Jerry lets out a HEAVY SIGH. "Here it comes", expecting to be fired.

RUSSELL

It's a policy of mine.

Romano excitedly sits on the edge of his seat waiting for the reprimand.

Jerry sits expressionless.

Romano rubs his hands together.

RUSSELL

I don't put much stock into interviews, too easy to fake.

Russell picks up what is apparently Jerry's file.

RUSSELL

But you held true to your files.
(tosses the file down)
You're a bit of a radical.

Romano scoots closer to the edge of his seat.

ROMANO
Very radical. And we don't like
that around here.

RUSSELL
Mr. Romano, you are free to go.

Romano is shocked at first. A moment passes, he deflates, and stomps out of the office.

DOOR SLAMS.

Jerry looks over his shoulder toward the door.

RUSSELL
Don't let him bother you. I'm the
one who says who goes and who
stays.

JERRY
He doesn't bother me.

Jerry turns to face Russell.

JERRY
Well, do I stay.

Russell holds his hands out as to say, "What do you think?"

Russell returns to his seat and the room suddenly takes on a more relaxed feel.

RUSSELL
(like a curious child)
How did you get Alex Chekov to
change his attitude?

JERRY
I have what some so-called
educators call draconian methods.

Russell shrugs with a smile as he CLICKS on the intercom system.

RUSSELL
I've heard them.

ALEX (V.O.)
...And I'll give you another
example of fucked up priorities.

Russell shakes his head ruefully as the smile grows.

RUSSELL

Your protege.

ALEX (V.O.)

Last night on the news I saw they
wanna ban shirts with unproductive
sayings on'em.

STUDENT (V.O.)

What's wrong with that?

ALEX (V.O.)

Nothin' if you live in the land of
OZ, asshole.

Russell starts to turn the system off.

Jerry holds out a protesting hand.

JERRY

I'd like to hear this.

ALEX (V.O.)

I saw that ass wipe Romano walk by
some ape-huntin', spear-chuckin',
drug dealer with 14 gold chains and
a beeper to get to a kid wearing a
shirt sayin' 'UNDERACHIEVER'.

Russell smiles painfully as he shuts the system off.

Jerry cringes apologetically.

JERRY

He's still a little rough around
the edges. I'd better get back
there.

Jerry rises to leave. Russell walks him out of the office.

RUSSELL

That's more than anyone else could
do with him.

JERRY

Let's hope they put that in my
file.

RUSSELL

Oh yes, your file. Someone broke in
last night and read it.

Jerry turns to Russell. Russell shrugs.

RUSSELL

I know, strange. I came in this morning and found your file on my desk. Nothing else was touched.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Dimly lit and in bad need of a paint job.

Jerry and Danielle come back from a Broadway play and dressed accordingly in semi-formal attire.

Jerry chases Danielle up the stairs smacking her ass with a playbill. She stumbles onto the third floor landing. Jerry pins her, smothering her body with his. She playfully fights him off with kisses and squeezes.

Jerry stands, picks her up and throws her over his shoulder and climbs to the fourth floor landing.

INT. JERRY'S HALLWAY

Jerry looks to the end of hall. A line of light under his apartment door goes out.

Jerry eases Danielle down quietly, puts a finger to her lips.

Jerry takes his overcoat and shoes off.

Jerry tip-toes down the hall to his apartment. Gently tries the door knob and finds it locked. He takes out his key, puts it in the lock and slowly turns it.

A SQUEAK is heard from behind the door. Jerry quickly turns the knob.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - BY THE DOOR

Pitch black. The door burst open pinning a body between the door and the wall. Light comes in from the hall illuminating the room a bit.

Jerry rolls in, then rushes to Bryan behind the door. Grabs Bryan by the throat.

BRYAN

(choking)

Jerry, it's me.

JERRY
Bryan?

BRYAN
(choking)
Yes.

Jerry turns on the light. Still holds Bryan's throat.

JERRY
What are you doing here?

BRYAN
(choking)
Let.... go.

Jerry releases.

JERRY
I forgot I gave you that key. What
the hell were you doing?

BRYAN
(coughing a bit)
Just screwing around.

Jerry sticks his head out the door to call out but Danielle
is right there.

Jerry gives her a little smile.

JERRY
Hi. It's okay, c'mon in.

Danielle peeks around the corner. Looks at Bryan holding his
throat. She walks in carrying Jerry's coat and shoes.

DANIELLE
Hi, Bryan, you alright?

Bryan looks at Danielle, surprised. He runs his fingers
through his hair.

BRYAN
How do you know me?

DANIELLE
Seen photos.

She picks up a photo of Jerry and Bryan from the dresser.

DANIELLE

You're the only person he has any
of, see.

Bryan takes the photo from her: PHOTO OF BRYAN AND JERRY
ABOUT 10 YEARS OLD, PLAYING IN THE PARK.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

Bryan studies the photo.

BRYAN

That was a while ago.

JERRY

The only noticeable difference is
that hundred dollar haircut.

Jerry messes Bryan's hair up with his hands.

JERRY

Your training all done?

Bryan nods as he finger combs his hair.

JERRY

So what brings you back up to New
York?

BRYAN

We get the weekend off before
assignments. Thought I'd come up to
see how you're doing.

Jerry cocks his left eyebrow,

JERRY

You mean come up to see if I'm
still alive, don't you?

Jerry walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge.

Bryan and Danielle sit on the sofa and talk MOS.

JERRY

Where the hell's my iced tea?

Bryan ignores him.

Jerry reaches along side the fridge and pulls out a knife.

JERRY
Where's my tea, G-man?

Jerry throws the knife

The knife sticks in the window jamb right above Bryan's head.

Bryan jumps up.

BRYAN
What are you, nuts!?

Jerry walks back in and sits on the arm of the sofa.

JERRY
(shrugging)
People keep asking me that.

DANIELLE
You guys always greet each other
like this?

Bryan yanks the knife out of the wall.

BRYAN
No, sometimes he gets violent.

Bryan notices Jerry's semi-formal attire. Studies him and points at him with the knife.

BRYAN
Where you been? What's with the
dressy clothes?

Danielle shows him the playbill.

DANIELLE
Phantom of the Opera, down at the
Majestic. Orchestra seats. It was
Jerry's Christmas present to me.

BRYAN
How was it?... How the hell can you
afford shit like that?

Bryan goes to the kitchen to make iced tea.

JERRY
My income is subsidized, you know
that.

Bryan opens the cupboard and searches.

BRYAN
You still doing that shit?
(beat)
Where's the iced tea mix?

Jerry points to the next cupboard door over.

Danielle grabs Jerry's pointing hand and pulls him onto the sofa and kisses him.

Bryan is obviously dumping in too much sugar.

DANIELLE
Don't knock it. That's how Jerry
and I met.

BRYAN
A knight in shining armor, huh?

Bryan holds up the pitcher.

BRYAN
This stuff's done. Want some?

Danielle looks to the kitchen.

DANIELLE
Sure.

Jerry looks at Danielle and frantically shakes his head.

Danielle casts Jerry an awkward glance then shrugs.

Bryan walks in with a glass of tea. Sees the two silently communicating.

BRYAN
Don't pay any attention to him. The
tea's just fine.

Danielle takes the glass from Bryan, looks at Jerry and sips.

Jerry and Bryan wait for the response. Bryan smiling, Jerry cringing.

Danielle's eyes shut tight then open cross-eyed.

BRYAN
See, good huh?

JERRY

Oh yeah. She loves it. Give her the recipe. People love to tip 300 pound dancers.

Danielle puts the glass down, looks at her bare wrist as though checking the time, then jumps up.

DANIELLE

My God, look at the time. You two must have so much to talk about.

Jerry walks to the kitchen and picks up the phone.

JERRY

Let me call you a cab.

BRYAN

Nonsense. We'll take you home.

INT. NYC - BRYAN'S JEEP - 30 MINUTES LATER

Bryan and Jerry in Bryan's new Jeep speeding up 10th Ave.

It's very late and the streets are almost empty.

BRYAN

God, she's hot. You nail her?

JERRY

Just friends.

EXT. NYC - STREET CORNER

Two punks stand next to the box that controls the traffic signals. The box is open.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SIGNAL BOX

A pair of hands in the box touch two wires together.

EXT. STREET CORNER - TRAFFIC LIGHT

changes from green to red.

INT. BRYAN'S JEEP

Jerry sees the light and hits Bryan in the arm.

JERRY
Red light!

Bryan slams on the brakes. He's a bit shaken.

BRYAN
Damn, didn't see it.

I/E. STREET CORNER/BRYAN'S JEEP

One of the punks runs up to the Jeep wielding a knife. He slices through the driver's side plastic window.

PUNK
Give up the wheels, mothafucka!

Jerry sees the knife going toward Bryan's throat and grabs the punk's wrist with both hands and stomps on the gas pedal.

Bryan pushes himself back in his seat away from the knife and takes his foot off the brake.

EXT. NYC STREET

Bryan's Jeep SCREECHES through the red light with the punk hanging on the side. They RACE UP THE STREET.

INT. BRYAN'S JEEP

We just see the knife wielding arm locked up by Jerry as the punk continues to try to cut Bryan's throat.

Bryan maintains control on the wheel.

RED SIGNAL LIGHTS pass by as the wrestling match goes on.

BRYAN
(screaming)
Are you nuts, let go!

Jerry looks ahead and sees a UPS TRUCK double parked.

JERRY
Sideswipe that truck!

INT. BRYAN'S JEEP

Bryan looks to Jerry like he's a nut. Jerry continues to maintain the punk's arm.

Jerry's piercing stare intensifies when Bryan doesn't listen. Jerry takes one arm from the wrist and grabs the steering wheel. The Jeep heads toward the truck.

EXT. NYC STREET

The Jeep RACES PAST THE TRUCK, INCHES AWAY. The punk THUMPS into the back of the truck. He's ripped away from the Jeep and crumbles.

INT. BRYAN'S JEEP

Jerry takes his foot off the gas and sits back in his seat.

It's tough to know if Bryan is really shocked or really pissed.

JERRY
Welcome home, Bry.

BRYAN
(infuriated)
They just made carjacking a federal
crime!

Jerry cocks his left brow and stares incredulously at Bryan.

JERRY
(sarcastic)
Gees, a federal crime. I guess we
should go back and explain that to
the piece of crap in a pile back
there.

Bryan gives Jerry the finger. Jerry smiles with a wink.

JERRY
There ya' go! For a minute you were
sounding like one of those myopic
Washington wastes.

BRYAN
Nothing like coming back to New
York for a reality check.

JERRY
You gotta love it!

INT. NYC - JERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jerry sits, drinking juice at the table. Bryan's just waking on the couch.

BRYAN
(yawning)
I've got to head back today.

JERRY
Finally decide to get up?

Jerry chugs the juice. Bryan sits up and scratches his head.

BRYAN
We didn't get to bed til 6. I'm not like you. I'm human. I need sleep.

Bryan sees Jerry putting the juice back in the fridge.

BRYAN
Leave that out.

Bryan squints at the clock on the wall.

BRYAN
What time is it?

Jerry returns to the table with the juice.

Bryan stumbles to the sink, gets a glass, and joins Jerry.

Jerry pours Bryan a glass of juice.

BRYAN
What's on the agenda for today?

JERRY
Just school.

Bryan squints at the clock again.

BRYAN
Huh. What the hell time is it?

JERRY
Almost 7.

Bryan looks at Jerry incredulously, shakes his head, and drags himself back to the couch.

INT. JHS - JERRY'S CLASSROOM - LUNCHTIME

The room's dark. Jerry's sleeping on his desk.

CLOCK on the wall reads, 12:15 P.M.

The DOOR CRASHES OPEN. Alex and another student TUMBLE IN, fighting. Alex is on top smashing his elbow into his opponent's face.

Jerry jumps up and rushes to the two. Jerry grabs Alex and yanks him up.

The other student gets up and charges. Jerry hits the student with a sidekick, driving him into the wall. The student bounces off the wall, sucking wind, and runs out the door.

Alex starts after him. Jerry grabs Alex by the throat as he passes.

JERRY

You fighting again, Mr. Chekov?

Alex frantically shakes his head no.

JERRY

Glad to hear it. Force is only to be used as retaliation.

Alex nods.

Jerry releases his hold.

JERRY

If you want to fight, go find some piece of crap drug dealer and kick his ass.

Alex picks up his cap and dusts it off on his leg.

ALEX

Whatta ya' think I was doin'?

Jerry cocks his brow and smiles as Alex takes his seat.

JERRY

Mr. Chekov.

Alex turns.

JERRY

If you ever want to talk,....

Alex grins, pulls his cap down over his eyes as though taking a nap.

INT. JHS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE RUSSELL'S OFFICE - END OF DAY

Hallway is deserted. Jerry stops and studies a graffiti valentine painted on a locker. TAMMY BE MY BALLITINE

Russell appears in his office doorway.

RUSSELL
Talented, aren't they?

JERRY
Hi, Charlie.

RUSSELL
Come on in, Jer.

Russell disappears into his office.

INT. JHS - RUSSELL'S OFFICE

Jerry enters. Russell sits somberly behind his desk.

Jerry slowly takes a seat.

JERRY
Problem, Charlie?

Russell sits staring, reluctant to speak.

RUSSELL
It's the School Board.

Jerry smiles, stands up, and walks to the door.

JERRY
Surprised I lasted this long.

RUSSELL
I'll keep fighting them.

JERRY
Me too.

EXT. NYC - STREET IN THE PROJECTS - LATE NIGHT

Dark, trash covered desolated street lit up by moonlight. Buildings are covered with graffiti. The streets a scattered with a few stripped cars.

Jerry, wearing his thin gloves, stands with 2 drug dealers. As dealer #1 puts his hand out to exchange money for drugs, Jerry grabs the hand, yanks the man forward driving his knee into #1's stomach. When #1 drops, Jerry stomps his face.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Tonight in New York, five are arrested in connection with the murder of Father Tom O'Hara. Father Tom was an unabashed anti-drug activist...

Dealer #2 pulls a gun. Jerry snaps #2's elbow and pistol whips him. He drags them in the alley and tosses the gun in the trash.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

...Police say it's one of the most heinous crimes in the city's history.

Jerry stands over the punks, throws the drugs onto their battered faces, stuffs money into his pocket and walks on.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CLOCK RADIO

reads an illuminated 4:35, softly PLAYS THE BLUES.

The apartment is dark. The phone RINGS. The DOOR OPENS and the light comes on.

Jerry rushes to the phone and picks up the receiver.

JERRY

How's everything in Washington?

Jerry carries the phone back to the door and kicks it closed.

ALEX (V.O.)

How the hell should I know?

JERRY

Bryan, what's wrong with your voice?

Jerry empties his pockets and throws the money on the table.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Nothin's wrong with my voice. Who
 the hell is Bryan?

Jerry squints, then it hits him.

JERRY
 Who is, ... Alex?

ALEX (V.O.)
 Yeah, didn't wake you, did I?

Jerry looks at the clock radio and walks to the kitchen.

JERRY
 No Alex, I'm always up at 4:36.

ALEX (V.O.)
 Good, you said if I ever wanted
 to... Hey, you didn't call me Mr.
 Chekov. Why not?

Jerry gets ice from the freezer, puts it on his hand.

JERRY
 Because 'Mister' connotes respect.
 At 4:36 A.M., I respect no one. How
 did you get my number?

ALEX (V.O.)
 Huh? What's that?

JERRY
 My number's unlisted. How'd...

ALEX (V.O.)
 I hear my Mom, gotta go.

Jerry stares at the phone, hears DIAL TONE. Shrugs, hangs up.

EXT. NYC - AERIAL VIEW OF CENTRAL PARK - AFTERNOON

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)
 Ty Evans, released just 4 days ago
 due to prison overcrowding was
 arrested for the alleged rape of a
 58 year old woman...

INT. NYC - SUBWAY - LATE NIGHT

It a CRIME SCENE. Detectives and 6 officers covering their noses look down at the tracks.

Coltman walks up from behind.

COLTMAN
What have we got?

INT. NYC SUBWAY TRACKS

On the tracks lie bodies with broken faces and limbs, electrocuted on the third rail.

DETECTIVE #1 (O.S.)
Hard to tell. We're waiting for
"CON ED" to kill the power.

INT. NYC SUBWAY

DETECTIVE #2
I recognize the one with the face,
Captain. Ty Evans, out of Riker's.
He's the one raped that old lady in
the park.

Coltman half smiles.

COLTMAN
Somebody just saved the taxpayers
some money.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NEWSPAPER - EVENING

Article about Ty Evans. Evans' address is underlined.

Jerry walks to the paper and puts a bottle of juice down. He picks up the newspaper and crosses out the article. Puts the paper down and remotes the TV on and takes a swig of juice.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
...on 11 news tonight: The crime
rate drops. For the first time in
more than 3 decades we have a
decrease in violent crime.

Jerry raises his bottle as a toast.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O)
Rumors of a vigilante being
responsible for the drop in crime
are just that, says Chief Finilli.

JERRY
Thanks, Chief, you fat bastard.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - TV

Chief Finilli is being interviewed.

CHIEF(V.O.)
That's right, Kaity, nothing more
than rumors. And to help stop these
rumors,...

MATCH CUT:

EXT. NYC - CITY HALL

people walk passed waving and making fun of the Chief. A bum
walks by and asks for change.

The ANCHORWOMAN holds the microphone to the Chief. The Chief
pushes the bum away and mops his brow.

CHIEF
the Mayor has put together a task
force to study these incidents.
Sort of a criminal think tank.

ANCHORWOMAN
Thank you, Chief Finilli.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

Jerry shakes his head ruefully as he watches.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
Dropped, but not forgotten. In
Queens tonight, a drive-by claims
the life of an infant...

JERRY
How about a task force to stop the
crime, pigboy?

Jerry puts a jacket on and heads out the door.

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT STOOP

Jerry stops on the steps, blows into his hands and scans the street.

Jerry sees a SILHOUETTE OF A MAN leaning on a lamppost.

Jerry stares at the unknown silhouette as he pulls his thin gloves on. Jerry walks the other way.

When Jerry gets a block away, the silhouette follows.

EXT. NYC - GHETTO STREETS - 30 MINUTES LATER

The street is dark, lined with trash and bums.

Jerry nears 3 attackers leaning on a graffiti filled wall. They see him coming and spread out across the sidewalk. They are obviously drunk.

Jerry walks toward them. The silhouette is a block behind.

Jerry stands face to face with the drunks.

DRUNK #2 (IN MIDDLE)
Hol' it ri' dare.

DRUNK #3 (ON LEFT)
Gif' uth yo money.

Jerry waves a hand in front of his face to avoid the stench.

JERRY
Why should I gif' you my money?

Two switchblades SNAP open. #2 holds the blade up to Jerry's face. Jerry grabs #2's wrist.

While Jerry controls the wrist, he round kicks #1, the other knife holder, in the head, dropping him.

#3 attempts to hit Jerry with a pipe. Jerry takes #2's hand and drives the knife into #3's stomach. #3 SCREAMS.

BUM (O.S.)
Keep it down, will ya'.

#2 tries to run but trips on a box and lands head first into a stripped car, knocking himself out.

FOOTSTEPS race up behind Jerry. Jerry grabs one of the knives and wheels around. Alex, the silhouette, stops just short of the knife.

ALEX
Mr. Jurichik, it's me.

Jerry shakes his head, closes the knife, walks to drunk #2 and goes through his pockets.

ALEX
I thought you needed help.

JERRY
Check the others.

ALEX
Huh?

Jerry walks past Alex to drunk #3, kneels and searches #3's pockets.

Jerry points to #1.

JERRY
Empty his pockets. Check for
needles first.

Alex casually walks to #1. #1 MOANS. Alex jumps back.

ALEX
This one's still awake!

Jerry finishes with #3. Walks to #1, kicks him in the head, then walks on.

JERRY
Empty his pockets and let's go.

INT. NYC - JERRY'S APARTMENT

Jerry and Alex enter. Jerry walks to the table, throws the drunks' money on it and starts to count.

Alex looks around then spreads out on the couch.

JERRY
(sarcastic)
Make yourself at home.

Alex unlaces and kicks off his high tops. The brim of his cap shades his eyes.

ALEX

So that's what you do when you take your walks.

JERRY

I was wondering when you were going to leave that lamppost?

Alex lifts the brim of his eyes.

ALEX

You saw me out there?

JERRY

3 weeks ago. That's when I knew you were the one who broke into Russell's office.

ALEX

Why doncha use a gun?

JERRY

Guns have a way of leading the police to you.

Alex shrugs and yanks down his cap again.

JERRY

Before you get too comfortable, what did you get from that wino?

Alex jumps up, walks to the table and tosses the cash down.

Alex opens the fridge and pulls out a bottle of juice.

Jerry continues to count. Alex takes a swig.

ALEX

What'd we get?

Jerry's left eyebrow cocks. He mouths the word 'WE'.

ALEX

You do this shit much?

JERRY

Not enough.

ALEX

Whatta ya mean?

JERRY
Scumbags are still out there,
aren't they?

Jerry hands Alex half the money.

JERRY
Next time stay a little closer.

EXT. NYC - FRANK MARTIN'S MMA SCHOOL - ALLEYWAY - 9:00PM

Alex and Jerry carry gym bags walking toward the school.

JERRY
Work out much?

Alex throws a few jabs and hooks.

ALEX
Just a boxing gym.

JERRY
We do that here.

Jerry tries the door. It's locked. He keys the school door.
Jerry and Alex enter. Jerry turns on the lights.

ALEX
Looks like a karate school.

JERRY
Screw what it looks like. Karate
man wouldn't last a minute in this
place.

ALEX
(confused)
Why do people study that crap?

Jerry sees the look.

JERRY
(shrugging)
Don't know. People pay big bucks to
get a belt, go in the streets, and
get their butts kicked.

Alex starts to wrap his hands.

ALEX
Yeah, I used to think that shit
really worked.

JERRY
You and every other 'Black Belt
Theatre' fan.

The DOOR OPENS. Frank, wearing sweats, enters and glares at Alex.

Frank walks into his office.

Alex stares back inquisitively.

ALEX
He looks familiar. Do I know him? I
know I know him.

JERRY
I'll introduce you. Hey, Frank.

Frank, putting on sparring gear, strolls out smiling the exaggerated smile.

JERRY
Frank, I'd like you to meet Alex
Chekov. Alex, this is...

Frank holds up a protesting glove.

FRANK
Oh, he knows me. I'm that moley,
spear chuckin', blackass mother
fucker he was gonna teach a lesson
to.

Alex's eyes bulge.

FRANK
Well, Mr. Chekov, school is in
session. Let's see who teaches who.

Frank walks to the heavy bag and starts to warm up.

Jerry smiles innocently as he grabs a headgear.

JERRY
Did I forget to mention him?

Alex watches as Frank drills kicks into the bag. Panics.

ALEX
We're just goin' light, right?

Jerry's left brow cocks.

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - HEAVY BAG

Frank DESTROYS THE BAG.

JERRY (O.S.)
That is light.

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL

Jerry tugs gloves onto Alex. Shoves a mouthpiece in.

JERRY
Just relax. Have fun with it.

Alex shoots Jerry a dirty look. Jerry sets the timer.

JERRY
Time!

Alex steps forward. Offer a good-sportsmanship hand to touch gloves.

Frank drills a sidekick into Alex's midsection. Alex drops.

FRANK
You gonna offer your hand to some
slimebag in the streets?

Alex shakes his head, tries to catch his breath.

FRANK
Then don't do it here.

Alex leaps up, charges at Frank and sticks his leg out, attempting a kick.

Frank sidesteps, forearms Alex in the throat as he flies by. Alex lands on his back.

Alex stays down a bit longer this time, then up again slowly.

FRANK
Stick with what you know, boy.

Alex circles slowly in a boxer's stance. His defense is tight. Frank throws a few jabs, followed by round kicks. Nothing lands clean.

Jerry smiles as the timer RINGS. Alex walks to Jerry to get water.

JERRY

I went through pretty much the same.

The timer RINGS.

JERRY

Time!

SERIES OF SHOTS

The following shows bits of the next few rounds.

A) Alex and Frank mix it up. Alex boxes, Frank kickboxes. Occasionally Alex tries to kick. Pays a big price.

B) Bell RINGS. Alex walks to Jerry for water; a little bruised.

C) More sparring. Bell RINGS. More water. More bruises.

JERRY

Time! Last round, Alex. Nothing to save it for.

Alex looks like a beaten fighter but still has enough energy to shoot a dirty look to Jerry.

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL

Frank sweeps Alex's feet from under him. Stomps his chest.

FRANK

Pay attention, boy.

Alex remains on his back. Frank kicks him in the ribs.

Alex makes an attempt to kick Frank from the ground.

Frank grabs the foot and figure four's the foot driving his radial bone into Alex's Achilles tendon causing incredible pain. ALEX SCREAMS.

FRANK

You lay in the street like that you're a dead man.

Frank tosses the foot.

Alex rolls over and gets up limping.

Alex charges Frank. Frank tosses him into the wall. Alex gets up, charges, gets tossed into the wall.

The bell RINGS. Alex staggers to Jerry. Jerry yanks the gloves off. Frank walks into the office.

JERRY

Not too bad.

Alex looks at Jerry as though he's nuts.

JERRY

At least you kept getting up.

Jerry tosses the gloves.

JERRY

I've got to work out yet. Get cleaned up.

Jerry heads to his gym bag and starts to wrap his hands.

Alex heads to the lockers.

ALEX

sits on a bench checking out bruises on his body.

FRANK (O.S.)

Know what you're gettin' into?

INT. LOCKER ROOM - FRANK AND ALEX

Alex turns to see Frank standing in the locker room doorway.

ALEX

I had a little sample last week.

FRANK

You talkin' bout those drunks? Shit, you coulda taken them.

ALEX

(wisecracking)

Oh, you think so?

Frank grabs Alex by the throat.

FRANK

Listen Ace, I don't need your smart ass attitude. And neither does he.

(MORE)

FRANK(cont'd)

I don't know why he's still
alive...

Frank looks to the door to make sure no one's there.

The bag continues to get POUNDED.(o.s.)

FRANK

... but I'm gonna do my best to
keep him that way.

Alex's beaten face gets redder from being choked.

FRANK

Nothin' worse than facin' a dozen
pieces of shit, then have your
partner turn into a spectator. He
don't need no cheerleaders.

Frank releases his hold.

ALEX

Yes, sir.

EXT. JHS - PLAYGROUND - NOON

A snow storm is just ending. A few inches have accumulated.

Jerry walks up the sidewalk, catching snowflakes on his
tongue. He sees Russell walking with 3 men in suits.

SERGEANT TERRY O'MALLEY, a huge officer with years of street
experience. MIKE RILEY, Irish looking DEA agent, always
popping his gum. JOE DIAZ, DEA agent, twitching mustache.

Jerry molds a snowball and throws it at Russell. Hits him in
the back of the head. Russell turns quickly, slips, and
falls.

Jerry laughs and hurries toward them.

Terry stands in front of Russell protectively. As Jerry
approaches, Terry pulls his service revolver.

RUSSELL

Terry, no!

Jerry takes the gun away from Terry, tosses it in the snow.

JERRY

You okay, Charlie?

The 3 men stare, stunned. Jerry walks passed Terry and helps Russell up. Brushes snow off him.

Terry picks up his gun.

TERRY
Friend of yours, Charlie?

RUSSELL
Guys, I'd like you to meet Jerry Jurichik. He was one of our best teachers.

MIKE
Was?

Terry wipes off his gun and holsters it.

TERRY
Let me guess, he's a radical.

RUSSELL
But his methods work.

TERRY
(laughing)
So did yours. That didn't stop them from shoving you from one school to another.

Russell shakes his head quickly, wanting to keep the secret.

RUSSELL
Jerry, this is Sergeant O'Malley, Washington Heights. Mike Riley and Joe Diaz, DEA. They were speaking to a few classes today.

Jerry nods to each.

JERRY
Where you headed?

INT. NYC - SMALL ITALIAN CAFE

Not too crowded. Salamis hang from the ceiling. The 5 men are finishing up their lunch.

JERRY
Can I ask you guys a question?

They shrug and nod.

JERRY
How do you deal with the
frustration?

DIAZ
What do you mean?

JERRY
You make an arrest and before you
finish the paperwork, the scum's
out walking the streets.

TERRY
Prosecutors cut deals, public
defenders find loopholes and
Congress demands early release for
maggots. That's the system.

Jerry shakes his head in disgust.

JERRY
So, what you're saying is, your
hands are tied and the people have
to take the city back.

Mike takes out a stick of gum and starts chewing.

MIKE
Now your talking vigilantes. Aren't
you afraid innocent people may get
killed?

Jerry suppresses a laugh.

JERRY
Innocent people are already getting
killed. Don't you think they'd
rather go down fighting?

Waitress brings Terry's 3 deserts. He downs one with a bite.

JOE
Somebody's out there fighting. And
his hands certainly haven't been
tied.

MIKE
He has been effective. And I don't
mind telling you, ...
(pops his gum)
sometimes I feel like joining him.

TERRY

You serious?

JOE

C'mon Terry. You do your job, we do ours, when's the last time the courts did theirs?

JERRY

I'll tell you what you do, Sergeant. Take all those lawyers and politicians who want to keep prisoners out of jail...

Jerry rises to leave.

JERRY

...and have them spend a week up there at 161st Street with you. See if that doesn't open their eyes to reality.

TERRY

I'm just going to wait for that vigilante fellow to partner up and put me out of business.

Jerry winks a smile and walks out.

INT. NYC SUBWAY - CHRISTOPHER ST. STATION - NIGHT

Crowded. People milling about waiting for a train. It's Springtime and people are dressed accordingly.

Jerry sits on a wooden bench listening to JACKSON, an old man singing top 40 hits while he plays a one string washtub bass. A coffee can full of change and bills sits at his feet.

INT. CHRISTOPHER ST. STATION - JERRY

Jerry looks anxious, checking his wrist for a watch that isn't there.

INT. CHRISTOPHER ST. STATION

A man in a pin striped suit walks past Jerry.

JERRY

You got the time?

The man looks at his watch without stopping.

MAN

9:35

Jackson finishes his song as the train pulls up.

JACKSON

Any requests, JJ?

Jerry shakes his head no.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

Alex gets off the train, walks to Jerry.

INT. CHRISTOPHER ST. STATION

ALEX

Sorry I'm late. Had to wait for my
Mom to get home. She forgot her
key.

Jerry shrugs, throws a couple dollars in Jackson's can, and heads to the steps that empty onto the street. Alex follows.

EXT. NYC - SUBWAY EXIT TO THE STREET

It's a nice Spring night. People rush out of the exit and head their different ways. Jerry and Alex emerge from the subway exit. They pause a moment, Jerry looks around.

JERRY

You hungry?

Alex puts a hand on his stomach, shaking a queasy face 'no'.

Jerry hands Alex a thin pair of gloves, and walks on. Alex follows.

JERRY

Relax, you've been training a month
and a half for this. If Frank
didn't kill you, junkies don't
stand a chance.

ALEX

Is that what we'll run into?

JERRY

For the most part. And they're usually so out of it they're no problem.

A wino stumbles into Jerry. Jerry tosses him aside.

ALEX

Usually?

JERRY

Unless they're dusted. PCP's some wicked stuff. Saw 5 cops try to hand cuff one of those animals once. Couldn't do it.

Alex's eyes widen. He stares sideways at Jerry. Jerry smiles.

JERRY

If we come across one, let me handle him.

ALEX

Glad to. But if 5 cops can't handle them, how do we?

Jerry touches a finger to his cheek.

JERRY

Take the eyes. If they can't see you, they can't hurt you.

ALEX

Where we goin'?

JERRY

Couple blocks from here. It's not too bad. It'll be a good initiation for you.

EXT. NYC - DARKENED STREET

4 punks leaning on the wall, talking MOS.

As Alex and Jerry approach, the 4 split up. 2 remain on the wall, 2 go to the edge of the sidewalk.

JERRY

(quietly)

We hit the 2 against the wall first. Drive hard.

(MORE)

JERRY(cont'd)

Take them out with one shot. Then
we have fun with the others.

Alex is in a nervous daze.

JERRY

(clinched teeth)
You got that?

ALEX

Yeah, I'm with you.

Within a few yards of the 4, Jerry eases ahead of Alex. When Jerry and Alex get between the 4, the 2 by the street start to close in.

Jerry and Alex spin simultaneously driving back kicks, pinning the 2 against the wall, knocking the wind from them.

Jerry's second opponent goes into a Kung Fu praying mantis stance. Jerry laughs, then throws and left jab knocking him out.

Jerry leans on the wall and watches Alex and the final punk.

Alex starts to charge.

JERRY

Knife, right hand!

Alex backs off momentarily then feints a left jab. The punk tries to stab him. Alex grabs the wrist then drives his elbow into the punk's nose. The punk drops. Alex follows the punk down and applies an arm bar, SNAPPING the joint.

Jerry applauds as he kicks off the wall and walks to the first 2 still trying to catch their breath. Jerry punts one of the heads.

JERRY

You want the other one?

Alex stares.

Jerry punts the last head.

JERRY

You alright?

Alex's stare starts to fade.

ALEX

Yeah, sure. How'd I do?

Jerry kneels next to a punk and empties the pockets.

Alex sees what he's doing and quickly does the same to the punk with the broken elbow.

A siren SCREAMS in the distance. Alex jumps up, frantically looks for police. Jerry calmly finishes with the last punk.

INT. COLTMAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Coltman and Devon sleep in each other's arms. The alarm RINGS. Devon reaches over Coltman to shut it off. Coltman kisses her naked breast as it passes by his face.

DEVON

Now, Captain, time to get up!

COLTMAN

Give me another minute and...

Devon wrestles away with a giggle.

Coltman watches Devon as she brushes her hair in the mirror.

Coltman rolls over to the alarm clock and attempt to set the time back.

Devon sees him in the mirror,

DEVON (O.S.)

And don't try changing the time.
The Mayor's task force awaits.

Coltman, not happy about the task force, puts his hands over his eyes.

MATCH CUT:

INT. NYC CITY HALL - MEETING ROOM - COLTMAN

The Captain appears again with his hands over his eyes.

CHIEF(O.S.)

Have any of you read the paper?

INT. NYC CITY HALL - MEETING ROOM

Coltman takes his hands from his face.

Chief Finilli stands at the head of the table. He's sweating, his soaked handkerchief bunched up in one hand, newspaper in the other.

Police Captains are lined on both sides of the table.

The Chief slaps the paper in front of himself and opens it. He POUNDS HIS FIST into the table as he reads,

CHIEF
Front page, column one; Police
can't do job.

The Chief POUNDS HIS FIST again.

CHIEF
...Column four; Are police really
needed.

The Chief mops his brow.

CHIEF
(sarcastic)
That's not to mention installments
7 and 8 about this vigilante son of
a bitch! We've got to get this
maniac!

Coltman smirks.

CHIEF
Coltman, I hope that smile means
you've got a few leads.

Coltman taps his chest with his fist.

COLTMAN
That wasn't a smile sir, it was
indigestion. I guess I don't have
the stomach you do.

A few of the captains suppressed their laughter with COUGHS.

COLTMAN
Relax Chief, you can't win them
all.

The Chief POUNDS THE TABLE again then wiped his brow.

CHIEF

I don't want to win them all, I just want to win this one before it gets out of hand! This guy has recruited a partner.

Coltman shrugs.

Finilli, flustered, picks up the end of the table and SLAMS IT DOWN.

CHIEF

This son of a bitch is an embarrassment to the city!

COLTMAN

The mayor maybe, not the city.

The Chief throws his handkerchief at Coltman. It falls short.

CHIEF

Goddamn you, Coltman, the papers are starting to keep score!

COLTMAN

Who's winning?

The Chief flings the newspaper off the table.

CHIEF

Winning!? No one's winning!

COLTMAN

The crime rates dropping, isn't that kind of winning?

CHIEF

Sure, Coltman, you're just thrilled that the scum are off the streets.

Coltman and the captain sitting next to him look at each other and then the Chief incredulously.

CHIEF

Doesn't it bother you that this guy's making us look bad?

COLTMAN

The slime in this city have been laughing at us for years. Now somebody's wiped the smirks right off their faces.

(MORE)

COLTMAN(cont'd)

(beat)

Yeah, I'm real bothered.

Captain LEO WHITE, ass kisser, balding, unhealthy looking, Finilli's right hand man, leans back in his seat.

LEO

John Coltman, the great crusader.
Taking a back seat to a street punk vigilante.

COLTMAN

Hey Leo, when you kiss someone's
ass, do you have them drop their
drawers or just stick your tongue
right down the back of their pants?

Leo looks at the chief then jumps up.

LEO

I ought to...

Coltman waves him back down in his seat.

COLTMAN

Yeah, you ought to, but you can't.
So have a seat.

CHIEF

You should try to get along with
Captain White.

Leo huffs and sits. Coltman squints suspiciously.

CHIEF

One of his finest detectives is
being transferred to your
department.

INT. POLICE STATION - COLTMAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Coltman studies a report. Others are plastered on his desk.
There's a KNOCK on the door. Coltman continues reading.

COLTMAN

Come in.

DETECTIVE VINNIE DEVONE, 50s, drill instructor mannerisms
right down to his G.I. buzz cut, enters and stands at
attention.

Coltman looks up from the report.

COLTMAN
You Devone?

DEVONE
(barking out)
Yes, Sir!

Coltman jumps back.

COLTMAN
What can I do for you, Devone?

DEVONE
Project Vigilante, Sir!

Coltman laughs, puts down the report, folds his hands, and sits attentively.

COLTMAN
Project what?

DEVONE
Vigilante, Sir. Captain White and I
have come up with a theory about
the man we're after.

Coltman holds up a halting hand.

COLTMAN
Bullshit. Leo White hasn't had an
original thought since he joined
the force.

Devone pulls back a bit and stares blankly at Coltman.

Coltman inquisitively squints at Devone.

COLTMAN
Well,... what's YOUR theory?

Devone snaps to.

DEVONE
If you've read my jacket, Sir, you
know I spent time in the A.S.A. in
Vietnam.

Coltman rummages through files on his desk. He finds Devone's file, opens it, and starts to read.

Coltman nods to himself then sits up attentively, concerned that someone else made a connection with Vietnam.

COLTMAN

I have and I do. Go on.

DEVONE

I saw a lot of ugly things while I was over there.

Coltman looks unimpressed, tosses the file down, waves Devone on to continue.

DEVONE

Reading the reports, I recognize a lot of the same techniques that were used over there.

COLTMAN

You're saying we got a vet out there cleaning up the streets?

DEVONE

Our descriptions tell us our man is too young to have been in Nam. But some of the things he does are unmistakable.

Devone pauses for no reason. Coltman holds out pleading hands. Devone answers quickly.

DEVONE

I think someone from Special Forces is training this guy. They were all pretty sick.

Coltman folds his hands in his lap. Smiles slightly.

COLTMAN

I was in Special Forces.

Devone takes a seat, loosens his collar and swallows hard.

COLTMAN

So, how do we find this sick individual?

DEVONE

(somewhat withdrawn)

A lot of them opened Karate schools after Nam. I still have connections in Intelligence. They're getting me a list.

COLTMAN

Go on.

Devone relaxes again.

DEVONE

We go to the schools and tell them we want to use their black belts as role models. We ask them for a list.

COLTMAN

So, you think he's some black belt?

DEVONE

Judging by his effectiveness, he's got to be.

COLTMAN

Yeah, sure, whatever. Then what?

Devone SMACKS HIS FIST.

DEVONE

Then we stakeout the suspects and nail him, Sir.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The following shows Jerry and Alex fighting criminals. They both wear thin gloves. In between episodes, the questioning of victims and witnesses by police. The chief screaming.

A) Jerry and Alex read newspaper headlines 'RASH OF RAPES IN THE BRONX'. They get off a Bronx subway exit and head up into the street. They run into a rape scene and destroy the rapist.

B) Jerry and Alex, late at night, ride a near empty subway car waiting to be attacked. They destroy the attackers. When the train stops, they drag the attacker out and toss him onto the tracks.

C) The police question the witnesses. The witnesses shrug and shake their heads no. One witness describes a huge Asian man.

D) Jerry and Alex walk in on a robbery at a corner store. Alex gets shot at. Jerry sneaks around and disarms the robber from behind by snapping the robber's arm. Jerry tosses the robber's gun to the clerk.

E) The police question the clerk. The clerk shakes his head no and ducks behind the counter, showing why he couldn't see.

F) Jerry and Alex walking down the sidewalk, see a purse-snatcher running toward them. They grab each other's wrists, raise their arms and clothes-line the purse-snatcher.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DOOR - NIGHT

The DOOR OPENS, Frank and Jerry enter carrying grocery bags. Jerry puts the bags on the kitchen table, walks to the answering machine and presses a button.

The answering machine BEEEEEEEPS.

ALEX (V.O.)

Hi, Jer, I'm not gonna make it tonight. I gotta take my Mom to the doctors.

FRANK

You guys were goin' out again?

Frank puts his bag down.

JERRY

Danielle's going to go down to the Mondo to catch some blues. Maybe I'll join her.

Jerry grabs a bottle of aftershave from the dresser and splashes some in his palms and rubs them together. He's about to slap his face but stops just short.

JERRY

Unless of course you'd like to take a walk?

FRANK

I'm gettin' too old for that shit.

Jerry slaps his face a couple times.

JERRY

What's her name?

Frank smiles and leaves.

EXT. NYC - STREETS - NIGHT

Temperatures are mild and the few people walking on the sidewalks are dressed accordingly. It's not a notoriously bad neighborhood but there are some loiterers.

Jerry turns the corner and walks down the sidewalk.

Half way up the block, he sees four punks dragging Devon Coltman into an alley.

Jerry yanks gloves from his pocket and slips them on as he sprints toward the alley knocking people out of the way.

Jerry rounds the corner into the alley.

EXT. NYC - ALLEYWAY

Trash everywhere. A single low-watt light over a dumpster.

As Jerry rounds the corner he sees two punks, with their backs to him, standing next to a dumpster under the street lamp fighting over Devon's wallet.

Halfway down the alley Jerry picks up a 3 foot piece of pipe.

Punks #3 and 4, kneeling down, have Devon pinned down on the ground behind the dumpster.

#4 straddles her, unbuckling his pants.

Jerry gets up a full head of steam and drives the pipe into the spine of punk #1. #1 SCREAMS and drops, paralyzed.

When #1 SCREAMS, 2,3, and 4 look toward Jerry.

Jerry swings the pipe into #2's stomach, doubling him over. Jerry axe kicks him in the head, knocking him out.

#3 starts to charge toward Jerry but Devon trips him. Devon continues to fight #4 who is beating her.

As #3 gets up, Jerry tosses him aside. Rushes to help Devon.

#4, on hands and knees, sees Jerry coming and tries to get up. Before #4 can, Jerry snaps #4's elbow and punches him in the head. #4 lies still.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - JERRY AND DEVON

Jerry checks on her bruises and cuts, holding her head up.

Jerry's eyes are piercing, cold.

Devon looks passed Jerry and sees #3 coming at them with a knife.

DEVON
Watch out!

EXT. NYC - ALLEYWAY

As #3 raises the knife, Jerry springs up and drives a side kick into #3's groin. Jerry grabs #3's head and applies a guillotine choke until he's unconscious.

Jerry walks back to Devon. Blood trickles from her mouth.

JERRY
You okay?

Devon stares, slightly shaken.

DEVON
Huh. Yeah, fine. They got my ring.

JERRY
I'll be right back.

Jerry walks to the punks and goes through their pockets.

Devon's wallet lays open on the ground. Jerry picks it up, stands under the dim light and reads the name.

Devon walks to Jerry.

Jerry hands Devon her wallet, two rings and some cash.

JERRY
Here you go, Mrs. Coltman. These guys had a busy night.

Devon examines the extra ring and cash.

DEVON
What's this for?

JERRY
You fight back, you should get something for your troubles.
(beat)
But let me give you a little advice about fighting scum like this...

As Jerry turns to point at the fallen attackers, #4 sits up and points at Jerry.

#4
You're that crazy fuckin' teacher!

Jerry cocks his eyebrow, walks to #3's knife, picks it up, and starts toward #4.

Within 10 feet of #4, a siren BLASTS and FLASHING LIGHTS flood the alley.

The patrol car SCREECHES toward Jerry and #4.

Jerry drops the knife and runs out of the alley.

The officer stops momentarily to check on Devon.

DEVON
I'm okay, go get him!

The officer takes off after Jerry.

Devon picks up a brick, walks to #4, who's sitting against the wall with his eyes closed. She smashes #4's head with the brick then runs out of the alley passed the patrol car.

INT. NYC - COLTMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING AFTER ATTACK

The apartment appears empty. Devon is lying down in the bedroom. The 4 dead bolts on the door UNLOCK. The door opens.

Coltman enters, tired from the very long night.

DEVON(O.S.)
(calling out)
Morning, Captain.

Coltman looks at his watch.

COLTMAN
You still in bed? It's 10 a.m.!

DEVON(O.S.)
I waited up til about 5 then fell asleep. Long night?

Coltman walks toward the bedroom.

COLTMAN
A few more of society's dropouts went down last night.

INT. COLTMAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Dark except for a bit of light coming from under the shades. Devon lies naked under the blanket. Coltman enters, yawning.

COLTMAN

I spent the entire night in an alley digging through trash.

Coltman undoes his belt, unzips his pants and sits on the edge of the bed. He pulls down the blanket and starts to massage Devon's shoulders.

DEVON

That feels good. I hope you washed your hands.

Coltman chuckles, rolls his wife over and kisses her. He feels the swollen lip and quickly sits up.

DEVON

What's wrong?

COLTMAN

I was going to ask you the same...

Coltman reaches for the light.

The ROOM ILLUMINATES and Devon lies there with a slightly battered face staring up at Coltman. Coltman freaks,

COLTMAN

My God, Devon, are you alright?!
What happened?!

Devon remained calm.

DEVON

Four guys tried to mug me.

COLTMAN

What?! Where?!

Devon gives him a look that asks, 'Where do you think?'

Coltman stares in disbelief.

COLTMAN

That was you in that alley?! What happened?!

DEVON

4 guys dragged me down the alley and took my stuff. That vigilante the Chief's looking for got it back for me.

Devon gets up and pulls a robe on. Walks to the mirror and pulls a brush through her hair.

DEVON

And you were right about him going through their pockets.

Devon holds up the cash and the extra ring, then starts brushing her hair again.

DEVON

(prideful)

He gave me some of it. Said I earned it for fighting back.

Coltman falls back on the bed. A moment passes and he lifts his head and looks at Devon.

COLTMAN

Why'd you take off?

DEVON

I didn't want to have to explain why I hit that bastard with the brick.

Coltman sits up and freezes, eyes wide.

The brush freezes in mid-stroke as Devon sees him in the mirror.

DEVON

They were going to rape me!

Coltman closes his eyes and flops back down on the bed.

DEVON

He didn't let them.

Coltman stares up at the ceiling.

COLTMAN

I knew I liked him!

Coltman leans up on his elbows to look at her.

COLTMAN

That brick almost killed that piece of shit.

Coltman sees her worried expression in the mirror.

DEVON
(somewhat panicked)
He's not dead? He recognized the
guy. Said something about him being
a teacher.

Coltman pulls back,

COLTMAN
A teacher?

Coltman thinks for a moment,

COLTMAN
Well, I don't think the punk will
be talking much, he's in a coma.

Devon turns and walks to him.

DEVON
If I had a gun I would have shot
the creep.

Devon pushes Coltman down, yanks his shoes and pants off and
sits on top of him.

COLTMAN
I'll get you a gun.

Devon grinds her crotch into his, smiling.

DEVON
Is that what I feel or are you just
happy to see me?

Coltman pulls her to him.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Chief Finilli, smiling, waddles to a guarded hospital room.

The officers on guard stand aside and let him enter.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - ROOM 314

Both beds are occupied with Attackers #1 and 4. #1 is awake
but paralyzed from the waist down. #4 is in a coma. They have
tubes running in and out of them.

The Chief studies #4, sighs heavily, then smiles at #1.

CHIEF
Good morning, young man. You have
some information for me?

#1
Who da fuck is you, you fat mother
fucker?

The Chief forces a smile.

CHIEF
I'm the man who sees to it that the
person who did this to you is
caught.

#1
I'm gonna sue his ass when you do
catch him, too!

CHIEF
And I don't blame you.

The Chief pulls a seat next to the bed and sits.

CHIEF
Now, what can you tell me?

#1
Your breath stinks.

The Chief sits back.

#1
I can't tell you shit. Yakeem's the
one who knows the dude.

#1 hikes his head to #4. The Chief looks to #4, forces a
smile then mops his brow.

#1
He woke up, said something about
some crazy teacher or something.
Sounded like he mumbled some weird
name too, but I couldn't tell.

DOCTOR GONZALEZ, neurologist, enters the room, and studies
the chart of #1.

The Chief stands up and points to #4.

CHIEF
Doctor, when will I be able to ask
that patient some questions?

DOCTOR
Depends.

CHIEF
On what?

The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR
On whether or not you want answers.

The Chief mops his brow. The doctor walks to the next bed and reads #4's chart.

DOCTOR
He's been in and out. Maybe a couple days.

INT. POLICE STATION - COLTMAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Coltman sits at his desk going over some files. The squad room quiets.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM

Chief Finilli rushes through the squad room. He reaches Coltman's office and BURST IN.

INT. POLICE STATION - COLTMAN'S OFFICE

Finilli rushes in.

CHIEF
We've got our first real lead,
Captain.

Coltman squints and shrugs.

COLTMAN
What are you talking about?

CHIEF
That vigilante son-of-a-bitch! He's
been recognized. We think he's a
teacher.

Coltman remains stoic.

COLTMAN
How'd you find that out?

CHIEF
That kid in St. Vincent's.

COLTMAN
I thought that punk was in a coma?

The Chief takes a seat and waves the notion off.

CHIEF
He's in and out. Mumbles to his friend. The doctor says he'll be ready to question in a couple days.

COLTMAN
Well, that's great, Chief. But it's not the only problem this city has. I'm kind of backed up right now.

Coltman picks up a stack of files and holds them up.

The Chief looks at Coltman suspiciously.

CHIEF
(disappointed)
Yes, of course. I just wanted to share the good news.

The Chief leaves. Coltman throws the files down. He taps his pencil on the desk, thinking, then activates the intercom.

COLTMAN
Tommy, find Devone and send him in here.

PHELPS (V.O.)
Yes, Captain.

Coltman stacks the files impatiently.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Devone makes his way to Coltman's office and KNOCKS.

INT. POLICE STATION - COLTMAN'S OFFICE

Coltman waves him in. Devone enters, stands at attention.

DEVONE
Yes, Sir!

COLTMAN
At ease, Detective.

Devone takes a seat.

COLTMAN
Your friend come up with that list
yet, Detective?

DEVONE
I pick it up this afternoon, Sir.

COLTMAN
I'll tell you what you do.

Devone sits up in anticipation.

COLTMAN
When you get your list, I want to
be the first to see it.

Devone smiles, proud to be a team player.

EXT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - ALLEYWAY - EARLY EVENING

A hard rain is accompanied by THUNDER and lightning. The few people passing by the alley, mostly with umbrellas, are hurrying.

Coltman stands at the entrance of the alley. The collar of his trench coat is pulled up high and tight. He takes Devone's list out of his pocket and looks at it.

LIST OF NAMES

along with other names: FRANK MARTIN's name and information. The rain smears the ink.

EXT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL - ALLEYWAY

Coltman watches the school door. He sees Frank hurry down the alley from the other direction.

Frank unlocks the door and enter. Light goes on.

Coltman walks toward the door.

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL

The school is empty except for Frank. He takes off his jacket and starts to straighten out some equipment.

The DOOR OPENS, Coltman enters.

COLTMAN

It's been a long time, Frank, how you been?

Coltman stands in the doorway.

Frank turns quickly. Squints hard trying to place the familiar voice and face.

As Coltman stands at the door. THUNDER EXPLODES and lightning FLASHES in the alleyway, silhouetting Coltman.

COLTMAN IN UNIFORM - FLASHBACK of Coltman being silhouetted by a MORTAR BLAST in Vietnam.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. FRANK'S MMA SCHOOL

Frank recognizes Coltman.

FRANK

Johnny? Jesus Christ! Johnny `Crazy Man' Coltman. How the hell ya been?

Coltman chuckles, walks toward Frank.

COLTMAN

Fine. But not so crazy anymore.

FRANK

Whatta ya doin' these days?

COLTMAN

Police captain here in the city.

Frank shakes Coltman's hand.

FRANK

Yeah, not too crazy.

Coltman shrugs.

COLTMAN

What's crazy is the junkies are running the city. They play the system better than we do.

FRANK

Whatta ya sayin', Johnny, the 'Drug War' ain't workin'?

COLTMAN

Drug war!?

Coltman chortles, walks to the bag and halfheartedly hits it.

COLTMAN

Politicians call it a war. You know as well as I do they don't want us to win this one anymore than they wanted us to win Nam.

FRANK

It's tough fightin' with your hands tied, ain't it?

Coltman DRIVES A RIGHT HAND INTO THE BAG.

Frank senses some frustration.

FRANK

Whatta ya need, Johnny?

Coltman turns to face him.

COLTMAN

It's about this vigilante...

Frank waves Coltman off with both hands.

FRANK

Sorry, can't help you.

COLTMAN

Wait a minute, hear me out.

FRANK

Don't have to. Ya just got done tellin' me ya can't do nothin' with the slime out there.

Frank starts to move equipment again, trying to look busy.

FRANK

Haven't ya been readin' the papers.
Someone's been doin' somethin' out
there. Why should I...

Coltman holds up surrendering hands.

COLTMAN

Whoa, whoa! I don't want to catch
him. I want to warn him.

Frank drops a medicine ball. Scowls suspiciously.

FRANK

Say again?

COLTMAN

They know he's a teacher, Frank.
They know he trains with a Vietnam
vet. And if the maggot in the
hospital comes out of his coma
again, they'll know his name.

Frank walks closer now, curious,

FRANK

So, whatta ya want me to do?

COLTMAN

I'm not saying you know who this
guy is, but this is your field of
expertise.

Coltman hikes up his collar.

COLTMAN

If you know of any way to get in
touch with him, tell him to lay low
for a while. I'll let you know when
things cool down.

Frank studies Coltman for a moment. Coltman turns to leave.

When Coltman reaches the door and opens it,

FRANK

Hey Johnny. Tell Mrs. Coltman I
hope she's feeling better soon.

Coltman stops in the doorway, remains facing the alley.

COLTMAN
 (without turning around)
 Tell the teacher,
 (beat)
 they won't get his name.

Coltman leaves.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - TV

C-SPAN is on the TV. Senators are talking.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

Jerry and Alex watching C-SPAN on TV. THUNDER and lightning outside.

SENATOR BIDEN (V.O.)
 Too many people are getting killed
 by guns.

Jerry and Alex look at each other incredulously. Alex goes to the fridge.

ALEX
 What a jerk off. Too many of the
 wrong people maybe.

JERRY
 Let innocent people start carrying.
 Then see how fast the crime rate
 drops.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DOOR

swings open. Frank stands in the doorway, soaking wet. He takes his shoes off and enters.

FRANK
 You oughta lock that door.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

JERRY
 The word umbrella mean anything to
 you?

Frank walks to the dresser and opens the sock drawer and removes a pair. He sits on the floor.

FRANK

You know that lady you saved the other night. You said her name was Coltman.

Jerry remotes the TV off.

Frank takes his wet socks off.

JERRY

Sure, with the 4 scumbags in the alley.

FRANK

Her husband came to visit me today. We were in Nam together.

JERRY

No kidding. What a coincidence.

Frank stands, balls up the wet socks, and puts them in his pocket.

FRANK

Not really. He's also a police captain. He says they know you're a teacher, they know you train with someone like me, and...

Alex returns to the sofa, points to Frank's feet.

ALEX

Where your shoes?

Frank scowls at Alex, shakes his head, returns his attention to Jerry.

FRANK

...and there's a guy in the hospital that can ID you. Ya still got a coupla days though. The way Johnny talks, the guy's in a coma or somethin', but for how long, who knows?

ALEX

What guy? What hospital? Where your shoes?

Frank throws wet socks at Alex.

JERRY

I knew I should have sliced that piece of crap. I've got to get to him.

Alex walks into the bathroom carrying the socks, arms outstretched far away from his body.

FRANK

I tried already. Police guard.

JERRY

Damn!

FRANK

Don't worry, Johnny said he'll take care of it.

Alex returns, wiping his hands with a towel.

ALEX

Can ya' trust him?

Jerry grabs the towel from Alex and tosses it to Frank. Frank uses it like a shoe shine rag to dry his head. He then drapes it over his head. Looks sheik-like.

JERRY

(almost humble)

I kept 4 scumbags from raping his wife. Maybe he thinks he owes me.

FRANK

He just wants ya' to lay low for a while. He'll let ya' know when the pressure's off.

Alex, not liking the idea, shakes his head frantically.

Jerry looks at Alex sideways then to Frank.

JERRY

Why not. I've earned a vacation.

ALEX

(dejected)

What'll I do?

JERRY

You got a key, stay here. I'll tell your Mom it's okay.

Frank opens the door and steps outside. He wiggles into his shoes.

ALEX
That's it?

JERRY
You'll still be training with Frank.

Alex laughs.

ALEX
Me and Homey, what fun.

Frank screams from down the hall.

FRANK (O.S.)
I'll give ya' Homey. Sparrin' everyday for you, boy!

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The squad room is not too busy. A few criminals are being processed. Coltman, in his office, sits on his desk in his office talking MOS on the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - COLTMAN'S OFFICE

Coltman hangs up the phone, grabs his jacket from the coat tree, and heads out of his office.

JERRY AND COLTMAN

The following scene intercuts between Jerry packing for, and flying to California and Coltman setting up to kill, and killing the two punks in the hospital.

As these shots occur, a V.O. of a New York news cast on crimes is heard.

JERRY at his apartment, packs a small carry-on bag. He stuffs a large wad of cash in his pocket.

COLTMAN in the street, meets a seedy looking character and purchases a gun with a silencer.

JERRY in his apartment, says his good-byes to Frank and Alex. Alex wisecracks MOS to Frank. Frank SLAPS the pug cap off Alex's head. Jerry smiles and walks away shaking his head.

COLTMAN in the street, talks to some junkies. He gives them a piece of paper and drugs.

JERRY at the airport, hands flight attendant his ticket. He boards the plane carrying his bag.

COLTMAN at his apartment with Devon. He puts on dark clothes and cap. Looks like a cat burglar.

JERRY on the plane, drinking juice and talking to a flight attendant.

COLTMAN at his apartment. Loads the gun he purchased and kisses Devon good-bye.

JERRY on the plane. The plane has landed. Jerry stands and takes his bag from the overhead compartment.

COLTMAN at the hospital, lurks in the stairwell. He opens the door a bit to see into the hallway. From the stairwell we see two officers in the hall guarding the room.

JERRY leaving the plane, says good-bye to the attendants. He leaves the plane, and walks through the tunnel.

COLTMAN, from the stairwell watches the two junkies he paid off get off the elevator.

One junkie grabs a nurse and the other jumps over the counter in the nurse's station and smashes a glass door and starts to throw stuff at the other nurses. The nurses SCREAM.

The two officers guarding room 314 run down to help the nurses.

The two junkies run away.

JERRY is at the magazine stand at LAX. An Indian behind the counter hands Jerry change for his \$50 and the map he bought.

Jerry continues his walk through the airport corridors.

COLTMAN at the hospital sneaks out of the stairwell while the junkies create the diversion. Coltman sneaks into Room 314.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - ROOM 314

A monitor is BEEPING. Coltman enters. He stands in between the foot of the two beds and takes out the gun.

The two punks are lying in bed.

Coltman retracts the slide of the gun and lets it SNAP forward.

Punk #1 opens his eyes wide.

Coltman fires four silenced SHOTS into each punk then nonchalantly walks out of the room.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DEPARTURE AREA - NIGHT

The V.O. has changed to a Los Angeles news cast on crime.

It's night but the area is somewhat illuminated. Cars and taxis are stopping, picking up people and driving away.

Jerry exits and stuffs the map in his bag. He walks to the edge of the sidewalk, takes a deep breath and scans the area.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - PARKING AREA

is crowded with cars but only a few people. Among the few is DOUG THOMAS, a burly old balding man being pushed around by 3 punks.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DEPARTURE AREA

Jerry cocks his left eye brow.

JERRY
(to himself)
A home away from home.

Jerry drops his bag and runs toward the foursome.

FADE OUT.

THE END